

A SPEED-KING'S MODEL RAILWAY! *See inside.*

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THE FLYING SCOTSMAN'S 2,000 GALLONS DRINK! *(See page 5.)*

Sailing for Treasure

COMPLETE IN
THIS ISSUE.

A King of the Islands Yarn.

BY

CHARLES HAMILTON.

Hard hit by Fate, young Ken King, the boy trader of the South Seas, takes a big chance, and with no certain course to steer scours the vast Pacific in search of Spanish gold. . . . A tremendous and hazardous undertaking out of which Charles Hamilton contrives a thrilling long and complete story.



"The galleon!" Ken exclaimed. The great hull lay slanting; yards, sails, and cordage gone—crumbled to dust!

Dandy Peter's Farewell!

"YOU feller nigger!"

Danny, the cooky-boy on Ken King's ketch Dawn, grinned as he heard the angry voice from the state-room, and took no other heed. Danny was busy, and not disposed to waste his time upon Dandy Peter Parsons, of Lukwe.

"You swab of a nigger! You show a leg, or me knock seven bells outer your black hide!"

Danny chuckled. Peter Parsons, lying swathed in bandages in Ken's bunk in the state-room, made an effort to rise, and sank back with a groan. He was in no state to knock "seven bells" out of the cooky-boy, or anybody else.

On board his own cutter, the Sea-Cat, his Lukwe crew jumped to obedience at the sound of his voice. On board the ketch the matter was quite different. Sorely wounded and helpless, the sea-lawyer of Lukwe lay in the bunk. He had stolen the Dawn, with Jim Daunt, a sick sailor-man whom Ken was befriending,

aboard, and put to sea, his idea being to wrest from Daunt the secret of a treasure island he had discovered. But the sailorman had found a revolver and shot him through the chest, and Ken had recovered the ketch. As the result of this, Ken had agreed to sail in search of the treasure island.

The Dawn was preparing for sea, and Peter Parsons, in the state-room seemed to have been forgotten.

He could hear Danny moving in the adjoining cabin; but Danny did not choose to come at his call. Danny, like the other four Hiva-Oa boys on the ketch, could not understand why King of the Islands—as Ken was known—did not drop Dandy Peter over the side into the lagoon. Willingly Danny would have lent a hand in doing so.

"You black lubber! You tell King of the Islands me wantee speak along him!" gasped Dandy Peter.

Danny took the trouble at last to put his head in at the door of the little state-room. He grinned at the furious face of the man in the bunk.

"You shut up mouth belong you, sar!" said the cooky-boy.

Parsons glared at him. "You sing out plenty too much," said Danny. "You very bad feller, you feller Parsons. You plenty white trash! You no knock seven bells outer me. Spose white master he sing out, me knock seven bells outer you plenty too quick altogether! You savvy, sar?"

"Call your skipper, you black pig!" hissed Dandy Peter.

"Feller King of the Islands he plenty busy, sar," said Danny. "Spose he wantee talk along you, he come along you. You nobody, sar! Hiva-Oa boy he no 'fraid along you! Lukwe boy he 'fraid along you; Hiva-Oa boy he no 'fraid. You shut up feller mouth belong you!"

And Danny went back to his sweeping, leaving the sea-lawyer of Lukwe gritting his teeth. Talk like that from a Kanaka was a new experience for Peter Parsons.

The tramping overhead continued. Several times Dandy Peter heard the

(Continued on page 16.)

Sailing for Treasure!

(Continued from page 13.)

voice of King of the Islands or Kit Hudson, his young mate, calling out an order. The shipmates of the Dawn seemed too busy to remember him.

But King of the Islands came below at last, and looked into the state-room. Peter Parsons fixed burning eyes upon him.

"You're going to sea?" he snapped.

"Ay, ay!" answered Ken.

"You're not keeping me on this ketch?"

"Not likely! I'd sooner sail with a shark on board!" answered King of the Islands. "I've spoken to Coote, the missionary, and he's willing to take you into his house ashore."

"Then I'm not a prisoner?" said Parsons, staring at him.

"I've no time to bother with you—and no inclination, either," said Ken, shrugging his shoulders. "If you were a sound man I'd have you sent

down to Fiji to answer for seizing my ship. But you're on your beam-ends. Coote thinks you will pull through—and there's no reason why you shouldn't if you're careful. But it will be a long time before you can give anybody any more trouble. I'm leaving you at Lalinge when I sail."

"Don't give me any of your sorrows!" snarled Dandy Peter. "I'm not asking any favours from you, King of the Islands! I seized your ship, and would have got clear with it if that swab Daunt had not got hold of a gun and plugged me in the chest! But I'm not slipping my cable this time. You've got your ship back—but you're not got to the treasure island, and I'll beat you to it yet!"

"You don't look like it," replied King of the Islands, smiling contemptuously. "You'll be on your beam-ends for a long time to come, Peter Parsons; and you can be thankful that you've not gone to Davy Jones. You're going to be taken ashore now."

"A prisoner?"
"No. You'll be free to go as soon as you can stand. That won't be for a good many weeks, I expect."

