

**A Free Gift For You Inside!**

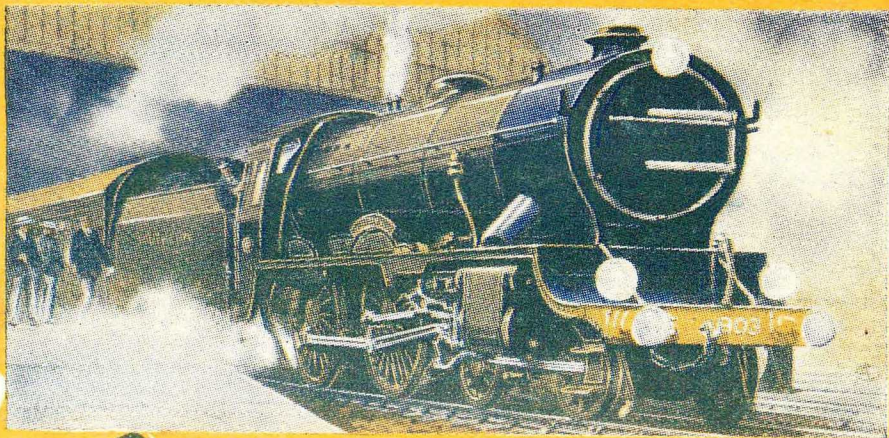
# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.  
Week Ending February 28th, 1931.

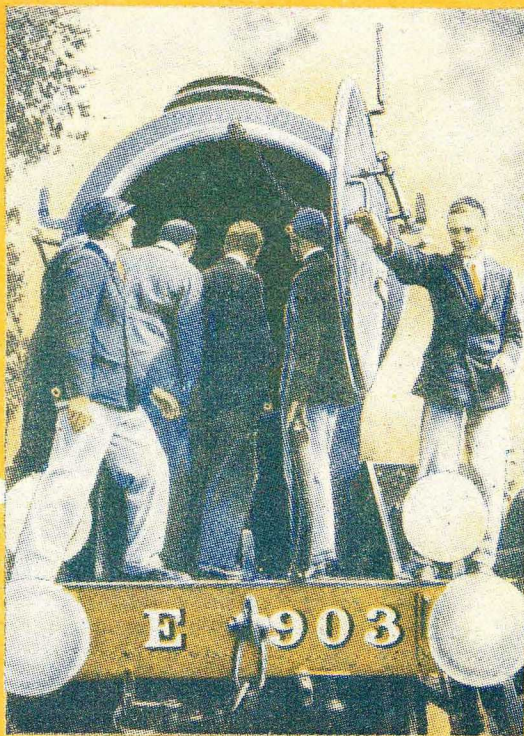
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**FREE!**

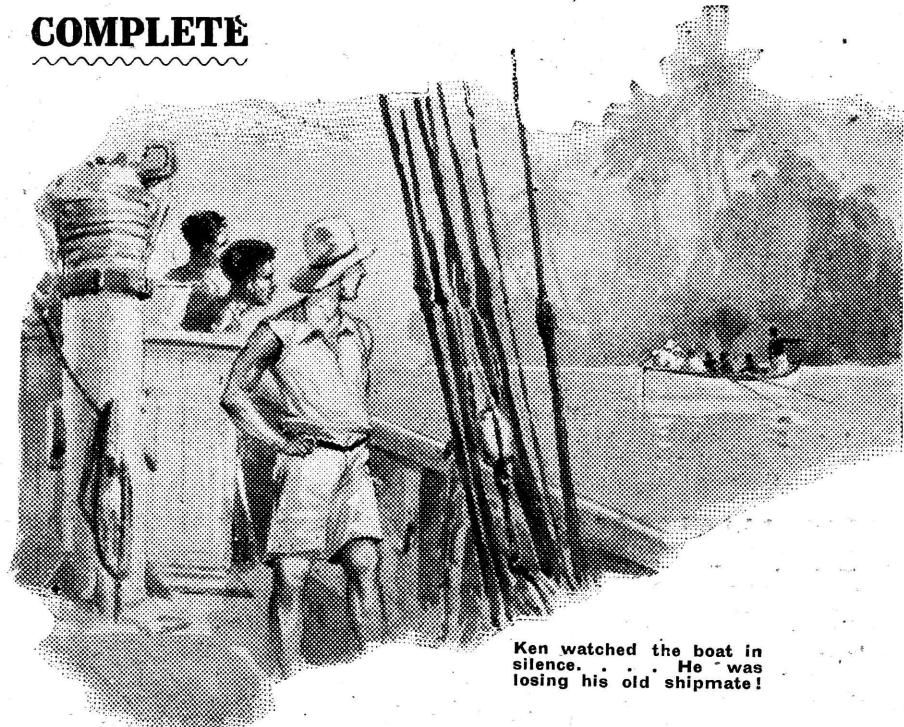


**COLOURED PLATE**  
Size 9" x 5"  
*of the Southern Railway*  
**EXPRESS ENGINE**  
**CHARTERHOUSE**  
*Inside!*



*Inspecting*  
*the 'works'*  
**OF THE**  
**CHARTERHOUSE**  
*See Page 8*

By  
**Charles  
Hamilton**



Ken watched the boat in silence. . . . He was losing his old shipmate!

