

CLASSICS
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No. 56 15¢

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA

VICTOR HUGO



JINXES

of the FAMOUS
by Dick Hyman



W. C. FIELDS attributed his luck to an old silk hat that was in his possession in the dear, dim days of vaudeville. From the time he first bought the chopeau he had it relined, cleaned and rebuilt at least 100 times. Fields had worn this hat in every one of his pictures.

ANN SOTHERN has an old wicker rocking-chair that she hasn't been without for years. Miss Sothern fears peacock feathers and will not carry them.



ERROL FLYNN claims no superstitions. But he wears about his neck a fine gold chain from which is suspended a small gold cross. This was given to him by a sick missionary he nursed in the jungles of New Guinea. He has worn it constantly since.

FOR YOUR
PLEASURE AND
ENTERTAINMENT
WE PRESENT



High on the list of the greatest of all American stories is "THE SONG OF HIAWATHA," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. This brilliant classic of the adventures and exciting life in this country before the arrival of the white man is portrayed colorfully and beautifully in next month's

CLASSICS *Illustrated*


You'll enjoy reading
THE SONG OF
HIAWATHA

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The Toilers of the Sea

by Victor Hugo



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE 19TH CENTURY, ON THE ISLAND OF GUERNSEY, ONE OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE, THERE LIVED A YOUNG MAN KNOWN AS GILLIATT. HE LIVED IN AN OLD HOUSE KNOWN AS THE BU DE LA RUE, WHICH THE SIMPLE PEOPLE OF THE PARISH BELIEVED TO BE HAUNTED.

DOWN BY THE DOCKS LIVED DERUCHETTE, A GIRL WHOM GILLIATT LOVED DEEPLY, BUT SECRETLY.

Illustrated by
August H. Froehlich

BERGNETTE LIVED WITH HER UNCLE, MESS LETHERRY, AT THE BRAYEES. EXTREMELY ROUND OF HIM SHE ALWAYS ADDRESSED HIM AS FATHER. LETHERRY LIVED ONLY FOR HIS ADOPTED NIECE, UPON WHOM HE SHOWERED ALL HIS AFFECTION. ONE DAY...



Father, you look tired! I wish you could find someone to help you in your business!

I've been giving the idea some thought of late my dear I fear the years are creeping up on me and I've been seriously thinking of taking Rontaine in as a partner!



I'd trust him with everything I've got! Rontaine has the strength of three ordinary men and is an excellent sailor to boot! As a matter of fact I think I'll speak to him tonight!

Rontaine, father? Do you think he can be trusted?



LATER...

Do get home early, father!

Now now, I'm not really that old, yet! Don't wait up for me... I'll see you in the morning!



LETHIERRY, IN HIS WANDERINGS ABOUT THE WORLD, HAD HELPED RANTAINNE GET OUT OF SOME SCRAPES, AND TAKING A LIKING TO HIM, HAD BROUGHT HIM TO GUERNSEY AND TAUGHT HIM THE DUTIES OF A SAILOR...



A MAN OF MYSTERY, RANTAINNE HAD THE REPUTATION OF BEING A KILLER WHERE HIS HONOR WAS CONCERNED...



HE COULD SNUFF A CANDLE AT TWENTY PAGES...



HE HAD BEEN A COOK AT MADAGASCAR.



HAND A TRAINER OF BIRDS AT HONOLULU...



IT WAS THE POWER OF HIS FIST, HOWEVER, THAT HAD ORIGINALLY TAKEN THE FANCY OF LETHIERRY...



LETHERRY'S ENTERPRISE CONTINUED TO PROSPER, WITH RAINAINE TAKING OVER THE MORE STRENUOUS DUTIES. ONE AFTERNOON...



I have bad news! The treasury has been rifled! Rainaine has disappeared and is nowhere to be found!



The treasury! Rainaine!



Only half of my savings! The scoundrel has absconded with fifty thousand francs! You were right about Rainaine! He was not to be trusted!

Is there much missing, father?



AT THE TREASURY...

I'm terribly sorry, father!

I need courage more than pity, my dear! Courage to carry out an idea I've been dreaming of ever since a man named Fulton sailed up the Hudson in a new type boat!



Deluchette, my mind's made up! I still have enough left to build a steam-boat! I'll buy an engine and fashion a hull around it with my own hands. It will be christened 'Durande', after you. Think of it—you'll have a twin sister!



SIX MONTHS LATER, THE QUIET OF GUERNSEY WAS DISTURBED BY THE ARRIVAL OF A STRANGE LOOKING KESSEL ... IT WAS THE "DURANDE" CAPTAINED BY SIEUR CLUBIN, A MAN CHOSEN BY MESS LETHERRY FOR HIS SKILL AND HIS REPUTATION FOR HONESTY. ON ITS FIRST VOYAGE, LETHERRY WAS ALSO ON BOARD.

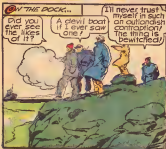


This is an historic moment for Guernsey and the port of St. Sampson, m'lad!

It is indeed, sir! But the way the people gaze and shake their heads, I dare say they think it is some invention of the devil!



Let them think what they will! The Durande will ply the route between Guernsey and St. Malo, and will make better time and more money than a dozen sailing vessels!



BY THE DOCK...

Did you ever see the likes of it?

A devil boat if I ever saw one!

I'll never trust myself in such an outlandish contraption! The thing is bewitched!



Daddy! Daddy!

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, ON A HIGH CLIFF NEAR ST. MALO, A COAST GUARDSMAN ON PATROL IS ATTRACTED BY A VESSEL ON THE HORIZON...

