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JULES VERNE



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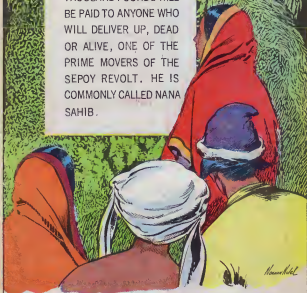
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TIGERS AND TRAITORS

JULES VERNE

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND POUNDS WILL BE PAID TO ANYONE WHO WILL DELIVER UP, DEAD OR ALIVE, ONE OF THE PRIME MOVERS OF THE SEPOY REVOLT. HE IS COMMONLY CALLED NANA SAHIB.



This story is based on Verne's book, *The Steam House*. *The Steam House* is divided into two sections, called *The Demon of Kanpur* and *Tigers and Traitors*.

One evening in March, 1857, there was a great stir in the streets of Aurangabad, India. Men, women, and children discussed the proclamation offering two thousand pounds for the head of Nana Sahib.

Nana Sahib's soldiers took me prisoner in 1859. I would recognize him easily if accident brought us face to face.



Then you have a good chance of gaining the two thousand pounds. But why would he come here?

No doubt he hopes to start a fresh rebellion.



A fakir^a threading his way among the eager groups stopped to listen. When the ex-prisoner left the group, the fakir followed noiselessly.



^a a Moslem who has taken vows of poverty

They reached a kind of desert beyond the town. Suddenly the fakir sprang like a tiger. His dagger flashed.



The wounded man fell heavily to the ground. The assassin stopped, raised his victim and supported him while he turned his own face to the full light of the moon.

Do you know me?

It is he!

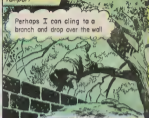


His head fell back and he died. The fakir turned swiftly and approached one of the city gates. It was closed for the night.



I must depart this night
if I am to do it alive!

He turned away and followed the wall for some little distance. Then, ascending the slope, he reached the upper part of the rampart.



Perhaps I can cling to a
branch and drop over the wall.

He plunged among the boughs and soon reappeared, holding a long, pivable branch. When the branch rested on the edge of the wall, he began to let himself slowly downward.



When he reached the end of the bough, at least thirty feet remained between him and the ground. Then there was a flash and a report of musketry.



The sentries
have seen me!

A ball struck the branch which supported him. It gave way, and the fakir dropped. Such a fearful fall would have killed another man, but he was unscathed.



With ease, he sprang to his feet, darted up the slope amid a storm of bullets, and vanished into the darkness. At a distance of two miles he turned round and stretched his hand toward the city.



Englishmen have not seen
the lost of Nana Sahib!

Meanwhile, in Calcutta, an engineer named Banks; Captain Hood, a sportsman; and a Frenchman named Maucier were spending the evening in the house of Colonel Edward Munro.

When Colonel Munro is here, make no mention of the Sepoy revolt. Above all, never mention the name of Nana Sahib.



Munro's wife perished at Kanpur in 1857, in the massacre ordered by Nana Sahib. Munro has a burning thirst for vengeance.



When Colonel Munro entered the room, the discussion turned to a journey which Banks, Hood and Maucier proposed to make across India.

Hood objects to railroads; I object to bullock-wagons and carriages.

The best plan of all, Banks, would be to travel in one's own house--a rolling house.



I entirely agree. To tell you the truth, I have made one. It is a steam house which is drawn by a first-rate engine.

Hood and Maucier were delighted. Banks turned to Colonel Munro.

Edward, will you come with us?

Yes. We will travel over all India.



On the way home, Banks told Mowbray the chief circumstances of the Sepoy revolt

As you know, India was ruled by the British East India Company. The army had both British and native troops. The native troops, who are called Sepoys, were commanded by British officers.



"In 1857, a suspicion seized the native soldiers that the British wanted them to become Christians

The British purposely grease the cartridges of our new rifles with pig's fat so that when we bite off the ends we will be defiled."



*Hindu dietary laws forbid the eating of pork.

"Even before 1857, there were several Indian mutinies. The rebellions showed that a minor cause would, at any moment, set the natives against their conquerors



"Nana Sahib went to Delhi, and twice to Lucknow, no doubt to provoke the uprising, for, very shortly after his departure, the insurrection began. On May 10, three regiments mutinied at Meerut, near Delhi



"Other massacres followed. At Kanpur, several hundred women and children -- among them Lady Munro -- were butchered with unequalled cruelty by the order of Nana Sahib himself



"To these butcheries, the British soon replied with reprisals which were truly frightful. Prisoners were fastened to cannons, and the guns were fired. Thousands more were shot or hung.



