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No. 157 15¢

LIVES
of the
HUNTED

Ernest Thompson Seton



COMING NEXT



WHEN Louis XIV died in 1715, his great-grandson came to the throne at the age of five. A battle over who should be regent and rule the country until the king was old enough developed between two parties—one led by Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, and the other by the Duc de Maine. Although Philippe became regent, the followers of his rival did not remain idle. A young man, Raoul d'Harmental, was committed to kidnap the regent until, by the strange action of fate, Raoul's very life depended upon the man he was to have kidnapped.

Be sure to read
THE CONSPIRATORS

by Alexandre Dumas

NEXT IN

CLASSICS
Illustrated

On sale at your favorite newsdealer or variety store.

WHO AM I?

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

CLUE I: I was a foreign correspondent for a New York newspaper. I loved the excitement of racing other reporters for the scoop on a news story.

CLUE II: A missionary in Africa, who was known throughout the world as a great humanitarian, had not been heard from in several years. People thought he was dead. My editor was sure he was alive and ordered me to find him.

CLUE III: I agreed to go. A friend of the missionary's took me to the Sultan of Zanzibar. The Sultan provided me with men, supplies and a trusty guide who proved invaluable on our trip.

CLUE IV: Armed with gifts for the tribes we would encounter, and a necklace which would identify me as a friend of the Sultan's, I started out with my party. We had many frightening adventures. Near the beginning of our trip we freed natives who were being led away to slavery:

CLUE V: My guide showed me how wild animals are trapped, when the rains would come, and how to deal with the tribal chiefs we met. After months of fruitless search and hardship, the men wanted to return home. At last, at the next village we came to, we received good news. The exciting climax of my story can be found in my book, *How I Found Livingstone*.

STANLEY W. ARNOLD

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LIVES of the HUNTED

Ernest Thompson Seton

The life of a wild animal is spent in the line of battle. Hunted both by other animals and by man, it wages a constant fight for survival. This fight is often heroic.



KRAG, The KOOTENAY RAM



The broken upland near Gunder Peak in the Kootenay Rockies of the far Northwest is good mountain sheep range. Although it was May, a late snow had fallen, and a hunter named Scotty MacDougall took down his rifle and began climbing the open hills behind his shanty.

On the upland he came onto a double trail.

Two full-grown sheep,
less than an hour ahead.



He pushed forward cautiously until he came to a hollow. From the middle of it leaped the two sheep.



Up went Scotty's rifle. But before he pulled the trigger, his eye rested on two tiny new-born lambs.

Well, I'll be . . .
Maybe I can catch
them alive.



He leaned his gun in a safe place and ran after them.



Though not yet an hour old, the lambs showed a singular aptitude of dodging.



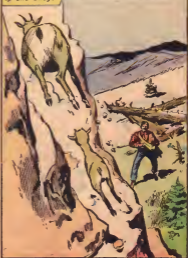
Their mothers circled about, bleating piteously and urging them to escape.



A droightly, the mothers led the chase to the lowest spur of Gunder Peak.



The little black rubber hoofs of the lambs gripped the slippery rocks, and they soared up and away.



Scotty rushed back for his rifle, but before he could harm them, a bank of fog from the peak came rolling in between.



The little devils! Too smart for me, and them less than an hour old!



The mothers led the lambs up to the rugged peaks which are the safe refuge of mountain sheep. The lambs grew fast. One, whom we shall call Krag, seemed able to caper and jump from morning to night.



Then one day, a large, dark animal sprang from a rock and struck down the other lamb and his mother.



Krag's mother careered along the slope of Gunder Peak at full speed, with Krag scampering after.



Finally, seeing no more of her enemy, she travelled more slowly. The next day she sighted a band of her own people, and she and Krag joined it.



It was composed of ewes and lambs and led by an elderly female. But so cool and sagacious was Krag's mother that when the old ewe was laid low by a mountain lion, it was understood that Krag's mother was the new leader.



She guided the flock wisely. Then one day the following summer, another sheep made the "snooof" sound which means danger.



All the sheep froze except one, who crossed in front of Krag's mother.



There was a far-away crack, and both the moving sheep and Krag's mother fell.



Krag got a glimpse of the enemy as he bounded away. It was the man who had so nearly caught him when he was a lamb.



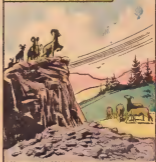
When autumn came, the band was taken over by a great ram who bundled Krag and several other young males out of the flock.



