



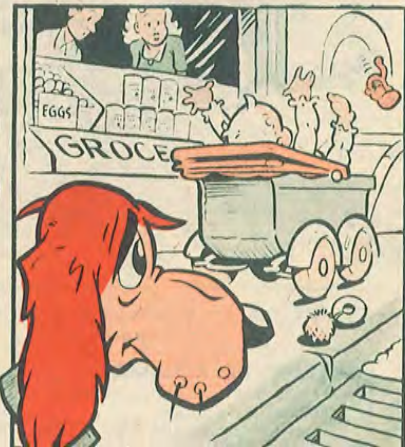
One thing that Scamp likes is to chew
A slipper—or perchance, a shoe.



But 'twas a big mistake, alack,
To pinch Dad's slipper for a snack.



At this, old Dad let out a shout,
And then and there threw Scampy out!



Most dismalful, and wan with woe,
Towards the High Street Scamp did go.



And there he saw a shoe! Oh joy!
The small shoe of a baby boy.



With thoughts of tasty chew, our pup,
Sprang forward and just snapped it up.



But when a brolly smote his head,
He thought he'd put it down, instead!



He saw much footwear in his flight,
But he had lost his appetite.



At last he lost the urge to roam,
And sad and weary, trotted home.



He needed water—he felt hot—
But Kitty-puss had drunk the lot.



At this, poor Scamp felt very low,
And started singing of his woe.



And then—it was a great surprise—
Boots started raining from the skies!





Mr. Quelch sat on the log—and Billy Bunter was trapped.

BUNTER'S BRAINWAVE!

Another Grand Story of Billy Bunter and the Chums of Greyfriars

BY FRANK RICHARDS

But the Famous Five did walk away laughing, leaving William George Bunter to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

Bunter blinked after them with a devastating blink, and then blinked at Mr. Quelch's study window. It was very annoying to Bunter. Those lines had to be handed in by calling-over: and if Bunter was going over to Cliff House, he had no time for them. Any fellow could have done them for him.

There was no difficulty about the handwriting. So long as it was made to look as if a spider had swum in an inkpot and then crawled over the impot. paper, it would pass for Bunter's fist.

The fat Owl hesitated.

Quelch had told him to do those lines before he went out: and the Remove master, in the irritating way of school-masters, expected members of his form to do as they were bidden. Quelch was sure to cut up rusty. Bunter considered the idea of explaining to Quelch when the time came that he actually had done those lines, but that some fellow had hidden them for a lark after he had gone out. On the other hand, Quelch might doubt his word. He had done so before—often. It was, in Bunter's opinion, very unjust: but there it was.

It was quite a problem for the fat Owl. But he made up his fat mind at last. Trouble with Quelch was a chance: Bessie Bunter's parcel was a certainty. The certainty outweighed the chance: the call of the foodstuffs was irresistible. And Billy Bunter, his hesitation over, rolled out of the gates of Greyfriars, and rolled down Friardale Lane, to take the footpath through the wood for Cliff House School.

"OH, crikey!" breathed Billy Bunter. "Quelch!"

It was utterly dismaying.

Bunter had covered half the distance to Cliff House. The whole distance was a mile. In a mile there were one thousand seven hundred and sixty more yards than Bunter really liked. It was a warm afternoon, and Bunter had an uncommon weight to carry. Halfway to his destination he stopped on the footpath and sat down to rest on a fallen log under shady trees. He mopped a perspiring fat brow and leaned back against the trunk of a massive beech, happily resting in the shade, recuperating for the next lap.

Having rested for about half an hour, the fat Owl began to feel that he was equal to the next half-mile. He was about to rise when a lean angular figure came in sight on the footpath.

Bunter's little round eyes almost popped through his big round spectacles at Mr. Quelch, the master of the Greyfriars Remove.

That awful beast—sad to relate, that was how Bunter mentally described his form master—was taking one of his walks after class: and here he was. And when he saw Bunter—out of gates with his lines unwritten—At the very least he

would send him back to the school: and Bessie's parcel would be gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream! But—

Bunter saw Quelch! Quelch did not see Bunter! On that solitary footpath, where there was no traffic and hardly any pedestrians, Quelch was reading as he walked. He had an open book in his hand, on which his gimlet eyes were fixed. He did not look up: and the fat Owl realised that he was not observed—yet!

That was enough for Bunter.

He jumped up from the log and whipped round the beech. The massive trunk afforded him ample cover. Breathlessly, he waited for Quelch to pass.