"You were always a fool, King of the Islands!" snarled Dandy Peter. "It's not in you to put a bullet through my head."

"I hope not!" laughed Ken. "Not in the condition you're in. If you come hunting for trouble when you're on your feet again you'll find me ready."

"If I'm not a prisoner, let me go in my boat," said Dandy Peter, more calmly. "You've got my boat?"

Ken nodded.
"And the Lukwe boys?"
"They're along the beach somewhere."

"Put me in my boat, then, and let them take me away," said Dandy Peter. "What do you care where I'm left?"

"Nothing," answered Ken. "But if you want to recover—"

"That's my business!" snarled Dandy Peter. "If I slip my cable, all the better for you! My cutter's waiting for me at Kufa, without a man on board. Put me in the boat and you'll be rid of me."

King of the Islands hesitated a few moments. But he nodded at last.

"You're your own master," he said. "The missionary would look after you—"

"Hang the missionary!"

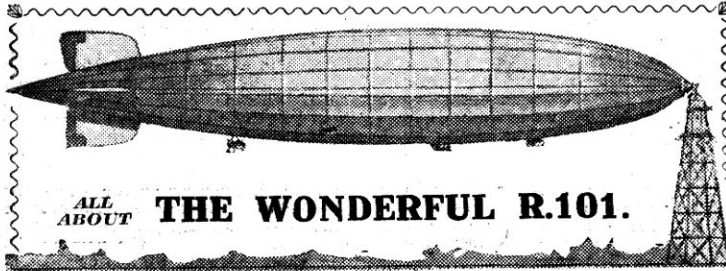
"But he's not keen on it," went on Ken, ignoring the interruption. "If you like to save him the trouble, you're free to do as you like."

"Done, then—and enough jaw!" snapped Parsons.

"I'll see to it."

Ken left the state-room.

Half an hour later Dandy Peter's boat rocked alongside, with the three Lukwe boys in it, and Parsons was carried up and lowered into the boat on a pile of mats. His once handsome face was white as chalk, drawn with pain. But his eyes lighted when he was once off the ketch. So long as he was on the ketch, or at Lalinge, Dandy Peter could not feel sure that he would not be called to account for his crimes.



ALL ABOUT THE WONDERFUL R.101.

This Week: THE AIRSCREWS.

THE only way in which the power furnished by the engines of this mighty British airship, now almost ready for its trial flight, can be turned into a thrust moving the airship along is by means of the airscrews and propellers.

Unlike the airscrews of most aeroplanes, these of the R.101 are quite rightly called "propellers," because they do actually propel or push the aircraft along, being placed at the rear of the engine cars. On most aeroplanes, of course, they are at the front, pulling instead of pushing.

Airscrews can be looked at in two ways. First as a screw which screws into the air just as a metal screw screws into wood. Only as air is a yielding substance the air slips back at the same time as the airscrew pushes against it, pushing itself forward. Hence the airscrew does not move forward so far per revolution as it could if it were boring into a solid substance.

You can also look at the airscrew as two little aeroplane wings which must be shaped to give the maximum "lift" with the minimum waste of power—only the "lift" in this case is horizontal, pulling forward. Every part of the airscrew is moving at a different speed—slowest in centre, fastest on the outside.

The designer makes his airscrew for a certain engine and aircraft speed—but sometimes the engine will be turning over much more slowly, and the aircraft speed will be less. Under those conditions the airscrew is inefficient—power is being wasted. Sometimes the airship will ascend to great heights—say 20,000 feet. Here the air is so rare that compared with the air down below it is as that air is to water. At those heights the air slips away from the airscrew and hardly offers any resistance, so that the engine would race dangerously if it were not throttled down, and so power is lost.

The designers of the R.101 wrestled with this problem for a long time, and at last solved it satisfactorily. Each airscrew blade is rotatable. In one position it will be at a bigger angle to its line of travel, and the "pitch" will be big; in another it will be at a small angle, and the pitch will be less. As the pitch is made less and less a point will come when there is none at all, and even when working in wood the airscrew would not screw in at all. This is the "neutral" position at which no "push" comes from the airscrew.

Now, if the blade is rotated beyond this position, the airscrew starts to pull instead of push—it begins to unscrew, as it were, just as a wood screw would do if the thread were suddenly changed from a right-hand one to a left-hand one. The airship then starts to move backwards—it is in "reverse."

This neat arrangement does away with the necessity on the R.101 for having a gear-box giving "reverse," "ahead," and "neutral" positions, which is necessary on other airships. The reverse, incidentally, is mainly used for backing away from a mooring-mast and for slowing speed suddenly when coming up to one.

The two metal blades of the airscrew pull with tremendous force owing to the speed of their revolutions. Each blade is so arranged that it can move out slightly against the action of a spring and press against a specially prepared abutment of metal. Its pressure on this metal acts as a brake, so that it grips itself. When the "pitch" is varied the engine is throttled down, the centrifugal force becomes less than the resistance of the spring, the blade moves away from the metal abutment, and can be easily rotated through suitable gearing by hand.

