

ODDITIES.

Some wit observes that Collins Graves in the first milkman who ever ran away from water.

Macaulay once observed that prize sheep were only fit for candles, and prize essays to light them.

"Boll'd Eggs" is the name adopted by a cricket club, to signify how impossible it is to beat them.

New apples are one dollar and ten cents a quart. Ten cents for the apples and a dollar for the doctor.

It was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period, "She don't know enough to bile hot water."

Mr. Edgar Bascom was taken to the insane asylum at Hartford this morning, just three months from the day his son Joseph purchased a fiddle.

Some thoughtless person says: "It is unkind to ridicule those items in the papers about centenarians. It is no easy thing to become a centenarian; several have failed."

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school one day was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing-down with a bed-cord, and he waited to hear him howl.

The *Detroit Free Press* says: "The *Albany Journal* never has less than eight columns of a hanging affair, and sometimes reaches twelve, and a marked copy is always sent to the widow."

Thiers is credited with having made a *bon mot* consequent upon some one having said something about the state of France. "Don't say France," he exclaimed, "Call it the *Duchy of Magenta!*"

A Georgia negro who bet ten dollars that General Washington commanded the Federals at Bull Run, handed the money over with the remark: "Well, dis yere hist'ry business is all mixed up, anyway."

A negro boy was driving a mule in Jamaica, when the animal suddenly stopped and refused to budge. "Won't go, eh?" said the boy. "Feel grand, do you? I s'pose you forget your fadder was a jackass."

An editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

A bad little boy in Aberdeen rubbed cayenne pepper dust all over the back of his jacket. The schoolmaster thrashed him briskly, but dismissed school immediately to run to the nearest chemist for eyewater.

"Farewell, Susan, you have driven me to the grave," wrote John Larch, of Alabama, four years ago, and left the note on the river bank. He was arrested the other day in Cincinnati married to another woman.

An Iowa engineer married a young lady while waiting for a late train last week. That's no great shakes. A couple might marry and raise a large family of children while waiting for a train in some of the Indiana depots.

A Nevada lady recently took unfair advantage of her husband's unusual indulgence in a bath to elope with another man, and the bereaved one expresses his conviction that she had been awaiting the opportunity for months.

A Danburian, who was in New York on Saturday, came up with the wild statement that he had seen a hotel clerk with side whiskers. That is more a lie than any man should undertake to tell. Hair growing on the cheek of a hotel clerk—Scat!

Here's a love-stanza all the way from Omaha:
And as we travelled through the fields,
And through the tangled fern,
I tore my mus'n't-mention-ems,
And had to put on her'n!

A New Bedford paper tells a story about a shopkeeper who advised a lady customer to buy two mohair switches instead of one, as the article was becoming scarce. He said that the man whom he hired to hunt moes had only caught two within a fortnight.

An aged Texan who had actually never seen a railroad before, recently rode in one to Houston to see the State fair. Having been asked his opinion about railroads, he replied, "Well, it did seem kinder to me as if it were a streak of lightning running away with a palace."

The following anecdote is told by a preacher for a fact—He was praying, and in his prayer he said, "I pray that the power of the devil may be curtailed." Just then an old darkey in the congregation cried out, "Yes! Amen! Bress me! Cut him tail right smack smooove off!"

When a lover returns after a long absence, and hears the parrot shouting, "Kiss me, darling," as soon as his beloved enters the room, his interest in "Enoch Arden" naturally begins to deepen, and he suspects some ardent or hardened villain has supplanted him in her affections.

A clergyman says: "I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand, at the close of the ceremony, and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty face, and, pointing to the bridegroom, replied, "I think he is the one to be congratulated."

An Ottumwa, Oregon, paper says: "During the windstorm the other day Richard Warden, of the *Courier*, lost his hat, which went whirling into space, or rather into a mud-hole. Richard, however, was equal to the occasion. He simply crossed his ears over his head and bid defiance to the storm."

A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performance at a London theatre, much to the annoyance of the audience, and was repeatedly called upon to sit down, but would not. "Let him alone," said Hood, who was in the pit; "he's a tailor, and resting himself!" He immediately slunk down.

In a country town in Illinois a few evenings since, at a panorama of the Bible, a little eight-year-old sat wrapped in admiration at the scene until the picture of Jacob and Rebecca at the well appeared, when he looked up and said: "Pa, do you see that picture? I'll just bet five dollars they're Grangers."

At the court of Louis XV. there were two fat noblemen—cousins. The King rallied one of them on his corpulency, and added, "I suppose you take little or no exercise?" "Your Majesty will pardon me," replied the Duke, "for I generally walk two or three times round my cousin every morning."

A fellow at Napoleon, Arkansas, who was drinking at a counter, and withal being tolerably tight, after several ineffectual attempts to raise the glass to his lips, succeeded in getting it high enough to pour the contents down his shirt, and then set the glass down with the exclamation, "That's good, but a little too much ice, Mr. Bar-keeper."

