

CHAMPION SPEEDMEN'S BIG THRILLS!

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FLYING POSTMAN RIDES THE BLIZZARD!

KOKO the KANAKA

The giant brown bo'sun helps KING OF THE ISLANDS wring the truth out of the biggest rogue in all the South Seas!



Cap'n of the Lugger!

WASHY-WASHY, you black seum!" snarled Barney Hall, the Tonga trader, staring across the faintly glimmering Pacific.

It was dark on the sea, and the faint glimmer of starlight on the water seemed only to make the darkness more baffling.

The wind came steady from the east. Westward lay the island of Kulua, barring the sea for many a mile north and south. Heading into the east, the lugger could not hoist a rag of sail. Barney Hall had to get sea-room before he could shake out canvas and tack round the long barrier-reef of Kulua. And it was hard to get, in the teeth of the wind. The Tonga crew laboured at the long sweeps; but they had laboured long and hard, and they were weary.

Barney Hall's lugger was small, but it was heavy and clumsy. Only his savage growling and threatening kept the Tonga boys at their hard and weary labour. And even so, the lugger made little way, and was hardly safe from being rolled back on Kulua.

Barney searched the sea with savage eyes, and listened for a sound of oars from the dark. But if there was a sound, it was blotted from hearing by

As Barney Hall lifted his hand to fire, Koko hurled the oar and sent him crashing back against the taffrail. Then Koko was on him, swift as a tiger-shark.

the straining of the lugger and the heavy creaking of the long sweeps in the hands of his crew. He knew that the Dawn's whaleboat, which had pursued him out of Kulua, might rush out of the dark at any moment.

Night with tropical suddenness had shut down on the Pacific soon after Barney had got his lugger out of the reef passage. Whether King of the Islands, as men called Ken King, the boy skipper and owner of the Dawn, had turned back, or whether he had followed on, Barney did not know.

He had checked the pursuit with his revolver. The revolver was still gripped in his hand, and he was ready

to pitch bullets at the whaleboat if he saw it. But he saw nothing in the deep dusk.

He cursed the wind. But he knew that it was the wind that saved him. The wind, dead on the reef, pinned the ketch Dawn in the lagoon. Had Ken King been able to get the ketch out to sea, Barney Hall would have had no chance of getting away. The Dawn would have out-sailed him. But the ketch could not run out under sweeps as the lugger had done.

He bent his tousled head, under the big grass-hat, and listened. Was that a sound from the sea?

"You feller Koo!" he snarled to the boat-steerer. "You hear feller boat along sea ear belong you?"

"Me hear feller oar, sar, along this feller lugger," said Koo. "Too much noise that feller oar makee along ear belong me."

Hall scowled at him and scanned the sea again. Was that a dark shape looming in the dusk? He leaned over the low rail, gripping his revolver.

Crack! He pitched a bullet into the gloom. Whether it struck wood-work, or flesh and bone and let out a life, the ruffianly trader little cared. His eyes glittered as he heard a startled cry.

"By hokey! It's the boat!"
The dash of oars came—close

By
**CHARLES
HAMILTON**

Koko the Kanaka

enough now to be picked up among other sounds. He had a dim glimpse of a whaleboat, of four men at the oars, three brown and one white—Koko and Tomoo, and Lompo and Kit Hudson, the mate—and of King of the Islands, standing. His fierce eyes glared over the revolver.

"Sheer off, King of the Islands! I'll fire on you if you pull a fathom nearer!"

"We've found the swab!" He heard Ken King's voice from the sea. "That's the lugger!"

Crack, crack! rang Barney Hall's revolver, as he fired recklessly in the direction of the voice.

But the boat dropped back into the shadows and he knew that his lead was wasted.

"Pull on, you swabs, if you dare!" he roared into the darkness. "Pull on, and I'll riddle you! Lay me aboard if you dare, King of the Islands!"

No answer came from the dark sea. But, straining his eyes, Hall glimpsed the whaleboat now and again, and his ear caught the dash of an oar, the rattle of a tholepin.

The whaleboat was keeping clear, but it was following the lugger. Now that King of the Islands had found him, he was keeping in his wake.

Barney Hall laughed savagely.

