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BY
ALEXANDRE DUMAS



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The **C**CORSICAN BROTHERS

by ALEXANDRE DUMAS



TWIN BROTHERS . . . JOINED TOGETHER BY A BOND THAT NOTHING ON EARTH OR BEYOND COULD SEVER . . . THE BOND OF MENTAL TELEPATHY . . . SUCH IS THE STORY OF JULIEN AND LOUIS DE FRANCHI BORN IN EIGHTEEN NINETEEN ON THE BEAUTIFUL, BUT WILD ISLAND OF CORSICA.

Illustrations by
ALLEN SIMON

Story Adaptation by
STEPHEN BURROWS

THIS WAS THE HOUSE IN WHICH THEY WERE BORN . . . THE ANCIENT HOUSE OF DE FRANCHI IN THE VILLAGE OF SARTENE.



ONE
The
FEUD

Do not worry, Monsieur de Franchi. You will have good news soon.

Griffa, you've been saying that for hours.



MORE MINUTES TICK BY . . . THEN.

Monsieur de Franchi, my congratulations. You are the father of twin boys.

Twins! I wanted a son! Heaven has blessed me twice! Let me see them.



Why do you hesitate? My wife . . . is she . . . ?

She is well . . . but the birth of the twins has been strange.



They're beautiful boys . . . I see nothing strange . . .

But, husband, look . . .



. . . They are joined together.



THE CORSICAN BROTHERS

An operation is a risk.

They can't live bound to each other like this . . . We'll take the risk.



THE REMARKABLE TWINS HAVE SURVIVED THE KNIFE. NINE YEARS HAVE ELAPSED . . .

How alike they are!

Alike in looks . . . yet they are different. Look what they're doing . . .



. . . Louis reads a book, while Julien plays like a true Corsican.

Yes . . . our people have all been fighters.



Julien will carry on the tradition.

I'm going to read down, by the brook.



AS LOUIS DISAPPEARS AROUND THE HOUSE, JULIEN SUDDENLY JUMPS UP IN ALARM.

Papa! Save Louis! He is going to get hurt!

Hurt? . . . What makes you say that?



Good God!

He'll be killed!



WITH THE SPEED OF A MOUNTAIN DEER DE FRANCHI ACTS
AND WITH AN IRON GRIP.



Louis, you were in great danger.

What I can't understand is how Julien knew.

I felt that something was wrong. Louis feels things about me, too.



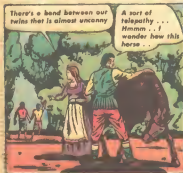
Like the time Julien came down with the fever... Remember, mother...

Yes... Louis told me he thought Julien was on the verge of being ill.



There's a bond between our twins that is almost uncanny.

A sort of telepathy... Mmmm... I wonder how this horse...



... came to be riderless.

Monsieur de Franchi? Another feud's broken out!



The CORSICAN BROTHERS



I'll settle you!

Bandit! . . . Don't you strike her!

THE COLONAS

You'll pay for this!

Soon the entire Orlandi and Colona clans were out feuding . . . Look! There's another one!

Marcus Orlandi . . . The Orlandis are my blood relatives . . .

THE ORLANDIS

Where are the rest of those murdering Colonas?

De Franchit . . . Cousin, help us!

Yes . . . I'll join you.



The CORSICAN BROTHERS

CONTINUOUS SHOTS
ECHOING THROUGH THE
VILLAGE TELL THE
TOWNSPEOPLE THAT A
FEUD IS RAGING . . .
THEN GRADUALLY, AS
NIGHT DEEPENS, THE
SHOTS SUBSIDE

Did you shoot
any father?

No, my son . . . I am
not that keen a
marksman . . .

But good enough
. . . the way you
ended our feud
with Guidice.

What about
that feud,
papa?

It began four
centuries ago
when one of
the Guidice family
fell in love with
your great-great-
grand-
mother and tried
to take her away
by force.

The feud lasted up until the year
you were born. By that time only
two Guidices were left . . . two
brothers . . . and only two
franchis, your mother and I!

. . . They planned to make a
surprise raid on the house . . .

. . . and finish your father and
me at a single stroke . . . But
fortunately

" . . . WE WERE WARNED."

They're approaching . . . Ready?



