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The **FLYING
SCOTSMAN
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PLATE**

**FREE
INSIDE!**




PERCY F. WESTERMAN'S NEW STORY Within

Shipmates of the Dawn

By

**CHARLES
HAMILTON**

A rattling fine yarn of the sunny South Seas, relating how at last the ketch Dawn gets back its young Australian mate—to the joy of King of the Islands and his dusky crew!



Koko slung the money-belt over his shoulder, and Ken King confronted the burly Tonga trader.

COMPLETE

"If I Get a Chance!"

BARNEY HALL, ruffianly South Seas trader from Tonga, opened his eyes and stared dizzily around him. He was lying on a bed of tapa mats, and over him was a roof of pandanus leaves supported on four poles. It was a flimsy shelter, open on all sides, but all that was needed on the sun-drenched Pacific atoll of Fufa.

With a canoe full of Solomon Island savages, Hall had come to Fufa in search of Montague Craye, who had been manager for the Pacific Company at Apia, and had fled when a charge of stealing £10,000 in banknotes had been brought against him.

A reward of £500 was offered for his capture.

Craye's sister, Aileen, believing her brother to be innocent of the charge, had fled from Apia with him. Ken King, the boy trader of the Pacific, known far and wide as King of the Islands, had brought them to Fufa from uninhabited Loya, in his ketch Dawn, to prevent the girl falling into Barney Hall's hands.

During the trip trouble had arisen between Ken and his young Australian mate, Kit Hudson. Ken, firmly believing Craye had stolen the money and was carrying the banknotes in his money-belt, had insisted that before going ashore

Craye must divulge the contents of his belt. Craye had refused, and when Ken had resorted to force, Kit Hudson, bewitched by Aileen's pretty face, had unexpectedly sided with the fugitive.

Rather than come to blows with his old shipmate, Ken had dropped the matter, dismissed Hudson from his post, and put him ashore at Fufa with the Crayes.

Hudson had built a stockade on the atoll, and it was to this the fugitives owed their lives, for from behind the shelter of its walls they had been able to beat off the attack of Hall and his savage crew. Hall had been wounded, and his crew had mutinied. They had been about to spear the helpless trader when Hudson had come upon them and chased them from the atoll.

Hall wondered dazedly what had happened to him. The last he remembered was that he was lying on the beach with the threatening faces of his mutinous black crew round him.

Now there were none of the Solomon Islanders to be seen. Kit Hudson, the ex-mate of the Dawn, was leaning on a palm-tree near at hand, his eyes fixed on the girl who was fanning Barney Hall with a palm-leaf.

In the gateway of the stockade lounged Montague Craye, and Hall's eyes glistened as he looked at the "lost man from Apia."

Hall looked up savagely at the sun-burnt face of the ex-mate of the Dawn as Kit Hudson came towards him.

"You've got me!" he muttered huskily.

"Yes, luckily for you," said Hudson. "When I came upon you, Barney Hall, your crew were just about to spear you."

"The black scum!" muttered Hall, shivering. "They turned on me as soon as I was knocked out. Where are they?"

The ex-mate of the Dawn smiled, and waved his hand towards the boundless Pacific.

"They got away in your canoe," said Hudson, "and you're marooned here now. You'll be a prisoner so long as you stop on this island, and if you give trouble, you'll be shot out of hand."

"Marooned!" muttered Hall. "A ship don't raise Fufa once in a year—unless your shipmate comes back for you," he added.

"King of the Islands will not come back to Fufa!" said Hudson curtly. "I've parted with him!" And he turned away.

Hall stared after him sullenly. The muttering voice of Craye came to his ears, speaking to Hudson.

"He'll be on his feet in a week, and then—"

"We are armed and he's disarmed."

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There's nothing to fear from him!" Hall heard a note of contempt in Hudson's voice.

Craye muttered something under his breath and lounged away into the stockade. Barney Hall's sunken eyes followed him bitterly.

But the trader's hard eyes softened as they turned on the girl at his side. The steady wave of the palm-leaf brought him refreshing coolness and kept away the buzzing flies. Even the seared heart of the rough South Sea trader was not dead to feeling.

"You're Craye's sister?" he muttered. "My life wouldn't be worth much if he were giving orders here."

"Your life is safe," said Aileen. "You made yourself my brother's enemy. We were safe on Loya, till you hunted him away. You came here hunting him. But he will not harm you now you are helpless."

"He wouldn't harm me if I were standing on my feet," growled Hall. "I'd break him between finger and thumb! It's that swab of an Australian who's beaten me."

"And more fool he to let me live!" went on Hall. "I'm after the Pacific Company's money, and he knows it." He stared curiously at the girl's face. "You ran away from Apia with Craye—helped him get away. You don't look the sort to touch stolen money, either."

"My brother was innocent!" cried Aileen. "He fled from injustice! He would have been condemned on false evidence, and I stood by him—his only friend. Had you succeeded when you attacked us, you would have gained only the miserable reward for handing my brother over to his enemies. When he fled from Apia he took nothing with him."

