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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

No.13

SCARAMOUCHE

THE DAYS BEFORE THE TERROR

by RAFAEL SABATINI

10¢



PLUS..
THE
NECKLACE
by
Guy de Maupassant
THE
MIDSHIPMAN
ESCAPE
FROM THE
SHARK



HICKS

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Scaramouche

by RAFAEL
SABATINI

IN THE TERRIFYING DAYS THAT LED TO THE REIGN OF TERROR, NO FRENCHMAN DARED TO CALL HIS LIFE HIS OWN.

OPPRESSED BY THE ARROGANT NOBILITY AND THREATENED BY BLOOD-THIRSTY REVOLUTIONISTS, EITHER PRISON OR THE NOOSE HUNG AS A STARK THREAT TO THOSE WHO DARED TO SPEAK FOR LIBERTY.

AND THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE SUCH YOUNG MAN AND THE STARTLING ROMANTIC ADVENTURES THAT SWEEP HIM ONWARD TO A FANTASTIC CLIMAX IN THE VERY SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE.

NO ONE WAS ALLOWED TO HUNT EXCEPT THE RICH AND GREEDY NOBLES WHO OWNED THE LAND. THE LAW WAS DEATH TO ANY POOR PEASANT CAUGHT SNARING A RABBIT OR A BIRD. THIS BEGINS THE STORY OF SCARAMOUCHE.



Famous AUTHORS Illustrated

THE TINY VILLAGE OF GAVRILLAC IN BRITTANY, A REGION OF FRANCE THAT SEETHS WITH UNREST UNDER THE OPPRESSION OF CORRUPT NOBLEMEN... ANDRE MOREAU, A HANDSOME YOUNG LAWYER OF MYSTERIOUS PARENTAGE, BUT BORN WITH A GIFT FOR LAUGHTER AND A SENSE THAT ALL THE WORLD IS MAD—HURRIES TO HIS OFFICE WINDOW...



HMM. WHAT BUSINESS CAN BRING MY FRIEND PHILIPPE GALLOPING HERE ON A SUNDAY MORNING?

PHILIPPE DE VILMORIN, HOME FOR A BRIEF VACATION FROM HIS STUDIES FOR THE PRIESTHOOD, IS FILLED WITH INDIGNATION AT THE CRUEL FATE OF A FARMER WHO HAS BEEN KILLED FOR SNARING A PHEASANT ON THE ESTATE OF THE MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZYR.

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, PHILIPPE! THE MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZYR IS THE MOST POWERFUL NOBLE IN BRITTANY! HOW CAN I GET A WARRANT FOR HIS ARREST?

USE YOUR INFLUENCE WITH THE LORD OF GAVRILLAC, HE IS YOUR GODFATHER.

THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT, PHILIPPE.

ANDRE, YOU MUST HELP ME TO SECURE JUSTICE FOR THE FAMILY OF THIS POOR MAN WHO WAS SHOT IN COLD BLOOD BY A GAME KEEPER ACTING ON ORDERS FROM THE MARQUIS. I WANT A WARRANT CHARGING THE MARQUIS WITH MURDER.



GODFATHER, YES, BUT THERE ARE LIMITS TO WHAT I CAN ASK OF HIM. HE TOOK ME AS A NAMELESS WAIF, SUPPORTED ME, AND PAID FOR MY EDUCATION. BUT I AM NOT EVEN RELATED TO HIM.

SOME DAY I AM SURE THAT GAVRILLAC WILL TELL YOU WHO YOUR PARENTS WERE. HE IS VERY FOND OF YOU AND WILL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK.



Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

EASY-GOING ANDRE FINDS IT HARD TO SHARE PHILIPPE'S INDIGNATION AT THE INJUSTICES WHICH ARE COMMONPLACE UNDER THE RULE OF THE TYRANNOUS NOBLES WHO HAVE EVEN DEFIED THE AUTHORITY OF THE KING.

FRANCE WILL BE DESTROYED IF NO ONE DARES TO CHALLENGE MEN LIKE THE MARQUIS. THEY TREAT THE PEOPLE AS THOUGH THEY WERE SLAVES. JUSTICE IS THE RIGHT OF EVERY MAN AND THE NOBLES ABUSE THEIR RANK.

THINK WHAT YOU ARE SAYING! YOU TALK LIKE A RADICAL, A REVOLUTIONIST!



I WANT NEITHER BLOODSHED NOR REVOLUTION, BUT NEITHER I NOR ANY OF US WHO PLEAD FOR SIMPLE JUSTICE CAN PREVENT IT UNLESS WE STOP THE CRUELITIES THAT ARE FORCING THE PEOPLE TO REVOLT.



AT LEAST, GO WITH ME TO GAVRILLAC'S CHATEAU. I ALONE WILL DEMAND HE ACT AGAINST THE MARQUIS.

THAT I WILL DO, I KNOW YOU ONLY DO THAT WHICH YOU BELIEVE TO BE GOD'S WILL.

COME ALONG! PLEAD YOUR CASE BEFORE MY GODFATHER. BUT KNOWING HOW THINGS ARE, I SEE NO HOPE FOR YOUR DEMAND. AND I MUST WARN YOU THAT WHEN YOU BRING A MURDER CHARGE AGAINST THE MARQUIS, YOU ARE MAKING A MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY.



Famous **AUTHORS** *Illustrated*

AWAITING TO BE ANNOUNCED, ANDRE AND PHILIPPE ADMIRE THE PORTRAIT OF ALINE, BEAUTIFUL NIECE OF THE LORD OF GAVRILLAC...

I REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE BOYS, YOU THOUGHT THIS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FACE IN THE WORLD. SOME DAY, GOD WILLING, WHEN I AM A PRIEST, I HOPE I MAY JOIN YOU AND ALINE AS MAN AND WIFE.

HAH! SMALL CHANCE OF THAT. I USED TO DREAM-- AH, BUT THAT'S ALL OVER. FOR WHEN I BECAME A MAN AND KNEW WHAT IT MEANT TO BE WITHOUT FORTUNE OR EVEN A NAME OF MY OWN, I SAW HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT WOULD BE.

JUST THEN ALINE ENTERS THE ROOM ACCOMPANIED BY MADAME PLOUGASTEL, A WEALTHY NEIGHBOR, WHO HAS OFTEN SHOWN HER FRIENDSHIP FOR ANDRE...

MY GREETINGS, ALINE. I BID YOU GOOD DAY ALSO, MADAME PLOUGASTEL. WE ARE WAITING FOR MY GODFATHER.

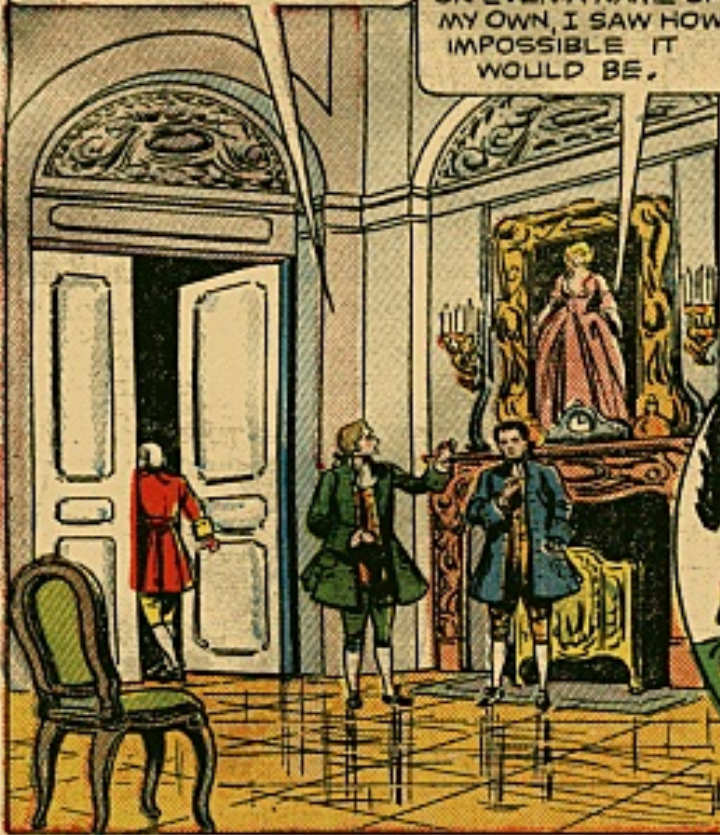
HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU, ANDRE!



BUT I REGRET TO TELL YOU THAT THE LORD OF GAVRILLAC IS BUSY TALKING TO THE MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZYR.

HOW FORTUNATE! MY BUSINESS CONCERNS BOTH THE MARQUIS AND YOUR UNCLE.

THEN, SINCE YOU ARE ANDRE'S FRIEND I WILL TAKE YOU TO THEM AT ONCE, MONSIEUR!



I WAS PLEASSED TO SEE YOU HERE, ANDRE, BECAUSE I BELIEVED YOU HAD COME TO SEE ALINE.

I AM AFRAID THAT CANNOT BE, DEAR MADAME PLOUGASTEL. WHAT HAVE I TO OFFER HER?

DON'T GIVE UP SO EASILY, WHO KNOWS? YOURS MAY BE THE BEST BLOOD IN FRANCE! CERTAINLY THE LORD OF GAVRILLAC MUST HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED YOUR PARENTS.

