

CLASSICS
Illustrated

Featuring Stories by the
World's Greatest Authors

SILAS MARNER

By GEORGE ELIOT

No
55 15¢



Build Your Own Library

Collect and preserve
your copies of

CLASSICS
Illustrated

*in an attractive,
permanent binder.*



Handsome, durable, made to last a lifetime of handling. Each binder holds 12 books securely. Each is covered in beautiful, brown simulated leather and is richly imprinted in gold on both cover and backbone. Simple instructions make binding possible in a matter of minutes.

Get yours NOW \$1.00 each postpaid, (\$1.50 in Canada) Fill out the coupon below or a formlike and mail NOW! TODAY!

GILBERTON COMPANY, INC.
Dept. 5, 101 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10003

Herewith is \$ _____ Please send _____ binders, postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____
(Please print)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED . . . Number 53 . . . Printed weekly by GILBERTON COMPANY, INC., 101 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003. Copyright May 1967 by GILBERTON COMPANY, INC. in the United States and all foreign countries. Reproduction of any material in any manner whatsoever is prohibited. Printed in U.S.A.

SILAS MARNER

BY GEORGE ELIOT



IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, SILAS MARNER WORKED AT HIS VOCATION AS A LINEN WEAVER IN A STONE COTTAGE IN THE TOWN OF RAVELOE ENGLAND. HE HAD NEITHER FRIENDS NOR FAMILY AND WAS GENERALLY FEARED AND DESPISED BY ALL THE TOWNS-PEOPLE BECAUSE OF AN AFFLICTION WHICH CAUSED HIM TO BE SUBJECT TO OCCASIONAL CATALEPTIC FITS AND DESPISED BECAUSE OF HIS MISERLINESS.

BEFORE COMING TO THE TOWN OF RAVELOE, THOUGH.

Silas HARNER WAS A RESPECTABLE YOUNG MAN, FLYING HIS TRADE AS A LINEN WEAVER IN A SECLUDED TOWN KNOWN AS LANTERN YARD...



IT WAS HARNER'S CUSTOM TO ESCORT HIS WANCEE, SARAH, TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY...

Look, Silas, there's William Dane! Shall we ask him to join us?

As my closest friend William is always welcome to share our presence!



Well, if it isn't my two little love birds!

Hello William! Won't you join us at the services?



DAVE ACCEPTS THE INVITATION AND JOINS THE COUPLE AT THE PRAYER MEETING...

You look lovelier every time I see you, Sarah!



Something has happened to Silas! Call a doctor!

He'll be all right! It's just one of his cataleptic fits! I fear Silas is hiding some accursed thing within his soul!

NERVOUS ATTACK AFFECTING THE MUSCLES...



SUDDENLY...

SILAS MARNER

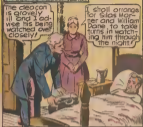
IT WAS DUE TO THESE MIS-
TAKINGS AND DANE'S DIS-
PARAGING REMARKS THAT SARAH GRADUALLY DEVELOPED A FORBIDDING COOL-
NESS TOWARDS SILAS, AND A WARMING FRIENDSHIP
GREW UP BETWEEN HER AND WILLIAM DANE.



ONE DAY THE SENIOR DEACON
FELL SERIOUSLY ILL.

The deacon
is gravely
ill and I ad-
vise his being
watched over
closely!

I'll arrange
for Silas Marner and William
Dane to take
turns in watch-
ing him through
the night!



THAT NIGHT...

How is
the
deacon?

His condition is
grave, Master
Marner, and the
deans close
watching! Dane
will be here to
relieve you at
two o'clock.



FOR HOURS, MARNER SAT SILENTLY
BESIDE THE BED OF THE GRAVELY
STRICKEN DEACON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

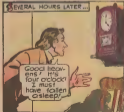


MARNER STARTENED IN HIS CHAIR,
HIS EYES STARRING VACANTLY
INTO SPACE...



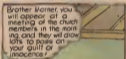
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

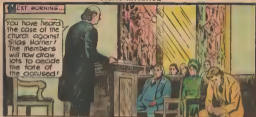
Good heav-
ens! It's
four o'clock!
I must
have fallen
asleep!











NEXT MORNING...

You have heard the case of the church against Silas Harner! The members will now draw lots to decide the fate of the accused!



THE LOTS ARE DRAWN...

By your lots, you have found Silas Harner guilty of stealing the funds and betraying his church!



You were the last to see my knife, William! You stole the money and have a plot to lay the sin of my door! You may prosper for all that, but there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies against the innocent!

THERE WAS A GENERAL SHUDDER AT THIS BLASPHEMY AND DANE ROSE WEEKLY TO HIS FEET...



I leave my brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not! I did do nothing but pray for you, Silas!



STUNNED BY DESPAIR AND THE BETRAYAL BY HIS BEST FRIEND, HARNER, LATER LEARNED THAT SARAH HAD BROKEN OFF THEIR ENGAGEMENT AND HAD MARRIED WILLIAM DANE. WITH BITTERNESS IN HIS HEART AGAINST HIS FELLOW MAN, HE LEFT LANTERN IN HAND TO TAKE UP HIS ABODE IN THE FAR OFF COMMUNITY OF RAVELG...

AS PUNISHMENT FOR THE CRIME OF WHICH HE WAS FOUND GUILTY, HARNER WAS SUSPENDED FROM CHURCH MEMBERSHIP UNTIL SUCH TIME AS HE WOULD CONFESS AS A SIGN OF REPENTANCE.

