

## A V BUCHERS SAMMTLICHE WERKE VOL 5

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. "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." To Edom, humanity was obviously not the greater of these two destructive forces. Men and women were part of nature, not above it, and their evil was, therefore, just one more example of nature's malignant intent. They had stopped debating this issue years ago, however, neither man conceding any credibility to the other's dogma. Besides, he didn't want the police in San Francisco to know that he'd been suspected, by at least one of their kind, of having killed his wife in Oregon. What if one of the locals was curious enough to request a copy of the case file on Naomi's death, and what if in that file, Vanadium had made reference to Junior waking from a nightmare, fearfully repeating Bartholomew? And then what if Junior eventually located the right Bartholomew and eliminated the little bastard, and then what if the local cop who'd read the case file connected one Bartholomew to the other and started asking questions? Admittedly, that was a stretch. Nevertheless, he hoped to fade from the SFPD's awareness as soon as possible and live henceforth beyond their ken. The customers were in a mood, most of them grumbling about their ailments. Others complained about the dreary weather, the increasing number of kids zooming along sidewalks on these damn new skateboards, the recent tax increases, and the New York Jets paying Joe Namath the kingly sum of \$427,000 a year to play football, which some saw as a sign that the country was money-crazy and going to Hell. What if the stubborn, selfish, greedy, grubbing, vicious, psychotic, evil spirit of Thomas Vanadium, which had earlier pursued Junior through another alleyway in broad daylight, had followed him into this one in the more ghost-friendly hours of the night, and what if that spirit were standing just outside the Dumpster right now, and what if it closed the bifurcated lid and slipped a bolt through the latch rings, and what if Junior were trapped here with the thoroughly strangled corpse of Neddy Gnathic, and what if the flashlight failed when he tried to switch it on again, and then what if in the pitch-blackness he heard Neddy say, "Does anyone have a special request?" "Did they rush you straight in here or did you arrange all the insurance matters at reception, Mr. Pinchbeck?" "One hour," he announced, establishing a countdown. In sixty minutes, his internal clock would rouse him from a meditative state. "Me, me," Celestina said. "In fact, fianc?es should come first." A delay of a few hours, before getting her under a physician's care, might still be risky. But so was forcing her into a local hospital to endure the mortification she desperately wanted to avoid. "Angel," Phimie said thickly, searching her sister's eyes for a sign of understanding. ON THE FOLLOWING Tuesday afternoon in Bright Beach, across a sky as black as a witch's cauldron, seagulls flew out of an evil brew toward their safe roosts, and on the land below, humid shadows of the Greed. So easy, taking money from the rubes. Soon, instead of peeling off a little from each game, he sought bigger kills. Junior had left the front door locked, because if unlocked, it would look as though he had wanted to facilitate their entry, and it would make them suspicious of the whole scenario. Only now, as the tide of adrenaline began to ebb, Paul wondered who could possibly have wanted to kill a man of peace and God, a man as good as Harrison White. The stems, thorns sharp against his tongue. And then Agnes. Agnes in the yard, screaming. Almost thirty years from the seminary--even farther from it if measured by degrees of lost innocence, by miles of rough experience Tom Vanadium set out to kill a man. Given the chance to disarm Cain, given the opportunity to merely wound him, he would nevertheless go for the head shot or the heart shot, play jury and executioner, play God, and leave to God the judgment of his stained soul. The phone rang at 3:20 in the afternoon, just after he switched off the radio in disgust. Sitting in the breakfast nook, the Oakland telephone directory open in front of him, he almost said, Find the father, kill the son, instead of, "Hello." "Both. Brain and heart. But I've thought it through, Daddy. More than anything in my life, I've thought this through." She got out of the cab and stood on the sidewalk in front of the gallery, her legs as shaky as those of a newborn colt. If she'd connected with his left side, as she intended, she might have broken his arm or cracked a few ribs. But lie saw the chair coming, and as agile as a base runner dodging a shortstop's tag, he turned away from her, taking the blow across his back. 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. His mouth was dry when he said to Angel, "Well, it seems pretty magical to me--that flipped-coin trick." He remembered the collection of Caesar Zedd self-help drivel that had occupied a place of honor in the wife killer's former home in Spruce Hills. Cain owned a hardcover and a paperback of each of Zedd's works. The more expensive editions had been pristine, as though they were handled only with gloves; but the text in the paperbacks had been heavily underlined, and the corners of numerous pages had been bent to mark favorite passages. Even though the detective was on the wrong track, Junior was beginning to feel aggrieved. As any good citizen, he was willing, even eager to cooperate with responsible policemen who conducted their investigation by the book. This Thomas Vanadium, however, in spite of his monotonous voice and drab appearance, gave off the vibes of a fanatic. Paul Damascus remained busy, filling prescriptions, until he was finally able to take a lunch break at two-thirty. Two teenage boys and one elderly woman scrambled across the sidewalk, grabbing at the ringing rain of quarters. They caught some, but others bounced and twirled through their grasping fingers, rolling-spinning away into the gutter. Edom, eager to learn precisely when a tidal wave or falling asteroid would bring his doom, fetched a pack of cards from a cabinet in the parlor. When Maria explained that only every third card was read and that a full look at the future required four decks, Edom returned to the parlor to scare up three more. Agnes had believed that through this ordeal, she'd largely spared her child from an awareness of the awful depth of her misery. In this,

