

**ANOTHER FREE MOTOR-CYCLE OFFERED!**

# *The* **MODERN BOY**

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THIS  
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MOTOR-CYCLE  
and many cash prizes  
**OFFERED TO READERS!**  
*See Inside*



*Over the Hills  
on a Sports Model!*

**CUTCLIFFE-HYNE'S GREAT NEW STORY INSIDE!**



The half-caste groped for the weapon that was not there—and then Koko was upon him!

# The EXTRA HAND!

*In this spanking yarn of the South Seas you get a vivid glimpse of conditions in which young Ken King—famed throughout the South Pacific as King of the Islands—pursues his job as trader. The boy owner and skipper of the ketch Dawn encounters this week an adventure that we can well claim to be "a corker!"*

LONG AND COMPLETE

by

**CHARLES HAMILTON.**



## Marooned.

"A SIGNAL!" exclaimed Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the ketch Dawn.

Ken King, owner and skipper of the ketch, nodded.

He stared across the sunlit sea, towards the speck of land that broke the immense monotony of the Pacific. It was little more than a rock round which the Pacific rollers dashed and foamed.

Some patch of soil clung to the coral, for a single tall palm-tree rose against the sky like a giant sentinel keeping watch and ward over the lonely rock. From a frond of the tall palm a rag fluttered.

That the solitary rock—one of ten thousand such scattered over the vast spaces of the Pacific—could be inhabited was impossible. But the fluttering rag from the palm told of human presence there. It was the signal of some shipwrecked or marooned sailorman—a signal that King of the Islands, as Ken was known, could not possibly pass unheeded.

"Feller shirt he stop along tree!" remarked Kairo-lalulalonga, the giant Kanaka bo'sun, his eyes fixed on the fluttering rag, as he stood at the helm.

"A white man!" said Ken, and he rapped out an order, and the course of the Dawn was changed to run down to the islet. Ken's face was thoughtful. He did not want a passenger on the ketch. Under the hatches were packed bars of gold, the reward of a long and perilous treasure-quest the shipmates had undertaken. With that precious cargo on board, King of the Islands wanted a swift run back to Lalinge, his home port, and no man on his ship whom he did not know and trust.

But it could not be helped. Common humanity prevented him from leaving a fellow human to his fate. On the rock was a man—a white man, to judge by the sailor's shirt that fluttered from the top of the tall palm as a signal of distress. A shipwrecked man or a man marooned for some misconduct by his captain—one was as likely as the other. In either case, Ken could not pass the signal unheeded.

The ketch ran swiftly down to the coral rock. King of the Islands scanned it as he drew nearer. The lonely rock was scarcely a hundred yards in extent. In one spot, where a hollow had gathered rain, bushes grew, and the scarlet blossoms of hibiscus shone in the sunlight. Over

that small patch of vegetation soared the single tall palm-tree. Of the man, nothing could be seen. Probably he had sought what shade there was from the burning heat of the sun, and was sleeping. Otherwise, the approach of a sail would have brought him into view at once.

At a little distance from the rock the ketch hove to, and the whaleboat was lowered. King of the Islands stepped in, and with Lompo and Lufu—two of the crew of five Oa "boys"—pulling, approached the rock. Sixty feet in the air, the ragged signal fluttered and blew in the trade wind. But the man who must have climbed the palm to tie the shirt on the highest frond was not to be seen.

Round the rock crashed the Pacific rollers, sending up spouts of spray. It was not easy for a boat to approach in safety, and Ken steered with watchful, wary eyes. As he drew nearer, he discerned an opening between two masses of rugged coral, where a tiny beach was lapped by the waves. The Dawn's boat ran in and beached, and Ken jumped ashore.

A shelving beach of soft sand, sea-shells, and powdered coral extended as far as the patch of vegetation. In the soft sand footprints were deeply scored. Ken's keen eyes noted that there were the tracks of more than one pair of boots. More than one man had landed. But most of the tracks were those of naked feet.

The Kanakas remained with the boat, while the boy trader went up the beach in search of the castaway.

Ken came on him suddenly. At the foot of the tall palm, his head resting against it, lay a sleeping man



clad only in cotton shorts, with a red handkerchief bound round his head.

He was a man of powerful build, with a dark, swarthy face, unshaven beard, and unkempt thick black hair. A white, but with native blood in him—a Spanish or Portuguese half-caste, Ken judged, as he stooped and shook the sleeper by the shoulder. The man started into sudden wakefulness, his hand flew, as if by instinct, to the knife in his belt, and he leaped to his feet with the lithe activity of a wild animal.