TRUE, AND SOMETIMES I WONDER, MADAME, IF MY GODFATHER MAY NOT HAVE GIVEN YOU A HINT OF WHO I AM. BUT WE CAN TALK OF THAT LATER, HERE COMES ALINE.



YOU ARE A STRANGE ONE, ANDRE. YOU STAY AWAY FOR MONTHS, AND THEN YOU DECIDE TO COME TODAY OF ALL DAYS.

AND WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT TODAY?



THE MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZYR IS HERE TO ASK MY UNCLE FOR MY HAND IN MARRIAGE.

SURELY YOUR UNCLE WILL NOT AGREE TO YOUR MARRIAGE WITH SUCH A SCOUNDREL!

NOTHING WILL BE AGREED TO WITHOUT MY CONSENT. DO NOT FORGET THAT THE MARQUIS IS THE RICHEST NOBLEMAN IN BRITTANY AND QUITE A CATCH FOR A LONELY GIRL. WHY DO YOU DISLIKE HIM SO MUCH?

THE MARQUIS IS GREEDY AND CRUEL. AT THIS MOMENT PHILIPPE IS ACCUSING HIM OF A SHAMEFUL CRIME BEFORE YOUR UNCLE.



OH, LA! ALL ONE HEARS THESE DAYS IS CRITICISM OF THE NOBILITY. IT IS DEPRESSING. I WANT TO BE GAY. I WOULD LIKE TO BE LADY-IN-WAITING TO QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE AT VERSAILLES. THE MARQUIS IS RICH ENOUGH TO GIVE ME ANYTHING I WANT.

PHILIPPE IS COMING BACK FROM HIS INTERVIEW. I'LL WAGER HE'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE MARQUIS' CHARACTER!



I SAW THE MARQUIS, AND HE WAS MOST POLITE. WE MUST HURRY TO THE INN WHERE HE HAS PROMISED TO MEET ME IN HALF AN HOUR.

I SUSPECT A TRICK, BUT I'LL GO ALONG AND SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.



LATER AT THE INN, PHILIPPE FINDS THAT THE MARQUIS IS QUITE A DIFFERENT PERSON WHEN HE CAN NO LONGER BE OVERHEARD BY ALINE AND HER UNCLE...

YOU INSOLENT SCOUNDREL! HOW DARED YOU ANNOY ME WHEN I WAS WITH MY FRIENDS! WHAT IMPUDENCE TO ASK ME TO JUSTIFY THE DEATH OF A COMMON PEASANT!

THIS MAN WAS KILLED BY YOUR ORDER. ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU DO SOMETHING FOR HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN. JUSTICE DEMANDS IT!

ANDRE SENSES THAT SOMETHING SINISTER IS IN THE AIR AND SUSPECTS THAT THE MARQUIS HAS DETERMINED TO PROVOKE PHILIPPE TO A SERIOUS QUARREL...

YOU DARE USE THE WORD JUSTICE! EVERY HOthead IN FRANCE IS CRYING FOR JUSTICE AS AN EXCUSE FOR REVOLUTION. YOU AND OTHER RADICALS LIKE YOU ARE A THREAT TO LAW AND ORDER!



STUNG BY THE MARQUIS' ARROGANT MANNER AND INSULTS, PHILIPPE LOSES HIS HEAD. NOW ANDRE UNDERSTANDS THAT THE MARQUIS HAS SCHEMED TO DRAW PHILIPPE INTO A TRAP...

REVOLUTIONARY PIG!

YOU ARE INSULTING, MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS! ONLY A DUEL CAN SETTLE THIS.



THE MARQUIS EAGERLY ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE AND APPOINTS HIS COUSIN, MONSIEUR DE CHABRILLANE, TO BE HIS SECOND...

YOU CANT GO AHEAD WITH THIS, PHILIPPE. DONT YOU SEE THAT HE WAS DETERMINED TO FORCE YOU TO A CHALLENGE? HE'S AN EXPERT SWORDSMAN, AND WHAT DOES A SEMINARIAN LIKE YOU KNOW ABOUT DUELING!

THERE IS NO TURNING BACK WHEN HONOR IS AT STAKE.



Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

FROM THE FIRST EXCHANGE, IT IS PLAIN THAT PHILIPPE IS NO MATCH FOR THE MARQUIS, AND THE NOBLEMAN BORES IN WITH DEADLY HATE...

I'LL TEACH YOU SOME TRICKS YOU NEVER LEARNED IN THE SEMINARY!



PREPARE TO DIE!

YOU CALL THIS A DUEL, MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS, BUT I TELL YOU IT WAS DELIBERATE MURDER!

CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE, BUT I HAVE RID FRANCE OF A DANGEROUS TONGUE.

EVEN AS HIS FRIEND DIES IN HIS ARMS, ANDRE REALIZES THAT PHILIPPE IS A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE, AND RESOLVES THAT HE SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN...



YOU HAVE BEEN MURDERED, PHILIPPE, BUT I SWEAR UPON MY HONOR THAT THIS CRIME SHALL BE AVENGED. I'LL MAKE ONE LAST APPEAL—AND IF THAT FAILS—THEN ON TO BLOODSHED AND REBELLION!



Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

AT RENNES, CAPITOL OF BRITTANY, A HUNGRY MOB RIOTS FOR FOOD BEFORE THE PALACE OF THE KING'S LIEUTENANT AS ANDRE MAKES A FINAL DESPERATE APPEAL...

I DEMAND JUSTICE FOR A MURDERED PATRIOT!

YOU TALK LIKE A MEMBER OF THAT MOB WITH YOUR INSANE REQUEST THAT I ARREST THE MARQUIS, GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I ORDER YOUR ARREST!



AS ANDRE, OVERCOME BY DISPAIR, PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD, HE IS RECOGNIZED BY HIS RADICAL FRIEND, CHAPELIER, ONE OF THE LEADERS IN THE FAST-GROWING REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT...

QUICKLY MOUNTING THE PEDESTAL, ANDRE INFLAMES THE MOB AS HE TELLS THEM THE STORY OF HIS MURDERED FRIEND...

COME, ANDRE, IT IS HIGH TIME THAT YOU JOINED US. YOU HAVE SEEN HOW FUTILE IT IS TO PROCEED BY PEACEFUL MEANS. TODAY WE FIGHT FOR FOOD; TOMORROW WE WILL OVERTHROW THE NOBLES.

HOW BETTER CAN I SEEK THE GOAL FOR WHICH PHILIPPE DIED? THERE IS ONLY ONE ANSWER-- THE MARQUIS AND ALL OTHERS LIKE HIM MUST DIE!

CITIZENS OF RENNES, FRANCE IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER. THE ARROGANT NOBLES DEFY GOD AND THE KING. THEY LIVE IN LUXURY AS OUR PEOPLE STARVE!



ANDRE HAS KINDLED A FIRE THAT WILL SWEEP THE FACE OF ALL FRANCE IN A BLAZE OF LIBERTY...

RIGHT, CHAPELIER! I HAVE A PERSONAL MATTER TO ATTEND TO THERE, AND IF ALL GOES WELL, THERE IS ONE NOBLEMAN WHO WILL NOT LIVE TO SEE THE DAWN OF THE REVOLUTION!



HURRY, MY YOUNG REVOLUTIONIST! WE MUST GET YOU OUT OF TOWN BEFORE THE SOLDIERS PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOUR HEAD. LEAVE RENNES AND GET BACK TO GAVRILLAC. WE WILL SEND YOU WORD WHEN ALL IS READY.



THAT NIGHT NEAR THE VILLAGE OF GAVRILLAC A SOLITARY FIGURE INTERCEPTS ANDRE AS HE MAKES HIS WAY ALONG A DESERTED FOREST ROAD...

ANDRE! THANK HEAVEN I FOUND YOU IN TIME!

ALINE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



I CAME TO WARN YOU—THE TROOPS ARE HERE AHEAD OF YOU AND ARE SEARCHING THE VILLAGE. THE MARQUIS SAYS YOU WILL BE HANGED FOR TREASON.

THIS MEANS I MUST WAIT A LITTLE WHILE FOR MY REVENGE.



THE MARQUIS HAS THE POWER TO SAVE YOUR LIFE. I WILL PLEAD WITH HIM TO GIVE YOU A PARDON.

AND I SUPPOSE THE PRICE THE MARQUIS WILL DEMAND FOR THIS FAVOR IS THAT YOU CONSENT TO BE HIS WIFE.



I CAN SAVE YOU IF YOU LET ME.

I AM GRATEFUL, BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. I HAVE SWORN TO KILL THE MARQUIS AND THAT I WILL DO EVEN THOUGH YOU TAKE HIM FOR YOUR HUSBAND.



ANDRE RIDES OFF INTO THE NIGHT, NOT KNOWING WHERE HE WILL GO OR WHERE HE WILL HIDE, BUT MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER THAT PHILIPPE'S MURDER WILL BE AVENGED...

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, ALINE.

MAY GOD IN HIS MERCY WATCH OVER YOU!





THE MASK OF SCARAMOUCHE
 ANDRE'S MIDNIGHT FLIGHT BRINGS HIM TO THE BANKS OF A DEEP RIVER WHERE THE FERRYMAN, FEARFUL OF AIDING AN ESCAPING FUGITIVE, REFUSES TO TAKE HIM ACROSS...