These are the rifles your mother and I fired to exterminate the Guidice family. Since then no de Frenchi has been involved in a feud . . . until today . . .



If the Orlandis and Colonas have not yet settled their quarrel when you and Louis grew up, you will be part of it, too.

I don't want to shoot anyone. I don't want to fight!



Louis is afraid. As soon as he heard the gunfire, he hid under the bed.

I will teach him to shoot . . . That will drive away his fear.



Louis . . . Come, son . . . Don't be afraid. Ah, I have it.

No! . . . I don't want to, papai!



. . . I'll take you boys hunting . . . You'll not only get good practice shooting but you'll find it grand sport!

The CORSICAN BROTHERS

There is more game up this mountainside than in all Corsica combined.

Do you think we'll get a wild boar?



Perhaps or perhaps a wild bandit.

Look at Diamantel ... He's found something!



Pheasants

One for each of you boys ... Take aim!



Don't get discouraged, Louis. I'm certain by the end of the day that you'll be a crack shot.



SUNDOWN



I wish it wasn't getting dark. I'd like to shoot some more.

You have had enough for one day.



SUDDENLY

Papa Louis is gone!



I felt that he left us Papa, he's in trouble

That's Diamante barking!



SECONDS LATER



THE ANXIOUS FATHER AND BROTHER DRAW THEIR PISTOLS

In here... quick!

A shot!



I did it! I shot something!

Good for you, Louis!



A SKUNK!



The CORSICAN BROTHERS

THE NEXT DAY DE FRANCHI RIDES OUT AGAIN, UPON A NEW OUTBURST OF THE FEUD.

Father, be careful. Please be careful

Don't worry, son.



You feel it too, Julien? ... I had a dream last night that father was killed.

So did I... by a Colano. The name was clear in the dream



ANTHONY COLANO!



MEANWHILE, AS DE FRANCHI RIDES OUT...

Here come the Orlandis and de Franchi!

I think they rode toward the bridge



They got him!

There's the Colano who got him!





My husband! My husband!



Whose hand killed him?

It was the hand of Anthony Colonel



THE TWO BROTHERS GAZE SWIFTLY AT EACH OTHER WITH A RARE UNDERSTANDING OF THEIR MUTUAL CLAIRVOYANT POWERS . . . THOUGH THEIR TEMPERAMENTS HAVE GROWN WIDER APART, THEIR TELEPATHIC BONDS HAVE STRENGTHENED.

We followed the men who ambushed us . . . and killed all but Anthony and his older brother. They are the only Colonos left . . .

Leave Anthony to my sons. Soon they will be old enough to avenge their father's death!



Give your pledge, my sons. It is the way of our family to pledge revenge on a slayer.

Louis will not pledge . . . I know him.



I vow to take revenge on my father's enemy . . . I vow it in the name of my brother, too.

You need not!

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS

I pledge myself to the complete extermination of my father's enemy. I will leave no work undone until this is brought about.

Strange . . . coming from Louis.

TWO MANHUNT

THAT NIGHT, AS LOUIS SITS IN HIS ROOM READING, A KNOCK ON THE DOOR STARTLES HIM.

Right away!

Louis, open the door. It's Julien.

SWIFTLY . . .

That pledge you made, Louis . . . I felt that you did not mean to keep it.

You are wrong there. I intend to keep it. ON MY LIFE, I WILL KEEP THAT PLEDGE!

. . . AND A MINUTE LATER HE ADMITS HIS TWIN.

EIGHT YEARS PASS . . . YEARS IN WHICH JULIEN FURTHER IMPROVES HIS ALREADY KEEN MARKSMANSHIP, WHILE LOUIS RETIRES DEEPER INTO HIS BOOKS.

The time is nearly ripe for us to ride out against our father's slayer. But you are not ready. You haven't touched a pistol for months.

Don't worry. I WILL BE READY!





The CORSICAN BROTHERS



AS LOUIS TUMBLES BACKWARDS, HE REACHES OUT
DESPERATELY AND . . .



How do you like these
Corsican feet?



Perhaps I can teach you, brother!



Julien! Louis!



Griffo, separate them. Julien! Louis!

Come, boys! stop this
fighting!



The CORSICAN BROTHERS

INSTEAD, ANOTHER VIOLENT LUNGE . . .