Still with the knife gripped in his swarthy hand, he stared at Ken. But as his black, glinting eyes ran over the sturdy figure in white ducks, and the handsome sunburnt face of the boy trader, his attitude changed, and he thrust the knife back into his belt.

His glance passed to the boat and the Hiva-Oa boys, and beyond, to the Dawn standing off the islet.

"An *buque!*" he muttered huskily. "A ship!"

"I saw your signal, and ran down for you," said King of the Islands. "Are you alone here?"

"Si, *senor!*" The black eyes were furtive. "My ship, the *Aguila* of Montevideo, went down in a squall. I swam to this rock. I have been here for many days."

Ken's brows knitted. From the footprints he had picked up in the sand, he knew that that statement was false. Men with shod feet had landed on the coral rock, and not many days since, or even in that sheltered little beach the traces would have disappeared. But he made no comment then. Whatever the man was, from whatever cause he was there, King of the Islands could not leave him to perish on the barren rock.

"Get into the boat," he said. "Lompo, you go along top feller tree, along feller shirt he no stop."

"No *es nada!*" The half-caste stared round. "A rag—it is nothing, *senor!*"

Ken made no answer. He was not likely to leave the signal of distress fluttering from the palm, to give some other skipper the trouble, perhaps, of running down to the islet.

Climbing the tall palm, difficult enough for a white man, was nothing to the Hiva-Oa boy. Taking hold, and planting his feet against the slender trunk, Lompo "walked" up the palm in the manner of the South-Sea native. In a few minutes the ragged shirt was jerked from the high frond and tossed away, and Lompo slithered down. The whaleboat pushed off, the half-caste on board. As the Kanakas pulled out to the ketch, Ken tapped the man on the shoulder.

"Throw your knife into the sea," he said quietly.

A fierce look darkened the swarthy face. The half-caste made no motion to obey.

"Listen to me, my man," said Ken. "You've lied to me. You did not swim to that island—you were marooned there, and from your looks I reckon your captain may have had good reason for marooning you. That makes no difference—I'm giving you

a chance and taking you off. But if you're not ready to jump to orders on my ship you go back to where I found you. Sharp's the word!"

The knife was drawn, flashed as it circled in the air, and dropped in the sea and disappeared. With a black and sullen brow the half-caste sat silent while the whaleboat pulled back to the Dawn.

#### Bo'sun's Orders!

"FELLER Lope no good feller!" was the opinion of Kaiolalulalonga.

That opinion was shared by Ken and Kit. Neither did the Hiva-Oa crew take to the rescued maroon, though in the lazy, good-natured Kanaka way they tolerated him civilly enough.

Westward sped the ketch, under full sail, heading for distant Lalinge. Ken was more than anxious to reach port and get his precious prize safely landed. And though he did not regret having stopped at the solitary

coral rock to pick up the half-caste, he was sorry enough to have the man on his ship—and anxious to see the last of him.

Lope was the name the half-caste gave, owing to no other, and he kept, when questioned, to his story that he had sailed from a South American port on a brig, the *Aguila*, which had gone down in a squall. He had been washed ashore on the rock, and professed to know nothing of the fate of the rest of the crew.

"Lies from beginning to end," Ken told his mate. "He was landed on the rock from a boat, not more than a day or two before we found him. At least two men with shoes on their feet had landed—captain and mate, I reckon. Lope has no shoes and could not have made any of the shod tracks in the sand.

"It's pretty clear that he was marooned, and that means that he had committed some crime on his ship. From the way he handled his knife I fancy he may have used it in a shindy in the fore-castle and

*(Continued on next page.)*

# Ju-Jitsu VERSUS BOXING

By Professor  
W. H. GARRUD,  
Founder of the  
British and  
Dominion Ju-Jitsu  
League.

*This week:—THE ANKLE PULL AND HIP PUSH.*

**T**HIS trick I have used on very many occasions when having a bout with a boxer above my weight, and it is a bit of ju-jitsu that can be performed without waiting for an opponent to lead off at you.

Supposing that your friend with whom you are learning and practising announces that he is going to give you a punch. As soon as he raises his arms and commences to spar at you, and before he makes up his mind to lead, drop quickly on to your right knee and hook your right hand around his left ankle. (If he is sparring at you with his right foot foremost you must, of course, transpose the movements I am describing.)

