The Indian Drum

By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

"Then all the vessels up there won't give up yet!"

"Why not?"

"I was just talking with the office, Henry; they've heard again from the other end of the lake. The people up there say the Drum is beating, but it's beating short still!"

"Short!"

She saw Henry stiffen. "Yes," she said swiftly. "They say the Drum began sounding last night, and that at first it sounded for only two lives; it's kept on beating, but still is beating only for four. There were thirty-nine on the ferry—seven passengers and thirty-two crew. Twelve have been saved now; so until the Drum raises the beats to twenty-seven there is still a chance that someone will be saved."

Constance watched him with wonder at the effect of what she had told. The news of the Drum had shaken him from his triumph over Alan and Uncle Benny and over her. It had shaken him so that, though he remained with her some minutes more, he seemed to have forgotten the purpose of reconciliation with her which had brought him to the house.

She dined, or made pretence of dining, with her mother at seven. Her

"Were They—Alive?" Her Voice Hushed Tensely.

mother's voice went on and on about trifles, and Constance did not try to pay attention. Her thought was following Henry with ever-sharpening apprehension. She called the office in mid-evening; it would be open, she knew, for messages regarding Uncle Benny and Alan would be expected there. A clerk answered; no other news had been received; she then asked Henry's whereabouts.

"Mr. Spearman went north late this afternoon, Miss Sherrill," the clerk informed her.

"North! Where?"

"We are to communicate with him this evening to Grand Rapids; after that, to Petoskey."

Constance could hear her own heart beat. Why had Henry gone, she wondered; not, certainly, to aid the search. He had gone to—hinder it?

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Watch Upon the Beach.

Constance was throbbing with determination and action, as she found her purse and counted the money in it. She never in her life had gone alone upon an extended journey, much less been alone upon a train overnight. If she spoke of such a thing now, she would be prevented; no occasion for it would be recognized; she would not be allowed to go, even if "properly accompanied." She could not, therefore, risk taking a handbag from the house; so she thrust nightdress and toilet articles into her muff and the roomy pocket of her fur coat. She descended to the side door of the house, gained the street and turned westward at the first corner to a street car which would take her to the railway station.

The manner of buying a railway ticket and of engaging a berth were unknown to her—there had been servants always to do these things—but she watched others and did as they did. She procured a telegraph blank and wrote a message to her mother, telling her that she had gone north to join her father. When the train had started, she gave the message to the [illegible] directing him to send it from the first large town at which they stopped.

Constance could not, as yet, place Henry's part in the strange circumstances which had begun to reveal themselves with Alan's coming to Chicago; but Henry's hope that Uncle Benny and Alan were dead was beginning to make that clearer. She lay without voluntary movement in her berth, but her bosom was shaking with the thoughts which came to her.

Twenty years before, some dreadful event had altered Uncle Benny's life; his wife had known—or had learned—enough of that event so that she had left him. It had seemed to Constance and her father, therefore, that it must have been some intimate and private event.

Uncle Benny had withdrawn himself from men; he had ceased to be active in his business and delegated it to others. This change had been strangely advantageous to Henry. Henry had been hardly more than a common seaman then. He had been a mate—the mate on one of Uncle Benny's ships. Quite suddenly he had become Uncle Benny's partner. Henry had explained this to her by saying that Uncle Benny had not trusted Henry; he had been suspicious of him; he had quarreled with him. How strange, then, that Uncle Benny should have advanced and given way to a man whom he could not trust!

Uncle Benny had come to her and warned her not to marry Henry; then he had sent for Alan. There had been purpose in these acts of Uncle Benny's; had they meant that Uncle Benny had been on the verge of making explanation—that explanation which Henry feared—and that he had been—prevented? Her father had thought this; at least, he had thought that Uncle Benny must have left some explanation in his house. He had told Alan that, and had given Alan the key to the house so that he could find it. Alan had gone to the house—

In the house Alan had found someone who had mistaken him for a ghost, a man who had cried out at sight of him something about a ship—about the Miwaka, the ship of whose loss no one had known anything except by the soundings of the Drum. What had the man been doing in the house? Had he too been looking for the explanation—the explanation that Henry feared? Alan had described the man to her; that description had not had meaning for her before; but now remembering that description she could think of Henry as the only one who could have been in that house! Henry had fought with Alan there! Afterwards, when Alan had been attacked upon the street, had Henry anything to do with that?