For the next four years, Krag led his companions in a roving bachelor life. He grew strong and handsome, with magnificent horns which curled in a great sweep, three-quarters of a circle.



One day, he and his band sighted a group of ewes.



Krag bounded forward, snorting out a challenge to the rest of the rams.



They wheeled at his command and left him to his conquest.



Krag was with his flock for five years, and his children multiplied around Gunder Peak. His horns were now unique, massive sweeps of a circle and a quarter.



When Scotty MacDougall came back to the neighborhood after an absence of several years, he spotted the great ram.

What horns!
Those are mine!



He set out to get them. Several times he marked Krag from afar and stalked round to the place only to find him gone.



Sometimes Krag was really gone, but sometimes he was close at hand and hidden, watching his foe.



Then came a visitor to Scotty's shanty--a sportsman named Lee, with three beautiful wolf-hounds.

Couldn't we try the dogs on that big ram?

Guess you're from the plains, pard. Wait till you see the kind of place old Krag hangs around.

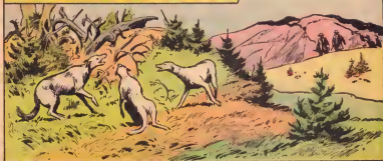


Scotty took Lee and his dogs to the broken upland, which is good sheep range.

There he is, with his band.



They hurried to the spot, but found no trace of the sheep. Then the dogs suddenly broke out into a loud clamor.



Up from the thicket jumped Krag.



Over the bushes and rocks he soared, supple and splendid, and from other coverts sprang his band to join him.



Away they went, leaping and swerving.

I'll cut them off from the peak.



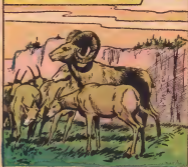
Krag dashed southward over the benchland. One, two, three miles, and the chase was sweeping along a rocky ridge.



Suddenly it ended at a narrow gorge which fell five hundred feet to a raging stream below.



Cornered, the sheep huddled together in terror as two rifle balls whistled near.



Krag, the leader, knew he must act. He wheeled to the edge and leaped.



Thirty feet down on the other side was a little jut of rock no bigger than his nose. He landed on it, poised just a heart-beat.



His blazing eyes took in another point on the other side, and his supple limbs floated him across.



Thus back and forth he leaped until he reached a ledge of safety far below.



The others, inspired by his example, followed fast, sailing, bounding with marvelous poise.



Just as the last had reached the second foothold, three creatures whirled past her in the air to perish far below.



When the men reached the edge, they could only stand and stare blankly into the gorge.



A few days later, the men again went to the upper level.

Well, if that isn't the old Gunder Ram! I thought he was smashed in the gulch!



They arranged a trap. Lee was to hide on the east side of the peak, and Scotty was to show himself on the west side.

I've a notion he'll cross the spur by that ledge, so be on the lookout.



Lee took his post, and soon he saw Krag and three ewes running as though in great alarm.

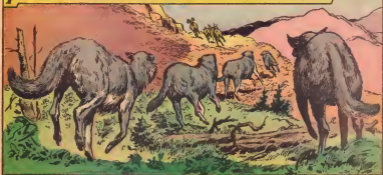


A minute later, five shaggy, furry brutes swept into sight.

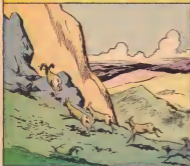
Timber wolves!



The sheep were racing for their lives, and the wolves were gaining at every leap.



They were almost up to the last ewe when Krag reached a narrow shoulder-ledge.



He stopped and stood to one side to let the ewes leap past him to safety.



Then he braced himself as the leader of the wolves sprang at him.



Krag gave the wolf such a blow that he was dashed into his comrade behind him and both were hurled over the cliff.



On came the rest, one by one. Krag speared them on his horns and hurled them away.



Then Krag blew a long blast from his nostrils, turned, and lightly bounded after the ewes.



From his hiding place only fifty yards away, Lee took in the whole scene.



But I'll never harm you, you grand old warrior. I don't care if you did kill my dogs! You did it fair. For me, you may go in safety.



During the years that followed, the fame of the magnificent Gunder ram reached dealers in the cities who set fabulous prices for the wonderful horns. Fired by this, Scotty made preparations for a long and obstinate hunt.



He found the track of Krag and his band and followed it all day.



At night he camped on their trail; next day he took it up again.



