

## **CLINICAL LECTURES ON VENEREAL DISEASES**

"But let's pretend it's me, okay? So here I am, stepping off the curb without looking both ways-". In the main room, on his way toward the front door, Junior saw Celestina White surrounded by adoring fatheads, nattering ninnies, dithering dolts, saps and boneheads, oafs and gawks and simpletons. She was still as gorgeous as her shamelessly beautiful paintings. If the opportunity arose, Junior would have more use for her than for her so called art..Suitcases seemed to be missing. Some clothes, as well. Could mean a weekend vacation..The glimmering bay and the shimmering amber candlelight provided the perfect atmosphere for the song that arose now from the piano in the bar..Anyway, traumatic as it had been, the shooting was not the worst thing that happened to him that year..Although only half the stools at the counter were occupied, and none of those close to Junior, customers were seated in most of the booths. Some had their backs to him, and three were about Vanadium's size..Holding the pistol, fully extending his right arm in execution style, the gunman approached the fallen minister..As soon as he was alone, however, Junior yearned for the nurse to return. Alone, he felt vulnerable, threatened..A half bath downstairs. Two bedrooms and a full bath on the upper floor. All deserted..He wondered if the hawk had descended in a constricting gyre, justice coming down, but he could not lift his head to see..As she struggled to cope with her loss, the last thing Agnes needed was the reminder posed by that empty chair. Maria's intentions were good, however, and Agnes didn't want to hurt her feelings..Indeed, even the distinct fragrance of pulp paper, yellow with age, was alone sufficient to start him fantasizing..What might have become a waiting game of epic duration was ended when the door to the room swung inward, and a doctor in a white lab coat entered from the corridor. He was backlit by fluorescent glare, his face in shadow, like a figure in a dream..Only Angel spoke, with nary a catch or quiver, fully confident in her Barty. "Anything he can teach me, I can learn, and anything I can see, he can know. Anything, Aunt Aggie." "There is no king in Earthsea," the young man said, stern and righteous, "In my master's service, then," Hound amended, patient..Jabbing his forefinger at each of the remaining treats, Barty said, "Pie, pie."..The strand was inclined toward the lake. He closed the door and got out of the way as the Studebaker rolled forward, gathering speed..Maria's mother, visiting from Mexico, was babysitting, so Maria came without her children, as a guest, joining Agnes and the laugh-a-minute Isaacson twins, chroniclers of destruction. They ate in the dining room, rather than at the kitchen dinette, with a lace-trimmed tablecloth, the good china, crystal wineglasses, and fresh flowers..Junior worried that he might not locate the correct Dumpster among the many. Yet he didn't switch on the flashlight, suspecting that he would be better able to find his way if the conditions of darkness and fog were exactly as they had been earlier. In fact, this proved to be the case, and he instantly recognized the hulking Dumpster when he came upon it..Through nine months of quiet panic, however, Phimie grew less rational week by week, resorting to reckless measures that endangered.."I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after. The ore of watermetal. Watermetal eats all the other metals, even gold, see..to believe that any man with such a hard gut slung over his belt, with a bull neck..Tom Vanadium, on the other hand, was certain that Cain, having prepared for the possibility that something would go wrong during his assault on Celestina, wouldn't be easy to locate or to apprehend. In Vanadium's view, the maniac either had a bolt-hole waiting in the city or was already out of the SFPD's jurisdiction..Recently, Wally administered to Angel a set of apperception tests for three-year-olds, and the results indicated that she might not ever be a math whiz or a verbal gymnast, but that she might be highly talented in other ways. Her appreciation of color, her innate understanding of the derivation of secondary hues from the primary colors, her sense of spatial relationships, and her recognition of basic geometric forms regardless of the angle at which they were presented were all far beyond what was exhibited by other kids her age. Wally said she was visually, rather than verbally, gifted, that she would undoubtedly exhibit increasing precociousness in matters artistic, that she might follow Celestina's career path, and that she might even prove to be a prodigy..Of course, Angel might have been playing around with the talking book. Or, even though she'd left the dolls downstairs, she might have been filling the time until Barty's return by having a nice chat with Miss Pixie and Miss Velveeta. She had other voices, too, for other dolls, and one for a sock puppet named Smelly..The air was spicy with incense and with the fragrance of the lemon oil polish used on the wooden pews..If killing the wrong Bartholomew had broken a dam in Junior and released a lake of tension, whacking the right Bartholomew would set loose an ocean of pent-up stress, and he would feel free as he'd not felt since the fire tower. Freer than he'd been in his entire life..the hilly streets of the city, ignoring all traffic lights and stop signs, pegging the speedometer needle at its highest mark, as though he might eventually be air-cooled by sufficient speed. He wanted to slam through unwary pedestrians, crack their bones, and send them tumbling..In spite of the urgency of his desire, he followed a circuitous route to Victorial's, doubling back on himself twice, watching for surveillance as he drove. If he were being followed, his tail was an invisible man in a ghost car.."Crafty men" is what they called wizards in those days..Thereafter, Junior managed to drive four miles before he was forced to pull off the road at another service station, after which he felt that his ordeal might be over. But less than ten minutes later, he settled for more rustic facilities in a clump of bushes alongside the highway, where his cries of anguish frightened small animals into squeaking flight..Junior intended to add one stocky ghost to the party. Perhaps on a summer night in years to come, at the edge of the light fall from his Coleman lantern, a fisherman would see a semitransparent Vanadium providing entertainment with an ethereal quarter..Inevitably, he had to wonder if Naomi had kept her pregnancy secret because, indeed, she suspected that the child wasn't her husband's.."It isn't that, Daddy. You remember, when we were all together the day before yesterday, how afraid Phimie was of this man. Not just for herself ... for the baby."..The shakes returned, became more violent than previously--and then once more passed..murdered would be discounted. And if every death was suspicious to him, then he would quickly lose

