



WALLY the WHALER

THE FIRST CHAPTER DRUGGED!

WALLY BURKE stood on the hot beach at Condon, West Australia, watching a bluff-bowed whaler come to her moorings a couple of miles off shore.

An unfortunate circumstance and a lucky meeting with a tramp steamer were the reasons why Wally was at Condon. He had gone ashore in a dinghy at Broome, two hundred miles or more to the north-east, from his father's trading schooner, with letters and some shopping orders to execute.

At sunset he had tried to row back to the schooner, but he had found himself in the grip of a strong current which swept him past the ship. He had yelled for all he was worth, but no one had heard him. He was carried miles out to sea and, luckily

By PERCY A. CLARKE

for him, had been picked up by a Dutch tramp steamer that had no wireless apparatus. He had been set ashore at Condon, and now he was wondering how on earth he was to get back to Broome. Would his father's ship still be there, or would he have been given up for lost?

The whaler had steamed up from the south, and there was just a chance that she had simply put in for water and would proceed north again, probably touching at Broome. Many sperm whalers called there.

The whaler was a strange-looking ship, no bigger than a large-sized trawler. She was high in the bows and low at the stern. Her masts were strong and stumpy, and fitted with crow's-nests. Her smoke stack was thin and high, and the wheel-house

***Wally's a regular whale of a fellow
—as his kidnappers soon find out
when they get him aboard a whaler!***

was built up high over the bridge, almost level with the top of the stack, so that the skipper could see over the towering bows.

Wally saw a longboat drop from the whaler's davits, saw men leap into her and the craft come towards him over the rollers. It landed on the beach a few yards from him. The bronzed seamen leaped out and hauled the boat clear of the waves. One of the men—a huge fellow with an enormous black beard and clear blue eyes—marched off towards the town-ship.

The seamen were soon busy with water kegs, but Wally followed the bearded man, who was obviously an officer, and most likely the skipper. The fellow visited several merchants, and finally went into the one and only hostelry in Condon. Wally went in after him and sat down at the same table.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "You're an officer aboard that whaler out there?"

The man stared at him, then made a gesture with his gnarled hand as if to brush Wally out of his way.

"Oi'm not wantin' any hands, younker," he said, in a musical Irish brogue. "Me ship's the Pelican, and me name's Finnegan—Cap'n Mike Finnegan. But Oi'm not wantin' any hands, so——"

"I don't want to ship as a deck-hand, sir," said Wally. "I was just wondering if you'd be touching at Broome. I want to get there quickly."

"And phwat would ye be wantin' at Broome, young shaver?"

Wally told him how he was placed, and Cap'n Finnegan listened with a twinkle in his eyes.

"My father would pay for my passage," concluded Wally.

"Bejabbers, he would, would he?" said Finnegan. "And who moight your father be, anyway?"

"If you know anything about this coast, sir," said Wally, "you've heard of my father—Captain James Burke of the schooner Nautilus."

"Great Brian Boru!" roared Finnegan, starting to his feet, his face as black as thunder. "Jim Burke's boy! Bad cess t' Jim Burke and everywan belongin' to him! Bad cess, Oi say, to——" He suddenly sobered down and began to grin, fingering his black beard and eyeing Wally with interest. "Jim Burke, hey!" he said. "Begorra, Oi don't know. Oi moight call at Broome. Sit down, ye young spalpeen. A cup of coffee, now. Oi knew yere father years ago."

"And you seem to hate him," said Wally dubiously.

"Forgit it," said Finnegan. "Oi'm an ould fool to worry about things as happened many years ago. Forgit it, young Burke. A cup o' coffee here," he called. "So you're Jim Burke's boy! And you run athwart the house o' Mike Finnegan. Faith, but 'tis a quare world, so 'tis! Ever been aboard a whaler? No? Thin, bejabbers, Oi'll show ye the ropes. There's my ship, the Pelican, the smartest whaler out o' Port Chalmers——"

"But are you touching at Broome, sir?" asked Wally.

