

# *The* MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY,  
Week Ending April 14th, 1928.

No. 10.  
Vol. 1.

2<sup>d</sup>



*The SHIP  
of the FUTURE!  
See Page 5*



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# King of the



By SIR ALAN COBHAM and C. HAMILTON.

## THE CAPTURE OF THE DAWN!

**T**HE beach-comber sat up in the bottom of the canoe, rubbed his bleared eyes, and stared about him dizzily.

He had gone to sleep under the palm-tree on the beach at Lalinge. He awakened in the gliding canoe, with the vast Pacific heaving round him, and the blazing sky overhead. He stared at the dusky Ysabel men, sweating at the paddles, and they grinned at him. He stared at Bully Samson, sitting grim with the unlighted cigar between his teeth.

Samson had discarded the white ducks lent him by John Chin, in which he had landed on Lalinge. He was dressed in the red sarong and huge plaited grass-hat to which he had been accustomed on the deck of the Shark. He looked a strange and terrible figure, his tobacco-stained teeth, gripping the cigar, showing through his thick black beard. He gave the beach-comber no heed; his eyes were fixed on a speck across the heaving sea—a speck that grew larger and larger as the Ysabel men plied their paddles. It was the summit of the mountain of Faloo upon which Samson's eyes were fixed.

"Say, what's this feller game?" muttered the beach-comber dazedly.

Samson glanced at him. "You're going back to Faloo," he said.

The beach-comber sat bolt upright in alarm.

"You're sailing with Cap'n Samson now. Keep where you are, and don't give trouble."

Donlan shrank back. Evidently he knew the name of the bully of the Shark.

"Bully Samson?" he muttered

"How did I get into this canoe?"

"I chucked you in."  
"By gum! You ain't taking me to Faloo, captain?" The beach-comber stared round over the sea, and shivered at the sight of the summit of the volcano far across the curling waves. "I tell you, I don't dare to

go back to Faloo. It's the cooking-oven for me if I set foot on the beach. I tell you, Ta'a'ava was after me when I got away—they caught me rooting about after Mafoo's sack of sovereigns. If I hadn't got off to Lalinge, my head would be smoking now under the banyan. You ain't taking me back to Faloo?"

Bully Samson did not trouble to answer.

"You feller boy, you washy-washy too much quick!" he rapped out, and the black paddlers redoubled their efforts. The long canoe fairly flew over the waters.

The beach-comber staggered to his feet.

"I tell you, I ain't going back to Faloo!" he exclaimed huskily. "Even King of the Islands hasn't more than a dog's chance, with the niggers up."

Samson grinned.  
"And you sent him there after Mafoo's treasure, knowing that the niggers were up and he hadn't a dog's chance," he said.

"He might have pulled it off, and it was a share for me if he did," muttered the wretched wreck of a man. "King of the Islands knows his way about. He's got nerve. But I ain't going back to Faloo."