interest in Junior and move on to a new enthusiasm, harassing some other poor devil..Beyond the window, behind veils of rain and fog, the metropolis appeared to be more enigmatic than Stonehenge, as unknowable as any city in our dreams..Alone, Junior sat in the breakfast nook with a pot of coffee and an entire Sara Lee chocolate fudge cake.."Of all the things I might be meant to do with my life," he told Agnes, "I believe nothing will matter more than the small part I've had in bringing together these two children."..Then came the Year of the Tiger, 1974. Gasoline shortages, panic buying, mile-long lines at service stations. Patty Hearst kidnapped. Nixon gone in disgrace. Hank Aaron toppled Babe Ruth's longstanding home-run record, and the inflation rate topped fifteen percent, and the legendary Muhammad Ali defeated George Foreman to regain his world-heavyweight title..The second medic wheeled the gurney to the rear of the van, calling for one of the policemen to accompany him to the hospital. Apparently, he needed help if he was to deliver the baby and also stabilize Apes while en route..The silence in this city of the dead was complete. The night lay breathless, stirring not one whisper from the stationed evergreens that stood sentinel over generations of bones..Her hands were slender, long-fingered, graceful. The hands of an artist. They were not powerful hands..Instead, her father asked, "Is this emotion talking, Celie, or is this brain as much as heart?"..This colored person's grave, however, was uphill of Naomi's. Over time, as the body decomposed up there, its juices would mix with the soil. When rain saturated the ground, subsurface drainage would carry those juices steadily downslope, until they seeped into Naomi's grave 'let mingled with her remains. This seemed highly inappropriate to Junior..The paper towels were spotted with butter. He crumpled them and threw them in the trash..Ever since he'd searched Vanadium's house, over fourteen months ago, Junior had enjoyed learning about other people by touring their homes in their absence. Because he was unwilling to risk arrest for breaking and entering, these explorations were rare, other than in the homes of women whom he'd dated long enough to justify swapping keys. Happily, in this golden age of trust and easy relationships, as little as a week of hot sex could lead to key-level commitment.."It's not scary," said Mary. "I just step into another place for a little, and then back. It's just like going from one room to the next. I can't get stuck over there or anything." She looked at Barty. "You know how it is, Dad."..He had considered tracking down Celestina-and the bastard boy--prior to her exhibition. The alumni office of her college might be one route to her. And further inquiries in the city's fine-arts community would no doubt eventually provide him with her address.."I already told you-anything in your heart is as easy to read as the open page of a book."..She remained fixated on the card that she had just dealt, and for a while she didn't speak, as though the eyes of the paper knave held her in thrall. Finally she said, "Monster. Human monster."