

IF THRILLS & FUN ARE WHAT YOU SEEK- BUY THE COMET EVERY WEEK!



HULLO, YOU CHAPS! I'M INSIDE ON PAGE 3.

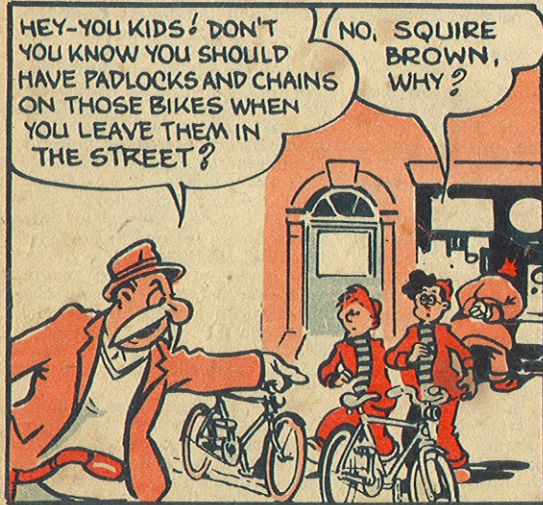
COMET

PRICE **2^D**
EVERY MONDAY

No. 186. February 9, 1952

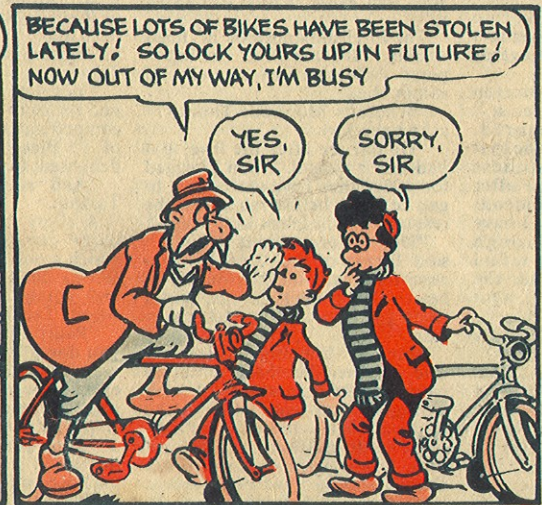
COMIC

The Adventures of **CLAUDE & CUTHBERT**



HEY-YOU KIDS! DON'T YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD HAVE PADLOCKS AND CHAINS ON THOSE BIKES WHEN YOU LEAVE THEM IN THE STREET?

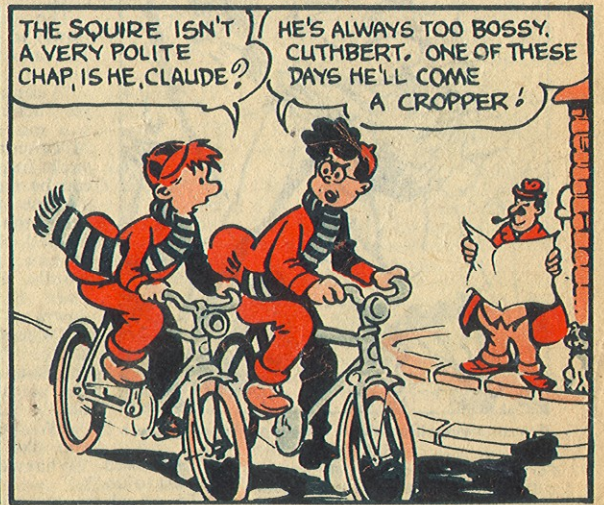
NO, SQUIRE BROWN, WHY?



BECAUSE LOTS OF BIKES HAVE BEEN STOLEN LATELY! SO LOCK YOURS UP IN FUTURE! NOW OUT OF MY WAY, I'M BUSY

YES, SIR

SORRY, SIR



THE SQUIRE ISN'T A VERY POLITE CHAP, IS HE, CLAUDE?

HE'S ALWAYS TOO BOSSY, CUTHBERT. ONE OF THESE DAYS HE'LL COME A CROPPER!

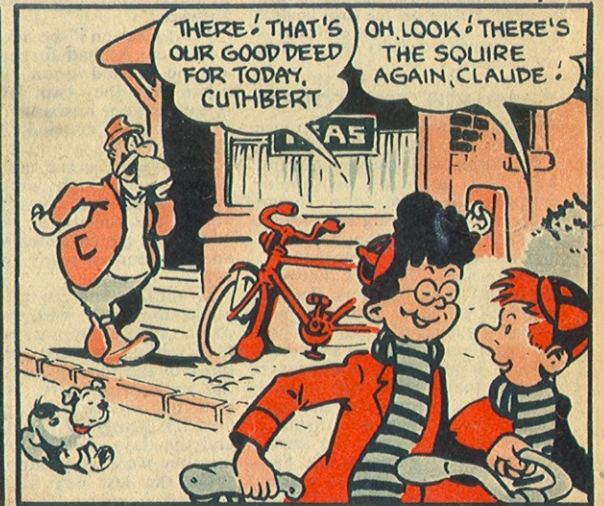


LOOK, CLAUDE! SOMEBODY'S LEFT THEIR BIKE UNLOCKED! DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO CHAIN IT UP FOR THEM?

A GOOD IDEA, CUTHBERT!

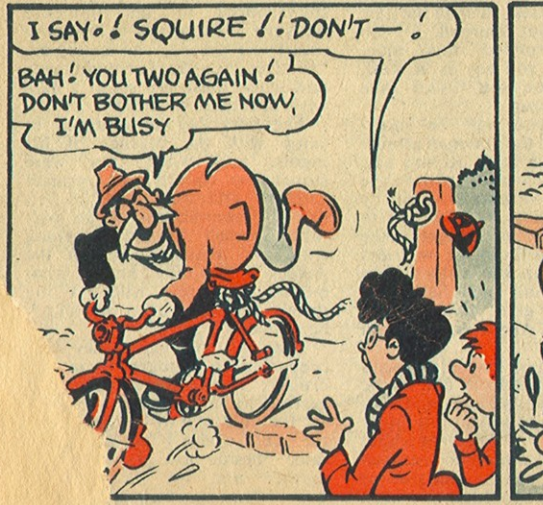


THE OWNER HASN'T GOT A PADLOCK AND CHAIN, CUTHBERT, BUT IF WE TIE IT TO THE POST WITH THIS ROPE IT SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH



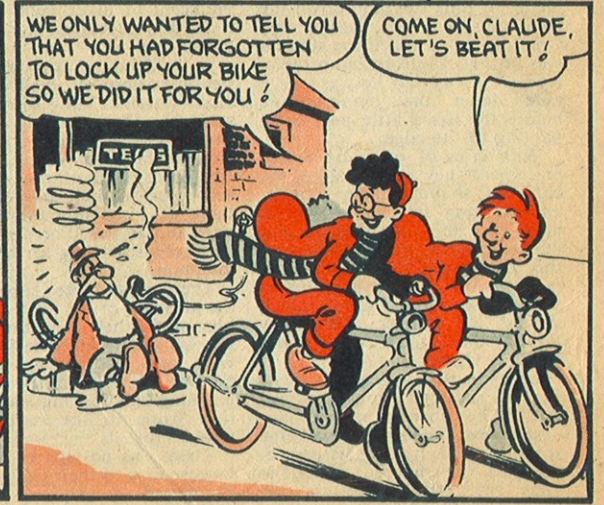
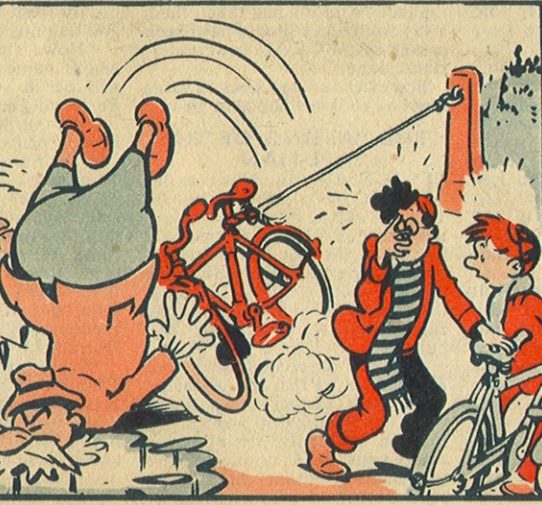
THERE! THAT'S OUR GOOD DEED FOR TODAY, CUTHBERT

OH LOOK! THERE'S THE SQUIRE AGAIN, CLAUDE!



I SAY!! SQUIRE!! DON'T--!

