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# The SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN 2¢



**DANGER IN  
THE JUNGLE**

A dramatic incident from  
this week's grand Morcove  
adventure story

No. 798. Vol. 31.  
Week ending  
May 23rd, 1936.

THE SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN. No. 798, Vol. 31. Week ending May 23rd, 1936.  
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### HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO ME YET?

My address, from now on, will be—  
The Editor, THE SCHOOLGIRL,  
The Fleetway House,  
Farringdon St.,  
London E.C.4. If you desire a personal reply please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Other letters will be answered from time to time in the columns of THE SCHOOLGIRL.

I'M quite certain I aroused your deep curiosity last week when I mentioned that I had important news for you. Well, here it is, and part of it concerns—FREE GIFTS!

But, first of all, before telling you about these, there is another subject I must refer to, a subject of the greatest importance to all of you.

For many, many years—more years, in fact, than some of you have attained—the long stories of Morocco have been the chief feature of SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN. Only one other series of school stories has enjoyed similar popularity among schoolgirls, and that, of course, is the splendid Cliff House series, featuring Barbara Redfern and Co., which Hilda Richards contributes to our fine companion paper THE SCHOOLGIRL.

Recently it occurred to me what a splendid thing it would be if Morocco "fans" and Cliff House "fans" could be both catered for under the same roof, as it were. That is to say, if BOTH these magnificent features could appear in the same paper, thus giving you two big treats every week, instead of one.

The more I thought over the idea, the more certain I became that it would appeal to all my readers; and so, to cut a long story short, that is what I have decided to do.

From now on the Morocco stories and the Cliff House tales will definitely appear each week in one paper, THE SCHOOLGIRL, and I want you all to make a very special point of obtaining the next issue of THE SCHOOLGIRL, which will be on sale NEXT FRIDAY, MAY 22nd, price twopence.

Be sure to make a note of that date, Friday, May 22nd, won't you—otherwise you will miss a rare treat. THE SCHOOLGIRL on that date will not only contain a grand serial featuring the famous Study No. 12 Co. and the Grangemoor chums in a thrilling African adventure, and an enthralling long complete Cliff House story. In addition, you will meet again in its pages yet another great favourite, none other than her Harum-scarum Highness, Princess Tcherina, for Ida Melbourne will henceforth contribute her inimitable, humorous feature to THE SCHOOLGIRL.

Nor is even this all! Not by a long way, dear readers.

With the issue of THE SCHOOLGIRL just mentioned, will be presented the first of a series of wonderful

### FREE GIFTS

Readers will receive with every copy on Friday next, THREE superb, autographed Photo-Postcards of the famous Film Stars, Anna Neagle, Leslie Howard and Freddie Bartholomew, the wonderful boy "Star"—AND a charming Wallet (bearing an attractive design in blue and gold) in which to keep them. The

lovely Photo-Postcards are beautifully printed in photogravure and are full postcard size. In all, you will receive EIGHT of these cards, for there will be presented with subsequent issues of THE SCHOOLGIRL Photo-Postcards of Merle Oberon, Fred Astaire, Joan Blondell, Robert Donat and Myrna Loy.

I am quite certain that none of my readers will want to miss the chance of obtaining every one of these lovely Photo-Postcards and the attractive Wallet. Nor need they, if only they will take the simple precaution of ordering a copy of THE SCHOOLGIRL, on sale NEXT FRIDAY—don't forget!

### NEW FRIENDS AWAIT YOU.

You will want to know something of the rest of the contents of THE SCHOOLGIRL, I know, so here are the details. I have already mentioned the long, complete Cliff House tale. Those world-famous chums of Cliff House, Barbara Redfern, Mabel Lynn, "Tomboy" Clara Trevlyn, Marjorie Hazeldene, Bessie Bunter and others are going to be your friends, just as Betty Barton and Co. are.

On no account then must you miss the first of a splendid new series about these celebrated characters, written by talented Hilda Richards and entitled: "THE FIREBRAND'S FEUD." You'll enjoy every word of it.

Then another feature which will strongly appeal to you is an unusual mystery serial written by popular Elizabeth Chester. The very title of it—"THE PAGODA OF PERIL"—is enough to make you want to read it, isn't it? It tells of a house of a hundred secrets, strange Chinese figures who come and go softly like shadows, weird happenings at dead of night, warning messages and impenetrable mystery.

To make THE SCHOOLGIRL still more attractive and packed with interest, there will be published each week no fewer than FOUR PAGES of ARTICLES on a variety of topics all girls will love to read about.

Hints on good looks, fascinating "How-to-make" articles, novelty notions and suggestions, and many other matters will be dealt with in these absorbing pages which, by the way, are so arranged that you can take them out of your copy if you wish and keep them by you for reference.

I think I have said more than enough to show you what wonderful value for money THE SCHOOLGIRL is, and all you have to do now is to remember to ask for THE SCHOOLGIRL on Friday next and in future.

And waiting to extend a warm welcome to you, I need hardly add, will be

Your sincere friend,  
YOUR EDITOR.

Thrilling Complete Morcove-Grangemoor Story

# MORCOVE'S *Jungle Quest*



## Good-bye To the Sea!

THE tents that had served the chums of Morcove School as a seaside camp during the last fortnight were, at last, coming down.

The best things—even holidays—must end sooner than one would wish!

So, the day after to-morrow, Betty Barton and the rest of the Study No. 12 chummery must be back at Morcove, for the start of another term.

And those Grangemoor schoolboys who had been in camp with Betty and Co.—they also were faced with a similar prospect, supposed to be a dismal one.

School again for Polly Linton's brother Jack, and Bunny Trevor's brother Tom, and Judy Cardew's brother Dave. School fare once more for fat Tubby Bloot, that lover of good things to eat! And shy Jimmy Cherril—he, too, must soon be answering the first roll-call at that great public school.

"But we've had a grand time, no mistake!" Betty gaily declared, whilst helping with all the dismantling and packing. "Heaps of fun—and think of all the thrills!"

The remark, if heeded, would doubtless have drawn a chorus of emphatic agreement. But Betty had spoken at a moment when most of her chums were maintaining a babel of cries largely consisting of:

"Do we want to keep this?"

"No!"

"Or this?"

"No, bury it!"

"And this?"

"Oh, it's not worth the bother! One of the boys—take it away!"

"Bai Jove," sighed Paula Creel, who was never fond of exerting herself. "I'll nevah get evewything in! Geals, can one of you lend me a hand!"

