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UNDER TWO FLAGS

By GUIDA



BERT CECIL



BERT AS LOUIS VICTOR



LADY VENETIA



OGARETTE

RANK



BERKELEY CECIL



FRANK LORD ROCKINGHAM THE SERAPH

CHATEAUBROY

TO SAVE THE GOOD NAME OF AN UNWORTHY BROTHER, AND THAT OF A WOMAN TO WHOM HE HAD FLEDGED HIS WORD, BERT CECIL FLED HIS COUNTRY AND HIS BIRTHRIGHT TO SPEND A LIFE OF TOL IN THE SERVICE OF A FOREIGN COUNTRY...

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURICE DELBOUSSO

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A CHORE FOR THE HOY BERT COOIL, HANDSOME MEMBER OF THE FIRST ROYAL BATTAL TO HAVE SAT OUTSIDE HIS HORSE IN A DREZZLING RAIN, BUT NOW, RELAYED IN HIS APARTMENTS IN PICCADILLY, LONDON, HE FOUND THE DAY'S OUTLOOK MUCH BRIGHTER.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF FORREST KING, RAKE? IS HE GOING TO WIN THE GRAND MILITARY?

THAT HE IS, MR COOIL. A FINEER HORSE NEVER WAS BRED, SIR

I THINK SO, TOO, BAKS. THE WHOLE BRIGADE IS BETTING ON HIM.

AND RIGHTLY TOO, ER, YOUR BROTHER, MR BEEKLEY COOIL, IS HERE SIR



WHAT BENSSE YOU FORTH SO EARLY IN THE DAY, LITTLE ONE? IT'S NOT THIN THE AFTERNOON.

BERT, I'M IN A DEUCE OF A FIX. I LOST AT CHICKEN-HAZARD¹ LAST NIGHT. FOLK THEY LOANED ME A COUPLE OF POUNDS² AND I PROMISED TO PAY HIM TODAY!

WHY BORROW OUTSIDE THE FAMILY, YOUNG ONE? CAN'T YOU GET IT FROM ROYAL?

I WOULD'NT DARE FACE RATHER. I'M FAR BEYOND MY ALLOWANCE ALREADY. BERT, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!



¹ CHICKEN-HAZARD -- A FORM OF DICE
² POUND -- EQUAL TO 20 POUNDS STERLING

WELL, DID I SAY I WOULD'NT? IT DOESN'T LEAVE MUCH IN THE JAR, BUT I WOULD'NT HAVE PEOPLE SAYING THE COOILS DON'T PAY THEIR PERSONAL DEBTS, AT LEAST.

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU, BERT.

THANKS A MILLION TIMES, BERT, BEST OF LUCK TOMORROW IN THE GRAND MILITARY.

I WISH THE STAKES WERE MORE THAN A SIXT VASE, THOUGH. HOWEVER YOU'D BETTER STOP GAMBLING. I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU NEXT TIME.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

I SHALL START AT ONCE FOR ROVALLEU RAKE, TAKE CARE OF THE LUGGAGE AND FOLLOW AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

THAT I WILL, MR. CEOL.

IN A SHIRE OUTSIDE THE LIMITS OF THE CITY OF LONDON STOOD ROVALLEU, ANCESTRAL, ALTHOUGH APPROXIMATELY HOME OF OLD WICCONT ROVALLEU FATHER OF BERT AND BERT KELLY CEOL THERE, AND AT ENTATED FOR MILES AROUND WOULD CONGRUATE THE NOBILITY, TO AWAIT THE GRAND MILITARY RACING MEET TO BE HELD THE FOLLOWING DAY.

YOU WILL DRIVE DIRECTLY TO THE STABLES. I WANT TO SEE FOREST KING.

YES, MR. CEOL.



AH, MR. CEOL, I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

HELLO, WILSON, HOW'S THE KING?

AS FINE AS EVER I SAW HIM, MR. CEOL. I'VE TAKEN A SPECIAL DUTY, SIR, TO CARE FOR THE KING WITH MY OWN HANDS.

GOOD FOR YOU, WILSON, AND BY THE WAY



THAT IS BRINGING A NEW MARK FORMULA WILSON, ONE HE USED WHEN HE WAS IN THE HORSE CAVALRY, SO WOULD THE KING'S SUFFER TILL TAKE CARE.

YES, SIR. THE MARK RAKE ALWAYS TAKE

BERT CEOL, CHAIRMAN OF THE GROOM'S RECREATIONAL OF RAKE, TURNED AWAY AND HEADED FOR THE SHOWING ROOM IN HIS PRIVATE QUARTERS AT ROVALLEU. THERE HE GREETED HIS GUESTS WHO ALREADY HAD ASSEMBLED FOR THE COVING DAY'S ACTIVITIES.

TELL ME SERAPH, DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE FOREST KING HAS A CHANCE IN THE RACE TOMORROW?

LEAVE IT TO BERT AND THE KING, MY BOY, AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG. THE COMPANY'S BETTING ON THOSE TWO AND THEY WON'T FAIL. FOREST KING WOULD AS SOON LET HIS MASTER DOWN AS BERT WOULD FALL US.



CLASSICS Illustrated

WELL, SAID SERAPH, MY BOY! NOW COULD I HELP, BUT WIN THE STEEPLECHASE NOW!

BERT! SAY NOW, THAT WAST FOR YOUR EARS. PERHAPS I'D BETTER TAKE IT ALL BACK.

WELL, YOU MIGHT HAVE TO SERAPH, THERE'LL BE MIGHTY STIFF COMPETITION.

I'LL TAKE MY OWNERS BOY, AND SO WILL ALL THE REST OF US.

THE GUARDSMAN KNOWN AS THE SERAPH, OFFICIALLY PHILIP HARRIS OF AUCKLAND, WAS THE RICHEST MAN IN ENGLAND, AND YET IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM THAT BERT COULDN'T BE THE MOST IMPROVED OF THE NOBILITY, THE TWO WERE FAST FRIENDS.

YOU'RE GETTING PLENTY OF ADMIRATION, BERT, ESPECIALLY FROM THE LADIES IN THE STANDS.

NONEHES, SERAPH, THERE ADMIRING THE KING.

ALTHOUGH THE MASTY OF GUARDSMEN DO NOT RETIRE UNTIL FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, THERE WAS NO TRACE OF HEAVINESS IN THE BEARS OF BERT COULDN'T BE THE MOST IMPROVED OF THE NOBILITY, THE TWO WERE FAST FRIENDS.

BUT SAID SERAPH, LOOK OVER THERE AT BERKELEY, ISN'T THAT BEN DAVIS, THE BOOK-MAKER, HE'S WITH!

IT CERTAINLY IS! I'D PLACE MIGHTY LITTLE MONEY WITH HIM, HE'S KNOWN AS A WELCHER. IN FACT, HE'S BEEN ORDERED AWAY FROM THE RACES, BERT.

AND IT'S ONE ORDER HE'S GONE TO OBEY! HOLD THE KING, WILL YOU, SERAPH?

OF COURSE, BUT DON'T TIRE YOURSELF JUST BEFORE THE RACE.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

KEEP AWAY YOUNG ONE. I'VE SOMETHING TO SAY TO THAT BOUNDER!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT REMARK, ANYWAY?

OH, COME NOW, BERT. I'M NO CHILD, YOU KNOW!

SOMETHING CLEARLY AWAKING IN BERT'S MIND! QUOTED BARKLEY...



GET AWAY FROM HERE DAVE! AND STAY AWAY!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! I'VE AS MUCH RIGHT HERE! AS YOU SWELL!



THAT'S OPEN TO QUESTION!

LEAVE ME BE! DO YOU HEAR? LEAVE ME BE!



IF ANYONE PLACES A BET WITH YOU AFTER YOUR HONORIFIC DEPARTURE DAVE, I'LL BE SURPRISED



I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!



SORRY TO MEDDLE, LITTLE ONE, BUT THOSE BOOKMAKERS'LL TAKE YOU SOONER OR LATER

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T BE CONTINUALLY INTERFERING WITH ME, BERT.





BERT, IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE RACE TO START.

RIGHT, GERRAPH, I'M READY.



HERE HE GO, GERRAPH, WISH ME LUCK.

IF YOU NEEDED LUCK, YOU'D FIND IT IN RIDING THE KING. THE RACE IS AS GOOD AS WON!



IT WAS A SIGHT TO WARM THE BLOOD OF THE COLDEST OF FOLK TO SEE THE THOROUGH BREEDS BRAY THEIR RIDGES ALONG THE DANGEROUS FOUR- AND-A-HALF-MILE COURSE. FOREST KING SAUGHED THE POWER OF HIS SUPER-STRENGTH AS HE NOSED OUT FROM THE START...



ONE BY ONE, THE COMPETING HORSES DROPPED OUT OF THE RACE UNTIL ONLY FIVE WERE LEFT. BUT THE TELLING RACE PROMISED MORE ELIMINATION. THERE WERE FORTY-TWO JURKS AND THE LAST WAS THE MOST DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT OF ALL...

WE'RE GETTING NEAR THE FINISH, KING BOY! GIVE IT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!



BLESS YOU, KING! YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU'VE DONE IT!

LOOK AT HIM! FOREST KING WING!

LOOK AT HIM!

UNDER TWO FLAGS



WELL, YOU MON, MY BOY, AND A MIGHTY HEAT BIT OF RIDING. THE WOMEN IN THE GRANDSTAND ACTUALLY SMOORED WATCHING YOU, BERT.

OH, COME NOW, SERAPH. IT WASN'T AS BAD AS THAT!



I MEAN IT! LOOK! THERE'S LADY OWEN—HERE NOW, ACTUALLY LOOKING JEALOUS OF ME! EVERYTHING IN HER'S GONE-NORMAL.

NOW, SERAPH, YES. BUT WHAT IF I SHOULD SUDDENLY SMASH UP FINANCIALLY, I MEAN NOW DO YOU THINK I WOULD RATE THEM?



THAT WOULD BE QUITE AWFUL, BERT, WOULDN'T IT? IF IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME, I THINK I SHOULD SEE SOME FIGHTING UNDER ANOTHER FLAG, THAT WOULD TAKE MY MIND OFF THINGS AND NO ONE WOULD KNOW ME.

HUSH, SERAPH! HERE'S BEATRICE—LADY OWEN'S HERE, THAT IS—BUT A FEW FEET AWAY!

