

CLASSICS

Illustrated

FEATURING STORIES BY THE
WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS

No.
94 15¢

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S

DAVID BALFOUR





COMING NEXT MONTH A STORY WITH THE IMPACT OF AN EXPLODING BOMB

THE TIME is World War I—the scene, the battlefield—the story, told by one who was in the midst of it. Here is the unglorious, the unexciting, the unglamorous side of war and death... here is the story of the soldiers who fight. Here is the soul-shattering drama of the frontlines.

Be sure to read

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

by Eric Marie Remarque

IN NEXT MONTH'S

CLASSICS *Illustrated*

On sale at your favorite newsdealer or variety store.

WHO AM I?

I am a famous literary character. Can you guess my name from the clues below? Rate your familiarity with me as follows: If you can identify me from CLUE I, your score is superior; from CLUE II—excellent; from CLUE III—very good; from CLUE IV—good; from CLUE V—fair. If after CLUE V you still cannot identify me, I suggest you read the exciting story in which I appear.

CLUE I: When still a boy, I left home to pursue the life of a sailor.

CLUE II: After many daring and exciting adventures fighting pirates and storms at sea, I found myself the sole survivor of a shipwreck.

CLUE III: Although miraculously saved, I was marooned for many years on a deserted island which was visited from time to time by man-eating savages. My only companions were a dog and a parrot.

CLUE IV: My days were filled with suspense and my nights with fear of capture. One day, I ventured forth from my barricaded shelter just in time to discover the cannibals in the process of preparing a captured native for torture.

CLUE V: I saved the native and named him Friday, after the day of the week on which I had rescued him. Together, we fought off the cannibals and planned our escape from the island. The exciting story in which I appear bears my name.

EDWARD WEISSMAN

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David Balfour

by
Robert
Louis
Stevenson

(A SEQUEL TO --- "KIDNAPPED")



WANTED
FOR
MURDER
ALAN BRECK AND
A TALL STRONG LAD
OF ABOUT EIGHTEEN-
SEVEN LIKE A LOWLANDS
SCOT.

AT HIS FATHER'S DEATH IN THE SUMMER OF 1751, DAVID BALFOUR LEFT THE VILLAGE OF BRACKLEHORN, SCOTLAND, AND WENT TO LIVE WITH A WISELY OLD UNCLE, STEWART BALFOUR OF SHAW. STEWART, FERRING DAVID'S RIGHTFUL CLAIM ON THE SHAW ESTATE, TRIED TO KILL THE BOY, FAILING IN THAT HE HAD DAVID KIDNAPPED AND PUT ON BOARD A SHIP BOUND FOR AMERICA. ON THE TEND DAVID MET ALAN BRECK, A MEMBER OF THE OUTLAWED STEWART CLAN BITTER ENEMIES OF SCOTLAND'S RULERS, THE CAMPBELLS. THE SHIP THEY WERE ON WAS WRECKED ON ROCKS OFF THE SCOTTISH SHORES. DAVID SEPERATED FROM ALAN, MADE HIS WAY TO A PRE-ARRANGED MEETING PLACE. ON THE WAY, HE WITNESSED THE MURDER OF A HIGH-RANKING CAMPBELL. THE CAMPBELLS ARBITRARILY ARRESTED JAMES STEWART FOR THE MURDER AND PUT A PRICE ON THE HEADS OF ALAN BRECK AND - A LAD OF EIGHTEEN."

DAVID, WITH ALAN'S HELP, GAINED HIS JUST SHARE OF THE SHAW ESTATE FROM HIS UNCLE STEWARTER AND THEN BEGAN TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR ALAN'S ESCAPE FROM SCOTLAND. EVEN THOUGH IT PUT HIS OWN NECK IN DANGER OF BEING STRETCHED, HE VOWED TO TESTIFY AT JAMES STEWART'S TRIAL.

AS THE STORY CONTIN, HE FIND DAVID IN
EDINBURGH...

CLASSIC ILLUSTRATED

2 TYPED IN THE BEST NEW-FOUNDED PORTABLE EGGED APERT, DRAG BALLOON SET FOOT IN EDINBURGH ON AUGUST 21, 1771.





"THE PRINCE HAS
FACED INTO A
HOUSE AND
THE DOOR
SHOULD
DOWN TO
ONLY THREE."

THAT LASS SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.
I CAN TELL BY THEIR CLOTHING THAT
THEY'RE HIGHLANDERS. POSSIBLY
FRIENDS OF ALAN'S. SHE SEEMS DE-
TRESSED. MAYBE I CAN DO HER A
SERVICE.

I LIVED WITH HIM FOR
MANY DAYS. MY NAME IS
DAVID BALFOUR.
WHAT IS YOURS?

MY NAME IS
NOT SPOKEN.
MORE THAN A
HUNDRED YEARS
IT HAS
NOT COME
UPON MEN'S
TONGUES.
CATRIONA
DRUMMOND
IS THE ONE
I USE.

"THAT MEANS SONS
OF THE HANDBOOK"
CALL HER FATHER
AND UNCLE LEADER
OF THE INSURRECTION
OF '45. ANOTHER
DANGEROUS ACQUAINT-
ANCE. BUT SHE'S
SO PRETTY A
LASS.

I AM THE
DAUGHTER
OF JAMES
MORE. HIM
YOU SAW
TAKEN OFF
BY THE SOLDIERS.



"THE ONLY NAME IN
SCOTLAND THAT THE
LAW FORBIDS ANY-
ONE TO USE."



HOW CAN WE BUY IT
FOR HIM TODAY-SINCE
WE LACK EVEN A
SHILLING?



WHY I OFFER
YOU A SHILLING
AS A LOAN?



YOUR FRIENDS IN THE HIGHLANDS WERE KIND TO ME. I SHOULD LIKE TO BRING A SMALL PART OF THEIR KINDNESS... TO YOU.

AWE... BUT REMEMBER, IT IS ONLY A LOAN. YOU MUST PERMIT ME TO PAY IT BACK. I LIVE IN THE VILLAGE OF DEAN.



NEVER FEAR. I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN... TO COLLECT MY JUST DEBT.

AWE, DO GO, AND LET ME GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE. IF YOU COME TO EDINBURGH SEEKING JUSTICE... SQUARE OF THE CAMPBELLS!



STRANGE THAT SHE SHOULD MENTION THAT... WHEN I AM COME TO EDINBURGH SEEKING JUSTICE AT THE HANDS OF THE CAMPBELLS... AND FOR THEIR ENEMIES ALAN BRECK AND JAMES STEWART. NOW, ON WITH MY MISSION.



LITTLE LATER...

ALAN SAID CHARLES WOULD AID IN HIS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE TO FRANCE. I HOPE HE WAS RIGHT. IT SEEMS THAT FEW MEN IN EDINBURGH ARE WILLING TO RISK THEIR NECKS TO DEFEY THE CAMPBELLS.

A PETER JAMES CAMPBELL



I HAVE COME HERE TO ASK HELP FOR ALAN BRECK.

ALAN BRECK? KNOW YOU NOT THAT HE'S WANTED BY THE LAW? OR ARE YOU A SPY OF THE CAMPBELLS COME TO TRAP ME WITH OFFERS OF HELP TO A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE?

HERE IS ALAN'S OWN SILVER BUTTON TO SHOW THAT I CAME FROM HIM, AND HERE IS MONEY FOR HIS PASSAGE TO FRANCE, IF YOU'RE WILLING TO ARRANGE IT.

AYE, I WILL. DON'T JUDGE ME HARSHLY, LAD, ONE CAN'T NOT BE TOO CAREFUL THESE DAYS.



AND NOW YOU'D BETTER GO AND ARRANGE FOR YOUR OWN ESCAPE. REMEMBER—YOU TOO, ARE WANTED FOR MURDER.

