

GREAT NEW STORY BY FLYING-OFFICER JOHNS

# MODERN BOY

No. 16. New Series  
JUNE 4th, 1938

EVERY SATURDAY

2<sup>D</sup>

EIGHT STORIES

Including—

**"YOU  
CAN'T WIN  
THROUGH!"**

*Boy Speed King Nick Forrest  
in a 1000 Mile Thrill*

By CLIFFORD CAMERON  
(Cover Illustration by Roland Davies)

—\*—  
*Sky-Detective Jagers in*

**RED-HOT  
RAY**

By JOHN TEMPLER

—\*—  
**O.K. FOR  
SOUND**

*Comedy-Thriller of the Talkies*  
By COLIN ROBERTSON

—\*—  
*Great Pirate Yarn*

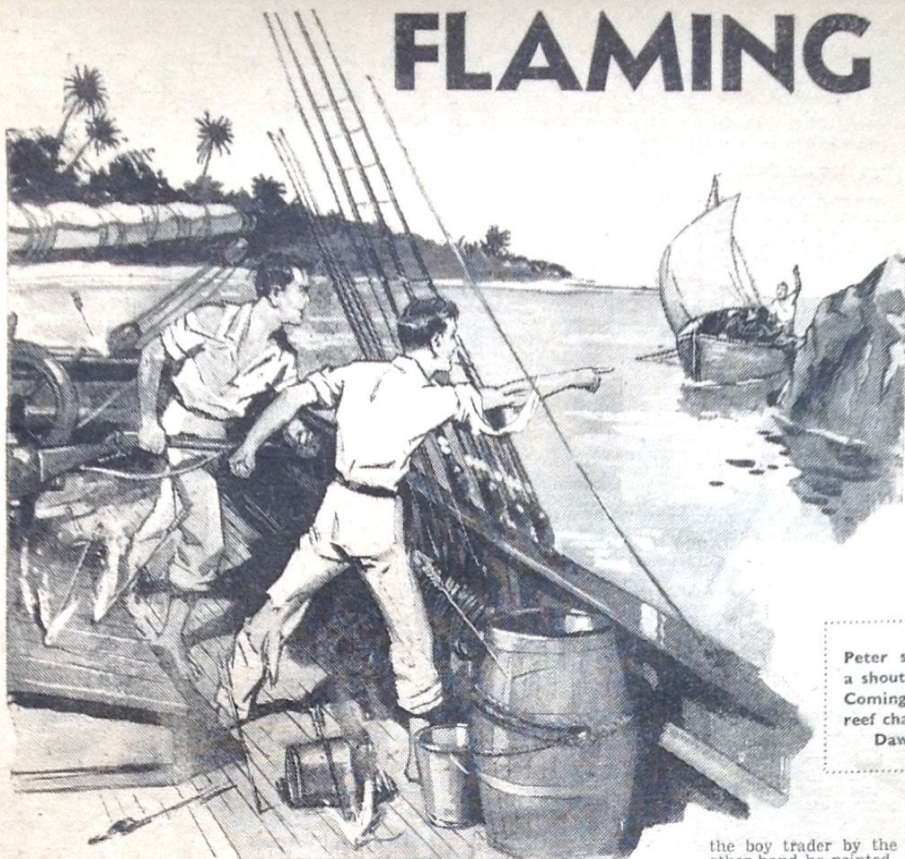
**CHAMPION  
OF  
THE MAIN**

By Flying-Officer JOHNS

—\*—  
FUN, NEWS, TRUE ADVENTURE,  
BIG COMPETITION



# FLAMING ARROWS



They thudded on the deck of the Dawn, setting Ken King's ketch afire . . . Van Duck was making a last desperate attempt to secure the secret of the pearls of Kohu.

By CHARLES HAMILTON

## Peter Lends a Hand

**K**ING of the Islands gave the sudden start and stared round him in surprise as something dropped on the deck of the Dawn.

Ken King was alone on deck. With his rifle under his arm, he watched the beach of Kohu, circling the shimmering lagoon. Below, in the state-room, Peter of Kohu lay resting—sleeping, perhaps. Ken had not seen him since he had brought him on board the ketch and left him below. Many hours had passed since then.

For a day and a night, and almost a day again, King of the Islands had not closed his eyes—and he was still on the alert, watchful and wary. He had only to watch and wait. Sooner or later, Kit Hudson and his crew would reach the lonely island—he was sure of that. And when they came, the tables would be turned on Van Duck.

