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FEATURING STORIES BY THE
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**THE QUEEN'S
NECKLACE**

ALEXANDRE DUMAS



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Alexandre Dumas



The winter and spring of 1784 devoured half of France. About the middle of April, three hundred thousand miserable beings, dying from cold and hunger, groaned in Paris alone. Scarcely another city contained so many rich people, but nothing had been done to prevent the poor from perishing of wretchedness.

The frost prolonged the miseries of the people. The frozen streets became so dangerous that the people suffered from broken limbs and accidents of all kinds. Snow prevented the carriages from being heard, and the police had much to do, because of the reckless driving of the aristocracy, to preserve from the wheels those who were spared by cold and hunger.

One day, an elegant sleigh entered Paris. It contained two ladies, one of whom carried her head erect and stately in spite of the wind. The sleigh stopped at a small street.

Return at a quarter to seven with the cobriolet. The streets are becoming too muddy for the sleigh.

Very well, madame



The ladies entered a high, narrow house and ascended to the fifth story.

Is it here that Madame the Countess de la Motte Valais lives?

Yes, madame



Jeanne de la Motte rose to receive her visitors.

We are from a charitable institution and have heard things concerning your condition which interest us.

Mesdames, I am truly of the race of Valais, who were on the throne before it passed to the house of Bourbon. But now I am reduced to this poverty.



The ladies questioned her at some length, then rose to go. The tall lady drew from her pocket a small roll.

This may be of some assistance to you until you obtain something better.



When they had gone, Jeanne de la Motte opened the roll.

A hundred louis! These ladies are very rich!



The ladies, meanwhile, had gotten into the cabriolet and set off at a rapid pace.

Well, Andree, what do you think of the countess?

I think she is poor and unfortunate, but there is a look of cunning in her face which does not please me.



Now, I find her interesting and simple.

It is fortunate for her, madame, that she has succeeded in pleasing you.



The crowds in the street seemed discontented at the rapid course of the cabriolet.

Down with the cabriolet!

Down with those that crush the poor!



A crowd gathered round them. The younger lady shrank back, but the other looked round her with wonderful resolution.

They are not men, they are wild beasts. With what can they possibly reproach us?



She was answered by a voice whose polite tone contrasted strangely with the savage murmurs of the people.

They reproach you, madame, with having broved the police order which appeared this morning prohibiting all cabriolets from driving through the streets. Cabriolets are very dangerous in this frost, when people can hardly escape them fast enough.



The lady turned and saw a young officer whose fine figure could not help but make a favorable impression.

I was perfectly ignorant of this order. But what must I do? They are destroying my cabriolet.

Take advantage of the time to escape



In a few minutes, they were at a cabstand

Monsieur, you cannot refuse us one more favor. Have the kindness to accompany us to Versailles.



The officer instantly placed himself opposite them. They proceeded in silence for some time. Then the elder lady spoke to her companion in English.

I fear our poor companion is bored. Don't you think he has a most distinguished air?

Yes, certainly, for he is very handsome



The young man interrupted them

Your pardon, ladies, but I must tell you that I understand English perfectly.

Oh, monsieur, we had no harm to say of you, as you must have heard.



Finally they reached Versailles.

Thank you for your generous assistance. We shall not forget it. Will you tell us your name?

I am Count de Charry.



As the ladies made their way toward the castle, they heard the clock strike.

A quarter to twelve. See, all the doors are shut.

I will call.

A voice answered them rudely

I have orders from the King not to open this door to anyone after eleven o'clock.

It is infamous!

At this moment, a young man approached.

The Queen!

Hush! The guard will not open the door.

The young man began knocking at the door and striking it with his sword.

The King has ordered--

Has he ordered you to turn away his brother like a beggar or a robber? I am Count d'Artois, sir.

But the guard would not yield.

Tomorrow there will be a frightful scandal.

The King, to know whether or not you were out, has given these strict orders. But come, I will save you.

The count led the ladies to a small house which he had near the castle.

You must not think of returning to the castle tonight. At six o'clock in the morning, the gates will be opened. Then you will regain your rooms, go to bed, and all will be well.

At 6:30 the next morning, King Louis XVI entered the Queen's chambers and found her in bed.

You sleep well, madame.

Yes, sire, I read late and, had your majesty not disturbed me, I might have slept for some time longer.



The King felt ashamed of his suspicions.

Forgive me. My joy is as great as my repentance. You will not be angry, will you?



But the Queen withdrew her hand.

Sire, a Queen of France must not tell a falsehood. I was not here last night. If you wish to know whether I return late or early, you have no need to close the gates. Simply come to me and ask.



The Queen related her visit to Jeanne de la Motte.

Ah, I know whom you mean. She is calculating. She worries my ministers, teases my aunts and overwhelms me with supplications. But I have no funds. We are all on the privation list.



The King began searching in his pockets.

But enough of this. I have something for you. Messieurs Boehmer and Bossonge, who made it, are artists.



The King laid a jewel box on the bed, and the Queen drew out of it a necklace of diamonds so large, so pure, so glittering and so even that she was breathless with admiration.

You are content?

Enchanted, sire.



He was about to put it on her when she stopped him.

But, sire, is it very dear? I cannot wear a million and a half francs around my neck, for this necklace must cost that, while the King's coffers are empty, and he is forced to stint his charities.



Are you serious in saying this?

Listen, sire, with that sum we could build a ship of the line, and in truth, sire, the King has more need of a ship than the Queen of a necklace.



The King threw his arms round her neck and kissed her.

