

The Uncrowned King

Harold Bell Wright

The Project Gutenberg EBook of The Uncrowned King, by Harold Bell Wright

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

Title: The Uncrowned King

Author: Harold Bell Wright

Release Date: July 22, 2004 [EBook #12991]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE UNCROWNED KING ***

Produced by Kevin Handy, John Hagerson, and PG Distributed Proofreaders

[Illustration: (see king001.png)]

THE UNCROWNED KING

BY
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF
"THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"
ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY JOHN REA NEILL

1910

Livros Grátis

<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>

Milhares de livros grátis para download.

To
MR. ELSBERY W. REYNOLDS
My
Publisher and Friend,
Whose belief in my work has made my
work possible, I gratefully
dedicate this tale
of
The Uncrowned King

Redlands, California.
May fourth, 1910

"Eyes blinded by
the fog of Things cannot
see Truth. Ears
deafened by the din
of Things cannot hear
Truth. Brains bewildered
by the whirl of
Things cannot think
Truth. Hearts deadened
by the weight
of Things cannot feel
Truth. Throats choked
by the dust of Things
cannot speak Truth."

CONTENTS

The Pilgrim and His Pilgrimage
The Voice of the Waves
The Voice of the Evening Wind
The Voice of the Night
The Voice of the New Day

ILLUSTRATIONS

Drawn by
John Rea Neill

* * * * *

THE PILGRIM AND HIS PILGRIMAGE

[Illustration: The Pilgrim and His Pilgrimage (see king002.png)]

For many, many, weary months the Pilgrim journeyed in the wide and pathless Desert of Facts. So many indeed were the months that the wayworn Pilgrim, himself, came at last to forget their number.

And always, for the Pilgrim, the sky by day was a sky of brass, softened not by so much as a wreath of cloud mist. Always, for him, the hot air was stirred not by so much as the lift of a wild bird's wing. Never, for him, was the awful stillness of the night broken by voice of his kind, by foot-fall of beast, or by rustle of creeping thing. For the toiling Pilgrim in the vast and pathless Desert of Facts there was no kindly face, no friendly fire. Only the stars were many--many and very near.

Day after day, as the Pilgrim labored onward, through the torturing heat, under the sky of brass, he saw on either hand lakes of living waters and groves of many palms. And the waters called him to their healing coolness: the palms beckoned him to their restful shade and shelter. Night after night, in the dreadful solitude, frightful Shapes came on silent feet out of the silent darkness to stare at him with doubtful, questioning, threatening eyes; drawing back at last, if he stood still, as silently as they had come, or, if he advanced, vanishing quickly, only to reappear as silently in another place.

But the Pilgrim knew that the enchanting scenes that lured him by day were but pictures in the heated air. He knew that the fearful Shapes that haunted him by night were but creatures of his own overwrought fancy. And so he journeyed on and ever on, in the staggering heat, under the sky of brass, in the awful stillness of the night: on and ever on, through the wide and pathless waste, until he came at last to the Outer-Edge-Of-Things--came to the place that is between the Desert of Facts and the Beautiful Sea, even as it is written in the Law of the Pilgrimage.

The tired feet of the Traveler left now the rough, hot floor of the desert for a soft, cool carpet of velvet grass all inwrought with blossoms that filled the air with fragrance. Over his head, tall trees gently shook their glistening, shadowy leaves, while sweet voiced birds of rare and wondrous plumage flitted from bough to bough. Across a sky of deepest blue, fleets of fairy cloud ships, light as feathery down, floated--floated--drifting lazily, as though, piloted only by the wind, their pilot slept. All about him, as he walked, multitudes of sunlight and shadow fairies danced gaily hand in hand. And over the shimmering surface of the Sea a thousand thousand fairy waves ran joyously, one after the other, from the sky line to the pebbly beach, making liquid music clearer and softer than the softest of clear toned bells.

And there it was, in that wondrously beautiful place, the Outer-Edge-Of-Things, that the Pilgrim found, fashioned of sheerest white, with lofty dome, towering spires, and piercing minarets lifting out of the living green, the Temple of Truth.

[Illustration: (see king003.png)]

In reverent awe the Pilgrim stood before the sacred object of his Pilgrimage.

At last, with earnest step, the worshiper approached the holy edifice. But when he would have passed through the high arched door, his way was barred by one whose garments were white even as the whiteness of the Temple, whose eyes were clear even as the skies, and whose face shone even as the shining Beautiful Sea.

The Pilgrim, hesitating, spoke: "You are?"

The other answered in a voice that was even as the soft wind that stirred the leaves of the forest: "I am Thyself."

Then the Pilgrim--"And your office?"

"I am the appointed Keeper of the Temple of Truth; save by my permission none may enter here."

Cried the Pilgrim eagerly: "But I? I may enter? Surely I have fulfilled The Law! Surely I have paid The Price!"

"What law have you fulfilled? What price have you paid?" gently asked he in the garments of white.

Proudly now the other answered: "I have accomplished alone the long journey through the Desert of Facts. Alone I have endured the days under the sky of brass; alone I have borne the awful solitude of the nights. I was not drawn aside by the lovely scenes that tempted me. I was not turned back by the dreadful Shapes that threatened me. And so I have attained the Outer-Edge-Of-Things."

"You have indeed fulfilled The Law," said he of the shining face. "And The Price?"

The Pilgrim answered sadly: "I left behind all things dearest to the heart of man--Wealth of Traditions inherited from the Long Ago, Holy Prejudices painfully gathered through the ages of the past, Sacred Opinions, Customs, Favors and Honors of the World that is, in the times that are."

"You have indeed paid The Price," said the soft voice of the other, "but still, still there is one thing more."

"And the one thing more?" asked the Pilgrim, "I knew not that there could be one thing more."

The Keeper of the Temple was silent for a little, then said very gently: "Is there nothing, O Hadji, that you would ask Thyself?"

Then all at once the Pilgrim understood. Said he slowly: "There is still one thing more. Tell me, tell me--Why? Why The Law of the Pilgrimage? Why the journey so long? Why the way so hard? Why is the Temple of Truth here on the Outer-Edge-Of-Things?"

And Thyself answered clearly: "He who lives always within Things can

never worship in Truth. Eyes blinded by the fog of Things cannot see Truth. Ears deafened by the din of Things cannot hear Truth. Brains bewildered by the whirl of Things cannot think Truth. Hearts deadened by the weight of Things cannot feel Truth. Throats choked by the dust of Things cannot speak Truth. Therefore, O Hadji, is the Temple of Truth here on the Outer-Edge-Of-Things; therefore is The Law of the Pilgrimage."

