

**CLASSICS**  
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World's Greatest Authors

# ROBUR THE CONQUEROR

JULES VERNE

No. 162 15¢



# COMING NEXT



**T**HE STRANGE occurrences began with the explosions from the crater of a mountain called the Great Eyrie. Then, a strange vehicle, moving with lightning speed, appeared on the United States. But when a mysterious underwater craft was sighted, John Struck, head inspector of the Federal police, found that all these happenings were caused by a single machine, which could fly above the earth, sail or ride on its surface, and dive into the water's depths.

Be sure to read

## MASTER OF THE WORLD

by Jules Verne

NEXT IN

# CLASSICS *Illustrated*

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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:** I was a sailor from the time I was a boy.

**CLUE II:** I ran away from school to join my father on the ship *Sarah*. When I was nineteen, I fell ill, and my father sailed without me. He never returned. The *Sarah* sank with all on board. I decided to return to the sea.

**CLUE III:** I joined a seaman I met, even though I knew he was a scoundrel. We signed on board a merchant ship where I was soon promoted to boatswain. Once, in a storm, I saved my companion's life. Later, we were joined by what was left of the crew of a wrecked ship.

**CLUE IV:** The survivors were pirates, fellows of my companion. Soon they mutinied and killed all the officers of the ship except me. I and several crew members agreed to sail with the pirates only to avoid being killed. We were detected while trying to raid a Spanish town and I had to run back to the pirate ship with the rest to avoid being hung.

**CLUE V:** I got away and warned an English ship of the pirates, but the English thought I was a pirate, too. They captured the seafarers and brought us all back to England in irons to be tried. I had to convince the jury that I was not guilty of piracy or I would hang. The exciting climax to my story can be found in *The Dark Frigate* by Charles B. Hawes.

WHOLESTOCK OFFERS

CLASSICS Illustrated MAY 1961 Number 142 Second class postage paid at the post office at New York, N.Y., and at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. JAMES SCHACHER, Production Director, ROBERTA STRAUSS, Editor, SIDNEY MILLER, Art Director, Published bi-monthly, with special issues in June and December, by GLEBERTON COMPANY, INC., 701 Park Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Subscription, \$1.50 for 12 issues. Copyright by GLEBERTON COMPANY, INC., 1961 in U.S.A. and all foreign countries. All rights reserved including the right to reproduce the publication or portions thereof in any form. Printed in U.S.A.

# ROBUR THE CONQUEROR

JULES VERNE



Never had the sky been so much looked at since the appearance of man on the globe. An aerial trumpet had blown its broken notes through space. First it appeared over America, forty-eight hours afterward it was over Europe, a week later it was over Asia. These extraordinary sounds seemed to descend from the sky to earth. Where could they be coming from?

HERMANN

*For a month or more, the inexplicable phenomenon had driven everybody to distraction.*

What can it be?

The astronomers cannot give a satisfactory answer.



*In America, observers at Yale College were able to take down a few bars of a musical phrase in D major.*

This is no musical illusion.

It sounds like "Yankee Doodle."



*A few weeks later, an observatory in Norway and one in Sweden recorded a sort of huge bird.*

It is some aerial monster!



*The chief of a meteorological station in China ventured an opinion.*

It is possible that the object is an aerial apparatus -- a flying machine.



One day, at the *Weldon Institute*, a well-known balloonists' club in Philadelphia, a hundred men were shouting and arguing about how best to propel a balloon.

I maintain that the screw ought to be behind!

In front!



The president of the organization was Uncle Prudent. The secretary was Phil Evans. They had bought the patent for a light and powerful motor, and were now nearly ready to attach it to a balloon named the *Go-ahead*.

In less than six weeks, we will cruise through space.



Amid the storm of the meeting, a porter calmly approached the presidential desk. On it, he placed a card.



A stranger, my dear colleagues, asks to be admitted to the meeting. He desires to prove to us that to believe in guiding balloons is to believe in the absurdest of Utopias.



Phil Evans spoke up.

What is the name of this singular personage?

Robur.



**A** strange man came through the crowd and began to speak.

Citizens of the United States My name is Robur. I have no fear of anything or anybody. I have a strength of will that has never had to yield. When I have an idea, I allow no one to share it, and I do not permit any contradiction.



After a century of experiments that have led to nothing, there still exist unbalanced minds that believe in guiding balloons. They imagine that a motor of some sort might be applied to their pretentious skin bags, which are at the mercy of every current in the atmosphere.



Man shall become master of atmospherical space, but only by an apparatus heavier than air, for it must be heavier to be stronger than the air.



