

# CLASSICS

*Illustrated*

FEATURING STORIES  
BY THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST AUTHORS

No. 33

The ADVENTURES of

# SHERLOCK HOLMES

by  
Sir ARTHUR  
CONAN DOYLE

15¢



# OL' SEA DOG SINBAD

They call this famous dog, "Sinbad the Sailor", and like his legendary namesake, he has sailed the seven seas. Sinbad, the dog, is fast becoming a legend in his own right, destined to be long remembered when his oriental namesake is long forgotten, at least by members of the United States Coast Guard who zealously remind you that Sinbad has no connection with the Navy. He's a member of the crew of the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter Campbell.

Where did Sinbad come from? Who brought him aboard? No one rightly knows. Ask a member of the Campbell's crew about Sinbad and you'll learn that the chunky, barrel-chested, black-haired mongrel dog adopted the crew of the cutter about ten years ago. In that time, he has become the most valuable thing aboard ship.

Sinbad is an enlisted man's dog. He sleeps with the crew in the fo'c's'le, sleeping in a different bunk every night so as to divide his affections equally. He eats with the men and loves to join them in the showers. When the crew lines up for inspection, Sinbad has his own place in the ranks. He answers his name at roll call with a short, husky bark.

Sinbad is probably the only dog to become the subject of an official coast guard regulation. Before the war, when his cutter put into Greenland, he used to go ashore and annoy the sheep. After several complaints, the order was issued denying him any liberty in any Greenland port. This was read to him at quarters and, after being locked in the brig for slipping ashore one night while in Greenland, he obeys it faithfully.

Once in Iceland, Sinbad was sleeping in the back room of a tavern when he heard the long wail of the cutter's siren on the



ship put to sea on emergency orders. Sinbad rushed to the dock to find the ship a hundred yards off. The dog barked and barked but the captain of the ship refused to put her about. He said: "I can not submit to headquarters a log that says 'sailed 0850, put back at 0900 to pick up a dog.'"

Sinbad solved the problem for himself. He dived from the thirty foot dock into the icy waters and began to swim after the cutter. The captain underwent a swift change of heart at the courage of the little mongrel. Gruffly, he ordered, "Put her about and pick him up, if he wants to be aboard that much." That was a lesson for Sinbad. He's never missed another sailing.

Sinbad is known to thousands of sailors of all nations. He's on good terms with high ranking naval officers of five allied countries. And although he enjoys the confidence and friendship of the brass hats, Sinbad, at sea, would never dream of going near the officers' quarters, or the bridge.

If you were aboard when the cutter Campbell made her way into port, you would see Sinbad standing high on the peak, his ears blowing in the wind, waiting for someone to put on his identifying collar. Once this is secured, he's always first off the ship to renew old acquaintances and to make new ones. That's "Sinbad the Sailor."



# The HOUND of the BASKERVILLES

by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

IT WAS NO NOVELTY FOR SHERLOCK HOLMES TO TRACK DOWN A MURDERER AND BRING HIM TO JUSTICE BUT THE ASTUTE DETECTIVE ENCOUNTERED ONE OF HIS MOST CHALLENGING AND BAFFLING CASES WHEN HE DISCOVERED THE OBJECT OF HIS CASE TO BE A FEROCIOUS HOUND - THE WALKING-STICK WAS HOLMES' FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THIS CASE





JUDGING FROM THIS STICK, HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE DR. MORTIMER?

TO SAY HE'S NO DOUBT A COUNTRY DOCTOR, HE'S DONE A GREAT DEAL OF WALKING BECAUSE THE STICK IS SO WORN-AND HE OWNS A DOG.

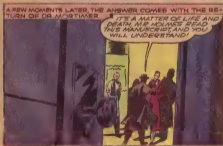


A DOG?

THESE ARE ITS TEETH MARKS. A DOG HAS OFTEN CARRIED THE STICK FOR HIM.



A DOCTOR, A DOG, A WALKING STICK, NOW WHAT DID THE DOCTOR WANT OF ME? WHAT BROUGHT HIM HERE AT A LATE HOUR TO SEEK THE ADVICE OF A CRIME SPECIALIST?



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE ANSWER COMES WITH THE RETURN OF DR. MORTIMER.

IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH, MR. HOLMES. READ THIS MANUSCRIPT, AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND!

AND FROM OUT OF THE YELLOWED PAGES TUMBLES A WEIRD, SCALD-TINGLING STORY - THE LEGEND OF THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES - A STORY OF THE CURSE OF DEATH!



THEN  
HUGO  
BASKERVILLE,  
A WILD, YOUNG  
DEVIL, OWNED  
BASKERVILLE HALL,  
THE FAMILY ESTATE  
IN DEVONSHIRE, WHICH  
HAD BEEN PASSED ON  
FROM GENERATION  
TO GENERATION.



"ONE DAY, THE CAROUSING HUGO, OUT HUNTING WITH HIS WANTON COMPANIONS, SPIED A GIRL, ON A NEARBY FARM."



THEN A WILD BREAK-NECK RIDE BACK TO BASKERVILLE, WHERE IN AN UPPER STORY ROOM, HUGO LOCKED THE PROTESTING GIRL.....



"FAD INTO THE NIGHT..."



"SUDDENLY HUGO'S DRINK-FOGGED MIND REMEMBERED THE GIRL..."



"BUT SOMEHOW, THE BIRD HAD ESCAPED HER CAGE."



"BLOOD-HOUNDS! THAT'S IT! YES - GET BLOOD-HOUNDS!"

INTO THE INKY BLACKNESS OF THE SURROUNDING MOORLANDS STAMPEDED THE MAD PARTY, LED BY THE BRIBING DACK.



CURSE THOSE DOGS! WE MUST HANG THEM! THEY RAN SO FAST WE LOST THEM - AND WHERE IS HUGO?

WE MUST HANG DOGS ON HIS WAS RIDING AHEAD OF ALL OF US



THERE'S A SHEPHERD YOU THERE, HAVE YOU SEEN HUGO BASKERVILLE?

YES - RIDING LIKE THE WIND - WITH A HORRIBLE LOOKING CREATURE CHASING HIM HORRIBLE!



"THE MEN THOUGHT THE SHEPHERD LIED, BUT AS THEY STARTED TO RIDE ON

HUGO'S HORSE' SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM!



WITH A FEELING OF DREAD, THE MEN AT A DEEP DID IN THE MOOR CAME UPON THE HOUNDS. BUT - INSTEAD OF THE USUAL BOLD BARKING OF DOGS...



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM?  
LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



THE GIRL  
SHE'S  
DEAD!

THERE - THERE'S  
SOMETHING ELSE,  
TOO!



ONLY A FEW OF THE HARDEST  
MEN DARED LOOK



... AT THE BLEEDING-TORN BODY  
OF HUGO BASKERVILLE.

HOLMES COMES TO THE  
LAST LINE OF THE  
MANUSCRIPT - A MESSAGE  
TO ALL FUTURE BASKER-  
VILLE SONS. DO NOT  
CROSS THE MOOR AT  
NIGHT, LEST YOU, TOO,  
MEET  
**DEATH!**



THIS PAPER WAS WRITTEN  
BY A SERVANT AT BASKER-  
VILLE HALL AT THE TIME  
THAT HUGO DIED SO  
HORRIBLY - IT HAS BEEN  
PRESERVED FOR ALL  
THE OTHERS WHO COME  
TO LIVE THERE. IT'S A  
WARNING!





WHY DO YOU  
COME TO ME?



BECAUSE SINCE THEN, MANY BASKER-  
VILLES HAVE MET SUDDEN, VIOLENT  
AND MYSTERIOUS DEATHS ON THE  
MOOR ..... AND TODAY A NEW HEIR  
IS TAKING HIS PLACE AT BASKER-  
VILLE HALL! ..... SIR HENRY, THE  
LAST OF THE BASKER-  
VILLES!



