

SILENCE FARM

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649229420

Silence farm by William Sharp

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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WILLIAM SHARP

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BY

WILLIAM SHARP

LONDON

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TO
SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.
IN OLD FRIENDSHIP

Silence Farm

Chapter I

A HAZE of vapour saturated the August night, rising from the sodden earth. In the heavy damp the pinging of midges filled the air. Darkness crept from bush to bush, from clump to clump, along the viewless flats and ridges of Wardlaw Muir, although the sky in the west was still aflame with scarlet splashes. Between the narrow blood-red bands which sliced the uprising dark above the moors, and the moors themselves, a greenish light fell upon the marshes which lie to the north of Muirton.

Outside the dishevelled byres, west of the farmhouse, and above which a thin reek hung, a woman stood. A short distance away, on the moor edge, a donkey rested, silent, motionless, his head low, the gray hide already black with penetrating