

BIGGLES FLIES NORTH—By Flying-Officer JOHNS

MODERN BOY

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SUBMERGED CITY—Strangest Sea Story You've Ever Read!

HEAVE TO, DANDY PETER!

Down wind rang the command from King of the Islands as the Dawn overhauled the Sea-Cat. The shipmates could not see the swindling Frenchman aboard, but they had no doubt the reckoning was at hand!

Ken Gets the News

THE full moon sailed high over the Pacific, and the sea rolled like a rippling sheet of silver. King of the Islands, standing by Koko, the boatman, at the wheel of the Dawn, swept the sea with searching glasses, every now and then lifting the binoculars to his eyes.

Kit Hudson, his main, moved restlessly about the deck. He had spoken hardly a word since the hatch had pulled out of Luta in the last glimmer of sunset. Hudson had looked so black and bitter, solemn had his mood been so heavily vengeful. It was past eight bells, but neither of the shipmates was thinking of a watch below. Neither was any of the Hiva-Oa crew of fifty—yet a man had caught his sleeping-mat, thrown ashore Koko, Loko and Lamprunner, and almost as heavily as their shipper—even Dandy, the lazy cocky-boy, was not mooring in his galley. Every eye on the Dawn scanned the vast solitudes that glimmered and glistened in the streaming light of the moon.

Ken King, the boy skipper of the Dawn, was leaning a canoe on the Pacific—a speck in boundless space. He could not even be sure of the canoe steered by the fugitive rascal who had run from Luta, many hours ahead of the pursuing ketch. He reckoned that a run, in light, in a sailing-canoe, would run better, the wind; and if that proved to be correct, Gustave Dubois had sailed southward from Luta, and the Dawn was following him. But with no guide beyond that uncertain clue, Ken had to realize how little chance he had of ever seeing again the rascal who had robbed him and his shipmate of five hundred pounds.

"My faith, Ken," said Kit Hudson, breaking a long silence. "Taken in like a greenhorn fresh to the islands. Gold on Gulu—the maddest yarn ever spun by a beach-comber. Five hundred pounds for a sailing canoe! To think that we risked our heads on Hiva—the sea was here, gone to the cook-galleys—while that wack cleared off with what he had robbed us of. Fool-fools!"

"We weren't the only fools, Kit. Dandy Peter was after the gold. He must have believed it."

"Only because we did," growled Hudson. "One fool makes many. He fancied we were on to a good thing. He would have laughed at the tale if Dubois had tried to pull his leg as he pulled ours. A chance of doing us an ill-tramp was enough for Peter Parson."

"Feller canoe stop along sea, sar," said Koko.

"Huh?" Hudson bounded to the rail. Koko pointed one hand from the wheel and pointed. Far away, a speck on the shining Pacific, was the object that had caught the keen eyes of the Kanaka boatman—far away to the north on the past lee.

"A canoe!" said Hudson doubtfully. His eyes were keen enough, but it was the nearest spoke to him, in the glimmering moonlight.

"Yessar," said Koko confidently. "Feller canoe, sar."

The shipmates stared at the speck. It was a canoe they were seeking. Gustave Dubois had fled from Luta in a sailing-canoe, with a crew of six brown Luta boys. But no gold glimmered in the moonlight. If they had the luck to sight Dubois's canoe, they suspected to sight it with the mistaken piling as fast as it could run before the wind.

By CHARLES HAMILTON

Hudson gritted his teeth. A canoe paddling up to Luta against the wind could hardly be Dubois's.

"No use to us," granted Hudson. "If we see eight a dozen canoes in three waters."

"And any one of them may have sighted Dubois, if he's running south," said Ken. "We may pick up news of him."

The canoe came more and more, clearly into sight. They made out the brown-skinned crew kneeling in the paddles.

"That feller canoe belong Luta, sar," said Koko. "Me savvy too much that feller Popoloto."

"Popoloto!" exclaimed Hudson. "Popoloto's sailing-canoe that Dubois ran in, Ken. The villain can't be going back to Luta. He knows that we've found out the swindle before this. That can't be Popoloto's canoe."

"No use to us, eye belong me," said Koko. "That feller Popoloto's stop along the feller canoe, sar."

