

**CLASSICS**

*Illustrated*

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NO. 13

# The BLACK TULIP

BY HENRI DE VRIES





**S**ELECTED by the Division of Examination and Testing of the State Education Department, these "boners" indicate that the amount of mis-information found on examination papers is fantastic. Below are some answers found on recent Regents' examination papers turned in by high school students.

"Two French explorers of the Mississippi were Romeo and Juliet."

"The spoils system was a system or place where they spoiled things or waste was kept and the plans of appointment which have largely replaced the system is the Board of Health."

"The qualification of a water at school meeting is that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks."

"Priscilla, Miles Standish's loveress, was a very sweet girl dressed in the simple Dutch costume consisting of a white cap and apron."

"Typhoid fever can be prevented by fascination."

"Maple syrup is made by sterilizing sap."

**Question**—"Name a book, with its author, that you have read outside of school. What was the book about and what was the most interesting thing in the book?"

**Answer**—"The most interesting book I read was the Bible. It was about the life of our Lord. It was written by Cardinal Spellman."



**MEET AN ALL TIME  
GREAT FAVORITE IN**



**J**ACK EASY is his name — midshipman and sailor of fortune. He takes everything that the toughest British seaman can dish out — and he always comes up for more. This is in the Royal Navy as it was against the Spanish pirates in the early years of the 19th century. So ride the waves and reef the sails, and man the guns with

**MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY**

By Frederick Marryat

IN NEXT MONTH'S

**CLASSICS**  
*Illustrated*

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# BLACK TULIP

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY  
ALEX. A. BLUM



Cornelius  
Van  
Baerle



Rosa  
Gryphus



Cornelius De Witt



John De Witt  
\* Brother of Cornelius De Witt \*



Gryphus  
\* Father of Rosa \*

IN THE YEAR 1671, HOLLAND LIES CALM AND PEACEFUL IN THE SUNSHINE. HER LAND INTERLACED WITH BRIGHT CANALS AND DOTTED WITH SHINY WINDMILLS AND COVERED WITH THE GAY FLOWER-BEDS OF EVER-TOILING, PROSPEROUS BURGERS BUT PEACE-LOVING HOLLAND WAS BESET BY HER TYLE NEIGHBORS AND BENEATH THE UNTRoubLED SKY TERROR, HER GOVERNMENT WAS CORRUPTED BY SINISTER RIVALRIES, BOTH POLITICAL AND PERSONAL....

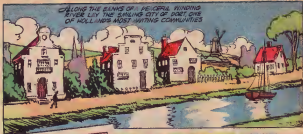


William of Orange



Isaac Bortel

ALONG THE BANKS OF A PEPPEREL FLOWING RIVER LIE THE SWILING CITY OF DORT, ONE OF HOLLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COMMUNITIES



HERE ON A SUNNY HILL-SIDE STOOD THE ANCIENT HOME OF DR. CORNELIUS VAN BAELE.



HAVING INHERITED MORE MONEY THAN HE COULD SPEND DR. CORNELIUS, ALTHOUGH EDUCATED AS A PHYSICIAN, AND WITH AN ILLUSTRIOUS WIFE, DECIDED TO DEVOTE TO DELICATE TO HIS PLEASANT HOME, WHERE HE COULD DEVOTE HIS TIME TO PAINTING, AND THE RAISING OF PRIZE TULIPS.

THESE RED TULIPS ARE BEAUTIFUL, I'LL SAVE SOME OF THESE BULBS!



IN THE "DRY ROOM," WHERE DR. CORNELIUS EXPERIMENTED WITH BULBS TO PRODUCE NEW SHADES OF COLOR IN HIS TULIPS...

THIS IS CERTAINLY A NEW SHADE! I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS IN NEIGHBOR BOXTEL'S GARDEN!



LITTLE DID HE REALIZE THE FIERCE ENMITY IN THE HEART OF THAT VERY NEIGHBOR FOR ISAAC BOXTEL, TOO, WAS A TULIP-FANCY.

NO WONDER VAN BAELE'S TULIPS ARE SO PERFECT HE HAS MONEY TO SPEND FOR EVERYTHING HE NEEDS TO GROW THEM!





AND WITH PLENTY OF MONEY, IT WAS QUITE NATURAL FOR DR. CORNELIUS TO BUILD A GREENHOUSE IN WHICH TO DEVELOP HIS FLOWERS...

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE IT IS READY FOR YOU, DR. VAN BAERLE...



WHAT WILL THIS MAN AND HIS MONEY DO NEXT? NOW HIS GREENHOUSE CUTS OFF THE SUN FROM MY GARDEN! I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM!



One Day

BUYING THIS TELESCOPE WAS JUST THE THING! NOW I CAN SEE EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON IN HIS "DRY ROOMY"

AT THAT TIME, THERE CAME AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE TO ALL TULIP GROWERS IN THE LAND...



100,000 IN AMERICAN CURRENCY



ALL THAT FALL DR. CORNELIUS WORKED WITH FEVERISH EXCITEMENT, PRODUCING TULIPS OF PROGRESSIVELY DARKER COLORS.

IT'S COMING... COMING SLOWLY! I'VE PRODUCED A DARK-BROWN TULIP ALREADY! WHAT AN HONOR IT WOULD BE TO WIN THE PRIZE!

IT WAS IN JANUARY, 1672, WHEN THERE APPEARED AT THE HOME OF DR. CORNELIUS HOME OTHER THAN WHIMPER, CORNELIUS DE WITT, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN ALL HOLLAND AND GODFATHER OF DR. CORNELIUS...

OH WHIMPER, DE WITT! PLEASE COME IN!

GOOD DAY, I TRUST MY GODSON IS AT HOME?

MY DEAR GODFATHER! THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

HOW ARE YOU, MY BOY?

DO YOU NOT FIND IT BORING TO REAR-REAR YOURSELF HERE AMONG BE... BULBS... AND FLOWERS?

FAR FROM IT. ATTEMPTING TO DEVELOP THE BLACK TULIP IS THE MOST EXCITING WORK THERE IS!

OF COURSE, ISAAC BOXTEL HAD NOT FAILED TO NOTICE THE FASHIONABLE CARRIAGE IN FRONT OF HIS HATED NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE AND LATER, SEEING THE DOCTOR'S 'DRY-ROOM' LIGHTED, BOXTEL'S CURIOSITY GREW BEYOND ENDURANCE.



AS I LIVE AND BREATHE! VAN BAERLE IS IN HIS 'DRY ROOM' WITH NONE OTHER THAN CORNELIUS DE WITT! WHATEVER CAN THEY BE UP TO?



THE BLACK TULIP

LITTLE DID ISAAC BOXTEL REALIZE WHAT WAS ABOUT TO TRANSPIRE UNDER HIS SCRUTINY! BE HOW IT WOULD AFFECT HIS LIFE, AND THE LIVES OF THOSE HE WATCHED!

MY BOY, I WOULD LIKE TO ASK OF YOU A PERSONAL FAVOR.

YOU KNOW YOU MAY ASK ANYTHING AND I WILL DO IT.



THEN TAKE THESE PAPERS, CORNELIUS HIDE THEM CAREFULLY FOR THEY ARE OF GREAT VALUE TO SOME WHO DO NOT LIKE ME.

CERTAINLY, GODFATHER! I WILL HOLD THEM FOR YOU GLADLY!



I SHALL HIDE THEM RIGHT HERE BENEATH THESE BULBS. NO ONE WILL EVER FIND THEM THERE.

GOOD! BLESS YOU, MY SON!



AND NOW COME, GODFATHER. WE WILL GO DOWN TO DINNER!



SO THERE'S A SCHEME AFOOT! PAPERS! HIDDEN IN VAN SAERLE'S DESK! WHAT CAN THEY BE? WHAT?



BOXTEL DID NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT FOR AN ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION. WITHIN SIX MONTHS CORNELIUS DE WITT AND HIS BROTHER, JOHN DE WITT, GRAND PENSIONARY OF HOLLAND, HAD BOTH FALLEN FROM HEIGHTS OF POWER AND CORNELIUS IMPRISONED... THROUGH POLITICAL INTERLUDES AND THE AMBITIONS OF YOUNG WILLEM OF ORANGE TO GAIN ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

AUGUST 20 1872, THE HAGUE....

IN THE SQUARE BEFORE GRIM BUYTENHOF PRISON, AN INFLAMMATED MOB OF CITIZENS, THEIR EMOTIONS WHIPPED TO A FRENZY BY FOLLOWERS OF ORANGE, FOUGHT THE HORSE GUARDS IN AN ATTEMPT TO STORM THE PRISON AND MURDER CORNELIUS DE WITT WHO HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO EXILE....



MEANWHILE, A COACH DROVE UP TO A SMALL INCONSPICUOUS GATE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PRISON...



WAIT FOR ME AND DON'T TELL ANYONE WHO YOUR PASSENGER IS!



GOOD MORNING, MYNHEER DE WITT!

GOOD MORNING, GRYPHUS. I'VE COME TO TAKE MY BROTHER A-WAY. PLEASE LEAD ME TO HIM.



OH, MYNHEER DE WITT! I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME FOR YOUR BROTHER! I FEAR FOR HIS SAFETY WHEN I HEAR THOSE PEOPLE IN THE SQUARE!

NO NEED TO FEAR, MY GOOD GOSA, MY COACH AWAITS.

YOU, DAUGHTER, GET BACK TO YOUR WORK NOW!





YOU UNDERSTAND, MYNHEER JOHN, THAT NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO ENTER YOUR BROTHER'S CELL, BUT YOU!

I UNDERSTAND, GRYPHUS. WAIT HERE IN THE HALL, CRABBE.



MY DEAR JOHN!