But the Dutchman, as well as Ken, knew that Hudson would come: that any hour might see the whaleboat sailing in at the reef channel, with heavy odds against him in the last struggle. Ken would not have been surprised had the freebooter run Barney Hall's deserted lugger out of the creek across the lagoon, and used it for one last desperate attempt to retake the Dawn. But he knew that he could defeat such an attempt; he had only to watch! The long, hot afternoon was drawing towards sunset, and for hours he had seen nothing of the enemy, hidden in the bush at the back of the beach and the pearler's hut. Then, as something dropped with a sharp tap on the deck, he knew that the Dutchman was at work again—and he stared round at an arrow that stuck upright, quivering, in the deck.

He shrugged his shoulders. If that was the Dutchman's game, it did not trouble him. It was easy enough for one of the Solomon Islanders to shape a bow—the materials were at hand, in the bush—easy enough to send an arrow into the air, to fall on the ketch anchored a cable's length out. But the chance of dropping it on the Dawn's defender was remote.

But Ken's glance, careless at first, fixed on the quivering arrow—and he caught his breath. A spiral of smoke rose from it, and there was a red gleam. The boy trader made a spring at the missile, grasped it by the shaft and jerked it up, tossing it into the lagoon. It hissed in the water as it disappeared.

"My sainted Sam!" breathed Ken. "It was a fire-arrow—an old trick of the Islands. A knot of rag, soaked in oil or resin, was fastened to the arrow and lighted. The arrow had not flown on the remote chance of dropping on him—it had flown to fire the ketch. To that desperate device the Dutchman had come! He had no hope of retaking the Dawn, and the boy who knew the secret of the

pearls of Kohu was safe on board beyond his reach. To fire the ketch and to drive King of the Islands and Peter to swim for their lives was the Dutchman's last chance; and that was what he was doing.

The burning arrow had hardly hissed out in the lagoon when two more landed on the deck—one fore, and one aft. Both burst into flame as they struck. With a grim, set face, Ken rushed aft and flung one over the side. He raced forward and caught up the other. His rifle was useless against this enemy—the arrows flew from the cover of the high bush, shot by unseen hands. The tall cedar mast of the Dawn was a sufficient guide to the blacks.

Tap, tap, tap! the arrows landed, dropping on woodwork dry as bone in the burning glare of the tropic sun. During the hours that Ken had been watching, the blacks had been shaping a store of arrows, and they came fast.

Peter looked out of the companion. The hurried tramping on the deck had startled him. His dark eyes followed Ken as the boy trader tore a burning arrow from a reefed sail, barely in time to prevent the canvas from catching.

"What—" panted the boy. "Fire-arrows! They are trying to burn the ketch!" said Ken. "Go below—keep out of this!"

"No, no!" The boy came quickly on deck. Four or five burning arrows dropped, one of them grazing Ken's shoulder. The boy trader's movements were like lightning, but he needed help. With all the help that Peter could give him, it was doubtful whether he could defeat this deadly attack. Once the fire caught, the Dawn would burn down to the water's edge.

"Get to it, then!" said Ken.

Timid as the boy was, he had shown courage and determination many times, and he showed plenty of both now. As active as Ken, and even swifter in his movements, the slim figure darted at the burning arrows as they fell, snatching them and tossing them into the lagoon. Ken grasped a bucket—the forward butt was full of water—and he dipped and dipped with incessant energy, splashing water where the arrows fell.

It was hard, desperate work in the glaring blaze of the sun, but Ken dared not pause for a moment—and Peter did not pause. Again and again rope or canvas caught, but the prompt bucket dashed out the flame. But there were long hours of blazing sunshine yet—could it last?

In his heart, King of the Islands felt that it could not. The savage freebooter would destroy the ship he could not take. Then, as the two defenders swam from the burning ketch, a rain of bullets from the Dutchman's revolver for King of the Islands, and capture for the boy and torture to drive him to reveal the secret of Black Tom Daly's cache of pearls!

"Look!" Peter gave a sudden cry and caught

Peter suddenly gave a shout and pointed. Coming through the reef channel was the Dawn's boat.

the boy trader by the arm. With his other hand he pointed.

Ken caught at his rifle, thinking that it was an attack. Then, as he saw what Peter had seen, he gave a yell of delight.

In the reef channel, coming in from the Pacific, a sail glanced in the sun. In the whaleboat under it were six brown and one white face—Kit Hudson, mate of the Dawn, Koko, the boatswain, Tomoo and Lufu, Lompo and Kolulo, and Danny, the cooky-boy. Ken's mate and his crew had reached Kohu in time to save him!

## The Pearls of Kohu

**K**IT HUDSON'S face lighted as his eyes fell on the Dawn, riding at anchor in the lagoon. Eagerly he scanned the ketch, and as eagerly Koko's keen eyes searched it for a sign of his white master.