"He took ten thousand pounds in banknotes, belonging to the Pacific Company."

The girl shook her head.

"By gum!" muttered Barney, staring at her harder. "By gum! You reckon he hasn't got the Pacific Company's money in his belt this minute?"

"He has nothing!"

"You believe that?" gasped Hall. "And does Hudson believe it?"

"He does! He stood by my brother against his own skipper. That is why they parted."

Barney Hall stared blankly at the girl and then his eyes turned again on Hudson, leaning on the palm-tree. Hudson's eyes were on Aileen. A grin dawned on the trader's rough, stubby face. He could guess that it was not for the brother's sake that the ex-mate of the Dawn had thrown in his lot with the fugitives.

"By gum!" muttered Hall. "Well, Hudson's not the first man that's been made a fool of. And you believe that Craye's an innocent man!" His look was half-mocking, half-pitying. "You're a good girl, and I reckon I'll hate to open your eyes, but if I get a chance—" He broke off, his eyelids drooped, and he seemed to sleep. Aileen quietly left him.

But Barney Hall was not sleeping. He was thinking. He lay wounded and weak, but his strength would return. His thoughts leaped ahead. There was only one man on the island whom he needed to fear—the ex-mate of the Dawn. He was unarmed, but he might yet gain the upper hand, by treachery if not by force. Then he could build a canoe, escape from Fufa, and take his chances on the Pacific—with ten thousand pounds in his belt.

Fortune had not favoured the Tonga trader since he had run down the lost man from Apia. He was defeated, wounded, deserted by his crew, marooned on a solitary atoll. But the game was not up yet.

"Sail-Ho!"

KIT HUDSON tramped down the path from the stockade to the beach, deep in thought. A week had passed since the defeat of Barney Hall. Sunny day had succeeded sunny day, in the eventless placidity of a Pacific island, and day by day the tough, hardy trader mended. He was now able to hobble about leaning on a stick.

But it was not of Hall that Hudson was thinking as he went down to the beach this bright morning. Glancing back at the stockade for a moment, he saw Craye lounging in the gateway, and caught the sneering, sarcastic grin on the outcast's face. He clenched his hands, but swung on towards the beach.

More than once the ex-mate of the Dawn had found it hard work to keep his hands off Montague Craye. He had really believed Craye to be an innocent man when he had stuck up for him in defiance of Ken King. But before Hall had attacked the stockade, the ruffian had offered to call off his men if Craye would surrender the stolen money.

Craye was a coward, and the suggestive way in which he had fingered his money-belt had convinced Hudson that he really was a thief and carried the stolen money.

And, knowing it, he could not treat Craye as before. Hourly contact with a man who had stolen money on him was gall and wormwood to Hudson. For Aileen's sake he had tried to hide the change in his feelings, but he knew that he had failed. With a woman's keen instinct Aileen had read what was in the Cornstalk's mind, and a coldness had grown up between them.

Hudson could only have broken down the barrier between them by reassuring the girl of his faith in her brother. But no such falsehood could pass his lips.

Craye, he had no doubt, suspected his secret—knew that it was love for Aileen that had caused the ex-mate of the Dawn to share that solitary existence of hiding on a remote atoll in the Pacific.

Craye disliked him, if only because he was aware that Hudson knew his guilt. And now that he no longer feared Barney Hall and his cannibal crew, Craye had no use for Hudson,

and would have been glad to see the last of him. The sarcastic, sneering grin with which the outcast watched Hudson tramping away from the stockade showed his feelings plainly enough.

Hudson reached the shelving beach, and stopped for some minutes by the fishing canoe that lay on the sand. But he was in no mood for fishing, and turned and tramped along the beach.

He had thrown in his lot with the fugitives for Aileen's sake. Now, he thought bitterly, he had outlived his usefulness. It was for this that he had parted with his shipmate, and lost the best friend a man ever had. But the present state of affairs could not continue. If a ship came to Fufa—

But no ship was likely to come to Fufa. He had known that he was marooning himself when he landed with the fugitives. As he tramped round the circling beach, vague plans formed in his mind of building a sea-going canoe, and taking his luck on the Pacific.

But there were difficulties in that, for he could not leave Barney Hall master of the island. And to allow Hall to escape was to reveal Craye's hiding-place to the world.

He stopped under a palm, and stood gazing out to sea across the reef. Wide and lonely the blue Pacific rolled, stretching to the distant horizon. Far away on the blue a glimmer caught his eyes, and he gazed harder. Was it a sail?

Kit Hudson hardly knew whether he wanted to leave Fufa, even if a ship came. But to the sailorman's eye a sail was a glad sight, in the solitary waste of waters. His heart beat faster as he watched the speck in the far distance.

He turned from the beach, and stepped among the palms. Picking out the tallest of the tall trees, he clambered up the trunk, walking up the slanting, slender stem in the way of a South Sea Islander.

From a height of sixty feet he held on, and gazed seaward. The speck was approaching Fufa, coming down before the wind.

