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# The HUNCHBACK of NOTRE DAME

VICTOR HUGO



On the sixth of January, 1482, the good people of Paris were awakened by a grand peal from all the bells in the city. The bells proclaimed a double holiday--the Epiphany and the Festival of Fools. Soon the streets were thronged with a motley crowd of tradespeople and students, soldiers and beggars, all intent on finding amusement.

The crowd shoved, elbowed and hustled its way into the Palace of Justice, where a play was to be performed at noon. As the appointed hour came and went, the crowd grew impatient.



Impatience grew into irritation. Finally a person dressed as Jupiter came forth and stood shaking with fear in every limb. A tall, fair young man advanced toward him.



As the play began, two young females beckoned to the young man.

Will this mystery be a very fine one?

Certainly, I wrote it myself.



Indeed!

Indeed. My name is Pierre Gringois.



The prologue of the mystery was proceeding when a ragged beggar scrambled up to the cornice below the stage and seated himself aloftly.



As if luck would have it, a young wag spied him and was seized by an outrageous fit of laughter.

Look at that rascalion begging yonder!



The prologue stopped short, and every head turned toward the beggar.

Charity, if you please!



Grispoin backed at the actors.



Why the devil do ye stop? Go on! Go on!

The actors obeyed, and the public began again to listen. Then all at once, the door of the reserved platform was thrown open.

His Eminence Monseigneur the Cardinal of Bourbon



All heads turned toward the platform. The unlucky prologue was cut short a second time.



The Cardinal advanced toward his armchair. Meanwhile, Gringoire had not ceased to beat himself for the salvation of his prologue.



The mystery! The mystery!  
Go on with the mystery!

Silence was in some degree restored among the audience. The actors proceeded with spirit until someone rose from his seat.

Is this what you call a mystery? It is not amusing. They promised me I should see the election of pope of fools.



We have our pope of fools of Ghent, too. We collect a crowd, and then everyone that likes puts his head in turn through a hole and grins at the others. He who makes the ugliest face is chosen.



What say you? Shall we choose your pope of fools after the fashion of my country?



Everything was made ready. A little chapel opposite the stage was chosen for the scene of the grimaces.

Each competitor can put his head through here.



The grimaces began, accompanied by shouts of laughter and stamping from the crowd.



Then roars of applause announced the election of the pope of fools.

Huzzo! Huzzo!



*He was brought out in triumph—a creature of miraculous ugliness.*



It is Quasimodo, the bell ringer!

It is Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre Dame!

By the roof! Thou art the finest piece of ugliness I ever beheld.

He is deaf, sire.



Deaf! And what use does he make of his tongue, I wonder?

He can talk when he likes. He is not dumb. He became deaf with ringing the bells.



*Quasimodo was required to sit on a litter which twelve men hoisted upon their shoulders. The roaring and ragged procession then moved off to parade the streets of the city.*





Meanwhile, Gringoire had maintained his ground. The hope of recalling his audience became brighter when he saw Quasimodo and his ruffians leaving the hall.

Excellent! We shall get rid of all these troublesome knaves



But a few minutes later a shout came from a young scapgrace at the windows.

La Esmeralda in the Place du Grève!



Unluckily, these were the whole assembly. In a twinkling of an eye the great hall was nearly empty.

Well, there are a few left—quite as many as I want to hear the conclusion of my mystery.



All who were left in the hall ran to the windows.

A pretty pack of boobies, these Parisians! They come to hear a mystery, and will not listen to it!



*Gringore left the Palace. He soon turned toward the Place de Grève in hope of warming himself at the bonfire there. In a space left open between the crowd and the fire he saw a young female dancing.*



*The girl at length paused and called a pretty little white goat to her.*

Goat, it is your turn now. What o'clock is it?



*The goat raised her foreleg and struck the girl's tambourine seven times.*

The clock is just striking seven!



*The people were astounded except for an austere-looking, bald man in the crowd whose deep-set eyes were fixed intently on the girl.*

There is sorcery at the bottom of this!



*The gypsy girl turned on her heel and began to collect the donations. Gringore thrust his hand into his pocket.*

The devil! There is nothing there!



Now everyone's attention was diverted by the procession of the pope of fools, which was entering the Place de Greve with all its torches and its clamor.



As Quasimodo was borne triumphantly along, his attendants beheld the bald-headed man suddenly dart from among the crowd.



With an angry gesture he snatched from Quasimodo's hands his crosier of gilt wood.

It is Dom Claude Frollo, the archdeacon of Notre Dame!



