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THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP

by BRET HARTE



STUMPY



KENTUCKY



TOMMY LUCK



OAKHURST



THERE WAS COMMOOTION IN ROARING CAMP. IT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN A FIGHT, FOR IN 1850 THAT WAS NOT NOVEL ENOUGH TO HAVE CALLED TOGETHER THE ENTIRE SETTLEMENT. THE DITCHES AND CLAIMS WERE NOT ONLY DESERTED, BUT "TUTTLE'S GROCERY" HAD CONTRIBUTED ITS GAMBLERS. THE WHOLE CAMP WAS COLLECTED BEFORE A

RIDE CABIN ON THE OUTER EDGE OF THE CLEARING.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY C. KIEFER

CONVERSATION WAS CARRIED ON IN LOW TONES, BUT THE NAME OF A WOMAN WAS FREQUENTLY REPEATED: CHEROKEE SAIL.

SAY, KANTLUCK, WHAT'S KEEPIN' THAT DOG?

YOU DO IN THERE, STUMPFY, AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO, YOU'VE HAD EXPERIENCE IN THEM THINGS.

THE ASSEMBLAGE NUMBERED ABOUT A HUNDRED MEN. ONE OR TWO WERE ACTUAL AUDITORS FROM JUSTICE. SOME WERE CRIMINALS, AND ALL WERE RECKLESS.



THE GREATEST SCAMP WAS DAKHURST, A GAMBLER...



HE HAD THE MELANCHOLY AIR AND INTELLECTUAL ABSTRACTION OF A NAUSET.



THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP

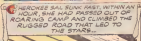
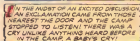


PERHAPS IN THE MINOR DETAILS OF FINGERS, TOES, EARS, ETC., THE CAMP MAY HAVE BEEN DEFICIENT, BUT THESE SLIGHT OMISSIONS DID NOT DETRACT FROM THEIR AGGREGATE FORCE. THE STRONGEST MAN HAD BUT THREE FINGERS ON THE RIGHT HAND . . .



THE BEST SHOT HAD BUT ONE EYE . . .





THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP



KENTUCK BENT OVER THE CANDLE BOX CURIOUSLY. THE CHILD TURNED, AND IN A SPASM OF PAIN, CAUGHT AT HIS GRIPPING FINGER.



WHY, THE LITTLE RASCAL!

KENTUCK HELD THAT FINGER APART FROM ITS FELLOWS AND EXAMINED IT CURIOUSLY.



HE ACTUALLY DID! HE WRESTLED WITH MY FINGER!



IT WAS FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING BEFORE THE CAMP BOUGHT SLEEP. IN THE CABIN A LIGHT BURSTED. FOUR STRIPPED AND GOT TO BED THAT NIGHT.



WHEN DID KENTUCK GO TO BED THAT NIGHT, HE WALKED DOWN BY THE RIVER AND WHISTLED THOUGHTFULLY.



THE LUCK OF BOILING CAMP

KENTUCKY WALKED UP THE GULCH, PAST THE CABIN, AND THEN RETRACED HIS STEPS, HALFWAY DOWN TO THE RIVER BANK AGAIN, HE RETURNED AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR...



HOW GOES IT?

ALL SERENE.

ANYTHING UP?

NOTHING.

HE WRESTLED WITH THIS FINGER!



AS STUMPY SAID, ALL WAS SERENE



THE NEXT DAY, CHEROKEE SAL WAS LAID TO REST



AFTER THE FUNERAL, THERE WAS A FORMAL MEETING OF THE CAMP TO DISCUSS WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE INFANT



I PROPOSE THAT WE TAKE THE CHILD TO RED DOG WHERE IT WILL GET FEMALE ATTENTION.

THESE FELLOWS AT RED DOG WILL SWAP IT AND RING SOMETHING ELSE IN ON US!

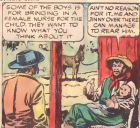
IT IS SO MOVED! THE CHILD STAYS IN ROARING CAMP!

THEM WHO IS AG'N THE RIDICULOUS PROPOSAL TO TAKE THE CHILD TO RED DOG, SAY "AYE!"



AYE!
AYE!
AYE!

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP



AND SO, STUMPY WAS RETAINED AS NURSE





IT'S PLANNING IT PRETTY LOWDOWN ON THE WERE BABY TO RING RUM IN ON HIM THAT HE AIN'T GOING TO UNDERSTAND, AND IF THERE'S GOING TO BE ANY SCOTFATHERS, BOUND TO USE TO SEE WHO'S GOT ANY BETTER RIGHTS THAN ME!



A SILENCE FOLLOWED STUMPY'S SPEECH, THE FIRST TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE JUSTICE WAS BOSTON THE MAN WHO PLANNED THE MOCK CHRISTENING...

WE'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU ON THAT, STUMPY.

HOLD ON! WE'RE HERE FOR A CHRISTENING, AND WE'LL HAVE IT.



I PROCLAIM YOU THOMAS LUCK, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, SO HELP ME GOD!



SOON, THE WORK OF REGENERATION BEGAN IN ROARING CAMP. THE CABIN ASSIGNED TO TOMMY LUCK OR 'THE LUCK', AS HE WAS CALLED, WAS THE FIRST TO SHOW SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT.