But this again was an

## By Marjorie Stanton

ILLUSTRATED BY L. SHIELDS

unheeded cry; and so Paula went on with unassisted struggles to get a certain bit of luggage packed, in a tent the guy-ropes of which were being even then slackened.

Madcap Polly Linton it was who nipped about outside the tent, doing things with ropes and pegs. Bunny Trevor dived in for the last time, before the tent should come down; but she did so, neither to help nor warn Paula.

Out came Bunny, next moment, lugging a square case of lemonade bottles.

"These empties?" yelled Bunny.

"Oh, they've been told at the shop to send for them!"

"Four missing!"

"Well, they had a deposit," Polly lightly disposed of her chum's complaint. "Look out, now!"

This warning that the tent was about to collapse was heard by Bunny, but not by Paula—still inside.

"Paula!" shrieked Bunny. "Loo-oo-ook out!"

"Pawdon?"

That polite voice—to what a horrified one it changed next moment, when the tent came down, flop! with Paula underneath.

The large area of now spread-out canvas assumed a wave-like heaving, whilst the most

dismal howls and muffled yelping had to compete with shrieks of laughter from Polly, Bunny, and one or two other bright spirits.

"Waioo! Ow!"

"A cat somewhere?" Polly marvelled at the noise coming from under the collapsed tent.

**Left to fend for themselves in the heart of the jungle! Such is the fate which befalls the Morcove-Grangemoor party in their romantic quest for the "Secret Grotto" of Kwamba.**



"Healp!"

"Somewhere, a voice is calling," said Jack, coming up with that other great fun-lover, Tom. "All right, girls; we men will do the rest."

"Be very careful how you roll her up," pleaded Polly, meaning the tent, not Paula.

"Right, mumm," said Jack, in a removal-man's tone. "Oh, thank you, lady," as he caught sight of the empty lemonade bottles. "Here, Tom, wait a minute! Lady of the house wants us to have a soft drink first."

Meantime, oft-teased Paula, always a bad one at doing anything for herself, went on floundering about underneath the heavy folds of the canvas, still squealing.

"Who let down this tent?" Jack gruffly wanted to know. "But catch hold, Tom, your end. Now then—no!" he roared at his purposely futile mate. "Not like that; like this!"

And the madcap's brother started to bundle the canvas together in such a way that Paula's plight was, if anything, worse than before.

Having, as it were, rolled Paula up in the canvas, Jack next wanted to know:

"Is all this to go?"

"Yes-s-s!" gurgled the girls.

But suddenly Jack was seized with consternation. He pretended to be making a belated discovery. Some dismal wailing mystified him.

"What's that!" he gasped.

"The wireless," Tom inferred. "Foreign station!"

"Wretches, out of the way!" Polly now indignantly interposed. "Oh, how could you be so careless! All right, Paula darling; all right, my lamb—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow, pouf, my gwacious!"

With exaggerated eagerness over the rescue work, the madcap had enabled at least the head of Paula Creel to find daylight again. A most pretty head normally, it was not so at this moment. Anything but!

"A weck, a wuin!" Paula yelled. "And what theah is to laugh about, geals—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on out of it!" Polly impatiently commanded. "What were you in there for?"

"Weall, I like that! You know I was packing! And naow, what's happened to that last twunk of mine! Healp! Kindly wemove all this canvas, will you," to Jack and Tom. "Thanks, thanks!"

The request being put as politely as all that, what wonder if Jack and Tom acted with great celerity?

In a moment the young rascals were briskly and energetically dragging all the tenting across the grass. For a few yards something went with it, turning over and over underneath the canvas. Then this object met with a check in the grass. The tent went on; Paula's leather trunk remained behind, with most of its contents strewn about.

"I am furious!" Paula announced. "Undah no circumstances, understand, geals, will I evah go into camp again with you! Betty deah—as Fowm captain at school—do you weally approve all this?"

"On a point of order," Bunny cried. "Are we at school now?"

"No-o-o!"

"Then I beg to move—"

"I second that!" shouted Polly. "Carried unan!"

It must have been Paula whom Bunny begged to "move." At any rate, the adored duffer of the chummary was now "carried," literally.

Simply as one more bit of finishing-up fun at the camping ground, Paula had to submit to being lifted shoulder-high by Polly and Bunny, with dusky Naomer to lend a hand.

Then they marched round with Paula, who was soon all smiles and chuckles, knowing that this teasing was all inspired by high spirits and good-natured fun.

The shout went up that Paula was being "chaired" as having been the best behaved girl in camp. Whereupon, some of the boys came running across to join in the march-round.

Jack brought an accordion with him, and Tom a tin whistle, and when the music was not like that of a brass band, it was quite like drum and fife.

But such nonsense as this could not be indulged in to the hearts' content of the juniors. They had to give up possession of the field by midday, and if all was to be done as thoroughly as Morcove and Co. wished, there was no time to waste.

They were not ones to go away, leaving the field unsightly with litter.

Rubbish that could be burnt was serving to keep the camp fire going for this last hour or two before the "great trek." Empty tins, already burnt clean, were receiving decent burial in a shallow pit specially dug for the purpose.

As for the "Camp Commandant"—young Mrs. Cardew, the widowed mother of Judy and Dave, and a great favourite with all—she was putting in a busy morning in the town. Morcove and Co. must not leave Southville-on-Sea with any bills unpaid!

"She made a note about empty siphons, didn't she?" Polly called across to Betty whilst doing dumb-bell exercises with two of the numerous "empties" of that description. "One short!" "Another deposit gone west," chuckled Betty. "But worth it! That siphon, Polly—it really ought to go into the museum at school. Historic souvenir!"

"With a nice typed label, to explain! The thumb-print on the label of this lemonade siphon enabled Betty and Co. to trace the thief who stole Madge's necklace from her tent; which necklace was subsequently recovered—"

"By masterly detective work!" Bunny supplied.

At this moment Dave came towards Polly, to ask if he might have the siphons with which she was doing a skittish kind of Swedish drill.

"I'm collecting them—"

"Oh, do you want to keep these as well!" Polly jested. "You've been hanging on to the one that had the thumb-marked label, haven't you?"

"Only the label," Dave soberly smiled, tapping a breast-pocket to indicate that the soaked-off bit of paper was between the pages of a notebook. "The siphon itself goes back. Did you want the label, Polly?"

"Oh—what is there in it, now!" she lightly responded. "No! That affair of Madge's necklace ended days ago. The Dupont man, who stole it, has gone out of our lives for good and all—along with his wife, from whom we got the necklace back. So has Kwamba, that circus negro—he's gone on with Samway's Circus to some other town. Ugh!" Polly suddenly stamped. "Dash!"

