

THE WAY TO VICTORY VOL 2 OF 2

Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level. Of all the kindnesses that we can do for one another, the most precious of all gifts-time-is not ours to give. Bearing this in mind, Agnes did her best to guide her extended family through its grieving for Harrison and for Jacob, into happier days. Respect must be paid, precious memories nurtured, but life also must go on. He doubted that the singer had been Victoria Bressler, dead nurse, but he believed this was the same voice he'd heard on the telephone, back on the twenty-fifth of June, when someone purporting to be Victoria had called with an urgent warning for Bartholomew. Worse than the tenderness in the bones, the bleeding gums, the headaches, the ugly bruises, worse than the anemia-related weariness and the spells of breathlessness, was the suffering that her battle caused to those whom she loved. More frequently as the days passed, they were unable to conceal their worry and their sorrow. She held their hands when they trembled. She asked them to pray with her when they expressed anger that this should happen to her-of all people, to her, and she wouldn't let them go until the anger was gone. More than once, she pulled sweet Angel into her lap, stroked her hair, and soothed her with talk of all the good times shared in better days. And always Barty, watching over her in his blindness, aware that she would not be dying in all the places where she was, but taking no consolation from the fact that she would continue to exist in other worlds where he could never again be at her side. Done with dolls for now, Barty and Angel went upstairs to his room, where the book that talked waited patiently in silence. With her colored pencils and a large pad of drawing paper, she clambered onto the cushioned window seat. Barty sat up in bed and switched on the tape player that stood on the nightstand. done with it at last, he opens his mouth, lets the roses be shoved in, the bitter green taste of the juice crushed from. Junior was vigilant. He took note of all those who approached the piano, whether they dropped money in the fishbowl or not. In this brighter light, he further examined the gallery brochure and discovered Celestina's photograph. She and her sister were not as alike as twins, but the resemblance was striking. Her voice as bright as her bed ensemble, spiritual sister to baby chicks everywhere, yellow Angel raised her head from the pillow and said, "Will you have a wedding?" "I thought so," Angel said, dubiousity squinching her face. "Mrs. Ornwall made me cheese." Junior stalked her, but she eluded him. Always, the song seemed to arise from the next room, but when he passed through the doorway into that space, the voice then sounded as if it came from the room that he'd just left. Heart racing, but reminding himself that strength and wisdom arose from a calm mind, Junior stood in the center of the small kitchen, slowly turning to study every angle of the room. After tucking the flashlight under his belt, he grabbed the lip of the Dumpster with both hands. The metal was gritty, cold, and wet. The shriek of the sirens groaned into silence. The police must have pulled to the curb in the street. Then the police in Spruce Hills would want to know why he had been screwing around with an underage Negro girl if his marriage to Naomi had been as perfect, as fulfilling, as he claimed. Unfair as it seems, there is no statute of limitations on murder. Closed files can be dusted off and opened again; investigations can be resumed. And although authorities would have little or no hope of convicting him of murder on whatever meager evidence they could dig up, he would be forced to spend another significant portion of his fortune on attorney fees. "I love you, Daddy," she said, and put the palms of her hands flat against his temples. Why Cain, even if he was the father, should be interested in the little girl was a mystery to Tom Vanadium. This totally self-involved, spookily hollow man held nothing sacred; fatherhood would have no appeal for him, and he certainly wouldn't feel any obligation to the child that had resulted from his assault on Phimie. 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. Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to let a fair wind loose or to capture a contrary one. Maybe it was only for show, but every weatherworker had a bag, a great long sack or a little pouch. "I know you, kid. You can handle anything from here on, whether it's a sold-out show or it's not, whether you're going to be famous or just another nobody." Before Junior had become a physical therapist, he had considered studying to be a dentist. A low tolerance for the stench of halitosis born of gum disease had decided him against dentistry, but he still could appreciate a set of teeth as exceptional as these. A nurse fussed over him as she helped him into bed, concerned about his paleness and his tremors. She was attentive, efficient, compassionate but she wasn't in the least attractive, and he wished she would. Agnes found herself drifting up. A frightening sense of weightlessness overcame her. "No, no. But being around him so much, inevitably I absorb some details. He's a compelling speaker when the subject interests him." But Havnor is also the Great Isle, a broad, rich land; and in the villages inland from the port, the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is likely to be sung again. There old men at the tavern talk of Morred as if they had known him when they too were young and heroes. There girls walking out to fetch the cows home tell stories of the women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives work and talk. "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." The sudden change of subject, from the airliner crash to Phimie, confused Celestina. Kneeling at her side, Junior placed the decorative pillow over her lovely face and pressed down firmly while Frank Sinatra finished "Hello, Young Lovers," and sang perhaps half of "All or Nothing at All." Victoria never regained consciousness, never had a chance to struggle. Surprisingly, he received a lot of gratification from voicing this insult, even though Vanadium was too dead to hear it. 