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The Indian Drum
By William MacHarg
and Edwin Balmer
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
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(Continued from last week.)
She forced herself on, unsparingly,
as she saw Henry gain the shore and
us, believing himself alone, he hurried
northward. She could not rest; she
could not let herself be exhausted.
Merely a minute after minute she
raced him thus—A dark shape—a figure
lay stretched upon the ice ahead!
Beyond and still further out, some-



She Tried to Lift Him, to Carry Him;
Then to Drag Him. But She Could
Not.

thing which seemed the fragments of
a lifeboat tossed up and down where
the waves thundered and gleamed at
the edge of the floe.
Henry's pace quickened; hers quick-
ened desperately, too. She left the
shelter of the trees and scrambled
down the steep pitch of the bluff,
shouting, crying aloud. Henry turned
about and saw her; he halted, and she
passed him with a rush and got be-
tween him and the form upon the ice,
before she turned and faced him.

Defeat—defeat of whatever purpose
he had—was his now that she was
there to witness what he might do; and
in his realization of that, he burst out
in onths against her— He advanced;
she stood, confronting—he swayed
slightly in his walk and swung past
her and away; he went past those
things on the beach and kept on along
the ice hummocks toward the north.

She ran to the huddled figure of the
man in mackinaw and cap; his face
was hidden partly by the position in
which he lay and partly by the drift-
ing snow; but, before she swept the
snow away and turned him to her, she
knew that he was Alan.

She cried to him and, when he did
not answer, she shook him to get him
awake; but she could not rouse him.
Praying in wild whispers to herself,
she opened his jacket and felt within
his clothes; he was warm—at least he
was not frozen within! No; and there
seemed some stir of his heart! She
tried to lift him, to carry him; then to
drag him. But she could not; he fell
from her arms into the snow again,
and she sat down, pulling him upon
her lap and clasping him to her.

She must have aid, she must get him
to some house, she must take him out
of the terrible cold; but dared she
leave him? Might Henry return, if she
went away? She arose and looked
about. Far up the shore she saw his
figure rising and falling with his flight
over the rough ice. A sound came to
her, too, the low, deep reverberation of
the Drum beating once more along the
shore and in the woods and out upon
the lake; and it seemed to her that
Henry's figure, in the stumbling steps
of his flight, was keeping time to the
wild rhythm of that sound. And she
stooped to Alan and covered him with
her coat, before leaving him; for she
feared no longer Henry's return.

CHAPTER XX
The Fate of the Miwaka.
"So this isn't your house, Judah?"
"No, Alan; this is an Indian's house,
but it is not mine. It is Adam Enos'
house. He and his wife went some-
where else when you needed this."
"He helped to bring me here, then?"
"No, Alan. They were alone, here—
she and Adam's wife. When she found
you, they brought you here—more than
a mile along the beach. Two women!"
Alan choked as he put down the lit-
tle porcupine quill box which had
started this line of inquiry. Whatever
questions he had asked Judah or Sher-
rill these last few days had brought
him very quickly back to her. Moved
by some intuitive certainty regarding
Spearman, she had come north; she
had not thought of peril to herself;
she had struggled alone across danger-

ous ice in storm—a gift brought up as
she had been! She had found him—
Alan—with life almost extinct—upon
the beach; she and the Indian woman,
Wassquam had just said—had
brought him along the shore. How
had they managed that, he wondered.
His throat closed up, and his eyes
filled as he thought of this.

In the week during which he had
been cared for here, Alan had not seen
Constance; but there had been a pec-
uliar and exciting alteration in Sher-
rill's manner toward him, he had felt;
it was something more than merely lik-
ing for him that Sherrill had showed,
and Sherrill had spoken of her to him
as Constance, not, as he had called
her always before, "Miss Sherrill," or
"my daughter." Alan had had dreams
which had seemed impossible of fulfil-
ment, of dedicating his life and all that
he could make of it to her; now Sher-
rill's manner had brought to him
something like awe, as of something
quite incredible.

He turned to the Indian.
"Has anything more been heard of
Spearman, Judah?"

"Only this, Alan; he crossed the
straits the next day upon the ferry
there. In Mackinaw City he bought
liquor at a bar and took it with him;
he asked there about trains into the
northwest. He has gone, leaving all
he had. What else could he do?"