Quasimodo leaped to the ground and dropped upon his knees before the priest.



As the people crowded yelling about them, the priest made a sign to the hunchback, and they withdrew in silence.



*Meanwhile, Gringore was wondering where he might find some supper. He took it into his head to follow the gypsy.*



After all, she must lodge somewhere. The gypsies are good-natured. Who knows--

*The streets became darker and more deserted as the gypsy led the way through a labyrinth of lanes and alleys.*



Here are streets that have very little logic.

*On reaching the corner of a street into which she had turned, Gringore was startled by a piercing shriek. He was able to distinguish the girl struggling in the grasp of two men.*



*Gringore advanced boldly. One of the men who held the girl turned upon him.*



It is Quessimodo!

*Quessimodo dealt Gringore a blow which stretched him sprawling upon the pavement.*



Then the hunchback caught up the young girl and bore her off. His companion followed.

Murder!  
Murder!



Suddenly a horseman came dashing along out of the next street, and snatched the girl out of Quasimodo's grasp.



Following their captain, fifteen archers came up and seized and bound Quasimodo. His companion disappeared during the struggle.



The gypsy turned and looked intently at the officer.

What is your name, sir?

Captain Phoebus de Chateaupers, at your service, my dear.



The gypsy thanked him, slid down the horse's side to the ground, and vanished with the swiftness of lightning.



*Meanwhile, Gringoire, by degrees, came to himself*

Hang that hunchbacked Cyclops! Egad! I am freezing!



*He raised himself and bobbed off, but soon found himself entangled in the intricacies of the dark, narrow lanes and courts.*

Curse these branching streets!



*A reddish light which he perceived at the extremity of a long, narrow lane helped cheer his spirits.*

God be praised! A fire!



*But as he advanced he saw a number of indistinct and shapeless masses which turned out to be cripples and beggars proceeding toward the light.*



*He walked on with them in some alarm until he came into a spacious place where a thousand scattered lights flickered*

Where am I?

The Cour des Miracles-- the haunt of thieves.



*Gringoire was seized by three beggars as a crowd bleated and barked around him.*

Lead him to the king!  
Lead him to the king!



*He was led to a hogsthead, upon which was seated another beggar. This was the king upon his throne.*

Well, vorriet, what hast thou to say in thy defense? Thou must be punished unless thou art a thief, a beggar, or a vagrant.

Alas, I have not that honor. I am the author--



Enough! Thou shalt be hanged!

You cannot mean what you say! I am the poet whose mystery was presented in the great hall of the palace today.

I was there. But comrade, because we were annoyed by thee in the morning, is that any reason why thou shouldst not be hanged tonight?



*The vagabonds quickly erected a gibbet. They made Gringoire mount a stool, and put a rope about his neck.*

Farewell, my friend. But wait a moment. I forgot. It is customary with us not to hang a blade till the women have been asked whether any of them will have him.



*The king mounted his hog's head.*

This way, gentlewomen. A husband for nothing. Who wants one?



Nay, he is as lean as a carrion.

Hang him, and that will be a pleasure for all of us.



*The hangmen again surrounded the gibbet. At that moment the crowd opened and made way for a bright and dashing figure.*

La Esmeralda!



*She approached Gringoire.*

Are you going to hang this man?

Yes, sister, unless thou wilt take him for thy husband.



I will take him.





The king brought an earthenware jug. The gypsy girl handed it to Gringoire.

Drop it on the ground.



The jug broke into four pieces.

Brother, she is thy wife. Sister, he is thy husband. For four years. Go.



In a few minutes the poet found himself in a small room, very snug and warm. He began seriously to take himself for the hero of some fairy tale and approached the girl with ardent impetuosity.



She stooped and raised herself again with a little dagger in her hand. Gringoire stood petrified.

Pardon me. But why did you take me for your husband?

Should I have let you be hanged?



Then I am not so triumphant as I imagined. If you will not have me for your husband, will you have me for your friend?

Perhaps. I don't even know your name.



It is Pierre Gringoire and I am from Geneva. At six years old I was left an orphan. I know not how I passed the interval between six and sixteen. Here a fruit-woman gave me an apple, there a baker tossed me a crust of bread.



At sixteen I began to think of adopting a profession. One day, as good luck would have it, I met with Dom Claude Froite, the arch-deacon of Notre Dame, who took a liking to me. To him I owe it that I am this day a learned man, the author of the mystery that was performed today.



*L*a Esmeralda's eyes were fixed upon the ground.

