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# The MODERN BOY

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2<sup>d</sup>



*A New Speed Record!*

CYCLE-CAMPING FOR EASTER!—Two Pages of Expert Hints Inside

With every stitch of canvas set, KEN KING'S ketch races over the Pacific,  
desperate to save scallywag Ray Paget from—

# Dandy Peter's Vengeance

By  
**CHARLES  
HAMILTON**

Too Late!

"TROUBLE ahead!" said Kit Hudson, mate of Ken King's South Seas trading ketch Dawn.

King of the Islands, as men called the boy skipper, nodded. Loud across the sunny water came the blare of drums and the roar of conch-shells from the island of Ululu. Canoes, packed with armed natives, were leaving the beach.

"Plenty trouble stop along that feller island, my word!" murmured Koko, the Kanaka boatswain. He grinned. "Tinkee plenty too much better this packet no stop along that feller island, sar!"

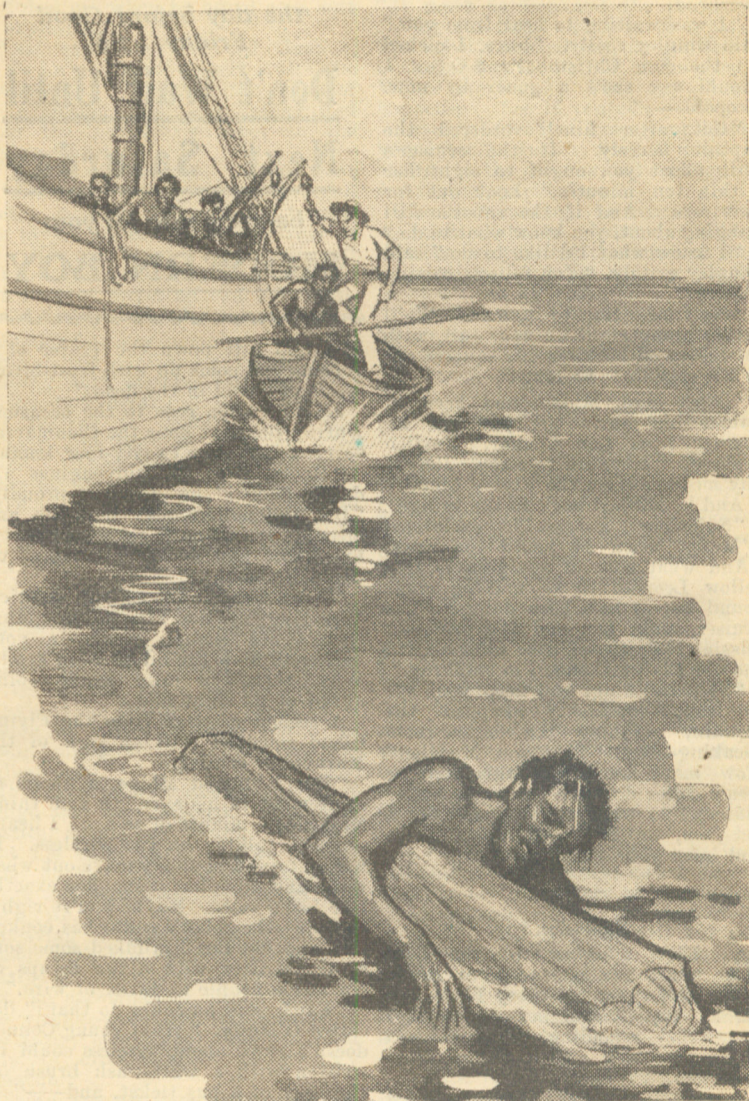
The Hiva-Oa crew—Lompo and Lufu, Tomoo and Kolulo—looked anxiously at their white master. Ululu, known as the most peaceful island in the Pacific, seethed with warlike excitement. And Ken King, if he kept on his course, was running his ship into a hornets' nest.

"We don't need to ask whether Dandy Peter's been here!" added Hudson. "I reckon it was Peter Parsons stirred up Ululu like a hive of bees, Ken."

"No doubt about that," said King of the Islands. "That nigger-stealing scum has done this—and left the next white man's ship to pay the piper."

He stared at Ululu under knitted brows. He knew the island, inhabited by a tribe of peaceful, laughter-loving Polynesian brown men. On the rare occasions when a white man's ship dropped anchor in the lagoon they came out in their canoes, decked with flowers, with friendly greetings. Something had happened to cause this startling change, and the shipmates of the Dawn had no doubt what it was.