The annoyed feeling must have spread to Betty and others who were nearby. Betty, for one, sighed commiseratingly.

"I know, Polly; it does want some getting over!" For those few days we seemed to be mixed up in such a big mystery, connected with Madge's necklace, and old Kwamba, and the Duponts.

And then everything died down, as it were; fizzled out!"

"Sweendle!" shrilled dusky Naomer. "Bekas, what ze diggings! We know very well now zat ze necklace has a lot to do with ze place in Africa where Kwamba came from. And we jolly well ought to have been going out to Africa, to find out what ze writing on ze necklace means, when it talks about a wonderful Golden Grotto!"

"Instead of which," Bunny moaned, "we are only going back to Morcove! But, girls—look over there," she said, changing from flippancy to great surprise. "See Pam, coming to us at such a run!"

"Yes, she is in a hurry," Betty remarked. "I wonder why?"

There would have been no surprise, only Pam Willoughby at present was not supposed to put herself to any exertion. The air of Southville had done her a world of good, during convalescence after a serious illness following a riding accident. But the doctors were even dubious about her return to Morcove in time for re-opening day.

As she completed her race across the field, to get to all her chums, several of them exclaimed:

"If you've run like that, Pam, all the way from Beach Place!"

"Felt like it," Pam smiled, very little out of breath after all. "Everyone still here? None gone to the station yet, for some early train or other?"

"All present—except Mrs. Cardew, and we expect her back any moment," Betty reported. But why, Pam—why?"

"I've come running to tell you. Dad wants you all to be around, when he looks along presently. It's something—something—about Madge's necklace."

"What!"

"Queek! You say what he is—"

"Pam!" gasped Betty. "Oh, you don't mean—you don't think it is something about—Africa?"

"I don't know; I can't say," was Pam's tantalising answer. "For—dad hasn't told me!"

### A Thrilling Prospect

**W**HAT, then, were they all to be told, by Pam's father?

Wonderment about this caused the very greatest excitement.

Something to do with Madge Minden's necklace—that necklace which had once been an Egyptian king's present to his queen! A trinket, three thousand years old!

And on the medallion part of the necklace there was some "dead language" writing which Pam's father had been the one to translate.

The chums owed it all to Mr. Willoughby that they knew what a mysterious allusion the inscription conveyed, to some place called the Golden Grotto, in far away Africa.

And then, that mystic symbol on the other side of the medallion—two hawks facing each other—a symbol frequently found amongst relics of ancient Egypt. Yet the amazing thing was that Kwamba, the black man of the circus that had visited Southville last week, had his right arm tattooed with the same device! Kwamba, who came from the heart of wild Africa, had been tattooed like that as a child.

For half an hour Morcove and Co. suffered suspense, impatience, tantalising thoughts; Mrs. Cardew returned, and she was instantly as eager as any of the juniors to know what Mr. Willoughby would have to say.

Then he came upon the scene, and it was a good thing that the girls and boys had done, by that time, all they needed to do in the way of packing up.

Not another activity could any one of them have performed, as soon as he was sighted; this tall, well-knit man who was Pam's distinguished father—at times, a wealthy country squire, living quietly upon his vast estate of Swanlake, and at other times "gone abroad."

That was all that inquirers for Mr. Willoughby would be told, when he was out of the country. Going abroad, in the case of Mr. Willoughby,



Betty, newly roused, sat up with a jerk, to find Polly at her side. "All those men—the native porters—they've deserted!" Polly gasped out. "Whatever shall we do!" Betty stared in horror. Now the party would have to fend for itself in the midst of the jungle!

generally meant that he had been entrusted with some vital, secret Government mission.

"Nice and tidy!" he genially commented on the state of the dismantled camp.

If his keen eye had spotted an old tin lying about, he would have made one of the boys go and get rid of it before saying another word! Mr. Willoughby had done sufficient soldiering in his time to be a stickler for discipline and smartness.

"And you got my message, girls and boys?"

What a shout answered him!

"Yes, well," he said—the famous Willoughby phrase, that; one which Pam herself was fond of using, serenely, when any amount of excitement was in the air! "I didn't want to miss this last chance of having you all together, to be told. Moreover for some of you, in a day or two, and Grangemore for others!"

"Oh, then! Oh," mumbled several of the girls, "we really are to go back to school!"

"Go back? Of course!" Pam's father smiled. "Why not?"

"Bekas, we zink we ought to be going out to Africa, to eggsplore for ze Golden Grotto—zat's why!" yelled Naomer.

Mr. Willoughby joined in the laughter. Then: "One thing I want to tell you that will be news. That Frenchman, Pierre Dupont, has been sent to prison for three months."

"What!"

"He was had up a few days ago for obtaining credit by false pretences and was summarily dealt with."

"Three months," Betty echoed. "Roughly, the length of our next term at school! He'll be out when we break up for the summer holidays!"

"Can't feel sorry for him!" Polly exploded. "He really ought to have gone to prison for stealing Madge's necklace."

"Ah, and about that necklace," Mr. Willoughby calmly resumed, causing all listeners to hang upon his next words. "You know the theory that has become connected with it—a theory which Dupont himself undoubtedly held. The Golden Grotto of that ancient King Ankh appears to have been some place yielding vast wealth in a tropic part of Africa. It must have been a wonderful discovery made by Egyptians adventuring for King Ankh; and then all trace of it was lost when the Ankh dynasty ended."

"But the Golden Grotto must still be where it was, sir!" Jack burst in excitedly. "Waiting to be—re-discovered!"

"If we are right in holding that theory, then it follows that you're right in what you say, my boy," was the nodded response. "We have the strange story that Kwamba of the circus told us to back up these ideas of ours. Kwamba said that he came from a place called Kwamba, from which the whole tribe takes its name. And every member of the tribe is tattooed with the double hawk device, which also figures on the face of a great cliff in the Kwamba country. I expect the Egyptian discoverers, all those ages ago, chiselled the symbol on the face of that cliff, so that the place might be found again some day. The first adventurers doubtless returned to Egypt to report to King Ankh."

"Taking some of the gold with them—as a sample!" Tom Trevor said with emphasis. "And the necklace was made from the sample!"

"You youngsters seem to have got it all clear enough," laughed Pam's father. "I don't know that I need to say any more—"

"Oh. Mr. Willoughby!" they stormed.

"Bekas, what ze diggings, you jolly well must tell us zat we are all going to Africa, to find ze Golden Grotto! Eef not—sweendle!"