At the same time place the little finger edge of your open hand against his left hip-joint, and whilst you give his ankle a vigorous jerk up towards you, give his hip-joint a sharp push backward and outward—that is, towards your right side: what the Japanese call a push to the victim's left rear. Your opponent will be thrown flat on to his shoulders, and he will wonder how you did it!

All throws can be followed up with either an armlock or a leglock, and if you were defending yourself in real earnest against anyone you would, if the throw was not sufficient to knock him out, immediately get a lock upon his arm, wrist, or leg, and hold him down and, if absolutely necessary, hurt him so that when he got up he would be unable to make any further assault upon you.

You may be sure that, if you have a "rough house" with a tramp or burglar or any such gentry, he will get up and go for you again if he is able to. This is where ordinary boxing methods of defence have their shortcomings. You may be successful in knocking a fellow down, but he may get up again and have another go. With a knowledge of ju-jitsu it is easy to hold your man down until help arrives, or you can even tie him up with a piece of cord. As I have mentioned before, when practising these throws upon a friend you must not use too much energy and vigour, or there may be broken bones!

*Next week:—The Inside Push on Knee.*



With this ju-jitsu trick you get the better of a boxer a good deal beyond your own weight!



## The Extra Hand!

wounded or perhaps killed a shipmate. The skipper marooned him instead of carrying him, in irons, to the next port.

"Looks like it," said Kit. "A pretty severe sentence—that rock is umpteen miles out of the track of ships, and there's precious little there to support life. It was sentence of death, practically."

"Some South Sea skippers have a heavy hand," said Ken. "But if Lope had killed a man in a shindy the skipper can't have had much choice in the matter—unless he strung him up at the yardarm instead of marooning him. He may have been months from port—and marooning an offender is an old sea custom in these waters. Either the skipper was an unusually hard man or Lope an unusually bad offender, for they left him nothing but his knife—it's usual to leave some sort of an outfit with a maroon. As the fellow doesn't choose to tell us the truth I fancy he can't have much to say in his own favour."

"He was in luck, anyhow, to be picked up," said Hudson. "I don't

reckon a sail sights that rock once in a year. Maroon or not, we couldn't very well have left him there. But he's not the sort of man we want on the Dawn with the gold aboard—and three days yet to Lalinge."

King of the Islands glanced forward, where the half-caste was loafing by Danny, the cooky-boy's caboose, stitching tapa cloth into a jacket. He was speaking with Lufu in his own language, which he seemed to speak like a native Polynesian.

"He knows about the gold already," grunted King of the Islands. "No orders would ever keep Kanakas from chattering. I reckon he knew about the gold before he'd been an hour on board. Luckily, he can't do any harm."

"He will bear watching," said Hudson.

That Lope knew of the precious cargo the Dawn carried was quite certain; the Hiva-Oa boys, of course, knew, and the thoughtless, chattering Polynesians were not the men to keep secrets. Indeed, he was probably discussing the treasure at that very moment, for Ken could see

that he was asking questions, to which Lufu was replying with the unthinking volubility of a Kanaka. Once or twice the half-caste's black eyes roved furtively aft, with an intent, searching look at the two white men there. If he knew of the gold—as certainly he did—it was more than likely that the thought of it would rouse his cupidity.

That he would dream of making any attempt to obtain possession of it was hardly to be thought of—a single man, unarmed, against two officers and a crew of six. But Ken would not have been surprised at an attempt at theft of some of the gold bars. Lope, evidently, was a hard case, and Ken did not expect considerations of gratitude to appeal to him. He had been saved from solitude, perhaps from starvation, but that was little or nothing to a man of his type. His hard and reckless character was easily to be read in his swarthy face and his glinting, cunning eyes.

Lope had been berthed forward with the crew and ordered not to come aft unless called, to which he had answered with his usual "Si, senor." A bunk in the little fore-castle had been assigned to him, but, like the Hiva-Oa boys, he slept the night on a tapa mat on deck. It was his second day on the ketch.

Under the blazing sun the graceful little Dawn bowled on, leaning over to the wind. Lompo was at the helm. Kaio-lalulalonga stood by the low teak rail, jerking at a rope that trailed over the side. Far below the surface of the sea a net trailed at the end of the rope.

Koko—to give the bo'sun his nickname—turned a grinning, ebber face towards the white masters.

"Plenty feller fish he stop along feller net," he remarked. "Plenty kai-kai along us feller."

