

SOPHOCLES VOL 2 OF 2 AJAX ELECTRA TRACHINIAE PHILOCTETES

"Maria brought that from Mexico," Barty said. "She thought it was pretty funny. So do I. It's a hoot. Mom says it isn't really blasphemous, because it wasn't meant to be by the people who made it, and because Jesus would want you to have cookies, and, besides, it reminds us to be thankful for all the good things we get." "There is no king in Earthsea," the young man said, stern and righteous, "In my master's service, then," Hound amended, patient. Their evenings together were comfortable bliss, though usually they just watched television, or he read to her. She enjoyed being read to: mostly historical novels and occasional mysteries. This time, he vowed never to kill again, except in self-defense, regardless of the provocation. This tougher condition pleased him. No one achieved significant self-improvement by setting low standards for himself. He switched off the flashlight and stood solemnly for a moment, paying his respects to Seraphim. She had been so sweet, so innocent, so supple, so exquisitely proportioned. Oregon State Police might find at least one reason to be suspicious of the tragic scenario that he was creating. He didn't know much about the technology that police might employ at a crime scene, and he knew even less about forensic pathology. He was just doing the best job he could. Thrusting his finger toward the table with each repetition of the word, Barty happily insisted, "Pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie." Truly, the time spent helping Agnes had given her uncountable new subjects for paintings and had begun to bring to her work a new depth that excited her. "When you pour out your pockets into the pockets of others," Agnes had once said, "you just wind up richer in the morning than you were the night before." Eventually, a braless blonde in shiny white plastic boots, a white miniskirt, and a hot-pink T-shirt featuring the silk-screened face of Albert Einstein, said, "Sure, I know her. Had some classes with her. She's nice enough, but she's kind of nerdy, especially for an Afro-American. I mean, they're never nerdy--am I right?" The funeral director and his assistant were the only people, other than Junior, remaining at the grave. They asked if they might lower the casket or if he would rather that they wait until he was gone. The customers were in a mood, most of them grumbling about their ailments. Others complained about the dreary weather, the increasing number of kids zooming along sidewalks on these damn new skateboards, the recent tax increases, and the New York Jets paying Joe Namath the kingly sum of \$427,000 a year to play football, which some saw as a sign that the country was money-crazy and going to Hell. Initially, lying drowsily in the sumptuous comfort of Pratesi cotton sheets with black silk piping, Junior assumed that he was in a twilight state between wakefulness and sleep, and that the singing must be a lingering fragment of a dream. Although rising and falling, the voice remained so faint that he didn't at once identify the tune, but when he recognized "Someone to Watch over Me," he sat up in bed and threw back the covers. "Who is this?" he demanded, although for a demand, the words came out too thin, too squeaky. "He's an attorney, and this grieving husband comes to him with a big liability case. There's money to be made." He ran gasping, praying, feet slapping the concrete sidewalk, frightening birds out of the purple brightness of blossom-laden jacarandas and out of Indian laurels, terrorizing a tree rat into a lightning sprint up the bole of a phoenix palm. The few people he encountered reeled out of his way. Brakes shrieked as he crossed intersections without looking both ways, risking cars and trucks and rhinoceroses. Never before had she put faith in any form of prognostication. In the whispery falling of those twelve cards, however, she heard the faint voice of truth, not quite a coherent truth, not as clear a message as she might have wished, but a murmur that she couldn't ignore. Throughout the evening, Barty and Angel-sitting side by side and across the table from Paul-listened to the adults at times and occasionally joined in the larger conversation, but primarily they talked between themselves. When the kids' heads weren't together conspiratorially, Paul could hear their chatter, and depending on what else was being discussed around the table, he sometimes tuned in to it. He picked up on the word rhinoceros, tuned in, tuned out, but a couple minutes later, he dialed back in when he realized that Celestina, sitting two places farther along the table from him, had risen from her chair and was staring in amazement at the kids. The right side of the girl's face appeared to be more strongly affected by gravity. The cemetery had been mown for the holiday. The scent of fresh cut grass grew more intense the longer Agnes met her son's radiant green-blue gaze, until the fragrance became exquisitely sweet. Houses made settling noises all the time. That was one reason why he couldn't rely much on sound to guide him through the darkness. A noise he thought had been made by the weight of his tread might as easily have been produced by the house itself as it adjusted to the. Aware of the dangers of dehydration, he drank a bottle of water and put two half-gallon containers of Gatorade in the Suburban. Bad news. Having been identified by another guest put Junior at risk of later being tied to the killing; having been recognized by a close personal friend of Celestina White's was even worse. It had become imperative now that he know why the pianist had been watching him from across the room with such intensity. One worrisome problem: Neddy might be found in the container before it had been hauled away, instead of at the landfill that preferably would serve as his next-to-last resting place. If his body was discovered here, it must be at a distance from any trash bin used by the gallery. The less likely the cops were to connect Neddy to Greenbaum's art-sausage factory, the less likely they also were to connect the murder to Junior. One of the coin seekers knocked against Junior, jarring him loose of his paralysis, but when he stumbled out of the line of fire of the second vending machine, a third machine shot quarters at him. "In cases like this, the malignancy is often more advanced in one eye than the other. If the size of the tumor requires it, we remove the eye containing the greatest malignancy, and we treat the remaining eye with radiation." She moved beside him. "For one minute, after her heart stopped the first time, she wasn't here in St. Mary's, was she? Her body, yes, that was still here, but not Phimie." "Yeah, but I've been thinking about that. If he feels some kind of responsibility ... then why did he ever represent Cain in the first place?" "Not that trains are any better. Look at the Bakersfield crash back in '60. Santa Fe Chief, out of San Francisco, smashed into an oil-tank truck. Seventeen people crushed, burned in a river of

