

Chapter 1 : Stories, Listed by Author

Colonel Bob Jarvis by Margaret Collier Graham I. We were sojourning between Anaheim and the sea. There was a sunshiny dullness about the place, like the smiles of a vapid woman.

Margaret Collier Graham Date: He came up the mountain road at nightfall, urging his lean mustang forward wearily, and coughing now and then--a heavy, hollow cough that told its own story. There were only two houses on the mesa stretching shaggy and sombre with greasewood from the base of the mountains to the valley below,--two unpainted redwood dwellings, with their clumps of trailing pepper-trees and tattered bananas,--mere specks of civilization against a stern background of mountain-side. The traveler halted before one of them, bowing awkwardly as the master of the house came out. Not a bad face, certainly: Not that Joel Brandt saw anything either grotesque or pathetic about the man. Can you keep him? Brandt shook her head in a house-wifely meditation. She has an asthma and two bronchitises there now. Bring him into the kitchen right away. I wuz blowed up in a glass-mill oncet. He fumbled in his pocket silently, like one who has no common disclosure to make. He took the well-worn case again, gazing into the two faces an instant with helpless yearning, and returned it to its place. The very way he handled it was a caress, fastening the little brass hook with scrupulous care. A very quiet, unobtrusive guest Mrs. He came in at noon and nightfall always empty-handed, yet no one derided his failure. There was something about the man that smothered derision. Brandt had always an encouraging word for the hunter. Whether the doctors were right, or whether it was the mingled resin and honey of the sage and chaparral, no one cared to ask. Mountains seem to straighten a fellow some way. It was the looking up. He followed Joel from the table one morning, stopping outside, his face full of patient eagerness. The big, brawny-handed fellow felt no disposition to smile at his weak brother. And so, ere long, another rude dwelling went up on the mesa, the blue smoke from its fireside curling slowly toward the pine-plumed mountain-tops. The building fund, scanty enough at best, was unexpectedly swelled by a sudden and obstinate attack of forgetfulness which seized good Mrs. Spread your money thin, and Mrs. Loisy Brice, Plattsville, Indianny. Let me see now. Say four weeks from to-day, then. Wish to goodness she would. The Southern winter blossomed royally. Bees held high carnival in the nodding spikes of the white sage, and now and then a breath of perfume from the orange groves in the valley came up to mingle with the wild mountain odors. Brice worked every moment with feverish earnestness, and the pile of gnarled roots on the clearing grew steadily larger. With all her loveliness, Nature failed to woo him. What was the exquisite languor of those days to him but so many hours of patient waiting? The dull eyes saw nothing of the lavish beauty around him then, looking through it all with restless yearning to where an emigrant train, with its dust and dirt and noisome breath, crawled over miles of alkali, or hung from dizzy heights. Joel returned the following night alone, having left Brice at cheap lodgings near the station. Numberless passers-by must have noticed the patient watcher at the incoming trains, the homely pathos of his face deepening day by day, the dull eyes growing a shade duller, and the awkward form a trifle more stooped with each succeeding disappointment. It was two weeks before he reappeared on the mesa, walking wearily like a man under a load. Joel wrote the letter at once, making the most minute inquiries regarding Mrs. Brice, and giving every possible direction concerning her residence. Then Brice fell back into the old groove, working feverishly, in spite of Mrs. Brice had left Plattsville about the time designated. Several of her neighbors remembered that a stranger, a well-dressed man, had been at the house for nearly a week before her departure, and the two had gone away together, taking the Western train. Joel read the letter aloud, something--some sturdy uprightness of his own, no doubt--blinding him to its significance. And Joel read it again, choking with indignation now at every word. There was the long, sun-kissed slope, the huge pile of twisted roots, the rude shanty with its clambering vines. The humming of bees in the sage went on drowsily. Life, infinitely shrunken, was life still. A more cultured grief might have swooned or cried out. This man knew no such refuge; even the poor relief of indignation was denied to him. None of the thousand wild impulses that come to men smitten like him flitted across his clouded brain. He only knew to take up his burden dumbly and go on. If he had been wiser, could he have known more? No one spoke of the blow that had fallen upon him. The sympathy that met him came in

