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MODERN BOY

EVERY
2
SATURDAY



Ginger Wins His Spurs—see WINGS OVER SPAIN!

MASTER of MYSTERY ISLAND

The Wolf they called him—said that it was death to land without his permission! And now he and his cannibals had trapped Kit Hudson. There was no escape for King of the Islands' shipmate

Gopmoo's Warning

DARKNESS wrapped the interior of the deep-sea cave under the headland on the island of Ku'u. The moonlight that gleamed on the Pacific, and glistened on the tide rolling in over the reef, did not penetrate into the gloomy depths of the cavern. In the dense darkness, Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn, struggled madly in the grasp of the unseen hands that had fastened on him.

Far away on the sea, vanishing in the glimmer of the moon, was the canoe that had brought him from Mu'a. As fast as paddles could drive, the Mu'a boys were fleeing from the Island of the Wolf. Kit Hudson had landed on the mysterious island, not even knowing how he was to get away again, after the desertion of the canoe crew. But he had no time to think of that when the unseen man who lurked in the cavern grasped him, and he found himself in a grip stronger than his own.

He fancied, for a moment, that it was O Lobo, the old Wolf himself, who had seized him. But the limbs he grasped were bare and slippery, and he realised that it was a native whom O Lobo had posted to keep watch in the cave. Hudson could see nothing of him, save the gleam of fierce, rolling eyes—hear nothing but panting breath. No word was spoken as they struggled.

Slowly, but surely, Hudson was forced down till he was on his back on the sandy floor, and a sinewy bare knee was planted on him, black hands gripping at his throat.

He groped for his revolver. There was nothing else for it. The muzzle of the revolver jammed deep into black skin. There was a gasp from his assailant, and the mate of the Dawn pressed the trigger.

Click! There was no report—no shot! He had forgotten that he had waded up to his neck in water before he scrambled into the cave. The cartridges were soaked with sea-water, and useless. He heard a grunt from his assailant of relief and triumph. The black hands that grasped his throat lifted his head and dashed it down on the rocky floor of the cave.



Next moment Hudson struck with the revolver, using it as a club. The grasp fell away from his throat as the heavy revolver crashed on a fuzzy head. The unseen man rolled off, and lay half-stunned.

Hudson gained his knees, panting. Between him and the glimmer of moonlight at the cave-mouth, a dim shadow rose—the Ysabel boy struggling up. The revolver crashed again, on the instant, and the black man groaned and fell.

Hudson staggered to his feet, perspiration streaming down his face. For a long minute he stood panting. Then he grasped the fallen man and rolled him into the glimmer of light at the cave-mouth, and looked at him. It was, as he had guessed, one of the Ysabel boys who served O Lobo. Already there were signs of returning consciousness in the black face. Hudson dragged the brawny black wrists together, and knotted them fast with the end of the native's own loincloth.

The black man had hardly been secured when the eyelids flickered, and the eyes opened and stared dizzily, rolling and gleaming in the moonlight. The Solomon Islander made an effort to rise, and wrenched at his hands as he found them bound. But he could not wrench them loose.

Hudson listened, but there was no sound to be heard save the wash of the tide over the reef. No one else was at hand—only the one man had been on the watch. He fixed his eyes on the staring, fierce-eyed Solomon Islander.

By CHARLES HAMILTON

"What place O Lobo he stop?" he asked. "That Portugee feller he sleepee, along house belong him?"

"This feller Goomoo no speakee, mouth belong him!" the Ysabel boy snarled. "O Lobo no likee."

Hudson's face set grimly. He had taken his life in his hands to visit the Island of the Wolf. He was left there, unarmed save for a useless revolver, with no means of getting away. It seemed unlikely enough that he would ever see again the shipmate with whom he had quarrelled and parted—that he would ever tread the deck of the Dawn again with King of the Islands. Danger dogged every step, and his chances of escape were worth little. But he was going to learn all he could of the enemies he had to face on the island of mystery, and the Ysabel boy was going to tell him. He grasped the black man and rolled him roughly to the edge of the cavern where it jutted over the water. The fuzzy head was thrust over the edge, and the rolling eyes dilated with fear.

"You speakee, mouth belong you, along you no wantee makee kai-kai along feller shark," said Hudson grimly.

