

SOUVENIR CRICKET BATS OFFERED IN SIMPLE COMPETITION INSIDE

# The POPULAR

2<sup>D</sup>.

AUTOGRAPHED  
BY THE  
AUSTRALIANS!

THESE  
BATS

# MUST BE WON



# SAVED By His SON!

BY CHARLES HAMILTON.

## The Voice in the Night!

HIGH over the Congo forests the round moon sailed, gleaming like a bowl of silver from fleecy clouds.

In the glimmering white light the city of the Lukuli lay in silence and slumber. Like a ribbon of silver the river gleamed back the moonbeams. Far and wide round the city, as far as the dark circling forest, the fields of Indian corn were almost as light as by day.

But in the mass of jungle amid the fields half-way between the city and the forest, where Mluki-Mluki, the witch-doctor, dwelt in his hidden house, all was dark and shadowy.

Giant trees, topped with masses of thick foliage, laced with tangles of vine and creeper, shut out the moonlight, and among the trees the tall elephant grass grew to a great height.

In the clearing in the centre of that circle of untamed jungle stood the house of the witch-doctor, and before its door the stone of sacrifice, where victims bled under the knife of Mluki-Mluki.

Scarce a hundred yards from the wattled house, but hidden deep in the thickness of the jungle, Lyn Strong and his companions waited for dawn.

Under cover of night they had stolen from the forest to the jungle that surrounded the house of death; and in all the teeming city there was no man that knew of their coming—no man but Grant Strong, the prisoner of the Chief Mofologo, who was to die on the morrow.

Lyn Strong lay sleeping, and by his side Fatty Page and Pip Parker, the two members of the Popolaki Patrol, who had marched with him to the Congo country from far Uganda.

But their native companions, Bobo and Mpoko, sat wakeful.

Brave as a lion was Bobo-lobo, the Kikuyu gun-bearer, and as brave was Mpoko, the tiny bushman. The lion and the leopard, the rhinoceros and the crocodile they did not fear, or the spears of the Lukuli; but they feared the spells of the witch-doctor, and sleep would not visit their eyes so near the house of Mluki-Mluki.

While the three Scouts slept the two natives waked and watched, and their eyes roved constantly into the shadows.

In whispering voices they talked to one another at intervals in the Swahili tongue to keep up their courage. But the rustle of the night wind in the jungle, the stirring of a monkey in the thick branches caused them to start and



listen, with beating hearts. And once or twice from the darkness had come a moaning sound, which they knew to be the voices of the ghosts that talked with Mluki-Mluki, the Wise One.

The three white Scouts did not fear the ghosts and devils that held converse with Mluki-Mluki. But from of old Bobo knew that the Mzungu—the white man—did not understand these matters. Lyn Strong, the Bwana, and his father, the Bwana M'Kubwa, did not believe that when the storm roared in the forest and the tall trees crashed it was because

eyes met Mpoko's, and the bushman shivered, too.

The wind was growing fresh, and the tall elephant-grass rustled, the branches stirred, the leaves whispered. And as the wind freshened so the moaning of ghosts from the darkness grew, and strange low shrieks and howls echoed in the jungle.

And a sudden sharp cry brought Bobo bounding to his feet grasping his fighting-spear—though well he knew that a spear was useless against the ghosts that wandered in the dark hours.

Lyn Strong started and awoke.

He sat up, peering at the Kikuyu in the deep gloom under the trees.

"Bobo! What do your ears hear?" he asked quickly. "Is it the footsteps of the Lukuli?"

"The Lukuli sleep in their houses in the city, Bwana," answered Bobo. "But in the darkness I hear the voices of the ghosts—the black and terrible ones who talk to the witch-doctor."

Lyn started and leapt to his feet. He was far from sharing the superstitions of the natives, but a strange and eerie sound sent a shivering thrill through his veins.

"What was that?" he ejaculated. "It is the ghost that talks to Mluki-Mluki," stammered Bobo; "and I

## Three Boy Scouts Put The Kybosh On The Cannibal King's Plans for Dinner!

ghosts were walking abroad and shaking the earth in their fury. But Bobo knew it, as all the Kikuyu knew.

