The Strong Pail and the Panther


SOL'S MOTHER KILLS THE PANTHER

SOL SAMPLE was a red-cheeked, black-eyed, sturdy little chap of 12, living on the outskirts of civilization. After a few years of unremitting toil his father was killed by a falling tree, leaving the mother alone with the boy.

The nearest house was the store of old Sile Bigelow at The Forks, nearly three miles away. The trail to The Forks ran for two miles through a forest.

One afternoon Mrs. Sample sent Sol to The Forks with a list of what she needed. There was some snow on the ground, and Sol took his sled with him to carry home his purchases.

He took a strong, iron-bound pail along, and started down the trail with his dog Snips barking merrily at his heels.

"Sol! Sol!" called his mother after him. "Tell Sile to put in some of his best pepper, and be sure and start for home by 4 o'clock!"

The store was such a wonderful place to Sol that the time flew by unawares, and suddenly he discovered that it was nearly half-past five o'clock; then hurriedly packing the things in his pail, he started homeward.

The sun was already below the tops of the trees in the West, and the shadows in the forest were growing darker, but Sol didn't worry about that, as he trotted along with the sled bumping behind him and Snip scouring the underbrush for imaginary squirrels. But suddenly there came a far-off, long-drawn wail, like the cry of a human being in distress.

In about a minute the cry was repeated, sounding much nearer and echoing weirdly amid the recesses of the forest.

Sol had heard and knew most of the sounds in the forest, but this was new. As he stood still there came from a short distance on his right something between a yell and a scream.

Sol wheeled.

"Sounds like our old cat when he gets his tail shut in the door!" he mutters. "What's the matter with you?" he added, addressing Snips, who looked even smaller than usual as he slunk close to Sol's legs, with tail down and the hair on his neck on end.

Sol glanced back along the path and he saw a long, slender form dart like a shadow across.

Snips saw it, too, and the next moment all that could be seen of him was the stump of a tail rapidly disappearing in the direction of home.

The next moment Sol saw a long, dark body leap gracefully over the bushes into the path, this time in front of him.

With a couple of crouching steps it leaped easily over the high bushes into the darkness beyond.

"Looks like a wild cat!" exclaimed Sol, "and he's following me. Wish I had my gun. Wonder if I'd better shin up a tree? No; cats can climb, too."

His eye fell on a giant tree, at whose base was an opening.

He went straight to the tree and looked in.

The trunk was hollow.

"Just the thing!" thought Sol, crawling in.

But how to stop up the hole after he was in was the question.

He tried the sled, but the runners were in the way; then he took off the pail and tried that, but it was too small.

Looking up at the dark space above him, a new idea came into his mind, and forthwith digging the stout toes of his boots into the soft, rotten sides of the cavity, he began to climb, dragging the pail after him.

After ascending a short distance he found the pail was too large to go further, and completely filled the hole below him.

Then he dug and kicked larger holes in each side for his feet until they rested firmly, then bracing his back in a half-sitting posture, and holding on to the pail, he awaited developments.

Soon he heard something sniffing below him, then something seemed to be rubbing against the bottom of the pail, but it was edged in its place so firmly that it did not move in the least.

Then came a low growl and a scratching on the pail, at first cautiously and then furiously, but the pail did not seem to mind it, with its stout oak bottom and iron-hooped sides. But pretty soon a big piece of wood tumbled down, leaving a small opening beside the pail, and Sol could hear the creature snuffing at the hole.

Then the scratching, clawing, growling began with redoubled vigor, and soon he could see long, curved claws reaching up and digging away.

He could see a pair of green eyes gleaming up at him.

"If you stick your old nose up here where I can reach it, I'll introduce you to this," thought he, pulling out a jackknife.

Then a new idea struck him.

Reaching down into the pair and fumbling about, he fished out the pepper.

He pulled the cover off the box and waited his chance.

Soon there came another growl below, and, peering over the edge of the pail, Sol could see that the gleaming eyes were much nearer.

Cautiously he bent forward and suddenly tipped the contents of the box squarely into those green orbes below.

In the next instant a whole menagerie broke loose in that tree. Such yells and growls, such a thrashing, spitting and hubbub generally Sol never heard before. The creature rolled about in agony, clawing at his eyes and finally tumbled out of the tree on the snow.

But the performance did not end there, for it ran round and round in a circle, completely blinded and screaming with rage and pain.

Suddenly the report of a gun, quickly followed my another, startled Sol, and there came a great barking and whining at the cavity in the tree.

