

RED-HOT MOTOR-RACING STORY!

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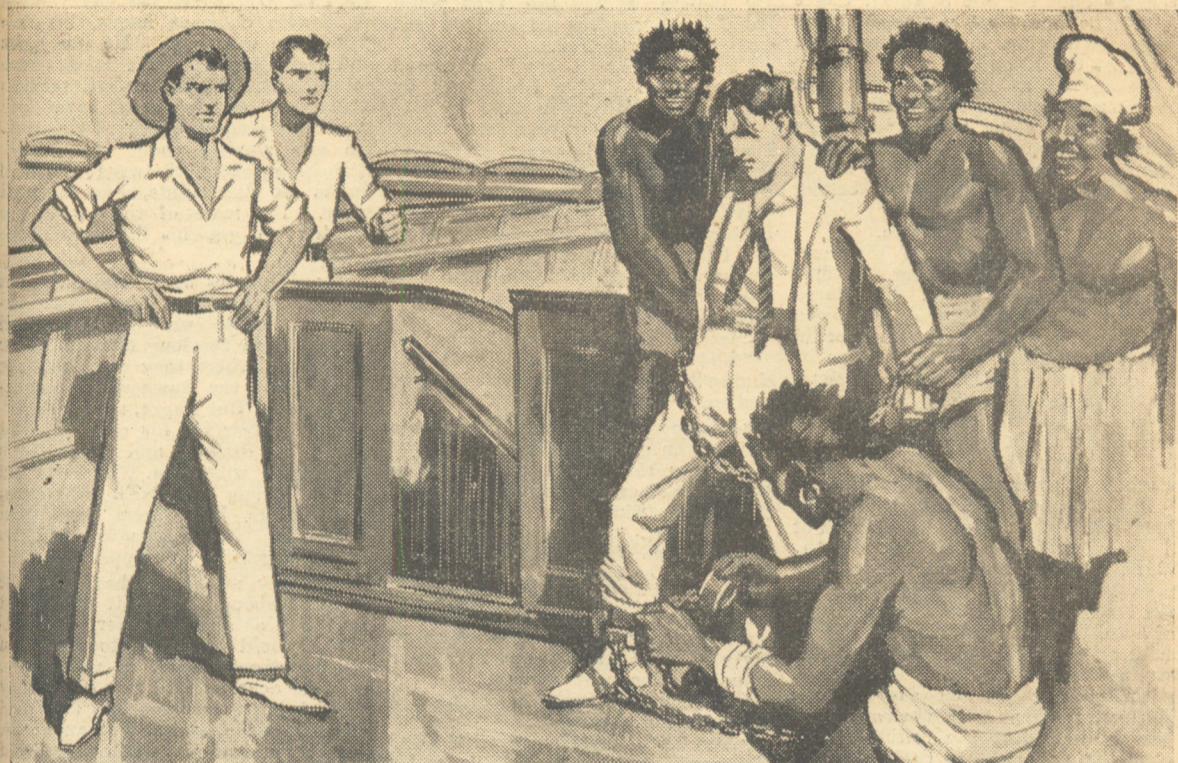
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ABOARD THE NEW SKY MAMMOTH!—See Inside

WRECKER *of the* PACIFIC

KING OF THE ISLANDS is a prisoner aboard his own ketch. And it's heading to destruction—with a mutineer in charge, recklessly determined to pile the Dawn on a coral reef!



The Scallywag's Terms!

KEEP her steady!" "Yessar!" faltered Tomoo. Sunrise gleamed on the Pacific rollers. The tall palms of the island of Ou'a nodded against the brightening sky. Under mainsail and jib, the ketch Dawn slid through the water, making hardly three knots before a light wind. Nearer than the nodding palms was the long line of breaking surf, white in the sunrise, that marked the island reef.

Tomoo, at the wheel, turned scared eyes on the surf-beaten reef and then on the white man standing by his side—the only other man on the ketch's deck.