YOU'RE ILL, COME WITH ME. BUT I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU FROM HERE! YOU'VE BEEN FREED TO EXILE, YOU KNOW, BY ORDER OF THE MAGISTRATES!



I FEAR I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE! WHAT IS THAT NOISE I HEAR, SWT THAT THE MOB IS GOING?



YES, MY DEAR BROTHER, IT IS THE MOB, BUT NEVER FEAR, WE'LL SEE THAT YOU ARE SAFE!



HURRAH FOR ORANGE!

DEATH TO THE TRAITORS!

LET US PASS!

DEATH FOR DE WITT, THE GREATEST TRAITOR OF ALL!

BACK, I TELL YOU! KEEP BACK!



BY THE SHADOW OF A BUILDING, AWAY FROM THE RAGING MOB, BUT NEAR ENOUGH TO HEAR IT, A SILENT MYSTERIOUS FIGURE STOOD WATCHING INTENTLY.

THESE PEOPLE CERTAINLY BEAR A BAD GRUDGE AGAINST THE TWO DE WITTE, VAN OEXEN.

YES, MON-SEIGNEUR, I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH A NOISE!

DEATH FOR THE DE WITTS! CLEAR THE WAY! LET'S GET THE MEN WHO BARGAIN WITH THE FRENCH!

THEY SAY THEY BARGAIN TO KEEP PEACE WITH FRANCE, BUT ANYONE WHO CORRESPONDS WITH THE FRENCH MUST BE A TRAITOR! COUNT BILLY, WITHDRAW YOUR HORSE!

BACK THERE, BACK! ONLY BY AN ORDER OF THE DEPUTIES IN THE TOWN HALL WILL WE WITHDRAW!



VERY WELL! THE TOWN HALL IT IS!



MONSIEUR, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THE DEPUTIES WILL ALLOW THE MOB TO ENTER THE PRISON, DO YOU? THAT WOULD MEAN DEATH FOR THE DE WITTS!

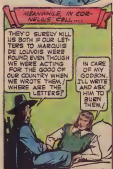
WE SHALL SOON SEE, CAPTAIN VAN DEKEN! WE SHALL SOON SEE!



MEANWHILE, IN CORNELLUS' CELL...

THEY'D SURELY KILL US BOTH IF OUR LETTERS TO MARQUIS DE LOUISIS WERE FOUND, EVEN THOUGH WE WERE ACTING FOR THE GOOD OF OUR COUNTRY WHEN WE WROTE THEM! WHERE ARE THE LETTERS?

IN CARE OF MY GODSON, I'LL WRITE AND ASK HIM TO BURN THEM!



HERE'S A PENCIL BUT I'VE NO PAPER.

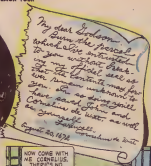
MY BIBLE! I'LL TEAR OUT THE FLY-LEAF!

YES, YOU CAN WRITE THE LETTER ON THAT.





MY SERVANT CRAEKE  
CAME WITH ME. HE IS  
AT THE DOOR. HE  
CAN CARRY THE MES-  
SAGE!



My dear Godson,  
Burn the prison  
which alive entrusted  
to you without break-  
ing my official seal, so  
that the contents may fall  
on your hands, and you  
may know what I  
have said. John and  
Cornelius do with, as well  
as yourself.  
I am,  
August 20, 1678



CRAEKE, TAKE  
THIS MESSAGE IMMEDI-  
ATELY TO MYRTHEER.  
CORNELIUS VAN BARKLE  
IS DORT. IT IS OF UTMOST  
IMPORTANCE FOR HIM TO  
READ IT AT ONCE.  
SO HURRY!

YES,  
MYRTHEER.



NOW COME WITH  
ME CORNELIUS.  
THERE'S NO  
TIME TO LOSE!



GOOD HEAVENS, MON-  
SIEGHEER, IF THE MOB  
GETS THE GROSS AT  
THE TOWN HALL, THEY'LL  
KILL THE DE WITTS/UN-  
LESS IN THE MEANTIME,  
THE PRISONERS CAN ES-  
CAPE THROUGH THE CITY  
GATES!

YES, UNLESS  
THEY CAN...



SHORT TIME LATER...

WE HAVE IT! WE  
HAVE THE ORDER!  
DEATH TO THE  
DE WITTS!

YES DEATH  
TO THE  
DE WITTS!

HURRAH!  
HURRY  
AND  
DRAG  
THEM  
OUT!

WHILE THE MOB  
ROARED ITS FLURY  
IN A CRESCENDO  
OF VIOLENT  
CRIES FOR THE  
LIVES OF THE UN-  
FORTUNATE BROT-  
HERS, JOHN DE WIT  
MANAGED WITH  
DIFFICULTY TO  
HELP HIS BROTHER  
DOWN THE NARROW  
PRISON STAIRS.  
AT THE DOOR  
ROSA RAN TO  
MEET THEM.

OH WYNNEER JOHN, I KNEW MY  
FATHER WOULD NOT UNLOCK THE  
BACK GATE FOR WYNNEER COR-  
NELIUS WITHOUT AN ORDER FROM  
THE ALDISTRATES, SO I TOOK THE  
KEY FROM HIS BUNCH! I WILL  
LEAD YOU THERE WHERE YOU  
WILL BE SAFER.

THANK YOU, MY  
CHILD. YOU ARE  
VERY GOOD  
TO US!



MY DEAR ROSA, I HUM-  
BLY OFFER YOU MY LAST  
POSSESSION...MY BIBLE  
...IN RECOGNITION OF  
YOUR SERVICE IT'S THE  
LAST GIFT OF AN HONEST  
MAN. MAY IT BRING YOU  
LUCK!

IT SHALL  
NEVER  
LEAVE ME,  
WYNNEER  
CORNELIUS



TO THE TOL-  
HER, GATE,  
COACHMAN!  
AND HURRY!



YONDER IS THE  
GATE, CORNE-  
LIUS. ONCE  
PAST THAT AND  
WE SHALL BE  
SAFE!

PRAISE BE!



ADRIANUS, IN THE BUTTERY-HOF SQUARE...

STAND ASIDE, COUNT  
TRAY! LET US BY!  
WE HAVE THE OR-  
DER! WE ENTER  
THE PRISON!

BY THE SAINTS!  
THEY'VE DONE IT!



THE BLACK TULIP



AND AT THE TOLMEK GATE....



*During this time, two men were watching from the window of a house near Tol-Hek Gate.*

GOOD HEAVENS, MONSIEUR! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

SOMETHING VERY TERRIBLE, THAT'S CERTAIN! WITHOUT A DOUBT, THESE PEOPLE ARE VERY ANGRY WITH THE OCCUPANTS OF THE COACH!

THEY DRAG HIM FROM THE COACH! THEY STRIKE HIM! IT'S CORNELIUS DE WITT, MONSIEUR! THEY'VE KILLED HIM!

INDEED, IT IS CORNELIUS! AND NO MISTAKE!

AND NOW THEY'RE GOING TO MURDER THE GRAND DELEGATIONARY! OH, MONSIEUR, IF THERE'S ANY WAY TO SAVE THIS POOR MAN, NAME IT, AND EVEN THOUGH I SHOULD PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT!

CAPTAIN, IF ANYTHING SHOULD BE DONE, I SHALL DO IT!

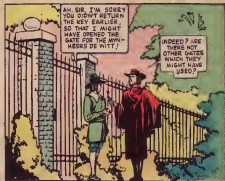
OH, HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!

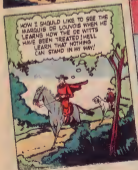
CAPTAIN VAN DEKEN, YOU WILL RIDE OUTSIDE THE CITY AND SEE THAT MY TROOPS ARE ARMED FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

THE DE WITTS! BOTH DEAD! YES, THE HONEST BURGERS OF THE HAGUE HAVE HELPED ME MUCH TODAY! AND NOW I SHALL PAY A VISIT TO THE GATEKEEPER OF TOL-HEK!

AH, SIR, I'M SORRY YOU DIDN'T RETURN THE KEY EARLIER, SO THAT I MIGHT HAVE OPENED THE GATE FOR THE WYNHEKERS DE WITT!

INDEED? ARE THERE NOT OTHER GATES WHICH THEY MIGHT HAVE USED?





MEANWHILE, ANOTHER RIDER HAS TRAVELING AT FULL SPEED TO DORT WITH AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE, IGNORANT OF THE TERRIBLE FATE THAT HAD BEFALLEN HIS MASTER...



BACK IN DORT, CORNELIUS VAN BAELE, WHO HAD NOT HEARD OF HIS GODFATHER'S IMPRISONMENT, LABORED NECESSITANTLY FOR MONTHS IN HIS DRY-ROOM...

FROM RED TO LIGHT BROWN, FROM LIGHT BROWN TO DARK, AND FROM DARK BROWN TO NUT BROWN! SO HAVE MY EXPERIMENTS SUCCEEDED IN DEVELOPING TULIPS THAT ARE NEARER AND NEARER TO THE PRECIOUS BLACK!



NEIGHBOR BOKTEL HAD GIVEN UP THE RAISING OF TULIPS, SO BUSY WAS HE WITH WATCHING CORNELIUS VAN BAELE'S PROGRESS...

HE ACTS AS IF THOSE THREE BULBS WERE SOMETHING SPECIAL! IF THEY'RE BLACK TULIPS, THEY'RE WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD!



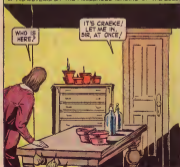
AT LAST! THESE THREE BULBS ARE ALL FROM THE SAME ROOT, WHEN THEY'RE PLANTED NEXT SPRING, THE BLACK TULIP WILL BE A REALITY! THEY'LL NAME IT AFTER ME, EVERYBODY IN HOLLAND WILL KNOW ME!



