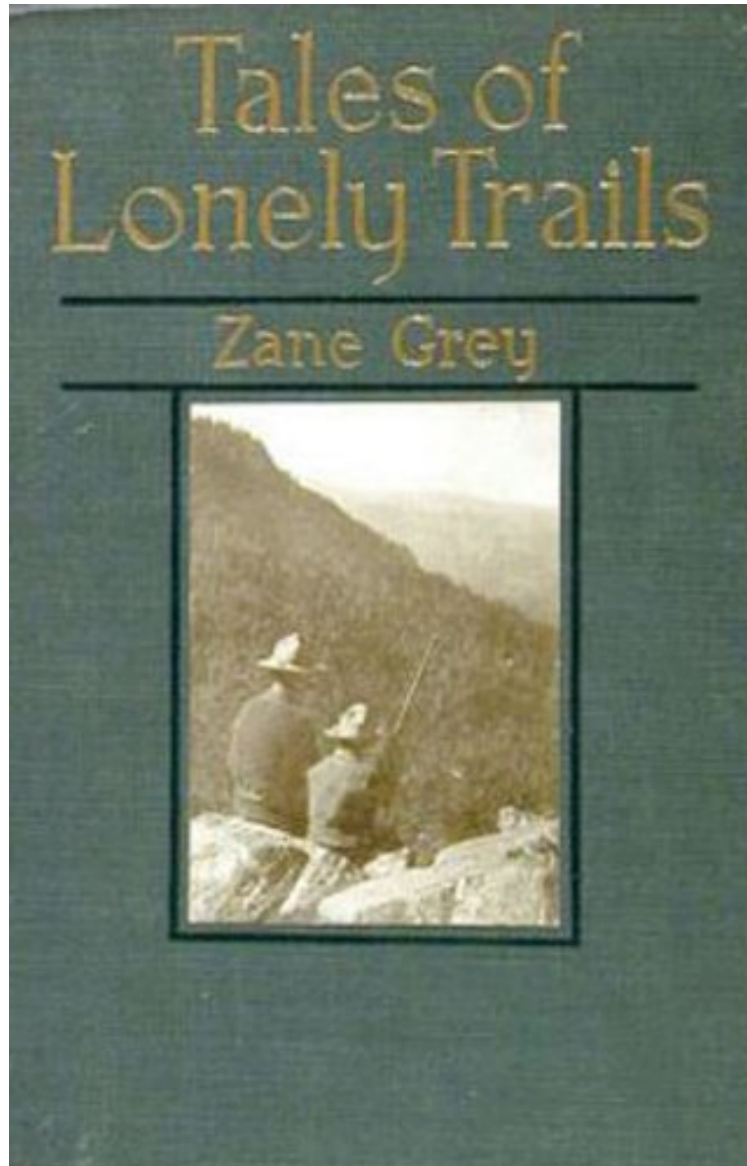


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## TALES OF LONELY TRAILS (non illustrated) (English Edition)

*Von Zane Grey*

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**Von Zane Grey : TALES OF LONELY TRAILS (non illustrated) (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised TALES OF LONELY TRAILS (non illustrated) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Tolles Buch...Von BineLaMuc..zu einem grandiosen Schriftsteller und seinem Leben, Inspiration und Abenteuern.Niemand

sonst beschreibt so wunderschön das Farbspiel der Canyons im Sonnenuntergang als Zane Grey. Das Buch macht Spaß und motiviert zum Erkunden der Regionen in denen die Geschichten spielen. Leider fehlen wie so oft detaillierte Karten. Empfehlenswert für jeden Zane Grey Fan.

Kurzbeschreibung Stories of Zane Grey's hunting, camping, and exploring trips in the wild and desolate parts of the West. Three of the five narratives are lively tales of adventure. The most impressive stories in the book, however, are the first and last, both of them short. (non illustrated) Kurzbeschreibung Stories of Zane Grey's hunting, camping, and exploring trips in the wild and desolate parts of the West. Three of the five narratives are lively tales of adventure. The most impressive stories in the book, however, are the first and last, both of them short. (non illustrated) Synopsis "Next day, upon resuming our journey, it pleased me to try to find the trail to Betatakin, the most noted, and surely the most wonderful and beautiful ruin in all the West. In many places there was no trail at all, and I encountered difficulties, but in the end without much loss of time I entered the narrow rugged entrance of the canyon I had named Surprise Valley. Sight of the great dark cave thrilled me as I thought it might have thrilled Bess and Venters, who had lived for me their imagined lives of loneliness here in this wild spot. With the sight of those lofty walls and the scent of the dry sweet sage there rushed over me a strange feeling that 'Riders of the Purple Sage' was true. My dream people of romance had really lived there once upon a time. I climbed high upon the huge stones, and along the smooth red walls where Pay Larkin once had glided with swift sure steps, and I entered the musty cliff-dwellings, and called out to hear the weird and sonorous echoes, and I wandered through the thickets and upon the grassy spruce-shaded benches, never for a moment free of the story I had conceived there..."