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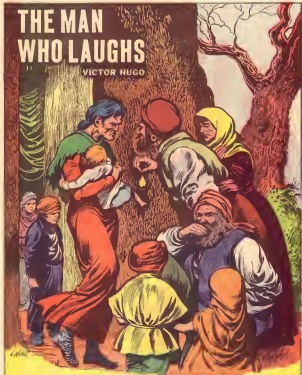
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THE MAN WHO LAUGHS

VICTOR HUGO



The Comprochicos traded in children. They did not steal them. They bargained for a child, paid, and departed. The child was drugged and then deformed by the Comprochicos so that he would grow up to be a tumbler, freak, or jester. Then he was sold to royal courts or traveling shows as an entertainer or oddity.

In 1588, William III replaced James II as King of England. He soon outlawed the fellowship of child buyers known as the Comprochicos.

*Ursus and Homo were friends.
Ursus was a man, Homo a wolf.*

*Above all things, Homo, do
not degenerate into a man.*



*They turned their partnership to account at
fairs and street corners, and out of the
need which people seem to feel to buy quack
medicine.*

*Ladies and gentlemen, do you know the
immense power which lies in neglected
plants, such as the basil and the white
alder?*



*Ursus and Homo went from
town to town. They lived in a
small van upon wheels, which
Homo guarded by night and
drew by day.*

*I will have to help you over
that hill up ahead, Homo.*



*When the cart drew up on a fair-green, gossips
ran open-mouthed and the curious made a circle
round.*

*Ursus composes comedies
to sell his drugs.
He imitates voices, too.*



As a doctor, Ursus wrought cures by some means or other. He had many recipes.

I was cooking, and the pot overturned.

Burns we cure with salamander wool.



When he was not talking to a crowd, Ursus talked a great deal to himself.

I have taught Horus to stand upright and restrain his rage. He has taught me to prefer hunger in the woods to slavery in a palace.



He was always raging inwardly and grumbling outwardly.

What a pressing of evils -- kings on the people, war on kings, the plague on war, famine on the plague.



Ursus traveled from one end of Great Britain to the other, selling his viats. Sometimes, constables stopped him to investigate his van.

You and your wolf are all right. We're looking for the Comprachicos. All travelers with a child are liable to suspicion.



One evening in January, 1690, a busy group was hurrying to embark at a deserted point on the south of Portland.



The people passed to and fro continuously.

No time must be lost!



A child among them worked like the rest. No one spoke to him.



Soon, nothing was left to embark.

Cut the hawser!



The child was driven back by a fist.



There was no cry from the child, no farewell from the man. A moment later, the hooker gained the neck of the greek



Although his childhood had been passed among the men who had gone away without him, the boy could not have said who they were.

What shall I do?



Throwing off his numbness, he set himself to climb up the cliff.



Reaching the top, he saw the hooker, for out, the lantern lit at her prow

How black the sky is. They are sailing into a storm.



The child moved nimbly on

It is snowing!



The same wind that brought snow to Portland was blowing up a squall of sea

It looks bad



Aboard the hooker, the captain questioned one of his passengers

Who is that old man?
What do you call him?

The madman and
the wise man



As the wind and the sea continued to rise, the old man went below. He wrote on the back of a parchment.

The time has come to purify
our souls.



Did that gourd belong
to Hardquanonne?

Yes, to our poor
comrade in the
prison at Chatham



On deck, the sails had been furled. The hooker was in the tempest. The seas ran mountain high



The hurricane began to dismember the craft.



The captain shouted orders.

Clear the decks! Take a rope and lash me to the helm!

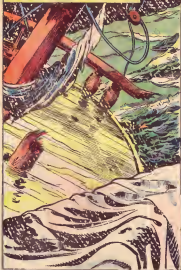


The man bound him to the tiller.

While we can steer, we have a chance.



An enormous wave came down abeam. A cloud of foam covered the poop. When the spray cleared, the skipper and helm had disappeared.