"The savage queen, the Rani of Jhansi, who was Nana Sahib's most faithful companion, was killed by Colonel Munro. Thus, the two men are enemies whose hatred would find terrible vent if they ever met face to face.



"The Insurrection was crushed by 1859. A British brigade pursued Nana Sahib and his brother, Baloo Rao, into Nepal."

"We can find no trace of them, sir."



The Sepoy mutiny caused the downfall of the British East India Company. The British government took over the management of Indian affairs."



"India became an independent nation in 1947.

Eight years after the rebellion was put down, Nana Sahib had ventured forth from Nepal. He had been observed near Aurangabad, and a price was set on his head. He was forced to flee.

I shall go to my brother.



When he had walked twenty-five miles, he came to a deep crack in a hill. He climbed down into it and found himself in a gloomy passage beneath a temple. An Indian appeared.

Is it you?

My brother, it is I.



Nana Sahib devoured the food set before him.

Everywhere I have traveled I have found minds ripe for revolt.

What failed in 1857 may succeed ten years afterward.



Then was to the leaders of our enemies who survive, above all, Colonel Munro. If he falls into my power he shall discover that I have sworn his death, as he has sworn mine.



And now?

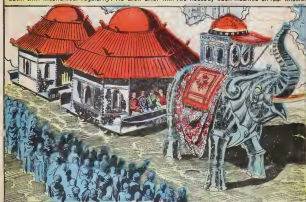
The work must begin. We have leaders ready to act in every town and village.



Soon the two brothers set out to join their followers.



Two months later, a remarkable train left Calcutta, surrounded by a dense crowd of curious people. First came a gigantic elephant made of iron, whose feet were raised and set down with mechanical regularity. He drew after him two houses, each mounted on four wheels.



This was the steam house promised by the engineer Banks.

Whatever gave you the idea of hiding your engine inside a mechanical elephant?

The Rajah of Bhutan loved pomp. One day an idea occurred to him to travel in a perfectly new fashion. He sent for me and himself drew the plan for this locomotive.



I saw it was possible to realize the rajah's whim. I set to work and, in this case shaped like an elephant, managed to enclose the machinery of a traction engine.



Unfortunately, the rajah died before the finishing touches were made. I bought this from his heirs.



The steam house was constructed in the most lavish Hindu fashion. The first carriage had an elegant veranda, a drawing room, a dining room, and four rooms occupied by Colonel Munro, Captain Hood, Banks and Mauser.



The second carriage possessed a large kitchen, a dining room for servants, and four cabins occupied by Munro's devoted attendant, Sergeant McNeil; Start, the engine driver; Kalouth, the stoker; and Gaumi, Colonel Munro's orderly. Two other rooms housed Monsieur Parozard, the cook; and Fox, Captain Hood's faithful follower.



A route was agreed on.

We will follow the valley of the Ganges up to Allahabad, and continue north until we reach the first slopes of Tibet. We will remain there for some time, to give Hood plenty of opportunity for hunting.



Colonel Munro began to speak

Perhaps when we get that far -- but it will be soon enough to speak of that when the time comes.



I wonder if he thinks he might find a trace of Nana-Sahib in the north of India.



They traveled steadily northward, across plains and jungles.

Sergeant McNeil, doesn't it seem to you that Colonel Munro has become more melancholy than ever?

Yes, sir. We are approaching Kanpur, where Nana Sahib murdered the colonel's wife.

Why not change the route?

It is too late now. Besides, I think the colonel wishes to revisit the theater of that horrible war.



When they reached Benares, Banks and Maucier crossed the Ganges River and went into the city. As they landed, Maucier happened to utter the name of Colonel Munro. A Bengali who was watching the boat dock gave a start. Thereafter, he followed them.



When they looked again, he had disappeared. On reaching the encampment, they found Sergeant McNeil.

You haven't seen a suspicious-looking fellow prowling about?

No. Why?

They told him of the spy.

What could the man want with us?

I don't know, McNeil. We must keep a lookout.



They continued their journey northward

Banks, could we stop for a few hours at Kanpur? I must see it once again, for the last time.

If you wish it.



When they reached the town, Colonel Munro first revisited the bungalow where he had seen Lady Munro for the last time. Nothing remained but ruins.



He then turned his steps toward another place.

It was here that Nana Sahib had the women and children slaughtered. The next day, they were flung, dead or alive, into a well.



The well had been closed by a stone casing on which a marble statue stood. Colonel Munro fell on his knees beside it and wept. At length, they succeeded in drawing him away.



The next morning they resumed their route toward the base of the Himalayas.

Now we shall see what I call real India-- the region where elephants, lions, tigers and panthers live in freedom.



Fox, get all the guns in good order. It won't be long before you will have your thirty-eighth tiger.

And you your forty-first, sir.



One evening, after camp was made...

