

BOY SCOUTS IN THE CONGO JUNGLE! Long Complete
Tale Inside!

The POPULAR

2d



**SPECIAL
COMIC PAGES
INSIDE!**

The SLAVE-HUNTERS of the CONGO!



Night lay on the Central African forest.

Bright stars were in the sky, but scarce a gleam penetrated through the masses of foliage to the earth below.

Almost at a snail's pace the tired safari trod on a winding way among the giant trunks and branches, draped with fig-vine that hung like ropes.

But as Bobo whispered "Kimya!" they stopped in their tracks.

From the silence of the forest the Kikuyu's keen ears had caught a sound that was not the rustling of a lion in the brake or the stealthy tread of a hyena.

Mpoko, the bushman who was in the lead, looked back with glinting eyes into the gloom. Pip Parker and Fatty Page grasped their rifles.

"What is it, Bobo?" whispered Lyn Strong.

"Mwarabu!" breathed Bobo.

"The Arabs?"

"Yes, lord," breathed Bobolobo.

Lyn gritted his teeth.

Lyn was carried on the brawny shoulders of the Kikuyu. His feet were swollen from the bastinado—the cruel punishment administered by the Arab slave-trader—and he could not walk.

"Put me down, Bobo!" he whispered.

Softly, silently, the Kikuyu lowered Lyn to the earth. He could not stand on his swollen, bandaged feet, but he sat with his rifle in his grip, his eyes gloaming over it.

He would have been glad to see the evil, swarthy face of Ziraf ben Said, the slave-trader, before the muzzle of his rifle. But he made no sound. If Ziraf was in the forest he was not alone. There were only five in the safari—Bobo and Mpoko, and the three Popolaki scouts—Lyn, Pip, and Fatty. And they had no chance against a swarm of savage Arab slave-hunters from the Bahr-el-Gazelle.

For long weary hours the safari had pushed on, under cover of night, hoping to get clear of Ziraf's pursuit.

It was to seek his lost father, in the Congo country, that Lyn was trekking so far from his home in Uganda; and he would gladly have avoided trouble on his way, much as he would have liked to pull trigger on Ziraf ben Said.

In silence and darkness they waited and listened. A long march in the hot day, followed by a long march in the night, had tired the little safari. They were glad to rest.

From the cane-brake came a soft rustle.

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Nothing could be seen but faintly-stirring shadows. But whoever it was that trod in the jungle forest, he was treading close by the halted safari.

The three scouts scarcely breathed. Then, as if to resolve all doubts, there came a muttering of voices from the night.

There were two men in the darkness, and they were speaking in Arabic—the mongrel Arabic of the Sudan.

The scouts could not distinguish the words, but they could make out the language, and they knew beyond doubt that the speakers were two of Ziraf's men.

The muttering died away.

From the darkness of the bush came a white glimmer. It was the glimmer of an Arab's burnouse as he came through the thickets into the space under the trees where the safari crouched.

The sun stepped clear of the bush, and another followed him.

The eyes of the safari were fixed on the two dim figures, from the blackness under the big tree. But they made no sound.

It was evident that the Arabs had not seen them yet.

Evidently they were two of Ziraf's men—two out of several scouts who were hunting through the forest for a trace of the occupying safari. They had come close without knowing it.

Bobolobo's hand closed hard on his spear-shaft—so hard that his brown knuckles showed white. The black paw of Mpoko was closed on the handle of

It Takes More Than a Bunch of Slave-Hunters To Get the Better of Lyn Strong!

his long bush-knife—the two-foot knife which the Kikuyu used as a sword.

A tense second of silence—a second that seemed a century long. Then from one of the Arabs as he peered broke a sudden startled exclamation.

"Bismillah!"

He had caught sight of the still figures in the blackness under the great tree.

The word had barely dropped from his lips when Bobolobo moved with a movement swift as the leap of Simba. Following the slave-hunter's exclamation came a gurgling groan—as the broad-bladed spear of the Kikuyu was driven through the burnouse and the breast behind it. The second man started back and leaped away into the bush—and after him, with the speed of a deer, leaped Mpoko, the long knife in his hand, his lips drawn back in a snarl, his white teeth flashing.

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Pip.

The Kikuyu's spear flashed and dripped red, as it was lifted and driven a second time through the huddled figure that had fallen at Bobolobo's feet. The slave-hunter did not stir.