the warmer clasp of hard hands and the softening of rough voices, none the worse certainly for its quietness. Alone with her husband, however, good Mrs. Away in the city across the mountains men babbled of remedies at law. Day by day the hollow cough grew more frequent, and the awkward step slower. Nobody asked him to quit his work now. Brandt shrank from the patient misery of his face when idle. He came into her kitchen one evening, choosing the old quiet corner, and following her with his eyes silently. It all came to an end one afternoon. Brice was at work on the ditch again, preferring the cheerful companionship of Joel and Bert Fox to his own thoughts, and Mrs. Brandt was alone in her kitchen. Two shadows fell across the worn threshold, and a weak, questioning voice brought the good woman to her door instantly. Brandt brought them into the house, urging the stranger to rest a bit and get her breath. Brandt had induced her to wait there until the men came home,--told it with no unnecessary words, and her listener made no comment. Brandt told Joel about it that evening. I guess she heard him come, for she opened the door, and I turned around and come in. Brice If you like this book please share to your friends: The ruins of the Klausenburg are, according to the words of the narrator, near the house where they are assembled. The story is often interrupted by the company, but their conversation has no connection with it, and has therefore been omitted. We were sojourning between Anaheim and the sea. There was a sunshiny dullness about the place, like the smiles of a vapid woman. The bit of vineyard surrounding our whitewashed cabin was an emerald set in the dull, golden-brown plain. Before the door an artesian well glittered in the sun like an inverted crystal bowl. Esculapius called the spot Fezzan, and gradually I came to think the well a fountain, and the sunburnt waste about us a stretch of yellow sand. When I had walked to the field of whispering corn behind the house, and through the straggling vines to.

Chapter 2 : Witheridge - Photograph Index

Lieutenant Colonel Robert C. Jarvis NORTH POWNAL, VERMONT-Lieutenant Colonel Robert C. Jarvis, U. S. Army (Ret). Corps of Engineers died October 23, at the Southwestern Vermont Medical Center.

Knobs Mountain view from the Pickaway area Rt. Elmwood and the brick barn to the rear are listed individually on the National Register of Historic Places. Since then, the house has been owned by Grover Mitchell and also home to his son Buddy Mitchell who graduated with the UHS class of . The house is now owned by Chris and Anita Zollek. They are renovating the house to become a bed and breakfast with a restaurant. A brick Greek Revival building with Gothic features and stained glass windows. The Union Presbyterian Church congregation dates back to August . Former owners of the house was Dr. Floyd Johnson and his family and next was Russell and Violet Hinkle. It now houses the Jonathan Rice Accounting Office. A brick Greek Revival house. The home of the Rev. Houston, who was pastor of the Union Presbyterian Church from to . Later on it was the home of Albert Sidney and Izzie Johnston and their family. The Don Ballard House A Queen Ann shingle style house. Colonel Roberts built this house in located on N. The red brick building houses the Broyles Funeral Home. The black Baptist congregation of Union, organized by the Rev Charles Campbell, acquired this handsome