

FREE "DOUGLAS" MOTOR-CYCLE—YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY!

The MODERN BOY

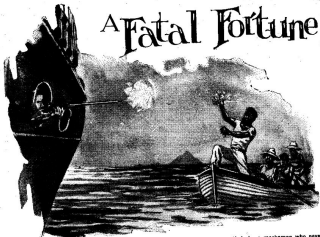
EVERY MONDAY
Week Ending December 1st, 1933

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STUNTS FOR THE PICTURES! See page 3.

A Fatal Fortune!



A yell from Black Harris rang with the crash of the rifle, fired from the port-hole by a marksman who never missed his aim!

The Pearl.

"WHISTLE for a wind," said Ken Hudson, mate of the Irish Dawn.

Ken King, the young owner and skipper, granted.

The Dawn was hardly moving on the placid Pacific under the stars.

If there was a whisper of a wind King of the Islands—as Ken was known throughout the South Seas when he sailed in search of cargoes—was the man to get on much out of it as any skipper in the Pacific. But the breeze that faintly rippled the scarlit waters was scarcely a whisper.

Ken King stared in the starlight towards a black mass that loomed out a patch of starry sky to the west.

It was the hill of Gola—all that could be seen of the island of that name. But it showed that the island was not far away.

"Gola's going to hearten us," growled King of the Islands. "Ever since sundown we've been tacking and wearing to get away from the dashed place, and there's the hill, as large as life."

"It's rotten," agreed Hudson. "Where's the night wind that blows off Gola three hundred and sixty-four nights in the year?" growled King of the Islands.

"We've struck the three hundred and sixty-fifth night," grinned Hudson.

"We're overdue at it. And—"

King of the Islands scanned the scarlit sea. He was not thinking of much of loss of time—to the skipper of a windjammer in the South Seas that was all in the day's work. The trade at its could wait. A day lost here might be picked up there. A hurt shifting and baffling light breeze might give place to a twelve-knot gale. What was really at the bottom of Ken's mind was the Great Pearl of Gola, now on board his ship in

The whole gang of pearl-seekers had manned a boat and followed the lurch out from the lagoon. The rising breeze at nightfall had enabled Ken to shake off the boat with the lagoon easily enough, but the wind had dropped again, and the light breeze that now blew had shifted, because that now blew had shifted, and was unfavourable to the run to it. Ken would not have been surprised to see the boat from Gola cropping up again on the scarlit waters.

He was not ten miles from Gola—an easy run for the pearl-seekers in their boat, if they knew he was still there. King of the Islands was not anxious for a desperate affray with Black Harris, the leader, and his associates.

But on the calm sea was no sign of a boat.

"They've lost us," said Hudson. "We walked away from them while the breeze lasted. They must have come back to the island."

"Ay, ay! But so long as we hang on here—"

"They'll pick us up in the morning with glasses from the hill. They're a rough gang, and they'd be ready to sink the lurch with all hands to get hold of Kavanagh's pearl. We don't want to have to shoot white men."

He scanned the sky, abaze with glittering stars. The night was growing rid. There was not a sign of a cloud. Like a sheet of glittering jewels the sky spread above

YOUNG KEN KING

takes part in extra lively doings among the savage isles of the South Seas in this long, complete King of the Islands story.

By

CHARLES HAMILTON.

Every fellow who is following these week-by-week adventures of young Ken King knows what a treat he has in store. New readers should make Ken's acquaintance without fail!

Complete in This Issue.

the hands of the pearl-seeker who had found it.

Until he was rid of pearl and pearl-seeker King of the Islands could not feel at ease.

Kavanagh, the trader, had come out to the Dawn as she was being towed out of the lagoon and implored Ken to take him from Gola—away from the pearl-seekers who were seeking to rob him of his \$50,000 pearl.

reflected in the calm waters beneath. The slowly-gliding prow of the ketch broke up reflected jewels into thousands of gleaming fragments. It was a night of beauty, but the beauty of it was lost on King of the Islands no long as the tall, dark hill of Gola remained in sight.

"What you think head belong you, Koko?" Ken turned to Kain-lalinalonga, the giant Kanaka boy who stood like a bronze statue at the helm. "You think better mind he come?"

The shipmates found Kain-lalinalonga far too long a name for every-day use, and cut it down to Koko.

"Better mind be come along night, see," he answered. "Flugs better mind be come along new day he come."

"New day he come won't be long now," remarked Hudson. "If we get a wind with the daylight we shall be lucky."

