

**WHEN VALMOND CAME
TO PONTIAC; THE STORY
OF A LOST NAPOLEON**

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When Valmond came to Pontiac; the story of a lost Napoleon by Gilbert Parker

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GILBERT PARKER

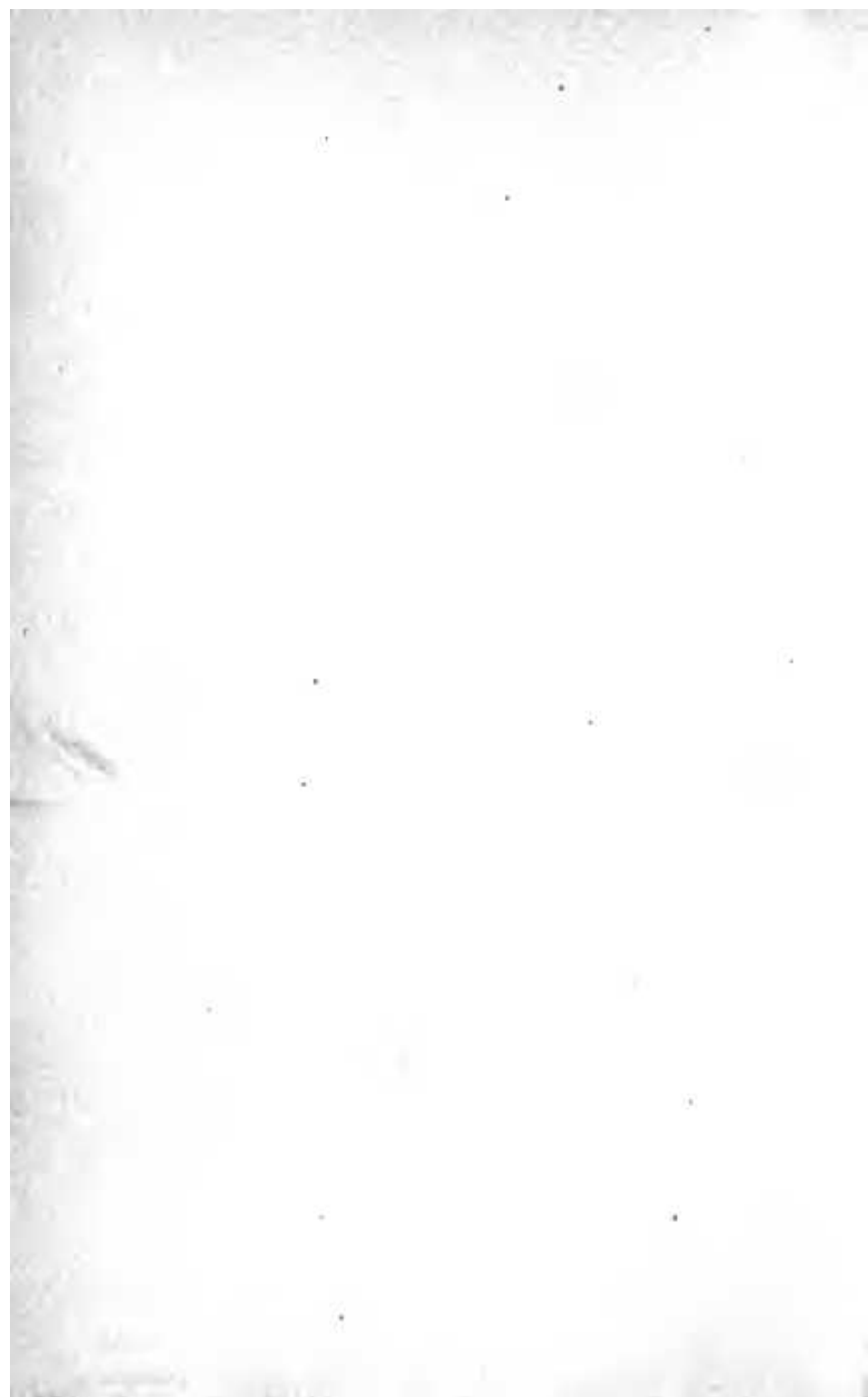


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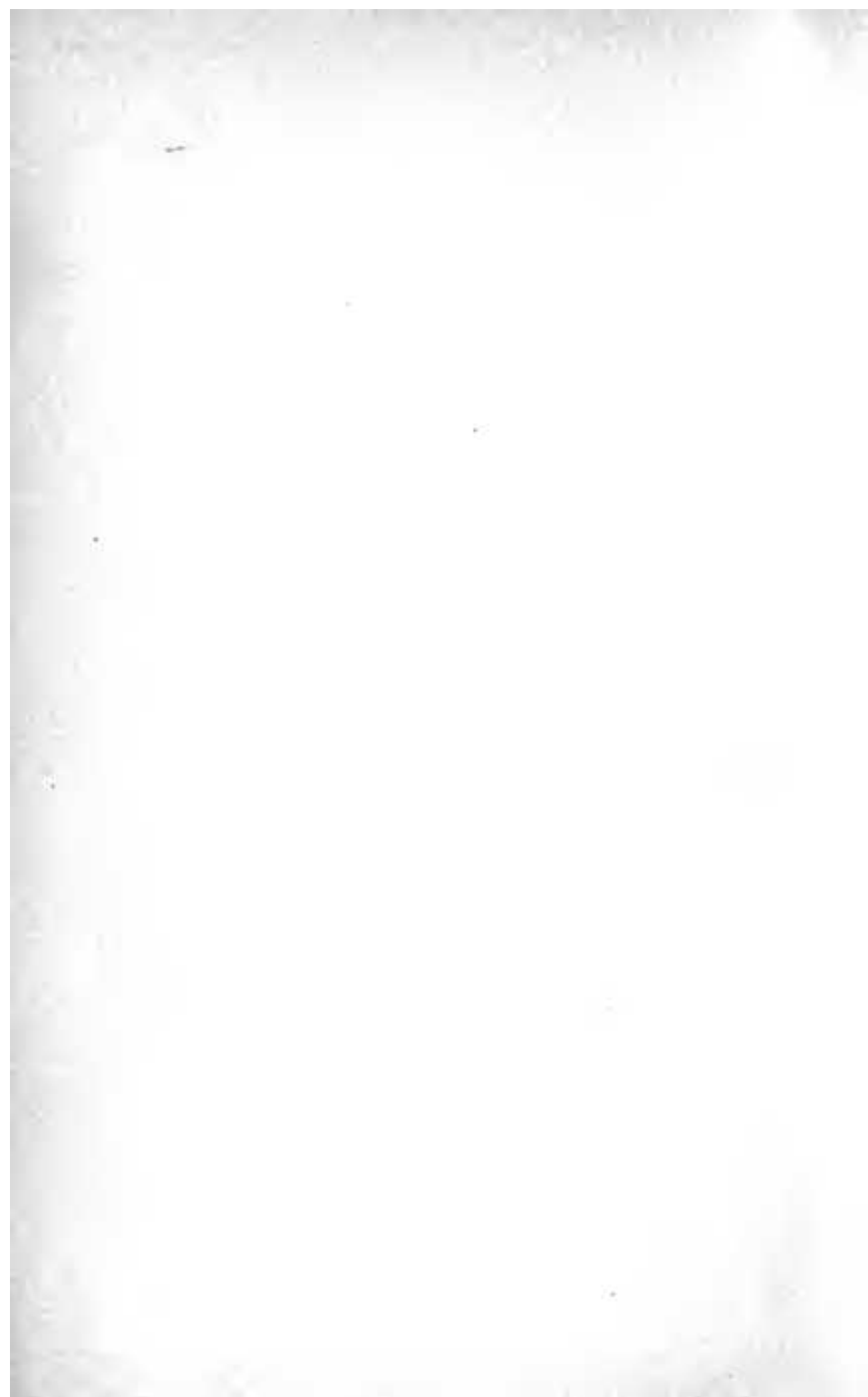
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TO
MRS. WILSON MARSHALL
VALMOND'S
BEST FRIEND
AND MY
COMRADE
IN HIS
FORTUNES



“Oh, withered is the garland of the war;
The soldier's poll is broken !”



When Valmond Came To Pontiac

THE STORY OF A LOST NAPOLEON

CHAPTER I

ON one corner stood the house of Monsieur Garon the avocat ; on another, the shop of the Little Chemist ; on another, the office of Medallion the auctioneer ; and on the last, the Hotel Louis Quinze. The chief characteristics of Monsieur Garon's house were its brass door-knobs, and the verdant luxuriance of the vines that climbed its sides ; of the Little Chemist's shop, the perfect whiteness of the building, the rolls of sober wall-paper, and the bottles of colored water in the shop windows ; of Medallion's, the stoop that surrounded three sides of the building, and the notices of sales tacked up, pasted up, on the front ; of the Hotel Louis Quinze, the deep dormer windows, its solid timbers, and the veranda that gave its front distinction—for this veranda had been the pride of several generations of landlords,