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CLASSICS
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A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

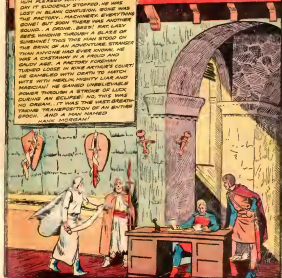
No. 24 25¢



A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court

THE FOREMAN AT THE COLT ARMS FACTORY WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE ART OF MACHINERY. HE WAS NO DREAMER. THIS CONNECTICUT YANKEE, YET THAT LUM PLEASSED HIM. . . AND WHEN ONE DAY IT SUDDENLY STOPPED, HE WAS LOST IN BLANK CONFESSION. SOME WAS THE FACTORY. . . MACHINERY EVERYTHING COME! BUT SOON THERE WAS ANOTHER SOUND. . . A DRONE. . . BEEP! BOP! LAY BEEP. MACHINERY THROUGH A GLASS OF SUNSHINE! THIS THE MAN STOOD ON THE BRINK OF AN ADVENTURE, STRANGER THAN ANYONE HAD EVER KNOWN. HE WAS A CASTAWAY IN A FROG AND GAUDY AGE. A FACTORY FOREMAN TURNED LOOSE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT! HE GAMBLED WITH DEATH TO MATCH WITS WITH MERLIN, MIGHTY LIAR AND MAGICIAN! HE GAINED UNBELIEVABLE POWER THROUGH A STROKE OF LUCK DURING AN ECLIPSE! NO, THIS WAS NO DREAM. . . IT WAS THE HISTORICALLY-TRUE TRANSPOSITION OF AN ENTIRE EPOCH. . . AND A MAN NAMED HANK MORGAN!

Illustrated by JACK HEARNE





A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



COWARD!

HEY! TAKE IT EASY!



BETTER HURRY HIM, CAN'T STAY UP HERE ALL DAY.

DO YOU YIELD AS A PRISONER?

ALL RIGHT, I'LL COME DOWN IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO STICK ME WITH THAT... THAT THING, WHEN I DO!



WALK!

WHAT DID I GET MYSELF INTO NOW?



SAV! THIS ISN'T BRODSBORT... IS IT?

BRODSBORT? I NEVER HEARD OF THAT LAND... THIS IS CAMELOT.



LOOK AT THE OUTRITS ON ALL OF 'EM! MUST BE AN ASYLUM!

HA!



HELLO, BONNY! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAVEN'T LOST YOUR WITS, BUT TELL ME THE TRUTH... IS THIS AN INSANE ASYLUM?

INSANE ASYLUM? DEAR WHAT IS THAT? THIS IS KING ARTHUR'S COURT!

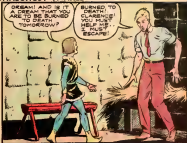


A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



THE NEXT BRIGHT MORN...
GET! ARE YOU AWAKE?
IT IS CLARENCE
YOUR FRIEND!

WHAT! YOU STILL HEAR!
THE DREAM
LINGERS
YET?!



DREAM! AND IS IT
A DREAM THAT YOU
ARE TO BE BURNED
TO DEATH
TOMORROW?

BURNED TO
DEATH!
CLARENCE!
YOU MUST
HELP ME...
I MUST
ESCAPE!

FEAR SEIZES THE YOUTH... HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES
TREMBLING VIOLENTLY... HIS VOICE BECOMES A
TERRIFIED WHISPER...



SAY NOT SUCH
THINGS I SEE
YOU! IF MERLIN
SHOULD HEAR...



SO CAN ONE ESCAPE
THE DUNGEON, MERLIN
HATH LAID AN
ENCHANTMENT
UPON IT!

AN ENCHAN-
TMENT! MERLIN
THAT FRAUD!



MERLIN? BOGH! I AM A
GREATER MAGICIAN THAN
MERLIN EVER WILL BE.
TELL KING ARTHUR THAT IF
ANY HARM COMES TO ME, I
WILL BRING A CATASTROPHE
UPON HIS KINGDOM. SO I
SWEAR AT NOON TOMORROW,
BUT AT THAT HOUR I
WILL CAUSE THE SUN TO
BE SWALLOWED IN
DARKNESS!