Next week: The Passengers' Quarters.

nce back at Lukwe, among the rough crew there, he was safe from the law at least.

His sunken eyes glinted up at King of the Islands and Kit Hudson, looking down over the rail, as the Lukwe boys shoved off.

"You're not done with me yet, King of the Islands!" he called out faintly.

And the boat pulled away towards the reef, and King of the Islands, with a shrug of the shoulders, turned away.

Where's That Treasure ?

HERE was a thoughtful shade on the brow of King of the Islands as the Dawn glided across the lagoon and threaded the reef passage to the open sea.

He was bound upon a strange voyage—a stranger voyage than any he had ever sailed on before.

Jim Daunt, the sailorman whom Ken had saved

from the Lukwe sea-lawyer, was on deck. Though he still looked pale, the hardy seaman was fast recovering. The few days the Dawn had remained at Lalinge had made a great difference. But it was likely to be long before the traces of the terrible hardships he had passed through were effaced. His eyes were on King of the Islands; but he did not speak to the boy trader till the ketch was clear of the reef and plunging her bows into the wide Pacific.

"You've set the course south-east and by east, sir?" he asked, as Ken turned away from the steersman.

"That's it," said Ken, his face breaking into a smile. "We shall sight Lukwe tomorrow on that tack, and then—"

Daunt's face clouded. "You ain't believing in the island of gold, sir?"

"Well, I'm believing all I can," said Ken. "I know you're square, Daunt, and you believe every word you say. But—"

"I know it's steep, sir. If any man had spun me such a yarn on the beach I'd have told him to stow it," said Daunt. "But it's true, every word of it. I've seen the wreck of the Spanish galleon with my own eyes. And my mate Hennessey saw it, too, before the sea-devil in the cave got him. Bars of gold—bars and bars of Spanish gold in that old wreck, hundreds of years old!"

His voice was deep and earnest. "I know it won't be easy to find the island, sir. I can't give you the right bearings. But you head south-

east from Lukwe, and we'll raise it sooner or later. Hennessey and me, in the lugger, was blown east of Momotu in the squall; and though I can't give you the right bearings, there's many a sign I can pick up. There's a shoaling coral reef I'd know again if I clapped my dead-lights on it. I'd swear to that, and I'd swear it lies not more than fifty knots from the island. And the island itself—I'd know that after a score of years, sir."

"I'm beginning to believe in it," said Kit Hudson, with a grin. "Anyhow, it's time that our luck turned, Ken."

"No doubt about that," agreed the boy trader.

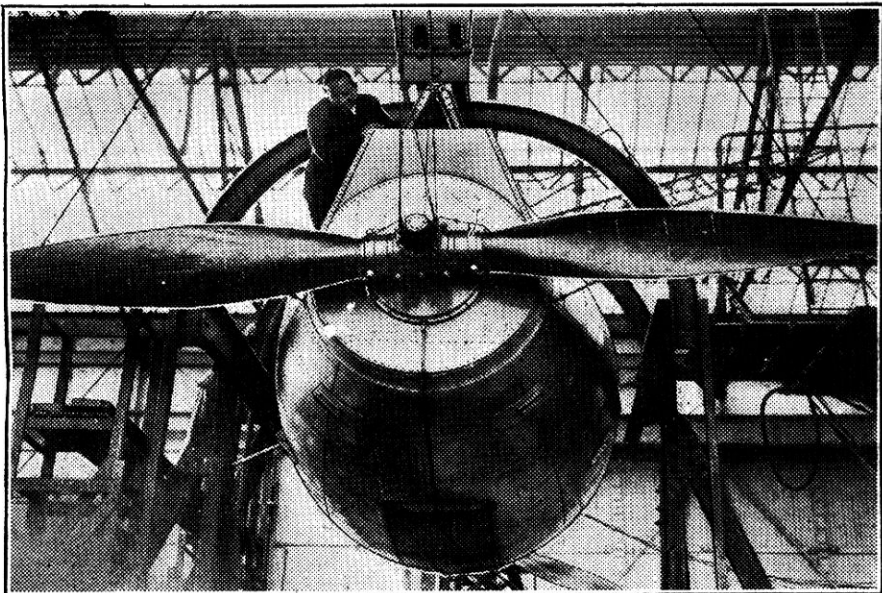
His face was grave enough. King of the Islands had been a fortunate skipper and a lucky trader, but of late fortune had failed him. Almost on his beam-ends, so far as money went, Ken had been beset by doubts

believed in it. Do you reckon he's a fool?"

"Anything but that," replied King of the Islands. "The greatest rascal in the Pacific, but no fool."

"He's got laid on his beam-ends trying to get hold of me to steer a course for him to the island," said the seaman. "I tell you, sir, Dandy Peter knows it's there, and we ain't seed the last of him yet. When I got to Lukwe, after days and nights in the lugger, nearly dead with hunger and thirst, that sea-lawyer was the first man I met on the beach.