"I'll take my watch below, anyhow," said Ken. "Keep a good look-out, Kit. It's not likely, I suppose, that the porpoise will follow us this far. But"—he lowered his voice—"keep an eye on the crew."

"I savvy," answered Hudson. King of the Islands glanced forward at the Hiva-Oa boys who manned the ketch. The five of them were on deck.

The watch below of the Kanaka crew slept on deck, as a rule, on their topsleeping-mats. But they were not sleeping now. Danny, the cooky-boy, was out of his little galley, talking and whispering with the others. Ken could see the eager gleaming of their eyes.

King of the Islands trusted his crew; they had sailed with him long and served him well. But with a pearl on board worth \$50,000, what native was to be trusted? Indeed, how many white men in the South Seas could have been trusted with the great pearl of Gola?

The crew had not seen it, but they knew. On so small a vessel as the Dawn keeping a secret was not easy. A word here, a whisper there were enough. Besides, the attempt the porpoise had made to prevent the ketch from leaving the lagoon at Gola, the fact that Kavenagh had come on board running from the rest of the crowd, told the least intelligent that his bid must be one of uncommon value. A \$50 pearl, a \$100 pearl would not have caused one of the pearling crew of Gola to run from the reef. The Hiva-Oa boys knew that there was a fortune

Ken went below at last. The swinging lamp was burning in the cabin. Under the lamp stood Kavenagh, the pearler, a wild, almost savage figure, in his ragged ducks, bare feet, tanned head, and shaggy beard. He was looking at something that lay in the palm of his rough hand.

The blaze of the jewel caught Ken's eye as he came in from the companion. The great pearl gleamed and flashed and blazed, brilliant, beautiful—a thing of almost breath-taking beauty.

Kavenagh stood as if rooted, incantated by the wonderful thing he held in his hand. His eyes were fixed on it with a glazed look. A pearl, found almost by chance in an oyster looked up from ten fathoms in the Gola lagoon—and worth a fortune—half a dozen fortunes! Ten years had the man hunted pearls, dragging a bare existence from the hard and dangerous labour. Then,

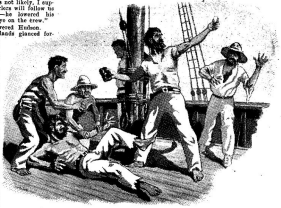
"Put that away, you fool!" Ken's voice was hoarse.

Kavenagh started violently and swung round. His fingers closed over the pearl with a convulsive grip. His left hand flew to the knife in his belt. He glared at King of the Islands with the eyes of a wild beast.

"You fool! Put it away! Do you want the Kanakas to see it?" snapped Ken. "Are you mad? What do you think might happen if the boys saw it? You know what happened when your friends on Gola saw it, you swab?"

Ken rapped out the words angrily, almost savagely.

Slowly Kavenagh's tense attitude relaxed. Plainly he had feared for the moment an attempt to take the pearl from him. In coming on board the ketch he had escaped the greedy pearlers of Gola, but he had placed life and treasure at the mercy of the boy trader. Four haunted



Black Harris held the great pearl high in the blaze of the sun, and the pearling gang stared at it with wolfish eyes!

in a moment, came immense fortune—and with it terrible danger. The whole pearling crew had gone mad with cupidity. The man who had found the great pearl would never have escaped with it had not King of the Islands' ketch happened to be in the lagoon. And Ken, willing as he was to save the man and his treasure, almost regretted that he had been there. He felt as if he had taken a Jonah on board.

For a moment or two Ken stood quite still, looking. His heart was beating faster. He felt a dryness in his throat. Was it possible that at the sight of that wonderful treasure temptation was assailing King of the Islands, the whitest man in the Pacific. He shut his teeth hard.

him, racked all his nerves, and stared out of his haggard eyes.

Slowly he packed the pearl away into the little leather pouch inside his belt.

"Keep it out of sight!" snapped Ken. "I tell you if the crew see it you're in danger of going to the sharks. Keep it out of sight!"

Kavenagh nodded, watching the boy trader like a cat. It was easy to read in his face that he did not look for danger only from the crew. What he would have done in Ken's place was only too clear in the mind of the desperate, distrustful man. How could he believe that Ken and his shipmates would resist the temptation to which he knew he would have fallen? His eyes were like those

A Fatal Fortune!

of a trapped wolf as he watched King of the Islands.

"Have we dropped Gola?" he asked at last hoarsely.