"Well, Oi moight. But f'r ould toime's sake, young Burke—me wance bein' shipmates wid yere father—Oi'll take ye aboard the Pelican—show ye phwat a whaler's like. Dhrink yere coffee, now. Jist ye look at the Pelican, how she sits the rollers like a sea-gull. Take a look at her lines, young Burke. She's a beauty, she is!"

Following his pointing hand, Wally turned to gaze through the window, across the street and the yellow beach, at the whaler swinging at her anchor chain. He did not see

Finnegan drop something into his coffee. The captain was talking volubly and rapidly to divert his attention.

"A hard life, young shaver, is whaling. But Oi loike ut. Mebbe you'll loike ut, too."

"But I don't want to go whaling. I want to get to Broome," said Wally.

Finnegan burst out laughing, tilting his head back and opening his great mouth.

"Begorra, hark at the cock robin! Ye want to get to Broome—Jim Burke's boy—aboard Mike Finnegan's hooker. Well, dhrink yere coffee, and ye'll come wid me, so you will."

Wally wasn't sure what to make of it all, but he raised his coffee and drank. The stuff burnt his mouth and scorched his throat. He set the cup down, staring at the grinning Irishman opposite. Then the room swayed before his eyes. His head reeled and his temples throbbed. The floor seemed to rise and fall like the ocean rollers, and the grinning bearded face of Finnegan seemed distorted and twisted.

He made an effort to rise from his chair. He staggered this way and that, and the booming laugh of Finnegan rang in his ears.



Following Captain Finnegan's pointing hand, Wally turned his head and gazed at the Pelican. As he did so the captain dropped something into the boy's coffee.

"What—what have you done—done to me?" cried Wally. "You—"

Then he pitched forward and, Finnegan's mocking laughter still echoing in his ears, he lost consciousness.

THE SECOND CHAPTER

THE FIGHT ON THE PELICAN.

WHEN Wally came to his senses he discovered he was lying in a bunk in a stuffy fo'c'sle. The motion of the ship told him immediately that he was at sea, and the regular hum of the engine amidships, and the pounding of the propeller astern, told him that he was not aboard a sailing vessel.

He had to lay where he was a little while to gather his scattered wits; after which he sat up and stared about

him. He found burly men grinning at him—men of all nationalities, who were all oily and greasy. There was a heavy stench of whale oil over everything, mingled with the sickly smell of blubber. He was aboard the Pelican.

He was out of the bunk in a flash.

"Hullo, young Burke!" greeted one of the men. "Woke up?"

"Is this the Pelican?" snapped Wally, feeling bad-tempered.

"Sure—the Pelican, heading out for the Timor Sea after spermaceti. Don't tell us you never knew!"

The men guffawed at that sally, but Wally ignored it.

"Cap'n Finnegan said he'd set me ashore at Broome," he said.

"Broome! I like that. The first port we touch will be Batavia, and that won't be for a fortnight, if the sperm are swarming."

"Then what does it mean? Why was—where is Cap'n Finnegan?"

"Up on the bridge, sonny," said one fellow. "But he won't thank you for disturbing him. Nasty man to upset, is the skipper, and if I were you—"

"I don't care!" cried Wally. "I haven't signed on as a seaman on this ship. He can't shanghai me and get away with it. Where is he?"

Wally rushed out of the fo'c'sle in a furious temper. The coffee had been doped and he had been carried aboard the whaler—why, he didn't know. He found himself on the fore-deck of the Pelican, and the superstructure of the steamer, surmounted by the towering bridge, completely overshadowed him.

Cap'n Mike Finnegan leaned out of a window of the wheel-house and yelled down at him.

"Hillo, young Burke! You get along to see cookie in the caboose. You're cook's boy aboard this packet. And, begorra, you jump to orders."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" retorted Wally. "I haven't signed my name on the ship's books, and I don't take orders from you, Cap'n Finnegan!"

The skipper disappeared, then came clattering down the ladders until he reached the hurricane deck. He vaulted the weather rail and landed lightly on both feet on the foredeck, not a yard from where Wally stood, his big black beard bristling with rage. He reached out and gripped Wally's shoulder. His strength was amazing and Wally was absolutely powerless.

