

**FREE METAL MODEL AGAIN THIS WEEK!**

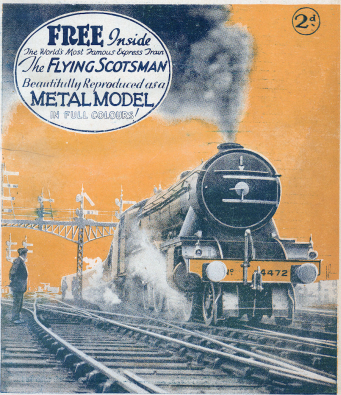
# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.  
Week Ending August 11th, 1923.

No. 26.  
Vol. 1.

2<sup>d</sup>

**FREE** *Inside*  
*The World's Most Famous Express Train*  
**The FLYING SCOTSMAN**  
*Beautifully Reproduced as a*  
**METAL MODEL**  
*IN FULL COLOURS!*



**THE FLYING SCOTSMAN HURLING NORTH!**

# The Castaway of Lu'u!



From the mangrove swamp a long canoe emerged. Aboard the ketch, Ken glanced at the small, office figure sitting in the canoe's stern, and he started. "Give me the glasses, Koko!" he exclaimed.

## The Faithful Passenger!

**P**ASSENGERS, as a rule, were not carried on the ketch Dawn. There was little room for them, even had Ken King, the owner, been disposed to ship such goods. Sometimes a planter or a trader, passing from island to island, would get a lift on the swift ketch. By way of courtesy; sometimes Ken—known far and wide as King of the Islands—would give a passage to some native islander returning to his home. But that was all. It was only the unusual circumstances of the case that induced King of the Islands to take Gerald Goring as a passenger on his ketch.

The Dawn lay at the coral wharf of Lalinge, and all was ready for sea, when King of the Islands came back from the office of John Chin, the Chinese trader. Koko, the Kanaka helmsman of the ketch, met the boy trader on the wharf, with a grin on his brown face.

"White feller along ketch, ear," he announced.

Ken glanced over the rail of the Dawn. A man in white drab and a pith helmet was standing on the dock smoking a cigar. King of the Islands frowned. He did not know the man by sight; and he was ready to put to sea, and he did not want visitors on the ketch at such a time.

"What does he want, Koko?"

"Wanted sail along ketch feller passenger," said Koko-lalalings—or Koko, for short.

Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the Dawn, sitting on the low boat rail with his feet on the wharf, gave Ken a grin.

"I've told Mr. Goring that we don't take passengers, Ken! But he won't take no for an answer. He wants to see you."

"That's been done," said Ken.

He stepped on board the ketch, and the man in the pith helmet

turned to him, taking the cigar from his mouth.

"Ken King?" he asked.

"Aye, aye?"

"You're weighing anchor for the Solomons? I want to book a passage."

"My partner has told you we don't take passengers on the Dawn," answered Ken curtly.

"Oh, quite! But money's no object with me, and I can pay well for a passage."

"You'll find plenty of other boats to take you, in that case," said King of the Islands. "Nothing doing here."

"That's the trouble," said Goring. "No other boat will take me where I want to go. No man but King of the Islands would risk losing his head on the island of Lu'u."

"Lu'u" repeated Ken, staring at the man. "You want a passage to Lu'u in the Solomons?"

"Exactly!"

"You're a stranger in these seas, of course! Any man on Lalinge could have told you that Lu'u is a good place to keep away from," said Ken, half smiling. "Lu'u is the worst island in all the Solomons group—even Malaita is nothing to it. No white man ever sets foot on Lu'u—or, at least, gets away alive if he does so. The Lu'u natives are the most savage cannibals in the South Seas. The Dawn goes into a good many dangerous places, but she steers clear of Lu'u."

"No doubt. But I want to go there, and I want you to take me," said the man in the pith helmet.

"I've asked up and down Lalinge, and no skipper will touch at Lu'u for love or money. They've told me that if any man in these waters has the nerve to go there, it is King of the Islands. That's why I've come to see you."

"Nothing doing, Mr. Goring."

Ken laughed. "I wouldn't risk every head on board the Dawn by touching at Lu'u, and the Dawn doesn't take passengers, sayoh! Now you must excuse me. I'm putting to sea to catch the breeze."

"I'd like to explain—" began Goring, making no motion to go.

"No time. Sorry, but I must get you to go ashore."

Goring glanced round him. The Hira-ka crew of the ketch were manning the whaleboat, and a tow-rop was run to the bows of the Dawn.

"You're towing out of the bay," he asked. "Good! You'll be far an hour pulling out of the passage to the reef."

"Less than that," said Ken impatiently.

