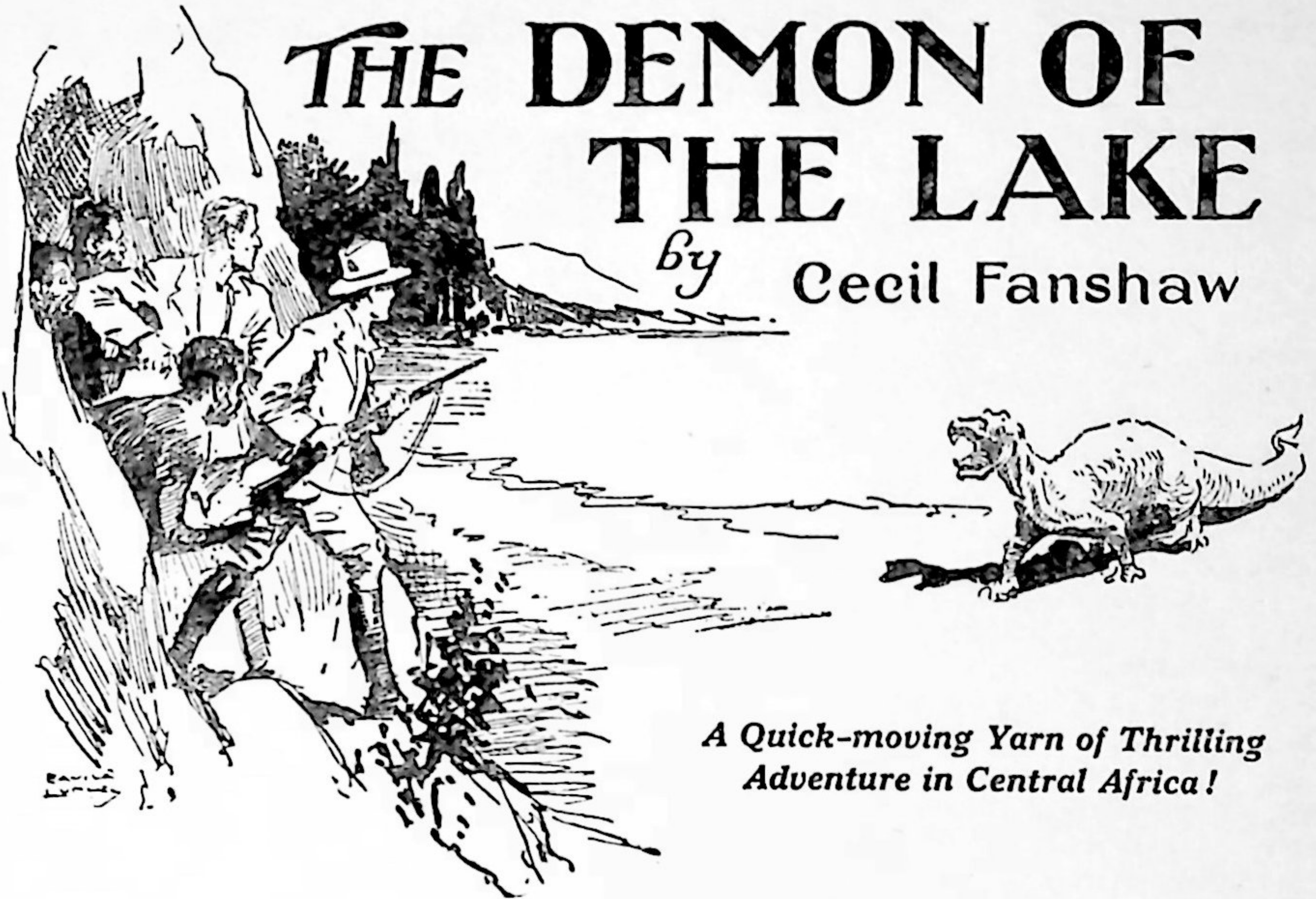


THE DEMON OF THE LAKE

by Cecil Fanshaw



*A Quick-moving Yarn of Thrilling
Adventure in Central Africa!*

THE FIRST CHAPTER The Arab Slave-Train!

‘WELL, we’re now deep in Nchanga’s country, Bob. Another day’s hard trekking should see us safely through it, and near that mysterious Lake Komi at last. The porters are tired, and we must camp to-night behind that ridge yonder!’

Lean and sunburnt, Colonel John Marsden frowned somewhat anxiously as he gripped his rifle and showed his young nephew, Bob, a bush-clad ridge outlined against the sky.

The fierce sun was sinking swiftly, the sky glowing with the myriad flaming colours that are only seen in a Central African sunset; and the boulders and thorn trees that dotted the plain were casting long black shadows. It was the country of Nchanga, the chief of a notoriously savage cannibal tribe; hence Colonel Marsden’s anxiety to pass swiftly through it.

After two months’ strenuous trekking, the colonel and his nephew, with an outfit of fifty Swahili porters, had got deep into unexplored regions of the Congo. They were searching for

a mysterious lake, called by natives Lake Komi, near which they hoped to discover remains of *Rex Tyrannosaurus*—one of the giant lizards of prehistoric times.