On the fifth day, he saw that Krag, alone now, was heading for a box canyon.



As Scotty waited at the exit of the canyon, the west wind rose, bringing a blinding snowstorm.



The worst was over in a few minutes, and in two hours the sky was clear again. Seeing nothing of the ram, Scotty left his post and searched about for a sign.

Well, I'll be . . .
He slipped by me in the storm!



The next day, Scotty saw a moving speck below him. He ran to intercept the traveller.



He got to the spot he aimed at and cautiously peered over the ridge.



There on the next ridge stood Krag.

Well, old Krag, I'm death on your track. You can't shake me off.



He raised his rifle and fired. The ram stood still until he saw the puff of smoke, then he moved quickly to one side. The snow was tossed by the ball not far from where he had been.



On and on they went, day after day. Krag seemed to have learned that five hundred yards was the farthest range of the rifle. He allowed the man to come up to that.

I think you like to keep me in sight, to know where I am.



After a while they were in daily sight of each other.

Come, Krag, time we were moving.



When Scotty sat down to rest, the ram would seek out the scanty grass under the snow.



If Scotty hid, the ram would run to some place that could not be approached unseen.



Once, Scotty had trouble crossing a stream. When he reached the other side he heard a snort.

Came back to see what was keeping me, eh?



On they went for twelve long weeks, over ten long mountain ranges -- five hundred rugged miles. Now they were back to their starting point. Then Scotty sketched a cunning plot.



With some rods of birch and stones and what clothing he could spare, Scotty made a dummy of himself.



Keeping exactly behind it, he crawled backward and disappeared over a ledge. After an hour of crawling, he came up on a ridge behind the ram, who was gazing intently at the dummy.



Scotty's rifle rang out, and the splendid creature lay still on the snow.



Scotty walked slowly over and gazed in sullen silence at the great lifeless body.



JOHNNY BEAR

Johnny was a queer little bear cub that lived with Grumpy, his mother, in Yellowstone Park.



I made their acquaintance in the summer of 1897 when I came to the park to study the home life of the animals.

You can see bears at any time here. They come to the glade behind the hotel where the garbage is dumped.



We get to know them pretty well. I guess Grumpy and little Johnny are the most famous. The cub is mangy, has only three good legs and whines a lot, but his mother thinks the world of him.



Early the next morning, I went to the garbage heap and dug a hole big enough to hide in.



All morning bears came and went near my hiding place as I made sketches and notes.



Then out of the woods stalked a very large black bear with a tiny cub. I was Grumpy with little Johnny.



Gumpy growled warningly to the other bears who were feasting on the garbage, and Johnny sat upon his hind legs to watch.



As soon as the bears saw who it was, they scattered, the slowest being helped along by Grumpy.



Johnny now joined his mother and began to have a happy time with a large syrup can.



At length he saw something which made him sit up and utter a curious little "koff, koff, koff."



His mother turned quickly. There was an enormous grizzly bear coming through the trees.



Johnny set up a whine and was ordered up a tree for safety.



Wanting to see what was going to happen, he climbed to a top branch, squealing with excitement.



Grumpy stalked out to meet the grizzly, growling and chopping her teeth, but the grizzly took no notice of her.



Then, charging, she gave him a tremendous blow on the ear.



He replied with a left-hander that knocked her over like a sack of hay.



They clinched and rolled over and over, making no end of dust and rumpus.



Finally Grumpy had had enough, and she escaped into the tree where her precious Johnny had been watching with uproarious interest.



Shortly after this affair the cook of the hotel baked a huge batch of plum tarts.

Plums are Johnny's favorite food. I'll bet he shows up.



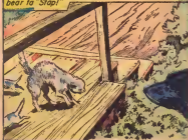
Before long Grumpy, spurred on by her son, appeared cautiously at the kitchen door.



There, on the lap step with her litter of kittens, was a new cat the hotel people had just brought from the East.



The cat had never before seen a bear. But she knew what a dog was, and here was a bigger, more awful babtailed black dog than she had ever dreamed of. Her first thought was for her kittens. She braced herself and screamed at the bear to "Stop!"



Grumpy stopped, but a wail from Jahny reminded her of her duty.



She dropped down on her front feet to proceed, and the cat lunched herself at her foe.



Eighteen sharp claws and a mouthful of keen teeth landed on Grumpy's bare, bald, sensitive nose.