The shipmate watched in amazed silence. If Koko was right, this was the canoe in which Gustave had fled from Luta. He could not be returning to meet there the shipmate whom he had deceived and robbed. Moreover, there was an sign of a white man in the canoe. His natives were at the middle—they were all the crew. If that was the canoe in which the swindler had fled, where was Dubois?

But that Koko's keen eyes had made no mistake was proved before long. Brown furs in the canoe were turned towards the Dawn, and among them they recognized the face of Popoloto, whom both knew by sight. It was Dubois's canoe.

"You're landed him, then," said Hudson. "That's your maker, it was," said Ken, his brows wrinkled. "Dubois would never go where till he was a safe distance from Luta. He must know that we should hunt for him. He may have changed into some other craft. But we'll get the truth from those Luta boys, whatever it is."

The ketch ran down to the canoe. Ken signalled to the crew, who paddled alongside willingly enough.

Popoloto stood in the canoe, and held on to a oar, looking up at King of the Islands. Ken leaned over the rail.

"You feller Popoloto, what came feller Frenchman no stop along canoe belong you?"

"Feller Frenchman no stop, sar, along white feller table that feller Frenchman along ship belong him," answered Popoloto. "Him aboard along sea, sar, make this feller Luta boy plenty too much right, my word!"

This meant that some white skipper had taken the Frenchman by force from the canoe. It was utterly unexpected news to the shipmates.

"You savvy that white feller? You savvy ship belong him?" asked Ken.

"Yessar, savvy plenty too much. That white feller, Cap'n Parsons, sar—ship belong him Sea-Cat."

"Dandy Peter?" called Hudson. "We found that Parsons had pulled out of Luta, where we got back from Gulu. Don't you get it, Ken? Dandy Peter's still after the gold—and he's got Dubois a prisoner on his cutter."

"That feller Frenchman no like go along ship belong Cug's Parsons," said Popo-

loto. "Cug's Parsons shoot along gun belong him, see that feller Frenchman too much right. Him stop along Sea-Cat, sar."

King of the Islands laughed. He could not help it. The shipmates were in loose pursuit of Gustave Dubois, because he had swindled them with a "sailed" gold-mine. Dandy Peter had run him down and seized him in the belief that that gold-mine was a reality. The sea-lavender of Luta was still on the track of a phantom fortune!

"We'll get him now!" said Hudson. "By gun, we'll get him! We've got to confront the Sea-Cat, Ken. And I reckon Dandy Peter will be willing to hand over Dubois when we tell him how much the gold is worth." And Hudson laughed, too.

King of the Islands tapped out a few questions to the canoe crew. But all that Popoloto could tell him was that the Sea-Cat had run on before the wind, bearing south, when he had lost sight of her. That looked as if Dandy Peter was making his home-port of Luta. Anyway, it gave the shipmate his bearings.

The canoe cut off, and the Dawn surged on seaward under the booming wind.

Parsons Learns the Truth

PETER PARSONS leaved had through his nose, his eyes glittering under lowered brows. In the bright sunlight his handsome face expressed sheer evil. Gustave Dubois crouched nearby. The menacing glitter in Dandy Peter's eyes made the wretched swindler quake.

He had known, when Dandy Peter ran him down in the Luta canoe, what the Luta skipper wanted. And in the vain hope of being allowed to run, he had revealed the truth—that the gold of Gulu was a delusion, a swindle he had worked on King of the Islands and his mate. But Dandy Peter had not believed a word of it. It had seemed to him a finer bit of chicanery. But now his belief was changing.

"You want?" he said. "I reckoned on making Luta, picking up a crew, and beating back to Gulu." He gritted his teeth. "If I'd found no gold there, after that, I'd have made you repeat finding me with a beach-comber's tale."

"It is not I can fool you!" muttered Dubois sulkily. "Did I get you to bring me on your cutter? I ask you to leave me in my canoe. It is no matter to me if I make so good of King of the Islands, your comrade."

"Dandy Peter eyed him manfully, doubtfully.

"You're telling me that it was a cabin—that you fooled King of the Islands and his mate?" Parsons asked slowly.

"Main one?"

"You believed you—and they're no fools! They stayed on Gulu, and sent you back to Luta. You must have shown them something. They're not fools enough to take your word! How did you work it?"

