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The PILOT

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Illustrated by ALEX A. BLUM

MR. GREY
THE PILOT

LT. RICHARD
BARNSTABLE

LT. EDWARD
GRIFFITH

LONG TOM
COFFIN

KATHERINE
PLOWDEN

CÉCILIA
HOWARD

CAPTAIN
BORROUGHLIFFE

COL. HOWARD

IN A GLOOMY DECEMBER DAY DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, TWO STRANGE VESSELS WERE SEEN HOVERING OFF THE EAST COAST OF ENGLAND, IN THAT EXpanse OF WATER KNOWN AT THE TIME AS THE GERMAN OCEAN. ONE, A SMALL BLACK SCHOONER, MOVED SLOWLY AMID THE SAND BARS AND SUNKEN ROCKS WITH WHICH THE IMMEDIATE COAST ABOUNDED. THE SECOND WAS A GALLANT SHIP OF THE FRIGATE CLASS, AND FLOATED MAJESTICALLY IN THE TIDE, DRAWING CLOSER TO THE SMALLER VESSEL. THESE WERE AN AMERICAN FRIGATE AND ITS CONSORT THE 'ARIEL,' ON A SECRET MISSION AMONG THE DANGEROUS SHOALS AND REEFS OF THE ENGLISH COAST...

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND WAS RAISED TO THE MAST OF THE AMERICAN FRIGATE, AND SIMULTANEOUSLY A BOAT WAS LAUNCHED FROM BOTH THE "ARIEL" AND THE FRIGATE...



AS THE BOATS APPROACHED EACH OTHER...

Is the captain mad? Does he think the bottom of the Ariel is made of iron or does he think, Mr. Griffith, that she's manned with alligators, who can't be drowned?



He knows your prudence too well, Capt. Barnstable, to fear either the wreck of your vessel or the drowning of the crew! How near the bottom does your keel lie?



I'm afraid to sound* when I see the rocks coming up to breathe like so many porpoises! What are the orders?



You're to take Mr. Merry into your whole boat, and try to drive her through the breakers on the beach!

*TO PROBE DEPTH OF WATER

We've seen the signal from the land, and know that the pilot, whom we've so long expected, is ready to come off.



But how am I to know him?



Merry will give you the password and tell you where to look for him. If you get into trouble, show three oar-blades in a row, and I'll pull to your assistance. Three oars on end and a pistol will bring the fire of my muskets, and the signal repeated from the barge will draw a shot from the ship.

Ay, ay, sir.

THE BOY KNOWN AS MR. MERRY, TOOK HIS PLACE IN THE WHALEBOAT AND CAPT. BARNSTABLE GUIDED HIS LIGHT BOAT THROUGH THE ROCKS WHERE A LANDING COULD BE MADE IN SAFETY...



Mr. Coffin, you come along with us. I'd sooner trust your aim with that harpoon than a shot fired aimlessly from the frigate.



Where are we to look for this pilot, Mr. Merry, and how do you know that he'll not betray us?

The question you're to put to him is written on this paper.



I doubt if he'll betray us. He has the confidence of Capt Munson who has kept a bright lookout for him from the frigate ever since we sighted land.



What think you of it, Master Coffin?

Give me plenty of sea room and good canvas, where there is no occasion for pilots at all, sir. I was born aboard a ship and the sight of land always makes me uncomfortable.



AS THEY REACHED THE LEVEL OF THE LAND ABOVE THE CLIFFS, CAPT. BARNSTABLE WAS AWARE OF A SHADOW LURKING IN THE NEARBY BRUSH...

Tom, you're a sensible fellow! But we must be moving, or we shall be obliged to ride out the night in this forsaken place.



Stand fast! I see somebody approaching behind that hedge! Look to your arms, Mr. Merry, while I go to hail him.



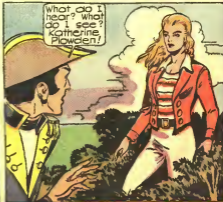
WE DREW HIS PISTOL READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY...

Step out from—!

Barnstable! Dear Barnstable! Would you harm me?



What do I hear? What do I see? Katherine Plowden!



4 TOM COFFIN REJOINED HENRY AS BARNSTABLE SEATED HIMSELF BESIDE THE GIRL...

I owe you an explanation of my unexpected appearance, and perhaps also of my extraordinary attire!

I can anticipate everything. You've come here to redeem the pledges we made in America.

There's a chaplain aboard the frigate--he'll marry us...

And how will you dispose of me in the meantime?



But there's my cousin, Cecilia Howard, to be considered. You know, Captain she is promised to Lieut. Griffith.

In the Ariel. By Heaven, you shall be her commander! I'll bear rank in name only!



Then we shall redeem you both and carry you off triumphantly to the land of freedom.

The thing is not so easily done. My cousin is too devoted to her uncle, Colonel Howard, to hurt him so cruelly.



But how did you know you'd find me here at the beach?



I heard that two vessels answering the description of the frigate and the Ariel were seen hovering on the coast. I have a paper here that will help you govern your movements.

Then you'll pilot us in person?



THEY WERE UNAWARE OF THE APPROACH OF A TALL FIGURE...

Then there's two of them!



What's the meaning of this interruption, Mr. Coffin?

Mr. Merry thought it best to have a lookout kept. He being an officer, sir, and I nothing but a common hand, I did as he ordered.



Return, sir, where I ordered you to remain and desire Mr. Merry to await my pleasure.

Ay, sir! But I would warn you that there is a storm brewing that augurs no good to our ship.



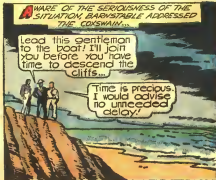
BARNSTABLE WALKED TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFFS AND PEERED OUT AT THE GLOOMY OCEAN...

Ay, Tom... 'tis a threatening night indeed, but this pilot must be had, and...





LEAVING KATHERINE CONCEALED BEHIND A HEDGE, CAPT. BARNSTABLE WALKED OVER AND ADDRESSED THE STRANGER...



LEAVING THE TWO, BARNSTABLE TOOK HURRIED LEAVE OF MISS FLOUNDER...

As you'll not come with us now, I promise to return and bring your cousin back with us to our beloved America!

You have the paper... follow its direction and come to our rescue!



AS KATHERINE HURRIED AWAY BARNSTABLE REJOINED HIS MEN AT THE BOAT...

Shove off! Give way, men, give way before this foul weather creeps up on us!



AS THEY APPROACHED THE FRIGATE'S BARGE, GRIFFITH HAILED THEM...

Why have you wasted so many precious moments, Barnstable? Have you been successful?

Here's your pilot...and if he finds his way out through the shoals, he'll have earned his home!



THE PILOT AND MR. MERRY WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE BARGE, AS THEY PULLED AWAY THE PILOT ISSUED A COMMAND...

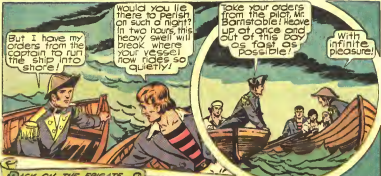
Hold! Hold water, I bid ye!



THE CREW CEASED ROWING AT THE COMMANDING TONES OF HIS VOICE. TURNING TOWARD THE WHALEBOAT HE CONTINUED...

You'll get the Ariel under way immediately... keep the ship open from the northern head-land, and as you pass us... come to within hoi!





But I have my orders from the captain to run the ship into shore!

Would you lie there to perish on such a night? In two hours, this heavy swell will break where your vessel now rides so quietly!