BAH! YOU TWO AGAIN! DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, I'M BUSY



WE ONLY WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT YOU HAD FORGOTTEN TO LOCK UP YOUR BIKE SO WE DID IT FOR YOU!

COME ON, CLAUDE, LET'S BEAT IT!

The RETURN OF TARZAN



Tarzan swung high above the tangled undergrowth carrying Jane.

For New Readers:

Tarzan has rescued Jane Porter from the savage ape-like people of Opar, who were offering her as a sacrifice to their sun god. He reaches the large boulder at the edge of the city, but a large band of the strange little hairy men are close on his heels.

THROUGH THE FOREST

TO climb down the steep face of the boulder with Jane Porter was no easy task, but by binding her across his shoulders with the grass rope Tarzan succeeded in reaching the ground in safety before the Oparians arrived at the great rock.

By keeping the rock between them and their pursuers, Tarzan managed to cover nearly a mile before the men of Opar reached the granite sentinel and saw their quarry. With loud cries of savage delight, they broke into a mad run, but by maintaining an easy trot, Tarzan kept the distance between them always the same. And thus they came to the flat-topped mountain and the barrier cliffs. During the last mile Tarzan had run faster than he might have plenty of time to climb down the face of the cliffs before the Oparians could reach the summit and hurl rocks down upon them. And so it was that he was half a mile down the mountainside before the fierce little men came panting to the edge.

With cries of rage and disappointment they ranged along the cliff top shaking their cudgels, and dancing up and down in anger. But this time they did not pursue beyond the boundary of their own country. And as Tarzan reached the woods that began at the base of the foothills which skirted the barrier cliffs, they turned their faces once more towards Opar.

Late in the afternoon Jane Porter regained consciousness. She did not open her eyes at once—she was trying to recall the scenes that she had last witnessed. Ah, she remembered now. The altar, the terrible priestess, the

descending knife. She gave a little shudder.

"Jane!" cried Tarzan. "You are regaining consciousness!"

"Yes, Tarzan of the Apes," she replied, and for the first time in months a smile lighted her face.

"Thank heavens!" cried the ape-man, coming to the ground in a little grassy clearing beside a stream.

"But both Hazel and Monsieur Thurán told me that you had fallen into the ocean many miles from land," Jane cried.

The girl rose slowly to her feet and came towards him.

"I cannot even yet believe it," she murmured.

"It cannot be that such happiness can be true after all the hideous things that I have passed through these awful months since the *Lady Alice* went down.

"Where are we going, Tarzan?" she asked. "What are we going to do?"

"Where would you like best to do?"

"To go where you go; to do whatever seems best to you," she answered.

"But Clayton?" he asked. For a moment he had forgotten that anyone existed upon the earth other than they two. "We have forgotten your husband."

"I am not married, Tarzan," she cried.

That night Tarzan built a snug little bower high among the swaying branches of a giant tree and there the tired girl slept, while in a crotch beneath her the ape-man curled, ready to protect her.

It took them many days to make the long journey to the coast. Where the way was easy they walked beneath the arching bows of the mighty forest. When the underbrush was tangled he took her in his great arms, and bore her lightly through the trees, and the days were all too short, for they were very happy.

On the last day before they reached the coast, Tarzan caught the scent of men ahead of them—the scent of black men. He told Jane, and cautioned her to keep quiet.

In half an hour they came stealthily upon a small party of black warriors filing towards the west. As Tarzan saw them he gave a cry of delight—it was a band of his own Waziri. Busuli was there, and others who had accompanied him to Opar. At sight of him they danced and cried out in joy. For weeks they had been searching for him, they told him.

The warriors were surprised at the presence of the white girl with him, and when they found that she was to be his wife they vied with one another to do her honour. With the happy Waziri laughing and dancing about them they came to the rude shelter by the shore.

There was no sign of life, and no response to their calls. Tarzan clambered quickly up to the

little tree hut and went inside, only to come out a moment later with an empty tin. Throwing it down to Busuli, he told him to fetch water, and then he beckoned Jane to come up.

Together they leaned over the English nobleman.

"He still lives," said Tarzan. "We will do all that can be done for him, but I fear that we are too late."

When Busuli had brought the water Tarzan forced a few drops between the cracked and swollen lips. He wetted the hot forehead and bathed the wasted limbs.

Presently Clayton opened his eyes. A faint, shadowy smile lighted his countenance as he saw the girl leaning over him. At sight of Tarzan the expression changed to one of wonderment.

"It's all right, old fellow," said the ape-man. "We've found you in time. Everything will be all right now, and we'll have you on your feet again before you know it."

The Englishman shook his head weakly. "It's too late," he whispered. "But it's just as well. I'd rather die."

"Where is Monsieur Thurán?" asked the girl.

"He left me after the fever got bad. He is a devil. When I begged for water that I was too weak to get, he drank before me, threw the rest out, and laughed in my face."

"Don't worry about Thurán," said Tarzan of the Apes, laying a reassuring hand on Clayton's forehead. "He belongs to me, and I shall get him in the end, never fear."

"Jane," Clayton whispered. The girl bent her head closer to catch the faint message. "I have wronged you—and him," he nodded weakly towards the ape-man. "I do not ask your forgiveness. I only wish to do now the thing I should have done over a year ago."

He fumbled in the pocket of the coat beneath him and brought out a crumpled bit of yellow paper. He handed it to the girl, and as she took it his arm fell limply across his chest, and with a little gasp he died.

Through her own tears the girl read the message upon the bit of faded yellow paper, and as she read her eyes went very wide.

Fingerprints prove you Grey-stoke.—Congratulations, D'Arnot.

She handed the paper to Tarzan. "And he has known it all this time," she said, "and did not tell you?"

"I knew it first, Jane," replied the man. "I did not know that he knew it at all. I must have dropped this message that night in the waiting room. It was there that I received it."

"And afterwards you told us that your mother was a she-ape, and that you had never known your father?" she asked incredulously.

"The title and the estates meant nothing to me without you," he replied. "And if I had taken them away from him I should have been robbing you—don't you understand, Jane?"

She extended her arms towards him and took his hands in hers.

THE PASSING OF THE APE-MAN

THE next morning they set out upon the short journey to Tarzan's cabin. Four Waziri bore the body of William Clayton. It had been the ape-man's suggestion that he be buried beside the former Lord Greystoke near the edge of the jungle against the cabin that the older man had built.

They had proceeded some three miles of the five that had separated them from Tarzan's own beach when the Waziri who were ahead stopped suddenly, pointing in amazement at a strange figure approaching them along the beach. It was a man with a shiny

silk hat, who walked slowly with bent head, and hands clasped behind him underneath the tails of his long, black coat.

At sight of him Jane Porter uttered a little cry of surprise and joy, and ran quickly ahead to meet him. At the sound of her voice the old man looked up, and when he saw who it was confronting him he too, cried out in relief and happiness. As Professor Archimedes Q. Porter folded his daughter in his arms tears streamed down his seamed old face, and it was several minutes before he could control himself sufficiently to speak.

When a moment later he recognised Tarzan, it was with difficulty that they could convince him that his sorrow had not unbalanced his mind, for with the other members of the party he had been so thoroughly convinced that the ape-man was dead, it was a problem to reconcile the conviction with the very lifelike appearance of Jane's "forest god." The old man was deeply touched at the news of Clayton's death.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "Monsieur Thurán assured us that Clayton passed away many days ago."

"Thurán is with you?" asked Tarzan.

"Yes; he but recently found us and led us to your cabin. We were camped but a short distance north of it. Bless me, but he will be delighted to see you both."

"And surprised," commented Tarzan.

A short time later the strange party came to the clearing in which stood the ape-man's cabin. It was filled with people coming and going, and almost the first whom Tarzan saw was D'Arnot. "Paul!" he cried. "What are you doing here?"

It was quickly explained, however, as were many other seemingly strange things. D'Arnot's ship had been cruising along the coast, on patrol duty, when at the lieutenant's suggestion they had anchored off the little land-locked harbour to have another look at the cabin and the jungle in which many of the officers and men had taken part in exciting adventures two years before. On landing they found Lord Tennington's party, and arrangements were being made to take them all on board the following morning and carry them back to civilisation.

Hazel Strong and her mother, Esmeralda, and Mr. Samuel T. Philander were almost overcome by happiness at Jane Porter's safe return. They loaded the uncomfortable ape-man with praise and attentions until he wished himself back in the amphitheatre of the apes.

All were interested in his savage Waziri, and many were the gifts the warriors received from these friends of their king, but when they learned that he might sail away from them upon the great canoe that lay at anchor a mile off shore they became very sad.

