

CAPTURING A WILD MAN

In my last yarn I told you about th' adventure with th' wild man on th' island of Borneo. Knowin' that he was a white man, Tops'l Barney and I figured that he had gone crazy in th' jungle, so we set out to capture him.

We'd just gotten well into th' deep woods when we had a close call from bein' captured by savage natives. Right after that, as we were slippin' along, watchin' for signs of th' crazy man, a whoppin' big serpent, with mouth open and hiss'n like an engine blowin' off steam, reared up in front of us. I could have shot him, but that would have brought th' savages back on our trail, so we got out of there in a hurry.

It was just after this that we heard th' crazy yell we knew so well. Tyin' a slip-noose in one end of a rope that he had brought with him, Barney covered it with

dirt in th' trail. Then we hid in th' grass and waited. When th' wild man hove in sight and stepped into th' loop, Barney jerked on th' rope and down he went.

When we got out to th' trail we found that th' poor feller's head had struck a rock, and we thought for sure that he was dead. But in a minute or two he sat up, and he wasn't crazy any more. Th' bump on his head had cured him. Then he told us that he was a French sailor; that he had swum ashore after his ship had been wrecked, and that th' loneliness and danger in th' jungle had driven him crazy.

Well s'r, when he found that we had saved him, he was so tickled he grabbed hold of Barney and kissed him on both cheeks. I tell you it was worth all th' risks we had taken to see th' expression on Barney's face.



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