From Barney Hall, fleeing to sea in the lugger's dinghy, they had learned that King of the Islands had been in conflict with Van Duck and his crew. How had the struggle ended, one man, single-handed, against such fearful odds? How could it have ended? Then suddenly a well-known figure leaped on the rail of the Dawn and waved a hand—and Kit Hudson's eyes danced.

"Ken!" he roared. "Feller King of the Islands!" exclaimed Koko. "That feller stop!"

The whaleboat glided on into the lagoon. Every brown face in the crew packed on board her was bright.

But Hudson grasped a rifle as the whaleboat ran in. There were foes on Kohu, though he could see nothing of them. He was watchfully on his guard as the whaleboat glided across to the Dawn's anchorage.

"Ahoi, shipmate!" roared Kit. "Ahoi!" sang back King of the Islands, his face flushed, his eyes dancing with sheer delight. "But look out, Kit!" He pointed as he shouted, and Hudson's wary eyes shot round to the bush by the pearler's hut on the beach.

From the bush four black faces stared in surprise at the sight of the whaleboat. In his fury, the Dutchman emerged from cover to fire on the whaleboat. But Hudson was prompt. At sight of the furious, red-bearded face, his rifle roared—and a bullet clipping a patch of skin from his ear drove the Dutchman cursing back to cover.

The whaleboat ran in under the Dawn's port rail, the ketch between her and the beach. Down dropped the sail, the Hiva-Oa boys tied on, and Hudson scrambled on board.

"Ken, old man!" he gasped. "Kit, old chap!"

King of the Islands gripped his shipmate's hand. He fairly wrung it, in his joy and relief at seeing his comrade again. Koko grinned from one brown ear to the other, displaying a dazzling set of teeth.

"White master belong me, stop!" he

chanted. "Feller Dussman no kill-dead white master belong me! White-master stop! This feller Koko see um, eye belong him!"

"Stop plenty too much, old brown bean," said Ken laughing. "By gum, Kit, it's good to see you again. And you, Koko, old coffee-bean. I knew you'd come—I knew you'd guess that Van Duck was making Kohu when he seized the Dawn—and here you are."

Tap, tap! A couple more of the burning arrows dropped on the deck. Hudson stared at them as Koko rushed to throw them overboard.

"So that was the game?" he said.

"That was it!" said Ken. "That game's up, now we've got the crew on board. But it might have been a different tale to tell if you hadn't turned up, Kit. It won't take us long to put paid to the Dutchman, now we're together again, if he gives us any more trouble."

"The sooner the better!" said the mate grimly. Then his eyes fell on Peter, whom he had not noticed before. "So you've got that young lubber aboard?"

His eyes fixed on Peter, half-amused, half-contemptuous. The boy, exhausted by that long hour fighting the fire-arrows in the blazing sun, was leaning on the mizzen. Hudson had not thought much of Peter when the boy had sailed in the Dawn—a soft swab, who dissolved into tears at a harsh word. Hudson was kind-hearted enough, but he had no use for softness, and none for tears in man or boy. And now, as he looked at Peter, he could see a suspicious glimmer on his long dark lashes.

The boy heard Hudson's words, and he blushed a deep crimson. Without speaking, he moved away from the mizzen and went below.

"Where did you pick up that chunk of putty, Ken?" asked the mate.

"That chunk of putty, as you call him, Kit, saved my life when Van Duck left me tied up on the reef to drown in the tide," said Ken quietly. "Go easy with him, old fellow, while we've got him aboard."

Hudson shrugged his shoulders.

"I've got no use for stuffy," he said. "Well, if you knew—"

"If I knew what?"

"Nothing!" said Ken hastily. "Peter's secret is his own! But I'm asking you to go easy with him, Kit—as easy as you can, old fellow. The boy's been through it in Van Duck's hands. The brute was certain that he was the son of Black Tom Daly, and knew where to lay hands on the pearls on this island—"

"He is—and does!" cut in Hudson. "I'll go as easy with him as you like, Ken, but you know as well as I do that he is Black Tom's son. I'm not blaming him for keeping the secret of the pearls—but I've no use for lies! He's the son of Tom Daly, and you know it."

King of the Islands laughed.

"Leave it at that, then," he said. "Never mind him now—we're going to get the hook up and pull out of Kohu."

"But that swab Van Duck!" exclaimed Hudson.

Ken shrugged his shoulders. "Let him rip!" he said. "We'll leave him marooned on Kohu."

"I'd rather hang him at the end of the boom!" grunted Hudson. "But as you like."

King of the Islands glanced towards the beach. The burning arrows had ceased to fall. Doubtless the Dutchman realised that that form of attack was useless, now that the Dawn was manned by its whole crew again. Probably he was expecting to be attacked in his turn. What were left of his crew had little chance in a conflict. The tables were completely turned on the freebooter.

