

# THE GOLD TRAIL.



*A Thrilling Story of African Adventure*

BY ERNEST BRINDLE

## CHAPTER I.

### LOST IN THE WILDS!

DEEP in the heart of a wild and desolate valley begirt by great mountains, a white man, lost, despairing, sat huddled against a big rock on the bank of an unknown stream.

Want and privation had worn him to a shadow. The fire of a wasting fever burned in his eyes. His clothes were in tatters. The strips of deer-skin that he had bound round his feet had split and become useless to protect them.

Clasped in his arms was a golden-haired baby-girl. She was fast asleep. The soft flush of perfect health showed in her dimpled cheeks; no falling shadow of fear, no stab of hunger, disturbed her sweet repose.

The man was dying so that she should live. So that she should not lack for nourishment he had denied himself of any share of the food he carried with him, existing for days on such roots and berries as were eatable.

Now he had come to the end of his struggle with fate. His strength was gone; the terrible African swamp fever had him in its grim clutch. The death he dreaded, not for his

own but for the child's sake, was reaching out invisible hands to claim him.

"No!" he cried hoarsely, his heart filling with anguish at the thought. "I will not die and leave my darling alone and helpless in this awful place! Than that, it would be far, far better that she should perish with me."

He rose to his feet, only to stagger and sink weakly down again, utterly exhausted even by so slight an effort.

His foot dislodged a piece of loose rock. It rolled over, sparkling in the blazing sunlight, so that the man, his attention suddenly arrested, stared at it in startled wonder.

Reaching out a trembling hand he picked up the rock, and slowly turned it over. It was veined with a dull, yellow metal that shone and gleamed in the light as he moved it to and fro.

"Gold!" he exclaimed, his mind swiftly oblivious to all else but the thrilling fact of his great discovery. "Gold at last!"

Shaken with excitement, he looked round at the great rocks all about him, and saw that they, too, were streaked with gold.

So the tale of the Valley of Gold that he

had heard was, after all, a true one. It had fired his imagination when he first heard it.

With wife and child, he had set out to search for the new El Dorado that Zukali, the old Zulu witch-doctor, had told him about. Week after week, month after month, he had pursued his quest with a dogged faith and resolve that nothing could shake. And when, at last, doubts and misgivings crept into his mind, it was his brave young wife who inspired him with fresh hope and courage.

So they travelled on, farther and farther into the unknown, until both were stricken down with the deadly swamp fever.

The Kaffir servants deserted them, driving off in the big ox-wagon during the night, and taking away everything of value but a small medicine-chest and a meagre supply of food and fresh water.

Death passed by Lester Tremayne, but it took from him the one whom he loved better than his own life. In the shadow of a mighty rock he laid his wife to rest, marking her grave with a simple wooden cross.

Then he went onward again with his baby-girl, bereft of all hope. All desire to reach the fabled Valley of Gold left him. His one care was for the helpless little mite he carried in his arms.

Ever deeper into the trackless wilds he

pushed his way, hoping against hope that he might come to some native village, or encounter a wandering party of white men.

Never a living soul did he meet. No sign of human habitation gladdened his aching eyes. He and his child were alone in the wilderness.

And now the goal he had set himself to reach was his at last. The Valley of Gold, that old Zukali had spoken of, lay before him. He had found it, this place of hidden wealth, but too late.

The child stirred in his arms, sighed, and then nestled closer to his breast. He gazed down at her with a look of sadly-yearning affection in his drawn, haggard face.

He closed his eyes, thinking of his little one, seeking for an inspiration that might show him how to ensure her safety after he had gone.

At that moment a fish rose to the surface of the stream below with a loud splash. The sound flashed a thought to the man's brain that

he lost no time in acting upon.

Opening the oil-sheet in which he carried his few possessions, he took out a pocket-diary, and started adding to the written pages. After writing for some time he tore the written pages from the diary, rolled them



"Gold!" he exclaimed, picking up the piece of rock with a trembling hand. "Gold at last!" (See opposite page.)

tightly together, and then thrust the roll into an empty water-flask.

After securely corking it, Tremayne threw the flask into the stream and it was quickly carried away. He watched it until it was out of sight, hoping and praying that it would fall into the hands of someone who, acting on the written instructions it contained, might be the means of saving the life of his child.

"I can do no more," he muttered. "May Heaven above guard my darling, and bring her safely out of danger. I can no longer shield her from harm."

Making a pillow of his coat for her head, he gently laid her down, and then waited for the end. The child slept on through the scorching heat of the day. As the sun was sinking behind the peaks of the mountains in a flaming ball of crimson, she started up, and looked round with innocently wondering gaze.

"Daddy!" she cried, toddling towards him. "Is oo asleep, daddy? I'se so hungry!"

The man, still and lifeless as the great rock towering above him, did not speak. Never again would she hear his voice. Fatherless, motherless, she was alone in the wilderness!

