



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

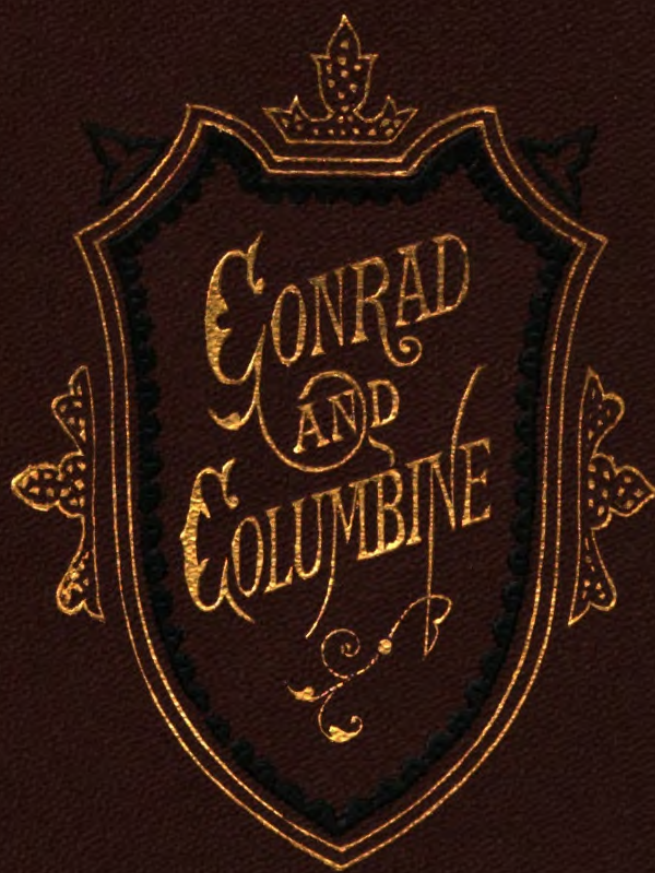
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

