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"BOMB LONDON!" and "BIGGLES FLIES NORTH" TWO GREAT SKY THRILLERS

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THE BARRIER OF FIRE! Breathless Incident in the Enthralling Motor Racing Story, CHEWING-GUM VICTORY!

GHOST of the SAND-BANK



In Sight of Death

"STRONG-FELLER wind, my word!" murmured Koko, the brown boatswain of the Dawn; and he hunched himself over the wheel, his head bent, his mop of dark hair blowing out.

Ker. King, King of the Islands—the boy skipper and owner—held on to a stay, and stared through the murk.

It was sunset—if the sun could have been seen. But between the tossing, pitching ketch and the sunset, black battalions of clouds had mustered. An hour ago bright sunshine had been streaming from a blue sky; the Pacific only ruffled by a breeze. Now all was deeply dusky, and the wind was blowing great guns.

For long days the Dawn had been becalmed in the lagoon at Luta. Now the storm had come after the calm. And Ken could have wished that his ketch was still at anchor in the sheltered lagoon. But he was seventy long sea-miles from Luta, and the infinite Pacific raged and roared round him.

With plenty of sea room, he would not have feared the Pacific at its wildest. But his brows were knitted with an anxious pucker as the ketch drove through the heaving waters. Under the inky-black clouds that almost touched the sea stretched the long, low sandbank that was called the Whale's Back. How near, he did not know, and he could see nothing but wave-crests that tossed and foamed in the night-like gloom.

The Hiva-Oa crew were all on deck—holding on. The Dawn pitched almost like a cork on the wild sea, and the most active Kanaka could not have crossed the deck without a hold. Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn, loomed through the gloom, joining his shipmate. He put his head close to shout, in the roar of the wind:

"We'll clear it, Ken!"

"Ay, ay, I reckon we'll clear it. But—" The wind carried away the rest of his words. "We owe this to that swab Dubosq," said Hudson.

Ken did not hear; but the same thought was in his own mind.

His business lay nowhere near that dangerous sandbank—dangerous enough in fair

For a second it was as light as day, and Ken's blood ran cold as he took in the terrible scene revealed by the lightning.

weather, but a ghastly peril in foul. It was the pursuit of Gustave Dubosq, who had robbed the shipmates at Luta, that had brought the Dawn into those perilous waters.

And the pursuit had been in vain. Gustave Dubosq had escaped with five hundred pounds, and the only news of him they could pick up was that he had been taken on board Peter Parsons' cutter, the Sea-Cat. They had overhauled the cutter, searched her, and found that the swindler was not on board. The shipmates had been beating wearily back to Luta when the hurricane came. And now they had to ride out the storm, knowing that the mile-long sandbank was somewhere in the offing. Their feelings towards the rascal who had plundered them, and escaped, were deep and bitter.

From overhead came a streaming blaze of lightning. It was not a flash—it was more like the heavens opening in fire. There was a startled cry from the Kanakas, and even Koko, at the wheel, shut his eyes for a second. Kit Hudson involuntarily clapped his hands over his eyes as that glare of livid light shot over the sea—dazzling, blinding in its unearthly brightness.

But King of the Islands' eyes were steady in the blaze of blinding light. For a second all was light as at noonday. In that second, he saw what might have curdled a sailor's blood—the tossing of mad surf on a half-hidden sandbank, a patch of trees and bushes on the single spot that rose to a height above the waters, bending and cracking in the wind, and, holding on to a bending tree, a human form—a man who clung there to save himself from being blown into the wild waters. Like a swift picture

on the screen he saw it, taking in every detail in that blinding blaze of light.

Then, as the darkness shut down again, and the thunder rolled as if the universe were shaking to fragments, King of the Islands plunged headlong at the wheel, where Koko stood, half-dazed. It was useless to speak in the roar of the wind. He grasped the spokes, and shoved with every ounce of his strength, knowing that if the ketch refused to answer to her helm, all was lost—the ship, and every life on board!

For a second—a century!—he doubted, and then he knew. He could see nothing in the darkness; hear nothing but the roar of the wind, the thunder of the sea. But he knew that the ketch had swung true to her rudder, otherwise her timbers would have been grinding in the surf.

Koko's brown face and startled, rolling black eyes dawned on him from the darkness.

"What name?" panted the boatswain.

"Keep her steady!"