Catching sight of some food that Tremayne had put out for her, she laughed gaily, and hastened to satisfy her hunger. Then, finding that the attempts she made to waken her father were of no avail, she gave way to an outburst of childish grief.

Tears changed to smiles of delight as she saw the moon rising in the sky. Gaily she skipped along between the rocks, stretching out her tiny hands to grasp the beams of silvery light, laughing and prattling to herself in gleeful excitement.

Tiring at last she sat down, leaning her fair head against the trunk of a withered tree. Her eyes closed. In another moment she was fast asleep, with none to watch over her, a lost child in the wilderness!

## CHAPTER II.

AFTER MANY YEARS!

**A**CROSS the African veldt came a drove of oxen, moving with slow, ponderous tread, in charge of a mounted white man and several Kaffirs, who were on foot.

The horseman, a lean, sinewy little Scotchman named Wilson Grant, had bought the oxen from a Boer farmer, at a place called Delspruit, and was taking them to his farm, some thirty miles away.

A wild shout from the Kaffirs suddenly warned him that something had gone amiss. One of the oxen, straggling out of the line, had slipped down the deep bank of a dried-up water course.

The terrified beast made frantic efforts to clamber out, but without success, and he had to be roped and hauled up the bank by Kaffirs and oxen pulling in unison. As the task was being carried out, Grant, looking down at the dry bed of the old water course, noticed a water flask sticking out of the soil trampled up by the ox.

Curiosity prompted him to send a Kaffir down for it. The cask was thickly caked with dry mud and gravel that, in course of time, had become hard as porous rock.

"It must have been lying there for years!" said Grant. "It's worthless, anyhow, as it is."

He flung the flask away, and forgot all about it until the next morning, when one of the Kaffirs brought it to him. Picking it up when his master flung it away, the native, pleased as a child with a new toy, had carried the flask home with him.

There he had chipped off the hard substance adhering to it. The flask, of native make, had a leather case bearing the name initials, L. T., and the cork had been driven down level with the top of the neck.

Extracting the cork, the Kaffir found that the flask contained a thick roll of paper. It was this circumstance that led him to bring the flask to Grant, who lost no time in ascertaining the exact nature of its hidden secret.

The roll of paper consisted of several loose sheets, evidently torn from a pocket diary, and a small packet addressed to Clive Hanson, Royston Hall, Devonshire, England.

Deeply interested, Grant started to read what was written on the loose sheets of paper, uttering a cry of amazed surprise as he noted the date at the head of the page.

"Fourteen years ago!" he said. "All that time this message has been bottled up in the flask, where it would have remained until

doomsday if that ox of mine hadn't slipped into the old water course!"

The message was the one that Lester Tremayne had written, when at the point of death, by the stream flowing through the Valley of Gold. In it he briefly described the circumstances of his hopeless position, and spoke of his anxiety and distress on account of the child who, when he died, would be left alone in the wilderness.

The description given of the desolate region where the dead man had breathed his last was not very enlightening. His illness and despair had apparently robbed Tremayne of his interest in the country that fate had led him to.

The only thing he made clear was that he had travelled, from first to last, in a northerly direction.

"As he had been on the move for months," Grant reflected, "he must have got far into the wild land that the white man is still a stranger to. Poor fellow! It was best for him to die a natural death. Had he lived, the savages would have got him."

He sighed, thinking of the child bereft of her father, left to perish of hunger and thirst, even if she met with no worse fate.

"Ah, well!" he murmured, with a sad shake of his head. "It's all past and done with now. The wee bairn's been at rest and peace these many years gone!"

By the outgoing post he forwarded on the packet addressed to Clive Hanson, enclosing

a letter explaining how it had come into his possession, never dreaming what the result of his action would be.

### CHAPTER III.

AT ROYLSTON HALL!

UP the steep, shady lane leading to Royston Hall a tall, strapping lad of eighteen was making his way, with a look of brooding thought in his handsome face.

"I'm sick and tired of it all!" he murmured to himself. "I can't stand it much longer! The best thing I can do is to go right away. This place is more like prison than home to me!"

Yet as he looked at the fine old mansion before him, Clive Hanson knew that it would be bitterly hard for him to leave it. He loved it with an affection that grew stronger every year of his life.

It was in a sadly-neglected state. The ivy rambled at will over the thick walls, blocking up some of the windows and working its

destructive way under the tiles of the roof. The grounds in which it stood were in the same state of neglect; weeds choked up the flower-beds.

This was the fault of Hartley Fanshawe, under whose guardianship Clive had been placed five years before, on the death of his father. It was always a mystery to Clive how his parent had ever made such a close and trusted friend of the man.