HE'S COMING DOWN FROM  
CANADA TO LIVE THERE.  
'YOU MUST STOP HIM! HE  
HAS NO IDEA OF  
THE DANGER!



WHY ARE YOU  
SO INTERESTED,  
DO MORTIMER?

I WAS A CLOSE  
FRIEND OF SIR  
CHARLES BASKER-  
VILLE WHO WAS  
FOUND DEAD ON THE  
MOOR ONE NIGHT RE-  
CENTLY. THE OFFICIAL  
REPORT ON HIS  
DEATH WAS HEART  
FAILURE!



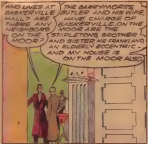
BUT THERE NEVER HAD BEEN ANY-  
THING WRONG WITH HIS HEART.  
THE SUDDEN ATTACK CAME  
FROM FEAR. HE WAS RUNNING  
FROM THE HOUND WHEN  
HE DROPPED!

HMM - WHY DO  
YOU SAY THAT?



I WAS THE FIRST TO EXAMINE  
SIR CHARLES' BODY. HIS  
FACE WAS SO CONVULSED,  
IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN  
FROM GREAT FEAR. BESIDES,  
NEAR HIS BODY WERE THE  
FOOTPRINTS OF A  
GIGANTIC HOUND!





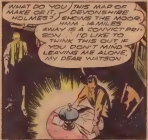
WHO LIVES AT BASKERVILLE HALL? ARE THERE ANY NEIGHBOURS ON THE MOOR?

THE BASKERVILLES BUTLER AND HIS WIFE HAVE CHARGE OF BASKERVILLE. ON THE MOOR ARE THE STAPLETONS BROTHER AND SISTER AT CRANKLAND AN ELEGANT ECCENTRIC AND MY HOUSE IS ON THE MOOR ALSO.



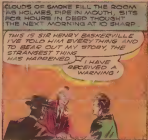
SIR HENRY IS DUE HERE IN LONDON IN AN HOUR I'M TO MEET THE TRAIN STOP HIM PLEASE!

I NEED 34 HOURS TO THINK IT OVER COME HERE WITH SIR HENRY TOMORROW MORNING AT TEN O'CLOCK!



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, HOLMES?

THIS MAP OF DEVONSHIRE SHOWS THE MOOR, HMM... 11 MILES AWAY IS A CORRECT PRISON... I'D LIKE TO THINK THIS OUT IF YOU DON'T MIND LEAVING ME ALONE, MY DEAR WATSON

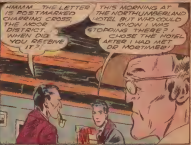


CLOUDS OF SMOKE FILL THE ROOM HIS NOSE, PIPE IN MOUTH, SITS FOR HOURS IN DEEP THOUGHT THE NEXT MORNING AT 10 SHARP

THIS IS SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE I'VE TOLD HIM EVERYTHING AND TO BRAG OUT MY STORY THE STRANGEST THING HAS HAPPENED

I HAVE RECEIVED A WARNING!

AS YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE OR YOUR REASON, KEEP AWAY FROM THE MOOR



HMM... THE LETTER IS POSTMARKED CHABBING CROSS THE MOOR DISTRICT. WHEN DID YOU RECEIVE IT?

THIS MORNING AT THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOTEL BUT WHO COULD KNOW I WAS STOPPING THERE? I CHOSE THE HOTEL AFTER I HAD MET DR POSTMARK!



IT IS EVIDENT THAT YOU ARE BEING FOLLOWED CLOSELY!

THE DANGER IS VERY GREAT. TELL SIR HENRY HE MUST NOT VENTURE TO BASKERVILLE!

NOTHING CAN KEEP ME AWAY FROM THE HOME OF MY PEOPLE. I AM DETERMINED TO GO!

HOLMES DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO DISSUADE SIR HENRY. HE ASKS MERELY THAT THEY ALL LUNCH TOGETHER THAT DAY AT THE NORTHUMBERLAND BUT, AS SOON AS THE VISITORS LEAVE.



THEY'VE DECIDED TO WALK. GOOD! ...COME, NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!



KEEPING 100 YARDS BEHIND THE PAIR, SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING SIR HENRY. WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHO



IT'S THAT CAR TRAILING HIM.



CASUALLY DRAWING A LITTLE NEARER, HOLMES GETS A GLIMPSE OF

THEN, SUDDENLY, THE BEARDED MYSTERY MAN SCREAMS SOMETHING AT THE DRIVER. IN AN INSTANT, THE CAB PLUNGES MADLY DOWN THE STREET.

NOT A CAB IN SIGHT IN WHICH TO FOLLOW. WHAT BAD LUCK!

IF ONLY WE HAD THE LICENSE NUMBER...



SURELY YOU DON'T THINK I AM THAT NEGLECTFUL, MY DEAR WATSON!... THE CAB NUMBER IS 2704 - AND WE'RE GOING TO TRACE IT AT ONCE!

HOLMES Wires THE OFFICIAL CAB REGISTRY FOR THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF NUMBER 2704. SOON AFTER, THE DRIVER HIMSELF APPEARS AT HOLMES' DOOR!



THE HEAD OFFICE SAID (YES, AND A GENT AT THIS ADDRESS) WILL GIVE HAS BEEN INQUIRING OF YOU HALF A SOVEREIGN FOR A CLEAR ANSWER TO MY QUESTIONS.

A SOVEREIGN FOR A CLEAR ANSWER TO MY QUESTIONS.



TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BLACK-BEARDED MAN YOU DROVE DOWN THE STREET TWO HOURS AGO!

HE SAID HERE A DETECTIVE - THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE, SHERLOCK HOLMES!

HUH!?



I PICKED HIM UP AT TEMPLAR SQUARE HE FOLLOWED TWO MEN FROM THE NORTH-LANES HOTEL TO THIS VERY ADDRESS, AND TRAILED THEM WHEN THEY CAME OUT, THEN I DROVE HIM TO WATERLOO STATION BUT WHAT'S SO FUNNY, SIR?



FUNNY? NOTHING NOTHING AT ALL



IMAGINE - THE BLACKBEARD YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT IS A DANGEROUS ENEMY OF THE STATE

WE'RE DEALING WITH A CLANNISH RASCAL AND HIS FOLLOWERS ARE AS DANGEROUS AS HE IS



I HOPE OUR FRIEND, SIR HENRY IS FEELING WELL ARE WE ON TIME FOR LUNCH, WATSON?

IT'S JUST TWO O'CLOCK



WHERE'S MY OTHER BOOT? WHO TOOK MY OTHER BOOT?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR!



IF ONLY MY BOOTS WERE OUTSIDE MY DOOR LAST NIGHT TO BE CLEANED THIS MORNING

WELL, NOT SO TRI-FLING. OH, HERE COMES DR. MORTIMER



DR. MORTIMER, HAVE YOU ANY BLACK-BEARDED NEIGHBORS ON THE MOOR?

BARRY MORE, THE BUTLER AT BASKERVILLE HALL!



DID BARRY MORE STAND TO GAIN FROM SIR CHARLES' DEATH?

YES. HE AND HIS WIFE INHERITED 500 POUNDS EACH. THE ENTIRE ESTATE IS WORTH 740,000 POUNDS.



140,000 POUNDS THAT'S QUITE A FORTUNE!

TOO GREAT FOR YOU TO RISK YOUR LIFE AT BASKERVILLE. I SUGGEST YOU TAKE WATSON ALONG AS COMPANY AND PROTECTOR.



I AM HIGHLY COMPLIMENTED THAT YOU SEND ME. I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD SUCH FAITH IN ME.

JUST REMEMBER, WATSON. DO NOT ALLOW SIR HENRY ON THE MOOR ALONE!