All he had to do was to keep in cover till Quelch was out of sight. Then he could get going again. It was all right, after all.

Footsteps came nearer and nearer. Bunter was safe out of sight—even Quelch's eyes, which his pupils often compared to gimlets for their keenness, could not see through the trunk of a beech tree. But the fat Owl's plump heart beat a little faster as he heard Quelch arrive.

Anxiously he listened for him to pass on.

To his utter dismay, Quelch did not pass on. The footsteps stopped. For an awful moment the Owl of the Remove dreaded that he was discovered.

But it was not so bad as that! He heard a rustle, and a breath of satisfaction and relief. Quelch was sitting down! It was quite simple, really. Quelch had noticed the log under the beech tree on which Bunter had been sitting a few minutes before and sat down on it to rest, just as Bunter had done. Sitting there, Quelch leaned a bony back on the beech trunk where, only a few minutes earlier, a plump back had leaned. And he went on reading his book.

"Oh, scissors!" moaned Bunter, inaudibly.

He did not dare to make a sound. Quelch had only to glance round the beech to discover him if he became suspicious that somebody was there. Evidently, for the present, he had no such suspicion. He had no doubt that he was alone in the shady scented wood, and he gave all his attention to his book.

"Beast!" breathed Bunter.

How long was Quelch going to sit there? So long as he sat on one side of the beech tree, Billy Bunter had to stand on the other. Minute followed minute, and Quelch did not stir. He had come out for the fresh air: but no doubt he found it more comfortable to read that entrancing volume sitting than walking. It began to look as if Quelch was a fixture.

The unhappy fat Owl thought of stealing away into the wood. But the underwoods were thick and tangled. He could hardly stir without making a rustle: and once Quelch glanced round the beech, all was up.

"Oh, lor!" moaned Bunter, still inaudible.

He reflected bitterly that he might as well have been doing his lines in his study at Greyfriars, instead of sticking here, worried and anxious and perspiring, waiting for Quelch to go. Minute dragged by after long minute—every one of them seeming to Bunter to contain much more than the usual allowance of sixty seconds. Indeed, they seemed like hours.

Quelch was very quiet. Bunter stole a blink round the beech at last, in a faint hope that he might have gone to sleep! But Quelch had not gone to sleep. Bunter

had a glimpse of his angular profile, the gimlet eyes fixed on the book. He had a glimpse of the book—it was in Greek, which was just like Quelch!

THERE was a footstep on the footpath. Quelch did not stir or look up. But Billy Bunter, from behind the beech, blinked in the direction from which the footstep came: and, as he saw the newcomer, he was rather glad that he was, after all, out of sight. For the man who came up the footpath was a most unpleasant looking man. Bunter had never seen him before: but he could guess that he was one of the rough and lawless characters that appeared in the neighbourhood when the races were on at Wapshot. The "sport of kings" drew all sorts of unpleasant people: and this was the most unpleasant specimen on whom Bunter's eyes and spectacles had ever lighted.

He was a stocky, stubby man, with a jutting jaw, a black eye, an untidy receding chin, a spotted neckerchief, and a general air of frowiness. His discoloured eye looked as if he had picked up a spot of trouble among the other racing roughs at Wapshot. Neither did he look as if he had been backing winners: he looked very much down on his luck. And Bunter, though not particularly observant, could see that he looked also as if he would not be very scrupulous about methods of mending his luck if he came across any well-to-do-looking person in a sufficiently solitary spot. Bunter was rather glad that he was behind the tree, as that extremely ugly customer came slouching along the footpath. He waited rather uneasily for him to pass on.

But, like Quelch, the newcomer did not pass on. His eyes fell on the Greyfriars master sitting on the log under the beech at the side of the path, his attention glued on his book. And Bunter, blinking from behind the beech, unseen, noted the glitter that shot into the beady eyes.

The man came to a stop, staring at Quelch.

Still the Remove master did not look up. The greedy eyes ran over him, and then the man with the black eye glanced swiftly up and down the footpath.

Billy Bunter caught his breath.

The racing man was making sure that there was nobody in sight: as unaware as Quelch of a fat schoolboy in cover behind the beech. That could have only one meaning, as the fat Owl realised, with a sudden tremor of terror.

"Oh, crikey!" breathed Bunter.

He hugged cover close, dreading that the glinting eyes might fall on him. Was that awful ruffian going to attack Quelch? Was he—?

He heard a sudden rush: a startled exclamation from Mr. Quelch. Then there was a heavy fall.

