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The PRINCE and the PAUPER

By SAMUEL L. CLEMENS



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The Prince AND THE Pauper

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE PRINCE WHO BECAME A RAGGED PAUPER AND THE RAGGED PAUPER WHO BECAME A PRINCE HAS PERSISTED IN ENGLISH LEGEND FOR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS. IT HAS BEEN HANDS DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON AND THE FATHER HEARD IT FROM HIS FATHER. BACK AND BACK TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO INSIST THAT IT COULD NOT BE TRUE... THAT TWO BOYS BORN OF DIFFERENT FAMILIES COULD LOOK SO MUCH ALIKE THAT THEIR OWN PARENTS WOULD CONFUSE THEM. THEN, THERE ARE THOSE WHO INSIST THAT THE STORY IS TRUE.

IT MAY HAVE HAPPENED. IT MAY NOT HAVE HAPPENED... BUT, IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED.

DO YOU THINK IT DID HAPPEN? TURN THE PAGE, READ THE STORY... AND DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS...



IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, IN THE LONDON SLUMS, A BOY NAMED TOM CANTY WAS BORN ...



THERE WAS NO HAPPINESS AT HIS COMING ...



A baby! Another mouth to feed!

AND ON THAT VERY SAME DAY, ANOTHER BOY WAS BORN ... EDWARD TUDOR. THERE WAS GREAT HAPPINESS AT HIS COMING.



ALL ENGLAND, TOO, WAS JOYFUL AT EDWARD'S BIRTH.



YEARS PASSED, AND LIFE WAS DIFFERENT FOR THE TWO BOYS. WHILE EDWARD, THE PRINCE, SPENT HIS TIME ACQUIRING THE WORLD'S KNOWLEDGE THROUGH TUTORS ...



... TOM HAD BEEN MADE TO EAT ...



BUT TOM, TOO HAD HIS TUTOR FATHER ANDREW, A KINDLY OLD PRIEST WHO LIVED NEARBY . . .

Are you sure you know Nobby's Latin lesson perfectly, Tom?

Oh, yes, Father Andrew! And now please tell me another story about princes and kings and castles.



THE MORE STORIES TOM HEARD, THE MORE HE DREAMED ABOUT PRINCES AND KINGS . . . AND CASTLES . . .

Worry not, my lady! I, Prince Tom, have come to rescue you.



AND THE MORE TOM DREAMED ABOUT PRINCES THE MORE PRINCELY HE BECAME

What, heaven? you doubt my word when I tell you I served five princes today? Go from me O O!

What's got into you, Tom? You talk so funny.



TOM'S FRIENDS WERE FIRST AMUSED, THEN AWED TOM EVEN ORGANIZED A ROYAL COURT.

I ask you First Lord of the Royal Footwear, it would be your duty to put on my shoes, if I had them.

Oh, thank you, Prince Tom!



TOM'S DREAMS CENTERED ABOUT ONE GREAT AIM.

If I could see a prince a real one in all his glory! Why, I'd be happy for the rest of my days.



ONE DAY HE WENT FOR A LONG WALK . . . PAST STREETS HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE . . .

What beautiful buildings! Why even a prince might live here.





WHEN TOM HEARD ABOUT COURT LIFE



You mean you wear beautiful clothes like these of the king? Oh, now life must be wonderful!

AND WHEN PRINCE EDWARD HEARD ABOUT LIFE IN THE SLUMS



You mean you swim in the ponds and roam and play with mud and splashes each other in fun? Oh, your life must be wonderful!



If I could wear your clothes and play in the mud just once, how happy I would be!

And if I could wear beautiful clothes like yours just once, how happy I would be!



Would you like that Tom? Why call them I shall but come let us change clothes!

QUICKLY THE CHANGE WAS MADE AND THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER STARED AT EACH OTHER



What what do you make of this, Tom?

I know I'm thinking the same thing you are but it's not for one of my neck to say it, ah, YOU say it!



You and I are identical, Tom. Same hair, same eyes, same feet, same form . . . even the same voice! Only our clothes make us different!



THE GUARD CRIED . . . BUT AS SOON AS EDWARD HAD STEPPED OUTSIDE THE GATE . . .