That vessel is up to no good! It has just left the port and has stopped dead in its tracks!



DIVANCED, A HUSKY FIGURE EMERGED FROM BEHIND A ROCK...



THE SPY GLASS REVEALED A BOAT PULLING AWAY FROM THE VESSEL...

CREEPING UP ON THE UNMINDING GUARDSMAN, HE RAISED HIS FISTS...



AND BROUGHT THEM DOWN HEAVILY ON HIS SHOULDERS...





Ten years ago, you stole 50 thousand francs belonging to 'Mec' Lethierry! Yesterday you exchanged the money for three notes valued at a thousand pounds sterling each!



I intend to hand that money over to its rightful owner! It depends on me whether you go or stay! Ring me the tobacco box!



FLUMMED BY THE MENACING GUN, RANTAINE DREW THE BOX FROM HIS POCKET AND FLUNG IT ON THE GROUND...



Very good! Now turn around, my friend!



THE SOUND OF OARS CAME FROM THE WATERS BELOW...

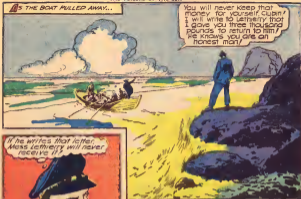
Your boat awaits below! You can go, Rantaime!



FEW MOMENTS LATER...



AS THE BOAT PULLED AWAY...



You will never keep that money for yourself, Clabin! I will write to Letheery that I gave you three thousand pounds to return to him! He knows you are an honest man!

If he writes that letter, Aless Letheery will never receive it!



THAT EVENING, CLABIN STOPPED OFF TO PURCHASE A BOTTLE OF BRANDY...



We're sailing with an unusually light cargo, Sear Clabin!

Er—yes, yes! See that everything is ship-shape for steam-up in the morning!



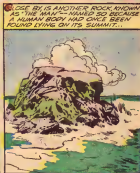
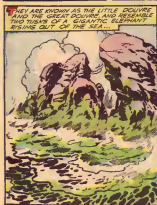
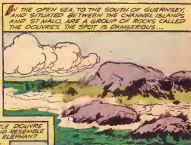
THE SAME EVENING IN THE PILLAGE TAVERN...

How d'ya do, Capt Clabin? I see the Tompaupars has just sailed for foreign ports!



An Capt Gertrons, I did not observe!

AS THE PURANDE WAS DUE TO SAIL THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HE TOOK A TURN ABOARD TO SEE THAT EVERYTHING WAS IN ORDER...



THESE DANGEROUS ROCKS WERE ALWAYS GIVEN A WIDE BERTH BY PILOTS FLYING THE SEA BETWEEN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS AND THE MAINLAND.



LAST NIGHT, THE HELMSMAN OF THE 'DURAND' WAS ASLEEP IN HIS HAMMOCK...

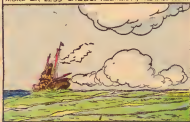


WHEN HE AWOKE, HE MADE A SURPRISING DISCOVERY IN HIS BUNK...

Ricky! I don't remember bringing this aboard! But who on't I to reject a gift from Heaven? Down the hatch, I say, and drink hearty!



NEXT MORNING, THE 'DURAND,' STEERED BY A MORE OR LESS GROGGY HELMSMAN, STEAMED AWAY.



IN THE CABIN OF SIEUR CLUBIN.

The bank ropes will be safe in this best until I have further use for them!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER THE 'DURAND' STEAMED DIRECTLY INTO A FOGBANK.

Looks like we're in for a heavy fog!

These waters are a bad piece in foggy weather!



CLUBIN ANGRILY TURNED TO THE DRUNKEN HELMSMAN...

“Long dog! You have played us an ugly trick! You will have done us some damage before we are out of this drunkard! Get you gone!”

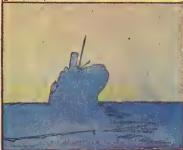


I feel safer now that the captain has taken over the helm!

Clubin has an unblemished record at sea!



FOG BOUND, THE SHIP CONTINUED ON ITS WAY...



CLUBIN MUTTERED LOUDLY TO HIMSELF SO THAT THE PASSENGERS COULD HEAR...

No time to be lost! That drunken rascal has reformed us!



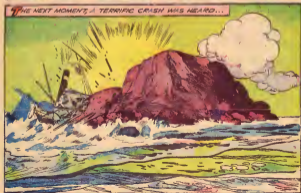
SUDDENLY...

THE FOG SOON SETTLED OVER THE SHIP THICKER THAN EVER. LITTLE PATCHES OF LIGHT APPEARED ON THE SURFACE... AN OMINOUS WARNING OF A WIND BLOWING UP...



Captain Clubin!
Captain Clubin!

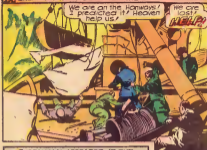




A GREAT CRY WENT OUT FROM THE STRICKEN VESSEL...

We are on the *Horways!*
I predicted it! Heaven
help us!

We are
lost!
HELP!



THE VOICE OF CLUB-
IN DRY ANGRY
AND SHORT WAS
HEARD ABOVE ALL...

No one is lost!
Silence!



CHIBRACAN APPEARED AT THE
MATCHWAY OF THE ENGINE-ROOM...

The water is spout-
ing, Captain! The
fires will soon
be out!



The water is rising
rapidly in the hold,
sir! In ten minutes,
it will be up to the
scupper holes!

How long will
the engine's
work yet?



Further, bordering the dock.

Five or six
minutes, sir!



