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TAKING THE PLUNGE! The Launch of a New Canadian Pacific Liner. (See page 3.)

SAVED from the SEA!



King of the Islands crept forward, knife in hand. The keen blade sawed across and across the tow-ropes!

SLOWLY Ken King, the boy skipper of the *Watch Dawn*, came back to consciousness. Rain was falling, and a flurry of clouds shut out the stars. Darkness, like a cloak, lay over the Pacific; through the dark came the falling rain. The boy trader stirred and opened his eyes, and lay long where he was, staring into blackness. The rain fell with refreshing coolness on his upturned face, wetting his lips that were dry and parched with the salt of the sea-water.

The boat he was in rocked and wallowed at the end of the towing-rope. For long minutes Ken lay, not knowing where he was, only knowing that he was saved from the sea, and that his dry lips were drinking in the delicious coolness of the rain.

But the mists cleared from his brain, and he dragged himself to a sitting posture and stared round him. But the blackness hid sky and sea from him—hid the vessel behind which the boat was towing.

It was not his own trading-ship, the *Dawn*, that was towing this boat. The *Dawn* was in dock at Lingsa, and it was over a fortnight since Ken had seen her. King of the Islands, as Ken was called in the South Seas, had been to visit a neighbouring island while in dock at Lingsa, and Kit Hudson, his mate, Koko, the Kanaka bo'wan, and two native sailors had gone with him. They had been caught in the open sea by a hurricane, and the tiny canoe in which they were travelling had been

wrecked on a floating island, one native being drowned.

There they had found an escaped French convict, a half-crazed cripple named Jean le Diable. Obsessed with the idea that the castaways had come to recapture him, the madman had tried to escape on the raft which they had made. Ken had followed him, and in the fight which ensued both had fallen off the raft into the sea, where the ever-watchful sharks had seized the poor cripple.

Ken had been luckier. Just as his

pool of water in the hollow of the tarpaulin cover and drank greedily.

Fortune had favoured the boy trader. Had a large vessel, instead of a small one, swept by him in the night, as he was sinking exhausted in the sea, there would have been no hope for King of the Islands. On a large vessel the boat would have been swung up to dories; there would have been no trailing tow-ropes to catch the clutching hand of the swimmer.

The vessel that he could not see was a small one—probably a jawl or a cutter—he knew that from the fact that she towed her boat instead of carrying it.

Ken was conscious of cold now; the pool of rain water was chilling his drenched limbs.

"Ship ahoy!" King of the Islands shouted into the darkness.

The shout was a faint one; he was still spent from his long struggle with the sea. In the wind and the falling rain his voice was lost.

There was no answering hail from the unseen craft ahead of him.

But the boy trader could be patient now. It was only a passing rain squall that had blotted out the stars—it would pass, and ere long the spangled sky would be shining again. In the meantime he was secure in the boat, and there was shelter under the tarpaulin cover. He dragged at it, but it was lashed down along the gunwale. He felt for his knife. His revolver had been lost in the sea, but his knife, hanging to a lanyard round his neck, was safe. He opened it and cut loose the nearest

Another enthralling King of the Islands Story—long and complete—

BY

CHARLES HAMILTON.

These yarns of young Ken King's adventures in the South Seas are now famous throughout the world!

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

seas were going a ship towing a small boat behind it had passed, and grabbing the tow-line he had pulled himself into the boat!

He groped in the boat. He was on a tarpaulin cover, spread over the boat, and a pool of rain water had collected round him. The boat rocked and plunged to the drag of the rope, trailing astern of the vessel that he could not see. But he knew the vessel must be near, in the darkness, within hail of his voice when his strength should return. He buried his face in

Saved from the Sea!

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bedding, and squeezed himself under the tarpaulin.

Under the cover he was sheltered, and it was warm enough. King of the Islands pillowed his head upon his arm and slept.

Adrift!

WHEN Ken awoke the rain had ceased. There was a faint glimmer of light stealing under the edges of the boat cover. Dawn was at hand.