A Detroit female, breathing hard and carrying a large hickory cane, ran down the street the other morning enquiring if anybody had seen a "small, cross-eyed man anywhere along here?" Several persons asked, "What's the matter?" But she hurried on, saying, "Haven't time now; I want to get my paws on the sawning sycophant for just a minute."

LIFE AND DEATH.

We stood on the brink of a river,
And that river's name was Life,
And on its dark waters floated
Grim vessels of war and strife.

We stood on the brink of the river,
And my darling whispered to me:
"Hark to the wall of the river
As it hastens on to the sea!"

We walk'd by the side of that river,
And I laugh'd at the water's moan,
For my darling was beside me,
And in his heart my home.

The river grew wider and stronger
As it flow'd with its ceaseless moan,
And my love cross'd over the water
And left me—forlorn alone.

I will follow that river sadly
Through the chain of weary years
Till I gain the far-off ocean
With bitter, blinding tears.

For I know that when the river
Is hush'd on the sea's blue tide
I shall see my lost love waiting
For me by the ocean's side.

And so I hasten onwards,
With feeble, falling breath,
Longing to meet the ocean,
For the ocean's name is Death!

ETHEL DE GRENIER DE FONBLANQUE.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE CORVETTE CLAYMORE.

"Let us continue. Do you know La Tourgue?"
"Do I know La Tourgue? Why, I belong there."
"How?"
"Certainly, since I come from Parigné."
"In fact, La Tourgue is near Parigné."
"Know La Tourgue! The big round castle that belongs to my lord's family. There is a great iron door which separates the new part from the old that a cannon could not blow open. The famous book about Saint Bartholomew, which people go to look at from curiosity, is in the new building. There are frogs in the moat. When I was little, I used to go and tease them. And the underground passage—I know that; perhaps there is nobody else left who does."

"What underground passage? I do not know what you mean."
"It was made for old times, in the days when La Tourgue was besieged. The people inside could escape by going through the underground passage which leads into the wood."
"There is a subterranean passage of that description in the castle of Jupellière, and the castle of Hunandaye, and the tower of Champéon; but there is nothing of the sort at La Tourgue."

"Oh yes, indeed, monseigneur! I do not know the passages that monseigneur spoke of; I only know that of La Tourgue, because I belong to the neighbourhood. Into the bargain, there is nobody but myself who does know it. It was not talked about. It was forbidden, because it had been used in the time of Monsieur de Rohan's wars. My father knew the secret, and showed it to me. I know how to get in and out. If I am in the forest, I can go into the tower, and if I am in the tower, I can go into the forest, without anybody's seeing me. When the enemy enters there is no longer anyone there. That is what the passage of La Tourgue is. Oh, I know it!"

The old man remained silent for a moment.
"It is evident that you deceive yourself; if there were such a secret, I should know it."

"Monseigneur, I am certain. There is a stone that turns." "Ah, good! You peasants believe in stones that turn and stones that sing, and stones that go at night to drink from the neighbouring brook. A pack of nonsense."

"But since I have made the stone turn"—
"Just as others have heard it sing. Comrade, La Tourgue is a fortress, sure and strong, easy to defend; but anybody who counted on a subterranean passage for getting out of it would be silly indeed."

"But monseigneur"—
The old man shrugged his shoulders. "We are losing time; let us talk of what concerns us."

The presumptuous tone cut short Halmalo's persistence. The unknown resumed. "To continue. Listen. From Rougefeu you will go to the wood of Montchevrier; Benedicté is there, the chief of the Twelve. There is another good fellow. He says a blessing while he has people shot. War and sensibility do not go together. From Montchevrier you will go"

He broke off. "I forgot the money."
He took from his pocket a purse and a pocket-book and put them in Halmalo's hand.

"There are thirty thousand francs in assignats in the pocket-book—something like three livres ten sous; it is true the assignats are false, but the real ones are just as worthless. In the purse—attention—there are a hundred gold louis. I give you all I have. I have no need of anything here. Besides, it is better that no money should be found on me. I resume. From Montchevrier you will go to Autrain, where you will see Monsieur de Frotté; from Autrain to La Jupellière, where you will see De Rochecotte; from La Jupellière to Noitieux, where you will find the Abbé Baudoin. Can you recollect all this?"

"Like my paternoster."
"You will see Monsieur Dubois-Guy at Saint-Brice-en-Cogles, Monsieur de Turpin at Morannes, which is a fortified town, and the Prince de Talmont at Château-Gonthier."

"Will I be spoken to by a prince?"
"Since I look to you."
Halmalo took off his hat.