From Dutchman's Island, far away to the east, the Dawn had come hot on the track of Dandy Peter Parsons of Lukwe and Ken's deserter deck hand, scallywag Ray Paget. King of the Islands had had a faint hope of arriving while Dandy Peter's cutter was still there, in time to prevent him from carrying out his design of kidnapping natives for Van Hook's plantation on Dutchman's Island. But,



Ken was intensely keen to gain every moment in the chase of the Sea-Cat. But no skipper could pass a shipwrecked man. The Dawn hove to, close to where the native was clinging to a spar, and the whaleboat was lowered to the rescue.

fast as the Dawn had sailed, carrying every stitch of canvas, he had arrived too late. The Sea-Cat had come and gone, and Dandy Peter had left the island humming like a hive of angry bees behind him.

"She's not there, Ken!" Hudson swept the lagoon, over the low reef, with the binoculars. "No craft there but the canoes. We know all that the natives could tell us—we can see for ourselves. Give it a miss, old man."

"They won't distinguish between

one white man's ship and another," went on Hudson. "Dandy Peter's packed his ship with kidnapped boys and cleared—and they'll reckon we've come for another cargo. We shall have to shoot, old man, if we run into the lagoon."

"Ay, ay!" Ken set his lips. "Dandy Peter shall pay for this, along with the rest! And that fool Paget—that rascal, rather—his uncle sent him on the Dawn to keep him clear of that scoundrel, and now—" "Nigger-stealing with Dandy

Peter!" said Hudson. "Gone to the bad with a crash! We did all we could, Ken—we couldn't prevent him getting away at Uvuka and sailing with that sea-lawyer."

"I know. But—"

King of the Islands broke off, and rapped out orders that the Hiva-Oa boys jumped to obey. The ketch, which had been running down to the reef passage, swung away to steer clear of the island.

Ululu was still at some distance, but the shipmates could hear the yell that came from the natives as the ketch changed her course. The canoes had crowded off the beach, evidently to attack as the white man's ship came in. Now they paddled in a bunch for the open sea, in the hope of cutting off the Dawn before she could ride clear.

Ken smiled faintly. It meant shooting, to save their lives, if the islanders reached them, exasperated and maddened by the treachery of the Lukwe adventurer. But there was little danger of that. The canoes paddled swiftly, but the ketch swept away like a fleeing sea-bird.

Running before the wind, clear of the reef, King of the Islands looked back. The larger canoes had spread their sails, and were running in pursuit. Arrows whizzed after the ketch. Clearly, as Hudson had said, the excited natives made no distinction between one white man's ship and another, and it meant a desperate fight if the canoes overhauled the Dawn. But the whizzing arrows fell short, dropping into the sea as the ketch ran, her tall sails booming in the wind.

Three or four of them clattered like hail below the taffrail, but their force was spent, and they did not even stick into the wood. Only one flew on board, and a sudden yell that rang over the ketch made the shipmates turn their heads in alarm.

Danny the cooky-boy, coming out of his galley with a bucket of garbage, had stopped that arrow. Luckily for Danny, it gave him little more than a pin-prick. But the cooky-boy yelled in startled affright, and his bucket crashed and rolled across the deck as he staggered with the arrow sticking in his loin-cloth.

There was a cackle of laughter from the Hiva-Oa crew.

"This feller plenty kill along that feller arrow!" roared Danny. "That feller stop along leg belong me!"

Kit Hudson chuckled, and Ken smiled. The cooky-boy was not damaged, though for the moment he fancied he was. His frantic jump dislodged the arrow from his loin-cloth.

"My word!" gasped Danny. "Me tinke this feller plenty too much kill altogether, along that feller arrow!"

And the fat cooky-boy, rubbing the damaged spot with one hand, picked up his bucket with the other.

King of the Islands looked back again. The ketch was drawing away fast from the pursuing canoes. One by one, they dwindled to specks and disappeared into the blue.

"We're well out of that," remarked Hudson, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But now—where are we going to look for Dandy Peter?"

"Ask me another!" muttered Ken.

He swept the sea with keen eyes. In those lonely waters sails were seldom seen; and there was no sign of a sail now. Ululu was below the sea-rim, and only the immensity of the Pacific stretched round the ketch.