And Kaio-lalulalonga began to draw in the rope. That the net was well filled was proved by the weight on the stout hempen cord.

"Here, you feller Lope, you come along lend hand along rope!" called out the boatswain.

Lope looked up, but did not answer or stir.

"You hear, ear belong you?" Koko bawled.

The half-caste continued to stitch at the tapa cloth. King of the Islands glanced at him, but took no other heed. With the arrogance of a man who was half white, the maroon did not choose to heed the order of a Kanaka. There was no need for Ken to intervene; matters of discipline forward were safely left in the hands of the brown boatswain.

Kaio-lalulalonga left the net-rope and walked forward to where the half-caste sat, his eyes gleaming.

"You no 'bey order along me?" he asked.

"What name you feller nigger you sing out order along white man?" retorted the half-caste insolently.

Kaio-lalulalonga breathed wrath. The silver whistle hanging to the lanyard round his brown, brawny neck proclaimed his rank on board the Dawn, which the half-white did not choose to recognise.

(Continued on page 24.)

## The New Stamp Collecting.

# POSTMEN ON STAMPS.

By DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG.

POSTMEN of many lands engaged in delivering the mails by divers and curious methods may be met with on the stamps of their respective countries. Most familiar of all is, perhaps, the camel postman, who, armed with rifle and spear, has sped for thirty years across the face of the Sudanese stamps, with the mail from Berber to Khartoum. Every method of mail transportation employed by the Canadian Post Office in the present twenty cents special delivery stamp of the Dominion. They include a dog-team with its driver from the Frozen North, a mounted post rider of the Prairies, a mail train on the Canadian Pacific Line, an ocean liner, and—soaring over all—two of the aeroplanes, which are now used so extensively in the service of the post.



A camel postman of the Sudan.

On Mexican postage stamps of 1898 we have a "peon" afoot, with mail sack on his back, bearing letters to districts inaccessible by road. Next, a mounted postman leading a pack-mule laden with mails; and then an old-fashioned stage coach as used in regions untouched by the railway.

In Tunis the native postmen are mounted on sturdy Arab donkeys, and one of them is seen arriving at a mountain village in the design of some parcels post stamps issued there in 1906. Malagasy post runners, with wooden boxes filled with letters borne upon their shoulders, appear on stamps of the British Island Mail which operated in the Island of Madagascar before it became a French Colony. A Moorish postal courier galloping his fiery steed over the desert sands adds another of the world's postmen to the stamp gallery upon the latest express letter stamp of Spanish Morocco.

The development of the American Special Delivery Service is epitomised in the vignettes of the stamps provided for this purpose. These show, in 1885, a post-office messenger-boy running with an express letter. By 1902 he has acquired a push-bike. Ten years later he sports an up-to-date motor-cycle, thus typifying progress in the post!



Carrying the mails in Canada. Both stamps enlarged.



## The Extra Hand!

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"You plenty bad feller!" exclaimed Koko. "You no jump along order along me, me makee jump plenty too quick altogether. Me plenty too much mad along you, my word."

And seizing the half-caste by the back of the neck, Kaio-lalulalonga swept him from the deck with one swing of his powerful arm.

"Carambo!" spluttered the maroon.

Ken and Kit took no heed of the scene. The boatswain of the Dawn was exercising his proper jurisdiction. Struggling, Lope was run aft along the rail, to where the rope hung over-side. Struggle as he might, he was powerless in the grasp of the mighty Koko.

"This time you hold along rope!" roared Koko.

He pitched the maroon on to the teak rail, where the rope hung. But Lope did not obey the order and grasp the rope. The instant he was released from Koko's grip he turned on him like a cat.

His hand flew to his belt—where the knife had been. In his rage and fury he had forgotten that the knife was no longer there. Had it been at hand, the look of the ruffian showed that Koko would have been stabbed on the spot. There could be little doubt now why Lope had been marooned by his captain. The half-caste groped furiously for the weapon that was not there, and then sprang at Koko with clawing hands.

Crash! He went to the deck in the grasp of the boatswain. He struggled fiercely, but a brawny knee was planted in the small of his back, pinning him down to the teak planks.

"You feller Lufu!" called out Koko. "You bring feller rope along me, plenty quick!"

Lufu grinned, and brought the rope's-end. He handed it to Koko, who grasped it, swung it in the air, and brought it down across the maroon's bare shoulders with a mighty swipe. There was a fiendish yell from Lope. It rang fore and aft the ketch, and floated away on the wind. Kit Hudson grinned, and King of the Islands smiled faintly. Koko, usually the soul of good nature and lazy good temper, was the man to handle an insolent fore-castle hand.