"And The Price?" asked the Pilgrim; "It was so great a price. Why?"

Thyself answered: "Found you no bones in the Desert? Found you no graves by the way?"

The other replied: "I saw the Desert white with bones--I found the way set among many graves."

"And the hands of the dead?"--asked Thyself, in that voice so like the wind that stirred the leaves of the forest--"And the hands of the dead?"

And the Pilgrim answered now with understanding: "The hands of the dead held fast to their treasures--held fast to their Wealth of Traditions, to their Holy Prejudices, to the Sacred Opinions, Customs, Favors and Honors of Men."

Then Thyself, the appointed Keeper of the Temple of Truth, went quietly aside from the path. With slow and reverent step, with bowed uncovered head, the Pilgrim crossed the threshold and through the high arched doorway entered the sacred corridors.

But within the Temple, before approaching the altar with his offering, the Pilgrim was constrained to retire to The Quiet Room, there to spend the hours until a new day in prayerful meditation. It was there that this Tale of The Uncrowned King came to him--came to him at the end of his long pilgrimage across the Desert of Facts--came to him after he had paid The Price, after he had fulfilled The Law, after he had asked of Thyself, the Keeper of the Temple, "Why?"

There, in The Quiet Room in the Temple of Truth on the Outer-Edge-Of-Things, the Voices to the Pilgrim told this Tale of The Uncrowned King.

* * * * *

AND THE FIRST VOICE WAS THE VOICE OF THE WAVES

[Illustration: And the First Voice was the Voice of the Waves (see king004.png)]

It was nearing the fall of day when first the Pilgrim laid himself to meditate upon his couch in The Quiet Room.

Without the Temple, the tall trees rustled softly their glossy leaves and over the flower-figured carpet of green the sunlight and shadow fairies danced along the lanes of gold. High in the blue above, the fairy cloud-fleets were drifting--drifting--idly floating. Over the Beautiful Sea, the glad wave fairies ran one after the other from beyond the far horizon to the sandy shore.

In The Quiet Room where the Pilgrim lay, it was very, very, still. Only the liquid music of the waves came through the open window--came to the Pilgrim clearer and sweeter than the sweetest notes from clear toned bells.

And after a little there was in the music of the waves a Voice.

Said the Voice: "To thee, O Hadji, I come from the Beautiful Sea; the interminable, unfathomable sea, that begins at the Outer-Edge-Of-Things and stretches away into Neverness. I speak from out the Deeps Beneath. I tell of the Great That Is. I am a Voice of Life, O Hadji, and mine it is to begin for you The Tale of The Uncrowned King."

And this is the beginning of the Tale that the Voice of the Waves began.

Very great and very wonderful, O Hadji, is the Land of Allthetime. Very great and very wonderful is the Royal City Daybyday. Beautiful in Allthetime are the lakes and rivers, the mountains, plains and streams. Beautiful in Daybyday are the groves and gardens, the drives and parks, the harbors and canals. Countless, in this Royal City, are the palaces. Without number are the people--without number and of many races, languages, and names.

But amid the countless palaces in this marvelous city Daybyday, there is one Temple only--only one. For the numberless people of the many races, languages, and names, there is but one God--only one. About this Royal City there is no Wall. For the King of Allthetime, who dwells in Daybyday, there is no Crown.

But the days that were were not as the days that are, O Hadji, and therefore is this Tale.

In the long ago olden days, when King What-Soever-Youthink ruled over the Land of Allthetime, there were, in this Royal City Daybyday, religions many--as many quite as the races, languages and names of the people. Many then were the temples built by the many followers of the many religions to their many gods. For you must know that King What-Soever-You-think was, of all wise kings that ever were or will be, the very wisest and, therefore, permitted his subjects to worship whom they would.

Always in the city streets there were vast throngs of people passing to and fro among the temples, bearing offerings and singing praises to the gods of their choice; for the chiefest occupation of the dwellers in Daybyday was then, as it is now, the old, old, occupation of worship. Some of the temples, it is true, were at times quite deserted, while in others there was not room for the multitudes; but even in the nearly empty temples the priests and beggars always remained, for, in that age, the people of Daybyday changed often their gods nor followed any very far.

And you must know, too, O Hadji, that in those long ago olden days--the days of the reign of What-Soever-Youthink there was for the Ruler of Allthetime a Crown; and that of all the wonders in that wonderful land this Crown was the most wonderful. More dear to the people of Daybyday than their city itself, more precious than their splendid temples, more sacred even than their many gods, was this--the Crown of their King.

It was so, first, because the Crown was extremely old. From the beginning of the reign of the Royal Family Everyone, no one knows how many thousands of ages ago, it had passed from king to king, even until that day.

It was so, second, because the Crown was exceedingly valuable. From the very beginning of the beginning each ruler had in turn added a jewel to the golden, gem encrusted emblem of his rank.

It was so, third, because the Crown was a Magic Crown, though no one then knew its magic--they knew only that its magic was.

Therefore, again, O Hadji, is this Tale.

Also, in those days, there was about this Royal City a Wall--a wall built, so they said, on the very foundations of the world; so strong that no force could breach it, and so high that the clouds often hid its towers and battlements. Only from the topmost cupola of the Royal Palace could one see over this mighty barrier. Only by the Two Great Gates could one pass through.

And so the good people of Allthetime could all quite clearly see that in the Royal City Daybyday the precious Magic Crown was as safe as ever crown could be. And it was so, O Hadji--it was so. The Crown was as safe as ever crown could be--as safe indeed as ever a crown can be.

And this too is truth, O Hadji; that in Daybyday, even now, you may find ruins of the many temples, and here and there a little of the many gods. Even now you may see where the Great Wall was. But of the Crown, in these days, there is nothing--nothing.

And this is how it happened--this is the way it came to be.

King What-Soever-Youthink was the father of two sons; twins they were, and their names--Really-Is and Seemsto-Be. No one in all the kingdom could tell them one from the other, though the princes themselves knew that Really-Is was first born, and that when the wise king, their father, died, it would be for him to occupy the throne, to wear the Crown, and rule the Land of Allthetime.