"We're ten miles out—the hill's still in sight."

"A rotten windjammer!" muttered Kavanagh. "If it had been a steamer—"

"Like to go back to Gola and wait for another boat?"

Kavanagh only smiled.

"Keep that pearl dark, and get some sleep," said Ken. "You can bunk on the lockers."

"They were after us—"

"We dropped them miles astern. They're not likely to follow us so far, even if they know where we are. Anyhow, my shipmate's watching. Get some sleep—you've a ragged bundle of nerves, man!"

"And while I sleep—"

Kavanagh looked off.

Ken gave him a lock and passed into his state-room, forward of the cabin. There was no sleep for the wretched man who had found a fortune. He dared not close his eyes. Pursuit from Gola was little to be feared now; he was not thinking of that. He was thinking of the Kanakas on board—and of the white men! So far life and treasure had been spared; but if he slept—

Ken threw himself upon his bunk and slept soundly. Kavanagh, in the cabin, sat with his elbows leaning on the table, his stubby chin resting in his hands—woody, but not daring to sleep. The man who held the great pearl of Gola carried his life in his hands; danger dogged him like a shadow. The dawn was at hand, but Kavanagh could not feel assured that he would live to see the sun rise on the Pacific. He sat motionless, weary but watchful. Wild and desperate thoughts were working in his mind as he sat.

Black Treachery!

KING OF THE ISLANDS, tired with his long watch, slept soundly. The night was hot, and the door of the little state-room was left wide open for so much air as possible. From the main cabin the light of the swinging lamp came faintly in.

That there was danger on board the ketch Ken knew; but danger and the boy trader were old acquaintances, and the knowledge did not disturb his slumber. Kit Hudson was keeping his watch on deck, and Ken could trust him not to be caught napping.

There was a chance, at least, that Black Harris and the peartler crew might be seeking the ketch at sea, encouraged by the calm which they might guess had kept the boy trader within sight of the island. There was a chance that the Kanaka crew of the *Dawn* might result, driven on by greed like the peartlers. Either chance, if it materialized, was certain not to take his watchful, wary mate by surprise.

But there was another danger upon which King of the Islands, wary as

he was, certainly did not count. It never crossed his mind for a moment that there might be danger from the desperate man he had taken on board to save his life and his fortune. He did not gauge the length to which a lawless, distrustful man might be driven by fear of losing life and treasure—he did not think of the treachery that might be bred from the haunting fear of treachery.

His eyes did not open as there came a soft and steady step in the doorway from the cabin. A haggard, bearded face stared at the sleeping skipper of the *Dawn* in the dimness of the little state-room. For several minutes Kavanagh watched him, scarcely breathing. Then he crept farther into the state-room.

He stood beside the bunk where King of the Islands lay in peaceful slumber, his wild eyes fixed on the boy trader. His hand lingered by the knife in his belt. Had Ken awaked—

Ken had hung his belt and holster at the head of the bunk, the revolver ready to his hand if he should be called to deck. Slowly, silently, Kavanagh grasped the belt and removed it, and buckled it round his rugged duck trousers. Then, as silently as he had come, he crept out of the state-room.

The key was already in the outside of the lock. The room was never locked from within, but Ken was accustomed to locking it on the outside when he went ashore. In the state-room were kept the rifles, cartridge, cashbox and account-books, and the ship's log. Kavanagh closed the door noiselessly and turned the key in the lock, taking it out when he had locked the door and dropping it into his pocket.

Then he breathed more freely.

King of the Islands was a prisoner now, for the two tiny partitions in the state-room were not large enough for an infant to pass through. Only by the door could he leave, and the door was of strong tank and securely locked.

The peartler stood for some minutes, breathing hard, wiping from his brow the perspiration that oozed thickly there.

There was no trace of compunction in his looks. With the blackest treachery, he was turning on the man who had saved him—driven by the haunting fear that they might turn on him to rob him of the great pearl.

That King of the Islands would keep faith with him, that he would land him safely at its with his fortune untouched, the ruffian did not believe possible. And there was danger from the Kanakas forward. Danger at every step—danger in every shadow. But with the boy trader's revolver in his grip, he could defend his life and his pearl.

He went to the foot of the companion at last, and stood there listening. He heard the steady tramp of Kit Hudson, pacing the deck above—heard him speak to the man at the wheel, and Koko's murmuring answer.

