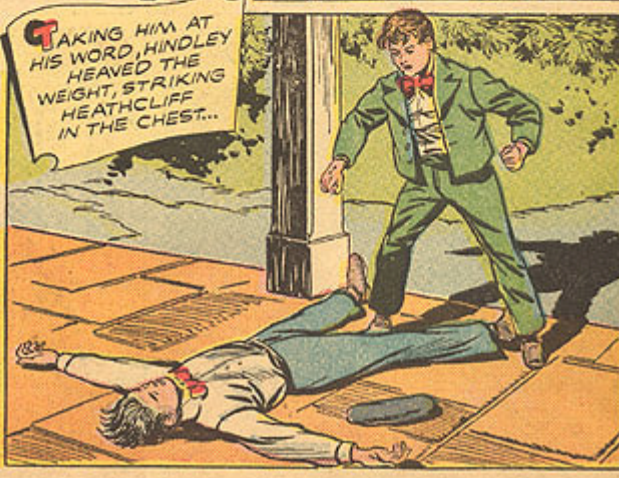
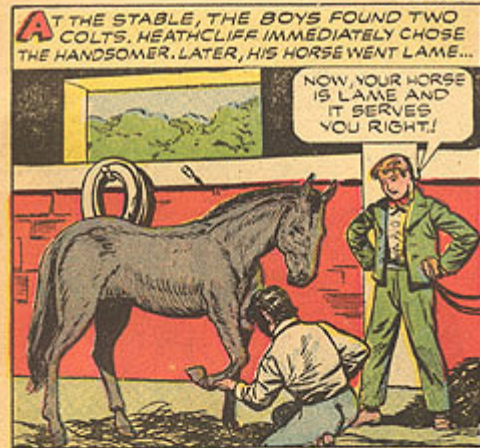




DESPITE MRS. EARNSHAW'S PROTESTS, THE BOY, CHRISTENED HEATHCLIFF, REMAINED TO BE RAISED WITH CATHY AND HINDLEY, WHILE HINDLEY DISPLAYED STRONG RESENTMENT AGAINST THE NEWCOMER, THE NEWCOMER, CATHY SHOWED A STRANGE AFFECTION FOR THE LAD.



CLASSICS Illustrated

ELLEN DEAN, THE HOUSEKEEPER, CAME TO THE RESCUE...



I'LL GO TO THE MASTER AND TELL HIM HINDLEY TRIED TO KILL ME!

NO, HEATHCLIFF, YOU MUSTN'T! THAT WOULD ONLY MAKE THINGS WORSE!

LATER, FEARFUL THAT HEATHCLIFF WOULD TELL HIS FATHER OF THE INCIDENT, HINDLEY IS FORCED TO GIVE IN...



TAKE MY COLT, GYPSY! AND I PRAY THAT HE MAY BREAK YOUR NECK!

HINDLEY THEN SENT HEATHCLIFF SPRAWLING UNDER THE COLT'S FEET...



TAKE THAT! AND I HOPE HE KICKS YOUR BRAINS OUT!



WITHOUT A WORD, HEATHCLIFF COOLY PICKED HIMSELF UP AND LED THE BEAST AWAY, SATISFIED THAT HE HAD GOTTEN WHAT HE WANTED...

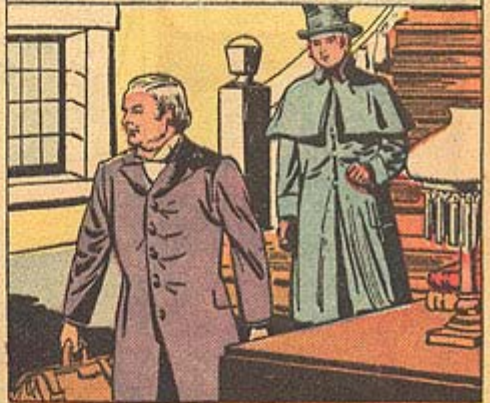
IN THE COURSE OF TIME, MR. EARNSHAW'S HEALTH BEGAN TO FAIL, AND HE BECAME MORE IRRITABLE WITH HINDLEY...



I TELL YOU, CURATE, THAT BOY WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME.

FOR YOUR OWN PEACE, I WOULD ADVISE SENDING HINDLEY OFF TO COLLEGE.

HINDLEY WAS SENT OFF TO COLLEGE, AND FOR A WHILE, IT LOOKED LIKE THERE WOULD BE SOME PEACE IN THE HOUSEHOLD...



WUTHERING HEIGHTS

ALL WAS FAIRLY PEACEFUL AND QUIET FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS. THEN, MR. EARNSHAW DIED AND HINDLEY CAME HOME TO THE FUNERAL... BRINGING A STRANGE WOMAN WITH HIM...



NELLY, MEET MY WIFE... WE'VE COME HOME TO STAY.

WIFE! WELL, WELCOME TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

YOU MUST WASH UP, MY DEAR, AND I'LL FIX UP A ROOM FOR YOU AND HINDLEY.



HINDLEY WAS NOW MASTER...



YOU AND JOSEPH MUST HENCEFORTH CONFINED YOURSELVES TO THE BACK KITCHEN AND LEAVE THE HOUSE TO ME!



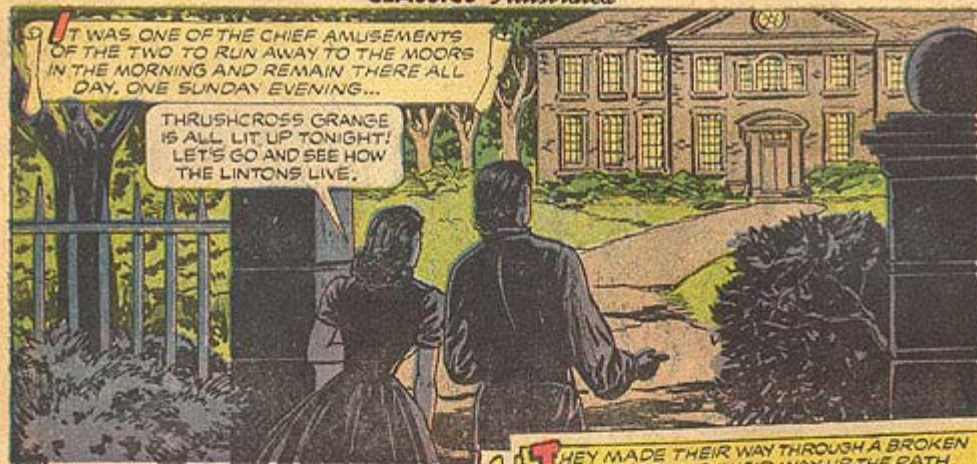
AS FOR YOU, HEATHCLIFF, YOU'LL LIVE WITH THE SERVANTS AND WILL RECEIVE NO INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE CURATE!

IT IS MY WISH THAT YOU SPEND YOUR TIME OUTDOORS LABORING WITH THE OTHER HELP ON THE FARM. I SHALL BE THE MASTER OF WUTHERING HEIGHTS!



HEATHCLIFF BORE HIS DEGRADATION WELL. CATHY TAUGHT HIM WHAT SHE LEARNED AND WORKED OR PLAYED WITH HIM IN THE FIELDS...





IT WAS ONE OF THE CHIEF AMUSEMENTS OF THE TWO TO RUN AWAY TO THE MOORS IN THE MORNING AND REMAIN THERE ALL DAY, ONE SUNDAY EVENING...

THRUSHCROSS GRANGE IS ALL LIT UP TONIGHT! LET'S GO AND SEE HOW THE LINTONS LIVE.



I SUPPOSE THE CHILDREN PASS THEIR SUNDAY EVENINGS SHIVERING IN CORNERS.

YES, AND IF IT'S ANYTHING LIKE OUR HOUSE, THEIR FATHER AND MOTHER ARE PROBABLY AT THEIR MEAL, GINGING AND LAUGHING AND BURNING THEIR EYES OUT BEFORE THE FIRE.



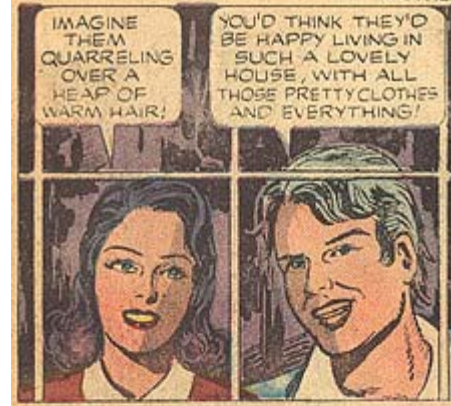
THEY MADE THEIR WAY THROUGH A BROKEN HEDGE, GROPED THEIR WAY UP THE PATH AND PEERED INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW...



WHAT MET THEIR EYES WAS A PETTY QUARREL AMIDST A SCENE OF SPLENDOR...

THE DOG IS MINE... PAPA GAVE IT TO ME!

HE DID NOT! HE GAVE IT TO BOTH OF US!



IMAGINE THEM QUARRLING OVER A HEAP OF WARM HAIR!

YOU'D THINK THEY'D BE HAPPY LIVING IN SUCH A LOVELY HOUSE, WITH ALL THOSE PRETTY CLOTHES AND EVERYTHING!



HEARING THE INTRUDERS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...

THERE'S SOMEBODY OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!

OH, MAMA, MAMA! OH! PAPA... COME HERE, QUICK!



AS CATHY AND HEATHCLIFF STARTED TO RUN AWAY, THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A SAVAGE DOG.

RUN, HEATHCLIFF, RUN! BEFORE THE DOG GETS YOU, TOO!

LET GO, YOU CURSED BEAST!



KEEP FAST, SKULKER! KEEP... GOOD HEAVENS, IT'S A LITTLE GIRL!