THE CABIN WAS SCRUPULOUSLY CLEANED AND WHITEWASHED, THEN IT WAS BOARDED, CLOTHED, AND PAPERED.

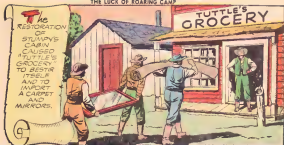


THE ROSEWOOD CRABLE HAD BEEN PACKED EIGHTY MILES BY MULE.



ARTY'S CLOTHES WERE BROUGHT IN FROM THE OUTSIDE, AND ONLY THE FINEST WAS PURCHASED.





The RESTORATION OF STUMPY'S CABIN CAUSED "TUTTLE'S GROCERY" TO BESTIR ITSELF AND TO IMPORT A CARPET AND MIRRORS.

STUMPY IMPOSED A GUARANTEE UPON THOSE WHO ASPIRED TO THE HONOR AND PRIVILEGE OF HOLDING "THE LUCK"

"THEM WHISKERS AIN'T CLEAN ENOUGH FOR YOU TO HOLD THE BABY. RECKON YOU HAVE TO TAKE A BATH!"



IT WAS A CRUEL MORTIFICATION TO KENTUCK TO BE BARRED FROM HOLDING THE BABY FOR SANITARY REASONS.



YET, SUCH WAS THE INFLUENCE OF "THE LUCK" THAT KENTUCK APPEARED REGULARLY EVERY AFTERNOON IN A CLEAN SHIRT — HIS FACE SHINING.



THE SHOUTING AND YELLING WHICH HAD GAINED THE CAMP ITS TITLE WERE NOT PERMITTED WITHIN HEARING DISTANCE OF STUMPY'S CABIN.



IN THE LONG SUMMER DAYS, "THE LUCK" WAS USUALLY CARRIED TO THE GULCH, FROM WHENCE THE GOLDEN STORE OF ROARING CAMP WAS TAKEN.



"THE LUCK" WOULD LIE ON A BLANKET SPREAD OVER RAG-BOLDS, WHILE THE MEN WORKED IN THE DITCHES BELOW.



THERE WAS A CLOSE ATTEMPT TO DECORATE THE COVER OF "THE LUCK" WITH FLOWERS AND SWEET-SMELLING SHRUBS.



TOMMY LUCK APPEARED TO BE SECURELY HAPPY, ALTHOUGH THERE WAS A GRAVITY ABOUT HIM THAT WORDED STUMPY SOMETIMES..



THESE WERE MANY STORIES TOLD ABOUT "THE LUCK"

I CREEPT UP THE BANK JUST NOW AND DERN MY SKIN IF HE WASN'T TALKING TO A JAYBIRD THAT WAS SITTING ON HIS LAP



THERE THEY WAS, JUST AS FREE AND SOCIABLE AS YOU PLEASE, JAWING AT EACH OTHER LIKE TWO CHERRY-RUMS.



MOTHER NATURE WAS TOMMY LUCK'S NURSE AND PLAYFELLOW. SHE WOULD LET SLIP BETWEEN THE LEAVES GOLDEN shafts OF SUNLIGHT THAT FELL JUST WITHIN HIS GRASP.



THE TALL REDWOODS NODDED FAMILIARLY AND SLEEPILY TO HIM. THE BUMBLEBEE'S BUZZED AND THE ROCKS CAME A SLUMBEROUS ACCOMPANIMENT.



LUCK WAS THE GOLDEN SUMMER OF ROARING CAMP. THEY WERE "LUCKY TIMES" AND "THE LUCK" WAS WITH THEM.



IT'S THE BABY THAT BROUGHT UP THE LUCK.

WELL, THAT'S HIS NAME LUCK!

NEVER SEEN SO MUCH GOLD IN THE CLAIMS AS THIS YEAR!

WE GOT TO HAVE A DISCUSSION ABOUT BRINGING SOME DECENT FAMILIES IN HERE TO LIVE.

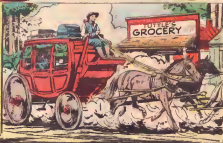
HE'S GOT TO HAVE OTHER YOUNGSTERS TO PLAY WITH.



HE HAD TO GO TO SCHOOL!

THE EXPRESSMAN WAS ROARING CAMP'S ONLY CONNECTING LINK WITH THE SURROUNDING WORLD, NO ENCOURAGEMENT WAS GIVEN TO IMMIGRATION, AND TO MAKE THEIR SECLUSION MORE PERFECT, THE LAND ON EITHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN WALL THAT SURROUNDED THE CAMP THEY DULY PRE-EMPTED.

THIS, AND A REPUTATION FOR SINGULAR PROFICIENCY WITH THE REVOLVER, KEPT THE RESERVE OF ROARING CAMP INVOLATE.





WINTER CAME AND THE MEN OF ROARING CAMP RESTED. THE CLAIMS HAD YIELDED ENORMOUSLY AND ALL THE MINERS ATTRIBUTED THEIR GOOD FORTUNE TO THE LUCK. ALSO, WITH THE PROSPERITY OF THE CAMP, CAME A DESIRE FOR FURTHER IMPROVEMENT.