"Oh, lor!" squeaked the terrified Owl.

His fat knees knocked together.

"What—what—who—how dare you? You scoundrel!" came the gasping voice of Mr. Quelch. "You lawless rascal—"

"Stow it, guvnor!" came a surly, savage growl. "Now then—"

"Help!"

"Stow it, I'm telling you!" The growl was like that of a savage dog. "I got you, mister, and if you don't keep quiet, I'll give you a jolt that'll keep you quiet enough. 'And it over, now, sharp."

"I will not be robbed! I—"

"I'm telling you to stow it, and 'and it over," snarled the ruffian. "All you got, and sharp's the word."

Billy Bunter put his fat hands on the beech for support, trembling from end to end. But he could not help taking a blink round the beech at the scene on the footpath. Quelch had been taken utterly by surprise by the racing rough's sudden attack. On his feet, he could probably have dealt with the man: but he had not

(continued on page 7)

CHUCKLE CORNER



SPLASH PAGE

AND THE GREY ROCKET

SPLASH PAGE OF THE 'DAILY WORLD' AND HIS ASSISTANT, JILL BRENT, ARRIVED IN THE ISLE OF MAN TO RACE THE GREY ROCKET IN THE T.T. THEY WERE DOGGED BY TWO CROOKS, DUKE JORDON AND LOU MILLAN, WHO WERE TRYING TO STOP THE GREY ROCKET



TO-MORROW'S THE LAST DAY OF PRACTICE -- THEN FOR THE RACE ITSELF. WONDER IF THE GREY ROCKET'S ALL RIGHT?

THINKING OF THE RACE, SPLASH FOUND IT HARD TO SLEEP.

AS SPLASH LAY THINKING, DUKE JORDON AND LOU MILLAN SILENTLY ENTERED THE GARAGE NEXT TO THE HOUSE IN WHICH HE WAS STAYING.

I'M TAKING THE SPRING CLIP OFF THE CHAIN'S CONNECTING LINK, LOU. IF THE IDEA WORKS AND WRECKS THE GREY ROCKET, THERE'LL BE NO SIGNS OF TAMPERING.



WHEN HE'S GOING FAST, THE CONNECTING LINK WILL WORK OUT. IF THE CHAIN WHIPS OFF, ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN!



NICE QUIET JOB! THERE'LL BE NO SIGN OF ANYTHING WRONG UNLESS SPLASH PAGE MAKES A VERY CLOSE CHECK!



SPLASH WAS STILL RESTLESS --

I'LL GET NO SLEEP UNTIL I'VE MADE SURE THE GREY ROCKET'S SAFE!



THOSE CROOKS AGAIN!



IT'S THEM ALL RIGHT!

JILL BRENT, MR DREW, THEIR HOST AND HIS SON, BILLY, JOINED SPLASH --

I THOUGHT THEY'D SMASHED UP THE GREY ROCKET!

IT LOOKS' ALL RIGHT, SPLASH!



SWIFTLY SPLASH, CHECKED THE MACHINE.

CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG, BUT I'LL DRAIN THE PETROL IN CASE THEY'VE SHOVED SAND OR SUGAR INTO IT!

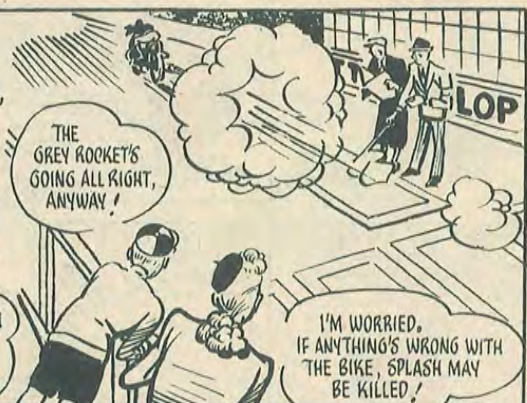


BEATS ME! MUST HAVE CAUGHT 'EM BEFORE THEY COULD DO ANYTHING. BUT I'LL BE OUT TO-MORROW FOR THE LAST PRACTICE, AND CHANCE IT!

EARLY NEXT MORNING, AT THE STARTING GRID ON THE T.T. COURSE.

THE GREY ROCKET'S GOING ALL RIGHT, ANYWAY!

I'M WORRIED. IF ANYTHING'S WRONG WITH THE BIKE, SPLASH MAY BE KILLED!