Grant lost no time in ascertaining the exact nature of the hidden secret of the water-flask. (See opposite page)



"Give those papers to me! You should have brought them to me in the first place!" said Hartley Fanshawe harshly. (See page 152)

He had a conviction—in which he was right—that his father had gradually fallen under the stronger will of Fanshawe until he was completely dominated by his evil genius.

There had never been any feeling between the lad and his guardian but one of dislike. Harsh, cruel, and vindictive, Hartley Fanshawe took an evil delight in persecuting the son of his old friend and benefactor.

He had a secret reason for hating Clive, for he had misappropriated the money left in trust for his young charge, and feared the inevitable day of reckoning.

Little wonder that Clive fiercely rebelled against his lot. Insulted, humiliated every day of his life, he had reached the limit of his endurance.

"It must end!" he vowed silently, as he reached the house. "I'll clear out—go abroad—do anything but let things go on as they are going!"

A bicycle bell rang just behind him. He looked round to see a postman.

"A letter for you, Mr. Clive," said the man, handing one to him. "I hope it brings you good news."

The letter, as Clive saw at a glance, was from South Africa. The post-mark told him that it had been stamped at Delspruit, which

place, however, he had never heard of before. Eagerly he tore open the envelope.

Then, changing his mind, he took the letter into the house to read at his leisure. Going to the old library, where the shadows of the oak-panelled walls mingled with the shafts of sunlight shining through the quaint, dormer windows, Clive quickly scanned the few lines that Wilson Grant had penned a few weeks before.

"Why," he exclaimed wonderingly, "this packet, found in the water-flask, was meant for my father! He and Lester Tremayne must have been friends!"

Taking up the packet, he removed the paper wrapper, and the pages of the diary that Tremayne had kept lay on the table before him.

With shining eyes and a deepening sense of interest and excitement, Clive perused the tragic chronicle set down by the doomed man fourteen years before. He came to the last two pages of the manuscript.

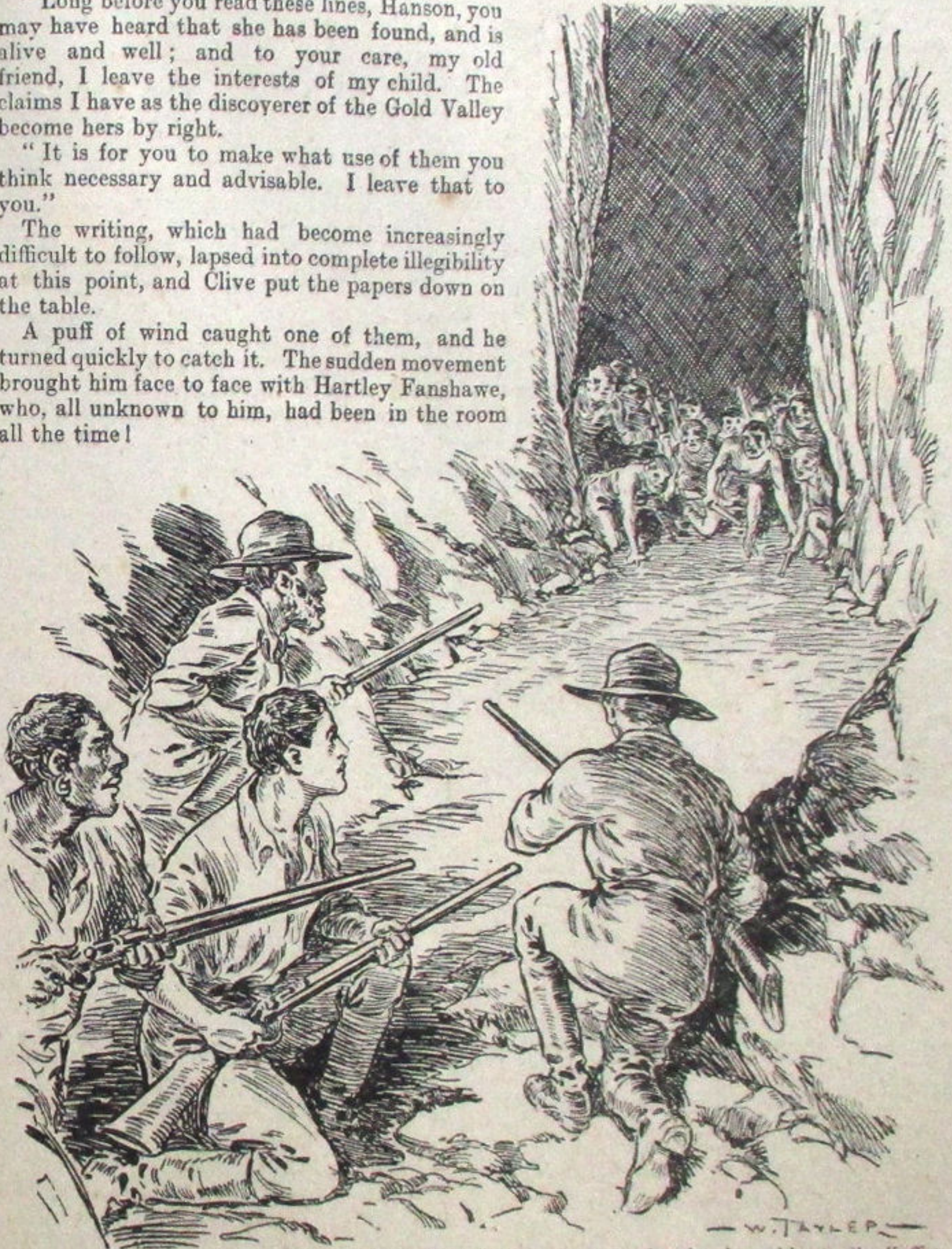
"The sun is setting behind the mountains," he read. "I shall be dead long before it rises again. My darling Mavis is asleep. Something tells me that I shall never hear her voice again. I am praying and trusting that she will be spared my fate."

