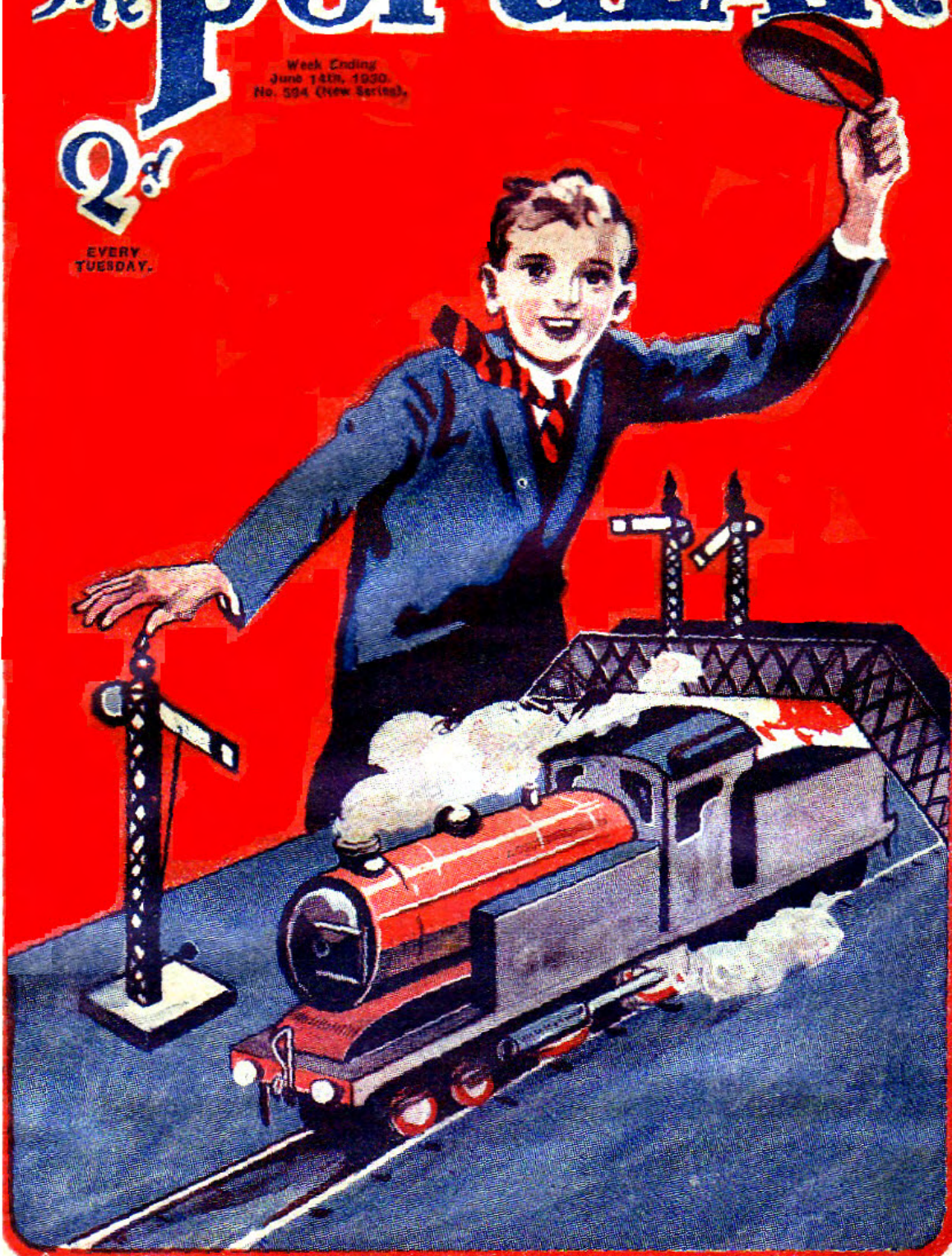


The POPULAR

Week Ending
June 14th, 1930.
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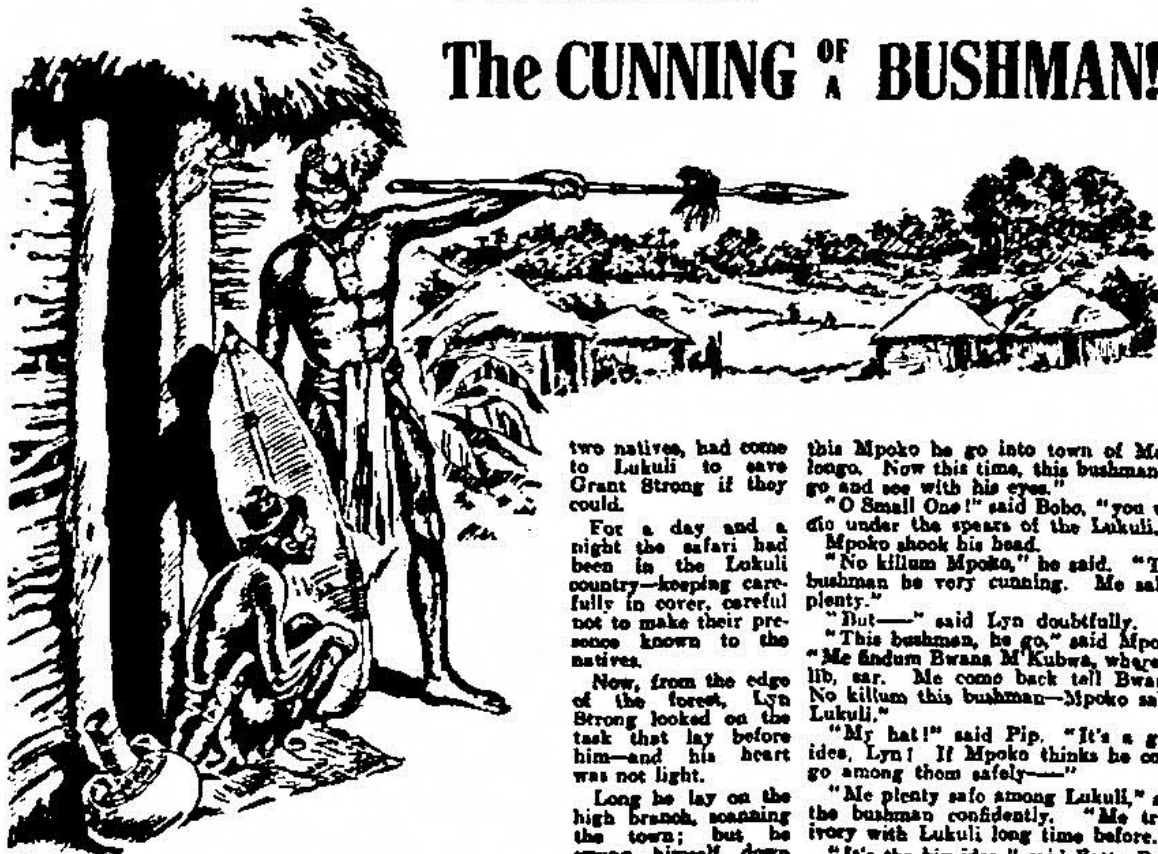


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of their adventurous career!

The CUNNING OF A BUSHMAN!



Mpoko's Mission!

LYN STRONG lay along the thick branch, buried in foliage, sixty feet from the ground, and looked on the town of Lukuli.

The town lay in a loop of the Lukuli river, surrounded by fields of Indian corn, and except on the side where the river flowed, circled by the dense Central African forest.

The wide streets, shaded by trees, the long lines of wattle houses, the chief's huts in the central square, were clear to the Scout's eyes, in the bright sunlight.

Round the chief's huts lounged the guards of Mofologo the chief—two score of brawny spearmen with shield and fighting-spear.

In the streets, and in the maize fields, Lyn could discern innumerable figures—natives by the hundred.

His face was dark and grim as he looked.

His eyes lingered on the collection of huts in the centre of the African town, that formed the palace of the Chief Mofologo.

In one of those huts his father was a prisoner, unless— But Lyn drove the thought from his mind that perhaps Grant Strong had already fallen a victim to the savage cannibals of the Congo.

At the foot of the great tree stood his comrades—Pip Parker and Fatty Page, Bobo the Kikuyu, and Mpoko the bush-

man. Three Boy Scouts of Uganda, and the

