

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES 1902 VOL 7 LXXIIE ANNEE CINQUIEME PERIODE

"I'm glad to hear it," Tom said. His thin smile might have been ironic, though it wasn't easy to interpret the meaning of any subtle expression on his hammered face. "Each life," Barty Lampion said, "is like our oak tree in the backyard but lots bigger. One trunk to start with, and then all the branches, millions of branches, and every branch is the same life going in a new direction." His first overnight journey, in June of '65, was to La Jolla, north of San Diego. He carried too large a backpack and wore khaki pants when he should have worn shorts in the summer heat. 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. Behind her, he said, "And is that my gray cardigan? What did you do to my cardigan?" Not that she ever gave any indication that her brothers were other than a source of pride for her. She treated them always with respect, tenderness, and love-as if unaware of their shortcomings. Instinctively, he knew he should not give massages to Negroes. He sensed that somehow he would be physically or morally polluted by this contact. He was filled with bitter remorse for having suspected Naomi of poisoning his cheese sandwich or his apricots. She had in fact adored him, as he had always believed. She would never have lifted a hand against him, never. Dear Naomi would have died for him. In fact, she had. Tom pushed his chair back from the table, got to his feet, and moved toward Celestina. He stepped into the house, quietly closed the front door, and examined the bottle. The glass was thick, especially at the base, where a large punt--a deep indentation--encouraged sediment to gather along the rim rather than across the entire bottom of the bottle. This design feature secondarily contributed to the strength of the container. Evidently he had hit her with the bottom third of the bottle, which could most easily withstand the blow. "When you didn't answer the doorbell, man, I just knew what must have happened," Chicane told Junior. As one of the two paramedics hurried to the ambulance van and scrambled into the driver's seat, Agnes suffered another contraction so severe that for a tremulous moment, at the peak of the agony, she almost lost consciousness. The gray pants of her jogging suit, speckled with rain that had blown in through the shattered windshield, were suddenly soaked. Her water had broken. First, he searched immediately around the dead man, figuring that the watch might still be snared on the coat belt or on one of the sleeve straps. No luck. An SFPD patrol car swept past, its siren silent, the rack of emergency beacons flashing on its roof. If Junior was patient, he could slip in there, find Bartholomew, kill the boy in bed, whack Ichabod second, and still have a chance to make love to Celestina. On that busy night, with Vanadium's corpse in the Studebaker and Victoria's cadaver awaiting a fiery disposal at her house, Junior was too distracted to recognize the pertinence of the message. Now it tormented him from a dark nook in his subconscious. Another stiff might have required dragging; but Neddy weighed hardly more than a five-foot-ten breadstick. Junior hauled the body off the ground and slung it over one shoulder in a fireman's carry. In the Fairmont coffee shop, Junior ordered french fries, a cheeseburger, and cole slaw. He requested that the burger be served cooked but unassembled: the halves of the bun turned face up, the meat pattie positioned separately on the plate, one slice each of tomato and onion arranged beside the pattie, and the slice of unmelted cheese on a separate dish. He had nothing against Negroes. He didn't wish them ill. He wasn't prejudiced. Live and let live. He believed that as long as they stayed with their own kind and abided by the rules of a polite society, like everyone else, they had a right to live in peace. Immediately at the thought of regurgitation, his abdominal muscles contracted like those of a laboratory frog zapped by an electric current, and he choked on a rising horror. "So do I, honey. Oh, Lord, so do I." She kissed his forehead. "Listen, kiddo, in spite of their stories and all their funny ways, your uncles are good men." Finally he switched on the light, and illuminated Neddy at ease, silent in death as never in life: lying on his back, head turned to the right, swollen tongue lolling obscenely. As Sklent so insightfully put it: Some of us live on after death, survive in spirit, because we are just too stubborn, selfish, greedy, grubbing, vicious, psychotic, and evil to accept our demise. None of those qualities