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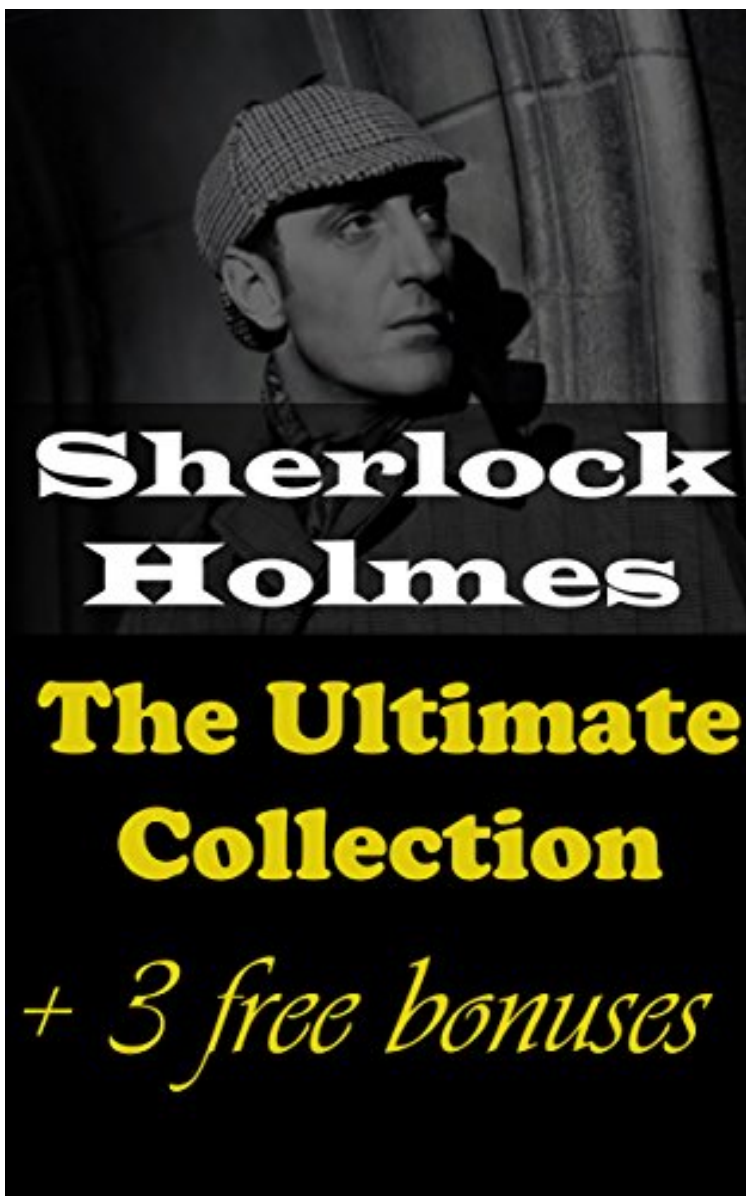
Sherlock Holmes: The Ultimate Collection +Bonus works - The Innocence of Father Brown, The Man who was Thursday: A Nightmare (English Edition)

*Par Arthur Conan Doyle, G.K. Chesterton
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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurIncluded in Sherlock Holmes: The Ultimate Collection are: The complete text of all