church in . A large frame Greek Revival house with a handsome one-story portico with true ionic columns. Designed by the important Virginia Architect, Henry Exhall. The house was built by Andrew Beirne and he never occupied the house but sold it to George Hutchinson in . Hutchinson sold the property to John Rowan in . It was the boyhood home of Col. Rowan a Monroe County War Hero. A frame Greek Revival house with some later additions. The house once served as the Pence Tourist Home. Sebert Pyles was a barber in Union. An original one-story Greek Revival house was enlarged in the early 20th century. Edwin Brown was a midth century merchant. The house is now owned by Ruth Riner. A Greek revival house with the addition of early 20th century features. His sister, Ella, was one of the first public school teachers in Union. View of Main Street with light rain A view of main street. The white building on the right with a quilt showing on the wall, is the law office of John Bryan. This large handsome Romanesque structure still has its original shutters. It contains records of over two centuries. Most likely designed by the important West Virginia Architect, C. The storefront shown here is the House of Fabric owned and operated by Jewel Clark. A large three story brick building with cast iron cornice. This building housed the Monroe Department Store until . It now houses the Korner Kafe, voted the best place to eat in Union. Later this building was purchased by Marion Shiflet and was made into a showroom for the Ford Garage. It is now the Insurance office of Bill Shiflet. The two-story brick building on the right at one time housed the office of Dr. A vernacular 20th century house. Under the present house is the foundation and cellar of the Hall Tavern. Susan is a graduated of UHS class of . An early Classical Revival in style. The building contains some fine woodwork that could be attributed to Conrad Burgess. The structure housed the Bank of Union in . The log house next door is the Clark-Wiseman House John Wiseman was a blacksmith, gunsmith and a silversmith. This log house shows the transition from pioneer one-room cabin to a comfortable farm house of the 19th century. A Greek Revival in style with Gothic features and stained glass windows. The congregation stems from that of the Historic Rehoboth Church built in . This house is now owned by Theresa Miller Dumas. General of the Virginia Militia in the Confederate Army. This house has also been the home of the Dr. Lynch House The N. Lynch house was built in by John Campbell. It replaced the original Lynch home which was burned. It took two years to rebuild. Jeff graduated at UHS class of . They are parents of Forrest and Margaret Roles. It was best known as the mid-twentieth century home of Dr. Robert and Lucy Gray. They lived in this house many years while he served as pastor of the Union Presbyterian Church. The house is now owned by the Richard Meeks Family. Eva was principal of Union Elementary School. The next owner of the house was Harmon Falls. The next owners of the house was Rev. Their son Donald graduated from UHS in . The next owners of the house was Joe and Uvon Bostic. The house is now owned by Richard and Kitty Ellard. It is thought to have been a tavern in early days and the road to Gap Mills went around behind the tavern and up a lane on the Davidson Farm. This road came across the knoll toward the John L. Trail house and continued

