

STORIES BY

Famous

# AUTHORS

Illustrated

The

# SCARLET PIMPERNEL

by BARONESS  
ORCZY

A TREASURY OF  
CELEBRATED LITERATURE

No. 1



10¢

# Why You'll Enjoy Stories

## By FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED

### Every Story a Masterpiece

Have you ever thought why certain books are read and re-read by countless millions — why every new generation discovers them all over again — why these stories are made as movies, not once but many times? Isn't it because these stories are really great stories — great enough to thrill you as they have so many others. In FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED you'll find only stories that are the imperishables of literature, stories that have stood the severest test of all — the test of time.



### Told in the Modern Manner

No longer is it necessary to wade through hundreds of pages of text to enjoy these great stories. The editors of FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED have preserved all the excitement and interest of the original story, but give it to you in a streamlined modern version that makes for easy and enjoyable reading. Here truly is the action-packed way of presenting the world's best stories. If it's thrills you want, then you'll find them aplenty in FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED.

### Stories That Thrill You and Help You

Here are the stories you will be talking about and hearing about all your life. Here are the authors everyone knows and speaks about in everyday conversation. When you read FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED you, too, will know the great characters of literature. You, too, can quote the famous lines and impress your friends.



### Everyone Likes These Stories

Here, finally, is a so-called "comic" you can be proud of. Ask your teachers, ask your parents if they think you should read Shakespeare, Sabatini, or great stories like BEAU GESTE and SCARLET PIMPERNEL. And here is the greatest surprise of all — everyone, adults as well as teen-agers, reads and enjoys FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED.

# The Scarlet PIMPERNEL

by Baroness Orczy



THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL—  
LEADER OF A DARING BAND  
OF YOUNG ENGLISHMEN—  
DEDICATED TO THE RESCUE  
OF FRENCH NOBILITY FROM  
THE REVOLUTIONISTS—A  
MASTER OF DISGUISE, THE  
SCARLET PIMPERNEL IS  
EAGERLY SOUGHT BY  
AGENTS OF THE FRENCH  
GOVERNMENT.

PARIS —  
September, 1792

DURING THE GREATER  
PART OF THE DAY THE KNIFE  
OF THE GUILLOTINE HAD BEEN  
KEPT BUSY AT ITS GHASTLY  
WORK — BEHEADING THE MEN  
AND WOMEN WHO WERE  
AGAINST THE  
REVOLUTION.

Story Adaptation by  
Dick Davis  
Illustrations by  
Jim Lavery

EVERY AFTERNOON BEFORE THE GATES CLOSED AND MARKET CARTS WENT OUT IN PROCESSION BY THE VARIOUS BARRICADES, SOME FOOL OF AN ARISTOCRAT TRIED TO EVADE THE CLUTCHES OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY, BUT THEY WERE NEARLY ALWAYS CAUGHT AT THE BARRICADES. — BOMBASTIC SERGEANT BIBOT AT THE WEST GATE HAD A KEEN NOSE FOR SCENTING DISGUISED ARISTOCRATS.

HEY, GRANNY!  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU GOT  
THERE?

HA! I MADE  
FRIENDS WITH  
MADAME  
GUILLOTINE'S  
LOVER. HE CUT  
OFF THESE LOCKS  
FOR ME.—THE  
HEADS ROLLED  
DOWN.

THE EXECUTIONER  
HAS PROMISED ME MORE  
PRETTY LOCKS TOMORROW,  
BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN  
VISIT THE GUILLOTINE.

AH, GRANNY,  
WHAT IS TO  
KEEP YOU  
AWAY?

MY GRANDSON  
HAS THE  
SMALLPOX, SOME  
SAY IT IS THE  
PLAQUE! IF IT IS I  
SHA'NT BE ALLOWED  
TO COME TO PARIS  
TOMORROW.

CURSE  
YOU!

CURSE YOU CITIZEN  
BIBOT, FOR BEING  
A COWARD.—BAH!  
WHAT A MAN TO BE  
AFRAID OF SICKNESS.

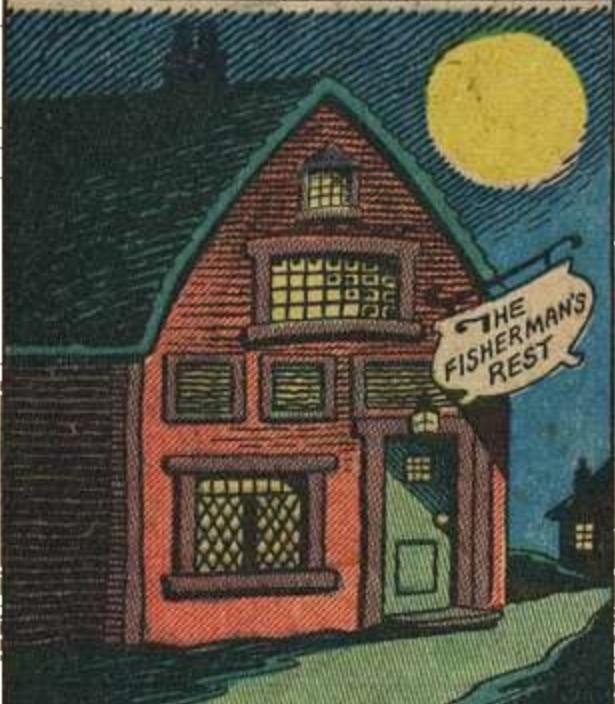
GET OUT WITH  
YOU AND YOUR  
PLAQUE STRICKEN  
BROOD!

BRAVE  
BIBOT!  
HA-HA!

MORBLIEU!  
THE PLAGUE!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER AT  
A LONELY ENGLISH INN AT  
DOVER, ACROSS THE CHANNEL  
FROM FRANCE.



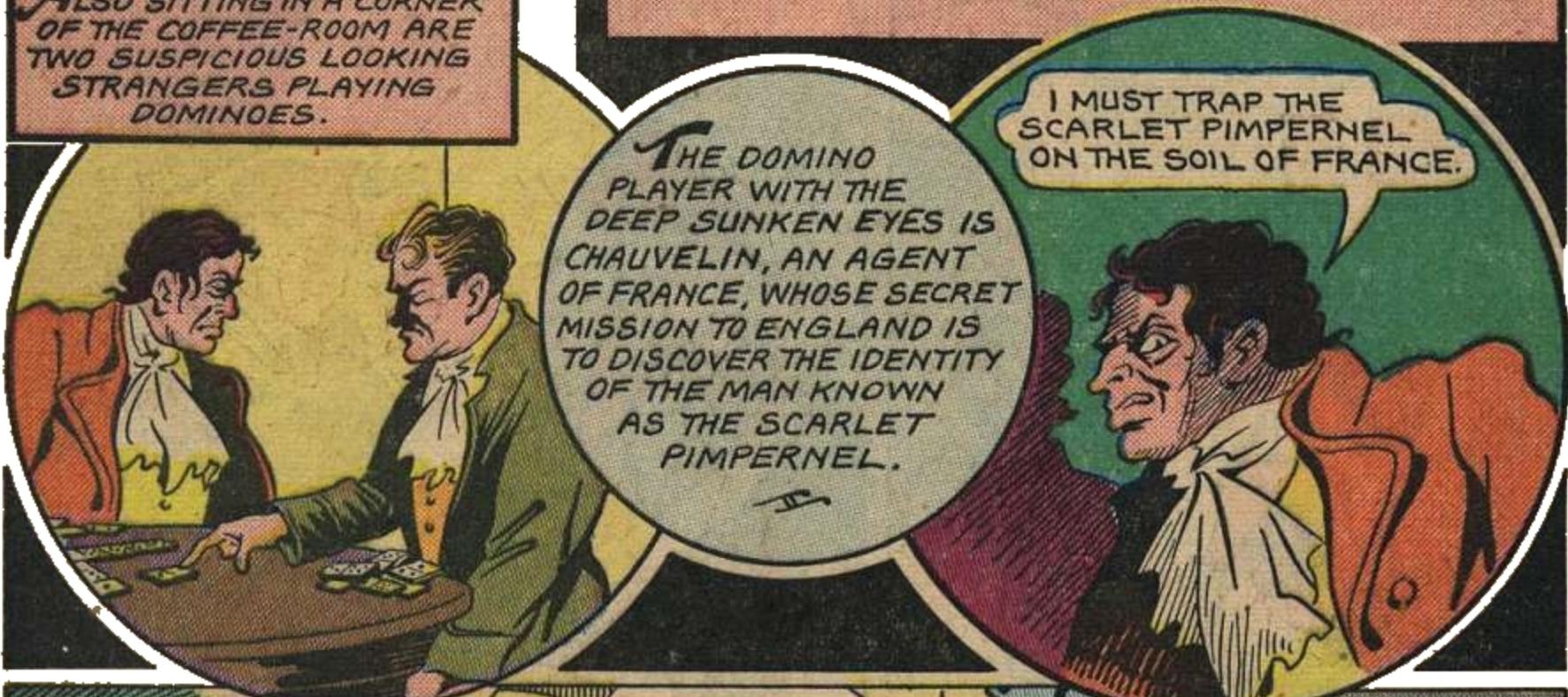
WELCOME  
TO OLD  
ENGLAND!

AH! MESSIEURS!  
THANK HEAVEN  
FOR THE  
SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL.



ALSO SITTING IN A CORNER  
OF THE COFFEE-ROOM ARE  
TWO SUSPICIOUS LOOKING  
STRANGERS PLAYING  
DOMINOES.

**D**ON THE COFFEE-ROOM AT THE FISHERMAN'S REST,  
THE COUNTESS DE TOURNAY AND HER TWO CHILDREN,  
JUST SAVED FROM THE GUILLOTINE BY THE SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL, HAVE DINNER WITH THREE YOUNG ENGLISHMEN,  
SIR PERCY BLAKENEY, LORD TONY AND SIR ANDREW.



PS-S-T-  
ALL  
SAFE.

GOOD  
NIGHT!



AFTER SUPPER, LORD TONY AND SIR ANDREW SIT BEFORE THE FIRE. SIR PERCY HAS GONE TO LONDON WITH THE COUNTESS AND HER FAMILY.

GOOD NIGHT GENTLEMEN.

GOODNIGHT LANDLORD.



TONY, THE RESCUES BECOME MORE UNBELIEVABLE EACH DAY, IMAGINE THE PIMPERNEL ESCORTING THE COUNTESS AND HER CHILDREN ALL THE WAY FROM PARIS DRESSED AS AN OLD MARKET HAG.

THAT MAN IS A MARVEL AT DISGUISE.



HE WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM IN 48 HOURS IN FRANCE.—THIS TIME TO RESCUE COUNT DE TOURNAY AND ARMAND ST. JUST.

YES, AND BOTH DEVOTED TO EACH OTHER.



ARMAND ST. JUST? WHY THAT'S THE FRENCH BROTHER OF MARGUERITE BLAKENNEY.—SIR PERCY BLAKENNEY'S WIFE.



HERE ARE THE PIMPERNEL'S INSTRUCTIONS. READ CAREFULLY AND COMMIT THEM TO MEMORY, THEN DESTROY THEM.

BEND CLOSER TO THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE.

A FIGURE HAD EMERGED FROM UNDER THE OAK BENCH, WITH SNAKE-LIKE MOVEMENTS IT CREST CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE TWO YOUNG MEN.



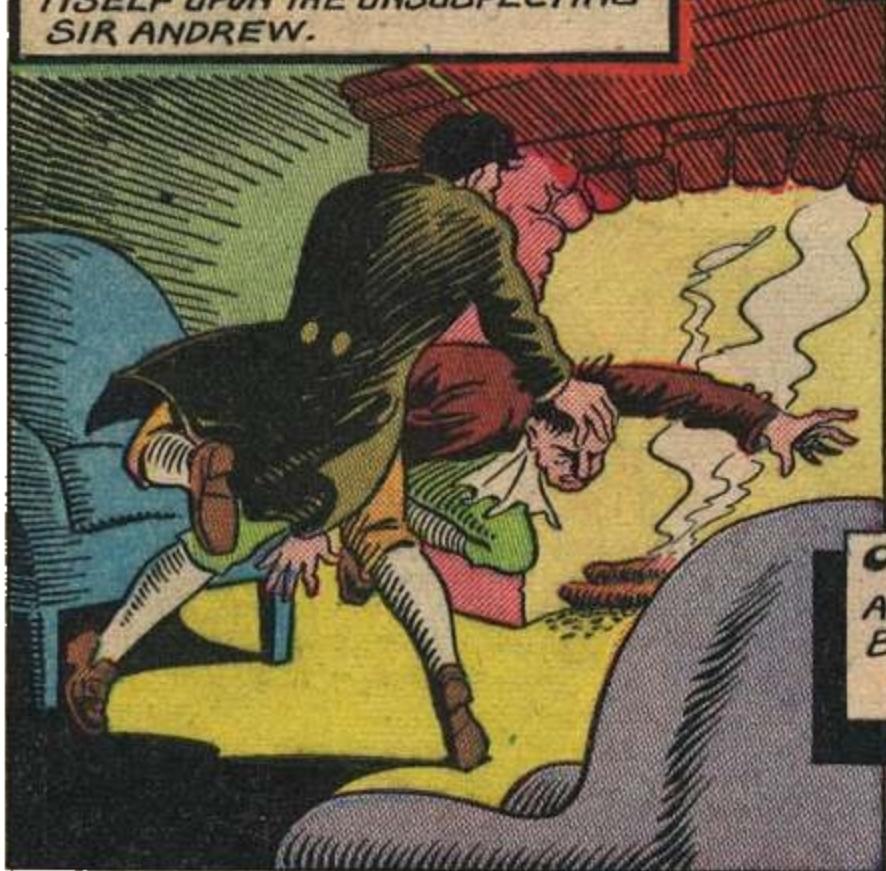
LORD TONY AND SIR ANDREW STOOP BEFORE THE FAINT GLOW OF THE FIREPLACE TO DECIPHER THE PIMPERNEL'S INSTRUCTIONS, WHEN THEY ARE STARTLED BY A SLIGHT NOISE.

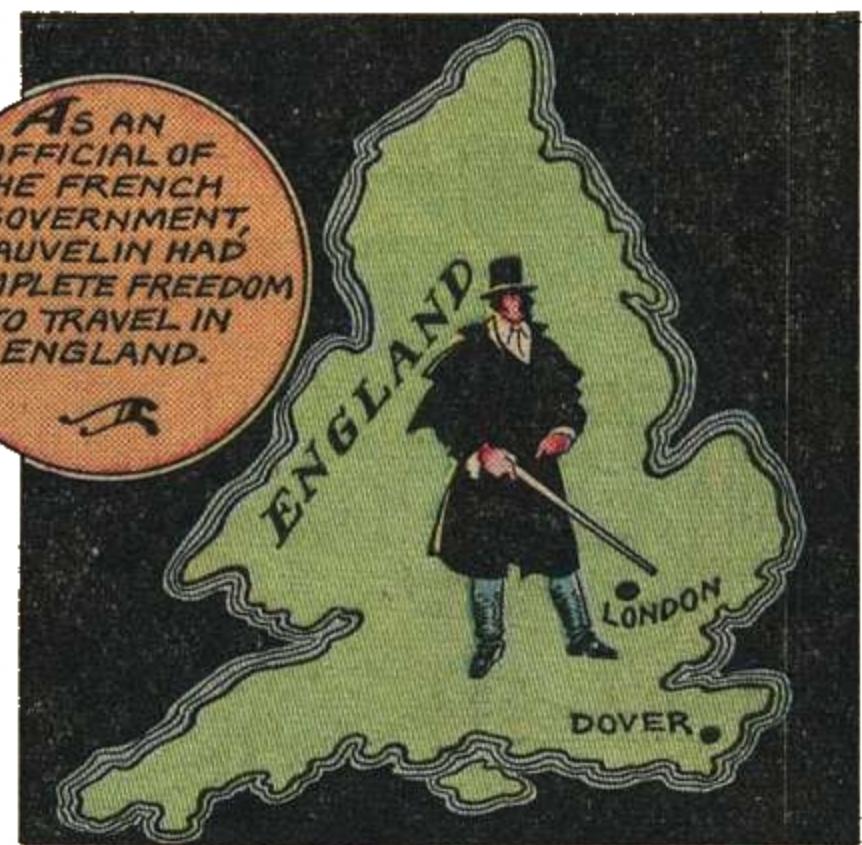
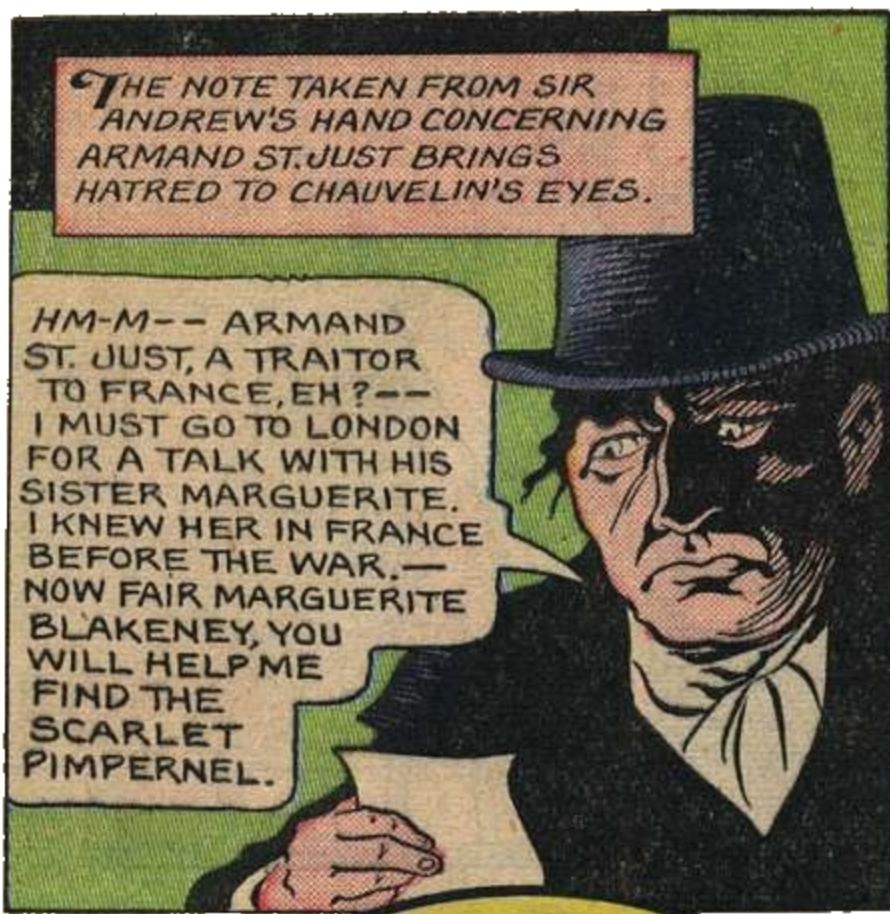


LORD TONY CROSSED THE ROOM AND QUICKLY THREW OPEN THE DOOR AND IS FELLED WITH A STUNNING BLOW IN THE FACE.