The waves, then the wind, played with them. They were dashed about. Each man held on as best he could.



Then the sea flattened down. The hurricane was behind them.

The hold is full of water! We shall sink in half an hour!



The old man held up the parchment.

We can save our souls.



He read what he had written, and then all aboard signed their names.



Give me Hordquarone's' gourd. I will put the parchment in there.



We have only a few minutes more.

The wreck went down. One thing floated, and was carried by the waves into the darkness.



On land, the boy had traveled for several hours in the thick flying snow.

Footprints! A woman has just passed this way



He followed the footprints until they ceased.

Where could she have gone?



Then he heard a sob, a little cry.

Where is it coming from?



With both hands he began to clear snow from a mound at his feet.

A baby! And its mother!



The woman was dead. The boy wrapped the infant in his jacket, took it up in his arms and pursued his journey.



After a while, he perceived a cluster of gables and chimneys, shrouded in relief by the snow.



He knocked first at one door, then another. There was no answer.



He knocked violently at any house that he happened to pass.

They do not even open their windows.



Suddenly, he saw a hovel on wheels. Urus' head appeared.

Is anyone there?

I am cold and hungry.



The head was withdrawn and the window closed. The boy had taken a few steps away when Urus' voice cried out angrily.

Well! Why don't you come in?



The child climbed up the three steps. The hut was lighted only by a red tinge, rising from an opening at the top of the stove.

Put down your bundle .



The child placed his burden carefully on top of the chest .

How gently you put it down! Worthless vagabond! You're frozen through! Take off those rags. Here are clothes.



The child put on the shirt, and Ursus slipped a knitted jacket over it .

You are hungry. Eat!



The poor boy devoured rather than ate .

Not so fast, you horrid glutton! How many teeth have you in your jaws?



Just then a taunting wail arose in the hut. Ursus went to the chest.

Voic of Jehosaphat! Here is another of them. 'Tis a girl .



He dragged away her tatters and swathed her in coarse linen, clean and dry. Then he fed her milk through a piece of sponge.

Come, take your supper, creature



The infant shut its eyes. Ursa spread a bearskin on the chest and laid the infant down.

She has drunk it all up



In the darkness, Ursa posed the boy with questions.

How old is your sister?

She is not my sister, but a baby I found. Her mother lies dead in the snow a league from here.



In which direction?

In the direction of the sea, across the bridge



Ursa took the lantern, dimly lighted it and half opened the door.

I am going out. I shall return. Go to sleep.



The boy slept. When he awoke, Ursus had just hung the lantern up.

I had a great deal of trouble to find her. A pretty family I have now-- a boy and a girl!



For the first time, his eyes met those of the boy.

What are you laughing about?

I am not laughing.



Do not laugh any more!

I am not laughing.



Ursus was seized with a shudder from head to foot.

Who did that to you? How long have you had that laugh?

I have always been thus.



Then the little girl awoke. The red rays of the sun gleamed in and struck against her face. The eyeballs were immovable.

She is blind.



Fifteen years passed. The ruler of England was now Queen Anne. In 1705, the Duchess Jasione, sister of Queen Anne, was engaged to Lord David Dirry-Mair.

There goes Lord David. He was a lucky one to inherit the Clancharrie estates.

He likes to mix with the low people. They call him Tom - Jim - Jack.



Jasione had Lord David watched by a creature whose name was Barkilphedra.

Through Lord David and Lady Jasione, I will advance myself.



One day Barkilphedra asked Jasione for an appointment that her brother, the Lord High Admiral, could grant.

Which office dost thou desire?

Uncorker of the bottles of the ocean.



Is there an appointment of that kind?

Yes. In the Sea-Prize Department of the Admiralty. The appointment is for an officer to examine all bottles thrown up on the shore.



Thou shalt have the place.



The best boxing matches took place at Lambeth. One evening, Jasiana, escorted by Lord David, was present.

Perhaps this will relieve your boredom.