"Long enough for me to explain. If you decide not to give me a passage, I'll jump ashore at the reef, and walk back to Lalinge along the rocks."

I noticed the passage was narrow when I came in on the steamer from Sydney last week, drawled Goring. "I can do it! I'll do it if you won't give me a passage. I think you will when I've explained. It won't hurt you to talk while you niggers tow across the bay."

"You'll have a rough walk back across the reefs."

"Quite!" assented Goring.

"If you don't get clear of them before the tide, you'll be drowned."

"No doubt."

"There are devilfish in the pool in the reef at low water."

"Probably."

"You're taking a lot of trouble and risk for nothing!" exclaimed Ken impatiently.

"I shall not take you as a passenger; and the Dawn won't sail within ten leagues of Lu'u."

"You'll lose nothing by giving me a lift as far as the outer reef," said Goring coolly. "Let it go at that, Mr. King."

"As you like!" Ken replied shortly. He turned away from the man, and gave his attention to the towing of the ketch. The tide was out at Lalling; and outside the bay vast tracts of coral reef were basking in the sun. Through the reefs ran the passage to the open sea like a streak of silver, glistening. Towed by the whaleboat, the Kanakas singing at the oars, the Dawn headed for the passage in the reef.

It was easy enough for an active man to jump from the ketch to the uncovered reef when the passage was reached, and to walk back to the shore from rock to rock, amid clinging seaweed, and deep pools left by the tide in which devil-fish, and sometimes a hidden shark, lurked. But such a walk required plenty of nerve; and there was danger of being overtaken by the incoming tide. Ken, as the ketch was lowered across the shining bay, regretted that he had given the protestant man permission to remain aboard as far as the reef—he had no intention of taking Goring as a passenger to the Solomon. But he was rather curious to know the man's reason for desiring to go to an island which all other white men—and all natives except Lu'a's men—avoided like a plague-spot.

With the graceful ketch aloft in the wake of the towing whaleboat, King of the Islands rejoined the man in the pith helmet at last. Goring had sat down in a long cane chair near the combings of the cabin ketch, and was smoking his cigar at ease.

"You've got ten minutes," said King of the Islands, seating himself on the hatchway bannings near his visitor. "Go ahead! Is that your damage?"—he glanced at a large strapped leather bag. "You'll find it a hefty load to carry back along the reef."

"If I go back—yes," assented Goring. "I've taken the risk of that. I think you'll give me a passage when I've explained—if what I've heard of King of the Islands is the truth."

"I think not," answered Ken. "But you can go ahead, Mr. Goring, and spin your yarn before we get to the reef."

He signed to Kit Hudson to join him, and the shipmates of the Dawn huddled together to what the man in the pith helmet had to say.

### The Gateway!

GORING removed his cigar from his mouth and faced King of the Islands. The boy trader's eyes were upon him as he talked. It was not a face that pleased Ken. It was handsome in a way, but hard, and there was a cold gleam in the eyes, a sardonic twist to the well-cut mouth. Goring was still a young man, and looked like a man of good family; but there were lines in his face such as Ken had seen in the visage of many beach-combers: lines that told of a reckless and self-indulgent life.

Almost at a glance, Ken would have set the man down as a wastrel—he had seen a good many such in the South Seas—provided he by his relations so long as he kept a good distance from his native country—in a word, a remittance-man. That was not the kind of man King of the Islands cared to have on his ship, either as a passenger or anything else. But he had said that he would give the man a hearing, and he listened with attention.

"Two years ago a yacht was wrecked on Lu'a's," said Goring. "It is said that the survivors who got ashore were massacred by the natives. Some got away in a boat, however. You may have heard of the wreck of the Foam."

"I've heard of it."  
"The Foam belonged to my cousin. He was drowned. His boy was with him on the yacht. The chances are a thousand to one that the boy was drowned also, or massacred by the Lu'a cannibals. But there seems to be a chance that he still lives. He was ten years old then—he would be twelve now, if the Blacks spared his life. I'm going to find out."

"Oh!" said Ken, quite taken aback.  
"That was got up in the boat tell a story of the native taken ashore by some of the Blacks, who

them. Ken had been killed on the Islands because some native kid took a dislike to them. Prisoners have been spared from the cooking-ovens because some kid took a fancy to them. That may sound queer to a newcomer; but it's common knowledge in the Islands.

"That's so!" Kit Hudson nodded. "If a child fell into their hands, they would be much more likely to adopt him than to harm him," he remarked.

"That may account for it, then," said Goring. "Anyhow, there are strong reasons that a white boy is alive in Lu'a, and if it is the case, the boy is Richard Goring."

"I've heard the rumour myself," said Ken. "But there are a good many yarns of that sort among the Islands, and I never gave it any attention."

