

SIN MASCARA LA VERDAD SOBRE LA MOTIVACION

During the first year of her illness, she had been slowly weaned off an iron lung. Until she was seventeen, she required the chest respirator, but gradually gained the strength to breathe unassisted. 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. In fact, although weak and aching, Junior felt mentally refreshed and wonderfully alert. Mrs. Cain's little boy felt small, weak, sorry for himself, and terribly alone. The detective was still here, but his presence only aggravated Junior's sense of isolation. Evidently, Jacob had made a quick trip to his apartment over the garage and, with no thought for mice and dust, had not closed the back door. Junior said, "You've caused me a lot of trouble, you know." He'd been building a beautiful rage all night, thinking about what he'd been through because of the girl's temptress mother, whom he saw so clearly in this pint-size bitch. "So much trouble." Toward the front of the house, along a hallway suddenly as dark as a tunnel, toward a vague light in the seething gloom. And here a window at the end of the hall. "Evidence suggests Vanadium killed a woman here, a nurse at the hospital. Lover's quarrel, perhaps. He set her house on fire with her body in it, to cover his tracks, but he must have realized they would still finger him, so he lit out." WITH A CRASH as loud as the dire crack of heaven opening on Judgment Day, the Ford pickup broadsided the Pontiac. Agnes couldn't hear the first fraction of her scream, and not much of the rest of it, either, as I. Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some readers, I include the description after the stories. I also redrew the geographical maps for this book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor. 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. Olive complexion, no less smooth than the skin of a calamata. Eyes as lustrous as pools shimmering with a reflection of eternity and stars. Agnes had lifted him to this perch. Now she smoothed his hair, straightened his shirt, and retied his loosened shoelaces, finding it even harder than she had expected to say what needed to be said. She thought she might require Dr. Chan's presence, after all. Thus far, there were only two unexpected developments, the first being his explosive vomiting. He hoped he would never have to endure another such episode. Sliding one hand lightly along the railing, the boy quickly descended the short flight of steps and walked onto the soggy lawn, into the rain. The blessing of Nellie's silence lasted only until Hanna, cursed with speech if not with sufficient strength to stand, said, "We tried to reach you, Mr. Damascus, but you'd already left the pharmacy." buttery sunshine, and emerald-black where the shadows of limbs and leaves overlay it. Fat crows as black as. Stepping forward lightly, lightly, as he swung the candlestick, Junior saw the dinner guest stiffen, perhaps sensing danger or at least movement, but it was too late. The guy didn't even have time to turn his head or duck. and half rotten. She tore it. With the small scissors, she opened the shoulder seam from the inside. They were married in September of that year, much later than even Grace White's wager date. As Grace's guess had been closer than her daughter's, however, Celestina paid with a month of kitchen duty. After a while, when no plane crashed on top of him, Jacob got up, went into the kitchen, and mixed a batch of dough for Agnes's favorite treats. Chocolate-chip cookies with coconut and pecans. It could only be made better by the presence of her parents. They had planned to fly down to San Francisco this morning, but late yesterday, a parishioner and close friend had died. A minister and his wife sometimes had duties to the flock that superseded all else. "When I couldn't get enough nightclub and theater bookings for my magic act anymore ... I turned to gambling." Wild exhilaration burst through him like pyrotechnics blazing in a night sky, reminiscent of the rush of excitement that followed his bold action on the fire tower. Happily, Junior had no emotional connection to Prosser, as he'd had to beloved Naomi; therefore, the purity of his. Suddenly remembering the doctor's assurance to Neddy that they would be out of this building by week's end, Celestina said, "But we've nowhere to go." Simon Magusson-capable of representing the devil himself for the proper fee, but also capable of genuine remorse-visited Vanadium in the hospital, soon after learning that the detective had awakened from a coma. The attorney shared the conviction that Cain was the guilty party, and that he'd also murdered his wife. By the time he reached the airport, located a private-charter company, chased up the owner through the night-security man, and arranged to be flown at once to Eugene, Oregon, aboard a twin-engine Cessna, the points of pain in his face had begun to throb. "If you don't, your feeling gland isn't working. Want me to read you to sleep?" Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the story of Ged and Tenar had reached its happily-ever-after, I gave the book a subtitle: "The Last Book of Earthsea." 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. "Maybe because we didn't want to be called witches," said Obadiah with a smile, "and give folks one more reason to hang us." Trembling, she sat beside the bassinet and gazed at her baby with such love that the force of it ought to have rocked him awake. "So what I am is I'm your talking eyes." Lowering her hand from his face, Angel said, "Do you know where bacon comes from?" Junior had almost fumbled his fork when he recognized the tune. His heart raced. His hands were suddenly clammy. Paul stayed with her, sometimes wincing at the ground as though the danger were there, not above-which, in a sense, it was, because impact rather than the fall itself is the killer-and at other times putting his arms around her, staring up at the boy above. But he, too, was silent. Again, he cast his line of memory into murky waters nearly four years in the past, to the night of passion that he had shared with Seraphim in the parsonage. As before, he could recall nothing she'd said, only the exquisite look of her, the nubile perfection of her body. "Yeah, they think we're with Candid Camera. So Jimmy points to this United Parcel truck parked