If were on the *Horways*, were a mile
from shore! Launch the long boat!
All hands to assist!



IN CLUBIN'S CABIN...

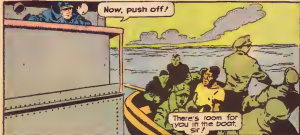
Here are the papers and instruments-- see that they are delivered safely to Mess Lettlemey! Now get aboard the boat!



MBRANCAH AND TANSOURVILLE SCAMPARED OVER THE SIDE...



Now, push off!



There's room for you in the boat, sir!

I'll stay with the ship to the end! I won't leave her! People shall not say I didn't do my duty to the end!



Obey orders! Let go the rope and shove off!



AS THE BOAT PUSHED OFF, A
CHEER ROSE UP THROUGH
THE FOG...

Cheers
for
Captain
Clybin!

He is one of
the worthiest
seamen afloat!
What a pity he
must come to
such an end!

THE "DURANGE" WAS HELD FAST
AND WAS PREVENTED FROM
SINKING IMMEDIATELY BY A
JAGGED ROCK WHICH HAD
PIERCED ITS HULL...

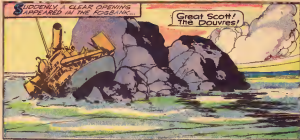
There's only
a mile of ocean
between the
Hornways and
the nearest
shore! An hour's
swim will get
me there
safely!

AS THE BOAT DISAPPEARED
IN THE FOG...

Ah! My plans have
worked to perfection!
I will change my name
and escape to some
foreign country where
Rouffine's fifty thou-
sand francs will be
worth a hundred! I'm
rich... rich at last!

Great Scott!
The Douvres!

SUDDENLY A CLEAR OPENING
APPEARED IN THE FOGBANK...



It is not the Warways, but the terrible Douvres, a good five miles from the nearest shore! I have steered the ship to my own destruction! I am lost!



A cutter! I must attract their attention somehow!



A MOMENT LATER CUTTER APPEARED ON THE HORIZON...



The Man! I'll swim to the Man Rock and climb to its summit! The cutter will see me and I'll be saved!



NIGHT WAS FAST APPROACHING AND WITH IT CAME SIGNS OF AN APPROACHING STORM TO BE CAUGHT ON THE DOUVRES WOULD MEAN CERTAIN DEATH! THERE WAS NO TIME TO LOSE...



HE BEGAN BY TAKING A SOUNDING...

Good! The water is deep at this point!





I'll get fresh clothing on the cutter!



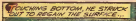
HE WATCHED THE CUTTER AS IT APPROACHED CLOSER AND CLOSER...



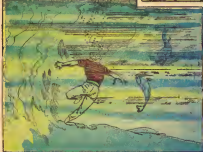
THEN, BUCKLING HIS BELT MORE SECURELY AND FEELING FOR THE TORBACCO BOX...



HE PLUNGED HEAVILY INTO THE SEA...



TOUCHING BOTTOM, HE STRUCK OUT TO REGAIN THE SURFACE...



SUDDENLY HE FELT HIMSELF SAVED BY ONE FISH...

WHEN THE CREW AND THE PASSENGERS OF THE ILL-FATED "DURANDE" ARRIVED IN GUERNSEY, GILLIATT AND THE OTHER TOWNSPEOPLE WERE SUMMONED TO THE HOME OF THE UNFORTUNATE MESS LETHBRARY...

The Durande
is lost!

What?



Here comes the captain of the Shearwater! They say he sighted the Durande on the rocks!



Is there any
chance of
saving her,
Captain?

I'm sorry, Mess Leth-
brary! The Durande's
a complete wreck!



We have to hoping to save
somebody from the wreck,
see? During the tempest that
followed, she was lifted bodily
by a great wave and suspended
between the two rocks of the
Daynes! She was
a sorry sight!
Indeed, sir!



But the engine! Have you reason
to believe that was destroyed,
too?



That is the remarkable part of it, sir? I polished my spy glass on the rock and can vouch for the fact that the engine is completely intact! Even the funnel has resisted the fury of the sea!



BERNARD, WHO WAS IN THE ROOM, SPOKE UP...

Master, the machinery is still alive!



That's what I call a well-built machine!

It's almost unbelievable!



She must have some good stuff in her, to come out of that affair with only a few scratches!



What's that?

JUST THEN, GILBERT SPOKE UP A DETERMINED GLEAM IN HIS EYE...

The machinery can be saved!



I say the engine of the Durande can be saved and brought ashore intact!

THE GROUP ASSEMBLED IN THE ROOM GAINED ELECTRICITY AT WILLIAMS'S BOLD STATEMENT...



Why the man must be mad!

He probably isn't to attempt to rescue a wreck from the Douvres would be sheer folly!

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SREAGHTEL SUMMED UP THE VIEWS OF ALL...



No, it is all over! The man does not exist who could go there and bring back the machinery of the Durande!



If it could be done, I'd go there and make the attempt, even at the risk of my life!

Ah! It's hopeless! The Durande is gone forever! All my dreams, my hopes are wrecked on the rocks of the Douvres!



MISSY DERUCHETTE
LIFTED HER HEAD AND
SPOKE DETERMINELY...



I would
marry the
man who
would res-
cue the
engine of
the Ducorder!

FOR A MOMENT, THERE WAS
COMPLETE SILENCE, THEN...



You would
marry him,
Miss Deru-
chette?

INSTANTLY ALL
EYES WERE ON
MESS LETHBRIDGE...



Parbleu!



Deruchette
shall be his!
I pledge my-
self to it in
God's name!



