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# THE RED ROVER

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

No. 114 15¢



# COMING NEXT MONTH



**I**NTO DARKEST AFRICA goes ace news reporter Henry Stanley to find and bring back the world-famous explorer, Dr. David Livingstone. Venturing through the dangerous, scorching jungles, fighting off attacks by man-eating animals and enduring perilous hazards, Stanley continues on his dangerous mission. He sure to read Stanley's own breathtaking and thrilling account of his adventures.

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## HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

By Sir Henry M. Stanley

IN NEXT MONTH'S

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## 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:** My remarkable resemblance to a king was to change the entire course of my life. My stranger-than-fiction adventures began when I set off from England to the Tyrol.

**CLUE II:** During my trip, I happened to glance at a newspaper item announcing the coronation of Rudolf V, a distant cousin of mine. I quickly changed my plans and decided to attend the coronation in the land of Ruritania.

**CLUE III:** I stopped near the well-fortified Zenda Castle, the home of Black Michael, Rudolf's villainous half-brother. During a sightseeing tour, I came face to face with one who could have been my twin brother—the king. He invited me to his lodge where I spent the night.

**CLUE IV:** On the following morning, Coronation Day, the king could not be aroused. I learned that he had been drugged by wine sent by Black Michael who hoped to keep him from being crowned. Rudolf's followers persuaded me to take his place in the coronation ceremonies where I was to meet the beautiful Princess Flavia.

**CLUE V:** During my absence, the king was kidnapped—I, in the meantime, had to be on constant guard against the king's enemies. From there on, I was to match wits with treacherous Black Michael who held the king at Zenda Castle. The daring rescue of the king and the complete story of my awe-shocking adventures in Ruritania have been told by Anthony Hope in his great tale, "The Prisoner of Zenda."

ILLUSTRATION BY JUDITH

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# THE RED ROVER

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

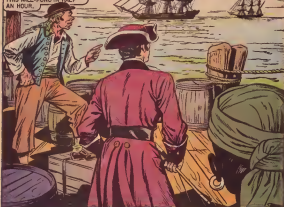


**I**N THE YEAR 1759, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, WAS A BUSTLING LITTLE SEAPORT, WITH A PLACID BAY AND AN OUTER HARBOR. IT WAS DESIGNED TO SHELTER FLEETS AND NURSE A RACE OF HARDY AND EXPERT SEAMEN. IN THIS QUIET, PEACEFUL SETTING, BEGINS ONE OF THE STRANGEST SEA STORIES EVER TOLD.

ILLUSTRATED  
PETER COSTANZA

**A** MERCHANT VESSEL, SHOWING SIGNS OF AN EARLY SAILING, WAS TIED UP IN THE INNER HARBOR. IN THE OUTER HARBOR, A LARGER, WELL-ARMED SHIP RODE AT ANCHOR. THE LATTER, A SUPPOSED SLAYER, CREATED A GREAT DEAL OF TALK AND CONJECTURE AMONG THE NATIVES OF THE PORT.

I CALL MYSELF SOMETHING OF A SEAMAN, MR WILDER. YET, I CANNOT UNDERSTAND THAT FELLOW KEEPING HIS SHIP IN THE OUTER HARBOR, WHEN HE MIGHT BRING HER INTO THIS MILL-POND IN HALF AN HOUR.



THE SLAYER HAS LEFT HIS VESSEL OUT THERE FOR A GOOD PURPOSE, FID HE KEEPS EVERYTHING IN READINESS FOR A SUDDEN MOVE. IN TEN MINUTES, HE COULD CARRY HIS SHIP BEYOND THE FIRE OF THE SHORE BATTERY, PROVIDED HE HAD BUT A CUPFUL OF WIND.



**S**UDDENLY, A VOICE BEHIND THEM SPOKE...

YOU APPEAR TO BE A GOOD JUDGE IN THESE MATTERS.



DO YOU FIND IT REMARKABLE THAT ONE SHOULD NOT BE IGNORANT OF A PROFESSION THAT HE HAS PURSUED HIS WHOLE LIFE?

A PROFESSION, INDEED / WE, OF THE SCIENCE OF LAW, AND WHO ENJOY THE PARTICULAR BENEFIT OF LEARNED UNIVERSITIES, CANNOT SAY MUCH MORE FOR OURSELVES.

CALL IT A TRADE THEN, FOR NOTHING IN COMMON WITH GENTLEMEN OF YOUR CALLING IS ACCEPTABLE TO A SEAMAN.



LET NOT SUCH A TRIFLE AS A WORD PART US, FRIEND. I CONFESS MY IGNORANCE OF ALL MARITIME MATTERS. I AM NO MORE THAN AN UNWORTHY BARRISTER IN THE SERVICE OF HIS MAJESTY. IF IT WERE NOT A PITIFUL PUN, I MIGHT ADD I AM NOT YET A JUDGE.

NO DOUBT YOU WILL SOON ARRIVE AT THAT DISTINCTION, UNLESS, INDEED, YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE PREMATURELY HANGED.



WILBER AND HIS COMPANIONS WALKED AWAY, LEAVING THE STRANGER WITH AN AMUSED TWINKLE IN HIS EYES.

LEAVING HIS COMPANIONS TO PARTAKE OF SOME LUNCH, WILDER APPROACHED THE RUIN OF AN OLD TOWER. AS HE EXAMINED THE RUIN, THE STRANGER APPEARED AGAIN.

A VERY PRETTY OBJECT THIS WOULD BE IF COVERED WITH IVY GENTLEMEN OF YOUR PROFESSION HAVE LITTLE TO DO WITH RUINS ON THE LAND.



YONDER IS THE TOWER YOU LOVE TO LOOK ON, AND YOUR ONLY RUIN IS A WRECK

YOU SEEM FAMILIAR WITH OUR TASTES, SIR



LET US BE FRANK, MY FRIEND WHAT DO YOU SEE ABOUT THIS PILE OF ROCK THAT CAN KEEP YOU SO LONG FROM YOUR STUDY OF YONDER NOBLE AND GALLANT SHIP?



DOES IT SURPRISE YOU THAT A SEAMAN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT SHOULD EXAMINE A VESSEL, PERHAPS WITH AN INTENTION TO ASK FOR SERVICE?

HER COMMANDER MUST BE A GULL FELLOW, IF HE REFUSES IT TO SO PROPER A LAD. LET US ASCEND THE LADDER AND EXAMINE THE TOWER AT THE TOP





AND, MRS WYLLYS, I AM SURE YOU WILL LEND YOUR AID I AM COUNTING ON YOUR INFLUENCE WITH GENERAL GRAYSON, BECAUSE OF YOUR LONG AND EXCELLENT SERVICES AS GERTRUDE'S GOVERNESS AND COMMISSION.

MADAM, I ASSURE YOU I WILL DO MY UTMOST TO INFLUENCE THE GENERAL IN FAVOR OF MISS GERTRUDE'S RETURN HERE.

YONDER GLOOMY SHIP IS TO BE OUR HOME FOR THE NEXT MONTH, MRS WYLLYS.

I'M AFRAID YOUR DISLIKE FOR THE SEA HAS MAGNIFIED THE TIME. THE PASSAGE BETWEEN THIS PLACE AND CAROLINA HAS BEEN OFTEN MADE IN MUCH SHORTER TIME.



COME, LET'S GO BACK TO TOWN, THERE ARE STILL SOME PREPARATIONS TO BE MADE BEFORE YOU SAIL IN THE MORNING.



COME, MY FRIEND, HAS ALL YOUR INTEREST IN YONDER VESSEL CEASED?



THE TWO MEN IN THE TOWER WATCHED THE WOMEN WALK TOWARD THE TOWN.



FAR FROM IT, IT IS JUST SUCH A BOAT AS A SEAMAN'S EYE LOVES TO STUDY.



WILL YOU VENTURE TO BOARD HER?