I KNOW THAT, AND I PLAN TO SURRENDER MYSELF TO THE ADVOCATE* TODAY!



BARRELLING ATTORNEY.

ARE YE DAFT? THE CAMPBELLS WILL HAUNT YOU FOR SURE!

I WITNESSED THE MURDER, AND I KNOW THAT ALAN BRACK AND JAMES STEWART ARE INNOCENT. WITHOUT MY TESTIMONY, JAMES WILL BE HANGED!



AND WITH IT, Y'ELL BOTH BE HANGED! THE CAMPBELLS AREN'T INTERESTED IN JUSTICE. THEY'RE INTERESTED IN CLEARING THE LAND OF STEWARTS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS!

I HAVE HEARD THAT THE ADVOCATE, LORD PRESTON, IS A FAIR MAN, AND HE'S NO CAMPBELL.



HE'S NO CAMPBELL, BUT HE'LL LOSE HIS POST IF HE DARES OPPOSE THEM, AND THE JUDGE AND JURY WILL ALL BE CAMPBELL MEN! THEY'LL EITHER BRING YE WITH JAMES, OR DO AWAY WITH YE BEFORE THE TRIAL!

I PROMISED THAT I'D TESTIFY, AND I MEAN TO KEEP THAT PROMISE!





MY COUSIN, THE LORD OF PLUM, IS A WISE. HE'LL GIVE ME A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION TO THE ADVOCATE.

YE'RE A FOOL...BUT A COURAGEOUS ONE. I WISH YE LUCK.



SO YE WANT A LETTER TO THE ADVOCATE? WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT, DAVID?

ITD RATHER NOT SAY, GR. IT'S DANGEROUS BUSINESS, AND I DON'T WISH TO INVOLVE YOU AT ALL...



IF IT'S POLITICS, YE'RE RIGHT, LAD. THS BEEF I KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR BUSINESS. I'LL MERELY TELL HIM THAT I KNOW YOU AS AN HONEST LAD...AND YOUR FATHER, AN HONEST MAN BEFORE YE.

FROM HIS COUSIN'S HOME, DAVID SET OUT FOR THE ADVOCATE, DECIDED UPON HISSELF.

HOW EASY IT WOULD BE NOT TO GO. I HAVE MY FORTUNE, AND YET I AM RISKING IT, AND MY NECK, TOO, IN A CAUSE WHICH EVEN CHARLES STEWART KING IS DOOMED. YET A PROMISE IS A PROMISE. I MUST GO ON.



A GEM, GEM! INDEED, I WONDER WHY THEY WERE HANGED.

WHAT WAS THE CRIME OF YOU MEN, MADAM?

THEY STOLE A FEW PENCE, ENOUGH FOR A HALF LOAF OF BREAD, AND THAT IS THE JUSTICE THEY GOT FROM THE CAMPBELLS!



STAY LAD, A FEW MINUTES IN MY FALN, AND I'LL TELL YOUR FORTUNE.

NO, THANK YOU, I SEE FAR ENOUGH THE AYE I AM, ITS AN UNCOMFORTABLE THING TO SEE TOO FAR IN FRONT.

WAY THEN, SO, I'LL TELL YOUR FORTUNE FOR FREE! THERE'S A BONNY LAMB, AND THERE'S A MUIN IN A GREAT COAT, AND A BIG MAN IN A POWDERED WIG, AND THERE'S THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOW'S THAT LIES BROAD ACROSS YOUR PATH!



AND SOON CAME TO THE ADVOCATE'S HOME...



THE HOME OF THE ADVOCATE... LORD PRESTONGRANGE, ON THE OLD NORMAN PROPERTY BE TRULY IT'S WHAT CHARLES STEWART SAID, I MEAN, JUSTICE, BUT MAY THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE ABOUT MY NECK...

AND KNOCKED UPON THE DOOR...



WHAT IS IT YE WANT?



I HAVE A LETTER—FROM THE LARD OF PLEAS TO THE ADVOCATE.

I AM LORD PRESTONGRANGE, COME IN, COME IN, MY SON.



GET DOWN, YOURS SIR, AND JOIN ME IN A GLASS OF WINE AND SOME DRINK.

NO THANK YOU, YOUR LORDSHIP, BECAUSE OF THE NATURE OF MY RITE, I CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR HOSPITALITY, WOULD YOU KINDLY READ THIS!

THE LETTER SAYS YOU ARE A LAD OF GOOD FAMILY AND MANNERS...AND SO YOU ARE, I CAN SEE THAT MYSELF, IN WHAT WAY CAN I SERVE YOU?

I SHOULD PERHAPS BEGIN BY TELLING YOU, MY LORD, THAT I AM HERE AT YOUR OWN PERSONAL INVITATION.

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, I NEVER HEARD OF YOU BEFORE THE EVENING.

BUT YOU ARE, YOUR LORDSHIP, A TALL, STRONG LAD, OF ABOUT EIGHTEEN, SPEAKS LIKE A LOWLANDER AND HAS NO BEARD.



WH-WHAT? YOU DO FIT THE DESCRIPTION! WHY-HAVE YOU COME HERE?

TO ASSERT MY INNOCENCE, SIR, I WAS IN NO WAY GUILTY OF THE ARMY MURDER.



I WAS AMONG SILENCE DETROIT WHEN HE WAS SUDDENLY SHOT.

IT'S POSSIBLE, A LAD OF GOOD FAMILY YOU COULD HAVE ESCAPED...I KNEW NOT YOUR IDENTITY...AND YET...IT'S A DIFFICULT AFFAIR...AN IMPORTANT AFFAIR.

WELL...YOUR BEHAVIOUR MAKES ME SURE YOU WERE INNOCENT. TELL ME, THOUGH...DID YOU SEE ANY OF THE STEWARTS AT THE SCENE OF THE MURDER?

I DID.

GOOD! THEN YOU CAN BE A WITNESS...TO PROVE THE GUILT OF ALAN BARK, THE FUGITIVE, AND JAMES STEWART WHO COMING UP FOR TRIAL WITHIN THE MONTH!

I CAME BECAUSE I WANTED TO BE A WITNESS... BUT...

...A WITNESS FOR THE STEWARTS? I SAW THE MURDERER...AND IT WAS NEITHER JAMES NOR ALAN!

YOU FOOL! IF YOU TELL THAT STORY, YOU'LL BE HANGED!

EVEN IF IT'S THE TRUTH I HEARD YOU WERE AN HONEST MAN.

A CAMPBELL JUDGE TRIES JAMES STEWART, AND HE'LL BE HANGED WITH OR WITHOUT YOUR TESTIMONY. THE CAMPBELLS SEEK REVENGE... NOT JUSTICE.

I AM INTERESTED IN JUSTICE TOO ...BUT THERE ARE THINGS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE LIFE OF ONE MAN! IF YOU TESTIFY AND THE CAMPBELLS EXECUTE JAMES ANYWAY ...AS THEY WILL...THE PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND WILL RISE AGAINST THE CAMPBELLS, AND WE SHALL HAVE CIVIL WAR ONCE AGAIN! THE OLD HATREDS ARE STILL FRESH!

YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER THE LAST UPRISING...CLAN AGAINST CLAN...SCOT AGAINST SCOT!



EVEN IF YOU CONVINCE EVERYONE ELSE OF JAMES STEWART'S INNOCENCE, THE CAMPBELLS WILL HANG HIM...AND THERE WILL BE ANOTHER UPRISING. DO YOU WANT TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR BLOODSHED IN SCOTLAND?

I WANT TO SEE JUSTICE DONE.



YOU YOUNG DOLT! DO YOU KNOW I CAN THROW YOU IN JAIL ANYTIME!

I'VE SLEPT IN WORSE PLACES.