Take your orders from the pilot, Mr. Barnstable! Heave up at once and out of this bay as fast as possible!

With infinite pleasure!

BACK ON THE FRIGATE, GRIFFITH PRESENTED THE PILOT TO THE COMMANDER, CAPT. MUNSON...



Mr. Gray, our pilot, sir!

This is not the man I was to have seen!

Then you have forgotten the day when a very different flag from that emblem of tyranny that hangs from your mast was first spread to the wind, and the hand that raised it.

CALLING FOR A LIGHT, THE CAPTAIN CLOSELY EXAMINED THE STRANGER'S FACE...



It is he... though so changed...

That his enemies do not know him-- and his friends neither till the proper time comes.

It shall be as you say, Mr. Gray.



THE "ARIEL" NOW SAFELY ON ITS WAY OUT OF THE NARROW WATERS, THE MEN ON THE FRIGATE ANXIOUSLY WAITED ON THE APPROACH OF THE STORM, WHICH THREATENED TO RUN THEIR SHIP ONTO THE DANGEROUS SHOALS OF THE HARBOR. SUDDENLY.

"We're in a bight" of the shoals, Mr. Gray! She loses her way, perhaps an anchor might hold her!"

"ANGLE"

QUICKLY, GRIFFITH GAVE HIS COMMAND...

"Clear away that best power!"

"RIGHT ANCHOR"

"Hold on! Hold everything!"

Who is it that dares countermand my orders?"

Peace, Mr. Griffith...yield the Trumpet to Mr. Gray! He alone can save us!

MUTTERING BITTERLY TO HIMSELF, GRIFFITH DROPPED HIS TRUMPET ON THE DECK AND WALKED AWAY...

"They all is lost indeed! And among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast!"

LATER, ON THE BRIDGE
OF THE FRIGATE...

UNDER THE SKILL-
FUL GUIDANCE OF
THE PILOT, THE FRIGATE
FINALLY MADE
ITS WAY THROUGH
THE TREACHEROUS
REEFS OF THE
HARBOR, HEADING
FOR THE OPEN SEA,
AND WAS SAVED
FROM ALMOST CER-
TAIN DESTRUCTION
BY THE
MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER...



You have this night
proved yourself
a successful pilot,
and such a sea-
man as the world
cannot equal.

I'm no stranger to
the seas and I may
find my grave in
them! You, too, have
acted nobby, young
man.



AS THE SHIP PLOWED ITS WAY INTO
THE STORM, A GUN FROM THE
"ARIEL" ANNOUNCED HER SAFE PAS-
SAGE OUT TO SEA...



THE CAPTAIN ISSUED
HIS FINAL ORDERS...

Set the watch.
Let the rest of
the crew
seek repose
in their bunks.



GRIFFITH SOUGHT THE COMFORT OF HIS
BUNK, PONDERING OVER THE ANXIETY
OF CAPT. MUNSON TO PROCURE THE PILOT,
AND WHY THIS WAS SO NECESSARY IN VIEW
OF THE GREAT RISKS THAT HAD BEEN TAKEN.



THE NEXT MORNING, CONTACT WAS MADE WITH THE "ARIEL." BARNSTABLE WAS RECEIVED ABOARD THE FRIGATE AMIDST THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE CREW...



My congratulations, Capt. Barnstable, on a job well done.

BARNSTABLE AND GRIFFITH WITHDREW TO THE QUIET OF THE LATTER'S BUNK...

Last night, I met someone on those cliffs who proved herself a girl of quick thought and bold spirit.

Of whom do you speak, Dick?



Of Katherine...

Katherine? Was she alone? Was Miss Howard with her?

No but she left me this paper which should prove a valuable aid in our plans!



GRIFFITH SEIZED THE PAPER EAGERLY...



THE READER WILL NOT BE BURDENED WITH THE FULL CONTENTS OF THE LETTER, WRITTEN IN A SMALL FEMALE HANDWRITING BUT WILL BE GIVEN THE IMPORTANT EVENTS LEADING TO KATHERINE'S APPEARANCE ON THE SHORE. COLONEL HOWARD, HIS NECE CECILIA, AND HER MATERNAL COUSIN KATHERINE, LIVED ON A PLANTATION IN CAROLINA WHEN THE REVOLUTION BROKE OUT. THE COLONEL, LOYAL TO THE CROWN, FLED WITH HIS TWO WARDS TO ENGLAND, WHERE THEY SETTLED ON A HIRED ESTATE. WHEN THE ALARM WAS GIVEN THAT TWO AMERICAN VESSELS WERE SEEN OFF THE COAST, KATHERINE PREPARED A SET OF SIGNALS AND CODES WHICH WERE CONTAINED IN THE ENVELOPE WITH THE LETTER, AND PROCEEDED IN DETAIL TO DESCRIBE THE LOCATION OF THE ESTATE, KNOWN AS ST. RUTH ABBEY. HER PLAN WAS TO HAVE BARNSTABLE AND GRIFFITH RESCUE THEM FROM THEIR UNCLE WHO HELD THEM UNDER CLOSE WATCH.



I knew she was here, or I would have accepted another commission offered me in Paris. We must hasten to effect their rescue, my dear Barnstable.



Nothing yet but I've an inkling the Pilot has his strict confidence.



I feel that time is near at hand. I've been summoned by Capt. Munson to attend a consultation of his officers on important matters.

What does he offer?



There's a mystery about that man and our connection with him that I cannot fathom. But I hear Capt. Munson calling us to the cabin. We should know the nature of our mission soon.



* CAPTAIN OF MARINES ON BOARD

THE COMMANDER OF THE FRIGATE RECEIVED HIS OFFICERS IN HIS CABIN AND THE CONSULTATION WAS OPENED...



My instructions, gentlemen, direct me, after making the coast of England, to run the land down and watch for certain signals from the headland!



I've been directed to obtain a few individuals of character from the enemy, from whom we may get some important information. I've collected you in order to consult on the means.



AFTER A LONG CONSULTATION A PLAN WAS FINALLY DECIDED UPON...

Mr. Griffith, you'll take the cutter with a crew of twenty marines aboard the Ariel, when the wind lulls, and then be governed by circumstances. The pilot will accompany you.

If he knows the lay of the land like he does the water, our mission is assured success!

THE GOBLET'S WERE FILLED AND A TOAST WAS DRUNK...



Here's to victory, gentlemen, and the American Congress!

HOURS LATER, THE CUTTER AND ITS GALLANT CREW WERE PLACED ABOARD THE "ARIEL" AS THE LATTER SAILED IN TOWARDS SHORE, THE FRIGATE DREW FURTHER OUT TO SEA...

BACK ON SHORE, AT THE STRUTH ABBEY THREE BRITISHERS, COL HOWARD, CAPT BORROUGHCLEFFE AND DILLON WERE DISCUSSING THE APPEARANCE OF THE AMERICAN VESSELS...



Yes, Capt. Borroughcliffe, a lad named Griffith, whose father I knew well. One would not have wished such a youth drowned.

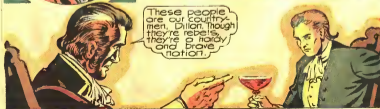


Ay, true enough, sir. Good men are scarce indeed, but I dare say Colonel Howard not as rare as the vintage you hold in your cellar.

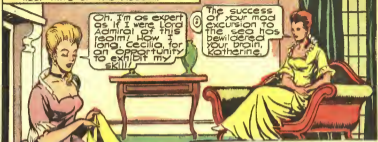
It isn't certain, sir, that the ships are the same you take them to have been. I doubt their daring to venture in the direct track of our vessels at war.