Henry had lied to her about being in Duluth the night he had fought with Alan; he had not told her the true cause of his quarrels with Uncle Benny; he had wished her to believe that Uncle Benny was dead when the wedding ring and watch came to her—the watch which had been Captain Stafford's of the Miwaka! Henry had urged her to marry him at once. Was that because he wished the security that her father—and she—must give her husband when they learned the revelation which Alan or Uncle Benny might bring?

At Petoskey she went from the train directly to the telegraph office. If Henry was in Petoskey, they would know at that office where he could be found; he would be keeping in touch with them.

Mr. Spearman, the operator said, had been at the office early in the day; there had been no message for him; he had left instructions that any which came were to be forwarded to him through the men who, under his direction, were patrolling the shore for twenty miles north of Little Traverse, watching for boats.

Constance crossed the frozen edges of the bay by sledge to Harbor Point. Her distrust now had deepened to terrible dread. She had not been able before this to form any definite idea of how Henry could threaten Alan and Uncle Benny; she had imagined only vague interference and obstruction of the search for them; she had not foreseen that he could so readily assume charge of the search and direct, or misdirect, it.

At the Point she discharged the sledge and went on foot to the house of the caretaker who had charge of the Sherrill cottage during the winter. Getting the keys from him, she let herself into the house. Going to her room, she unpacked a heavy sweater and woolen cap and short fur coat—winter things which were left there against use when they opened the house sometimes out of season—and put them on. Then she went down and found her snowshoes. Stopping at the telephone, she called long distance and asked them to locate Mr. Sherrill, if possible, and instruct him to move south along the shore with whomever he had with him. She went out then, and fastened on her snowshoes.

Constance hurried westward and then north, following the bend of the

"Who's Here?" She Cried. "Who's Here?"

shore. The figure of a man—one of the shore patrols—pacing the ice hummocks of the beach and staring out upon the lake, appeared vaguely in the dusk when she had gone about two miles. She came, three quarters of a mile farther on, to a second man; about an equal distance beyond she found a third, but passed him and went on.

Her legs ached now with the unaccustomed travel upon snowshoes; the cold, which had been only a piercing chill at first, was stopping feeling, almost stopping thought. She was horrified to find that she was growing weak and that her senses were becoming confused. She had come, in all, perhaps eight miles; and she was "playing out." She descended to the beach again and went on; her gaze continued to search the lake, but now, wherever there was a break in the bluffs, she looked toward the shore as well. At the third of these breaks, the yellow glow of a window appeared, marking a house in a hollow between snow-shrouded hills. She turned eagerly that way; she could go only very slowly now. There was no path; at least, if there was, the snow drifts hid it.

She struggled to the door and knocked upon it, and receiving no reply, she beat upon it with both fists.

"Who's here?" she cried. "Who's here?"

The door opened then a very little, and the frightened face of an Indian woman appeared in the crack. The woman evidently had expected—and feared—some arrival, and was reassured when she saw only a girl. She threw the door wider open, and beat to help unfasten Constance's snowshoes; having done that, she led her in and closed the door.

"Where is your man?" Constance had caught the woman's arm.

"They sent him to the beach. A ship has sunk."

"Are there houses near here? You must run to one of them at once. Bring whoever you can get; or if you won't do that, tell me where to go."

The woman stared at her stolidly and moved away. "None near," she said. "Besides, you could not get somebody before some one will come."

"Who is that?"

"He is on the beach—Henry Spearman. He comes here to warm himself. It is nearly time he comes again."

Constance gazed at her; the woman was plainly glad of her coming. Her relief—relief from that fear she had been feeling when she opened the door—was very evident. It was Henry, then, who had frightened her.

The Indian woman set a chair for her beside the stove, and put water in a pan to heat; she shook tea leaves from a box into a bowl and brought a cup.

"How many on that ship?"

"Altogether there were thirty-nine," Constance replied.

"Seven are living then."

"Seven? What have you heard? What makes you think so?"

"That is what the Drum says."

The Drum! There was a Drum then! At least there was some sound which people heard and which they called the Drum. For the woman had heard it.

(Continued Next Week.)