**The assembly exploded!** What a broadside of yells escaped from all these mouths, aimed at Robur like the muskies of so many guns! With a gesture, Uncle Prudent ordered the firing to cease.

Yes, the future is for the flying machine. With your balloons you will do nothing -- arrive at nothing.



*An uproar arose on all sides.*



Mr. Axiator, have you ever avoited and made conquest of the air?



*An ironical voice was raised.*



I accept the name and I will bear it, for I have a right to it



*The rage of the anticonquist burst forth. They rushed off the platform.*





**A**mid the smoke, Robur vanished, as if some apparatus had borne him into the air. The members of the club, in several groups, rushed into the adjoining streets. Vain was all their trouble and searching. Robur was nowhere to be found.



**F**inally, quiet was restored. But Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans continued to discuss the recent events, exchanging bitter observations as they walked through the streets.

If I had been president of Weldon Institute, there would never have been such a scandal.





*They were followed by Uncle Prudent's valet, Frycollin.*

They are going farther and farther from home.



*The two men passed on to Fairmont Park a wide open tract where the immense prairie was broken every now and then by patches of thick woodland.*

There are five or six shadows following us.



*If Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans had not been so deep in their dispute, they would have seen that something was motionless and mysterious in the gathering gloom.*



*To Frycollin, it seemed that the shadows were preparing to attack.*

Master Uncle! Master Uncle!



What is the matter with you?



*Frycollin had no time to answer. Six men came leaping at them.*



*In a second, Uncle Prudent, Phil Evans and Frycollin were rendered speechless by gags, blind by bandages, thrown down, plied, and carried bodily off across the clearing.*



*They fell themselves laid gently down on a sort of plank that stretched beneath them. The door was shut, the grating of a bolt laid them flat they were prisoners.*



*For an hour, the position of the prisoners remained unchanged. At last, Phil Evans managed to slacken the cord which bound his wrists. He slipped off his bandage, took the gag out of his mouth and cut the cords round his ankles.*



*It's quite dark.*

*He did not hesitate to free Uncle Prudent and Frycollin.*



*They began to feel round the walls to find a joint or crack.*

There is nothing

Perhaps I can make a hole with my knife.

*Phil Evans set to work on the wall near the door. The only result was to rip up his knife.*

Doesn't it cut?

No.

*They stopped on the floor. It seemed to sound hollow. An inexplicable t-r-r-r seemed to sweep along below it.*

Do you think our prison has been moved at all?

If it had moved, either as a vehicle on the road or a boat on the stream, we should have felt it.

*Phil Evans noticed that day was beginning to break. He got up on Frycollin's shoulders and peered out through a narrow window.*

What do you see?

Nothing.

What? Not any trees? Not a flagstaff, nor a church tower, nor a chimney?

Nothing but space.



*As he uttered the words, the door opened. Robur appeared on the threshold.*

Honorable balloonists! You are now free to go and come as you like



Free!

Yes -- within the limits of the *Albatross*!



*The men rushed out of their prison. Four thousand feet below them, they saw the face of a country they sought in vain to recognize.*

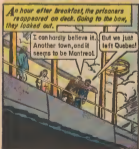


*They were on Robur's flying apparatus, which consisted of a platform, or deck, on which there were various cabins and compartments, thirty-seven vertical masts, which bore two horizontal screws each, a propelling screw both in front and behind, and a machinery room, which housed the piles and accumulators that generated the electricity to drive the screws.*



*Uncle Prudent was stupefied, his companion was astonished Frydlin did not conceal his terror. As they leaned over the rail, they could perceive a long, sinuous, liquid ribbon, which was a river. Along its left bank was a chain of mountains.*





*Thus, the phenomenon whose appearance had so puzzled everyone was Robur's aeronef. The trumpet which blared its startling fanfare was that of the mate, Tom Turner.*



*The Albatross flew west until it approached the Rocky Mountains. The steersman maneuvered his craft through a steep canyon.*



*The aeronef was soon through the Rockies and steering southwest. The sound of a whistle attracted the attention of all aboard.*



*The Albatross dropped lower to chase the train, which was going at full speed. The prisoners endeavored to make themselves known to those below.*



*Their shouts were lost in the cheers with which the train passengers greeted the aeronef.*



*In half an hour, the express was out of sight. Soon, the parcel was over Nevada, and then California. At length, a long murmur greeted the ears of the prisoners. It was the beating of surf on the seashore.*

It is the Pacific Ocean!

We must try to escape!



*The next day, the aeronaut was driven at moderate speed and seemed to skim the blood surface of the sea. Soon...*

A whale! A whale!