King of the Islands thrust his head out from under the cover and breathed in deep the fresh salt air of the sea. His strength had returned now; the boy trader was feeling himself again. Overhead the sky was still dark, the stars paling; but in the east came a glimmer of the rising dawn.

My sainted Sam—the island!

Ken's eyes danced. Between his eyes and that glimmer of dawning day loomed the immense, towering bayana that he knew so well. It was the floating island!

To say but the keen eyes of a sailorman, trained to great distances, the great bayana that towered over the floating island would have seemed little more than a blur; but Ken knew it instantly—as well as if he had been treading in the shadow of the mountain of foliage.

He pushed back the tarpaulin, his head and shoulders emerging, and his eyes swept round for the vessel that was towing the boat.

All was well at last. Whatever the vessel was, her skipper could not refuse to take a shipwrecked sailorman on board and stop at the floating island to pick up the castaways. Dandy Peter, the sea-lawyer of Lukew, had abandoned them to their

fate when he had seen them on the floating island; but among all the rough and lawless skippers of the South Seas only Dandy Peter, of Lukew, was capable of such an act. Besides, he was Ken's bitter enemy.

And then Ken's glance picked up the vessel ahead of him, and hope died out of his face. In the dim glimmer on the sea the vessel was only faintly seen, little more than a looming shadow, but the boy trader knew it as soon as his eyes rested on it. It was a cutter, and it was the Sea-Cat, Dandy Peter's cutter from Lukew. It was into the Sea-Cat's towing boat that King of the Islands had crawled from the sea, as he knew the moment his eyes fell on the cutter.

Ken set his teeth. The previous day Peter Parsons had sighted the castaways of the floating island, and left them to their fate. The sea-lawyer of Lukew was not the man to forget ancient enmities. There was no help to be expected from the graceful cutter that was towing the boat.

King of the Islands drew back under the tarpaulin cover. Five minutes more and the light would be clear enough for him to be seen from the cutter. Dandy Peter, probably, was sleeping, but the Lukew boys would awaken him if they sighted King of the Islands.

He thought rapidly. In a few seconds he had decided how to act. He crept forward under the boat cover, his knife in his hand. The keen blade severed across and across the tow-rope, and with a splash the loose end dropped into the water.

The boat, no longer towed, instantly lost way. King of the Islands wondered, with beating heart, whether the cutter's crew would observe that the boat was no longer towing astern. If Dandy Peter was sleeping, it was not likely.

Peter Parsons was the only white

man on board the Sea-Cat. His crew of three Lukew boys were like all Kanakas. Two of them, probably, would be asleep, and the man at the helm would not be watching the towing boat in the shadows of the

sea. Ken waited, with beating heart, as the boat, left to itself, rocked on the waves. He put out his head at last from under the spreading cover and looked across the sea.

More clearly now, to the west, loomed the floating island; he could pick out the tall palm near the bayana, from the summit of which he had sighted the Sea-Cat the day before. The drift of the floating island was drawing it nearer to the boat.

The cutter, her spreading sails catching the fresh breeze, was now growing distant. Brighter in the east came the dawning day—a ray of light that spread over the sky and the sea. In a few minutes it would be broad day. The sun sailed into view like a golden ball, and light streamed over the sea, and the shadowed surface of the Pacific turned to molten gold. In the blaze of the sunshine, Ken watched the cutter slowly vanish from sight. King of the Islands was alone on the ocean in the boat he had cut adrift!

Back from the Sea!

"AHE! Ahe! Ahe!"

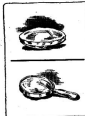
Through the long night King-of-the-Islands—Noko for short—had not closed his eyes.

Kit Hudson, stretched on the bed of leaves in the hut by the great bayana, slept by his and starts. His heart was heavy for his lost comrade.

Only Lolo, the Lalinge boy, closed his eyes in peaceful slumber. The coveted convict was gone from the floating island—the "dohbide," as the Kanakas believed him to be. And the disappearance of the "aitoo"

THE GREAT IDEA — No. 7.—JANSSEN and GALILEO.