"Me speakee, sar!" gasped Goomoo. "That Portugee feller stop along house belong him, along lagoon, sar."

"What place Ysabel boy he stop?" "Stop along hut belong him, sar, along he sleepee," answered Goomoo. "This feller Goomoo wakee, along he keepee watch along cave, along white feller he come."

"You savvy name belong that white feller? O Lobo savvy him name?"

"No, sar. No savvy name belong you, sar." Hudson started, then he understood. He had come there in place of Dick Valentine.

(Continued on page 14)

MASTER OF MYSTERY

ISLAND (Continued)

the planter of Suta, who lay in a bunk on the Dawn at Mu'a, disabled from the wreck of his canoe. Valentine was unknown on the Island of the Wolf—it was for a "white feller" that Goomoo had watched. As Hudson had come, the black man had taken him for the white feller, who had never been seen on Ku'u, but was known to visit the island.

"What place feller Mary he stop?" asked Hudson. "Feller Mary" was the white girl of Ku'u, whose name Hudson knew to be Dona Catalina. According to what Valentine had told him, she was the rightful owner of the island, though the place was in the hands of the savage old buccaneer, O Lobo.

"That feller Mary stop along house along lagoon, sar," answered Goomoo. He eyed the mate of the Dawn very curiously as he answered. Obviously he had no doubt that Hudson was the white feller for whom the girl was accustomed to wait in the sea-cave at dawn.

"That feller Mary comey along cave?" asked Hudson.

Goomoo grinned.

"No tinkee, sar, along O Lobo sarvy white feller comey!" he answered. "That feller Mary too much fright along O Lobo."

"O Lobo he comey along cave?"

"Yessar!" grinned Goomoo. "Along night, black feller watch along cave—along sun he comey. O Lobo comey. You see um, sar, eye belong you, along sun he come. You kill dead too quick altogether."

Kit Hudson turned from him, and stood looking out on the moonlit sea. He was there to see Dona Catalina, to give her word from the man who was disabled and could not come. But when dawn brightened the Pacific, it was not the girl who would arrive at the sea-cave—it was the savage old buccaneer who was keeping her out of her inheritance.

The Wrong Bird

A SNARL struck suddenly on Kit Hudson's ears. Darkness had rolled away like a curtain that is drawn, and from beyond a bulging rock at the side of the cave-mouth a figure came into sight—that of the white-haired, white-bearded, savage-faced old Portuguese slave-trader who was called O Lobo—the Wolf.

His fierce look rested on Hudson for a moment, then passed to the Ysabel boy who lay hunched against the rock with his hands bound. Goomoo cringed under that savage look. But O Lobo's eyes immediately came back to Hudson. A savage grin came over his wrinkled face as he advanced a few paces, and two brawny Ysabel boys, who were following him, came into sight. There was a fierce satisfaction in the old Wolf's face—a look of gloating.

"Bons dias, senhor," he said, in a tone of sardonic politeness. "But you do not speak my language, perhaps," he went on, in English. "A good morning—one very good morning! I rejoice to see you on my island."

The mate of the Dawn did not answer. There was something almost blood-curdling in the grinning, gloating look and tone of the savage old slave-trader.

"You have come at last," grinned O Lobo. "You have been long expected, senhor!" His pin-point eyes glittered intently at Hudson. "I have seen you before, I think. Was it not you in the boat that landed Pedro Prado, when he came to buy my pearls, and I fired on you, to warn you that strangers were not wanted here? Yes, I think so. So you, then, are the unknown senhor that has won the heart of Dona Catalina. She would not tell me the name of the unknown senhor. Perhaps you will tell me."

"My name's Kit Hudson," said the mate of the Dawn quietly. "But I'm not the man you take me for."

"Nao?" grinned O Lobo. "What a tale to tell to an old wolf! You do not think that I believe you, senhor?"

"It is true!" said Hudson. "I have never seen Dona Catalina, except through the binoc-

lars from a great distance. And that only once."

"You are not the unknown senhor whom she comes to greet at dawn in this cave?" grinned O Lobo. "You are not the one who was cast ashore, and whom she found on the reef, and aided, and fell in love with—as she has told me, since I discovered this business? Nao!"

"No!" said Hudson.