described sweet Naomi, who had been far too kind and loving and meek to live on in spirit, after her lovely flesh failed. Now at one with the earth, Naomi was no threat to Junior, and the state had paid for its negligence in her death, and the whole matter should have been brought to closure. There were only two barriers to full and final resolution: first, the stubborn, selfish, greedy, grubbing, vicious, psychotic, evil spirit of Thomas Vanadium; and second, Seraphim's bastard baby--little Bartholomew. Paul was a dear man, different from Joey in appearance but so like him at heart. She shocked him by insisting they go at once to his house, to his bedroom. Red-faced as no pulp hero ever had been, Paul stammered out that he wasn't expecting intimacy of her so soon, and she assured him that he wasn't going to get it so soon, either. For Junior, 1968--the Chinese Year of the Monkey--would be the Year of the Plastic Surgeon. He would require extensive dermabrasion to restore the smoothness and tone to his skin, to be as irresistibly kissable as he had been before. While at it, he would need surgery to make subtle changes in his features. Tricky. He didn't want to trade perfection for anonymity. He must take care to ensure that his postsurgery look, when he let his hair grow in and perhaps dyed it, would be as devastating to women as his previous appearance. Later, in early '66, out of his coma and recovering sufficiently to have visitors, Vanadium spent a most difficult hour with his old friend Harrison White. Out of respect for the memory of his lost daughter, and not at all out of concern for his image as a minister, the reverend had refused to acknowledge either that Seraphim had been pregnant or that she'd been raped--although Max Bellini had already confirmed the pregnancy and believed, based on cop's instinct, that it had been the consequence of rape. Harrison's attitude seemed to be that Phimie was gone, that nothing could be gained by opening this wound, and that even if there was a villain involved, the Christian thing was to forgive, if not forget, and to trust in divine justice. Although Celestina felt a little paranoid, being so security-minded in this safe neighborhood, nevertheless she searched, out the master

control button and engaged the power locks. "Miss White was admitted to St. Mary's late January fifth," said Nolly, "with dangerous hypertension, a complication of pregnancy." The investigator's suite—a minuscule waiting room and a small office—lacked a secretary but surely harbored all manner of vermin. Before he taught himself to read books, he also taught himself numbers, and then how to read a clock. The significance of time had a more profound impact on him than Agnes could understand, perhaps because acquiring an awareness of the infinite nature of the universe and the finite nature of each human life—and fully understanding the implications of this knowledge—takes most of us till early adulthood if not later, whereas for Barty, the vast glories of the universe and the comparatively humble nature of human existence were recognized, contemplated, and absorbed in a matter of weeks. Glancing at her in the rearview mirror, the driver said, "Pretty exhilarating, huh? Your first big show?" Maybe he went a little crazy then. He wouldn't deny a brief, transient madness. Waking from a bad dream, he sometimes thought he heard the ratcheting of gear-wheel feet. The scrape and creak of rusted iron joints. The clink of rake-tine fingers rattling against one another. Dr. Lipscomb brought his hands to his face, covering his nose and mouth as earlier they had been covered with a surgical mask, as though he were in danger of drawing in, with his breath, an idea that would forever change him. Sparky wasn't a bad guy, not easily bought, and if he'd been asked to sell out any tenant other than Cain, he probably wouldn't have done so at any price. He greatly disliked Cain, however, and considered him to be "as strange and creepy as a syphilitic monkey." Agnes was not fully aware of how she was lifted from the car, but she remembered looking back and seeing Joey's body huddled in the tangled shadows of the wreckage, remembered reaching toward him, desperate for the anchorage that he had always given her, and then she was on the gurney and moving. After following his uncle's movements, Barty looked at the table again. "Pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie." In the closet, a limited wardrobe did not fully occupy available rod space. On the floor, shoes were neatly arranged toe-to-heel. With Naomi, sex had been glorious, because they were bonded on multiple