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MYSTERIES OF PARIS

by Eugene Sue



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FRANCE, IN THE YEAR 1838, WAS UNDERGOING A PERIOD OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC CHAOS. POVERTY AND MISERY WERE COMMON EVERYWHERE. THE ONLY HOPE OF THE POOR RESTED WITH INDIVIDUAL BENEFACTORS LIKE PRINCE RUDOLF THE GRAND DUKE OF GEROLSTEIN.

DISGUISED MERELY AS M. RUDOLF HE GOES ABOUT GIVING AID ONLY TO THOSE POOR WHO DESPITE ADVERSITY, HAVE REMAINED VIRTUOUS. THOSE WHO HAVE TURNED CRIMINAL, HE BRINGS TO JUSTICE FOR THE PUNISHMENT THEY DESERVE.

IN THE PARIS UNDERWORLD...

Glad I came across you, Morie. You can buy me a drink.

is-but I'm out of money, Slasher.



SUDDENLY...

If you don't let go my necktie, I'll bite your nose off!

My nose is too short, my boy and there is not light enough for you to see it!



Come under the light and let's have a squint at the whites of each others eyes.



Pray take care! He will try for revenge.

Don't be alarmed, my girl, there is more where the others came from!



BUT THE SLASHER DISPLAYS GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP...

Hold! I've had enough. Very few till now, could brag of having set his foot on my neck, but you beat me fair. I hold no grudge!

That's the ticket! I'll buy you food and drink!



AT THE TAVERN-DOOR, RUDOLF IS APPROACHED BY A PEDDLER, WHO IS REALLY HIS SECRETARY, MURPHY IN DISGUISE...

Be on your guard, Your Highness!



INSIDE THE WHITE RABBIT, THE KEEPER COMES FORTH TO GREET THE NEW GUESTS...

Get hearty, Slasher, the treat's on me. As a return favor, tell me your life's story.

Ay, master, that I will! But first, let us hear Marie's history.



I was abandoned by my parents and fell into the clutches of a horrible one-eyed woman called Screech-Owl!

When Screech-Owl started torturing me, I was forced to run away...



Indeed! Indeed! I do! What would I not give to live there! On my return to the city, I gave my last fifty francs to a poor woman.

That was very kind, my child, but it left you penniless!



I understand your story, Marie. It is quite like mine. And knowing you personally, I vouch for your honesty and character.

And now, Slasher, what is your story?



It was in my nineteenth year that I became a trooper until then, I had never slept in a bed.

You were a jailbird then, Slasher?



Yes, for three years. My first employment helped send me to prison. At twelve years, I got a job cutting horses in a slaughterhouse.

But didn't your parents rear you?



Like Marie, I was abandoned by my parents. And I had my share of cold and hunger, but I would never steal.

You have been cold and hungry but have not stolen. Why? Fear of prison?

Ha! Ha! Fear of prison! In prison, I would at least have been fed. I would not steal because - thieving is fit only for sneaks!



To suffer hunger and misery, rather than steal is to have heart and honor! Shake hands!

Heart! Honor! These words flutter my pulse! Life or death, you can count on me as your friend!

Fine! But tell me, how did your job result in imprisonment?

Slashing horses developed into a passion that I couldn't control.

You stupid fool! Your thirst for slashing lips ruined a good piece of horseflesh. You're fired!

B-but I couldn't help myself. I saw every-thing red - all was red!



Outlawed as a tradesman, I enlisted as a grenadier. But my passion for slashing had not died...

As the other grenadiers moved to restrain me, my hand instinctively reached for my knife...

Fig on I!
Take this!

You clumsy pig!

Blood! Blood!
Everything is red!
Just like the slaughterhouse!

I escaped with my life, only because of my excellent record in action I went to jail!

No! I had no taste for thievery, when the others chaffed me about it, I soon shut their jaws! Except the schoolmaster I could beat them all!

Ay! That's him! He has not been caught because he burned away his features with acid and is unrecognizable. He usually progs by here, with his horrible lady-friend.

But tell me Slasher, didn't you fall in with many thieves at the prison?

Is he the escaped prisoner who has not yet been caught?

Good! I'll see for myself. He is totally without honor!

SUDDENLY, THE TAVERN-DOOR OPENS...

Talk of the wolf and his tail appears! It's the Schoolmaster!

The screech! Owl!

THE PEDDLER SUDDENLY ENTERS HIS WORDS CAUSE RUDOLF TO LEAVE, IN THE CONFUSION, MARIE ALSO SLIPS OUT...

Your highness, the countess and her brother are at the end of the street!

THE COUNTESS MACGREGOR ENTERS WITH HER BROTHER...

We had appointed to see one of our friends here. He is tall, slender and has a mustache. Have you seen him?

He has just left!



AT SIGHT OF THE WEALTHY LOOKING PAIR, THE SCHOOLMASTER HATCHES A PLOT...

This fellow has money. When they leave, we'll follow and rob them!

If the girl sings out for the police, I'll break my bottle of acid across her snout!



Hold! Strike a bargain with me. Did you see the man with the mustache tonight?

Ay, that I did. What of it?



UNOBSERVED, THE GLASHER FOLLOWS THE PLOTTERS AND WITNESSES WHAT TRANSPIRES...

Be at St. Denis tomorrow at one o'clock! There's two thousand francs in it for you!

We'll be there!



THE NEXT MORNING FINDS RUDOLF AGAIN IN THE TAVERN...

Did a man and a woman come in and ask for me last night?

Yes. They were well dressed, too. The woman was disguised as a man in obvious fashion.