WE OUGHT TO HAVE A HOTEL BUILT UP HERE AND INVITE SOME DECENT FAMILIES TO LIVE IN ROARING CAMP.

FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP WOULD BE GOOD FOR THE LUCK.

I'M AGIN IT! WE'RE RAISIN' NEW GOOD AND PROPER WITHOUT NO WOMEN!



REV. HELD OUT, BUT THE RESOLVE COULD NOT BE CARRIED INTO EFFECT FOR THREE MONTHS, AND THE MAJORITY MEEKLY YIELDED IN THE HOPE THAT SOMETHING MIGHT TURN UP TO PREVENT IT, AND IT DID.



THE WINTER OF 1861 WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED IN THE FOOT-HILLS. THE SNOW LAY DEEP ON THE SIERRAS, AND EVERY MOUNTAIN CREEK BECAME A RIVER, AND EVERY RIVER A LAKE.

EACH GORGE AND GULCH WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A TURBULENT WATERCOURSE THAT DESCENDED THE HILLSIDES, TEARING DOWN SNAG TREES AND SCATTERING ITS DRIFTS AND DEBRIS ALONG THE FLANK...



RED DOG HAD BEEN TWICE UNDER WATER AND ROARING CAMP HAD BEEN FOREWARNED

WATER PUT THE GOLD INTO THEM GULCHES. IT'S BEEN HERE ONCE AND WILL BE HERE AGAIN!



THAT NIGHT, THE NORTH FORK SUDDENLY LEAPED OVER ITS BANKS AND SWEEP UP THE TRIANGULAR VALLEY OF ROARING CAMP...

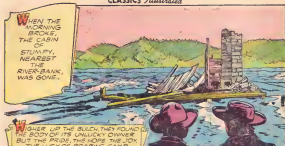


IN THE CONFUSION OF RUSHING WATER, CRUSHING TREES, AND CRACKLING TIMBER, AND THE DARKNESS WHICH SEEMED TO FLOW WITH THE WATER AND BLOT OUT THE FAIR VALLEY, BUT LITTLE COULD BE DONE TO COLLECT THE SCATTERED CAMP





WHEN THE MORNING BROKE, THE CABIN OF STUMPY, NEAREST THE RIVER-BANK, WAS GONE.



WALKER UP THE SLUCH, THEY FOUND THE BODY OF ITS UNLUCKY OWNER BUT THE PRIDE, THE HORSE THE JOCK, THE LUCK OF SOARING CAMP HAD DISAPPEARED.



THEY WERE RETURNING WITH SAD HEARTS, WHEN A SHOUT FROM THE BANK AROUSED THEM. IT WAS A RELIEF BOAT FROM DOWNRIVER.



WE PICKED UP THIS MAN AND THIS BABY DOWN THE RIVER ABOUT TWO MILES DO YOU KNOW THEM?



IT'S THE LUCK AND KENTUCKY!

KENTUCKY, LYING THERE, CRUELLY CRUSHED AND BRUISED, STILL HELD THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP IN HIS ARMS...



THE BABY IS DEAD.



DEAD?

YES, MY MAN, AND YOU ARE DYING, TOO



A SMILE LIT THE EYES OF THE DYING KENTUCKY...

DYING... HE'S TAKIN' ME WITH HIM...



TELL THE BOYS I'VE GOT THE LUCK WITH ME NOW.



AND THE STRONG MAN, CLINGING TO THE DEAD BABY, AS A DROWNING MAN IS SAID TO CLING TO A STRAW, DROPTED AWAY INTO THE SHADDOY RIVER THAT FLOWS FOREVER TO THE UNKNOWN SEA

THE END.

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

By Bret Harte

THE PINES ROCKED
THE SKY WHIRLED
ABOVE AND ABOUT
THE MISERABLE GROUP
DROPT ON DRIFT OF
SNOW PILED HIGH—
A HOPELESS TRACKLESS
UNCHARTED SEA OF
WHITE LYING BELOW
THE ROCKY DIABLES
TO WHICH THE CAST
AWAYS STILL CLUNG
WHO WERE THESE
FORLORN TRAVELERS?

LET US GO BACK
SEVERAL DAYS..



THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT



A JOHN GARNHURST GAMBLER, LEFT HIS HOTEL. HE WAS CONSCIOUS OF A CHANGE IN POKER FLAT'S MORAL ATTITUDE SINCE THE PRECEDING NIGHT.

I RECKON THEY'RE AFTER ME

MOTEL

WE DON'T WANT NO GAMBLERS IN POKER FLAT

YOU'RE LUCKY WE DON'T LET YOU OUT AT THE END OF A ROPE!

YOU WON'T BE LONESOME! THERE'S COMPANY WAITIN' FOR YOU!



B BESIDES GARNHURST, THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT INCLUDED "THE DUCKSH", ANOTHER WHO HAD WON THE TITLE "MOTHER SHIPPER" AND "UNCLE MILLY", A SUSPECTED ROBBER AND CONFIDENTIAL DELINQUENT.

LET'S GET GOING! AND REMEMBER, NONE OF YOU ARE COMING BACK!