Tap, tap! The sound from below made him glance down. Barney Hall, leaning on his stick, was hobbling along the beach. Hudson stared at the big grass-hat that hid the Tonga trader from his view from above.

Hall was walking feebly, bending over the stick. But a suspicion had come into Hudson's mind that Hall was not so feeble as he affected to be. He knew the man's treacherous nature, and he was on the alert for trickery. It would be like the man, when his strength had returned, to affect feebleness in the hope of taking his captors off their guard.

The Tonga trader sank down in the shade of the tall palm-tree, and Hudson heard him groan, as if his exertions had been too much for him.

The ex-mate of the Dawn turned his eyes on the ocean again. The speck was nearer and clearer. It was a sail, there was no doubt of that now, and it was approaching Fufa.

Hudson smiled bitterly. If a trader came to Fufa and found

Montague Craye there, the lost man from Apia would be in danger again. There was hardly a skipper in the Pacific who would let such a chance pass him by. Some, like Barney Hall, would have grasped greedily at the banknotes belonging to the Pacific Company; many more would have seized the man for the reward offered for his capture. Hudson could picture that sneering grin fading from the outcast's face when he learned that a sail was bearing down on the atoll.

And Aileen—perhaps she would forgive him for knowing that the wretched man was a thief if he saved Craye again!

Clinging to the tall, swaying palm, Hudson watched the sail. He felt his heart throb as he watched, for there was something familiar in the sail, far distant as it was. Hudson could see, by this time, that the approaching sail was a ketch—a ketch with an unusually large mizzen.

"The Dawn!" he whispered. He was sure of it. King of the Islands was coming back to Fufa. The ketch that leaned to the wind far out on the blue Pacific was King of the Islands' ketch.

The black shadows cleared from Hudson's face. His comrade had not forgotten him. Not for a moment had he dreamed that Ken would return to Fufa. The boy trader had no business within fifty miles of the atoll; and by that time Hudson had supposed that his former shipmate was well on his way back to his home port of Lalinge. And he was coming—it was the Dawn that was bearing down on Fufa.

"Ken, old man!" Hudson whispered, as if his shipmate could have heard him across the long miles of heaving water.

His heart was lighter. Ken's coming could not solve the problems that troubled him. But to grasp once more the hand of his old comrade—to see the smiling brown face of Kaio-lalulalonga—Koko for short, the giant Kanaka bo'sun—the happy, grinning faces of the Hiva-Oa crew—Lufu, Lompo, Kolulu, Tomoo, and Danny, the cooky-boy—and to tread, if only for an hour, the old familiar deck—the thought was like wine to him.

Hudson's face lighted up and his eyes shone. He slithered down the slanting trunk of the palm. The sight of the Dawn had filled him with exhilaration, and he had forgotten the man who lay sprawled in the shadow of the palm. He dropped lightly beside Barney Hall as the man lay at the foot of the palm, and, passing him without a glance, moved towards the beach. The next moment he half-turned at a movement behind him—but only in time to reel under a crashing blow!

Hudson gave a cry and pitched to the earth. His hand flew to his revolver, but another blow struck it from his hand. Another, as he was springing up, stretched him on the earth again, senseless.

For long minutes Hudson was lost to his surroundings. He came to his senses to feel the hard grip of twisted fibre on his limbs, to know that he

was a prisoner. He stared dizzily at the rough, grinning face that bent over him.

The Tonga trader chuckled. He was leaning on the stick as he bent over Hudson, but the feebleness was gone. And Hudson's revolver was sticking in his belt.

"Looking for a sail, was you, on top of that palm?" grinned Barney Hall. "You won't see a sail near Fufa, you lubber."

Hudson stared at him in silence. Hall evidently had not noticed that speck on the sea.

"I've got you safe," grinned Hall. "Craye won't give me any trouble, and I'll see that the girl doesn't. You

"I never reckoned my chance would come so soon. But it has come! Week from now, my hearty, I'll be in a canoe, homeward bound, with a fortune in my belt. You'll help me build the canoe, I reckon, so will Craye. But that will keep—I reckon I'm seeing Craye now."

He turned his back on Hudson and tramped away along the beach, no longer tapping with the stick.

The Loot.

A ILEEN, sitting outside the little hut in the stockade, was slicing yams for the cooking-pot. Montague Craye, sprawling on

Hudson gave a cry and pitched to the earth.



saved me when that black scum turned on me, and for that reason I won't pitch you into the lagoon. I've got you safe. Who's master of Fufa now, you swab?

"You've stood by a thief," went on Hall, as Hudson made no reply. "The girl believes in him, but you don't. Not you! She's a good girl. She nursed me when I was on my beam-ends. Oh, I ain't forgotten that! I'd leave her her belief in that scum if I could, but I reckon Craye is going to shell out the banknotes now.

a tapa mat, watched her while the smoke curled from his cigarette.

Craye was discontented and restless as usual. For his safety's sake he had to remain in hiding till the hunt for him had died down, and only on a lonely atoll, far from the track of ships, was he safe—if he was safe even there.