Phoebus--what does that mean?

It is a Latin word, and means the sun.



Suddenly the girl rose and slipped through the door of an adjoining room. Gringoire heard the sound of a bolt.



*Sixteen years before the period of these events, a living creature was laid in the wooden bed on the left-hand porch of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where it was customary to expose foundlings to the public charity.*

What will the world come to if that is the way they make children nowadays?



'Tis not a child, tis a misshapen ape.

I do hope that nobody will apply for it. It is a demon and ought to be drowned or burned.



*A young priest who had been listening to the comments, pushed aside the crowd and examined the foundling.*

I adopt this child.



*He wrapped him in his cassock and carried him away. The bystanders looked after him with horror.*

Did I not tell you that Monsieur Claude Frolo is a sorcerer?



*Claude Frolo was a chaplain of Notre Dame. He took the child to his room in the church. Soon the little creature, whom he named Quasimodo, was twisting and hopping in the shade of its arches.*



*At the age of fourteen, Quasimodo became the bell-ringer of Notre Dame, and a fresh infirmity came upon him. The volume of sound broke the drum of his ear, and deafness was the consequence. Nonetheless, he loved the bells, and his enormous head and bundle of ill-adjusted limbs were often seen furiously swinging at the end of a bell rope.*



*His gratitude to Claude Frolo, who had now become archdeacon of Notre Dame, was impassioned and unbounded. They conversed in the language of signs, and the archdeacon was the only human creature with whom Quasimodo had kept up communication.*



*In 1482, Quasimodo was about twenty, and Claude Frolo about thirty-six, an austere, morose churchman before whom the singing boys trembled as he stalked slowly along beneath the lofty arches.*



On the day after the Festival of Fools, Quasimodo was brought, cuffed and pinioned, into the court of the Chatelet.

They art accused of assaulting a woman and resisting the archers of the guard. What hast thou to say for thyself?



The deaf prisoner supposed that the provost was inquiring his name.

Quasimodo.

Art thou making game of me, thou provost? knowe?



Quasimodo thought that the provost had inquired his profession.

Bell-ringer of Notre Dame.

Bell-ringer! I'll have such a peal rung on thy back as shall make thee rue thy impertinence!



Take this fellow to the pillory of the Greve. Let him be flogged and then turn him for an hour. He shall pay for his insolence!



*Quasimodo was brought to the Place de Greve and bound to the wheel of the pillory amid the hooting of a crowd which had assembled.*



*The wheel began to turn, and the flogging began. When it ceased, Quasimodo still had to remain on the pillory an hour.*



*A man clad in the livery of the city ascended the platform, holding a whip composed of long, white, knotted fronds.*



*A shower of abuse was poured on him from the mob, accompanied here and there by stones.*



*Breaking the silence which he had hitherto kept, he cried out in a hoarse and furious voice.*



*His cry served only to heighten the mirth of the good people of Paris.*



*Quasimodo called again.*



*Then a young female followed by a little white goat approached the pillory and began to ascend the steps.*



*She approached the sufferer, and gently lifted a gourd to his parched lips.*



*A big tear was seen to start from his bloodshot eye. He drank greedily, and La Esmeralda descended from the pillory amid the shouting of the crowd.*



*When the time of Quasimodo's punishment expired, he was released, and the mob dispersed. Several weeks elapsed. Then one beautiful spring day in March, a young man of a bold but somewhat vain look was standing with several handsome females on a balcony of a house opposite Notre Dame.*



Phoebus, did you not tell us of a little gypsy whom you rescued one night from the hands of robbers?



I think I did.

I should not wonder if it was she dancing yonder. Do call her up! It will amuse us!

*Phoebus called and beckoned to the girl, who blushed deeply and made her way into the house with faltering steps.*



Come hither, my girl. I know not whether you recollect me --

Oh, yes!



How was it that you slipped away in such a hurry the other night? Did I frighten you?

Oh, no!



A fine girl, upon my soul!

But very uncouthly dressed. Why do you run about the streets in that short petticoat?





Some days later, Phoebus and a friend were engaged in a loud and somewhat drunken conversation.

The gypsy with the goat? Are you sure she will come, Phoebus?

Not the least doubt of it. I go to meet her now.



Behind them a man muffled in a cloak pressed closer to listen.

By the by, have you any money left?

Silence, you must listen to my song.



But instead of singing, the drunken man sank upon the pavement and began to snore in a magnificent bass.