"It beats me!" said Ken. "We got it from that scoundrel Van Hook that Parsons had sailed for Ululu. But if he packed his cutter with stolen niggers, where is he now? He never knew we were within a hundred miles of him—and he had to get his cargo to Dutchman's Island! We came straight on after him—we should have raised him as we came if he had been beating back to Dutchman's Island, Kit."

"Can he have failed at Ululu?" asked Hudson slowly. "He tried on the game—we've seen the results. But he may have failed to get away with his cargo."

"My hat!" Ken's eyes gleamed. "That must be it! The niggers may have beaten him to it. He wouldn't want to beat back to Van Hook's island without his cargo. If he failed, Kit, his game is up in these waters. And if his game's up, Kit, what is he likely to do?"

"Make for his home port at Lukwe, I reckon! The wind's fair for Lukwe," answered the mate of the Dawn.

"More likely than not," agreed King of the Islands. "Anyhow, we shall get him sooner or later at Lukwe, and if we've lost him, that's the place to look for him. We're keeping on, Kit. We're a good couple of knots better than the Sea-Cat, and if he's making his home port, we shall raise him long before he raises Lukwe."

The ketch raced on before the wind.

IT was taking a chance, but it was all that the boy traders could do, unless they were to abandon the chase of the Sea-Cat and Ray Paget, the scapegrace who had been confided to their care by his uncle, the Pacific Company's manager at Lalinge.

The swift sea-miles raced under the keel of the Dawn. Every eye on board watched the sea for a sail.

It was likely—more likely than not—that Peter Parsons was making Lukwe. But it was a long trip, and it was by no means certain that Dandy Peter had set his course for home.

Suddenly there came a call from Koko. The boatswain's eyes, keen as those of an albatross, had picked up a speck on the sea.

"A sail?" exclaimed Ken eagerly. "No, sar. Feller boy stop along water!" answered Koko.

He pointed to a floating speck, far off on the port bow. But it was too distant for the shipmates to pick up, keen as their eyes were. Kit Hudson turned the binoculars on it.

"Man overboard from some craft!" he said. "A black boy—hanging on to a spar."

Ken breathed hard. He was intensely keen to gain every moment in the chase of the Sea-Cat, but no skipper could pass a shipwrecked man and leave him to his fate, least of all King of the Islands. He gave curt

orders, and the ketch ran down to the distant speck, and the whaleboat was lowered to pick up the castaway.

### Fighting for His Life!

"YOU scum!" said Dandy Peter. The words came like a serpent's hiss through his teeth. The sea-lawyer of Lukwe had a savage temper, but never had he been in so deadly a rage as at the present moment.

Ray Paget faced him on the deck of the Sea-Cat. The scallywag of Lalinge, with all his faults, had plenty of courage. He needed it now.

Only too well he knew that a deadly reckoning had to come for what had happened at Ululu. He was alone among enemies. The three Lukwe boys, Suloo and Kotoo and Nalasu, watched him. Suloo, the boat-steerer, was at the tiller; the other two stood by Dandy Peter. It was not only with the sea-lawyer that Paget had to reckon. But he was cool and steady. And he was glad that the reckoning had come, to relieve the tension.

After the failure of the slave-raiding enterprise at Ululu, when Dandy Peter had fled from the island, glad to escape with his life and his ship, though without his cargo, Paget had expected an immediate outbreak of fury from him. He had failed him—let him down, as the sea-lawyer regarded it. He had refused to participate in a crime, and his refusal had not only caused failure, but risked the cutter and every life on board. He was not sorry for it—but he knew what to expect from the enraged blackguard of Lukwe.

For a time, Dandy Peter had taken no heed of him. His first thought had been to escape from the island he had roused like a hornets' nest. He had set a course for the cutter, and the Sea-Cat was running westward before the wind—what course Paget did not know, though the crew knew. He knew that the failure at Ululu must be a hard blow to the Lukwe adventurer; but he did not realise that it spelt something like ruin to Dandy Peter.

The sea-lawyer was free to give his attention to Paget at last. And the scapegrace, cool and steady as he was, breathed hard and deep as Dandy Peter came across the deck to him. The rage in the sea-lawyer's face was that of a demon; his hands were clenched like knots in his fury.