"Yet you know your way to this cave, which is unknown to any man that does not know my island. You are here—at dawn—and you tell me that you are not the man I take you for. You will not save your life so easily, my young friend," grinned O Lobo.

He made a sign to the two Ysabel boys, and they rushed at the mate of the Dawn. O Lobo's hand rested on the butt of a pistol as Hudson clubbed his revolver to defend himself against the attack of the two Solomon Islanders.

The struggle was brief. One of the black boys reeled back from a crashing blow, but at the same moment the other hurled himself on Hudson and bore him backwards. The next moment he was struggling with both of them—in vain! O Lobo looked on, grinning like the old demon he was, as the young Australian was crushed to the rocky floor of the cave and held helpless there. At a sign from him, one of the blacks knotted a tapa rope round the wrists of the mate, securing his hands behind him. Then he was allowed to rise to his feet.

O Lobo scanned his flushed face with gleaming eyes. He did not believe what Hudson had told him, but the possibility that it was true lurked in his suspicious mind. It was that doubt that saved, for the moment, the life of King of the Islands' shipmate.

"And you are not the man I take you for?" said O Lobo, watching Hudson's face. "You are not the man whom the senhora has met many times in this cavern, and to whom she has plighted herself?"

"No!" panted Hudson.

"It is a lie—and a palpable lie!" said O Lobo. "Otherwise you could not be here! But tell me, if you are not that senhor, why are you here in his place?"

"I came with a message," muttered Hudson. "He was wrecked in his canoe and hurt! I came to give his message because the senhora expected to see him."

"You ask me to believe that?" chuckled O Lobo. "You must tell a better lie than that to save your life."

Hudson set his lips. He had not undertaken this mission solely on account of the shipwrecked man who lay in a bunk on the Dawn. It was to relieve and reassure the girl of Ku'u: to help her to escape from the power of the old Wolf that he had come. Had all gone as he had hoped, Dona Catalina might have left the Island of the Wolf in the Mu'a canoe, safe under his care from the old desperado who had robbed her of her inheritance, and kept her a prisoner on her own island. The Wolf was not likely to believe that he had risked so much for such a motive. Yet a doubt evidently lingered in O Lobo's mind.

"But it is easily proved," grinned O Lobo. "Tell me, if you are not the man I take you for, what is his name, that I may find him?"

"I'll tell you nothing!" snapped Hudson. "If my hands were free, I'd choke the life out of you! You'll learn nothing from me."

O Lobo scanned him more keenly than ever. It seemed as if that angry, defiant outburst strengthened the faint doubt that was in his mind.

"Nao importa!" he said at last. "The minha senhora will witness. She will know whether you are the cavalier she was expecting! I must be sure. You, or another, will not find it easy to take away the senhora and make good her claim to the island I have ruled so long!" He snapped an order to the Ysabel boys. "You take that white feller along house belong me."

The old pirate turned and strode away, and the Ysabel boys, grasping Hudson's arms, followed. Goomoo, his hands unbound by one of the blacks, brought up the rear with a grinning face. Hudson's heart was heavy as he was hustled along a rocky path through the cliff at the heels of the old Wolf. His life hung on the merest thread—only that doubt in the old pirate's mind had saved him so far. That doubt would become a certainty as soon as he was in the presence of the girl. But when O Lobo knew that he was not the "unknown

senhor," what would follow? He was no more likely than Dick Valentine to leave the Island of the Wolf alive. But though his heart was heavy, his head was erect and his step firm as he followed the old pirate along the path through the palms to the beach of the inner lagoon.

O Lobo did not once look back. He tramped onward with a swift and vigorous step for all his seventy-five years to the house that fronted on the lagoon. Five or six Ysabel boys stared at Hudson and grinned to one another. O Lobo tramped heavily up the coral steps to the veranda, and Hudson was led in after him. In the veranda was an old native woman whose startled eyes bulged at Hudson as the Ysabel boys led him in.

"You feller Koa, you tell Dona Catalina white feller along cave come along this house!" snarled O Lobo.

"Yessar!" faltered Koa, and disappeared by a doorway into the house.

O Lobo grinned as there was a sharp, startled cry within the house. A slim, graceful figure in white appeared in the doorway, and the mate of the Dawn looked, for the second time, on the mysterious girl of Ku'u. Her eyes, dilated in a white, terrified face, rested on him for a moment, then turned on O Lobo.

