



BILLY BUNTER APPEARS INSIDE!

The COMET

3 1/2¢
No. 428
Sept. 29, 1954
EVERY MONDAY

ADVENTURE WEEKLY

BUFFALO BILL

One September day
afternoon, the
thunder of roving
hordes raged
the shores on the
plains. Among them
Lincoln, Washington
of General Custer's
7th Cavalry.



The white steed flashed
through the gateway of
Fort Lincoln... and the
heavy gates were shut
and barred as General
Custer spurred forward.

CRUCK CHAMBERS AND
I WERE AMBUSHED... GENERAL,
THE OLD SCOUT'S IN A BAD
WAY. HIS WOUNDS MUST
BE ATTENDED TO
AT ONCE!



THE VALIANT RIDER WAS NONE OTHER THAN COLONEL BUFFALO BILL
CODY, THE FAMOUS CHIEF OF SCOUTS OF THE 7th CAVALRY...

I
CONGRATULATE
YOU ON YOUR
BARRON ESCAPE,
CODY!



I HAD TO GET OLD CRUCK TO SAFETY,
SIR. NOW WITH YOUR PERMISSION,
I'LL GO UP ON THE STAMPEDE
AND TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT
THOSE BARRON COVERS!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

CHUCKLE CLUB

Write your jokes on a postcard, together with your name and address in full, and the names of the two features you like best, in order of choice, and send your card to: The Chuckle Club, Room 202, The Playhouse House, Southampton Street, London, E.C.4.

10¢ will be awarded for every joke published.



Golly, that's what I call a big bubble!

Bubbly

the extra big BUBBLE GUM.

BIG SIZE 1d

Now in Foilpack - BUBBLY contains beautiful, curving ribbons and sugar and is packed in hygienic conditions in our own factory.

BILLY BUNTER *of Greysfriars*



Billy Bunter (last after Justice) seemed to find from a girl belonging to Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Wigton, Johnny Bell and other school boys... and in his party he falls into a trick.

So Miss Popper, a local landlady, has been proved from drawing for a special case, into having away the Milton revelation... circumstances that go the dropping and Bunter appears and, under the impression that he has got away in his room, he promises to reward her...

UNTHINKING THAT BILLY BUNTER HAD STUFFED ALL THE CAKES FROM THESE PIES INTO HIS JACKET POCKETS, HARRY WHARTON AND HIS COMRADES WAZZED WONDERFULLY AFTER THE CLIPPING, LATE 5PM.



WOULD YOU HAVE MADE BUNTER STAMPERE LIKE THAT?

WOULD THE CHUCK/WORM BE SAID HYPOCRISICAL THINGS OF AGAIN?

YES AND BUNTER MAY NEED HELP WHO'S BETTER TRY AND FIND HIM.

WHILE THE TROUBLE WAS BEING SEARCHED THE WORDS FOR BILLY BUNTER, SIR MILTON POPPER HAD TAKEN THE FAT BOY TO POPPER COURT, THE LARGE COUNTRY MANDER WHICH HAD HIS HOME.



NOW WE MUST DECIDE WHAT FORM YOUR EDWARD IS TO TAKE, MY BOY.

I'M ALREADY MADE UP MY MIND ABOUT THAT, SIR. I'D LIKE A NICE BIG FEED.

SIR MILTON INSTRUCTED A MAID TO SUPPLY BUNTER WITH ALL THE FOOD HE REQUIRED... AFTER CHANGING HIS CLOTHES, THE BARONET FOUND BUNTER STILL DRESSING UPON HIS FAVORITE PASTIME... (LATE 7)



UPON MY WORD I WANT AN ENORMOUS APPETITE THE MORE THE BETTER.

DELICIOUS! I'LL HAVE ANOTHER ONE, PLEASE SIR... AND LEAVE THOSE CREAM CAKES THERE, TOO!

IN SHOWING AGREEMENT SIR MILTON POPPER WATCHED FASCINATED AS BILLY BUNTER SPEEDILY DEVoured PLAYFUL AFTER PLAYFUL, OF COURSE AND... AND SURELY A DOUBT BEGAN TO CROSS IN THE BARONET'S MIND...