"You scum!" he repeated. "You dog, kicked about Ken King's ketch till I picked you off it—"

"You can cut that out!" said Paget quietly. "If I'd known what your ship was like, I'd never have stepped on her deck. If I'd known what you were like, I'd never have breathed the same air with you. I was warned enough, goodness knows, but I never believed—"

"You fancied you came on my cutter to play the fine gentleman!" hissed Dandy Peter. "You fancied you were getting easy work and easy money, without soiling your pretty fingers."

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## Dandy Peter's Vengeance

(Continued from page 15)

Paget coloured.

"Never mind what I fancied," he said. "I was a fool—you needn't tell me that. I know now what my uncle was trying to keep me away from—I know what King of the Islands was trying to prevent. I've been doing some thinking since I've been on your cutter, Peter Parsons."

"I reckon you should have done that before you stepped on board her!" said Dandy Peter.

"I've been a fool—I know that!" said Paget bitterly. "I'm no use to you, Parsons. I've been a selfish, obstinate, ungrateful fool, but I've got sense enough, and decency enough, to stop short of being a scoundrel. If you fancied that I was a man of your own kidney, it's your mistake. If you'd been less of a scoundrel yourself, you'd have judged better."

Dandy Peter almost choked with fury. What the scallywag said was true enough. It was so long since the blackguard of Lukwe had had a conscience that he had ceased to believe in it in others. He had looked on Paget as the reckless blackguard he needed to back him up in a wicked and lawless enterprise, and he had deceived himself.

"I'm no use to you," repeated Paget. "But there's no need to row. Put me back on the Dawn, if you like—I'd ask nothing better! If I had another chance, I'd let Ken King see that I'm not quite the worthless rotter he thinks I am."

"You won't see the Dawn again, you scum!"

"Put me ashore, then, at the first island you touch," said Paget. "Get rid of me as soon as you can. I'll be glad enough to be rid of you."

"Put you ashore!" repeated Dandy Peter, with a glitter in his eyes that made the scallywag's heart give a sudden beat. "I'll put you ashore, you scum! You've let me down! I lost a man getting you away from Ken King's packet. It cost me all I had to get refitted at Uvuka—and I left owing money, and short of stores. I couldn't have carried on in this trip if Van Hook hadn't advanced me stores at Dutchman's Island, to be paid for in niggers. And where are the niggers to pay him, you cur?"

"Not in your hands," said Paget coolly, "and I'm glad of it! I've done one decent thing, at any rate—I've prevented you from carrying off a slave cargo from Ululu. Whatever happens, I'm glad of that."

"You're glad of it!" panted Dandy Peter. "You've ruined me, you scum—do you get that? I've no niggers for Van Hook—I've got to steer clear of him now, owing him money. Do you get that? A cargo at Ululu would have set me on my feet again—and you've knocked it out! I'm on my beam-ends now—do you get that, you scum?"

"You've put me on the beach! I'm running home to Lukwe—with barely enough stores to see me as far—broke to the wide. I've got to cadge to raise the wind for a new trip. That's where you've put me."

He almost stuttered with rage.

"That's where you've put yourself," retorted Paget. "That's your easy work and easy money, Peter Parsons! Give me another chance, and hard work and hard money with King of the Islands will suit me better—if he'll take such a rotter back on his ship!"

"You'll never see King of the Islands again, you scum!" The sea-lawyer's voice rose to a yell. "I'll give you the course I've set for you. I'll put you ashore—don't doubt that! Wait till we raise the Seagull Rock—you'll see where I'll put you ashore."

Paget drew a deep breath.

"That means—marooning!" he said. "Better than sailing with you, Peter Parsons!"

"Marooning!" The sea-lawyer spat out the word. "Do you fancy I'd let you off with marooning after what you've done? Have you ever heard of the Seagull Rock? No? You'll find plenty of company there! The rock crawls with crabs, and if King of the Islands ever finds you again, all he'll find will be a bundle of bones that the crabs have left. Do you get me now, you cur?"

Paget's face whitened.

"That touches you, does it?" said Dandy Peter. "By Davy Jones, you'll forget to be glad that you've let me down when the crabs are crawling over you, bound hand and foot on the rock."

"Not while I can raise a hand!" said Paget, between his teeth. "Not while I can strike a blow, Peter Parsons! You slave-trading scoundrel—you're the man I threw King of the Islands over for—you scum of the beaches—"

He broke off as the enraged sea-lawyer came at him. He gave grasp for grasp as Dandy Peter closed with him.