"Where is he?" Her voice came in a husky cry. "If he is here, where is he?"

O Lobo scowled blackly as he pointed to Hudson. The girl glanced again at the mate of the Dawn and panted with relief. The old pirate's scowl grew blacker and blacker.

"Is that not the man, Catalina?" he snarled. "He—no! I have never seen him before!"

"So I have caught the wrong bird! You are not the unknown senhor—you are only a fool who has meddled in what does not concern him! It will cost you dear! You feller boy, you take that white feller along lagoon, along place feller shark he stop!"

Hudson, bound as he was, made an effort to resist, but the brawny Ysabel boys dragged him away. He heard a cry from the girl, and as the Ysabel boys dragged him along the beach he could still hear her voice pleading with the old slave-trader. It died away as he was dragged across the sand to the edge of the lagoon.

Creeping Closer and Closer

THE burning sun of noon streamed down on Ku'u. In the shade of the palms the Ysabel boys lounged idly during the heat of the tropic day. On the sand the mate of the Dawn lay, bound hand and foot, secured to a stake driven in the beach by the lapping waters of the lagoon. He had lain there for hours since the Ysabel boys had dragged him away from the house, tormented by heat, thirst, and the sandflies that crawled and bit. Hours that seemed like days had crawled by, and still he lay there, dizzy in the blazing sun, and wondering what was to be his fate—unable to guess why he had not yet been thrown to the sharks in the lagoon. That that was to be his ultimate fate he had no doubt. There was no help and no hope—and he could only wait, dizzy and aching, in the burning sun.

During the morning he had seen the Ysabel boys at work at a distance—some of them diving for the pearl oysters; others spreading out the oysters, as they were brought up, to rot in the hot sun on the beach. But in the heat of midday they left work and retired under the palms. Not one of them had approached him, though every now and then an eye was turned in his direction, and a grin wrinkled a savage face. Of O Lobo he had seen nothing—nor of the girl. He was left where he lay unregarded. That the girl would have saved him if she could, he knew; he had heard her pleading with the savage old buccaneer as he was dragged away. But she could do nothing; she was little more than a prisoner on the island. And there was none other on that island of terror even to pity his fate.

His thoughts went back to his shipmate. Though they had parted in anger, King of the Islands would have stood by him now if he had known—if he could have known! But the Dawn had been booked to sail at sundown.

she had pulled out, he had no doubt, soon after he had left in the canoe. By this time he was many a long sea-mile away. He would never see the Dawn again—would never see King of the Islands.

He shut his eyes against the blaze of the sun and groaned. It was a low chuckle that caused him to open them again. He stared dizzily at the figure of O Lobo, seated on a rock of coral a few paces away. How long the old Wolf had been there he did not know. O Lobo sat smoking a black cigar and watching him, a grin on his old seamed face.

"You villain!" muttered Hudson, between his dry, cracked lips. "If my hands were free—"

"Look!" said O Lobo.

He pointed down the shelving slope of the beach to the glistening water. Hudson looked. A shape moved under the surface, and he saw for a moment a black fin that glided in the sunshine and disappeared again. He remembered O Lobo's words to the Ysabel boys. There were sharks in the lagoon; he had noticed that a boat was posted where the pearl-divers worked. But a stretch of shelving sand intervened between him and the water; no shark could reach him where he lay. His glance returned to the cruel face of the old Portuguese slave-trader.

"When the tide is in—" grinned O Lobo. The mate of the Dawn understood then. He could hear, from where he lay, the Pacific tide surging in at the narrow channel in the reef—the channel where only a few days since he had entered in the Dawn's boat to land the pearl-buyer, and O Lobo had fired on him. Tides were deep in the lagoon, and where he lay he was below high-water mark. When the tide crept up the sand the sharks would cent their prey.

Hudson shuddered. It would be hours yet before the water reached the spot where he lay. But it would come—it was coming—and with it would come the sharks. His eyes fixed on hatred and loathing on the cruel old face. He sat up in the sand, leaning on the stake, his eyes on O Lobo. It dawned on his mind that the old pirate was not there merely to mock him.