Bobo wiped his spear on a broad leaf. "O Bwana, this son of a jackal will never carry news to Ziraf!" he said, with a soft chuckle. "It was written

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In Dire Peril!

"KIMYA!" whispered Bobolobo.

In moments of stress Bobo forgot his English.

But if Bobolobo's companions had not understood the Swahili word for silence, they would have understood the gesture of his lifted hand and the tense look on his brown face in the dimness.

that this Mwarabu should die and not live!"

Lyn did not speak.

He was listening to the crashing in the jungle, as the second Arab fled, with the little bushman like a tiger on his track.

The crashing died away.

"If that merchant gets clear we shall have the whole gang down on us, Lyn!" said Pip. "Rotten luck to fall in with Zirafi and his crowd here. But we'll make some of the beggars hop."

"Mpoko will get him!" said Fatty Page hopefully.

Lyn listened tensely.

The sound of the flight and the pursuit had died away; the silence of the vast Congo forest lay round the safari.

If the Arab spy escaped it was probably the end of the safari. The whole troop of slave-hunters could not be far away. Lyn's heart beat painfully as he listened. His father was a prisoner in the Lukuli country—a prisoner of the cannibals—and there was no one to save him if his son could not save him. If the spy escaped to tell Zirafi where to look for the safari—

There was a rustle in the bush.

A grinning black face looked from the shadows. Mpoko the bushman rejoined his companions.

"O Small One," said Bobolobo, "let my eyes see your knife."

Mpoko, grinning and showing every gleaming tooth in his head, held up the long Kikuyu knife.

It dripped crimson.

"O Bwana," said Bobolobo, grinning, "One-who-ran-like-a-coward has perished under the knife I gave the Small One!"

And Mpoko grinned again.

"Let's get on!" said Lyn. "We've had a close shave, but we may dodge those scoundrels now! Zirafi's lost two of his spies, at any rate. We've got a chance now to get clear."

And Bobo lifted the chief of the Popolaki Scouts on his brawny shoulders again, and the safari trekked on, wearily but hopefully, through the darkness of the Congo forest.

In Hiding!

DAWN glimmered over the forest, faint light filtering through the arched and tangled branches.

With the gleam of day the safari came to a halt. Even the iron-limbed Kikuyu and the wiry bushman were weary, and Pip and Fatty could scarcely place one foot before another. But it was not only from weariness that the safari halted. In the daylight it was necessary to find concealment, for they could hardly hope that they were as yet out of the radius of Zirafi's search. Mpoko, born to the wiles of the African bush, found the hiding-place for the hunted safari.

He stopped under a great tree and pointed upward with a stubby black thumb.

"Big sithy tree," said Mpoko. "This dirty party plenty hide high-high."

"O Small One," said Bobolobo, "it is not fitting that the Bwana should hide in a tree like a monkey!"

"Monkey hide high-high, hyena no catchum!" said the bushman.

"That's true," said Lyn Strong, with a smile. "It's a good idea—plenty of room above, you fellows. We've got to keep out of sight during the daylight."

Pip leaned on his rifle, with aching

limbs, and stared rather dully up at the dome of branches and foliage.

"Good whetna!" he said. "But how're we getting up, old bean? You can't climb with your gammy tooties."

"Plenty sithy liana!" said Mpoko.

"That's so," said Fatty Page. "We can pull you up, Lyn. I suppose we've got to lie doggo."

"No doubt about that," answered Lyn. "Zirafi will be combing the forest for us, and we've got no chance if that crowd get at us; they'll be a dozen to one. We've got to steer clear of the Arabs."

"I'd rather put a bullet through Zirafi!" growled Pip.

"Same here; but I don't care two-pence for Zirafi so long as we get through to the Lukuli country. It's my father I'm thinking of," said Lyn.

"Right, old chap! I hate hiding from a sneaking slave-trader; but we'll find another chance of settling accounts with Zirafi later on. It's a go!" said Pip.

"O Bwana, is it your will to climb the tree?" asked Bobo.

"Yes; get a move on."

Bobo laid down his shield and his fighting-spears. He liked the idea of hiding in the tree like a monkey no more than the scouts did; it touched the pride of the Kikuyu. But the command of the Bwana was law to Bobo.

Mpoko, active as an ape, clambered into the tree, taking with him his pack and his cooking-pots. He grinned down from a mighty branch, his little black face looking not unlike that of a monkey peering from the foliage.