One day when the young princes were playing in the palace yard they discovered, by chance, an old door that led to the stairway in a tower. Of course they climbed up, up, up, until they stood at last in the cupola at the very top. Far beneath their feet they saw the roofs of the Royal Palace, and the gardens, fields, and orchards, like spots and splashes of color. The walks and courts appeared as lines and squares of white, while the soldiers and servants moved about like tiny animated dots. Reaching away from the palace grounds on every side was the wonderful city Daybyday, so far below that no sound could reach their ears. To their delight, the princes found that they could even look down upon the Great Wall; and, because there were that day no clouds to shut out the view, they could see far, far away over the Land of Allthetime.

[Illustration: (see king005.png)]

"Look, brother," cried Seemsto-Be, catching Really-Is by the arm in quick excitement, "Look! what is that flashing and gleaming in the sun?"

As he spoke, he pointed afar off to the land beyond the river that marks

the end of Allthetime.

"I'm sure I cannot tell;" answered Really-Is, shading his eyes with his open hand and gazing long and earnestly in the direction his brother indicated; "It looks--it looks like a city."

"It is, it is," cried Seemsto-Be. "It is the City Sometime in the Land of Yettocome. I remember hearing once the Chief Gardener telling the Chief Coachman about it, and he said that the Chief Cook said that he heard the Captain of the Guard say that it is far more wonderful than our own city Daybyday; and it must be so, Really-Is, for see, brother, how the walls shine like polished silver, and look! Is not that a palace or a temple blazing so like a ruby flame?"

Often after that did the twin princes, Really-Is and Seemsto-Be, climb the winding stairs in the palace tower and look away over the Great Wall of Daybyday to the City Sometime in the Land of Yettocome. Many were the hours they spent talking of the marvelous place that so filled the distance with dazzling splendor. And at last, when the princes were quite grown, they went before their royal father and asked permission to visit the city they had seen.

Now King What-Soever-Youthink was very sad when his sons made their request, but nevertheless, because he was a wise king, he gave his royal consent, and, that the brothers might make their journey in comfort, presented to each a priceless horse from the palace stables. To Really-Is he gave Reality; to Seemsto-Be he gave Appearance; and both were steeds of noble breeding, swift and strong, beautiful and proud--as like even as the royal twins, their masters.

So it came that the two princes bade farewell to their father, the King, and rode bravely out of the city Daybyday, through the Land of Allthetime, and along the way that leads to the City Sometime in the Land of Yettocome.

"And this, O Hadji," said the Voice of the Waves, "is all of The Tale of The Uncrowned King that is given me to tell."

The liquid music of the waves came no longer through the open window--the voice that was in the music came no more to the Pilgrim in The Quiet Room. Without the Temple the tall trees were still-still and silent were the sweet-voiced birds. The sunlight and shadow fairies had danced to the ends of the lanes of gold--danced to the very ends and were gone. The feathery cloud ships in the blue above seemed to lie at anchor, and over the surface of the Beautiful Sea no laughing ripples ran to play on the pebbly beach.

The Pilgrim arose from his couch, and, going to the open window, looked, and there, in the still, fathomless, depth of the clear water, he saw as in a crystal glass the wonderful city Daybyday with its canals and harbors, its parks and drives, its groves and gardens, its palaces and temples.

Then, even as the Pilgrim looked, quickly the Evening Wind sprang up. Again the tall trees rustled their leaves, the cloud ships lifted their anchors, the waves of the Beautiful Sea ran joyously; the Vision in the Deeps Beneath was gone.

* * * * *

AND THE SECOND VOICE WAS THE VOICE OF THE EVENING WIND

[Illustration: And the Second Voice was
The Voice of the Evening Wind (see king006.png)]

It was early twilight when the Pilgrim in The Quiet Room returned to his couch and to his meditations.

Without the Temple, the last of the day was stealing over the rim of the world into the mysterious realm of the yesterdays. The feathery cloud ships no longer floated white in the depth of blue, but with wide flung sails of rose and crimson swept over an ocean of amethyst and gold. The ripples that ran on the Beautiful Sea were edged with yellow and scarlet flame, while leaf, and blade, and flower, and bird, and all of their kind and kin, were singing their evensong. Sweetly, softly, the choral anthem stole through the open window into The Quiet Room.

And after a little the Pilgrim heard, whispering low, in the twilight hymn, the Voice of the Evening Wind.

Said the Voice: "To thee, O Hadji, I come from the Boundless Ocean Above that begins wherever you are and extends farther away than the farthest point your thought can reach. I speak from out the Deeps Beyond. I tell of the Great That May Be. I too am a Voice of Life and mine it is to continue for you The Tale of The Uncrowned King."

And this is the part of the Tale that was told by the Voice of the Evening Wind.

The twin princes Really-Is and Seemsto-Be, on their good horses Reality and Appearance, journeyed very pleasantly through the Land of Allthetime toward the City Sometime in the Land of Yettocome. Ever as they went the Royal travelers saw before them the walls of the city gleaming like polished silver in the sun, and high above the shining walls the great palace or temple that flamed like a ruby flame. Always as they rode the two talked gaily, in glad anticipation of the marvels they would certainly see, of the pleasures they would surely find, and of the delightful adventures that without doubt awaited them. So at last they arrived at the city gate, which was a gate all scrolled and patterned with precious gems.

[Illustration: (see king007.png)]

Fairer than the dreams of angels, O Hadji, is the City Sometime in the Land of Yettocome. Of such radiant splendors, such dazzling brilliancy, such transcending glory there are yet no words fashioned to tell. It is a city, in the form and manner of its building, of exquisite loveliness, of fairy grace, of towering grandeur. It is a city in the beauty and richness of its color, all emerald, rose, and purple, all ruby, crimson and gold.

As the twin princes of Allthetime rode slowly through the wide jeweled gate and along the noble streets and stately avenues, they exclaimed aloud with delight and wonder at the enchanting beauty of the scene. More than they had heard at home was true. The poorest of the buildings in Sometime far exceeded in splendor the richest of the palaces in

Daybyday; while before the palaces of Sometime, Really-Is and Seemsto-Be stood speechless and amazed. They were fairly drunken with the flashing, flaming, blazing, blinding glory of the sight.

The people of Sometime, too, were exceeding fair and very charming in their manner, and they welcomed the princes from Daybyday with a joyous welcome, answering their questions gladly and escorting them to the palace of their king. For you must know, O Hadji, that the City Sometime, too, is a Royal City, the home of Lookingahead, who rules over the Land of Yettocome. And King Lookingahead received his noble visitors with gladness and had great pleasure, he said, in presenting them to his two daughters, the princesses of Yettocome, Fancy and Imagination, who were fairer than any women the princes of Daybyday had ever seen, even in the loveliest of their dreams.