Stories of Men who Changed the World.



The earliest magnifying glass—arrangement of the lens—shows the lens being used. The lens was not made of glass but of crystal. It is not surprising, therefore, that these early lenses were not put to any real use—because a lens has been found at Nineveh.



LEWIS was thought of them until two Englishmen, Thomas and William Janssen, accidentally discovered the principle of the reflecting telescope while observing their children at play. They found the reflecting glass on a board—and made the first telescope.



Galileo, the great Italian scientist, greatly improved upon the telescope in 1609, and at the same time, his original invention, a sketch of which is shown above, is now in the museum at Florence. With his all-around "best" view of the mountains of the moon.



From these beginnings have grown the modern scientific instruments in use on this day. The one shown above, with the objective lens, is from the observatory of the University of Padua. It is a very important instrument in the history of science.



"You feller boy, how many white feller be along ship?" asked Kan. "One white feller Cap'n. Fawson, sar," was the reply. "Then it's Fawson I've got set!" exclaimed Kan. "Show a light, Kiti!"

made it possible for Lulu, at least, to sleep in peace. That the "dabble" had taken King of the Islands with him did not disturb Lulu. But it filled the faithful heart of Kalobulaleaga with grief. Through the long night he sat outside the palm-leaf hut and rocked to and fro, with the creaking wail of the mourning Kanaka.

At the first glimpse of dawn Kit Hudson came out of the hut, leaving the Lallage boy still sleeping. Hudson's face was pale and worn. He had had little sleep in the night, since King of the Islands had been swept away to sea with the wild man on the raft.

"Aie! Aie! Aie!"

He glanced at Koko despondently. He had tried to make himself believe that there was some hope yet of seeing the boy trader again. But it was evident that Koko had no hope.

Koko looked up at the Cornstalk's footstep.

"Aie! Aie! Feller King of the Islands be no stop any more!" said the Kanaka. "Feller dabble be take little white master along sea. Eye belong me never see little master any more."

"While there's life there's hope," said Hudson; but there was no conviction in his voice.

Koko shook his head.

"Life be no stop along King of the Islands, sar."

"After all, he was on the raft, and he had a revolver," said Hudson. "The weather's good—nothing but a little rain in the night. King of the Islands may be safe and sound yet."

"Dabble be carry feller King of the Islands along sea," said Koko. "Dabble be plenty no good altogether."

"Oh rot!" snapped Hudson. "I tell you the wild man of the island was an escaped convict from New Caledonia, you silly swab; and King of the Islands had his gun—he may live yet."

Hudson walked down to the shore, in the glimmer of the morning, to the spot where the raft had lain. Even in the few hours since the raft had floated away the shore had crumbled farther, and the waves washed nearer and nearer to the great bayous, whose enormous roots held the island together.

Here and there deep fissures could be seen in the earth, and the treasuries that ran through the island were almost inconstant.

It was clear to the most casual eye that the floating island was fast breaking up under the onslaughts of the invading sea.

It was the sixteenth day since the hurricane which had tossed the castaways ashore on that strange island that drifted with the Pacific currents. In that time the island had shrunk to little more than half its extent.

The hurricane had shaken it to its very centre, and its complete destruction was only a matter of time now—perhaps of weeks, more probably of days.

Hudson noted it, but he cared little. It seemed to him that nothing mattered if the merciless sea had swallowed up his shipmate.

The sun leaped up, and Hudson

strained his eyes to search the Pacific. Surely there was a chance that Ken had survived that terrible night?

Under the bright sunshine of the tropic dawn the sea rolled and glistened, boundlessly, to the far horizon.

Some object that moved, sinking below the distant sea-line, caught Hudson's eye, and he wondered if it was a sail. Whatever it was, it vanished into the sea the next moment, and of the raft he could see no sign. What had happened to King of the Islands, adrift on the raft with the crazed convict?