AFTER HOURS OF RIDICULE, THE PRINCE WAS AT LAST LEFT TO HIMSELF . . .

The crowd has dragged me far from the palace. I wonder where I am now. This section is unfamiliar!



AND THEN, SUDDENLY . . .

Wait . . . I know this place! It's the Gray Friars' church . . . my father is having it rebuilt into a home for poor children!



I'll be treated well here!

Good! Let's A wood with you!



Will one of you go inside and tell your master that Edward, Prince of Wales, desires to speak with him?



Did you hear that? He says he's the Prince of Wales!

That's good! Let's honor him!

We'll pretend to do him reverence. Let's kneel down.



We kneel gladly before you, Prince Edward!





AND ONCE AGAIN, THE PRINCE MET SAD TREATMENT AT THE HANDS OF A CROWD.



THE PRINCE BEGAN TO WANDER AGAIN. HOURS PASSED AND NIGHT CAME ... A RAIN, WINDY NIGHT ...

We see bellows and! My only chance is to find Sam Cobby's home. His family will prove to the palace guards that I was not dead!



This is the kind of neighborhood he described! I wonder if he lives anywhere near here ...



SUDDENLY ...



What are you yelling about
wealth . . . and what are you
doing out at this hour? I'd
break every bone in your body
if my name's not John
Candy!



JOHN CANDY!
What took you
like that? Are
you really my
father?

MY father!
What took
this? For
YOUR father!



Oh, please, sir . . . don't get
with me! I'm in terrible
trouble! You must come with
me to the palace guards and
convince them that I'm the
Prince of Wales!



PRINCE OF WALES HE
GAVE CRAZY! Come
madman . . . perhaps a
good sound beating will
bring back your sanity!



Let me go . . . I tell you!
I'm not your son! I'm the
Prince of Wales!

SUDDENLY, FATHER KNIGHT
APPEARED AT THE HEAD OF
THE CROWD . . .



STOP! Don't let me
say! We mean no
harm . . . No a shot!



THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

Enough of this! You lazy fool... how much money have you gathered with your begging today?



Begging! Don't offend me, knave! I've told you that I'm a king's son!

Offend you, sir? I'll show you where you can get steel!



MIRACULOUSLY, CAN'T BEAT THE PRINCE, FINALLY...

All right... to bed, all of you! This entertainment has tired me!



TWO HUNDRED WORK, THE PRINCE SLUMBED ON HIS BED OF STRAW AND BAGS, AND FELL ASLEEP INSTANTLY



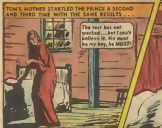
There is something strange about Tom tonight. Can it be that he is not my son?

Oh, no! I must be mad myself to believe that! And yet... But what I can feel out of steel!



Tom has had the habit since he was a baby, of putting his hand before his eyes whenever he was startled! I'll wake him now, and see...





You will heard! UP QUICKLY! We'll celebrate and meet at the London Budget!



Oh, no, friend! You shall not pass until you're drunk from the loving cup. Drink to the Peace of Wales!



CANTY, THE PRINCE, AND THE OTHERS RUSHED OUT INTO THE STREET AND SAW THAT A HUGE CELEBRATION WAS IN PROGRESS.

Where are you rushing, friend? Are you bothering with business when men are making holiday?

My business is my soul! Let me pass!



CANTY LIFTED THE CUP WITH BOTH HANDS, RELEASING THE HAND OF THE PRINCE.



Fleeing in my heart? Don't they know that I'm missing? If Tom Canty's somehow fooled the others into thinking he's me, I'll wrack his plans with enough!



BUT WHAT HAD BEEN HAPPENING TO TOM CANTY? THE MOMENT THE PRINCE LEFT HIM, HE LOOKED IN THE MIRROR AND ENJOYED WHAT HE SAW.

I really look like a prince! If my comrades at home could only see me now!



BUT AS TIME PASSED...

The Prince has been gone a long time! I'm beginning to be frightened!



A DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN...



The Lady Jane Grey!



What ails you my lord?

I'm lost! I'm lost! I'll surely be killed now!

Please have mercy please! I'm not the lord... I'm just Tom Canty! Tell the Prince to give me back my rags and let me go!