two natives, had come to Grant Strong if they could.

For a day and a night the safari had been in the Lukuli country—keeping carefully in cover, careful not to make their presence known to the natives.

Now, from the edge of the forest, Lyn Strong looked on the task that lay before him—and his heart was not light.

Long he lay on the high branch, scanning the town; but he swung himself down

from the tree at last and rejoined his comrades.

Pip and Fatty gave him questioning looks.

"We're up against it now, old bean!" said Pip.

"We're going on!" asked Fatty.

Lyn shook his head.

"It's death to show ourselves," he said. "We must wait here for night.

And then—"

He broke off.

"O Bwana," said Bobolobo, "we have come to die with the Bwana M'Kubwa, and this night we shall be with the ghosts."

"There's a chance—after dark," mut-

tered Mpoko he go into town of Mofologo. Now this time, this bushman he go and see with his eyes."

"O Small One!" said Bobo, "you will die under the spears of the Lukuli."

Mpoko shook his head.

"No killum Mpoko," he said. "This bushman he very cunning. Me sabby plenty."

"But—" said Lyn doubtfully.

"This bushman, he go," said Mpoko. "Me findum Bwana M'Kubwa, where he lib, sar. Me come back tell Bwana!

No killum this bushman—Mpoko sabby Lukuli."

"My hat!" said Pip. "It's a good idea, Lyn! If Mpoko thinks he could go among them safely—"

"Me plenty safe among Lukuli," said the bushman confidently. "Me trade ivory with Lukuli long time before."