The Frenchman stood silent.

"Ken?" rapped Dandy Peter. "You fetch feller sting-ear tail along deck."

Dubois shuddered. He was an excellent hand. The Luta shipmate would have had the skin taken off his back with the sting-ear tail without the slightest compunction. Dandy Peter was not a man he dared to triffl with.

"It was an sailed mine," he muttered. "So gold-trick was played at an digging. So gold-trick is fixed from an shogies into an sandal. But is all so gold-ear on Gulu."

"And they fell for a trick like that?" exclaimed Parsons. "If that's the truth—"

"It is as much! I tell you so real veritas!

I do not want you make Gals, and blow me out to brass because you are disappointed. At Lata I did not tell you no take-you are no too dangerous man, no matter. King of the Islands—he is hot parrot—but you—no!"

"A trick—from beginning to end!" Dandy Peter gave a savage laugh. "And when you talked out of Lata you were coming from King of the Islands!"

"Do you think I should wait for him to return to Lata?" shriegged Dubois. "I know not how long it take you to discover so trick—but I wait not to see."

Dandy Peter laughed again. It was some consolation to him in his disappointment to think of the shipmaster's feelings when they discovered the trick and found that the trickster was out of their reach. But his face grew grim again.

"And where did you come in, you sailing snob?" he asked, very quietly. "You did not play this game for amusement? You sold them the mine?"

Again Dubois did not answer. There were five hundred pounds in the bag tucked behind his belt that belonged to the skipper and mate of the *Beano*; he did not want to reveal that fact to Dandy Peter if he could help it.

"You sold them the mine?" repeated Dandy Peter. "You had the money when you ran—yet I did have run without it. Get it out."

"I will give no mine," muttered Dubois sulkily. "What is it to you if my law is money?"

"Nothing," said Parnes. "What was the sugar?"

"Five hundred of so pounds," muttered Dubois sulkily. It was useless to him, when at a word from the Lakos skipper he would have been searched.

"Be obey! You ran from Lata with five hundred pounds—leaving them to hunt for you! King of the Islands and his mate will be looking blue!"

And Dandy Peter roared with laughter, almost returned to good-humour by the idea.

The Frenchman watched him anxiously. He did not feel safe with his plunder. The Lakos skipper read his thoughts.

"You certainly swab!" he said. "Do you reckon that I'm going to throw you to the sharks for your lack?"

That very thought was in the wretched scoundrel's mind.

"I reckon," said Dandy Peter, "that if King of the Islands was a friend of mine I'd beat back to Lata and hand you over, with the money in your pockets, you sailing snob!" He laughed. "Maybe, they're still on Gals, searching for gold."

He turned away and stropped to the islands. Dubois watched him with deep suspicion. Once on board the *Sea-Cat*, he had had little hope of saving his plunder—and a fear that he would not see his life. He did not suppose for a moment that Dandy Peter would beat back against the wind to Lata—in company to King of the Islands was too bitter for that. Neither was he the man to take the trouble for friend or foe. It was not King of the Islands or his mate that the Frenchman feared now. But his fear of Dandy Peter was deep.

The sea-lawyer snatched a word to Dubois, the boatmaster, and the *Sea-Cat* swung away by sea, no longer running for Lakos. He did not approach Gustavo Dubois again, or address him. But the anger in his face had given place to a grin that was as evil. Dandy Peter's good humour did not spell comfort to his prisoner. And Gustavo could only wonder in fear and confusion what was to come.

"You'll Be Safe There!"

NOTHING from the blue water, looking like a stranded whale from the distance, the sand-bank rose to view, but Gustavo Dubois, looking sulkily and sulkily on the rail, did not see it. His thoughts were concentrated on the boat, which had not been taken from him—that which he could scarcely believe that the lawless adventurer would permit him to keep.

So far, however, Parnes had taken no heed of the Frenchman since the *Sea-Cat* had changed her course, and Dubois could only wonder what he was going to do. The wicked grin on his face was far from reassuring.