"Well, now you know why I want to go to Lu'a. From what I've heard of you, you're the man to help. But if you don't care to run the risk, give me a passage to Lu'a, land me there, and I'll take my chance."

"I could not do that," answered King of the Islands quietly. "You'd make the first step from the Dawn to the beach, and the second step from the beach to the cooking-oven. If I land you on Lu'a, I shall have to stand by you and see you through."

"Why not?" demanded Goring. "You run risks in the way of trade, I take it. You can save your own figure—in reason—by helping me to get my relative away from Lu'a. If you refuse to give me a passage, I shall hire a motor-boat and try making the trip on my own. I've come to these seas to get Dicky Goring off Lu'a, and I'm going to do it."

Ken paused. He was, as Goring had said, just the man to join in such an enterprise, not for the sake of a reward, but for the sake of rescuing a runaway boy from a cannibal island. That the boy, if he had escaped the wreck, had been spared by the Lu'a natives he knew was very likely, but he would have been spared to be adopted into the savage tribe, he brought up as a Lu'a tribesman—a savage and a cannibal. That was not a fate to which King of the Islands would have left anyone of his own race, if he could have helped it.

But he was not actuated. Little more than a boy as he was himself, Ken had had a wide and varied experience of all sorts and conditions of men, and he "placed" Gerald Goring at a glance. If the man was engaged upon a generous enterprise, risking his life to save a boy from the cannibals, King of the Islands was the man to help, careless of the danger. But Goring did not look the part, and the boy trader was doubtful.

"Better put all your cards on the table, Mr. Goring," he said at last. "You haven't spun the whole yarn. Hand out the rest."  
"You think I have an ace to

## COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

This magnificent long complete yarn of King of the Islands moves with a fun, brisk swing—fairly carries you away into the Adventure-packed Tropic Seas! A great story—and a great author!

By C. HAMILTON.

appeared in it his own kindness—and since then some ambitious sort of news has been gathered from traders and missionaries to the effect that a white boy is alive on Lu'a, living among the blacks. If Dicky Goring is really there, I'm going to get him off and take him back to England. I want you to help me."

Ken did not answer. From Goring's looks Ken would have judged him about the last man in the Islands to undertake such a mission as he described.

"Probably there's nothing in the story," drawled Goring. "I see no reason why the Blacks should spare a little boy, when they undoubtedly massacred every man who got ashore. But I want to know."

"That's not so improbable as it may seem," answered King of the Islands. "The South Sea Islander is rather a queer mixture. Even the cannibals have their good qualities. They would be very unlikely indeed to harm a child."

"You think so?"  
Goring raised his eyebrows.  
"I know the South Sea native pretty well," answered Ken, with a smile. "The love of children is their strong point—a kind of passion with

# The Castaway of Lu'u!

(Continued from previous page.)

grief?" Goring laughed rather unaccountably.

"We've no time to beat about the bush," said Ken, "and I generally deal in plain English. What's behind this?"

"No secret about it. Two years ago Richard Goring was the son of a young man—a man who came to the South Seas looking for an opening in trade here. There have been several unexpected deaths in the family since then. If the skipper of the Foam lived, he would be a baronet and the owner of fifteen thousand a year. He was drowned when his yacht went down and, in consequence, the boy on Lu'u is now Sir Richard Goring, baronet, and a rich man—if he can get back to England to claim what belongs to him. That is the one I have to grief. Personally, I could not afford to undertake such a search for nothing. But if the boy comes into his property, I shall be a near relation of a wealthy baronet, who will naturally be grateful to me for looking him out of a cursed island, and will no doubt testify his gratitude in a substantial form. I am quite frank about it, you see."

"King of the Islands" laughed. "That makes it clear," he asserted. "Apart from your natural concern for your boy relative, this is a business proposition."

"Exactly," Goring drew at his cigar again. "I'm empowered by the executors of the late baronet's estate to search for the boy, and certain expenses are allowed," he said. "I'm in a position to pay five hundred pounds to any man who can put the boy safely in my hands. That's a business proposition for you, King of the Islands."

The ketch was close to the passage in the noon sun. There was not much time for King of the Islands to make up his mind. But he did not need much time to think.

"Five hundred pounds is a large sum," he said. "We can leave that matter open for the present. I am a trader, and time is money. So long as my ketch carries her usual cargo, any sort of business will not come amiss—and I'd as soon drift round Lu'u for a castaway as drum round the Islands for coconuts. If I take this on, Mr. Goring, I shall charge fair and square, and it won't come to anything like five hundred pounds."

"There's the risk," said Goring. "I'll throw in the fish for the sake of the boy on Lu'u," said Ken, with a smile. "What do you say, Kit?"