..As he edged closer, to better hear the conversation, he became aware of someone staring at him. He looked up into anthracite eyes, into a gaze as sharp as that of any bird, set in the lean face of a thirty something man thinner than a winter-starved crow..On January 2, 1968, four days before his birthday, Bartholomew Lampion gave up his eyes that he might live, and accepted a life of blindness with no hope of bathing in light again until, in his good time, he left this world for a better one..If this insurance payoff was not mere coincidence, if it was the wealth that had been foretold, then how far behind the fortune did the knave travel? Years? Months? Days?.Using the straight edge of a ruler to guide his eye down each column, Junior searched for Bartholomew, ignoring surnames. He had already checked to see if anyone in the county had Bartholomew for a last name; no one in this directory did..He decided to use the tool just three times on each deadbolt before trying the door. The less noise the better. Maybe luck would be with him..Being blind had few consolations, but Barty found that not being able to look at his uncles' files and books was one of them. In the past, he never really, in his heart, wanted to see those pictures of dead people roasted in theater fires and drowned bodies floating in flooded streets, but a few times he peeked. His mom would have been ashamed of him if she'd discovered his transgression. But the mystery of death had an undeniable creepy allure, and sometimes a good Father Brown detective story simply didn't satisfy his curiosity. He always regretted looking at those photos and reading the grim accounts of disaster, and now blindness spared him that regret..WHEN A GLASS OF chilled apple juice at dawn stayed on his stomach, Junior Cain was allowed a second glass, though he was admonished He was also given three saltines..As though Amelia Earhart, the long-lost aviatrix, had reached out of her twilight zone and snared the two bits, no tumbling coin glinted in the air above the desk..The funeral director and his assistant were the only people, other than Junior, remaining at the grave. They asked if they might lower the casket or if he would rather that they wait until he was gone..This momentous day. In every ending, new beginnings. But, thank God, no ending here..Maria was hand-repairing some of Joey's clothes, which Agnes had meticulously damaged earlier in the day.."Not so bad, two thousand," Tom heard himself say idiotically. "I mean, compared to nearly four million.".."September 20, 1902, Birmingham, Alabama, church fire--one hundred fifteen dead. March 4, 1908, Collinwood, Ohio, school fire, one hundred seventy-six dead."..Tom Vanadium merely arched one eyebrow, as if to say that more than a single answer ought to be obvious..scraps of night that have lingered long after dawn dart agitatedly in and out of the tree, from branch to branch,Junior couldn't imagine why some Negro stranger would want to intrude. He hoped there wouldn't be trouble..He hesitated, because until the limited explanations he'd made to Celestina in San Francisco, he had never discussed his special perception with anyone except two priest counselors in the seminary. At first he felt uneasy, talking of these matters to strangers-as if he were making a confession to laity who held no authority to provide absolution but as he spoke to this hushed and intense gathering, his doubts fell away, and revelation seemed as natural as talk of the weather..Slowly rotating his raised hands before his eyes, as if he saw them young and supple-fingered, the magician described the amazing manipulations that a master card mechanic could perform. Though he spoke without flash or filigree, he made these feats of skill sound more sorcerous than hares from hats, doves from scarves, and blondes bisected by buzz saws..Junior stepped back and squeezed off two shots, aiming for the lock. One round tore a chunk out of the jamb, but the other cracked through the door, shattering more than wood, and the brass knob wobbled