*"You've been a good friend to me, Ken," said Kit Hudson. "You don't know what it means to me leaving the old ketch, but—" King of the Islands turned away. The split between the two chums was complete! A vigorous South Seas adventure yarn*

# Hunters of the South Seas!

## The Stolen £10,000.

**T**HE South Seas trading ketch Dawn was running down towards the tiny coral atoll of Fufa. Ken King, her boy owner and skipper, known far and wide as King of the Islands, stood looking towards the purple patch rising from the Pacific, his handsome young face gloomy under his plaited grass hat.

Kit Hudson, Ken's loyal comrade in many a thrilling adventure, came on deck, looking as gloomy as the boy trader. He made as though to join King of the Islands at the taffrail, then turned away. Ken did not look at him. He was aware that Hudson had come up from below, but he had neither look nor word for his old shipmate.

The miserable looks of Ken and Kit were reflected in the faces of the black crew. Kaio-lalulalonga—Koko for short—the giant Kanaka bo'sun, Lompo, Lufu, Tomoo, Kolulu, and Danny, the cooky-boy, were all looking thoroughly down in the mouth.

There was trouble aboard. Kit had mutinied, refusing to obey his skipper's orders, and had been dismissed from his post as mate of the Dawn!

Now he was merely a passenger, and was to go ashore with the other two passengers the ketch was carrying.

It was these passengers who were the cause of all the trouble. Brother and sister, by name Monty and Aileen Craye, Ken had taken them aboard at Loya to prevent the girl falling into the hands of Barney Hall and his crew of Solomon Island savages.

Craye was a fugitive from justice,

with a reward of £500 on his head. He had been manager for the Pacific Company, at Apia, and was accused of absconding with £10,000. He had sought safety on the uninhabited island of Loya, and there Ken had found him when putting in to refill his water-casks.

For the girl's sake, Ken had been willing to leave them there in peace. But the arrival of Barney Hall and his savage crew had altered that. Hall, one of the biggest ruffians in the South Seas, was combing the islands for Craye. He was after the stolen £10,000!

It was impossible for Ken to leave the girl to fall into the hands of such a ruffian, and as she had refused to leave her brother, he had taken them both on board, on the understanding that they would be put ashore on the first uninhabited island.

But Ken had insisted that before leaving the Dawn Craye must hand over the stolen money, to be restored to the Pacific Company. Craye had protested his innocence, but refused to show the contents of his money-belt, and when Ken had ordered Koko to search him, had called Aileen to his aid.

The girl, firmly believing her brother to be innocent, had accused Ken of breaking his word. And Kit Hudson, bewitched by her pretty face, had backed her up and refused to obey orders. Consequently, he was to leave the Dawn with the Crayes.

Ken saluted as Aileen Craye followed Hudson on deck. The girl glanced at him, glanced at Hudson, and then back at King of the Islands.

The colour deepened in her face as she timidly approached the boy skipper.

A face that resembled Aileen's in feature, though far less attractive, emerged from the companion. It was that of Montague Craye, the "Lost Man from Apia," as he was called on all the beaches in the Islands.

Ken's eyes gleamed at the sight of him. From the bottom of his heart he regretted that he had put in at Loya for water and found the lost man. Still more did he regret that he had given the man a refuge on board the Dawn to save him from Barney Hall and his black crew. But regrets were useless.

Craye gave him a distrustful look and moved away towards Hudson. In the mate of the Dawn he had found an unexpected friend. But he did not know why Hudson had stood up for him against his skipper, against his own duty.

Ken knew, and he had some feeling of resentment against the girl whose beautiful face and sad eyes had bewitched his shipmate.

Aileen stood colouring, her lips quivering, and Ken, ashamed of his momentary feeling of resentment, forced a smile.

"That is Fufa, Miss Craye," he said, pointing towards the purple patch that was rising more clearly from the sapphire sea.

"Fufa?" repeated the girl, glancing towards the atoll.

"That is where your brother is going ashore—a small, uninhabited island, but with plenty of food and water. It's as lonely and as safe as Loya.

"You will do as you choose, of course," he went on. "But if you care to remain on the ketch, I will land you, in a few days, at a white man's port, where you can get a steamer back to civilisation. This is no life for a woman, Miss Craye—hiding on an uninhabited island with a fugitive from justice."

"Not from justice, Captain King," said Aileen. "My brother is an innocent man. You do not believe it," went on Aileen, as Ken made no reply. "But your friend, your mate, believes in him."

Ken gave her a curious look. Evidently the girl had no suspicion of Hudson's reason for standing up for her brother. Hudson, no doubt, had forced himself to believe that the man from Apia was innocent. But the belief came from his heart, not from his head.

"I am sorry we have caused trouble on this ship," continued Aileen, in a low voice. "I can only hope that you will forgive us after we are gone. In a few hours you will see us no more. Leave us on Fufa, and forget that we ever troubled you."

"You have not troubled me, Miss Craye," replied King of the Islands. "And I should be glad to keep you on the ketch and carry you to safety."

"My brother needs me," said Aileen. "I am his only friend now. Everyone else believes that he robbed the Pacific Company and fled with their money. I cannot abandon him. While he is a hunted man, I must help him all I can."

"You believe him guilty, Captain King, because he refuses to be searched—believe that he has the Pacific Company's banknotes in his money-belt. But it is not so. He is proud, high-spirited, and would not be treated as a suspected felon!"

"He would have had no choice, had not my mate stood up for him," said Ken grimly. "But keep your faith in him if you can, Miss Craye. I wash my hands of the matter, rather than come into conflict with the man who has been my friend and shipmate. Montague Craye will go ashore at Fufa without being searched."

