

CAST AWAY ON A CANNIBAL ISLAND.

Our ship was becalmed off an island in the South Pacific when th' adventure of which I am about to tell you happened.

I was aloft tarring down th' rigging when th' lanyard holding th' tar-pot parted. Down tumbled th' pot, tar and all, right onto th' skipper who was on th' quarter-deck below. Soon's he'd scraped some of th' tar off his face, so's he could see, he ordered me down from aloft, punched me in th' eye, then turned me adrift in a boat and told me to get out of his sight.

Th' water swarmed with sharks. Before I was well away from th' ship, headin' for th' island, I had to beat them off to keep 'em from swampin' th' boat.

Early th' next mornin' I was close to th' island. As I was standin' up in th' bow of th' boat sizin' up th' shore—boom, a big wave filled

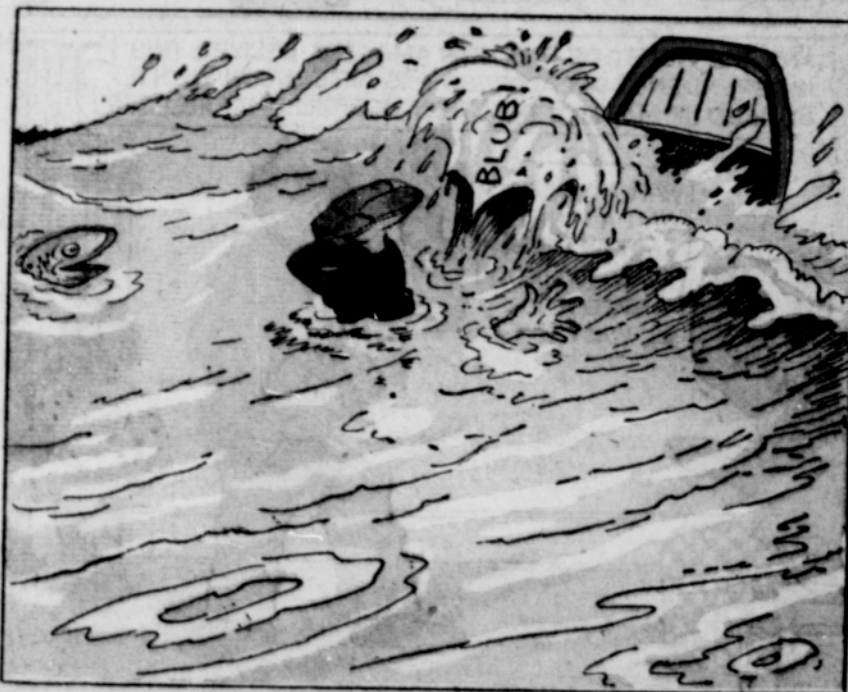
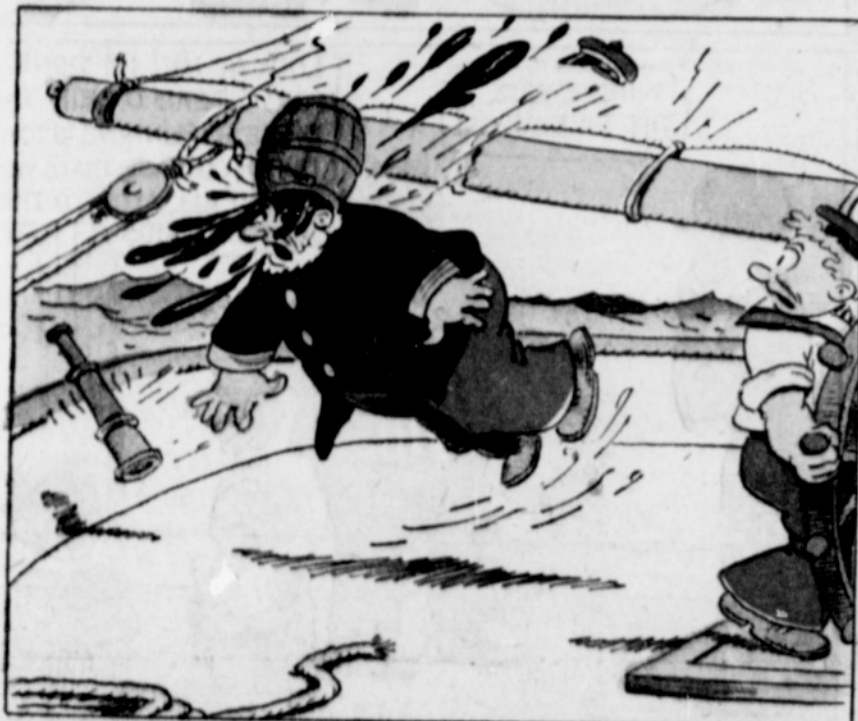
th' boat and dumped me out into th' water. But I was a good swimmer and got to land.

I was squintin' at th' thick jungle, wonderin' if cannibals were waitin' to grab me, when out stepped a big ape and headed for me. Well, s'r, I figgered that Bos'n Bill was done for.

I nearly keeled over with surprise when th' ape waddled up to me, took hold of my hand and grinned as friendly as you please. He kept jabberin' a word that sounded like woogie, so I named him Woogie.

I was pretty hungry, so I pointed to my mouth and rolled my eyes. Woogie got th' idea and shinned up a coco-palm for cocoanuts. I picked some bananas, and then we sat down to eat and to get acquainted. All at once—

But I'll tell you what happened then in my next yarn.



IT MAKES US SHIVER TO IMAGINE WHAT HAPPENS TO BILL IN HIS NEXT YARN. BR-R-R-!!

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