No explorer had ever succeeded in discovering a complete skeleton of this monster. In fact, some scientists declared it never existed.

But native yarns told of strange, gigantic skeletons to be seen near the lake they called Komi. And Colonel Marsden, after much difficulty, had persuaded a London museum to finance his expedition.

“I feel sure there’s something in the yarns, Bob,” he told his nephew as he beckoned on the sweating porters. “And the museum will pay us almost anything for a complete skeleton of *Rex T.*, or even for large bones.”

“A fortune in bones, uncle!” Bob grinned. “But we’ve got to find Lake Komi first. You’ve still got that native hunter’s chart all right?”

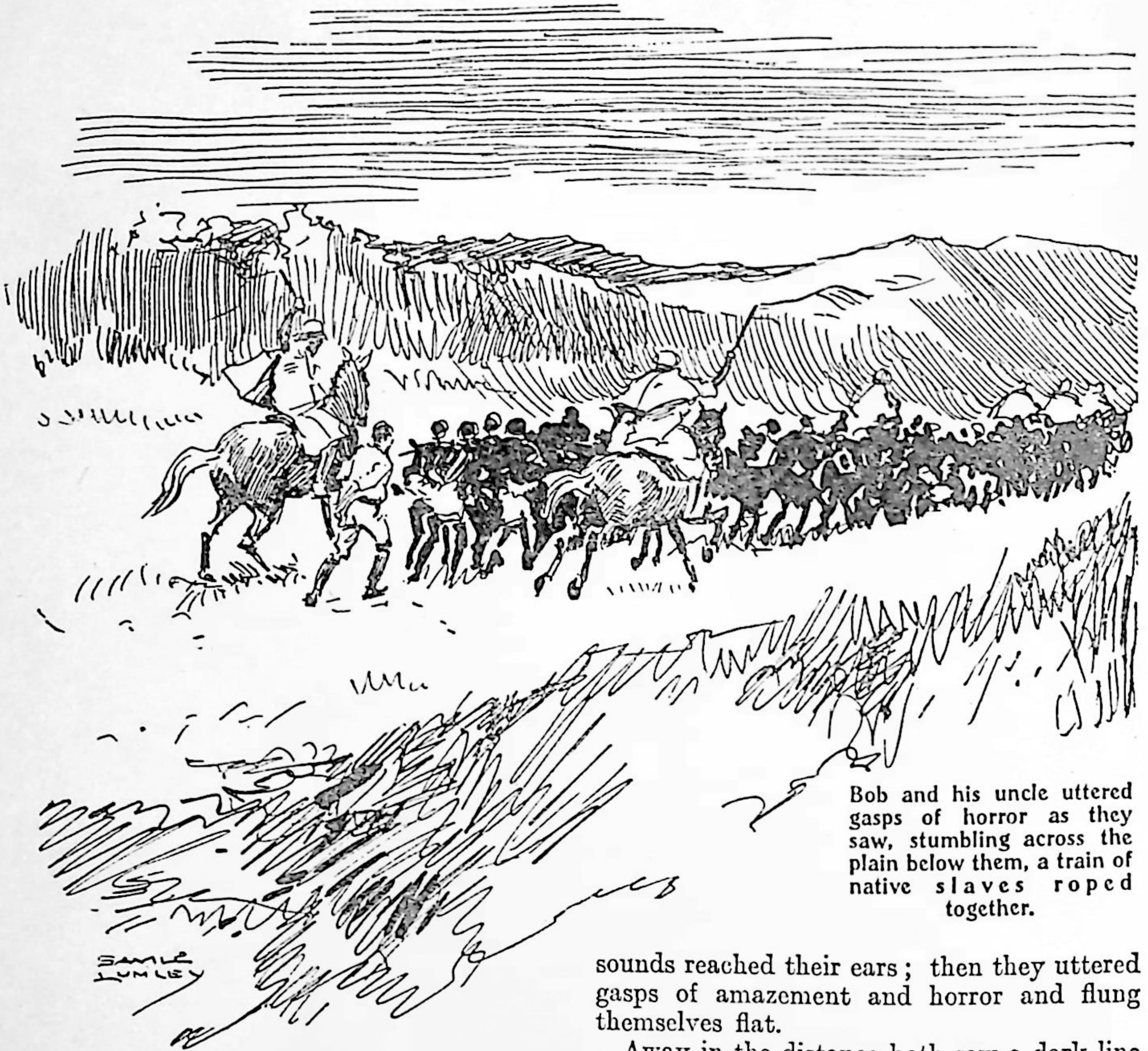
“Yes; the chart I was able to make from what the fellow told us,” Colonel Marsden

replied, referring to a chart he had drawn on information received from a friendly native hunter. "And I've no doubt the fellow really went up to Lake Komi."

"He vowed it was haunted by ghosts and demons!" Bob chuckled.

the ridge, hoping to find water-holes and a safe place to camp amongst the rocks on the farther side.

Dust-grimed and weary, the colonel and his nephew reached the ridge-crest ahead of their men. That same instant indescribable



Bob and his uncle uttered gasps of horror as they saw, stumbling across the plain below them, a train of native slaves roped together.

"This country is usually haunted by Nchanga's warriors." Colonel Marsden smiled grimly as he stared round at the darkening plain. "And all will be up if the ruffians collar us. Come on!"