to Gap Mills. The Coulter family were wheelwrights, probably made wagons and carriages. Andrew Keadle was a prominent Union cabinetmaker just prior to the Civil War. It now houses the Law Office of Bob Allen. They moved the log house to this location. Small brick Greek Revival house built for Jackson Early, a mid-19th century merchant. The brick portion on the left side of this house was the first Methodist Church built in , and was acquired later by the Union College and expanded to provide living quarters and dining facilities for its students. The building at that time consisted of 24 rooms. It was acquired by the Davidson Family in Early Classical Revival in style with later Neoclassical features. The house is now owned by Bill and Linda Burns. The house is now owned by Glenn and Jan Bryan. John Wallace operated a business school in the pre-Civil War years. General in the Confederate Army. The style of this house is a brick Greek Revival house with Italianate features. The house was once owned by A. The house is now owned by James Banks, retired medical doctor and author of several books. The house features porches of both the traditional and the informal Craftsman styles. The Craftsman style became very popular in the early 20th Century Union. The style was Gothic Revival with an original unwired kerosene chandelier, sconces and stained glass windows.

Colonel Bob Jarvis. Brice. Similar Items. Remains of William S. Graham with a memoir / by: Graham, William Sloan,

Lysander Sproul, driving his dun-colored mules leisurely toward the mesa, looked back now and then at the winery which crowned its low hill like a bit of fortification. Lysander put on the brake and stopped "to blow" his team. Whiffs of honey-laden air came from the stretch of chaparral on the slope behind him. He turned on the high spring-seat, and, dangling his long legs over the wagon-box, sent a far-reaching, indefinite gaze across the valley. There were broad acres of yellowing vineyard, fields of velvety young barley, orange-trees in dark orderly ranks, and here and there a peach orchard robbed of its leaves, "a cloud of tender maroon upon the landscape. Lysander collected his wandering glance and fixed it upon one of the pale-green barley-fields. Boulders began to thicken by the roadside. The sun went down, and the air grew heavy with the soft, resinous mountain odors. Some one stepped from the shadow of a scraggy buckthorn in front of the team. Lysander stopped the mules. I just walked a ways to meet you. The rakishness of her attire was grotesquely at variance with her troubled voice and small, freckled face. I hope you held your head high and sassed him right and left. Sproul straightened her manly back and raised her shrill, womanish voice nervously. I hope you told him that, Sandy. Sproul drew a long, excited breath. The sage and greasewood ended abruptly, and a row of leafless walnut-trees stretched their gaunt white branches above the road. Here and there an almond-tree, lured into premature bloom by the seductive California winter, stood like a wraith by the roadside. They could see the cabin now. A square of flaring and fading light marked the open doorway. The mules quickened their pace, and the wagon rattled over the stony road. Oh, he said the soil was good. The lower half of the firelit doorway beyond suddenly darkened, and there was a swift, scurrying sound among the bushes that intervened between the house and the shed. A succession of heads, visible even in the deepening twilight by reason of a uniform glimmering whiteness, appeared in the barnyard. Sproul ran over the number with a rapid maternal calculation. Be as spry as you can with the chores. A high, energetic voice was making itself heard even above the sizzle of the meat and the voice of a crying baby. There comes your mammy, now. Sproul picked him up, and looked around the room questioningly. She was still elevated above them by two or [Pg 9] three steps, and leaned against the casement, looking down into the smoke and disorder of the room with a listless, irresponsible gaze. A tall, unformed girl, with a braid of red hair hanging across her shoulder, and ending in a heavy, lustrous curl upon the limp folds of her blue cotton dress. Sproul elevated her thin, anxious voice coaxingly. The older [Pg 10] sister took a handkerchief from the pocket of her coat. Melissa smiled, showing a row of teeth, not small, but white and regular. The cow was mooing reproachfully in a cropped circle of musky alfalaria behind the shed. The moon had risen, and rested for an instant upon the edge of Cucamonga, like a silver ball rolling down the mountain-side. Gentle, ease-loving natures, that might show in fair relief against a delicate background of luxury, become dull and lifeless in contrast with the coarser tints of poverty. The children, huddled in a corner that they might whisper and giggle beyond the reach of manual reproof, had fallen asleep, a confused heap of dejected weariness. Sproul glanced at her mother triumphantly. Even Melissa raised her eyes, "Melissa, who sat on the lowest step of the projecting staircase, twisting and untwisting the faded blue silk handkerchief in her lap with a gentle, listless monotony. It was impossible to tell whether ignorance or indifference characterized the girl, so calm, so inert, so absent was she, sitting in the half-shadow of the [Pg 16] dimly lighted corner, her lustrous auburn head outlined against the sombre-hued redwood of the wall behind her. There was a little hush in the room after the tempest. Well "then "you see " continued Lysander, groping for his forgotten place in the recital. Wanted me to use my influence with the old man! Is that all he said? He said it was a damned good trade. Sproul sprang up, placing herself between her husband and the heap of slumbering innocents in the corner. Sproul, tearfully resentful of the charge of hysterics, investigated the sleeping children with a view to more permanent disposal of them for the night, a process which resulted in much whimpering, and a [Pg 19] limp, somnolent sense of injury on the part of the investigated. The next day Melissa turned her gray eyes with a vague, kindling interest toward the "volunteer barley-patch. She mused upon them speculatively for awhile, and then consulted Lysander. But the hull thing