The maroon struggled and yelled frantically. Kaio-lalulalonga paused. "You 'bey order along me?" he demanded.

"No!" yelled the half-caste.

Lash, lash, lash! The Hiva-Oa boys looked on, grinning.

"You 'bey order along me, you plenty bad feller trash?" demanded Kaio-lalulalonga.

"Si, si, si!" the half-caste gasped.

Fortunately for him, Koko understood the Spanish "yes." The rope, raised for another stroke, was lowered.

"Plenty better you 'bey order along me, you poor trash," said the boatswain. "Now you lay feller hand along feller rope, plenty quick."

The maroon was released, and he staggered to his feet. For a moment he seemed about to spring at the boatswain again; but he checked his

fury. With sullen rage in his face, he grasped the rope that trailed over the side and pulled. Koko, tossing away the rope's-end, lent a powerful hand, his good-humour immediately restored. The net was pulled in, thick with fish, and landed on the deck. Danny the cooky-boy came grinning along from the galley. That catch meant "plenty kai-kai." Lope was slouching sullenly away when Koko called to him.

"You feller Lope, you takee feller fish along galley, my word."

This time the maroon did not hesitate to obey orders. Sullenly he helped the cooky-boy to carry the fish to the galley. Kaio-lalulalonga rearranged his net and slipped it over the side again, to drag at the end of the trailing rope astern. In the careless, good-humoured way of a Kanaka, he dismissed from his mind both the maroon's offence and its punishment. But King of the Islands did not fail to note the bitter rage in the gleaming eyes that the maroon turned on Koko, and he called the man aft. Lope came with a sullen, scowling brow.

"You've asked for trouble, and you've got it, my man," said the boy trader. "So long as you're on this hooker you'll obey orders. Was it for using your knife that your skipper marooned you on that rock?"

The half-caste started. He made no reply.

"I've handled your sort before, Lope, and I know you pretty well," Ken went on quietly. "I don't need telling what you've got in your mind, my man. If you raise your hand against the boatswain—especially with a knife or a capstan bar in it—you'll finish this voyage in irons in the hold. That's all. Go forrard."

Without a word, the half-caste went. Ken's glance followed him doubtfully. He was half inclined to clap the ruffian in irons there and then.

### Attacked in the Dark!

"BLACK as ink!" yawned Hudson. At eight bells—midnight—King of the Islands came up from below to take his watch. The mate of the Dawn, yawning on deck, was glad to be relieved.

Hardly a star gleamed in the vast dark vault that stretched over the rolling Pacific. The wind was fresh, the ketch gliding swiftly under mainsail and foresail. King of the Islands scanned the sea and the sky. Black clouds blotted out the heavens, and spindrift blew over the slanting deck of the Dawn under the keen wind. But if a gale was coming, King of the Islands cared little, so long as the wind remained favourable. With her red and green lights gleaming out ahead, the Dawn cut through the Pacific rollers, sweeping like a scabird on her way.

Lufu was at the helm. Kaio-lalulalonga was taking his watch below, in his berth on the cabin lockers—the lockers that held the treasure. In the galley forward, recumbent among his pots and pans, Danny, the cooky-boy, snored melodiously. Two men were on deck—Lompo and Lope, the

half-caste. The other two Hiva-Oa boys had gone to their bunks in the little fore-castle—the lashing spindrift making it impossible to sleep with comfort on deck on the sleeping-mats. Hot as the day had been, the night was cold, and Ken had put on a thick jacket before coming up.

"Black enough," he said cheerily. "But a good wind for Lalinge. Tumble in, old fellow."

"Good-night!" yawned Hudson, and he went down the companion and tramped across the dimly-lit cabin to the little state-room amidships, where he berthed. Like most sailormen, he was fast asleep a minute after his head had touched the pillow.

Ken looked at the binnacle, spoke a word to the helmsman, glanced up at the sails, and then leaned on the taffrail, looking out over the shadowed sea. Lompo had gone down the step into the fore-castle, and his voice was heard rousing the two sleepers to take their watch on deck.

"You feller boy, you show a leg plenty quick!" came Lompo's voice from the darkness forward.