The porters also seemed uneasy, knowing Chief Nchanga's grim reputation.

So the party hurried silently on towards

sounds reached their ears; then they uttered gasps of amazement and horror and flung themselves flat.

Away in the distance both saw a dark line of tropical jungle. Below them lay a bush-clad plain, across which was travelling a small caravan, consisting of about a hundred natives roped together. Ahead of the winding chain of natives rode three armed horsemen in white robes, while several others rode up and down, flourishing hippo-hide whips and shouting savagely.

Even as Colonel Marsden and Bob glared down into the plain, two or three of the bound natives stumbled, seeming utterly spent. Then the robed horsemen's whips rose and fell, and shrieks and howls rose on the heat-laden air.

"Those scoundrels are Arabs—slavers, by gosh!" Bob gasped furiously.

"You're right, Bob. They must have been slave-raiding down South," Colonel Marsden gritted. "They're trying to hurry through Nchanga's country before——"

"Look, uncle!" burst out Bob. "A white slave!"

The colonel stared, and anger appeared in

attempt at rescue was imperative, at any cost.

Even though the noise of battle might draw savages to the scene, and imperil the quest to find remains of the giant lizard at Lake Komi.

"Open fire, uncle!" breathed Bob, thrusting forward his rifle.

"Useless, my lad!" snapped the colonel. "Those Arab thugs will take cover behind their slaves, and blaze at us over them. What's more, 'twill be dark very soon, and then—— By Jove, I've got a plan!"

Breaking off, Colonel Marsden beckoned his porters, some of whom, according to cus-



his face when he saw that Bob was indeed right. At the end of the long, staggering chain of natives was a dust-grimed man in rags. He was hatless and bare-footed, but he wore riding breeches and a blood-stained shirt. Despite the dim light, it could be seen that he was a white man.

Both Colonel Marsden and his nephew were speechless with fury. At first sight of the Arab slave-train both had felt the urge to endeavour to rescue the wretched natives and scatter their merciless captors, despite the heavy odds against them. Now that a white man was visible amongst the slaves, being brutally flogged by Arab horsemen, an

tom in Africa, carried spears, while a few had muskets.

"Drop your loads!" he snapped in Swahili. "And come here quickly, on your hands and knees!"

The porters obeyed, fearful of an attack from Nchanga's cannibal warriors. They came crawling up to the ridge-crest, gripping their weapons, to utter grunts of astonishment and wrath at sight of the slave-train.

"You would attempt a rescue, bwana?" gasped Gozo, the colonel's Swahili head man. "Wow! It is impossible!"

"Not if you obey me," said Colonel Marsden. "Listen! Take thirty of the porters,

Gozo, and run through the bush ahead of those Arabs, and pretend to be Nchanga's warriors. You understand? The porters must feign to be savages, leaving here their water-bottles, jerseys, and blankets."

"I understand, bwana," Gozo laughed grimly.

"Then be off. Directly you charge howling from the bush, I, the young master, and the other porters, will charge the rear of the slavers. We will defeat them, Gozo."

The head man nodded, and a few seconds later he stole off along the side of the ridge, leading thirty half-naked, spear-armed porters, who now resembled savage warriors.

Bob heard them depart, and his nerves thrilled as he glared down at the reeling slave-train, hearing the groans and yells, seeing the white captive fall on his face, to be beaten to his feet again.

Would his uncle's plan to fool the Arabs work? the lad wondered anxiously. Would the Arabs really take the disguised porters under Gozo for Nchanga's cannibal warriors?

Of a sudden the African evening was rent by fierce howls and whoops.

Away ahead of the slave-train Bob saw black figures come darting through the bush, howling, hurling spears, and firing muskets.

"Good old Gozo!" Colonel Marsden laughed grimly. "That's the stuff!"

Bob smiled also, for the scheme seemed to be working.

Directly the uproar started nearly all the Arabs galloped full speed at the attackers, firing blindly from their saddles and whipping out scimitars. They left only five mounted men in charge of the slave-train.

"By my beard! Nchanga's dogs!" roared their turbaned leader. "Follow me! Ride them down, my sons!"

"Rapid fire, Bob!" snapped the colonel.

Bang—bang! Bang!

The two rifles spat flame and bullets, and three of the Arabs on guard over the slaves dropped from their saddles. Then down the ridge-face charged Colonel Marsden, Bob, and the remaining porters, cheering and whooping.

This second attack was a complete surprise. Already the main body of the Arabs had lost three men to the porters' spears, but had

become suspicious of the latter, since they turned and fled into the bush when the Arabs charged home. At the clatter of rifle fire in their rear the Arabs wheeled, to see the two white figures, with other sham savages, routing their slave-guards.

"Ho Akbar! A trick!" boomed the Arab leader furiously. "Yonder are white curs—not Nchanga's dogs, after all! Capture them! We will have more white slaves to sell in the North!"

Back the Arab horsemen came thundering in a packed body, robes flying, long rifles firing.

Bullets hummed about Bob and his uncle, but mostly screeched wildly overhead. Now the latter had their foes in front of them, on open ground, and the fire from their magazine rifles had a terrible effect.