"I'm with you all along the line," answered the Cornstalk at once.

"It's a go, then."

"Done?" asked Goring. "Done!" answered King of the Islands. And he rose from the hatchway combing and went aft, to stand by the helmsman while the ketch was towed through the rocky channel.

Koko, at the wheel, gave the boy trader a glance.

"Big feller be stop along ketch, see?"

"Yes, Koko."

"No sorry big feller Goring, see," murmured Koko. "Sorry plenty! Big feller be no good feller, see."

King of the Islands smiled and made no rejoinder. As a matter of fact, Koko-lululokanga's words found an echo in his own thoughts. It was fairly clear to the boy trader that Gerald Goring was "no good feller." But—"good feller" or not—he was engaged upon an enterprise that was after Ken's own heart, and King of the Islands was prepared to back him up at the risk of life and ship.

## Goring Meets Trouble!

UNDER blue skies, with fair winds, the Dawn glided over aapphire sea. Day after day passed after Lalings had dropped anchor; and every day the shipmates of the Dawn saw more, and liked less, of their passenger.

The ketch did not head directly for the Solomons. King of the Islands had taken in hand the task of finding the castaway of Lu'u; but he had other business on hand that could not be neglected. So far as possible Ken was putting other business aside; but engagements had to be fulfilled, and the ketch had to call at more than one island to discharge cargo or take it on board. It was, in any case, a long trip from Lalings to Lu'u in the farther Solomons, and Ken and Kit were booked for Goring's company for a lengthy period. And it was only the thought of the castaway, pining among savage cannibals, that restrained them to it.

The tiny state-room accommodations on the Dawn had two bunks, that belonged to the boy skipper and his mate. Other accommodation aft had to be improvised, and a bunk was fixed up for Goring in the main cabin.

Danny, the cook, was ordered to do his very best for the passenger, and the Kanaka cook did his best; but the plain and livery fare on board the ketch was obviously not the fare to which Goring had been accustomed. Of that, however, he made no complaint. That he came of wealthy people, and had spent a good deal of money in his time, was evident; but it was clear, too, that he had roughed it many a time in many places, and he was as hard as nails, and ready to take things as they came.

It was not of his severely luxurious quarters, or of the plain fare, that Goring complained; it was thirst that troubled him, and lime-juice or lemonade or pure water did not furnish the drink he desired. His expression was rather remarkable when he learned, at the first meal, that there was "nothing to drink" on board the Dawn.

"A temperance ship!" he said, with a sneer he did not take the trouble to conceal.

"Exactly," assented Ken, taking no notice of the sneer. Goring was welcome to his opinion on the subject; King of the Islands certainly did not intend to change his own.

"A little mineral in these seas, I

take it," said Goring. In the noon twilight tone.

"Very much so," said Ken cheerfully. "The idea in the South Seas, as a rule, is a short life and a merry one. I've got rather a fancy for sticking to this old planet so long as possible—and when I slip my quills it won't be by way of whisky or rum."

Then he added, more seriously: "Drink kills a man in a very few years in this climate. It's a slow suicide in northern countries; but quick death in the South. I'm sorry, Mr. Goring; but any man who soils on the Dawn has to make up his mind to it."

"We touch at some places on our way to the Solomons, I think?"

"Several."

"No objection to a passenger getting his own supplies on board, I suppose?"

"Well, no, if you're keen on it."

"That suits me," said Goring.

And the subject dropped. The first port of call of the Dawn was Lukue. Goring was likely to find friends to his own taste there. And when the Dawn ran into the lagoon at Lukue, and dropped her anchor, Goring was one of the first to go ashore in the whaleboat. It was morning when the ketch anchored at Lukue; but early as it was in the day now, lounging in the shady verandah along the beach, could be seen disposing of cocktails. Two or three beach-coaches, dozing in the shade of the palms, eyed the whaleboat as it protruded on the sand, blinked, and went to sleep again. Gerald Goring stepped from the boat and stood looking round him at the buildings that sprang along the beach.

"Up hook at six," said Ken. "We can't afford to lose the evening breeze, Mr. Goring. Back to the ship at six sharp."

Goring walked up the beach and disappeared into Harrison's store.

Ken gave his attention to business. He had a dozen parking-races to watch at Lukue, and the Kanakas were soon at work getting the races ashore in the whaleboat.

The work was over by noon, and in the heat of the day Ken and Kit rested under the awning of the deck of the Dawn, not caring to spend the time ashore; the island of Lukue was not to their taste, and they had more enemies than friends there. Of Goring they had two or three glimpses during the day; once walking under the palms in company of Peter Parsons, the wildest character on that lawless island, and then sitting in a poker party in the shady verandah of Dixon's bungalow, with several other choice spirits, and black boys in incessant attendance filling long glasses.

