Bodleian Libraries
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

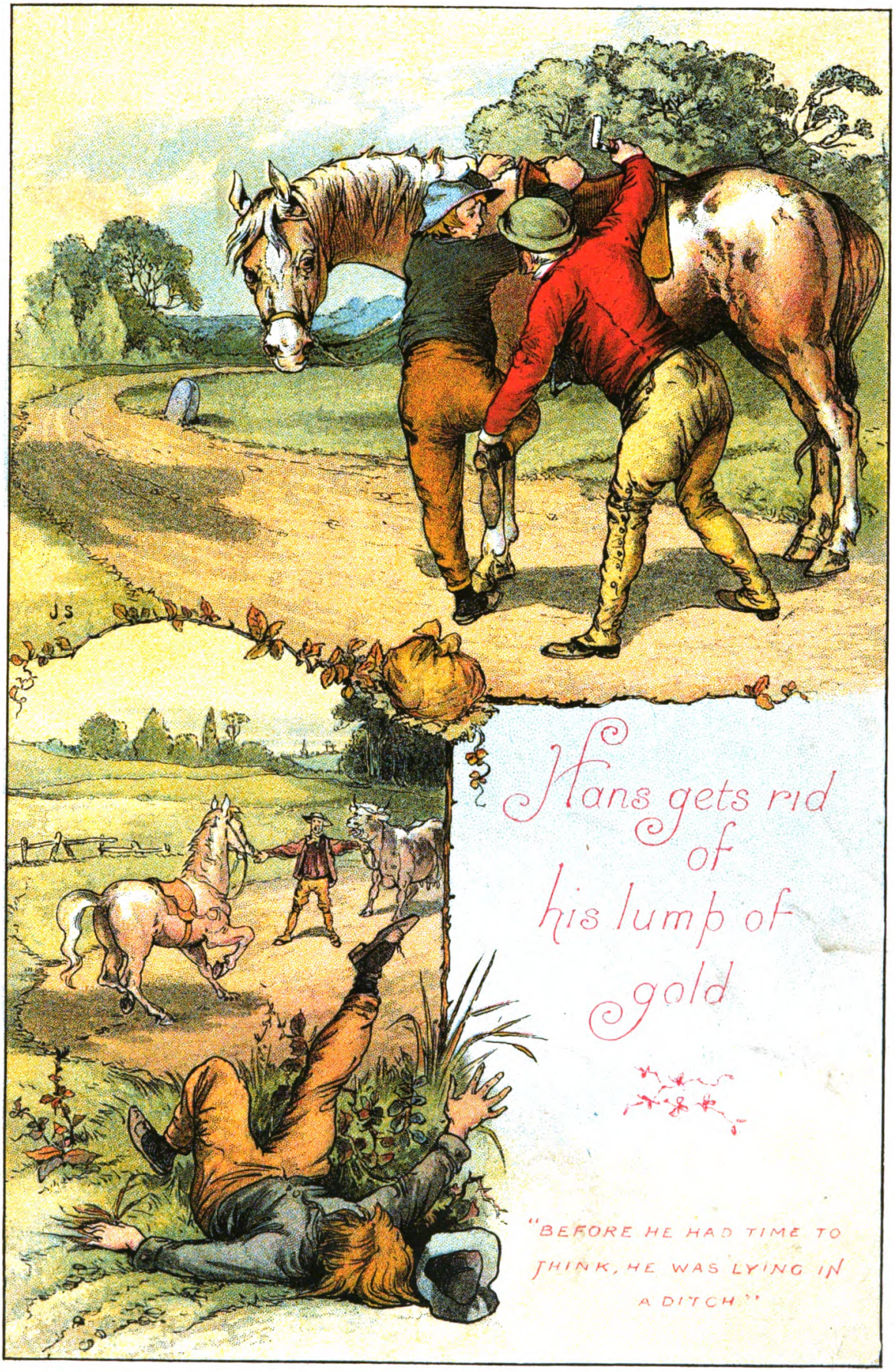
Robert Roscoe Aubrey Stafford Dunston
the gift of his Father & Mother

Christmas
1891

Hans in Luck

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Dunston



Hans gets rid of his lump of gold

"BEFORE HE HAD TIME TO THINK, HE WAS LYING IN A DITCH."

HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master for seven years, when a great longing came over him to see his mother again.

His master heard of this, and sending for him, said, "Hans, you have served me well and faithfully; and as your service, so shall your wages be."

So saying, he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans drew his handkerchief from his pocket, wrapped up the lump of gold in it, placed it on his shoulder, and bidding his master farewell, set out for home.

As he trudged wearily on he was overtaken by a horseman, who came trotting along on a fine spirited horse.

"Ah," said Hans aloud, "how pleasant a thing it is to ride! You save your shoes, and get quickly to your journey's end!"

"If you think so," cried the horseman, "why do you travel on foot?"

"Oh," replied Hans, "I am on my way home with this great lump of gold. I have to carry it on my shoulder, and it hurts me very much."

"I'll tell you what," said the horseman: "let us exchange. Give me your lump of gold, and I shall give you my horse."

"With all my heart!" cried Hans joyfully, and he at once gave his gold to the horseman, while the latter helped him to mount the horse.

Hans rode away at a gentle pace; but after a while, thinking he should like to go a little quicker, he began to make a clucking sound with his tongue, and to cry, "Hopp! hopp!"

The horse immediately set off at a gallop, and before Hans had time to think, he was lying in a ditch by the roadside. After playing this trick the horse galloped on, and would have got clear away, had it not been caught by a countryman, who was driving a cow along the road.

The countryman led the horse back to Hans; but the latter had had enough of riding.

"No, no," he said; "you can keep the horse,

The countryman is only too glad to make such a bargain

if you give me your cow in exchange. She will supply me with milk and butter and cheese, and will not throw me."

The countryman was only too glad to make such a bargain, and he handed over his cow to Hans, who joyfully set out with his new charge.

At first all went well; but as the heat became greater and greater, Hans became very thirsty.

"Now is the time," he thought, "to make use of my cow. I shall milk her, and get a drink of nice fresh milk."

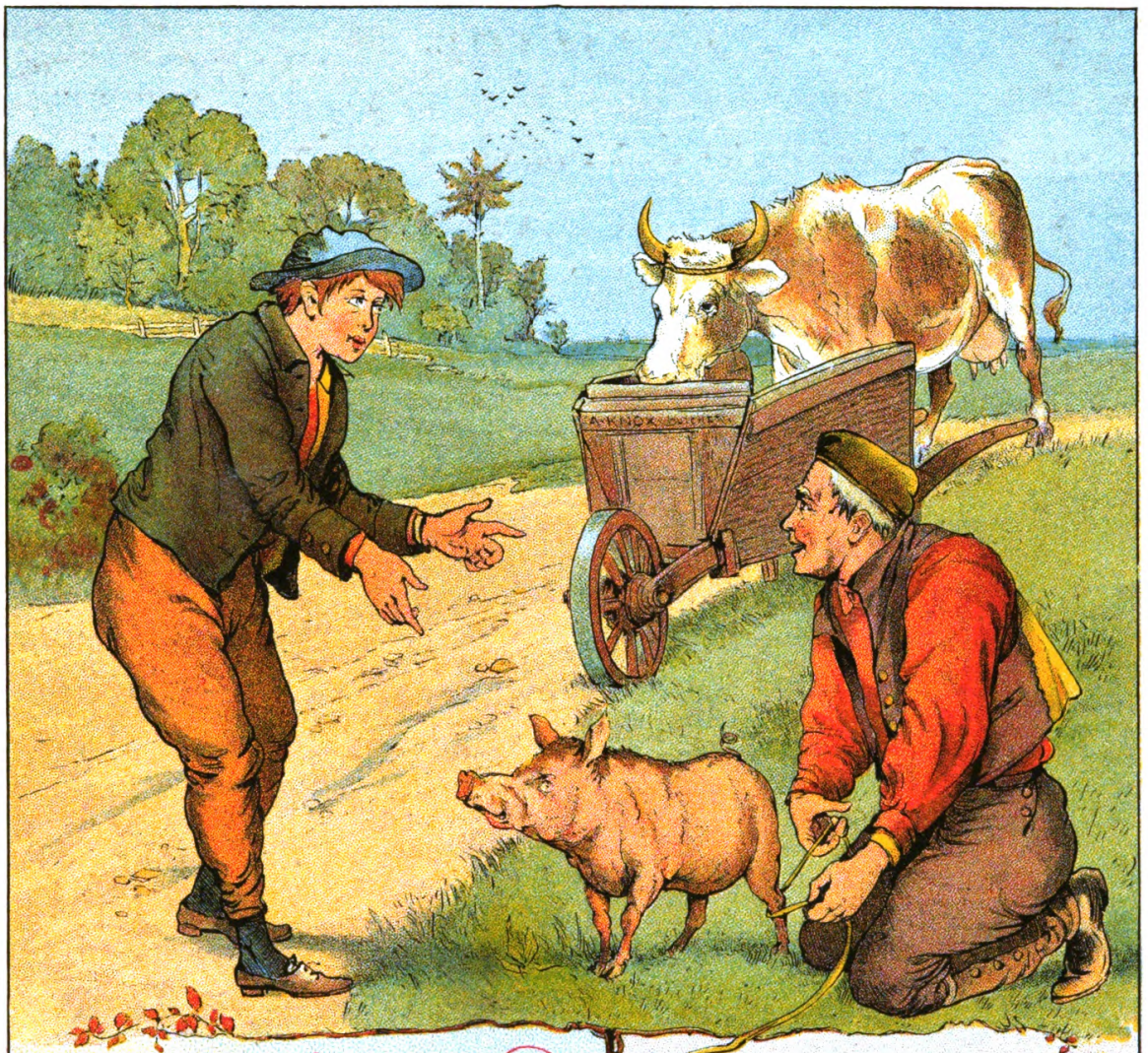
Tying the cow to a tree, he tried to milk her, but set about it so clumsily that the animal became angry, and gave him a kick with one of her hind feet which tumbled him head over heels.