Thank you, Antoinette. How France will bless you! It shall hear what you have done.



Kissing his wife's hand, he went away quite joyful. No sooner had he gone when the Queen called for Andree.

I have heard that your brother arrived yesterday from America. Yet I took you away to Paris. It was unpardonable.

Oh, madame, I pardon you willingly, and so does Philippe.



Poor Philippe! I have not seen him now for nine or ten years. Ask him to come to me.



Andree left and in a quarter of an hour re-entered with a handsome man who bowed gravely to the Queen.

Monsieur de Taverney, how many years have passed since we last met? Do you remember those old days? Alas, the most beautiful part of our lives. Are you changed since then?



No, madame, I am not changed--at least, not in heart.

Well, I am glad to hear that, for it was a good one.



She invited him to go skating with her. As they went down the staircase, the drums were beating and the clarions playing. The whole scene completed the intoxication of the young man.



That evening, the Queen joined the court, which had assembled to honor Monsieur de Suffren, a famous naval commander

Monsieur de Suffren, welcome to Versailles. You bring glory with you.

Sire, one of my officers has committed so grave a fault against discipline that I thought your majesty ought to be sole judge of the offense



In the last battle, the captain of *Le Severe* struck his flag, and the English were about to take possession of the prize when one of the lieutenants seized the flag and ordered the men to recommence the fire. It was by this action that the ship was preserved.



A splendid action!

Yes, madame, but a grave fault against discipline. However, I ask pardon for the officer, the more so as he is my own nephew.



It is granted. You must present this officer to me.

Approach, Monsieur de Chorny.



A young officer advanced and presented himself before the King. The Queen and Andres looked at each other

It is he, there is no doubt.

Yes, madame, it is he indeed.



The Queen held out her hand to Chorny, and the young man pressed his lips to it, while Philippe looked on from an obscure corner, pale with emotion.



Meanwhile, Jeanne de la Motte was receiving Cardinal Louis de Rohan, to whom she had written, asking for aid.

And you, madame, a Valois, are not supported by anyone?

No, although two ladies of charity left a hundred louis on my table two days ago.



The cardinal questioned Jeanne about her visitors.

The taller lady had blue eyes and a small mouth, though the lips were rather thick. She was of middle height, with perfect hands, a long, slender throat, and a severe and noble expression.



It must have been the Queen. It is known she was in Paris that day. Perhaps this is not a poor woman I am dealing with, but a princess aided by the Queen, who bestows her gifts in person.

He began to think he had never met a woman prettier or more attractive.

I will conduct you to Versailles myself. My solicitude for you will not cease.

The cardinal rose, pressed her hand to his lips and left.

I believe I have met an able assistant in my desire to cultivate the Queen's favor. This woman has a great deal of talent.



Two days after the cardinal's visit, Jeanne de la Motte, who was interested in the mysterious science of mesmerism, which was fashionable in Paris at that time, arrived at Dr. Mesmer's door.

Perhaps he can reveal to me the identity of the two ladies who visited me.



She was admitted into a large room where all the patients were seated round a tank. Among them was a young woman who showed the first effects of the treatment.



As she constantly threw back her head, all around could see her face perfectly. Many looked at her with great astonishment. Jeanne de la Motte gazed at her earnestly.

Oh, it is she, there is no doubt. It is the lady who come to see me.



As the lady went into a fit of excitement, a man near her spoke in a loud voice

But look, it is the Queen!



Many voices cried out.

The Queen here! The Queen in that state! Impossible!

But look, there is no doubt of it.



Jeanne turned from the spectacles and, going near the door, found herself face to face with two ladies. She saw instantly that the elder of the two was the real Queen, and that the woman on the chair was only someone who remarkably resembled her.

Madame de la Motte!
What is the matter?



I am agitated by the danger your majesty is incurring here. Pray come away. There is not an instant to lose.



The Queen moved to the door.

Your majesty is running a great risk.

Will you explain yourself?



I will have the honor to tell your majesty whenever you will grant me an hour's audience.

Very well. Come to me tomorrow.



A carriage drove up, the two women got in and were immediately out of sight.

I have done right in this-- for the rest, I must consider.



During this time Count de Cagliostro, who had pointed out the fictitious Queen, touched the shoulder of a man who stood near him.

Monsieur Reteau, for you, who are a journalist, here is a fine subject for an article.

How so?



The dangers of being governed by a king who is governed by a queen who indulges in such fits as these.

But the Bastille?



Who can interfere with you if you do not use their names?

It is an admirable idea!



Take these fifty louis. I shall want a thousand copies. Let it be amusing.

It will make all Paris die laughing, except one person.



The journalist took his leave. Cagliostro again turned to look at the young woman.

Really, the resemblance to the Queen is frightening. It furthers my plans to undermine the monarchy.



When Jeanne de la Motte reached her lodging after leaving Dr. Mesmer's house, she found a man waiting at her door with a note from Cardinal de Rohan.

He wishes me to go where his messenger will conduct me.



She re-entered the carriage. Ten minutes sufficed to bring her to the entrance of a pretty house completely hidden by trees. She was led to the dining room, where she found the cardinal waiting for her.

Am I to sup with you?



It is I who sup with you. I wish to restore you to your proper place. Consequently, I hope you will accept this small residence.

You give me this house, monseigneur?



A very small gift, countess. By the way, have you heard any more of the ladies who come to see you?

I believe one to be the Queen.



Then it is a great step forward toward your fortune. There only remains one thing--to penetrate Versailles.

