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The TALISMAN

by Sir Walter Scott

DURING THE THIRD CRUISE TO THE HOLY LAND (1189-1191), KING RICHARD OF ENGLAND WAS STRUCKEN WITH ASHTIC FEVER, BECAUSE OF RICHARD'S IMPORTANCE AS A LEADER, THE COUNCIL OF THE CRUSADE IN THE ENGLISH CAMP ARRANGED A TRUCE OF THIRTY DAYS WITH THE SARACEN SULTAN, SALADIN.

THIS ACCOUNT, WRITTEN IN BLOOD AND HORROR, RECORDS WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE CAMP OF THE CRUSADERS IN THAT SHORT SPAN OF TIME.



THE BURNING SMOKE OF FIRE HAD NOT YET REACHED ITS HIGHEST POINT, WHEN A KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS, SIR KENNETH, RODE FROM THE CAMP OF THE CHRISTIAN CRUSADERS ON A MISSION OF IMPORTANCE, SAW PALM TREES ON THE HORIZON, A HEARTENING SIGHT IT WAS, FOR IT PROMISED THE SHADE OF AN OASIS...



AS THE KNIGHT CONTINUED TO FIX HIS EYES ON THE DISTANT TREES, IT SEEMED AS IF SOME OBJECT WAS MOVING AMONG THEM...



THE OBJECT OF THE CRUSADER'S ATTENTION SOON SHOWED HIMSELF TO BE A SARACEN CAVALIER, AND THE KNIGHT, KNOWING WELL THE WAYS OF THE ENEMY IN BATTLE, UNFASTENED HIS REIN, AND...



THE SARACEN RODE WITH GREAT SPEED, EVEN FOR AN ARAB HORSEMAN, CIRCLING THE KNIGHT, LOOKING FOR AN ADVANTAGE. BUT SIR KENNETH WHISPERED HIS HORSE, KEEPING THE OTHER EVER BEFORE HIM.



BEFORE SIR KENNETH COULD REACH HIS FALLEN FOE, THE SARACEN REGAINED HIS FEET, LEAPED INTO HIS SADDLE AND RODE OFF.



THEN, EVEN BEFORE SIR KENNETH COULD RECOVER HIS WACE, HIS FIERCE FOE TOOK UP HIS SHORT BOW AND FIRED A BARRAGE OF ARROWS...



WITH UNERRING SKILL, THE ARAB SENT SIX ARROWS AT THE CHRISTIAN, WHO HAD SAVED FROM DEATH ONLY BY THE GOODNESS OF HIS ARMOR, BUT WITH THE SEVENTH ARROW...



THEN SUDDENLY... I HAVE TRICKED YOU THIS TIME, INFIDEL!



BUT EVEN IN THE GRASP OF THE EUROPEAN, THE SARACEN SHOWED GREAT ABILITY AND PRESENCE OF MIND. HE LOOKED THE SCORP BELT IN WHICH THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS HAD FIXED HIS GRASP AND RAN OFF, LEAVING SIR KENNETH HOLDING AN EMPTY BELT.



URGENTLY, THE SARACEN TURNED BACK TO FACE THE KNIGHT, SPEAKING IN THE "LINGUA FRANCA," THE LANGUAGE USED FOR COMMUNICATION BETWEEN MUSLIMS AND CRUSADERS, HE SAID...

THERE IS TRUCE BETWEEN OUR NATIONS. LET THERE BE PEACE BETWEEN YOU AND ME.



"WHAT SECURITY DO YOU OFFER, SARACEN, THAT YOU WILL OBSERVE THE TRUCE?" ASKED THE KNIGHT. "THE WORD OF THE PROPHET IS NEVER BROKEN," REPLIED THE SARACEN...



THEN BY THE CROSS OF MY SWORD, I WILL BE A TRUE COMPANION TO YOU, SARACEN, WHILE WE REMAIN TOGETHER.



AFTER A SHORT RIDE, THE TWO WARRIORS REACHED THE OASIS, WHICH THE ARABS CALLED THE "DIAMOND OF THE DESERT"...

VALIANT KENNETH, IS IT FITTING FOR ONE WHO FIGHTS LIKE A MAN SHOULD EAT LIKE A DOG? AND DRINK POISON SUCH AS EVEN A DOG WOULD REFUSE?

THE JUICE OF THE GRAPE IS A GIFT OF GOD, ALSO THE BEER. IN YOUR ABSTINENCE, MYSELF, YOU BLASPHEME GOD.



"YOU SPEAK LIKE A FOOL," SAID THE SARACEN, AND WHO BUT A FOOL WOULD TRAVEL THESE LANDS WITHOUT A PASS? "I HAVE A PASS," REPLIED THE KNIGHT. "EVEN HERE IT IS, FROM SALAHIN HIMSELF!"

WHY DID YOU NOT SHOW THIS TO ME BEFORE!

HAD IT BEEN A TROOP OF SARACENS, I WOULD HAVE, BUT NEVER TO ONE MAN!



WHO ARE YOU, KNIGHT? AND WHY DO YOU TRAVEL THIS WAY?

I AM KENNETH OF SCOTLAND, KNIGHT OF THE SLEEPING LEOPARD, AND I JOURNEY TO ENGLAND TO FIND A HOLY MAN BY THE NAME OF FREDDOCK, AND YOU?





"D'AN UDDER OF PAROSTAN," SAID THE BARBER. "I WILL LEAD YOU TO THEODORIC."

RICHARD OF ENGLAND IS ILL WITH FEVER. THUS THE TRUCE OF WHICH YOU SPOKE. IT IS A GOOD TIME TO SEEK THE HOLY WAIN.

I KNOW A WAIMAN WHO CAN CURE YOUR KIN. LET ME SEND HIM WITH YOU WHEN YOU RETURN.

PAN ARABIAN PHYSICIAN



AFTER A LONG RIDE, THEY REACHED THE RUINED BARREN HILLS. THE MOSLEM DECLARED THE HILLS WERE FRAGMENT WITH EVIL SPIRITS AND HE CHANTED A HYMN TO COMBAT THEM.

THINE ARE THE PRINCE OF LIFE'S LAST HOUR, AND DARK SPIRIT, IS THY POWER, ENDED THEN?

DOWN WITH YOUR HEATHEN POETRY, INFIDEL! BETTER TO SPEND YOUR TIME IN PRAYER!



ALDEMAN BOGAN ARTICULATED A PRAYER OF HIS CHRISTIANITY AS HE CAME. THE KNIGHT FELT THAT THEY WERE NOT ALONE. SLOWLY OUT OF THE CROSS...

FOOL! UNLOOSE ME, OR I WILL USE MY DAGGER!

HOLD IT IN YOUR GRIP IF YOU CAN, INFIDEL DOG!



HELP HAZARENE!

AND WELL YOU DESERVE DEATH FOR SINGING YOUR BLASPHEMOUS HYMNS IN PRAISE OF YOUR FALSE PROPHECY!



WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHETHER GOOD OR EVIL, KNOW THAT I AM SWORN TO BE A TRUE COMPANION TO THE BARBER. THEREFORE LET ME WIN ARGUE!

A GODLY SOLDIER OF GOD YOU ARE, CHRISTIAN KNIGHT! TO DEFEND THOSE WHO SING THE PRAISES OF SATAN! I AM SWORN TO DESTROY ALL INFIDELS!



YOU ARE A MAD MAN!

I AM THEODORE OF EMPADO, FRIEND OF THE CROSS! THE FLAY OF ALL INFIDELS, HERETICS AND DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS!



THIS IS THE VENERABLE THEODORE? HOW CAN IT BE? THIS MAD MAN A PRIEST?

IT IS KNOWN BY US OF TRUE FAITH THAT WHEN HUMAN REASON IS DISTURBED THE UNDERSTANDING OF HEAVEN BECOMES MORE PERFECT.



GO, HE IS SAFE AMONG US SARACENS. BY DECREE OF SALADIN, HE IS PROTECTED IN HIS MADNESS, BUT... LET US HURRY! HE BECKONS US TO FOLLOW, SINCE HE WELCOMES YOU. CHRISTIAN, HE ALSO WELCOMES ME, YOUR COMPANION.



AFTER A LONG AND PERILOUS RIDE THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS...

SEE! WE HAVE COME TO THE HERMIT'S CAVE.

DARE I INQUIRE TO THAT MAD HERMIT THE IMPORTANT MESSAGE I HAVE COME TO DELIVER? IS HE TRULY THE CONFIDENT OF POPES AND COUNCILS?