As yet the newcomers had seen nothing of Lord Tennington and Monsieur Thurán. They had gone out for fresh meat early in the day, and had not yet returned.

"How surprised this man, whose name you say is Rokoff, will be to see you," said Jane Porter to Tarzan.

"His surprise will be short-lived," replied the ape-man grimly.

A half-hour later Rokoff and Tennington emerged from the jungle. They were walking side by side. Tennington was the first to note the presence of strangers in the camp. He saw the black warriors palavering with the sailors from the cruiser, and then he saw a lithe, brown giant talking with Lieutenant D'Arnot and Captain Dufranne.

"Who is that, I wonder," said Tennington to Rokoff, and as the Russian raised his eyes and met those of the ape-man full upon him, he staggered and went white, and before Tennington realised what he intended he had thrown his gun to his shoulder, and aim-

ing point-blank at Tarzan pulled the trigger. But the Englishman was close to him—so close that his hand reached the levelled barrel a fraction of a second before the hammer fell upon the cartridge, and the bullet that was intended for Tarzan's heart whirred harmlessly above his head.

Before the Russian could fire again the ape-man was upon him and had wrested the firearm from his grasp. Captain Dufranne, Lieutenant D'Arnot, and a dozen sailors had rushed up at the sound of the shot, and now Tarzan turned the Russian over to them without a word. He had explained the matter to the French commander before Rokoff arrived, and the officer gave immediate orders to place the Russian in irons and confine him on board the cruiser.

Just before the guard escorted the prisoner into the small boat that was to transport him to his temporary prison, Tarzan asked permission to search him, and to his delight found the stolen papers concealed upon his person.

The shot had brought Jane Porter and the others from the cabin, and a moment after the excitement had died down she greeted the surprised Lord Tennington. Tarzan joined them after he had taken the papers from Rokoff, and, as he approached, Jane Porter introduced him to Tennington.

"John Clayton, Lord Grey-stoke, my lord," she said.

The Englishman looked his astonishment in spite of his most herculean efforts to appear courteous, and it required many repetitions of the strange story of the ape-man as told by himself, Jane Porter, and Lieutenant D'Arnot to convince Lord Tennington that they were not all quite mad.

At sunset they buried William Cecil Clayton beside the jungle graves of his uncle and his aunt, the former Lord and Lady Grey-stoke. And it was at Tarzan's request that three volleys were fired over the last resting place of "a brave man, who met his death bravely."

Professor Porter, who in his younger days had been ordained a minister, conducted the simple services for the dead. About the grave, with bowed heads, stood as strange a company of mourners as the sun ever looked down upon. There were French officers and sailors, two English lords, Americans, and a score of savage African braves.

Following the funeral, Tarzan asked Captain Dufranne to delay the sailing of the cruiser a couple of days while he went inland a few miles to fetch his "belongings," and the officer gladly granted the favour.

Late the next afternoon Tarzan and his Waziri returned with the first load of "belongings," and when the party saw the ingots of pure gold they swarmed upon the ape-man with a thousand questions; but he smilingly declined to give them the slightest clue as to the source of his immense treasure. "There are a thousand that I left behind," he explained, "for every one that I brought away and when these are spent I may wish to return for more."

The next day he returned to camp with the balance of his ingots, and when they were stored on board the cruiser Captain Dufranne said he felt like the commander of an old-time Spanish galleon returning from the treasure cities of the Aztecs. "I don't know what minute my crew will cut my throat and take over the ship," he added.

The next morning, as they were preparing to embark upon the cruiser, Tarzan ventured a gesture to Jane Porter.

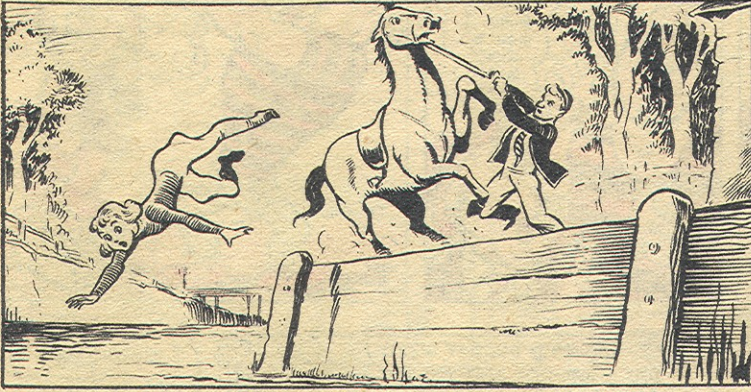
"I should like to be married in the cabin where I was born, beside the grave mother and my father."

(Continued on page

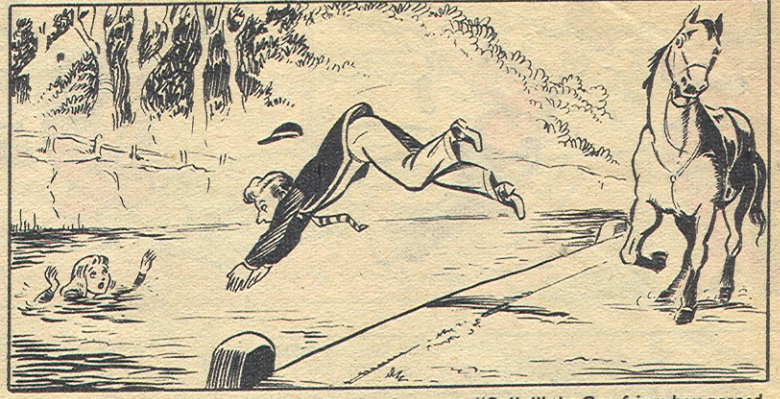
THE EXPLOITS OF BILLY BUNTER

BILLY DECIDES TO BE A MODEST HERO—BUT HE'S MUCH TOO BOASTFUL

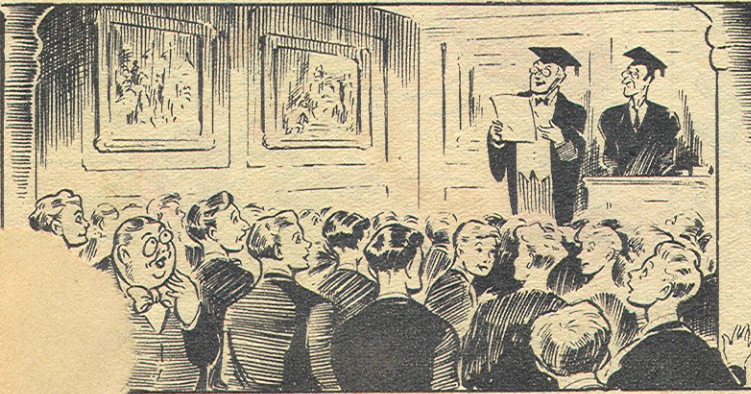
THE BIGGEST CHUMP AT GREYFRIARS SCHOOL



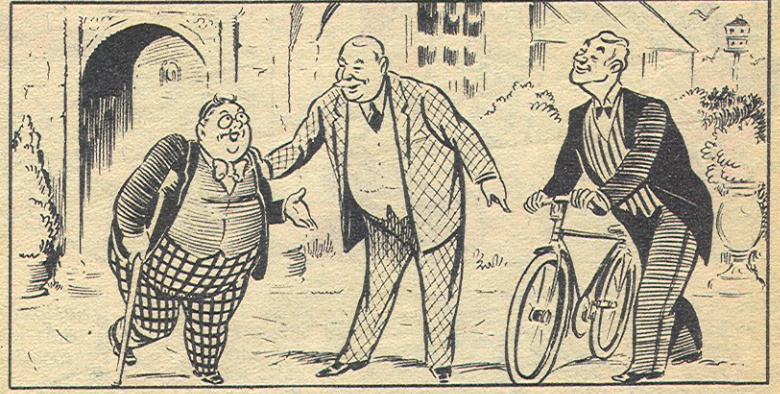
One fine spring afternoon a Greyfriars schoolboy was taking a stroll near the River Sark, when suddenly he heard a cry for help. He started to run, and as he came in sight of the towpath, he saw a horse bucking and rearing. And on that horse was a girl, clinging on for dear life! The schoolboy didn't hesitate. He dashed forward at full speed and grabbed the reins of the frightened animal. But even as he did so, the horse gave one last wild plunge, and the girl flew from his back down into the waters of the Sark!



