



## THE GOLDEN IMAGE

By ALICE FRANK

(Continued from

their raft of bamboo held together with rattan.

After a luncheon of their dried venison they lashed their precious burdens to the raft and cut loose, each boy holding a long bamboo pole to help with the navigation in case they should ground on some shallow spot in the little river.

**T**HROUGH the valley flowed a stream fed by many brooks that tumbled down its sides. When they reached it, Pablo all of a sudden had an idea.

"If this stream were only a little deeper, Ulan, we could make a raft and float down to the coast. Of course, I don't know how near home this stream comes out. But there is a good road along the coast almost all the way around the island. With these heavy sacks it would be much easier walking along a road than scrambling over a lot of mountains and squeezing through a lot of brush and jungle. And," he added hopefully, "some kind person might invite us to ride in an automobile!"

"That's a fine idea," replied Ulan. "Now isn't it a good thing I went so far down the valley yesterday looking for camotes. Just an hour's walk down stream a big tributary flows in, and then the stream is really a river and would float a raft easily. Let's do it!"

So down stream they went, and upon reaching the large tributary, they put down their sacks, and started cutting bamboo and rattan. They worked hard, and, by noon, they had finished

The current carried them along at a good rate, and only a few times did they have to push themselves off of sandbanks. What an easy and luxurious method of travel it seemed!

Once in the afternoon they came to some rapids, but the raft came through safely, though water washed over the raft so deep and with such force that it very nearly washed the boys right off.

At night they tied the raft to a tree and camped on the bank of the river.

And next morning they shoved off, and continued their course down stream. The river had received a number of tributaries in the part of its course they had just traversed and was much larger now.

Twice in the course of the morning they saw little settlements of *infiles*. While passing them the boys were somewhat nervous fearing that they might be shot at from ambush. But the *infiles* were probably working in their *cañigins* at some distance from their

## OF SRI VISAYA

LIN BRYANT

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homes, and the boys saw only a woman with a baby in her arms and three little children clinging to her skirt.

The morning passed away, the boys feeling lazy and contented, and the sun beating down on them. By and by they both became so sleepy that they dozed off.

A swift motion of the boat as it whirled sharply around awoke them with a start. In an instant they saw that they were in dangerous rapids, and ahead of them they heard a great, continuous roar.

"A waterfall!" shouted Ulan.

Both of them reached for their bamboos to try to check the raft in its mad course and propel it toward the shore. But the poles had already been carried away by the swirling water. Probably they would have been

useless, anyway.

The raft plunged crazily through the rapids racing along near the middle of the river with both boys clinging to it in sheer desperation. To swim in such a raging current was impossible.

Nearer and nearer grew the roar from the falls, which now seemed just around a bend they were approaching. They realized they were absolutely powerless to prevent their raft from plunging over the precipice.

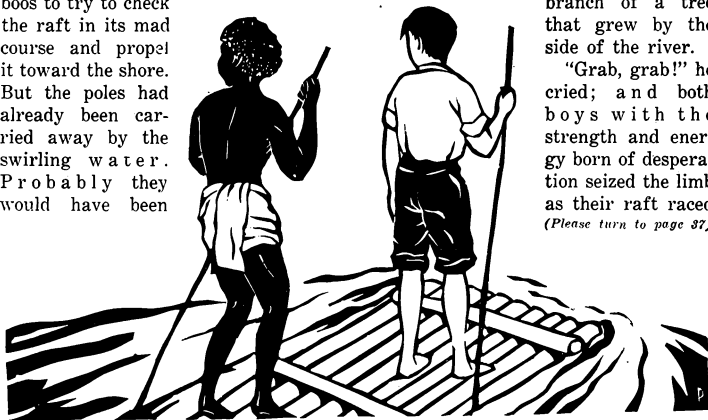
The raft was whirled quickly around the bend, and there, indeed, less than a hundred yards ahead of them, the whole river plunged over a fall sending a cloud of spray high into the air, and causing a deafening roar.

But the strong current, in sweeping them around the bend, also carried them over near the far bank of the stream. Pablo saw in a flash that they were about to be carried under the long, low

branch of a tree that grew by the side of the river.

"Grab, grab!" he cried; and both boys with the strength and energy born of desperation seized the limb as their raft raced

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## NONOY'S ADVENTURES

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room. Again he bawled with renewed vigor.

The man and woman were still there. "You have to stop him," said the woman, "or people will begin to notice."

The man looked at Nonoy with an angry frown on his ugly face as if he wanted to nail down Nonoy's mouth. He did not know what to do. The boy refused everything that was given him.

Then in the little silence that followed, they heard a loud, singing voice outside, "Puto! Puto!" At that familiar cry, Nonoy visibly brightened. The man saw his happy look.

He assumed again his friendliness for peace and beckoned Nonoy, "Come, we will buy puto. Don't cry anymore."

They went outside and called the vendor. When the latter stopped in front of them, a mutual look of recognition leaped from Nonoy to the man, from the man to Nonoy. The vendor, displaying his wares, was utterly confused and did not know what to think. An hour ago he had passed by this boy's house. He remembered the confusion there, the shouting of the old man, and the cries of the women and children.

Now this boy Nonoy was here with this man whose face was ugly as his heart perhaps was. He heard the man order, "Give me fifteen centavos worth of *cuchinta* and *puto*." Slowly the vendor counted, thinking, wondering. He wrapped up the *puto*, gave it to Nonoy. He clutched it tightly but when the

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beneath it.

They pulled themselves on to the limb and sat there a few minutes to regain their breath. Pablo crossed himself and murmured the names of the Holy Family.

"Well," he said, in a manner-of-fact way, "our gold is gone. But isn't it good to be alive!"

"Yes," said Ulan, "I never could figure out just why you wanted gold so badly. Surely some good *diwata* has just befriended us!"

Then they made their way along the limb and down to the

man took him by the hand to lead him inside, the boy would not go. He shook his head stubbornly and clung to the vendor. The ugly-faced man pulled Nonoy and this decided the mind of the vendor. With all his might, he pushed the man so that he fell on the sidewalk. Then the vendor picked up Nonoy, leaving his wares behind and ran and ran crying, "Police! Police!"

People came running out of their houses. A shrill cry split the air; a policeman, then two immediately appeared. The vendor between gasps of breath told his story.

"You know where his home is?" asked a policeman as he stopped a taxi. The vendor nodded. The three of them got inside. Nonoy sank back on the cushions contentedly and opened his precious package of *puto* and selected the biggest piece of all for his first bite. That run had made him a very hungry boy.

## THE BOY GEORGE . . .

(Continued from page 12)

2. What other stories of George Washington showed that he could be trusted? Tell them to the class.

3. What three scenes in this story can you present in a tableau?

4. George Washington did not wish to receive salary as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary Army. Suggest an appropriate word to describe this character trait.

ground.

"We had better try to get home now," said Pablo. "We can go back afterwards and get some more gold."

Ulan agreed, and they made their way slowly and laboriously to the top of a crag that rose at one side of the waterfall to see if they could get any idea as to where they were.

"There, there," cried Pablo as they reached the top, "The ocean!" Sure enough, before them, and not far away, was an expanse of smooth, blue water with the mountains of another island rising on the far side. Pablo felt much nearer home at sight of it, and was very happy.

They scrambled down toward the bottom of the falls. Not a trace of the raft or its precious cargo was to be seen. The cloud of spray and mist concealed the base of the falls, and some of it fell like rain on the boys.

Near the falls they found a little path and were able to walk along it quite rapidly. Soon they should reach the coast and a good road.

(To be continued)