THE CAPTAIN, PRODDING HIS ESCORTS FROM THE SPECTATOR'S VIEW, NOW WAS ONE WORD UTTERED BY THE ESCORT.

AT THE GULCH WHICH MARKED THE FURTHEST LIMIT OF POKER FLAT THE LEADER SPOKE BRIEFLY AND TO THE POINT...



THIS IS AS FAR AS WE TAKE YOU DON'T COME BACK, IF YOU DO YOU'LL STRETCH A ROPE!

AS THE POSSE DISAPPEARED THE OUTCASTS GAVE HENT TO THEIR FEELINGS, DAN-MURST ALONE REMAINED SILENT



I'D LIKE TO CUT HIS HEART OUT!

I'LL DIE ON THIS ROAD, I KNOW I WILL!

WHERE IS THE NEAREST TOWN?

SANDY BAR, I'D SAY.

WE'VE GOT TO GO OVER SOME STEEP MOUNTAIN RANGES TO REACH IT.



THE PARTY BEGAN THEIR MARCH AND SOON PASSED OUT OF THE MOIST TEMPERATE REGIONS OF THE FOOT-HILLS INTO THE DRY BRACING AIR OF THE SIERRA MOUNTAINS.

THE PARTY NEARLY TURNED ITS WAY UPWARD UNCLE BILLY AND GARNHURST KNEW HOW IMPORTANT IT WAS THAT THEY CLEAR THE MOUNTAIN TOP BEFORE THE BLIZZARD'S COME.

THIS TRAIL IS GETTING NARROW.

WE'LL SOON HAVE TO REST, I CAN'T GO MUCH FARTHER.



WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!

THEN YOU MUST GO ON WITHOUT ME, I HAVE TO REST.



THE PARTY HALTED WHEN THE LADY'S SADDLE ROLLED OUT OF HER SADDLE UPON THE GROUND.

I WON'T GO ANY FARTHER! I WON'T!



THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

THE PLACE WHERE THEY HALTED WAS MOST SUITABLE FOR A CAMP AND CAMPING BEING ADVISABLE.

BUT WE'RE NOT EQUIPPED OR PROVISIONED FOR DELAY IT'S FOOLISH TO THROW UP YOUR HAND BEFORE THE GAME IS PLAYED OUT!

WE GOT LIQUOR LET'S ALL HAVE A DRINK AND TALK ABOUT IT LATER.

AS THE THOUGHT OF DESERTING HIS LIFE-LOVED COMPANIONS NEVER OCCURRED TO GARNHURST AS HE WASHED HIS HANDS AND FACE IN A NEARBY STREAM HE HEARD A HORSE APPROACHING...

AS THE HORSE DREW NEAR, ITS RIDER WHISTLED A GREETING...

HELLO, GARNHURST!

WELL, WELL, THE INNOCENT OF SANDY BART?

SURE IS PLEASANT MEETING UP WITH YOU AGAIN!

1 JACKRABBIT WAS GLAD TO SEE TOM JAMSON, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS "THE INVULNERABLE," SINCE AS "THE INVULNERABLE" OF SANDY BAR HE HAD MET HIM SOME MONTHS BEFORE OVER A "LITTLE GAME" AND THEY'D BECOME FAST FRIENDS.



WHERE ARE YOU HEADED?

POKER FLAT.



ALONE?

NOT EXACTLY ALONE. I'VE RUN AWAY WITH PREY HOODS DO YOU REMEMBER HER, MR. JACKRABBIT?



WAS SHE THE LITTLE GIRL USED TO WAIT ON TABLE AT THE TEMPERANCE HOUSE IN SANDY BAR?

THE SAME. WE'VE BEEN ENGAGED A LONG TIME BUT HER FATHER OBJECTED AND WE HAD TO RUN AWAY.



HOW DO YOU FIGURE ON BEING MARRIED IN POKER FLAT?

THAT'S WHAT WE FIGURE, BUT WE'RE LUCKY TO FIND A PLACE TO CAMP AND COMPANY.



WHERE IS THE BRIDE-TO-BE?

WIPING SHE'S KIND OF BASHFUL ANYWAY. WE THOUGHT IT BEST FOR HER TO HIDE UNTIL I COULD SEE WHO YOU WERE.

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

THEY EMERGED FROM HIDEING WHEN "THE INNOCENT" CALLED HER

PINEY, THIS IS MR. GAKHURST.

HOWDY, MA'AM!

HOWDY!



GAKHURST ENCOURAGED THE BANNWAYS TO CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY TO POKER FLAT BUT "THE INNOCENT" AND PINEY THOUGHT IT BETTER TO CAMP.

"THE INNOCENT" THOUGHT "THE WIDOW" WAS MRS. GAKHURST AND SHE BOTHERED TO DISILLUSION HIM.

BUT WE HAVE NO PROVISIONS, NOR ANY MEANS OF MAKING A CAMP.

WE HAVE PROVISIONS, AND THERE'S A LOG HOUSE BACK ON THE TRAIL!

PINEY CAN STAY WITH MRS. GAKHURST, AND I CAN SHIFT FOR MYSELF.