Crash!  
Bully Samson's heavy,

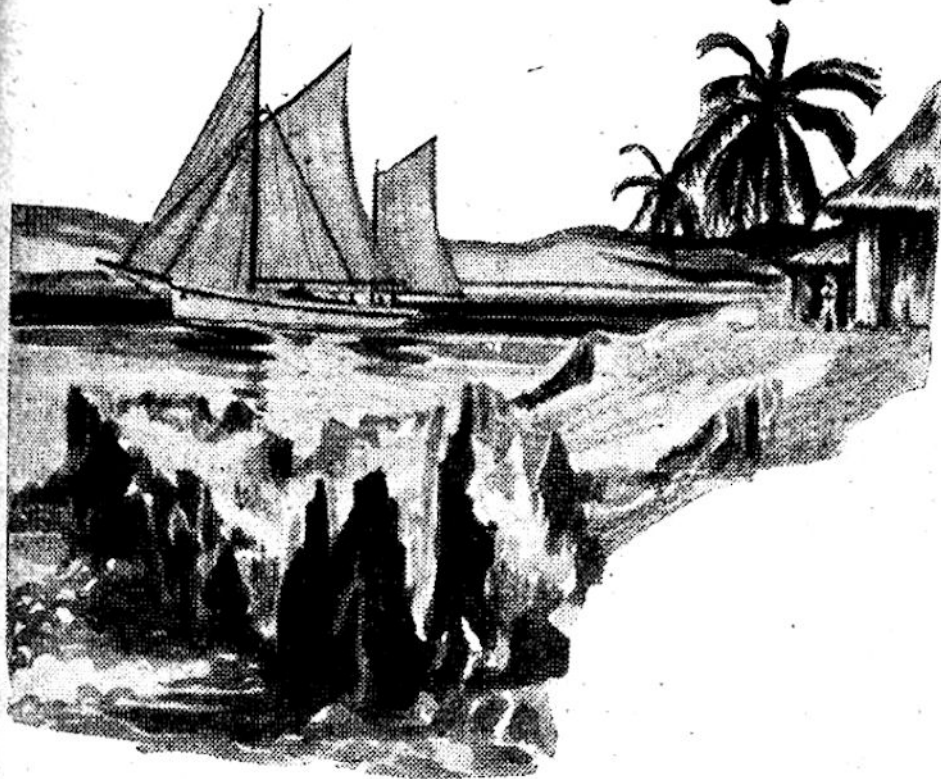
**KEN KING**, known as King of the Islands, trading in the South Seas in his ketch, the Dawn, rescues Kit Hudson, an Australian boy, from a rascally skipper called Bully Samson. Ken sinks Samson's boat, and maroons him and his crew on a lonely island. Kit becomes mate of the Dawn. At Lalinge they learn from Donlan, a beach-comber, of hidden gold on the island of Faloo, and go after it. Ken, Kit, and Koko, a native, trapped on the island, are rescued by a seaplane which offers to put them aboard the Dawn, which is standing-by in the lagoon. But when the plane reaches the lagoon the Dawn has vanished! Meanwhile, Samson is rescued, and taken to Lalinge, where, learning that King is held up on Faloo, he charts a canoe, and with Donlan aboard races to the island.

(Now read on.)

# Islands!

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hairy fist shot out, and the beach-comber dropped into the bottom of the canoe again.

The skipper of the Shark glared down at him.

"Not enough?" he snarled.

The beach-comber only gasped.

"You're coming to Faloo with me," said Bully Samson. "I've heard the yarn you spun up and down the beach at Lalinge. You know where to lay hands on Mafoo's sack of sovereigns; only you let the niggers scare you off, and sent King of the Islands after it. The niggers have got King of the Islands and his Australian mate—I guess they're kai-kai long ago. You're going to show me where Mafoo hid the tapa sack full of sovereigns."

The beach-comber groaned.

"It's under the devil-doctor's tree—where they smoke the dead men's heads. It's taboo—it's death to go there!"

Samson laughed contemptuously.

"You're going to death," whined the beach-comber. "I tell you, you'll never get away in this canoe if they sight you. They've got sailing canoes on Faloo that would make rinds round your paddlers."

"I guess we shall be on board a craft that will show a clean stern to any canoe they've got!" grunted Samson.

"I tell you—"

"Belay it!"

Samson's brawny fist clenched

again, and the wretched man relapsed into silence.

Samson's eyes searched the wide sea. Far in the distance, beyond the mountain of Faloo, there was a haze against the brilliant sunlight. In the cloudless sky overhead there was not a speck; but Samson knew the meaning of that drift of lacy mist on the far horizon. Many a long league distant a sea-fog blotted the Pacific—a mass of vapour so clearly defined that the edge of it rose almost like a perpendicular cliff. Where it lay and rolled, there was burning sunshine within a few yards of dense fog.

But the floating fog was still far distant—far beyond Faloo. It was rolling up, Samson knew by the faint, almost imperceptible signs on the horizon. But he had ample time to reach Faloo before the fog was near enough to blot out the island.