FINALLY . . .

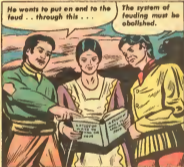
Brothers shouldn't fight each other. They should protect each other. There's enough bitterness and hatred in the world.

But Louis seeks to betray us.



He wants to put an end to the feud . . . through this . . .

The system of feuding must be abolished.



If I could go to Paris and study law, I'd bring back the means to do it.

He'll be a lawyer and pass sentence on those who feud. He'll take from us the customs of our ancestors.



Yes, I mean to do that. Mother, do I go to Paris?

None of our people has ever judged feuds as unlawful . . . But if that is your desire . . . yes, you may go.



Despite your differences, you boys must not forget that you are brothers. Come, don't be angry with each other.



He's no brother of mine - the namby-pamby lawyer!

He's no brother of mine... the feuding barbarian!



SO, THE TWO BROTHERS REFUSE TO BECOME RECONCILED. THAT NIGHT EACH RETIRES TO HIS ROOM, COLDLY UNAWARE OF THE OTHER. JULIEN, IN HIS ROOM THAT LOOKS LIKE AN ARSENAL.



AND LOUIS, IN HIS BOOK-FILLED BEDROOM.



SUDDENLY, JULIEN TOSSES FITFULLY...



THE CORSICAN BROTHERS

SOFT FOOTSTEPS PAD TOWARD HIM



What's that?

FATHER!



I cannot rest . . . The quarrels of my sons disturb my sleep. You and Louis must be friends.

But he refuses to avenge you!

Nevertheless, you must not be angry with him . . . Unless you preserve your brotherly ties . . .



. . . I will never be avenged . . . Never! Never!



FATHER!

He's gone!



I must speak to Louis.





Louis!

Julien, the most amazing thing happened! I saw father! He gave me a message!



You saw him? He came to me, too . . . He said we must not quarrel.

That's what he told me, too. Julien, we are more than brothers. We were born joined together . . . Pursue your life, I'll pursue mine



. . . But let us not part enemies.

That is so.



A DAY LATER . . .

Good luck, son.

Farewell, brother . . . When you come back you can hang me . . . and I won't be angry with you!



Before he returns, my work will be done. I will have avenged my father's death!

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS

THE FOLLOWING WEEK . . .

Louis has gone mere then a week. It is time I start.

So soon?



It's young Julien de Franchi.

Anthony Colona is my friend . . . I had best warn him!

He's on the war-path!



Dolorosi! Julien de Franchi is on his way here! Warn your father!

I'll tell him et once!



He'll kill you, father! . . . You must run away!

I run away from a mere boy! . . . One shot . . . and that puppy will be a dead one! . . . Listen, someone's riding up!



He's here! Now we'll see who can shoot!



I'm Anthony Colona . . . Are you looking for me?

You are my father's slayer!



BEFORE EITHER CAN PULL A TRIGGER . . .

... A BULLET SPITS OUT FROM THE SHADOWY DOORWAY.

I thought I'd finish him . . . since I'm your older brother.



BUT . . .



... And now to finish you!



JUST AS JULIEN FIRES, ANTHONY REGAINS THE HOUSE.

Fleeing won't help you . . . I'll get you!



That puppy CAN shoot!
Barricade the house!



The CORSICAN BROTHERS

IN A MOMENT BULLETS CRASH THROUGH THE DOOR ...

Look out! Get down!



He doesn't give up.



He'll break through the door!
... I've got to finish him off!



He's behind a tree stump. As soon as he shows his head, I'll ...



PII ... I'll ...

Oh, father! Your hand!

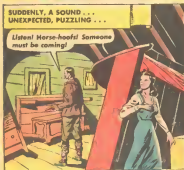


NERVOUSLY BUT SWIFTLY PICKING UP HIS GUN, COLONA RETREATS DEEPER

The shadows may be a shield for us.

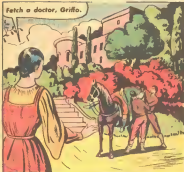
I'm afraid nothing is. He's a demon.





The CORSICAN BROTHERS

Fetch a doctor, Griffa.



If I could have held out for another few minutes, Anthony Colono would be dead by now. But I'll get him next time.



THE FOLLOWING WEEK . . .