**S**UDDENLY CORNELIUS WAS JOLTED OUT OF HIS REVERIE BY THE PROLONGED RINGING OF THE BELL...

WHO IS HERE?

IT'S CRAEKE! LET ME IN, SIR, AT ONCE!



CRAEKE / SERVANT OF WYNHEER JOHN DE WITT! GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?







THE MATTER IS, SIR, THAT YOU'RE REQUESTED TO READ THIS IMPORTANT PAPER WITHOUT LOSING ONE MOMENT!

ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR COAQUE, YOUR PAPER SHALL BE READ, BUT FIRST, I MUST FIND MY BULBS.



AND HERE'S THE SECOND BULB! UNHURRIED, I HOPE! I DON'T CARE TO HAVE PEOPLE RUSHING INTO MY 'DRY-ROOM'!



NOW, WHAT IS IT THIS TIME? ARE PEOPLE GOING MAD HERE?

OH, SIR, GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE AT ONCE! ESCAPE WHILE YOU HAVE A CHANCE!



THE HOUSE IS FULL OF GUARDS! THEY'VE COME TO ARREST YOU!

TO ARREST ME! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS? I'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG!



OH, MY DEAR MASTER! TAKE YOUR GOLD, YOUR JEWELRY AND SAVE YOUR LIFE! TUMP OUT OF THE WINDOW!

AND HELL ON MY TULIP GARDEN? NEVER!



WITHOUT REMEMBERING FROM WHENCE IT CAME, CORNELIUS PICKED UP THE BIBLE PLY-LEAF, WRAPPED HIS BULBS IN IT, AND HID THEM IN HIS SHIRT!

AT LEAST THEY'LL NOT HARM THE MOST PRECIOUS THINGS I OWN!

ARMED GUARDS LED BY MAGISTRATE VAN SPENNING  
CONFRONT DE CORNELIUS VAN BAERLE.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE,  
WE DEMAND THAT YOU GIVE  
US THE TRAITOROUS DOCU-  
MENTS WHICH  
YOU KEEP IN  
YOUR HOUSE!

MASTER VAN SPEN-  
NING, I'M COMPLETE-  
LY AT A LOSS TO  
UNDERSTAND WHAT  
YOU WANT!



THE PAPERS THAT THE TRAI-  
TOR, CORNELIUS DE WITT, DE-  
POSITED WITH YOU LAST JANU-  
ARY! BUT SINCE YOU CAN'T  
SEEM TO REMEMBER, I'LL  
GET THEM MYSELF!

AND HERE THEY  
ARE! MYNHEER  
VAN BAERLE,  
COME WITH ME!  
FOR IN THE  
NAME OF THE  
STATES, I AR-  
REST YOU!



MASTER VAN SPENNING,  
I'VE NEVER BROKEN THE  
SEAL OF THAT PACK-  
ET YOU HOLD AND HAVE  
NO IDEA WHAT IS WRIT-  
TEN IN THOSE LETTERS.

THAT'S NO AFFAIR  
OF MINE, DOCTOR.  
EXPLAIN ALL THAT  
TO YOUR JUDGES  
AT THE HAGUE!



THE BLACK TULIP

AND SO, NEIGHBOR BOXTEL HAD HIS DAY OF REVENGE...

THEY'VE TAKEN VAN SAERLE AWAY! THE MAGISTRATES MUST HAVE RECEIVED THE ANONYMOUS LETTER I SENT ABOUT THE PACKET LEFT BY DE WITT! I KNEW VAN SAERLE MUST HAVE BEEN IN LEAGUE WITH THOSE TRAITORS!



STURGE MOVED INSTANTLY UNTIL MIDNIGHT, THEN CLIMBED OVER THE WALL AND CORNELIUS' GARDEN...



NO TULIP BULBS AT ALL! I WONDER IF HE COULD HAVE LEFT ANY IN HIS DRY ROOM?

WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT! THAT IS, IF I DON'T WAKE UP VAN SAERLE'S HOUSE-KEEPER!



PLENTY OF TULIP BULBS, BUT NONE MARKED FOR THE BLACK TULIP! HE MUST HAVE THEM WITH HIM! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO TO THE HAGUE AND PERHAPS I CAN GET THEM - BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL!



STURGE AND BOXTEL HAD COME FORTH FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE IN THE SECRET DUNGEON THAT NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT, JUST WHEN BOXTEL WAS BEGINNING TO SEARCH IN CORNELIUS VAN SAERLE'S GARDEN FOR THE TULIP BULBS. GENTLEMAN PLACED CORNELIUS IN THE SAME PRISON CELL WHICH THAT MORNING HAD BEEN VICARIOUS BY CORNELIUS DE WITT...



SORROW OF CORNELIUS DE WITT! WELL, YOUNG MAN, WE HAVE THE FAMILY CELL HERE, AND WE'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!

SOONER OR LATER MOST MEN END UP IN ONE OF TWO PLACES, THE PRISON OR THE GRAVE! HA - HA!



THE FAMILY CELL! I WONDER WHAT HE MEANS BY THAT?



HE'S SO YOUNG, SO HANDSOME! AND NOW HE'S GOING TO HIS DEATH!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE! BUT WHAT IS SHE DOING IN SUCH A PLACE AS THIS?



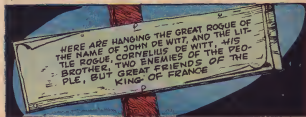
COME ON, YOU! WHY ARE YOU STOPPING THERE?

YES MASTER BRYPHUS I'M COMING.

CORNELIUS COULD NOT SLEEP AND AT THE FIRST BEAMS OF DAY'S LIGHT, WAS GOING THROUGH THE MIDDLE WINDOW, TRYING TO READ THE INSCRIPTION ON A PLACARD HANGING OVER THE GALLOWS IN THE PRISON SQUARE...



OH, NO! NO! OH, MY DEAR GOD FATHER! RYHBER JOHN!



HERE ARE HANGING THE GREAT ROGUE OF THE NAME OF JOHN DE WITT, AND THE LITTLE ROGUE, CORNELIUS DE WITT, HIS BROTHER, TWO ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE, BUT GREAT FRIENDS OF THE KING OF FRANCE



MASTER GRYPHUS!  
MASTER GRYPHUS!  
COME QUICK! TELL  
ME WHAT HAVE I  
READ DOWN IN THE  
SQUARE?



WELL, MY GOOD SIR, THAT'S WHAT  
PEOPLE WILL GET FOR CORRESPOND-  
ING WITH THE ENEMIES  
OF HIS HIGHNESS, THE  
PRINCE OF ORANGE!

Gryphus left the cell and Cornelius then prayed for the departed souls and submitted with resignation to all the suffering God might decree for him...



WELL, IF MY CAREER IS  
ALSO TO BE CUT SHORT,  
I HAVE MADE MY DEUCE!  
BUT MY BULBS! USELESS  
LABOR OF SO MANY YEARS!



YET, THESE BULBS OF THE  
BLACK TULIP WILL GIVE ME  
COMFORT AS LONG AS I CAN  
KEEP THEM WITH ME! I'LL  
HIDE THEM BEHIND  
THIS STONE!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, AFTER  
A DAY OF HOPELESS DESPAIR  
FOR CORNELIUS...

ALL RIGHT, COME AND  
GET IT, YOU! YOUR  
FOOD'S HERE!

VERY WELL, MASTER  
GRYPHUS, BUT I'VE  
NEEDED LITTLE TASTE  
FOR FOOD!



THE BLACK TULIP



CORNELIUS, WITH PERFECT SKILL, SET GUYRAULS' ARM, AND THE MAN WHO WAS SO MADDEN WITH PAINERS FAINTED...

THE SHOCK HAS CAUSED HIM TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS TEMPORARILY, BUT HIS TEMPLES AND HE'LL RECOVER.

YES, MYNHEER, BUT FIRST, SERVICE FOR SERVICE!



GOOD SIR, I'M ALONE AND WEAK, MY FATHER IS IN A SWORN AND THERE'S NOTHING TO PREVENT YOUR ESCAPE! YOUR TRIAL STARTS TOMORROW AND THEY'LL CONDEMN YOU!

YOU'RE VERY GOOD, BUT THEY WOULD ACCUSE YOU, BY THE WAY, YOUR FATHER IS MAKING UP!



HOW WHAT ARE YOU TWO CHATTERING ABOUT? ROSA, DOWN TO YOUR ROOM!

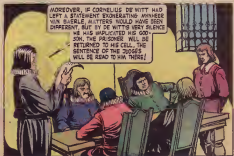
YES, FATHER, I'M GOING NOW!



MYNHEER VAN SAERLE, WE THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR KINDNESS.

IT IS NOTHING, MY CHILD!

AT THE TRIAL, CORNELIUS ADMITTED HAVING KEPT THE FATAL LETTERS, BUT DENIED HE HAD READ THEM. HE HADUSLY RECALLED A VISIT FROM CORNEKE AT THE TIME OF HIS ARREST, BUT HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT THE MESSAGE WAS, OR OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE MESSENGER!



MOREOVER, IF CORNELIUS DE WITT HAD LEFT A STATEMENT EXCORIATING MYNHEER VAN SAERLE, MATTERS WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT, BUT BY DE WITT'S VERY SILENCE HE HAS IMPLICATED HIS GODSON, THE PRISONER WILL BE RETURNED TO HIS CELL, THE SENTENCE OF THE JUDGES WILL BE READ TO HIM THERE!

LATER, AS DRYPHUS WAS ILL WITH FEVER BRUGHT ON BY HIS FRACTURED ARM, A TURKEY ADMITTED THE RECORDER TO CORNELIUS' CELL.



... AND CORNELIUS VAN BAERLE SHALL BE EXECUTED ON THE BLOCK, HAS THE PRISONER ANYTHING TO SAY?

NO... NOTHING.

AFTER THE RECORDER HAD LEFT CORNELIUS' CELL...