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

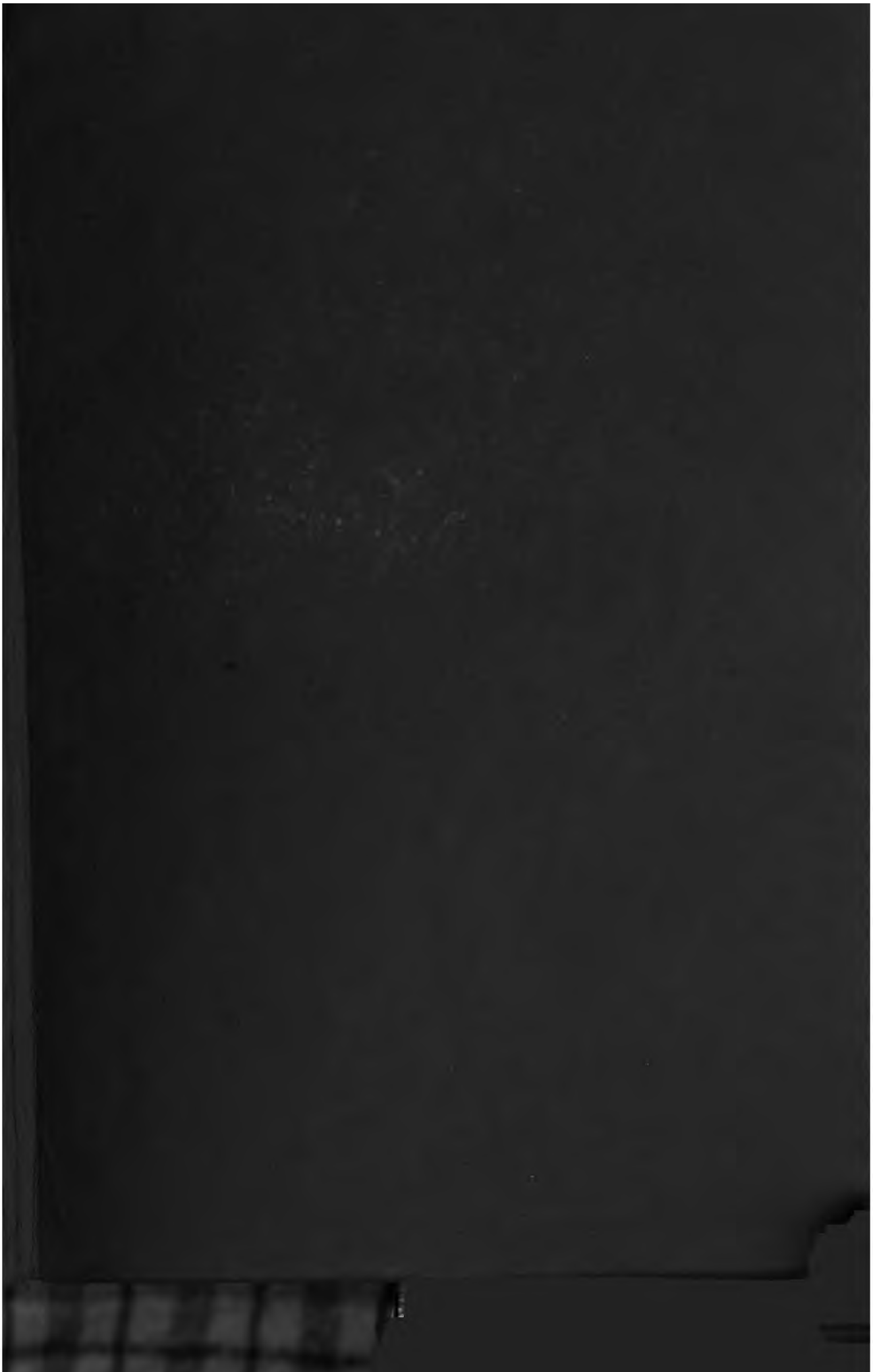


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



CONRAD
AND
COLUMBINE



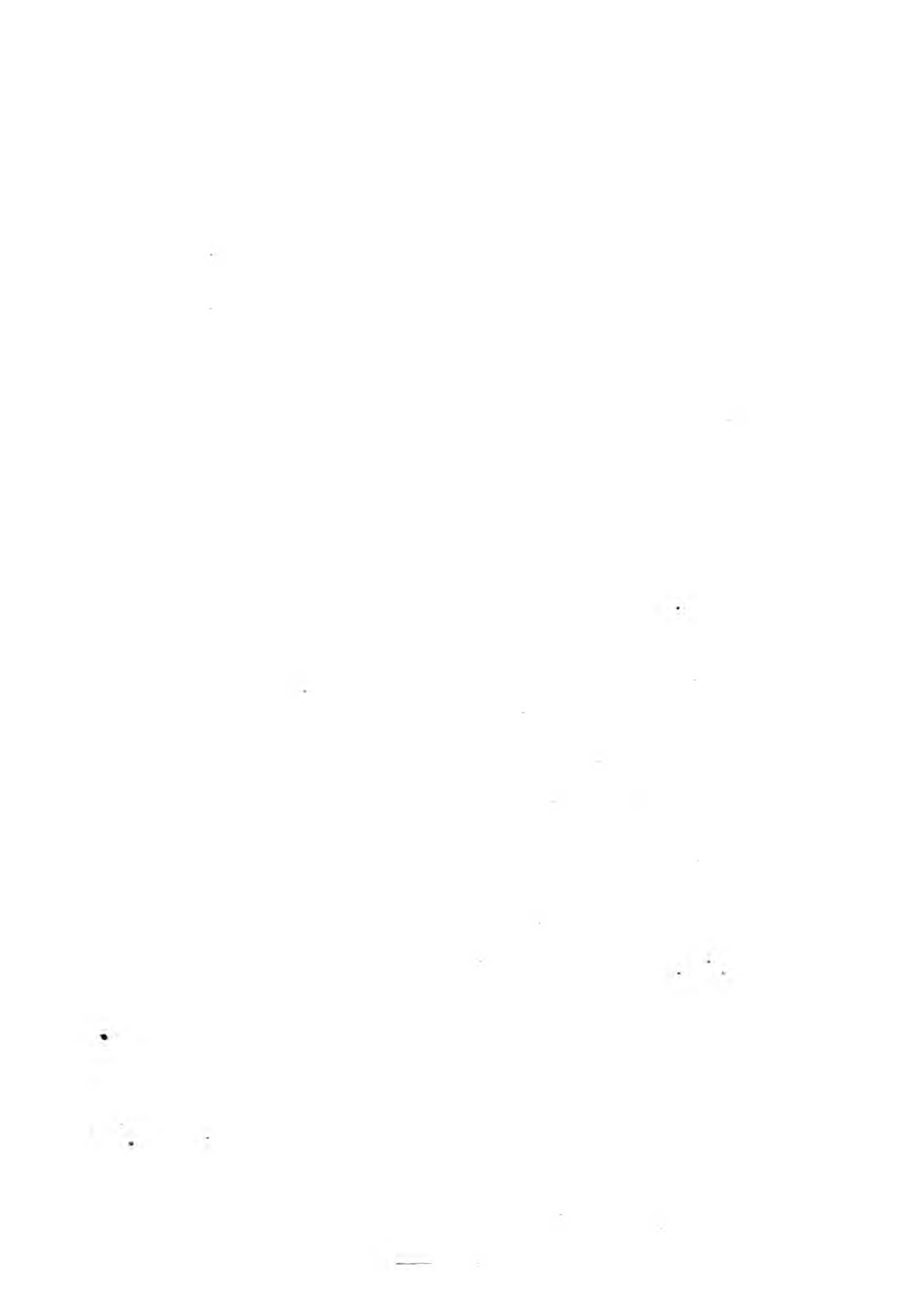


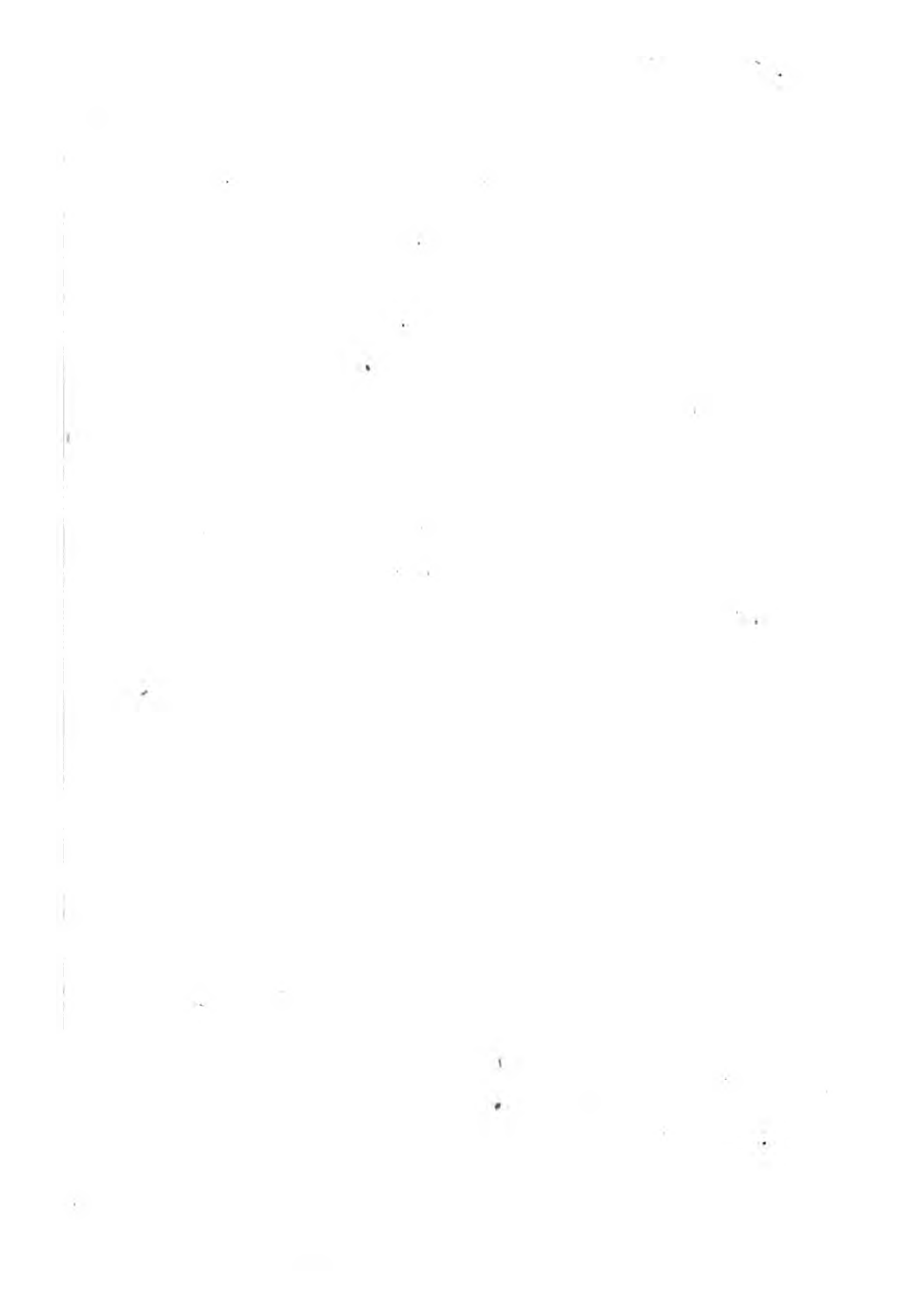


presented

To









'The goat went swiftly, and by and by they came to the place, and the old woman was still adding to her bundle of faggots.'—CONRAD AND COLUMBINE, page 12.

(Frontispiece.)

CONRAD AND COLUMBINE:

A Fairy Tale.

BY
JAMES MASON.

With Illustrations.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

1873.

2538.

f 27

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY M'FARLANE AND ERSKINE,
(late Schenck & M'Farlane,)
ST JAMES' SQUARE.



CONTENTS.

