



Fig. 17.—Whitney's Saw-gin.

amidst thunder

aristocrat

cautiously

sinks into

the orphan

He entered the room towards the further end of which the delicate mechanism was humming softly. Crossing the gallery he did not fail to note that the engine, which had probably once been hand-operated, now channeled its impulsive power with such a uniformity and reassuring absence of tremor that one could not tell from a purely ocular inspection whether it was in operation at this time. Its wheels and hoisting pulleys appeared motionless, albeit far from inert, and its small levers simply shone. Silently it throbbed, transmitting vitality and volition to every pinion within its elegant frame.

her father carrying

the conflagration

announces

wrongful fires

the following

three types

hobgoblins

the truth

of melodrama

money

the truth of melodrama money
a child is her father's stricken boat exemplified in a window
a woman thinks her plot into a torrent and vanishes

He positioned himself where the operative must stand and threw off the brake, so that the lashes started to spin. With due steadiness and delicacy the horizontal shafts began their transverse swing, driving the straps and belts with the power of 60 horses who could work all day at maximum capacity and need never be curried or fed.

sea sentiment disordered height
holding a letter of this entrance
a mountain confesses all

He did not lose sight of the fact that the above-mentioned shafts continued with unvarying regularity to transport the carriage, which responded with some lateral swagging. Into the twofold heart of the carriage the ponderous piston drove with so efficient an impulsion that he could feel even the most hidden ramifications conducting the nameless energy they were designed to serve.

a dell in mist is pursued returns and vanishes
and heroine lifeless with great agitation
comes forward to situations with a poniard
which rends ruins

To carry out a thorough inspection of so complex a contraction machine required attention to the very smallest pinions secluded behind the teeth of axle and arbor. He slowed the gears, so that the iron sliding among the well-oiled surfaces dragged along the bed of the grooves, prolonging the strange murmur of the ropes as they vibrated in rectangular directions..