It was Ray Paget, the scallywag of Lalinge, who was giving orders on Ken King's ketch, the Dawn. He was master now, after a desperate night's work.

His hand dropped on the revolver in his belt as he snapped his order to the Hiva-Oa boy at the helm. And Tomoo, scared as he was of the reef, was more scared of the revolver. Dried blood clotted on his brown leg, where a bullet had gashed the skin. Tomoo kept the ketch steady, the white lines

All thought of escape went from Paget's mind as Danny brought manacles up from below, and they were locked round his arms and legs.

of breaking foam drawing slowly but steadily nearer.

"No makee passage, sar!" ventured the Kanaka. "This feller ketch go stop along reef, sar!"

"You shut up mouth belong you!" snarled Paget, and Tomoo stood silent.

King of the Islands, as the boy skipper was called, or his mate Kit Hudson, could have run the reef passage of Ou'a with his eyes shut. Paget had picked up some knowledge of seamanship on board the Dawn.

In spite of himself, the scallywag—who had been sent to sea with Ken King by his Uncle Belnap, the Pacific Company's manager at Lalinge, to have some manhood drummed into him—was beginning to be a sailor-man. But he could no more have sailed the ketch through the passage in the reef than he could have flown her like a plane across the coral. Tomoo knew that if he kept on his course, the Dawn would be piled up.

And the scallywag knew it and did not care. He had mutinied to escape from Ken's ship, and he was ready for more desperate work. With a wrecked ship on his hands, King of the Islands would not have much leisure for hunting him when he got ashore on Ou'a. The boy skipper had asked for it, the scallywag told himself savagely. Let him have what he had asked for.

There was a cackling of voices, sounds of movement and stirring in the little forecabin, of which the door was closed and secured. In the fo'c'sle, the Hiva-Oa crew were prisoners—driven there at the muzzle of Paget's revolver. Kolulo and Lompo and Lufu and Danny the cooky-boy had been imprisoned there

By
**CHARLES
HAMILTON**

Wrecker of the Pacific

since Paget had become master of the ketch. He needed only one man to steer, and he was safer with no others on deck.

He stared, with a hard, set face, towards Ou'a. The island was yet far, but drawing nearer and clearer. Below the palms, he could make out the white glimmer of the beach, the shining lagoon, and here and there a trader's bungalow or warehouse. There were several craft at anchor in the lagoon. On one of them, Paget hoped, he would get a passage away from Ou'a when he was done with King of the Islands.

He moved at last and turned a threatening look on the helmsman.

"You stop along wheel, you feller Tomoo!" he said, in a tone of savage menace. "You no stop along wheel, you dead Kanaka, along gun below me."

"Yessar!" breathed Tomoo.

Paget walked across to the companion and went below. Tomoo remained at the wheel. He dared not risk the new master of the Dawn stepping on deck again, revolver in hand, and finding him away from it. He could not help his white masters, locked in the state-room below. And it was useless to cut along the deck and release the Kanakas in the fo'c'sle—they would no more have faced Paget's revolver than Tomoo himself.

Paget tramped down the companion ladder into the cabin. He glanced at a gigantic figure that lay on the planks, bound hand and foot with tapa cords. Koko, the boatswain of the Dawn, glared up at him with eyes of hate. Koko's head, thick as it was, still ached from the blow that had stunned him in the dark. It throbbed with pain when he exerted his strength to break loose the cords that bound him. But the faithful Koko gave little thought to that. He was thinking of his white master, whom he could not help, and whose ship was in the hands of the mutineer.

"You plenty bad feller too much!" snarled Koko, through his gleaming white teeth. "This feller killy you close-up, along rope no stop along hand belong me."

Paget did not answer, but passed the helpless boatswain with a careless glance. He stopped at the door of the little state-room, at the forward end of the cabin, filling the space between the main cabin and the fore-castle.

The sliding door was shut and locked and the key was in Paget's pocket. He knocked on it with his knuckles.

