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# MODERN BOY

No. 18. New Series  
JUNE 18th, 1938

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# Warned Off Lalua

The warning was backed by bullets, but Ken King ignored it. He was determined to get to the bottom of the mystery of the Island of Silence

By CHARLES HAMILTON

## Danny's Narrow Escape

"THAT feller Danny stop," said Koko, the boatswain of the Dawn. He was standing by the rail of the ketch, scanning the circling beach of Lalua, and the groves of coconut-palms beyond.

The sun was sinking to the Pacific, reddening the waters of the lagoon of Lalua. Ken King and his mate, Kit Hudson, were, like Koko, watching the beach in the glow of the sunset.

The Dawn was anchored within the reef, but as far from the landing-place as anchorage could be found. Near the landing-place was the trader's bungalow, and in the veranda of the bungalow a white Panama hat could be seen, showing that Ahab Pinner, the trader of Lalua, was still there, watching the ketch. The sunlight glimmered on the barrel of a rifle which he held resting on the rail. It was to draw out of range of the trader's rifle that King of the Islands had shifted his anchorage.

Why the trader of Lalua so savagely refused to let a man from the Dawn set foot on shore, why he was so fiercely determined to drive the ketch out of the lagoon, Ken King did not know; but he knew that he was not sailing without his cooky-boy.

Danny had slipped ashore without leave, for which a spot of lawyer-cane was due to him when he returned. It was a relief to Ken when the boatswain announced that Danny was in sight on shore.

"Where that feller Danny stop, Koko?" asked Ken.

"Stop along palm, along beach," answered Koko, lifting a brown finger to point.

The distance was considerable. But, following the direction of the pointing finger, the skipper and mate of the Dawn were able to make out the figure under the palms, which Koko's keen eyes had picked up at once.

Danny's brown face and fuzzy head looked out from the palms, and his eyes were turned watchfully towards the trader's bungalow. When he left the palms to come down to the lagoon and swim out to the ketch, the cooky-boy had to pass within sight of the trader of Lalua—and he was hesitating, evidently in a state of alarm.

The four Hiva-Oa boys on the ketch gathered to stare. They grinned as they watched the distant uneasy face of the cooky-boy.

"That feller Danny plenty too much fright, along white feller," remarked Tomoo.

"Him tinkee white feller shoot, along gun belong him," said Kooloo. "White feller no like Danny go along shore, see feller Tototo, eye belong him."

"Danny no see feller Tototo, along Lalua!" declared Lompo.

Ken looked round at the seamen. Danny had taken French leave to see his relative, Tototo, who was house-boy at the trader's bungalow. All the natives of Lalua had disappeared to the farther side of the island, and Pinner had told King of the Islands that the house-boy had gone with them. So Ken did not doubt that Danny had crossed the island to find Tototo on the other side.

"You feller Lompo, what name you savvy Danny no see feller Tototo, eye belong him?" asked Ken.

"Savvy too much, sar," answered Lompo. "That feller Danny bling tick-tock along give Tototo. Savvy that feller no see Tototo, along tick-tock stop along neck belong him."

King of the Islands fixed his eyes on the distant figure under the palms again. A glint of the sun shone on the clock hanging on a tapa cord round the cooky-boy's neck. That clock, intended as a present for his relative, had accompanied Danny all through the trip. Evidently, as he had not parted with it, Danny had not found Tototo with the Laluaans.

"Suffering cats!" exclaimed Kit Hudson. "What the dickens is going on on this island, Ken? Pinner told us that there was a strike of the natives, and that he'd had trouble with them and they'd cleared off across the island. But he said that Tototo had gone with them, and if the house-boy was with the rest, Danny would have found him."

"I can't make it out!" answered Ken. "Something's happened here since old Dan Sullivan pulled out and that lantern-jawed swab took his place. Danny will know. He must have seen the natives, even if he hasn't seen Tototo. He will bring the news when he gets on board."

"Plenty too much fright stop along that feller Danny!" grinned Luifu.

The four Hiva-Oa boys seemed amused by Danny's predicament. Twice the cooky-boy stepped out from the palms—and scuttled back again. His fear of the trader at the bungalow was very plain.

But the cooky-boy made up his mind at last. All of a sudden he came scuttling out of the palms and down the shelving beach to the lagoon. His bare brown feet seemed hardly to touch the sand as he raced for the water.

