

BREAD BUTTER AND ROMANCE A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

First he tore two paper towels from a wall-mounted dispenser and held one in each hand, as makeshift gloves. He was determined to leave no fingerprints..As Tom Vanadium studied the stained and ravaged wall again, a cold and quivery uneasiness settled insectivally onto his scalp and down the back of his neck, quickly bored into his blood, and nested in his bones. He had the terrible feeling that he was not dealing with a known quantity anymore, not with the twisted man he'd thought he understood, but with a new and even more monstrous Enoch Cain. Carrying the tote bag full of Angel's dolls and coloring books, Wally crossed the sidewalk ahead of Celestina and climbed the front steps..open grave. In his hand: the white rose, its thorns slick with his blood. He dropped the bloom, and it fell out of sight, into the gaping earth, atop Naomi's casket..Of course, he also might have shot off his own thumbs as double insurance against being drafted and sent to Vietnam..To achieve certain narrative effects, I've fiddled slightly with the floor plan and the interior design of St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco. In this story, the characters who work at St. Mary's are fictional and are not modeled after anyone on the staff of that excellent institution, either past or present.."That's obvious to us, but not always to others. Apparently, this would have been some years ago."In the front wall of the living room, where once had been a fine bay window, the parsonage lay open to the sunny day. Tom shrubbery, carried in from outside, marked the path of destruction. In the very middle of the room, plowed against a toppled sofa and a thick drift of broken furniture, a battered red Pontiac sagged to the left on broken springs and blown tires. A portion of the crazed windshield quivered and collapsed inward, while plumes of steam hissed from under the buckled hood..He felt remarkably well when he arrived home: calm, proud of his quick thinking and stalwart action, pleasantly tired. He hadn't chosen to kill again; this obligation had been thrust on him by fate. Yet he had proven that the boldness he'd shown on the fire tower, rather than being a transient strength, was a deeply rooted quality..he had sat here with a pencil, making shopping lists. Now, instead of a pencil, there was the Italian-made .22 pistol..When the long table was laden and the wine poured, when everyone but Mary settled into chairs, Angel said, "My daughter tells me she wants to make a short presentation before I say grace. I don't know what it is, but she assures me it doesn't involve singing, dancing, or reading any of her poetry." I.Joey was not illuminated by the light of this world. Agnes realized that he was translucent, his skin like fine milk glass through which shone a light from elsewhere..One of the most unnerving aspects of life in southern California was that earthquake weather came in so many varieties. As many days as not, you got out of bed, checked the sky and the barometer, and realized with dismay that conditions were indicative of catastrophe..He returned to the house and extinguished the three blown-glass oil lamps on the living-room coffee table. Out, as well, the silk-shade lamp..Reading the dates on the headstone, he saw that the minister's daughter had died on the seventh of January, the day after Naomi had fallen from the fire tower. If ever asked, Junior would have no trouble accounting for his whereabouts on that day..Junior approached the headstone from behind, circled it, and shone the flashlight on the chiseled facts:..To the left, a door led to a back staircase, accessible with the special key already in his hand. To the right: a key-operated service elevator for which he'd been provided a separate key..When the two vertical panes of the casement window were still less than seven inches apart, they stuttered. The mechanism produced a dismal grinding rasp that sounded like a guttural pronunciation of the problem itself, c-c-c-corrosion, and seized up..Their story would be that Cain's gun had jammed just as Tom had entered Barty's bedroom. Too cowardly for hand-to-hand combat, the Shamefaced Slayer had fled through the open window. He was loose once more in an unsuspecting world..This was not the same card he'd found at his bedside, under two dimes and a nickel, on the night following Naomi's funeral. He had torn that one and had thrown it away..The musician's eyes met Junior's for an instant, widening with surprise. Obviously he knew that Gammoner was a lie. So he must be aware of Junior's real identity..Fed up with them and with this exhibition, Junior half wished that he would again be stricken by violent nervous emesis. Even in his suffering, he would enjoy spraying these insistently appealing canvases with the reeking ejecta of his gut: criticism of the most pungent nature..Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level..Besides, he wasn't on the Greenbaum Gallery customer list and didn't have an invitation..Shortly past nine o'clock, an hour after Edom and Jacob had gone, Barty came downstairs, book in hand. "The twisties are back..".Agnes had struggled recently to find a way to explain to Barty that his uncles had lost their hope, to convey also what it meant to live without hope-and somehow to tell the boy all this without burdening him, at such a young age, with the details of what his monstrous grandfather, Agnes's father, had done to her and to her brothers. The task was beyond her abilities. The fact that Barty was a prodigy six times over didn't make his mother's work easier, because in order to understand her, he would require experience and emotional maturity, not just intellect..Maria Gonzalez brought rice casseroles, homemade tamales, and chile rellenos. Daily, Jacob made cookies and brownies, always a new variety, and in such volume that Maria's plates were heaped with baked goods each time they were returned to her..support as he had only pretended to need it previously. He felt as if he had become the mere shell of a man and that the right note would shatter him as a properly piercing tone can shatter crystal.."It's there even when you read to me now. The sad feeling, I mean. It changes the story, makes it not as good, because I can't pretend I don't hear how sad you are..". "A friend's daughter. They say she died in a traffic accident down in San Francisco. She was even younger than Naomi..". A s?ance was what it appeared to be at first. Eight people were gathered around the dining-room table, which stood utterly bare. No food, no drinks, no centerpiece. They all exhibited that shiny-faced look of people nervously awaiting the revelations of a spirit medium: part trepidation, part soaring hope.."That would be John George Haigh," Agnes said, checking Barty's diaper before nestling him tenderly in the crook of her arm..find

