



THEN Pablo told about overhearing his father and mother talking about the depression, about his trip into the island, his friendship with Ulan, the gold they got in the mountain stream and the loss of it in the waterfall.

"We lost it all," he lamented, "except just a little I had in my pocket. See, here it is!"

"My boy," his father replied, "this is only fool's gold that you have in your hand. But without having any gold, your mother and I feel rich in having a son who is brave, and who tries to help us.

"And, by the way, we have some good news for you. The Presidente's daughter is to be married next month, you know. Well, she noticed what becoming, well-made dresses Rosario wears" (Rosario was Pablo's *young* aunt) "and asked who made them. When she heard that Rosario made them herself, she engaged her to make all her trousseau and the dresses for her bride's maids. Your aunt and mother have been helping her. She hopes to get other sewing after the wedding is over."

"We have even better news than that, too," said his mother. "The provincial

THE GOLDEN IMAGE

By ALICE FRANK

(Continued from

superintendent of schools was out here last week and called a meeting of all the teachers. He announced that your father's pupils had the highest average in the standard fourth grade examinations of any class in the province. He said your father had proved what could be done by intelligence, initiative, and industry, even when one's schooling is very limited. We are sure now that he will never be dropped."

All this time Ulan had been a source of great interest to all the household. Mr. and Mrs. Reyes felt very grateful to him for befriending Pablo.

"Wont you stay with us, Ulan and start to school, when it opens again?" asked Mrs. Reyes.

But Ulan felt ill at ease and said he thought he had better go home.

"What is in the bag, Pablo?" asked Rosario.

"That? Oh, that's just a little old saint. We found it in a cave and thought it was gold, but it's probably only brass." And he pulled out the image.

"Oh," said his father taking it in his hands, "I think it *is* gold. What a find you have made! It is not a saint, at least not a Christian saint. It looks Indian. You know many hundreds of years before either Spaniards or Mo-

OF SRI VISAYA

LIN BRYANT

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hammedans came to the Philippines, there was a great deal of Indian influence in these islands. I shouldn't wonder if this image were made during the empire of Sri Visaya. If this is solid gold, it is very valuable just as gold. But it has an added value as a rare antiquity. Just a few days ago I saw in the newspaper that a scientist from a large museum in America was in the islands making a collection of Philippine articles. Now I am going to write him about this image."

Mr. Reyes wrote to him, and in a few days received a telegram saying that the scientist would come at once to see the image.

Meanwhile Pablo and Ulan were the heroes of the day. Pablo had made Ulan stav. "Look here," he said, "you've got to stay, because, if we get any money out of this, half of it is yours."

But one night they all went to sleep as usual on the floor of the sala—Ulan next to Pablo—and when they woke up in the morning he was gone. In town he had felt just as lost as Pablo had in

the forest at the time he found the monkeys eating his corn, and he had decided to go back to his home.

Pablo felt very sad about losing the companion of all his adventures, but was cheered the following day by the arrival of the scientist.

The latter was delighted with the image. He bored a tiny hole from top to bottom, and another from one side to the other. "It is solid gold," he announced. "Moreover, it is Philippine gold, and I shouldn't wonder if it were gold produced on this very island. This

is a most unique treasure. On behalf of the museum I can offer you five thousand pesos for it."

So the scientist took away the image, and the Reyes family became the proud possessors of more money than they had ever



dreamed of having.

"Pablo," said his father, "you are the one who found the golden image. No matter what happens, we must save enough of this money to send you to the university."

"No, thanks," replied Pablo. "I don't want to go to the university. Just save enough to buy me a ticket to Mountain Province after I finish high school. I will get a job in the gold mines there and learn all about gold mining. Afterwards I will come back and find Ulan, and then we will find some *real* gold!"