

BARFORD ABBEY

"I'm gonna dream about baby chickens," she told Celestina, "and if I'm all yellow, they'll think I'm one of them." 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. Indeed, Junior suspected that they might be here at Vanadium's urging. The cop would be interested in determining how avaricious the mourning husband would prove to be when presented with the opportunity to turn his wife's cold flesh into cash. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY BOYFRIEND?" asked Miss Velveeta, who had thus far shown no romantic inclinations. sport shirt just for no reason at all, because she thought he'd look nice in it?" The gray pants of her jogging suit, speckled with rain that had blown in through the shattered windshield, were suddenly soaked. Her water had broken. "It's partly that," she agreed. "But originally, Daddy wanted Phimie to tell, so the man could be charged and prosecuted. Though he's a good Baptist, Daddy isn't without a thirst for vengeance." The only light came from a reading lamp. An adjustable brass shade directed the light down onto a chair. 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. "Why should I care whether you have any peace?" she asked, and she seemed to be listening to a woman other than herself. 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. Instead of engaging in the confrontation for which he had been pressing ever since his first visit, Vanadium surprised Junior by breaking eye contact, turning from the bed, and crossing the room to the door. Deed flinched. "No reason. But I sure never did mean you or your husband any harm, Mrs. Lampion. And not your baby, either, not little Bartholomew." Of course, there was no possibility whatsoever of 'drawing four identical jacks from combined decks that had been exquisitely manipulated and meticulously arranged by a master mechanic-unless the effect of the jacks was intended, which in this case it was not. The odds couldn't be calculated because it could never happen. No element of chance was involved here. The cards in that stack should have been as predictably ordered-to Jacob-as were the numbered pages in a book. He couldn't much longer take advantage of Paul Damascus's hospitality. Since bringing Wally to town, Tom had been staying in Paul's guest bedroom. He knew that he was welcome indefinitely, and the sense of family that he'd found with these people had only grown since January, but he nevertheless felt that he was imposing. "That's correct," Parkhurst said. "Probably one or more small blood vessels ruptured from the extreme violence of the emesis." "But what made you choose that life? You must have committed to the seminary awfully young." Arriving home, he hesitated to open the door. He expected to find Vanadium inside. The accountant lived in a white Georgian house on a street lined with huge old evergreens. break and conversation among the customers fell into a lull. When the bar phone rang, though it was muted, he heard it at his table. Maria Elena Gonzalez-no longer a seamstress in a dry-cleaners, but proprietor of Elena's Fashions, a small dress shop one block off the town square-joined Agnes, Barty, Edom, and Jacob on Christmas. The walk-in closet, which Vanadium next explored, contained fewer clothes than he expected. Only half the rod space was being used. A lot of empty hangers rang softly, eerily against one another as he conducted a casual examination of Cain's wardrobe. He slid his plate aside. From a pocket, he withdrew a quarter, which always served him as well with children as with murderers. In the Suburban with Wally and Grace, as they waited to hit the trail, Celestina said, "He took her to a movie again, Tuesday night." They were dining by candlelight. Vanilla-scented bougies stood on the sideboard, across the room, glimmering in glass chimneys, but Barty pointed instead to five squat red candles distributed through the centerpiece of pine sprays and white carnations. Celestina hardly knew Paul, and although he'd saved her mother's life, his offer raised a look of doubt from her. Incredibly, the thief left behind the most valuable items: the collection of hardcover first editions of Caesar Zedd's complete body of work. The box stood open, its contents having been explored in haste, but not a single volume was missing. More than twice, worried nurses-and even a resident internist braved the tumult to check on Junior's condition. They asked if he really felt up to entertaining visitors, these visitors. Junior considered leaving before Vanadium-still seventy-five yards away-arrived. He was afraid he would appear to be fleeing. The word diarrhea was inadequate to describe this affliction. In spite of the books he'd read to improve his vocabulary, Junior could not think of any word sufficiently descriptive and powerful enough to convey his misery and the hideousness of his ordeal. He was in a mood to shoot her, but this weapon was not fitted with a sound-suppressor. He'd left that gun in Celestina's bedroom. This was the pistol that he had taken from Frieda Bliss's collection, and it was as full of sound as Frieda had been full of spew. The next thing he knew, he was at the kitchen sink, turning off the water, which he couldn't remember having turned on. He appeared to have washed the bloody candlestick-it was clean-but he had no recollection of this bit of housekeeping. On the short return trip to the ophthalmologist, Agnes crazily considered driving past Chan's office building, cruising onward--ever onward-into the sparkling December night, not just back to Bright Beach, where the bad news would simply come by phone, but to places so far away that the diagnosis could never catch up to them, where the disease would remain unnamed and therefore would have no power over Barty. rearview mirror was not hung with one of those tacky decorative deodorizers. The seats, regularly treated with leather soap, were softer and more supple than they had been when the car had shipped out of. Her eyes, lustrous pools, brimmed with the need to know, but she respected the deal. "I only half understood all that, and I don't even know which half, but in some strange way, it feels true. Thank you. I will think about it tonight, when I can't sleep." She stepped close and kissed him on the cheek. "Who are you, Tom Vanadium?" And so at the age of thirty-one, after more than twenty-eight years of blindness with a few short reprieves, Barty Lampion received the gift of sight from his ten-year-old daughter. 1996