fire." and half rotten. She tore it. With the small scissors, she opened the shoulder seam from the inside..He capped the bottle, pocketed it, and then kicked the dead man, kicked him again, and spat on him..He needed to keep moving, conduct the search, find the watch, and get the hell out of here, but he couldn't stop staring at the musician. Something about the cadaver made him nervous-aside from the fact that it was dead and disgusting and, if he was caught with it, a one-way ticket to the gas chamber..Now the message ... Something about a hospital. Someone dying. A cerebral hemorrhage.."Well, maybe you're right," Bellini said somewhat acerbically, before departing, "but then you've had the advantage of an illegal search, while I'm hampered by such niceties as warrants."."When I couldn't get enough nightclub and theater bookings for my magic act anymore ... I turned to gambling."."One of the things I was searching for in your house was a life insurance policy on your wife. I didn't find one. Didn't find any canceled checks for the premium, either."Her eyes, lustrous pools, brimmed with the need to know, but she respected the deal. "I only half understood all that, and I don't even know which half, but in some strange way, it feels true. Thank you. I will think about it tonight, when I can't sleep." She stepped close and kissed him on the cheek. "Who are you, Tom Vanadium?"Thanks to his intelligence and his personality, Barty's presence was so great for his age that Agnes tended to think of him as being physically larger and stronger than he actually was. As the scent of grass grew more complex and even more appealing, she saw her son more clearly than she'd seen him in a while: quite small, fatherless yet brave, burdened with a gift that was a blessing but that also made a normal boyhood impossible, forced to grow up at a up faster pace than any child should be required to endure. Barty was achingly delicate, so vulnerable that when Agnes looked at him, she felt a little of the awful sense of helplessness that burdened Edom and Jacob.."For the love of God," Junior pleaded, "can't you please give me something for the pain?".She was sopping, shivering. Water streamed from her soaked hair, down her face, as she wiped at her beaded eyelashes with one dripping hand.."I'm interested in one of the smaller Griskins," said Junior, managing to appear calm, although his mouth was dry with fear and his mind spun with crazy images of the maniac cop, dead and rotting but nevertheless lurching around San Francisco..With the uniformed troopers was a stocky, late-fortyish, brush-cut man in black slacks and a gray herringbone sports jacket. His face was almost pan flat, his first chin weak, his second chin stronger than the first, and his function unknown to Junior. He would have been the least likely man to be noticed in a ten-thousand-man convention of nonentities, if not for the port-wine birthmark that surrounded his right eye, darkening most of the bridge of his nose, brightening half his forehead, and returning around the eye to stain the upper portion of his cheek..Throughout Agnes's thirty-three years, strength had often been demanded of her, but never such strength as was required now to rein in her emotions and to be a rock for Barty. "Don't be scared, honey. I'm here." She took one of his small hands in both of hers. "I'll be waiting. You'll never be without me."