THOUGH BERT TURNED FROM HIS CONVERSATION WITH THE SERAPH, HE WAS TO REMEMBER THE SERAPH'S WORDS ONE DAY SOON.



OH, BERT! IT WAS SIMPLY MARVELOUS TO SEE YOU RIDE!

THANK YOU, BEATRICE, MY DEAR.

WHAT TELL YOU SEE HIM WINNING THE PRIZE DE GAMES AT BADEN!



BERT'S HISTORY WITH ROBERT KING ASSURED CELEBRATIONS AND IT WAS NOT FAR FROM GAIN WHEN BERT RETURNED TO ROYALHEIM. HE HAD HAD A GOOD AND SATISFYING DAY, BUT NOW...

BERKELEY! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? OH, I GUESS?

YOU NEED TO GUESS, BERT. I'VE LOST AT DICE AGAIN. I NEED THREE HUNDRED POUNDS BY TOMORROW. I DON'T DARE GO TO ROYAL.



OF COURSE YOU WILL! FATHER WOULDN'T REFUSE YOU ANYTHING.

I TELL YOU, BERT, YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME THE MONEY! ROYAL WOULD STOMACH SERAPH WOULD LOAN IT TO YOU!



I'VE TOLD YOU, YOUNG ONE, I'VE GIVEN YOU ALL I HAD THERE'S NO MORE, AND I DON'T AND WOULDN'T BORROW FROM MY SET. YOU KNOW WE DON'T DO THAT!

I THINK YOU'RE BEING REALLY SILLY.

CLASSICS *Illustrated*

WHILE BERT COOL AND HIS COMPANIONS WERE CELEBRATING THE VICTORY OF FOREST KING, THERE HAD TAKEN PLACE AT THE ROYAL LIONS STABLES, THAT VERY NIGHT, A TRANSACTION SHROUDED IN DEEP SECRECY AND DARK ENIGMA...

I TELL YOU, WILLIAM, IT WILL CAUSE YOU NO TROUBLE NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW YOU DID IT.

I DON'T KNOW I WOULD OVER PLEASED WITH MY TREATMENT HERE, BUT DOPING FOREST KING IS A MIGHTY DANGEROUS THING.

SCARCE A BIT OF DANGER COMPARED TO THE PRICE I'LL PAY, I'LL EVEN GIVE AN ADVANCE IT'S A PERSONAL GRUDGE I BEAR THAT SWELLER THE PRICE WOULD BE NOTHING LIKE THIS!

HMM... AND WHAT IS IT I'M TO DO?

JUST BEFORE THE HORSE ENTERS THE PRIDE DAMES AT BADEN, YOU BRUSH THE LIQUID I'LL GIVE YOU ON THE BIT, NOTHING MORE JUST DON'T USE TOO MUCH.

IT'S A DEAL, WHEN THE DEED IS DONE, I'M TO GET THE REST OF THE MONEY?

AND A FEW DAYS LATER IN LONDON, ANOTHER SCENE TOOK PLACE THAT WAS TO BEAR GREATLY ON THE LIFE OF BERT COOL... AT THE OFFICE OF ELDER BARON, A LOAN SHARK...

COME HERE AS I ADVISED YOU HAVE YOU GOT THE NOTE SIGNED BY "YOUR BROTHER" AND LORD ROCKINGHAM?

YES, I HAVE IT WITH ME, I HOPE YOU WON'T ASK ME ABOUT THE LOAN.

MR. BARON IS THE ONE WHO LOANS THE MONEY, MR. COOL... SHE THINKS THE NOTES WORTHY OF THE AMOUNT YOU ASK.

HMM... BERT COOL... LORD ROCKINGHAM...

THERE YOU ARE, YOUNG MAN, SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY ROUNDS I'LL LOAN ANY AMOUNT ON THOSE TWO SIGNATURES AT ANY TIME.

THANK YOU... THANK YOU...

I'LL WARNER THOSE ARE NO MORE GENUINE SIGNATURES ON THAT NOTE THAN IF I HAD SIGNED THEM. BUT WHAT THOSE SHELLS WON'T DO TO KEEP THEIR NAMES CLEAR OF COURTS.

YES, THEY'LL PAY TEN TIMES THE SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY ROUNDS.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

WAS ON THAT VERY NIGHT BERT COULDN'T MANAGE TO GET THINKING OF MATTERS ENTIRELY APART FROM THE SIGNING OF PROMISE-NOTES...

MY DEAR BEATRICE, HOW LOVELY YOU LOOK TONIGHT. IS LORD CHENEVERE SAFELY IN BED?

HE WAS SLEEPING SOUNDLY, BERT. I HAD NO TROUBLE AT ALL IN JACKING HIM. FORGIVE ME, HE'S SO AWFULLY OLD AND OLD.

...BUT SO TERRIBLY RICH.

ENOUGH SAID, MY DEAR. LET US FORGET YOUR HUSBAND. SHALL WE RIDE THROUGH THE PARK? IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT FOR DRIVING.



AN HOUR LATER...

IT'S SO SWEET OF YOU TO TAKE ME DRIVING, BERT. I DO GROW SO TERRIBLY BORED WITH LORD'S.

THANK YOU, MRS. WHOA! WHOA THERE, MARASCHINO! MARASCHINO IS REALLY A HUNTING HORSE. BEATRICE YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE ME FOR MY MOMENTARY INATTENTION.

IN A NEARBY OPEN COUNTRY, A GROUP OF WILD DEER STOOD ALERT UNTIL SUDDENLY, THEIR LEADER SAW THE APPROACH OF A STRANGE VEHICLE ALONG THE ROAD...



THE HUNTING HORSE, MARASCHINO, SUDDENLY SIGHTED THE DEER IN FLIGHT.

STEADY! STEADY, MARASCHINO! WHOA! WHOA!

BERT! WHAT IS WRONG?



BERT! WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED!

TRUST ME, DEAR. I'LL FIND A WAY TO STOP THEM!



CLASSICS *Illustrated*



UNDER TWO FLAGS



BUT THE CARRIAGE IS RUINED! WHAT SHALL WE EVER DO? IF LORD BENSHERE EVER HEARS OF THIS—

I'LL UNHITCH THE HORSES, DEAR. WE'LL RIDE THEM BACK WITHOUT THE CARRIAGE.



WE'LL TAKE THE BACKWAY TO YOUR PROPERTY AND NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER. AS FOR THE NIGHT, IT WILL REMAIN A SECRET BETWEEN US FOR—EVER. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ABOUT IT.

THANK YOU, BERT. I SHALL HOLD YOU TO THAT PROMISE.

MONTH LATER, CAME THE GREAT PRIX DE DAMES AT BAREN, GERHAY. MOST FAMOUS RACE IN ALL BURGE. THERE, THE RICHEST OF MANY HINDSONS RACED THEIR MOST FAMOUS STERDS, AND FABULOUS SUMS WERE BET. ON THAT DAY, FOREST WINE WAS FAVORED TO WIN AND HE CARRIED A FORTUNE ON HIS HINDSONS HEAD.



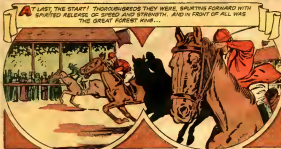
HE MAJESTIC ANIMAL STOOD IN HIS STALL, CALMLY UNMINDFUL THAT BERT CECIL, HIMSELF, HAD PLACED THE MOST FAITH IN THE KING'S PROMISE. BERT HAD BET HIS ENTIRE BURSAR'S SALARY, AND EVERY PENNY HE COULD LAY HANDS ON, ON THE BEAUTIFUL HORSE.

WHILE IN THE VERY STABLE, HILTON THE GROOM, PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS SELBACH SCHEME TO ENRICH HIS OWN WEALTH AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS MASTER AND HIS MASTER'S FRIENDS.

JUST A LITTLE, DAVID SAID. BUT FOR WHICH IS A LITTLE? I GUESS THAT DOES IT.



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THEN SUDDENLY FOREST KING WAVED IN HIS TRACKS AND STUMBLER AS THE OTHER HORSES IN THE RACE CAUGHT UP TO AND PASSED HIM...



AS THE FRENCH BAY, L'ESTOLE, RACED OVER THE LINE THE WINNER, BERT WAS HARDLY AWARE OF IT. HIS GREATEST CONCERN WAS FOR THE FAVORITE, FOREST KING...



UNDER TWO FLAGS

AT LAST, AS THE VETERINARY COMPLETED HIS EXAMINATION...

"WELL, THERE IS NO SIGN OF DOCTORING, OF COURSE. IF I HAD INSPECTED HIM EARLIER, THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN EVIDENCE OF GEMS, BUT IT HAS DISAPPEARED."

"I'LL NEVER BELIEVE THE KING WASN'T DOPED, BERT! NEVER!"

"BERRAPH, IF YOU EVER FIND WHO DID THIS, LEAVE HIM TO ME!"

"THAT I WOULD DO, MY FRIEND. BUT I WOULD ASK YOU TO SAVE A BIT ALSO FOR ME TO BATTER ON ALL THE FINE TRICKS!"

SOON AFTER ALL OTHERS HAD LEFT THE STABLES, BERT REMAINED, CONSCIOUS ONLY OF A DEEP NUMBNESS IN HIS BRAIN THAT GRADUALLY WAS REPLACED BY STARK REALIZATION...

"THAT DID IT FINALLY, I'M RUINED! I HAD HOPED TO RECOVER MY FORTUNE BY MY WINNINGS, BUT NOW..."

ALTHOUGH HIS COMRADES WERE PARTICULAR NOT TO MAKE THE LEAST SHOW OF HIS LOSS, BERT COULD FIND NO COMFORT IN THEIR COMPANY. WHEN HE HAD REACHED HIS HOTEL, HE WENT ALONE AND THE LITTLE PARK IN FRONT OF IT...

OF COURSE, MY FRIENDS ARE TOO LOYAL TO ACCUSE ME. THEY TRUSTED ME AND I'VE LET THEM DOWN TERRIBLY, I CAN STAND MY OWN MISFORTUNE... BUT THEIRS... IT'S TOO MUCH!

"HELLO. ARE YOU VERY UNHAPPY?"

"OH, HELLO, PETITE RENÉ. A LITTLE QUEEN. YOU ARE, IN-DEED. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M UNHAPPY?"

THE GIRL WAS LADY VENETIA, THE BERRAPH'S EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SISTER.

"FATHER AND MY FATHER AND MOTHER, AND ALL MY FAMILY TOLD ME THAT YOU HAVE LOST ALL YOUR MONEY. I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME... HOLD OUT YOUR HANDS."