He was uneasy in his mind, but he had the upper hand. He was armed, and the boat's crew were not. He knew that neither Ken nor Kit had his revolver about him. They had been on the beach when they suddenly spotted the lugger escaping from the lagoon, and hurriedly pursued in the boat. Why they had done so, Hall did not know; but he feared. At all events, with a loaded revolver in his grip, he could hold the lugger against a rush, if they attempted it. He could not get away. The whaleboat was faster than the lugger under sweeps, and until he could shake out sail, he had to let the pursuers hang on astern. But he could drive them off if they came.

Savagely, under knitted brows, Hall stared astern. The Tonga boys, weary to the bone, dripping sweat, laboured at the sweeps against the wind that baffled their efforts. The lugger rolled and pitched in a heavy sea. From moment to moment Hall loosed off a shot at the unseen or half-seen boat that followed in the dark.

The Only Chance!

KING OF THE ISLANDS snapped his teeth as a bullet clipped by his head. It was sheer chance that it passed so close—the shooting from the lugger was random in the darkness. But a chance bullet might hit, and the lives of all the boat's crew were in peril.

"If I'd my gun—" breathed Ken. "No use wishing, Ken!" said Hudson. "We've picked up the lugger, but there's nothing doing."

"We're not losing her again!" said Ken, between his teeth. "If Barney Hall drops us and gets to sea, we shan't see him again, and we shall

never know what he did with Paget after that scallywag deserted from us and joined him. And we've got to know that. We're responsible to Paget's uncle for his safety."

"I know! But—" Hudson broke off with a shrug of the shoulders. He understood and shared his shipmate's feelings. But their fire-arms were on board the Dawn anchored in the Kulua lagoon—and Hall was armed, reckless, and desperate. In an hour the moon would be up, and then Barney Hall could pick them off like gulls. And there was little doubt what the ruffianly trader of Tonga would do then.

"White master!" It was the voice of Koko, the boatswain, whispering over his oar. "This feller Koko, sar, tinkee plenty too much, head belong him. This feller Koko savvy."

"What you tinkee head belong you?" asked Ken, with a smile.

He knew that Hudson was right, that it was futile to hang on the track of the lugger till the moon came up and placed them at the mercy of Barney Hall. But he was determined not to throw up the sponge. The fate of Ray Paget, the scallywag of Lalinge, was unknown—and Ken had to know what had happened to him on board Barney's lugger.

"Me tinkee, sar, this feller Koko swim along lugger, sar," murmured Koko.

"Hall will be watching, and he'll shoot!" muttered King of the Islands.

"Feller Hall watchee along boat, no watchee along sea," said Koko.

"It's neck or nothing, Ken," said the mate of the Dawn. "If we close in on the lugger, Hall will fill us with lead before we can get aboard. And if we wait for the moon, he will fill us with lead anyhow unless we chuck it. It's the only chance."

King of the Islands nodded slowly.

It was a chance—and the only chance! But he hated to let the faithful Koko face so terrible a peril. Hall, who did not hesitate to fire on white men, would think no more of putting a bullet through a Kanaka than of squashing a mosquito. If Koko was spotted in the water near the lugger, he would be sent to the bottom of the Pacific with a bullet through his body. There was not the slightest doubt about that.

"Me go, sar?" asked Koko.

He laid in his oar. Hudson and Lompo and Tomoo rowed on. It was easy to keep pace with the crawling lugger. It would have been easy to overtake it at any moment. Under the sweeps handled by the weary Tonga boys against a sharp head-wind the lugger crawled almost at a snail's pace. Koko, in the water, could swim thrice as fast.

"Ay, ay!" muttered Ken at last.

No more was said. The gigantic Kanaka slipped silently into the water. For a moment or two the shipmates had a glimpse of him, then he vanished into the darkness.

The lugger rolled slowly on under the creaking sweeps. Astern the whaleboat glided in her wake. A flash came over the lugger's taffrail as Hall pulled trigger again. A

bullet splashed into the sea, and the report rolled away in the night.

Hall, it was clear, was watching astern, his attention fixed on the pursuing boat. He was not likely to guess that an intrepid swimmer was in the water, and the weary Tonga boys were not likely to be watchful as they laboured at the sweeps. Koko, almost as swift as a dolphin in the water, could choose his own spot for making the attempt to get on board. It was a chance, but Ken's heart ached with apprehension for the brave Kanaka.

"Pull harder!" muttered King of the Islands. "Keep the brute's attention on us!"

The boat drew in a little to the lugger. Barney Hall, glimpsing its dim shape in the gloom, pumped bullets over the taffrail, splashing lead into the sea right and left. One whizzing shot came into the boat, and Hudson gave a start as it thudded on a thwart, close by him.