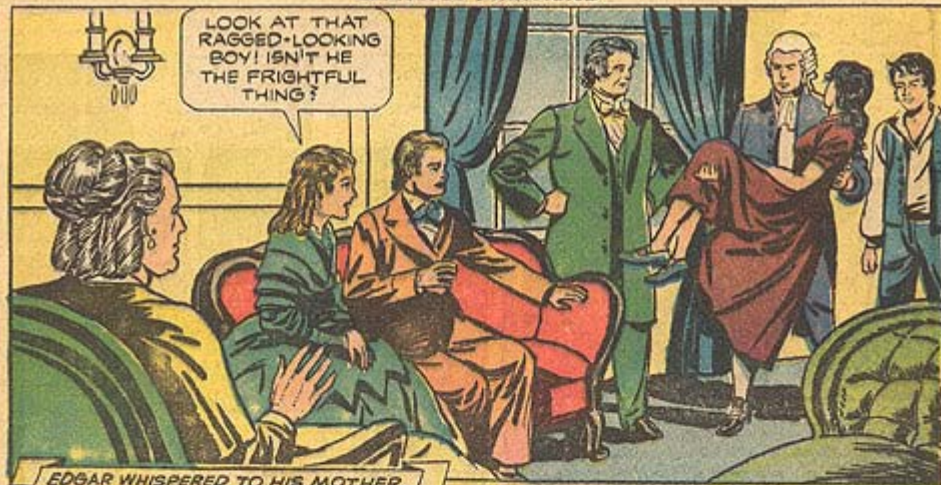


THE DOG WAS BEATEN OFF AND THE SERVANT CARRIED CATHY INTO THE HOUSE...



WHAT PREY, ROBERT?

SKULKER HAS CAUGHT A LITTLE GIRL, SIR... AND THERE'S A LAD HERE, TOO!



LOOK AT THAT RAGGED-LOOKING BOY! ISN'T HE THE FRIGHTFUL THING?

EDGAR WHISPERED TO HIS MOTHER...

THAT'S MISS EARNSHAW, MOTHER. I'M SURE I'VE SEEN HER AT CHURCH!

NONSENSE! AND YET, SHE IS IN MOURNING...

HE MUST BE THAT STRANGE ACQUISITION MY LATE NEIGHBOR MADE, IN HIS JOURNEY TO LIVERPOOL.

A WICKED BOY AT ALL EVENTS AND QUITE UNFIT FOR A DECENT HOUSE, TELL ROBERT TO TAKE HIM OFF... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE INJURED GIRL!



LATE THAT NIGHT, HEATHCLIFF RETURNED ALONE TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS, AND TOLD HIS STORY TO ELLEN.

THERE WILL MORE COME OF THIS THAN YOU RECKON. YOU ARE INCURABLE, HEATHCLIFF... MR. HINDLEY WILL ORDER ANOTHER FLOGGING FOR YOU, SEE IF HE WON'T!



CATHY STAYED FIVE WEEKS AT THRUSHCROSS GRANGE, UNTIL CHRISTMAS. HINDLEY'S WIFE VISITED HER OFTEN IN THE INTERVAL, AND IN AN ATTEMPT TO RAISE CATHY'S RESPECT, SHOWERED HER WITH FINE CLOTHES AND FLATTERY, WHICH THE GIRL TOOK READILY...



CATHY ARRIVED AT WUTHERING HEIGHTS RICHLY ATTIRED, QUITE UNLIKE THE WILD, HATLESS LITTLE SAVAGE THAT HAD LEFT SOME WEEKS BEFORE...

WHY, CATHY YOU'RE QUITE A BEAUTY! SHE LOOKS LIKE A LADY NOW, DOESN'T SHE, FRANCES?

YES, BUT SHE MUST MIND AND NOT GROW WILD AGAIN HERE.



WHY, CATHY, I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU!

IS HEATHCLIFF NOT HERE?

HEATHCLIFF, COME FORWARD! YOU MAY COME AND WISH MISS CATHERINE WELCOME, LIKE THE OTHER SERVANTS!



CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF HER FRIEND, CATHY FLEW TO EMBRACE HIM...

WHY, HOW VERY BLACK AND CROSS YOU LOOK... AND HOW... HOW FUNNY AND GRIM. BUT THAT'S BECAUSE I'M USED TO EDGAR AND ISABELLA LINTON. WELL, HEATHCLIFF, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ME?





SHAKE HANDS, HEATHCLIFF...ONCE, IN A WAY THAT IS PERMITTED!



I SHALL NOT! I SHALL NOT STAND TO BE LAUGHED AT...I SHALL NOT BEAR IT!



I DID NOT MEAN TO LAUGH AT YOU, HEATHCLIFF! IT WAS ONLY THAT YOU LOOKED ODD...AND YOU ARE SO DIRTY!

I SHALL BE DIRTY AS I PLEASE...AND I LIKE TO BE DIRTY!



WITH THAT, HE DASHED OUT OF THE ROOM, AND THE MERRIMENT OF THE MASTER AND MISTRESS AND TO THE SERIOUS DISTURBANCE OF CATHY...



CHRISTMAS EVE CAME. THE EARNSHAW'S MADE PREPARATIONS TO RECEIVE EDGAR AND ISABELLA LINTON, WHO HAD BEEN INVITED FOR THE MORROW...



CHRISTMAS MORNING... NELLY, MAKE ME DECENT WHILE THE OTHERS ARE IN CHURCH!

WELL, IT IS CERTAINLY HIGH TIME, HEATHCLIFF!



THEIR CONVERSATION WAS INTERRUPTED BY A RAMBLING SOUND MOVING UP THE ROAD AND ENTERING THE COURT...

THERE ARE THE LINTONS. NOW! YOU MUST BE ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOR AND GREET THEM PLEASANTLY.



AS HEATHCLIFF OPENED THE DOOR LEADING FROM THE KITCHEN...

JOSEPH, KEEP THE FELLOW OUT OF THE PARLOR...SEND HIM TO THE GARRET TILL DINNER IS OVER. HE'LL BE CRAMMING HIS FINGERS INTO EVERYTHING IF LET ALONE A MINUTE.

NAY, SIR, HE'LL TOUCH NOTHING, NOT HE...AND I SUPPOSE HE MUST HAVE HIS SHARE OF THE DAINTIES AS WELL AS WE.

HE SHALL HAVE HIS SHARE OF MY HANDS! I'LL PULL THOSE ELEGANT LOCKS OF HIS A BIT LONGER!

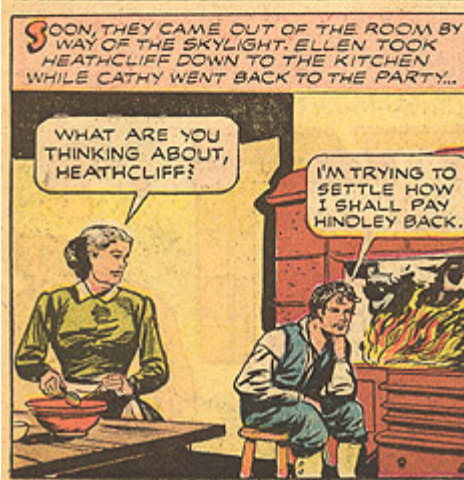
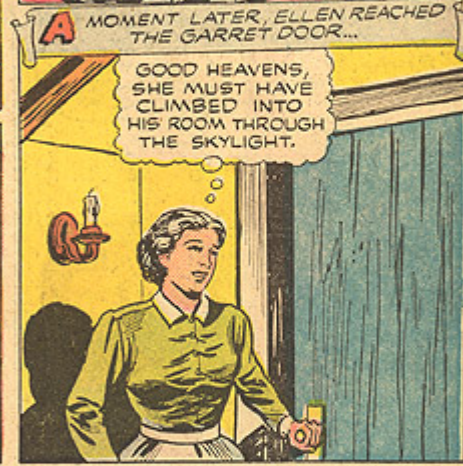
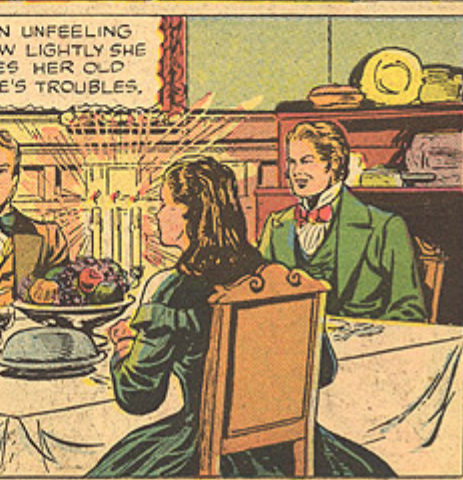


THEY'RE LONG ENOUGH ALREADY! I WONDER WHY THEY DON'T MAKE HIS HEAD ACHE.



WILD WITH RAGE, HEATHCLIFF SEIZED A TUREN OF HOT APPLESAUCE AND HURLED IT AT EDGAR, HIS TORMENTOR...

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO HOLD YOUR TONGUE!



CLASSICS Illustrated

IN DUE COURSE, A CHILD WAS BORN TO THE EARNSHAWS, BUT THE MOTHER DIED SOON AFTER. OVERCOME BY HIS GRIEF, HINDLEY GAVE HIMSELF UP TO RECKLESS DISSIPATION...



THE CHILD, HARETON, BECAME THE PARTICULAR CHARGE OF ELLEN DEAN...



IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO BE MOTHER AND FATHER TO YOU FROM NOW ON, MY LITTLE SWEET!

SOMETIME LATER, WHILE HINDLEY WAS AWAY FROM THE HEIGHTS...



CATHY, ARE YOU BUSY THIS AFTERNOON? ARE YOU GOING OUT?

NO, IT IS RAINING, HEATHCLIFF.



WHY HAVE YOU THAT SILK FROCK ON, THEN? NOBODY COMING HERE, I HOPE!