however, as in so many other instances, the boy proved to be more perceptive and more mature than she'd realized. Now she felt that she had failed him, and this failure ached like a wound..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..He paused, not sure how to proceed. He was not accustomed to writing letters to total strangers..able to reconcile these opposed forces, she was all but paralyzed by indecision..Maria said nothing, working busily, but Agnes recognized that special silence in which difficult words were sought and laboriously stitched together..He wanted to fling it into the graveyard, send it spinning far into the darkness.. "Done," Agnes said. "Now put away the three dollars, and let's have our lesson before my water breaks."..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..From Christmas through February, he dated a beautiful stock analyst and broker-Tammy Bean-who specialized in finding value in companies that had rewarding relationships with brutal dictators..On he went, up he went, trunk to limb, limb to branch, branch to limb, to limb, to trunk. Hand over hand up the vertical parts, gripping with his knees, then standing and walking like a tightrope artist along limbs horizontal to the ground, swinging over empty air and stepping from one woody walkway to another, ever upward toward the highest bower, dwindling as though he were growing younger during the ascent, becoming a smaller and smaller boy. Forty feet, fifty feet, already far higher than the house, striving toward the green citadel at the summit..He lay still, waiting for silence to return, so he could hear whether the great gong had drawn people into the alley.. "Your mind is as fascinating as ever," he said. "Your soul as beautiful. Listen, Per, since we were thirteen, I was never primarily interested in your body. You flatter yourself shamelessly if you think it was all that special even before the polio."..Somewhere, he does. Daddy died here, but he didn't die every place I am. it's lonely for me here, but not lonely for me everywhere.. "And how about this," he continued. "Every point in the universe is directly connected to every other point, regardless of distance, so any point on Mars is, in some mysterious way, as close to me as is any of you. Which means it's possible for information-and objects, even people-to move instantly between here and London without wires or microwave transmission. In fact, between here and a distant star, instantly. We just haven't figured out how to make it happen. Indeed, on a deep structural level, every point in the universe is the same point. This interconnectedness is so complete that a great flock of birds taking flight in Tokyo, disturbing the air with their wings, contributes to weather changes in Chicago.".. "Sure. Or why don't I pull a Rumpelstiltskin and demand one of her children for payment' ".Ghosts. Sklent was an atheist, and yet he believed in spirits. Here's how that works: Heaven, Hell, and God do not exist, but human beings are as much energy as flesh, and when the flesh gives out, the energy goes on. "We're the most stubborn, selfish, greedy, grubbing, vicious, psychotic, evil species in the universe," Sklent explained, "and some of us just refuse to die, we're too hardass to die. The spirit is a prickly bur of energy that sometimes clings to places and people that were once important to us, so then you get haunted houses, poor bastards still tormented by their dead wives, and crap like that. And sometimes, the bur attaches itself to the embryo in some slut who's just been knocked up, so you get reincarnation. You don't need a god for all this. It's just the way things are. Life and the afterlife are the same place, right here, right now, and we're all just a bunch of filthy, scabby monkeys tumbling through an endless damn series of barrels."..Throughout this procedure, Barty appeared solemn and thoughtful. When he had squeezed the tenth toe, he stared at it, brow furrowed.. "I never spoke with God--Nor visited in Heaven--Yet certain am I of the spot--As if the Checks were given."..This galerieur was tall, with silver hair, chiseled features, and the all-knowing, imperious manner of a gynecologist to royalty. He wore a well-tailored gray suit, and his gold Rolex was the very watch that Wroth Griskin might have killed for in his salad days..Returning to his apartment, Edom had to pass under the limbs of the majestically crowned oak that dominated the deep yard between the house and the garage..No mystery here. No reason to leap to the ceiling and cling upside down like a frightened cartoon cat..But with the silencer attached, the pistol was useful only for close-up work. After passing through a sound-suppressor, the bullet would exit the muzzle at a lower than usual velocity, perhaps with an added wobble, and accuracy would drop drastically at a distance..A siren in the city wailed toward St. Mary's. An ambulance. Through streets bustling with hope, always this lament for the dying.. "Oh," Celestina White replied, "yes, every day. I'm currently engaged on an entire series of works inspired by Bartholomew."