and almost fell out. "I really am sorry about this," Junior said, regretting the necessity to deny her the right to look good at her own funeral, "but it's got to appear to be a crime of passion." Grace, having just finished washing a sinkful of dishes, stood monitoring the application of the icing and drying her hands, when the telephone rang. She picked it up, and as she said, "Hello," the front of the house exploded. "That's exactly how I hoped he would be." Relieved, he followed Agnes to the living room. "Listen, Aggie, you know, I don't have anything against Jacob, but-" The middle finger on his right hand throbbed under the pair of Band-Aids. He'd sliced it earlier, while using the electric sharpener to prepare his knives, and the wound had been aggravated when he'd had to strangle Neddy Gnathic. He would never have cut himself in the first place if there had been no need to be well-armed and ready for Bartholomew and his guardians. Without the pillow, she wouldn't have been able to lift her head to look toward the back of the ambulance. knew Phimie died in childbirth, not an accident, and Max's instincts told him rape. I explained to your dad why Cain was the man. I wanted whatever information he might have. But I suppose ... sitting there, looking at my face, he decided that Cain is indeed the biggest hornet's nest ever, and he didn't want to put his daughter and granddaughter at greater risk than necessary." After a surgeon had lanced fifty-four boils and cut the cores from the thirty-one most intractable (shaving the patient's head to get at the twelve that were festering on his scalp), and after three days of hospitalization to guard against staphylococcus infection, and after he had been turned back into the world as bald as Daddy Warbucks and with the promise of permanent scarring, Junior visited the Reno library to catch up with current events. "Besides, I still live by my vows as much as possible, though I've had the longest continuing dispensation on record." A smile on that cracked countenance could be touching, but an ironic look now worked less well; it gave Kathleen a chill. "Vanity is a sin I've more easily been able to avoid than some others." The boy wasn't translucent, as his father's ghost had been on that drizzly January night almost three years ago. The same drowned light of this gray afternoon that revealed the gravestones and the dripping. Junior had hoped not to be recognized by anyone at this affair. He regretted that he hadn't stuck to his original plan, maintaining surveillance of the gallery from his parked car. Before he could replay the memory for further contemplation, Junior saw Ichabod exiting the house. The man returned to the Buick, seeming to float through the mist, like a phantom on a moor. He started the engine, quickly hung a U-turn in the street, and drove uphill to the house from which he had earlier collected Bartholomew. She got out of the cab and stood on the sidewalk in front of the gallery, her legs as shaky as those of a newborn colt. be entombed in one of those memorial walls, well above ground level, where nothing was likely to seep into them. Gorging on fudge cake and coffee to guard against a spontaneous lapse into meditative catatonia, Junior manfully admitted that he had been weak, that he had reacted to the unknown with fear and retreat instead of with bold confrontation. Because each of us can trust no one in this world but himself, self-deceit is dangerous. He liked himself better for this frank admission of weakness. Now, here, all three on the street and vulnerable at once-the man, Celestina, the bastard boy. "Seems like," Vanadium agreed. "So a man like Cain obsesses on one thing after another-sex, money, food, power, drugs, alcohol, anything that seems to give meaning to his days, but that requires no real self-discovery or self-sacrifice. Briefly, he feels complete. However, there's no substance to what he's filled himself with, so it soon evaporates, and then he's empty again." To the open casement window, into the men's room. Still seething with rage. Angrily cranking shut the twin panes while lazy tongues of fog licked through the narrowing gap. Frowning, Angel studied the tasty strip of meat pinched between her fingers, reevaluating everything she thought she knew about the source of bacon. "I don't like the old crazy doctor," she said, still drawing. "I wish it was about bunnies on vacation-or maybe a toad learns to drive a car and has adventures." He was confused initially, frowning at the heart monitor and at the IV rack that loomed over him. When his eyes met Celestina's, his gaze clarified, and the smile that he found for her brought as much light into her heart as the diamond ring he had slipped onto her finger so few hours before. Having been an object of Thomas Vanadium's fixation, Junior felt fortunate to have survived. He shuddered. Edom and Jacob Isaacson were her older brothers, who lived in two small apartments above the four-car garage at the back of the property. Clenching his right hand around the quarter, waving left hand over right, he intoned, "Jingle-jangle, mingle-jingle." Opening his right hand, he revealed that the coin had vanished. The possibility that he'd left a clear fingerprint on the watch crystal had to be judged remote. And the band had been too textured to take a print useful to the police. At her touch, she felt a tension go out of the doctor. His hands slipped from his face, and he turned to her, shuddering not with fear but with what might have been relief. Darkrose and Diamond. The deejay announced song number four for the week: the Beatles' "She's a Woman." The Fab Four filled the Studebaker with music. Tom received a fierce hug, too, and a sisterly kiss, and he was grateful for them. He had been a loner for too long, as a hunter of men pretty much had to be when on a long hard road of recuperation and then on a mission of vengeance, even if he called it a mission of justice. During the few days he'd spent guarding Celestina and Grace and Angel in the city, and subsequently during the week with Wally, Tom had felt that he was part of a family, even if it was just a family of friends, and he had been surprised to realize how much he needed that feeling. She wanted to tell him not to say these queer things, not to talk this way, yet she couldn't speak those words. When Barty asked her why, as inevitably he would, she'd have to say she was worried that something might be terribly wrong with him, but she couldn't express this fear to her boy, not ever. He was the lintel of her heart, the keystone of her soul, and if he failed because of her lack of confidence in him, she herself would collapse into ruin. Then he closed his eyes, held the revolver in both hands, and at point-blank range, he shot the dead woman twice. even allow himself as much as a lascivious wink or a quick caress of Victoria's hand. In all their years, neither twin had ever set foot beyond the limits of Bright Beach. They both appeared nervous but determined. Edom and Jacob flanked the gurney, each gripping one of Barty's feet through the sheet that covered them, escorting him with the same stony determination that you saw on the faces of the Secret Service agents who bracketed the President of the