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. . "Good day, sir," Lipscomb said, closing the door in Neddy's face, possibly compressing his nose and bruising his boutonniere..Ordinarily, she would have returned to the first of the candles and offered a second fragment to Saint Peter. In this case, however, she entrusted it to the least known of the apostles, because she was sure that he must have special significance in this matter..Thick fog distorted all sense of time and place. At each end of the block, pearly hazes of light marked intersections with main streets but didn't illuminate this narrower passage in between. A few security lamps-bare bulbs under inverted-saucer shades or caged in wire--indicated the delivery entrances of some businesses, but the dense white shrouds veiled and diffused these, as well, until they were no brighter than gaslights..At home, Agnes had no appetite, but she fixed Barty a cheese sandwich, spooned potato salad into a dish, added a bag of corn chips and a Coke, and served this late dinner on a tray, in his room, where he was already in bed and reading Tunnel in the Sky..Since childhood, he had been waiting for this moment-if indeed it was The Moment-and he had nearly lost hope that the much-desired encounter would ever come to pass. He had expected to find others with his perceptions among physicists or mathematicians, among monks or mystics, but never in the form of a three-year-old girl dressed all in midnight-blue except for a red belt and two red hair bows..No time for horror, disgust. Every second mattered now, and every minute might cost another life..Too late for interrogation now, with Vanadium bludgeoned into eternal sleep and resting under many fathoms of cold bedding..The stress that he currently felt wasn't the same that he so often relieved with women. This was an energizing tension, a not-unpleasant tightening of the nerves, a delicious anticipation that he wanted to experience to its fullest-until the gallery reception for Celestina, on the evening that her show opened, January 12. This tension could not be released by intercourse, but only by the killing of Bartholomew, and when that long-sought moment arrived, Junior expected the relief he experienced would far exceed mere orgasm..After undressing for the night, he sat on the edge of the bed for a while, rubbing the coin between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, brooding about Thomas Vanadium. He tried rolling it across his knuckles; he dropped it repeatedly..Late Thursday, following a nine-hour session with Hisscus, Nork, and Knacker, Magusson--negotiating in conjunction with the Hackachak counsel-had indeed reached acceptable terms. Kaitlin Hackachak would receive \$250,000 for the loss of her sister. Sheena and Rudy would receive \$900,000 to compensate them for their severe emotional pain and suffering; this allowed them to undergo a lot of therapy in Las Vegas. Junior would receive \$4,250,000. Magusson's fee was twenty percent prior to trial-forty percent if a settlement had been reached after the start of court proceedings-which left Junior with \$3,400,000. All payments to plaintiffs were net of taxes.. "Well, maybe you're right," Bellini said somewhat acerbically, before departing, "but then you've had the advantage of an illegal search, while I'm hampered by such niceties as warrants..".Perhaps hoping to discover which runaway freight train or exploding factory would smear him across the landscape, Jacob pushed aside his dessert plate and shuffled each deck separately, then shuffled them together until they were well mixed. He stacked them in front of Maria..He moved from a crib to a bed of his own, with guardrails, months ahead of the average toddler. Within a week, he requested that the rails be left down..And though Barty was not shy, neither was he a show-off. He didn't seek praise for his accomplishments, and in fact, they were little known outside of his immediate family. His satisfaction came entirely from learning, exploring, growing..Designed by Linda Lockowitz Text set in Adobe Jenson First edition ACBGIKJHFDB. "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. ".The currents of irrational fear, which bring periodic turbulence to virtually every childhood, didn't disturb the smoothly flowing river of Barty's first three years. He showed no fear of the doctor or the dentist.. "Mom always says that pigs will surely fly one day if ever Daddy chooses to convince them that they've got wings..".Before they set out for the amusement park, Agnes pulled him aside, held him close, and said, "Listen, kid of mine, I'm not giving up. Don't think I ever would. Let's have fun today. This evening, you and I and Angel will convene a meeting of the North Pole Society of Not Evil Adventurers"-the girl had become the third member years ago" and all truths will be told and secrets known. ".He briefly closed his hand around the three coins, then with a snap of his wrist, flung them at Nolly, who flinched. But either the coins were never flung or they vanished in midair-and his hand was empty..And as he grew, the boy seemed content with his own company and that of his mother and his uncles. Yet Agnes worried that no children his age lived in their neighborhood. She thought he would be happier if he had a playmate or two..For the first few bites of crab in a light cornmeal crust, Nolly suspended their conversation. Bliss..With his mother, his uncles, and Maria hovering just two steps behind, Barty followed the driveway, not bothering with the cane, keeping his right foot on the concrete, his left foot on the grass, until he came to a jog in the pavement, which apparently he'd been seeking. He stopped, facing due north, considered for a moment, and then pointed due west: "The oak tree's over there..".With a nervous twitch of his avian head and a wary frown, the watcher broke eye contact and slipped into the chattering crowd, lost as quickly as a slender sandpiper skittering among a herd of plump seagulls..They could be patient. Their self-denial and sweet anticipation ensured that their lovemaking, when at last they were able safely to indulge, would be shattering in its intensity, like the coupling of mortals raised to the status of demigods by virtue of their passion, its power and purity..Tom believed that the girl had an intuitive understanding of the true complexity of the world, but she was only three, after all, and neither ready nor able to absorb the scientific theory that supported her intuition..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.. "They're all the family I have," Junior said with what he hoped sounded like sorrow and long-suffering love..On the high marsh-Dragonfly-A description of Earthsea..She didn't hide the diagnosis from

