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# WEB OF MYSTERY



**THE HAUNTS OF DEVIL'S LAKE**

*and other strange and exciting stories*

# MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERS TREATMENT FOR PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY RUIN YOUR CONFIDENCE OR SPOIL YOUR TALENTS!

CAUSES OF PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS SEEN THROUGH POWERFUL MICROSCOPE



DO YOU feel your skin is holding back your chances for popularity . . . for success? Are you afraid people whom you'd like to know will reject you? Thousands of people who like the same as you—now have clear attractive complexions. They've regained their poise and confidence. You can benefit from their experience!

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH REVEALS NEGLECT CAUSE OF MANY SKIN TROUBLES

Most Specialists and Medical men tell us that blemishes and skin trouble comes from skin pores and can continue as long as skin pores are clogged. Advertisers often carry their ads throughout their life. Many never get over the "feeling of embarrassment" and are always conscious of their appearance and complexion. Persistent cases of "bad skin" sometimes continue as long as adulthood. In this stage of life, the responsibilities of meeting a living and working people are essential if you are to obtain the better of success in your job. It is doubly important to give your skin problems immediate care. They become very hard to neglect; your skin may produce your skin trouble and make it more difficult to clean up. Add, there is no better time to get pimples under control than NOW!

Laboratory analysis using special microscopes prove to the scientific fact regarding these ugly pimples. High-powered lenses show your skin composed of several layers. Pores opening through the epidermis, are hair, the base of the sweat glands and the skin follicles of the sebaceous glands which supply the skin with oil to keep it soft and pliable. Skin specialists will tell you that many skin eruptions can often be traced to an over-secretion of oil from the sebaceous glands. As a result of

this over secretion, more oil than is normally required by the skin is deposited on the outside of the skin. Unless spread over its surface, this secretion of forms an oily coating which is a scaffold for all foreign matter in the air. When dust, dirt, lint, etc. become entangled into the very skin openings and block them up, they can cause the pores to become enlarged and therefore even more susceptible to additional dirt and dust. These enlarged, blocked up pores may form blackheads as soon as they become enlarged and bring you the worst, deepest, embarrassing and humiliate of pimples, blackheads and other extremely caused blemishes.



Illustrated is a microscopic view of a healthy skin.

The sebaceous glands are shown as they project through the many layers of skin. In a normal skin, the openings of the gland tubes are not blocked and permit the oil to flow freely to the outside of the skin.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TREATMENT

Physicians report two important ways to remove skin eruptions. First, they prescribe clearing the pores of clogging matter and second, inhibit the excessive secretion of the skin.

To help overcome these two conditions, Scope Products' proprietary active ingredients are scientifically mixed formulas that combine clinically proven ingredients. The first formula contains special cleansing properties not found in ordinary cold creams or skin cleansers. Thoroughly, but gently, it removed all surface scales, dried up excess matter, dust, dirt and disintegrating your skin wonderfully soft, smooth and receptive to proper treatment. The second formula acts to reduce the excessive oiliness produced by the sebaceous sebaceous glands by active ingredients also help prevent the spread of infection by killing bacteria often associated with extremely caused pimples, blackheads and blemishes.

CONTROL BY UNUSUALLY NUMEROUS WHILE INDICATION DOES ITS WORK

To remove the immediate embarrassment of skin blemishes, Scope Medicines! This formula helps control while a medicine. Unlike many other skin preparations, Scope Products has a pleasant fragrance! Imagine! The moment you apply the Scope Treatment to your skin you can instantly feel the immediate promise with greater confidence in your appearance. As the same time, you are sure that the medicine is acting to remove extremely caused blemishes and helping to prevent new ones. This "covering" action gives you peace of mind. No longer need you suffer from the feeling of self-consciousness or inferiority. Make this your first step in the direction of a clear complexion and skin that's lovely to see and touch!

SAFETY FACTOR GUARANTEED ON SCOPE YOUR MONEY BACK

We make this guarantee offer because so many users of Scope Medicines! Skin Products have written us telling how it helped to clear up their complexion. We want you to try the Scope Double Treatment at our risk. Just a few minutes of your time each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible! If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin IN JUST 10 DAYS, simply return the unused portion and we will refund you the price you paid — but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK! You have everything to gain . . . and we take all the risk! We want all men, women, men and women of all ages to get a fresh, new glowing complexion on life. We want you to feel in every way possible you might be well to help reach higher goals possible in business. Now you can give yourself new hope and bring back that happy, joyful feeling of confidence, poise and popularity!

HOW YOU CAN GET THE SCOPE "TREAT COVER UP" ACTION AND IMMEDIATE SKIN TREATMENT IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT DELAY!

Just send your name and address to SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 200P, 101 Orchard Street, New York, N. Y. We are sure to reply direct. By return mail we will ship the Scope Treatment to you in a plain package. When someone delivers the package, pay only \$1.50 plus postage. Or send \$1.00 now and we pay postage. No money which you pay order, you have a DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE. Once a letter, send for the Scope Medicines! Skin Treatment with its special "cover-up" action . . . today! Sorry to Canadians as Scope C.O.D.'s.

DON'T SPREAD INFECTION BY NEGLECTING PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

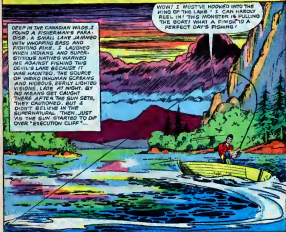


Clinical reports state that most people spread skin pimples and blackheads with their fingers. This is necessary and may lead to the spread of the infection. This often may also reduce your skin and limit red walls and apply irritating elements and blemishes. As a result your skin may be covered with pimples and blackheads. Here you'll find the very one and only product to pick up your skin by using this scientifically verified to get rid of skin eruptions.

# THE HAUNTS OF DEVIL'S LAKE

DEEP IN THE CANADIAN WOODS, I FOUND A FISHMAN'S PARA-ROBE, A SMALL LAKE JAMMED WITH WHOPPING BASS AND FIGHTING PIKE. I LAUGHED WHEN INDIANS AND SUMO-SUMMO NATHIES WARNED ME AGAINST FISHING THIS DEVIL'S LAKE BECAUSE IT WAS HAUNTED, THE SOURCE OF WEIRD INHUMAN SCREAMS AND HORRORS, BEARLY LIGHTED VISIONS. LATE AT NIGHT, BY NO MEANS GET CAUGHT THERE, AFTER THE SUN SETS, THEY CRAWLED. BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE SUPERNATURAL. THEN, JUST AS THE SUN STARTED TO DIP OVER "EXECUTION CLIFF"...

WOAH! I MUST'VE HOOKED INTO THE HIND OF THE LAKE! I CAN HARDLY REEL IN! THE MONSTER IS PULLING THE BOAT! WHAT A FISH! TO A PERFECT DAY'S FISHING!



HEY! IT--IT'S NOT A FISH! IT'S A GIRL! A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL!



THEN, AS I TREMBLINGLY LIFTED MY BEAUTE CATCH OUT OF THE WATER...

SHE'S CHANGING! SOON AS I PULLED HER FROM THE LAKE, SHE STARTED TO AGE, BECAME HORRORS! LIKE--LIKE SOME HORRIBLE DEAD THING!



ARRRRAH! GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU--YOU  
GRASPING ROTTING CREATURES! GO BACK TO  
THE MUCK AND SLIME OF THE  
LAKE BOTTOM!



I'VE TIPPED OVER.  
THE BOAT! E--OHAY!



AS I BANK, DROD FROM THE HEAD-  
BLOW, INTO THE GLAUCOUS-COLD  
DEPTH OF DEVILS LAKE, I SAW,  
HALF TERRIFIED, HALF WONDERING,  
THAT THE CREATURE I HAD HOOKED,  
ONCE MORE HAD BECOME A  
SPRINKLING INDIAN GIRL...

SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL, SO  
ALLURING NOW! SHE'S  
TRYING TO TELL ME  
SOMETHING!



I AM  
PRINCESS  
NE-WA-DAI!  
YOU MUST  
COME WITH  
ME AND  
HELP ME,  
HANDSOME  
BRAND!

EVEN THOUGH I  
CAN'T HEAR HER  
VOICE, I CAN  
PLAINLY SENSE  
WHAT SHE IS  
SAYING! AND I  
SEEM TO BE  
DRAWN, COMPELLED  
TO GO WITH HER,  
WHETHER I WANT  
TO OR NOT--EVEN  
THOUGH SOME IN-  
STINCT WARNS ME  
NOT TO GO!



AN OPENING IN THE LAKE  
BOTTOM! AND SOME KIND  
OF AIR PRESSURE FROM  
THE BOTTOM KEEPS THE  
WATER FROM DRAINING  
DOWN THERE! WHERE  
COULD IT LEAD?



HEART POUNDING, WITH A DEER-LIKE LACK OF  
RESISTANCE, I BE SCANNED WITH THE PRINCESS  
INTO GLOBBY-LIGHTED CANYONS BENEATH  
THE LAKE BOTTOM...

MORE INDIANS! I DON'T  
LIKE THE WAY THEY'RE  
RUSHING AT US LIKE THAT!  
THEY LOOK WAR-LIKE!

STAND STILL! DON'T  
RUN! THESE ARE MY  
PEOPLE, PETER.  
JORDAN! WE  
NEED YOU!



BEFORE I COULD WONDER HOW THE PRINCESS KNEW  
MY NAME, THE MARCHES REACHED US AND RUSHED  
AROUND, TURN, AGAINST, STRUCK BY A HORROR  
THAT CHILLED MY FIRST MARCHING. I SAW THAT...

