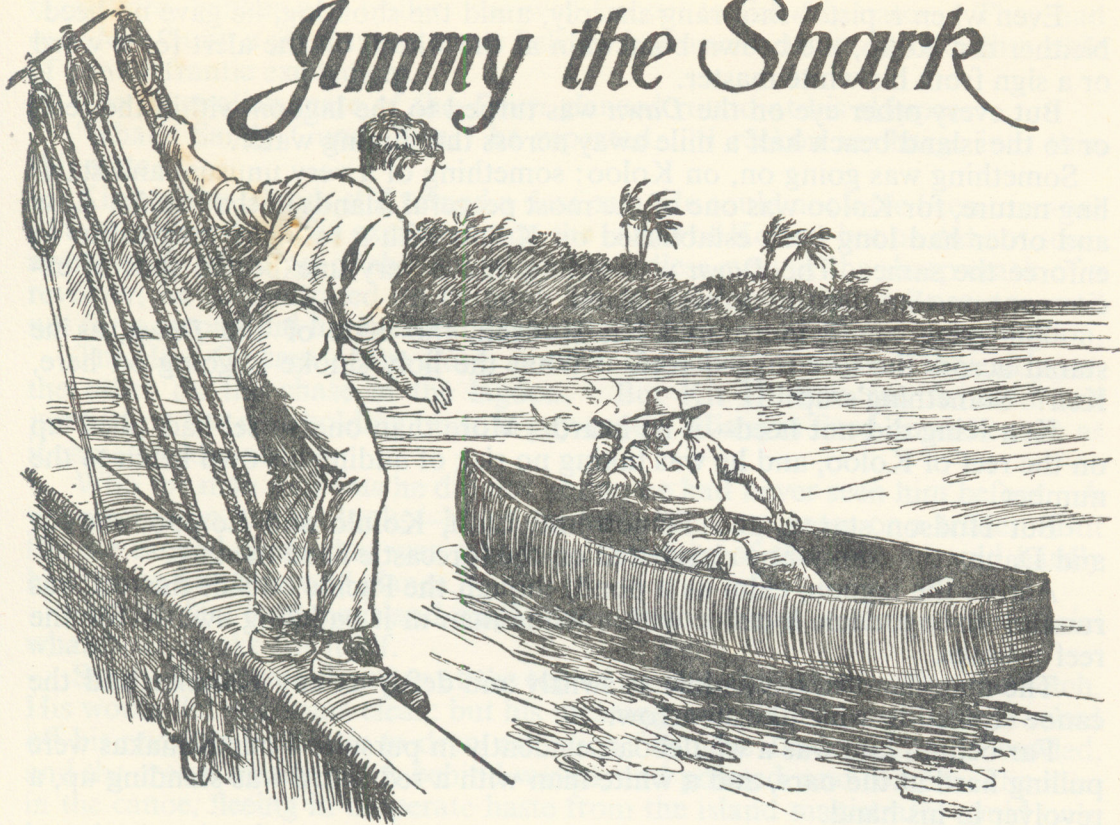


# Jimmy the Shark



A STORY OF "KING OF THE ISLANDS"

By CHARLES HAMILTON

NO EXIT!

**L**OUND shouts from the lagoon of Koloo reached the ears of King of the Islands, but he did not heed them.

The barrier reef at Koloo was not easy to negotiate. The passage in the reef was narrow and perilous, and a strong sea was running. Even a moment's inattention might have piled up the ketch *Dawn* on the sharp teeth of the coral.

Ken King's attention was wholly concentrated on getting his ketch safely through the reef into the lagoon, and he had neither eyes nor ears for anything else at the moment.

Even when a pistol-shot rang sharply, amid the shouting, he gave no heed. Neither did Koko, the brown boatswain at the wheel, on the alert for a word or a sign from his white master.

But every other eye on the *Dawn* was turned to the lagoon within the reef, or to the island beach half a mile away across the shining water.

Something was going on, on Koloo: something of a very unusual and startling nature, for Koloo was one of the most peaceful islands in the Pacific. Law and order had long been established on Koloo with a resident magistrate to enforce the same. The *Dawn* was sailing into a very unexpected spot of excitement on that usually drowsy island.

"Suffering cats!" murmured Kit Hudson, the mate of the *Dawn*, as he stared across the low rugged reef. "What the holy smoke is going on here, Ken? Something's up!"

Ken King did not heed—if he heard. More than one vessel had piled up on the reef of Koloo, and he was taking no risk of adding his own ketch to the number.

But Hudson stared, and Tomoo and Lufu, Kolulo and Lompo, stared: and Danny the cooky-boy clambered on the forecastle head to stare.

Across the lagoon, calm as a pond, though the Pacific outside the reef was running strong, came a canoe with a white man in it paddling swiftly for the reef passage.

The man handled his paddle as swiftly and deftly as any Kanaka, and the canoe seemed to whiz like an arrow.

Far behind him was a whaleboat, evidently in pursuit. Four Kanakas were pulling hard at the oars, and a white man with a red beard was standing up, a revolver in his hand.

Beyond, on the island beach, was an excited crowd of men, white and brown, watching, shouting, waving; white planters and natives in a wildly excited mob. Even from the distance the roar of voices reached the *Dawn*; and above the buzz came the shouting voice of the red-bearded man standing up in the pursuing whaleboat.

The fugitive in the whizzing canoe was in desperate flight; and he had left all Koloo in wild uproar behind him.

The whaleboat pulled swiftly, but it had no chance of overhauling the canoe before the fugitive reached the reef passage, and escaped into the open sea.

But the *Dawn*, in the reef passage, blocked the way to the open Pacific. The passage was so narrow that it was not easy for even a canoe to pass an incoming vessel without risk of disaster. While it was, on the other hand, quite easy for the crew of the ketch to intervene, and to put a stop to the canoe's desperate flight.

"That's Sandy Gunn!" said Kit Hudson. He recognized the red-bearded Scotsman, standing up in the whaleboat, shouting and waving his revolver. The *Dawn* had traded on Koloo before: and Sandy Gunn, planter and local

magistrate, banker and trader, was well known to the shipmates. They had seen Mr. Gunn a good many times before: but never, certainly, in such a state of almost frantic excitement.

The Australian mate of the *Dawn* glanced round at his skipper.

"That's Sandy Gunn, Ken," he repeated. "I reckon we barge into this, shipmate."

King of the Islands still turned a deaf ear. He could not have been unaware of that outburst of wild excitement on the island of Koloo: but he did not seem aware of it. Heedless of shouting voices, heedless even of the sharp crack of a revolver, he concentrated on conning his ship through the reef passage, and not for a second did his eyes wander to the exciting scene on the sunny lagoon.

The Hiva-Oa crew of the *Dawn* stood at the ropes: one eye on their skipper, the other on the chase in the lagoon. But Kit Hudson ran forward and jumped on the rail, holding on to a guy-rope. His eyes fixed on the canoe as it came rapidly nearer.

Who the man in it was he did not know: he had never seen him before. A youngish man, on his looks—he might have been a planter or a trader. But for the excited chase that was going on, the mate of the *Dawn* would hardly have given him a second glance.

But the fact that the island magistrate was in pursuit of him, in the official whaleboat, spoke for itself.

Sandy Gunn was shouting at the top of a powerful voice, hailing the ketch. His words did not come clear: but his meaning was plain enough. He cracked off his revolver in the air to draw attention from the *Dawn*, while he bawled, and the crowd on the beach behind waved, and pointed, and roared. The man in the canoe, fleeing in desperate haste from the island magistrate, could only be a lawbreaker bent on escape—a man who was badly "wanted" on Koloo: and the mate of the *Dawn* was ready to lend a willing hand in the cause of law and order.

The canoe came on like an arrow. Kit Hudson stood ready to jump into it as it flew by. It had to pass within easy reach of a jump, if indeed it escaped collision with the incoming vessel.

The desperate man in the canoe had seen the *Dawn*. But he did not check his speed for a moment. There was only that one way of escape from Koloo—by the reef passage to the Pacific. Only in that one spot was the circling barrier reef broken by a passage to the open sea. To turn aside meant being imprisoned within the reef, and inevitably run down by his pursuers. It was neck or nothing for the desperate man, and he shot on towards the reef passage.

Suddenly, however, he ceased to paddle. The canoe shot onward by its own momentum, and the man snatched a revolver from the back of his trousers, threw it up, and fired point-blank at the mate of the *Dawn*. He had spotted Hudson, ready to jump: and he fired as the canoe swept by the rail of the *Dawn*.

Hudson gave a startled gasp.

That the man in the canoe was desperate was plain enough: still, he had not expected so desperate an act as this. It was only the wild haste and hurry of the shot that saved him from pitching off the *Dawn's* rail with a bullet through his body. Wild and hasty as it was, the shot went close—terribly close: grazing the mate's arm, cutting away the cloth, and the skin beneath.

But there was no time for a second shot, for the canoe was sweeping under the *Dawn's* rail, and Hudson was jumping.

He crashed into the canoe with an impact that capsized it. The canoe went under, the sea flooding into it, and in an instant Kit Hudson was up to his neck in water as the canoe sank under him.

The man had grasped his paddle again but he could not use it. It slipped from his hand as the canoe sank, and he was swimming.

A few seconds more, and he clambered on the reef. He was running, as Hudson caught a rope thrown him from the ketch. Danny the cooky-boy grinning down at him as he cast the rope.

The barrier reef of Koloo was wide, stretching far out to sea—most of it under water. The running man splashed and plunged with water up to his knees. But his flight now could only have been the extreme of desperation, for his canoe was under water, and he had no means left of getting away.

Sandy Gunn, in the whaleboat, shouted to his Kanaka crew, and the whaleboat shot to the reef. The red-bearded man, revolver in hand, splashed on the reef, to pursue the desperate fugitive springing and bounding from rock to rock.

Kit Hudson, drenched to the skin, was dragged up the *Dawn's* side, and landed panting on deck. The ketch glided on into the lagoon.

The mate of the *Dawn* stood in a pool of water on deck, gasping for breath. The wreck of the canoe, half-submerged, floated out to sea as the *Dawn* stood across the lagoon to Koloo.

## A DESPERADO OF THE SOUTH SEAS

“FIVE hundred pounds!” said Sandy Gunn.

Mr. Gunn's face was as red as his beard, with wrath.

From his veranda, he stared incessantly across the lagoon, growing dusky as the sunset faded, at the circling barrier reef—on which he had failed to run down the escaping man.