He made a step to the ladder, and passed. The belt and holster he had buckled on would betray what he had done. He took the belt off and laid it

on the cabin table, and slipped the revolver into the pocket of his ragged trousers. Then he went up the companion to the deck.

Hudson glanced at him. He was accustomed to the wild, haggard looks of the men, the fear that haunted every movement and gesture. Kavanagh's look did not warn him, therefore, of what was in the man's mind.

"Why don't you get some sleep?" he said curtly. "You'll be a wreck by morning."

Kavanagh did not answer. He stood by the lee rail, staring back towards the hill of Gola, black against the stars.

The starlit sea stretched to infinity, calm, placid, beautiful. So far as the eye could reach, there was no sign of any other craft. The peartler calculated the distance to the hill with his eye.

"We're a good ten miles," he said hoarsely.

"All of that," answered Hudson. "They could never pick us up in the starlight, even if they were out at sea looking for us!"

"There's a chance, but a mighty slim one," answered the Australian. "Black Harris would be a fool to risk his boat so far out to sea in these waters. Anyhow, we dropped them a good way back."

Kavanagh nodded. His fear of the pursuit of the peartlers was slight. But his fear of what might happen on the ketch was close and pressing.

There was only one way, as it seemed to his average, distorted mind, that he could be secure. That way he had planned to follow, at the cost of the blackest treachery. His nerve heart, embittered by fear, gave him not a single pang of compunction.

He moved restlessly about the little after-deck, one hand in his pocket grasping Ken's revolver by its barrel. Hudson, pacing the deck, passed him and repeated him. Sometimes the Australian glanced forward at the *Dawn* crew. Two of the had now lain down on their sleeping mats, and Denny had gone back to his galley. The excitement upon the Kanakas seemed to have died down. But Hudson was wary, and his eye was never off them for long. If from the haggard man moving about at hand he suspected no danger.

It came suddenly, with a loud suddenness there was no guard against.

Hudson's back was to the man as Kavanagh's hand suddenly whirled out of his pocket and the duck-revolver crashed on the Australian head.

The terrible blow, utterly unexpected, stretched Kit Hudson senseless on the deck. Not a cry came from him as his legs crumpled under him and he fell and lay motionless.

Kavanagh gave the fallen man a look, and then his savage eyes fastened on Koko's face.

Koko, standing by the side which was translated for a second. His eyes dilated as Hudson crashed on and the ruffian stood over the weapon in hand.

The next second, with a noise, Koko was leaping at the man's

Crash! Full on the Kanakas' forehead came the heavy metal butt of the revolver, smashing there with all the force of the desperate wretch's arm.

Koko gave a gasping cry and pitched to the deck.

From the Hiva-Oa boys came a spluttering yell. They stared in amazement and alarm at the Gola peerler, Lompe ran aft, Lafa after him. The two-spluttering boys leaped up. Kavanagh faced them, his eyes blazing over the revolver, the butt in his hand now, finger on the trigger.

Bang, bang! He fired twice at the Kanakas.

His shaken nerves disordered his aim, but the bullets went close. With wild cries the Hiva-Oa boys fled from the hanging revolver. Lompe, with blood streaming from a gash along his breast cheek, jumped down into the little fore-castle. Lafa dodged out as far as the extremity of the bows and held on there, watching the mad and dazed ruffian with terrified eyes. The Kanakas were unarmed, and even a lawless ruffian was a "feller white master" to them. Duncy put his head out of his galley and popped it back rapidly as he saw what was happening.

Bang! The peerler fired again at random. Two scored and jabbering Hiva-Oa boys fled into the fore-castle after Lompe.

The peerler grinned savagely. In his ruthless desperation he would have followed the Kanakas and shot them down. The hatch could not sail without a crew, but it was only their prompt flight that had saved the lives of the Hiva-Oa boys. He stooped and looked at Koko and Hudson. Both were unconscious. He was master of the deck.

Trapped!

KING OF THE ISLANDS awakened with a jump as the shots rang out on the deck above him.

He scrambled from the bunk and grasped for the belt he had placed in readiness. It was gone!

Another shot rang above. Ken's impression was that the Hiva-Oa boys were giving trouble or that the Gola

peerlers had tracked down the hatch and that it was Kit Hudson who was shooting. He grasped savagely in the dark for his revolver. It was gone, and he knew that it must have been taken while he slept. But the firing showed that he was wanted on deck at once, and he sprang to the door. It did not open.