reason to celebrate every development in life, including the cruelest catastrophe, by discovering the bright side to even the darkest hour..As she tucked the bedclothes around him again, she said, "Barty, I don't think you should let anyone else see how you can walk in the rain without getting wet. Not Edom and Jacob. Not anyone at all. And anything else special that you discover you can do ... we should keep it a secret between you and me." They hadn't been close to Naomi, who'd once said she felt like Romulus and Remus, raised by wolves, or like Tarzan if he'd fallen into the hands of nasty gorillas. To Junior, Naomi was Cinderella, sweet and good, and he was the love-struck prince who rescued her..Maybe every accidental death was suspicious to Vanadium. His obsessive hounding of Junior might be his standard operating procedure..In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for witchery. His employment was to sniff Losen's food and drink and garments and women, anything that might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile thing in a dangerous element, vulnerable to spells and hexes. As soon as Hound came aboard the new galley he scented something. "Well, well," he said, "who's this?" He walked to the helm and put his hand on it. "This is clever," he said. "But who is it? A newcomer, I think." He sniffed appreciatively. "Very clever," he said..Both the red and the white wines were too cheap for Junior's taste' so he drank Dos Equis beer and got two kinds of high by inhaling enough secondhand pot smoke to cure the state of Virginia's entire annual production of hams. Among the two or three hundred partyers, some were tripping on some exhibited the particular excitability and talkativeness typical of cokeheads, but Junior succumbed to none of these temptations. Self-improvement and self control mattered to him; he didn't approve of this degree of self indulgence.. "Now you don't have to worry," Angel said, "about what happens to him if ever you're gone, Aunt Aggie. If he can do this, he can do anything, and you can rest easy." After just twenty-one days, the boy's adaptation to blindness was amazing but clearly the gathered audience stood in anticipation of something more remarkable than his unhalting progress and unerring sense of direction..He had been warned about this accuracy issue by the thumbless young thug who delivered the weapon in a bag of Chinese takeout, in Old St. Mary's Church. Junior tended to believe the warning, because he figured the eight-fingered felon might have been deprived of his thumbs as punishment for having forgotten to relay the same or an equally important message to a customer in the past, thus assuring his current conscientious attention to detail..Besides, even before he had fully turned on his charm, before he had shown her that a ride on the Junior Cain love machine would make other men seem forever inadequate, Renee was so hot for him that it might have been wise to open a bottle of champagne to douse her when spontaneous combustion destroyed her Chanel suit..The family didn't exist in anticipation of developments with Barty and Angel, didn't put the pair at the center of their world. Instead, they did the good work, shared the satisfactions that came daily with being part of Pie Lady Services, and got on with life..Of firm but pliable rubber, custom-formed to his disfigured foot, a shoe insert filled the void left by his missing toe. This simple aid ensured that virtually all footwear was comfortable, and by November, Junior walked with no discernible limp..Eventually, a braless blonde in shiny white plastic boots, a white miniskirt, and a hot-pink T-shirt featuring the silk-screened face of Albert Einstein, said, "Sure, I know her. Had some classes with her. She's nice enough, but she's kind of nerdy, especially for an Afro-American. I mean, they're never nerdy--am I right?".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..Instinctively, he knew he should not give massages to Negroes. He sensed that somehow he would be physically or morally polluted by this contact..During the five years following Agnes's death, their family of many names thrived. Barty and Angel had brought them all together in this place fifteen years previously, but the destiny about which Toni had spoken on the back porch, that night in the rain, seemed to be in no hurry to manifest itself Barty could find no painless way to sustain secondhand sight, so he lived without the light. Angel had no reason to shove anyone else into the world of the big bugs, where she'd pushed Cain. The only miracles in their lives were the miracles of love and friendship, but the family remained convinced of eventual wonders, even as they got on with the day at hand..glasses off the table. He seized one of the pewter candlesticks, as well, knocking the candle out of it..Just as Celestina snapped shut the latches on the suitcase and turned to the door, a nurse's aide entered, pushing a cart loaded with towels and bed linens..His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams and hull. Surely that was using the secret art to a good end? For harm, yes, but only to harm the harmful. He did not talk to his teachers about it. If he was doing wrong, it was none of their fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm, he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never steer quite true..Some acts were distasteful, too, such as searching the lunatic lawman for his car keys and his badge..At the next comer, instead of continuing south, Junior angled aggressively in front of oncoming pedestrians, stepped off the curb, and headed east, traversing the, intersection against the advice of a Don't Walk sign. Horns blared, a city bus nearly flattened him, but he made.The moment he had seen the building in which Nolly maintained an office-an aged three-story brick structure in the North Beach district, a seedy strip club occupying the ground floor-Junior knew he'd found the breed of snoop he needed. The detective was at the top of six flights of narrow stairs-no elevator-at the end of a dreary hallway with worn linoleum and with walls mottled by stains of an origin best left unconsidered. The air smelled of cheap disinfectant, stale cigarette smoke, stale beer, and dead hopes..With a smudge of flour on one cheek, wiping her hands on a red-and-white checkered dishtowel, Agnes answered the door, saw the car in the driveway, and said, "Paul! You're not walking?". "Maybe," said Angel. "Or maybe to The Monkees ... or maybe to where you didn't get run down by the rhinosharush." In the refrigerator, he found a stick of butter in a container with clear plastic lid. He