Somewhere, out on the dusky reef, was the hunted man: and five or six white men, and two or three dozen Kanakas, were hunting him on the reef. But dusk was falling, and he had not yet been caught. All over the vast barrier reef of Koloo were innumerable crevices and fissures where a desperate man might hunt cover, for a time at least.

"Five hundred poonds!" repeated the Scottish planter. "Do ye hear that—five hundred poonds!" He was telling the skipper and mate of the *Dawn*, who were interested enough, of that sudden, startling outbreak of excitement on the usually drowsy island of Koloo. They sat in the shady veranda of the planter's bungalow, and listened. "Five hundred poonds, ye ken."

King of the Islands' business at Koloo was with Mr. Gunn who was the chief planter and trader on the island as well as the magistrate thereof. The *Dawn* was there for copra, and pearl-shell, and ivory nuts. But Mr. Gunn, though generally a keen man in business matters, seemed to have forgotten business—he simply could not give his mind to copra, pearl-shell, or ivory nuts, at present.

Five hundred pounds, that belonged to Mr. Gunn, were packed on the man who had fled on the reef: and Sandy was, perhaps, more anxious for the recapture of the five hundred pounds in banknotes than of the man who had—so far—escaped with it.

But he was very anxious for both: and as he talked to the skipper and mate of the *Dawn*, his eyes roved incessantly to the reef across the dimming lagoon.

"Is it no a large soom for a mon to lose?" demanded Mr. Gunn, and the skipper and mate of the *Dawn* agreed that it was. "Is it no? But we'll get him—he cannot get off the island—owing to yere mate, King of the Islands, sinking his canoe for him! It was well done, Mr. Hudson, and I'm obliged to ye—it was vairy well done. The villain has lost his canoe—and I'm taking care that he doesn't get hold of another, or of a boat either—I'm taking care of that, ye ken."

"But who's the man?" asked King of the Islands. "Who's woke up Koloo like a hive of bees, Mr. Gunn?"

Both the shipmates were extremely curious on that point. All they knew so far was that the unknown man in the canoe had run with five hundred pounds that belonged to Sandy Gunn.

"It's Jimmy the Shark!" said Mr. Gunn. "Ye'll have heard of him, I've nae doot, King of the Islands."

"Oh!" exclaimed the shipmates, together.

They had never seen the man who bore that strange name. But undoubtedly they had heard of him, many a time, on many a beach. There were few traders or seafaring men in the Pacific who had not heard that name: few beaches on which strange tales were not told of "Jimmy the Shark".

There were islands, like Lukwe or Faloo, where Jimmy the Shark could walk free and unmolested and even find friends. But they were few. At Tahiti, or Apia, or Suva, the handcuffs would have clicked on Jimmy's wrists, immediately he was seen ashore. On other islands, he might have been seized, or ordered to quit, or requested to do so: according to the powers of the law on the spot. Jimmy the Shark was almost a legendary character in the Islands: hunted by the law at which, so far, he had always successfully snapped his

fingers. It was startling news to the shipmates of the *Dawn* that Jimmy the Shark was on Koloo.

"Jimmy the Shark!" repeated Kit Hudson. He rubbed his arm where the bullet had grazed the skin. "Suffering cats!"

The shipmates did not need telling much about Jimmy the Shark. They did not know the man, but they knew his reputation only too well. They had heard a hundred stories of him on the Pacific beaches and in the traders' bungalows. Few names were better known.

A bank robber at Sydney, a pearl poacher in the Paumotus, a smuggler at New Guinea, a nigger stealer in the Solomons—there was hardly a lawless deed that could not be put down to his tally.

All over the islands, from Hiva-Oa to Thursday, he was wanted by the police of three or four nations: and his wild deeds, and his narrow escapes, were legendary on Pacific beaches. Yet in three or four years no hand had dropped on his shoulder. He changed his looks as often as he changed his name: a cunning skill in disguise being a sort of second nature to him. No doubt that helped to see him through.

Kit Hudson gave an expressive whistle. He was not sure that he would have stood on the *Dawn's* rail, to jump down into the canoe, had he known that the man in it was Jimmy the Shark. He would have been more disposed to handle a rifle, had he known.

"He came a week ago," went on Mr. Gunn, his eyes still roving over the reef as he talked, "and nae a man knew him. He had a beard on his face, and the name of Smith, which surely is an honest man's name. Looking for an opening to buy a coconut plantation, he was—I'm telling ye! Twice I'd seen him on business, in my office, and if any mon had told me he was Jimmy the Shark I should have laughed—I'm telling ye, King of the Islands. And this afternoon he came again, on business, and—" Mr. Gunn gasped, and almost gurgled, with rage, "and will ye believe that he put a gun to my head, and made me unlock my safe, and left me tied to my office chair with the office duster in my mouth! I'm telling ye!"

A report came echoing across the lagoon from the distant reef. Sandy Gunn bounded from his Madeira chair, leaped to the rail, and stared over. The shipmates rose too, and looked.

But the dusk was thickening, and nothing could be seen. Whether the shot had been fired by the hunted man, or one of the hunters, they could not tell. Sandy Gunn plumped down into his chair again, and mopped a perspiring brow with a large handkerchief.

"I'm telling ye, King of the Islands!" he went on, "Five hundred pounds in banknotes, and all packed awa' in his pockets, and me sitting in the office chair chewing the office duster, and watching him! Him laughing!" Mr. Gunn gurgled again. "He had it all cut and dried—takin' the key from my chain to unlock the motor-boat—he was going in my motor-boat. I'm telling ye! If

my house-boy Ko had not stepped in, the minute after he stepped out, he would have gone clear! Ye see, he couldn't know that Ko was waiting with a message and only waiting for him to quit before he came in—the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley, as our national poet puts it, King of the Islands."

"That was luck!" remarked Ken.

"I'm telling ye!" said Mr. Gunn. "He never had time to get to the motor-boat, which is kept safe locked—he never had time to get away at all, if he had been any mon but Jimmy the Shark. I'm telling ye! I was after him, King of the Islands, and all Koloo was after him: and he pitched a native out of his canoe, and ran in the same—and even in a canoe, I'm telling ye, he would have got clear to sea, if your packet had not been coming in at the reef, and your mate had not made such a pretty jump."

"That was luck again!" said Ken, smiling. "It's only a matter of time now, Mr. Gunn—even Jimmy the Shark cannot get away from Koloo without a craft of some kind. If you take care of that—"

"Care?" said Mr. Gunn. "Every boat and canoe on the island is taken far up the beach, and watched—he will not get a craft on Koloo. He can't stay on the reef, when the tide's up: he will swim back to the island after dark, if we don't get him before. But he will not get a craft—and you'll be keeping an eye open, King of the Islands, that he does not pack himself away on your ketch—"

Ken laughed.

"Not likely!" he said. "My sainted Sam! it looks as if Jimmy the Shark will be lagged at last, and on Koloo. If he swims back to the island, he can only hide in the bush till he is hunted out."

"And every native on the island will be hunting!" said Mr. Gunn. "There's a reward for the finding of him. But—he's a slippery customer, and I shall feel safer about my banknotes when they're back in my safe. I'm telling ye."

Another shot came from the reef, and another. Sandy Gunn jumped up, almost like a jack-in-the-box.

"I'll be going in the boat," he said. "I'll talk copra with ye to-morrow, King of the Islands, with your leave. I'll be going in the boat."

There was evidently no business to be done with Sandy Gunn that day. The shipmates walked back to the wharf, and had a glimpse of Mr. Gunn pulling away with his native crew in the whaleboat.

The beach of Koloo was in a buzz, and there was a crowd on the wharf. The *Dawn's* crew were ashore, mingling with the brown natives of Koloo, and taking a share in the general excitement. Already a reward of ten Australian sovereigns was on offer for the desperate man who had failed to get away from the island: and that was a sum sufficient to set every native of Koloo on his track. No reward was needed to make the white men keen: every planter on Koloo was eager to lay hands on the notorious "Shark". Indeed, the shipmates of the *Dawn* were quite prepared to lend a hand also, if it came to a hunt

in the bush. It looked as if Jimmy the Shark, after his long run of luck, had reached the end of his tether on the island of Koloo.

### KOKO WAKES!

**K**OKO, the brown boatswain of the *Dawn*, sat up, silently, in his berth on the cabin lockers, and breathed hard and deep. His dark eyes glistened in the deep shadows of the cabin. Silently, he groped for the lawyer-cane which was at hand. The sound that had reached him, in the midnight silence, was faint: but Koko was a light sleeper, and his ears were very keen. He made no sound: for he was going to catch Danny, the cooky-boy, before that fat and artful rascal could dodge away in the dark and escape.

The *Dawn* was moored, and all on board were sleeping. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson were in the bunks in the stateroom, forward of the main cabin. The Hiva-Oa crew were in the forecabin, or sleeping on their mats on deck: probably the latter. One of them should have been awake, keeping watch, but in port, at a peaceful spot like Koloo, it was more likely than not that Tomoo had gone to sleep, like his comrades, instead of keeping awake. And Danny, the cooky-boy, should have been asleep also—but when he heard that faint sound in the dark cabin, Koko had no doubt that Danny was very wide awake.

Danny was a good cook—the best in the Islands. For that reason, and because Danny had long sailed with him, Ken King did not kick the fat cooky-boy off the *Dawn*. Danny, good cook as he was, and always in a grinning good-humour, was lazy, and untruthful, and about as honest as a jackdaw. Lying and stealing came as naturally to Danny as breathing. Koko could not have computed the number of times he had laid the lawyer-cane on Danny's brown back for those sins. If any small article was missed, on the *Dawn*, the first place to look for it was in Danny's fuzzy mop of hair.

Sitting up on the lockers, listening, Koko had no doubt that that fat rascal, Danny, was on the prowl again. Few ears would have detected the stealthy step in the companion: but Koko's ears were not to be deceived. Someone had come down, softly and almost noiselessly, from the deck: and was creeping with stealthy softness towards the lazarette, which was aft of the cabin. And Koko had no doubt that it was Danny. None of the seamen could have crept so softly—and none of them would have crept down to the lazarette in the middle of the night—only the light-fingered cooky-boy.

In the daytime, Danny, as cook, had business in the lazarette, where the stores were kept, and where a trap-door gave access to the water-hold, a short ladder leading down to where the casks were chocked. But in the middle of the night, Danny had no business there—unless to pinch something that he had already set aside for surreptitious removal.



