

the spectators. Moreover, he did not intend that I should make fun of him this time by allowing the spear to pass between my legs.

I kissed my hand to the missile as it whizzed past my head, which I had simply jerked to one side. Next moment there was a terrible howl of anguish from an unfortunate spectator who hitherto had been a noisy applauder. The spear had caught him on the shoulder, and transfixed him. A roar of mingled consternation, amusement, and indignation arose from the spectators.

"You clumsy fool!" I cried to Crocodile. "You should not be trusted with spears. Go back and practise throwing trial-sticks with the piccanninies."

A decided revulsion of feeling set in with the crowd, and I honestly believe the unfortunate Crocodile would have been instantly lynched if I had not interfered.

"Leave him to me," I cried. "I claim him as my adversary. I will teach the careless fellow a lesson."

But even now with his remaining spears he ought to have found me an easy victim. Fortunately, my jeers and those of the crowd had the effect I had been working for, and he lost control over himself. He began to launch his missiles at me recklessly. I caught the club as if it were a cricket bat, and began to stop his spears. I had always been a keen batsman, but I never put my soul into my work as I did now. I was thoroughly on my mettle. Calling upon him to put some life into his work, I caught spear after spear on my club, and, of course, they smashed against the hard ironwood. He gradually worked