..She must have sensed his assessment of her and realized that she had little chance of charming him, for she turned at once away and never looked in his direction again.. "I believe I'll just wait here until Mr. Cain wakes," Vanadium said. "I've nothing more pressing to do."..At the front door of the funeral home, as Panglo was showing him out, Jacob leaned close. "Joe Lampion didn't have any gold teeth."..In a pocket of his smock was his letter to Reverend Harrison White. He hadn't sealed the envelope, because he intended to read to Perri, his wife, what he'd written, and include any corrections she suggested. In this, as in all things, Paul valued her opinion..Even Barty seemed to be attentive, but Angel happily applied crayons to a coloring book and hummed softly to herself..Luck favored Paul: The hero was here, having breakfast. He and two other men were deep in conversation at a comer table.. "That's enough?" "Silly man." "Cain looks like a movie star." "Does he have nice teeth?" she asked. "They're good. Not perfect." "So kiss me, Mr. Perfect."..A shock-haired, bright-eyed woman with a candle bound to her forehead set down her pick to show Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the earth face at which the miners worked. Old timbers creaked, dirt sifted down. Though the air ran cool through the darkness, the drifts and levels were so low and narrow the miners had to stoop and squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a terrifying place; yet Otter felt a sense of shelter in it. He was half sorry to go back up into the burning day..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. He kept the house, for it was a shrine to his life with Perri. He returned to it from time to time, to refresh his spirit. Flush with the promise of their engagement, still excited by the success at the gallery, with Angel exuberant in spite of the hour and Oreo energized, he was amazed that they had made the transfer of the little red whirlwind from house to Buick to house with nothing else forgotten other than one purse. Celie called it ballet, but Wally thought that it was merely momentary order in chaos, the challenging-joyous-frustrating-delightful-exhilarating chaos of a life full of hope and love and children, which he wouldn't have traded for calm or kingdoms. She was astonished and moved. "I'm a hopeless throwback to the nineteenth century. How could you realize what's been on my mind?" "Don't worry, love. I'll make sure the snap's are constructed so you can get it off me easily enough." On the High Marsh. Celestina circled him, half carrying but also half dragging the chair, either because her nerves were still ringing and her arms were weak--or because she was faking weakness in the hope of luring him to a reckless response. Junior circled her while she rounded on him frantically trying to deal with the pistol without taking his eyes off his adversary. Celestina stared at the small, brown face, opening herself to the anger and hatred with which she had regarded this child in the operating room. Sitting up in bed, he passed a little time reading favorite, marked passages in Zedd's *You Are the World*. The book presented a brilliant argument that selfishness was the most misunderstood, moral, rational, and courageous of all human motivations. Three and a half days had passed since he'd pushed his wife off the tower, and in that time he'd had no real fun. He was gregarious by nature, never one to turn down a party invitation. He liked to laugh, to love, to live, but he couldn't enjoy life when he must remember at all times to appear bereft and to keep sorrow in his voice. After the stupid bastards read a newspaper or smoked a few cigarettes, they finally broke down the door. Satisfyingly dramatic: the crack of splintering wood, the crash. Darkrose and Diamond. Gifted with unusual powers of visual observation, the girl was quick to notice the slightest changes in her world. The sparkling engagement ring on Celestina's left hand had not escaped her notice. Bartholomew was dead but didn't know it yet. Pistol in hand, cocoon in tatters, ready to spread his butterfly wings, Junior