He could not guess. But with the coming of day, in the brightness of the tropic sun, he felt something like a revival of hope. He moved from the spot, and began to make a circuit of the tiny island, watching the sea as he went. The floating island was drifting farther, it seemed to Hudson, than of old—caught in some fresh current that whirled it away towards the east. He remembered that it had been drifting to the southward when the sun set the previous day. Now it was rushing as if to meet the rising sun. If the raft was still in the vicinity, it might be at any point of the shore, for the floating island turned as it drifted.

So small had the island grown, since great masses of coral had fallen away into the sea, that it did not take Hudson long to make the circuit. On all sides he scanned the sea; but nothing met his eyes save the blue of the water, the blue of the sky, and a great winging albatross, and here and there the gleam of a leaping flying fish.

Saved from the Sea!

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He came back to the camp by the lagoon with a grim brow.

Luke was out of the hut now, and had lighted a fire to cook pigs. The Lalinge boy ate with a good appetite, but Koko touched no food.

Hudson swung himself up the stem of the tall palm, from which Dandy Peter's cutter had been sighted the day before. Koko-lalalounga glanced after him with dull eyes.

"No one taller King of the Islands, eye being you, ma," he said. "Dabble he take little white master along bottom sea."

Hudson made no reply.

He swung himself actively up the smooth, slender trunk, and at sixty feet from the ground, holding on with hands and feet, he scanned the sea. From that height he had a view of the ocean stretching round the floating island on all sides. Westward there was a spot on the sea, and for a moment he hoped that it was the lost raft. But it was not the raft; and his eyes left it to sweep the horizon.

Sea and sky, sky and sea. His eyes ached with the boundless blue and the blueness of the sea.

"Aie! Aie! Aie!" The crew of the Kanaka came up to his ears.

Hudson's eyes came back to the distant spot on the blue waters. It was not the raft, he knew that; but what was it? It seemed to him to take the shape of a drifting boat. It was growing larger to the view; and his eyes fixed on it, in doubt and perplexity.

It lay to the west. If it was some mass of driftwood, or a boat adrift, it would naturally be drawn along in the same current that was sweeping the floating island on an unknown track. But it would not move faster than the floating island.

Yet it was growing visibly larger and nearer, which meant that it was not merely drifting. It must be driven along by some force within, to move faster than the current.

Hudson was puzzled.

He could see that it was not a native canoe. More and more he could make out the form of a boat—a small boat. Something was in it that moved, and that shifting figure could only be an canoe. A boat adrift would not have been surprising; in the seas where so many vessels towed their boats instead of swinging them up to davits, it was not uncommon for a boat to be lost or drift; but this was no lost drift; it was making the island, slowly but steadily. Hudson watched it with curiosity, but otherwise with little interest—of the raft that he desired to see, and of the drifting raft there was no track.

But he did not descend from the palm.

One man was in the little boat; it was drawing closer and closer, and he could, at last, distinctly make out the figure that sat pulling. Ailly with a pair of oars. Was there something familiar in that figure, tiny in the great distance? Hudson felt his heart throb. Was it possible—

He felt that he was hoping against hope, that his overpowering desire to see his comrade safe and sound was in fact deceiving him. But he clung to the tall, swaying palm, his eyes fixed on the nearing boat.

Clearer and clearer it drew, a speck growing larger and larger from the boundless ocean; clearer and clearer grew the figure that strained at the oars. He was almost sure now—he was sure—sure—it seemed like a miracle, but it was King of the Islands who was pulling in the boat, and a mighty shout burst from the Australians, ringing far and wide across the floating island.

He slid down the slender trunk of the palm and leaped to the earth. Koko stared at him, startled by his look.

"Feller white master see something, eye being him?" asked Koko-lalalounga.

"A boat, and King of the Islands in the boat!" shouted Hudson.

"Feller King of the Islands he no stop."

"You lubber, follow me!"

Hudson rushed down to the shore on the western side. From the shore the boat was visible, so near had it drawn now. Hudson waved his hand and shouted, though he knew that, no yet, his voice could not reach the solitary rower.

