

POETRY.

THAT BROTHER OF MINE.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind... And closes the door with a slam...

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

"Yes," said Madame de Villefort; and it is still entirely within the power of my husband to cause the will, which is now in the hands of Valentine, to be altered in her favor...

"Do you think," said Madame de Villefort, "that Valentine is in league with him? She has always been opposed to this marriage, and I should not be at all surprised if what we have just seen and heard is nothing but the execution of a plan concerted between them."

"Madame," said Villefort, "believe me, a fortune of 900,000 francs is not so easily renounced..."

"She could, nevertheless, make up her mind to renounce the world, sir, since it is only about a year ago that she herself proposed entering a convent."

"Never mind," replied Villefort; "I say that this marriage shall be consummated!"

"Notwithstanding your father's wishes to the contrary?" said Madame de Villefort, selecting a new point for attack, "that is a serious thing!"

"Ah, that would be a great pity," said Villefort, "if I had not been so determined to see this marriage consummated..."

contact. Although General d'Epinau served under Napoleon, did he not retain the royalist sentiments?"

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"No, M. le Comte—I hope—I assure you I will do all I can," stammered Villefort. "Oh," said Monte-Cristo, "I allow of no excuse. On Saturday, at six o'clock, I shall be expecting you, and if you fail to come, I shall think—for how shall I know to the contrary?—that this house, which has remained uninhabited for twenty years, must have some gloomy tradition or dreadful legend connected with it."

"I will come, M. le Comte, I will be sure to come," said Villefort, eagerly. "Thank you," said Monte-Cristo; now you must permit me to take my leave of you to see a thing on which I have some times mused for hours together."

"What is it?" "A telegraph. So now I have told my secret." "A telegraph!" repeated Madame de Villefort. "Yes, a telegraph! I had often seen one placed at the end of a road on a hill-top, and in the light of my own black arms, bending in every direction, always reminding one of the claws of an immense beetle; and I assure you it was never without emotion that I gazed upon it for I could not help thinking how wonderful it was that those various signs should be made to cleave the air with such precision as to convey to the distance of three hundred leagues the ideas and wishes of a man sitting at a table at one end of the line to another man similarly placed at the opposite extremity."

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"By the tower of Montlhéry, you mean?" "Yes." "Thank you. Good-bye. On Saturday I will tell you my impressions concerning the telegraph."

"I am sorry to say I must do so; but I only came to remember you of your promise for Saturday." "Did you fear that we should forget it?" "You are very good, madame; but M. de Villefort has so many important and urgent occupations."

"Do not let me interfere with you in anything, my friend," said the count; gather your strawberries, if indeed there are any left." "I have ten, and I had twenty-one, five more than last year. But I am not surprised; the spring has been warm this year, and strawberries require heat, sir. This is the reason that, instead of the sixteen I had last year, I have this year, you see, eleven already plucked—twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. Ah, I miss three; they were here last night, sir—I am sure they were here—I counted them. It must be the son of Merse Simon who has stolen them; I saw him strolling about this morning. Ah! the young rascal! strolling in a garden he does not know where that may lead him to!"

"Certainly, it is wrong," said Monte-Cristo, "but you should take into consideration the youth and greediness of the delinquent." "Of course," said the gardener; "but that does not make it the less unpleasant. But, sir, once more I beg pardon; perhaps you are an official that I am detaining here?" And he glanced timidly at the count's blue coat.

"I have read so," said the count. "Really? I have not seen you, though they do say 'as fat as a dormouse.'" "It is not a wonder they are fat, sleeping all day, and only waking to eat all night. Listen. Last year I had four apricots—they stole one; I had one nectarine, only one well-ripe, they ate half of it on the wall—splendid nectarine. I never ate a better."

"That is to say, the half that was left you understand; it was exquisite, sir. Ah, those dormice never choose the worst nectarine. The Mother Simon's boys have not chosen the worst strawberries. But this year, I'll take care it shall not happen, even if I should be forced to sit up the whole night to watch when the strawberries are ripe." Monte-Cristo had been engaged. Every man has a devious passion in his heart, as every fruit has its worm; that of the man at the telegraph was horticulture. He began gathering the vine-leaves which screened the sun from the grapes, and was the work of the gardener. "Did you come here, sir, to see the telegraph?" he asked. "Yes, if it be not contrary to the rules."

"Oh, no," said the gardener; "there are no orders against doing so, providing there is nothing dangerous, and that no one knows what we are saying." "I have been told," said the count, "that you do not always yourselves understand these signals you repeat." "Certainly, sir; and that is what I like best," said the man, smiling.

"Why do you like that best?" "Because then I have no responsibility. I am a machine then, and nothing else, and so long as I work, nothing more is required of me." "Is it possible," said Monte-Cristo to himself, "that I can have met with a man that has no ambition? That would spoil the plot." "Sir," said the gardener, glancing at the sun-dial, "the ten minutes are nearly over; I must return to my post. Will you go up with me?"