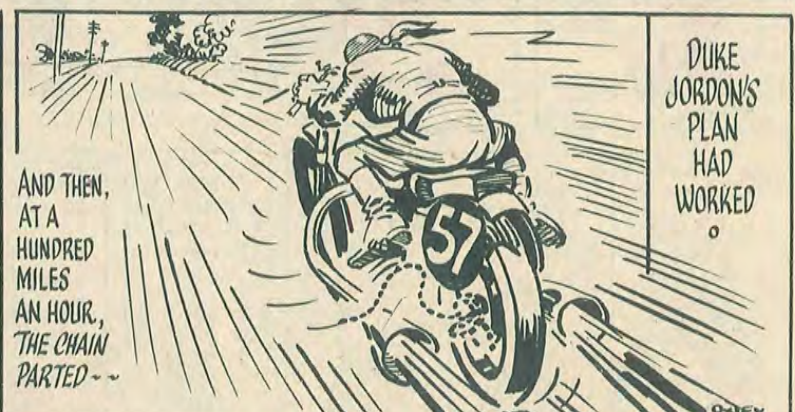


MUST HAVE BEEN A FALSE ALARM LAST NIGHT. THE GREY ROCKET'S GOING LIKE SMOKE!

SPLASH OPENED THE THROTTLE AND WENT FLAT OUT DOWN THE FAMOUS BRAY HILL --

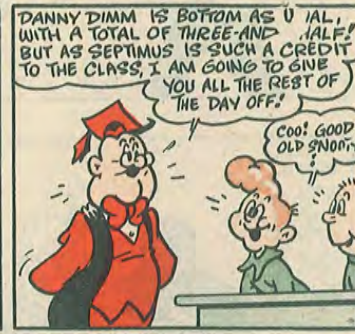
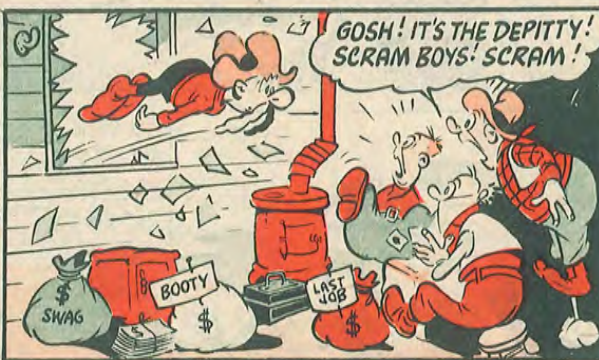
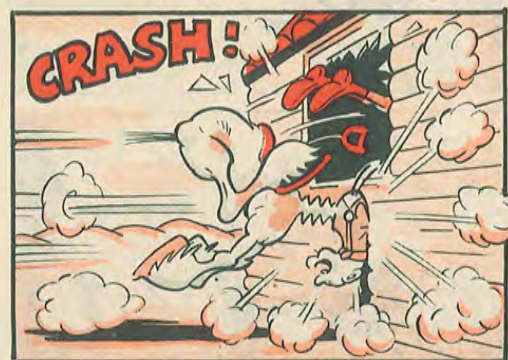
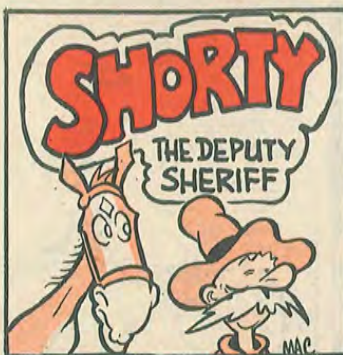


BUT AS HE ROARED ROUND THE CIRCUIT



AND THEN, AT A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR, THE CHAIN PARTED --

DUKE JORDON'S PLAN HAD WORKED.



BUCK JONES

And the WILD GIRL OF THE HILLS

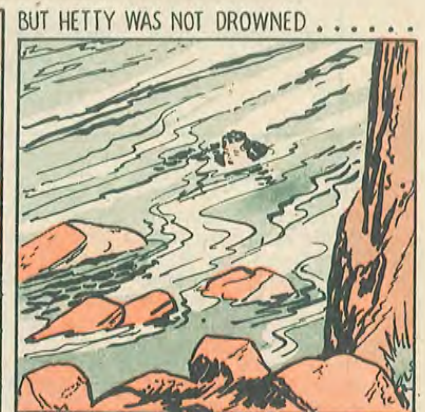
HETTY YOUNG SUSPECTS HER STEP-FATHER, JAKE BRAUN, IS A CROOK. TO GET RID OF HER, JAKE FRAMES HER FOR A ROBBERY SHE NEVER COMMITTED, AND SHE RIDES FOR THE HILLS. TO ESCAPE BEING ARRESTED BY BUCK JONES, SHE LEAPS OVER A CLIFF.



