

QUEENSLAND BUSHMEN

One mornin' while Kangy, my kangaroo pal, was out in th' jungle eatin' his breakfast of green leaves, I was busy about our camp, gettin' ready to start for th' river where we were huntin' for gold.

All at once, from th' thick brush, a gruff voice commanded: "Stick 'em up, chum!" You bet my hands went up in a hurry. In a minute two of th' toughest lookin' customers I had ever seen stepped out and made for me. Before you could say Jack Robinson they had me tied hand and foot.

I was certain that these men were bushmen, th' white robbers of th' Queensland jungle. Sure enough, after they had bound me they went into th' grass house where Kangy and I lived and in a jiffy came out with th' bag of gold we had worked so hard to get. As I struggled to free myself

from th' ropes holdin' me those two rascals laughed in my face and then, takin' th' gold with them, started for th' deep jungle.

Just then there was a crash in th' brush near me and there was good old Kangy makin' for those robbers in great bounds. I almost had a fit when one of th' bushmen raised his gun and fired at my pal. But he missed, and th' next thing those fellers knew Kangy lit into 'em right and left with his big tail and long hind-legs. Those rascals couldn't stand up long against that kind of attack, so they made for th' jungle with Kangy after 'em.

Pretty soon Kangy came hoppin' back and ribbled in two th' ropes that were bindin' me. But th' robbers had our gold. In my next yarn I'll tell you how we caught th' robbers and recovered th' gold.



ALL ABOARD.
By INKO

SOME PEOPLE DONT PAY NO MORE ATTENTION TO YOU THAN A

STICK OF WOOD - GOSH DERN AND OTHER BAD WORDS.

LADY - HO LADY!

THIS IS THE SMOKING CAR. OH! GOODY,

HAVE YOU GOT A MATCH?