"THE BERRAPH SAID THAT, PETITE RENÉ? YOUR BROTHER AND FAMILY SAID THAT?"

"YES, AND SO I WANT YOU TO HAVE THESE TWENTY GOLD GUINEAS. MR. BERT, THEY'RE REALLY NICE. FATHER SAKE THEM TO ME TO DO WITH AS I PLEASE."

"YOU'RE A SWEET CHILD, PETITE RENÉ. THE BERRAPH AND THE OTHERS ARE NOT FAR FROM WRONG."



BUT I COULDN'T DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR MONEY, PETITE RENÉ. NO, DEAR YOU MUST USE THAT FOR SOME REALLY WORTH-WHILE PURPOSE.

YOU MEAN, MR. BERT, THAT YOU DON'T WANT THEM?

I WOULD LIKE MUCH MORE THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOX, PETITE RENÉ. IT IS SO DELICATE. IT WILL REMIND ME OF YOU WHEREVER I GO.

THEN YOU MAY HAVE IT, MR. BERT. I'M GLAD YOU LIKE THE LITTLE BOX.

LATER, IN THE EARLY EVENING OF THAT SAME DAY, BEFORE THE GUESTS OF THE RESURANCE SOCIAL WERE HAD SEEN, TWO MEN WATCHED VOLUNTARILY OUTSIDE THE MANAGER'S STEPHANBY HOTEL. THEY WERE NOT AMONG THEIR KIND, BUT BEFORE THE NIGHT WAS OUT, THEY WERE TO SPARKLE THE ENTIRE SOCIAL WORLD. FOR THEY WERE EZRA BARRON AND BEN DAVIS...



THERE HE IS... LORD ROCKENHAM, HIMSELF. GO NOW TO HIM WITH THAT DEREGATED NOTE. BUT ROCKENHAM MUST NOT RECOGNIZE ME, OR ALL IS LOST.

YOUR NAME WILL NEVER BE MENTIONED, DAVIS. HIDE OUT UNTIL I SEE YOU AGAIN.

LAD SO, A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF ROCKENHAM, I THINK?

I AM ROCKENHAM. WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I HAVE A NOTE OF PAYMENT THAT HAS GONE INTO DEFAULT, ONE THAT BEARS A SIGNATURE SUPPOSEDLY YOURS. PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO TALK PRIVATELY ABOUT THE MATTER?

I'M NOT IN THE HABIT OF GRANTING INTERVIEWS AT TIMES LIKE THIS, BESIDES, I HAVE NOT SIGNED A NOTE OF THIS KIND.



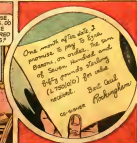
ONE SIGNED BY A CERTAIN BERT CECIL? YOU HAVE SIGNED THIS NOTE OF HIS?

BERT CECIL? YOU LIE! ER... YES, COME TO MY APARTMENTS IN THE HOTEL.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

AND NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, I SWEAR I'LL THROW YOU BODY THROUGH THAT WINDOW IF THIS IS SOME SORT OF TRICK! LET ME SEE THAT SIGNATURE!

OF COURSE, OF COURSE, MY NOBLE MARQUIS, DO YOU BELIEVE I JOKE ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS?



THIS IS A VILE MOCKERY! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! AND BY ALL THAT IS RIGHT, I WILL HAVE YOU FACE BERT CECIL IN PERSON! THEN, WE SHALL KNOW IF YOU LIE!

MERCY! MERCY, NOBLE MARQUIS! DONOT HURT ME!

I'VE GRAPH SENT FOR BERT, AND IN A SHORT TIME, HE APPEARED AT THE APARTMENTS.

I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT A SIGNATURE, BERT. THIS FOOL HERE SAYS YOU FORGED MY NAME.

YOURSELF, OF ALL PEOPLE! WELL, LET US SEE. WHO IS THIS MAN?

THERE YOU ARE! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT? MR. CECIL DOES NOT EVEN KNOW YOU! AND I SWEAR YOU NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE!

I DO KNOW THAT I LOANED SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.



THERE, BERT, TELL ME... IS THAT YOUR SIGNATURE?

OF COURSE NOT.

GOOD SAINTS, IT'S BORNHOLEY'S WRITING! HE'S FORGED BOTH MY SIGNATURE AND SERAPH'S. I'D BEST DEAR IT, THOUGH, UNTIL I CAN REACH THE LITTLE ONE.



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UNDER TWO FLAGS



RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD, BERT DODGED BEHIND SOME EVERGREENS AT A TURN IN THE HIGHWAY, AND THERE HE FOUND...



"RAKE! WHAT ARE YOU..."

"I SAW YOU GOING INTO THE HOTEL, MR. KING, AND I KNOW YOU'D BE WANTING TO TAKE THE KING TO THE STABLES YOURSELF, SO I FOLLOWED."

BUT IS THE KING ALL RIGHT NOW? CAN HE CARRY HIM?"

"THAT HE CAN, SIR. HE WAS POISONED, BUT I DOCTORED HIM. BEST YOU HURRY, SIR. I HEAR THOSE MEN COMING THIS WAY."



TO THE RAILROAD STATION, RAKE. THE TRAIN IS DUE THERE IN A FEW MINUTES.

LET THE KING GO FOR IT, RAKE. I'LL FOLLOW ALONG AS FAST AS I CAN!



SHORT TIME LATER...

"RAKE, WE PART HERE. I'LL BE GOING ON TO PARIS. TOMORROW YOU CAN START BACK TO ENGLAND WITH THE HORSES."

"WHERE YOU GO, SIR, I WILL GO, BECAUSE YOUR MARRON IF I SEEM TO OFFEND. I HAVE A FEELING THAT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO COME BACK AT ALL."



TWO TICKETS FOR MARSEILLES, PLEASE. AND FURTHER MORE, I HAVE TWO HORSES TO BE SHIPPED TO ENGLAND."



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AT LAST, ON THE TRAIN...

HAVE YOU MADE ANY PLANS, SIR? HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE YOU MAY BE GOING?

WHO KNOWS, RAKE? WHERE DOES A MAN GO WHEN HE WANTS TO BREAK WITH THE PAST?



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER... A STREET IN ALGIERS, THE FRENCH CAPITAL IN NORTH AFRICA...

REMEMBER, RAKE, NO ONE MUST EVER KNOW MY TRUE IDENTITY. FROM NOW ON, I AM LOUIS VICTOR!

VERY GOOD, SIR. LOUIS VICTOR IT WILL BE THEN!



IT WAS THAT ONE BALMY AFTERNOON, SIR, AS LOUIS VICTOR LED THE WAY TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS BARRACKS OF THE FRENCH-AFRICAN ARMY (THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION)...

THIS IS WHERE I WILL FIND THE COMMANDANT IF THEY WILL TAKE ME IN THE SERVICE. YOU SHALL GO WITH ME, RAKE, AS A MEMBER OF THE CHASSEURS!

NOTHING WILL PLEASE ME BETTER, MR. CE - I MEAN, MR. VICTOR.



WELL, AT LAST, RAKE, WE'RE CHASSEURS OF THE FRENCH-AFRICAN ARMY. IT SEEMS TO SHUT OUT THE PAST COMPLETELY, SIR?

I HOPE SO, SIR, IF YOU WANT IT THAT WAY.



A YEAR HAD PASSES - A YEAR FILLED WITH MANY DESPERATE ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN THE FRENCH CHASSEURS AND THE FERCE TRIBESMEN OF A FORTUNAL BERBER CHIEFTAIN. IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE FRENCH ARMY TO BREAK THE FORCE OF THE KHALIFA'S WARRIORS. ONE DAY, IN THE KHALIFA'S STRONGHOLD...

YOUR COMMAND SHALL BE OBEYED AT ONCE, SIR!

WHERE IS MY BEAUTIFUL PEARL OF THE DESERT? DEARER TO ME IS SHE THAN ANY TREASURE I COULD POSSESS. SEND HER TO ME!

UNDER TWO FLAGS

YOU SENT FOR ME, MY HUSBAND? I WAS GETTING WATER FROM THE SPRING.



MY LITTLE DIELMA... THE FEARS OF THE DESERT. I FEAR FOR YOUR SAFETY WHENEVER YOU ARE OUT OF MY SIGHT. OUR ENEMIES ARE ALL ABOUT US.

DON'T FEAR FOR ME, I SHALL BE SAFE.



LATER THAT DAY, IN THE CAMP OF FRENCH COLONEL LE HARPONS RASUL DE CHATEAUBRY, CALLED **BLACK HARRY** BY HIS MEN...

IS THERE A SIGN OF THE PATROL IN THE DESERT? WE CAN'T STAND THIS SCORCHING HEAT MUCH LONGER WITHOUT FINDING WATER.

HERE THEY COME NOW, COMMANDANT!



AND THEY HAVE A WOMAN...THE KHALISA'S WIFE? I PROMISED A REWARD TO ANYONE WHO COULD CAPTURE HER. I THINK NOW THE KHALISA WILL COME TO TERMS!



AND A PRIZED POSSESSION SHE IS, MORESO, SIR, CORPORAL VICTOR? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

SINCE YOU ASK DIRECTLY, SIR, I SHALL ANSWER DIRECTLY.



CLASSICS *Illustrated*



I THINK THAT THOSE WHO FIGHT WITH WOMEN ARE NOT FIT TO FIGHT WITH MEN!

WHY YOU DOG!



I SHOULD HAVE YOU SHOT, BUT I HAVE A BETTER PLAN. YOU WILL TAKE A MESSAGE TO THE KHALIFA. DEATH AT HIS HANDS WILL BE MUCH MORE TERRIBLE!

YES, SIR.



ALTHOUGH BERT WAS FULLY AWARE THAT HE MIGHT BE GIVEN TO AN EASY DEATH, HE DELIVERED THE MESSAGE TO THE KHALIFA, WHO DEMANDED THAT BERT READ THE NOTE...

UNLESS EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU SURRENDER AT ONCE, YOUR PEOPLE OF THE DESERT WILL MEET A FATE WORSE THAN ANY YOU COULD DEVISE FOR ONE OF US WHO RIGHT FALL INTO OUR HANDS!

ENOUGH! AS ALLAH LIVETH, IF SHE DIES, I WILL SMITE DOWN TEN THOUSAND OF YOUR MEN TO PAY FOR HER LIFE!