took the container to the cutting board beside the sink, to the left of the cooktop, and opened it. Junior hadn't noticed when the detective stopped turning the coin across his knuckles. "Retinoblastoma is usually unilateral," Dr. Chan continued, "occurring in one eye. Bartholomew has tumors in both." Glorying in the cloudless day and the warmer than usual weather, he drove seventy miles north, through phalanxes of evergreens that marched down the steep hills to the scenic coast. All the way, he monitored the traffic in his rearview mirror. No one followed him. "What car?" Celestina asked, stopping at the bottom of the steps and turning to look. When Victoria failed to answer the door, this man would not simply go away. He had been invited. He was expected. Lights were on in the house. The lack of a response to his knock would be taken as a sign that something was amiss. In Room 724, standing alone at her sister's bedside, watching the girl sleep, Celestina told herself that she was coping well. She could handle this unnerving development without calling in either of her parents. A shiver of awe traveled Celestina's spine, because she knew what the physician's next words would surely be. Junior decided to attend the festivities, after all, motivated by the prospect of connecting with a woman more pliant than the Baval Poriferan sculpture. Junior glimpsed Vanadium first in profile—and then, as the cop rode down and away, only the back of his head. He hadn't seen this man in almost three years, yet he was instantly certain that this was no coincidental look-alike. Here went the filthy-scabby-monkey spirit itself. In spite of the gloom, the boy's miraculous accomplishment was evident: his clothes and hair were dry as though he'd worn a coat and hood. Between Isleton and Locke, Junior first became aware of several points of soreness on his face. He could feel no swelling, no cuts or scrapes, and the rearview mirror revealed only the fine features that had caused more women's hearts to race than all the amphetamines ever manufactured. "But before you leave St. Mary's," the physician said, "I'd like a few minutes of your time. It's very important to me. Personally." were a favorite pair when he was puttering around the house on weekends. "Oh," he said, "that dog." The room was bright enough for him to confirm that he was alone. The interior of the box in which Naomi now resided could be no more silent than this house. During the day and then following a dinner break, the Hackachaks persisted. The hospital had never witnessed such a spectacle. Shifts changed, and new nurses came to attend to Junior in greater numbers than necessary, using any excuse to get a glimpse of the freak show. With his bent thumb against the crook of his forefinger, he flipped the quarter. Even as the coin snapped off the thumbnail and began to stir the air, Tom flung up both hands, fingers spread to show them empty and to distract. Yet on a second look, the coin was not airborne as it had seemed to be, no longer spinning-wink, wink-before their dazzled eyes. It had vanished as though into the payment slot of an ethereal vending machine that dispensed mystery in return. The cop had unzipped the top of her jogging suit and pulled up the roomy T-shirt. Piano music drifted into the restaurant from the adjacent bar, so soft and yet sprightly that it made the clink of silverware seem like music, too. "Dr. Lipscomb delivered the baby like two minutes ago. The afterbirth hasn't even been removed yet," the nurse informed her. If Junior was patient, he could slip in there, find Bartholomew, kill the boy