"Snips!" he exclaimed, letting the pail drop and quickly following it down and out into the open air.

There stood his mother, with a double-barreled gun in her hands and a face as white as the snow around her.

Catching sight of Sol she threw down the gun and clasped him to her heart, crying and kissing him and calling him endearing names, while Snips jumped about and barked like a canine lunatic, and there, near by, lay a dead panther, an ugly-looking creature, with long, curved, cruel looking claws, swollen eyes and open mouth, revealing its sharp teeth.

After a little while, when she grew calmer, Sol's mother told him how Snips came tearing down the road to the house, every hair on his back on end and wild with excitement. He pulled at her dress and she took the gun and followed him to the big tree, where she saw a creature rolling on the snow and emitting frightful screams and growls.

They placed the panther's body on the sled and drew it home.

The hide passed its usefulness long ago, but the pail still remains, and Mr. Solomon Sample often exhibits it and points to the deep furrows on its sides and bottom as proof of the truth of his story.

Man Who Thought He Was a Coward


"He Knew that he ran"

EVERY man flatters himself that he has courage. The question had not come up in Reuben Hale's mind until he had enlisted and gone to the front. For a few days he believed he had the courage to face death along with others. Then he began to waver. Then he realized that he was a coward. The knowledge came to him like a sudden shock. He was still doubting when a comrade entered his tent and looked at him a moment and then exclaimed:

"Well, that's just what some of the boys said!"

"W-what?" asked Reuben.

"That you were a flunker. You haven't been in a skirmish or seen a dead man yet, and here you are, as pale as a sick baby!

"I—I dunno. I didn't know I was a coward."

"Well, I guess you are, all right enough, and I feel sorry for you. You'll have to go into battle with us, but you'll run away and be drummed out of the army in disgrace. Your old dad will turn you out of doors when you get home, and not a neighbor will speak to you. Say, if I was you I'd desert. It's a disgrace to desert, but not as big a one as to bolt under fire."

That very night he made up his mind that he would dodge the camp sentinels and disappear.

Reuben Hale was too late. While he was waiting for darkness his company was called out to make a scout up the road. He would have crawled under his blankets—been taken suddenly ill—hidden away in some one else's tent, but a Corporal hurried him into the ranks and he had to march away with the rest. Most of the men were laughing and joking and making a lark of it, but Reuben was silent with the awful fear at his heart. His heart choked him, until he gasped like one after a long run.

By and by the detachment got an alarm. The enemy was reported close ahead. Orders were given to advance more cautiously, and with shaking limbs and chattering teeth Reuben Hale watched for an opening to drop out of the ranks.

Of a sudden there was a popping of musketry in front, two or three orders were given, and then Reuben found the opening that he had been praying for, and bolted. The next ten minutes were a whirl of confusion to him. He knew that he ran, and that his comrades pursued and overtook him, and when his brain cleared they were all about him and knew of his disgrace.

"Private Reuben Hale, I want to congratulate you," said the voice of his Captain, "and in my report of this affair to the Colonel I shall do you full justice."

For what? For running away! It was half an hour before Reuben could be made to understand that he had dashed forward at sound of the musketry and actually led the company against the enemy and been the first man to come in close contact with them. Twenty different men patted him on the back and complimented him on his bravery, but as the return march was taken up he hung his head and said to himself:

"The fools! If they only knew how it was they'd despise me."

A week later Private Reuben Hale was made a Corporal for his bravery. Many of his comrades congratulated him, but he didn't congratulate himself. A Corporal was rather more liable to be killed than a private, and it was a more serious offense to desert. Promotion had but added to his burdens.

"Say, old man," said the man who had talked with him before and advised desertion, "I did you an injustice that day and I want to beg your pardon. I thought you were a coward, but you must have been off your feed and feeling bad. There's no yellow streak in you, my boy."

And yet there was, and Reuben knew there was, and he trembled and cowered beneath his blankets, as he heard men outside his tent say there was certain to be a big battle within the next ten days. He longed to be taken ill and sent to the hospital—to meet with some sort of accident—anything, anything rather than stand in the ranks with bullets hurtling and shells screaming. He was bracing himself up to try desertion when his brigade was called out to make a swift march on the left flank and seize and hold a bridge.

It was daylight and the coward had no chance to bolt. In that march of seven miles he suffered death five times over.

The enemy sent a force to seize the same bridge. Both arrived simultaneously. There was sharp fighting—charge and counter-charge, and a hundred men were killed and wounded before the blues made good their possession. Reuben Hale had passed through it all as one passes through a dream, and he was waking out of it when he heard his comrades shouting:

"Rah for Reube! Bully for the Corporal!"