Fortunately at that moment a butcher came along trundling a wheelbarrow on which lay a young pig, and Hans at once offered to exchange his cow for the pig.

"I would rather have a pig than a cow," he thought. "Roast pig is very tasty, and nothing could be better than the sausages."

Without much ado the butcher agreed, and taking the pig from the wheelbarrow, he placed

Hans is ready
for
another bargain



Hans offers to exchange his cow for the pig

HANS IS ALARMED

the cord that was tied round the animal's leg in its new master's hand.

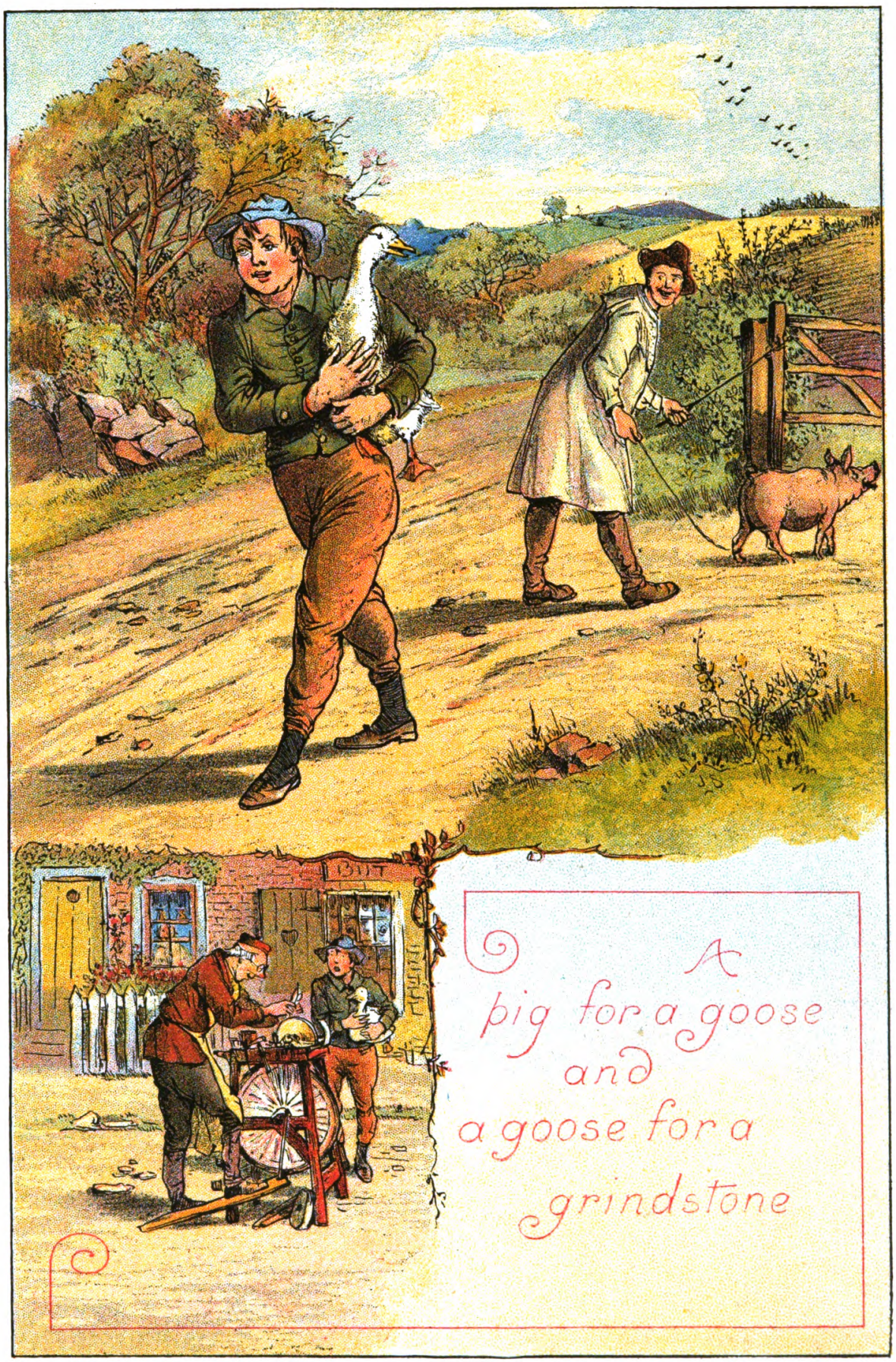
Our friend had not gone very far on his road, when he was joined by a lad who carried a beautiful white goose under his arm. He told him how lucky he had been, and how everything had turned out according to his wishes.

The lad shook his head.

"I don't like what you say about your pig," he said. "In the village from which I come a pig has just been stolen out of the constable's sty, and I believe that is it which you are driving before you. It would be terrible if they were to catch you with it."

On hearing this, poor Hans was greatly alarmed, and begged the lad to take the pig in exchange for his goose.

At first the lad pretended to be unwilling to take the pig, owing to the risk he would run if it were found in his hands. To oblige Hans, however, he at last agreed, and drove away the pig in one direction, while Hans, glad to have escaped such a danger, put the goose under his arm and went on his way in another.


A
pig for a goose
and
a goose for a
grindstone

As he went along he thought how pleased his mother would be to have the fat and the feathers of the goose, and he was almost ready to shout aloud for joy at his good fortune.