*The Albatross swept toward it, and when she was within sixty feet of it, stopped dead. Tom Turner, the mate, seized the arqubus he fired, and the projectile entered the whale's body.*



*Seriously wounded, the whale dashed water over the bow of the aeronaut. Then it plunged to a great depth while the line ran out like lightning.*



*When the whale rose to the surface, it started off at full speed. The Albatross was thus dragged along. But after a half hour, the whale dived again with such rapidity that Tom Turner had barely time to cut the line.*





*The Albatross resumed her course. She passed over the Aleutian Islands.*

Evidently, we are bound for Japan or China.

If we ever stop, we must make a run for it.



*The coronet flew over Tokyo, then proceeded to Peking. Below the Albatross were a hundred kites of different forms.*



*It suited Robur's whim to run close up to the kites. But, immediately, gun reports by the thousand, mortars fired in hundreds, all were brought into play to score away the coronet.*

*The crew of the Albatross troubled themselves very little about these demonstrations. A noisy fanfare escaped from Tom Turner's trumpet.*

*At last, a shell exploded a few feet below the Albatross, and she mounted into the inaccessible regions of the sky.*



*The aeronaut flew over Tibet. Uncle Prudent sighted an enormous barrier broken here and there by several peaks lost in snows.*

The Himalayas, evidently. Robur will probably go around them.



*But Robur knew the passes. He stood in the bow, his sturdy figure wrapped in a greatcoat, giving orders.*



*The pass was at last traversed. Uncle Prudent and his colleagues could not help admiring so perfect an invention as the Albatross, but they allowed none of their admiration to be visible. All they thought of was how to escape. One day, the Albatross descended to a river to replenish its water supply.*

We are both good swimmers. A plunge will give us our liberty.



*They rushed to throw themselves overboard, but several pairs of hands seized them by the shoulders.*

Gentlemen, when people have the pleasure of traveling with Robur the Conqueror, they do not leave him in that way.



*The prisoners retired to their cabin.*

We must escape, even if it costs us our lives.



*The sense of their powerlessness, the ironical shadow with which Robuk treated them, all contributed toward the prisoners' anger.*

He will only give us our liberty when it suits him, and perhaps not at all.

We must end this. We must finish with the Albatross and her master.

*The Albatross resumed her course to the west and came to the Caspian Sea.*

The Albatross is going down to fish. There are several ships in sight. Can't we do something now?

Shh! They are watching us much more than you think.



*The crew of the Albatross made no secret of their delight at the change in their load the fishing would bring. Tom Turner harpooned a good-sized sturgeon.*

*The best catches were made with drognets, which brought up carp, bream, salmon, pike, and sterlets.*



*During the last hour, the air had been strangely troubled. A storm was threatening.*

See those spirals of half-luminous vapor? They are due to the difference in the electric charges of the various beds of clouds.



*Suddenly, a squall struck. In a few seconds, heavy clouds swept on around the Albatross.*



*Robert rushed to the central deck house.*

More power! We must rise quickly to get over the storm!

Impossible, sir!



What is the matter?

The currents are troubled! They are intermittent!



*The Albatross sank several hundred feet. The screws ran more and more slowly.*

We shall soon be in the water.



An electric cloud appeared above them. Robeur turned on the currents from the piles no longer neutralized by the electricity in the surrounding atmosphere. The screws regained their normal speed and checked the descent.



Therefore, the flight of the Albatross became quite a race through the heights of the sky. She traveled over Russia, Sweden and Norway, then turned to the south.

It is evident that for now, at least, we cannot set foot on the terrestrial globe. But can we not make known to its inhabitants what has become of us?



I have the small box made of aluminum. If it were thrown overboard, any honest citizen who found it would pick it up and take it to the police station.



They wrote a note, which gave the address of the Walden Institute, with a request that the note be forwarded. They shut it in the box and bound the box with a piece of cloth.

All we have to do is wait for a favorable opportunity.



About midnight of the next day, they were over Paris. Down the Albatross came, until she was within a few hundred feet of the ground.



*The Albatross glided gently over the mighty city. Tom Turner brought out his trumpet and blew a rousing terentatara.*



*Uncle Prudent leaned over the rail, opened his hand and let the snuff box fall.*



*Soon, the Albatross shot upward, and past her, higher still, there mounted the noisy cheering of the crowd then thick on the boulevards.*



*The snuff box was picked up by an honest sweeper the next morning. He took it to the police. The document inside read...*

*Wassell Prudent and  
Ernest of the Wilton Institute,  
Philadelphia, have been  
convicted of, in the above  
Albatross flying to Paris  
the engine. Please inform  
our friends and acquaintances.  
Paul R.C.*

*At noon the next morning, the Albatross passed over Rome, then cut across the Mediterranean and entered the known and unknown regions of Africa. Several days later . . .*



The following morning, they approached the kingdom of Dahomey, one of the most powerful on the west coast of Africa. It was celebrated for the frightful cruelties which signaled its annual festivals, and for its human sacrifices.