"Fine big sithy tree!" he announced. "Plenty-plenty room for dirty old safari!"

With active fingers the little bushman twisted rope-like lianas, and let down the improvised rope from the branch.

Bobo fastened it under Lyn's armpits.

Then he clambered into the tree after Mpoko, and joined the bushman on the horizontal branch.

The two natives pulled at the liana rope, and Lyn was swung into the air.

Pip and Fatty watched his ascent rather breathlessly. The branch where the two natives sat straddled was twenty feet from the ground. Lyn turned round at the end of the rope as they pulled.

But the twisted lianas were strong, and there was no danger of a break. In a few minutes the patrol-leader of the Popolaki Scouts was swung up to the branch.

Bobo grasped him and lifted him on the branch, and helped him crawl along to the trunk.

The trunk of the great tree was more than ten feet in diameter. At twenty feet from the ground five or six great branches jutted out in various directions, mingling with the branches of the surrounding trees. Where they joined the trunk they made a kind of natural floor, where there was plenty of room to find refuge.

Bobo laid Lyn down there, close to the trunk. Meanwhile, Pip and Fatty were clambering up the trunk.

In a few minutes they joined their leader.

Bobo remained with them. Mpoko slid down the liana rope and proceeded to stir up grass and herbage where the safari had trodden, removing as far as possible the "spoor" left by the party.

Then he clambered up again.

The liana rope was pulled up and stowed in a hollow of the great trunk above.

Lyn peered down from the tree. The safari was safely hidden; no one passing under the branches was able to see them so long as they kept back to the upper trunk. But Mpoko, with the cunning of a bushman, was making assurance doubly sure by dragging lianas, scus vine, and other creepers round the hiding-place. The creepers, suspended from higher branches, hung like a screen round the safari.

"Safe here!" greeted Pip, as he stretched his limbs. "Thank goodness for a rest! I don't think I could have kept on much longer."

"Same here!" said Fatty. "We can get some sleep."

"Don't more!" grinned Pip.

"Who snores?" demanded Fatty warmly.

"You do, old fat bean, like a grampus!"

"Look here, you little an—"

"Look here, you fat dufer—"

"Shut up, you two," said Lyn. "We don't want Zirafi to come along and bear you ragging. Kinya's the word!"

Pip chuckled sleepily and closed his eyes. Fatty Page was equally tired and sleepy; but he was also hungry. He proceeded to deal with a bunch of plantains before he went to sleep. Bobo stretched his brawny limbs and slept, after making his lord as comfortable as he could. Mpoko curled himself up like a hedgehog.

Fatty nodded over the plantains. He dropped off to sleep at last with his bunch unfinished. The safari were weary to the bone.

But it was not easy for Lyn to sleep. The pain in his feet was keen. The soles were swollen from the bastinado. But he slept at last, and there was silence in the camp twenty feet above the ground.

The sun rose higher, burning heat streaming down on the tropical forest. The beasts that had prowled in the thickets in the hours of darkness retired to their lairs. Innumerable monkeys chattered and clambered in the trees; parrots cackled and chattered to one another. From the higher branches monkeys crept and blinked at the sleeping safari, and scuttled away again. The scouts slept on.

At Close Quarters!

"**B**Y gum, it's hot!" breathed Fatty Page.

The long, hot hours in the hiding-place in the great tree were weary.

The safari slept till past noon; and they awakened to feel as if they were in an oven.

In the confined space, circled by the sizzling creepers, the Scouts were safe, but they were not in comfort.

Now that they had rested, they were eager to stretch their limbs; but it was impossible to leave the hiding-place till the fall of night.

Nothing had been seen or heard of the Arabs; possibly they were far away. But at any turn of the forest aisles, the safari might have marched into their enemies, had they resumed their route. They had to wait for the fall of darkness; but it was weary waiting.

"Seadly hot!" murmured Fatty, wiping the streaming perspiration from his plump face, and slaughtering about twenty flies as he did so.

"You're molting away, old fat bean," said Pip, with a chuckle. "I'll bet

you don't weigh more than twenty stone by this time."

"Well, you never weighed more than twenty ounces!" retorted Fatty. "I say, I'm fearfully hungry!"

"The poor chap's only eaten about three hundred plantains," said Pip. "He must be famished!"

