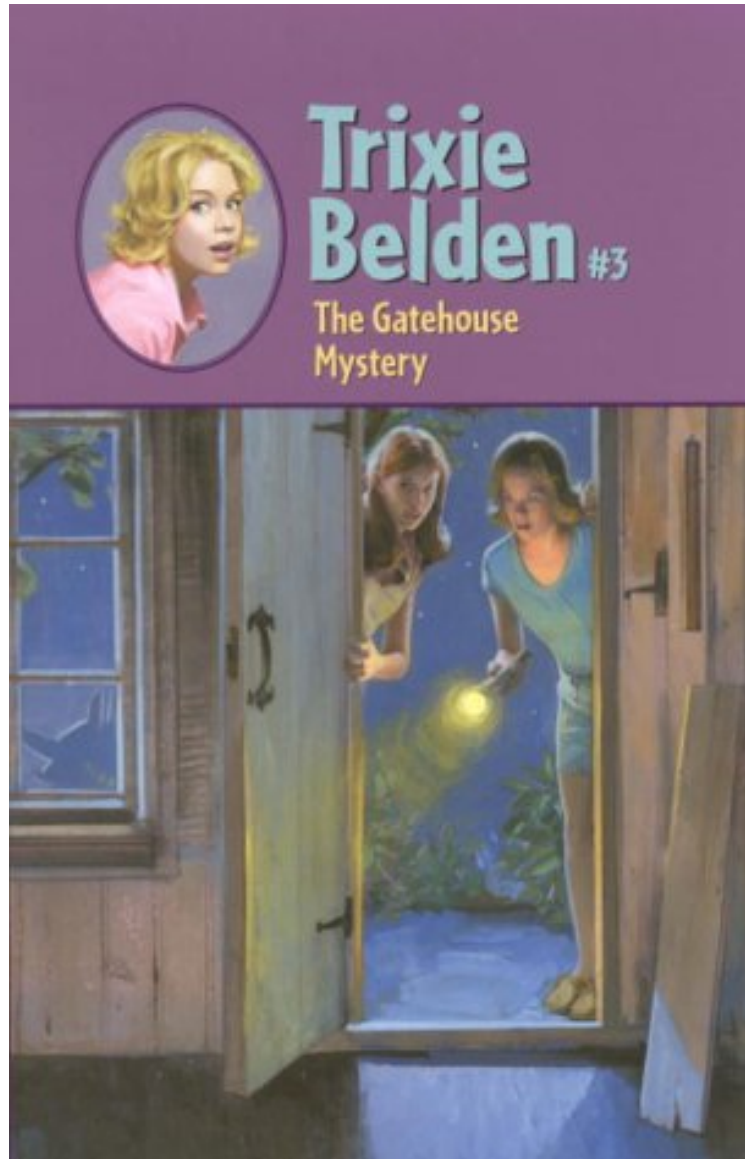


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The Gatehouse Mystery

Julie Campbell

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Julie Campbell : The Gatehouse Mystery before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Gatehouse Mystery:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Great price on a vintage mystery for tweens!By Mrs.TThis series was a favorite in my childhood and my daughters loved these books too. The Gatehouse Mystery was one I had never owned, so I was pleased to find this great vintage hardcover for a very reasonable price on . The book was in great shape and my granddaughter loved it!0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Love reading these stories

from a bygone time
By Kindle Customer
I first read this 50 years ago and I fell in love with Trixie and her friends. The era was dated even then but the stories and the values are timeless as are the wishes of the young people featured in the stories. It's a good read no matter your age, and I can only hope that kindle will offer the entire series.
0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars
By Jo Marie
Granddaughter, who is 8, loves this series.

When Trixie and Honey explore an abandoned gatehouse, they discover more than dust and spiderwebs. Stuck in the dirt floor is a huge diamond! Could a ring of jewel thieves be hiding out in Sleepyside?