Koko, the gigantic boatswain, was nearly twice the size of the fat cooky-boy: but he could be quite as cautious, and quite as stealthy. He slipped from his berth on the cabin lockers, without a sound—the stout lawyer-cane gripped in his right hand, and a grim expression on his brown face. It was almost pitchy dark, in the cabin: but Koko knew every inch of the way, and was not likely to butt into anything. Softly, silently, he crept on the track of the unseen creeper, towards the open doorway of the lazarette. The thievish cooky-boy was booked for a sudden and startling surprise when Koko got within reach for a swipe with the lawyer-cane!

Suppressing his own breathing, Koko caught a breath in the darkness. He knew, as plainly as if he could have seen, that the invisible creeper had reached the doorless aperture that gave admittance to the lazarette, and had paused there. Why had he paused Koko did not know, for Danny knew his way in the dark as well as Koko, or better. But he had paused, as if in doubt: and standing in the doorway, his back to Koko, he was nicely placed for a sudden, terrific swipe of the lawyer-cane—which would be one more warning for him to keep his fat brown paws from picking and stealing.

Koko, as he moved soundlessly closer, lifted the lawyer-cane for a hefty swipe, grinning as he did so. He had heard Danny: but Danny had not heard him, for the figure in the doorway stood still, only the low breathing indicating that it was there. But that was quite a sufficient guide for Koko's brawny arm, and Koko, throwing the lawyer-cane well back, put all his beef into a swipe that was to land on a bare brown back, and startle Danny almost out of his fat brown skin.

Swipe!

Down came the lawyer-cane, fairly crashing, landing fair and square across the back of the unseen figure in the lazarette doorway. The crack, as it landed, rang through the ketch like a rifle shot. It was followed by a fearful yell.

Koko gasped.

Until that yell rang in his ears he had not had the slightest glimmering of doubt that the unseen one was Danny, the cooky-boy, on a pilfering raid in the lazarette. But as he heard that yell, Koko, in utter astonishment, realized that it was not Danny—that it was not a Kanaka at all. It was not a Kanaka who yelled: it was a white man: and if there had been any doubt about that, it would have been banished, the next moment, by the savage oath that followed the yell, unmistakably in a white man's voice.

Koko stood almost gibbering with amazement. There were only two white men on the ketch: the skipper and the mate, both in their bunks forward. But it was a white man who had crept down from the deck, and whose back had received that terrific swipe from the boatswain's lawyer-cane. It was some stranger who had crept on board the ketch from the wharf—it could only be that: but Koko had hardly time to realize that it was so when the unseen figure was springing.

Whether he was springing at the boatswain, or attempting to spring back to the companion to escape on deck, was not clear—in the latter case Koko was in his way. He crashed into the boatswain, spitting with rage as he grasped at him, attempting to hurl him aside. But Koko, astounded as he was by the discovery that the unseen, unknown creeper was a “white master”, was not the man to let him get away. He dropped the lawyer-cane and grasped: and they struggled together in the darkness.

From the state-room came startled voices. Both skipper and mate had been awakened by the loud crack of the lawyer-cane on the unknown back: and had that not awakened them, the frantic yell would certainly have done so. And the sound of savage, desperate struggling followed: and Ken King and Kit Hudson leaped out of their bunks, calling. At the same time there was a startled cackle of Kanaka voices on deck: all the crew had been awakened by the uproar below.

“What the suffering cats—!” exclaimed Kit Hudson.

“Koko!” shouted King of the Islands. “What—”

“White feller stop along this cabin, sar!” came Koko’s panting voice. “Me got that feller, sar, hand belong me. Me—”

Koko’s voice broke off in a wild yell. The shipmates heard the thud of a blow, and the sound of a heavy fall. The boatswain of the *Dawn* sprawled headlong on the cabin floor under a crashing blow from a revolver butt. He sprawled half-stunned, still yelling.

There was a flicker in the darkness. King of the Islands, in the doorway of the state-room, had struck a match.

Kit Hudson gave a yell. Looking over the boy trader’s shoulder, in the glimmer of the match, he glimpsed a figure that leaped from the companion, and darted into it. Only for a second he saw that leaping figure, and the white, set, desperate face, but he knew it: the man of the canoe.

“Jimmy the Shark!” yelled Hudson.

“What—” gasped Ken.

There was a shout on deck. King of the Islands, dropping the match, dashed across to the companion, and tore up the steps, Hudson at his heels. Koko, with a hand to a dizzy head, staggered after them.

On deck the Hiva-Oa boys were gabbling wildly, Danny’s startled squeal loudest of all. Ken, as he leaped out, was barely in time to see a lithe and active figure that had leaped on the rail: even as he saw it, it bounded to the wharf and disappeared. All eyes on the *Dawn* had seen it: but it was gone, running like a hare, vanishing in the darkness.

“White feller along canoe!” gasped Danny. “My word, me savvy that feller too much: him feller stop along canoe.”

“The Shark!” breathed Ken. “But what—?” He stared round at the boatswain who had a brown hand to a dizzy head. “You saw him, Koko—below—”

"No see im, sar, eye belong me, along plenty too much dark!" gasped Koko. "Me tinkee that feller Danny, sar, me givee that feller lawyer-cane along back belong him, along he go along lazarette, sar—"

Kit Hudson chuckled.

"He's got something to remember his visit by, Ken!" he said. "By gum! It's lucky that Koko spotted him—we might have pulled out of Koloo with Jimmy the Shark hidden in the hold, Ken!"

"Oh!" gasped Ken. "That was his game."

"You bet—stowing away to get off Koloo! Koko put paid to it—with the lawyer-cane!" grinned Hudson.

"My sainted Sam!" breathed the King of the Islands. He stared across the coral wharf, in the glimmer of the stars.

But neither on the wharf, nor on the beach, was a sign to be seen of "Jimmy the Shark"—the dark bush of Koloo had already swallowed him.

## THE HUNT IN THE BUSH

**I**N the bright sunrise, King of the Islands and his mate stepped off the ketch to the wharf with rifles under their arms. Koko followed them with a bush-knife at his belt. And Tomoo and Kolulo and Danny followed on: only Lompo and Lafu being left on board the *Dawn*. The hunt was already up for the desperado in the bush: Sandy Gunn, and a dozen white planters, and more than fifty Kanakas, were setting out. Koloo was a fairly large island, and the interior was thick with extensive bush: but it did not look as if the hunted man had much chance of keeping clear with so many hunters on his track. King of the Islands and his mate were keen enough to lend a hand in securing so dangerous a man as Jimmy the Shark: and the crew of the *Dawn* were glad of a chance at the ten "piecee gold money" offered by Mr. Gunn as a reward for him.

Somewhere in the high, hot bush the man was lurking with the stolen banknotes still packed on him: desperately watching for a chance to get away from the island.

Such a chance seemed little likely to come his way: for every boat and canoe on the island was carefully guarded. The *Dawn* was the only vessel at present in the lagoon, and was watched: though the desperado was hardly likely to show up on a crowded beach in the daylight. Jimmy the Shark was said to be a man of endless cunning and resource: but there were few who doubted that he would be run to earth before the sun set again in the Pacific. He had taken a desperate chance in attempting to stow himself away in the hold of the *Dawn*: it had failed him, and all that remained to him, was to dodge and twist and wind in the bush till he was hunted down.

It was known that he was armed, and not doubted that he would fire if cornered: and it was not improbable that the crowd of Kanakas would run like hares at the sight of him and his revolver. But all the white men of Koloo carried rifles: and the natives, if they were not likely to face his fire, were useful for tracking him in the bush. Ten Australian sovereigns were to reward the man who sighted him: more than enough to set half Koloo on his track.

It was hot in the bush: and for long, long hot hours the hunt went on, planters and Kanakas spreading all over the island, following run-way after run-way: startling innumerable birds and scuttling wild pigs: crashing through dense tropical undergrowths, loosing off shots into thick branches laced with hanging creepers. Shouting voices and echoing shots woke all the echoes of Koloo. But at noontide, the hunted man was still unseen, in some dense and deep cover: and then the hunt slacked off, and the hunters rested. King of the Islands and his mate stopped in a shady spot, and Danny unpacked a basket of provisions. Tomoo and Kolulo were out of sight in the bush: but Koko was with his white masters. The heat in the bush was baking, and even the brawny boatswain was glad of a rest. The fat cooky-boy streamed with perspiration: and by that time, Danny was thinking less of the ten Australian sovereigns than of the fatigue in his fat limbs. When his masters resumed the hunt it was Danny's intention to go to sleep in the shade.

The shipmates had sat down under the shade of the immense branches of a banyan tree that towered over the bush. Kit Hudson leaned back against one of the many stems of the banyan, and fanned his perspiring face with a palm leaf when the meal was over.

"Hot!" he remarked.

Ken smiled.

"The warm place with the lid off!" he agreed. "But we're going to stick it out till sundown, if the swab keeps clear so long."

"We'll get him before that!" said Hudson.

"Likee plenty too much catchee that bad feller!" said Koko, rubbing a big bruise under his mop of hair. "Makee too much pain stop along head belong me."

"Well, here goes!" said King of the Islands, and he rose to his feet, and picked up his rifle.

Hudson followed his example: and Koko looked round for the cooky-boy. Danny was sprawling under the banyan, on his podgy back, his fat legs stretched out, chewing betel-nut. Koko gave him a frown.

"You comey, you feller Danny!" he rapped.

"Me no comey!" answered Danny, without stirring. "Me stop along this place, along sleepee, spose white master no wantee this feller boy."

Koko grunted. Still, as Danny was on shore leave, he was entitled to please himself, and the boatswain left it at that. A sleep in the shade appealed more

to the lazy cooky-boy than the doubtful prospect of ten Australian sovereigns. The three moved away leaving Danny sprawling.

But they did not go far, for Koko's keen eye caught sight of a track in the earth, and he stopped to examine it. Whether it was, by chance, a track left by the hunted man, or by one of the hunters who had passed that way, was not easy to tell: but Koko dropped on his brown knees to examine it, and Ken and Kit stopped to watch him. Danny, stretched luxuriously on his fat back, gazed up into the thick foliage of the tree above, and lazily chewed betel-nut.

But Danny's fat drowsy face suddenly became fixed and intent.

Not twenty feet from him, the skipper and mate and boatswain of the *Dawn* were gathered about the track Koko had spotted in the earth. But the innumerable stems of the banyan hid them from his sight. Something, however, had caught Danny's eyes, as he gazed upward into the shady foliage—and his black eyes almost bulged from his fat face. It was a human foot!