HECK! I NEVER THOUGHT SHE'D DO IT! I'D BETTER GET DOWN TO LEND HER A HAND.



THE CURRENT MUST HAVE CARRIED HER THIS WAY, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF HER. POOR KID! I ONLY WANTED TO QUESTION HER.



BUT HETTY WAS NOT DROWNED



I'VE DONE IT! MAYBE HE'LL THINK I'VE BEEN CARRIED FURTHER DOWN STREAM!



I'VE FOOLED HIM, I GUESS. NOW I'LL HAVE TO COLLECT MY BRONC AND FIND A HIDEOUT. FROM NOW ON I'M AN OUTLAW!



HETTY FOUND A HIDEOUT, BUT THAT EVENING, IN JAKE BRAUN'S SHACK.

WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH, BUT I NEED FOOD - AND BULLETS FOR MY GUN - AND JAKE BRAUN'S GOING TO SUPPLY THEM.

YOUR CHICKENS SOUND HET UP ABOUT SOMETHING, JAKE.

MEBBE A RAT. NEVER MIND THEM! IN TWO HOURS TIME WE MEET AT PROSPECTOR JOE'S SHANTY AND WE SHOOT HIM UP FOR HIS NUGGETS. OKAY?



OUTSIDE, HETTY HEARS EVERYTHING



--AND HURLS A NOTE THROUGH BUCK JONES' WINDOW.



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?



Prospector Joe's Shanty will be shot up in two hours time. Better get busy Sheriff.

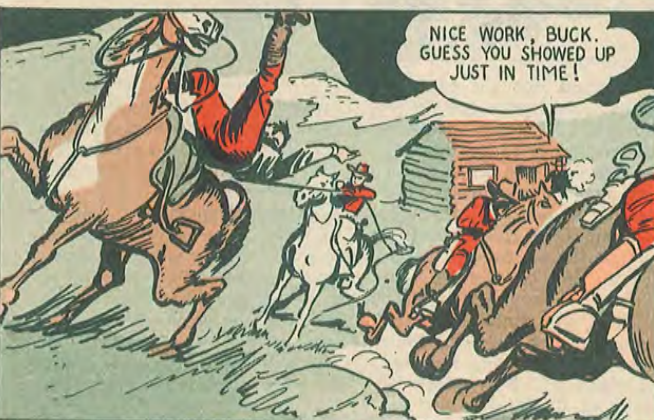


IT MAY BE A FAKE BUT I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!



HECK! THAT NOTE WASN'T A FAKE!

BEAT IT, BOYS!



NICE WORK, BUCK. GUESS YOU SHOWED UP JUST IN TIME!



LEW HUTTON! THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL IN JAIL. WHO WERE THE OTHER GUYS?

I AIN'T SQUEALING! IT'S MORE THAN MY LIFE'S WORTH. I AIN'T SAYING AND YOU CAN'T MAKE ME.



LATER, IN JAKE'S SHACK.

SOMEBODY TIPPED OFF BUCK JONES!

LOOK! HETTY'S BEEN HERE. SHE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DROWNED LIKE BUCK SAID. SHE'S HELPED HERSELF TO FOOD. MAYBE SHE HEARD US TALKING. THAT'S HOW SHE KNEW WE'D BE AWAY TONIGHT!

YOU'VE HIT IT, JAKE. THE GIRL'S STILL AROUND. WE'VE GOT TO GET HER!

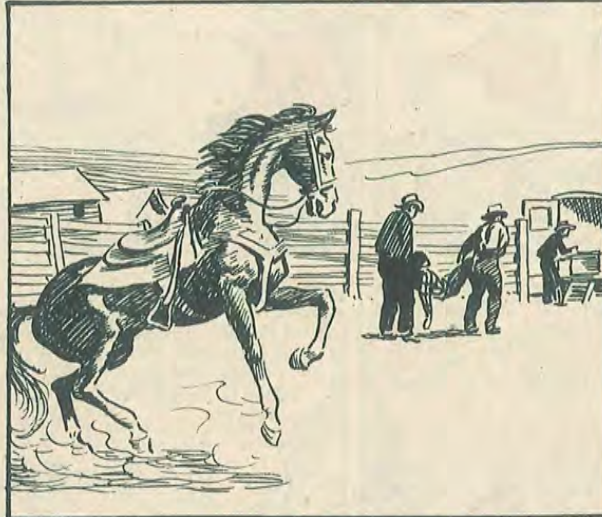
The Adventures
of

GALLANT BESS

The Wonder
Horse

Based on the Eagle Lion production, distributed by Associated British Pathé Ltd.