LOOK—THE PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND ARE PEACEFUL AND HAPPY. WOULD YOU SEE THEM AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS? THINK ABOUT IT—AND SEE ME AGAIN MONDAY. TELL THEM YOU ARE FREE—BUT PROMISE TO TELL NO ONE WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME.

I PROMISE.





DAVID
HARDY
HIS
HAND
UNCHAINED
DAVID
WANTED
TO
SEE
THE
ADVOCATE
ONCE
AGAIN...



I GUESS YOU'VE DECIDED NOT TO PUT YOUR NECK IN A NOOSE EH, YOURS LAD?

I DON'T INTEND TO SURREY WHAT I BELIEVE IN TO SAVE MY OWN SKIN...LIKE SOME PEOPLE DOSENT!

YOU MISTAKING CUR! HERE...A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST! WHAT DO YE SAY TO THAT?

I STILL INTEND TO SAY NOTHING -BUT THE TRUTH.

AND IF I TOLD YOU THAT THERE ARE MANY IN JAIL WHO WOULD SWEAR THAT THEY SAW YOU HELP KILL CLEVERE SO THAT THEY COULD GO FREE...WHAT WOULD YOU SAY THEN?

"YOU MEAN MEN WOULD FALSELY THEMSELVES AND BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST ME?"

AYE-THAT'S WHAT I DO MEAN! THEN YOU'D GO TO THE GALLOWS NOT AS A HERO-BUT AS A COMMON LIVING MURDERER, DESPISED BY EVERYONE!

I...I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY CHANCES...AND STAND UP AGAINST ANYONE WHO ACCUSES ME FALSELY.

THERE, THERE SIMON. I TOLD YOU THAT'S WOULDNT MOVE HIM. LET ME HANDLE HIM MY WAY.

YOUR WAY, BUT I KNOW A BETTER-AS HE'LL FIND OUT TO HIS GORROW.



DAVID TOLD HIS STORY TO CATRIONA, AND...



WHY...I THINK YOU'VE BEHAVED
GRACIOUSLY! YOU'RE DOING THE
RIGHT THING...AND MAKE SURE
YOU DON'T TRUST SIMON FRASER.

AYE, I
KNOW THAT
...AND YOUR
OWN
FATHER IS
ANOTHER
THAT I
DON'T TRUST.

HOW DARE
YOU SPEAK
OF MY
FATHER
LIKE THAT?

THEY'RE NOT TRUE FEELINGS,
CATRIONA...AND TO RATHER
SPEAK THE PLAIN TRUTH
THAN PLAY HYPOCRISY-THOUGH
THE LAST THING IN THE WORLD
I WANT TO DO IS OFFEND
YOU.

AND NOW THAT
YOU KNOW THAT...
MAY I CALL ON
YOU AGAIN?

WHY...ER...YES...BUT MAKE
SURE--NO BLASPHEMOUS
REMARKS AGAINST MY FATHER
NEXT TIME YOU COME.

*Next morning, David once again awaited
the advocate's decision...*



I'VE ASSAURED IT,
DAVID! YOU'RE TO
GIVE YOUR TESTI-
MONY AT THE
TRIAL...AND THERE
WILL BE NO DANGER
FOR YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR.

I WONDER...
HE'S BEEN SO
KIND...AND YET
...CAN I
TRUST HIM?



AND NOW I WANT YOU
TO MEET MY THREE
DAUGHTERS. THEY'VE
BEEN EAGER FOR A
LOOK AT YOU, AND I
PROMISED
YOU'D ESCORT THEM
TO THE BALL.

AYE, I...I'D BE DELIGHTED.

HE IS INDEED
BEING FRIENDLY
...OVER-ABUNDANT
IT SEEMS TO
ME.





2 LITTLE LATER, AT THE BRICK...

WOULD YOU EXCUSE
US, DAVID, WHILE WE
JOIN SOME OLD
FRIENDS?

WHY, CERTAINLY.



3 SOON AS DAVID WAS ALONE...

ARE YOU BALFOUR,
DAVID BALFOUR?

YES, I AM.



I WILL TELL YOU A
SECRET, MY FRIEND
YOU ARE A FOOL!

I THINK YOU'RE THE FOOL
--FOR CALLING ME ONE
WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING
ME!



HA-HA! YOU'VE A SHARP
TONGUE! COME BEHIND
THOSE BUSHES, WHERE
NO ONE CAN SEE US.
I HAVE SOMETHING
TO TELL YOU.

VERY
WELL.







GET YOUR WEAPON! I DO NOT CHOOSE TO KILL YOU WHEN YOU ARE DEFENCELESS!

WAS MORE, DID HE DREAM BY HIS ABBOT ANTICIPATE.

YOU KINGSMANHOOD WANT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO ENGAGE IN A DUEL WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT SWORDSMANSHIP?

NEED I REMIND YOU? THIS ENCOUNTER WAS NOT OF MY SEEKING.



I KNOW, THIS IS THE LAST WORK I DO FOR SIMON FRASER. I LIKE TO FIGHT... BUT ~~NEVER~~! YOU YOU ARE A BRAVE LAD.

THANK YOU, SIR. I REMEMBER... WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOUR?



WILL YOU TELL YOUR STORY BEFORE LORD PRESTON-GRANGE—THAT SIMON FRASER, HIND YOU TO THIS TASK?

YOU HAVE BEEN SO BRAVE, I CAN DO NO LESS. AND I DON'T WANT EXPOSURE FRASER FOR THE MURDEROUS SCHEMER HE IS! COME, I WILL BE YOUR WITNESS.



APPARENTLY, AT THE ADVOCATE'S HOUSE...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I CAME TO ASK IF YOU HAD A HAND, TOGETHER WITH FRASER, IN GETTING THE ORDER TO KILL ME IN A DUEL!

YOU WEDDING FOOL! I TOLD YOU I WOULD DEAL WITH HIM MY OWN WAY! BE OFF...AND DON'T INTERFERE IN THE CASE AGAIN!

HURRY! YOU WANT TO HANDLE IT ONE WAY, THE CAMPBELLS ANOTHER... AND I'M CAUGHT BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU!



YOU CAN DO NOW, DAVID, AND HAVE NO FEARS, THERE WILL BE NO MORE ATTEMPTS ON YOUR LIFE.

THANK YOU, SIR.

MAYBE THERE WON'T BE...BUT I WONDER WHAT YOUR WAY OF DEALING WITH ME WILL BE.

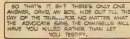


SOMEWHAT LATER, AS DAVID WALKED THE STREETS OF EDINBURGH, HE MET CHARLES STEWART, THE WRITER.

MY BRAVE YOUNG FRIEND! HOW FARRE YOUR PLAN TO BEARD THE CAMPBELL LIONS IN THEIR DEN?

NOT SO WELL, MR. AFRAID, IF YOU HAVE A MOMENT I'LL TELL YOU ALL THAT'S HAPPENED SINCE LAST WE MET.

AFTER DAVID TOLD STEWART ALL THAT AND DECLINED TO HIM...



SO THAT'S IT, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER, DAVID, MY BOY. HOLD OUT TILL THE DAY OF THE TRIAL...FOR NO MATTER WHAT THE ADVOCATE SAYS, THE CAMPBELLS WILL HAVE YOU KILLED RATHER THAN LET YOU TESTIFY.

YOUR ADVICE IS GOOD, AND I SHALL FOLLOW IT, BUT TELL MR. HAYS YOU SAY NEWS OF MY GOOD FRIEND, ALAN?

AYE, HE'S HEARD OUT IN THE COUNTRY-BOSS, AND I'VE ARRANGED FOR HIM TO SAIL SECRETLY TO FRANCE.



IS THERE TIME
FOR ME TO SEE
HIM BEFORE
HE GOES?

YEE...HERE IS WHERE YOU
CAN FIND HIM...BUT TAKE
CARE YOU'RE NOT FOLLOWED.
IT WOULD MEAN ALAN'S
DEATH IF HE WERE CAUGHT!