Ken, as he scanned the beach and the bush beyond, could see no sign of Van Duck or his crew, and he had little doubt that they were already in retreat. He had no mind for hunting them in the bush. Now that his mate and crew were with him once more, he was only

eager to get the hook up and look his last on that island of treasure and terror.

Leaving Hudson on deck, Ken went below for a word with Peter.

The boy came out of the state-room into the cabin as King of the Islands called his name. His dark eyes fixed quizzingly and uneasily on the face of the boy trader. That face was very grave.

"We're pulling out of Kohu, Peter," said Ken quietly. "Last time we pulled out, you returned—to wait here for Tom Daly to get back from Lukwe."

The boy nodded without speaking. "I've told you," went on Ken, "that we picked up Tom Daly from the wreck of his lugger after the hurricane and landed him at Ululo. We left him there with Mulligan, the Pacific Company's trader. I shall put in at Ululo first stop after getting out of this. That suit you?"

Peter's face brightened. Then it clouded again.

"But—" he began.

"You are thinking of the pearls?"

Peter of Kohu did not answer, but his look was troubled.

"We cannot leave you on Kohu," said Ken. "Van Duck and four or five of his crew are skulking in the bush. Barney Hall is gone—but I cannot say whether he is gone for good. Your life's worth no more than a mosquito's if you stay here."

"I—I know!" faltered Peter. "But I—"

"The pearls!" said Ken. "That's what I'm coming to! Black Tom Daly found pearls here, where no man had ever found them before. From what I've seen, I reckon he cleaned out the pearl bed before he pulled out for Lukwe for stores. He cached the pearls in a safe place before he went, but he talked too much at Lukwe, and set Van Duck and Barney Hall on the hunt for them. I reckon he was leaving when he got back—taking you and his fortune with him. Isn't that it?"

"Yes!" breathed Peter. "We were going to make Pita, to take the steamer for Sydney, and home. But stores were needed for the trip."

"That's how I figured it out," said Ken, with a nod. "Well, Black Tom's at Ululo, and we're making Ululo. You can join him there, taking the pearls with you."

"That's what I had to say, Peter!" he added. "You kept the secret of the pearls from Barney Hall—you kept it from Van Duck—but surely you can trust me, after what we've been through. You cannot doubt that Black Tom's pearls will be safe on my ship."

"I should be ungrateful to doubt it!" muttered Peter, the tears welling into his eyes. "Yes, yes, I can trust you. Of course I can trust you."

"Then all's clear," said Ken. "All you have to do is to lift the pearls, wherever they are hidden, pack them in the state-room here, and sail with me. I can give a guess at the hiding-place—the coral cavern on the outer reef, where you hid from Barney Hall. Is that so?"

Peter nodded.

"Mind," said Ken, "if you've a doubt left, leave the pearls where they are—and leave it to Tom Daly to get them later, if he can. But you must sail with me—I cannot leave you on Kohu."

Peter smiled faintly.

"But I have no doubt left," he said. "If you will give me a passage to Ululo, to meet my—to meet Tom Daly, I shall take the pearls. And—and I can only thank you."

"That's settled, then," said King of the Islands. "We shall be making the reef passage before sunset, and we'll heave to in the channel opposite the coral cavern. The rest is up to you." And the boy trader went back to the deck.

The Kanakas sang merrily as they heaved up the anchor and trimmed the sails to run out of the lagoon.

Ken's heart beat joyfully when he felt the ketch once more in motion under his feet. As the ketch glided into the reef passage there came a crack of a revolver from the high bush ashore, and he laughed. The Dutchman was watching the end of all his hopes, at the sailing of the Dawn, and in rage and fury he loosed off impotent shots. The Dawn was sailing—the boy who knew the secret of the pearls was sailing with her—and the Dutchman was left on Kohu—to remain there, or to escape in Barney Hall's lugger—Ken cared little which.

The shining lagoon was left behind. The Dawn glided down the reef passage, and the Hiva-oo boys were surprised when Ken heaved to in the channel, opposite the tall cliff of coral in which the cavern opened.

"What name we stop along this place, say?" asked Koko.

"We stop along this place, along white feller Peter fetch thing belong him, stop along reef," answered Ken, smiling.

Peter was on deck now. The ketch was close enough to the coral for him to jump ashore. He leapt lightly to the reef, and hurried across to the cavern.

Hudson watched the boy of Kohu disappear into the fissure in the cliff that

gave access to the cavern. He glanced at Ken.

"The pearls?" he asked.

King of the Islands nodded.

"And that young swab keeps it up that he is not the son of Tom Daly!" grunted Hudson. "I know that beachcomber, and know exactly how much he would trust anybody with such a secret—unless his own son."