IN THE FIFTEEN YEARS SINCE MARNER HAD ABANDONED LANTERN WARD FOR HIS LONELY REFUGE IN RAWLICE, HE HAD ACCUMULATED A FORTUNE AT THE TRADE OF WEAVING...



He! He! Two hundred and fifty pounds in glistening golden guineas. The sound of their clinking is music to an old man's ears!



I must find a hiding place for my treasure before some snooping witch relieves me of it while I'm away!



PLACING THE MONEY IN A BAG, MARNER DECIDES TO HIDE IT UNDER THE FLOOR, NEAR HIS LOOM...



This should be a safe place from the prying eyes of my neighbors, who, to say the least, bear me no good will!



Now, I will take this linen to Mrs. Coggood and receive another golden guinea for my treasured collection!



SILAS HARNER

ABOUT CHRISTMAS OF THE SAME YEAR, A SECOND GREAT CHANGE CAME OVER HARNER'S LIFE, AND HIS HISTORY BECAME INVOLVED IN A SINGULAR MANNER WITH THE LIFE OF HIS NEIGHBORS...

IN A LARGE HOUSE KNOWN BY THE VILLAGERS AS RED HOUSE, DWELT THE WIDOWER, SQUIRE CASS, WITH HIS FOUR SONS...



GODFREY, THE ELDEST, IS PACING THE FLOOR, AWAITING THE APPEARANCE OF HIS WORTHLESS BROTHER, DUNSTAN...

How that no-good brother of mine! Why does he keep me waiting when I send for him?



You're my elder and better, Godfrey! I was obliged to come what you sent for me!



It's about that money I collected for the Squire and gave to you! The Squire's short of cash and will stand for no nonsense! I want you to get that money and get it quickly!

Never mind the scoundrel Dunstan. Just shake yourself sober and return!





SILAS MARNER

Let me take Wildfire to the hunt and sell him for you to the highest bidder. I dare say he'll bring at least a hundred twenty pounds!



RELUCTANTLY, BUT DESPERATE FOR THE MONEY, GORTREY LETS DUNSTAN TAKE WILDFIRE TO THE HUNT...

Mind you, keep sober, else you'll get pricked on your head!



It's Wildfire you're thinking about, brother, not my head. You've never shown me to see double while driving a bargain!



I never thought I'd see the day I should have to part with my favorite steed. The blackmailing scoundrel!



DUNSTAN ARRIVES AT THE HUNT...

Hey-day, Dunsey! I see you're on your brother's horse today!





INTRIGUED BY THE PROSPECT OF WINNING THE CHASE WITH MILD-FIRE, DUNSTAN IS SEIZED WITH AN URGE TO JOIN THE HUNT BEFORE HE TURNS THE HORSE IN...



I've always wanted to ride Wildfire in the hunt and this is as good a time as any!



You've got a fine mount there, Dunstan!

He is indeed! I'll wager he shows the field his dust before the chase is over!



DUNSTAN, BECAUSE OF POOR HANDLING OF HIS MOUNT, FALLS BEHIND...



THEY APPROACHED A STAKED BARRIER IN THEIR PATH...





SILAS WARNER

IN A HEAVY MIST, AND CARRYING GODFREY'S WHIP, DUNSTAN SETS OUT FOR RAVELOE ...



Hang it all! In this heavy mist, I'll never find the road!



DUNSTAN SEES A LIGHT SHINING THROUGH THE MURKY GLOOM ...

I must be near the stang-pits, and that light is from Marners' cottage!



That old Miser's got more money than he'll ever have need for! Why not ask him for a loan and promise him a good rate of interest?



Why didn't I think of this before? I'll straighten me out with Godfrey and give me a few guineas for myself to boot!



RECEIVING NO RESPONSE TO HIS KNOCKS ON THE DOOR, DUNSTAN ENTERS THE COTTAGE AND STARTS BROWSING ABOUT. NOTING THAT THE BROCKS BY THE LOOM HAD BEEN DISTURBED, DUNSTAN PRIES AWAY



FINALLY...

WONDER'S GOOD!
I MUST GET
GONE BEFORE
THE OLD MAN-
LIFT RETURNS!



HE'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO
TRACK ME
DOWN IN
THE NIGHT!



AS DUNSTAN DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARK, A STOOPED FIGURE COMES FLOODING TOWARDS THE HOUSE...



THAT FIRE
NEVER LOOKED
MORE INVITING!
BUT I'M
SPOILED CLEAR
THROUGH TO
THE SHIRT!



MY
TREASURE!



SILAS MARNER



THE QUIET AT THE RAINBOW IS SUDDENLY DISTURBED BY A PALE, THIN, DRENCHED FIGURE AT THE DOOR.



Master Marner! what's your business here?



Robbed! I've been robbed! I want the constable and the Justice, and Squire Cass and Mr Crockenhorp.

Lay hold on him, Jen Rodney! He's off his head!



Lay hold on him yourself, Mr Snell! He's been robbed and murdered for what I know!



Rodney!

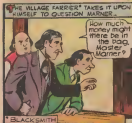


Ay Master Marner! What do you want with me?

You stole my money! Give it back and I won't set the constable on you! Pray, Rodney give it back and I'll let you have a guinea!