Tomorrow, I shall go to Versailles, where I shall be received and, I have every reason to hope, well received.



Three days later, the journalist Reteau issued a paper which detailed the Queen's supposed visit to Dr Musmer. He was surprised to see a young man enter his shop, his left hand on the hilt of his sword, and a stick in his right.

You are the villain who published this article? You have doubtless received one payment in money. Now you shall have another in caring.



Turning quickly round, Reteau reached a door which opened into a passage through which there was an exit.

Once through the gate I am safe, for I can lock it behind me.



However, just as he was about to turn the key, he saw coming toward him another young man.

Monsieur, let me pass, if you please.

Monsieur, stop that fellow, I beg.



Do not be afraid, Monsieur de Charny, he shall not pass.

Monsieur de Tavorney!



Both young men had read the article that morning and both, animated with the same sentiments of adoration for the Queen, had come to avenge her.

It seems I have come too late and can only look on.



Charry turned to the trembling journalist.

Sir, have you an accomplice? Who commissioned this infamy?

Count de Cagliostro bought a thousand copies.

He shall pay for his share when you have paid for yours.



A cry from Releau announced that Charry had begun. When he had finished.

How did you happen to come to this gate, Monsieur de Taverney?

I made some inquiries in the neighborhood about this fellow and, hearing that he had this mode of escape, I thought, by coming in here and locking the gate after me, I would cut off his retreat.



I rejoice that you were here. Now let us burn all the papers that he has in his shop.



A servant ran to fetch help, but they had time to light a fire and were throwing the last of the articles in when the guard appeared.

Let us leave by Releau's secret exit.



When they found themselves in the street they bowed and parted. After walking some time, Charny entered the street where Cagliostro lived and there once more found himself face to face with Philippe.

I defend my right to make Monsieur de Cagliostro burn his thousand copies.



I am sorry to tell you that I wish to have the first turn.

Then, before taking satisfaction of Monsieur de Cagliostro, suppose we take a turn in the Bois de Boulogne? Perhaps we can settle our dispute there.



They walked to Charny's carriage and in less than half an hour reached the Bois de Boulogne. They got out and walked a little way. Then...

Defend yourself!



Their swords crossed. Philippe soon perceived he was superior to his adversary and was satisfied with defending himself without attacking.

You dally with me. You wish to ridicule me and relate to the Queen and her ladies how you spared my life.

Ah, this is too much.



Philippe made another pass, and his sword glanced along Charny's ribs. Philippe put Charny into his carriage and then made his way back to Paris.

She will pity him.



Philippa went to the house of Cagliostro, who let Philippa burn his copies of the pamphlet. Meanwhile, in Versailles, the King sat in his study, where he was joined by his brother, Count de Provence.

Have you seen this pamphlet, sire?



The King glanced over it rapidly.

Infamous! I must clear this up.



The Queen was summoned. She related how she had turned back at Dr. Mesmer's door.

The witness from which my accusers must draw the truth is Madame de la Motte. Fortunately, she is now in the palace.



Five minutes later, Jeanne entered the room.

Madame, have the goodness to tell the King exactly what passed the other day at Monsieur Mesmer's. We want nothing but the simple truth.



Jeanne understood immediately that the Queen had need of her and knew that she could clear the Queen in a moment by mentioning the woman who so resembled her. But she felt inclined to keep her secret.

Sire, the spectacle at Monsieur Mesmer's appeared to me rather a coarse one, so when I saw her majesty entering, I begged her to leave, which she immediately did.



Everyone was pleased, and the ladies returned to the Queen's apartments. The jewellers Boehmer and Bassange were announced.

Ah, gentlemen, what do you bring me? You know I have no money.

The King informed us that you refused the diamond necklace. We plan to sell it abroad, but we could not let it leave France without offering it to you once more.



He opened a jewel case. Jeanne uttered a cry of admiration. The Queen cast a longing look.

They are beautiful.



Jeanne clasped the necklace around the Queen's neck.

On your neck, madame, they would make all women die with jealousy.



The Queen forgot herself for a time in admiration. Then...

Take the necklace back. Put it away immediately.



The jewellers left the room, followed by Jeanne.

She is regretting and desiring. Perhaps I have found a way to help the cardinal win her favor.



When Jeanne returned to her house, she wrote a few lines summoning the cardinal. When he entered...

Ah, dear Jeanne. You have returned from Versailles?

Yes, I spent three hours with her majesty



Three hours! How many things a clever woman like you might say in three hours!

I assure you, monseigneur, that I did not waste my time.



She related to him all the circumstances which had made her almost the confidante of the Queen.

The Queen has one desire, which she cannot satisfy. It is for a diamond necklace.

I have heard that the King offered it to her, and she refused it.



I can assure you that she no sooner refused it than she earnestly desired to have it. I believe that she would make the man who gave it to her prime minister.



I do wish to become prime minister. The only obstacle is the objection of the Queen

Here is a way to overcome it.



The next morning, the cardinal went to the jewellers.

The Queen wishes your necklace. I will give you one hundred thousand francs down, and five hundred thousand francs every four months. But you must keep my secret.

Yes, monseigneur.



Then he told Jeanne, who went immediately to the Queen.

Yesterday Monsieur de Rohon came to see me. He spoke of your majesty's goodness and kindness. I related how, because of your liberality to others, you had been forced to deny yourself the beautiful necklace.



I saw him grow pale, and tears come into his eyes. He left me abruptly. An hour later I heard that he had bought the necklace for your majesty.

You will thank Monsieur de Rohon for me. Add that I accept his friendship, but not his gift.