Alan crossed the little cabin and
looked out the window over the snow-
covered slope, where the bright sun
was shining. Snow had covered any
tracks that there had been upon the
beach where those who had been in
the boat with him had been found
dead. He had known that this must
be; he had believed them beyond aid
when he had tried for the shore to
summon help for them and for him-
self. The other boat, which had car-
ried survivors of the wreck, blown
farther to the south, had been able to
gain the shore of North Fox island;
and as these men had not been so long
exposed before they were brought to
shelter, four men lived. Sherrill had
told him their names; they were the
mate, the assistant engineer, a deck-
hand and Father Perron, the priest
who had been a passenger but who had
stayed with the crew till the last. Ben-
jamin Corvet had perished in the
wreckage of the cars.

As Alan went back to his chair, the
Indian watched him and seemed not
displeased.
"You feel good, now, Alan?" Wass-
quam asked.

"Almost like myself, Judah."
"That is right, then. It was thought
you would be like that today. A sled
is coming soon, now."
"We're going to leave here, Judah?"
"Yes, Alan."

Was he going to see her, then? Ex-
citement stirred him, and he turned to
Wassquam to ask that; but suddenly he
hesitated and did not inquire.

Wassquam brought the mackinaw
and cap which Alan had worn on Num-
ber 25; he took from the bed the new
blankets which had been furnished by
Sherrill. They waited until a farmer
appeared driving a team hitched to a
low, wide-rimmed sled. The Indian
settled Alan on the sled, and they
drove off.

They traveled south along the shore,
rounded into Little Traverse bay, and
the houses of Harbor Point appeared
among their pines. The sled proceed-
ed across the edge of the bay to the
little city; even before leaving the bay
ice, Alan saw Constance and her fa-
ther; they were walking at the water
front near the railway station, and
they came out on the ice as they recog-
nized the occupants of the sled.

Alan felt himself alternately weak
and roused to strength as he saw her.



"Do You Know At All What These Are,
Judah?" He Asked.

Their eyes encountered, and hers
looked away; a sudden shyness, which
sent his heart leaping, had come over
her. He wanted to speak to her, to
make some recognition to her of what
she had done, but he did not dare to
trust his voice; and she seemed to un-
derstand that. He turned to Sherrill
instead. An engine and tender coupled
to a single car stood at the railway
station.

"We're going to Chicago?" he in-
quired of Sherrill.

"Not yet, Alan—to St. Ignace. Fa-
ther Perron—the priest, you know—
went to St. Ignace as soon as he re-
covered from his exposure. He sent word
to me that he wished to see me at my
convenience; I told him that we would
go to him as soon as you were able."

"He sent no other word than that?"
"Only that he had a very grave com-
munication to make to us."

Alan did not ask more; at mention
of Father Perron he had seemed to feel
himself once more among the crashing,
charging freight cars on the ferry and

to see Benjamin Corvet, pinned amid
the wreckage and speaking into the ear
of the priest.

It was not merely a confessional
which Father Perron had taken from
the lips of the dying man on Number
25; it was an accusation of crime
against another man as well; and the
confession and accusation both had
been made, not only to gain forgive-
ness from God, but to right terrible
wrongs. If the confession left some
things unexplained, it did not lack con-
firmation; the priest had learned
enough to be certain that it was no
hallucination of madness. He had been
charged definitely to repeat what had
been told him to the persons he was
now going to meet; so he watched ex-
pectantly upon the railway station
platform at St. Ignace. A tall, hand-
some man whom Father Perron
thought must be the Mr. Sherrill with
whom he had communicated appeared
upon the car platform; the young man
from Number 25 followed him, and the
two helped down a young and beauti-
ful girl.

They recognized the priest by his
dress and came toward him at once.

"Mr. Sherrill?" Father Perron in-
quired.

Sherrill assented, taking the priest's
hand and introducing his daughter.

"I am glad to see you safe, Mr. Staf-
ford." The priest had turned to Alan.
"We have thanks to offer up for that,
you and I!"

"I am his son, then! I thought that
must be so."
(Continued Next Week.)

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