"King of the Islands!" he called.

It was Kit Hudson's voice that came back—in a roar of rage. The Australian mate of the Dawn, trapped in the state-room and locked in with his skipper, was in a white heat of rage.

"You swab!" came Hudson's roar. "Is that you, you mutinous hound? Wait till I get a grip on you!"

"That won't be in a hurry," Paget said coolly. "You can shut up,

Hudson—it's your skipper I'm here to speak to."

"You can speak!" King of the Islands voice came quietly through the teak door. "You'd better be warned in time, Paget! I've heard you handling the gun you stole from this state-room. I reckon you've only handled it to scare the Kanakas. But if you hurt a man in my crew, I'll hang you to the boom when I get loose!"

Paget laughed again mockingly.

"You'd like to report to my uncle, old Belnap, at Lalinge, that you'd hanged the nephew he sent to sea with you!" he jeered.

"I mean what I say!" answered Ken steadily. "If a life is lost by your reckless folly, you hang for it!"

"I fancy I've got your crew where I want them," said Paget. "One of them's got a scratch, and your boatswain has a prize bump on his nut. That's the casualty list, so far. But if they try to get the upper hand of me, I'll shoot them down like the dogs they are—as I'd shoot you down, Ken King, if you got out of that state-room!"

"Is that what you came to say?"

"No! I came to give you a last chance!" said Paget. "Ou'a's in sight and we're making the reef."

"You mad fool! You'll pile up the ship if you get near the reef."

"I know that. And you'll stand a healthy chance of drowning in your state-room, like a rat in a trap!" jeered Paget. "I'm giving you a last chance to do the sensible thing, Ken King. I'm on this packet unwillingly—I've tried to get away, and you've stopped me. Give me your word to land me at Ou'a, and leave me to go my own way, and you can take your ship back the next minute."

Hudson's roar broke in before Ken could answer.

"And let you get away with this? You swab, you're going into irons for this—and you're going to have the skin taken off your back with a lawyer-cane!"

"Shut up, you!" said Paget coolly. "I'm waiting for your answer, Ken King."

"My mate's given you my answer!" came back from Ken. "I'm making no terms with a mutineer. Give in now, and I'll go as easy with you as I can—but you'll have twenty lashes and a week in irons—that's the least I can let you off with. As for letting you leave the Dawn, I cannot do that, as you know very well. Your uncle placed you in my hands, and you stay."

"That does it!" said Paget. "You heard my last word! We're making the reef, and in two hours from now, at the most, we shall hit the coral! If you change your mind, knock on the door and I'll come down to you."

"I shall not change my mind, you mutinous rascal!" answered King of the Islands. "I'll make no terms with you to save my ship or to save my life!"

Paget walked across to the companion and returned to the deck. Tomoo was still at the wheel, but he had edged the ketch a little away from Ou'a, as the scallywag detected

at once. He stepped to the Kanaka and, without a word, struck him across the head with the butt of his revolver.

There was a loud howl from Tomoo. "Keep on your course!" snarled Paget. "Any more tricks, and I'll put a bullet through you and pitch you over the side."

"Yessar!" groaned Tomoo.

A Gleam of Hope!

KING OF THE ISLANDS stood with clenched hands, his face pale with rage. He was quiet and cool; but his look might have scared even the hot-headed, reckless scallywag, could Paget have seen him. Kit Hudson was hardly as cool. He was moving about the narrow little state-room, between the two bunks on either side, like a caged tiger. The mate of the Dawn was longing to get his hands on the mutineer.

The shipmates were helpless. Shut in the state-room, they were unarmed. There were firearms and cartridges in the long drawers under the bunks, where they were kept for safety when the Dawn was in peaceful waters. But Paget, after extracting a revolver for his own use, had locked the drawers and taken Ken's keys away with him. The drawers were of strong teak, with good locks, designed to keep them safe from pilfering. The shipmates had no means of getting them open.