I have heard all over town that Julian de Franchi is nearly recovered and he vows to ride out for you again.

I must go away.



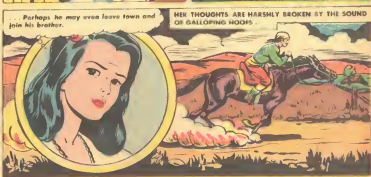
I'll hide out in the old cave under the Istus mountain. No one else knows about it.

You have enough food to last for many days . . . and perhaps something will happen to make him stop hunting you . . .



... Perhaps he may even leave town and join his brother.

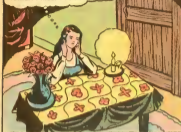
HER THOUGHTS ARE HARSHLY BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF GALLOPING HOOPS.





"HE CAN'T HIDE FOREVER!" ... DOLORES' THOUGHTS ECHO THESE WORDS ...

I must do something to save my father. I must ... I ...



... I have it! Yes, that's it ... The brother, Louis ... I will ask the Prefect to appeal to him.



THE TOWN PREFECT ...

I have never been fond of this feud. I will write to Louis ...



A FEW DAYS LATER ... IN A SMALL PARIS PENSION ON THE SEINE ...

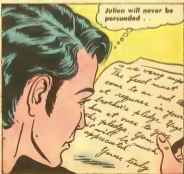


Always studying ... A young man like you needs romance. You should go out more. Here's a letter for you!

But I have important work to do ... Hm ... from the Prefect ...



Julien will never be persuaded ...



*... in my eyes
The fact must
come to an end
at request in your
brother's pledge
him at once to give
the pledge, you
it will be your
appreciated.
Yours truly*



... Yet I must write to him ..

I'm glad I found you in! Get ready! You're going to a party with me!

Pierre! I was not expecting you!



A party? I can't, Pierre. I have work to do.

Your work can wait! There is a girl I want you to meet.

Ah, romance! Love! It will be good for you!



Leolu, this is my sister Emille.

Why haven't you told me you have such a beautiful sister? .. Shall we dance?

I'd love to.



My brother tells me you are quite a student

I was ... From now on I'm going to devote some time to personal matters. The music is ending. Shall we ..



stroll out on the terrace, Emille? .. Emille! What a lovely name .. I ... I have never felt like this before.



LATE THAT NIGHT . . .

She's wonderful!



May I call on you tomorrow evening?

Please do!



Life is beautiful . . . Oh! The letter from the Prefect! I must write to Julien. This time I CAN make it clear to him.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER A LETTER REACHES JULIEN.

What does your brother write that makes you laugh so?

He's in love . . . and he says that if I were, too . . .



" . . . love would make you realize how sweet life could be . . . that murderous revenge has no place on earth!"



What does he expect me to do? Whisper love words to some wench and think nothing else matters? . . . I have a new plan to track down Anthony Colonal!



The CORSICAN BROTHERS

She's sure to visit her father at some time . . . I'll watch every day and night if I have to.



A FEW HOURS LATER . . .

I'm in luck . . . There she goes!



AS JULIEN HURRIES ON, INTENTLY WATCHING DOLORES .



JULIEN DE FRANCHI



All right . . . I have been following you . . . If it weren't for that wretched little howling weasel . . .

. . . You would have found my father and killed him! How hateful you are!



Take that! You cold-blooded beast!



You little vixen!



You'll never find my father
.. Never! .. Never!

Don't delude yourself!
.. I will!



She won't take the chance
of seeing him any more ..
I'll have to watch for
another way. I might as
well go home now.



JULIEN IS RESTLESS . . .

Patience, son. You'll get the
opportunity for your
revenge.

When? .. Something
always happens. His
life has been spared
too long.



That daughter of his . . . I
could . . . kill her . . . too!



The CORSICAN BROTHERS

Her big warm eyes . . . shining hair . . . all that beauty . . . but she's a Colona . . . The Colonas all have bad blood.

Julien, from the way you talk . . .



... are you sure you're not in love with her?

In love with . . . ? I hate her as much as I 'o her father.



MEANWHILE, IN PARIS . . .

What are you doing? . . . Have you gone mad, Monsieur Louis?

Mad with joy! . . . I've asked her to marry me and she's said YES!

I HATE HER!