"I reckon I was more'n half off my head, or I'd have seed the kind of shark he was and kept mum. But I was mighty glad to see a white man; and he gave me water, and I was dying for a drink of water. Just at that time I'd have given the Spanish galleon and all the gold in it for a drink of water. I reckon I was babbling about bars of gold and



The "variable pitch" Airscrew of the giant airship R.101, built by the Government at Cardington. A chat about this astonishing airscrew appears on the opposite page.

and difficulties when Jim Daunt came on the scene. This voyage was a gamble, and a gamble did not appeal to the boy trader in the least. But Daunt had saved his ship from the Lukwe sea-lawyer, and in gratitude Ken had agreed to sail in quest of the island which he could not help believing mythical.

And all that remained of the shipmates' resources had been drawn upon to carry the ketch through this voyage. If the island of gold proved to be a myth, it was not pleasant to dwell upon the position afterwards. Not that Ken thought of repining or grouching. So long as he had life and health and his ship he was prepared to face Fortune in her most contrary moods. But his mood was grave.

"I wouldn't have held you to your word to sail, sir, only, you see, I know the island's there," said Daunt. "It will make you rich, captain—all of us rich. That swab Peter Parsons

Spanish ingots; and he was laughing, not believing it any more'n you did, sir. But I'd picked up a coin on the ship, and when he saw that he changed his tune.

"It was a doubloon he called it—an old gold coin with a Spanish king's head on it," went on Daunt. "He pounced on it like a gull on a fish. The look on his face was enough for me. I knowed then the kind of shark I'd run into; and I remembered, too, what I'd heard of that crew on Lukwe. I got back to my lugger, and he was after me with his gun in his hand, and he fired on me when I shoved off." Daunt passed his hand over his scarred cheek. "But I got the lugger out to sea. And there he was, yelling to his niggers to man his cutter to get after me. Near dancing with rage, he was, there on the beach.

"But they couldn't get the cutter to sea fast enough to fire on me when

Sailing for Treasure!

I was running the reef into the lagoon, as you saw. You don't reckon, sir, that Dandy Peter would have played that game if he hadn't had good reason to believe in the treasure?"

"Looks like it," said Ken. "You're sure the coin was a Spanish doubloon?"

"That's what Peter Parsons called it, sir, and he'd know."

Ken nodded.

"If I'd known what was going to happen, sir, I'd have filled my pockets while I was on that galleon," said Daunt. "But we—Hennessey and me—was going to load the stuff on the lugger, after putting in water and food. And then, as we came back through the cave, the sea-devil got Hennessey, and I sheered off from the island like a madman. I'd not have gone back into that cave for all the gold that ever was taken from Mexico to Spain! The seaman shivered. "But when we get there, sir, we'll handle that brute somehow, and then the coast will be clear for lifting the treasure."

"I'm betting on that treasure," said Hudson cheerfully. "Ken, old man, you're a doubting Thomas. This island of gold is going to set us on our feet again."

King of the Islands smiled.

"We'll give it a chance, anyhow," he said.

"You'll believe it, sir, when you see it," said Daunt. "I know you think I'm leading you on a wild-goose hunt. I know you've been hard hit, sir, and it wasn't easy for you to fit up for this trip. But the Spanish gold will see you through."

After the seaman had gone below, King of the Islands stood by the binnacle as the sun sank below the Pacific, watching the stars come out in a sky of deepest blue. Hudson touched his arm and smiled as Ken glanced round at him.

"Still doubting?" he asked.

"I don't know what to think," confessed Ken. "If there's anything in it, and we have luck, it will set us going again. But—"

"I believe in it," said Hudson seriously. "I couldn't help doubting; it was too steep. But, after all, it's possible. It beat me all along that Dandy Peter was banking on it. Ken, if the man dreamed dreams while he was half delirious in the boat, he couldn't have dreamed what happened at Lukwe; and if he had a Spanish doubloon—"

"But had he?" smiled Ken.

"Dandy Peter isn't the common run of South Sea skipper. He's a man of education and knows what's what. If he took it for a Spanish doubloon, a Spanish doubloon it was."

"It might have come from anywhere. You can pick them up in the curio shops at Singapore and a dozen places. Daunt's square. But after all he went through he may have fancied anything."

"You won't believe in the bars of gold until you're standing knee-deep in them," grinned Hudson.

"I'll believe in them then, anyhow," King of the Islands promised. "At

any rate, we're booked for the trip, and I'll believe as hard as I can."

The following day the shipmates sighted Lukwe—a blur on the horizon; the last land they were to sight till they came to the island of gold—if ever they came to it.

Landmarks.

"FELLER sail lie comey along sea!"

Lukwe had dropped below the sea-line astern, and the ketch, with a fair wind, drove through the Pacific rollers to the south-east. King of the Islands' face had lost its grave cast, and he was looking his usual cheery self. It was good to be at sea again, to feel the wind on his cheeks, to see the tall cedar masts bending under their load of canvas; to watch the white wake rippling away astern; to hear the cheery sing-song voices of the Polynesian crew at the ropes.