"Answer me back, would ye!" roared Finnegan. "By St. Pathrick, Oi'm the man to knock sense into Jim Burke's boy. Oi'm skipper o' this hooker and my word's law. Ye hear? Do as ye're tould, young Burke, or ye'll smart for ut. Oi owe Jim Burke a thing or two. Oi can't git it back on him, the spalpeen, but Oi'll show his boy a thing or two. Yis, bejabbers—jump to ut. Report to cookie, you—"

He thrust Wally from him with such force that the boy slithered several yards along the deck. The skipper struck out savagely, but Wally dodged the blow, and stood by the break of the hurricane deck, a fighting glint in his eyes.

He knew he couldn't help himself. At sea, in that part of the world especially, many miles from civilisation, a skipper was a law unto himself, and Wally couldn't fight Finnegan and his ship's company single-handed.

"Very well, Cap'n Finnegan," he said angrily. "I'll obey orders, since I can't help myself. But you shanghaied me at Condon—I don't know why and I'm not asking—not now. But the day will come when you'll be sorry for it. That's all!"

Cap'n Finnegan thrust back his

head and laughed aloud, and the crew, gathered under the fo'c'sle to watch proceedings, joined in his merriment.

To peals of laughter Wally walked along the alleyway towards the caboose, or galley.

He soon found out what had been prepared for him. The greasy cook kept him hard at work every minute of the day, swabbing out the galley, peeling potatoes, running and fetching, waiting on the oily men in the fo'c'sle, who thoroughly enjoyed the situation, and washing up the greasy crockery in a bucket of sea-water.

Everybody jeered at him and mocked him, but he made no complaints. He was biding his time. He was a little perplexed about his being shanghaied, but he had heard enough to tell him that this was Finnegan's way of getting even with his father over something that must have happened years previously.

Wally was not easily aroused and could stand a lot of gibing; but Finnegan's own son, a lad about Wally's age, and typically Irish, teased Wally unmercifully for two whole days until it became unbearable.

On the third day out of Condon, in the Timor Sea, with the tropical sun scorching down out of a copper sky, matters reached a head.

Wally was sitting under the alleyway, not feeling too pleased with himself, scraping away at potatoes, when Pat Finnegan came along, ripe and ready for a jape. His foot shot out and the bucket was sent flying, potatoes rolling everywhere.

Seamen who saw it guffawed loudly. Wally, however, had had about as much as he could stand. Pat Finnegan fled down on to the foredeck and Wally went after him, leaping down the ladder with one bound. Pat heard him land on the deck and spun round.

"Arrah, now, and phwat d'ye mean comin' after me that way?" he demanded cautiously.

"I've had all I'm standing from you, Pat Finnegan!" snapped Wally. "I'm going to give you a good hiding!"

"Hooroosh!" cried Pat, squaring up. "Oi'm burstin' f'r a foight. Come on, young Burke, ye spalpeen, and whin Oi've finished wid ye, begorra, ye're own mother won't know ye. Come on!"

He struck out, but Wally parried the blow and came back with a half-arm jab that stung Pat's cheek. Cap'n Finnegan leant out of the wheel-house window, chuckling with huge amusement.

"Bate him up, Pat!" he roared. "Bate him to a pulp, or Oi'll be afther marking ye wid a rope's end!"

The crew turned out to watch, and they shouted encouragement and advice to the skipper's son. But Pat had no time to heed it, for Wally was giving him something to think about.

They sparred about all over the foredeck, with Cap'n Finnegan yelling to his son.

"Foight him, Pat! Bate him up!"

Pat did his best, and Wally shipped several hard blows in his face; but Wally returned them, with interest. He was only too eager to repay Pat Finnegan for the ragging, and he sailed into his adversary with a will. He drove Pat round and round the deck, so that the Irish lad had to fight on the defensive, until Wally began to tire.