THE PRIEST LED THE TWO THROUGH THE CAVE TO AN INNER COMPARTMENT, WHERE HE GET FOOD BEFORE THEM AND DEPARTED...

HE WILL NOT SPEAK UNTIL WE HAVE EATEN. HE GOES NOW INTO THE FORWARD APARTMENT TO PRAY.

WHEN THE WARRIORS HAD EATEN, THEODORE MOTIONED THEM TO THEIR COCHES, HAVING DIVESTED THEMSELVES OF HEAVY OUTER GARMENTS AND ARMOR, AND HAVING KNELT IN PRAYER, THEY LAY DOWN AND WERE SOON FAST ASLEEP...



OUR KENNETH WAS SUDDENLY AWOKE FROM A DEEP SLEEPER...



OH...WHO IS IT?

BE SILENT! I HAVE THAT TO SAY WHICH YONDER INFIDEL MUST NOT HEAR. FOLLOW ME.

THE PRIEST LED OUR KENNETH TO THE OUTER COMPARTMENT OF THE CAVE. AT A TOUCH OF THEODORE'S HAND, A STONE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, REVEALING A SECRET CAVE...



BEFORE YOU ENTER THIS CAVE, TELL ME IF YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FROM RICHARD OF ENGLAND?

RAY, BUT FROM THE COUNCIL OF THE PRINCES OF THE CRUSADE.



THEN COME, YOU ARE TO LOOK UPON THE RICHEST TREASURE THE EARTH POSSESSES. NONE IS ME THAT MY EYES ARE UNWORTHY TO GAZE AT IT.

LEAD AND I FOLLOW.



WE ARE HERE. BIND MY EYES WITH THIS VEIL, TO HIDE FROM ME THE SACRED BEAUTY THAT IS BEYOND THIS DOOR. THEN REMOVE YOUR SHOES AND ENTER.



BANISH FROM YOUR HEART EVERY PROFANE THOUGHT, FOR TO HARBOR SUCH WHILE IN THAT PLACE WOULD BE A DEADLY IMPETY.

MUCH TO HIS AMAZEMENT, THE KNIGHT FOUND HIMSELF IN A SMALL GOING CHAPEL...



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, SIR KENNETH REMAINED BEFORE THE ALTAR. IN THE MORNING, A PROCESSION OF NUNS AND NOVICES CAME FORTH, SINGING HYMNS...



AS THE NUNS AND NOVICES MOVED IN SOLID PROCESSION AROUND THE CHAPEL WITHOUT APPEARING TO TAKE THE SLIGHTEST NOTICE OF SIR KENNETH, ALTHOUGH THEY PASSED SO CLOSE THAT THEIR ROBES ALMOST TOUCHED HIM, AS THE LAST NOVICE PASSED HIM, SHE DROPPED A ROSE AT HIS SIDE...



SIR KENNETH REMAINED KNEELING AS THE PROCESSION CIRCLED THE CHAPEL FOR A SECOND TIME. THE DROPPING OF THE ROSE AT HIS FEET HE ASSIGNED TO BE A HAPPY ACCIDENT. BUT AS THE SAME NOISE REACHED HIS EAR, AND DROPPED A SECOND ROSE, HE SUDDENLY RECOGNIZED HER...



WHEN THE NUN HAD DEPARTED FROM THE CHAPEL, SIR KENNETH PICKED UP THE ROSES. TO TOUCH THEM THRILLED HIM BEYOND ALL MEASURE, EVEN THOUGH HE KNEW LADY EDITH'S TOKEN OF DEEDER WAS AS FAR AS HER REGARD FOR HIM DARED GO. FOR EDITH WAS A COUSIN OF KING RICHARD AND HE, SIR KENNETH, WAS BUT A POOR KNIGHT...



IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRIESTS, SIR KENNETH KNEELED IN PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE FAVOR HIS LADY HAD GIVEN HIM. SUDDENLY...

WHO...WHAT...ARE YOU? WHEREFORE ARE YOU HERE?





I AM RICHARD, THE GUIDE AND CONDUCTOR OF THE FAITHFUL. THIS IS MY HOME.

YOU LIE! WE ARE DISTRESSED PRINCE AND PRINCESS, DWELLING UNDER THE WING OF KING GUY OF JERUSALEM.

A ROMANESQUE STORY WITH PERFECT SCALP



THEN A VOICE CAME FROM A CORNER OF THE CHAPEL, THOUGH NO SPEAKER APPEARED...

HUSH, FOLKS! BEHOLD! YOUR MINISTRY IS ENDED!

BACK IN THE CAVE, THEODORE UNBOUND HIS EYES...

THE DWARFS WERE GONE AS SUDDENLY AS THEY HAD COME. SIR RICHARD BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF AT THEIR DEPARTURE, FOR THEY HAD BEEN OUT OF PLACE IN THE HOLY CHAPEL. THEN THE DOOR WAS PUNCHED OPEN QUIETLY, AND THE KNIGHT RENT TOWARD IT...

ALL IS OVER. TAKE MY HAND AND LEAD ME BACK, FOR I AM NOT LIKELY TO RECOVER MY EYES UNTIL I AM FAR FROM THIS HALLOWED SPOT.



SEE... THE INFIRM, STILL SLEEPS. DO YOU AND REST UNWISELY, FOR YOU MAY SLEEP. I MUST NOT SLEEP, FOR MY PENANCE IS HEAVY.

WHEN THE KNIGHT AROSE, SIR RICHARD MADE HIM REMAIN AT THE CAVE UNTIL THE MARCH COULD BE FORGOTTEN AND SENT TO JOHN WARR IN THE JOURNEY TO RICHARD'S CAMP. SIR RICHARD REMAINED TWO DAYS WITH THE INFIRM AND REPORTED HIS MESSAGE FROM THE COUNCIL, BUT THE KNIGHT WAS NOT AGAIN ADMITTED TO THE CHAPEL....

IT WAS BUT A FEW DAYS LATER THAT THE HISTORY OF THE SETTING CHANGED TO THE CAMP OF THE CRUSADERS. THERE, PROMINENT TO ALL, STOOD THE STANDARD OF ENGLAND ATOP ST. GEORGE'S MOUNTAIN. AROUND THE ENGLISH ENCAAMPMENT SURROUNDED THE RAVEN OF THE ENGLISH KING, RICHARD, COEUR-DE-LION? WHO HAS THE STRENGTH AND DRIVING SPIRIT OF THE CRUSADERS...



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BY THE PAVILION OF THE ENGLISH MONARCH...

WHY IS IT, DE WALK THAT BECAUSE I AM STRUCK WITH FEVER, THE OTHER CHRISTIAN PRINCES DO NOTHING? PHILIP OF FRANCE CALL LEOPOLD OF AUSTRIA, MONTMORANT, THE HOSPITALERS, THE TEMPLARS! CAN YOU BRING NO GOOD NEWS AT ALL?

MY LORD, IT IS A TIME OF TRUCE, AND THE MEN CANNOT FIGHT, THE LADIES, OUR CHOICEST BEAUTIES, HAVE GONE TO BRAGGADILLO WITH HER MAJESTY TO PRAY FOR YOUR RECOVERY.



IS IT TRUE THAT THE ROYAL MATRONS AND MAIDS RISHED THEMSELVES IN THE COUNTRY OF THE INFIDELS? BUT HARK, DE WALK! DO YOU WEAR THE CLASH AND CLANG OF SARACEN MUSIC? ODD-SEE WHAT CAUSED IT!

I HEAR NOTHING, MY LORD, BUT I WOULD...



DE WALK HURRIED FROM RICHARD'S PAVILION AND...

DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME?



"HOW COMES THIS CHRISTIAN KNIGHT TO BE WITH THE BAND OF INFIDELS?" DE WAEM THOUGHT.

"LORD DE WAEM, I HIGH AUDIENCE WITH HIS MAJESTY I HAVE BROUGHT WITH ME FROM ENGADD, WHERE I RENT ON A MISSION FOR THE COUCEL, A MOORISH PHYSICIAN WHO CAN CURE KING RICHARD.



"A MOORISH PHYSICIAN, HE BRINGS POISON FOR THE KING INSTEAD OF REMEDY'S, NO DOUBT."

"I PLEDGE MY LIFE, SIR THOMAS EL HANER HAS IN THESE LAST TWO HOURS PUT INTO RESTFUL SLEEPER BY OWN SQUIRE WHO WAS TOO ILL WITH THE FEVER TO ATTEND ME ON MY JOURNEY.