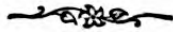
	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
AN ENCHANTED PRINCE AND PRINCESS, . . .	I
CHAPTER II.	
A PRINCE SEEKS FOR ADVENTURES, . . .	16
CHAPTER III.	
OUT OF ONE TROUBLE AND INTO ANOTHER, . . .	26
CHAPTER IV.	
MUCH THAT IS STRANGE,	44
CHAPTER V.	
ON THE WAY TO THE CASTLE OF GLOOM, . . .	54
CHAPTER VI.	
THE RELEASE OF A PRINCE AND A TASK FOR A PRINCESS,	62
CHAPTER VII.	
THE GREATEST OF SORCERERS AIDS THE QUEEN, . . .	71
CHAPTER VIII.	
LOOKING FOR COLUMBINE,	82

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER IX.	
THE ESCAPE AND WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF COLUMBINE,	99
CHAPTER X.	
COLUMBINE'S ADVENTURES ARE CONTINUED,	111
CHAPTER XI.	
THE PRINCES APPEAR LIKELY TO FIND THE PRINCESS,	122
CHAPTER XII.	
SMILING FORTUNE,	141
CHAPTER XIII.	
ROLAND'S CHOICE,	153
CHAPTER XIV.	
THE BRAVE HEART WINS THE DAY,	163
CHAPTER XV.	
THE UNGRATEFUL KNIGHTS,	173
CHAPTER XVI.	
THE ONLY CAMPAIGN OF ITS KIND,	185
CHAPTER XVII.	
ROLAND'S WOOING COMES GOOD SPEED,	198
CHAPTER XVIII.	
EVIL DOES NOT THRIVE,	206
CHAPTER XIX.	
ALL AS IT SHOULD BE,	214



CONRAD AND COLUMBINE.



CHAPTER I.

AN ENCHANTED PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

LONG, long ago, in the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, there lived a king and a queen, who had only two children, a son and a daughter. The son was called Roland, and the daughter, Columbine. There never was seen a more manly form than that of Roland, and his spirit was so noble, and his heart so brave, that he won the affection of all who knew him. Columbine was the fairest of princesses; her skin was pure as snow, her hair was glossy black, her form was graceful, and her step was light. Every one said, too, that her mind was as beautiful as her face. You may be sure that these two children were dearly beloved by their parents, and

2 *CONRAD AND COLUMBINE.*

that, as they grew up, they were surrounded by all the tokens of tenderness which fond love could imagine, and had at their command everything which could be procured by the treasures of the Golden Country. Their dresses were silks and satins; the tables they sat at were of ivory; they ate out of golden plates, and drank out of goblets made of purest diamond. When they rode out hunting, they were followed by a train of lords and ladies, all mounted on white horses fleetier than the wind. And if they sat at home, the sweetest music and the most cheerful conversation entertained them, whilst all around were gardens and fountains and pleasant streams. And, best of all, they loved each other dearly, and were contented and happy as the day was long.

Many suitors, knights and kings' sons, came to court Columbine, but she listened to none of them. She was very kind to them—it was her nature to be kind,—but “I shall not marry you,” she said to each one in turn.

At last, when Roland was thirteen years old, and Columbine was twelve, it happened that the Queen fell ill. She grew every day worse and worse, till all the doctors of the court said there was no hope, and that she would die before night.

THE QUEEN'S LAST WORDS. 3

The King, and Roland, and the sweet Columbine were then sent for, and when they had gathered round her bed, with many sighs she bade them farewell.

To the King she said—"Before many months are gone you will marry again. Choose as queen one who will be kind to our children; if you do not, you will certainly meet with much misfortune and sorrow."

And to the children she said—"Whatever happens, keep always close together, and if you do what is right, you need never be afraid. You, Roland, will watch over Columbine; and you, Columbine, will assist and advise Roland. Do not expect that life is to be always as sweet and pleasant as it has been. I have had many dreams and visions of strange adventures for you both. I think that all will come right in the end, but I am not sure."

When the Queen had spoken thus, she closed her eyes and gently expired. The King, and Roland, and Columbine stood long weeping bitterly; then Roland took Columbine's hand in his, and led her away.

The Queen was buried in a golden coffin in a gorgeous tomb, and a monument in memory of

4 *CONRAD AND COLUMBINE.*

her goodness was set up, so high that it could be seen from seven kingdoms. The Prince and Princess grieved at first with great sorrow, but, in time, their sad hearts recovered, and things went on pretty much as before; they occupied themselves with hunting, and all manner of sports, or sought amusement in the gay society of their father's courtiers. At the same time, they never forgot their mother, or what she had said to them when on her deathbed.

The King mourned for days, and weeks, and months—he left off attending to business—he shut himself up in solitude—he refused to listen to comfort. This went on for so long, and the affairs of the realm got into such a disordered state, that everybody grew dissatisfied. From secret discontent, his subjects proceeded to open grumbling, and at last, at a great meeting, a certain knight was appointed to go to the King and say—"Unless you seek out for yourself another queen, you cannot reign longer. We will find another king."

Now, this knight was one skilled in magical arts, and he had an only daughter, who knew as much of sorcery as himself, and she was one of the ugliest of women. Away he went to wait upon the King, and when he was admitted into his pre-

sence, no one ever saw a man more artful and smooth-tongued. He began by sympathising with the monarch's sorrow; then he spoke of his own wife, whom he also happened to have lost; then he mentioned his daughter, and praised her as everything that was good; then he spoke about the love his subjects bore the King; and he ended by repeating his message,—“I am commanded by your people to say, that unless you seek out for yourself another queen, you cannot reign longer: they will find another king.”

After the knight had gone, the King went pacing about in his chamber, thinking what he should do. Before very long, his grief began to wear away, and to appear to him more and more unreasonable, and within him grew up a strong affection for the knight's daughter, whom as yet he had never seen, but only heard spoken about. You may think this very odd, but it was the result of spells which the knight and his daughter were working at home in their secret room. The King rang for his attendants; and when they came, “Go,” he said, “to the messenger who was lately here, and bid him seek out a wife for me; but first let him bring to me his own daughter.”

The daughter was not unwilling to be brought;

6 *CONRAD AND COLUMBINE.*

and when she came into the great hall of the palace, instead of seeming one of the ugliest of women, which she really was, she appeared one of the fairest. This was all done by her witchcraft.

The King then and there made love to her. "Would she marry him, and be queen of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea?"

She made a pretence as if she were shy, and did not care for that great honour; but the King having said that he could not live without her, and would not if he could, she consented.

In a few days she was crowned, and then the King began to rule in his kingdom as he had done before; and for a time no one suspected that he had got a wicked witch-wife.

And what became of Roland and Columbine at the time of their father's second marriage? They were at it, of course, dressed so splendidly that they shone like the stars, and both rejoiced exceedingly at the King's restored cheerfulness. But somehow or other they felt as if they never would like their stepmother. She was at first very kind to them, as one would expect, and gave them all sorts of good things, and when she moved about the palace, they saw that she was most beautiful. Still they disliked her; and Roland one day was

little surprised when Columbine came running to him in tears, crying, "I knew it, I knew it! I saw our stepmother walking alone, down by the silver fountain, and her face was like a fiend's face."