So Bobo was not surprised by the calmness with which the Scouts of the Popolaki Patrol slept amid such terrors and supernatural perils as surrounded the house of the witch-doctor. But his own eyelids did not close during the dark hours, neither did those of Mpoko, the bushman.

And when the moaning sound came from the bush Bobo shivered, and his



greatly fear that the evil one is telling Mluki-Mluki that we are hidden in the jungle about his house."

"Gammon!" murmured Pip. But he rose to his feet; and Fatty rose also. The Scouts listened for a repetition of the strange sound. So loud and sharp had been the cry that it must have been audible in the city of the Lukuli, so close at hand; and wakeful Lukuli that heard it were doubtless trembling at the voice of the black and terrible ghosts.

"What the thump can it be?" muttered Pip. "That was no human voice, Lyn; and no animal ever uttered a cry like that."

"Some trick of the witch-doctor!" said Lyn. "Those scoundrels are full of tricks to play on the fears of the niggers."

Again, on the fresh wind, came the cry, rising from a low moan to a shrill shriek, that rang and echoed.

Bobolobo stood trembling; and the bushman, on the ground, crouched in fear. For both doubted now whether the eye of Ngai could reach so far into the Congo country.

Lyn Strong moved away in the direction of the sound. Bobo's brown hand caught his arm.

"O Bwana, it is death to seek the black ones!" he breathed. "The ghosts that talk in the night are very terrible!"

"Follow me!" answered Lyn. He plunged into the thick jungle. Pip and Fatty followed him, and the two natives, with slow and hesitating steps, followed on. But at every step they feared to feel the chill, icy breath of the black ghosts, that brought death.

Sharper sounded the cry again, and closer at hand. It was repeated from the branches of a tree over Lyn's head. He stopped and looked up. Like a black roof the foliage was thick over him. From the mass of blackness came the cry—strange, wild, rising and falling on the wind that breathed through the branches. And something that swung from a branch caught his eye—a gourd that was suspended on a grass cord.

"Give me your spear, Bobo." "O Bwana, a spear is useless against the black ghosts," said Bobo, as he handed the weapon to the Bwana.

"Look with your eyes, O foolish one," said Lyn; and he reached up, and, with the cutting edge of the spear, slashed through the cord that held the gourd suspended.

The cry was rising again; but as the cord was cut, and the gourd fell to the earth, it suddenly ceased.

Lyn picked up the gourd. In a glimmer of moonlight, from an opening of the foliage, he looked at it, and showed it to his companions. It was a hollow gourd, curiously shaped and carved, and placed to the ear it gave out a murmuring sound like a seashell. Lyn laughed softly.

"O foolish Kikuyu," he said, "and you, O foolish bushman, look with your eyes, and see the cunning trickery of Mluki-Mluki, who is no wise man, but a liar and a cheat! For it is the wind that makes the sound in this hollow gourd as it swings from the tree, and not the voice of a ghost or a devil."

"My hat! What a game!" chuckled Pip. "And when the Lukuli hear it, they fancy that the ghosts are talking to the Wise One."

"O Bwana, my ears do not hear you!" answered Bobo, which was the Kikuyu's way of expressing doubt.

"Listen with your ears, then, O obstinate one, and tell me if you hear THE POPULAR.—No. 596.

the voice of the ghosts, now that I have cut down the gourd."

And for several minutes the whole safari listened; but there came no cry again from the black and terrible ones of the night.

"And now I will replace the gourd, lest Mluki-Mluki look with his eyes and see that hands have touched it," said Lyn; "and then you shall listen again, O unbelieving Kikuyu."

And Lyn clambered into the tree, and tied the gourd once more on the hanging cord. He descended and joined his comrades, and they stood and watched the hollow gourd swinging in the wind. And as a gust of sharp wind came, the wailing cry sounded once more, and even the Kikuyu and the bushman could not doubt that it came from the gourd.

"What do you hear with your ears now, Bobo?" asked Lyn.