"It's the big idea," said Fatty Page.

"Mpoko can find out for us whether your father is kept a prisoner, and if—"

Lyn winced.

"If he's still alive," he said quietly.

"Well, yes, old chap," said Fatty.

"We've got to look at the facts, you know. If Mpoko can scout in Mofologo's town we shall know where we stand."

"That's so," assented Lyn. "But—if they suspected for a moment that he had come to spy on them—"

"Why should they?" said Pip. "They don't know we're here—they don't know there's a white man within two hundred miles. Little Tich says he's traded ivory with them long ago, and he can talk ivory to them."

"The Small One's words are wise, O Bwana," said Bobolobo. "Let the Small One go among the Lukuli and see with his eyes and hear with his ears."

"You shall go, Mpoko!" said Lyn, "and if you bring me news of my father I will never forget what you have done. Go—and we will await you here till the sun is gone."

A moment more and the little bushman disappeared into the forest.

Lyn compressed his lips.

It went against the grain to allow the devoted Mpoko to take the risk of scouting among the Lukuli. But if he came back with news it might mean all the difference between failure and success.

"He'll get through all right, old chap," said Pip. "Mpoko's as sharp as they make them. The Lukuli won't get much change out of him."

THE POPOLAKI.—No. 594.

4ft. Bushman Outwits Thousands of 6ft. Warriors!

tered Lyn. "My father must be in one of the huts guarded by Mofologo's soldiers. You fellows will wait for me here, and if I do not come back you'll know there's nothing to be done, and you must clear off at once. There's a chance—"

He broke off again. He knew how little chance there was of finding Grant Strong and helping him to escape in a town populated like a beehive. But he had come there to take the chance, such as it was.

"Lord," said Mpoko.

Lyn glanced at the little bushman.

"Speak, Mpoko!" he said.

"Lord, this dirty bushman sabby this place," said Mpoko. "One time before

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Lyn nodded.

He clambered into the tall tree again, crawled out on the high branch, and watched the town and the surrounding fields.

A tiny figure emerged from the forest and followed a path among the fields of Indian corn towards the town.

The dwarf bushman, scarce four feet high, looked tiny in the distance as Lyn watched him.

Smaller and smaller Mpoko grew to his eyes as he padded on towards the town of Mofolongo.

Hundreds of women were working in the fields, and many of them lifted their heads to glance at the bushman as he passed.

The distance was too great for Lyn to hear, but he saw Mpoko exchange greetings with some of them who were near the path he was following.

Close by the town a group of Lukuli, with spears in their hands, stopped the bushman.

Lyn's heart throbbed.

He watched with painful intentness, in the dread expectation of seeing Mpoko fall transfixed by the Lukuli spears.

But after some minutes of palaver the group opened and Mpoko passed through and continued on his way to the town.

Lyn breathed again.

So far the bushman had made good his words that he could go among the Lukuli unsuspected.

Lyn's keen eyes still followed the tiny figure till it disappeared among the first huts of the town.

Among the wattle buildings it vanished from sight, and Lyn, though he strained his eyes to aching, could see Mpoko no more.

chief. For by custom he that is to die lives for three days after the mark of death has been placed upon him by the finger of Miuki-Miuki."

Lyn's father was aware of that. One day had elapsed of the last three days of grace. For two days yet his life was as safe in the chief's huts as in his own home on the banks of the Popolaki River in Uganda. But he had wondered if the commotion meant some new barbarous ceremony of the witch-doctor in which he was to take part.

"Then why do the people gather before the huts of the chief, soldier?" asked Strong.

"It is because one comes to speak with Mofolongo," answered the soldier. "A Small-One-of-the-Forest has come."

Grant Strong looked out from the doorway, across the broad blades of the spears that held him back.

The visit of a Small-One-of-the-Forest had little interest for him; but he was glad of any interruption to the dreary monotony of captivity, and the thoughts of what awaited him in the hut of Miuki-Miuki in the jungle on the third day.

Conducted by a brawny Lukuli, a little bushman met his sight.

He smiled faintly.

The little man, though full-grown, was but four feet high. He wore a ragged loin-cloth and a tattered red fea.

The latter was an uncommon, if not unknown, adornment for a bushman, and it showed that the dwarf had been in the country of white men, where there were Indian bazaars.

Grant Strong had met many bushmen in his life as a hunter and guide of safaris, but he had never seen Mpoko before.

It was while he was absent on his ill-fated safari, which had left him a prisoner among the cannibals, that Lyn had rescued Mpoko from the clutches of Ziraf ben Said, the Arab slave-trader. So Mpoko was a complete stranger to him, and it did not cross the hunter's mind that the Small One's presence had anything to do with him. He stood in the opening of his hut, watching with idle interest, little dreaming what the bushman's visit meant for him.

Mpoko stood before the hut of the chief, waiting till it should please the mighty Mofolongo to give him audience. The armed men stood round him.