Then it was Pat's turn, and Wally suffered. But there was no thought of giving in by either of them. Pat was a fine fighter, and if Wally had not been every bit as good he wouldn't have lasted long against the captain's son. As it was, they exchanged blow for blow.

Wally began to respect Pat's skill and pluck. Pat began to admire Wally for the self-same reasons. They stood toe to toe hitting away at each other until one retreated a pace. It was an equal fight, and the crew forgot that Pat was the skipper's son, and took sides, so that some yelled for Pat and some for Wally.

Wally dodged a swinging blow at the ear and came up with a beautiful upper-cut under Pat's guard. It landed on the Irish lad's jaw and sent him slithering along the deck on his back. But Pat was soon up and on his feet, a rueful grin on his bronzed face, and still game.

Wally waited for him to recover. It was a sporting action, and the skipper's son appreciated it. But Pat couldn't resist a joke, even then. A bucket of greasy water stood under the bulwark, and as quick as lightning he seized the rope handle and flung the contents at Wally.

But he wasn't quick enough. Wally saw it coming and dodged out of the way; but Ah Loo, a Chinese fireman, coming up the forehatch at that moment, caught the greasy water full in the face. He was drenched in the vile stuff from head to foot.

Pat gaped, dismayed by what he had done. The Chinaman stood there a moment, a look of fury on his face. The seamen guffawed, and Cap'n Finnegan's laugh boomed louder than any.

Then Ah Loo suddenly whipped into action. He drew his knife and plunged at Pat Finnegan, who fled from him. Pat's foot slipped and he fell headlong by the fore'ard hatch. Another second and Ah Loo would have been on him, dangerous in his unreasoning rage. But Wally leapt at the fireman, and with one blow of his fist knocked him into the scuppers. The knife dropped from the China-

man's hand and Wally kicked it out of his reach.

"That's enough of that, Ah Loo!" he said tersely. "That wasn't meant for you; it was an accident."

Ah Loo scrambled to his feet, scowling at Pat Finnegan.

"All same insult," he growled.

By that time Cap'n Finnegan had arrived on the foredeck and confronted the Chinaman.

"Arrah, now!" he cried, thrusting a pound-note into Ah Loo's hand. "Wipe out the insult wi' that. Pick up yere knife and kape it in yere belt, or, begorra, Oi'll handle ye meself!"

Ah Loo pocketed the note, picked up his knife, and shuffled for'ard to the fo'c'sle, an inscrutable look on his yellow face.

"Bejabbers, ye'll have to watch out there, Pat, ye spalpeen. Thim Chinese can't forgit things loike that."

Wally had walked back to the alleyway, where the cook was yelling from the galley:

"What about these spuds?"

Wally began to pick them up, and Pat Finnegan joined him.

"Ochone, Wally," he said, with a friendly grin. "Ye've baten me face to a mash and Oi can't laugh at all. But for why did ye wallop Ah Loo?"

"Hang it!" replied Wally. "He looked dangerous with that knife!"

"Haven't Oi been afther makin' yere loife unbearable? Why should ye save me from Ah Loo's knoife? 'Tis a sportsman ye are, Wally Burke, and Oi'm proud to have fought ye. And since Oi upset the praties, Oi'll help ye pick 'em up."

Which he did, and Wally and Pat Finnegan were pals from that moment, a fact which puzzled the skipper.

"Great Brian Boru, and phwat does ut mane?" he muttered. "The boy o' Mike Finnegan palling up wid

Jim Burke's boy. It manes throuble, as sure as St. Pathrick swam the Liffey wid his head under his arm ! ”

THE THIRD CHAPTER

“ THERE SHE SPOUTS ! ”

UNNOTICED by anyone, clouds had crept up out of the sou'-west and gradually obscured the sun. Cap'n Finnegan suddenly dived into the chart-house to study the glass. The waves became crested with creamy foam, the wind freshened, and the colour of the sea changed from deep blue to a deep, dull green.

It was obvious to everybody that a storm was coming.

“ Stand by to batten down hatches ! ” bellowed the mate from the bridge.