YOU HAVE MADE IT NECESSARY, M'SIEUR, FOR ME TO ACCOMMODATE MYSELF. HOLD YOUR TONGUE IF SOLDIERS COME BY!

ON MY HONOR, M'SIEUR! D-DON'T SHOOT A POOR, HELPLESS MAN!



THE THUNDER OF HOOVES IN THE STILL NIGHT SENDS A CHILL DOWN ANDRE'S SPINE. HE KNOWS HE CANNOT CROSS THE MARQUIS' VAST DOMAIN BEFORE DAWN-AND THEN HE IS SURE TO BE DISCOVERED...

AS THE ECHO OF HOOFBEATS FADES AWAY, ANDRE BREATHES EASIER. BY BURROWING INTO THE HAY AT THE TOP OF THE MOW, HE FEELS HE CAN SLEEP IN SAFETY...

I HAD BETTER HIDE MYSELF IN THE HAYMOW OF THAT GREAT BARN ACROSS THE FIELDS AHEAD.



EVERY BONE AND MUSCLE IN MY BODYACHES FOR REST. MY HUNGER SHALL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE MORROW.



AFTER DAYBREAK ANDRE IS STARTLED BY FRIGHTENED VOICES IN THE MEADOW BELOW. FAILING AT FIRST TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IS GOING ON, HE IS ON THE ALERT FOR DANGER!

DISCOVERING THAT THE STRANGERS ARE MERELY MEMBERS OF A TOURING BAND OF PLAYERS REHEARSING A SCENE, ANDRE CHANCES THE RISK OF SHOWING HIMSELF...

TELL ME, TELL ME! YOU ARE MY ONLY HOPE, LEANDRE! HE IS COMING! WE ARE LOST!

YOU'RE AN IDIOT, LEANDRE! YOUR WORDS WOULDN'T CONVINCING A PLOUGHBOY. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A DESPAIRING LOVER, EXPRESSING--

HARK! WHO'S THAT LAUGHING AT US?

OH! THIS IS THE END OF OUR HOPES! YOU MUST FLEE, CLIMENE!



WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING HERE ?

TRESPASSING--THE SAME AS YOU, YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW THAT THIS IS THE PROPERTY OF THE MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZYR--AND COMPARED WITH HIM, THE DEVIL IS A GENTLEMAN !

ANDRE'S READY WIT APPEALS TO THE LEADER OF THE TROUPE WHOSE SHREWD SENSE SEES THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLOIT THE TALENTS OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHOSE APPEARANCE BETRAYS THAT HE IS DOWN ON HIS LUCK...

I AM VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR THE WARNING, M'SIEUR. BY THE WAY, WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN OUR COMPANY? MY NAME IS BINET.

WHY, YES--IF I WOULD NOT BE ENCRUCHING ON YOUR HOSPITALITY, THE BEAUTIFUL M'AMSELLE, I TAKE IT, IS YOUR DAUGHTER.



ANDRE'S FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE HIS ACTING TALENT COMES AS HE IS WASHING FOR BREAKFAST, AN ARMED PATROL RIDES UP, AND WHO ELSE COULD THEY BE SEARCHING FOR BUT THE SEDITIOUS YOUNG LAWYER OF GAVRILLAC ?

I'M SORRY, SERGEANT, BUT NONE OF OUR COMPANY HAS SEEN SUCH A MAN AS YOU DESCRIBE. I ASSURE YOU THAT OUR TRESPASSING IS UNINTENTIONAL. WE SHALL BE GONE IN A HALF HOUR. HERE--TREAT YOUR MEN TO A DRINK WHEN YOU COME TO AN INN.

ALL RIGHT--BUT FAIL NOT TO HEED MY WARNING ! GOOD DAY, M'SIEUR.



MY GOOSE WILL BE COOKED IF THEY QUESTION BINET. AND HE MAKES A SLIP OF THE TONGUE. BETTER THAT I TRY TO HANDLE THEM MYSELF !



THANKS FOR KEEPING US OUT OF TROUBLE, M'SIEUR, YOU HAVE A GIFT OF WORDS, BUT KINDLY EXPLAIN HOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE SERGEANT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FUGITIVE FITS YOU!

YES, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY ABOUT THAT ?

A MERE COINCIDENCE. BUT WERE I A FUGITIVE FROM THE NOOSE, WOULD I HAVE BEEN SO BOLD ?





ANDRE FILLS THE JOB OF PROPERTY MAN AS THE TROUPE PARADES INTO A NEARBY TOWN WHERE A FAIR IS BEING HELD. CLIMENE HOLDS ANDRE'S EYE, BRUSHING AWAY WHAT FADED HOPES REMAIN IN HIS HEART FOR ALINE...

THE FIRST NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE IS POORLY ATTENDED. A SUDDEN IDEA STRIKES ANDRE... I CAN WRITE BETTER LINES THAN THEY SPEAK. AND IN THE ROLE OF THE COMEDIAN CALLED SCARAMOUCHE, I COULD PUT LIFE INTO THE PLAY.



THE PLAY NEEDS MORE ACTION, MORE REAL COMEDY. LET ME HELP YOU TO REVISE IT.

HO? WHO EVER HEARD OF A PROPERTY MAN TURNED PLAYWRIGHT?



OVERNIGHT ANDRE'S EFFORTS REAPED SUCCESS. PLAYING THE PART OF SCARAMOUCHE, HE IS SUPERB - AND FINALLY HE PROPOSES MARRIAGE TO BINET'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

YOUR FATHER'S PERMISSION? I AM SURE THAT HE WILL GRANT IT WILLINGLY, CLIMENE.



YES, I THINK HE WILL, ANDRE. LET'S HURRY AND ANNOUNCE OUR BETROTHAL BEFORE THE ENTIRE CAST AT DINNER.

BUT ONE DAY, IN THE MIDST OF HIS NEW HAPPINESS, ANDRE HEARS A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN VOICE CALLING HIS NAME. HASTILY DESERTING CLIMENE, HE HURRIES TO THE SIDE OF ALINE, HIS CHILDHOOD SWEET-HEART...

ALINE! WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU TO NANTES? HOW DID YOU KNOW ME?

COME! STEP IN, ANDRE. IT'S BEEN SO LONG, AND I'VE MANY THINGS TO TELL YOU.



ALINE'S ATTITUDE BECOMES DISTINCTLY CHILLY WHEN ANDRE REVEALS HIS INTENTION OF MARRYING CLIMENE, THE ACTRESS...

CLIMENE IS A SWEET, SIMPLE MAID. I WILL BE HAPPIER WITH HER THAN YOU SHALL EVER BE WITH THE MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZYR.

ENOUGH OF THIS, ANDRE. I SHALL SIGNAL THE COACHMAN TO STOP SO YOU MAY ALIGHT AND ALLOW ME TO GO ON--ALONE! THE MARQUIS IS WAITING FOR ME.



BUT CLIMENE'S JEALOUSY IS AROUSED AT ANDRE'S EVIDENT INTEREST IN THE BEAUTIFUL ALINE AND IN REVENGE ENTERS INTO A HEAVY FLIRTATION WITH THE MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZYR. ONE NIGHT CLIMENE IS LATE FOR THE PERFORMANCE...

YOU ARE TO BLAME FOR THIS, SCARAMOUCHE! WHY DIDN'T YOU KEEP AN EYE ON HER? SHE WAS LAST SEEN ENTERING THE MARQUIS' CARRIAGE!



OH, I AM SURE SHE WILL RETURN--TO MOCK ME. BUT IF THE MARQUIS DARES TO SHOW HIMSELF AT THIS PERFORMANCE, I SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

ANDRE MAKES GOOD HIS THREAT! CHANGING THE LINES OF THE PLAY, HE DELIVERS A BITTER DENUNCIATION OF THE CRUEL NOBILITY AND DRAWS THE ACCLAIM OF THE COMMON PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE...

INFAMOUS SCOUNDREL! YOU HAVE RUINED ME! GET OFF THE STAGE OR I'LL CRACK YOUR SKULL!

DEATH TO THE BUTCHER OF RENNES! DEATH TO LA TOUR D'AZYR WHO MAKES WAR UPON THE COMMON PEOPLE!



MAKE WAY, ROUNDSMEN--OR I'LL BURN YOUR BRAINS!



THUS AGAIN ANDRE IS FORCED TO FLEE FOR HIS LIFE BECAUSE HE HAS EXPOSED HIS IDENTITY TO HIS ARCH-ENEMY, THE MARQUIS. GUARDS ARE STREAMING IN THE FRONT OF THE THEATRE TO QUELL THE RIOTING AUDIENCE AS ANDRE FIGHTS HIS WAY TO THE REAR WHERE DARKNESS WILL COVER HIS ESCAPE.

Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

THE SHADOW OF THE SCAFFOLD HANGS DARKER THAN EVER OVER ANDRE, FOR IN PARIS HE DARES NOT REVEAL HIS IDENTITY. BUT SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW HE MUST FIND A LIVELIHOOD--OR FACE STARVATION IN THE STRIFE-TORN CITY.

HA! THIS MAN SEEKS AN ASSISTANT. I TOOK FENCING LESSONS IN NANTES. I KNOW AT LEAST THE BASIC ELEMENTS OF SWORDSMANSHIP.