Mofolongo was in no hurry to grant audience. And when he granted it, it was quite likely that he would disdain to listen to a bushman, and would order his guards to run their spears through him; or, if he happened to be in a ferocious mood, would call for his torturers, and order the Small One to be skinned or burned. The moods of a Central African potentate are very uncertain.

But the Small One stood with perfect calmness, undisturbed. Life is cheap in the heart of Africa, and, where death lurks in every bush, life is lightly held.

The eyes of Mpoko, as he stood, wandered incessantly, roving in search of all that they could see. That his life might be numbered by minutes, he knew; but if he lived to return to his lord, he desired to have news to carry to the Bwana.

Not by the slightest start, not by a quiver of an eyelash, did Mpoko betray emotion at the sight of a lean, brown-faced white man standing in the doorway of one of the chief's huts.

But his gaze fixed intently, piercingly, on Grant Strong.

In the lean, bronzed features of the hunter there was a fleeting resemblance

to the handsome, boyish face of Lyn—resemblance enough to show that they were father and son.

Mpoko knew that he was looking on the face of the man to seek whom the safari had set out from Masumpwe in far Uganda.

But his face betrayed nothing.

The barest hint that he came to the aid of the prisoner meant instant death to the little bushman.

After that one long, steady look, his eyes turned away from Grant Strong, and he did not glance at him again.

For more than an hour Mpoko waited before the chief's huts, with the spear-men round him, awaiting the pleasure of Mofolongo.

Numbers of the idle natives gathered round, and some of them spoke civil words to the bushman, and others jeered him mockingly for his small stature.

The Lukuli were a brawny race, and the smallest of them towered over the bushman; and the soldiers of the chief's guard were a couple of feet taller than Mpoko.

But Mpoko answered civil words and rough badinage with the same imperishable good-humour. It was a proof of his self-control, for the bushmen are a fierce and touchy race, quick to take offence. But Mpoko's thoughts were buried deep, and his little black face wore a cheery grin.

There was a crash from the chief's drummer, and the crowd in the open place bent their heads as Mofolongo stepped from his hut.

The mighty chief of the Lukuli, clad in leopard-skins, made an imposing figure.

At the crash of the drum, Grant Strong looked out of his hut again, a careless witness of the scene that followed.

The tall, powerful chief stared down at the little bushman, and a grin passed over his hard, cruel face. There was something flattering to his own mighty strength in the smallness of the bushman.

He sat down in the ebony chair of state before his hut, and the soldiers led Mpoko towards him.

Mpoko fell on his face and crawled to the feet of the chief. At a distance of three yards the soldiers stopped him.

Mofolongo's gaze was bent on him with amused disdain.

"O Small-One-of-the-Forest," he said, "why do you come to the city of Mofolongo?"

"I come that my eyes may gaze upon the great chief Mofolongo, before whom all other chiefs tremble and bow the knee!" answered Mpoko. "Aho, I come to speak to the great Mofolongo of ivory."

A gleam came into the chief's eyes at the mention of ivory.

"Speak!" he said. "My ears hear."

He spoke in Lukuli, and Mpoko in Swaheli; but both were perfectly understood by the white man standing within hearing at the door of his hut.

"O Mofolongo," said the dwarf, "in the land of the Biribi there is a valley where the elephants die, and in that valley there is much ivory. I, Mpoko, have seen it with my eyes."

Mofolongo bent a little forward in his chair of state, his eyes glittering greedily.

Grant Strong looked curiously at the bushman. The story of the "elephants' cemetery" is told in Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic! Many are the natives who claim to know where lies the valley where the elephants go to die, and where the ivory lies as thick

In the City of Mofolongo!

GRANT STRONG, the hunter of Uganda, rose from the heap of reed mats on which his long, lean limbs were stretched.

There was a babble of voices outside the chief's huts, and it reached the ears of the prisoner of Mofolongo.

He stepped to the doorway of the prison hut.

Outside, the burning African sunlight fell, with blinding heat. In the bright sunlight many of the people of Lukuli had gathered in the wide, open space before the chief's huts, which was the public meeting-place of the town of Mofolongo.

As Grant Strong stepped into the aperture that formed the doorway of his hut, two broad-bladed spears were crossed before him, and two black faces grinned at him.

Night and day the hut was watched, till the hour should come for the prisoner to be handed over to Miuki-Miuki, the witch-doctor, for torture and death.

"The Mzungu must not pass!" said one of the soldiers, in the Lukuli tongue, which is very like Swaheli, a language that the hunter spoke as his own.

"O soldier!" said Strong. "My ears hear many voices. Is it for me that the people gather before the chief's huts?"

"It is not for the Mzungu," answered the soldier, "for it was but yesterday that the mark of death was placed on the Mzungu's breast, and for two days more he will live in the huts of the

as fallen leaves in the forest after a tornado.