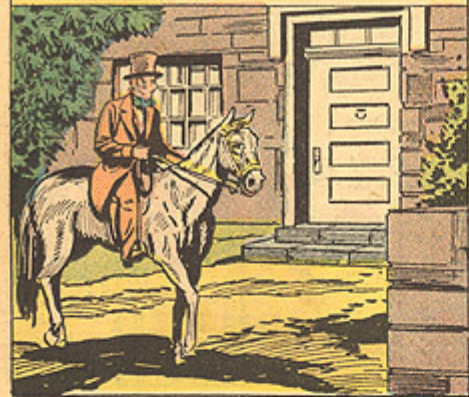
NOT THAT I KNOW OF... BUT YOU SHOULD BE IN THE FIELD NOW, HEATHCLIFF. IT IS AN HOUR PAST DINNER-TIME... YOU SHOULD BE GONE!



HINDLEY DOES NOT OFTEN FREE US FROM HIS ACCURSED PRESENCE! I'LL NOT WORK ANY MORE... I'LL STAY WITH YOU! YOU'VE BEEN MORE WITH THE LINTONS THAN WITH ME!

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

THEIR CONVERSATION WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF A HORSE'S HOOF IN THE COURT...



EDGAR LINTON SOON CAME IN AND CATHY MARKED THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HER FRIENDS... AS ONE CAME IN, AND THE OTHER LEFT...



SO SHE WAS EXPECTING COMPANY!

I'M NOT COME TOO SOON, AM I?



NO, WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE, NELLY?



HINDLEY HAD GIVEN ELLEN INSTRUCTIONS TO BE PRESENT AT ANY PRIVATE VISITS OF EDGAR LINTON...

MY WORK, MISS!



SHE STEPPED BEHIND ELLEN AND WHISPERED CROSSLY...

TAKE YOURSELF AND YOUR CUSTER OFF! WHEN COMPANY IS IN THE HOUSE, SERVANTS DON'T COMMENCE CLEANING IN THE ROOM WHERE THEY ARE!

I'M SURE MR. LINTON WILL EXCUSE ME!



IRRESISTIBLY IMPELLED BY THE MEAN SPIRIT WITHIN HER, CATHY SLAPPED HER ON THE CHEEK...

CATHERINE, LOVE! CATHERINE!



LEAVE THE ROOM, ELLEN!



OVERCOME WITH RAGE, CATHY SEIZED THE CHILD AND SHOOK HIM UNTIL HE TURNED BLUE.

PLEASE, CATHERINE, YOU'LL HURT THE CHILD!



WICKED AUNT CATHY!



FREEING ONE ARM, CATHY LET FLY AT THE ASTONISHED YOUNG MAN...



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, EDGAR?



HOW CAN I STAY AFTER YOU HAVE STRUCK ME! YOU'VE MADE ME AFRAID AND ASHAMED OF YOU! I'LL NOT COME HERE AGAIN!



CATHY DROPPED DOWN ON HER KNEES AND SET TO WEEPING IN EARNEST...



YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT ME! WHY DON'T YOU GO!

PLEASE, CATHERINE, I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE YOU CRY! I LOVE YOU, DARLING!



OVERCOME BY CATHY'S DISPLAY OF SELF-PITY, EDGAR REMAINED TO COMFORT HER...



ELLEN APPEARED SUDDENLY...

YOU'D BETTER GO NOW, MASTER EDGAR! HINDLEY'S COME HOME AND HE'S DRUNK!

EDGAR RAN SPEEDILY TO HIS HORSE AND CATHY TO HER CHAMBER. ELLEN WENT TO HIDE LITTLE HARETON AND REMOVE THE SHOT FROM HINDLEY'S FOWLING PIECE *
*OLD TIME RIFLE



THERE, I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST! WITH THE HELP OF SATAN, I SHALL MAKE YOU SWALLOW A CARVING KNIFE! HIDING MY OWN CHILD FROM ME!



SO YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME, YOUR OWN FATHER! AS SURE AS I'M LIVING, I'LL BREAK THE BRAT'S NECK!



HE CARRIED THE STRUGGLING CHILD UP THE STAIRS AND LIFTED HIM OVER THE BANNISTER...

PLEASE, MASTER HINDLEY, YOU'LL FRIGHTEN THE CHILD INTO FITS!



HINDLEY WAS MOMENTARILY ATTRACTED BY A NOISE FROM BELOW...

WHO IS THAT?



YOU'RE WORSE THAN 'A HEATHEN!



BY A NATURAL IMPULSE, HEATHCLIFF ARRESTED THE CHILD'S DESCENT...

TAKE THE BRAT OUT OF MY SIGHT! AND YOU, HEATHCLIFF, CLEAR OUT BEFORE I GET AN INCLINATION TO MURDER YOU!



INSTEAD OF LEAVING THE HOUSE, HEATHCLIFF FLUNG HIMSELF ON A BENCH NEAR THE WALL IN THE KITCHEN...



SOME TIME LATER, CATHY, UNAWARE OF HEATHCLIFF'S PRESENCE...

ARE YOU ALONE, NELLY? WHERE'S HEATHCLIFF?

ABOUT HIS IN THE STABLE, I SUPPOSE!



EDGAR LINTON ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM. NOW, BEFORE I TELL YOU WHAT MY ANSWER WAS, YOU TELL ME WHAT IT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN!

I MUST SAY HE IS HOPELESSLY STUPID OR A VENTURESOME FOOL. WHAT ABOUT HEATHCLIFF?



IT WOULD DEGRADE ME TO MARRY HEATHCLIFF NOW... SO HE SHALL NEVER KNOW HOW I LOVE HIM. WHATEVER OUR SOULS ARE MADE OF, THEY'RE THE SAME!



HEATHCLIFF HAD LISTENED TILL HE HEARD CATHY SAY HE WOULD DEGRADE HER, AND THEN STOLE NOISELESSLY OUT...



CATHY, I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOU ARE A WICKED, UNPRINCIPLED GIRL! IF YOU MARRY EDGAR, YOU'LL REGRET IT AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!

CLASSICS Illustrated

HEATHCLIFF HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED FROM WUTHERING HEIGHTS. SOME TIME LATER, CATHY AND EDGAR LINTON WERE MARRIED...



SOON AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE...



NELLY, I WANT YOU TO COME AND LIVE WITH ME AT THRUSHCROSS GRANGE.

NO, CATHERINE, I MUST STAY HERE WITH HARETON!



WHEN ELLEN REFUSED, CATHY PREVAILED UPON HER HUSBAND AND BROTHER HINDLEY TO PERSUADE HER TO LEAVE WUTHERING HEIGHTS...

I'LL HAVE NO MORE OF THIS, ELLEN! PACK UP AND GO! I WANT NO WOMAN IN THE HOUSE, NOW THAT THERE'S NO MISTRESS. THE CURATE WILL TAKE THE CHILD IN HAND LATER!



I'LL GO, MASTER HINDLEY, BUT I MUST SAY YOU GOT RID OF ALL DECENT PEOPLE ONLY TO RUN TO RUIN A LITTLE FASTER.



ELLEN HAD NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO OBEY HINDLEY'S ORDERS, AND SO, MUCH AGAINST HER WISHES, SHE TEARFULLY SAID GOODBYE TO HARETON AND LEFT WUTHERING HEIGHTS...

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

ELLEN WAS COMING FROM THE GARDEN WITH A HEAVY BASKET OF APPLES SHE HAD BEEN GATHERING...



EDGAR AND CATHY LIVED HAPPILY AT THRUSHCROSS GRANGE FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, EACH SHOWING THE UTMOST RESPECT FOR AND DEVOTION TO THE OTHER. THEN, ON A MELLOW EVENING IN SEPTEMBER, CAME A BREAK IN THEIR PLACID EXISTENCE...



SUDDENLY, AS SHE STOPPED TO REST BY THE KITCHEN DOOR...



I HAVE WAITED HERE AN HOUR... I DARED NOT ENTER! LOOK, I'M NOT A STRANGER!

WHAT! YOU COME BACK? IS IT REALLY...



YES, HEATHCLIFF! ARE THEY AT HOME... WHERE IS SHE? I MUST HAVE ONE WORD WITH YOUR MISTRESS! TELL HER SOME PERSON FROM GIMMERTON DESIRES TO SEE HER!



HOW WILL SHE TAKE IT? IT WILL PUT HER OUT OF HER HEAD... AND, YOU ARE HEATHCLIFF, BUT ALTERED. I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU.

GO AND CARRY MY MESSAGE. I CANNOT REST TILL YOU DO.

ELLEN SOON ENTERED THE PARLOUR...



A PERSON FROM GIMMERTON WISHES TO SEE YOU, MA'AM.

WISHES TO SEE ME? WELL, CLOSE THE CURTAINS, NELLY, AND BRING UP TEA! I'LL BE BACK DIRECTLY!

A MOMENT LATER...



OH, EDGAR, EDGAR!



OH, EDGAR, DARLING... HEATHCLIFF'S COME BACK... HE IS!

WELL, WELL, DON'T STRANGLE ME FOR THAT! HE NEVER STRUCK ME AS A MARVELOUS TREASURE. THERE IS NO NEED TO BE FRANTIC.



I KNOW YOU DIDN'T LIKE HIM, YET FOR MY SAKE YOU MUST BE FRIENDS NOW! SHALL I TELL HIM TO COME UP?



ELLEN WILL FETCH HIM... AND CATHERINE, TRY TO BE GLAD WITHOUT BEING ABSURD. THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD NEED NOT WITNESS THE SIGHT OF YOUR WELCOMING A RUNAWAY SERVANT AS A BROTHER.

WELCOMING A RUNAWAY SERVANT AS A BROTHER.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AFTER AN AWKWARD EXCHANGE OF GREETINGS...