For some moments it seemed as if Danny might escape unseen. Ahab Pinner did not know that he was on the island—he had refused to believe that Ken, after pulling out, had come back for the missing cooky-boy. He was watching the ketch, and unless he glanced round he might not see the cooky-boy as he ran from the palms.

Danny, running like a hare, was half-way down the beach when the trader stirred.

"He's seen him!" exclaimed Ken. "If he dares to pull that trigger—"

For one moment the man stared blankly at the scuttling figure of the cooky-boy. Then his rifle swung round and up to his shoulder.

Bang! The report rolled across Lalua, echoing like thunder through the palms. Danny gave a sudden bound and dropped headlong on the sand.

Ken's face whitened with rage. For the moment it looked as if the Hiva-Oa boy had gone down under the rifle-shot. If that was the case, there was a reckoning in store for the trader of Lalua. From the Hiva-Oa crew came a startled cackle.

"That feller Danny go finish, my word!" gasped Tomoo.

That impression was shared by the trader. He dropped his rifle-butt and shook a clenched fist at the Dawn and shouted. "The distance was too great for his words to reach the ketch, but the shipmates could see that he was shouting savage defiance.

"Danny no go finish!" It was Koko who spoke. "That feller make believe go finish, along him plenty too much fright."

"Oh!" gasped Ken.

He watched with anxious intentness. He detected a movement of the cooky-boy's head. Danny was watching the man in the bungalow veranda. Suddenly he leaped up and raced back to the palms.

The cooky-boy had been shamming, to delude the man at the bungalow. The bullet had knocked up the sand at his feet, but it had not touched the Hiva-Oa boy. He had shammed dead to avoid a second shot. Now, as he saw that Pinner had lowered his rifle, he made a sudden bolt for cover.

So sudden was Danny's bolt that the trader was taken quite by surprise. Danny had almost reached the palms when the rifle swung up again and another shot woke the echoes. Even as it rang, the cooky-boy bounded among the palms and disappeared.

Bang, bang, bang! roared from the Winchester, as the enraged trader pumped bullets into the palms. But the shots were random and futile. Danny was gone, but he was not likely to make another attempt in a hurry to get back to the ketch. Whatever news Danny might have brought to his master remained untold—and the mystery of Lalua was as deep as ever to the shipmates of the Dawn.



As Pinner slammed the trap shut, Ken fired . . . and missed!

## Shots in the Dark

"AHOY, Captain King!"

Darkness had fallen on the island of Lalua, and the voice that called from the dark lagoon was that of the Lalua trader, Ken, leaning on the rail, peered into the gloom, but he could see nothing but the shadowed waters. Kit Hudson dropped his hand on the butt of his revolver. Although he could not be seen, it was clear that the trader of Lalua had pushed out in his canoe, and was not far from the ketch, to which he had been guided by the light that burned for Danny.

"Aho!" called back Ken. "I guess," came the harsh, nasal voice, "I've come out to speak to you. That nigger I fired on—"

"My cooky-boy," answered Ken. "If he had been hit, I'd have come ashore to deal with you."

"I guess I'd have been glad if you had!" jeered the man in the dark. "I've warned you off this island, which is in my charge, as agent for the Pacific Company. I shall fire on any man that lands. You step ashore, Captain King, and you won't tread the deck of your packet again."

"Is that what you paddled out to tell me?" asked Ken contemptuously.

"Nope! I seen that nigger now, and I believe that you come back for a deserter, like you told me," answered Ahab Pinner. "I reckoned you was fooling, and you pushed in to meddle with another man's business—but now I seen the nigger, I allow it was straight."

"You would have known that it was straight at the start if you had not been a suspicious rascal!" snapped King of the Islands.

"Aw, cut that out!" snarled back the voice from the velvety darkness of the lagoon. "Talk sense! I allow you came back for your nigger cook, like you said, now I seen the swab. I guess a nigger cook ain't so all-fired valuable that you a trader, want to waste time and money on him. I guess I'll take that cook off your hands—I can sure do with an extra boy, and if you name a figure, I'll pay anything in reason for the nigger. You can pick up a new cook at your next port of call I reckon."

"I'm not parting with one of my crew, Pinner," answered the boy trader. "And even if I thought of leaving Danny on

the island, as he deserves for going ashore without leave, I should not pull out of Lalua now."