SIMULTANEOUSLY THE SNAKE-LIKE FIGURE IN THE GLOOM HURLS ITSELF UPON THE UNSUSPECTING SIR ANDREW.







AMONG THE PAPERS THERE  
WAS A LETTER TO SIR  
ANDREW FOULKES,  
WRITTEN BY YOUR  
BROTHER ARMAND  
ST. JUST.

WELL?  
AND?

THE LETTER SHOWS YOUR BROTHER  
ARMAND ST. JUST TO BE NOT ONLY IN  
SYMPATHY WITH THE ENEMIES OF  
FRANCE, BUT ACTUALLY A HELPER  
IF NOT A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE  
OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

I MUST ASSURE YOU THAT  
YOUR BROTHER IS COMPROMISED  
BEYOND THE SLIGHTEST HOPE  
OF PARDON.

CHAUVELIN,  
YOU ARE VERY  
ANXIOUS TO  
DISCOVER THE  
IDENTITY OF THE  
SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL.

YOU CAN WIN A PARDON  
FOR ARMAND ST. JUST  
BY DOING ME A  
SMALL FAVOR.

WHAT  
IS IT?

THE SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL IS  
FRANCE'S MOST  
BITTER ENEMY.

--AND YOU WOULD  
NOW FORCE ME TO  
DO SOME SPYING  
WORK FOR YOU IN  
EXCHANGE FOR MY  
BROTHER ARMAND'S  
SAFETY?

LISTEN; AMONG THE  
PAPERS FOUND ABOUT  
THE PERSON OF SIR  
ANDREW, THERE WAS  
A BRIEF NOTE----  
HERE, READ IT.

MARGUERITE  
READS.

If you wish  
to speak to  
me again, I  
shall be at  
G's ball.



SIR ANDREW AND LORD  
TONY RIDE TO LONDON  
IN GREAT HASTE.

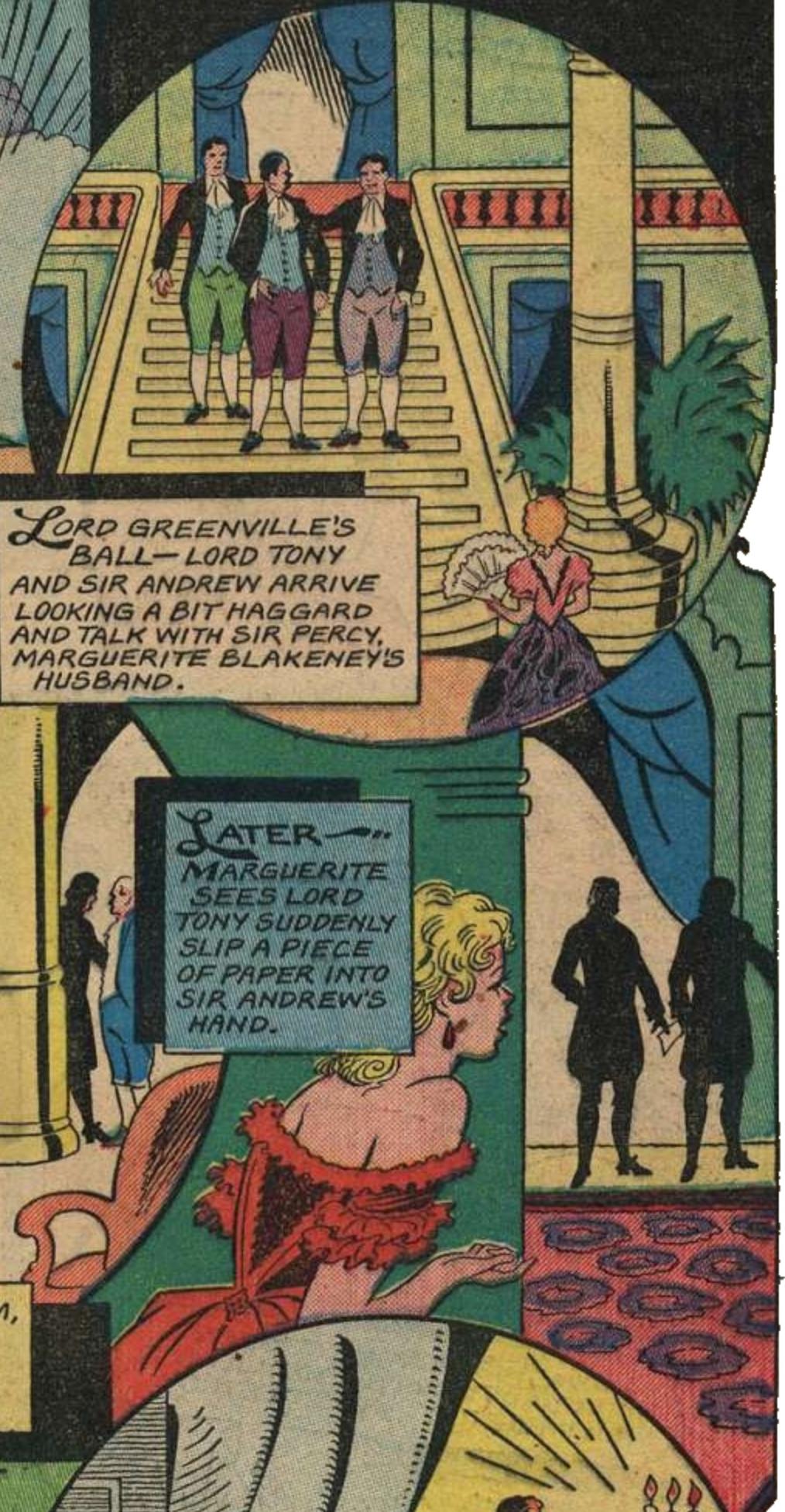
LORD GREENVILLE'S  
BALL—LORD TONY  
AND SIR ANDREW ARRIVE  
LOOKING A BIT HAGGARD  
AND TALK WITH SIR PERCY,  
MARGUERITE BLAKENEY'S  
HUSBAND.

LATER—  
MARGUERITE  
SEES LORD  
TONY SUDDENLY  
SLIP A PIECE  
OF PAPER INTO  
SIR ANDREW'S  
HAND.

IN THE GAILY-LIGHTED BALL-ROOM,  
MARGUERITE WONDERS WHICH OF  
THESE WORLDLY MEN ROUND HER  
IS THE MYSTERIOUS SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL.



MARGUERITE FORGETS HER RANK,  
HER DIGNITY---EVERYTHING SAVE  
THAT HER BROTHER'S LIFE IS IN DANGER.



SIR ANDREW READS THE NOTE IN A  
DESERTED BOUDOIR---MARGUERITE,  
UNPERCEIVED IS CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

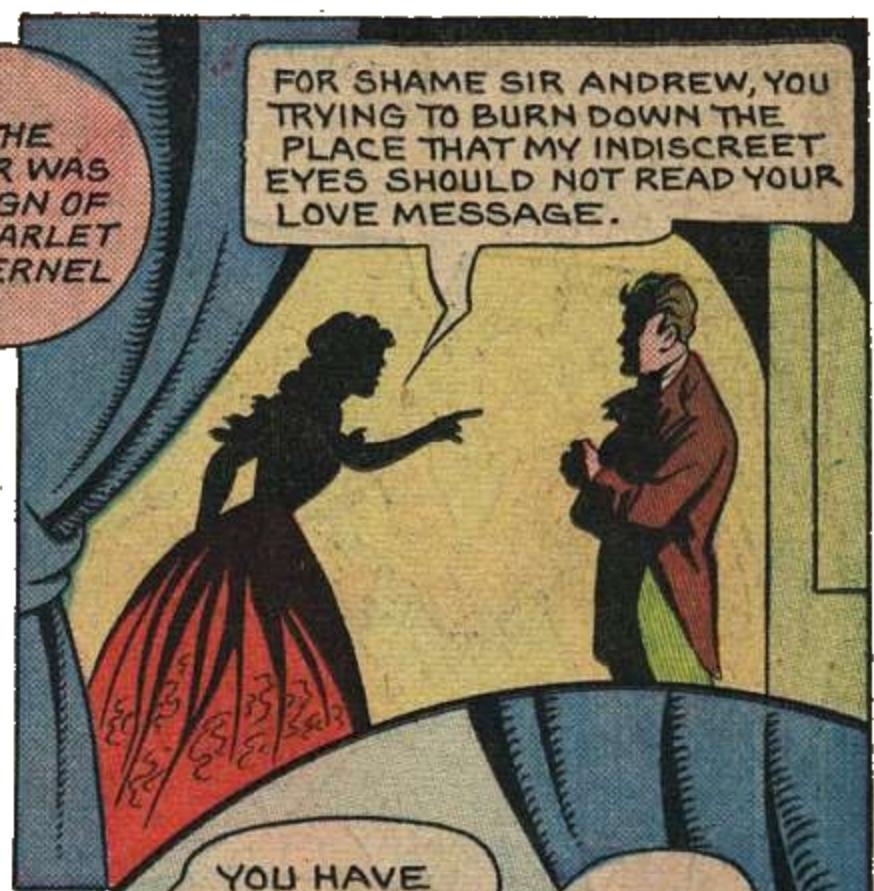




IN THE BRIEF CONFUSION, MARGUERITE GETS A QUICK GLANCE AT THE PAPER.

IN THE CORNER WAS THE SIGN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

FOR SHAME SIR ANDREW, YOU TRYING TO BURN DOWN THE PLACE THAT MY INDISCREET EYES SHOULD NOT READ YOUR LOVE MESSAGE.



CONFICTING THOUGHTS RAGED IN MARGUERITE'S BRAIN.--- SHOULD SHE WILLFULLY BETRAY A BRAVE MAN TO SAVE HER BELOVED BROTHER?



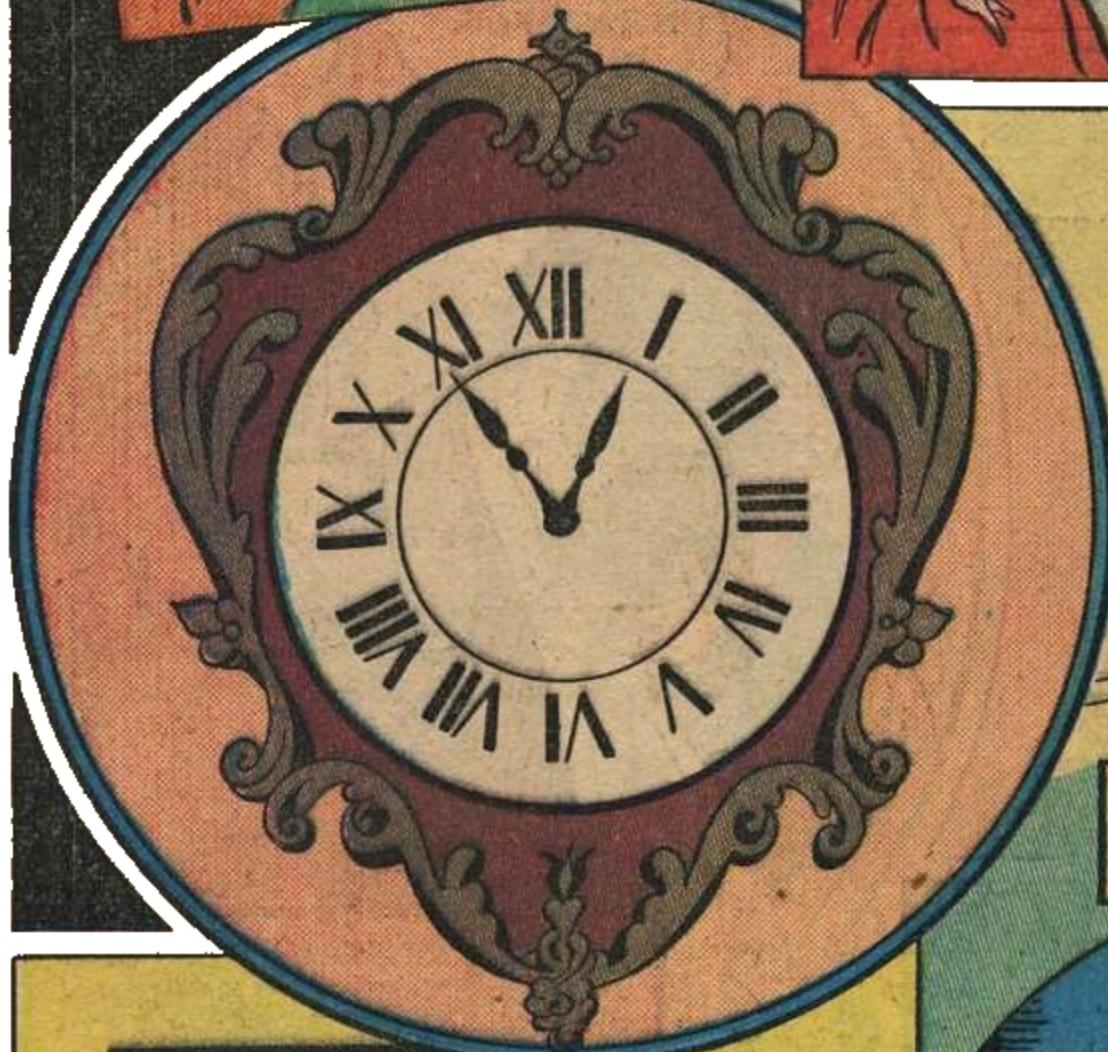
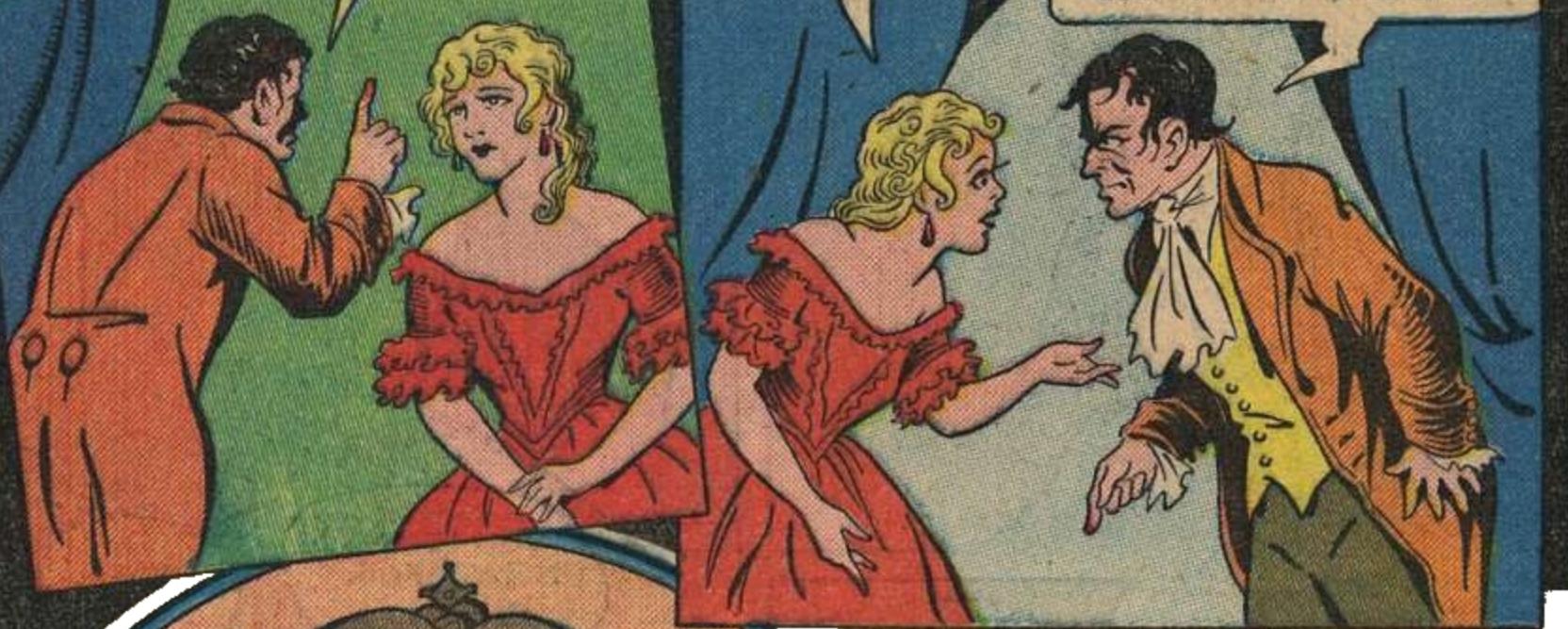
CHAUVELIN STANDS BEFORE MARGUERITE.--- ARMAND ST. JUST MUST BE SAVED AT ALL COSTS -- MARGUERITE REVEALS THE CONTENTS OF THE NOTE.



