

his head. Pausing for a moment to sort the bridle, Crocodile passed, as he thought, out of the range of Barney's eyes and turned in his stride so as to come up under the horse's flank. He had come near enough to reach out his hand ready to grasp Barney by the mane, when that astute animal expressed his views on the subject. With a propping jump on his forelegs and a swing of his hind quarters, Barney had his victim well within reach of a lashing kick. The black, intent only on the movements of the horse's head, took a step forward; the off-side hind leg shot out and Crocodile measured his length on the ground.

Scrambling to his feet he shouted out: "Baal that fellow any good; my word, me plenty soon gif it what about."

Madge, leaning on the slip-rails, warned him to be careful, and Parker, who had come up, stood in the shade of a thick-growing wattle, awaiting developments.

They arrived rapidly. Crocodile made a rush at the horse, and was again caught by a flying hoof which struck him fairly in the chest. After Crocodile had been twice kicked in the ribs by Barney, and had once been within an ace of having his skull fractured, he managed somehow to secure the discriminating animal. Two minutes later, when he had let down the slip-rails, and vaulted on the captive's back, he felt as if the end of the world had come. He was sent flying through the air and to Mother Earth again. No white man could have survived that smash, but a black, like a cat, takes a lot of killing. As Barney galloped off round the paddock,