SILAS WARNER





TORTURED BY THE COMPLICATIONS THAT HAVE BESET HIS TORTURED LIFE, GODFREY DETERMINES TO MAKE A CLEAR MOWAL TO HIS FATHER THE NEXT MORNING THE SQUIRE IS VERY ANGRY AND SUGGESTS THAT THE ONLY WAY FOR GODFREY TO STRAIGHTEN OUT HIS LIFE WOULD BE TO MARRY HE OFFERS TO INTERCEDE IN GODFREY'S BEHALF WITH NANCY LAWMEYER BUT GODFREY BEGS FOR TIME TO HANDLE THE MATTER IN HIS OWN WAY

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, A BRILLIANT CELEBRATION IS HELD AT RED HOUSE...



Mr. Lammeter and his daughter have just arrived, Master Godfrey!

I'll go and fetch them!

GODFREY WELCOMES MR LAMMETER TO RED HOUSE...



Have you no word of greeting for me, Godfrey?



You know I'm glad to see you, Nancy!

Indeed! I must say your actions sometimes belie your words!



What a handsome couple Master Godfrey and Nancy make!

WHILE GODFREY CARR WAS TAKING DELIGHTS OF ROBERT FULHAMS FROM THE SWEET PRESENCE OF NANCY, A DRAMA OF A DIFFERENT SORT WAS BEING UNROLLED IN A SMALL COTTAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MANOR, WHERE HULD FARRAN THE SECRET WIFE OF GODFREY CARR, AND HER CHILD MADE THEIR HOME...

IN THE DISMAL COTTAGE WHICH TO MOLLY FARRAN WAS HOME...



"Bye, bye, mummy?"

"Yes, my dear! We're going on a visit we should have made a long time ago!"

"We must look pretty, baby, for your grandfathers a squire, quite the richest man in Rowley!"



"And your no-good father must be made to take care of his child in the manner befitting a squire's granddaughter!"

TRUGGLING ALONG IN THE HEAVY STORM MOLLY IS DETERMINED TO LAY HER CASE BEFORE THE SQUIRE, COME WHAT MAY



CARRYING THE CHILD IN HER ARMS, MOLLY SETS OUT FOR RED HOUSE



SILAS MARNER

CLUTCHING HER CHILD, MOLLY STRUGGLES IN A RAGING BLIZZARD...



SHE IS SOON OVERCOME WITH A LONGING TO LIE DOWN AND SLEEP.



SUDDENLY, THE CHILD'S EYES ARE CAUGHT BY A BRIGHT LIGHT IN THE SNOW.



THE CHILD, SENSING THAT SOMETHING IS AWISS, LOOKS ABOUT FOR HELP...



SILAS MARNER, TRANSFIXED IN A TRANCE, IS UNAWARE THAT THE CHILD IS APPROACHING HIS DOOR...

SHE FOLLOWS THE GLEAM...



TUMBLING THROUGH THE SNOW THE CHILD ENTERS THE COTTAGE.



Pity
fire

WARNER RECOVERS FROM HIS TRANCE.



I must have
been standing
here longer
than I thought!
Brrr! I'm
chilled to the
bone.

ATTRACTED BY THE BLAZING
HEARTH SHE FALLS ASLEEP
ON WARNER'S SACK DRYING
ON THE BRICKS.



SUDDENLY, HIS EYE CATCHES'S SIGHT
OF A GOLDEN MASS ON THE SACK..



Gold!
My
precious
gold!



Guess
I'll throw
a log
on the
fire!

STRETCHING HIS HAND FORWARD TO GRASP THE GOLDEN MASS, HIS HAND TOUCHES THE SOFT WARM CURLS...



Bless me if it isn't a body girl!



This can't be! where did she come from and how is it I did not see her enter the house?



Some un-ween power has chosen this way of repaying me for my loss!



DEEP ATTACHMENT FOR THE CHILD SURGES UP WITHIN THE WEAVER'S BREAST.

MOMENT LATER

where mommy?



We'll find your mommy, but first, little Silas will fix you up with a bit of porridge





SILAS WARNER

BACK AT RED HOUSE, GODFREY'S EYES ARE RIVETED ON NANCY SEATED NEXT TO THE SQUIRE...



SUDDENLY HE IS AWARE OF ALL EYES BEING FIXED ON THE DOOR...



"WHAT'S THIS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY COMING IN HERE THIS WAY?"



"I've come for the doctor! I want the doctor!"



Why, what's the matter, Mamer? The doctor is here, but say quietly what you want him for.

It's a woman! She's dead, I think! in the snow at the stone-pits—not far from my door!

It's Molly! She's dead!



What child is it, Godfrey?

I-I don't know! Some poor woman—she was found in the snow!



You'd better leave the child here, Mamer!

No, no—I can't part with it! It came to me—I've a right to keep it!



Did you ever hear the like?



SILAS MARNER



GODFREY ENTERS THE COTTAGE WITH A STRANGE MIXTURE OF JOY—THAT THE CHILD DOES NOT RECOGNIZE HIM— AND REGRET—THAT HE CANNOT CLAIM HER AS HIS OWN.



You'll take the child to the parish tomorrow?

Who says so? Will they make me take her?



Why would you want to keep her, an old bachelor like you?

I'm a lone thing, Master Godfrey, and so is she! My money's gone, I don't know where, and this has come from I don't know where!



TORN BETWEEN HIS INTERNAL DUTY TOWARDS THE CHILD AND HIS LOVE FOR NANCY, GODFREY LEAVES WARMER'S COTTAGE AND RETURNS TO BED HOUSE.



SILAS MARNER

AMONG THE NOTABLE WOMEN WHO CAME TO OFFER ADVICE TO SILAS MARNER, DOLLY WATHEAD WAS THE ONE WHOSE OPINIONS WERE MOST ACCEPTABLE TO THE OLD MAN.