"He will be safe on Fufa?" she asked, looking towards the atoll.

"As safe as he can be anywhere in the South Seas. It is a lonely and uninhabited atoll, never visited by

ships. After the Dawn has sailed, you will not see a sail again for years, more likely than not."

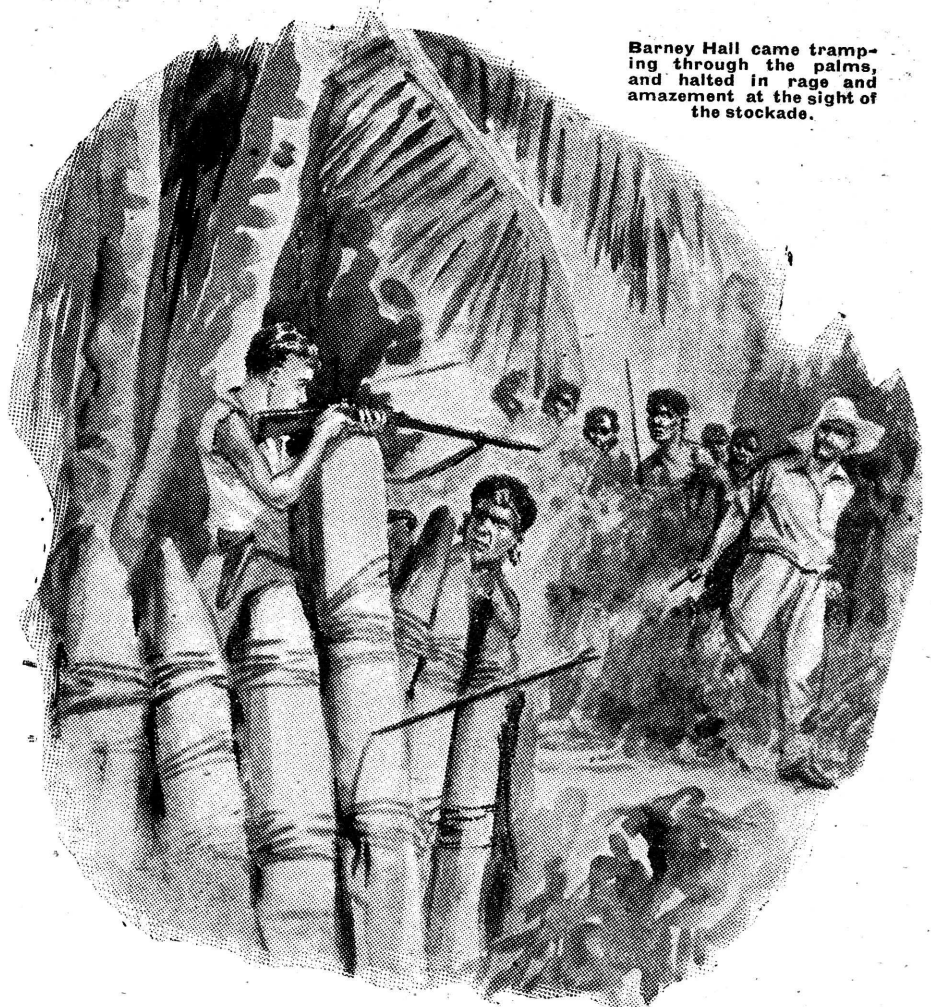
"So long as he is safe, I do not care. He must hide from his enemies—he has no choice. Some day, perhaps, justice will be done him. And that fearful man who came to Loya—Barney Hall—he is not likely to come to Fufa?"

"I cannot say," Ken answered, after a pause. "But it is not likely. We've dropped Hall and his canoe a hundred miles astern, and there is no clue to guide him to Fufa. But he is not likely to give up the chase,

was no sign of life on Fufa, save for the gulls crying over the reef.

Ken shrugged his shoulders impatiently. To leave the girl marooned on Fufa for the sake of that worthless absconder—it went bitterly against the grain with the boy trader.

But there was no help for it—he could not keep her on the ketch against her will. And her brother was anxious to get ashore—as anxious as Ken was to be rid of him. He feared to remain till King of the Islands touched at a white man's port—dreaded every hour to see a sail or a steamer's smoke on the



Barney Hall came tramping through the palms, and halted in rage and amazement at the sight of the stockade.

so long as he thinks he has a chance of laying hands on the money your brother is supposed to have stolen. I cannot say that you will be safe on Fufa; but it is as safe as any island in the Pacific."

"That is all I can ask." The girl moved away and stood watching Fufa as it rose higher from the sea.

The atoll was a mere speck set in a ring of coral surrounding a shining lagoon, with here and there patches of fertile soil on which tall, slanting palm-trees waved, nodding their feathery fronds in the trade wind. Round it was the immensity of the Pacific, rolling blue and boundless, shining under the tropical sun. There

horizon. The wretched fugitive was paying high for the ten thousand pounds which, as Ken believed, he carried hidden in his money-belt.

With a dark brow, King of the Islands ran his ketch down to Fufa, and hove to outside the reef. There was no passage for the ketch through the reef into the lagoon, and the whaleboat was lowered.

"I'm Sorry, Ken!"

"HUDSON!" The mate of the Dawn turned his head, a flush on his face. It was the first time that  
(Continued on page 16.)

## Hunters of the South Seas!

(Continued from page 13.)

King of the Islands had spoken to him since he had stood up in defence of the man from Apia and defied his skipper.