These people are our countrymen, Dillon. Though they're rebels, they're a hardy and brave nation.

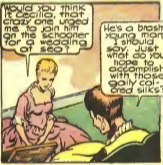


MEANWHILE, IN THE APARTMENT IN THE WEST WING OF THE ABBEY...



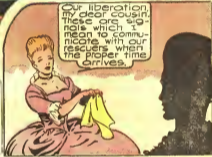
Oh, I'm as expert as if I were Lord Admiral of this realm! How long, Cecilia, for an opportunity to exhibit my skill!

The success of your mad excursion to the sea has bewildered your brain, Katherine.



Would you think it Cecilia, that crazy one, urged me to join him on the schooner for a wedding at sea?

He's a brash young man, I should say, just what do you hope to accomplish with those gaily colored silks?



Our liberation, my dear cousin, these are signals which I mean to communicate with our rescuers when the proper time arrives.



THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENED...



I solicit your pardon for this intrusion and trust that my presence is not entirely unexpected in your drawing room.



Your confinement to this wing is only temporary; my dears, what is the occasion of those silks?

You're always welcome, sir. It helps to relieve the tedium of our solitary existence.

THE PILOT

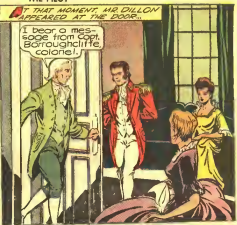
KATHERINE ANSWERED SAUKILY...

To make a gala dress for the ball you're about to give, sir. Will not this yellow form a charming relief to my brown face?



AT THAT MOMENT, MR DILLON APPEARED AT THE DOOR...

I bear a message from Capt. Boroughcliffe, colonel.



yes, Dillon, what is it?

We have captured three prisoners, sir! They are attired in the garb of seamen.



Seamen!



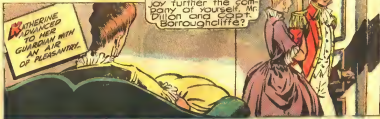
yes, seamen, and they have the appearance of having recently landed!

We must examine the prisoners immediately! come, Dillon!



Are we to lose your company so soon, Colonel Howard? why not bring the prisoners here that we may enjoy further the company of yourself, Mr. Dillon and Capt. Boroughcliffe?

KATHERINE ADVANCED TO HER GUARDIAN WITH AN AIR OF PLEASantry.



COL. HOWARD CONSIDERED HIS WARD'S ODD REQUEST, AND THEN ORDERED THE PRISONERS TO BE BROUGHT IN TO BE EXAMINED...

I trust ye are all good and loyal subjects. We have much reason to fear that some project is about to be undertaken on the coast by the enemy, and must detain anyone who is not entirely above suspicion.

From whence come ye, pray? And whither are ye bound?

From Sutherland, last, and bound overland to Whitehaven.

It seems to me, sir, his Majesty could well use the assistance of three able seamen of one of his ships.

A capital idea, sir!

What say you gentlemen? His Majesty's ship, the *Alacrity*, lies without the harbor, and is in need of men who will enlist to help track down the enemy.

You'll excuse us if we decline shipping in the cutter, sir. We're used to larger vessels and would prefer joining up with a ship of the line—one with a double row of teeth.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

You cannot pass through here, ladies.

I think it is outrageous that we should encounter armed men in our own dwelling!

THE PRISONERS WERE QUARTERED UNDER GUARD IN THREE SEPARATE ROOMS IN THE ABBEY, AND KATHERINE AND CECILIA LAID PLANS FOR A MEETING WITH GRIFFITH...

My orders are to guard the doors of these rooms, madame. They contain prisoners.



Prisoners! Does Capt. Borroughcliffe make St. Ruth's Abbey a jail? Of what offences are the men guilty?

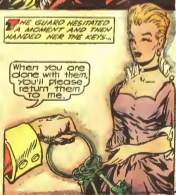
I know not, my lady, but as they are sailors, I suppose they are deserters from his Majesty's service!



THE GUARD HESITATED A MOMENT AND THEN HANDED HER THE KEYS...

As mistress of this house, I command you to open the doors for I see you have the keys suspended from your belt!

When you are done with them, you'll please return them to me.



RECEIVING A DESCRIPTION OF THE THREE PRISONERS, THE GIRLS OPENED THE DOOR BEYOND WHICH LT. GRIFFITH WAS CONFINED...



Griffith!



THE AWAKENED SEAMAN SPRANG QUICKLY TO HIS FEET...

Stand back! I'm your prisoner only as a corpse!



Edward, it is I, Cecilia Howard!



Fortune of length favors me? This is kind Cecilia... more than I deserve, and much more than I expected. But you're not alone.



'Tis my cousin Kate. We've come to assist you in making your escape. At daybreak I shall send my maid here under pretense of carrying you food.



HEARING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING DOWN THE CORRIDOR, THE GIRLS HURRIEDLY LEFT AND RETIRED TO THEIR PART OF THE HOUSE...

WHILE THE GIRLS WERE WITH GRIFFITH, A MANUAL HAS BEEN QUESTIONED BY BOROUGHCLIFFE. HE TRICKED THE ENGLISHMAN INTO BELIEVING THAT HE, GRIFFITH, AND THE PILOT WERE REALLY ON AN INSPECTION TOUR OF THE AREA. BOROUGHCLIFFE QUICKLY RELEASED THEM AND THEY LOST NO TIME IN LEAVING THE HOUSE.

NEXT MORNING...

If I'm not mistaken, this room holds the man we most want!



The prisoner has escaped!

CHECK-UP SHOWED THE OTHER ROOMS ALSO VACANT. BOROUGHCLIFFE, OF COURSE, COULDN'T TELL THEM THAT IT WAS HE WHO HAD RELEASED THEM...

Colonel Howard, one last night, only of these rooms contained that disgrace to his name and country, Edward Griffith of the rebel navy!



Listen to me, Colonel. Three men are found the day following on which we learn that two strange vessels were seen on our coast. I recognized the voice of Griffith and it was my intention to show him up in his true guise!



What! Has that recreant youth dared to pollute the threshold of St. Ruth with his footsteps? No, no, Dillon, he would dare no such thing!



CAPT. BOROUGHCLIFFE LOST NO TIME IN CALLING OUT HIS TROOPS, SETTING OUT IN SEARCH OF THE PRISONERS. HE LEFT COL. HOWARD IN CHARGE OF DEFENDING THIS HOUSE AGAINST ATTACK.

We must head them off before they can reach their ships!



AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFFS...



'Tis they! Or, rather, it's their boat waiting to convey them to their vessel! Nothing else would induce seamen to lie idle in this careless manner!

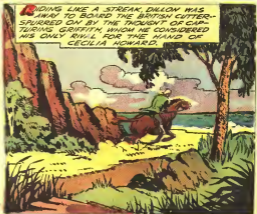
Then the two rebel vessels must be near by, Dillon, do you know of the presence of any of His Majesty's ships in the vicinity?



The cutter "Locust" is within a half-hour's ride of here! I'll ride to the ship and give the alarm, and I warrant the rebels will be trapped and sunk before sundown!



RIDING LIKE A STREAK, DILLON WAS AWAY TO BOARD THE BRITISH CUTTER—SPURRED ON BY THE THOUGHT OF CAPTURING GRIFFITH, WHOM HE CONSIDERED HIS ONLY RIVAL FOR THE HAND OF CECILIA HOWARD.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, CAPT BARNSTABLE AND HIS MEN IN THE WHALE-BOAT SPED THE BRITISH CUTTER "ALACRITY" COMING AROUND A BEND OF THE HEADLAND. SUDDENLY, A COLUMN OF WHITE SMOKE WAS SEEN TO ISSUE FROM THE CUTTER, FOLLOWED BY THE REPORT OF A CANNON...