Master Godfrey left me a half guinea to buy some clothes for the child!

There's no need to buy more than a pair of shoes! I've got some petticoats that Aaron wore five years ago!



TRUE TO HER WORD, DOLLY RETURNED THE SAME DAY WITH HER TRUNK...



You must be careful, Master Marner, not to let the little angel wander off while you're at your work!

I'll tie her to the leg of the loom! Tie her with a good long strip of something.



HAVING ATTENDED TO THE CHILD, DOLLY SPEAKS TO MARNER ABOUT HER FUTURE...

If you do the right thing by the child, Master Marner, you must take her to the church and have her christened!



ELIZABETH'S FACE FLUSHED A MOMENT UNDER A NEW ANXIETY...



What is it you mean by 'christened' when folks be good to her without it?



Dear, dear, Master Mornay! Had you no father nor mother who taught you to say your prayers?

Yes I used to know a great deal about that—but your ways are different! My country was a good way off

But I'll take her to church, Mrs. Winthrop. If you think it's the right thing for the child, I'll take her there and have her christened!



THE NEXT DAY, THE CHILD WAS BAPTIZED AND NAMED EPPE, AFTER ELIZABETH'S YOUNGER SISTER.



LATER.

Take good care of the angel, Master Mornay! I'll ask M. Wobby to speak to the parson about the christening.



SILAS MARNER



Only it'd take a deal of digging and bringing fresh soil-and it'd be too hard work for you father



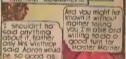
Aaron, mind, I didn't know you were there! Well, if you could help me with the digging we might get her a bit o' garden at the sooner!



I can dig for you, Master Morner! It'll be play for me when I'm through with my day's work! I could bring you some soil from Mr Cass's garden!



THE CHINDS IN HALF BASHFULLY AND HALF ROUGHLY ...



I shouldn't ha' said anything about it, father only Mrs Withrop said Aaron would be so good as

And you might ha' know'd it without mother telling you I'm able and willing to do a good turn for Master Morner.

SILAS MARNER



AS AARON TURNED BACK TO THE VILLAGE, SILAS AND EPPIE CONTINUED UP THE SHELTERED LAKE.

Oh, daddy! I don't think I shall want anything else when we've got a little Garden. And I knew Aaron would dig it for us!

You're a deep little puss, you are! But you'll make yourself fine and beholden to Aaron!



Oh, no, I shouldn't like it!

Come, come, let me carry your prayer book, else you'll be dropping it jumping that way!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

Father, if I was to be married, ought I to be married with my mother's ring?

Why, Eppie? Ha, you been thinkin' on it?



Only this last week, father, since Aaron talked to me about it!



SILAS IS FEARFUL OF LOSING EPPIE, BUT PROMISES TO SPEAK TO MRS. WINTHROP ABOUT IT.

LATER... ONE SUNDAY IN THE CHILDLESS HOME OF GODFREY AND NANCY CARR...



Is your master come into the yard, Jane?

No, no, no, he isn't!

But there's folks making haste, oil one way alone the front window! I hope nobody's hurt, that's oil!



That girl's always worrying me! I wish Godfrey would come in!

LOOK!



Dear, I'm so thankful you're come! I was beginning to get...



It-it isn't father...

Nancy, I've had a great shock! But I care most about the shock it'll be to you!

TREMBLING WITH EMOTION, GODFREY TELLS NANCY THAT THE NOBLEMAN OF HIS MISSING BROTHER JUNGSTAN HAD JUST BEEN FOUND, TOGETHER WITH THE MONEY WHICH HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM SILAS RAINIER SIXTEEN YEARS BEFORE IN THE STONE-PITS. GODFREY THEN REVEALS THE GREAT SECRET WHICH HE HAD KEPT TO HIMSELF FOR OVER SIXTEEN YEARS, THE SECRET THAT EPIE WAS IN REALITY HIS CHILD AND THAT MOLLY FARRAH, THE WOMAN FOUND FROZEN TO DEATH NEAR THE STONE-PITS, HAD BEEN HIS WIFE.

SILAS WARNER

THERE WAS NO INDIGNATION IN NANCY'S VOICE AS SHE SPOKE... ONLY DEEP REGRET...

Godfrey, if you had only told me six years ago, we could have done the right thing by the child.

But you wouldn't have married me, darling, if I had told you! With your pride and your father's you would have hated having anything to do with me!



NANCY ASSURED GODFREY THAT SHE WOULD NEVER HAVE MARRIED ANYONE ELSE GODFREY ENTREATS HER TO ADOPT EPPIE AS THEIR CHILD SHE IS AT FIRST RELUCTANT BUT FINALLY GIVES IN...



THAT EVENING, WITHOUT DISCLOSING HIS RELATIONSHIP TO EPPIE, GODFREY OFFERS TO ADOPT HER...

Warner / Nancy and I wish to adopt Eppie!

Oh! What's this?



We've come to take Eppie away from this... this deep existence and bring her up in a manner more fitting with a... with a girl of her accomplishments!



FOR A MOMENT, SILAS SAT THERE TREMBLING WITH EMOTION, THEN...

Eppie, my child, speak! I won't stand in your way! Thank Mr and Mrs. Cass!



HER CHEEKS FLUSHED BUT NOT WITH SHAMESS THIS TIME. EPPIE STEPPED FORWARD, DROPPING A LOW COURTESY TO THEIR VISITORS.



Thank you, ma'am!
Thank you, Sir!

But I can't leave my father and I don't want to be a lady! I could not give up the folk's I've been used to!