Oh, my lord, on your knees... and to me! You're ill, I must tell the King!



No, don't, please!

She doesn't hear me! Now they'll come and get me!

SWIFTLY THE NEWS SPREAD THROUGH THE PALACE.

"It's horrible, Dick! The Prince has gone mad!"

"Yes, it's true! I heard it from a page. The Prince has gone mad!"

"Lady Beverly told me. The Prince has gone mad!"

UNTIL FINALLY, A PROCLAMATION APPEARED.

In the Name of the King
Let none listen to this
false and foolish matter
upon pain of death nor
discuss the same nor
carry it abroad

"Will you come with us, my Prince?"

"I'm not the prince, I tell you! Where are we going?"

"Go home, my Prince."

"Here now Edward? What is this I have heard? Is all this a great joke on me?"

"You... you were the KING! NOW I AM MURDERED!"





Alack! I thought the rumor exaggerated the truth, but it is not so. Come to your father, child. You are not well!

But you're NOT my father, sir!



I'm not the Prince, I'm the lowest of your subjects, a peasant. It's by accident that I'm here, I mean't no harm. Please don't let me die!



Perhaps he has simply forgotten his identity. I'll make a test!

YOUR HIGHNESS ASKED TOM A QUESTION IN LATIN AND TOM ANSWERED.



Good! He still remembers his Latin. And now I'll France. PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

I have no knowledge of this tongue, sir!



My son remembers some things. Overstudy has given him this temporary madness. Take away his books and pleasure him with sports. He will be England's next King, mad or not!



Tomorrow he'll be installed as heir to the throne in all due and ancient ceremony. You start as an honor under Lord Hertford!

But...



... But, Sir, have you forgotten the Duke of Norfolk, who is to perform the ceremony, is your political prisoner? You had him locked in the tower! He is to die at sunrise!



To be sure! A new Grand Marshal will perform the ceremony.

Very good, sir!

SITTING IN THE PRINCE'S ROOM LATER THAT DAY, TOM FELT ALONE AND MISERABLE.



It was horrible the king's order. Next that man died! Oh, if only the real Prince would return!

LATER THAT DAY, LORD HERFORD VISITED TOM.



May I have a word with you, my Prince?

I'm not the Prince ... oh, never mind. What is it you wish?



You must not deny that you are the Prince.

I suppose I'll have to do what they say.

AND SO TOM TOOK OVER THE PRINCE'S DUTIES. HE MADE MANY MISTAKES AT DINNER HE WAS HANDED A NAPKIN.



This is very pretty ... but I pray you take it away. I may soil it!

WHEN HE WAS HANDED A BINGER BOWL WITH ROSE WATER . . .



He's drinking from it!

I don't like it, it has a pretty flavor . . . but it looks strange!



THEN WHEN NUTS WERE SERVED, TOM ATE SOME . . . AND STUFFED HIS POCKETS WITH THE OTHERS!



I'll keep the rest for later.

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, KING HENRY WHO HAD BEEN ILL FOR A LONG TIME, WOKE FEELING MUCH WORSE.



The Lord Chancellor waits outside, sir.

How do you feel, sir?

THE LORD CHANCELLOR WAS ADMITTED . . .



The peers have met and confirmed the Duke of Norfolk's death. They humbly await your further orders.

Good! I'll attach the seal to his death warrant!

THE KING TRIED TO RISE . . . BUT FELL BACK WEARILY.



I'm too sick to get up. You had best attend to the Great Seal.

So it shall be, sir. But where is the Great Seal?



Don't you remember, the ... you took it from me several days ago ...

The seal! It's always in your possession. You must know where it is!



From Hartford! I gave it to the Prince for safe keeping! Get it from him!



Fear not! He is indeed *gone!*

Further and tidings, my king. Because of his affliction, the Prince cannot remember the seal of wit.



Very good, sir!

Nothing will stop me from using the traitor dead by tomorrow! Use the Seal! Seal on the warrant.

THUS, BY BLAMING ALL "FORGETFULNESS" ON HIS MALADY, TOM WAS ACCEPTED AS THE PRINCE THAT NIGHT ...



It's time to dress for the river pageant, Prince Edward.