The next day, and the next again, and so for a week, they watched, and they discovered that for one hour every evening their stepmother took her natural look. She always contrived then to get off from the crowd of courtiers, and away to some quiet walk in the palace grounds, where she went to and fro, muttering to herself, till the spell began to work again, and she became beautiful: and sometimes she would be joined by the wicked knight, her father; and the children heard the two plotting how they, the innocent Prince and Princess, might be made away with by enchantment, so that the knight and his daughter might come in time, when the King died, to have full command in the kingdom.

One evening Roland and Columbine were standing behind a holly bush, their arms thrown about each other, for they were afraid, and it seemed as if thus they were made stronger; and they looked cautiously out from under a branch over to where their stepmother walked. All of a sudden the stepmother turned round. Columbine gave a little

8 *CONRAD AND COLUMBINE.*

sharp cry of horror, and the witch-queen was upon them in a moment. She looked like a heathen monster. Her skin was like leather, she had a coarse beard and matted hair, and her eyes made every green thing she looked on wither. Was this the fair queen whom every eye admired an hour ago? Yes, the very same!

She seized the children, and cursed them, and shook them; then, without another syllable, she pronounced these words—"Roland, no longer Prince of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, for all places under heaven, for years and for years, and for ever, unless some one stronger unbind it, let this spell be laid upon you: you will be a goat by day, and in your own shape by night." The Princess beheld her brother take at once a goat's shape, and the witch seized him by the horns, and led him to a gate which opened out on a great wood. She opened the gate and thrust him through, and Columbine saw her brother no more.

The Queen drew near the trembling and weeping girl, the best and most beautiful Princess, and to her she said—"Columbine, no longer Princess of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, for all places under heaven, for years and for years, and for ever, unless some one stronger unbind it, let this spell

be laid upon you : you will be a dove by night, and in your own proper shape by day."

Now the witch's beauty began to return to her, and she walked slowly back to the palace, where she was praised by all the court as more lovely than ever. As for Columbine, she was left sitting on a stone beside the holly bush, not knowing what to do, or say, or think.

The sun went down, and, just as it sank into the sea, she took the shape the witch had said, and a dove rose from the palace garden, and flew swiftly away in the direction of the wood.

The Princess slept that first night in the hollow of an old tree, and when morning came, and she took again her own shape, she wandered on through the wood, hoping to come upon traces of her brother ; but it seemed a search without a chance of success—the forest was so wide, the trees were so thick, and there were so few people of whom to inquire.

On the third day, dull and dispirited, she lay down at noon to rest under the shadow of an oak, and beside a clear running stream. When she was half asleep, the tree and the brook began to speak.

"That is a beautiful girl lying under your shade, O oak-tree !" said the stream.

10 *CONRAD AND COLUMBINE.*

“Not more beautiful,” answered the tree, “than the youth who lodged under my branches last night. Did you see him? He must have passed you this morning early: I cannot say exactly when, for I was dozing when he left.”

“He did not go my way,” said the stream. “I have seen no living thing to-day but that fair maid, who looked at her face in me as she passed, and a goat who drank of me this morning early, and walked off to the west.”

Columbine started up; the tree shook all its leaves with wonder,—it had imagined she was sound asleep; the stream ran faster, and looked up at her as she jumped to its other bank, and made quickly for the west. Now she thought she had heard something about Roland. On she went, and on she went, always towards the setting sun.

She met an old woman gathering sticks.

“Tell me, good mother, have you seen anything like a wandered goat?”

“Go on still,” said the old woman; “I know who you are and whom you seek. Go on still, and you will overtake your spell-bound brother. And when you have found him, remember, whatever happens, keep close together.”

“Who are you,” inquired the Princess, “to know

me and the object of my search, and the last advice of my dying mother?"

"I will not tell you now," was the answer. "I have knowledge, and I have power"——

"Power!" cried Columbine; "relieve us then from this our misfortune, and defeat the wiles of our wicked stepmother;" and she fell on her knees at the feet of the strange gatherer of sticks.

"My own power," said the old woman, as she gently raised her, "is not enough for that; but, Columbine, I wish you well. When you have found your brother, return to me, to this spot, and I will direct you what to do."

Columbine then proceeded on her way, and the old woman went on making up her bundle of faggots.

It was just about sunset when our Princess reached an open glade, and there, at the farther end, she saw a goat with hair as white as wool, cropping the tender green grass. This was her brother. She ran to him, threw her arms about his neck, and addressed him by many fond names. The goat and she shed tears of joy together.

All at once the hour of change came, and a handsome prince stood in that forest glade, with a dove on his right shoulder kissing his lips. With

what dismay Roland saw his beloved sister thus transformed ! His own lot was hard to bear, but it increased his sorrow tenfold to see his cruel fate shared by one so dear. And what made the matter worse, if anything was able to do so, was that Roland could not understand bird-language any more than Columbine, when in her proper shape, could make out the speech of animals. With many tears and caresses, they comforted each other ; and the dove-Princess went to sleep in the cleft of a rock, whilst the Prince lay down close beside on some withered ferns.

In the morning, when the sun got up, there were the goat and the Princess again, and the goat made signs to Columbine to mount on his back and travel whither she would. And Columbine, whose dainty little feet were sore with her three days' journeying, consented ; so this loving brother and sister went on under the shade of the tall trees of the wood, retracing their path to where the Princess had seen the old woman the day before. The goat went swiftly, and by and by they came to the place, and the old woman was still adding to her bundle of faggots. When she saw them she left off.

“ I felt certain you would come, Princess Columbine and Prince Roland,” she said ; “ and since you.

were here yesterday, fair Princess, I have done all I can to learn how you both may be set free. Spells once laid on are not easily taken off. To loose those of your stepmother I have no power; she and the spirits who aid her are stronger than I. But this I know, if you drink of the water of the well in the courtyard of the Palace-under-the-Mountain, you will be no longer spell-bound."

"Oh! how shall we get there?" cried Columbine.

"I shall give you a sure guide," said the old woman, and she took out a golden ball. "This ball will run before you through the wood, and through the wood, till you come to a marble castle, where twenty-four damsels in robes of yellow satin will come out to meet you. Say to them, 'You are commanded by the Queen of the Woodland Kingdom to show an enchanted prince and princess the way to the Palace-under-the-Mountain.' They will direct you."

"And is the way to the marble castle safe and sure?" asked Columbine.

"Safe and sure as path can be. The road lies through woods and forests, and I have ordered that nothing molest, and no one harm you. None dare disobey me here. I am Queen of the Woodland Kingdom;" and the old gown vanished,

14 *CONRAD AND COLUMBINE.*

and the bundle of faggots vanished, and before the Prince and Princess stood a graceful lady in a robe of green silk fastened by a golden pin.

“I am your friend,” she added; “I befriend in this forest all who are good and kind, and you are so.” Then she disappeared.

Roland and Columbine turned away wondering, and followed the golden ball, and this they did for many days; and except at night the ball never either stopped or turned to the right hand or to the left.