across the street and says the cameras are in there." "Nick," he suggested, as though any reason existed for her to be on a first-name basis with the man who killed her husband. "I wasn't drinking." By the first of November, they moved his mother's bed into the living room, so she could be in the center of things, where always she had been, though they admitted no guests now, only members of their family with its many names. Junior was reminded of a scene in an old movie, something Naomi wanted to watch, a love story set during the Black Plague: a horse drawn cart rolling through the medieval streets of London or Paris, the driver ringing a hand bell and crying, "Bring out your dead, bring out your dead!" If contemporary San Francisco had provided such a convenient service, he wouldn't have had to toss Neddy Gnathic in the Dumpster in the first place. He could have killed Vanadium while the cop slept; however, that would be far less satisfying than engaging in a little psychological warfare and leaving the devious bastard alive to suffer remorse when two more children died under his watch. He exploded off Renee with the velocity of high-powered rifle fire. Stunned, disgusted, humiliated, he backed away from the chaise lounge, spluttering, wiping at his mouth, cursing. Few people will spend the greater part of their youth in school, struggling to obtain the education required for a medical specialty, unless they have a passion to heal. Franklin Chan was a healer, whose passion was the preservation of vision, and Agnes could see that his anguish, while a pale reflection of hers, was real and deeply felt. "Living high. When I wasn't on the road, I had a fine house here in Bright Beach, not this rental shack I'm in now, but a nice little place with an ocean view. You can guess what went wrong." "I'm interested in one of the smaller Griskins," said Junior, managing to appear calm, although his mouth was dry with fear and his mind spun with crazy images of the maniac cop, dead and rotting but nevertheless lurching around San Francisco. Celestina breezed through the open door with Angel. "No vanilla wafers. You'll be up all night with a sugar rush." As it turned out, Seraphim was a virgin. This thrilled Junior. He was inflamed also by the thought of ravishing her in her parents' house ... an by the kinky fact that their house was a parsonage. By lunch, he had turned the final page, and he was so full of the tale that he seemed to have no room for food. While his mother kept reminding him to eat, he regaled her with the details of John Thomas Stuart's great adventures with LummoX, as though every word that Heinlein had written were not science fiction, but truth. "--and we're from different worlds, which I respect. I respect you and your wonderful family ... your centeredness, your certainty. I want to do this only because it's what I owe you." After coffee had been served, when Celestina and Wally were no longer the center of attention, he indicated the array of desserts with his fork, smiled, and said, "I just want you to know, Celie, that these are sweets enough until we're married." Although Junior continued to feel threatened, continued to trust his instinct in this matter, he didn't devote his every waking hour to the hunt. He had a life to enjoy, after all. Self-improvements to undertake, galleries to explore, women to pursue. "I was raised to understand it," said Celestina, and when she looked across the room, she saw that her words had moved her mother. Devil mountains, sacred islands, sacramental rivers and