But they would not have thought or cared about weapons if they could have got at the mutineer. His revolver would not have stopped them—not both of them, at all events. But the door resisted any effort they could bring to bear on it. They had called to Koko, and he had answered, but he could not help them; he could not help himself. And while they were caged like rats in a trap, the scapegrace of Lalinge was running their ship on towards the teeth of the coral reef.

"The hound! The mutinous scum!" hissed Hudson, for the twentieth time. "When I get my hands on him I'll—I'll—" He broke off, at a loss for words.

Ken did not speak. He was trying to think out some way of saving his ship from the mad recklessness of that unwilling member of his crew. He could think of nothing. Koko would have died to help him—but Koko could not stir a limb. The rest of the crew were like sheep against a white man with a loaded firearm in his hand. Paget was in a mood to shoot them if they raised a hand against him—and that was enough!

Ken hoped for nothing from the Hiva-Oa boys. Indeed, sounds from beyond the forward bulkhead told him that the crew had been driven into the fore-castle, and he had no doubt that Paget had battened them in there.

Ken knew better than Paget did how long it would be before the Dawn struck. He knew the distance and calculated the speed. In a little more

than two hours, unless the unexpected happened, the crash would come.

He quivered with fury at thought of the sharp coral grinding into the ribs of the beautiful ketch—his ship, that he had sailed in all the waters of the Pacific. The scallywag was going to beach her on the reef and escape—and there was nothing to stop him unless King of the Islands surrendered to his demands.

That did not even enter Ken's mind. Not to save his ship, or a thousand ships, would he have made terms with the mutineer.

"We've got to get out!" hissed Hudson. He glared at the locked teak drawers. "If we could get at the dynamite, Ken, I'd chance trying a stick of it on that door!"

"Sudden death, old chap!" Ken said.

"I'd chance it, to get at that hound! I tell you, we can't stick here like monkeys in a cage, while that rotter gets away with it."

Hudson, weary with useless rage, threw himself on one of the bunks. The sun was rising higher, golden gleams coming in at the two small port-holes of the state-room. Slowly but steadily, the Dawn slid on her way to destruction.

A sound came from the cabin. Ken fancied, for a moment, that it was the scallywag returning. But it was not a footstep. It was a sound of a rolling body on the floor, and he guessed that it came from the bound boatswain. Koko was stirring.

A gleam of hope for a moment lightened Ken's face. If Koko had succeeded in getting loose—

But that was only for a moment. The sound was that of a bound man

who moved with difficulty. Ken, listening, heard it recede. The boatswain was squirming his way along the cabin floor towards the lazarette, aft. Why, the boy trader could not guess.

Hudson rose suddenly from the bunk and bent his head to listen.

"That's Koko!" he muttered.

"He can do nothing!" said Ken.

"No! But—" Hudson called through the sliding door. "Koko!"

There was no answer. The rustling sound in the cabin ceased; they knew that Koko had heard. But he said no word in reply.

"Why doesn't he answer?" muttered Ken.

Hudson's eyes danced.

"Because Paget would hear him from the deck, if he did!" he replied. "Because the old brown bean is up to something, and he doesn't want to put that mutinous hound wise, Ken! And it won't do for us to call again in case Paget hears. Listen!"

They heard the sound again—of a heavy man with bound limbs, wriggling along the cabin floor. But the sound was fainter—Koko was taking more care. They had heard him in the state-room; and he feared to be heard from the deck.

The shipmates looked at one another. They read hope in each other's eyes. Was the faithful Koko to come to the help of his white masters in that terrible extremity?

The brawny brown hand, outstretched, was almost touching Paget when he half turned and became aware of Koko looming gigantic behind him. A startled gasp broke from him.

They could only hope—and they waited and listened with bated breath.

THE sweat streamed down the brown face of Koko, the Kanaka. His head ached from the big bruise under his thick hair, where the pistol-butt had struck and stunned him hours ago in the night. Active as he was, Koko moved with difficulty. The scallywag had taken no chances with him. Round and round his brawny limbs cord was wound, and he could stir hardly a finger.