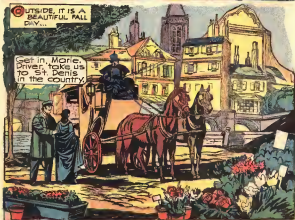
So they came? I want to take Marie to spend a day in the country. How much does she owe you? I'll pay her debt.

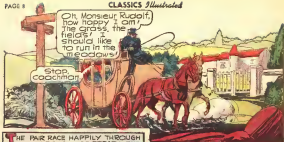
Two hundred francs will cover it well. I'll go fetch her.



OUTSIDE, IT IS A BEAUTIFUL FALL DAY...

Get in, Marie. Driver, take us to St. Denis in the country.





Oh, Monsieur Rudolf, how happy I am! The grass, the fields! I should like to run in the meadows!

Stop, Coachman!

THE PAIR RACE HAPPILY THROUGH THE FIELDS, OUT OF BREATH, MARIE PAUSES TO REST...



But, my child, you are weeping. Are you sad?

Oh, no sir. It is because I am not used to such happiness.

SUDDENLY, A MAN SPRINGS FROM BEHIND A TREE...

Don't be afraid, my girl. By all that's lucky, Master Rudolf. Here's an unexpected meeting!

What is the meaning of this?



Patience, Master. I will explain. Screech-Owl will be here in a half-hour. Yesterday, after you left the tavern, a man and a woman entered and questioned me about you. I followed them when I left.



Outside they had a conference with the Schoolmaster and Screech-Owl. I only caught up with them as they were finishing.

In conference with the Schoolmaster and Screech-Owl? It's unbelievable!

I heard them agree right on this spot at St. Denis, today at one o'clock. They are plotting to do you mischief. I'm at your service.

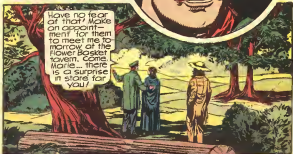
Fine? You remain here. Naturally, when Screech-Owl sees you, she'll tear an ambush.

Then, as she starts to leave, you overtake her casually. Tell her you were waiting for your friend. Now, you must go it alone.



Let her know that you need an assistant to rob a house of sixty-thousand francs. She'll be sure to involve Schoolmaster and herself.

Sixty thousand francs? But, master, I am no thief!



Have no fear of that! Make an appointment for them to meet me tomorrow at the Flower Basket tavern. Come, Marie... there is a surprise in store for you!

RUDOLF MAKES MARIE'S DREAM OF LIVING IN THE COUNTRY POSSIBLE...

Oh, look, where you have taken me, Monsieur Rudolf. How nice it must be to live on such a farm.

Yes, Marie. This is the surprise I had in store for you. You shall live here from now on. It belongs to a good friend of mine.



Good day, Mrs. George. Marie, you will find that this lady will care for you very dearly.

Come on, my child, let us go into the house.

HAVING THUS PROVIDED FOR MARIE, RUDOLF ENTERS THE FARMYARD WHERE MURPHY WAITS...



Your highness, this 'Model Farm' which you have established to reward honest laborers has been of great service to this part of the country.

You understand my code and have been of great help!

Marie to me is a special case. If my estranged wife, Countess Macgregor, had been a good mother, our daughter would now be alive and Marie's age.

Marie is worthy. And the good Mrs. George will give her the tender care she deserves.



Well, Mrs. George, what do you think of Marie?

I shall devote my time to her as I should be giving it to my son.



AT MENTION OF HER SON, RUDOLF TAKES MRS. GEORGE ASIDE.

My poor Germain would now be twenty years old.

He may still be alive. Let us say he is twenty years old. Is there any news from your husband?



None! Oh, the shame of it. The father of my boy a criminal!

No news? Good! There is no doubt the monster perished in his attempt to escape the gallows. But why did he abduct his own child?



He told me why before they put him away. He took Germain as a means of compelling me to send him money for his care.



The fiend! But we may yet find your son. Did Germain have any distinguishing marks?

He had a religious medal, cut in blue stone and attached to a silver chain. He wore it about his neck.

Good! It may serve to help find him.



Come, M. Rudolf, the carriage waits. We must depart for Paris.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, RUDOLF MEETS SCHOOLMASTER AND SCREECH-OWL AS ARRANGED...

I am Monsieur Rudolf. Let's go into the Flower Basket for breakfast.

Agreed! We're here to keep the appointment arranged by Slasher. He said he no longer wishes to take part in the robbery.

Yes, but Slasher explained there are mollys who would gladly join me.

Your proposition better be a good one. Slasher's presence at St Denis lost us two thousand francs.



Mine is a first rate crack—the master of the house is away. There are sixty thousand francs in his study.

Just as Slasher claimed!



Were, with you—but, if this is a frame up, I'll make cold meat of you!

Don't be foolish. Put your pin away and let's talk business!



AS THEY GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, RUDOLF IS PLEASED TO SEE MURPHY IN ANOTHER BOOTH.



Yes, let's talk business, now we understand each other.

The house is in...

RUDOLF IS SURPRISED WHEN SCREECH-OWL REVEALS A BLUE STONE MEDAL ATTACHED TO A SILVER CHAIN...

By George! You've a stunning chain there, Screech Owl!

Yes, my man gave it to me—but it's only an imitation!

RUDOLF SURMISES THE TRUTH...

This Schoolmaster must be Mrs. George's husband. He escaped prison—and this blue stone medal belongs to their son, Germain.

This house were to rob is No. 17 Allé des Veuves. My plan is to climb over the garden wall and pick the lock.

Good! We'll strike tonight.



RUDOLF TRIES TO POSTPONE THE ROBBERY SO THAT HE AND MURPHY CAN MAKE PREPARATIONS...