"Mr. Willoughby—oh, please—"

"Yes, well, here it is, then," his quiet voice put a check upon all the half-serious clamour; "until I heard about Dupont's being sent to prison for three months, I felt that it was no use considering the idea of an expedition. I myself could not possibly get away, and you girls and boys had to go back to school. Dupont, if he had not been taken up by the police, would certainly have moved heaven and earth to get out to Africa at once—in search of the Golden Grotto. But now—"

"Oh, lovely!" Polly clapped. "He's stalled for three months, anyhow! Our hols will be round again by the time he is out! We could be out there as soon as he could possibly manage it himself!"

"You're going out to Africa, anyhow, Mr. Willoughby?" Betty excitedly inferred. "You are arranging to make a start as soon as you can find the time?"

"I am—yes, going out to Africa later on," Pam's father calmly announced. "To find the Golden Grotto!"

"Oh! And we—"

"What about us?" the clamour arose once more. "Mr. Willoughby—"

"What about Kwamba of the circus?" Dave Cardew added.

"Ah—as to Kwamba. I am getting hold of him. I happen to know—for I sounded him, before he went on with the circus, the other day—he will certainly go out with me. There's nothing he wants better than to do that."

"Oh, but I'm sure he said he wouldn't go unless we all went as well!" Polly declared. "Kwamba became a great friend of ours! Kwamba's a good sort, and he would want us to go."

"We'll get hold of Kwamba," cried Betty, "and get him to drive a bargain with Mr. Willoughby here! Kwamba won't go, unless we go as well!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But the laughter, as soon as it started, died away. Youthful faces expressed a beseeching: "Yes, what?" as something was read in Mr. Willoughby's fine eyes that seemed—promising!

"Not to keep you in suspense any longer," he said with a smiling gravity; "the way things have now gone with that Dupont scoundrel, I hope it will be possible to arrange for some of you, at least, to go with me and Mrs. Willoughby. I—"

"Hurrah!" frenzied cheering broke out.

"Bekas—gorjus, hip, hip!" Naomer capered.

"We can afford to wait for the next holidays. In the meantime," Mr. Willoughby spoke on briskly, "all arrangements can be made. In Kwamba of the circus we shall have a first-rate guide, as faithful as could be wished, that's certain. My wife and I will go into the whole thing with your parents, and as we grown-ups are all such good friends, I don't anticipate any hitches."

"Here is one parent," interposed Mrs. Cardew gaily, "who not only gives her consent to Judy and Dave's being in the party; she hopes she herself may be allowed to join it."

Loud cheers again.

Mr. Willoughby bowed, smiling, to Mrs. Cardew.

"We shall be most fortunate to have the services of such an excellent—camp commandant!"

"Hear, hear!" dinned Morcove and Co. "Hurrah!"

"Bekas—Mr. Willoughby! She is a good cook, too, don't forget! A gorjus cook!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then it's all settled!" cried Polly; and in her overjoyed state she broke away to do a prancing rush round in a wide ring. "Hurrah!" she shouted, waving wildly; "all of us—Africa!"

"Oh, boy!" chortled Jack. "Gee! Fall in the Die-Hards!" he bellowed at his Grangemoor pals. "Service overseas, chaps!"

"On one condition—and it applies as much to Morcove as to Grangemoor," Pam's father mock-gravely announced. "No going to Africa for the next holidays unless—"

He paused, and they all asked in chorus:

"Unless what—what?"

"Unless you all work your hardest, right through the term!"

"We'll do that, right enough—won't we, girls?" Form captain Betty appealed to her chums of Study No. 12, as if the one stipulation had been seriously meant.

"Yes! Yes-s-s!" she was answered by Polly and the rest. "It's a promise!"

"Same here, sir!" cried Grangemoor, as with one voice. "A promise!"

And that promise, being the girls and boys they were, every one of them fulfilled.

### Africa!

ALL day the creatures of the wild had remained undisturbed in this, a spot where even the black man in his wanderings so seldom showed himself. As for white men—who could tell if one had ever set foot in these reedy flats of Central Africa?

But now—either a sound or scent, borne upon the hot afternoon breeze, must have given a hint of danger.

In a flash the beautiful, timid antelope were careering away. Some zebra first pricked their ears and snuffed the breeze, then went off in a fine stampede. At the edge of a forest of flat-topped trees, a great bull elephant had been finding something succulent to tear down with his trunk, his ears gently flapping the while he enjoyed the feed.

He, too, sensed the danger and trundled away into the gloomy recesses of the forest.

Every living thing—and what thousands of living things there were in this wild spot lying so near to the very heart of a still unknown Africa—was suddenly uneasy.

From a swampy bit of ground there arose a flight of large, bright-plumaged birds, to become

in a few moments so many specks against the glaring sky. Smaller birds ceased their weird screechings and chattering. It was as if the spirit of the Wild had suddenly whispered:

"Hush!"

And down there, in one of the large pools of brackish water which dotted the swamp, more than one ugly hippo splashed into deeper water, there to submerge except for a snout that would remain just at the surface.

Crocodiles, hideously suggestive of the cold-bloodedness of all reptiles, made silent, sluggish movements which took them to where they had safety.

So, in the short space of a single minute, this tiny bit of a vast, trackless area, upon which the African sun was blazing, became abandoned.

Those who came upon the lifeless scene, a quarter of an hour later, were lithe young "blacks," most of them carrying a bundle upon the head.

A score of these black porters there were, stepping one behind another, and all happy enough, judg-

ing by some guttural singing. Of those who had nothing to porter over the difficult ground, one carried a small native drum, which he drubbed upon now and then with his finger-tips.

A cheering, amusing sound it made, that drub! drub! of the drum, in such a sunshiny hour as this; but at night—a bit uncanny!

A halt was to be made just here, and perhaps that was why these black porters were all in such good spirits. The drum-beater spoke some gibberish, and down to ground went the bundles.

For a few minutes then every tongue was on the go. If the drum-beater had authority, his followers certainly claimed the right to question it.

Yet much was accomplished at last, and accomplished with great speed and skill. A camp fire was soon sending its column of smoke into the air. From the unwrapped bundles came things with which these hired fellows did wonders.

Tenting was rigged up, stores were sorted out, cook-pots and china and glass were handled in a style that meant a good working knowledge of the white man's ways. Almost like some foreign valet, putting out evening clothes for his master, did one porter see to all the mosquito-netting, for use by night.

With all the work of pitching camp going forward as well as this, the man with the drum suddenly squatted down to start beating upon it with both hands.