For a long happy, happy time Really-Is and Seemsto-Be remained in the City Sometime. Every day, and every day, with the royal princesses Fancy and Imagination for their guides, they rode or drove through the wide streets and broad avenues, walked in the beautiful gardens, explored the shadowy groves or visited the many palaces. And in this way it was that the charming princesses showed to their noble guests all the wonders of the Royal City of the Realm of Yettocome, pointing out for them every day new beauties, finding for them always new pleasures, leading them ever to fresh scenes of enchanting loveliness. And in turn the princes told their fair guides many things of their own city, Daybyday, in the Land of Allthetime; of the people with their many temples and their many gods; of their father What-Soever-Youthink and his wise reign. But most of all did they tell of the wonderful Crown, so very old, so very valuable, and how it was a Magic Crown, though no one then knew its magic, but knew only that its magic was.

Thus Really-Is and Seemsto-Be learned that the dwellers in Sometime were unlike the people of Daybyday in many ways, but in no way more than this, that they worshiped one god only, only one. The temple sacred to this god stood in the very heart of the city, which is the very heart of the land, and it was this temple, blazing like a ruby flame high above the shining city walls, the princes had seen from the tower of their palace home.

Often, very often did the four young people visit this shrine in Sometime with rich offerings to the god, Itmightbe.

But there came a time at last when, returning from a long ramble through the city, Really-Is and Seemsto-Be were met at the palace door by a royal messenger from home with the word that King What-Soever-Youthink was dead, and that the princes must hasten back to Daybyday, where Really-Is would be crowned with the Magic Crown and become the Ruler of Allthetime.

All was hurry and confusion in the palace of Lookingahead as the guests made swift preparations for their journey. Quickly the word went throughout the city and many charming people came to express regret, to sympathize and to bid the young men good-speed and safe going on their homeward way. The princesses, Fancy and Imagination, were very sad at losing their pleasant companions; and the Chief High Priest of the Temple commanded services and offerings extraordinary to the god Itmightbe.

"And this, O Hadji," whispered the Voice of the Evening Wind, "is all of

The Tale of The Uncrowned King that is given me to tell."

The evening song of leaf and blade, and flower and bird, and all their kind and kin, ceased to come through the open window into The Quiet Room. The low Voice of the Evening Wind no longer whispered to the Pilgrim as he lay upon his couch. Without the Temple the eventide was passing from over the silent land and over the silent sea.

For a little the Pilgrim waited; then rising from his couch, again he went to the open window, and lo! in the evening sky he saw the City Sometime in the Land of Yettocome. All the wondrous castles and palaces were there, marvelous in their beauty, glorious in their splendor, dazzling in their colors of emerald, rose and purple, of ruby, crimson and gold. From spire and dome, cupola and turret, tower and battlement the lights flashed and gleamed, while the Pilgrim looked in wonder and in awe. And high above the city walls, that shone as burnished silver in the sun, rose the temple flaming like a ruby flame--the temple sacred to the god Itmightbe.

Slowly, slowly, the last of the twilight passed. Slowly, the graceful lines, the proud forms, the majestic piles of the city melted--melted, blurred and were lost even as are lost the form and loveliness of a snow flake on the sleeve. Slowly, slowly, the glorious colors faded as fade the flowers at the touch of frost. The lights went out. The darkness came. The city that is fairer than an angel's dream was gone.

* * * * *

AND THE THIRD VOICE WAS THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT

[Illustration: And the Third Voice was
The Voice of the Night (see king008.png)]

It was full night when the Pilgrim turned again to seek his couch.

Without the Temple it was very still--dark and still. Very still was it within The Quiet Room, and the darkness that came stealing through the open window was a thick and heavy darkness. The Pilgrim lay upon his couch staring with blank, unseeing eyes into a blackness wherein there was not even a spot of gray to show where the window was.

And after a little there came out of the heavy darkness the sad, sad Voice of the Night.

Said the Voice: "To thee, O Hadji, I come from the Limitless Realm of the Past that begins this moment and reaches back even beyond the day of all beginnings. I speak from the Deeps Above. I tell of the Great That Was. I also am a Voice of Life, and mine it is to tell you yet more of The Tale of The Uncrowned King."

And this is the part of the Tale that was told by the Voice of the Night.

Now it happened, as things sometime so happen, that Really-Is lingered over long, saying good-bye to his friends in the City Sometime in the Land of Yettocome; and that when he had lingered long with his friends

he stayed yet longer with the beautiful princess, Imagination.

So it was that, while the prince was promising many promises and receiving in turn promises as many, his brother, Seemsto-Be, mounted and was well started on his journey before the heir to the throne of Allthetime was in the saddle. With the last good-bye spoken to his royal friends, the last promise promised to the fair princess, and the last farewell waved to the charming people, Really-Is urged his horse fast and faster, thinking thus to overtake his brother. But very soon Really-Is found that, fast as he rode his good horse Reality, Seemsto-Be on Appearance rode faster. Greater and greater grew the distance between the two princes--farther and farther ahead rode Seemsto-Be; until at last, when the distance between them was such that he could, no longer see his brother, Really-Is, the rightful heir to the throne of Allthetime, understood that Seemsto-Be was riding to win the Crown.

"For you must not forget, O Hadji," said the sad Voice of the Night, "that no one in Daybyday could tell the twins, Really-Is and Seemsto-Be, one from the other, and therefore, you see, the prince who first reached the Royal City would surely be proclaimed king."

Hard and fast, fast and hard, rode the two who raced for the Crown of Allthetime. But always Appearance the horse of Seemsto-Be, proved faster than Reality, the horse of Really-Is, and so the prince who was first born rode far behind.

Now just this side of the river that marks the end of the Land of Allthetime the road divides, the way to the left leading to the Brazen Gate called Chance, and the other, to the right, going straight to the Golden Gate, Opportunity. And just here it is, at the parting of the ways, that Wisdom lives in his little house beside the road.

When Really-Is in turn arrived at this place, he dismounted from his tired horse, and approaching the little house, asked of Wisdom if he had seen one pass that way riding in great haste.

"Aye, that I have," replied Wisdom with a smile, "that I have, young sir, and many would say that it was yourself who rode so hard."

"It was my brother, good sir," replied the prince. "May I ask which way he went and how far he rides ahead?"