He shouted again and again to the sweating paddlers, urging them to greater efforts, while the beach-comber lay cowering. Higher and higher rose the mountain; and the belt of forest came into sight, and the dazzling beach and the coral reef, with the Pacific rollers creaming over it. Samson steered for the opening of the lagoon, and his eyes blazed at the sight of a ketch idle in the lagoon, her canvas reefed.

"The Dawn!" he said.

The canoe glided through the passage in the reefs into the shining lagoon. On the beach, Gideon Gee

was standing in the doorway of his bungalow, staring across the lagoon. But Samson did not glance shoreward. His gleaming eyes were fixed on King of the Islands' ship.

There lay the Dawn, guarded only by the Hiva-Oa crew, if what he had heard at Lalinge was true. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson, his mate, were in the hands of the cannibals—dead or alive, Samson cared little. If they were still ashore, that was all he wanted. The Hiva-Oa men were nothing to him. Five Polynesian natives were not worth a thought, in the eyes of the black-bearded South Sea ruffian. But had matters changed since news from the savage island of Faloo had been received at Lalinge?

Samson's face was tense.

If King of the Islands was on board the ketch, his attempt was hopeless. A bullet from a Winchester would knock him over before he could set foot on the Dawn. He had to take the risk. With a revolver gripped in his brawny hand, he watched the ketch with savage eyes, as the ceaseless strokes of the paddles drove the canoe nearer and nearer.

Dark faces stared at the canoe over the teak rail of the Dawn. No white face was to be seen.

Samson's bronzed face broke into a grin.

"Washy-washy too plenty quick!" he snarled. "You lay canoe along white feller ship, you savvy."

The Ysabel men paddled on.

The Hiva-Oa men stared blankly at the black-bearded ruffian. They had last seen him when King of the Islands had marooned him on Talopa. Lompo had a rifle in his hand; but he did not lift it towards Bully Samson. The Hiva-Oa men would have fired on blacks who had attempted to approach the ketch. But firing on a white man was a very different matter—though they could have had no doubt that Bully Samson's intentions were hostile to their master.

The canoe ranged alongside the Dawn. Over the low teak rail was scarcely more than a stride to the long-limbed skipper of the Shark.

His heavy tramp rang on the polished deck.

Lompo and Danny and the others stared at him wonderingly, uneasily; but without lifting a hand—without even thinking of lifting a hand. "Feller white master" was sacred in the eyes of the Hiva-Oa crew.

Bully Samson grinned sourly.

He knew what to expect if King of the Islands and Kit Hudson were not on board. He knew that the mere terror of his look would be enough for the natives from Hiva-Oa—without the heavy revolver that

# King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

was gripped in his hand; and which he was, however, fully prepared to use at a sign of resistance. But there was no hint of resistance; only fear in the looks of the Hiva-Oa natives.

Samson glanced down into the canoe.

"You feller boy, you sling white feller beach-comber along ship plenty quick."

Donlan, grasped by the Ysabel men, was tossed like a sack of copra on the deck of the Dawn. He sprawled there panting, eyed with contempt even by the Hiva-Oa men, "white master" as he was, or had been. There was little of the white man left about Donlan now.

Bully Samson snapped an order to the Ysabel men, and the canoe paddled out of the lagoon, on its long return trip to Lalinge. Bully Samson had done with the hired canoe now—he was on board the Dawn, to sink or swim with her. The Ysabel men cast fearful glances towards the beach and the high bush of Faloo as they paddled away for the open sea; and they lost no time in getting clear of the island. For a radius of a hundred miles and more it was known that the blacks on Faloo were "up"; and while that state of affairs obtained, the vicinity of the island was dangerous. The Ysabel men paddled swiftly till the canoe was a mile out from the reef; after which they idled their way back to Lalinge at their leisure.

Bully Samson breathed hard and deep with satisfaction as he trod the deck of the Dawn. King of the Islands had sunk his schooner—now he was master of King of the Islands' ketch.