THE PLUCKY LAD WHO RESCUED ME FROM THE WATER APPEARED CONSIDERABLY SLIMMER THAN THE YOUTH, 5PM, I WISH I COULD REMEMBER MORE CLEARLY JUST WHAT HAPPENED.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE SNACK TO KEEP A FELLOW'S SPIRITS UP.

MEANWHILE, THE HUNTER EVERY LAD WHO HAD SAVED SIR MILTON'S LIFE HAD COME ACROSS BUNTER'S JACKET IN THE WOODS... THE JACKET WHICH BUNTER HAD DISCARDED DURING HIS HASTY FLIGHT BECAUSE OF THE EVIDENCE CONTAINED IN THE POCKETS...



IT'S A BOY'S BLAZER... BUT WHAT IS IT DOING HERE?

A MOMENT LATER, HARRY WHARTON, JOHNNY BELL AND BOB CHERRY, COMING THROUGH THE WOODS FOR BUNTER, CHANCED UPON THE SCENE...



LOOK... A SHIRT? AND HE'S GOT BUNTER'S JACKET?

GRAB HIM! HE MUST BE THE FELLOW BUNTER TOLD US ABOUT!

THE GYPSY BOY STRUGGLED DESPERATELY, BUT HE WAS POWERLESS IN THE STURDY GRABS OF THE REMOTE BOYS ...



HE LOOKS LIKE A DECENT LAW-ABIDING SORT OF FELLOW... BUT THERE'S NO DOUBT HE HAS BUNTLER'S COAT.

BUT THE GYPSY STUBBORNLY REFUSED TO ANSWER HARRY'S QUESTION.

AS HARRY HESITATED UNCERTAINLY, FRANK HURST AND GEORGE SIMON, WHO HAD SPLIT UP FROM THE OTHERS, CAME HURRYING EXCITEDLY THROUGH THE TRIES.



WE HAVE SEEN BUNTLER AND THE SURPRISINGNESS WAS TERRIFIC!

YES, HE SPOTTED BUNTLER GOING INTO POPPER COURT WITH SIR HILTON POPPER... AND SIR HILTON ISSUED GATE NO. 17 WITH BUNTLER.

HARRY WEAVER THOUGHT OVER THIS SURPRISING NEWS FOR A MOMENT AND THEN CAME TO A DECISION.



THE GYPSY WON'T SAY A WORD, BUT THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT FOR CERTAIN... AND THAT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN BEHOLD HIM. WE'LL TAKE HIM TO POPPER COURT AND SEE IF BUNTLER RECOGNIZES HIM.

AND SO, FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, THE FAMOUS FIVE PRESENTED THEMSELVES AT POPPER COURT AND EXPLAINED THEIR MISSION TO THE MANNSERVANT WHO OPENED THE DOOR.



PLEASE COME THIS WAY. I WILL TAKE YOU TO SIR HILTON.

SIR HILTON TURNED IN SURPRISE AS THE BOYS ENTERED THE DINING-ROOM... BUT AS HIS GAZE FELL UPON THE GYPSY BOY A LIGHT OF RECOGNITION SHINED IN HIS EYES AND HE STEPPED FORWARD WELCOMINGLY.



AH... IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME AT LAST! YOU ARE THE BOY WHO WAS BEHIND HIS LIE TO SAVE ME!

AS THE FAMOUS FIVE RELEASED THE GYPSY BOY, A SUDDEN THOUGHT CAME TO SIR HILTON AND HE WHISPERED UPON THE SHAGBUSH BUNTLER.



SO... THIS MEANS THAT YOU, AS I HAD BEGUN TO SUSPECT, ARE AN IMPOSTOR... TAKING THE CREDIT FOR ANOTHER BOY'S BRAVE ACTION. NOW BARE YOUR ATTEMPT TO TRICK ME IN THIS DISGRACEFUL MANNER!

Next week: Another puzzle again! Don't miss the fun!

CLAUDE DUVAL *The Bay Cavalier*

Each Cavalier, a poor Governmental clerk, has discovered a document containing a startling secret which would bring ruin to England if placed in the wrong hands. He tries to give Claude Duval the document but is seized by the Roundheads.

UNDER THE BLOWING GALE OF PHILIP MOORE MOULD OF THE BOUNDHEAD SECRET POLICE, THE WOUNDED DUVAL WAS DRAGGED OFF BY TWO BURLY THROPPERS...