King of the Islands, standing up in the surging boat, his hand on the steering-oar, strained his eyes in the darkness, unheeding the whistling bullets. He welcomed the fire, perilous as it was, for it kept the Tonga trader's attention fixed on the boat.

The Upper Hand!

BARNEY HALL grinned savagely over his smoking revolver. The game was in his hands. They could not and dared not rush the lugger, and in less than an hour the moon would be sailing up from the east. And then, if King of the Islands did not pull out of range, shots would rake the whaleboat from stem to stern.

Grinning, the Tonga trader re-loaded his revolver and, catching another glimpse of the pursuing boat, loosed off shots again over the dark sea. The tired Tonga boys laboured on with the heavy sweeps, a snarl from their master spurring them on when they slacked down. Neither they nor Barney Hall spotted a brown hand that reached up over the low gunwale forward and grasped.

Hall, staring astern, saw nothing of the dark hand, dripping with water, that lifted in the gloom forward, or of the keen, flashing eyes that stared over the gunwale. The lugger burned no lights, and the star-gleam was dim. No eye fell on Koko as he swung himself on board.

But as he dropped on the lugger, drenched with water, there was a startled cackle from the Tonga boys. They ceased work, staring in blank amazement at the startling figure that had appeared so suddenly from the sea.

Koko did not heed them. His game was Barney Hall. The native boys counted for nothing if their white master was dealt with.

The boatswain of the Dawn had no weapon. But as the Tonga boys stared and cackled he leaped at Koko and wrenched the long oar from his hand.

Koo, in his amazement, did not even think of resisting. It was well

for him that he did not, for a blow from Koko's brawny fist would have stretched him senseless on the deck. He let go the oar and jumped back.

The long, heavy oar, which even the burly Tonga boy handled with difficulty, swung light almost as a feather in the powerful hands of the giant boatswain.

Swift as an albatross in its swoop, Koko raced aft with pattering bare feet, dripping water as he went, the Tonga crew gazing at him like men in a dream.

Barney Hall, loosing off another shot over the taffrail, realised that something was happening behind him as he heard the sudden outbreak of startled cackling from his crew, though he did not begin to guess what it was.

He swung round, the smoking revolver in his hand, a scowl on his rugged, bearded face, staring along the shadowy deck.

"You feller boy—" began his usual savage snarl. He stopped with a howl of rage and amazement at the sight of a gigantic figure rushing at him with long, heavy oar in hand.

He stared in dazed amazement.

As he lifted his hand to fire, realising that this was an enemy, though who and how he did not know, Koko hurled the oar.

It thudded on Barney Hall, sending him crashing back against the taffrail, crumpled up.

His revolver went off as he fell, the bullet skipping along the deck. He had no time to think of another shot. Koko was upon him, swift as a tiger-shark.

Hall, powerful man as he was, was nothing like a match for the gigantic boatswain of the Dawn. And the crash of the heavy oar had knocked him half senseless.

Koko's iron grasp crushed him down, and the revolver was wrenched from his hand. A bare, brown, sinewy knee pinned him to the deck. Koko's eyes glared fiercely down at him.

"You plenty bad feller, Hall!" hissed Koko. "You altogether too much bad feller!"

Hall gave a hoarse yell to his crew. A clout from the butt of his own revolver cut it short.

"You no sing out, mouth belong you, you plenty bad feller!" snarled Koko, and Hall, nearly stunned, sagged under him, gasping.

Koko shouted to the whaleboat:

"White master! You come along lugger plenty too quick, along feller Hall no shootee along gun belong him any more altogether."

The boatswain's powerful voice reached the whaleboat. There was an instant dash of oars.

"The old brown bean's done it!" yelled Hudson, in delight.

"Washy-washy along lugger!" shouted King of the Islands, and the whaleboat rushed on.

Hall, under Koko's knee, began to struggle. The Tonga crew gathered round, their startled eyes on the strange scene.

AT an order from their master they would have flung themselves on Koko. But Barney was in no condition to give orders. As he began to struggle another clout from the pistol butt scattered his

"You've nothing to say, Hall?" demanded Ken King. "No!" said Hall, his jaw set stubbornly. "Koko! Throw that feller Hall along sea!" ordered Ken. Koko swung the trader up and pitched him into the water.

senses. Koko was not using ceremony with the ruffian of Tonga. And his savage glare daunted the Tonga boys as they gathered aft.