Koko followed him more slowly. In his belief that the "dabble" had taken King of the Islands to the bottom of the sea, the Kanaka could not hope that his little white master would ever be seen again by mortal eye. He joined the Oronoko on the crumbling shore. Hudson grasped his arm, and with the other hand pointed, his eyes dancing.

"Look, you lubber, look!"

Koko-lalalounga gave a great cry. "Feller little white master! Feller King of the Islands!"

He shook off Hudson's hand, and, heedless of shark and sting-ray, plunged into the sea, and swam with rapid, powerful strokes towards the approaching boat!

A Problem for Dandy Peter!

DANDY PETER, of Luke's, awake, stretched himself on the taps rest on the deck of the Sea-Cat, and sat up, yawning.

The sun was high in the heavens, blinding from a sky of cloudless blue. Peter Parsons had slept late, as he usually did, and he had awakened in a black mood, as was also usual with him. He sat up on the taps rest and looked about him, with a black brow and bloodshot eyes. The three Luke's boys, seeing that their master was awake, ceased at once their parrot-like chatter, and were silent and wary. They feared the little, dapper, evil man more than they feared the devil-doctors of Luke's or any savage creature of the land or the sea.

Captain Parsons rose a little unsteadily to his feet. He plunged his face into a bucket of tepid water to cool his burning brows. After that came breakfast, over which the Luke's sea-lawyer scolded and swore; but breakfast once disposed of, he was in as good a humour as ever he was in,

and his crew no longer feared that belaying-pine would be flying about their busy heads.

The skipper of the Sea-Cat leaped aft, to look at the binoculars. It was then that he became aware that a loose rope was trailing over the stern of the cutter; the rope that should have been towing the Sea-Cat's boat.

Dandy Peter stared at it, and the look that came over his face almost made the steersman jump away from the helm.

"You feller Talipa! What came feller boat he no stop?" roared Dandy Peter.

The steersman stared astern.

King of the Islands had cut the boat adrift almost before it was light enough for the steersman to see what was happening. But since then three hours of sunshine had blazed down on the sea; yet during those hours Talipa, with the usual inconsideration of the Kanaka mind, had not thought of looking to see whether the boat was still in the wake of the cutter.

Talipa blinked at the cutting, his wake of the cutter.

"Feller boat he no stop!" he stammered. "He no savvy what came feller boat he no stop."

Peter Parsons trembled with rage. The boat was gone, and as he watched his binoculars and swept the sea astern of the cutter, he picked up no sign of it. Obviously, it had been lost for behind.

He snatched the glasses that and struck with the case at Talipa's furry head, eliciting a yell of anguish from the steersman.

"Feller boat he no stop!" roared the skipper. "Feller boat he walk about along sea. You black swim, you feller boat he lost, I cut your black hide off your bones. What name you no see feller boat he no?"

"No savvy, sir!"

For several minutes Peter Parsons scowled. The Kanaka shrank away from him in fear and trembling. A faultless crew would not have seen safe from Dandy Peter's savage temper, and his crew had been guilty of a very serious fault in losing the boat while their skipper slept.

The skipper of the Sea-Cat grasped the rope and pulled it in. His first supposition had been that the loose rope had snapped. But that was unlikely in calm weather, and the sailmaker was so perplexed and enraged. And when he had dragged in the rope and stared at the clean cut of a knife that had divided the strands, the rope burst forth anew.

The boat had not fallen over—it had been cut loose. There was an astonishingly clean division of the strands of the rope. Peter Parsons held up the rope in a hand that quivered with passion.

"You feller boy, you cut loose feller boat!" he hissed. "You lose feller boat along sea, you cut feller rope knife being you."

"No cut feller rope, sir?" yelled Talipa, in terror, as the skipper grasped a belaying-pin. "He no savvy what name feller rope he go to!"

"No savvy, sir?" howled the other two Luke's boys, dodging away in

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great alarm. "No cut feller spe, sar! No savvy which way feller rope be cut."

"Then what feller be cut rope, 's'pose you feller no cut?" roared Peter Parsons.

"No savvy, sar!"