"Plantains are all very well, but a fellow wants food!" said Fatty, munching a dhurra cake. "I'm not growling, Lyn, old man! But I shall be jolly glad when we get clear of these Arabs and get a square meal."

Lyn smiled.

"Mpoko can't set up the cooking-pots here, old bean," he said. "We've got to grin and bear it for a bit. Where's Mpoko?"

Mpoko crawled back among the branches. He brought back with him a ripe cluster of bananas he had gathered in the forest. Mpoko travelled from tree to tree like a monkey, without setting foot to earth. The Scouts feasted on bananas, and laid down to rest again. But they could sleep no longer, and the hot hours passed wearily.

Once, from a far distance, the sound of a shot was heard. Probably it was a signal of the slave-hunters. It was far

along with his rifle on his shoulder.

"Still feeling hungry, Fatty?"

"Famished!" said Fatty.

"Think you could tackle a tin of corned beef?"

Fatty Page halted eagerly.

"Yes, rather! You bet, old man!"

"Then I'm sorry I d'jin't bring one from Masumpwe!" said Pip affably.

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Fatty.

"Kinnya!" whispered Bobolobo; and Fatty Page, with a great effort, refrained from telling Pip what he thought of him.

In silence and shadow, the safari tramped on. How Mpoko found a way through the trackless forest, even Bobo did not know; but the little bushman never paused.

His tiny figure skipped on tirelessly ahead, and Bobo followed with the Bwana on his shoulders; and Pip and Fatty trailed behind. The way lay now by a narrow game-path that seemed endless.

Mpoko halted suddenly, and stopped silently back. In the darkness only the gleam of his eyes could be seen.

"O Small One, why do you stop?" whispered Bobo.

"Moto!" breathed the bushman.

Mpoko crept on again. Silently the safari crept after him.

Now the darkness was broken by more and more dancing flickers, that came like arrows in the gloom.

The bright gleam of the fire caught the eyes of the scouts at last. The game-path ended at a great clearing in the forest; and in the midst of the clearing, the camp-fire burned. Near it stood a tent; and round it stood or lolled more than twenty figures—in the burnous of the Arab. It was the camp of Ziraf ben Said.

The tall figure of the sheikh himself could be seen, standing at the opening of the tent, his arms folded on his breast, and a black scowl on his squiline face.

"My hat!" breathed Pip.

Lyn stared at the Arab camp.



The Arab went headlong to the ground under the attack of the scouts. In a moment the bushman had put his long knife to Ziraf's throat. "Order your men to fall back!" snapped Lyn.

away; but it showed that the enemy were still in the forest.

There was nothing for it but to wait for night; and the Scouts waited with what patience they could.

The long hot day drew to its close at last.

The cackling of the parrots, the chattering of the monkeys, quieted. The twilight of the forest deepened into darkness. With nightfall came a breath of coolness.

Lyn stirred at last.

"Time to move!" he said.

From the shadows below came a rustling; but it was only a hyena, whose greenish eyes glittered for a moment and then vanished.

The liana rope swung Lyn to the earth again, and his comrades followed. Once more Lyn was mounted on the brawny shoulders of the Kikuyu.

With Mpoko in the lead, picking his way through the forest as if he could see like a cat in the dark, the safari resumed the march.

"It's good to be moving again, anyhow!" murmured Pip, as he tramped

"A fire?" muttered Lyn.

"Big filthy fire in forest, Bwana."

Lyn stared round him.

The forest was shrouded in darkness; but now his eyes detected a sickening gleam that came at moments among the black shadows. There was a fire burning in the forest somewhere at hand; and it could only be a camp-fire.

"The Arabs!" muttered Pip.

Fatty Page suppressed a groan. It was not the danger that troubled him; but the square meal to which he was looking forward seemed further off than ever.

The safari was following a narrow path, shut in on either side by impenetrable cane-brake. The path had been trodden by innumerable feet of lions, leopards, hyenas, and countless animals. It was hardly more than a foot wide, and the canes shut it in like walls; penetrable only to a slashing bush-knife.

"Keep on!" said Lyn at last. "We're not turning back if we can help it. We've no time to lose. Keep on—and quiet!"

The group of slave-hunters were about fifty yards distant. Late as the hour was, they had not yet turned in to sleep; though several recumbent figures could be seen round the fire. Ziraf, standing before the tent, was casting savage glances towards the encircling forest, and the glitter of his eyes showed in the firelight.