AT THIS HOUR? ALONE? I DON'T KNOW HER COMMANDER OR HER CREW. WHAT'S MORE, THESE SLAVERS ARE NOT ALWAYS WILLING TO BE BOARDED; THEY CARRY ARMS AND KNOW HOW TO KEEP STRAGGERS AT A DISTANCE.



FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY. THAT APPLIES EQUALLY TO A SITUATION ON A SHIP. ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF I WERE AN ADMIRAL, I WOULD MAKE YOU MY FLAG CAPTAIN, BUT BEING JUST AN ORDINARY LAWYER, I WILL BID YOU GOODBYE, MR. WILDER.



THEY DESCENDED FROM THE TOWER AND PARTED. ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT, WILDER AND HIS TWO FRIENDS WENDED THEIR WAY TO THE MASTER'S SIDE.



SENDING HIS CONRADES TO FETCH A BOAT MOORED IN THE VICINITY, WILDER LOOKED FOR A PLACE CON-  
VENIENT FOR EMBARKING.



IN A FEW MOMENTS, TWO BOATS AP-  
PEARED, ONE OF THE MEN IN EACH OF  
THE BOATS



HOW'S THAT? IS NOT ONE ENOUGH?  
THERE IS SOME MISTAKE BETWEEN YOU



NO MISTAKE AT ALL, MASTER HARRY I TOOK THIS BOAT BECAUSE IT IS A TIGHTER AND FASTER CLIPPER THAN THE ONE YOU PICKED, THAT ONE WITH SCRID IN IT



FID, YOU WILL ONE DAY INDUCE ME TO TURN YOU ADrift, TAKE THE BOAT BACK AND SECURE IT AS BEFORE.



WHEN FID RETURNED, HE AND WILDER JOINED SCRID AND THEY MOVED UP THE HARBOR



THEY SOON APPROACHED THE MERCHANT SHIP MOORED IN THE INNER HARBOR...



AS THE SKIFF FLOATED PAST WILDER EXAMINED THE VESSEL WITH A SEAMAN'S EYE

IT IS A TALL SHIP AND ONE THAT SHOULD MAKE A LONG CHASE

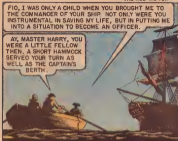
WY! SHOULD THAT FELLOW GET A FREE WIND AND HIS CANVAS ALL ABOARD, HE MIGHT EVEN LEAD A KING'S CRUISER A MERRY CHASE



THE RED ROVER

FID, I WAS ONLY A CHILD WHEN YOU BROUGHT ME TO THE COMMANDER OF YOUR SHIP. NOT ONLY WERE YOU INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING MY LIFE, BUT IN PUTTING ME INTO A SITUATION TO BECOME AN OFFICER.

AY, MASTER HARRY, YOU WERE A LITTLE FELLOW THEN, A SHORT HAMMOCK SERVED YOUR TURN AS WELL AS THE CAPTAIN'S BERTH.



I OWE YOU A HEAVY DEBT, FID, FOR THAT GENEROUS ACT AND FOR YOUR STEADY LOYALTY TO ME SINCE.



IT IS RIGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I AM ON A VERY DANGEROUS MISSION. YOU ARE BOTH AT LIBERTY TO GO AS YOU WISH.



IS THERE MUCH MORE TRAVELLING BY LAND?

NO, THE DUTY, SUCH AS IT IS, WILL BE DONE DIRECTLY ON THE WATER.



WHAT SAY YOU, S'IR? WILL YOU SHIP OR SHALL WE LAND YOU ON YONDER BIT OF LOW POINT, AND LEAVE YOU TO SCRAPE ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE CLANS?

I'M VERY WELL OFF HERE.



I THANK YOU BOTH NOW, PULL DIRECTLY FOR THE SHIP IN THE OUTER HARBOR.



**I**N A FEW MINUTES, THEY APPROACHED THE ARMED VESSEL IN THE OUTER-BAY...



FOR A SLAYER, SHE'S ARMED LIKE A KING'S CRUISER

THEY ARE CERTAINLY READY TO GIVE A WARM RECEPTION TO ANY BOARDERS



BOAT, AMOY!

SHOT!



THERE IS NO ONE ABOARD THE "DOLPHIN" THAT SPEAKS IN THAT VOICE, WHERE IS HE THAT ANSWERS?

HERE, IN THE SHADOW OF THE SHIP.



**T**HE FIGURE ON DECK POINTED A BLUNDERBUSS AT THEM.

HOLD! LET THEM APPROACH AND COME ABOARD





**W**ILDER DIRECTED HIS COMPANIONS TO GRAB ALONGSIDE THE SHIP...



**T**HEN HE CLIMBED UP TO THE DECK, LEAVING FID AND SCIPIO IN THE SKIFF...

**H**E WAS MET BY THE OFFICER WHO HAD HAILED HIM A MOMENT BEFORE...



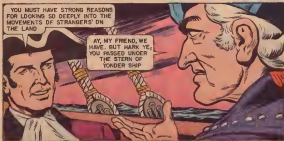
YOU ARE NO DOUBT SURPRISED, SIR, AT THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR I HAVE CHOSEN FOR MY VISIT.

YOU WERE CERTAINLY EXPECTED EARLIER.



EXPECTED?

AY, EXPECTED. HAVE I NOT SEEN YOU AND YOUR TWO COMPANIONS WATCHING US HALF THE DAY FROM THE WHARFS OF THE TOWN AND EVEN FROM THE OLD TOWER ON THE HILL.



YOU MUST HAVE STRONG REASONS FOR LOOKING SO DEEPLY INTO THE MOVEMENTS OF STRANGERS ON THE LAND.

AY, MY FRIEND, WE HAVE. BUT MARK YE, YOU PASSED UNDER THE STERN OF YONDER SHIP.



CERTAINLY, SHE LAY DIRECTLY IN MY COURSE.

A WHOLESOME-LOOKING CRAFT, THAT. SHE IS QUITE READY TO BE OFF, THEY TELL ME.



IT WOULD SO SEEM, HER SAILS ARE BENT AND SHE FLOATS LIKE A SHIP THAT IS FULL.

OF WHAT?



OF ARTICLES MENTIONED IN HER MANIFEST, NO DOUBT BUT YOU SEEM LIGHT YOURSELF. IF YOU ARE TO LOAD AT THIS PORT, IT WOULD BE SOME DAYS BEFORE YOU PUT TO SEA.

HMM? I DON'T THINK WE SHALL BE LONG AFTER OUR NEIGHBOR.



THEY, AS IF HE MIGHT HAVE SAID TOO MUCH.

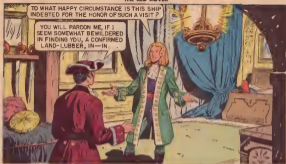
WE SLAVERS CARRY LITTLE ELSE, YOU KNOW, THAN OUR SHACKLES AND A FEW EXTRA CASKS OF RICE. THE REST OF OUR BALLAST IS MADE UP OF THESE GUNS AND THE STUFF TO PUT INTO THEM. BUT WE FORGET YOUR MISSION HERE. FOLLOW ME, IF YOU WISH TO SEE THE CAPTAIN.



THE OFFICER LED WILDER TO THE DOOR OF ONE OF THE CABINS AND TOLD HIM TO TAP TWICE.



WELCOME TO MY SHIP, MR. WILDER.



TO WHAT HAPPY CIRCUMSTANCE IS THIS SHIP INDEBTED FOR THE HONOR OF SUCH A VISIT?

YOU WILL PARDON ME, IF I SEEM SOMEWHAT BEMILDERED IN FINDING YOU, A CONFIRMED LAND-LUBBER, IN—IN



YES, IN COMMAND! IN TRUTH, I AM LIKE YOURSELF, A SEAMAN BRED. DO YOU WANT SERVICE WITH US?

ONE SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF IDLENESS IN THESE STIRRING TIMES.