The raffia gripped the belaying-pin and glared round at his terrified crew. That his men hated him as much as they feared him he knew only too well, and his suspicion was that they had cut the boat adrift as an act of revenge for ill-treatment.

But he could read truth, as well as terror, in their faces; he could see that they were astonished to find that the boat had been cut adrift. It was not by the hands of the crew that it had been done.

Dandy Peter lowered the belaying-pin.

He swept the sea again with his glasses. It was deserted—lonely as a desert, save for winging sea-birds. He stared once more at the end of the rope; the knife-cut was unmistakable. It was an other mystery to the Lukew sea-lawyer. Again he eyed his trembling crew, almost babbling in their terrified daze.

He rapped out orders, and the cutter swung round into the wind. Dandy Peter could not afford to lose the boat, an expensive item in the islands.

"You feller boy, you look along sea eye belong you?" he snarled. "'S'pose we no findee feller boat, no crabby head belong you along belaying-pin! You savvy?"

"Yes, sar!"

The cutter swept back on her course, tacking close to the wind. Peter Parsons, binoculars in hand, constantly swept the sea for a sight of the lost boat; and the three Kanakas watched the Pacific as if their lives depended upon it, hardly daring to contemplate what their savage skipper might do if the cutter's boat proved to be lost beyond recovery. But no sign of the lost boat was picked up as hour followed hour of searching on the sea.

Dandy Peter gritted his teeth with rage.

He had no doubt that his crew were innocent in the matter; but it was beyond his understanding how any other boat could have cut away the towed boat far out at sea. Possibly some native canoe had passed the cutter in the darkness and seized the opportunity to steal the boat. It was possible, but it was utterly unlikely. Yet that seemed to be the only explanation—unless some shipwrecked seaman, floating in the sea, had climbed into the boat and cut it adrift, which seemed more unlikely still. Ours had been lashed in the boat, under the tarpaulin cover, but if it had been rowed away, it could scarcely have covered any great distance. Yet, as the cutter swept and circled over her course, retracing the way she had sailed for long hours, the binoculars failed to pick up the boat.

With average determination, Dandy Peter continued the search, as anxious

to turn his Winch-ster on the unknown who had seized the boat as to recover the boat itself.

But the long, tropic day passed, and night descended upon the Pacific once more, and the search had failed.

Dandy Peter's temper by that time was little short of ferocious. Curses and blows and howls of pain and fear were incessant on the Lukew cutter.

But when darkness fell on the sea, Peter Parsons had to give up the quest of the lost boat and make up his mind to the loss. He set a course for distant Lukew, and tramped savagely into the little cabin. The night dropped dark on the coast, but the cutter was still carrying full sail, with the usual recklessness of Dandy Peter; but he knew that he was in a sea where there was no land.

A glass was to his lips, when a sudden, terrified yell from the deck started him.

"Land be come!"

"You lubberly swabs!" yelled back Dandy Peter. "Land be no come! There's no land in these waters, you scum!"

Crash!

The words were still on his lips when the cutter struck!

The Wreck!

"LITTLE white master!" panted Koko-lalulalonga. "Land be out the words, his big black eyes shining, as he dragged himself into the boat.

"Koko, old coffee-bean!" grinned King of the Islands.

"Little white master be comey back!"

"Ay, ay!"

King of the Islands headed the ears to Koko. The Kanaka crouched on the floating island with powerful strokes. There was a gleeful grin on Koko's brown face. As he pulled at the oars he seemed unable to take his eyes from the face of the "little white master" that he had never dreamed of seeing again in life.

Kit Hudson plunged knee-deep into the water and dragged the boat ashore. Ken leaped out, and the Australian gripped his hand hard.

"Ken! You've got back—alive!"

"I've had luck," said King of the Islands.

"But the boat—where—how—"

"It's Dandy Peter's boat!"

"You're mad—"

"I'll tell you when I've had something to drink. Make the boat safe, Koko."

"Yesar!" grinned Koko.

Ken walked back to the camp by the lagoon with his shipmate, where Loto met him with an astonished stare. Hudson cracked a drinking-gut and handed it to King of the Islands.