The old king has just died. The whole population is coming into the capital to crown his successor.



Standing under guard were a group of prisoners about to be sacrificed.



The natives, seeing the Albatross, saw in her a celestial being come to render homage to their king. Their enthusiasm was indescribable.



Now the prisoners were led up to the executioners.



Suddenly, a gun was fired from the Albatross. The head executioner fell dead on his feet.





**A** change came over the crowd below. The winged monster was not a friendly spirit if was a hostile one. Almost immediately, a fusillade resounded over the plain.



**This** did not prevent the Albatross from descending boldly to within one hundred and fifty feet of the ground. Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans could not help joining in such a work of humanity.

Let us free the prisoners!

That is what I am going to do!



**The** rifles of the Albatross began to rain down bullets into the masses below.



**The** king and his people were stricken with fear. They fled, while the prisoners ran off without anybody thinking of pursuing them.



Soon, the Albatross flew out over the Atlantic. One day, she was floating about a hundred feet from the sea. The air was calm, but in certain parts of the sky there were thick, black clouds. Suddenly, the water shot up in the form of a gigantic hourglass.



The Albatross was enveloped in the eddy of an enormous waterspout, while twenty others roared around her.



She began to spin round with frightful rapidity.

Keep cool! Get the gun ready!



Tom Turner understood. In a moment, the gun went off, and the waterspouts collapsed.



*During the passage of the Atlantic, many were the hours whose monotony was unbroken by any phenomenon whatever. Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans saw little of Robor. But they thought still more of how they could have their revenge on him.*

It is quite certain that escape is impossible.



But a man is his own property. If necessary, by sacrificing his life --

We shall be lost in the end, anyway. If we must perish, we may at least be avenged by annihilating this machine and all the crew.



But how?

We can seize some of the explosives on board and simply blow her up.



*The Albatross advanced toward the South Pole.*

To attempt to cross the Pole in winter is the act of a madman.



*However, indications were that Robor was turning back.*

He probably wants to go to some place where he can re-provision the ship.

That ought to be on some lonely island in the Pacific with a colony of scoundrels worthy of their chief.



*One afternoon, a black spot was sighted on the horizon.*

It is a boat, and there are some men in it.



*'Shipwrecked!'*

Yes! They have had to abandon their ship, and one perhaps dying of hunger and thirst! Well, it shall not be said that the *Albatross* did not come to their help.



*Orders were given, and the 'aircraft' began to sink toward the sea.*

Hallo, there!



*One of the men looked up feebly.*

We have come to help you. Who are you?

We belong to the barque *Jeanne*. I am the mate. We left her a fortnight ago as she was sinking. We have no water and no food.



*A line was let down, and a pail of fresh water was lowered into the boat. The man snatched at it with an eagerness awful to see.*



*Then a basket with some food and coffee descended toward them. The cast, with difficulty, restrained the men in their ravenousness. At last...*

Where are we?

Fifty miles from the Chilean coast. We are going to tow you.



*The boat, attached to a hundred feet of rope, began to move off toward the east.*



*At ten o'clock at night, the land was sighted. The survivors of the Jeannette were taken to the mouth of a channel.*

Cast off the towline



*They did this, with many a blessing to those who had saved them, and the Albatross headed out over the sea.*



*Between themselves, Uncle Prudent and Pao Evans could not but admit that there was some good in this service.*

What belugas, perfect as it might be, would be able to perform such a service?



*Now the sea grew rough. The barometer fell. The wind came in violent gusts. Preparations were made for a cyclone.*

Higher!

Higher it is.



*The seventy-four screws were driven at their maximum speed. But the paranel could not escape. She sank like a ship that founders.*

We will try to gain the center of the cyclone, where it is comparatively calm.



*Suddenly, the barometer fell more than a dozen millimeters, and the Albatross paused in her ascent.*

Some formidable air currents must be pulling us back.



*Suddenly, the vapor condensed in torrents of rain. The Albatross was driven before the wind.*



**A**mid these dangers, Robur retained his imperforable coolness. The Albatross was bearing due south toward the polar region.

We would freeze, except that the cyclone seems to carry some heat along with it.



**Soon—**

The South Pole is beneath!