He had a sound, swift craft under his feet—and a crew that would obey his orders, from fear if not from love. To stand out to sea and make sure of his capture was his first thought—later, when matters had calmed down a little on Faloo, to return and make the attempt to lift Mafoo's sack of sovereigns, guided by the beach-comber.

Fortune was smiling at last on the skipper of the Shark. He could not take a stolen craft into a white man's port—but the Pacific was wide.

"You feller boy!" rapped Samson.

"Yes, sar," said Lompo.

"Where feller King of the Islands and other white feller?"

"Along island, sar."

"Kill dead along niggers?"

"Yes, sar, me tinkee."

Samson laughed grimly.

"You've got a new skipper now. Savvy? Me captain along Dawn, you feller boy belong me, you 'bey orders plenty quick."

"Yes, sar."

And Bully Samson, in undisputed authority on board King of the Islands' ketch, rapped out orders, the sails were shaken out, and the South Sea ruffian at the wheel, steered the Dawn through the reefs into the open sea.

Away in the west, the wall of sea-

fog was advancing; clearer now to the view, blotting out the horizon. Samson eyed it; still many miles distant, but he knew well the dangers of a fog at sea—one of the most terrible dangers that can fall to the lot of the men who go down to the sea in ships. But his attention was taken from the distant bank of fog by a sudden startled howl from Danny.

"Which way you feller boy sing out?" demanded Samson angrily.

Danny pointed with a trembling finger to the sky.

Back towards the island, astern of the fleeing ketch, there was a deep drone wafted on the wind, and a gleaming shape flitted against the blue. The Hiva-Oa men stared at it in stupefaction, letting go sheet and halyard in their amazement. Samson stared at it, as amazed as the crew; the beach-comber sat up, shaded his bleared eyes with his hands, and blinked at the seaplane.

"A seaplane!" muttered Samson.

"Here in the islands—by gosh!"

"Feller ship belong sky!" gasped Lompo.

Bully Samson stared at the plane.

He was amazed to see a plane so far from the Australian mainland, and from the first sight of it, it gave him a feeling of uneasiness. It was fleeting directly from Faloo, as straight as an arrow on the track of the Dawn, as if in pursuit. Samson had never seen the plane before—he had not known that there was any aircraft within six hundred miles; yet he gazed up at the seaplane with tense disquietude. The "ship belong sky" was in pursuit of the ketch—he was sure of it. Like an arrow it flew, and the deep drone of the engine sounded deeper and deeper. It came from the island—and it was in chase. Was it possible—

It seemed wildly impossible that King of the Islands could have been picked up by the seaplane; yet why was the plane running down the ketch, a mere speck fleeting on the boundless sea? The conviction was borne in upon the freebooter's mind that he was being run down by an enemy—by an enemy he could never hope to elude, an enemy that could speed a hundred knots to the Dawn's ten. His teeth set hard, biting through the stump of the cigar.

He dragged at the wheel. He yelled orders to the Kanakas in so ferocious a voice that they forgot even their wonder and fear of the gleaming plane in the sky. Right before the wind, every stitch of canvas set and drawing, the Dawn flew—and the sea-fog, which Bully Samson had eyed before with uneasy fear, was now his only hope of refuge and escape.

The Dawn fled wildly towards the great bank of fog that was rolling up from the west.

## HUNTED FROM THE AIR.

**K**ING of the Islands gritted his teeth.

"Bully Samson! The hound!" "Bully Samson!" repeated Hudson blankly.

"Him feller Samson no stop along

Talofa, him feller Samson steal ship belong King of the Islands," muttered Kaio-lalulalonga, in wonder.

Ken stared down at the Dawn.

There was no mistaking the huge figure in the red sarong, with the thick black beard, standing at the helm, grasping the spokes.

It was Bully Samson, whom King of the Islands had marooned on the atoll half way to Tahiti. Bully Samson, on board the Dawn, and in command of it. Why the ketch had put to sea was explained now.

How Bully Samson had come to Faloo was a mystery to Ken. But there he was, fleeing with the vessel he had seized.