levels, all deeper than the mere physical. They had been so close, so emotionally and intellectually entwined, that in making love to her, he'd been making love to himself; and he would never experience a greater intimacy than that. In the six weeks since conception, she must have missed at least one menstrual period. She hadn't complained of morning sickness, but surely she'd experienced it. It was highly unlikely that she'd been unaware of her condition. Shortly after Agnes turned out the light, she said, "Kiddo, it's been one whole week since you walked where the rain wasn't, and I've been doing a lot of thinking about that." Even a cool day on the pie route could produce a good sweat by journey's end, because with the addition of the men to this ambitious project, they now not only made deliveries but also performed some chores that were a problem for the elderly or disabled. Finally Angel dropped and slithered, vanishing under the overhanging bedclothes with a final flurry of yellow socks. Animal instinct told Junior that the business with the quarter in the diner and now these quarters in his living room were related to his failure to find Bartholomew, Seraphim White's bastard child. He couldn't logically explain the connection; but as Zedd teaches, animal instinct is the only unalloyed truth we will ever know. On Tuesday, January 2, Junior met with the drug dealer who had introduced him to Google, the document forger, and he arranged to purchase a 9-mm handgun with custom-machined silencer. One problem: Nolly Wulfstan, Quasimodo without a hump, probably repaired to this convenient club after work, to down a few beers, because this was surely as close as he would ever get to a halfway attractive woman. The detective would think that he and Junior were here for the same reason—to gawk at nearly naked babes and store up enough images of bobbling breasts to get through the night—and he would not be able to comprehend that for Junior the attraction was the dance, the intellectual thrill of experiencing a new cultural phenomenon. The round table seated six, but they required only three chairs, because the two brainless friends were a pair of Angel's dolls. He hadn't intended to enter the gallery. No one in his usual circles would attend this show, unless in such a state of chemically altered consciousness that they wouldn't be able to recall the event in the morning, so he wasn't likely to be recognized or remembered. Yet it seemed unwise to risk being identified as a reception attendee if Celestina White's little Bartholomew and maybe the artist herself were murdered later. The police, in their customary paranoia, might suspect a link between this affair and the killings, which would motivate them to seek out and. Nothing in his reading offered a satisfactory explanation for what had been happening to him. None of the women filled the hole in his heart, and all of the Bartholomews were harmless. Only the needlepoint offered any satisfaction, but though Junior was proud of his craftsmanship, he knew that a grown man couldn't find fulfillment in stitchery alone. She also sought forgiveness for the hardness with which she had treated Nicholas Deed. Barefoot, in midnight-blue silk pajamas, he walked through his rooms turning on lights in a considered pattern, which he had settled upon after much thought and planning. A sedan had come to a stop in the graveled driveway, over to the right of the house, almost out of view. As Junior watched, the headlights were doused. The engine shut off. The driver's door opened. A man got out of the car, a shadowy figure in the fearsome yellow moonlight. The dinner guest. "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. Instead, he encountered an elderly woman getting out of a red Pontiac with a fox tail tied to the radio antenna. A quick glance around confirmed that they were unobserved, so he clubbed her on the back of the head with the butt of his 9-mm pistol. Vanadium, lending an aura of normalcy to the house. Now he wanted silence, so he would immediately hear another car in the driveway if one arrived. WALTER PANGLO, the only mortician in Bright Beach, was a sweet tempered wisp of a man who enjoyed pattering in his garden when he wasn't planting dead people. He grew prize roses and gave them away in great bouquets to the sick, to young people in love, to the school librarian on her birthday, to clerks who had been polite to him. On the High Marsh. Dr. Zedd's death, just last Thanksgiving, had been a blow to Junior, a loss to the nation, to the entire world. He considered it a tragedy equal to the Kennedy assassination one year previous. Junior actually raised his trembling left hand to his ear, expecting to find the quarter tucked in the