Fox! Gouri! It is only seven o'clock. Let us take a turn in the forest before it is dark.



My dear Hood, the weather looks threatening. If you are resolved to go, don't wander any distance.

Don't be uneasy, Banks.



Captain Hood and his followers left the camp. The heavens were strangely calm.

There is a restrained tension in the atmosphere like condensed steam ready to explode.



About half-past eight, a sharp flash of forked lightning rent the gloom. It was followed by a peal of thunder.

Let us go indoors. The thunder has sounded Hood's recall. I hope he will obey orders.



A hurricane of great violence burst forth, rending the treetops. Lightning flashed, and thunder kept up a sullen roar.

I wonder why the storm has not yet driven Hood and his men back.



It was now about nine o'clock, and the rain began to fall with great force. Then a peal of thunder burst directly over them. The steam-house seemed to rise on its springs.

A lightning bolt has struck!

There! Look there! An enormous banyan tree has been hit!



They heard the cook calling loudly and hastened to join him.

The banyan forest is on fire!



The flames advanced fiercely and quickly toward them.

Banks, you must get out of this scrape!

Since we cannot possibly put out this fire, we must run away from it.



And Captain Hood and his men, sir?

Let me get the train out of reach of the fire, and then we can search for them.



The steam engine was started. Torrents of black smoke gushed from the elephant's trunk as wood heaped on the furnace. Meanwhile, the forest fire had advanced fifty yards.

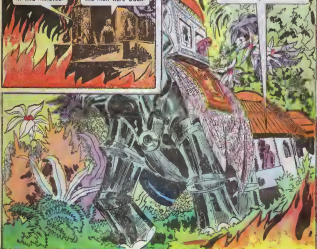
We must be off in five minutes.

If only Hood and his men were back!



Banks made the air resound with the shrill screams of the steam whistle. It was all in vain. There were no signs of Hood, Fox or Goumi!

We will wait three minutes. After that, the back of the train will begin to burn.



Two minutes passed. The iron plating began to burst open at the joints. Then...

Hallo!

There they are! God be praised!



Hood and Fox sprang on board the train, and Gauri, who had been injured by lightning, was placed in his cabin, where he soon recovered. The elephant moved forward amid the blaze.

The wind has shifted. It is sweeping the fire across the road in front of us!



Banks directed the course with astonishing coolness. The way now led between two hedges of fire. The wheels crunched over the glowing cinders which strewn the soil. A burning, stifling atmosphere enveloped them.



Finally they were out of danger. At daybreak they halted. The storm was over.



Meanwhile, in the central region of India, Nana Sahib and his followers had taken refuge in a deserted hamlet in the Vindhya Mountains.

Is this place ever visited by anyone?



By none except a woman who has been wandering about in the valley for the last three years.

Who is she?



I have no idea. She goes to and fro and lives entirely on alms. Her senses have fled. At night she wanders about holding a lighted torch. For this reason she is known as Roving Flame.



As time passed, Nana Sahib and his brother went from village to village preparing the people's minds for a national uprising. One day Nana Sahib met the Bengali spy who had followed Banks and Maister in Benares.

Colonel Munro has left Calcutta. He is going to the Nepalese frontier to stay there a few months.



Nana Sahib whistled, and a native glided through the crowd and stood before them.

Kalagari, join Munro on his way north. Attach yourself to him. Then guide him to the wild country of the Vindhya Mountains.



Kolagani instantly disappeared. Baloo Rao approached his brother.

It is time to set out. Yes. Before daybreak we must be at the hamlet.



Followed by their men, the brothers were soon galloping along the road to their hiding place.

The center of India is entirely in our hands. The military forces scattered over this vast territory will not be able to resist our first assault.



Day was dawning as Hano Sahib, Baloo Rao and their companions drew rein near the hamlet.

Suddenly a shot was heard, followed by many others. All officer and fifty British soldiers appeared on the crest of the hill.

Fire! Let none escape!



Another volley was fired straight at the natives who surrounded Nana and his brother. Five or six fell.



The British penetrated the narrow ravine. Suddenly one of the wounded men cried out and fell back dead. The officer approached the body.

Is this Nana Sahib?

Yes, sir.



The British hastened off in pursuit of the others. Scarcely had they disappeared when a dark figure glided out of the dim recesses of the hill. It was Raving Flame.



She stopped before the body recognized by the soldier and looked long and fixedly at the face. Then she arose and, shaking her head, glided slowly away.



It was not long after this that the steam house was brought to rest at the foot of the Himalayas.

Well, at last we have arrived where we can stay safely for some months.



Very true, my dear Hood. Now you can arrange your hunting expeditions as you please.

Yes, I vow I won't leave this place until the fiftieth tiger is added to my list.



