

THE CAPTURE OF KAMURA JACK



It was after th' Queensland robbers had stolen our gold that Kangy, my kangaroo pal, and I set out through th' jungle to capture 'em, and to recover our gold that we had washed out of th' river gravel.

For two days we followed th' trail of those ding-busted rascals. One afternoon, as we were forcin' our way through th' thick jungle, we were brought up standin' by a loud haw-haw-haw.

Makin' no more noise than a couple o' greased snakes, Kangy and I slipped through th' tangle of vines and creepers, expectin' every minute to catch sight of th' thieves. Then, right over my head, that crazy haw-haw-haw started again. I looked up, and there, perched on th' limb of a tree and givin' me th' merry eye, was a kookaburra, a bird of th' jungle that laughs like a man.

Just then, from behind a thicket of trees, came th' sound of gruff voices. Once more Kangy and I started creepin' through th' jungle. I was sure we were close to th' robbers.

Peerin' through th' leaves, we saw th' two men we were after sittin' near th' stump of a tree, dividin' th' gold.

With a long rope that I had with me I made a lasso, then slipped around behind th' rascals, and before you could say Jack Robinson I flipped th' loop over 'em and th' stump and soon had 'em tied up good.

Later, when we turned th' robbers over to th' police of a nearby town, we found out that one of 'em was Kamura Jack, a desperate outlaw, with a reward of two thousand dollars for his capture. So you see, Kangy and I not only recovered th' gold, but also got th' reward.



World Color Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