"Long before you read these lines, Hanson, you may have heard that she has been found, and is alive and well; and to your care, my old friend, I leave the interests of my child. The claims I have as the discoverer of the Gold Valley become hers by right.

"It is for you to make what use of them you think necessary and advisable. I leave that to you."

The writing, which had become increasingly difficult to follow, lapsed into complete illegibility at this point, and Clive put the papers down on the table.

A puff of wind caught one of them, and he turned quickly to catch it. The sudden movement brought him face to face with Hartley Fanshawe, who, all unknown to him, had been in the room all the time!



— W. TAYLER —

"Here they come!" shouted Wilson Grant. Crawling over the ground on hands and knees, the Kaffirs had come within a yard or two of the ravine. (See page 155)

"You've been spying!" exclaimed Clive hotly, a quick flash of intuition revealing the truth to him. "You were looking over my shoulder while I was reading these papers!"

Hartley Fanshawe did not deny the charge. "You should have brought them to me in the first place!" he said harshly. "Give them to me now!"

He was a tall, sparely built man, with a thin, hawk-like face and hard light-brown eyes that had a queer glint in them.

"Give the papers to me!" he said again, stretching out his hand for them. "They were sent to your father, in whose place I stand, and not to you!"

"I know that," Clive answered. "But I'm his son, and I shall keep them."

He swept up the papers and replaced them quickly in the envelope from which he had taken them. Taking a step forward, Fanshawe seized the lad by the wrist and gave it a cruel twist.

"Let go!" said Clive, his cheeks pale. "I'll knock you down, else!"

The warning was lost on Fanshawe. He badly wanted those papers that he had looked at while Clive was going through them. His brain reeled at the thought of the priceless information they contained, and which he had already resolved to make use of to his own advantage.

With a snarling hiss, he struck furiously at Clive. The lad avoided the blow, and, at the same moment, his clenched fist shot out, and Hartley Fanshawe went down on his back with a crash that jarred every bone in his body.

"You've got what you asked for!" said Clive coolly. "Let it be a lesson to you not to lay hands on me again! You'll get worse than that if you do!"

Fanshawe, showing his teeth like a cornered rat, glared up into the lad's face.

"I'll pay you out!" he snarled. "I'll be even with you in a way you never dream of, you whelp!"

With a scornful smile on his lips, but not deigning to reply to the threat, Clive pocketed the papers and walked out of the library. Making his way to a secluded part of the old garden, he stayed there for some time,

thinking over what had happened, and wondering what he ought to do.

A shrill whistle reached his ears, followed by the sound of his own name spoken by a lad of about his own age who was looking down at him from the top of the garden-wall.

"Hallo, Dan!" he said. "Stay where you are. I'll join you."

Scaling the wall, he dropped on the far side, where there was a little sheltered glade amongst the trees that covered the spot.

"I've had a big row with Fanshawe," he explained to Dan, "and I don't want to see him again just yet. He'd only cause trouble if he saw you with me in the garden."

Dan Penshurst laughed. A youth without a relative in the world, he worked for a firm of boat makers at Royston, and was of a bright, lively disposition. He and Clive were great chums, often going out sailing and fishing together, and exploring the cliffs and caves along the coast.

"That fellow is always making things disagreeable for you," he said, as he stretched himself out on the grass. "I'm surprised you put up with it. Why don't you make tracks for some place abroad? I'd come with you, as I've often told you before, and we should come back rich men some day."

"I'm going," Clive answered. "I'm off to South Africa, and you can come with me, Dan, if you like."

Dan sat up with a look of excited interest in his sunburnt face.

"D'you really mean it?" he inquired quickly.

"Sure I do!" Clive answered. "I made up my mind to go just now, on the strength of a letter from South Africa that came to hand by the last post. It was meant for my father, but I thought it was for me, and I took it to the library and read it. Fanshawe was there, unknown to me, and I believe he read it, too, looking over my shoulder. That's what the row was about."