AND WRITE ME REPORTS WHEN THE CRISIS COMES, I WILL DIRECT YOU HOW TO ACT. YOU ARE WELL ARMED?

TWO GUYS... I'LL BE ON THE ALERT.



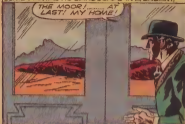
AT THAT MOMENT, SIR HENRY AND DR. MORTIMER ARRIVE AT THE STATION. WATSON JOINS THEM. SOON THE TRAIN GLIDES SLOWLY DOWN THE PLATFORM TOWARD THE BLEAK MOOR LANDS, OVERSHAD-OWED BY THE LEGEND OF THE

# HOUD OF DEATH

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE MOOR IN A FEW MINUTES.



IN THE DISTANCE RISES A GRAY, MELANCHOLY HILL, WITH A STRANGE, JAGGED SUMMIT, LIKE SOME FANTASTIC LANDSCAPE IN A DREAM.



FINALLY THE TRIO ALIGHT AT A SMALL WAY-SIDE STATION.



THEY WIND THROUGH A VALLEY DENSE WITH SCRUB OAK AND FIC, THEN THE LAND CURVES STEEPLY ... OUTLINING THE DISMAL MOOR ... ON WHICH THERE NOW STANDS A DARK, GRIM FIGURE.



AN ARMED YES A CONVICT ESC- GUARD? SCAPED FROM THE BIG PRISON THREE DAYS AGO. EVERY ROAD AND STATION IS BEING WATCHED.



THE CARRIAGE REACHES THE EDGE OF THE BAKERVILLE ESTATE. THROUGH THE LODGE-GATE GOES A MASSIVE STRUCTURE LIKE A GHOST BLOTTING AN ALREADY SOMBER SKY. THIS IS BAKERVILLE HALL, AN UNCOVERED, ANCIENT-TOWERED HOUSE OF DEATH.





AS THE CARRIAGE WHEELS DIE AWAY ON THE DRIVE, SIR HENRY AND WATSON ENTER THE ANCIENT FAMILY HOME. A DOOR CLANGES BEHIND THEM HEAVILY.





I'VE PUT YOUR BAGS IN YOUR ROOM, AND DINNER WILL BE SERVED SHORTLY. I TRUST EVERYTHING WILL RUN SMOOTHLY. MY WIFE AND I WILL REMAIN UNTIL THE NEW SERVANTS COME.



THE NEW SERVANTS? YOU'RE LEAVING?

THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES HAS BEEN TOO MUCH OF A SHOCK FOR US. WE CAN'T STAY ON ANY LONGER. CAN WE, MY WIFE?



NO... NO

SIR HENRY EXPECTS TO TAKE A SHORT TRIP IN A FEW DAYS. HE CAN'T LEAVE THE HOUSE TO STRANGERS DURING THAT TIME, IT'S ONLY FAIR YOU STAY UNTIL HE RETURNS.



VERY WELL.

I HAD TO INVENT THAT STORY TO KEEP THEM HERE. STRANGE, THEIR WANTING TO GET AWAY.



EVERYTHING SEEMS STRANGE NOW. THIS ROOM IS CREEPY!

IN THE MORNING THINGS WILL LOOK BRIGHTER!

I HOPE SO. GOING TO BED EARLY IS A GOOD IDEA.



WATSON TOSSES IN BED RESTLESSLY ACROSS THE MELANCHOLY MOOR THE WIND SHRIEKS AND MOANS FROM THE LONG HALLWAY HE HEARS THE CHIMES OF A CLOCK MIGHTY. SUDDENLY, A STIFLED SOUND ARISES — THE STRAGGLED GASP OF A WOMAN'S SOB.

...AND INTO THE SOB BLENDS THE WEIRD HOWL OF

THE HOUND! THAT MUST BE THE CRY OF THE HOUND!



THEN, DEADLY SILENCE ...

NOT A SOUND OF A SOB ...



THE NEXT MORNING...

DID YOU HEAR A WOMAN SOBbing LAST NIGHT?

YES, I DID. WE'LL ASK THE SERVANTS ABOUT IT.



THERE ARE ONLY TWO WOMEN IN OUR HOUSE — THE SCULLERY MAID WHO SLEEPS IN THE OTHER WING, AND MY WIFE. I CAN VOUCH THAT MY WIFE WAS NOT SOBbing.



BUT WHEN WATSON SEES MRS BARRYMORE...

SHE WAS KEEPING ALL RIGHT BUT WHY? AND WHY DID BARRYMORE RUN THE OBVIOUS RISK OF LYING ABOUT IT?



PONDERING OVER THESE QUESTIONS, WATSON WANDERS ON TO THE MOOR. FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS FEET TOUCH THE GREY BLEAK EARTH. A CHEERFUL VOICE BREAKS THROUGH HIS THOUGHTS. HE TURNS TO SEE...





I DON'T BELIEVE IT SHE TALKS LIKE THE OTHER SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE HERE ABOUT THE CURSE OF THE HOUND. IT'S JUST GUY TALK THAT CAUSED THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES. HE MARCHED A HOUND WAS CHASING HIM AND DIED OF FRIGHT!



IT'S A LONG, LOW MOAN SWEEPS OVER THE MOOR - RISING TO A WILD CRY.

PEOPLE CALL THAT THE CRY OF THE HOUND, BUT NO. IT'S A RARE BIRD CALLED THE BITTERN. I'VE SEEN IT ON THE MOOR - I KNOW.



PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT WELL, I MUST BE GETTING BACK TO BASKERVILLE HALL.

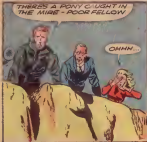


WAIT! NOT THAT WAY!!!

IT LEADS TO THE GREAT GRIMFEN MINE - ONE FALSE STEP IN THAT BIG HOLE MEANS CERTAIN DEATH TO MAN OR BEAST. LET ME SHOW YOU.



THERE'S A PONY CAUGHT IN THE MINE - POOR FELLOW.



OMMM...

HE'S BEING SUCKED IN FAST. THE MUD'S LIKE QUICK-SAND.

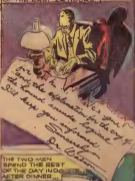


ONE LAST ABRUPT TWIST OF HIS LONG NECK - A DREADFUL CRY - AND THE BROWN MUD ROLLS OVER HIM.



MANY ANIMALS ARE CAUGHT IN THE MIRE THEIR CRIES ADD TO THE LEGEND OF THE HOUND.

WATSON RETURNS TO BASKERVILLE HALL AND WRITES HIS FIRST REPORT TO HOLMES, DETAILING THE MYSTERIOUS DEVELOPMENTS OF THE LAST 24 HOURS.



JUST THE SAME WE CAN'T RELAX OUR CAUTION. SOMEONE IS AFTER YOU, YOU WERE FOLLOWED IN LONDON... YOU MUST NEVER GO ON THAT MOOR ALONE!



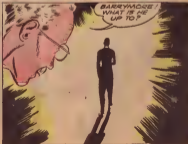
THE TWO MEN SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY IN DOG AFTER DINNER...



I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS SOBbing BUSINESS TONIGHT!

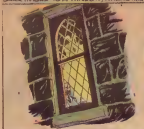


FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE MY DOOR...



BARRYMORE! WHAT IS HE UP TO?

WATSON NO-BELESSELY FOLLOWS BARRYMORE TO A WINDOW, WHERE.....



FOR SOME WORKS. HE WATCHES INTENTLY THEN WITH AN IMPATIENT GESTURE HE BLOWS OUT THE CANDLE.



AND SILENTLY RETREATS TO HIS ROOM.

THE NEXT MORNING BARRYMORE AT THE WINDOW? WE MUST FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO. LET'S BOTH SHADOW HIM TONIGHT!

GOOD! THAT'S HOW HOLMES WOULD DO IT!