And the Kikuyu grinned sheepishly. "My ears hear the wind in a hollow gourd, O Bwana," he answered; "and I have no more fear of Mluki-Mluki, who is a liar and a cheat. For he has fashioned this gourd to make the Lukuli believe that he talks with ghosts and devils; and lo, it is but the wind in a hollow gourd!"

And Mpoko gave a scornful chuckle. "This filthy bushman, he no care two-pence-two-pence for that old johnny," he said. "This dirty old bushman, he sabby plenty that old johnny he make-believe."

"O Bwana, the Lukuli are fools, and the cunning of Mluki-Mluki has closed their eyes to the truth," said Bobo. "I, Bobolobo, laugh at the voice that the Lukuli believe the voice of the ghosts."

And the safari returned to their blankets, and this time the Kikuyu and the bushman laid down to sleep, and the wailing voice rang and echoed through the jungle unheeded.

## The Day of Death!

DAY dawned on the Congo country, and wakened the teeming life in the great forests stretching from the Lukuli River to the mighty waters of the Congo. And in the new day there was bustle and excitement in the city of Mofolongo, chief of the Lukuli.

For it was the day of sacrifice, and that day Grant Strong, the captive white man, was to die under the tortures of Mluki-Mluki, and to be eaten by Mofolongo and his chiefs, that his great courage might pass into their hearts, and make them more terrible in war.

The hunter of Uganda wakened with the dawn, in his hut in the shadow of Mofolongo's palace.

Many of the soldiers looked in on him, to see his face, and to judge whether the courage of the white man had failed him, now that the day of death had come.

But in the lean, bronzed face of the white man they saw no sign of fear.

For long weeks Grant Strong had been a prisoner in the shadow of death; but Mofolongo and his soldiers had never seen his courage falter. But many brave men had faltered, when the mark of death was placed on them, and they knew that they were to be taken to the fatal house of Mluki-Mluki.

Chako, the captain of the guards, stood in the doorway of the prisoner's hut, while the slaves brought in breakfast for the hunter.

And Chako smiled with approval as

he saw Grant Strong eat with a good appetite and an unmoved face.

When the meal was over, and the slaves were gone, Chako spoke to the prisoner, and he spoke with respect.

"O Mzungu," he said, "it is known to you that the day of sacrifice has come?"

"It is known to me," answered Grant Strong indifferently.

There was no indifference in his heart, but the pride of race held him erect and calm under the eyes of the black men.

"And does not your blood turn to water at the thought of Mluki-Mluki and his terrible tortures?" asked the soldier.

"O soldier, the blood of a white man of Ungereza does not turn to water in the presence of death."

Chako nodded. He had heard of Ungereza, the little island across the great waters, whence came the conquering race who feared neither man nor ghost, and whose footsteps could not be turned back by the most terrible perils.

The white man stood in the doorway of the hut, and looked out into the sunshine.

In the sunny hours of the morning the people of the city were gathering in great crowds.

From every long street that led into the central square they came in swarms, and the square buzzed like a beehive.

All eyes were turned on the prison hut; and when the white man was seen in the doorway, all eyes fixed on the tall, erect figure in ragged khaki, and the bronzed, unmoved face. And there was a deep murmur among the Lukuli, like the sound of the wind in the forest.

With steady eyes Grant Strong looked out on the swarm.

Not a trace of emotion was to be seen in his steady face; his eyes seemed indifferent. But he was thinking—of his home on the banks of the Popolaki river in far Uganda; of the shady streets of Masumpwe that he would never tread again; and of his son, who had come so far to save him, and who could not save him. He remembered the words of Mpoko, who had come as a spy into the city of Mofolongo; and his gaze lifted from the swarming crowd and passed to the forest that circled the city beyond the maize-fields.

He had been glad and proud to hear that his son had come into the country, of the Lukuli, to attempt to save him. Yet what could the boy have hoped to do amid the countless swarms of black fighting-men?

He was proud of his son, but he was glad, with a deep gladness, that Lyn had not attempted to enter the city to seek for him. For the boy could only have come to his death; and his last hours were bitter enough without that.