The monotonous life of the solitary island got on his nerves, and complaints were often on his lips, though no word of complaint was ever uttered by the girl who had given up the

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civilised world to follow his lonely wanderings.

"A year, perhaps," muttered Craye, breaking the silence. "By that time they'll be satisfied that I am dead, and it will be safe to move. And by that time, if a ship touches at this forgotten spot—"

"A year!" said Aileen, and in spite of herself a cloud came over her patient face. A year on Fufa!

"Under other names, as castaways, we can be picked up—it will be easy to make up a tale," said Craye. "If only the lost man from Apia is forgotten it will be safe. I shall have to get out of the South Seas, but you, Aileen—"

"You will not want me then," said Aileen. Her cheeks coloured faintly. "And I am waited for at Apia."

Some touch of remorse came into the selfish face of the outcast.

"I know!" he muttered. "But I should never have pulled through without you, Aileen. You've saved me. You'll be glad to remember that, by and by, when I'm gone for good."

"But if they find out the truth—if your innocence is proved!" said Aileen.

Craye turned his face from her. There were times when he felt impatient, as well as shamed, by his sister's simple faith in him.

Barney Hall came in at the gateway of the stockade, tapping with his stick, once more the feeble invalid. Hudson's revolver was in his pocket out of sight.

Craye sat up and looked at him sullenly.

"Get out of this!" he snapped. "You've orders not to come inside the stockade. You know that."

"Ay, ay, I know that," said Barney Hall.

"Is your wound troubling you?" asked Aileen, her clear kind eyes on the Tonga trader. "Can I help you?"

Hall's stubbly face flushed a little. "It ain't that, miss," he said, "thanking you kindly. I'm a rough man, miss, and I've lived rough and hard, but don't you think that I'm going to forget how good you've been to me. I wouldn't hurt a hair of your pretty head, miss."

"You're not likely to hurt anybody here, you ruffian!" snarled Craye. "But if I had my way, I'd put you in the lagoon for the sharks!"

"I dessay!" grinned Hall. He was close to them now, and he suddenly dropped the stick and withdrew the revolver from his pocket. It gleamed in the burning sunlight as it was levelled at the startled man on the tapa mat. Craye started up with a cry.

"Keep where you are, Craye!" ordered Barney Hall. "Don't try to touch that shooter! I'd shoot you as soon as look at you if it wasn't for miss here. Keep quiet."

Craye sank back again, staring at the Tonga trader with distended eyes, his face white as chalk. His hand had gone towards his revolver, but he withdrew it hastily.

Aileen sat as if stunned.

"Don't you be afeared, miss," said Barney Hall. "You sit where you are. I ain't letting you get hold of a gun—you're too handy with one to suit me, miss." He grinned. "Jest sit where you are. I ain't going to hurt you, nor this swab either if he jumps to orders."

"Where is Hudson? Have you—"

Aileen's voice came in a dry whisper. "I reckon I've got that swab triced up safe and sound," said Barney Hall.

"I've got his gun here. Keep where you are. I jest got to talk to this brother of yours."

"What do you want?"

"I reckon I want the Pacific Company's banknotes," said Barney Hall grimly. "I've cruised long enough for them, and I reckon I'm near port now. Don't you be afeared, miss, I ain't handing your brother over for the reward—he can stay on Fufa as long as he likes. I want the ten thousand pounds that's tucked in his belt."

"That is all?" Aileen drew a gasping breath of relief. "I have told you that my brother has nothing—now you may see for yourself."

"I'm going to do jest that, miss!"

roared Hall, sudden rage flushing into his face. "Give it over—or—" His finger was pressing the trigger.

Craye, with trembling fingers, unfastened the belt and tossed it to the trader. Then he turned his face away with a groan of misery.

Barney Hall caught the belt. Putting up his revolver he tore open, with eager, greedy fingers, the pouches with which the money-belt was lined. Every pouch was crammed with folded paper, which rustled crisply as Hall dragged it out.

Aileen's eyes were on him contemptuously. But at the sight of the wads of banknotes her expression changed. Every vestige of colour deserted her face. She seemed scarcely to breathe as she gazed at the crisp, rustling notes in the trader's hands.

Hall's eyes were blazing with greed. Forgetful of the wretched man crouching on the tapa mat, forgetful of the white-faced girl, he counted over the banknotes, many of them of large denominations. He muttered the figures over to himself.

"By gum! Ten thousand pounds! You ain't drawn on the Pacific Company's money yet, Craye? You kept it jest as you stole it at Apia. Ten thousand pounds!" He chuckled loud and long.

Aileen found her voice.

"Monty!" Her brother did not speak, did not look at her. He lay huddled on the tapa mat, crushed and broken. "Monty! What—what is all that money?" Craye made no reply. But there was no need for the wretched man to answer.

"It is true, then?" whispered Aileen. "A thief! That is the money they said you carried away from Apia. My brother—a thief!" Her face sank into her hands.

Craye lay silent, overwhelmed with shame and despair. Barney Hall crammed the banknotes back into the pouches of the belt, and buckled it round his own waist, over his ragged shirt. He grinned contemptuously at Craye, but his rough face softened as he looked at the stricken girl who was crying softly.