As he realized that he was locked in, Ken's teeth came together with a click and his eyes glinted. Even yet he did not think of the Gola peerler as the enemy. But he had been locked in the state-room, and he was helpless to go to the aid of his comrades.

The firing above had ceased. There had been only three shots in all. He could hear the scared yells of the Hiva-Oa boys. If the trouble had started with them they were down and out. It could not be the peerlers. There was no sound of a crowd trampling the deck, no sound of the rough voices of the Gola gang.

What had happened?
"Hudson!" shouted Ken, banging savagely at the strong bulk door. "Hudson! Aho, the deck!"

There was no answer.
With glinting eyes King of the Islands grasped in the dark for a rifle. He loaded it rapidly. His thought was to blow off the lock of the state-room door, heedless of the risk to himself. But even as he grasped the rifle and slipped in the cartridges there was a footstep in the cabin outside and a thump on the door.

"You awake, King of the Islands?"
It was the hoarse voice of the peerler.
"Kavanagh! What's happened?" panted Ken. "Get this door open!"
"I'm master of this ship."
"What?" roared Ken.

Ju-Jitsu!

The Japanese Art of Self Defence

By Professor W. H. GARRUD. Founder of the British and American Ju-Jitsu League.

THIS WEEK:—A very striking Wrist Lock.

THE trick I am showing you this week is one of the first I learned from Yukio Tani, the world-famed Ju-Jitsu exponent, who, with Raku Uyenishi, came over here to demonstrate the art to the British public.

These Japs were only about nine stone in weight and five feet four in height, but they threw our best wrestlers about like nixeps. The way they threw and tripped up the biggest men fascinated me beyond description! It was more like an acrobatic show than anything else!

Well, about the trick I mentioned. It is useful against a nasty trick that the bigger boy has with the smaller. You may be standing watching other fellows kicking a football for practice, and waiting for the ball to come your way. A bigger fellow steals up, with nothing better to do than look for a victim whom he can hodge—just to pass the time away. He picks on you. You may edge away from him if you are peacefully inclined, or you may answer him back in his own coin. His likely answer is a brisk push.

That push is your opportunity to bring into actual practice the bit of Ju-Jitsu I am going to explain to you here.

He has placed his open hand flat on your chest to push you away—



The figure on the left is completing the Wrist Lock described in this article.

his left hand, say. At once you put your left hand flat on his, to hold it in position for the moment.

At the same time you place your right hand under his elbow joint and pull his arm towards your chest, taking care to give the elbow a lift upwards and to your right as though you were trying to pull his elbow up and over your own right shoulder.

That will have the effect of bending his hand back at right angles to his forearm. Now take your left hand from his hand and place it under your right hand so as to gain double power, and continue the movement of lifting over your shoulder, which will give you the Wrist Lock shown in the accompanying photo.

You must not put too much vigour into your actions or you may badly sprain his wrist or even break it! Treat him gently—but firmly!

(Next Week:—How to release yourself from a body grip under the armpit.)

A Fatal Fortune!

"Get that into your brain, King of the Islands," snarled the peerler. "I'm armed and desperate. Leave that door alone. If you get it open I'll shoot you dead as soon as you put your head out!"

"You?" gasped Ken. For a moment his brain hardly grasped it. Then as he understood a shock of rage broke from him.

"You scoundrel! You swab of a sea-lawyer! My sainted Sam! I'll pitch you over the side the minute I get a grip of you!"

"I'm master of this ship," replied Kavanagh. "You're not getting the pearl away from me, King of the Islands—you and your shipmate. I've handled your shipmate and I've got you fixed!"

Ken's fierce rage died down at the thought of what might have happened to his comrade.

"You villain! What have you done?" he gasped. "Hudson—"

"He's not dead. I caught him a clip with the butt of this gun, and he's stunned. Same with your man Koko."

"And the rest?"

"One's wounded. I think, the others dodging. Get it into your head that I'm master here, King of the Islands."

"Fool that I was to take you on board!"

"You were after the pearl," jested Kavanagh. "Do you reckon you hoodwinked me? I'd sink your ship with all hands for the sake of half such a fortune. Do you reckon I'd trust you? Trust you!" He laughed hoarsely. "Keep quiet where you are, King of the Islands, and save your life. I'm going to rope your shipmate to the mast. I reckon I want him to sell the ketch when the wind comes. Give me any trouble and I swear I'll fire the ketch, take to the whaleboat and chance it."

"You dashed!" roared Ken.

