



## The Golden Image of Sri Visaya

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(Continued from December Issue)

ALL morning it seemed as if they were hiking through an island entirely empty and uninhabited. But early in the afternoon they came to the ruins of a former Negrito settlement. Ulan's uncle had lived there the year before, but evidently he and his neighbors had moved elsewhere.

Some distance farther on was a good sized *cañgin*, or clearing, belonging to an *infiel*. "Once we lived near here," said Ulan, "and a few times, when we did not have enough food, we took corn from this field." His conscience did not seem to be troubling him about the episode. After that they saw no more signs of human life.

Around and above them was the forest: or, at times in places clear of trees, coarse grass grew higher than their heads. Pablo's clothes were becoming very torn and ragged: and his legs, arms, and face were well scratched and cut by the blades of grass. At times they heard the cries of bright colored birds, the chattering of monkeys, the gurgling of mountain streams, and the forest sounds of breezes moving the leaves far above their heads. At nightfall the chorus of insects would begin.

Finally they reached a ridge commanding a wonderful view of a great forested valley with a high mountain wall on its far side.

"Do you see the waterfall just opposite us?" asked Ulan. "That is the stream of the shining substance."

By this time Pablo was so tired that he thought he would never be able to walk so far as the waterfall on the other side of the valley—not that afternoon. Ulan was used to long hard hikes through the mountains. He was tired, of course, but he did not realize how dead tired was his companion. And Pablo was determined not to complain, so he dragged one foot after the other, one after the other, for what seemed an eternity.

And then, at last, the sun was setting, and they were at the waterfall!

Early the next morning both boys awoke from



a long sound sleep. Pablo felt that he was almost too happy to live. Here before him was the stream, its bottom containing whole drifts of shining yellow particles. Oh, it was gold all right! Pablo knew gold when he saw it. Why his mother had a gold ring and a gold pin; and two of his little sisters had gold earrings!

While he was gloating over the golden stream, Ulan was looking down into the valley. "Look," he cried, "there is a deer down there!"

At first Pablo could see not a thing; then he saw in the distance a slight movement in the tall grass at the edge of a little clear space in the forest; and the head of a deer appeared. It seemed to be grazing.

Ulan seized his bow and arrow and was off. He was soon out of sight. For a while he walked rapidly, but grew more and more careful to avoid making the slightest noise as he drew near the deer. Fortunately the animal was to windward so he did not have to make a long detour. Finally, he advanced so carefully that not a twig snapped until he was within fifteen feet of the deer. Then he aimed carefully and shot. The deer leaped up, badly wounded, and started to run away. But the Ne-

gritos make their arrows very cleverly. The barbed point of the arrow is detachable from the shaft. When the deer was struck, the point left the shaft, unwinding a coil of rattan, one end of which was fastened to the point; the other, to the middle of the long shaft. The latter, left dangling, soon caught in the vegetation and stopped the animal's flight. He could not get loose as the barbed point was deeply imbedded in his flesh and the rattan that attached it to the shaft was very strong.

Pablo saw that the deer was shot and hurried down. When he arrived, Ulan had already killed the animal, and was cutting it into large hunks with his bolo.

The boys carried all of it they could up to the place they had selected as a camping site, and returned for a second load. Then they cut most of it into thin strips and hung it in the sun to dry, and the rest of it they roasted.

How good it smelled while it was being roasted! And how good it tasted! Some of us might have considered it tough; but Pablo and Ulan had strong teeth, and found no fault with it.

They considered themselves very fortunate to obtain this large supply of food just after reaching their destination. Now they could devote themselves to collecting the gold.

So they started scooping up the yellow particles and putting them in little piles on large leaves which they had placed on the bank. They were not able to separate these shining particles from the sand and mud of the stream bed. But the little piles on the bank contained a large proportion of the glittering substance. Pablo explained to Ulan that doubtless the jeweler, or whoever it might be, to whom they would sell the stuff, would know how to separate the gold from the worthless sand very easily.

They stayed there four days, scooping up gold, and scooping up gold. Ulan was less interested in this work than Pablo, and he took a good deal of time to hunt around for things to eat. Also he made two strong sacks of pandanus leaves in which to carry the gold and some of their dried meat when they should start home.

At last Pablo decided that they had enough for the present and had better start back. The thought had just occurred to him that his parents might learn that he was not visiting his cousins. He did not enjoy the thought of their worrying about him. And then perhaps the amount of gold and sand already collected together with some of the venison would be all they could carry on the hard trip to the coast.

So, on the morning of the fifth day, each one shouldered a sack, and they started down into the valley.

(To be continued)

## The Stories Of The Days



### SUNDAY

You have read the stories of how the months were named. This year you will learn how the days got their names. The months were named by the ancient Romans, who lived in the sunny parts of southern Europe. The names of the days were derived from the names of gods of the people who lived in the cold and stormy northern parts of Europe.

You can see at a glance that Sunday was named in honor of the sun. To the people of ancient times, the sun was a god that gave them life because it caused plants to grow and furnished men with warmth and light. Many stories were told about the sun-god and varied were the beliefs about him.

The Greeks and the Romans worshipped the sun as Apollo. The gates of the East were opened by the goddess Aurora for Apollo, who set out each day driving his chariot of fire across the sky. Apollo was the most beautiful of the gods. Statues and temples were erected in his honor. His statue on the Island of Rhodes is considered one of the Seven Wonders of the World. The fingers of the statue are as long as a man.

In Egypt the great sun-god was called Ra. He

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