Tonight! No—make it tomorrow night at ten!

No! Tonight or never. I don't trust you!

Let's go there right now!



AS THEY ENTER A COACH, MURPHY, UNSEEN, MOUNTS HIS HORSE, TOO...

Good boy, Murphy! I must get word to him somehow!



UNDER A CLEVER PRETEXT, RUDOLF DROPS MURPHY A NOTE...

My cigar must be choking you... I'll open a window.

Driver! Stop the coach!



AS SCHOOLMASTER ORDERS THE COACH TO A HALT, RUDOLF'S HEART SINKS...

Is there someone following our coach, driver?

NO, Master.



You'll laugh at me but I could have sworn someone was following us.



"Tonight, at ten, be at your guard!"



There goes Murphy, Spendi! He got my note!



Driver, stop! Let's get out. I have a good idea!

To make certain that what you say is true, Screech-Owl will do some spy work on the house were to plunder.

But that would arouse suspicion!

You don't know me. You'll see when I return in half an hour.

One moment! let's pick up Happy, Red Arm's son. Take that cunning fox with you.

THEY HEAR THE BLEEDING HEART TAVERN WHERE HOPPY IS USUALLY TO BE FOUND...

GOOD! HE'S HOME! LET US GO IN!

WELL, GOOD!

INSIDE, RED ARM, THE HOST, COMES FORTH TO GREET HIS GUESTS...

RED ARM'S VICIOUS BRAT ENTERS...

Sure you may borrow him. Happy toddle off with the lady.

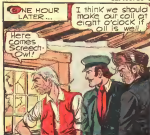
Good day, old friend. What can I do for you?

We want to lend your little 'un, my woman has lost something close by.

Come, be off Screech-Owl. I'll wait here.

You wonderful boy! You're not like that brat Marie.





ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, RUDOLF RECOVERS HIS SENSES... A HORRIBLE DEATH FACES HIM, AS THE WATERS OF THE SEINE SLOWLY RISE IN THE DUNGEON...

Help! I can't stand up. The waters are lifting me off my feet!

Where am I? What's this? Water! The cellar is becoming flooded! Light! These rats!

JUST AS ALL HOPE SEEMED GONE, THE CELLAR DOORS ARE BROKEN OPEN...

Monsieur Rudolf! Thank God, I reached you in time!

SLASHER BONGS THE UNCONSCIOUS RUDOLF TO NO IT ALLE DES VELVES...

Good! He is recovering! The bleeding has relieved him!



FULLY RESTORED, RUDOLF LISTENS TO SLASHER'S ACCOUNT OF THE EVENTS LEADING TO HIS TIMELY RESCUE...

After I gave your message to Screech-Owl at St Denis, it struck me the Schoolmaster might suspect a trap in your scheme. The next day, I stationed myself near No.17 Allé des Vagues. When I saw Screech-Owl and Happy enter the house, I smelled something amiss. She departed, leaving Happy. I seized him, wrapped him securely in my shirt and flung him over the wall into a cabbage patch. Just in time, too, for Schoolmaster and Screech-Owl were coming! I jumped into the ditch where Happy had been hiding!

Happy! Happy! The imp is gone!

Never mind him. You stay here and keep watch. I'm going into the house.

As soon as Schoonmaster left, I leaped from the ditch and disposed of Screech-Owl... But I got there too late! The porter was lying on the ground...



Oh, Murphy! Vengeance!
Vengeance!

Rest, your highness!
Murphy is being
cared for in the
next room.



3 SLASHER CONTINUES...

What's that
to you?

Slasher! Where
do you come
from?



Let me go
and I'll cry
quits!

Oh— your
pluck is
nothing but
your strength!



Just as schoonmaster's
shivito slipped from
his grasp, Screech-Owl
appeared...

Fire and
fury,
Screech-
Owl!

Screech-Owl—
pick up my
knife!



"This doctor gentleman arrived just in time. Together we overpowered them and bound them hand and foot..."

"Not to the Bleeding Heart as fast as I could..."

Where is Monsieur Rucdolt?

He is locked in the cellar of Leg Arm's tavern, the Bleeding Heart!

Out of my way, you rat!

Gooff!

You know the rest, Monsieur Rucdolt. It was I that carried you here!

I owe my life to you. I'll try to repay you. David, see how Murphy is doing.

The Schoolmaster's imprisoned downstairs. Will you put the mad dog away?

No, I have a special punishment for him. He'll be allowed to go his way!

DAVID RETURNS AND REPORTS THAT MURPHY'S CONDITION IS SERIOUS...

David, I've spoken to you of the special punishment some criminals merit. The time has come to exercise it.

The idea is overwhelming, but in this case it seems suited!

SLASHER IS ASTOUNDED BY RUCDOLT'S STRANGE PUNISHMENT...

Slasher, bring me five one thousand franc notes from that chest. They're to be given to the Schoolmaster when he leaves here.

Schoolmaster, your real name is Anselm Duresne! Here is your record, escaped from Rochefort Prison, you are a convicted thief, forger and murderer!

It's a lie! I am not Duresne!



I see listed among your crimes the murder of a cattle dealer on the road to Poissy!

No! No! It's a lie, I tell you!



Tonight, you entered this house to commit a robbery and stabbed poor Murphy!

You put me up to it!



Yes, but the night before last you showed willingness to murder me for 2,000 francs! You see, you have no need of my temptations.

That is true! I heard him agree to do it!

Bah! You are not my judge and I will answer you no more!



I'll explain why I planned this trip for you, but you can't reveal what happened to Francois Germain, your son! This need proves you are his father and Mrs. George's husband!