"TAKE THIS DOC INTO THE WOODS. I WILL QUESTION HIM -- IF THIS PAPER HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH CLAUDE DUVAL, THEN HE WILL SEE THE DAY!"



DUVAL GRABBED AND DRAGGED INTO THE ROAD'S HEAD CAVALIER, GAILY HEAVING HIM UP AND AWAY...



"DUVAL! MY SHOULDER-- MY SHOULDER--"

"SHUT UP! IT'S YOUR NECK YOU'RE GOIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, IF YOU'RE A CROWN OF SWINE!"

MOULD SEATED HIMSELF AT A TABLE AND THE WITCHING COUNCIL WAS DRIVEN TO THEIR SEVERE END...



"NOW-- WHAT IS IN THIS PAPER -- ? Ah -- THE SEAL!"

THE BLACK HEARTED INJAN SWIFTLY READ THROUGH THE IMPROBABLE DOCUMENT -- AND AS HE SO DID HIS EVIL, BLACK EYED CROWD WHIRL AND HOWL...



"IN THE DOUBT! THE -- THE OF BEYOND BELIEF!"

MOULD'S FACE TWITCHED WITH SUPPRESSED FURROW AS HE LEAPED TO HIS FEET AND DARTED OFF WITH UTTERS BY THE OUTRICK BERRY JACKET...



"WHEEE-- DO YOU GET THIS? SPEAK, CURSE YOU! WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?"

"I -- FOUND IT, DID I KNOW? SOME OLD PAPER IN THE BARRAMENT OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHERE I WORK."

PHILIP GRABBED AROUND MOULD MOULD DROVE ROUND, HIS LIPS BLOOD IN A WOLFISH GAZE...



"THIS PAPER WILL MAKE ME OWN SWINE'S MY LAUREST ORANGE. GIVER ORANGE, WOULD ONE ME ALL THE TREES OF LONDON FOR POSSESSION OF THIS -- YES, YES!"



(CONTINUED ON THE BACK PAGE)

JET-ACE LOGAN

IT IS THE YEAR 2000...
2000...

WHILE ON A TRAINING FLIGHT, CADET JIM LOGAN CRASHES HIS PLANE IN A REMOTE AFRICAN VILLAGE.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT COBE, WHO IS JIM'S LONG-DISTANT INSTRUCTOR, FINDS THE WRECKAGE OF HIS PLANE'S ESCAPE CEAR, AND LANDS HIMSELF.

COBE AND HIS CO-PILOT SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE INTERCOMFEE SHIP TO FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY A JUMBAU HOST OF AFRICAN TRIBES, AND WITH THEM WAS...

CADET LOGAN!



CADET JIM LOGAN PRESENTED A WONDROUS, UNUSUAL SIGHT...

HELLO, SIR... HOW DO I LOOK?

JAMBO! JAMBO!



WONDROUS, CAPTAIN! READY WITH A TALENTED, BRAGGARTING OF THE SCENE! THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THOSE AFRICAN VILLAGERS! COME ON! TAKE THEM!



FOR WEE A JOLLY GOOD FELLA!
FOR WEE A JOLLY GOOD FELLA!
FOR WEE A JOLLY GOOD FELLA!
AN-SO-SAY-ALL-OB-US!



JAMBO! JAMBO!

CHIEF UP, SIR, BUT EVERY DAY YOU MAKE AN HONORARY CANNIBAL CADET!



COBE WAS AN OFFICER OF GREAT DARING AND COURAGE. HE EXPLORED THE WORLD ON HIS OWN AND DISCOVERED AN... AFRICAN VILLAGES AND WILDFLOWERS... HE WANTED TO BE THE INSTRUCTOR JIM.

GET ABOARD, CADET LOGAN!

WE CAN'T GO, YET, SIR... THESE CHIEFS ARE REAL WILD... LET ME TRY TO CONVINCE THEM!

CADET LOGAN GET ABOARD!

A MINUTE LATER, THE SHIP'S ATOMIC REACTOR HAD BLOWN UP INTO LIFE... AND THE SHIP TOOK OFF...

NO LONGER... EVERYTHING!





TEN MINUTES LATER IN THE STRAIGHT-AND-AROUND REAR REAR... TRAVELLING AT 1000 MILES AN HOUR...