the family, but she delayed telling them the prognosis, which was bleak. Already, her bones were tender, packed full of mutated immature white cells that hindered the production of normal white cells, red cells, and platelets..All these punctures in the wall. Gouges. Slashes. So much rage required to make them..Beyond the window, behind veils of rain and fog, the metropolis appeared to be more enigmatic than Stonehenge, as unknowable as any city in our dreams..Breath repeatedly catching in her throat, heart thudding, Agnes watched her son through the open car door..Frantically, he squirmed around on the floor until he was facing the entrance to the kitchen. Through tears of pain, he expected to see a Frankensteinian shadow loom in the hall, and then the creature itself, gnashing its fork-tine teeth, its corkscrew nipples spinning..He no longer had any reason to follow an exercise regimen. For twenty-three years, he'd needed to maintain good health in order to meet his responsibilities, but all the responsibilities that mattered to him had been lifted from his shoulders..When Junior tried to lift Victoria, her voluptuousness lost its appeal. As dead weight, she was heavier than he expected..Junior forgot all about seduction. "And she--what?--She adopted her sister's baby?"..against the operating table. The lights had grown painfully bright, and the air had..Pulling herself up in the bed, peering at him suspiciously, she said, "You've gone and memorized old Emily."..He felt for the railing. Grasped at the empty air only briefly. Found the handrail. He climbed to the porch..Paul recalled the letter he had written to Reverend Harrison White a couple weeks after the death of Joey Lampion. He'd carried it home from the pharmacy on the day that Perri died, to ask for her opinion of it. The letter had never been mailed..He had not yet disposed of her personal effects. In the dark, he went to the dresser, opened a drawer, and found a cotton sweater that she had worn recently..Short and slender, Dr. Chan was as self-effacing as a Buddhist monk, as confident and as gracious as a mandarin emperor. His manner was serene, and his effect was tranquility..As Tom Vanadium studied the stained and ravaged wall again, a cold and quivery uneasiness settled insectivally onto his scalp and down the back of his neck, quickly bored into his blood, and nested in his bones. He had the terrible feeling that he was not dealing with a known quantity anymore, not with the twisted man he'd thought he understood, but with a new and even more monstrous Enoch Cain. Carrying the tote bag full of Angel's dolls and coloring books, Wally crossed the sidewalk ahead of Celestina and climbed the front steps.."Maria brought that from Mexico," Barty said. "She thought it was pretty funny. So do I. It's a hoot. Mom says it isn't really blasphemous, because it wasn't meant to be by the people who made it, and because Jesus would want you to have cookies, and, besides, it reminds us to be thankful for all the good things we get."..If he had known that he would break his solemn vow twice before the month was ended-and that neither victim, unfortunately, would be a Hackachak--he might not have fallen asleep so easily. And he might not have dreamed of cleverly stealing hundreds of quarters out of Thomas Vanadium's pockets while the baffled detective searched for them in vain..Neddy favored a quick greeting, two curt pumps, but Junior held fast after the handshake was over. He didn't grind the musician's knuckles, nothing so crude, just held on pleasantly but firmly. His intention was to confuse and further rattle the man, taking advantage of his obvious dislike of having his personal space encroached upon, in the hope that Neddy would reveal why he'd been watching Junior so intently from across the room..After a while, Franklin Chan asked, "Do you want me with you when you tell him?"..Then Agnes said, "Well, it's clear to me that you won't be able to talk out your life in just one year. Should be a two-year grant."..As yet, he hadn't taken either an antiemetic or antihistamine to ward off vomiting and hives, because he wanted to medicate -against those conditions as shortly before the violence as was practical, to ensure maximum protection. He'd intended to dose himself only after he followed Celestina home from the gallery and could be reasonably certain that he had located the lair of Bartholomew..He couldn't see into the next aisle through the gaps between rows of books, because the shelves had solid backs..He summoned enough courage to approach the nightstand. His hand trembled. He half expected the quarter to be illusory; to disappear between his pinching fingers, but it was real..In the closet, a limited wardrobe did not fully occupy available rod space. On the floor, shoes were neatly arranged toe-to-heel..She lay beside her boy in the darkness, gazing at the covered window, where the faint glow of the moon pressed through the blind, suggesting another world thriving with strange life just beyond a thin membrane of light.."I'll do your share of the housework for a month. If I'm closer to the date, you clean up all my pie-baking and other kitchen messes for a month-the bowls and pans and mixers, everything.".."My little girl," she said, and belatedly she realized that this might not be a policeman, after all, but someone trying to determine if she and Angel were alone in the apartment..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..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.Agnes hadn't asked him to keep his strange feat a secret from his uncles. In truth, she had come home in such a curious state of mind that even as she'd worked with Jacob to prepare dinner and even as she'd overseen Edom's setting of the table, she hesitated to tell them what had happened on the run from Joey's grave to the station wagon. She fluctuated between guarded euphoria and fear bordering on panic, and she didn't trust herself to recount the experience until she had taken more time to absorb it..When you construct or reconstruct a world that never existed, a wholly fictional history, the research is of a somewhat different order, but the basic impulse and techniques are much the same. You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell you and watch what they do, you think about it seriously, and you try to tell it honestly, so that the story will have weight and make sense..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..For an instant, his attention had been distracted by Vanadium's presentation of his empty hands. Nevertheless, there was no way the cop could have snatched the coin out of the air.."He's a wonderful boy, so very bright, so very full of life. Blindness will be hard, but it won't be the end. He'll cope without the light. It'll be so