Grant Strong had heard the story many times, but he had never believed it. But he came near believing it now. For a man who came to Mofolongo with a lie on his lips was asking for torture and death.

"O Small One," said Mofolongo, "you have seen this with your eyes?"

"I have seen it with my eyes, O Great One!" said Mpoko. "And the ivory where the elephants die is so great that a thousand of your strongest soldiers could not carry it away in seven days!"

"I have heard this tale before," said Mofolongo. "Many have told this tale, O Small-One-of-the-Forest. Why do you come to me with this story of ivory?"

"The Biribi are fierce and strong," said Mpoko. "I, Mpoko, fear the spears of the Biribi. But the great Mofolongo fears nobody. If Mofolongo will send his soldiers with me, I will guide them to the valley where the elephants die, and the Biribi will run and hide in the bush. And for my services Mofolongo will give me as much ivory as three men may carry on their backs; but if there remains not so much ivory as will load five hundred men, he shall give me nothing, and he shall call me a liar and punish me as a liar deserves."

"You speak well, O Small One!" said Mofolongo. "But if you speak falsely you shall be skinned alive, and your dying shall last a whole day."

"Let it be so," said the bushman. "How many days' journey lies this valley in the country of the Biribi?" asked Mofolongo.

"Five days' journey from this city," said Mpoko. "The way lies by the forest of the black ghosts, and by the waters of the Great River."

Mofolongo considered. "On the second day there is sacrifice and feast in this city," he said; "on the third day, O Small One, my soldiers shall march into the country of the Biribi, and I will march with my soldiers, and you shall be the guide. And if we find the ivory in the valley where the elephants die you shall receive so much as three men may carry on their backs. And if we do not find it you shall die slowly under the hands of Lutolizi the skinner."

"Let it be so, O Mofolongo, the Great and Terrible One!" said Mpoko. Mofolongo turned to Kalugu, his chief counsellor.

"Kalugu, let the Small One be given a hut, and let food and drink be given him, and let him live safely in the shadow of the chief's palace!" he said.

"O Mofolongo, my ears hear you!" answered Kalugu.

And Mpoko rose to his feet and backed out of the royal presence, and the soldiers took him away, and he was given a hut and food and drink. And as he went, his eyes lingered for a second on the white man staring at him, but only for a second, with no sign of



As Grant Strong stepped into the aperture that formed the doorway of his prison, two broad-bladed spears were crossed before him.

recognition or interest. And Mpoko sat in his hut in the shadow of the chief's palace, and ate and drank. And Grant Strong threw himself wearily on his bed of reed mats. And on the edge of the forest, with anxious hearts, Lyn and his comrades waited and watched.

of the city should speak to the bushman lest he should tell of the valley of ivory, the secret that was for Mofolongo alone.

While the slaves served him with food and drink Chako, the captain of the guards, remained with him, and when they were gone Chako stepped out of the hut. But when Mpoko sat in the doorway looking out at the town in the sinking sun, Chako spoke to him, leaning on his long spear.

"O Small One," said Chako, eyeing the bushman curiously, "is it a true tale that your lips have told to the chief?"

"It is a true tale, soldier!" answered Mpoko.

"And your eyes have seen the ivory in the place where the elephants die?" asked the soldier incredulously.

"My eyes have seen it."

"For if you deceive Mofolongo your death will be terrible," said Chako. "The wrath of Mofolongo is more fearful than the fierceness of Simba or of Fisi."

"Why should I come to Mofolongo with a lie?" said Mpoko composedly. "If there is no ivory how am I served by telling the Terrible One a tale that is not true?"

"You speak well," said Chako; and he withdrew and left the bushman to sit on the reed mat and watch the busy life of the town. But when he passed near again the bushman called to him, and the soldier stopped.

"O soldier," said Mpoko, "the Great

Mpoko's Warning.

MPOKO had eaten and drunk his fill of the good food placed before him by the slaves of Mofolongo the chief. They gave him palm oil chop, and yams, and the flesh of goats, and a native drink that was like the njobo of Eastern Africa, and roasted cakes of maize. Mpoko ate with a good appetite, though inwardly, while his face was smiling and grateful, he mocked the Lukuli. After he had finished his meal he sat in the doorway of the hut that had been given him by the order of the chief, and looked out into the great square of the city, with the long, wide streets radiating from it like the spokes of a wheel. And his little black face was calm and contented.

Many of the idlers of the city who had watched his interview with the great chief would have come to the hut to talk to him, and especially to hear of the valley of ivory. But the soldiers drove them back with their broad-bladed spears.

It was Mofolongo's order that no man

One spoke of sacrifice and feast in this city on the second day. Is it permitted that this humble one remain to witness this great sight?"

"Surely!" said Chako.
"For this is a great city," said Mpoko, "and the feasting of a mighty chief like Mofolongo must be splendid and magnificent. It is worth many days' journey to look on the magnificence of Mofolongo."

"Your eyes see no such sights in your huts in the jungle," said Chako, with a smile.