..being careful to place the point of impact precisely where the bottle had struck her..After a bit Otter nodded left, away from the grey stone tower. They walked on towards a long, treeless valley, past grass-grown dumps and tailings..Crouching beside the boy as he rubbed a brighter shine onto the granite, Agnes said, "Barty, honey, why are youHow ironic it would be if Celestina, the aunt of Seraphim's bastard boy, proved to be the heart mate for whom Junior had been longing through the past few years of unsatisfying relationships and casual sex. This seemed unlikely, considering the jejune quality of her paintings, but perhaps he could help her to grow and to evolve as an artist. He was an open-minded man, without prejudices, so anything could happen after the child was found and killed..Third, Celestina had a daughter. Not a boy named Bartholomew. Seraphim's baby had been a girl. Named Angel. This confused Junior as much as it stunned him..As punctilious as you might expect any good accountant to be, Bartholomew Prosser didn't delay long enough to make it necessary for Junior to ring the bell twice. The porch light came on.."All right," Agnes said, and as she voiced her acceptance, she was shivered by a sudden fear for which she couldn't at once identify a cause..Perplexed by their peculiar behavior, even slightly unnerved, Tom answered Maria's question. "I'm afraid there's nothing else I can do, nothing more of a fantastic nature."..Like a spring-loaded novelty snake erupting from a can, Junior exploded up from the chair, nearly knocking it over..The candlestick was dry. Holding this pewter bludgeon with a paper towel, Junior replaced it on the table as he had found it. He picked up the candle from the floor and married it to the stick..Celestina White was the center of attention, always surrounded by champagne-swilling, canape--gobbling bourgeoisie who would have been shopping for paintings on velvet if they'd had less money..Now, twenty-four hours later, when Sparky answered his telephone and heard Tom Vanadium, he said, "You looking for a little company? I've got another bottle of Merlot where the last one came from."..When Agnes groaned, one of the shadows spread its wings, moved closer, to the right side of the bed, and resolved into a nurse. Agnes's vision had cleared. The nurse was a pretty young woman with black hair and indigo eyes..The two men detached and rolled up the pleated green skirt that hung from the rectangular frame of the graveyard winch on which the casket was suspended. Green, rather than black, because Naomi loved nature: Junior had been thoughtful about the details of the service.."Nicholas Deed." On her tongue, the name was as bitter as a dissolving aspirin..When the two vertical panes of the casement window were still less than seven inches apart, they stuttered. The mechanism produced a dismal grinding rasp that sounded like a guttural pronunciation of the problem itself, c-c-c-corrosion, and seized up..The window was French with small panes, so Celestina couldn't simply break the glass and climb out..with an encircling and suggestive lick, and then licked his lips, too, when the cold steel slipped free of them..He didn't want to risk marrying weapon and silencer here in the hall, where he might be seen. Besides, complications could arise from being splattered with Neddy's blood. Aftermath was disgusting, but it was also highly incriminating. For the same reason, he was loath to use a knife..She proceeded down the shadowy center aisle, genuflected at the chancel railing, and went to the votive rack..As Celestina and her mother loaded the last of the pies into the ice chests in the Suburban, Paul and Agnes came back from her station wagon at the head of the caravan..By telephone, he