The old man, pointing, answered: "He took the road to the left there and he rides so far ahead that you cannot now overtake him this side the city walls."

"At least I must try to overtake him," answered the prince, and, thanking the old man, he turned quickly to mount his horse again.

But Wisdom cried, "Why so fast? Why so fast? Is not your brother's name Seemsto-Be? And are not you, Really-Is, the rightful heir to the throne of Allthetime?"

"It is indeed so, sir," replied the young man sadly. "I am Really-Is. I was born before my brother, Seemsto-Be, and am, therefore, the rightful heir to the Crown. Our father, King What-Soever-Youthink, is dead, and I must hasten or my brother will be crowned king, for as you see, the people cannot tell us one from the other."

Then said Wisdom: "But you will gain nothing by haste, oh Really-Is,--nothing but time, and there is much of greater value than time to a King of Allthetime. Even now is Seemsto-Be entering the city. Even now is he by the people being hailed King. Therefore, tarry a while before you act and listen to my words."

So it was that Really-Is paused on his journey to sit awhile with Wisdom in the little house by the side of the road.

Then did Wisdom take from his shelves many a ponderous, time worn volume and read to the prince History, Prophecy and Law, revealing to him thus the Secret of the Magic of the Crown of Allthetime.

And from the last volume, that which Wisdom read to Really-Is was this: "Be it known, O whosoever readeth, that if any prince of the royal family Everyone enter the city Daybyday through the Brazen Gate called Chance, he shall be forever held unworthy of the throne and crown. In the sacred Law of All the Ages it is written that a King of Allthetime may enter the Royal City only through the Golden Gate Opportunity."

[Illustration: (see king009.png)]

Wisdom closed the book and returned this volume also to its place.

Really-Is arose to go.

"And what now is your mind, young sir?" asked Wisdom kindly.

Then Really-Is answered royally: "This you have taught me, O Wisdom--this is my mind: _The Crown is not the kingdom, nor is one King because he wears a crown_."

Then did Wisdom with bowed head salute the True King. "And your will, Sire; may I know your Majesty's will?"

King Really-Is replied: "My will is this: that I myself obey the sacred Law of The Ages."

"And your brother, Sire, your brother, Seemsto-Be?"

"I will pity Seemsto-Be," replied The King in sorrow, "I will have much pity for that poor, foolish one."

"And peace will dwell in thy heart, O King of Allthetime," said Wisdom, "true peace and understanding."

Then Really-Is, alone and unattended, rode slowly on his way.

And Seemsto-Be, who rode so fast and so far ahead of Really-Is, and who paused not at the house of Wisdom, entered the city Daybyday through the Brazen Gate called Chance, and was received by the people of many races, languages, names and religions as their king.

With great tumult and shouting, with grand processions and ceremonies, the false prince ascended the throne of Allthetime and was crowned with the Magic Crown--the Crown of which no one then knew its magic, but knew only that its magic was.

Then began such times as were never before nor since seen in Daybyday;

with holiday after holiday for the people, with festivals and parades, with carnivals and games, with feasting and dancing; until the chief occupation of the people was forgotten--until their many temples were empty, their many gods neglected; until with a fete extraordinary, Seemsto-Be decreed that there should be from henceforth and forever, in Daybyday, one temple only--one temple sacred to one god, the god Things-Are-Good-Enough.

"And this, O Hadji," said the sad Voice of the Night, "is all The Tale of The Uncrowned King that is given me to tell."

The Voice in the darkness ceased. The Pilgrim, rising, groped his way to the window.

Without, all was dark with a thick darkness--all was still with a heavy stillness. Only the stars were in the Deeps Above. The stars so old, so ever new--only the stars. Lifting his face, the Pilgrim looked at the stars, and lo! as he looked, those whirling worlds of light shaped themselves into mighty letters, and the letters shaped themselves into words, until in the heavens the Pilgrim read the truth that Wisdom had given to Really-Is in the little house beside the road. "_The Crown is not the kingdom, nor is one King because he wears a crown._"

Then even as he stood the Pilgrim saw the sad Night preparing to depart. Far away beyond the stars the first faint light of the morning touched the sky. Slowly the world began to awake. Slowly the message in the stars was lost in the dawning greater light of A New Day.

* * * * *

AND THE FOURTH VOICE WAS THE VOICE OF THE NEW DAY.

[Illustration: And the Fourth Voice Was the Voice of the New Day (see king010.png)]

It was gray dawn when the Pilgrim turned once more to his couch in The Quiet Room.

Without the Temple, tree and bush and plant and grass were beginning to stir with fresh and joyous strength, while the clean air was rich with the smell of the earth life and filled with murmuring, twittering, whispering, morning calls. Through the open window, into The Quiet Room where the Pilgrim lay, the Bright Morning entered, and out of the Morning came the glad, glad Voice of the New Day.

Said this Voice to the Pilgrim: "To thee, O Hadji, I come from the Infinite Future. The interminable, eternal times that are to come, that begin but never end. I cry from the Deeps Within. I call from the Great That Will Be. I, too, am a Voice of Life, and mine it is to complete for you The Tale of The Uncrowned King."

And this is the part of the Tale that the Voice of the New Day completed.

Really-Is, the true King of Allthetime, after leaving Wisdom in his little house beside the road, journeyed slowly and thoughtfully toward

the Royal City Daybyday, along the way that leads to the Golden Gate Opportunity. And while the pretender, Seemsto-Be, was delighting the people with great feasts, and amusing them with all manner of festivals, parades and games, Really-Is, very quietly--so quietly that his brother did not know--entered the city and took up his abode in a tiny house under the walls of a deserted temple once sacred to the god Things-That-Ought-To-Be.

And so it was that when Seemsto-Be went forth from the royal palace to ride in grand procession, clothed in regal splendors, with the Crown upon his head, and surrounded by gorgeous soldiers of rank and pompous officials of state, with the royal trumpeters proclaiming his greatness and power and the multitude shouting loud expressions of their loyalty, Really-Is, the King, stood still beside the way, smiling, smiling sadly at the pretty show.

[Illustration: (see king011.png)]

And never did Really-Is neglect to make his offering every morning in the temple sacred to the god Things-That-Ought-To-Be; though in secret he worshiped there because of the decree of Seemsto-Be. And no one told the false ruler that his commandment was broken, nor spoke to him the name of his brother Really-Is.