"What you mean?" demanded the unseen trader. "You allowed that you came back for your cook—what else you want on Lalua?"

"I'll tell you," answered Ken. "You've fired on my ship, Pinner, you've fired on my cook, you've driven every native of Lalua out of sight—we've not seen a man on the island. I'm not quite a fool, Pinner. There's some foul play going on, on Lalua, and I'm going to know what it is before I pull out."

The trader's voice was heard, muttering curses.

"But I don't want to waste time here," went on Ken. "Time's money to a trader. Keep clear while my cook gets back to his ship, and I hear what he has to tell me of the state of things on the island. If I'm satisfied with the news he brings, I'll pull out. Whatever is going on here, he will have picked it up from the natives."

"There's nothing but a spot of trouble over pay for gathering nuts!" snarled Pinner.

"If that's all, it's no business of mine, and I'll pull out—as soon as my cooky-boy has told me what he knows."

A loud and angry oath was the answer to that.

The shipmates exchanged glances. Whatever was the strange mystery of Lalua, they had no doubt that Danny had picked up the news from the natives on the other side of the island, and they did not doubt that Pinner knew it, too. He dared not let the cooky-boy come on board to tell what he had learned.

"I guess," came Ahab's snarling voice, at last. "You won't get your cooky-boy back. I'm watching the beach, and if he shows up, the dark won't save him—I'll fill him full of lead at sight. So if you don't want trouble, pull out!"

"You've had my answer!" retorted Ken.

"Then here's mine!" came a savage roar, and with the words came the crack of the Winchester.

The trader could see nothing but the dim outline of the ketch. He fired at the sound of Ken's voice. King of the Islands felt the wind of the bullet as it whistled by.

Crack! It was Hudson's revolver that spat out the second shot. The Australian fired at the flash in the canoe.

A yell and a crash answered. It was the crash of a rifle falling in the canoe, and



## WARNED OFF LALUA

the yell showed that Pinner had been touched by the bullet. There was a sound of heavy splashing as the canoe rocked, followed by the dash of a paddle.

The trader was fleeing. But from a distance his hoarse voice came shouting back:

"You can wait for your nigger, King of the Islands. I guess I'll get him, and I'll sure get you, too, if you set foot on the beach!"

The savage voice, and the dash of the paddle, died away. King of the Islands stared through the darkness with a knitted brow. Kit Hudson gave a chuckle.

"I've never seen a man so anxious to part company with us, Ken! What the deuce is it that Danny's found out from the natives?"

"Goodness knows! I can't make head or tail of it!" confessed Ken. "But one thing's clear—that man's a dangerous scoundrel, with a guilty secret to keep, and we're not pulling out till we know what it is. That swab has chosen to start the attack—now he's going to get some of his own medicine."

Hudson nodded, but his face was serious.

"He'll fire on the boat, Ken, if we pull ashore. I'm game, of course, but there's no getting out of it that he could pot the whole boat's crew like rabbits, from cover—and I fully believe that he's desperate enough."

"I've no doubt of that," said Ken. "But we're not taking a boat's crew for him to pot with his rifle, Kit."

"Then how—"

Ken waved his hand towards the dark beach.

"He's watching the beach to stop Danny if he comes. Nobody's at his bungalow while he's on the beach or the lagoon. I can swim."

Hudson whistled.

"Easy as falling off the boom, old fellow," said King of the Islands. "The swab's as watchful as a cat, but he won't see a swimmer's head on the lagoon, even when the moon rises. He'll come back to his bungalow, sooner or later, and he'll find me there, with a gun in my hand. I'm going to secure Pinner—and he can sit and swear through his nose while we search the island and find out what his game is."

The mate of the Dawn chuckled.

"Keep a weather eye open while I'm gone," added Ken. "There'll be shooting when the moon's up to give him light."

"I'll give him as good as he sends, you bet!" said Hudson.

Crack! came echoing from the beach. It was the report of the trader's rifle. The shipmates started and listened, in dread of hearing a cry from a stricken man follow the shot. But only the rolling echoes of the rifle-shot came to their ears. Likely enough, the trader had fired at a shadow. But it showed how keenly he was on the alert to intercept the cooky-boy if he attempted to rejoin the ketch.