"You see, senhor?" grinned O Lobo. "But if you say the word, senhor, you may be freed from that rope, and I will give you a canoe to leave my island. It is for you to choose."

"What do you want?" muttered Hudson. "The name," said the old Portuguese, leaning towards him—"the name of the unknown senhor for whom I set a watch in the cave, and who did not come. You, meddling fool, are nothing to me. You may live or die; I care not! But the senhor who would take away Dona Catalina and claim my island from me—if you were he, senhor, you would not now be living! But you are not he. Give me his name that I may find him."

"You skunk!" said Hudson. "He has not come," said O Lobo. "Perhaps he guesses that I have learned of him, and he dare not come? Perhaps he will come with friends to help him—or perhaps he thinks of the law for his aid! I have been left long in peace on my island, but there are many who have not forgotten O Lobo! It is twenty years, senhor, that I have lived here, since I left the sea—and Ku'u is far from the law—I have been left in peace. I have guarded my island well—and I have guarded Catalina. There were more of us once on this island—all are dead but Catalina, and her I have guarded—till now! There are many who knew O Lobo in the old days who will wonder that the child was allowed to live." He grinned at Hudson's look of horror. "But she lives, and when I am gone all will be hers; but while I live I am master of Ku'u."

Hudson did not speak. "Many, many years yet!" said O Lobo, grinning. "I am old but I am tough, senhor. No man will take Catalina away from my care and claim her inheritance. Nao! Nao! By an accursed chance a senhor was wrecked on the reef, and the girl found him and hid him in the cave till he was able to go—and I knew nothing! The Ysabel boys would have finished him fast enough had I known! He would not have been the first or the second or the third that found death on Ku'u. But I did not know. It was by chance I learned

Next Week's Programme

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Kit Hudson in the tightest corner of his eventful life!

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The story of the hottest sea fight of the Great War.

.....
that he came and came again. I was curious to know why Catalina visited so often the sea-cave at dawn—and so I discovered! But since then he has not come—and you have come in his place. Give me his name, that I may find him, and you may live, senhor, to be as old as I am!"

A look of loathing was Hudson's only response. He knew now why his life had so far been spared. Whether O Lobo would have kept faith, had he given the name of Catalina's lover, he did not know, though he doubted it. But not to save his life, or a dozen lives, would he have betrayed the planter of Suta to the old Wolf's vengeance. Dick Valentine, so far as he knew, had been landed from the ketch at Mu'a. He lay there, disabled—a canoe trip from Ku'u. His life would be worth little if the savage old sea-thief knew his name, and where to look for him. And in the planter lay Dona Catalina's only hope of escaping from the island and the power of the terrible old man who held her in thrall. Hudson shut his teeth and did not speak.

"That senhor is unknown to me," went on O Lobo. "All I know is that he would take Catalina away, and rob me of my island. I have guarded my island well, and strangers who have landed have never left to tell what they have seen, senhor; but I am not strong enough to hold Ku'u against the law—and it is the law that would work against me, if Catalina's cavalier should take her away, and all should become known! But the old Wolf can still bite—and bite hard! Give me his name—and when he is in my hands, or where he can do me no harm, you leave Ku'u alive and well. His life for yours, senhor!"

"You skunk!" said Hudson, breaking his silence. "I know the man, and know his name, and could tell you where to lay hands on him, where he lies defenceless. And I will tell you nothing! Do as you will, you scoundrel—but if King of the Islands should learn of my fate, you'll hang, on the island you have stolen."

"Words are but wind," said O Lobo coolly. "A few more hours in the sun, my young friend, and you may speak. If not—the sharks!" He rose from the coral rock, shrugging his shoulders. "I think you will speak—yes, I think so! Wait and watch for the tide, young senhor, and see the sharks draw near—and if you would change your mind, call before it is too late! I shall be in hearing, and I shall expect to hear you call."

He turned his back on Hudson, and tramped up the beach. The mate of the Dawn turned his eyes on the lagoon.

The tide was bubbling in over the reef. The lapping water crept up the sand—slowly, slowly, but slowly as it crept, it came closer and closer, till the wash of the tide reached the bound man—a delicious coolness in the

burning heat. And as it deepened and deepened, Kit Hudson's eyes were on the shapes that glided ever nearer and nearer; on the hideous snouts, the cruel eyes, the shearing jaws—and the chill of death was in his heart. But he did not call.