He wondered, as he stood, whether Lyn's eyes were watching from the forest; and he feared that the boy would see the procession when it started for the house of Mluki-Mluki. He dreaded some desperate attempt that would be death to Lyn—a useless death that could not help him. And he felt an impatience for the scene to be over, for when it was over the boy would leave the country of the Lukuli, and his life would be safe.

He made a stride forward, and two broad-bladed spears crossed in front of him.

"O Mzungu," said a soldier, "are you impatient for death?"

"Is death so pleasant that one should await it with joy?" answered Strong. "Soldier, where is that son of a jackal, the coward Mofolongo, who hides from

my eyes because he fears to look on a brave man, being himself a coward whose blood is like water?"

The soldiers trembled at the words. "O Man," said one of the guards, "speak not these terrible words in so loud a voice, or Mofolongo will hear with his ears."

"Let him hear with his ears," answered Strong. "Let him hear words of scorn, that are fitting for the ears of a slave like Mofolongo!"

He spoke with a loud, clear voice, and many of the gathered Lukuli heard him,

before the eyes of the white man. And Grant Strong looked on it, and laughed contemptuously.

But the chief did not strike.

"O Mofolongo," said the white man tauntingly, "behold you lift the spear, but your courage fails, and you dare not strike! Go from before my eyes, O Mofolongo, and run with the jackals in the forest, for they are fitting companions for so feeble a coward!"

"O Man," said Mofolongo, in a choking voice, "it is well known to the

"O people of the Lukuli," he said. "Your ears hear the words of this false white man. But it is well known to you that I, Mofolongo, am terrible in war. Is it not well known to you?"

"It is well known, O Mofolongo!" came a terrified chorus. "To all the people of Lukuli it is indeed well known."

"Where is the chief Latukali, who was a great chief among the Biribi?" demanded Mofolongo.

"He is with the ghosts, and his city lies in ashes!" answered the chorus.

"Where is the king of the Kiwa country?" continued Mofolongo.

"He is with the ghosts and his city lies in ashes!" chanted the throng.

"Where are the white Belgian people, who built the fort in the land where the Lukuli waters join to the Great River?"

"They are with the ghosts, and the fort lies in ashes!"

"Where are the Frenchesi, who came to the Great River with many men and many guns?"

"They are with the ghosts, O Mofolongo, and their guns are dead under the waters of the Great River!"

Mofolongo turned, with a swagger, towards the white man.

"Your ears hear, O false-speaking Mzungu!" he said. "O Cunning One,



Ropes were passed round Grant Strong, binding him to the sacrifice stone, his face upturned to the glare of the African sun.

and trembled, and looked on one another with terrified looks.

The hunter's voice reached the hut of the great chief, and Mofolongo stepped forth, magnificent in leopard-skins and golden necklaces.

At the sight of the chief there was deadly silence. His face was contorted with rage.

He strode towards the hut of the prisoner, and stood facing Grant Strong, who eyed him calmly. In his hand was a stabbing-spear, and his brawny grasp was almost convulsive upon it.

"O Man," said Mofolongo, his voice trembling with fury, "what words are these that my ears hear?"

"They are words that the Lukuli do not dare to speak!" answered the white man. "But I, being a man of Ungereza, in which country there are no cowards, speak them to your teeth, O Mofolongo! And I do not fear the spear you hold in your hand, for it is well known to me that you dare not strike with it, for your hand is weak and your arm is feeble, being the hand and arm of a great coward!"

The chief of the Lukuli shook with rage. The hand that held the spear was lifted, and the bright blade gleamed

Lukuli, who are my people, also to the Biribi, who are my enemies, that Mofolongo is no coward, but a great and terrible chief in war! And well I know that you tempt me to strike you dead with my spear, that you may escape the tortures of Mluki-Mluki. For you are aware, O false white man with a lying tongue, that on the stone of sacrifice you will lie under the knife of Mluki-Mluki, from noon till the hour when the sun goes to sleep in the country of the Frenchesi. But I, Mofolongo, am no fool, O false white man, and by my hand you shall not escape the death by torture!"