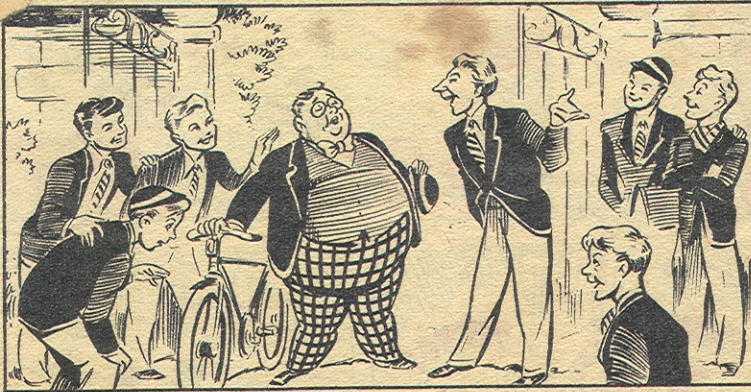
"Help!" shouted the girl, and vanished under the water. "Golly!" the Greyfriars boy gasped. "She can't swim!" And in spite of the fact that his leg was hurting where it had been kicked by the horse, he dived straight in. Swimming strongly, he soon got the girl to the side and helped her up the steep bank. By now the horse had trotted off. "I say," panted the boy, "have you got far to go—I mean—how will you get home?" "Oh, that's all right," she said, "I can easily walk. Don't you worry about me—you've saved my life! How can I ever—"



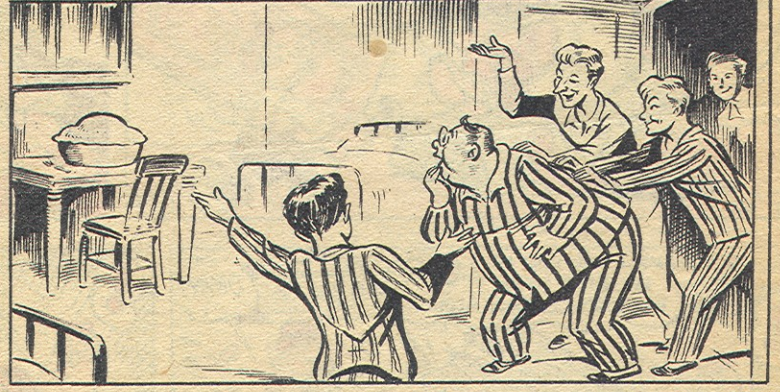
as she got. "Don't mention it," the boy stammered, blushing. "It's nothing, er—I say—I'll have to run—be late for roll call!" And he dashed off without her name. But that was not the last he heard of his brave deed. For the girl was Popper's daughter, and Sir Hilton lost no time in writing to Doctor Locke. When the school assembled in the hall that evening the Head read out that note. "I am proud to think," he said, "that a Greyfriars boy should have done this brave deed."



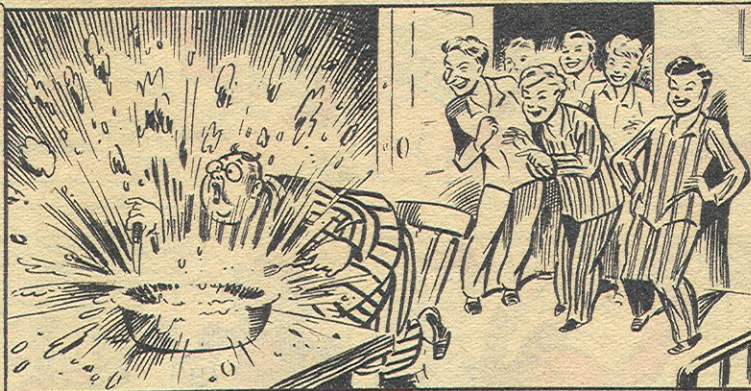
Doctor Locke went on to say that Sir Hilton would like to reward the gallant lad, and to thank him personally. Sir Hilton's daughter had noticed that her rescuer limped and that the horse had hurt his leg. Well, everybody was very interested—most especially Billy Bunter. Billy couldn't understand a chap who hung back when there was a reward to be had! It didn't take Billy long to decide that if nobody else wanted the reward, he did. After all, nobody knew who the brave rescuer was, so why shouldn't it be Billy Bunter!



"Just the sort of thing a jolly brave modest chap like me would do!" Billy told himself, as he made for the Hall where Sir Hilton lived. And so, complete with a crutch and a fake limp, he knocked on the front door. "I say!" he told Sir Hilton. "It wasn't another chap that res—er—that is, I'm the gallant Greyfriars boy who rescued your daughter—look at the beastly limp I've got!" Of course, Sir Hilton never thought that he might be spoofing, and the upshot was that Billy arrived back at Greyfriars complete with a brand new bike!



One of the first fellows Bunter ran into was Peter Todd. And more of Peter's cronies quickly gathered round. "Who have you been robbing, you fat fraud! Don't try to tell me you came by that bike honestly?" Bunter was very lofty. "As a matter of fact, Toddy old man, brave chaps like me often get rewards like this from people whose daughters we've rescued—only we never tell anybody about it—we're too modest." "Gosh!" said Peter Todd. He was too amazed to say anything else, for he was the fellow who should have had that new bike!