The Dawn Sails

KING OF THE ISLANDS stood on the deck of his ketch, in the lagoon at Mu'a, with a black brow. In the blazing sunshine he moved restlessly to and fro. Seldom, or never, had the crew of the Dawn seen the boy trader with a brow so dark and grim. Koko, the boatswain, glanced at him from time to time, but did not venture to speak. Ken King's eyes turned, from time to time, on the reef passage—and Koko knew for what he was watching and waiting.

The Dawn had not sailed. When his mate left him, it had been Ken's fixed intention to tow out of the lagoon and pick up the wind. By dawn he should have been far from Mu'a and, by the present hour, arrived at his next port of call, where he was already overdue. That had been his intention—but he had not carried it out. The ketch still lay in the lagoon—the Hiva-Oa crew idly wondering why they did not sail. But Koko did not wonder—he knew why his white master was waiting, and he feared that when the Mu'a canoe came back with Hudson there would be high words between the shipmates.

King of the Islands was losing the wind, losing time and trade, and eating his own words. He had said that he would sail, and he had not done so. Koko knew that he was, after all, waiting for the canoe to return from Ku'u with the mate; but he knew, too, that his anger grew as he waited. And, as if to add to his bitterness, the wind, which had been steady for the north, changed at midday, veering round the compass. It was the last blow to Ken's patience. He had not only lost the wind, which would have taken him to his next port of call, but now, when he sailed, he would have to beat against weary head-winds, tacking and wearing to get on his way. And all because Kit Hudson had seen a pretty face through a pair of binoculars and fancied that it was up to him to play the part of a knight-errant!

In the bunk below lay the man who had been picked up at sea—Dick Valentine, the planter of Suta. Ken could feel for him keenly enough, and could not blame him for having jumped at Hudson's offer to carry a message to the girl of Ku'u. But quixotic missions of that kind were not the business of the mate of a trading windjammer; neither did it seem to Ken likely that Hudson would have any success, if O Lobo was aware of the matter, and on his guard.

A dozen times the order to up anchor had trembled on his lips, but he had not uttered it. At the back of his mind, angry as he was, was the thought of the danger to any man who set foot unbidden on the Island of the Wolf. He knew that he could not sail till he saw Hudson safe back at Mu'a. But when he came, it was not likely to be with cordial words or looks that he would greet him. Yet anger, from time to time, faded at the thought that perhaps Hudson would not come. In making Ku'u, he had run into the jaws of the Wolf—which might have closed on him.

"Feller canoe comey along lagoon, sar!" said Koko, breaking in on his white master's gloomy thoughts.

Ken's glance shot at once to the reef passage. The tall prow of a canoe was to be seen there, coming in from the sea. He could only glimpse some of the brown-skinned paddlers at the distance. A dozen or more canoes had passed under his eyes during that long, weary day.

"Feller canoe belong Hudson, sar!" said Koko.

"You tinkee?" asked Ken.

"Me savvy too much, sar!"

Ken watched the canoe keenly as it slid into the lagoon. He had no doubt that Koko

(Continued on page 19)

... moments, Herr Hauptmann, then they
 ned up their throttles and took off again!"
 "But what did they want?" roared Von
 Glaukmann. "What did they want, landing
 y that? If they're Englanders, why didn't
 y drop bombs, or try to shoot at us, or
 something like that? But they are Englanders.
 now they're Englanders. But what, in the
 me of thunder, did they want?"
 "That, however, was a question no one could
 wer; so, having vented his fury on the
 rds by calling them all the blockheads,
 eciles, and blundering fools that he could
 his tongue to, Von Glaukmann stamped
 to bed, with the mystery still unsolved.
 t was solved with the dawn. As the first
 y light of early morning came stealing
 oss the aerodrome the guards on duty at
 hangars stared in astonishment at the
 ht which met their gaze.
 They rubbed their eyes and stared again,
 the mirage hadn't vanished; it was still
 re. So they went and fetched the sergeant
 in the guard-room. He stared, rubbed his
 s, stared again; then, with a stifled oath
 rage and astonishment, went to fetch the
 y officer.