Bertrand
Des Amis
Fencing Master
of the
Royal Academy

FROM THE MOMENT OF THEIR FIRST MEETING, THERE IS AN IMMEDIATE UNDERSTANDING AND RESPECT BETWEEN ANDRE AND THE FENCING MASTER. ANDRE'S WHIMSICAL JESTS WIN BERTRAND'S ADMIRATION...

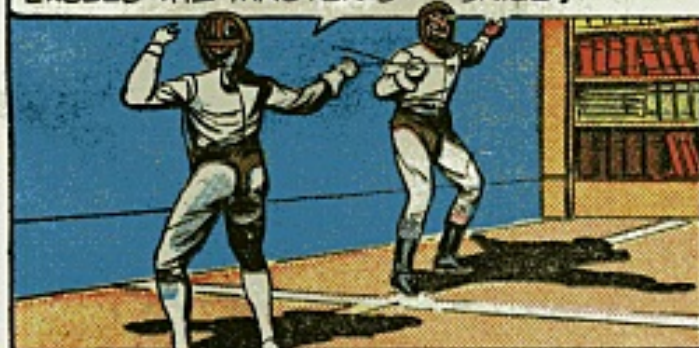
MY NAME, M'SIEUR? ANDRE LOUIS. I FLED BRITTANY TO SAVE MY SKIN. YOU SEE, MY PARTICULAR ENEMY IS THE GREATEST SWORDSMAN OF THAT PROVINCE.

AH, THEN YOU HAVE A STRONG DESIRE TO BECOME SKILLED WITH THE BLADE? GOOD. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT BUILD. I WILL TRAIN YOU TO TEACH MY PUPILS. COME IN.



BERTRAND'S TRAINING IS HELPFUL, AND FROM HIS MANY BOOKS ON THE ART OF SWORDSMANSHIP, ANDRE LEARNS MANY OF THE FINER POINTS OF FENCING--AND THEN ONE DAY HE REALIZES THAT THE PUPILS PREFER HIM TO THE MASTER...

IN MY BEST FORM I COULD ON OCCASION TOUCH M'SIEUR BERTRAND. BUT YOU, ANDRE-- YOU EXCEED THE MASTER'S SKILL!



IN THE MIDDLE OF A SUNDAY AFTERNOON STROLL, ANDRE RUNS INTO HIS OLD FRIEND, CHAPELIER, JUST AS A CLASH BREAKS OUT BETWEEN THE COMMON PEOPLE AND SOLDIERS SERVING THE NOBILITY...

GIVE UP YOUR NEW PROFESSION AND JOIN THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, ANDRE. WE WILL ELECT YOU A DELEGATE TO THE NEW NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

NO. I CHOOSE TO LEAD MY OWN LIFE, TO FIGHT MY BATTLES ALONE. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO BECOME INVOLVED IN STREET FIGHTS.



SCARCELY AN HOUR LATER FATE DECREES THAT ANDRE MUST NOW CONDUCT THE FENCING SCHOOL ALONE!

BERTRAND WAS TRAMPLED TO DEATH UNDER THE HOOVES OF THE HORSES DURING THE RIOT. YOU WILL ATTEND TO HIS BURIAL?



MON DIEU! YES-- I CAN DO NO LESS FOR ONE WHO BEFRIENDED ME.



Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

WITH BERTRAND IN HIS GRAVE, ANDRE CARRIES ON THE SCHOOL OF FENCING SUCCESSFULLY. BUT CHAPELIER, ANDRE'S DEVOTED ADMIRER, AGAIN SEEKS TO LURE HIM TO THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM...

AH! STEP IN, MY FRIEND--AND BID YOUR FRIEND FOLLOW. AT THE MOMENT I AM ALL ALONE HERE.

EXCELLENT--FOR OUR PURPOSES. THIS, MY DEAR ANDRE, IS M'SIEUR DANTON-- A GREAT CHAMPION OF THE COMMON PEOPLE. HE WISHES TO MAKE A PROPOSAL TO YOU.



FORGIVE THE SUGGESTION, ANDRE. WE'LL FIND SOME OTHER WAY.

YES, BETWEEN US WE MUST SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF HOW TO EXTINGUISH THE MARQUIS D'AZYR AND HIS HENCHMEN.



IT IS THE MARQUIS THAT YOU WANT ME TO KILL? THAT IS DIFFERENT! SUCH AN OFFER IS MORE TEMPTING!

DANTON REVEALS THAT THE KING, FEARFUL OF THE RIOTS SPREADING THROUGHOUT FRANCE, HAS AGREED TO LIMIT HIS POWER AND TURN THE GOVERNMENT OVER TO A NATIONAL ASSEMBLY MADE UP OF MEMBERS DRAWN FROM BOTH THE PEOPLE AND THE NOBILITY...

BUT ALAS! THE NOBLEMEN HAVE DEFEATED OUR AIMS BY A CLEVER SCHEME. WHEN ANY COMMONER SHOWS THE MARK OF LEADERSHIP, THE NOBLES PROVOKE HIM TO A DUEL. IN THIS WAY OUR BEST MEN HAVE BEEN KILLED. BUT AS A SKILLED SWORDSMAN, YOU...

YOU MEAN I SHOULD BECOME A DELEGATE, AND THEN TURN THE TABLES ON THEM? NO, NEVER, M'SIEUR!

BUT WHY NOT? IT IS COWARDLY TO REFUSE!



THAT IS TOO SLY A TRICK, FOR WOULD NOT I--BEING SKILLED WITH A SWORD, BE BAITING THEM UNFAIRLY JUST AS THEY HAVE BAITED THE UNPRACTICED SWORDSMEN AMONG THE DELEGATES OF THE PEOPLE?



ACCEPT, ANDRE! YOU CAN FILL THE SEAT OF THE DELEGATE FROM ANCENIS. HE WAS THE MARQUIS' LATEST VICTIM.

I AM CONSIDERING. IF THE MARQUIS SHOULD CHALLENGE ME, I WOULD WELCOME THE CHANCE TO MEET HIM IN A DUEL.



EXCELLENT! LEAVE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS TO US. HA! WHAT A SURPRISE THE NOBLES HAVE COMING TO THEM!

Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

EXCITEMENT GRIPS THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY WHEN ANDRE IS INTRODUCED BY THE PRESIDENT. THE MARQUIS D'AZYR STRUGGLES TO CONCEAL HIS SURPRISE AND HATRED!

ANDRE-LOUIS MOREAU, DEPUTY, REPLACING THE LATE EMMANUEL LAGRON FOR ANCENIS IN THE REGION OF THE LOIRE.



I COME BEFORE YOU TO FILL THE PLACE OF ONE WHO WAS MURDERED. LAGRON WAS A GENEROUS, DUTIFUL ZEALOUS MAN, BUT HE POSSESSED WHAT HIS OPPONENTS WOULD CALL A DANGEROUS GIFT OF ELOQUENCE.

ORDER!
UNSEAT THE SCOUNDREL!

BUT AS ANDRE CONTINUES HIS ORATION, TAUNTING THE NOBLES AND CALLING THE ASSEMBLY A HUNTING GROUND FOR BULLY-SWORDSMEN, THE MARQUIS' COUSIN, CHABRILLANE, HATCHES A MURDEROUS PLOT...



BRAVO!
BRAVO!

LET THE FOOL TALK! HE WON'T BE HEARD AGAIN. LEAVE THAT TO ME!

CURSE HIM! WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THIS IMPUDENT UPSTART, CHABRILLANE?

WAIT UNTIL THE MEETING IS OVER, MY DEAR MARQUIS. I'LL JOSTLE HIM OUTSIDE THEN FLING A CHALLENGE IN HIS FACE. HE WILL HAVE TO ACCEPT AND I WILL KILL HIM LIKE A DOG!



AT THE END OF THE DAY'S SESSION AS THE DELEGATES EMERGE INTO A DOWNPOUR, CHABRILLANE STOMPS DELIBERATELY ON ANDRE'S TOES TO PROVOKE HIM...

WHEN CHABRILLANE FAILS TO HEED ANDRE'S WARNING, A SWIFT MOVEMENT OF THE LATTER'S ARM GIVES HIM FAR MORE THAN HE HAD BARGAINED FOR!

I WARN YOU, DO NOT PUSH AGAINST ME, MONSIEUR!

NO MORE OF YOUR RUDENESS, LOU! I SEEK TO TAKE SHELTER HERE.

YOU SHALL PAY FOR THIS--WITH YOUR LIFE! TOMORROW-MORNING --IN THE PARK!

OH, THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED? HAD YOU SAID SO, YOU WOULD HAVE SPARED ME THE TROUBLE OF KNOCKING YOU DOWN, TOMORROW MORNING, THEN!



Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT NINE ANDRE AND CHABRILLANE MEET IN THE PARK. BLADES FLASH IN THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT, BUT AFTER A FEW EXCHANGES THE MARQUIS' COUSIN IS SHOCKINGLY AWARE THAT HE IS NO MATCH FOR THE EX-LAWYER FROM GAVRILLAC!

THIS BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF THE DAY WHEN YOU SPURRED THE MARQUIS TO MURDER MY DEAR FRIEND, PHILIPPE!



AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY ANDRE'S SWORD STREAKS BENEATH CHABRILLANE'S GUARD TO FULFILL HIS GRIM PURPOSE. THEN, DISDAINING A VICTOR'S FLOURISH, ANDRE TURNS TO BE ON HIS WAY...

THE ASSEMBLY CONVENES AT NINE. I FEAR I WILL ARRIVE AN HOUR LATE.

YOUR APPEARANCE WILL CREATE A SENSATION, ANDRE. FRIENDS AND FOES ALIKE PLACED THE ODDS HEAVILY IN FAVOR OF YONDER CORPSE.



THE NOBLES ARE BITTERLY DETERMINED TO PUT ANDRE OUT OF THE WAY SO ON THREE SUCCESSIVE MORNINGS HE MEETS A NEW CHALLENGER--SEVERELY WOUNDING EACH ONE...

M'SIEUR PRESIDENT, EXCUSE MY TARDINESS. I WAS DETAINED BY A MATTER OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE. I ALSO BRING YOU THE EXCUSE OF M'SIEUR DE CHABRILLANE. HE, UNFORTUNATELY, WILL BE PERMANENTLY ABSENT.



ENOUGH, EH? PERHAPS SOON THE MARQUIS D'AZYR WILL HONOR ME WITH A CHALLENGE. HE, AFTER ALL, IS THE ONE I MOST DESIRE TO SETTLE WITH.



ANDRE'S INFLAMMATORY REMARKS ON THE FLOOR OF THE ASSEMBLY GOAD THE MARQUIS D'AZYR TO TAKE ACTION...

YOU HAVE DARED TO LABEL ME AN ASSASSIN BECAUSE I USED MY SKILL TO DISPOSE OF A HOT-HEAD WHO MADE THE WORLD UNSAFE FOR ME AND MY KIND.

YOU DESIRE TO MEET ME, M'SIEUR LE MARQUIS? EXCELLANT! MY FRIEND, CHAPELIER, WILL CHOOSE A TIME AND PLACE CONVENIENT FOR US BOTH.



NEWS OF THE COMING DUEL IS THE TALK OF PARIS. BUT ON THE APPOINTED MORNING, JUST AS ANDRE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, HE IS SURPRISED BY AN EARLY VISITOR!

ALINE! YOU'VE COME TO BEG ME NOT TO KILL YOUR SUITOR, THE MARQUIS D'AZYR--BUT YOUR PLEAS WILL BE IN VAIN!

NO, NO--ANDRE! IT IS YOU I FEAR WILL BE KILLED! I PROMISE, I PROMISE, ANDRE--I WILL NOT MARRY THE MARQUIS IF YOU DEFAULT.



THIS IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! YOU LOVE HIM SO MUCH YOU WOULD RATHER GIVE HIM UP THAN HAVE HIM KILLED.

THAT IS NOT TRUE, ANDRE! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME. IT IS YOUR LIFE I FEAR FOR-- NOT HIS!



COME BACK, ANDRE! I BEG YOU! THE MARQUIS IS DETERMINED TO KILL YOU.

YOU CANNOT THWART MY REVENGE--AND AN ENEMY OF OUR PEOPLE WILL DIE TODAY! ADIEU!



ONLY A FEW MOMENTS AFTER ANDRE HAS SPED ON HIS WAY, MADAME FLOUGASTEL, ANDRE'S OLD FRIEND FROM GAVRILLAC, RUSHES FRANTICALLY UPSTAIRS...

OH! HOW DID YOU KNOW I CAME HERE?

I DIDN'T--YET I'M NOT SURPRISED. WHERE IS ANDRE? NOT HERE! AND YOU DIDN'T TRY TO STOP HIM!



I DID PLEAD WITH HIM, BUT NOT FOR THE SAKE OF THE MARQUIS. IT IS ANDRE'S LIFE THAT I PRAY MAY BE SPARED.

AND SO IT IS WITH ME, ALINE. I CANNOT TELL YOU NOW WHY WE MUST STOP THIS DUEL--BUT IF I COULD BARE THE SECRET, YOU WOULD KNOW

THAT I HAVE THE STRONGEST MOTIVE IN THE WORLD TO SAVE ANDRE!



ANDRE'S SKILL IS NOT GREAT ENOUGH TO SAVE HIM. HE IS NO MATCH FOR THE MARQUIS WHO HAS NEVER LOST A DUEL. POOR ANDRE IS NO BETTER THAN A LAMB ON THE WAY TO THE SLAUGHTER PEN!

THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE. WE MUST ACT AT ONCE IF WE'RE TO SAVE HIM. COME! WE MAY YET ARRIVE IN TIME IF YOUR COACHMAN RUNS HIS HORSES.

MADAM PLOUGASTEL'S COACHMAN CATCHES THE NOTE OF TERROR IN HER COMMAND, AND SENDS THE CARRIAGE AT TOP SPEED THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS...

HEAVENS! WE ALMOST OVERTURNED--BUT DON'T SLOW DOWN. DRIVE FASTER!



WE'RE ENTERING THE PARK! THERE ARE SO MANY SHARP CURVES, HE CANNOT STOP IN TIME IF ANOTHER CARRIAGE BLOCKS OUR WAY!

SIT BACK AND HOLD ON, ALINE, OR YOU'LL BE THROWN OUT. TO SAVE ANDRE WE MUST RUN THIS DANGER.

ALTHOUGH SUFFERING PAIN, THE MARQUIS ALIGHTS NIMBLY AND RUSHES TO ASSIST ALINE, BELIEVING THAT SHE HAS FAINTED AT THE SIGHT OF HIS WOUND...



ALINE! ALINE! THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR. MY WOUND IS SLIGHT, AND I SHALL HAVE IT ATTENDED TO BY A SURGEON.

YOU ARE MISTAKEN ABOUT HER SYMPATHIES, M'SIEUR. LEAVE US. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER.

DISASTER IS AVOIDED BY INCHES! BUT WHEN THE TWO WOMEN CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A PASSING COACH, THEY ARE HORRIFIED!

IT'S THE MARQUIS ON THE WAY BACK FROM THE DUEL! WE ARE TOO LATE TO SAVE ANDRE!

OH MY POOR ANDRE! DEAD! DEAD!



MADAME PLOUGASTEL STARES--ALMOST IN DISBELIEF--AS TWO RIDERS COME GALLOPING TOWARDS THEM. THE LEADER IS ANDRE--ALIVE AND UNHURT.



OH, THANK GOD! HE IS NOT DEAD! BUT HOW--HOW WAS HE SPARED?

BUT ANDRE'S SUSPICIONS ARE AGAIN AROUSED WHEN HE SEES ALINE AND THE MARQUIS TOGETHER...



LOOK! SHE COLLAPSED AT THE SIGHT OF HER LOVER'S WOUNDED ARM. WOMEN CANNOT BE TRUSTED, CHAPELIER. LET'S WASTE NO TIME HERE.

IT'S AS I HAVE ALWAYS SAID. NOBLES AND NOBLE LADIES ALIKE ARE DEFT IN THE WAYS OF TREACHERY. **ALLONS!**

HOW DID M'SIEUR MOREAU ESCAPE? WAS THERE NO DUEL BETWEEN HIM AND THE MARQUIS?

OH, YES--THEY FOUGHT FOR NEARLY FIFTEEN MINUTES. BUT THE OUTCOME PROVED MOST DISTRESSING. THE MARQUIS HAD SWORN TO KILL HIS ENEMY WITHOUT A MOMENT'S DELAY, BUT--



YOU WON'T HAVE AN EASY TIME KILLING ME! THIS IS QUITE DIFFERENT THAN WHEN YOU MURDERED MY FRIEND PHILIPPE.

YOU WILL NEVER UTTER THAT MISERABLE LIE AGAIN, MOREAU!



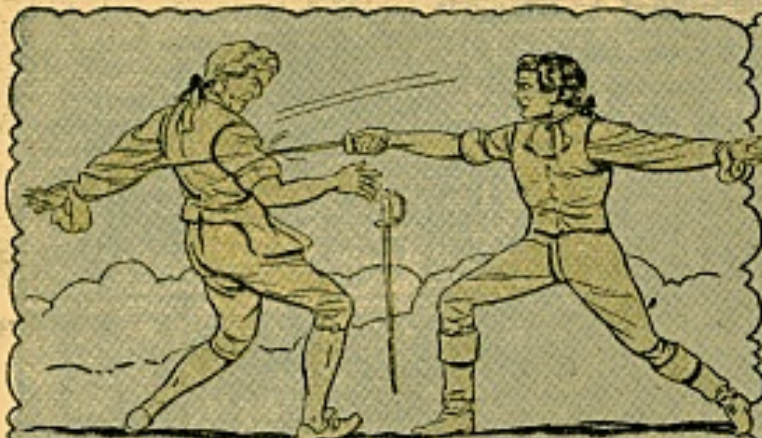
"THE MARQUIS' TACTICS WERE FROM THE VERY START THOSE OF ATTACK. HE MADE LUNGE AFTER LUNGE TO SEEK AN OPENING IN M'SIEUR MOREAU'S GUARD, BUT THE YOUNG MAN EXHIBITED A BRILLIANT DEFENSE."