The *Sea-Cat* glided down to the sand-bank. Long and low, it stretched for nearly a mile, north and south, with, here and there, a rock

jutting from the sand. Its highest point was not six feet above water's level. In one spot, there was a struggle of vegetation—three or four stunted palms and some bushes, with sea-birds wheeling over them. To the north, the Whale's Back, as it was called, was well known, and to rough weather it was a dangerous place. Even in fair weather, no skipper would willingly have approached it, for there were tar-screeching flocks of sea-eating terns that under the shelter of the vegetation hid their eyes from the jutting bank, the *Sea-Cat* knew so. Dandy Peter snatched an order to Katoa and Nelson, and the Lakos boys pulled in the dinghy, which the cutter-towed across like most small vessels in the Pacific. Then Gustavo lifted his head and took heed.

Dandy Peter grinned at him. The Lakos boys were grinning too, guessing his purpose, which Dubois did not yet understand.

At a sign from the sea-lawyer, Katoa and Nelson grasped the Frenchman by either arm. Dubois's sulkiness became as pale as death. It was death that he feared; yet it was hard to believe that even Peter Parnes, long-accustomed desperate as he was, would order him to be hung into the sea. Had he given such an order, the black boys would have obeyed it without thinking of resistance.

But the sea-lawyer had no such reckless intention. The black boys, at a word from their skipper, put their hands over Dubois, unbuttoning him. River jacket was turned out—and the leather bag unbuttoned from his belt. Dandy Peter grasped the bag, opened it, and examined the contents. He laughed. Then, at a sign from him, the latter articles were returned to Dubois. But the five hundred pounds of which he had cheated the shipmaster had passed out of his keeping. His eyes followed it as the sea-lawyer buckled the little bag to the back of his own belt.

He did not speak. His lips moved that he would be searched, but his plunder would be taken from him. He begged eyes were on the wicked, smiling face of the Lakos adventurer.

"No gold on Gals!" said Dandy Peter mockingly. "But I reckon I've made a good trip, Dubois. You fellow boy, you put that fellow Parnes along last."

"La bataroo!" muttered Dubois, "Mais parapepe!" Then he understood, and he struggled in the grasp of the Lakos boys.

"You seem to me," said Dandy Peter, "you ran from King of the Islands—you'll be safe from him on the Whale's Back. He'll hunt for you if he hasn't gone to the sailing-ports on Gals. But he'll never look for you on that sand-bank—you can lay to that."

"Cagles—what?" muttered Dubois. He knew now that he was to be abandoned on that solitary sand-bank. The sea-lawyer was done with him, and did not choose to land him where he could have told of what had happened on the *Sea-Cat*. On that lonely spot in the boundless Pacific he was not likely to sell.

"You'll be safe there from King of the Islands!" grinned Dandy Peter. "Safe from the law, you mean. Maybe you'll raise a sail some day, but don't beach on it. You'll find water-ward food of sorts—men have



Fishing up Dubois, the natives bring him on to the sand-bank that was to be his home.

HIAVO TO, DANDY PETER!

been snatched on the Whale's Back before, and lived to tell of it. But I reckon, it will be a long time before you had another snag with a wild gold-miner!"

"He turned to the Kanakas.
"Put that fellow Flossman along here!" he ordered.

"Yes, sir, struggling and paining, was tossed into the dinghy. Kooze and Nalun took the oars, and pulled in the southward.

The dinghy bumped on the drifting sand. Gumbo lay in it, a picture of despair—and as the Laker bore granted him, to toss him ashore, he struggled again. It did not avail. He was flung on the sand, his ears of copper, and lay where he fell. Thank to Heaven, he lay there with the dinghy pulled back to the Sea-Cat.

Dandy Peter did not even give him another glance after the boat was tied on again. The Sea-Cat swept on, and in a few minutes, the sand-bank was sinking astern.

Once more Dandy Peter was running for Laker before the wind, and his evil temper had passed now, much to the relief of his crew. He whistled a tune as the cutter swept on, heading to the breeze.

It was a merry mood. The gold of Guba was a failure, but he had made a profitable trip. He gave an added zest to his satisfaction in thinking of the alphasite raving over their loss, and happiness of even finding the rascal who had cheated them. They were not likely to find him on the Whale's Back, never likely to learn what had become of him, or of his plunder. Likely enough, they had fallen victims to the Guba rascals, from whom Dandy Peter had narrowly escaped—then heads might be knocking on that average island while Dandy Peter was running for Laker, with five hundred pounds in his belt.