THAT EVENING,
AT DUSK...

Strange! A
sleep, putting out
to sea when all
others are com-
ing in to
avoid the
approach-
ing storm?

A FULL MOON AROSE AT TEN O'CLOCK
ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, BUT NO
FISHERMAN PUT OUT TO SEA THAT
NIGHT BECAUSE A COCK HAD CROWED
AT NOON-DAY TO THE INHABITANTS
OF THE ISLAND. THIS WAS A SURE
SIGN OF A STORM BREWING FAR
OFF AT SEA...



I have come to inform you of my promotion to the church, and to introduce to you the new Rector of St Sampson, the Rev Ebenezer Coupray!



A bad sailor!

It's good to know you, sir! Find some seats!



LEATHERY HARDLY LISTENING, SEEMED EMBROSS'D IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS...

We are grieved at your terrible loss, Mess Leathery! This shipwreck was unfortunate, but let us examine our own hearts! Doubts must be submitted to cheerfully!



SUDDENLY...

It was my fault!

Your fault? What do you mean!



This man is superstitious!

Because I allowed the Purandee to return on Friday! I should never have picked Friday for her day of sailing! I should have known better!



You ought not to put forth in fablest Friday is a day just like any other day! The Pilgrims landed on Friday! Friday was George Washington's birthday! America was discovered on Friday!



HAVING DELIVERED HIMSELF OF THESE REMARKS, DR. HE TOOK A-ROSE, FOLLOWED BY CAUDRY. MISS LETHBRIDGE HEARD NOTHING, SAW NOTHING...

18888

Miss Lethbride, let us not part without reading from this holy book!



COMING TO A PAGE AT RANDOM, HE RAISED HIS EYES IMPRESSIVELY AND BEGAN READING IN A LOUD VOICE...



INSTINCTIVELY CAUDRY AND DERICHETTE GLANCED AT EACH OTHER...

And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel... and Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent... and she became his wife and he loved her...



1 EARLIER ON THE SLOOP THAT HAD LEFT ST. SAMPSON THE NIGHT BEFORE...

Deruchette will be my wife! What if I risk my life in the attempt? But I cannot fail—I must not!



2 AS THE DAY BEGAN TO BREAK...

The Douvres?



3 HALF HOUR LATER...

She's been caught fast between the rocks! It must have been a vicious sea to swing her way up there!



4 PLACING HIS BELONGINGS IN THE SLOOP'S BARGE, GILLIATT PULLED IN CLOSE TO THE LITTLE DOUVRE...



5 THEN, PULLING OFF HIS SHEDS, HE SPRANG ONTO THE SLIMY WEEDS OF THE DOUVRES, AND MADE FAST.





ADVANCING AS FAR AS HE COULD HE EXAMINED THE WRECK...

What wretched mischief the sea has wrought! The vessel is cut completely in two!

Fortunately the engine is intact & the captain of the *Sheehiel* had observed!



THE *ELRANDE* WAS THE CAPTIVE OF THE DEMONES. HOW COULD SHE BE EXTRICATED FROM THAT POSITION? THIS WAS INDEED A HERCULEAN TASK! HE CLIMBED UP TO ONE OF THE PADDLE-BOXES...



My first problem is to find a safe nook for the sleep! Then a shelter for myself!



FROM HIS POSITION HE WAS ABLE TO STUDY A GROUND PLAN OF THE GROUP OF ROCKS...



AFTER GURKNEY BLANDING OVER THE WRECK, GELIATT LOOKED FOR A SAFE MOORING PLACE FOR THE SLOOP UNABLE TO FIND A SUITABLE SPOT NEAR THE DURANDE, HE DESCENDED AND RUSHED ON TO THE MAIN ROCK...



CHILLIPEELY FEELING HER WAY HE ENTERED THE LITTLE BAY...



The anchorage seems to be excellent! The sloop should be protected here against any contingency!



That solves one problem! Now to find a shelter for myself!



I could use the sloop itself or the top of the main rock! But high tide would separate me from the Durande! I must try to find shelter in the wreck itself!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, GELIATT RETURNED TO THE WRECK AND CLIMBED ABOARD...





IN THE HOLD...

There isn't much left that's usable, except, perhaps, those iron bars, what's this?



A chase! This is one fool I shan't have to fascinate myself!



WILLIOTT WORKED THE WHOLE DAY ON THE WRECK, CLEARING AWAY, PROPPING, ARRANGING...



AT NIGHTFALL, HE OBSERVED THAT THE WRECKAGE TRIPLED AT EVERY STEP HE TOOK. HE REALIZED THE IMPRACTICABILITY OF MAKING HIS HOME HERE AND SET OUT TO FIND A MORE SUITABLE PLACE THAT WOULD BE CLOSE TO THE WRECK...



It looks like my last resort is the Dories itself! If I can climb to the platform on the Great Dories, I may find a cove or some niche in the rocks that will afford me shelter!



HE SCALED THE LITTLE DORY TO A POINT CLOSE TO ITS TOWERING COMPANION...

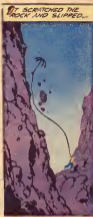
HOW TO fasten the grapnel to the top of the Great Douires - here goes!



WITH A TREMENDOUS HEAVE, HE SLUNG THE GRAPNEL UP TO THE PLATEAU...



IT SCRATCHED THE ROCK AND SLIPPED...



ON HIS THIRD CAST THE GRAPNEL HELD FAST...



She seems firm enough! It's a dangerous feat but I'll have to chance it as there's no time to waste!