LOGAN!
YOU'VE BEEN MY PAIR, FOR SIX MONTHS! GOODBYE! YOU KNOW EVERY KICK IN THE CADET'S TRAINING BOOK.

THERE'S A GUESS THAT SAYS A CROET IS FORGOTTEN TO GET A JET-STEP IN ONE HANDED DOOR AND OUT THE OTHER... I HAVEN'T DONE THAT, YET... NOT YET!



COBB EXPLODED:
"YOU WON'T GET THE CHANCE, YOU COBAY (DROIT)! I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU AS PRINCIPAL BOY IN A COUGH-UPPER. COBB NEVER GET BACK... I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE THE BEST DIRT FIVE FIVE MEN IN MY LIFE! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE OF YOU LOGAN!"

FOR TWO REASONS, THAT FORTY-FIVE YEAR OLD FLYING FROM BARRETT APPEARS TO THE R.A.F. PERSON AS HAVING BEEN LONGER. THERE WAS A MISTAKE IN JIM LOGAN'S LIFE. FIRSTLY, COBB COINED THE NICKNAME - 'JET-ACC LOGAN', WHICH WAS TO REMAIN WITH JIM FOR THE REST OF HIS CAREER. SECONDLY, IT MARKED THE END OF OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACEFUL SPACE EXPLORATION FOR THE RYAN AIR FORCE... THE NEXT TIME JIM LOGAN TOOK THE AIR, IT WAS FOR... WAR!



AS COBB RELEASED THE IMPULSE REACTORS TO LAND IN AERODYNAMIC THEY NOTICE AN UNUSUAL AMOUNT OF ACTIVITY ON THE AIRFIELD BEHIND.

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THE LONG-RANGE STRIP ARE ALL KINDS OF FOR THIS ONE!

I DON'T GET IT! THERE ARE NO FLIGHTS SCHEDULED TO OVER ENGINEERS TILL NEXT MONTH!



THE CAPTAIN-COMMANDER MET THEM ON THE TARMAC.

WHAT'S ALL THE BANG ABOUT SIR?

WELL, TWELVE OF THE BEST PILOTS YOU CAN FIND, COBB AND GET AROUND 5-TWO-SEVEN WITH ALL YOUR IDEAS... THE LONG-RANGE FLIGHT LEGION IN TWENTY MINUTES FOR JUPITER!



JUPITER?

JUPITER, SIR? GET IT THROUGH I HAVEN'T ONE TO JOIN AN AIR RESEARCH SQUADRON IN JUPITER TILL NEXT MONTH!



THEY CHANGED NOW... JUPITER HAS BEEN INVADDED!

Jet-Ron Logan, the devil-may-care space man, will be having more thrilling adventures again next week.

PIRATE GOLD

Slaves on Santa
Maria... The Island
of No Escape

How This Story Began

Mary Trevelin, who is telling this story, and his friend, Reddy Kowarskie, are voyaging westward to Jamaica with Captain Angel and Admiral Sims, when their vessel is attacked by pirates under the leadership of the dreaded Solomon Snake. The craft is captured and the crew made to walk the plank. Then Snake announces that he will sell the Admiral and the others as slaves to the governor of Santa Maria.

Banded!

SOLOMON SNAKE seized us in turn with a lot of satisfaction on his evil face.

"Aye! Sell you all as slaves," he repeated. "Why not? But I would be fair with you. Now, what do you say to that? You, Admiral, have told me that the governor of Jamaica is your friend. Well, what about you, then? Will the governor of Jamaica pay two thousand pounds for you, alive and well, and will he pay another two thousand for three comrades of yours?"

"Why sell us as slaves?" demanded the Admiral.

"For snuff's sake," said Snake. "I think you that I should take you anywhere near Jamaica with the chance of a King's ship catching me; or think you I should risk having shareholders or barracoots on my head? I am disappointed with the Admiral's blarney, governor of Santa Maria. He has told him many slaves, and 'tis to Santa Maria that I shall sell. I shall sell you, as four common slaves, to Sir Ishamud; and you will work in his plantations until I return with an order from the governor of Jamaica that you shall be given up to the governor himself ready for you. Now, before you leave the Moonlight you shall write this Excellency a letter explaining your position; and I will arrange that it shall reach him, but will not pay the ransom. I demand, and the governor will grant, if you will remain at Santa Maria, and Sir Ishamud's overseers will soon make an end of you. No slaves live long on the plantations of the Ishamud Moon; therefore he finds me useful in supplying him with my blood; and he is afterwards in dealing with a governor of Jamaica.