And the chief, grinding his teeth, lowered the spear.

The hunter laughed aloud.

"O people of the Lukuli," he called out, in a voice that rang across the crowded square. "look with your eyes on this man Mofolongo, who is no chief and warrior, but a jackal that walks in leopard-skins like a chief, with the heart of a coward."

A spasm of rage contracted the face of Mofolongo, and again the stabbing-spear was half raised. But he lowered it again, and turned to the awe-stricken crowd.

your ears have heard the testimony of the Lukuli?"

"My ears have heard the howling of jackals!" answered the white man contemptuously.

Mofolongo turned from him, lest in his anger he should drive the spear to the white man's heart, and thus save him from the torture. For well he knew that quick death was the greatest boon that could fall to the lot of the destined victim of the witch-doctor.

Grant Strong shrugged his shoulders. And then to him came Chako and several of the guards, and they bound his arms behind him with grass rope.

"Do you bind me because the Lukuli fear one man without weapons in his hands, soldier?" asked Strong.

"Mzungu, your arms are bound with cords, because it is common for one that is to die to rush on the spears, and so seek to escape the torture," answered Chako, "and that is not the will of Mofolongo."

And Grant Strong stood with bound arms; while, from the distance, the drone of a drum announced that Mluki-Mluki was prepared to receive the victim. And then the white man was led forth, walking with erect head

between two tall soldiers; and in his heart he prayed that his son's eyes were not looking from the distant forest.

### In the Hands of the Torturers!

**D**RUMS beat with a deafening din in the city of the Lukuli. All the chief's drummers were present and they beat incessantly; and the din rolled far from the city, over the waters of the river, as far as the mighty Congo that rolled its broad flood beyond the forest. And mingled with the droning of the drums sounded the shouts and yells of the Lukuli, swarming round the procession, all eager to catch a glimpse of the man that was doomed to die.

At the head of the procession walked Mofolongo, magnificent in leopard-skins, shield on arm and spear in hand; and with him walked the lesser chiefs. Then came the soldiers of the guard, and in their midst the prisoner with bound arms. And behind marched many soldiers; and round, in swarming crowds, the Lukuli, men and women and children.

And there were many murmurs of approval from those who watched the tall, white man, marching with a steady stride to look on death.

The Lukuli were a fighting people, and they admired courage. They were accustomed to howl with derision when a doomed man showed signs of fear, to mock at him if he begged for mercy; but as they looked at Grant Strong they said to one another:

"Kumbe! This Mzungu has the heart of Simba the lion, and he knows not fear. The ears of Mluki-Mluki will not hear him cry under the knife."

From the long street the procession entered the wide path across the maize fields, towards the jungle-hidden house of the witch-doctor.

With beating of drums, with shouting and yelling, the swarm of black men marched, and in the midst of the horde walked the white man, his head erect, his bronzed face expressionless.

And so they came to the jungle that hid the house of the ju-ju man, and on the edge of the jungle, where the narrow path wound away towards the hidden house, stood Mluki-Mluki and his slaves, ready to receive the man who was doomed.

The witch-doctor, his wizened face streaked with yellow paint, his necklaces of human bones rattling and clicking, grinned like a savage gnome at the white man. The ranks of the soldiers opened out, and Grant Strong was pushed forward towards the witch-doctor, and the four slaves of Mluki-Mluki received him from the soldiers.

"O Wise One," said Mofolongo, "your eyes see the Mzungu who is delivered into your hands for the torture."

"My eyes see him, O Mofolongo," answered the witch-doctor.

"Let him not die swiftly, O Wise One!" said the chief, his eyes gleaming at the hunter. "It is the custom that the victim shall die slowly, even from the hour of noon till the sun goes down to the country of the Frenches. And if he shall die even more slowly, it will be well done."

"The tortures of Mluki-Mluki are terrible," said the witch-doctor, "and yet many hours shall pass before the Mzungu is with the ghosts. And he shall not die until Usiku, the Night, covers all with his black mantle."