Lyn gritted his teeth.

The Arab camp lay direct in the path of the safari. To emerge into the open clearing was to be seen by the slave-hunters, and instantly attacked.

But it was bitter to turn back, and lose long hours winding through the forest to avoid the slave-hunters' camp.

"O Bwana!" whispered Bobolobo.

"Speak!" said Lyn.

"It will not be long before the Mwarabu closes his eyes!" said Bobo, "and then, Bwana, we may steal by us silently as the jackal."

Mpoko nodded his dusky head.

"That's the idea!" said Pip. "We should lose hours going round them."

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and we shouldn't be clear of them by dawn."

"Wait here!" said Lyn.

And the safari remained where they were, in cover of the jungle, at the end of the path.

Lyn lay on the ground, watching the camp-fire and the Arabs gathered round it. Not one of the savage crew was looking in the direction of the safari; they had no suspicion that the scouts were at hand.

Several of the Arabs lay down round the fire. It was not likely to be long before they all slept. It was midnight now. No doubt a man would be left on watch; but there would be a good chance, at least, for the safari to creep round the edge of the great clearing and pass unseen.

It was the keen eyes of Ziraf that were most to be dreaded. But the sheikh himself was very unlikely to keep watch.

The scouts waited.

More and more of the Arabs lay down round the fire. But Ziraf ben Said still stood where he was, staring round with savage eyes at the forest.

In the firelight, his face could be clearly seen; and its expression told of ferocious anger and disappointment. Through a long burning day he had hunted for those he hated, and hunted in vain. There was no sign of sleep in the dark bitter face of the Arab.

He moved at last, and the scouts hoped to see him pass into his tent.

But he did not enter the tent. He came towards the camp-fire, and spoke with some of his men.

Then, to the surprise of the watching scouts, he left the camp. He came in a direct line towards the opening of the path in the jungle.

Pip caught his breath.

"He's seen us!" he breathed.

Fatty gripped his rifle.

"I'll get him, Lyn—"

"Stop! A shot will bring the whole crew on us," muttered Lyn. "Not a sound! Lie low!"

The scouts waited with beating hearts. Ziraf was advancing slowly towards the opening of the path where they lay in cover.

Obviously, he did not know that they were there. He would never have advanced towards them so unguardedly had he had the faintest suspicion.

But it was clear that he intended to enter the path, and as soon as he did so he could not fail to discover them.

Lyn set his lips hard. Bitter hate and baffled vengeance kept the sheikh from sleep, but why he was coming to the jungle path Lyn could not fathom. But suddenly, from the silence behind, came a sound on the path—the soft patter of naked feet.

Then Lyn understood. Some scouting spy of the slave-hunters was returning to the camp by that path, doubtless at an appointed hour, and Ziraf, restless and anxious for news of his foe, was coming to meet him to learn what he had to tell.

Lyn's heart throbbled.

It was too late to retreat now without giving the alarm. There was a foe behind, as well as foes in front. If the safari fled along the path they had to run into the man who was coming from the forest.

The scouts stared at one another dumbly.

The pattering footsteps coming up the path from behind sounded nearer; and in front, Ziraf was drawing close to them. Bobolobo, grasping his spear, THE POPULAR—No. 522.

stole back along the path to meet the man who was coming.

He disappeared in the blackness of the jungle.

But Ziraf was close now.

Mpoko had his long Kikuyu knife in his hand. His eyes glittered over it.

"Me killum!" he breathed.

But Lyn shook his head. Bobolobo might account for the man on the path, in silence. But the killing of Ziraf meant the alarm to the whole camp. Many of the Arabs were watching him as he strode towards the jungle. He could not be slain unseen and unheard.

From the blackness of the jungle path came the sound of a soft fall, and a faint groan.

Bobolobo had accounted for the man who was coming from the forest.

Ziraf was almost at the opening of the jungle path now.

Lyn touched the bushman's arm.

"Seize him!" he breathed. "Harm him not—his life will answer for ours! But see that he does not get away, Mpoko!"

The bushman understood. Pip and Fatty laid down their rifles. They stood ready to back up the bushman. There was a sudden startled exclamation from Ziraf, and he came to a stop—not six feet from the crouching figures in the jungle.

As he stopped the little figure of the bushman leaped, and the tall Arab went headlong to the ground under the impact of the tiny muscular figure. Pip and Fatty were on him the next second. Ziraf, yelling with rage, struggled with the three. Lyn, heedless of the pain in his swollen feet, crawled to the spot where they struggled.