"IF I MAY SEE YOUR SON SQUIRE AND MEET YOUR INFIDEL, LEIGH" I WILL KNOW BETTER HOW TO ANSWER YOU.

FOR WHILTES LATER, THEY WERE IN FRONT OF SIR RICHARD'S SIMPLE TENT.



"AS YOU SEE I AM POORLY LODGED, MY LORD."

"SOME TO HIM WHO HORRIES ABOUT WORDLY GOODS DURING CONQUEST OF THE HOLY CITY?" YOU HAVE, WORSER, AS FINE A ROOM AS I HAVE EVER SEEN.

"YOU SEE, MY LORD, STRAUERAN, MY GOOD SERVANT, HE HAS NOT SLEPT FOR SIX NIGHTS, NOW HE WETS PLACERALLY."



"DISTURB NOT THE EFFECT OF THE BLESSED MEDICINE OF WHICH THIS MAN HAS PARTAKEN! RETURN IN AN HOUR AND THIS MAN WILL BE WELL ENOUGH TO SPEAK."

HE WALK HURRIED BACK TO KING RICHARD. HE TOLD OF THE WONDERS PERFORMED BY THE TALISMAN. "BUT WHY HAS THE KNIGHT AT ENBADDI?" RICHARD ASKED...

ON AN ERRAND FOR THE COUNCIL OF THE PRINCES OF THE CRUSADE, YOUR MAJESTY, THE NATURE OF WHICH THE KNIGHT WILL NOT TELL.

THE COUNCIL OF THE PRINCES ARE THE SCOTLANDS PLOTTING BEHIND MY BACK? SEND THE SCOTTISH KNIGHT TO ME AT ONCE! AND ALSO THE LEARNED USUIC, FOR I'LL GET OFF THIS BED OF PAIN AND TAKE THINGS INTO MY OWN HANDS.



HE WALK HURRIED AT ONCE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF TYRE.

LET US SEE THIS STRICKEN SQUIRE.

THERE IS A SARACEN PHYSICIAN ATTENDING THE SQUIRE OF SIR KENNETH OF SCOTLAND-YOUR REVEREND LORDSHIP HE WAS BROUGHT BACK FROM ENBADDI BY THE KNIGHT AND CLAIMS THAT HE CAN CURE THE KING.



FOR A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IF YOU ARE A PHYSICIAN BY TRADE, I WILL DISCUSS THIS SICKNESS WITH YOU.

IF YOU KNOW ABOUT MEDICINE, YOU WOULD NOT TALK BEFORE THE PATIENT. HOWEVER, LOOK AT HIM, WHO THREE HOURS AGO WAS AT DEATH'S DOOR.



IT IS SO, YET, WHEN I AMONG, I WAS REFINISHED AND TALKED WITH MY MASTER.

WHERE IS YOUR MASTER NOW?

HE IS AT THE KING'S PHYSICIAN, YOUR LORDSHIP, WHENCE HIS HIGHNESS GARRONED FOR.

THE KING'S PHYSICIAN? BUT THAT MUST NOT BE!



CAWFALE, IN THE PARLOR OF KING EDWARD...

WHILE MY DUTY IS TO THE COUNCIL, MY LISSA, YET THEIR OBJECT AND YOURS ARE ONE. THEY SENT ME TO THE HOLY MAN TO DELIVER TO SALAHIN A PETITION FOR LASTING PEACE AND THE RIGHT TO WITHDRAW SAFELY FROM THESE LANDS.

BY ST. GEORGE! HOW COULD THEY SO TRAMPLE THEREUPON!



GO! HASTEN DE WILX HERE WITH THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN! I WILL RISE FROM THIS SICK BED AND LEAD THOSE CONARDS TO VICTORY, YET!



MR. KENNETH HAD SOON GONE A SHORT TIME EARLY ONE MORN'G WHEN SIR HENRY NEVILLE, THE KING'S CHAMBERLAIN, ENTERED, ANNOUNCING...

THE GRAND MASTER OF THE TEMPLARS AND THE MARQUIS OF MONTERRAT.

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AT SO LATE A HOUR? IN MY ILLNESS? DID YOU THINK TO FIND ME DEAD UPON MY COUCH?



ON THE CONTRARY, YOUR WORSHIP, THERE IS RUMOR THAT AN INFIDEL SEEMS TO CURE YOU! WE HAVE COME TO WARN YOU NOT TO TRUST THIS HAKIM.

STAND TO ONE SIDE! IN A SHORT WHILE YOU WILL SEE HOW WELL I TAKE YOUR ADVICE.



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

MY LISSA, I BEING ADONISED, THE HAKIM, I HAVE ALREADY THIS DAY SOON HIM PERFORM A MIRACLE.

SO HO! A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP HAS COME TO SEE RICHARD TAKE HIS LEAP IN THE DARK! PROCEED, HAKIM!



THE TALISMAN



WITH THIS TALISMAN, I PURIFY THE WATER. IT WILL BRING YOU PEACE, MELECH RIC!



TO THE IMMORTAL HONOR OF THE FIRST CRUSADER WHO SHALL STRIKE LANCE OR SWORD ON THE GATES OF JERUSALEM, AND TO THE SHAME AND ETERNAL INFAMY OF WHOEVER SHALL TURN BACK FROM THE PLEDGE ON WHICH HE HAS LAID HIS HAND!

† BRACEN BOWL FOR KING RICHARD



THE KING DRANK THE COFF AND DANK BACK INTO A PEACEFUL SLEEPS. COURAGE, THE MARCHES OF MONTSENGRAI, AND THE GRAND MASTER OF THE TEMPLARS LEFT THE TENT ALONE AND RALLIED...

IF RICHARD RESIDES, MONTSENGRAI, THE CRUSADE MAY NOT FAIL. SALADIN WOULD GIVE GREAT TRACTS OF LAND TO HIM WHO COULD CAUSE THE CRUSADERS TO RETURN TO THEIR NATIVE LAND.

TRUE, YET THERE IS A WAY, IF THE PEACE BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND ENGLAND COULD ONLY BE BROKEN! TOMORROW I WILL SIT AT THE TABLE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF AUSTRIA.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, MONTSENGRAI WAITED THE PAVILION OF LEOPOLD ARCHBISHOP OF AUSTRIA, WHERE HE HAD INVITED TO DINE, KNOWN LEOPOLD AND BECAME FLASHED WITH WINE...

DOES IT NOT IRK YOU, YOUR GRACE, TO SEE RICHARD'S BANNER ALONE ON THE MOUNT OF ST. GEORGE? AS IF RICHARD WERE KING AND GENERALISIMO OF THE WHOLE CHRISTIAN CAMP OF COURSE, IF YOU FEAR HIM...

WHY? I FEAR THAT KING OF HALF AN ISLAND! HE SHALL SEE!

THE IMPULSIVE ARCHDUKE AROSE AND LIFTED THE AUDACIOUS STANDARD, THEN, WITH SHOUTING BUSTLE AND ATTENDANTS IN HIS WAKE, HE STRODE ANGRILY TOWARD ST. GEORGE'S MOUNT, PASSING FROM THE PROCESSION, HOWEVER, WAS THE MARQUESS OF MONTHERIBAT...

I WILL SHOW THAT BARBARIAN, RICHARD, THAT AUSTRIA IS NO PART OF ENGLAND!



RICHARD HAD SLEPT PEACEFULLY THROUGH THE NIGHT. HE LAY RELAXED AND GRATEFUL TO ADOMBAC. SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A GREAT TURBULT WITHOUT. "SEE WHAT IT IS, DE VALK," RICHARD ORDERED...

IT IS THE ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD AND HIS COMPANIONS MAKING SOME CELEBRATION IN THE CAMP.

THE DRUNKEN FOOL!



AT THAT MOMENT...

WHAT IS IT, MONTHERIBAT? WHAT BRINGS THE FLUSH OF EXCITEMENT TO YOUR FACE?

YOUR HIGHNESS, I BELIEVE THE ARCHDUKE IS REPLACING THE BANNER OF ENGLAND ON ST. GEORGE'S MOUNT WITH THAT OF AUSTRIA!



RICHARD UTTERED AN EXCLAMATION OF FURY AND SPRANG FROM HIS COUCH...

BY LORD, YOUR ILLNESS!

SILENCE, DE VALK! SILENCE, HANNA! I WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THAT ANGLY!