Goring's manners and customs did not concern King of the Islands, and he made no remark on them, though he had his own thoughts. The man was, after all, engaged in a terribly dangerous enterprise, in seeking his relative on Lu'u, and some respect was due to his reckless courage, at least. Doubtless he had his own purposes to serve in seeking the

newspaper; but it was an enterprise that only a brave man would undertake. And little as he liked Goring—less as he liked him from day to day—Ken did not regret that he had joined in the enterprise. If it was true that a white lad still survived among the cannibals of Lu'u, King of the Islands was keen to help him escape.

But he looked a little grave when Hougum's canoe came off to the Dawn and a large case was handed up the side. That case contained the supply of fluids that Goring considered necessary for the trip; and from the size of the case, he apparently considered that a very generous supply was needed. Still, King of the Islands had given his permission, which he could scarcely have refused, and he made no comment.

But towards six, when Ken made preparations for putting to sea again, there was no sign of Goring returning to the hatch.

Ken turned his glasses on Dixon's bungalow, and noted that the poker party in the veranda had broken up. Only Dixon, the planter, was to be seen there, fast asleep in a long cane chair, with innumerable flies buzzing over his purple, apoplectic countenance. Ken put down the glasses with a frown.

"Where's that swab?" he growled. The evening breeze came strongly off the hills of Lukwe. To lose the breeze, waiting for a passenger, was not to be thought of, but to sail without Goring was scarcely possible. At four bells Goring should have been on board; but he was not to be seen on the beach. The boat lay rocking to her painter at the side of the hatch, ready to fetch Goring, though Ken had expected him to come off in a shore boat.

"The swab!" repeated Ken. "Does he think we are going to wait and lose the wind?"

He swept the beach again, but failed to pick up any sign of the

passenger. His eyes gleamed with anger.

"I'll fetch him aboard, Ken," said Hudson. "We can't sail without him, unless we're going to chuck the Lu'u trip."

"I'd sail without him, and chuck it, but for the kid on Lu'u—if he's really there," said Ken, frowning. "But we can't chuck it as things stand. Go and rust him out, K/H, and you needn't be too particular how you talk to him."

Hudson grinned. He jumped into the whaleboat, and a couple of Kanakas rowed him ashore. Hudson tramped up the beach to Dixon's bungalow. He ascended the steps of the bungalow and shook the sleeping planter by the shoulder.

Dixon opened his eyes and blinked at him.

"Lemme alone! Whatever want?" he mumbled.

"You had a guest here this afternoon—man named Goring. Where is he?"

"Somewhere about— asleep. I reckon." Dixon sat up. "Here, you feller boy! You bring cocktail along me plenty quick."

Hudson turned from him impatiently and looked for Goring. He wondered whether the Dawn's passenger was in the same state as Dixon. His face set grimly at the thought.

"You feller boy, you savvy where white feller Goring he stay?" Hudson called out to the black servant.

"Yesar," grinned the Lukwe boy. "Feller white master he step along inside feller house, plenty sleep."

Hudson stepped into the house.

Goring was there—stretched out in a long chair, fast asleep, his face flushed, his breathing stertorous. Hudson surveyed him for a few moments, then shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Here, wake up, you lubber!" he snapped.

Goring started to his feet. He rubbed his eyes, and stared at Hud-

son with a savage look. He was in a savage temper.

"Hands off me, you ruffian!" he snarled. "Keep your paws to yourself, you feroceous leader!"

Hudson's jaw squared. "Time to get aboard, you fool!" he rapped out. "The skipper's waiting for you to get the hook up."

"Let him wait!" snarled Goring. "He's paid for it. I'm not coming on board yet. Get out!"

On board the Dawn Goring's manners had been good, though more than once sardonic sneering had crept through his surface politeness. But under the influence of the potent cocktails of Lukwe every vestige of civility had left him, and he had sunk to the level of the beach-combers sprawling under the Lukwe palms.

"You unsavory leader!" said Hudson. "You're coming on board this minute! Get a move on—sharp!"

Goring had sat down again, and as he did not move, Hudson grasped the chair, tilted it over, and sent the man sprawling on the floor. He gave a yell as he landed there, and there was a titter of laughter from three or four black boys watching the scene through the windows.

Goring scrambled to his feet, red with fury, and rushed at the mate of the Dawn. Hudson gave a roar as a cloudbed fist crashed into his startled face.

"Now get out, you scum!" shrieked Goring. "I'll come aboard when I please, and you'll wait as long as I dashed well like, hang you!"