THE CLOCK CHINGS TWELVE... AND ITS ECHO VIBRATES THROUGH THE SHADY CORRIDOR.



THE FOOTSTEPS! COME!

THIS TIME, WHEN BARRYMORE CROUCHS AT THE WINDOW...

BARRYMORE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OH!... I WAS SEEING IF THE WINDOWS WERE LOCKED!

THAT'S AN ODD WAY TO DO IT.

GIVE ME THAT CANDLE!



I THINK IT'S A SIGNAL. . .  
NO! NO! . . . IT'S NO SIGNAL. . . DON'T BOTHER ANY MORE.



WATSON SLOWLY MOVES THE CANDLE ACROSS THE GLASS.

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING DO YOU, SIR HENRY?

NO



BUT, SUDDENLY...  
**LOOK!** . . . THERE'S AN ANSWERING SIGNAL! . . .  
COME ON, SIR HENRY! WE'RE GOING TO TRACK IT DOWN!



STAY BACK!  
STAY BACK!

IT'S COMING FROM THOSE ROCKS.



AS THE PAIR CREEP CAUTIOUSLY TOWARDS THE ROCKS . . .





...THE WILD, WEIRD HOWL ONCE  
MORE THROSE OVER THE MOOR.

THAT CRY SOUNDS  
CLOSER THAN EVER  
BEFORE.



WHATEVER WE'RE AFTER  
MUST BE BEHIND THOSE  
ROCKS. WE'LL FIRST PEEK  
IN.....



GREAT  
GOD!



I'LL KILL  
YOU!



WATSON FIRES!



LOOK  
OUT!





AS SIR HENRY AND WATSON SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET



WHEN THEY LOOK AGAIN, THE VIOLENT STRANGER IS DISAPPEARING OVER A HILL

IT'S NO USE, WE CAN'T CATCH HIM

BARRYMORE WILL ANSWER FOR HIM!





SUDDENLY

SIR HENRY!  
LOOK THERE!



I DON'T SEE THERE ANYTHING WAS A MAN ON THE MOOR SOMEBODY OTHER THAN THE ONE WE WERE CHASING!



THIS IS GETTING TO BE TOO MUCH FOR ME. LET'S GO BACK TO THE HOUSE.



AFTER THE HORROR OF THE MOOR, EVEN THE GREAT GLOOMY MANSION LOOKS INVITING.

THANK HEAVEN!  
BARRYMORE!  
BARRYMORE!



WE CHASED THAT MAN TO WHOM YOU WERE SIGNALING... MAN 2. HE LOOKED MORE LIKE AN ANIMAL. WHO IS HE? SPEAK UP!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT.



THAT MAN YOU SAW IS MY POOR STAYING BROTHER. WE SIGNAL HIM THAT WE'RE BRINGING HIM FOOD AND CLOTHES. HE SIGNALS BACK WHERE TO BRING THEM.

HIDING, EH? THAT MEANS ... HE'S ...

YES SIR, - HE'S THE ESCAPED CONVICT!

HE CAME TO US ONE NIGHT WEARY AND HUNGRY. I COULDN'T REFUSE MY OWN BROTHER.

HE'S A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL, AND MUST BE TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE.

PLEASE, DON'T, SIR. I GIVE YOU MY SOLEMN WORD HE WON'T HARM ANYONE - AND IN A FEW DAYS HE'LL BE ON HIS WAY TO SOUTH AMERICA.

WE'RE MAKING ALL ARRANGEMENTS, PLEASE, SIR.



IT WILL KILL MY WIFE IF HE'S TAKEN AGAIN. HE WON'T HARM ANYONE.

WELL - PERHAPS ALL RIGHT.

YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND I SHOULD LIKE TO HELP YOU IN RETURN. I CAN TELL YOU HOW SIR CHARLES DIED.

YOU CAN?



IT WAS LONG AFTER THE INQUEST THAT I FOUND THIS NOTE IN BACK OF THE CHAIR. SIR CHARLES MUST HAVE MEANT TO BURN IT. IT IS DATED MAY FOURTEENTH.



"MEET ME AT 10 TONIGHT AT THE MOOR GATE."

ON THAT NIGHT SIR CHARLES DIED.



WHA... THE HAND-WRITING OBVIOUSLY IS A WOMAN'S, AND SHE MUST BE THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY... NOW WHO IS THE WOMAN, L.L.?

SIR CHARLES KNEW A LAURA LYONS!



DR. MORTIMER!

I WAS DRIVING BY ON MY WAY FROM AN EMERGENCY CASE, SEEING A LIGHT ON AT BASKERVILLE, I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING MIGHT BE WRONG. THE SCULLERY MAID LET ME IN.



WHAT ABOUT THIS LAURA LYONS? WHERE CAN I LOCATE HER?

SHE IS OLD MAN FRANKLAND'S DAUGHTER AND LIVES IN COOMBE TRACY LYONS IS HER MARRIED NAME... WHY DO YOU ASK? WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?



NOTHING YET... WHAT WERE YOU DOING ON THE MOOR ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO?

I WAS SEARCHING FOR MY LITTLE SPANIEL DOG. HE RAN AWAY I'M AFRAID HE'S RUN INTO THE MIRE.



I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE DRIVING.

I WAS... THAT IS, I - MY DOG JUMPED OUT OF THE CARriage NATURALLY, I WENT AFTER HIM... I REALLY MUST GET HOME NOW.



SO IT WAS MORTIMER ON THE MOOR. I DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE, BUT HE'S ADMITTED IT... AND TO MORROW MORNING I WILL SEE LAURA LYONS, THAT MIGHT CLEAR UP EVERYTHING.



RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST  
WATSON PREPARES TO EAT  
FOR COONS TRACT.

SOME GUESTS HAVE JUST  
ARRIVED TO SEE YOU  
AND SIR HENRY.



WE THOUGHT  
WE'D TRY A  
NEIGHBORLY  
CALL.

SIR HENRY THIS  
IS MR STABLE-  
TON AND HIS  
SISTER.

IT IS A PLEASURE  
I HAD NO IDEA  
I HAVE SUCH A  
LOVELY NEIGHBOR.



I SEE YOU ARE  
ABOUT TO GO  
OUT. DON'T LET  
US DETAIN YOU.

YES - I HAVE  
A CALL TO  
MAKE.



MRS LYONS I HAVE COME HERE TO  
SEE YOU ABOUT THE LATE SIR  
CHARLES BASKERVILLE.

YOU KNEW HIM,  
DIDN'T YOU?

YES,  
CASUALLY.



SO CASUALLY THAT YOU  
WROTE HIM A LETTER  
ON THE DAY OF HIS  
DEATH, ASKING HIM TO  
MEET YOU, DIDN'T  
YOU?

NO CERTAINLY  
NOT. I NEVER  
WROTE  
HIM.



"MEET ME AT 10  
TONIGHT AT THE  
MOOR GATE" - DOES  
THIS NOTE LOOK  
FAMILIAR?  
ANSWER  
ME!

VERY WELL -  
YES I DID  
WRITE IT!





I AM SEPARATED FROM MY HUSBAND AND HAVE NO INCOME. MY FATHER AND I ARE NOT ON GOOD TERMS. I WAS GOING TO ASK SIR CHARLES TO HELP ME FIND WORK.

ON A LONELY MOOR AT NIGHT? HOW?



WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU GOT THERE?

I DON'T SO BELIEVE ME. I DID NOT MEET SIR CHARLES ON THE MOOR THAT NIGHT.



I FELL ASLEEP. WHEN I AWOKE, IT WAS TOO LATE.

A LIKELY STORY. FIRST, YOU DENIED YOU EVEN WROTE TO HIM... MRS LYONS, YOU'RE LYING! WHEN YOU DECIDE TO TELL THE TRUTH, COMMUNICATE WITH ME AT BASKERVILLE HALL.