cities, Jesuits: These spiritual references at every turn made Junior uneasy. This was a haunted night, no doubt about that. He wouldn't have been greatly surprised if he had glanced at his rearview mirror and seen Thomas Vanadium's blue Studebaker Lark Regal closely tailing him, not the real car raised from Quarry Lake, but a ghostly version, with the filthy-scabby-monkey spirit of the cop at the wheel, an ectoplasmic Naomi at his side, Victoria Bressler and Ichabod and Bartholomew Prosser and Neddy Gnathic in the backseat: the Studebaker packed full of spirits like a bozo-stuffed clown car in a circus, though there would be nothing funny about these revenge-minded spooks when the doors flew open and they came tumbling out. It didn't seem to him to amount to much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by running his hands over the wood and talking to it, that he couldn't see why they made a fuss over such things. But his father raged at him for his "shortcuts," even struck him once on the mouth when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence. In a magazine article about the hero, passing mention was made of a restaurant where occasionally the great man ate breakfast. I believe the universe is sort of like an unimaginably vast musical with an infinite number of strings." Startled, he braked to a halt. Agnes didn't say anything until Joey had taken three or four deep. Celestina didn't hear gunfire, but she couldn't mistake the bullets for anything else when they cracked through the door. IN GOOD DARK SUITS, clean-shaven, as polished as their shoes, carrying valises, the three arrived in Junior's hospital room even before the usual start of the working day, wise men without camels, not bearing gifts, but willing to pay a price for grief and loss. Two lawyers and a high-level political appointee, they represented the state, the county, and the insurance company in the matter of the improperly maintained railing on the observation platform at the fire tower. The house was empty, silent. Hanna worked only days. Nellie Oatis, Perri's companion, was not employed here anymore. When her hand went limp in Celestina's, her body sagged, too, and her eyes were no longer either focused or rolling wildly. They shimmered into stillness, darkled with death, as the cardiac monitor sang the one long note that signified flatline. She expected him to be gone, snatched by an accomplice who had come in the back way while Deed had distracted her at the front door. She heard the door, and when she opened her eyes, the bay had already slid out of the car, into the downpour again. She called him back, but he kept going. "Chateau Le Bucks, 1886. We can have a bottle of that or you could buy a new car, and personally I believe thirst comes before transportation." Lying on his side in bed, clothed and shod, knees drawn up, arms folded across his chest, hands pressed under his chin, like a precocious fetus dressed and waiting for birth, Junior tried to recall the chain of logic that had led to this long and difficult pursuit of Bartholomew. That chain led three years into the past, however, which to Junior was an eternity, and not all the links were still in place. "Yes," she admitted, her face still close to his, "I'm afraid. But Dr. Chan is a fine surgeon, and this is a very fine hospital." Without ceremony or prayer, although with much righteous anger, Junior hoisted the dead musician over the lip of the Dumpster. For a dreadful moment, his left arm tangled in the loosely cinched belt of the London Fog raincoat.