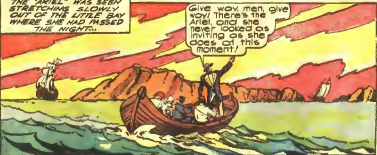
BARNSTABLE DISCHARGED HIS MUSKET SEVERAL TIMES AS IF TO TAUNT HIS ENEMIES...



A man must squim straight to hit a small target like this boat!

And shoot straight, Mr Colfin!

SUDDENLY, THE REPORT OF A CANNON WAS THROWN BACK LIKE AN ECHO FROM THE ENGLISHMAN'S DISCHARGE, AND THE "ARIEL" WAS SEEN STRETCHING SLOWLY OUT OF THE LITTLE BAY WHERE SHE HAD PASSED THE NIGHT...



Give way, men, give way! There's the Ariel, and she never looked as inviting as she does at this moment!

Hand me my musket... I'll draw another shot!

If they hear that shot aboard the Ariel, the men who fired it will be sorry it's cannon wasn't born dumb!



IN A FEW MINUTES, THE WHALE-BOAT REACHED THE SCHOONER. THE CREW RECEIVED THEIR COMMANDER AND HIS COMPANIONS WITH SHOUTS AND CHEERS THAT RANG ACROSS THE WATER...



WHEN THE CHEERS OF THE CREW HAD SUBSIDED...

I thank you, my lads, for your good-will! Lucky for us, Capt. Manual had taken all his men ashore, or we should never have made it for the sheer weight in the boat!



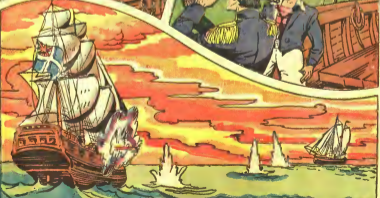
That fellow is a king's cutter and he shows signs of fight. Let's turn and show him our metal.



BARNSTABLE TURNED HIS GLASS REPEATEDLY FROM THE CUTTER TO THE SHORE...

If Mr. Griffith is stowed away among those rocks, he shall see as pretty an argument discussed, in as few words, as he ever listened to... what think you, Merry?

I wish Mr. Griffith were safe aboard with us, sir!



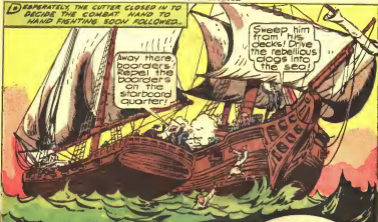
THE NEXT MOMENT, THE ENGAGEMENT WAS OPENED BY A SHOT FROM THE BRITISH CUTTER.



DESPERATELY, THE CUTTER CLOSED IN TO DECIDE THE COMBAT HAND TO HAND FIGHTING SOON FOLLOWED...

Away there, boarders! Repel the boarders on the starboard quarter!

Sweep him from his decks! Drive the rebellious dogs into the sea!



Board her graybeards and boys!

Hold it, sir! I'll just step ahead and give him a set with my harpoon!

SUDDENLY, THE SHIP LURCHED AND TOM WENT PLUMGING DOWN INTO THE WATER...



Revenge, Long Tom! Forward, men! Long Tom or death!

FOR A MOMENT, BARNSTABLE FOUND HIMSELF HEWED IN BETWEEN TWO FIRES AS THE CAPTAIN OF THE "ALACRITY" CURSED HIS MEN ON...

Handle your pikes, we have them between two fires!



PIKES ARE STEEL POINTED SWORDS

SUDDENLY, LONG TOM APPEARED OVER THE SIDE OF THE CUTTER HE POISED HIS WEAPON, AND WITH A POWERFUL EFFORT,



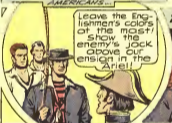
... PINNED THE UNFORTUNATE ENGLISHMAN TO THE MAST OF HIS OWN VESSEL... INSTINCTIVELY EMITTING THE FAMILIAR HARPOONER'S YELL...



Stern all!

*BACK WATER

WITH THE LOSS OF THEIR CAPTAIN THE ENGLISHMEN FLED BELOW DECKS AND LEFT THE VESSEL IN UNDISPUTED POSSESSION OF THE AMERICANS...



Leave the Englishmen's colors at the mast! Show the enemy's jock above our ensign in the Ariel!

THE MEN WERE ASTOUNDED AT THIS EXTRAORDINARY COMMAND.

This is but a temporary expedient, men, till we can accomplish the rescue of our captured countrymen!

SUDDENLY...



who have we here? Pray, sir, in what capacity did you serve in this vessel?

I came here by accident, being on board the cutter when her late commander determined to engage you.



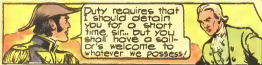
"Tis Mr. Dillon, kinsman of Colonel Howard! I've seen him often, sailing in the wake of my cousin Cecilia!



Dillon! well, he's a prize at this moment worth twenty Alacrities!



Duty requires that I should detain you for a short time, sir... but you shall have a sailor's welcome to whatever we possess!



WHEN THE CAPTURED VESSEL, CAPT BARNSTABLE ORDERED BOTH SHIPS TO PUT IN TO A PRE-DETERMINED HAVEN ...



IN THE MEANTIME, GRIFFITH AND HIS COMPANIONS, HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE ABBEY, PAUSED TO FURTHER THEIR PLANS...

I must go my friends, to rejoin you some ten hours later... where shall we meet?

There's an unfrequented ruin, some distance from here, where I think we can find privacy and shelter!



The thought is good... could you find the place where you put your detachment of marines, Capt. Manuel?

Yes, sir! I can have them at the appointed place within an hour!



Then follow, and I'll appoint a place of secret rendezvous! Mr. Gray can learn our situation at the same hour!



GRIFFITH LED HIS COMPANIONS TO THE RUINED SHELTER, WHICH WAS TO BE THEIR RENDEZVOUS...

You'll bring your men to this point, where I'll meet and conduct you to a more secret place!



GRIFFITH TURNED TO THE PILOT...

If you should not appear at the appointed hour, where am I to seek you?

Seek me not but return to your vessel! I've spent a good part of my life on these shores, and I can leave the island as I entered it!

THE PILOT TOOK HIS LEAVE, AND WITHIN AN HOUR, CAPT. MANUAL LED HIS DETACHMENT SAFELY INTO THE SHELTER OF THE RUIN...



SOME TIME LATER, THE RUMBLE OF CANNON FIRE REACHED THE MEN AT THE SHELTER...

That was a cannon shot, and if my ears do not deceive me, it was not from the guns of the *Ariel*!

It looks like Capt. Barnstable has met up with the enemy!



WHEN THE FIRING HAD CEASED AND THE MEN HAD RETIRED THE STILLNESS WAS SUDDENLY BROKEN BY A SHOUT FROM THE SENTINEL...

Who goes there?



WHEN CAME A CLASH OF STEEL IN FERCE CONTACT, AND THE NEXT MOMENT, THE BODY OF THE SENTINEL FELL HEAVILY TO THE GROUND.



RUSHING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE PASSAGE, GRIFFITH FIRED HIS PISTOL AT THE FIRST INTRUDER...