used to be hern; quite a spell back, though. Melissa was helping him in a desultory, intermittent fashion. There was a very friendly understanding between these two peace-loving members of the family. The young girl carried two or three speckled granite boulders and dropped them into the rude vehicle, and then sat down on the edge of it meditatively. The dark rim of her hat made a background for her head with its little billows of richly tinted hair. Exertion had brought a faint transitory pink to her fair, freckled face. Lysander straightened his lank form, and then betook himself to a seat on a neighboring boulder, evidently of the opinion that the judicial nature of the question before him demanded a sitting posture. Even the mule seemed dreamily retrospective. Bees reveled in the honeyed wealth of the buckthorn, and chanted their content in drowsy monotony. The upland lavished its spicy sweetness on the still, yellow air. A gopher peered out of its freshly made burrow with quick, wary turns [Pg 22] of its little head, and dropped suddenly out of sight as Melissa spoke. Then you can guess what kind of a racket there was on hand. The young girl turned and looked at him, a sudden gleam of recollection widening her eyes. You was quite a chunk of a girl then. Memories of that stormy time appeared to crowd upon him bewilderingly. He shook his head in slow but emphatic denial of his ability to do them dramatic justice in recital. There was another long silence. The noonday air seemed to pulsate, as if the mountain were sleeping in the sun and breathing regularly. The weeds, which the weight of the sled had crushed, gave out a fragrance of honey and tar. A pair of humming-birds darted into the stillness in a [Pg 24] little tempest of shrill-voiced contention, and the mule, aroused from dejected abstraction by the intruders, shook his tassel-like tail and yawned humanly. The stones fell over the precipice, breaking into the quiet of the depths below with a long, resounding crash that finally rippled off into silence, and the two sat down on the side of the empty sled and rode back to the stone-pile. So she done it. Melissa had walked around the sled, and stood facing him, with her hands behind her. Her slight figure in its limp blue cotton drapery had the scarred mountain-side for a background. The mule seemed to await her verdict with humble resignation. Lysander sat on the side of the sled and looked across the valley seaward, to where Catalina was outlined against the horizon in soft, cloud-like gray. It had a wild, unreasonable sound which was a sufficient guarantee of its correctness. The doings of authorities were liable to be misty by reason of elevation. The fault lay in her limited vision. Deep down in her placid, peace-loving nature was the obstinate conviction that it did a great deal of harm. She sat down in the velvety burr-clover, clasping her hands about her knees. There was one thing dearer to him than his neutrality in the family feud. Even Lysander had failed her. The foundations of human knowledge were certainly giving way when Lysander indulged in the mysterious. She had not noticed a speck crawling like an overburdened insect along the winding road in the valley. Visible and invisible by turns, as the sage-brush was sparse or high, and emerging at last into permanent view where the wild growth came to an end and Mrs. Evidently the old man was conscious that he "showed up" to poor advantage, for he began prodding the donkey with a conscientious absorption that filled that small brute with amazement, and made him amble from one side of the road to the other, in a vain endeavor to look around his pack and discover the reason for this unexpected turn in the administration of affairs. Lysander watched their approach with an expression of amused contempt. The traveler started, in a clumsy attempt at surprise, when he was opposite his son-in-law, and, giving the donkey a parting whack that sent him and his hardware onward at a literally rattling pace, turned from the road, and sidled doggedly through the tarweed toward the stone-pile. Lysander folded his arms, and surveyed him in a cool, sidelong way that was peculiarly withering. But Forrester made me. What he saw there was not encouraging. It became audible in a sniff of undisguised contempt. I stopped to see Forrester, Lysander. The old man gave his questioner a look of maudlin surprise. Now, look here," he added, turning upon his visitor sternly, "you let Forrester alone. Lysander stopped his work, and looked after him with a whimsical, irreverent grimace. The old woman thumped and pounded the mass of dough until the small tenement shook. Then, after much shaping and some crowding, she consigned her six rather corpulent loaves to "the pans," and turned on her nominal lord.

Chapter 4 : Airwolf (TV Series " - Cast - IMDb

borer Jarvis is my name, Colonel Bob Jarvis, well-borer. Borrowed I borrowed a can of water from Mrs. McGrath and another from the Gainers and Anna washed old Hughie's wounds in Jamie's tub. borrower The name of the borrower appeared as A. Grant.