His thoughts drift on a wild and reckless time ashore at Laker, among his black-guardly associates there, with such a man to turn, in wild and riotous dissipation. He did not notice a sail that loomed on the Pacific from the northeast some hours after the Whale's Back had dropped before the sea.

It was a rascal from one of the Laker boys that drew his attention to it.

"Fellow King of the Islands!" said Kooze to Nalun, as he stared at the distant sail.
"Where?" asked on his mate.
"What?"

"He did not wait for an answer; he fixed his eyes on the distant sail. It was a hazy, and he recognized it as the Dawn. He started as it neared suspicion. The alphasite were no longer on Guba; they were in the offing.

Ken Boards the Sea-Cat

KIT HUDSON'S eyes danced.
"We're in luck, Ken!"

King of the Islands smiled. His eyes were on the tall sail of the cutter, heading to the wind, surging through the Pacific rollers ahead. Swift as Dandy Peter's motor was, the ketch sailed three knots to the Sea-Cat's two, and there was no chance to escape for Dandy Peter.

Hudson laughed. He was in great spirits now. Dandy Peter, their rival and enemy, was the man who was sailing down from that heavy loss. Had he not taken Dubong by force, the rascal would have escaped, for they both knew how little chance they had had of running down the fleeing cutter.

Kit drew the revolver from his hip and examined it. King of the Islands shook his head and smiled.

"No need for a gun, Kit. Parsons will hand over that wretched lot enough, when he leaves his matters stand. He's kidnapped him as a guide to the gold on Guba—and we'll make him a present of the gold mine, if he wants it."

Hudson slipped the revolver back and stood watching the cutter.

They were near enough now to see Dandy Peter and his crew, steering back at them. They saw nothing of the Fremontian, but that he was on board the Sea-Cat they had no doubt.

"Ahoy, the Sea-Cat!"
The ketch was within hail at last, and Ken King's heart came down the wind.

Parsons made no answer to the hail. He stared with foolish eyes at the ketch as it swept closer.

"Halloo, Peter Parsons!" called out Ken, when the two vessels were within a league's run.

"I reckon I've got no time to waste!" called back Parsons. "I lay three days at Lata, in the rain, and I've got time to make up. You're no island of mine, Ken King, and I reckon you're not availing me for a gun."

Ken laughed. He was not likely to want a gun—underneath a skipper's chest at sea with the prospect of Laker.

"I fancy you know what we want, you sea!" exclaimed Hudson. "We're after that rat Dubong!"

Dandy Peter raised his eyebrows.
"Dubong? That beachcomber on Lata? What do you reckon I know about him?"

"I reckon you've got him on that parakee!" roared the mate of the Dawn. "We want him."

Dandy Peter laughed.
"You're dreaming," he answered. "The last saw of Dubong, your Kanakas landed him at Lata. I pulled out when the wind came."

"And you ran his crew down and took him on board!" rapped Ken. "Don't lie to me, Parsons! Listen to this. We've found out that the gold on Guba was a swindle, and Dubong has robbed us. That's why we're after him. Do you get that?"

"I recognized when I thought it over that it was only a beachcomber's tale," answered Peter coolly. "I pulled out of Lata when I got the wind, and I'm making Laker. Have you got Dubong?"

"You've got him in prison on your cutter, Parsons, and you can land him over, or we'll take him by force!" rapped Ken. "Heave ho!"

Dandy Peter shrugged his shoulders.
"There's no use on board this ketcher but my own," he retorted. "And I reckon I've no time to waste, if you have!"

"You lying scab!" roared Hudson. "We spoke in Dubong's name, and got it from the Lata boys that you'd taken him aboard."

Parsons started. He realized that it was not suspicion, but knowledge, on which the alphasite were acting. His face hardened.

"I reckon the riggers led, or made a mistake," he answered. "I've got no passenger on this craft."

"Then heave-to and let us satisfy ourselves," said King of the Islands. "We mean business, Parsons. You'll heave-to or I'll run you aboard—and if you lift a gun you'll take the consequences."

The anchor-grated his teeth.
"If I had the gun, and wanted him, I reckon I'd like a gun fast enough," he retorted. "But if you want to look for yourselves, it's no work shooting! I reckon you can come aboard if you like!"