auditory canal, held between the tragus and the antitragus, waiting to be plucked with a flourish..Without a word, Joshua Nunn and the paramedic retreated to the foyer. The parlor doors slid shut..The attorney's admission surprised Junior. This was probably as close as Magusson would ever get to saying, Maybe you didn't kill your wife, after all, but he was by nature a nasty prick, so even an implied apology was more than Junior had ever expected to receive..He shook so badly that he couldn't remove the cap from the bottle. He was proud to be more sensitive than most people, to be so full of feeling, but sometimes sensitivity was a curse..With everyone in the diner now aware of Junior, with every head turned toward him and with every wary eye tracking him, he dropped the bun cap and the mustard dispenser on the floor. Barging through the swinging gate at the end of the lunch counter, he entered the narrow work area behind it..The bitch was getting tired, but Junior still didn't like his odds in a hand-to-hand confrontation. Her hair was disarranged. Her eyes flashed with such wildness that he was half convinced he saw elliptical pupils like those of a jungle cat. Her lips were skinned back from her teeth in a snarl.. "Really? You really think that?" he asked in his flat voice, which he sometimes wished were more musical, but which he knew lent a sober conviction to anything he said. "You think something so delicious could come from a fat, smelly, dirty, snorting old pig?". Out of the car, along the sidewalk, up the steps, from Mercedes to mist to murder. Pistol in his right hand, lock-release gun in his left, three knives in sheaths strapped to his body..In his light backpack, he carried one change of clothes, spare socks, candy bars, bottled water. He planned his journeys to be in a town every nightfall, where he washed one set of clothes and donned the other..In January 1965, Magusson had sent Cain to Nolly as a client, not sure why the creep needed a private detective. That had turned out to be the business about Seraphim White's baby. Simon's warning to be careful of Enoch Cain had helped to shape Nolly's decision to withhold the information about the child's placement..In that slow, flat delivery with which Junior was becoming increasingly impatient, Detective Vanadium said, "We all were, Doctor. It was another election year, remember? More than once during that campaign, I could've chugged ipecac. What else would work if I wanted to have a good vomit?". Barty approached stair climbing as a mathematical problem, calculating the precise movement of each leg and placement of each foot necessary to successfully negotiate the obstacle. He proceeded less slowly on the next three steps than he had on the first three, and thereafter he ascended with growing confidence, pumping his legs with machinelike precision.. "The Finder" takes place about three hundred years before the time of the novels, in a dark and troubled time; its story casts light on how some of the customs and institutions of the Archipelago came to be. "The Bones of the Earth" is about the wizards who taught the wizard who first taught Ged, and shows that it takes more than one mage to stop an earthquake. "Darkrose and Diamond" might take place at any time during the last couple of hundred years in Earthsea; after all, a love story can happen at any time, anywhere. "On the High Marsh" is a story from the brief but eventful six years that Ged was Archmage of Earthsea. And the last story, "Dragonfly," which takes place a few years after the end of Tehanu, is the bridge between that book and the next one, The Other Wind (to be published soon). A dragon bridge..When he noticed that twilight had come and gone, he realized also that he'd walked through Bright Beach, along Pacific Coast Highway, and south into the neighboring town. Perhaps ten miles..Among themselves, the authorities spoke more often than not in murmurs. Or perhaps Junior was too distracted to hear them clearly..He was immensely weary, limp. He felt oppressed, as though a great weight were piled on him. Even keeping his eyes open was tiring..Amazed, Agnes gaped at her baby. The throat lump that blocked her speech was part pride, part awe, and part fear, though she didn't at once understand why this wonderful precociousness should frighten her..At a gun shop, Junior purchased two hundred rounds of ammunition. Later, that many cartridges seemed excessive to him. Later still, he purchased another two hundred..She hadn't looked up from her sketching. Although