**T**wo luminous points showed themselves ahead of the Albatross.

There are the two volcanoes of the Ross Mountains—Erebus and Terror.



**A**n hour of intense excitement followed. One of the volcanoes seemed to be rushing at the vessel.



**B**ut the flames were blown down by the cyclone as it passed, and the Albatross flew over unharmed.



*The aerial sped along to the north. The violence of the storm diminished, and the Albatross began to come under control again. But both propelling screws had sustained damage. One day, land was sighted.*

We will stop at that island without landing and repair the screws.



*A cable one hundred and fifty feet long, with an anchor at the end, was dropped overboard and firmly fixed between two large rocks.*

The propeller blades will have to be adjusted and the gearing seen to.



*Robur calculated his position.*

We are twenty-eight hundred miles south of X Island. That is nearer than I supposed.

We have few provisions left. We ought to get to X as soon as possible.



*It was at X Island, in the north of the South Pacific, that Robur had built the Albatross and founded a little colony.*

Mr Robur, what is to be done with those two gentlemen and their servant?

Do you think they would complain if they became colonists of X Island?





*Meanwhile, Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans, after five weeks of anger that could not vent itself, had reached a horrible pitch. That night...*

Phil Evans, have you resolved, as I have, to sacrifice your life?

Yes.



Last night, I slipped into the magazine and got hold of a dynamite cartridge. There is enough to shatter the corset to atoms. I took some gunpowder as well. I will make a fuse that will take some time to burn.



*Immediately, Uncle Prudent set to work. When he was finished, he put the dynamite in a locker. He lighted the end of the fuse.*

Now let us go off and wait.



*They went out Phil Evans leaned over the rail. The deck was deserted.*

Here is a better idea. We can escape down the cable.

We would be fools not to take the chance now that it has come.



*They noiselessly creep forward, intending to wake Frycollin and take him with them. Uncle Prudent was close to Frycollin's cabin when Phil Evans stopped him.*

The lookout!



*He was crouching near the deck house, half asleep.*

Look, ropes and pieces of rag!



*An instant afterword, the man was gagged and blindfolded and lashed to the rail!*

It is quiet. Everyone is asleep.



*They reached Frycollin's cabin. Uncle Prudent stepped into the doorway and looked around.*

Nobody here!

Where can he be?



Has the fellow got a head start on us?

Whether he has or not, we can't wait any longer!



The fugitives clambered over the side and, seizing the cable with hands and feet, slipped to the ground.



They were starting up the creek to the interior of the island when a form rose in front of them.

Frycollin: He had the audacity to start without telling us!



Uncle Prudent was in search of a refuge in some distant part of the island when Phil Evans stopped him.

Uncle Prudent, Robur is deemed like his companions to a terrible death. He deserves it, we know. But if he would swear not to take us prisoners again...



There was a noise on the Albatross. ~~Finally~~ the escape had been discovered. Electric Jumps shot beams over a large circle.

There they are! There they are!



**T**he cable was hoisted in and the Albatross sank toward the ground. Phil Evans shouted to it:

Robert, will you give us your word of honor to leave us free on this island?

Never!



**T**he reply was followed by the report of a gun, and the bullet grazed Phil Evans' shoulder.

Ah! The bastard!



**W**hile Prudent rushed toward the rocks where the anchor had fixed itself. In a few seconds, the cable was cut, and the breeze carried the Albatross out over the sea.



**R**ober was seized with anger.

They have escaped, but they cannot get away from the island. In a day or so, I will recapture them. In the meantime, all hands to work repairing the screws.



*The work was actively pushed on. Some time later...*

Hallo! Don't you smell burning powder?

Have those scoundrels set something on fire? Force the door of their cabin.



*But the mate had not made one step toward it when a fearful explosion shook the Albatross.*



*The screws stopped spinning, and the Albatross dropped into the abyss. Robur climbed to the broken deck house and, seizing the lever, reversed the rotation of the propellers.*

This may check the fall.



*But eighty seconds after the explosion, all that remained of the Albatross plunged into the waves.*



*Back on the island, the natives welcomed the three fugitives as if they were supernatural beings.*

The Albatross must have blown up by now

It was an act of legitimate self-defense.



*A month passed on the island without a sign of a ship. At last one came, and the three men embarked for America.*

Remember, not a word about our adventures. We will have nothing to say about the inventions of other aviators.



*At San Francisco, they took the first train to Philadelphia. On the evening of their arrival Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans took their seats at the Weldon Institute.*

Worthy citizens, the meeting is now open.