THEY...THEY'RE NOT INDIANS! NOT ANY KIND OF  
LIVING PERSONS! THEY ARE THE UNDEAD!  
ZOMBIES!



SEE, O MY PEOPLE! ONCE AGAIN I HAVE LURED A LIVING VICTIM FOR OUR SACRIFICIAL FIRES! TAKE HIM TO THE CHIEF!

YOU TRICKED ME, PRINCESS! YOU USED YOUR EVIL BEAUTY TO LURE ME DOWN INTO THIS UNDER-WATER HADES!



HERE IS MY VICTIM OF PRINCESS! WHEN I WANT CHIEF! THE FIRST IN MANY MOONS!

THIS IS MADNESS! IT IS A CAPTIVE BE SUFFERING TO ME! THERE IS NO SUCH PLACE, AND NO SUCH OTHER-WORLDLY CREATURES!



HOT! THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS THE LIVING DO NOT KNOW! IF THE PRINCESS HAD NOT LURED A VICTIM SOON, TO BE SACRIFICED AS DEMANDS BY THE EVIL DEMONS OF DEVIL LAKE. WE WOULD HAVE BEEN FROM THIS UNDER-STATE INTO THE CRUEL AND FURIOUS BEYOND!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WE MADE A BARGAIN WITH THE DEVIL'S LAKE'S DEMONS THAT CALLS FOR LIVING HUMAN SACRIFICES! TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON AND PREPARE THE CEREMONIAL ALTAR!



WITHOUT FURTHER EXPLANATION, I WAS LED AWAY, HURLED INTO A ROLLING, SKELETON-LITTERED CAVERN, WHERE THE DARK AIR WAS LIKE THE ICEY TOUCH OF DEATH UPON MY FEAR-PRICKLED FLESH!



AT LEAST IT LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE FIRST ONE TO SUFFER THIS FATE! WHAT'S THIS SOMETHING IS WRITTEN ON THIS SKULL—IN BLOOD!



WHOEVER WROTE THAT DIDN'T  
FINCH THE MESSAGE! I WONDER  
IF IT REALLY AWAKE ANYONE  
OR IS JUST THE CRAZED  
SCREAMING OF SOME  
FEAR-MADDENED  
FORMER VICTIM!

PETER,  
JORDAN!  
COME  
HERE!

YOU ARE THE  
YOUNGEST.  
HANDICAPED  
SACRIFICE YET!  
THAT IS GOOD!  
THE DEMONS  
WILL BE  
APPALLED  
FOR HAVING  
TO WAIT  
SO LONG!

I CAN'T BELIEVE  
THAT ANYONE SO  
BEAUTIFUL COULD  
WORK FOR THOSE  
INHUMAN UNDEAD  
COWARDS! YOU  
AREN'T EVEN  
LIKE THEM!

IF I EXPLAIN, YOU WILL SAY IT'S  
BUT SILLY SUPERSTITION! I USED  
TO THINK THAT, TOO! BUT OUR  
ANCIENT RACE KNOWS THINGS  
BEYOND THE UNDERSTANDING  
OF MODERN CIVILIZATION—  
SINCE YOU ARE TO DIE  
TODAY, THERE IS NO  
HARMA IN TELLING YOU  
ABOUT IT! LISTEN!



I LISTENED IN BLOOD-CALLED SURGE  
TO HER AWESOME NARRATIVE OF HOW  
CONVICTED CRIMINALS OF HER TRIBE  
WERE FLUNG FROM THE TOWERING EX-  
ECUTION CLIFFS INTO THE CURSED  
"WATER OF DEVILS LAKE," FROM WHICH  
NO ONE EVER EMERGED ALIVE. THERE  
THEY WERE DOOMED TO ETERNAL LIVIN'-  
DEATH, SUBJECT TO THE WHIMS OF THE  
FORCES OF EVIL DWELLING IN THE LAKE.

BUT WHY ARE YOU HERE WITH THEM?  
HOW COME YOU AREN'T TIME-  
RIPPED AND HALF-DECEASED,  
AS THEY ARE? INSTEAD OF  
LOOKING LIKE SOMETHING  
DEAD FOR SEVERAL HUNDRED  
YEARS, YOU'RE STILL YOUNG  
AND ATTRACTIVE!

I'VE KILLED  
ANOTHER  
PRINCESS  
IN A JEALOUS  
RAGE AND WAS  
EXECUTED  
LIKE ANY  
COMMON  
TRIBAL  
CRIMINAL!



BUT BECAUSE OF MY ROYAL HERITAGE, AND  
BEING A WOMAN, THE EVIL SPIRITS SPARED  
ME THE CURSE OF PARTIAL DECOMPOSITION  
THAT KEEPS THE OTHERS FROM TRYING TO  
ESCAPE. BUT, AS YOU WITNESSED, IF I  
ATTEMPT TO LEAVE THE LAKE, I  
SUFFER THE SAME FATE!



WHY DO YOU AND THE OTHERS WANT TO CLAY  
IN THIS HORRIBLE STATE OF SUSPENDED  
ANIMATION? WOULDN'T COMPLETE  
DEATH AND DISINTEGRATION BE  
BETTER-- A RELIEF?



NO! NO! YOU DON'T KNOW OUR  
ANCIENT LORE! FOR CONDEMNED  
CRIMINALS THERE IS A STAGE  
BEYOND DEATH, FULL OF UN-  
SPEAKABLE TORTURE AND  
SUFFERING! REMAINING  
IN THIS  
CONDITION,  
WE ESCAPE...

LOOK! YOU'VE  
CUT YOUR FOOT!  
YOU'RE  
BLEEDING!



MY CASUAL REMARK CAUSED A  
STRANGE, VIOLENT REACTION.  
SHE RECOILED FROM ME AS  
THOUGH LIGHTNING STRUCK!

AND YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED  
TO KNOW! YOU - YOU ARE  
MISTAKEN! IT IS NOT  
REALLY BLOOD! I-- I  
MUST GO NOW!  
FORGET WHAT  
YOU SAID!



SHE'S VANISHED! BUT I FEEL  
SO STRANGE...WEAK! SOME  
KIND OF SPELL! WHAT-WHAT  
WERE WE TALKING ABOUT?  
IMPORTANT! BUT I-- I  
CAN'T THINK, CAN'T  
REMEMBER!



NOW LONG I REMAINED IN THAT DAZED,  
HYPNOTIC STATE, I DIDN'T KNOW, BUT  
AFTER A WHILE...

THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR  
IS PREPARED FOR  
YOU! COME!



ONCE THESE HORROR TOMBIES GET ME  
STRAPPED TO THAT TABLE, I'M THROUGH!  
IF I'M GOING TO MAKE A BREAK,  
NOW'S THE LAST CHANCE!



HO! TWO WILL PLEASE THE  
DEMON-ODD GOD! IT  
IS ALWAYS MORE  
ENTERTAINING WHEN  
THE SACRIFICIAL  
VICTIM TRIES TO  
ESCAPE!

THEY'RE NOT EVEN  
TRYING TO STOP ME!  
MAYBE THIS IS ALL  
IN VAIN, BUT I'VE  
GOT TO AT  
LEAST TRY!



YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM  
GETTING TO THE EXIT OUT  
OF THE UNDERWATER WORLD!  
GET OUT OF THE WAY  
OR BE KILLED!

FOOL! YOU  
FORGOT  
SOMETHING!



I SWUNG THE HUNDREDS OF WEAPON IN A DAZZLE  
 SHOW AT THE FANTASTIC LIVING CREATURE  
 BEFORE ME, ONLY TO SEE THAT...



IT CAN'T BE! THE  
 BLADE CLEAVED RIGHT  
 THROUGH HIS HEAD --  
 YET HE IS  
 UNHURT!

YOU CANNOT  
 KILL THE  
 UNDEAD!

SEE, PRINCESS! WE  
 HAS DONE MAD  
 WITH FEAR  
 AND RAGE!

THERE MUST BE SOME  
 WAY TO DESTROY YOU!  
 THERE HAS TO BE SOME  
 POWER GREATER THAN  
 YOUR EVIL ONE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, WEAK AND EXHAUSTED  
 BY MY FUTURE ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THESE  
 FANTASTIC LIVING-DEAD, I NOTICED THAT THE  
 AGE-BLADE HAD CUT MY HAIR. I WAS  
 ABRUPTLY REMINDERS OF THE STRANGE  
 DUNGEON SCENE WITH THE PRINCESS...



I COULDN'T KILL THE ZOMBIES  
 BECAUSE THEY'RE NO LONGER  
 FLESH AND BLOOD CREATURES!  
 BUT THE PRINCESS BLEW!

AT THE SAME TIME I REMEMBERED THE SKULL  
 AND ITS CRYPTIC, UNPUNISHED MESSAGE.  
 WRITTEN IN BLOOD!



There is a way of  
 escape from these  
 calamities if you  
 follow them. If you  
 are strong-willed  
 and strong enough  
 to kill to freedom!

THE PRINCESS IS  
 YOUR WEAKNESS!  
 RETAINING HER  
 FLESH AND BLOOD  
 FORM KEEPS HER  
 YOUNG AND BRAG-  
 TERFUL! BUT IT  
 ALSO MAKES HER  
 VULNERABLE  
 TO DEATH!



SEIZE HIM!  
 STOP HIM!  
 WE'VE FIGURED  
 OUT OUR  
 DREAD  
 SECRET!