Teeth and claws going, the cat worked her way backward to a point outside the sweep of Grumpy's paws.



Grumpy, panic-stricken, finally made for the tree where Johnny was, and the cat, honor satisfied, jumped off.



Then she mounted sentry-guard below, marching around with her tail in the air until the cook finally took pity on the bears and called her off.



The summer was drawing to a close, and one gray dawn Sarah, a newly-hired girl, looked out of the kitchen window to see a shadowy form.



She went to shoo it away and found it to be Grumpy, with Johnny tagging behind.



Grumpy made for the woods and Johnny for the nearest tree which, unfortunately, turned out to be a post.



There he poured forth his woes on the chilly morning air, bringing out others on the kitchen staff.



They made him fast to the post where he alternately struggled and cried.



Grumphy appeared in the distance, but soon succeeded in forgetting all about her son.



During the days that followed, he was daily tended by Norah, receiving not only food, but discipline.



Soon Johnny showed signs of developing a new character, and when given a taste of freedom, he chose not the woods, but the kitchen, where he followed Norah around on his hind legs.



The OVERLAND ROUTE

A green-winged teal had made her nest by one of the grass-edged pools that fleck the sunny slope of Riding Mountain. There she carefully tended the ten little eggs that were soon to hatch.



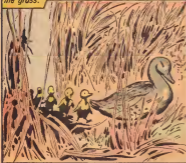
However, as the great day drew near, she saw with dismay that because of a drought the pond was drying up. The first experience of the little ones would have to be a perilous overland journey to reach another pond.



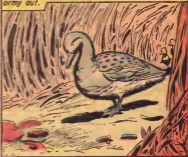
The ducklings all come out at last--ten little balls of matted down with jewel eyes.



The mother teal knew that they must set out for a pond immediately, so she led them into the grass.



After a long scramble and several rests, they came to a wide open space. The mother scanned the sky for hawks, then led her little army out.



The little fellows bravely struggled after her, but fell behind in a straggling procession.



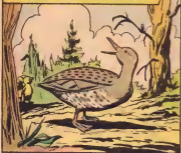
Suddenly a great marsh hawk appeared, swooped down, and seized the last straggler in his claws.



As the bloodthirsty pirate bore off the peeping dawning, he passed over the home bush of a kingbird who screamed his battle cry and gave chase.



The mother teal listened sadly until the pursuing kingbird's voice was lost in the distance. Then she called her nine ducklings and led them into the bushes.



An hour or more passed as they struggled onward. They did not know that death in the form of a red fox hovered on their track!



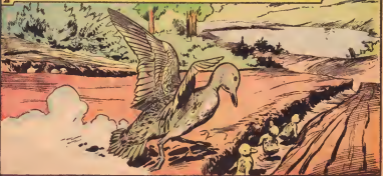
The fox was very near when the wind brought him something which made him stop, crouch low, and slink away -- the scent of man.



The pond was now very near -- across a treeless opening. The little ones started for it and fell into two deep-worn, man-made wheel ruts.



They were too weak to climb out, and the ruts seemed endless in both directions.



The mother teal was in despair. Then there came up suddenly the very thing she most feared -- the deadliest enemy of ducks -- a great tall man.



She flung herself at his feet and flopped on the grass, trying to trick him into thinking she was wounded so that he would follow her away.



But he knew the trick and would not follow. Instead he stooped gently and gathered up the nine peeping downlings into his hat.



Then he went to the edge of the pond, no doubt, the poor mother thought, for a drink to wash the poor ducklings down his throat.



He bent down, and a moment later the ducklings were splattering over the water.



The mother teal flew out, calling to them. In her anxiety to lead them far away from the man, she took them right across the open pond.



The great marsh hawk saw them and came swooping along.



They ran for the rushes, but the hawk was close at hand.



Just as he pounced the little mother gave a great splash with all her strength, and using both feet and wings, dashed water all over the hawk.



He sprang back into the air to shake himself dry. Three times he pounced, and three times she drenched him, until the downlings were safe in the rushes.



The hawk now made a lunge at the mother, but she could dive and she easily disappeared.



Far in the rushes she came up and called the nine tired little ones to her. They had begun to eat when she heard a faint peep.



She called, and through the sedge demurely paddled the missing one that the hawk had carried off! The hawk had dropped him when attacked by the kingbird, and he had fallen unharmed into the water.



His brothers welcomed him, and they lived happily in the great pond till they all grew up and flew away on wings of their own.