**D**ANDY PETER was slight and dapper, but he was wiry and strong. Paget, in sheer desperation at the thought of the fearful fate that was before him, fought madly.

Locked in a fierce and desperate struggle, they reeled on the deck of the speeding cutter. There was a crash as they came down, Dandy Peter under.

Crash came the scallywag's fist in his face, crash and crash again, as they rolled on the deck.

"You feller boys!" Parsons screamed to the staring Lukwe boys. "You seize that white feller, hand belong you!"

Kotoo and Nalasu leaped at the scallywag. But, leaving the sea-lawyer dazed on the deck, Paget jumped to his feet and sprang to meet them. Kotoo yelled as a clenched fist crashed on his jaw and sent him spinning into the scuppers. Nalasu backed away under a rain of blows, till he pitched headlong down the short ladder to the cabin and lay there gasping and groaning.

Paget, almost sobbing for breath, turned back on Dandy Peter. The sea-lawyer was rising on an elbow, dragging at his revolver with the other hand. Paget reached him in time, kicked the revolver from his hand, and tackled him as he groped

after it. They rolled on the deck, struggling. Dandy Peter was under again, and blows rained on him. The scallywag of Lalinge was fighting for his life, and he seemed to have a chance. Two of the black boys were knocked out, for the moment at least, and he had the upper hand of Dandy Peter.

But Suloo, leaving the tiller, leaped on him and grasped him from behind.

Paget turned desperately on his new assailant. Dandy Peter, half-stunned by the raining blows, lay panting as the scallywag closed with the boat-steerer, and they reeled across the deck.

Suloo, powerful black boy as he was, went backwards in the scallywag's desperate grip and crashed on the low gunwale of the cutter. Paget heard movements behind him. With a last effort he pitched Suloo across the rail, and the Lukwe boy went headlong into the sea.

He turned to see Kotoo coming at him, Dandy Peter crawling to his feet, and Nalasu dragging himself out of the cabin. He had rid himself of one foe—Suloo was already a cable's length behind the running cutter—but three remained, and he was almost spent. But life was at stake, and he grappled with Kotoo.

"You scum!" came a yell from Dandy Peter.

Breathless, with spinning brain, the sea-lawyer almost tottered to the help of the Lukwe boy. Paget struggled in the grasp of both of them, resisting fiercely. In a bunch they rolled on the deck. And even yet Paget might have won through had not Nalasu added his grasp to Dandy Peter's and Kotoo's. Even then it was not till after a last, mad struggle that the scallywag was overcome and held down panting on the deck, while the sea-lawyer bound his hands and legs with cords of tapa.

Spent, swimming in perspiration, bound hand and foot, Ray Paget lay helpless at last, sobbing for breath. The blazing sun burned down on his face as he lay. Dandy Peter kicked him savagely in the ribs. Then he snarled to Kotoo to take the tiller.

"That feller Suloo stop along sea, sar!" muttered Kotoo.

Only a snarl from the sea-lawyer answered him. The boat-steerer was more than a sea-mile astern by that time, far out of sight. Beating back against a strong wind, in search of him, was almost hopeless—there was little chance of Suloo remaining afloat till he could be found and picked up. Neither was Dandy Peter the man to spend hours of weary beating against the wind on account of a "nigger." Kotoo and Nalasu exchanged a glance, but they said no more. The boat-steerer was left to his fate.

The cutter ran on, while the sun dipped to the west. Paget lay bound on the deck, under the pitiless sun. Not till darkness was falling did the sea-lawyer of Lukwe give him a snarling word.

"I reckon we shall raise the rock at dawn, you scum! Sleep if you can!"

But Ray Paget did not sleep, as

the cutter ran on under the stars. Through the long night he lay wakeful, a prey to bitter thoughts, to black despair. The night seemed endless, but dawn was to bring him death—a death that made his flesh creep to think of it. This, then, was the outcome of sailing with Dandy Peter! His face was haggard when he turned it to the sunrise, glimmering over the wide waters of the Pacific.

### Racing Against Time!

"SAVVY that feller plenty too much," remarked Koko.

The castaway picked up from the sea lay on a tapa mat on the deck of the Dawn. Immediately the whaleboat was swung up to the davits, King of the Islands put the ketch before the wind again. Now the Dawn was carrying on, and the shipmates, leaving the rescued black boy to the care of the Kanakas, watched the sea. But at the boatswain's exclamation Ken looked round. Koko was standing with his eyes fixed on the face of the black castaway, gasping on the mat.