YOU CANNOT KATA  
 ARE! I AM TOO  
 BEAUTIFUL! YOU  
 CANNOT DO ANY-  
 THING SO CRUEL!  
 DROP THE SWORD!  
 YOU ARE WEAK  
 AND WILL-LESS  
 UNDER MY SPELL!



MY LOVE --  
 HARDLY MORTAL!  
 MUSTN'T LISTEN!  
 GOT TO BE  
 STRONG --  
 COURAGEOUS --  
 FIGHT HER  
 HYPNOTIC  
 SPELL!



STOP HIM! WITHOUT  
 OUR PRINCESS, WE  
 HAVE NO POWER  
 TO SURVIVE AS  
 THE UNDEAD!

HE'S WILL  
 IS TOO  
 STRONG!  
 AAAAAH!







# TRUE TALES of UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY

SOMEWHERE IN THE FORESTS OF AUSTRIA, THERE IS A HUNTING LODGE WHERE A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY TOOK PLACE IN THE YEAR 1873. AN ARCHDUKE HAD BEEN KILLED BY A BITE SHOT. IT WERE DECLARED TO HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTAL... BUT IN 1929, ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INCIDENT, A YOUNG AMERICAN, RICHARD LOWERY, HAD A STRANGE EXPERIENCE...

LOWERY WAS ON A SOLITARY TRIP IN AUSTRIA, DURING THE EARLY EVENING, IT BEGAN TO RAIN...

I'LL GET SOAKED BEFORE I CAN GET BACK TO TOWN! THERE MUST BE A PLACE OF SHELTER NEARBY!



SPOTTING AN ABANDONED HUNTING LODGE, LOWERY DASHED IN OUT OF THE RAIN...



LOWERY DROPPED OFF, ONLY TO BE AWAKENED MOMENTS LATER BY STRANGE VOICES...

NO ARCHDUKE WILL TAKE THE BEAUTIFUL CHRISTINA FROM ME! I'LL KILL YOU FIRST!

POOR! SHE LOATHES THE VERY SIGHT OF YOU! SHE WILL MARRY ME!



OW, OTTO! NO ONE WILL KNOW I KILLED YOU! THEY WILL CALL IT AN ACCIDENT!

OTTO!



THEY'VE VANISHED! BUT I CAN STILL SMELL SUNDROME! IS MY MIND PLAYING TRICKS WITH ME?



THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE VIENNA LIBRARY...

"AND ARCHDUKE OTTO'S BODY WAS FOUND ALONE IN THE HUNTING LODGE. A BITE LAY BY HIS SIDE. THE AUTHORITY DECLARED HIS DEATH ACCIDENTAL..."

IF THAT VISION I HAD WAS REAL I'VE THE ONLY LIVING PERSON WHO KNOWS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN THE LODGE FIFTY YEARS AGO! BUT I SHALL SAY NOTHING! WHO WOULD BELIEVE ME?



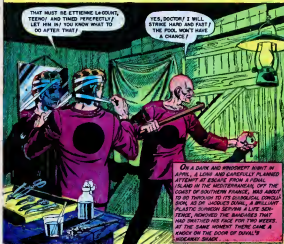
THAT STRANGE POWER HAD GRASPED CHRISTINA TIGHT! SHE'D STUCK ON THE ARMCHAIR OF THE ARCHDUKE'S MURDER! JUST ANOTHER STRANGE MYSTERY IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

THE END

# FURY of the MACABRE MANNEQUINS

THAT MUST BE ETIENNE LACOUT,  
TEENY! AND TIMED PERFECTLY!  
LET HIM IN! YOU KNOW WHAT TO  
DO AFTER THAT!

YES, DOCTOR! I WILL  
STRIKE HARD AND FAST!  
THE FOOL WON'T HAVE  
A CHANCE!



ON A DARK AND WINDSWEPT NIGHT IN  
APRIL, A LONG AND CAREFULLY PLANNED  
ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE FROM A PENAL  
ISLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, OFF THE  
COAST OF SOUTHERN FRANCE, WAS ABOUT  
TO GO THROUGH TO ITS CHIRURGICAL CONCLAVE  
SHOCK, AS DR. JACQUES DUBAL, A BRILLIANT  
PLASTIC SURGEON SERVING A LIFE SEN-  
TENCE, REMOVED THE BANDAGES THAT  
HAD SWATHED HIS FACE FOR TWO WEEKS.  
AT THE SAME MOMENT THERE CAME A  
KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF DUBAL'S  
HIDEAWAY SHACK.

WHO--WHY--? YOU--YOU LOOK EXACTLY  
LIKE ME!

PRECISELY, LACOUT! A BEAUTIFUL  
JOB OF PLASTIC SURGERY I DO ON  
MYSELF, OUT HERE IN THIS HIDEAWAY  
SHACK, EH? EVEN YOU ARE STAR-  
TLED AT THE PERFECT LIKENESS!



WHERE'S TEENY? HE TOLD ME TO MEET HIM OUT  
HERE AT MIDNIGHT! U-H-H-H!



ONE MORE SIMPLE SURGICAL STEP--TO TRANSFER LACOUNT'S FINGERPRINTS TO MY OWN! THEN, TOMORROW MORNING, WHEN LACOUNT IS DUE TO LEAVE THIS POOR PRISON, HIS SENTENCE FINISHED, NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT IT IS I, JACQUES DUNAL, TAKING HIS PLACE!

OH, DOCTOR! THE PERFECT ESCAPE PLAN!



SWIFTLY, THE DEAD MAN'S FINGERS WERE AMPUTATED BY DUNAL, THEN CAREFULLY-TRAINED TEEN COMPLETED THE OPERATION. . . . YOU CARRIED OUT MY INSTRUCTIONS PERFECTLY! TOMORROW MORNING THE AUTHORITIES WON'T QUESTION THE BANDAGED HANDS TOO MUCH, SO LONG AS THE FINGERPRINTS ARE FREE TO BE PRINTED!

AND THEN YOU WILL THINK OF A CLEVER ESCAPE FOR ME, TOO, DOCTOR?



OF COURSE, TEEN! NOW THAT I NO LONGER NEED YOU, I'LL GIVE YOU THE COMPLETE ESCAPE!



AND NOW THERE IS NOBODY TO GIVE AWAY MY IMPERSONATION! I AM PERFECTLY SAFE! OHHHH!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE HUT. . .

LACOUNT, TEEN AND ALL THE OTHER ENDOUGE, BURIED AND OUT OF THE WAY! NOW TO RETURN TO LACOUNT'S CELL!



THE NEXT MORNING. . .

NOBODY'S FOUND THAT LIFE, DR. DUNAL, WHO DIDN'T RETURN TO HIS CELL AFTER WORK A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO. HE MUST STILL BE HIDING SOMEWHERE ON THE ISLAND!



YOU'LL GET HIM, EVENTUALLY! HE CAN'T STAY HIDDEN FOREVER AND NOBODY COULD SWIM THOSE PERILOUS CURRENTS BETWEEN HERE AND THE MAINLAND!

THIS IS WEIRD! THESE FINGER OF LACOUNT ARE BORROWING HIS NAME PERFECTLY! THEY--THEY SEEM ALMOST OUT OF MY CONTROL!

GOOD LUCK IN YOUR NEW FREEDOM, LACOUNT!



DETERMINED TO HUNT DOWN LACOUNT'S CRAFTY FOR ANGLE TO BE SAFE, DONAL WENT DIRECTLY TO THE DEAD MAN'S HOME LOCATED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS.

[ I WISH I HAD LEARNED MORE ABOUT LACOUNT'S BACKGROUND, SOMETHING'S WICKED / THIS CAN'T BE WHERE THE FOOL LIVED-- IN AN OLD MAUSOLEUM IN AN ABANDONED CEMETERY / AND WHO ARE THOSE MEN ? ]



MORNDON LACOUNT, NOW GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK! WE HEARD YOU WERE RELEASED TODAY. WE WANTED TO BE THE FIRST TO PLACE ORDERS FOR SOME OF YOUR MIRACULOUS CREATIONS!

LET US GO INSIDE AND TALK BUSINESS / WE'RE PREPARED TO PAY TEN TIMES YOUR OLD FEE!



[ THE COURSE OF THE CONVERSATION SOON INFORMED DONAL THAT THE MAN HE WAS INTERVIEWING, LACOUNT, HAD BEEN A FASHIONER OF WAX CLOTHING DUMMIES FOR DEPARTMENT STORES.

WELL, I SEE YOU KEPT SOME OF THE OLD MODELS WE ONCE USED. THEY ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS EVER!

WHAT IS YOUR SECRET, LACOUNT? HOW CAN YOU MAKE SUCH PERFECTLY LIFE-LIKE DUMMIES IN WAX?



I AM A SENIOR, OF COURSE / BUT NOW, IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL LEAVE ME TO GET SOME REST, I WILL STOP AT YOUR STORE TOMORROW, TO DISCUSS TERMS FOR AN EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT FOR MY CREATIONS!

THANK GOODNESS I GOT RID OF THOSE IDIOTS / CURSE LACOUNT FOR HAVING THIS PROFESSION / HOW CAN I EVER HOPE TO REPRODUCE WORKS OF ART LIKE THESE / BLAST YOU WAX DUMMIES!



WHAT'S THIS? IT--IT WASN'T A DUMMY, BUT MERELY A COPPER GLIVERLY COATED WITH WAX / AND THE MEDICAL THING IS HALF ROTTED AWAY / UGH!