WOULD BE BETTER OFF TO CONTINUE ON TO POKER FLAT BEFORE THE SNOW TRAPS YOU.



IT WOULD BE BETTER TO DUESHARE THE NEWSGARDERS FROM STAYING, AND ALL HERE SOON AT THE CABIN...

I'M NOT IN FAVOR OF THIS PICNIC WE BETTER GET ON WITH OURSELVES!



S CORN FILLED UNCLE BILLY AS HE WATCHED HIS COMPANIONS ACTUALLY RELAXING INTO AMIABILITY WITH THE NEWCOMERS

YOU'D THINK WE WERE ALL UP HERE ON A PICNIC!



THE BURNED CABIN, PATCHED AND COVERED WITH PINE BOMBS, WAS SET ASIDE FOR THE LADIES THE LOVERS EXCHANGED A GOODNIGHT KISS SO HONEST AND SINCERE IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN HEARD ABOUT THE SHAKING PINE'S

S UDDENLY AN IDEA BRIBED WITH THE ALCOHOLIC Fumes THAT DISTURBED UNCLE BILLY'S BRAIN



WHILE SHE WAS DISPLEASSED THE MAN LAY DOWN BEFORE THE DOOR, AND IN A FEW MINUTES DAWDLED AND THE INNOCENT WERE ASLEEP— BUT NOT UNCLE BILLY!



CARKHURST WAS A LIGHT SLEEPER AND AROSE TOWARDS MORNING TO FIND SNOW WHIRLING ABOUT. HE LOOKED ABOUT AT HIS COMPANIONS AND WAS STARTLED TO SEE THAT UNCLE BILLY WAS GONE FROM HIS PLACE. A SUSPICION LEAPED TO HIS BRAIN AND HE RAN TO WHERE THE ANIMALS HAD BEEN FED. ALL THAT GREETED HIM WAS EMPTINESS.



UNCLE BILLY'S TRACKS HAD DISAPPEARED IN THE SNOW. THERE WAS NO POSSIBLE CHANCE OF TRACKING HIM DOWN. CARKHURST RETURNED TO THE CABIN WITH HIS USUAL CALM.

WHEN THE OTHERS AROSE, CARKHURST TOLD THE TRUTH TO MOTHER, SHURTON AND THE 'DUCHESS'. THEY AGREED TO KEEP THE FACTS FROM 'THE INNOCENT' AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE.



UNCLE BILLY PROBABLY STAMPEDED THE ANIMALS AND WENT OFF LOOKING FOR THEM.

THE SUPPLIES HERE WILL LAST TEN DAYS.

IT'S A GOOD THING THEY WERE INSIDE THE CABIN WHERE THAT THIEF COULDN'T GET HIS HANDS ON THEM!



I FIGURE, WITH CARE THE PROVISIONS MIGHT LAST TEN DAYS-- BUT THEY'RE YOUR PROVISIONS AND YOU'D BE BOARDING US.

WE'LL HAVE A GOOD CAMP TOGETHER AND THEN THE SNOW'LL MELT, AND WE'LL ALL GO BACK TO POKER FLAT TOGETHER.

THE DUCHESS AND GARDNER, WITH THE AID OF FINE BOUNDS, COMPOSED A MATCH FOR THE HOMELESS CABIN.



THE DUCHESS DIRECTED FIRST IN THE REARRANGEMENT OF THE INTERIOR AND HER RED CHEER'S REDDED THROUGH THEIR PROFESSIONAL TINT AT GARDNER'S PRAISE.

I RECKON, NOW, YOU'RE USED TO FINE THINGS AT POKER FLAT.



RETURNING FROM A HERRY SEARCH FOR THE TRAIL GARDNER HEARD THE SOUND OF HARRY LAUGHTER LEAVING FROM THE CABIN. HIS FIRST THOUGHT WAS THAT MOTHER SARTON AND "THE DUCHESS" HAD FOUND THE WHISKEY HE HAD HIDDEN.

AND IF IT DON'T SOUND LIKE WHISKEY!



THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

HAPPILY, THE TIME WAS RELIEVED BY AN ACCORDION WHICH WAS PRODUCED BY TOM SIMMON.



MR. JACKSON, THIS IS THE FIRST EVENING I HAVEN'T HEARD YOU EXPRESS A DESIRE TO PLAY CARDS.

MAYBE I'M ENJOYING THE MUSIC.



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT THE PAIR ROCKED THE STOVE, EDDIED AND WHIRLED, AND THE DRUMS OF SMOKE FILED HIGHER ABOUT THE CABIN.

I'LL TAKE THE WATCH AGAIN TONIGHT. I'VE OFTEN BEEN A WEEK WITHOUT SLEEP PLAYING CARDS.

DON'T YOU GET TIRED?



WHEN A MAN GETS A STREAK OF LUCK, HE DON'T GET TIRED. THE LUCK GIBBS IN FIRST. LUCK IS A BRIGHT QUEER THING. ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT IT FOR CERTAIN IS THAT ITS BOUND TO CHANGE.

IT'S FINDING OUT WHEN YOUR LUCK IS GOING TO CHANGE THAT MAKES YOU WE'VE HAD A STREAK OF BAD LUCK SINCE WE LEFT POKER FLAT. YOU CAME ALONG AND BLAR YOU GET INTO IT, TOO.