TITO

One morning the golden beams of the early summer sun were leaping from top to top of the buttes in the Dakota Badlands, when a cowboy called Wolver Jake caught a glimpse of an old coyote trotting homeward with a rabbit in her jaws.



That must be a mother taking home food for her pups. If I can find her den, I'll make a lot of bounty money.



The den was close by, and Jake had no trouble finding it and killing its occupants. But the last one he spared.

I'll keep this one for the children of the ranch.



At the ranch, the pup was called Coyatito* and later, Tito. She was distant and distrustful, and one of the boys soon took to tormenting her.

This is more fun than lassoing a stump.



* Mexican for little coyote

Thus the boy taught her the dangers and limitations of a rope.



He also experimented with traps, and succeeded in catching Tito several times, until she learned to detect and avoid them.



Once, she got loose from her kennel, and a charge of bird-shot taught her a horror of guns.



She found her best defense was to lay low, be quiet, do nothing to attract notice.



Thus she learned many things which her wild kinsmen could not have learned without losing their lives. Then one day, the boss of the ranch bought two greyhounds to use for hunting coyotes.

Let's use Tito for training the dogs.



They turned her loose and urged the greyhounds after her.



Clearly there was no chance for Tito, as the dogs came nearer.



Suddenly she stopped, turned, and walked toward the dogs with her tail serenely waving in the air.



The greyhounds also stopped, for they would not attack on an animal that would not run.

She's outsmarted us. Come on, get a rope on her and we'll take her back to the ranch.



The next day they decided to try again. But this time they added a white bull terrier to the chasers. He was not put off by Tito's seeming friendliness.



He seized her and shook her until, in a surprisingly short time, she lay limp and lifeless. An English visitor asked if he might have the brush.



The Englishman cut it off at the middle with an awkward chop of his knife, and Tito dashed off into a nearby thicket.



The dogs gave chase, but by happy chance, across their path flashed a cottontail rabbit. They followed it, and Tito made good her escape.



Tito now found herself face to face with the whole problem of life. In the days that followed she quickly learned how to make a living. Then one night when she gave her sundown song, she got an answer.



Soon afterward, a large coyote with a dark patch like a saddle on his shoulders appeared. The cowboys called him Saddleback.



From that time on they continued more or less together. Several others joined them, and they acknowledged Tito their leader because of her cunning. One night she led them to a ranch which had twenty sheep.



Saddleback walked openly toward the sheep and barked a loud defiance. The collie who guarded them dashed off Saddleback who, by stoying just out of reach, beguiled him into the woods.



The other coyotes, led by Tito, stampeded the sheep and killed all they wished.



Spring came, and Tito and Saddleback had their first litter. The nine little coyotes were soon strong enough to play in the sun at the entrance of their den.



Wolver Jake knew that this was a good time to kill coyotes, for he had only to find the dens where the little ones were hidden.

There's a coyote with something in its mouth. Probably carrying dinner home.



Jake could not find the track and thus could not follow Saddleback to the den. But he was back the next day with a white hen which he tethered by a stick.



He made himself comfortable on a lookout that was near and lay still to watch.



Toward evening Tito came by. She circled the hen without showing herself, but decided it was better left alone.



At sundown Jake took his hen and went back to his camp. But the next day he returned, and this time Saddleback came trotting by.



He circled the hen, then seized her fiercely and dashed toward the home valley.



Jake followed the trail of white feathers dropped by the hen. Unknowingly he had come to within two hundred yards of the den when Tito, returning home, ran across his trail.



She went swiftly to the den and gave the danger call that sent the noisily feasting pups into the earth.



Then she returned to try to decoy the man away. But night was falling, and Jake had decided to return to his camp.

I know you're there, all right. I'll be back in the morning.



Tito and Saddleback followed *Wolver Joke* to his camp. They waited until the man had fallen asleep and the flickering fire had gone dead. Then they crept softly near *Joke's* horse.



Tito took its picket rope into her mouth and severed it with her great scissor-like back teeth.



The horse wandered off, and the two coyotes began scratching dirt over the man's frying pan and food.



They took the sacks that held *Joke's* bacon and flour, carried them far away and buried them in the sand.



Then they made for a gully some miles away and began to dig a new den.



The next morning Jake awoke to find his horse gone.

He's trailing a rope. Maybe I can find him.