ALL OF THEM ARE COMPOSER / THIS IS THE SECRET OF LACOUNT'S "SENSES" / WE MUST'VE BEEN MAD / A MURDERER WHO COVERED UP HIS CRIMES THIS WAY AND AT THE SAME TIME MADE A FORTUNE BY TURNING THEM INTO EXTREMELY REALISTIC-LOOKING CLOTHING STORE DUMMIES / BUT HOW?



AM! HERE'S A JOURNAL WHICH TELLS OF LACOUNT'S EXPERIMENTS IN CHEMISTRY AND HOW HE DISCOVERED A WAY TO TREAT WAX SO THAT WHEN POURED OVER CORPSES, IT WILL PRESERVE THEM FOR A LONG TIME AND PERFECTLY MOLD ALL THE ORIGINAL FEATURES AND COLORING!



SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY HANDS! THE FINGERS-- LACOUNT'S FINGERS-- ARE OUT OF CONTROL! THEY PICKED UP PAPER AND PEN WITHOUT MY WILLING IT!



THEN, BEFORE DONALD'S HORROR-STRUCKEN GAZE, HE WATCHED THE OTHER HAND FORKERS, GRABTED ON TO HIS OWN HANDS, COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL NOW, WRITE



IT-IT'S LACOUNT'S WOUND! IT CAN'T BE!



YOU SHALL HAVE NO PECE OF MIND! YOU TOOK MY LIFE... NOW I SHALL MAKE YOU SUFFER!



TEENQ MUST NOT HAVE KILLED YOU! SOMEHOW YOU STAYED ALIVE, FOLLOWED ME HERE! BUT THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE YOU DIE!



AS I PLUNKED THE KNIFE INTO HIM, HE WHISHED-- EVAPORATED! THAT HOLLOW, BUBBLING LAUGHTER ELLING THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL DRIVE ME INSANE!



I-I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF! I'M BEING DRAWN TOWARD THAT PRETTY GIRL, DECORATING AN OLD GRAVE!



THE HANDS! THEY'RE DOING THIS AGAINST MY WISHES! I-I DON'T WANT TO COMMIT THIS HORRIBLE DEED!

ARGHHH!

THE QUESTION IS, WHICH CHEMICALS SHALL I USE? FORTUNES! CERTAIN MATERIALS HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES AND LINED UP FOR USE. AND THAT NOTE! LACOUNT'S MAINT HAS BEEN AT WORK AGAIN!

IT IS DONE, NOW! THE ONLY THING TO DO IS GET RID OF THE CORPSES! PERHAPS I CAN USE LACOUNT'S METHODS AND GET SOME MUCH NEEDED CASH AT THE SAME TIME!

THE NOTE GAVE ME THE CHEMICAL FORMULA! AND NOW THE SPECIALLY TREATED MOLTEN WAX IS BOILING, READY TO USE FOR COATING THE CORPSE!

A LITTLE LATER...

TURNED OUT PERFECTLY! EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL AND LIFE-LIKE THAN LACOUNT'S WAXED DOLLS! AND NO ONE COULD EVER SUSPECT WHAT IS UNDER THAT WAX COATING!

THE NEXT MORNING, AT A SWAN PARVIAN DEPARTMENT STORE...

SUCH SUPERB ARTISTRY AND CRAFTSMANSHIP! A FEW MORE OF LACOUNT'S GORGEOUS WAX DUMMIES DISPLAYING OUR LINE, AND SALES WILL AGAIN GO WAY UP!

AU REVOIR, MESSEURS!  
50,000 FRANCS! A SMALL FORTUNE!

STORM BACK AT THE STUDIO IN THE MALLINGTON...

WHA...? THE CORPSES THAT LACOUNT USED IN THE OLD DUMMIES HAVE VANISHED! HOW COULD THEY? WHERE DID THEY GO?

WE ARE STILL HERE, MONSIEUR DAVALL! WE HAVE ONLY CHANGED FORM! WHEN YOU RELEASED US FROM IMPRISONMENT IN THE WAX, WE ADVANCED TOWARD WHAT SHOULD BE OUR NATURAL AFTER-DEATH FORM!

WHA...? NO! NO! NO!



I'M GIBBERING FERVOR, DAVALL, TRIED TO FLEE FROM THE HARBORLORD'S SPECTRAL INVANTANTS, ONLY TO FIND THE DOOR LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE, AND... THE WINDOWS ARE BOARDED UP! I'M LOCKED IN HERE—TRAPPED! WITH THESE HORRIBLE HAUNTS!



THERE IS NO ESCAPE! FOR EITHER OF US, DAVALL! THE GHOSTS OF THE MURDERED WOMEN HAVE TRAPPED ME, TOO—SEALING ME IN A SHROUD OF BOTOPLASH! I AM POWERLESS TO MOVE!

NOW YOU BOTH SHALL BE PUNISHED FOR YOUR CRIMES— YOU, DAVALL, BECAUSE YOU WOULD GO ON WITH LACOURT'S EVIL WORK!



THEY WON'T GET ME! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! THE CEILING BRYLLIANT— I CAN STILL ESCAPE!



YOU, MY MURDERER, WILL NOT ESCAPE! YOU HAVE MY HANDS! THEY DO ONLY AS I COMMAND! HAHES, LET LOOSE YOUR HOLD UPON THE WALL!



NOW, HE, TOO SHALL KNOW WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE IMPRISONED WITHIN THAT WICKED WAX! WHEN THE DEAD ARE ABUSED, THEY MUST HAVE THEIR VENGEANCE!





AND YOU, LACOUNT, WILL REMAIN HERE THROUGH ALL ETERNITY, SEALED BY ECTOPLASM INTO THE WALLS OF YOUR CURSED HAUSGOLDEN, YOUR STUPEFIED OF HORROR! NO ONE WILL EVER BE ABLE TO HELP YOU, NOR FREE YOU!



NEXT MORNING, NEWS PROVIDERS WERE SHOCKED BY A MAGAZINE WINDOW DISPLAY!



THE STORE AND THE DISPLAY WINDOW WERE STILL LOCKED! NOW DID ANYONE GET THE DUMMY IN THERE?

THERE MUST BE SOME EXPLANATION AND ONLY LACOUNT CAN GIVE IT! OFFICER, COME WITH US TO HIS STUDIO!



SAFER

WE SEARCHED THE PLACE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM AND NO SIGN OF LACOUNT! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS PLACE! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

YES! THERE IS THE CHILL OF DEATH HERE! I WONDER WHERE LACOUNT IS?



THEY LOOKED RIGHT AT ME AND DIDN'T SEE ME! I SOLEMNLY PROMISED FOR THEM TO HELP ME, BUT THEY DIDN'T EVEN HEAR! I AM DOOMED TO REMAIN IN THIS STATE FOR ALL ETERNITY!



NOTHING MORE HAS EVER BEEN HEARD OF THE MURDERER, GUNNER, AM- PERSONS THE LACOUNT HIS DISAPPEARANCE, AND HIS WAX DUMMY COUNTERPART APPEARING IN A DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW, SOON BECAME ANOTHER OF THE GREAT MYSTERIES OF PARIS.

AND YOU ALL KNOW THE STORY OF THIS WAX FIGURE, MY SHUDDERING AUDIENCE! IT IS MY FAVORITE ONE. IT IS SO LIFE-LIKE AND REAL!



I KNOW YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME, BUT I SWEAR THAT SOMETIMES I EVEN HEAR THAT WAX MASTERPIECE WHISPERING AND MOANING IN THE NIGHT! AND I HAVE BEEN TEARS OF DESPAIR SQUEEZE FROM ITS WAKEN EYES—ALMOST AS THOUGH IT WERE ALIVE—OR ONLY HALF DEAD!



# TRUE TALES of UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY

ONE OF THE DELICIOUS PUPPET MASTERS OF EUROPE WAS A CREWMAN NAMED ANDRE, SLAYER... IT WAS SAID HE PACKAGED HIS PUPPETS SO SKILLFULLY THAT THEY SEEMED LIKE-LIVE. THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT WAS RECORDED BY A WOOD CARVER WHO WAS SLAYER'S ASSISTANT...

DOES HE NOT LOOK LIKE SANDORU THE ALBUDEIN? FISHED I MODELLED HIM AFTER THE KILLER!

A PERFECT RESEMBLANCE, MONSIEUR! YOUR GREATEST CREATION... SO LIFE-LIKE!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, SLAYER COULD NOT FIND HIS NEWEST CREATION. IT HAD DISAPPEARED! AFTER SEARCHING FOR AN HOUR, HE SAW A POLICE OFFICER SUDDENLY APPEAR IN THE DOORWAY OF THE WORKSHOP.

MY PUPPET... YOU FOUND IT! BUT WHERE?

YOU ADMIT IT IS YOURS... THEN?

OF COURSE IT IS MINE! BUT WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?

A GIRL WAS MURDERED ON THE PORT BELLE LAST NIGHT. YOUR PUPPET WAS FOUND NEAR THE BODY? AND IT WAS CLUTCHING A KIFE IN ITS HAND... THE MURDER WEAPON!

SO YOU WENT OUT BY YOURSELF LAST NIGHT, EN? LIKE THE FISH SWORD, WHOM YOU RESEMBLE, YOU HAD TO KILL, EN?

SLAYER, HE SPEAKS! HE'S READY BELIEVES HE HAS CREATED A LIVING PUPPET!

I HAVE CREATED A DEVIL... A FISH... I'LL DESTROY YOU!