It was more than the Arabs had bargained for. After five minutes' pandemonium several men and horses lay prone on the ground. The remainder fled into the bush, where Gozo's fellows ambushed and utterly routed them.

"Gozo's crew turned up trumps!" Colonel Marsden laughed grimly. "Now to set free these slaves."

The wretched natives were quickly cut free. But they were panic-stricken, and promptly fled into the bush, evidently fearing their rescuers as much as the Arabs. Remained only the ragged white man, who lay groaning in the dust.

To him hurried Colonel Marsden and Bob, little guessing the evil character of the fellow they had rescued from a fate worse than death.

THE SECOND CHAPTER

Treachery!

"UP with you, old man!" said Bob anxiously. "Can you walk?"

The lad helped the rescued white man to his feet, and saw that he was a short, wiry fellow, black-moustached, and with thin, hawk-like features tanned the colour of mahogany. Mighty tough indeed he seemed to be. Despite his brutal treatment by the Arab slavers, he quickly recovered as Bob forced some water between his teeth.

"Thanks, son!" he gasped. "You sure

pulled a cute trick on those Arab thugs. I took your faked-up porters for Nchanga's soldiers myself."

"It was my uncle's plan," Bob grinned. "This is my uncle—Colonel Marsden."

"Proud to meet you, colonel," said the wiry man, turning. "I'm Davis—Paul Davis, of U.S.A. I've been elephant hunting for years in Africa, but those Arabs caught me napping an' scuppered all my outfit."

"Well, we'd best move on," broke in Colonel Marsden briskly. "That scrap made the deuce of a racket, and may really bring Nchanga's ruffians on us."

"Gee, I ain't scared of them!" drawled Davis, with a queer smile. "In fact, I was hoping to see 'em come an' slice up the Arabs."

At this remark Bob and his uncle were astonished, for the cannibal warriors of Nchanga had a terrible reputation. Had Davis been rescued by them from the Arab slavers his plight would have been even worse.

"You reckoned to escape in a scrap, of course?" returned Colonel Marsden. "You'd have had a poor chance, Davis. Nchanga is a cunning fiend and as merciless as a hyena."

Night was fast shutting down, so Colonel Marsden insisted on trekking towards the dark jungle without delay, in case savages surprised them in the plain.

Quickly the porters recovered their loads. Gozo and all of

Bob and his uncle looked up, to see the face of Davis amongst the natives. Then—crash! Down the cliff-face an enormous boulder came hurtling



them groaned at thought of further marching, but fear of cannibals urged them to renewed exertions.

Through the starlit bush the party trekked on as hard as possible, ripped by thorns, stumbling over boulders. At last, by a water-hole, they made camp within a few miles of the great, gloomy forest. Thankfully the porters flung down their loads, and quickly gathered wood and kindled fires.

"We're nearly out of Nchanga's country now," Colonel Marsden said as they tackled a scratch meal. "At dawn we'll break into that jungle yonder, and I think we ought to strike Lake Komi within a couple of days. No doubt we'll have to find some other way back to civilisation."



At that the hunter, Davis, sat up.

He had been silent during the journey through the bush. It seemed his terrible experiences had exhausted him, but now he sat up, with an eager light flickering in his eyes.

"Say, colonel, is that your game? I took you for a hunting party. You're looking for Lake Komi?"

"We are," nodded Colonel Marsden. "And I believe we shall find remains of Rex Tyrannosaurus, supposed to be the biggest of all the prehistoric giant lizards. By Jove, do you know where that lake is?"

Davis shook his head.

"I've heard the native yarns about it," he replied, "but I ain't sure that lake really exists."

"I am," said Colonel Marsden.

With the firelight flickering on his clean-cut features, the colonel told Davis how he and his nephew had met a native hunter who gave them a detailed account of Lake Komi's surroundings. He produced the rough chart he had made from that native's information, showing they must march due west through Nchanga's country to the great forest.

"Keeping due west," the colonel went on enthusiastically, tracing on the chart with his finger, "we shall come to a big ridge of hills in the forest, and have to find a pass through it. Then comes a river; after that a great mountain with two peaks. Near the base of that mountain is said to be the lake called Komi."

"An' what the heck will you do with any bones you find?" Davis broke in, with a laugh. "I'd meant to look for Lake Komi one day, reckonin' to find gold."

"Bones of the giant lizard will bring us gold enough," Colonel Marsden laughed shortly. "The London museum that financed my expedition have promised several thousand pounds for proof that Rex Tyrannosaurus really existed, and there's a good deal of kudos to be gained by making the discovery."

"I should say!" gasped Paul Davis. "I'm with you, colonel."

Seeing that the rescued hunter was pretty well bound to stay with the party, his offer of help was unnecessary. But Bob and his

uncle were really glad to have another white man with them. They said so, and the colonel promised Paul Davis a share of what they might gain.

Shortly afterwards the little camp settled down for the night.

The porters huddled asleep round the embers of their fire, and the three whites took it in turn to keep watch; but nothing disturbed them.

Lions roared out in the plain, and from the direction of the forest came the grisly moans of prowling hyenas, but that was all.

At dawn Bob awoke with a start to find Davis had vanished.