We shall begin by looking over the ground. Will you accompany us, gentlemen?

Yes, certainly



About eleven o'clock, Colonel Munro, Banks, Hood, Mauler, Fox and Gauri descended the road which slanted toward the plain. Finally they reached the outskirts of the forest.

We are now entering the domain of tigers, lions, panthers and leopards. Therefore, don't stray from each other, and be careful.



By half-past twelve, they were well into the forest. Suddenly an exclamation from Captain Hood brought them all to a standstill. Twenty paces from them was a peculiar construction.

Hallo, what's that?



That is a tiger trap. You see the door is closed by that beam which was kept up by those tendrils.



They examined the trap minutely. Then Colonel Munro, Banks, Fox and Mauler proceeded to the back of it and pulled the lever to raise the beam. But no creature appeared.



A slight rustle was heard inside, then a tremendous yawn. Captain Hood pointed his gun at a dark object in the corner. A cry of terror burst forth.



Don't fire! For heaven's sake, don't fire!

The man who uttered it ran out.

I am the naturalist Matthias Van Guff. I sell animals to zoos. I was inspecting my trap yesterday when I hit the beam by mistake and the door fell closed.



I was caught in my own trap. I believed my people would discover me sooner or later, so I resolved to cheat time by sleeping. Then you gentlemen restored me to my liberty.



Voices were heard, and soon half a dozen natives appeared at the other end of the glade.

Ah, here are my people.



He directed them to put the trap in order and invited Captain Hood and Mauler inside to inspect it. Suddenly cries arose outside. They hastened out of the trap.

What has happened?



A snake of the most venomous species lay on the ground, slain by a rod which one of the natives held in his hand.

This man killed the snake as it was darting at me. He certainly saved me from immediate death.



Colonel Munro advanced toward the native.

I thank you, friend. What is your name?

Kalagani.



Then they accompanied Matthias Van Gilt to his kraal, a wide enclosure with a row of high palisades around it. Inside were cages holding wild animals. Before leaving, Colonel Munro again thanked Kalagani.

Kalagani is well acquainted with the forest. Take him with you as a guide.

Gladly.



Some days later, Captain Hood, Banks, Fox and Maucier, accompanied by Kalagani and a group of natives, set out to hunt for a tigress which had been making terrible ravages on the territory.

They surrounded the spot. Suddenly a roar was heard. Captain Hood pointed to the mouth of a cavern in a mass of rocks and trees.

The tracks lead to this thicket.



The beast is in there!



Hood, Banks, Fox and Kalagani approached the narrow opening.

We shall have to go in there.

No, I can't allow it.



There is another way. Smoke her out! It will be less risky to kill her outside.

Kalagani is right. Come, men, gather dead wood and dry grass!



In a few minutes, a bonfire made thick, choking smoke. A roar burst forth. Then a huge monster dashed through the smoke.



Ten shots rang out. Not one touched the animal! A second bound carried her toward the thicket! Captain Hood fired, hitting her below the shoulder.



Like a lightning flash the tigress was upon him. Kolagani sprang forward, knife in hand, and seized her by the throat.



The animal turned upon the native, tearing his shoulder. Captain Hood leaped up and, grasping the knife, which had fallen from Kolagani's hand, plunged it into the creature's heart.



Banks turned to Kolagani.

Come to the steam house
We will find something to
heal your torn shoulder



Kolagani agreed, and they reached the steam house about midday

Colonel Munro, Sergeant McNeil and Gauri have left. Colonel Munro says he wishes to examine the Nepalese frontier so as to clear up certain suspicions relating to the reported death of Nana Sahib



An involuntary movement escaped Kolagani.

What could have caused this?



Colonel Munro's departure made them all seriously uneasy

He must still be brooding
over past events.

We can only resign ourselves
and wait. He will certainly
return before the end of
August!



By August 26, Captain Hood had shot his forty-eighth tiger, and the naturalist Van Guff needed only one more to complete an order. An expedition had been arranged for later that evening. It was a fine night, and Captain Hood and Maveller strolled about Van Guff's kraal.

This stillness astonishes me. Generally there are wild beasts roaring all night.



They seated themselves at the foot of an enormous mimosa. Suddenly tremendous roars were heard outside the enclosure.



Martius Van Guff seized a ladder and placed it against the palisade. In a moment he was at the top.

Ten tigers and a dozen panthers!



The roars outside were joined by howls and growls from the animals inside. Suddenly the gate, having been loosely fastened, burst open. A whole troop of wild beasts rushed in.



Van Gullf ran toward the house. Kolagari and Fox caught hold of trees and hoisted themselves up. Captain Hood and Maucler saw the empty compartment of a cage and sprang in.