HA! THE THOUGHT
OF THAT SCORPION
WAS A CLEVER
ONE! YES, A
BRAINY MAN LIKE
MYSELF COULD DO
EAS' IN THIS ONE
HORSE DUNGEON!



SO! THE KING HAS
DECIDED TO RELEASE
ME, BHT?

YES...
FROM
HERE...

...TO
THE
STAKE?



A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



OH MIGHTY MAGICIAN, RETURN US THE SUN AND I WILL GRANT YOU ANYTHING, EVEN HALF OF MY KINGDOM!

THIS STILL MAY BE JUST A DREAM. THAT ECLIPSE WAS DUE TOMORROW!



GOOD MONK, WHAT DAY IS THIS?

WHY... WHY, IT'S JUNE, THE TWENTY-FIRST...

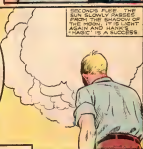
DEAR THAT CLARINE! HE GOT THE DATE WROD UP. THANK GOODNESS!



HANK DIDN'T HAVE TO REFLECT VERY LONG. THIS WAS NO DREAM... IN LOW TONES HE ADDRESSED THE KING...

I WILL RESTORE THE SUN IF YOU MAKE ME YOUR FIRST MINISTER AND EXECUTIVE, INSTEAD OF A PRISONER.

IS ACCUSED. RELEASE THIS MAN!



SECONDS FLUR, THE SUN SLOWLY PASSES FROM THE SHADOW OF THE MOON. IT IS LIGHT AGAIN AND HANK'S 'MAGIC' IS A SUCCESS!



I WILL REE, MY PRINCE. I AGREE TO ACCENT THEE FIRST MINISTER AND EXECUTIVE OF MY KINGDOM. YOU SHALL BE CLOTHED AS A PRINCE AND HAVE THE FIRST APARTMENT IN MY KINGDOM!



THREE YEARS PASS. HANK HAS FILLED HIS OFFICE...

TELEPHONES AND ELECTRIC LIGHTS SHAWED HIS OFFICE. WHOED, SIR BOB!

HHMM...

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



SEVERAL MORE YEARS PASS...

GREAT NEWS! SEE HOW KING ARTHUR HAS HONORED YOU. THERE IS A PRISONER ASKING FOR A KNIGHT TO RESCUE HER MISTRESS FROM SOME OGRE. YOU ARE GOING TO DO IT!

HE'S GOING AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE LOOKING FOR OGRES. LOOK, CLARENCE, THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!



BUT YOU CAN'T RESCUE IT'S A GREAT HONOR!

ALL RIGHT! BRING ON THE HAIDER. I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT TRUTH THERE IS IN HER TALE. OGRE'S! HA!



SO YOU'RE THE GIRL WHOSE MISTRESS IS HELD PRISONER BY OGRES... IN A CASTLE...

YES, DE BOSS. I AM DEMOISELLE ALIBANCE LA CASTELLOISE, AND IT PLEASE YOU, SIR...



NOW, DEMOISELLE, JUST WHERE IS THIS CASTLE NOW? AND IN WHAT DIRECTION FROM CAMELOT?

SOUTH, SIR, AND IT LIETH IN NO DIRECTION FROM CAMELOT WITH THE ROAD TO WENETH AND GORTH IN EVERY DIRECTION... AND I WIT NOT THE NUMBER OF LEAFLES FOR SITH THEY ARE ALL THE SAME COLOR, AND I CANNOT SEPARATE ONE FROM THE OTHER.



BUT... BUT IS THERE NO MAP?

MAP? PERADVENTURE IT IS THAT THING WHICH THE UNBELIEVERS BROUGHT FROM OVER THE GREAT SEA WHICH BEING BOUND IN OIL AND AN ONION AND SALT BEING ADDED THERE TO...



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT A MAP IS? NO... NEVER MIND! NO EXPLANATIONS, I HATE EXPLANATIONS. THEY ONLY CONFUSE THINGS. CLARENCE WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY OUT!



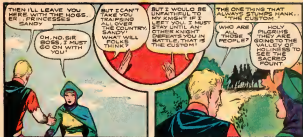
DESPITE HANK'S OBJECTIONS . . . A FEW DAYS LATER.