I AM WAITING SO YOU MAY SUFFER THE PANGS OF FEAR BEFORE I KILL YOU. HOW DOES IT FEEL TO KNOW YOU ARE AT LAST ABOUT TO MEET THE SAME CRUEL DEATH YOU BESTOWED UPON YOUR HELPLESS VICTIMS?



CURB YOUR TONGUE, YOU COMMON DOG!

SUDDENLY I BECAME AWARE THAT THE YOUNG MAN WAS DELIBERATELY PROLONGING THE FRAY BY DEFTLY PARRYING THE MARQUIS' THRUSTS BUT COUNTERING WITH NONE OF HIS OWN...



AT LEAST I LEAVE HIM DISGRACED. HIS ARROGANT PRESENCE WILL NO LONGER DEFILE THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

A BANDAGE, QUICK! THE BLADE SEVERED AN ARTERY.



"FOR A MOMENT THEIR WEAPONS MOVED FASTER THAN MY EYES COULD FOLLOW, BUT NO BLOWS WERE STRUCK. THEN, AFTER A BRIEF PAUSE, YOUNG MOREAU WAS ON THE OFFENSIVE. HIS THRUST WOULD HAVE PIERCED THE MARQUIS' HEART HAD NOT THE MARQUIS STUMBLER FROM EXHAUSTION..."

"THUS WOUNDED, THE MARQUIS COULD NO LONGER HOLD HIS SWORD, AND WE STOPPED THE DUEL. BUT IT WAS A BITTER TRIUMPH FOR MOREAU, BECAUSE HE WAS SURE HE WOULD HAVE THE MARQUIS' LIFE."

SO THAT IS HOW ANDRE WON--AND EVEN NOW HE IS ON HIS WAY TO THE ASSEMBLY WHERE HE WILL DENOUNCE ALL OF US WITH GREATER BITTERNESS THAN BEFORE.

YOUR CONCERN WAS *NOT* FOR ME, ALINE?



NO! I CARE ONLY FOR ANDRE--BUT NOW I HAVE LOST HIM BECAUSE HE SAW ME IN YOUR ARMS AND THOUGHT I LOVED YOU.

BUT, MY DEAR! SURELY YOU MUST SHARE IN MY JOY THAT ANDRE IS ALIVE AND UNHURT.

ALL MY HOPES HAVE BEEN DESTROYED. IT WOULD BE MOCKERY FOR ME TO REJOICE



STUNNED BY ALINE'S CURT REJECTION, THE MARQUIS BOWS AND TURNS BACK TO HIS CARRIAGE. BUT HIS DEJECTION IS NO LESS THAN ALINE'S...



THE REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS IN PARIS

AFTER THE CLOSING SESSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, ANDRE CAMPAIGNS FOR THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY AND EQUALITY THROUGH THE TOWNS AND CITIES OF BRITTANY...

FRANCE WILL PERISH UNLESS WE, THE PEOPLE FIGHT TO GAIN JUSTICE AND FREEDOM!



BUT AS THE FIRST BLOODY OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION DRAWS NIGH, ANDRE IS SUMMONED BY THE LEADERS TO PARIS. AT A TOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE SEETHING CITY, HE LOOKS TO THE SAFETY OF HIS GODFATHER...

YOU HAVE BEEN WISE TO SEEK REFUGE HERE, GODFATHER, NO ARISTOCRAT WILL BE SAFE FROM NOW ON. THE INNOCENT WILL SUFFER WITH THE GUILTY.

ANDRE! YOU'VE COME JUST IN TIME. ALINE NEEDS YOUR HELP--DESPERATELY!



ALINE AND MADAME PLOUGASTEL ARE TRAPPED IN PARIS. I LEARNED OF THEIR FATE THROUGH A BOY LIVING NEARBY WHO LUCKILY HAD A PASS TO LEAVE THE CITY.

I CAN HELP ALINE TO ESCAPE, BUT I WON'T RISK MY NECK TO SAVE MADAM PLOUGASTEL. HER HUSBAND IS A SWORN ENEMY OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.



YOU HARDLY LEAVE ME ANY CHOICE, ANDRE, BUT DO NOT OBLIGE ME TO BREAK A SOLEMN OATH. I HAVE KEPT MY PROMISE FOR TWENTY YEARS.

I DOUBT IF ANYTHING YOU REVEAL TO ME CAN CHANGE MY FEELINGS TOWARD MADAME PLOUGASTEL AND WHAT SHE STANDS FOR.



IT IS ENOUGH FOR ME TO HELP ALINE, EVEN SHE HOLDS NO AFFECTION FOR ME, FOR ALL I KNOW SHE MAY NOW BE THE WIFE OF MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZYR!

BUT SHE IS NOT, ANDRE! BELIEVE ME! SHE HAS NOT SEEN HIM FOR MONTHS. IF HE IS NOT ALREADY DEAD, THE PEOPLE WILL CERTAINLY KILL HIM IF HE SHOWS HIMSELF!



ANDRE'S CURIOSITY IS SLOWLY AROUSED. HE TRUSTS HIS GODFATHER BUT IS ANXIOUS TO LEARN THE MOTIVE BEHIND THE PLEA TO RESCUE MADAME PLOUGASTEL...

I AM WELL-KNOWN TO THE REVOLUTIONISTS IN PARIS. IT WILL NOT BE SO DIFFICULT FOR ME TO ESCORT ALINE SAFELY THROUGH THE BARRIERS. BUT ONLY ALINE, NO ONE ELSE.

YOU HAVE FORCED ME TO A HARD DECISION, ANDRE. I PRAYED YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE TO BE TOLD--MADAME PLOUGASTEL--IS YOUR MOTHER!

MY MOTHER! SHE--IS MY MOTHER. WHY HAS SHE NEVER ACKNOWLEDGED ME AS HER SON?

YOU WERE BORN WHEN SHE WAS A YOUNG GIRL--AFTER SHE DISCOVERED HER SECRET MARRIAGE TO A RECKLESS YOUNG NOBLEMAN WAS NOT VALID. LATER SHE BECAME THE WIFE OF MONSIEUR PLOUGASTEL, AND I HAVE KEPT HER SECRET ALL THESE YEARS.



EVEN AS ANDRE IS STUNNED TO HEAR THE SECRET OF HIS BIRTH, ANGRY MOBS ROAM THE STREETS OF PARIS. FIRES RAGE, CASTING FLICKERING SHADOWS OVER THE BODIES OF NOBLEMEN SWAYING BY THE ROPES ON WHICH THEY WERE HANGED FROM LAMP POSTS. MADAME PLOUGASTEL AND ALINE SHUDDER IN DREAD...

AND WHAT WOULD ANDRE THINK IF HE KNEW THAT HIS ARCH-ENEMY, THE MARGUIS D'AZYR, RELENTLESSLY PURSUED BY THE MOB, HAS FINALLY BEEN OBLIGED TO BEG HELP FROM ALINE--AND MADAME PLOUGASTEL...

WE MAY BE SPARED TONIGHT, BUT HEAVEN HELP US WHEN IT IS DAYLIGHT AGAIN!

IF MADAME PLOUGASTEL AND I ARE OFFERED A CHANCE TO ESCAPE, YOU COULD NOT COME WITH US AS YOU ARE. CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES FOR THOSE OF MY SERVANT.

A GOOD PLAN. PERHAPS THEN NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE ME--ESPECIALLY IF I HIDE MY FACE. I SHALL DO IT NOW, FOR IT WILL SOON BE DAWN.



AS THE DAWN HERALDS ANOTHER DAY OF BLOODY CIVIL STRIFE IN PARIS, ANDRE ENTERS THE CITY AND MAKES HASTE TO MADAME PLOUGASTEL'S HOME...

SO FAR IT SEEMS THAT THE HOUSE HAS NOT BEEN MOLESTED, BUT I SHOULD NOT DELAY IN TAKING THEM BEYOND THE BARRICADES.

ANDRE!

MY GODFATHER TOLD ME OF YOUR PLIGHT AND SENT ME TO HELP YOU ESCAPE. HOW SOON CAN YOU BE READY TO LEAVE?

OH, ANDRE-- ANDRE, MY DEAR! I KNEW IN MY HEART YOU WOULD COME!

WE NEED ONLY OUR CLOAKS, ANDRE. WILL YOU NOT SPEAK TO ALINE? YOU MUST KNOW SHE HAS ALWAYS LOVED YOU, AND NOW WITH TIMES SO CHANGED, THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD NOT ASK HER HAND IN MARRIAGE.

ALINE MAY THINK DIFFERENTLY-- WHEN SHE LEARNS THE TRUTH ABOUT ME. MAY WE SPEAK IN PRIVATE, MADAME?

LEAVE US A MOMENT, ALINE. GET YOUR CLOAK AND TELL-- ER, OUR FOOTMAN TO BE READY TO GO WITH US.

NOW, MADAME, IF YOU WILL PLEASE OPEN THIS LETTER FROM MY GODFATHER--IT WILL EXPLAIN WHAT HE HAS REVEALED TO ME AND WHY I HAVE COME.

ALINE OVERHEARS THEIR SECRET. THE LETTER HAS AT LAST EXPOSED THE MYSTERY THAT MADAME PLOUGASTEL HAD FOUGHT SO LONG TO HIDE...