NO DOUBT YOU THOUGHT IT WISE TO INQUIRE INTO THE NATURE OF OUR TRADE BEFORE YOU CAME HERE IN QUEST OF EMPLOYMENT.

THE TOWNSMEN OF NEWPORT SAY YOU ARE A SLAVER.



THEY ARE NEVER WRONG, YOUR VILLAGE GOSSIPS. I NEED NOT TELL YOU, MR WILDER, THAT OURS IS A HAZARDOUS PURSUIT SOME CALL IT LAWLESS.

I UNDERSTAND THE RISKS EN-TAILED; I AM IN SEARCH OF A BERTH.



AND I AM IN NEED OF A BRAVE AND SKILLFUL SEAMAN TO BE MY SECOND IN COMMAND.

**W**ILDER'S EYE CAUGHT SIGHT OF SOME  
 FLAGS OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES IN  
 A HALF-OPEN LOCKER



I SEE THAT FLAGS  
 WERE NOT FORGOTTEN  
 IN YOUR INVENTORY. DO  
 YOUR OWNERS GIVE YOU  
 PERMISSION TO WEAR  
 ANY OF THOSE  
 ENSIGNS?



THIS IS THE LILY  
 OF FRANCE, YOU  
 SEE NO BAD EMBLEM  
 FOR YOUR STAINLESS  
 FRENCHMAN



HERE YOU HAVE THE CALCULATING  
 DUTCHMAN; THESE ARE THE CRESCENTS  
 OF TURKEY. AH! HERE IS THE MAN I  
 LIKE, YOUR GORGEOUS SPANIARD. HERE,  
 THE HUMBLER PORTUGUESE



AND WHAT FLAGS  
 ARE THESE WHICH  
 YOU HAVE PASSED?  
 THEY SEEM TO BE  
 RICH AND MANY.

THESE ARE ENGLAND  
 HERE IS MY LORD HIGH  
 ADMIRAL; YOUR ST  
 GEORGE, THE STRIPES  
 OF MOTHER INDIA, AND  
 THE ROYAL STANDARD  
 ITSELF!



THE ROYAL  
 STANDARD!  
 THIS NEEDS  
 EXPLANATION!

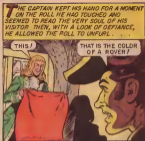
I LOVE TO FLAUNT THE  
 RASCALS THERE IS  
 PLEASURE IN THE THING  
 IN ORDER TO PUNISH ME,  
 THEY NEED FIRST CATCH  
 UP WITH ME UNTIL NOW,  
 I'VE BEEN ABLE TO SHOW  
 THEM A BROAD SHEET OF  
 CANNAS I NEED SAY  
 NO MORE





AND WHICH OF ALL THESE FLAGS DO YOU MOST USE?

I WILL OFTEN SHOW A DOZEN A DAY STILL, THERE IS ONE WHICH I MOST AFFECT, AND THAT IS



**T**HE CAPTAIN KEPT HIS HAND FOR A MOMENT ON THE ROLL HE HAD TOUCHED AND SEEMED TO READ THE VERY SOUL OF HIS VISITOR. THEN, WITH A LOOK OF DEFIANCE, HE ALLOWED THE ROLL TO UNFURL.

THIS!

THAT IS THE COLOR OF A ROVER!



AS IT IS RED, I LIKE IT BETTER THAN THE GLOOMY FIELDS OF BLACK, WITH DEATH'S HEADS AND OTHER CHILDISH SCARE-CROWS MR. WILDER, IT IS TIME THAT EACH SHOULD SAIL UNDER HIS PROPER COLORS. I NEED NOT TELL YOU WHO I AM.

I BELIEVE IT IS UNNECESSARY IF I CAN COMPREHEND THESE SIGNS, I STAND IN THE PRESENCE OF



**THE RED ROVER?** I HOPE THIS INTERVIEW IS THE COMMENCEMENT OF A DURABLE FRIENDSHIP. I KNOW NOT WHY, BUT SINCE THE MOMENT OF OUR MEETING, A STRONG INTEREST HAS DRAWN ME TOWARD YOU. I RECEIVE YOU, SIR, WITH A LONGING HEART AND AN OPEN ARM.

**W**ILDER WAS STARTLED TO FIND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH THE RED ROVER, THE MOST NOTORIOUS OF ALL PRIVATEERS, KNOWN AND FEARED ON ALL THE SEAS FOR HIS DARING, HIS ACTS OF LIBERALITY AND HIS DESPERATE DISREGARD OF LIFE ON ALL OCCASIONS. . .



YOU HAVE NOT MISTAKEN MY PURPOSE, SIR, FOR I OWN I HAVE COME IN SEARCH OF THIS VERY SHIP. I ACCEPT THE SERVICE

YOU SHALL BE MY SECOND IN COMMAND. IN THE MORNING, THIS SHALL BE PROCLAIMED ON THE QUARTER-DECK IN THE EVENT OF MY DEATH, YOU SHALL BE MY SUCCESSOR.

NOW I CAN TELL YOU I WAS TOLD OF YOUR INTENTION TO SEEK ME OUT AND TO OFFER TO JOIN ME. I KNEW OF YOUR INQUIRIES AND LIKED YOUR LOOKS. YOU PLEASED ME, WILDER, AND I HOPE THE SATISFACTION MAY BE MUTUAL.



WILDER BOWED TO THE COMPLIMENT WITHOUT REPLYING DIRECTLY . . .

I WILL NOW GO ASHORE FOR THE NIGHT AND RETURN TO MY DUTY IN THE MORNING.

ASHORE? IT IS NOT USUAL FOR MY OFFICERS TO LEAVE THE SHIP AT THIS HOUR.



WE MAY AS WELL UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. IF IT IS TO BE A SLAVE AND, LIKE ONE OF THE SOLTS, A PICTURE IN THE VESSEL THAT YOU NEED ME, OUR BARGAIN IS AT AN END.

HUM! I ADMIRE YOUR SPIRIT, SIR, MUCH MORE THAN YOUR DISCRETION. DECLARE TO ME THAT, WHILE IN THE TOWN OF NEWPORT, YOU WILL INFORM NO SOUL OF THE TRUE NATURE OF THIS SHIP.



WILDER SWORE NOT TO BETRAY HIS TRUST AND THEN WENT BELOW TO RECEIVE FURTHER INSTRUCTION IN HIS DUTIES.

WHEN WILDER HAD LEFT, THE ROVER CALLED FOR THE COMMANDER OF HIS MARINES.

GENERAL, YOU WILL FIND TWO SEARCHERS IN A SKIFF ALONGSIDE THE SHIP. I WANT THEM CONDUCTED INTO THE VESSEL. THEN HAVE THEM THOROUGHLY INTOXICATED.

INTOXICATED, SIR?



AY, GENERAL; I DON'T WANT THEM TO BE IN ANY CONDITION TO LEAVE THE SHIP.



AN HOUR LATER, THE SKIFF, WITH WILDER AT THE OARS, PULLED FOR SHORE. HIS COMPANIONS WERE UNWITTING HOSTAGES UNTIL HIS OWN RETURN FROM HIS LIBERTY.



**M**OORING THE SKIFF SAFELY AT THE WHARF, WILDER MADE INQUIRIES AS TO THE SAILING OF THE "ROYAL CAROLINE" THE FOLLOWING MORNING. HE WENT TO MRS. DE LAGEY'S RESIDENCE



**A**S HE APPROACHED THE HOUSE, HE NOTICED THE THREE WOMEN IN THE GARDEN.



**W**ILDER STEPPED BEHIND A TREE AND LISTENED TO THEIR CONVERSATION

SHE IS A BEAUTIFUL VESSEL AND WE SHOULD HAVE A WONDERFUL TRIP, UNLESS THE WEATHER BECOMES EXTREMELY WRETCHED



HAVE THERE BEEN ANY REPORTS ON THE WEATHER, MRS. WILLYS?