I MUST SEE CATRIONA ONCE MORE...
BEFORE I GO INTO HIDING. IT MAY BE
DANGEROUS...WITH HER FATHER AND
HIS MEN WORKING FOR FRASER...
BUT I MUST CHANCE IT!



LATER THAT DAY HE DID GO AND
WELL TO CATRIONA.

YOU'RE DOING
THE RIGHT THING.
YOUR EVIDENCE
MUST BE HEARD.
YOU'LL HAVE TO
HIDE FROM THE
CAMMELL'S...
AND FRASER'S
MEN.

YEE...AND FROM
YOUR FATHER AND
AUNT KATE TOO. HE
SEEMS TO HAVE
MADE A BARBAIN
WITH FRASER.

MY FATHER WOULD NEVER
BUY HIS FREEDOM IN THAT
FASHION. SURELY YOU
MUST HAVE IMAGINED
THAT NEIL POINTED YOU
OUT THAT DAY.

HE POINTED ME OUT WELL
ENOUGH, BUT MAYHAP IT
HAD NAUGHT TO DO WITH
FRASER'S (NOT FAREWELL,
MY DEAR, I'LL SEE YOU
WHEN I'M SAFE AGAIN.



BUT DAVID HAD NOT GONE VERY FAR WHEN...

IT'S SURELY NOT MY IMAGINATION THAT HE'S
FOLLOWING ME NOW. I CAN'T RISK BRING
ALAN WITH HIM ON MY TRAIL. POSSIBLY, IF I
SPEAK TO CATRIONA, SHE CAN KEEP HIM
HERE WHILE I GO.



BACK AT CATRIONA'S HOUSE...

NEL, CATRIONA, IS IT MY IMAGINATION OR IS THAT NEL, YOUR FATHER'S MAN, FOLLOWING ME?

IT'S HE, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BUT DO NOT WORRY, DAVID. I'LL SEE THAT YOU HAVE NOUGHT TO FEAR FROM HIM.



NEL! COME HERE AT ONCE!

WHAT IS IT HE WANTS?



I WANT YOU TO STAY HERE, AT THE HOUSE, ALL DAY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I'VE HAD OTHER ORDERS FROM... NEVER MIND, YOUR FATHER TOLD ME TO OBEY YE IN ALL THINGS, AND I WILL, THOUGH IT MAY NOT BE TO HIS ADVANTAGE.



NOW, TAKE YOUR LEAVE, DAVID. NONE OF MY FATHER'S MEN WILL FOLLOW YOU.

THANK YOU, CATRIONA.



LATE THAT EVENING...

I MUST MAKE SURE THERE'S NO ONE AROUND, HERE'S THE PLACE WHERE ALANG TO BE MET, NEL. MAMMOT HAVE FOLLOWED ME, BUT ONE OF HIS MEN MAY HAVE TOLD OTHERS TO TAKE UP MY TRAIL.



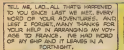


ALL CLEAR, I CAN MEET HIM NOW—BEHIND THAT LARGE, TWISTED OAK, WHERE HE'LL BE WAITING FOR WORD FROM FRIENDS.

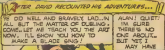


ALAN!
ALAN!

DAVID, MY FRIEND! GOOD!
IT'S A REFRESHING SIGHT
TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



TELL ME, LAD, ALL THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU SINCE LAST WE MET, EVERY WORD OF YOUR ADVENTURES. AND LEIST I FORGET, MANY THANKS FOR YOUR HELP IN ARRANGING MY VOYAGE TO FRANCE. I'VE HAD WORD OF MY SHIP AND IT LEAVES IN A FORTNIGHT.



YOU DID WELL AND BRAVELY, LAD, IN ALL BUT THE MATTER OF DUELING. COME, LET ME TEACH YOU THE ART NOW. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE A SLASHING!

ALAN! QUIET!
I'M SURE
THERE'S NO
END ABOUT...
BUT YET I
MAY HAVE
BEEN FOLLOWED!



I SAW NO ONE, BUT
EARLIER IN THE
DAY, THERE WERE
MEN ON MY
TRAILS.

THE DEVIL YE SAY! IF THEY
FOLLOWED YE, YOU'D SURELY
NOT HAVE BEEN THEM. 'TIS
THEIR BUSINESS TO BE UN-
SEEN. THEY MAY BE HIDDEN
HERE EVEN NOW.

WHAT
WILL
WE
DO,
ALAN!

WE'LL TAKE TO THE WOODS,
LAD. I KNOW THEM LIKE
THE LINES OF MY OWN
FACE. COME, I'LL BE
LIKE OLD TWEED.

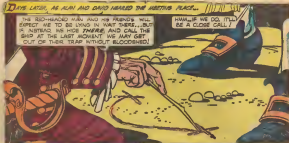




DAYS LATER, AS ALAN AND DAVID HEARD THE MEETING PLACE...

THE RED-HEADED MAN AND HIS FRIENDS WILL EXPECT ME TO BE LYING IN WAIT THERE...BUT IF INSTEAD, HE HIDE THERE, AND CALL THE SHIP AT THE LAST MOMENT WE MAY GET OUT OF THEIR TRAP WITHOUT BLOODSHED!

HMM...IF WE DO, IT'LL BE A CLOSE CALL!



APPROACHING THE BEACH FROM THE WOODS, ALAN AND DAVID FOLLOWED THEIR PLAN...

THERE THEY ARE--ARMED AND READY FOR US! WELL FOOL THEM, YET!

YOUR SHIP, ALAN! THEY'RE GETTING SET TO PICK YOU UP NOW. WHERE NEIL AND HIS MEN ARE!

QUIET, LAD! WE MUST WAIT TILL THEY'RE WITHIN CALLING DISTANCE!



AS SOON AS THE BOAT WERE WITHIN CALLING DISTANCE...

ALAN! THEY SEE YOU! CAN THEY HAVE IT HERE BEFORE THE BOAT REACHES US?

THIS WAY, QUICKLY! PICK ME UP HERE!





YOU GO ON
AHEAD, ALAN! I...
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
MYSELF! THE AD-
VOCATE PROMISED
TO BE SAFE!

DAVID! DON'T
BE A FOOL!
COME WITH ME
TO FRANCE...
FORGET YOUR
PROMISE!





BUT THAT SWORD DOWN, SAUFOR! YE'RE OUTHUMBERED AND HAVEN'T A CHANCE.

HMM...HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH. I COULD GET A FEW OF THEM, BUT IN THE END THEY'D BE SOUND TO GET ME! AND IF I SHED THEIR BLOOD IN A FIGHT THEY'RE MORE LIKE TO BRILL AHAWE, AFTERWARD.



TAKE ALAN WHOSE LIFE WE WANTED. SURRENDER--AND YOURS WILL BE SPARED. 'TIS A PROMISE.

IT'S A BARGAIN--BUT I HOPE YOU KEEP YOUR END OF IT!



END HIM WELL...AND THEN SARTY HIS POCKET'S OF MOONEY. AFTER THAT, WE'LL FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS AND BRING HIM TO ANGE'S COTTAGE.



SOMETIME LATER, IN THE COTTAGE OF ANGE DALE...

WELL, MR. DALE...AND WHAT ARE YOU INSTRUCTED TO DO WITH ME?

YE'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH. I'VE BEEN TOLD TO SEE THAT YOU'RE UNHARMED. YE MUST HAVE POWERFUL FRIENDS, LAD.



NEXT MORNING...

YE SEE, I'M JUST TO TAKE YE TO A CERTAIN SPOT AND KEEP YE PRISONER, TILL A CERTAIN DATE AND THEN SET YE FREE.