**AWWEE!**

HE DENIED SLAYER HAD ANY RIGHT TO AN INQUIRY REGARDING HIS ASSISTANTS MURDER AND AS THE KILLER OF THE GIRL, MRS. SANDORU, AND ASSURED THAT HE HAD PLAYED THE WEAPON IN HIS PUPPET'S HANDS AND LEFT OUT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME TO CONFUSE THE POLICE...

MRS. SANDORU! I AM THE GREATEST PUPPET MASTER OF THEM ALL! MY SANDORU CAME TO LIFE! HA! HA! HA!

WAS THE VERSION OF THE POLICE THE CORRECT ONE FOR MRS. SLAYER'S PUPPET OF THE NOTORIOUS KILLER SANDORU? REALLY CAME TO LIFE TO MURDER AS ITS ORIGINAL ANDRE? AND WHAT DO YOU THINK, READERS?

# Genie of the Jewel

"CURSED BE THE DAY I EVER Laid EYES ON THIS! BUT I'LL CHASE HIM YET! YES--IT'S BETTER TO END MY LIFE THAN TO YIELD TO--TO-- THAT OTHER THING!"

"THERE'S A MAN OVER THERE-- HE'S GOING TO JUMP!"

"WAIT! STOP!"

"CURSED--THE NAME MEANS DOOM!" THE ANCIENT PROVERB! GAY MEN DO THEY SAY? WALTER PRADO WAS A YOUNG, SURPRISINGLY WEALTHY MAN WHO OWNED A SMALL HOMESTEAD BY THE RIVER. AS BARREN AND WORTHLESS AS A MONSTER, HE TRAINED FOR HEALTH AND POWER, NOT CARING WHETHER IT WOULD BRING AND DESTROY COUNTLESS INNOCENTS. THOSE ONE NIGHT, DESTINY MADE HIS DREAMS COME TRUE, BRINGING HIM A MONSTROUS BEAST HE COULD NOT ESCAPE -- AN BEAST THAT WAS TO CLAIM HIS SOUL FOR "THE JEWEL OF DEATH!"

WALTER PRADO WAS BRUING/BLUING TOWARD THE BRIDGE WHEN HE SAW THE MAN! NOW HE HAD TO FLEE AND BACK! THE TWO CLIMBED TREMBLING IN A FURIOUS STRUGGLE OUT OF WHICH ONLY ONE WOULD SURVIVE!

"LET ME GO! THERE'S JUST ONE WAY OUT!"

"DON'T BE A FOOL! WAIT, WALTER!"

"THE GUY'S RUTS! HE JUMPED!"

"YAHURRY!"



WHY! MY FINEST! WHY! WHY! THIS FLARING UP NEAR THE LODGE! WHY, IT--IT'S A BLOOD-RED STONE!



WALTER PRAYS REACHED FOR IT-- A GIANT RUBY AS BIG AS HIS FIST LYING ON THE PAVEMENT. A STRANGE RUSH WAS COMING FROM IT-- A GLOW THAT HAD BEEN AT THE MOMENT OF THE FLASH!



THE OLD LODGE MUST HAVE DROPPED IT WHEN HE WENT OVERBOARD! THIS LOOKS REAL-- AND IT'S MINE NOW!

SURELY GLORIFY IT INTO THE DIRT POCKET, THE CROOKED-MANER STUMBLED TOWARD A BROWN-DONNY BRACK OF HIS BIT OF BAR-BARRED PROPERTY, AND ADMIRING LATER, IN THE FLICKERING CANDLE LIGHT OF HIS ROOM--



THIS RUBY IS WORTH THOUSANDS-- AND YET THE OLD RAY BEAMED HIMSELF ONLY! WORLD! I SELL TWO THING! THE COPS MAY THINK I STOLE IT!



MR. MR. MR. MR. MR.

I'VE GOT TO TURN ON A WY! WY! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE STONE! IT--IT'S GLOWING UP!

A MOIST WAVE HAD FLOWED FORTH FROM THE DEPTH OF THE STONE, GROWING LARGER AND INCREASING IN BLOOD-RED INTENSITY! THEN A WYRED, WAILING, UNBORN RACE FORMED FROM THAT CLOUD-- A RACE OF EVIL!



HALL, MASTER! AGAIN I HAVE FOUND A NEW OWNER! MR. MR. MR. HA!

WHO-- WHERE DID YOU COME FROM!



THE JEWEL IS AN ABOVE-- AND I, ITS GUARDIAN! FOR YOU, MY NEW MASTER, I OFFER FOUR WISHES-- ANYTHING YOU DESIRE-- BUT WHEN THE FOURTH HAS BEEN GRANTED, YOU WILL FORGET YOUR SOUL TO THE JEWEL-- THAT IS THE PRICE!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT! WHAT ARE YOU?

LEGENDS SPEAK OF ME AS A GOD-- OTHERS CALL ME A GOD. I AM NAMELESS, AND SERVE ONLY THE JEWEL THAT HAS EXISTED FOR EONS ON THE SOULS OF THOSE WHO OWNED IT!

FOUR WISHES, BUT SUPPOSE I DID HAVE FOUR WISHES-- WHAT WOULD THEY BE?





SENSE, I WANT WEALTH... GREAT WEALTH! THAT IS MY FIRST WISH!

I OBEY... FOR YOU HAVE CHOSEN YOUR DESTINY! AA! AA! AA!



DAYS LATER, WALTER PRADO WALKED ONE AN ARSENAL OFFICE IN A LARGE CITY, CARRYING A BAG OVERSHOULDERED WITH BITS OF IRON, METALLIC PARTS, ETC.

REGISTER THIS UNDER MY PROPERTY! I'VE DISCOVERED GOLD!

GOLD! THERE'S BEEN NO GOLD STRIKE HERE FOR 50 YEARS. TOUNG MAN! WELL, BEH! IT HERE - IT'S PROBABLY IRON PYRITES... "POOR" GOLD!



SOON...

GOOD HEAVENS! IT IS GOLD! WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU FOUND IT?

THERE'S A TON OF IT NINE FEET WIDE ON MY LAND! NOW PLEASE REGISTER MY STRIKE! I'M IN A HURRY!



GOLD!

GOLD!

GOLD!



MEANWHILE, THE CITY COUNCIL HAD OFFERED A MEETING WITH PRADO...

HERE IS A CHECK FOR TWO MILLION DOLLARS! I HOPE THAT WILL BE SUFFICIENT, MR. PRADO! NOW WE HOLD THE DEED TO YOUR PROPERTY!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!



NOW, THE DAY AFTER WALTER PRADO RECEIVED HIS CHECK, THE GOLD VEIN DISAPPEARED! THERE WAS TALK OF A HOAX-- THE POLICE WERE CALLED IN-- BUT PRADO WAS READY FOR THEM...

CAN I HELP IT IF THE VEIN, PETERED OUT?

IT'S BRASS LAND... COMPLETELY WORTHLESS!



THE GOLD WAS REAL, WASN'T IT? COULD I FILL THE GROUND UP WITH A VEIN NINE FEET WIDE WHERE WOULD I GET THE GOLD?

WE'RE RIGHT, SIR! A DOZEN FIRMS INCORPORATED THE STRIKE! I'M AFRAID WE'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

BUT A MIRAGE THAT WAS ALSO TRAGIC... FOR THAT YEAR AND THE FOLLOWING YEARS NO HIGHWAYS, SCHOOLS AND HOSPITALS COULD BE BUILT OR MAINTAINED BY A BANKRUPT CITY GOVERNMENT. THIS BEGAN THE FIRST OF MANY DISASTERS RESULTING FROM THE WISHES OF WALTER PRADO.



AND AS FOR HIM, WELL, THE TRAMP FARMER BECAME THE DISCOURTEED, POISED MILLIONAIRE. THE SUPTLE-LESS DEDUCTIVE BECAME THE DYNAMIC... CHARMING PLAYBOY THE WORLD CARTHEESED INTO WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG!



PRADO DISAPPEARED TO ANOTHER CITY. HE RENTED A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT, WROTE UNDERINGS, SET HIMSELF UP IN STYLE... THEN, WHEN HIS FIRST BIRMINGHAM CRIB HIS NEW WEALTHY HAD WANDERED, HE WENT FOR THE GEMS.



AND SOON, PRADO WAS PLAYING THE STOCK MARKET AND WINNING! THEN HE WAS CONTROLLING IT, HIS INTERESTS WERE RADIATING -- EVER WIDENING!



THEN THE DAYCAME WHEN HE HAD GREAT POWER, AND WITH IT CAME MORE MONEY, AND WITH MORE MONEY GREW MORE POWER, THE CYCLE GREW HIS SPEED GREW -- AND ELIX, MISERY AND DEATH AROSE FOR OTHERS!



AND GRADUALLY HE ROSE ON THE LAZARUS OF SUCCEEDING THE RUINED AND DISTRESSING BUSINESSES INCREASING, WORLD TRADE TOTTERED, FINANCIAL EMPIRES CRUMBLED -- AND ALTHOUGH WALTER PRADO GUARDED HIS POWER -- WEALTH BEGGED ON, PUSHED FORWARD BY THE EVIL GENIE!



NOW HE WAS THE FINANCIAL BARON OF THE WORLD, BUILDING WITH AN IRON FIST, SPARKING FURY -- AND ALWAYS THE POWER OF THE GENIE BEHIND HIM HELPED HIM CRUSH INNOCENT VICTIMS, LEAVING, COVERTLY OVER THE CATASTROPHIC DESTRUCTION OF HUMAN LIVES!