GIVE ME MY FATHER'S KEYS, I WANT TO SPEAK TO AYMHEER CORNELIUS!

DON'T FORGET TO LOCK THE DOOR!



OH, MYNHEER CORNELIUS, FORGIVE MY FATHER! THE TOWER CLOCK HAS STRUCK ELEVEN, IN ONE SHORT HOUR THEY WILL COME FOR YOU! OH, MYNHEER CORNELIUS!

ROSA, BEFORE I LEAVE THIS WORLD, LET ME SAY THAT IN THE SHORT TIME I'VE KNOWN YOU, I'VE COME TO REALIZE THAT I'VE NEVER MET A WOMAN HALF SO FAIR OR PURE AS YOU!



OH, MYNHEER CORNELIUS!

COME, DRY THE TEARS FROM YOUR BEAUTIFUL EYES, YOUR TEARS BREAK MY HEART MUCH MORE THAN MY APPROACHING FATE ROSA DEAR CHILD LISTEN! THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TELL YOU!

TAKING THE BIBLES FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE, CORNELIUS TOLD ROSA THE WHOLE STORY OF THE BLACK TULIP OF THE 100,000 GUILDEN OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY. HE EXPLAINED THAT SHE MUST RAISE THE TULIPS AND PRESENT THEM FOR THE PRIZE WHICH SHOULD BE HERS



... AND SO THE BLACK TULIP WILL BE YOURS! PERHAPS YOU'LL CALL IT THE ROSA VAN BAERLE AS A REMINDER OF OUR DAYS HERE TOGETHER? IF YOU WOULD FIND ME A PENCIL AND PAPER, I WOULD WRITE IT DOWN!

OH, YES, MYNHEER! YES! TRULY I NEED NO REMINDER, BUT YOU MAY WRITE IN THIS BOOK IF YOU WISH!



WHAT IS THIS?

IT'S THE BIBLE OF YOUR POOR GODFATHER, CORNELIUS DE WITT, WHICH HE GAVE TO ME. THERE'S ALSO A PENCIL IN THE BIBLE WITH WHICH HE WROTE HIS LAST MESSAGE.





BY THE SECOND REVEAL OF CORNELIUS DE WITT'S BOLE, WYNHEER CORNELIUS VAN BARBLE WROTE HIS WILL.

MY HOME AND MONEY HAVE BEEN CONFISCATED BY THE STATE, SO I'VE LEFT YOU ALL I OWN... THE THREE BULBS OF THE BLACK TULIP. READ IT!

BUT, WYNHEER, I CAN'T READ!



CORNELIUS READ THE WILL, MAKING ROSA HIS SOLE HEIRESS.

THANK YOU, WYNHEER CORNELIUS. I'LL CARRY OUT YOUR WISHES AND GUARD THESE BULBS WITH MY VERY LIFE!



ROSA, LISTEN, THE TIME HAS COME. I HEAR THE GUARDS.

OH, WYNHEER!



FAREWELL...  
FAREWELL, ROSA,  
DEAR CHILD!

WYNHEER!  
WYNHEER!



AS CORNELIUS FOLLOWED THE GUARDS TO THE SCAFOLD, HIS HAND DIBLED BITTERLY ON FATE'S STRANGE PARADOX, FOR WHERE JOHN AND CORNELIUS DE WITT HAD LOST THEIR LIVES FOR HAVING THOUGHT TOO MUCH OF POLITICS, HE, CORNELIUS VAN BARBLE, WAS ABOUT TO LOSE HIS LIFE FOR HAVING THOUGHT TOO MUCH OF TULIPS.


DOWN WITH  
TRAITORS!

DEATH TO  
VAN BARBLE!

HURRY UP  
FOR  
ORANGE!



*Most*  
 EAGER AMONG  
 THE SPECTATORS  
 WAS ISAAC  
 BOXTEL WHO,  
 ONLY A  
 SHORT  
 TIME  
 BEFORE,  
 HAD  
 ARRIVED  
 FROM  
 DEET!




THE BLACK TULIP



YOU WERE SURE  
IN THE HICK OF  
TIME, MYNHEER.

IT'S BATHER A WAD-  
DY FEELING TO BE  
STILL ALIVE! BUT  
I STILL DON'T SEE  
THE REASON FOR  
THIS!



WELL, WE'LL TELL YOU.  
PRINCE WILLIAM DECIDED  
THAT YOU WERE TOO GUILTY  
TO BE FREED, BUT NOT  
GUILTY ENOUGH TO DIE. YOU'VE  
BEEN SENTENCED TO LIFE  
IMPRISONMENT AT LOEWES-  
TEIN!

LOEWES-TEIN!  
WELL, AT LEAST  
LOEWES-TEIN  
IS NEAR DORT!



THIS SCOUNDREL! CURSE YOU!  
I PAID FOR YOUR CLOTHES! OH  
MY HUNDRED GUILDERS!  
I'VE LOST MY MONEY! AND WHERE  
ARE THE BLACK TULIPS?

SUDDENLY, BRIEF TOOK POS-  
SESSION OF CORNELIUS, ...  
NOT BECAUSE OF HIS PARSON,  
OR LOEWES-TEIN, OR EVEN THE  
LIFE SENTENCE... BUT BECAUSE  
OF A SUDDEN REALIZATION  
THAT HAD COME OVER HIM...



LOEWES-TEIN! AND  
ROSA WILL NOT  
BE THERE!

THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED WERE WEARY  
ONES FOR CORNELIUS, WITH ONLY THE  
PIGEONS THAT FLUTTERED ABOUT THE  
TOWER OF LOEWES-TEIN FOR COMPANY...



THEY LOOK LIKE  
MY PIGEONS IN  
DORT. I WONDER  
WHAT IS HAPPEN-  
ING THERE AND  
WHAT ROSA IS  
DOING?

HAVING PERSUADED THE TURKEY TO  
GIVE HIM A SMALL PIECE OF BREAD  
AND USING THE BEVEL WITH WHICH  
HE HAD MADE CUT HIS WILL, CORNE-  
LIUS WROTE TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.



... I AM AT LOEWES-TEIN  
PRISON. PLEASE ADVISE  
ROSA OR PRINCE AT SUN-  
TENHOFF IN THE HIDE?



HAVING FASTENED THE NOTE UNDER THE PIGEON'S WING...

IT'S A BLYAT CHANCE THAT MY MESSAGE WILL EVER BE DELIVERED, BUT WHAT CAN I LOSE?

A MONTH PASSED AND BY THE MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY 1873, CORNELIUS HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE THAT HIS MESSAGE HAD BEEN RECEIVED THEN ONE EVENING...



WYNHEER! OH, WYNHEER CORNELIUS!

WHO CALLS? IT SOUNDED LIKE... NO, IT CAN'T BE! I AM HEARING HER VOICE IN MY IMAGINATION!



OH, NO, WYNHEER! NO, CORNELIUS! IT'S NOT YOUR IMAGINATION! I'M HERE, I'M REALLY HERE!

OH, BLESSED ROSA! YOU'VE GOT MY MESSAGE? COME, CHILD! GIVE ME YOUR HAND!



IT WAS A NOTE ON ONE OF YOUR PIGEONS WYNHEER! AND YOUR HOUSEKEEPER BROUGHT ME WORD!

GOD HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME, ROSA! BUT HOW NOW DID YOU GET HERE?



MY AUNT IS HOUSEKEEPER FOR PRINCE WILLIAM OF ORANGE WHEN I LEARNED YOU WERE HERE, I ASKED THROUGH HER FOR MY FATHER'S TRANSFER BEING JAILER OF LOWESTEIN IS GREAT GOOD FORTUNE!

OH, ROSA, THAT YOU SHOULD DO ALL THAT JUST TO BE HEAR ME! THEN YOU MUST LOVE ME A LITTLE!



A LITTLE? OH, WYNHEER CORNELIUS! BUT - LISTEN! I HEAR MY FATHER COMING! HE MUST NOT SEE ME!

GOOD NIGHT, MY DEAR! HEAVEN BLESS YOU!

ROSA HAD LEFT JUST IN TIME,  
FOR A MOMENT LATER...

WELL, IF IT ISN'T ANXIOUS  
ANNIEBEE VAN BASTLE! (I  
DECLARE, IT'S AS-  
TONISHING HOW PEOP-  
LE DO MEET!)

YES AND I CAN  
SEE YOUR ARM  
IS DOING WELL,  
SIR. FOR YOU  
CAN HOLD YOUR  
LANTERN  
WITH IT!

HAH! WHEN THE DAY  
COMES THAT I'M IN  
THE DEBT OF MY PRISONERS,  
I STOP BEING  
A JAILER / SOULLESS,  
IF YOU'D LEFT IT A-  
LONE, I WOULD HAVE  
DONE AS WELL!

THE NEXT EVENING...

MY FATHER NAPS EVERY  
EVENING AFTER SUPPER.  
THAT IS THE ONLY TIME  
I CAN COME TO CHAT WITH  
YOU TONIGHT, I BROUGHT  
BACK YOUR BULBS!

THE BLACK TU-  
LIP! BUT I GAVE  
THEM TO YOU!

OH, ANNIEBEE, I  
DON'T KNOW HOW  
TO PLANT AND  
CARE FOR TULIPS!

IF YOU'LL BRING ME  
THE SOIL, I'LL PLANT  
ONE BULB HERE. NOW  
WELL PLANT ANOTHER  
IN THE GARDEN. KEEP  
THE THIRD BULB SAFE  
IN CASE THESE TWO  
ARE FAILURES!

