THE CAVE-BOYS

Chapter I.

WHEN men said that Luke Taylor was almost too lazy to draw his breath they were not exaggerating much. He was so lazy that he spent half his time in bed and the other half in eating and wishing he was rich. He was so ragged that people hooted at him, and if he ever started to use an ax or a hoe the handle was sure to break before he had been working 10 minutes.

When men said that Luke Taylor's two boys, Joe and Tom, hadn't a lazy hair in their heads and deserved a better father, they were right.

Joe was 14 and Tom was 12. They had been motherless lads for two years. Instead of their father keeping house for them, they kept it for him.

The three lived on a small farm about a mile from the village of Dalton, Pennsylvania. The house was in a wretched condition, the land out of cultivation on account of the father's laziness, and not even a chicken was to be found around the place.

The two boys had gone to the village school before their mother's death. After that there was work around home for the younger one, while the elder earned what he could here and there.

The boys knew what folk thought of their father, but they treated him with respect and continued to do their best. He was never out of temper, and he never struck one of them a blow. When there was anything in the house to eat he would help to eat it; when there was not, he would turn over in bed and say:

"Well, my sons, I hope to have money some day, and we shall all be rich and can have what we wish. Tomorrow I will look around for work and bring home plenty to eat."

Among the men who used to tell Luke Taylor that he ought to be whipped for his laziness, and at the same time had words of praise and encouragement for his two boys, was Constable Johnson.

He was a man who was always chasing those who broke the law, as it was his duty to do, but at the same time he had a kind heart and was a good neighbor. He also had a small farm, but it was a far different place from the other.

It was on that farm that Joe earned many a dollar during the season of work. While Joe was in the cornfield earning 50 cents a day, and Tom in the woods after roots and barks to sell to the village druggist, the Constable would drop in on the father and give him a lecture about his shiftlessness. It was always taken good-naturedly, and the man would say in his own defense:

"The fact is, I've got a sister in New Hampshire who is going to leave me a lot of money when she dies, and so there is no need of killing myself with hard work. If I don't get that money pretty soon, though, I must go to cutting wood for somebody. I can't have you all saying I'm the laziest man in the state."

One day things came to an end. It was in the last days of September, and both the Taylor boys were cutting corn for Constable Johnson. There were many men out of work and anxious to be employed, but the big-hearted man wanted to help the boys along all he could.

He was working with them when a man drove up in a light wagon and called him to the fence and talked to him for a few minutes. The boys kept on with their work, but after a bit the Constable called them to him and said:

"Boys, I have some bad news to tell you, but I hope you will not get excited over it."

"Is it about father, sir?" asked Joe.

"It is. I am going home with you. It seems that he has hurt himself some way. We'll see how bad it is before we send for the doctor."

He had been told by the man who drove up that Luke Taylor was dead, but he did not want to tell the boys of their misfortune too suddenly. It seemed that the father had gone out to an old shed barn to pry off some of the boards for firewood. The building was so old and rickety that as he worked away it fell down on him, and he was fatally injured. His cries were heard, but before the beams and boards could be taken off he was dead.

Everybody stood back when the boys arrived and went in to grieve. He had been a good father to them in all but shirking his work, and it was only natural that their hearts and eyes were full. So far as they knew, they had not another relative on earth. After the lapse of half an hour the Constable entered the house and said:

"Well, boys, we are all sorry for you, but you must be as brave as you can. You can go over to my house and stay all night, and we will see to things here. We shall bury him tomorrow."

On the afternoon of the next day there was a funeral, at which only half a dozen people were present, and when the body of the father had been laid away the Constable said to the boys:

"You are to come home with me until I see what is to be done with you. Your father may not have told you, but I am sure he had a brother near Lancaster. That brother will be your uncle, of course, and it will be for him to take charge of you. I hope that he is a good man, and that he will give you both a good home."

(To be continued.)

Mister Kite's Adventures

OLD MISTER KITE stood high in the air—at least he did what is equal to standing in the case of a kite, for he was quite motionless and he did not even wag his long tail of brightly colored rags.

Mister Kite imagined that he had climbed up into his high position through his own talents. He could not explain what the string that was attached to him meant, so he said to himself:

"It is not polite to talk about it at all."