THE MAN WHO IS IN THE SUPPER-  
ROOM AT ONE O'CLOCK WILL  
BE SHADOWED BY MY AGENTS.  
--- THAT MAN WILL BE THE  
SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

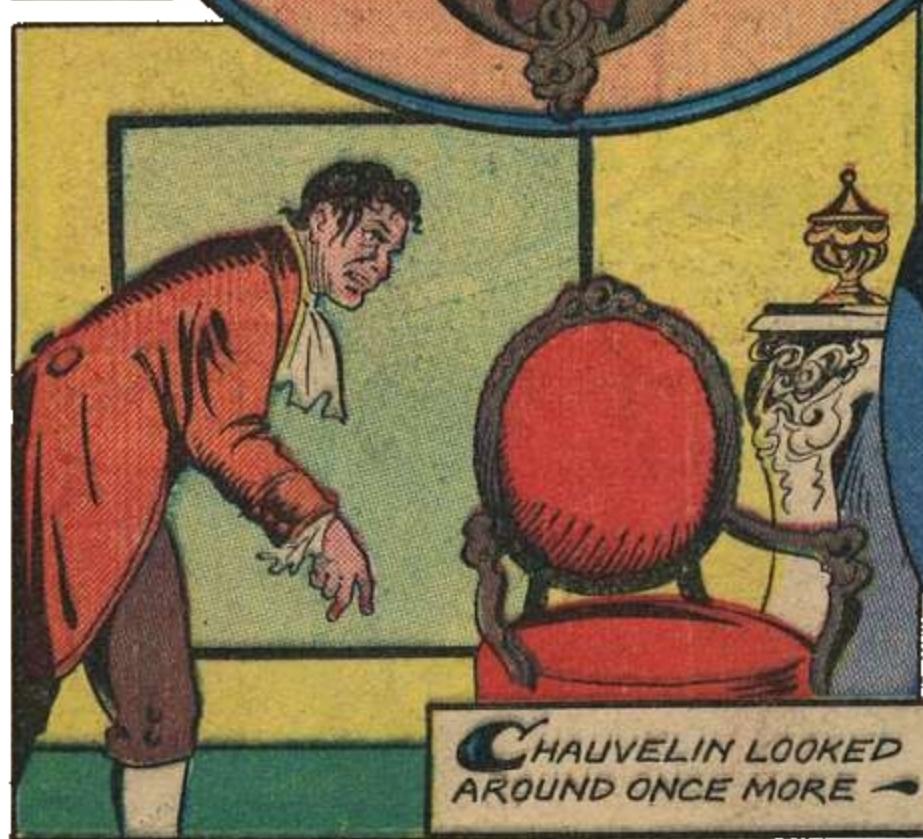
AND WHAT OF  
MY BROTHER  
ARMAND?

THE DAY THE SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL IS A  
PRISONER IN FRANCE  
YOUR BROTHER WILL BE  
HERE IN ENGLAND, SAFE  
IN THE ARMS OF HIS  
CHARMING SISTER.

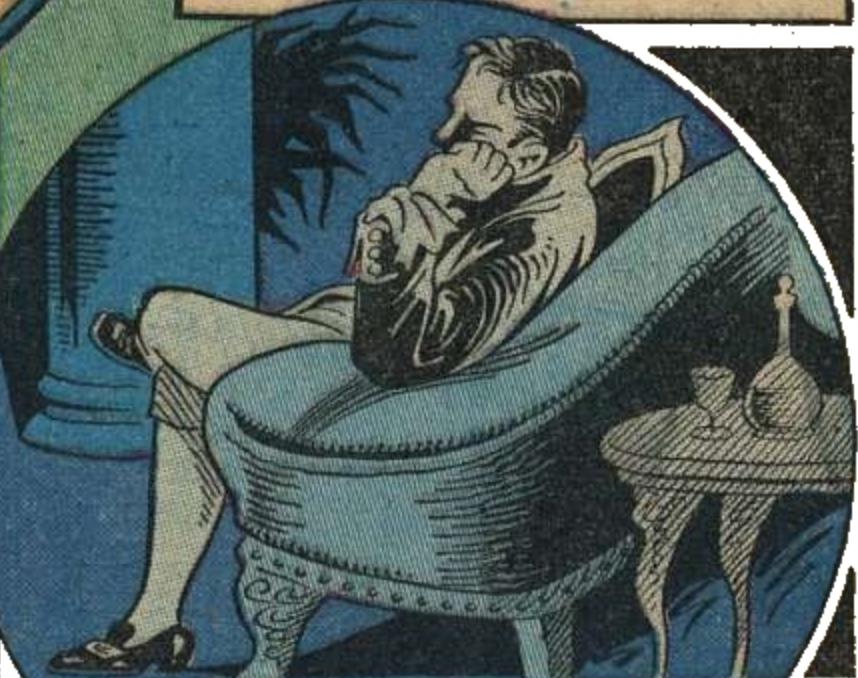


NO ONE HERE,  
WELL, I SHALL  
WAIT.

CHAUVELIN ENTERED THE  
SUPPER-ROOM, FORTUNATELY  
IT WAS DESERTED.



CHAUVELIN LOOKED  
AROUND ONCE MORE



--- AND THERE IN A DARK ANGLE OF  
THE ROOM, HIS EYES SHUT AND THE PEACEFUL  
SOUNDS OF SLUMBER PROCEEDING FROM HIS  
NOSTRILS SAT SIR PERCY BLAKENEY,--  
MARGUERITE'S SLEEPY, DULL HUSBAND.

CHAUVELIN  
LEAVES THE  
SUPPER-  
ROOM.

HM-M- I WONDER  
IF IT COULD BE  
POSSIBLE ?  
WELL, WE  
SHALL SEE.

HE IS MET BY  
MARGUERITE.

I SAW ONLY  
YOUR HUSBAND,  
MADAME,—  
ASLEEP ON  
THE SOFA

DID YOU SEE  
THE SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL?

NO ONE ELSE  
CAME INTO  
THE ROOM ?

NO  
ONE.

HIS BLOOD OR  
THAT OF YOUR  
BROTHER  
ARMAND  
ST. JUST

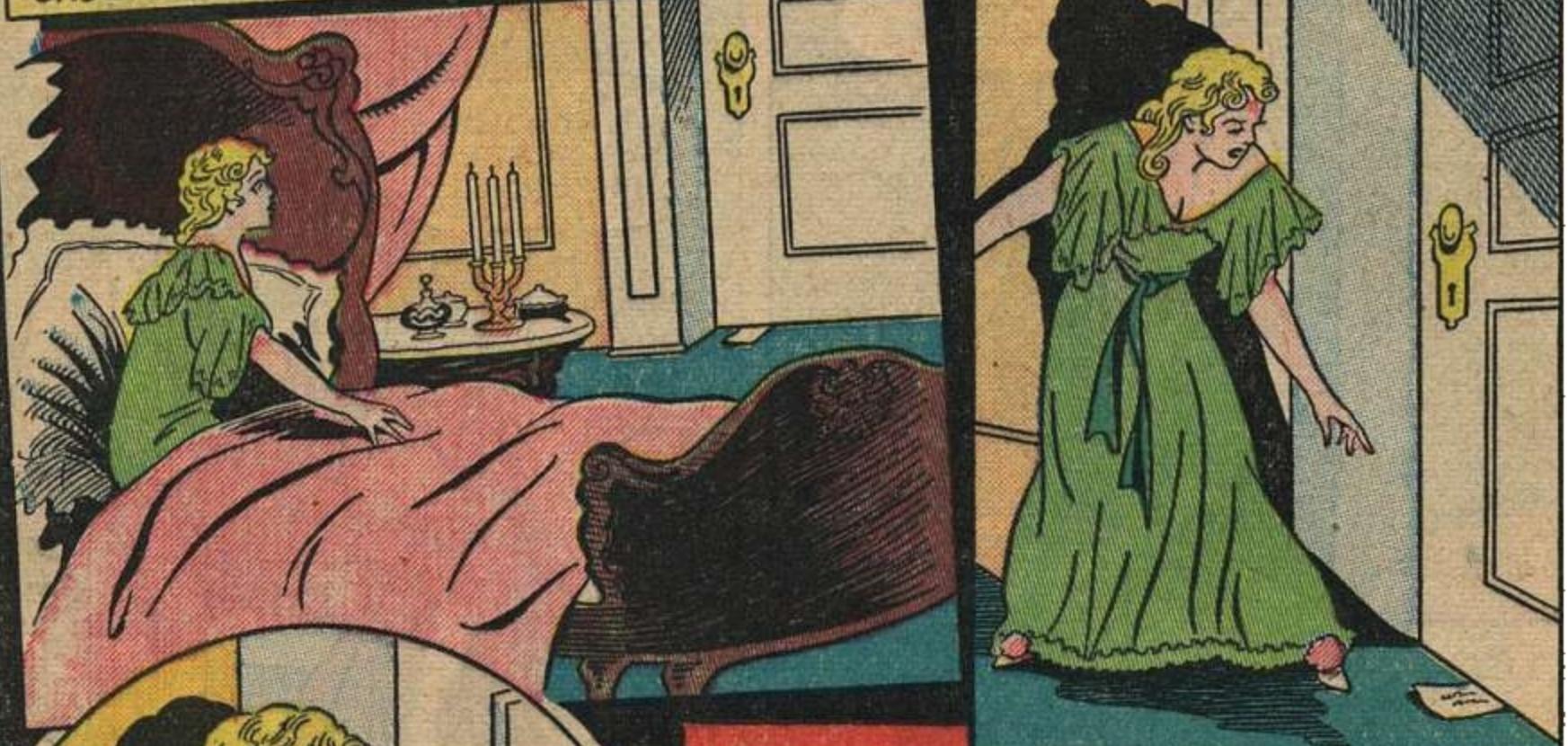
THE BLOOD  
OF A BRAVE  
MAN WILL  
BE ON MY  
HANDS.

I HAVE FAILED  
MY BROTHER,  
ARMAND. WHAT  
WILL HAPPEN  
TO HIM ?

YOUR BROTHER'S  
LIFE WILL HANG ON  
A THREAD UNTIL I  
CAPTURE THE SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL ON THE  
SOIL OF FRANCE.  
BUT DO NOT DESPAIR,  
I HAVE REASON TO  
BELIEVE THAT DAY  
IS NOT FAR OFF.



ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, MARGUERITE WAS AWAKENED BY FOOTSTEPS AT HER DOOR. SOME ONE HAD SLIPPED A LETTER UNDER THE DOOR.



Urgent business requires  
my immediate attention.  
I must sail for France.  
Forgive me for not saying  
goodbye.

all my love  
Percy

PERCY, THIS IS NOT LIKE YOU.  
WHAT BUSINESS CALLS  
YOU AWAY FROM HOME?

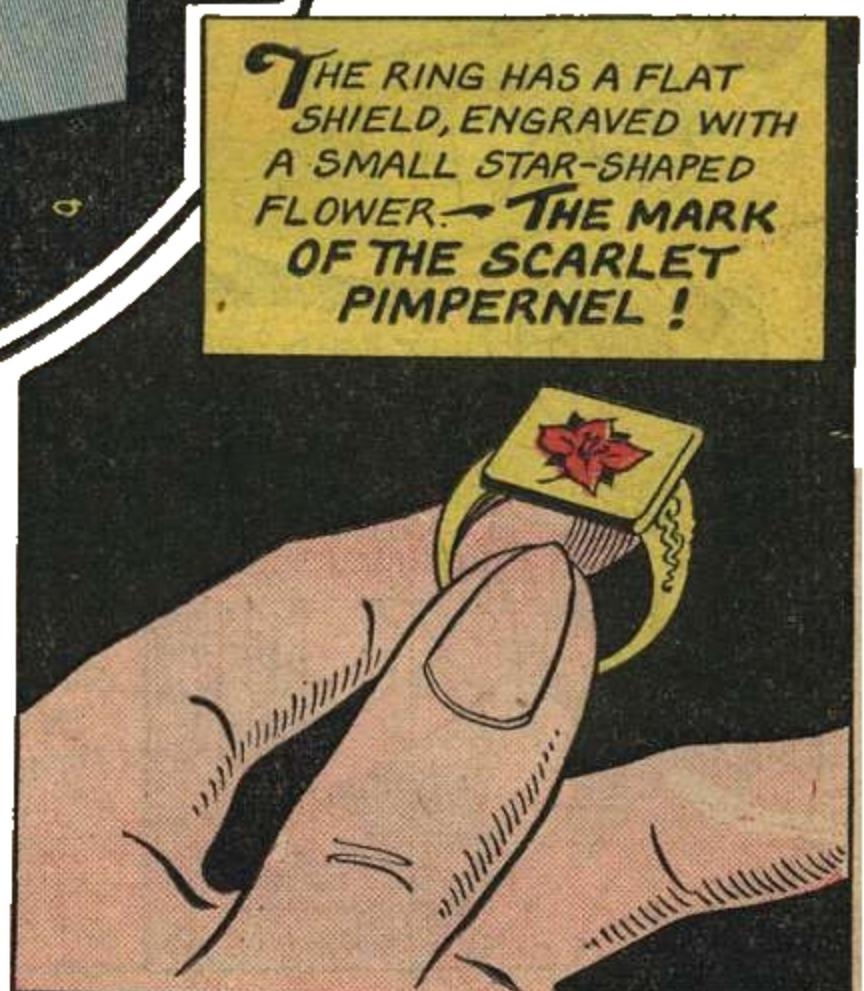
IT IS OF A HIGHLY  
CONFIDENTIAL NATURE.  
I CANNOT DEVULGE IT,  
EVEN TO YOU.

THERE IS SOME  
MYSTERY TO THIS  
WHICH I DO NOT  
LIKE AT ALL.

FEAR  
NOT DEAR  
LADY, I WILL  
TELL YOU ALL  
WHEN I RETURN.



MARGUERITE, LIGHTLY CLAD,  
HURRIED TO THE COURTYARD ---  
SIR PERCY IS READY TO MOUNT  
HIS SWIFTEST HORSE.



CLUTCHING THE RING IN HER HAND SHE RAN OUT INTO THE GARDEN.



THE COUNTESS DE TOURNAY, RECENTLY RESCUED BY THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL ENTERS THE GARDEN.



THE BLOW HAD FALLEN! IF SIR PERCY WAS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL — HE WOULD MEET DEATH IN FRANCE AT THE HANDS OF CHAUVELIN.



I HAD COME TO TELL YOU THE NEWS. THIS MORNING I RECEIVED A BRIEF NOTE — IT WAS FROM THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

WHAT DID IT SAY?



YOU SAID — THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAS GONE TODAY ---





ALONE —  
THE HORRIBLE TRUTH DAWNS  
ON MARGUERITE.  
SIR PERCY WAS  
THE ONLY ONE  
CHAUVELIN SAW  
IN THE SUPPER-  
ROOM AT  
GREENVILLE'S  
BALL!



As  
MARGUERITE  
WONDERS WHAT  
TO DO HER MAID  
BRINGS HER  
A LETTER.



IT CAME BY MESSENER.  
HE GOT IT FROM A FRENCH  
GENTLEMAN.