through 2000: Day after day, the work was done in memory of Agnes Lampion, Joey Lampion, Harrison White, Seraphim White, Jacob Isaacson, Simon Magusson, Tom Vanadium, Grace White, and most recently Wally Lipscomb, in memory of all those who had given so much and, though perhaps still alive in other places, were gone from here. Evidently, last evening, prior to keeping a dinner date with Victoria, when the taunting detective had illegally entered Junior's house and placed another quarter on the nightstand, he had seen the directory open on the kitchen table. Deducing the meaning of the red check marks, he inserted this card and closed the book: another small assault in the psychological warfare that he'd been waging. The boy-wonder physician turned to Junior again and assumed an expression of compassion so inauthentic that if he'd been playing a doctor on even the cheesiest daytime soap opera, he'd have been stripped of his actor's-union card, fired, and possibly horsewhipped on a live television special. "We'll be doing the procedure this afternoon, so I wouldn't want to give you anything much for the pain just prior to anesthesia and sedation. But don't you worry, Mr. Pinchbeck. Once we've lanced these boils, when you wake up, ninety percent of the pain will be gone." Celebration of course, would lead to incarceration and perhaps to electrocution. With Vanadium, the maniac cop, likely to be found lurking under the bed or masquerading as a nurse to catch him in an unguarded moment, Junior had to recover at a pace that his physician would not find miraculous. Dr. Parkhurst expected to discharge him no sooner than the following morning. "I was hoping you might know," said Edom, studying the collar of Jacob's green flannel shirt. In all the many ways things are, across the infinity of worlds and all Creation, Barty believed that no woman existed whose beauty exceeded hers or whose heart was better. Slow deep breathing forgotten, gasping like a drowning swimmer, a sudden sweat dripping from his brow, Junior used one foot to prod the fallen man. On the second morning of Barty's illness, Agnes came downstairs and found him at the kitchen table, in his pajamas, happily applying unconventional hues to a scene in a coloring book. "Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow," Angel said with satisfaction as she examined herself in the mirrored closet door. Eventually he put the quarter on the nightstand, switched off the lamp, and slipped into bed. He was Father Tom again, having recommitted to his vows three years previous. At his request, the Church had assigned him as the chaplain of Pie Lady Services. As the bitch began her backswing, Junior grabbed the chair. He didn't try to tear it out of her hands, but used it to shove her as hard as he could. Applying enough pain, he could have gotten cooperation even from Vanadium. The detective had said he'd heard Junior fearfully repeat Bartholomew in his sleep, which Junior believed to be true, because the name did resonate with him; however, he wasn't sure he believed the cop's claim to be ignorant of the identity of this nemesis. "Maybe because we didn't want to be called witches," said Obadiah with a smile, "and give folks one more reason to hang us." Leaning forward from his armchair, white hair as radiant as the wings of cherubim, Obadiah waved one misshapen hand over the deck, never closer than ten inches to the cards. "Now please spread them out in a fan on the table, facedown." Quick introductions were made in the process of moving from the porch to the foyer, and Agnes said, "Come on back to the kitchen, I'm baking pies." In retrospect, coming here wasn't a wise move. Evidently, the detective had been following him. Now, Vanadium would puzzle out a motive for this late-night graveyard tour. So they had cooked up this project, math and mayhem, geometry of limbs and branches, arboreal science and childish stunt, a test of strategy and strength and skill-and of the scary limits of nine-year-old bravado. 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. In his seventies but vigorous and full of fun, Sparky liked to take an occasional jaunt to Reno, to pump the slot machines and try a few hands of blackjack. The off-the-record, tax-free monthly checks from Simon were gratefully received, ensuring the old man's cooperation with the conspiracy. Agnes's contractions were getting more frequent and slightly more severe, so she said, "All right, but let me go tell Edom and Jacob that we're leaving." For eight nights thereafter, Agnes padded the floor with folded blankets on both sides of the boy's bed, insurance against a middle-of-the-night fall. On the eighth morning, she discovered that Barty had returned the blankets to the closet from which she'd gotten them. They were not jammed haphazardly on the shelves-the sure evidence of a child's work-but were folded and stacked as neatly as Agnes herself would have stored them. Victoria lived on the northeast edge of Spruce Hills, where streets petered into country lanes. Here the houses tended to be more rustic, built on larger and less formally landscaped lots than those closer to the center of town, and set back farther from the street. Tuesday morning, while he showered with a swimming cockroach that was as exuberant as a golden retriever in the motel's lukewarm water, Junior vowed never to kill again. Except in self-defense. As though giving voice to her worst fear had made it come true, Agnes was seized by a contraction so painful that she cried out and clutched the paramedic's hands tightly enough to make him wince. She felt a peculiar swelling within, then an awful looseness, pressure followed at once by release. He needed to keep moving, conduct the search, find the watch, and get the hell out of here, but he couldn't stop staring at the musician. Something about the cadaver made him nervous-aside from the fact that it was dead and disgusting and, if he was caught with it, a one-way ticket to the gas chamber. Somehow, Vanadium's malevolent spirit was also to blame for Junior's failure to find a new heart mate, in spite of all the women he'd been through. Undoubtedly, when Bartholomew was dead and Vanadium vanquished with him, romance and true love would bloom. Dressed entirely in a shade of pink that darkened to rouge when wet, Angel squealed and deserted Barty. Spotted-streaked-splashed, with false tears on her cheeks, with a darkly glimmering crown of rain jewels in her hair, she raced up the steps as though she were a princess abandoned by her coachman, and allowed herself to be scooped into her grandmother's arms. Vanadium was dead. Pounded with pewter and sunk in a flooded quarry. Gone forever. Of the curiosities Junior uncovered, Frieda's weapons interested him most. Guns were stashed throughout the apartment: revolvers, pistols, and two pistol-grip shotguns. Sixteen altogether. "Really, Angel," Barty said with genuine concern, "it might be scary. I got another one we could listen to,