He looked around him proudly and nowhere could he see anything so big and fine as he. So he said:

"Without doubt I am the King of this place. I wish someone would come so that I could show him how mighty I am."

Just then a little person came trotting along, snuffling and crying. He had a tattered cloak on, and his short trousers were all frayed and had great holes in the knees.

"Halt!" said Mr. Kite, "and bow to me and tell me where you are going and who you are. I am the King here."

The little person fell on his knees sobbing harder than ever.

"Alas, kind sir," said he, "I am nothing but an humble little gust of wind from the foundling asylum where they put the little winds that are left behind by the tempests. Please do not hurt me. I was just crying because I know that they are going to spank me when I get back. They sent me out to blow some dust away, and I wasn't able to because a sprinkling cart came along just before I got there. What a grand-looking person you are, sir! You must be a great nobleman in your own country."

"They call me a kite, said Mister Kite proudly. "If you will look down to the earth you will see a small boy holding a string. The boy is my slave, and he dares not let go the string until I give him permission."

"Oh, dear me," cried the little person, trembling. "Here comes the East Wind. I must run away before he sees me."

East Wind wore a great black cloak and a long Spanish sword, and he had a long black beard, which was blowing in all directions constantly. He looked very like a cavalier, which was quite natural, for he came straight from Spain. He took off his wide-brimmed plumed hat and bowed low when he saw the kite.

"That is right," said Mister Kite. "It is well for you that you bowed, for I am King here and I have decided not to let anyone pass without showing me proper deference."

East Wind started to laugh, but he stopped himself and turned away.

"How alarming you are!" said he, making believe to tremble. "I really think that I shall have to run away."

Off he swooped, but he did not run far. As soon as he was out of sight of the kite he called aloud, and in a moment three great men appeared. One came galloping along on a snow-white horse as big as a mountain, and its mane was like a snow storm and its tail was like a white cloud. The rider was white, too, with an immense icy beard and long white hair that looked like a blizzard. The only thing that was not white about him were his eyes, and they were bright blue, like a Winter's sky on a clear, cold day.

The second man was all dressed in black armor, and his horse came rushing on like a black rain cloud, and every time its hoofs came down they struck fire that played around him in lightning.

The third man was as tall as either of the others, but instead of being terrible to see and armed as they were, he was fair and smiling, and his horse was as gentle as he. He bore a harp and a great armful of flowers and all around him were birds that sang as he rode.

These three were North Wind, West Wind and South Wind. And when East Wind told them with roars of laughter about the Kite that thought he was King, they all laughed, too, till the clouds thundered.

"Let us pay him our respects," shouted they, and off they went galloping.

When Mister Kite saw them approach, he said to himself.

"Aha! They know what is good for them. I shall make them get on their knees to me and crown me."

The four winds approached humbly and said:

"Hail, great King! Permit us graciously to blow on you!"

"You may, if you do it very respectfully indeed," said Mister Kite.

Immediately the four winds began to blow at the same time, and the next instant Mr. Kite was flopping first east and then west, and then south and then north, and then east again, and back and forth till he was so dizzy that he tumbled around and stood sometimes on his head and sometimes on his side.

His beautiful long tail got all twisted around the string, and the small boy down below sawed up and down with the cord and said:

"I wonder what's the matter with that lop-sided old thing! I guess I'll have to pull it in."

But he never got it in, for the kite dived so and the four winds blew it so that at last it dived into the tip-top branches of a great elm and the line and the tail got so badly tangled around the branches that the boy had to break the line and let Mister Kite stay there.

He hung there until the rains soaked all the color out of the paper and the sticks broke and the gaudy tail faded. Then a crow came along and said:

"Hullo! What have we here?"

"I am a King," said Mister Kite, "who is temporarily in difficulties."

"A King?" said the crow, laughing coarsely. "A King? A bundle of old rags and paper, I guess you mean." And with that he pecked at poor Mister Kite and tore what was left of him to pieces. So that was the end of the Kite who thought that he was a King.

An Ancient Quake.

Boston Herald.

A New England newspaper of 1727 announces that "a considerable town in this province has been so awakened by the awful providence in the earthquake that the women have generally laid aside their hoop petticoats." It must have been a shock of not immoderate violence to change the fashions at that time.