King of the Islands, looking out over the sea, was thinking. His thoughts were cheery enough. Until he had gone on the treasure quest, ill-fortune had long dogged the boy trader. His luck had changed now. The bars of gold stacked away in the cabin lockers meant a fortune for the boy trader and his comrade, as well as a handsome bounty for all the crew of the Dawn. The prospect before him was bright. Drumming among the islands for copra and pearl-shell, with running expenses eating up most of the profits in advance, was a thing of the past. With ample capital in his hands now, King of the Islands was laying rosy plans for the future.

Deep in such pleasant thoughts, the boy skipper did not observe immediately a scuffling sound forward. It was Lufu who drew his attention to it.

"Plenty feller row along fore-castle, sar!" said the steersman.

"My sainted Sam! What the thump is the matter?" Ken exclaimed.

He hurried along the deck, under the belling canvas, wondering what trouble had started among the crew. There was a sound of thumping and hammering in the fore-castle, and muffled calling voices. Altercations among the excitable Kanakas were not uncommon, and Ken was not greatly concerned. But he hurried forward to put an end to the shindy, whatever it was. To his astonishment, he found the scuttle closed and fastened.

The Hiva-Oa crew, with the exceptions of Danny in the galley and Lufu at the helm, were shut in the fore-castle, and the watch that should have come on deck were unable to get out. Ken stared at the fastened scuttle. But he had no time to think of what had happened—no time to open the fore-castle door and release the crew.

Like a tiger in the shadows, something leaped on him, and he went heavily to the deck. Before he even realised that he was attacked, he was

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## The Extra Hand!

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on his back on the planks, a knee on his chest, and two murderous hands gripping his throat, choking back his voice. For a second or two Ken was too dazed to resist. The sudden attack had taken him wholly by surprise.

But in the dark, half-seen face above him he knew the swarthy features of the half-caste, and realised that he was in the grasp of the maroon. He exerted all his strength to throw off the half-caste. But Lope was a powerful man, and he had the boy trader at a hopeless disadvantage. Ken made a desperate effort to tear the gripping, throttling hands from his throat, and failed. He groped fiercely for his revolver, but it was under him as he lay, and impossible to reach. He struck madly at the dark, ferocious face above him, but Lope avoided the blows, and all the time he gripped the boy trader's throat with merciless fingers.

His eyes burned down at King of the Islands. Ken grasped the throttling fingers desperately, and wrenched at them. He loosened the grip enough to catch his breath, but not enough to utter a cry. The grip of the sinuous fingers seemed like that of steel. With starting eyes Ken stared up at the maroon. A sense of his utter helplessness rushed over him, like a wave of despair. He knew now that when Lompo had gone down into the forecabin to rouse out the men there, Lope had closed the scuttle after him and secured it, remaining himself on deck, lurking in the shadows, waiting for his chance at the skipper. His chance had come soon enough, and easily enough.

There was no help from the crew. Danny was sleeping fast—Lufu was at the other end of the ketch, hidden from sight by masts and sails and the shadows of night. Hudson and Koko were asleep below in the cabin. One shout would have brought help; but the maroon was taking deadly care that the boy trader did not utter a single cry. The scuffling of the Hiva-Oa boys in the forecabin, amazed to find themselves shut in, continued.

The dark face bent lower over the upturned face of the gasping, choking boy trader. Lope's savage eyes gleamed into Ken's.

"El oro!" he said, in a low, fierce whisper, grinning savagely.

The gold! Impossible as it would have seemed to King of the Islands—until this moment—the desperate maroon was seeking to possess the gold that he knew was packed below!

"You, senior, you go overboard!" breathed Lope. "If I had but my knife—" He gritted his white teeth. Had the knife been still in his possession, it would have been planted in the heart of the boy trader silencing him still more effectually than the throttling fingers.

"But—no es nada—you go overboard, senior, and after that, the others—Lope will not lack a weapon long. And the gold—the gold—mine!" The words came from him in a hiss.

"The sea and the sharks for you, senior—next for your mate, and—carambo!—the Kanaka hound who struck me." His black eyes blazed and glinted. "Fool! You will not carry me in irons to a port! The sea and the sharks for you, senior—the gold for Lope!"

Ken tore at the throttling hands. Amid the rustling of the sails, the boom of the windy sea, came the deep snoring of Danny, and the excited voices of the Kanakas shut in the forecabin. If Lufu heard—if he lashed the helm and came forward—But the maroon knew his danger, and wasted few moments in savage mockery of his victim.