**S**TEPPING FROM BEHIND THE TREE, WILDER WALKED SLOWLY AND UNCONCERNEDLY PAST THE GROUP

HERE IS A FOLLOWER OF THE SEA, OPPORTUNELY COME TO LEND HIS ADVICE



PRAY, SIR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE WEATHER TO-DAY? WOULD IT BE WISE TO SAIL IN SUCH A TIME OR NOT?





*THERE WAS SOMETHING SO GENTLE, AND AT THE SAME TIME SO MANLY, IN THE VOICE OF WILDER, THAT THE LADIES WERE WON TO LISTEN TO HIM.*



*OWING IDOLY TO WILDER, SHE LED THE OTHERS INTO THE HOUSE...*

**W**ITHIN AN HOUR, A CROWD GATHERED AT THE WHARF TO WITNESS THE SAILING OF THE "ROYAL CAROLINE"...



**W**ILDER, A LITTLE APART FROM THE OTHER SPECTATORS, STOOD WATCHING AND HOPING THAT HIS WARNING TO THE WOMEN WOULD KEEP THEM FROM SAILING ON THE SHIP



**A** SHOT FROM THE VESSEL ANNOUNCED THAT THE TIME FOR SAILING HAD ARRIVED...



**H**IS HOPES WERE DASHED WHEN HE SAW THE THREE LADIES APPROACHING...



**S**EERING WILDER, MRS. WYLLIS STOPPED TO SPEAK TO HIM...



YOU SEE, SIR, THAT WE ARE NOT EASILY TURNED FROM AN ENTERPRISE ONCE UNDERTAKEN.

I HOPE YOU MAY NOT HAVE REASON TO REPENT YOUR COURAGE.

GIVE ME THE SHADOW OF A REASON WHY WE SHOULD NOT SAIL AND I WILL WAIT FOR ANOTHER SHIP.

I HAVE ALREADY GIVEN MY REASON. I CAN TELL YOU NO MORE.



**A** MOMENT LATER, MRS. WYLLIS AND HER YOUNG CHARGE BOARDED A SHIP AND WERE ROWED TO THE SHIP.



**A**S WILDER WATCHED, A MESSENGER, WHOM HE RECOGNIZED AS A BOY FROM THE "DOLPHIN", APPROACHED AND HANDED HIM A NOTE...

I AM DIRECTED TO PUT THESE ORDERS INTO YOUR OWN HANDS.



**W**ILDER QUICKLY TORE OPEN THE SEAL AND READ THE NOTE.

An accident has disabled the master of the outward-bound ship called the "Royal Caroline". How would you volunteer to take her to the office next on hand. Pardon the station you are formally desired to fill. There is no surplus at any co. provided you may respectfully meet My agent's requirements and the necessary though gold is yellow though I am Red.



**T**HE MESSENGER HAD DISAPPEARED, AND WILDER, CASTING A QUICK GLANCE AROUND HIM, SPRANG INTO A SHUFF.



**P**LYING HIS OARS VIGOROUSLY, HE REACHED THE "CAROLINE" AHEAD OF THE WOMEN TRAVELLERS.



**R**EACHING THE DECK, HE SOUGHT OUT THE OWNER OF THE SHIP.

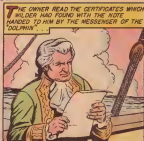
ARE YOU THE OWNER OF THE "CAROLINE"?

THE SHIP IS CONSIGNED TO MY HOUSE. ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A BERTH?



I HAVE HEARD YOU ARE IN NEED OF AN EXPERIENCED OFFICER, TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE DISABLED COMMANDER.







**T**HE CREW AT THE WINDLASS COMMENCED HEAVING IN THE CABLE OF THE ANCHOR



**S**OON, SHEET UPON SHEET OF GUNNYS FELL UPON THE YARDS AND BECAME EXTENDED BY THE COMPLICATED MECHANISM



**A**S THE SHIP WAS CAST WITH ITS HEAD TOWARD THE HARBOR'S MOUTH, WILDER MOMENTARILY FORGOT THE EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS LEADING TO HIS COMMAND OF THE VESSEL AND HOW PRECIOUS A STAKE WAS ENTRUSTED TO HIS FAIRNESS AND DECISION . . .



**A**S HE PACED THE QUARTER-DECK, HE WAS CONFRONTED BY AN ASTONISHED MRS. WELLS.

AFTER THE OPINION YOU WERE PLEASED TO EXPRESS OF THIS VESSEL, I DID NOT EXPECT TO FIND YOU FILLING A PLACE OF SUCH RESPONSIBILITY HERE.

HER MASTER HAS HAD AN ACCIDENT AND I HAVE BEEN ENGAGED TO CONDUCT THE SHIP TO THE END OF HER VOYAGE.



WE MAY THEN HOPE THAT THE DANGER YOU EITHER SAW OR IMAGINED IS LESSENED IN YOUR JUDGEMENT. OTHERWISE, YOU WOULD NOT BE SO READY TO ENCOUNTER IT IN OUR COMPANY.

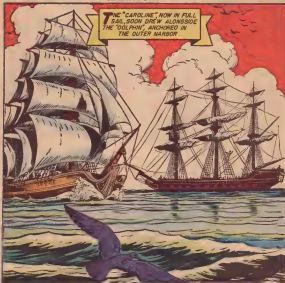


**W**ILDER REPLIED WITH WARMTH . . .

YOU DO ME AN INJUSTICE, MADAM, THERE IS NO DANGER THAT I WOULD NOT CHEERFULLY ENCOUNTER TO SAVE YOU, OR YOUR YOUNG CHARGE, FROM HARM.



**T**HE "CAROLINE", NOW IN FULL SAIL, SOON DREW ALONGSIDE THE "DOLPHIN", ANCHORED IN THE OUTER HARBOR.



THANK YOU THE WIND WILL HOLD HER, SIR?



IT HAS COME IN FRESH ENOUGH TO BE STEADY.

A WISE HARRIER WOULD GET HIS OFFING IN TIME, TO ME THERE IS A SMACK OF WEST INDIES ABOUT IT. I BELIEVE YOU SHALL HAVE IT MORE AT SOUTH, AND I WOULD ADVISE A TRUY BOWLINE FOR THE NIGHT TO CARRY YOU CLEAR



WITH THESE NAUTICAL WORDS OF CAUTION, WHICH MADE SENSE ONLY TO A SEAMAN'S EARS, THE "CAROLINE" SWIFT BY THE PIRATE SHIP AND ON INTO HER COURSE . . .



**S**EVERAL HOURS LATER, THE TWO WOMEN JOINED WILDER ON THE QUARTER-DECK

ONE SUCH NIGHT WOULD REPLY A MONTH IMPRISONMENT IN A SHIP YOU MUST FIND GREAT ENJOYMENT IN THESE SCENES, MR. WILDER; YOU WHO HAVE THEM ALWAYS IN COMMAND.



THERE IS PLEASURE TO BE FOUND IN THEM I WISH THAT THE WIND HAD VEERED A POINT OR TWO I DO NOT LIKE THE SKY, NOR THAT MISTY HORIZON, NOR THIS BREEZE HANGING SO DEAD AT EAST



MR. EARING, THE AIR IS GETTING TOO HEAVY FOR THAT DUCK. HANG ALL YOUR TOP-GALLANT SAILS AND HAUL THE SHIP UP CLOSER.

AY, SIR!



**T**O MRS WYLLYS, WHO HAD A LONG FAMILIARITY WITH SEA, THESE WORDS BORE AN OMINOUS MEANING . . .

DO YOU SEE REASON TO DISTRUST THE WEATHER, MR WILDER?



WILDER'S REPLY WAS CUT OFF, BY A CRY FROM ABOARD.

SAIL, HO!



WHERE AWAY?

HERE, ON OUR LEE-QUARTER, SIR I MADE HER OUT A SHIP CLOSE-HAULED, BUT FOR AN HOUR PAST SHE HAS LOOKED MORE LIKE A MIST THAN A VESSEL.