THE WALLEBORO STROK AT THE KING,
OF REARER, WHO AND BODY STANDING IN
READINESS, SPREAD FORWARD...





King Philip Augustus of France heard the sound of the shouting and hurried to the scene...



AT MIDNIGHT, SIR RICHARD TOOK HIS PLACE PROUDLY ON ST. GEORGE'S MOUNT TO GUARD THE ENGLISH BANNER, BEHIND HIM STOOD ROBERT, HIS STAG-HORNED TWO-HOURS PASSED QUIETLY ENOUGH THEN...

WHO GOES THERE? STEP FORWARD OR I PIN YOU TO THE BANNER!

STAG-HORN!

SOLDIER, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO SOON THE HONOR OF MY DIVINITY?

THE GREAT RECTOR-BANUS FROM THE CHAPEL AT BRIGGADOL. NOW IF I SHOW YOU REVERENCE, WILL YOU MOVE ON AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE?

LOOK, YOU! I COMMAND YOU IN THE NAME OF THE OWNER OF THIS RING TO FOLLOW ME FOR HER NOOD-OF-GOD, SIR KNIGHT, IS GREAT.

IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS SACRED! THIS RING BELONGS TO THE LADY EDITH! BUT I AM BOUND UNDER THE KING'S ORDER NOT TO LEAVE THIS POST.

IT IS BUT TO YOUR DAVILION, SIR KNIGHT WHAT DANGER CAN THERE BE? IT IS HARDLY MORE THAN A STONE'S THROW! CAN YOU RESIST YOUR LADY WHEN SHE IS IN DANGER?

THEN HASTEN, DWARF! I WILL LEAVE NORMAL TO GUARD THE BANNER!

GO IN AND WAIT IN THE THE OUTER APARTMENT, SIR KNIGHT, I WILL TELL THE LADY YOU ARE HERE!

AND AS I HAVE SAID, DWARF, DO IT QUICKLY! THERE IS LITTLE TIME!

MR. KNIGHT ENTERED THE OUTER ANTI-CHAMBER OF QUEEN ADELAID'S PRIVACY, THE FOLLOWING SCENE WAS TAKING PLACE IN THE QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER...

LADY EDITH THEN PULLED AWAY THE CURTAIN, EXPECTING TO GO OUTSIDE THE TENT TO SEE THE KNIGHT. INSTEAD, SHE FOUND MR. KNIGHT STANDING BEFORE HER...

OH, BUT DEAR COUNTESS EDITH, WAS IT NOT A CAUSE FOR LAUGHTER TO FIND THE KNIGHT WOULD LEAVE HIS DUTY ON A FOOL'S ERRAND ONLY BECAUSE OF YOUR FEAR?

THERE IS NOTHING AMISS ABOUT IT. SINCE YOUR GRACE TOOK THE RING FROM MY FINGER, I WAS HELPLESS TO PREVENT THE ACT. YET I WILL SEND HIM AWAY WITH AS MUCH KNOWLEDGE AS I CAN!

OH! YOU WERE INSIDE THE PRIVACY! THEN YOU WERE HEARD! PLEASE GO, MR. KNIGHT! AN OATH JUST HAS BEEN PLAYED AND I HAVE BEEN MADE THE UNWILLING INSTRUMENT OF IT! BUT HURRY, EACH MINUTE THAT PASSES IS LOADED WITH DISHONOR!



I AM ALREADY DISHONORED LADY. I WAIT BUT FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS AT MY PROSTRATION IN BELIEVING MY POOR SERVICES COULD HAVE BEEN REQUIRED OR VALUED BY YOU.

I WOULD GIVE IT WILLINGLY, WERE THERE ANYTHING TO FORGIVE. YOU HAVE BEEN WRONGED, NOW HURRY BACK, FOR ALL MAY STILL BE WELL.



THE KNIGHT LEFT IN EMBARRASSMENT, AND SAW IN THE SHADOWS OF THE TENT TO AVOID BEING SEEN. THEN, SUDDENLY, HE HEARD A SINGLE FEEDER, AWAY AND BARKING BARK, FOLLOWED BY A YELL OF ADOY...

GOOD LORD! ROYAL IS WOUNDED AND THE PLAY IS DONE!

ROYAL! HE IS IN TROUBLE!





FOOL THAT I AM!
NOW ETERNALLY DIS-
GRACED! AND MY
FATHER, DOG-SLAIN!

ADVERSITY IS LIKE
THE RAIN, COLD AND
UNCOMFORTABLE. YET
WITHOUT IT, THE FRUIT
AND THE FLOWER
WOULD NOT BLOOM.



ADONK, THE
SIR IN? NOW...
WHERE...

I HEARD THE
SOUNDS OF THE
ANNOUNCED
ARRIVAL. PER-
HAPS I MAY
CURE HIM.



HE IS BEYOND
YOUR HELP BE-
SIDES, HE IS
ONLY A DOG...
BENEATH THE
DIGNITY OF YOUR
PROFESSION.

MAY I CAN CURE
HIM, AND WHERE
ALLAH WAYS BE-
STOWED LIFE, IT
WERE SINFUL FOR
THE DELIGHTED
TO IGNORE IT. THE
CURE IS THE SAME
FOR KNIGHTS,
SQUIRE OR DOG.



AS DONK THEY CLAPPED HIS HANDS AND TWO
SLAVES APPEARED AND CARRIED ROSBAL AWAY.

AS FOR YOU, SIR KNIGHT,
FOLLOW MY SLAVES TO MY
TENT. FOR I JUDGE YOU
ARE DISGRACED SINCE
YOU LEFT YOUR POST AND
THE FLAG IS GONE. AND
I WOULD HELP YOU
ESCAPE TO SALADIN.

TO AN INFIDEL?
PERHAPS, TOO, SALA-
DIN WOULD LIKE TO
SEE ME WEAR A TUR-
BAN! MY DISGRACE
I HAVE EARNED AND
I WILL PAY FOR IT.



BE NOT SELF-RIGHTEUS, FOR SALADIN WOULD
PAY WELL FOR YOU TO TEACH HIM CHRISTIAN WAYS.
HE WANTS NO UNWILLING CONVERTS TO THE ARAB
FAITH. RATHER, HE WOULD NEGOTIATE AN HONOR-
ABLE PEACE WITH RICHARD - IN EXCHANGE FOR
THE HAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL LADY EDITH.

THE LADY
EDITH! GOD
FORBID!



AS THE DAWN BROKE, SIR KENNETH LEFT
ADONK AND STRIDE TO RICHARD'S ARRIVAL.

YOUR MAJESTY, I ASK NO
MERCY FOR THE WRONG I HAVE
DONE, THE FLAG HAS BEEN
STOLEN, BECAUSE I LEFT
BY POST!

STOLEN? THEN
YOU HAVE BEEN
A TRAITOR AND
DESERVE A
TRAITOR'S DEATH!

THAT IS BUT JUST, YOUR GRACE, YET, BEFORE YOU SLAY ME, HEAR WHAT I HAVE LEARNED, THERE IS A HORROR ON FOOT TO DISGRACE YOUR LINEAGE BY PURCHASING PEACE AT THE PRICE OF BESTOWING THE HAND OF LADY EDITH ON SALADIN!

SILENCE, YOU INFAMOUS DOG! DO WALK, TAKE HIS HAND! CALL THE HEADSMAN!

UNFORTHUNATELY, NEWS OF SIR KENNETH'S DISGRACE HAD SPREAD AND REACHED QUEEN BERENGARINE'S PARLOR...

PLEASE, YOUR GRACE, GO AT ONCE TO THE KING! PERCHANCE YOU CAN STOP FOLLY FROM BEING DONE!

GOT WHY? BECAUSE A KNIGHT'S ERROR CAUSED MY HUSBAND BLD RAGE!



LADY CALISTA, ONE OF THE QUEEN'S ATTENDANTS, SUPREPLY ENTERED...

OH, YOUR HIGHNESS! I HAVE LEARNED THAT THE KING HAS SENTENCED SIR KENNETH TO DEATH! HE IS TO BE EXECUTED SHORTLY! PLEASE, GO TO THE KING AND EXPLAIN ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED!

I WILL GO! I WILL TELL HIM, THOUGH HE HALL ME!

COME THEN, I WILL ATTEND YOU! NOTHING MUST BE LEFT UNDONE TO SAVE THAT KNIGHT!



AS THE TWO WOMEN APPROACHED THE KING'S PARLOR...