four novels and fifty-six short stories starring Sherlock Holmes by Arthur Conan Doyle, each elegantly formatted for ease of use and enjoyment on your Kindle reader. An individual, active Table of Contents for each book accessible from the Kindle go to feature. A low, can't-say-no price! Sixty Complete Works Four novels and fifty-six short stories starring Sherlock Holmes, in order and unabridged. Books included: Novels: A Study in Scarlet The Sign of the Four The Hound of the Baskervilles The Valley of Fear Short Story Collections: The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes The Return of Sherlock Holmes His Last Bow The Casebook of Sherlock Holmes+++ 3 Bonuses!1.Arthur Conan Doyle-short Biography with links for further reading2.THE INNOCENCE OF FATHER BROWN Twelve mysteries featuring Father Brown, the short, stumpy Catholic priest with "uncanny insight into human evil."3.THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY: A NIGHTMAREA novel by G. K. Chesterton, first published in 1908. The book has been referred to as a metaphysical thriller.Although it deals with anarchists, the novel is not an exploration or rebuttal of anarchist thought; Chesterton's ad hoc construction of "Philosophical Anarchism" is distinguished from ordinary anarchism and is referred to several times not so much as a rebellion against government but as a rebellion against God.The novel has been described as "one of the hidden hinges of twentieth-century writing, the place where, before our eyes, the nonsense-fantastical tradition of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear pivots and becomes the nightmare-fantastical tradition of Kafka and Borges."Enjoy!.comWe owe 1902's The Hound of the Baskervilles to Arthur Conan Doyle's good friend Fletcher "Bobbles" Robinson, who took him to visit some scary English moors and prehistoric ruins, and told him marvelous local legends about escaped prisoners and a 17th-century aristocrat who fell afoul of the family dog. Doyle transmogrified the legend: generations ago, a hound of hell tore out the throat of devilish Hugo Baskerville on the moonlit moor. Poor, accursed Baskerville Hall now has another mysterious death: that of Sir Charles Baskerville. Could the culprit somehow be mixed up with secretive servant Barrymore, history-obsessed Dr. Frankland, butterfly-chasing Stapleton, or Selden, the Notting Hill murderer at large? Someone's been signaling with candles from the mansion's windows. Nor can supernatural forces be ruled out. Can Dr. Watson--left alone by Sherlock Holmes to sleuth in fear for much of the novel--save the next Baskerville, Sir Henry, from the hound's fangs? Many Holmes fans prefer Doyle's complete short stories, but their clockwork logic doesn't match the author's boast about this novel: it's "a real Creeper!" What distinguishes this particular Hound is its fulfillment of Doyle's great debt to Edgar Allan Poe--it's full of ancient woe, low moans, a Grimpen Mire that sucks ponies to Dostoyevskian deaths, and locals digging up Neolithic skulls without next-of-kins' consent. "The longer one stays here the more does the spirit of the moor sink into one's soul," Watson realizes. "Rank reeds and lush, slimy water-plants sent an odour of decay ... while a false step plunged us more than once thigh-deep into the dark, quivering mire, which shook for yards in soft undulations around our feet ... it was as if some malignant hand was tugging us down into those obscene depths." Read on--but, reader, watch your step! --Tim AppeloExtraitCHAPTER I Mr. Sherlock HolmesMr. Sherlock Holmes, who was usually very late in the mornings, save upon those not infrequent occasions when he stayed up all night, was seated at the breakfast table. I stood upon the hearth-rug and picked up the stick which our visitor had left behind him the night before. It was a fine, thick piece of wood, bulbous-headed, of the sort which is known as a Penang lawyer. Just under the head was a broad silver band, nearly an inch across. To James Mortimer, M.R.C.S., from his friends of the C.C.H., was engraved upon it, with the date 1884. It was just such a stick as the old-fashioned family practitioner used to carrydignified, solid, and reassuring. Well, Watson, what do you make of it? Holmes was sitting with his back to me, and I had given him no sign of my occupation. How did you know what I was doing? I believe you have eyes in the back of your head. I have, at least, a well-polished, silver-plated coffee-pot in front of me, said he. But, tell me, Watson, what do you make of our visitors stick? Since we have been so unfortunate as to miss him and have no notion of his errand, this accidental souvenir becomes of importance. Let me hear you reconstruct the man by an examination of it. I think, said I, following so far as I could the methods of my companion, that Dr. Mortimer is a successful elderly medical man, well-esteemed, since those who know him give him this mark of their appreciation. Good! said Holmes. Excellent! I think also that the probability is in favour of his being a country practitioner who does a great deal of his visiting on foot. Why so? Because this stick, though originally a very handsome one, has been so knocked about that I can hardly imagine a town practitioner carrying it. The thick iron ferrule is worn down, so it is evident that he has done a great amount of walking with it. Perfectly sound! said Holmes. And then again, there is the friends of the C.C.H. I should guess that to be the Something Hunt, the local hunt to whose members he has possibly given some surgical assistance, and which has made him a small presentation in return. Really, Watson, you excel

yourself, said Holmes, pushing back his chair and lighting a cigarette. I am bound to say that in all the accounts which you have been so good as to give of my own small achievements you have habitually underrated your own abilities. It may be that you are not yourself luminous, but you are a conductor of light.