Phoebus walked on. Chancing to turn his eyes, he saw a kind of shadow creeping behind him.

If he is a robber, he should seek better game. I have not a single sou.



The figure came up to Phoebus and grasped his arm with the force of an eagle's talons.

Captain Phoebus de Gréousiers! You have an engagement this evening.

I have.





Here is money, on condition that you take me with you. Conceal me in some corner where I may see whether the girl is really the same whose name you mentioned.

Very well. That will make no difference to me.



*They walked on until they came to a house where an old woman admitted them and led them to an upstairs room. Phoebus opened a door that led to a dark closet.*



*Claude Frolo--for he was the man in the closet--crushed in the dust and mortar of the closet. His brain seemed to be on fire.*



*A quarter of an hour later, the beautiful and graceful La Esmeralda came in.*

Despite me not, Monseigneur Phoebus I fear what I am doing is wrong. But I love you!

And I love thee, angel of my life, and never loved any but thee.



*Phoebus had so often repeated this declaration that he brought it out without a blunder. The gypsy raised her eyes to the ceiling with a look of angelic happiness.*

Oh, this is the moment at which one ought to die.



To die! Why, 'tis the very time to live. Hark ye, my dear Esmeralda--I beg your pardon, Esmeralda. You do have an outlandish name, but I passionately adore you.



Phoebus, instruct me in thy religion that we may be married.

Pooh! What should we marry for? These are silly notions.



*In the dark closet, Claude Frolo gnashed his teeth.*



*The gypsy sorrowfully drooped her head.*

Ah, leave me, Captain, I beseech you.

I see plainly that you love me not.



Not love thee! Wouldst thou break my heart? Phoebus, my beloved Phoebus. My soul, my life, my all are thine!



*She threw her arms around the neck of the officer. Then all at once she saw another face, livid and convulsive. Close to the face was a hand holding a dagger.*



*She saw the dagger descend upon the captain. She swooned.*



*On coming to, she found herself surrounded by soldiers. Claude Frollo was gone.*



What is it?

'Tis a sorceress who has stabbed a captain.

*A month went by, and Gringoire and the thieves in the Cour des Miracles were in a state of extreme anxiety about La Esmeralda, who was missing. One day Gringoire followed a crowd into the Palace of Justice.*

There is nothing like a criminal trial for dispelling melancholy. The judges are so amusingly stupid.



*The hall was dark. Gringoire turned to one of his neighbors.*

Who are they trying?

A young woman, sit. You can't see her for the crowd.



*An old woman who looked like a bundle of rags was under examination.*

... I heard a scream, and the upstairs window opened. I ran to my window, and saw a black figure drop before my eyes.



I called the watch, and when they came we found the captain laid full length with a dagger in his bosom, and the girl shamming dead. A pretty job. It will take me a fortnight to get the floor clean again.



*Suddenly the accused rose, and Gringoire saw that it was La Esmeralda.*

Where is Phoebus? For mercy sake, tell me if he still lives!

Silence! Uster, bring in the second prisoner.



All eyes turned toward a small door which opened, and in walked La Esmeralda's goat.



The king's proctor made the goat exhibit several tricks.

It is bewitched!

It is the devil himself!



The president of the court then addressed La Esmeralda.

Girl, in company with the bewitched goat, you did on the night of March 29 stab and slay Phoebus de Chateaupers. Do you persist in denying this?

I deny it.



Then I demand the application of torture.

Granted.



At an order, the unhappy girl rose and walked with tolerably firm steps toward a low door which suddenly opened and closed behind her.

The provoking hussy! To bring torture upon herself just now, when we ought to be at supper!



Having ascended and descended some steps in passages so dark that they were lighted in broad day by lamps, La Esmeralda was thrust into a room of sinister aspect.



In that case, it will be very painful for us to question you more urgently. Take the trouble to sit down on this bed.



La Esmeralda looked wildly around the room at the ugly instruments of torture.

What shall we begin with?

The buskin.



An iron-bound apparatus was fastened onto La Esmeralda's foot. As it became more and more contracted, the wretched sufferer gave a horrible shriek.

Hold! Do you confess?

Everything. I confess.



Though you confess, you have nothing but death to expect.

I wish for it.





*L'Emeralda again entered the court and advanced with faltering steps to her place*

You have confessed, then, all your misdeeds of magic and murder?

Whatever you please. Only put me to death soon.



*Sentence was pronounced.*

You shall be drawn in a lambri, barefoot, with a rope around your neck, to the great porch of Notre Dame, and shall there do penance; and thence you shall be taken to the Place de Greve and hanged by the neck on the gallows; and your goat shall be hanged likewise.