Whilst Columbine sought, as has been told, for her brother, and whilst the two travelled thus towards the marble castle of the twenty-four damsels, we must relate what went on at the palace of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea. The Prince and Princess were soon missed, as you may imagine, and a great search was made for them. Nobody knew, or even could guess, where they had gone, except the wicked Queen and her father, and nobody suspected them of any evil design against the two innocent children. They searched far and wide—to the west, to the east, to the north, to the south—through the whole kingdom. Roland and Columbine could not be found; the witch-queen took care of that. At last people gave up looking,

and all said there was something dark about their fate, and that Columbine was the kindest and most beautiful princess, and Roland the bravest and gentlest prince, that ever had been seen. As for their father, who dearly loved them both, he mourned deeply, but in time, by the arts of his wife, he came nearly to forget them. So things went on in the Golden Kingdom.





CHAPTER II.

A PRINCE SEEKS FOR ADVENTURES.

WE shall now for a little leave Roland and Columbine, and all that concerns the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, and speak of another kingdom not far away from it. This was called the Smiling Land. It was a region of wonderful loveliness ; the hills were greener than anywhere else, the streams were purer, the trees grew taller, and the sun nowhere shone more brightly.

Over the Smiling Land a great queen ruled, and she had an only son, whose name was Conrad. At the time when our story begins he was over twenty years of age, and of him the greatest possible care was taken. He never walked out unattended ; guards were placed about his rooms in the palace ; he was protected in everything he did ; and the reason was this : When he was born, three astrologers had been appointed by his father, who

was then living, and sat upon the throne, to watch what the boy's fortune would be. The first made out from the stars that he was to excel in beauty of person, and in knowledge of all the sciences under the sun ; the second said that he would have the strongest sword-arm of any mortal man ; and the third prophesied that, between his twentieth and his thirtieth year, he would run into great peril, out of which he might never come. It had fallen out just as the first two had said. Conrad had great beauty, and almost all wisdom ; he won praise in every manly exercise, and none could equal his arm for strength. But the prophecy of the third was yet unfulfilled ; and you can fancy the anxiety of the Queen, his mother, lest any danger should overtake her beloved and only child, who was now entering on the very age the astrologer had mentioned. So she had him carefully watched and guarded, as we have said. Alas ! the trouble arrived in a way she never thought of. She imagined the peril would come to Conrad at home, and never dreamed that he would be tempted to go to meet it abroad.

One day Conrad, with some of his companions, had climbed a high hill which stood near the palace, and from the top he saw over all his mother's kingdom, and away beyond it on every

side. He and his friends then began to talk about the great world, in which the Smiling Land was the happiest of all countries ; and some of the courtiers, who had travelled far, told of their adventures, and related so many wonderful tales, that Conrad's curiosity was roused to the highest pitch. When they had descended again to the plain, one after another noticed that the Prince was unusually thoughtful. He was more thoughtful the next day, and more so the next again ; and on the fourth day he looked like a man who had made up his mind.

He went to the Queen and said—"I have been long enough here, doing nothing but idling about and amusing myself. I must be off into the great world, which I have never seen. Give me your blessing and let me go."

His mother turned away to hide her sorrow. What untold terrors and dreadful perils he might meet with she did not know, but she feared the worst. She implored him to stay.

"Is not your home the happiest of homes?—is not this the Smiling Land?—have you not all you desire?"

"No," said the Prince, "I have not ; I have no adventures. Give me your blessing and let me go."

“Wait only a month,” said the Queen; and Conrad, who dearly loved his mother, agreed to that.

The Queen thought in that month she might, after all, gain him over to stay; so she sent for all the beautiful maidens far and near, and asked them to the palace. And she made balls and parties of all kinds. “Conrad,” she said to herself, “will perhaps fancy one of these young beauties, and marry her, and out of love remain at home.” But Conrad would fancy none of them; he would seldom talk, and seldomer dance with them; he grew pale and restless, and most often might be seen sitting on the top of the high hill beside the palace, looking far away over the country, and thinking how he would act when once he fairly set out on his travels.

When the month came to an end, he was very glad, and the Queen was just as vexed. The hour of parting arrived, and Conrad went to his mother to bid her farewell.

“I am going now,” he said.

“My son, what must be, must be,” replied the Queen. “I shall no longer try to keep you. You are better perhaps to leave your home for a while.” Then she reminded him of the prediction

of the astrologer at his birth, and told him that she had that morning taken counsel of a great magician, who had assured her that the dangers of which the astrologer had spoken were now about to appear. "And that you may be protected from much evil, I have got for you two gifts. Look out now into the courtyard, and you will see the first." Conrad looked out, and saw a handsome white steed, with a saddle covered with crimson velvet, and all its trappings were of silver. "That horse," continued his mother, "is one of the most sure-footed horses that ever was known, and it is the fastest runner as well. And here is the other gift."—And she fastened round his waist a belt of gold, on which were embroidered these words: "A Queen's Son."—"Whilst you wear this belt no mortal can harm you. Be careful not to lose it, for when it is gone you will have nothing to trust to but your stout arm and your brave heart. Take my blessing now, and go."

The Queen saw Conrad mount his steed, and ride away, followed by the good wishes of all the courtiers; and when he was gone, she ascended the high hill, and watched him till he had crossed seven counties, and entered a great forest, which was the boundary on the east of the Smiling Land.

The Prince rode on with a little sorrow in his heart at leaving home, but with great joy at the thought that now the whole wide world stretched before him. When he entered the wood it was about night, and he had not gone much farther when it was dark; then he fastened his steed to a tree, and lay down to sleep. In the morning he pursued his way again, amidst fir-trees and oaks, now crossing little streams which ran along among reeds and long ferns, and now riding at the foot of high dripping rocks.

It was towards the middle of the day when he came near a place where his path was joined by another from the right. Now, during all his forenoon's ride, he had met no one in the forest; but just here, who should he see but a fair maid, riding on a goat which had long hair as white as wool. She came into his path by the road on the right, and went slowly on before. Conrad caught a glimpse of her face, and he saw she was so beautiful that from her the stones might learn what beauty was, and her long black hair was tied with a bright scarlet ribbon, and hung down to her waist behind. She too saw Conrad: but she was timorous and bashful; she appeared not to notice him, and guiding the goat gently over the rough

ground, she continued on her way, and the Prince followed after. They went on thus for many miles, but when the maiden at last came to the foot of a steep hill, she turned quickly round, thinking, maybe, that the unknown rider on the white horse would never notice her. He did notice her, however: their eyes met, and Conrad thought she blushed a little. If he was struck by her loveliness before, he was much more so now. She seemed fairer than the sun and moon, and her eyes were soft and gentle, like the stars. Who, he wondered, could she be, riding thus in a lonely wood? He rode faster to make up upon her; the maiden then rode faster also. He rode slowly; so did she. Then he rode faster again; and again she quickened her pace. It was as if she neither would have him make up upon her, nor get away herself quite out of his reach.

The day wore on, and the sun began to go down. Conrad had still the fair maid and the goat before him; he saw them plainly. The road took a turn, and he lost sight of them; but he was quite certain in his own mind, as any one would be, that when he came to the turn he would see both of them as before. When he reached it, neither goat nor maiden was there. He put spurs

to his horse, thinking that perhaps they had left the main path, and entered on some little by-road, where they would soon be lost to view. But he could see nothing of them. He was perplexed, troubled, and anxious. As it was too late now to proceed farther, he dismounted; and as he was taking a last earnest look around, before removing the saddle from his horse, he caught sight of the figure of a young man forcing his way through the thicket on the right.