The Dawn raced on. She had cleared the Whale's Back by the skin of her teeth. She rushed on before the wild wind; but Ken's heart was light now. The sandbank was astern, and there was open sea for a hundred miles.

Kit Has His Doubts

"ROT, old man!" grunted Kit Hudson.

"I tell you I saw him, Kit!"

"Fancy!" said the mate of the Dawn. "A ghost!"

Ken shook his head. He knew that it was not fancy, or a ghost. He could still see, in the light of morning, that wild scene that had been disclosed to his eyes by the lightning blaze—the roaring surf on the sandbank, the bending trees, the clinging figure of the castaway. Only his eyes had seen it, but there was no doubt.

It was morning—a wild morning. The hurricane had blown itself out, and the Dawn had ridden through safe and sound. But there was still a heavy swell on the sea, and the wind still came strong and sharp, blowing hard out of the east. Many a long sea-mile had the ketch run before the wind, and the deadly sandbank was left far astern. Not till the dawn came, and the

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start of it was over, did Ken mention what he had seen on the Whale's Back; and he found his mate incredulous. Hudson had seen nothing of it, the crew had seen nothing of it—even Koko had seen nothing of the castaway on the sandbank. But King of the Islands knew what he had seen.

Danny, the cooky-boy, came staggering aft with hot coffee from the galley. Lompo had relieved the boatswain at the wheel; Koko, extended on a sleeping mat on the rocking deck, was asleep. Tomoo was on duty; Kolulo and Lufu, like the boatswain, slept. The shipmates were weary and worn, but neither was thinking, for the moment, of a watch below. They argued as they drank hot coffee.

"A man on the Whale's Back!" said Hudson. "Rot, I tell you!"

"A shipwrecked man, Kit! Many a craft has gone to pieces on the Whale's Back! We came near enough to it last night."

"Ay, ay, but—"

"We can't leave him to it, Kit!" said King of the Islands quietly. "I know what you're thinking, old man, but we can't."

Hudson gave a grunt and stared at the rolling sea, the windy sky. He was as kind-hearted a fellow as ever sailed the blue waters, and he would have gone far to help a sailorman in distress. But he did not believe that there was a castaway on the Whale's Back. He believed that Ken's eyes had deceived him in that blinding glare of lightning. Easy enough, at such a moment, to mistake one object for another.

"Now, talk sense, old man!" said Hudson. "Getting back to that sandbank means beating against the wind; and you know better than I do what wind-jamming in the teeth of the wind is like. Throwing away time you know we can't spare."

"I know. But—"

"Oh, let a fellow speak!" said Hudson gruffly. "Ten to one—a hundred to one—you never saw what you fancied you saw. A bending palm, a bunch of hibiscus—any old thing—"

"It was a man—"

"Rot!" said Hudson. "A thousand to one it was nothing of the sort! Look how we stand, I tell you, Ken! We're more than a week behind time, overdue everywhere. Thanks to Dubosq, we've lost all we've made this trip, and we've got to make it up again; and we've not got hours to waste, let alone days."

"I know! But—"

"Getting back to the sandbank won't be child's play. Even the Dawn can't sail in the wind's eye," said Hudson irritably. "We've got a wind to carry us on our business, and you want to beat against it, because you fancy that a palm bending in the wind was a castaway. Wash it out!"

Ken smiled faintly.

"It was not fancy, Kit! There's a man on the Whale's Back—a shipwrecked man!"

"How do you know that?" grunted Hudson. "If a craft went down on that bank in rough weather, precious little chance of a man getting away alive. Not a dog's chance! If you really saw a man on that bank, Ken, it was more likely a marooned man than a shipwrecked man. Some swab marooned by his skipper. Are we going to throw away time and trade to pick up some waster who has fallen out with his skipper?"

Ken was silent.

He had to admit that Hudson was right there. A castaway on the Whale's Back was much more likely to be marooned than shipwrecked. It was little likely that there would be a survivor from any craft that had piled up on that deadly bank. Yet it was possible. Ken's mind was haunted by the picture of that desolate figure clinging to the bending tree. Marooned man or shipwrecked sailor, he felt that he could not leave him to it. But Kit was right, all the same; the shipmates had had cruel luck.

"Wash it out, and get about our own business, Ken," urged the mate.

Ken shook his head slowly.

Hudson drew a deep breath.

"Well, you're skipper!" he said curtly.