HE IS RIGHT, AND YET, IT IS STRANGE THAT A SHIP SHOULD BE JUST HERE.

WHY STRANGER THAN WE ARE HERE?



WILDER DISREGARDED HER QUESTION...

I WISH SHE WERE ANYWHERE ELSE, OR STEERING NORTHWARD.



YOU GIVE NO REASON. ARE WE ALWAYS TO HAVE WARNINGS FROM YOU WITHOUT REASONS?

WILDER LAUGHED FAINTLY, BUT ENTERED INTO NO EXPLANATION...



WILDER AND HIS MATE TOOK TURNS AT EXAMINING THE FAINT OBJECT.

IS IT NOT EXTRAORDINARY THAT SHE SHOULD BE JUST THERE?

IT IS DOWNRIGHT UNUSUAL, TRULY, THAT THE FELLOW SHOULD BE WHERE HE IS. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT, BUT IT IS A SHIP TO A MORAL CERTAINTY.



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. HER BEARING HAS NOT CHANGED SINCE YOU FIRST MADE HER OUT?

NOT BY COMPASS, SIR. IT IS A QUICK SHIP, THAT, OR IT WOULD NEVER HOLD SUCH A WAY WITH THE "ROYAL CAROLINE".



WILDER LOST NO TIME IN COMING TO A DECISION.

TURN THE MEN UP FROM THEIR HAMMOCKS BEFORE THEIR EYES ARE HEAVY, AND WE WILL GET OUR SHIP'S HEAD THE OTHER WAY.

NO LONGER PRESSED UP AGAINST THE WIND, THE SHIP GRACEFULLY BEGAN TO INCLINE HER HEAD FROM THE WAVES AND TO BRING THE WIND AHEAD.



WHEN THIS MANEUVER HAD BEEN ACCOMPLISHED, WILDER TURNED TO GET A GLIMPSE OF THE STRANGER.

THE STRANGER HAS VANISHED!

HE SHOULD BE ON THIS QUARTER, BUT I SEE HIM NOT.



SUDDENLY...

HERE HE LIES, AND BY HEAVEN, HE HAS ALREADY GONE ABOUT!



IT WAS EVIDENT THAT THE MYSTERY SHIP'S COURSE HAD BEEN SUDDENLY AND DEXTEROUSLY CHANGED. SHE WAS NOW STEERING LIKE THEMSELVES, HOLDING HER WAY TOWARD THE NORTHEAST.

THAT FELLOW HAS TRULY TURNED, LONG AS I HAVE FOLLOWED THE SEA, I HAVE NEVER BEFORE SEEN A VESSEL TACK AGAINST SUCH A HEAD-BEATING SEA.

MR EARING, WE WILL TRY OUR SAILING WITH THIS STRANGER. GET THE MAIN TACK ABOARD AND SET THE TOP-GALLANT SAIL!



THE CREW SPRANG TO THEIR TASKS WITH GREAT WILLINGNESS



THE "ROYAL CAROLINE" SEEMED, LIKE HER CREW, SENSIBLE OF THE NECESSITY OF INCREASING HER SPEED



THE SHOCKS, AS THE VESSEL TILTED AGAINST THE BILLOWS, WERE BECOMING EVERY MOMENT MORE SEVERE



WILDER WATCHED THE STRANGE SHIP WITH A CLOUDED BROW. HE WAS ON THE VERGE OF GIVING THE ORDER TO REDUCE SAIL, BUT A GLANCE AT THEIR PURSUER CAUSED HIM TO CHANGE HIS PURPOSE



THE TOP-GALLANT IS BEATING LIKE A WHIP, SIR

LET IT GO, WE HAVE SPARE SPARS ENOUGH TO PUT IN ITS PLACE.





I'VE ALWAYS FOUND THE "CAROLINE" LEAKY AFTER SHE HAS BEEN STRAINED BY DRIVING HER AGAINST THE SEA.

WE HAVE OUR PUMPS.



TRUE, SIR; BUT IN MY POOR JUDGEMENT, IT IS IDLE TO THINK OF OUTLASTING A CRAFT THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF COMMANDS.

ONE WILL NEVER KNOW THAT, MR. EARLING, TILL HE TRIES.

*MEANWHILE, IN THE WAIST OF THE SHIP, THE DISGRUNTLED THIRD MATE AND SEVERAL OF THE OLDER SEAMEN WERE HOLDING A MEETING.*

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT NEW COMMANDER I DON'T LIKE. THIS STRANGER GETS TO BE MASTER OF THE SHIP, WHILE HE WHO SHOULD BE IN COMMAND AT A TIME LIKE THIS IS LYING DOWN BELOW IN HIS BERTH.

HE DROVE A BARGAIN WITH THE OWNERS FOR THE STATION, AND HE SEEMED TO HAVE THE PROPER CREDENTIALS.



WE'RE HEADING INTO ROUGH WEATHER AND I'D FEEL MORE AT EASE.



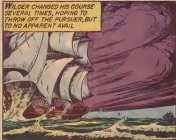
IN THE WAIST, THERE FOOT UP ON DECK AND HELP WITH THE SHEETS!

AY, SIR!

HE WAS INTERRUPTED BY A CALL FROM THE QUARTER-DECK ...



**WILGER** CHANGED HIS COURSE SEVERAL TIMES, HOPING TO THROW OFF THE PURSUER, BUT TO NO APPARENT AVAIL.



**M**EANWHILE, HEAVY MASSES OF BLACK STORM CLOUDS BEGAN TO BATHER ON THE EASTERN HORIZON, UNTIL VAST VOLUMES OF THE VAPOR WERE PILED UPON THE WATER, BLENDING THE TWO ELEMENTS INTO ONE.



**THE WATCHFUL COMMANDER** WAS NOT BLIND TO THESE SINISTER OMENS.

STAND BY IN ALL STUDDING SAILS! DOWN WITH EVERY RAS OF THEM, FORE AND AFT! IN WITH EVERYTHING, MEN! IN!



**THIS WAS A LANGUAGE** WHICH THE CREW KNEW, AND THEY SPRANG TO THEIR TASKS WITH SPEED.



**T**HE ENORMOUS SHEETS OF DUCK WERE SOON FLUTTERING WILDLY AS THEY DESCENDED FROM THEIR HIGH PLACES. IN A FEW MINUTES, THE SHIP WAS REDUCED TO THE ACTION OF HER MORE SECURE AND HEAVIER CANVAS.



GRADUALLY, THE WIND LOST ITS STRENGTH AND IN AN INCREDIBLY SHORT TIME, THE HEAVY SAILS WERE HEARD FLAPPING AGAINST THE MASTS. IT WAS THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM



SUDDENLY, A GLEAM FLASHED FROM THE FEARFUL OBSCURITY OF THE OCEAN AND A ROAR, LIKE A SUDDEN BURST OF THUNDER, BELLOWED ALONG THE HEAVENING WATERS



WILDER KNEW THIS TO BE A SIGNAL FROM THE PURSUING VESSEL WARNING THEM OF THE APPROACHING STORM

DOES HE IMAGINE THAT WE'RE ASLEEP? AY, HE IS IN THE MIST OF IT HIMSELF AND WOULD OPEN OUR EYES TO WHAT IS COMING



LAY THE AFTER-YARDS SQUARE AND HULL UP THE COURSES!



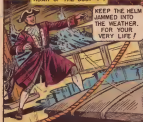
IN A MOMENT, TWENTY DARK FORMS WERE LEAPING UP THE RIGGING. SOON, THE VAST AND POWERFUL SHEETS WERE SECURED IN TIGHT ROLLS TO THEIR RESPECTIVE SPARS AND MASTS



**T**HE HEAT MOMENT,  
THE FULL POWER OF  
THE WIND FELL UPON  
THE INERT AND  
LABORING SHIP



**W**ILDER BARKED HIS ORDERS AND THE  
ROAR OF THE GUST



KEEP THE HELM  
JAMMED INTO  
THE WEATHER.  
FOR YOUR  
VERY LIFE!