WATSON STARTS BACK TO BASKERVILLE VIA THE MOOR. — HIS THOUGHTS ARE DISTURBED AT THE GROWING COMPLICATIONS IN THE PUZZLE OF DEATH. SO DEEPLY ENGROSSED IS HE, THAT HE DOES NOT SEE A DARK OBJECT HUGLED IN HIS PATH.



COME UP HERE QUICK! GOT SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO SHOW YOU!



WHAT THE...?



WHO THREW THAT? — YOU, FRANKLAND!



THE ESCAPED CONVICTS ON THE MOUNTAIN LOOK THROUGH THESE AND SEE. HE'S A DALL THIN MAN!

DALL, THIN? WHY I'VE SEEN HIM, TOO!



ALL I SEE IS A CHILD GOING TOWARDS A THIN WISP OF SMOKE.



BUT THE CHILD MEETS HIM ON THE HILL, AND I'VE SEEN HIM HAND THE CONVICT A BUNDLE. I'LL WAGER THAT IT'S FOOD.

I'LL LOOK INTO THIS.



HURTING OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TERRITORY OVER WHICH THE CHILD PASSED.

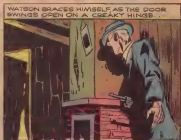
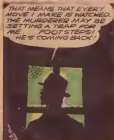
A HUT! THIS IS WHERE THE BOY MUST HAVE BROUGHT THE FOOD!



THIS IS IT... THAT MAN MAY BE INSIDE







"YOU'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME?"

"YES YOU'VE DONE WELL, WATSON, BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS I HAD TO INVESTIGATE MYSELF. IF MY PRESENCE WERE KNOWN, THE MURDERER WOULD NATURALLY BE TOO MUCH ON GUARD."



"YOU KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS?"

"I'M NOT QUITE SURE YET, BUT I'M CONVINCED THE KILLER WILL STRIKE SOON. PERHAPS TONIGHT! DO NOT LEAVE SIR HENRY, WHATEVER YOU DO!"



"GO RIGHT BACK TO HIM - A STORM IS BREAKING. YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY!"



A SUDDEN FURIOUS DOWN-POUR, A THUNDER CLAP, A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, AND...

"A SCREAM! I HEAR A SCREAM!"



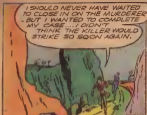
"LISTEN! THE HOWL AGAIN! AND MORE SCREAMS!"

"THEY COME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE PIT!"



"SIR HENRY! HE'S DEAD!"





I SHOULD NEVER HAVE WAITED TO CLOSE IN ON THE MURDERER - BUT I WANTED TO COMPLETE MY CASE... I DIDN'T THINK THE KILLER WOULD STRIKE SO SOON AGAIN.



I'M TO BLAME. I LEFT HIM ALONE!

WATSON - LOOK! THIS IS NOT SIR HENRY!



IT'S THE CONVICT IN SIR HENRY'S CLOTHES. BARRY MORE MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM THE CLOTHES.

THEN THE CLOTHES WERE THE CAUSE OF THE POOR DEVIL'S DEATH. THE HOUND SCENTED HIM THROUGH THE BOOT THE MURDERER STOLE FROM SIR HENRY.



WE'LL LEAVE THE BODY IN THE HUT UNTIL WE CAN INFORM THE POLICE - BUT NO! THERE'S SOMEONE! YOU THERE!

MR. FRANKLAND!... STOP!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? IT'S SIR HENRY! IS HE DEAD?

THE BODY IS QUITE DEAD... WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?



I WANTED TO SEE WHAT WATSON WAS UP TO - SO I FOLLOWED HIM AFTER HE LEFT MY PLACE.

THEN WHY ASK WHAT HAPPENED? IF YOU FOLLOWED WATSON, YOU VERY WELL KNOW!

THREE RUSH ON THE SCENE!  
"GOOD GODS! SIR  
HENRY MURDERED!"



ONLY THIS MORNING I WAS VISITING HIM, WHO EVER DREAMED THAT HE WOULD BE SO BRUTALLY KILLED?

WHAT MAKES ALL THIS MURDER?... THIS MAN ISN'T EVEN SIR HENRY! HE'S THE ESCAPED CONVICT AND HE BROKE HIS NECK IN A FALL OVER THE ROCKS.

WHY THAT IS SO HOLMES!

HOLMES? YOU'RE THE FAMOUS HOLMES?



I'M STARLETON OF MERRIPIT HOUSE. I'VE INVITED SIR HENRY TO DINNER TOMORROW NIGHT. IF YOU AND DR. WATSON ALSO COME, I WOULD BE HONORED!



SORRY BUT WE'RE BOTH RETURNING TO LONDON ON THE 5:30 TOMORROW.

THE GROUP DISPERSES AS HOLMES AND WATSON STROLL BACK TO BASKERVILLE.

NO I MERELY WANTED TO THINK WE ARE ONE OF THEM MIGHT BE THE MURDERER.



IF HE THINKS I'M IN THE VICINITY, HE'LL HOLD BACK, BUT I WANT HIM TO STRIKE AGAIN, HE MUST, SO THAT I CAN CATCH HIM RED-HANDED!



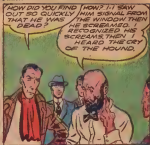
HOLMES, JUST IN TIME! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! THE BASKERVILLES ARE LEAVING!





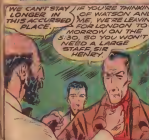
MY POOR BROTHER - DEAD.

IT WAS HARD TO STAY ON WHEN SIR CHARLES DIED. ... NOW THIS TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED TO MY BROTHER - IN-LAW...



HOW DID YOU FIND OUT SO QUICKLY THAT HE WAS DEAD?

HOW? I SAW HIM SIGNAL FROM THE WINDOW THEN HE SCREAMED. I RECOGNIZED HIS SCREAMS THEN I HEARD THE CRY OF THE HOUND.



WE CAN'T STAY LONGER IN THIS ACCURSED PLACE.

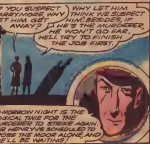
IF YOU'RE THINKING OF WATSON AND ME, WE'RE LEAVING FOR LONDON TOMORROW ON THE 5:30. SO YOU WON'T NEED A LARGE STAFF SIR HENRY.



I HAD FORGOTTEN, I CAN MANAGE, BARRYMORE.



DID YOU HEAR THAT? THEY'RE LEAVING! SIR HENRY WILL BE ALONE!



IF YOU SUSPECT BARRYMORE WHY LET HIM GET AWAY?

WHY LET HIM THINK WE SUSPECT HIM? BESIDES, IF HE'S THE MURDERER, HE WON'T GO FAR. HE'LL TRY TO FINISH THE JOB FIRST.

TOMORROW NIGHT IS THE LOGICAL TIME FOR THE MURDERER TO STRIKE AGAIN. SIR HENRY'S SCHEDULED TO CROSS THE MOOR ALONE, AND WE'LL BE WAITING!

**THE NEXT DAY**

IT'S TIME TO LEAVE FOR THE TRAIN DO EXACTLY AS DIRECTED, SIR HENRY.

AS YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE! THIS IS THE PATH HE WILL BE WATCHING. ... SIR HENRY YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

WITH A SUDDEN FEELING OF TERROR, SIR HENRY WATCHES HIS FRIENDS DEPART.

THEY'VE GONE WHAT IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG? ... NO, I MUSTN'T LOSE CONTROL OF MYSELF.



THE CABRIAGE MOVES DOWN A DUSTY MOOR ROAD OTHER EYES WINK.



MOLAND KNOWS THE TRAIN FOR LONDON, HIS ATTENTION FOCUSES ON ANOTHER TRAIN, STEAMING IN FROM THE METROPOLIS.

