

of a thick-set thorn-bush, a shrub that is a veritable vegetable porcupine with the additional faculty of producing an irritating sore wherever the flesh is wounded by one of the thorns. He gave way a little, and Parker, seizing the opening, put forth all his strength to force his man to the ground. With a quick sideward lurch Crocodile had Parker off his balance, and the next moment the white man was swung backwards into the thorn-bush.

Madge sprang to Parker's assistance, for Crocodile was already stooping to grasp a stone. The trooper had hardly risen to his feet when it caught him in the chest, leaving a bruise that lived for weeks to rankle as a reminder of the black's strength. Missing a second tumble into the thorns by barely a foot, Parker pulled himself together and settled down to business.

Five minutes only elapsed before Crocodile, very sore and very sad, hung over the three-rail fence like a wet rag on a clothes-line.

"'Ad enough?" demanded the trooper triumphantly. "If not, there's more waiting."

Crocodile looked at him out of the only eye he could get open; then he sank to the ground, wriggled under the lower rail of the fence, and painfully dragged himself to the shelter of a patch of scrub. At the edge of the scrub he regained his feet.

"By-en-by, white fellow, by-en-by. My word, you catch it plenty!"

A stick he had picked up whizzed through the air straight for Parker's head as the black vanished into the scrub. Fortunately it struck the branch of