

cloth; for mind you, lads, I'll have no indiscriminate shooting, and I don't want any guns going off prematurely. So not a man of you fires till I give the signal."

"And that?" muttered Lutz.
"Listen," said Vacca. "I shall be sitting as I am now, with my gun across my knees, and presently I shall lay it down on the sand. That's your sign to be ready. Then you'll hear me say very slowly, 'So Mister Consul, you mustn't be surprised if I take what belongs to me. *What belongs to me.*' That's your signal. Then you let fly."

"I think," said Lutz in a whisper, "I hear someone now."
Vacca, who had been speaking in a guarded undertone, gestured his scoundrels to slip their arms out of sight. Then he turned, to perceive the bearded man in white ducks.

He was coming under the blossoms, swinging his cane, and behind him the two who had accompanied him in the morning. He showed no dismay at the muster, but, advancing to Vacca, said quietly: "I have come for the Britishers."

"Ah!" uttered Vacca, resting his gun on his knees. "You propose to take them back to your gunboat, I reckon." He crooked a finger at Pedro. "Bring them out," he commanded.

Then, with Mr Deedwinnick and Captain Ben at their head, the whole of them were brought and lined up in the sunshine. Their arms had been lashed securely behind their backs at the elbows, and from ankle to ankle of each a short length of rope had been fastened, which caused them to move awkwardly with hobbling steps. Then of a sudden the beach grew unnaturally still.

"Unbind them," the stranger said next. He had one hand in the pocket of his white jacket. And Lutz, who had observed this, sidled close up to him. Crooked like talons, Lutz's fingers seemed ready to spring.

"Unbind them!" echoed Vacca, placing his gun down and drawing out his pipe and a pouch of tobacco. "Unbind them!" he repeated in a harsh voice, while he scanned his motionless followers under his eyebrows. "America's a long way off, Mister Consul."

"But it needs a longer step to defy law and order," the stranger answered.
"Law and order!" said Vacca, still leering round with his eyes. "Law and order's a capital thing, I allow, but five

Continued in the last column

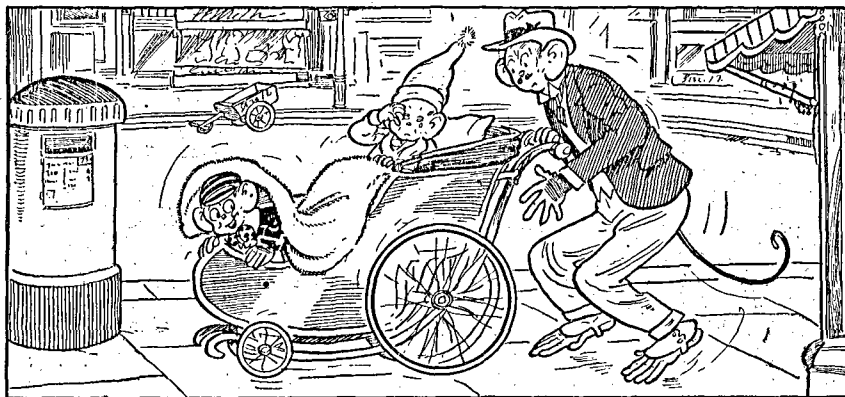
JACKO HAS A GAME WITH ADOLPHUS

ONE day when the sun was shining Jacko was sent out to take his little brother for a run in the park.

Poor Baby was just getting over a cold, so he was tucked up warm and snug in his perambulator, with a big bearskin rug over his knees.

No sooner had he disappeared than back came Jacko. He was grinning all over his face.

"Ssh! Don't say a word," he whispered. "We'll have a lark with Adolphus." And, pulling back the rug, he jumped into the perambulator and



"You've got nothing to howl about," said Adolphus, crossly

As they went along the High Street a loud gramophone was playing one of Jacko's favourite records.

Jacko left the perambulator on the edge of the pavement and went up to the shop door to listen.

Just then round the corner came Big Brother Adolphus, looking very smart and la-di-da.

"Hallo, Baby!" he cried. "What, all alone! Where's Jacko?"

Baby shook his head.

"Do you mean to say he's left you here all alone?" exclaimed Adolphus indignantly. "The young scamp! He ought to be ashamed of himself. Wait till I run across and post this letter," he promised, "and I'll take you home."

And off he went to the post office.

squeezed himself down by his little brother's feet.

Then he dragged the rug over him till you couldn't see so much as the tip of his cheeky nose.

As Adolphus strode out of the post office he was beginning to wish he hadn't been quite so quick with his promise. Suppose any of his friends should see him wheeling a perambulator! Terrible thought!

Looking anxiously up and down the street, he was hurrying along when he noticed that Baby was crying.

"You've nothing to howl about," he said crossly. "You're not lost now."

"I'm not crying because I'm lost," sobbed Baby. "I'm crying because Jacko is sitting on my feet."

million dollars' worth of pearls is a better. So, Mister Consul"—he raised his tones, made them deliberate—"so Mister Consul," he repeated, lingering upon each word, "you mustn't be sur—"

"Mark Deedwinnick!"
It rang in a scream from Lutz, whose face had turned whiter than chalk; he was staring at the stranger as at one returned from the dead. "This is Mark Deedwinnick!" he screamed again. "Strike him down, Vacca!"

This released all the elements of a considerable confusion and of that indiscriminate play of firearms which the Portuguese dreaded; but Vacca kept his head.

"Hold hard, Lutz!" he roared. And as the bearded man pulled out a pistol and his two companions drew automatics as well, "And you, Mr Mark Deedwinnick, if that's your name, hold, sir! There's no need to be any shooting. We've not fallen out yet. I'll unbind your friends in a moment—listen to me first!" And thus saying, Vacca lifted his gun from the sand, again laid it down, and gave a significant glance at his impatient followers. Then he moistened his lips with his tongue, and said very clearly and slowly: "You'll not be surprised if I take—"

But again he stopped, for Pedro had plucked at his elbow and was pointing an outflung arm at the sea. Pedro whispered: "It's one of their ships! We must wait!"

But his words were lost on the rest; every eye was turned seaward. For a little vessel could be perceived making the bay.

She came racing on, the water in spume at her bows; then she heve to and they saw her lower a boat. There were two men at the oars and one in the stern sheets, who, ere the boat barely seemed to have passed the three craft at anchor, made a leap into the water and came splashing through it, till his feet were firm on the sand. Then he dropped into a walk and came straight up the beach.

Vacca made a sign to his men to keep still.

The person who had appeared with such scanty decorum was a chubby-looking little man with round features. Without glancing to right or left and uttering no word, he stepped to the Portuguese and stood gazing up at him mildly, his legs apart, his hands pressed into the small of his back. Then he gave a prim little cough. "Mr Vacca, sir, I believe?" he uttered politely.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Baked Jam Roll!
Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET

makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—
crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple
to make—only three-quarters of an hour's baking
with 'ATORA.'

RECIPE

½ lb. Flour.
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.
¼ lb. Shredded 'Atora.'
Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted).
Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (scaling up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot.
Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