"Everybody knew it, 'cepting you, miss," he said. "Hudson knows it—King of the Islands knew it—they knew it 'on every beach in the Pacific."

Aileen shivered, and Barney Hall turned away and tramped out of the stockade.

Craye stirred at last. He rose painfully to his feet, slowly, like an old man. It seemed as if the loss of his fortune, which had cost him so much, had aged him, broken him like a reed. His eyes turned almost carelessly on the weeping girl. Her grief and shame were not what mattered now. Without a word to her, he moved away across the stockade, with faltering, dragging steps, and passed out among the palms.

From somewhere in the palm grove, not far away, came the ringing of an axe. Craye did not glance in the direction of the sound, but he knew what it meant. Barney Hall was cutting timber for the building of a



GUINEAS for READERS' Group- Photographs!

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See page 19.



grinned Barney Hall. With his revolver aimed at Craye, he bent over the man from Apia and jerked his weapon away. Craye made no resistance. He was completely at the mercy of the Tonga trader.

"Now hand over that belt you've got under your shirt!" rapped Hall. Craye did not stir, and Hall's eyes glittered at him over the revolver.

"I reckon I don't want to plug you, for the sake of miss here," said the trader. "She's been good to me, and I ain't forgot it. But you want to get it into your figurehead that I'm master of Fufa, and you got to jump to orders. By Davy Jones, I'll shoot you like a dog if you don't."

"Give him the belt, Monty," said Aileen, in a low voice. "What does it matter?"

Craye groaned. His sister's faith in him was not likely to last much longer, but that was not what troubled him. It was the loss of his plunder, for which he had lost honour and reputation and become a fugitive on the face of the earth.

"Give me that belt, you swab!"

canoe. Now that the fortune was in his grasp, he was anxious to get away from Fufa. Somewhere on the island, Hudson lay a bound prisoner, but Craye the Tonga trader contemptuously disregarded.

The man from Apia went down the path to the beach, and the lagoon was before his eyes. On the margin of the lapping water, he stood, desperate thoughts in his tormented mind. And then something white that glanced on the sea made him look up and outward beyond the low reef where the sea-birds circled and called. He started, and stared.

"The Dawn!" From the bosom of the blue Pacific the white-winged ketch ran down to the island. She hove-to outside the reef; and her cable ran out. Craye stood staring at her as the whaleboat dropped into the water.

"Shipmate Ahoy!"

"WHITE feller stop along beach, sar!" said Kaiolalulalonga.

King of the Islands nodded. Watching Fufa, as the Kanakas lowered the boat, the boy trader had already picked up the haggard-faced man who stood on the margin of the lagoon.

"Feller Craye, sar!" said the brown boatswain of the Dawn.

"You no see feller Hudson, Koko, eye belong you?" said Ken.

Kaio-lalulalonga shook his dusky head. His keen eyes were searching the beach of Fufa.

"No see feller Hudson, eye belong me, sar," he answered. "No see feller white Mary, sar. No see feller Hall."

King of the Islands compressed his lips. More than a day had passed since he had spoken the canoe in which Barney Hall's black crew had fled from Fufa, and learnt from the Solomon Islanders what had been happening on Fufa. And the blacks had been six days at sea. What had happened on Fufa since? Where was Hudson? If he was living, he must have seen the Dawn's white sails bearing down on the island. Surely he would have come on the beach to greet his old shipmate?

But there was no sign of Hudson, the girl, or Barney Hall, only the haggard figure of Craye, standing on the beach of the lagoon, looking seaward. And even at the distance, Ken could make out the strange look on Craye's face, the dull despair in the drawn features and the glassy eyes. He stepped into the boat.

"Washy-washy along lagoon, plenty quick!" he ordered curtly.

Koko, Lompo, Tomoo, and Kolulu took the oars, leaving Lufu and Danny, the cooky-boy, on the ketch. King of the Islands steered for the

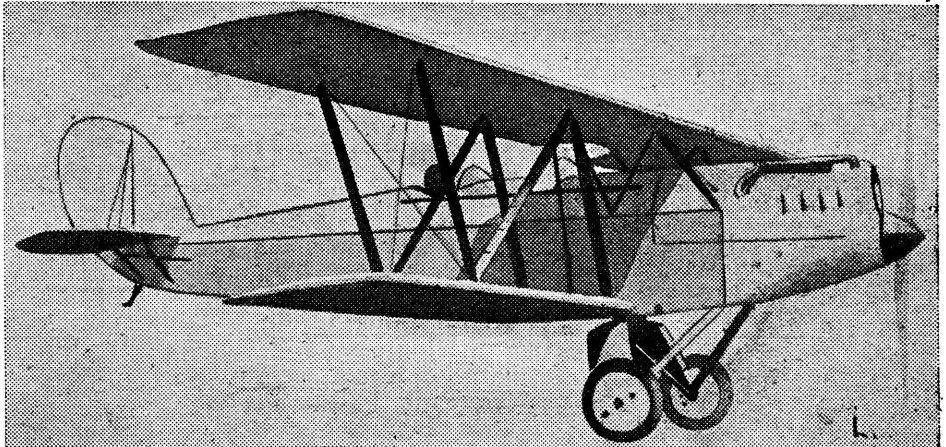
What Plane Was That?