"The fellow's gone, uncle!" cried the lad. "He relieved me on guard about three hours ago."

Great was the astonishment of Colonel Marsden at seeing no sign of the rescued hunter. At first it was thought he had wandered off in search of firewood and lost his way back to camp, but he was an old hunter and not likely to lose himself.

Had a lion caught him? There had been no sounds of a struggle. The mystery of Davis's disappearance seemed insoluble. In vain the party searched and shouted.

At last it was certain that Davis had deliberately walked off into the grim African night, doubtless soon to fall a prey to wild beasts or savages.

"We can't stop longer to search for him, Bob," said Colonel Marsden, after an hour's search with the porters. "We risk all our men's lives every minute we stay in Nchanga's country."

"Do you think the Arabs' treatment crazed him, uncle?" asked Bob.

"I do, Bob," nodded the colonel. "Why, he hoped Nchanga's warriors would rescue him from Arabs. Clean mad, by Jove!"

So, without hunter Davis, the party marched on.

Soon they reached the great wall of jungle, as the flaming sun of Africa rose over the tree-tops. The colonel took compass bearings to make sure of their direction; then into the primeval forest the party plunged, hacking their way through screens of creepers, anxiously searching for elephant paths.

Very quickly they were out of the world of man, in the world of wild things and sinister silence. All about them towered gigantic trees, and the air under the laced branches was dead and stifling.

They were surrounded by green gloom, like the murk of a fog. On all sides was a tangle of undergrowth, moss-grown rocks, and fallen trees festooned with lichen. The smell of rotting vegetation was in their nostrils as they struggled on through perpetual dusk in grim silence, hearing occasionally the trumpet of an elephant.

Bob gasped and perspired in the dank atmosphere, and longed for a glimpse of bright sunlight and blue sky.

For hours the party toiled on, Bob and his uncle keyed up with excitement at the thought that they must be approaching Lake Komi. The porters continually grumbled, however, but were too afraid to bolt back through Nchanga's country and desert their masters.

Then suddenly the party burst out of the jungle at the base of stony hills, and right before them was a rocky defile.

"The pass through the hills, uncle!" cried Bob. "We've kept due west, and that native hunter told us right."

It seemed that the pass ahead must be the one referred to. Through it they glimpsed more dense jungle beyond, but all were very relieved as they hurried forward between cliff-like walls.

The party was only half-way through the pass, however, when whoops and howls burst forth above their heads. They looked up, to catch the glint of spear-blades, to glimpse black, savage faces grinning down through foliage.

Roars of anger burst from Bob and his uncle, for they saw the hawk-like features of a white man amongst the blacks and recognised Paul Davis, the vanished hunter.

"What the deuce does this mean, Davis?" Colonel Marsden shouted, in astonishment.

"That I want th' giant lizard's bones, colonel!" came down the mocking reply. "And all th' London Museum's reward!"

Then—boom! crash! Down the cliff-face an enormous boulder came thundering, followed quickly by others.

THE THIRD CHAPTER

The Giant Lizard!

"TAKE that, you treacherous cur!" yelled Bob.

Wildly the lad fired up at Davis and at the whooping savages, who could be seen striving to roll down more rocks. Colonel Marsden fired, too, but true aim was impossible, for small stones and rocks were leaping downwards in a growing avalanche.

"Run for it!" the colonel shouted furiously. "Those black scoundrels are Nchanga's warriors! Davis must have brought them round ahead of us!"

A desperate dash forward through the defile was the only course open to the party. As one, all hurled themselves forward, bent double from their waists, running for dear life.

Pandemonium reigned. Bob could hear the delighted whoops of the savages above, the howls of the terrified porters, and the thunder of falling rocks.

Whizz! Boom! Crash! Small and big boulders hurtled amongst the party. Some of the Swahili porters dropped their loads, others protected their heads with their burdens. One man crashed down, killed outright by a jagged boulder; and two more staggered, howling with the pain of injuries.