BUT, GRACIOUS LADIES, THE KING HAS COMMANDED ME TO ADMIT NO ONE! NOT EVEN HER MAJESTY!

THAT IS NOT AS IT WILL BE, MADAM! WE ARE GOING IN!

YOU ARE, COUNTESS EDITH, FOR IT IS!

EDITH THAT, EDITH AND THE QUEEN WALKED PAST OF HERSELF...

MY KING, MY LORD! I COME TO SPEAK FOR THIS UNHAPPY KNIGHT ABOUT TO BE SLAIN! IF YOU WILL SPARE HIS LIFE, I WILL SURRENDER YOU A FINE BANNER!

THIS FROM THE ROYAL CONGORT? WHY, MADAM, DO YOU ASK FOR THE LIFE OF THIS TRAITOR!





HE CAME TO ME, MY KING, UPON AN ERRAND THAT HE THOUGHT TO BE OF LIFE AND DEATH! IT WAS AN ACT DONE THROUGH MISUNDERSTANDING!

AA! MISUNDERSTANDING! HE LET ENGLAND'S CONDEMNED COME TO DISHONOR!

MY LORD! THE VERRIT OF ENGLAND!



MY LIFE! SLAY NOT THIS VALIANT KNIGHT! OR I VOW YOU WILL REGRET IT TO YOUR DYING DAY!

HOW NOW! FIRST MY CONSORT, THEN MY DEAR COUSIN, AND NOW YOU, GOOD HEIRIN! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF IT ALL?



THERE IS A SECRET WHICH I CANNOT DIVULGE, FOR IT WAS GIVEN ME UNDER THE SEAL OF CONFESSON! BUT TAKE HEED, LORD KING! KILL NOT THIS KNIGHT UNDER PAIN OF DEEP REMORSE FOR YOURSELF!

AWAY, ALL OF YOU! LIST YOU! HEAR THE ORDER FOR EXECUTION ITSELF! FOR, BY ST. GEORGE, I SWEAR--



I WOULD HAVE INSTANT SPEECH WITH YOU, TOUCHING MATTERS OF DEEP INTEREST!

AH, WELCOME, GOOD MAHM. WOMEN, HERAIT, BEGONE. NOTHING SHALL BE DONE WITH THE KNIGHT UNTIL HIGH NOON! BE GONE, AND BE PACIFIED!



AS I HAVE CURED YOU BY THE BLESSED TALISMAN, SO BE YOU REMORSED WITH THE LIFE OF THIS KNIGHT. THOUGH I HAVE REFUSED ALL PENANCE, HIS LIFE WERE SOON ENOUGH FOR YOUR HEALING.

WHAT! YOU, TOO? ANYTHING BUT THAT! AHA! BY ST. GEORGE, I WILL NOT HAVE MY COMMAND SET ASIDE!



KNOW THEN IT IS WRITTEN, THOU'ST MUST BE CURED BY THIS TALISMAN EACH MONTH OR ALL CURES OF THE MONTH WOODS. YOU WERE THE ELEVENTH. IF I CURE NOT A TWELFTH...

A PLAGUE ON YOU, MAHM! TAKE HIM, THEN. I GIVE HIM TO YOU, ON CONDITION THE KNIGHT BE RETURNED HEREBY ON PAIN OF INSTANT DEATH!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT DAWN, ADRIAN AND HIS NEW SLAVE, SIR KENNETH, RODE OUT INTO THE DESERT...

BE OF GOOD CHEER, FOR IT IS BETTER TO BE THE SERVANT OF A KIND MASTER THAN THE SLAVE OF YOUR OWN WILD PASSIONS.



ON THAT VERY DAY WORD CAME TO RICHARD BY THE BISHOP OF TYRE GARGARY FOR THE COUNCIL THAT SALADIN WAS COLLECTING A HUGE FORCE!

BY ST. GEORGE, I WILL PLANT THE CROSS ON THE TOWERS OF JERUSALEM IN SPITE OF THEM!

THERE IS AN EMBER BORN, HIGHNESS. THE MARRIAGE OF LADY EDITH TO SALADIN. IT IS RUMORED THAT FOR SUCH A FADE, HE MIGHT EVEN BECOME A CHRISTIAN!



IN HIS IMPULSIVE MANNER, RICHARD AT ONCE RESOLVED TO CONSIDER SUCH A SUGGESTION. IT DROVE HIM TO GREAT EFFORT, AND HE CALLED TOGETHER THE PRINCES OF THE CRUSADE...

BROTHERS OF THE CRUSADE! IF, DURING MY FEVER, I HAVE BEEN INCONSIDERATE, I COME TO MAKE APOLOGES BEFORE YOU NOW! ARE WE STILL OF ONE MIND? TO GAIN FOR CHRISTENED THE HOLY CITY? LET US THEN ONCE MORE JOIN HANDS AND CLOSE RANKS!

WELL SAID RICHARD!

A NOBLE THOUGHT!

LET US UNITE!





I WILL USE YOU AT ONCE, THERE IS A SPECK OF RUST DARKENING MY SHIELD, IT SHOULD BE POLISHED BRIGHT AND UNMARRIED.



ROHAY AND JEST BEGAN TO POLISH THE SHIELD WHEN THE CHAMBERLAIN ANNOUNCED

NEWS FROM ENGLAND, MY LORD! A PACKET OF DISPATCHES!

FROM ENGLAND! OUR OWN ENGLAND!



ROHAY DECIDED SO INTENT IN LEARNING THE NEWS FROM ENGLAND THAT HE FAILED TO NOTICE THE MARRASOUT'S AND APPARENTLY AND WONDERED WHY HE DID NOT SEE THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS DID NOT MISS THE MARRASOUT'S PRESENCE...

COME, MARRASOUT, DANCE FOR US!



FIG. 1. MARRASOUT DANCING

AND SO THE MARRASOUT BEGAN A DANCE THAT CONTINUED ENDLESSLY, WITH SUCH FERVOR THAT HIS FEET SEEMED NOT TO TOUCH THE GROUND...

HERE, MARRASOUT, TAKE A DEEP DRINK OF THE WINE, IT WILL PUT A SPRING IN YOUR STEP.



THE WITCHERS BECAME SO EXCITED AND NOISY THAT RICHARD SUDDENLY CALLED AMBRIK...

CAN THE KING NOT HAVE THE PEACE OF HIS OWN THOUGHTS? MUST THE HEATHEN PUT US ALL INTO TURMOIL?



BACK! STAND BACK, OUT OF MY HEARING, KNAVES! LEAVE THE HEATHEN DERIVISH DANGER TO RECLAIM HIS WIND!



SO SAYING, RICHARD RETURNED ONCE MORE TO HIS DISPATCHES...



STEALTHILY, THE MARRABUT RAISED HIS HEAD, THEN A BROWN HAND GRASPING A DAGGER, PROJECTED FROM HIS ROBES. THE MOULAN FANATIC HAD ESCAPED FROM THE GRAND TEMPLAR'S PRISON AND HAD NOW HE WOULD NOT FAIL IN HIS MISSION TO KILL RICHARD...



WITHIN THE KING'S PARLOR, JONAH POLISHED THE KING'S SWORD UNTIL IT GLAZED. AS HE POLISHED, THE SLAVE WATCHED CLOSELY THE MOVEMENTS OF THE MARABOUT. THEN HE SAW...



THE SOUND OF THE MURDERER'S FALLING BODY BROUGHT JONAH AROUND. HE PICKED UP JONAH'S SWORD AND...



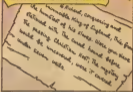
BY ALL THE SAINTS, THE CHEROKEE GAVE IS WORTH A DOZEN OF YOU SLEEPING STAMMERS! COME! SHOWS ROUND! GIVE HER THE BEST CARE!



"YOU ARE A CLEVER SLAVE! WHAT SAY YOU? COULD YOU FIND THE THIEF WHO STOLE ENGLAND'S BANNER? YOU MAKE NOTIONS THAT YOU WOULD WRITE AN ANSWER TO MY QUESTION, I SHALL FIND YOU WRITING TOO LATE ONCE."



RICHARD WRITES FLUENTLY AND QUICKLY AND THEN HANDED THE NOTE TO RICHARD.



"NOW THAT IS TIMELY BROKEN! THE PRINCESS PASSE IN REVIEW BEFORE OUR NEW STANDARD ON ST. GEORGE'S MOUNT TOMORROW! NEVILLE, TAKE THIS SLAVE UNDER YOUR OWN WING! SEE THAT HE IS WELL CARED FOR!"



ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, RICHARD STOOD PROUDLY BEFORE ENGLAND'S NEW STANDARD TO WATCH THE REST OF THE LEADERS AS THEY PASSED IN REVIEW BEFORE HIM. THERE WAS AN AIR OF EXCITEMENT OVER THE WHOLE SCENE AND PARTICULARLY WAS IT SO WITH RICHARD HIMSELF...



THERE WAS NO SUSPICION OF PHILIP OF FRANCE, SO THE MEETING BETWEEN THE FRENCH MONARCH AND RICHARD WAS cordial, gracious...



Others passed in review, including the Earl of Salisbury, Richard's half-brother, then the Grand Master...

THERE IS NOT A QUARTER IN THE HOOD'S FLANKS!



NOW I SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS cowardly Leopold. When the hood spreads on him, I believe it will be a honor if I do not cut him down.



WHAT? NO MOTION FROM THE GOD? I FEAR YOU WILL NOT STAND HIGH IN THE RANKS OF WIZARDS, MY SPEECHLESS SLAVE!



YEA, I THINK WE HAVE GONE TO GREAT TROUBLE FOR NAUGHT, WHAT SAY YOU SL...EH? WHY DOES THE GREAT BEAST TREMBLE AND SHOW HIS FANGS NOW?





FLUCK OFF THE
DOG, THOUGH, LEFT
HE THROTTLE THE
THIEF BEFORE I
CAN COERCE HIM!



MONTERRAT'S MEN WERE FURIOUS. "CUT THE SLAVE'S THROAT TO PIECES!" THEY CRIED...

HE DIES WHO
LAYS A HAND
ON THE HOUND!
COWARD, BAR-
ONS OF MONT-
BERRAT, I
ACCUSE YOU OF
TREASON!

WITH WHAT
TREASURABLE
ACT AM I
CHARGED?

COME,
BROTHERN!
THIS IS NO
WAY! LET
US HOLD A
MEETING OF
THE COUNCIL!



ORDERS, THE COUNCIL MET WITHIN AN HOUR. RICHARD THEN MADE HIS CHARGES AGAINST MONTERRAT...

I DENY THE THEFT OF THE BANNER! AND I PROTEST THAT WITHDS AGAINST ME IN THIS MATTER BE NONE MORE THAN A DOG!

AND I SAY TO YOU THAT YOU ARE A LIAR AND A TRAITOR!





THERE LIES MY GLOVE, A CHALLENGE TO MONTEBERRAT TO PROVE HIS GUILT OR INNOCENCE IN TRIAL BY COMBAT! I CHALLENGE HIM— IF HE DARE LIFT THE GLOVE!

I WILL NOT FIGHT THE SLIMING SPIRIT OF THIS CRUSADE. LET HIM PICK A CHAMPION, HOWEVER, AND I SHALL PROVE MYSELF IN THE LISTS!

HERE WAS GENERAL AGREEMENT TO MONTEBERRAT'S PROPOSAL. PHILIP OF FRANCE THEN SPOKE.

SINCE MY RANK MAKES ME ARBITER, IN THIS MATTER, I APPOINT THE FIFTH ORN HENGE AS THE DAY OF COMBAT, AT A PLACE LATER TO BE DETERMINED!

LET SALADIN APPOINT THE PLACE! THOUGH HE BE ENEMY, HE WILL GIVE HIS WORD AND KEEP IT! SO BE IT!

Can you stand the brunt of this combat, Monteberrat?

I WOULD HAVE CLAIMED TO MEET THE BOW ARM OF RICHARD! BUT AS FOR ANY OTHER, THE MAN BREATHES NOT WHOM I FEAR TO MEET.



WHEN EDWARD RETURNED TO HIS TENT, HE CALLED FOR ZOHAK...

"YOU WILL GO TO SALADIN WITH A LETTER ASKING HIM TO APPOINT NEUTRAL GROUND. ON YOUR WAY, THINK IF THERE IS SOME CAVALIER WHO COULD FIGHT FOR ME. WHAT IS IT? OH, YOU NOTION THAT YOU WANT THE WRITING TOOLS!"

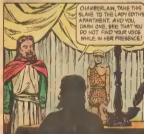
WHAT? YOU HAVE A LETTER FROM SALADIN TO LADY EDITH? YOU NOO IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.



CHAMBERLAIN, TAKE THIS SLAVE TO THE LADY EDITH'S APARTMENT. AND YOU, DRINK ONE. SEE THAT YOU DO NOT FRAID YOUR VOICE WHILE IN HER PRESENCE!

WHEN THE CHAMBERLAIN HAD FOUND LADY EDITH, HE RETURNED LEAVING HER WITH THE SLAVE.

I RECOGNISE YOU, BECAUSE KNIGHT OF THE LEOPARD, DESPITE YOUR DISGUISE. OH, COME NOW! WHY DO YOU NOT SPEAK?



LADY EDITH, AMUSED AT ZOHAK'S BLUNDE, OPENED THE LETTER, SUDDENLY...

"I HAVE PROMISED YOU, YES! BUT I HAVE DONE PREPARED FOR IT! I WILL SAY NO MORE TO ONE WHO WILL NOT SPEAK THE PART OF A SLAVISH ALTE FITS YOU WELL, BEHOLD!"

AND TELL YOUR MASTER, WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR TONGUE, WHAT I HAVE DONE WITH HIS LETTER! SAY TO HIM THAT EDITH PLANTAGENET IS DOING THE HOUSE OF AN UNCHRISTENED PAGAN!



PRINCE
RICHARD
HIS
WIFE
ISHTH
DE MUST
RETURNED
FROM
ASCALON
AND
IMMEDIATELY
WENT TO
RICHARD'S
TENT...

I HAVE BROUGHT YOU AN OLD
FRIEND, YOUR GRACE. BUT FIRST,
I THINK YOU SHOULD HEAR THE
NEWS FROM ASCALON!

TOMORROW WE WILL HEAR NEWS,
THOMAS. TONIGHT WE WILL HEAR
BLONDEL, MY KING OF MINSTRELS.
CALL THE WOMEN HERE! WE
SHALL HAVE MUSIC.

GO BLONDEL, THE KING'S MINSTREL, SANG... SOMETIMES
ENTHRALLING THE GUESTS WITH SWEET SINGING AND
SOMETIMES AMUSING THEM...

AT THE END OF THE EVENING,
WHILE ARCHERS RECORDED
THE QUEEN, RICHARD WALKED
WITH ISHTH TO HER TENT...

YOU SEEM ANGRY,
COUNTESS. LET US
SPEAK OF IT.

WHAT ANSWER
MIGHT I GIVE TO
SALADIN? MUST
I ACCEPT HIS
OFFER OF
MARRIAGE?

I CANNOT FORCE
YOUR ANSWER, BUT
DO NOT SHUT THE
DOOR THAT HEAVEN
OPENS. IT IS NO SHAME
TO BE AN EMPRESS.

I CALL IT A SHAME!
TO PRODUCE A CHRISTIAN
SACRAMENT BY
ENTERING INTO IT WITH
AN INFIDEL... AND THUS
BECOMING THE HEAD
OF A... HAREN!

WILL YOU NOT
DELAY YOUR ANSWER
UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN
SALADIN? HE IS SAID
TO BE HANDSOME AND
THERE IS A RUMOR
THAT HE MAY TURN
CHRISTIAN.

I WOULD PREFER
TO MARRY HISERY
OR BETTER STILL,
TO DRINK A
POISONED POTION,
THAN TO WED
AN UNBELIEVER!



THE NEXT MORNING, ZONKUK STARTED FOR SALADIN'S CAMP SOME HOURS LATER, PHILIP VISITED RICHARD.

THE COUNCIL HAS DECIDED AGAINST CONTINUING IN THE CRUSADE, THERE IS TOO MUCH DISSENSION AMONG US.

I HAD NOT BELIEVED IT POSSIBLE! YOU HAVE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR AN EXCUSE! THEN I WILL CONTINUE ALONE!



LATER THAT DAY, A MESSENGER CAME FROM SALADIN. HE WAS NOT ZONKUK, BUT ABDALLAH EL NADEI...

MY MASTER ASSIGNS THE DIAMOND OF THE DESERT FOR THE COMBAT, HIGHNESS, HERE ARE THE PURCHASE TERMS WHICH YOU MUST READ.