(GREETINGS, LESGARD) I HAVE - JUST AS YOU WISHED ME, WHOM HAVE YOU THE WARRANT?



WE'RE TO LIE IN AMBUSH FOR A MURDERER? IT'S A DIRTY BUSINESS

A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE.



THESE ROCKS WILL MAKE A GOOD SCREEN... SIR HENRY SHOULD BE COMING ALONG SOON, HE'S INVITED FOR 8 O'CLOCK.

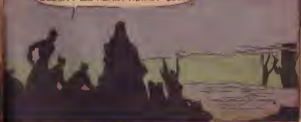


TENSELY, SILENTLY, THE DEATH-WATCH CONTINUES. SUDDENLY...

LOOK UP THERE!... A BIRD IS SETTLING.



THICK FOG - IF IT MOVES TOWARDS US, IT WILL OBSCURE THE PATH. WHY DOESN'T SIR HENRY HURRY OUT?



THE DENSE WHITE FINGERS OF THE FOG SPREAD SWIFTLY ONWARD.

IF HE DOESN'T COME BY WITHIN TEN MINUTES, IT WILL BE TOO LATE. WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THE PATH AT ALL.

WE CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE NOW. WE MUST HEAD HIM OFF!

LISTEN... HE'S COMING!

FROM OUT OF THE CURTAIN OF MIST, COUNCH BARD FOOTSTEPS...

SOON JOINED BY THE COISS DATTED OF FEET SOMEWHERE IN THE HEART OF THE FOG!

...AND OUT OF THE MIST, ON THE HEELS OF SIR HENRY, RACES -

**HOUND**





AS THE HOUND GAINS ON SIR HENRY...



THE CREATURE STOPS, HOWLING FURIOUSLY. THEN...

IT'S UP AGAIN!



JUST AS THE MONSTER SPRINGS...





ITS FIBRY FANGS REACH FOR HOLMES' THROAT.



BUT WATSON ACTS!

HOLMES SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY.



THE HOUND QUIVERS VIOLENTLY, AND



LOOK OUT!

BUT THE BEAST'S JAWS SUDDENLY  
LOOSEN HIS MASSIVE BODY  
TRUMPHING... AND HE ROLLS OVER-  
HEAD!

AS THE MEN EXAMINE THE DEAD BEAST, ROBERT  
SPIES A FIGURE SCRAMBLING OUT OF THE  
BIT.

THE FIRE HE STILL  
COMES FROM HIS  
MOUTH!

IT'S PHOSPHORUS!



THE CHASE LEADS UP A HILL.



THE MAN DODGES AROUND THE SIDE  
OF THE HILL.

I'LL HEAD  
HIM OFF.



BUT THE MAN IN FLIGHT SWERVES.



AS SHERLOCK STARTS TO FOLLOW HIM, HE HEARS AN AGONIZED SCREAM, PLUNGING IN TO THE TANGLED GROWTH OF REEDS AND WATER PLANTS, HE CAME OUT ON

THE MURDERER CAUGHT IN...

THE MIRE!! I'M TRAPPED!

STAPLTON!

THIS IS THE END OF THE CHASE. THAT'S THE MURDERER!

WHO?  
WHO IS HE?



THERE'S THE BOOT STOLEN FROM SIR HENRY STAPLTON SET THE HOUND ON THE TRACK WITH IT. HE CLUTCHED THAT BOOT TO THE VERY END.

WHY DID STAPLTON WANT TO KILL SIR HENRY?

WHY? COME WITH ME TO HIS HOUSE, AND YOU WILL SEE.



MISS STAPLETON!



THEY QUICKLY UNTIE HER.

WHEN I FOUND OUT WHAT HE WAS UP TO, I TRIED TO STOP HIM. HE GREW VIOLENT AND TIED ME UP. HE WAS SO DETERMINED TO GET HOLD OF THE BASKERVILLE FORTUNE.



STAPLETON WAS REALLY A BASKERVILLE. THERE'S A PORTRAIT OF HUGO AT BASKERVILLE HALL, YOU'LL SEE THE RESEMBLANCE. STAPLETON HURDERED SIR CHARLES, WITH SIR HENRY OUT OF THE WAY, HE WOULD BE NEXT IN LINE FOR THE INHERITANCE.

THE LEGEND OF SIR HUGO'S DEATH GAVE HIM THE IDEA OF USING A FIERCE DOG. HE KEPT THE HOUND UNDER A TRAP-DOOR IN THE PIT.

OH, IT'S SO TERRIBLE.



HMM. HMMMM. NONE OF IT'S YOUR FAULT, MRS STAPLETON.

LOOKS LIKE HE MAY BE IN THE WAY. COME ALONG, WATSON.

WHO KNOWS WHAT MAY BE WAITING FOR US AT BAKER STREET?



## SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

**T**HE most famed of all detective fiction writers was born May 22, 1859 in Picardy Place, Edinburgh, Scotland. His father, Charles Doyle, was an artist but earned his livelihood through government employment. He was given the name "Conan" in honor of his uncle and godfather, Michael Conan, who had married into the Doyle family.

From his earliest childhood, Doyle's parents wished for him to enter the medical profession; and it was with this goal in mind that young Arthur entered Stonyhurst Academy. Upon leaving Stonyhurst, he spent one year at Feld Kirch in Austria and then entered Edinburgh University in 1878. One of his professors at Edinburgh was the man who later became the prototype for Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Joseph Bell.

Upon graduation, he opened his practice in Southsea in England but didn't do well at first. Therefore, he supplemented his meager income by writing short stories.

In the first year of his short lived medical career, he wrote his first full-length novel, entitled "The Firm of Girdleston." The reception of this work by the publishers is best described by the author himself. In speaking of the manuscript, he said, "It returned with the precision of a homing pigeon."

In 1885, he married and in due time became the father of two children, a girl and a boy. The boy, Kingsley, was later wounded in World War I and died soon after the Armistice was signed.

The first Sherlock Holmes work, "A Study in Scarlet," appeared in 1888 but met with no particular success. It did not serve its main purpose of bringing financial gain to Doyle, but it did help to introduce Holmes and his foil, Dr. Watson, to the reading



public before the monthly deluge of Sherlock Holmes stories began in the Strand Magazine in 1891. Here, they met great success and the monthly stories continued to appear until 1895 when Doyle tired of writing detective fiction and turned historian and lecturer.

In 1892, the Doyle family had to move to Switzerland because of the ill health of Mrs. Doyle. While in Switzerland, Doyle introduced the sport of skiing to the land of the Alps.

In 1894, he made a lecture tour of the United States. This was the first of many trips he made to this country. Upon his return to Europe in 1895, he again moved his family. This time to Egypt. Here, he had his first turn at being a war correspondent, a post he was also to hold in the first World War.

During the Boer War, he remained at home in England, to which he had finally returned because of his duties to his ill wife. After the war, when England was assailed by her opponents for waging war against the Boers, Doyle wrote a pamphlet defending England's conduct. For outstanding service to his country, he was knighted by the King of England in 1902. Soon afterwards, in 1903, his wife died of tuberculosis.

Although Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is most noted for his work dealing with Sherlock Holmes, he has many more accomplishments to his credit. In the literary field, he was novelist, historian, short story writer, and poet. Whatever one may say about him, one thing is certain: he was versatile. Not only was he a writer and doctor, but he was also a world traveler, war correspondent, sportsman, lecturer, and a spiritualist.

On July 7, 1930, at the age of 71, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle died after an illness of nine months.



# PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

WILLIAM MURDOCK

"Father of Gas-light"

TODAY, in the era of electricity and electric lights, the sight of the lamp-lighter is almost a forgotten one. Our fathers, however, can recall the days that saw the community lamp-lighters making their rounds of the lamp posts each evening providing illumination for the community. This was a tedious job inasmuch as each lamp had to be lit individually; a central plant having been unknown.