Then a tiger in the next compartment gave a violent shake. The cage fell over. Hood and Maucler could no longer see out, but they could hear. After a quarter of an hour...

The uproar is beginning to calm down.



The animals threw themselves against the cage, but soon abandoned it for more certain prey. The man fired until their cartridges were exhausted.

There's your forty-ninth tiger!



Voices called to them. They answered and soon felt the cage being lifted. They were freed.

The animals are gone. We are safe, but three of the natives are dead.



At dawn they returned to the steam house, accompanied by Kalagan and two natives. The next afternoon, Colonel Munro, McNeil and Gauri returned. Banks gave Colonel Munro a questioning look.



Nothing.

That evening McNeil and Gauri were more explicit.

Colonel Munro wished to search for traces of Nana Sahib or his companions. We found nothing. Nana Sahib is probably dead, as reported.



Good. Then we have only our journey to Bombay to think of.

Van Gutt was also leaving. He dismissed many of his natives among them Kalagan.

Would you come with us to Bombay? As you know this part of India well, you would be useful to us.



Kalagan accepted the proposal.

You shall be our guide. We wish to avoid the big cities and keep to open country.

Certainly, sir. I will tell you, in a general way, the direction we shall have to take.



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The party went on their way very comfortably until they approached the Vindhya Mountains. Once, they passed a caravan, and Kalagan stopped to talk with one of the natives.

He is one of my old comrades. I used to live among these wandering tribes.



The next night, they camped on the left bank of a river. At about two in the morning they heard some noise.

Who goes there?



There was no answer. Captain Hood fired at a shadow. There was a confused rustling sound, and all was quiet.

They beat a retreat double quick, those fellows.



The next day, the sounds they had heard in the night were renewed. About a hundred creatures issued from the woods.

Monkeys, by Jove! What are they up to?

They only want to cross the river with us.



This proved true. When the train, which could float, reached the bed of the river, the monkeys bounded on it and were carried safely.



Four days passed without incident! At about noon on September 30, the men perceived a pair of superb elephants in front of the train.

Magnificent animals!



The elephants drew aside to allow the train to pass. Presently they were joined by several others. By one o'clock, a troop of thirty elephants followed the steam house closely.

The numbers continue to increase.

If they keep their distance we have nothing to fear, but if they try to pass...



The herd increased. The men now counted at least one hundred. Evening came on.

We cannot follow such a difficult road in the dark.



They reached a sort of plain and halted. The elephants lay in a great circle around the steam house.

Suppose these animals persist in escorting us tomorrow.

Kalagan has advised us to reach a lake, where the steam house can be put out of their reach.



At sunrise the elephants awoke. A passage opened allowing the train to proceed. The herd moved, too, in the front, rear and sides.



What will happen when the road narrows?

At ten o'clock, only two miles lay between the train and the lake. Then the valley began to narrow. The elephants marching alongside tried to get either forward or back. It was no longer possible for the train either to advance or to retreat.



Now we must break through the herd. Forward, or the elephants will trample us underfoot.

The steam elephant moved, and his tusks ran into the elephant nearest him. The gigantic male uttered a trumpet-note of defiance and rushed against the iron side.



A chorus of hoarse and furious trumpeting burst forth as the rest attacked. The snorts and shrieks of the engine were mingled with the crack of rifles.



The steam elephant dashed into the bellowing crowd, dividing and repelling it. Thus the train advanced till it was within a short distance of the lake.



Suddenly a fresh noise arose amid the general din. A party of elephants were crushing the second carriage against the rocks. Banks shouted to those defending the back.

The men darted into the first house.

Cut through the connecting bar!



The bar was cut, and the rear carriage was crushed, heaved up, capsized. Nothing but a shapeless ruin was left.

The steam house broke through the ramparts of elephants, squirting jets of burning steam. The edge of the lake was safely reached, and in a moment, the train floated on the surface of its tranquil waters.



The situation was still critical.

Our stores of provisions and ammunition have disappeared with the rear carriage.

We are out of fuel as well. In forty minutes the engine will cease working.



The porting of the engine grew faster and then ceased. The men assembled in the dining room.

I will attempt to swim to shore to get help.

You will render us a great service.



Colonel Munro gave Kalogari a long look and summoned Goum.

Goum, you are an excellent swimmer. Now two bold and intelligent men have a better chance of succeeding than one. Will you accompany Kalogari?

Yes, master.



This settled, Colonel Munro called Goum aside and gave him a few brief directions. Five minutes later the two natives slipped into the water.

Why were you so anxious to send a companion with Kalogari?

Kalogari did not appear frank to me. In offering to swim ashore, he had some ulterior motive.



What could it be?

That remains to be seen. We shall know later, perhaps too late.



Urged by a slight breeze, the train drifted slowly toward shore. The next morning ...