pushed the door to the apartment inward, saw a deserted living room, softly lighted and pleasantly furnished, and was about to step across the threshold when the street door opened and into the hall came Ichabod. He was surprised they had come so soon, less than twenty-four hours after the tragedy. This was especially unusual, considering that a homicide detective was obsessed with the idea that rotting wood, alone, was not responsible for Naomi's death. The prickly-bur ghosts of two little children didn't concern him. At worst, they were spiritual gnats. After supper in a roadside diner, Paul returned to his room and studied a tattered map of the western United States, the latest of several he'd worn out over the years. Depending on the weather and the steepness of the terrain, he might be able to reach Spruce Hills, Oregon, in ten days. During the ten days since Joey's passing, a great many people had conveyed their condolences to Agnes, but until this man, she'd known all of them. On mechanic, he again glanced meaningfully at Edom, who felt a response was expected. When he opened his mouth, he could think of nothing to say, except that at Sanriku, Japan, on June 15, 1896, a 110 foot-high wave, triggered by an undersea quake, killed 27,100 people, most while they were in prayer at a Shinto festival. Even to Edom, this seemed to be an inappropriate comment, so he said nothing. Junior realized he was on the verge of babbling, and with an effort, he silenced himself. The three adults exclaimed at the disappearance of the quarter, applauded again, and looked knowingly at Tom's hands, which had closed at the sudden conclusion of all the flourishes. The pendulous bellies of the rain-swollen clouds were no darker than when he had first come to the cemetery, yet they appeared more ominous now than earlier. "Usually, I throw out a bunch of hocus-pocus, flourishes and patter, to distract people, so they don't even realize that what they've seen was real. They think the midair disappearance is just a trick." "Honey," Angel said to her daughter, "show us that game you were just playing with Koko. Show us, honey. Come on. Show us. Show us." Paul realized that the kitchen had fallen silent, that the women had turned to the two children and now stood as motionless as figures in a waxworks tableau. Unobtrusively, Junior followed the musician across the large front room, but by an indirect arc, using the babbling bourgeoisie for cover. Instead of immediately killing anyone, Junior returned to his apartment on the afternoon of December 29, and went to bed, fully clothed. To calm down. To think about focus. Junior felt unspeakably violated. This was outrageous: the inarguably personal, very private contents of his stomach, scooped into a plastic evidence bag, without his permission, without even his knowledge. "I suppose anyone could fill some empty gelatin capsules with the syrup," said Parkhurst. "But-" "Roll your own, so to speak. Then he could palm a few of them, swallow 'em without water, and the reaction would be delayed maybe. If he killed Bartholomew and got away clean, as he expected that he would, then he could subsequently return everything in the van to the apartment. He was just being prudent by planning for his future, because the future was, after all, the only place he lived. Instinct, even reason, told him that some connection existed between this person, this Bartholomew, and Celestina. The name had terrified Cain in a bad dream, the very night of the day that he'd killed Naomi, and Vanadium therefore had incorporated it into his psychological-warfare strategy without knowing its significance to his suspect. As strongly as he sensed the connection, he couldn't find the link. He lacked some crucial bit of information. Putting one hand on the object to which she referred, Barty said, "Mom and I were listening to a book when you got here. This is a talking book." Casey and Tutti, her sister Skipper, and dreamboat Ken--and soon the girls had Barty enthusiastically involved in a make-believe world far different from the one in which Heinlein's teenage lead owned an extraordinary alien pet with eight legs, the temperament of a kitten, and an appetite for everything from grizzly bears to Buicks. After tucking the flashlight under his belt, he grabbed the lip of the Dumpster with both hands. The metal was gritty, cold, and wet. Spruce Hills, but also those in the entire county, maybe seventy or eighty thousand. An hour later, when Barty decided he wanted a soda, he switched off the book and asked Angel if she would like something to drink. The poor girl's blood pressure