Ever prepared? Oh ... er ... yes, of course. I'll almost forgotten!

IT WAS A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE FOR TOM
 TO GET A RIDE IN THE ROYAL BARGE ALONG
 THE THAMES RIVER . . .



... THEN A PARADE THROUGH THE LONDON STREETS
 TO THE GUILDHALL . . .



FOR THE FINAL EVENT . . . A HUGE BANQUET.



BUT AS TOM'S EYE BROU
 MADE MERRY, ONE
 THOUGHT REMAINED
 IN THE BACK OF HIS
 MIND . . .



All this is marvelous . . . But I wonder
 where the REAL Prince is now . . .

IF TOM HAD LOOKED JUST OUTSIDE THE
 GUILDHALL, HE WOULD HAVE HAD HIS ANSWER.



How bold! Listen to the
 young madman rave!

Stupid! Don't
 offend his
 royal
 Highness!

Let me thought I
 tell you I'm the
 Prince of Wales!

SUDDENLY A TALL MAN PUSHED HIS WAY
 THROUGH THE CROWD . . .



Why don't you
 stop shouting
 blarney! Leave the
 boy alone!



STRAIGHT TO THE GUILDHALL SPED THE TROOPS.



SECONDS LATER, INSIDE THE GUILDHALL THE ASSEMBLAGE WAS SHOCKED BY A CLEAR BARDLE NOISE . . . THEN . . .



THE KING IS DEAD!

THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE NEW KING!

Lord Nevill! Why I ask a question!

Yes, your Highness?

When I am now the King . . . if I give a command would it be instantly obeyed?

You are the King, Sir! Your word is law!

From this day the King's law shall be one of mercy . . . not of blood! Go to the Tower and tell them that the Duke of Norfolk shall not die!



THE REIGN OF BLOOD IS ENDED!

LONG LIVE EDWARD, KING OF ENGLAND!

MEANWHILE, LOWBER RACED THROUGH THE LONDON STREETS WITH HIS NEW FRIEND.



THE KING IS DEAD!

When my father died? How horrible!

Your father? Of course I don't forget that you're Prince Edward the King Edward!

BUT AS THEY APPROACHED THE INN . . .



So you've come at last!

ADONIS FAMILY!



Poor boy! His small head-p is cracked - but I will protect him from those who fear him because of his madness!

Weren't you far from the inn at which I'm stopping? I'll take you there . . .



You're not going to escape this time. Maybe pounding your bones to a pulp will reach you a letter.

Not so fast, my friend! Who is this boy to you?



Who? This young scoundrel is my son!

That's a lie! Don't let him take me!



I believe you, my boy! You're staying with me!

We'll see about that!



THE NEXT MORNING . . .

Let's see how
a hot mark, eh, this
ought to do it!

What . . . what's
wrong? What are
you doing?

HALF AN HOUR LATER,
MILES RETURNED
CARRYING A SECOND
HAND BOY'S SUIT . . .

It took most of my
money . . . but it's
worth it!

Sorry I woke you,
your Majesty. I'll
be back shortly.

I've decided to take
the last back to
Manda Whiff! Sure and
quite my best! His sock
was a few more
stitches and his suit
will be ready.

Hoors of Snow!
HE'S GONE!

There we are! Ha there
your Majesty! Look what
I've brought you!





MAN-KEEPER!
MAN-KEEPER!

What is it, sir?



Hurry up quickly,
you idiot, or your
time has come!
Where is the boy?

We want to meet YOU,
sir!



Your messenger came
saying you wanted the
boy to meet you at the
bridge. The lad
grumbled but he went.



Was the messenger
along?

Yes, sir, but when
they went on the
bridge, I saw a
roll of ruffian follow them.



Out of my
way, fool!



We grumbled - but he
went! I know he would
have done it only for me!
I've GOT to find him!

WHILE TOM CANTY SAT IN THE PALACE
DISCHARGING HIS KINGLY DUTIES.



EDWARD THE REAL KING WALKED ALONG
THE LONDON BRIDGE SUPPOSEDLY TO
MEET MILLS HENDON.



MEANWHILE, MISS WINDON
CONDUCTED A FRUITLESS
SEARCH FOR THE MISSING BOY.