Junior thought she hadn't seen him, she'd apparently been aware of him all along..Vanadium couldn't know the whereabouts of the quarter. Besides, even when he'd swung the lunch tray over Junior's lap, the detective hadn't been close enough to pick the pocket of the robe..Having been an object of Thomas Vanadium's fixation, Junior felt fortunate to have survived. He shuddered..The accountant lived in a white Georgian house on a street lined with huge old evergreens.. "Worlds," ventured Jacob, "in which that oil-tank truck never stopped on the railroad tracks in Bakersfield, back in '60. So the train never crashed into it and those seventeen people never died." "Loved her? Of course I loved her. Naomi was beautiful and so kind ... and funny. She was the best ... the best thing that ever happened to me." 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..-nor cruel, nor hateful, nor envious, nor mean," Phimie recited, "for all these are sicknesses of this fallen world-". In a monotone that gave new meaning to deadpan, the detective added: "I'm the only one who was there who doesn't have a dry-cleaning bill." "This is most incommensurate," Junior said, recalling the word from a vocabulary-improvement course, without need of ice applied to the genitals..After the paralytic bladder seizures had passed and Junior had drained Lake Mead, Chicane recommended plenty of caffeine and sugar to guard against an unlikely but not impossible spontaneous return to a trance state. "Anyway, after pumping alpha waves for as long as you just did, you shouldn't actually need to sleep anytime soon." "Yes," she admitted, her face still close to his, "I'm afraid. But Dr. Chan is a fine surgeon, and this is a very fine hospital." "Wally gave her tests. She's got an exceptional understanding of color, spatial relationships, and geometric forms for a child her age. She may be a visual prodigy." Her mouth was as greedy as it was ripe, and her pliant body radiated volcanic heat, and as Junior slipped his hands under her skirt, his mind teemed with thoughts of sex and wealth and power, until he discovered that the heiress was an heir, with genitalia better suited to boxer shorts than to silk lingerie.. "You should be with your children," Agnes worried. Maria looked up. "My babies are sitted with my sister." Dr. Lipscomb inclined his head slightly toward the pianist, in the manner of a stem headmaster about to emphasize a lesson with a sharp twist of the offending boy's ear. "Miss White and the baby

will have vacated these premises by the end of the week-unless you insist on bothering them with your chatter. For every minute you harass them, their departure will be extended one day." Maria set aside two cards before turning another faceup. This was also an ace of hearts..He was surprised they had come so soon, less than twenty-four hours after the tragedy. This was especially unusual, considering that a homicide detective was obsessed with the idea that rotting wood, alone, was not responsible for Naomi's death..The kitchen door stood open and full of light, but he missed it by two feet. He felt along the back wall of the house, discovered the door casing and then the opening, probed with the cane for the threshold, and stepped into the doorway..The prickly-bur ghosts of two little children didn't concern him. At worst, they were spiritual gnats..Reading about child prodigies, Agnes learned that most if not all math whizzes also possessed musical talent. To a lesser but still impressive extent, many young geniuses in the music world were also proficient at math..The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face and belly stung with jabs of agony, so that he looked at his body in horror for the wound; but there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that Otter avoided them. Where they were was plain enough: the dusty pathways bent to miss them..Nolly finally disturbed the quiet: "Well, sir ... you're quite a psychologist." Ferocious pirates, ruthless secret agents, brain-eating aliens from distant galaxies, super criminals hell-bent on ruling the world, bloodthirsty vampires, face-gnawing werewolves, savage Gestapo thugs, mad scientists, satanic cultists, insane carnival freaks, hate-crazed Ku Klux Klansmen, knife-worshipping thrill killers, and emotionless robot soldiers from other planets had slashed, stabbed, burned, shot, gouged, torn, clubbed, crushed, stomped, hanged, bitten, eviscerated, beheaded, poisoned, drowned, radiated, blown up, mangled, mutilated, and tortured uncounted victims in the pulp magazines that Paul had been reading since childhood. Yet not one scene in