Ken was taking a brighter view of the voyage now. It is human to believe what one wishes to believe, and certainly Ken wished very hard to believe in the treasure, which would more than compensate for his long run of bad luck. In spite of sober common sense, he found himself dreaming of Spanish gold, of bars and ingots, of the golden treasures that in ancient days the great galleons had carried from New Spain to Old Spain.

After all, it was not impossible. Spanish galleons had sailed these seas in ancient times; and a great ship from Peru or Acapulco might have been driven far from her course by stress of weather, and come to grief on a remote isle of the Pacific. Jim Daunt's deep earnestness was not without its effect on Ken; also Hudson's optimistic belief in the treasure. Even if it was too good to be true, it was pleasant to dwell upon the possibility; and more and more it seemed to him that this voyage might not be, after all, a waste of time and a waste of his last resources.

He was thinking of the wrecked galleon when Koko's voice announced a sail. Far away, on the shining blue sea, a white sail danced on the waters, far astern, but on the same tack as the ketch.

Distant as it was, there seemed something familiar about the sail to Ken, and he called to Lompo for his glasses.

"My sainted Sam!" he ejaculated, as he fixed the binoculars on the distant sail.

"Me savvy, sar!" said Koko complacently. "Eye belong me no wantee feller glass. Me savvy cutter belong Cap'n Parsons."

It was the Sea-Cat that was following the ketch.

"My hat!" said Kit Hudson. "Dandy Peter is a sticker! The fellow must be made of iron to put to sea in his state."

"No can catchee feller ketch along cutter!" said Kaio-lalulalonga—otherwise Koko—disdainfully. "Us feller we walkee away spouse likee."

"If we can't sail two fathoms to Dandy Peter's one I'll sell the ketch and buy a cutter," Ken said. "We can walk away from her whenever we like. But we'll give Dandy Peter a look-in first."

Sail was shortened on the ketch to allow the cutter to come up. The Sea-Cat loomed larger and larger over the blue water, her great spread of canvas leaning over to the wind. Dandy Peter, the most reckless skipper in the Pacific, was carrying all sail, and the cutter looked every moment as if she would heel over on the rollers.

But as the ketch slowed down the cutter slacked off at a distance. King of the Islands laughed.

"Dandy Peter doesn't want to come too close!" he remarked. "But that's in our hands, not his. I dare say he expects a bullet at sight."

Ken called an order, and the Hiva-Oa boys ran with the sheets, and the ketch bore down on the cutter. King of the Islands could sail his ketch as near the wind as any craft in the Pacific; and, with a smile on his face, he proceeded to circle completely round the cutter before running in close.

Every face on the Dawn wore a grin as they watched the Sea-Cat. As the ketch ran within hail, Dandy Peter was sighted, lying on a heap of mats on the cutter's deck, pale as death, bandaged, evidently a very sick man. A revolver lay close to his hand, but he did not touch it. He was well aware that he was at the mercy of the rifles on board the ketch if King of the Islands chose to put such an end to his pursuit.

"Cutter ahoy!" sang out Ken, standing on the rail and holding to a halyard. "Taking a voyage for your health, Captain Parsons?"

Dandy Peter's sunken eyes glittered at him, but he made no answer.

"If you had the sense of a cockroach you'd be in your bed, in your bungalow on Lukwe, now!" said Ken. "You're heading for Davy Jones' locker at this rate, Peter Parsons."

Dandy Peter's hand groped towards his revolver. But he did not touch it. Kaio-lalulalonga had picked up a rifle, and the look on his brown face showed how keen he was for a pretext to use it.

"Wait till my turn comes. King of the Islands!" said Dandy Peter; but his voice was too faint to reach the Dawn.

Ken waved his hand in ironical farewell, and stepped down from the rail. The ketch was put before the wind again, with all canvas drawing, and fairly leaped through the blue waters. King of the Islands watched the cutter's tall sail sink lower and lower to the sealine.

"He's a sticker!" grinned Hudson. "He's got pluck, too. But he can't hope to keep us in sight in that cutter."

"If he does, he will soon learn better!" said King of the Islands, with a laugh.

The cutter disappeared below the horizon. Whether Dandy Peter was still in pursuit or not could not be told, though it was likely enough. The thought of the treasure drew the greedy sea-lawyer as the Pole draws the needle. Ken was quite indifferent on the point. The cutter had been dropped hopelessly astern; and in the boundless wastes of the Pacific it was

(Continued on page 21.)

Sailing for Treasure!

(Continued from page 18.)

not likely to run within sight of the ketch again.

There was no sign of the Lukwe cutter on the sea when the sun went down, and the dawn came on an ocean bare of craft. Solitary, like a sea-bird winging its way across the boundless blue, the ketch flew before the wind.

Day followed day, of fair winds and blazing sea; of sea and sky, and sky and sea. Of the cutter nothing was seen; even if the Sea-Cat was following on, it was now days behind the ketch, and hopelessly out of the race. The shipmates forgot, or almost forgot, Dandy Peter, of Lukwe.

Land was lost, and illimitable ocean stretched round the ketch, north and south, east and west. Jim Daunt's look was confident; it seemed to grow more confident with each passing day.