The Hiva-Oa boys were loading the whaleboat. Craye and Aileen had gone below to pack their few belongings, but Ken had given orders for many necessary things to be placed in the boat from the stores of the Dawn. So far as he could, he wished to make things tolerable for the girl on the lonely atoll.

"Well?" asked Kit.

"They're going," said King of the Islands, "and you've said that you'll go ashore with them. You're no longer mate of the Dawn—that and our friendship are at an end—but there's no need for you to bury yourself on a desert island. You're welcome, and you know it, to keep on to a white man's port. You can stay a passenger on the Dawn, if you choose, till we touch Pita."

"I'm landing at Fufa," replied Hudson shortly.

"Marooning yourself for years, perhaps," said Ken.

"I think you're out of your senses," he went on as Hudson made no reply. "You're throwing in your lot with a thief, or with a hunted fugitive at least. And all because you've lost your head over a pretty face."

"As we're no longer shipmates or friends, you needn't concern yourself about that," Hudson answered curtly.

"Have your own way, then," said King of the Islands. "I never dreamed that our cruise would end like this."

"I'm sorry, Ken," Hudson's hard, almost sullen, face softened. "You've been a good friend to me, and a good shipmate, and I reckon you don't know what it means to me leaving you and the Dawn. But you can't sail with a mate who defies your orders on your own ship, and I've got to stand by Craye. I believe him an innocent man——" He broke off abruptly.

"She's got to be protected, Ken!" he went on. "I believe Craye's innocent, but he's weak, pitiful, a bundle of broken nerves. He could not protect her on Loya, and he can't protect her here. She's got to be cared for."

"It's no good talking. You don't want an insubordinate mate on the Dawn. I'm not blaming you for that. I don't care to go on to Pita to look for another ship. What's another ship to me? If I'm leaving the Dawn, I'd as soon stop on Fufa as anywhere."

"Kit! When they're gone, the trouble they've made will go with them. Stop on the Dawn as mate, and we'll forget that we've had trouble, and be shipmates again as we used to be."

"You're a good friend, Ken," Hudson's face twitched. "A better one than I deserve. But I'm landing on Fufa!"

King of the Islands said no more. He gave Hudson a curt nod, and

turned away to superintend the lading of the boat.

Lompo and Kolulu came up from the cabin carrying the few belongings of the passengers. Hudson tossed a bag into the boat.

Montague Craye stepped over the rail into the whaleboat without a look or a word of farewell to the boy trader. Only his hunted eyes swept over the blue horizon as if in dread of a sail, or perhaps of the canoe of Barney Hall. The utter solitude of the waste of waters was a relief to him.

"Good-bye, Captain King!" Aileen Craye turned timidly to King of the Islands, and held out her hand. "And thank you from my heart!" she said, and passed into the boat.

Lufu and Tomoo had taken the oars. They were ready to push off, and Kit Hudson stood hesitating by the rail. He turned abruptly to Ken.

"Let's part friends, Ken," he said huskily. "We're not likely to meet again, but I shan't forget what a shipmate you've been to me!"

"We part friends," Ken grasped his hand. "Good luck to you, old man!"

Hudson wrung his hand, and then for a moment or two he seemed still to hesitate. Then he swung himself into the whaleboat and signed to the Kanakas to give way. The boat rocked away from the Dawn.

Ken stood by the rail, watching them as they pulled to the atoll. He was losing his shipmate—the faithful comrade who had shared with him so many cruises and so many perils.

Hudson, with a steady hand, steered into a narrow passage where the surf creamed over the reef and the boat glided into the circled lagoon. It grew smaller in the distance under Ken's watching eyes. He saw it glide across the shining lagoon and thud on the shelving sand of the beach.

Tiny in the distance now, he saw the passengers step ashore on the sand. Tomoo and Lufu landed the goods from the boat, stacking them on the beach above high-water mark. Then the two Kanakas re-entered the boat and pushed off.

Ken's eyes did not follow the Kanakas as they pulled back to the reef passage and out into the open sea again. His gaze was fixed on his shipmate.

Craye, he could see, was speaking to Hudson. But the one-time mate of the Dawn did not seem to be heeding. Standing on the beach of Fufa, he was looking seaward, towards the ketch. From the ache in his own heart, Ken could surmise the feelings in Hudson's breast.

The whaleboat thudded on the hull of the Dawn, and Ken started from his gloomy abstraction.

The boat was swung up to the davits, and King of the Islands rapped out orders to the Hiva-Oa crew. Sails were shaken out on the ketch, and the Dawn glided away from Fufa.

Ken looked back. He saw a hand waved in the tiny group in the distance, and he waved back. A few minutes, and the group was lost to

sight. But King of the Islands, with a heavy heart, continued to gaze till the last palm-crest of Fufa sank into the sapphire of the sea. Then he turned despondently away.

### "What's the Big Idea?"

Kit Hudson watched the tall sails of the Dawn till they vanished into the blue. Then he turned away with a faint sigh. It seemed as if a part of his life had gone with his comrade and his ship.

He coloured as he found Aileen's questioning eyes on him. Craye had sat down on a coral rock, and was sullenly smoking a cigarette. Twice he had spoken to the Australian, unheard and unheeded, while Kit's eyes were on the disappearing ketch. In those minutes Hudson had even forgotten Aileen.