"Don't talk rot, Kit!" said Ken sharply.

"We're shipmates and partners, and this is a matter for both of us."

"If you put it like that, you know what I think!" grunted Hudson. "I don't believe for a minute that there's a man on the Whale's Back, and if there is, he's some marooned skunk we don't want on this packet."

"You're right, Kit," said King of the Islands slowly, "but if we'd gone to pieces last night—and we came within a biscuit's toss of it—and if one of us had pulled through and got stranded there, watching for a ship—Kit, old man, we can't do it! We've got to get that man off!"

"I've said that you're right, old man," went on Ken, "and this isn't a matter of skipper and mate, but of two shipmates! You know what happened at Luta, Kit. You wanted to go after the gold on Gulu that that scoundrel Dubosq planted on us, and I didn't. I gave in. Now it's your turn, Kit. You give in against your better judgment, same as I did then."

Hudson stared at him. Then he grinned.

"You forget one thing, Ken," he answered. "It would have been better if you hadn't given in. If you hadn't Dubosq would never have taken us in with a spoof gold-mine and got away with five hundred pounds. He made a fool of me, and I made a fool of you! We'd be better off if you hadn't given in then—and if I didn't give in now! But, of course, I'm going to, all the same! We've lost a week; let's lose another, and when they ask us, at a dozen islands, why we're late on dates, we can tell them that we went mooning round for an imaginary man on a sandbank."

Ken laughed.

"Leave it at that, then, Kit," he said. "You'll be as glad as I when we make the Whale's Back and take that poor wretch off."

"When!" grunted Hudson.

A dreary day followed. Hudson said no more on the subject; but his thoughts were easy to read, and that long and dreary day of beating against contrary winds made Ken wonder whether, after all, he was not the fool that his shipmate believed him to be. He knew, though Hudson did not, that there was a man on the Whale's Back. But he knew, too, that it was ten to one that it was some malefactor marooned for bad conduct. All the chances were against the man being a survivor from a shipwreck. Nevertheless, there was a chance that that was what he was; and the thought of a shipwrecked man on that lonely and desolate spot, watching and watching for the sail that never came, was too much for King of the Islands. He was in no position to face further losses, but at any cost of time and trade he had his duty as a skipper and a sailorman to do, and he was going to do it.

Tacking and wearing, wearing and tacking drew the Dawn slowly—all too slowly—on her way, and all the while that gusting wind would have borne them about their own business but for the memory of that desolate, clinging figure.

Wind-jamming, in contrary winds, was hard and weary work. Wet decks, the incessant swing of the boom, constant loss of way that had been slowly and painfully won combined in a general effect of dismal dreariness. Several times Ken wondered whether he would ever make the Whale's Back at all unless the wind changed—and it showed no sign of changing. The sea was going down, sunshine streamed through the clouds. Fair weather was returning, but it brought little comfort to the weary crew of the Dawn. Not till the sun was dipping to the western sea did the shipmates sight the long, low bank, that looked, in the distance, like a stranded whale.

And then the task was not done. The sea had calmed, but there was no safety near the Whale's Back, from which sunken sands ran far under the waves. The Dawn hove-to at a safe distance, and the whaleboat was lowered. King of the Islands stepped into it, Hudson remaining in charge of the ketch. He gave his shipmate a sarcastic grin as the Kanakas pushed off.

"I don't see your man on the Whale's Back, Ken!" he said. "Keeping out of sight, no doubt, now there's a craft in the offing! Get back, before we drift aground, old man!"

Ken, in silence, steered for the bank.

Gustave Dubosq dragged himself from his bed, scraped in the sand, and shaded his eyes

with his hand, staring across the sea. The sun was red in the west—the second time that he had seen the sun going down since he had been marooned by Peter Parsons. But it seemed to the wretched castaway that he had been months, if not years, on that solitary sandbank, with nothing in sight but sky and sea and the wheeling gulls.

The neat and dapper Frenchman of Luta was strangely changed; his clothes dragged by salt water, his trim beard a shaggy thicket, his beady black eyes sunk in his haggard face. He could have counted his stay on the Whale's Back by hours, yet it seemed an eternity of horror and despair. He knew there was little or no chance of sighting a sail. Only a ship driven far out of its course by foul weather was likely to come near that dangerous bank. He had no hope, only that of supporting life as long as he could by scraping for such food as there was on the little hillock that rose from the low bank and wetting his parched lips with brackish water in shallow hollows. Yet for the first day he had watched the sea till his eyes ached and burned. Death seemed better than life to the wretched maroon. Yet, when the hurricane came he clung on for hours, to save himself from being torn away by the roaring wind. And when it was over he slept in a hollow he had dug in the sand—and then, in the new day, crept and crawled for food.