All at once the little man sprang forward and struck the other in the face.



In the twenty-fifth round, the giant, while receiving a terrible blow, gave back a foul one.

They are both done for.



As she left, Jasiana took the arm of Lord David.

I thought it would drive away my boredom, but it didn't.

There is but one remedy for your boredom -- Gwynplaine.



From the height of his platform, Gwynplaine saw wretched people pass in review.

Ever new faces, ever the same miseries. I have triumphed over poverty by my deformity.



He felt the vague oppression of a keen, universal suffering.

What can be done for the poor?

It is no business of yours.



You have two causes of happiness. The first is that the crowd sees your muzzle, the second is that Dea does not.



Gwynplaine's renown was increasing. The populace talked about him and sought him.

You can see the Man Who Laughs at the Green Box. He goes out only at night, disguised in a slouch hat so as not to exhibit his face. I hear he will be moving to London soon.



The Green Box was established at Southwark in London, in the yard of the Tobacco Inn, at a kind of permanent fairground.

Who is that man, Master Nicholas?

A sailor called Tom-Jim-Jack.



At every performance the yard of the inn was filled with a ragged and enthusiastic audience.

The Man Who Laughs monopolizes everything.

Nothing is thought of but the Green Box.



Between the acts, Ursoo sold his drugs and even healed the sick.

The moneybag grows bigger.



A few envious performers from other shows on the fairground came and hissed, scolded, shouted.



Tom-Jim-Jack used his fists to re-establish order.



One day, as Utrius was looking out from the window in the wall which commanded the foreground field, he suddenly became pale.

Gwynplaine, do you see that man in black?



The one who has a kind of mass in his hand?

Yes.



That man is a wopentake. If he touches you with that iron weapon, you must follow him. He says nothing, and you say nothing.



And if you resist?

You are hanged.



Thank God! He has passed. He was not coming here.



One evening, Josiana, still seeking to drive away her boredom, appeared in the balcony overlooking the Green Bar.



The contagion of Geyrpointe's laugh, at the end of the show, was more triumphant than ever. But Josiana laughed not.



The performance over thus emptied the bag of receipts. From a heap of pennies there slid a Spanish gold coin.

Here!



The innkeeper entered.

She is a duchess. I saw her get into her carriage. Someone got in with her.



Who?

Tom-Jim-Jack.



Dea, when fatigued, suffered from drowsiness. One day, while she was asleep, Uroas applied his ear to her heart.



After the performance that evening, Gwyngolaine went for a stroll in the meadow.



Suddenly he felt something slipped between his fingers.



Gwyngolaine recognized Jostiana's page.

At this hour tomorrow, be at the corner of London Bridge; I will be there to conduct you where you are expected.



The page vanished. Gwyngolaine ran toward the inn, stood in the light of a half-open door, and examined the letter.



Gwynplaine slipped into the old hovel, which now served as a bedroom in the Green Box. He looked at Ursus, who was asleep, and blew out his candle.



Day broke. He heard Ursus get up. Then he heard an exquisite voice.



Over Gwynplaine's stormy heart, Day shone with the effect of a star shining on the sea.

Are you asleep, Gwynplaine?
Breakfast is ready.



A few minutes afterward, they were sitting opposite each other. A thin smoke rose above the flame of the lamp, and Josselyn's letter fell into ashes.

What was that? It smelled
like paper burning.

Nothing.



Suddenly, the wolf sat up, showing his teeth.



Without saying a word, the man reached his right arm over Dea, and touched Gwynplaine on the shoulder with the iron staff.



The wapentake turned round. Ursus whispered to Gwynplaine, so that blind Dea would not know what was happening.

Do not speak until you are questioned.



With great care to make no noise, Gwynplaine took his hat and cloak and set out.



The wopstake preceded Gwynplaine by a few steps. In death-like silence they both crossed the yard, went through the dark tap-room, and reached the street.