But, madame--

I took it as a loan. He has advanced his money and credit to please me, and I will repay him.



She took a portfolio out of a drawer.

Here are one hundred thousand francs. This is my quarter's allowance from the King. Take it to the cardinal with my thanks. Each quarter I will pay the same. You will add that Monsieur de Rohon will be welcome at Versailles.



Jeanne went away full of joy and delight, which were intensified when the cardinal slid twenty-five thousand francs into her hand. Meanwhile, the Queen had heard that Charry had been wounded in the duel with Philippe. She had him attended by the court physician. Fever commenced, and before long he was delirious.

The devil! If the King should hear him! I must speak to the Queen.



The doctor entered the Queen's apartments

Madame, the patient in whom your majesty and the King are interested is delirious and says a number of things rather delicate for others to hear.

Take me where I can hear without being seen.



The doctor conducted her to an adjoining room. Charry was making fruitless efforts to rise

Marie, I love you. Come, my beloved, and we will live the life of the blessed. I feel that you love me, too. But I will never tell. Fear nothing.



Madame, the wound in itself is nothing. It is the unsoundness of the mind I cannot cure. You must see him and produce a crisis, either for good or ill.



The Queen sighed and walked straight to where Charry lay.

The Queen!

Yes, sir, the Queen, whom you offend both dreaming and waking. Will you cease to present the spectacle of a scandalous folly and leave the castle?



Chorny rose with a violent effort, but, unable to stand, fell almost into the arms of the Queen.



The Queen forgot everything but his danger. She supported his drooping head and pressed her hands to his forehead. Her touch seemed to revive him.

Ah, madame, pardon me!

I do pardon you. But if you are not the basest of men, tomorrow you will be dead, or you will have left the castle.



He threw himself at her feet. She opened the door and rushed away. Waiting outside, Andree de Tavernhey fell struck with both hate and despair.

God has given too much to that woman in adding to her throne and her beauty those precious minutes with Monsieur de Chorny.



Andree fled back to her room and locked herself in.



The next day, Chorny left the castle. On the same day, Andree entered the royal bedroom.

Madame, I am not happy in my affections. I have resolved to leave the court. Therefore, I beg your majesty's permission to retire into a convent.



She would say no more, and the Queen consented. Scarcely had she gone when the minister of finance was announced.

Have we any money, Monsieur de Calonne?

Certainly, madame. How much does your majesty require?



Very well. I need it on the fifth of next month, although it does cause me some remorse, for it is a caprice.

Never mind. Someone will gain by it.



Five hundred thousand francs, without the King's knowledge.

Oh, madame, that is impossible. Every month all my accounts are laid before the King. However, he does not always read them.



But it will be cruel to make the poor people pay for my caprices.

It is not the poor who will pay, madame, because they have nothing to pay with.



Meanwhile, Cardinal de Rohan was being visited by Count de Cagliostro.

Monseigneur, I come on a serious matter, as it concerns a sum of five hundred thousand francs.

The sum which you lent me? That was ten years ago. Why have you left it so long unclaimed?



I knew it was safe. But now various events have deprived me of my wealth, and I need it at once.



The cardinal was silent, through despair.

During those ten years there were twenty occasions when I could have repaid you with ease, while today the restitution you demand embarrasses me dreadfully.

He went to a cabinet and took out the money.

Nevertheless, I will discharge my debt. I am a Rohan and I will pay.



Bowing, Cagliostro left the room.

Well, it is lucky at least that the Queen has the money for the necklace.



The day before the first payment on the necklace was due, the King went to the council in rather a bad humor. Calonne handed him a paper with a list of pensions, gifts and payments to be made. He glanced at it.



Five hundred thousand francs to the Queen! Impossible! A fortnight ago her majesty received her money.

Sire, but if her majesty has need of money--



No, the Queen thinks but of France. The Queen does not want money. She said to me that she preferred a vessel to jewels.

Calonne bit his lips and withdrew to write a note to the Queen. She, in turn, summoned Jeanne de la Motte.

The King has refused me five hundred thousand francs. You must tell the cardinal that since he is so kind I accept the five hundred thousand francs he offered me.



Oh, madame, we are lost! The cardinal no longer has the money. A creditor claimed it from him. He confessed to me that he had no other resources.



The Queen itaned her head on her hands. After a few moments...

This is a punishment for having done anything, great or small, without the King's knowledge. It was a folly. Beautiful as the necklace is, you shall carry it back to Messieurs Boehmer and Bassange.



Jeanne took the necklace. She first drove home and changed her dress, which was too elegant for a visit to the jewellers. Meanwhile, she reflected

One million, six hundred thousand francs in my possession. To carry away such a sum in gold, I should need two horses. Yet how easily I hold it.

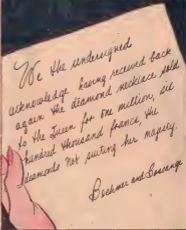


The Queen, now tranquil about the whole affair, locked up the receipt and thought no more of it. The jewellers, in their turn, received a letter, presumably from the Queen.

Her majesty says the payment on the necklace must be deferred, but she acknowledges the debt and engages to pay five hundred thousand francs in three months, the rest in six.