The throttling grip tightened, in spite of Ken's wild efforts to tear the steel-like fingers loose. His senses swam. Half-unconscious, the boy trader felt himself dragged to the side—half-dragged, half-rolled, the deadly grip still on his throat. He made a last wild effort, and tore loose—and a choked, hoarse cry came from him—a husky gasp from his strangled throat. The next moment he was forced over the low rail, and shot like a plummet into the sea.

Blackness and deep water swallowed him from the eyes of the maroon, who was clutching the rail and staring after the boy trader.

"Muy bien!" panted Lope.

He swung round and with catlike, stealthy steps trod aft. Lufu, at the helm, stared at him with startled, suspicious eyes. Even the careless Kanaka was dimly conscious of something amiss.

"What name feller white master he stop along forward?" asked the steersman.

The words had barely left his lips when the maroon was on him with the spring of a tiger. The ketch yawed wildly as Lufu abandoned the wheel to grapple with his assailant. He went down heavily, and the savage garrotting fingers were at his throat. Lufu, undermost, struggled wildly, striving to utter a cry to rouse the sleeping mate and boat-swain below, and striving in vain. With all his strength he fought in the fierce grasp of the maroon—resisting desperately, but resisting in vain—the desperado slowly but surely gaining the upper hand.

### From the Jaws of Death.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS plunged deep in tossing water, and the waves closed over him. Half-throttled by the grip of the maroon, choked by the waters, the boy trader was scarcely conscious as he sank in the Pacific.

From mere instinct, he struggled in the blinding, choking waters; and he hardly knew that something struck him while still deep under the surface, hardly knew that his grasp closed on it, whatever it was. But he knew dimly that he was dragged along in the sea, holding on to something in the water, without thought, without conscious intention, but with instinctive tenacity. Dazed as he was, his senses reeling, the will to

live was strong in every fibre of his healthy body.

He was holding on to something, and it was dragging him through the sea, still deep under water. Almost without conscious thought, from the sheer instinct of self-preservation, he held on, and dragged himself up the rope, till his head emerged above the surface.

The first deep breath of the keen sea air revived him and cleared his dizzy brain. His hands were grasping something. It was a rope—a thick hempen cord. How and why it was there he could not imagine—whence it trailed was unknown to him. But it was supporting him, and dragging him along in the sea at a speed that plunged him under, till he groped to a grasp higher up the rope, leaving only his legs trailing in the water.

Seconds, that seemed hours, passed in reality, it was less than half a minute before the boy trader's dizzy mind cleared and he was able to think consecutively. The Dawn had been going at a good six knots. A few seconds would have sufficed to leave the boy trader far astern, to sink into the depths of the tumbling sea. The trailing rope had saved him. And the rope trailed from the Dawn—he was sure of that. It had swept against him as he plunged down from the side, and there could be no doubt that it hung from the rail of the ketch.

He understood in a flash why it was there, and why he had not risen to the surface with it when he first grasped it. It was the rope that held Koko's drag-net. He set his teeth and held on, gathering his strength for an effort. What was happening aboard?

Into Ken's mind flashed a picture of the swarthy villain, knife or capstan bar in hand, stealing down into the cabin to deal with Koko and Kit Hudson, while they slept in fancied security. If he overcame Lufu without an alarm it would be easy for him to obtain a weapon—and then he was master of the ketch.

Seconds were precious—the steersman might already be a dead man, the sleeping boatswain and mate already at the mercy of the half-caste.

With a determined effort Ken groped and clambered up the rope that trailed from the stern rail. Under his weight it hung directly down the side.

His head, bare, dripping with water, rose over the rail. His hands grasped the teak, and he dragged himself up on board ready to fight if the half-caste caught sight of him and came at him. But Lope's hands

(Continued on page 28.)

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## George Crow—Castaway.

(Continued from page 8.)

Justus Coryate climbed down Mount Main's slippery face, picked his way with practised foot over the rocks, and came to the place where the Pirate King had stumbled. He searched for and found what One-Ear had thrown away.

He took it along with him on his return journey to the new hut. He found there George Crow, sitting on a stone, trying to look as if he was thinking; which, as Justus remarked, was an outside job for George Crow.

"All right," George snapped, "but just stop gassing for a bit. What's that you've got? The P. K.'s Zeiss binoculars with the eyepiece lens on one side smashed, and the other perfectly good. Well, as it seems the only decent tool or instrument on Crow Rocks it may save our lives yet!"

