

He did not at first tell the other people how he had made fire. They thought it wonderful that he could go off by himself and bring back fire from a place where there was no fire-hill. So they made him the head of the clan, and they called him the Fire King.

“That is the story for to-day,” said Uncle Ben, “but before I tell you the next one, I wish you would try to think out how the cave people made their clothing, and carried water, and wove baskets, and killed wild animals, without needles or pails or knives or guns such as people use now.”

THE SILVER BOAT

There is a boat upon a sea ;
It never stops for you or me.
The sea is blue, the boat is white ;
It sails through winter and summer night.

The swarthy child in India land
Points to the prow with eager hand ;
The little Lapland babies cry
For the silver boat a-sailing by.