At the end of the last village through which he passed he met a knife-grinder, whom he told of all the good things which had befallen him.

"That is all very well," said the grinder; "but if you want to make your fortune, you must learn a trade. There is nothing like a trade for making money, and especially the trade of knife-grinding. That beats all. With a grindstone, you can travel the world through. The only thing needed is a grindstone. Here is one which I will let you have for your goose."

Hans laughed for joy, and gave his goose to the knife-grinder, who handed him a grindstone in return. The rogue then picked up a large, heavy stone from the roadside, and placing it on the top of the other, told Hans that he might have it into the bargain.

Hans thanked him for his kindness, and set off homeward with a light heart. Before long, however, the weight of the stones began to tell,

and he became very hungry and very thirsty. At length he reached a well. Placing the stones carefully on the edge, he stooped down to drink. In doing so he happened to give the stones a gentle push, when down they fell into the water, and were seen no more.

Hans sprang up joyfully.

"I am the luckiest fellow in the world!" he cried. "Without any fault on my part, I have got rid of these heavy stones, and now I am free to run home as fast as I can."

Off he started, his eyes sparkling with joy, and was soon in his mother's arms.

This is the story of simple Hans, in luck and out of it, who exchanged a lump of gold for a horse, the horse for a cow, the cow for a pig, the pig for a goose, the goose for a grindstone, and this at last for nothing at all.

BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE