

to tell it, he stooped again—this time to pick up a stone. He never touched that stone, for I was right on top of him, and sent him head over heels. It would have been comparatively easy to have finished the fight there and then, but I had no intention of letting him off so cheaply. An ordinary lesson was not good enough for Crocodile.

“Get up,” I cried to him, “and if you try to pick up a stone again, I’ll break your neck!”

This time he made a rush that reminded me of a wounded tiger. Again I sent him sprawling—this time on his back.

He was up in a moment, and, regardless of what he might receive in the way of fistic punishment, rushed at me with outstretched arms.

I stepped aside, caught him by the left wrist, gave it a sharp twist, and next moment he gave a howl like that of a wild animal, and was once more upon his back.

“Get up,” I cried. “It really makes me ashamed to fight a fellow like you. You are altogether too stupid. I will let you go away now if you want to. If you desire to fight more, I may really hurt you.”

If looks could kill I would have been a dead man. The spectators had become wonderfully quiet; they had never seen anything like it in their lives.

Then something happened that very nearly turned the scales completely in Crocodile’s favour. I think it must have been someone who either was incensed against me as a white man, or who desired to ingratiate himself with Crocodile, for a boomerang was thrown into the arena so that it fell at the feet of the savage. Next moment he had picked it up,