Danny gazed at that foot with his heart jumping. It was followed into view by a leg—then by another foot and another leg! There was no sound—the man in the tree was moving with infinite caution. But Danny knew that there was a man in the tree: and he knew who that man was—on the island of Koloo there was only one man likely to have hunted cover in the branches of a banyan in the bush!

The cooky-boy's mouth opened—and shut again. His white masters, and the boatswain were within sound of his voice, if he called. But the hidden man was dropping from the tree, within a couple of yards of Danny: and terror held the cooky-boy dumb. Only too well the terrified cooky-boy realized what had happened. The hunted man had been hiding among the banyan stems, on that very spot when the shipmates halted there—and had scuttled into the branches above to escape being seen. Now that they were gone he was descending—no doubt unaware that the lazy cooky-boy had remained behind. Danny was very keen to sight "Jimmy the Shark"—from a safe distance. But the desperado close at hand had a terrifying effect on him. Even as he gazed in dumb terror, a lithe form dropped silently, landing hardly more than a yard from him.

But the man had dropped with his back to Danny—his face turned in the direction of the shipmates, screened from sight by the banyan stems and creepers. Danny, dumb, gazed at his back. The man was listening, with bent head, like a hunted animal. Through the bush came the voice of Koko.

"Foot belong white feller ~~his~~ feller track, sar! Me savvy too much."

"By gum! If it was the Shark—!" came Hudson's voice.

The hunted man breathed hard and deep, and turned. The next moment he stumbled on Danny before he saw him. The cooky-boy gave a whimper of terror at the set, desperate face and the glimmer of the revolver that leaped at once into the desperate hand.

The muzzle of the revolver was clamped to his fuzzy head. Jimmy the Shark

did not speak. But his burning eyes told enough. There was only one thing that saved the hapless Danny from a bullet through the head: and that was that the shipmates, close at hand, would hear the shot. But if Danny had called out to warn them the shot would have sped at once: and the cooky-boy did not need telling that. Dumb, he gazed up at the set, threatening face, with starting, distending eyes.

A murmur of voices came through the bush. The shipmates were moving a little further off: Koko seeking for more sign. The hunted man, as he leaned over Danny, breathed in great gulps, the sweat dropping from his face. But his eyes were scanning Danny's face, with recognition in them. He bent his head closer, and whispered.

"You belong ship stop along lagoon?"

"Yessar!" breathed Danny. "Me cooky-boy along that ship, sar! You no shootee this poor feller Danny, sar! Me good boy along you, sar."

The Shark scanned the fat brown face. Then he slipped the revolver back into his pocket to Danny's immense relief. The murmur of voices from the bush was receding. Danny's eyes were intently in the Shark's face. He could not read its expression. Some thought was passing in the hunted man's mind that was beyond Danny's guessing.

There was a faint metallic click as the Shark groped in a pocket. Danny's eyes widened as he drew out a handful of gold coins and held them up for the cooky-boy to see. In spite of his terror, Danny's eyes glittered with a greedy glitter. He had joined in the hunt in the bush in the remote hope of fingering ten Australian sovereigns. There were twice as many in that fistful. The Shark, watching him, read in the fat greedy face all that he wanted to know.

"You likee?" he whispered.

"Me likee too much, sar!" breathed Danny.

The Shark listened. A rustle in the bush was receding: he was, for the moment at least, safe. He bent again over the cooky-boy, and whispered—and Danny, as he listened, forgot his terrors, and grinned from one fat ear to the other.

### TAMEETO OF TONGA!

"**R**OTTEN luck!" grunted Kit Hudson.

"Rotten!" agreed King of the Islands. "But they'll get him to-morrow—though we shan't be here to lend a hand."

The sunset was red on Koloo: dark shadows deepening in the bush. Ken King and Kit Hudson, tired to the bone after day in the bush, were tramping down the beach to the wharf. Lights were beginning to gleam in the bungalows, where the planters were returning, after the day's hunt for "Jimmy the Shark". From Mr. Gunn's veranda a powerful voice with a Scottish accent could be

heard uttering expressive words. The hunt had been long and hard, but the hunted desperado had eluded it; he was still at large, and Sandy Gunn's banknotes were as far as ever from Sandy's safe.

On the morrow the *Dawn* was pulling out of Koloo: the shipmates would not be able to take further part in the hunt for the Shark. They would have been glad, very glad, to see the desperado laid by the heels before they sailed away from Koloo: but time and trade waited for no man, and King of the Islands had dates to keep. They had put in a long hard day: and nothing had come of it. Still, it could only be a matter of time before the Shark was hunted down, if he remained on Koloo: and he had no means of getting away from the island.

Tomoo and Kolulo had already gone on board: but Danny, the cooky-boy, was seated on a packing-case on the wharf as the shipmates came down. He was in talk with a brown-skinned man who lay lazily on the wharf, his fuzzy head and brown shoulders resting against the packing-case on which the cooky-boy sat. He lay in shadow, fanning himself idly with a palm-leaf. King of the Islands stopped to speak to Danny: all the crew had orders to be back on board by sundown.

"You go along ketch, Danny," said the boy trader.

"Yessar," said Danny. He looked round at his white master with furtive eyes. "Spose you likee, sar, me likee too much talk along friend belong me. Him good feller along me, sar, along Tonga—name belong him Tameeto, sar, belong Tonga."

Ken glanced carelessly at the brown figure sprawling in the shade of the packing-case, and smiled. Danny, it seemed, had picked up an old acquaintance on Koloo, and wanted to talk to the Tonga boy. No two Kanakas could ever meet without endless conversation to follow.

"You talk along Tameeto, spose you likee, Danny!" said Ken, and he went on with Hudson and Koko to the ketch. And Danny breathed hard and deep when his white masters' backs were turned: and then grinned down at the brown man whom he had named Tameeto of Tonga. Ken King had given that brown man only one careless glance: but he was worth a second glance, if the boy trader had only suspected it.

In the cool of the evening, cargo was packed on the *Dawn*: Ken was pulling out at an early hour in the morning. Copra and pearl-shell and ivory nuts were brought on board: and after the last item had been checked, Mr. Gunn lingered for a last word with King of the Islands.

"Ye'll take care," he said, "Ye'll surely take care, King of the Islands, when you get the hook up in the morning. I'm telling ye, that villain will get away from Koloo on your packet if he can—he's tried the game on once, and he will surely try it on again: and I'm telling ye, that ye'll sair bestead if ye find yourself at sea with Jimmy the Shark on your packet, and a gun in his hand."

King of the Islands laughed.

"Jimmy the Shark won't have a chance of stowing himself away on the *Dawn*, Mr. Gunn!" he said. "We shall keep watch to-night: but I shall have the whole packet searched, from stem to stern, before we get the hook up in the morning. I'm taking no chances with Jimmy the Shark."

That the South-Sea desperado could get away from Koloo on the *Dawn*, when she sailed, was impossible: King of the Islands and his mate were satisfied on that point. And they were not likely to guess that it was the "impossible" that was destined to happen!

## UP HOOK!

DANNY the cooky-boy came aft, in the sunny dawn, with a tray in his plump brown hands. The ketch was pulling out at an early hour: but she was still moored at the coral wharf when King of the Islands and his mate sat down to breakfast aft. Koko, and the Hiva-Oa boys, were making a final search of the vessel before putting to sea. That the hunted desperado could possibly have stolen on board and stowed himself away was hardly to be thought of: but, more to satisfy Sandy Gunn than himself, Ken had ordered that final search to be made. And it was thorough, extending down to the orlop-deck where the water-casks were chocked in the hold. Only Danny, of the crew, was not taking part in the search, the cooky-boy being busy in his own department.

But Danny did not present his usual grinning cheerful aspect as he came aft with his tray. His brown face was contorted, as if with pain, and he twisted and mumbled and muttered, and set down the tray so clumsily that the coffee spilled in a wave.

"Me solly, sar," mumbled Danny.

The skipper and mate of the *Dawn* looked at him. It was plain that something was wrong with Danny.

"What name you look plenty sick, Danny?" asked Ken.

"Feller big pain stop along inside belong me, sar," mumbled Danny. "Big feller pain altogether too much."

And Danny rubbed his plump stomach ruefully.

Ken looked serious. He was concerned for Danny, and he did not want to sail with a sick cook.

"Tinkee no can cookee, sar, along that big-feller pain stop along inside belong me, sar," went on Danny. "Likee too much stop along Koloo, sar, sposee white master likee."

"We don't want to lose you, Danny," said Ken, and Kit Hudson whistled. A sick cook was not of much use on board a busy trading ketch: but it was rather late to look for a new cook, with the *Dawn* on the point of sailing.



"Me no good, sar, along me go sick," said Danny. "Easy findee 'nother feller cook, sar, spose white master likee. Friend belong me, feller Tameeto, sar, he plenty too much good feller cook, sar."

"Tameeto!" repeated Ken. He remembered the Tonga boy with whom Danny had been in conversation on the wharf the previous evening. "Is Tameeto a cooky-boy?"

"Too much good cook altogether, sar," said Danny, eagerly. "He cook along steamer, sar. Me savvy that feller plenty too much. You likee Tameeto, sar, sposee you takee that feller along place belong me, sar."

"Him good boy?" asked Ken.

"Him velly good boy, sar."

"Where is he?" asked Ken.

"He stop along wharf, sar, sposee you wantee see that feller, eye belong you."

"Call him on board."

"Yessar."

Danny, still twisting and mumbling, went to the rail and gestured to the Tonga boy, who was sprawling on a packing-case, chewing betel-nut.

King of the Islands looked thoughtful.

"If Danny's going sick, better leave him here, Kit, and I can ask Sandy to see that he's looked after," he said. "We can pick him up again on our return trip."

Hudson nodded.

"If the Tonga boy's willing to take his place, O.K.," he said. "No time now to rouse out another man on Koloo."

"Here he comes."

Tameeto of Tonga clambered on board, and, after a few words with Danny, came aft, ducking his fuzzy head to the shipmates. He was clad rather more elaborately than most Kanakas, in a pair of duck trousers and a cotton shirt with bare brown feet. A trickle of red juice from the betel-nut oozed from a corner of his mouth: but otherwise he looked very clean and tidy—a good deal more so than Danny, in fact.

"Feller Danny sing out you likee speakee along me, sar," said Tameeto, in a high-pitched, sing-song voice.

Ken scanned him.

"Name belong you, Tameeto?" he asked.

"Yessar! Me belong Tonga, sar! Feller Danny he say you likee me cook along this hooker, sar, along Danny he go sick. Me likee too much."

"Aye, aye," assented Ken. "You'll take Danny's place, Tameeto, along we comey along Koloo one more time, you savvy."