Kit Hudson, now a thorough convert to the idea of the treasure, talked cheerily of Spanish ingots and bags of doubloons, and of various devices for dealing with the giant octopus Daunt had described that lurked in the great cave that gave the only ingress to the island.

Ken found himself joining in the discussion with his shipmates, talking as if the wrecked galleon was an established fact.

But day followed day without a glimpse of land on the wide, lonely seas. Few sails were sighted in those solitary waters, and none came near the Dawn.

The confidence in Daunt's bronzed face seemed to give way to doubt, and every day he scanned the sea with anxious, troubled eyes. He was by this time quite restored to health and strength, and he proved a useful man on the ship, worth any two Kanakas as a sailorman. Every day he would swing himself to the masthead and scan the Pacific with Ken's binoculars, only to descend disappointed.

And there came a day, at last, when even Daunt had to admit that the ketch must have overshot the mark; and that it was idle to keep on the same track.

How far the squall had driven his lugger east of Momotu, how far it had drifted afterwards, he could not say; his recollections of those fearful days were dim and hazy. A great distance, that was all he knew. Only the vaguest idea was in his mind of the latitude and longitude of the island of basaltic rock. He did not know how many days the lugger had taken in its run to Lukwe, after leaving the mysterious island; he only knew there had been many days of suffering.

He repeated that the tall, basaltic cliffs of the island were a landmark to be seen far across the sea. Apparently the sailorman had hoped that by standing south-east by east the Dawn would sail within sight of those tall cliffs. But Ken knew that if the island even had a real existence, and was not a fevered dream, it was not likely to be raised so easily as all that. It was only by long patience and by quartering the ground that so tiny a speck in the illimitable blue was likely to be raised.

But when King of the Islands drew a circle on the chart, enclosing the possible space in which the island existed, Hudson whistled. The task of quartering so enormous a space in a ketch was formidable.

"Some job, old bean!" commented Hudson.

"We're for it now!" Ken smiled ruefully. "If we kept on our former tack, we should run into Christmas Island; and we know it can be nowhere near that, or it would be charted—or at least heard of. We can circle back on a more northerly track and take our chance."

"All we can do!" agreed Hudson. Days of watching the sea followed. When the ketch had been three weeks out of Lalinge, Hudson remarked one day:

"Plenty of time for Dandy Peter to overhaul us if he knew where to look."

Ken laughed. "If!" he said. "He might as well look for a needle in a haystack. He would have about as much chance of sighting us as, I fear, we have of sighting Daunt's island."

There was a sudden yell from the masthead.

Daunt came scrambling down to the deck, his face lighted up with excitement, his eyes ablaze.

"The shoal!" he panted. "The coral reef I told you of, sir! And it's under fifty knots to the island of gold."

Land-ho!

KING OF THE ISLANDS scanned the shoal as the ketch, under shortened sail, ran down to it. It was a shoal marked on no chart—



One eel-like tentacle of the giant octopus had already closed on Kit Hudson, another writhed and twisted towards him. Koko's heavy axe rose with a flash!

Sailing for Treasure!

like some scores of others that the ketch had raised in those wide waste seas: Jim Daunt was breathing fast with excitement; he had no doubt that this was the shoal he had marked at a certain distance from the island of the quest. But Ken could not help thinking that perhaps the wish was father to the thought.

Under the billowing surface of the ocean, masses of coral reefs lay, their position marked by the creamy lines of foam. It was a terribly dangerous spot for any vessel, especially at night or in rough weather. But it was now sunny morning and a calm day.

The ketch edged in cautiously to the reef to take a closer view. To Ken's eyes there was little to distinguish the reef where the water shoaled from a score of others; but the sailorman, at least, had no doubt.

"You'll see, sir!" he exclaimed. "You'll see—we nearly ran the lugger on that reef, Hennessey and me, before we made the gold island. It was touch and go with us, but we cleared it. I tell you, sir, I'd know that reef agin after twenty years. You wait till you get closer and you'll see it's the shape of a palm-tree, with the head towards the north." His eyes danced with excitement. "We shall soon see that, anyhow," said King of the Islands.

Closer and closer crept the ketch, King of the Islands, with his binoculars to his eyes, scanning the sunken reef. Slowly it took more definite shape.

A long, narrow line of foam ran north and south, and at the northern end it bunched out into a widespread mass, where the reefs clustered thickly, oddly reminiscent of the shape of a palm-tree.

"That's it!" said Ken. "We're on the right track."

"You can swear to that, sir," said the seaman. "Forty or fifty knots nor-west and we shall raise the island of black rock."

A day had passed, and the Dawn had logged fifty knots north-west from the palm-tree shoal, and still the bare and illimitable ocean was all that met the eye at sunrise.

But Daunt, at the masthead, gave a shout an hour after dawn.

"Land!" Ken felt his heart beat faster. Faintly from the sea, faintly afar on the starboard bow, appeared a purple speck.