It showed, also, that he was at a distance from his bungalow. Either in the canoe, or ashore, he was watching the beach for Danny. Evidently it had not occurred to him that the skipper of the Dawn might take his turn at making an attack. But that was what King of the Islands was going to do, and he lost no more time. Pinner might take it into his head to return to the bungalow.

With his revolver buckled in a waterproof case, and his shoes tied round his neck, King of the Islands slipped into the water and struck out swiftly and silently for the beach.

### Secret of the Bungalow

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS drew himself, dripping, from the water and stood listening. A silvery crescent showed over the feathery palm-tops and there was a glimmer of light on the beach.

Twice during his swim he had heard the ring of the trader's rifle. Now he heard it again. But this time the report echoed across the lagoon, and it was answered by a shot from the ketch.

The direction of the firing told Ken what was happening.

The trader had landed on the outer reef close to which the Dawn was anchored. From the beach, the ketch was out of effective range—but from the reef, the range was easy; and the light was coming. Pinner was on the reef, skulking in the rugged coral, and loosing off his rifle at the Dawn as she lay at anchor.

The man was desperate—there was no doubt about that! He was going to make Lalua too hot for the shipmates if he could.

But Ken had no doubt about his mate's ability to give Ahab as good as he sent. And the fact that the trader was now on the other side of the lagoon made his own course clear. Pinner was

at least a mile from his bungalow, and that gave Ken ample time to carry out his plan.

He wrung the water from his clothes, and put on his shoes. Then he tramped up the beach to the steps that led to the bungalow, raised high on a massive foundation of coral blocks.

The building was dark; Pinner had left no light there. Ken mounted the steps, crossed the coral platform to the door. It opened at his touch, and he stepped in, closing the door after him.

He stood in the densest darkness but he knew the interior of the bungalow. Pinner had received the shipmates on the veranda when they had landed and sent them about their business as soon as he could. But this was not Ken's first call at Lalua. Six months ago he had touched at the lonely island, when old Dan Sullivan, the Pacific Company's trader in charge of the station, had received him in very different fashion. Sullivan, like most traders at lonely Pacific stations, had been glad to see a ship in the lagoon—as willing to welcome a visitor as his successor was unwilling.

The bungalow was not a large building. There was a hallway in the centre, on which the door opened, with a door at the back facing it. On either side was a room—one a living-room, the other a bed-room. Below was the cellar, in the coral foundation, reached by a trapdoor in the hallway. Ken remembered quite well what the interior of the building was like, and he was at no loss.

His plan was a simple one. He intended to wait in the hallway till the trader returned. As soon as Pinner put on a light he would find himself under cover of a revolver, and he was going to be made prisoner while the shipmates investigated the mystery of Lalua.

Ken groped along the hallway to get to a distance from the door and leave the way clear for Pinner when he came.

He stopped suddenly with a sharp cry of pain. In the middle of the dark hallway his shin had struck on something hard and jagged.

He groped before him in the gloom, and his amazement was beyond words as he felt the rugged outlines of a huge block of coral. It was a large and heavy mass that would have required an exertion of his strength to roll aside. It stood in the middle of the hall—for what reason it was hard to say.

For a long minute Ken King stood there in the dark, mystified, wondering. The thing was not only astonishing—it was inexplicable. Why, in the name of all that was incomprehensible, had Ahab Pinner rolled that huge block of coral into the bungalow and left it there—right in his way whenever he moved about the building?

Ken wondered for a moment whether the man was out of his senses. But that was not it. Ahab Pinner was a truculent and desperate ruffian, but he was sane enough. But if he was in his senses, why had he done this unaccountable thing?

Ken had not intended to put on a light. But now, having groped round the hallway and shut the doors to make sure that the light would not be spotted from without, he took a match from a waterproof case and struck it.

Its glimmer showed him the walls of the hallway, the door at front and back, and the glistening mass of rugged coral. It showed him, also, the outline of the trapdoor in the floor. The coral block was standing on the trap.

Ken knew, now, that the heavy block was there to secure the trapdoor. But that only deepened the strange puzzle.

The cellar had only one entrance—by the trap in the hall, below which was a ladder. Ken, on his last visit to Lalua, had seen the trap open, and Sullivan's house-boy, Tototo, going down for stores. Had there been access to it from without, it would have been comprehensible why the trap should be secured with a weight above. But there was no such access. And from above, the coral block was no security—anyone, with an exertion of strength, could have rolled it aside, leaving the trap free.