The duty officer, roused from his bed, came
 the hangars in pyjamas, slippers, greatcoat,
 d a very bad temper. He didn't believe
 at the fool of a sergeant had just told him.
 e thing was impossible—credible. But on
 eching the hangars he suddenly stopped
 ad in his tracks, gasped audibly; then, pro-
 ing a monocle from his greatcoat pocket,
 eved it into his eye and took startled stock
 the sight that met his gaze.

A moment later he had turned, and was
 aning swiftly in the direction of Von Glauk-
 n's quarters.

"Who the devil's that banging on my door
 this infernal hour of the morning?" roared
 in Glaukmann, starting up in bed, as the
 ty officer thumped at the door. "What
 ou want, curse you?"

"You must come to the hangars at once!"
 uted the duty officer. "The Englanders
 e been here—it could only have been the
 Englanders!"

With an oath, Von Glaukmann whipped
 back his blankets and sprang from his bed.
 Thrusting his feet into a pair of slippers, he
 struggled into his greatcoat, whipped open
 the door, and set off at a run for the hangars,
 shooting furious questions at the duty officer.

"I'd rather not say anything about it,"
 panted the duty officer, keeping pace with
 him. "You had better see for yourself."

What Captain Adolph von Glaukmann saw
 caused his eyes to bulge from his head and
 his face to go crimson with passion; he also
 executed a little involuntary dance of speech-
 less and incoherent rage.

For pecking about on the aerodrome in
 front of the hangars was a lot of white
 chickens, each with a label round its neck.

With an unintelligible roar Von Glaukmann
 bounded forward. The chickens scurried
 frantically away at his approach, but he
 caught one of them by throwing himself down
 on top of it. Tearing the label from the neck
 of the bird Von Glaukmann straightened to
 his feet and read with blazing eyes:

"The Black Eagles will return at midday
 to inquire after the health of Captain Adolph
 von Glaukmann's White Chickens."

Von Glaukmann went mad. Crumpling the
 label in his hand, he hurled it to the ground
 and jumped on it. The insult—the deadly
 insult—would make him the laughing-stock of
 Germany. It would be bantered about in mess
 after mess, this story of how the cursed Black
 Eagles had so neatly turned the tables on him.

"It is said that unkind words often come
 home to roost," remarked the duty officer;
 "but, mein geist, I have never known them
 come home so literally as this!"

Von Glaukmann turned on him a face
 purplish in its passion.

"You're a fool, sir!" he choked. "A
 blithering, talkative, confounded fool!" His
 voice rose to a roar. "But mein blut, I'll
 make them pay for this! I'll teach them to
 play their stupid, blockheaded jokes on me!
 They're coming over here at midday, are
 they? Very well; not one will live to return!"

With that he stamped furiously away in the
 direction of his quarters leaving the smiling
 duty officer to order the grinning guards to
 round up the white chickens

There is no need here to dwell in detail on
 the epic battle fought out that fateful day
 high in the blue above the hangars of
 Aussbach.

True to their word, the Black Eagles ap-
 peared over Aussbach at midday, to find the
 combined squadrons of Von Glaukmann and
 Von Bergmann waiting for them.

In an instant the fight was on—a savage,
 merciless fight to the death, in which no
 quarter was either given or expected. Loop-
 ing, rolling, diving, spinning, black-winged
 Camels and German Fokkers fought for thirty
 minutes, at the end of which time Von Glauk-
 mann, Von Bergmann, and five of their pilots
 were down in flames.

Fourteen other German machines were also
 out of the fight—some shot down out of con-
 trol; others drawing off, either with jammed
 guns, or with their pilots too sorely wounded
 to carry on.

And of the Black Eagles only three re-
 mained. One of this gallant trio was Scotty,
 wounded and with his bullet-riddled machine
 reeling beneath him; but he and his two grim-
 faced companions stayed in the air until the
 last three Germans were down then, turning
 their machines towards the west, they roared
 in the direction of the lines and their aero-
 drome which lay beyond.

It was the greatest triumph of the Black
 Eagles. Single-handed they had annihilated
 the combined forces of the two crack squadrons
 of Germany, and won for themselves a more
 glorious name than ever before.

Per Ardua Ad Astra Through Hardship
 To The Stars. Heroically indeed had the
 Black Eagles lived up to the splendid motto
 of the Royal Flying Corps and won through
 hardship to the stars.