“You are a solitary foot-passenger in this great forest!” he cried.

“I am not so solitary as some,” answered the stranger.

“Tell me, have you seen any one pass this way?” asked Conrad.

“Excepting yourself, no one,” was the reply; and the young man, who looked every inch a knight, if not a prince, passed to the other side of the way, as if unwilling to be questioned, and entered among the trees. Conrad led his steed to a stream to drink. On the way he passed a tree, on which sat a white dove, but he gave no heed to it. Half-an-hour later he was asleep, and dreaming of the maiden with the sweet face and the long black hair.

Next morning he broke his fast under a great beech-tree; and when he looked up, there was the maid on the white goat, riding away in the distance, and she glanced round from time to time to see if any one was following. Our Prince was not long of mounting and continuing his journey, you may be sure.

All that day was very much like the afternoon of the day before. The maiden went on, and Conrad went after, and it was always through the forest. He never took his eyes off her. But he never could overtake her. However, he began to think that even following the maiden was better than having no maiden to follow. So he comforted himself, and hoped for better fortune soon.

During the day he found a glove lying in the middle of the path, and when he had picked it up, he saw that it was fitted for the sweetest and neatest little hand that ever was known. And it was all covered with gold and jewels, and the button was a pearl about twice the size of a pea. He had no doubt it had been dropped by the fair girl he rode after, and he was sure of it when she raised her hands to fasten the bright scarlet ribbon of her hair which had become loose. One of them, as white as the snow, was uncovered. He did all he

could to make up on her to return her glove, but with no success. He then fastened it in his belt, and there he kept it till——But we must not hurry on the story.

At night the same thing happened as before—the maid and the goat disappeared. It was the same thing over again for nine days and nine nights. And sometimes in the evening Conrad saw the young man who looked so noble, but most often he did not. And he began to think it very mysterious.





CHAPTER III.

OUT OF ONE TROUBLE AND INTO ANOTHER.

NO one needs to be told that the goat and the maiden were the enchanted Prince Roland and the Princess Columbine of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea. The two were still journeying on, led by the golden ball, to the marble castle of the twenty-four damsels.

And what did Columbine think of the strange rider behind on the white steed? She loved him. No one could help doing that at first sight, he was so manly and handsome. And had it not been for the spell upon her and upon her brother, she would have waited for him, and gone through all the world with him gladly.

Well, the Princess with her brother, and Conrad following in the distance, came to a steep hill, and when they had ridden slowly up it, and were turning to go down the other side, they saw before them

the castle of the twenty-four damsels. Its walls were of white marble ; and, as the sun shone on it, it looked like a patch of snow left by winter on the green grass of spring. About it were twenty-four lions, fastened up by silver chains, and with broad collars about their necks, of gold and diamonds.

The golden ball ran down the hill, passed between the two largest lions, and stopped at the great gate. When the spell-bound Roland, bearing his sister, arrived there—and the lions let them pass without even growling—Columbine knocked thrice. The great gate then opened, and out came twenty-four maidens clad in robes of yellow satin, and with crowns on their heads. One of them, who wore a larger crown than any of the others, and to whom all paid great respect, thus addressed Columbine—

“Fair maid, what is it you want in coming thus to the gate of the marble castle?”

“I bear a message,” said Columbine. “You are commanded by the Queen of the Woodland Kingdom to show an enchanted prince and princess the way to the Palace-under-the-Mountain.”

When they heard the name of the Queen of the Woodland Kingdom, all bowed to the earth, and the maid with the largest crown took Columbine by

the hand, and told her she was heartily welcome. Encouraged by her kindness, Columbine began to relate all the history of herself and her brother, and ended by telling how they could be loosed from the spell laid on them by the witch-queen only by drinking of the water of the well in the courtyard of the Palace-under-the-Mountain.

“That palace is a day’s journey from this,” said she who had first spoken.

“And may one not easily go astray on the road?” asked Columbine.

“No,” answered the damsel; “you cannot go wrong if you keep between lakes and mountains, passing five broad lakes on the left hand and five huge mountains on the right. When you have done that, and gone through an enchanted wood, you will come to a precipice, and at the foot of it is a rock, with an oak-tree on one side and a willow on the other. That rock covers the entrance to the place you seek.”

“How shall I gain admission?”

“Knock on the face of the rock, and you will hear a voice from within asking who is there. You must answer, ‘One who wishes health to the Monarch of the Mountains.’ The rock upon that will open.”

“And is the path then plain to the courtyard of the palace?”

“No; before you reach the courtyard there are many dangers to be faced. A knight would have to battle his way to the well.”

“And I am but a weak maid,” exclaimed Columbine, and she looked very downcast.

“Keep up your heart,” cried the other; “a white-armed maid must fall on another plan.” She stood aside and talked with some of her companions, and then advancing again to our Princess, she said—“When you go into the mountain, you will come first on a long dark cavern with a light at the far end. Fix your eye on that light, and walk steadily on, looking to neither hand, no matter what you may chance to hear. In a little you will arrive at a place where there are four unchained lions guarding the way. Do not fear them, but lay your hand on each one’s mane in turn, and say, ‘In the name of the Monarch of the Mountains let me pass,’ and they will let you pass. Then you will come to four sentinels; say to them as you said to the lions, and all will go right. Last of all, you will reach the courtyard; and sitting there, guarding the well, will be a giant with ten heads, and the middle head is of brass,

30 *CONRAD AND COLUMBINE.*

and has a hundred eyes. Strike him with this rod"—and she gave Columbine an ivory rod—"and he will become powerless to hurt, though at other times he could not be bound by a hundred men. Draw the water and return swiftly by the way you went. And above all things, remember that you alone must enter the mountain. Should any other do so along with you, all I have told will be of no avail."

When everything was said, Columbine and her brother were taken into the castle to rest for a little, till the heat of the day would be over, for the sun was now high. Conrad had been standing beside his horse all the while on the slope of the hill, quite in sight of the twenty-four damsels, but they took no notice of him, no more than if he had not been there. He waited and waited. At last out came the Princess and the goat, and the maidens of the marble castle. Conrad saw the damsels in yellow satin take leave of his sweet maid, and he heard one say—"Remember what you have been told—when you come to the rock, knock, and when it opens, go boldly in."

Then the black-haired girl rode away on the goat, and the others returned to the castle, all but one, who ran after the Princess a little way to

return the golden ball, which she had forgotten. For the rest of the day it was as before, Columbine riding on and Conrad following after, and they passed three lakes and three mountains, and were for a while out of the forest.

On the morning of the next day, first the light of heaven shone on the hill-tops, and soon it was broad sunshine. By noon—when it became burning hot—the Princess and her brother and Conrad had passed all the five lakes and mountains, and they entered the enchanted wood. Here all the trees were of iron, and the leaves were copper, and the beings who lurked among the rocks and bushes were very ready to annoy and hurt peaceable travellers. Conrad went on in great fear, and had some narrow escapes. He began to feel thirsty, and coming to a stream, he lighted down to drink.

