



AT sunrise next morning the boys awoke relieved, but were hungrier than ever. A beam of sunlight was streaming from the hole in the roof. It seemed an oblique golden bar, one end thrust through the hole, the other end resting against a part of the wall near the boys.

Their eyes at once turned toward the illuminated bit of the cavern. "Look, Ulan," said Pablo, "Doesn't that look like a shelf over there?"

The two boys hurried to the spot. Indeed, there did seem to be some kind of shelf or table carved in the living rock. But it was so covered with dust and guano that the boys might never have noticed it, if the sun had not been shining on it. They began to clear it off with their bolos, and found the top of it to be flat and smooth.

Ulan was cleaning the center of it. "There must be a stone here," he said. "It's heavy."

THE GOLDEN IMAGE

By ALICE FRANK

(Continued from

"Let's see," said Pablo grabbing the heavy object Ulan was about to shove onto the floor. He had seen something gleam where Ulan's bolo had struck it. He rubbed it and held it to the light.

"This is not a stone," he said; still rubbing and cleaning the object. "Look, it is a man sitting with his legs crossed. See, here are his feet, and here are his hands put together in front of him. I think he is made of gold. Isn't he strange? He doesn't look like any saint I ever saw. Ulan, we shall have some gold to take home after all!"

And Pablo grabbed the little black boy by the hands and danced around until he was out of breath and dizzy.

They decided that Pablo would hide the image, while Ulan went out to make sure that the Moros were gone. Ulan was sure that he could escape easily even if he should see the Moros.

Soon he came back to report that they were gone, and their *vintas* were no longer to be seen in the river.

Then both boys sallied forth, leaving the image well hidden in the cave.

OF SRI VISAYA

LIN BRYANT

(the March issue)

Their first desire was to get food—lots of it, and just as soon as possible. Ulan's bow and arrows were lost with the raft, and Pablo's matches were ruined by being soaked with water; and the boys did not want to take the time necessary for hunting and digging wild camotes, making a fire without matches, and waiting for the food to cook.

So they took the little path leading along the river to the shore. On the way they found a particularly big air plant, and Ulan climbed the tree in which it was growing, and brought it down.

When they reached the shore, they saw a house nearby and went up to it. A woman was in front of the house feeding her pigs.

"Good morning, Ma'am," said Pablo. "Do you see what a beautiful air-plant we have? We will give it to you to hang in front of your window, if you will give us some breakfast. We are awfully hungry."

"All right," answered the woman. "Help me hang up the plant, and then

I will get you something to eat."

So they helped her to hang it from the eaves of the house, and she gave them a pan of cold cooked corn meal and a few tiny salt fish. How good they tasted!

Pablo thanked her sincerely. "And, ma'am," he said, "can you not also give us a match box with just two or three matches in it?"

The woman gave them some matches, and the boys started back to the cave. On the way they collected some dry palm leaves to use as torches and some pandanus leaves from which to weave a bag.

Inside the cave they lit a torch and

explored the cave thoroughly—the little room at the entrance, the passageway, the high vaulted cavern to the left. This part of the cave, with all its roof hung with great stalactites, looked like a Gothic cathedral. And last of all



they explored again and more thoroughly, the round domed room in which they had spent the night and found the image. But nothing else did they find.

So they set to work to make as quickly as possible a pandanus sack in which to carry their newly found treasure.

They finished the sack and packed the image in it carefully as Pablo had planned. Then they followed once more the little path to the shore and turned

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THE IMAGE OF SRI

(Continued from page 87)

onto the road. Pablo had found out from the woman who had given them breakfast where they were, so they turned without hesitation in the direction of his home.

For two hours they walked along in the heat of early afternoon. Passenger trucks and other automobiles passed them occasionally, but none stopped to pick up the little waifs. Ulan was frightened when the first automobile came by and dashed into some bushes. But Pablo reassured him, and when the second whizzed by, he simply walked a little closer to Pablo.

Finally a neighbor of Pablo came along in a battered little old car, recognized him, and stopped.

"Pablo Reyes," he said, "where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"Oh, just taking a walk," laughed Pablo as he and Ulan climbed into the old rattle trap. "My friend and I have been out finding a few wild camotes. Guess I did tear my clothes a little."

An hour later the boys climbed out of the car in front of Pablo's home. Some of his cousins were playing under the house. When they saw him, they began to shout, "Pablo's here! Mother, Pablo's here! Auntie, Auntie, Pablo's here!"

Everyone in the house rushed out and began asking him questions. But his father took him by the arm and drew him into the house.

"Where have you been?" he asked. We found out only yesterday that you were not visiting your cousins. We have been terribly worried."

(To be concluded next month)