soared in spite of the medication. She suffered a violent seizure..Gore made him sick. He refused to attend movies that dwelt on the consequences of violence, and he had even less of a stomach for blood in real life..Footsteps in the hall drew their attention to the open door, where the surgeon appeared in his loose cotton greens..Junior didn't want an apology. The offer of a free lunch-or an entire week of lunches-didn't charm a smile from him. He had no interest in taking home a free apple pie.. "I don't have to graduate in the spring of next year. I can take fewer classes, graduate the spring after. That's no big deal." A floor-to-ceiling bookshelf was crammed with pulp magazines that had been published throughout the 1920s, '30s, and '40s, before paperback books supplanted them. The All-Story, Mammoth Adventure, Nickel Western, The Black Mask, Detective Fiction Weekly, Spicy Mystery, Weird Tales, Amazing Stories, Astounding Stories, The Shadow, Doc Savage, G-8 and His Battle Aces, Mysterious Wu Fang ....64 just a little bit ago," the girl said. "I was sitting on the porch, having a Popsicle, and I just figured it out." "It isn't that, Daddy. You remember, when we were all together the day before yesterday, how afraid Phimie was of this man. Not just for herself ... for the baby." A cause now apparent, the fear explained, Agnes held her baby more tightly. So new to the world, he seemed already to be slipping away from her, captured by the whirlpool of a demanding destiny..Nothing he could do about it now. Having Naomi's body moved to another grave, in a cemetery without Negroes, would cause a lot of talk. He didn't want to draw more attention to himself..After moving all of a hundred feet, Celestina and Wally-with Grace fretting that someone would be hurt-had torn down the high stave fence between properties, for theirs had become one family with many names: Lampion, White, Lipscomb, Isaacson. When backyards were joined and a connecting walkway poured, Barty's travels from house to house were greatly simplified, and regular visits by the Gonzalez, Damascus, and Vanadium branches of the clan were also facilitated..He rode up to the third of five floors in the service elevator, which other tenants were permitted to use only when moving in or moving out, or when taking delivery of large items of furniture. Another elevator, at the front of the building, was too public to suit his purposes..At nearly forty years of age, Edom still dreamed of that grim summer afternoon, although not as often as in the past. When it troubled his sleep these days, it was a nightmare that gradually metamorphosed into a dream of tenderness and hope. Until the last few years, he'd always awakened when the roses were being jammed into his mouth or when the thorns flicked through his eyelashes, or when Agnes began to strike their father with the Bible, thus seeming to assure worse punishment. This additional act, this transition from horror to hope before he woke, had been added when Agnes was pregnant with Barty. Edom didn't know why this should be so, and he didn't try to analyze it. He was simply grateful for the change, because he woke now in a state of peace, never with worse than a shudder, no longer with a hoarse cry of anguish..She had lighted one candle for each of eleven apostles, none for the twelfth, Judas, the betrayer. Consequently, after burning a fragment of the cards in each votive glass, she was left with one piece..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." "Simon's a good man. Now that he pretty much knows Cain pushed the wife, he doesn't feel better about representing him just because the payoff was big. And in the current case, he's not Cain's lawyer, so there's no conflict of interest, no ethics problem, so he's got a chance to set things right a little." If he was left standing on the porch, the visitor would circle the house, peering in windows where the drapes were not drawn, trying the doors in hope of finding one unlocked. Fearful that Victoria was sick or injured, that perhaps she had slipped on a pat of butter and cracked her Mad against the corner of an open oven door, he might try to force his way inside, break a window. Certainly he would go to the neighbors to call the police..The diarrhea was over, finished, part of the past. Long ago he had learned never to dwell on the past, never to be overly concerned about the worries of the present, but to be focused entirely on the future. He was a man of the future.