FLYING-OFFICER W. E. JOHNS shows and tells you how to recognise at once the "ELF" should you spot it flying over

HEAVIER than most machines of the private owners' class, and fitted with a Cirrus Hermes engine, the Parnell "Elf" was designed by the firm that started building light aeroplanes of the "Pixie" class, both single and two-seaters. Then came the "Imp," a small two-seater, and now we have the "Elf."

The tail unit is distinctive and can quickly be spotted. The wing bracing is very unusual, in that instead of the usual vertical struts with wire bracing the wings are entirely strut-braced. Also they are very heavily staggered and placed far forward on the fuselage in order to bring both seats behind the wings, so that in emergency the passenger has the same chance of escaping by parachute as the pilot.

With the occupants placed behind the wings the centre of gravity would be too far aft, and to overcome this the wings are given a very



pronounced sweep-back. The seats being well clear of the wings allow of a very good all-round view. So here we have several unorthodox features, almost any of which would enable us at once to pick the machine out of a crowd.

The "Elf" is of all-wood construction, the fuselage being plywood planked on to wooden members. The engine is mounted on a welded steel tube structure, and is separated from the rest of the fuselage by a fireproof bulkhead. The fuel arrangements are rather different from those of the normal machine of this class. The usual small gravity tank is carried in the top centre section, and fed, by means of a pump, from the main supply tank in the fuselage.

With maximum speed of 116 m.p.h. and cruising speed of 100 m.p.h., it is a very useful all-round machine for clubs, schools, and the private owner. The landing speed is 45 m.p.h.; absolute ceiling, 16,000 feet; range, 400 miles; span, 31 feet, length, 23 feet.

THIS WEEK'S DEFINITION:

DOPE.—A chemical substance used for tightening the fabric covering of a plane.

reef passage, with a rifle across his knees. His face was white and set. If harm had befallen his comrade—

Swiftly he steered the whaleboat through the passage. With long, powerful strokes, the Kanakas drove it across the shining lagoon towards the beach where the lone figure of the man from Apia stood.

Craye did not move. Only his dull eyes followed the movement of the approaching boat. Whatever it was that had happened on Fufa, the coming of King of the Islands brought no hope to Montague Craye.

The whaleboat thudded on the sandy shore. King of the Islands leaped out and strode towards Craye.

"Where's Hudson?" The man

from Apia shrugged his shoulders. "Is he alive?" snapped Ken, his eyes gleaming at the haggard face. Some strange and terrible change had come over the lost man from Apia. He looked like a man broken and crumpled by some fearful and irrevocable blow.

"I'm not here to harm you, Craye," Ken went on quietly. "Tell me if my shipmate is living."

"I believe so. You'd better ask Barney Hall!"

"Barney Hall! Where is he?"

"Haven't you ears?" snarled Craye.

He made a gesture towards the palm grove, and Ken, listening, heard the distant ringing of an axe.

Then a change came over the

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almost lifeless face of the man from Apia. He came closer to Ken, his eyes glistening as if with a new uncertain hope, and laid a shaking hand on the boy trader's arm.

"Stand by me," he whispered huskily. "Stand by me, and I'll share! That Tonga thief has robbed me! Stand by me and share fairly, and—"

Ken shrank from his touch as from that of a leper. He understood now.

"You swab!" he said. "You've lost the money you stole at Apia, but Hall will not keep it long! But you shall never touch a sixpence of it, you miserable thief! It will go back where it belongs! Stand off, you swab!"

Craye caught at his sleeve as he turned away, but the boy trader struck his hand aside. He turned his back on Craye, and strode up towards the palms. His heart ached with fear for his shipmate. Barney Hall, it was evident, was master of Fufa now. What had happened to Hudson?

The boy trader's eyes burned under his knitted brows as he made his way among the palms, guided by the sound of the ringing axe. At his heels trod Kaio-lalulalonga, his long Malaita knife in his brown hand, his lips drawn back from his teeth in a snarl. The Hiva-Oa boys remained with the boat, staring curiously at the man from Apia.

Ken sighted Barney Hall. With fierce energy the Tonga trader wielded an axe, cutting the palm-wood for his canoe, the canoe that was to carry him from Fufa with a fortune to spend. His wound was not wholly healed, and the heat on Fufa was intense, but Barney Hall worked with a grin on his stubbly face.

He was in high feather, and as Ken sighted him he saw the Tonga trader's rough hand caress the bulging belt that was buckled round him.

"Drop that axe!"

Barney Hall gave a convulsive start and spun round, his fingers closing hard on the axe, eyes almost starting from his head. Only a dozen paces from him stood King of the Islands, his rifle at his shoulder, finger on trigger.

"King of the Islands!" Barney Hall panted out the name, staring at the boy trader with almost unbelieving eyes. The sight of Ken King's ghost could not have startled him more.