She remained nearly an hour in deep thought. Then she rose and ordered a coach. In a few minutes she reached the house of the journalist Reteau. The next day, she sent the Queen the following paper



We the undersigned
acknowledge having received back
again the diamond necklace sold
to the Queen for one million, six
hundred thousand francs, the
diamonds not putting her majesty.
Beckmer and Boussey

Thus Jeanne de la Motte managed to satisfy both the Queen and the jewellers with the aid of Reteau's pen. She shut up the diamonds carefully and resolved to wait a little

I need something to make both the Queen and the cardinal tremble, something which will give me power to say, "If you accuse me, I will accuse you. Leave me my wealth, and I will leave you your honor."



Her chance came soon. She was looking out her window one day when she saw a lady on the balcony opposite. She clasped her hands.



She looked again and saw that it was the woman who had been mistaken for the Queen of Dr. Mesmer's.

Oh, I sought for a means to gain my end and I have found one.

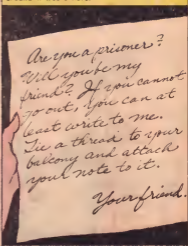


The next day, Jeanne presented herself at the house and asked who inhabited the rooms in which she had seen the lady.

A young woman, madame, but she never goes out. However, a gentleman visits her nearly every day.



The next morning, Jeanne took a crossbow and shot a little wooden ball right through the open window of the lady's room. Wrapped around it was a note.



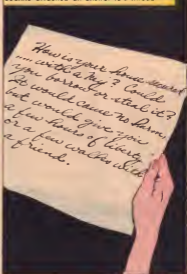
Jeanne soon received an answer

"He who keeps me here is a protector and not a tyrant. I will explain it all some day; but, alas, I cannot go out I am locked up. Your friend, Oliva Legay"



Jeanne attached an answer to a thread

*How is your house secured
... with a key? Could
you borrow or steal it?
It would cause no harm,
but would give you
a few hours of liberty
or a few walks with
a friend.*



Oliva prepared some wax and managed to take an impression of the key without being seen. This she lowered to Jeanne. After that, Jeanne had a key made and went off with Oliva whenever she pleased.

Why are you hidden away here?



My protector is Count de Cagliastra. He gives me fifty louis a month, and in return I walk out with him whenever he desires it. I believe he plots against the Queen.



Several days later, Jeanne made her proposal.

I know a gentleman who thinks he is in love with the Queen, whom you resemble a little. Let us have some amusement with him. Come to the park of Versoilles tonight with me and pretend to be the Queen.



Oliva agreed, and Jeanne hastened to the cardinal to tell him that the Queen, in her new-found good-will toward him, had arranged a rendezvous.

Come to the park at twelve. The Queen and I will be there.



Meanwhile, Chorny had been living in a little house just outside the park. That night he heard the door leading into the park open. In the bright moonlight, he caught a glimpse of a woman's face

It is Marie Antoinette!



Stifling his emotion, he slipped down into the park and hid behind a clump of trees. He saw that another woman was with her.

Oh, were she but alone, that I might fall on my knees before her and tell her "I love you!"



In a few minutes a man approached muffled up in a large cloak. He made a low bow. After a short time, he bowed again and left, pressing to his lips a rose which had been given to him.



The next night he watched again and saw the same figures enter the park. As they parted, the one Charny believed to be the Queen held out her hands to the man, and he kissed them so tenderly that Charny gnashed his teeth with rage.



The following night, the scene was repeated, and the next morning Charny arose, pale as death, and went to the castle just as the Queen was leaving the chapel. She spoke to him kindly.

How are you now, Monsieur de Charny? You appear troubled. Have you something to say to me?

I have too much to say to your majesty.



She walked with him to her apartments.

Speak.

How can I begin? How can I dare call you an unworthy Queen and woman? Yet I have been in the park these three nights!

Instead of trembling, as he had believed she would, she rose and approached him.

Monsieur de Charny, your state excites my pity. Your hands tremble, you grow pale.

I saw you. I saw you giving a rose to that man. I saw him kiss your hands.

The Queen passed her hands over her eyes as if to make sure that she was not dreaming.

Madman, to dishonor an innocent woman! I swear I was not in the park. Will it convince you if I go there with you tonight? If she appears again, you will be satisfied it is not I.



Jeanne, who was waiting in the antechamber, examined Charry attentively as he came out.

He has seen everything, it is clear. I would be a fool not to undo what I have done.



She drove to the cardinal's house and found him radiant with joy and pride.

I fear you have been seen in the park. If the King knew, you would be in the Bastille. I advise you not to tempt Providence again.



Swear to me not to see or speak to the Queen for a fortnight. You may, however, write to her, and I will carry your letters.



He sat down and wrote a letter full of ardent phrases of love, which he gave to Jeanne. On her way home, Jeanne gave way to her reflections.

This letter is what I wanted. How can either the cardinal or the Queen, when they find out about the necklace, ever turn against me while I hold in my hands such proof of a scandalous secret? No, they will let me go off quietly with my fortune in diamonds.



The only witness against her was Oliva, whom she sought out immediately.

You are in great danger. Our little trick has been found out. Unfortunately, impersonating the Queen is treason. I advise you to fly at once.



That evening, Chorny, obedient to the Queen's commands, waited for her in the park. At last she came.

Ah, here you are, sir. Come into the thick wood and let us watch.



Silent and proud, she waited for proof of her innocence to appear. An hour passed--the Queen stamped with impatience.

They will not come. These misfortunes only happen to me.



Fatigued and wearied with waiting and disappointment, she leaned against the tree and covered her face with her hands. Chorny could see the tears stealing through. At last she raised her head.

What a queen, who cannot reign over one heart, who cannot obtain the esteem of one honest man!

Oh, madams, pity me, for I am on the rack.