Silence lay on the atoll, save for the faint murmur of the waves lapping the little beach. Only a faint crying came from the seabirds out on the reef, seeking fish in the shallow tide-pools. Silence and solitude, heavy and oppressive after the busy life on the crowded little ketch.

But the die was cast, and Hudson was not the fellow to repine. Whatever came, danger or disaster or difficulty, it was his way to face it resolutely. He assumed as cheerful a look as he could.

"Well, we're landed, Miss Craye," he said. "Here's the new home." He spoke almost lightly.

"But I don't understand why you have landed, Mr. Hudson," said Aileen, her brows puckering. "I thought you were returning in the boat."

"I'm no longer mate of the Dawn," said Hudson. "You heard what King of the Islands said when I intervened in the cabin."

"I am sorry. But even if you left your ship, why leave it at this desolate island? You could have gone on to a port."

"I should not care to ship on another craft after the Dawn," said Kit. "It is all one to me—this island or another." He flushed hotly. "Unless you would rather that I did not stay."

"You have been a good friend to my brother. I am more than glad. I was thinking of you. Why should you make this sacrifice on our account?"

"It is no sacrifice," said Hudson briefly. "I could not stay on the Dawn after standing up against my skipper, and I should not care to take another ship. But we must not lose time. We must get up a shelter before sundown. There is much to be done. This atoll has never been inhabited, and there is nothing here such as you found on Loya."

She nodded, and Hudson turned to the stores stacked on the sand. But her gaze followed him curiously, and the troubled pucker remained in her brow. Hudson's presence was a boon in the solitude of Fufa. It might mean preservation if danger came—as it might any day or night. There was no doubt that the girl was glad

that he was there, but she could not understand why he had thrown in his lot with them.

It was past noon now, and the tropical heat blazed down on the atoll. Craye withdrew to the shade of a palm-tree, where he lay and smoked cigarette after cigarette. Hudson carried the stores, a load at a time, up the beach to the palms. The man from Apia did not offer to aid, though Hudson glanced at him more than once with knitted brows. The ex-mate of the Dawn walked over to him at last.

"There's work to be done, Craye," he said curtly. "We've got to build

make a break till the matter's beginning to be forgotten. I should be arrested on the first steamer I put my foot on.

"I know it means a long time, but what help is there?" went on Craye savagely. "I'm not gone on a Robinson Crusoe life—I hate it! But it's better than prison bars."

Hudson frowned. He was thinking of Aileen. But Montague Craye, evidently, was thinking only of himself.

"It will die down," Craye continued. "Sooner or later they'll forget about the lost man from Apia. They'll take it that I've been drowned

The silence of Fufa was soon broken by the ringing of an axe. Under the tropic heat, Hudson worked hard, cutting palm-poles for a hut, and Craye helped him. Aileen lent her aid in gathering the broad leaves of the pandanus for walls and thatch.

Like a true sailorman, Hudson could turn his hand to almost anything. The little hut grew swiftly under his hands. Palm-poles were planted in the ground, cross-poles laced with wiry creepers, and the pandanus leaves pinned in their places with long, sharp thorns. It was a flimsy construction, but ample for a climate of eternal summer.

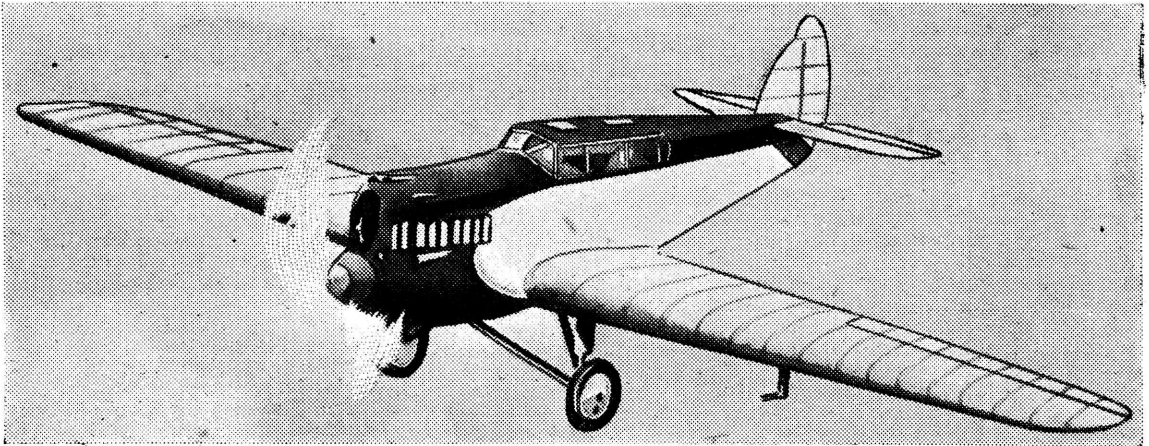
## What Plane Was That? Showing and telling you how to recognise immediately the new Hendy Type 302 monoplane

**T**HE machine you see here is the Hendy Type 302—a brand-new low wing cantilever monoplane.

This neat little cabin machine has just been designed and constructed by Mr. B. B. Henderson of the Hendy Aircraft Company at Shoreham, Sussex—one of the latest aircraft construction firms.

understand that they are easily adapted for metal construction and may presently be built of metal. There are not many British low wing monoplanes, so you should have no difficulty in recognising this machine, the standard colour design of which is green and cream.