"My sainted Sam!" muttered the perplexed boy trader, as the match went out, leaving him in darkness again.

He caught his breath at the thought—the inevitable thought—that flashed into his mind. This was the secret of the trader of Lalua! Whatever was his mysterious reason for fearing white men on the lonely island, it was hidden in the cellar below the bungalow.

King of the Islands breathed hard and deep.

Startling and utterly unexpected as it was, there was only one conclusion to be drawn. There was some living being in the cellar below the building—and the coral block was there to prevent the raising of the trap! Above, a strong man could have rolled it aside—below, the strongest of men could never have pushed up the weight. It was there to keep the trap shut on a prisoner!

That, amazing as it was, was the only conceivable explanation. Never, for a moment, had Ken dreamed of anything of the kind, when he had swum ashore

to enter the bungalow. But he could not doubt now.

The boy trader struck another match. By the light of the first he had noticed a candle stuck in the neck of a bottle on a shelf by the door. He lighted the candle, grasped the mass of coral, exerted his strength, and rolled it aside.

Ken lifted the trap and laid it back, wide open. Below was dense darkness. He took the bottle holding the candle, and threw the light into the cavity. Then he made out the ladder that led down, and the dim shape of casks and kegs in the cellar. But there was no sound, no movement from below.

"Aho!" called Ken.

If there was a prisoner in the deep, dark cellar in the coral foundation, he must hear, and he would answer. But no answer came but the echo of his own voice. Was he mistaken? Yet for what reason, but to secure a prisoner, could the trap have been weighted with the coral block?

As he listened with intent ears there came a faint sound from the darkness below. It might have been made by a scuttling rat. But the truth flashed into Ken's mind. If it was because he held a prisoner in that dark den that Pinner feared a white man's ship, he would not leave that prisoner free to move, free to cry out, while white men were at the island. Whoever was a prisoner in the cellar was, in all likelihood, bound and gagged. That faint rustling sound was made by a man who was desperately striving to make himself heard.

Candle in hand, King of the Islands descended the ladder. The cellar was large, extending under almost the whole space of the bungalow. Coral blocks stood at intervals, supporting the floor joists. Among them was dense darkness. Holding up the flickering candle, Ken stared round him.

"Where are you?" he called. "It's a friend calling—King of the Islands, of the ketch Dawn!"

He knew that there were living ears to hear him—and he listened for a sound. From the extreme end of the cellar, in darkness, hidden by coral supports, kegs, and boxes, came the rustling sound of a bound man stirring.

It was sufficient guide for the boy trader, and he moved along the sandy floor in the direction of the sound. But he stopped suddenly at another sound—the throwing open of a door above, and the tramp of heavy sea-boots in the hallway over his head! Pinner had returned!

Ken spun round, whipped out his revolver, and made a desperate spring at the ladder. Even as he reached it, there came a roar of rage from the hall above, and he knew that Pinner had seen the open trap.

The next instant, Pinner appeared at the trap, closing it. Ken fired, but the shot missed, and the trap dropped.

Ken leaped up the ladder. His strong shoulders jammed against the trap, heaving.

For a moment it gave. But only for a moment. A heavy thud above told that the coral block had been rolled back into place.

With desperate strength, he heaved and drove at the trapdoor—but not by a fraction of an inch did it give to his efforts. Twice or thrice his strength could not have lifted that enormous weight. The trap was fast, and King of the Islands, like the unknown man, was a prisoner.

"What name white master no come?" muttered Koko.

Kit Hudson did not answer. He was as perplexed and troubled as the boat-swain.

The moon was up, silver light streaming on the island and the lagoon. The beach and the palm-trees stood out clear and distinct. The trader's bungalow, on its high foundation, stood out a black mass against the nodding palms.

The firing from the reef had ceased long ago. Hudson had returned the fire, but there was ample cover on both sides, and no damage had been done. Since then, there had been no sound on Lalua save the whisper of the wind in the palms. What had happened to King of the Islands?

The four Hiva-Oa boys lay asleep on their sleeping-mats on the deck. But neither Hudson nor Koko was likely to close their eyes so long as Ken was absent. His prolonged absence and silence puzzled and alarmed his shipmate.