But I have a claim on you, Eppie!— The strongest of all claims! Marner, Eppie is my child— her mother was my wife!



BELIEVED BY EPPIE'S REPLY, MARNER REPORTS, FURCIBLY.

Then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen years ago? why did you not claim her before I learned to love her, instead of coming to me now when you might as well take my heart!



I know that, Marnar— I was wrong! I've repented of my conduct in that matter.



SILAS MARNER



I'm glad to hear it, sir! But repentance doesn't alter what has been going on for sixteen years! It's me Silas been calling for father ever since she could say the word!



I must warn you, Marner, you're putting yourself in the way of the child's welfare! I'm sorry to hurt you, after what you've done - but I must insist on taking care of my own daughter!



GODFREY'S WORDS HAVE THEIR EFFECT ON MARNER...

I'll say no more! Let it be as you will, speak to the child - I'll under nothing!



Eppie, my dear, say you will come with us! You'll have the best of mothers, in my wife - that'll be a blessing to you always!



My dear, you'll be a treasure to me - we shall want for nothing what we have our daughter!

“SHE DID NOT CURTSE AS SHE DID BEFORE, GRASPING GLAS’S HAND FIRMLY IN HER’S, SHE SPOKE OUT IN CALM DECISION...”

“Thank you both for your offers! But I shall never be happy without being here with my father, no matter how humble the surroundings! As long as he lives, nobody shall ever come between us!”



“But you must make sure, Eppie! You’ve made your choice to stay among poor people when you might have had every-thing of the best!”



“I can never be sorry, father! What could I care for things I’ve never been used to? I belong here with you!”



“THEIR PLEAS HAVING FALLEN ON DEAF EARS, GODFREY AND NANCY TAKE THEIR LEAVE AND RETURN TO RED HOUSE...”



“NEXT MORNING...”

“Eppie there’s a little trip I’ve always wanted to take with you, and now that my money’s been returned, I think we’ll make a little bundle of things and set out!”

“Where to, daddy?”



SILAS MARNER

To my old country... to the town where I was born... up Lantern Yard! I want to see Mr Foster, the minister... they may have found something to clear me of the robbery!



Oh, daddy, that would be wonderful! It'll be good to get away from Baveloe town, don't you?



FOUR DAYS LATER, SILAS AND EPPIE FOUND THEMSELVES ON THE STREETS OF A GREAT MANUFACTURING TOWN IN THE VICINITY OF LANTERN YARD.

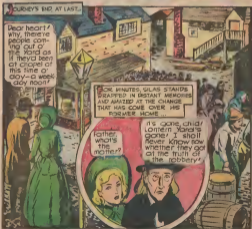


I hardly recognize the place, Eppie! It's years since I left Lantern Yard!

Why not ask this man the way to the 'Yard?

He wouldn't know! Gentlefolk didn't ever go up to the Yard! I'll ask the way to Prison Street, that's where the jail is! I know my way out of that as if I'd seen it yesterday!





EPHIE IS FEARFUL LEST ONE OF HER FATHER'S STRANGE ATTACKS SHOULD COME ON...

Come into that little brush shop and sit down, father! Perhaps the people can tell you something about it!

BRUSH SHOP



IN THE BRUSH SHOP

Sorry, stranger! I never heard of Mr. Pasion or any of those other people you mentioned! The factory was already built when I came here!



THESE QUESTIONS SHED LIGHT ON THE FACT THAT HE WOULD NEVER KNOW WHETHER OR NOT HIS NAME HAD BEEN CLEARED IN LANTERN YARD

SOME TIME LATER WHEN THE GREAT LEASE AND LABORING IN THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS OF RAVELOE SHOWED THEIR GOLDEN AND PURPLE HEATH, PREPARATIONS WERE MADE FOR THE MARRIAGE OF EPHIE AND AARON WINTHROP.

THE BELLS IN THE CHURCH BELFRIEY RANG OUT MERRILY...

What's the occasion, dear old father?

A wedding indeed! It's the Mamer girl and young Aaron Winthrop!



IN SILAS MARNER'S COTTAGE...

I'll be twice blessed - and the happiest man in Raveloe!

You won't be giving me away, father! You'll only be taking Aaron to be a son to you!



THE CEREMONY ENDED, THE WEDDING PROCESSION RETURNS FROM THE CHURCH...



Well, Master Macey, I've tried to see my words come true! I was the first to say there was no harm in you... and I was the first to say you'd get your money back! Good luck!



EPPE AND HER HUSBAND WENT TO LIVE WITH GILAS MARNER AT THE COTTAGE WHICH HAD BEEN HIRED OVER AT THE EXPENSE OF GODFREY CARE TO SUT GILAS' LARGER FAMILY...



YEARS WELLED IN OLD MARNER'S EYES AT THE REALIZATION THAT HE WAS TO SHARE EPPE'S HAPPINESS IN THE FEW REMAINING YEARS ALLOTTED TO HIM...



GEORGE ELIOT

(Mary Ann Evans)



MARY ANNE EVANS, who was better known under her pen name of George Eliot, was born at Arbury Farm, in Warwickshire, England on November 22, 1819.

She received an ordinary education till the age of 17, and at her mother's death and the marriage of her older sister, she was called back to manage the affairs of the household. As housekeeper, she devoted much of her spare time to the study of German, Italian and music, and was free to follow her own excellent taste in reading.

Mary Evans was brought up from childhood in a very religious atmosphere, her father being a churchman of the old school. When they moved to Coventry in 1841, she made new friends through whose influence she acquired new habits of thought which almost brought about a breach with her father. In 1844, Miss Evans began the translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus." On the death of her father she went abroad for some time, and on her return to England in 1851 she accepted the assistant editorship of the Westminster Review.