“Not here, not here,” said a voice, “or you will die;” and when he looked, the stream ran deadly poison.

That was his first adventure, and it was not long before he met with a second. He came to a ford, and prepared to cross.

“If you would live,” cried the same voice as before, “cross anywhere but here.”

Conrad started back, and saw that out of the bed of the stream had grown sharp rocks, over which no one could go. He rode up the stream, however, followed by the mocking voices of hidden fiends, and found a place where one could go over in safety, and he went over.

A little after the friendly voice exclaimed—
“Stand quite still a moment here.”

Conrad reined in his horse and stood, and the ground yawned open before him, and he saw down, down into the earth, and there was nothing there but fire and smoke. The earth closed immediately, and he passed on, wondering if the lovely maiden before him had gone through as many perils. She had not; for, you are aware, the friendship of the Queen of the Woodland Kingdom was with her and Roland.

Whose the voice was that warned Conrad of the dangers he was about to fall into, he did not know, and never found out. Very likely it was that of his guardian angel.

And now Columbine and Ronald came to the precipice of which the damsel of the marble castle had spoken. It was just as she had said, and at the foot of it was the rock with the oak-tree on the one side and the willow on the other. Columbine

got off the goat, and making her brother understand as well as she could by signs that he was to remain till she returned, she knocked on the face of the rock.

“Who is there?” said a voice from within.

Columbine answered, “One who wishes health to the Monarch of the Mountains;” and the rock opened wide, as she had been told it would do.

The Princess stepped boldly in, and went forward in the darkness towards the light which she saw at the far end of the cavern.

In a little Conrad came to this rock, and he saw that the maiden had gone into the mountain, and that the goat was left outside. For a moment he considered what he should do. “She may run into danger,” he said to himself; “I shall go in after her.” So he did. He passed the goat with the long hair as white as wool, and it looked strangely at him he thought. He rode straight on into the mountain. The rock still stood open, and no one hindered his entrance. The cavern grew lighter as he advanced, and soon—for he rode quickly—he had almost made up on the maid whom for so many days he had been following.

She heard the sound of his horse; she turned about, and what was her sorrow then to see him!

She burst into tears. Conrad dismounted and hurried to her.

“Why do you weep, fair maid?” he said. “Surely for one so beautiful there can be no cause for sorrow.”

“Beauty is no shield from woe,” she answered ; “and my hopes of relief now are gone.”

“How can they be gone?” cried Conrad. “Tell me your trouble. I have a strong arm and a willing heart, perhaps I can help you?”

Columbine had no hope that he could ; but he looked so kind, and spoke so gently, and she already in her inmost heart loved him so much, that she told at once all that distressed her ; how she and her brother were a princess and a prince of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea ; how they were under the spells of a wicked stepmother ; how she had travelled so far by the advice of the Queen of the Woodland Kingdom ; and how her only chance of obtaining the precious water which would destroy the enchantment was gone now that another had entered the mountain with her. Here she began weeping afresh.

“It is gone, and never will come again,” sobbed she.

“Do not cry,” said Conrad. “God will not for-

sake us. But are you sure," he added, "that no one, really no one, can gain an entrance to the well?"

Then Columbine remembered that the damsel of the marble castle had said that a knight might battle his way there. She told him so.

"In that case I shall do it," he said, "or perish."

"Nay," answered the Princess, "abide in safety. I had rather be spell-bound thus than that you should come to harm."

But Conrad would listen to no entreaties to spare himself; and now, leading his horse, he went before, and the Princess, panting with fear for him, followed after.

Going before her, he felt as if he could fight a world of giants, or do anything. Soon they left the cavern, and came to a long passage lighted by great lamps, hung from the roof by iron chains, and they burned green and red lights.

"Be on your guard against the four lions," said the Princess; "perhaps they may be met here."

No sooner had she spoken than out they leaped, and, with terrific roaring, two made at Conrad and two at the sweet Princess.

"Stand behind me!" exclaimed the Prince.

Columbine stood behind and held the horse.

Like lightning Conrad drew his sword. One mighty stroke laid the first lion dead at his feet ; another stroke killed the second ; but the last two were the most powerful of all, and with them he battled long. His strength in the end began to fail. The two huge brutes pressed hard on him. One had him nearly by the throat, and just then the other opened wide its jaws, as if it meant to swallow him at a mouthful. Conrad seized the opportunity ; he drew back his sword, then, with a swift thrust, he drove it down the lion's throat, even to the hilt. The savage animal breathed no more ; but before the Prince could get his sword withdrawn, the only surviving lion left off its attempts on his throat, and caught his right arm firmly in its teeth. Conrad felt the teeth pierce to the bone, but his courage never left him. Drawing with his left hand a small dagger which hung at his belt, he plunged it in the lion's eyes. It could see no more ; it let go its hold, and ran off in the direction in which the Prince and Princess had come, making the walls echo with its dismal cries.

Conrad drew his sword out of the dead lion, wiped off the stains of blood on its mane, and then, congratulating themselves on their escape, he and Columbine sat down to rest on a marble slab on

one side of the long passage they were in. Sitting there, Columbine bound up the bleeding arm.

“If this is the first danger,” she said, “what will be the terror of the next?”

“Perhaps the most terrible has come first,” answered Conrad, comforting her.

They rose at last and went on their way, and they were not long before they entered a second passage, the lamps in which were hung by silver chains, and burned blue and yellow. And there were the four sentinels right before them; our Prince and Princess saw them plainly. Two were on the right, and two were on the left. All were men of great size, and they had on breastplates of iron, marked with a red star in front, and over their shoulders were sharp swords, and they all looked straight before them.

“If these were only men of earth,” said Conrad, “this belt I wear would enable me soon to make an end of them.”

The Princess then, for the first time, noticed the belt on which were embroidered the words, “A Queen’s Son.”

Conrad then advanced, and Columbine remained holding the white steed by its silver bridle. As soon as the Prince attempted to pass, the sentries

asked who he was, and what was his errand. Without making any reply, he struck off the head of the nearest one. The others fell on him at once. It was a hard battle, and Columbine, looking on, felt twice almost certain that the Prince would get his deathblow. But he conquered over all, and left these four sentinels dead upon the ground.

They went on again, breathing more freely, and came into a third passage, where the lamps burned white, and were hung by golden chains, and the walls were of crystal, and looked more splendid than you can imagine. After they had gone through this passage they came to a gate of alabaster, and when they had opened it, there was the well, and the giant lay guarding it. The well was of pure marble, and flowed out of the mouths of three carved foxes into a basin beneath. The giant, to look on, was most dreadful. He had, as the Princess had been told, ten heads, and the middle one was of brass, and had a hundred eyes. His height was that of three men, and in his right hand was a great club, made of the trunk of a young oak-tree. He was half asleep when Conrad and Columbine approached. But the noise they made in opening the alabaster gate wakened him.

He started up, and cried out in a loud voice,

like a peal of thunder, "Who are you who dare thus to disturb the quiet of the Palace-under-the-Mountain?"