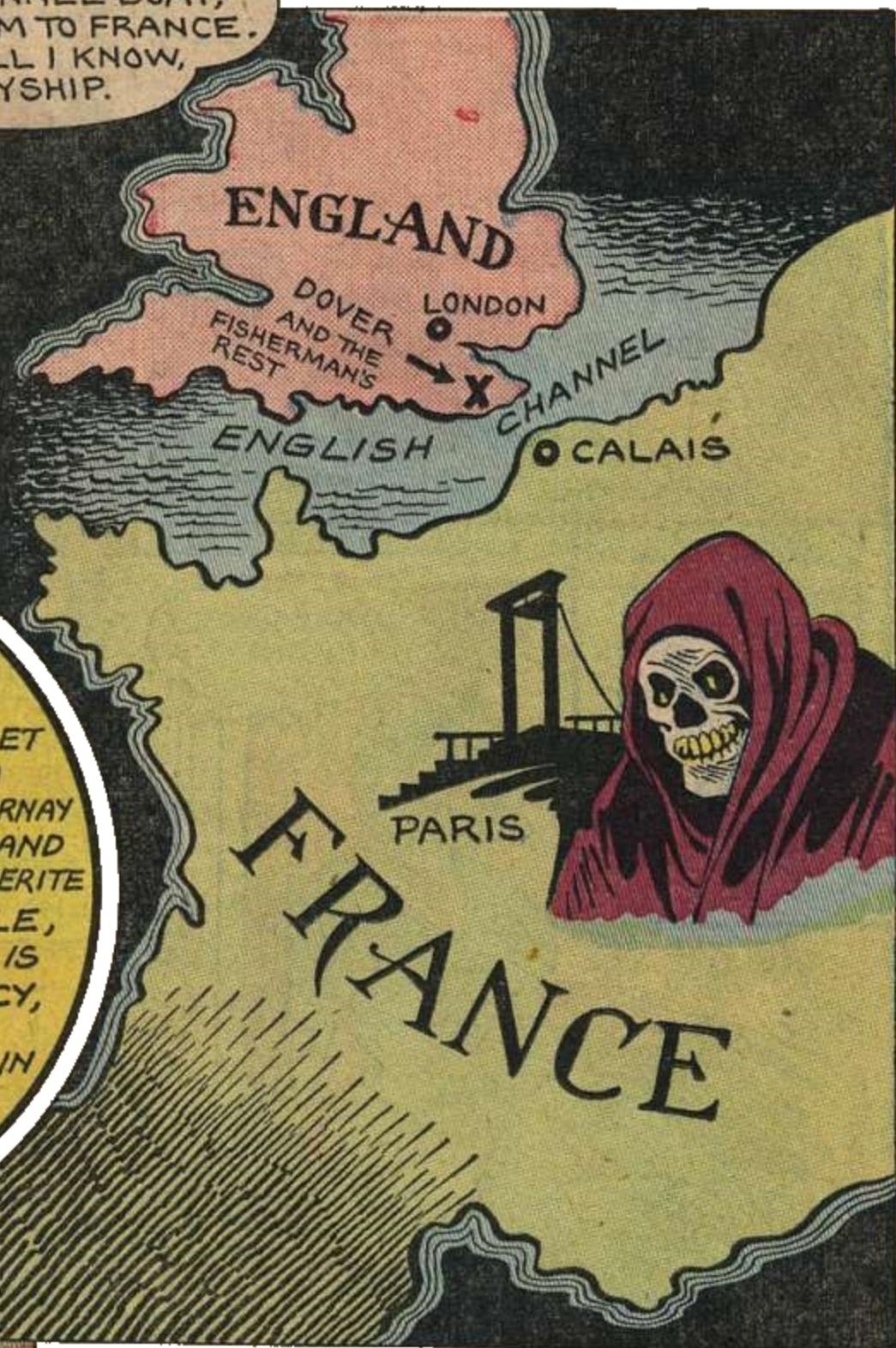


IT WAS THE FATAL LETTER SIGNED  
BY ARMAND, AND STOLEN FROM  
SIR ANDREW AT THE FISHERMAN'S  
REST BY CHAUVELIN.—THE LETTER  
WHICH CHAUVELIN HAD PROMISED TO  
RETURN TO MARGUERITE FOR HER  
BETRAYAL OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

WHERE WAS THE FRENCH GENTLEMAN?

MARGUERITE DISMISSED THE MAID AND ORDERED HER COACH AND FOUR.

THE MESSENGER SAID HE WAS WAITING FOR A CHANNEL BOAT, TO TAKE HIM TO FRANCE. — THAT'S ALL I KNOW, YOUR LADYSHIP.



## *The Situation-*

SIR PERCY ALIAS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, IS ON HIS WAY TO FRANCE TO SAVE THE COUNT DE TOURNAY (AND MARGUERITE'S BROTHER ARMAND ST. JUST, AS WELL, ALTHOUGH MARGUERITE DOES NOT KNOW THIS.) MEANWHILE, THE FRENCH AGENT, CHAUVELIN IS RACING IN PURSUIT OF SIR PERCY, HOPING TO CAPTURE HIM ON FRENCH SOIL, WHERE CHAUVELIN HAS THE POWER TO HAVE SIR PERCY EXECUTED AS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.





**M**ARGUERITE RIDES TO DOVER. SIR ANDREW IN DISGUISE FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND.



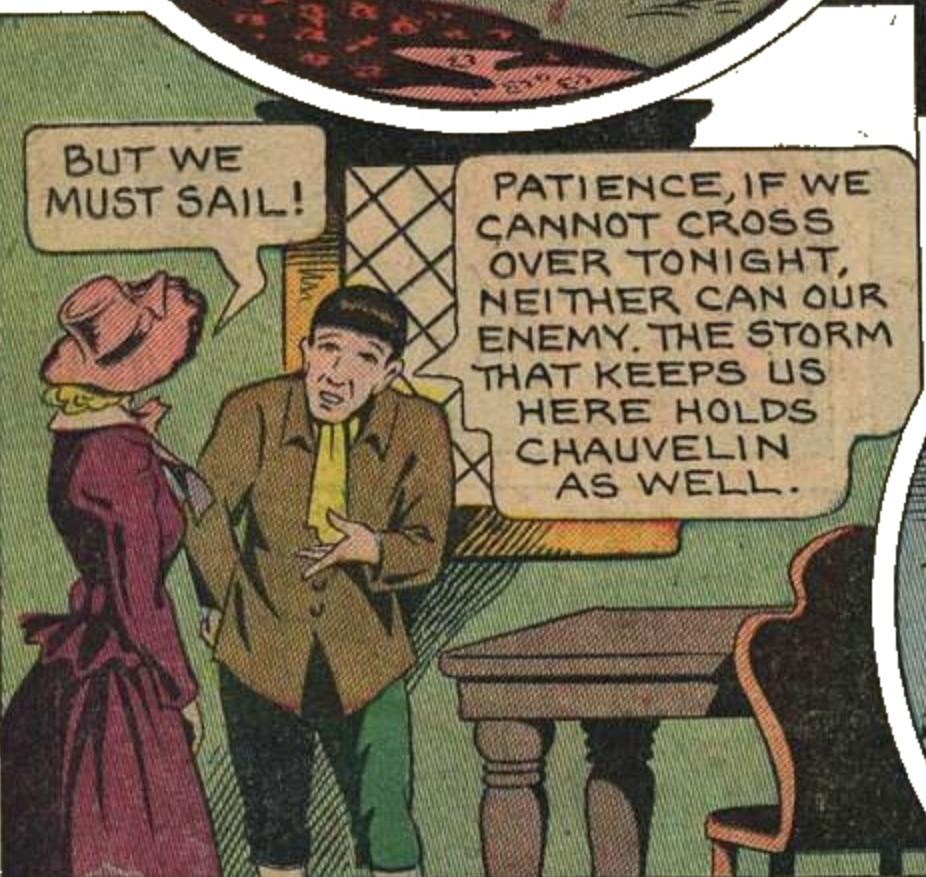
THAT NIGHT MARGUERITE AND SIR ANDREW STOP AT THE FISHERMAN'S REST.—ACROSS THE CHANNEL FROM FRANCE.

YOUR DISGUISE IS EXCELLENT. DID YOU FIND OUT WHEN WE CAN SAIL?

WE CANNOT SAIL TONIGHT, A BAD STORM BLOWS FROM FRANCE.

BUT WE MUST SAIL!

PATIENCE, IF WE CANNOT CROSS OVER TONIGHT, NEITHER CAN OUR ENEMY. THE STORM THAT KEEPS US HERE HOLDS CHAUVELIN AS WELL.



LATE THE NEXT DAY, MARGUERITE AND SIR ANDREW SAIL FOR FRANCE.



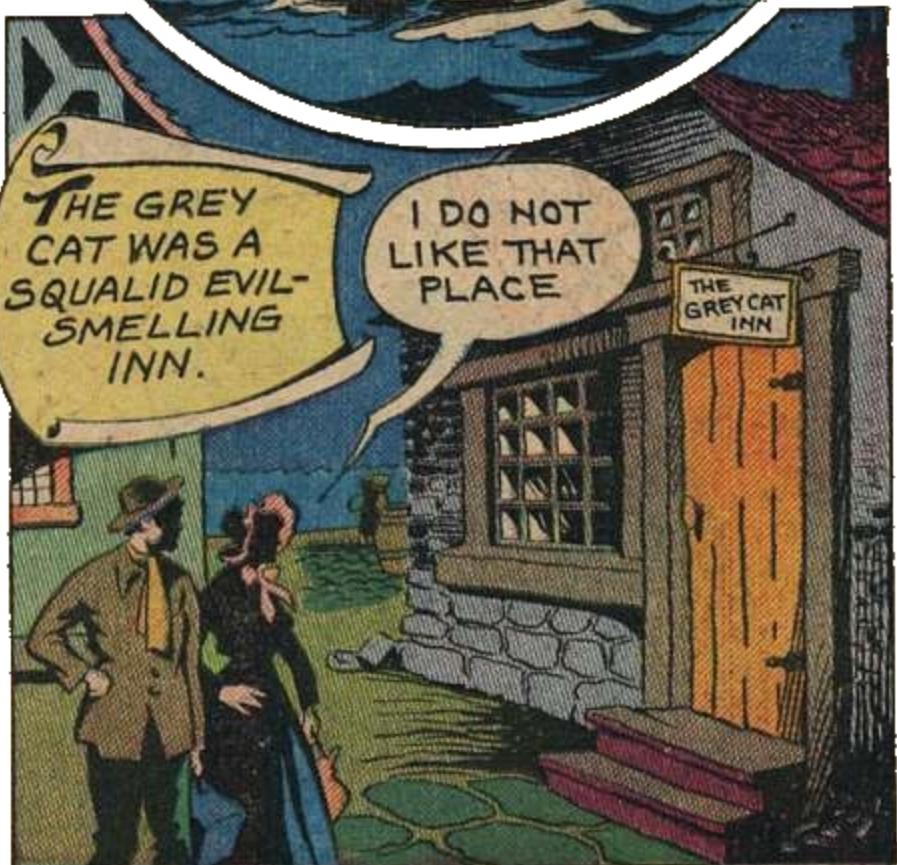
A SEA PORT IN FRANCE.

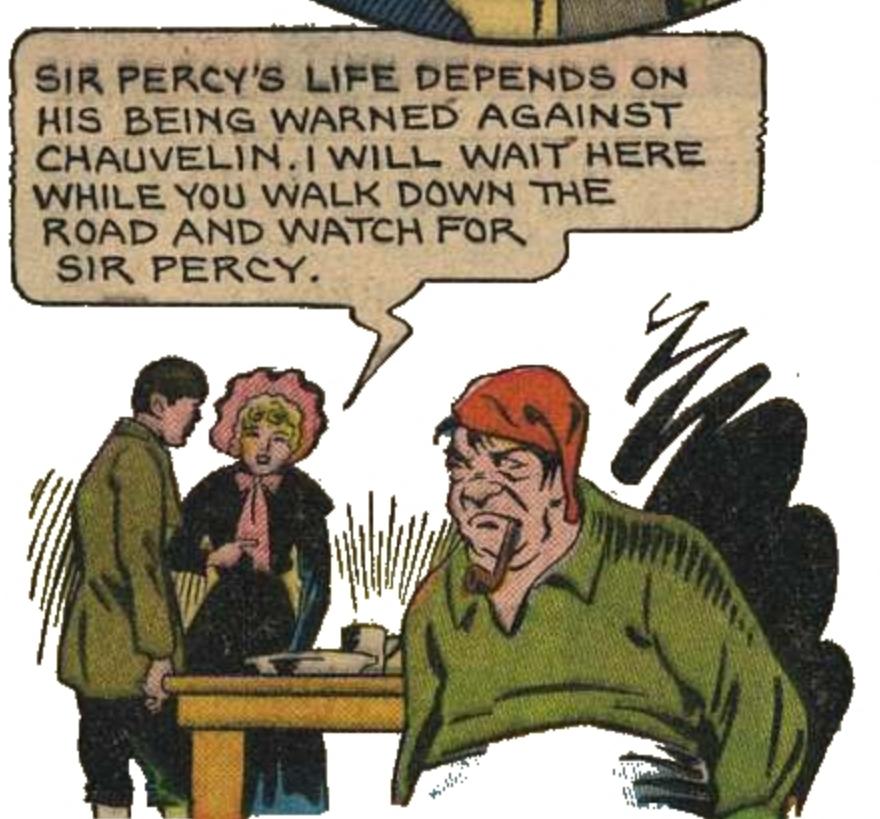
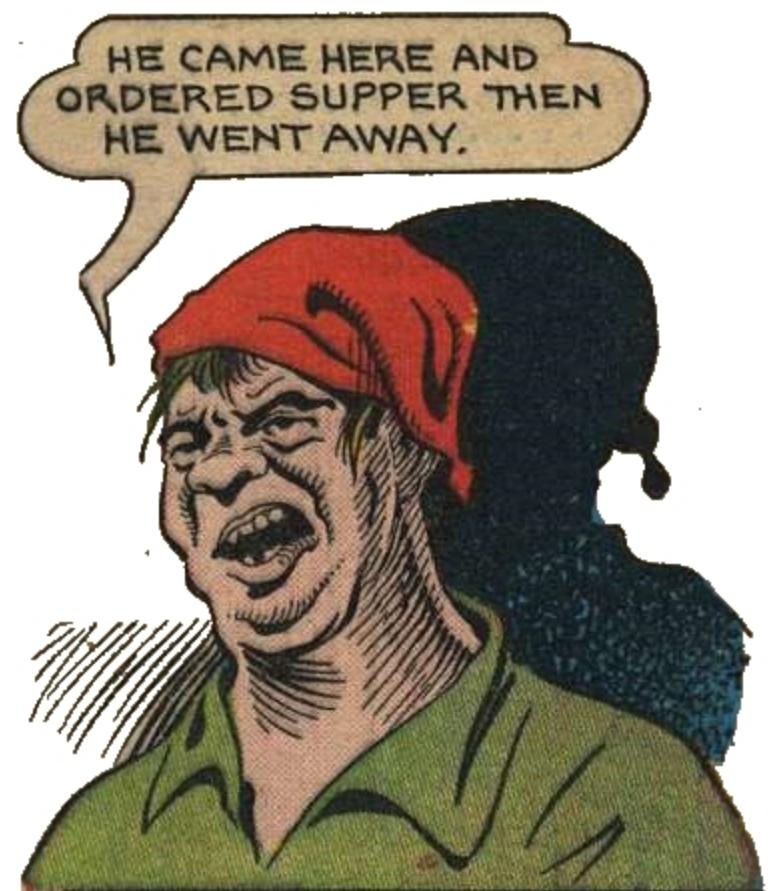
WE MUST LOOK FIRST AT A WAYSIDE INN KNOWN TO SIR PERCY.—THE GREY CAT.