There was a vacant sergeantcy in Company "C," and Corporal Hale was promoted to it. They said he had been one of the bravest of the brave at the bridge.

The enemy fell back all along the front. During most of that month Sergeant Hale was trying to be ill—thinking of desertion—seeking a detail in the rear, and no man suspected the torment of his mind.

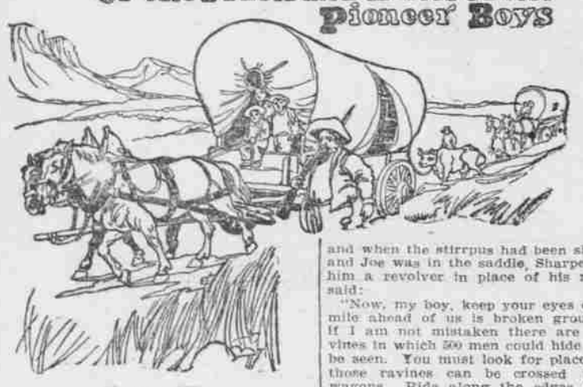
He had set a date when he would defy disgrace and desert, or deliberately maim himself and secure his discharge, when he was forced into a great battle. In his own mind he went to pieces and wept before his comrades and appealed to his captain. As his comrades really saw him, he was pale-faced but steady of nerve, ordering, chiding and praising, and when at a critical moment a portion of the lines began to waver it was he who seized the flag and rallied stout hearts around him and perhaps prevented a disastrous panic. A month later he was made Lieutenant Hale.

As time passed there were other skirmishes and battles and the lieutenant became captain and then major. As a major he was mustered out at the close of the war, and he returned home to receive the homage of the people and the flattery of the press, but they did not know.

"No, they did not know," he bitterly said to himself. "They cheer me for a brave man, but if they only knew—"

And yet Major Hale was mistaken. The bravest of the brave may be cowards in their own estimation.

The White Horse Mine
Or the Pluck and Luck of the Pioneer Boys



Chapter III.

AN hour after the four wagons which left camp had disappeared from sight behind a ridge, Sharpe called for a volunteer to scout ahead and see if anything could be seen of Indians. There were only five riding horses along with the caravan. In the case of Mr. Chudleigh and his sons, when they got tired of riding they walked. Then men with the horses were kept ahead of the wagons when on the move, but those to the right and left were on foot. Both Joe and Sam had acted as flankers several times and felt quite proud of the responsibility.

On this morning a scout was called for the horsemen held back a bit. All were upset about the wagons leaving, and all felt that a tragedy was soon to happen. The leader was growing indignant at the way the men hung back, when Joe pushed his way to the front and said:

"I can ride a horse pretty well, and if one of the men will lend me one I will act as scout. If there are any Indians about I can see them as well as the men."

"So you can, my boy," answered Sharpe, "but I don't want to send you when the men hang back."

"He has my consent," spoke up Mr. Chudleigh. "If there are Indians in any of the ravines ahead I think we ought to know it before we break camp. If we run into an ambush we may all be slaughtered."

That settled it. One of the men was ordered to give up his horse to the boy, and when the stirrups had been shortened and Joe was in the saddle, Sharpe handed him a revolver in place of his rifle and said:

"Now, my boy, keep your eyes open. A mile ahead of us is broken ground, and if I am not mistaken there are dry ravines in which 500 men could hide and not be seen. You must look for places where those ravines can be crossed by our wagons. Ride along the edges of them and get a peep at the bottom. The Indians will have their ponies hidden also, and you may hear one of them whinney. If you find you are running into danger you must wheel about and come back as fast as you can. I believe you will carry the thing through as well as a man."

Joe rode off at an easy gallop, and after a mile and a half had been covered he came to the first ravine. In time of rain it was a large creek, but now it was dry. The buffaloes in traveling to and fro had made trails across, and the wagons would have no trouble in following. The boy saw nothing of Indians, though he rode up and down the ravine for half a mile either way. A mile ahead was a still larger ravine. It was likewise dry and the buffaloes had also made a wide trail across, but here the wagons would have more trouble. Joe was about to ride to the west to search the bottom of the ravine for hiding Indians when he caught the whinney of a pony, and at the same time a warrior rose up from grass and seized him by the left arm and leg and sought to pull him from the saddle. The revolver had been carried in the boy's right hand. There was no time for him to get scared—not even time to think what he ought to do. As he saw the Indian and felt his strong grip he brought the weapon around and fired it full in the warrior's fae. The grip relaxed, the redskin pitched forward, and as a loud yell rang out from the Indians in hiding, Joe wheeled the horse about and rode for his life.

