ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Treasure Island

JVA Editora

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TREASURE ISLAND

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Illustrated by Louis Rhead

TREASURE ISLAND

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A LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

MAP . . . . . .

"IF YOU DO NOT PUT THAT KNIFE THIS INSTANT IN YOUR POCKET, YOU SHALL HANG AT THE NEXT ASSIZES" . .

THE NEXT INSTANT I SAW BLACK DOG IN FULL FLIGHT . .

AT ONE LOOK THE RUM WENT OUT OF HIM AND LEFT HIM STARING SOBER . . . . . .

AND SHE BEGAN TO COUNT THE CAPTAIN'S SCORE FROM THE SAILOR'S BAG . . . . . .

HE STRUCK AT THEM RIGHT AND LEFT IN HIS BLINDNESS .

THE DOCTOR OPENED THE SEALS WITH GREAT CARE, AND THERE FELL OUT THE MAP OF AN ISLAND . . . . . .

I SAID GOOD-BY TO MOTHER AND THE COVE AND TO DEAR OLD "ADMIRAL BENBOW" . . . . . .

"OH," I CRIED, "STOP HIM! IT'S BLACK DOG!" . . . . .

"OUT O' THAT! OFF WITH YOU TO THE COOK AND GET SOME WORK" . . . . . .

THE MAN AT THE HELM WAS WATCHING THE LUFF OF THE SAIL

"HERE'S TO OURSELVES, AND PLENTY OF PRIZES AND PLENTY OF DUFF" . . . . . .

"ONE MORE CHEER FOR CAP'N SMOLLETT," CRIED LONG JOHN .

CAUGHT A BRANCH AND SWUNG MYSELF OUT, AND PLUNGED INTO THE NEAREST THICKET . . . . . .

ILLUSTRATIONS

JUST BEFORE HIM TOM LAY MOTIONLESS UPON THE SWARD .

"I'M POOR BEN GUNN, I AM. MAROONED THREE YEARS AGONE, AND LIVED ON GOATS SINCE THEN" . . . . . .

"DOWN, DOG!" CRIES THE CAPTAIN. AND THE HEAD POPPED BACK AGAIN . . . . . .

"TELL US, SQUIRE, WHEN YOU SEE THE MATCH, AND WE'LL HOLD WATER" . . . . . .

I RAN TO THE DOOR IN TIME TO SEE JIM HAWKINS, SAFE AND SOUND, COME CLIMBING OVER THE STOCKADE . . . .

WE BURIED OLD TOM IN THE SAND, AND STOOD ROUND HIM BAREHEADED IN THE BREEZE . . . . . .

"GIVE ME A HAND UP!" HE CRIED. "NOT I," RETURNED THE CAPTAIN . . . . . .

THE BOARDERS SWARMED OVER THE FENCE LIKE MONKEYS .

I LIFTED THE SIDE OF THE TENT, AND THERE WAS BEN GUNN'S BOAT . . . . . .

IT SHOWED ME HANDS AND HIS COMPANION LOCKED TOGETHER IN DEADLY WRESTLE . . . . . .

I FELT WILLING RATHER TO STARVE AT SEA THAN TO CONFRONT SUCH PERILS . . . . . .

"I CAN'T HAVE THESE COLORS, MR. HANDS, AND, BY YOUR LEAVE, I'LL STRIKE 'EM" . . . . . .

THE COXSWAIN LOOSED HIS GRASP UPON THE SHROUDS AND PLUNGED HEAD FIRST INTO THE WATER . . . . . .

WITH MY ARMS BEFORE ME I WALKED STEADILY IN . . .

"TAKE A CUTLASS, HIM THAT DARES, AND I'LL SEE THE COLOR OF HIS INSIDE, CRUTCH AND ALL, BEFORE THAT PIPE'S EMPTY" . . . . . .

I SAW THE BLADE OF AN OPEN KNIFE SHINE IN HIS HAND . .

"ONE JUMP AND YOU'RE OUT, AND WE'LL RUN FOR IT LIKE ANTELOPES" . . . . . .

FOR ALL THE WORLD, I WAS LED LIKE A DANCING BEAR . .

"DARBY M'GRAW!" IT WAILED, "DARBY M'GRAW!" . . . .

MERRY TUMBLED HEAD FOREMOST INTO THE EXCAVATION .

I WAS KEPT BUSY PACKING THE MINTED MONEY INTO BREAD-BAGS . . . . . .

TREASURE ISLAND

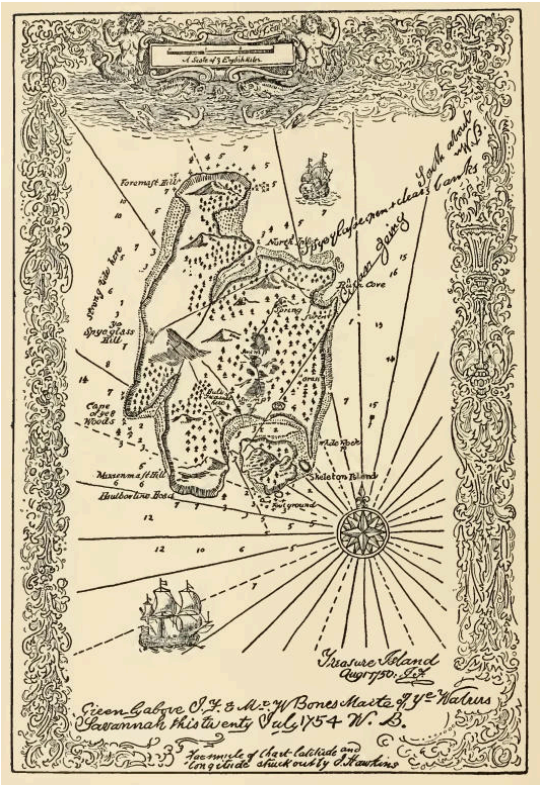
To S.L.O., an American gentleman in accordance with whose classic taste the following narrative has been designed, it is now, in return for numerous delightful hours, and with the kindest wishes, dedicated by his affectionate friend,

the author.

TO THE HESITATING PURCHASER

If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
  Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons,
  And buccaneers, and buried gold,
And all the old romance, retold
  Exactly in the ancient way,
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
  The wiser youngsters of today:

—So be it, and fall on! If not,
  If studious youth no longer crave,
His ancient appetites forgot,
  Kingston, or Ballantyne the brave,
Or Cooper of the wood and wave:
  So be it, also! And may I
And all my pirates share the grave
  Where these and their creations lie!


A Scale of 3 English Miles
Foremast Hill
Strong tide here
Spyeglass Hill
Cape of 98 Woods
Mizzenmast Hill
Heathertine Head
Skeleton Island
Rock Cove
Treasure Island
Aug 1750. J.F.
Green Gabrie J.F. & Mr. W Bones Maite of Ye Walrus
Savannah this twenty July 1754 W. B.
Facsimile of Chart latitude and longitude struck out by J. Hawkins

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