"You feller Kanaka, what name you come along this lugger?" demanded Koo.

"You shut up mouth belong you, you Tonga feller!" snapped Koko. "White master belong me come plenty quick. White master belong me, he master along this lugger, along feller Hall, along you Tonga boy. You stop along place belong you, you no wantee me shoot along gun belong feller Hall."

If the Tonga crew had thought of intervening on their master's side the sight of the white man's boat rushing down on the lugger would have stopped them. King of the Islands had not lost a second.

The whaleboat bumped on the lugger. Lompo stood up and hooked on, and Ken and Kit leaped on board.

Not a hand was raised to stop them. Even Barney Hall's savage voice would hardly have induced the Tonga boys to lay hands on white men. They backed away.

Koko grinned up at his white master as he knelt with his sinewy knee grinding on the half-senseless Hall. He handed the revolver to King of the Islands.

"S'pose you sing out, sar, me throw this feller Hall along sea," he said. "Plenty good this feller Hall makee kai-kai along feller shark."

Ken laughed breathlessly. He was not likely to take such drastic measures even with the ruffian who had fired on him.

"You fix up that feller Hall, along hand and foot belong him, along rope, Koko!" he answered.

Koko shouted to the crew:

"You feller Tonga boy, you bring



Koko the Kanaka

rope along this feller plenty too quick!"

The Tonga boys hesitated. "Jump to it!" snapped King of the Islands, with a threatening motion of the revolver.

"Yessar!" gasped Koo. He promptly brought a rope. Koko bound the Tonga trader hand and foot.

Hall collected his scattered senses. He hardly understood, even yet, how the tables had been turned on him. But he understood that they had been turned—that his lugger was captured, and that he was a helpless prisoner in the hands of the boy trader of Lalinge.

"By hokey!" he panted. "You—you pirate! This is piracy on the high seas!"

"You know a good deal about piracy on the high seas, I fancy!" chuckled Kit Hudson. "It's rather in your line, Barney Hall."

"Let me loose!" roared Hall. "Tell your nigger to cast me loose, Ken King!" He panted with rage. "What do you want on my ship?"

"I'll tell you," said Ken quietly. "You picked up Paget, the man who deserted from my ketch at the Albatross Reef, a hundred miles from here, a week ago. What have you done with him?"

"I've told you he went ashore at Manu!" snarled Hall.

"You've got to tell another story now—and the truth this time," said King of the Islands grimly. "I'm going to know what became of Ray Paget, Barney Hall—and if you've killed him, I'm going to hang you!"

Barney Hall Speaks!

THERE was silence on the lugger. No longer under the sweeps, the craft drifted idly on the sea. Barney Hall sat slumped against the taffrail, his powerful limbs helpless in the rope Koko had knotted round him. Lompo had taken the tiller; and the Tonga boys, weary with their heavy labour at the sweeps, and with a true Kanaka indifference to what was going on among the white men, had already curled up on their sleeping-mats. The whaleboat towed on a rope astern.

Barney Hall shut his stubby jaw hard.

King of the Islands waited. His boyish face was hard set, his eyes glinting under his knitted brows as he looked down at the ruffian of Tonga. He waited, but Hall did not speak. Koko lighted a ship's lantern, and slung it to a guy-rope, shedding a glimmering light on the strange scene on the dingy little deck.

"I'm waiting, Hall!" said Ken at last, quietly.

The Tonga trader snarled:

"You know I picked up Paget at the reef. You saw me take him on board. I told you at Kulua that he went ashore at Manu. That's all I know about him. Question my crew, if you like."

"And hear the same story!" said Ken contemptuously. "I'm questioning you, Hall, and you'd better answer, if you value your life."

Hall scowled at him savagely. He had feared that King of the Islands might make some discovery on the beach of Kulua, and it was that that had made him put out to sea against the wind. His flight had not saved him. But it was rather rage than fear that showed in his hard, savage, stubby face.

"You swab!" he muttered. "You believed what I told you in the lagoon. What makes you fancy—"

"I'll tell you. Paget had money on him when he deserted from the Dawn—how much I don't know, but a good sum. You've been spending his money on Kulua. I got a banknote at MacFinn's store, in the way of trade, that I am certain belonged to Ray Paget. It has his uncle's name on the back—Belnap, the Pacific Company's manager at Lalinge; the man who put that young scallywag into my hands. Paget is a scapegrace and a fool, but not the fellow to be robbed peaceably. What did you do with him when you got his money from him on your lugger at the Albatross?"