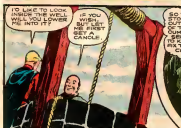


A CONNECTICUT YANKEE





A CONNECTICUT YANKEE





A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

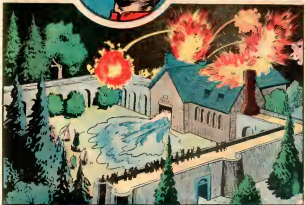


CONSTANTINOPOLITANISCHER GELBSACK-
SPREIFENMACHERS GELLESCHÄFT!

TRANEVAL TRUPPENTRE-
PENTRANSPORTTERRAKEL-
THERTRUBESTRALKUNGSET-
HRAE NONTAC ENG!



I CALL UPON THE DEMON
WHO HAS PLACED A
SPELL UPON THE POINT
TO RELEASE THE WATERS
I CALL UPON HIM BY HIS
OWN NAME
BOYNNELLORRICK!



WORD OF HANK'S MIRACLE SPREADS ACROSS THE COUNTRY, AND IN A FEW HOURS, KING ARTHUR ARRIVED WITH HALF HIS COURT.

CONTINUE, SIR BOSS. THIS NEW IDEA OF YOURS FASCINATES ME. IN SOOTH, THIS PROMISES TO BE A NOBLE ADVENTURE. I HOPE THAT NO ONE ELSE EVER THOUGHT OF IT.



BUT REMEMBER, MY LIEGE, YOU WILL HAVE TO GIVE UP THE COMFORTS OF YOUR COURT. WE WILL TRAVEL ON FOOT, CARRY NO FOOD, IN FACT, EAT ONLY WHAT WE CAN GET ON THE WAY. ALSO... I WILL HAVE TO CUT YOUR ROYAL HAIR.

FORSOOTH! DO IT NOW!



WE'LL START OUT AT DAWN. I ALREADY HAVE RESAUNT CLOTHES FOR US!

GOOD!



EARLY THE NEXT DAY...

WELL, SIR! HERE WE GO!



I'LL GET SOME WATER FOR YOU. REST A BIT.

IN SOOTH, THIS WALKING DOTH INCREASE BY THIRST...



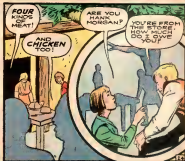
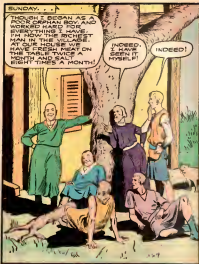
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE





A CONNECTICUT YANKEE





A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



"ALL IN ALL IT COMES TO THREE DOLLARS, NINETY FIVE AND ONE HALF CENTS! IN SOOTH, MY FATHERS DREAMT EXPECT YOU TO PAY THE ALL AT ONCE, BUT IF YOU WILL..."

"GOSH!"



"HERE FOUR DOLLARS KEEP THE CHANGE."

"INCRED! THIS MAN HATH MUCH MONEY. THAT IS THE EARNING OF A YEAR. METHINKS THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE..."

"TOWNS!"



"A FAIR BAILIFF WITH ALL THAT MONEY! IN-DEED! IT IS STRANGE!"

"HMM... THEY SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING ON THEIR MINDS."



"MY CROPS FAIRED NICHTLY THIS YEAR. MY ONIONS WERE PLUCKED EARLY AND THEY WERE MANY..."

"GOOD BOY, ARTHUR! PLAYING HIS PART LIKE A PRINCE!"



"THOUGH SOME CONTEND THAT THE ONION IS BUT AN UNWHOLE - SOME BERRY WHEN STEWEN EARLY FROM THE TREE, I MAINTAIN THAT LIKE THE PLUM AND OTHER CEREALS WHICH ARE GUD IN THE UNRIPE STATE..."

"OH OH! NOW THEY KNOW HE'S NOT A FARMER!"

"WHAT!"



"SEIZE THEM! THIS ONE IS MAD AND THE OTHER IS SURELY A THIEF!"





AH! THERE THEY GO! NEVER SPOTTED US!



WE'D BETTER WAIT A WHILE LONGER, SIR. THEY MAY RETURN.

RIE! IT'S MOST UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT I'LL DO AS YOU SAY, SIR BOSS.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THEY COULD HAVE CLIMBED INTO THAT TREE WITHOUT GOING ABOVE SEND A MAN UP TO SEE.

TELE! IF THEY'RE UP THERE, WE'LL SEND THEM DOWN, AND IN A SUDDEN, TOO!