had been prepared for this boy. Strange as it was to find a Bartholomew in their lives, given Enoch Cain's peculiar obsession, Tom nonetheless agreed with Celestina that the wife killer could have no way to know about this child-and could certainly have no logical reason to fear him. The only thing they had in common was Harrison White's sermon, which had inspired this boy's name and might have planted the seed of guilt in Cain's mind..Highly impressed by the spot-on hyena scream with which Frieda had purged herself of the childhood emotional trauma inflicted by an authoritarian grandmother, Junior asked her to go out with him..Blind he remained until an afternoon in May 1993, when at last the miracle occurred, and the meaning that Tom Vanadium had foreseen so long ago began to manifest..The sound made by the dropping corpse indicated that cushioning trash lined the bottom of the bin, and also that it was no more than half full. This improved chances that Neddy wouldn't be discovered until a dump truck tumbled him into a landfill-and even then perhaps no eyes would alight upon him again except those of hungry rats..As always in uncertainty, she asked herself what her mother would do in this situation. Grace, of infinite grace, unfailingly did precisely the needed thing, knew exactly the right words to console, to enlighten, to charm a smile out of even the miserable. Often, however, the needed thing involved no words, because in our journey we so often feel abandoned, and we need only to be reassured that we are not alone..The ninth piece was not art, certainly not a work by Griskin, and could disturb no one half as much as it rattled Junior. Upon a black pedestal stood a pewter candlestick identical to the one that had cracked the skull of Thomas Vanadium and had added dimension to the cop's previously pan-flat face..Maria was hand-repairing some of Joey's clothes, which Agnes had meticulously damaged earlier in the day.. "Well, you see, that's the funny thing about all the important choices we make. If we make a really big wrong choice, if we do the really awful wrong thing, we're given another chance to continue on the right path. So the very moment I stupidly stepped off the curb without looking, I created another world where I did look both ways and saw the rhinoceros coming. And so-". "It was... the only dream that mattered," Joey said. "You ... loving me. It was a good life because of you".As he stepped out of the street, Don't Walk shortened to Walk, and when he checked for pursuit, he found it. Here came Vanadium, who would have been shivering in want of a topcoat if his flesh had been real..In his blindness, Barty listened to her reports and, through her, saw more than he could have seen if never he had lost his eyes..When Paul practiced the quarter trick, he usually did so on the sofa or in an armchair, and always in a room with carpeting, because when dropped on a hard surface, the coin rolled and required too much chasing..When he judged that he was near the porch steps, he probed with his cane. Two paces later, the tip rapped the lowest step..After following his uncle's movements, Barty looked at the table again. "Pie, pie, pie, pie, pie, pie.".Move, move, like a runaway train, leaving the dead nuns--or at least one dead musician--far behind..Perhaps she was afflicted with only expressive aphasia, but she must be confused to some degree. The baby, which would be placed for adoption, was not hers to name..out of hand. "Well ... yes, I suppose so." Spineless, unethical quack bastard, Junior thought bitterly..Over potato soup and an asparagus salad, the dinner conversation got off to a promising start: a discussion of favorite potato dishes, observations on the weather, talk of Mexico at Christmas..Suddenly she realized--Good Lord!--that someone else had a had inside her, up the very center of her, massaging her uterus in the same lazy pattern as that made by the piece of melting ice on her belly.."-and when I get up off the street, my clothes are a mess, and I've got this face.".Sitting on the edge of the bed, Maria lightly salted the runny eggs and spooned them into Agnes's mouth. "Eggs is as chickens does.".The terror he hid from her vanished with the recital of their vows. He knew from their first kiss as husband and wife that this was his destiny. What a great adventure they'd had together these past twenty-three years, one that Doc Savage might have envied..Then by ambulance to the hospital, whisked into surgery, and for a while, blessed unconsciousness.. "I'm really not sad, Mom. I'm not. I don't like it this way, being blind. It's ... hard." His small voice, musical as are the voices of most children, touching in its innocence, spun a fragile thread of melody in the dark, and seemed too sweet to be speaking of these bitter things. "Real hard. But being sad won't help. Being sad won't make me see again.".Yes, he suspected that he would require a great deal of rest to prepare himself for this vixen. Even in her loose white uniform and stodgy rubber-soled shoes, she was an incomparably erotic figure. She would be a lioness in bed..In the kitchen, he fussily avoided the blood and stepped around Victoria to switch off both ovens. He killed the gas flame under the large pot of boiling water on the cook top..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..A few attractive women were here alone, proof that social mores had changed dramatically in three years. Junior was aware of their hot gazes, their need, and he knew that he could have any of them..With a nervous twitch of his avian head and a wary frown, the watcher broke eye contact and slipped into the chattering crowd, lost as quickly as a slender sandpiper skittering among a herd of plump seagulls..room, heavier and colder than the ice bags that were draped across Junior's midsection..Junior had come to the gumshoe four days ago, with business that might have made a reputable investigator uncomfortable. He needed to discover whether Seraphim White had given birth at a San Francisco hospital earlier this month and where the baby might be found. Since he wasn't prepared to reveal any relationship to Seraphim, and since he resisted devising a cover story on the assumption that a competent private detective would at once see through it, his interest in this baby inevitably seemed sinister..Though they had expected the cause of the explosion, both Paul and Harrison were halted by shock at the sight of all this ruination. They had expected to find the car jammed into the wall of the house, never this far inside. The speed required to penetrate this distance into the structure beggared Paul's skills of calculation and made him wonder if even recklessness and alcohol were sufficient to produce, such a catastrophe.. "Love you," Wally said, and Celestina repeated it, and he said, "I'm gonna stand in the hall till I hear you set both locks.".With his mother, his uncles, and Maria hovering just two steps behind, Barty