*L'Emeralda was thrust into a dark dungeon where she remained in a state of stupor. At length one day the door grated on rusty hinges and a figure in black stood before her.*

Are you prepared to die?  
It will be tomorrow.

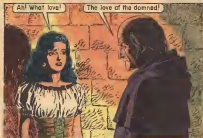
'Tis a long time till then. Why not today? What difference could it have made to them?



You must be very unhappy. Without light! Without fire! 'Tis horrible!

Yes. I want to leave this place. I am cold, I am afraid, and there are loathsome things which crawl upon me.





Listen, thou shalt know all. Before I saw thee I was happy. Then one day I beheld thee dancing, and I was possessed with a spirit that was strange to me. I became haunted with thy image.



I conceived the idea of carrying thee off. There were two of us, and we hid thee in our clutches when that odious officer came up and rescued thee.



Not that name! Oh maiden, take pity on me. Thou knowest not what misery is. It is to love a woman--to be a priest--to be hated--to see her lavish on a silly braggart the treasures of love and beauty.



I implore thee, repulse me not! I would enable thee to escape. We could seek the spot where there is the most sunshine, the most azure sky. Oh, save thyself--spare me!



What has happened to Phoebus?

He is dead!



Dead?

He must be dead. I struck home.



Then begone, monster! Begone, murderer! Leave me to die! Nothing shall bring us together, not even hell itself!



*Claude Frolo slowly began to ascend the steps. His face was ghastly. Behind him, La Esmeralde fell with her face to the ground.*



**P**hoebus, meanwhile, was not dead. His wound had been severe, but youth had enabled him to get the better of it. Thus, one fine morning two months after the stabbing, the amorous cavalier came swaggering to call upon the lady who lived opposite Notre Dame.

What is the occasion of this bustle?

A witch is to do penance this morning before the church and to be hanged afterward.



**A** cart now came bearing a young female with her hands tied behind her. At her feet was a little goat, also bound.

'Tis the gypsy with the goat. Don't you recall--

I know not what you mean.



**P**hoebus had turned unusually pale.

What is it to you? One would suppose that the sight of this creature had given you a shock.

Not the least in the world.



**T**hey watched as the girl did penance at the steps of the church. She was reascending the cart when she raised her eyes toward heaven and saw Phoebus on the balcony.

Phoebus, my Phoebus! Thou art not dead!



**T**he shock was too great, and she fell senseless upon the pavement. Phoebus hastily retired from the balcony into the room, and the window was immediately closed.



**A** person had yet observed a strange-looking spectator in the gallery of the church immediately above the girl. Suddenly he seized a rope he had tied to one of the pillars, and glided down the facade.



**H**e fell to the ground the men who held La Esmeralda and bore her off on one arm.



**A**s one bound he was in the church.



**W**ithin the walls of Notre Dame the prisoner was safe. The cathedral was a place of refuge. Human justice dare not cross its threshold.



**Q**uasimodo held La Esmeralda carefully. His Cyclops eye shed upon her a flood of tenderness. At that moment he was really beautiful.



*He carried her to a small room at the top of the church. He brought her a basket of food, a mattress, and some clothes. She lifted her eyes to thank him, but could not utter a word.*

I frighten you, I see. I am ugly enough, God wot. Do not look at me, but only harken to me.



In the daytime you shall stay here, at night you can walk about all over the church. But stir not a step out of it, or they will catch you and kill you, and it will be the death of me.



*She raised her head to reply, but he was gone. The next morning he came again, and read her lips as she spoke.*

Tell me why you have saved me.

You have forgotten a wretch who attempted one night to carry you off, a wretch to whom the very next day you gave water on the pillory. You have forgotten, but he has not.



Look you, we have very high towers here. When you wish to be rid of me, tell me to throw myself from the top. You have but to say the word.



*He rose, and the gypsy made him a sign to stay.*

No, no. I must not stay too long. It is out of pity you do not turn your eyes from me.



*Time passed on One day La Esmeralda chanced to see Phoebus riding below. She fell on her knees and extended her arms to disquish.*



Phoebus! Come!  
Come!

Shall I go and  
fetch him?

Oh, go, go!  
Bring him  
to me!



*Quasimodo hurried down the staircase stifled with sobs. Phoebus had entered the house opposite the church. When he reappeared many hours later, Quasimodo ran up to him and laid hold of the horse's bridle.*

Come, Captain; 'Tis a female who is waiting for you-- a female who loves you. 'Tis the gypsy.