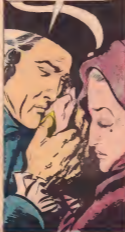


If I say to you, "Monsieur de Chorny, I love you and shall love no one else in the world, may God pardon me--will that convince you?"



He felt her breath on his lips. She gave him her hands to kiss.

Oh, now I am ready to die.



When they were gone, a man rose from among the bushes. It was Philippe de Taverney.

It is as I supposed.



The day arrived for the payment of the first five hundred thousand francs for the necklace. When the Queen did not send the money, the jeweller, Monsieur Boehmer, went to Versailles.

What is it now, Monsieur Boehmer? Have you more jewels to sell?

I only wished to say that your majesty probably forgot us yesterday



What do you mean?

Pardon me if I am indiscreet. The first payment for the necklace is due.



The Queen went to a drawer and took out the receipt.

But I sent back the necklace. Here is the receipt for it.



Madame, I never signed this receipt! I never received the necklace.



He drew out his pocketbook and produced a letter.

But you wrote me this, promising to pay

I never wrote to you.



The jeweller was frantic, the Queen angry. When they had grown calmer...

It seems to me we have both been duped. I will send for Madame de la Motte and Monsieur de Rohan.



Jeanne de la Motte could not be found, but the cardinal was soon announced.

I wish to hear all about this unlucky necklace.

I have it no more than you or the jewellers have it.



How can you doubt me, you who led me to feel for you the most ardent love, you who sent Madame de la Motte for me and who met me in the park?

I? Are you mad?



Monsieur de Rohan, confess immediately that you have invented all these horrors, or we must have recourse to the justice of the King.



The cardinal remained firm. The Queen rang the bell violently.

Tell his majesty that I desire his presence.



The King appeared, and the Queen laid the whole matter before him, not only of the necklace, but of the cardinal's claims about their meetings.

Monsieur, you shall go to the Bastille!

Consider, sirs. The scandal will commence and will fall heavily on the heads of the guilty.



The King re-entered his own rooms where he was joined by the Count de Provence.

The Queen says she does not have the necklace, never authorized Monsieur de Rohan to buy it, and never gave him the right to think himself more to her than any other of her subjects.



If it was not Monsieur de Rohan who walked in the park with the Queen, it must have been someone else. There are witnesses who saw her for four nights. Here are their declarations.

The King, pale with anger, snatched the paper from the hands of his brother.

The name of the gentleman?

The reports of the first three days do not name him, but one dated the next day, by a forester, says it was Monsieur de Chorny.



Monsieur de Chorny! Wait here. I will soon learn the truth of all this.



At this moment, the Queen was talking to that gentleman.

I have heard a frightful story being spread abroad by your majesty's enemies about a necklace.

I have powerful enemies -- therefore go and leave me. I bring misfortunes on my friends.



It is here that danger awaits you, and here I remain. I cannot let you take your heart away from me! I love you.

What, this abused Queen the world condemns has found one heart to love her?



Charry fell at her feet and kissed her hands. At that moment, the door opened and the King entered.

Ah, Monsieur de Charry! To kneel before the wife of another is a theft. When the wife is a Queen, the crime is called high treason.



Charry was about to speak, but the Queen forestalled him.

Sire, I will not hear him wrongfully accused without defending him.



Here she stopped, frightened at the falsehood she was about to tell and bewildered because she could not find one to utter.

You see Monsieur de Charry kneeling because he has a favor to ask me.



Chorny breathed again, and the King's look became calmer. The Queen hesitated, trying to think of something probable to say.

What was it? I want to hear.



Monsieur Chorny asked permission to marry.

What is so difficult in that?



Suddenly a thought struck her

She whom Monsieur de Chorny wishes to marry is in a convent. It is Andree de Taverney.



Chorny buried his face in his hands. The Queen could hardly support herself.

We will see if we can persuade her not to take her vows. I will give her a handsome dowry.



Chorny bowed like a pale statue and went out with the King. The Queen remained alone and despairing.

I must go to Andree and implore her to make this sacrifice.



She drove to the convent.

Oh, madama, why should you wish to see me, sorrowful and poor as I am?

I came to propose a marriage which would make you one of our great ladies. It is with Monsieur de Charny



Monsieur de Charny! Oh, I accept, I accept, for I love him.

Come, then.



When Charny heard he had been accepted, he went to call on the Tavernneys. He was met by Philippe.

Sir, you pass all bounds. I saw you promenade in the park with the Queen. I know it is she you love. My sister shall not be sacrificed.

Monsieur, this morning the King surprised me at the Queen's feet, and she, pressed by his jealous questions, replied that I was kneeling to ask the hand of your sister. Therefore, if I do not marry her, the Queen is lost.



A cry from the boudoir interrupted them. Andree had heard all and fainted. Philippe uttered a groan of agony.

Monsieur de Chorny, I make this engagement in the name of my sister. She will give her happiness to the Queen.



Several days later, Jeanne de la Motte was found and arrested. She insisted that she had given the necklace to the cardinal and that she knew nothing about the forged letters. She also accused Cagliostro of plotting with the cardinal. When the cardinal confronted her in the Bastille...

I am ignorant of what has become of the necklace, but you might well have given it to me for the service I rendered you and the Queen.



The cardinal, who really believed he had met the Queen in the park at Versailles, kept silent to preserve the Queen's honor. Rumors began to spread.

Has the Queen stolen the necklace?

Has she allowed Jeanne de la Motte to steal it because she knew her secrets?



Affairs were in this state when the police found Oliva. They brought her before the Queen.