There was a howl of startled excitement from the Arab camp. The whole wild crew started towards the scene.

"O Ziraf," said Lyn, his voice cool and clear even in that moment of breathless danger, "order your men to fall back and you shall live—on the word of a white man! Let them advance and you die under the knife of a bushman!"

Mpoko's knife was at the sheikh's throat. His gleaming eyes told how eager he was to use it. For a moment—a moment in which his life trembled in the balance—Ziraf hesitated, overcome with rage. But the keen edge of the knife was already cutting into his flesh, and he quailed. He shouted desperately an order in Arabic to the slave-hunters, who were crowding up, and they halted.

March!

ZIRAFI staggered to his feet, Pip and Fatty gripping either arm, Mpoko pressing the keen knife to the Arab's breast. Scarcely twenty feet distant the wild crew of slave-hunters had halted, at the desperately-yelled order of their sheikh. From the jungle path came Bobolobo, with blood on his spear. And the point of the dripping spear touched Ziraf between the shoulders, penetrating the skin. A shiver ran through the savage Arab. His life hung on a thread—and life was dear. Again he shouted in Arabic to his men, and the savage crew fell further back.

"Tell them to go back to the fire, O Ziraf," said Lyn quietly, "and if they do not obey their eyes will look on your death."

Ziraf shouted again. The Arabs, muttering and staring, fell back, as

far as the camp-fire, where they stopped, still staring at the strange scene.

"It is well, Ziraf," said Lyn. "You live!"

The Arab turned his eyes on him, choking with rage.

"O dog of a kafir, you shall die in a thousand torments for this!" he muttered hoarsely.

"It is you, father of a herd of swine, who will die if I give the word," answered Lyn contemptuously. "Bobo, bind his hands."

The slave-hunter quivered with rage. But he dared not resist, and his hands were drawn behind him, and his wrists bound fast together. The Kikuyu took away his scimitar and his long-barrelled, ivory-mounted pistol, and tossed them into the jungle.

"O accursed Feriaghee," hissed Ziraf, "release me and you shall go your way in peace!"

Lyn laughed scornfully.

"I have said that you shall live, Ziraf, and the word of a white man is his bond!" he answered. "But your life answers for our safety. You march with the safari."

"I will take no step!" hissed Ziraf, his face black with passion. "Take the hands of these slaves from me, or I order my men to fall on."

Lyn smiled grimly.

"That is in your power, Ziraf," he answered. "Call on those sons of pigs and jackals if you desire. Bobo, if a man yonder makes a step this way, drive your spear through the heart of that son of a dog!"

"Na-aa, Swana!" grinned Bobolobo. "Yes, herd! My spear that has drunk blood this night is still thirsty."

The spear-point bit into the Arab's back. A single thrust of Bobo's ivory arm, and the slave-hunter would have been impaled. And Ziraf did not call to his men to fall on. The order choked in his savage throat.

"You will not speak," said Lyn. "Live, then—to march with the safari till we are far beyond pursuit! Let a man in your band follow us, and he shall find your body on the path. Let a shot be fired and you, Ziraf, shall die and not live!"

Ziraf said no word. His bitter rage choked him. The Arabs, clustering round the camp-fire, staring at the scene, made no movement. They waited for an order from their sheikh, and they knew why Ziraf gave no order.

"March!" said Lyn.

Lyn was swung again on the broad shoulders of the Kikuyu. Pip and Fatty both held to the rope that bound the sheikh, and Pip held a knife to his ribs, ready for a thrust if Ziraf made an attempt to escape, or to call on his men. Mpoko led the way, and the little safari moved on across the clearing.

Then the cluster of Arabs stirred. The firelight glimmered on lifting barrels.

But Ziraf, with the knife at his ribs, gave a hoarse shout—a savage order to his men. The lifting rifles fell again; the Arabs remained clustered at the fire; and the safari, marching on across the wide clearing, disappeared into the forest on the other side.

Muttering curses in Arabic, hissing like a snake in his rage, Ziraf ben Said marched with the safari; and the darkness of the Congo forest swallowed the safari and the sheikh from the sight of the slave-hunters.

THE END.

"IN THE LAND OF THE CANNIBALS" is the title of next week's exciting tale of the Popolali Patrol!