SIT DOWN, SIR, OF COURSE, I AM HAPPY TO SEE YOU... IF IT PLEASES MRS. LINTON.



CRUEL HEATHCLIFF, YOU DO NOT DESERVE THIS WELCOME. TO BE ABSENT AND SILENT FOR SO LONG, AND NEVER TO THINK OF ME!



A LITTLE MORE THAN YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF ME. I'VE FOUGHT THROUGH A BITTER LIFE SINCE I LAST HEARD YOUR VOICE.



CATHERINE, UNLESS WE ARE TO HAVE COLD TEA, PLEASE COME UP TO THE TABLE. MR. HEATHCLIFF WILL HAVE A LONG WALK WHEREVER HE MAY LODGE TONIGHT, AND I'M THIRSTY!



AN HOUR LATER...

ARE YOU GOING TO GIMMERTON?

NO, TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS. MR. EARNSHAW INVITED ME WHEN I CALLED THIS MORNING.



WHEN HEATHCLIFF LEFT, ELLEN PONDERED HIS LAST WORDS PAINFULLY...

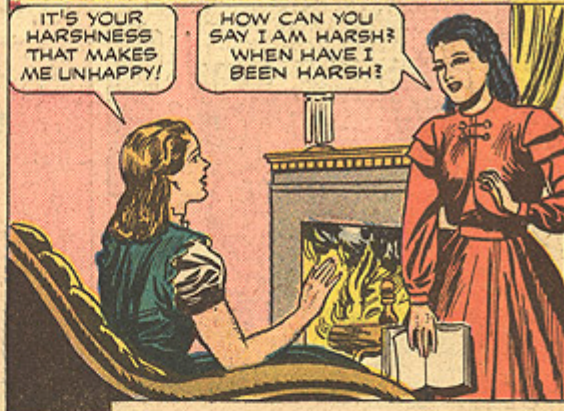
MR. EARNSHAW INVITED HIM... AND HE CALLED ON MR. EARNSHAW! I FEAR HE'S COME BACK TO WORK SOME MISCHIEF! WHY DID HE HAVE TO COME BACK?

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, HEATHCLIFF WAS A FREQUENT VISITOR TO THE LINTON'S. ISABELLA LINTON, NOW A CHARMING YOUNG LADY OF EIGHTEEN, SUDDENLY SHOWED AN IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION TOWARD THE TOLERATED GUEST...

HE GREW CROSS AND IRRITABLE WITH THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD. ONE EVENING...

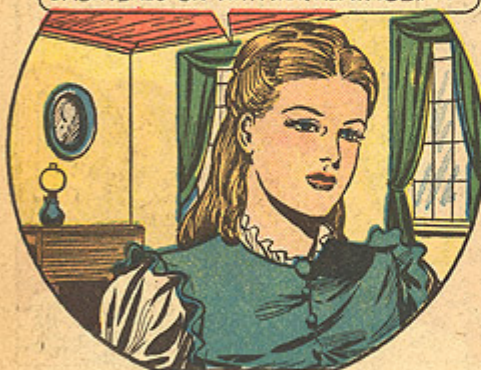
IT'S YOUR HARSHNESS THAT MAKES ME UNHAPPY!

HOW CAN YOU SAY I AM HARSH? WHEN HAVE I BEEN HARSH?



YESTERDAY, IN OUR WALK ALONG THE MOOR! YOU TOLD ME TO RAMBLE WHERE I PLEASED, WHILE YOU SAUNTERED ON WITH MR. HEATHCLIFF!

AND THAT'S YOUR NOTION OF HARSHNESS? WHY, YOU SILLY CHILD... I MERELY THOUGHT THAT MR. HEATHCLIFF'S TALK WOULD HAVE NOTHING ENTERTAINING FOR YOUR EARS.



ISABELLA THEN CRIED OUT...

I LOVE HIM MORE THAN YOU EVER LOVED EDGAR! AND HE MIGHT LOVE ME IF YOU WOULD LET HIM!



I WOULDN'T BE YOU FOR A KINGDOM, THEN! YOU DON'T KNOW HEATHCLIFF LIKE I DO... HE IS A FIERCE, WOLFISH MAN! HE'D BE QUITE CAPABLE OF MARRYING YOU FOR YOUR FORTUNE AND EXPECTATIONS!



ONE DAY, DEEPLY DISTURBED BY WHAT SHE HAD HEARD, ELLEN DECIDED TO PAY A VISIT TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS...

GOD BLESS YOU, DARLING! HARETON, IT'S NELLY, YOUR NURSE!



IT SOON BECAME A MATTER OF COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT HEATHCLIFF HAD INSTALLED HIMSELF AS MASTER OF WUTHERING HEIGHTS. HINDLEY, FORCED TO TURN TO HEATHCLIFF FOR FINANCIAL HELP, INCREASED HIS DISSIPATION AND WILD MANNER OF LIVING...

HE RETREATED AND PICKED UP A LARGE STONE, CURSING AND SWEARING AS HE DID...

HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME.



HE OFFERED HIM AN ORANGE AND HE QUICKLY SNATCHED IT FROM HER HAND...



SHE OFFERED A SECOND ONE...

WHO HAS TAUGHT YOU THOSE FINE WORDS? THE CURATE?



BLAST THE CURATE AND YOU! GIVE ME THAT!





AND YOUR DADDY, WHAT DOES HE TEACH YOU?

NAUGHT, BUT TO KEEP OUT OF HIS WAY! IT IS HEATHCLIFF WHO TEACHES ME TO SWEAR, AND AT DADDY, TOO!



HE PAYS BACK TO DADDY WHAT HE GIVES TO ME... HE CURSES DADDY FOR CURSING ME! HE SAYS I MAY DO AS I WILL!

CATCHING SIGHT OF HEATHCLIFF, ELLEN TURNED DIRECTLY AND RAN DOWN THE ROAD, NOT STOPPING TILL SHE HAD REACHED THE GUIDE-POST...



HEATHCLIFF MUST NEVER KNOW I'VE BEEN HERE!



ONE DAY, ELLEN, LOOKING OUT TO THE COURT FROM THE KITCHEN WINDOW, SAW...

PLEASE, HEATHCLIFF, NOT OUT HERE IN THE COURT! MY BROTHER WILL BE FURIOUS!



TRAITOR! YOU ARE A HYPOCRITE, TOO, ARE YOU? A DELIBERATE DECEIVER!

WHO IS, NELLY?



YOUR WORTHLESS FRIEND, THE SNEAKING RASCAL YONDER! AH, HE'S CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF US... HE'S COMING IN! I WONDER WILL HE HAVE THE HEART TO FIND A PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE FOR MAKING LOVE TO MISS!



A MOMENT LATER, HEATHCLIFF OPENED THE DOOR...

HEATHCLIFF, WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT, RAISING THIS STIR? I SAID YOU MUST LET ISABELLA ALONE! DO YOU WANT EDGAR TO FORBID YOUR COMING HERE?



HE'D BETTER NOT TRY! I'VE A RIGHT TO KISS HER, IF SHE CHOOSES, AND YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO OBJECT! I'M NOT YOUR HUSBAND... YOU NEEDN'T BE JEALOUS OF ME!



IF YOU LIKE ISABELLA, YOU SHALL MARRY HER.. BUT I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE HER! ON THE CONTRARY, YOU TOLD ME YOURSELF YOU HATED HER!



I HAVE MY OWN GOOD REASONS FOR WHAT I DO, CATHY! IF I IMAGINED YOU REALLY WANTED ME TO MARRY HER, I'D CUT MY THROAT!



ELLEN LEFT THEM TO SEEK EDGAR, WHO WAS WONDERING WHAT KEPT CATHY BELOW SO LONG...



ELLEN, HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MISTRESS?

YES, SHE'S IN THE KITCHEN. SHE'S SAADLY PUT OUT BY MR. HEATHCLIFF'S BEHAVIOR, AND, INDEED, I THINK IT TIME TO CALL OFF HIS VISITS HERE.

ELLEN THEN RELATED WHAT HAD HAPPENED...



THIS IS INSUFFERABLE! CALL ME TWO MEN OUT OF THE HALL, ELLEN. I HAVE HUMORED CATHERINE AND HER FRIEND ENOUGH!

A MOMENT LATER...



YOUR PRESENCE, SIR, IS A MORAL POISON, AND I GIVE YOU THREE MINUTES TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE, NEVER TO RETURN!

CATHY, THIS LAMB OF YOURS THREATENS LIKE A BULL! IT IS IN DANGER OF SPLITTING ITS SKULL AGAINST MY KNUCKLES!

AS HEATHCLIFF APPROACHED IN A THREATENING MANNER, EDGAR SPRANG AT HIM AND STRUCK HIM FULL ON THE THROAT AND RAN OUT OF THE ROOM...



YOU MUST LEAVE, HEATHCLIFF! HE'LL RETURN WITH A BRACE OF PISTOLS AND HALF A DOZEN MEN!

I'LL CRUSH HIS RIBS IN LIKE A ROTTEN HAZEL NUT BEFORE I CROSS THE THRESHOLD! LET ME GET AT HIM!



EDGAR RETURNED WITH SOME OF THE MEN SERVANTS AND HEATHCLIFF WAS FORCED TO LEAVE...

FOR TWO DAYS, CATHY REMAINED SHUT UP IN HER ROOM, REFUSING TO ALLOW ELLEN TO ENTER WITH FOOD. EDGAR HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH ISABELLA, AND WARNED HER NOT TO ENCOURAGE THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN HERSELF AND HEATHCLIFF...



ON THE THIRD DAY, CATHY OPENED THE DOOR TO ELLEN...

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME TO YOUR SENSES, MISS. I'D THINK YOU'D SHOW SOME CONSIDERATION FOR MR. LINTON, AT LEAST!