There were over 300 Indians in the big ravine. They had gathered all through the night, and when daylight came the ambush was ready. They had seen the four wagons draw away from camp, and had sent 50 warriors to attack them. Joe had hardly set his face for camp when he heard faint yells and the discharge of firearms off to his left. The Indians did not open any rifle fire on him from the ravine, but at least a hundred of them fired arrows at him. Some of them passed within an inch of his body and struck the ground far ahead, and there was one sticking in the saddle when he rode into camp at full speed. The men had watched for his coming, and all had turned out with their rifles. The firing from beyond the ridge could now be heard in camp, and a score of men demanded of Sharpe that he lead them to the help of those attacked, but he shook his head, and sternly said:

"Not a man must leave camp. The others will be dead before we could reach them. You can hear that the firing is already dying away. The Indians have planned that we will divide our force, but that is just what we won't do. We will have all we can do to beat off the force making ready to attack us. Look there!"

The Indians were riding out of the ravine on the open ground. They could not be accurately counted, but it was estimated that there was at least 250 of them, all mounted on their war ponies. They had failed to draw the caravan into an ambush, but they meant to make a fight of it just the same. They began riding about the camp in a circle just outside rifle range, and each redskin kept up a great shouting. Some of the pioneers began firing, but Sharpe ordered them to cease, and said:

"They will narrow the circle and come within range after awhile, but it won't be much use to fire at them. Save your powder until they get ready to charge the camp. Let men, women and children lie down under the wagons and get as much protection as they can. Be cool now, and be ready to obey orders."

As the pioneers had fired but few shots the Indians got the idea that they were either very much afraid or were short of powder and lead. They narrowed their circle until their arrows whizzed through the wagon covers, but no one was hurt. After half an hour of this work they hauled off, and Sharpe's voice could be heard, saying:

"Get ready, men! They are going to charge the camp!"

(To be continued.)

Romantic Tale of the Sword

THE name itself, Sword, is so beautiful that the mind conjures up flashing scenes of war and romance.

Once the weapon of battle and chivalry, no romance of long ago days could be complete without the sword. Borne solemnly by brave Crusader knights for the Cross of Christ; kissed by medieval warriors in token of allegiance to the King; gallantly wielded for fair ladies in distress—these were some of the duties of the sword old romances told in song and story.

Everywhere the obligation of the shining blade was hollly regarded, many story tellers ranking its duty as dearer than all others. Lovelace, the Elizabethan poet, crowns this passion with a star of noblest thought. The soldier leaving Lucasta for the wars sings that he could not love her half so well if he did not love honor more.

Rich, indeed is history with the doings of the blade of steel. Christian martyrs fell before it; the Cross of Christianity was reared by it. And in gay stories of later days there are those incomparable musketeers, Porthos, Athos and d'Artagnan, come to rejoice the heart of every boy with the fabulous exercise of their own trusty blades. Then who does not know of the Escalibur of King Arthur; of the Balmung of Siegfried, and of the sword of Hakon which chopped a millstone in two? Again a warrior's "brand of steel" cleaves the cliff of Roncesnaux and leaves the mark of its mighty tooth upon a mountain height. Charlemagne, the great French King, must use the pommel of his for a seat of state, the soldier-king saying as he put his stamp on treaties: "I sign them with this end, and with the other I will take care they are kept."

Heroic inscriptions along the weapon of honor were countless. The sword of Hughes de Chateaubriand flashed in the sunlight the motto won by his ancestors at the fight of Bouvines. "My blood reddens all the banners of France." Another noble motto blazed from hundreds of Toledo rapiers: "Do not draw me without reason; do not sheathe me without honor." Still another sword in the Museum of Medals in Paris is reverently inscribed: "There is no conqueror but God."

Many Spanish and Sicilian blades bragged blatantly: "I come," or "When I go up you go down," while German and Oriental warriors bore swords which prayed devoutly: "Do not abandon me, O faithful God," or "With the help of Allah I shall kill my enemy."

Made at first of the roughest metals, steel tempered to bend almost double without breaking came to be the choice material of the weapon of honor. Its influence upon the nobler spirits, as can be seen, was uplifting, for courage, faith in God, high principles of honor and an exquisite chivalry for women were its ethics.