THE MARRIAGE BY PRADO WAS  
DRASTIC! WORD-BARRING! BUT  
HE HAD SECRETED THE JEWEL AND  
PROPOSED ABOUT IT. THEN HE FELL  
IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
AND THEY WERE MARRIED...



I NOW PRODUCE  
YOU MAN AND  
WIFE!

I HAVE  
EVERYTHING  
NOW!

YES, BRADY HAD EVERYTHING...  
EXCEPT HAPPINESS... FOR  
SOON AFTERWARDS, HIS  
WIFE LOUISE FELL DEEPLY  
SICK WITH AN  
INCURABLE ILLNESS...



SHE HAS NO  
LITTLE TIME!  
I'M SORRY...

I LOVE HER,  
SO I CAN'T  
LET HER  
GO!

AND LOOKING JANELLE AT THE DEN,  
WALTER BRADY TOOK OUT THE LOUSE  
WISHED RUBY AND MADE  
HIS THUMB UP!



GENE-- I WANT  
MY WIFE TO BE  
WELL AGAIN! I  
WANT HER BY  
MY SIDE--  
HEALTHY--  
FULL OF LIFE!

YOUR WISH SHALL  
BE GRANTED,  
MASTER!

ONE DAY LATER, THE PALE, FINE CREEPING THING HAD  
BEEN AT DEATH'S DOOR SAT UP AND ASKED FOR  
BREAKFAST! SHE WAS CURED-- A MIRACLE HAD  
HAPPENED! BUT PRADO KNEW BETTER!



AMAZING!  
INCREDIBLE!

WALTER--  
I'M AWELL--  
I FEEL IT!

YES, DARLING!

AND NOW I'VE  
GOT TO GET RID  
OF THAT JEWEL--  
INSTANTLY!

TWO MONTHS LATER, THERE TOOK PLACE A BUSINESS  
TRANSACTION WITH A GEM DEALER WHO THOUGHT  
HE HAD MADE A KILLING...



AND HERE'S  
YOUR CHECK,  
\$10--\$10,000!  
NOW THE STONE  
IS MINE!

OF COURSE IT IS! I NEED THE  
MONEY, YOU UNDERSTAND! THAT'S  
WHY I'M SELLING IT!

AND GOOD REBANCES TO IT  
YOU SNEAKY OLD  
HYPOCRITE!

BUT INSTANTLY THE SURPRISE WHEN ONE OF THE GEM-  
DEALERS INTERMEDIARIES HAD A PRESENT FOR HIM...



I BOUGHT IT FOR \$10,000.  
MR. PRADO! REALLY, IT'S A  
BARGAIN FOR YOUR  
COLLECTION!

YOU FOOL! GIVE IT  
TO ME-- AND  
GET OUT!

ANGRY OVER HIS BAD LOOK ON SAYING IT BACK,  
WALTER BRADY TOOK UP ANOTHER ATTEMPT...



THERE-- NOW IT  
CAN ROT FOR ALL  
I CARE!

BUT THE NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST...



WELL, CRANDALL--  
WHAT IS IT?  
BUT PARDON ME, BUT  
THIS PACKAGE CAME  
FOR YOU! IT HAD  
NO RETURN  
ADDRESS!

MA! MA! BOOM--  
BOOM-- BOOM!



TA-A-A-W! IT'S THE  
JEWEL! I CAN'T  
ESCAPE IT! STOP  
YOUR GLOATING  
YOU MONSTER!  
I HAVEN'T MADE  
MY FOURTH  
VISH YET!

DON'T YOU SEE  
HIM? LOOK--  
THERE HE IS--  
IN THE CORNER!  
STOP LAUGHING--  
DO YOU HEAR?  
STOP!



MA! MA!  
MA!

THEN WALTER PRADD TOLD ME THIS  
EVERYTHING HE HAD, BUT SAW  
DON'T BELIEVE HIM-- NOR DID  
THE PSYCHIATRIST AN HOUR LATER...



WITHOUT GETTING LOSING YOUR  
SOUL TO A JEWEL? YOU'VE  
BEEN WORKING TOO HARD.  
WALTER! I'M PRESCRIBING  
A LONG VACATION  
FOR YOU!  
IT'S NO  
USE-- NO  
USE!

LOOK, DARLING-- I'VE THROWN THE  
STONE INTO THE WATER. I KNOW  
IT COST THOUSANDS-- BUT YOUR  
WEALTH MEANS MUCH MORE  
TO ME!  
THERE--  
IT'S DONE  
FOR  
GOOD!



I HOPE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
LOUISE!

BUT INSTAD OF HAPPY LEISURE PRADD FORGET HIS  
PEACE. INDEED, HE HAD HIS WEALTH, HIS POWER, HIS  
WIFE -- AND EVEN FANTASY PARADISE FRIENDS.  
WHO DID HE DO?



I WISH THEY'D LEAVE! WHA...?  
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

THE JEWEL! IT'S  
COME BACK! WHAT  
WILL I DO? I'VE  
GOT TO THINK OF  
SOMETHING-- OR  
I'LL GO MAD!



MR. PRADD--  
MR. PRADD!





YOUR BUSINESS AGENT IS ON THE PHONE, SIR. THERE'S BEEN A CRASH ON THE STOCK MARKET! HE SAYS YOU'D BETTER TAKE CHARGE IMMEDIATELY... OR YOU'LL LOSE EVERYTHING!

WHAT?



RUNNING TO ME? DON, WALTER PRADO SAW ORDERS DEPOSITED! OVER THE PHONE, BUT TO NO AVAIL! THEN, WHEN HE HAD MOVED ON HIS MATERIAL AGENT...

WE'RE BANKRUPTING ME SO THAT I'LL MAKE MY FORTUNE WITH! ALL RIGHT— I'LL DO IT, BUT NOT IN THE WAY HE THINKS!

COME FORTH, GENIE— I COMMAND YOU!



I AM HERE, MASTER! AND WHO IS YOUR WISH?

I WISH TO GO BACKWARD IN TIME AND NEVER DISCOVER YOU! I WISH NEED YOUR HELP TO MAKE A FORTUNE! I HAVE EXPERIENCE NOW... AND I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING AGAIN! NA! NA! YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED, GENIE... TRICKED!



BUY AS THE LAST PERSON LEFT THE JEWEL WENT LAUGHTER ISSUED FROM THE JEWEL, AND TWO CLUTCHING BAGS REACHED OUT FOR HIM— GROWING LARGER AND LARGER...

YOUR GREED STILL EXISTS, AND THAT IS WHY THE JEWEL SCIPS, FOOL! YOU HAVE ONLY TRICKED YOURSELF! NA! NA! NA!

A TRAMP IS ASKING ME WHY TOWARDS A BRIDGE AT NIGHT, IT IS WALTER PRADO... HE IS ALONE, AND EVERYTHING HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY FROM HIM... EXCEPT HIS AWARENESS...



BUT SOMETHING ELSE HAS HAPPENED! HE SQUEALS MYSTERIOUSLY— NOVELLY INSANE— FOR THE JEWEL'S PROPERTY HAS BEEN POLISHED! HIS GOAL HAS BEEN LOST TO THE GAME!

SEE-SEE— MONEY, POWER— I'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE— SEE-SEE-SEE!



AND SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD THERE IS A LARGE, GOOD-AND-BUY SAVING WITH A NEW-FOUND LIGHT— WAITING FOR THE NEXT OWNER, DOES IT WAIT FOR YOU?

# THE AVENGING GRAVEDIGGER

A slight precipitation from the heavily overcast skies fell lightly on the soft cemetery earth. The beautifully carved casket of one of the small town's leading citizens had already been lowered into the waiting pit and as the few remaining relatives and friends who'd come to pay their last respects turned to leave, the best, aged gravedigger lifted his shovel to complete his task. Suddenly, one of the mourners, tight-faced and grim, hesitated.

"Oh, Samuel," he barked in a crisp rasping voice. The old man looked up from his work.

"Squire Cowles," he spoke in recognition. "Yes, sir. May I be of any service to you?"

"Samuel," the Squire repeated, "I would appreciate it if you'd drop around to my office at your earliest convenience. Particularly as upon as you've finished your work. It involves a matter of deep concern to the both of us."

Two hours later, the old gravedigger, hunched in pose, was ushered into Squire Cowles' real estate office, the mudraps glistening on his clothing and some of the cemetery mud still clinging to his boots. In his quick, clipped, rasping tones, the Squire got right down to business; explained that an excavation on Samuel Zornich's midwifery was impossible. The weather-beaten old face grew sad as he heard the two alternatives.

He would either have to pay up or get out.

"But I'm an old man," he pleaded, "and a gravedigger's pay is small. I can get the money but it will take time."

"Time?" the Squire replied. "I can grant no more time."

The words that passed between the two men soon became harsh and it wasn't long before Squire Cowles declared his prejudice toward the old man.

"This beautiful heaven would be better off without the likes of you," His rasp rose to a shout. "What are you? A poor, filthy man of decadent flesh. You degrade the very people you live among."

Samuel Zornich shook with rage. The veins in his throat and forehead swelled as his boiling blood gave his face a crimson hue. "You devil!" he cried.

"Would that the gods I dug today was for you. All you ever think of is your fat purse. I look forward to the day when I shall see you rotting. And perhaps that day isn't far off."

But they were meaningless words, Samuel thought, as he trudged toward home. Laura would be waiting for him. Beautiful, delicate Laura. How he worshipped that daughter of his. She was the very

image of her beautiful mother, whose tender and loving care they'd had to do without for these past fifteen years.