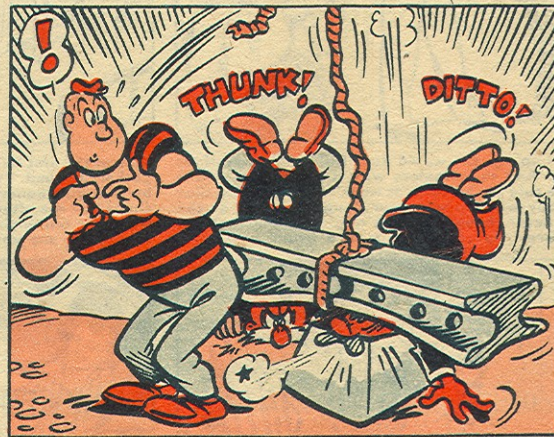
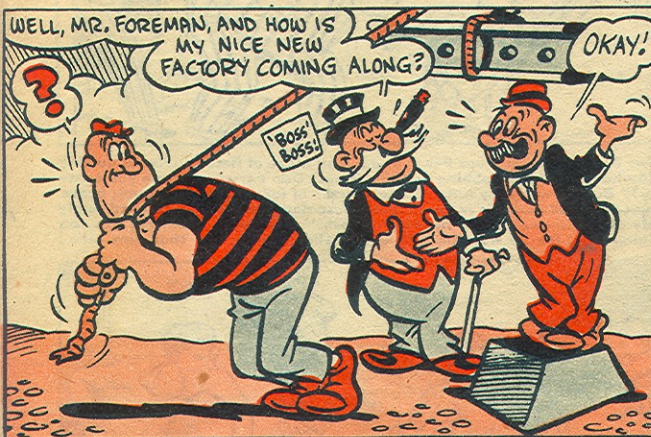
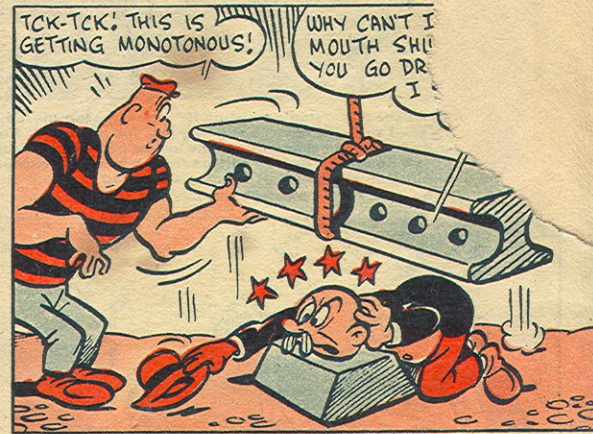
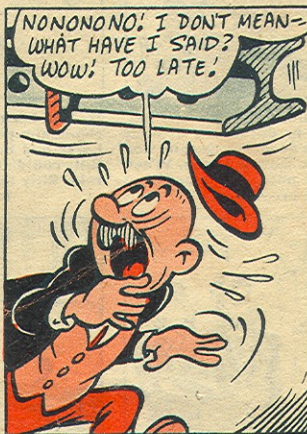
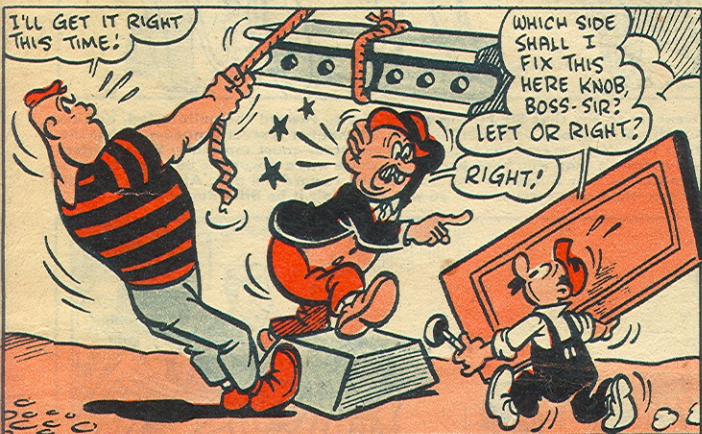
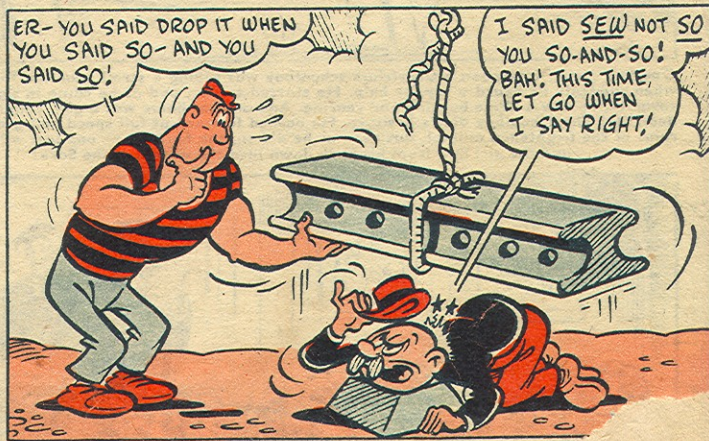
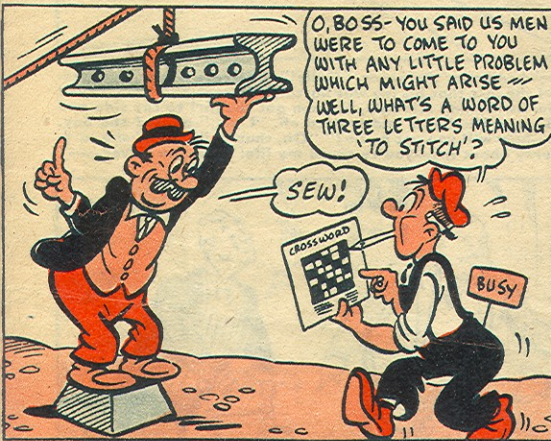
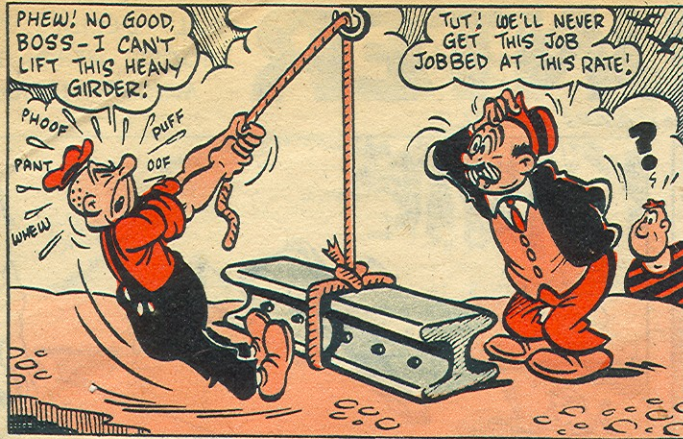
Toddy didn't say anything to Bunter, but when the fat lad had gone he let the other fellows in on his secret. They were all for going after Billy and scragging him on the spot, but Peter didn't—he had a better idea. So all of them were very nice to Billy for the rest of that day. They took it all as his due, and before the day was out he really believed that he was a hero himself. So that when, after lights out, the lads told him that they'd bought a special pie in his honour, he only murmured, "That's decent of you, chaps—of course—I deserve it!"



But that pie was a special trick pie, and as Billy stuck his fork in it blew up in his face. "Groooo!" gasped Billy. "Yowp! Yarroooooo! I say, what rotter did that?" But his indignation didn't do him any good, for when he looked around the rest of the lads were advancing on him with knotted towels. And did he have to run the gauntlet! "That bike goes back tomorrow, old fat man!" Peter told him. "And don't you dare tell anyone I ought to have had it—or we'll scrag you again!" Billy went to bed wishing that he'd been more truthful!

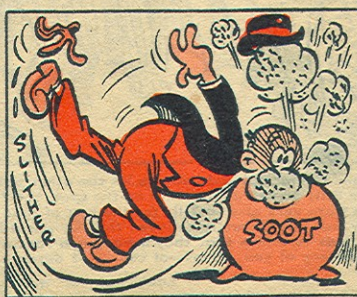
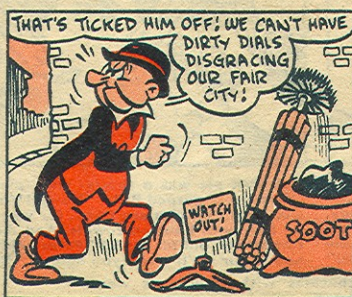
Look out for more chuckles with Billy next week.

TOUGH TEX

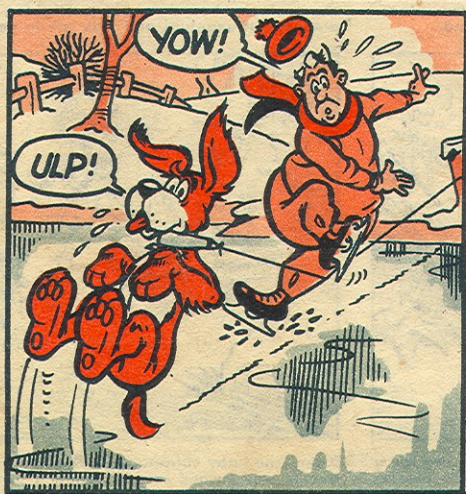
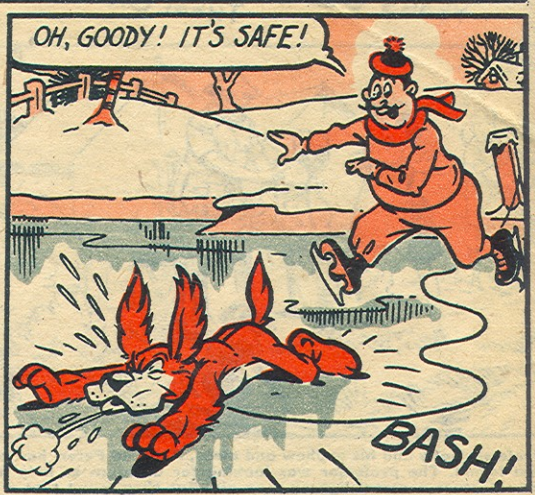
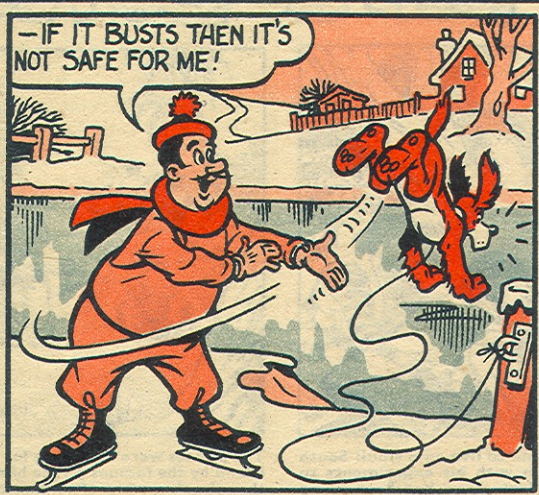
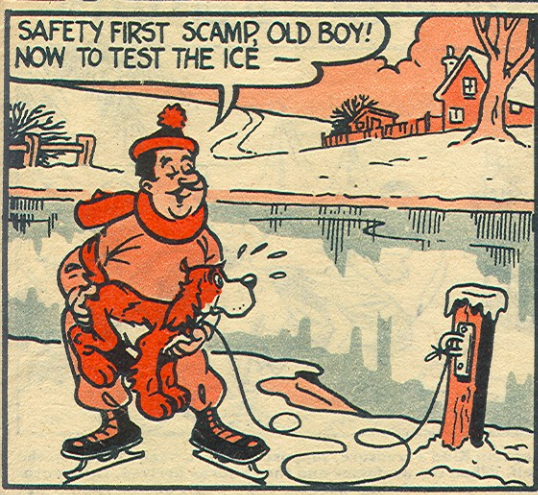