That really looks
like a boy
who called himself
the boy's father.
Must have gotten
him!



There is one hope . . . that the
boy will escape from his
captors and go straight to
Hendon Hall . . . and that's where
I'm going . . .



SO WORRIED AND HOPEFUL,
THE KING LAY IN AN OLD SADDLE
UNTIL HE FELL INTO A TROUBLED
SLEEP.



WHEN HE AWOKE THAT NIGHT, HE SAW A STRANGE SIGHT . . . THE GATHERING OF A GANG OF THIEVES!



ONCE AGAIN THE KING SUFFERED HUMILIATION



I crown you . . . King Foo-foo the First



Had I done them a deep wrong, they could not have been more cruel. I offered them nothing but kindness, yet they treat me this way.

NEXT MORNING THE KING AND THE BOY WHO HAD PRETENDED TO BE KINGDOM'S MESSENGER WERE SENT OFF TOGETHER . . . TO GO TO WORK.



You can call me Hugo. I don't see anything to steal . . . so I guess we'll beg today!

Follow your trade . . . it fits you! But I won't beg!



When did you return? Your father tells me you've begged in London all your life.

That wouldn't be my father!



I'm going to fall on the ground in a fit. When the man approaches, beg to well. Say that I'm your poor brother and that we haven't eaten in days. What you, oh, or I'll break every bone in your body.



Quick . . . there's a man coming up the road! You won't have to beg! You'll merely play dead!



ALL THAT DAY THE KING WANDERED THROUGH THE FARMLANDS . . .



JUST AFTER NIGHTFALL, HE ENTERED DENSE WOODS . . .



How lonely it is here and what funny sounds! I hope I can find some shelter for the night!

THEN . . .



A lighted window! What luck!

Enter and welcome! Mary here and been turned away so unwelcome . . . but a King who casts off his crown and his clothes to dress in humble rags is indeed welcome!

It's the home of a holy hermit. How fortunate!



I'm the King of England! Who are you?

Who are you?





But I haven't

Sleep! I have judged you worthy! And I will now tell you a secret!



I'm not as I appear, a simple hermit. I am a Archbishop!



I can see you feel my atmosphere! There's love in your face! Come let us sit down and talk and I will tell you all about myself!

BUT AS THE HERMIT STARTED TO LEAVE THE ROOM . . .



Well . . . a thought strikes me! You say you are King of England! Then Henry is gone?

Yes . . . he died just a short while ago. I am his son.

AT FIRST EDWARD WAS FRIGHTENED . . . BUT AS THE HERMIT SPOKE KINDLY AND GENTLY HE RELAXED



Sometimes people run from me and fear me! But WHY? I am a GOOD Archbishop!

I believe he is fearless. He speaks gently enough!

FINALLY THE HERMIT TUCKED EDWARD INTO BED



Good night! Sleep - and sleep well!

Thank you sir!

Do you know that it was Harry who dissolved my religious order and drove me and my fellows out of home and home?

Ah, he's asleep! Well, let his heart beat happily while he has sweet dreams. Even his heart will beat no more!

The father has escaped me. But, I'll have the pleasure of destroying the son!



FOR LONG MOMENTS, THE HERMIT STOOD THERE. THEN . . .





... I think the
key is inside. Come
with me ...



SWIFTLY MILLS
UNLATCHED THE
BAUPER-KING
AND HELPED HIM
ON THE SUEIT
HE HAD BOUGHT
FOR HIM ON
LONDON BRIDGE
... THE PAIR
WASTED NO TIME
HURRYING
AWAY FROM THE
MAD HERMIT ...
AT A HEAVY
VILLAGE, MILLS
PURCHASED
DONEYLS, AND
IN A SHORT
WHILE HE AND
HIS FRIEND WERE
ON THEIR WAY
TO HINDON
HALL.



AFTER HOURS OF WINDING
THROUGH COUNTRY
ROADS ...



To think that in a
moment, I'll see
my beloved Galt! I'll
even be glad to
see my brother,
Hugh, again.





Hugh! How good to see you again! It's been seven years!

Who are you, sir?



Who am I? I'm your brother Miles. Hugh! Don't you recognize me?