From the Inside Flap
When Trixie and Honey explore an abandoned gatehouse, they discover more than dust and spiderwebs. Stuck in the dirt floor is a huge diamond! Could a ring of jewel thieves be hiding out in Sleepyside?
About the Author
Julie Campbell (1908-1999) was from Flushing, New York, and shares the same birthday as her character, Mart Belden. As the daughter of an Army Officer, she travelled widely during her childhood. When she was eight years old, she won her first short story contest while living in Hawaii. In 1933, Campbell married Charles Tatham Jr., and they worked together on many magazine stories and articles. Campbell lived in a remodeled farmhouse in the Hudson River Valley with her husband and two sons when she began writing the Trixie Belden series. The series was set in fictional "Sleepyside," but was based on the town Campbell was living in at the time in the Hudson River Valley near Ossining. Her home, "Wolf Hollow," was the model for Crabapple Farm, and Campbell actually lived on Glendale Road. Julie Campbell passed away in 1999 at the age of 91. Even at 91 she was still spirited and determined, just like Trixie.
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The little cottage, which had been the gatehouse of the manor in the days of carriages and sleighs, was so covered with wisteria vines they could hardly see it. But Bobby's sharp blue eyes caught a glimpse of the door, and before Trixie could stop him, he raced down to yank it open. "Wait, Bobby," she yelled, "don't go in until we—" But he had already darted over the threshold. And then he screamed. Trixie, her heart in her mouth, dashed across the remaining stretch of lawn. What could have happened? What on earth could have been inside the old abandoned cottage to make Bobby scream? Then she saw to her relief that he had merely tripped on the rotting door sill and lay sprawling in the semidarkness of the interior. "Honestly," Trixie moaned to Honey, "if there's anything in the whole of Westchester County to trip over, Bobby trips over it." Together, they helped the little boy to his feet and carried him out to the bright light. Blood was trickling from his right knee. Trixie was used to Bobby's accidents, but she knew that the sight of blood sometimes made Honey feel faint. "It's nothing," she said quickly as she tied her clean handkerchief around the cut. "Bobby is always covered with bandages, anyway. He must have fallen on a pebble in the dirt floor." "I wanna go home," Bobby was wailing. "Of course you do," Honey cried sympathetically. "But let's ask Regan to look at your knee, first. He knows all about first aid, you know." "I want Regan," Bobby said promptly through his tears. "I love Regan. He'll give me a ride on Lady." "That's right," Trixie said. "If you don't cry when he puts iodine on your cut. Do you want to ride pickaback on my shoulders, or can you walk?" Bobby tossed his silky curls. "I never yell when people put iodine on me." He started off up the grassy slope toward the stable, first hopping, then limping, and finally, when he caught sight of Regan, he broke into a run. The tall, broad-shouldered groom scooped the boy into his arms and gently removed Trixie's improvised bandage. "First aid me, Regan," Bobby ordered. "First aid me. Take me up to your room on top of the g'rage and first aid me." "That I will," Regan said, grinning. "You didn't cut yourself on a rusty nail, did you?" "We don't know what he fell on," Trixie replied and turned to Honey. "I guess we'd better go back and look inside the cottage with flashlights to make sure. If it was a rusty nail that cut him, Bobby should have a booster tetanus shot. Puncture wounds, you know." Honey nodded. "There're a couple of flashlights in the tack room. All right if we borrow them, Regan?" "Natch," the pleasant-faced groom said as he strode toward the garage with Bobby. "The kid probably cut himself on a harmless pebble, but you girls had better make sure. Meanwhile, I'll wash the knee and paint it with iodine." Five minutes later the girls stood at the entrance to the old cottage. "He must have fallen right about here," Trixie said, pointing with the beam of her flashlight. "He's got short legs, so when he tripped on the sill—" She stopped. Something glittered in the beam of her torch. "A piece of glass," she said moving cautiously inside. Honey followed her, and then they saw that the glittering object was imbedded in the dirt floor. Trixie pried it loose with a twig. "Oh, golly," she gasped. "It looks just like the stone in the ring Jim gave me. You remember, Honey, his great-aunt's solitaire which we found up at the mansion before it burned. Dad put it in our safety deposit box at the bank until I'm older. But this couldn't be a diamond." She led the way outside and handed the stone to Honey. Honey examined it carefully. The facets glittered brilliantly in the bright sunlight. After a moment, Honey said in an awed tone of voice, "But it is a diamond, Trixie! I'm sure! How on earth did it get inside this old, tumbledown cottage?"