THE NEXT MOMENT HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE MIST OF A GROUP OF ARMED MEN...

Fire, Manual fire while you have them in a cluster!

Ay, fire, Mr. Manual and shoot your own officer! Hold him up boys, hold him up in front!



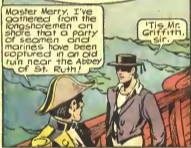
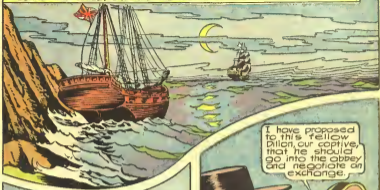
Fire! Fire! Disregard me!

If he does, he deserves to be hanged!



THE ORDER TO FIRE WAS DISREGARDED AND THE AMERICANS TAKEN PRISONERS.

SOMETIME LATER, THE "ALACRITY" WAS SENT OUT TO JOIN THE FRIGATE AFTER LAYING CLOSE TO SHORE AND SPEAKING TO SEVERAL MEN CURIOUS ENOUGH TO COME DOWN FROM THE CLIFFS, BARNSTABLE, ON BOARD THE "ARIEL," ORDERED THE VESSEL OUT TO OPEN WATER...



Master Merry, I've gathered from the longshoremen on shore that a party of seamen and marines have been captured in an old ruin near the Abbey of St. Ruth!

'Tis Mr. Griffith, sir.



I have proposed to this fellow Dillon, our captive, that he should go into the abbey and negotiate an exchange.



Although I do not trust his face, I believe he would welcome the opportunity to rid Mr. Griffith from the presence of Miss Howard!



You mean an exchange of prisoners, sir?

Ay! I'll trade him for Griffith and the crew of the Alacrity for Capt. Manual's command...you'll remain here in charge of the ship!



The prisoner has accepted my proposition and has pledged himself to honor the agreement!

BARNSTABLE POINTED TO A FORMIDABLE BATTERY, ERECTED BY THE BRITISH TO PROTECT THE HARBOR...

You must watch that battery as closely as if you were on the lookout for an enemy! The instant you see lights moving in, cut and run in for shore, keeping the Abbey in sight, until you fall in with us!



DILLON SEATED BESIDE HIM IN THE SMALL BOAT, CAPT BARNSTABLE GAVE LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN...

God bless you, Merry, my boy! Give 'em the square sail, if this breeze off-shore holds on till morning! Shove off!



STROKED WITH MUFFLED BOARS, THE BOAT GLIDED WITH AMAZING RAPIDITY ALONG THE SHORE...



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

We expect no new promise, Mr. Dillon... your honor is already pledged!

If oaths can make it stronger, I'll take them, sir!



The honor of a gentleman is at all times enough! Mr. Coffin will accompany you to the Abbey and you'll return with him in person, or give Mr. Griffith and Capt. Manual to his guidance!

THE TWO CLIMBED A STEEP RAVINE AND HEADED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ABBEY...



IN CAPT. BORROUGHLIFFE'S APARTMENT...

ARRIVED AT THE ABBEY, DILLON IMMEDIATELY WENT INTO A CONSULTATION WITH COLONEL HOWARD. WITHOUT DELAY, REACHING AN AGREEMENT FOR THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS, IT WAS DECIDED TO RETAIN TOM COFFIN AS A PRISONER, AND PREPARE TO ENTRAP CAPT. BARNSTABLE AND HIS MEN IN THE BOAT...



I hope you find our entertainment to your liking, Mr. --

Tom--Tom Coffin--commonly called Long Tom by my shipmates!



I'm sorry to say that you'll not be permitted to return to the Ariel... and your commander, Mr. Barnstable, will be a prisoner within the hour, and your schooner taken before the morning breaks!

who'll take her?

She lies immediately under the heavy guns of a battery! A messenger has been sent to acquaint the commander with the true identity of the Ariel... and as the wind has already begun to blow from the ocean, her escape is impossible!



IN A FLASH, TOM THREW HIS MASSIVE FRAME UPON THE ENGLISHMAN...



IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, HE HAD BORROUGHLIFFE TRUSSSED UP AND GASSED...

I wish you no harm, friend, but I must keep you here for the time being!



LEAVING BOR-ROUGHCLIFFE, TOM FOUND DILLON WITH CECILIA AND KATHERINE IN THEIR CHAMBER. BITTERLY CONDEMNING DILLON FOR HIS FOUL BETRAYAL, HE BOUND HIS HANDS AND WITH KATHERINE SHOWING THE PATH, HE BORE THE COVERING PRISONER BACK TO THE SEA...

who have we we here? This is not Griffith!

There's no time for words, sir... the Ariel is in danger! Pull while life and limb is left in you!



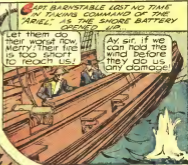
THE PRISONER WAS THROWN INTO THE BOAT AND THEY SHOVED TOWARDS THE SCHOONER.

CAPT BARNSTABLE LOST NO TIME IN TAKING COMMAND OF THE "ARIEL," AS THE SHORE BATTERY OPENED UP.

By Heavens! We've arrived in good time, the soldiers at the battery are moving!

Let them do their worst now, Merry! Their fire is too short to reach us!

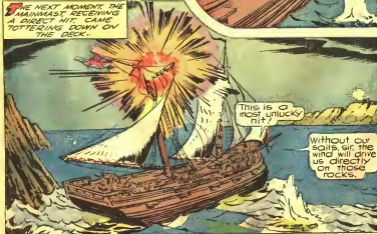
Ay, sir, if we can hold the wind before they do us any damage!



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE MAINMAST, RECEIVING A DIRECT HIT, CAME TOTTERING DOWN ON THE DECK...

This is a most unlucky hit!

Without our sails, sir, the wind will drive us directly on those rocks.



AFTER A GALLANT STRUGGLE AGAINST THE ELEMENTS, THE VESSEL WAS DRIVEN ON THE ROCKS.

Man the whale-boat! Go over, boys, while there's a lull!

THE BOAT WAS LOWERED THE SEAMEN THREW THEMSELVES IN A MASS INTO THE LIGHT CRATE.

I'll stay with the ship, Tom...I order you to join the men in your boat!

Your place is with your crew, sir!

AS HE SPOKE, THE COXSWAIN LIFTED BARNSTABLE IN HIS POWERFUL ARMS AND THREW HIM OVER THE BULWARKS...

BARNSTABLE LANDED IN THE WHALE-BOAT AND A MOMENT LATER, IT FLOUNDERED ON THE ROCKS...

God's will be done with me! I saw the first timber of the Ariel, laid out and shall live just long enough to go down to the bottom with her!

THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE CREW WATCHED THE 'ARIEL' IN ITS DEATH THROES...

I loved Tom, sir... we all loved him... but love cannot bring the dead back to life again!

WHEN THE BODIES OF THE SEAMEN AND DILLON HAD BEEN WASHED ASHORE AND HAD BEEN PROPERLY DISPOSED OF, CAPT. BARNSTABLE AND HIS GALLANT CREW GATHERED WHATEVER ARMS THEY COULD SAVIAGE AND SET OUT TO CAPTURE THE ABBEY AND RESCUE GRIFFITH AND MANUAL...



THE NEWS OF THE "ARIEL'S" WRECK WAS QUICKLY SPREAD. SOME TIME LATER AT THE ABBEY...

If I know Capt. Barnstable, he'll be headed for the Abbey, if God has spared his life!



Look, Katherine, there's a light in the tower!



It is he! He is signalling! Hold the spy-glass on him, Cecilia, while I consult the code book!