THEY'VE GOT US NOW, MY LIEGE!

NOT YET THEY HAVEN'T!



TAKE THAT, YOU VARLET!

AHH!

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



SUDDENLY THE SCENE IS TAKEN IN BY A BAND OF STRANGERS. . .



CONNECTICUT YANKEE





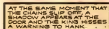
THE OTHER ISN'T WORTH MUCH, LET ME THINK ON IT. I'LL LET YOU KNOW MY DECISION IN THE MORNING.

CERTAINLY I'LL HOLD THEM BOTH FOR YOU.



THAT NIGHT... FIRST, I'LL FREE US OF THE CHAINS. WHEN THE SLAVE DEALER COMES TO INSPECT US FOR THE NIGHT, WE CAN GET UPON HIM. WE'LL PUT HIM IN CHAINS AND TAKE THE WHOLE GANG TO CAMELOT.

HUSH, SIR BOSS. 'TWOULD HEAR OUR HEADS IF YOU WERE OVERHEARD!



AT THE SAME MOMENT THAT THE CHAINS SLIP OFF, A SHADOW APPEARS AT THE DOOR AND THE KING ISSUES A WARNING TO HARK.

THE DEALER HE'S COMING!



IF HE DOESN'T NOTICE THE LOOSENED CHAINS.



HE'S LEAVING! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



WHERE DID HE GO? THREE, THAT MUST BE HIM!

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



AWAY WITH YOU!



HALT! WHAT GOES ON HERE?



STAND APART, YOU TWO. IT'S OFF TO JAIL WITH BOTH OF YOU!

THE WATCH!



HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM YET BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN HE DISCOVERS I'M A SLAVE ESCAPING FROM HIS GANG?

WHAT LUCK! IT WASN'T THE SLAVE DEALER I ATTACKED AFTER ALL. I GOT THE WRONG MAN... A STRANGER.

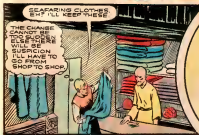
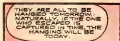
THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN COURT, THEY BOTH FACE A JUDGE.

I AM A SLAVE OF THE EARL BEEB. MY MASTER IS ILL AND SENT ME TO FETCH A DOCTOR. ON MY WAY, THIS MAN DID SET UPON ME..

IT IS NOT TRUE! THIS ROBBER...

SILENCE! YOU WILL BE LASHED. THAT WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO TREAT THE SERVANT OF A NOBLEMAN!





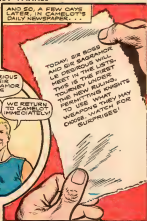
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE







A CONNECTICUT YANKEE





A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

OTHER KNIGHTS ALSO ENTER THE FIELD AGAINST HIM. . .



AND MEET WITH A SIMILAR FATE. . .



EVEN THE GREAT HEROES, SALAHAD AND LAUNCELOT. . .

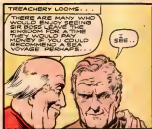


SURELY AFTER SIR LAUNCELOT FALLS, NO KNIGHT WOULD DARE TO CHALLENGE. . . BUT. . .



A CONNECTICUT YANKEE





A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



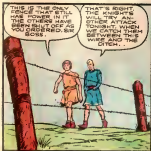


A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



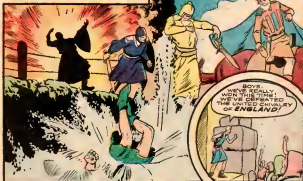


A CONNECTICUT YANKEE





THUS THE KNIGHTS WERE RENDERED HELPLESS. THOSE WHO ESCAPED ELECTROCUTION ON THE BARBED WIRE FENCES WERE BATTERED BY THE RATLING GUNS. A FEW ESCAPED TO THE DITCH ONLY TO FACE DEEP WATER. THEY COULDN'T SWIM WITH THE BURDEN OF ARMOR THEY WORE... NOT ONE KNIGHT ESCAPED ALIVE.



A CONNECTICUT YANKEE





A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



THIRTEEN HUNDRED YEARS LATER, A PARTY OF SOLDIERS SEEMS TO BE GAZING AROUND WARWICK CASTLE...

UMMMM...

THIS ARMOR IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BELONGED TO SIR SARGANDOR LE DESIROUS. OBSERVE THE BULLET HOLE IN THE CHAIN-MAIL. IT IS BELIEVED OGDENWELL'S MEN.