those hundreds upon hundreds of issues of colorful tales withered a corner of his soul as did a glimpse of Barty's empty sockets. The sight wasn't in the least gory, nor even gruesome. Paul cringed and looked away only because this evidence of the boy's loss too pointedly made him think about the terrible vulnerability of the innocent in the freight-train path of nature, and threatened to tear off the fragile scab on the anguish that he still felt over Perri's death.."You could also dream of bananas," Celestina suggested as she turned down the bedclothes..Junior poured half the vodka over the corpse, splashed some around other parts of the kitchen, and spilled the last on the cook top, where it trickled toward the active burner. This was not an ideal accelerant, not as effective as gasoline, but by the time he threw the bottle aside, the spirits found the flame..This device, which could automatically pick any lock with just a few pulls of its trigger, was sold strictly to police departments, and its distribution was tightly controlled. On the black market it commanded such a high price that Junior could have bought the better part of a small Sklent painting for the same bucks..He hurt too much to recover quickly and take advantage of the woman's brief vulnerability. Clambering to his feet, he backed away from her and fumbled in a pocket for spare cartridges..MONDAY MORNING, January 17, Agnes's lawyer, Vinnie Lincoln, came to the house with Joey's will and other papers requiring attention..They knew no one named Bartholomew, and she had never heard the name from him before, but she knew what he wanted. He was speaking of the son he would never see..When Junior tried to lift Victoria, her voluptuousness lost its appeal. As dead weight, she was heavier than he expected..But with the silencer attached, the pistol was useful only for close-up work. After passing through a sound-suppressor, the bullet would exit the muzzle at a lower than usual velocity, perhaps with an added wobble, and accuracy would drop drastically at a distance..Also in the drawer was a pistol that he kept for home defense. He stared at it, trying to decide whether to go downstairs and make a sandwich or kill himself..He would never allow himself to be bankrupted and made poor again. Never. His fortune had been won at enormous risk, with great fortitude and determination. He must defend it at any cost..tasteful hint of it was on display; nothing about this beauty could be called cheap..WALLY HAD NOT gone home with Death, but they had definitely been at the dance together..The floor of the spacious bathroom featured beige marble tiles with diamond-shaped inlays of black granite. The countertop and the shower stall were fabricated from matching marble, and the same marble was employed in the wainscoting..Another machine beside the first, stocked with copies of a sexually explicit publication for gays, fired a quarter that hit Junior's forehead. The next snapped against the bridge of his nose..Furthermore, fear of the unknown is a weakness also because it humbles us. Humility, Caesar Zedd declares, is strictly for losers. For the purpose of social and financial advancement, we must pretend to be humble-shuffle our feet and duck our heads and make self-deprecating remarks-because deceit is the currency of civilization. But if ever we wallow in genuine humility, we will be no different from the mass of humanity, which Zedd calls "a sentimental sludge in love with failure and the prospect of its own doom."--and we're from different worlds, which I respect. I respect you and your wonderful family ... your centeredness, your certainty. I want to do this only because it's what I owe you."..Still on her knees, she raised the weapon and realized that she was going to shoot the maniac in the back, that she had no other choice, because her inexperience didn't allow her to aim for a leg or an arm. The moral dilemma overwhelmed her, but so did an image of Phimie lying dead in bloody sheets on the surgery table. She pulled the trigger and rocked with the recoil..Applying enough pain, he could have gotten cooperation even from Vanadium. The detective had said he'd heard Junior fearfully repeat Bartholomew in his sleep, which Junior believed to be true, because the name did resonate with him; however, he wasn't sure he believed the cop's claim to be ignorant of the identity of this nemesis..A speeding truck passed, stirring the fog, and the white broth churned past the car windows, a disorienting swirl..By Friday morning, September 10, little more than

forty-eight hours after the shooting, he felt good and was in fine spirits.