United States..Flush with the promise of their engagement, still excited by the success at the gallery, with Angel exuberant in spite of the hour and Ore energized, he was amazed that they had made the transfer of the little red whirlwind from house to Buick to house with nothing else forgotten other than one purse. Celie called it ballet, but Wally thought that it was merely momentary order in chaos, the challenging-joyous-frustrating-delightful-exhilarating chaos of a life full of hope and love and children, which he wouldn't have traded for calm or kingdoms..His Country Squire laden with cookies, plum cakes, homemade caramel corn with almonds, and gifts, Edom drove directly home from Obadiah Sepharad's place, which had been their final stop. He roared away as if trying to outrun tornadoes and tidal waves..In spite of its dazzle, the detective's smile was nonetheless melancholy, proof that he was sincere when he said that Seraphim's baby was beyond their reach..The magazine covers were colorful, lurid, full of violence and eeriness and the coy sexual suggestiveness of a more innocent time. Most days, he read a story while eating the two pieces of fruit that were his lunch, but sometimes he lost himself in a particularly vivid illustration, daydreaming about far places and great adventures..The three adults exclaimed at the disappearance of the quarter, applauded again, and looked knowingly at Tom's hands, which had closed at the sudden conclusion of all the flourishes..Junior opened his eyes and saw that only the second of the two rounds had found its intended mark. The first had cracked through the center of a cabinet door, surely shattering dishes within..Rubbermaid container from his own pantry. Junior would never again use it to store leftover soup..Angel followed him at two steps, and when she stood beside his chair, watching him open the soft drink, Barty said, "Why were you following me?".Her belief in fortune-telling and in the curious ritual she was about to undertake weren't condoned by the Church. Mysticism of this sort was, in fact, considered to be a sin, a distraction from faith and a perversion of it..NOLLY SAT BEHIND his desk, suit jacket draped over the back of the chair, porkpie hat still squarely on his head, where it remained at virtually all times except when he was sleeping, showering, dining in a restaurant, or making love.. "Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble houses, merchants, and pirates, any who could hire soldiers and wizards called himself a lord, claiming lands and cities as his property. The warlords made those they conquered slaves, and those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival warlords seizing the lands, and sea-pirates raiding the ports, and bands and hordes of lawless, miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob."..Indeed, he would get through the rest of 1965 without resorting to another homicide. The nonfatal shooting in September would be regrettable, quite messy, painful-but necessary, and calculated to do as little damage as possible..Edom's twin, Jacob, who had never held a job, lived in the second apartment. He'd been there since graduating from high school..Celestina looked out a kitchen window and saw Agnes in the Lampion driveway, where the three-vehicle caravan was assembled. She was loading her station wagon..Although Zedd counsels living in the future, he recognizes the need to have full recollection of the past when absolutely needed. One of his favorite techniques for jolting memories loose when the subconsciously