He went on to inform Dan of the contents of the packet that had come into his possession, showing the other the papers that Lester Tremayne had placed in the water-flask found so many years later by Wilson Grant in the old water-course.

"If my father had been alive," he said, "he'd have gone out to Africa to find out what had become of Mavis Tremayne, though the chances are that the poor child perished in the wilderness. And it's up to me to do what he would have done."

"Of course it is!" exclaimed Dan Penshurst promptly. "You are doing the right thing, and I shall go with you, Clive. You'll want a chum. Together, we'll find the Valley of Gold and the girl, Mavis Tremayne, if she's alive. The thing to do is to reach Africa before Fanshawe."

"You think he'll try to get there first?"

"I'm sure he will," Dan replied, "if he read those papers, as you believe he did. He'll go for the gold."

That Dan Penshurst was right in his belief was proved very speedily. That same night Hartley Fanshawe secretly took his departure from Royston Hall, and Clive had no doubt as to the intentions of his scoundrelly guardian.

It was not until nearly a week later that he and Dan Penshurst were able to leave home. Between them they were able to raise enough money for the long voyage to Cape Town and the overland journey to the north that would follow, what they would do when they reached Delspruit being left for the future to decide.

Full of hope and courage, undaunted by the thought of difficulty and danger, the two chums set out on their strange and

romantic quest for Mavis Tremayne and the Valley of Gold that her father had discovered only at the cost of his life!

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE END OF THE TRAIL!

"WE'VE done all we possibly can do," said Wilson Grant, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe-bowl, "and not a trace of Mavis Tremayne have we come across. I never expected us to, as you know. It's been my belief from the very first that the child perished on the very same night that she lost her father. Just look round! It stands to sense that a poor, helpless mite, as she was, couldn't exist long in a place like this."

Leaning on his elbow, he stared across the wild, rocky valley, ringed about by towering mountain ranges over which the shades of approaching night were fast deepening.

His two companions, Clive Hanson and Dan Penshurst, followed his example. They realised the hard truth of his words. A man, lost in such a wilderness, much less a little child, would be doomed to a speedy death.

"Do you suggest, then," said Clive, "that we abandon our search?"

Grant gave a nod.

"I think it would be for the best," he replied slowly, and not without reluctance. "We're only wasting time. Two months



Clive, putting all his weight into the effort, set moving a great rock that was poised on the ledge. (See page 155)



have we spent looking for Mavis Tremayne, all to no purpose, and now our food supply is getting dangerously short. We've about enough to take us back to Delspruit, but no more. The Kaffirs are getting sulky; they might leave us in the lurch. What I propose is that we shall strike camp to-morrow and trek back to Delspruit, where we can lodge our claims with the government people and fit out a fresh expedition."

"There isn't anything else to do," said Dan Penshurst, with a glance at his chum, "so far as I can see, and it isn't as if we were entirely giving up the search for Mavis Tremayne. Later on, when we get back here, we can still carry on with it."

Clive was silent for a moment or two.

"I suppose you're right," he said then. "But I'd far rather we had found that poor girl than the gold. I shall never rest content, either, until I know what became of her on that night, over fourteen years ago, when her father breathed his last on this very spot."

The three comrades sat and talked for some time longer by the camp fire that blazed on the bank of the river flowing through the Valley of Gold, and then covered themselves with a blanket apiece and prepared to rest for the night.

Sleep, however, did not come to Clive Hanson. He lay awake, listening to the swirl and splash of the river flowing swiftly through the gorge, his mind filled with thoughts and memories of all that had happened to him during the last few months.

He and Dan Penshurst had found a staunch friend in Wilson Grant, who had given them a warm welcome to Delspruit. It was he who had planned and made every arrangement for the search for the Valley of Gold, the description of which, in Lester Tremayne's diary, being clear enough to give him a correct idea of its locality.

The search had been a long and arduous one, attended by countless dangers and hardships, but at last it had met with success.

The three comrades, with a large following of Kaffirs engaged for the enterprise by Wilson Grant, had now been in the Valley of Gold for three weeks. They had explored it thoroughly, making numerous maps and draw-

ings of the country, which promised to become one of the richest gold-bearing territories in the world.

Frequently they had caught sight of parties of natives, but every attempt to get into communication with these people had failed, so that they were unable to gather any information that might have thrown light on the mystery of Mavis Tremayne's fate.

This failure to ascertain what had become of the girl troubled Clive Hanson a great deal. Against all reason, he had clung to the hope and belief that Mavis would be found, even though she had been lost to the world so many years.

"I'd like to stay on here," he thought, as he stared up at the starlit sky, "and carry on with the search while Grant and the others go back to Delspruit to refit. It's a queer, funny thing, but I can't get the thought out of my head that Mavis Tremayne is not far from us."