Louder and still louder he thumped out that monotonous drub! drub! pausing now and then to listen, with his head upon one side.

Suddenly, as if his drum-beating had been heard afar off, and this was an answering signal, there

ALWAYS ASK  
FOR  
**THE  
SCHOOLGIRL**  
IN FUTURE  
**NOT**  
**The Schoolgirls' Own**

came the faint, distant phee-eeep! of a blown whistle.

Then a long-drawn-out cry followed; a faint, hallooing cry, with a note of humour in it. Only one word, and that word:

"Mor-cove!"

### Black Stranger!

"PHEW, our hottest day yet!"

"Grilling!"

"And how many miles since this morning?"

"Only eight or nine."

"Only!"

"Yes, bai Jove! My gwacious, some of you, I'm just about weady to drop!"

"Any chance of a cup of tea, I wonder? Hooray, there's our next parking-place, all nice and ready!"

"Good old Kwamba!"

"Yes—wonderful!"

"Company! Pick 'em up, there! Forward the Die-Hards!"

"Left, right, Morcove!"

Some were girlish voices and some boyish. For here, thousands of miles from home and school, were Morcove and Co.—slogging along on foot!

Keeping to the trail which had been faintly trodden out by that advance party of native porters, it was a fine procession the juniors made, with the addition of those few grown-ups in whose care they were.

Et a fiddles, all of them! And how very charming, in a novel way, looked Betty and Co. in tropic dress, with white pith helmets to protect their heads from the burning sun.

The boys, too—a sturdy lot, manlier-looking than ever, dressed as for a "safari." Each had his hunting-knife in a sheath at his belt, and each had been entrusted with a sporting rifle, although firearms were not much in evidence now.

After the first hour's rest, maybe, in what was to be the camp for the coming night, Jack and one or two of his pals would help themselves from that armoury which a couple of the natives had so cheerfully carried between them upon the day's march. And "something for the pot" would be the result.

It was a little over a fortnight since Morcove School and Grangemoor broke up for the summer holidays.

In seven days the party had come out by air-liner all the way from England to M'Geya, a landing ground just south of the equator, suiting their purpose splendidly.

There was quite a good hotel, these days, at M'Geya, and there it had been possible to hire trained porters and lay in certain stores.

Even the hire of a car and a lorry had been possible; but after three days and nights a point had been reached at which motor transit became impracticable.

At two hundred miles from M'Geya the adventurers had had to send both car and lorry back. Since then every mile had been done on foot.

So far there had been no tract of gloomy forest to penetrate. Morcove and Co., pressing on like this upon their quest for the Kwamba country and the mysterious Golden Grotto, had traversed fairly level ground of a very varied nature.

They had come out at the very best time of year for such a daring enterprise as they hoped to accomplish. It was the dry season, and it was along the sandy bed of a dried-up river they had

been making their way for the last twenty miles.

The country here was of the savanna type; growing rough grass dotted about with flat-topped trees. Big game abounded. Day after day the juniors had sighted elephants, and night after night they had heard the roaring of the king of beasts.

But Mr. Willoughby, although he was a splendid shot, had no intention of slaughtering for slaughtering's sake. Both he and Mr. Minden—for Madge's father was in the party, the only other white man of the company—and the boys; they were merely to shoot from necessity, which they hoped would mean, only for "the pot."

Now the straggling band of marchers came within shouting distance of the blacks who had so swiftly made ready for the halt for another night. And Polly Linton, in spite of recent moanings about fatigue and heat, could suddenly send up a shout of the true Morcove brand.

"What about that tea, Kwamba!"

Faithful Kwamba, late of Samway's Celebrated Circus, was the man who had drubbed upon that drum. He had three excellent reasons for making it his constant companion. He could get the best out of the porters whom he overseered by constantly treating them to its "music." He could also use it as a means of keeping in touch with the main party, which so often followed a good way behind. The third reason was that Kwamba liked to hear that drum.

He came running to meet them all, and it was rather nice, even if it was a little amusing, to see how he saluted, first Mrs. Willoughby, then Mrs. Cardew, then Mr. Willoughby; then Mr. Minden, and finally—Morcove and the boys.

"I see got de tea all on de boil, folks!"

"Good man!"

"No such luck as a plate of doughnuts, Kwamba?" jested Jack. "That's where it is, boys," addressing the girls as well. "The difference between camping at Southville and camping here!"

"What would Southville say to a camp like this!" gurgled Bunny, sparkling her eyes at the extremely quaint and temporary tenting. "Yet I suppose the day will come when even this part of the world will have its Urban District Councils!"

"With an air-port already at M'Geya—quite likely," chuckled Betty.

"The thing would have been," grinned Tom, "to have had our own 'plane and scouted around in it until we could land—bang on the mark, at Kwamba!"

"We would have been a tight squeeze for one 'plane," laughed Madge.

"We'd have had to leave Tubby behind, that's certain," said Jack. "Tubby, I do believe—let's look at you, man! You're not getting any thinner in the heat. Chaps, he's even getting fatter!"

"Kwamba," Betty roguishly drew that trusty guide into the nonsense-talk, "supposing we had turned up at your native village in a 'plane?"

"Nunno, missy," he answered in a troubled tone, for which there was a reason most amusing to Morcove. "Dis much better, to use de feet! You folks may like de 'plane; dis yere Kwamba" tapping his chest—"him mighty glad to get out at M'Geya; yes, folks!"

Morcove did not need to be told that. Never would the juniors forget the expression on Kwamba's face when he first went aboard the air-liner at Croydon.

"Company, fall out!" was Jack's mock-



military cry, now that they were all in camp with welcome bits of shade to find and even some campstools to sit upon. "All present and correct, sir!" he saluted Mr. Willoughby, as being "C.O."

"Right! And now," smiled Pam's father, "where are you boys off to?"

"Er—only to get something for the pot, sir! Just over there, sir—back in a minute!"

"Well—be careful!"

"Bai Jove," sighed Paula, one of the first to flop down, "those boys can't even wait for tea! As fow me—Yeowp!" she suddenly yelped, and jumped almost a yard high, taking a clutched camp stool with her. "Gwacious!"

"What?" some of her chums mirthfully inquired.

"I don't know, geals! I—I didn't quite see what it was in the gwass!"

"Just as well, perhaps, you didn't," grinned

Paula objected, sitting down again in a more carefully inspected spot. "As a mattah of fact, I am just as keen as any of you, to—to—"

A sudden pause, a kind of fascinated stare at the rank grass round about her feet, and then:

"Gug-geals—"

"Now, what? Ha, ha, ha,!"