Hall breathed hard.

"He paid his passage with a five-pound note—he was a lazy swab, and would rather pay than work," he said sullenly.

"Koko! Search that feller Hall, along you findee all piecee moncy stop along him."

Hall's stubby face paled. He made a movement to resist as the boatswain of the Dawn bent over him. But resistance was impossible, with knotted ropes on his hands and feet.

"I'll make you pay for this, King of the Islands!" he panted.

Ken made no answer. The shipmates of the Dawn stood looking on in silence while Koko searched the bound man.

A pouch sewn to the inside of Hall's belt was soon revealed. From it the boatswain drew folded banknotes and a number of yellow Australian sovereigns. He handed the money to his white master.

There were three five-pound notes. Each was stamped on the back with the stamp of the Pacific Company, and endorsed by the company's manager at Lalinge. That they had belonged to the manager's nephew, and had been taken from him by Barney Hall, did not admit of doubt.

There was a bare possibility that the banknote at MacFinn's store had come into Barney's hands by fair means, though his sudden flight from Kulua did not look like it. But there was no possibility that all Paget's banknotes had passed to him honestly. The sovereigns there was no means of identifying, but Ken had no doubt that they had also belonged to Paget. The ruffian of Tonga had taken all that the scallywag had, and, apart from what he had spent at Kulua, the plunder was still on him.

Ken's face grew grimmer as he examined the money.

"That settles it! This is Paget's money, Barney Hall!" said King of the Islands, fixing his eyes again on the Tonga trader's sullen face. "I shall keep it to be returned to him, if he's still alive," said the boy trader. "There's twenty pounds here. I

believe he had more—probably twice as much."

Barney maintained a stubborn silence. Ken packed the banknotes and sovereigns away in his own belt. Then, with set lips, he turned to Hall again.

"Where's Paget?" he asked.

"I've told you!" muttered Hall huskily. "You've found out that he left his money on my lugger, durn you! I reckon I wasn't the man to let that silly swab take it ashore with him. He went off on his own at Manu, and I've heard nothing of him since!"

"You let him go ashore at Manu, to tell a white magistrate there that you had robbed him on your lugger?" said the boy trader scornfully. "You'd better think out a better lie than that, Barney Hall!"

"It's the truth!" muttered Hall.

Ken's face whitened with anger.

"Your life's at stake, Barney Hall!" he said. "It looks to me as if you've killed Ray Paget—and if you have, you're going to hang! If he's still living, you'd better tell the truth, for your own sake."

Barney's jaw set stubbornly.

"You've nothing more to say?" demanded Ken.

"No!" hissed Hall.

"I'll make you speak!" Ken rapped out a sharp order. Koko knotted a rope under Hall's broad shoulders, and tied the other end to the gunwale of the lugger. Kit Hudson glanced rather curiously at his shipmate's stern, set face, but he said nothing.

"You've nothing to say, Hall?" rapped the boy trader.

"No!"

"Koko! Throw that feller Hall along sea!"

Barney Hall strove savagely to struggle as the giant Kanaka grasped him. Koko swung him up, swung him to the side, and pitched him bodily into the dark waters.

There was a heavy splash.

SOME of the Tonga boys, already asleep on their mats, started up and stared round. But they lay down again. It was no concern of theirs, even if they had dared to intervene. And one glance at Ken's face, and the revolver in his hand, would have stopped them had they thought of it. But Barney Hall was a hard master to his crew, and the Tonga boys only grinned at one another.

Ken watched the sea.

The burly figure of the Tonga trader had gone right under, but the pull of the rope brought him up again. The lugger was drifting slowly back towards Kulua, under the wind. The trader was dragged after it as it drifted. With his limbs bound, Barney Hall could make no attempt to save himself, or to keep his head above water.

His head came up for a moment as the rope jerked, and he panted madly for breath. Then the pull took him under again, and he was towed after the lugger under water.

Again Kit Hudson cast a curious

glance at his shipmate. He had never known King of the Islands in this mood before.

Kind and generous to friend and foe, Ken King had often been called the whitest man in the Pacific. But he was merciless now.

Paget—scapecracker and scallywag as he was, shirker and deserter—had been entrusted to him by the Pacific Company's manager, in the hope of making a man of the reckless wastrel. Ken had not been able to prevent him from deserting, but he had hoped to find him again when he found Barney Hall's lugger. And all he had found was that the scallywag had been robbed on the lugger—and had then disappeared!