"Madame's fleur-de-lys will insure you a good reception everywhere. Do not forget that you are going into the country of mountaineers and rustics. Disguise yourself. It will be easy to do. These Republicans are so stupid that you may pass anywhere with a blue coat, a three-cornered hat, and a tri-coloured cockade. There are no longer regiments, there are no longer uniforms; the companies are not numbered; each man puts on any rag he pleases. You will go to Saint-Mhervé; there you will see Gautier, called Great Peter. You will go to the cantonment of Parné, where the men blacken their faces. They put gravel into their guns, and a double charge of powder, in order to make more noise. It is well done; but tell them, above all, to kill—kill—kill! You will go to the field of the Vache Noire, which is on a height; to the middle of the wood of La Charnie, then to the camp Avoine, then to the camp Vert, then to the camp of the Fourmis. You will go to the Grand Bordage, which is also called the Haut de Pré, and is inhabited by a widow whose daughter married Treton, nicknamed the Englishman. Grand Bordage is in the parish of Quenilles. You will visit Epineux-le-Chevreuil, Sillé-le-Guillaume, Parannes, and all the men in all of the woods. You will make friends, and you will send them to the borders of the high and the low Maine; you will see Jean Treton in the parish of Vaisges, Sans Regret at Bignon, Chambord at Bonchamps, the brothers Corbin at Maisonnelles, and the Petit-sans-Lent at Saint-John-on-Erve. He is the one who is called Bourdoiseau. All that done, and the watch-word—*Revolt! No quarter!*—given everywhere, you will join the grand army, the Catholic and royal army, wherever it may be. You will see D'Elbée, De Lescure, De Larochejacquin, all the chiefs who may chance to be still living. You will show them my commander's ribbon. They all know what it means. You are only a sailor, but Cathelineau is only a carter. This is what you must say to them for me: 'It is time to join the two wars, the great and the little. The great makes the most noise; the little does the most execution. The Vendée is good—*Chouannerie* is better; for in civil war the fiercest is the best. The success of a war is judged by the amount of harm it does.'

He paused. "Halmalo, I say all this to you. You do not understand the words, but you comprehend the things themselves. I gained confidence in you from seeing you manage the boat. You do not understand geometry, yet you perform sea-maneuvres that are marvellous. He who can manage a boat can pilot an insurrection; from the way in which you have conducted this sea intrigue, I am certain you will fulfil all my commands well. I resume. You will tell the whole to the chiefs, in your own way of course, but it will be well told. I prefer the war of the forest to the war of the plain; I have no wish to set a hundred thousand peasants in line and exposed to Carnot's artillery, and the grape shot of the Blues. In less than a month I mean to have five hundred thousand sharpshooters ambushed in the woods. The Republican army is my name. Poaching is our way of waging war. Mine is the strategy of the thickets. Good; there is still another expression you will not catch; no matter, you will seize this: *No quarter, and ambushes everywhere*. I depend more on bush fighting than on regular battles. You will add that the English are with us. We catch the Republic between two fires. Europe assists us. Let us make an end of the revolution. Kings will wage a war of kingdoms against it; let us wage a war of parishes. You will say this. Have you understood?"

"Yes. Put all to fire and sword."

"That is it."

"No quarter."

"Not to a soul. That is it."

"I will go everywhere."

"And be careful. For in this country it is easy to become a dead man."

"Death does not concern me. He who takes his first step uses perhaps his last shoes."

"You are a brave fellow."

"And if I am asked monseigneur's name?"

"It must not be known yet. You will say you do not know it, and that will be the truth."

"Where shall I see monseigneur again?"

"Where I shall be."

"How shall I know?"

"Because all the world will know. I shall be talked of before eight days go by; I shall make examples; I shall avenge religion and the king, and you will know well that it is I of whom they speak."

"I understand."

"Forget nothing."

"Be tranquil."

"Now go. May God guide you! Go."

"I will do all that you have bidden me. I will go. I will speak. I will obey. I will command."

"Good."

"And if I succeed"—

"I will make you a knight of Saint Louis."

"Like my brother. And if I fail, you will have me shot?"

"Like your brother."

"Done, monseigneur."

The old man bent his head and seemed to fall into a sombre reverie. When he raised his eyes he was alone. Halmalo was only a black spot disappearing on the horizon.

The sun had just set.

The sea-mews and the hooded gulls flew homeward from the darkening ocean.

The sort of inquietude which precedes the night made itself felt in space. The green frogs croaked; the kingfishers flew whistling out of the pools; the gulls and the rooks kept up their evening tumult; the cry of the shore birds could be heard, but not a human sound. The solitude was complete. Not a sail in the bay, not a peasant in the fields. As far as the eye could reach stretched a deserted plain. The great sand-thistles shivered. The white sky of twilight cast a vast livid pallor over the shore. In the distance the pools scattered over the plain looked like great sheets of pewter spread flat upon the ground. The wind hurried in from the sea with a moan.

BOOK THE FOURTH

TELLEMARCH.

I.—THE TOP OF THE DUNE.

The old man waited till Halmalo disappeared, then he drew his fisherman's cloak closely about him and set out on his course. He walked with slow steps, thinking deeply. He