At our last meeting, the discussion was somewhat animated between those who wanted the screw on our balloon, the Go-ahead, to be in the front and those who wanted it behind. We have found a way to bring agreement. We are going to use two screws, one at each end.



*That was all. Of the kidnapping, not a word! The balloonists were longing to ask questions, but thought it best to respect their president's silence.*

Gentlemen, it now only remains for us to finish the Go-ahead! It is left to her to effect the conquest of air.



Seven months after the return of Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans, Philadelphia was in a state of unvoiced excitement. The balloon Go-ahead was to be launched.

Who is going up?

Uncle Prudent, Phil Evans and an aeronaut.



At last, everything was ready. The balloon was floating a few feet from the ground. The crowd was immense. Cheers rose like fireworks.



A gun was fired. The Go-ahead rose majestically.



She rose to an altitude of eight hundred feet and then began her horizontal maneuvering. She moved forward and backward, she turned in a small circle.



Suddenly there was a shout among the crowd. All hands stretched toward a point on the horizon.

Is it a giant bird?



The Albatross!  
The Albatross!



It was indeed the Albatross, which nine months before had fallen into the ocean. The remains of the deck formed a sort of raft on which Robur and his men stayed until sighted by a passing ship.



Robur and his companions were saved and so was much of the aeronaut.

I must bring the engines and propellers back with me.



When the ship arrived in Melbourne, Robur bought a small brigantine and sailed for K Island. There, using what he could of the old material, he built a new Albatross.

I will have revenge on those scoundrels of the Weldon Institute.





*That is why, on this very day, the aeronaut appeared over Fairmount Park. The Go-ahead saw she could not escape horizontally; and so sought her safety in a vertical direction. The Albatross followed her as she rose.*



*The Albatross flew round her flanks and could have annihilated her at a stroke.*



*The Go-ahead tried to distance her enemy by rising still higher. The Albatross followed her going round and round at top speed. Suddenly, a shout of terror rose from the crowd.*

The Go-ahead is dropping!



*The gas had dilated in the higher zones of the atmosphere and had burst the balloon which, half-inflated, was falling rapidly. The Albatross came down alongside the Go-ahead.*

Get on board!



The aeronaut jumped, but Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans refused to be saved by Rabur. The crew of the Albatross dragged them by force from the Go-chesod.



The Albatross glided off and remained stationary while the balloon fell on the trees like a gigantic rag.



An appalling silence reigned as the Albatross came down to within six feet of the ground. Then Rabur's voice was heard.

Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans, you are free! I see that your minds are not prepared for that important revolution which the conquest of air will one day bring.



Uncle Prudent, Phil Evans and the aeronaut jumped down. Then...

My experiment is finished. I have come too soon. I go, then, and I take my secret with me. It will belong to you the day you are educated enough to profit by it and wise enough not to abuse it. Citizens of the United States, Goodbye!



And the Albatross shot off toward the east bearing Rabur and the science of the future.



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.

## JULES VERNE

WHEN Jules Verne was a young boy, he once wrote, "I want to go adventuring in strange places—places with palm leaves and red and green birds and feathery ferns taller than men growing in mysterious jungles and caverns that no one has ever explored, with echoes and secret passage-ways."



Verne's love of adventure caused him to run away from home when he was a boy. He paid a cabin boy on a ship to change places with him. He sailed off hoping to see all the wonderful places he had dreamed about. But life aboard ship was not as exciting as he thought it would be. He had to spend most of his time below deck serving food to the crew, clearing tables and washing dishes. When the ship reached a port, his father was there to take him home. The boy was relieved.

Verne spent his childhood in Nantes, France, where he had been born on February 8, 1828. He was very imaginative and liked to amuse himself and his friends by drawing pictures and plans of things considered very strange then, such as horseless carriages driven by steam. He was also athletic and he enjoyed walking around on stilts.

Verne liked to write adventure stories and plays but did not tell his father about them because he knew he would not be pleased. His father was a very successful lawyer and he wanted his son to be a lawyer, too. When Verne was sixteen, he began to study law in his father's office.

When he was ready to take his first law examination, he went to Paris. He passed the examination and went back home. But he decided that one day he would return to Paris to live and write.

In November, 1846, he made a second trip to Paris for another law examination. This time he met Alexandre Dumas and the two men became friends. Dumas read Verne's plays and decided to produce one. This was very exciting for Verne and gave him the encouragement he needed.

Even though he passed his law examination, he wrote to his father, "I am not coming home, I am going to devote myself to literature. I may become a good writer, but I would never be anything but a poor lawyer."