He closed his eyes, and was dropping off to sleep, when a sudden cry from one of the Kaffirs, who had their own camp about twenty yards away, made him spring to his feet.

Immediately afterwards there was the sound of rifle firing, and a bullet whizzed past him. Snatching up his own rifle, he started towards the Kaffir camp, with Wilson and Dan, whom the noise had instantly awakened, close at his heels.

The cause of the uproar was speedily ascertained. A sudden attack had been made on the camp by unknown enemies. Several of the Kaffirs had already taken to flight, but the rest were offering a stout resistance.

"Stand steady!" cried Wilson Grant in the native tongue. "There'll be double pay for every man who does his best. Keep cool! These dagoes can't get past you."

In the darkness it was difficult to see anything of the men who were attacking the camp. They were careful to take advantage of the natural cover provided by the great rocks, from behind which they kept up an incessant rifle fire, seldom venturing into the open.

"They'll never get through!" said Grant

confidently. "Had the Kaffirs all fled, at the first attack, they'd have taken the camp by now. No doubt they were relying on that. This place is a natural fortress. It would take a whole army to rush it."

This was true. The camp was pitched in a deep, narrow ravine leading down to the river. The entrance from the more open valley beyond was no more than ten yards in width, and, resolutely defended, it was a formidable position to take.



"A girl!" exclaimed Grant hoarsely. "It may be Mavis Tremayne her very self!" (See page 156)



About ten of the Kaffirs whom Grant could trust were armed with rifles. He and his white comrades were likewise armed, and were crack shots into the bargain, so that the attacking force met with a sharp and unexpected resistance.

The firing continued on both sides for over an hour, at the end of which time two Kaffirs had been killed, and five or six wounded. Then there was a lull in the struggle.

"Guess they've had enough of it!" said Dan. "I vote we go forward and attack them."

Grant shook his head.

"We'll stay where we are," he said. "They've not gone yet. Look out for some surprise move."

Time went by. Not a sound came from the black shadows massed like an impenetrable wall outside the entrance to the ravine. It was trying work waiting for one knew not what. Suddenly Wilson Grant gave a warning shout.

"Fire!" he shouted. "Here they come."

Crawling over the ground on hands and knees, the attacking party had come to within a yard or two of the ravine, and now, jumping up, they rushed to the assault.

For a few moments the Kaffirs wavered before the fury of the attack. They were swept back into the ravine, where it was impossible for them to use their weapons

with effect, and the enemy pressed on, uttering fierce, exulting cries.

"I'll stop them!" said Clive, as a sudden inspiration flashed across his mind. "Take my rifle, Dan."

Clutching hold of the rough, jagged side of the ravine, he climbed up to a ledge some twenty feet above the ground. Then, putting all his weight and strength into the effort, he set moving a great rock that was poised on the

ledge, and which slightly overhung the entrance to the defile.

As it shook and trembled a yell told him that he was seen by his foes, and a volley of rifle shots hummed and whistled all about him.

He gave a great push, and the big rock, toppling over, thundered down from the ledge to the ground, completely scattering the terrified and discomfited marauders who had been so sure of victory not a minute before.

They fled in confusion. Joining his comrades again, Clive took his rifle, but had no further use for it. The defeated enemy vanished under cover of the darkness, and the attack was not renewed again.

"They're beaten!" said Grant. "The rock was too much for them. We sha'n't be troubled any more to-night."

The wounded Kaffirs were picked up and their injuries attended to. Two or three of the enemy, who had been shot and left behind by their more fortunate companions, were also found lying just inside the mouth of the ravine.

They were blacks, dressed like white men, and Grant suspected that they were natives from the towns farther south. Questioning one of them, he found that he was right in his suspicion.

The man stated that he came from Kimberley, along with several more natives of his own class, and that they had all been engaged by a white man, whom he referred to as the Boss.

"The Boss paid us well," he said. "He brought us here six weeks ago, but we've been on the far side of the valley till yesterday, when we came here on our way back to Kimberley. The Boss was going there for machinery to crush the gold out of the rocks. He promised that we should all be rich for the rest of our lives. He was very angry when he found that you were here."

"How did he find that out?" asked Grant.

"A band of natives we met told him," the black answered. "They had seen you. The Boss said you must all be killed, or we should never have any gold. The natives brought us to the ravine after dark. The Boss said you would all be asleep, and that it would be easy to kill you."

"What's the Boss like?" asked Grant. "Just give a description of him."

"A tall man," the prisoner replied, "with eyes that sparkle like green fire when he is angry. The other day he killed the chief of a tribe living in the forest at the other side of the valley. The chief wouldn't let him have a white girl that he wanted to take away."

The three comrades started violently, and stared at one another in excited surprise.

"A white girl!" exclaimed Clive Hanson. "What was she doing with a native tribe?"