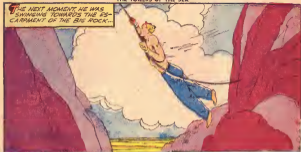
This will absorb some of the shock when I hit the rock...



THE FEAT TO BE ACCOMPLISHED WAS APPALLING IT WAS TO CROSS THE SPACE BETWEEN THE TWO DOUIRES, RANGING ONLY BY A SLENDER LINE! BUT GILLIATT DID NOT HESITATE...



THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS SWINGING TOWARDS THE ESCARPMENT OF THE BIG ROCK...



AS HE STRUCK THE ROCK, HIS CLENCHED FISTS BORE THE BRUNT OF THE SHOCK...



HE REMAINED HANGING THERE A MOMENT DIZZY...



WHILE CLIMBING, HE LOOKED DOWN...

The rope reaches to the deck of the Durand! I should have no trouble in making the descent.



WHEN CATCHING THE ROPE WITH HIS FEET, HE BEGAN THE ASCENT...



GILLIATT'S PLANS WERE NOW COMPLETE FOR FUEL, HE HAD THE WIND, FOR THE BELLOWS OF HIS FORGE, HE HARNESS-ED THE WIND, A STONE WAS HIS ANVIL, AND FOR POWER, HIS IN-DOUBTABLE WILL!

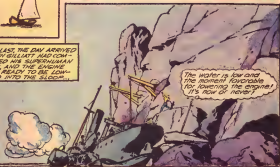


I've laboured now for a month and still have the main task of salvaging the engine ahead of me!



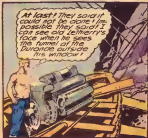
AT LAST, THE DAY ARRIVED WHEN GILLIATT HAD COM-PLETED HIS SUPERHUMAN TASK, AND THE ENGINE WAS READY TO BE LOW-ERED INTO THE SLOOP...

The water is low and the moment favorable for lowering the engine! It's now or never!



MY CALCULATIONS HAVE BEEN COR-RECT! SHALL IT BE RIGHT OR TO THE DECK OF THE SLOOP?

At last! They said it could not be done! Im-possible they said! I can see old Belharry's face when he sees the funnel of the furnace outside the window!



BUT GILLIATT HAD NOT RECKONED WITH AN APPROACHING STORM, AND FOR TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS A TERRIFIC HURRICANE LASHED THE SLOOP, ALMOST WRECKING IT. THE WIND SUBSIDED ON THE SECOND NIGHT AND WHEN HE AWAKENED THE NEXT MORNING, HE WAS HUNGRY...



FLET TO THE SKIN BY THE HEAVY RAINS GILLIATT STRIPPED HIMSELF TO HIS HAIR...



How to find something to eat in these barren rocks?



A crab? That'll make a feast fit for the Gods after living on worms of the sea for three months!



Look's like I'll have to go in for it!

SUDDENLY...

PURSUING THE CRAB, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A CAVENY UP TO HIS SHOULDERS IN WATER...



Good Heavens! something's got hold of my leg!

Now, where did that crab go?



AS THE SLIMY FORM ENCIrcLED HIS LEGS, HE FOUND HIMSELF HELD FAST, AS IN A VISE...



SUDDENLY A LARGE, ROUND, FLATTENED, GLUTTONOUS MASS ISSUED FROM BE-
NEATH THE CAVE...



Merciful
Hoovers!
It's a
devil
fish!



It's got me fast!
I can hardly
breathe!

ANOTHER AND STILL ANOTHER COLD,
SLIMY FORM WOUND THEMSELVES
AROUND HIS BODY, SLOWLY CRUSH-
ING THE BREATH OUT OF HIM...



THE NEXT MOMENT THE MONSTER
ADVANCED ITS HEAD. IN ANOTHER
SECOND, ITS MOUTH WOULD HAVE
FASTENED ON HIS CHEST...





WITH UNERRING AIM, HE SLASHED OFF THE MONSTER'S HEAD, AND ITS TENTACLES IMMEDIATELY RELAXED THEIR HOLD ON HIS BODY...

That was as close to death as I ever hope to be!



DISCOVERED FROM HIS STRUGGLE, GILLIATT ENTERED THE CAVERN WHERE THE MONSTER HAD MADE ITS HOME AND MADE A GRIEFSOME DISCOVERY...



A human skeleton! Probably a victim of the monster? That belt around its waist may hold some clue to its identity!



AS HE EXAMINED THE BELT, HIS EYE CAUGHT AN ENGRAVING ON THE BUCKLE...



Sieur Clubin! There seems to be some sort of box in the belt!

Three thousand pounds sterling! Clubin had deliberately wrecked the *Dunard*, hoping to be given up for dead and then exciting with the story! Mess Jetherrry, you will be doubly confounded when my little sloop pulls up to the port of St. Simpson!



ABOUT MIDNIGHT, MISS LETHBRIDGE
AWAKENED SUDDENLY AND SAW AN
ARRASTICLY LOOKING UP AT HIS WINDOW...



Secrébleu!
If don't be! I
must be arrastic!



It's the
Durand,
back from
the dead!



JUMPING ABOARD THE SLOOP,
HE FEVERISHLY EXAMINED
THE ENGINE IN DETAIL...

It's intact! The boiler,
the paddle-wheels, the
brine-pump! Nothing is wanting!
It's a miracle! A miracle!

BURSTING INTO A WILD
LAUGH, HE RAISED HIS
ARMS AND YELLED...



Help!
Help!



THEN, RUNNING TO THE HARBOUR BELL, HE
BEGAN PULLING IT VIOLENTLY...