if you want." The galerieur's icy demeanor thawed marginally at this proof of taste and financial resources. He either smiled or grimaced at a vague but unpleasant smell-hard to tell which-and identified himself as the owner, Maxim Coquin..Eventually he approached the door between the dining room and the kitchen. He paused there, listening..Usually, he remained still, tense, listening, until enough silence convinced him that the sounds he'd heard had been in the dream, not in the real world. If silence didn't settle him, he went into the living room, only to discover that she was always where he had left her, fork-and-fan-blade face wrenched in a soundless scream..Celestina gave birth to Seraphim in '69, saw her painting on the cover of American Artist in '70, and gave birth to Harrison in '72..IN NEED OF OIL, the hand crank squeaked, but the tall halves of the casement window parted and opened outward into the alleyway..Celestina stared curiously at Tom Vanadium. She had witnessed the effect of vanishment, though she hadn't actually seen the coin disappear in midair. Yet she seemed to sense either that something more than sleight of hand had just transpired or that the trick had a meaning she'd missed..According to the brief biographic note with the picture, Celestina White was a graduate of San Francisco's Academy of Art College. She had been born and raised in Spruce Hills, Oregon, the daughter of a minister..They could not have been more solemn or more respectful if Naomi's corpse--stitched back together, pumped full of embalming fluid, painted with pancake makeup, dressed in white, with her cold hands clasping a Bible to her breast-had been reposing in a casket in this very room, surrounded by flowers and awaiting the arrival of mourners. They were all polite, soft-spoken, sad-eyed, oozing unctuous concern--and so full of feverish calculation that Junior wouldn't have been surprised if they had set off the ceiling-mounted fire sprinklers..By Thursday, September 23, due to Junior's accident and surgery, the draft board-which had reinstated his I -A status after he'd lost the exemption that had come with his former job as a rehabilitation therapist-agreed to schedule a new physical examination in December..obsessed with humanity's sorry penchant for destroying itself either by intention or ineptitude--491 suffocated and burned alive on an evening meant for champagne and revelry..Junior intended to pack only a single bag, leaving most of his clothes behind. He could afford a fine new wardrobe..Suddenly she realized-Good Lord!-that someone else had a had inside her, up the very center of her, massaging her uterus in the same lazy pattern as that made by the piece of melting ice on her belly..Looking up at the mirror above the sink, he saw reflected not the self-improved and fully realized man that he'd worked so hard to become, but the pale, round-eyed little boy who had hidden from his mother when she had been in the deepest and darkest end of one of her cocaine-assisted, amphetamine-spiced mood swings, before she traded cold reality for the warm coziness of the asylum. As if some whirlpool of time was spinning him backward into the hateful past, Junior felt his hard-won defenses being stripped away.. "So entertaining, I felt I should have paid for those seats. When the third machine starts whizzing coins at him, he bolts like a kid running a graveyard at midnight on a dare." Nolly laughed, remembering.. "No," said Vanadium, "you only think you know who I am and what I am, but you don't know anything. That's all right. You'll learn." A man came