in bed, whack Ichabod second, and still have a chance to make love to Celestina. Renee Vivi spoke with a silken southern accent. Vivacious without being cloyingly coquettish, well-educated and well-read but never pretentious, direct in her conversation without seeming either bold or opinionated, she was charming company. In San Francisco, Seraphim Aethionema White lies beyond all hope of resuscitation. So beautiful and only sixteen. One, two, three, four—Edom took away all the remaining pies. He pointed at Barty and then at the empty table. By dawn, when the intestinal paroxysms finally passed, this bold new man of adventure felt as flat and limp as road kill. After checking her carotid artery and detecting no pulse, Junior returned to the sofa in the living room. He fluffed the little pillow and left it precisely as he had found it. Maria Gonzalez arrived with her daughters, and while it was natural for Angel to be drawn to the company of older girls, she had no interest in anyone but Barty. Barty had awakened able to read. On the page, lines of type no longer twisted under his gaze. He got in the Suburban, pulled the door shut, but didn't at once start the engine. As if he sensed her reluctance to return to Dr. Chan, Barty had kept her occupied with talk of the red planet as they approached the office building, had talked her off the street, along the driveway, and into a parking space, where finally she relinquished the fantasy of an endless road trip. At 5:45, long past the end of office hours, Dr. Chan's suite was quiet. Another thought: The young gallery employee would remember that Junior had asked after Neddy and had followed him toward the men's room. He would provide a description, and because he was an art connoisseur, therefore visually oriented, he'd most likely provide a good description, and what the police artist drew wouldn't be some cubist vision in the Picasso mode or a blurry impressionistic sketch, but a portrait filled with vivid and realistic detail, like a Norman Rockwell painting, ensuring apprehension. In Cain's bedroom, Tom Vanadium's hooded flashlight revealed a six-foot-high bookcase that held approximately a hundred volumes. The top shelf was empty, as was most of the second. Most likely, Reverend White's ramblings were as greasy with sentiment and oily with irrational optimism as were his daughter's paintings, so Junior was in no hurry to learn the name of the radio program or to write for a transcript of the sermon. "Yes, I'm nicely rounding myself into an early grave," he said almost cheerfully. "And I must admit to enjoying it." Everyone from the pie caravan had gathered under the oak. The entire family, in its many names, adults and children, heads tipped back hands shielding their eyes from the late sun, watched Barty's progress in all but complete silence. "Well, Uncle Jacob doesn't understand kids. Anyway, this is pretty good stuff." Barty looked at Angel, and Angel looked at Barty, and they dropped to their knees on the grass before their daughter. They were both grinning ... and then their grins stiffened a little. On this January twilight, as Maria Elena Gonzalez drove south along the coast from Newport Beach, all men of the sea must have been reaching for bottles of rum to celebrate the fruit-punch sky: ripe cherries in the west, blood oranges overhead, clustered grapes dark purple in the east. Phimie's speech had been slurred later, as well, immediately following the birth of the baby, when she had struggled to convey her desire to name her daughter Angel. "I'm captivated more by painting than I am by most dimensional

work," Junior explained. "Really, the only sculpture I've acquired is Poriferan's." And when she finally looked directly at him, blinked at him, her lashes flicking off a spray of fine droplets, Agnes saw that Barty was dry. Not a single jewel of rain glimmered in his thick dark hair or on the baby-smooth planes of his face. His shirt and sweater were as dry as if they had just been taken off a hanger and from a dresser drawer. A few drops darkened the legs of the boy's khaki pants--but Agnes realized this was water that had dripped from her arm as she'd reached across him to adjust the vent..Freed for the moment from the need to be strong for her sleeping Angel or for Wally, Celestina turned to Tom Vanadium, saw in his gray eyes both the sorrow of the world and a hope to match her own, saw in his ruined face the promise of triumph over evil, leaned against him for support, and finally dared to cry.."September 13, 1928. Lake Okeechobee, Florida. Two thousand people died in a flood." Holding the mug in his right hand, Tom picked up the coin and rolled it across the knuckles of his left. Paul's quarter, after all. A two-bit temptation to panic. As gifted with physical grace as with good looks, Junior stepped into the bedroom doorway, lithely and with feline stealth. He leaned against the jamb..A sofa and one armchair provided the seating in the living room. No coffee table. A small table beside the chair. A wall unit held a fine stereo system and a few hundred record albums..AFTER SPENDING Wednesday as a tourist, Junior began to look for a suitable apartment on Thursday. In spite of his new wealth, he did not intend to pay hotel-room rates for an extended period.."We were about to order dinner from room service," Tom said, handing a menu to Paul..IMPLODE To burst inward under pressure. Like the hull of a submarine at too great a depth..Meanwhile, before they needed to plan the wedding, there was time for an orange soda and a root beer, and more of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde..Murmuring reassurances, Celestina put a hand on the girl's head and smoothed her brow, her hair, until the sour dream was sweetened by the touch..The owner's attitude softened somewhat with Junior's reference to the quarter, and softened even further when together they returned to the counter to see the proof in the cheese. He went from righteous anger to abject apology..Here, four days past Christmas, after two days of torment, Agnes knew the worst, that her treasured son must go eyeless or die, must choose between blindness or cancer of the brain..Holding the pistol, fully extending his right arm in execution style, the gunman approached the fallen minister..He spat on his right thumb, scrubbed the thumb against one of the dried drips on the floor, rubbed thumb and forefinger together, and brought the freshened spoor to his nose. He smelled blood.