MY SON! HOW CAN I TELL YOU THE DREADFUL PAIN MY HEART HAS BORNE THESE MANY YEARS? I AM VERY PROUD OF YOU, ANDRE, AND I HOPE YOU HOLD NO GRUDGE AGAINST ME!

IF I HAD, IT IS FORGOTTEN, MOTHER. COME! LET'S WASTE NO TIME.

OH!

Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

BUT NEITHER HIS MOTHER NOR ALINE CAN SOFTEN ANDRE'S EMBITTERED HEART. STILL THINKING OF THEM AS ARISTOCRATS, HE IS UNWILLING TO TRUST THEM...

ALTHOUGH THE DISGUISED MARQUIS TRIES TO REMAIN OUT OF SIGHT, ANDRE IS QUICK TO NOTE THE RESEMBLANCE TO THE MAN HE HATES!

I HEARD, ANDRE! NOTHING MATTERS TO ME EXCEPT I LOVE YOU. BELIEVE ME, ANDRE! I WOULD SOONER DIE THAN TO DECEIVE YOU.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR TALK OF LOVE. IS THE CARRIAGE READY? WHERE IS YOUR FOOTMAN?

THE HORSES AND CARRIAGE STAND WAITING IN THE COACH HOUSE. I WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY, ANDRE.

THERE IS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT YOUR FOOTMAN'S FACE. HERE! LET ME HAVE A CLOSER LOOK AT HIM!



SO! IT IS THE MARQUIS DE AZYR! MY OWN MOTHER TRIED TO DECEIVE ME.

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, ANDRE MOREAU! AND WHO DOES THIS TRAITOR SAY IS HIS MOTHER?



DON'T SHOOT HIM! HE IS MY SON! IF YOU WILL NOT TAKE MY WORD, READ THIS LETTER FROM YOUR OLD FRIEND! BUT DON'T FORCE ME TO REVEAL THE REST OF THE TRUTH!



ANDRE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS MOTHER'S INTERFERENCE AND WHIPS OUT A PISTOL...

STAND ASIDE, MOTHER! LET THE SCOUNDREL SHOOT AT ME NOW-- IF HE DARES!



NO, NO, ANDRE! OH, THIS IS TOO HORRIBLE-- THE MARQUIS IS *YOUR FATHER, ANDRE!* I SWEAR IT! THAT IS WHY I RUSHED TO THE PARK TO TRY AND STOP YOUR DUEL.



SO THIS IS THE BOY YOU TOLD ME HAD DIED AT BIRTH! BUT THE FACT THAT YOU ARE MY SON DOES NOT CHANGE MY CONTEMPT FOR THE WAY IN WHICH YOU HAVE TURNED AGAINST YOUR CLASS.

WHAT MY MOTHER HAS REVEALED WILL SERVE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE, BUT HEAVEN GRANT THAT I MAY NEVER SET EYES ON YOU AGAIN!

I LEAVE NOW TO TAKE MY MOTHER AND ALINE THROUGH THE BARRICADES, YOU WILL ONLY ENDANGER THEIR LIVES IF YOU GO WITH US.

I AM QUITE CONTENT TO TAKE MY CHANCE ALONE. THIS DISGUISE IS ALL I NEED.



NOW, ANDRE, THAT YOU KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR BIRTH, WHY CAN WE NOT FORGET AND FORGIVE ALL THAT HAS STOOD BETWEEN US?

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED ABOUT MYSELF DURING THESE PAST FEW HOURS IS ALMOST MORE THAN I CAN BEAR. LET US SAY NO MORE UNTIL I CAN SEE WHAT FATE HOLDS IN STORE FOR US.

THE HOWL AND CRY OF MOBS ROAMING THE STREETS GROWS LOUDER IN THEIR EARS AS THEY VENTURE OUT OF THE HOUSE...

THERE IS NO NEED TO CLOSE THE DOOR. BEFORE NIGHT-FALL THE HOME OF EVERY ARISTOCRAT WILL BE OVER-RUN BY THE MOB!



THEIR CARRIAGE DRAWS CURIOUS GLANCES BUT IS UNMOLESTED AS ANDRE HOLDS THE TEAM TO A FAST PACE UNTIL THEY REACH A BARRICADE SET UP TO PREVENT THE ESCAPE OF THE HATED ARISTOCRATS...

WHAT IF THESE CITIZEN-SOLDIERS SHOULD FAIL TO RECOGNIZE ANDRE?

THEY'LL KNOW HIM. HE IS ONE OF THEIR HEROES. BUT THEY MAY NOT ALLOW HIM TO TAKE US WITH HIM.

A BREATHLESS, TORTUROUS PAUSE IN FRONT OF THE GRIMLY-GUARDED BARRICADE, THEN...



PASS ON, CITIZEN ANDRE MOREAU. YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER.

HE SAID THE WOMAN WAS HIS MOTHER AND THAT HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO MARRY THE GIRL. DO YOU THINK HE TOLD ME THE TRUTH?

CITIZEN MOREAU HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO TELL A LIE.

I REALIZE NOW, ALINE, THAT IT WAS ONLY MY BLINDNESS THAT HAS KEPT US APART ALL THESE YEARS. I COULD NOT BRING MYSELF TO BELIEVE THAT YOU WOULD EVER CARE FOR ME, AND MY JEALOUSY OF THE MARQUIS DROVE ME TO DO MANY FOOLISH THINGS.

NEVER, NEVER, ANDRE, HAVE I EVER THOUGHT OF ANYONE BUT YOU—NOT EVEN WHEN THAT GIRL FROM THE THEATRE CAME INTO YOUR LIFE. I HAVE NEVER LOVED ANYONE BUT YOU, AND I LOVE YOU NOW.



ALTHOUGH ANDRE AND ALINE AT LAST FIND PEACE AND HAPPINESS TOGETHER, IT WILL BE MANY YEARS BEFORE THEY CAN RETURN TO PARIS.

ESCAPING OVER THE BORDER, THEY HAVE LEFT FRANCE IN WILD AND BLOODY REVOLT. THE BATTLE FOR FREEDOM WHICH PHILIPPE HOPED TO WIN BY PEACEFUL MEANS WILL SOON BECOME THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BUT ANDRE WILL SOME DAY RETURN AND DO HIS PART TO ESTABLISH ONCE AGAIN THE PEACE AND FREEDOM WHICH HIS HATRED OF THE MARQUIS HELPED DESTROY.



THE SHARK FIGHTERS

The man-eating shark is one of the most feared monsters of the deep. Many a hapless sailor has lost his life in an encounter with these killers. Yet it is an amazing fact that natives of oceanic tropical islands can and do attack sharks successfully. With no protection of any kind save native skill and a keen-edged knife with a sharp point, courageous natives have learned to beat the shark at his own game—sudden death!

There are two reasons why sharks can be destroyed by quick-thinking men. One is that these big fish are habitually slow in their movements. Another is that their skin is not slippery like that of scaled fishes, but is leathery and tough. These two characteristics enable natives who are first-class swimmers and divers and who have learned by practice to stay under water for long periods of time, to dive below the sharks, swim to them from underneath and grip the big notched pectoral fin. This is the key to the shark's defense. Once a man has a grip on the fin, it is absolutely

impossible for the shark to reach the swimmer with his slashing jaws or tail. And while the shark is thus deprived of the use of his two fearsome weapons, the native swimmer drives his long and very sharp knife into the creature's belly and forces it away from himself with a slashing, ripping motion.

This plan of attack used by the shark-fighters is the only way to give the shark a quickly fatal wound. Stabs and shots at the upper body rarely are effective quickly, because the shark has only a backbone; the rest of his framework being cartilage. Even high-velocity bullets which fail to strike the backbone merely damage the tough tissue without finding any mortal spot.



Chances are you will never meet a shark in a life and death duel. But the story of the shark-fighters makes an important point for each and every one of us. It is this: that a man acting courageously, without fear after carefully considering his enemy's weak points, can make victory his. No enemy is invincible.

Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated
The **NECKLACE** by **GUY de MAUPASSANT**

THIS TOUCHING TALE BY A FAMOUS FRENCH AUTHOR IS ACCLAIMED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST SHORT STORIES. DE MAUPASSANT'S LITTLE MASTERPIECES OF FICTION ARE ESPECIALLY NOTED FOR THEIR SURPRISE ENDINGS-- SUCH AS THE STRANGE TWIST THAT CLIMAXES THIS NARRATIVE.

ONE DAY MATHILDE LOISELLE AND HER HUSBAND, A CLERK IN THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, RECEIVED A GREAT SURPRISE...

OH, HOW EXCITING! WE HAVE BEEN INVITED TO ATTEND THE MAGNIFICENT GOVERNMENT BALL! A SOCIAL EVENT PAR EXCELLENCE!

YES, WE WILL BE RUBBING ELBOWS WITH RENOWNED FIGURES. GENERALS, DIPLOMATS, GREAT MUSICIANS AND PARISIAN BEAUTIES.



BUT WHAT SHALL I WEAR? I CAN'T AFFORD A NEW GOWN. I'LL TRIM THE OLD ONE WITH LACE. YES, I THINK IT WILL DO.

YOU'LL BE VERY BEAUTIFUL, AND I SHALL BE PROUD OF YOU, MY DEAR.

ON A SUDDEN INSPIRATION, MATHILDE LEAVES THEIR MODEST FLAT AND HASTENS TO THE HOME OF A WEALTHY FRIEND...