WHAT IS THAT APATHETIC THING DOING! HAS HE FALLEN INTO A TRANCE OR IS HE DEAD?



HE'S TOLERABLY WELL, I THINK! HE'S CONTINUALLY AMONG HIS BOOKS, SINCE HE HAS NO OTHER SOCIETY.

AMONG HIS BOOKS! AND HERE I AM DYING! IS HE ACTUALLY SO INDIFFERENT FOR MY LIFE!

WHY, MA'AM, THE MASTER HAS NO IDEA YOU'RE IN DANGER. SURELY, HE DOESN'T FEAR THAT YOU'LL LET YOURSELF DIE OF HUNGER!



HOWEVER, CONTRARY TO ELLEN'S BELIEF, CATHY WAS DESPERATELY ILL. SHE WAS IN GRAVE DANGER OF LOSING HER MIND. THE COUNTY DOCTOR WAS CALLED AND KEPT WATCH OVER HER ALL THAT NIGHT...





THEN, ONE MORNING...

SHE HAS PASSED THE CRISIS. BUT I WARN YOU TO KEEP HER FREE FROM ANY EXCITEMENT, OR I CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONSEQUENCES.

HOW IS SHE, DOCTOR?



SUDDENLY...

OH, MASTER, MASTER, OUR YOUNG LADY, ISABELLA...

HUSH, MARY, WHAT IS THE MATTER? WHAT AILS YOUR YOUNG LADY?



SHE'S GONE, SHE'S GONE! HEATHCLIFF'S RUN OFF WITH HER!



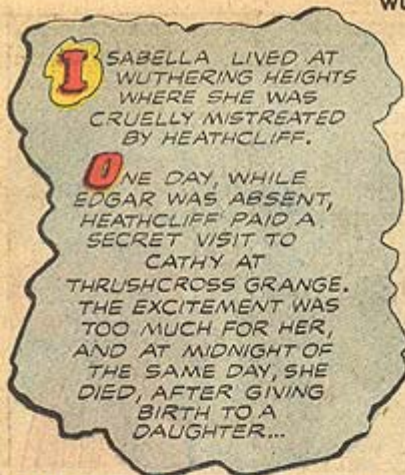
THAT'S NOT TRUE! HOW HAS THE IDEA ENTERED YOUR HEAD? ELLEN, GO AND SEEK HER.



ELLEN RETURNED, CONFIRMING THE SERVANT'S STATEMENT... ARE WE TO TRY ANY MEASURES FOR OVERTAKING HER AND BRINGING HER BACK? HOW SHOULD WE DO?



SHE WENT OF HER OWN ACCORD. TROUBLE ME NO MORE ABOUT HER... HEREAFTER, SHE'S MY SISTER IN NAME ONLY.



ISABELLA LIVED AT WUTHERING HEIGHTS WHERE SHE WAS CRUELLY MISTREATED BY HEATHCLIFF.

ONE DAY, WHILE EDGAR WAS ABSENT, HEATHCLIFF PAID A SECRET VISIT TO CATHY AT THRUSHCROSS GRANGE. THE EXCITEMENT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER, AND AT MIDNIGHT OF THE SAME DAY, SHE DIED, AFTER GIVING BIRTH TO A DAUGHTER...



POOR EDGAR... BUT HIS SORROW IS NOTHING TO THAT OF HEATHCLIFF'S WHEN HE LEARNS OF CATHY'S DEATH.



HEATHCLIFF, WHO HAD PROMISED TO RETURN THE NEXT DAY, WAS ACCOSTED BY ELLEN IN THE GARDEN. BEFORE SHE COULD SAY ANYTHING...

SHE'S DEAD! I'VE NOT WAITED FOR YOU, TO LEARN THAT! DON'T SNIVEL BEFORE ME... SHE WANTS NONE OF YOUR TEARS!



YES, SHE'S DEAD! GONE TO HEAVEN, I HOPE, WHERE WE MAY ALL JOIN HER IF WE TAKE DUE WARNING AND LEAVE OUR EVIL WAYS TO FIND GOOD!



HOW DID SHE DIE? DID SHE EVER MENTION ME?

QUIETLY AS A LAMB. HER LIFE CLOSED IN A GENTLE DREAM.



AT THAT, HE CRIED OUT IN ANGUISH...

CATHERINE EARNSHAW, MAY YOU NOT REST AS LONG AS I AM LIVING! BE WITH ME ALWAYS... TAKE MY FORM... DRIVE ME MAD! DON'T LEAVE ME IN THE ABYSS WHERE I CANNOT FIND YOU! I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT MY LIFE! I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT MY SOUL!

CLASSICS Illustrated

HEATHCLIFF RETURNED TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

AT THE FUNERAL THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE ONLY MOURNERS WERE LINTON AND THE SERVANTS.

THE DAY AFTER THE FUNERAL, LINTON KEPT TO HIS ROOM WHILE THE PARLOR WAS CONVERTED INTO A NURSERY FOR HIS CHILD WHO WAS NAMED CATHERINE...

THAT SAME AFTERNOON, ISABELLA ENTERED THE PARLOR LAUGHING GIDDILY, THINKING IT WAS A SERVANT, ELLEN CALLED OUT...

HAVE DONE! HOW DARE YOU SHOW YOUR GIDDINESS HERE? WHAT WOULD MR. LINTON SAY IF HE HEARD YOU?



A FAMILIAR VOICE ANSWERED...

EXCUSE ME, BUT I KNOW EDGAR IS IN BED AND I CANNOT HELP MYSELF!



MRS. HEATHCLIFF!

I HAVE RUN THE WHOLE WAY FROM WUTHERING HEIGHTS! THERE SHALL BE AN EXPLANATION AS SOON AS I CAN GIVE IT! ONLY JUST HAVE THE GOONNESS TO ORDER THE CARRIAGE TO TAKE ME TO GIMMERTON.



I SHALL HEAR NOTHING TILL YOU HAVE CHANGED INTO FRESH CLOTHES! CERTAINLY YOU SHALL NOT GO TO GIMMERTON TONIGHT!



ISABELLA TOLD ELLEN OF HER ESCAPE FROM HEATHCLIFF...

AH, HE WAS IN SUCH A FURY, HE'D BE CAPABLE OF COMING HERE TO SEE ME, TO TEASE EDGAR. I DARE NOT STAY LEST THAT NOTION POSSESS HIS WICKED HEAD!



ISABELLA THEN WENT INTO A LONG RECITAL OF HER TERRIFYING EXPERIENCES AT WUTHERING HEIGHTS. AN HOUR LATER, SHE LEFT... NEVER TO RETURN.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

HEATHCLIFF DISCOVERED ISABELLA'S RESIDENCE AND THE EXISTENCE OF THE CHILD, BUT CHOSE NOT TO MOLEST THEM FOR THE MOMENT, BUT LATER...

SO THEY NAMED HIM LINTON... THEY WISH ME TO HATE IT, TOO, DO THEY?

I DON'T THINK THEY WISH YOU TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



ISABELLA SETTLED NEAR LONDON WHERE A SON WAS BORN A FEW MONTHS LATER. HE WAS NAMED LINTON, AND FROM THE FIRST PROVED AN AILING, PEEVISH CHILD.

BUT I'LL HAVE IT WHEN I WANT IT. THEY MAY RECKON ON THAT!



MINDLEY EARNSHAW DIED SOON AFTER, AND ELLEN WENT TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL...

THAT FOOL'S BODY SHOULD BE BURIED AT THE CROSSROADS, WITHOUT CEREMONY OF ANY KIND!



HE SEIZED HARETON AND LIFTED HIM ON THE TABLE...

THEY'LL NOT TAKE YOU BACK, MY BONNY LAD... YOU ARE MINE! AND WE'LL SEE IF ONE TREE WON'T GROW AS CROOKED AS ANOTHER, WITH THE SAME WIND TO TWIST IT!



THE GUEST WAS NOW THE MASTER OF WUTHERING HEIGHTS. HARETON, THE RIGHTFUL HEIR, WAS REDUCED TO A COMPLETE STATE OF DEPENDENCE ON HIS FATHER'S ENEMY...

PEACE AND HAPPINESS MARKED THE NEXT TWELVE YEARS AT THRUSHCROSS GRANGE, DISTURBED ONE DAY BY THE NEWS ISABELLA HEATHCLIFF WAS DYING, EDGAR LEFT TO BE WITH HIS SISTER, LEAVING ELLEN ALONE WITH CATHY, NOW A YOUNG LADY, AND THE SERVANTS...

A FEW DAYS LATER, EDGAR RETURNED, ACCOMPANIED BY LINTON, ISABELLA'S SON...

THIS IS YOUR COUSIN CATHERINE, LINTON! SHE'S FOND OF YOU ALREADY! AND MIND YOU, DON'T GRIEVE HER BY CRYING TONIGHT!

LET ME GO TO BED, THEN; I'M SO TIRED!

OH, HE'LL DO VERY WELL...VERY WELL, IF WE CAN KEEP HIM!

AY, IF WE CAN KEEP HIM.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, ELLEN'S WORST FEARS WERE REALIZED...

WHAT BRINGS YOU FROM YOUR MASTER'S HOUSE, JOSEPH?

HEATHCLIFF HAS SENT ME FOR HIS LAD, AND I MAY NOT GO BACK WITHOUT HIM.

KNOWING IT WOULD BE USELESS TO KEEP LINTON AWAY FROM HIS RIGHTFUL FATHER, EDGAR RELUCTANTLY PROMISED TO SEND HIM OVER THE NEXT MORNING...

NEXT MORNING, HEATHCLIFF TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS RIGHTFUL HEIR...

I HOPE YOU'LL BE KIND TO THE BOY, HEATHCLIFF...OR YOU'LL NOT KEEP HIM LONG! AND REMEMBER, HE IS THE ONLY KIN YOU HAVE LEFT IN THE WORLD.