He was going to know what had become of him at Barney Hall's ruffianly hands—and Barney was going to speak or die! On that Ken was implacably resolved. He had no more mercy on the Tonga trader than Barney had had on the unthinking scapecracker who had trusted himself to his hands.

"Pull him in!" ordered Ken, and Koko and Tomoo hauled on the rope.

Barney Hall had been in the water exactly half a minute. He was dragged on board half-drowned, gasping and gurgling for breath.

He lay on the deck, his bearded face colourless and drawn, gasping. Half-senseless, he sprawled at the feet of the boy trader. Ken watched him with steady, ruthless eyes, waiting for him to recover.

It was fully five minutes before Barney Hall could speak, but there was no longer defiance in his savage face. He had been through the valley of the shadow of death in those thirty seconds under the water. The bully of Tonga was cowed.

"Are you going to tell me what you've done with Paget, Barney Hall?" asked Ken, at last.

"I've told you!" muttered Hall.

"Throw him into the sea again!" rapped Ken. "You'll have a full minute in the Pacific this time, Hall, and if you're a dead man when you're pulled out again the Islands will be

rid of a scoundrel! Koko, put that feller Hall along sea!"

"Stop!" panted Hall, "Stop! I'll speak! Stop!" He yelled with terror, "King of the Islands, stop!"

Ken made the boatswain a sign to stand back. His eyes gleamed down at the ruffian of Tonga.

"The truth this time!" he said, in a tone of deadly menace. "Where is Ray Paget?"

"I marooned him on the Albatross Reef!" panted Barney Hall. "He's alive, you swab. He's a living man—marooned on the Albatross!"

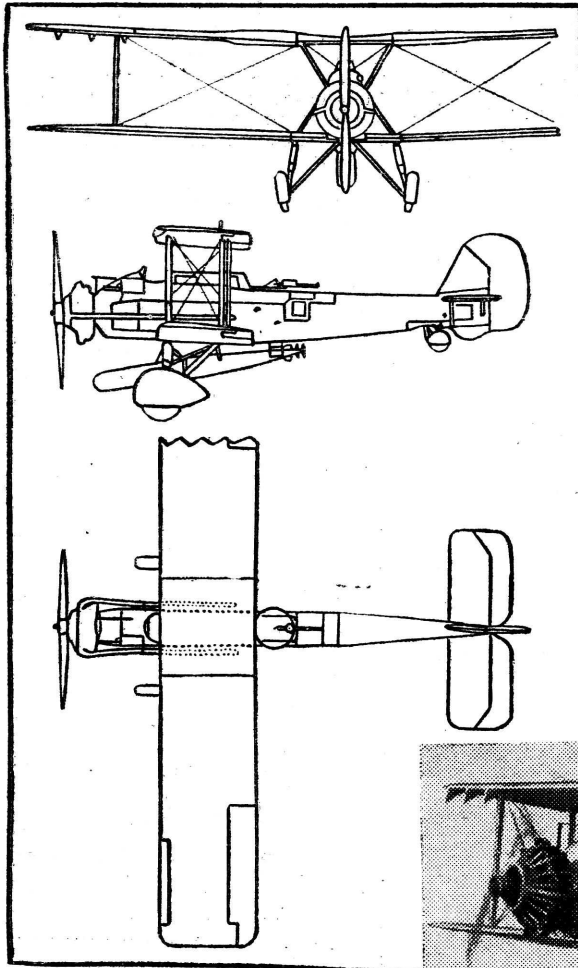
Visitors from the Sea!

RAY PAGET looked at the sea—and laughed!

Burning sun and burning reef; lapping water and rocks hot to the touch; screaming sea-birds; and the endless, endless sea! For days and weeks—or was it years and centuries?—his aching eyes had seen nothing else.

(Continued on next page)

Easy-to-Make Scale Models of Famous Planes — No. 11 — By HOWARD LEIGH



DIMENSIONS

Span..... 49 ft.
Length..... 36 ft. 8 ins.
Height..... 14 ft. 8 ins.

The VICKERS "VILDEBEEST"

THE "Vildebeest," in one form or another, is used by the R.A.F. and several foreign Governments.