Ken's eyes blazed at the freebooter.

"He's alone. I reckon." Hudson

had the glasses on the Dawn again.

"His black crew are not with him—they wouldn't be below, and they're not on deck. Your men are taking his orders, Ken. There's a white man sprawling under the whaleboat—by the holy smoke, it's that beach-comber we left at Lalinge. Samson has been to Lalinge, then."

Ken breathed hard.

"She's moving," he said. "Bully Samson can sail a ship, hang him! But it's a walk-over for this plane, all the same."

"You bet," chuckled Hudson.

"Ship along sky he go plenty too quick, sar," said Koko. "Massa Ken catchee, sponse fog he no come."

"Fog!" repeated Ken.

Where the seaplane glided all was brilliant light, and all eyes had been fastened on the fleeing ketch. King of the Islands had not noticed, or heeded, the wall of fog that blotted out the west. But he noted it now.

"My sainted Sam! He's running for the fog!" exclaimed Ken. "He's seen us, and he guesses—"

"I reckon he can't know we're on the plane; but he's taking no chances," said Hudson.

Callender, the airman, stared down at the ketch, and then looked at King of the Islands.

"You know that merchant?" he asked.

"It's Bully Samson, the blackest ruffian in the Pacific!" said Ken, between his teeth. "He's stolen my ship and taken her out of the lagoon. You'll run her down?"

"Easy."

Ken grasped his rifle.

"Give me a chance at the scoundrel, and he will wish he had stayed marooned on Talopa!" he muttered.

Fast flew the fleeing ketch, rushing recklessly at the wall of sea-fog, heedless of the perils that lurked among the banks of vapour. It was Bully Samson's only chance, and he was taking the risk. But fast as the Dawn flew, the plane flew faster, and the drone of her engine became a roar in the ears of Bully Samson.

The black-bearded face was convulsed with rage as it stared upward. As if he could see and recognise King of the Islands in the observer's seat, Bully Samson stared at him with gleaming eyes. The plane was flying low now, huge to the staring eyes below, and almost over the tapering masts and bellying canvas of the ketch.

From the rushing plane, Bully Samson's glance swept to the west. The wall of fog was close now, and it was rolling towards the ketch—rolling slowly like a moving cliff. A few minutes more—if a few minutes were granted him and—

Bang!

The seaplane had slowed down; the Dawn was overtaken now.

The bullet struck the teak deck and glanced off over the rail, passing within a foot of Bully Samson.

It was a warning to heave to.

Bully Samson did not heed the warning. Had the rifle-shot struck him, he would not have heeded it. His grip did not relax on the wheel, which he could not have released at that moment without instant disaster to the ketch and certain capture in consequence.

"You feller boy!" he roared to Lompo.

"Yes, sar?"

"You takee wheel, you keepee ketch along fog, you savvy."

Lompo took the skipper's place at the wheel.

Bang!

A bullet from the plane narrowly missed Bully Samson as he quitted the wheel and dodged into cover of the rail.