The men leaped onto the beach.

Fuel, fuel! In an hour we shall be underway.



All hands set to work gathering wood. In an hour the steam house began to move. It ascended the slope up to the road. Just then furious shouts burst from the neighboring forest. A band of at least one hundred and fifty natives rushed out.



In a moment the carriage was invaded. The occupants found themselves seized, dragged from the train, and held firmly.



The natives, hatchets in hand, fell upon the carriage. Then they set fire to it, and in a few minutes all that could burn was in flames.

The scoundrels!



Next they attacked the elephant, but neither ax nor fire could make the smallest impression on the thick iron skin



Then a man came forward, evidently the chief of the band. Another man accompanied him.



Kalagani!

Gaume was not there. Kalagani advanced straight to Colonel Munra.



This one!

Instantly Colonel Munra was seized and dragged away. He disappeared into the midst of the band, which at once set off toward the south.



When a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the natives who had detained the rest suddenly let go their hold and darted off after the first band.



Shall we follow?

No, it would only cause a catastrophe of no advantage to Colonel Munra.

In the midst of his captors, Colonel Munro walked with the utmost coolness. It was late in the day when they reached an ancient hill fort!



A group of natives advanced. The leader approached the prisoner with flaming eyes, like a wild beast drawing near his prey.

Nana Sahib!



You were reported dead.

It was my brother Balas Rao that they killed.



Munro, one hundred and twenty thousand Sepoys and two hundred thousand natives have been killed by your people for rising in defense of their national independence.



Behold this gun! It is already loaded. You are to be bound to its mouth, and tomorrow morning, when the sun rises, the cannon's roar shall announce that the vengeance of Nana Sahib is at last complete.



Colonel Munro stood before the cannon and was bound across its deadly mouth. Night fell. Nana Sahib went off to visit some chiefs, and the other captives withdrew. Close to four in the morning, Colonel Munro noticed a strange phenomenon.

There is a wavering light near the end of the path.



The flame slowly advanced. The colonel began to distinguish a phantom clothed in a long garment.

It must be some madman who is so accustomed to visit the encampment they take no notice of him.



Colonel Munro had guessed right. It was Flavia Floate, whom chance had brought there. She moved nearer and raised her torch to a level with the prisoner's face. A half-stifled cry broke from him.

Laura!
Laura!



He thought he was going mad. It was his wife who stood before him!

Laura! Is
it you?



Lady Munro did not answer. She did not even appear to hear him.

Laura! Mad! Yes, mad, but living! She must somehow have escaped from Kanpur, although her reason must have fled at the horror of it.



The situation was dreadful. Suddenly, from the interior of the cannon, Colonel Munro felt a hand grasp his. A sharp blade was carefully cutting the cords. In a second he was free.



A hand came from the mouth of the cannon. Munro grasped it.

Gourm?

Yes, master I escaped Kolagani and followed you here.



Day is breaking. We must fly from here.



As the colonel approached to seize Lady Munro, she leaned across the gun. A spark fell from her torch, and a terrific roar filled the valley.



Lady Munro fell fainting into the arms of her husband. The colonel picked her up and ran. Gourm followed.



The natives were mystified.

The gun has gone off!
Is the prisoner already
blown to pieces?

What will we tell
Nana Sahib when
he returns?



Colonel Munro and Gauri rapidly descended
the winding path. But day was breaking, and
Khalgan, leaning over the parapet, caught
sight of them.

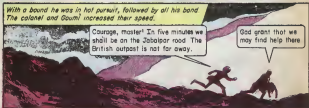
Munro! There
is Munro!



With a bound he was in hot pursuit, followed by all his band.
The colonel and Gauri increased their speed.

Courage, master! In five minutes we
shall be on the Jabalpur road. The
British outpost is not far away.

God grant that we
may find help there.



The fugitives hurried on. They were at the
road; they turned the corner. Then, close
to them, two men rapidly advanced from
the opposite direction.

Munro!

Nana Sahib!



Gauri stabbed the other native and, like a
lightning flash, was upon Nana Sahib.
Meanwhile, Khalgan and his companions
were rapidly approaching.

I can keep them
at bay for a few
minutes. Fly, master!



Suddenly, not twenty paces away, there was the steam elephant and all of Colonel Munro's companions. They had been passing by and, hearing the sound of the cannon, had turned up the Jabalpur road.

Munro! Munro!



They quickly made Nana Sahib prisoner, and the whole party hastened back to the elephant. Nana Sahib was bound to the elephant's neck.

Full speed to the British outpost at Jabalpur!



The foremost natives were a hundred yards distant and gazing visibly.

We have only a dozen cartridges.
Not a single shot must miss.



Ten shots were fired, and ten natives fell. At that moment Kolagan sprang forward.