The justice of the quorum was there, at the head of a squad of constables. His men formed in ranks on each side of Gwynplaine.



Some curious idlers followed from afar. Ursus was one of them.

It is a mistake.



The procession wound from street to street. At length it stopped.



Ursus saw Gwynplaine disappear.

The back door of the Southwork jail!



When Gwynplaine heard the wicket shut, creaking in all the bells, he trembled.

What does it all mean? Where am I?



They walked almost single file. The passage twisted. The slabs that paved the corridor were clammy as an intestine.



There was the sound of creaking, and Gwynplaine was face to face with a bit of square light.



At length, his eyes became accustomed to the light. He cast a glance into the yawning space before him.



It was a torture chamber.



Growing paler and paler, Gwynplaine reached the bottom of the stairs.

You are before the sheriff of the county of Surrey.



The sheriff spoke to the prisoner

It is not permitted to obstruct oneself by silence. If you do not answer, you will be left here to die. The hour of confrontation is come, and you must answer, *Hardyguarone*.



Do what is asked of you. Give way to justice. Open your eyes and see if you recognize this man!



The prisoner neither turned his head nor lifted his eyelids



The justice of the quorum, taking Gwynglaine's hat and mantle, placed him in the light by the side of the chained man.



At the same time, the waspentake bent down and turned the inert head toward Gwynglaine.



Then his head fell back, and he closed his eyes again. The cry overwhelmed Gwynglaine.

It is not true. It was not I. I do not know the man. I have been working on honest livelihood these fifteen years.



You have before you a poor mountebank.

I have before me Lord Ferman Gorcharie, a peer of England.



Gwynplaine felt himself placed in the chair which the sheriff had just vacated.

This message addressed to justice has been faithfully delivered by the seer in this bottle I will now read it.



He was sold at the age of two to me, the undersigned, by desire of James II, and nurtured by a Fleming, called Hardouanne. The child does not know that he is Lord Clancourte.



This day, January 29, 1690, a child ten years old has been deserted on the coast of Portland. He answers to the name of Gwynplaine. That child is Lord Fermain Clancourte, inheritor of the estates and titles of his father.



Overtaken by a violent tempest at sea in our flight to avoid Hardouanne's ill fortune, we confide this declaration to the ocean. It is written on the back of the royal order given to us, all our receipt when we bought the child.



In the torture chamber, the prisoner opened his eyes.

I swear to keep the secret. Now, silence is useless. I am the only one who knows how to perform the operation. He is the only subject upon which it has been tried.



Hardquanonne began to laugh. Then the laugh ceased, and his eyelids closed.

He is dead.



A man came out from behind the pillars.

I am Borkilphedro, an officer of the Admiralty. Hardquanonne's flask was found on the beach and brought to be unsealed by me.



You believe yourself to be Gwyrlphne, you are Ciancharilla. You believe yourself to be one of the people, you belong to the peerage. Awake, my lord!



Gwyrlphne fainted.



Thus the gourd which had been flung into the dark sea had been handed back to Barkilphedra. He had carried the news to Queen Anne, who sought her Lord Chancellor's advice.

I advise Lord Fermyn. Cloncharlie's misstatement if the criminal in the Chatham prison, Hardquarone, will identify him.



Not wishing to wrong my sister, Juliana, who was to wed the heir to the Cloncharlie estates, I decree that the Duchess Joanna should be espoused by the new lord.



To restore a pear is to restore the passage.

Barkilphedra will manage everything



Barkilphedra was well pleased

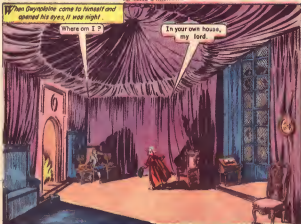
Riches, power, rank -- all have left Lord David and belong now to Gwynplaine. Lord Fermyn Cloncharlie will owe everything to me. He will advance me.



When Gwynplaine came to himself and opened his eyes, it was night.

Where am I?

In your own house, my lord.