All the crew tumbled out, except the harpooners, who never work the ship at all unless in a crisis.

Then, suddenly, from the crow's-nest there came the welcome cry:

“ There she spouts ! ”

A whale ! A sperm whale, rolling listlessly on the waves and spouting its fountain of spume high in the air.

After that everything was completely forgotten aboard the Pelican, and nothing else mattered except the harpooning of the sperm. Cap'n

Finnegan was on the platform on top of the wheel-house, the mate went up in the for'ard crow's-nest, while the harpooners and their mates took command of the fo'c'sle and got the harpoon gun ready. The lines were ready on the winches, spears and harpoons to hand in the racks.

Finnegan brought the Pelican round in a great sweep until she was

Pat Finnegan grasped a bucket of greasy water and flung the contents at Wally ; but Pat was not quick enough—neither was Ah Loo, to dodge, and he received the bilge-water full in the face !



steaming up into the wind. The whale had sounded and there was no sign of the great animal at all. Wally was up on the fo'c'sle beside

Pat Finnegan, ready to help with the running gear.

Dense volumes of smoke belched from the stack, the propeller churned up the sea, and the ship ploughed ahead until the mate in the crow's-nest bawled at the top of his voice :

“ There she blows ! Hard aport ! ”

Round came the Pelican, so sharply that the men had to grip the rails to remain upright.

"Stand by, harpooners!" yelled Finnegan.

The huge spermaceti rolled lazily in the swell right in the path of the oncoming whaler.

Nearer—nearer, a hundred yards—the whale. Wally waited tensely, fifty, thirty—the Pelican steamed to thrilled by it all. Pat was beside him, his eyes glittering.

"Begorra, but she's a whopper!" he muttered excitedly.

"Now!" bawled Finnegan.

The chief harpooner of the Pelican had the fo'c'sle gun sighted. Suddenly the charge blared, and the smoke was flung back, acrid and stinging, into the eyes of the linesmen. But the harpoon, the line snaking behind it viciously, sped true to its mark and buried itself deep in the blubber under the fore fin of the sperm.

Finnegan shouted orders to the helmsman and the wheel spun round. The Pelican moved to starboard slightly, while the whale rolled over, struck the water a thundering smack with its flukes, spouted a fountain of blood-flecked spume, then dived deep.

Wally was busy keeping the line clear as it ran out at a terrific rate. The winch rattled and wheezed, revolving so fast that it was merely a blur to the human vision. The sockets smoked from the friction and Wally had to cast bucket after bucket of water over the whole contraption to prevent the heat burning the line.

The whale was travelling fast, fathoms deep. It pulled the high bow of the steamship down until the fo'c'sle rail, instead of being nearly eighteen feet above the water, was now barely five feet from the foaming wave-crests, with water bubbling over the bulwarks of the foredeck and

racing down to the break of the hurricane deck and pouring out through the scuppers in cataracts.

"The biggest this season, bejabbers!" yelled Cap'n Finnegan. "Stick to her, bhoys!"

The sperm was dragging the steamship along, although the propeller was driving it astern. But at last she came up about ten yards abeam on the port side, and spouting blood and spume, shot off astern. She almost got the line round the Pelican's screw, but Finnegan brought the ship round smartly, with the engine driving ahead once more. The stern harpoon gun blared, and the iron head buried itself deep in the sperm's flanks.

Her flukes beat the water to a foam, then she dived again, but not so deep. She was losing strength fast. Finnegan paid out on his stern line and sheered off a bit, bringing the nose of his ship round to face the whale. As she broke surface for the second time, the fo'c'sle gun let her have a third harpoon well in the shoulder.

The sperm reared up until her flukes were high in the air. She came down with a report like a cannon, and the whalers cheered.

"The death flurry!" cried the chief harpooner. "She's finished!"

The whale made off again, diving and travelling in a last fierce endeavour to escape. The stern line was paid out, but the bow lines were hauled in, checking the stricken leviathan. The Pelican was set astern, but the sperm towed her ahead for some distance, pulling her bows down perilously near the gurgling wave-crests.