But after a while, as time passed by, things went not so gaily with the impostor on the throne of Allthetime. And it was the Crown that did it--that wonderful Magic Crown.

The Court Fool noticed it first and made a jest about it, and Seemsto-Be laughed royally long and loud, and all the Court laughed with him, for the fool, Thinks-He-Is, is a most famous fool, the greatest that has ever been since the Father of Fools was born.

Next, the Lord Chief High Chamberlain noticed, and the Lord Chief High Chamberlain whispered to Seemsto-Be a most portentous whisper. And the portentous whisper of the Lord Chief High Chamberlain reached the ears of the Chief First Officer of State; then passed from Officer of State to Officer of State until it reached the Chief Captain of the Guard, and soon the soldiers of the royal army and even the royal servants of the palace were whispering, whispering, whispering about the strange affair.

Then it was that Seemsto-Be sent throughout the kingdom, commanding in haste to the palace the most expert workers in gems and the most cunning workers in gold to be found in the Land of Allthetime.

It was true. The priceless jewels of the Magic Crown were losing their brilliancy. The precious gold of the Crown was becoming dull. Nor could all the skill of the workers in gems, all the craft of the workers in gold restore the beauty of the Crown or keep its fading splendor.

And so the whispers grew louder and louder until the people began to talk in low tones among themselves, questioning, questioning one another of the meaning of this thing. And at last the Royal Officers of State began to look with distrust and fear upon their ruler, who tried so hard to wear bravely his crown of tarnished gold and lusterless gems; and the soldiers came to look with doubt and fear upon the officers, who whispered so among themselves; and the people looked with suspicion and fear upon them all.

Without understanding, filled with dread and apprehension, worn with wracking worry, poor Seemsto-Be sought with honors, decorations, and distinguishing titles to hold the fast-failing confidence of his court and army, and with holidays more frequent, festivals more gay, games more interesting, and parades more gorgeous, tried to keep the waning loyalty of his people.

Now all this time, while the poor foolish pretender, Seemsto-Be, was losing his power even as the beauty of the Magic Crown was fading, King Really-Is lived very quietly in his little house under the walls of the abandoned temple, and never did he fail to make his daily offering to his god, the god Things-That-Ought-To-Be. And always when his brother Seemsto-Be with the fading Crown upon his head, passed in gorgeous procession of state, surrounded by his distrustful officers, doubting soldiers and suspicious people, Really-Is smiled sadly and whispered to himself: "Poor Seemsto-Be, poor foolish one!"

So it was, that in all the Royal City Daybyday, in the Land of Allthetime, peace and understanding dwelt only in the heart of this King.

And the people more and more came to love Really-Is, even as they more and more turned from Seemsto-Be, notwithstanding the holidays, feasts and parades. Little by little, they learned to watch daily for their King, and with the children would run to greet him. More and more the multitude pressed about Really-Is when he stood quietly in the street, watching Seemsto-Be pass by in the splendid chariot of state. More and more the people went daily with Really-Is to worship in the temple sacred to the god Things-That-Ought-To-Be.

So the time came at last when the Magic Crown, tarnished and dull, seemed but a mockery, fit only for the rubbish heap; when the Officers of State spoke aloud their doubts and fears and the soldiers were openly disobedient; when the people, as the pretender passed through the city streets, no longer shouted aloud expressions of their loyalty, but, with dark looks of doubt and anger, stood silent, or laughed in mocking glee.

And Seemsto-Be grew afraid.

Then in secret the false prince went alone to the house of his brother the King and prostrated himself humbly.

"What is your wish, my brother?" asked Really-Is, kindly, "make known to me your request."

And Seemsto-Be taking heart at the gentleness of Really-Is answered: "This is my wish, O King--my brother, this is my request; that you come to dwell with me in the royal palace, that you share with me the throne. Twins we are, sons of our royal father, of the royal family Everyone. Therefore let us rule together the Land of Allthetime."

Answered Really-Is. "By your coming to me, Seemsto-Be, I know that you, too, at last have learned the Secret of the Magic of the Crown. What of the Crown, brother?"

And the pretender replied: "No one can tell us one from the other. You only shall wear the Crown; then for us both will its glory come again and remain, then will all be well."

But King Really-Is answered sadly: "O my brother, that which you ask cannot be. In the Law of the Ages it is written that a King of Allthetime cannot, if he would, share his throne and power with one who is false, else would he himself be held unworthy I have seen your wretchedness, my brother; I have seen and I have pitied."

Then Seemsto-Be went sadly out from the presence of his brother, the King, and the next morning they found him dead on the steps of the temple sacred to the god Things-Are-Good-Enough.

And now with great tumult and shouting the people gathered to do homage to Really-Is. And never was there seen in Daybyday such a multitude. From the uttermost parts of Allthetime they came, for the word of his life had gone far, far abroad and all the world that is, gathered to do him honor.

And it happened, when all was ready for Really-Is to ascend the throne, and the royal trumpeters had lifted their trumpets ready to proclaim him King of Allthetime, with the vast multitude breathless, ready at the signal of the trumpets to break forth in a great, glad shout, "Long live the king," and the Lord Chief High Chamberlain turned to take the Magic Crown from the hands of the High Priest of Things-That-Ought-To-Be, that even as he turned the Crown vanished, and lo! there was in the hands of the priest, nothing.

In consternation the Lord Chief High Chamberlain whispered to the royal high officials about him, asking what should be done. In consternation, the royal high officials whispered among themselves. In consternation they whispered back to the Chamberlain.

And this was their whisper: "Ask the King."

Really-Is, when he was asked what should be done, answered with a smile: "The Crown is not the kingdom, nor is one King because he wears a Crown."

And the people, when the trumpets made it known that there was no crown and declared the word of Really-Is, with one voice cried loudly: "Really-Is is King! Really-Is needs no Crown! Long live Really-Is, our King!"

Thus the True King ascended the throne of Allthetime, and the trumpeters trumpeted loudly many times: "Long live the king who needs no crown!" and with a great shout the people answered again many times: "Long live our Uncrowned King! Long live our Uncrowned King!"

"And this, O Hadji," said the glad Voice of the New Day, "is how it came to be that in the days that now are, there is, in this Royal City Daybyday, in the wonderful Land of Allthetime, no crown."