**Y**IELDING TO THE MIGHTY  
PRESSURE OF THE WIND,  
THE ENTIRE SHIP LIT ON  
ITS SIDE IN THE WATER.



**W**ILDER SEIZED THE BEMUDERED EARLING  
BY THE ARM.



BE CALM! IT IS OUR  
DUTY TO BE CALM!  
BRING ME AN AXE!

**T**HE MATE SEIZED AN AXE AND JUMPED  
INTO THE MIZZEN-CHANNELS OF THE SHIP



THE SHIP DOESN'T  
MIND HER HELM  
AN INCH, SIR.  
SHALL I CUT?

**CUT!**

**A**T THE FIRST BLOW OF THE WIND, THE LANYARDS PARTED THE CRACKLING OF THE SPAR CAME NEXT, AND THE WHOLE FELL LIKE A TREE THAT HAD BEEN SHAPPED OFF AT ITS FOUNDATION



DOES SHE FALL OFF?

SHE YIELDED A LITTLE, SIR, BUT THE NEXT SQUALL IS BRINGING HER UP AGAIN!

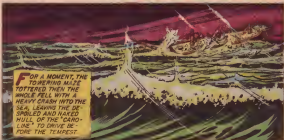


**S**UDDENLY, A LANYARD OF THE LOWER RIGGING PARTED WITH A CRACK THAT REACHED THE EARS OF WILDER.

LIE DOWN! DOWN BY THE BACK STAYS! DOWN FOR YOUR LIVES; EVERY MAN DOWN!



**F**OR A MOMENT, THE TOWERING MAZE TOTTERED THEN THE WHOLE FELL WITH A HEAVY CRASH INTO THE SEA, LEAVING THE DESPOILED AND NAKED HULL OF THE "CAROLINE" TO DRIVE BEFORE THE TEMPEST



**S**PURRED ON BY THE HATE THE CREW DESERTED TO THE SMALL BOATS NEXT MORNING WILDER AND THE TWO WOMEN WERE FORCED TO ABANDON SHIP THEY WATCHED THE "CAROLINE" FLUNGE UNDER THE WATERS LIKE A DYING WHALE...



**S**EVERAL HOURS LATER

SEE? HEAVEN BE PRAISED YONDER IS SOMETHING AT LAST TO RELIEVE THE VIEW!

IT IS A SHIP!



**A**BOUT A MILE AWAY WAS A SHIP ROLLING AND PITCHING GRACEFULLY WITHOUT ANY APPARENT DAMAGE FROM THE RECENT HURRICANE



WILDER WATCHED THE APPROACHING VESSEL SILENTLY.

SURELY, MR WILDER, YOU SHOW NO ENTHUSIASM AT THE PROSPECT OF BEING RESCUED FROM THESE AWFUL WATERS.

I WOULD GLADLY DIE TO SHELTER YOU FROM HARM, BUT...



THIS IS NOT A TIME FOR ANYTHING BUT GRATITUDE. WHAT MEANS THAT "BUT"?

YOU FORGET THAT THE ENEMY IS OFTEN FOUND UPON OUR COAST. THIS VESSEL IS ARMED AND MAY BE A FRENCHMAN.



I HAVE NO FEAR OF A GENEROUS ENEMY. EVEN A PIRATE WOULD GIVE SHELTER AND WELCOME TO FEMALES IN OUR DISTRESS.



**S**UDDENLY, A CLOUD OF SMOKE BROKE OUT OF THE SIDE OF THE SHIP, FOLLOWED BY THE DEADENED ROAR OF ARTILLERY.



IT IS NOW TOO LATE TO HESITATE. WE ARE SEEN, LET THE STRANGER BE FRIEND OR ENEMY.



WILDER NODDED HIS HEAD SILENTLY AND AWAITED THE INEVITABLE RESCUE WHICH HE HAD ARGENTLY HOPED TO AVOID.



**I**T WAS THE "DOLPHIN," PURSUER AND NOW RESCUER, THAT WILDER HAD SO DESPERATELY TRIED TO OUTRACE . . .



**S**EVEREN DAYS AFTER THESE EVENTS THE ROVER AND WILDER, WHO HAD RESUMED SECOND COMMAND OF THE "DOLPHIN," WERE ON THE QUARTER-DECK . . .

YOU HAVE BUT TO SAY THE WORD, MR. WILDER, AND YOU ARE FREE, THE LAND IS NOT FAR BEYOND THAT STREAK OF FADING LIGHT, BEFORE TO-MORROW'S SUN SHALL SET, YOUR FOOT MAY BE ON IT.



THEN WHY NOT BOTH OF US? IF THIS IRREGULAR LIFE IS NOT FIT FOR ME, IT IS UNFIT FOR YOU.

YOU WOULD HAVE A MAN, WHO HAS SO LONG LIVED A PRINCE AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS, BECOME A BEGGAR IN A LAND OF STRANGERS?



**T**HEY WERE INTERRUPTED BY A SHOUT FROM THE WATCH IN THE MASTHEAD . . .



**T**HEY BOTH TURNED THEIR GLASSES IN THE DIRECTION INDICATED . . .

IT IS A SHIP, AND BY HEAVEN, AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR!

IT IS A SWIFT VESSEL, SHE IS STATIONED DIRECTLY FOR US.



**T**HE RED ROVER ORDERED THE STAY-SAIL TO BE HAULED DOWN . . .

NOW LET HIM SEE US IF HE CAN, HIS EYES MUST BE GOOD TO SEE THESE NAKED SPARS AT SUCH A DISTANCE.



THE APPROACH OF THE STRANGE VESSEL BECAME MORE AND MORE VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

IF YOU PERMIT THE STRANGER TO NEAR US, IT MAY BE DIFFICULT TO THROW HIM OFF SHOULD YOU WANT TO GET RID OF HIM.



MR WILDER, YOU KNOW THAT SHIP?

I'LL NOT DENY IT IT IS HIS MAJESTY'S CRUISER, "DART" IF MY OPINION BE TRUE, SHE WILL BE FOUND TOO HEAVY FOR THE "DOLPHIN" SHE'S A VESSEL THAT OFFERS LITTLE INCITEMENT FOR US TO ATTEMPT TO CARRY.



AND HER GUNS?



SHE NUMBERS MANY MORE THAN THE "DOLPHIN", AND HER METAL IS HEAVIER, IN EVERY PARTICULAR, THIS CRUISER IS A SHIP A SIZE ABOVE YOUR OWN.

AS THE RED ROVER TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF GIVING BATTLE TO THE MORE HEAVILY ARMED SHIP, A SHOT FROM THE CRUISER BROUGHT HIM TO A QUICK DECISION.



HE SIGNALS FOR OUR COLORS. SHOW HIM THE ENGLISH ENSIGN!



THE ENGLISH ENSIGN WAS HOISTED TO THE PEAK OF THE "DOLPHIN".



WILDER KNEW THIS WAS A TRICK TO DECEIVE THE COMMANDER OF THE CRUISER, AND WAS CONVINCED THAT THE ROVER WAS DETERMINED TO FIGHT BATTLE. HE SPOKE CRISPLY.



CAPTAIN, IT IS TIME YOU KNEW MY REAL IDENTITY. MY NAME IS NOT WILDER, BUT HENRY ARK. I AM IN THE KING'S SERVICE AND MY AVOWED AIM IS TO SEEK YOUR CAPTURE AND THAT OF YOUR LAWLESS CREW.



I'LL CONFESS MY SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED WHEN YOU SHOWED SO MUCH KNOWLEDGE OF YON VESSEL. SO YOU ARE A TRAITOR AND AN AGENT OF THE KING!