The evolution of the forerunner of electrical lighting was an interesting, although drawn out, one. It was not until 1794 that the dark of night was shattered with the light of the gas lamp. This epochal event turned out the residents of Cornwall, England as they swarmed to the home of William Murdock to see this startling innovation. But for the complete story, we must go back to the year of 1733.

A group of coal miners, in the mining section of England, had built an enclosure for the gas that is found in mines and by constructing a metal tubing to control its flow, directed the gas to the surface of the ground. One daring young fellow then ignited the gas which burst into a flame, giving off a bright and clear light. The fire continued all night and lighted up the entire countryside. This experiment was designed as nothing more than just a curious and prankish trick. Its potential value lay undeveloped for several years.

Four years later, one of the observers of this incident started experimenting with gas, which he labeled "the spirit of coal." He buried coal and caught the escaping gas in a hollow bladder. He then pricked a small hole in the bladder and lighted the escaping gas which burned until it was expended. The unfortunate part of this experiment was that

it was developed no further than to amuse his friends.



The actual harnessing of this gas into a useful and worthwhile project was left to an enterprising young Scotswoman, William Murdock. Murdock, as a youth, showed that he was an enterprising and ingenious young man with his hands, as well as his mind. When he left home to seek employment with a steam-engine manufacturer in Birmingham, England, he was called in for an interview. During his conversation with

his prospective employer, he was so nervous, he dropped the hat that he was holding in his hands. The noise as the hat hit the floor was so exceptional that the interviewer inquired about it. Murdock blushed and confessed that it was wooden, and that he had made it himself on his father's lathe at home. Impressed with his ingenuity, the employer gave Murdock the job.

His usefulness around the factory was frequently proven as Murdock was always devising some new way of simplifying a job. Many of his inventions were accepted by his firm and he was soon sent to Cornwall to take over one of their plants.

Shortly after his arrival there, he started experimenting with coal gas. At first, he filled a metal case with the gas and then fastened a chamber, with several holes punched in it, to a metal tube leading from the case. He lighted the gas and improvised a lantern for himself. Later, he filled a flexible bladder with gas and used this as a lantern on the then dark streets at night.

Still not content with his developments, Murdock piped gas into his house from the garden where he burned coal. Thus, his was the first house ever to be lighted by gas.

Quizzical and skeptical at first, his neighbors soon realized that Murdock had come upon a novel and highly effective means of bringing light into the home without the usual dirt and inconvenience of candles and old fashioned lanterns. Murdock applied this principle in his employer's home and later, in 1803, their factory was the first in history to be entirely illuminated with this strange new method. Gas light was finally a practical thing!



... STILL ECHOING ... THE HEARTBEAT OF LINCOLN.



Executive Order  
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864

Dear Madam,  
I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously in the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and proud to tally a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,  
A. Lincoln

Executive Order  
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.  
Dear Madam,  
I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously in the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and proud to tally a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,  
A. Lincoln



INTENSELY human,—deeply sympathetic to the sufferings of others,—Lincoln was appalled by the magnitude of the tragedy which struck Mrs. Bixby. Crowded from his mind were the events of the '61 campaign; the thousand and one cares which weighted his gaunt frame were firmly set aside; the President turned his mind from affairs of state to the affairs of a sorrowing Boston mother as he wondered what he could say. Sitting down at the desk in his study, he chewed on the end of his pen as he furrowed his great brows in thought. Then, suddenly, up from his heart welled the message which began: "To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass., Dear Madam ..."



## THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES

**O**F all the fighting tribes of Indiana, none was held in more respect by their enemies than the Cheyennes. Utterly ruthless in warfare, the Cheyenne warrior was equally fearless. In fact, their bravery led the Cheyennes to take risks not usually taken by members of other tribes with the result that they lost more of their warriors in proportion to their numbers when they rode forth on the warpath.

The women of the Cheyennes were as warlike as the men. It was not uncommon for women to accompany raiding parties on their forays against the enemy. Sometimes the women were just as efficient as the men in riding down an enemy and killing him. The Cheyennes were quick to take offense and quick to take revenge against injuries by another tribe. If the young Cheyenne warriors showed reluctance to take to the warpath, the women of the tribe would beg them to take vengeance on their enemies. The killing of enemies was the only atonement for injuries or insults suffered by the Cheyennes.

More than any other single factor, it was the horse which changed the Cheyennes from a peaceful, agricultural people into a tribe of looting, murdering savages. The Cheyennes were horse stealers, and if it became necessary to kill their enemies in order to possess the enemy's horses, then the Cheyennes did so.

The name Cheyenne was applied to these people by their enemies, the Sioux. It's taken from the name Sha-hi-yena, meaning 'people of alien speech'. The Cheyennes called themselves Daitaites which may be interpreted as meaning 'all people.'

The Cheyennes have a tradition of an age when war was unknown and universal peace prevailed. That was before they had an incentive to raid and rob their neighbors. The horse provided the incentive. Until the coming of the horse, the only possessions of the Plains tribes, except food and clothing, were their dogs, and their arms and implements of stone



and wood. When the Cheyennes discovered the usefulness of this great four-legged creature, they put aside their agricultural habits. Here was a creature they learned whose possession added to the comfort and freedom of the people. On its back they could carry loads which heretofore they had carried themselves. It carried them and their families where they pleased; it permitted the pursuit of buffalo and its transportation over long distances to camp. The Cheyennes quickly discovered, too, that a tribe could not have too many horses. Other valuable things could be exchanged for horses.

Only two ways of getting horses were known—by capturing those running wild on the prairie and by taking those of neighboring tribes. Among Plains Indians, it became a regular practice to steal horses belonging to their neighbors. In this practice, the Cheyennes excelled.

Outstanding among Cheyenne chiefs was Yellow Wolf, a great general, a great planner. Yellow Wolf seldom, or never, went to war for scalps. He was noted as to taker of horses, especially from the Kiowas and Comanches.

Yellow Wolf seemed always to know where the Comanches would be at certain times of the year, and would set out to get horses from them.



The invasion of the enemy's territory was always taken with utmost caution. Scouts were always sent ahead to look over the country. Climbing to the tops of hills, the scouts would scan the surrounding country carefully, to see if people were about, if smoke could be seen. If there were no signs of the enemy, the scouts signalled the main party to come up, and then they, the scouts, went on ahead to another point of observation.

When the Comanche or Kiowa camp was sighted, the raiding party would go as close to it as seemed safe, and then wait for nightfall.

The Cheyennes would wait until their enemies had fallen asleep, and then they would creep down into the camp taking what horses they could. When approaching the camp, they usually separated and entered it in pairs. It was the work of the older men—those who had much experience—to go about through the camp, cut loose the more valuable horses which would be tied in front of the lodges, and lead them out. While this was being done, the younger Cheyenne warriors gathered up the loose animals, leading on the prairie near by and drove them to the arranged meeting place. Sometimes the men who went into the camp for the more valuable horses would make several trips in order to steal as many as possible. These horses became the personal property of the men who stole them.

It was seldom that the tribes whose horses had been stolen were able to come up with the Cheyennes once the raiders had a few hours start. The Cheyennes drove the horses at top speed and very often kept going without a rest for twenty-four hours or more. Horses which were not able to keep up the pace were abandoned to be picked up by the pursuers. The fast pace of the horse thieves and their ability to change mounts frequently gave them an advantage over their pursuers, each of whom had only a single mount to ride.

Once back in their village, the Cheyenne raiders would dis-

pose of the horses. Sometimes they gave them all away. A young warrior who was courting a girl might give his horses up to her father's lodge and leave them as a present.

Among the Cheyennes, as well as other Plains Indians, the most esteemed quality was courage. The warpath provided the best opportunities to show courage.

It has been mistakenly held by a great many persons that the taking of a scalp measured the extent in which a warrior was held by his people. Such was not the case with the Cheyennes or the other Plains tribes.