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"It is well said, O Wise One," answered Mofolongo, "for he has spoken words that have roused my anger, and it is not my will that he should die easily."

And he stepped back, and the prisoner was led into the jungle path by the slaves of the witch-doctor.

With a rattling of bones, Mluki-Mluki followed, and they disappeared from the gaze of the crowd.

Then Mofolongo and his soldiers marched back into the city, and the crowds dispersed, to rest in the heat of the day—not to gather again till night-fall, when there would be great feasting, and the slain Mzungu would be eaten by the great chief and the lesser chiefs.

By the winding jungle path the slaves led Grant Strong, two of them grasping his bound arms, one walking before and one behind. And after them followed the witch-doctor, his painted face grinning with the glee of anticipated cruelty.

They reached the clearing in the centre of the jungle, where the huts stood, and where the lava rock lay, that was used as a stone to sacrifice.

Grant Strong gazed at it, and in the stains that darkened its surface he read its terrible history. And in spite of his courage and his iron nerve a shudder ran through his sinewy limbs.

From the witch-doctor came a hideous cackle.

"O white man," he said, "your blood turns to water and your knees are weak at the sight of the stone of death!"

Strong glanced at him contemptuously.

"O foul and mischievous monkey," he answered, "I have looked on death many times, and I do not fear it. But the sight of you fills my heart with a great sickness, for you are foul to look upon."

Mluki-Mluki showed his toothless gums, grinning in his rage. He snarled an order to the four powerful blacks who served him, and they grasped the white man and stretched him on the stone of sacrifice.

Ropes were passed over him, binding him there, his face upturned to the glare of the African sun.

The four slaves, savage wretches with cruel eyes, trained to help the ju-ju man in the exercise of his cruelties, stood back, looking on with anticipation. And Mluki-Mluki, taking a large knife from one of his assistants, stepped to the stone of sacrifice and looked down with scintillating eyes at the man stretched there.

And then, from the jungle that surrounded the clearing, there was a whizzing sound, and a spear flew with the swiftness of light and struck the witch-doctor full in the breast. And with one choking groan Mluki-Mluki fell, and died by the side of the stone of sacrifice.

### Saved!

**L**YN had been watching.

From the moment that the procession left the city the eyes of Lyn Strong and his comrades had been upon it, from the cover of the thick jungle that surrounded the house of the devil-doctor.

And when his eyes fell upon his father, walking erect and calm in the midst of swarming enemies, Lyn's heart beat almost to suffocation.

Pip grasped his arm as he made a movement.

"Steady on, old man!" whispered Pip.

Lyn nodded.

"O Bwana, the time it not yet," breathed Bobolobo. "One sound now will bring death to all of us, and the Bwana M'Kubwa will perish also."

"Wait, old man!" muttered Fatty Page.

It was a tense moment. Within a score of yards of the hidden safari the Lukuli swarmed in hundreds, and had the savages dreamed that they were there countless numbers would have overwhelmed them instantly.

Lyn set his teeth hard.

From the thickness of the jungle he watched, his heart throbbing, but without sound or motion, and he saw his father handed over to the slaves of the witch-doctor and taken into the narrow jungle path.

And then he saw the soldiers and the people march back to the city, and he breathed more freely.

In the house of Mluki-Mluki were only the witch-doctor and his four slaves—and with them the scouts could deal. Yet it was needful to use the greatest caution, for a shout or a ringing shot would have alarmed the Lukuli and told them that enemies were in their land.

Lyn Strong breathed hard and deep. "Come!" he said.

And the safari emerged from cover and followed the winding path through the jungle, out of sight of Mluki-Mluki and his slaves on the winding way ahead.

And so they came to the clearing before the house of the witch-doctor, and saw Grant Strong stretched on the stone of sacrifice and the slaves standing and Mluki-Mluki with the knife of torture in his claw.

Lyn grasped his rifle convulsively.

Bobo touched his arm.

"Kimya!" he breathed. "Silence, O Bwana, for the sound of the rifle will tell the Lukuli that we are here! But the spear of Bobolobo is silent, and yet it carries death."