The curious object projecting from below the port plane is



Particularly designed for the private owner, it is quite fast, cruising at 112 m.p.h., with 130 m.p.h. as maximum speed. The cabin is roomy, with large windows in the sides and roof, and the view from the pilot's seat is very good. The petrol is carried in the wings. The engine is a Cirrus-Hermes, neatly cowled in.

At present the Hendys are being built of wood, but I

the "pitot" tube. In biplanes this is always fixed to one of the leading inter-plane struts, but in the case of monoplanes it has to be on the leading edge of the plane.

### **THIS WEEK'S DEFINITION:**

**PITOT TUBE.**—This is part of the air speed indicator. The tube leads to the actual instrument, the dial of which is on the pilot's instrument board.

a hut before sundown for Miss Craye. Get up and bear a hand."

"It's hot!" The man from Apia unwillingly rose.

"It won't be cooler for hours yet. There will be plenty of time for loafing later—weeks and months of it. We're not likely to see a ship here in a hurry."

"I don't want to see a ship." Craye's reply made Hudson give him a curious look.

"What's the big idea, Craye?" he asked. "You must have been two or three months on Loya, judging by the time you left Apia. We may be here months or more. How long do you reckon on hiding on a lonely island?"

"Until the thing's blown over," answered Craye. "Sooner or later they'll give up the hunt for me. Then I may be able to get out of the South Seas. It would be no use trying to

in the Pacific, or eaten by cannibals. But I've got to wait, and I've got to keep safe while I wait.

"I thought I was safe on Loya, with its reputation of being haunted. That was why I ran there in my motor-boat. I meant to let a year pass, and then make a break, but the boat went to pieces on the reef." He glanced round at the boundless sea that hemmed in the atoll. "Here I'm safe, at least. And safety comes first. I'm not thinking about the future yet.

"That is, if your shipmate holds his tongue." He paused, and bit his lip. "If he talks at Pita there will soon be a crowd here looking for me and the reward."

"King of the Islands will say nothing," said Hudson quietly. "You are safe here, if that is what you want. Let's get to work."

Hudson unpacked the stores from the ketch. All that was needed to make the hut a comfortable habitation was there. King of the Islands had forgotten nothing.

The sun was sinking in a mass of purple and gold before the work was finished. The tropical twilight was at hand. Already the shadows of the tall palms were creeping and lengthening on the lagoon.

The three ate their supper together under the palms. The hut was built close to a tiny spring that supplied fresh water, and ample food had been brought from the Dawn to last a long time.

When it was gone, the castaways would have to depend on the natural supplies of Fufa. But they were ample—coconuts without number, innumerable eggs of seabirds, fish swarming in the lagoon.

## Hunters of the South Seas!

With the fall of darkness Aileen retired to the hut. Craye threw himself on a blanket under the palms, and lay there smoking. Hudson, leaning against a tall trunk, stood for a time in silence, watching the glitter of the stars as they came out over the glimmering surface of the lagoon.

"We'll begin on a stockade tomorrow, Craye," he said at length.

"A stockade?" Craye turned on his elbow and looked at him.

"We may need it," said Hudson. "No need to alarm Miss Craye, but I'm not at all sure that we've seen the last of Barney Hall. We left him a hundred miles astern, but Hall's a stickler. It's not only the reward he's after, Craye. He thinks you've got ten thousand pounds in banknotes in your belt. That's Hall's game, and he will comb these seas to lay hands on it.

"Besides, apart from Barney Hall, there's always a possibility of some canoe crew of savages landing for coconuts and water. We've got to make the camp safe."

Craye nodded, and turned over to sleep. Hudson stretched himself on his blankets at last, but it was long before he slept. His thoughts followed the white wings of the Dawn across far seas. There was an ache in his heart when he thought of his shipmate.

But he slept at last, and did not wake again till the outburst of melody of a thousand wild birds announced the dawn.

That morning Hudson marked out the line of the stockade in a circle round the hut and the spring. Through the long, hot hours his axe rang, awakening unaccustomed echoes on the lonely isle of Fufa, cutting palm poles.

Days passed. They were all the same on Fufa—glorious dawn, long hours of burning heat, gorgeous sunset, starry night. After a week on the island it was hard for the three to realise whether they had been there days or weeks or months.

Every day the stockade grew under Hudson's steady labour, a circle of stout, poles planted firmly in the earth, barred and strengthened within by cross-poles bound with wiry ropes of fibre. A narrow gate, wide enough to admit only one, was left, with bars to secure it at night.

For the first day or two Craye helped in the work in a desultory way, but he gave it up at last, and Hudson worked alone. Every day the man from Apia watched the sea—not in the hope of seeing a sail but in the fear of seeing one. But as day followed day and no sail broke the monotony of the boundless blue, his fears left him.

Craye, at least, was content with the strange life on the lonely atoll, lost in the immensity of the Pacific. His first thought was for his own safety, and here the hunted man felt secure. Aileen, so far as Hudson could see, seemed content, too.

Kit was happy enough, for that

matter. He was working for Aileen, was there to protect her when danger came. The Dawn and her captain and crew seemed remote from him now.

Day followed day, sunny, placid, undisturbed. The stockade was finished at last, a secure refuge in case of a sudden attack. Hudson, unable to imitate the endless loafing and lounging of the man from Apia, turned to other work, and shaped a canoe, in which he went fishing on the lagoon.

Aileen generally accompanied him on his fishing excursions, while her brother lounged idly under the palms. Hudson, at least, did not miss his company.