Mr. BUSY BOOBY

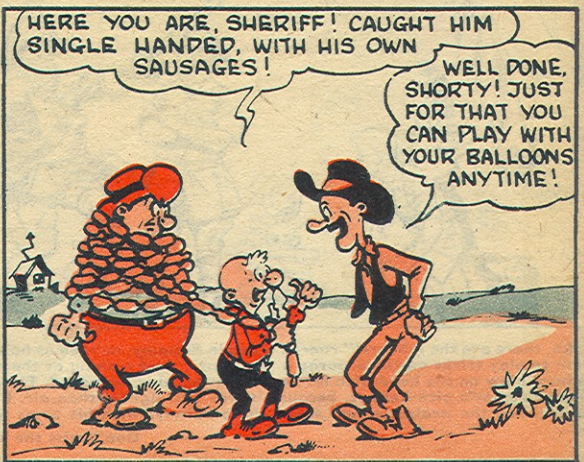
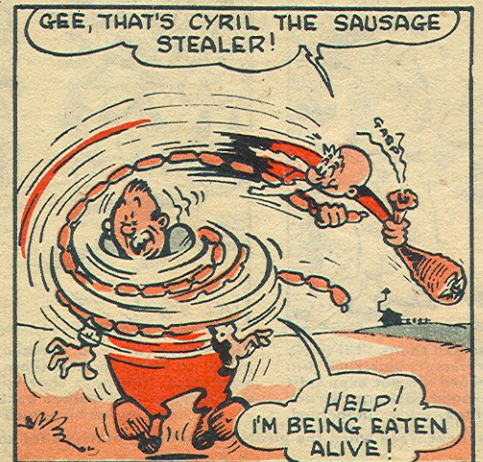
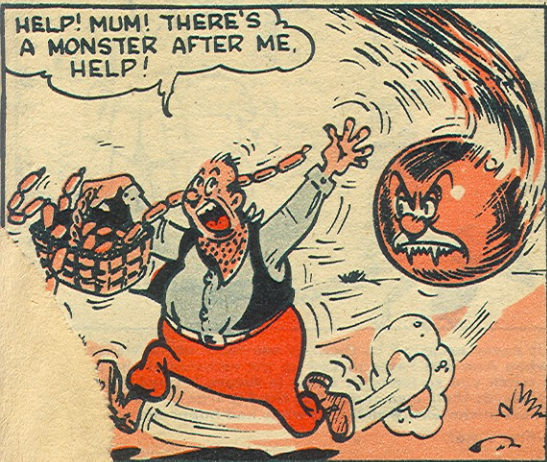
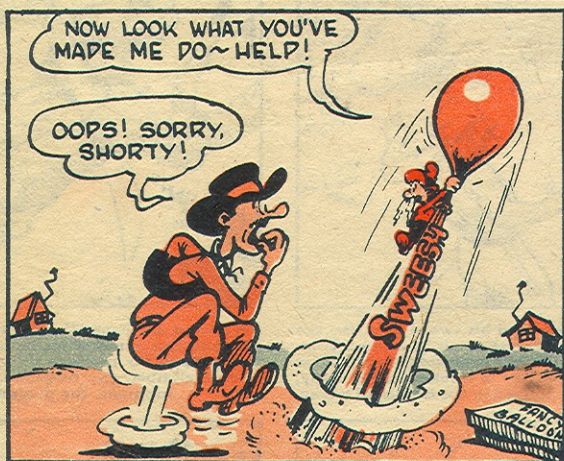
by Dean's Gifford



SCAMP OUR HAPPY HOUND



SHORTY - THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

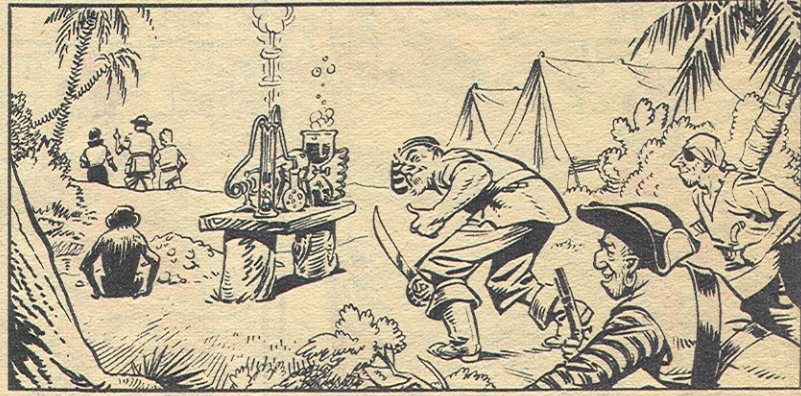


HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET A GANG OF PIRATES TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD? YOU'LL FIND THEM ON—

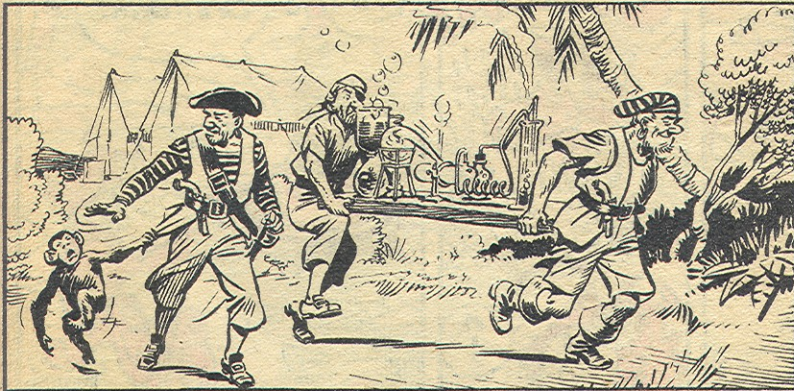
LIVE LONG ISLAND



Professor Jolly and his nephew and niece, Ann and Peter, had come to live on a small South Sea island. The professor was looking for uranium to help him with his experiments to manufacture a metal lighter than air. But they found that a pirate crew had been living on the island for two hundred years, kept alive by the strange magic of this queer place. It was this that had given the island its strange name—Live Long Island.



The pirates were searching for Captain Kidd's treasure, supposed to have been hidden on the island by the famous pirate himself. When the professor and the children arrived, the pirates thought they were after the treasure, too, and they tried to drive them off the island. But the professor had managed to frighten them away with his portable cinema. He discovered a supply of uranium and was left in peace to continue his experiments—or so he thought!



Little did he know that some of the pirates were watching his every move, waiting for a chance to get even. As soon as he and the children left their camp unguarded, the pirates crept out of hiding to steal the complicated chemical apparatus he had built to make his lighter-than-air metal. "This'll be some witches' brew they're makin' to cast a spell on us," said one of them. "We'll take it to Cap'n Bellamy. He'll know what to do with it."



Koko, the baby chimpanzee who had befriended the three adventurers, but he was pushed roughly aside. The three men carried the apparatus to their leader and told their leader where they had found it. The pirate captain drew his sword and cut it to pieces," he said, "and the magic power of these three lubbers will be a little less." Meanwhile, Koko had brought the professor, Ann and Peter on the island.



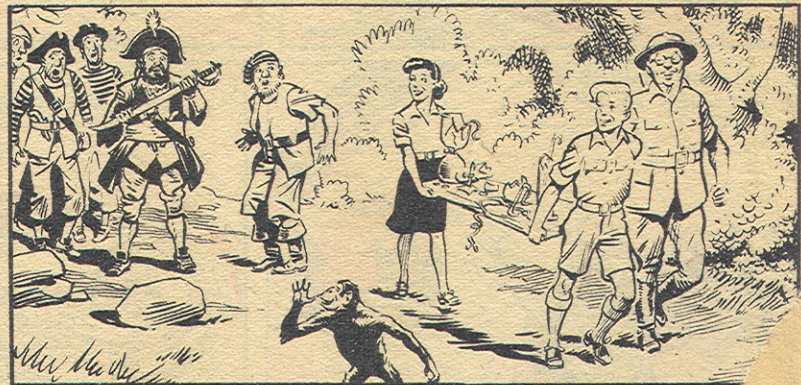
"Now we'll see some fun," grinned the professor, as Bellamy raised his sword to strike the delicate glass apparatus. "My formula for making metal lighter than air is almost complete." As the pirate chief delivered the blow, there was a mighty explosion. The pirates staggered back in alarm, and Bellamy dropped his sword. Then, as the smoke cleared away, the amazed pirates saw the sword floating upwards to become lodged in the branch of a tree.