MY THANKS TO YOUR MASTER!



SO RICH DID THE PROPECT OF THE COMBAT IN THE LISTE LIGHTEN RICHARD'S HEART THAT HE FORGOT HIS DIS-APPOINTMENT OVER THE CRUSADE. ON THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE, HE SET OUT WITH HIS PARTY...

MY LORD WE ARE A FEW BAND SHOULD SALADIN DECIDE TO BUTCHER US.

SALADIN WILL KEEP HIS WORD, BY LOVE, HE HAS LIMITED OUR MEN TO TWO HUNDRED YET I WILL YOU YOU WILL BE SAFE!



THEN WHAT DO YOU SAY, MY HUSBAND? LOOK TOWARD!

BY ALL THE SAINTS! THIS HORD IS ATTACKING IN HUGE NUMBERS! WE MUST MAKE SOME ORDER AND FIGHT THEM TO THE DEATH!



SO THIS IS WHY THEY DEMANDED WE BRING NOTHING BUT SIDE ARMS



SUDDENLY THE HUGE ARMY OF SARACENS CEASED THEIR WILD TACTICS AND BECAME A GUARD OF HONOR, FORMING A LANE DOWN WHICH SALADIN RODE...

THE MELCH REC IS AS WELCOME TO SALADIN AS WATER TO THE DESERT!



SALADIN, WITH EDWARD BESIDE HIM, LED THE ROYAL PARTY TO THE OASIS OF THE DESERT, WHERE THE SARACENS HAD ALREADY PREPARED EVERYTHING THAT ROYAL LUXURY COULD DESIRE.

I TRUST I MAY SEE THE LEARNED LEECH DURING THIS SOJOURN I HAVE MUCH TO THANK HIM FOR.



WHEN THE TWO KINGS HAD DISMOUNTED, SALADIN REMOVED HIS TURBAN, AND PUT ON THE KING'S CAP.

"THE SICK MAN SAID THE POET, 'KNOWS THE PHYSICIAN BY HIS STEP BUT WHEN RECOVERED DOES NOT EVEN KNOW HIS FACE!'"

A MIRACLE! I LOSE MY LEARNED HAKIM AND FIND HIM AGAIN IN MY ROYAL BROTHER, SALADIN!



THAT WAS NOT YOUR ONLY EXCUSE, FOR IT IS MY BELIEF THAT YOU DISGUISED YOUR KNIGHT OF THE LEOPARD AS THE RUSSIAN SLAVE! IS HE ONE WHO WILL DO BATTLE TOMORROW?

YES, HE IS FULLY PREPARED, I HAVE FURNISHED HIM WITH A HORSE AND WEAPONS.



IN THE COURSE OF TIME, RICHARD CALLED WITH DE WIK AND NEVILLE ON THE LADIES IN THEIR APARTMENT, THERE HE FOUND HIS COUCH AND SPONGE TO ASK QUIETLY...

IF YOU ARE STILL ANGRY AT WHAT I DID TO YOUR KNIGHT, FAIR BIRTH, YOU MAY REJOICE THAT TOMORROW HE FACES ANOTHER BATTLE.

AND HE WILL WIN, COUSIN! YOU WILL SEE!



WHAT WILL THE PRIZE BE TO YOU, SHOULD HE COME OUT THE VICTOR? REMEMBER, YOU ARE A PLANTAGENET!

HE IS BUT AN HONORED KNIGHT, YOUR GRACE, HE COULD MEAN NOTHING MORE TO ME!



THE NEWS OF THE DEED, HAD BROUGHT THEODORE THE HERMIT TO THE SCENE. SIR KENNETH SAUGHT HIM OUT.

THOUGH I WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY LESBIA, A LOWLY INFIDEL, YOU ARE A TRUE HOLY MAN, TO WHOM I WOULD MAKE MY CONFESSION.

I WILL KEEP SACRED YOUR TRUST AND GIVE YOU A BLESSING, BUT I MUST TELL YOU THAT LESBIA WAS REALLY SALADIN IN DISGUISE.



THE HOUR OF COMBAT AT LAST ARRIVED. THE TRUMPETS SOUNDED AND THE KNIGHTS TOOK THEIR PLACES IN THE LISTS. THE AIR WAS TENSE AS THE MOMENT FOR THE SIGNAL DREW NEAR, MEN BREATHEB HEAVILY, AND THEIR VERY SOULS SEEMED STARTED IN THEIR EYES.



THEN, AT A SIGNAL GIVEN BY SALADIN, A HUNDRED INSTRUMENTS RENT THE AIR, AND EACH CHAMPION SPURRED HIS HORSE.





THE MESSAGE
LEFT WITH THE
GROOM OF A
TRAVELER'S SON.

SEE MONTANA
IN THE VICTORY!



GOD HAS DECIDED JUSTLY I AM GUILTY IN PITY TO MY SOUL, LET ME HAVE A CONFESSOR!

WHAT OF THE TRAIOR, ROOL, SALADIN? CAN THE POWERFUL, BENEVOLENT HELP MIGHTY GERRAT?

THE TRAIOR IS MORE FIT TO BE HANGED FROM THE GALLIOWS, YET I WILL CURE HIM!



BRAVE KNIGHT OF THE LEOPARD, YOU HAVE SHOWN THAT THE LEOPARD MAY CHANGE HIS SPOTS AND THAT THE HUBIAN MAN CHANGE HIS SKIN! I HAVE MORE TO SAY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LADIES. LET US GO TO HER MAJESTY'S PAVILION!

I MUST ATTEND THE WOUNDED MAN AND SEE TO THE PREPARATION OF THE BANQUET IN HONOR OF THIS MEMORABLE DAY. I SHALL AWAIT ALL OF YOU IN MY PAVILION.



IN THE PAVILION OF QUEEN BERENGARIA...

LET BEAUTY NOW HONOR CHEVALRY! UNDO HIS SPURS, BERENGARIA! UNLACE HIS HELMET, BOTH! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND BENEATH THE IRON SHELL? A HAMELESS ADVENTURER? A HUBIAN GLAYE?

THE TAILSMAN

NO, NEITHER OF THESE IS HE. THOUGH HE KNEELED BEFORE YOU UNKNOWN, THIS KNIGHT AROSE AS EDWARD, EARL OF HUNTINGDON, PRINCE ROYAL OF SCOTLAND, THAT IS HIS REAL NAME.

I HAD VOWED TO CONCEAL MY IDENTITY UNTIL THE CRUSADE WAS OVER. I TOLD NO ONE SAVE THEODORICK IN CONFIDENCE.

THIS WAS NOT KNOWN TO ME UNTIL DE WALK RETURNED FROM ASCALON, WHERE HE LEARNED THE TRUTH FROM AN OLD SERVANT OF EDWARD'S.

NOW, GIVE ME YOUR HANDS, FAIR COUSIN, AND YOURS, PRINCE OF SCOTLAND. MY BLESSINGS ON A LOVE SUCH AS THIS!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER TENT, MONTGOMERY LAY DOZING, INTO THE PLACE DROPT NECTABANDUS, BENT ON PLEASING...



SUDDENLY, THERE WAS THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS. AS THE DRAFF HIT, THE GRAND MASTER ENTERED. MONTGOMERY ROUSED FROM SLEEP...

I HAVE COME TO CONFESS AND RESOLVE YOU, COMRADE.



BUT YOU HAVE A PONYARD!

YES! YOU HAVE ALREADY GIVEN OUR PLOTS AWAY IN CONFIDENCE TO THE HERMIT! WHO KNOWS WHO ELSE YOU MAY TELL?





FOR THAT, YOU DIE!



AFTER THE GRAND MASTER HAD LEFT, THE TERRIFIED NECTABANUS RAN FROM HIS HIDING PLACE.

AN HOUR LATER, SALADIN WAS RECEIVING HIS GUESTS. SUDDENLY, THE DWARF APPROACHED HIM...



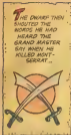
HEAR ME, GREAT SULTAN! I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU!

WITH ME, DWARF!

IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE GRAND MASTER APPEARED. HE TOOK LITTLE NOTE OF THE DWARF LYING CLOSE TO HIS MASTER...



HOW, NECTABANUS!



ALTHOUGH MANY CURES WERE BROUGHT BY MEANS OF THE TALISMAN, NONE EQUALED IN SUCCESS AND VALUE THOSE WHICH SALADIN ACHIEVED.