Yes - I confess! He is at No. 15 Rue du Temple. Wh-what if you go to me?



Schoolmaster, see Anselm Duesnel, it is a terrible punishment I must bestow on you—perhaps worse than death! May the Almighty hold me responsible if I am wrong!



You shall live and I will not deliver you into the hands of the law.

You mean you are going to pardon me?



I judge you and I will punish you! You shall not go back to prison because there your Herculean strength would make you a leader! You would continue to practice your horrible ways.

Then it is my death you still seek? My death?



RUDOLF METES OUT THE PUNISHMENT!

Listen, Anselm Dupresnel! You have criminally abused your vast strength—I will paralyze that strength; the most powerful have trembled before you—you shall tremble before the weakest!



RUDOLF CONTINUES...

To deliver you into the hands of God, now, is to lose your soul forever! No, you must first be purified by repentance!

Oh, ho! He preaches the catechism to me



RUDOLF RINGS A BELL AND TWO MEN ENTER...

Proceed, David! May the Almighty hold only me accountable if I do wrong.

Wheel him into the next room, men.

What Rudolf... what will they do with him?



Mercy! Mercy!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, DAVID RETURNS...

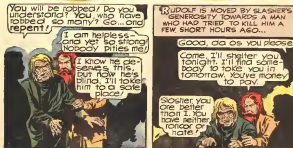
Remove the gag and unbind him!



THE PUNISHMENT UNFURLS AT LAST!

David, give him this five thousand francs. You are free. You have money to live - and repent!

Blind! Blind! I cannot go! I cannot see a step! I'll be robbed!



You will be robbed! Do you understand? You who have robbed so many? Go... and repent!

I am helpless - and yet so strong! Nobody pities me!

I know he deserves this, but now he's blind, I'll take him to a safe place!

RUDOLF IS MOVED BY SLASHER'S GENEROSITY TOWARDS A MAN WHO HAD TRIED TO KILL HIM A FEW SHORT HOURS AGO...

Good, do as you please!

Come, I'll shelter you tonight. I'll find somebody to take you in tomorrow. You've money to pay.

Sister, you are better than I. You have neither honor or hate!

ONE MONTH LATER, IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF ISLE-ADAM...

Faith, boy, the way was long and the cold sharp, were they not?

Indeed, M. Murphy yesterday, when you called on me, I had not seen you since the punishment. I was surprised and happy to see you fully recovered.

Slosher, you needn't work on the docks any longer. You will earn twice as much doing something you like to do.

Hullo - this butcher-shop! It's strange but if I had the means I should have chosen to be a butcher.



Come, Slosher, let us go into the shop. You shall work here!

M. Rydoff, I am right glad to see you again.

I am no less rejoiced to see you, again Slosher! My good Murphy, leave us together.

Slosher, I have surprise for you. This shop is my property and I am turning it over to you.

This butcher shop my property? I must be dreaming!



RUDOLF AND SLASHER REPAIR TO THE COURT-YARD WHERE THE ANIMALS ARE SLAUGHTERED...

You must be Mr. Slasher, my new master. Customers are waiting and we are out of chops and steaks.

By George, Slasher, here's a fine chance to display your ability!

Excuse me, my lord, but I can not accept your butcher shop. When I think of the poor beasts and the blood, I have a horrid vision of the sergeant again.

I understand, Slasher, and in a way, I'm glad!



Glad? How do you mean, sir?

I'm glad because it proves your instincts are good ones. Now I have a better proposition to make you.

SLASHER'S REWARD...

My property in Algeria needs the skill and courage of some one like you to cultivate it into a farm. If you are willing, you may have it.

I accept gladly, Rudolf! I can leave immediately!



THE DAY FOLLOWING, THE SLASHER LEFT FOR ALGERIA...



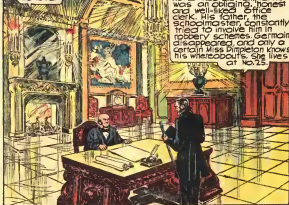
Good! Tell me Baron, the Royal Court is still unaware of Prince Rudolf's presence in Paris?

Yes—except for Countess Sarah Magnusson, who seeks his love—and her brother no one is aware of the disguises assumed by his highness.



That beautiful witch! Though she was largely responsible for his daughter's death, by her indifference, she still seeks his love.

She caused him much grief! Here are the papers about Mrs. Geitzge's son. He lived for three months at No. 25 Rue du Temple. He was an obliging, honest and well-liked office clerk. His father, the Schoolmaster, constantly tried to involve him in robbery schemes. Germain disappeared, and only a certain Miss Dimpelman knows his whereabouts. She lives at No. 25.



THAT SAME DAY, HAVING BEEN TOLD BARCH GRALIN'S STORY, RUDOLF GOES TO NO. 25 RUE DU TEMPLE TO PICK UP FRANÇOIS GERMAIN'S TRAIL.....



Yes, sir, what do you want?

Madam, I wish to rent a room.

Come in then I am the porter's wife.

Thank you, madam.



Alfred, this is M. Ruydell. He is renting the vacant room.

We shall be happy to have you sit, unless you are one of those monsters called artists!



No, I am a clerk. But artists—monsters?

Oh, sir! Painters! They are a plague!



So you have had a painter lodging with you?

Yes, and there wasn't a single wind instrument that he didn't abuse.

Tell me, where can I find a M. Germain who used to live here?

Miss Dimpleton, upstairs, alone knows his new address but she swore never to reveal it to anyone.

Who else rooms here?

M. Morel, a poor man, with five young children and an invalid wife to support. He works twenty hours a day but it is not enough to keep them from starving.