Swiftly the course was changed, to head directly for the faint blur on the horizon. Daunt set the course for Koko at the helm. Ken, his binoculars to his eyes, watched the speck grow larger, taller, deeper in hue. Black cliffs that rose almost like a wall from the sea—it was the sailorman's description of the island where the wrecked galleon lay, and where the sea-devil lurked in the cave.

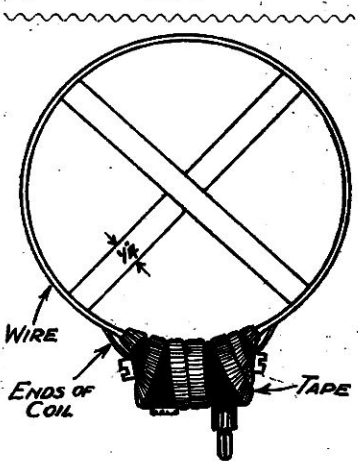
The ketch ran down steadily to the island. It was plain to all eyes on board now—masses of basalt rising like a mountain from the sea, with no trace of a beach, not a hint of an anchorage. Over the high summit of

the island a myriad sea-birds could be seen.

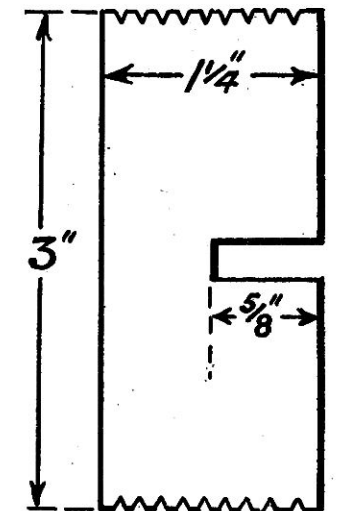
From the sea it looked like a solid mass of rock, but as the ketch drew in on the southern side a great gap was to be seen splitting the face of the cliffs from the sea almost to the summit.

"The cave, sir—the cave where the sea-devil is!"

Daunt pointed with a finger shaking with excitement.



"Making the most of One Valve." Above is shown a completed short-wave coil with the wooden supports in position. Below: A support. Note the grooves for spacing the wire at top and bottom. (See opposite page.)



From the wide mouth of the cavern came a booming sound—the echo of the waves that washed into the vast hollow of the cliff. The ketch crept closer, with most of her canvas taken in. Ken turned his glasses on the cavern mouth, but only blackness met his view. According to the sailorman the cavern was a tunnel into the interior of the island; but no gleam of farther daylight could be seen in the blackness.

"Heave to!" ordered Ken at last.

"We'll make the cave in the whaleboat. You want to be in the boat's crew, Daunt?"

The sailorman shook his head. "I never want to set foot in that cave where the sea-devil is, sir," he said. "I ain't afeared, but I can't help thinking of it!"

He shivered and broke off. He was thinking of his comrade who had perished in the cave, and Ken understood.

"Then I'll leave you in charge of the ketch, Daunt," he said. "You can handle her as well as I can. You're for the boat, Kit?"

"What-ho!" Hudson answered. The whaleboat swung down. Food and water were placed in the boat, and rifles and an axe, and Ken himself placed dynamite carefully in the locker. Kaio-lalulalonga dropped in, Ken and Kit following after King of the Islands had given Daunt his instructions.

The whaleboat pulled under the rocky arch. Within the great cave all was dusky, a blinding twilight after the blaze of the sun on the sea. But the eyes very soon became used to the dusk. Only for a few fathoms' length the sea extended into the cave. It lapped on a shelving floor of sand.

The whaleboat bumped on the sand, and Kit Hudson leaped ashore. Ken followed him, and made the boat fast to a jutting rock. Kaio-lalulalonga stood up, his dark eyes searching the depths of the cavern. From the interior came low murmurs of wind in the hollows of the rock.

"Now for the treasure!" cried Hudson. "Come on, and keep your eyes open for that sea-devil."

The Sea-Devil.

THERE was no need for that warning. All three of the adventurers kept their eyes very wide open as they advanced slowly and cautiously up the vast cavern. Hudson carried a hurricane lamp, held high to light the way. His revolver was in his other hand.

Here and there in the floor of the cave were great hollows, filled with sea-water, forming wide, dark pools, on which the light of the lantern glistened as the three picked their way along. Seaweed lay about in clusters and festoons, and their feet crunched strange seashells in the sand.

Present in every mind was Daunt's description of the giant octopus that lurked in the shadows of the cave, but no sign was seen of the hideous brute. If he was there, doubtless he was sunk deep in one of the tidal pools.

There was something eerie, grisly, in the deep cave, with its black shadows on either hand, its dark pools that glimmered in the lantern light, and the thought of the lurking octopus. Ken's heart leaped as he caught a glimmer of light far ahead.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Hudson suddenly.

He had trodden on something that lay stretched across the sand. He stumbled and recovered himself, and flashed the light down.

"What's that? A spar? A rope? Great heavens!" shrieked Hudson,

(Continued on page 24.)

Sailing for Treasure!

(Continued from page 22.)

and every vestige of colour fled from his face.