Straining a shrill bleat of anxiety through his clenched teeth, he desperately shook loose and let go of the body.. "Well," Agnes said, "thank the Lord, we don't have tornadoes here in California." What good was she to anybody, what good could she ever hope to be, if she couldn't even save her little sister?. In his room, he settled on the bed with his constipating snacks and the county telephone book. Because he had packed the directory with the Zedd collection, the thief hadn't gotten it.. He tucked his left arm tight against his side and threw himself against the door. The obstructing furniture was heavy, but it moved an inch. If it would give one inch, it would give two, so it wasn't immovable, and he was already as good as in there.. Barty whispered: "The North Pole Society of Not Evil Adventurers is now in session." The moment that the roof of the car vanished beneath the water, Junior hurried away, retracing on foot the route he had driven. He didn't have to go all the way back to Vanadium's place, only to the dark house where he'd left Victoria Bressler. He had a date with a dead woman.. "Why should I care whether you have any peace?" she asked, and she seemed to be listening to a woman other than herself.. The paramedic snatched the oxygen feed from his patient's nose and quickly elevated his head, providing a purge towel to catch the thin ejecta.. "Other Bartys and other Agneses in other houses like this--all here together now." Her strength was the strength of stones only in the sense that she felt as immovable as rock, yet she found the resources to raise one arm, to place her left hand over Maria's bead-tangled fingers. "But the baby's dead." 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.. "Well, it's true," he said, finally turning the key in the proper direction and firing up the engine.. Barty came out of the house with the library copy of Podkayne Of Mary, which his mother had promised to read to him later, in the hospital. "Are we all going?" he asked.. "Yeah," he confirmed, applying a blue crayon to a grinning bunny that was dancing with a squirrel.. He continued until four aces of hearts and four aces of diamonds were on the table in front of him. These eight draws he had prepared, and this effect was his intention.. Jacob Isaacson--twin brother of Edom--knew nothing negative about Panglo, but he didn't trust him. If the mortician had been caught prying gold teeth from the dead and carving satanic symbols in their buttocks, Jacob would have said, "It figures." If Panglo had saved bottles of infected blood from diseased cadavers, and if one day he ran through town, splashing it in the faces of unsuspecting citizens, Jacob would not have raised one eyebrow in surprise.. Friday morning, Junior resigned his position as a physical therapist at the rehabilitation hospital. He expected to be able to live well off interest and dividends for the rest of his life, because his tastes were modest.. From San Francisco south to Orange County Airport on a crowded commuter flight, then farther south along the coast by rental car, Paul Damascus brought Grace, Celestina, and Angel to the Lampion house. "Before we go to my place, there's someone I very much want you to meet. She's not expecting us, but I'm sure it'll be okay." There was an otter in our brook.. On the third of June, he found another useless Bartholomew, and on Saturday, the twenty-fifth, two deeply disturbing events occurred. He switched on his kitchen radio only to discover that "Paperback Writer," yet another Beatles song, had climbed to the top of the charts, and he received a call from a ea woman.. Perplexed by their peculiar behavior, even slightly unnerved, Tom answered Maria's question. "I'm afraid there's nothing else I can do, nothing more of a fantastic nature." Celestina had chosen to shelter the bastard boy, and in so doing, she had declared herself to be Junior's enemy, though he'd never done anything to her, not anything. She didn't deserve him, really, not even one quick bang before the bang of the gun, and maybe after he shot Ichabod, he'd let her beg for a taste of the Cain cane, but deny her.. Tom would have edged to his right, away from Edom, if Jacob hadn't flanked him. He remembered the odd comment that the more dour of the twins had made about the Bakersfield train wreck.. Assuming that the boy had closed his eyes and was talking to himself, somewhere between his self-told bedtime story and a dream, Agnes retreated from the room, pulling the door only half shut behind her.. The cord wasn't long enough to allow Celestina to take the telephone handset with her, so she put it down on the nightstand, beside the lamp.. Yet, uncaught, the quarter would have dropped to the floor. Junior would have heard it ring off the tiles. Which he hadn't.. He found it difficult to make a painful personal revelation sound sincere when delivered in a shout, but he managed well enough to bring a shine of tears to her eyes: "Part of my left foot was shot off in this upcountry sweep we did." She got up from the chair, went to the window, and raised the venetian blind rather than look out between its slats.. In the spring and summer of '66, he flew to Memphis, Tennessee, stayed a few days, and walked 288 miles to St. Louis. From St. Louis he hiked west 253 miles to Kansas City, Missouri, and then southwest to Wichita. From Wichita to Oklahoma City. From Oklahoma City east to Fort Smith, Arkansas, from whence he rode home to Bright Beach on a series of Greyhound buses.. Dr. Daines spoke with Celestina in the corridor, outside the door to 724. Some of the passing nurses were nuns in wimples and full-length habits, drifting like spirits along the hallway.. 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?" A MOMENTOUS DAY for Celestina, a night of nights, and a new dawn in the forecast: Here began the life about which she'd dreamed since she was a young girl.. Paul checked the back of the Suburban, since he fancied himself the wagonmaster. He wanted to be sure that the goods were loaded in such a way that they were unlikely to slide or be damaged. "Packed tight. Looks just fine," he declared, and closed the tailgate door.. As long as Junior continued to fake sleep, the cop couldn't be absolutely sure that any deception was taking place.. "Crafty men" is what they called wizards in those days.. "Please take the cards from the pack and put them on the coffee table in front of you," Obadiah directed.. She tried to tell him that he was going to make it, that he would be with her for a long time, that the universe was not so cruel as to take him at thirty with all their lives ahead of them, but the truth was here to see, and she could not lie to him.. "Don't you say that. The society isn't silly, especially not now. It's us, it's what we were and how we are, and I do so much love everything that's