Ted Daniels left Bud Millerick's Rodeo Show rather than let Gallant Bess, a wild horse he had captured, fall into the hands of his boss, who wasn't over gentle with his animals. Ted got a job at a ranch, but had to leave because he was too busy training Bess and teaching her tricks. Arriving penniless at Star City, he found Millerick's Rodeo there and entered for the contests, hoping to win the Grand Prize of 250 dollars. Millerick, with his eyes on the beautiful, well-trained horse, had oil smeared on the horns of a steer to be overthrown by Ted in the bulldozing contest. Ted's hands slipped and he fell to the ground, injured. Gallant Bess whinnied sadly as she saw her friend and master being taken away unconscious, his leg broken, in an ambulance. Millerick chuckled evilly. It was his boast that he always got what he wanted in the end, and he reckoned that Gallant Bess was his now—or soon would be! Ted was certainly in no state to interfere.



As the ambulance drove away, Gallant Bess tried to break out of her corral. Bud Millerick hurried to her, seized her bridle and tried to make her walk a plank balanced like a see-saw, as he had seen her doing for Ted. But Gallant Bess feared and hated Bud Millerick instinctively. She reared and plunged and broke away from him, and dashed through an open gate. "Come back!" roared Millerick. Gallant Bess took no notice. She meant to join her master—to find Ted! She did not know, naturally, where Ted had been taken, so she looked for him where they had been together.



Riderless, Gallant Bess trotted into the main street of Star City and looked everywhere for her master. She went this way and that, whinnying appealingly. Now and again, men tried to catch her but she managed to avoid them all. Then she came to the Old Hitching Post Saloon, where she had stopped with Ted when he had seen the poster advertising the Rodeo. She looked into the saloon, but Ted was not there. A passer-by spoke: "Hey, gal, you can't go in there!" He seized her bridle. He was trying force!



That was more than Gallant Bess could stand. She acknowledged no master, save Ted Daniels. Anybody else she regarded as an enemy and rebelled immediately. At the touch of a strange hand and the sound of a strange voice, she went wild. She kicked in the window of the saloon behind her, and in her wild plunges on the sidewalk, cannoned into a waiting car, smashing the wings and the headlamps. Men came running to hold her, but she was in a wild frenzy.



At last, trembling and frightened, Gallant Bess was caught by the Sheriff of Star City, who knew how to handle horses. "Whose horse is this?" he asked, as he led her away to the town corral. Nobody seemed to know, although some allowed they had seen Bess with a cow-waddy down at the Rodeo.



Ted Daniels recovered consciousness to find himself in bed in the house of Dr. Edward Gray, whose daughter, Penny, was acting as nurse. "What's the damage, doc?" asked Ted weakly. The doctor looked grave. "You have a multiple fracture of the leg," he said. "Fix it up, doc," said Ted. "I'm a guy that needs two good legs to make a living." At first, Doctor Gray was dubious about Ted. After all, it meant that Ted would have to remain in bed for several weeks, maybe months, and there seemed nowhere else for him to go. However, Penny took an instant liking to the quiet-voiced cowboy and persuaded her father to let him stay where he was.



Ted's chief concern was for Gallant Bess. All the next day he worried about her. Penny went out, trying to find her, but for a long time she could get no news. But the sheriff came along, having heard that there was a patient at the doc's house. He had already discovered that the horse he had arrested belonged to a waddy who had been injured at the Rodeo. Ted welcomed him eagerly. "You've found my horse, sheriff?" he asked. The sheriff nodded gravely and handed Ted official-looking papers. "I came over to see you about these bills," he said. "They're claims for damages done by your horse—amounts to over two hundred dollars!"



Ted was aghast—but he had won the prize at the Rodeo. But when he suggested it the sheriff told him that the Rodeo had left town! Ted was in no state to go and claim his prize and nobody else could collect the money. And the bill for damages had to be met immediately. The sheriff was real sorry, but he had his job to do, and he had to put Gallant Bess up to auction! "Penny," said Ted, angry at his own helplessness, "would—would you find out for me who gets her? I must know." Penny was willing. She bid for Bess, until it was more than she could ever pay. Eventually the sheriff said: "Sold to the gentleman over there for one hundred and eighty dollars!" Penny saw a burly man take charge of the horse. She did not know he was Bud Millerick's foreman!