CAPTAIN, IF YOU SURRENDER, I PROMISE I WILL LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED TO SAVE YOU AND THE MEMBERS OF YOUR CREW FROM THE GALLOWS. THE ALTERNATIVE IS TOTAL DESTRUCTION. AS FOR MYSELF, SIR, I AM AT THE MERCY OF YOUR JUDGEMENT.



THE ROVER SUMMONED THE COMMANDER OF THE MARINES.

GENERAL, LET THE NEGRO AND HIS COMPANION BE SECURED IN IRONS; ON NO ACCOUNT LET THEM COMMUNICATE, BY WORD OR SIGNAL, WITH THE OTHER SHIP.



THEN TURNING TO WILDER



I HAVE BUT TO PRONOUNCE THE NATURE OF YOUR TREASON AND YIELD YOU TO THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE CREW.

MRS WYLLYS, WHO HAD BEEN LISTENING UNNOTICED, BROKE IN PASSIONATELY.



YOU WILL NOT! YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THE TIES WHICH BIND MAN TO HIS FELLOW, BUT CRUELTY IS NATURAL TO YOUR HEART. YOU DARE NOT BE SO MERCILESS!

WHAT FATE DID HE CONTEMPLATE FOR ME AND MY MEN, WHEN HE ENTERED ON HIS MISSION?



THE LAWS OF GOD AND MAN ARE WITH HIM 'TIS REASON THAT SPEAKS IN MY VOICE, 'TIS MERCY WHICH I KNOW IS PLEADING AT YOUR HEART. IF —

LADY, CEASE!



MR. WILDER, YOU ARE FREE IF YOU HAVE NOT SERVED ME AS FAITHFULLY AS I ONCE EXPECTED, YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME A LESSON WHICH LEAVES ME A WISER MAN FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS.

I CANNOT LEAVE WITHOUT A WORD OF JUSTIFICATION. I KEPT MY FAITH AT NEWPORT, HAD MY FOLLOWERS THEN BEEN RELEASED, I WOULD NEVER HAVE SET FOOT ON THIS SHIP AGAIN.



I AM WILLING TO BELIEVE YOU, SO, SIR, A BOAT SHALL ATTEND YOU AND YOUR MEN TO THE "DART"

AND THE TWO WOMEN ABOARD, SIR?



THE ROVER HESITATED A MOMENT AND THEN CALLED...

SIGNAL THE STRANGER TO STAND BY TO PICK UP SOME PASSENGERS!

A BOAT WAS LOWERED WILDER AND HIS COMPANIONS, TOGETHER WITH THE WOMEN, WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE WAITING "DART"...

WILDER WAS WARMLY GREETED BY CAPTAIN SIGNAL OF THE "DART"...



HENRY ARK! I THOUGHT YOU HAD BEEN COMMISSIONED TO FIND SERVICE WITH A NOTORIOUS PIRATE!

I HAVE JUST BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THAT MISSION, CAPTAIN SIGNAL. YON VESSEL IS NONE OTHER THAN THE LONG-HUNTED PIRATE SHIP AND ITS COMMANDER THE RED ROVER!

THE COMMANDER AND WILDER HAD GAINED THE QUARTER-DECK BEFORE EITHER SPOKE AGAIN.



LOOK, HE HAS HIS BLOODY PENNANT AT THE MAST AND MEANS TO GIVE BATTLE

FEW MEN UNDERSTAND THE PROFESSION OF FIGHTING BETTER THAN THE RED ROVER



AS THE TWO SHIPS  
CAME CLOSER TO  
EACH OTHER, CONSID-  
ERABLE ACTIVITY  
COULD BE SEEN  
ABOARD THE PIRATE  
SHIP . . .



CAPTAIN BIGNALL ORDERED THE DECKS  
CLEARED FOR ACTION . . .

WE SHALL SEE HOW HE  
WILL CONDUCT HIMSELF  
AGAINST SUPERIOR ARMS  
AND WEIGHT.

A CALM OF EXPECTANCY DESCENDED  
ON THE SHIP AS THE TWO VESSELS  
MANEUVERED FOR POSITION.



CAPTAIN BIGNALL AND WILDER TOOK THEIR  
POST AT THE GUN COMMANDED BY RICHARD  
FID, THIS BEING HIS FAVORITE PIECE OF  
OTHER DAYS . . .



WE WILL TOUCH HIS PRIDE,  
SIR, SINCE YOU THINK HIM A MAN OF SPIRIT.  
GIVE HIM A WEATHER-GUN, FID, AND WE'LL  
SHOW HIM ANOTHER OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
ENIGMS.

THE ROAR OF THE PIECE AND THE DIS-  
PLAY OF THREE MORE OF THE FIELDS  
OF ENGLAND FAILED TO PRODUCE ANY  
RESPONSE FROM THE BUCCANIER . . .



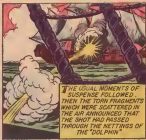


HE WILL NOT BE MOVED BY ANY OF THE DEVICES OF LAWFUL AND ORDINARY WARFARE.

TRY HIM WITH A SHOT, FID

AH, AH, SIR!

**F**ID, WHO HAD GOOGLY TAKEN HIS SIGHT, APPLIED THE MATCH WITH HIS OWN HAND.



THE USUAL MOMENTS OF SUSPENSE FOLLOWED. THEN THE TORN FRAGMENTS WHICH WERE SCATTERED IN THE AIR ANNOUNCED THAT THE SHOT HAD PASSED THROUGH THE NETTINGS OF THE "DOLPHIN"



IMMEDIATELY A SHEET OF BRIGHT FLAME SHOT OUT FROM THE SIDE OF THE "DOLPHIN", FOLLOWED BY THE SIMULTANEOUS EXPLOSION OF A DOZEN WIDE-MOUTHED PIECES OF ARTILLERY

**T**HE "DART" SENT BACK AN ANSWERING BROADSIDE. IN A MOMENT, BOTH SHIPS PRESSED NEARER TO EACH OTHER UNTIL THE TWO WHITE CANOPIES OF SMOKE WREATHING ABOUT THEIR RESPECTIVE MASTS WERE BLENDED IN ONE.







**A**S THE SMOKE OF BATTLE LIFTED, THE BUGGANEER COULD BE SEEN LISTING BADLY, HAVING RECEIVED A DEATH BLOW BELOW ITS WATER-LINE.



**T**HE PANICKY CREW ABANDONED THE SINKING VESSEL, GIVING THEMSELVES UP TO THE MERCY OF THEIR CONQUERORS...

**O**N BOARD THE "DART", WILDER AND THE COMMANDER WATCHED THE LONE FIGURE OF THE ROVER.

THE RED ROVER IS DETERMINED TO GO DOWN WITH HIS SHIP, IT SEEMS THE LAW OF THE SEA IS PRECIOUS, EVEN TO THE HEART OF A PIRATE.



HE WAS UNLAWFUL IN HIS PURSUITS, BUT HE POSSESSED A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF CHARACTER, WANTING IN MANY MEN IN LAWFUL PROFESSIONS.



**T**HE RED ROVER STUCK TO HIS POST TO THE VERY END, AS THE "DOLPHIN" TOOK ITS FINAL PLURSE, THE MEN ON THE "DART" WATCHED HIM BEING SWIFT INTO THE SEA AND FINALLY DISAPPEAR BENEATH THE WAVES.

THE END

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

## JAMES FENIMORE COOPER



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. A year later, his father, Judge William Cooper, moved his family to a new home near Otsego Lake, New York. Here he founded the village of Cooperstown.

Young Cooper received his early education from the rector of St. Peter's in Albany. He was admitted to Yale University at the tender age of thirteen. He showed little interest in his studies and was so negligent in his work, he was expelled in his third year. He enlisted in the navy and served in London and Gibraltar. He was commissioned midshipman in 1808.

He resigned from the navy in 1811 and married a daughter of John Peter De Lanoy. Cooper was harshly criticized for resigning from the navy on the eve of the War of 1812. For the next eight or nine years, Cooper was engaged in supervising and improving his farm possessions near Cooperstown and in Westchester.