Ken did not answer that. He waited for Peter to return, in silence. In a very short time the slim figure emerged from the cavern. There was a bundle on Peter's shoulder, his own belongings from the camp in the cavern, and under his arm a smaller packet. The ship-mates did not need telling what was contained in that packet—Black Tom's store of pearls, worth a fortune, disinterred from their hiding-place in some deep crevice of the coral.

Koko took the bundle from the boy, but Peter kept the smaller packet in his own hands as he clambered on board. He gave King of the Islands a smile. Then, as he caught Hudson's eyes, he coloured painfully. Hudson gave a laugh.

"Tom Daly's cache!" he said. "You are trusting us with that—but not with the truth."

The boy's lips set resentfully.

"I told you the truth!" he answered.

"You told us you were not Tom Daly's son!" grunted Hudson.

"I am not."

"Oh, belay it!" said Hudson impatiently. "He would trust no one else, and I would lay a hundred Australian sovereigns to a fathom of shell-money on that! You are safe here, and what you carry in that packet is safe—tell the truth."

The boy looked at him. There was a glimmer of something like amusement in his dark eyes. But he did not answer, and Hudson gave a grunt as he went below with the packet.

The Dawn got under way again. Dusk was on the Pacific as the ketch drew clear of Kohu. King of the Islands sang out orders with a light heart, and more sail was shaken out. As the darkness fell and shut off Kohu from sight, the Dawn sped swiftly on her way for distant Ululo.

"I reckon, ship-mate," said Ken, "that I'll take first watch below. You feller Danny!"

The cooky-boy scuttled up.

"You make feller bed along locker along cabin," said Ken. "State-room belong little white feller Peter."

"Hudson gave an emphatic snort as the cooky-boy went below.

"Are you going to mollycoddle that soft swab to the extent of giving up the state-room to him?" he demanded.

"Why not?" answered Ken. "We raise Ululo to-morrow—with this wind! He saved my life, Kit. Go easy with him, old fellow."

"Oh, ay!" said Hudson sarcastically. "Next time he comes on deck I'll kiss him on his baby brow if you like!"

"Oh, my sainted Sam!" ejaculated Ken, and he burst into a laugh. He was still grinning as he went down the companion for his watch below, and Hudson, puzzled, grunted.

### Lurking in the Bush

**B**ARNEY HALL signed to the Tonga boys in the dinghy to be silent. But the three brown boys were silent enough. The terror of the black Solomon Islanders was on them. Only Barney's savage threats and brawny fists had driven them into pulling back to Kohu.

It was midnight when the Tonga trader reached Kohu, the Tonga boys weary and aching from the hour's long pull. But he was glad that the hour was late and the night dark. Unarmed, outnumbered both by the rival pearl-poachers and by Ken King's crew, Barney knew well that his chances were desperate on Kohu. But the sight of the Dawn's whaleboat making the island had revived his hopes, and his plans were laid—to skulk unseen while Ken King and Van Duck fought out their conflict, and snatch the prize, if he could, from the victor.

Silently the dinghy crept into the lagoon, and made a wide sweep to keep clear of the Dawn's anchorage and the pearler's hut ashore. That the Dawn was no longer in her anchorage, Barney did not know, and could not guess; darkness wrapped the island like a velvety cloak. He could not guess how matters had gone—and least of all did he guess that the Dawn had sailed within a half-mile of him in the dark, and was many a long sea-mile away on the Pacific.

No sound came to his ears on the silent island. If there had been fighting, it was over. One party, he reckoned, would be on the ketch, the other on the beach, and he was anxious to escape discovery by either! In the darkness the dinghy crept round the lagoon to the farther side, seeking the creek where he had left his lugger in his flight from Van Duck. Neither party, Barney reckoned, would

(Continued on next page)

# Ask YOUR Dad to buy you a new CYCLE!



You can ride to school on it and save time and fares. And think of the fun you'll have at week-ends and in the holidays. Your Dad knows there's nothing like cycling for keeping a fellow fit and teaching him road-sense. Get him to go with you and see the new 1938 models. They're beauties, and you can have one for as little as 2/6 a week.

## You'd be better on a bicycle

**STILL THE CHEAPEST, HANDIEST, HEALTHIEST WAY OF GETTING ABOUT**

**IN AID OF NATIONAL FITNESS**



See that FLUXITE is always by you—in the house—garage—workshop—wherever simple speedy soldering is needed. Used for 30 years in Government Works and by leading Engineers and Manufacturers. OF IRONMONGERS—IN TINS, 4d., 8d., 1/4 and 2/8.

Ask to see the FLUXITE SMALL SPACE SOLDERING SET—compact but substantial—complete with full instructions—7/6.