I SEE. YOU'RE TO KEEP ME PRISONER, TILL THE END OF JAMES STEWART'S TRIAL, SO I'LL NOT BE ABLE TO TESTIFY.

DAVID BALFOUR

THERE'S YOUR HOME, FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, BALFOUR, 'TIS *THE JAIL*. YEARS AGO, IT WAS A PRISON...BUT NOW IT'S NO MORE THAN A HEAP OF LONELY STONE IN MID-SEA, NEVER VISITED BY A SOUL. MY OWN FATHER WAS ITS LAST WARDEN, AND I KNOW IT WELL.



LATER THAT DAY...

THEY'RE TREATING ME WELL ENOUGH... BUT THERE'S NOT EVEN A HOPE OF ESCAPING FROM HERE. WHEN THE TRIAL COMES, AND I AM NOT THERE, MY FRIENDS WILL THINK I HAVE TURNED COVARD.



TIME ON THE BARS PASSED SLOWLY AND UNPLEASANTLY UNTIL ONE DAY...

MEL AND HIS HOtheaded HIGH-land MEN FIGHTING WITH ANDES. IT'S MY CHANCE FOR ESCAPE... BUT THERE IS NO WAY.



Suddenly...

A KNIFE, AND HE'S BEEN A FRIENDLY JAILER, INDEED...AND IT'S NOT MY FAULT OR HERE. I MUST GO TO HIS AID.

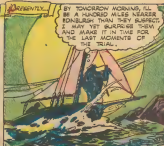


PUT THAT WEAPON DOWN, YOU BLOOD-THIRSTY FOOL.



CLASSICS *2014-2015*







DAVID STEWART, DAVID GATHERED WITH THE LEADERS OF THE STEWART CLAN.

YE'LL NEVER SAVE JAMES STEWART'S LIFE, BALFOUR...FOR NO MATTER WHAT TESTIMONY YE BRING, THE CAMPBELL JURY WILL HANG HIM! HOWEVER, YE MAY WELL BECOME ONE OF THE GREATEST MEN IN SCOTLAND'S HISTORY.





I ACTED ONLY TO
SAVE YOUR LIFE...FOR IF
YOU HAD STAYED IN EDIN-
BURGH, YOU'D EITHER
HAVE BEEN KILLED BY
THE CAMPBELLS, OR
HANGED AS A MURDERER
ON FALSE CHARGES.

I HAD GIVEN
MY WORD TO
HELP JAMES
SIR.



I COULD HAVE
TESTIFIED THE
MORNING, AND
YET I DID NOT
...FOR I FINALLY
REALIZED THAT
YOU WERE RIGHT.
MY STORY WOULD
HAVE MEANT
CIVIL WAR IN
SCOTLAND.

AND...YOU
HAD ACTED
WELL. YOU
WOULD HAVE
RINGS FOR
NECK FOR
JUSTICE. IT
IS WRONG
OF ME NOT
TO RISK MY
CAREER IN
THE SAME
CAUSE.



SCOTLAND NEEDS
MEN LIKE YOU
DAVID. I KNOW
YOU HAVE YOUR
OWN FORTUNE...
BUT YOU COULD
SERVE YOUR
COUNTRY WELL
IF YOU STUDIED
THE LAW. I'LL
HELP YOU ALL
I CAN.

THAT WOULD
BE KIND OF
YOU, SIR.
MONEY OR
NO, I WANT
TO SPEND
MY LIFE
WORKING
FRUITFULLY.



I'LL RECOMMEND YOU
TO A UNIVERSITY IN
HOLLAND, AND THEN...

WHAT IS
IT, DAUGHTER?

I HAVE NEWS
FOR YOU, FATHER —
STARTLING NEWS!



JAMES MORE
ESCAPED FROM
PRISON—WITH
THE HELP OF
HIS DAUGHTER!

THAT LAST
HOW
COULD
SHE
RESCUE
HER FATHER
FROM PRISON?



LAST NIGHT A PRISONER, MURDERED IN A
DARKENED, JAMMED AT PRISON.

DO LIKE TO
SPEAK WITH
JAMES MORE
SIR.

VERY WELL.
HE IS
ALLOWED
VISITORS.

AFTER THAT STRANGE VISITOR LEFT...



YOU? A GIRL IN A DRESS CALL? B-BUT WHERE IS JAMES MORE?

HE LEFT, WEARING THE GREATCOAT I WORE ON MY ARRIVAL.

CATRIONA IN PRISON? I... I MUST HELP HER... AT ONCE!

BEFORE YOU GO, SIR HERD, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU IN PRIVATE.



SHE'LL BE FREED. MY FATHER HAS MIGHT AGAINST HER. 'TIS NO GREAT MATTER, ANYWAY. JAMES MORE WAS TO HAVE BEEN FREED, TOO.

AYE... SURELY... IN RETURN FOR LEND-ING HIS MEN TO THE ENTERPRISE THAT LANDED ME ON THE BARGE.



COME, COME... NO BULKING. NOW, I HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, TOO. CATRIONA HAS BEEN ASKING FOR YOU FREQUENTLY DURING YOUR ABSENCE.

WILL I BE ABLE TO SEE HER, BEFORE I GO A-BACK?



WHEN SHE'S FREED, WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HER HIDDEN A WHILE. FATHER WILL NOT WANT IT KNOWN THAT AYE'S HELPED HER. HOWEVER, I PROMISE YOU'LL SEE HER BEFORE YOU SAIL FOR HOLLAND. MEANWHILE, I'LL TAKE LETTERS TO HIM... IF YOU WISH TO SEND ANY.

I DO?



HE PASSED MONEY FOR DAVID ESPECIALLY WHILE HE WAITED FOR CATBOAT'S ANSWERS TO HIS MANY LETTERS...

IT'S HARD WORK, DAVID, BUT YOU'RE DOING FINE. YOU'LL BE WELL PREPARED FOR YOUR UNIVERSITY CLASSES.



FINALLY, ON THE DAY THAT DAVID HEARD THAT HIS SHIP HAD ARRIVED IN PORT...

I'VE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, TOO, DAVID. JAMES STEWART WAS HANGING THIS MORNING. DEBTS YOUR PLEA TO THE KING.



AN INNOCENT MAN KILLED! WHY BRING LAY WHILE THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN SCOTLAND?

HAVE CHEER, DAVID. YOU DID THE BEST YOU COULD... AND MAYBE WHEN YOU ENTER THE LAW YOU'LL BE BETTER ARMED TO FIGHT FOR JUSTICE.



AND REMEMBER, TOO-THERE'S A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY YOU'RE TO SEE-BEFORE YOU SAIL FOR HOLLAND.

THE NEXT DAY THE DAVID BOARDED HIS SHIP...

WE SET SAIL IN A MATTER OF MINUTES... AND I STILL HAVEN'T SEEN HER. CAN SOMETHING HAVE GONE WRONG?



WELCOME, FELLOW DRABBER.

WH-WHAT? CATBOAT ARE YOU TO SAIL WITH ME?



YES, I AM TO MEET MY FATHER, WHO HAS FLED A BROOD. ARE YOU GLAD THAT I'LL BE TRAVELING WITH YOU?

GLAD F... COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE WONDERFUL!





AS THE DAYS PASSED, DAVID AND CATRIONA DEVELOPED A DEEPER FEELING, WHICH NEITHER HAD THE COURAGE TO NAME TO THE OTHER...



AND FINALLY THERE CAME THE TIME WHEN THEY HAD TO PART...

LOWER THE ANCHOR, MEN! WE ARE HERE A MILE!

WE MUST SAY GOODNIGHT, DAVID. A BOAT WILL COME FROM SHORE TO BRING ME TO MY FATHER WHO IS DWELLING NEAR HERE. A MAN ON THIS SHIP WAS HIRED TO SEE ME SAFELY ASHORE.



LITTLE LATER...

YOU NEED NOT BE PAID TO SEE ME ASHORE!