"You savvy that feller boy, Koko?" asked Ken.

"Savvy that feller plenty too much, sar! That feller stop along cutter belong feller Parsons, sir. Name belong him Suloo."

"What?" exclaimed Ken.

He stepped quickly towards the exhausted black boy. Now that he scanned him closely he recalled that he had seen him before.

"By gum!" ejaculated Hudson. "A man overboard from Peter Parsons' packet, Ken! That's a proof that we're on that sea-thief's track."

"Ay, ay!" said Ken. His eyes gleamed. "We're in his wake, if that boy fell overboard from the Sea-Cat. You feller boy." Suloo turned scared eyes on him. "You belong Sea-Cat, cutter belong Cap'n Parsons?"

"Yes, sar!" faltered Suloo. "You no mad along this feller boy, sar—this feller plenty good feller along you, sar."

Evidently, the boat-steerer was uneasy at finding himself on board the Dawn, picked up by the Lukwe adventurer's enemies. Ken gave him a reassuring smile. He was not likely to visit Dandy Peter's sins on the heads of his native crew.

"You no flaid along this feller," said Ken. "You talk good talk along this feller, this feller no mad along you. That white feller Paget he stop along cutter belong Peter Parsons?"

"Yes, sar! That white feller makee this feller Suloo go along sea, along he fight plenty too much, along feller Parsons, sar."

Hudson gave a whistle.

"When rogues fall out, Ken!" he remarked, with a grin.

"Have they come to scrapping, then?" said Ken, puzzled. "Paget was wild to sail with Dandy Peter. He's not been long with him yet—long enough, perhaps, to find out the kind of scoundrel he is. You feller Suloo, what name that feller Paget fight along Parsons?"

"Along Cap'n Parsons plenty mad,

## FROM POSTBOY to MAIL PLANE

By DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG, who will answer FREE any Stamp Queries which any reader may care to send to the Editor. If you can, enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply by Post



FORGET, for a minute, the big air liner loading up with mails for the other side of the earth. Go back three hundred years, to the time when letters were carried on horseback by a postboy, who had a sword to protect him from robbers.

Exactly three hundred years ago, that was, as you can see by the stamp reproduced here, which is one of a series telling the whole story of mail-carrying just issued by the Swedish Post Office. Sweden was the third country in Europe to set up a government post office, Denmark and England being only just ahead of her.

THE mounted postboy carried some of the mails, others were left to the foot-courier and the sailing packet boat. All three methods are shown on the new stamps. The 10 ore one gives a picture of the courier, and the 20 ore features the sailing ship.

The next step is shown by the stage coach, with its team of spirited horses, the mail bags on top, and a posthorn emblazoned on its side; and the paddle steamer which took the place of the old windjammer is seen on the 25 ore.

AN express train tearing through the night, making the speed of the old coach seem like a snail's pace, is a thrilling sight on the 40 ore stamp. The present-day motor-van is seen on the 50 ore, then comes an ocean liner under full steam (60 ore), and a mail-carrying aeroplane is on the 1 krona stamp.

Nine stamps—three hundred years of carrying the mails! You must certainly get some of these for your collection!

sar, along no get nigger along Ululu. That feller Paget no shoot, sar, along Cap'n Parsons he say. He plenty too much bad feller along Cap'n Parsons?"

The shipmates exchanged looks. They had wondered whether Paget, when he came to sail with Dandy Peter, would be glad of his bargain. They had hoped, and tried to believe, that he would balk at joining in the sea-lawyer's villainies. It looked now as if he had.

Eagerly Ken questioned the Lukwe boy.

Suloo told what had happened at Ululu. Ken's face brightened as he heard how the scallywag had refused to fire on the kidnapped natives, risking his life rather than back up the sea-lawyer in his crime.

"Ken, old man, that fellow's not a rotter all through," said Hudson. "He gave us trouble enough, but he's got a spot of decency in him."

"More than a spot," said Ken quietly. "It wanted some pluck, Kit, to do as Paget did—and Dandy Peter's the man to make him pay for it. Send that we shall overhaul the Sea-Cat in time to save his life!"

"You think——" Hudson's face changed.

"I know," said Ken.

Hudson's lips set hard.

"If that villain harms him, Ken——"

"If he harms him I'll hang him from my boom, when I run him down," said King of the Islands, his eyes flashing.