Incredible! In this woman, doubtless, lies the cardinal's error.



Oliva confessed all. Then a report was spread that the diamonds were being sold in England by the journalist Releau. He was arrested and acknowledged everything.

I forged the letters at the request of Madame de la Motte. I am this woman's accomplice.



After long investigations, the judgment of the court was pronounced. The cardinal, Cagliostro and Oliva were acquitted, and Releau was condemned to the galleys. Jeanne de la Motte was publicly whipped and branded as a criminal.



The End

Alexandre Dumas

WHEN Alexandre Dumas submitted his first play for criticism, he was asked, "Have you any other means of existence?" When he replied that he was a clerk, he was told, "Go back to your desk, young man, go back to your desk."

But Dumas did not follow this advice. He went on to become a very successful dramatist and author. As a result of his writings, he became so famous that the street in a small town outside of Paris where he was born in 1802, was renamed after him.

Life was not easy for Dumas when he was a child. His father, who was a general in Napoleon's army, died when Dumas was only four. Dumas and his mother were left with little more than the land they lived on. They had to struggle to get along and Dumas received very little education. When he grew older, he worked as a lawyer's messenger and later became a clerk in Paris.

Dumas had always been interested in the theater and while he was doing his clerking, he began writing plays. When the idea for the plot of a play came to him, he would recite the lines bit by bit to himself and his friends. When the play was finally clear and complete in his mind, he wrote it all down.

In 1828, the committee of the *Theatre Francais* accepted one of his plays, *Henri III*, for presentation. It was an immediate success. On the morning after the play opened, Dumas was seized by the editor of an illustrated paper and led to the studio of an artist who then and there made a drawing of him for the paper. Dumas' appearance soon became a very familiar one around Paris. He later wrote, "My success, if not the best deserved, was at any rate one of the most sensational of the time."



In 1839, Dumas met Auguste Maquet who was a student of history, a lecturer and a writer. Maquet became Dumas' collaborator on many books. He supplied the historical research and Dumas, with his boundless imagination, expanded the research into stories like *The Three Musketeers* and *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

Dumas got the idea for his novel, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, after taking a trip to the island of Elba. After the trip, he and a companion were on board their ship traveling to an island near Elba for hunting, when they saw in the distance a rock jutting out of the sea. When Dumas asked what it was, he was told that it was the island of Monte Cristo. The name caught Dumas' fancy. Although he never visited the island because it was under quarantine, he never forgot it.

Dumas became a very wealthy man through his writings. But he lived extravagantly, like a character out of his own books, and his activities led him into debt. His downfall began with the building of a magnificent house called Monte Cristo. The day the house was finished, Dumas invited 600 guests to see it.

The house had many guest rooms and when people came to visit, they usually stayed on and on, spending Dumas' money as fast as he earned it. Occasionally, some of the guests would try to make themselves useful in return for their keep. For one man, Dumas invented the duty of going every day to check what the thermometer registered and report it to him.

During all of this time, Dumas continued to write, with the aid of several collaborators, and he made much money. But high living and high spending wore him out. He was near poverty when he died in 1870, at the age of sixty-eight.

Who Knows?

A short story by Guy de Maupassant

SYNOPSIS: The narrator returned home one night to see all his fine antique furniture gallop off by itself, piece by piece, down the drive of his house. He told no one what he had seen. After traveling for several months to restore his health, he went to Rouen, an old town in northern France. There, while looking at second-hand furniture stores, he was horrified to find all his furniture in one crowded shop.

PART

In the center of a large room stood a man, very short and very fat, and ugly besides. He had a sparse, dirty, yellow beard, and not a single hair on his head. The dome of his bald head looked like a small moon in this huge room piled high with old furniture.

After some bargaining, I bought three chairs that were really mine. They were to be delivered next morning. Then I left the shop. I went straight to the Police Station, where I told the story of the theft of my furniture and the discovery I had just made.

"I'll have the man arrested and questioned at once," the inspector said. "Come back in two hours."

"Excellent, Inspector! I'm more than grateful to you." I told him.

Two hours later I was back at the Police Station. "Well sir," the officer said when he saw me, "we haven't got your friend."

"Do you mean . . .?" A feeling of faintness came over me. "But . . . you have found the house?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! And it will be guarded, of course, until he returns. But he has disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

"Yes. His neighbor next door, an odd, old hag, hasn't seen him this evening and can't give any information about him. We shall have to wait until tomorrow."

I slept badly, with nightmares every time I dozed off. Because I didn't want to seem especially eager, I waited next morning until ten o'clock before going to the Police Station. The dealer had not come back. His shop was still closed.

The inspector said to me: "I've taken all the necessary steps. We'll go to the shop together and have it opened."

We drove to the place. When I went in, I saw neither my cabinet nor my armchairs, nor my tables—not a single one of all the things from my house, although the evening before I could not budge without running into something of mine.

The chief inspector looked at me suspiciously at first:

"Well, I must say, Inspector, the disappearance of my furniture fits in oddly with that of the dealer," I said.

He smiled. "You're right! You shouldn't have paid for your stuff yesterday. That gave him the clue. Don't be alarmed, sir, I shall leave no stone unturned. The thief won't escape us for long, now that we've got his hide-out."

My heart was beating so violently that I thought it would burst.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky

A short story by Stephen Crane

SYNOPSIS: Jack Potter, the marshal of the Texas town of Yellow Sky, was returning home with his new bride from San Antonio. He hoped to avoid meeting his friends because he was embarrassed to introduce them to his wife. Meanwhile, his old enemy, Scratchy Wilson, was out drunk again, looking for a fight.