And so,  
each  
evening ROSA  
CAME TO THE  
LITTLE BARRED  
WINDOW  
TO SEE  
CORNELIUS,  
WHO PLANNED  
IN MANIFEST  
DETAIL  
THE STEPS NECESSARY  
TO CULTIVATE  
THE BULB  
OF THE BLACK  
TULIP. AND  
ROSA  
FAITHFULLY  
FOLLOWED HIS  
EVERY  
DIRECTION.

OH, ROSA, I DID NOT  
BELIEVE I WOULD  
EVER KNOW SUCH  
HAPPINESS AGAIN!

IF I COULD ONLY BE  
WORTHY OF YOUR  
REGARD ANNIEBEE  
CORNELIUS! WE'VE  
ONLY ONE HOUR EV-  
ERY EVENING, SO  
LET'S MAKE GOOD  
USE OF IT! PLEASE  
TEACH ME TO READ  
AND WRITE!

I'VE ALREADY  
PLANTED IN  
THIS JAIL THE  
FIRST BULB OF  
THE BLACK  
TULIP!

THE NEXT EVENING ROSA BROUGHT CORNELIUS A BIBLE AS GIFT WITH HER AND THIS BEGAN THE FIRST LESSON IN ROSA'S EDUCATION...

HERE'S THE BOOK GIVEN ME BY YOUR GOD-FATHER, DEAR CORNELIUS

A BIBLE, WHAT BETTER TEXT COULD WE USE?



ONE NIGHT, ROSA WAS LATE FOR HER LESSON...

I COULDN'T COME SOONER. MY FATHER'S FRIEND JACOB GHIELI DIED WITH US. HE SPENDS MUCH TIME HERE, CLAIMING INTEREST IN THE PRISON, BUT HE WILL NOT TAKE HIS EYES OFF ME!

PERHAPS HE'S IN LOVE WITH YOU, ROSA. DO YOU LOVE HIM?



INDEED I DON'T! TAKE GREAT CARE, HOWEVER! HE MAY BE A SPY! AT THE BUYERSHOP, HE ONCE ASKED TO SEE YOU, BUT NOW HE CLAIMS HE DOESN'T KNOW YOU!

BUT THE SPY HAD DONE HIS WORK, FOR THE VERY NEXT DAY...

THERE IS SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THIS! A BULB IN A JAR OF DIRT!

LEAVE ME MY TULIP BULB, SIR!



LET GO! LET GO OR I SHALL CALL THE GUARD!

THEN DON'T DESTROY THAT BULB!



THE BLACK TULIP



OH FOR SHAME, FATHER!



I'M SORRY ESPECIALLY SINCE HE'S YOUR FATHER, ROSA!

WE'LL PLANT THE OTHER TOMORROW.

THAT NIGHT, ROSA TOLD CORNELIUS OF THE EFFECT WHICH THE LOSS OF THE BULB HAD UPON JACOB SYBELS. HE HAD SEEMED TELLY UP SET...

WELL, WATCH THE SECOND BULB MORE CAREFULLY THAN EVER ROSE, NEVER LEAVE IT FOR AN INSTANT! EVEN IF IT MEANS THAT YOU CANNOT COME TO SEE ME ANYMORE!



MYNHEER CORNELIUS!



HE LOVES HIS TULIPS SO MUCH THAT HE HAS NO ROOM LEFT IN HIS HEART FOR ME! I'LL PLANT HIS BULB TOMORROW BUT I KNOW HE DOESN'T LOVE ME! HE LOVES ONLY THE BLACK TULIP!

THE NEXT DAY...



THERE HE IS WATCHING ME! BUT I'LL FOOL HIM!

AND THAT NIGHT...



I SAW HER PLANTING THE BLACK TULIP HERE! I SAW HER! I SAW HER! BUT IT'S NOT HERE! WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT?

THERE'S JACK'S GIBELS LOOKING FOR THE BULB! WOULDN'T HE BE SURPRISED IF HE KNEW, THAT WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR WAS PLANTED IN THE FLOWER POT IN THIS VERY ROOM!



FOR EIGHT DAYS ROSA DID NOT GO TO SEE CORNELIUS. SHE SPENT HER TIME STUDYING HER READING AND WRITING, TRYING TO FORGET HER UNHAPPINESS OVER WHAT SHE CONSIDERED CORNELIUS' INDIFFERENCE. BUT SHE WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE WHOSE HEART WAS BREAKING...

HOW SEARCH THIS CELL! THIS FELLOW WILL NEITHER EAT NOR SLEEP! THERE MUST BE SOME REASON FOR IT!



AT THE END OF THE EIGHTH DAY ROSA COULD STAND IT NO LONGER. SHE MADE USE OF HER NEWLY ACQUIRED ABILITY TO WRITE AND SLIPPED A NOTE INTO CORNELIUS' CELL...



THE NEXT EVENING.....

WHYHEER CORNELIUS, I'VE COME ONLY TO SPEAK ABOUT YOUR TULIP SINCE THAT IS THE OBJECT DEAREST TO YOU!

NO, ROSA, YOU ARE WRONG! EACH MINUTE AWAY FROM YOU HAS BEEN AN INTERDITY! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I LOVE YOU, ROSA! I LOVE YOU SO VERY MUCH!



CORNELIUS! OH, I LOVE YOU, TOO!



AND THEN AT LAST, ONE DAY.....

CORNELIUS! COME QUICKLY! THE TULIP! IT IS OPEN AND IT IS BLACK! BEAUTIFULLY BLACK!

ROSA, OH, MY DARLING! SUCCESS AT LAST!





BUT AT THEIR VERY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH, THE HANDS OF FATE WERE PICKING AGAINST THEM IN THE SHAPE OF JACOB BISSLE, WHO EVEN THEN WAS MAKING A WELL IMPRESSION OF THE LOCK TO ROSA'S ROOM.

THIS BLANK KEY COVERED WITH WAX AND TURNED IN THE LOCK WILL TELL ME WHERE IT MUST BE FILED TO FIT! THEN I WILL BE ABLE TO ENTER THIS ROOM WHEN I WANT TO!

THE NEXT MORNING, ROSA WAS UP AT SUN-RISE AND DRESSED FOR HER JOURNEY...

I SHALL TAKE THE THIRD GULL WITH ME TO PROVE THAT THE BLACK TULIP IS MINE!

NOW I'LL GO TO THE STABLE MASTER FOR A CAR-RIAGE AND THEN COME BACK FOR THE BLACK TULIP!

BUT IN THE FEW MINUTES THAT ROSA WAS GONE, A THIEF ENTERED HER ROOM... IT WAS JACOB BISSLE, BETTER KNOWN AS... ISAAC BOXTEL.

PERFECT! PURE BLACK!

WHEN ROSA RETURNED...

CORNELIUS! COR-  
NELIUS! SOME-  
ONE HAS TAKEN  
IT! SOMEONE  
HAS STOLEN  
THE BLACK  
TULIP!

OH NO! NO! IT  
CAN'T BE,  
ROSA! ARE  
YOU SURE?

WHO COULD HAVE DONE  
IT ROSA? CAN YOU THINK  
OF SOMEONE? ...YES! THAT  
SECONDWHEEL WHO WATCHED  
YOU IN THE GARDEN! (THAT  
JACOB BISSLE!) IS THERE  
A WAY TO STOP HIM?

YES, I'LL GO  
AT ONCE!  
ALL IS NOT  
YET LOST!  
RELY ON ME,  
CORNELIUS!

ROSA OBTAINED A HORSE THAT SHE MIGHT TRAVEL FASTER, AND SET OUT FOR HAARLEM... AT NOON THE NEXT DAY SHE HAD COME TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF HAARLEM...





SIR, I MUST TALK TO YOU! PLEASE DON'T TURN ME AWAY!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LISTEN! MY REPORT ON THE BLACK TULIP MUST BE FINISHED!

ANYWHERE MAN SYSTEMS YOUR REPORT WILL BE BASED ON A LIE IF YOU DO NOT HEAR ME! I URGE YOU LET THIS MASTER GIBTEL, WHOM I ASSEERT TO BE MASTER GIBBEL, BE BROUGHT HERE BEFORE US! LET ME HAVE A CHANCE TO RECOGNIZE HIM AND THE TULIP!



SURELY, AS BOSS FINISHED A GREAT TUMULT AROSE IN THE STREET OUTSIDE...

WHAT IS IT? IS THIS POSSIBLE? HAVE I HEARD CORRECTLY? ENOUGH ME, YOURS LADY! BE SEATED!

Y YES, MYNHEER!



MONSIEUR! ADMIRABLE! WHAT DISTINGUISHED HONOR IS YOUR HIGHNESS BESTOWING FOREVER ON THESE HUMBLE OFFICES BY YOUR VISIT?

I HEARD THAT THE CITY OF HANDELMAN AT LAST POSSESSED THE BLACK TULIP AND I HAVE COME TO LEARN ABOUT IT FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE TULIP SOCIETY!

**BEFORE MYNHEER** VAN SYSTEMS LEASED HIS GUEST INTO THE SOCIETY'S BOARD ROOM, HE TOLD ALL ABOUT THE BLACK TULIP AT WILLIAM'S REQUEST. THE HONOR GIBTEL WAS SUMMONED TO COME AT ONCE. PRINCE WILLIAM ALSO LEARNED ABOUT THE COMPLAINT PRESENTED BY THE PRETTY FRENCH GIRL WHO WAS WAITING IN VAN SYSTEMS' PRIVATE OFFICE



I WILL HEAR THE CASE AND ADMINISTER JUSTICE. DO BEFORE ME AND CALL ME PLAIN MYNHEER!

BOSS WAS SUMMONED BEFORE WILLIAM, LEARNER OF THE PRINCE'S TRUE IDENTITY. BOSS DEPARTED TO HIM HIS STORY AND TOLD HIM ABOUT CORNELIUS, AND HOW THEY GROW THE BLACK TULIP....



AND SIR, YOU CAN IMAGINE OUR DESPAIR WHEN WE DISCOVERED THAT THE BLACK TULIP HAD ROTLEN!