Y-YES...BUT I'LL NOT LEAP INTO THAT BOAT WHILE THE SEA HEAVES IT ABOUT. IT WOULD BE SUICIDE.

GET MY THINGS, CAPTAIN. I'LL SEE HER ASHORE IF ME'S TOO COWARDLY!



FOLLOW ME, CATRIONA! SEE...THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!

NOUGHT BUT A BROKEN HEAD... BUT I MUST APPEAR COURAGEOUS, FOR IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS FOR HER TO FAULTER.



DOWN AT AN EYE ON SHORT.

WE WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET ONE JAMES MORE HERE.

JAMES MORE? I CURSED BE HIS NAME... THE THIEVING SCOUNDREL!



GUARD YOUR TONGUE, SA. JAMES MORE IS THIS GIRL'S FATHER!

I... I MEANT NO HARM. PLEASE FORGIVE ME! BUT JAMES MORE HAS GONE... AND WITH HIM, HAS GONE THE MONEY I SAID HIM TO INVEST FOR ME.



DAVID, MY FATHER... I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I AM PENLESS, AND...
YOU'LL COME WITH ME TO HOLLAND, CATHERINE. I'LL LEAVE OUR ADDRESS WITH THE MANAGER, SO YOUR FATHER WILL KNOW WHERE TO FIND US ON HIS RETURN.



AFTER DAYS OF ARDUOUS TRAVEL BY LAND...

I WAS EXPECTING YOU, DAVID BALFOUR... BUT THIS YOUNG LADY?

MY SISTER... SHE IS ALL, AND THOUGH SHE HAS SUPPOSED TO JOURNEY FARTHER, CANNOT, WILL YOU PREPARE ANOTHER ROOM FOR HER?



SO, DAVID SPENT HIS DAYS SLAVING, AND HIS EVENINGS BEATING TO CARDINAL...

HE ALMOST SHAMED TO SAY IT, DAVID... BUT HE STOPPED LOOKING FORWARD TO WORD FROM HIS FATHER...



WHENEVER EARLY ONE MORNING, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON DAVID'S DOOR, AND WHEN HE OPENED IT...

MY DAUGHTER, YOUNG BALFOUR, HERE IS 5-50

COME IN, SR. SHE'S SAFE ENOUGH IN THAT ROOM ACROSS THE HALL.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY STAYING HERE IN THE SAME HOUSE AS MY DAUGHTER, WITH NO CHAPERONE TO PROTECT HER GOOD NAME?

IF YOU THOUGHT AS MUCH OF HER GOOD NAME AS I DO, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE DECEASED HER, SHE WAS COMPLETELY FEARLESS...AND I PAID ALL THE BILLS.



HAHA...SO YOU'RE, DO... AND IM THANKFUL TO YOU MY LAD, HAHA...VERY THANKFUL. I'LL SEE HER NOW.

NO MORE TALK OF HONOR NOW THAT HE REALIZES SHE'S HOSTED TO ALL THE SCOUNDRELS...



AFTER JAMES MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER HAD LEFT...

NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE TO PROTECT HER, I'LL FIND ANOTHER ROOM, AND LET YOU TAKE HER.

FINE, MY LAD. BUT, I AM A LITTLE SHORT OF READY MONEY, AND THE ARRANGEMENT WILL BE PERFECT...IF YOU'LL BE WILLING TO ADVANCE THE RENT.



I'LL PAY FOR YOU BOTH.

A LETTER FOR YOU, MR. BALFOUR...MARKED URGENT.







SOME TIME AFTER CATRINA'S DEPARTURE...

ALAN! AT LAST! HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, MY GOOD FRIEND?

NEVER BETTER, MY LAD! BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? HAVE YOU BEEN CLOSETED TOO MUCH WITH YOUR BOOKS...OR IS IT A SONNY LASS?



DAVID EARLY TELLS ALAN OF HIS PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE, AND...

YOU FOOL! NO LASS WORTH HER SALT WILL MARRY A MAN AS A FAVOR! THE GIRL IS PROBABLY PINING FOR YOU AS YOU FOR HER! TELL HER ALAN AND SIMPLE THAT YE LOVE HER...AND SHE'LL BE YOURS!

YOU THINK SO?



WILL YOU COME WITH ME, ALAN? I'VE HAD WORD FROM MERE, AND HE WANTS A SPECIAL POINT OF MENTIONING YOUR NAME...SAYS HE HAS IMPORTANT NEWS FOR YOU IF YOU HAVE TIME TO COME DO YOU KNOW HIM?



NAY--BUT I'VE HEARD OF HIM. A BRAVE MAN WITH A SWORD--BUT A HYPOCRITE WHO WORSHIPS GOLD. WHAT CAN HE WANT WITH ME? WELL, NEVER MIND, DAVID. I'D BE GLAD TO GO WITH YOU, AND FIND OUT MYSELF WHILE YOU PURSUE PLEASANTER BUSINESS.



Few days later, near Dunoon...

DAVID! I...I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AND THAT MUST BE ALAN...THE BRAVE FRIEND YOU'VE SO OFTEN SPOKEN TO ME ABOUT. WELCOME, BOTH OF YOU.

ACH, DAVID--YERE A POOR ONE WITH WORDS.



HE SAID THE LASS WAS BEAUTIFUL...
...BUT YE NEVER DID HER JUSTICE.
SHE'S THE DEAN AND THE RAINBOW,
AND THE BREAD OF SCOTTISH
MODERN ALL IN ONE!

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID HE WAS
A SINCERE MAN, AND
NO FLATTERER, DAVID!



SO I AM, CATRIONA...
...AND DAVID'S A FOOL!
THE LAD WANTS TO
SEE YE... ALONE.

DO
YOU,
DAVID?

YES, CATRIONA...
...I HAVE
SOMETHING TO
SAY I SHOULD
HAVE SAID
MANY DAYS
AGO.



WHEN I ASKED YOU TO
MARRY ME, I COULDN'T
GET THE COURAGE TO
TELL YOU THE REAL REAS-
ON. I'M ASKING YOU
AGAIN, CATRIONA—BE-
CAUSE I LOVE YOU.

AH... DAVID... ON THOSE
TERMS, I'LL HAVE YOU.
IT'S BEEN WHAT I'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR.
YOU TO SAY FOR SO
LONG.



TIME ENOUGH FOR
THAT THE REST OF
YOUR LIVES. NOW,
LASS DO YOU KNOW
WHY YOUR FATHER
WANTED TO SEE
ME?

MY FATHER HE
SENT FOR YOU?



I THOUGHT HIS BUSINESS WAS WITH THAT
BRITISH PRIVATE THAT ANCHORED HERE THIS
MORNING. MEN CAME FROM IT AND BROUGHT
HIM A LETTER, AND A PACKAGE. 'TIS STRANGE
HE SHOULD BE DEALING WITH THE BRITISH...

AND I THINK IT STRANGE...BEING
THAT I'M A FUGITIVE FROM THEIR
JUSTICE, AND THEY'D LIKE NOUGHT
BETTER THAN TO LAY THEIR
HANDS ON ME!





MY FATHER
ISN'T IN, YET.
LET ME GET
THE LETTER.
HE RECEIVED.
I...I HOPE IT
WASN'T
ABOUT
YOU.

I WONDER...
COULD HE
HAVE ARRANGED
THIS AS A
TRAP FOR ME?
WELL, WE'LL
SEE SOON
ENOUGH!



**THE LETTER CONFIRMS ALAN'S
WORST FEARS...**

WE'VE NEGOTIATED
WITH THE BRITISH
TO BETRAY ME...FOR A
GOOD ROUND SUM!
SAILORS FROM YOUR
SHIP WILL SOON
BE HERE!

WHAT
WILL
HE
DO?



AT THAT MOMENT...