out of the stone tower. He passed them, walking hurriedly with a queer shambling gait, staring straight ahead. His chin shone and his chest was wet with spittle leaking from his lips.. "I've seen them," Tom assured her. "My dear, you've never smelled anything better than a field full of bacon vines." "For the love of God," Junior pleaded, "can't you please give me something for the pain?" "And in a lot of somewheres," said Barty, "things are worse for us than here. Some somewheres, you died, too, when I was born, so I never met you, either." "No member of the society ever violates a secret confidence," Agnes assured him..Fortunately, he'd kept neither cash nor his checkbook in the suitcase. With Zedd intact, his losses were tolerable..The heavy hand would come down on his shoulder, he would be spun around against his will, and there before him would be those nailhead eyes, the port-wine stain, facial bones crushed by a bludgeon....Many police agencies required an officer to carry a firearm even when off duty. If the Oregon State Police had no such rule, Vanadium most likely carried one anyway, because in his crazy-as-a-snake mind.. "We were about to order dinner from room service," Tom said, handing a menu to Paul..When he pushed Naomi, profit was the motive. He killed Victoria and Vanadium in self-defense. Those three deaths were necessary..With the same surprising ease that she had gotten a plane out of San Francisco on a one-hour notice, Celestina booked two return seats on an early-evening flight from Oregon, as though she had a supernatural travel agent..Bearing roses upon their arrival, they hadn't bothered with umbrellas. Besides, although the sky glowered, the forecast had predicted no precipitation..which was beginning to come into view, was as sharp as pins and needles, sheer torture to her eyes..Just as the man turned away, Junior got a glimpse of what he wore under a London Fog raincoat. Between the lapels of the coat: a white shirt with a wing collar, a black bow tie, the suggestion of black-satin lapels like those on a tuxedo jacket.. "Yes, I'm nicely rounding myself into an early grave," he said almost cheerfully. "And I must admit to enjoying it." Dinner was available in the lounge. Junior enjoyed a superb filet mignon with a split of fine Cabernet Sauvignon..When Junior complained of severe thirst, Victoria explained that he was to have nothing by mouth until morning. He would be put on a liquid diet for breakfast and lunch. Soft foods might be allowable by dinnertime tomorrow..He had not heard the lawman rising up with malevolent intent, as he had imagined. The body had simply rolled off the backseat onto the floor during the too-sharp 180-degree turn..Junior had heard of this invention, but until now he'd never seen one. He supposed that an obsessive like Vanadium might go to any lengths, including this exotic technology, to avoid missing an important call..Agnes called their two-car parade a Christmas caravan, which appealed to Barty's sense of magic and adventure. Repeatedly he turned in his seat and rose to his knees to look back at his uncle Edom, waving vigorously..Neither guilt nor remorse plagued him. Good and bad, right and wrong, were not issues to him. Actions were either effective or ineffective, wise or stupid, but they were all value neutral..As to the distressing matter of Seraphim's daughter, Junior at first decided to return to San Francisco to torture the truth out of Nolly Wulfstan. Then he realized that he'd been referred to Wulfstan by the same man who had told him that Thomas Vanadium was missing and was