WE LEAVE RUDOLF AND GO BACK SEVERAL YEARS. COUNTSSE MAGGREGOR, RUDOLF'S FORMER WIFE, HAS FOUND HER GOAL IN LIFE ...

Sarah Seyton, you will some day wear a crown on your head.



THIS PREDICTION WAS TAKEN VERY SERIOUSLY BY THE AMBITIOUS SARAH...

Thomas, did you hear that? Nothing shall stand in my way to a crown!

I shall help you to win the honor of Prince Rudolf, of the Court of Gerolstein.



SARAH FOUND YOUNG RUDOLF AN EASY MARK! BUT THERE WAS ONE BIG OBSTACLE...

Oh, my darling, I despise these secret meetings but my father forbids me to see you!

Oh, Rudolf, let us wed secretly!



A NUMBER OF YEARS PASSED BEFORE RUDOLF'S FATHER LEARNED OF HIS SON'S SECRET MARRIAGE. WHEN HE DID HE WAS FURIOUS...



Rudolf, I have just learned that you have been secretly married to Sarah Seyton for some years. I hereby declare the marriage void! You shall be sent abroad to forget her!

HOWEVER, SARAH HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO A GIRL, WHICH FACT HAD ALSO BEEN KEPT SECRET!

This child will only hinder my plans! I will abandon her!



NEXT SARAH MARRIED THE AGED COUNT MARGREGOR WHO DIED SOON AFTERWARDS. THEN WHEN RUDOLF'S FATHER ALSO PASSED AWAY RUDOLF RETURNED FROM ABROAD.

My daughter! what have you done to her?

I tell you she is dead! She passed away after you left!



Wretched mother! You are responsible! My father exposed you and your schemes to me in documents which he left behind when he died!



FROM THAT MOMENT TO HER DEATH SHE ONLY strove to win RUDOLF'S LOVE SO THAT THE GYPSY'S PREDICTION MIGHT COME TRUE. BUT SHE NEVER WORE THE CROWN!

GETTING BACK TO THE PRESENT WE FIND COUNTESS MAC GREGOR AND HER BROTHER, THOMAS SEYTON, PLOTTING TO ABDUCT MARIE...

Marie must be removed from Bouqueval. Rudolf is too fond of her.

Yes, I'll get the School-master for the job.



THOMAS CARRIES OUT HIS SISTER'S DEMANDS...

It's agreed then? For two thousand francs, you will kidnap Marie from Bouqueval?

Blazes for two thousand francs? It's a deal!



LATER, JOINED BY HOPPY, THEY WAIT IN ANBUSH FOR MARIE NEAR BOUQUEVAL...

We shall wait here. Marie often visits Abbe Laporte at the top of the hill. We'll snatch her as she passes by!



Yes, I tried living honestly but it bored me! Murder and plunder, that's the life for me!

Well spoken, my blade! That's the spirit!



Anyway, I have no choice now! You wish you stole the money Rudolf gave me to live with? I ought to kill you, you—





Happy, who is it who comes?

It is the girl!

Happy, run ahead and remember our plan!

Oh, kind lady, please help me. My grand-mother has fallen into the ravine near the bushes up ahead!

Lead me to her! we shall send for help!



AS MARIÉ APPROACHED THE BUSHES, THE TRAP WAS SPRUNG...

I say, my blade, she's not nearly so heavy as the woman we drowned in the Canal St Martin, eh?
Ho, ho!



WE LEAVE MARIÉ IN THE HANDS OF HER ABDUCTORS FOR THE PRESENT AND RETURN TO NO. 15 RUE PITIFUL PLIGHT OF THE MORELS, WHO LIVE IN THE GARRET. JEWEL, WHO IS A WORKER ON SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES, SITS BEFORE HIS WORK BENCH, HIS HEAD RESTING AGAINST A SMALL, HAND-OPERATED GRINDSTONE...

I can no longer keep my eyes open. I must sleep.



AFTER A WHILE, MOREL RAISES HIS HEAD AND TURNS TO HIS WIFE...

Dear patient Madeleine, we are still in debt to Jacques Ferrand.

Ah, yes, only think, just one of these diamonds would wipe out our misery forever!



MOREL DISPLAYS HIS TRUE SENSE OF VIRTUE...

Our creator is a cruel man, my dear, but stealing is wrong!

I know, but the shame of it is that the jewels are meaningless trinkets to their owners. To us, just one would mean life and hope!



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR...

Sir, what do you want?

Jerome Morel, we are police officers and we have come to take you to debtor's prison.



This document is a warrant for your arrest.

Oh, no!



But my family—who will support them?

That is no concern of ours! Let us be off!

I cannot go!

Look here, my friend, it is unfortunate, but it can't be helped. Come, we must go!

MISS DIMPLETON ENTERS THE ROOM ...

You are taking Morel to debtors' prison?

Peace, Morel. Heaven is just. Here, sir, is your money!

Who are you?

Yes, miss!

Oh, heaven is not just!



Mrs. PIPELET SPEAKS...

Who is he indeed? He is
M. Rudolf, the king of my
terrors!



**AFTER THE OFFICERS
LEAVE, RUDOLF EXPLAINS...**

Since early this
morning, I have
been concealed
in the loft
that joins
your
garret.

Then you saw everything through
the peephole that is there. Oh, sir,
how can I thank you enough?



You must not thank me, More. And now, I shall go to buy supplies for your home.

I shall go with you to see that you are not cheated!

RUDOLF REALIZES THAT THIS IS THE GIRL WHO KNOWS THE WHEREABOUTS OF MRS. GERMAIN'S SON...