AARAH, ALAN
BACK! MY
GOOD COMRADE-
IN-ARMS! WE
FOUGHT WELL
TOGETHER IN
'45, DID WE
NOT?

AYE, HE
WAS ON
THE SAME
SIDE--
THEN.
WHAT IS
THE
IMPORTANT
NEWS YOU
HAVE FOR
ME?



I'VE DISCOVERED A
MAP...THAT POINTS THE
WAY TO A BURIED TREAS-
URE. I WISHED TO
SHARE MY GOOD FOR-
TUNE AND THOUGHT OF
YOU WHEN DAVID SAID
YOU WERE VISITING HIM.
COME IN, I'LL SHOW
YOU.



THROUGH JAMES MORRIS' HOUSE...

WHY DID FOR
TREASURE WHEN
I'M ALREADY HERE?
THE GOLD FOR
WHICH YOU SACRIFI-
CED MY LIFE WHEN
YOU SOLD ME
TO THE BRITISH!

WH-
WHAT?
PUT
THAT
DOWN!



THE BRITISH OWE
ME MUCH! SINCE
YOU OFFERED ME
TREASURE, I'LL
TAKE THEM--AND
NOW...OUT
OF MY WAY! I'LL
NEED THIS TO
REACH SAFETY!

YOU'LL NOT
LEAVE WITH
THAT GOLD!





DO I GO IN PEACE OR WILL YOU INSIST ON PLAYING TRAITOR TO THE CAUSE WE ONCE FOUGHT FOR TOGETHER?

YOU CAN GO NOW...BUT YOU'LL NOT GET FAR, EVEN NOW THE BRITISH SAILORS ARE SURROUNDING MY HOUSE!



WE'LL SEE IF THEY CAN STOP ME! THE BRITISH HAVE TESTED MY STEEL BEFORE THIS.

NAY, ALAN! I'LL HELP YOU!

I'M GOING WITH YOU, DAVID!



MY OWN DAUGHTER...LEAVING WITH THOSE WHO ARE MY ENEMIES!



WATCH AFTER CATRIONA, DAVID! WE'RE SAFE IF WE GAIN THE CITY GATES! THEY WON'T DARE FOLLOW US INTO A FRENCH TOWN!



A LITTLE LATER...

YOU'VE NO TIME TO LOSE NOW, DAVID. YOU AND CATRIONA MUST BE WED AT ONCE...LEST HER FATHER BRING AN ACCUSATION OF KIDNAPING HER AGAINST YOU.



A PLEASANTER THINK I COULD NOT ASK FOR.

THE VERY EVENING...

AND NOW, MAY I BE THE FIRST TO DSS THE BRIDE?



THE SECOND, ALAN, DAVID, MY HUSBAND, COMES FIRST!

SOME DAYS LATER...

I'VE HAD WORD THAT JAMES MOORE IS VERY ILL ON HIS DEARBED. WHAT DO YOU THINK, ALAN? SHOULD CATRIONA AND I SEE HIM?



AYE, DAVID. YE OWE HIM NOUGHT BUT TROUBLE, BUT SHE'S HIS DAUGHTER.

MY BLESSINGS, GOON... LAST. DON'T THINK TOO HARSH OF ME. THAT GOLD...I WANTED IT NOT FOR MYSELF, BUT FOR YOU. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A BRAVE SOLDIER, YE KNOW THAT, DON'T YE?



POOR MAN, EVEN IN HIS LAST HOUR, HE MUST DECEIVE HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

DAVID DECIDED TO CONTINUE HIS STUBB IN SCOTLAND. DAVID TOOK HIS FARE LEAVE OF ALAN...

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND, ALAN, ON RETURNING TO SCOTLAND, TO LEARN THE LAW AND FIGHT FOR JUSTICE.

AND I'LL STAY HERE, DAVID, TO FIGHT FOR THE CAUSE, AND THE FREEDOM OF SCOTLAND.



FAREWELL, DEAR FRIEND.

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.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

EXCITEMENT FILLED the little gray house in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the morning of November 13, 1850. Thomas and Margaret Stevenson had just been presented with their first (and only) child. They named their new-born son, Robert Louis Balfour.

Young Stevenson was extremely delicate in health. When he was eight years old, a gastric fever very nearly killed him. It left him with a physical weakness that handicapped him the rest of his life. In fact, had not his family been able to watch over his sickly health and take him to the places doctors recommended for him, he may never have reached manhood. So, from his earliest days, Stevenson spent very little time in any one locale.

Stevenson began studying engineering at Edinburgh University. However, the tall, extremely thin, dark-haired and restless young man soon showed signs of being capable of more than his chosen cold science. In his first writing, he indicated his future style; this was an anonymous pamphlet called "The Pentland Rising," written when he was just sixteen years of age.

Deciding that engineering placed too great a strain on his frail health, Stevenson turned to the study of law. Soon after being called before the Edinburgh Bar in 1875, he was afflicted with severe lung trouble and was obliged to once again travel in search of health.

Stevenson now seriously applied his great mental energy to writing. Coupling his frequent travels with his love for adventure and writing, he turned out a series of essays and novels. His first books, "An Inland Voyage" and "Travel with a Donkey in the Caucasus," were short stories of travel on the continent of Europe.

While in France, in 1876, Stevenson met and fell in love with a pretty American widow, Fanny Van de Grift Osbourne, who was vacationing there with her son. However, she soon had to return to America. While at her home in San Francisco, California, Mrs. Osbourne became seriously ill. Stevenson booked steerage passage for his journey across the Atlantic and went from New York to California by emigrant train in order to see her. This devotion struck a responsive chord in Mrs. Osbourne; she and Stevenson were married in 1880 and returned to Scotland.

Poor health again compelled Stevenson to travel. After residing in the United States for a short while, he and his family moved to the Samoan Islands in the South Pacific, a spot that perfectly suited his condition.

During his years of travel, Stevenson's pen had been quite active. His best-known works are TREASURE ISLAND (1883), KIDNAPPED (1886), DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (1886), THE BLACK ARROW (1888), THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE (1889), and DAVID BALFOUR (1893).*

On December 3, 1894, Stevenson was gaily talking with friends when he was suddenly stricken down by the rupture of a blood vessel in the brain.

The Samoan natives, who loved him dearly, buried him on the top of Mount Vaea, near Vailima. No hunting or guns are allowed in that area, so that "the birds may live there undisturbed and raise above his grave the songs he loved so well."



*All these titles appear in the CLASSICS Illustrated series.

STORIES FROM THE WORLD OF SPORTS

"Babe" Ruth's Great Moment

GEORGE HERMAN "BABE" RUTH came up to the baseball big leagues in 1914 as a pitcher with the Boston Red Sox. He was an immediate sensation. For the next five years, his overall won-lost record was 92-44. However, "Babe" was not just a fine pitcher. He had such hitting ability that he played in the outfield quite frequently so that his bat could be in the game even when he wasn't pitching. In fact, when Ruth was sold to the New York Yankees in July, 1920, he became a full-time outfielder.

During the 1923 World Series, "Babe" hit three home-runs in one game, a series record. In the 1936 series, "Babe" hit safely 10 times in 16 trips to the plate for a series batting average of .625—highest ever made.

After hitting 34 homers in 1920 and 50 in 1921, Ruth sent 60 balls out of the park in 1927! In all, he hit a grand total of 714 homers during his long, dramatic baseball career. No other player has ever approached this figure.

So it went over the years, "Babe" setting batting record after batting record. Then came the 1932 World Series against the Chicago Cubs. The spindly legs that had carried his enormous bulk through eighteen baseball seasons were beginning to fail him. The great "Babe" was reaching the end of his glorious, glamorous career.

In the first two games, played in New York, Ruth was a sorry sight as he slipped around in right field, his sloppy fielding allowing several Cub runs. However, the Yankees won both games, due mainly to the great batting of Lou Gehrig. Ruth was a complete bust, both in the field and at the plate.