believed to be Victoria Bressler's killer..A forgetful client had left the bumbershoot in the office six months ago. Otherwise, Nolly wouldn't have had any umbrella at all..He either detected their well-concealed surprise or assumed they would be curious as to why, in spite of extensive surgery, he still wore this Boris Karloff face..He repressed the scream, however, because he sensed that if he gave voice to it, he wouldn't be able to silence himself for a long long time..When he heard the snick of the lock being disengaged, he rammed into the men's room..Celestina rose, heart suddenly clumping in her breast, like heavy footsteps hurrying away from an approaching bearer of bad news, but she herself couldn't run, could only stand rooted in her hope-and hear in her mind six versions of a bleak prognosis in the two seconds before the doctor actually spoke..Prosser-fifty-six, a widower, an accountant-had a thirty-year-old daughter, Zelda, who was an attorney in San Francisco. Junior had driven to Terra Linda previously, to research the accountant; he already knew Prosser had no connection to Seraphim's fateful child..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.."You know," Tom said when the second round of drinks arrived, "hard as it is to believe, some places never heard of martinis."

[Or the Homicidal Father Vol I](#)

[Pyrenean Banditti A Romance Vol I](#)

[Or the Admiral and His Protegee A Novel Vol III](#)

[Or They Met at Glenlyon A Tale of the Highlands Vol I](#)

[The Forest of Comalva a Novel Containing Sketches of Portugal Spain and Part of France Vol II](#)

[Amelia Vol I](#)

[The Midnight Wanderer Or a Legend of the House of Altenberg and Lindendorf A Romance Vol I](#)

[Or They Met at Glenlyon A Tale of the Highlands Vol III](#)

[The Festival of St Jago A Spanish Romance Vol II](#)

[Or Romance in Wales and Common Sense in London A Novel in Four Volumes By Cordelia Cordova Vol III](#)

[An Angels Form and a Devils Heart A Novel Vol III](#)

[Or a Cure for Gaming Interspersed with Anecdotes of Living Characters in High Life Vol III](#)