He turned to the Lukwe boy again and questioned him further. The shipmates listened with deep attention to the description of the desperate fight on the cutter.

"By gum, he was game!" said Hudson.

"This feller go along sea, along that feller Paget," concluded Suloo. "Feller cutter no stop along this feller. Along this feller no catchee piecee spar along sea, this feller walk about along bottom along sea, plenty too much."

Ken knitted his brows. The fight on the cutter had been still going on when Suloo was left in the Pacific astern. The boat-steerer had not seen the finish. What had happened to Paget?

That he had balked at crime, and had broken with the lawless adventurer with whom he had so recklessly cast in his lot, was glad news to the shipmates. But they knew, only too well, what the vengeance of the Lukwe ruffian was likely to be, and they dreaded to learn that they were too late to save the scapegrace.

"You savvy what feller Parsons tinkee do along that feller Paget, Suloo?" asked Ken.

"Yes, sar, me savvy too much!" answered the Lukwe boy. "He makee that feller stop along Seagull Rock, sar, along feller land-crab, makee kai-kai along that feller, along rope stop along hand, along foot, belong that feller, sar!"

Ken caught his breath, shocked by the fearful fate awaiting Paget.

## Dandy Peter's Vengeance

"The cur!" breathed Hudson, his face white. "Oh, the cur!"

"We'll save him yet!" muttered Ken. He stared into the west, where the sun was red on the rim of the Pacific. "We're faster than the Sea-Cat—we'll beat Dandy Peter to it yet!"

Suloo, unheeded further, lay on the tapa mat. Every other eye on the Dawn searched the sea, as the ketch sped on. But the brief twilight was falling, followed quickly by dark. Velvety darkness lay on the Pacific, with a gleam of soft stars.

The ketch tore on, with a booming of sails, a creaking of spars and blocks. Eager, sleepless, the shipmates watched the shadowy sea as the long hours of the night wore away.

King of the Islands was a careful skipper, but it was no time for caution now, with the Lukwe cutter far ahead, and a dreadful fate overhanging the hapless scallywag, the helpless victim of the sea-lawyer's fearful vengeance. Ken did not even think of shortening sail. The Dawn rushed on, at the risk of rock and reef, with every stitch of canvas set and drawing, the rigging singing in the wind.

Not an eye closed on board the ketch that wild night. Speeding before the wind, the Dawn rushed on, and with the first glimmer of sunrise, the shipmates, with haggard eyes, scanned the Pacific.

Far away, a blot on the blue, a spire of bare rock rose abruptly from the sea, its crannies tenanted by innumerable sea-birds. At its foot—as yet unseen below the sea-line—Ken knew there was a stretch of rock and sand, where the crabs crawled in countless numbers. Was the scallywag there—was the wretched scapegrace already stretched, bound and defenceless, on the sand, torn to pieces by the nippers of swarming, crawling enemies?

"Feller sail stop along sea!" sang out Koko.

Far away—half-way between the speeding ketch and the distant spire of rock—a sail glanced in the sunrise. Hudson gave a roar.

"We're in time, Ken—he's not made it yet! That's the Sea-Cat, running down to the rock! We'll catch him before he makes it!"

The Dawn rushed on.

### Fist to Fist!

**T**HE Dawn!" Dandy Peter could hardly believe it. In the sunrise, brightening the Pacific waters, he stared, doubting his eyesight.

Paget, stretched on the deck, bound, helpless, despairing, caught the words and his heart leaped. Was it possible that the Dawn was in the offing—that King of the Islands, whom he had defied and deserted, was coming to save him? Was it a miracle?

It seemed like one to the scapegrace and to the infuriated sea-lawyer. Dandy Peter had never dreamed

that the Dawn was within a hundred miles of him. He had vanished into the boundless Pacific, leaving no trace behind—never dreaming that King of the Islands could hunt him down, even if he made the attempt! Yet here was the Dawn, coming down the wind under a cloud of canvas, overhauling him hand-over-fist.

"The Dawn! King of the Islands!" he hissed, through his clenched teeth. His hand went to his hip.

But he did not touch the revolver. He stood and stared at the ketch, in bitter rage and hate. It was futile to clap on sail and run. The ketch was the faster craft. He stood and watched the pillar of canvas draw closer and closer, till he could make out the faces of the shipmates and the Hiva-Oa crew on the deck. Again his hand slid to his hip—again to be withdrawn. It was useless against such odds.