I held my breath. Here, at any rate, seemed a chance of life! "Twas as though a gleam of sunlight had shown through the dark clouds of our despair, and I was glad to see that Captain Angel, I noticed that a



Our belt seams were banded and we were banded like cattle with the mark of the Ishamud Moon.

strange ragged look had come to his eyes, and that his lips were quivering.

"Santa Maria," I heard him mutter. "The Island of Santa Maria! Great heavens! So I shall meet him at last; and as his slave!"

Suddenly he saw my gaze fixed upon his face, and he started, as though I had surprised him in a secret. And there was a secret, too—a great secret, as later we were to discover—and you do you should know why Captain Angel had exchanged from the Moonlight into the regiment stationed at Jamaica. But for the present it was a mystery.

"Santa Maria!"

The lookout on the mainland of the Moonlight had sighted the island.

Snake had convinced his pirates that it was better to get a great ransom for the Admiral and all of us than to fling us to the sharks; so it happened that we were allowed to come on deck, stripped of our clothes, and clad in a few dirty rags given us by the barracoots.

Already Snake was gurgling in the Admiral's blue and silver coat, while his lieutenant, his boatswain, and his gunner were wrapped in the scarlet uniform which otherwise had adorned Angel, Roland and me.

The Admiral was it right to be bold. His handsome wig was gone—that also Snake had stolen—and his mobility of red hair was only partly hidden by a poorly handkerchieved, the mark of which were laid across his chin. He wore a dirty red shirt and a pair of yellow breeches, and a narrow waistcoat; the Admiral maintained in all of mingled grandeur and massive dignity that stamped him as one born to command.

The barracoots, when first he appeared among them stripped of his fine clothes, had looked on him with scorn and looked on him as they had, but the Admiral, singling out the ringleaders in this spirit, had rushed at them

like a mad bull, and three were now before with broken backs, while a fourth was still incapable. Strangely enough, the barracoots approached this display, and themselves the Admiral might have among them an in place with no fear of scorn or insult. Nay, the captain now admired him very, and turned this way on Angel, who was clothed in a worn velvet robe, with a red sash round his waist and another about his neck, the ends of which hung down upon his chest and shoulders.

Edly and I were nearly in a quiver; dressed as that a short ragged blue jacket had been given to me, and my breeches were of dirty, blood-stained linen, as were Edly's Kowarskie's, while he also wore a shabby vest of old blue yellow silk. We were surrounded, on pairs of death, to touch our weapons, and a close watch was kept upon us up to the time when the Moonlight arrived at Santa Maria.

No sooner had the drugged anchor than the dipped Snake's flag drove. The Jolly Roger had been struck, immediately

after the fight with the Eagle, for Snake never loomed the skull and sometimes saw where he was close upon his prey.

The silver eagle was answered by the governor's flag, which we could see fluttering from its staff at the summit of a hilltop, just above the residence of Sir Ishmael Moon. It was clear that Sir Ishmael was landed in place with Snake, and that he later played the part of slave dealer to the latter governor of the island, for a boat was lowered, and when our warty had been bound, we were landed into her and taken swiftly ashore.

No more words we standing on the beach than a short, stout man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat with a silver tassel, and carrying a monstrous whip, strode down to meet Ishmael's party. He was the governor's chief overseer, and he stood at the sight of him, his long, hanging jaw and reddish eyes reminded me of a savage, early bloodhound; and presently he came close and glared at us.

"You a bad lot," growled he. "This man here is my best friend," and his whip-lash flicked the admiral across the face.

I made a look at them. He was wearing a great jolly smile, but I knew that one day if the chance came, this red-dog's crooked eye and the monster man paid for that look of the slave whip.

He turned to us. "About two years will finish him," he said, pointing to Snake. "The Ishmael will pay double for his services. For the good man, twenty guineas apiece for the boys, and fifteen for the pale-face with the red snake and silver tassel. Fifty-five guineas in all, and a good price, too."

"A hundred," laughed Snake. "A hundred for the lot, or I take them instantly back to my ship."