What he had trodden on had twisted like an eel, a glimmering, grey eel, and curled round his ankle. For an instant Hudson's heart missed a beat. He dragged his leg away, but the clinging, eel-like thing went with it, still holding on, and swelling fatter as it closed tighter. The cry that broke from Kit Hudson awoke a thousand echoes in the hollow of the cavern.

Koko, who was following behind him, stopped dead, shuddering in every limb, his mind full of thoughts of aitos. King of the Islands, a few steps in advance, turned back.

"What—" he panted.

The lantern was falling from Hudson's hand as he clutched madly at the thing that had caught his leg. King of the Islands caught the lantern as it fell.

"Kit—"

"The sea-devil! Help!" shouted Hudson.

The tentacle was thicker round his leg now, and it was pulling, pulling, pulling, with a force that no man's strength could have resisted. Ken flashed the light down and saw the grey, slimy, winding, twisting thing that had clutched his comrade. It came from a deep pool in the cavern floor that the shipmates had been skirting. Even as he looked a second tentacle emerged from the pool and writhed on the sand, feeling, feeling, feeling as if blindly for a grip to add its clutch to the clutch of the tentacle that had already gripped Hudson.

It was Koko who acted as he saw the tentacles of the octopus in the light of the hurricane lamp. He leaped forward, and the heavy axe rose and fell with a flash, and Hudson found himself free.

A fragment of the hideous tentacle writhed at his feet, stricken off by the slash of the axe. In an instant the tentacles flashed back into the water, which was wildly agitated.

"You feller run!" panted Koko.

Hudson sprang away. Every nerve

in his body was tingling from the horrible contact of the sea-devil.

"Come!" he gasped.

He ran on towards the daylight at the end of the cave, panting for breath, his heart throbbing. Ken and Koko followed him fast.

The cavern narrowed to a mere aperture at the extremity. Hudson panted out into the open and sank down on a rock, still panting, his face like chalk. He rubbed his ankle where the slimy tentacle had gripped it.

"Good man, Koko!" he said, with a faint grin. "You feller you plenty quick along axe belong you. Ken, old man, we've got to deal with that sea-devil and clear the cave of him. When I felt his grip on me—"

He broke off with a shudder.

Ken's face was white, too.

"Thank Heaven you got clear, old chap! Koko, old coffee-bean, you're worth your weight in shell-money!"

"Me no common Kanaka, sar," said Koko complacently.

"All serene now," said Hudson. He pulled himself together and rose to his feet. "We'll root that beast out of his den soon. Now—"

He shaded his eyes from the sun that blazed down on the interior of the island.

Before the shipmates lay a vast hollow basin, enclosed by the circling cliffs that formed the exterior of the island. They were standing on a shelving ledge of rock, from which the slope led down steeply to the bottom of the hollow. Sand piled the whole space—sand and sea-shells; but here and there pools of rain-water glistened in the sun, and where the water lay vegetation had sprung up—little patches of palm trees and paw-paw, like oases in a desert.

Once, long, long ago, the sandy basin had evidently been the bed of a lagoon, but some convulsion of Nature had forced up the whole structure of the island higher from the sea and cut off the lagoon from the ocean, and it had dried up in the course of time. Where once deep salt water had rolled all was dry and barren, save for the rain pools that had gathered in hollows here and there.

Such strange convulsions were not

rare in the tropic seas. Ken knew of islands that had appeared in a night, rising to view where waste waters had rolled a day before.

But the sight was strange enough to the eyes of the shipmates. They stood on the rocks, gazing into the wide, sandy basin, almost circular in form, and more than half a mile in extent from side to side.

Hudson grasped his comrade suddenly by the arm. He raised his hand, and it trembled with excitement as he pointed.

"Look!" he breathed.

The sea-devil and the peril of the cave was forgotten now. Deep in the sandy hollow, half buried in the sand, was the hull of a great ship. Her masts and yards, sails and cordage were gone, crumbled to dust in the centuries or buried in the sand; but the great hull lay slanting, surrounded by myriads of sea-birds.

"The galleon!" Ken exclaimed.

They scrambled down the rocky slope into the sandy basin, ten or twelve feet below the level of the cave. At the bottom the sand was deep and loose, sand and powdered coral and glistening sea-shells, and they sank to their knees in it as they tramped towards the wrecked hull of what had once been a proud ship of Spain, a queen of the waters.

From the high poop the remains of a wooden ladder still hung; but as Hudson grasped it it came away in powdery fragments in his hand and crumbled at his feet. But there was ample foot-hold and hand-hold for nimble sailormen, and Hudson clambered breathlessly up the sloping side, Ken following him fast, Koko, less excited, bringing up the rear.

From the interior of the galleon came a wild croaking and shrieking and calling as a cloud of startled sea-birds rose in the air.

With a throbbing heart, King of the Islands stood on the deck of the once proud Spanish ship, beneath his feet, as he knew now, the treasures of old Spain!

(More adventures fall to the lot of Ken King and his companions before the treasure is safely aboard the Dawn. Don't deny yourself the thrill of reading about them in next Monday's MODERN BOY!)

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