Splendid, Miss—

Miss Dumpletou.



INSIDE MOTHER BOURVAUD'S SHOP.

Spare no expense, my neighbor. The More's are to be completely outfitted when we are through.

We shall start by purchasing these two beds.



WHEN ALL HAS BEEN DELIVERED.

Sir, I don't know quite how to thank you. I...

Say no more, Morel. And now we must go, eh, Miss Dimpleton?

Yes.

M. Rudolf, your rescue of the Morels can never be repaid.

You are wrong, Miss Dimpleton, there is a way in which I can be repaid fully!

Miss Dimpleton, you must trust me. I am fond of Francis Germain's mother. With your help, I should like to reunite them.

You know about Francis? But I swore not to reveal his whereabouts!

But I trust you. He resides at No 90 Rue du Sentier.

RUDOLF IS OVERJOYED.

Thank you, dear neighbor!

**RUDOLF FINALLY FINDS THE LONG
SOUGHT FRANÇOIS GERMAIN...**

Good day, sir,
what can I...
where did you
get my medal?
Give it here
at once!

Easy lad. You
shall have it.
I come as
a friend to
take you to
your mother!

My mother?
If this is one
of my father's
evil plots you
are brewing, I...

I am M. Rudolf.
Your mother
rests safely
at my farm at
Bouqueval, as
you shall soon
see.



**SOON AFTERWARDS,
THEY ARRIVE AT
BOUQUEVAL...**

Here we are, and
that looks like
your mother, now.

Oh, sir, I
cannot
wait!



**MRS. GEORGE'S FONDEST
DREAM COMES TRUE!**

François! Oh
my son, God
is merciful!

Mother!
It is
you!



Oh, M. Rudolf, I
cannot find the
words to express
my gratitude.

My reward is
your happi-
ness. But
now, tell me,
where is
Marie?



RUDOLF RECEIVES TERRIBLE NEWS...

Marie has disappeared

But I thought she was happy here!

She was very happy!

There is only one answer, then. Marie was abducted!

LET US RETURN TO THE SCENE OF MARIE'S KIDNAPPING...

But who will lead me? I cannot go without help

Here, Happy use this to lead him. A good blind man deserves a dog.



Come master, this way.

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD, A CARRIAGE AWAITS...

Well done, me buckra! Inside, Happy, and away we go.



THEY MAKE MAKE A PRISONER IN THE CELLAR OF THE BLEEDING HEART TAVERN...

Where - where am I? Screech-Owl! NO! Please don't!

Now, I can spoil that pretty face of yours, Marie, and you can't squirm out of my grasp!

Stop, witch! The child has not harmed you!



Fool! You dare again to interfere with my plans? I told you that I am the leader here!

Come within my grasp and we'll see who is leader!



WITH SURPRISING AGILITY, SCREECH-OWL SNAPS HANDCUFFS ON SCHOOLMASTER'S OUTSTRETCHED HANDS...

SCHOOLMASTER FLIES INTO A RAGE...



These chairs are strong, No-Eyes I go now to meet Countess McGregor!



AT AN APPOINTED MEETING PLACE, COUNTESS MCGREGOR'S BROTHER AWAITS SCREECH OWL.

Come, I will bring you to Countess Mac Gregor.

Lead the way!



SEYTON LEADS SCREECH-OWL TO HIS SISTER'S QUARTERS AND LEAVES...

Countess, all went well with the kidnapping. Marie is safe in Red Arm's cellar!

Good! Now I have a new job for you.

You must find for me a young orphan girl. She must be pretty, sweet-natured, and not more than seventeen.



SARAH HOPES TO FIND AN ORPHAN AND TELL RUDOLF THAT IT IS THE DAUGHTER THEY BELIEVED DEAD...

Have you forgotten Marie? She fits your description perfectly.

She was six years old when Jacques Ferrand, the notary, gave her in my care ten years ago.



Jacques Ferrand, you say? And she is the same girl that is in Red Arm's cellar, now? Oh, Heaven, your ways are impenetrable!

I have the portraits in here. Just a moment, and I'll find them.

Jewels! What a haul!



SUDDENLY, SARAH
WHEELS ABOUT...

Here look at
this portrait.
Do you recog-
nize the girl?

It's Marie! I recognize
the thick, curly hair which
I cut off at once and sold!



Then Marie is my
daughter! Ah, the
gypsy's prediction
shall yet come
true!



THE REED
IS DONE...

Another one who
will talk no more!



Oh, what a
fortune
is here!



AS SHE LEAVES,
SCREECH-OWL
DOES NOT PERCEIVE
THAT SARAH STILL
BREATHES...



SCREECH-OWL
HURRIES BACK
TO THE BLEEDING
HEART TAVERN...

Ah, now I can
begin torment-
ing Marie and
Schoolmaster!



Well, I'm back. How
are our prisoners?



So! The old
witch has
jewels in
her basket!

Come, let us
go into the
dungeon!





TAKING SCREECH-OWL COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, HOPPY PUSHES HER DIRECTLY INTO SCHOOLMASTER'S GRASP...



Alas, now that I have you in my grasp, I find I no longer wish to spill your blood, in spite of what you've done to me!



DRAWING HIS DAGGER, SCREECH-OWL PLUNGES IT INTO SCHOOLMASTER'S BREAST...



Ah, yiper, I feel your tooth!

WRESTING THE DAGGER FROM HIS BREAST, HE PLUNGES IT INTO SCREECH-OWL...



Come, we shall die together. No more shall we see the ghosts of our many victims. Sing, Screech-Owl, sing your song of death!

MEANWHILE, RUDOLF HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR MARE...