"Well, I will say thirty guineas," the other concurred. "Though the governor will never see the silver eagle again, I have got to have a price."

"A hundred," snarled Snake. "A hundred, Master Reddog." And in the end he got his money. With a cunning wink at the admiral, he fell by the wayside to his death, and my party went to the *Milwaukee*, having as standing on the beach with Reddog, the overseer.

I remember that morning as though it were yesterday. The glowing sands, the dancing flames, the blue haze sky, and the island, green as emerald, with the long white residence of the governor crouching beneath the hilltop—all this came back to me as vividly as though but an hour had passed since I heard those words. I can see, to-day no imagination, the figures, the flag, goring in the pale plantations. There were the slaves, busy at work even in the blaze of the noonday sun. Some we went to join them at their task.

"March!" cried Reddog, cutting Angel across the legs with his dreadful whip. "To the governor's stable, you fools, where I will brand you!"

We glanced at one another. To be branded! We had not thought of that. Fury roused in our hearts, but there was no escape. Reddog had taken a silver whistle, and laid a dozen strokes on our heads, cruelly written on our faces and in their eyes, scattered towards us with strokes in their hands.

They had been sitting in the shade of some shrubs; and now, sitting in our guards, they raised up to give the bell to the governor's mansion.

As we reached the vestibule one of the windows opened, the curtains parted, and a pale, red face, with a great fiery look of a nose and glowering black eyes, was thrust out. It was Sir Ishmael Moon.

"Where many did Snake bring?" he demanded. "What! Only two? How much did you pay for them? A hundred guineas!"

A storm of curses, foul enough to poison the sunlight, greeted Reddog and Snake, and with a shrill yell Sir Ishmael took his warty and his master was captured and had retired again from sight. Thus he learned to speak his rage on no other than his warty, and his whip-lash cracked and whirled. Each one of us had received a stinging blow on the face of an angry roared to give the brutal ruffian back with interest at the first opportunity, and finally we were hounded into a chain, where hung shackles, chains, and iron bars.

A cry was ordered to stir the fire in the boiler, and an iron was thrust into the heart of the furnace.

Our left arms were bound, and then, just by the shoulder, we all were bound like cattle with the marks of Sir Ishmael's blood, which was by cross-dagger (sawdust) and afterwards some coarse food was given us and a little water.

Late we were driven into the plantations, and found ourselves among three hundred slaves, black and white, of the property of the governor of Santa Maria.

A Blow for Freedom

THERE was an address on the job, for Sir Ishmael Moon, although holding a commission from the King in government of Santa Maria, was by no means willing to enhance the dignity of his position by a bodyguard of English troops. The little warty was on intimate terms with all plants and sea-weeds, who used the screens and "backbones" of the fish without being hurt, and who were fitted to find a welcome, provided they brought fresh gloves for Sir Ishmael's plantations. Cotton, sugar, and rice were fast making the governor's fortune; the whole

island was his to command, and Santa Maria was a great garden wherein man worked and they died.

After a while we despaired of seeing a ship from Jamaica, and of moving the glad news of our freedom. That Snake would do his utmost to get a ransom we never doubted, but the governor of Jamaica, knowing the score, would, in lieu of any ransom, send Snake, and make sure we were alive before trying with the governor.

So the days and weeks passed in misery that warty made unbearable every hour.

So slowly were we watched and searched that only twice, although we did us get the chance to speak to each other, for we were neither allowed to work side by side nor sleep in the same shelter.

The admiral, Angel, Kelly and I were all in one shack, in a wooden building, rocking with fish; but by a chance one evening Reddog was ordered by an overseer to mark with a dozen whips into the shelter where I lay, and to my delight he managed to manage himself, so that I was, to my wish.

Late, when night had fallen, he got his lip to my ear.

"Harry," he murmured, "I can stand this no longer. Reddog will not let us sleep. If he repeats the dose, I shall kill the brute, and that will be the end of me. So it will be wise to make a bolt for it."

"But where do we go if we try to escape?" I whispered.

"Toward the beach," he answered. "Toward the beach a hundred yards that run in this wise place. Tomorrow, Harry, I shall endeavor to fix up a plan."

But on the morning there came a ship from Jamaica, and in a frenzy of joy we begged the order to go to the governor's house, where my warty immediately brought before Sir Ishmael Moon.