This letter just came for you.

Hmm . . . from the Prefect again . . .



— and still no phidje from your brother? Can't she find out something?...

I can. If I dare . . . !

LOUIS' HAPPY MOOD PUSHES HIM ON . . .

I will dare! I will pledge
Julien's name!



A FEW DAYS LATER THE PERFECT PAYS A
SURPRISE VISIT TO JULIEN.

I never thought my brother
would take such a step . . .

It's a public
pledge in your
name! Will you
abide by it?



JULIEN AND THE PERFECT VISIT DOLORES COLONA

What else can I do? . . . When
one de Franchi pledges for
another . . . I'm afraid I will
have to honor that pledge!

Good! I shall
prepare a
contract. You
and Anthony
Colona will sign.



Go for your father.

I can hardly believe it.
Perhaps Julien de Franchi
is tricking us

Would I call for a
public ceremony?



But if you don't trust me,
LET your father rat in his
hiding place

I'll fetch him. I
believe you



You have made me very
happy!



The CORSICAN BROTHERS

RECOVERING HIS SURPRISE, JULIEN STARTS AFTER HER . . .

If we hadn't been enemies, I would have fallen in love with you long ago.

I can say the same, Julien.



Perhaps one of these days you'll become a de Franchi.

That wouldn't make me unhappy . . . Come. Let's both tell father the good news.



IN HIS LONELY HIDEAWAY, COLONA WAITS IMPATIENTLY

Dolores hasn't been to see me for days. If something has happened to her . . .



SUDDENLY, COLONA HEARS FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE, AND THINKING IT IS DOLORES, HE PEEKS OUT



Julien de Franchi! He's come to kill me!

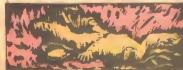
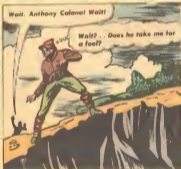


IN SUDDEN TERROR, COLONA FLEES.

Look, there's father! Where is he going?

I'll get him! COLONA! COLONA!





The CORSICAN BROTHERS



You did it! It was your fault! If he hadn't been afraid of you . . . if you hadn't forced him to hide out like an animal . . . Oh, I can never forgive you!



DOLORIS IS INCONSOLEABLE . . . JULIEN'S PLEAS ARE TO NO AVAIL.

She never wants to see me again.

Come, Julien, its time to start for the old chateau. The townspeople have gathered for the public pledge.



I am glad you have come.

I'm more than ever convinced that all feuds must end. Nothing but unhappiness can result.



I shall sign first, then each of you will be asked to sign the pledge that you will never again engage in feuding

I never wanted to fight.

I'll gladly sign.



AND SO, AMONG THE SHADY RUINS OF THE OLD GHOST-RIDDEN CHATEAU IN WHICH A FEUD ONCE BEGAN, THE ENTIRE VILLAGE PLEDGES ITSELF TO PEACE!

A FEW DAYS LATER AT THE DE FRANCHI HOUSE . . .

My son!

Louis!

I'm on a short holiday between school terms. I wanted to see you both before my marriage.



In two weeks I'm marrying Emilie. She's a wonderful girl.

I'm glad for you, son.

Congratulations! I hope you'll be happy



Your room is just as you left it

What about yours, Julien? Is it still like an arsenal . . . now that you have pledged peace?

Come and see.



What do you think of it now? With flowers and bows all around



THE BROTHERS REVIVE OLD MEMORIES.

There is where I shot the skunk.



And we buried your clothes! .. They're probably still there!

THREE
The
WARNING

I circled the only spot you hit on it. Shooting was never one of your accomplishments, brother!



Our old target range ...

FINALLY, LOUIS' VISIT IS NEARLY OVER . . . THE NIGHT BEFORE HE IS TO LEAVE . . .

I wish you could stay longer.

You'll have to come to Paris soon . . . No hum . . . I think I'll turn in now.



SUDDENLY THE MOONLIGHT GLARE GLOWS STRONGER AS . . .



FATHER!

Father, what is it? What makes you weep? . . . What message have you for me?



SILENTLY, THE GHOST TURNS AROUND, AND . . .

Strange . . . he did not answer me.



I must tell Julien.



Louis! Something strange has happened! . . . The ghost of our father came to me!