"But it's not as bad as all that," Laura insisted when he broke the news to her. "We can always find another place—and something we can afford much more easily." Laura just didn't understand. This little house was his dream world. He recalled the day he'd first carried his bride over the threshold but Laura wouldn't understand what that meant to him. Suddenly, she appeared before him, beautifully gowned, indicating by gesture that she sought his approval of her appearance. For an instant he smiled. And then Samuel Zornich's face took on a deep expression of anger. Cade Ransom. She was going out with that fellow again that he didn't like.

He refused to admit, to himself or anyone, that his hatred stemmed from the unconscious thought that someday this handsome youth would marry his Laura and he'd be left alone in the world with no one to care for him.

The argument was short due to Cade Ransom's arrival. His refusal to speak to Cade, he felt, should have been indication enough that he desired him to leave Laura alone. But he soon put Cade out of his mind. There would be time enough to attend to that situation. The matter at hand now, requiring his concentration, was Squire Cowles.

It was shortly past midnight when patrolman Hadley was making his rounds, that he investigated a strange noise in the town cemetery. The sound was a strange one indeed for it was the sound of digging; and who else but a ghoul would be digging in a cemetery at that hour on so dreary a night.

His lantern soon revealed the hegd and shoulders of a man feverishly laboring in an almost completed grave. Attracted by the light, the gravedigger turned to face him.

"By the stars above," cried the man above, "and for what reason would you be working at this ungodly hour? That looks like a fresh grave you're digging." Samuel blinked at the rays of the lantern.

"It is," he replied. "It's for . . . Squire Cowles'."

"For . . . for the Squire?" Hadley's expression was one of awe. "Sure and I didn't heard he died."

Samuel stared at him expressionless, then responded, "He hasn't . . . yet!" And turning away he continued with his task. The astounded Hadley frowned curiously. He made a motion as if he intended to speak, but nothing came out. The entire affair seemed too macabre. Silently, he turned and left.

It was over an hour later that Laura and Gabe, strolling homeward, were attracted by a crowd gathered at the entrance of the Squire's home. Their curiosity carried them into the midst of the heaving citizens. A moment later, they sighted the familiar face of patrolman Hadley and questioned him as to the presence of the crowd.

"To the Squire," Hadley reported mysteriously. "He's dead. Tripped on the cellar stairs in the dark, he did. And it's mighty strange, Miss Laura," he added. "Two just about an hour ago that I found your father digging a fresh grave in the cemetery . . . and when I asked him about it, he said it was for the Squire. But the Squire was still alive, then!"

Seated in his favorite rocker, his back towards the door, Samuel was barely outlined by the rays of a single kerosene lamp as Laura and Gabe entered. Without turning to face them, Samuel spoke in firm tones.

"Mr. Ransom, you are, no doubt, aware of my feelings toward you. I'll thank you never to call on my daughter again." Gabe, restraining his anger as best he could, bounded forth to face the old man.

"I don't know your reason for your dislike, Mr. Zarnich, but I feel it's necessary to inform you that Laura and I love each other," Samuel rose to face him, frowning. "Get out!" he cried. "Get out of my house!" Gabe opened his mouth to protest, but Laura quickly interjected.

"Please, Gabe. You'd better leave now. Arguments are to silly and result only in hatred. Let Dad have his say, just this once." Gabe's expression changed as he stared into Laura's face. Then, with a quick "Good night" he turned and left.

Later, Laura questioned Samuel as to the grave-digging incident but his answer was only silence as he prepared for bed. The following morning a party of the police called on him, also curious about the preceding evening's affair in the cemetery.

"I understand the Squire's death can be attributed to an accident," snapped Samuel. "Therefore, I've nothing to say. Good day, gentlemen."

But the Chief of Police was not so easily dismissed. As before, when Samuel couldn't have his way, a violent argument flared up. Threats by the chief and vilifications by Samuel were issued about hotly.

"You'd better leave," shouted the old man, "or less you'd like me to dig a grave for you also!"

"Your career does impress me, Samuel," came the retort. "I'll get to the bottom of this business yet!" And he left.

Long after the door had shut, Samuel still stared at it. Not impressed, thought Samuel; well perhaps I can alter that. Pick and shovel in hand, he headed for the cemetery as Laura watched in terror. It was late afternoon that word spread around about the

little town's police chief. A minute, his body was found hanging from a rafters.

Once, it could be a coincidence—but twice, never. No one dared venture within sight of Samuel after that, lest they arouse his anger and suffer from the "grave-digger's curse." It was a week later that Gabe called again.

"You know of my power," warned Samuel. "Would you have me dig your grave also?"

"Do your worst. You have the rest of this superstitious town halleloned, but you won't keep Laura and me apart." Vengefully, Samuel reached again for his tools as they left.

It was barely two hours later when Laura rushed in with swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks and sobbed her horrible experience to Samuel. While bugger-riding with Gabe, their horse had suddenly belted and started rearing. In an attempt to control the horse, Gabe had lost his balance and died under the horse's hooves and the buggy's wheels. Suddenly, Laura was aware of Samuel's comforting arms about her. Harshly, she tore herself loose. Following her to her room, Samuel watched in horror as she packed.

"You and your damned grave digging," she sobbed. "You're responsible for Gabe's death. I never want to see you again!"

"You—you're leaving me?" If came out in a whisper. "Oh, Laura, you mustn't. You're all I have in the world." But among his pleas falling on deaf ears, his tone changed.

"I warn you, Laura . . . if you walk out that door, I'll dig your grave." Finished with her packing, she lunged forth for a moment.

"I'd welcome it. At least I'd be with Gabe." And then she stormed out.

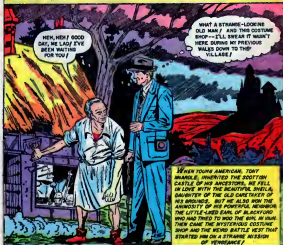
Fuming with rage, Samuel again grasped his tools and stalked toward the cemetery. At the sight of him, people ran. A gaping pit began to form as the shovelheads of earth turned over. Soon, Samuel was up to his knees, then his hips, then his waist. But at shoulder depth, a strange thing happened.

The earth, piled around the edges of the gaping pit began to fall back in as if some person or persons were trying to fill the hole again. His face concerned with curiosity, Samuel twisted himself to look up. Suddenly, his eyes widened in horror. There up over the edges of the pit were three sets of hands, emaciated and degrading, feeling the soft, moist dirt back on top of him!

He opened his mouth to scream for help but the earth rained down on him. Coughing and choking, he made a final effort to bound from the pit, but the earth, pounding down, knocked him off his feet. Samuel's struggles grew less and less and finally stopped. Buried alive by his own victims!

THE END

# Wraith of the Battle Vest



SLIPPING AWAY QUICKLY AND WHIPPING OFF THE COAT FROM A HEAVY OBJECT, THE OLD MAN BROUGHT IT OUT INTO THE FLOODING CANDLE-LIGHT OF THE SHOP FOR TONY TO SEE . . .

WHY--IT'S A BATTLE VEST! A BEAUTIFULLY-EMBRAYED COAT OF ARMOR!

HYE? AND IT'S YOURS-- FREE? HEH, HEH! YOUR QUEST BEGINS!



AND BEFORE THE STARTLED AMERICAN COULD SAY ANYTHING, THE WEIRD PROPHETER HAD DISAPPEARED INTO SMOKING VAPOUR, SNOW AND ALL!

WHIA...? WHAT IS THIS? WHERE'D HE GO? THERE'S NOTHING HERE--ONLY AN EMPTY LOT!



I WASN'T DREAMING, BECAUSE I STILL HAVE THIS VEST! BUT WHAT--HOW--?



SHEDDING OFF WHAT HE COULD NOT EXPLAIN, TONY HURRIED HOME TO GRASP FOR THE PARTY. AS HE BUNGLED ON THE VEST IN HIS ROOM, THE SECOND OF THE MYSTERIOUS EVENTS OF THAT DAY OCCURRED!

SHEILA AND HER FATHER ARE PROBABLY THERE BY NOW! WHIA...?

HEH, HEH!



FOR THERE, STARRING OUT AT HIM FROM THE MIRROR, WAS THE SCARY FACE OF THE OLD MAN, TONY REPLACED SECONDLY LATER BY A GRIM-LOOKING SCOTCHMAN.

TONY MARBLE--YE MUST WEAR MY ARMOR WELL-- WEAR IT WELL-- WEAR IT WELL!

OH-- MY HEAD IS SPINNING!



TONY FOUGHT THE Sudden WEAR-- HERE THAT HAD ENVELOPED HIM. THE ONLY REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR NOW WAS THAT OF HIS OWN FACE...

I SAW AND HEARD TWO DIFFERENT MEN--YET NOBODY'S IN THIS ROOM RIGHT? NO--I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT! THEN WHAT WERE THEY?



STILL TRYING TO FIND SOME EXPLANATION FOR THOSE STRANGE OCCURRENCES, THE YOUNG MAN ARRIVED AT BLACKFORD CASTLE SOME TIME LATER...

MR. ANTHONY MARBLE!

TONY, YOU'RE HERE AT LAST!



THERE WAS INDEED A PARADISE! BLACKFORD, A MAN EXCLAIMED BY ALL, WAS GIVING A PARTY TO CELEBRATE THE CONSOLIDATION OF MORE LAND UNDER HIS NAME. YET, NOT ONLY DID HIS NEIGHBORS COME, BUT ALSO THE GIRL WHO HAD REJECTED HIS ADVANCES!

I WAS SO AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T COME!