difficult at first, but this boy ... eventually he'll thrive.".When Victoria failed to answer the door, this man would not simply go away. He had been invited. He was expected. Lights were on in the house. The lack of a response to his knock would be taken as a sign that something was amiss..Barty's reading and writing skills appeared to be related to his talent for math, as well. To him, language was first phonics, a sort of music that symbolized objects and ideas, and this music was then translated into written "syllables using the alphabet-which he saw as a system of math employing twenty-six digits instead of ten..Nevertheless, Junior was thrilled to hear the name Bartholomew, and to know that the boy of whom Celestina spoke was the Bartholomew of Bartholomews, the menacing presence in his unremembered dream, the threat to his fortune and future that must be eliminated..".Bartholomew, huh?" asked Wally as he piloted them through banks of earthbound clouds..Junior and Naomi had taken their dried apricots from the same bag. Reached in the bag without looking. Shook them out into the palms of their hands. She could not have controlled which pieces of fruit he received and which she ate..Waking from a starry night in the Old West into electric light, gazing up into a blur of faces sans cowboy hats, Agnes felt someone moving a piece of ice in slow circles over her bare abdomen. Shivering as the cold water trickled down her sides, she tried to ask them why they were applying ice when she was already chilled to the bone, but she couldn't find her voice..Barty's release from Hoag Presbyterian had been delayed by an infection, and thereafter he had spent three days in a Newport-area rehabilitation hospital. Rehab consisted largely of orientation to his new dark world, since his lost function could not be recovered by either diligent exercise or therapy..".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.".This humble house wasn't where you expected to hear an elaborate custom doorbell-or even any doorbell at all, since knuckles on wood were the cheapest announcement of a visitor..He smiled and shrugged. "I used to be a fisher of men. Now I hunt them. One in particular..".I could have been killed," Junior Cain repeated, suddenly so horrorstruck by this realization that an iciness welled in his gut, and for a while he wasn't able to feel his extremities..gob of mucus in his throat. His face contorted with a misery that he did not have to fake, and he was astonished to feel tears spring to his eyes..spades. Friday night, she had ripped the cards in thirds and had been carrying the twelve pieces with her since then, waiting for this quiet Sunday evening..".D'you have a bag?".When Angel came in search of Barty, breathless with excitement, he was chatting with Tom Vanadium in the foundation's office above the garages. Years ago, the two apartments had been combined and expanded when the garages under them were doubled in size, providing better living quarters for Tom and working space, as well.