*As Quasimodo attempted to lead the horse toward the church, Phoebus dealt him a smart stroke with his whip and clapped spurs to his horse.*

Guy! Tell her who sent thee,  
That I am going to be married!



*Quasimodo refused to take La Esmeralda to meet him. He could not bear to give her pain by telling her what had happened.*

Alone!

I could not meet with him. I will watch him better another time.



Meanwhile, Claude Frolo, hearing that La Esmeralda was in the cathedral, shut himself up in his room for several weeks. He was in torment. One day he went out and met Pierre Gringois.

How goes it with you, Master Pierre?

Upon the whole good, Master.



Claude Frolo knew about Gringois's mock marriage to La Esmeralda.

And the gypsy girl-- do you ever think of her now?

Very little. I was told that she was safe in Notre Dame, which I was very glad to hear.



She did take sanctuary in Notre Dame, but in three days justice will again seize her, and she will be hanged. The parliament has issued a decree.

I wonder who the devil amused himself with soliciting such an order.

There are actions in the world. But never mind. Will you not do something to save her?

Yes, if I do not get my own neck into a noose.



But I have a capital idea! I will arouse the vagabonds. She is a favorite with them. They shall attack the cathedral, and in the confusion we can carry her off.

Very good. Let us do it tomorrow.





The following evening a vagabond crew poured in a torrent along the dark streets which led to Notre Dame. Soon a crowd spread itself before the church. Quasimodo watched them.

It must be an attempt against Le Esmeralda. I will defend her though I die.



Thirty stout men bearing sledge-hammers and crow-bars made for the great door of the church. The door, however, held firm.



It is tough and obstinate.

Suddenly there was a tremendous crash. An enormous beam had fallen from the sky, crushing a dozen vagabonds.



The beggars scampered off in every direction.

It must surely be the moon that has thrown us this log! To work, accursed! Force the door!



The vagabonds picked up the beam and dashed it with fury against the great door. At the same instant a shower of stones began to rain upon the assailants.



This was followed shortly by two streams of molten lead.



All eyes were raised to the top of the building where a monstrous form passed in front of a fire.

Do you see that demon?

'Tis that cursed bell-ringer, that Cussimada!



Just then one of the band came up dragging a long ladder.

What are you going to do with that?

At the end of that gallery is a door. We will mount to it, and then we will be in the church.



The ladder was raised, and the vagabonds began to ascend.



*But before the besiegers could set foot on the gallery, the formidable hunchback caught hold of the ladder and pushed it from the wall with superhuman force. The ladder fell amid piercing shrieks.*



*More ladders were found, and soon Quasimodo beheld a fearful rabble mounting on all sides. There were no means of withstanding this rising tide of grim faces.*



*All at once the tramp of horses in full gallop was heard.*



*The mob defended itself with the valor of despair but at length gave way and fled in all directions.*



*Quasimodo, frantic with joy, flew to La Esmeralda's room. He found it empty.*



*During the attack, La Esmeralda had remained in her room, praying and trembling. Asid' N'la' angah, she heard footsteps near her. She gave a faint shriek.*

Fear nothing. It is I, Pierre Gringoire.



Who is that with you?

Be easy. 'Tis one of my friends.



My dear girl, your life is in danger. They mean to hang you again. We are your friends and have come to save you. Follow us.



*They rapidly descended the lower stairs and went out at the rear of the cathedral. At the river's edge there was a skiff.*



*The skiff slowly pursued its way toward the right bank. When it reached the shore, La Esmeralda sprang out and stood stupefied for a moment.*



When she came to herself, she was alone with the unknown man, Gringoire and the goat were gone. The man took her hand and began to drag her along with him.



Who are you?  
Who are you?

They arrived at the Place de Greve. In the middle of it stood the gibbet. The man stopped and raised his cowl. It was Claude Frolo.



Oh, I knew that  
It must be you!

Listen to me. Yonder they are searching for thee. Maiden, I love thee and can save thee. There is the gibbet. You must choose between us.

I feel less horror  
of that than of  
you



No fire can be fiercer than that which consumes my heart. 'Tis a love, a torture, night and day. If a man loves a woman, it is not his fault. Will thou never take compassion on me?