I shall leave no stone unturned until I find her!



AFTER RETURNING TO HIS PALACE, RUDOLF RECEIVES AN URGENT NOTE...

It's from Sarah! She is dying and wishes to see me! I cannot refuse!



AT THE COUNTESS' HOUSE...

I am Prince Rudolf, Countess Macgregor expects me.



HE IS LISHED INTO SARAH'S BEDROOM...

How come you to be in this condition, Sarah? What is it you wish to tell me?



Oh Rudolf, what have I done? Rudolf, our child is not dead!!!

Our child not dead? My daughter still lives?





DESPERATELY, RUDOLF STRIVES TO FIND OUT WHERE MARIE IS HIDDEN...

Sarah! Sarah! where have they taken Marie?

She... is... is at... Red Arms Tavern, The Bleeding Heart. I... I...

She's dead, poor creature. But I must hurry, Marie is in danger.

RED ARM COMES ON THE RUN IN ANSWER TO HIS SON'S SCREAMS...

Dead! They're both dead!

Look a fortune in jewels! They are ours, now!

Zounds! So it is! Hooey, listen, there is only one thing to do.



In just a moment, my dear, your troubles will have ceased!



SUDDENLY...



RUDOLF SPRINGS
RED ARM IS NO
MATCH FOR HIM...



Marie, I have wonderful news for you. I've learned the truth concerning your parentage.

Oh, M. Rudolf, your highness...I...

My... my
birth?

Dear Marie, it is
known who is
your... your father.



My darling,
beloved
daughter,
it is I
who am your
father!



IT IS THE MOST JOYOUS
MOMENT OF THEIR LIVES...

ASCENDING TO THE STREET, RUDOLF
HIRS A CARRIAGE...

Driver, take
us to
Bouqueval!



BUT A SURPRISE IS ALSO IN
STORE FOR RUDOLF AND MARIE.



AS THE CARRIAGE ROLLS AWAY MRS. GEORGE APPEARS...

M. Rudorf, you've found Morie!

Yes, luckily I got to her before harm befell her.



Ah, Morie, my dear child, how happy I am to see you. I have wonderful news!



My son is marrying Miss Dimpleton today!



AND SO IT WAS THAT THE MARRIAGE OF TWO COMMONERS BECAME A ROYAL OCCASION. AMONG THE GUESTS WERE A PRINCE AND A PRINCESS!

I now pronounce you man and wife!



And now Marie
you shall be re-
stored to your
rightful heritage

Oh father,
it's like a
wonderful
dream!

RUDOLF'S CODE HAD BROUGHT
JUSTICE AND HAPPINESS TO
MANY. NOW, HE TOO PUTS ASIDE
HIS ESCAPADES AND WANDERINGS
TO PERFORM HIS DUTIES JUSTLY,
AS PRINCE OF GEROLSTEIN.

AS FOR MARIE, HER SHEET
NATURE SOON ENDEARED HER TO
ALL WHO CAME IN CONTACT WITH
HER. HER STAY AT HER NEW AND
RIGHTFUL HOME WAS A HIGHLY
SUCCESSFUL ONE.

The
End



H.K.K.A.

EUGENE SUE

THE fame of Eugene Sue as the author of "The Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew" has spread far beyond France, his own country. Sue wrote upwards of forty other novels, but it is for these two books that he is best remembered.

Judged critically, they have many technical faults, but because Sue brought in them something new to the literary world, these faults were disregarded.

Sue was born in Paris on December 10, 1804. He adopted the name Eugene in place of his given name, Marie Joseph, because Prince Eugene Beaumarchais was one of his most avid sponsors.

Both Sue's father and grandfather had been distinguished surgeons in the French navy. Naturally enough, after completing the required course of study, Sue entered the navy, too, becoming ship's surgeon at the age of 23. He served six years in the navy, storing up impressions and experiences which he later drew upon in writing many of his works.

In 1830, upon his father's death, Sue fell heir to a large fortune. Instead of developing into a useless playboy, Sue turned his attention to the world of literature.

One evening, at the opera, an editor-friend of his suggested the plot for a nautical tale. Sue went home and wrote it out. The editor and other critics praised it highly. Encouraged, Sue followed this up by writing a series of novels, using his navy experience as background. "Plick and Plock", "Kernok the Pirate", "Attar Gulf" and "La Coucaratcha" are representative work of this class.

These novels, highly romantic in nature, came in an era when Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas were becoming famous as romantic novelists. Consequently, Sue was hailed as a member and founder of this school of writing. Often, too, Sue was referred to as



the French James Fenimore Cooper.

Sue's next work was a five-volume "History of the French Navy", published in 1837. It was shortly after this that he gradually became imbued with the socialist doctrine that influenced his most important works. Sue became interested in the poor and outcast reading in

the slums of Paris. So conscious of their plight did he become, that he put his feelings down in novel form as "The Mysteries of Paris", published in 1842. This romantic novel was distinguished from the works of other romantic novelists because it had a specific purpose. In the book, Sue portrayed the misery and depravity that existed in France at the time. The purpose of the book was to awaken the French people's minds to the facts just as Charles Dickens had done in England.

Again, in "The Wandering Jew", Sue portrayed the poor wretch, doomed to wander woefully for centuries from land to land, unwanted everywhere. The story is so put as to demand of society that it correct this fault.

Although Sue is rambling and diffuse in both books, his clean, strong purpose makes them admirable works. They also show Sue as having something of the narrative gift of Dumas and something of the ethical earnestness of Hugo. To these gifts he added a superior ability to portray horror.