[Des Schmalkaldischen Bundes Untergang Und Racher Eine Historisch-Romantische Erzählung Von H F Mannstein](#)

[The Novice Or the Heir of Montgomery Castle A Novel Vol III](#)

[Novelle Von Lewald](#)

[Sittenroman Von Ernst Feydeau](#)

[Aus Dem Sciotathale Shicksale Deutscher Ansiedler Der Indianerspion Erzählung Aus Dem Amerikanischen Grenzerleben Von C Löffler Zweiter Band](#)

[Eugenie Der Sieg Über Die Liebe Von August LaFontaine Zweiter Band](#)

[VOR Jena Roman Nach Den Aufzeichnungen Eines Königl Offiziers Vom Regiment Gensdarmes Von George Hesekeel Zweiter Band](#)

[Stille VOR Dem Sturm T 1-3](#)

[Arkadien Von August LaFontaine Erster Band](#)

[Ludwig Tiecks Schriften T 1-2](#)

[Memoires Du Chevalier #271erban Ptie 1-2](#)

[Par Madame de Bawr Tome Premier](#)

[Erzählung Aus Neu-Mexico Und Dem Angrenzenden Indianergebiet Im Anschluss an Den Halbindianer Von Balduin Mollhausen Dritter Band](#)

[Ou Memories DEulalie D\\*\\*\\* Par Mme Gabriele de P\\*\\*\\* Tome Troisieme](#)

[Memoires Du Comte de Guine Par M\\*\\*\\*](#)

