KIDNAPPED

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

JVA EDITORA

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Kidnapped

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KIDNAPPED

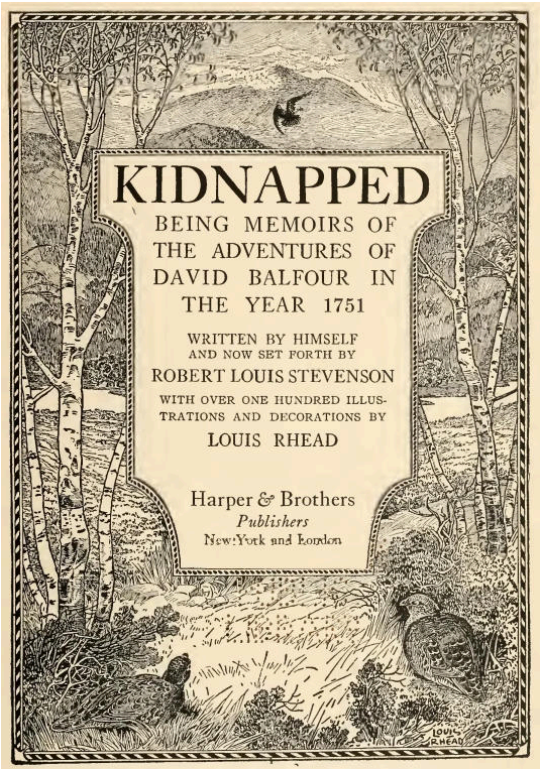
By Robert Louis Stevenson

Illustrated by Louis Rhead

BEING
MEMOIRS OF THE ADVENTURES OF
DAVID BALFOUR
IN THE YEAR 1751
HOW HE WAS KIDNAPPED AND CAST AWAY; HIS
SUFFERINGS IN
A DESERT ISLE; HIS JOURNEY IN THE WILD HIGHLANDS;
HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH ALAN BRECK STEWART
AND OTHER NOTORIOUS HIGHLAND JACOBITES;
WITH ALL THAT HE SUFFERED AT THE
HANDS OF HIS UNCLE, EBENEZER
BALFOUR OF SHAWS, FALSELY
SO CALLED

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF AND NOW SET FORTH BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
WITH A PREFACE BY MRS. STEVENSON



PREFACE TO THE BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION

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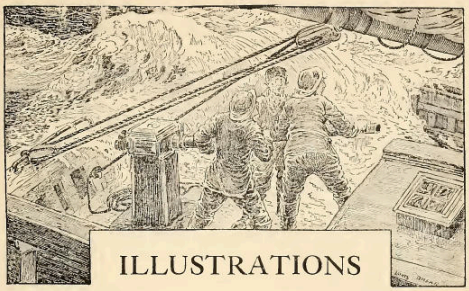

ILLUSTRATIONS

HELD ME AT ARM'S LENGTH, LOOKING AT ME WITH HIS FACE ALL WORKING WITH SORROW . . . . . .

THE NEARER I GOT TO THE HOUSE, THE DREARIER IT APPEARED

"DO YE KEN WHAT'S IN IT?" HE ASKED, SUDDENLY . . . .

MY HAND SLIPPED UPON AN EDGE AND FOUND NOTHING BUT EMPTINESS BEYOND IT . . . . . .

SNAPPING HIS FINGERS IN THE AIR AND FOOTING IT RIGHT CLEVERLY . . . . . .

I GAVE A PIERCING CRY—"HELP, HELP! MURDER!" . . .

I WAS AWAKENED BY THE LIGHT OF A LANTERN SHINING IN MY FACE . . . . . .

"SIT DOWN!" ROARS THE CAPTAIN . . . . . .

THE STERN HAD BEEN THROWN INTO THE AIR, AND THE MAN HAD LEAPED UP . . . . . .

ALAN RAN UPON THE OTHERS LIKE A BULL, ROARING AS HE WENT . . . . . .

ALAN CUT ME OFF ONE OF THE SILVER BUTTONS FROM HIS COAT

ALAN AND I SMOKED A PIPE OR TWO OF THE CAPTAIN'S FINE TOBACCO . . . . . .

WHEN I KICKED OUT WITH BOTH FEET, I SOON BEGAN TO FIND THAT I WAS MOVING . . . . . .

ILLUSTRATIONS

A COBLE WITH A BROWN SAIL CAME FLYING ROUND THAT CORNER OF THE ISLE . . . . . .

THE CATECHIST BEGAN TO SWEAR AND TO STRIKE FOR MY LEGS WITH HIS STAFF . . . . . .

HE BEGAN LADLING SNUFF INTO HIS NOSE IN MOST EXCESSIVE QUANTITIES . . . . . .

"JOUK IN HERE AMONG THE TREES," SAID A VOICE CLOSE BY .

"AND NOW LET'S TAKE ANOTHER PEEP AT THE REDCOATS" .

HE WHISTLED THREE TIMES, IN A PARTICULAR MANNER . .

I BENT LOW ON MY KNEES AND FLUNG MYSELF FORTH . .

GETTING A PIECE OF WOOD, HE FASHIONED IT IN A CROSS . .

THE NEXT MOMENT WE WERE LYING ON OUR BACKS, EACH WITH A DIRK AT HIS THROAT . . . . . .

"HERE'S A TOAST TO YE: THE RESTORATION!" . . . . .

"DO YE GANG EASIER SO, DAVIE?" . . . . . .

"ROBIN OIG," HE SAID, "YE ARE A GREAT PIPER" . . . .

"DAVID, IT IS A VERY FINE LASS" . . . . . .

HERE HE SATE DOWN, AND BADE ME BE SEATED . . . .

THESE TWO WENT ON AHEAD IN VERY CLOSE TALK, AND TORRANCE AND I BROUGHT UP THE REAR . . . . . .

MY UNCLE JUST SAT WHERE HE WAS ON THE TOP DOORSTEP AND STARED UPON US LIKE A MAN TURNED TO STONE .

"WELL, GOOD-BY," SAID ALAN, AND HELD OUT HIS LEFT HAND

FOUR COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontis *Facing*

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"DO YE GANG EASIER SO, DAVIE?" . . . . . .