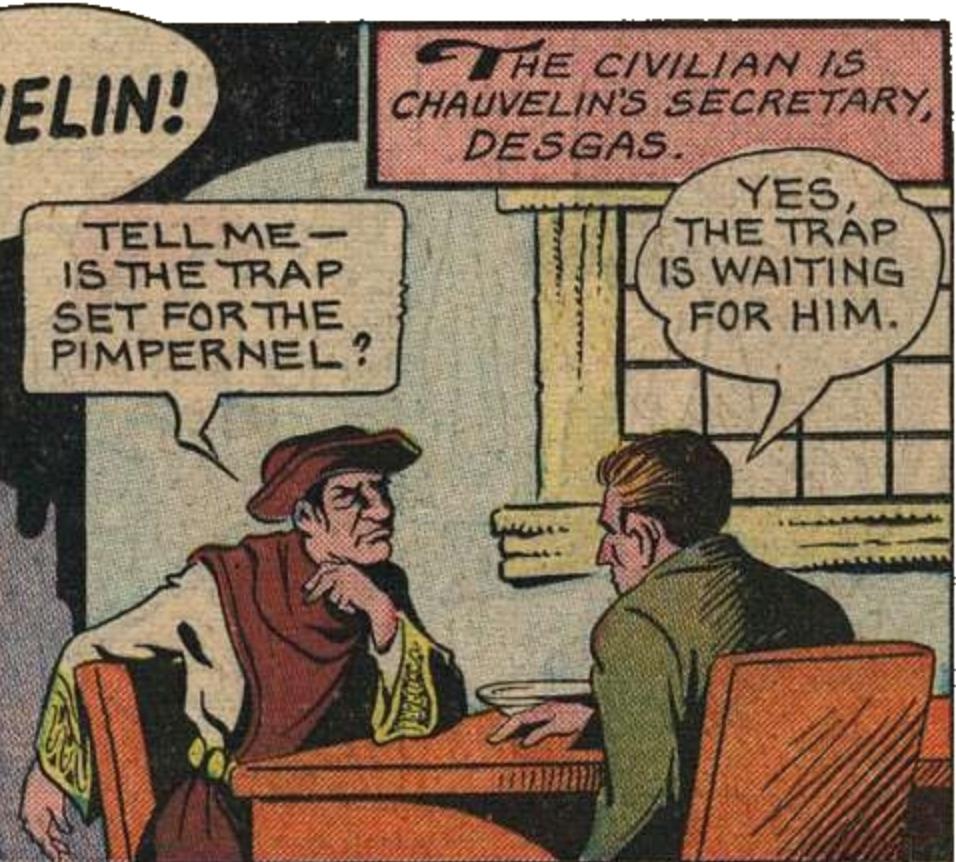


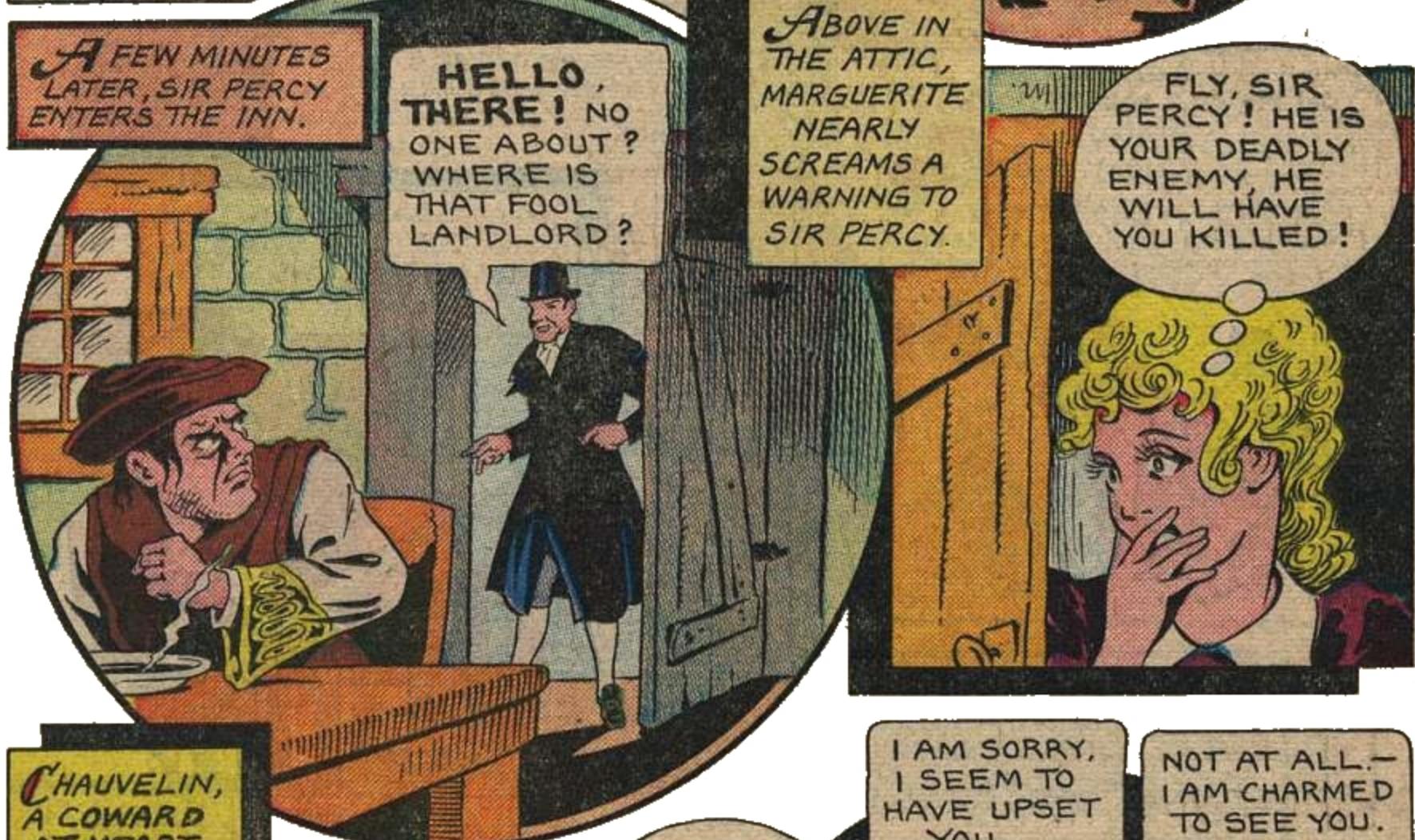
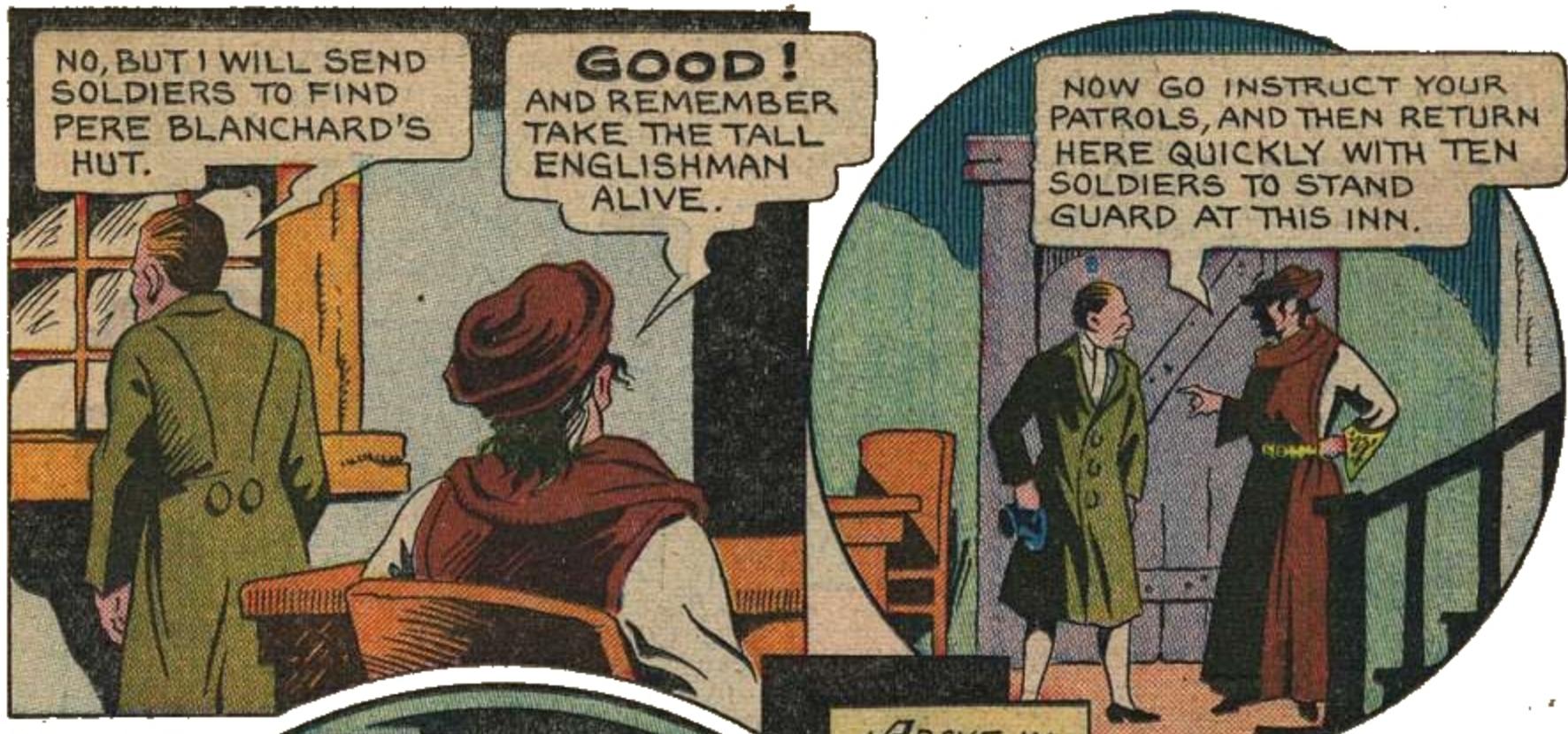
THE GREY CAT WAS A SQUALID EVIL-SMELLING INN.

I DO NOT LIKE THAT PLACE











DESGAS RETURNS  
WITH SOLDIERS

WHERE  
CITIZEN?

THE SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL! DID  
YOU SEE HIM?

HE LEFT  
THIS INN  
NOT FIVE  
MINUTES  
AGO!

WE SAW NOTHING.  
IT WAS TOO EARLY  
FOR THE MOON.

AND YOU ARE FIVE MINUTES TOO  
LATE, MY FRIEND! ONCE AGAIN  
THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAS  
SLIPPED THROUGH MY FINGERS,  
BUT IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

IT IS MY GUESS THAT THE SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL HAS GONE TO MEET  
DE TOURNAY AND ARMAND ST. JUST  
AT THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD.  
—WE MUST FIND THAT HUT!

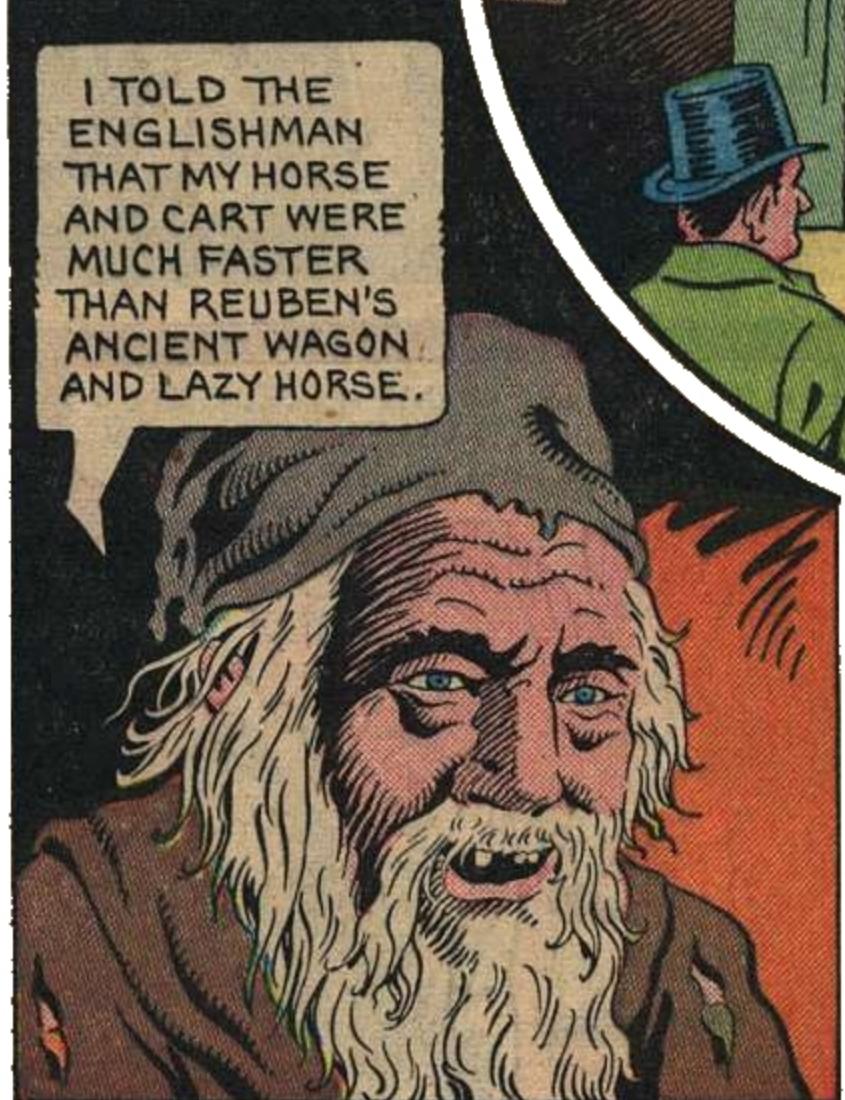


MARGUERITE WAS FILLED WITH  
HOPELESSNESS. STILL SHE WATCHED  
HER HUSBAND'S ENEMY.

A PEDDLER NAMED REUBEN  
TALKED TO A TALL ENGLISHMAN  
LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO.

AH!  
SO?





THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT  
THE OLD MAN THAT MADE IT  
IMPOSSIBLE FOR MARGUERITE  
TO TAKE HER EYES AWAY.

I WILL HIRE YOU  
AND YOUR CART.—  
IS IT A BARGAIN?

OH, INDEED,  
YES! WHERE  
WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO GO?

YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH.  
I WANT TO FOLLOW  
THE ENGLISHMAN  
WHO RIDES IN YOUR  
FRIEND'S CART.

HE GAVE ME  
SILVER TO  
HOLD MY  
TONGUE.

THERE ARE GOLD PIECES  
TO LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE.  
WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

THEY TRAVELED DOWN  
THE ST. MARTIN ROAD  
TOWARD THE HUT OF  
PERE BLANCHARD.

THAT IS THE  
NEWS I  
WANTED TO  
HEAR. HOW  
SOON CAN  
YOUR CART  
TAKE US  
THERE?

MY CART AND  
HORSE ARE  
READY NOW.—  
WE CAN LEAVE  
THIS VERY  
MINUTE.

MEANWHILE, AS CHAUVELIN PREPARES TO CLOSE THE TRAP ON SIR PERTY — ARMAND ST. JUST AND COUNT DE TOURNAY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD, WHERE THEY EXPECT TO BE MET AND RESCUED BY THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.



REMEMBER—OLD FOOL! IF YOU TRY TO DECEIVE ME I WILL HAVE MY SOLDIERS BEAT YOU UNTIL YOU CANNOT SEE.



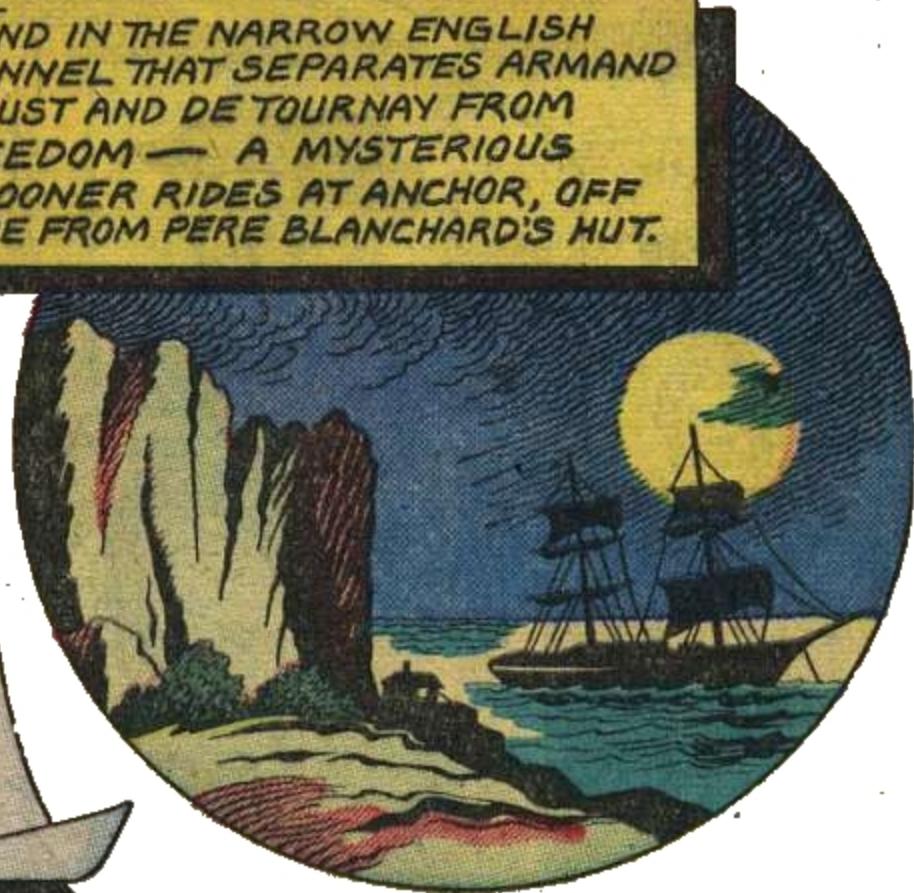
BUT IF WE FIND THE TALL ENGLISHMAN, YOU SHALL HAVE A REWARD OF TEN MORE PIECES OF GOLD. DO YOU ACCEPT?

I ACCEPT.



THE TRAP HAS BEEN SET — DE TOURNAY AND ARMAND ST. JUST WAIT IN THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD. THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL ALONE CAN SAVE THEIR LIVES. MEANWHILE CHAUVELIN'S TROOPS PATROL THE COUNTRYSIDE. — AND CHAUVELIN, HIMSELF MOVES DOWN THE ST. MARTIN ROAD TOWARD THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD. — WHERE IS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL?

AND IN THE NARROW ENGLISH CHANNEL THAT SEPARATES ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY FROM FREEDOM — A MYSTERIOUS SCHOONER RIDES AT ANCHOR, OFF SHORE FROM PERE BLANCHARD'S HUT.