Hudson did not answer. He advanced on the passenger of the Dawn with glinting eyes. Goring was a powerful man, but he crumpled up in the grasp that the Cornstalk laid on him. He struggled furiously, but he was swept off his feet, and, with one hand gripping the back of his collar, the other grasping the back

(Continued on page 19.)

## NEXT WEEK'S GRAND FREE GIFT!

With Every Copy of Next Week's MODERN BOY Will be Given a Large, Full-coloured Metal Model of this Splendid Train.



The TRANS-CANADA LIMITED,  
the Famous Rocky Mountain  
Express.

There is only one way in which you can make CERTAIN OF SECURING THIS BEAUTIFUL MODEL—Ask your messenger to reserve a copy of next week's MODERN BOY specially for you! And while you are about it, why not give him a definite order to supply you with MODERN BOY every week? Then you will be safeguarding yourself completely against disappointment!

# The Castaway of Lu'u!

(Continued from page 12.)

of his hat, Hudson ran his handkerchief out of the house into the veranda.  
"Let go," roared Goring wildly.  
"Let go, you hound! I—I—"  
Kit ran the vainly resisting man down the broad steps of the veranda and along to the beach, Goring struggling frantically in his iron grasp. Right down to the beach he ran him, and there he stopped. With a swing of his slinky arms, Hudson sent him flying, and, with a gasping yell, Goring splashed into the lagoon and disappeared.

## Toe the Line!

"MY Sarn" speculated King of the Islands. From the deck of the Dawn, a dozen cables' length out in the shining lagoon, King watched the scow on the beach.

Goring came to the surface, gasping and spluttering wildly. He swam close by the whalboat, in which stood two grinning Kanakas watching him, his face white now with fury. The effect of the hefty cocktails of Lu'ue was still strong upon him, and his temper was that of a steel. Hudson stepped into the whalboat and gave him a hand on board, and Goring scrambled in, drenched and dripping.

"I reckon that's a tip to you, you crew, and the Cornstalk plenty. You'll need your manners if you're sailing on the Dawn. You feller Kanakas, you waddy-waddy along beach."

The Kanakas pushed the boat off the beach. Goring sat for a few moments, panting, gasping, colourless with rage. His hand went groping in the pocket of his drenched jacket. Lompo gave a howl of warning to the Cornstalk.

"You look out eye being you, sar—ho got feller gun."

A revolver glimmered in Goring's hand the next second.

"By gum!" said Hudson, as he kicked the weapon from the furious man's hand. The revolver flew through the air and dropped into the lagoon, and Goring gave a yell of agony—his fingers had got some of the kick.

He half rose, and sank back again as the whalboat rocked. Lompo and Lu'u pulled towards the anchored ketch.

Goring sat panting with rage.

"You hound! You—"

"Betty that!" snapped Hudson. "Another word, Goring, and I'll knock it back down your throat, and your teeth after it!"

Goring gave him an infuriated glare, but he said no more. The Cornstalk's cleaved hat gave promise that he would be as good as his word. The whalboat glided out to the Dawn, and stopped under her quarter. Kit Hudson stepped lightly aboard.

"I've brought him, Ken! We got rather a prize-parcel on board when we shipped that passenger at Lallage."

Ken nodded, without replying.

His face was sternly set as he stepped to the side.

"Get aboard, Goring," he said.

With the help of the Kanakas, the man scrambled clumsily up the side. His face flushed under the contempt in the look that King gave him.

"Get below," said Ken. "I'll talk to you later. You feller boy, swing that boat up!" He turned back to Goring. "I told you to go below."

"I'll suit myself about that," snarled Goring. "I don't want any airs from the skipper of a craft I've chartered and paid for."

"You haven't chartered the Dawn," said Ken; "and if you had, you wouldn't kick against my orders on my own deck. Get below."

"Well, I won't!"

"Hako!"

"Yessar!" grinned Kalo-halua-lunga.

"Fetch that fellow down the companion."

"Yessar!" chuckled the Kanaka.

"Hands off!" yelled Goring. "I sh—"

In the powerful arms of the big Kanaka he was swept from the deck and tossed down the ladder like a sack of yams.

There was a wild yelling and howling, to the accompaniment of successive bumps on the steps, and Goring reached the cabin floor in a sprawling heap. For a minute his voice was heard from below in a tirade that Koro Bunk, the Yankee steward-keeper of Lallage, could not have equaled. King of the Islands stepped to the hatchway.

"Silence below, there, or I'll send down a Kanaka to give you a dozen lashes!"

There was a muttering, but the tirade ceased. Goring scrambled into his bunk, wet as he was from his dunking, and was heard no more.

"We've got a queer passenger, Ken."

King of the Islands nodded.