Ken swallowed the milky juice with deep satisfaction. He was parched from his long pull under the burning sun.

Then, in a few words, he told his comrades of the happenings of the night.

Hudson whistled.

"The wild man of the island is gone, then?" he said.

"The shirt got him." King of the Islands shivered. "The brute nearly got me, too! I was at the last gasp when I got hold of the tow-rope of Dandy Peter's boat."

"I reckon Peter Parsons will be mad when he finds his boat missing!" chuckled Hudson.

Ken laughed.

"Mad as a hatter, I fancy! I should like to tell him that his boat saved my life. Dandy Peter turned us down, and abandoned us on the island, but I'm glad the Sea-Cat came into these seas. We've lost the raft, but we've got the Sea-Cat's boat, and it will carry the four of us when the island goes."

"And it's going—fast!" said Hudson. "A few days more, at the most, and this floating island will sink in fragments. The boat may save all our lives."

King of the Islands' face whitened as he sat and rested in the shadow of the lagoon. He was with his shipmates again, and now they had a boat, ready for the time when the island broke up.

The twang of the ukulele was heard, and Koko-lalulalonga's musical tenor rose in joyous song. The Kanaka was singing a song of triumph in soft, soothing words that were almost alluring, improving the song, in the manner of the Kanakas, as he twanged on the ukulele. Ken grinned as he listened to the song that told of the white master whose canoe could not bill, and whom the sea could not drown—an intonably song that seemed to afford Koko-lalulalonga great satisfaction.

The sun went down on the sea; and through the deepening shadows the floating island drifted on, at intervals a sudden splash telling that turbulent waves of water had fallen away or a bunch of palms had slid into the hungry water.

Under the dark, velvet sky the castaways stretched themselves on beds of palm-leaves in the open air, with no fear now of the wild man of the island, so long the terror of the hours of darkness.

But though there was no longer an enemy to be feared on the floating island, the night was not destined to pass in peaceful slumber. The hour was yet early when King of the Islands awoke suddenly and started to his feet. The night was dark, a dim blur of clouds hiding the stars; the only faint gleam showed where the sea lapped. From the darkness came a sudden, piercing burst of voice—human voices, shouting in terror and alarm.

King of the Islands listened amazed, wondering for the moment whether it was not a dream. Whence came the sound of human voices of the desert island haunted only by the castaways?

Wild yells and howls of pain, it was the frightened wailing of Kanakas; and then the shouting of a white man's voice raised in fury.

"My sainted Sam!" exclaimed Ken. Hudson scrambled to his feet to side him.

"It's a wreck!" panted King of the Islands.

"A wreck—"

"Some craft has struck the floating island."

"By gum!" said Hudson. "We reckoned that it might float into the track of ships; but—"

"Come on!"

Kem dashed away through the darkness towards the spot where the wild cries were ringing through the night, his comrades at his heels. That the floating island might drift into the track of ships had been the castaways' hope—and it had happened, though not as they had hoped. Kem, a skipper himself, could picture the feelings of the captain of the unknown craft, sailing the sea at ease where no land should have been, and finding suddenly the booming island under his bows.

The castaways rushed down to the water's edge, where a cutter hung to the shore, her mast snapped off close to the deck, and her foremast, jib, and jib tapers plunged into a bunch of trees.

Saved!

DANDY PETER roared with rage as he glared round him in the darkness. Hardly a star gleamed through the blur of clouds. The Lukee boys, yelling with fright, had plunged into the water for the shore, after the crash, in the belief that the cutter was sinking under their feet. They scrambled through the wash of the waves and the wrecked and tangled rigging to the land, heedless of the furious voices of the Lukee skipper. While with fury, Peter Parsons glared about him, trying to penetrate the darkness. No land should have been under his bows—he knew the sea he was sailing, and he knew that there was no land. Yet his bows had crashed into earth, and his rigging and masts were tangled in trees, holding the cutter where she had struck. It seemed like an evil dream to Dandy Peter.