[Das Kalte Herz](#)

[Historia de la Monja Alferes Da Catalina de Erauso](#)

[The Work of Michelangelo Reproduced in One Hundred and Sixty-Nine Illustrations](#)

[The History of Howell Michigan](#)

[Graded Readings in Gregg Shorthand](#)

[A New Way to Pay Old Debts](#)

[Roman Law Studies in Livy](#)

[The Church and the Slum A Study of English Wesleyan Mission Halls](#)

[From School to Stage](#)

[Cost Accounting as Applied to Coal Mining](#)

[Our Family Genealogy](#)

[John Bechtel His Contributions to Literature and His Descendants](#)

[History of the Frankfort Cemetery](#)

[Cohannet Alewives and the Ancient Grist Mill at the Falls on Mill River](#)

[The Longleaf Pine in Virgin Forest A Silvical Study](#)

[Goodwins Course in Sewing Practical Instruction in Needlework for Use in Schools and at Home Volume 1](#)

[Disp Inaug de Successione Descendentium Irregularium in Feudis](#)

[Steam Piping Its Economical Design and Correct Layout](#)

[Analysis of the Wabash St Louis and Pacific Railroad Missouri Pacific Railroad and St Louis Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad Central](#)

[Railroad of New Jersey Chicago Milwaukee St Paul Railroad Delaware and Hudson Canal Company Michigan](#)

[Reliquary of English Song 1250-1700](#)

[Medieval Sermon-Stories Volume 2](#)

[de Scriptis Chrysostomi](#)

[The Amateur Emigrant From the Clyde to Sandy Hook](#)

[The Tale of the Armament of Igor AD 1185 A Russian Historical Epic](#)

[History of the Mount Pleasant United Presbyterian Church of Mount Pleasant Pa 1802-1902](#)

[A History of the Amistad Captives Being a Circumstantial Account of the Capture of the Spanish Schooner Amistad by the Africans on Board](#)

[Proposed Consolidation of Fire and Police Alarm Telegraph Systems](#)

[Private Devotions](#)

[History of the Excelsior or Sickles Brigade](#)

[The German Element in Brazil Colonies and Dialect](#)

[Items on Priesthood Presented to the Latter-Day Saints](#)

[Das Bad Steben Und Seine Umgebungen](#)

[Minneapolis and the GAR With a Vivid Account of the Battle of Birch Coulee Sept 2 and 3 the Battle of Wood Lake Sept 23 the Release of the Women and Children Captives at Camp Release Sept 26 1862](#)

[Jurisprudence](#)

[General Woodhull and His Monument An Oration on the Life Character and Public Services of General Nathaniel Woodhull with an Account of the Origin of the Woodhull Monument Association](#)

[Old Kentucky Rhymes A Collection of Early Poems and Sketches](#)

[Cottonseed Meal](#)

[Peoples Co-Operative Banks For Workers in Towns and Small Holders Allotment Cultivators and Others in Country Districts](#)

[John Marshall Chief Justice United States Supreme Court 1801-1835 A Discourse Delivered at the First Parish Church Framingham January 27th 1901](#)

[Introductory Lecture Delivered at the Leeds School of Medicine at the Opening of the Twenty-Second Session October 4th 1852](#)

[North Carolina Society of the Cincinnati](#)

[Paper Testing Methods Microscopical Chemical and Physical Processes Described With an Account of the Apparatus Employed](#)

[London A Poem in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal \[By S Johnson\]](#)

[Memorials of the Family of Fynmore With Notes on the Origin of Fynmore Finnimore Phillimore Fillmore Filmer Etc and Particulars of Some of Those Surnames from the Year 1208 to the Present Time](#)

[Beethovens Ninth Symphony](#)

[Laelius de Amicitia](#)

[Practical Applications of the Elementary Principles of True Civilization to the Minute Details of Every Day Life And the Facts and Conclusions of Forty Seven Years Study and Experiments in Reform Movements Through Communism to and in Elementary](#)

[Architectural Rendering in Pen and Ink Volume 1](#)

[Ancestral Tablets A Collection of Diagrams for Pedigrees So Arranged That Eight Generations of the Ancestors of Any Person May Be Recorded in a Connected and Simple Form](#)

[New North American Hymenoptera of the Family Eulophidae](#)

[Dental and Oral Radiography A Textbook for Students and Practitioners of Dentistry](#)

[Co-Partnership The Organ of the Labour Co-Partnership Association and the Co-Partnership Tenants Housing Council Volumes 13-14](#)

[Frank Dicksee \(Royal Academician\) His Life and Work](#)