followed the driveway, not bothering with the cane, keeping his right foot on the concrete, his left foot on the grass, until he came to a jog in the pavement, which apparently he'd been seeking. He stopped, facing due north, considered for a moment, and then pointed due west: "The oak tree's over there." Junior was vigilant. He took note of all those who approached the piano, whether they dropped money in the fishbowl or not. Neither guilt nor remorse plagued him. Good and bad, right and wrong, were not issues to him. Actions were either effective or ineffective, wise or stupid, but they were all value neutral. 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.

[The Decline](#)

[Leadership from the Inside Out What Kind of a Leader Are You?](#)

[How to Build a Fortune with an IRA](#)

[Las Vegas Golden Era Memoirs 1954-1974](#)

[Madame Th r se or the Volunteers of 92](#)

[Heir of Locksley](#)

[Some Assembly Required Poems to Bless Inspire and Comfort](#)

[Adagio](#)

[Beschreibende Darstellung Der Alteren Bau- Und Kunstdenkmaler Der Provinz Sachsen Und Angrenzender Gebiete](#)

[What Was from the Beginning The Emergence of Orthodoxy in Early Christianity](#)

[Twin Souls](#)

[The 1% Solution How Small Daily Improvements Produce Massive Long-Term Results](#)

[X-Men and the Book of Revelation Revealing the Truth about Gods Apocalypse with Uncanny Insights from the X-Men](#)

[Understanding Spiritual Gifts and Calling to Ministry](#)

[Monkey Play Date](#)

[A Journey of the Heart](#)

[Stanza Al Pigneto Una](#)

[Yet Home](#)

[Making Headlines](#)

[Sonata for Solo Cello](#)

[Glass Walker](#)

[The Detroit Ordnance District 1918-1919](#)

[Victoria a Pirate Romance](#)

[The Promise of things](#)

[Tireur De Ficelles le](#)

[Dharma Training Course Year Two](#)

[Open Book a Collection of Poetry](#)

[Vitamines Anti-Age](#)

[Guerre d'Italie M moires Du Comte D Contenant Quantit de Choses Particuli res Secr tes Tome 1 La](#)

[Morgan A Caribbean Fairy Tale](#)

[Palme de Fidiliti Ou Ricit Vritable Des Amours de la Princesse Orbelinde La](#)

[Dot de Suzette La Jalousie IH ro sme Des Femmes La](#)

[Sirene De Philadelphie Format Roman Illustre Tome 1 La](#)

[Overcoming \(a Poetry Journal \)](#)

[Als De Worg Je Bij De Gorgel Grijpt](#)

[Man Beast](#)

[The German State on a National and Socialist Foundation](#)

[The Dystopia in Desert The Silent Culture of Australias Remotest Aboriginal Communities](#)

[Masters Mates and Mishaps](#)

[Ebola Profile of a Killer Virus](#)

[Dharma Training Course Year One](#)

[Nurse V Nurse](#)