THE END

MASTER OF MYSTERY ISLAND (Continued)

... as right, and he was soon sure of it as the
 canoe came nearer and he recognised Ulumo,
 the chief of the crew. But his face grew
 grimmer as he saw that there was no white
 man on board. It was the canoe in which
 Kit Hudson had pulled out of Mu'a at sunset
 the previous day. It had returned, but
 Hudson was not in it.

King of the Islands drew a deep breath.
 Where was Hudson? He knew what the grim
 look on Koko's face meant, as the boatswain
 stated that the mate of the Dawn was not in
 the canoe.

"What you tinkee, Koko, head belong
 u?" muttered Ken.

"Tinkee p'laps feller Hudson no stop any
 ore, sar," said Koko. "Portugee feller O
 lobo no likee any feller land along island
 along him. This feller Koko too much afraid
 feller Hudson go finish along Ku'u."

Ken shut his teeth hard. He knew that
 at was what he had feared, that that fear
 had chained him to the lagoon. He stepped
 the rail, waved to the passing canoe, and
 uted.

The crew looked round and paddled to the
 anchored ketch. Ulumo stood up, a dogged
 look on his brown face. Ken's heart was beat-
 ing painfully, his voice almost husky, as he
 lled down to the Kanaka.

"What name feller Hudson no stop along
 canoe belong you, Ulumo?"

"He no stop along canoe, sar, along he
 op along island belong O Lobo," answered
 ulumo.

"He landed on Ku'u?" exclaimed Ken.

"Yessar; along reef, along cave he stop."

"That feller no go finish?" asked Ken.

"Me no savvy, sar. Tinkee he go finish,
 long O Lobo," answered Ulumo. "This
 feller no wantee go along Ku'u. Too much
 ight along O Lobo. Feller Hudson say go

along Suta, along we pull out along Mu'a—
 you savvy, sar! Along we stop along sea, he
 say go along Ku'u. No likee, sar. Feller
 Hudson say he shootee along gun belong him,
 s'pose we no go along Ku'u—that feller plenty
 kill poor Mu'a boy, sar, foot belong him."

Ken could guess easily enough that Hudson
 had had to drive the Mu'a crew to take him
 to the Island of the Wolf. They had taken
 him there, and left him there. Hudson had
 not sent away the canoe—he had intended to
 return in it; he had had a wild idea that he
 might be able to get the girl away in it, out
 of the hands of O Lobo. King of the Islands

could guess easily enough what had happened.
 The canoe crew had deserted him at the first
 chance, leaving him stranded on the Island of
 the Wolf.

"Us feller no likee go along Ku'u, sar,"
 said Ulumo. "Too much fright along
 Portugee feller. That feller Hudson go finish
 along island belong O Lobo—us feller no
 likee go finish! What name we go finish
 along we no likee?"

And the Mu'a crew paddled on for the
 beach, leaving King of the Islands with a
 blacker brow than before. Kit Hudson was
 left on the Island of the Wolf with no means
 of getting off—at the mercy of the desperate
 old pirate and the gang of savage Solomon
 Islanders. Ken's heart was like lead in his
 breast. There was no room for anger in it
 now. For he knew, knew only too well, that
 his shipmate's life was likely to last exactly
 so long as it might be before O Lobo dis-
 covered him on the island—and no longer!
 He had gone to the Island of the Wolf, taking
 his life in his hands—and he had gone to his
 death!

King of the Islands turned to the boatswain.

"Up hook!" he said curtly.

The boy trader had lost the wind—but he
 was no longer thinking of standing on his
 course to the north. The ketch glided out of
 the Mu'a lagoon, to tack down to Ku'u. It
 was for the Island of the Wolf that Ken was
 heading—to save his shipmate if he yet lived,
 and to reckon with O Lobo if he had fallen
 a victim to the savage old freebooter. The
 wind was light, and progress was slow—
 terribly slow to his anxiety and impatience.
 But he would reach Ku'u by dawn—he could
 not fail to reach it by dawn. But, as he
 paced the deck restlessly under the stars, King
 of the Islands wondered, with a heavy heart,
 what he would find when he made the Island
 of the Wolf.

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