The whale came up again to blow, and the winches rattled, hauling in the slack of the lines, so that the ship was brought nearer and nearer to the quarry. The spearmen stood

by with their long-handled spears, ready to leap down on to the back of the monster and drive their lances into her heart.

Wally was as keen as anybody on the struggle as he stood by his winch. The harpooner handed him a curved knife.

"You'll be wanting it," he said. "Fix those irons to your boots. Stand by with the grapples and pass that line under her fore fin when she comes alongside."

Wally quickly fastened the iron spikes to his feet, so that he would be able to leap on to the back of the dead spermaceti and walk about on her slippery bulk.

All the time—a fact which the whalers disregarded—the storm clouds were increasing from the sou'-west, lowering over the scene, and making the light dim. Away in the distance the thunder rumbled and roared.

The whale tried to dive again, but its strength was not equal to it. The winches rattled wildly to gather in the slack and haul that almost lifeless bulk to the side of the ship. Every man available was on deck, most of them up in the fo'c'sle head. Even Ah Loo was there, his face expressionless as he handled the ropes with deft hands.

A great wave tossed the Pelican



Knife in hand, Ah Loo leaped for the still form of Pat Finnegan, but he was met by Wally's fist, which sent him reeling backwards, to slide into the rough sea.

high, then shot her down in the trough beside the whale. A spearman on the foredeck leaned over the bulwarks and struck downwards with a great spear, driving the blade in under the great fin as the whale rolled listlessly. The steel went into her heart. The great fluke rose in a flurry and smote the water with a report like a cannon, sending the water in sheets of stinging spray high over the smoke stack of the Pelican. The huge body quivered convulsively, and then went limp. The spermaceti was dead!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER

WALLY'S WIN!

IN a flash, the spearmen were swarming over the corpse. A bight of cable was passed round the tail

of the monster. The winches and windlasses creaked and rattled.

"Haul in y'r slack!" bellowed the mate.

"No!" yelled Cap'n Finnegan. "Cut loose, ye spalpeens! We'll pick her up again later. Cut loose—set her adrift—f'r yere lives, bhoys!"

The whalers suddenly realised that the sky was pitch black; that the storm was upon them. The clouds seemed to split asunder in a riot of flame and rolling thunder.

The whalers scrambled from the body of the whale to the deck of the ship. They cut the cables that held the Pelican to her catch, but the harpoon lines, which they always endeavoured to salvage, still remained fast.

The great waves reared up to the lowering clouds. The ship was tossed about like a cork. The whale struck the side of the vessel a shuddering blow, and the lines on the fo'c'sle went limp. Then the corpse was flung away by the waves. The lines were as quickly pulled taut, and the sudden jerk shot three dark figures helpless over the rail into the raging sea.

Wally was one of them. He lost his balance, hit the rail, and over he went. Deep down in the warm sea he sank before he shot up to the surface, his lungs almost bursting. It had all occurred so suddenly that hardly anyone realised what had happened. The harpoon lines had snapped, and the Pelican was steaming away from the drifting whale to save her plates being buckled.

Wally was washed up beside the whale. He saw a lance sticking out from the blubber and reached it, gripped it, and hauled himself up on the great shoulder, while the storm raged over his head. The rain came down in sheets and almost beat the breath out of him with its violence.

The lightning cracked and flashed like an arc lamp; in the light of it he saw Pat Finnegan's white face in the water beside the whale. He slithered down the slippery surface, digging his spiked boots well into the blubber, and managed to grip one of his hands. He hauled with all his might and reached the highest point of the whale's shoulder, dragging Pat after him. The skipper's son lay where Wally had hauled him, unconscious. His head must have struck the rail as the taut line had swept him overboard, for there was a jagged wound in his temple.

As Wally studied him a movement behind made him turn, and as the lightning lit up the scene, the blood ran cold in his veins, for Ah Loo was there, creeping along the body of the whale, his knife in his hand, his narrow eyes focused on the still form of Pat Finnegan.