SIR, I DID NOT KNOW THE CONTENTS OF THAT NOTE WITH YOUR PERMISSION I SHALL EITHER RETURN WITH YOUR WIFE BY SUNDOWN OR DELIVER MYSELF TO YOUR WRATH.

BLACKAT CAN'T BERT HEAVEN DIRECTLY TO OUTRAGE BY REVEALING AND SOME INCIDENTS OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE YET AT THE SAME TIME CONCEALING HIS IDENTITY—HE CONVINCED THE COMMANDER OF HIS TRUE STATUS IN LIFE...

AND I HAVE POWERFUL FRIENDS IN FRANCE WHO WOULD AVENGE THIS OUTRAGE TO THE KHALIFA, I SHALL USE THEM UNLESS YOU FREE THE CAPTIVE.

THERE IS ANOTHER IN THE COMPANY WHO KNOWS MY SECRET, SIR, HE WILL DELIVER THE WORD FOR ME.

YOU HAVE WON THIS BATTLE, CORPORAL, BUT YOU WILL REGRET THE VICTORY. NOW, TAKE HER BACK TO THE KHALIFA.



GO!



INDEED! AND IF I SHOULD HAVE YOU SHOT!



UNDER TWO FLAGS

BY SUNDOWN, DUELMA HAD BEEN RESTORED TO HER HUSBAND AND CORPORAL "LOVE VICTOR" HAD EARNED THE HATE OF COLONEL DE CARTERSON. ON THE OTHER HAND, "VICTOR" HAD GAINED A POWERFUL FRIEND AND OFFER, WHEN ON LEAVE.

IT HAS BEEN A MOST PLEASANT VISIT HERE, SID. BUT NOW I MUST HURRY BACK TO CAMP. I BID YOU AND THE BEAUTIFUL PEARL OF THE DESERT ADIEU.

YOU ARE ONE FRIEND FROM A DESPISED ENEMY AND YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.



THESE YEARS PASS WITH THE HARDENING AND THE EXCITEMENT, THE COURAGE AND THE MONOTONY OF LIVING IN AN ARMY OUTPOST AT THE EDGE OF THE DESERT. TO RELIEVE THE MONOTONY, THE MEN SPENT THEIR OFF-DUTY HOURS ON MANY TYPES OF HOBBIES.

THAT IS A FINE PAINTING, RAKE. I WILL TRY TO BELL IT IN TOWN TOMORROW, WHEN I TAKE IN MY CHESS FIGURES.

THAT WOULD BE FINE IF YOU COULD CPL. VICTOR. IN FACT, I'LL GO WITH YOU.



NEXT DAY...

WILL YOU BUY THIS PICTURE, BEN ARBU? AND THE HORSE?

THE PICTURE, YES, CORPORAL VICTOR. BUT THE CARDS. NO, I CAN'T BELL THEM.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CHESS SET! SUCH SKILLFUL CARVING! IS THIS FOR SALE?

NO, NOT FOR SALE. WOULD YOU ACCEPT IT AS A GIFT?



I THANK YOU, YOUR VERY CLEVER WORK CAN, OF COURSE, BE HAD ONLY BY PURCHASE.

AFTER SHE HAD LEFT...

TELL ME, WHO WAS YOUR FAIR CUSTOMER?

OH, THAT WAS MADAME LA PRINCESSE CORONA, A VISITOR IN OUR CITY SHE CAN AFFORD TO PAY WELL.





BERT AND RAKE LEFT THE SHOP FOR BEN ARSELI. THEY SOON CAME UPON A SMALL CABARET...

"WELL, WE GO AT MANY OF THE COMPANY WILL BE HERE TODAY. AND, OF COURSE, CIGARETTE WILL BE DANCING."

A CHARMING CHILD RAKE SHE'S THE SWEETHEART OF THE ARMY.



INSIDE THE CABARET

BRAVO, CIGARETTE!

MORE!

MORE!



THAT WAS A PRETTY DANCE, CIGARETTE, BUT I BET IT WOULD HAVE LASTED LONGER IF CORPORAL VICTOR HAD BEEN WATCHING.

POOF FOR LOUIS VICTOR. I AM A FRIEND OF EVERYBODY, NO?



NO, YOU ARE A FRIEND OF CIGARETTE, NO ONE ELSE.

OH! MONSIEUR CORPORAL VICTOR!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE A SHOP IN ALGERIA, COLONEL DE CHATEAUBOURG CHANCED TO MEET PRINCESS CORINA. HE ALSO BEING OF NOBLE LINEAGE HAD BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER IN ALGERIA BEFORE WAR.



OH, COLONEL. I SAW THE MOST MARVELOUS IVORY CHESS SET MADE BY ONE OF YOUR SOLDIERS. AND HE REFUSED TO SELL IT TO ME.

I KNOW THE SCOUNDREL. I SHALL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT MADAME.



OH, THANK YOU, COLONEL.

IF THE COLONEL ONLY KNEW IT. I AM ANXIOUS TO MEET HIM ONCE MORE THAT HANDSOME SOLDIER.

UNDER TWO FLAGS



SO VICTOR HAS TOO PROUD TO TAKE MONEY FROM THE QUALITY, BUT WELL, I'LL PUNCTURE HIS PRIDE.



COME NOW, CIGARETTE I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU DANCE, AND I CAME HERE SO THAT I MIGHT

THEN I SHALL DANCE THIS DANCE JUST FOR YOU, MONSIEUR CORPORAL.



ENOUGH OF NONSENSE, MEN! ATTENTION!

OH



I HAVE FOUND THE SHOPS FILLED WITH NONSENICAL TRINKETS WHICH, I AM TOLD, COME FROM THE BARRACKS. WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR TURNING MY QUARTERS INTO A BAZAR?

I AM, SIR. IT GIVES THE MEN SOMETHING TO OCCUPY THEIR HOURS IN IDLE HOURS AND THEY GET A SMALL AMOUNT TO SPEND FROM THE SALE OF THEM.



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! AND FURTHERMORE, I HAVE LEARNED YOU REFUSED TO SELL YOUR PRECIOUS CHESS SET!

I DID NOT WISH TO SELL IT, SIR. I...



WHEN ONE OF QUALITY ASKS A FAVOR, WHO ARE YOU, A MERE CHAMBERLAIN, TO DENY IT? YOU WILL TAKE THE SET TO MY PRIVATE VILLA TONIGHT. PERHAPS THE LADY WILL BRING A FEW FRANCS EXTRA FOR THE DELIVERY.

CLASSICS Illustrated

THAT NIGHT "LOUIS VICTOR" WENT TO THE "POMME VILLA" OF CHATEAURON. AS HE RODE HIS HORSE ONTO THE SPACIOUS ESPLANADE, BOUGHT BY THE COLONEL OUT OF HIS PRIVATE ACQUAINTANCE, A MEMORY OF FORMER WEALTH AND BALANCE TUBBED AT HIS HEARTSTRINGS. HE QUICKLY CAST THE THOUGHTS ASIDE: THESE THINGS NO LONGER BELONGED TO HIM... AND NEVER WOULD AGAIN...



SOON AS HE ARRIVED, BERT AND CHATEAURON SOJOURNED AND WAS TOLD TO WAIT OUTSIDE ON THE VERANDA. A SHORT TIME LATER...

COLONEL DE CHATEAURON, I AM HAPPY YOU HAVE FOUND THE SOLDIER WITH THE CHESS SET.

HE IS ON THE VERANDAH. I SHALL SUMMON HIM HERE WITH HIS TOYS...



NO, DO NOT CALL HIM, I'LL GO TO HIM.

NOT ALONE, MADAME. I SHALL GO WITH YOU. THESE CHASSEURS ARE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. HE MAY INSULT YOU.



CIGARETTE, MEANWHILE, HAD COME OUT TO THE VILLA ON FOOT, SHE HID IN THE SHRUBBERY AND WATCHED

THOSE GUARDS ARE SO STUPID. THEY THINK THEIR SIZE WILL SCARE EVERYONE AWAY!



CIGARETTE FOUND A WATSEPOINT JUST IN TIME TO SEE CORPORAL "VICTOR" FINISH HIS SALUTE TO CHATEAURON. THEN HER BLOOD BOILED IN HER VEINS AS SHE SAW THE BEAUTY OF THE ROMAN TO WHOM LOUIS BORED.

THE CHESS PIECES ARE SO BEAUTIFUL. MONSIEUR, I FEAR YOU DID NOT REALISE TODAY THAT I WOULD NOT PUT A VALUE ON THEM. YOU MAY NAME YOUR OWN PRICE.

THE PRICE, MADAME, IS THE HONOR YOU WILL DO ME BY ACCEPTING THEM.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

HE TOOK THE CROSS SET GRACIOUSLY. BERT'S CURF DISMISSED. THEREAFTER, BY CHATELAINRY WAS A SYMBOL OF BLACK MEN'S SYMPATHY. INSTEAD OF THE CORONAL, BERT WALKED SLOWLY, MUSED ON MANY THINGS, WHEN SUDDENLY...

SO ROWAL IS DEAD. YES, AND THEY ARE RIGHT. I AM DEAD, TOO.

HAD YOU HEARD OF THE DEATH OF OLD VISCOUNT ROYALLIEU IN ENGLAND? LEFT A LARGE ESTATE.

AND IN GOOD FINANCIAL CONDITION, TOO. IT SEEMED THE OLD MAN DISCOUPED HIS FORTUNE A FEW YEARS AGO. LEAVES THE YOUNGEST SON, I BELIEVE. THE ELDEST IS THOUGHT TO BE DEAD.



HE LEFT AT ONCE. THE NIGHT WAS DARK UNDER THE STARS AND HE FELT STRANGELY ALONE...

I THOUGHT ALL MEMORY OF ENGLAND HAD LEFT ME, BUT TONIGHT SO MUCH RETURNS TO HAUNT ME.



CIGARETTE HAD LEFT AT ONCE WHEN SHE SAW BERT BEING DISMISSED, SO THAT SHE WAS SOME DISTANCE AHEAD OF HIM. SUDDENLY A VOICE RANG THROUGH THE DARKNESS...

HELP ME, FRENCH SOLDIERS! HELP!

THAT VOICE! IT'S LOUIS! BACK THERE!



IT HAD BEEN A SHORT WAY DOWN THE ROAD THAT BERT HAD MET FOUR JEANS BORN IN DRUNKEN REVELRY TRAMPLING AN OLD MAN WHO COULD NOT DODGE THEM. HE ALSO SHOOTED TO THEM AND THEY HAD TURNED ON HIM...