The black did not understand what the lad said to him, so Grant rapidly translated the question into the native tongue.

"She has lived with them many years," said the man. "They found her when she was a little child. She has grown up with them. The Boss brought her away, but she escaped in the darkness, as we were on our way here."

Clive trembled with excitement when he heard these words.

"It's Mavis Tremayne!" he cried. "I'm certain it must be."

Grant Wilson held up his hand.

"Someone calling!" he said quickly. "Who can it be?"

All listened. A faint, but silvery, clear voice, speaking in a native tongue, fell on their ears.

"A girl!" exclaimed Grant hoarsely. "It may be Mavis Tremayne her very self! Follow me, boys!"

He darted off, with Clive and Dan close behind him, going in the direction whence the sound had come. The voice still continued calling. It led the seekers to a spot not far from the entrance to the ravine.

Here they found a girl, wearing a picturesque native costume, lying on the ground, unable to move. She had fallen and badly sprained her ankle. Thinking that friends might be near, she cried out to them.

The comrades carried her gently back to their camp. Was she Mavis Tremayne, after all, or merely some native girl? The next morning they were satisfied that she was the strange white girl who had lived with the tribe in the forest since she was a child.

The captured black recognised her as the

girl whom the Boss had carried off not many days before. Unable to speak any English, she conversed with Wilson Grant in a dialect that he had mastered during his travels in the interior.

"We shall have to find the tribe," he said at last. "She can tell me nothing that will lead to the establishment of her identity."

That same day, Grant and his little party set out for the forest at the far side of the valley. On the way they came upon the dead body of a white man.

"The Boss!" cried the black prisoner, who was acting as guide. "He was shot last night during the fight."

Clive Hanson stared down at the lifeless figure.

"Hartley Fanshawe!" he said, his voice trembling a little. "He got here before us, Dan, as you said he would, but only to meet with a violent end."

That night the forest was reached, but it was some days before the tribe being searched for could be found, and then the mystery was cleared up at last.

The information given by the natives was of such a nature as to leave no doubt in the minds of Wilson Grant and his young comrades that the white girl, who had lived with them, was Mavis Tremayne.

The quest Clive Hanson had set out on had met with complete success. He had found Mavis and the Valley of Gold, as he had vowed to do.

Mavis is now at school in England. Her interests in the Valley of Gold are being well looked after by Clive Hanson and Dan Penshurst, who, with Wilson Grant, are the moving spirits in the great enterprise that is being conducted out there.

THE END

## Sports and Sportsmen

No. 8.—PHYSICAL DRILL



There may be some who won't agree  
That drill's a splendid pastime;  
They're thinking of the pain, you see,  
They had to suffer last time!  
They had to hop around the gym,  
Then gallop at the "double."  
Although it kept them well in trim,  
They'll vote it "too much trouble."

Some fellows simply love to drill  
With dumb-bell or with rifle;  
Others condemn it with a will:  
Contempt they cannot stifle.  
When moving to the right in fours,  
Some chaps are always happy;  
The slacker sullenly ignores  
The sergeant's orders snappy.

"Left, right! Left, right!" in accents gruff,  
How well we know that order!  
Some say, "We're convicts, sure enough,  
The sergeant is our warder!  
This gym's a beastly, stuffy place,  
We don't know how to stick it;  
We'd much prefer a paper chase  
Or else a game of cricket."