Now all this splendor has passed away. Gunpowder has replaced the blade of steel for purposes of war, and only old-fashioned romances sing of it any more. In civilized countries it has only two places—the dusty shelf of the museum, and as part of the insignia of high military rank. It has become a sentimental emblem, a rusty ghost.

Still an hour may be profitably and delightfully spent with old museum swords, and here are some sorts to look for.

First, there is the blunt Gallic sword, whose metal is so soft that soldiers had to stop after each hard blow and straighten it out with their feet, thereby enabling the enemy to get in work of his own. There are the hooked scimiters of the Turks, with an inside edge, and curved Arab yataghans with the edge outside. There are the glaives of the red-clothed headsmen of the Middle Ages; there are Malay krisses, and the notched blades of Zanzibar, and old sabers (which are the very fathers of our own late tribe) from India, Armenia and Korassan.

But all are like the dead now, for the glory of the weapon which made the world and carved out history is no more.

And so gazing upon these rusty relics, with their grotesque and graceful scabbards—which constitute a rare and wonderful race in themselves—one feels inclined to say with the writer of the old book: "A great soul has passed from among us."

Four-Footed Thieves.

In Winchester, England, a grocer began to miss money from his till and set his wife to watch. After two weeks the wife was not able to detect the thief, though money was stolen almost every day. There were two clerks in the store, and the grocer finally called them thieves and discharged them. When two others had taken their places the money continued to disappear, and the case was given to the police. An officer who hid under the counter solved the problem. He found bits of paper representing about $50 that the mice had made nests of. They had entered the till through a hole in the back and taken the bills one at a time.

The two clerks who had been discharged for dishonesty brought suit for damages, and the other day the grocer was compelled to pay them $300 each.

A Boy's Joke.

In a town in Kansas a boy 14 years old threw a firecracker under the feet of a horse standing on the street. The report caused the horse to run away. The one runaway started three others. Five people were hurt, three horses injured, two wagons were wrecked and the front of a store was smashed in. The boy ran home in affright, but when his mother learned what he had done she led him back and asked the owner of the first horse to spank him. The man sat down, took the boy across his knee and gave him such a dose that the victim will remember it all the rest of his life.

The Story of the Magic Cedar-Bark Drum

ONCE upon a time in Sea Lion Town there lived a boy whose name was Gasta. His mother, who was a widow, was very poor and he supported her and himself as best he could by hunting and fishing. As a child the boy delighted in playing at being a shaman, or magician. He made himself a dancing skirt out of an old mat, some shells he made into a rattle, and out of some feathers he constructed for himself a dancing hat. Taking a piece of cedar bark he said, "Now you shall be my drum," and he made himself a drumstick out of a piece of firewood.

As he grew larger he found that he really had great skill in magic. He got so that he could make his dancing hat go out of the door and come up through the floor of the house, and when he commanded it the drumstick would beat the cedar bark without his touching it.

One day old Sigana, the chief of the village, fell sick and the shamans were called in to cure him. They danced and beat drums and made a great racket generally in the house, but old Sigana only got worse. Then said some one to Gasta: "Why do you not go and cure Sigana? You are always bragging about your magic. Now let us see what you can do."

But Gasta knew that all the beating of drums, rattling of rattles, and dancing in the world would not cure Sigana if he was really sick.

At last, goaded by the taunts of the other boys, he said to himself, "I will go and see Chief Sigana anyway. My magic is as good as that of anybody else."

So he put on his feather dancing hat and his dancing skirt, took his shell rattle and his cedar bark drum and went to the house of the sick man. At the doorway stood two big, black creatures holding aloft blazing torches of pitch-pine wood. These were the Porpoise people.

At first they would not let Gasta enter the house. "You are only a boy," they said, "what do you know of a shaman's work? Go away."

But when they saw the boy's dancing hat fly up into the air and come back to him again without his touching it, and heard the cedar bark drum without the aid of hands, they let him in.

Old Sigana was groaning on a bed in the middle of the room and the shamans were seated around him.

"Where do you feel pain?" asked Gasta.

"Oh, right here," replied the old man, placing his right hand under his left arm.

"Drum!" said Gasta to the cedar bark, and the bark immediately began to beat itself with the drumstick.

While this was going on Gasta looked under the rich chief's arm and found a big splinter, which he pulled out, saying: "There! Now you will be better. Send away the shamans and go to sleep."

The next day Sigana was better and in a few days he was well. Then he sent for Gasta and asked him how he could reward him for his cure.