She wrote several notable papers and became acquainted with Herbert Spencer, Carlyle, Harriet Martineau, George Henry Lewes and others. Her friendship with Lewes ripened into a closer relationship and they were later married. Lewes, appreciating her genius, was devoted to her, and did his best to shield her from every kind of rough contact with the world. Being sensitive, liable to fits of depression, and of no time robust in health,

Mary Evans was never allowed to see ad-

verse criticism which might have wounded her sensitive nature.

The couple made a delightful tour in Germany which Miss Evans thoroughly enjoyed. Lewes was preparing his "Life of Goethe," and they saw many important people in Berlin and Weimar. This journey made the definite break with her former life, and undoubtedly gave her fresh inspiration. On their return to England, they maintained a large circle of friends, and many descriptions exist of George Eliot's famed gatherings.

But, at this time, fame had not yet been achieved. Mary Evans was occupied with translations—Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity* (1854); Spinoza's *Ethics* (never published), and with articles for the Westminster Review and the Saturday Review. Presently she confided to Lewes that she was seeking relaxation in writing fiction. The story was "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton," the first of the "Scenes From Clerical Life." It appeared in Blackwood's Magazine as the work of George Eliot and under this pen name, Mary Evans hid her identity for many years.

"Scenes From Clerical Life" was the praise of Charles Dickens, but triumphant success only came with "Adam Bede" (1859) followed in 1860 by "The Mill on the Floss" and in 1861 by "Silas Marner." This group of novels remains for most readers George Eliot's most valuable contribution to English literature and to English social history.

Sustained and stimulated by the companionship of her husband, she wrote many other novels and poems, but after his death in 1878, George Eliot wrote no more. She died in London, on December 22, 1880.



DOG HEROES

"BUDDY"

The First Seeing-Eye Dog

In this series of true dog stories, if you have read accounts of remarkable acts of heroism performed by many breeds of dogs. To cite a few there was Prince, the Police Dog who saved another dog from being hurled over Niagara Falls. Topsy, the Terrier, who pushed his young master out of the path of an onrushing train. Mr. X, the gallant Boston Bulldog who fought three great Danes so that a bleeding, broken boy could crawl away to safety.

Buddy never was the hero in any such act of courage. But Buddy was a heroine just the same. You see she was the first Seeing-Eye dog, the eye that guides the blind who cannot see by themselves.

Buddy was a German Shepherd and was born in a little village in Switzerland. When two years of age, she was brought over to the United States to be the companion of Mr. Morris Frank of Morristown, New Jersey.

Buddy learned to guide Mr. Frank through traffic, to wait on corners until people started to move across the street. Then she would tug at her leash and her master would begin to walk, too.

So well did Buddy respond to training that a year later, some people of the good town of Morristown got together and started the first Seeing-Eye organization in the United States. They realized that if Buddy could be such an aid to a blind person, then other dogs of her caliber could be trained in the same fashion. Mrs. Harrison Kuzins got the idea in practice and Mr. Frank became the vice-president of the organization.

Buddy and Mr. Frank "went on the road" to spread news of what was being accomplished in Morristown for the blind. For ten years Buddy and her master travelled over



150,000 miles, by land, train, sea and subway.

Buddy appeared on hundreds of lecture platforms and barked her response to applause. She was received by President's Harding and Coolidge, and by many other notables. Buddy enjoyed meeting great people, but her real pride came from another source.

Buddy and Mr. Frank would go into the homes of poor blind people and give them hope while they patted her and fingered her harness. She could sense the choked sobs of these unfortunates as groping fingers fondled her lovingly. Her sensitive ears could pick up those low, almost inaudible sighs.

Buddy helped train other dogs. By 1924, there were over 300 Seeing-Eye dogs guiding the blind in our country. But Buddy was now eleven and a half years old and complications of old age were setting in. Mr. Frank sensed that she was going to die. They were in Chicago at the time. Mr. Frank wanted her to be buried at the Seeing-Eye School where Buddy had helped other dogs learn how to watch over the helpless blind.

Mr. Frank and Buddy came to Morristown by plane. It was her first and only plane trip. Buddy died in May 1938. She was buried, without ceremony, under a pear tree, near the entrance to the Seeing-Eye School.

Yes, Buddy never saved a person's life by an act of heroism. But her ten years of unselfish devotion to her master, and her help in training other dogs to guide the blind has earned her a place on the Hero's Roll of Honor for Dogs.

By the end of 1948, there were approximately 1,600 Seeing-Eye dogs in America.



JOSEPH, LORD LISTER

The Father of Antiseptic Surgery

BEFORE Lister's time, surgery was a very dangerous thing. There was always the fear that the patient would contract hospital gangrene or blood poisoning and die, even though the operation itself was successful. Thanks to Dr. Lister, these fears no longer exist.

Joseph Lister was born at Upton, England, April 5, 1817. He was educated in the best Quaker



schools in England until he enrolled in the medical school at University College, London. Lister spent all his free time watching operations at the University College hospital. The horrible agonies endured by the patients who had contracted gangrene and blood poisoning was forever impressed on Lister's mind.

Getting his degree in 1843, Lister went to Edinburgh where he became assistant to one of the leading doctors of the time—Dr. Syme. Three years later, Lister became assistant surgeon at the Royal Infirmary.

Lister was now in a position to work on the subject nearest his heart—antiseptic surgery. In 1857, Lister produced his classic paper on "THE EARLY STAGES OF INFLAMMATION," based on the many cases he had seen in the London hospital. Lister shocked the medical world by proving so many operations ended in needless tragedy. Something had to be done, the doctors agreed.

As the first step, Lister studied blood coagulation—what causes blood to stop flowing after a cut? He found that when something comes in contact with the blood, the liquid and solid parts of the blood form a mutual reaction which causes the liquid part to harden.

Now, evidently, whatever was coming in contact with the blood after the patient had been operated on was causing the patient to contract gangrene or blood poisoning. What was the poisoner?

Some leading doctors believed that germs in the air immediately attacked the exposed blood, others believed that the oxygen in the air was responsible. Lister experimented and proved that both theories were wrong.

The cause was due, in every case, to some unclean object, on which these germs fed, coming in contact with the exposed blood.

It might be dirty surgical gloves, the doctor wore; the silk used to bind the wound might contain the germs. The thing to do was to protect the exposed blood before anything came in contact with it.

Lister's first antiseptic was undiluted carbolic acid. He applied it to a compound fracture and the acid and blood formed a dense crust. Gangrene was prevented, but carbolic acid burned terribly. Lister would have to mix the acid with something that would soften the pain.

After many experiments, Lister came upon this solution which has been used in hospitals for many years. It is crystallized carbolic acid and shofar spread on cotton and painted with a solution of gatta percha in benzine.

The next step was to improve the stitching used to heal wounds. Autopsies showed that the silk thread used at the time often became infected and caused death. Lister experimented again long and patiently, and eventually produced the perfect medical stitching.

It was catgut—a substance taken from the small intestine of a sheep—treated with sulphuric acid. Antiseptic surgery was now 100% safe.

Lister received many rewards and titles in his lifetime. But his greatest monument can be found in any operating room of any hospital, where the patient and doctor know all protections have been taken for a successful operation.



FAMOUS OPERAS THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

by Gioacchino Antonio Rossini

Count Almaviva and his hired manservant are伺伺 hiding under Rosina's balcony. Rosina does not appear so the count disheartened, dismisses his manservant and starts away. He runs into his old friend Figaro, the Barber of Seville and body of the town. He tells Figaro that he has fallen in love with a beautiful maiden whose name is Rosina and who is the daughter of old Doctor Bartolo. Figaro says that the maiden is not Doctor Bartolo's daughter at all but his wealthy young ward whom he jealously keeps locked in his house as he hopes to marry her himself.

On hearing this the count begs Figaro to help him meet Rosina. Figaro promises to do all he can.

Rosina now comes out on the balcony to drop a note to her unknown lover and Almaviva catches the note. Bartolo comes out in time to see Rosina drop the paper and asks what it was that she dropped. She tells him it was only some words of a new opera. Bartolo does not believe her and orders her locked within the house. Rosina is furious and swears to get away.

Figaro goes to Bartolo's house under the pretense of having come to shave him but he takes the opportunity to see Rosina privately and tells her that her arranger is a handsome but poor student named Lindoro. Rosina falls in love with Figaro's description of 'Lindoro' and sends him a love letter by Figaro.



Almaviva enters Rosina's house disguised as a soldier, meets Bartolo and makes aly love to Rosina, who, believing him to be 'Lindoro,' returns his love. Bartolo orders



'Lindoro' out of his house. Later, Almaviva again enters Bartolo's house this time disguised as Alonso, a music master and tells Bartolo that he is the friend of Bartolo, Rosina's music teacher who sent him to give Rosina her music lesson. Bartolo having heard from Bartolo that Rosina's secret lover is

the powerful Count Almaviva suspects that Alonso's visit is a trick of Almaviva's to get Rosina out of the house. In order to allay this suspicion Alonso gives Bartolo the letter which Rosina sent to him by Figaro. He says the count gave her letter away in the presence of another girl whom he loves. Bartolo now believes Alonso and lets him give Rosina her music lesson. He listens as they sing of love.

Bartolo turns up tells Bartolo that he does not know Alonso and says the whole thing is a trick to get Rosina away.

Meanwhile, Alonso has made himself known to Rosina as her lover Lindoro and with the help of Figaro they plan to run away and be married that night. Bartolo to prove to Rosina that Almaviva does not love her shows her the letter given him by Alonso. She is so angry that she tells Bartolo of 'Lindoro's' plans to steal her away that night and says she will marry Bartolo at once.

But Figaro reverses the house again pretending to have come to shave Bartolo. He steals the key to the balcony. 'Lindoro' goes to Rosina that he is really Count Almaviva and has been in love with her all the time but had to use tricks to get to see her. She is overcome with joy. Soon Figaro's lawyer arrives with the marriage contract and they are married right in

old Bartolo's house. All Bartolo can now do is sadly sing an aria telling how vain it is to try to take possession when two young people are really in love.