CHILD WAGE EARNERS

Perhaps the demoralizing family discipline so common in our day may be partly due to "rushing" children out to work entirely too young. There are undoubtedly cases where the needs of the family make it necessary that the older children become wage earners as soon as possible so as to eke out the father's or widowed mother's slender income and help to support the younger children of the family, but these are exceptional cases.

There is no doubt that many Catholic parents allow their children to go to work earlier than is necessary; and thereby deprive them of an education that would later secure to them better wages and more agreeable avocations and would permit them to develop into the manhood and womanhood by the normal and natural process.

The lad who left school just as soon as he could procure his working papers is greatly handicapped when he reaches his 18th year, because his wants are increased and he naturally looks for a better paying position, but finds his lack of education a serious drawback. Under such circumstances many a boy considers he is not fairly treated, and throws up his position for a better one. It is while waiting for the better job to turn up that many boys form undesirable acquaintances on the street corners and before they realize it they have joined the ranks of those who try to live without working.

With the greater facilities for obtaining an advanced education it is becoming more and more difficult without a high school diploma to get a position above the rank of an office boy or messenger. Why do parents not realize this?—Echo, Buffalo.

"Waiter, look here! Isn't that a hair in the butter?"

"Yes, sir; a cow's hair, sir. We always serve one with the butter to show it isn't margarine, sir!"

"Niggah, has yo' jined dis head Ku Klux yet?"

"Naw, but dis heah Ku Klux has been tryin' to jine me fo' de las' fo' miles an' a half."—Nashville Tennessean.

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MY PEAR TREES

I planted pear trees years ago
And watched with pride to see them grow.
I planted Concord grapes also,
And little plum trees in a row.

My trees have grown—they blossom well,
And every year my wife doth tell
How plums and pears and grapes will swell
Our stock of fruit preserves and jell.

But while my pears are very green,
No larger than a Lima bean,
The passers-by with hunger keen
Begin to pick my pear trees clean.

Each passer-by pulls off a pear,
And when the lower branch is bare
The little boys climb up with care
And pick the ones they find up there.

Sometimes I used to hurry out
And run and wave my arms about
And shake my fist at them and shout—
But lately I have grown too stout.

But next year I shall try a trick.
I'll splash the leaves with whitewash thick,
And post a notice on a stick:
"This fruit has all been sprayed! Don't pick."

I'll post that sign in French and Dutch,
Polish and English, Swede and such.
I'll add, "Don't smell, don't taste, don't touch!"
I'll splash the whitewash very much.

But wife is pessimistic quite:
She says 'twill whet their appetite.
—Frances Lester Warner.

WHERE BEAUTY LIVES

Not in one spot does Beauty make her home.
She haunts the smoky marsh where herons hide,
And sun-bridged trees; down aisles of ocean foam,
She walks, and on snow peaks where moonbeams glide.
To her are known the honey gates of flowers,
Blue balustrades of dusk—gray halls of rain—
Night's dew built fanes—the morning's rapturous towers,
She romps with red-cheeked apples in the lane.

Yet Beauty builds supreme the singing heart,
Makes young lips eloquent for lovers' ears;
Heals hands toil-marred in motherhood's high art,
'Shrines grief-sick eyes that drain life's cup of tears.
These Beauty keeps immune from scorn or blame,
From time's soiled touch, or withering kiss of shame.
—J. Corson Miller, in America.

Reaching Greatest Accomplishment

Mr. Schwab, addressing the directors of the division of advertising of the committee on public information, said:

"There is one thing I do want to say, and I am glad to have the opportunity to say it. It has been a lifelong theory of mine, one that I have put into practice for 35 to 40 years of industrial pursuits, rather successfully, and one which I think ought to be the keynote of every-period when we wish everybody's greatest endeavor.

"I am a believer in the fact that men reach their greatest accomplishment by proper encouragement, not by criticism. I have yet to see the man, however great and exalted his situation, who is not susceptible to the approval of his fellow-men. And the severest criticism that can come home to any man is not, to find fault with him, but not to notice him at all. When a man is not noticed he knows that he has not gained the approval of his fellows, but when he is approved he gives his best effort."

Someone else has spoken of "the savage hurt of silence." It is something gleaned from long experience with men. And therefore may well be applied in all circle of combined work and also in the home. Do not inflict on those you love "the savage hurt of silence."