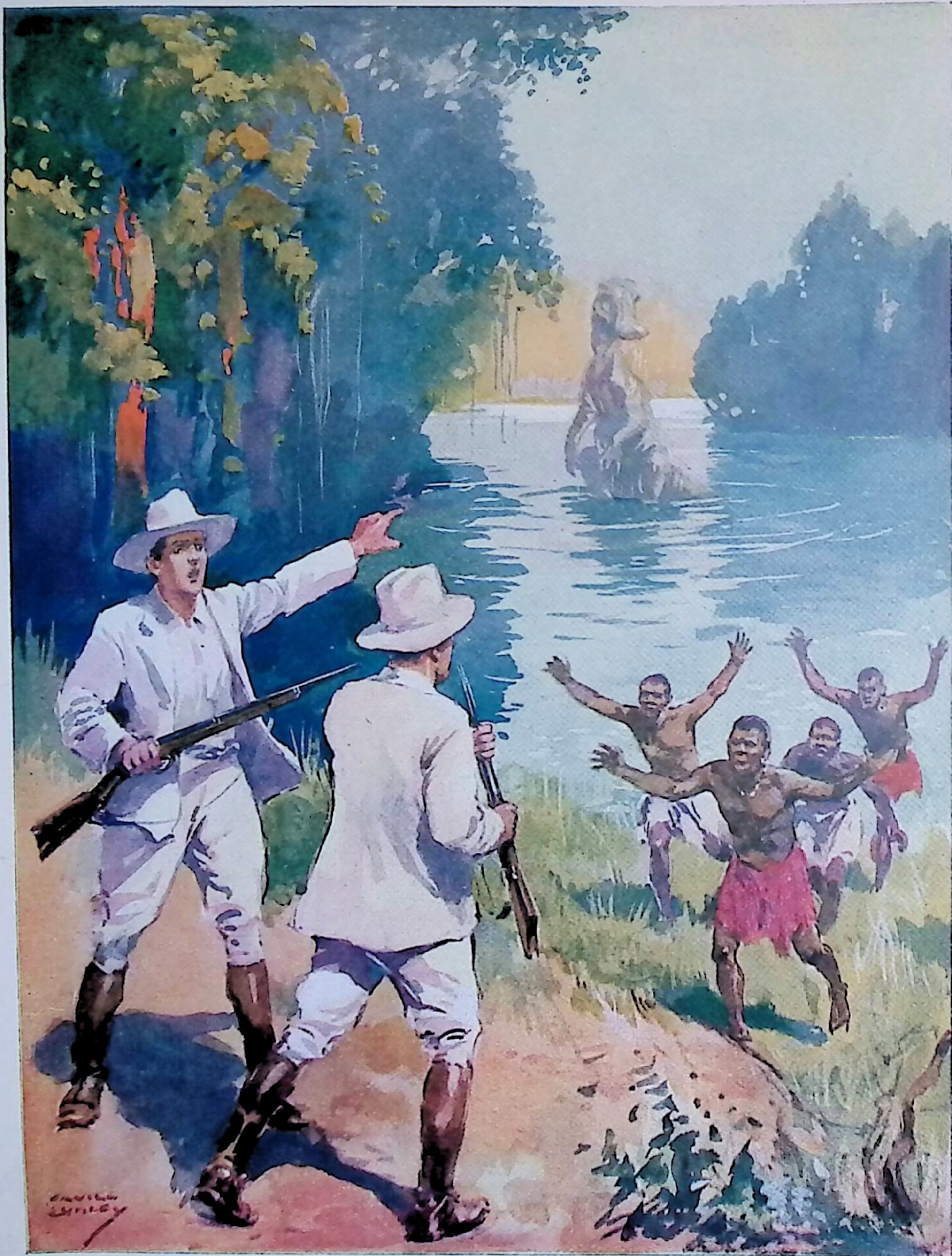
To Bob that desperate dash through the defile seemed endless. But at last the lad and his uncle, helping the injured porters, raced through to the shelter of the jungle beyond, with their yelling porters surging about them.

They had come through the rain of rocks and spears, and the angry yells of Nchanga's warriors were now faint behind them. But nearly all were bruised and wounded, and the party had lost several valuable loads of food and camp equipment.

"What a rotter Davis is!" Bob gasped. "We save him from those Arabs, and then he tries to scupper us, to grab all the reward for the prehistoric remains."

Colonel Marsden was livid with wrath, for now all was plain.

The American hunter was not crazed. Having seen the colonel's chart and learnt of the party's quest, he had deliberately stolen away in the night to fetch Nchanga's warriors.



Indeed, it was now clear that Davis was friendly with the cannibal chief, Nchanga. Had he not admitted that he was not scared of Nchanga's black soldiers—that, in fact, he had reckoned they might rescue him from the Arab slavers?

"I couldn't understand at first," Bob said as they struggled on through gloomy jungle, "but now I know what the rotter meant!"

"Yes, Bob, Davis must have some hold over Nchanga," Colonel Marsden returned. "We only reached that pass just in time. A few minutes later Davis's gang would have had tons of rocks ready for us. Push on quickly."

"You think they'll pursue, uncle?" Bob asked.

"Certainly, when they've collected more of their pals," was the grim reply. "Davis had only half a dozen men, but I bet he's sent runners to round up some more, and we'll be pursued right up to the lake."

The party pushed on as hard as possible through the hot, gloomy jungle, following an elephant path. The colonel knew that pursuit would be swift and grim.

Yet, once Lake Komi was reached, Nchanga's warriors would fear to come to close quarters, dreading the yarns of demons in that region.

"We must find the lake before those scoundrels catch us," said Colonel Marsden.

The party's porters hacked and thrust forward willingly. Being down-country natives, they were not scared of local savages' demon yarns. But they were very scared of a cannibal attack in their rear, and toiled on frantically.

Followed several hours of pushing through primeval forest, but eventually the party reached a small, muddy river. It was shallow, and they waded swiftly across it.

Bob and his uncle were now growing excited, for the river was another point on the colonel's chart.

And, some time later, through a gap in the leafy canopy above their heads, the colonel spotted the twin peaks of a huge, forested mountain outlined against the sky.

"That must be the mountain we want!" he cried delightedly. "Lake Komi is at its foot somewhere."

They noticed, too, as they toiled on, that the trees were taller; more light filtered down, and consequently it was much warmer. Ferns and other plants grew to prodigious size, and enormous butterflies flitted through glades.

Colonel Marsden and Bob were astonished at their unusual surroundings, at the strange scenery.

"Look at those trees, lad!" cried Colonel Marsden. "They must be nearly three hundred feet high—their trunks are in segments, like a telescope. By Jove, they're 'segilaria'!"

"What's that, uncle?" gasped Bob, craning his head back.

"Prehistoric trees, my boy!" said the colonel. "Why, this part of the world hasn't changed in a million years! It's the same as it was in the Jurassic period. No white man has ever set foot here before."

Bob was spellbound, feeling as though he had jumped right back into prehistoric times. The party struggled on through the weirdest jungle imaginable.

Of a sudden a shout burst from the colonel.

"A lake!" he cried. "It must be Lake Komi!"

A moment later the party emerged from the jungle, to find themselves on a stretch of yellow sand; the shore of a great lake, blue and sparkling in the sunlight. They could see dim jungle on the farther shore. On their right the ground sloped up, gradually forming a cliff.

All stood with bulging eyes for a moment before Bob found his voice.

"Where do we look for the giant lizard bones?" he asked.

"Maybe we'll find some along the shore, under that cliff yonder," replied Colonel Marsden. "But I tell you, my lad, we daren't stop to search with Davis's gang after us. We must cross this lake; probably there are skeletons on the other shore, too. And Nchanga's warriors won't dare try to follow us, fearing the demon yarns."

Bob saw the wisdom of his uncle's plan, and immediately the whole party set to work to hack down a great tree to form dug-out canoes.

Gozo and the other Swahili porters toiled at this work with frantic haste. At last a giant tree smashed down on the sand, and two crude canoes swiftly took shape beneath the flashing axes.

"Now in with you, Gozo, and the remaining baggage and half the porters," Colonel Marsden commanded his head man. "I and the young master will follow with the rest directly you are safely launched."

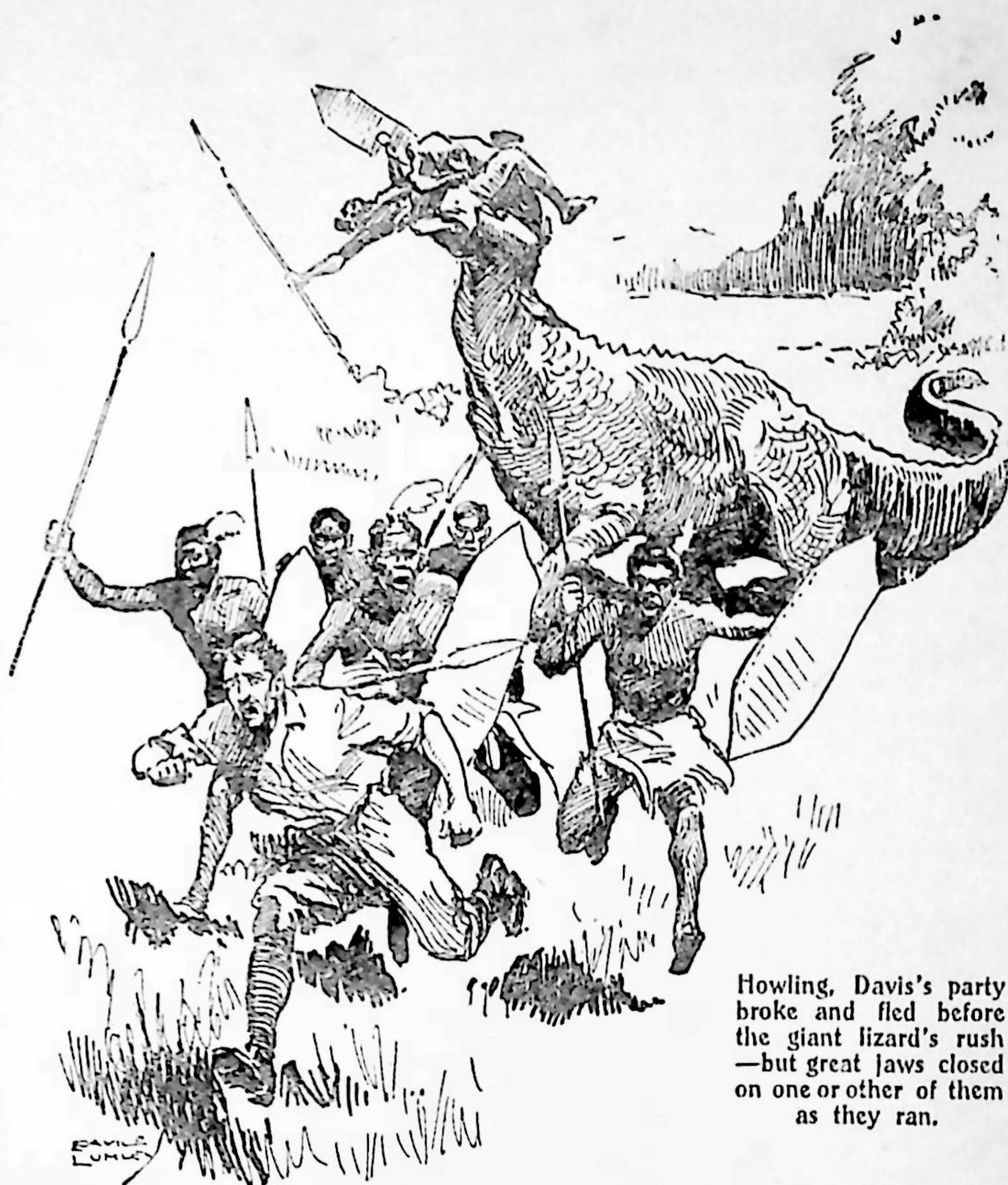
The colonel's plan was to cover this canoe, in case the treacherous Davis and Nchan-ga's savages arrived. He and Bob stood waiting by the second canoe, forming a rearguard with their rifles. Both watched the first canoe paddle briskly out on to the surface of the lake, manned by a score of porters, saw it draw well away from the sandy shore.