Pa Goes Hunting and Ma Gets Gay

"Say, kids, you'll open your blinkers, I bet,
The widest you ever have opened 'em yet,
When you hear the true tale of your pal Goo Goo Bear,
A telling of things in that photo up there.
You see pa went hunting and ma she got gay
The minute the old man was out of the way,
'With dignified credit' to POWERS she went
And ticked up a hundred, just like an old cent,
For table and china, a buffet and sich,
Like swell things you read of in homes of the rich.
When I coaxed, she asked Lulu—my best girl—to dine,
And the spread she put up, you bet, kids, was fine.
Perhaps pa won't kick—but ma will say: 'Honey,
POWERS'—the store that saves you money.' ".

Dolly's Japanese Love Story

O MIMOSA SAN sat in the Summer-house amid the dropping blooms of the purple wistaria. O Mimosa San had almond eyes and cherry lips, and her smile was fixed and placid. She sat very still and stately, with her arms hung stiffly at her sides and her feet stuck stiffly out in front of her on the garden seat.

Butterflies and bees hovered and hummed around the blossomy places, whatever their occupation, pleasure or business, eating honey or storing it. The wistaria was sweet to them all. Only O Mimosa San noticed nothing. How could she, when she was only a Japanese doll?

Even the hummingbird who whirred above her, taking her for some more gorgeous flower, failed to make her move even one of her waxen eyelids.

One great branch of wistaria bloom hung directly over the head of O Mimosa San, and the sight of her there, so silent and lovely, thrilled his purple heart to the very depths. In a voice that sounded like raindrops on a bed of violets he called:

"O Mimosa San!"

There was no answer.

"O Mimosa San!"

Still she sat, silent and rigid, and the wistaria bloom could not bear it. He shivered all over—shivered so violently that his vine loosened and fell—so low that the blossoms brushed across the face of O Mimosa San and planted a dewy kiss right on her cherry lips.

At the touch the fairy soul of O Mimosa San stirred and met the soul of the wistaria bloom, and they fell in love with each other immediately. She turned her almond eyes on the wistaria bloom and saw that he was good, so she snuggled her face cosily into his purple waistcoat.

"I've been watching you for a long time," he whispered. "Ever since little Golden-Head left you here. But you never stirred till I kissed you."

"I couldn't. A doll's soul cannot speak until a flower has kissed her."

"How glad I am my vine fell. Your dress is purple, like my blossoms."

"But not so pretty—not so cool and soft and fragrant."

"But it's your face that I love, O Mimosa San. I'll keep the sun off, so it cannot fade you, if you'll stay here. Will you?"

"I don't like the sun. It takes the color out of my cherry lips."

"It shan't any more," laughed the wistaria.

He threw out some tendrils and they began to twine about her. How they grew! How the feathery leaves unrolled and hung like a curtain over O Mimosa San! They wrapped her close from the chill of the night dew, and always the blossoms hung around her and caressed her cheek. In her joy she grew more and more alive, and threw up a tiny arm to stroke the soft petals.

A week passed by, and O Mimosa San and the wistaria lived in a dream of rapture.

Then one morning there was no sun, and the rain began to fall. The wistaria laughed and cried:

"Oh, I like the rain. It refreshes me. See, it will refresh you, too."

But O Mimosa San shuddered and cried:

"O, shelter me, shelter me, dear wistaria! The rain will kill me."

Closer he wrapped his leaves and tendrils, and tenderly he hung his blossoms between her and the shower. But the drops were too thick and heavy. They fell upon her purple robe, and the color began to run out and stain the board seat; they fell upon her cherry lips, and the red ran down her face in streaks; they fell upon her jet-black hair, and it drooped, limp and ugly, around her waxen pate.

But the wistaria did not love her any the less, and still he tried to save her.

Night fell, and the wind came and whipped the rain sharply against the Summer-house. The wistaria began to grow faint with the struggle. Now and then a blossom was cut away and carried out into the night on the wings of the driving rain. He bound his tendrils closer.

"Good-bye," he sighed. "When my blossoms are all gone I shall not be able to speak any more, for my fairy soul will be gone. But my arms will still hold you."

A gust of wind bit the frail stem that held the last blossom on the cluster.

"Not good-bye!" whispered O Mimosa San. "I will go with you."

And her fairy soul drifted out with the soul of the wistaria bloom.