[Anecdotes of the Delborough Family A Novel Vol IV](#)

[The Forest of Comalva a Novel Containing Sketches of Portugal Spain and Part of France Vol I](#)

[A Legendary Tale Vol IV](#)

[The Doomed One Or They Met at Glenlyon A Tale of the Highlands Vol II](#)

[Or Family Pride Vol III](#)

[Anecdotes of the Delborough Family A Novel Vol V](#)

[Anecdotes of the Delborough Family A Novel Vol II](#)

[Les Enfants de la Nuit Ou Les Aventures DUn Parisien Par A -J Fouchy Tome Premier](#)

[Estelle Pastorale Par Florian](#)

[Les Enfants de la Nuit Ou Les Aventures DUn Parisien Par A -J Fouchy Tome Troisieme](#)

[Monsieur de la Pouliniere Ou Memoires DUn Mari Comme Il y En a Tant Par L L D F A D H Tome Second](#)

[Ou La Ferme Et La Cour Manuscrit Trouve Au Fond DUne Citerne Abandonnee Depuis LAn 534 Et Public Par L T Gilbert Tome Second](#)

[Wann-Chlore Tome Quatrieme](#)

[LEnfant Du Desert Ou Les Malheurs de Leontine DArmainville Par Mlle Vanhove Tome Troisieme](#)

[A Series of Comic Tales Sketches and Fugitive Vagaries in Prose and Verse Vol I](#)

[Vicissitudes of Life Exemplified in the Interesting Memoirs of a Young Lady in a Series of Letters Vol I](#)

[Adolphe Ou Le Mariage Force Par H T Garreck Tome Premier](#)

[Vagaries in Quest of the Wild and the Whimsical](#)

[Pompeii And Other Poems To Which Is Added Dissertation on Lord Byron](#)

[Charles Le Mauvais Roman Historique Par LAuteur de la Laitiere de Bercy Tome IV](#)

[Dunois Histoire Francaise Tome Quatrieme](#)

[Les Chouans Du Bas-Maine Tome Premier](#)

[Les Fantomes Nocturnes Ou Les Tou Les Terreurs Des Coupables Theatre de Forfaits Par Nouvelles Historiques Des Visions Infernales de](#)

[Monstres Tome Premier](#)

[Les Chouans Du Bas-Maine Troiseme Volume](#)