"I'm saving my life and my pearl. Mind, I mean every word I say!" hissed Kavanagh. "Let me hear one blow on that door from the inside and I'll start a keg of fireworks down the companion, drop a match to it and chase it in the whaleboat. Get that in, King of the Islands. You're dealing with a man who won't stick at trifles!"

There was fierce earnestness in the ruffian's voice. It was clear that he meant every word. He was capable of firing the ketch and leaving in the only boat. Ken suppressed his rage.

"Kavanagh, what do you reckon you'll get out of this?" he said as calmly as he could. "You can't sell the ketch into any port in the Pacific without being colored on the spot."

"I'll sail her near enough to get away in the boat, and I'll leave her too crippled to follow," snarled Kavanagh. "I'm playing my own game, King of the Islands, and you don't come in. Keep quiet and save your life. Give me trouble and look for your ketch to go up in flames!"

He tramped away to the companion. Ken raised the rifle and lowered it again. He knew that he was in the hands of the ruffian. From above he

heard the hoarse voice of the peerler shouting:

"You feller cocky-boy!"

"Yeasar!" came Danny's quavering, terrified tones in reply.

"You roll feller bog keerosene along here plenty quick or me knock seven bells outa your black hide!"

"Yeasar."

Ken heard the trundling of the bog on deck. It stopped at the head of the companion. It was only too clear that the desperate was ready to carry out his fearful threat.

White with rage, King of the Islands stood, the rifle gripped in his hands. He was hasty and trapped—by the man he had taken aboard his ship and saved from murderous hands. He moved at last to the little porthole and stared out on the calm, starry sea. If the ruffian carried out his threat and got away as the whaleboat a marksman like King of the Islands might very likely pick him off with the rifle as he fled.

But that would help little if a villain left the ketch behind him a scuttling mass of flames. There was nothing doing—for the moment, at least. King of the Islands calmed it with a rage in his heart such as he had never known before.

In Desperate Hands!

KAVANAGH stood on the after deck, the revolver in his grip, his haggard face fierce as that of a wolf. The Hira-Ona boys were hiding in the forecabin. When a brown face looked out, eyes rolling, a gesture with the revolver was enough to make it vanish into cover again.

Only Danny was on the deck, trembling in every limb under the fierce eyes and threatening pistol.

Hudson and Koko-Ishabunga were both showing signs of returning to consciousness. Kavanagh eyed them, revolver in hand.

"You feller Danny?" he snarled.

"Yeasar!" faltered the cocky-boy.

"You kind feller white master, feller Kavana, along missus, along feller Koko. You no kind plenty good you go over-side along shark."

"Yeasar!"

The cocky-boy fetched a coil of tann rope and carried out the orders of the peerler. Kit Hudson and Koko were dragged to the missus mast, propped there, and bound to mast, propped there, and bound to mast with strong cord. The mist with strong cord. The peerler examined the ropes and tightened the knots with his own hands. Then a screw and a sheet drove the cocky-boy scuttling back to the galley. Kavanagh threw a loop over the wheel and sat down on the deck, his back to the rail, watching the prisoners.

Hudson's eyes opened at last. He came to himself with a racking ache in his head, his mind dazed. He strove to move, and found that he could not. His dizzy eyes met those of Koko-Ishabunga as the Kanaka turned his head towards him.

"Feller peerler he get us," said Koko.

Hudson gasped.

"What! My hat! What—"

He stared at the Gale peerler. His

mind cleared now, and his eyes glanced at the ruffian.

"You've done this! You—"

"Cut it out!" snarled Kavanagh. "I'm saving my life and my pearl. We'll get a wind at dawn, and you'll tell the Kanakas what to do. You're selling this ketch at my orders! Clave on that!"

"You dog! I'll sail her to Davy Jones, and nowhere else, at your orders, you scound!"

"You'll sail her, or go up in flames with her. You see that keg of keerosene. King of the Islands is locked in his state-room—he knows the ketch will be fired if he tries to make a break. You'll obey my orders, my man. If I have to talk to the whaleboat I leave the ketch burning behind me. Clave on that!"

Kit Hudson did not reply. There was no sign of a wind yet; the ketch lay like a log on a glassy sea. In the east the stars were peering at the approach of dawn.

Kavanagh leaned back against the rail, his head drooping on his chest.

He was aching with weariness; it was thirty-six hours since he had closed his eyes.

But he jerked himself upright. He had no fear of the Hira-Ona boys while he ached; but he had reason to fear them if he slept.