[Comptabilit Commerciale D motique En Partie Double Compl t e Par Un Contr le Math matique](#)
[Biographie Du G n ral C A Van Remoortere tude Sur La Cavalerie](#)
[Stud Book Vend enne 2](#)
[Jaguarita Indienne Op ra-Comique En 3 Actes Paris Th tre-Lyrique 14 Mai 1855](#)
[Les Brevets dInvention Concernant IHorlogerie Catalogue G n ral](#)
[D masqu s Roman dAmour Et de Haine de la Grande Guerre In dit](#)
[Amour Maudit](#)
[Bertrand Du Guesclin](#)
[Instruction Sur Les Manoeuvres IUsage de la Garde Nationale Mobilis e](#)
[La Servante de Dieu Giuseppina Faro](#)
[de Nice Tombouctou](#)
[Manuel Th orique Et Pratique de la Coupe Des M taux En Feuilles Volume 2](#)
[Chr tiens Et Hommes C l bres Au Xixe Si cle](#)
[Th se de Doctorat Histoire de IH pital Saint-Antoine Et de Ses Origines](#)
[Pratique de la R volution Universelle Dans La Comptabilit](#)
[Stud Book Bretonne 2](#)
[Stud Book Bretonne 3](#)
[Eustasia Histoire Italienne Partie 2](#)
[Plans Raisonns de Toutes Les Esp ces de Jardins](#)
[Recueil de Cantiques Spirituels Choisis Sp cialement Pour IUsage Des coles Chr tiennes](#)
[Itin raire Pittoresque Du Fleuve Hudson Et Des Parties Lat rales de IAm rique Du Nord](#)
[Premiers Exercices de Style pistolaire IUsage Des Pensions Des Deux Sexes 2e dition](#)
[Exposition Universelle Internationale de 1878 Paris Groupe II Classe X](#)
[Voltaire de Retour Des Ombres Et Sur Le Point dy Retourner Pour nEn Plus Revenir](#)
[Voyages Et D couvertes de J Crevaux Notice Biographique Relations de Voyage](#)
[F tes Universitaires 30e Anniversaire de la Fondation de IUnion Des tudians de l tat](#)
[M moire Sur Le Proprium Sanctorum de la Sainte glise de Toulouse](#)
[Soeur Anne de Saint-Julien Fille de la Charit de IH pital Militaire de Marseille 1820-1898](#)
[Aper u Historique Sur La Facult de Droit de IUniversit de Toulouse](#)
[Suppl ment Au Recueil dExercices dArithm tique Connaissances Usuelles](#)
[Au Temps de l pop e Lettres](#)
[Notice Biographique Et Bibliographique Sur Messire Ren Toustain de Billy Pr tre](#)
[Vie Au D sert Sc nes Et Tableaux](#)
[Parisiennes](#)
[Eustasia Histoire Italienne Partie 1](#)
[Jeanne La Rousse Drame En 5 Actes Paris Ambigu-Comique 11 Septembre 1871](#)
[La Descente dOrph e Aux Enfers](#)
[Discours Contre La Mesdisance Si lOn Peut Dire Que La Vertu Est Plus Punie Que Le Vice Dialogue](#)
[Statistique de l gypte dApr s Des Documents Officiels 1870-1872 Ann e 1 1870](#)
[Honor de Balzac Sa Vie Et Ses Oeuvres Biographie](#)
[Th se de Doctorat Du S natus-Consulte Mac donien En Droit Romain de lAction En Nullit Ou En](#)
[M moire Sur Les Tumeurs Sanguines de la Vulve Et Du Vagin](#)
[de la M decine Homoeopathique Ses Avantages Et R sum Du R gime Suivre](#)
[Calculs Des Poids Des Volants Employer Pour Les Machines D tente de Vapeur Sans Balancier](#)
[Principes de la Banque Son Utilit Et Ses Op rations](#)
[Diagnostic Des Affections Chirurgicales Du Rein](#)
[M moire Sur Le Traitement Sans Mercure Employ IH pital Militaire dInstruction Du Val-De-Gr ce](#)
[Gris lidis Myst re En 3 Actes 1 Prologue Et 1 pilogue En Vers Libres](#)

[Antologica Atelier Ed - La Borsa](#)
[Statistique de l'Egypte d'Après Des Documents Officiels 1870-1872 Année 3 1872](#)