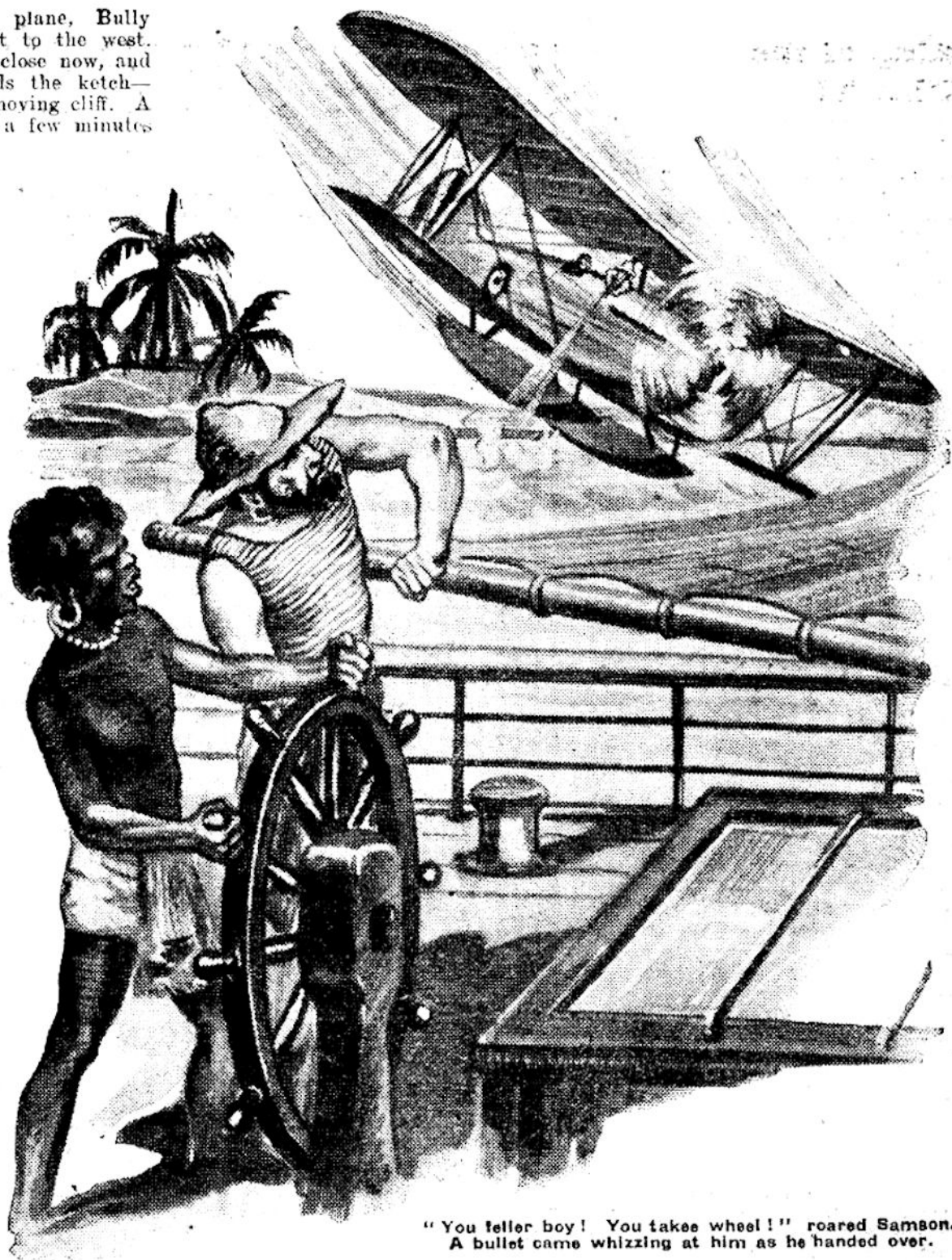
Lompo held on his course, his eyes rolling from the fog ahead to the plane above. Lost in wonder, Lompo realised that King of the Islands was in the "ship belong sky," and that he was firing on the freebooter who had seized his ketch. But Lompo did not think of disputing Bully Samson's orders. His fuzzy native brain had room for only one idea at a time; and he was under Samson's command now. And the bully of the Shark, crouching near him with a revolver gripped in his hand, and the snarl of a wild beast on his black-bearded face, was not to be disobeyed with impunity. A bullet through the brain would have been Lompo's penalty had he swerved a hair's-breadth from the course set him by Bully Samson.

Bang, bang, bang!

Bullets from the plane were searching out Bully Samson; the fog was perilously close now.

The ruffian grinned savagely.

King of the Islands could have



"You feller boy! You takee wheel!" roared Samson. A bullet came whizzing at him as he handed over.

brought the ketch to fast enough by dropping the helmsman with a bullet, but Samson had calculated on his unwillingness to shoot down one of his own men.

Bang!