Will your lordship remember I am Barkilphedro, clerk of the Admiralty? It was I who opened Hardguenore's flask and drew your destiny out of it.



Barkilphedro recalled an inventory of the Conqueror's fortune. Then he touched a casket on the table.

My lord, this casket contains two thousand guineas, which the Queen has sent you for your present wants.



That shall be for my father, Ursus.

So be it, my lord I will take charge of it.



I shall take them to him myself.

Impossible! You are twenty-three miles from London, at Corleone Lodge, your court residence in Windsor.



Tomorrow, you will take your seat in the House of Lords, which is debating an increase of a hundred thousand pounds to the annual allowance of the Queen's husband.



It is easy to wipe you out. All depends on you. The Queen must be obeyed. You will not quit the house till tomorrow, when you go to the House of Lords.



After a certain step in advance, to step back is impossible. My lord, Gwynplaine is dead. Do you understand?



Then Borkispedra bowed, placed the casket under his cloak, and left the room.



It seemed to Gwynplaine that he saw everything -- the past, the future, the present -- in a sudden flash of light!

They stole, betrayed, destroyed, abandoned, deserted me! Oh, those scoundrels!



When I looked on crowds of men, I felt that they were the flocks and that I was the shepherd! Leaders of men, guides -- such were my fathers; and what they were I am!



In Gwynplaine's brain was the giddy whirlwind of a crowd of new circumstances. He was casting off the mountebank and becoming the peer.

I shall be eloquent in the House of Lords. I will cry aloud, "I have been tear to everything from which you are so far removed!" They will applaud.



Building up these fantasies in his mind, he had attacks of delirium. The hours passed. At dawn, a bright ray penetrated the chamber. He suddenly remembered Dea.

Dea!



Where am I?—At Windsor And Deo? -- In Southwerk. This is the first time there has been distance between us. It shall not be!



Who talked to me of the Queen? Who is it that led me astray? That man, the miserable wretch! He took advantage of my first moment of astonishment.



Raising the first piece of tapestry he came to, he rushed straight forward, from chamber to chamber, seeking an exit.

What is the Queen to me? I am not a lord to be made a slave. I am going back to Deo and Ursus. I should like to see who shall stop me.



He heard a gentle noise. He advanced to a curtain, pushed it aside, and entered.



The duchess!

Springing from the couch, Juliana stood upright.



Why, it is Gaynptine.

*Josiana was a woman of many moods.
First she was pleased . . .*

Who brought you in? No doubt it was the page. I will give him a hundred guineas.



. . . then bored . . .

I am noble. What can be more tiresome? The monster that you are outwardly, I am within. Thence my love for you.



. . . then gay . . .

Oh, Gwynplains, you do amuse me!



They were interrupted by the arrival of a letter from the Queen.

Read me what she writes.



The son of Lord Clancharlie has been discovered bearing the name of Gwynplains. He will be this day installed in his position. We substitute him in place of Lord David Derry-Mair for you to marry."

Josiana suddenly grew angry and left.

I hate you!



*Alone, Gwynplaine sank upon the couch.
At length, he heard footsteps.*

Gwynplaine!

Tom-Jim-Jack!



What are you doing here, Gwynplaine?

Tom-Jim-Jack, what are you doing here?



Gwynplaine, I answer no questions.

Neither do I, Tom-Jim-Jack.



Gwynplaine, my name is not Tom-Jim-Jack. I am here in my own house.

Tom-Jim-Jack, my name is not Gwynplaine. I am here in my own house.



The curtain in the door was lifted.

I come to fetch your lordship, in obedience to her majesty's commands.



After Ursus had seen Gwynplaine thrust within the gates of the Southwork jail, he remained watching for a long time.

Entrance is permitted, exit is quite a different matter



At length, he departed with slow steps. He walked along, his head bent down.

He babbled about the poor, about the people, about what was no business of his. So he is in prison!



He returned to the Todcaster Inn and entered the Green Box. Dea was asleep.