But he could move bodily, wriggling along and rolling over. It was slow, difficult, and painful work; but inch by inch Koko worked his way aft, to the doorless aperture that gave access to the lazarette. Breathless, aching, and sweating, the boatswain rolled into the lazarette at last, and sat up.

It was Koko's pride that he was no common Kanaka, and that his brain could "walk about" like a white man's. The crew of the Dawn, shut in the fore-castle, had accepted the change in the situation with true Kanaka indifference. Had Ken been there, they would have jumped to his orders; left to themselves, they sprawled in the bunks, chewed betelnut, and waited stolidly for what might happen next. But that was not the faithful Koko's way. Ever since he had come to his senses, Koko had been trying to think out some way of helping his white masters—and at long last, the glimmer of an idea had come into his head. His brain had "walked about" to some purpose.

Now that it was light he could see



Wrecker of the Pacific

his way in the lazarette. It was packed with ship's stores and trade goods, leaving little space. Koko knew where to lay hands—had his hands been loose—on a case of knives. He could not use his hands—but he could use his wits—and his teeth! He heaved his brawny shoulder against the case of knives, and it clattered over on the floor, the contents falling out. Koko's eyes gleamed more brightly than the sharp steel scattered round him, and he listened intently.

Koko had heard the scallywag's last words to King of the Islands. He would come below if the boy trader called him—to make terms! Otherwise he would not come. He was watching, on deck, the approach to the reef of Ou'a. In the myriad sounds of a ship under way, he was little likely to have heard the clatter of the case of knives in the lazarette. But the boatswain listened with painful intentness for a long minute.

But there was no step in the companion—no hint that the mutineer of the Dawn had taken alarm. Koko breathed freely, and set to work.

He rolled over and secured one of the long keen knives, by the handle, in his teeth. The handle was six inches long, the blade twelve inches. And the steel was strong and sharp. Honest trading stood Ken in good stead now, for a knife that blunted easily would have been of little use to Koko.

Even with that strong, razor-edged blade, the task he had set himself was difficult enough.

Holding it by the handle in his teeth, he twisted his lithe, sinewy neck, and sawed at the tapa cords that bound him. Koko's jaws were strong. But in a few minutes the muscles of his neck were aching from the strain. A dozen times the knife slipped, and had to be gripped again. Thrice it gashed the Kanaka's bare skin, and crimson drops trickled down his brown limbs. But he hardly relaxed his efforts for a moment.

Long minutes crawled by. Aching, sweating, but grimly determined, the boatswain laboured on. And at long last, with fierce joy, he heard the snap of parting cord.

Another cord—and another—snapped. One of the big brown hands came free!

In that hand Koko gripped the knife. Less than a minute later he had cut through the remaining cords, and was a free man.

For some minutes he remained, to ease his cramped limbs, stiff from the binding. Then, knife in hand, his bare feet silent, he stepped from the lazarette into the cabin.

His eyes turned, gleaming, on the companion. Had Paget descended now, Koko was ready for him. A thrown knife, from the hand of a Kanaka, was as deadly as a firearm in the hand of a white man. It was fortunate for the scallywag of Lalinge that he did not leave the deck just then.

Koko waited, listening at the foot of the companion.

His glance turned on the door of the state-room, beyond which his white masters were prisoners. It would have been easy to get an axe from the lazarette and break in the lock, but it could not have been done without a din that would have alarmed the scallywag instantly. It would have been useless for the skipper and mate to be free in the cabin, with Paget holding the deck with a loaded revolver in his hand. He could have shot them like rabbits as they came up from below, if they came. Koko had it clear in his mind that he had to deal with the mutineer of the Dawn before he could release the white masters.

Softly, silently, he stepped up the ladder. If Paget, on deck, spotted him, it was the knife against the revolver. But the scallywag had not the remotest suspicion that he was loose, and the boatswain hoped to take him by surprise.