The teams moved to Chicago. Chicago fans lined the sidewalk at the hotel where the Yankees were staying. As Ruth passed among them, he was booed and shooed.



Jovial though he was, Ruth didn't like this treatment.

By game time, Ruth was in a nasty humor and immediately showed the Chicago fans how he felt. In the first inning, "Babe" hit a mighty 3-run homer to put the Yankees in the lead. The Cubs fought back and, as

Ruth came to bat in the fifth inning, were only one run behind. As the once-mighty "Babe" took his position at the plate, a mighty wave of booing rocked Wrigley Field.

There was no one on base and Charlie Root, the Cub pitcher, took a long windup. The ball cut across the heart of the plate but Ruth, who had exceptionally good vision, disdained to swing. The umpire called the strike and Ruth simply pointed his finger to the centerfield bleachers.

Root fired another one down the middle. In pantomime, Ruth called the pitch a strike, and again pointed to the centerfield bleachers. The jeering and booing was terrific, and Cub fans yelled to Root to "strike out the big show-off."

Root, with all the strength he could muster, fired the ball toward the plate. "Babe" timed the pitch perfectly and met the ball with a crack that was heard outside the ball park.

The ball really took off. It landed exactly where "Babe" had pointed, in the deepest reaches of the centerfield bleachers. It was a mighty wallop, one of the best ever.

Ruth's gesture seemed to break the Cubs' hearts, and they lost the series in four straight games. Cub fans still shudder at the name of "Babe" Ruth, and any fan who was there on that Saturday, October 1, 1932, will always remember the magnificent "Babe" who, disdainful of the boos and jeers, told the world he intended to hit a home-run, where he meant to hit it, and what's more, did!

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

"The Rebellion of '45"

THE SCOTTISH REBELLION of 1745 referred to in "David Balfour" had its roots back in 1689 when the Stuart king, James II, was supplanted as King of England and Scotland by William of Orange. James fled to the Scottish Highlands, where the clan leaders rallied to his side and almost conquered the pursuing troops of William. However, James was finally defeated and took refuge in France.

James found willing allies in the French. During that period, France and England were frequently at war, and each time the rebellion flamed anew in Scotland, British troops were destroyed quenching it.

James Stuart and his sons found their main support in the Scottish Highlands where the clan leaders lived like feudal lords, their followers intensely loyal to them. These rugged clansmen defied all the rules of civilized battle, charging against rank upon rank of smoking rifles and artillery, shouting their clan slogans and advancing upon the enemy with a terrible, awe-inspiring contempt for death. On the other hand, the Lowlanders, living in large cities and gaining their livelihood by trade and commerce, were more willing to accept their new rulers and usually sided with them against the Highlands.

After a number of unsuccessful attempts by James Stuart to regain his throne, the French decided to stop backing him with money and arms. Despite this, and possibly to prove to the French that they were mistaken, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, eldest son of James, a tall, handsome, impetuous and brave youth, landed in the West Highlands in the autumn of 1745. The clans flocked to his battle standard as once again he sounded the call for rebellion.

The regular English troops in Scotland were few in number and fled before Charles' steady advance. It was not long before a

detachment of rebels entered Edinburgh under cover of darkness and claimed it for the Young Pretender, as Charles was called.

Charles spent that night in the ancestral castle of Edinburgh. The next morning, regular English troops surrounded the city. The wild Highlanders, most of them armed with no more than scythes, charged into the very mouth of the cannon, brandishing their weapons, yelling their clan slogans; and though they presented a perfect target, the English broke ranks, barely firing a single shot. Retreat was impossible . . . behind them were the stone walls of the city, and they had no choice but to surrender or die fighting. Most of them surrendered.

From Edinburgh, Charles advanced into England itself, reaching as far as Derby. However, in England, he met with great disappointment. The English people did not rally to his banner of revolt as he had expected. His advisors told him it was folly to advance further. Only 130 miles from London, he began a reluctant retreat, deciding that if he could not capture the crown of England, at least he could hold the throne of Scotland. The English, however, used this breathing spell to muster troops and followed Charles into Scotland.

Though the Young Pretender and his courageous followers won victory after victory over the numerically superior English, they finally met devastating defeat at the hands of Lord Cumberland near Culloden.

His army crushed, a reward of 30,000 pounds offered for his capture, Charles fled to the Island of Ulst where he eluded capture by masquerading as a maid-servant. He then fled to the Isle of Skye; when the chase again grew too hot, he crossed back to the mainland of Scotland where he hid for a while in a cave. Eventually, he made good his escape to France where he lived out his life, bitter and disillusioned, still dreaming dreams of his return to the throne.



STORIES OF EARLY AMERICA

"John Sutter and the Gold Rush"



WHEN JOHN SUTTER came to America from Switzerland, he had nothing; by the time he had reached California in 1833, he had little more. However,

he received a land grant in the Sacramento Valley from the Mexican governor and there built a great estate.

By 1843, California had been granted full statehood and Sutter's lands covered thousands of acres. He had hundreds of men in his employ. On his lands were dwelling-houses, ranches, granaries, saw-mills, tanneries, herds of cattle and vast orchards. At the age of forty-five, after years of hard work, John Sutter could sit in calm repose, his wealth about him secure. From his country house, he could look out beneath the great shade trees beyond the gardens to where his thoroughbred cattle and horses grazed in the meadows.

Then one rainy afternoon in January, 1848, a large, bearded man, James W. Marshall, burst into Sutter's office. Marshall had been erecting a saw-mill for Sutter in the mountains above the Valley.

"I must speak with you alone!" he said.

Sutter led him to his private bedroom. Marshall drew a cloth from his pocket and opened it. There were several flakes and nuggets of gold which Marshall said he had found in the mill-race.

Sutter looked in astonishment. "Do the men at the mill know this?" he questioned.

"Yes, but they only laughed when I told them it was gold."

"Double their wages, and tell them not to speak a word of this to anyone."

It was March before the secret leaked out. One of Sutter's men tried to pay a bill in gold dust. Word reached San Francisco and newspapers printed the "secret." Suddenly, like a storm sweeping across the land, men began to rush to the mountains. Everywhere the cry was heard—"Gold! GOLD!"

Sailors left their ships, soldiers deserted

their posts, stores closed, newspapers stopped publishing, farmers left their fields—all rushed for the gold-fields.

The hysteria spread to the East and countless "Forty-niners" began the trek to California—across the plains by covered wagons, by ship around Cape Horn, and across the Isthmus of Panama.

At first, the miners paid Sutter for the privilege of digging and washing gold on his land; but in the excitement, this was soon forgotten. They spread across his land, camping on his ground, extracting fortunes, while Sutter's mills and fields were deserted, his flocks stolen, his wealth being depleted.

No law could stop them.... nothing could stop this fever for gold. For a time, even Sutter took to the hills in search of gold. But Fate seemed to have turned against him. He returned to his manor-house to make a futile attempt to rebuild his lands. The wife he had left years before in Switzerland journeyed to California to join him; but the gleam had gone from his eyes, the dreams from his life. By 1852, John Sutter was bankrupt.

To reclaim his lost fortune, Sutter started law suits claiming well over \$75,000,000 from California (for appropriating many of his roads and buildings), the federal government (for failing to keep public order in the gold-rush over his land), and 17,211 individuals (for trespassing on and damaging his property).

When California awarded Sutter only \$250 a month, he moved east to the small village of Little, Pennsylvania. Here he spent his summers, going in the winter to Washington, D. C. to petition Congress for reimbursement. Even California soon stopped his monthly grant.

John Sutter, on whose land gold had been discovered and where many mined fortunes, died in near poverty on June 18, 1886. Truth, indeed, is stranger than fiction.



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