[Dunois Histoire Francaise Tome Premier](#)
[Ou La Ferme Et La Cour Manuscrit Trouve Au Fond DUne Citerne Abandonnee Depuis LAn 534 Et Public Par L T Gilbert Tome Premier](#)
[The Earthquake A Tale Vol III](#)
[Dunois Histoire Francaise Tome Second](#)
[Peter Ploddy And Other Oddities](#)
[Dunois Histoire Francaise Tome Troisieme](#)
[Histoire Admirable Du Franc Harderad Et de la Vierge Aurelia Legende Du 7e Siecle Retrouvee Et Traduite Par Un Amateur DAntiquite Francaises Et](#)
[Les Femmes Entretenues Devoilees Dans Leurs Fourberies Galantes Ou Le Fleau Des Familles Et Des Fortunes Tome Premier](#)
[Pulcherie Par Mme La Comtesse Dash Tome Troisieme](#)
[Walter the Murderer Or the Mysteries of El Dorado An Historical Romance Vol III](#)
[Stories of Chivalry and Romance](#)
[Par Le Comte Fedor Golowkin](#)
[Ned Wilmore Roman de Moeurs Par Ferdinand Flocon Tome Premier](#)
[Yseult de Dole Chronique Du Huitieme Siecle Par Le Tres-Veridique Archeveque Turpin Tome Premier](#)
[LHomme Du Peuple Par G Touchard-Lafosse Tome Second](#)
[Valentine Par Mme La Comtesse Dash Tome Troisieme](#)
[Village Anecdotes Or the Journal of a Year from Sophia to Edward With Original Poems Vol II](#)
[Elinor Ou LEpouse Coupable Par Mlle Vanhove Tome Troisieme](#)
[Or Childe Harold in Prose Vol III](#)
[Ankerwick Castle A Novel Vol III](#)
[Pulcherie Par Mme La Comtesse Dash Tome Deuxieme](#)
[Nouveaux Contes de Fees Pour Les Petits Enfants Par Mme La Comtesse de Segur Nee Rostopchine Illustres de 20 Vignettes Par Gustave Dore](#)
[Valentine Par Mme La Comtesse Dash Tome Deuxieme](#)
[Alfred Et Zaida Par Mme Daminois Tome I](#)
[Ankerwick Castle A Novel Vol I](#)
[Par Madame Ancelot I](#)
[Elinor Ou LEpouse Coupable Par Mlle Vanhove Tome Second](#)
[LHomme Du Peuple Par G Touchard-Lafosse Tome Premier](#)
[Par Mme de Flamanville Tome Premier](#)
[Tales of a Physician Second Series](#)
[Memoirs of Bryan Perdue Vol I](#)
[The Books of the Old and New Testaments Canonical and Inspired With Remarks on the Apocrypha First American Edition With an Appendix](#)
[Mans Descent from the Gods](#)
[The Boston Colloquium Lectures on Mathematics](#)
[The Liturgy of John Knox Received by the Church of Scotland in 1564](#)
[Stories and Ballads of the Far Past](#)
[The Books of the Vaudois The Waldensian Manuscripts Preserved in the Library of Trinity College Dublin with an Appendix](#)
[Devil Worship The Sacred Books and Traditions of the Yezidiz](#)
[American Lectures on the History of Religions Series of 1911-1912 Astrology and Religion Among the Greeks and Romans](#)
[Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt](#)
[Sebastopol](#)
[With a Life of the Poet Explanatory Foot-Notes Critical Notes and a Glossarial Index in Twenty Volumes Volume XIII](#)
[The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges the Books of Joel and Amos with Introduction and Notes](#)
[Biblical Manuals the Books of the Old Testament A Short Introduction](#)
[Britains Tribute to Dante in Literature and Art A Chronological Record of 540 Years \(C 1380-1920\)](#)
[Books Reviewed \[new York\]](#)
[The Book of Daniel or the Second Volume of Prophecy Translated and Expounded with a Preliminary Sketch of Antecedent Prophecy](#)
[Die Flora Des Puschlav \(Bezirk Bernina Kanton Graub nden\) Inaugural-Dissertation Zur Erlangung Der Philosophischen Doktorw rde](#)
[British Honduras An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Colony from Its Settlement 1670 Compiled from Original and Authentic Sources](#)

[The Chronicles of America Series Allen Jonson Editor The Boss and the Machine A Chronicle of the Politicians and Party Organization](#)
[The Boss and the Machine A Chronicle of the Politicians and Party Organization the Chronicles of America Series](#)
[Spanish Literature in Mexican Languages as a Source for the Study of Spanish Pronunciation](#)
[Luzacs Oriental Religions Series Vol IV the Religion of the Samurai A Study of Zen Philosophy and Discipline in China and Japan](#)
[Hitler Is No Fool](#)
[The Brazen Mask A Romance Vol I](#)
[Or Living in Style Vol III](#)
[Or Records of 1814 and 1815 A Novel Vol IV](#)
[Or the Novitiate de Rousillon Vol II](#)
[Or Records of 1814 and 1815 A Novel Vol III](#)
[A Sketch in the Nineteenth Century With the Dream of Saint Kenya](#)
[The Houses of Osma and Almeria Or Convent of St Ildefonso A Tale Vol I](#)
[Find It Out! a Novel Vol II](#)
[Percival Ellingford Or the Reformist A Novel Vol I](#)
[Mrs Helena Berkenhout Vol I](#)