[Contribution à l'étude de l'Orchite Traumatique](#)
[Traitement Chirurgical Du Cancer de l'Utérus](#)
[Tumeurs Et Calculs de la Vésicule Biliaire](#)
[L'église de l'Oratoire Saint-Honoré Étude Historique Et Archéologique](#)
[Les Petits Peureux Corrigés](#)
[Le Bras Artificiel Du Travailleur](#)
[Nouveau Traitement de la Goutte Et Des Douleurs Goutteuses Fondé Sur Une Théorie Nouvelle](#)
[Statistique de l'Egypte d'Après Des Documents Officiels 1870-1872 Année 2 1871](#)
[Une Visite La Maison Centrale d'Auberive](#)
[Les Esclaves Affranchis Ou Retour En Afrique](#)
[Le Roi Malgré Lui Opéra-Comique En Trois Actes d'Après Une Pièce d'Ancelet](#)
[La Garibaldiade Poème 2e édition Avec Une Lettre Autographe de Victor Hugo](#)
[Catalogue Des Lettres Autographes Composant La Collection de Feu M Alfred Sensier](#)
[L'église Abbatiale de L'hon En MDCCCXCVII La Consécration Les Vitraux Les Tombeaux La Ruinomanie](#)
[Carnot Drame Militaire En Cinq Actes Et Huit Tableaux](#)
[Recueil Varié de Plans Et de Façades Motifs Pour Des Maisons de Ville Et de Campagne](#)
[Le Testament de M Maliroux](#)
[Le Livre d'Un Inconnu](#)
[Catalogue Des Estampes Anciennes Et Modernes de Toutes Les Écoles Beaux Dessins Livres](#)
[L'Éducation Des Facultés Mentales](#)
[Catalogue Des Estampes Composant La Magnifique Collection de M L D](#)
[Poésies Diverses Sonnets Et Rondeaux](#)
[Catalogue de Livres Anciens de Choix Faisant Partie de la Bibliothèque de M de Sinety](#)
[Le Vignole Des Architectes Et Des Livres En Architecture 3e édition](#)
[Centurie Sonnets](#)
[Les Petites Contesuses](#)
[Le Blanc Et Le Noir Drame En Quatre Actes Et En Prose](#)
[Histoire Des Écoles Communales Et Consistoriales Israélites de Paris 1809-1884](#)
[Le Petit Séminaire de Plouguernevel Depuis Sa Fondation Jusqu'à la Période Révolutionnaire](#)
[Préface Ami Ou Souvenirs Poétiques d'Un Ancien Chef d'Institution](#)
[Catalogue d'Une Collection de Monnaies Romaines de Feu M Auguste Racine](#)
[L'Ancienne Alexandrie Étude Archéologique Et Topographique](#)
[Langage Vieux Corrigé Ou Liste Alphabétique Des Fautes Les Plus Ordinaires Dans La Prononciation](#)
[Histoire de la Révolution En Auvergne Tome 3](#)
[Monsieur Lebon Ancien Berger Du Val-d'Arol Ses Entretiens Avec Les Habitants de la Vallée](#)
[Histoire de la Révolution En Auvergne Tome 4](#)
[Examen de Trois Ouvrages Sur La Russie Voyage de M Chantreau Révolution de 1762 Mémoires Secrets](#)
[Catalogue Des Estampes de l'École Française Du XVIIIe Siècle](#)
[Alsace Ancienne Religieuse Artistique Pittoresque Les Musées](#)
[L'Auvergne Histoire Monuments](#)
[Mémoire Sur M de Talleyrand Sa Vie Politique Et Sa Vie Intime](#)
[Cerisette Édition Illustrée](#)
[Le Livre de Raison Des Goyard Bourgeois Agriculteurs de Bert 1611-1780](#)
[Une Victime Du Pangermanisme l'Arménien Martyre](#)
[Bigarrures Anecdotes Contes Sornettes Épigrammes Pièces de Circonstance Souvenirs](#)
[Mémoire Instructif Touchant La Compétence Des Trois États de la Souveraineté de Neufchâtel](#)
[Théâtre de Polichinelle Gringalet Bambochet](#)
[Catalogue Des Livres Composant La Bibliothèque de Feu M Guizot Volume 2](#)

[Trait Th orique Et Historique de Versification Fran aise 3e dition](#)

[Promenade dUn tranger AIX](#)