Some people without possessing genius have a remarkable power of stimulating it. I confess, my dear fellow, that I am very much in your debt. He had never said as much before, and I must admit that his words gave me keen pleasure, for I had often been piqued by his indifference to my admiration and to the attempts which I had made to give publicity to his methods. I was proud, too, to think that I had so far mastered his system as to apply it in a way which earned his approval. He now took the stick from my hands and examined it for a few minutes with his naked eyes. Then, with an expression of interest, he laid down his cigarette, and, carrying the cane to the window, he looked over it again with a convex lens. Interesting, though elementary, said he, as he returned to his favourite corner of the settee. There are certainly one or two indications upon the stick. It gives us the basis for several deductions. Has anything escaped me? I asked, with some self-importance. I trust that there is nothing of consequence which I have overlooked? I am afraid, my dear Watson, that most of your conclusions were erroneous. When I said that you stimulated me I meant,

to be frank, that in noting your fallacies I was occasionally guided towards the truth. Not that you are entirely wrong in this instance. The man is certainly a country practitioner. And he walks a good deal. Then I was right. To that extent. But that was all. No, no, my dear Watson, not all by no means all. I would suggest, for example, that a presentation to a doctor is more likely to come from an hospital than from a hunt, and that when the initials C.C. are placed before that hospital the words Charing Cross very naturally suggest themselves. You may be right. The probability lies in that direction. And if we take this as a working hypothesis we have a fresh basis from which to start our construction of this unknown visitor. Well, then, supposing that C.C.H. does stand for Charing Cross Hospital, what further inferences may we draw? Do none suggest themselves? You know my methods. Apply them! I can only think of the obvious conclusion that the man has practised in town before going to the country. I think that we might venture a little farther than this. Look at it in this light. On what occasion would it be most probable that such a presentation would be made? When would his friends unite to give him a pledge of their good will? Obviously at the moment when Dr. Mortimer withdrew from the service of the hospital in order to start in practice for himself. We know there has been a presentation. We believe there has been a change from a town hospital to a country practice. Is it, then, stretching our inference too far to say that the presentation was on the occasion of the change? It certainly seems probable. Now, you will observe that he could not have been on the staff of the hospital, since only a man well-established in a London practice could hold such a position, and such a one would not drift into the country. What was he, then? If he was in the hospital and yet not on the staff, he could only have been a house-surgeon or a house-physician little more than a senior student. And he left five years ago the date is on the stick. So your grave, middle-aged family practitioner vanishes into thin air, my dear Watson, and there emerges a young fellow under thirty, amiable, unambitious, absent-minded, and the possessor of a favourite dog, which I should describe roughly as being larger than a terrier and smaller than a mastiff. I laughed incredulously as Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his settee and blew little wavering rings of smoke up to the ceiling. As to the latter part, I have no means of checking you, said I, but at least it is not difficult to find out a few particulars about the man's age and professional career. From my small medical shelf I took down the Medical Directory and turned up the name. There were several Mortimers, but only one who could be our visitor. I read his record aloud. Mortimer, James, M.R.C.S., 1882, Grimpen,

Dartmoor, Devon. House surgeon, from 1882 to 1884, at Charing Cross Hospital. Winner of the Jackson Prize for Comparative Pathology, with essay entitled *Is Disease a Reversion?* Corresponding member of the Swedish Pathological Society. Author of *Some Freaks of Atavism* (Lancet, 1882). *Do We Progress?* (Journal of Psychology, March, 1883). Medical Officer for the parishes of Grimpen, Thorsley, and High Barrow. No mention of that local hunt, Watson, said Holmes, with a mischievous smile, but a country doctor, as you very astutely observed. I think that I am fairly justified in my inferences. As to the adjectives, I said, if I remember right, amiable, unambitious, and absent-minded. It is my experience that it is only an amiable man in this world who receives testimonials, only an unambitious one who abandons a London career for the country, and only an absent-minded one who leaves his stick and not his visiting-card after waiting an hour in your room. And the dog? Has been in the habit of carrying this stick behind his master. Being a heavy stick the dog has held it tightly by the middle, and the marks of his teeth are very plainly visible. The dog's jaw, as shown in the space between these marks, is too broad in my opinion for a terrier and not broad enough for a mastiff. It may have been yes, by Jove, it is a curly-haired spaniel. He had risen and paced the

room as he spoke. Now he halted in the recess of the window. There was such a ring of conviction in his voice that I glanced up in surprise. My dear fellow, how can you possibly be so sure of that?