SIGNALS WERE INSTANTLY EXCHANGED AND DECODED. THEN CAME KATHERINE'S PARTING MESSAGE. "WHEN ABBEY CLOCK STRIKES NINE, COME TO THE WICKET WHICH OPENS, AT THE EAST SIDE OF THE Paddock, ON THE ROAD. UNTIL THEN, KEEP SECRET."



He sees it and seems disposed to obey you, for I no longer discern his signals!



KATHERINE KEPT HER RE-
VIZOUS BARNSTABLE...
SHE THEN RE-
TURNED TO THE
APARTMENT OF
COLONEL HOW-
ARD, WHERE
THE REST OF
THE HOUSE-
HOLD WERE
GATHERED.
BORROUGHLIFFE
WHO HAD IN THE
MEANTIME FREED
HIMSELF FROM
HIS BINDINGS,
WAS ALSO PRESENT.

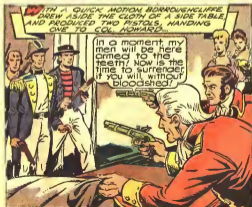
IN COLONEL HOWARD'S
APARTMENT A FEW
MINUTES LATER...

What is the
meaning of
this intrusion
into my peace-
ful household?

It will remain
peaceful if you'll
come along
with us without
a struggle!



Barnstable, we are
betrayed! Capt. Bor-
roughcliffe has dis-
covered our plan and
his soldiers will soon
be here!



Come on, men,
we will not be
fazed by the
presence of
two armed
men in our
midst!



SUDDENLY, A HEAVILY ARMED FIGURE APPEARED AT THE DOOR...

Down with your arms, you Englishmen! And you who fight in the cause of sacred liberty, stay your hands that no unnecessary blood may be shed!

Down with your own weapon, masquerader, or at the report of this pistol, your body shall be made a target for twenty bullets!



THE NEXT MOMENT, THERE CAME THE SHRILL WHISTLE OF A BOATSWAIN, FOLLOWED BY A GREAT RUSH OF MEN WHO DROVE IN THE TERRIFIED FRAGMENT OF BORROUGHCLEFFE'S MEN, WHO HAD HELD THE VESTIBULE...

Griffith! what's this?

It's Mr. Gray we have to thank for this. We effected a landing of a hundred men from the cutter and has liberated us.

In the name of the American Congress, you are our prisoners, sir. You'll accompany us to our ship where you'll be treated with courtesy customary to all prisoners of war!

We've no alternative, sir.

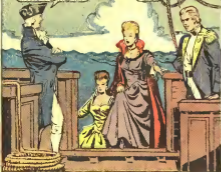
THE MEN AND THEIR PRISONERS WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE "ALACRITY." NEXT MORNING, CONTACT WAS MADE WITH THE FRIGATE. GRIFFITH AND HIS MOTLEY CREW WERE WARMLY WELCOMED ABOARD BY CAPT. MUNSON...

I rejoice to see you, Mr. Griffith! Welcome back, Capt. Munson!—welcome, welcome, all of you boys!



How's this, sir? The frigate of Congress is neither a ball-room nor a church that is to be thronged with women.

'Twas the pleasure of Mr. Gray, sir, to bring off all the prisoners.



AT THE MENTION OF THE PILOT'S NAME, THE CAPTAIN INSTANTLY LOST EVERY TRACE OF DISPLEASURE.

Of Mr. Gray! Well, then, they shall be accommodated as our guests, not as prisoners of war.



NO PREPARATIONS WERE MADE TO PUT THE SHIP IN MOTION, UNTIL CAPT. MUNSON HAD DECIDED ON WHAT COURSE TO PURSUE.

My advice, Capt. Munson, is that you make sail as Mr. Griffith has suggested, and that you order the cutter to precede us, keeping more in with the land.



THE PILOT'S ADVICE WAS ACTED UPON AND THE CUTTER WAS SENT OUT TO PRECEDE THE FRIGATE. SOMETIME LATER, THE REPORT OF A LIGHT CANNON BURST OUT OF THE BARRIER OF FOG...



That must be the cutter. Perhaps he wishes to point out his position, or ascertain ours, believing we're lost like himself in the mist.



Ay, and there goes the Alacrity just breaking out of the fog hovering in for the land.



There's a mighty ship under that cloud of canvas, Capt. Munson. It's time, sir, to make for the open sea!

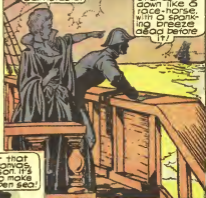
There's the flag of a vice-Admiral fluttering from the top of that mast! She's a ship of the line and would sink us with its first broadside!

What, before we know from whom we run?



SUDDENLY...

See! See, Barnstable!



By Heaven, it's a tall ship. She's within a mile of us and coming down like a race-horse, with a spanking breeze dead before it!



AS THE FOG LIFTED THE STRANGE VESSEL CAME INTO FULL VIEW HEADED FULL SAIL FOR THE FRIGATE...

CAPT. MUNSON LOST NO TIME GIVING HIS ORDERS...

Hard up with your helm, Lieut. Griffith! Be stirring, sir, be stirring! The enemy is sailing head on within a quarter of a mile!

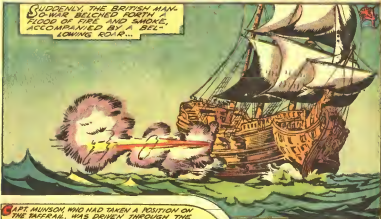


The fog rises! Give us the wind for but an hour and we shall run her out of gunshot!

We shall be fortunate to escape a broadside! Touch her lightly with the helm--if we're roked, sir, we're lost!



SUDDENLY, THE BRITISH MAN-O-WAR BELCHED FORTH A FLOOD OF FIRE AND SMOKE, ACCOMPANIED BY A BELLOWING ROAR...



CAPT. MUNSON, WHO HAD TAKEN A POSITION ON THE RAFFRAIL, WAS DRIVEN THROUGH THE AIR, HIS EYE SET IN THE WILD LOOK OF DEATH...

The captain has been hit! Lower away the boat!

'Tis useless--he's met a warrior's death and he sleeps in a sailor's grave! We're fortunate and can't afford to risk another broadside!



AS GRIFFITH TOOK OVER COMMAND OF THE SHIP A BRITISH FRIGATE WAS SIGHTED BEARING OVER THEIR STARBOARD BOW...

It's a frigate of the enemy fleet!

Fortunately, we have out-distanced the man-o-war. We must dispatch the frigate and then head for the shoals!



THEY WERE FAST APPROACHING THE SHOALS, WHERE THE PILOT HAD, AT THE BEGINNING OF OUR TALE, SO SKILLFULLY PILOTED. THE FRIGATE PILOTED THE STORM, HIS PLAN WAS TO DISPOSE OF THE ENGLISH FRIGATE AND RUN FOR THE SHOALS THROUGH WHICH THE MAN-O-WAR WOULD NOT DARE TO NAVIGATE...



AS GRIFFITH TURNED FROM THE PILOT, HIS EYE MET COL. HOWARD RACING THE QUARTER-DECK...

I feel, sir, that you'll soon find the deck unpleasant and dangerous! I hope the young ladies are...

Danger, indeed! You know but little of old George Howard, young man, if you think he'd miss seeing that symbol of rebellion levelled before the flag of his majesty!



Fall back--back with ye fellows! If a man of you dare approach him, he shall be cast into the sea!