During all this time, any talent for literature he may have had, remained dormant and unsuspected. His first book, "Precaution," in 1820, was written on a dare. He criticized a book of fiction and professed he could do better himself. Although not a successful novel, it received the praise of his friends, and was the determining factor in his decision to take up writing as a career.

He wrote "The Spy" in 1821, and was hailed by critics in both England and at home. Cooper owed his success to his unlimited knowledge of pioneer life and the sea. "The Pioneers," published in 1823, was based on the lives of people in the wilderness surrounding Cooperstown. This was the first

of the so-called Leatherstocking Series. He wrote "The Pilot" the following year, in which he first showed his extensive knowledge of seafaring life. It was one of the finest novels ever written about the sea and created a new nautical literature. "The Last of the Mohicans," in 1826, became famous overnight and was soon translated in foreign languages.

Cooper spent the next seven years in Europe, continuing his writing. His novels included such classics as "The Prairie" and "The Red Rover."

He returned to the United States in 1833 and became critical of the crudeness of taste and the greed for wealth he found prevalent. His criticism was so severe, it created a feeling of unpopularity against him. In a spirit of criticism, he wrote the satiric novel of "The Monks" in 1835, but it had little effect.

During the next three years, he published "Sketches of Switzerland," and "Gleanings in Europe." In these novels, Cooper gave his impressions of the Swiss, the French, the English and the Italians. Again he found abuse heaped upon himself because of his strictures on foreign and domestic faults. He became involved in a dispute with the people of Cooperstown over his rights in Myrtle Grove, on Otsego Lake. The press of the state took issue with him in this matter, criticizing and grossly misrepresenting his motives and spirit in the case. Finally, Cooper found relief from the form of persecution by suing his chief tormentors for libel, and winning the suits and complete exoneration.

Cooper was of a highly social temperament until cruel and unbridled opposition caused him to withdraw from society. Although sometimes untactful in his methods, his judgment in most matters was sound. He had undoubted faults in his style of writing, but his narrative ability was unmatched.

He died in Cooperstown on September 14, 1851.



Great Lives

## FREDERICK REMINGTON

Illustrator of the Old West

**O**NE STARRY NIGHT IN 1880, two men sat chatting beside a campfire in Montana. The flickering light of the fire played on a freight wagon and horses nearby. The older, a bearded wagon freighter, told the tall, blond youth of his life on the receding frontier.

The youth, Frederick Remington, listened and pondered. He was an Easterner, born in Canton, New York. He had recently attended Art School at Yale. He had found academic art not to his liking and had left college. Though he had left no mark as a scholar, he had gained considerable reputation as an athlete, both in boxing and football.

At the death of his father, Remington inherited a small amount of money and the restless youth, then but nineteen, headed West where the rough life better fitted his reckless spirit.

For a time, Remington drifted about prospecting for gold, working as a cowboy, riding with Federal troops on Indian campaigns.

It was during his wanderings that Remington got in with the wagon skinner in Montana. After listening to the old fellow talk, the young artist realized that the Western life he was living would soon pass with the advent of "progress."

From then on Fred Remington traveled, not aimlessly but with a purpose—to record through his art the Old West as it really was. For three years he wandered, filling sketch books with horses, Indians, working cowboys, military types, everything he saw. Though his hand was not too skillful, he had an eye for authentic detail and his drawings were as accurate as possible, always catching the essential action of his subject.

Finally, Remington bought a small ranch in Kansas and settled down. He made little profit at ranching, however, because he spent so much time painting. He did sell a few pictures in Kansas City. He moved there and bought part interest in a saloon.



Feeling secure in his business venture, Remington returned home and, in October, 1884, married his boyhood sweetheart. The young couple returned to Kansas City to find that Fred had been cheated out of his business share.

Unable to support his new bride with his paintings, Remington sent her home while he traveled to Arizona to prospect for gold. This venture also failed. He returned East and rejoined his wife. They rented a room in Brooklyn.

They lived on borrowed money while Fred made the rounds in New York trying to sell his paintings. The magazine, Harper's Weekly, was the first to buy a drawing. Soon, he was selling almost everything he could turn out, all works portraying what he knew so well—the Old West.

Frederick Remington's recognition and success then came swiftly. But it was based on years of close observation and study, when he lived the lives he pictured. Even with success in the East, he did not lose touch with the West. Each summer, Remington returned to the old characters and landscapes he knew so well. He was in the Dakotas during the winter of 1890 to report for Harper's Weekly the Sioux uprising he knew would come.

Besides his drawings and paintings, Remington wrote many articles and stories on the West. In later years, he even tried sculpture, but it was for his paintings and illustrations that Remington was best known. During his life, he was one of the highest paid illustrators and his paintings were widely sought.

Frederick Remington died in December, 1900, at the height of his success. He was but forty-eight. Though he left scenes still un-painted, undoubtedly Remington had fulfilled the task he set for himself at the age of nineteen. The 3,000 pictures he left cover nearly every section of Western history.

Truly, Frederick Remington will always be remembered as—The Illustrator of the Old West.

## THE PROSPECTOR'S DECISION

### The Settlement of Alaska

**T**HE TERRITORY OF ALASKA, preparing now for statehood, stands as a rampart against attack on the United States by the Communist hordes of Asia. Armed with the most modern weapons for all-out war and defense, connected to the mother land by a highway which stretches across Canada, this rugged land of 586,400 square miles is ready to do its part, come what may. And yet, but for the decision of a hard-bitten prospector, Alaska might still have remained the valueless frozen wasteland which it had been for centuries.

Alaska was first explored by a Dane, Vitus Bering, who was in the employ of Russia. He claimed the land for the country which hired him. The first settlement was made in 1784 and the Russian-American Fur Company was organized fifteen years later.

This company did little to develop the land. Instead, a big castle was built for the officials and the governors, where wasteful, extravagant parties were given. The royal Russian family was always in need of money and let it be known that Alaska was up for sale to the highest bidder. Finally, Alaska was purchased by the United States for \$7,200,000.

The Russians had left behind a settlement at Sitka, which had been the capital. It was here that the first of the hardy American adventurers came when the United States opened the territory for exploration. Only a few came at first: disappointed prospectors from the California gold fields; criminals escaping punishment in the native lands; poor youths from the farms and cities, gambling on a better future; and soldiers from both the North and the South, embittered by the long and bloody Civil War. These rugged adventurers intermingled with the native Eskimos and Indians. Branching out from Sitka, they

took to exploring the new, vast land.

Such a man was "Siwash" George Carmack. After prospecting in the Northwest Territory of Canada and Alaska for eleven years, he found himself in May of 1896, penniless. It had happened before and each time it had, Carmack and his Indian friends would fish for salmon which they sold.

Carmack had been near the Yukon River which is formed by the junction of the Pelly and Lewis Rivers at Selkirk, in northwest Canada. The Yukon travels a winding course before emptying into the Bering Sea. It flows northwest, then west, southwest and finally, northwest into Norton Sound.

Carmack was confronted with a problem: should he follow the Yukon upstream or downstream? Carmack tossed a coin to decide and the piece of silver told him to go downstream. That toss of a coin was to change the destiny of Alaska.

Carmack and his party followed the river to the Klondike, one of the tributaries of the Yukon. Camping at Rabbit Creek, on the Klondike, on August 17, 1896, one of the Indians idly turned a pan into the water. He washed away the gravel and the mud, and the pan showed . . . gold! Good gold!

The men staked their claims and quickly receded them. Then, in a saloon at Forty Mile, on the Canadian border, Carmack bragged about his claim and backed his boasts with a handful of gold. The Stampede was on.

For a year, the outside world was unaware that a gold rush was taking place along the Yukon River. Then, an Alaskan steamer docked at San Francisco with Yukon miners loaded with gold. The word flashed around the world! Gold in Alaska!

What followed is exciting and well-known history.



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