My brother? My brother died in battle three years ago. I have a letter to that effect. You are an impostor.



That's a story! But tell your father . . . he'll know me!

Impossible! My father is dead!



Father . . . dead . . . ? That is gross news! But unless the lady tells that . . .

Very well, then here!



A MOMENT LATER, HUGH RETURNED . . . BRINGING WITH HIM A BEAUTIFUL GIRL . . .

Tell me, my dear . . . do you know this man?





I wasn't thinking of him... I mean it's strange that soldiers haven't been sent out to search for me.

Fear led... his Klingy delusions haven't left him yet.



You worked out a plan. You written something up there in three languages tomorrow, you'll deliver it to my uncle, Lord Westford.

As you command, sire!

AT THAT MOMENT...



Please, sir!

Sir... my husband...



Then you still pretend that you don't know me?

I'm sorry, sir... but I don't!



I've come because I feel sorry for you. You look enough like Miles to give my husband trouble and he'll kill you. Please at once!



That's not true! You didn't come out of pity; you came because you love me. I can't see, don't you understand?

JUST THEN, THE DOORS CRASHED OPEN...



... And it looks as if I couldn't do I wanted to! These, I take it, are our escorts to prison!

IN THE AIR...



Get on there, you scum! The horse of you, pretending to be a freedom!

DAYS PASSED, THEN, ONE MORNING...



Can you pick out the Impactor? You were a convict here when Sir Miles was alive.



One of these wretches? Bah! I've come on a few's accord. There's none here noble enough to show a freedom's these!



The Impactor is the Impactor. Stop to speak with him, if you wish.



AS SOON AS THE JURY LEFT...

To Miles! I thought you were dead! This is the happiest day of my life - seeing you again!

Andrew... I know that you hadn't forced against me!

ALMOST DAILY, ANDREW RETURNED PRETENDING TO COME TO VISIT MILES, BUT ACTUALLY COMING TO BRING HIM NEWS, ENCOURAGEMENT, AND FOOD.



Edith married Hugh only after all hope of your being alive had vanished. She isn't happy, Miles, she still loves you.



He threatened us with death if we admitted we knew you! He's come up to the world, that's all! In a few days, he's attending the Coronation hoping to gain the favor of the new king.



What? ... THE CORONATION!

Miles, did you hear? They're training someone else! We've got to get to Westminster and stop them!



My trial comes up tomorrow. That's all! We'll get there in time!

HEY! SAY, AT THE TRIAL ...

I sentence you to two days in the pillory. The boy may go free, though in truth, he deserves the same sentence for being in such bad company!



WHEN EDWARD HEARD SENTENCE PASSED ON HIS FRIEND ...

How dare you do this to him! Say him free! I demand it!





Give the young lad a few tastes of the lute! Why he that'll still his favour!

I beg you, let the boy sing! See how frail he is! Give him the whipping instead!

An excellent idea! Give this fellow an even dozen . . . and lay it on hard!



I beg you, please, for you were here the instant of men.

Moreover, I can proclaim their nobility as well. I did you best!



THEY ENTERED LONDON . . .



They're celebrating the Coronation tomorrow . . . and I still haven't been restored to my throne!

Look at these people!

TWO DAYS PASSED AND MILLS WAS SET FREE . . .



Hurry, Mills, hurry! We must reach London before the Coronation!

Yes, sire!

It serves two purposes. While the poor lad rides we're going to stop the Coronation. I'll see a friend of my father's at the Palace!

SURELY . . .



You . . . why did you knock the cap out of my hand?

But I didn't mean it! I was pushed!

I pushed him! Why are you going to do about it?

IN A FEW MINUTES, THE CELEBRATION HAD TURNED INTO A HUGE FIGHT . . .



Miles . . . Miles . . . where are you? WE'RE BEING SEPARATED!



What bad luck! I can't find him anywhere!



AFTER THE FIGHT WAS OVER . . .

I've got to go to the Convention where Miles will surely rejoin me there!



AS HE REDE, NIGHTS HE HAD WITNESSED IN PRISON RETURNED TO HIM . . .

You hang me for stealing a yard of cloth!

I was not proven guilty! I argued against me unjustly. For that, they cut off my ears.

They'll burn me at the stake for my religious beliefs.