AN HOUR EARLIER,
GILLIATT HAD
ARRIVED AT ST.
SAMPEON. THE
LITTLE HARBOR
WAS SILENT...

*There's no light
in the Graves!
They must be
asleep!*



APPROACHING QUIETLY, HE
MADE THE SLOOP FAST
TO THE MOORING BIRCH...

*I can hardly
believe it hasn't
all been a dream!*



LEAVING ALONE, HE
TURNED TOWARD THE
GARDEN OF THE BRAVES...



LIKE AN ANIMAL RETURNING TO ITS HOLE,
HE ENTERED AND HEADED
FOR A BENCH NEARBY...



*It's like gazing on a
vision of paradise!
It's as though I'd
been here only yesterday!*



SUDDENLY...

I love you, Deruchette! There is for me but one woman on earth! You are my life and my supreme happiness!



A MOMENT LATER, THEY WALKED AWAY, AND GILLIATT SAW TWO SHADOWS EMBRACING ON THE GRAVELLED WALK...



SUDDENLY, HE HEARD THE HARBOUR BELL...

Good Heavens! what's that?



LETHERRY'S JOY AT THE SIGHT OF GILLIATT WAS UNCONTAINED. WHEN HIS EXCITEMENT HAD SUBSIDED HE REMEMBERED HIM THAT HE WAS TO MARRY DERUCHETTE...



No, Mess Letherry, I shall not marry Deruchette! I do not love her!



What? You must be crazy! Was it then of me you used to play the bag-pipe? You had better make up your mind to love her, my lad for she shall never marry any one but you!

Ah! If I only had my stolen money back! I received a letter from Rantone which clears up the mystery of the wreck! That Guin was a scoundrel and a thief!



GILLIATT SILENTLY FELT IN HIS POCKET AND HANDED MESS LETHERRY THE TOBACCO BOX...

What's this?



My money! Gilliatt, you are a marvel! You must have gone down to the infernal regions!



And you say you will not marry Deruchette? What sort of nonsense is this? Ridiculous, do you hear me?

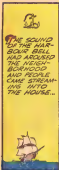


It cannot be less Letherry! I shall never marry!



Listen to the lad talk! Hello there, where's everybody?





THE SOUND OF THE HARBOR BELL HAD AROUSED THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND PEOPLE CAME STREAMING INTO THE HOUSE...



Ah! You are here, my friends! You know the news? That man has fished up my engine and even the money from Cubin's pocket! You shall marry her, friend!



Marry the engine or the money, sir?

No, Deruchette? Yes, me engine and the money, too! He shall be her captain! We are going to have a new purchase again!



Deruchette, my child! We are rich again and here is your future husband!



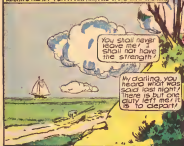
DERUCHETTE LOOKED AT GILLIATT IN BEMUDERMENT...



AND THEN Fainted...

Somebody get some water! She has fainted!

THE NEXT MORNING, A SMALL BOAT PULLED AWAY FROM A LARGE BLOOP WHICH WAS MAKING READY FOR A VOYAGE, AND CAME INYD SHORE...



You shall never leave me! I shall not have the strength!

My darling, you heard what was said last night? There is but one duty left me! It is to depart!

No no! I will not let you go! You must not leave me to that horrible man of last night!



RAISING HIS VOICE, HE SCREAMED TO THE BOATMAN...

We shall soon return!



SURDENLY...

Why should you not marry? You love each other - make yourselves one!



SHOWING NO EMOTION GILLIATT LED THE ADVICE GOUNCE TO THE CHURCH AND STRAIGHT TO THE DEAN AT THE ALTAR...

I've been expecting you. Ah! is (good)!

GILLIATT TOOK FROM HIS POCKET A NOTE THAT MESS LETHERRY HAD SENT TO HIM THAT MORNING...



But first we must have Mess Letherry's written consent!



I have it here, Sir--the note!



*Go to the Dean
for the licence. I
with the marriage
to take place as soon
as possible. Immedi-
ately would be
better
Lethierry*

It is signed Lethierry! It would have been respectful for him to have addressed himself to me! But I suppose this is good enough!



THE MARRIAGE PERFORMED, GILLIATT LED THEM BOTH BACK TO THE WATER FRONT...

Madame, you are going on a journey unexpected! You will find a trunk aboard ship containing ladies' clothing. It was intended for my wife. If I should marry!



But why do you not keep it for your wife when you marry?



It is most unlikely, madame, that I shall ever marry!





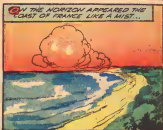
IN FIFTEEN MINUTES, DERICHETTE AND CAUDRAY WERE ABOARD THE SHIP. GILLIATT WENT STRAIGHT TO THE BU DE LA RUE AND TAKING THE BIBLE THAT CAUDRAY HAD GIVEN HIM, RETRACED HIS STEPS, HEADING FOR THE "GOLD-MOLM-UR"...



IN A FEW MINUTES, HE WAS ON TOP OF THE ROCK, LOOKING OUT TO SEA...



WHE SAT THERE, UNMINDFUL OF THE RISING TIDE THAT KEPT CREEPING UP ON THE ROCK...



ON THE HORIZON APPEARED THE COAST OF FRANCE LIKE A MIST...



NOW AND THEN A WHITE BUTTERFLY FLUTTERED BY...



IN THE DISTANCE COULD BE HEARD CARPENTERS' HAMMERS WORKING ON THE DISMANTLING OF THE "DUBAND'S" ENGINE FROM GILLIATT'S SLOOP.