And this also you must know, that in the reign of Really-Is the people of Daybyday have more and more turned from their many gods to worship only the god of their King, until there is left now of the many deserted temples only ruins, and of the many gods of the many people of many races, languages and names only one, the god of Really-Is, Things-That-Ought-To-Be. The mighty Wall that was built, they thought, on the foundations of the world, when there was no longer a crown to keep, of its own great weight fell. And the Royal City Daybyday, in the reign of Really-Is, is extending its borders more and more, until there

are those who think that with the City Sometime it will soon be one, and then they say that the promises made by Really-Is and the Princess of Yettocome will be fulfilled and that the glory and splendor of their reign will fill the world.

"But of that, O Hadji," said the glad Voice of the New Day, "I cannot tell you now. I have finished The Tale of The Uncrowned King."

The Voice that was in the Morning ceased. The Quiet Room was filled with light. Quickly the Pilgrim arose and going to the window saw in all its glory the New Day.

Every leaf of the tall trees, every blade and every inwoven flower in the velvet carpet of green, wore beads of shining crystal that sparkled and glittered in radiant splendor. Every tiny ripple that ran on the Beautiful Sea was a line of silver flame. And in the overhead ocean of pearly light, floated glowing banks of orange, and scarlet and gold, while, to the Pilgrim, bird and tree and plant and flower and wave and cloud seemed to join in one glad triumphant shout: "Long live Really-Is! Long live The Uncrowned King!"

Then the Pilgrim who had paid The Price, who had fulfilled The Law of the Pilgrimage, who had asked of Thyself, the Keeper of the Temple of Truth, "Why," went to lay his offering on the altar to the god That-Never-Can Change.

And his offering was Himself.

THE END

* * * * *

THAT PRINTER OF UDELL'S

"Altogether an estimable story."--_New York Sun_.

"Done to the life."--_Chicago Tribune_.

"Well written and decidedly interesting."--_New York Times_.

"A thoroughly good novel."--_Boston Globe_.

"Wrings tears and laughter."--_Record-Herald, Chicago_.

"Absorbing, thoughtful novel."--_Kansas City Journal_.

"Full of movement and passion."--_Standard, Chicago_.

"It is human to the very core."--_Nashville American_.

"Excellent character creation."--_St. Louis Republic_.

"Wholesome and strengthening."--_Albany Press_.

"Rich in humor and good sense."--_Philadelphia Telegraph_.
"Full of thrilling interest and moral heroism."--_Pittsburg Dispatch_.
"Many well drawn characters."--_Washington Post_.
"Has not a peer in English fiction."--_Providence Telegram_.
"It is strong and wholesome."--_Chicago Post_.
"Not a chapter that is not interesting."--_St. Paul News_.
"Is a fascinating story."--_Portland Telegram_.
"It should be read to be understood."--_Grand Rapids Herald_.
"The reader's interest is stirred to its very depths."--_Omaha
World-Herald_.
"Many strong situations and some delicate ones."--_San Francisco
Chronicle_.
"The Ralph Connor of Kansas."--_Brooklyn Eagle_.
"Most clever, stirring and original."--_Birmingham News_.
"A tale of exalted ideals."--_Denver Times_.

* * * * *

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS

"There are many bits of excellent description in the course of the story, and an atmosphere as fresh and sweet and free from modern grime as one would breathe on the Ozark trails themselves."--_New York Times_.
"Amidst all the ordinary literature of the day, it is as a pure, white stone set up along a dreary road of unending monotony."--_Buffalo Courier_.
"It is filled with laughs and tears, this beautiful story, and no one can help laughing or crying in turn, if his heart is right."--_Pueblo Chieftain_.
"It is a heart-stirring story. A tale to bring laughter and tears; a story to be read and read again."--_Grand Rapids Herald_.
"The people who move within it are so human that the reader of their story will pick them out for like and dislike, as if he had really known them in the flesh, rather than in the pages of a book."--_Chicago Journal_.
"One of the best novels written in the English language for over a decade. * * * Good luck to the man who can put upon paper so fine a novel of American life."--_Pittsburg Press_.
"One of the really good books of the year. * * * A powerful and

analytical study of character."--_Cleveland Plain Dealer_.

* * * * *

THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS

"Mr. Wright has written other novels, but this one is so strong and wholesome, so attractive as literature, so interesting as a story, so artistic in preparation, that it wins increasing favor as one gets into it."--_Buffalo Evening News_.

"Mr. Wright has the gift of knowing people well and of being able to set out their characteristics so clearly that his reader also knows them well."--_Chicago Journal_.

"It is a privilege to meet the people whom the author allows you to know. They are worth while; and to cry and feel with them, get into the fresh, sweet atmosphere with which the writer surrounds them--and above all, to understand Dan Matthews and to go with him in his unfoldment--these will repay you."--_Portland Spectator_.

"Harold Bell Wright has done a fine big piece of work. * * * One might quote at length from the old doctor's homely philosophy. The book can not be read without the keenest enjoyment and at the end of the story one feels that the people are old friends, real flesh and blood characters, so human are they all."--_San Francisco Call_.

"A skillfully mapped battle-field of human souls, relieved, it is true, by humor, but, for the most part, pathetic and, at times, brooded over by the mystery of spirit-strength, life's close, never-ending tragedy."--_Chicago Examiner_.

"Mr. Wright's books are wholesome in the best sense. They express a faith which lies in practical deeds. This latest of them should materially extend the author's favor in a field which he has made his own."--_New York World_.

* * * * *

THE UNCROWNED KING

"The Crown is not the kingdom, nor is one King because he wears a Crown." _--From "The Uncrowned King"_.

"It embodies the aspiration, civic and moral, of the present day."--_New York Tribune_.

"Beautiful both in language and in sentiment."--_Chicago News_.

"It represents dreams of artistic magnificence."--_Buffalo Evening News_.

"The secret of his power is the same God-given secret that inspired Shakespeare and upheld Dickens."--_Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch_.

"It is the greatest story since Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"--_Grand Rapids Herald_.

"It is a classic in nature and spirit and rendering."--_Omaha World-Herald_.

"The language throughout is exquisite--such as one might expect of Henry Van Dyke."--_Richmond Journal_.

"It is an insight into the temple of truth to be found in every man's life if he looks for it."--_Wilmington News_.

"It is beautiful in its wording, almost poetry."--_Birmingham Ledger_.

"Harold Bell Wright has given to the world a literary gem that will live."--_Oregon Journal_.

* * * * *

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH

"It is a novel with 'body,' with a large and timely idea back of it, with sound principles under it, and with a good crescendo of dramatic thrills."--_Chicago Record-Herald_.