"Well," replied the boy, "if I had a canoe so that I could go out fishing on the sea I would like it. Then I could gather more food for my mother and myself and get fish to sell."

"Go down to the shore," said Sigana, "and walk along until you see a heron sitting on a rock near the heron you will find a canoe. Take it." Gasta did as he was told and soon found the heron sitting on a rock and nearby an old canoe.

It was a very old canoe and the grass was growing in the seams of it. On the bow was a figurehead carved with a man's head and a dragon's body, and that, too, looked old and worn and weather-beaten.

Much disappointed, Gasta came back to the old man's house and said: "I have found the canoe. But it is such an old one I am afraid to go to sea in it."

"Do not fear," replied Sigana. "Get in and put off from the land."

Again Gasta went to the canoe, and looked about for paddles, but he could find none. So once more he returned to Sigana, saying: "I can find no paddles."

"What a particular boy you are," cried Sigana. "You do not need paddles. That canoe is made out of the same sort of cedar bark as your drum, and it goes itself. Get in and command it, saying, 'Go, Chief's canoe.'"

Again Gasta went to the canoe and, launching it, stepped in and cried: "Go, Chief's canoe." And it went. Far out on the water it went and then it turned and started back for the shore.

"No! No!" cried Gasta, "do not go home yet. Go on." But the canoe would not obey, and went swiftly back to the beach from which it had started.

The next morning Gasta presented himself at the house of Sigana, and said: "Oh, Chief! I have tried your canoe, but it will not mind me. When it gets tired it turns and goes home again."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Sigana, "you must feed it."

"Feed it?" said Gasta. "It is all I can do to feed my mother and myself. I am afraid I can not keep a canoe that requires to be fed."

But Sigana summoned five dark slaves and gave each slave five boxes of dried berries mixed with grease.

"There," said he; "this is the food the magic canoe feeds on. Take it on board."

When the five slaves had deposited the boxes of grease and berries in the canoe it was loaded down almost to the water's edge, but Gasta stepped in and cried, "Go, Chief's canoe," and it went.

When it reached the fishing grounds it started to go back, but Gasta threw a box of the berries and grease at the figurehead, which, to his surprise, opened its mouth wide and swallowed it down. Then he went to fishing and caught a great quantity of fish. Whenever the canoe started to go home Gasta would give it another box of berries and grease, and it would remain quiet.

Finally, when he had the canoe full of fish, he cried "home," and off went the canoe for the beach.

Every day Gasta fished from the magic canoe, and at night he and his mother worked putting up boxes of grease and berries to feed it with.

Wherever Gasta went in the canoe there was always plenty of fish, and no matter how big the fish was he could always get it into the magic canoe. So he became rich and built for his mother and himself a fine house, and stored it with all sorts of food and skins.

Then one day Sigana sent for Gasta and said to him: "Now give me back my canoe. You are now able to buy one of your own. I am old and my canoe is old; and we are going away on a long journey. Give me also your cedar-bark—your magic drum which beats itself—for you shall be a chief and have no use for magic. But the cedar-bark drum is brother to the magic canoe and I would take it with me where I am going."

Then the five slaves bore Sigana down to the shore, for he was feeble with age so that he could not walk, and placed him in the canoe; and Gasta brought the magic cedar-bark drum and placed it there also. Then the slaves moved off the canoe and stepped in themselves. The canoe moved from the shore and at once Gasta saw it grow new and bright and shining as it had looked when it was first made, and the figurehead on the bow began to chant a song as it moved away.

Gasta looked again and saw that the old chief had changed into a young man, who stood high in the bows and waved his arms toward the setting sun. Straight toward the setting sun the canoe went, the five dark slaves sitting with their elbows on their knees and covering their faces with their hands.

Then a cloud rolled up out of the ocean, enveloping the canoe and its passenger, and Gasta saw it and them no more forever.

When the people of Sea Lion Town heard what had happened to Sigana they elected Gasta chief in his place, and as chief he lived there until he was a very old man.

Now on the beaches of Sea Lion Town at the time of the sunset, you can hear sometimes a faint, booming sound, as of a drum beaten afar off, coming over the water, and the people say it is Gasta's drum, and that somewhere beyond the horizon Chief Sigana, young and strong once more, is out in his magic canoe.


"Fired it full in the warrior's face"


WHENEVER THE CANOE STARTED TO GO HOME GASTA WOULD GIVE IT ANOTHER BOX OF BERRIES AND GREASE.