Life in Paris was a struggle for Verne. In order to earn money, he gave lessons to young law students. He worked hard at his writing but did not achieve any success at first. He married in 1857 and it was difficult for him to support his wife, who was a widow with two children.

Finally, in 1863, with the publication of *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, he became famous. The book was very popular and Verne was hailed as an outstanding young author.

After that, he wrote many books including *Around the World in Eighty Days*, *From the Earth to the Moon*, *A Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *Michael Strogoff* and *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*.

Before Verne wrote a book, he read everything he could find on the subject about which he was going to write. He had a great deal of imagination, which made him a master at science fiction. He predicted the invention of the incandescent bulb, the submarine and the electric clock, among other things.

He was honored by the French Academy and received the Legion of Honor medal for his writings. He died, prosperous and successful, in 1905.

# Who Knows?

A short story by Guy de Maupassant / PART I

**M**erciful Heavens! if I were not sure of what I've seen, I should consider myself just the victim of a hallucination, the sport of some strange optical delusion.

After all, who knows?

Now I am in a mental home, but I went there by my own choice, as a precaution, because I was afraid.

I have always lived alone, because of a sort of uneasiness, which the nearness of other people sets up in me. When I am conscious of them around me, I am aware of an urgent desire to see them go away, or to go away myself and be alone.

I am so fond of being alone that I cannot even stand the nearness of another being sleeping under the same roof. In fact, other people's sleep is even more painful to me than their conversation.

The result of this has been that I am, or rather I was, very much attached to inanimate objects, and that my house has, or rather had, become a world in which I led a lonely but useful life, surrounded by things that I knew and loved like friends. All my servants slept in a building at the other end of a walled kitchen-garden.

That evening, I was walking home briskly. It was dark, pitch dark. I could barely see the road. The night was very mild. I entered the long sycamore drive leading to the house, which stretched before me like a tunnel through the blackness of the trees.

As I approached the house a sudden uneasiness came over me. I paused. There was not a sound, not a breath of air stirring

in the leaves. "What is the matter with me?" I thought. I was not afraid. Besides, I was armed. I had my pistol.

What was it? A premonition. Perhaps. Who knows?

I sat down on a seat in the garden under my drawing-room windows. At first I noticed nothing unusual. I was aware of a kind of rumbling in my ears, but that often happens to me.

But soon the rumbling became clearer, more definite, more unmistakable. I could hear it through the wall, a continuous noise, a faint stirring, as if someone were moving all my furniture from its usual place and pushing it around gently.

Naturally, for a while, I did not trust my hearing. But after I put my ear close to the shutters, I became convinced that something unusual was going on inside. I was not afraid, but—how shall I put it—startled by the sheer surprise of it. I waited.

I waited a long time, motionless, listening all the while to the growing noise, which swelled at times to a violent crescendo, and then seemed to become an angry growling.

Then, suddenly, ashamed of my cowardice, I grabbed my bunch of keys, and pushing the door with all my might, I threw it back against the inside wall.

The slam echoed like gunshot, and immediately the crash was followed by a tremendous uproar from cellar to attic. It was so terrifying, so deafening, that I stepped back a bit and, although I realized it was useless, I drew my pistol from its holster.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

# The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky

A short story by Stephen Crane / PART I

The great Pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of motion that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward.

A newly married pair had boarded this coach at San Antonio. The man's face was reddened from many days in the wind and sun. The bride was not pretty, nor was she very young. It was quite apparent that she had cooked, and that she expected to cook, dutifully. He explained to her about the trains. "You see, it's a thousand miles from one end of Texas to the other, and this train runs right across it, and never stops but four times." He had the pride of an owner. He pointed out to her the dazzling fittings of the coach; and in truth her eyes opened wider as she contemplated the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil.

"We are due in Yellow Sky at 3:42," he said, looking tenderly into her eyes.

"Oh, are we?" she said, as if she had not been aware of it. She took from a pocket a little silver watch; and as she held it before her, and stared at it with a frown of attention, the new husband's face shone.

"I bought it in San Anton' from a friend of mine," he told her gleefully.

Presently it was apparent, that, as the distance from Yellow Sky grew shorter, the husband became commensurately restless. As a matter of truth, Jack Potter was beginning to find the shadow of a deed weigh upon him like a leaden slab. He, the town

marshal of Yellow Sky, a man known, liked, and feared in his corner, a prominent person, had gone to San Antonio to meet a girl he believed he loved, and there, had actually induced her to marry him, without consulting Yellow Sky for any part of the transaction. He was now bringing his bride before an innocent and unsuspecting community.