"It is true, soldier, for the bushmen are poor, and we do not dwell in great cities like the Lukuli. And will there be one-that-dies at the feasting of Mofolongo?"

"There will be a Mzungu that dies," answered Chako. "A white man who is a prisoner in the chief's huts, even close to this place. He came to this country with a safari from the land of the Mzungu, and all others were slain and only this man spared because of his great magic. He slew so many of the Lukuli that he was reserved for sacrifice and when he is eaten his courage will pass into the hearts of the Lukuli."

"It will be a great sight," said Mpoko, "and when he is led forth to die on the second day, soldier, where will death come to him? In the great place of the city, under the eyes of all the Lukuli?"

Chako shook his head.
"O bushman, you know not the customs of the Lukuli," he said. "The Mzungu will be given to Muki-Muki, the witch-doctor, who will take him to his house in the jungle and there slay him by the terrible tortures known to Muki-Muki. And none may see his death save only Muki-Muki and his slaves. But when he is dead his meat will make the feast of Mofolongo and his chief warriors."

"I have heard of Muki-Muki, and his name is terrible," said the bushman. "He is the lord of all the ghosts and devils, and the winds blow and the rain comes when he gives the order."

"You speak true, bushman."
"And if it is permitted my eyes would see the house of Muki-Muki in the jungle," said the bushman.

Chako laughed.
"There is no man, not even a soldier like myself, who dare go near the house of Muki-Muki," he answered. "It is not permitted, bushman; it would be death."

"Then I will be content to let my ears hear," said Mpoko. "Where lies the house of Muki-Muki, O brave and noble soldier?"

Chako pointed with his spear.
Between the forest and the town, in the midst of the maize fields, was a large patch of uncleared jungle.

To the eye it looked impenetrable—a mass of thick tropical growth, the trees laced together by lianas and *Acacia* vines.

"There lies the house of Muki-Muki," said Chako. "There dwells the Wise One with his slaves, and there he talks with the ghosts who carry out his orders. But it is death to enter the jungle that hides the house of Muki-Muki."

"In all the lands of the Great River," said the bushman, "they speak of the wisdom and the terrible power of Muki-Muki. It is said that he speaks all the tongues that are known to men."

"He speaks many tongues," said Chako.
"Also the tongue of the white men, of the Mzungu?" asked Mpoko.

"No, he speaks not the tongue of the Mzungu, for when he has spoken to the white man who is to die he has spoken to him in our own tongue, and when the white man has spoken in his own tongue Muki-Muki's ears could not hear him."

"Is there none in this city that speaks the tongue of the Mzungu?" asked Mpoko.

"There is none in the city," answered the soldier. "Neither the tongue of the English, nor the tongue of the Frenchman."

"They are barbarous tongues," said Mpoko. "But the language of the Lukuli is like the murmur of running waters."

"You speak well, bushman."
And Chako lounged away again. Mpoko sat long in silence, looking out into the city. But presently, as he sat, he began to sing.

He sang in a cracked voice that was not musical to the ear. Some of the Lukuli soldiers looked towards him, and laughed.

Chako walked over to the hut.
"O bushman, do you sing the songs of the bush tribes?" he asked.

"I sing the song of my tribe," answered Mpoko. "It is not beautiful, like the songs of the Lukuli, as I know well, O handsome soldier."

"Indeed, it is like the cry of the hyena seeking for food!" said Chako, laughing. "But sing if it be your will, O Small One."

And he walked away and stood laughing with his companions, while the bushman sang in his cracked voice, in the English tongue—the best English that poor Mpoko knew.

The words that he sang bore no meaning to the ears of the Lukuli soldiers. But to the ears of the imprisoned white man in the hut near at hand they bore a meaning that made Grant Strong start from his bed of reeds and listen with amazed face and straining ears.

For this was the song of the bushman:

"O white man,
Listen to Mpoko.
This filthy bushman he comes to
watch the black ones.
The Bwana waits in forest;
With the Bwana wait two filthy
white ones and a dirty Kikuyu.
O white man, if your ears bear, you
lib for make this bushman sabby.
Me go talkum to little Bwana;
Me tellum Bwana M'Kubwa no lib
for die.
Me Mpoko good filthy fellow;
Me fine dirty cook for Bwana Lyn
Strong.
You hear me, you sing out."

And Mpoko, having sung that remarkable song, fell into silence and waited. Chako and the soldiers laughed.

But a few minutes later they started and stared at the prisoner's hut, for Grant Strong's deep voice was raised in singing.

Chako strode to the hut.
"O Mzungu," he said, grinning, "do you sing because you are joyful? Or do you sing because you hear the singing of the bushman?"

"Soldier," answered Grant Strong, "I sing to let the Lukuli know that a brave man does not fear death."

"You speak well, O Mzungu," said Chako; and he went back to his comrades.