"Me savvy plenty, sar."

The matter was soon settled, and Tameeto went into the galley with Danny, Kit Hudson's glance following him rather curiously.

"Have I seen that Tonga boy before, somewhere?" he said. "There seems something a bit familiar about the cut of his jib, Ken."

"I thought the same," assented Ken. "But I've never seen the boy before that I know of. I'll have a word with Sandy before we pull out—I want Danny to be looked after."

Sandy Gunn came down to the ketch while the Kanaka crew were making the last preparations for pulling out of the lagoon. He came with a rifle under his arm, at which the shipmates smiled. Evidently Mr. Gunn did not feel quite sure that Jimmy the Shark might not be in the offing.

Danny came out of the galley with a somewhat furtive manner. Tameeto remained in the galley, whence came a sound of clinking pots and pans. Apparently the new cook was getting down to his duties without delay.

"Ye've searched yere ship, King of the Islands?" asked Mr. Gunn. "Ye're sure that that villain hasn't hidden himself aboard?"

Ken laughed.

"Quite sure, Sandy! The Kanakas have searched every inch, down to the, orlop-deck. You feller Koko, you no see Jimmy the Shark along this hooker, eye belong you?"

The boatswain grinned, with a flash of white teeth.

"No, sar! That feller no stop along this hooker."

"He's as cunning as a boat load of monkeys," said Mr. Gunn. "But if ye're sure, King of the Islands, that goes. We'll hunt him out of the bush to-day, I reckon, with my five hundred poonds in his pockets. I'm telling ye I shall be glad to see the banknotes back in my safe. And ye're sure the hooker's been searched from stem to stern?"

"Quite," said Ken, smiling. "And look here, Sandy, my cooky-boy has gone sick, and I'm leaving him on Koloo till we make the return trip. You'll have an eye on him, and doctor him if he needs it."

"Aye, aye, mon, I'll see that he's looked after." Mr. Gunn glanced at Danny, who was twisting and mumbling again. "You feller Danny, you go along bungalow belong me."

"Yessar," said Danny.

And he dropped on the wharf. After a few more words with the shipmates—and a suspicious glance round, as if still haunted by the idea that Jimmy the Shark might be stowed away on the *Dawn*—Sandy Gunn shook hands with the skipper and mate, and went back to the wharf.

Ten minutes later the *Dawn* was pulling out of the reef passage with the open Pacific before her.

But Mr. Gunn, when he returned to his bungalow, did not find Danny the cooky-boy there. Danny, sprawling under the shade of a palm tree, was watching the ketch pull out to sea, with a grin on his plump face, and no sign of sickness about him now.

The tall sails glanced over the reef, and sank into the blue of the Pacific,

and Danny watched till the *Dawn* was out of sight. And the grin on his fat face widened till it almost met his fat brown ears. From the thick fuzzy hair on his head he drew a little packet—and opened it, and with greedy glittering eyes counted twenty-five Australian sovereigns—a fortune to a Kanaka.

“Five-five piecee gold!” murmured Danny, as he counted. “Five-five piecee gold belong me, my word!”

And he chuckled.

Having counted the sovereigns a dozen times, Danny repacked them, excepting one that remained in his brown paw, and concealed the packet in his mop of hair—a Kanaka’s customary place for precious possessions. With a grinning face, and the gold coin in his hand, Danny strolled away along the beach of Koloo. Danny was not “going sick”: Danny was going to have a good time on Koloo, so long as his “piecee gold money” lasted. And that day Sandy Gunn, and most of the inhabitants of Koloo, hunted in the bush for Jimmy the Shark—in vain.

If Jimmy the Shark was still on Koloo, he was not to be found. Where he was hiding himself, with the whole island hunting him, was a mystery. And Sandy Gunn could not help wondering whether, in spite of the vigilance of the shipmates, Jimmy might not have succeeded, by some cunning trick, in stowing himself away on the *Dawn* after all.

## THE MAN IN THE DARK!

“SILENCE!”

“My sainted Sam! What—?”

“Silence—on your life!”

King of the Islands wondered whether he was dreaming. It seemed like a dream—as strange and wild a dream as had ever haunted slumber.

It was pitchy dark in the little state-room on the *Dawn*. Ken had left his mate taking his watch on deck, and gone down to his bunk. He had slept soundly—till he was suddenly awakened, with a grip that seemed like steel on his neck, and something dark and shadowy looming over him in the darkness. And as the low whispering voice hissed in his ear, something cold and metallic touched his cheek—a cold metal rim, which he knew was the muzzle of a revolver. It was no wonder that the boy trader fancied, for the moment, that he must be dreaming.

The *Dawn* had been a day at sea, well on her way to Tovuka, her next port of call. She had not been in sight of land since Koloo had been dropped astern in the early morning. The only white men on board the ketch were King of the Islands and his mate. Yet it was a white man’s voice that hissed in his ear

as he lay in his bunk. The amazement of it almost made the boy trader's head spin.

"Silence!" The voice was a husky whisper with a savage note in it. "One call to your mate or your crew, King of the Islands, and it will be the last. They could not come in time to save you."

Ken lay panting.

"You may speak—in a whisper!" went on the hissing voice. "Keep in mind that if I hear a step, I press the trigger."

"Who are you?" breathed Ken. "If I'm not dreaming, how did you get here—out at sea?"

There was a low, faint chuckle.

"I sailed with you from Koloo, King of the Islands. I guess that Sandy Gunn is still hunting me on Koloo."

The boy trader gave a violent start.

He knew now.

It was fantastic—impossible—unthinkable! But it was the hunted desperado, it was Jimmy the Shark who was bending over him in the darkness and whose revolver was pressed to his face. He could not believe it—surely this was some wild dream.

"You!" he breathed. He strove to penetrate the gloom with his eyes, but he could discern only a faint shadow. "You! Jimmy the Shark!"

"You've got it."

"In the name of all that's mad and impossible, how did you get on my ship?" breathed Ken. "Every foot of the ketch was searched, and searched again—"

"Keep your voice low, King of the Islands." There was savage menace in the husky whisper. "I tell you, if they hear, you are a dead skipper: and I guess I may have luck in shooting my way out of this jam."

Ken lay silent, panting. Somehow, it was unimaginable how Jimmy the Shark had packed himself on the *Dawn*, and sailed out of Koloo, unknown to captain and crew. And in the deep darkness of almost midnight he had crept from his lair, wherever it was, and now his grip was on the boy skipper of the *Dawn*, his revolver touching his cheek. King of the Islands was wholly and utterly at the mercy of the South-Sea desperado.

Hardly a dozen yards from him Kit Hudson was on deck. As near at hand was Koko: faintly through the night came the tinkle of the boatswain's ukelele as he sat on the cabin coamings and hummed a Hawaiian melody. So near—yet never dreaming of what was happening below, and utterly unable to help. A call would have reached their ears—but Ken did not need warning that Jimmy the Shark meant every word he said. The desperado was running for his liberty, perhaps for his life, and with either at stake, he was as ruthless as a tiger-shark.

"That's better! You've got sense!" came the desperado's low voice.

"Keep it in mind that your life hangs on a thread, Ken King. You are in desperate hands. But you know that! You've heard about Jimmy the Shark on the beaches, I reckon."

"What do you want?"

"I'll tell you! I've been a day on this hooker—dreading every minute to be spotted. Nobody suspects so far—but any accident, any minute, might give me away. It was a desperate chance to take—but it was the only chance I had—and I took it. It's worked—so far. But I've seen your mate's eyes on me more than once. He knows that he's seen me before, and if he guessed—"

"If he guessed what?"

There was a low chuckle again.

"He hasn't guessed yet, King of the Islands: neither have you—but I reckon it wouldn't last! I've got off Koloo—I've got to get off your ketch—that's the next step."

"You won't get off in a hurry, you sea-lawyer. It's five days run to Tovuka, and—"

"Your hooker won't raise Tovuka in five days, King of the Islands, or in five weeks! The *Dawn* is going to change her course and land me on Faloo to-morrow."

"Are you mad?" muttered Ken. "How you're here, I can't guess—but now you're known, you're going into irons, you scoundrel, to be handed over to the law."

The revolver pressed harder to his face.

"I guess you will never hand me over, King of the Islands! I'm leaving you in your bunk bound hand and foot with a gag in your mouth. That's what I've got to tell you! Lift a finger, or utter a single call, and you get a bullet through the head instead."

"You villain!" breathed Ken. "My mate—"

"Your mate will come down at the shot—to get another!" snarled the voice of the unseen man. "I've got all the cards, King of the Islands! Listen to me! I'm going to pull through this without killing, if I can—not because I value your life higher than a mosquito's, but to keep the rope away from my neck. But if I have to pull trigger once, you go first, and your mate second—and I guess the Kanakas will jump to my orders with the white men over the side. Chew on that for a minute, King of the Islands, and make up your mind whether you want me to pull trigger."

There was silence following the hissing whisper.

Ken lay still: the steely grip still on his neck, the revolver-rim still pressed to his face.

His thoughts were racing.

To fling himself headlong from the bunk, and grapple with the desperado, was his impulse. But he knew that that was futile. A pressure of the Shark's finger on the trigger, and he was a dead man. And what would follow? The

shot would alarm the watch on deck—Kit Hudson would come running down—to be met by the desperado, revolver in hand, and shot down before he even knew what was happening. He would have no more chance for his life than his skipper had. That was so clear, and so certain, that obviously it was, as the Shark admitted, only the fear of a rope round his neck that prevented the ruffian from pulling the trigger now. He was going to pull through without incurring the last terrible penalty of the law if he could. But he was going to pull through, at any cost.

“Well?” came a low snarl.

Ken breathed hard and deep.

“You hold the cards,” he muttered.

“You’ve got sense! You’re keeping quiet?”

Ken King did not answer for a moment. But the answer had to come. It came through his set teeth.

“Aye, aye!”

“Put your hands together.”

It went savagely against the grain to obey. But there was no help for it—his life, and his shipmate’s life, hung on a thread. In the darkness, a loop of tapa cord was passed round Ken’s wrists, drawn tight, and knotted fast. If he had been helpless before, he was doubly helpless now: and no resistance was possible as a gag was driven into his mouth, and secured there with a cord round his head. A minute more, and another cord was knotted round his legs: and he lay in the bunk like a log unable to utter a sound, or to stir hand or foot.