"Drop that axe, you dog!" ordered King of the Islands. "I give you one second before I fire!"

Hall's eyes were burning, his great chest heaving with rage. But the axe clanged from his hand to the ground.

"Seize that man, Koko, and bind his hands!"

The Tonga trader stood shaking with fury as the Kanaka approached him. But it was death to resist. The eye that looked at him over the levelled barrel of the rifle was merci-

less. With strips torn from the trader's shirt Koko bound his hands behind his back.

"Take that belt from him!" said King of the Islands, dropping his rifle. And the money-belt was taken, and Koko slung it over his shoulder. "Now, you scum, where's my shipmate?" asked Ken. And Barney Hall was glad at that moment that Kit Hudson was still alive on Fufa. "Where is he?" Ken's voice was low and quiet, but full of a deadly menace. "If he lives, you shall live, Barney Hall; if he is dead, you shall hang from the nearest tree. Where's Kit Hudson? Answer me, you scum!"

"He's alive, you fool!" muttered Hall. "I left him tied up like a shanghai'd lascar—but he's alive."

"Then lead me to him!"

Barney Hall turned and tramped away, King of the Islands and Kaio-lalulalonga following him. They

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emerged from the palm grove on the beach, and followed the trader along the circling beach. And then suddenly, from the shade of the palms, came a voice that gladdened Ken's heart:

"Shipmate ahoy!"

King of the Islands ran forward. Under the tall tree, from the summit of which he had watched the sails of the Dawn far out on the Pacific, Kit Hudson lay where Barney Hall had left him and almost forgotten him. He was aching in his bonds, bitten by flies, but it was a bright and cheerful face that he turned to his old comrade.

"Ken, old man!"

Koko's knife slashed through the cords. King of the Islands helped his comrade to his feet. Hudson leaned on him, numbed by the cords, weak, parched, and dizzy, but glad at heart. "Ken, old man," he breathed,

"I've been a fool, old fellow! My hat! It's good to see you again!"

Ken pressed his hand.

"If you're fed-up with Fufa, Kit, the Dawn's ready for her mate!" he said.

"We'll speak of that later!" Hudson smiled faintly. "Come with me. I've got a stockade built in the palms. Miss Craye is there—and—and—Craye—"

Ken made a gesture towards the money-belt slung on Koko's brown shoulder.

"Then she knows!" muttered Hudson.

Leaving Barney Hall, scowling, unheeded, the shipmates returned along the beach. The Hiva-Oa boys were sprawling lazily in the sand near the whaleboat. They jumped to attention as King of the Islands came up, and grinned at Hudson. Craye was not to be seen.

"I left Craye here," said Ken, glancing round him.

"That feller no stop, sar," said Lompo.

"What? What name you say that feller Craye no stop?"

Lompo pointed calmly to the lagoon. The shipmates exchanged a startled glance. Back into Ken's mind came that look on Craye's stricken face, the dull, crushed despair of the man who had lost all. He shivered.

"That feller go along lagoon, sar!" said Lompo, with a Kanaka's cheerful indifference. "That feller go finish, sar."

"You swab! What name you no stop that feller go finish?" exclaimed King of the Islands.

"What name me stop that feller, s'pose he wantee go finish?" asked Lompo in surprise. "That feller run along lagoon plenty quick. He wantee go finish altogether too much, sar. Finish along lagoon."

It was useless to chide the Kanaka. Ken turned away, sick at heart, and Kit Hudson tramped up the path to the stockade with heavy news for Aileen.

A Waving Hand.

THE white sails of the Dawn glanced on a sunny sea. Far astern lay the lone atoll of Fufa, where the lost man from Apia had met his fate.

Aileen Craye was a passenger on the Dawn, but for days she had not left the state-room. Kit Hudson, once more mate of the Dawn, walked the deck with his skipper and comrade, no cloud between them now. The Dawn was spreading her sails for far-off Lalinge, her home port.

Barney Hall had been given a passage as far as Pita, and dropped there, the shipmates glad enough to see the last of the Tonga trader. In the strong-box below was locked up the money-belt, with the ten thousand pounds belonging to the Pacific Company.

The ketch was still many days' sail from Lalinge when Aileen appeared on deck. She was pale and worn, with hollows under her sad eyes, but to

Hudson, at least, more beautiful than ever. In the days that followed the colour returned to the girl's cheeks, but the sadness did not leave her face. It was likely to be long before she ceased to mourn for the wretched man whose misspent life had ended on Fufa.

King of the Islands, gentle and thoughtful and full of kind attentions, was like a brother to the lonely girl. Hudson was something more than brotherly. And Ken, when he saw his comrade's eyes following Aileen, or heard the soft, subdued tone of his voice speaking to her, wondered whether he was, after all, to lose his shipmate.

And then came the day when the boy trader raised his home port, and the palm-trees and the blue hills of Lalinge rose above the waves.