It has an interchangeable undercarriage for floats or wheels, and when used as a land plane has a range of 625 miles, cruising at a speed of 121 m.p.h. with an eighteen-inch torpedo slung between the undercarriage. But with an auxiliary tank carried in place of the torpedo, the range is increased to 1,250 miles.

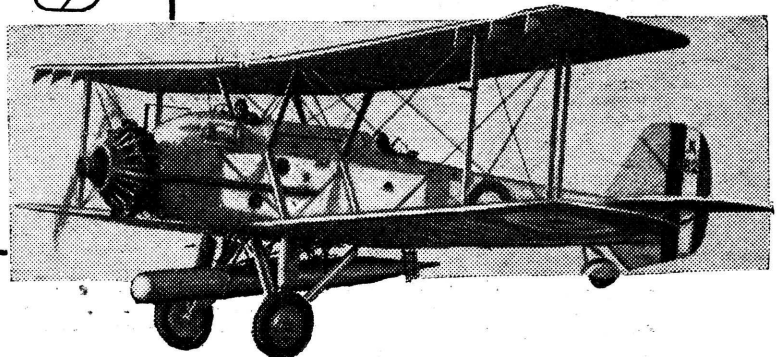
The wings, built up with metal, are of equal span and chord and have no stagger. Handley Page automatic slots have been fitted to the top wings.

THE pilot's cockpit is situated under the leading edge of the top wing centre section, while the observer is placed well back to the rear of the trailing edge.

A fixed Vickers gun fires forward through the airscrew and a Lewis gun is attached to a movable mounting over the rear cockpit for the use of the observer.

The tail unit is of normal monoplane type. The tail plane is braced to the bottom of the fuselage by two struts each side. A tail wheel is fitted to the land plane type. The undercarriage consists of two separate units.

The power unit can be either a Bristol "Pegasus" or Armstrong Siddeley "Tiger" engine; this is mounted on the nose.



Koko the Kanaka

Blazing day after day had passed since Barney Hall had marooned him on the lonely reef. He had lost all count of time. Weary day and weary night succeeded one another—burning day and starry night; and hope had long ago died in his breast.

He knew that he would never be taken off the reef. Only the trader of Tonga knew where he was, and he would be silent for his own sake. King of the Islands would never know what his fate had been. His uncle at Lalinge, whose kindness he had repaid with careless ingratitude, would never know. No human eye would ever fall on him again. No man would ever know how he had perished. Only the sea-birds, when they picked his bones on the reef, would know.

Haggard, famished, burned by the sun, the castaway looked very unlike the careless, reckless dandy of Lalinge. His clothes were in tatters, his face a mask of misery and suffering. For days, weeks, he had subsisted on the eggs of sea-birds, hunted for in the crannies of the reef, till even the pangs of hunger could hardly drive him to touch them. But, weak as he was with hunger, he hardly thought of it. It was thirst that tormented him. There had been one fall of rain—and now the last rain-pool had dried up in the hollows of the reef, and for more than a day his lips had not been wetted.

Now, staring over the sea, he laughed—at the sight of a tall sail bearing down on the reef. How often he had watched the sea, and watched an albatross winging, and prayed that it was a sail—only to be crushed into black despair by the bitter disappointment. Now that it was, at last, a sail, he did not believe it—could not believe it. It was only another sweeping sea-bird, and it would pass, winging on its flight, leaving him to despair and death.

He laughed—the laugh of a man half-crazed by solitude and suffering.

Nearer came the tall sail—growing taller, clearer—and he watched it with hopeless, mocking eyes, not believing that it was real.

The tattered, haggard figure, standing on the rock, was visible to eyes on board the ketch that came running so swiftly down to the Albatross Reef. Hands were waved to the castaway—but he did not wave back. It was only a vision of the sea—he did not believe it! He laughed again—a cracked, husky laugh—turned from the vision, and went down the reef, mechanically, half-consciously, resuming his search for eggs in the crannies.

His back was to the coming ketch. He did not see her hove-to, did not see the whaleboat drop to the water. Even when the sound of oars in rowlocks rattled through the burning air, he did not heed. To his dazed ears it was only the eternal calling of the gulls.

Neither did he heed when the boat reached the reef and there were foot-steps on the rock.

“Paget!”

He heard his name called; but the obsession in his mind persisted. It was only fancy, such a fancy as had deluded him a hundred times since he had been abandoned on the reef. Peering and groping in the crannies, he did not even turn his head.

There was a touch on his shoulder.