Suddenly the Chinaman leapt, but Wally moved equally quickly. He stood up, dodged the sweeping blow of the knife, and his fist came round in a fierce blow that landed on Ah Loo's ear. The Chinaman went down, the knife dropping from his hand, and he slid into the water.

The knife would have followed him, but Wally grabbed it. Ah Loo cried out shrilly with fear. He was swimming and vainly trying to get a hold on the smooth, rounded body of the sperm. Lightning lit up the scene, and Wally saw a wedge-shaped fin careering through the water. Sharks!

Wally hastily scrambled his way down by the fore fin and clawed along to where Ah Loo was swimming.

Wally reached down and gave Ah Loo his knife.

"Jab it in!" he shouted. "Get a hold that way!"

Ah Loo understood. He stabbed the knife into the whale and so got a

hold to enable him to help Wally, who had gripped his shirt collar, haul him clear.

But the shark made a frantic rush at the last minute, and turned over to snap at the Chinaman's feet. Ah Loo screamed frantically. Pat Finnegan, however, had regained consciousness and seen the danger. He had snatched a spear from the blubber of the whale, and aided by his spiked boots, came down to help. He struck downward viciously, and the shark slid away in blood-stained water, the spear sticking from its side.

With one more heave, Wally hauled Ah Loo well up on the whale. The Chinaman clutched his knife in his hand. He sat there a moment, eyeing Pat while Wally waited for what was to come. Then with a quick movement, Ah Loo tossed his knife yards away into the foaming waves.

"Ah Loo would have killed. Your fiend savee you—tly savee Ah Loo. You killee shark, savee Ah Loo. Insult all same wiped out. Ah Loo forget."

"Bejabbers!" exclaimed Pat. "'Tis meself as is glad, Ah Loo, for why should Oi be afther insultin' any man? But ye're the hero, Wally, darlint, for didn't ye haul me out first?"

"Never mind that," said Wally. "Grab that lance and hold on, or you'll be washed off. We're in a nasty mess, and may never see land again."

"Bad cess t'ye for a Jonah!" cried Pat. "My father never loses his fish! Bejabbers, he'll find us come dawn, and a dead whale will float for weeks."

All through the night the three castaways clung grimly to the lances thrust deep in the blubber, while the storm raged all around and the waves ran mountains high, enveloping them in sheets of stinging spray.

But with the dawn came a respite.

The storm blew itself out—and away on the horizon was a smudge of smoke that ultimately resolved itself into a ship.

"The Pelican!" cried Pat.

He was right. It was the Pelican, and Captain Finnegan was as pleased to see them and the whale as they were to see him.

"By rights," said Pat, when he had finished explaining to his father what had happened, "'tis Wally's whale. He deserves it, for wasn't he afther savin' me loife, Ah Loo's as well?"

"I don't want the whale," said Wally. "I want to go to Broome to rejoin my father."

"Bejabbers, an' so ye shall, Wally Burke!" exclaimed Captain Finnegan. "'Twas meself as never intinded ye should get to Broome, but afther all this shenanigan ye deserve it."

"But," said Wally, "I'd like to know just why you shanghaied me at Condon."

"Sure, and Oi will," said the skipper, with a twinkle in his eyes. "'Twas many years ago, whin all of us seamen were tough guys. Yere father was as tough as any, and he shanghaied me off the waterfront at Penang. Not that he ill-treated me, mind. But Oi swore Oi'd git even wid the spalpeen wan day. Only Oi niver got the chance ontill ye came walkin' up to me at Condon. 'Glory be,' Oi ses to meself, Oi ses. 'Since Oi can't make Jim Burke smart f'r shanghaiking Mike Finnegan, then, bejabbers, I'll make his son lose himself f'r a toime, and Jim Burke'll suffer that way,' Oi ses. But ye've come through it with credit, Wally Burke, and 'tis proud Oi am to have known ye. And as soon as Oi get the oil in barrels and under hatches Oi'll chase yere father's schooner, if it takes me months, and give him his son back."

And he was as good as his word!

THE END