Golden-Head found O Mimosa San next day—her color washed out and her robe ruined. Her limp little form was held tightly in the arms of the wistaria vine, but there was no blossom to shelter her, only a ragged stem, cut and slashed by the storm. O Mimosa San was quite dead, and Golden-Head buried her where the roots of the wistaria could creep lovingly around her.

THE AUTOMATIC MAN OF BERLIN.

THE people of Berlin are being vastly entertained, and puzzled, too, just now by a wonderful automatic man. This figure does almost everything that a real man can do in the way of motion.

It can walk perfectly alone, sit, bow and jump. It can ride a bicycle as readily as if it were alive. Most remarkable of all, it can write its own name.

The amazing effect of all this is heightened by the fact that the inventor of the automatic man has dressed him in a strange garb and has given him a most grotesque head and face.

The automatic man is exactly as tall as an average human being. He (or it) is made from 265 separate pieces.

The feet are iron and the legs are made of steel and wood. The arms are steel and copper.

There are seven motors in the figure. Some of these are governed by springs and others are electric. The two most powerful motors govern the legs and enable the automatic man to walk.

The electrical energy is supplied by 14 accumulators of 48 volts power, which furnish 2700 amperes in an hour.

When the automatic man is to walk, one motor pushes the left leg forward first. This makes the figure move toward the right, and the moment it does this it causes quicksilver, which acts as the conductor for the electricity, to fly against a lever.

This forms a new electrical contact and thus the automatic man immediately regains his balance. The right foot moves forward, and the quicksilver promptly flies to the other side again, thus shoving the left foot forward once more.

In a similar way the apparatus produces the other motions, but, as may be imagined, the mechanism governing the more intricate motions is immensely complicated. For instance, the mechanism that enables the figure to write its own name, "Enigmarelle," on a blackboard with chalk, is so elaborate that it would require pages of technical description to explain it.

The inventor worked for many years before he finished his calculations and plans so that he could set to work to make the wonderful automatic man, and after his designs were all finished he had to work for more years before he could perfect the figure so that it would work.

The Wonderful Magic of Red Feather

THE children of the town of Gunwa were out in the street playing hockey, when a bright red feather came floating just above them. Now this feather was not really a feather at all, but a wicked magician who lived in a neighboring mountain and had a grudge against the village people because they used to go hunting on the mountain slope without his permission. So on this day, when he thought that all the people of Gunwa were in the village, he changed himself into a red feather with the intention of capturing the whole lot of them and taking them away into the mountain as his slaves.

The boys, of course, did not know this, and one of them reached up and grabbed the red feather, crying: "See what a nice red feather I have." But his glee soon was changed to terror, for the feather began to lift him from the earth, and when he tried to let go of it he could not do so.

"Oh, catch hold of me, somebody," he shouted. "The red feather is carrying me away."

One of the other boys rushed to his assistance and was just able to seize his leg as he moved upward. But the second boy found that he, too, was being drawn upward. Then a third boy grabbed the second boy's leg and suffered a similar fate, and so on, until there was a whole string of boys in the air, all calling for help.

The men and women and girls of the town rushed out in great excitement and each in turn tried to pull down the string of boys, and each in turn was lifted up from the ground, until the whole population was hanging there in a long, waving line, unable to let go and unable to pull the string back to earth.

Then Red Feather flew away with them to his mountain home and made them his slaves.

Now the daughter of the chief of the Gunwa people had recently married a young man and gone to live at his house near the ocean. The morning after Red Feather had carried off the villagers the chief's daughter and her husband arrived at the town, intending to make a visit to her father. They were surprised to find the village deserted, but thought that perhaps the people had all gone fishing, or were on a picnic somewhere in the woods. So they made themselves at home in the chief's house and waited for their return.

"They will be home at night," said the chief's daughter. But when night settled down over the lonely Arctic shores, no people came back with talk and laughter to the deserted village. Day after day they waited, wondering what had become of the inhabitants of the town, the chief's daughter mourning for her father and her relatives.

There were good houses and stores of food in the village, and so the couple settled down there and the years passed until they had ten children—nine boys and one girl.

One day a little wrinkled old beggar man came to the village and asked for food. When the woman had given it to him, he said: "You are a chief's daughter and have magic. I am a sea-otter changed into what you see by the arts of Red Feather, the black magician. It was Red Feather who carried away your people and still holds them in the mountain." And then he told her all that had taken place.