AS THE VESSEL CAME CLOSER, HE COULD DISCOVER THE COUPLE ON THE ROCK...



Look yonder, Ebenezer! It seems as if there were a man upon the rock!



GILLIATT FOLLOWED THE VESSEL AS IT PICKED UP SPEED IN THE FRESHENING WIND...



HIGHER AND HIGHER CROPT THE RISING TIDE...



AT THE MOMENT WHEN THE VESSEL VANISHED OVER THE HORIZON, GILLIATT'S HEAD DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE WATERS! NOTHING WAS VISIBLE BUT THE SEA!



THE END

J.M. F. [Signature]

VICTOR MARIE HUGO

VICTOR MARIE HUGO was born February 26, 1802. In 1817, when he was but fifteen years of age, he had already found recognition as a poet. Between that date and his death, amid many political revolutions and many changes of literary fashion, he was a constant and conspicuous personality in the intellectual life of his country.

Notwithstanding much early opposition, he has probably meant more to the world at large for the past century and a half than any other French man of letters for the same period. Hugo was intensely serious and applied his personal force in many directions. His public career, as an influence in politics, was not without significance. He was a member of the Assembly before the "coup d'état"; he was the Exile from 1851 to 1870; he sat in the Assembly again in 1871 and in the Senate after 1876.

In 1841, Hugo was received into the Academy and in 1845 was made a peer of France. After the "coup d'état" of December 2, 1851, he left the country and was formally banished. He sojourned at Brussels and on the island of Jersey and finally settled in Guernsey where he made his home till the fall of 1870. He returned to France only when the empire had dissolved.

It may be said that between 1838 and 1865, Hugo's literary reputation received scarcely a single check. On his return to France, he entered upon such a period of popularity that no other man of letters ever enjoyed—longer than the period allotted to Voltaire.

Poet, dramatist, novelist, historian, philosopher and patriot, the spiritual sovereign of the 19th century was before all things a poet



Throughout all the various and ambitious attempts of his marvelous boyhood, criticism, drama, satire, etc., the dominant vein is poetic. There was never a more brilliant boy than Victor Hugo and there has never been a greater man.

It was in the ballads written between his twenty-second and his twenty-seventh year that Hugo first showed

himself beyond all question an original and a great poet. At twenty-five, the already celebrated lyric poet published his magnificent historic drama of "Cromwell," a work sufficient of itself to establish the author's fame for all ages.

The twenty-eighth year of his life, which was illuminated by the appearance of his brilliant and passionate poems, witnessed also the opening of his generous and lifelong campaign or crusade against the principle of capital punishment. Victor Hugo was not yet thirty when most of his triumphs lay behind him. At that early period in his life, he had already published "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Les Feuilles d'Août."

From exile, he wrote one of his greatest romantic novels, "The Toilers of the Sea." The splendid energy of the book makes the supreme energy of the hero seem not only possible, but natural and his triumph over all physical impossibilities not only natural but inevitable. Between the tragedy of Gilliat and the tragedy of "Owynplain," Hugo published nothing but the glorious little poems on the slaughter of Mentana, called "La Voix de Guernsey."

He died in the spring of 1885, the greatest of all Frenchmen and one of France's most beloved poets.



DOG HEROES "NO GREATER LOVE"

The Police Dog is primarily a work dog. Seldom pampered like the smaller breeds of dogs, he serves but one master, and casts a suspicious eye on the rest of humanity.

An intelligent dog, this breed of German Shepherd readily responds to training.

Police Dogs have been used by combat soldiers; they have been used as seeing eye dogs in aiding the blind; and they have been used in the movies and on the stage. They have been used for just about everything!

But he is mostly used as a watchdog. And no greater four-legged protector ever lived. The acts of heroism performed by Police Dogs in guarding their masters' lives and properties are too numerous to count. Woe betide the criminal or intruder who crosses the path of one of these alert canine watchmen!

This is the story of Pal, a three year old Police Dog. Pal was everything his name and breed implied. He proved it one night in March, 1937, in a darkened house in Chicago.

Pal's mistress was an elderly woman. Lying in his corner, enshrouded in the soft, light sleep that is nature to watchdogs, Pal subconsciously twitched his ears. Something was wrong. Some noise was disturbing the harmony of sounds that Pal had been trained to expect in his mistress' house.

Fully awake now, Pal sat up and strained his ears. He recognized the sounds. They were the low muffled cries of his mistress. Eclectic sounds, as if someone held his hand closely over her mouth.



With a growl, Pal sprang to his feet. He rushed to where the sounds came from. Through the darkness of the room, Pal saw three strange men. One was binding his mistress' wrists.

With a savage growl, Pal sprang at the robber, sinking his teeth deeply in the man's

flesh. The man's horrible scream pierced the stillness of the night. The man turned and beat his fists on Pal's head, trying to shake him off.

But as he received each painful blow, Pal kept sinking his teeth deeper into the man's wound. The man screamed in agony. One of his companions whirled and aimed his revolver at the dog.

Two shots rang out. Two streaks of burning lead streaked through poor Pal's body. The pain was unbearable, but Pal continued at his task. His mistress was in danger and Pal had to fight off the villains.

Three more shots rang out. Three more stabs of excruciating pain, three more wounds from which the life blood would leave the faithful heart. Pal loosened his grip and fell to the floor, to remain silent forever.

The newspaper report said the robbers fled. But could they ever see their guilty consciences? Could they ever forget that they had so brutally killed so gallant a hero?

We have all heard the expression, "No greater love hath a man than to lay down his life for a friend." The expression was meant for dogs, too.