I WONDER... PERHAPS...



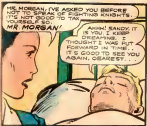
GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. MORGAN. FEELING BETTER? MY, YOU LOOK SLEEPY. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE WIDE AWAKE BY NOW!

HELLO, NURSE.



I WENT TO WARWICK CASTLE TODAY. THERE'S A SUIT OF ARMOR THERE SAID TO BELONG TO SIR SARGANDOR SOMETHING OR OTHER, WITH A BULLET HOLE IN THE CHAIN-MAIL... STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

WELL, I SAW IT DONE, IN FACT... I DID IT MYSELF!



MR. MORGAN, I'VE ASKED YOU BEFORE NOT TO SPEAK OF FIGHTING KNIGHTS. IT'S NOT GOOD TO TALK YOURSELF UP, MR. MORGAN!

Ahhh! SANDY, IT IS YOU I KEEP DREAMING. I THOUGHT I WAS PUT FORWARD IN TIME... IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, DEAREST...



FUNNY. ME THINKING YOU WERE A NURSE, SANDY. WELL... NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, I THINK I'LL REST AWHILE BEFORE JOINING ARTHUR AND THE OTHERS...

HIS PULSE IS THROBBING OUT, YES. HE WILL SURVIVE. I'VE READ A STRANGE MAN, I'D ALMOST BELIEVE HIS STORIES OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT IF I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD BEEN STRUCK ON THE HEAD...

The End

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

"MARK TWAIN"



Master humorist, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known by the pseudonym "Mark Twain," was a native son of Florida in Missouri—born November 30th, 1835. His impressions of life on the Mississippi River were probably taken from his personal experiences. While his formal

education was brief, the associations and activities of his boyhood furnished the rich material he immortalized in many tales.

The fact is little known that he was not the first, but rather the second to use the pen name "Mark Twain." A writer on the New Orleans Picayune, Isaiah Sellers, used it before him. The name itself was an expression used by leadsmen on the river to take soundings—their cry being, "Mark half, mark one, mark twain, etc."—"Mark twain"—pointed out the depth of two fathoms.

The life of Samuel Clemens shows, beneath, at what times appears a reckless levity, a clear-eyed shrewdness and hard-common sense. His works demonstrate literary fertility, a breadth of scope and the masterful handling of many topics and subjects.

After the death of his father in 1847, Mark Twain worked a few years for his brother, Orion, on the *Marshall Journal*, and then made his way to cities in the East, Middle West and by California. Ten years later, while on his way to New Orleans on a business venture, he decided suddenly to become a river pilot. It was there he came to know the river and its people so well.

Clemens later returned to work on a project with his brother, Orion, and soon thereafter, turned up on the staff of the *Virginia City Enterprise*. It was there he first used the pen-name, "Mark Twain."

Fate and fortune were served in large portions to the great writer, and whether it is true that he laughed at life or was a bitter cynic is a secret that he took with him when he died in Redding, Connecticut, in 1910.

Mark Twain is among our great American authors; his books will live forever. Among his most famous works are:

TOM SAWYER, HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER, A TRAMP ABROAD, THE INNOCENTS ABROAD, FUD'D'NHEAD-WILSON, A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAYERAS, THE MAN WHO CORRUPTED HADLEYBERG, JOAN OF ARC, FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR.

No mention of Mark Twain's name is complete without some anecdotes displaying his keen wit, of which the following are a few.

"I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did, I said I didn't know."

IBID

"He is now fast rising from affluence to poverty." HENRY WARD BEECHER'S FARM

"A classic is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LITERATURE

"They spell it Vinyl and pronounce it Vinyry; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce."

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD

"Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do."

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

"In Boston they ask, How much does he know? In New York, How much is he worth? In Philadelphia, Who were his parents?"

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- Parochial School Director

"I completed the study of Sir Walter Scott's 'Ivanhoe' in a course, and upon testing for comprehension, found that Scott's highly descriptive and colorful language had passed right over the heads of a good number of my class. One of the girls had grasped the story more than the others. She showed me a copy of the CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED edition, 'Ivanhoe,' and I ordered a sufficient quantity for my classes. The books were received with a great deal of enthusiasm."
- High School English Teacher

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Cordially,

William Glasser, M.D.

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