He tramped forward, revolver in hand. Loozoo, peering out of the little forecabin, dashed back out of sight. Kavanagh shouted to the cocky-boy, and Danny came trampling. The peerler pointed to the forecabin with his six-shooter.

"You go along fo'rald, same other Kavana!" he snarped. "Plenty quick!"

Danny did not need bidding twice. He vanished into the forecabin. Kavanagh closed down the scuttle and secured it. Five Hira-Ona boys were in the stuffy little forecabin, shut in—powerless to harm him now.

Kavanagh returned aft. He listened at the companion for a moment or two, but there was no sound from King of the Islands below. His threat to fire the ketch kept the boy tender peered in his state-room, a helpless prisoner. He gave a look at the ropes that bound Hudson and Koko to the salman; they were secure. He was free at last of four. His tired eyes swept the staid sea. Only the gleaming waters met his gaze, and the black mass of Gola in the far distance.

He sank down on the deck, his back to the rail, in his former position. But now he dared to close his eyes.

From where he sat he could see the whole length of the ship if he opened his eyes, and he kept a revolver in his hand. But on board the ketch he had no foe to fear, at the remote chance of pursuit in a open boat from Gola he had dismissed.

He was worn down with exhaustion and want of sleep. Now he could afford to snatch a rest till day broke on the Pacific. With day he hoped would come the longed-for wind.

Kit Hudson watched him; Kavanagh watched him. The man slept—

(Continued on page 10.)

A Fatal Fortune!

(Continued from page 8.)

with the deep lethargy of a man exhausted by want of sleep for long, long hours, and by long exertions and fierce combats. But they could not harm the wretch—he had taken all his precautions too well for that.

In the east was a rosy glimmer of dawn. There was no wind—the hatch hardly stirred on the glassy waters. The new day was coming—brighter and brighter grew the east. Up from the ocean leaped the golden ball of the sun, and it was day.

"Feller boat he comey!"

Kai-tah-lah-longa whispered the words, his dark eyes gleaming. Now that the Kanakas spoke Kit became aware of a fatal sound from the sea. He listened intently. The sound came nearer and clearer. It was the steady sweep of oars in calm waters. From where he sat, bound to the mince mast, he could not see the approaching boat. His ears told him that it was coming from the direction of Gola.

The boat could only mean that Black Harris and the pearling crew were at hand.

As well as if he could have seen them, Hudson knew it. His eyes gleamed as he listened to the sweep of the oars. He looked at Kavanagh.

The man had sunk into a listless mood, sleeping the sleep of utter weariness.

The Fate of the Great Pearl!

BLACK HARRIS, standing in the stern of the pearler's boat, stared at the hatch, the grim satisfaction in his bearded face mingled with surprise and doubt. He had run down the Dawn; he had counted upon running her down if the catch held. And it was holding. But he had not counted upon finding her thus—with no sign of life on board, no watch kept, not even a man at the wheel.

He had expected grim resistance to attack; he had counted upon facing the ruses of captain and crew, staking his life upon a desperate attempt to win the great pearl of Gola. And he could not understand his luck in finding the hatch unwatched, unguarded, apparently at his mercy.

He decided that it was a trick to draw him into easy range. But he did not pause. As the boat crept closer and closer, he scanned the hatch over the low rail and glimpsed the pearler huddled aft, motionless. And then he caught a glimpse of the two men bound to the mince. And Black Harris snatched his breath.

"There's been trouble aboard her, mate. She's ours. Davy Jones alone knows what's happened. But we've got a clear course. Pull, you buggers—pull!"

The boat ranged alongside.

Black Harris started as he caught the gleam of eyes from the tiny porthole of the state-room amidships.

King of the Islands was watching the approaching boat. His rifle was in his hands, but he did not think of pumping bullets at the boat as he might easily have done. They came as soon to the traitor who had

trapped him, struck down his ship-mates, and seized his ship. He would have stood between Kavanagh and his fate but for the pearler's treachery. Now it was only the coming of the Gola gang that gave him hope of escaping from the trap in which Kavanagh had taken him.

Why Kavanagh allowed the boat to pull alongside in silence without resistance puzzled King of the Islands. But he guessed at last that the ruffian must be sleeping.

The boat passed out of his view in a few moments more. Black Harris made her fast to the rail and leaped aboard, followed by his crew. One glance he gave to Hudson and Koko, bound to the mince, then strode across to the sleeping pearler.