With his eyes over the level of the deck, he looked out into the brightness of the rising sun. Paget was not in his line of vision; but Tomoo, at the wheel, sighted the gleaming eyes that peered out, and gave a violent start. But the next moment the steersman was calm and stolid again, and gave no sign to warn the scallywag.

Koko's eyes met the Hiva-Oa boy's, asking a silent question. Tomoo gave a nod towards the starboard rail, indicating where Paget stood. And Koko, knife in hand, his lips drawn back in a snarl, stepped out into the sunshine.

Struggling in the Sea!

"DANDY PETER!" breathed

Paget.

Standing by the starboard rail, staring towards Ou'a, the scallywag's eyes glistened as he picked up a cutter lying at anchor in the Ou'a lagoon.

The Dawn was drawing nearer and nearer to the island. Paget could see not only the warehouses and bungalows, and the native grass-houses among the palms. He could make out white men in the verandas, and natives on the beach, fishing canoes on the lagoon, and two or three craft at anchor there. Among the latter was a handsome cutter that he knew by sight—the Sea-Cat of Lukwe.

His eyes danced. He had known Dandy Peter, the skipper of the Sea-Cat, in his wild and reckless days at Lalinge. It was chiefly to nip in the bud his scheme of joining fortunes with Dandy Peter that Paget's uncle had sent him on Ken King's ketch. That Dandy Peter Parsons was the most reckless and unscrupulous black-guard in the islands, Paget had heard; but he was very far from understanding the real character of the dandy of Lukwe. The sight of the cutter, at anchor in the Ou'a lagoon, was sheer joy to him.

There would be no difficulty now in getting a lift from Ou'a. He had only to step on the Sea-Cat, and receive a welcome from her skipper. He knew, too, that Peter Parsons was Ken's deadly enemy; and if King of

the Islands attempted to get him back, Parsons was the man to stand by him.

Nothing could have been more fortunate, and at the sight of the Sea-Cat, it seemed to the reckless scapegrace that all his difficulties had rolled away. In less than an hour, now, the Dawn would be jammed on the coral, and he would be tramping away across the reef—to join up with Dandy Peter. He could imagine, too, the grin of satisfaction with which Peter Parsons would hear that the Dawn had been piled up.

Looking with straining eyes towards the anchored cutter, across the low wide reef, he fancied he could pick out the slim, dapper figure of the dandy of Lukwe, in his spotless ducks, on the deck. He had his attention wholly fixed on the Sea-Cat, and was utterly off his guard, when Koko stepped silently from the companion.

The boatswain was behind him, unseen. The dark eyes glittered at his unconscious back. It was in Koko's mind to fling the knife, and pin the scallywag to the rail. Had Paget turned his head, he would have done so, without compunction. But he slipped the knife in his belt. The young rascal was caught napping—and once in Koko's mighty grip, he would be helpless. Without a sound, the barefooted Kanaka trod across the planks towards him. Tomoo, at the wheel, grinned a dusky grin.

The brawny brown hand, outstretched, was almost touching Paget, when he half turned, to snap a word to the steersman. With the tail of his eye he became aware of Koko looming gigantic behind him, and a startled gasp broke from him.

Koko's grip was on him in a split second. Whirled off his feet in that powerful grasp, the scallywag spun in the boatswain's hands, spluttering with breathless rage.

BUT even as he spun, he grabbed the revolver from his belt. In sight of freedom, in sight of Dandy Peter's cutter, Paget was utterly desperate—mad with rage at having his freedom suddenly snatched from him. Crumpling in the brawny grip that was like a steel vice, he yet contrived to jerk out the revolver and pull trigger.

The bullet flew skyward, gashing the mainsail as it flew. But he pulled trigger again, as the brawny arms crushed him, and the second bullet gashed along Koko's arm, splitting the skin and drawing a spurt of blood.