AS THE TWO FRIGATES CLOSED IN, THE BRITISH VESSEL FIRED A BROADSIDE AT HER APPROACHING ADVERSARY...

Not a shot must be delivered until our yards are locked--we must crush him at a blow!

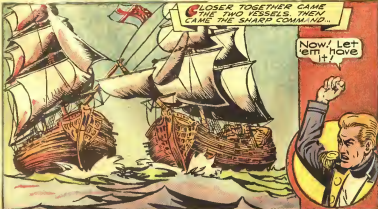
Hold your fire, men! Not a shot is to be fired till you receive the order!



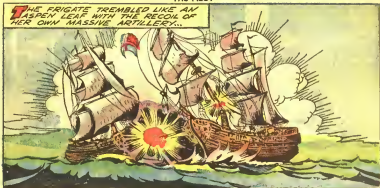
AS THE COLONEL SPOKE, THE MEN GATHERED THREATENINGLY AROUND HIM...

CLOSER TOGETHER CAME THE TWO VESSELS, THEN CAME THE SHARP COMMAND...

Now! Let 'em have it!



THE FRIGATE TREMBLED LIKE AN ASPEN LEAF WITH THE RECOIL OF HER OWN MASSIVE ARTILLERY...



Lash his bowsprit to our mizzen-most and we shall board him as he lies!



CAPT GRIFFITH LED HIS BOARDERS ABOARD THE BATTERED FRIGATE, BUT THE UNDAUNTED ENGLISHMEN DID NOT GIVE UP WITHOUT A BITTER STRUGGLE...

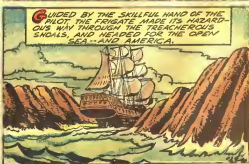


AS THE LAST PRISONER WAS HERDED FROM THE ABANDONED ENEMY SHIP...



It's the man-o-war closing in--there's no time to be lost! Order full sail ahead!

GUIDED BY THE SKILLFUL HAND OF THE PILOT THE FRIGATE MADE ITS HAZARDOUS WAY THROUGH THE TREACHEROUS SHOALS, AND HEADED FOR THE OPEN SEA--AND AMERICA.



COL. HOWARD, WHO HAD BEEN STRUCK DURING THE FIGHTING, WAS TAKEN BELOW DECK, MORTALLY WOUNDED...



It seems to be the will of God-- that this rebellion should triumph. Tell me Edward, do you love my niece?

I shall always love her, colonel!



One thing further-- know you this officer of your congress well-- this Barnstable?

I've sailed with him for years and can answer for him as for myself!



Then I'm content-- summon the chaplain!

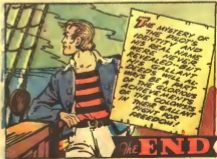


THE CHAPLAIN WAS SUMMONED AND THE TWO COUPLES WERE JOINED IN HOLY WEDLOCK...



My eyes grow dim-- God bless-- the King--

WITH THIS BENEDICTION ON HIS LIPS THE COLONEL DREW HIS LAST BREATH...



THE MYSTERY OF THE PILOT'S IDENTITY AND HIS REAL NAME WERE NEVER REVEALED-- BUT HIS GALLANT DEEDS WILL BE A PART OF THE GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE COLONISTS IN THEIR GALLANT FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!

THE END

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS Illustrated EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born September 15, 1789, in Burlington, New Jersey. His father, at the close of the Revolutionary War, acquired a tract of land along the upper Susquehanna River and established a settlement called Cooperstown. James early became familiar with the magic of the wilderness as well as with the rough makeshift of the frontier.

When young Cooper, after two years at a preparatory school in Albany, went to Yale in 1802, he took college lightly. He got little out of its advantages, resisted its obligations, and was dismissed in his third year.

In 1807, he applied for and was granted a commission as midshipman in the then infant U. S. Navy. After two years at sea, he resigned his commission and on January 11, 1811, he married Susan Augusta DeLancy.

One day, while reading a novel aloud to his wife, he ventured he could write a better one. His wife challenged him to do so and in 1820, he wrote *PRECAUTION*, a conventional novel with its scene laid in England. The reception of the book did little to encourage its author, but he did not need encouragement. His gathered energy, which had to have an outlet, had found one and for the next thirty years it poured itself into a powerful stream of novels, romances, and criticism.

THE SPY, which Cooper wrote in 1821, is cunning, mysterious, and eloquent in both words and silences. The book met with instant success. New editions were called for, in England as well as in America. A dramatic version on the New York stage and a French translation appeared in less than a year.

THE PILOT, appearing in 1823, was avowedly written to prove that a



man who had sailed the seas could write a better novel than the landsmen Sir Walter Scott had written in *THE PIRATE*, but actually, no doubt, was written to make a fresh escape into the world of adventure. This novel exhibited such contagious magic that Cooper, though he could not know it, was setting the mood for all later stories of the sea and more or less determining their tone.

Among his best known novels are the *Leather-Stocking Tales*. These stories should be read in the order in which they take up successive episodes in their hero's life: *THE DEER-SLAYER*, *THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS*, *THE PATHFINDER*, *THE PIONEERS*, and *THE PRAIRIE*. Thus read, they reveal the unfolding character of Natty Bumppo without serious discrepancies. The amount of history in the series should not be underestimated, for it is indeed considerable. But the real triumph of Cooper is the variety of his invention, the power with which, isolating his few characters in the wilderness, he contrives to fill their existence.

During the prodigious years from 1840 to 1846, his writings ranged widely: *MERCEDES OF CASTILLE* (1840) went back to the first voyage of Columbus; *THE TWO ADMIRALS* (1842) told of a French privateer in the Mediterranean at the end of the 18th century. *NED MYERS* (1843) was the biography of an actual sailor who had served with Cooper and who long afterward came to the famous novelist with the story of his life.

Cooper was devoted to his wife and children, one of whom, Susan Fenimore, published an agreeable book, *RURAL HOURS*, the year before her father's death on September 14, 1851.

FAMOUS OPERAS

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

By Otto Nicolai

THIS opera, set in England, is based on Shakespeare's famous comedy.

Sir John Falstaff, a fat and ridiculous fellow, falls in love with two merry wives who are friends and neighbors in the town of Windsor. He writes a love note to each and each note contains exactly the same words. The two women compare notes and, seeing them identical, are outraged. They put their heads together to punish Falstaff for his trickery. They plan that Mrs. Fluth shall lead Falstaff on while Mrs. Reich exposes him to Mrs. Fluth's husband.

Meanwhile, a more serious romantic problem develops. Mr. Fenton, a nice but poor young man, falls in love with Anna, Mrs. Reich's daughter, and Anna returns his love. But Dr. Caius, a Frenchman, is also in love with Anna and Mr. Reich wants his daughter to marry a Mr. Spärlich, a wealthy though silly fellow.

Mrs. Fluth, to carry on the act of love with Falstaff, invites him to her home. Falstaff comes and, while he's in the midst of love-making, Mrs. Reich arrives, telling him that Mr. Fluth has heard about this love affair and is on his way home to deal with him. Falstaff tries to hide behind a curtain. The two women hide him in a large clothes basket, pile dirty clothes on top of him, then, as Mr. Fluth arrives, have the basket carried out and dumped in a canal. Thus Falstaff escapes the wrath of Mr. Fluth but gets a very unpleasant dunking.

Falstaff retires to his inn and is in the midst of merry-making when Mr. Fluth, disguised as Mr. Bach, enters. Mr. Fluth suspecting his wife of being untrue, pays Falstaff money and tells him to make love to Mrs. Fluth. This Falstaff readily agrees to do and assails Mr. Fluth's jealous ears with boastful lies of how

he has already made love to Mrs. Fluth. Mr. Fluth swallows his anger but intends to punish Falstaff.