PART IV

Potter and his bride walked sheepishly and with speed.

"Next corner, dear," he said finally.

They put forth the efforts of a pair walking bowed against a strong wind. Potter was about to raise a finger to point the first appearance of the new home when, as they circled the corner, they came face to face with a man in a maroon-colored shirt, who was feverishly pushing cartridges into a large revolver. Upon the instant, the man dropped his revolver to the ground and, like lightning, whipped another from its holster. The second weapon was aimed at the bridegroom's chest.

There was a silence. The two men faced each other at a distance of three paces. He of the revolver smiled with a new and quiet ferocity.

"Tried to sneak up on me," he said. "Tried to sneak up on me!" As Potter made a slight movement, the man thrust his revolver venomously forward. "No; don't you do it, Jack Potter. Don't you move an eyelash. The time has come for me to settle with you, and I'm going to do it my own way."

Potter looked at his enemy. "I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy," he said. "Honest, I ain't. You know I fight when it comes to fighting, Scratchy Wilson; but I ain't got a gun on me. You'll have to do all the shootin' yourself."

His enemy's face went livid. He stepped

forward and lashed his weapon to and fro before Potter's chest. "Don't you tell me you ain't got no gun on you, you whelp. There ain't a man in Texas ever seen you without no gun. Don't take me for no kid."

"I ain't takin' you for no kid," answered Potter. His heels had not moved an inch backward. "I'm takin' you for a fool. I tell you I ain't got a gun and I ain't. If you're goin' to shoot me up, you better begin now; you'll never get a chance like this again."

So much enforced reasoning had told on Wilson's rage; he was calmer. "If you ain't got a gun, why ain't you got a gun?" he sneered. "Been to Sunday school?"

"I ain't got a gun because I've just come from San Anton' with my wife. I'm married," said Potter. "And if I'd thought there was going to be any galoots like you prowling around when I brought my wife home, I'd had a gun, and don't you forget it."

"Married!" said Scratchy, not at all comprehending.

"Yes, married. I'm married," said Potter, distinctly.

"Married?" said Scratchy. Seemingly for the first time, he saw the drooping woman at the other man's side. "No!" he said. He moved a pace backward, and his arm, with his revolver, dropped to his side. "Is this the lady?" he asked.

"Yes; this is the lady," answered Potter.

There was another period of silence.

"Well," said Wilson at last, slowly, "I s'pose it's all off now."

"It's all off if you say so, Scratchy. You know I didn't make the trouble." Potter lifted his valise.

"Well, I 'low it's off, Jack," said Wilson. He was looking at the ground. "Married!" He picked up his starboard revolver, and placing both weapons in their holsters, he went away. His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand.

THE END

Men of Action

CAUPOLICAN

In 1540, after Francisco Pizarra had conquered the Incas in Peru, Pedro de Valdivia led a Spanish and Indian invasion force into southern Chile. To get there, they had to cross the Atacama Desert in the north.



Valdivia moved south to the Bio Bio River, where an Inca guide advised him to stop.

Across this river is the land of the Araucanians. They are great warriors.

We shall go forward and meet them.



The Araucanian Indians were a nation of fierce warriors. The Incas had been unable to conquer them. No Araucanian chief had ever been able to force other Araucanian chiefs to pay him tributs.



Shortly after Valdivia crossed the Bio Bio, the Spaniards fought with Araucanian warriors who lived near the river. The superior weapons of the Spaniards overcame Araucanian bravery.



Valdivia captured many Araucanians. He cut off their noses and sent the Indians back to their chiefs. He hoped to frighten the Araucanians into surrendering. Instead...

We must call for a council and unite under one leader.



Messengers were sent to the proud Araucanian chiefs. When they all had gathered together, Colocolo, a wise elder, made a suggestion.

There is a heavy log. Whoever can hold this log on his shoulders the longest will be our chief.



One by one, the greatest of the chiefs and warriors came forward and held the log.



The contest lasted many days. Finally, Caupulican, the One-Eyed, picked up the log. He was a chief who had been born with one eye.



Caupulican held the log longer than anyone else.



In the meantime, the Spaniards built many settlements in Chile. Araucanian attacks seriously damaged or destroyed several settlements.

If it were not for our steel swords and armor, the Indians would overcome us.



Valdivia, determined to defeat the Araucanians, marched against their villages.

We must capture Caupulican.



In a fierce battle, Valdivia was captured by the Araucanians and killed afterward.



One day, an Indian offered to betray Caupulican to the Spaniards.

I will tell him to attack. You can ambush him.



Acting on the advice of this Indian, Coupolican led his men into a Spanish ambush.



Coupolican narrowly escaped. He went into hiding, gathering his warriors about him.



But once more Coupolican was betrayed. A traitor led the Spaniards to his camp.



The Spaniards quickly captured the Araucanians.



The Araucanians would not betray Caupolican.

Keep them under heavy guard.



Caupolican's wife had also been taken prisoner. She spoke to him, unheard by the Spaniards.

You are no longer my husband.
You have let yourself be captured alive.



The Spaniards finally identified Caupolican. He was tortured.

Do you accept the Christian God?

Yes. Since he has given you victory, he must be stronger than my gods.



Caupolican was killed. Araucanian resistance continued long after his death. In the nineteenth century, many Araucanians were forced to retreat across the border into Argentina. Not until 1881 did the remaining Araucanians sign a peace treaty in Chile.



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