Jake followed his horse for seven miles before he caught him. Then, as he was near the ranch, he rode in for breakfast.

Somebody lend me a saddle and a dog that can run a trail. I have some coyotes to get.



Later in the day he returned to his den hunt. He rose to the top of a ridge and came upon Tito, carrying something in her mouth.



The dog dashed off in pursuit of the coyote, while Jake blozed away without effect.

I wonder why she hangs on to that rabbit when she could run faster without it.



Had he been closer he would have seen that it was a baby Tito carried-- the last of the litter that she was moving to the new den.



Over a flat sped the tired coyote and her baby, with the big, fierce hound behind them.



Suddenly in front of Tito yawned a little cut-bank gully. Weighted down, she dared not leap, but skirted around it.



The dog cleared it easily and was now only fifteen feet behind her.



The baby was choking in his mother's grip. She tried to ease it, but a sudden wrench dropped him into the path of the merciless hound.



Tito was far smaller than the dog, but now she sprang in front of her baby and stood with mane erect and teeth exposed.



The dog hesitated, and Tito howled a long howl for help.



Then the dog sprang, and they closed in deadly struggle.



Tito soon went down, bravely fighting to the last.



Then out of the nearest sage flashed a streak of grey.



Saddleback hurled the dog back, then sprang on him again.



T'ito joined the struggle, and in a few seconds the dog lay still.



T'ito then lifted her baby and, travelling slowly, carried it to the new den. There the family was safely reunited, far away from the danger of further attack by Wolver Jake or his kind.



And there they lived in peace until their mother had finished their training, and every one of them grew up wise in the ancient learning of the plains.



The End

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

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON



ERNEST Thompson Seton was born in South Shields, Durham, England, on August 14, 1860. His real name was Ernest Seton Thompson but soon after he began to write, he transposed the last two names.

He was reared and received his early education in Canada. He attended the Ontario Art School and later was a student at the Royal Academy in London, England. He also studied art in Paris.

Seton arrived in New York in 1893 with ninety cents in his pocket and a portfolio filled with ideas. His first and greatest success came in 1898, with the publication of *Wild Animals I Have Known*. This book was soon followed by others dealing with wildlife.

Seton believed that the average boy should know something about outdoor life in order to become a good citizen. In 1902, he organized the Woodcraft Indians. Eight years later, he helped form the Boy Scouts of America. He was chief scout from 1910 to 1916. He wrote the first handbooks for both of these organizations.

Seton felt strongly about animals and people. At the beginning of *Wild Animals I Have Known* he wrote a note to the reader which reads in part...

"Although I have left the strict line of historical truth in many places, the animals in this book were all real animals. They lived the lives I have depicted, and showed the stamp of heroism and personality more strongly by far than it has ever been in the power of my pen to tell...

"The fact that these stories are true is the reason why all are tragic. The life of a wild animal always has a tragic end.

"Such a collection of histories naturally suggests a common thought—a moral it would have been called in the last century. No doubt each different mind will find emphasized a moral as old as Scripture—we and the beasts are kin. Man has nothing that the animals have not at least a vestige of, the animals have nothing that man does not in some degree share..."

Ernest Thompson Seton died on October 23, 1946, in New Mexico, where his last years were devoted to the conservation of American Indian lore.

Books written by Seton include *Biography of a Grizzly*, *Lives of the Hunted*, *Wild Animals at Home* and *Wild Animal Ways*.

THE SECRET OF THE CAVE

THE FOX was cornered now. There was no place it could run. Although the hunting dogs had fatally wounded it, the trapped animal wheeled around and began digging furiously in a soft mound of earth. There it died.

Later, when the dead animal was dug out, the hunters discovered that the fox, purely by chance, had opened the entrance to a sealed-up cave.

Interested by the unusual way the cave was found, the Marquis de Sautoula, owner of the property in Altamira, Spain, began looking around. Inside, he saw tools and bones lying on the floor. They appeared to be very old, older than anything he had ever seen.

The prehistoric implements scattered in the cave excited the Marquis' curiosity. One day he came to explore the cave with his five-year-old daughter. After watching her father dig for a while, the little girl got bored. She took a candle and began looking around on her own.

Because she was so young, she could walk upright in passages where an adult would have to stoop. In one place, something caught her eye. She looked up. There, on the ceiling, was a drawing of a funny-looking bull. Surprised, the little girl shouted "Toro! Toro!" Her father, afraid something had happened, came after her.