Of course people in Yellow Sky married as it pleased them, but such was Potter's thought of his duty to his friends, that he felt he had committed an extraordinary crime. He knew full well that his marriage was an important thing to his town. It could only be exceeded by the burning of the new hotel. His friends could not forgive him.

He resolved that he would use all the devices of speed and plaincraft in making the journey from the station to his house. Once within that safe citadel, he could issue some sort of bulletin, and then not go among the citizens until they had time to wear off a little of their enthusiasm.

The bride looked anxiously at him. "What's worrying you, Jack?"

He laughed. "I'm not worrying, girl; I'm only thinking of Yellow Sky."

The traitor to the feelings of Yellow Sky narrowly watched the speeding landscape. "We're nearly there," he said.

Presently the porter came and announced the proximity of Potter's home.

"Come on, girl," said Potter, hoarsely. As he helped her down, they each laughed on a false note. He gripped his wife's arm firmly to his side, and they fled.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

## Men of Action: JOSHUA

*The flight of the children of Israel out of bondage in Egypt is told in the Bible. About 1400 B. C., the prophet Moses led the Israelites for forty years in the desert, seeking the land of Canaan, which God had promised to them. It came to pass that when Moses was one hundred and twenty years old, he died. God appointed Joshua his successor.*

AS I WAS WITH MOSES, SO I WILL BE WITH THEE.  
I WILL NOT FAIL THEE NOR FORSAKE THEE. BE  
STRONG, AND OF GOOD COURAGE, FOR THOU  
SHALT LEAD THY PEOPLE INTO THE LAND OF  
CANAAN.



*Joshua said his people of the Lord's command*

Within three days ye shall pass  
over Jordan into the land which  
the Lord hath given you.



*Jericho was a key citadel in Canaan. Joshua sent two spies to find out about Jericho's fortifications. They reported that the people of Jericho were afraid of the Israelites.*

Truly the Lord hath delivered into our hands  
all the land, for the inhabitants do faint  
because of us.



The walls of Jericho were shut against the Israelites. Then the Lord told Joshua to march his army around the city walls once each day for six days. Joshua told his people what the Lord said.

Ye shall not shout until the day I bid you: then shall ye shout.



Each day, for six days, the Israelite army circled once around the city walls, while the priests blew their trumpets.



On the seventh day the people marched around the walls seven times. On the seventh march, at the given signal, they all gave out a mighty shout together, whereupon the walls of Jericho fell.



Although Jericho was burned to the ground, Joshua warned the people that the city's treasures were not to be looted.

All the silver and gold, and vessels of brass and iron, are consecrated unto the Lord.



*Joshua turned his attention to Ai in the west. Spies were sent out again.*

Ai is a very small fortress and we will not need many men to subdue it.



*But the three thousand Israelites sent to conquer Ai were driven back in disorder.*



*Joshua asked for God's guidance.*

O Lord, what shall I say, when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?

**ISRAEL HATH SINNED AND TRANSGRESSED MY COVENANT AGAINST STEALING THE TREASURES OF JERICHO. THEREFORE, THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL TURNED THEIR BACKS, BECAUSE THEY WERE ACCURSED.**



*Achan, one of the warriors, confessed to stealing some of the treasure. He was punished by Joshua.*

Why hast thou troubled us? The Lord shall trouble thee this day.



*A second attack on Ai was successful. The people of Ai were lured out of their city in an ambush, and were trapped between two Israelite forces.*





The inhabitants of Gibeon learned about the destruction of Jericho and Ai, and made a separate peace with Israel. Five Canaanite kings formed an alliance to attack Gibeon. The Gibeonites sent to Joshua for help.

Get through to Joshua's camp and tell him to come quickly and save us.



That night, Joshua and his men marched stealthily up a steep mountain trail.



The next morning, the surprised Canaanites fled from the Israelites.

Follow them!



God sent hailstones peeling down upon the heads of the retreating Canaanites.



As the day went on, Joshua saw the battle going in his favor. He wanted to prevent the scattered foe from withdrawing under cover of darkness.

O Lord, give me time enough to make the victory complete. Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon.



And the sun stood still in the midst of heaven and did not go down for a full day. The children of Israel won a great victory. The Canaanites were completely destroyed.



So Joshua captured the whole land of Canaan, just as the Lord had told it to Moses. And Joshua divided the land as an inheritance to the twelve tribes of Israel, and the land rested from war.



When Joshua grew old in age, he called all the Israelites before him.

Thus saith the Lord, "I brought your fathers out of Egypt and I have given ye a land for which ye did not labor and cities which ye built not." Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth.



And it came to pass after these things, that Joshua, the servant of the Lord, died, being one hundred and ten years old.

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