Classics Illustrated Junior

BEST LOVED STORIES FROM THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FAIRY TALES



301 SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
 302 THE UGLY DUCKLING
 303 CINDERELLA
 304 THE RED ROSE
 305 THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
 306 THE 3 LITTLE PIGS
 307 JACK AND THE BEANSTALK
 308 GOLD LOCKS AND THE 3 BRAIDS
 309 BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
 310 LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
 311 PUCK N' BOOTS
 312 SHRELOTHERM
 313 PINOCCHIO
 314 JIMINY GICK
 315 ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP
 316 THE BARBERS' NEW CLOTHES
 317 THE GOLDEN GOOSE
 318 PAUL AND VIRGINIA
 319 TRAMPOLINA
 320 KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER
 321 THE HIGH KNIGHT

322 THE QUELINT TAYLOR
 323 THE WILD SWAN
 324 THE LITTLE MERMAID
 325 THE REDDY RIDER
 326 THE GOLDEN HAIR
 327 THE GOLDEN HAIR
 328 THE PENNY PRINCE
 329 THE MAGIC STYVANTS
 330 THE GOLDEN RIBB
 331 RAPHOBI
 332 THE DANCING PRINCESSES
 333 THE MAGIC FISHBOWL
 334 THE GOLDEN TOUCH
 335 THE WIZARD OF OZ
 336 THE CHIMNEY SWEEP
 337 THE THREE NAIRES
 338 CITY KING
 339 THE ENCHANTED FISH
 340 THE UNDER ROO
 341 SNOW WHITE'S 6 BROTHERS
 342 THE DONKEY'S TAIL
 343 THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS
 344 THE GOLDEN FLEECES
 345 THE GLASS MOUNTAIN
 346 THE EYES AND THE SHOEMAKER
 347 THE WISHING TAMB
 348 THE MAGIC FROCK
 349 SHARPE KATE
 350 THE SHEDDING COCKLE
 351 THE CUBAN ROE
 352 THE 3 LITTLE DWARFS
 353 KING THUNDERBOLT
 354 THE ENCHANTED DEER
 355 THE 3 GOLDEN APPLES
 356 THE ELF ARMO
 357 SILEY WILLY
 358 THE MAGIC FISH
 359 THE JAPANESE LANTERN
 360 THE COAL PRINCESS
 361 HANS HUMPHREY
 362 THE ENCHANTED PONY
 363 THE WISHING WEL
 364 THE SALT ROSEBUD
 365 THE 3 LITTLE PRINCESSES
 366 COUNTY HANS
 367 THE BERKSHIRE DOGHER
 368 THE HAPPY BROTHERS
 369 THE THREE GIANTS
 370 THE PEAL PRINCESS
 371 HOW RIBB CAME TO THE ISLAND
 372 THE DRAGON BOY
 373 THE CRYSTAL BALL
 374 BRIGHTBOOTS
 375 THE FEARLESS PRINCE
 376 THE PRINCESS WHO SAW EVERYTHING

ONLY 15¢ EACH ENDORSED BY EDUCATORS. ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE, OR USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER BY MAIL. MAIL COUPON BELOW OR A FACSIMILE. PLEASE ADD 25¢ HANDLING CHARGE FOR EACH ORDER.

Gilberton Co., Inc Dept 5
 1401 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10003

Enclosed is \$_____ for the issues listed below plus 25¢ handling and postage cost.

301	309	316	326	334	342	350	358	366	374
302	310	317	327	335	343	351	359	367	375
303	311	318	328	336	344	352	360	368	376
304	312	319	329	337	345	353	361	369	
305	313	320	330	338	346	354	362	370	
306	314	321	331	339	347	355	363	371	
307	315	322	332	340	348	356	364	372	
308	317	323	333	341	349	357	365	373	

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Own the Greatest Stories by the World's Great Authors

CLASSICS *Illustrated*



- 1 The Three Musketeers
- 2 Ivanhoe
- 3 The Count of Monte Cristo
- 4 The Land of the Lotosians
- 5 Holy Day
- 6 A Tale of Two Cities
- 7 Robin Hood
- 8 Les Misérables
- 9 Robinson Crusoe
- 10 Don Quixote
- 11 Six Year War
- 12 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
- 13 Uncle Tom's Cabin
- 14 Goldilocks and the Three Bears
- 15 The Diver
- 16 The Significance of Beans
- 17 Robinson Crusoe
- 18 The Hobbit
- 19 Oliver Twist
- 20 A Canterbury Tale in King Arthur's Court
- 21 The Year Before the Last
- 22 Frodo Baggins
- 23 Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
- 24 Captain Jack
- 25 The Prison and the Peppercorn
- 26 The Merchant of Venice
- 27 The Black Arrow
- 28 Little Women
- 29 Mysterious Island
- 30 Last Days of Pompeii
- 31 Tyran
- 32 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 33 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 34 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 35 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 36 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 37 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 38 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 39 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 40 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 41 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 42 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 43 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 44 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 45 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 46 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 47 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 48 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 49 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 50 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 51 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 52 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 53 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 54 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 55 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 56 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 57 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 58 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 59 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 60 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 61 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 62 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 63 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 64 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 65 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 66 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 67 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 68 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 69 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 70 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 71 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 72 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 73 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 74 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 75 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 76 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 77 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 78 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 79 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 80 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 81 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 82 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 83 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 84 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 85 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 86 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 87 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 88 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 89 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 90 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 91 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 92 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 93 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 94 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 95 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 96 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 97 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 98 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 99 The Hunchback of Notre Dame
- 100 The Hunchback of Notre Dame

ONLY 15¢ EACH (ENDORSED BY EDUCATORS) ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE OR USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER BY MAIL. MAIL HANDLING BELOW OR A FACSIMILE. PLEASE ADD 25¢ SHIPPING CHARGE FOR EACH ORDER.

Gilberton Co., Inc. Dept. 5
101 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10003

Enclosed is \$_____ for the issues circled below plus 25¢ handling and postage opt.

1	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
2	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
3	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
4	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
5	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
6	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
7	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
8	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
9	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
10	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
11	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
12	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
13	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
14	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
15	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
16	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
17	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120
18	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____