[Radical Lives Vol I 15 True Life Stories You Just Wont Be Able to Put Down](#)

[10 Minute Crafts No-Bake Makes](#)

[The Golden Keel](#)

[A Friend in Paradise](#)

[Four Kiwis On The Silk Road](#)

[The Outsiders 50Th Anniversary Edition](#)

[Merchants of Men How Jihadists and Isis Turned Kidnapping and Refugee Trafficking into a Multibillion-Dollar Business](#)

[100 Hugs](#)

[LOST GIRL](#)

[Cells At Work! 2](#)

[Doctor Who The Ninth Doctor Doctormania](#)

[The Gods of War](#)

[Eat Right 4 Your Type Fully Revised with 10-day Jump-Start Plan](#)

[The Eighties The Decade that Transformed Australia](#)

[The Perfect Blend](#)

[Opaitu - The Calling](#)

[Elegy for Eddie](#)

[DIY Solar Projects - Updated Edition Small Projects to Whole-home Systems Tap Into the Sun](#)

[The Weka who wanted to sing](#)

[Rushing Womans Syndrome Revised Edition](#)

[Eat Well Live Well](#)

[The Other Einstein](#)

[Boy Were We Wrong About The Weather!](#)

[Walking For Fitness Make every step count](#)

[Earth Rocks Crystals](#)

[Kiss the Girls \(Alex Cross 2\)](#)

[Time Twins](#)

[Cultural Diplomacy](#)

[Fast Your Way to Wellness Supercharged Food](#)

[A Gentleman in Moscow](#)

[Your Brilliant Body Your Mind-Bending Brain and Nifty Nervous System](#)

[The Mud 2017](#)

[Hiding In Plain Sight](#)

[The Power of Meaning The true route to happiness](#)