"I sized him up as a bad lot when I saw him at Lallage, Ken, but I never expected anything of this kind. It's fairly clear now why he's in the South Seas—his people are paying him to keep away from home. He had some-time-man written all over him. But—Ken shrugged his shoulders—he's doing a plucky thing going after that lad he believes to be a prisoner on Lu'u. He must have some good in him."

"I'll talk to the brute in the morning. We'll give him another chance, at least. If it's true that there's a British boy among the cannibals on Lu'u, it's up to us to help him. But if Goring doesn't toe the line, we'll drop him at the next port and carry on without him."

And Hudson nodded assent to that.

When the shipmates of the Dawn went below for their supper, Goring was still asleep in the bunk, a couple of yards from them, tossing restlessly in his slumber and muttering aloud. He muttered and habbled incoherently, but every now and then a sentence came clearly:

"Fifteen thousand a year! It's worth the risk! Hang the risk! Fifteen thousand a year if I find him! But! Hang him!"

Kit Hudson's eyes met Ken's.

"That's Ducky Goring he's habbling

about," he said. "Affectionate son of relative, Ken! What does he mean about finding him first? Is there somebody else searching for the boy?"

Ken shook his head. The man's habblings seemed meaningless to him—though the words were to occur to his mind later with a clear meaning a terrible meaning.

"Fifteen thousand a year! I'd get a start—a good start! Hang him! I'll find him first! I'll never—" The mutterings became incoherent again.

The shipmates of the Dawn returned to the deck, having had more than enough of such company. It was only the thought of the crazy way of Lu'u that prevented King of the Islands from regretting that he had shipped that very peculiar passenger on the Dawn.

It was not till the sun was well up in the morning that Goring came out of his troubled slumber with dizzy eyes and aching head.

"How, you feller Dunny," he roared. Dunny, the cook, was acting as steward also now that there was a passenger on the ketch.

"Yessar!"

"Find the case that was sent on board for me, you black rascal!" snapped Goring. "Where is it?"

"Case he stop along cabin, sar."

"Open it, you black fool!"

There was a step on the companion-ladder. King of the Islands came down from the deck as he heard the voices below. He gave the man in the bunk a grim look.

"So you're awake!" he said curtly.

"Looks like it!" snarled Goring.

"I'm not in the humour for driving, either. Get a move on you, you black hound!"

"I heard the order you gave Dunny," said King of the Islands. His eyes gleamed scorn at the man in the bunk. "We're not having yesterday's business over again. You pulled a gun on my shipmate in the whalboat; you might have done some damage if he hadn't been too quick for you. Do you want to be dropped ashore at Lallage to-morrow, Goring?"

Goring stared at him dazedly.

"You'll toe the line if you stay on the Dawn. You feller boy, you pitch case along sea!"

"Yessar!" grinned Dunny.

"What's that?" roared Goring.

"That's my property! Let it alone, you confounded rascal!"

"Feller cap'n master he say pitch along sea," answered Dunny, with a grin, and he carried the case up the companion. And a few moments later there was a heavy splash under the rail of the Dawn.

"That's to begin with," said King of the Islands coolly. "Now you won't play the fool again so long as you sail on the Dawn, Mr. Goring. And you won't be allowed to go on shore again, when we touch at an island."

"You dare—"

"Cut it out!" interrupted Ken.

"You take orders from me on board this hooker. If you don't like it, I'll land you on the first island we come to, and be glad to be shot of you."

Goring breathed hard as he sat on

the edge of the bank and stared at King of the Islands.

"If I could get another craft to take me to Lu'u—" he scattered.

"You can't! But you needn't worry about Lu'u," answered Ken. "Now I've taken the matter in hand, I shall not stop half-way. You can step ashore at Lahala, if you like, and leave me to hunt for the castaway of Lu'u."

"No! I'm hunting for Dicky Goring, and I'm not leaving the job to other men!" Goring made an effort, and went on: "I've played the fool—I know that! I'll be careful after this. Give me another chance! I tell you I've got to get my young cousin away from the Lu'u cannibals. I'll leave that to any other man! Keep your word to me!"

"That goes, then!" said Ken curtly. And he returned to the dock, leaving Goring to a very late breakfast.

#### From the Mangrove Swamp!

"LU'U!" Ken Cristoval was dropping out of sight on the starboard-quarter. King of the Islands stood with the binoculars to his eyes, staring at a people blue to the south-west. Lu'u, the primitive island on the outskirts of the Solomon group, where no white man's foot ever trod, was in sight at last.

Twisting white beach reflected the blaze of the sun; but farther on, thick mangrove-bushes grew down to the sea, washed by the tides, and sending up a steaming vapor under the sun-blaze at low water.