He believed—had forced himself to believe—that Craye was an innocent man. But he could not like him. And he could not fail to see with what jealous care Craye guarded the belt that was buckled round him under his shirt.

That belt, hidden yet obvious, never left Craye. And there were times when Hudson could not help black doubts lurking in his mind. But a glance at Aileen was enough to dispel them.

Day after day, undisturbed, uneventful, a dream-like existence, on the isle set like a jewel in the midst of a placid sea. Yet any hour, as they knew, the calm might be followed by storm. Somewhere on the wide waters, Kit did not doubt, Barney Hall and his black crew were still searching for the man from Apia.

### Attacked!

**C**RACK! The whiz of the bullet came before the report reached Hudson's ears. He felt the wind of it as it passed, and there was a sharp cry from Aileen.

Hudson spun round so suddenly that the little canoe rocked and almost shipped water.

It was the hour of sunset. The west glowed with purple and gold. Days, weeks—Hudson hardly knew how long a time—had passed since the Dawn sailed from Fufa. And though he never forgot that danger might come, insensibly he had ceased to think of it and reckon on it. When it came it caught him almost by surprise.

The little fishing-canoe was far out on the lagoon. Hudson had made a good catch, and he was about to turn back to the beach when the shot came. Aileen had a paddle in her hand, about to dip it in the lagoon. With a white, startled face she raised it, and pointed towards the narrow reef passage.

From the open sea, gliding into the placid lagoon of Fufa, came a long, dark canoe with a tall prow—a war-canoe of the Solomons. Nine brawny black Solomon Island boys were kneeling to the paddles. In the stern stood a burly, rough-bearded white man, whose sunken eyes gleamed from a tanned face, and in whose right hand a revolver was spitting flame.

"Barney Hall!"

For a second Hudson stared blankly

at the ruffianly trader from Tonga. He had feared it, had almost expected it, and now Barney Hall was there. Scarce a cable's length distant, the big canoe was rushing into the lagoon.

The Tonga trader's savage face was glowing with triumph. He had suddenly sighted the fishing-canoe as his crew paddled in, and the sight of Hudson and Aileen told him all he needed to know.

He had combed a hundred atolls in his unwearied search for the lost man from Apia, and he was coming into Fufa with the hope, but scarcely with the expectation, of tracing Craye there. And as his canoe came through the reef passage he knew that he had found his prey at last.

Crack! The Tonga trader fired again, grinning savagely over the revolver. The shot was meant to kill. There was no more mercy in Barney Hall than in a tiger-shark, and he knew that it must come to a struggle. But the distance was too great for the Tonga trader, and his bullet missed Hudson by inches. Hall yelled to his black crew.

"You feller boy! You washy-washy debblish quick along that feller canoe!"

The paddles of the Solomon Islanders flashed swiftly. Hudson had grasped his revolver, but he relinquished it again at once, and seized his paddle.

"Quick, Aileen!" he panted. He used her Christian name unconsciously. "Quick—quick!"

He paddled desperately for the beach. He had taught Aileen to use a paddle, and she was already fairly skilful with it. Her efforts backed his, and the little fishing-canoe shot towards the beach.

"Washy-washy!" roared Hall furiously.

And the sweating blacks laboured madly at the paddles.

Hudson and Aileen paddled with all their energy. If the fishing-canoe was overtaken on the lagoon they were lost, and the enemy was gaining at every stroke of the paddles. But the fugitives had a long start, and the distance was short.

Crack, crack! rang Barney Hall's revolver astern. He was firing while his men slaved at the paddles.

A bullet struck the water, and dashed a spurt from the lagoon over Hudson. Another pierced the brim of his grass hat. As the pursuers drew closer Hall was firing with a surer aim.

"We shall beat them! Keep it up, Aileen!" panted Hudson, as he glanced back.

"Faster—faster!" breathed the girl. And the little canoe shot like an arrow across the shining water. But faster and faster came the long, dark Solomon Island canoe in pursuit, propelled by many brawny arms.

Crack, crack! Hot lead splashed in the water round the fugitives. Hudson gritted his teeth with rage. Hall was trying to pitch his bullets into the flying canoe, caring nothing that a woman was there!

"Washy-washy, you feller boy!"

yelled Hall. He pulled trigger again, but his revolver was empty.

Closer and closer the long canoe raced on its victim. But Hudson was very near the beach now. On the beach stood Craye, watching the flight and the pursuit with startled face and staring eyes. He seemed spellbound by the sight of the Tonga trader.

"Fire! Shoot, you fool—shoot!" Hudson shrieked to him.

Craye hardly seemed to understand. He stood as if paralysed with terror. There was a yell from Barney Hall as he sighted the man on the beach.

"Craye! Montague Craye!" His savage eyes danced with glee. "Craye at last, by thunder! King of the Islands will not save you now!"

At the thought of King of the Islands the Tonga trader stared round him. Hudson was there, and where Hudson was the ruffian expected to find his shipmate.

There was no entrance for the ketch into the lagoon, and Hall's eyes swept the circle of the outer reef. He expected to see the Dawn lying hove to outside the reef. He could scarcely believe his eyes, or his good luck, when he saw that no ship was there.

Fufa was a low-lying atoll. From the lagoon the masts of the smallest ship would have been seen beyond the reef; but in all the circle of the reef of Fufa there was no mast visible.

"By thunder!" breathed Hall. "King of the Islands has left them here and gone! He's left his mate with them—and if he ever sees his mate alive again, my name's not Barney Hall!"