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

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT, one of the great historical novelists of literary history, might never have written a line of literature had it not been for an illness early in his life that left him lame. Today, the illness from which Walter Scott suffered would be known as infantile paralysis. Because of his lameness, Scott could not become a soldier and carry on by deed the tradition of his historic Scottish family or fight for the glory of clan or Crown.

In spite of Scott's physical handicap, he was given sound physical training as a boy. A wise uncle saw to it that Scott had plenty of healthful exercise and outdoor living. As a result, the boy grew tall, well-formed, exceptionally strong and active physically. He was known as a fearless rider and a "bonny fochter" (good fighter).

Scott's life at school was unique, in that his grades changed greatly. Sometimes he was at the bottom of his class, sometimes at the top. He had an exceptional memory, but remembered only those things which interested him. All other matters he cast out of his mind as if they had never come to his attention.

When Scott was fifteen years old, he entered his father's law office, where he practiced for several years. He was not interested in law, but he had a great love and respect for his father. Therefore, he stayed on in the legal profession in spite of his dislike for it.

In 1802, when he was thirty-two, Scott published the first two volumes of his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," for which he had been collecting material for many years. The publication proved him to be a poet and a romancer. It was an immediate success. Then followed "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Marmion."

Scott continued to write poetry until 1814. When two poems, "Rokeby," 1813, and "Lord of the Isles," 1814, showed a waning public



popularity with consequent small financial returns, he began working on "Waverley," the first of his historical novels. In fact, the first chapters of the novel had been begun and put aside in 1805. Now, in 1814, the author completed and published "Waverley." Not only did the book surpass the success of his poems, but they brought about a literary revolution: the popular acceptance of the historical romance. Then

followed "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," and other novels of the Waverley series. It was then that Walter Scott was riding the crest of the wave of success. Although he had no desire for fame and had written all his novels anonymously, his authorship of them was generally known. With that knowledge came recognition and honor. In 1820, he was made a baronet by the English Crown.

Scott, at that time, was comparatively wealthy and lived the life of a country squire. To all appearances, he lived in comfortable idleness, placing himself at the disposal of swarms of friends and guests. Only a few knew how early he rose to produce material to meet the ever-increasing demand for his work. Only those few intimate friends knew the agony he suffered from a stomach disorder brought on by his overwork.

Then, in 1828, Scott's publisher failed. Scott made himself personally responsible for every penny of their staggering debts, an amount equal to \$550,000 in American money. All his efforts were now directed toward combating not only financial, but also physical misfortune. He was working against even greater odds than he knew. After six years of continuous struggle, he died on September 21, 1832. He never knew that the sale of his works would eventually pay in full the obligation he had pledged himself to pay.

DISCOVERY OF THE YELLOWSTONE

JOHN COLTER could not believe his eyes. There before him was a spout of water and steam shooting into the air. The water dropped back to earth where it bubbled and foamed.

Colter walked on beneath the tall, slender pines. More geysers shot up around him. Then he heard a gurgling sound. Looking down, he saw a mud pool of many colors, seething and bubbling like a giant cauldron of paint.

Mile after mile, the young trapper wandered through the natural wonders, past hot springs, geyser craters, mud pools and odd limestone formations. Finally, he came to a canyon carved by the Yellowstone River. There were thundering waterfalls, rushing cascades of water, where eagles and osprey soared and dove. Silently, he wondered how he could find words to describe what he saw to his fellow trappers and the folks back home.

It had been several years since he had been home. John Colter had come into the western wilderness from Missouri in 1804, with the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Then only in his mid-twenties, he was one of forty-five men sent out by Thomas Jefferson to explore the newly acquired Louisiana Territory and find an overland route to the Pacific.

The hardy Expedition traveled up the Missouri River to its great falls in Montana. From there, guided by an Indian woman, Sacawajee, they made their way across the Rocky Mountains. In November, 1805, they had reached their goal, the Pacific Ocean. They wintered in Oregon, then traveled back over the mountains.

By this time, John Colter had fallen in love with the great expanse of wilderness. Near the Knife River (North Dakota), the Expedition met two fur traders. Colter was given permission by Lewis and Clark to leave the party and join the trappers.

It was in 1807 that John Colter, traveling

alone from a camp in Montana, came upon the wonders of the Yellowstone. He was the first white man ever to visit the awe-inspiring area. At that, even few Indians had seen it. They avoided the region believing it to be inhabited by evil spirits.

When John Colter returned to camp, he told his friends of the geysers and other strange sights he had seen. But none of them believed him. Telling tall tales was a common past-time among trappers and mountain men. They thought Colter was just telling a good tall tale.

The region became known as "Colter's Hell" but no one believed that it existed.

Perhaps some of Colter's other experiences made the Yellowstone story hard to believe. Once he was captured by Blackfoot Indians. They killed his companion and, stripping

Colter of his clothes, released him and gave chase. Colter killed one of the Indians and escaped. Colter traveled overland for eleven days until, half-starved and near-dead, he arrived at Fort Manual, three hundred miles away.

Finally, in 1810, John Colter returned to civilization. He married and took up farming in Missouri. Still people turned a deaf ear to his story.

Around 1830, another mountain man, Jim Bridger, wandered into the Yellowstone area and came away with the same "tall stories." Again frontier folk were skeptical.

It was not until 1870 that the area was really explored by the Washburn Expedition. It was while members of this expedition were still in the field that they conceived the idea of preserving the Yellowstone as a national park.

On March 1, 1872, Congress created Yellowstone National Park, the first of many such parks in America. Thus was saved "for the benefit and enjoyment of people forever" the area which no one would believe existed—the place they called "Colter's Hell"



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

and the Rough Riders

IT WAS JUNE, 1898. A column of American soldiers marched in the Cuban jungle, a husky officer in the lead. Though they marched as the infantry, they were the First Volunteer Cavalry—the Rough Riders—and their leader was Theodore Roosevelt.

Suddenly, a shot rang out. Then a volley of bullets rang around them. The Rough Riders returned the fire, but seldom could they see the enemy. Roosevelt ran among his men, deploying them into a firing line. Thus they moved forward; but as they went, troopers slumped and fell.

Soon, they approached a group of ranch buildings which the enemy was using as a fort. In short rushes, Roosevelt led his men on the buildings. After a brief fight, the enemy fled. The Rough Riders had received their baptism of fire.

They were still a young fighting outfit, as was the Spanish-American War itself. Only a few months before, Theodore Roosevelt had been serving in Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Then, in April, 1898, war came with Spain.

Against the wishes of his friends and family, Roosevelt answered the call for volunteers. He was given the rank of lieutenant-colonel and traveled to San Antonio, Texas. There he assembled a cavalry unit of a thousand men—the Rough Riders.

After a month's training, the Rough Riders went to Tampa, Florida, where they embarked for Cuba. They landed unopposed at Daiquiri. Two days later, the Rough Riders had their first taste of combat. Roosevelt's men had already learned to love and respect him, for they shared, as one, the dangers of battle and the privations of tropical camp life.

On July 1st, the ad-



vice was started on Santiago. The division of which the Rough Riders were a part was ordered to take the San Juan hills. They moved forward along a muddy jungle road. Soon the Spaniards began pouring a murderous fire into the advancing Americans.

Mounting his pony, "Texas," Roosevelt led his men out of the worst of the fire. They stood waist deep in fever-ridden water, shells bursting among them, waiting for orders.

Finally word came. The Rough Riders and the Ninth Regular Cavalry were ordered to attack the hills. The Ninth Regulars swung in behind them for the charge.

They dashed across a grassy basin. Roosevelt made a perfect target for the enemy. He led his men up the slope into the enemy fire to take the hill. The Spaniards retired to a second hill and shelled the Rough Riders and the Regulars.

Now dismounted, his sword flashing, Roosevelt led his men charging toward the next slope. Once he was one hundred yards ahead of most of his troops. But they rallied with him and then took two more crests, until they overlooked Santiago. There they halted, still under heavy fire, and beat off a Spanish counter-attack. It had been a tough day's fight and losses were heavy.

It was their last battle, for soon came the surrender of Santiago. Meanwhile in the Philippines, Admiral George Dewey's fleet had destroyed the Spanish vessels and the naval strength of the Spaniards at Cuba had been crushed.

When the American troops returned home, Theodore Roosevelt was welcomed as a hero for his bravery in commanding the Rough



Riders. It was this popular appeal that shortly brought Theodore Roosevelt the Governorship of New York State and, later, the Presidency of the United States.

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