"You are right, Bobo!" breathed Lyn. "Slay me that demon with your spear, and you others, when Mluki-Mluki falls, rush on the slaves and kill them before they can give the alarm!"

"You bet!" breathed Pip; and Fatty Page nodded.

Mpoko bared his long Kikuyu knife and grinned, with a flash of white teeth. Bobolobo lifted his spear and aimed with care, and like a flash of light it flew, and its broad blade was buried deep in the breast of the devil-doctor.

As Mluki-Mluki crumpled down beside the stone of sacrifice the four slaves stared at him in the stupor of surprise. Mluki-Mluki, the Wise One, the talker with ghosts and devils, lay dead before their eyes, slain by a spear—yet in all the land of the Lukuli there was no man who dared to lift his hand against the Wise and Terrible One. And as they stared stupefied at the crumpled figure by the lava rock, there came a sudden rush, and the enemy were upon them.

The spear of Bobolobo, the knife of Mpoko, struck swiftly, and two crashing rifle-butts struck at the same moment. There was no time for the torturers to shout an alarm or to tap the signal on a drum—the attack was too swift and sudden for that, and the torturers were as silent as Mluki-Mluki their master.

Lyn leaped towards the lava rock.

"Father!"

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Lodge; or perhaps Bunter's currency notes had done the trick. At all events, it was clear that the Owl of the Remove was to be provided with the fat of the land.

Mr. Walsingham reappeared and waved the two footmen out of existence, as it were, and stationed himself to look after Bunter and supply his wants.

But for his professional gravity and self-control, Mr. Walsingham might have displayed some surprise at the stowage capacity of the Owl of Greyfriars.

For half an hour Bunter was too busy to talk. Then his efforts slackened down a little.

"I think I shall take this place, Walsingham," he remarked.

"I trust so, sir."

"It looks fairly comfortable," said Bunter. "A fellow could entertain a fair-sized house-party here—what?"

"Lord Combermere has entertained as many as sixty guests, sir," said Mr. Walsingham.

"Well, I think I may say that I shall take the place," said Bunter. "I'm satisfied with it, Walsingham."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, sir."

"Of course, my father will settle business details with Mr. Pilkins," said Bunter carelessly. "There will be documents to sign and all that."

"Yes, sir; that is customary."

"I shall keep you on, Walsingham. I shall probably require more servants than you've got at present. In that case, you will engage them. I shall give you a free hand."

"Very good, sir."

"I shall expect you to run the show—I mean, manage the house—attend to the tradespeople and all that," said Bunter. "I cannot be worried with accounts. Simply let me know what's to be paid, and I'll pay it. That saves trouble."

"It does, sir, undoubtedly."

Bunter yawned and rose.

"I'd better be getting off," he said.

"I have to get back to Greyfriars for call-over, you know."

"You belong to Greyfriars School, sir?"

"Yes—Bunter—William George Bunter of Greyfriars," said the Owl of the Remove. "That's my name."

"Thank you, Mr. Bunter."

Bunter groped for Lord Mauleverer's purse.

"You're a civil fellow, Walsingham. I think we shall get on together. There's a fiver for you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Not at all!" said Bunter graciously.

"Shall I send a footman to fetch the car, sir?"

"Oh, no; I'll walk down to it!" said Bunter.

"Very good, sir."

Bunter did not want Mr. Walsingham to exchange remarks with Mr. Pilkins. To Mr. Walsingham he was William George Bunter; to Mr. Pilkins he was Lord Mauleverer. Communication between the two for the moment was not to be desired.

Bunter got a move on rather slowly, for he was a little weighed down by the exceedingly good tea he had disposed of.

Mr. Walsingham backed out before him as if Bunter had been a prince of the blood at least. In the great hall the footmen were drawn up, and Bunter passed between their ranks.

Butler and footmen saw the fat junior off with great respect. Bunter jammed Lord Mauleverer's handsome topper on his head and strutted away down the drive.

When his fat back was turned Mr. Walsingham so far forgot the gravity of a butler's character as to wink at the footmen.

That, fortunately, Bunter did not see.