FROM AN ATTIC WINDOW, MARGUERITE SEES THE RUMBLING CART AND SOLDIERS MOVE AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS.



MARGUERITE HURRIES FROM THE INN, HOPING THAT SOMEHOW SHE CAN WARN SIR PERCY.



THE ST. MARTIN ROAD. KEEPING WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE ROADSIDE SHE FOLLOWS THE CART AND MEN.— THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH DREAD.



YOUR CART IS SLOW. I THOUGHT YOU WOULD OVERTAKE YOUR FRIEND AND HIS ENGLISH PASSENGER.

THEY ARE NOT FAR AHEAD, I CAN SEE THE IMPRINT OF THE CART WHEELS.

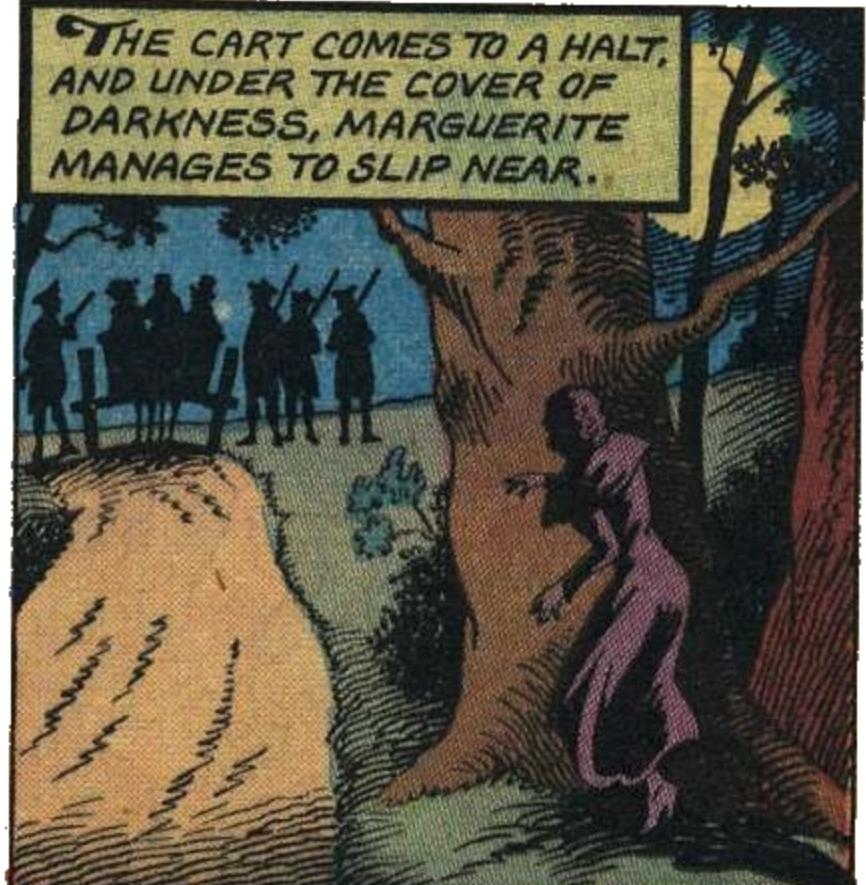


HARK! I HEAR MEN ON HORSEBACK!

DO NOT ALARM YOURSELF. THEY ARE MY SOLDIERS, COMING TO REPORT.

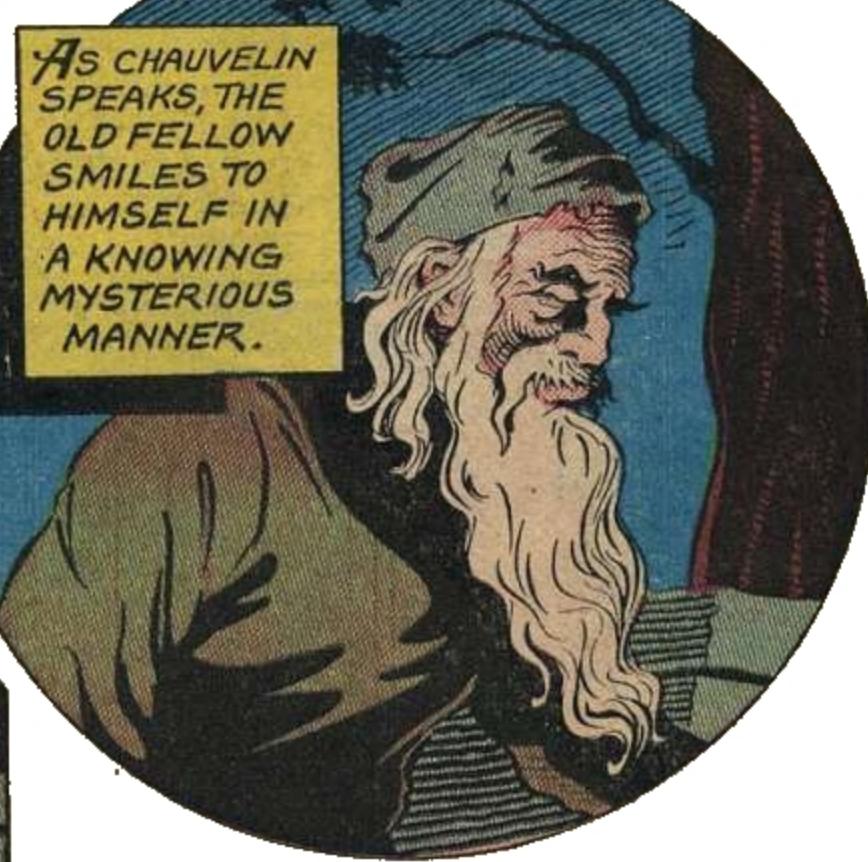


THE CART COMES TO A HALT, AND UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS, MARGUERITE MANAGES TO SLIP NEAR.





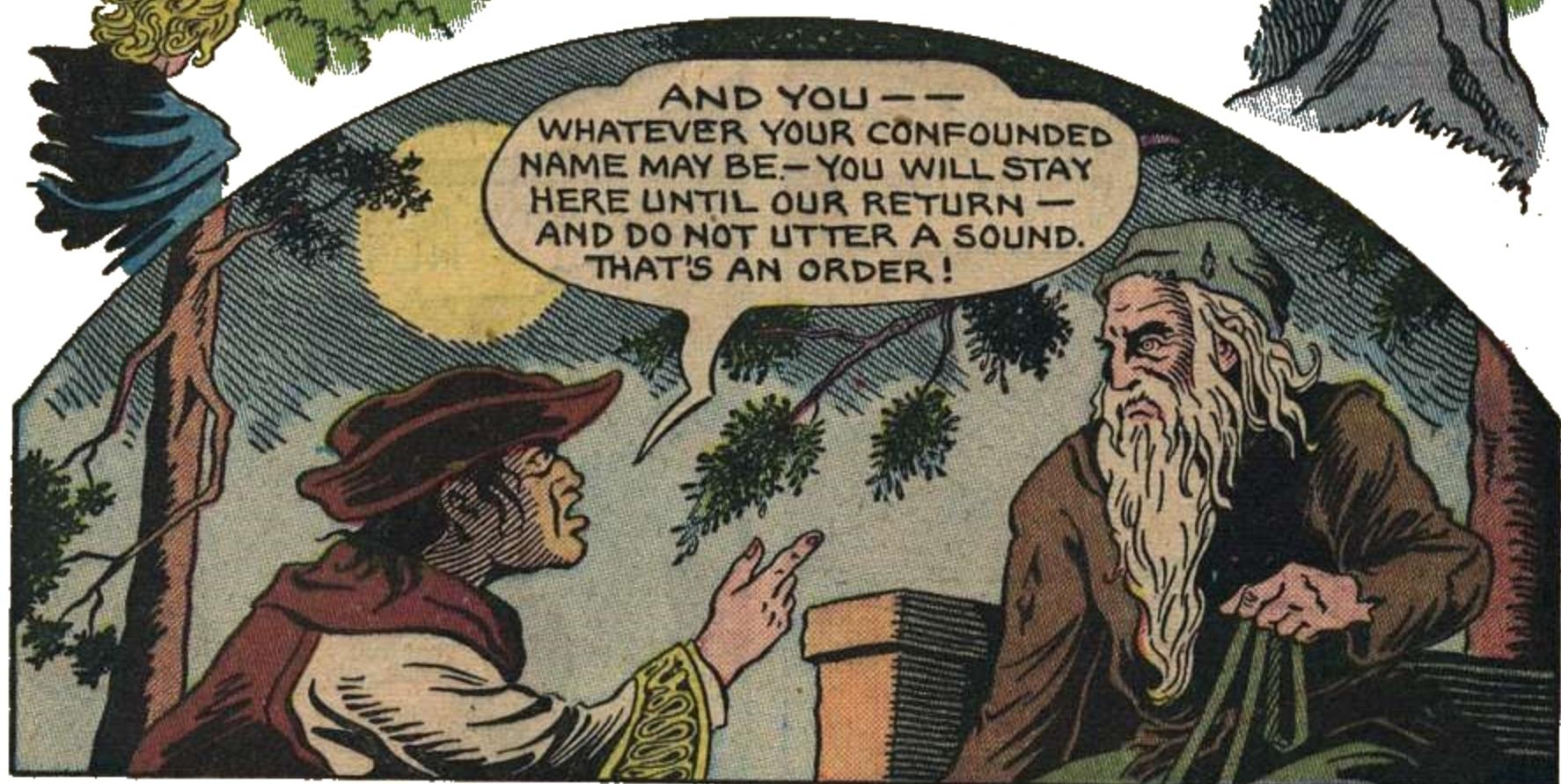
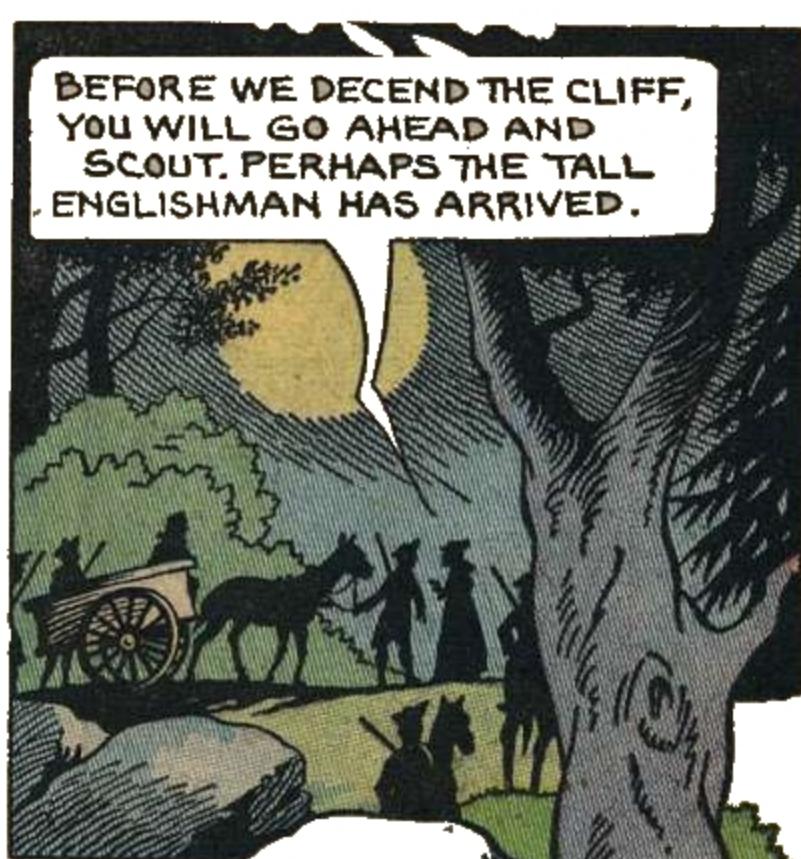
FLASHBACK →  
WHAT THE SOLDIERS  
SAW AND HEARD  
IN THE HUT.



THE HUT IS BUT A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY—AND HALF WAY DOWN THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF.

VERY GOOD! YOU SHALL LEAD US.

BEFORE WE DESCEND THE CLIFF, YOU WILL GO AHEAD AND SCOUT. PERHAPS THE TALL ENGLISHMAN HAS ARRIVED.



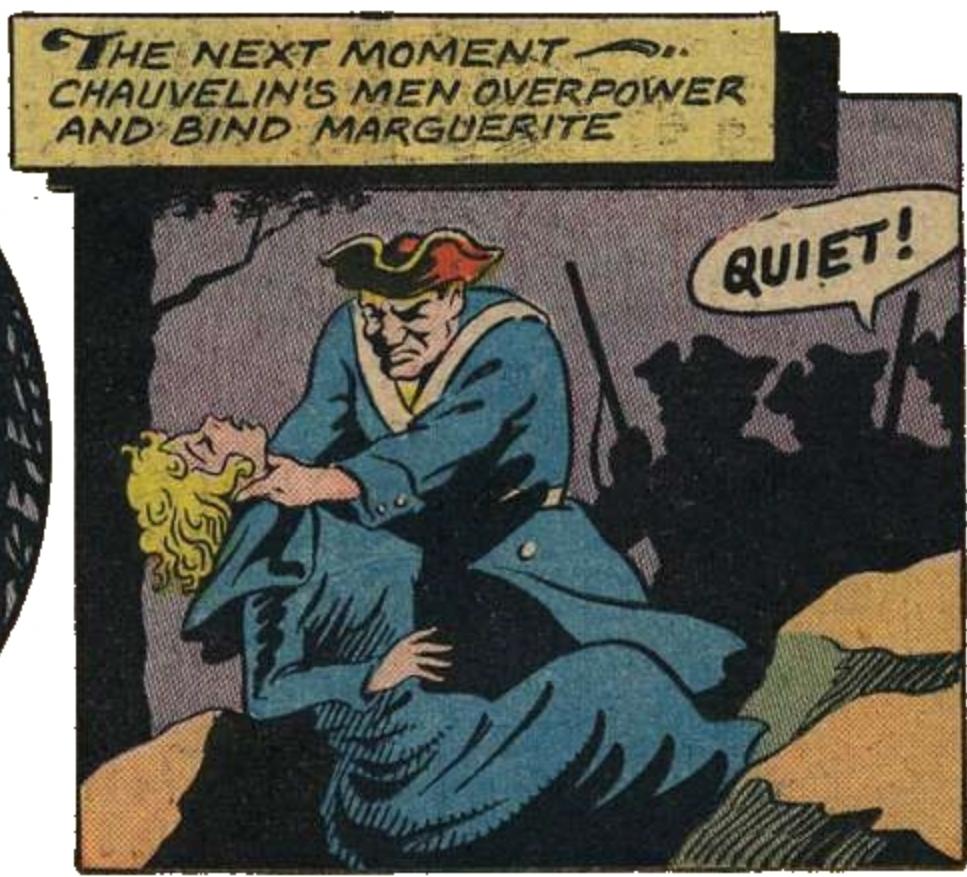
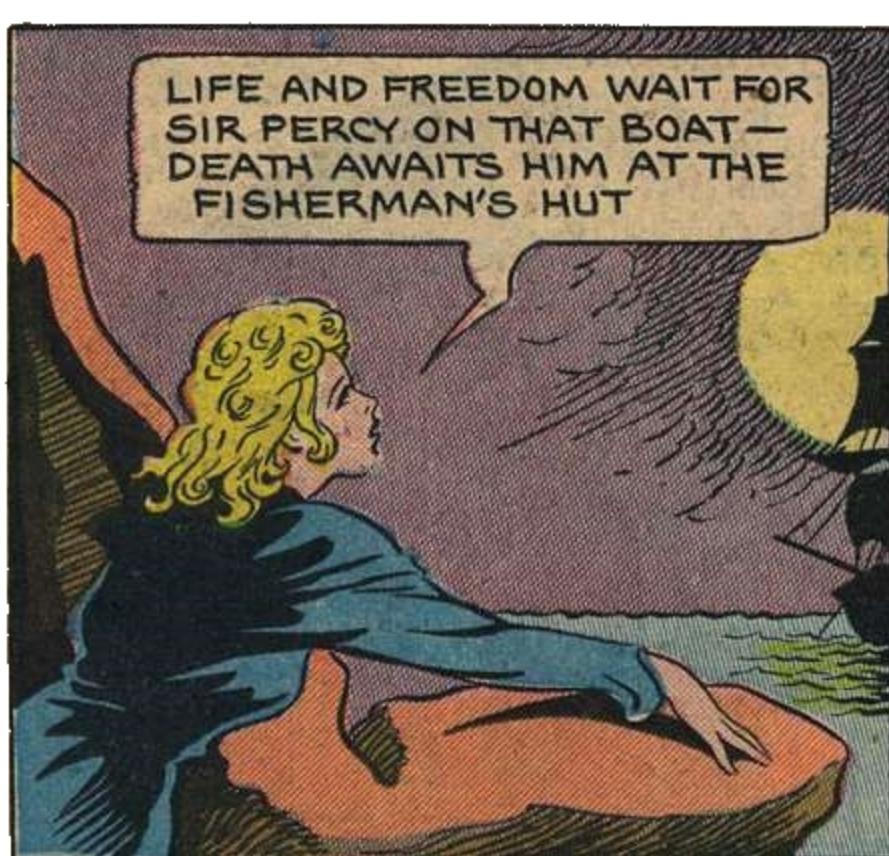
AND YOU—  
WHATEVER YOUR CONFOUNDED NAME MAY BE.—YOU WILL STAY HERE UNTIL OUR RETURN—  
AND DO NOT UTTER A SOUND.  
THAT'S AN ORDER!