Little more than a day since he had stood on the deck of the Sea-Cat, and the five hundred pounds he had tricked from the shipmates of the Dawn had passed into Dandy Peter's keeping. But it seemed to him years ago—an almost endless space of time. He was not thinking of the plunder that had passed into the hands of a more unscrupulous and desperate rascal than himself. Food—water—life—filled his thoughts. Almost he wished that the sea-lawyer of Lukwe had tossed him overboard, instead of marooning him on the lonely bank. But he clung to life—even life without hope.

His eyes swept the sea again. Sea and sky and a wheeling gull were all that met his gaze. He groaned, sank to the sand, and shut his aching eyes.

Saving the Swindler

"NO feller stop, sar!" murmured Koko, as the boat pulled towards the long, low bank.

All the extent of the Whale's Back, except in one spot, was open to the eye—only in that one spot, where the little hillock rose, and the straggle of stunted trees and bushes grew, was there a patch of cover. It was there that Ken had seen the clinging figure, or fancied that he had. But he almost wondered now whether it had been, after all, fancy. Where was the castaway, if he was there?

Blown from his hold, perhaps, by the roaring wind—drowned while the ketch was still running before the storm? Likely enough—and if so, that weary day of fighting against the wind had gone for nothing. Or had he, after all, taken some bush bending before the wind for a clinging man—and was the whole thing fancy? If a castaway was there, he was not to be seen, and surely a castaway would have been watching for a sail—and for an hour past, at least, the Dawn had been in sight as she came beating wearily down to the bank. Now she lay in full view on the rolling waters, while the whaleboat pulled to the bank. Yet there was no sign.

The whaleboat bumped on the sand. It was piled up in stacks and ridges by the wild waves, and thick among the straggling bushes on the knoll. Ken stepped ashore. Now that he was there, he was going to make sure. Likely enough a famished and exhausted man was lying unseen, in despair, not even lifting his weary head to watch the sea with hopeless eyes. He was going to know.

He tramped through the straggle of torn bush and heaped sand on the knoll, and suddenly he sighted a figure that lay prone in a hollow of the sand—sleeping or senseless, or sunk hopelessly in a lethargy of despair.

Ken caught his breath.

He had been right. There was a man on the Whale's Back—and here he was! Looking at

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the crumpled figure, King of the Islands was deeply glad that he had had his own way and returned to save him. With deep compassion in his face, he stepped towards the prone figure.

The man's face was unseen; but it seemed to Ken, as he bent over him, that there was something vaguely familiar about him. He touched the recumbent form on the shoulder.

"Ahoy, shipmate!" he called.
The man looked as if he were unconscious. But at the touch, the voice, he started, and cried out, leaping to his feet. Wild eyes in a haggard face stared at King of the Islands.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" His voice came cracked, and he stared at the boy trader with unbelieving eyes.

King of the Islands' eyes, too, were unbelieving as he stared at the man he had come to save. Not a shipwrecked seaman, not some forecabin rowdy marooned by his skipper—but the beachcomber of Luta; the swindling rascal who had robbed King of the Islands and his shipmate. In utter wonder, the boy trader stared at the haggard face of Gustave Dubosq.

"You!" he uttered at last.
"That bad feller Flessman!" gasped Koko.

Dubosq did not seem to recognise the boy trader for the moment. He stared at him, at the boat, and the Kanakas, and at the Dawn, hove-to in the offing. Then his haggard eyes came back to Ken's stern face. Then he knew him, and he shrank away from the man he had swindled.

"Vous!" he said, in a hollow voice. "Mon Dieu! King of ze Islands—sauvez-moi, sauvez-moi—je suis au desespoir."

He clasped his hands in frantic appeal. For hours he had lain there, sunk in despair, never dreaming that while he lay a ship was bearing down on the sandbank—never hearing the dash of the oars as the whaleboat came, or the footsteps on the sand. Suddenly, like the shifting visions of a dream, he found himself in the presence of men, and saw the ship he had never dreamed of seeing—but the promise of rescue was dashed away by the recognition of the man he had wronged.