When the Marquis saw the paintings on the ceiling, he was astonished. Surely the bones were prehistoric! The cave had been sealed up for centuries. How did the drawings get there unless — and this was so amazing that the Marquis could hardly believe it himself — unless the cave men had done them!

Scientists who investigated the paintings denied at once that they had been done by cave men. The bones and tools certainly

belonged to the Old Stone Age. But how could cave men draw such elaborate pictures—in color? Who ever heard of cave men drawing anything? How could creatures who did not know how to plant seeds in the earth or polish hunting tools or make pottery, who had not domesticated even the dog, learn how to mix paints and how to draw? The very idea was absurd!

The Marquis made his discovery in 1879. Soon it was forgotten. Then, in the 1890's, a French archeologist unearthed a cave in northeast France, far away from Altamira. There, more paintings were found. Tools, similar to the ones used by the cave-dwellers at Altamira, were lying on the floor. But no one could say the drawings in the French cave were frauds. It had been blocked up in the Old Stone Age and had not been disturbed since.

So cave men like those at Altamira could paint! At last, the claims of the Marquis about the paintings in the Spanish cave were believed. Since the fox dug its way into Altamira, several other caves inhabited by Old Stone Age men have been discovered with pictures painted on their walls.

Usually the drawings are of animals the cave men hunted, like musk oxen, cave bears, wild cattle, stags and horses. There are pictures of men disguised in bearskins hunting animals, and of a creature having the head and claws of a bear, but the feet of a human.

We can only guess why cave men painted. It is believed that the drawings had a magical or religious meaning. Scholars think that the drawings were used as sympathetic magic. According to this theory, cave men going on a hunt painted pictures of men killing a bear or a musk ox, hoping that if they drew the animal's picture, they would have magic power over the real animal and be able to kill it.

ESCAPE TO FREEDOM

GEORGE and his sister Clara were personal slaves in the Curtis household in Kentucky in the years before the Civil War. They were treated well until one day, Major Curtis, in a fit of anger, sold Clara to a slave trader who had boasted that she would bring a good price in the New Orleans slave market. Knowing that the labor in the rice and sugar plantations in Louisiana would mean almost certain death for his sister, George resolved to run away.

That night, he and Clara took to the woods. Their master was soon on their trail with dogs and a man named Shea, who was held to be the best slave-catcher in the state of Kentucky. For four weeks, the two hunted fugitives lived in the forests. Again and again they eluded their pursuers only to discover that the dogs had managed to find their trail once more. Even with friends to protect and hide them along the way north, the two slaves were almost captured several times.

At last they reached Oberlin, Ohio, where they rested for a while. When it seemed as though the chase had been abandoned, George and Clara tried to reach Canada by taking a steamboat across Lake Erie. Word came that the crossings at Buffalo and Niagara Falls were not safe. Major Curtis and Shea had informants at the lake ports, and had posted reward money for the return of the pair. But George and Clara disguised themselves as sailors and, mingling with the crew of a steamer headed for Detroit, got on board at Buffalo, New York, by helping to load wood.

On its way to Detroit, the boat stopped at Cleveland, Ohio, to pick up passengers. Just as it started to leave the dockside, Curtis and Shea jumped on board. The

two men had been unable to find any further trace of George or Clara and had decided to return home. Going down to the ship's saloon, Shea, who could never pass anyone without looking to see if he fit the description in a runaway slave poster, happened to look up at two sailors stoking wood. Immediately he recognized George.

George and Clara were too frightened to speak.

Triumphantly, Curtis approached the captain of the vessel. "If you will stop your boat at a convenient place on the United States side of the lake and let us ashore, I will pay you well for the favor."

The captain agreed to stop, but he would accept no money.

Later, the captain took his mate aside and said, "Pay well for the favor! I will land him and his hound just as I promised, but as for those poor frightened Negroes, there is not money enough in Kentucky to induce me to put them ashore with him!"

As Shea and Curtis sat in the saloon playing cards, they noticed that the ship was pulling toward shore.

"Where are we?" Curtis asked.

"We are taking on wood at Malden, Canada," he was told.

Curtis and Shea raced to the captain. "If you land here, the slaves will escape," said Curtis.

"I'm sorry, Major," was the reply, "but we cannot continue without wood. I shall put you ashore as I promised, but I said nothing about your slaves."

And at the Canadian wharf, George and Clara ran down the gangplank to safety and freedom.

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