

DR. HEIDENHOFF'S PROCESS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649565443

Dr. Heidenhoff's Process by Edward Bellamy

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWARD BELLAMY

**DR. HEIDENHOFF'S
PROCESS**

DR. HEIDENHOFF'S PROCESS.

AMERICAN FICTION.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

A Woman's Reason. By W. D. HOWELLS.

In 2 Vols. 6s. each.

'This story will take rank with the best ones of the season.'—*Literary World*.

'Mr. Howells has worked up the old theme very pleasantly on this occasion, and flavoured it agreeably with a due share of the humour in which he decidedly has the advantage of Mr. Henry James.'—*Athenaeum*.

'In future Mr. Howells should be known as the author of *A Woman's Reason*, for here alone he seems to have done justice to his singular powers. . . . It is a real novel. . . . We can only repeat how very excellent the book is, and how thoroughly worth reading—once, twice, and even thrice.'—*Academy*.

A Modern Instance. By W. D. HOWELLS.

In 2 Vols., Small Crown 8vo. 12s.

'What interests us throughout is the vivid picture of American social life as it really is.'—*Spectator*.

'In *A Modern Instance*, Mr. Howells is as pitiless as life itself. As a piece of artistic work it cannot easily be surpassed.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

Dr. Breen's Practice. By W. D. HOWELLS.

In 1 Vol., Small Crown 8vo. Paper 2s. 6d., Cloth 3s. 6d.

'In *Dr. Breen's Practice* we have an entertaining representation of modern American life, lightly and delicately touched off in Mr. Howells's peculiar style.'—*Literary World*.

A Daughter of the Philistines. In 1 Vol.,

Small Crown 8vo. 6s.

'It is cleverly and brightly written.'—*Academy*.

'The story is very powerfully told, and possesses the very real attraction of freshness.'—*Scotsman*.

Dr. Heidenhoff's Process. By EDWARD

BELLAMY. In Small Crown 8vo.

To be followed by others.

DR. HEIDENHOFF'S
PROCESS

BY
EDWARD BELLAMY



EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS
MDCCLXXXIV

25s. e. 85.

DR. HEIDENHOFF'S PROCESS.



CHAPTER I.

THE hand of the clock fastened up on the white wall of the conference room, just over the framed card bearing the words "Stand up for Jesus," and between two other similar cards, respectively bearing the sentences "Come unto Me," and "The Wonderful, the Counsellor," pointed to ten minutes of nine. As was usual at this period of Newville prayer-meetings, a prolonged pause had supervened. The regular standbys had all taken their usual part, and for any one to speak or pray would have been about as irregular as for

one of the regulars to fail in doing so. For the attendants at Newville prayer-meetings were strictly divided into the two classes of speakers and listeners, and, except during revivals or times of special interest, the distinction was scrupulously observed.

Deacon Tuttle had spoken and prayed, Deacon Miller had prayed and spoken, Brother Hunt had amplified a point in last Sunday's sermon, Brother Taylor had called attention to a recent death in the village as a warning to sinners, and Sister Morris had prayed twice, the second time, it must be admitted, with a certain perceptible petulance of tone, as if willing to have it understood that she was doing more than ought to be expected of her. But while it was extremely improbable that any others of the twenty or thirty persons assembled would feel called on to break the

silence, though it stretched to the crack of doom, yet, on the other hand, to close the meeting before the mill bell had struck nine would have been regarded as a dangerous innovation. Accordingly it only remained to wait in decorous silence during the remaining ten minutes.

The clock ticked on with that judicial intonation characteristic of time-pieces that measure sacred time and wasted opportunities. At intervals the pastor, with an innocent affectation of having just observed the silence, would remark: "There is yet opportunity. . . . Time is passing, brethren. . . . Any brother or sister. . . . We shall be glad to hear from any one." Farmer Bragg, tired with his day's hoeing, snored quietly in the corner of a seat. Mrs. Parker dropped a hymn-book. Little Tommy Blake, who had fallen over while napping and hit his nose, snivelled under

his breath. Madeline Brand, as she sat at the melodeon below the minister's desk, stifled a small yawn with her pretty fingers. A June bug boomed through the open window and circled around Deacon Tuttle's head, affecting that good man with the solicitude characteristic of bald-headed persons when buzzing things are about. Next it made a dive at Madeline, attracted, perhaps, by her shining eyes, and the little gesture of panic with which she evaded it was the prettiest thing in the world ; at least, so it seemed to Henry Burr, a broad-shouldered young fellow on the back seat, whose strong, serious face is just now lit up by a pleasant smile.

Mr. Lewis, the minister, being seated directly under the clock, cannot see it without turning around, wherein the audience has an advantage of him, which it makes full use of. Indeed, so closely is