Sue's sympathy with socialism was illustrated in practical life when he sat for Paris in the Assembly of 1850—having been elected by a very large majority. The class whose sponsors were royalty, and whose works savored strongly of court life and intrigue, had come a long way. In 1852, he was called for protesting the famous Coup d'Etat. Taking refuge at Annecy, in Switzerland, he passed his remaining years at writing short stories until his death on July 3, 1857.

PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

MICHAEL FARADAY



MICHAEL FARADAY, born near London on Sept. 22, 1791, lived to become the greatest physicist of the nineteenth century, and the greatest of all experimental investigators of physical nature.

He is a member of the small class of supreme scientists, which include Archimedes, Galileo, Newton and Darwin.

His father was a blacksmith who had recently migrated from Chatham, a village near Ingleborough in Yorkshire. His mother was the daughter of a farmer in that district, and said to be of Irish descent. In 1809, when Faraday was seventeen, his parents moved into a house in Weymouth St., Portland Place. His father had long been an invalid and died the next year. Mrs. Faraday kept herself by taking in lodgers until her sons could support themselves and her. She lived to enjoy the fame of her son.

At the age of 13, Faraday became errand boy to a bookseller and news agent named George Riebau. He had to deliver the newspapers early on Sunday morning, and often feared he would be late for chapel. A French artist named Masquerier lodged with Riebau over the shop, and from him, Faraday took lessons in perspective drawing.

He first became interested in science by the article on Electricity in an encyclopedia that he had to bind. After working hours, Faraday attended lectures which were paid for by his older brother, Robert.

It was through the influence of Riebau that Faraday received a ticket to attend a lecture by Davy, one of England's most brilliant scientists. He later became intimately acquainted with Davy and the latter invited young Michael to accompany him on a tour of Europe and the Near East, as assistant in experiment and writing. Faraday had but recently joined the Royal Institution and he had the extraordinary luck of traveling through Europe with the most brilliant chemist of the day.

Faraday's first discovery was made in 1821. Oersted, of Copenhagen, had said in 1820 that he would search for the effect of

an electric current on a magnetic needle. He discovered it in 1820. If a magnet is near to a wire carrying an electric current, it is deflected. This fundamental phenomenon was not observed until twenty years after the invention by Volta of a battery producing a steady electric current. Scientists had suspected a connection between electricity and magnetism, but apart from the observation that steel was magnetized after being struck by lightning, very little evidence of the connection was discovered.

Oersted's discovery was extended swiftly and brilliantly by Ampere who found that parallel currents flowing in the same direction attract each other. Faraday repeated for himself the experiments of Ampere and added new experiments, proving points for which Ampere had provided theoretical evidence only. By these experiments, Faraday became the inventor of the electric motor. The discovery placed him beside Oersted, Ampere, Arago and other famous physicists as one of the leading investigators of electro-magnetism.

In 1815, Faraday read a long paper to the Royal Society on new compounds of carbon and hydrogen, which resulted in his discovery of benzene. In 1845, Hofman detected it in coal-tar. It has become the chemical raw material of the synthetic dye-stuffs industry.

By the authority of the Prince Consort, Faraday was provided in 1838 with a comfortable house near Hampton Court for the rest of his life. His last research was made on March 13, 1862. During the last years of his life, his physical and mental powers gently decayed, and he died in 1867, at the age of seventy-five years.



DOG HEROES

"JUST A BAG OF SKIN AND BONES"

THREE men were panning for gold, 500 miles down the Yukon River from the town of Fairbanks, Alaska. There was Frank Alba, Kenneth Oxford, and Frank Spellack. They and their eight Husky dogs were all that moved along the frozen water on that March afternoon in 1925.

An old Husky, "Lady," walked over to Alba and he stopped working to pat her head.

"Why do you keep that old bag of skin and bones?" asked Oxford.

"She still gives a good day's work," protested Alba. "And, besides, she only cost me five dollars last spring."

"That's all she's worth, too," sneered Oxford.

Alba didn't answer and went back to his work. A few minutes later, he stumbled over a jagged rock and landed hard on his side with one leg doubled under the other. He called to the other men.

They examined Alba's leg and found it to be broken. Realizing that Alba needed help, his two partners hoisted him on a sled, made up a team of the eight dogs with "Lady" in the lead, and started for help.

The heavy snow made travel slow. On the third afternoon, they crossed the frozen Yukon in a blinding blizzard and started up the river looking for a

cabin. Food was very low.

Here's how Frank Alba told the rest of the story to reporters from his hospital bed in Fairbanks:

"At 10 o'clock, Oxford said he couldn't go on. He took shelter in some willows and asked us to send him help in the morning.

"Spellack kept the dogs headed against the storm until midnight. The blizzard was getting worse, and we decided to turn around and go back to a vacant woodcutter's tent along the river bank.

"Finally, 'Lady' stopped. I thought she was done. But besides the sled, there was a figure. It was Oxford, who had attempted to overtake us. If we hadn't turned back and if 'Lady' hadn't found him, he'd have died out there.

"After a while, 'Lady' turned away from the river toward the bank. Spellack headed her back. She swerved again. Then she lay down. I said maybe she's sensed the tent was near.

"Spellack found the vacant tent with a Yukon stove and some cut wood close by. He pushed us and the sled inside and built a fire.

"At daylight, Spellack took the dogs to go eleven miles for help. Several hours later, Oxford and I heard voices and dogs barking. Four teams had come out for us.

"We never would have survived if 'Lady' hadn't had such stamina and brains. She kept that team going during the blizzard; she found Oxford and she found that tent."

So ends the story of "Lady," who was only a bag of skin and bones. She cost Frank Alba only five dollars, but she was worth a million in courage.