"To the reader the characters will appear as real as friends they know--all of their aims, and likes, and hatreds being portrayed as true to life as snapshots caught by moving-picture cameras."--_Boston Globe_.

"The characters take the reader with them wherever they go, and they are characters that seem to have temporarily stepped from real life into the pages of the book."--_Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph_.

"The romance of the novel is told in a very charming love story which has 'Barbara Worth' for its inspiration. With her winning the author has deftly interwoven an epic of national reclamation work and present-day good business."--_Richmond Times-Dispatch_.

"With a vividness that assumes reality Mr. Wright shows how capital may be used to gain its end and at the same time save the community and still be 'good business'."--_Omaha Bee_.

"'The Calling of Dan Matthews' was a fine tale; 'The Shepherd of the Hills' was an inspiration. And now he sends us 'The Winning of Barbara Worth'--the best thing he has done so far * * * a twentieth century epic."--_Cleveland Plain Dealer_.

* * * * *

THEIR YESTERDAYS

"It is a book embodying high ideals for men and women, and one that will stimulate young men and women toward pure and noble love."--_Baltimore Sun_.

"'Their Yesterdays,' by Harold Bell Wright, is a really great book. You feel better, you feel refreshed, and you feel a desire to drop to your knees and thank Almighty God for such a book and for permitting you to read it."--_Memphis News Scimitar_.

"This is the gentle story of the love of a man and a woman in which the vigor of 'That Printer of Udell's,' the kindliness of 'The Shepherd of the Hills,' the power of 'Dan Matthews' and the grace of 'Barbara Worth' are all woven into a strain more delicate and more beautiful than this great writer has ever before penned. Through this medium has Mr. Wright told more plainly than before the inmost secrets and joys of his big heart."--_Boston Globe_.

"Some one has called Harold Bell Wright 'the apostle of the wholesome' in fiction, and his latest volume, 'Their Yesterdays,' certainly bears out his claim to the title. Also it shows the man's remarkable genius. We may liken the perusal of the book to listening to some magnificent organ played soft and low by a master hand. And, as one never wearies of gazing upon great paintings nor of listening to the uplifting strains of fine music so one reads this volume with deep appreciation and pays the tribute of regret when it is ended."--_Nashville Tennessean_.

* * * * *

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

"Tense situations, clear-cut, strong characters, the struggle of right over advancement, and cleanliness against wealth are all pictured in 'The Eyes of the World' with all the vigor for which the author has become known."--_Spokane Chronicle_.

"Harold Bell Wright has always stood for clean, pure, wholesome fiction, and helped the cause by that quality in his books, but in 'The Eyes of the World' he has made the most profound appeal of all, and who can foretell the far-reaching influence of such a book!"--_Raleigh Times_.

"When the author produced 'The Winning of Barbara Worth,' the reading public believed he had written his masterpiece of fiction but this literary genius, the wizard of American novelists, has surprised the literators in 'The Eyes of the World.' * * * the most intense and dramatic novel of today."--_Grand Rapids Herald_.

"The Eyes of the World' is an unusual novel. It is that rare event, a pure love story. It deals sledgehammer blows at animalism and sensualism, and is as a strong white light on a rock illumining the dark valley below."--_Portland Oregonian_.

"It is a protest of a prophet against modern society and a strong story of the triumph of high ideals."--_Baptist Standard_.

"Harold Bell Wright has told his story in a way to honor purity and loveliness and to depict in their real colors their opposites."--_Worcester Gazette_.

"The description is poetic and rich in literary merit, while the story is full of action and purpose."--_Sacramento Bee_.

* * * * *

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN

Illustrations and Decorations by the Author

When a Man's a Man is a fine, big, wholesome novel of simple sweetness and virile strength. While the pages are crowded with the thrilling incidents that belong to the adventurous life of the unfenced land depicted--Northern Arizona--one feels, always, beneath the surface of the stirring scenes the great, primitive and enduring life forces that the men and women of this story portray. In the Dean, Philip Acton, Patches, Little Billy, Curly Elson, Kitty Reid and Helen Manning the author has created real living, breathing men and women, and we are made to feel and understand that there come to everyone those times when in spite of all, above all and at any cost, a man must be a man.

NOTE: Harold Bell Wright's books appear in these advertising pages in their order of publication

End of Project Gutenberg's The Uncrowned King, by Harold Bell Wright

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE UNCROWNED KING ***

***** This file should be named 12991.txt or 12991.zip *****

This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/2/9/9/12991/>

Produced by Kevin Handy, John Hagerson, and PG Distributed Proofreaders

Updated editions will replace the previous one--the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

*** START: FULL LICENSE ***

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg-tm License (available with this file or online at <http://gutenberg.net/license>).

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement

before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.net), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right

of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS' WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <http://www.pglaaf.org>.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://pglaaf.org/fundraising>. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://pglaaf.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <http://pglaaf.org>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition

against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <http://pglaf.org/donate>

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<http://www.gutenberg.net>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.

Livros Grátis

(<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>)

Milhares de Livros para Download:

[Baixar livros de Administração](#)

[Baixar livros de Agronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Arquitetura](#)

[Baixar livros de Artes](#)

[Baixar livros de Astronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Biologia Geral](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Computação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Informação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência Política](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciências da Saúde](#)

[Baixar livros de Comunicação](#)

[Baixar livros do Conselho Nacional de Educação - CNE](#)

[Baixar livros de Defesa civil](#)

[Baixar livros de Direito](#)

[Baixar livros de Direitos humanos](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia Doméstica](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação - Trânsito](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Engenharia Aeroespacial](#)

[Baixar livros de Farmácia](#)

[Baixar livros de Filosofia](#)

[Baixar livros de Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Geociências](#)

[Baixar livros de Geografia](#)

[Baixar livros de História](#)

[Baixar livros de Línguas](#)

[Baixar livros de Literatura](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura de Cordel](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura Infantil](#)
[Baixar livros de Matemática](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina Veterinária](#)
[Baixar livros de Meio Ambiente](#)
[Baixar livros de Meteorologia](#)
[Baixar Monografias e TCC](#)
[Baixar livros Multidisciplinar](#)
[Baixar livros de Música](#)
[Baixar livros de Psicologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Química](#)
[Baixar livros de Saúde Coletiva](#)
[Baixar livros de Serviço Social](#)
[Baixar livros de Sociologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Teologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Trabalho](#)
[Baixar livros de Turismo](#)