IF I KILL THEM, IT WILL CAUSE MORE FRICTION BETWEEN THEM AND THE GOVERNMENT. PERHAPS I CAN GET HELP.



ALWAYS IT IS WELL TO CARRY A REVOLVER IN MY BAG!





HA! LOOK AT THEM GO!

CIGARETTE! HOW WHAT?



YOU SAVED MY LIFE! BUT HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE HERE?

I WAS AT CHATEAUBROY'S. TOO I WANTED TO BE THERE IF YOU SHOULD BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO INSULT THE COLONEL.



HOW CAN I EVER SHOW YOU MY APPRECIATION, CIGARETTE?

HOW COULD YOU SHOW IT? NEVER, LOUIS.



SHOW IT TO THAT SILVER-PHEASANT AT CHATEAUBROY'S. I WILL REPORT THIS INCIDENT IN TOWN WHILE YOU STAND GUARD. THEN I WILL HAVE THE ARMY SEND YOUR HORSE BACK TO YOU, AURENOIR!

LITTLE TIME AFTERWARD, RUMORS OF THE MASSING OF GREAT NUMBERS OF ARABS IN THE FAR REACHES OF THE DESERT BEGAN TO SEEP INTO ARMY HEADQUARTERS. CHATEAUBROY SENT FORWARD FIFTY-SEVEN HUNDRED MEN TO TEST THE ARAB STRENGTH AND BOTH ARAB AND ARMY WERE IN THAT ADVANCE GUARD FOR DAYS, THEIR POSITIONS UNCHANGED UNTIL NOTHING REMAINED BUT A PLACE CALLED SARALA, ON A NIGHT THAT WAS AS QUIET AND STILL AS DEATH ITSELF.



WAKE! CAN YOU HEAR ME? I'M GETTING UP... DIDN'T WANT TO ALARM YOU.

YES SIR.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

YOU COULDN'T SLEEP, SIR?

I DIDN'T WANT TO, RAKE. I WANT TO TALK ABOUT THE LIFE WE BOTH LEFT. I LEARNED THAT DONALD WAS DEAD AND BERKELEY HAS THE TITLE, RAKE. DO YOU KNOW THE REASON I LEFT ENGLAND?

NOT ENTIRELY, SIR, BUT I HAVE EYES AND EARS. I KNOW IT HAD TO DO WITH MR. BERKELEY, BUT IT'S YOUR TITLE. WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK AND CLAIM IT?

WHY? DID YOU KNOW I COMMITTED A CRIME, RAKE? OR, AT LEAST, GOT CREDIT FOR DOING SOMETHING ILL-STAR HERE. I THOUGHT I'D NEVER WANT TO DO OTHERWISE, BUT NOW, BLAST IT, RAKE, I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE!

YOU DON'T SAY SO, SIR? WELL, I'VE SAID ALL ALONG SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH YOU, BLESS YOU, SIR.

I DON'T MEAN WITH OSABETTE. I MEAN WITH PRINCESS CORONA. YOU REMEMBER THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN TO WHOM I GAVE MY DRESS SET? THE ONE WHO CAME INTO BEN ARSL'S STORE?

YOU'RE DISAPPOINTED, RAKE. BUT YOU SEE, I DON'T LOVE OSABETTE.

DISAPPOINTED, SIR? ER... LOOK, SIR? LOOK QUICK! OUT OVER THE SANDS THERE!

THERE WAS NO THUNDER OF HOOPS IN THE DARK STRETCHES OF SOFT SAND, BUT OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE DESERT, ROSE THE ARAB HORDE, WITH MARCHED UNBORDERED, WITH MURDER AND SLAUGHTER SWALLOWED IN EVERY GLEAM OF STARLIGHT ON THEIR SAUCES AND LANCES.



FOR JUST A MOMENT BERT WATCHED AND THEN, LIKE THE BLAST OF A CLARION, HIS ALARM RANG OVER THE SLUMBERING CAMP...

TO YOUR HORSES, MEN!
ARAB ATTACK!!!



THE CAMP ROUSED IN A SECOND WITH THE VINDICTIVE FEROCITY OF THE BOUNDING TIGER, WITH MARVELOUS AND MATCHLESS SWIFTNESS AND PRECISION.



THERE WAS A CRASH AS A ROCK WAS HURLED UPON ROCK, AS THE CHASSEURS, SCARCELY SEATED IN THE SADDLE, RUSHED FORWARD TO ENCOUNTER THE FIRST BLIND FORCE OF THE ATTACK...



UNDER TWO FLAGS



THE
SLASH OF
DARK
SPREAD
IN A
GOLDEN
GLOW
AND YET
THE
CARNAGE
WENT ON.
HOUR
AFTER
HOUR,
ALREADY
BERT
COCK
HAD
HAD
TWO
HORSES
KILLED
BENEATH
HIS
TWO
SHARES
HAD
CUT
HIM,
BUT
HE
HAD
NOT
TIME
TO
INSPECT
HIS
WOUNDS...

AND
STILL
THEY
CAME!
THE
MADDED
ARAB
HORSE
ITS
VICTORY
SHETTING
ITS
MUTE
SHAMMA
ING
ITS
CRY
FOR
VEN-
GEANCE
IT
WOULD
NOW
BE
ONLY
A
MATTER
OF
TIME



'THE MEN ARE OUTNUMBERED!
THEY'RE RETREATING!' AND NOT
A SINGLE OFFICER OF RANK IS
LEFT TO LEAD THEM ON!



'MEN! BROTHERS!
MEN OF BRANCE!
SWEET-HO!
FOLLOW ME!



CLASSICS Illustrated

BUT THE ENDLESS NUMBERS OF ARABS WOUNDED TOO MUCH, AND AT LAST...

THIS IS IT!
THIS IS THE
FINISH!



AND BERT PASSED OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS, LITTLE REALIZING THAT EVEN THEN...

ON! ON! ON!
WARD FOR
FRANCE!



THE FIGHT WAS SHORT-LIVED THE FRENCH SCATTERED THE ARABS BACK INTO THEIR DESERT STRETCHES, BUT THE FIGHT WAS NOT OVER FOR CIGARETTE. BRICALLY-LESLY, SHE SEARCHED AND SEARCHED UNTIL AT LAST...

LOUIS! LOUIS! I
HAVE FOUND YOU,
AND YOU ARE ALIVE!



THE VICTORIOUS FRENCH ARMY CAMPED ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SCENE OF BATTLE. THERE, CIGARETTE TENDED BERT THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT. THE NEXT MORNING...

IT IS YOU
WHO SAVED
MY LIFE,
CIGARETTE

THAT IS TWICE I HAVE SAVED
YOUR LIFE, LOUIS. THEY SAY,
"LOOK OUT FOR THE THIRD
TIME!" NOT SO NEXT TIME,
I MUST LET YOU DIE.



MORE IM-
PORTANT, IT IS YOU
WHO SAVED THE
DAY BY BRING-
ING IN THE RE-
FORCEMENTS.
HOW DID YOU MAN?

IT WAS NOTHING,
I RODE OUT TO A
HILL TO SEE FOR
YOUR WELFARE. I
OFTEN DO WHEN MEN
ARE ON PATROL,
AND SO I SAW THE
FIGHTING, AND HOR-
RID BACK. THAT IS
ALL, LOUIS



THERE IS
NO WAY TO
THANK YOU
ADEQUATELY,
CIGARETTE.
BUT, PLEASE,
LET ME
KISS YOU

NO, LOUIS
YOUR KISSES
ARE NOT OF
LOVE YOU'RE
THE SILVER
SERJANT.



CIGARETTE TURNED
THEN AND WAVED
AWAY FOR THERE
WAS IN HER HAND
FREE NATURE A LOVE
THAT COULD BE
STEADFAST UNTO
DEATH, BUT COULD
NOT TOLERATE A
KISS GIVEN ENTIRE
IN THANKS OR PITY.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

CIGARETTE CAME TO HIM ONLY AND TENDED HIS WOUNDS UNDER HER CARE, HE IMPROVED QUICKLY AND IN A WEEK WAS WALKING ABOUT THE BARRACKS ONE NIGHT.

"YOU TEND ME LIKE A SOX PIGEON, CIGARETTE. WHY DO YOU BOTHER?"

"POOF! IT IS NOTHING-BESIDES, YOU ARE THE HERO OF JABALA, YOU MUST BE AROUND TO LET PEOPLE SEE YOU. AND TONIGHT, HIGH OFFICERS ARE WITH CHATELAIN, AND A PARTY OF HIGH QUALITY IS VISITING THE CAMP. TOURISTS PROBABLY."

"SEE? FOR INSTANCE, THERE ACROSS THE FIRE... WHY, LOUIS, WHY ARE YOU STARRING SO?"

"NO! NO! I CANNOT SEE HIM! IT--IT CAN'T!"

BUT BERT WAS NOT MISTAKEN IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE SERAPH...

"AH, GENTLEMEN, EVEN CAMPFIRE MUST BE PLEASANT IN AUGUST. I HAVE NOT ENJOINED SUCH PERFECT COOKING IN ALL THE VACATION SPOTS OF THE CONTINENT."

"CIGARETTE, THAT MAN MUST NOT SEE ME! YOU MUST FIND A WAY FOR ME TO LEAVE THIS CAMP! THERE MUST BE A COMMISSION THAT'LL TAKE ME OUT OF HERE."

"I WILL TRY, LOUIS. BUT WHY MUST YOU DO, STEAL AWAY THE MARCHERET HEART? OR HIS WIFE?"



IT WAS A DISTANCE OF TWO HUNDRED MILES TO THE CARAVANSERAH. THEY RODE ALL DAY AND DID NOT STOP AT NIGHT-FALL, FOR THEY WERE IN THE COUNTRY OF THE MOST DEADLY OF THE NOMADIC ARAB TRIBES...

CIGARETTE, WITH HER COMPLETE FREEDOM TO SOAR ABOUT THE CAMP, SOON HEARD OF A DANGEROUS WARRIOR OF GREAT IMPORTANCE. IT DID NOT TAKE HER LONG TO CONVINCE CHATELAIN THAT HE SHOULD SEND BERT, "BECAUSE," THOUGHT CHATELAIN, "THE DOG MAY GET HIMSELF KILLED!"

"WE GO TO THE CARAVANSERAH! BAKE. WE HAVE TO PEESE THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE ENEMY TO GET THERE, WE MUST NOT COME THROUGH ALIVE, IF YOU WANT TO STAY HERE."