*Meanwhile, Claude Frolo had returned to the church and stood on a balcony looking toward the Place de Greve. Quasimodo stole behind him.*



*Quasimodo saw La Esmeralda being borne to the gibbet, and saw the executioner kick away the ladder. At this moment a demon laugh burst from Claude Frolo.*



*Quasimodo rushed furiously upon him and thrust him into the abyss over which he was leaning.*



*The gutter beneath caught him. He clung to it desperately. Quasimodo did not so much as look at him. He looked toward the gibbet, and a stream of tears flowed in silence from his eye.*



*Claude Frolo began to lose his hold. The wretched man closed his eyes and down he fell.*



*Quasimodo was never seen afterward. About two years later, in the vault where the bodies of witches who had been executed were thrown, two skeletons were found. One was of a female, and the other, which embraced it, of a male. It was remarked that the male's spine was crooked, and the head depressed between the shoulders. It was evident the person had not been hanged, but had come thither and died in the place. When the crooked skeleton was disengaged from that which it held, it crumbled to dust.*

THE END

## VICTOR HUGO



**V**ICTOR Marie Hugo was a giant among the literary figures of nineteenth-century France. Few writers of any country or period have enjoyed such popularity as he did.

Born in 1802, Hugo won honorable mention in a national poetry contest at the age of fifteen. At twenty, he married a childhood sweetheart, Adèle Foucher. A year later, he published his first novel, *Han d'Islande*.

By the time he was twenty-five, Victor Hugo had published plays, poems and novels that won him recognition as the leader of the romantic movement in French literature.

During the early 1830's, writers of many countries were caught up in this movement. It stressed highly emotional scenes and unusual events, rather than the quiet flow of everyday life. Leading romantic writers were Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron and Alexander Dumas.

Hugo's first play, *Cromwell*, was written in 1827. *Hernani*, another play, was written in one month in 1830. It became an immediate success.

In 1831, Hugo published *Notre-Dame de Paris*, popularly known as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. It established him as an important novelist as well as dramatist.

Ten years later, Hugo was elected to the French Academy, one of the highest honors a French writer can receive. He continued to write plays and poetry, in time producing more poems than any other French writer before or after him. Today, he is generally considered France's greatest poet.

In 1851, when Napoleon III abolished the French constitution and had himself declared emperor, Hugo spoke out strongly against him. As a result, Hugo had to flee the country. In exile, he wrote several pamphlets ridiculing Napoleon III. In one of them, he called the French ruler "the little Napoleon."

Vowing not to return to France until Napoleon III no longer reigned, Hugo went to live in the Channel Islands, a British possession lying off the coast of France. There, on the island of Guernsey, he wrote three major novels.

The first was *Les Misérables* (1862), which means the unfortunates. It is a huge, sprawling novel in which Hugo sought to portray the evils of social injustice against the poor and the oppressed. The hero, Jean Valjean, is an escaped convict who devotes his life to doing good.

*Toilers of the Sea* (1866) soon followed. In this novel, set in the Channel Islands, Hugo dealt with man's struggle against the hostile forces of nature. A lone man, Gillbatt, battles storms and an octopus while saving the engine of a wrecked steamboat from the rocks upon which the ship had crashed.

*The Man Who Laughs* (1869) was the last of the novels Hugo wrote in Guernsey. The main character, Gwynplaine, who is disfigured, is a victim of man's cruelty to his fellow man. The setting is England, where Gwynplaine discovers one day that he is a lord.

When the empire of Napoleon III fell in 1870, Victor Hugo returned to France. Hugo was sixty-eight years old. His exile had lasted nineteen years. Fame, honor and a seat in the French senate were his until his death in 1885. His funeral was one of the largest of the century in Paris.



## THE WANDERERS

**I**N 1422, a band of some three hundred families of lean, dark-skinned people tramped into the city of Bologna, in what is now Italy, with a very strange tale. They said they were pilgrims doing penance for having left the Christian Church. The King of Hungary had taken away their lands, befriended them and ordered them to obtain pardon from the Pope at the end of seven years. The king had provided a universal safe-conduct for them which instructed everyone who met them to treat them well.

The people were so poor and bedraggled-looking that no one thought of doubting their story. The citizens of Bologna were kind to them, but soon after, a Bolognese chronicler wrote, "These vagabonds are the finest slaves in the world."

This is an early record of the first appearance of gypsies in western Europe.

Everywhere they went, the gypsies said they came from somewhere else. In Greece, Spain and England, they said they were Egyptians. In Switzerland and Germany, they were called Saraceni. In The Netherlands, they were called heathens. In Scandinavia and Finland, they were Tartars, and in France, they were called Bohemians. Wherever they went, public kindness to them was followed by waves of protest and condemnation.