And the hunter sang, in English:

"O bushman,
My ears hear you, and my heart
is light,
I will sing no more lest these dogs
suspect."

The hunter was silent.
And Mpoko did not sing again. He had warned Grant Strong that his son was at hand, and put him on his guard for an attempt at rescue. It was all that he could do—more than Lyn would have dared to hope that he could do. But the bushman was cunning—more cunning than the brawny Lukuli, who looked on his diminutive stature with derision.

The sun sank lower towards the far Atlantic. Darkness fell on the city of Mofolongo.

While darkness lay on the city, and before the moon rose over the forest, a tiny figure slipped away in the shadows, among the wattle bushes.

All Lukuli had seen Mpoko when he came. But no man saw him when he went.

When the moon came up and glimmered over the town and the maize fields, and the waters of the Lukuli river, it glimmered also on a tiny figure plunging into the shadows of the forest.

Light at Last!

LYN STRONG stood in the shadows on the edge of the forest, and his face was pale and troubled, his heart heavy.

The sun was gone, sunk below the forests of the Congo; darkness enwrapped the land of the Lukuli. The long, long weary day was at an end.

Mpoko had not yet returned. Again and again Lyn blamed himself for having allowed the little bushman to scout in the city of Mofolongo. Once there had come a sound of drums from the town, booming far across fields and forest. And he feared that the drum-beat might mean that a prisoner had been taken, or that a spy had been slain.

"Mpoko will pull through, Lyn," said Pip Parker. "I'm betting on the bushman. He's got more brains in his little finger than a Lukuli has in his napper."

"If they have killed him——" muttered Lyn.

"O Bwana," said Bobolobo, "the Small One is as cunning as many monkeys, and with his great cunning he will close the eyes of the Lukuli."

"Never say die!" said Fatty Page. "Anyhow, we've got to wait here till midnight. We couldn't make a move before then."

Lyn moved about restlessly in the shadows.

The long minutes passed slowly.

If only Mpoko returned in safety, if he brought news of the Bwana M'Kubwa, there was a chance yet of success. It was a remote chance; but Lyn had come there to take remote chances. That night he was resolved he would penetrate into the city and seek his father under cover of darkness. But if Mpoko brought him news of the prisoner, it would make his task easier—it might make it successful. And news from the city would resolve a doubt that tortured the patrol-leader of the Popolaki Scouts—he would know whether Grant Strong yet lived, if Mpoko returned.

The moon came up over the dim forest, and faint light glimmered down on the little safari. There was a rattle

(Continued on page 11.)

Remove. "However it turns out, kid, you won't be sorry in the long run, for having done the right thing."

Wingate minor nodded, and went on his way, with a white face and a heavy heart. He had little hope, but he was to learn that the captain of the Remove had judged well, and that, after all, he had done wisely when he had done the right thing.

A Back Number!

JAMES WALKER of the Sixth strolled into Loder's study with a peculiar smile on his face.

The captain of Greyfriars was stretched in his armchair, with a cigarette between his lips. He removed the cigarette hastily as his door opened; and then replaced it, as he saw that the newcomer was Walker.

"Heard the news, Loder?"

"No. Anything up?"

"Yes; there's going to be a new captain's election next term," said Walker cheerily. "There's a notice on the board."

Loder sprang to his feet.

"It's impossible! The Head told me plainly that he would not order a new captain's election unless Wingate consented to put up as a candidate."

"Did he?" yawned Walker. "Then it means that Wingate is going to put up, for it's a dead cert that there's going to be a new election. It's the Head's own fist, old man."

He was brushed savagely aside the next moment, and Loder rushed from the study.

"Dear man! He doesn't seem to like it!" murmured Walker. "Rather a drop, after all his jolly old airs and graces, ridin' the high horse over his old friends. I wonder who will vote for Loder in the election—or if anybody will! I know I jolly well won't!"

Loder was rushing breathlessly to the notice board.

A crowd of fellows had gathered round it.

There was a laugh as Loder shoved his way through the crowd.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Loder!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Let Loder take a squint at it. It will interest Loder."

"Good news for you, Loder!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith. "You won't be mucking up school matches next term."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder did not heed the mockery of the Greyfriars fellows. He stared for one moment at the paper on the board, and then strode furiously away. It was true—he could hardly believe it, but it was true. The Head had told him that the new election would not be ordered unless George Wingate consented to stand as a candidate. It followed, then, that Wingate had consented. He had dared—he had dared to do this!

Loder strode to Wingate's study in the Sixth.

He buried the door savagely open.

Wingate and Gwynne of the Sixth were in the room, talking cheerily. They stared round at Loder.

"Wingate!" shouted the captain of Greyfriars. He was too enraged to care who heard him, and he did not heed Gwynne.

"Hallo! What's the trouble, Loder?" asked Wingate, with a smile.

"Are you standing for election next term?"

"Yes."

"You dare!" hissed Loder. "You think you can keep it dark about your brother, then? I'm going straight to the Head to report him."