DRIFT BY DRIFT OF SNOW FILLED HIGH AROUND THE HUT-- A HOMELESS, UNCHARTERED, TRACKLESS SEA OF WHITE LYING BELOW THE ROCKY SHORES TO WHICH THE CASTAWAYS STILL CLING



THE THIRD DAY CAME, AND THE SUN, LOOKING THROUGH THE WHITE-CURTAINED VALLEY, SAW THE OUTCASTS DIVIDE THEIR SLOWLY DECREASING PROVISIONS FOR THE MORNING MEAL



THROUGH THE MARVELLOUSLY CLEAR AIR, THE SMOKE OF POKER FLAT ROSE AWAY.



LOOK, I CAN SEE THE SMOKE OF POKER FLAT!

THAT'S WHERE WE SHOULD BE INSTEAD OF UP HERE

NIGHT

CREPT UP AGAIN THROUGH THE CORNERS THE REEDY NOTES OF THE ACCORDION ROSE AND FELL IN FITFUL SPASMS BUT MUSIC FAILED TO FILL ENTIRELY THE ACHING VOID LEFT BY INSUFFICIENT FOOD

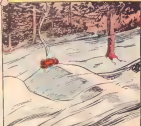


THE OUTCASTS OF FOKER FLAT

WITH LITTLE FOOD AND MUCH OF THE ACCORDION, A WEEK PASSED.



THE SUN FORGOT THEM, AND AGAIN SNOWFLAKES SIFTED OVER THE LAND.



DAY BY DAY CLOSER AROUND THEM DREW THE SNOWY CIRCLE WALLS. AT LAST THEY LOOKED FROM THEIR PRISON OVER DRIFTED WALLS OF DAZZLING WHITE THAT TOWERED TWENTY FEET ABOVE THEIR HEADS.

THERE'S LITTLE SNOWB WOOD LEFT FOR THE FIRE, MR. OAKHURST

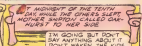
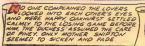
I THINK WE'RE PLAYING A LOSING GAME.

WE'D BE OUT OF THIS IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT UNCLE BILLY STEALING THE ANIMALS!

I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE PINEY!

MOTHER SHIPTON ISN'T LOOKING SO WELL.





I'M GOING BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT DON'T WAKE THE KIDS TAKE THE BUNDLE FROM UNDER MY HEAD AND OPEN IT.



THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT



THE NEXT MORNING, THE BODY OF MOTHER SHIPTON WAS COMMITTED TO THE SNOW.

AKHURST HAD FASHIONED A PAIR OF SNOW SHOES FROM THE OLD PACK SADDLE AFTER THE BURIAL OF MOTHER SHIPTON. HE DISCUSSED HIS PLAN WITH THE IMMIGRANT.

THERE'S ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED TO SAVE MINEY IF YOU CAN REACH POKER FLAT IN TWO DAYS, SHE'S SAFE.

I'LL TRY



YOU ARE NOT GOING, TOO? ONLY AS FAR AS THE CANYON.



AKHURST TURNED SUDDENLY AND KISSED THE DUCHESS.



THE DUCHESS FELT HER PALLID FACE AGLAZE, HER LIPS WERE RIGID WITH AMAZEMENT.



NIGHT CAME, BUT DARHURST DID NOT RETURN.



THE DUCHESS, FEEDING THE FIRE, FOUND THAT SOMEONE HAD QUIETLY FIRED ENOUGH FUEL TO LAST A DAY OR TWO LONGER. THE TEARS ROSE TO HER EYES, BUT SHE HID THEM FROM POLEY.



THE PASSING HOURS BROUGHT THE STORM AND THE WHIRLING SNOW AGAIN.



THE WOMEN SLEPT BUT LITTLE IN THE MORNING. LOOKING INTO EACH OTHER'S FACE, THEY COULD READ THEIR FATE, NEITHER SPOKE.



POLEY THE BROWNIE PLACED HER ARM AROUND THE DUCHESS'S WAIST. THEY KEPT THIS ATTITUDE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.





TOWARDS MORNING, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES UNABLE TO FEED THE FIRE WHICH GRADUALLY DIED AWAY AS THE EMBERS SLOWLY BLACKENED. THE DUCHESS' GREET CLOSER TO RAINY.



THEY AND THE DUCHESS' SLEPT ALL THAT DAY AND THE NEXT, MORNING THEY WAKEN WHEN VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS BROKE THE CAMP'S SILENCE!



THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT





THE RESCUE PARTY
 DUG FOR THE BODY



USELESS AND COLD, WITH A BERRINGER BY HIS SIDE, AND A BULLET IN HIS HEART, LAY HE WHO WAS AT ONCE THE STRONGEST AND YET THE WEAKEST OF THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT.

The **END**

BRET HARTE

BRET HARTE was born in Albany, New York, in 1836. He went west, via Panama, in 1854. He landed in San Francisco, an untrained youth of eighteen with little education, but with a developed taste for literature. For the next few years, Harte worked at whatever offered, but in 1860 he settled down in San Francisco, working first as a printer, and later as writer and editor for a local magazine called "The Golden Era."