He had spared the scallywag when he first stepped on deck. But he did not spare him now. The Kanaka's dark eyes blazed death at the struggling white man. Paget had no chance of a third shot.

Up in the air, swung aloft like an infant, he went, in the brawny arms.

For a second he was held high above Koko's head, then he was flung far over the rail of the ketch, to shoot through the air, and splash headlong in the Pacific.

The blue waters closed over the head of the scallywag. Tomoo gave

(Continued on page 18)

Wrecker of the Pacific

(Continued from page 14)

him a careless glance as he went under.

"Tinkee that white feller go walk about along bottom sea!" he remarked calmly. And without a second glance at the sinking scallywag, the steersman gave the wheel a twist, to edge the ketch away from the breakers of Ou'a.

Paget's head came up a dozen fathoms from the gliding ketch. He was swimming. He was a first-class swimmer, but the ketch, gliding on, left him struggling in the water astern.

Koko did not even look at him. He twisted a rag of tapa round his brown arm to stem the flow of blood from the gash left by the bullet, and descended the companion. The key of the state-room door had gone overboard with Paget, and the lock had to be forced to release the skipper and mate of the Dawn. The boatswain sorted out an axe from the lazarette, and strode forward to the state-room.

One crash of the axe, in Koko's powerful hands, and the lock was in fragments. Koko, grinning, slid back the sliding door. Astern of the ketch, a speck on the Pacific rollers, the scallywag of Lalinge struggled for his life in the shadow of death.

"Starboard Hard!"

KING OF THE ISLANDS gave a cry of joy. At the shots ringing out, amid the trampling of feet, a pang of dread had gone through his heart that the faithful Koko had fallen to the shooting of the desperate scallywag. He felt, rather than knew, that Koko had somehow got free, though he could not imagine how, and when the shots rang he pictured the brave Kanaka on deck tackling the armed and reckless mutineer and falling to his bullets. Then came the crash of the axe on the lock. The door slid back, and Koko stood grinning before him—a joyful grin that displayed the most magnificent set of teeth in the South Seas.

"Koko!" panted Ken.

"Good old brown bean!" gasped Hudson. "Oh, what luck!" He leaped out into the cabin, his eyes blazing.

"Now for that scoundrel Paget! But you've downed him or you wouldn't be here letting us out."

"Yessar!" chuckled Koko.

"You're wounded, Koko!" exclaimed King of the Islands, as he noted the blood-stained rag on the boatswain's brawny arm.

"Little feller scratch, sar," said Koko. "No tinkee along that feller scratch, sar! Him very little feller too much."

"Thank Heaven!" breathed King of the Islands. "But Paget—have you got him safe?"

"Him plenty too much safe, sar," chuckled Koko. "Him no good along this big feller Koko!"

"I fancy he wouldn't have much chance once Koko's grip was on him," grinned Kit Hudson. "You've saved us, Koko, and saved the ship. But how did you get loose to do it?"

"Feller knife stop along teeth belong me, sar, cut along rope," answered the boatswain. "This feller no common Kanaka, sar! Brain belong him walk about, all samee white feller."

"You're worth your weight in shell-money, old brown bean," said the mate of the Dawn. "Come on, Ken—the sooner we get that scoundrel Paget in irons the better!"

"Feller iron no stop along hand, along foot belong that feller Paget, sar," said Koko. "He shoot along gun belong him, along arm belong me. This feller makee that plenty bad feller go along sea, sar, along he makee kai-kai along feller shark."

"You've pitched him overboard?" Ken gasped. He had no word of reproach for the faithful Koko, but his face was white. Koko had saved his master, and his master's ship, and the man he had flung overboard had shot at him and wounded him. There was no blame due to the Kanaka. But Ken King hoped from the bottom of his heart that there might yet be time to save the reckless rascal he had tossed into the ocean.