He lifted his reloaded revolver and took aim at the ex-mate of the Dawn. But at the same moment Craye seemed to drag himself from his stupor and drew the revolver from his belt and opened fire on the pursuers of the fishing-canoe.

Crack, crack, crack! rolled across the lagoon, and the lead spattered in the water round the Solomon Island canoe. One bullet pitched in among the blacks, more by chance than by aim, for Craye's hand was shaking as he pulled the trigger.

There was a sudden howling and confusion among the Solomon Islanders. A bullet had grazed a black cheek and torn through a black leg. For a few moments the big canoe lost way and swerved, and Barney Hall's shooting went wild. The Tonga trader yelled furiously to the blacks.

"Washy-washy, you black scum! S'pose that feller canoe he get away, me knock seven bells outer your black hides! Washy-washy plenty too quick, you swabs!"

There was a thud as the fishing-canoe ran on the sand. Hudson grasped Aileen by the arm and half lifted her ashore.

"Quick!" he panted. They ran up the beach towards the palms. Craye turned as they came up to him, and ran with them. In a few seconds they were among the slender trunks of the palms.

A few seconds more and the Solomon Island canoe came thudding on the beach.

"You feller boy, you follow me!"

roared Barney Hall as he sprang ashore.

"We've got 'em now!" breathed Barney Hall. "By thunder, we've got 'em!"

His savage eyes blazed with triumph as he raced up to the palms. In the palm grove, so far as Hall could see, there was no refuge for the fugitives. The little atoll was scarcely more than two hundred yards across in the widest place, and there was no bush to afford a hiding. It could not take long.

Once at close quarters, the ex-mate of the Dawn could not stand against the rush of the cannibal crew. Barney Hall was counting on certain triumph now, and his savage face was gloating.

Holding Aileen by the hand, Hudson raced with her towards the stockade. To reach the stockade ahead of the pursuit and bar the gate against the savage crew behind was the only hope now.

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**Ask your  
MOTHER or DAD  
to tell the  
NEWSAGENT  
to leave  
MODERN BOY  
with the family  
newspaper every  
MONDAY MORNING**

\*~\*~\*

**Then you will be certain of  
getting it—and the Free  
Coloured Plates—each week!**

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But for Kit's precaution in building the stockade there would have been no gleam of hope. Hudson knew, as well as the Tonga trader, that he had no chance in a hand-to-hand fight with the Solomon Islanders.

The open gateway of the stockade was only a dozen yards distant when Hudson felt, rather than heard, the foremost of the pursuers close at his back. He released Aileen, and swung round, revolver in hand, eyes blazing.

"Get her into the stockade, Craye!" he yelled.

A spear flashed before Hudson's eyes as a burly black hurled himself upon him. He eluded the thrust of the long-bladed spear, but the next moment he was staggering back under the weight of the savage who crashed into him. He grappled with the man.

"Save her, Craye!" he screamed. He heard a cry from Aileen as he struggled with the brawny black. With animal-like howls the rest of the mob of savages were coming on. Behind them roared the voice of Barney Hall, panting on in the rear.

Hudson crashed the heavy barrel of his revolver across the face of the Solomon Islander who was grasping him. The man screamed and fell at his feet. The next instant he was firing right and left in the midst of the savages.

Howling like demons, they crowded back. It was only for a moment—the rush was coming! But Hudson turned and bounded away towards the stockade. In a flash the whole crew were screaming at his heels.

The narrow gateway was open. Aileen was safe within, and he saw Craye crash shut the gate, heard the slam of the heavy palmwood bar that secured it. He heard the cry of Aileen as he was shut out, forgotten, or unregarded, by Craye in his terror!

"Monty! He will be killed!" But the slam of another bar was her only answer.

The next moment Hudson had reached the stockade. He made a flying leap as he reached it, and caught the top of the wooden palisade, ten feet from the ground. With the agility of a cat he swung over the top, barely escaping the thrust of a spear from below.

He rolled over the wall, and tumbled headlong within. In an instant he was on his feet, a rifle in his hands. Already black hands were grasping at the stockade, and a black face, with rolling eyes and snarling teeth, rose over the top. As it rose Hudson fired, and the Solomon Islander crashed back.

"Now!" snapped Hudson, between his set teeth. "Let them come, the dogs!"

He sprang upon the wooden step within the stockade and looked over at the enemy. Bang, bang, bang! roared the repeating rifle, answered by fearful yells and whizzing spears. Bang! it roared again as Barney Hall came tramping through the palms and halted in rage and amazement at the sight of the stockade.

The Tonga trader yelled as the bullet grazed his bearded face, and leapt back among the palms for cover.

"This way, Barney Hall!" shouted Hudson. "I'm here if you want me! This way, you cur!"

A yell of rage answered him, and a spattering of pistol shots. Hudson stepped down. A black face rose over the stockade again, to vanish with a howl barely in time to escape a shot.

"We're lost!" groaned Craye. "We're lost!"

"We're saved!" answered Hudson coolly. "Pull yourself together! We can hold the stockade against that crew!"

And it seemed that he was right, for the howling of the Solomon Island blacks died into silence at last as they retired towards the lagoon. They had not ventured to rush the stockade.

For the present, at least, they were gone. But the night that settled down blackly on Fufa was to be a night of haunting fear!

*(Next week you will thoroughly enjoy another splendid story of the adventures of Ken King, his crew—and his enemies! To miss next Monday's MODERN BOY would be like missing a birthday!)*