"I CAME HERE WITH YOU, SIR. I SHALL GO WITH YOU NOW."



"WE MUST NOT EVEN SPEAK TO EACH OTHER HERE, BAKE. SILENCE AND LUCK ALONE WILL BRING US THROUGH."

"YES, SIR. SILENCE IT IS."

"A PLACE FOR THE SHELTER AND REST OF CARAVANS. IN THIS INSTANCE, A BRANCH OF THE FRENCH ARMY OF OCCUPATION..."



CLASSICS Illustrated

FOUR AFTER FOUR, THEY RODE...
AND THE WIND INCREASED WITH THE DARK-
NESS, BLOWING THE DUST OF SAND ABOUT THEM.

WHEN THEY HAD REACHED THE CENTER OF
THE PLAIN, THE SOUND THEY HAD LONG
FEARED RANG IN THEIR EARS — THE WAR CRY
OF THE MOHLEM ...

ALLAH-
M-ALLAH!



IN THE DARKNESS, ALL BERT AND RANG COULD SEE WAS
THE FLASH OF STEEL, THE FLAME OF FIRE EYES,
WHETHER TWO OR TWENTY OR TWICE A HUNDRED
WERE UPON THEM, THEY COULD NOT KNOW ...

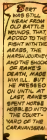
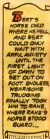


NOW THEY RESISTED, NOW THEY STRUCK
THE FEE, THEY COULD NOT TELL, BUT AT
LAST, THEY WERE CLEAR OF THE ARMS.

THEY RODE ON UNTIL RANG,
UNABLE TO CARRY ON WITH THE
LANCE WOUND IN HIS SIDE, SLID
SILENTLY TO THE GROUND IN ORDER
THAT BERT MIGHT NOT KNOW AND
THUS DELAY HIS JOURNEY.



UNDER TWO FLAGS



CLASSICS Illustrated

AFTER HE WAS BATHED AND REFRISHED, BERT ARRANGED FOR SAKI'S BURIAL. HE STOOD BY SAKI WHILE SOLDIERS FIRED A SALUTE IN HONOR OF A DEPARTED COMPAGNE.



AS BERT HEADED FOR THE GATE...

IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS, BERT WENT TO A FRENCH OFFICER STOPPING THERE...

I NEED A HORSE, SIR. I HAVE YET TO JOURNEY ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS TO THE CAMP OUTSIDE HERE. IT WILL TAKE TWO DAYS THERE AND BACK.

VERY WELL, CORPORAL, BUT YOU MUST RETURN THE HORSE BEFORE YOU START BACK TO YOUR OWN CAMP! HE IS A FAST ARABIAN STEALION THAT I WOULD NOT WANT TO PART WITH.



IS THIS THE LAST OF LA PRINCESS CORONA'S BAGGAGE?

YES. THIS HAS JUST NOW ARRIVED. IT IS THE LAST.



DID YOU SAY PRINCESS CORONA? WHY, THIS WAR-RECKEN LAND IS NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN.

NEVERTHELESS, SHE IS HERE AND COMES WITH HER BROTHER AND HIS PARTY. SOME ALREADY HAVE ARRIVED.



AND THEN, AS BERT TURNED AWAY...

BERKELEY!

BERT!
OH, NO!



BERT WAS ASKED TO SEE HIS BROTHER, BUT QUICKLY RECOVERED HIS COMPOSURE...

WE ALL BELIEVED YOU DEAD EVERY ONE OF US!

AS FAIR AS YOU ARE CONCERNED, I AM DEAD. DON'T MENTION THAT YOU SAW ME AND LEAVE THIS PLACE AT ONCE BECAUSE I HAVE ORDERS TO RETURN HERE. NO ONE MUST KNOW WHO I REALLY AM.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

THE JOURNEY WAS COMPLETED, BUT BERT WAS IN A DILEMMA. IF HE HAD EVER THOUGHT OF GOING BACK TO ENGLAND, HE HAD CAST ASIDE THE IDEA SINCE MEETING BERKELEY. HE COULD NOT OPEN THE OLD SOUND AGAIN...

NO, LIFE WOULD CRUSH BERKELEY IF HE WERE TO SURRENDER THE TITLE NOW.

HELLO! THAT YOUNG LAMB IS GOING TO DROWN!

BA-A-BA-A.

THERE YOU ARE. YOU FEEL A LITTLE SAFER NOW, DON'T YOU?

BA-A-BA-A.

AS BERT WAS TURNING AWAY, HIS EYES CAUGHT THE GLITTER OF YELLOW METAL.

A BRACELET! HOW COULD THAT HAVE GOTTEN HERE?

THE PRINCESS MUST HAVE DROPPED IT WHILE OUT AT THE SPRING THAT BEARS SHE HAS ARRIVED AT THE CARAVANSERA!

AT THE CARAVANSERA, BERT RE-FRESHED HIMSELF AND THEN WENT DIRECT TO THE ROOMS OF PRINCESS CORONA.

WHY, CORPORAL VICTOR?

PRINCESS CORONA, IF I MAY INTERRUPT ON YOUR PRIVACY I FOUND THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOX OUT AT THE SPRING. IT BEARS YOUR NAME.

OH, MY BRACELET!
I WONDERED WHERE
I HAD LOST IT. IT
WAS CARELESS
OF ME. THANK
YOU VERY MUCH!

I HEARD OF YOUR
WONDERFUL BRAVERY
IN LEADING THE MEN
DURING THE BATTLE
OF ZARALA. YOU MUST
BE TERRIBLY BRAVE.

A SOLDIER'S DUTY,
MADAMEBELLE.
NOTHING MORE.



NO, IT WAS MORE
THAN DUTY. YOU WERE
VERY BRAVE. BUT
THIS LITTLE BOX YOU
BOUGHT THE BRACE-
LET IN, CORPORAL. IT
LOOKS LIKE A KEEP-
SAFE. NO DOUBT
YOU WANT IT BACK.

WOULD I DO,
MADAMEBELLE. IT
WAS GIVEN TO ME
YEARS AGO BY A
VERY DEAR LITTLE
GIRL. I'VE ALWAYS
KEPT IT WITH ME.



WERE THERE ...
TWENTY GOLD
HARLEBONS IN
THE BOX, COR-
PORAL? TELL ME,
WERE THERE?

GOOD HEAVENS,
YES! BUT HOW
DO YOU KNOW?

BECAUSE ... OH,
MR. CORP! BECAUSE
I GAVE IT TO YOU!
I AM VANETTA.
PRINCESS CORPORA
IS BUT ANOTHER
OF MY TITLED!

YOU ARE
PETITE
REINE? YES
YOU ARE! I
SEE IT NOW!



UNDER TWO FLAGS



YOU MUST NEVER TELL PETITE RENEE NEVER! I AM DEAD! TO THE WORLD I KNOW I CAN NEVER RETURN.

BUT WHY? WHY? PHILIP LOVES YOU AND WILL BE HERE TOMORIGHT. MUST I KEEP SUCH WONDERFUL NEWS FROM HIM? AND BERKELEY? HE IS IN ALGIERS.



I SENT HIM AWAY FROM HERE. I AM A CRIMINAL. A DISGRACE TO THE ROYAL-LIEU HOUSE

I DO NOT BELIEVE IT! AND YOU ARE ENTITLED TO THE TITLE YOUR FATHER CARRIED



BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY IT'S FOR THE BEST. YOU MUST NOT SPEAK OF ME TO THE SERAPH... OR TO ANYONE ELSE.

IF YOU WISH IT SO, I SHALL NOT. BUT I CANNOT BELIEVE THE THINGS YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF.



GET TURNED THEM AND FLE FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE ONE HE LOVED... SO LONG, CLUTTING ONE SINGLE THREAD OF THE PAST THE LITTLE BOX THAT HAD HELD THE GOLD PAROLEONS

WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE SHE? BE SHE? OH, WHY?



HE DROVE BACK INTO ALGIERS, THIS TIME IN THE DAYLIGHT WHEN HE COULD SEE THE DANGERS ABOUT HIM... AND AT LAST ARRIVED SAFELY. THE FIRST SIGHT OF CAMP GAVE HIM A SURPRISE...

IT'S CHARIETTE AND THE ARMY IS HONORING HER. I AM GLAD

BACK AT THE CASABLANCA, AFTER BERT HAD LEFT...



BUT I TELL YOU, SIR, IT WAS NOT I WHO WAS THE HERO AT ZABALA. IT WAS CORPORAL LOUIS VICTOR. HE IS THE ONE WHO LED THE MEN. ALL I DID WAS TO RIDE IN FOR AID.

THE HONORS OF FRANCE ARE NOT TO BE TREATED SO LIGHTLY, MADAMOISELLE. THE MEDAL OF HONOR IS YOURS.



MY DEAR VENETIA, ARE YOU ALL? YOUR FACE SHOWS ASTRAM. IT HAD NOT SHOWN BEFORE.

DON'T ASK ME, PHILIP. PLEASE DON'T PRESS ME FOR THE REASON. BUT WE MUST GO BACK TO THE LAND AT ONCE.

THE SCRAP DID NOT QUESTION HIS SISTER'S REASONS FOR WANTING TO LEAVE, BUT WENT ABOUT MAKING ARRANGEMENTS TO CARRY OUT HER WISHES...



TOMORROW, I WILL LEAVE YOU AT THE CAMP IN ALGERIA, VENETIA. AND GO ON TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR OUR RETURN. YOU WILL BE SAFER IN CAMP WHILE YOU ARE ALONE.

THANK YOU, PHILIP. BUT DO NOT LEAVE ME THERE FOR LONG.



NEXT DAY...

ALL MY LIFE, LOUIS, I HAVE WANTED THIS MEDAL, BUT NOW THAT I HAVE IT, I FEEL ONLY SHAME FOR IT BELONGS TO YOU.

THAT ISN'T TRUE, CHERETTE. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO RECEIVED IT, BECAUSE YOU EARNED IT. WHAT I DID WAS MY DUTY. WHAT YOU DID WAS FOR LOVE OF FRANCE.

CHERETTE STOOD A LONG WHILE AFTER BERT HAD LEFT HER, AND WAS BARRING WITH NEGATIVE JEALOUSY TOWARD THE TENT OF VENETIA...