He snapped an order to the Laker boys, and the cutter heave-to. And the steady of Laker, with a sneering grin on his face, watched the alphasite pull across in the whiteboat from the Dawn.

The evening, serene smile was still on his face as the alphasite stepped on deck—and it passed down after what they had told him, they had expected the seafarer to be willing to hand over his prisoner—he knew now that Dubong was useless to him as a guide to the mythical gold of Guba. If he did not believe them, and was determined to keep his prisoner, they would have expected him to handle a gun. If the prisoner was hidden out of sight, it would not take long to search the Sea-Cat from stern to stem—he could hardly be banking on that, do they were prepared.

Dandy Peter waved a hand, as if making them free of his vessel.

"I reckon you're got to. Admirably well run to make a search of ships at sea!" he retorted. "But go aboard—and don't waste time! I'm late with a cargo for Laker, through the rain. Get going!"

"Hand the man over, you scab!" growled Hudson. "If you've got him hidden, we'll soon down to the ottop-deck to find him."

"If you had a Fremontian on this parakee, you'd welcome to him!" answered Parsons. "I've asked you not to waste time."

Ken breathed hard.
"What have you done with him, Parsons? We've taken it from that cause crew that he was taken on the Sea-Cat."

Dandy Peter laughed.
"If he was running, I reckon he left them with that tale to tell," he answered laconically. "Maybe they put him on some reef—or somewhere ashore. If you fancy he's on the Sea-Cat, come him out!"

The alphasite exchanged looks. It was possible that Popolaha had been pinned with Laker the first to tell them he had been taken. They did not think so—but if the Fremontian was not on board the cutter, it looked like it.

"You scab!" snapped Hudson. "You've got him hidden—here you headed him up in a rick, you scab!"

Ken called to the boat's crew. They clustered on board, and as a word from these men they proceeded to search the cutter. Dandy Peter raised no objection; evidently he did not care where they searched. He leaned on the rail, smoking a cigarette, with a smirk on his face. The Sea-Cat, and it was not likely that a hidden prisoner, on so small a vessel, would escape the brownie's eagle eye.

The Laker boys looked on steadily.
"Yes Laker lay!" rapped Hudson. "You say, fellow Flossman Dubong!"

"No, sir!" answered Nalun. "He says that fellow along Lata, sir; no so sorry that fellow along Sea-Cat, sir."

"That fellow Flossman no stop along Sea-Cat!" said Kooze.

The alphasite began to realize that Gustave Dubong was not on board the Sea-Cat. Koko came back on deck.

"No fellow stop, sir!" he said.
"King of the Islands looked at Dandy Peter, who met his searching glance with a sneer. He was perfectly cool, but his hand was very near the butt of the revolver at the side of his dark trousers. They were not likely to guess what had happened on the Sea-Cat, but if they did, his hundred pounds was too large a sum for the lunatic desperado to lose without a struggle. His face was cool, but his heart was beating.

Ken King's voice was blank as he turned to the captain of the Sea-Cat.

"Look here, Parsons," he said. "I know that you've had Dubong with you here, on your motor. He can't have gone. What you've done with him, I don't know, but I'm going to find out!" He heaved hard.

Kit Hudson, watching him, wondered if the boy skipper was going to throw himself at the mercy of Laker, but he controlled himself with an effort.

"Are you through?" jeered Dandy Peter. "I reckon I've told you you're wanting a skipper's time, Ken King. You'd better make Lata again and get the alphasite to tell you another yarn. You won't find the man you want on the Sea-Cat."

Ken did not answer. Whether the cutter crew had detected him or not, the Fremontian was not on board the Sea-Cat. It grew silent, he turned to the boat.

Hudson paused a moment, his eyes on Dandy Peter's eyes—straggled more than half-shut by Guba like he in the landowner, success face of the deputy of Laker. But he checked that desire, and followed Ken in silence into the boat.

Dandy Peter snugged an order to his crew as the whiteboat pulled back to the Dawn, and before the alphasite were on board the ketch, the cutter was under way again, speeding before the wind. And as the Sea-Cat for distant Laker, Dandy Peter looked back and laughed.

Next Week:

GHOST OF THE SAND-BANK