A scalp was simply a trophy, something to show, something to dance over—a good thing, but of no great importance; but to touch the enemy with something held in the hand, with the bare hand, or with any part of the body, was a proof of bravery—a feat which entitled the man or the boy who did it to the greatest credit.

When an enemy was killed, each of those nearest to him tried to be the first to reach him and touch him, usually by striking the body with something held in the hand—a gun, bow, whip, or stick. Anyone who wished might scalp the dead. In Indian estimation, the bravest act that could be performed was to count, touch or strike a living, unhurt man and to leave him alive. This was frequently done.

It was not unusual among Cheyennes when they faced an opposing line of enemy tribesmen for one of the Cheyennes to charge upon the enemy, strike one of them and then rejoin his own party. If the daring warrior was knocked from his horse, or his horse was killed under him, his companions would charge and try to rescue him.

Few were the tribes which did not fear the Cheyennes, most daring of the Plains Indians. Often outnumbered in their engagements, with other tribes and the white men, the warriors of this fearless tribe were never out-fought. They succumbed at last only to the white man's superior weapons and overpowering numbers.



## PIONEERS OF SCIENCE THOMAS ALVA EDISON

"Wizard of Menlo Park"

**T**HOMAS ALVA EDISON was born in Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847, the son of Samuel and Nancy Edison. His first spectacular experiment nearly cost him his life. When not quite seven, he set fire to his father's barn, just to see, as he afterward confessed, what it would do. It burned to the ground, and had there been a wind it might have wiped out the little town of Milan, whose only claim to fame is the place of his birth.

Edison did not show much promise while at school, and at the age of ten he was taken out of school and taught by his mother. Although poor in mathematics, he developed a strong taste for chemistry, and made himself a laboratory, where all the bottles were labeled "poison," was an object of alarmed admiration by all the people in the neighborhood.

In his early teens he became a team "handler," selling magazines, tobacco and candy on the long runs, at the same time operating a chemical laboratory in a baggage car. It was in his retired laboratory that he had an accident which caused him life-long deafness.

He spent much time reading and acquired the habit of going far long periods without sleep. In 1860 he became a telegraph operator and wandered through the middle west from one job to another, learning much, reading voraciously, and continuing his chemical experiments in every spare moment. His early inventions were with telegraphy.

In 1874, he made "quadruplex telegraphy" practical. This is a system by which four messages may be sent simultaneously over the same wire. Two years later, Edison moved to Menlo Park, New Jersey, and built the laboratory in which he developed his most important inventions. He invented the phonograph in 1877, his greatest single achieve-



ment from the standpoint of daring imagination. Wizard at the time chiefly in a caricature, Edison paid little attention to it for ten years, but later turned to it again and made many improvements.

It was the development of the incandescent lamp, however, which brought Edison his greatest fame and financial success. Experiments with the incandescent lamp date back at least to 1840, when it was demonstrated before the Royal Society by Sir William Robert Grove. Edison's work on the lamp introduced the improvements which were necessary for its common use and cheap production,

and he was responsible for the system of lighting widely distributed lamps from one central station—an immense engineering achievement.

In 1881, Edison patented an apparatus for exhibiting photographs of moving objects and what was known as the kinesiographic camera. This was simply a gunpowder without projector or a screen. Edison, however, did much towards the modest development of motion pictures.

By this time, the Edison laboratory at Menlo Park had grown to large proportions and in 1887, he moved to West Orange, where he built a larger and more modern establishment. Here he perfected the vacuum tube, and invented the storage battery used in submarines, railway signals and mine lighting. After the first World War he conceived the Destroyed Service Medal for his successful research in torpedoes, machine guns, flame throwers and submarine periscopes.

Thomas Edison has often been called a genius, but perhaps the best definition of the word can be found in Edison's own opinion that "genius is two percent inspiration and ninety eight percent perspiration." His death on October 18, 1931, brought to an end a spectacular career and one of the world's greatest benefactors.



*Why Wait?*

NOW  
YOU CAN  
COMPLETE  
YOUR

# CLASSICS *Illustrated* LIBRARY

Featuring  
stories by the  
world's greatest  
authors

*They're  
Only*

# 15¢

EACH  
POSTPAID

FOR YOUR  
CONVENIENCE  
FILL OUT  
COUPON  
BELOW  
OR A  
FACSIMILE  
AND  
MAIL NOW!



## MAKE YOUR SELECTION FROM THESE THRILLING — EXCITING — ROMANTIC ADVENTURE STORIES.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 THE THREE MUSKETEERS                              | 32 LEVIN COOPER                             |
| 2 FRANKO  | 33 THE ICE ISLAND                           |
| 3 THE BOAT OF MONTE<br>CRISTO                       | 34 MIDWINTER ISLAND                         |
| 4 THE LAST OF THE<br>MOTHMANS                       | 35 TYRIS                                    |
| 5 MOBY DICK   | 37 THE FLOUNDER                             |
| 6 A TALE OF TWO CITIES                              | 38 JANE EYRE                                |
| 7 BOBBI HOOE  | 39 ANTOINE                                  |
| 8 ALIBAB'S NIGHTS                                   | 40 TWENTY YEARS AFTER                       |
| 9 THE WIZARD  | 41 ARTIE BEALY BOYSSON                      |
| 10 ROBINSON CRUSOE                                  | 42 GREAT EXPECTATIONS                       |
| 11 ST. YVES   | 43 MYSTERY OF FORD                          |
| 12 ST. YVES   | 44 TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS                  |
| 13 DR. JEKYL AND MR. HYDE                           | 45 STIMPY                                   |
| 14 WESTWARD HO!                                     | 46 TWENTY THOUSAND<br>LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA |
| 15 UNCLE TOM'S CABIN                                | 48 DAVID COPPERFIELD                        |
| 16 GULLIVER'S TRAVELS                               | 49 ALICE IN WONDERLAND                      |
| 17 THE BURGLES                                      | 50 THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER             |
| 18 THE FOOTPRINT OF<br>MONEY                        | 51 THE SPY                                  |
| 19 HUCKLEBERRY FINN                                 | 52 THE HOUSE OF THE<br>SEVEN GABLES         |
| 20 COSICAN BROTHERS                                 | 53 A CHRISTMAS CAROL                        |
| 21 A FAMOUS WINTER                                  | 54 THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK                 |
| 22 THE PATHFINDER                                   | 55 ELIAS RABBIT                             |
| 23 OLIVER TWIST                                     | 56 THE TOLLERS OF THE SEA                   |
| 24 A CONSCIENTIOUS TANNER<br>IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT | 57 THE KING OF HEAVEN                       |
| 25 TWO YEARS BEFORE<br>THE WAR                      | 58 THE PRINCE                               |
| 26 FRANKENSTEIN                                     | 59 WITHERING HEIGHTS                        |
| 27 ADVENTURES OF<br>BARCO POLO                      | 60 BLACK BEAST                              |
| 28 MICHAEL STODOLY                                  | 61 THE WOMAN IN WHITE                       |
| 29 THE PRINCE AND<br>THE PAUPER                     | 62 BEY HARTED WILSON STORIES                |
| 30 THE MOONSTONE                                    | 63 THE MAN WITHOUT A<br>COUNTRY             |
| 31 THE BLACK ARROW                                  | 64 TREASURY ISLAND                          |
|   | 65 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN                        |
|   | 66 THE CLOVER AND THE HEATH                 |
|   | 67 THE SCOTTISH CHIEF                       |

EACH TITLE IS A COMPLETE, FAITHFUL  
ADAPTATION OF A GREAT ALL-TIME  
CLASSIC.



GILBERTON COMPANY (CANADA) LTD. 84 Pearl St. Toronto 1, Canada

I am sending \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ issues of CLASSICS Illustrated as circled below:

- |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 |    |    |    |    |    |
| 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_