Bang! a gun went off at this instant, a couple of hundred yards from the camp; and that, again, was not good for Paula's timid nature.

Up she jumped once more, although it had been only one of the boys, letting fly at some wild duck.

"Have this, Paula, and you'll feel better!" said Bunny arriving with mugs for handing round.

"Such a fine rhino has been having a look at us; I heard Mr. Willoughby say so!"

"Howwows!"

"If you spill your tea—letting your hand shake



Breathlessly the Morcove-Grangemoor party watched as the frightened animals stampeded by, and they wondered: had this stampede been deliberately caused by their enemies?

Polly. "The fuss you do make, Paula, about nothing!"

"Nothing, bai Jove! I like that!"

"You didn't sound," said Betty, "as if you liked it—whatever it was. A snake, most likely—"

"Ow—"

"Or a scorpion—"

"Urr! Geals—"

"Unless it was one of those whacking great spiders," Bunny gurgled, stepping away to fetch some tea and a bite for self and friends. "Best thing, Paula," Bunny spoke back to the beloved duffer, "you had better not come any farther with us!"

"Wouldn't you like to turn back, all by yourself?" one of the other teasers suggested. "And catch the next plane to England!"

"Bekas zen, Paula, you'd be sure of being still alive for next term!"

"You are extremely fwivolous, all of you,"

like that," Polly threatened oft-teased Paula, "you won't get any more! Yours, Pam dear," as another mug was passed.

"Thanks!"

The boys soon came back, their guns put aside and a brace of duck handed over to one of the blacks to prepare for that night's supper. For the next hour or two Morcove and Co. took their ease, as they really needed to do, and there was as much fun and talk, of a lazing kind, as had ever come at the end of a perfect day in that other camp of theirs, far away in the Homeland, within sound of the sea.

Early came the darkness, stars rushing out in their thousands after the brief tropic twilight. Then it was good to see the camp fire blazing, and just as well to keep within the radius of its safeguarding light, when the surrounding darkness held so many real, lurking dangers.

The black porters had their own fire where they would be settling down for the night; but

it was one that threw out little glare, being made in a trench.

From glowing embers in that trench had come the cooked meat which the Willoughby party had found so tasty.

As on previous nights in the wild, the whites were hearing very little of the blacks whilst the evening meal was in progress. The natives had their own way of settling down to a lot of purring talk, only faintly audible to Morcove.

Suddenly, however, a commotion started amongst the black fellows which sounded like quarrelling.

The juniors saw Mr. Willoughby and Mr. Minden exchange consulting glances. Knives and forks were rested, and after a few moments—the hullabaloo growing even louder—there was some getting up to try and see what it all meant.

But the porters, with Kwamba, were a couple of hundred yards away, scarce visible in the black darkness of the moonless night.

"Kwamba!" shouted Pam's father, in a calling-to-order tone.

Then their peering eyes could tell that the excrucious negro, as he came hurrying across, had the other blacks mobbing about him.

For a moment it seemed as if there was one native porter in a particularly angry state. Then came the sensational discovery that that man, as he skipped around Kwamba in a threatening manner, was not one who belonged to the gang.

A newcomer he was—a stranger upon the strange scene, taking on a most hideous aspect to the staring juniors as their camp fire revealed him better.

By that leaping light they saw, also, that he was armed.

An oval shield of hide jiggled up and down as he danced worryingly around Kwamba, and the right arm flourished a native spear which seemed intended for Kwamba's breast!

### Stranded!

UP from their seats round the camp fire, the Morcove girls stood instinctively bunched together, with the boys close beside them.

No more than their grown-ups were any of the juniors actually terrified. But this was such a thrill as the expedition had not yet provided. They were wondering what would happen next.

Kwamba, by making a last stooping rush, came nearer in, whilst the mysterious visitor hung back to start some breathless jabbering amongst the excited crowd of porters.

"What's all this, Kwamba?" asked Mr. Willoughby, who had stepped out to meet him. "Who's that fellow?"

"I see very sorry, sah; him want to make de trouble for me," honest Kwamba ruefully panted. "Him de Big Noise to de porters, yes, sir!"

"How do you mean? Sort of witch-doctor in their tribe, or what?"

"Yes, sah, like dat, sah," Kwamba very glumly nodded. "'N he tell dem, heap big trouble if dey stay wid us! He tell all dose fellers, no go more! He tell me, Kwamba—"

"You tell him from me, Kwamba, to get out of this—sharp!" Pam's father said with smiling composure. "If he doesn't clear out, as soon as he's told; if he shows his ugly face to any of us again—"

"Bery good, sah!"

And Kwamba, saluting, turned away. His shaken nerve had been steadied by a bracing glance from Mr. Willoughby's keen eyes.

Watching in a spellbound way, Betty and the rest saw their guide go back to the crowd of porters, from the midst of which that dreadful man came with a wild leap, to treat Kwamba to another outburst of invective.

At first it seemed as if Kwamba would never be able to get in a word, the other man so jabbered and growled, at the same time turning his spear towards the object of his hatred. But after a few moments of this, Kwamba slouted loud enough to make himself heard.

Instantly the trouble-maker quietened down. He took retiring steps which placed him again amongst the porters, who were tongue-tied as from fright. He came to a standstill, glaring towards the whole company of whites, some of whom felt sure that he was muttering under his breath.

Then, as if seized by some fresh paroxysm of rage, he suddenly harangued the porters again. The rush of gibberish was accompanied by more pointings of the spear at Kwamba.

"Poor Kwamba!" broke from Polly, whilst all this was going on. "It's upsetting him."

"Sort of feels he's being put on the spot, I guess," Jack muttered. "Gosh, how I'd like to set about that witch-doctor johnny!"

But now Mr. Willoughby made a significant movement that took lightning effect upon the evil-looking man. Whirling about, he rushed away, to become lost to sight in the darkness. That he was still making off, after vanishing like that, was evident from dying-away cries which came from an ever-increasing distance.

The hired natives went back to their own fire, and Kwamba went with them; but it could be seen that they were inclined to avoid him now. All that he had to say to them, in their own dialect, must have deserved some response; but for their part they were sullenly silent.

After a while, Mr. Willoughby called out to Kwamba to come across again.

"Is there any reason why that fellow should slang you as he did, Kwamba, to the porters?"

"Yes, sah!"

"What?"

"Dis, sah!"

And the juniors, closely attentive, were amazed to see Kwamba hold out his right arm, displaying the Kwamba tattoo.