BUT YOUR EXCELLENCY,  
I AM OLD AND FEEBLE.  
I AM AFRAID TO STAY ON THIS DARK AND LONELY ROAD.—DO NOT LEAVE ME ALONE. LET ME COME WITH YOU.



VERY WELL—THEN COME ALONG, YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE MAY BE USEFUL, BUT HOLD YOUR TONGUE, OLD FOOL!





LADY BLAKENY, THIS IS A SURPRISE.  
I HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE ME IF I  
LEAVE YOU HERE. YOU MIGHT GET  
IN OUR WAY.—I WILL SETTLE  
WITH YOU LATER.



DESGAS, HAVE YOUR MEN TAKE COVER  
AND SURROUND THE HUT. TELL THEM  
NOT TO STIR UNTIL THE TALL ENGLISHMAN  
COMES.—THESE TWO WILL REMAIN HERE.  
THEY ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO GIVE  
US TROUBLE.



INSIDE YONDER HUT, COUNT  
DE TOURNAY WAITS, WITH HIM  
IS YOUR BROTHER ARMAND.  
THEY CANNOT ESCAPE, THEY  
ARE DOOMED !



ONCE AGAIN THE OLD  
FELLOW SMILES IN HIS  
MYSTERIOUS FASHION.

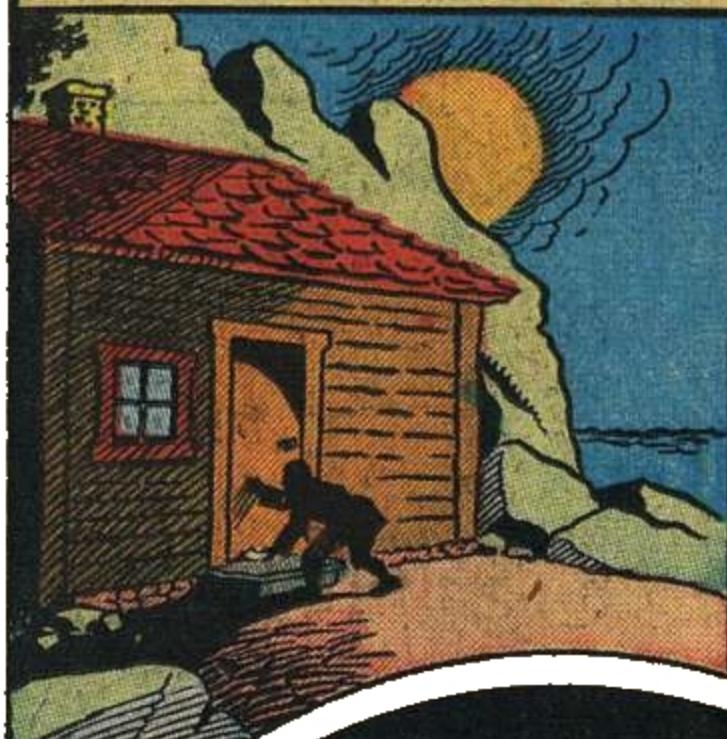
IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE, LADY  
BLAKENY, YOU WILL REMAIN  
ON THIS SPOT WITHOUT UTTERING  
A CRY OF WARNING TO THE MEN  
IN THE HUT.—NO WARNING FROM  
YOU CAN POSSIBLY SAVE SIR PERCY  
—THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL !



ANY TRICKERY AND IT WILL  
GO HARD ON YOU. BE ON YOUR  
GOOD BEHAVIOUR — OR I MAY  
HAVE YOU KILLED.



AS CHAUVELIN LEFT MARGUERITE, A SHADOWY FIGURE DARTS OUT OF THE NIGHT AND SLIPS A MESSAGE UNDER THE DOOR OF THE HUT.



SUDDENLY A STRONG VOICE SHATTERS THE NIGHT.



MARGUERITE FREES HERSELF FROM HER BONDS.

LET THEM KILL ME! I CANNOT LET THEM CAPTURE SIR PERCY AND MY BROTHER ARMAND!



WITH A WILD SHRIEK OF WARNING, MARGUERITE STARTS TOWARD THE HUT.



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES —  
RUN! THE PIMPERNEL HAS BEEN BETRAYED.—  
RUN!





DESGAS, HOW WERE ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY ALLOWED TO ESCAPE?

THE SOLDIERS WERE JUST FOLLOWING YOUR ORDERS, SIR.

YOU MEAN TO TELL ME I ORDERED THE MEN TO ALLOW THEM TO ESCAPE?—IDIOT!

YOUR ORDERS WERE THAT THE MEN SHOULD REMAIN CONCEALED UNTIL THE TALL ENGLISHMAN—THE PIMPERNEL, THAT IS—APPEARED AT THE HUT.

SO—WHEN THE TWO MEN LEFT THE HUT—OUR SOLDIERS DID NOTHING BECAUSE THE TALL ENGLISH PIMPERNEL HAD NOT YET SHOWN HIMSELF.

FOOLS!

LISTEN!—GUNFIRE DOWN ON THE BEACH.

AND THE SPLASH OF OARS. ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY ARE ROWING OUT INTO THE CHANNEL.

SIR PERCY'S  
SCHOONER  
AWAITS THE  
ESCAPING  
MEN  
15

IT IS THE PIMPERNEL'S SHIP!

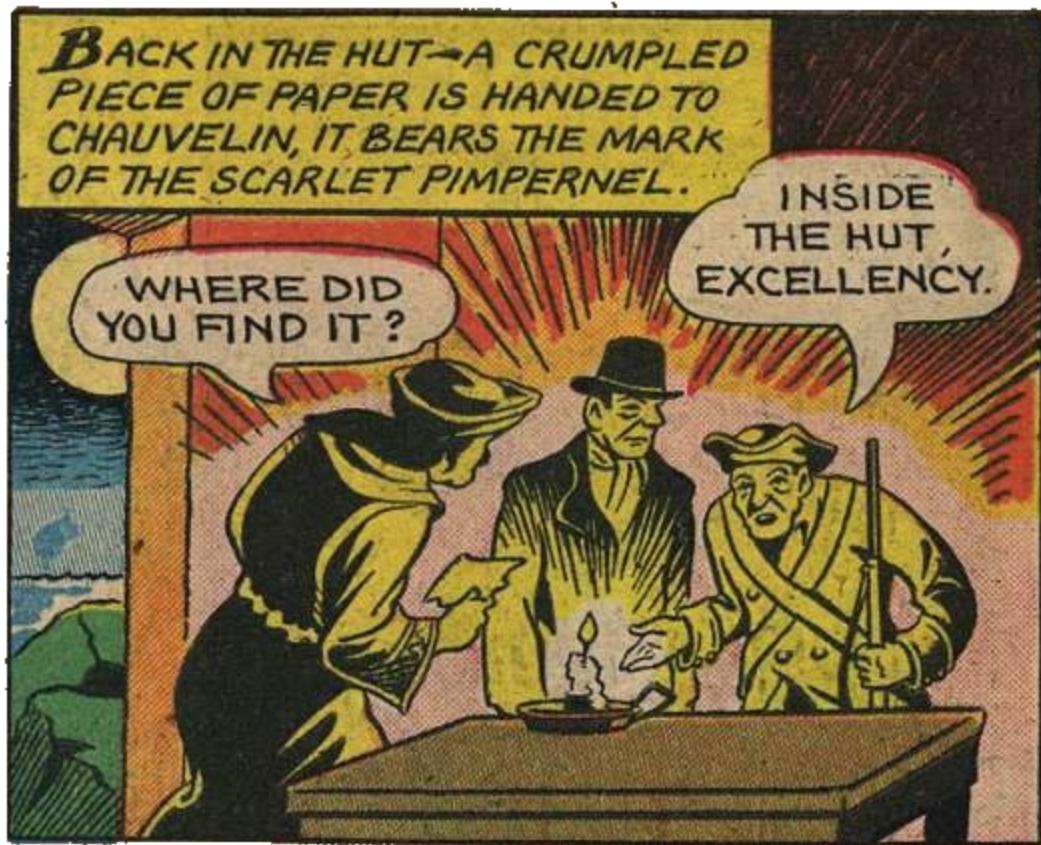
THEY HAVE ESCAPED US! THERE IS NO CATCHING THEM NOW, BUT THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL MUST STILL BE CLOSE AT HAND.

MEANWHILE—THE OLD PEDDLER, LEFT ALONE WITH MARGUERITE, BEGINS TO UNTIE HER BONDS.

BACK IN THE HUT—A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER IS HANDED TO CHAUVELIN, IT BEARS THE MARK OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

INSIDE THE HUT, EXCELLENCY.

WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?



A NOTE FROM THE PIMPERNEL TO ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY.

When I sing out "God Save the King"—you leave the hut and take rowboat to schooner, instruct Captain to pick me up at midnight at the Devil's Moorings.

WE HAVE ONE HALF HOUR UNTIL MIDNIGHT. ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY ARE LOST TO US, BUT WE WILL CAPTURE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—HOW FAR TO THE DEVIL'S MOORINGS?

TEN MINUTES, EXCELLENCY. I KNOW THE PLACE WELL.



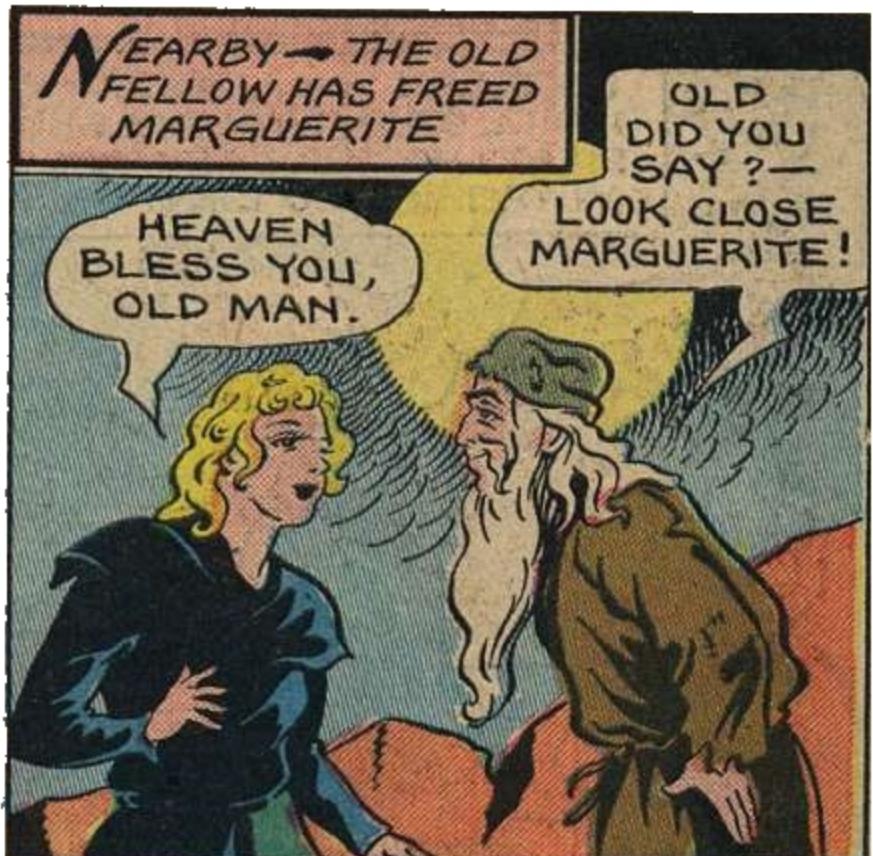
A THOUSAND FRANCS TO EACH MAN WHO REACHES THE DEVIL'S MOORINGS BEFORE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! I WILL JOIN YOU AFTER I PAY A LITTLE VISIT TO THE OLD CART DRIVER AND MARGUERITE BLAKENNEY.



NEARBY—THE OLD FELLOW HAS FREED MARGUERITE

OLD DID YOU SAY?—LOOK CLOSE MARGUERITE!

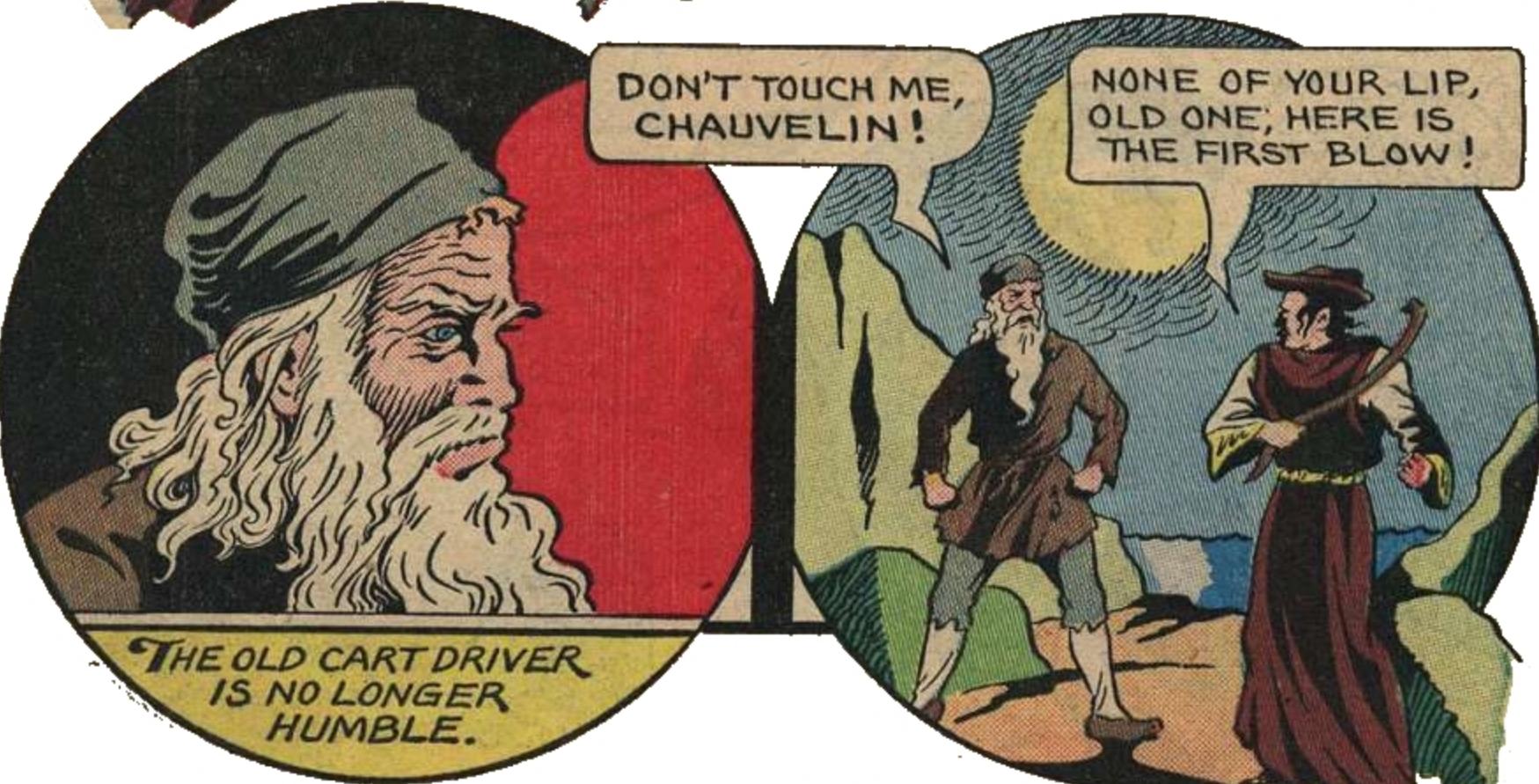
HEAVEN BLESS YOU, OLD MAN.





REMEMBER OUR BARGAIN ?  
IF WE OVERTOOK THE TALL  
ENGLISHMAN, YOU WERE TO  
GET TEN PIECES OF GOLD.—IF  
NOT—A SOUND BEATING.

YOU DID NOT FULFILL YOUR PART  
OF THE BARGAIN, BUT I WILL  
FULFILL MINE.—DESGAS, HAND  
ME YOUR LEATHER BELT. I WILL  
BEAT THIS OLD FRAUD UNTIL  
HIS BONES ACHE.



THE OLD CART DRIVER  
IS NO LONGER  
HUMBLE.

S'IR PERCY PREPARES  
TO FIGHT BACK.



CHAUVELIN'S FOOT SENDS SIR PERCY TO THE GROUND.

THAT'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON!



CHAUVELIN RECOGNIZES SIR PERCY.

ON GUARD, CHAUVENIN, YOU VILLIAN!

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! SO WE MEET AGAIN!