Hudson was at his heels as he ran on deck, catching up the binoculars as he went. Koko followed more slowly, a dissatisfied frown on his brown face. Paget's reckless mutiny had endangered the lives of the white masters and the safety of the ship, and Koko saw no reason whatever for making a fuss about what had happened to him: Ken clapped the glasses to his eyes to scan the sea for a sign of the scallywag, while Hudson cut forward to let the imprisoned crew out of the forecabin.

But slowly as the Dawn was gliding before a light wind, she had made way since Paget had gone overboard. The binoculars failed to pick up a sign of a swimmer.

King of the Islands shouted orders as the Hiva-Oa boys came scampering out of the forecabin. Swiftly the Dawn went about. Koko took the wheel from Tomoo, still with a frown on his dusky brow.

"Get on the forecabin head with the glasses, Kit," said Ken, "and sing out if you see a swimmer."

Hudson went forward with the binoculars and watched the shining sea, while the Dawn tacked back on her course. It was hardly more than a quarter of an hour since Paget had gone over the side. But seeking a head on the sweeping Pacific rollers was rather like seeking a needle in a haystack. Hope had almost gone from Ken's heart when there came a sudden shout from forward:

"Starboard hard!"

"Starboard it is!" repeated Ken; and Koko shifted the wheel. Hudson's shout came again:

"Keep her steady!"

He ran back from the forecabin, and pointed out a dark head that bobbed on the sea. The scallywag was still swimming, though with failing strength, in the overwhelming rollers.

"Lower the whaleboat!"

The ketch heaved to, the whaleboat dropped into the water. Four brawny Kanakas bent to the oars and Ken, standing up, had his eyes fixed on the dark, dipping head, praying that it

would not dip for the last time before he reached it.

RAY PAGET had given himself up for lost. His senses were straying as again and again the heavy rollers flooded over his head. His eyes were blinded with the salt spray. Again and again he dipped under, again and again his head came up, and he panted for breath, still mechanically striving for his life. But the deep waters dragged him, and he was sinking—sinking. Suddenly something touched him.

He did not know what it was, but he knew that his head was dragged clear of the flooding, engulfing water—that he was able to draw in deep breaths of life-giving air. He was dizzily conscious that he was dragged over the gunwale of a boat. He heard the murmur of voices and the rattle of oars. He lay half-senseless, panting. But soon his senses cleared, and he lifted himself on his elbow and stared about him. He saw Tomoo and Lompo, Kolulo and Luft at the oars, with King of the Islands in the stern, and knew that it was the Dawn's whaleboat that had picked him up.

He sat up, the water running down him as he sat. He had been near death—terribly near—and King of the Islands had snatched him back. The boy trader's face was hard and grim as he looked at him, and Paget, as he pulled himself together, stared back at him with sullen defiance.

"You've got me!" he said between his teeth. "I'd as soon have gone to Davy Jones!"

Ken did not answer. The whaleboat pulled back to the Dawn, and the scallywag was handed up the side. The boat swung up to the davits, and the Dawn sailed on once more for Ou'a. Paget stared with bitter eyes towards the island, close at hand now, clear in the sunshine, and at the figure in white ducks on the deck of the cutter in the lagoon. His hope of escape was gone now, and his heart was filled with bitterness.

But there was a chance yet. Once in the lagoon a desperate swim to Dandy Peter's cutter!

A clinking of iron drove that thought from his mind. Danny brought the manacles up from below. The scallywag clenched his hands desperately, but a grinning Kanaka grasped him by either arm, and Koko locked the irons on his arms and legs. Then he was taken below.

In irons that clinked as he stirred the mutineer of the Dawn lay on the cabin lockers as King of the Islands ran the reef passage and sailed into the lagoon of Ou'a to anchor within a cable's length of Dandy Peter's cutter. His desperate bid for freedom had failed.

Ken King reckons his prisoner is safe enough, in irons and cooped up below deck. But though Paget has not the use of his limbs his wits are working overtime, and there comes a startling change in the Scallywag's Luck next Saturday!