[Ou Memories DEulalie D\\*\\*\\* Par Mme Gabrieele de P\\*\\*\\* Tome Premier](#)  
[Par Mme La Csse DHauptoul Tome Premier](#)  
[Memoires de Milady Worthon Traduit de LAnglois Par M #271 Estrade](#)  
[Memoires de Saint-Felix Ou Aventures #271 Un Jeune Homme Pendant La Revolution Par R -J Durdent Tome Premier](#)  
[Chefs-#271oeuvre de P Corneille](#)  
[Les Mille Et Une Faveurs Contes de Cour Tirez de LAncien Gaulois Par La Reine de Navarre Et Publiez Par Le Chevalier de Mouhy Tome Septieme](#)  
[Amabel Pties 1-3 Ou Memoires #271une Jeune Femme de Qualite Traduit de LAnglais de Madame Elisa Hervey Par Madame La Baronne Isabelle de Montolieu](#)  
[Chefs-#271oeuvre de Th Corneille](#)  
[LAMant Salamandre Pties 1-2 Ou Les Aventures de LInfortunee Julie Histoire Veritable](#)  
[Lequel Des Deux? Ou Les Freres Jumeaux Par Mme La Comtesse de Malarme Nee de Bournon Tome Second](#)  
[Desmond Ou LAMant Philanthrope Traduit de LAnglais de Charlotte Smith Tome Second](#)  
[Les Novices Du Monastere de Premol Ou Hermione Et Judith Par Madame Barthelemy Hadot Tome Quatrieme](#)  
[Histoire Du Comte Roderigo de W Suivie Du Jeune Fruitier Du Lac de Joun Et Des Aveux #271un Misogyne Ou LEnnemi Des Femmes Par Mme La Baronne](#)  
[Iphis Et Aglae Ptie 1-2 Par M \\*\\*\\*](#)  
[LAllemagne Actuelle](#)  
[Sophie #271alwin Ou Le Sejour Aux Eaux de B\\*\\*\\* Suivie de La Decouverte Des Eaux Thermales de Weissembourg Nouvelles Par Mme La Baronne Isabelle](#)  
[Les Nouvelles Contemporaines Par Mme La Ctesse de Choiseuil Tome Second](#)  
[Oeuvres Diverses de Monsieur L\\* F\\*\\*\\*\\* Ptie 2](#)  
[Karl Engelmanns Tagebuch Eine Familiengeschichte Von August LaFontaine](#)  
[Verrath Und Rache Oder Die Rauber Aus Den Appenninen Ein Gemalde Aus Neapels Letzter Schreckensperiode Von Theodor Ernst](#)  
[Oder Das Zauberschloss Eine Ritter- Und Geistergeschichte Aus Dem Dreizehnten Jahrhundert](#)  
[Ein Roman Von Dem Verfasser Der Heliodora](#)  
[Oder Die Vermahlung Durch Procuracion Ein Roman Aus Der Furstenwelt By Julius Von Vo](#)  
[Oder Der Verfall Der Harzbergwerke Geschichtlicher Roman Aus Der Zeit Kaiser Heinrichs IV Von Clodwig](#)  
[Natur Und Kunst Oder Graf Hans Von Roden Eine Familiengeschichte Von August LaFontaine](#)  
[Walther T 1-3 Oder Das Kind Vom Schlachtfelde Von August LaFontaine](#)  
[Mes Contes Et Ceux de Ma Gouvernante Par Marc Luc Roch Policarpe Autrefois Militaire Actuellement Maitre #271ecole Et Chantre Du Village de Tome Troisieme](#)  
[Donauhafen Jahrbuch Fur Lied Und Novelle](#)  
[Sallo Sallini Der Furchtbarste Rauberhauptmann in Italien Und Bohmen Eine Rauber-Und Geistergeschichte Von C F Frohlich Zweiter Band](#)  
[Des Mainotenfursten Tertullian Sarvathy Und Des Deutschen Freyherrn Von Maltitz Waffenthaten Im Heiligen Freiheitskampfe Der Hellenen Dann Deren Erster Band](#)  
[In Mexico Von Armand Zweiter Band](#)  
[Historisch-Romantische Erzhlung Aus Dem Siebzehnten Jahrhundert Von Heinrich Smidt](#)  
[Historischer Roman Von Franz Carion](#)  
[Gold! Ein Californisches Lebensbild Aus Dem Jahre 1849 Von Friedrich Gerstaecker Dritter Band](#)  
[Ein Labensbild Von Karl Gutzkow](#)  
[Eine Gemischte Ehe Wirklichkeit Und Wahrheit in Einem Lebensbilde Mitgetheilt Von K Gruenz](#)  
[Erzahlungen Von L V Alvensleben](#)  
[Duell Und Ehre Roman Von Melchior Meyr Zweiter Band](#)  
[Schreckens-Nachte Eines Reisenden Auf Dem Vorgeburge Der Guten Hoffnung Eine Aus Dessen Tagebuche Entlehnte Wahre Geschichte Neuerer Zeit](#)  
[Ein Komischer Roman Von A V Sternberg Zweiter Band](#)  
[Novellen-Album Fur Bojanowo Herausgegeben Von Rudolph Gottschall Pulvermacher Und Eduard Trewendt Mit Beitragen Von A E Rudolph Gottschall](#)  
[Novellen Von Ludwig Storch Zweiter Band](#)