THEN he turned, and his half-crazed eyes stared at the sun-burnt, compassionate face of King of the Islands. He saw Ken—and Hudson following him—the Kanakas in the whaleboat, Koko holding on with a boat-hook—and still he did not believe.

“Paget! You’re saved!” said Ken softly. “We’ve found you, old man—you’re saved.”

Paget laughed. Then his voice came, cracked.

“I’ve dreamed this before, a thousand times!”

And again his eerie laugh rang.

“Drink!” said King of the Islands.

He placed a tin pannikin to the castaway’s lips. Still with unbelieving eyes, the castaway drank greedily—the cool, clear water trickling down his dry, parched throat. He drank every drop, and drew a deep, deep breath. And, to Ken’s intense relief, the crazed incredulity faded from his sun-scorched, haggard face. He put out a hand and touched King of the Islands, as if to assure himself that the vision was real.

“Ken King!” he muttered. “Barney Hall marooned me here—months—years ago!”

“Two weeks and a day,” said Ken. “We got him at Kulua, and got the truth out of him—but we’ve had rotten winds, or we’d have made the reef sooner! Thank Heaven we’re not too late! Bear a hand, Hudson!”

With the shipmates on either side of him, supporting him, the castaway tottered to the boat. Koko lifted him in.

Paget slumped into a seat. Even yet he seemed hardly able to believe that he was saved—that it was the end of the lonely reef, the burning sun, the mocking sea, the hunger, and the thirst.

He said no word as the Hiva-Oa boys pulled back to the ketch. He was lifted up the side and carried below, and placed in Ken’s own bunk. He lay like a log there, with staring eyes. He ate and drank mechanically, still in silence. At last he fell into a deep sleep—and he was still deep in healing slumber when the Dawn dropped the Albatross Reef below the rim of the sea.

“He’s been through it,” said Ken, when the shipmates came down to see Paget again. His pitying look rested on the haggard, worn face, the eyes still fast closed in heavy sleep. “He’s had a tough time, Kit, but he will pull through all right.”

“Rather!” agreed Kit. “Sound sleep’s the finest thing for him. I was half afraid we’d find him light-headed and rambling. But there’s no fear of that now. A day or two in the bunk, resting, and he’ll be as strong as ever.”

“Thank goodness!” said Ken. “I should never have been able to face his uncle if we hadn’t found him. Don’t tell me it was no fault of mine the silly ass got into such a pickle—I know that; but it wouldn’t have helped much when it came to facing Belnap back at Lalinge. Still, there’s no need to think about that now. We’ve got the scallywag back, and he’ll soon be fit again.”

“And he may have learned something from what he’s been through!” said the mate of the Dawn.

“I wonder!” said Ken.

That remained to be seen!

A rough joke leads to serious trouble on the ketch next Saturday! Don't miss "Mutiny on the Dawn!" . . . the finest South Seas thriller ever written!

PUZZLE CORNER SOLUTIONS

PAPER POSER.—They need not be alike. A piece of paper a foot square would, of course, have to be square. But a square foot of paper might be a strip one inch wide and 144 inches long, or any other shape.

WEIGHT HERE.—The secret of this puzzle is the old law which you all know quite well—that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the squares of the other two sides added together. This, you will remember, is the 47th proposition of Euclid, and it’s a mighty useful one in solving puzzles. It tells us

at once that the diagonal of any square (which is the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle) is the side of a square of double the area.

All this sounds rather dry, but it’s simple enough. Look at the diagram. Here we have brought the three weights together, and we find that their diameters

make a right-angled triangle. Right-ho! That’s all we want! For we know now that the biggest weight is the equal of the other two added together. But 1 lb. and 3 lb. don’t make 5 lb., so the weights must be marked wrongly.

MONEY MATTERS.—Five-shilling pieces are still current coin, so the amounts which cannot be made up in fewer than eight coins are five all told: 6/11½, 8/5½, 8/11½, 9/5½, 9/11½.

FIGURE FUN.—Many people write this amount quickly as 111,111. This, of course, is 90,000 too many. The answer is 12,111.

PROFIT AND LOSS.—This was a little puzzle in clear thinking. Twenty per cent represents one-fifth, doesn’t it? Then the first £60 must contain six-fifths—five-fifths buying price and one-fifth profit. Thus the horse cost £50. The other £60 only represents four-fifths—for the farmer had dropped a fifth on it. Therefore a fifth of this horse is £15 instead of £10. That’s where the loss comes in.