I'LL BE VERY KIND TO HIM, YOU NEEDN'T FEAR!

YES, NELL, MY SON IS PROSPECTIVE OWNER OF YOUR PLACE AND I SHOULD NOT WISH HIM TO DIE TILL I WAS CERTAIN OF BEING HIS SUCCESSOR! I DESPISE HIM FOR HIMSELF, AND I AM BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED WITH THE WHINING LITTLE WRETCH!

TIME WORE ON AT THE GRANGE IN A PLEASANT WAY TILL CATHERINE WAS SIXTEEN. ONE MORNING, SHE AND ELLEN DECIDED TO TAKE A RAMBLE ON THE EDGE OF THE MOORS...

WAIT FOR ME, CATHY, YOU'LL GET LOST!

WE'RE GETTING DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO HEATHCLIFF'S PROPERTY, AND MR. LINTON HAS WARNED ME TO KEEP HER AWAY FROM THERE!

A MOMENT LATER...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING POACHING ON MY PROPERTY? AFTER GROUSE EGGS, I SUPPOSE?

I'VE NEITHER TAKEN NOR FOUND ANY! PAPA TOLD ME THERE WERE QUANTITIES OF EGGS HERE, AND I WISHED TO SEE THEM!



MR. LINTON, OF THRUSHCROSS GRANGE! I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T KNOW ME OR YOU WOULD NOT HAVE SPOKEN THAT WAY! IS THAT YOUR SON?

AND WHO IS PAPA?



NO, HE IS NOT MY SON, BUT I HAVE ONE AND I WOULD LIKE YOU TO MEET HIM.

MISS CATHERINE, WE REALLY MUST GO BACK!



CATHERINE INSISTED ON ENTERING THE HOUSE, DESPITE ELLEN'S OBJECTIONS...

YOU DON'T REMEMBER HIM? THAT'S LINTON, YOUR COUSIN YOU ALWAYS WISHED SO MUCH TO SEE!

IS THAT LITTLE LINTON? HE'S TALLER THAN I AM. ARE YOU LINTON?



THE YOUTH STEPPED FORWARD AND CATHERINE KISSED HIM FERVENTLY...



AND YOU ARE MY UNCLE THEN. I THOUGHT I LIKED YOU, THOUGH YOU WERE CROSS AT FIRST, WHY DON'T YOU VISIT AT THE GRANGE WITH LINTON?

THERE, HANG IT! IF YOU HAVE ANY KISSES TO SPARE, GIVE THEM TO LINTON... THEY ARE THROWN AWAY ON ME!



I'D BETTER WARN YOU NOT TO TELL YOUR FATHER OF YOUR VISIT HERE, OR HE WILL FORBID YOUR COMING HERE AGAIN! YOU SEE WE QUARRELED AT ONE TIME.



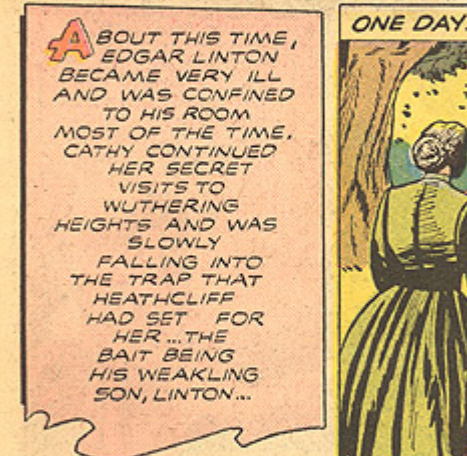
IT WAS SEVERAL MONTHS LATER THAT CATHERINE COULD PERSUADE ELLEN TO TAKE HER THERE AGAIN...

NO, NO, DON'T KISS ME, MISS LINTON... IT TAKES MY BREATH AWAY!

I HEAR YOU ARE ILL... CAN I DO YOU ANY GOOD?



WHY DIDN'T YOU COME BEFORE? DO YOU KNOW THAT BRUTE HARETON LAUGHS AT ME? I HATE HIM... INDEED I HATE THEM ALL... THEY ARE COIOUS BEINGS!



ABOUT THIS TIME, EDGAR LINTON BECAME VERY ILL AND WAS CONFINED TO HIS ROOM MOST OF THE TIME. CATHY CONTINUED HER SECRET VISITS TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS AND WAS SLOWLY FALLING INTO THE TRAP THAT HEATHCLIFF HAD SET FOR HER... THE BAIT BEING HIS WEAKLING SON, LINTON...



ONE DAY...

WELL, WE HAVE VISITORS AGAIN! HOW'S EVERYTHING AT THE GRANGE?



LOWERING HIS VOICE, HE SPOKE TO ELLEN...

I HEAR THAT EDGAR LINTON IS ON HIS DEATH-BED!

MY MASTER IS DYING. A SAD THING IT WILL BE FOR US ALL... BUT A BLESSING FOR HIM.



LINTON SEEMS DETERMINED TO UPSET MY PLANS. I'D THANK HIS UNCLE TO BE QUICK, AND GO BEFORE HIM! IS HE PRETTY LIVELY WITH MISS LINTON GENERALLY?

LIVELY? NO, HE HAS SHOWN THE GREATEST DISTRESS! TO SEE HIM, I'D SAY HE OUGHT TO BE IN BED, UNDER THE CARE OF A DOCTOR!

HE SHALL BE IN A DAY OR TWO.



BUT FIRST, GET UP, LINTON! GET UP! DON'T GROVEL ON THE GROUND THERE...UP THIS MOMENT!



GRUFFLY, HE FORCED ELLEN AND CATHY INTO THE HOUSE AND LOCKED THE DOOR...

YOU SHALL HAVE TEA BEFORE YOU GO HOME! MISS LINTON, TAKE YOUR SEAT BY HIM!



FEARFUL AT BEING LOCKED IN, CATHY SNATCHED AT THE KEY...

NOW, CATHERINE LINTON, STAND OFF OR I SHALL KNOCK YOU DOWN... AND THAT WILL MAKE MRS. DEAN MAD!



CURIOUSLY SHE SANK HER TEETH INTO HEATHCLIFF'S HAND...

THAT FOR YOUR VIOLENT TEMPER!

YOU VILLAIN! YOU VILLAIN!

GO TO LINTON NOW, AND CRY YOUR EYES OUT! I SHALL BE YOUR FATHER... ALL THE FATHER YOU SHALL HAVE FOR MANY A DAY!

WHY, YOU LITTLE DEVIL!



ELLEN WAS RELEASED AFTER BEING HELD CAPTIVE FOUR DAYS AND WENT DIRECTLY TO HER MASTER'S ROOM. SHE RELATED HER EXPERIENCE AT WUTHERING HEIGHTS...



MY POOR BABY! THAT MONSTER IS PLOTTING TO SECURE MY PERSONAL PROPERTY THROUGH HER MARRIAGE TO LINTON! YOU MUST SEND FOR MY ATTORNEY TO CHANGE MY WILL!

ELLEN LOST NO TIME IN CARRYING OUT HIS INSTRUCTIONS...

SEND FOR MR. GREEN, THE ATTORNEY, AT ONCE... AND A HALF DOZEN OF THE MEN TO BRING MISS CATHERINE BACK!



LATE THE SAME AFTERNOON...

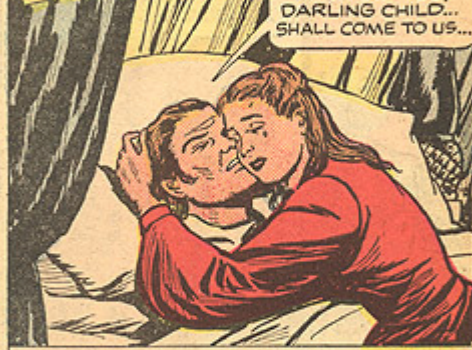
ELLEN, ELLEN, IS PAPA STILL ALIVE?

CATHERINE, IS IT REALLY YOU?



A MOMENT LATER...

I... AM... GOING TO HER! AND YOU, DARLING CHILD... SHALL COME TO US...



EDGAR DIED PEACEFULLY IN CATHERINE'S ARMS, THWARTED IN HIS PLAN TO CHANGE THE WILL...

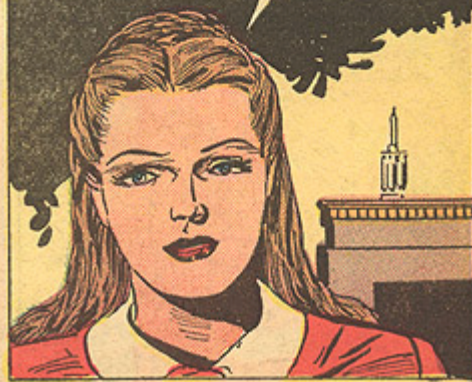
LATER...

I'M GLAD FATHER DIED WITHOUT LEARNING THAT I'M MARRIED TO THE SON OF HIS BITTEREST ENEMY.

THEN HE DID CARRY OUT HIS THREAT. THE MONSTER WILL NOW LAY CLAIM TO YOU AS HIS OWN AND FORCE YOU TO LIVE WITH HIM AT WUTHERING HEIGHTS!



I'M RESIGNED TO NELLY. LINTON IS ALL I HAVE NOW.



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO HAVE LINTON COME AND LIVE WITH US! I'D NEVER BE HAPPY LIVING HERE WITHOUT YOU!

NOTHING COULD PLEASE ME BETTER, ELLEN, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR!

SUDDENLY...

THAT DEVIL HEATHCLIFF IS COMING IN THROUGH THE COURT. SHALL I FASTEN THE DOOR IN HIS FACE?

YOU SPEAK TO HIM, NELLY! I HAVE NO DESIRE TO SEE HIM.