[Neue Abendgenossen Eine Fortsetzung Der Altern Von Gustav Schilling Erster Band](#)  
[Eine Erzählung Aus Bohmens Unruhigen Zeiten Des Dreissigjährigen Krieges Von Bohemus Erster Band](#)  
[Anecdotes de la Cour de Philippe-Auguste Tome Sixieme](#)  
[Wintergrun Taschenbuch Auf 1826 Herausgegeben Von Geogr Lotz](#)  
[Don Emanuel T 1-3 Oder Die Schrecklichsten Jahre Meines Lebens Meine Verfolgungen Und Qualen Durch Die Spanische Inquisition Meine Flucht Aus](#)  
[Elsabee Von Breitenstein Retterin Des Deutschen Ritter-Ordens Im Schloss Wenden Historische Erzählung Aus Dem Vierzhten Jahrhundert Von Carl Erster Band](#)  
[Dorothee Von Kurland Ein Biographischer Roman Von M Von Sternberg Zweiter Band](#)  
[Sagen Und Romantische Erzählungen Von Ludwig Rellstab](#)  
[Unter Dem Scepter Der Hofmeisterin Eine Danische Hofgeschichte Aus Dem Ende Des XVI Jahrhunderts Von E Biller Von Emilie Flygare-Carlen Aus Dem Schwedischen](#)  
[Oder Romantische Erzählungen Und Gemalde Herausgegeben Von G J Rittschlag](#)  
[Mute Es Sein? Roman Von Karl Detlef Zweiter Band](#)  
[Oporinen Eine Sammlung Erzählungen Und Novellen Von Julie Baronin Von Richthofen Dritter Band](#)  
[Nathaliens Liebe Novelle Von Penseroso](#)  
[In Briefen Seitenstück Zu Den Perlen Von Henriette Hanke Geborne Arndt](#)  
[Ein Roman Von Wilhelmine Sostmann Geb Blumenhagen Erster Band](#)  
[Geschichte Meines Lebens Von Ludwig V Baczko Erster Band](#)  
[Ein Roman Von Karoline de la Motte Fouque Geborne Von Briest](#)  
[Belletristische Ausland Herausgegeben Von Carl Spindler](#)  
[Prinz Louis Ferdinand Roman Von Fanny Lewald Dritter Band](#)  
[Prinz Eugen Der Kleine ABBE Historischer Roman Von L Muhlbach Zweiter Band](#)  
[Deutschland Gegen Fracnkreich Historischer Roman Von Louise Muhlbach Erster Band](#)  
[Heil Dir Im Siegerkranz! Erzählung Ossip Schubin](#)  
[Novelle Von G Hermstein](#)  
[Prinz Eugen Der Kleine ABBE Historischer Roman Von L Muhlbach Erster Band](#)  
[Ou Les Lis Nouvelle Imitee DAuguste LaFontaine Par Mme La Baronne Isabelle de Montolieu](#)  
[Suivie de la Poupee Bienfaisante Nouvelles Par Mme La Baronne Isabelle de Montolieu](#)  
[Amabel Pties 13-16 Ou Memoires #271une Jeune Femme de Qualite Traduit de LAnglais de Madame Elisa Hervey Par Madame La Baronne Isabelle de](#)  
[Soirees de Madrid Ou Recueil de Nouvelles Historiettes Et Esquisses Morales Politiques Et Litteraires Publiees Par Amedee de B\\*\\*\\* Tome I](#)  
[LErmitte de la Forget de Loizia Tome Premier](#)  
[Gabriela Par Madame La Duchesse D\\*\\*\\* Tome Premier](#)  
[Pierre Paul Et Jean Ou Le Jeune Tambour Historie Recente Publiee Par Mme La Baronne de Mere Auteur de Therese de Volmar Ou LOrpheline de Tome Second](#)  
[Horace Ou Le Chateau Des Ombres Par Mme La Marquise de Montalembert Tome II](#)  
[LErmitte Des Alpes Nouvelle Par A Bignan](#)  
[Frederic Styndall Ou La Fatale Annee Tome Troisieme](#)  
[Lotario Oder Der Hofnarr Von Dr I A Fessler](#)  
[Erzählungen Von F W Gilling](#)  
[Gesammelte Novellen W Alexis Erster Band](#)  
[Ein Komischer Roman Von A Fr E Langbein](#)  
[Traits of Nature By Miss Burney Vol II](#)  
[Things as They Are Or the Adventures of Caleb Williams Vol II](#)  
[Levi Und Sara Briefe Polnischer Juden Ein Sittengemalde Von Julian Niemczewicz](#)  
[Novellen Von Franz Horn Erster Band](#)

---