WHY? I CAN MEET MY NEW NEIGHBORS HERE! BESIDES, I WANT TO SEE THIS ROBEY-MAN OF YOURS, DARLING!



YOU DON'T KNOW BLACKFORD, LADY! WE HAVE TO ATTEND HIS PARTIES! HIS WORD IS LAW HERE--AND THOSE WHO DON'T OBEY ARE STARVED TO DEATH BY HIS NUMEROUS HIRELINGS! IF YOU HADN'T CLAIMED YOUR ESTATE, THE LAND WOULD HAVE BEEN HIS--AND SO WOULD SHEILA--AFTER HE'D THREATENED TO KICK ME OUT!



THE OLD CANTAWAY THEN TOLD STORY ABOUT BLACKFORD'S CRUELTY, HIS GREED--HOW HE ENCLOSED THE COUNTRYSIDE THROUGH WILLIAM-LOANS ON THEIR PROPERTIES...NOW SHEILA WAS FORCED TO PLAY UP TO HIM FOR FEAR HER FATHER WOULD SUFFER IF SHE DID NOT. THEN--

ANGUS, YOUR TONGUE WAS CONSTANTLY! AH, YOU MUST BE YOUNG WHARDLEY!

MISTER BLACKFORD!



BLACKFORD, A HEAVY-SET GIANT OF A MAN, WAS DRESSED AS GARDEN THE COSTUME AFTLY FITTED HIS PERSONALITY. THE SMILE OF THAT OBVIOUSLY EVIL FACE AROUSED A STRANGE ANGER IN TONY!

I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST, WHARDLEY! PREPARE TO DIE!

HEY--AM I SAYING THIS?

WHAT!



THE YOUNG MAN HURLED HIMSELF AT HIS STUNNED HOST, THROU IN HAND, STRANGE WORDS AND THOUGHTS FLOODING THROUGH HIS MIND!

OH, STOP THEM, SOMEBODY!



LIKE THIS MADMAN OFF ME! STAY AWAY, I SAY!

DIE! DIE!

KILL THE DOG, LAD! THAT'S IT! LUNGE--PARRY--THROAT!



NOW FOR HIS THROAT! CLUTCH HIS THROAT!

I...I'M STUPEFIED! THIS VEST BUTING INTO ME--I HEAR VOICES--I WANT TO KILL--TO CRUSH HIM DOWN! WHY? WHY? BUT I CAN'T STOP! I CAN'T STOP!





STOP THEM!

GASP! LET ME GO!

NEVER!

BEFORE THE VEST WAS SLAMING HIM ON, MAKING HIM PLOUGH OFF HIS HELPLESS VICTIM. SOMEHOW, THE OTHERS PILED ON HIM AND DROPPED HIM AWAY.



I'LL KILL HIM!

GET OUT, YOU MAMMA! I'LL NOT FORGET THIS! GET OUT!

TONY TRIED TO APOLOGIZE, BUT THE WORDS STUCK IN HIS THROAT. SHEILA AND HER FATHER HELPED HIM TO THEIR CARRIAGE, AND, MOMENTS LATER...

DID YOU SEE BLACKFORD'S FACE? HE'LL NOT FORGET, ALL RIGHT! MAKE MY WORD, WE'RE IN FOR IT!

FATHER, TONY'S PAINTED FACE! HURRY! WE'LL SUMMON DOCTOR WHILEY AS SOON AS WE'RE HOME!



LATER

INFAMY-- FOUL DEED-- MUST BE AVENGED! KILL-- KILL-- I CAN'T!

HE'S COMING OUT OF HIS DELIRIUM! IT'S ALL VERY STRANGE-- HE SEEMS TO BE UNDER A TERRIFIC SHOCK!



TONY'S BEST LAY ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO HIS COUCH-- A PLEADING MOAN WAS SLIGHTLY HEARD FROM HIS HAND, SUGGESTING SOME FULL CONSCIOUSNESS!

WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED? OH-- MY HEAD! I-- I DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER!

HUSH, DARLING! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!



LEAD IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, TONY WHOLELY REGAINED HIS STRENGTH AND WITHIN HIS MEMORY...

IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE! I WANTED TO KILL BLACKFORD! THE COSTUME-- VEST THAT SPOKE LIKE ME, FORCED ME INTO IT!



THOUGH SHEILA DIDN'T BELIEVE HIS EXPLANATION, TONY, NEVERTHELESS, HAD HAD A SQUARE EXPERIENCE. THE VEST HAD LOCKED IN A CLOSET AND FORGOTTEN THE DAYS SINCE HE, BUT THE NIGHTS WERE SOMETHING ELSE.

PUT ON THE VEST! KILL HIM-- AVENGE ME-- AVENGE ME!

NO! NO!



AND THE MORNING WOULD BRING ONLY A MAJOR DISCOMFORT, ACCENTUATED BY THE STRESSFUL NEW RESPONSIBILITIES OF HIS INHERITED ASSET...



AND, WE'LL PLANT ABOUT FORTY SPROUTS HERE AND GRAFT ABOUT TEN OVER THERE!

AYE, LAD--THAT WILL DO FINE!



WHO'S THAT?

OH, BLACKFORD! STRANGE, WE'VE NOT DONE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU SINCE YOU ATTACKED HIM!

STRANGE indeed, FOR BLACKFORD WAS NOT ONE TO FORGIVE SO EASILY, EVEN THOUGH TONY HAD TRIED SEVERAL TIMES TO MAKE CONCILIATORY ATTEMPTS. A TENSION WAS IN THE AIR, AND THE VILLAGERS FELT IT, BUT TONY DID NOT SEEM AWARE OF IT UNTIL ONE FINE DAY...

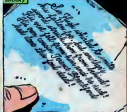


I MIGHT AS WELL START LOOKING OVER THESE PAPERS. HMM, WHAT'S THIS?

WHY, IT'S A BOOK, WRITTEN IN SOME ANCIENT SCRIPT! "THE HISTORY OF CLAN WHARFLE!"



TONY OPENED THE ARGENT VOLUME AND FOUND A CHRONICLE OF MAGNIFICENT DEEDS ON EACH OF HIS ANCESTORS. THEN CAME HIS GREAT, GREAT GRANDFATHER'S LIFE--AND A HORRIBLE SHOCK!



BLACKFORD NOW MADE CLAIM TO BE ARMY'S EXTENDED, AND KILLED ALL WHO DARE HIS INFAMY, FOR AT LONG HAD DIED OUT FOR REVENGE! BEFORE HE DIED, & HIS BROTHER, FLED HERE TO AVOID THE THREAT, THENCE TO MY HEAVENS SHOP TO HIDE. BUT MY OWN WILL, COME FOR ME TOO!



GREAT HEAVENS! THE OLD MAN IN THE SHOP--THE VEST--BLACKFORD AND BLACKFORD!

THE PIECES BEGAN TO FIT TOGETHER! BUT BEFORE TONY WHARFLE COULD CLEAR HIS STUNNED MIND, ANGLE RAN INTO THE ROOM...



LADY! BLACKFORD'S CLIMBED ON TOP OF OUR DAME! HE HAS BRILLA! HE'S GOING TO KILL HER!

WHAT? LET'S GO... QUICKLY!





**BUT ANOTHER POWER WAS TO INTERFERE! A GHOSTLY FIGURE WAS RISING FROM THE SHATTERED ARMOR, THE FIGURE OF A GUNN SCOTTISH CHIEF!**

**WE MEET AGAIN, BLEEDKFERG! THIS TIME... FACE TO FACE!**

**W-WHO ARE YOU? GET BACK! D-DON'T TOUCH ME!**



**STOBBENLY, LIGHTNING FLASHED IN THE SKY AND THE APPARITION WAS GONE, LEAVING BEHIND A DEAD HAWK AND A CLOMBLINE VEST.**

**W-WHAT WAS IT? THAT APPARITION...**

**I'M NOT QUITE SURE, BUT...LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING TORN ON THE INSIDE OF THAT VEST— SOMETHING I NEVER NOTICED BEFORE!**



**"WEAPONS CANNOT HARM ME! AND NOW— VENGEANCE IS MINE!"**

**AIIIEEEE!!**



**"H-U-G-H-M-C..." HUGH WRAngle! THIS IS THE BATTLE VEST OF MY GREAT, GREAT GRAND-FATHER, HUGH WRAngle— AND "BLEEDKFERG" WAS BLACKFORD'S ANCESTOR!**



**TOM, WATCH OUT! THE VEST IS BURNING!**

**IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEARY! LET IT BURN, AS IT SHOULD!**



**THEN, AS TOM WAS TRYING TO EXPLAIN THE OCCULT EVENTS TO A DISTRAUGHT GIRL, A SHAD-DY FIGURE ENTERED ONCE MORE FROM THE VEST...**

**GOOD-BYE, LADY! YOU'VE AVENGED THE FOUL DEED DONE ME BY THE EVIL BLEEDKFERG ON THE BATTLEFIELD!**



**IT'S ALL SO FANTASTIC! A SPIRIT RETURNING FROM THE BEYOND TO DESTROY THE EVIL DESCENDANT OF HIS MURDERER!**

**FORGET IT, DEAREST! AT LEAST THE COUNTRYSIDE IS GOING TO BE PEACEFUL FROM NOW ON!**



**AND AS TOM WRAngle HELD HIS DEAREST IN HIS ARMS, HE KNEW HE WAS COMPLETELY RIGHT, FOR HUGH WRAngle'S QUEST HAD ENDED!**



# Hey SKINNY!

...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!



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