He heard a deep breath in the darkness—a deep breath of relief. Then a match scratched, and in its glimmer, deep-set gleaming eyes looked down at him to make sure that all was secure. And once again Ken King wondered dizzily whether he was dreaming as he looked at the dark brown face and fuzzy hair leaning over him.

It was Jimmy the Shark who had made him a prisoner in his bunk. It was Jimmy the Shark who had struck the match. But it was Tameeto of Tonga whose dark face looked down at him in the glimmer of the match—the Kanaka cook who had taken the place on board of Danny the cooky-boy. No one else was in the little state-room—and Ken’s eyes stared up, almost bulging from his face, at Tameeto. At his amazed, stupefied stare, a grin came over the brown face.

“Do you know me now, King of the Islands?” It was the voice of Jimmy the Shark: nothing like the high-pitched voice in which Tameeto of Tonga had talked. But it came from Tameeto, grinning down at the bound man.

And Ken, at last, understood.

The match flickered out. He heard the desperado, softly leaving the state-room, passing into the main cabin: he heard him shut the door behind him and lock it. And King of the Islands lay helpless, silent, his brain still in a

whirl at that strange discovery. He knew now how Jimmy the Shark had contrived to sail on the *Dawn*: only too well he remembered now the many tales he had heard of the rascal's cunning skill in disguise. He bit into the gag with rage as he realized that Danny must have been a party to this—Danny, who had "gone sick" as a pretext for staying on Koloo, and given his place to Tameeto. Danny had been bribed: a handful of Australian sovereigns, probably, had been his reward for helping the hunted outcast to escape from Koloo. No wonder something in Tameeto's brown face had struck the ship-mates as familiar: they had seen it as a white face, when the rascal was fleeing in the canoe and on the reef. Ken King knew now, knew how he had been tricked: but the knowledge came too late to be of use. Helpless, silent, he could only lie there in the darkness while Jimmy the Shark crept away—Jimmy the Shark, but still, to all eyes on the *Dawn* but Ken's, Tameeto of Tonga.

## THE UPPER HAND

KIT HUDSON sat on the taffrail, his hands in his pockets, swaying to the motion of the ketch, as the *Dawn* surged through the Pacific waters, her red and green lights gleaming into the gloom ahead. Occasionally he glanced up at the sails then out over the dark sea, and once or twice he yawned. The night was fine, but very dark, banks of clouds hiding the glitter of the Southern Cross. The mate of the *Dawn* was thinking chiefly of eight bells, which meant his watch below: not thinking, or dreaming, of anything unusual on board the *Dawn*. Far out at sea, in good weather with a fair wind, the ketch glided on the long stretch for Tovuka, and the thought of danger in the darkness, on board the ketch, would have seemed fantastic. Yet, if the Australian mate could only have known it, danger lurked in the dark shadows.

Lompo was at the helm. The others of the crew, Lufu, Kolulo, Tomoo, slept on their mats on deck. The dusky little forecabin was untenanted: it was only in rough weather that the Hiva-Oa boys took their watch below in the forecabin. Koko, the boatswain, seated on the coamings of the cabin skylight, hummed his song, his brown fingers lightly straying over his ukelele. Where Tameeto was nobody knew or cared. The cook did not take watches with the crew: and if anyone thought of him at all it would have been supposed that he was sleeping among the pots and pans in the galley, as Danny had been wont to do.

But the boatswain, at least, was reminded of him, as a shadow moved in the dimness of the deck, and he ceased to strum on the ukelele, and glanced at Tameeto. His glance was careless: there was nothing in the look of the Tongo boy to awaken suspicion. Koko's eyes were keen as those of an albatross: but he never dreamed of detecting, under the brown skin of Tameeto,

the face of the man he had seen fleeing in the canoe on the lagoon at Koloo. He was only slightly surprised to see the cook awake and on deck at almost midnight.

"What name you come here, you feller Tameeto?" asked Koko. "What name you no sleep along mat belong you?"

"Me tinkee smell feller fire, nose belong me," said Tameeto.

Koko was on his feet in an instant. The merest hint of a fire at sea was enough to make him—or any sailorman—instantly alert.

"What place you tinkee smell feller fire?" he breathed.

"Tinkee along feller foc's'le."

"Me see, eye belong me, plenty too quick!" said Koko, and his big bare feet hardly touched the deck as he ran forward.

Tameeto ran at his heels.

In a matter of seconds they reached the open scuttle of the forecastle. All was pitchy dark below as Koko stared down the three steps, and he snuffed the air without detecting any smell of smoke or burning. And then, as he leaned over the steps down into the forecastle, snuffing the air, he received a sudden violent push into the back, and went stumbling and spinning down into the foc's'le, headlong. Tameeto of Tonga put all his strength into that shove, and Koko, taken utterly by surprise, spun down the steps, and crashed.

The headlong crash on the forecastle floor dazed the boatswain, and almost stunned him. He sprawled there in the darkness, gasping.

Swiftly Tameeto of Tonga closed the scuttle and secured it. He grinned breathlessly as he heard the astonished and enraged boatswain scrambling up in the darkness below. Koko's voice came in a roar.

"You bad feller too much, what name you do this thing? You makee this feller Koko fall along face belong him. My word me plenty kill back belong you along lawyer-cane belong me."

It had taken the boatswain only a few moments to recover from the shock. He charged up the steps at the forecastle door, to hurl it open, and grasp the Tonga boy in his powerful brown hands. But the door was closed and secured and Koko crashed at it in vain. And as he realized that the man who had tricked him had made him a prisoner in the forecastle, Koko gave a roar of rage. His big fists beat fiercely on the wood.

"What name you do this thing, you feller Tameeto?" he roared. "My tinkee brain belong you no walk about any more! Me kill back belong you plenty too much along lawyer-cane."

Koko was almost as much puzzled as enraged. There was no smell of burning in the forecastle: it was a false alarm, evidently invented by Tameeto for the single purpose of tricking him there, and making him a prisoner. What reason the Tonga boy could possibly have Koko could not guess, unless he had gone mad—or, as he expressed it, "brain belong him no walk about."



He hammered furiously on hard wood only anxious to get his hands on the Tonga boy, and reward him for his trickery with two or three dozen from the lawyer-cane.

But the Tonga boy did not heed the hammering and shouting from the forecandle. Koko was a prisoner there, safe for the time at least: and Jimmy the Shark was done with him, for the moment. Heedless of the boatswain's fury, he glided away aft.

The uproar from the forecandle reached all ears. Tomoo, Kolulo, and Lufu sat up on their sleeping-mats, staring drowsily. Lompo, at the helm and the mate on the taffrail, could see nothing of what passed, but they could hear. Kit Hudson jumped to the deck as Tameeto of Tonga came hurrying aft. He stared at the Tonga boy in the dimness, and called to him.

"You feller Tameeto! What's up? What name Koko sing out, mouth belong him, along forecandle?"

"Tinkee him fall, sar, break feller leg belong him," answered Tameeto.

"Suffering cats!"

Hudson ran forward, brushing the Tonga boy out of his way. But he did not pass Tameeto. A clubbed revolver swept in the air, and struck the mate of the *Dawn* on the side of the head as he was passing: and he reeled over and crashed on the deck. He lay there stunned by that sudden savage blow, and Tameeto of Tonga bent over him, his weapon for another blow if it was needed. Lompo almost let go the wheel in his amazement and alarm, as he stared at the scene with bulging eyes.

Tameeto did not heed him. The mate of the *Dawn* lay stunned at his feet. For some minutes, at least, he was as helpless as a log. Tameeto's brown fingers worked swiftly, knotting a tape cord round Hudson's wrists, binding them together, Lompo watching him like a man in a dream. Leaving Kit Hudson lying on the deck, his hands bound, and still senseless, Tameeto turned on the steersman. The butt of the revolver was in his hand now, and the muzzle bore on the startled and terrified Lompo.

"You no shoot, you feller Tameeto!" gasped the Hiva-Oa boy. "You no shoot along feller gun along this feller Lompo."

"Keep her steady!"

Lompo almost fell down in his amazement. Tameeto was not speaking in the sing-song voice that had accompanied his Kanaka disguise. It was the sharp voice of Jimmy the Shark that rapped at the steersman. It was all that Lompo could do to keep the wheel steady.

Tomoo, Kolulo, Lufu, were on their feet, staring with amazed eyes at the Tonga boy. Koko's voice was roaring from the forecandle, but they did not heed it: all their attention was concentrated on Tameeto, and the revolver that glimmered in his brown hand. Any one of the three powerful Hiva-Oa boys could have handled Jimmy the Shark with ease: but the firearm daunted them. He could—and undoubtedly would—have shot them down like rabbits if

they had lifted a hand to attack him. They stared at him, almost gibbering with amazement.

The desperado's eyes glittered at them over the half-raised revolver. He had nothing to fear from the native crew with a firearm in his hand. His savage voice rapped out:

"You feller boy! You good boy along me, sponsee you no likee feller bullet stop along head belong you. You savvy?"

The Hiva-Oa boys could only stare.

The Shark pointed, with his left hand, to the mate of the *Dawn*, now stirring and showing signs of returning consciousness.

"You feller boy, you carry that feller mate down along cabin, along bunk belong him!" he rapped.

There was a pause, while the Hiva-Oa boys stared at him: then they lifted the mate, and carried him down the companion. Jimmy the Shark gave Lompo, at the wheel, a threatening gesture, and followed them down. He was breathing hard, but there was a grin of triumph on his stained face. King of the Islands and his mate were helpless: the boatswain was a prisoner in the forecabin: the native crew scared into submission: Jimmy the Shark was master of the *Dawn*, free to set what course he pleased, with the wide Pacific and freedom before him.

### BOUND FOR FALOO!

"THAT VILLAIN!" muttered Kit Hudson.

King of the Islands could not speak: the gag was still in his mouth. But his eyes burned at the man who stepped from the cabin into the state-room, in the bright morning.