Down the wind came the voice of King of the Islands:

"Heave-to, you swab! Heave-to, Peter Parsons, or I'll fire on you!"

There was a glint of rifles on the Dawn. For the third time, the desperate rascal of Lukwe reached to his gun. But it was futile to fire a shot that would bring a volley sweeping the cutter from stem to stern. Dandy Peter snarled an order to his boys and the cutter hove-to.

The Dawn swept down. With glittering eyes under black brows, Dandy Peter watched his pursuer range alongside. King of the Islands leaped down on the Sea-Cat. From the Dawn, Kit Hudson's revolver was trained on the sea-lawyer, and had Dandy Peter drawn his gun, as he was tempted to do, it would have been the last action of his wicked and reckless life.

"You dog!" King of the Islands panted. "Where's Paget?"

Dandy Peter burst into a bitter laugh.

"There he lies, if you want him!"

Ken's eyes turned on the scapegrace of Lalinge. Paget's eyes met his. Without speaking, Ken stooped over him and cut him loose, Dandy Peter watching in bitter, savage silence.

"Heaven bless you, King of the Islands!" muttered Paget. "You don't know what you've saved me from!" He staggered up, with Ken's help.

Suloo, unregarded by the crew of the Dawn, slipped on the cutter. Kotoo and Nalasu stared at him blankly. Dandy Peter hardly noticed him—his eyes were on Ken King. He was wondering what was yet to come.

Paget stood unsteadily, rubbing his cramped limbs.

"You'll take me on the Dawn, Ken King?" he asked.

"That's why I'm here."

"You can clap me in irons again, if you like. But if you'll give me a chance, you'll find that I've learned a lesson since I ran away from the Dawn at Uvuka!" muttered Paget. "That hound—that cur—"

"I know! Get on the Dawn and leave me to deal with Parsons!" said King of the Islands grimly. "I've an account to settle with him."

"So have I!" said Paget, between

his teeth. "Order me back on the Dawn and I'll go. I've told you I've learned my lesson. But give me a chance to deal with that hound! If you knew, you'd give me a chance—"

"I know—and I'll give you a chance!" said Ken.

He stood aside during what followed. Dandy Peter, in his present mood of black fury, asked nothing better than to stand up to the scallywag, fist to fist. He had been cheated of his vengeance—but this was something. But he very soon found that it was no solace. Paget came at him like a tiger, and he fought fiercely, savagely, desperately, but all through that fierce fight he was a beaten man.

The Lukwe boys on the cutter, the Hiva-Oa crew on the Dawn, watched breathlessly. Dandy Peter was not the man to give in so long as he could stand, and he fought like a wildcat, under blows that beat on him like hail. Paget, with set teeth and gleaming eyes, attacked all the time, regardless of punishment, and the dapper sea-lawyer rocked under his fists. Twice, thrice, Dandy Peter went down, only to leap up again, foaming with fury, till smashing blows laid him on his back on the deck, and he lay groaning, unable to rise.

Paget, panting, stood over him.

"That's for you, Dandy Peter—and more, if I meet you again, you scum!"

Only a gasping groan from the sea-lawyer answered him. Dandy Peter was still sprawling on his deck when Ray Paget stepped on the Dawn with King of the Islands. He was still groaning as he watched, with blackened eyes, the tall sails of the Dawn flit away on the Pacific.

**M**R. BELNAP was the first man to step on board the Dawn when she moored, a month later, at the coral wharf in the lagoon at Lalinge. He stared blankly at a handsome figure in white ducks that stood with Kit Hudson and King of the Islands. Ray Paget gave his uncle, a cheery grin, which was reflected on the faces of the shipmates of the Dawn.

"The boy's made good, sir!" said King of the Islands. "There was a spot of trouble, but that's forgotten—and since we became friends, no skipper could want a better shipmate. We shall be sorry to lose him."

Paget made a grimace.

"I gave you more than a spot of trouble, I'm afraid," he said, "but I believe you think it was worth it, to make a white man out of a grouching scallywag. That's what you've done, King of the Islands, if you think it was worth while!"

"Quite!" said Ken, laughing.

*Ken's task of making a man of the Scallywag completed, we say farewell to the shipmates of the Dawn. Next Thursday, a complete Great War Flying Story—the story of an airman whose bump of curiosity led to his being kidnapped by "THE PILOTLESS PLANE!"*