"Wh-what happened?" stammered one of them. "I don't know," murmured his leader, who had lost some of his boldness. "The explosion must've blown my sword up in the air. Get it down for me, one of you, and I'll finish this magic once an' for all." So one of the pirates climbed the tree and brought the truant sword back to Black Bellamy. At that moment, the professor, Ann and Peter, with Koko, came out of hiding.



"Ah, there are the lubbers!" roared Captain Bellamy, as soon as he spotted them. "I'll teach 'em to play tricks on the Scourge o' the Seas!" And rushing at the professor, he struck him a hard blow on the head with his sword. But nothing happened. The sword did not even split the professor's pitch helmet, because it was still lighter than air. Enraged, Bellamy struck again, but the professor just stood there calmly, with his arms folded, quite unharmed.



The pirates were so amazed, it never occurred to them to use their other weapons. They made no move to stop them when Ann and Peter picked up the remains of the professor's apparatus. "Perhaps that will teach you to leave us alone in future," cried Ann to the pirate captain. "Perhaps that will teach you to leave us alone in future," cried Ann to the pirate captain. "Perhaps that will teach you to leave us alone in future," cried Ann to the pirate captain. "Perhaps that will teach you to leave us alone in future," cried Ann to the pirate captain. "Perhaps that will teach you to leave us alone in future," cried Ann to the pirate captain.

Don't miss the fun next week when the pirates see a flying machine for the first time!

The LAST OF THE COMANCHES

by  BARRY FORD.



Mike Curtis stamped hard on the clinging hands, while Red Hand gritted his teeth and hung on. But for how long?

RED HAND'S NARROW ESCAPE

THE thunderous roar of an explosion echoed through Pinewood Gulch as the bridge spanning the gulch was blown sky-high.

Six men were lying flat on their faces some distance away and as the last pieces of the wrecked bridge fell into the canyon and the dust and smoke of the explosion settled down, one of the men, a big, rough-looking character, sat up.

"O.K., boys, it's safe to get up now. We've done a right neat little job on that bridge. Now all we've got to do is wait for the Denver Express to come round that bend and wish—over into the gulch she goes! I'd like to see the engine-driver's face when he sees the bridge isn't there and he hasn't time to stop the train!" And he let out a horrible guffaw of laughter. "This job should bring us each several thousand dollars," the ruffian added as he got to his feet. "And now, let's eat while we're waiting for the train."

The burly man was none other than Brent Travis, the notorious outlaw leader, and the five men with him were his gang. Travis was after a load of gold aboard the Denver Express. The gold was the long overdue wages of men working on the railroad—great Union Pacific which was going its way westward to the sea. Travis's plan was to train by blowing up the bridge and then, in all the confusion, his men were to grab the gold from the wreck and get off with it before a train came from the nearest

working party along the line could reach the express.

But Brent Travis did not know that his whole plan had been overheard and that someone had witnessed the blowing-up of the bridge. If he had looked up into the leafy branches of a nearby tree he would have seen Red Hand, the boy-chief of the Comanches, and the last of his tribe.

Red Hand had been on the trail of Travis and his men for almost three years, for he had sworn to punish each member of the vicious gang for taking part in the ruthless massacre of his people. The outlaws had completely wiped out all the peaceful Comanches, including Red Hand's father, who was the chief, and his mother. So far the last of the Comanches had struck at half the gang, but there were still six men left who had yet to feel the lash of Red Hand's vengeance.

The boy-chief waited until the coast was clear and while the outlaws were preparing their meal he slid down the tree trunk and glided silently through the woods to the spot where he had hidden his horse. His first concern was to save the train, that must be stopped along the track at all costs. He would deal with the Travis Gang later. So vaulting on to the back of his mount he sped off down the trail running alongside the railroad track and headed for the nearest signal station. He knew the express would be along shortly and there was no time to lose.

But back at Pinewood Gulch Brent Travis had spotted the Indian youth slipping into the woods.

"Red Hand!" he hissed. "He

must have seen the bridge blown up and has gone to warn the train! But this is one time when the red dog won't get the better of me. Mike!" he bellowed to one of his men. "come here!"

"What's the trouble, boss, you look kinda pale?" remarked Mike Curtis.

"I've just seen that durned redskin!"

"Red Hand?" asked Mike sharply.

"Yeah. He slipped through those trees over to the right. He must have seen us blow the bridge and has gone to warn the men at the signal box. I want you to go after him and stop him warnin' that train. Rub him out completely! I'm tired of havin' him on my trail all these months. He's deadly—look what he's done to our gang! You go get him, Mike, and don't come back until you've settled with the red critter for good and all!"

Mike lost no time in setting out after the Indian lad. Guessing that Red Hand would head straight for the signal box and would keep to the railroad tracks, the outlaw took a short cut across country so he would reach there first.

In the meantime, Red Hand, not suspecting that he was being followed, streaked along like the wind. He reckoned he had about two more miles to go before reaching the signal station. He kept his ears strained for the warning whistle the express would give as it chugged its way through a tunnel cut in the mountainside. Once he heard that whistle, Red Hand knew it would only be a matter of minutes before the train passed the signal box.

A mile further on the Indian lad began to climb a steep mountain path. Just over the summit and down the other side was the signal station. Red Hand gave a sigh of relief. He would be able to reach the signalman in good time to stop the train.

But just at that moment a shot rang out and Red Hand's horse, letting out a scream of pain, crashed to the ground with a bullet wound in its side. As the horse fell the Comanche had the presence of mind to slip his moccasined feet out of the stirrups and swing his legs clear. As he scrambled up from his fallen mount he was confronted by Mike Curtis and his smoking six-gun.

With a wild yell the Indian lad dived into the bushes lining the mountain trail, and running for all he was worth, he sped towards the summit. But the outlaw dashed after him, and swift-footed as the Comanche was, he could not out-distance the horse. Curtis was about to fire a second time when he realised he was now too near to the signal station and his shot might be heard.

As the panting Red Hand reached the mountain top the outlaw made a spring from his saddle and flung himself at the boy, knocking him to the ground.

Together they rolled about on the pine-coned ground. Red Hand rolled on top of Curtis and put up a good fight, getting in some hard blows to Mike's face. But the outlaw suddenly doubled up his knee and, driving it hard into the lad's chest, forced him over on to the ground. Then rolling on top of the winded Indian, Mike cinched his knees sharply round Red Hand's waist and doubling up his fist smashed it against the youth's jaw, knocking him out.

The outlaw jumped to his feet and looked about him. Travis's orders had been to kill the Comanche. He would fling the boy over the precipice!

So, picking up the unconscious lad and slinging him across his shoulder, Mike Curtis stumbled over to the edge of the mountain.

There was a sheer drop of several hundred feet to the valley below.

He took a step backwards and, taking a deep breath, was in the act of throwing Red Hand over, when the Comanche opened his eyes. Dazed as he was, he realised what was happening, and giving the outlaw a sudden swift kick in the stomach, he managed to slide off Curtis who momentarily loosened his grip.

But as Red Hand slid to the ground the outlaw thrust out his foot, tripping him, and the Comanche toppled over the edge of the precipice.

Frantically he made a grab at the rocky edge and hung on by his hands, his arms taking the full weight of his body. He swung perilously from side to side as he tried to touch the rocky wall of the precipice with his feet in an attempt to find a footing.

The outlaw, seeing Red Hand's pitiful plight, let out a loud, raucous laugh and going right to the cliff's edge, stamped hard on the Comanche's fingers.

Red Hand let out a cry as a sharp, stinging pain raced through his hands and up his arms.

"That hurts, doesn't it?" yelled Mike. "Well, I'll just keep on doin' it until you let go and go hurtlin' down into the valley!"

Red Hand gritted his teeth and hung on. The outlaw stamped on his fingers again, digging his sharp heels in cruelly. The pain was so great Red Hand was forced to let go.

Down he dropped into the terrifying space. But sticking out a few feet below was a rocky ledge which fortunately broke his fall. Badly shaken, Red Hand sat up, gently rubbing his swollen jaw with his torn, bruised hands.

A jeering voice made him look up and there, peering down at him from over the cliff, was the outlaw.

"Try and get yourself out of there!" taunted Curtis.

Angrily Red Hand picked up a large stone and, jumping up quickly, flung it upwards with all his might. It was thrown with such force it caught the surprised outlaw right between the eyes and sent him reeling backwards. He staggered a few steps and then crumpled to the ground senseless.

Red Hand waited a few minutes and hearing nothing more of the outlaw, began to scale the cliff. It was hard going and very dangerous. His bruised fingers groped about finding grooves in the rocky surface, and slowly, a few inches at a time, he began to climb. His moccasins gripped the rock firmly and prevented him from slipping.