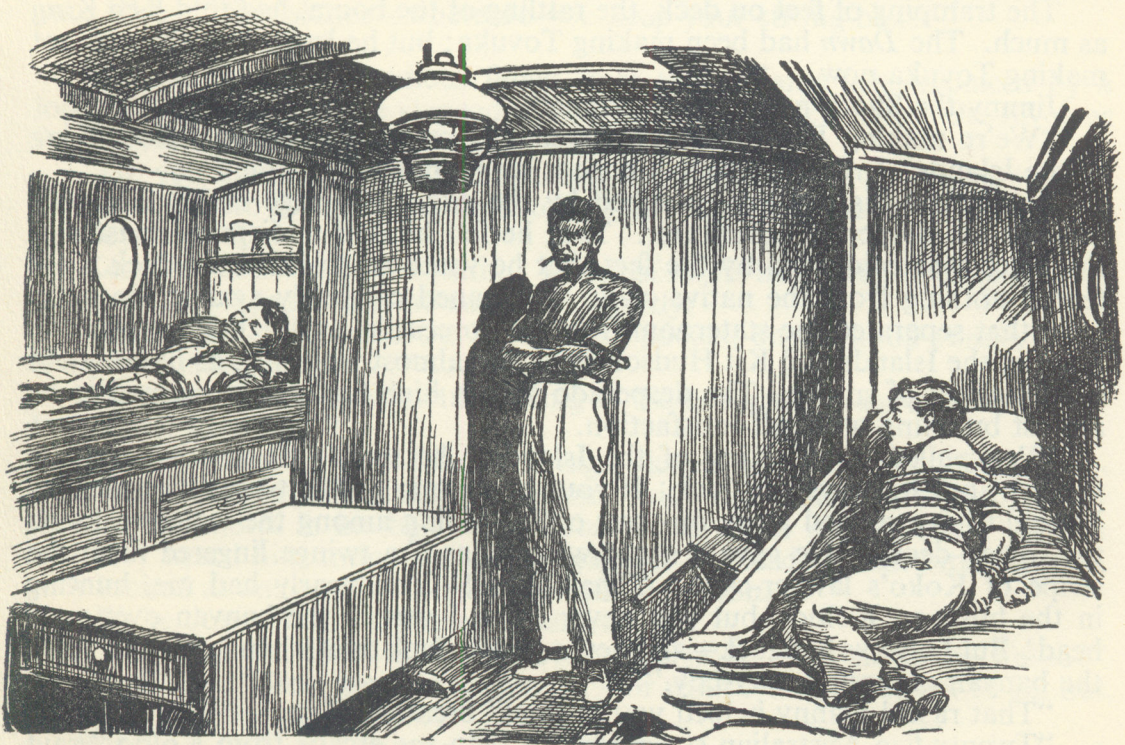
That man did not look much like Tameeto the Tonga "boy". The South Sea desperado was through with the disguise that had served his turn. He had cleaned the brown stain from his skin, combed out the fuzzy hair, and was a white man again: dressed in a suit of spotless ducks taken from Ken King's sea-chest in the cabin. His revolver was in his belt, ready to his hand if needed: but it was little likely to be needed now. If Lompo or Lufu, Tomoo or Kolulo, might have thought of seeking to turn the tables on Tameeto of Tonga, they did not think, or dream, of anything of the kind with Jimmy the Shark. Now that they knew him, knew him as the hunted man of Koloo, as the desperado of whom wild tales were told on every beach in the Pacific, the Hiva-Oa boys eyed him with undisguised terror, and jumped to his orders.

Koko the boatswain was the only Kanaka on board whom Jimmy the Shark might have had cause to fear; his devotion to his white master might have made him dangerous. But there was no danger from Koko now, trapped in the forecabin and confined there. At the desperado's order, a beam had been

nailed across the fore-castle door, making assurance doubly sure that the boatswain could not break out. Which was, perhaps, just as well for Koko: for Jimmy the Shark's revolver was ready, if he had emerged on deck.

Single-handed, favoured by surprise and darkness, Jimmy the Shark had seized control of the *Dawn*. It had been a wild and desperate enterprise, as desperate as any in Jimmy's wild and lawless career: and he had undertaken it only as the sole means of escaping from the island of Kooloo. But his luck had not failed him—his luck, which was legendary on the Pacific beaches. He was master of Ken King's ship, cool and confident, and had neither doubt nor fear. In the morning sunlight, there was a grin on his hard clear-cut face as he lounged into the stateroom, and glanced at the skipper and mate lying in the bunks.

Through the long night, Ken King had lain there, his limbs aching from the bonds the Shark had knotted on them, his mouth aching from the gag. He knew that Kit Hudson had been placed in the other bunk: and, when the light of dawn came through the port holes, he was able to see him. Hudson, bound like his skipper, was equally helpless, but in worse case, for there was a



“... I've one question for you, King of the Islands—where do you keep your strong box?”

heavy bruise on his head where the pistol-butt had struck, and it ached horribly. For hours the shipmates had been left to themselves: and it was a surprise to Hudson, though not to Ken, when Jimmy the Shark appeared. It was Tameeto of Tonga who had knocked him out with the pistol-butt, and Ken had been able to tell him nothing. Hudson's eyes popped at the sight of him.

"That villain!" he repeated.

Jimmy the Shark glanced at him, and laughed.

"You savvy this feller now, you feller Hudson?" he asked in the sing-song voice he had used as Tameeto of Tonga. "That feller Tameeto he no stop any more altogether." He chuckled, "I saw your eyes on me more than once, you swab," he went on, in his natural voice. "I reckon you'd have tumbled soon or late—if I'd given you time."

"Tameeto!" gasped Hudson. He began to understand. He knew now why the brown face of Tameeto had seemed somehow familiar.

The Shark turned to King of the Islands, and removed the gag from his mouth, grinning down at him. Ken panted.

"You scoundrel!" he muttered. "What are you doing with my ship? You've changed course—"

The tramping of feet on deck, the rattling of the boom, had told Ken King as much. The *Dawn* had been making Tovuka: but he knew that she was not making Tovuka now.

Jimmy the Shark nodded and grinned.

"We're making Faloo," he answered. "I've got friends on Faloo, King of the Islands. I reckon we shall raise it by sundown."

Ken licked his dry lips, numbed by the gag. The rage in his face only amused the desperate adventurer. That he felt himself undisputed master of the ketch was evidenced by the fact that he ventured to leave the deck. He feared nothing from the native crew. He leaned carelessly against the bulkhead that separated the stateroom from the forecabin, and lighted a cigarette. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson eyed him almost wolfishly, as he blew out a little cloud of smoke. The desperado was in high feather: he seemed to be almost bubbling with self-satisfaction.

"I've pulled it off, King of the Islands," he said. "It was a desperate venture: but I always had luck. If your boatswain had not been so watchful, I should have stowed away on your craft—hiding among the water casks on the orlop-deck." He gave a slight wriggle, as if a twinge lingered from the swipe of Koko's lawyer-cane. "That failed! You nearly had me, hunting in the bush on Koloo—but you never knew I was in the banyan over your head! But I always had luck—and never greater luck than when I dropped from the banyan on your cooky-boy."

"That rascal Danny helped you in this!" breathed Ken.

"Twenty-five Australian sovereigns to help me escape from Koloo," said Jimmy the Shark, with a nod. "That was all the cooky-boy knew: I did not

tell him what was in my mind so soon as we got out to sea. The cooky-boy helped me to make up as a Kanaka, and to take his place on your packet—to escape from Koloo. So far as he knew, all I planned was to slip off the ketch at the first island you touched at.” He laughed over the cigarette. “But I knew, if Danny did not, that it couldn’t have lasted—I might have been spotted any minute—I was lucky that it lasted till the time came to strike. Now I am master here, Ken King—sailing your ship for Faloo—and if you ever step ashore at Koloo again, you can tell Sandy Gunn to whistle for his banknotes.”

“You won’t get away with this!” came from Kit Hudson.

The desperado looked round at him, and shrugged his shoulders.

“What’s to stop me?” he said, banteringly. “Your Kanakas are feeding from my hand: they jump to my orders as they never jumped to yours. Your boatswain was a more dangerous man: but I trapped him in the forecandle, and he’s fastened in, to stay there till we raise Faloo. Will either of you get out of those bunks and stop me?” He chuckled. “You’ll stay tied up as you are till Faloo’s in the offing—I’m taking no risks with you. I shall lock that door on you and leave you—when I’m through here. I’ve one question for you, King of the Islands—where do you keep your strong-box?”

Ken did not answer.

The grinning good humour faded from the ruffian’s face, replaced by a look of cold ferocity. He stepped towards the boy trader, jerked the revolver from his belt, and lifted it by the barrel.

“Do you figure that I should not find it if I searched?” he snarled. “But I do not choose to leave the deck too long. Where is the strong-box—and the key—or—!”

Ken drew a deep, deep breath. The rage in his heart was so deep that he could scarcely speak. But he answered, quietly.

“Under this bunk—and the key’s in my pocket, on the hook yonder! But if my turn should come—!”

“You’re welcome to your turn, King of the Islands, if it should ever come! I’m master here now.”

The shipmates watched him, in savage silence, as he unlocked the strong-box. He lounged out of the stateroom: with the money added to Sandy Gunn’s banknotes in his belt. The door to the cabin was shut and locked: and they heard him tramp up the companion to the deck. In bitter silence, they looked at one another across the little stateroom.

“We’re done, Ken,” muttered Hudson.

“What does he plan to do with our ship, Kit, when he raises Faloo?” breathed Ken. “Steal her—or scuttle her—or what? Kit, we’ve got to get out of this!”

But the mate’s only answer was a hopeless look. And in Ken’s own heart there was little hope. They were helpless in the hands of the South Sea

desperado: from Koko, the brave and faithful Koko, there could come no help: and the crew were like sheep at the Shark's orders. There was no hope, as the long hot hours passed: and the *Dawn* surged on through the blue waters: and Jimmy the Shark, smoking cigarettes on deck, sailed Ken King's ship on her course for Faloo.

### KOKO TO THE RESCUE!

“KIT!”

It was a whisper from King of the Islands.

Through the long hot hours they had been almost in silence. It was past noon now. The tropic sun blazed down on the blue Pacific and the gliding ketch. On the afterdeck, Jimmy the Shark sprawled in a Madeira chair, backed to the taffrail—little as he feared the Kanaka crew, he would not give one of them a chance of getting behind him with a capstan bar. Kolulo was at the wheel: Tomoo, Lufu, Lompo, stood ready to jump to the desperado's sharp orders. Jimmy the Shark smoked cigarettes, and glanced up at the bellying canvas. The wind was not so favourable for Faloo as for Tovuka, but the *Dawn* was making six knots, and the Shark had no doubt of raising the palm-tops of Faloo before sundown.

To the shipmates, aching in their bonds in the hot stateroom below, he gave no thought. They were safe out of his way: bound hand and foot, locked in the stateroom, the key in Jimmy's pocket: the Hiva-Oa boys could not have helped them even had they dared to make the venture. From the boatswain, in the forecabin, came no sound. He was a powerless prisoner there: and the Shark, had he wasted a thought on him at all, would have had no doubt that he was sleeping, in the heat of the day, with true Kanaka indifference to what could not be helped. But Jimmy the Shark was not thinking either of the shipmates or of the boatswain: he was thinking of Faloo, of his lawless associates there, and of the loot in his belt, and of the cards and drink that it meant to him. At the same time he had a wary eye on the crew on deck, taking no chances. All was going well with Jimmy the Shark: his wildest and most reckless adventure was nearing its successful end.