SINCE IT IS ONLY THREE MONTHS AGO THAT THE JAILER GRYPHER WAS REMOVED TO LOEWESTEN, YOU HAVE NOT KNOWN THE PRISONER LONG, MY CHIEF?

I CONFESS I KNEW HIM AT THE HAGUE, MYNHEER.



MASTER BOXTEL IS HERE, SIR.

TAKE HIM TO MY OFFICE. I SHALL SPEAK TO HIM THERE.



MYNHEER BOXTEL, I'VE HAD YOU BRING YOUR TULIP AGAIN TO SHOW IT TO A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE.

I'M GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU, AND I CAME AS QUICKLY AS I COULD.

IT IS HE, MYNHEER! (IT ISN'T GISEL'S VOICE!)



A MOMENT LATER, MYN SYSTEMS ENTERED THE BOARDS ROOM.....

THAT IS MY TULIP MYNHEER! I RECOGNIZE IT, EVEN THOUGH THE FLOWER POT HAS BEEN CHANGED! OH, MY POOR CORNELIUS!

WE SHALL THASH OUT THIS MATTER! MASTER BOXTEL, WILL YOU COME HERE, IF YOU PLEASE!



YOUR HIGHNESS!

HIS HIGHNESS! OH, I DID NOT KNOW!



MASTER BOXTEL, HERE'S A YOUNG WOMAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE FOUND THE SECRET OF GROWING THE BLACK TULIP. DO YOU KNOW HER?

OH, YOU'VE STOLEN IT FROM MY ROOM!

I'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE!



THE BLACK TULIP



YOUR HIGHNESS, THIS GIRL KNOWS I INTRODUCED THE BLACK TULIP. SHE AND HER LOVED, THE PRISONER IN LOEWESTEIN, CONSPIRED TO STEAL IT FROM ME IN ORDER TO WIN THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND GUILDERS!

AND WHO IS THE PRISONER TO WHOM YOU REFER?

HIS NAME IS CORNELIUS VAN BARTLE. HE'S THE SON OF THAT VILLAIN, CORNELIUS DE WITT!

IT WAS, THEN, TO FOLLOW THIS MAN THAT YOU ASKED FOR THE TRAFEGER OF YOUR FATHER TO LOEWESTEIN?

YES YOUR HIGHNESS.



YOU'VE DONE WRONG MY CHILD. I AM INCLINED TO BELIEVE THE GUILT TO HAVE BEEN THE PRISONER'S, NOT YOURS. I WILL NOT PUNISH YOU.

MONSIEUR! CORNELIUS IS NOT GUILTY! HE HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT WAS CONTAINED IN THE LETTERS ENTRUSTED TO HIM BY CORNELIUS DE WITT! AND I ALSO CAN PROVE THAT THE TULIP IS HIS!



MASTER BORTLE, HOW MANY BULBS OF THE BLACK TULIP WERE THERE, AND WHERE ARE THEY?

THERE WERE THREE. BUT... ER... A ONE FAILED, AND THE OTHER ONE IS... AT HOME!



YOU LIE, MASTER BORTLE! MY FATHER RUINED THE SECOND BULB. HERE'S THE THIRD BULB FROM THE SAME BUD! TAKE IT, MONSIEUR! TAKE IT!

AS WILLIAM OF ORANGE EXAMINED THE THIRD BULB OF THE BLACK TULIP, ROSA'S EYES NOTICED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE WRITING ON THE BIBLE'S PLATE IN WHICH THE BULB HAD BEEN WRAPPED...

OH... OH...



OH, MONSIEUR, READ! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, READ!

PRINCE WILLIAM THEN READ THE NOTE WHICH CORNELIUS DE WITT HAD WRITTEN TO HIS GOODSON.

YES I REMEMBER! THE SEAL WAS UNBROKEN WHEN I RECEIVED THE PACKET OF LETTERS! AND THE TWO DE WITTS AS THEIR LETTERS PROVED WERE GREAT CITIZENS, WRONGLY PUNISHED.



GO, MASTER BONTEL, JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE, I PROMISE YOU, AND YOU, MY DEAR WYNHEER VAN SYBENS, TAKE CHARGE OF THIS YOUNG WOMAN AND THE TULIP... NOW FOR THE TIME, GOOD-BYE!



STEP BONTEL HAD IN HIS EAR LEFT BOS. HE WENT OVER TO THE TULIP AND TENDERLY KISSED ITS LEAVES.



GOD KNEW BEST FOR WHAT END HE MADE MY GOOD CORNELIUS TEACH ME TO READ!

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON OF THE SAME DAY, A MESSAGE CAME TO BOS FROM PRINCE WILLIAM, REQUESTING THAT SHE COME AT ONCE TO THE LOUNGE OF THE TOWN HALL...

DID YOUR HIGHNESS WISH TO SPEAK TO ME?

SIT DOWN, MY CHILD, I WILL NOT KEEP YOU LONG!



YOU TOLD US THIS AFTERNOON OF MORNHEER VAN BAERLE OF LOEWESTEIN. DO YOU LOVE THIS GENTLEMAN?

OH, SIR I DO! WITH ALL MY HEART AND SOUL AS HIS WIFE, I SHOULD BE THE PROUDEST AND HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD!



CAPTAIN VAN OCKEN, CARRY THIS DISPATCH TO LOEWESTEIN, YOU WILL READ THE ORDERS CONTAINED THEREIN AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY.

YES, YOUR HIGHNESS!



MY CHILD, THE FEAST OF THE TULIPS WILL BE TOMORROW. I WANT THAT DAY TO BE A VERY HAPPY ONE FOR YOU. HERE ARE FIVE HUNDRED GUILDERS, WITH WHICH TO BUY YOURSELF NEW CLOTHES, DRESS YOURSELF IN THE COSTUME OF A FRISIAN BRIDE!



OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU, MONSIEUR!

MEANWHILE BACK AT LOEWES - STEVE CORNELIUS EVERY MIGHT HAS OF ROSA



OH, I PRAY THAT SHE'S SAFE, AND THAT HER JOURNEY IS NOT IN VAIN!



WELL, MY FINE YOUNG GENTLEMAN / YOU DON'T SEEM VERY PLEASUED TO SEE ME, EH?

PLEASUED TO SEE YOU? SHOULD I BE?



YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, MY MAN! ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW OR MUST I BEAT IT OUT OF YOU?

IN THE FIRST PLACE, MISTREATING PRISONERS IS CONTRARY TO THE REGULATIONS LAID DOWN FOR LOEWESTERN. IN THE SECOND PLACE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT!



COMPOUND YOU! WHERE IS MY ROSA?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW THAT?



I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP! YOU, YOU SORCERER! I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY! YOU'VE A POWER OVER HER! I KNOW! THE TURKEY TOLD ME HOW SHE WOULD COME HERE TO TALK WITH YOU!

SO THAT'S IT, IS IT?





YOU KNOW THE PUNISHMENT FOR RESISTING THE JAILER! THE ARTICLES WERE READ TO YOU WHEN YOU FIRST CAME!

'YOU'LL BE CHARGED WITH ATTEMPTED MURDER, WITH REBELLION! FOR WHICH THE PENALTY IS DEATH!

I SEE AND HOW LONG BEFORE THE PENALTY IS CARRIED OUT?

OH, PERHAPS YOU WILL HAVE AS MUCH AS TWELVE HOURS.



Suddenly at the door of Cornelius' cell...

WE HAVE HERE AN ORDER FROM THE HIGHEST MAGISTRATES IN THE PROVINCE! WE HAVE COME FOR ONE PRISONER, CORNELIUS VAN BAERLE! WHERE IS THAT PRISONER?

HERE I AM, SIR!

CORNELIUS WAS RELEASED TO THE HIGH OFFICERS. HE WAS LED TO THE EXPLANADE WHERE A COACH AWAITED THEM. HE WAS PLACED IN THE COACH BETWEEN CAPTAIN VAN DEREN AND ANOTHER OFFICER, BUT WHERE THEY WERE TAKING HIM AND WHY, HE KNEW NOT.

THEY SURELY ARE PROMPT IN CARRYING OUT JUSTICE! OH, IF I COULD ONLY HAVE SEEN MY SWEET ROSA ONCE MORE!



WHILE THE COACH ROLLED ON HOUR AFTER HOUR THROUGH DORT, ROTTERDAM, DELFT AND LEYDEN, THE TOWN'S FOLK OF HAARLEM WERE BUSILY PREPARING FOR THE GREATEST CELEBRATION THAT THEY HAD EVER KNOWN.

THEY SAY THE BLACK TULIP HAS BEEN PRODUCED AND THAT SOMEONE WILL GET THE PRIZE

AND PRINCE WILLIAM HIMSELF WILL BE HERE!

BESIDE THE HUNDRED THOUSAND GULDERS FOR THE TULIP, THE TOWN OF HAARLEM HAS GIVEN ANOTHER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND GULDERS TO SPEND FOR THE CELEBRATION!

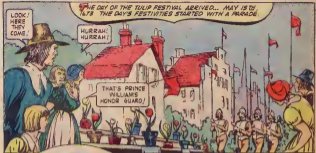


THE DAY OF THE TULIP FESTIVAL ARRIVED... MAY 15<sup>TH</sup> 1673 THE DAY'S FESTIVITIES STARTED WITH A PARADE.

LOOK! HERE THEY COME!

HURRAH! HURRAH!

THAT'S PRINCE WILLIAM'S HONOR GUARD!



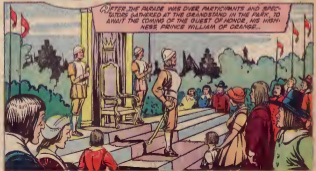
AND THEN, MAJESTICALLY AND PROUDLY REPOSING ON A WHITE VELVET-COVERED LITTER, CAME THE BLACK TULIP!