He rolled away, and arrived at last at the lodge-gates, where the car was waiting, with Mr. Pilkins sitting in it. Bunter stepped into the car.

The lodge-keeper opened the gates, with a hungry eye on Bunter, and was rewarded with a pound note.

Then the car rolled out. Mr. Pilkins eyed his client rather anxiously.

"It's all right," said Bunter. "The place won't do for Sir Reginald's friend; but it will suit me down to the ground."

"Very good, my lord!"

And Mr. Pilkins beamed.

Bunter wrinkled his fat brows in thought.

Thus far he had gone, but going further presented difficulties. The question was—could he "stuff" Mr. Pilkins to the extent of inducing the gentleman to let him the house? With the help of Mauly's clothes and Mauly's watch and Mauly's money, he had so far "stuffed" Mr. Pilkins and Mr. Walsingham successfully, aided by his own natural propensity for swank and humbug and lying. But he realised that there were rocks ahead when it came down to actual business. He could only hope that the impression he had already made on Mr. Pilkins would enable him to carry the matter through with a high hand. So far, this had been his lucky day.

And Bunter's luck was not yet at an end, though its next turn was to be quite a surprising one—how surprising not even the wily Owl of the Remove guessed in his wildest spasm of speculation.

THE END.

(Bunter is determined to take Harry Wharton & Co. to "Bunter Court" for the holidays. How does he do the trick? See next week!)

## SAVED by his SON!

(Continued from page 6.)

His knife was in his hand, and he slashed through the cords that bound Grant Strong to the stone of sacrifice.

Grant Strong stared at his son like a man in a dream.

"Lyn," he said—and his voice was a husky whisper.

"Father!"

Grant Strong drew himself from the rock. His face, unmoved under the eyes of the Lukuli, expressionless in the presence of death, was working with emotion.

"Lyn!" he breathed. "You—here!" He grasped the boy's hand in silence. It was some moments before he could speak again. "Lyn! The bushman told me you had come—but I never dreamed—"

"O Bwana M'Kubwa," said Bobolobo, "my eyes see you, and my heart sings like the waters of the Popolaki river in the reeds."

"Heaven bless you, Lyn!" said the hunter. "And you, too, my brave and faithful Bobo! O Small One, my eyes see you, and I know well that you have done much to bring this about."

Mpoko grinned.

"This filthy bushman he clever dirty old johnny!" he said complacently.

Grant Strong smiled, and he shook hands with Pip and Fatty.

"I won't try to thank you, lads," he said. "I would never have allowed you to come; but—you are here, and you have saved me from a fearful death."

"The Popolaki Patrol never backs out, sir," said Pip.

"No fear!" said Fatty emphatically.

"And the magic of the Wise One has not saved him from the spear of a Kikuyu," said Bobo, spurning the carcass of Mluki-Mluki with his foot, "for indeed it is true that the eye of Ngai has watched us from the summit of the great mountain that lies towards the rising sun, and by the will of Ngai the power of the Wise One has broken like a reed."

"These words are the words of truth, O Brave Kikuyu," said Mpoko.

"And the power of Mofolongo shall not harm us, O Bwana M'Kubwa," said the Kikuyu,

"for we will hide in the house of Mluki-Mluki until Usuku, the Night, covers all the earth with darkness, and then we will steal away into forest, and we shall live and not die."

"It is well said, O brave Bobo!" answered Grant Strong.

And when Bobo and Mpoko had dragged the bodies of the witch-doctor

and the torturers away into the jungle, the safari sat in the shade of the house of Mluki-Mluki; and the father and son had much to say to one another while they waited for the burning hours of the day to pass.

And in the adjacent city the Lukuli prepared for the feast; and Mofolongo, standing before his huts, listened with his ears for the cries of the white man under the torture. But the ears of Mofolongo heard nothing.

THE END.

(The Popolaki Scouts and their companions are not yet out of the wood—not by any means. All around them their enemies keep close watch, and to show themselves would mean instant death. How, then, do they get away from the city of the cannibals? See next week's long story, entitled: "THE BURNING JUNGLE!")

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