[Music and Culture Comprising a Number of Lectures and Essays](#)

[Mr Brown S Letters to a Young Man about Town With the Proser and Other Papers](#)

[Flora Adair or Love Works Wonders Vol 2 of 2](#)

[A Choice of Evils Vol 1 of 3 A Novel](#)

[Nan](#)

[Calavar or the Knight of the Conquest Vol 1 of 2 A Romance of Mexico](#)

[The One-Hoss Shay the Chambered Nautilus and Other Poems Gay and Grave](#)

[A Hopeless Case](#)

[The Life of Ramon Monsalvatge a Converted Spanish Monk of the Order of the Capuchins With an Introduction](#)

[Songs for Army and Navy Selected by the Army and Navy Department of the International Committee of Young Mens Christian Associations](#)

[Laura Gay Vol 2 of 2 A Novel](#)

[Prize Essays on the Temporal Advantages of the Sabbath Considered in Relation to the Working Classes Containing Heavens Antidote the Torch of Time and the Pearl of Days](#)

[Aucassin and Nicolette And Other Medieval Romances and Legends](#)

[The Amusements of a Man of Fashion Vol 3 of 3](#)

[Nineteen Centuries of the Christian Church](#)

[Ah There Pickings from Lobby Chatter Cincinnati Enquirer](#)

[A Book of Inscriptions](#)

[The Princeton Review Vol 2 April 1864](#)

[The Finished Creation And Other Poems](#)

[The Works of George Peele Vol 3 Collected and Edited with Some Account of His Life and Writings](#)

[Eight Sermons Preached Before the University of Oxford in the Year MDCCXCII](#)