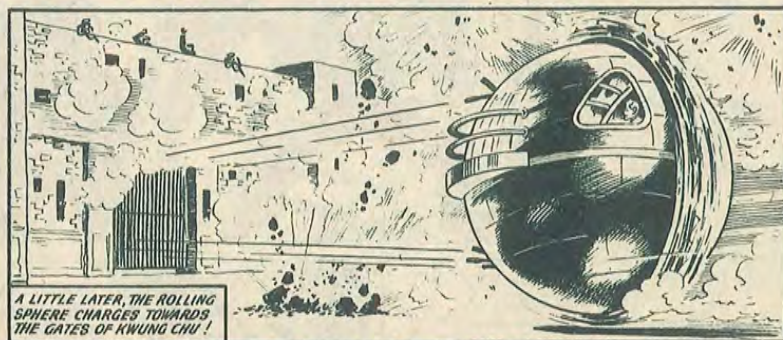
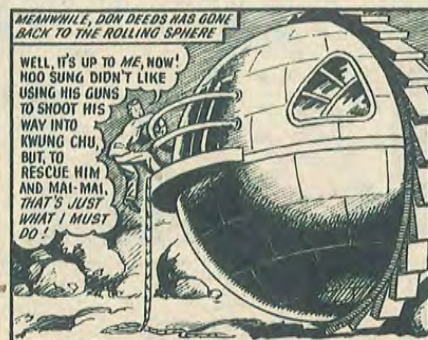


Penny went up to the man, hoping to get some information from him. "Nice horse you've got there," she said pleasantly. "Were you planning to stable her around here?" The man eyed her suspiciously. "Lady," he said, "I'm workin' for an out o' town buyer. I don't know who he is or what he is, and I don't know what he's going to do with the horse." He turned away from her abruptly. Sadly, Penny went home to report to Ted that Gallant Bess had gone—without trace!

Will Ted ever get Gallant Bess back again? Don't miss this stirring story in next week's "COMET".

Don Deeds

HOO SUNG PROVES HE IS EMPEROR OF KWUNG CHU BY DISPLAYING THE GREAT STATE DIAMOND. BUT AH LEE, THE IMPOSTOR, CALLS UP HIS SOLDIERS



CAN DON DEEDS SUCCEED IN ENTERING KWUNG CHU? MORE SURPRISES IN NEXT WEEK'S "COMET."

BUNTER'S BRAINWAVE!

(continued from page 2)

been given a chance of that. He was down on his back in the grass, with a knee planted on his chest, and a knuckly fist threatening him. Bunter blinked at the scene in horror. He couldn't help Quelch. The bare idea of getting within reach of that knuckly fist made him feel cold all over. Robbery with violence was going on under his eyes, and the fat Owl could only blink in terror.

"You 'ear me!" went on the threatening growl.

"You rascal!"

Quelch was not the man to be robbed if he could help it. He was at a hopeless disadvantage; but he grasped the ruffian who was pinning him down and struggled. There was a great deal of wiry strength in the Remove master, and he gave the ruffian plenty of trouble. Bunter heard the racing rough snap out an oath and saw him grab a "cosh" from his pocket.

It was then that Billy Bunter had a sudden brainwave. Bob Cherry, in his place, would have rushed in to help, heedless of the "cosh". Bunter did not even think of getting anywhere near that "cosh". But his fat wits worked. He gave a sudden resounding yell.

"Here he is, you fellows! We've got him! Come on! Don't let him get away! Get hold of him!"

Bunter's yell woke the echoes of the wood. Really, it was a brainwave! Bunter hoped that it would give the footpad the impression that numerous help was at hand—which, indeed, it could hardly fail to do.

"Come on!" roared Bunter. "Collar him! Come on!"

The "cosh" was in the ruffian's hand. But it was never used. Almost in the twinkling of an eye, the racing rough leaped up from Quelch and darted away into the wood. A wild rustling and scabbling in underwoods and thickets echoed back; but the man had vanished while Bunter was still roaring.

MR. QUELCH sat up, gasping for breath. He stared round him, dizzily.

"Bunter!" he ejaculated. "Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter. That was not the way a Remove boy generally answered his form master: but it expressed Bunter's feelings at the moment.

"Bless my soul! Bunter—"

"He—he—he's gone," gasped Bunter. "Oh, crikey! Oh, lor! Ooooooh!"