A mile off the shore, the ketch coasted along, passing the swamp and heading in for a stretch of white beach.

From the mangrove swamp that the Dawn had passed a long canoe emerged into the open water from a sea-channel among the bushes. Ken looked back at it. Six brown-black men paddling the canoe, kneeling to the paddles, and staring towards the ketch as they came. In the stern of the canoe sat a smaller, slither figure, with a net in hand.

Ken's eyes fastened on that figure, and he started.

"Give me the glasses, Koko."

Ken stared hard through the glasses at the slight figure seated in the stern of the long Lu'u canoe. It rushed into sudden clear view—a boy of about twelve, clad like the blacks in a simple loincloth; burnt brown by tropical sun, but evidently a white boy all the same. The hair was fair; the features of European mould.

"My Sam!" muttered King of the Islands. He handed the glasses to Gerald Goring. "Look at that kid, Mr. Goring—a white boy, that's a bet. Look at him yourself."

Goring took the glasses eagerly. His eyes were gleaming as he handed them back to the skipper of the Dawn.

"That's Dicky Goring!" he said. He's burnt as black as a native, but he's white, and who can be so but Dick Goring? Besides, there's a resemblance in the features—it's Dick Goring."

The canoe was paddling in the wake of the Dawn. Either the

## RESULT OF "AUTOGRAPHS" CONTEST No. 5.

- W. B. Boulson
- H. D. Laroche
- G. Saggad
- K. Mitchell
- W. S. Hills
- K. Giles
- F. R. Wiley
- L. Jeffersdale
- G. Ellerington
- W. Abbott

A BRITISH-MADE FOUNTAIN PEN has been awarded to EACH OF THE TWENTY FELLOWS WHOSE AUTOGRAPHS in connection with Contest No. 5 HAVE BEEN SELECTED BY THE EDITOR and which are reproduced here.

- H. Davis
- A. J. Court
- G. Townsend
- H. J. Penberthy
- W. Patton
- A. Lathbridge
- S. Lidson
- G. Yelland
- F. Bryson
- E. D. Young

atives desired to speak, or they were observing the strange vessel. Ken gave quick orders, and the sails dropped; but he did not "bout ship" to approach the canoe. He did not want to frighten the Lu'u boys.

"It's a sailing canoe," said Ken softly. "It's plain enough that they've adapted the boy into the tribe. This is luck that I never dreamed of! If we can get them near enough to talk, we've pulled it off first shot."

"You'll get them in easy range and open fire!" asked Goring.

"We're not firing if you can help it!" Ken snapped. "If they'll hand over the boy for anything they like to ask in exchange, we can get clear of Lu'u without firing a shot. We're not here to hunt for trouble if we can help it, Mr. Goring."

"They've stopped!" said Hudson.

The canoe had come to a stop at a distance, and the Lu'u natives were scanning the ketch. Ken stopped to the rail, and with his outstretched hand made the sign of peace. Gerald Goring lifted a rifle from the rack, with a glint in his eyes. Ken's sign was unheeded by the canoe-men; they watched the ketch with alert, suspicious eyes, muttering to one another, the paddles in their hands ready for instant flight. And suddenly, like a startled sea-bird, the canoe swept round as the paddles swiftly flashed, and shot back towards the mangroves from which it had emerged. Perhaps it was the sight of Goring's rifle that had alarmed the canoe-men; or perhaps they had simply desired to observe the ketch and report to their tribesmen on shore.

Crack!

Goring's rifle rang suddenly, aimed over the rail of the Dawn at the fleeing canoe.

"You fool!" roared Ken.

His eyes were on the canoe; and he saw the slight figure in the stern—nearest to the hatch now that the canoe had headed for the mangroves—give a sudden leap. The bullet had missed the castaway of Lu'u by only a few inches.

Goring was sighting the rifle for a second shot when King struck it from his grasp, and it clattered on the deck. Ken's eyes blazed at him.

"You fool! Stop it! Do you want to kill the boy we've come to save, you clumsy swab?"

Goring gave him a stare of rage.

"I aimed at a paddler!"

"I suppose you did; but if you don't know how to shoot, leave that rifle alone, and wait for orders, anyhow, before you pull trigger."

Ken shouted to the crew, and the Dawn swung in pursuit of the canoe. But the Lu'u boys had not left the mangroves far behind. The paddles flashed with lightning swiftness, and the canoe shot back into the swamp and vanished.

(Another King of the Islands gave in next week's MODERN BOY? A really first-class, tip-top story, in which the young tracker of the South Seas finds the kind of smart adventures which every reader of MODERN BOY so keenly enjoys.) By the way, MODERN BOY will be on sale on SATURDAY NEXT, instead of Monday as is usual.)