It's you, is it?



Captain Hood's shot struck the traitor and he fell dead. Suddenly the end of the pass appeared before them.

Jump off! We will have to reach the outpost on foot!



Everyone obeyed. Banks gave a last turn to the machine's regulator and also descended.



On came the natives. They rushed upon the elephant, eager to liberate Nona Sahib, who was still bound to its neck. Suddenly a tremendous roar rent the air. Banks had heavily charged the valves of the engine, and the vapor had burst the boiler.



At the sound of the explosion, soldiers issued from the outpost, and the surviving natives instantly took flight.



In a half hour, Colonel Murra and his wife were lodged in a comfortable hotel.

I trust that tender care will restore her reason.



The next day the party left for Bombay by train. Colonel Murra took his wife to a villa where his care restored her mind. Some weeks later the inhabitants of the steam house were united once more in Calcutta.

Well, Captain Hood, I'm glad that you have nothing to regret in your journey across northern India except not having shot your fiftieth tiger.



But I did shoot him, Colonel Forty-nine tigers and Kalagori. Doesn't that make fifty?



The End

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 passageways."



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, 1848, 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

SYNOPSIS: The narrator returned home one night to see all his furniture gallop off by itself, piece by piece, down the drive of his house. He told no one what he had seen. Several months later, in Rouen, an old town in northern France, the man saw his furniture again, in a second-hand store. He told the police, who tried to find the owner of the shop, but he had disappeared. The next day, the police asked the narrator to identify his furniture in the shop. But when they arrived, all the pieces which he had seen there the day before were gone.

PART V

I stayed on in Rouen for two weeks. The man did not come back. God knows, nobody could trap a man like that.

Then, on the following morning, I got a strange letter from my gardener, who was acting as caretaker of my house.

Dear Sir,

I must inform you that something happened last night, which we can't explain, nor the police neither. All the furniture has come back, absolutely everything, down to the smallest pieces. The house is now just as it was the evening before the burglary. It's enough to drive you crazy.

I await your return and remain,

Respectfully yours,

Philippe Raudin.

No! No! No! I will not return there!

I took the letter to the chief inspector of Rouen.

"It's a very neat restoration," he said, "but we'll nab the fellow one of these days."

But he has not been found. No! They've never got him, and now I'm afraid of him, as if some wild animal were on my trail.

He can't be found! He'll never be found, this monster with the bald head like a full moon. He'll never go back to his store. Why should he? Nobody but me can meet him, and I won't. I won't! I won't! I won't!

And if he does go back, if he returns to his store, who will be able to prove that my furniture was ever there? There's only my evidence, and I've an idea that that is becoming suspect.

No! I couldn't keep the secret of what I had seen. I couldn't go on living like everyone else with the fear that this sort of thing might begin again at any moment.

I went and spoke to the doctor who keeps this mental home and told him the whole story.

After putting me through a long examination, he said: "My dear sir, would you be willing to stay here for a while?"

"I should be happy to."

"Would you like your friends to come and see you?"

"No, doctor, no one. The man from Rouen might try to follow me here to get even with me."

And I have been here alone for three months, completely alone. I am only afraid of one thing.... Supposing the second-hand dealer went mad....and suppose he was brought to this home....Even prisons are not absolutely safe....

THE END

THE SEPOY REVOLT

"Enormous fortunes were accumulated in Calcutta, while thirty million human beings were reduced to the last extremity of wretchedness. They had been accustomed to live under tyranny, but never under tyranny like this."

In this way, a British writer described the conditions in India under the rule of the British East India Company. The company began as a trading firm in the early seventeenth century. India was then divided up into several states.

At first, the British gained the right to trade. But as Indian politics became more and more complicated, the company started taking sides. By the nineteenth century, the company had become the greatest single power in India. It issued coins, organized a postal service, built railways, roads and telegraph systems, and set taxes. It organized an army in which more than half of the troops were native Indians.

But the peoples of India resented the way the British East India Company was slowly taking over one state after another. The heavy taxes and low wages made living difficult. Many people feared that the British would force them to convert to Christianity.

Almost all Indians were either Hindu or Moslem. Many of them felt that the company passed laws designed to make them sin against their religion. The British governors, who never consulted the Indians, did not know how strong feelings were.

Then, in 1857, new rifles were issued to the Sepoys, or native troops in the company's army. The cartridges for the rifles were greased with cow or hog fat. To use them, the soldiers had to bite off the end of the cartridges and taste the fat. Since Hindus are forbidden to eat meat of

any kind and Moslems are forbidden to eat pork, some Sepoys refused to use the rifles. Rioting broke out at Meerut in May, 1857.

At that time, there were only a few units of British troops in the area, and the revolt spread. But the Sepoys had no single purpose and no leaders who could command them.