When I ascend the throne, I am going to do away with these horrible laws. My reign is going to be one of justice . . . not one of cruelty!



MEANWHILE THE MORNING OF THE CORONATION TOM CANTY WORE FEELING PLEASED AND HAPPY



AND ON THE WAY TO THE CORONATION HSELF, HIS HAPPINESS BECAME EVEN GREATER



AND HIS HAND WENT TO HIS MOUTH WITH THE HABITUAL GESTURE HE HAD ALWAYS MADE WHEN STARTLED



Get away from that carriage, you old croak!



IS THE CARRIAGE MOVING ON, YOU HAD LOST HIS TASTE FOR KISSING.

Sure, has that old beggar disturbed you?

No... she has merely reminded me how wrong it is for me to be here... Marford... that woman is my mother!



MOMENTS LATER, THEY APPROACHED THE CORONATION PLATFORM AND HERFORD HASTILY CONFERRED WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

The madness is strong upon him! He continues to believe he is the child of promise! You had better complete the ceremony quickly!

Very well!



THE CEREMONY PROCEEDED RAPIDLY...



THEN, SUDDENLY...

SPORT I AM THE REAL KING!

See back into the crowd... you mean beggar!

No! Not No is the real King!



SURELY YOU EXPLAINED EVERYTHING

And that's the entire story! I tried to make you realize that I was Ten Cents, but you wouldn't!

I can't believe it!

There is one way to find out one question which only he who is Prince of Wales can answer: **WHERE IS THE GREAT SEAL?**

That's simple!

Go to my private cabinet... and in the left corner you'll find a broken wall board. Press this... and the secret door which contains the Seal will appear!

I'll go to work!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER HERTFORD RETURNED

The Seal is not there!

ONCE AGAIN, HERTFORD DASHED AWAY AND RETURNED.

There is only one candidate! GUARDS!

Wait... are you sure you searched carefully? I can't see how a huge golden eagle like this could vanish.

A great golden eagle, you say? Don't you remember, also, it was on your table that day I first came and you hid it?

Enough! I recall Hertford took in the marketplace of the Middlesex Street!

Forgive me for doubting you first!





*To Lord Hastings
This will be
brought to you
by my friend
Sir Miles
Hendon*

LITTLE REMAINS TO BE TOLD HUGH HENDON WAS BANISHED FROM THE KINGDOM, AND AFTER HIS DEATH, MILES AND EDITH WERE MARRIED. TOM CANTY WAS PRODUCE "KING'S WARD" AND CAME TO LIVE AT THE PALACE WITH HIS MOTHER AND SISTERS. JOHN CANTY WAS NEVER HEARD OF AGAIN! ALL THE PEOPLE WHO HAD HELPED THE KING WERE REWARDED AND THOSE WHO HAD BEEN CRUEL TO HIM WERE PUNISHED.

RING EDWARD'S REIGN WAS ONE OF THE MOST JUST IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.



"MARK TWAIN"

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, the real life Mark Twain, has left behind him some of the greatest stories and essays of all times. His humorous and philosophical works have reached all ends of the earth and endeared his frank and simple style to people everywhere.

Born in the small town of Florida, Missouri, on the bank of the Mississippi River in 1835, Mark Twain's first years were spent in a pattern typical of those days. He received the rudiments of an education at his village school and spent his boyhood in the fringes of the sphere of his southern home. After school he entered the printing business and became an expert compositor and later worked as a journeyman printer. Mark Twain however, was not satisfied



with indoor work and soon realized the ambition of every young river front man by becoming a steam boat pilot.

The Civil War brought the river boat business to a standstill and he joined a volunteer squad in the Confederate Army but found little agree-

ment there. From this episode he travelled to Nevada with his brother who had been appointed secretary of that territory. There, he joined the staff of a small newspaper and launched his professional writing career. Never being one to stand still for long, Twain was attracted to the West Coast where he tried gold mining for a short time.

An opportunity to make a steamship trip to the Sandwich Islands presented itself and Mark Twain coupled this experience with his literary ambitions and wrote a series of letters depicting his experiences. Returning to the States, he made a successful debut as a lecturer.