"You!" repeated King of the Islands.

"You dog! You!"
"Moi!" groaned Gustave Dubosq, sinking on his knees. "Sauvez-moi—leave me not to die!"

"How came you here? We picked up your canoe, going back to Luta, and the Luta boys told us you had been taken on the Sea-Cat."

"Vrai—vrai!" muttered Dubosq.

"We ran down the Sea-Cat, and searched it for you." Then, in a flash, King of the Islands comprehended. "My sainted Sam! Did Peter Parsons maroon you here, Dubosq?"

"Oui, oui!" moaned Gustave.

"But why?" But again, in a flash, the boy trader understood. Dubosq had had five hundred pounds on him when he was taken on the Sea-Cat.

"On m'a volé!" breathed Dubosq. "Dandy Peter, he take all, and he leave me here."

"The swab!" Ken gritted his teeth.

He knew it all now. Dubosq had been on the Sea-Cat, as the Luta boys had told him. He had not been there when the shipmates had overhauled the cutter and searched it for him. But the loot had been there! The swindler who had robbed the shipmates had been robbed in his turn—and while Dandy Peter, with mocking eyes, had watched them searching his cutter, he had had the five hundred pounds on him. Ken's eyes blazed as he thought of it, and the wretched castaway shrank from him.

"Sauvez-moi!" he moaned. "Monsieur, you will not leave me? Mon Dieu! You will not leave me here?"

"Get into the boat!" snapped Ken. "If you'd robbed me down to the last shilling, I would not leave you here. Get in the boat!"

Dubosq looked at him incredulously for a moment, then ran for the boat. King of the Islands and Koko followed him. The boat's crew stared curiously at the panting man. He crouched down as King of the Islands took his place in the whaleboat, in terror that the boy trader might change his mind and leave him where Peter Parsons had left him.

But Ken, with all his loathing for the cringing rascal, did not think of that for a moment.

Dubosq gave a cry of relief as the Kanakas pushed off from the sandbank and pulled back to the Dawn, where Kit Hudson stared over the side.

The expression on Hudson's face made Ken smile faintly as he looked up. Hudson had doubted, more than doubted, whether there was a castaway on the Whale's Back, but he could doubt no longer as he stared at the crouching figure in the whaleboat.

"Suffering cats!" said Hudson, as Ken swung himself on board. "You win, old man! Who—"

"Dubosq!" said Ken.

"By gum!" Kit Hudson's eyes glittered, and his hands clenched. But when Koko helped the wretched man on the ketch, the mate of the Dawn unclenched his hands. Bitter, vengeful anger gave place to contemptuous compassion. He looked at Ken questioningly.

"That scoundrel Parsons—no wonder he was grinning at us when we searched his packet—he had robbed Dubosq and marooned him on the sandbank, long before we overhauled the Sea-Cat. He was grinning at us, with our money in his pockets! And we never knew, and never should have known, or suspected, but—"

Hudson drew a deep, deep breath.
"Ken, old man, kick me round the deck!" he said. "Suffering cats! I never believed there was a man on the Whale's Back—and if I had, I'd never have dreamed that it was that thief, Ken, if you hadn't had your way, and put back for him—"

"Lucky we did!" said King of the Islands. "We're making Lukwe now, Kit. We're going to call on Peter Parsons in his home port and collect five hundred pounds from him—at the end of a gun, if necessary. My sainted Sam! I want to see Peter Parsons!"

"And I!" said Hudson, between his teeth. "Ken, old chap, you let time and trade go to pot to beat back here and pick up a shipwrecked man—and it's put us on the track of all we've lost. And I— Ken, next time I begin arguing, heave a capstan bar at my head!"

King of the Islands laughed.
"I'll keep the capstan bar for Dandy Peter!" he said.

Parsons Pays Up!

DANDY PETER PARSONS stretched his lithe figure in the deep Madeira chair in the veranda of his bungalow at Lukwe and blew out a little cloud of smoke from his cigarette. On a table at his elbow was a long glass, filled by his house-boy. Dandy Peter was in a mood of sardonic satisfaction. He was back in his home port, back from the most profitable trip he had ever made. Seldom had he sailed into the lagoon at Lukwe with five hundred pounds in his pockets; and the fact that the five hundred did not belong to him mattered not a whit. Indeed, it gave an added zest to his satisfaction to reflect that it belonged to his old enemy, King of the Islands, and his mate.