We were sojourning between Anaheim and the sea. There was a sunshiny dullness about the place, like the smiles of a vapid woman. The bit of vineyard surrounding our whitewashed cabin was an emerald set in the dull, golden-brown plain. Before the door an artesian well glittered in the sun like an inverted crystal bowl. Esculapius called the spot Fezzan, and gradually I came to think the well a fountain, and the sunburnt waste about us a stretch of yellow sand. When I had walked to the field of whispering corn behind the house, and through the straggling vines to the edge of the vineyard in front, I came back to where my invalid sat beneath the feathery acacias, dreaming in happy lonesomeness. Esculapius took his cigar from his lips and looked at me pensively. I never wound him by appearing to notice this defect, so I sat down on the dry burr-clover and made no reply. At night, when it is really quiet, you will hear the roar of the ocean ten miles away. He was a minister, a deep-toned Methodist, brimming over with vocal piety. The fern-like branches above us stirred softly against the blue. Little aromatic whiffs came from the grove of pale eucalyptus-trees near the house. Esculapius diluted the intoxicating air with tobacco smoke and remained sane, but as for me the sunshine went to my head, and whirled and eddied there like some Eastern drug. The well had ceased to flow. Esculapius called me to a corner of the piazza, and spoke in low, hurried tones. I thought it might relieve your feelings to get off that quotation about the golden bowl and the wheel, and the pitcher, and the fountain, etc. The musical drip on the pebbles was hushed; the charm of our oasis had departed. In its place stood a length of rusty pipe full of standing water. I took the gourd from its notch in the willows sadly. Some one had been before me and carved "Ichabod" on its handle. I filled my pitcher and turned to go. A tall form separated itself from the group of workmen and came gallantly forward. Jarvis is my name, Colonel Bob Jarvis, well-borer. Esculapius was right; something had happened. The well was gone, but in its place I had found something a thousand times more refreshing. When my husband returned, he found me sitting breathless and absorbed under the acacias. You fellows over at the Swamp are loose! Why, by the way, my mother used to say to me, in her delicate, squeaky voice: Why, by and by, I mean to start a Presbyterian church right here under your nose. Well, by the way, that was a religious move entirely. At any rate" Esculapius retreated in wild disorder, and did not appear again until supper-time. When that meal was finished, Colonel Jarvis followed me as I walked to the piazza. May I hope to see the fortunate young lady? Ladies have a great many whims about jewelry, you know. That is just what I reflected. It makes me think of my mother. Nearly every man loves and reverences a woman; but this man loves and reverences women. I imagine that Esculapius is sensible at times of his want of ideality, and feels a delicacy in conversing with me. So I went on musingly: We have all made this sacrifice to culture, a sacrifice of force to expression. Imagine him betrayed by her. A man of the world might grow white about the lips and sick at heart, but he would find relief in cynicism and bitter words. This man would act, some wild, strange act of vengeance. The cultured nature is a honeycomb: Two weeks later the colonel brought his wife to call upon me. She was a showy, loud-voiced blonde, resplendently over-dressed. At the first opportunity her husband motioned me aside. But I am a little surprised, Colonel. No doubt it was a mistake, but I got the impression in some way that the lady was a brunette. Of course I was stuck when I heard of it. It was this one told me. I could see that she felt bad about it. But, after all, it turned out a lucky thing for me. Now look at that, will you? He threw back his head and sent a little dreamy cloud of smoke up through the acacias. I never should have reminded you of it. You were dreaming, you know, and you are not responsible for what you dream. Besides, dreams are like human nature, they always go by contraries.

Chapter 5 : Colonel Bob Jarvis by Margaret Collier Graham

1. He came up the mountain road at nightfall, urging his lean mustang forward wearily, and coughing now and then--a

DOWNLOAD PDF COLONEL BOB JARVIS

heavy, hollow cough that told its own story.

Chapter 6 : A PICTURE TOUR OF UNION AND MONROE COUNTY Â« Union High School

Funeral Scheduled for Bob Jarvis The funeral for former Project Manager Bob Jarvis is scheduled for 11/12 at 10 a.m. in Thompson Chapel. Visiting hours will be held at Bennington's Mahar & Son Funeral Home on 11/11 from 3 to 5 p.m., and condolences can be submitted at blog.quintoapp.com

Chapter 7 : HCGS - Mooreland, IN Cemetery - Blue River Township

** Colonel Bob Jarvis, (ss) The Argonaut. Short Stories Dec * Face of the Poor, (ss) The Atlantic Monthly Sep * For Loisy an' the Boy, (ss) The Argonaut.*

Chapter 8 : Boyd Jarvis - Wikipedia

Bob Jarvis was a true American HERO,He was a true inspiration to everyone whom he came in contact with,He will be missed deeply,but never blog.quintoapp.com love you Bob,God Bless November 11, 0.

Chapter 9 : The Project Gutenberg eBook of Stories Of The Foot-hills, by Margaret Collier Graham.

Before the invention of the telegraph, a message couldn't travel faster than the speed of a horse (or maybe a messenger pigeon or something along those lines - still pretty slow).