us". Coughing, spitting saliva that was bitter with toxic chemicals, Paul followed her, slapping frantically at his clothes when fire singed his shirt. Into her fevered mind came an image of a milk-glass infant, as translucent as Joey at the back door of the ambulance. Fearing that this vision meant her child would be stillborn, she said, My baby, but no sound escaped her. "This is for Zelda," Junior said, ramming forward across the threshold with the knife. Barty wanted to hug her. He did hug her. He hugged Angel, too. He hugged Tom Vanadium. He thought he heard the soft swoosh of knife-edge wings slicing the January air. He dared not look up. More in his throat. The agony. Darkness poured into his head, as if it were blood rising relentlessly from his flooded stomach and esophagus. But the boy played no tricks against his father. He took his beatings in silence and learned to hide his gift. Madness or a brilliant deductive insight: Naomi, the hateful bitch, she poisoned me! The missing paintings. The missing collection of Zedd's books. You didn't take these things with you for a weekend in Reno. You took them if you thought you might never be coming 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. "We've mapped three routes to the top," Angel said, "and each offers different challenges. Barty's eventually going to climb all of them, but he's starting with the hardest." Now, here, lying on a bed in the emergency room of a Sacramento hospital, on a Saturday afternoon only six weeks before the camellia festival, Junior suffered under the care of a resident physician who was so young as to raise the suspicion that he was merely playing doctor. They introduced themselves as Knacker, Hisscus, and Nork, but Junior didn't bother to associate names with faces, partly because the men were so alike in appearance and manner that their own mothers might have had difficulty figuring out which of them to blame for never calling. Besides, he was still tired from his recent ramble through the hospital-and unnerved by the thought of some baleful-eyed Bartholomew prowling the world in search of him. As woe begone a widower as anyone could expect, Junior spent every night home alone. By Sunday, he'd slept without companionship eight nights since being discharged from the hospital. "Too few," said Maria, "might mean you made an admirably small number of moral mistakes but also that you failed to take reasonable risks and didn't make full use of the gift of life." "I got to admit," Nolly said, "I'm surprised these little pranks have rattled him so deeply." He had noted all seven names on the bassinets, but he read them again. He sensed in their names-or in one of their names-the explanation for his seemingly mad perception of a looming threat. She fussed over him, took his temperature, and spooned two chips of ice into his parched mouth. Leaving, she gave Celestina a meaningful look and tapped her wristwatch. Perhaps this particular worry was not ordinary maternal concern. If a sixth sense is at work in all of us, then perhaps subconsciously Apes was aware of the tragedy to come: the tumors, the surgery, the blindness. Junior tossed garments on the floor and across the bed to create the impression that the detective had packed with haste. After being imprudent enough to blast Victoria Bressler five times with his service revolver-perhaps in a jealous rage, or perhaps because he had gone nuts-Vanadium would have been frantic to flee justice. "Your father denies the rape ever occurred, apparently out of what I'd call a misguided willingness to trust in divine justice." 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. He hadn't learned much from the call other than that they hadn't found Vanadium in his Studebaker at the bottom of Quarry Lake. "It's not a specific brand you can't have, it's the whole idea of a candy bar." 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. NOLLY WULFSTAN, private detective, had the teeth of a god and a face so unfortunate that it argued convincingly against the existence of a benign deity. Instead, he sat in the breakfast nook with his phone books and resumed the grueling search for Bartholomew. Drawn one after the other, two knaves of spades didn't signify two deadly enemies, but meant that the enemy already predicted by the first would be unusually powerful, exceptionally dangerous. Jacob had become a card mechanic for one purpose. Not because he'd ever be a gambler. Not to wow friends with card tricks. Not because the challenge intrigued him. He wanted to be able to give Agnes winning cards once in a while, if she was losing too frequently or needed to have her spirits lifted. He didn't feed her winning hands often enough to make her suspicious or to make the games less fun for Edom or Joey. He was judicious. The effort he expended-the thousands of hours of practice-was repaid with interest each time Agnes laughed with delight after being dealt a perfect hand. The full nature of the nightmare continued to elude him, but he became convinced that good reason for his fear existed, that the dream had been more than a dream. He had a nemesis named Bartholomew not merely in dreams, but in the real world, and this Bartholomew had something to do with ... babies. Besides, being a future-focused guy who believed that the past was a burden best shed, he never made an effort to nurture memories. Sentimental wallowing in nostalgia had none of the appeal for him that it had for most people. Bearing roses upon their arrival, they hadn't bothered with umbrellas. Besides, although the sky glowered, the forecast had predicted no precipitation. Three minutes by car, maybe two without stop signs. He could just about run it as fast as drive it. He had a bit of a gut on him. He wasn't the man he used to be. Ironically, however, after the coma and the rehab, he wasn't as heavy as he had been before Cain sunk him in Quarry Lake. That Olympian purge had, however, made him appear to be both emotionally and physically devastated by the loss of his wife. He couldn't have calculated any stratagem more likely to convince most. Such behavior as hers was unlikely to lead to self-discovery, self improvement, and fulfillment. We make our own misery in this life. For better or worse, we create our own futures. Junior closed his eyes at once and let his jaw sag,