STOP! NO MORE RUNNING AWAY! I'VE COME TO FETCH YOU HOME!

LINTON NEEDS YOU! HE WAKES AND SHRIEKS DURING THE NIGHT AND CALLS YOU TO PROTECT HIM FROM ME! HE'S YOUR CONCERN NOW!

WHY NOT LET CATHERINE CONTINUE HERE AND SEND MASTER LINTON TO HER? AS YOU HATE THEM BOTH, YOU WON'T MISS THEM.

I'M SEEKING A TENANT FOR THE GRANGE. MAKE HASTE... AND DON'T OBLIGE ME TO COMPEL YOU!

THEY LEFT, LEAVING ELLEN TO CARE FOR THRUSHCROSS GRANGE...

UPON HER ARRIVAL AT THE HEIGHTS, CATHERINE WENT DIRECTLY TO LINTON'S ROOM. A MOMENT LATER, SHE CAME RUNNING DOWN THE STAIRS, CRYING FRANTICALLY...

LINTON IS VERY ILL, HEATHCLIFF... YOU MUST SEND FOR A DOCTOR AT ONCE!

WE KNOW THAT! BUT HIS LIFE ISN'T WORTH A FARTHING, AND I WON'T SPEND A FARTHING ON HIM!

CATHERINE SPENT THE NEXT FEW DAYS NURSING HER DYING HUSBAND. THEN ONE NIGHT...

ZILLAH! TELL MR. HEATHCLIFF HIS SON IS DYING!

MERCY ME!

IN A FEW MINUTES, HE CAME INTO THE ROOM AND FOUND CATHERINE SEATED BY THE BED...

NOW, CATHERINE, HOW DO YOU FEEL?

HE'S SAFE, AND I'M FREE! I SHOULD FEEL WELL, BUT YOU'VE LEFT ME SO LONG TO STRUGGLE AGAINST DEATH ALONE, THAT I FEEL AND SEE ONLY DEATH!

SOME TIME LATER, ELLEN WAS SUMMONED TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS, AND OBEYED JOYFULLY FOR CATHERINE'S SAKE...



YOU SENT FOR ME?

YES, I'M TIRED OF CATHERINE. YOU'LL FIND HER IN THE KITCHEN!



NELLY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

AND YOU, CATHY! YOU'RE LOOKING BADLY, MY CHILD!



CATHY POINTED TO HARETON...

NOT QUITE AS BADLY AS HE! LOOK, HE TWITCHES HIS NOSE LIKE MY DOG, JUNO, TWITCHES HERS.

MR. HARETON WILL TELL THE MASTER TO SEND YOU UPSTAIRS IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE!



DESPITE HER APPARENT CONTEMPT FOR HER COUSIN, CATHERINE REPEATEDLY MADE ATTEMPTS TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM...

YOU SHOULD BE FRIENDS WITH CATHERINE, HARETON, SINCE SHE REPENTS HER SAUCINESS. IT WOULD MAKE YOU ANOTHER MAN TO HAVE HER FOR A COMPANION.

WHEN SHE HATES ME! NAY, I'LL NOT SEEK HER GOOD-WILL IF IT WOULD MAKE ME KING!



IT IS NOT I WHO HATE YOU; IT IS YOU WHO HATE ME! YOU HATE ME EVEN MORE THAN MR. HEATHCLIFF!

WHY HAVE I ANGERED HIM, THEN, BY TAKING YOUR PART A HUNDRED TIMES? AND THAT, WHEN YOU DESPISED AND SNEERED AT ME?



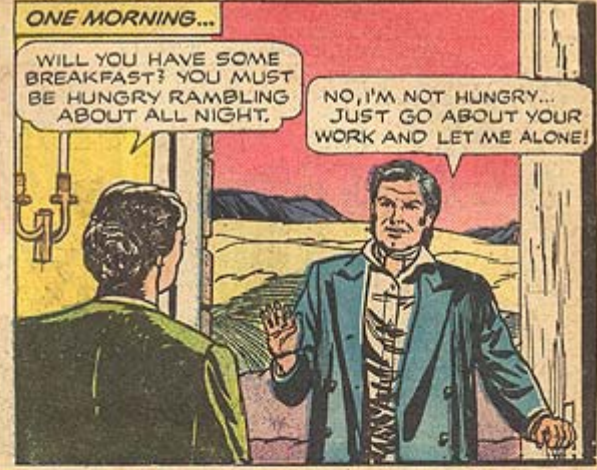
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU TOOK MY PART, AND I WAS MISERABLE AND BITTER AT EVERYBODY... BUT NOW, I THANK YOU AND BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS.



CATHERINE BESTOWED A GENTLE KISS ON HIS CHEEK AND THEY WERE FAST FRIENDS THEREAFTER...

ONE MORNING...

IT WAS ELLEN WHO FIRST NOTICED THE CHANGE THAT HAD COME OVER HEATHCLIFF IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS. HE WOULD SPEND HIS NIGHTS AWAY FROM THE HOUSE AND AT HER CHANCE MEETINGS WITH HIM, SHE NOTICED A STRANGE AND JOYFUL LOOK IN HIS FACE THAT MADE HIM APPEAR EVEN EXUBERANT...



WILL YOU HAVE SOME BREAKFAST? YOU MUST BE HUNGRY RAMBLING ABOUT ALL NIGHT.

NO, I'M NOT HUNGRY... JUST GO ABOUT YOUR WORK AND LET ME ALONE!



HE'LL WORK HIMSELF INTO A FIT OF ILLNESS! I CANNOT CONCEIVE WHAT HE HAS BEEN DOING!



HE LEFT HIS FOOD UNTOUCHED ALL DAY, AND THAT EVENING, ELLEN SPOKE TO HIM AGAIN...

HAVE YOU ANY GOOD NEWS, MR. HEATHCLIFF? YOU LOOK UNCOMMONLY ANIMATED.



WHERE SHOULD GOOD NEWS COME FROM FOR ME? TODAY, I AM WITHIN SIGHT OF MY HEAVEN! I HAVE MY EYES WITHIN SIGHT OF IT!



AND NOW YOU'D BETTER GO! I CAN'T HAVE YOU PRYING INTO MY AFFAIRS!

IT RAINED ALL THAT NIGHT, AND NEXT MORNING, ELLEN CHANCED TO LOOK UP AT HEATHCLIFF'S WIDE-OPEN WINDOWS...



HE CANNOT BE IN BED...THOSE SHOWERS WOULD DRENCH HIM THROUGH! I'LL GO UP AND SEE FOR MYSELF!

ENTERING THE ROOM TO CLOSE THE WINDOWS, SHE RECEIVED A SEVERE SHOCK...



GOOD HEAVENS!



STARK DEAD!



JOSEPH, COME QUICKLY! THE MASTER'S DEAD!

SEIZED WITH A FIT OF TREMBLING, SHE CALLED OUT FOR JOSEPH...

JOSEPH SHUFFLED QUIETLY INTO THE ROOM...



THE DEVIL'S CARRIED OFF HIS SOUL, AND HE MAY HAVE HIS CARCASS INTO THE BARGAIN! WHAT A WICKED ONE HE LOOKS, GRINNING AT DEATH!

HEATHCLIFF WAS BURIED IN ACCORDANCE WITH HIS WISHES, NEXT TO THE GRAVE OF CATHERINE EARNshaw. CATHERINE LINTON AND HARETON WERE MARRIED AND WENT TO LIVE WITH ELLEN AT THRUSHCROSS GRANGE. JOSEPH WAS LEFT ALONE AT WUTHERING HEIGHTS, AND THE ROOMS WERE SHUT UP, LEFT FOR THE USE OF SUCH GHOSTS AS CHOSE TO INHABIT THEM...

THE END

EMILY JANE BRONTË



EMILY Jane Brontë was born in Thornton, England, August, 1818. Her father was Patrick Brontë, whose paternal name was Brunty, but this he changed. His wife was a woman of delicate

constitution and died of cancer in 1821, leaving six children. Of these, Charlotte, Emily and Anne were destined to become famous for their extraordinary literary gifts. Three months after Anne's birth, their father moved to Haworth, where he remained as rector for the rest of his life.

Legend has grown around the figure of Emily Brontë, and criticism has confused her character with those she created, so that we do not have an entirely clear picture of her life, except what was written about her by her sister Charlotte.

In appearance, she looked delicate, but was seldom ill. Her pale face and slight figure told of frailness, and at times, her uncouth demeanor, partly the result of carelessness in dress, together with her frigid manner, made her appear odd. She would enter a room, when friends were present, with downcast eyes, fetch a book and depart, without a glance of recognition.

The children were educated during their life at home, except for a single year, which Maria, Elizabeth, Charlotte and Emily spent in the Clergy Daughters' School at Cowan's Bridge.

Early in 1842, Emily accompanied Charlotte on a trip to Brussels where they became pupils in the Pensionat Heger. The talent displayed by both his English students brought them to the special notice of the principal teacher, Constantin Heger, who was a man of unusual perception, and in whose

hands they rapidly acquired a mastery of the language. After eight months, however, their studies were abruptly cut short by the death of an aunt, and they both returned to England. Charlotte was on the whole happy in Brussels, but Emily pined for home and the wild moorland air. Yet it seems clear that in Brussels, reserved as she was, Emily was better appreciated than Charlotte. Her passionate nature was more easily understood than Charlotte's decorous temperament. Elizabeth Bramwell bequeathed to her nieces a sum which carried a certain independence with it, and discarding a plan to found a school outside, the sisters now decided to take pupils at their father's house.

Emily's poems (she alone of the sisters possessed a true poetic gift) throw most light upon her mind and heart. From them we learn of her stoicism and of her passion for the moors which almost amounted to "nature worship."