"I follow you," Monte-Cristo entered the tower, which was divided into three stages. The lowest contained gardening implements, such as spades, rakes, watering-pots, hung against the wall; this was all the furniture. The second was the usual dwelling, or rather sleeping place of the man; it contained a few poor articles of household furniture—a bed, a table, two chairs, a stone pitcher—and some dry herbs, hung up to the ceiling, and of which the good man was preserving the seeds, having labeled them with as much care as if he had been a botanist. "Does the wind require much from the art of telegraphing, sir?" asked Monte-Cristo.

"The study does not take long; it was acting as a supernumerary that was so tedious." "HOW TO FORECAST WEATHER. A Formula of Popular Signs Which are Easily Remembered." The formula of popular weather signs which is said to be most kindly treated by the official observers is that which was adopted by the Farmers' Club of the London Institution several years ago. It contains ten propositions easily remembered, which are as follows:

1. When the temperature falls suddenly, there is a storm forming south of you. 2. When the temperature rises suddenly, there is a storm forming north of you. 3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather towards a region where a storm is forming. 4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress towards a region of fair weather. 5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region where a storm is forming. 6. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northeast, there will be rain within twenty-four hours, no matter how cold it is. 7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southeast there will be a hailstorm on the morrow, if it be in the summer, and if it be in the winter there will be a snow storm. 8. The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south, the heaviest rain is west of you; if it blows from the east the heaviest rain is south of you; if it blows from the west the heaviest rain is north of you. 9. The wind never blows unless rain is in the air, and rain never falls unless a storm is forming within a thousand miles of you. 10. Whenever heavy white frost occurs a storm is forming within a thousand miles of you. This is about as far as a popular weather prophecy has yet advanced. It is not a great distance, to be sure, but then it is much better than trusting to the guess work of almanac predictions, which are made up a year or more in advance.

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"I think it charming." "Well! my husband would never live in it."

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"Do not let me interfere with you in anything, my friend," said the count; gather your strawberries, if indeed there are any left." "I have ten, and I had twenty-one, five more than last year. But I am not surprised; the spring has been warm this year, and strawberries require heat, sir. This is the reason that, instead of the sixteen I had last year, I have this year, you see, eleven already plucked—twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. Ah, I miss three; they were here last night, sir—I am sure they were here—I counted them. It must be the son of Merse Simon who has stolen them; I saw him strolling about this morning. Ah! the young rascal! strolling in a garden he does not know where that may lead him to!"

"I do like Anteuil, sir," said the proctor, making an evident effort to appear calm. "But I hope you will not carry your antipathy so far as to deprive me of the pleasure of your company, sir," said Monte-Cristo.

"No, M. le Comte—I hope—I assure you I will do all I can," stammered Villefort. "Oh," said Monte-Cristo, "I allow of no excuse. On Saturday, at six o'clock, I shall be expecting you, and if you fail to come, I shall think—for how shall I know to the contrary?—that this house, which has remained uninhabited for twenty years, must have some gloomy tradition or dreadful legend connected with it."

"I will come, M. le Comte, I will be sure to come," said Villefort, eagerly. "Thank you," said Monte-Cristo; now you must permit me to take my leave of you to see a thing on which I have some times mused for hours together."

"What is it?" "A telegraph. So now I have told my secret." "A telegraph!" repeated Madame de Villefort. "Yes, a telegraph! I had often seen one placed at the end of a road on a hill-top, and in the light of my own black arms, bending in every direction, always reminding one of the claws of an immense beetle; and I assure you it was never without emotion that I gazed upon it for I could not help thinking how wonderful it was that those various signs should be made to cleave the air with such precision as to convey to the distance of three hundred leagues the ideas and wishes of a man sitting at a table at one end of the line to another man similarly placed at the opposite extremity."

"You are a singular man," said Villefort. "What line would you advise me to study?" "That which is most in use just at this time." "The Spanish one, you mean, I suppose?" "Yes; should you like a letter to the minister that they might explain to you?"

"No," said Monte-Cristo; since as I told you before, I do not wish to compute the cost of the telegraph, which I understand it there will no longer exist a telegraph for me; it will be nothing more than a sign from M. Duchatel, or from M. Montalvert, transmitted to the prefect of Bayonne, mystified by two Greek words, *telegraphos*, and *tele*, which mean, respectively, a word which I wish to retain in my imagination in all its purity and in all its importance."

"Oh, then; for in the course of two hours it will be dark, and you will not be able to see anything." "You fight me. Which is the nearest way? Bayonne?" "Yes! the road to Bayonne!" "And afterwards the road to Châtillon?" "Yes!"

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