I saw him, too . . . Did he speak? . . . Did he give you a message?



No . . . not a word . . . he only wept and turned away.

That's the way he came to me. His sorrow must have been a warning.



A warning? . . . Of what impending doom have we been warned?



Whatever it is, we'll be on guard to prevent it.



The CORSICAN BROTHERS

BRIGHT MORNING CHASES THEIR FEARS AWAY.

Nothing will happen.

No . . . of course not . . . but just the same watch your step in Paris.



... And watch your step here . . . I understand there's a girl who's set you thinking.

That's all over . . . Don't worry about me.



Goodbye, son.

Good luck, Louis.

Goodbye. Come and visit me in Paris, soon!



AS SOON AS HE ARRIVES IN PARIS, LOUIS WASTES NO TIME IN CALLING ON EMILIE.

Eh . . . Emilie isn't home. She's gone to visit an old friend. I don't think she knew you would be back so soon.

No, I didn't write her the exact date.



Who is her friend, Pierre? I'll call for her there.

I don't know where she lives.



I'll wait for her. I'm so anxious to see her.

But, but . . . she won't be home tonight. She's spending the night with Marie . . . that's her friend.





I'll be back tomorrow.

Yes, yes . . . that will be fine. She'll be back then.



Thank heavens, I got him out in time!



You are so amusing, Jean.

. . . and you are so beautiful!



I must leave town until the end of the week. I'll see you at the party then . . . Meanwhile, you will tell Louis.

I will, Jean . . . I will.



AS SOON AS EMILIE ENTERS THE HOUSE . . .

You've just missed Louis. If he saw you with another man, especially with Chateau-Renaud . . . !



Don't talk like that. I'm going to marry Jean.

That gambler! . . . Have you lost your mind? . . . What of Louis? . . .

The CORSICAN BROTHERS

EMILIE REFUSES TO LISTEN
TO HER BROTHER . . .
AND THE NEXT DAY A
MESSENGER BRINGS A
LETTER TO LOUIS . . .



...and you must not try
to see me any more.
I am going to leaving Home
de Chateau - Korsica...
With good wishes,
Emilie

A MOMENT LATER IN CORSICA . . .

Julien, what is the matter? . . . Are you
still brooding over that girl?

It's something else . . . I can
hardly describe it . . . but a
moment ago the strangest
feeling came over me about
Louis.

He's unhappy . . . he's in trouble . . . I know he
is. Mather, I'm going to Paris at once!



WHILE JULIEN STARTS TO PARIS . . .

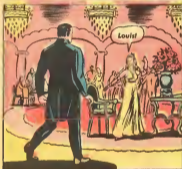
She won't see me . . . If I could only talk to her.

Come to Victor Renee's party Saturday night. Emilie will be there. You may have a better chance to speak with her.



THE PARTY . . .

Sit right here, my beautiful one. I'll bring you some wine.



Louis!

Emilie, you can't really be in love with Chateau-Renaud!

Please, Louis . . . There's nothing more to say . .



AS LOUIS TURNS AWAY UNHAPPILY . . .

You are a fool, my girl, if you discard that nice young man for Chateau-Renaud.

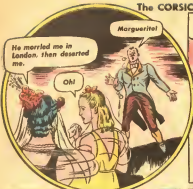
What is it to you? Who are you?



I AM HIS WIFE!



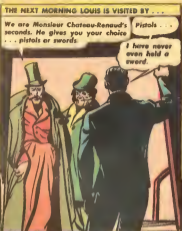
The CORSICAN BROTHERS





Louis, you can't accept the challenge. He's a crack pistol shot as well as an expert swordsman.

My honor is at stake. I must answer a challenge.



THE NEXT MORNING LOUIS IS VISITED BY . . .

We are Monsieur Chateau-Renaud's seconds. He gives you your choice . . . pistols or swords.

Pistols . . .

I have never even held a sword.



THAT EVENING LOUIS AND HIS SECONDS START OUT . . .

To the Frères Provençaux.

God provide for you, Louis.



MINUTES AFTER LOUIS' CARRIAGE RACES AWAY . .



I am Julien de Franchi. Is Louis, my brother, at home?

Mon Dieu, non! Monsieur, it is terrible. Louis has gone to fight a pistol duel.