As he sat at his ease, he glanced at the lagoon. The Dawn had just pulled in, and it amused him to glance at the ketch and to think of the shipmates cursing their luck.

He turned his head at a footstep on the palm-wood steps, and started a little. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson stepped on to the veranda. Following them came Koko, a thick lawyer-cane under his arm and a lurking grin on his brown face. There was another, that he could hear; but the other did not come up—he remained invisible below the veranda.

Dandy Peter sat up. He sensed danger at once. Yet, as he told himself, the shipmates could know nothing, and could suspect nothing.

"I saw your packet come in, King of the Islands," he drawled. "I reckoned I'd look you out and ask you if you had any news of the Frenchman."

Ken looked at him.
"We've come to tell you the news!" he answered.

"That's good of you," said Parsons. "I reckon he'll want some looking for, with your

five hundred pounds in his pockets." He grinned. "Have you come to ask me whether I had him headed up in a cask on my cutter, all the time?"

"No!" said Ken. "But we know now that he was on your cutter, Parsons, before we overhauled you. And we know that you marooned him, after taking over the five hundred pounds."

Dandy Peter's eyes narrowed.

"Dreaming?" he asked.

"Are you going to deny it?" asked Kit Hudson.

"Just a few!" laughed Parsons. "You're dreaming!"

"If you took over the money from that thief, intending to hand it to the owners, here we are!" said King of the Islands.

Parsons laughed again.

"Can I offer you a drink?" he asked. "I reckon I've no more to offer."

"You deny it, then?" asked Ken.

"Ay, ay! Go back to your bunk and dream again."

"Show yourself, Dubosq!" called out King of the Islands. And the man below the veranda ran up the steps.

Dandy Peter leaped from the Madeira chair. The Frenchman glared at him, hate in his eyes.

A spectre from the sea could not have startled Parsons more. This was the man he had robbed of his loot and left on the solitary sandbank. Had it been his ghost, Dandy Peter could not have gazed at him with more amazement and dismay.

"Dubosq!" he stammered. "By hokey!"

"Scelerat!" snarled the Frenchman. "Pirate—zief—miserable—give back what you take!"

There was a desperate glitter in Dandy Peter's eyes. His hand shot to his hip. He was not the man to give up his plunder without a fight.

But even as the revolver whipped up from his hip, Hudson sprang forward, and his clenched fist lashed out. The dapper sea-lawyer went over backwards as if he had been shot. The shipmates had been watching for just such a move, and they were ready for it. King of the Islands tore away the revolver and tossed it over the rail of the veranda.

"Now, you cur!" said the boy trader.

"You've got five hundred pounds of ours, Dandy Peter, and hand it over."

The sea-lawyer struggled up, yelling with rage. But even as he gained his feet, Koko, at a sign from his master, grasped him. The dandy struggled and screamed with fury, but the gigantic Kanaka held him like an infant.

Dandy Peter shot a wild glance round. He had desperate associates who would have stood by him in a lawless affray. But there was no help at hand. And his bones were almost cracking in the iron grip of Koko. With a bitter curse, he groped for the leather bag that was buckled to the back of his belt, and with another curse, flung it at the feet of King of the Islands.

Ken quietly picked it up, opened it, and counted the contents. Five hundred pounds, in Australian sovereigns and banknotes, were there. It was the sum that had been handed to the swindler Dubosq for the mythical goldmine on Gulu.

"O.K.?" asked Hudson.

"O.K.," answered Ken.

The rage in the face of the dandy of Lukwe, helpless in the boatswain's grasp, was demonic. But it had no terrors for the shipmates of the Dawn. King of the Islands fixed his eyes steadily on the furious face.

"Dubosq's had his punishment from you," he said. "Now you're getting yours! Koko, give that feller Parsons five-five along lawyer-cane."

"Yessar!" chuckled Koko.

The sea-lawyer struggled, and yelled, and shrieked. But he bent helplessly in the boatswain's powerful grip, and Koko's strong right hand wielded the lawyer-cane. Twenty-five lashes he gave Parsons, then when the last had descended, flung him aside.

The sea-lawyer rolled, exhausted and groaning, on the palm-planks of the veranda. And without a word more, the shipmates of the Dawn left him there.

THE END