[Very Cranky Bear Big Book](#)

[A Shadows Breath](#)

[Barsk The Elephants Graveyard](#)

[The Cold Eye](#)

[The Darling Dahlias And The Eleven Oclock Lady](#)

[Finding Ecological Justice In New Zealand](#)

[When Breath Becomes Air](#)

[Skin and Bone](#)

[Origami Festivals Chinese New Year](#)

[Barclay Locomotives In New Zealand](#)

[Fact Cat Science Weather](#)

[Griefs Shadowed Path Poems of Loss and Healing](#)

[Primal Fat Burner Live Longer Slow Aging Super-Power Your Brain and Save Your Life with a High-Fat Low-Carb Paleo Diet](#)

[Literary Expressions A Poetry Collection](#)

[An Awkward Commission](#)

[Journey of Emotions Even in Our Darkest Moments Light Surrounds Us for Without Light No Shadows Can Form!](#)

[Really Big Book of Amazing Things to Make Do](#)

[The Woman Who Changed Her Brain Revised Edition](#)

[The Enchanted Cello Case](#)

[The River at Night A Taut and Gripping Thriller](#)

[Old Buildings in North Texas](#)

[Bindweed Magazine Issue 3 - Creeping Jenny](#)

[Chemins Du Mystere Les](#)

[The Railway Viaduct](#)

[The Ninth Grave](#)

[I Detti Di Nonna Ersilia](#)

[Tus Zonas De Exito](#)

[The Letters of Jude and Second Peter An Introduction and Study Guide Paranoia and the Slaves of Christ](#)

[Foreign Wives](#)

[Scheduled to Death](#)

[The Sweetheart Game](#)

[Are You One of Those People?](#)

[Neon Leon](#)

[2 Corinthians An Introduction and Study Guide Crisis and Conflict](#)

[Daves Rock](#)

[Showing Off \(Upside-Down Magic #3\)](#)

[Earth Rocks Sedimentary Rocks](#)

[Unaccustomed as I am The Wedding Speech Made Easy](#)

[Infographic Top Ten Record-Breaking Buildings](#)

[The Dragon Defenders - Book Two The Pitbull Returns](#)

[Audacity](#)

[Meat and Fish](#)

[Eat Smart Vegetables](#)

[The Night Gardener](#)

[Origami Festivals Easter](#)

[All Kinds of Kisses](#)

[Mog and Bunny and Other Stories](#)

[Hey Warrior](#)

[Brilliance of the Moon](#)

[The Complete Illustrated Guide to Coins and Coin Collecting The definitive illustrated reference to the worlds greatest coins and a professional guide to building a spectacular collection featuring over 3000 images](#)

[Lily Max * Sun Surf Action](#)

[Grandads Guitar](#)

[Computer Coding Projects for Kids](#)

[Time for Bed Sleepyhead The Falling Asleep Book](#)

[Essential Japanese Phrasebook Dictionary Speak Japanese with Confidence!](#)

[Les Procédés Biologiques de Purification Des Eaux Résiduaires](#)

[Usages Locaux Ayant Force de Loi Dans Le Département de la Meuse](#)

[Les Martyrs de Rahay En 1870 Par Edouard Houdayer](#)

[de l'ancienneté de l'Espèce Humaine Lettre à M Le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique](#)

[Visites Pastorales d'Odon Rigault Archevêque de Rouen Dans Les Diocèses de la Basse-Normandie](#)

[Montcalm Et La Défense Du Canada Réponse Au Discours de Réception de M Christophe Allard](#)

[de la Mortalité Des Nouveaux-Nés Par Le Dr Rizard de Wouves 2e Partie Des Nourrices](#)

[Quelques Mots Sur l'Enregistrement Et l'Assistance Judiciaire Par Lion Lavoix](#)

[Le Sanatorium de Bligny](#)

[Conseil Central de Salubrité Projet d'Assainissement de la Ville de Lille Rapport de la Commission](#)

[Notes Médicales Sur l'Ancienne Flandre Par M A Faidherbe Les Hospitaliers](#)