[Equal and Unequal Cleavage in Annelids](#)

[Esperanto \(the Universal Language\) The Students Complete Text Book Containing Full Grammar Exercises Conversations Commercial Letters and Two Vocabularies](#)

[Six Tuscan Folk Songs For Two Voices](#)

[Speech of Mr Ingalls of Kansas in the Senate of the United States Jan 14 1891](#)

[\[Selected Poems\]](#)

[Speeches of Hon OF Whitney in Support of Woman Suffrage Delivered in the Constitutional Convention of Utah March 30th April 2nd and April 5th 1895](#)

[Co-Operation](#)

[Internal Combustion Engines and Tractors Their Development Design Construction Function and Maintenance](#)

[Report of the Board of Administrators of the Insane Asylum at Jackson to the Legislature of the State of Louisiana](#)

[History of the Osage Nation Its People Resources and Prospects the East Reservation to Open in the New State](#)

[One Thousand Tales Worth Telling](#)

[Eschatology Or the Catholic Doctrine of the Last Things A Dogmatic Treatise](#)

[William Cornwall and His Descendants A Genealogical History of the Family of William Cornwall One of the Puritan Founders of New England Who Came to America in or Before the Year 1633 and Died in Middletown Connecticut in the Year 1678](#)

[Moundville Revisited Crystal River Revisited Mounds of the Lower Chattahoochee and Lower Flint Rivers Notes on the Ten Thousand Islands Florida](#)

[Serbian Songs and Poems Chords of the Yugoslav Harp](#)

[The Masterpieces of Metsu \(1630 \(?\) -1667\) Sixty Reproductions of Photographs from the Original Paintings Affording Examples of the Different Characteristics of the Artists Work](#)

[Six Decades of Making Wine in Mendocino County California](#)

[Henrik Ibsens Brand](#)

[Contemporary American Literature Bibliographies and Study Outlines](#)

[The Seven Last Words A Cantata for Five-Part Chorus of Mixed Voices \(Sattb\) and Organ Acc with Incidental Soprano Alto Tenor Baritone and Bass Soli](#)

[Spanish-English Dictionary of Mining Terms](#)

[Opinions on Faith Divine Influence Human Inability](#)

[Pepys Memoires of the Royal Navy 1679-1688](#)

[Record of the Boyd Family John Boyd from Scotland and Descendants](#)

[Documenta](#)

[Homoeopathy Allopathy and the City Hospital](#)

[Origin of the French Canadians Read Before the British Association Toronto August 1897](#)

[Queen Silver-Bell](#)

[Jeffries Wyman Memorial Meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History October 7 1874](#)

[Decanus Facultatis Theologicae in Universitate Rostochiensi Albert Joachim de Krakewitz. Ad Exequias Johannis Fechtii. Invitat](#)

[Annual Report](#)

[Principles of Nutrition and Nutritive Value of Food](#)

[Salem Virginia](#)

[Alleghany County Virginia](#)

[Regulations Issue 52](#)

[Report on the Birds of Palestine from the Proc Zool Soc of London](#)

[Public Markets in the United States Second Report of a Committee of the National Municipal League Figures Revised to March 15 1917](#)

[Roman Remains in Lydney Park Gloucestershire](#)

[Minutes of a Correspondence Between the Right REV John DuBois Roman Catholic Bishop of New York and the Trustees of St Josephs Church Relative to the Pastorship Thereof](#)

[Music and Health](#)

[Report to the Jennings Association USA](#)

[Field Artillery Training Enlisted](#)

[Report on a Recent Discovery of Gold Near Lake Megantic Quebec Issue 1028](#)

[Manual Containing the Rules of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Michigan and Joint Rules of the Two Houses and Other Matter](#)

[Report on the Teachers Retirement Fund City of New York](#)

[de Origine Et Progressu Gymnasii Assindiensis Evang Lutherani](#)

[Statement No 1 Claim of Baron de Kalb and Heirs Statement No 2 Allowance Major Generals Lafayette and de Kalb](#)