Among themselves, gypsies are always truthful and very gay. Their musical skill is famous the world over. Their melodies have been used by such well-known composers as Brahms and Liszt. Gypsies are fiercely proud of their way of life. In 1748, the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria tried to make them settle down as peasants on the land, but they left in their caravans rather than be tied down to one place.

Gypsy men often are horse dealers, musicians or smiths. In the United States, because the automobile has almost com-

pletely replaced the horse, many gypsies operate truck-car lots.

Gypsy families stay close together. They are very hospitable to wandering gypsies who reach their camp. That is one way they can keep in touch with their friends in other places. The wanderers bring news of them to the next camp they go to.

Who the gypsies are, and where they come from, is still uncertain. They have no written records and no stories of their homeland except those they make up to fool the *gadzo*, or non-gypsies. Because they have received bitterly cruel treatment since their entry into western Europe, they are extremely suspicious of all outsiders.

The only evidence about them that is fairly accurate is based upon their language, Romany. The vocabulary of pure Romany is very small because gypsies tend to use the language of the country they are in. But by examining words that have been adopted into Romany, scholars have been able to figure out roughly where gypsies come from.

Romany is an offshoot of Sanskrit, the language of ancient India. The word for "man" in Syrian and Persian gypsy is *dam*. In modern Indian, *dam* means a man of low caste who earns his living by singing and dancing. A Persian legend describes the gypsies as descendants of twelve thousand Indian minstrels imported by a Persian monarch for the amusement of his subjects.

Some people think the gypsies are related to a vagabond Indian tribe called the Doma. Most people believe European gypsies came by way of Persia to Greece in the eleventh century. After the Turks invaded Greece, life became difficult there. Because of their wandering spirit and the hardships of living under the rule of the Turks, the gypsies moved westward until they were in every country of Europe.

## FROM OSIRIS TO O'NEILL

**T**HE idea was new. Perhaps an ancient high priest first thought of it. But somewhere about 4000 B.C., the earliest known play was performed as part of an Egyptian religious ceremony. By 3200 B.C., Egyptian high priests were acting out several more. Some of these early plays were held in the rooms adjoining the tombs of dead pharaohs.

The *Osiris Passion Play* is the most famous of these speech stories concerned with religion. It enacted the story of the Egyptian god, Osiris, who was identified with a dead pharaoh. The living pharaoh was identified with Osiris' son, Horus. A priest-actor introduced himself by saying, "I am Horus, son of Osiris." He then spoke lines, such as "I overthrew the enemies of Osiris."

About 2000 B.C., in China, dancers began impersonating gods and heroes in religious festivals. Plays were not acted out in China, however, until the seventh century A.D.

The theater, as we know it today, really began with the Greeks. *Drama* is a Greek word that means action.

About 800 B.C., the Greeks danced and sang in their religious festivals. The most important of these honored *Dionysus*, god of wine and fertility. His worshippers drank, danced and sang around an altar upon which a goat was sacrificed. The dance and song were called the *dithyramb*. Later, the *dithyramb* came to be called the *tragedy*, or goat song. From this comes the word *tragedy*.

Eventually, someone shouted phrases during the festival instead of singing them. He was called the *speaker*. Then others

began to echo the speaker. It was not long before a speaker and chorus became the adopted custom of the festivals. An early speaker who gained fame was *Thespis*, who lived in the sixth century B.C. The word *thespian* comes from his name. It usually means actor. The day that two speakers first shouted, dramatic dialogue was born in ancient Greece.

Greek drama grew very popular. In time, a large stage, masks and costumes were added. All the citizens of the community took part in a performance, either as audience or actors. Inventive Greeks sought to improve the dialogue of the actors. Soon, plays were being written that still rank among the best in the world. *Aeschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* were the three foremost Greek playwrights.

Roman drama imitated that of Greece. Comedies were most popular. They were held in large open-air theaters to celebrate festival days. During the Middle Ages, *Mystery Plays* were developed by the Church to act out stories from the Bible. These plays were performed inside churches or on church grounds.

*Miracle Plays* grew out of this type of production. They enacted the lives of saints. A third type of play developed in the Middle Ages. It was called the *Morality Play*. In a *Morality Play*, ideas such as Truth, Faith and Hope were treated as human beings with speaking roles.

Gradually, non-religious medieval drama developed. Players put on performances in the market place. The great tradition of the drama was soon to follow, from Shakespeare to Ibsen to Broadway.



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