JEANNE IS ALWAYS SO GENEROUS. I KNOW SHE WILL BE GLAD TO HELP ME.



JEANNE WAS DELIGHTED TO LEARN THAT MATHILDE WAS TO ATTEND THE FASHIONABLE PARTY, AND READILY OFFERED TO LEND HER WHATEVER SHE MIGHT CHOOSE FROM A MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF JEWELS...

MATHILDE'S HUSBAND SHARED IN HER THRILL AS THE DIAMONDS SPARKLED UNDER THE BRIGHT LIGHTS WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT THE PARTY...

THIS DIAMOND NECKLACE? WHY, OF COURSE YOU MAY BORROW IT!

IT'S GORGEOUS, JEANNE! I'LL FEEL LIKE A PRINCESS, WEARING SUCH BEAUTIFUL STONES!

OH! I'M JUST OVERJOYED! ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF ATTENDING A SPLENDID BALL SUCH AS THIS!

AND YOU ARE AS BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT AS ONE WHO HAD STEPPED OUT OF A DREAM, MY DEAR!



MATHILDE HAD THE TIME OF HER LIFE. AFTER THE PARTY BROKE UP AT FOUR IN THE MORNING, SHE AND HER TIRED HUSBAND RETURNED TO THEIR MODEST FLAT... BUT SUDDENLY THEY WERE ENGULFED BY STARK DISMAY.

THE NECKLACE -- IT'S GONE! IT WAS AROUND MY NECK WHEN WE LEFT THE PARTY, AND I DID NOT HEAR IT DROP ANYWHERE. GO LOOK ON THE STAIRS!

GOOD HEAVENS, MATHILDE! I HOPE WE FIND IT. WE COULD NEVER HOPE TO PAY FOR ITS LOSS!



BUT THE SEARCH WAS UNSUCCESSFUL AND THE UNHAPPY YOUNG COUPLE HURRIED TO A JEWELER TO PURCHASE A DUPLICATE TO REPLACE THE NECKLACE WHICH WAS LOST.

THIS NECKLACE IS PRICED AT FORTY THOUSAND FRANCS, BUT YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND.

OH! HOW CAN I RAISE SO MUCH MONEY? AND IF I BORROW IT, WE'LL BE BURDENED WITH DEBT FOR YEARS AND YEARS!

PLEASE - PUT IT ASIDE FOR US. WE'LL RETURN FOR IT IN THREE DAYS.



BUT BORROW THE MONEY THEY DID, AND MATHILDE'S FRIEND WAS NEVER TOLD THAT ANYTHING WAS AMISS. FROM THAT DAY ON, THEIR LIFE WAS ONE OF HARDSHIP AND SACRIFICE AS THEY STRUGGLED FOR A BARE EXISTENCE...

YEAR AFTER YEAR ALMOST EVERY PENNY GOES TO PAY OUR DEBT. I NEVER WOULD HAVE BORROWED THAT NECKLACE HAD I KNOWN THE MISERY ITS LOSS WOULD BRING UPON US.

DO NOT DESPAIR, DEAR. SOME DAY WE'LL BE FREE FROM DEBT. WE MUST TAKE PRIDE THAT WE DIDN'T SHIRK OUR RESPONSIBILITY.



AFTER TEN HARD YEARS THE LOISELLES FINALLY HAD REPAID ALL THEY HAD BORROWED, BUT THE STRUGGLE HAD LEFT ITS MARK ON THEM. LOISELLE HAD BECOME PREMATURELY OLD AND GRAY, AND THE ONCE LOVELY MATHILDE WAS WORN AND FADED.

OH! AT LAST IT'S OVER. I WONDER HOW LIFE MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF I HADN'T LOST THIS NECKLACE?

WHO KNOWS, DEAR. WE STILL HAVE EACH OTHER IF NOTHING ELSE.



ASHAMED OF THE RAGS SHE WAS FORCED TO WEAR, MATHILDE HADN'T CALLED ON JEANNE SINCE THE DAY SHE RETURNED THE NECKLACE. JEANNE WAS ASTONISHED WHEN THEY MET BY ACCIDENT IN THE PARK. AT FIRST SHE DID NOT RECOGNIZE MATHILDE...

THE REASON I LOOK THIS WAY IS BECAUSE I LOST YOUR NECKLACE AND BOUGHT A NEW ONE, WHICH I GAVE BACK TO YOU. WE LIVED IN STARK POVERTY THESE TEN LONG YEARS TO REPAY THE MONEY WE HAD TO BORROW.

OH! MY POOR MATHILDE! YOUR SUFFERING WAS NEEDLESS! I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THAT THE DIAMONDS IN MY NECKLACE WERE MERELY IMITATIONS. THE WHOLE STRING WAS ONLY WORTH A FEW FRANCS!





TANK TACTICS AT CARTHAGE

241 B. C.

At the time of the War of the Mercenaries, some two thousand years ago, the ancient, but then bustling and prosperous City of Carthage suffered one of the most terrifying sieges in all history! The ordeal continued for weeks on end, with the attackers sending waves of mechanized monsters against the walls of the city. These assaults culminated in the appearance in the greatest engine of warfare seen up to that time. For days the Carthaginians watched the construction of the monster on the plain before the City, far out of the reach of their stone-throwing artillery. One day it began to move! The attack began! Slowly, ponderously, pitching, rolling, but always advancing, the huge thing came against Carthage! Women wept and strong men trembled at the appearance of this great tank!

Earlier the people of Carthage had fought off attacks by another form of tank, low, rolling armored platforms. These had resembled tortoises with iron heads to ram the City's gates. Each tortoise carried armed men, protected from attack from the City's walls by oaken shields and fresh, raw hides which had defied the flames of fire poured down from above. Victory by these early tanks had been averted by grapnel hooks dropped by the defenders. The barbed hooks had pulled away the protecting armor, exposed the troops to attack from the walls, and had sent the armored turtles scuttling back in retreat!

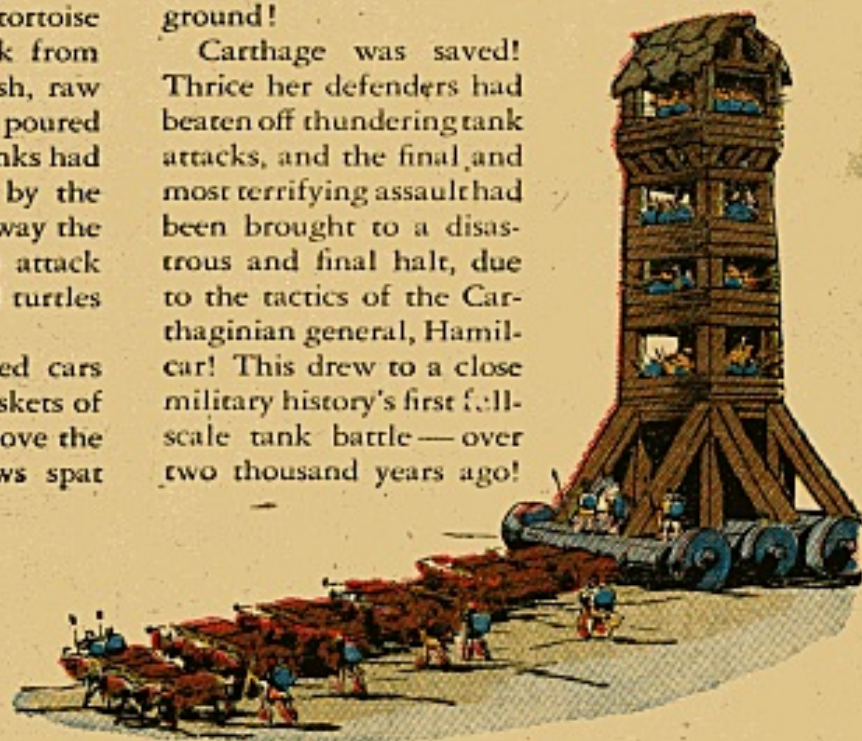
A second tank attack featured armored cars with swinging booms carrying armored baskets of archers. The armored basket was raised above the walls of Carthage and the archers' bows spat winged death into the City. This assault was nearly fatal, but protected by night, the Carthaginians dropped raiders outside their walls who smashed the booms from below and sent the vulture archers crashing to the ground where they were

massacred!

Now the people of Carthage trembled before the most fearsome mechanized monster they had ever seen—a rolling tower 130 feet tall, 23 feet wide, covered with armour protecting archers and artillerymen. This was the HELEPOLIS! The people of Carthage felt they had no defense against it, but they reckoned without the skill and daring of their general—Hamilcar!

When the towering Helepolis was towed into attack position before the walls, the mighty thing began to sway softly, like a ship at anchor. The great wheels sank deep into soft earth, and a loud cry of joy arose from the Carthaginian defenders. Hamilcar had turned the last of the city's water supply secretly into the earth before the City. The HELEPOLIS was bogged down in a muddy tank trap! The monster swayed and trembled, cracked, and then crashed to the ground!

Carthage was saved! Thrice her defenders had beaten off thundering tank attacks, and the final and most terrifying assault had been brought to a disastrous and final halt, due to the tactics of the Carthaginian general, Hamilcar! This drew to a close military history's first full-scale tank battle—over two thousand years ago!



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