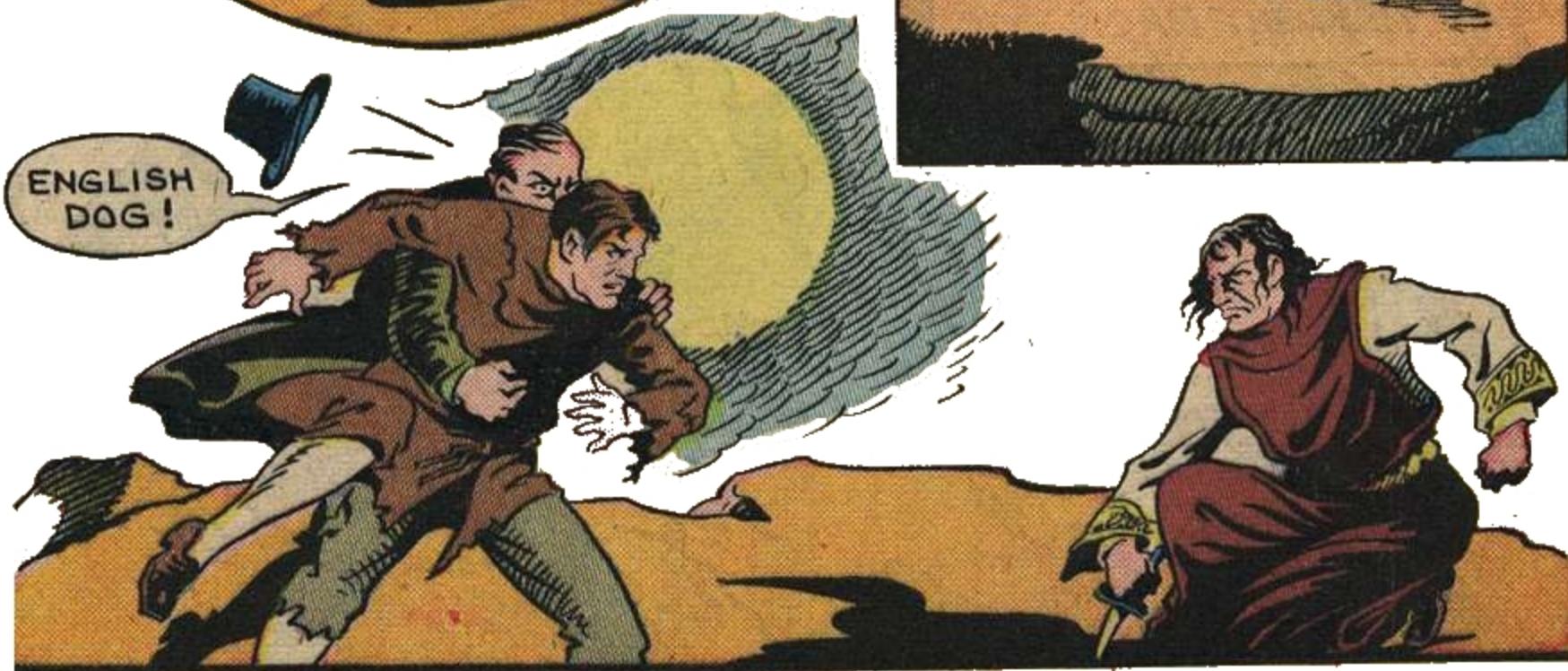
THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL AND THE FRENCH AGENT LOCK IN COMBAT.

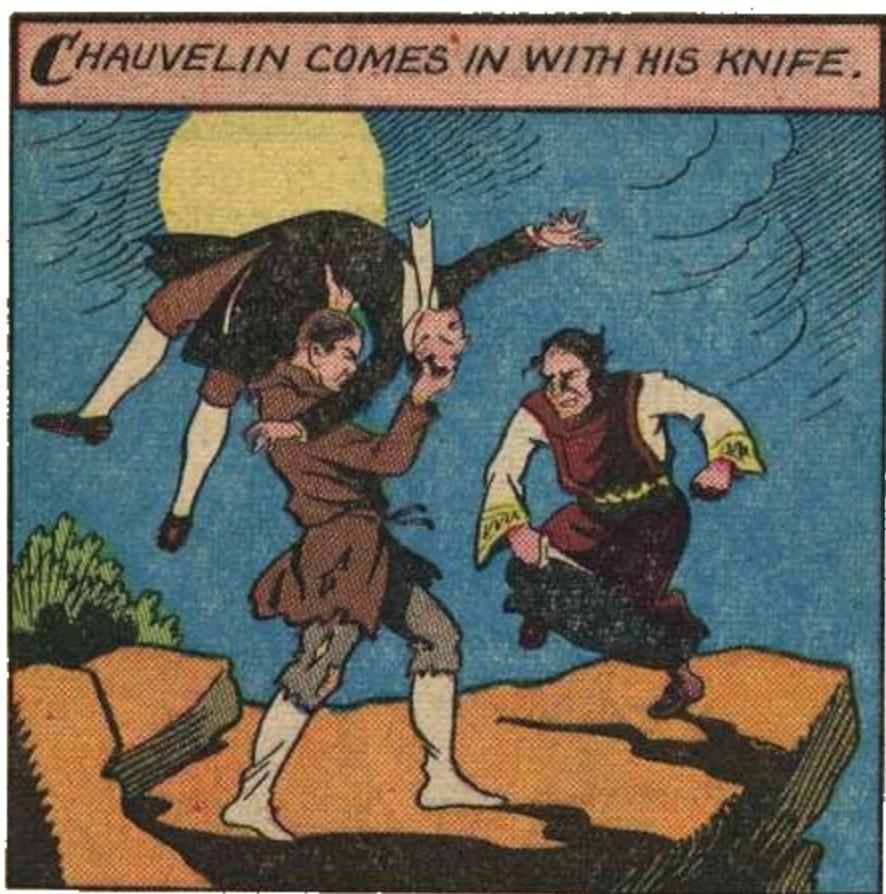


A SHARP BLOW SENDS CHAUVENIN REELING.—DESGAS ATTACKS.



ENGLISH DOG!





THEY HURRY DOWN  
THE STEEP CLIFF.

SIR PERCY EXPLAINS.

CHAUVELIN'S  
MEN ARE  
GUARDING THE  
BEACHES, THEY  
WILL DISCOVER  
US.

THEY WILL NOT FIND US TONIGHT.  
WHEN I SLIPPED THE ESCAPE PLAN  
INTO THE HUT, I INCLUDED A FALSE  
PLAN TO BE LEFT BEHIND.  
— CHAUVELIN FOUND IT AND SENT HIS  
SOLDIERS IN HASTE TO THE DEVIL'S  
MOORINGS — TWO MILES IN THE  
OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

THE BOAT WAS WAITING TO  
TAKE THEM TO THE SCHOONER  
AND SAFETY.

ARMAND,  
MY  
BROTHER.  
SAFE!

YES, MY DEAR,  
YOUR BROTHER  
ARMAND AND  
OUR FRIEND,  
THE COUNT  
DE TOURNAY.

THANK HEAVEN WE  
ARE ALL SAFE!  
NEVER AGAIN NEED  
WE SET FOOT  
IN FRANCE.

TO THE CONTRARY, MY DEAR.  
NOW THAT CHAUVELIN IS  
OUT OF THE WAY, MY WORK  
IS JUST BEGINNING. I  
MUST RETURN TO PARIS  
TOMORROW.

A FEW DAYS LATER — AN ANCIENT HAG AND HER CART SLIP PAST ONE OF THE GATES OF PARIS.

WHAT HAVE YOU IN THAT CART, OLD WOMAN?

NOTHING, GOOD SOLDIER, JUST A LOAD OF FISH.

HURRY ALONG WITH YOUR FOUL SMELLING LOAD!

YES, YES — I WILL HURRY!

ARE WE SAFE?

YES, MY FRIEND, ALL IS WELL!

AND ONCE AGAIN THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAS CHEATED A VICTIM FROM THE GUILLOTINE.

*The End*

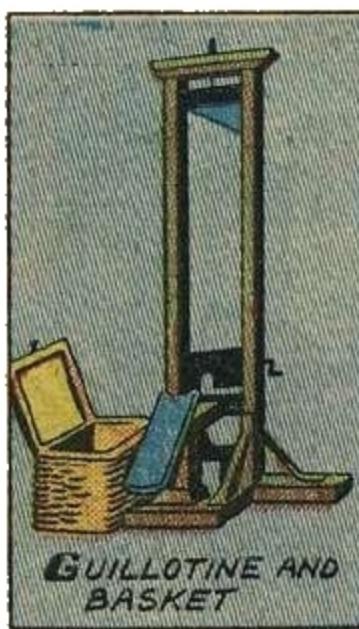
# THE GUILLOTINE

THOSE were the days in Paris when silence never fell in the narrow and cobbled streets, for all day long could be heard the rumble and roll of the tumbrils, and so terrible was the sound that it seemed to linger and hang in the air even at night. That awful, heavy rolling noise meant that another group of prisoners was on its way to the flashing blade of the Guillotine. No man was safe from his neighbor, in the days of the French Revolution. He could be condemned for anything or nothing; and once the dread sentence was pronounced, he might know that the crowd would cheer the rolling off of his head, as the grim instrument of death did its work. Indeed, it was sport for the mob, that endless parade of death, and the mob ruled all. Reason was gone from France, justice was gone, peace and safety were gone, and there was only the mob and La Guillotine.

The people's courts were in session all day long, week after week, and the blade rose and fell from morning till night. Madame La Guillotine, La Petite Reine, was a hungry monarch. She claimed the heads of nobles, political spies, and many whose only offense was that they had somehow chanced to get in the way of the Revolutionaries.

The heads of King Louis the Sixteenth of France, and of his Queen, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, fell with the rest. And later the blade crashed down upon the necks of revolutionary leaders who had sought the lives of the King and Queen, the flashing Danton, and the iron-willed Robespierre.

The shape of the Guillotine is a familiar one, even today. It is made up of two upright posts, surmounted by a cross beam, and grooved so as to guide a slant-edged knife down onto the neck of the victim. A



cord raised the knife to its full height. The condemned knelt on the platform; often having to be dragged there, and the neck was placed on the block. The executioner released the cord, the knife whirred down, another head rolled into the bloody basket, and the mob cheered and counted aloud.

The origin of the Guillotine goes far back in history; back to the Middle Ages when it was used in the British Isles, Germany, Italy, and the South of France. In Scotland, during the Sixteenth Century, it was known to the people as "The Maiden," and later, in France, it was sometimes called "The Bride Groom." In Italy, it was used only for the execution of people of noble birth. Other and less pleasant forms of killing were devised for the common people. In France it had been out of use for about a hundred years when the Revolution struck, and the need arose for a swift way of executing large numbers, both common criminals and nobles.

The name Guillotine came from the fact that the use of the instrument was suggested by one Dr. Guillotine, a member of the Constituent Assembly. For a while it had the nicknames "Louisette," and "La Petite Louison," names inspired by Dr. Antoine Louis, its actual inventor, but these were soon dropped.

The first experiments with the famous machine were made on dead bodies borrowed from a hospital. When everything was working well, the platform and the blade were erected in the Place de la Greve in Paris. The first guest of La Guillotine was a highwayman named Pelletier, who

kneeled before it in 1792, more than two years after the Revolution had begun. His head was the first of thousands which were to fall, before the Revolution gave way to Napoleon and his wars of conquest.



# MARIE ANTOINETTE

WHEN Marie Antoinette was but fifteen years of age she was married to the future King Louis XVI of France. As a child Princess in the lavish court of Austria, young Marie Antoinette had been taught that a Princess did not marry for love. "She marries for political reasons." And so it was that Marie Antoinette was married to cement the union between her native Austria and France. And lost her head in the bargain!

Young Louis brought his girl-bride to live in the royal Palace at Versailles. But despite fabulous wealth Marie Antoinette was not happy. She was like the story-book Princess whose riches could buy everything precious in the world—except happiness.

After the honeymoon, her royal husband chose to seek the love of others. And so alone and left to her own devices the beautiful young Princess set out to impress the world with her quick wit and iron will. The French court was rotten with intrigue. And before long Marie Antoinette was deep in plots and counterplots. While still in her teens the future Queen of France, served as a spy for her native Austria!

When Marie Antoinette was nineteen years old King Louis XV died, and young Louis mounted the most powerful throne in Europe, making the little Princess from Austria, Queen of France!

Once the royal crown was hers, Marie Antoinette became more convinced than ever that she could do no wrong. And she spent royal funds lavishly in the pursuit of pleasure. The people of France began to hate their Queen. They were poor and starving and they resented the luxurious life of the royal court.

During the early days of the bloody revolution Marie and the King were successful



in keeping out of the hands of the revolutionaries. But at last they were clapped into prison.

King Louis was executed first on January 21, 1793. In her prison his Queen heard the cheers as the King met his death. Marie Antoinette wondered how long she would have to wait. It was not long. Friends everywhere did their best to save her. But all efforts were to no avail.

Her children were taken from her. And their fate has been obscured by history. Some historians would have us believe that Marie Antoinette's son was spirited to the United States where he gained fame as the great naturalist, James Audubon.

Before the end, Marie Antoinette was placed in solitary confinement. Her every move was spied upon.

At the trial the fiery Queen answered all charges clearly and firmly. Her noble bearing impressed even the fiercest of her accusers. But when the last day of the trial had come to an end, the verdict was . . . GUILTY!

On an October morning in 1793 the beautiful woman who had been one of the most powerful rulers in all the world, stepped into a crude peasant cart and was carried to the Place of Execution. And there on the platform before a shrieking crowd, the head of Marie Antoinette was fed to the Guillotine!



# THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

HUNGER stalked France like a spectre. The time of the Revolution was at hand!

Taxes preyed on the poor beyond endurance, and the nobles in their fine carriages rode through the miserable villages and their only regret was the smell of the poverty that surrounded them!

In the summer of 1789, the eve of the French Revolution, King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette presided over the dazzling court of France. Their parties cost a fortune and royalty sported fabulous jewelry bought at the expense of the long suffering subjects. At the French Court no one knew and no one cared about the desperation of the people. They had long forgotten the terrible prophecy of the former King, Louis XV who said, "After me, the deluge."

The deluge of blood began on July 14, 1789, a date now celebrated as a great national holiday in France. For it was on July 14 that a desperate mob stormed through the streets of Paris to capture the Bastille—the infamous political prison where those who disagreed with the government were entombed!

The fall of the Bastille symbolized to the people of France



the fall of the old order. In the months that followed more than three hundred riots broke out across France! Prisons were stormed and their carriages ambushed along the highways!

The people set up an Assembly. The King was left on the throne, but minus his power. To strengthen his hand Louis and Marie Antoinette tried to form an alliance with the armies of Austria, offering to betray France to the Austrian generals if the Armies of Austria would restore the throne of France to its former powerful position in the land! This plot failed and the King and Queen were arrested!

A political faction known as the Mountain, made up of the bloodiest ruffians in Paris demanded the death of the King and Queen. And they were successful in sending Louis and Marie Antoinette to the guillotine.

By 1793 the great movement that had started out as a magnificent struggle for freedom, had become a terrible tyranny. Democracy was lost to the dictatorship of the mob. The Revolution came to an end. And the stage was set for the entrance of a new dictator — Napoleon Bonaparte!



# 5 *World Famous ACTION THRILLERS*

## *Streamlined in Famous Authors Illustrated*



**Now on  
Sale**

**10¢ a copy  
at your dealer  
or  
10¢ postpaid  
in U.S.A.**

**Plus 10¢ handling  
charge each  
shipment**

**No. 1. THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, By Baroness Orczy. An exciting tale of the French Revolution and a valiant Englishman.

**No. 2. CAPTAIN BLOOD**, By Rafael Sabatini. A two-fisted story of pirates and adventure by the master story-teller of the 20th Century.

**No. 3. SHE**, By Sir Henry Rider Haggard. Mystery and thrills aplenty as prepared by the great adventure author of Victorian England.

**No. 4. THE 39 STEPS**, By John Buchan, former Governor General of Canada. Here is one of the world's most thrilling spy stories.

**No. 5. BEAU GESTE**, By P. C. Wren, whose stories of the French Foreign Legion and the fabulous Geste Brothers have won him world fame.

Some editions of FAMOUS AUTHORS ILLUSTRATED have been entitled FAST FICTION to indicate that these books can be read quickly and easily.

## **Available Soon, Macbeth by Wm. Shakespeare**

Shakespeare's dark tragedy of jealousy, intrigue and violence adapted for easy and enjoyable reading. Packed with action from start to finish. Here is a story you cannot leave when you have read as little as a single page.

**SUBSCRIBE NOW** 10 Issues \$1.00 postpaid  
in U.S.A. only

Each Issue  
Is A Complete  
Adaptation of A World  
Famous Story  
STREAMLINED FOR ACTION

Subscribe to Famous Authors and your copy of each issue will be mailed to you as soon as it's off the press. There's no waiting, no delay, no chance that you'll miss your copy because you forgot to buy it before the local stock was exhausted.

**USE THIS HANDY ORDER FORM. MAIL IT TODAY!**

To  
**Seaboard Publishers,  
270 Park Avenue,  
New York 17,  
N. Y.**

I am enclosing One Dollar for a 10-issue subscription to Famous Authors, starting with No. .... issue.

Name..... PLEASE PRINT

Street Address.....

City..... Zone No. .... State.....