"Yes, he is gone," said Mr. Quelch. "But—" He stared round, "Where are the others, Bunter?"

Quelch, like his assailant, had had the impression that a numerous party was at hand. "I do not see the others, Bunter. Where—"

"Oh, lor! There ain't any others, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I shouted that out to—frighten him off! Oh, crikey!"

"Bless my soul!"

Bunter leaned on the beech, gasping. Mr. Quelch eyed him.

"You are alone here, Bunter?"

"Oh, lor! Yes, sir."

"Bunter, you have shown great presence of mind," said Mr. Quelch. "I certainly had the impression that help was at hand!"

"Oh! Yes, sir," gasped Bunter. He stole a stealthy blink at his form master. Quelch knew that he was there now—there was no help for that. "I—I say, sir,

I—I did my lines—"

"What?"

"I—I did them, sir, but they blew out of the window—I—I mean, a fellow hid them for a lark—"

"Bunter!"

"I—I did really, sir—but they blew out of a lark—I mean, a fellow hid them for a window—I—I—I mean—"

"You need not do the lines, Bunter."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Thank you, sir! I—I was going to do them, sir—I—I like doing lines, really, sir—but—but I—I had to go over to Cliff House to see my parcels, sir—I mean to see my sister, and—and—m-m-mum-mum-may I go, sir?"

"You may, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter did not need telling twice! He rolled away rapidly. Mr. Quelch stared after him, dusted his clothes, picked up his book, and resumed his way. But he did not see anything more of Bunter. Bunter was making up for lost time: and his fat little legs fairly twinkled as he trotted.

Billy Bunter thinks he's got off lightly—but there's more to follow. Don't miss the fun in next week's "COMET".

★ ★ ★ THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS ★ ★ ★



82. ANN TODD
(Rank Organisation)



83. VALLI
(R.K.O.)



84. JOHN HOWARD DAVIES
(Rank Organisation)



85. ROBERT CUMMINGS
(Universal International)

**THREE MORE
FREE
PICTURE - STAMPS
for your
RODEO SOUVENIR**

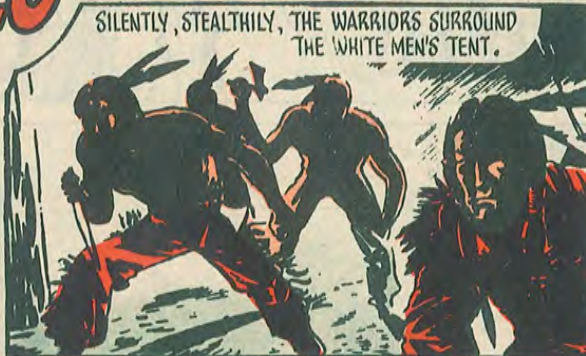
Here are three picture-stamps for you to cut out and paste neatly in their right spaces on the "COMET" dated May 20. You will find three of these picture-stamps each week in the "COMET" until the grand pictorial record is complete. You will find explanations of these scenes on the back of your Souvenir. Be sure to order next week's "COMET" now or you may miss some of these stirring picture-stamps.



BUFFALO BILL.

BUFFALO BILL SAVED THE LIFE OF BLACK BISON, CHIEF OF THE PIUTES, THUS EARNING THE HATRED OF GREY SNAKE, WHO WANTED TO BE CHIEF. GREY SNAKE STIRS UP THE TRIBE AGAINST BUFFALO BILL.

SILENTLY, STEALTHILY, THE WARRIORS SURROUND THE WHITE MEN'S TENT.



LISTEN! I CAN HEAR FOOTSTEPS --- OUTSIDE!



WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THEY'RE ALL ROUND US!



DON'T SHOOT! LET'S HEAR WHAT THEY WANT, FIRST!



DROP YOUR GUNS! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!



WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US, GREY SNAKE?



THE COUNCIL OF BRAVES HAS DECIDED TO HOLD YOU PRISONERS UNTIL BLACK BISON RECOVERS.



I DON'T TRUST YOU, GREY SNAKE. YOU'LL MAKE SURE THAT BLACK BISON DIES -- AND THEN YOU'LL KILL US! WE'LL SHOOT OUR WAY OUT --



SUDDENLY, A PARTY OF WARRIORS BURST INTO THE TENT.

SEIZE THEM!



BETTER GIVE IN! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW. MAYBE WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING, LATER ON!



How can Buffalo Bill get out of this fix? More thrills in next week's "COMET."