A bullet scored along Samson's shoulder as he crouched, and he gritted his teeth as he felt the warm blood running down his bare arm. King of the Islands was shouting now, but his voice was lost in the wind and the buzz of the engine. But had the Hiva-Oa men heard him, they would not have turned on the ferocious ruffian. Not unless a bullet struck down Bully Samson, dead or disabled, on the deck, would the Polynesian crew have turned on him.

It was a matter of seconds now.

Samson, crouching in cover, knew that all his huge bulk was not covered, and King of the Islands was a crack shot with the rifle, even in such difficult circumstances.

Another bang—and it was only an instinctive movement that saved Bully Samson from the lead. As it was, the bullet grazed his head, tearing away the grass hat.

The next—

A yell of triumph burst hoarsely from the South Sea ruffian. The blue sky, the blue sea, the gleaming plane vanished like a mirage! Light was replaced by deep gloom, almost darkness, as the ketch rushed headlong into the fog-bank.

Bully Samson leaped to his feet, the perspiration pouring down his bronzed, bearded face.

Fog wrapped the ketch like a blanket.

From somewhere—he could not tell where, once the fog had wrapped the vessel—echoed the deep drone of the seaplane. Sharper rang the rifle, firing impotently into the fog.

It was the narrowest escape of

(Continued on page 16.)

# King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 13.)

Bully Samson's wild life; but he had escaped.

He panted for breath, and shook his huge clenched fist in the direction of the buzzing plane—so far as his ears could tell him the direction. Sky and sea were blotted out. He could scarcely make out Lompo at the wheel. He could not see the top-sails of the ketch, still bellying in the wind through the fog; the Hiva-Oa seamen loomed like spectres of the mist. Bully Samson laughed aloud in glee. Fortune had favoured him after all; no ship, no plane could seek him in the depths of the sea-fog. The ketch rushed on.

It was not till an hour later that Bully Samson remembered the beach-comber; to whom he had not given a thought during the wild flight from the seaplane. But when he called to Donlan there was no answer, and when he questioned the black crew he received an answer that made him grind his teeth with rage.

"Feller beach-comber he go along sea," said Danny.

"What?" roared Samson.

"Him go along sea when him ketch come along fog."

Bully Samson struck the native a furious blow, sending him reeling along the deck. He raved and cursed with insensate rage, and the Hiva-Oa men shrank from him in fear and trembling. But raving and cursing could not help; the beach-comber of Faloo was no longer on board the Dawn.

## THE LAST CHANCE!

"**L**OST!" King of the Islands muttered the word between his teeth.

His face was pale with rage.

The fog-bank had swallowed up the Dawn; the beautiful ketch, the pride of his heart, had vanished from his eyes, and further pursuit was hopeless. For mile on mile the fog-bank lay like a blanket on the Pacific, and somewhere within its deep shadows the ketch was gliding—unseen, undiscoverable. Bully Samson had beaten him at the finish.

The plane circled back from the fog.

Like a great wall, it was advancing over the sea, moving by inches, creeping with infinite slowness. It was useless to penetrate its dusky shades, and Ken did not think of asking it of the airmen. He knew that it would be futile.

"White feller he swim along sea," said Koko.

Ken did not answer; he did not heed. The loss of his ship seemed almost to have stunned King of the Islands for the moment.

"By gad! We must pick up that fellow," said Callender.

"What fellow?" muttered Ken. He was no longer looking out.

"Feller beach-comber he jump along sea," said Koko. "Makee kai-kai along shark spose no pickee up along ship belong sky."

"It's Donlan," said Kit Hudson.

Ken did not heed. He was little interested in the beach-comber of Faloo at that moment. His thoughts followed the Dawn, fleeing through the fog, hidden—perhaps for ever—from his eyes: the graceful ketch, whose deck he longed to tread again, now in the hands of the South Sea freebooter. It was difficult for King of the Islands to drag his thoughts from his lost ship.