To Ken and Kit the long hours seemed endless. They had wrestled with their bonds till they were exhausted. There was no hope, or seemed none: the desperado on deck was master of the ship and master of their fate. They had fallen into silence, listening to the swish of the waters on the hull, to the occasional tramping of feet on deck and swinging of the boom, as Jimmy the Shark's sharp voice rapped out orders from time to time. And neither of them gave heed to a faint scratching sound that came among the other sounds to their ears: if they noticed it, it seemed like the sound of a rat behind a bulkhead. But King of the Islands, at last, did give it heed, as it dawned on his mind that it came almost continuously, and from the same spot, at the bulk-

head forward: the wooden partition that separated the little stateroom from the forecandle. And having given it heed at last, he lay for some time listening intently, hardly daring to indulge the hope that was rising in his breast. But at length he spoke, in a whisper, his voice trembling with suppressed excitement.

"Kit! Do you hear that?"

Hudson stirred in his bunk, suppressing an exclamation of pain at the pang in his cramped limbs as he moved. He stared across at Ken.

"What?" he asked.

"Listen!" breathed Ken.

"A rat gnawing," said Hudson. "What of it?"

"Are you sure of that, Kit?" Ken's heart was beating hard, "Speak in a whisper, shipmate—that villain might come down to the cabin. Kit, Koko's in the forecandle—and that sound—"

Hudson gave a start. With an effort, he dragged himself to a sitting position, his eyes fixed on the bulkhead, between the two bunks, which were on either side of the little stateroom. Beyond that bulkhead was the forecandle in which, as they knew, Koko was a prisoner. And the scratching sound came from the other side of the bulkhead.

"Suffering cats!" breathed Hudson. He listened intently.

He turned his eyes on Ken, with a blaze in them.

"Ken! That's not a rat—!"

"No!" muttered Ken.

"It's Koko—he's in the foc's'le—Ken, it must be Koko—it can be nothing else—Ken, Koko has the use of his hands—and he is trying to get to us—"

"Heaven send that it's so, Kit! Listen!"

With their hearts beating almost to suffocation, the shipmates listened. The sound from the other side of the bulkhead was not loud, but it was louder than it had been at first. And as they listened with strained ears, they knew that it could not be the gnawing of a rat—it was the sound of a knife working on wood.

The knife could only be in the hand of the boatswain of the *Dawn*, imprisoned in the forecandle. There was no escape to the deck for the prisoner of the forecandle: and Koko was seeking to cut a way out through the bulkhead into the stateroom below. As they listened, the shipmates were more and more certain of it, and now their haggard faces were flushed with hope.

The long, long minutes dragged by as the shipmates listened to that sound of hope. It was Koko—cutting his way through. Probably he did not know that they were prisoners in the stateroom—he could not know whether they were alive or dead, or that Tameeto of Tonga, who had trapped him, was Jimmy the Shark. But in the forecandle, he had heard the desperado's sharp voice rapping out orders on deck, and he knew that the ketch was in lawless hands, and that his white master was unable to come to his aid. Koko was not

sleeping in the heat of the tropic day, as Jimmy the Shark supposed if he thought of him at all. Koko had never been harder at work.

In deep silence, with beating hearts, the shipmates listened to the sound of the knife, and watched the bulkhead. They dreaded to hear the footstep of Jimmy the Shark in the adjoining cabin—but it was not likely. He had locked them in and left them, and was done with them. If Koko succeeded in working his way through uninterrupted—

“Look!” came in a sudden whisper from Kit. And Ken caught his breath.

A gleaming point of steel appeared suddenly through the wooden wall. Their eyes fastened on it. It was the point of the boatswain’s knife.

Again and again that gleaming point of steel came through the wood. Slowly, slowly, terribly slowly, but surely, the knife was enlarging the tiny opening. Fraction by fraction, inch by inch: till, as the opening grew larger, and the knife had freer play, the work went on more quickly. Then the sound of the steel ceased: and they guessed, rather than knew, that the boatswain’s eye was applied to the opening from the other side, and that he was scanning the stateroom.

Ken panted out a warning whisper.

“Koko! No sing out, mouth belong you—ear belong feller on deck hear, sposee you sing out.”

There was a gasping sound from the unseen boatswain. The voice of his white master reached him, like music to his ears.

“Oh, sar!” came a whisper through the hole in the bulkhead. “Oh, sar! Me tinkee you no stop any more altogeter, along bad feller too much stop along deck givee order along Kanaka feller.”

“Stop plenty too much, Koko! Rope stop along foot, along hand, belong us feller,” breathed King of the Islands. “You savvy?”

“Me savvy, sar. Me tinkee you no stop. Me killy feller along he makes you no stop. Me plenty glad hear you sing out, sar, mouth belong you. Sposee you no stop, Koko no likee stop any more altogeter. You savvy that bad feller along deck, sar?”

“It’s Jimmy the Shark, Koko. He came on board with a stained skin—Tameeto of Tonga. Now you savvy?”

There was a moment’s silence of astonishment. Then Koko whispered again.

“Me savvy, sar! Me killy that feller bimeby, knife belong me. Me comey, sar.”

There was silence again as the knife in the boatswain’s strong hand worked at the hole in the bulkhead. Splinters and shavings of wood dropped in the stateroom now. And in half an hour more—a century to the anxious watchers—they were able to see the Kanaka working on the other side of the orifice in the wood. The knife was making free play in the widening gap, cutting great slithers of wood away. Koko’s brown face came into view with a flash of white teeth. He grinned at his white master watching from the bunk.

“Me comey, sar!” breathed Koko.



The heavy knife sawed and slashed, and slashed and sawed. And at last— at long long last—the gap was wide enough for the Kanaka to squeeze through, and Koko, breathless and perspiring, stood in the stateroom. And in a few moments more, a few slashes of his knife had freed the skipper and mate of the *Dawn*.

### THE TABLES TURNED!

JIMMY THE SHARK grinned. He rose from the Madeira chair, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared across the blue waters.

Since pulling out of Koloo, the *Dawn* had glided through boundless waters without a sign of land. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the endless Pacific. But now, as the sun was sloping to the west, the line of the horizon was broken at last, by feathery fronds that waved against the azure of the sky.

Far away, those palm tops indicated the island of Faloo: the refuge for which the South Sea desperado was making in a stolen ship. And Jimmy the Shark, gazing at the distant palms, grinned with satisfaction. In less than an hour more, he would raise the island: and before the sun set the ketch would be gliding into the lagoon of Faloo. Fortune had stood his friend: and all was plane sailing now. Standing by the rail, his keen eyes, under the shade of his hand, watched the distant nodding palms, growing nearer and clearer as the *Dawn* surged on, leaning to the wind.

Keenly as he watched that sign of land in the far distance, the tail of his eye was on the crew: the Hiva-Oa boys had no chance of taking him by surprise, if they had ventured to think of it. But he did not see a face that peered from the companion hatch. From that quarter he could never have dreamed of danger.

The two men below were bound in their bunks, the stateroom door locked on them. That the Kanaka boatswain in the forecabin, labouring hour after hour through the hot day, had cut a way with his knife through a solid bulk-head into the stateroom: that he had freed the skipper and mate, and hacked open the lock on the stateroom door, Jimmy the Shark could never have dreamed: any more than he dreamed that the eyes of King of the Islands were upon him from the companion-way.

There had been no sound to warn him. He did not know, and could not dream, that the shipmates of the *Dawn* were free: that they were no longer in the stateroom: that, moving on tiptoe, they had taken revolvers from the arms-chest in the main cabin, and were prepared to deal with the reckless desperado who had seized their ship. Not a sound came to the deck, as King of the Islands, revolver in hand, crept up from below, with Kit Hudson at his heels, and Koko in the rear, knife in hand. The tables were about to be turned on Jimmy the Shark, in sight of Faloo, in the hour of his triumph.

But there was nothing to warn the desperate man of his danger, as he stood looking towards distant Faloo, his hand shading his eyes from the glare of the westering sun.

From the companion, King of the Islands cast a swift glance round the deck, and his eyes gleamed at the man by the rail. Tomoo and Lompo caught sight of their skipper, and stared blankly, amazed to see him. He gave the Kanakas no heed. With his revolver gripped in his hand, he stepped out on deck—and it was then that Jimmy the Shark, sensing danger, spun round, his eyes almost starting from his head at the sight of the boy trader.

For a fraction of a second, his startled eyes bulged at King of the Islands. But instantly, or almost instantly, his hand shot to his belt. But Ken King's revolver was already lifted.

“Drop that gun!”

Ken's voice rang sharp and clear.

But Jimmy the Shark did not heed it. His hand came up with a revolver in it, his eyes blazing at the boy trader.

Bang!

King of the Islands fired as he lifted the weapon. He was only in time. The bullet crashed through the lifting arm, smashing the bone, and Jimmy the Shark staggered, his right arm falling to his side, like the broken wing of a bird, his revolver crashing on the deck, exploding as it fell.

He staggered against the rail, his hard savage face suddenly white. Even then, the desperate man groped for a knife with his left hand. King of the Islands advanced on him, his smoking revolver at a level, his eyes gleaming over it. Kit Hudson followed him on deck, and his revolver was ready—and Koko, knife in hand. But it was only to see the desperado sink to the deck, his nerveless hand unclasping from his useless weapon. Jimmy the Shark, the desperate freebooter feared on every beach in the Pacific, had reached the end of his tether.

Sandy Gunn had the surprise of his life, when the *Dawn*, three days after she had pulled out of Koloo, sailed into the lagoon again: and the man for whom the island planters were hunting in the bush, was handed over to him, with a bandaged arm—Jimmy the Shark, sullen and savage, a prisoner at last, to go behind the prison bars that had so long waited for him. Sandy grinned with glee when the desperado was handed over: and he grinned still more gleefully when he handled, once more, his 500 pounds in banknotes. There was only one on Koloo who did not rejoice: and that was Danny the cooky-boy, when Koko rounded him up with a lawyer-cane. It was a sore and repentant Danny who was kicked into the galley when the *Dawn* sailed again: leaving on Koloo, to be taken to Fiji for trial and sentence, Jimmy the Shark.

THE END