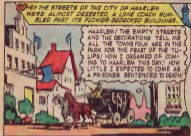
ISAAC BORTHEL COULD NOT WAIT UNTIL HE SHOULD BE PROCLAIMED THE DISCOVERER OF A NEW HONOR...

LOOK! LOOK! THERE IT IS! THE BLACK TULIP! AND WORTH TO BE A HUNDRED THOUSAND GULDERS!



AFTER THE PARADE WAS OVER, PARTICIPANTS AND SPECTATORS GATHERED AT THE GRANDSAND IN THE PARK, TO AWAIT THE COMING OF THE GUEST OF HONOR, HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE WILLIAM OF ORANGE.





WHEN THE STREETS OF THE CITY OF HAARLEM WERE ALMOST DESERTED A LOAFER COACH RUMBLED PAST ITS FLOWER-DECKED BUILDINGS.

HAARLEM! THE EMPTY STREETS AND THE DECORATIONS TELL ME ALL THE TOWN FOLK ARE IN THE PARK FOR THE FEAST OF THE TULIPS! HOW I DREAMED OF COMING TO HAARLEM THIS DAY! HOW LITTLE I EXPECTED TO COME AS A PRISONER SENTENCED TO DEATH!

TELL ME, SIR! AM I CORRECT? IS THIS THE DAY OF THE FEAST OF THE TULIPS?



IT IS, SIR, AND THE PRIZE WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE BLACK TULIP!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

OH, IF I COULD ONLY SEE IT! OH, PLEASE, SIR, I BEG OF YOU! GRANT ME MY LAST REQUEST... TO SEE THE BLACK TULIP BEFORE I DIE!

YOU'RE A PRISONER, VAN BARLE! AND I HAVE MY ORDERS!... BUT, WAIT! IS THAT HIS HIGHNESS' COACH APPROACHING?



MONSIEUR, THIS IS THE PRISONER FROM LOENSTEIN ACCORDING TO YOUR HIGHNESS' COMMAND. HE ASKS FOR PERMISSION TO STOP HERE AND SEE THE BLACK TULIP.

VERY WELL, VAN DEKEN. IT IS A SIGHT WORTH SEEING.



THEN AT A SIGNAL FROM PRINCE WILLIAM HIS COACH WAS DRIVEN OFF THE ROAD TOWARD THE GRAND STAND LEAVING CORNELIUS MOVED AND GRATEFUL.

HIS HIGHNESS CAN LITTLE REALIZE HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO ME!



AL! WITH THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND GULDERS I SHALL BUY ME A COACH LIKE PRINCE WILLIAM'S! I SHALL HAVE COACHMEN AND FOOTWEN! I MAY EVEN BUY VAN BARLE'S ESTATE!

WHAT A SURPRISE! THERE IS NEIGHBOR BORTEL, OF COURSE, HE WOULD BE COMING TO THE FEAST OF THE TULIPS, FOR HE, TOO, IS A TULIP-FANCIER.



BY THE TIME CORNELIUS, NEARLY OVERCOME WITH JOY AND ANTICIPATION, HAD MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE PARK AND THROUGH THE CROWD WITH HIS TWO COMPANIONS, THE CEREMONY WAS ALREADY UNDER WAY.



YOU SEE BEFORE YOU THE BLACK TULIP, FOR WHICH A PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND GUILDERS HAS BEEN OFFERED BY THE TULIP SOCIETY OF HAARLEM. LET THE PERSON APPROACH TO WHOM THE BLACK TULIP BELONGS!



THE TULIP IS YOURS, IS IT NOT, MY CHLOE?

YES, MONSIEUR!



PERHAPS YOU WILL UNDERSTAND, HOWEVER, WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THIS TULIP WILL BE KNOWN AS THE ROSA VAN GABRIEL, BECAUSE THAT SHALL SOON BE THE NAME OF THIS YOUNG WOMAN!

I I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!  
...I ...



WE SHALL GO NOW TO THE HOTEL DE VILLE WHERE THE PRIZE WILL BE PRESENTED

ROSA! OH, MY DARLING! I AM SO PROUD OF YOU!

CORNELIUS! AND I AM SO HAPPY!

AT THAT MOMENT OF TRIUMPH FOR CORNELIUS AND ROSA, AN ANGRY SCREAM RENT THE AIR...



WHEN THE CEREMONIES IN THE PARK HAD ENDED, PRINCE WILLIAM ACCOMPANIED BY MYNHEER VAN SYSTEMS, CORNELIUS AND ROSA, THE MEMBERS OF THE TULIP SOCIETY, OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND A CORPS OF MUSICIANS, LED THE MARCH TO THE HOTEL DE VILLE, FOR THE PURPOSE OF PRESENTING THE PRIZE...



IN THE GRAND BALLROOM OF THE HOTEL, THE FINAL PART OF THE CEREMONY TOOK PLACE... THE BESTOWING OF THE PRIZE...



AS FOR YOU, MYNHEER, I RETURN TO YOU THE FLY-LEAF OF CORNELIUS DE WITT'S BIBLE ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE WORDS THAT SET YOU FREE. NOT ONLY ARE YOU FREE, BUT ALL YOUR PROPERTY WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU!





AND MAY YOU BOTH BE TRULY HAPPY IF THAT IS SO. MAY WE NOT HAVE EVIDENCE OF YOUR JOY ON THIS, YOUR WEDDING DAY?

IT SHALL BE DONE, MONSIEUR!

THAT DAY CORNELIUS AND ROSA WERE MARRIED WITH HAPPY HEARTS. THEY RETURNED TO THEIR HOME



I'M SO HAPPY, MYNEER CORNELIUS, TO WELCOME YOU AND THE BEAUTIFUL MISTRESS!

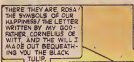
AND IT MIGHT NOT HAVE COME TO PASS, IF YOU HAD NOT FOUND THE NOTE ON THE PIGEON THAT DAY AND TAKEN WORD OF ME TO MY DEAR ROSA!

*Gryphus* HAS MADE OVERSEER OF CORNELIUS' ESTATE AND CORNELIUS PURCHASED BOXTEL'S PROPERTY ADDING HIS OWN. ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS HE HAD DONE WAS TO DESTROY THE BRICK WALL AND CUT DOWN THE BYEMORE

I BELIEVE YOUR FATHER PUTS SUCH VIGOR INTO THAT HAMMERING BECAUSE HE IS REMEMBERING THE TROUBLE I GAVE HIM AT LOEWESTEN!



DO YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING, CORNELIUS? I THINK MY FATHER IS EXCEEDINGLY FOND OF YOU!



THERE THEY ARE, ROSA! THE SYMBOLS OF OUR HAPPINESS! THE LETTER WRITTEN BY MY GOD-FATHER, CORNELIUS DE WITT, AND THE WILL I MADE OUT BEQUEATHING YOU THE BLACK TULIP.

THEY'RE ALSO THE SYMBOLS OF WHAT OUR HAPPINESS COST US, DEAR. THANK GOD FOR WATCHING OVER US!



AND SO, REVERENTLY CORNELIUS AND ROSA LOCKED THE FAST WITHIN THEIR HEARTS, AND WITH A KISS OPENED A NEW GATEWAY TO A BRIGHT FUTURE.

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.

# ALEXANDRE DUMAS

PERHAPS the most prolific scribe of all time was Alexandre Dumas. His colorful historical novels are known to-day throughout the world. For over a hundred years, men of letters have differed sharply as to the literary value of the novels and plays of Alexandre Dumas, yet, in spite of all controversy, sales of his books have continued and doubtless will continue on and on.

The controversy is not entirely without foundation. In his long writing career, Dumas, according to his own statement, authored at least twelve hundred volumes of novels and plays. Only a small percentage of these have lived, but those that have are, without doubt, products of genius.

During Dumas' public career, when books poured from his pen in an endless stream, people began to doubt the authenticity of his authorship. Moreover, in a lawsuit in which Dumas was involved, he readily admitted hiring hack writers to expand his ideas into plots, to do his researching, and to write first drafts of many of his books. Regardless of all that, those books that have been translated into the English language bear the unmistakable stamp of the personal brilliance of Dumas himself. Furthermore, Dumas made his fame out of writing brilliant novels like *The Three Musketeers*, *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Black Tulip* at that time in his career when he had not yet conceived the idea of commercializing his talents.

Dumas was born July 24, 1802. Dumas' father died when the boy was not more than six or seven years old. He had little chance for formal education. At twenty, he went to Paris, where he found work as a clerk in the treasury of the Duke of Orleans. During his leisure hours, he studied and wrote.



At first his returns from writing were of little account, but in 1829, at the age of 27, Dumas wrote a play, entitled *Henry III* which received marvelous acclaim as romantic literature of the time and started a trend of fiction that swept the country. From this play alone, Dumas received 30,000 francs and became established as a writer.

He didn't marry until he was 38 but it was not a successful marriage. Strangely, it not only soon dissolved, but resulted in the destroying of a friendship of many years' standing. Ida Terrier, the woman whom the author married, had been a close friend for years.

So popular had Dumas become in the late 1840's that he established a theater to produce only his own plays. He was riding the crest of the wave of success then and he built a beautiful country estate at a cost of 450,000 francs. He lived fabulously but so encumbered was he by debts that he dared not cease the eternal pressure of continuous production of his works. That very condition may have been the thing that caused him to go in for mass production of his literature. At last, he broke under the strain and lost every cent he had.

Some say that the true test of genius is its conduct at times of crisis. If that is true, it makes a genius of Dumas, for he left France and went to Italy where he worked with feverish zeal and lived economically until he once more established himself in Paris society.