breathing through his mouth, feigning sleep..Sometimes, in his mind, Tom wasn't running along the residential streets of Bright Beach, but along the corridor of the dormitory wing over which he had served as prefect. He was cast back in time, to that dreadful night. A sound wakes him. A fragile cry. Thinking it a voice from his dream, he nevertheless gets out of bed, takes up a flashlight, and checks on his charges, his boys. Low-wattage emergency lamps barely relieve the gloom in the corridor. The rooms are dark, doors ajar according to the rules, to guard against the danger of stubborn locks in the event of fire. He listens. Nothing. Then into the first room-and into a Hell on earth. Two small boys per room, easily and silently overcome by a grown man with the strength of madness. In the sweep of the flashlight beam: the dead eyes, the wrenched faces, the blood. Another room, the flashlight jittering, jumping, and the carnage worse. Then in the hall again, movement in the shadows. Josef Krepp captured by the flashlight. Josef Krepp, the quiet custodian, meek by all appearances, employed at St. Anselmo's for the past six months with nary a problem, with only good employee reviews attached to his record. Josef Krepp, here in the corridor of the past, grinning and capering in the flashlight, wearing a dripping necklace of souvenirs..On the high marsh-Dragonfly-A description of Earthsea..Bressler but no Vanadium. A girl named Angel. Something was wrong here. Something was rotten..With some sharp instrument, probably a knife, Cain had stabbed and gouged the red letters, working on the wall with such fury that two of the Bartholomews were barely readable anymore. The Sheetrock was marked by hundreds of scores and punctures.