Write for FREE book on the Art of "SOFT" soldering and ask for Leaflet on CASE HARDENING STEEL and TEMPERING TOOLS with FLUXITE.

TO CYCLISTS! Your wheels will NOT keep round and true unless the spokes are tied with fine wire at the crossing AND SOLDERED. This makes a much stronger wheel. It's simpler—with FLUXITE—but IMPORTANT.

### THE FLUXITE GUN

is always ready to put "Fluxite" on the soldering job instantly. A little pressure places the right quantity on the right spot and one charging lasts for ages. Price 1/6.



ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

## FLUXITE

IT SIMPLIFIES ALL SOLDERING

FLUXITE LTD. (Dept. M.B.), Dragon Works, Bermondsey Street, S.E.1.

## SKYBIRDS

WORLD FAMOUS AERONAUTICAL MODELS.

Now Ready!

### The "HAWKER HURRICANE"

Constructive Set, price 2/6.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN SMALL SCALE MODELS

write for SKYBIRDS FREE LIST, or for a copy of "AIR REVIEW," post free 7d., the official organ of the SKYBIRD LEAGUE.

Address: "SKYBIRDS," (Desk M.B.), 3, Aldermanbury Avenue, LONDON, E.C.2.

## BE TALL

Your Height increased in 14 days or money back. The amazing Stebbing System soon brings 3-5 inches increase and new energy. The first, original, and the one GENUINE guaranteed Height Increase System. Complete Course, 5/-, Details free, privately—Stebbing System (M.B.), 25, Dean Rd., London, N.W.2.

### 5 ESTONIA, 7 LATVIA & 4 MANCHUKUO FREE!

To collectors who ask to see our bargain approval sheets, send 2d. post and packing (abroad 6d.). M. STOCKTON & CO., Hawkshead, Hatfield, Herts.

### THE "NUMATIC" PISTOL

MAKES ITS OWN PELLETS  
Breath loading. Bolt action.  
Heavy model. Black finish.  
Fires potato, apple, etc., by compressed air. No license required. With instructions.  
Postage 5d. extra. Colonial 1/- extra.  
3/-  
HERBERTS & CO. (Dept. M.G.),  
48, Clapham Park Road, London, S.W.4.



## A Feast of Fun, Fiction and Fact

# The GEM

Every Wednesday 2d

Modern Boy

## FLAMING ARROWS

(Continued)

he giving a thought to the Tonga lugger—and on the lugger he would pass the remainder of the night and wait for sunrise to enlighten him as to the state of affairs on Kohu. But he was cautious as he drew near the creek, almost hidden by tropical vegetation, and at a sound from the shore he gestured silence to his crew.

For a long minute he waited and listened. The dinghy's nose was in the creek, and he held on to a branch to keep it still. He was hardly three fathoms from the lugger, though he could not see it, and it seemed to him that the sound he had heard was that of a sleeper stirring.

But no sound followed. Reassured at last, Barney signed to his crew to push on. The Tonga boys poled stealthily with the oars, making hardly a sound, and the dinghy crept on, till, in the faint glimmer of starlight, Barney was able to make out the shape of the lugger.

As the dinghy crept silently alongside, and the Tonga boys held on, Barney grasped the gunwale and stared across the deck of the lugger. The darkness told him nothing. That the Solomon Islanders were not at hand, he was sure, for wary as his coming was, the faintest sound would have been enough to put the savages on the alert. And yet some instinct warned him that the lugger was not deserted. Standing in the dinghy, he watched and listened. But all was silent, and at last he swung himself on board.

"Ach!" came a startled exclamation. Barney Hall gave a gasp. He had struck something that started, and that startled exclamation told him who it was.

Even as Barney gasped in surprise and dismay, the brawny figure of the Dutchman reared up from the deck, and there was a glimmer of a pistol-barrel. But the Dutchman had no time to use the revolver. Barney Hall grasped him, pinning his arm down to his side, and they struggled.

The Dutchman wrenched his gun arm free. But again the desperate Tonga trader grasped it. And this time he twisted it with such savage force that Van Duck, with a howl of agony, lost his grip on the revolver, and it clattered on the deck. Then, locked again in a desperate grip, they struggled. From the Dutchman came a fierce roar:

"You feller boy! You comey too quick!"

There was an answering yell from the shore. The Solomon Islanders were camped near the creek, under the palms.

"By hokey!" panted Barney. There was no help for him from his crew. The brown boys in the dinghy gabbled with terror at the yell from the black men in the bush. Barney, exerting all his strength, bore the Dutchman back. One of the lugger's sweeps lay across the deck, and the Dutchman stumbled over it.