Hudson, standing beside Aileen on the deck, pointed them out to the girl, and Ken, standing by the binnacle, glanced at them, well knowing what was trembling on Hudson's lips—words that he had never dared, as yet, to utter. And he wondered again if he was to lose his shipmate at Lalinge. Then came Aileen's low voice.

"And the steamer for Apia?"

"Once in three months," said Hudson. "And the next is due next week. It's a long trip." He faltered. "You are returning to Apia, then—Aileen?"

"My friends are there." The girl's eyes rested on his face. "I shall

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The FLYING SCOTSMAN, L.N.E.R. champion non-stop Express Engine.

THE L.N.E.R. "Flying Scotsman" class of passenger locomotives are of the Pacific (4-6-2) twelve-wheeled type. These are three-cylindere engines, like the Royal Scots, but unlike them the L.N.E.R. arrangement is for all three cylinders to drive the middle pair of coupled driving-wheels, which are 6 feet 8 inches in diameter. The bogie wheels are 3 feet 2 inches in diameter, and the trailing wheels (under the engine cab) 3 feet 8 inches in diameter.

The engines have a boiler pressure of 220 pounds per square inch, a wheel base of 60 feet 10 3/8 inches, and a length of 70 feet 2 3/8 inches over the buffers. Engine and tender in working order weigh 158 tons 13 cwt. The tenders of these locomotives are eight-wheeled, so that engine and tender together are a 20-wheeled unit. Some of the tenders are of corridor type, with coal capacity of 9 tons and water capacity of 5,000 gallons. The tenders alone, ready for the road, weigh 62 tons 8 cwt.

In the summer programme these engines haul the celebrated Flying Scotsman express, which leaves King's Cross, London, at 10 a.m., and runs non-stop to Edinburgh, just over 392 miles. This trip is done each week-day during the summer in either direction, and is easily the longest booked non-stop run in the world.

As the distance is so great arrangements are made to relieve the engine crew during the run—the fresh driver and fireman coming to the foot-plate via the corridor in the tender to take over for the second half of the journey.

rising to view. She was thinking of the steamer to Apia, and of one whom she had left, to follow the fortunes of an outcast.

And Hudson understood. He had never thought of it—never dreamed

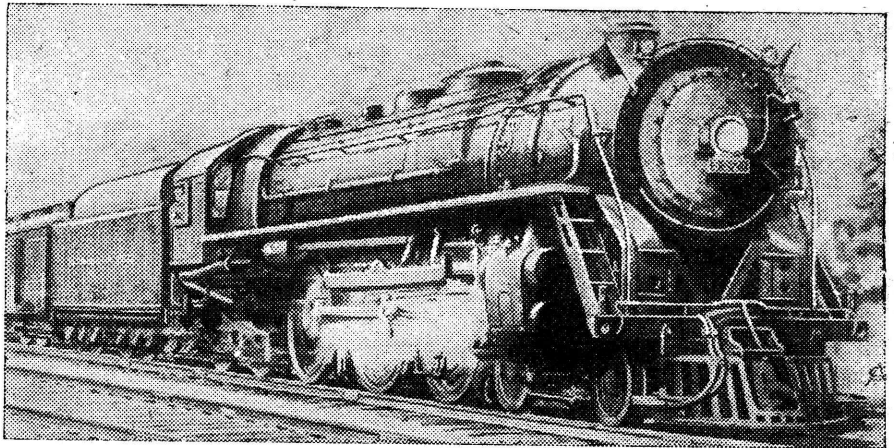
from the beach, and watched the steamer till her smoke was lost in the blue.

Then he drew a deep, deep breath, and walked along to the coral quay and stepped on to the Dawn.

A black-and-white miniature of NEXT WEEK'S Splendid FREE COLOURED PLATE—

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never forget your kindness, your courage, all that you did for me, and for—for my brother." She caught her breath. "If you should ever come to Apia—"

"I shall come to Apia."

"Then I shall be so glad to see you again, and to thank you again—I can never thank you enough. And—and there is someone at Apia I should like you to know. He, too, will thank you when I tell him how you have protected me and cared for me."

The girl's eyes turned on Lalinge, on the bright lagoon, the coral beach, the long line of warehouses

of it—and yet he might have thought of it. When the girl looked round again Hudson had gone below.

Her glance turned on King of the Islands. The boy trader's face was sombre. His thoughts were with his shipmate, and he wondered how Hudson was taking the blow that had shattered all his dreams.

Hudson was taking it like a man. His dream was over. And when the steamer for Apia throbbed out of the reef passage, and Aileen's hand waved for the last time, Hudson waved back

"If you still want a mate on this hooker, Captain King—" he began.

"You old ass!" was Ken's reply.

King of the Islands had not, after all, lost his shipmate! Once again they were to adventure into the South Seas aboard the ship they both loved, the staunchest of comrades in good weather and foul!

(And now it's "Au revoir!" to King of the Islands—and "Welcome!" to Jim Gale, Big-Game Hunter. The new series, by CAPT. F. A. M. WEBSTER, starts in next Monday's issue. The complete yarns about Jim Gale and his brother will bring savage Africa to your doorstep!)