Alexandre Dumas died near Dieppe, France, December 5, 1870. If his sixty-eight years were fraught with trials and challenges, and if, in his time he failed to please all of his critics, we in our time can be thankful for the tremendous productivity from which we have sifted so many literary gems.



# PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

## ALFRED BERNHARD NOBEL

*Inventor of Dynamite*

**A**LFRED BERNHARD NOBEL, chemist and engineer, was born in Stockholm, Sweden, October 21, 1833, the son of Emmanuel Nobel, a distinguished scientist.

At an early age, Alfred went with his family to St. Petersburg where his father started a torpedo factory for the Czar of Russia. The business prospered and, in 1859, Mr. Nobel left the factory in charge of his second son Ludvig, taking Alfred back with him to Sweden.

Alfred and his father began studying the manufacture and uses of nitroglycerin. They knew that under certain conditions it would explode, but what those conditions were nobody could say.

Experimenting with the deadly substance, Alfred came to the conclusion that the only way to explode the nitro safely was to place it in a heavy container and set it off with a sharp primary explosion, the method still in use today.

Experimenting further, the Nobel family ran into a series of terrible misfortunes. In 1864, an explosion killed Alfred's youngest brother, Emil, and four other men. In 1865, the company plant in Norway blew up. A short time later, a shipload of nitroglycerin blew up at a Panama wharf, killing sixty people. Days later, many people were killed and a building destroyed when a wagon, carrying nitro, exploded in a San Francisco street.

Continuing his experiments, Alfred found that by mixing 3 parts nitroglycerin with 1 part kieselguhr, a soft earth found in Germany, the nitro would be safe to handle without losing its explosive power. He patented this mixture, dynamite, in 1867.

He now wanted a substance with a greater explosive power than dynamite. After years of experimentation, he discovered that by mixing nitro with another high explosive, gun cotton, he obtained a transparent, jelly-like substance much stronger than dynamite. He named this substance "Blasting Gelatin" and patented it in 1876. Next, he produced and patented Ballistite, one of the first of the nitroglycerin smokeless powders.



Nobel had hoped that his explosives would be used only in good causes such as building tunnels, blasting roads through mountains, and obtaining precious metals from under the ground. But in the Franco-Prussian War, they were used as instruments of death and destruction, and with the passing of the years, Nobel became dismayed at the horror and damage his inventions had caused.

Now nearing fifty, Alfred Nobel was a multi-millionaire. But he was lonely, sick and disillusioned. He had never married because the one girl whom he had deeply loved died before they were able to be married.

He became interested in a world-wide peace movement, giving his money and time to the advancement of universal brotherhood. For relaxation, he experimented with synthetic rubber and artificial silk, products which are realities today.

Upon his death, December 10, 1896, Nobel left his estate in trust for establishment of yearly prizes in five different fields of endeavor: physics, chemistry, literature, medicine, and world peace. The prizes were first awarded in 1901.

The Americans honored thus far have been—  
**IN PHYSICS:** A. A. Michelson (the first American thus honored, 1907); R. A. Millikan; Carl D. Anderson; Clinton J. Davisson; Isador I. Rabi; Percy W. Bridgman; E. O. Lawrence; Otto Stern.

**IN CHEMISTRY:** T. W. Richards, Irving Langmuir, H. C. Urey; James B. Sumner; John H. Northrop, Wendell M. Stanley, and the American who won one of the 1949 awards—William F. Giauque.

**IN MEDICINE:** Karl Landsteiner; Thomas H. Morgan; a triple award to G. B. Minot, W. P. Murphy, and O. H. Whipple; Edward A. Douay; Joseph Erlanger; Herbert S. Gasser; Herman J. Muller.

**IN LITERATURE:** Sinclair Lewis and Eugene O'Neill.

**IN THE FIELD OF WORLD PEACE:** Ethel Root; Woodrow Wilson; C. G. Dawes, F. B. Kellogg, John Mott; N. M. Butler, Jane Addams, Cordell Hull; and Emily Balch.





## DOG HEROES

# TARA

### The Life Saver

WHEN Baby Vincent Kane reached the age of three, his father decided that it was time for the baby to have a pet—a dog.

"Every boy should have a dog," Vincent, Sr. declaimed. "A dog is a pal. Look at the fun he'll have."

"It won't be any fun for me," said Mrs. Kane. "A dog sheds his hair all over a house and, until he's house-broken, he's a constant nuisance."

"That's where you're wrong," argued Kane, Sr. "If we get the right kind of a dog, he'll be a help to you, as well as a pal and protector to the baby."

"If you do buy a dog, buy a doghouse, too, and keep the dog in the backyard," said Mrs. Kane.

It was under these half-welcome conditions that Tara, a female Irish terrier, was obtained. During the day, Tara was unleashed and permitted to frolic about with Baby Vincent. Tara's rough brown coat was pulled and yanked by chubby baby fists time and again but the gentle young dog scarcely whimpered. When the baby slept in its carriage, Tara would be beside it, an alert guardian. At night, Tara was leashed to the doghouse.

One day, Mr. Kane came home and announced that it was time for their annual two-week vacation at Lake Carewe in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State. Mrs. Kane asked, "Who will care for the dog while we're away?"

Mr. Kane looked at his wife questioningly. "Alice, are you serious?"

"Of course, I'm serious," she answered. "You're not planning on taking the dog?"

"It won't be a vacation for baby if we leave Tara home. Besides, what's the difference? We're not going to a hotel. We're taking a bungalow."

Baby Kane decided the

issue. Thus it was that Tara slept on the back seat as the Kane automobile pulled out of its Bronx, New York garage and headed for Lake Carewe.

Lake Carewe is no different than hundreds of similar vacation areas in New York State. The Kanes returned to it each year because of sentimental reasons. They had spent several days in one of its cabins during their honeymoon. Facing the bungalow rented by the Kanes was a fifty-foot dock. Here were moored the rowboats assigned to the various bungalows. It was along this dock that Baby Kane one day picked his way with Tara at his heels. Mrs. Kane had closed her eyes for just a moment in the family beach chair and had fallen asleep. Mr. Kane was across the lake in the family rowboat.

A neighbor's shout awakened Mrs. Kane. Some instinct warned her that Vince, Jr. was in danger and she screamed in alarm. She did not see the baby fall off the dock; she did see the vanishing form of Tara as she followed her young master into the water.

Rushing frantically to the edge of the dock, Mrs. Kane and her neighbor, Miss Eileen Sherry of Rome, N. Y., discovered Tara holding Baby Vincent out of the water and paddling furiously. Miss Sherry climbed down the dock ladder, relieved brave Tara of her burden and passed the baby up to its mother.

While Tara shook herself vigorously on the shore, Mrs. Kane wrapped her arms around the Irish terrier and hugged it as Miss Sherry held the baby.

When the Kanes returned to their home, the first thing they did was to chop up the doghouse for kindling wood. Tara is now a full-fledged member of the family. Now, Mr.

Kane complains that his wife is spoiling Tara with the attention she gives her. But Mrs. Kane and Vincent, Jr. just smile.



# FAMOUS OPERAS

## BORIS GUDENOF

By Modeste Moussorgsky

**I**N THE court of the Russian Czar Feodor, in the year 1598, the privy councillor Boris was plotting for the throne. Through intrigue, he had caused the Czar's only brother, Dimitri, heir to the throne, to be assassinated.

Upon the Czar's death, there was no one to succeed him. Boris pretended that he did not want the throne, but secretly ordered his officers to drive the populace to his palace and force the people to beg him to accept the crown.

Meanwhile, at the Convent of Miracles, Pimen, an old monk, reveals Boris' plot to a novice, Gregory, telling him the truth of Dimitri's murder. When Gregory learns that Dimitri was a young man close to his own age, he plans to usurp the Russian throne himself. He spreads the word that Dimitri still lives, and poses himself as Dimitri, rightful heir to the throne. Gregory escapes from the convent and makes his way to Poland. There he enlists the aid of the Polish people.

Later, Boris Gudenof is crowned Czar of Russia. One day, he stops in to see his children, Feodor and Xenia. Boris takes pride in the fact that his son is interested in his studies and is in the midst of giving him advice when he is interrupted by the news that the people are revolting. Boris is informed that the populace is under the belief that Dimitri is alive.

Agonized by the weight of his guilt and fear, Boris orders military precautions taken.

In the meantime, Gregory has enlisted the aid of the beautiful Morina, who has ambitions of becoming Czarina of Russia. The two plot to seize the throne.

Gregory organizes revolutionary troops who follow him in a great procession while the people hail him as Czar Dimitri.

Back at the Kremlin, the Russian Assembly has gathered at the Imperial Palace. The nobles, awaiting the arrival of Boris, are disturbed to learn that the Czar seemed to be talking to the ghost of Dimitri. When Boris makes his entrance, he seems to be distracted, but when he assumes the role of Czar, he regains his usual calm and pose.

The Secretary of the Assembly entreats Boris to see a holy man who is waiting outside. Boris agrees to see the aged monk, hoping that he may restore peace to his tormented spirit. Pimen enters and tells of a blind old shepherd coming to the convent saying that in a dream, a voice counselled him to go to the tomb of Dimitri and pray there. He did and a miracle occurred—he was cured of his blindness.

Boris, hearing the monk's story, becomes more agitated. He cries out, and then falls into a faint. When he is revived, he begs to be left alone with his son, Feodor. Boris knows that he is dying.

He counsels his son to be a good and just ruler. He lays his hands on his son's head in blessing and prays for Heaven's protection.

Boris, in his final death struggle, gasps for mercy for his terrible deed. Outside, people are heard praying for the soul of their Czar. The bells begin to toll.

A procession of priests and nobles enter. Boris rises, crying out, "Hold, I still am Czar," as a last utterance of the authority that has brought about his agony. With a last call for mercy, Boris Gudenof falls dead.



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