It was meant for Pal!



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

WILLIAM HARVEY

Discoverer of Blood Circulation

ENGLAND'S golden age was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Francis Drake crushed the Spanish Armada, and then went on to plunder the ships of the seven seas. It was the golden age of literature, with Shakespeare, Bacon, Ben Jonson and Edmund Spenser. It was in this happy era that Dr. William Harvey grew into manhood.



Harvey lived gaily and boldly, with a lust for life. He went far as a doctor of his day for, born under a lucky star, he became physician to kings James I and Charles I. But in spite of a hectic life, Harvey found time to give the world an astounding discovery. It was the true theory of the circulation of the blood. How valuable was this discovery? The answer is that not until Harvey's discovery was there any possibility that medicine and surgery would some day become actual sciences.

Today the idea of the circulation of the blood is commonplace, but Harvey's theory was startling to the people of his day. Because, for over 2,000 years the great teachers had been wrongly teaching the people the workings of blood circulation.

Aristotle taught that blood was made from the food in the liver, then carried to the heart, and then sent through the veins over the body. Alexander's physicians believed that while veins carried blood from the heart to other parts of the body, the arteries carried a subtle kind of air or spirit. In the dark ages, doctors believed that arteries were air pipes that carried blood, too, and helped the brain grow nerves that sent animal spirits to the body. No wonder the scientists of the day were startled!

William Harvey was born in Folkstone, England, April 1, 1578. He was educated at Casus

College, Cambridge, and then went to Padua, Italy to study medicine, getting his doctor's degree in 1602. Returning to London, he practiced privately until 1607 when he was admitted to the Royal College of Physicians. The same year, he became doctor at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

When he became king's physician, Harvey was given a large grant of land, which included a great forest. Here, Harvey studied the blood circulations of every living thing in the forest, from "reptile to baby chick" as he once wrote in a letter.

In 1610, Harvey, lecturing at the College of Physicians, gave his results of his first studies of blood circulation. Although he was not entirely correct, he was able to prove that the existing theory was wrong.

Experimenting some more, Harvey, in 1638, finally arrived at the correct theory of blood circulation. In simple language, this is it:

Besides the general circulation, there are three other systems, the portal, pulmonary, and coronary. Each of these systems has a pump (the heart), arteries, capillaries (small hairlike vessels) and veins. The left half of the heart forces the blood through the general system, while the right half sends it to the lungs. A drop of blood travels through the entire body, and back, in about 30 seconds.

Back to his hectic life, Dr. Harvey fought at the battle of Edgehill, and went with King Charles to Oxford. He was elected master of Merton College, but he lost the post when the city surrendered to parliament. Giving up the practice of medicine, Harvey returned to London to spend his remaining years in quiet research. He died in 1657, at the age of seventy-nine.



FAMOUS OPERAS TRISTAN UND ISOLDE

By RICHARD WAGNER

WHEN Sir Morold, of Ireland, sought to collect taxes from the Cornish people of southwest England, Sir Tristan pursued him back to his native isle and killed him. Tristan was himself badly wounded in the fight, but the beautiful Irish princess Isolde healed him with her magic cures.

As the opera begins, Tristan is taking Isolde across the sea to be the wife of his aging uncle, King Mark of Cornwall. As the ship nears Cornish shores, she sends her maid, Brangæna, to call Tristan to her side that she may tell him that she will not marry Mark. But Tristan fears that if he yields to her command, he will fall in love with her, wish to take her for his own wife and be unfaithful to his king. He sends back word that he dare not leave his place at the helm of the ship.

At this reply, Isolde is furious and bids Brangæna open the golden box which her mother gave her when she left Ireland. The box is filled with all sorts of magic cures but also contains a deadly poison. Isolde bids Brangæna prepare a cup of poison. The maid knows that her mistress intends to kill herself, so she puts a love potion into the cup instead.

The ship touches land and Tristan comes to escort Isolde to shore. She invites him to drink the poison which she says will make him forget the past. He boldly drinks; she snatches the cup away and drinks the rest of the potion, intending that they shall die together.

But instead of falling dead, they fall into each other's arms and declare eternal love. King Mark comes aboard and, knowing nothing of the love-drink, takes Isolde off to be his queen.



But the strength of the love potion is overpowering. Each can never love another person and they must see each other. They meet in a secret shelter in the forest. Only they, Brangæna, Kurvenal, Tristan's faithful servant, and Melot, a traitorous knight who pretends

to be Tristan's best friend, know of this shelter.

Melot is jealous of Tristan's high favor with the king. One day, Melot, pretending to take the king hunting, leads him to the secret shelter. The king finds Isolde in Tristan's arms. Melot then tells the king that Tristan has never been worthy of his trust. At this insult, Tristan draws his sword. In the fight that follows, Tristan is badly wounded.

Kurvenal carries his wounded master to a ship and across the sea to a castle on the northwest coast of France. The knight lies unconscious and near death until he awakes to see a signal announcing the ship that has brought Isolde to cure him. He is so overcome with joy that he rises from his bed, tears away his bandages and rushes forth to meet her. But the exertion is too much and he dies in Isolde's arms before she can apply her magic cures.

Another ship arrives bearing King Mark, Melot and soldiers. Kurvenal, believing that they have come to do further harm, attacks them, kills Melot and is himself given his death wound.

Then King Mark, completely overcome with grief, tells Isolde that he had heard the story of the love-drink from Brangæna and had come to forgive the lovers and join them in marriage. But all this is too much for Isolde. Her heart is broken and she falls dead across the body of Tristan.



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