

**THE DODGE CLUB:  
OR, ITALY  
IN MDCCCLIX**

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The Dodge Club: Or, Italy in MDCCCLIX by James De Mille

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**JAMES DE MILLE**

**THE DODGE CLUB:  
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# THE DODGE CLUB;

OR,

## ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.

By JAMES DE MILLE,

AUTHOR OF "CORD AND CREESE; OR, THE BRANDON MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

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## THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.



DICK!

### CHAPTER I.

PARIS.—THE DODGE CLUB.—HOW TO SPEAK FRENCH.—HOW TO RAISE A CROWD.

It is a glorious day in Paris. The whole city is out in the public places, watching the departure of the army of Italy. Every imaginable uniform, on foot and on horseback, enlivens the scene. Zouaves are everywhere. Cent Gardes hurry to and fro, looking ferocious. Imperial Gardes look magnificent. Innumerable little red-legged soldiers of the line dance about, gesticulating vehemently. Grisettes hang about the necks of departing braves. A great many tears are shed, and a great deal of

bombast uttered. For the invincible soldiers of France are off to fight for an idea; and doesn't every one of them carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack?

A troop of Cent Gardes comes thundering down in a cloud of dust, dashing the people right and left. Loud cheers arise: "Vive l'Empereur!" The hoarse voices of myriads prolong the yell. It is Louis Napoleon. He touches his hat gracefully to the crowd.

A chasseur leaps into a cab.

"Where shall I take you?"

"To Glory!" shouts the soldier.

The crowd applaud. The cabman drives off and don't want any further direction.

Here a big-bearded Zouave kisses his big-bearded brother in a blouse.

"Adieu, mon frère; write me."

"Where shall I write?"

"Direct to Vienna—*poste restante*."

Every body laughs at every thing, and the crowd are quite wild at this.

A young man is perched upon a pillar near the gar-

den wall of the Tuilleries. He enjoys the scene immensely. After a while he takes a clay pipe from his pocket and slowly fills it. Having completed this business he draws a match along the stone and is just about lighting his pipe.

"Halloo!"

Down drops the lighted match on the neck of an *ouvrier*. It burns. The man scowls up; but seeing the cause, smiles and waves his hand forgivingly.

"Dick!"

At this a young man in the midst of the crowd stops and looks around. He is a short young man, in whose face there is a strange mixture of innocence and shrewdness. He is

pulling a baby-carriage, containing a small specimen of French nationality, and behind him walks a majestic female.

The young man Dick takes a quick survey and recognizes the person who has called him. Down drops the pole of the carriage, and, to the horror of the majestic female, he darts off, and, springing up the pillar, grasps first the foot and then the hand of his friend.

"Buttons!" he cried; "what, you! you here in Paris!"

"I believe I am."

"Why, when did you come?"

"About a month ago."

"I had no idea of it. I didn't know you were here."

"And I didn't know that you were. I thought by this time that you were in Italy. What has kept you here so long?"

Dick looked confused.

"Why the fact is, I am studying German."

"German! in Paris! French, you mean."

"No, German."

"You're crazy; who with?"

Dick nodded his head toward his late companion.

"What, that woman? How she is scowling at us!"

"Is she?" said Dick, with some trepidation.

"Yes. But don't look. Have you been with her all the time?"

"Yes, seven months."

"Studying German!" cried Buttons, with a laugh. "Who is she?"

"Madame Bang."

"Bang? Well, Madame Bang must look out for another lodger. You must come with me, young man. You need a guardian. It's well that I came in time to rescue you. Let's be off!"

And the two youths descended and were soon lost in the crowd.

"Three flights of steps are bad enough; but great Heavens! what do you mean by taking a fellow up to the eighth story?"

Such was the exclamation of Dick as he fell exhausted into a seat in a little room at the top of one of the tallest houses in Paris.

"Economy, my dear boy."

"Ehem!"

"Paris is overflowing, and I could get no other place without paying an enormous price. Now I am trying to husband my means."

"I should think so."

"I sleep here—"

"And have plenty of bedfellows."

"I eat here—"

"The powers of the human stomach are astounding."

"And here I invite my friends."

"Friends only, I should think. Nothing but the truest friendship could make a man hold out in such an ascent."

"But come. What are your plans?"

"I have none."

"Then you must league yourself with me."

"I shall be delighted."

"And I'm going to Italy."

"Then I'm afraid our league is already at an end."

"Why?"

"I haven't money enough."

"How much have you?"

"Only five hundred dollars; I've spent all the rest of my allowance."

"Five hundred? Why, man, I have only four hundred."

"What! and you're going to Italy?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll go too and run the risk. But is this the style?" and Dick looked dolefully around.

"By no means—not always. But you must practice economy."

"Have you any acquaintances?"

"Yes, two. We three have formed ourselves into a society for the purpose of going to Italy. We call ourselves the Dodge Club."

"The Dodge Club?"

"Yes. Because our principle is to dodge all humbugs and swindles, which make travelling so expensive generally. We have gained much experience already, and hope to gain more. One of my friends is a doctor from Philadelphia, Doctor Snakeroot, and the other is Senator Jones from Massachusetts. Neither the Doctor nor the Senator understand a word of any lan-



HERE I INVITE MY FRIENDS.