The waves washed over the cutter bow and aft. Water surged round the Lukee sea-lawyer as he stood clinging to a rope, boiling with rage, baffled by the darkness. The rope he had caught slid away in his grasp, and he went helplessly with the wash of the water.

The cutter was a wreck—it was almost all he had in the world, and it was a wreck, on the shore of some unknown island. Back into Dandy Peter's mind, as he struggled with the tossing waters, came the thought of the island where he had abandoned the castaways—the tiny island he had been surprised to see where the charts marked only open water.

That must be the shore on which he had struck; and yet it seemed impossible, for the cutter's course had lain nowhere near the spot where he had raised the little island thirty hours since. In that wild moment of wreck and rain it seemed to the Lukee sea-lawyer that this was a judgment upon him for his reckless desertion of the castaways.

He was struggling for his life now. A tangled rope under the water had caught his leg, and he fought in vain

to shake himself free. He was close to the shore; he could hear cries and shouts in the darkness. But the rope held him and was dragging him down. He set his teeth and plunged under, groping at the rope, striving to tear it loose. His lungs were almost bursting, when he succeeded at last, and came to the surface, exhausted, gasping. His strength was spent, when a hand grasped him, unseen in the darkness, and he felt himself held, and dragged, and found that he was sprawling on firm land.

He lay panting for breath. Dim figures were round him in the gloom; voices grumbled in his dazed ears. One voice there was that he knew—the voice of King of the Islands.

"I've got him safe! You feller boy, how many white feller he along ship?"

"One white feller, sar," came the

gasping voice of Tallpa. "One white feller Cap'n Parsons, sar."

"Captain Parsons! My hat!"

"It's the Sea-cat!" roared Kit Hudson. "It's Dandy Peter's cutter!"

"Then it's Peter Parsons I've got cut!" exclaimed King of the Islands. "You've got a match, Kit?"

There was a flicker of light on the upturned face of Dandy Peter, white and furious. With an effort he reached towards his belt and the revolver there. King of the Islands stooped, knocked his hand aside, and removed the waterproof holster with the revolver in it.

"That's safer in my hands, Captain Parsons!" said the boy trader dryly.

"You!" muttered Dandy Peter. He sat up and passed his hand across his

(Continued on page 20.)



There's very little of it—that tiny speck of metal at the tip of your fountain-pen. But there is Adventure and Romance associated with it!

IN most cases that glistening white point which tips a fountain-pen nib is osmiridium, one of the world's most precious metals. However thin either lead or gold, and absolutely acid-resistant, this strange mineral has done much towards making the modern fountain-pen what it is.

A great part of the world's supply of osmiridium comes from Tasmania, where it is found in tiny specks and suggests in the muds and gravels among rock from which it is supposed to have been originally shed.

A wandering party of prospectors three years ago found a new osmiridium mining field in the Adams River district, an almost unexplored part of Western Tasmania. This discovery led to the biggest mining rush which has taken place in Australasia since the gold-digging days of last century! Men and boys of every walk of life flocked out there in search of fortune.

At first the diggers lived in tents, but as things grew more settled log and piling huts were erected. Everybody carried a revolver, and the camp was governed by a Miner's Vigilance Committee.

Having found a suitable patch of ground, the digger goes off his claim of fifty square yards. Having done this, the "pay-dirt" (earth containing specks or "colours" of osmiridium) is shovelled into an open-ended sluice box through which a small stream of water flows. The water washes the mud and mud away, while the larger pebbles and stones are taken out with a many-pronged sluice fork. Being so heavy, the osmiridium sinks to the bottom of the box, and is afterwards cleaned up in the digger's tin prospecting dish.

The metal, as found, is solder larger than a pin's head, and is white like platinum. Some men obtained ten ounces a day, selling it for nearly \$300 on a ounce to the local osmiridium buyers. Other diggers made anything from \$20 to \$200 a week during the boom days! Adams River diggings are now nearly worked out, and prospectors are seeking for a new field. A fortune awaits the lucky finder!