A crash in the bush told that the black boys were coming. Barney Hall's life hung on a thread. But he had the upper hand—the Dutchman, stumbling backwards, crashed on the low gunwale of the lugger—head and shoulders over the water. One savage, desperate heave, with all Barney's strength in it, and the Dutchman was over the side, splashing in mud and water.

Barney Hall, panting oaths, groped on the deck for the revolver the Dutchman had dropped. Fuzzy heads were rising into view on the bushy bank—a few moments more, and the Solomon Islanders would have been clambering on the lugger. But Barney's desperate fingers closed on the butt of the revolver. He grabbed it up and pulled trigger.

Crack, crack, crack! Fuzzy heads ducked again into the bush as the Tonga trader rapped out rapid shots.

A furious face, the red beard thick with oozy mud, rose from the shallows, and glared over the gunwale. Van Duck roared to the Solomon Islanders. They rallied at his voice, but that fierce roar

was not heard again. Barney Hall fired point-blank at the enraged Dutchman.

One gasping cry, and Van Duck splashed again into the creek. The muddy waters closed over him, never again to reveal the bully of the Sunda. There was a howl from one of the blacks:

"Pelier Dussman no stop!"

Crack, crack! But it was needless for Barney Hall to fire again—the blacks were scuttling away in the bush.

"By hokey!" panted Barney, glaring through the gloom at the dinghy. The Tonga boys were pushing away down the creek, to flee into the lagoon. Barney Hall yelled savagely after them.

"You feller boy, you comey along this lugger! That feller Dussman no stop any more altogether—Solomon Island feller no stop, you swabs!"

And the Tonga boys, realising that Barney was master of the lugger, brought the dinghy alongside again. Barney cursed them savagely as they clambered on board. But his eyes were glittering with triumph. Unexpectedly he had run into one party of his enemies, and had the upper hand. If he had as much luck with King of the Islands, the pearls of Kohu would yet be his. He hunted through the lugger for cartridges, reloaded the revolver, and waited for dawn.

Of the Solomon Islanders, he saw and heard nothing more. They had fled into the bush, and did not approach the lugger again. Barney Hall gave them little heed. His thoughts were on the morrow and what it was to bring!

But when, at long last, the dawn came, and Barney scanned the lagoon for the Dawn, he failed to find it. He stared across the water in astonishment and dismay as he realised that he was left with Kohu to himself. The Dawn had pulled out in the night, and had been running before the wind, far on the sea, while he had been waiting for daylight, expecting to see her at her anchorage.

Barney's remarks almost turned the air blue when it was driven into his mind, at last, that the ketch was gone, that Peter was gone with the ketch, and that the pearls were gone, with the boy.

It was with deep feelings that, later in the day, his last hope gone, the Tonga trader pulled out in his lugger and Kohu was left to the blacks lurking in the bush.

"Ululoo!" asked Peter eagerly.

King of the Islands smiled.

"Ay, ay, that's Ululoo! We make the lagoon in an hour's time, Peter."

It was hot afternoon. King of the Islands and his mate were on deck watching the island that loomed ahead out of the blue Pacific, when Peter came out of the companion.

His eyes glistened at the sight of the nodding palms in the distance over the sea. He moved forward to watch the island rising from the Pacific and Hudson grunted. The boy's eagerness to reach Ululoo, where Black Tom Daly, the pearler, had been left, had only one explanation to Hudson's mind. Peter had said, over and over again, that he was not the pearler's son. But Hudson believed him no more than the pearl-poachers had believed him.

The Dawn ran down to Ululoo and ran the reef into the lagoon. On the beach natives gathered to watch the ketch come in; and in the veranda of the trader's bungalow, Mulligan waved a hand. The boy's eyes were fixed on the bungalow, and he caught his breath as a figure, small in the distance but recognisable, rose from a Madeira chair and stood beside the trader looking out across the lagoon. A gaunt, black-bearded man, with a seamed, bronzed face—whom the shipmates of the Dawn knew as Black Tom Daly, beachcomber and pearler. The boy waved his hand wildly and the black-bearded man came tramping down the beach.

By the time the Dawn reached her anchorage, the black-bearded man was in a canoe and a couple of Ululoo boys were paddling him out to the ketch. Peter waved to him and then ran below for the packet in the state-room.

The canoe bumped on the Dawn, and Black Tom swung himself on board. He glanced round, then saluted the skipper and mate.

"I reckon I'm glad to see you, Captain King," he said. "Mulligan's told me that you picked me up from what was left of my lugger, after the hurricane—I've got to thank you for not being in Davy Jones' locker."

"I'm glad to see you're mending," said Ken.

"Oh, I reckon I'm mending—I've been fixing up to get back to Kohu in a sailing canoe, but"—he looked round again—"but"

"Peter's gone down for a packet," said Ken, smiling. "You won't need to get back to Kohu—you can wait here for a ship, and get across to Pita for the Sydney steamer. Here he comes."