Justus Coryate caught the serious tone.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Well, Crow Rocks are at present. But they're going down. Sinking, I mean, under the sea. It isn't the first time they've played that game. There are limpet shells on the top of the Main truck. I, being a silly ass—if you like—wondered how they got there. Now I know. These blessed rocks have certainly been under the sea once, and possibly have dived a dozen times, for anything I know.

"Chief thing of interest at the moment is, the rocks are sinking again. I'd an idea about it three days ago, but didn't want to have you laughing at me, and so said nothing. But I put marks on the coast, here and there. The whole lot of them show sinking—and quick sinking at that!"

"Pity we can't pull up our old pirate schooner."

"Well, we can't. She rolled off and foundered for good in deep water. But we can and will make a boat!"

"How? We've only the sound half of one pair of prismatic binoculars as a tool!"

"Then that will have to do. But we are going to make that boat, Justus, and we're going to make it now! I've not the smallest intention of letting you stay here on Crow Rocks to drown like a kitten in a flower-pot. No, by Ben!"

(DON'T miss next Monday's long instalment. C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne DOES know how to "deliver the goods," doesn't he?)

## The Extra Hand!

(Continued from page 26.)

were full at that moment. Ken heard faint sounds of scuffling and gasping. In the gleam of the binnacle lamp he caught a glimpse of struggling figures.

Within a couple of yards of him Lufu, on his back, was choking in the grip of the garrotter. His struggles had almost ceased—his eyes rolled wildly, bulging from their sockets.

Ken drew a sharp breath and leaped forward. There was no time to seek a weapon—Lufu was almost at the last gasp. Like a tiger King of the Islands leaped on the ruffian.

There was a startled yell from the maroon. He turned on King of the Islands like a cat, closing with him savagely. Doubtless he supposed that it was Hudson or Koko, awakened from below. But as he closed with Ken, their faces almost touching, he recognised King of the Islands, and his swarthy face whitened, his eyes starting from his head in horror.

He was in the grasp of the man he had sent to death in the deep sea, whom he believed to be sunk far behind the ketch. His grasp relaxed and a husky cry of superstitious fear broke from his lips.

The next moment he was down on the deck, and Ken's fists were raining fierce blows on his upturned face. The boy trader was shouting.

"Aho! Hudson! Koko! Tumble up! Mutiny! Tumble up!"

It was only for a moment that superstitious fear gripped the half-caste. He gained his knees, fighting and snarling like a wild beast.

Kaio-lalulalonga leaped out on deck. Ken's shout had awakened the boatswain, and the footsteps of Kit Hudson below showed that he had been awakened, too. Koko gave one stare round and then leaped on the half-caste. Kit Hudson sprang out of the companion, revolver in hand.

"Ken!" he panted. "What—"

"Lope—mutiny!" gasped Ken. "Shoot him dead if he resists!"

But there was no need for Hudson to intervene. Powerful as he was, savage as a tiger, Lope was helpless in the mighty grasp of Koko.

"Lift a hand and you are a dead man, you scum!" said Hudson.

"Plenty much better kill um dead, sar," said Kaio-lalulalonga. "Me knock out brains belong him along capstan bar."

"You bring up feller irons along hold, Koko," said Ken. "You make feller Lope plenty safe along irons."

The boatswain came up with the irons, and they were clamped at once on the maroon's arms and legs. Ironed hand and foot, he was rolled unceremoniously below by the Kanaka and pitched into the hold among the water-casks.

It was at noon the next day that Lope was brought on deck and the manacles knocked from his limbs. The Dawn was hove-to within a few cables' length of a tiny atoll—a speck in the boundless Pacific. It was one of the countless, uninhabited specks of land in the wastes of the Pacific.

The whaleboat was already lowered and in it had been placed the few necessary articles that it was customary to leave with a maroon. Ken was more merciful than Lope's previous skipper had been.

King of the Islands signed to the ruffian to step into the boat. Lope gave him a black, bitter look, and stared round at the crew like a cornered animal. Then, in sullen silence, he stepped into the whaleboat. In a few minutes he was rowed to the atoll and landed there. The boat pulled back to the Dawn.

With savage eyes the half-caste, standing on the coral rock, watched it swung up and watched the sails fill and the ketch glide away from the atoll. With all sails set to the trade wind the Dawn flew on her course for distant Lalinge, and the blue waters swallowed her from the sight of the maroon.

("Stand and Deliver!" [is the title of next week's King of the Islands yarn—a yarn that tells of thrilling deeds in the lawless South Seas, and one that you'll thoroughly enjoy.]