BUT WHAT IS THE MEDAL A MENI THAT I AM A FOOL, TO RISK MY LIFE FOR HIM WHEN HE LOVES HER. I HATE HER. I WILL TELL HER SO. I WILL KILL HER.

AND SO, THAT NIGHT...



COME IN, MY DEAR. IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

YES, YOU CAN STAND AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE... UNTIL YOU CAN. I COULD HAVE HAD LOUIS' LOVE BUT NOW HE LOVES YOU! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

VENETIA DID NOT CRASH FROM THE THREAT OF DEATH, AND HER REACTION STARTLED THE IMPETUOUS CORNETT

"YOU LOVE HIM VERY MUCH, DON'T YOU? WELL, IF YOU DO, YOU CAN DO HIM A MUCH GREATER FAVOR THAN KILLING HIM, FOR I AM GOING AWAY TONIGHT."

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



LOUIS VICTOR IS REALLY LORD NOMILLIEU, HEAD OF ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL HOUSES IN ENGLAND. HIS BROTHER, BARKELEY, NOW HOLDS THE TITLE THAT IS RIGHTLY YOUR LOUIS VICTOR'S. I HAVE PROMISED TO KEEP THE SECRET, BUT I CANNOT IT IS UNJUST IF YOU WILL SEND HIM TO ME I SHALL TELL HIM PERSONALLY WHAT I'VE DONE

I WILL SEND HIM



SOON AFTER ARRIVED AT VENETIA'S STAY, VENETIA STOOD CALM BEFORE HIM...

WHY DID YOU TELL CORNETT, VENETIA? WHY DID YOU FAIL ME?

SHE LOVES YOU VERY MUCH... ENOUGH TO KILL FOR HER LOVE, IT'S NOT RIGHT TO KEEP HER IN DARKNESS AS TO YOUR IDENTITY. I SHALL TELL NO ONE ELSE, FOR I AM LEAVING TONIGHT



BUT DON'T YOU SEE, VENETIA? I LOVE YOU. FROM THE MOMENT I SAW YOU AT BEN ARSIL, BUT I CANNOT GO BACK. EVEN THOUGH I LOVE YOU, I MUST BURY MYSELF IN THE DESERT.

OH... I DID NOT KNOW!



THIS IS SODDY'S, VENETIA.

OH... BERTY BERTY!



BERTY BEEL TURNED AND FLED FROM VENETIA'S PRESENCE... A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HER TENT...

WELL, CORPORAL, THIS IS A SURPRISE! I SEE THE PRINCESS CORONA IS NOT PARTICULAR ABOUT THE COMPANY'S SECRETS. DOES SHE CONSORT WITH ALL THE COMMON SOLDIERS OF THE CAMP?

THAT, SIR, IS A FOUL INSULT!





WITHOUT KNOWING OF BERT'S ARREST VENETIA AND HER BROTHER LEFT THE CAMP THAT VERY NIGHT...



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, VENETIA, YOU WANT TO GO FROM HERE, YET YOU ARE WEEPING, HAS SOMEONE INSULTED YOU? TELL ME, I WILL HAVE IT ARRESTED.

NO, PHILIP IT IS BUT A WOMAN'S WEAKNESS TO NEER, THANKS—HAS OP IT!



THE NEWS SPREAD ABOUT THE SOLDIER HURRIED TO CHARLOTTE'S HOME IN ALGERE...



LOUIS IS TO BE SHOT AT DAWN TOMORROW, CHARLOTTE. I DO NOT KNOW IF HE CAN EVEN BE SEEN FOR A GOODBYE.

SHOT! BUT THEY CAN'T DO THAT! HE IS A... WELL, NEVER MIND, THANKS, SOMETHING MUST BE DONE



BUT HOW? WHO WILL BELIEVE HE THAT HE IS OF ENGLISH NOBILITY? WHAT CAN I DO? THERE IS ONLY ONE THING I MUST FIND HIS BROTHER.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

IN A MAD RUSH, CHARRETTE HURDED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE TOWN, SHE DID NOT EVEN KNOW IF BERNLEY WAS GONE FROM THE PLACE, BUT AT LAST...



OH, THANK HEAVEN! YOU ARE LOUIS VICTOR'S BROTHER, ARE YOU NOT?

I... I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! WHAT IS THIS? ARE YOU MAD?

STOP THIS FOOLISHNESS! YOUR BROTHER IS TO BE SHOT TOMORROW AT DAWN. IF YOU HAVE ANY FAITH IN YOU, YOU'LL TRY TO SAVE HIM!



SHOT? IT IS I... WHO HAVE KILLED HIM. COULD THAT I AM. IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING

YOU CAN! WRITE A STATEMENT OF HIS RANK, TELL THAT WHAT YOU POSSESS IS HIS. I SHALL RIDE TO THE VICEROY OF AFRICA WITH IT!

WITH SMILING CHARRIE, BERNLEY REWROTE THE FOLLOWING NOTE AT ONCE...

I hereby affirm that the person carrying the chevron under the name of Louis Victor is my older brother, that he is that bravely, by inclination, he is the Viceroi of Africa, where with I have been illegaly.
Bernley Cecil



THROUGH THE VILLAGE AND OUT ONCE MORE ACROSS THE SANDS, TOWARD THE FORTRESS WHERE THE MARSHAL OF FRANCE, VICEROY OF AFRICA, WAS THAT DAY TO ARRIVE AND INSPECT THE FRENCH GARRISON, CHARRETTE RODE, KNOWING THAT ONLY TIME COULD BE HER GOOD FORTUNE OR HER DEATH.



THERE WERE FIFTY MILES TO GO, BUT SHE MADE IT IN RECORD TIME!

TAKE CARE OF THE HORSE, AND LEAD ME TO YOUR CHIEF! I MUST SEE HIM AT ONCE!

WHEN THE PRESIDENT OF CYPRUS BEFORE THE VICTOR DID NOT SURRENDER—AT THE SUCCESS OF HER SCHEME, HE TURNED TO HER COLONY. "I NEVER INTERFERE WITH THE SENTENCES OF THE ARMY," HE TOLD HER, "BUT YOU WILL TAKE ONE! READ!" SHE SCOUTED "READ!"

"ROYALTY!" GOOD BRIEF, I KNOW THAT NAME—THAT HOUSE! HOW CAN YOU ON THIS NOTE?"

DOES IT MATTER, SIR? TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR HIM!



WITH BERT'S RESCUE IN HER POSSESSION, CYRUS RODE UPON THE SANDS, THAT WERE NOW SANDS OF TIME TRICKLING AWAY THE LIFE OF THE MAN SHE LOVED. AND THEN, AS HER HORSE WAS TURNING, SHE SAH

ARAB! IT IS ALL OVER NOW!



BUT THE ARAB CHEFTAIN TURNED OUT TO BE THE KHALIFA, THE ONE WHOSE NAME BERT HAD ONCE SAVED...

IF IT IS LOUIS VICTOR YOU'D TO SAVE, YOU SHALL GO IN PEACE. TAKE MY OWN HORSE—IT IS THE GREATEST IN ALL ARABIA...

THE GIRL PRESSED THE HORSE THROUGH THE NIGHT, BUT EVEN AS SHE SAW THE OUTLINES OF THE CAMP, SHE KNEW THAT IT WAS THE LIGHT OF DARK THAT MADE IT POSSIBLE...

IF I CAN MAKE IT, I SHALL GLADLY LET DOWN MY OWN LIFE, GOD... PLEASE LET ME SAVE HIM!



AS CYRUS RODE OUT EVERY GUN OF ARABY AGAINST TIME...

GET READY!



UNDER TWO FLAGS



CLASSICS Illustrated

BERT WROTE VENETIA THE ENTIRE STORY AND SHE CAME TO ALBANY AGAIN, THIS TIME WITH THE GRAPH. IT WAS A TENDER MEETING, THROTTLED WITH SADNESS...



OH, MY DEAR

NO, LOUIS SAVE YOUR KISSES FOR HER TO SHOW YOU REALLY BELONG AND FOR ME, PLEASE RETURN KNIGHT'S HORSE...



SHE DIED FOR US, VENETIA...

SHE WOULD NOT WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, BERT. LET US SAY THAT SHE DIED FOR FRANCE. SHE WAS A GREAT SOLDIER... THE GREATEST FRANCE HAS HAD SINCE JOAN OF ARC...

ON THE FAMILIAR SCENES WHERE CHARLOTTE THREW HERSELF BEFORE BERT'S FEET, NOW PROUD RECALLED, AS HE RETURNED TO THE SCENES OF HIS YOUTH...



DRIVE DIRECTLY TO THE STABLES, WILL YOU? I WANT TO SEE FOREST KING.



YES, MR. CECIL.



KING! FOREST KING! LOOK! HE REMEMBERS ME!



A RAT FOR SAKE, KING HE WANTED IT SO.



AND NOW, MY DARLING PETITE MÈNE, COULD YOU BE PERSUADED TO BECOME LADY BERT CECIL, 4th COUNTESS OF RONALLIEU?

I COULD THINK OF NOTHING MORE WONDERFUL.



AS THEY STOOD WITH THE FUTURE PAIR BEFORE THEM, THEIR MEMORIES WENT BACK TO A PLACE IN THE DESERT WHERE, BENEATH THE FLAG OF FRANCE, THERE WAS CARVED IN WHITE STONE ONE NAME THAT BROKE TO EVERY HEART WITHIN THE ARMY SHE HAD LEAD...

CIGARETTE
DIPLOME DE L'ARMÉE
SOLDAT DE LA FRANCE

THE END

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

QUIDA

IN THE PERIOD from 1843 to the turn of the century, one of the most prolific and popular novelists was Quida, which is the pen name used by Maria Louisa de la Ramée. The name Quida is a symbol in itself of the sentimental nature of the author, for it comes from the childish attempt of a baby sister to pronounce the name Louisa.

Louisa de la Ramée was born in England, at Bury Saint Edmonds, on January 7, 1809. When she was twenty-one years of age, her first novel appeared in serial form in "Colburn's New Monthly Magazine" under the title, *Granville de Vigne, a Tale of the Day*, which later was published as a novel, entitled *Held in Bondage*.

Like many of the characters of her novels, Louisa suffered greatly at times because of concern over those whom she loved. Her father, always an inspiration to Louisa, constantly encouraging her to write and helping her to understand literary form, often was away from home for months at a time, and on return offered no explanation for his absences. The sense of insecurity planted in Louisa's young mind by these disappearances doubtless had a hand in shaping the literary

types her novels often took.