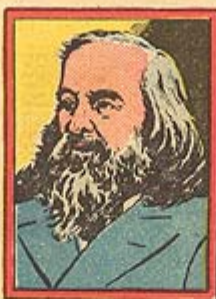
Emily is great alike as a novelist and as a poet. Her "Old Stoic" and "Last Lives" were among the finest achievements of poetry that any woman has given to English literature. "Wuthering Heights" stands alone as a monument of her intensity. It was a thing apart, passionately sincere, unforgettable, haunting in its grimness, its grey melancholy. It is essential to realize the early Victorian atmosphere in which Emily and Charlotte Brontë wrote their novels if the greatest of their achievement is to be realized. Their world was built up in their own imagination, and it is this which makes its truth and its universal appeal.

Emily died in her thirty-first year. She had been ill for some time. Yet it was only two hours before her death on Dec. 9, 1848, after she had struggled from her bed and dressed herself, that she would allow a doctor to be called. With her death, perhaps the greatest of the Brontës passed away.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE DMITRI I. MENDELEYEV

WHEN WE think of the men who have helped chemistry the most, the name of Dmitri Mendeleev is certain to come to mind. For not only did this Russian scientist properly revise the periodic law, which classifies all the elements, but he correctly predicted the discovery of three new elements. He also increased the world's knowledge on solutions, on absolute boiling point, on petroleum and on ether.



nature, and that these unknown elements must exist to make the law hold true.

Therefore, in 1871, Mendeleev predicted that, sooner or later, three new elements would be discovered. He described what properties these elements would have and what compounds they would be able to form. He called these unknown elements eka boron, eka aluminium, and eka silicon.

Most of the chemists of the time ridiculed Mendeleev's prophecy, but within fifteen years his predictions all came true. Eka aluminium was discovered in 1871, and called Gallium, in honor of France (Gaul). Gallium is a hard metal, not very malleable and is silverwhite in appearance.

Eka boron was discovered in 1879, and the element was named Scandium in honor of Scandinavia. Scandium is one of the very rare earth metals, found only in compounds, generally in Norway and Finland. It is supposed to be abundant in the sun and stars.

Eka silicon was discovered in 1886 and given the name Germanium, in honor of Germany. Germanium looks like tin, and is found in the residue obtained in smelting American zinc ores.

Although the three elements discovered after Mendeleev's prediction have not added to the material wealth of the country, since they are too expensive to produce to be of any commercial value, their actual value cannot be measured too highly. For with their discovery came the acceptance of Mendeleev's periodic law and chart. From this law scientists were able to delve into the subject of electrons, and afterwards, atomic energy.

Mendeleev received many honors in his lifetime, including the Davy and Copeland medals. The Czar of Russia honored him by making him director of the Bureau of Weights and Measures. But today, Mendeleev's name is associated with atomic energy. Whether his extensive contribution to chemistry has worked for good or evil, only time will tell.

Dmitri Mendeleev, the youngest of a family of seventeen, was born at Tobolsk, Czarist Siberia, Feb. 7, 1834. As a youth, he studied at the local school and then was sent to St. Petersburg. He graduated in chemistry in 1856, and then became an assistant instructor. His brilliant work got him a promotion as a professor of chemistry at the Technological Institute in 1863. Three years later he succeeded to the chair in the university.

Mendeleev's name is best known for his work on the periodic law. Although other chemists before him had experimented with elements and found that some were related by atomic weights and physical properties, only a makeshift classification of the known elements was created. It was Mendeleev who constructed the true periodic table that is in use today.

Mendeleev's table was a chart of six columns across and eighteen columns down, a sort of cross word puzzle arrangement. He first placed the elements into periods in the horizontal rows. That meant that elements on a given line show a regular repetition of chemical properties. He then juggled the elements on the horizontal lines so that each vertical column was composed of elements that displayed somewhat similar properties. These vertical columns he called families.

The chart completed, Mendeleev found that there were gaps, or empty spaces, in some of the columns. He believed that these gaps must represent unknown elements. But he believed that these elements were on the earth, since the periodic table was a law of

DOG HEROES "PETE," THE PEKE

CENTURIES AGO, some noble Chinese ladies, bored to distraction by the dull routine of court life, looked around for some pet upon which to shower their affections. They did not have to look very far, for right at their doorstep was a native breed of dog . . . the Pekingese. He was cute, he was small, he was intelligent, and he was courageous. He had all the qualifications for being a house pet; and so, he became the first toy dog.



Nor has his life changed throughout the centuries. He has remained a pampered, spoiled pet, living a life of luxury. While other dogs have to forage for food, are forced to work pulling sleds over frozen waste lands, and round up sheep and cows from the pasture fields, the Peke sits on his mistress' lap, eating bonbons out of a candy box. Most dogs will not play with a Pekingese, and even cats, which instinctively arch their backs menacingly at the approach of any other dog, just ignore a passing Peke.

But in spite of his pint size, the Pekingese is a courageous animal, and when put to the test, has shown a fighting heart away out of proportion to his fragile body. Take Pete, for example. Pete saved the lives of his master and his master's family.

In its home in Asbury, N. J., the Ritchie family slept soundly that wintry January night. Outside, a sharp sea breeze whistled a tune over the rooftops, but inside, everything was cozy and warm.

But Pete was not asleep. For some time now, Pete had felt that something was not just right in the house. For a while, he had been twitching his little ears and sniffing furiously with his petite nose. And now, at last, the

odor of smoke came very faintly to his sensitive nose. It seemed to come from the cellar. Pete, who knew he was the night watchman of the house, decided it was his duty to go and investigate.

As he walked down the stairs, the odor of smoke was becoming stronger. By the time he reached the cellar, the smoke was fast filling the room and his eyes began to smart from the sting of it.

Smoke was bad enough. But in a corner of the cellar was something far worse than smoke. FIRE!! Big, ugly red licks of flame were spreading rapidly!

Dogs have a natural fear of fire. But Pete knew that fire was his master's enemy, and he kept circling the outer rim of the fire, trying to keep it from spreading. As he was forced to back further and further away, he kept barking furiously, and as loudly as his small lungs permitted.

Pete's insistent barking finally awakened Mr. Ritchie. He hurriedly rushed downstairs, and was greeted by the horrible sight of flame shooting out of the cellar door. Mr. Ritchie raced back upstairs and quickly awakened the other members of his family.

And just in time, too! They didn't reach the safety of the street a moment too soon. For, as the firemen who answered the alarm said, had the warning barks of Pete been delayed a few moments, all the avenues of escape for the sleepers would have been cut off. They all would have perished.

What about Pete? Did he make it to safety, too? The firemen found Pete in the cellar, suffocated to death from smoke. Who said a Pekingese couldn't be a hero?



FAMOUS OPERAS THE VALKYRIE by Richard Wagner

THE OPERA begins as Siegmund, weary, wounded and weaponless, staggers to the house of the warrior, Hunding. Seeing no one there, he throws himself upon the hearth. Sieglinde, Hunding's beautiful wife, appears. Siegmund tells her that he is weary from a fight in which he lost his weapons. Sieglinde, feeling tender toward him, brings him a



drink which revives him and he arises to go.

Hunding comes in, sees the stranger and senses a peculiar tie between Siegmund and Sieglinde. He invites Siegmund to supper and asks him to tell the story of his life.

Siegmund says that one day, he and his father returned from hunting to find their home in ashes, his mother slain and his twin sister gone. From then on, Siegmund and his father lived in the woods and fought their enemies until the father disappeared. Thereafter, Siegmund wandered alone. Recently, while protecting a maiden who was being forced to marry against her will, he was overpowered by her kinsmen, disarmed and wounded in the fight from which he fled.

Hunding then tells Siegmund he has just fought his kinsmen and warns him that he may rest that night but must fight with him, Hunding, in the morning.

While Siegmund wonders what he will do, weaponless as he is, a glow from the fire lights up the stem of an ash tree. He sees the shining hilt of a sword. Sieglinde enters and tells him that she was forced to marry Hunding and, at the wedding, an old man came in, drove the sword up to the hilt into the tree and said that the one who would rescue her could draw it forth. Since then, many had tried to draw the sword in vain. Siegmund draws the sword and both swear eternal love.

Later, the legendary German god, Wotan, calls his daughter, Brünnhilde and bids her shield Siegmund in the coming fight with

Hunding. But Wotan's wife, Fricka, tells Wotan he is breaking his own law by shielding Siegmund, for Siegmund has done the unlawful thing of stealing Hunding's wife who is also Siegmund's sister.

Wotan cannot resist his own law. He calls Brünnhilde and retracts his order. Sadly she goes down to earth; for Brünnhilde also loves and admires Siegmund.

Meanwhile, Siegmund and Sieglinde have stopped in the woods where Siegmund decides to fight with Hunding. Brünnhilde appears before Siegmund. As she does, Sieglinde falls into a deep sleep. Brünnhilde tells Siegmund to come away with her to Walhall, heavenly realm of dead heroes; for Wotan has withdrawn the magic power of the sword and he will be killed in the fight with Hunding. But Siegmund refuses. Rather, he will use the sword to kill himself and Sieglinde. The young goddess then promises to shield Siegmund in the fight.

As Siegmund, under Brünnhilde's shield, advances on Hunding, Wotan appears, places his spear in front of Hunding so that Siegmund's sword strikes the spear and is shattered. Brünnhilde, terrified by her father's anger, drops her shield and Hunding's spear pierces Siegmund, killing him. Then Wotan waves his hand and Hunding falls dead.

He then pronounces a curse upon Brünnhilde; that she fall into a deep sleep from which a mortal man will awaken her and take her for his wife.

Brünnhilde, knowing that she will no longer follow her father, asks that, in her sleep, she be surrounded by a fire to shield her from the approach of mortal man. To this, Wotan agrees, kissing her to sleep and placing her upon a rock. Then he strikes the rock with his spear, calling forth an ever-increasing fire and sadly leaves.