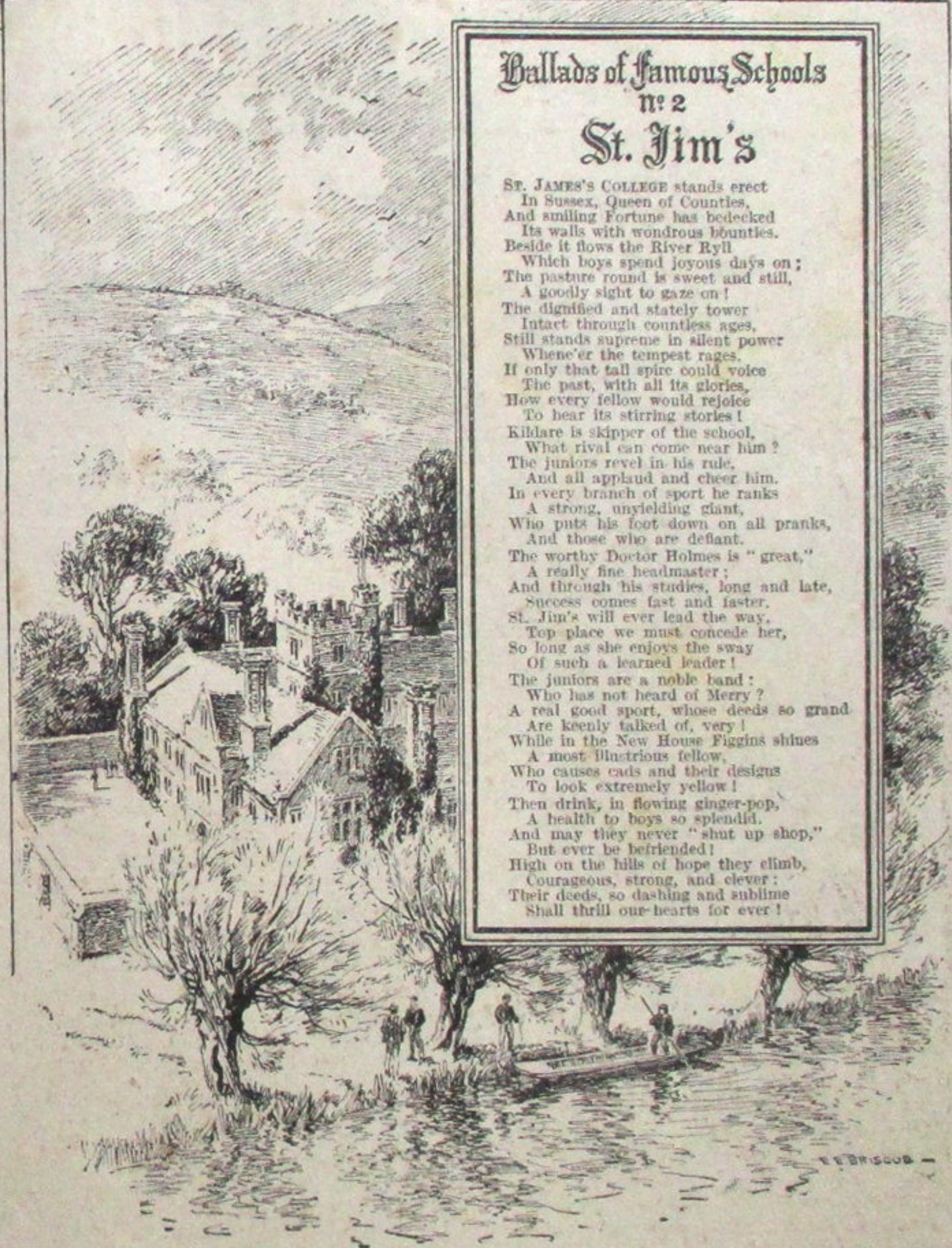
But drill, when all is said and done,  
Is not without attraction;  
It has its joys, it has its fun,  
And overcomes inaction.  
Then let us drink (at any rate,  
Those of us who are willing)  
To all the joys and health which wait  
On those who take up drilling.

# ALONZO IN THE LIMELIGHT!

A Page of Sketches by C. H. Chapman



Alonzo Todd had not been long at Greyfriars before he earned the title of "The Duffer." By nature simple and confiding to a degree, he spent much of his spare time studying a book entitled "The History of a Potato," which he had been recommended to read by his Uncle Benjamin. Alonzo closely resembles his cousin Peter in face and form, but not in nature. Peter is a very wide-awake lad, while Alonzo is the natural prey of every Removite who feels an inclination to indulge in the gentle art of "leg-pulling."



Ballads of Famous Schools  
No. 2

St. Jim's

ST. JAMES'S COLLEGE stands erect  
In Sussex, Queen of Counties,  
And smiling Fortune has bedecked  
Its walls with wondrous bounties.  
Beside it flows the River Ryll  
Which boys spend joyous days on;  
The pasture round is sweet and still,  
A goodly sight to gaze on!  
The dignified and stately tower  
Intact through countless ages,  
Still stands supreme in silent power  
Whene'er the tempest rages.  
If only that tall spire could voice  
The past, with all its glories,  
How every fellow would rejoice  
To hear its stirring stories!  
Kildare is skipper of the school,  
What rival can come near him?  
The juniors revel in his rule,  
And all applaud and cheer him.  
In every branch of sport he ranks  
A strong, unyielding giant,  
Who puts his foot down on all pranks,  
And those who are defiant.  
The worthy Doctor Holmes is "great,"  
A really fine headmaster;  
And through his studies, long and late,  
Success comes fast and faster.  
St. Jim's will ever lead the way,  
Top place we must concede her,  
So long as she enjoys the sway  
Of such a learned leader!  
The juniors are a noble band:  
Who has not heard of Merry?  
A real good sport, whose deeds so grand  
Are keenly talked of, very!  
While in the New House Figgins shines  
A most illustrious fellow,  
Who causes cads and their designs  
To look extremely yellow!  
Then drink, in flowing ginger-pop,  
A health to boys so splendid,  
And may they never "shut up shop,"  
But ever be befriended!  
High on the hills of hope they climb,  
Courageous, strong, and clever:  
Their deeds, so dashing and sublime  
Shall thrill our hearts for ever!