[International Cable Communication Statement of Clarence H MacKay Presedent Commercial Cable-Postal Telegraph System Before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce Washington DC January 10 1921](#)

[Colette](#)

[St George and the Dragon](#)

[Investigations Into the Etiology of Traumatic Infective Diseases](#)

[Shakespeares Historie of the Life Death of King John](#)

[Portraits Memoirs and Characters of Remarkable Persons from the Reign of Edward the Third to the Revolution Collected from the Most Authentic Accounts Extant Volume 2](#)

[The Kingis Quair Together with a Ballad of Good Counsel](#)

[Helps to Right Living](#)

[Practical Observations on the Preservation of Health and the Prevention of Diseases](#)

[Giographie Botanique Influence Du Terrain Sur La Vigitation](#)

[Thinks-I-To-Myself A Serio-Ludicro Tragico-Comico Tale](#)

[Sand Key \(the Key to All\) A Full and Succinct Description by an Ancient Warder of It Who During His Incumbency Was a Solitary Resident After Epicharmus Who Sought to Elevate a Popular Mode of Representation Into the Mandatory Respect of Everybody](#)

[Self-Education Or the Value of Mental Culture](#)

[Narrative of Voyages to Explore the Shores of Africa Arabia and Madagascar Performed in H M Ships Leven and Barracouta Under the Direction of Captain W F W Owen R N](#)

[Adams Latin Grammar Simplified by Means of an Introduction Designed to Facilitate the Study of Latin Grammarwith Appropriate Exercises to](#)

[Impress on the Memory the Declensions and Inflections of the Parts of Speech and to Exemplify and Illustrate](#)

[Sources of New Testament Greek Or the Influence of the Septuagint on the Vocabulary of the New Testament](#)

[Year Book of the Art Societies of New York 1898-1899](#)

[A Treatise on Art in Three Parts Consisting of Essays on the Education of the Eye Practical Hints on Composition and Light and Shade](#)

[The Colonial Office List](#)

[The Brass Industry in Connecticut A Study of the Origin and the Development of the Brass Industry in the Naugatuck Valley](#)

[Immersionists Against the Bible Or the Babel Builders Confounded in an Exposition of the Origin Design Tactics and Progress of the New Version Movement of Campbellites and Other Baptists](#)

[An Elementary Treatise on the Construction of Roofs of Wood and Iron Deduced Chiefly from the Works of Robison Tredgold and Humber](#)

[The Physicians Pocket Dose and Symptom Book Containing the Doses and Uses of All the Principal Articles of the Materia Medica and Chief Officinal Preparations](#)

[The Jones Readers by Grades Book 4](#)

[Chemical Control in Cane Sugar Factories](#)

[An Essay on the Extent of Human and Divine Agency in the Production of Saving Faith](#)

[The American Mechanic and Working-Man Volume 2](#)

[Legendary Islands of the Atlantic A Study in Medieval Geography](#)

[A Demonstration of the Existence of God Deduced from the Knowledge of Nature and of Man in Particular Suited to the Most Simple Capacities](#)

[Dorothy Day](#)

[Rudimentary Architecture For the Use of Beginners the History and Description of the Styles of Architecture of Various Countries from the Earliest to the Present Period](#)

[The Principles and Rules of French Genders](#)

[An Examination of the Doctrine of Endless Punishment Its Claims to Divine Origin Refuted in a Series of Lectures By I D Williamson](#)

[Taxation of Land Values An Explanation with Illustrative Charts Notes and Answers to Typical Questions of the Land-Labor-And-Fiscal Reform Advocated by Henry George](#)

[A Day in Athens with Socrates Translations from the Protagoras and the Republic of Plato](#)

[Catalogue of 1905 Stars for the Equinox 1865-0 from Observations Made at the Royal Observatory Cape of Good Hope During the Years 1861 to 1870](#)

[Automobile Driving Self Taught an Exhaustive Treatise on the Operation Management and Core of Motor Cars](#)

[Human Factors in Industry A Study of Group Organization](#)

[The Bayeux Tapestry an Historical Tale of the 11th Century from the Fr of Madame Emma L](#)

[Napoleon III on England](#)

[Kitecraft and Kite Tournaments](#)

[History of the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers \(Webster Regiment\)](#)

[Among the Lilies and Other Tales With a Sketch of the Holy House of Nazareth and Loreto](#)

[Church and State in the United States Or the American Idea of Religious Liberty and Its Practical Effects With Official Documents](#)

[Historical Sketch of the Chatham Artillery](#)

[The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin and a Sketch of Franklins Life from the Point Where the Autobiography Ends](#)

[Rinconete and Cortadillo](#)

[The Conversion of India From Pantinus to the Present Time AD 193-1893](#)

[The Revolt of the Oyster](#)

[Hazlitt Selected Essays](#)

[Pompeiana The Topography Edifices and Ornaments of Pompeii Volume I](#)

[Selections from Paradise Lost Including Books I and II Entire and Portions of Books III IV VI VII and X](#)