Having once started as a writer, he con-



tinued with his new trade and met with increasing success and demand. "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" was published in New York and the name of Mark Twain was established. A trip by steamer to the Orient was described in letters to newspapers and these articles were later collected into a book entitled "Innocents Abroad." "Roughing It," a collection of episodes depicting ironies of life soon followed

and by this time the reading world was demanding more and more of his works.

Settling down in Hartford, Connecticut, Mark Twain began a more reflective period of his life and used his early boyhood days as background for a series of stories that has become his best known. These immortal classics include "Tom Sawyer", "Huckleberry Finn" and "Old Times on the Mississippi".

Trips to Europe prompted his writing "A Tramp Abroad", a series of adventures and stories of an American touring Europe. "The Prince and the Pauper" and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" written about his English friends during his later years were among the last additions to his immortal works.

Unlike many authors, Mark Twain has been remembered for his personality as well as his writings. His easy manner, natural charm and good humor made him a person that few forgot once they met. Many of his witticisms are still quoted and anecdotes of his life will always be repeated when wets get together.

The world grieved a great man and writer when he closed his brilliant life on April 21, 1910.



SMARTY

The Canine Cop

SSMARTY, the super snoooper, has just cracked his first case and his fellow policemen, the New York State troopers at Hawthorne, New York, are justly proud of the accomplishment of their canine companion. Especially proud is Trooper William W. Horton, Smarty's trainer, and Trooper Robert Thomson, assistant trainer.



Smarty must have guessed the big test was coming up when he was packed in a plywood kennel in the rear of a station wagon and driven to the home of a Hawthorne neighbor whose child had wandered into the woods. Trooper Horton gave Smarty the scent from the child's pajamas and in a matter of minutes, the intelligent bloodhound led his fellow policemen to the lost child.

In the files of the New York State Police, this was just another routine case of locating a lost child. But to Smarty and Trooper Horton it was graduation day for the dog whose training had begun just six months before.

Smarty was voted the bloodhound most likely to succeed as a canine cop shortly after he was born. Trooper Horton selected him as the most intellectual pup in the litter.

So, at the tender age of 18 months, Smarty began his schooling in how to hunt lost persons and how to track criminals. He had to learn because bloodhounds are not just born with this ability.

Trooper Horton took Smarty out into the fields and the bloodhound was allowed to smell a squeaky piece of liver in the hands of assistant trainer Thomson. Of course, Smarty immediately seized on the idea that Thomson was a good man to follow. Therefore, when Thomson dashed away, Smarty was all in favor of following. On succeeding days, the distance between Smarty and the liver was lengthened and the bloodhound never failed to track his quarry—the liver.

Next, Trooper Horton taught Smarty to follow a given scent. The dog sniffed Thomson's sweater and the assistant trainer sprouted away to hide in a neighboring barn. Smarty, disappointed by the disappearance of the liver, nevertheless got the idea of following the scent, and soon tracked down his assistant trainer. He was making

rapid headway in his lessons.

The courses which came next were a little more difficult since these were against Smarty's natural instincts. The intelligent bloodhound had to be taught not to howl while on the trail of his quarry. As Trooper Horton explains, "If the bound howls or bays when following a trail, a lost child would be frightened and would

run deeper into the woods. A criminal on the other hand would be warned."

So, Smarty, like a good trooper, learned to follow the trails in silence. He learned not to mix business with pleasure although it was awfully hard sometimes not to scamper after the rabbits and squirrels which crossed his path.

At first, Smarty would wuff eagerly at the first scent of squirrel or rabbit, and then he would turn his head and look at his trainer as though to ask, "Well, is this where we start to have some fun?" But Trooper Horton urged the dog on.

If Smarty wondered about the paper markers which ran parallel with the scent of his quarry he gave no sign at all but those were left by the assistant trainer to indicate to Trooper Horton whether Smarty knew his lesson for the day.

Sometimes, of course, the wind blows the scent to one side of the actual trail followed by a quarry but as Trooper Horton says, "the dog is not expected to stay on the trail—just to go in the right direction."

And that is what Smarty has been doing ever since his graduation—"going in the right direction." He's one of the star pupils of Trooper William W. Horton, ace trainer of bloodhounds for the New York State Police.



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