Peter ran on deck. The packet was in his hand. The rugged, black-bearded face softened at the sight of him. Peter ran to him, thrust the packet into his hand, and then threw his arms round the pearler's neck. His eyes were bright, but there were tears on his lashes.

"Father! Oh, father!"

Both the shipmates heard the murmured words. Hudson glanced at Ken—who smiled. Hudson grunted. They turned away, leaving Peter and the pearler in low-toned talk.

Black Tom came over to King of the Islands at last. There was emotion in his rugged face.

"I reckon I owe you more than the life you saved when you picked me up, he said. "You've saved the kid, and the pearls, too—not that I'd have reckoned much about the pearls, if anything had happened to the kid. I was a fool to let Peter come out from Sydney and join me in the Islands. But I'm going back on the Sydney steamer, with a fortune in my belt—thanks to you, King of the Islands."

He gave Ken a grip of the hand, Hudson a nod, and swung himself down into the canoe. He stood there to help the boy in. Peter came up to King of the Islands and shyly held out his hand.

"Good-bye, and many, many thanks," he said softly.

"Good-bye, and good luck!" said Ken.

Peter turned to Hudson. The mate's face was grim. The boy coloured and hesitated. Then, faintly, he smiled.

"You still think that I did not tell the truth?" he asked.

"You said that you were not the son of Black Tom Daly—and I heard you call him father!" grunted Hudson.

"Yes, that is true! But I think that your shipmate knows that I told only the truth."

Ken nodded.

"I guessed the last day on Kohu!" he said.

"Tom Daly's your father—but you are not his son!" exclaimed Hudson. "What the dickens do you mean, if you mean anything?"

The dark eyes glimmered with amusement. Peter paused before he replied. And his reply, when it came, left King of the Islands thunderstruck.

"Peter is not a boy's name when it is spelled Peter! A boy's clothes are more useful for a pearler's work—Tom Daly is my father, and I am his daughter!"

Peter jumped lightly down into the canoe, and the Ululoo boys pushed off. King of the Islands stared blankly. The canoe shot back to the beach; the packet of pearls in Black Tom Daly's hand, the slim figure of Peter at his side, with a happy, smiling face. The mate of the Dawn was too astonished to speak; he could only stare. Ken watched him with a grin.

"Suffering cats!" said Hudson at last. He paused. "Ken, old man, kick me from one end of the Dawn to the other, will you?"

King of the Islands chuckled.

## ISLAND OF SILENCE, EXCITING NEW KEN KING STORY, BEGINS NEXT WEEK

### GREEK PICTORIALS

Set of 6 1937 Greece, showing Bull-fight, Jupiter hurling thunderbolt, Charing winner of Olympic Games, Venus de Milo, etc., sent free to all genuine applicants for approvals enclosing 2d. postage. Mention MODERN BOY.

R. D. HARRISON, ROYDON, WARE

### THE CAMBIA, QUEEN ASTRID & 25 DIFFERENT AUSTRIAN PACKET FREE

This is one of the largest offers we have ever made. It includes—Ecuador, 2d. Australia, 6d. commensative, 1d. Portugal, 1d. Spain, 1d. Canada and India, 1d. 2d. stamps, 1d. Belgium including the late Queen Astrid holding her baby, U.S.A., also set of 2d. stamps. Finally, a magnificent set of 25 different Austrian, all colour and to the best of the applications. Also 2d. postage and 2d. postage and 2d. postage. LISBURN & TOWNSEND (M.B.), LIVERPOOL 3.

### BOYS, LOOK! LISTEN! ABSOLUTELY FREE NATIVE PACKET

British Guiana Indian NATIVE shooting fish, Large Cayman Island NATIVE Woman Tapping Rubber, Two pretty miniature New Zealand stamps including rare Native Birds, The Newest Issue of BELGIAN COBOLD NATIONAL PARKS depicting the river, 2d. Also gorgeous stamps including NATIVE SOCIETY. All these gorgeous stamps and many more Free to all applicants for our COT PITCH booklet. You will be satisfied—JANE ROBERTS, 107, Prad Street, PADDINGTON, LONDON.

## BAILEY'S "SUPER" PUMP. CANNOT WARP NOR BEND.



2/- for Steel lined

The Solid Drawn Steel or Aluminium Lining cannot leak and gives the Pump great strength. The celluloid covering is of extra thickness. Guaranteed by APEX INFLATOR CO., LTD., ALDRIDGE ROAD, PERRY BARR, BIRMINGHAM.

Makers of all types of Cycle Pumps and Celluloid Mudguards.