[Natural Taxation](#)

[The Trials of REV Robert Bingham Curate of Maresfield in Sussex on a Charge of Sending an Incendiary Letter and of Setting Fire to His Dwelling-House Before the Lord Chief Baron at Horsham March 26th 1811](#)

[Report of Board of Engineer Officers as to Maximum Span Practicable for Suspension Bridges](#)

[Inina Yoga Part II Seven Lectures Part 2](#)

[Experimental Agriculture Being the Results of Past and Suggestions for Future Experiments in Scientific and Practical Agriculture](#)

[Physiological Illustrations of the Organ of Hearing More Particularly of the Secretion of Cerumen](#)

[Testimony of Important Witnesses as Given in the Proceedings Before the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate In the Matter of the Protest Against the Right of Hon Reed Smoot a Senator from the State of Utah to Hold His Seat](#)

[Select Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson](#)

[Genealogy of John Adams and His Descendants With Notes and Incidents](#)

[The Doctrine of Compound Interest Illustrated and Applied to Perpetual Annuities to Those for Terms of Years Certain to Life-Annuities and Generally to Prospective Transactions with New and Compendious Tables](#)

[James and Philip Van Artevelde](#)

[The Martyrdom of Lovejoy an Account of the Life Trials and Perils of REV Elijah P Lovejoy](#)

[The Ladder of Journalism How to Climb It](#)

[The Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book the Only Record Published in England of Dog Shows and Field Trials for the Year 1877](#)

[George V Our Sailor King](#)

[5000000 Casualties on the Home Front](#)

[Quiet Talks on Personal Problems](#)

[The Carnation Book](#)

[Marriage and Divorce Laws of the World](#)

[The Life of Lord Byron](#)

[The Teachers Hand-Book of SLIjd as Practised and Taught at Niis Containing Explanations and Details of Each Exercise](#)

[Constitution Regulations Definitions Code of Procedure and Rules of Order of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York May 6 1909](#)

[A Sentimental Journey Through France Italy](#)

[Francisco Goya](#)

[Memoirs of Robert Cary Earl of Monmouth](#)

[The Motor Boys in Mexico](#)

[Colonial Precedents of Our National Land System as It Existed in 1800](#)

[Psycho-Analysis A Brief Account of the Freudian Theory](#)

[The Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist A Quarterly Journal and Review Devoted to the Study of Early Pagan and Christian Antiquities of Great Britain Volume 6](#)

[The Amateur Poacher](#)

[The Tourist in Italy](#)

[The Labor Spy Racket](#)

[Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaia and Batalha by the Author of Vathek](#)

[Rudimentary Treatise on the Power of Water As Applied to Drive Flour Mills and to Give Motion to Turbines and Other Hydrostatic Engines with an Apx on Centrifugal and Rotary Pumps](#)

[Historiskt-Geografiskt Och Statistiskt Lexikon ifver Sverige Volume 7 Issue 2](#)

[The Practice of Embanking Lands from the Sea Treated as a Means of Profitable Employment of Capital With Examples and Particulars of Actual Embankments and Also Practical Remarks on the Repair of Old Sea-Walls](#)

[Birds Eye View of the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church with Observations on the Progress of the Colored People of Louisville Kentucky and a History of the Movement Looking Toward the Elevation of REV Benjamin W](#)

[Prison Life in the Old Capitol and Reminiscences of the Civil War](#)

[Traveling in the Holy Land Through the Stereoscope A Tour](#)

[Preliminary Report on the Marquette Iron-Bearing District of Michigan](#)

[History of Tama County Iowa Its Cities Towns and Villages with Early Reminiscences Personal Incidents and Anecdotes and a Complete Business Directory of the County](#)

[S I Frontini de Aquaeductibus Urbis Romae Commentarius](#)

[The Elements of Water Supply Engineering](#)

[Snows Directory and Strangers Guide to Bournemouth](#)

[The Teaching of Christ in Its Present Appeal](#)

[Redgauntlet](#)

[The Rhodes Scholarships](#)

[The Martyrs Victory](#)