"De man, him friendly when he first join us ober dere, sah. Him ask to sit down, and me say, like, welcome, brudder! Den de man see de mark on dis yere arm, and he go off de deep end—yes, folks!"

"But why?" gasped half a dozen of the juniors. "Just because you belong to the Kwamba tribe? Has he a grudge against the Kwambas?"

"It's a wonder he knows anything about them," Betty pondered aloud, "when you've told us that your tribe always keeps to its own village, and we are still—how far off?" she questioned Dave, who was at her elbow.

"Ten more whole-day marches."

"De feller, he tell de porters de biggest lies 'bout me," Kwamba woefully resumed. "Him say dis yere mark on de arm is de sign ob a debble. An' now I feel jes' like I did, de time I hab my broken arm at de circus and de man came who said jes' de same, sure 'nuff!"

"He means Dupont!"

Betty thought she was saying that to herself, under her breath; but she came in for many a glance which meant that her words had been heard.

"My goodness, yes, Dupont!" Polly excitably

exclaimed. "We know he came out of prison a fortnight before we broke up. Could he have managed, somehow, to set off for Africa a week or so after his release? If so—"

"Dupont had made no start when we left England," Mr. Willoughby hastened to remark. "He may have come along since, of course, landing at M'Geya a day or two after," we took to the bush."

"I'm only wondering—" Polly broke out; but Pam's father checked her with a smile:

"Yes, I know what you are wondering! Minden," he said to Madge's father, "you and I will go across with Kwamba and have a pow with the porters. Kwamba, come along, now."

"Useful chap, old Kwamba," Betty ardently remarked, as the two fathers moved off with him. "Guide, interpreter, and goodness knows what else. I don't know what we'd do if he weren't with us!"

"If it weren't for him, we wouldn't be here, I suppose?" Bunny blandly submitted.

A quarter of an hour later the two fathers returned from their "pow" with the porters, and the news was that the trouble seemed likely to blow over. Some foolish ideas had been put into minds prone to superstition, but daylight would dispel any fears that might endure through the night.

So it was hoped; but, before the night had passed, there was a sequel to the incident that was to take disastrous effect upon the adventurers.

It was still pitch dark when Betty was awakened from sound sleep in the tent which she shared with four of her Morcove chums. Somebody had roused her by a gentle shaking.

"I say, Betty dear," Polly's was the voice which whispered. "I felt I must rouse you up to let you know. I woke up just now and heard talking, so I crept out. I found Dave and Jack outside—doing their spell on guard. They made me get back here to the tent; but they told me."

Betty, already propped upon an elbow, asked eagerly:

"Told you what, Polly—what?"

"All those men—the native porters—they've deserted!"

And Polly added:

"Whatever shall we do?"

### Stampede!

BETTY cast off some mosquito netting that had covered her and rose briskly, to creep out of the tent with Polly.

By the light of the camp fire the two girls saw all four grown-ups of their party, with Kwamba, holding a midnight consultation. Jack and Dave were taking part in it.

Wisely, Betty decided that she and Polly had

## Morcove in Africa

The famous chums of the Fourth Form at Morcove School—Betty Barton & Co.—feature in a brilliant new African adventure Serial which begins in THE SCHOOLGIRL, on sale on Friday next, May 22nd.

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## The Schoolgirl—2d.

better not intrude over there. She explained why to her chum, and they both kept to the tent entrance.

The discussion was going on in guarded tones, and the night-bound jungle was altogether silent—until, of a sudden, the appalling roar-r-r! of a wild beast sounded from a short distance away.

A lion! But the two girls only looked at each other. Not even the menacing roar of the king of beasts could take their minds off this disastrous happening—the stealthy desertion of all those porters.

Betty nudged Polly to withdraw with her into the tent, where But at this moment the

they might talk together. quiet of the night was disturbed by a most alarming medley of noises.

Out of the surrounding darkness came sounds suggesting a general stampede of frightened animals. Even Betty and Polly could tell, as they paid heed, heart-in-mouth, that the on-rushing creatures were not all of one kind.

"Coming this way!" Polly panted.

"Yes."

They saw Dave dart to the camp fire to stir it into a brighter blaze. Then he, with Jack, went with the two fathers to where some rifles were piled. Betty and Polly could see them loading, whilst a kind of drumming of hoof-beats and the swish and crash of trampled vegetation sounded ever louder.

A few moments more and the two girls saw, as plainly as did their armed protectors and the two women of the party, some heavy buffalo charging past—near enough to be in the light of the fire.

Bang! bang! two guns went off; but they were only scaring shots fired into the air.

Then a mammoth bull elephant loomed by, with his mate. Theirs was a noisy crashing along, fright showing in the flailing of the trunk of either beast.

Those two shots awakened all who had been still asleep in the camp. There may have been some crying out in bewilderment and alarm; but if so, too many other sounds rendered the camp itself apparently as quiet as ever. As a thunder-storm will drown the excitable voices of people caught in it, so the loud commotion caused by all these fleeing animals over-rode all other noises in the night.

For a couple of minutes it was like this, without any harm befalling the camp. The blazing fire was having daunting effect upon all the wild creatures that continued to go by, some as swift as the wind, others with a speed that was almost incredible, considering their unwieldy size.

Then the danger seemed to be over, and there were all the Morcove girls to join that muster which took place at the camp fire.

Eagerness to know what their grown-ups thought of the occurrence put a check upon the juniors' tongues. But what passed between Mr.

Willoughby and Madge's father only Mrs. Cardew and Mrs. Willoughby were allowed to know. All Morcove got as a reward for its patient standing by was a polite order:

"Back to your tents, girls!"

They obeyed, and even impatient Polly refrained from murmuring. Betty and Co., out there in Africa, could be far more submissive to Authority than they chose to be at school!

"Dave," Betty appealed to that shrewd lad, for he was attending her and others back to their tent, "you must have some idea why that happened? Those deserters—have they been driving all those wild animals this way, out of mischief?"

He shook his head.

"I can't believe that, girls. They may have accidentally stampeded those beasts whilst sneaking away; but I should think it's most unlikely."

Polly emitted a sudden: "Whew!" as if an idea had struck her.

"Dupont!" she said. "His doing? He is quite close to us to-night, perhaps? Has caught us up!"

"If so," Betty breathed, "that makes it all the more likely he did have something to do with that witch-doctor's dropping in on us?"

"You'd better all go in and get to sleep again," Dave counselled.

"But, Dave," one of them lingered to ask anxiously, "our losing the use of all those porters—will it mean delay, or what? Shall we even have to turn back?"