Nana Sahib was the adopted son of a ruler who had been pensioned off by the British. The British refused to recognize his rights to his adopted father's pension, so Nana Sahib sided with the rebels. He commanded some of the rebel forces for a while. He was one of the few leaders of the revolt who avoided capture by the British.

There was much cruelty on both sides. The British were determined to crush the revolt, and some commanding officers ordered thousands of innocent villagers to be slain. At Kanpur, several hundred European men, women and children were killed by the rebels. Nana Sahib was in charge of the rebel force at Kanpur, but it is not known whether he approved of the murders.

Most of the fighting took place in the northeast of present-day India. By June, 1858, the British had defeated the main force of the mutiny.

British public opinion was greatly disturbed by the revolt. The power of the British East India Company was abolished by act of Parliament, and on November 1, 1858, Queen Victoria proclaimed that India would be under the supervision of the British government. The proclamation declared that "all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law."

Although the Sepoy Revolt did not start as a movement to free all of India from British rule, it later became a symbol for those who wanted complete independence. India gained its independence on August 15, 1947.

Men of Action

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

Frederick Barbarossa was thirty years old when he was crowned King of Germany in 1152. Barbarossa, Italian for "red beard," was his nickname. At Frederick's coronation, a noble who had been outlawed for committing a crime begged for pardon.



You were outlawed according to justice. There is no ground for pardon.



Frederick was stern with evil-doers. When he came to the throne, his kingdom was crippled by years of private feuds and civil war. The people longed for peace.

We must unify Germany. The first thing I will do is to crush the nobles who war on each other.



Many nobles owed allegiance to Frederick, but they were almost independent in their own territories. They gave little thought to the needs of their people.

What do I care for peace? Let the peasants watch out for themselves. We will fight Margrave William for all the land between the river and the forest. It shall be mine!



Soon after his coronation, Frederick went on a tour of his kingdom, judging disputes and settling feuds.

By persuasion or by force we shall bring peace to the land.



In 1158, Frederick outlawed private wars. He granted privileges to the great nobles in exchange for their help in controlling the lesser nobles, who were little better than thieves. His men destroyed the castles of robber knights, who had made the highways of Germany unsafe.

But while Frederick was out of the country, some nobles again began to fight. When Frederick returned, he defeated the nobles in battle.



You are guilty of robbing the innocent. Surrender to your lord King and meet the punishment you deserve.



Then he punished them.

For rebelling against my laws, Count, you and your followers shall each carry a dog for a full mile*.



*A German mile was somewhat less than the land miles.

This sentence was so embarrassing that after knights became afraid of the King's justice.

Did you hear what happened to the Count Palatine?

I would sooner give up war than go through that!



While other punishments were not so embarrassing, they were more permanent. Death was the sentence for murder or theft.

I do not like to be so severe, but these are the only terms my unruly nobles understand.



Frederick spent much of his time in Italy, trying to get the cities there to recognize him as overlord. In 1155, the Pope crowned Frederick Holy Roman Emperor.



Frederick fought the Italian cities on and off for many years. But in 1176, his army was defeated at Legnano by an Italian army.



In other areas, Frederick was more successful. When Boleslaw, a Polish duke, refused to pay him tribute, Frederick set out after him with an army. The army traveled through dense forests.



When the Polish soldiers saw the German force swimming toward them across the Oder River, they fled. Boleslaw had to pay a large fine in addition to the tribute.



Within four years of Frederick's coronation, order had been restored in Germany. The Emperor's power came to be respected throughout his lands. In 1184, when Frederick's two older sons were knighted, thousands of knights and princes attended the splendid ceremony to honor the Emperor.



In 1187, Jerusalem fell to the Turks. Frederick decided to go on a Crusade to recapture the city.

Harry, my son, I leave the Empire in your hands. I am taking the cross.



At the head of an army of twenty thousand knights, Frederick left the city of Regensburg in May, 1189.



The Crusaders suffered many hardships. Bands of Turkish raiders cut off supplies, so the men had little food.



Finally, Frederick's army captured the capital city of one of the western Turkish provinces.

Now we shall not have to fear for our food supplies.



The Crusaders marched on. But on the banks of the river Salef, in Asia Minor, the Emperor slipped from his horse and fell into the water.



The weight of his armor pulled him under. Before help could reach him, he drowned. His body was buried in the church of St Peter in the city of Antioch.



But a folk legend says that Frederick Barbarossa never died. According to the tale, he sleeps in a mountain cave in Germany, seated before a huge stone table. His red beard grows around the foot of the table. If someone stumbles into the cave, Barbarossa awakens for a moment.

When Frederick's beard grows three times around the table, the legend says, he will rise again and bring peace and unity to Germany.



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