What a blow to her this will be! Losing Gwynplaine, she loses all. It would be just as if I were to lose Homo. Worse!



Later, on waking, pale with the pallor of a ghost, Dea spoke to Ursus.

Ursus, where is Gwynplaine? He has left us. He is gone.



Just then, Ursus saw Master Nicholas, the innkeeper, beckoning to him.



The wakekeeper opened the door to the tap-room

A constable brought Gwynplane's clothes. He came and left without saying a word.



Ursus rushed out of the tavern. A quarter of an hour afterward, out of breath, he reached the corner where he had kept watch on the prison.

Even to be opposite the gate through which Gwynplane disappeared is something.



Ursus admired the tolling of a bell. Suddenly, redness showed.

The constables who carried off Gwynplane! Will they set him free?



A second torch announced the end of the procession, which carried Hardguononne's body. Ursus thought it was Gwynplane.

They have killed him! Gwynplane! My child!



Dawn lighted up the front of the Tadcaster Inn as Ursus returned.

Master Ursus, come! Their honors wish to speak to you.



Ursus saw the constables—a fresh and rude shock. The justice of the quorum made him a sign to enter the tavern.

You have a wolf. Tomorrow, by this hour, you and your wolf must have left England. If not, the wolf will be seized and killed.



Tonight, several ships will sail about one o'clock in the morning. Leave by the first ship.

Perhaps Gwynplaine is still alive?



I will go away. But I have a comrade whom I cannot leave behind -- Gwynplaine.

Gwynplaine is dead.



Tonight there will not be a single booth in the fairground.

Here are tangerines, sent you by one who wishes you well.



On the evening of the same day, Gwyolene was seated in the House of Lords.

He is a clown, a fellow performing at fairs. He has an extraordinary face, which people gave a penny to look at.

Really!



A clerk read the first bill.

We change the people with the costs of the improvements made by the Queen to her residence at Hampton Court, amounting to a million pounds sterling.



Then the Lord Chancellor addressed the House.

The House will proceed to vote on the bill to raise by one hundred thousand pounds the annual provision for the Queen's husband.



Content.

Content.

Content.



Non-content.



A shudder ran along the benches.

Who has brought this man into the House? Let him be put out.



My lords, I have come to disturb your happiness. It is fashioned out of the misery of your neighbor. I was cast into the abyss to search its depths and bring back the pearl, truth.



It is to raise my voice among those who have eaten their fill that God mixed me up with the famished I come from beneath the pressure of your feet. I can tell you your weight.



Mad merriment seized the whole House.

There's a funny fellow!

How the beast does laugh!



He is amusing.

What is the monster doing here?



This laugh which is on my face a King placed there This laugh has been produced by torture I represent humanity, such as its masters have made it Man-kind is mutilated That which has been done to me has been done to it.



The assembly, in mad merriment, adjourned

Ah! It does one good to laugh My spleen is cured



Gwynplaine hastened to the Tadcaster Inn.

Not a single caravan!
The circus is gone The inn is blank



Having exhausted calls and cries, nothing was left but to break in.

The Green Box is no longer here!



Gwynplaine directed his steps toward the Thames. He stood at a parapet by the river.

Sinister temptation!



He took off his coat, his waistcoat, his hat.

Let Lord David take my place



Just then ...

Homo!



Homo turned round, advanced a few steps, and then looked back to see if Gwynplaine was following.



The wolf led Gwynplaine to a large vessel!



On the deck, Gwynplaine saw Dea.

All is over. Now Gwynplaine is no more, I die.





VICTOR HUGO



VICTOR Marie Hugo was a giant among the literary figures of nineteenth-century France. Few writers of any country or period have enjoyed such popularity as he did.

Born in 1802, Hugo won honorable mention in a national poetry contest at the age of fifteen. At twenty, he married a childhood sweetheart, Adele Foucher. A year later, he published his first novel, *Han d'Islande*.

