AN ADVENTUREA CROCODILE

One time I was huntin' in Africa. Th' natives of a village told me about a erocodile that had carried away many of their people. When they told me about th' little black youngsters that had been grabbed by that awful beast I made up my mind to get him.

off I started, with a native to show me where Mr. Crocodile lived. We'd just stepped ashore from th' dugout canoe, when over th' top of a log, a huge crocodile rared up, his big red mouth filled with long, sharp teeth.

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Well s'r, I was so flabbergasted, and I gripped
th' gun so hard, that it
went off in th' air. Over
th' log jumped th' crocodile, and up a tree went
th' native and I like a couple o' monkeys. Th' tree
was a small one. Th' crocodile squinted up at us for
a minute, and then strike
me pink if he didn't start
chewin' on th' trunk of th'
tree.

In no time at all th' tree commenced to quiver, and

then over it went. Th' minute th' tree hit th' ground th' native took to his heels and shinned up another tree. I was fightin' mad. Th' crocodile was headin' right for me, foam drippin' from his jaws. With a piece of broken limb from th' tree I waited for him. When he was square in front of me, his ugly jaws wide open, I rammed th' piece of limb into his mouth and jumped to one side.

Weil s'r, that piece of

Well s'r, that piece of limb propped old crocodile's mouth open so he couldn't bite. With th' native behind proddin' him with his spear, I rode on th' back of th' crocodile right into th' village. You bet th' natives made short work of that man-eater.

When th' native that had been with me told th' king what I had done, th' old boy offered to make me king of th' tribe. I squirmed out of that fix by tellin' him that I was bos'n of a bunch of shell-backs on board of a ship, so I could not take th' job.

























THIS ONE STARTED THE CLEVER, CRIMEAN MASSACRE

