A duel? . . . But my brother can't shoot . . . Where is he? I must get to him.

The Frères Provençaux. Hurry! Hurry!

The CORSICAN BROTHERS

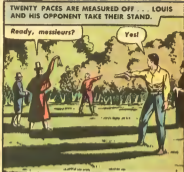
These are the pistols. They are each loaded with two equal charges of powder and two bullets



TWENTY PACES ARE MEASURED OFF . . . LOUIS AND HIS OPPONENT TAKE THEIR STAND.

Ready, messieurs?

Yes!



Once . . . twice . . . thrice!



EXACTLY AT THE MOMENT THAT THE BULLET PIERCES LOUIS, JULIEN FEELS A VIOLENT PAIN . . .

My brother! I know he has just been killed!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, JULIEN REACHES THE DUELLING GROUND.

I will avenge my brother's death at once. I challenge his slayer to a pistol duel!

I accept . . . Are you as good a shot as your brother?



AGAIN THE TWENTY PAGES ARE MEASURED OFF . . .
AGAIN OPPONENTS TAKE THEIR PLACES .

You may find me a
little better than poor
Louis.

A little better! Ha-ha!



ONCE MORE, THE COUNT TO THREE, AND . . .

UGH



He's dead!

My poor brother is avenged . . .
but it . . . it cannot bring him
back to life.



LOUIS' BODY IS BROUGHT BACK TO HIS NATIVE
CORSICA.

Poor Louis . . . All he ever
wanted was peace, and yet
he met a violent death.



AS JULIEN AND HIS MOTHER TURN SADLY AWAY
FROM THE FRESH GRAVE . . .

Julien . . . Julien . . .



Oh, Julien! I
was wrong to
judge you so
harshly . . . May
I come back
into your life?

Of course, Dolores, of
course . . . I need you
very much!



The End

ALEXANDRE DUMAS... PERE

MASTER OF ROMANCE

Few story tellers are as dear to the hearts of story readers as the author of **THE CORSICAN BROTHERS**. Alexandre Dumas combined his inventiveness, his lust for life, his eager appetite for history, with his wandrous and fertile imagination.

The exciting and never-flagging turn of the tale, the color, chivalry, originality of the whole, all of these more than justify the extravagant popularity that has been given the stories of Alexandre Dumas. The feeling of excitement when one first makes the acquaintance of the colorful characters in these stories makes it impossible to resist the impulse to follow them through to the end.

It has been said that Dumas could create a story out of the most insignificant fact, the fall of a feather, a boot on the horizon, and embroider it until it became a complete and stirring romance. When he mapped out in his mind the scheme of a novel or play, the work was practically accomplished. The writing of it could be done as fast as the pen could travel.

Dumas once made a bet of 100 louis (about \$500) that he could write the first book of the **CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE** in seventy-two hours, including time for sleep and meals. In sixty-six hours the work was done, 3375 lines without a single change or erasure! Nor did the work suffer from any trace of haste or inconsiderateness—so facile was the pen of this inexhaustible genius!

Exclamation marks punctuated Dumas all through his life. Everything he did was extra-

gant, extreme heightened to the superlative. He combined his love of attention and acclaim, his daring and swagger, with a love of humanity that made him seek at all times communion with his fellows. There was nothing that happened to any of his heroes that could not have happened to him—and often did. He infused them with his own restless, lusty, swashbuckling qualities, and the exploits and romantic episodes he portrayed were often autobiographical, or had the germ of some personal experience blown up to fantastic proportions.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS was published the year after **THE THREE MUSKETEERS** and **THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO**. It is one more jewel in the crown of a king of story telling.

Alexandre Dumas was born on July 24, 1802, in the village of Villers-Cotterets, France. He was a fair-skinned, light-haired blue-eyed youngster, happy and carefree, with a boundless energy that made him an indifferent student. He preferred the woods and countryside to the schoolroom.

Deserting his native village for Paris, he married and plunged into the whirl of the literary world. A sketch written for the theatre brought him moderate success, and he determined to achieve fame and fortune.

Dumas lived as full a life as anyone could conceive. As author, soldier, politician and lover, he played every part up to the hilt, neglecting no possibility, never guilty of understatement. The only thing that could stop him was death, which ended his amazing career on December 5, 1870.



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