"Now we can follow, Bob," said Colonel Marsden, beckoning the remaining porters.

"Shove the boat——"

He broke off at the sound of a fearful cry that seemed to come from the centre of the lake. It was a whistling scream, eerily reverberating over the lake's surface.

Cries of astonishment burst from Bob and his uncle and yells of fear from the porters. Away out on the blue water all saw a black object rapidly approaching. A moment later



Howling, Davis's party broke and fled before the giant lizard's rush—but great jaws closed on one or other of them as they ran.

up into the air shot a gigantic, hideous head, on a tapering neck, to be followed by a huge scaly body.

"What the deuce!" yelled Bob.

"A giant lizard—a survivor from prehistoric times!" roared the colonel, astounded. "It's alive—Rex Tyrannosaurus itself!"

The whole party was spellbound. Bob could hardly believe that he was seeing a live giant lizard, a surviving monster of a prehistoric age.

With terrified howls the porters in the launched canoe hurled themselves out into the water and came swimming and plunging towards the shore. Then they came racing and howling up the sand to Bob and his uncle.

The giant lizard followed. With cavernous jaws wide, the monster plunged through the water, its upraised head black against the sun. It uttered a fearful noise as it approached the party.

"To the cliffs—quick!" roared Colonel Marsden. "There's caves up there! That monster can smash through jungle after us!"

Followed a wild dash along the sandy shore, the porters running and howling like mad. The party scrambled up the cliff-face, to where a cave offered protection. Three times in that dash had Bob turned and fired at the monster, but none of the bullets had had any effect on the animal.

From the cave the party saw the monster reach the shore, still making a frightful noise; saw it drag its vast bulk out on to the sand. Its plated body, dull green in colour, was shaped like a crocodile's, and its four pillar-like legs were about four feet high, while in rear a massive tail flopped about.

With a swift, waddling run the monster came charging up across the sand, bellowing and roaring.

Of a sudden, however, the party saw the monster whirl round. A moment later it dashed away along the sandy shore with uncanny speed. Colonel Marsden and Bob scrambled down from the cave to see what on earth had attracted the creature.

Then they uttered shouts of surprise and horror, for they saw a short, wiry white man and a party of about forty armed savages flying for their lives towards the jungle.

"It's Davis and Nchanga's warriors!" yelled Bob.

The newcomers were the American hunter and his cannibal allies. Too late they realised the terrible fate in store for them.

Howling, they broke and fled before the lizard's rush, but they were caught in twos and threes. Great jaws, armed with terrible teeth, snapped and closed on them as they ran.

The scene was a nightmare. Bob saw Davis and a dozen black warriors slain in terrible fashion. Then the shrieks ceased as the surviving cannibals vanished into the jungle.

But the monster did not pursue them farther. It swung round, and came lurching back towards Bob and his uncle, who were some feet below the cave. Seeing the terrible monster returning slowly, with its wicked eyes gleaming, Bob whipped his rifle to his shoulder, took a deep breath, and aimed for the gaping jaws.

That instant, with a whistling roar, the giant lizard lurched forward for another charge—as Bob fired.

Bang! His bullet sped straight between the scarlet jaws, and evidently crashed into the monster's brain, taking instant effect. There rang out one fearful screech, then the giant lizard fell, rolled over on its side, wriggling and thrashing the sand with its mighty tail. At last its struggles ceased, and it lay motionless. The demon of the lake was no more.

"Well done, my lad!" cried the delighted colonel. "You've killed it. You're the only fellow who has ever shot a prehistoric lizard!"

Down to the sand dashed the whole party, to examine the amazing animal. Then the porters went out and recovered the drifting canoe, from which the colonel seized his camera, to take photographs of the giant monster just slain. Finally, they took armour-plated scales and some of the larger bones, as further proof of their discovery, and started back for civilisation.

They passed safely through Nchanga's country, for chief Nchanga himself, as well as the villainous Davis, had been killed by the monster. On reaching civilisation Colonel Marsden well rewarded Gozo and the other porters, then he and Bob took ship for England.

"No, we found no skeleton of Rex Tyrannosaurus," the colonel reported, some weeks later, to the London museum. "We found a surviving specimen of the monster alive! and, by Jove, it's lucky for us it was alive, for a white scoundrel and forty cannibals were hot on our heels!"

He and Bob produced their proofs, to earn fame as discoverers, and several thousand pounds.