The tramp of his heavy boots close at hand caused the ruffian to start in his sleep. In a moment the revolver was kicked from his hand, and Kavanagh started into full wakefulness in the midst of his enemies.

Hands seized him on all sides as he struggled to his feet. A yell of rage and terror pealed from his lips, and he fought like a wildcat in the grasp of his former associates. His knife flashed out in the light of the morning sun, and there was a shriek from one of the pearling crew as the blade gashed along his face.

The next moment Kavanagh was down on the deck, still struggling madly in many hands. But he was held, and Black Harris groped over him with searching fingers. He gave a shout as he dragged the leather pouch from the pearler's belt.

Harris leaped to his feet, tore open the pouch, and dragged out the pearl—the great pearl of Gola. There was a breathless yell from the whole crew as their dazzled eyes fixed on the blazing gem.

"The pearl! The pearl!"

In wild excitement, the pearling crew crowded round their leader, beating their eyes upon the great pearl, forgetting even the desperate man who sprang breathless on the deck.

Black Harris held it high in the blaze of the sun, and the pearlers stared at it with wolfish eyes.

"Ours now!" panted Harris.

"Ours! Look out!"

Kavanagh leaped to his feet. With the spring of a tiger, he hurled himself at Harris, seizing him by the throat and bearing him backward.

Harris' clutch closed on the great pearl, and he yelled to his comrades for aid.

The whole gang closed in on Kavanagh, grasping him on all sides.

Fighting like a demon, the desperate man whirled to and fro, struggling, kicking, tearing ovens with his teeth, dragging to and fro the men who clutched him. In a staggering mob, they brought up against the rail in a pandemonium of trampling feet, panting breaths, and hoarse cries of rage. There was a sudden splash in the blue water that lapped the hull of the Dawn.

For a moment a frown and desperate face glared from the sea, and then it vanished—for ever.

Black Harris leaped on the rail, panting. But his fingers still held in their grip the great pearl of Gola.

"We've got it, mate!" he called hoarsely. "We've got the pearl! We've finished here. Back to the boat!"

"Let us loose, you swab!" shrieked Kit Hudson.

Black Harris gave him a glance. "Let yourselves loose, and be hanged to you!" he snarled. "Back to the boat, men!"

"You swab!" roared Hudson.

Unheeding him, the pearling crew tramped to the side, where their boat rocked under the rail. The great pearl of Gola was still tightly clutched in the hand of Black Harris.

The pearlers crowded into the boat, and an ear forked off.

"Give way, men!"

The oars dipped, and the boat glided from the side of the hatch, heading for the distant hill of Gola.

Black Harris stared at the porthole of the state-room that framed the face of King of the Islands. He grinned derisively at the boy trader.

"I've beaten you, King of the Islands! Kavanagh's gone to the sharks—and we've got the pearl!"

Ken had heard the heavy splash under the rail of the Dawn, and he knew now what had happened to Kavanagh. The desperado had paid dearly for his treachery.

To scot out an ace from the locker under his trunk, to break out of the state-room and release his comrades and crew, was now easy for King of the Islands. For that reason, and that reason alone, King of the Islands held his rifle idle in his hands, and did not fire from the porthole on the retreating boat. Yet it went surely against the grain with the boy trader to allow the pearling crew to escape unscathed with a fortune in their hands—a fortune for which the wretched man who had sought refuge on the Dawn had been tossed into the sea.

He half-raised the rifle and lowered it again. The pearlers, heading to their oars, grinning with glee, pulled steadily away from the hatch. They shouted back mockery to the boy trader as they pulled. Black Harris waved the clenched hand that held the pearl, laughing aloud with derision.

"I've beaten you, Ken King!" he yelled. "Beaten you! Look! Look you scum! Look at the pearl! Look at the fortune you've lost!"

He opened his hand, holding the great pearl between finger and thumb. It caught the blaze of the tropic sun and blazed back with a thousand fires of beauty.

Crack! A yell from Black Harris rang with the whip-like crack of a rifle, fired from the porthole by a marksman who never missed his aim. There was blood on the fingers; the ruffian's upraised hand—and a great pearl was gone. The boat had struck it from the fingers it held it. And in a thousand feet, the great pearl of Gola was another on the waters of the Pacific!

(Charles Henshaw has another exciting tale of Ken King. To tell the rest of his *WRECKERS* story, a Globe newspaper is circulating order, and a copy will be delivered to you on Monday without cost. No trouble in returning copies.)