He gained literary prominence slowly. In 1868, as the editor of the "Overland Monthly," he published "The Luck of Roaring Camp." In the next few years Harte produced his finest work both as verse and prose. His success was so great that in 1871, when he left California for the East, he was able to sell, in advance, to the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly, the product of his next year's work for \$30,000, at that time a fabulous sum for a writer.

Bret Harte is remembered as a writer who published much, but only a few of his stories are remembered. These include "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Heathen Chinee," and "Tennessee's Partner."

Harte shot across the literary skies like a comet in the closing years of the 19th century. He scored his success because he had the foresight to apply his abilities to an entirely fresh and original field. Unfortunately, Harte was not in sympathy with the type of life he wrote about. He endured the crude life of



the camps only until he achieved success. Once he had money and security, he moved East and began to write about a more cultured society. The result was that Harte sank back into the anonymity from which he had risen.

It is conceded that Harte knew a great deal about mining life, but most of his information came

second-hand in his position as an editor in the mining country and from reading other newspapers. His critics say that Harte's stories are frequently overdrawn. They point out that drinking and gambling were common enough in the early mining camps but not nearly so common as Harte's stories relate. Harte's supporters, on the other hand, declared that he was not trying to write a social history of the early west but good stories; and that he must not be judged by standards of history.

Harte's best stories are laid in the decline of the mining camps, with the exception of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," both of which are dated in 1850.

The quality of Harte's stories declined after he returned to the East and he ceased to be a figure of literary importance almost as quickly as he had become one. He went abroad and stayed long years in Germany, Scotland and England writing plays, sketches, poems—Harte wrote many poems—but he never recaptured the magic which endeared him to a great republic for his "Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

Bret Harte lived until 1901.



FAMOUS OPERAS PAGLIACCI

By Ruggiero Leoncavallo

IN ORDER to understand this opera, we must realize at the outset that it is a play within a play.

As the opera begins, a troupe of traveling players are approaching the town of Calabria in Italy some time between the years of 1665 and 1830. The company of actors is made up of only four people. They are Canio, head of the troupe who appears in the play as Punchinello, a clown, or, to use the Italian word the Pagliacci of the play. He will wear his Punchinello dress and pretend to be funny while Beppe, who plays the part of Harlequin makes love to Nedda, his wife, who, in the play is Columbine. The fourth member of the troupe, Tonio, an ugly fat fellow, is actually in love with Nedda, but Nedda does not like him, for she is really in love with Silvio, a rich villager.

Before the play begins, Canio goes off to a tavern to have a drink with some villagers, telling his company that the play will open at seven that night. As he goes he invites Tonio and Beppe to go with him. Beppe goes into the tent to take off his play costume, telling Canio that he will join him at the tavern later. Tonio says he must stay behind to take care of the donkey. But Tonio takes advantage of Canio's absence to make love to Nedda. She hates Tonio and takes up a whip which Beppe has left behind and beats him out of her tent. As Tonio runs away he warns her that he will have revenge.

As soon as Tonio is gone, Silvio enters and makes love to Nedda. Tonio comes back and sees them. It is now his chance to get revenge on Nedda, so he goes and tells Canio that someone is making love to his wife. Canio arrives just in time to see Silvio go over the fence, but he does not know who Silvio is. He draws his dagger from his belt threatening to kill Nedda if she

does not tell the name of her lover. She refuses and Beppe, who has returned, takes the knife away from Canio, throws it into some bushes and tells them to stop the quarrel as it is time for all to go on the stage and begin the play. But Canio's heart is broken because he knows that Nedda is in love with someone else, and as he prepares to go on the stage, he sings the famous aria:

To get with my heart maddened with sorrow,
I know not what I'm saying or what I'm doing.

Yes I must love it. Courage, my heart!
Thou art not a man, thou art but a jelly!

Oh with the motley, the paint and the powder!

The people pay their, and wash their laugh, you know

If Harlequin thy Columbine has stolen
Laugh, Punchinello! The world will cry 'Dress!'

Oh bade with laughter thy tears and thy sorrow

Sing and be merry playing thy part,
Laugh, Punchinello, for the love that is ended

Laugh for the sorrow that is ending thy heart!

In the play which follows, Beppe as Harlequin and Nedda as Columbine, pretend to make love. Canio cannot stand this scene, nor can he go through with his part as the husband-clown. He grabs a knife and stabs Nedda, telling her that she will declare the name of her lover with her dying breath. Nedda calls out the name of Silvio and he comes to the rescue. Canio stabs him. As the two lovers die, the people of the audience know that the play which was supposed to be fun, has ended in tragedy. As Canio is led away under arrest, he utters the famous line "The comedy is ended."

The curtain falls upon the stage and thus, the opera and the play end together.

The sad thing about this story is that it did actually happen near the town of Calabria when Leoncavallo was a boy.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

SIR EDGEWORTH DAVID

Discoverer of the South Magnetic Pole

MOST MEN, when they have reached the age of fifty, begin to plan for their retirement and a life of ease. Sir Edgeworth David, a Welshman, however, decided at the age of 59 to join an expedition to the South Pole to determine the secrets of this frozen wasteland.