On the lagoon there was no canoe to be seen—neither on the silver-lit beach was there a sign of the American trader. But Hudson had glimpsed the man tramping back to the bungalow, and since then he was sure that Ahab Pinner had not emerged. What could have happened at the trader's bungalow?

A long hour had passed. Minutes should have been enough. Ken's plan had been well laid, and he had had every opportunity to carry it out. Hudson could not doubt that he had reached the bungalow—the swim was a long one, but nothing to King of the Islands; there were no sharks in the lagoon of

Lalua; and Pinner had been on the reef while Ken was swimming to the beach. He had surely reached the bungalow; and if so, he had only to wait there till Ahab returned and carry on with his plan. Under his leveled revolver, the trader would have to give in—but if he did not, if he set his life on a cast in desperate resistance, there would be shooting—and there had been no shot!

That Ahab Pinner was at the bungalow he was doubly sure when he caught a glimmer of white in the shadowy veranda. He had no doubt that it was the trader's Panama hat. The hour was growing late; but the trader was not thinking of sleep, any more than the mate of the Dawn. In the clear, bright moonlight he was watching the ketch—watching the beach—his rifle ready.

"Me no savvy, sar," muttered Koko. "This feller no savvy altogether too much."

Hudson bit his lip.

"That swab can't have got the upper hand!" he muttered. Ken must have been at the house well ahead of him—he must have been caught by surprise—and yet—

It was a hopeless puzzle. Had there been a shot which he had not heard? The bungalow was shuttered at all its windows; if the door had been closed, no shot within would have been muffled. But Hudson shook his head at that thought. He was sure that he would have heard a shot fired in the building. It looked as if Ken had never reached the bungalow at all.

"It beats me!" grunted Hudson. "This island seems to be packed with mysteries—and this is the deepest of the lot. Ken must have reached the beach." He shivered a little, glancing at the shining waters, with the thought that perhaps they rolled over a swimmer who had sunk in the dark.

"White master no stop along lagoon!" said Koko, reading the mate's thoughts.

"He too strong-feller swimmer, sar." Hudson nodded; he was sure of that. But if King of the Islands had landed, where was he, and what had happened to him?

Another long hour crawled by. Hudson's anxiety was too keen for longer waiting. Something had gone wrong with Ken's plan, simple and easy as it had seemed. Hudson made up his mind. To pull ashore in the whaleboat in the bright moonlight was to offer an easy target for the trader's rifle. But a swimmer would not be easy to detect at the distance, and a very difficult target to hit. To land some way along the beach and approach the bungalow through the palm-trees at the back was Hudson's plan—the only possible one, for the watchful trader's rifle covered the beach in front of the building.

The mate muttered a few words to Koko, packed his revolver, and slipped into the water, keeping the ketch between him and the beach. So far, the trader could have seen nothing. But when Hudson swam for the beach, his head showed as a dark spot on the glistening water, and he knew that a shot might come.

He had to take his chance of that. But no shot came, and with long, steady strokes he cleaved through the water till he found the sand under his feet and drew himself from the lagoon a quarter of a mile along the beach from the landing-place.

He ran quickly up the beach to the palms. In their dusky shade he was safe. Swiftly he threaded his way through the endless slanting trunks of the palm groves, drawing swiftly and silently nearer and nearer to the back of the bungalow.

All was dark and silent when he reached it and stood for a long minute watching the back of the house. The trader, he had no doubt, was still in the veranda in the front unaware of his coming. But he was doubly cautious as he emerged from the palms, and his revolver was in his hand as he reached the steps at the back of the high coral block. Swiftly, watchfully, he ascended, and stood on the back platform behind the bungalow. A moment more, and his hand was on the door.

Hudson pushed it open and a shaft of moonlight fell into the blackness within. For a long, tense minute he stood and listened—then stepped in, revolver in hand, finger on trigger.

The next second the mate staggered under a crashing blow that came from the darkness.

In that second, he knew that he had been deluded—that the way desperado had held his fire, to draw him into the trap. Ahab Pinner was no longer in the veranda—he was waiting and watching, like a tiger in the dark, for exactly the move that Kit Hudson had made.

Hudson knew it in that bitter moment—but the knowledge came too late to help him. For even as the truth flashed into his mind as he reeled under that savage blow, the pistol-butt struck again, and he fell senseless at the feet of the trader of Lalua.

Next Week :

IT'S UP TO KOKO!