He had almost reached the top when in the distance he heard the faint whistle of a train. The express was entering the tunnel! In his haste to get to the top Red Hand's foot slipped on a loose pebble, and he slid back a couple

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

(Continued from page 2)

surrounded by the savage jungle that always has been my home."

"I know of no other place in which I should rather be married to my forest god than beneath the shade of his forest," she answered.

So the entire party assembled within the little cabin and about the door to witness the second ceremony that Professor Porter was to solemnize within three days.

D'Arnot was to be best man and Hazel Strong bridesmaid, until Tennington upset all the arrangements by another of his marvellous "ideas."

"If Miss Strong is agreeable," he said, taking the bridesmaid's hand in his, "Hazel and I think it would be ripping to make it a double wedding."

of feet. But at last, after what seemed a very long time to Red Hand, he reached out and grabbed the edge of the precipice. Taking a deep breath he heaved himself up over the top. He had made it!

Throwing a rapid glance at the prostrate outlaw and seeing he was unconscious, Red Hand raced down the mountain side towards the signal station.

Some minutes later two very surprised signalmen looked up from their work to find an almost exhausted, bruised and battered Indian lad standing before them.

"Quick! Stop train! Bridge at Pinewood Gulch blown up!" he panted. And as he spoke the train rumbled up the grade towards the station.

Without wasting time asking questions, one of the men grabbed a red lamp and tore out of the little wooden signal box. Rushing out into the middle of the track he waved the lamp to and fro and with a great screeching of brakes the Denver Express pulled up with a puffing jolt a couple of yards off.

When the signalman, accompanied by the engine-driver, returned to the station, Red Hand was bathing his bruised face and hands.

"Now, lad," boomed the engine-driver. "What's this all about?" Slowly Red Hand explained the whole story.

"The Travis Gang!" exclaimed the engine-driver when the Comanche had finished. "Well, Red Hand, the Union Pacific will reward you handsomely for this. You're a brave lad, and you've not only saved the gold, but the lives of everyone on the train."

"Red Hand want no reward. Only want to see bad paleface put in jail."

"You and your assistant go with Red Hand and capture the outlaw," suggested the engine-driver to the signalman. "And I'll round up some of the cowboys on the train—their horses are in the van—and we'll go after the rest of the gang."

But when the hurriedly formed posse reached Pinewood Gulch there was no sign of Brent Travis or his gang. The wily outlaw leader got suspicious when Mike Curtis failed to return, and the train did not appear along the track. He figured that whatever had gone wrong had to do with Red Hand. And cursing the Indian soundly for upsetting his plans, he and his men rode out of Pinewood Gulch a few minutes before the posse arrived.

But Mike Curtis was not so lucky. He was just gaining consciousness when the signalmen grabbed him!

A faint smile of satisfaction played about Red Hand's mouth as he watched the outlaw being dragged away. He had settled his account with one more of the Travis Gang!

Where and at whom will the last of the Comanches strike next? Don't miss next week's thrill-packed instalment.

The next day they sailed, and as the cruiser steamed slowly out to sea Tarzan and Jane Porter leaned against her rail to watch the receding shore line upon which danced twenty black warriors of the Waziri, waving their war spears above their savage heads and shouting farewells to their departing king.

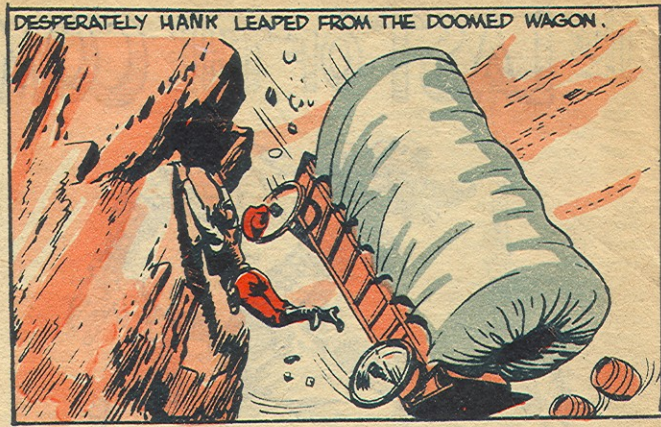
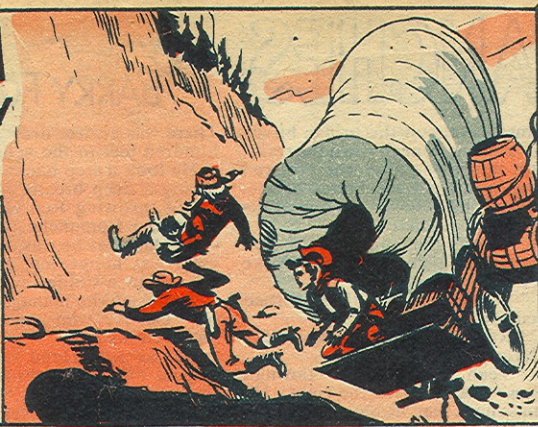
"I should hate to think that I am looking upon the jungle for the last time, Jane," he said, "were it not that I know that I am going to a new world of happiness with you forever," and bending down, Tarzan of the Apes kissed his mate.

THE END

Watch out for the grand new serial, "Jack the Giant Tamer." It starts next week, so make sure you don't miss the first instalment by placing a regular order for COMET with your newsagent today!

KIT CARSON BLAZES A NEW TRAIL!

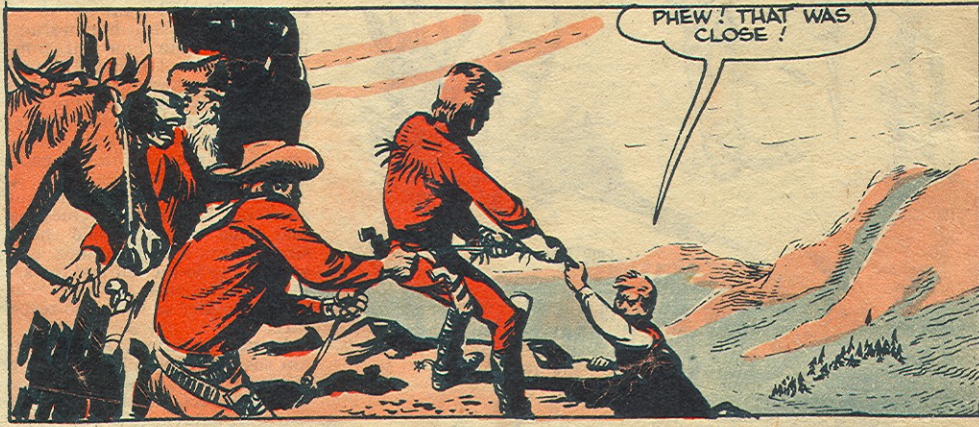
TREKKING ACROSS AMERICA, KIT CARSON MET HUSKY CHALMERS, AND TOGETHER THEY JOINED A WAGON TRAIN HEADING WESTWARD. ON A PERILOUS MOUNTAIN TRAIL, HUSKY'S WAGON TEAM BOLTED. KIT LEAPED ON TO THE LEADING HORSE, BUT THE SHAFT OF THE WAGON BROKE. THE NEXT SECOND THE WAGON HURTTLED OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.



DESPERATELY HANK LEAPED FROM THE DOOMED WAGON.



HANG ON, HANK



PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



WHAT HAPPENED?
THAT FOOL, PETE MUNRO, STARTED SHOOTING OFF HIS GUNS AND THE HORSES BOLTED. WE NEARLY HAD A NASTY ACCIDENT!



THE WAY I FIGURE IT, IT WAS NO ACCIDENT—THIS SHAFT WAS DELIBERATELY SAWN ALMOST THROUGH, AND IT'S MY GUESS PETE MUNRO HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT. WHERE IS HE?

HE GALLOPED BACK UP THE TRAIL PAST US. WE SHOUTED TO HIM, BUT HE WOULDN'T STOP.



I'M GOING AFTER MUNRO. HE CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR AND HE MIGHT HAVE A FEW MORE TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE.



THAT'S MUNRO'S HORSE. WONDER WHY HE DIDN'T TRY TO GET CLEAR AWAY?



SUDDENLY KIT SAW A HUDDLED SHAPE ON THE GROUND...

O.K. MUNRO. GET UP!



BUT SUDDENLY A MENACING VOICE SPOKE BEHIND KIT.

DROP THAT GUN, CARSON, AND RAISE YOUR HANDS SLOWLY!

Kit's in a tough spot! Be sure to read next week's thrill-packed instalment of this exciting tale!