[Pandora A Novel](#)  
[The Friendly Five A Story](#)  
[Words to Song of Hugh Allone Sailor](#)  
[The Girl Scouts Good Turn](#)  
[Romes Fool And Other Tales](#)  
[The Single Hound Poems of a Lifetime](#)  
[Autobiography Vol 28 A Collection of the Most Instructive and Amusing Lives Ever Published Written by the Parties Themselves With Brief Introductions and Compendious Sequels Carrying on the Narrative to the Death of Each Writer Vidocq](#)  
[Wolarois Cup](#)  
[Wood Notes Wild](#)  
[Wit and Wisdom from Warren Akin Candler](#)  
[Report on Trichinae and Trichinosis](#)  
[Letters from Europe to the Children Uncle John Upon His Travels](#)  
[John Dudley Duke of Northumberland And Songs and Poems](#)  
[Noah and Other Poems](#)  
[The New English Drama with Prefatory Remarks Biographical Sketches and Notes Critical and Explanatory Vol 9 Being the Only Edition Existing Which Is Faithfully Marked with the Stage Business and Stage Directions as Performed at the Theatres Royal](#)  
[Illustrated Natural History](#)  
[Letters from Mrs Palmerstone to Her Daughter Vol 3 of 3 Inculcating Morality by Entertaining Narratives](#)  
[Twenty Two Select Colloquies Pleasantly Representing Several Superstitious Levities That Were Crept Into the Church of Rome in His Days](#)  
[Periwinkle an Autobiography Vol 2 of 3](#)  
[The House of Broken Dreams A Memory](#)  
[Report of the Select Committee on Alleged Customs Irregularities by Holt and Holt Limited](#)  
[El Putumayo y Sus Afluentes En](#)  
[A New Theory of Human Nature With a Correspondent System of Education](#)  
[All for Naught Vol 2 of 3](#)  
[The Bible of Nature and Substance of Virtue Condensed from the Scriptures of Eminent Cosmians Pantheists and Physiphilanthropists of Various Ages and Climes](#)  
[Lady Bountiful a Story of Years A Play in Four Acts](#)  
[The Blood of the Conquerors](#)  
[Fiddling Freddy](#)  
[Col Robert G Ingersoll as He Is A Complete Refutation of His Clerical Enemies Malicious Slanders The Dishonest Statements Regarding Himself and His Family Authoritatively Denied and the Proof Given](#)  
[The Progressive Experience of the Heart Under the Discipline of the Holy Ghost from Regeneration to Maturity](#)  
[The King of the Park](#)  
[Our Next Door Neighbour A Story for Children](#)  
[Christ a Friend Thirteen Discourses](#)  
[The American Annual Monitor for 1859 Vol 2 Or Obituary of the Members of the Society of Friends in America for the Year 1858](#)  
[Collections of British Authors Vol 255 of 1 Tauchnits Edition A Question of Colour](#)  
[The Hon Stanbury And Others](#)  
[Gleanings Western Prairies](#)  
[The Story of Rosina And Other Verses](#)  
[Having and Holding Vol 3 of 3 A Story of Country Life](#)  
[The Autobiography of REV Thomas Conant](#)  
[Hawthorne Leaves Poems](#)  
[Elements of Latin Hexameters and Pentameters](#)  
[American Wonderland](#)  
[Loves Labour Won Vol 2 of 3 A Novel](#)  
[The Way She Won Him Vol 2 of 2 A Novel](#)  
[A View of the Human Heart](#)

[Questions of Belief Vol 8](#)

[Vivian Grey Vol 1](#)

[A Lonely Maid](#)

[Evolution-Which?-Revolution](#)

[The Protestant A Scrap-Book for Insurgents](#)

[The Knickerbocker Sketch-Book A Library of Select Literature](#)

[Early Days Upon the Plains of Texas Together with Poems Prose and Selections](#)

[The Professors Experiment Vol 2 of 3 A Novel](#)

[Ethical Addresses](#)

[Fruit of Western Life or Blanche and Other Poems](#)

[Letters of My Father to My Mother Beginning with Those Written During Their Engagement with Extracts from His Journal Giving Description of His Wife and of Himself Also a Phrenological Examination of Himself Made by Prof Crane](#)

[Day Dreams](#)

[My South Sea Sweetheart](#)

[The Magazine Vol 36 April 1919](#)

[Canterbury Chimes or Chaucer Tales Retold for Children](#)

[Purest Gems For Sabbath Schools and Gospel Meetings](#)

[Hashimura Togo Domestic Scientist](#)

[Strasbourg An Episode of the Franco-German War](#)

[The Call to Unity The Bedell Lectures for 1919 Delivered at Kenyon College May 24th and 25th 1920](#)

[Christian Melodies The Sabbath The Garden The Christian](#)

[Sixth-Eight Semi-Annual Conference Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints Held in the Tabernacle Salt Lake City October 4th 5th and 6th 1897 with a Full Report of the Discourses](#)

[Student Standards of Action](#)

[Sibyl 1904](#)

[Known to the Police](#)

[Under the Dawn](#)

[An Enthusiast](#)

[Hymnal for the Sunday School](#)

[Rhymes of Our Planet](#)

[King Alfreds Jewel](#)

[Views of the Holy Trinity Doctrinal and Experimental](#)

[Womans Place To-Day Four Lectures in Reply to the Lenten Lectures on Woman by the REV Morgan Dix DD Rector of Trinity Church New York](#)

[Modern Lyrics](#)

[Rank and Fashion or the Mazes of Life Vol 3 of 3 A Novel](#)

---