[A Guide to Sanitation Safety Planning in the Philippines](#)
[Bottleneckers Gaming the Government for Power and Private Profit](#)
[The Winchester Legend of the West](#)
[Oxford Big Ideas Humanities 9 Victorian Curriculum obook assess \(code card\)](#)
[Tour de la Vallie Histoire Et Description de Bithemont Fripillon Bessancourt Taverny Le](#)
[Onenote 2016 2013](#)
[The International Monetary Fund \(IMF\) Politics of Conditional Lending](#)
[Doctor Strange What Is It That Disturbs You Stephen?](#)
[Valley Gatherings Food Inspired By The Clarence River And Those Who Call It Home](#)
[Frameworks for Practice in Educational Psychology Second Edition A Textbook for Trainees and Practitioners](#)
[Financing Mechanisms for Wastewater and Sanitation](#)
[All Under Heaven](#)
[Fairies of Fick Island](#)
[Being Mindful Being Christian A guide to mindful discipleship](#)
[Australia Goes to Washington 75 years of Australian representation in the United States](#)
[Indian Paths of Pennsylvania](#)
[Mainstreaming Gender into Climate Mitigation Activities](#)
[Get Ahead! Basic Sciences 100 EMQs](#)
[Vie Du R P Captier Premier Assistant Du Tiers-Ordre Enseignant de Saint-Dominique](#)
[Les Causeries dUn Maire Avec Ses Administris Du 21 Septembre 1867 Au 30 Mai 1868](#)
[La Ligende de Versailles 1682-1870 3e idition Revue Et Augmentie dUne Priface Et dUn ipilogue](#)
[La Famille de Nancy Ou Lettres dEliza Alberti](#)
[Entre Bicitre Et Charenton Les Aventures dUn Notaire La Ligende Du Monsieur Qui Avait Le Frisson](#)
[Synopsis de la Nouvelle Flore Des Environs de Paris Suivant La Mithode Naturelle](#)
[Bibliographie Et Iconographie de la Maison-Dieu Notre-Dame de la Trappe Au Diocise de Sies](#)
[Le Bataillon de Provins Siige de Paris 1870-1871 Ricit dUn Garde Mobile](#)
[Versailles Et Les Trianons](#)
[Correspondance Dramatique Ou Lettres Critiques Et Historiques Sur Les Spectacles Tome 1](#)
[Tableau Historique Et Politique Des Opirations Militaires Et Civiles de Bonaparte Premier Consul](#)
[Renseignements Sur Quelques Peintres Et Graveurs Des Xve Et Xviii Siicles Israil Silvestre](#)
[Nouveau Conducteur Ou Guide Des itrangers Dans Lille Et Dans Ses Environs idition Ornie](#)
[Le Crime de Pierrefitte](#)
[Voyages Pittoresques Et Romantiques Dans lAncienne France Ancienne Normandie 1820](#)
[Faculti de Droit de Paris Droit Romain Du Sinatus-Consulte Tribellien Droit Franiais de la](#)
[La Chute de Metz Armie Du Rhin Ses ipreuves](#)
[Histoire de Clichy-La-Garenne](#)
[1792 La Guerre Dans Les Environs de Lille 28 Avril Au 23 Novembre Le Bombardement de Lille](#)
[Histoire Communale Des Environs de Dieppe Contenant Les Cantons de Longueville Tites](#)
[Miroir de lAncien Et Du Nouveau Paris Avec Treize Voyages En Vilocifires Dans Ses Tome 1](#)
[Les Soiries de lAbbi Tranchant Ou Entretiens Anecdotes Et Souvenirs Relatifs i lHistoire](#)
[Bibliothique Douaisienne Nouveau Guide de litranger Dans Douai Augmenti dUne Biographie](#)
[La Sibirie iconomique Considirie Plus Spicialement Dans Sa Partie Cisbaikalienne](#)
[The Zouddha Manuscripts Birth of a New Being](#)
[Histoire Complite Et Inidite Religieuse Politique Sociale Et Descriptive de](#)
[Liste Ginirale Et Complite Des Notables Communaux Du Dipartement de la Seine Dans Les Trois](#)
[Bible Studies from an Asshole](#)
[Origines de la Materniti de Paris Les Maitresses Sages-Femmes Et lOffice Des Accouchies](#)
[Vie de S Vincent de Paul Avec Fac-Simile de Son icriture Et de Son Portrait Juge de Paix Du](#)
[Recherches Sur lipuration Biologique Et Chimique Des Eaux digout Effectuies i lInstitut Tome 8](#)
[Cours de Belles-Lettres Ou Principes de la Littirature Tome 3](#)

[Histoire Gentrale de l'Abbaye Du Mont-St-Michel Au Pire de la Mer Tome 2](#)

[Recherches Sur l'ipuration Biologique Et Chimique Des Eaux digout Effectuies i l'Institut Tome 3](#)

[Flight Surgeon](#)

[Recherches Historiques Sur Rouen Fortifications Porte Martinville](#)

[Une Saison Aux Eaux Minerales d'Enghien Considirations Hygiiniques Et Midicales](#)

[Versailles Et Son Musie Historique Ou Description Complite Et Anecdorique de la Ville Du Palais](#)

[Storia Del Calcio I Campionati Del 1910-11](#)

[Devant l'Ennemi](#)