In 1908 Professor David received an invitation from Sir Ernest Shackleton, who was forming a new expedition to the Antarctic to accompany his ship, the "Nimrod," as far as winter quarters at the Great Ice Barrier, so that he might there 'on the spot' give the expedition the benefit of his advice before returning to Australia.

The scientists got off to a poor start in an ill-chosen spot. The "Nimrod" had been in the sealing and whaling trade and the smells which permeated the vessel throughout made one and all subject to violent sea-sickness. The stench of blubber in the sleeping quarters added to the distress of the amateur sailors, including Sir David, but he was the least to complain. All hands aboard were continually at work manning the pumps in rough weather, and conditions were so bad at one time that water flooded the stokehold and threatened to put out the boiler fires. These were the conditions under which this scientific expedition set forth to the South Pole in 1908. How different from today when governments and rich institutions subsidize such expeditions and provide every comfort for its members.

One of his companions on the trip and of Sir David, "Despite the gruffing, the Professor was an incurable optimist. His super-human energy put fresh heart into the younger men. I have seen him at the pumps for hours on end, wet through. And when his spell came to an end, he would sit down in his soaking clothing and write out the me-

teological report as carefully and precisely as though he were on his study."

January 15, 1908 fourteen days after their departure, the scientists sighted ice. Thirty-eight days after entering the ice, the "Nimrod" reached the spot chosen by Shackleton for his winter quarters and the shore party was landed at Cape Royds. According to plan, Professor David should have returned to New Zealand with the ship, but the fascination of the Great White South persuaded him to change his mind.

During the months that followed, the scientists compiled their records and, during this time, the idea grew in Sir David's mind to discover the South Magnetic Pole! Science tells us that the Magnetic Poles are not fixed points, but a knowledge of the exact position of this point of magnetic attraction, revised from time to time, is necessary to enable sea captains, whose compasses are controlled by its influence within the Southern Hemisphere, to discover their position with greater precision than would otherwise be possible.

Professor Edgeworth David set out on his long trek on October 5, 1908 accompanied by Sir Douglas Mawson and Dr. Forbes Mackay. All three men had to drag behind their backs over two hundred and forty pounds. And remember that the Professor was fifty years of age!

For days and weeks the three intrepid scientists fought their way steadily on—and up! Up the glaciers and on to the plateau, 7000 feet above sea-level. Several times they narrowly escaped being hurled to death down crevasses which opened in the ice at their feet. Their journey to the South Magnetic Pole lasted 162 days and earned them 1,260 miles over a great snow desert. They reached their objective on January 16, 1909.



DOG HEROES

"THE BREED THAT KNOWS NO FEAR"

MR BYRD FRANKLIN was a farmer near Moultrie Georgia Lake most farmers he kept a dog, and his pet was a bulldog the breed that knows no fear

Now Mr Franklin's dog would follow his master as he went about the farm doing his chores

All good farm dogs stand by their masters ready to pitch in whenever they have a chance So it was only natural that our hero was walking alongside as the farmer was driving a bull across the field

Now a bull is the most contrary of all cat tle Normally he is well behaved, but the least little thing may upset him And then watch out For in the space of a few seconds, he changes into a roaring ferocious killer

Such a bull was Mr Franklin's Hero he was complacently allowing Mr Franklin to lead him across the field And then, without warning and for no reason whatever the beast turned on the farmer

Mr Franklin was taken by surprise and was not prepared for the attack He was the target of the animal's fury as the bull with a toss of his horns hurled the farmer to the ground Badly injured the farmer lay momentarily stunned, on the field

His brain cleared almost immediately and with horror, he saw the bull prepare for another attack But the bulldog, who had also been taken unawares by the bull's unexpected charge upon Mr Franklin, now sprang into action He placed himself between his fallen master and the roaring beast With the natural courage of his breed, he braced himself and waited for the charge

The bull lowered his head and came on



A second before the bull reached our hero, the dog sprang into the air Surely, swiftly, he arched his body so that his jaws landed on the beast's nose He dug his teeth into the bull's nose, and held on

Now, everyone knows that once a bulldog sinks his teeth into something, it is a very hard job

to pry him loose The bull shook his head from side to side, up and down, in a vain effort to shake off the dog But the dog gamely held on

Meanwhile, the badly injured Mr Franklin was able to regain his feet He limped away to a nearby fence and climbed over it The dog had saved his life, and painfully, the farmer started for the house to summon aid to save his courageous friend But it was not to be

The bulldog's grip began to slacken as the mad bull increased the ferocity of the tossing of his head Gamely, the dog held on, but he sensed that his time had come He knew that the odds were too great a small bulldog pitted against a massive bull

The hero's grip weakened and weakened, and finally, he was forced to let go he fell to the ground, landing on his back In an instant, the wild beast was upon him He roared with unbounded fury as he gored and trampled Merciful death came to the poor hero

Byrd Franklin stayed alive, but his dog died The doctors said Mr Franklin would recover from his wounds But a wound would always remain in the farmer's heart As long as he lived, he would sadly think of his poor friend who asked no more out of life than to be allowed to faithfully serve his master



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