But other eyes were fixed on the beach-comber, and the plane was sinking nearer the blue water. There was no time to lose if the man was to be picked up, for the fog was creeping on, and if it once covered the swimmer he was lost. Donlan had taken his chance before the Dawn plunged into the fog. With a life-belt in his grip, he had slipped over the low rail of the ketch, unseen by Bully Samson, unheeded by the Hiva-Oa crew. Taking risks was not the way of the wretched, nerveless beach-comber; but the ferocity of Bully Samson had terrified him as nothing else could have done, and it was in the desperation of fear that he had made this escape from the ketch. Now, clinging to the lifebelt, he floated on the sunny waters, five or six cables' length from the creeping wall of fog.

He knew that he could not fail to be seen, and that white men would not leave him to drown. His only danger was that the plane might rush on into the fog-bank in pursuit of the vanished ketch, and that was not likely to happen.

But he was shrieking for help, his voice shrill with fear, as the plane loomed over him, alighted, and taxied like a great bird.

A looped rope twirled out.

"Catch!" shouted the airman.

Donlan caught desperately at the rope, and clutched it. With his head and shoulders and arms through the loop, he hung a dead weight, trailing in the sea.

"More passengers for the old bus!" grinned Callender, as the beach-comber was hauled in.

The beach-comber sank down, drenched and dripping, almost unconscious, as the seaplane shot upward and circled away from the rolling fog-bank that threatened to engulf her.

Callender looked inquiringly at King of the Islands.

"It was touch and go," he said. "I'm sorry we couldn't put you on your ship. If you think there's any chance—"

Ken shook his head.

"None!" he said heavily. "Bully Samson will change his course once he's in the fog—there's no chance. Thanks for what you've done—you've saved our lives from the cannibals, even if you couldn't save my ship."

"We'll save it yet!" muttered Hudson.

"We're not licensed to carry passengers on this bus," grinned Callender, "but we'll run you anywhere you like."

"Faloo!" said Ken.

The airman stared.

"Faloo! You're not fed up on cannibals yet?"

"Cannibals or no cannibals—Faloo," answered King of the Islands quietly. "I know why Bully Samson is here—the beach-comber being along with him makes that clear enough. He's for Faloo."

"Mafoo's bag of sovereigns!" said Hudson, nodding. The sight of the beach-comber on the ketch had put the same thought into the Australian's mind.

Ken nodded.

"That's it! He's lost his guide now; but I know Bully Samson—if he's after Mafoo's treasure, he will be like a dog with his teeth in a bone, and he won't let go. He may give Faloo a wide berth till things quieten down there; but he will come back—and he will come back in the Dawn. We're for Faloo—at least, I am."

"And I," said Hudson quietly.

"Kaio-lalulalonga go along white master," said Koko. "Makee kai-kai along niggers along King of the Islands."

Ken smiled faintly.

"We shan't make kai-kai in a hurry, Koko; we shall land in a place where Ta'a'ava will not look for us. We stop along Faloo, bimeby feller Samson come along feller ketch."

"And this merchant?" asked the airman, with a glance of disgust at the beach-comber, sprawling on the floor. Donlan had relapsed into unconsciousness. "Not a friend of yours, I take it?"

"Not exactly; but land him with us," said Ken. "You don't want to keep him on your bus."

"No fear!" grinned the airman.

Faloo was out of sight; but the seaplane soon picked up the mountain again. Behind the flashing plane, the wall of fog was dropped in the distance, though it was still rolling and creeping on towards Faloo. Ken's eyes, as he was borne through the air, turned back incessantly to the distant wall of vapour that had swallowed the Dawn. Somewhere in the fog-bank, or beyond, sailed the ketch, with Bully Samson in command. But when the South Sea freebooter came to Faloo, seeking the treasure that was hidden in the Place of Dead Men's Heads—Ken's eyes gleamed at the thought. He would not have long to wait.

An hour later, King of the Islands, standing under the palm-trees by a lonely beach on the northern side of Faloo, watched the seaplane winging its flight through the falling dusk, till it vanished into the illimitable spaces of the Pacific.

*(You'll find next week's instalment of this thrilling serial more thrilling still! Make sure of reading it by ordering your copy in advance!)*