Reddog alone accompanied us, but the admiral and Angel were ordered to remain, and the governor was agreed with words and plans. Kelly and I were tight chains on our feet, but our hands were free. It was the first time we had spoken with the admiral, and a more joyful meeting had never been. A little run of a garden it would be hard to find.

"Ah, Reddog!" cried he. "So this is the scene which Ishmael Snake brought to the island, and for which you paid a hundred guineas! Good me, I see I saw such villainous dogs. Obsolete parties, were they not, oh! that Snake could not control, so he wished them turned in my plantation?"

He winked at the overseer, who bowed and bowed.

"Of course, your Excellency. Certainly, sir," said he.

"Yes, of course. Most certainly," piped Sir Ishmael, rubbing a grinning glass and glaring at us.

"The filthy warty! The horrible-looking warty!" he cried. "Who would have dreamt that even Snake could walk with such swiftness! And what think you of that? A ship has come from Jamaica bringing a message for me from the governor in which he commands me to deliver up to him an English admiral—an admiral, mark you, Reddog! And more, by the way, that three English officers, commanding the King's regiment stationed at Jamaica, have been sold to me by Snake the pirate; and His Excellency bids me put them with the admiral, almost the same price for his own. Did you not hear of such a thing? Did you not hear of an admiral walking as a slave in a plantation? Stand back a little, all of you!"

And the governor of Santa Maria, writing a second hundred guineas for his own, burst into laughter and whirled away; Reddog, then snarled and blundered at Admiral Moon.

"I am the admiral," said Snake. "You hold me here at your pleasure, for the governor of Jamaica is my friend, and will pay Snake a ransom for me and for these gentlemen. Snake captured the ship in which we were sailing to Jamaica, and sold us to you as slaves."

"In-to-ke-to-ke!" spluttered Sir Ishmael. "Snap my warty if ever I heard such a tale!" Reddog, in what manner are these warty's captured in your hands?"

"Toward the beach, Job Watson, Professor, Hanks, Stephen Stone, Edward Reddog."

"There!" said Sir Ishmael. "The whole thing, you see, was a trick of Reddog's. He has nearly fooled the governor of Jamaica, and I am glad that I have seen the system of the ship my warty captured that Snake is a liar, and that he is trying to make money from His Excellency the governor."

"But I say that I am an admiral!" belivered Snake, "and you may see officers in the King's army."

Again Sir Ishmael walked with gloom.

"Take 'em away, Reddog! Away with 'em!" he cried. "Send 'em to a damn laboring party for the fish market, and send instant Angel with incredible swiftness, had I had his manacled hands and brought them down on Reddog's head!"

He had struck the first blow. Now came a dash for freedom, and Snake did us drive of the terrible party to coast.

Wave Berlin and space-ship adventures in next Monday's installment of "Pirate Gold."

RIPPER TOLD THEM THAT THE BOUNDARIES WERE TRAGED WITH CAUTION FROM THOUSANDS SWAPPING COALS—BUT IT WAS IN YOUR DISCRETION THAT THE FEARLESS CAVALIER RODE AT FULL GALLOP....



ONLY CLAUDE MIGHT SWIRLED UP THE RIVER AND WIND IN GARY CLOUDS OVER THE HUNDREDS WHICH LIVED THE BRACKS OF THE THUNDER. AS THEY CLATTERED ALONG THE COASTLINE OVERLOOKING SEAS, CLAUDE FOUND SPOILING GARD & GOY AND CHARTERED....



DRAWING THEIR CLEAVING SWORDS, THE THREE INTERESTED CAVALIERS CHARGED A MOMENT AT THE BOUNDARIES....



"BY THUNDER! 'TIS DUVAL AND HIS SQUAD! GET 'EM DOWN!"

NEST INSTANT, CLAUDE DUVAL HAD CUT THE PILES FROM THE BOUNDARIES, BARD AND WIFE AND JIMMY HURLED THEMSELVES AT THE TWO THROOPERS....



THE SQUADSMEN STOOD LITTLE CHANGE AGAINST THE THREE FURRY SWORDSMEN IN BARRAGE—BUT A SUDEN SURPRISE MADE CLAUDE TURN....



BEHOLD 'GOY' WERE COME MORE OF THE OBSCURED! MAPS!

"IT'S THAT CLAUDE DUVAL! DOWN!"