That evening, Anna meets Fenton in the garden and while Dr. Caius and Mr. Spärlich listen behind trees, swears devotion to Fenton and tells him how disgusting she considers the other two. The ridiculous lovers hear this but still remain in love with Anna.

The merry wives carry on their plot with Falstaff, Mrs. Fluth receiving him into her home in a mock love scene. Mr. Fluth rushes home determined to catch his wife and deal violently with Falstaff. But the wives get wind of this in time. They disguise Falstaff as a fat old woman and, when neighbors and the husband search the house, they find what they think is only the deaf old cousin of Mrs. Fluth. Nevertheless, the angry husband drives her out.

Later, the wives invite Falstaff to attend a festival the community is having in the woods. In this festival, Mr. Fluth and the others enact a fairy tale in which Mr. Fluth is disguised as Herne the Hunter, leading a chorus playing the parts of wasps, flies and mosquitoes. When Falstaff, led on by the merry wives, appears, Fluth directs his wasps, flies and mosquitoes to descend upon the broad back of Falstaff and punish him.

At the festival, Fenton appears in the mask of Oberon, King of the Fairies, and finds Anna disguised as Queen Titania, his wife. They recognize each other, falling into each other's embrace.

Mr. Fluth and Mr. Reich, convinced at last that their wives are innocent are quite happy. And thus the curtain falls on happiness for everyone except Falstaff, Dr. Caius and Mr. Spärlich.



DOG HEROES TATTERS

The Gentle Protector

RONALD M. SEARS of Providence, Rhode Island, is a cotton goods salesman. One day last summer, Mr. Sears was sent by his employer to the company's mill in North Carolina to inspect a new process in manufacturing the company's product.

The entire Sears family greeted the news of the trip with great joy. Mrs. Sears had a job quieting the household, including Ronnie, 12; Patricia, 2, and Tatters. Tatters, of course, was the family dog who had derived his name from his forlorn appearance—a bobbed tail, a scarred side from frequent quarrels with other dogs, and an ear which hung somewhat askew. Tatters was no new member of the family. He had been rescued from the local dog pound at about the time that Ronnie began to walk. The old dog had earned his affection by the loyalty and care he had shown the children. Now, Tatters had undertaken the care of little Pat.

Arrived in North Carolina, the Sears family was fortunate to find a bungalow for rent in a small village named Calder. One day, Mrs. Sears suggested a picnic in the country and that met with unanimous approval.

The picnic day dawned bright and cheerful. Sandwiches were packed in the picnic hamper, along with pickles and pop, hot coffee in a thermos, and all the regalia for a gay day. Patricia, Ronnie and Tatters took up the back seat of the family car and Dad Sears steered for the countryside.

Ten miles outside of Calder, the Sears settled down under a shady tree near a large pond and spread the picnic basket's contents on a white tablecloth. The kids fell to with a whoop, and with their parents' encouragement, ate heartily. Tatters' share was care-



fully put to one side. Dinner over, Dad Sears stretched out while Ronnie helped his mother put things away before the family took a dip in the nearby pond. The baby and Tatters wandered away to a grassy patch, but no one was watching them particularly until the dog began to bark.

"Mabel," complained Dad Sears, "can't you keep the dog quiet while I take a nap?"

"He's only playing with the baby," said Mrs. Sears. She pointed to where Tatters was circling about in the grass, barking, twisting and turning.

"He's acting funny, dad," said Ronnie. "Look, he's never done that before!" What Ronnie had seen was the lovable old dog roughly knocking the baby to the ground, then turn and spin about, barking furiously.

"Wait!" said Dad Sears, springing to his feet with a premonition of danger. In an instant, he had covered the ground separating the family from the baby and the faithful Tatters. Just as he got there, the old dog was struck by a huge rattlesnake from which it had saved the baby. Each time that the baby had attempted to approach the huge reptile, gallant Tatters, recognizing the danger, had jumped up and knocked the baby to the ground, and then had attempted to draw the snake's attention to itself, circling, darting, barking, snarling, parrying with the swaying head of death-dealing poison.

Crushing the rattler with a huge rock, Dad Sears put Tatters into the back seat of the automobile with the rest of the family and drove like a madman to the veterinary in Calder.

For days afterward, Tatters was in a serious condition. But slowly, he began to mend and today, he's still shepherding Patricia around in Providence.



PHIDIAS

The World's Greatest Sculptor

WHEN we include the name of Phidias in CLASSICS Illustrated's list of great scientists, some scholars might insist his name does not belong. For, although they will agree that Phidias was probably the greatest sculptor who ever lived, they will say he was only a sculptor, and not a scientist.

But although sculpture is truly an art, it is also a science, the creative science that embraces symmetry, poise, balance and proportion. In fact, Phidias' statue of Athena atop the Acropolis of Athens, made of bronze, and so colossal in size that it was visible to sailors far out at sea, could be considered a great engineering job. In fact, the sculpturing masterpiece of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, committed by another Greek sculptor, Scopas, at a later date, was considered one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

Phidias, who was to come to an unhappy end, started out in life as if he were born under a lucky star. Coming from affluent parents, and showing an early talent for sculpture, he was instructed by the best teachers of the times. He was born in Athens about 500 B.C., and coming into manhood, became right-hand man to Pericles, strong armed ruler of Athens, under whom Greece obtained her greatest glory.

There was unlimited money in the city's treasury, most of it collected as protection money against Persia, donated by Athens' allies. Phidias was free to use all he wanted, and consequently he did little of his sculpturing in marble. He preferred gold, ivory, and bronze.

The earliest works of Phidias were dedications in memory of the Greeks' victory at Marathon against the Persian hoede. At Delphi, Phidias erected a great group in bronze, including figures of Apollo and Athena, several fighter heroes, and the Greek general, Miltiades, who led his gallant small force against the Asiatic raiders.

Phidias was overseer of the other



sculptors who worked on the buildings on the Acropolis, which is the highest part of Athens. Unfortunately, most of this beautiful work, constructed with painful care, was destroyed by Turkish gun powder in the seventeenth century.

At Pellene, Phidias created two other statues of Athena, goddess of Athens. He also made a statue of Aphrodite, in ivory and gold. But Phidias' two greatest works and basis for his fame were his colossal figures in gold and ivory of Zeus at Olympia and of Athena at Athens. Of Zeus, all records are gone, except small copies on coins of Elis, which give but a general notion of the pose and the character of the head. The god was seated on a throne, every part of which was used for sculptural decorations. The body was of ivory, the robe of gold.

Of the statue of Athena, two small copies in marble have been found in Athens. They are poor imitations, done by some crude sculptor, but even in these poor copies, one can detect the beautiful qualities of the original.

Unfortunately, the greatest works of the world's best sculptor have been lost to civilization. But the historian, Plutarch, describes Phidias' masterpieces in detail. Needless to say, Greek sculptors (whose sculpturing was the world's best), who followed Phidias, used the old master's technique for their own.

The best example of Phidias' remaining works is the very fine torso of Athena, now exhibited in a Paris museum. Unfortunately, somewhere through the centuries the statue lost its head. And it was a head, too, that caused Phidias' downfall. He put an image of his own head, together with that of King Pericles, on the shield of his Parthenon statues.

A plague was engulfing Athens. Pericles was losing his power, and Phidias' political enemies, pointing to Phidias' figure on the shield as a bid for power, had him thrown into prison at Athens, where he died.

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