By the time he was twenty-five, Victor Hugo had published plays, poems and novels that won him recognition as the leader of the romantic movement in French literature.

During the early 1800's, writers of many countries were caught up in this movement. It stressed highly emotional scenes and unusual events, rather than the quiet flow of everyday life. Leading romantic writers were Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron and Alexander Dumas.

Hugo's first play, *Cromwell*, was written in 1827. *Hernani*, another play, was written in one month in 1830. It became an immediate success.

In 1831, Hugo published *Notre-Dame de Paris*, popularly known as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. It established him as an important novelist as well as dramatist.

Ten years later, Hugo was elected to the French Academy, one of the highest honors a French writer can receive. He continued to write plays and poetry, in time producing more poems than any other French writer before or after him. Today, he is generally considered France's greatest poet.

In 1851, when Napoleon III abolished the French constitution and had himself declared emperor, Hugo spoke out strongly against him. As a result, Hugo had to flee the country. In exile, he wrote several pamphlets ridiculing Napoleon III. In one of them, he called the French ruler "the little Napoleon."

Vowing not to return to France until Napoleon III no longer reigned, Hugo went to live in the Channel Islands, a British possession lying off the coast of France. There, on the island of Guernsey, he wrote three major novels.

The first was *Les Misérables* (1862), which means the unfortunates. It is a huge, sprawling novel in which Hugo sought to portray the evils of social injustice against the poor and the oppressed. The hero, Jean Valjean, is an escaped convict who devotes his life to doing good.

Toilers of the Sea (1866) soon followed. In this novel, set in the Channel Islands, Hugo dealt with man's struggle against the hostile forces of nature. A lone man, Gilliatt, battles storms and an octopus while saving the engine of a wrecked steamboat from the rocks upon which the ship had crashed.

The Man Who Laughs (1869) was the last of the novels Hugo wrote in Guernsey. The main character, Gwynplaine, who is disfigured, is a victim of man's cruelty to his fellow man. The setting is England, where Gwynplaine discovers one day that he is a lord.

When the empire of Napoleon III fell in 1870, Victor Hugo returned to France. Hugo was sixty-eight years old. His exile had lasted nineteen years. Fame, honor and a seat in the French senate were his until his death in 1885. His funeral was one of the largest of the century in Paris.

THE KICKAPOO COUGH CURE

"Sleep right up, ladies and gentlemen, step right up. Put your quarter on the line. Money back if not cured within twenty-four hours. I can help every one of you."

In this way, the traveling medicine-show man attracted his audience.

At the end of the nineteenth century, people in small towns and villages in many parts of the United States used to gather in the biggest building around—the town hall, the opera house or the lodge hall—to see the medicine show. They might believe in the tales of magical cures or they might not, but they would buy the cures, and the quack would leave town in his wagon with his pockets full of money.

Being a quack, or pretending to have skill in medicine, was a flourishing occupation in the second half of the nineteenth century. A man could concoct some foul-smelling brew, bottle it, give it a fancy, medical-sounding name like "Dr. Markham's Elixir of Oriental Attars," and he was in business.

There were no laws protecting the purchaser of such items. The quack could claim that his particular potion was good for any ailment. If he was a fast talker, people believed him and bought what he had to sell. The medicine's failure to cure was usually not discovered until long after the quack left. He just had to be careful not to come to the same town twice. Many times, people who only thought they were ill believed that the quack's medicine had really cured them.

Some of the traveling medicine shows were elaborate entertainments. Actors, musicians and singers would present short skits, and Indians would dance and holler. In between the acts, the manager of the troop—the professor, as he was called—would come forward and give a long speech about the virtues of his particular remedy, selling bottles of it as he spoke. In rural

towns, before the days of telephones, automobiles, radios and television, these shows came to be considered first-class entertainment.