"Oh, that's settled," he calmly announced. "No, we shan't turn back, and we shan't hang about here whilst a fresh lot is obtained. Pick up some fresh blacks as we go along. Kwamba says we're certain to do that."

"You hear, Paula?" Polly had it in her to do a bit of playful teasing even at this time: "a bundle to go on your head in the morning, my girl!"

"That's ~~it~~," chuckled Bunny. "We are going to carry on—hooray!—with an accent on 'carry!'"

"We'll manage!" Betty laughed her old No. 12 slogan. "And if it does mean that Dupont is out here, racing us to the Kwamba country, then—porters or no porters—he'll have something to do to beat us!"

### Through Jungle Perils

"**N**OW, all you youngsters—ready for the start?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, Mr. Willoughby, all ready!"

"And look at Tubby, chaps! Stout fellow, Tubby; you're the one!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Zen what about me! Bekas, what with a saucepan, and a kettle inside him, and knives and forks—"

"Pooch, your load, kid; nothing! How would you like to be me—carrying a whole tent?"

But high-spirited Polly was only in fun about the weight of her load, which merely consisted of a bundle of material as light as cotton sheets.

As early as two hours after daybreak, the seekers of the Golden Grotto were "hitting the trail" once more. And this time they were having to do their own portering of camp "gear," stores, a medicine chest, sporting rifles, ammunition, and even a small wireless receiving set!

Much was being left behind, perhaps to be recovered later, when some black fellows had been found who could be sent back to fetch such stuff

along. But as to going on without the wireless—no!

Nor was any member of the company really over-burdened. Any staggering about at the start was only another display of Morcove and Co's sense of humour.

Behind all the making fun of a serious plight, there had been a serious and ingenious grappling with the situation. Many of the juniors looked laughable objects, their loads being so freakish. But there was not one who could not step it out briskly, now that the day's march had started.

Grangemoor was going armed to-day—a rifle to each sturdy lad, and ammunition in his belt. But the boys regarded it as a pure treat, to be allowed to carry firearms, the weight of which they accordingly ignored.

Jack, who liked to be military, had contrived to obtain a soldierly appearance in spite of the ill-shaped pack he carried—one that was at least three times the size of a Tommy's knapsack. But fat Tubby was so hung about with ironmongery—including a saucepan which he wore as an additional helmet—that only his pith helmet and gun saved him from looking like a knight-in-armour.

As for Betty and the rest of the girls, the diversity of things comprising most of their loads was hinted at when Bunny gurgled:

"Nothing over sixpence!"

Steadily, in spite of the heat, they all plodded along, still using the dried-up river as their trail. The spoor of animals pock-marked every inch of that sandy track; but never once did they notice a human footprint.

Nor, throughout that day, with its afternoon rest on account of the extreme heat, did they fall in with any natives or encounter the slightest danger.

By nightfall they were ready for the dark hours, their tenting rigged up and a fine fire going.

The girls, that night, took their share at "mounting guard"; only an hour each, in twos or threes at a time, but it made a great difference to Grangemoor and the grown-ups. Nothing happened. They might, it seemed; just as well have been asleep—all of them!

But such peaceful conditions did not encourage them to become careless.

Just as strict a watch was kept the next night, when it was a glade in the depths of a vast forest that the camp fire fitfully illumined. They were done with open ground now, and it was through the forest they must press on through dense growing trees and undergrowth of the rankest kind.

And then, one sunset-hour, Kwamba called to all who could to join him in the upper branches of a giant tree that he had climbed.

Up scrambled most of the juniors, and from high forkings they looked out over miles of forest still to come, to a great range of mountains.

At least fifteen miles away was the nearest mountain, clear to them only because of a wonderful sunset light which gave the rounded summit a rosy glow.

Still farther off there was a much higher mountain, rising to a sharp peak. Those who used field glasses felt sure that there was the highest point in the whole range. And they had Kwamba's smile to tell them all; after long years, at last his yearning eyes had seen landmarks which, to him, meant HOME!

"Hurrah! Hooray! At last!"

Shouting jubilantly, down from the high branches of that tree they scrambled. There was



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a "Nearly there!" mood which, infecting every member of the party, led to a great jollification after dark, when once again all was ready for another night in camp.

Morcove and Grangemoor had their own singing, were full of their own impromptu nonsense-talk, winding up a long evening of abounding gaiety with more ringing cheers in anticipation of the final triumph.

But in the middle of the night there came a sudden setback—fresh disaster.

Pam and Judy were companioning Dave and Jimmy for a couple of hours on guard, when suddenly they heard a most alarming sound.

A queer, half-strangled cry it was, as if somebody were trying to shout for help after being taken by surprise—seized—overpowered.

Their own Kwamba!

They knew it to be so instantly. Never did any of the juniors do night guard without having at least one grown-up to share the watch. For the two hours that these four had taken duty, Kwamba was to have been the one to be about with them.

It was amongst the trees—beyond the radius of the firelight—that he had been pounced upon. They might have supposed him to have been seized by some lurking beast; but no—there were sounds of his being most certainly carried off by other men.

Bang! Dave fired his gun, for the dual purpose of adding to the urgency of this midnight alarm whilst doing something that might throw the enemy into panic.

Then, reloading, he ran with Jimmy to where it might be possible to see something of what was being done to Kwamba.

In vain, however, did the two boys act with such presence of mind and fine courage. In vain, too, was the entire camp immediately active.

Kwamba, seized and carried off like that, was lost to them all, for the time being.

Whether they would ever see him alive again—who could say? But there could be no thought of simply leaving the poor fellow to his fate.

Within five minutes the fathers of Pam and Madge were setting off—in pursuit. They hoped to trail the enemy band of blacks through the forest. And with the two men went Dave—picked out of all five lads who had eagerly volunteered!

Such haste did there have to be, last words of counsel were still being exchanged and good-byes whispered, when those three adventurers were actually moving off.

A few moments more and they had vanished into the groping darkness of the forest.

Gone, as swiftly as that upon their desperate venture—one that humanity itself demanded. Gone, leaving behind, to fend for themselves, dear ones who had been all so willing to let them go—would even have been glad themselves to go!

An odd thought struck Betty. It was only that the fitful light upon all these faces around her was very like that from a torch, upheld in the darkness.

But, from such a simple fancy as this, she fell to thinking of that symbolic torch which Britishers, through the ages, have kept burning, handing it on and on. And, with a smile, she murmured to herself:

"We'll manage!"

THE END.

(Don't miss the grand Morcove serial in THE SCHOOLGIRL, on sale next Friday.)