"Now," continued he, "wave your hand three times over me and say, 'Haskwa.' Then I shall be changed back into my proper shape. Also, if Red Feather comes after your children, let them say 'Haskwa!' and they will be changed into anything they wish and so escape him."

The chief's daughter did as the old beggar man told her and in a twinkling he was changed into a black, smooth sea-otter, and went sliding and running back to the water.

That night the mother told her children all that the sea-otter had told her, and warned them not to touch any red feather which they might see floating about. But they soon forgot the warning, and one day, when they were playing hockey, the eldest boy, seeing a red feather floating in the air, reached up and grabbed it.

At once the feather began to draw him up and he remembered, and cried out, "Haskwa!" wishing at the same time that he might be transformed into a shaving, for in that form he thought he might settle back to earth again without hurting himself. So a shaving he became and fell to the ground.

Then the other boys became excited and each in turn grabbed the feather, thinking that he would be able to hold it.

Each in turn was drawn up, and each in turn wished to be changed, one into a piece of bark, and so on, so that they might fall back to the ground without being hurt. Finally the youngest boy grabbed the feather, crying out, "Haskwa! I wish I were a crabapple tree." And a crabapple tree, with deep roots, he became at once.

This was a pretty tough position for Red Feather. He pulled and he pulled and he pulled. Finally the tree held by one root only. Then the little sister, who had been watching, got a hatchet and climbed up into the branches.

As soon as Red Feather grabbed a limb and began to pull, the girl chopped the limb off. This tired Red Feather all out, and when she saw he was becoming weak the girl got a piece of rawhide and, throwing it over the feather, bound it to the tree.

Red Feather begged to be released and promised that he would grant anything the girl asked if she would untie him. She made him promise to release all the Gunwa people whom he held in captivity in the mountain and change her brothers back into their original form, after which she let him go.

Red Feather did as he agreed—the people came back to the village, the boys became alive again in their original shape, and there was great rejoicing in the village. The boy who had been smart enough to change himself into a crabapple tree was made a chief, and the girl, when she grew up, was married to a powerful chief of the neighboring town. As for the magician, a small red feather can sometimes be seen floating in the air over some Alaskan village, but if it comes near a crabapple tree it whirls about in evident fear and is blown rapidly away toward the distant mountain.

Old Mr. Bull Frog.

Henry and William were small twin brothers. Their mother was very sick, and they were anxious to do something for her, but they were not allowed to go into her room, and to save their lives they could not think of a thing that would do any good.

At last they heard the doctor say to their father that their mother's appetite was very poor and what she needed was something to eat that was out of the ordinary.

That gave them an idea. A small creek ran through the woods behind their home and they had often seen little minnows swimming through it. Why not catch her some fish? was their thought.

They needed only a minute to shoulder their cane fishing poles and make for the creek. They fished all the afternoon, but fish did not seem to be biting well. They tramped up one side and down the other, dropping their hooks into every hole and eddy, but not a bite did they get.

They felt discouraged but kept on fishing till nightfall. It was getting dark, and they had to start for home, feeling very badly.

As they crossed a small marsh on their way, Henry's foot struck some dark object which said, "Pok." The thing gave a tremendous leap and landed directly in William's path. William fell headlong, and as his body struck the thing it said, "Brup!"

William jumped up, badly frightened, and he and Henry bent down to look at the thing.

It was an enormous bullfrog, and seemed to be as big as a water bucket. It was flattened out, killed stone dead by William's fall.

They picked it up and carried it home between them, each holding to a hind foot. They felt very good indeed, for they had caught something, anyhow. Their mother had frog's legs for supper that night, and it was just what she wanted.

Freddy's Kind Ideas.

When I grow up into a man
I hope that I will be
Much nicer to all little boys
Than big folks are to me.

I will not rumple up their hair
And try to make them fret.
By asking things in jography
That most small boys forget.

No, I'll just say to little boys:
"How would you like a dime?"
I bet that they will be real glad
To see me every time.

THERE WAS A WHOLE STRING OF BOYS IN THE AIR, ALL CALLING FOR HELP.

FELL SO LOW THAT THE BLOSSOMS BRUSHED ACROSS HER FACE.