"You can't tell the Head anything he doesn't know," said Wingate.

"My brother has already told him everything."

Loder staggered.

"He—he's confessed—that cowardly little rotter confessed!"

"Not so cowardly as you seem to have supposed. He's confessed everything to Dr. Locke, and I haven't any secret to keep!" said Wingate scornfully.

"Then he's sacked from Greyfriars?"

"Sorry to disappoint you—no," said Wingate ironically. "Dr. Locke has made allowance for the fact that he confessed of his own accord, and for a jolly good motive. And he's satisfied,

too, that the silly kid was led into making a fool of himself, and that he's sorry for it."

Loder caught his breath.

"If he dared to make any accusation against me—"

"He has not mentioned you," said Wingate icily. "He has taken a fogging, and the matter's ended. Anything more to say? I shall be glad to see the last of you, if you've done!"

"You rotter, you—you—"

Loder stuttered with rage. He was defeated all along the line; the power he held over Wingate was gone. Jack Wingate's secret was a secret no longer. There was nothing to prevent Wingate of the Sixth Form resuming his old place as captain of Greyfriars, if the fellows chose to vote for him in the new election ordered by the Head. And none knew better than Loder how all Greyfriars would roll up to record their votes for "old Wingate."

The rage was up!

In his rage Loder shook his clenched fist at Wingate.

"You've done me!" he muttered thickly. "You and your precious brother—you've done me!"

"You've done yourself!" said Wingate with cool contempt. "Get out of my study, Loder! I'm more than fed-up with you!"

"And you think you'll get back the captaincy!" said Loder, between his teeth.

"I think it's very likely."

"I rather think it's a cert," said Gwynne of the Sixth, with a grin. "I rather fancy that Greyfriars will vote as one man, and that if a hand goes up for you, Loder, it will be your own and nobody else's."

And in that Gwynne was prophetic, for on the second day of the new term Wingate was unanimously re-elected captain, and the power of Loder, the tyrant, soon became a thing of the past!

THE END.

(Buster in the soup! See next week's rollicking story of the Greyfriars Chums!)

The Canning of a Bushman!

(Continued from page 8.)

in the thickets, and Bobo grasped his spear.

A little figure emerged into the glimmer of light.

"Mpoko!" exclaimed Lyn, with intense relief.

Mpoko grinned.

"All right!" he said.

"You have news?" asked Lyn.

His heart beat hard. The news that he longed and dreaded to hear was on the bushman's tongue. He was to know now whether his father still lived in the town of Mololongo.

"Lord, me see the Bwana M'Kubwa," said Mpoko.

Lyn caught his breath.

"He lives—my father!"

"Plenty live, sir—he live in hut, plenty soldier round about," said Mpoko.

"His tellum Bwana here."

"You've spoken to him?" exclaimed Lyn.

Mpoko told his tale succinctly. The three Scouts and Bobo listened with rapt attention.

"My hat!" said Pip, with a deep breath. "Little Tich takes the cake, and no jolly old error. You're a real prize-packet, Mpoko."

"My father lives!" muttered Lyn. A weight was taken from his heart. "We have time, if it is still two days to the sacrifice. To-night—"

"Listen with your ears, O Bwana," Bobo interrupted. "When my lord's father is taken to the house of the witch-doctor for death the soldiers of Mololongo will no longer be round about him. We are but five, lord, and the soldiers are many as the reeds of the Great River. But in the house of Miki-Miki there will be none but the witch-doctor and his slaves. Let us wait, lord, till the second day."

"My hat!" exclaimed Pip. "Bobo's got the big idea! Blessed if it doesn't look like a sporting chance, after all."

Lyn's eyes glistened.

"Bobo, your words are wise, and my ears hear you," he said. "We will hide in the forest for yet one day, and on the second day we will enter the house of Miki-Miki and slay him, when my father is in his hands."

"Good egg!" chuckled Pip.

"And afterwards—"

"The future's on the knees of the

gods!" said Pip. "We shall have a sporting chance of getting away—and we came here to take long chances. Anyhow, it's the big idea."

Every heart in the safari was lighter now. The waiting would be weary; but at last there was a hope of success to speed the lagging hours.

"Once my father's free, and with us," said Lyn—"once we get that far, we'll contrive the rest somehow." He dropped his hand on the little bushman's shoulder. "Mpoko, you've done well! You're a jewel!"

Mpoko grinned, showing every flashing white tooth in his head.

Yes, sir! This filthy bushman he plenty clever dirty old Johnny!" he said complacently.

The safari camped that night in deep cover in the dense forest. And in the prison hut in the native city Grant Strong slept surrounded by the guards of Mololongo. But the sleep of father and son was broken, anxiety mingling with hope in the hearts of the Bwana and the Bwana M'Kubwa.

THE END.

("THE DEATH HOUSE" is the title of next week's roiling full-of-thrills yarn of the Popolaki Patrol. Don't miss it!)

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