Louis Ramée, her father, was French, while her mother, whose maiden name was Susan Sutton, was English. Louisa, who never married, always had a strong sympathetic attachment to her mother. It may have been the repeated



activities of her father that gave Louisa some of the seeds of intrigue that later were to be a part of her many literary productions, for it was said that her father was a secret agent of a foreign government.

During her lifetime, Quida made a great deal of money by her writing. But making money was not her primary purpose in writing her stories. She became so immersed in the characters about whom she was writing, that she lived life through their eyes while preparation of her novels was under way.

It, at times, her writing seems ponderous and wordy, it is, nevertheless, expression sometimes of the highest poetic order. The fact that interest in her works has survived almost one hundred years is evidence enough that she had much to say that carried depth of feeling and sincerity of purpose.

Quida was very fond of animals, especially dogs, and had many pets during her lifetime. She lived extravagantly and so, in spite of the enormous returns from her works, she died in Florence, Italy, January 23, 1898, in almost desperate poverty. More ironical, too, was the fact that, although poverty stricken, she died in the elegance of a mansion she had built during her days of wealth. She was never without friends and admirers and, in her days of decreasing wealth, many of them offered her money, which to the very end, like the characters of so many of her novels, she refused.

Under Two Flags is considered one of her best novels, although others of her works are read with keen appreciation today. Some of the best are *A Dog of Flanders*, *Motha*, *Bibi* and *Other Stories for Children*.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE EDWARD JENNER

Discoverer of Small Pox Vaccination

A MOTHER takes her young infant to the Board of Health or to her own doctor to have the child vaccinated. Using a sterile instrument, the doctor makes a few scratches on the child's upper arm or leg. Into the scratches is injected the vaccine, a pure virus from cow pox. After the surface has been allowed to dry, the wound is covered with gauze or a shield. If the vaccination "takes," a blister will appear in about five days; later a scab will form, and when the scab falls off, the vaccination against small pox has been completed, leaving a small permanent scar.

Because of vaccination, small pox and diphtheria are no longer the scourges of civilization they once were. The diseases are now controlled so that they rank as only minor and infrequent plagues in most civilized countries. To Edward Jenner, a great English doctor, goes the credit of introducing vaccination treatment and for bringing small pox under control.

Edward Jenner was born May 17, 1749, at Berkeley, Gloucestershire. The son of a clergyman, he was early taught the principles of brotherhood and the glory of helping others. Educated at Wotton and Cirencester, Jenner later studied medicine under two famous surgeons, Daniel Ludlow of Sudbury and John Hunter of London, in preparation for attending St. Andrews Medical College.

During his summers at home in Gloucestershire, Jenner became interested in cow pox, a disease that was common among the farmers. He discovered that those people who had been afflicted with cow pox would not contract small pox, a much more serious disease. Yet many who had never contracted cow pox, fell victims to the dreaded small pox. Jenner reported his findings to leading doctors, but they frowned upon his conclusions that cow pox virus formed an immunity against small pox and called it just cases

of coincidence.

Obtaining his degree from St. Andrews in 1782, Jenner returned home to practice medicine. The control of small pox had become his aim in life.

By experimentation, he learned that cow pox could be passed from one another by inoculation. He believed that those so inoculated would become immune to small pox. But he could not find any volunteers who would allow themselves to contract cow pox. Finally, on May 14, 1796, Jenner

performed his first experiment on an eight year old boy. He was inoculated with cow pox matter. The following July, the same boy was injected with small pox virus, but the disease did not take. After that, Jenner had no trouble getting people to submit to cow pox vaccination.

In 1798, Jenner published the results of his experiments: "An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of Small Pox." Shortly afterwards, vaccination was introduced to St. Thomas Hospital. The practice of vaccination was introduced in the British army and navy, in the country generally and soon spread to other lands.

The Crown allowed Jenner money to carry on his work, but it was just enough to meet expenses. He gave up to 300 free inoculations a day. After the first 18 months of vaccination, the deaths due to small pox in England dropped off about 75%.

Jenner received many honors, including an honorary M.D. from Oxford; but after his wife died in 1815, he retired to private life, content to be a country doctor. He died January 24, 1823.

Typical of the respect held for Jenner is the story of English civilians trapped in France when war between that country and England suddenly flared up. Napoleon refused to release them until the name of Jenner was mentioned. "Ah, we can refuse nothing in that name," said Napoleon, giving the order to return them home.



DOG HEROES "BROWNIE" JUST A FAITHFUL DOG

THIS IS a story about a dog who was a hero only to his master. The dog's name was Brownie, and his master's name was—well, his master was in prison at the time, so we won't embarrass him and we'll call him Mr. Nemo.

Mr. Nemo was serving a three-month sentence in New York City's west side jail for committing assault. Mr. Nemo was not a criminal. An argument arose between Mr. Nemo and another man, and he threatened to hit the other man. The fact is that Mr. Nemo did not hit the other man, for had he done so, he would have been charged with assault and battery (a fine point of law). Still, the other man pressed charges, Mr. Nemo was tried and convicted, and now he was doing his time. And Brownie was at home, pining for his master.

Now, dogs are unlike human beings in that they are free from bigotry. A dog will love his master whether he be beggar or king, white or black, yellow or red, Christian or Jew, free man or prisoner. So, Brownie still loved his master, although his master had fallen into disgrace in the eyes of the law. Of course, Brownie didn't know where his master was; all he knew was his master wasn't home. And he missed him.

Nemo had a good friend named Roberts. After Nemo had been imprisoned, Roberts had gone to visit him on Saturday visiting day. He had come back to Nemo's home to report to the family that Nemo was in good health. Brownie sniffed Roberts upon his visit and began to whine. He had smelled the presence of his master.

The next Saturday, Roberts came to Nemo's house to say that once again he was going to visit his friend. Upon seeing Roberts, Brownie began to whine. He whimpered so wretchedly that Roberts decided to take him along for the ride. When Roberts drove up to the prison gate and got out of the



car, Brownie jumped out through the open window and followed after him. But the prison guard at the gate chased Brownie back, for there was a rigid rule against dog visitors at the west side jail.

Roberts picked up Brownie and carried him back to the car. He sat him in the driver's seat,

and ordered him to sit still until he returned. Through the windshield, Brownie watched as Roberts entered the gate and then watched the gate close. Again, Brownie jumped through the window and ran up to the gate, only to be chased away by the guard who was on duty there. Brownie then disappeared down the block.

When Roberts returned from his visit, he found the dog gone. He whistled and called for Brownie, but there was no response. Roberts then set out looking for his friend's pet. But after a half-hour, he gave up the search and sadly drove away.

Meanwhile, Brownie had been hiding in a doorway across the street. He had heard Robert's call, but had ignored it, for his mind was concentrated on the prison gate. He sensed he had to get through the gate to see his master.

All day Sunday, the gate remained closed, with Brownie hovering in the doorway across the street, or standing on the opposite corner, waiting for his opportunity.

It came early Monday morning when a van load of prisoners was taken into jail. Brownie crept along with the truck, on the side away from the guard, as it lumbered along.

Once past the guard, Brownie dashed wildly, following his instincts, until he found his master working in the prison yard. The authorities allowed Nemo to play with Brownie a few minutes and then made plans to keep and feed the dog nearby until Nemo's release. So ends the story of a faithful dog, hero only to his master.



FAMOUS OPERAS IOLANTHE

by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan

TO FULLY appreciate this gay, comic opera, it must first be understood that it is a fantasy. Now, on with the story.

Iolanthe, most beloved of the fairies, had been exiled from the Fairy Kingdom for marrying a mortal. Under Fairy Law, she should have been punished with death. Instead, she was banished and was never again allowed to communicate with her husband.

Twenty-five years later, the fairies have not forgotten Iolanthe, who now dwells in a stream. They persuade the Queen, who is curious about Iolanthe's unusual dwelling, to recall her to the Kingdom.

Iolanthe emerges from the water and is joyfully greeted by the fairies and the Queen. She tells them that she has a son who is half-fairy and half-mortal. She chose to live in the stream to be near her child.

At that moment, young Strephon, Iolanthe's son, approaches. Strephon tells Iolanthe that, this very day, he plans to marry Phyllis without permission from her guardian, the Lord Chancellor.

Phyllis meets Strephon and tries to persuade him to postpone their wedding until she is of age. . . for marrying Phyllis without the Lord Chancellor's consent, Strephon would be jailed for life. Nevertheless, he refuses, because the Peers have become too attentive to Phyllis.

Trumpets sound. The Peers, led by Lords Mountararat and Tolloffer, arrive. They have received permission from the Lord Chancellor to court Phyllis.

The Lord Chancellor himself arrives. He orders Phyllis to leave. He then challenges Strephon to present cause for disobeying a Court order. Strephon's excuses are overruled and the Lord Chancellor leaves him. Iolanthe enters and tells Strephon that she will seek help from the Fairy Queen.

In the meantime, Phyllis sees the young-looking Iolanthe with Strephon

and believes that he has deceived her. In despair, she becomes engaged to the Lords Mountararat and Tolloffer—she doesn't care which. They depart, leaving the confused Strephon with Iolanthe.

Sometime later, we find the fairies causing mischief and embarrassment to the Peers. Some of the fairies become strongly attached to the lords. Even the Fairy Queen is succumbing to the good looks of a Private Willis, one of the Grenadier Guards. However, she warns the fairies of the law—death to the fairy who marries a mortal.

Phyllis enters in tears. She is engaged to two lords, neither of whom she loves. She claims that if one would give up his title and distribute his wealth among the tenantry, then she could find a reason for marrying the other. The two lords cannot bring themselves or each other to make such a sacrifice.

By chance, Phyllis and Strephon meet. Strephon explains that he is only half-mortal and all his relatives look young. To avoid trouble, he advises Phyllis to marry a mortal. Phyllis claims that she would rather marry a half-mortal she loves than a half-drawn mortal she does not love. She promises that she will not suspect him the next time he kisses a young girl. She will understand it is only an elderly relative. They agree to get married right away. Iolanthe will intercede in their behalf.

As Iolanthe is appealing to the Lord Chancellor (who is none other than Iolanthe's husband), the Fairy Queen and the Peers enter. The Fairy Queen raises her spear. Iolanthe must die. The other fairies rush forward saying they too must die as they have all married mortals.

The law is quickly changed. All fairies who don't marry mortals shall die. Everyone runs for a mate. The mortals immediately spread wings and become immortal. They all go off to Fairyland.



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