One of the most famous of all the traveling medicine shows was the Kickapoo Indian Agency, thought up by John Healy and "Texas Charlie" Bigelow. Starting out from their headquarters in New Haven, Connecticut, which the two men called "the principal wigwam," the show toured all over the northeastern United States. Healy told audiences that he had brought to New Haven pure-blooded Kickapoo Indians, famous throughout the West for their knowledge of medicine. Although there really were Kickapoo Indians, Healy used any kind of Indian he could hire—Mohawk, Cree, Blackfoot, or Sioux.

Regardless of their origins, the Indians were very popular. Just as the manager, dressed in buckskin, finished his lecture in a soft-spoken voice, the shriek of war-whoops would interrupt the proceedings. The Indians came running down the aisles of the auditorium with baskets of Kickapoo Indian Oil, Salve, Cough Cure, Pills, and Worm-killer, which they sold to the audience.

The troop sold medicines which were harmless. Once the medicine show got a reputation for being reliable, it was able to return to the same towns each year. Healy and Bigelow granted other men the right to conduct Kickapoo Indian medicine shows in other parts of the country. Groups of Kickapoo Indians were even sent touring abroad, in Europe and Australia.

In 1906, the Pure Food and Drug Act was passed. It was the first of a number of measures which restricted the exaggerated claims made on the labels of quack medicines. The great days of the traveling medicine shows were over.

FEASTS AND FAIRS

Wild Indians and dwarfs sat on a stage with the Irish Giant, the Armored Pig and London's Fattest Girl. Strong arms that had just been locked in a wrestling bout now whirled a dancing partner. It was the day of a typical fair in England around the year 1850.

Such freaks, oddities and sports had not always been the chief amusements at a fair. Fairs in ancient times were connected with religious practices. The fairgrounds of ancient Greece were holy places. Here, different tribes could meet on a mutual boundary to trade peacefully.

In the second century A.D., the Romans declared special holidays for trade between the rural people and the townspeople. This exchange was so important that special laws were made to protect everyone at the fair from harm. No one who had committed a crime elsewhere could be arrested while at the fair.

At this time, Irish fairs, held near burial places called barrows, honored the dead. Great chariot races and sword contests celebrated the death of the mythical god, Lugh the Longhanded, once a year. Afterward, a feast and a procession invited all those at the fair to revel.

Funerals were also the occasion of some fairs in Rome. If a famous man died, his friends gathered to feast. Games were held in his honor for three days.

In the early part of the Middle Ages, trading was a dangerous business. The roads, in winter, became deep pits of mud. A cart often had to ford a stream. Bandits attacked travelers. Merchants were forced to stop at abbeys, cathedrals or fortified burgs for protection. Yet fairs continued.

They were held in honor of Christian saints, on days of important church festi-

vals. Often, they were held in churchyards. The fairs attracted merchants from foreign lands. Caravans traveled from as far as the Orient to England and France. Special courts were set up to settle disputes among the merchants. In England, this court was called "piepowder," from the French words that mean dusty foot, the symbol of the weary traveler.

Besides the goods to be bought and news to be exchanged, there were amusements, such as dancing. Bells and banners summoned the merchants, nobles, townspeople and peasants outside the walls of the burg or abbey to watch plays and Punch and Judy shows. After the fair, the merchant packed up his goods and moved on to another fair; the peasants trudged back home; the rich enjoyed their new silks and furs.

Fairs throughout Europe gradually became more popular. Towns sprang up along the routes of the merchant caravans. Such towns as Champagne and Leipzig became famous for their fairs. The roads were made safe from ruts and robbers by merchants who leagued together to protect themselves and their goods. At last, it became possible for merchants to send their wares across Europe more quickly. By the seventeenth century, merchants no longer sold their goods at the fair. They limited their displays to samples.

Fairs now came to be held in permanent buildings. There were fewer races, dances and games. Fairs were no longer held on church holidays. The fair was now a trade fair at which goods, inventions and farm animals were exhibited. By the twentieth century, the two most important kinds of fairs were local agricultural fairs and world fairs.

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