"We are two people of the earth," said Conrad, thinking it as well to speak civilly at first. "We are only two people of the earth, who desire to drink of the water of this well."

"That is allowed to neither man nor woman of the earth," answered the giant; "and you and the maiden with you have forfeited your lives by entering here."

When he had said this he made a rush at Conrad with his club. The Prince nimbly leaped aside, and before the monster could prepare for another blow, he made a stroke with all his might, and smote off the giant's right leg, just below the knee. Standing on the leg which remained, the giant again raised his club, and when he brought it down, it met Conrad's sword, and shivered it into a thousand pieces. The ten-headed guardian of the well now hurled another blow at Conrad; but, weakened by loss of blood, he missed his mark, and fell heavily to the ground. In his fall, however, he seized Conrad, and bore him to the earth, and the two lay long there struggling.

The Princess, when she saw what had befallen

Conrad's sword, without a moment's delay mounted the horse which was in her keeping, and rode swiftly back to where the four sentinels lay dead. She caught up one of their swords, and returned without losing a moment to where the giant and Conrad lay fighting hard. And when she got back, the Prince was beginning to get the worst of it. She dismounted.

"Take this sword, Queen's Son," she cried, and she put it into his hand.

New life came to him when he heard her voice. He caught the sword, disengaged himself from the giant's grasp, sprang to his feet, and with one blow severed the monster's ten heads from his body.

"Columbine," he exclaimed, "you have saved me. I shall never forget it."

"And what have you not done for me?" said she.

The path now was clear, and Conrad and Columbine walked to the well, and the Princess drank of the water, and the spell of the stepmother was loosed. She was no more a dove by night. And Conrad drank also, in case, he said, half in jest, it might be of use to him some day. They then filled a golden pitcher which they found in the

courtyard with water for Roland, and the Prince mounted on his white steed, and took up Columbine behind him, and the two rode back the way they came, through the crystal passage with the golden-chained lamps, through the passage with the silver-chained lamps, through that with the lamps with chains of iron, through the dark cavern, and out into the open air.

When they got to the light of day, they looked about for the goat, and he was nowhere to be seen. The Princess was well-nigh distracted, and Conrad was almost as much alarmed as she. They looked up and down, but the only living beings there were themselves; not a trace was to be found of any other.

All at once it came into Columbine's mind that the lion which Conrad had blinded, and which had escaped from the cave, might have seized her brother, and carried him off. This redoubled her grief. She pictured to herself the spell-bound Roland helpless in the cruel paws of the savage lion, and she shuddered to think what might be his fate. The Prince had the same fears as herself about the lion, but he did not say so; he tried to console her.

"He may have been spirited away by some agent of your wicked stepmother's," he said; "we shall find him yet, and all will be well."

At last Columbine was soothed, and then they consulted as to what they had best do.

A high hill stood quite near, and, thinking that from the top they might see Roland, or discern some path by which he might have gone, or perhaps make out the lion, they ascended. And when they had ridden up, they could see nothing that they looked for. On all sides were mountains, and the mountains were mostly covered with dense forests, except on the north; and away there, beyond a wide plain, was a region of ice and snow, and the high white peaks reached to the clouds. But in all the view they could not make out one living creature.

The Princess now remembered the golden ball she had with her—the ball, you know, which led her and her brother to the marble castle of the twenty-four damsels. Perhaps, she thought, it would show the Queen's Son and her the way they ought to go. She took it out and placed it on the ground. The ball stood quite still for a minute or two, then it made two or three circles, and started off in a straight line for the north—towards the land of ice and snow.

“Shall we follow it?” Conrad said.

“Yes,” answered Columbine. “It led me right

before, and it may again. Perhaps it may bring us to some one who can advise us how to act. Something in my heart, after all, tells me Roland has not perished. What misfortune has befallen him time will show. Yes, it is best to go after the ball."

They rode down the hill again, and were soon far from the entrance to the Palace-under-the-Mountain. They passed over the great plain, and the air grew cooler and cooler, and on the way Conrad told Columbine all about who he was, and where his mother's dominions lay, and how the Smiling Land was the most beautiful region in all the earth.

In four days they were at the foot of the northern mountains, and at the beginning of the country where there never was any summer or autumn or spring, but only a long, long, long winter. Their path ran through deep glens, whose sides were covered with untrodden snow, and whose precipices were adorned with icicles. Here and there was a solitary fir-tree, looking black and lonely in the solitude; and now and then our Prince and Princess were startled by the scream of a huge bird, or by the howling of some beast of prey. During all this journey Conrad took tender care of Columbine. He never knew when he had done enough for her, he loved her so.



CHAPTER IV.

MUCH THAT IS STRANGE.

WHEN they had gone on for another day, still following the golden ball, the brave Prince and the lovely Princess came in the evening to a frozen stream. By the side of it sat a man with a spear in his hand, and he was doing nothing but sitting still. As they rode by, Conrad asked why he remained there so idle.

“I am not so idle as I seem,” said the man; “I am listening to the talk of the ravens.” And he told that he knew the language both of birds and of beasts. “I had this learning,” said he, “from a man who brought it from the south, from a place where it has been known since the world began.”

Conrad and Columbine then inquired if he would impart his knowledge to them. The Princess especially was anxious that he would, for she re-

remembered how her enchanted brother and she had been unable to converse together when on their journey.

“When we find him again,” she said to Conrad, “it will be as well to be able to speak.”

The man promised to teach them. “What is the use of wisdom if one keeps it all to one’s-self,” he added. They were taught, and then they went on their way.

The next morning they came to a little hut at the end of a long glen. It was surrounded with snow, and the door stood wide ajar. Here the golden ball stopped. Roland dismounted and looked in at the window. He saw a fire on the floor, and a man on a stool sitting over the fire, and all the walls of the hut were covered with curious instruments such as astrologers and workers in rare metals use, and in a corner stood a red-painted box. The man was greyhaired and bent, and he warmed his lean hands at the fire. As he did so, he shivered and shook, and was always muttering to himself over and over, “Here I have waited for nine hundred years, and learned all science, and no one has ever come to ask my advice !”

Conrad got to the door, and he put in his head and cried out—

“Here are two travellers; may we rest here a little?”

“Yes,” said the man, and he went on shivering and shaking and muttering to himself.

The Prince helped Columbine to alight, and she entered the hut, drew the red-painted box near the fire and sat down.

Conrad then went up close to the old man, and said—

“We want counsel as well as rest.”

“Counsel!” exclaimed he, “why, I have waited here nine hundred years, and that has never been asked till now. Tell me quickly what you wish.”

The Prince then told all about himself and the Princess with him, and about the enchanted Roland, and his disappearance at the entrance to the Palace-under-the-Mountain. He concealed nothing.

“You desire to find the Prince Roland?” said the old man.

“Yes,” was the answer.

The magician, for such he was, then took a ring off the middle finger of his right hand, and, looking through it, he saw the whole world and every one in it. Turning to Conrad, he said, “He is still alive.”

“Is he well?” anxiously inquired Columbine.

“Yes, he is well, sweet Princess,” the old man answered.

Conrad now spoke. “Who has carried him away, and where does he lie hid?”

“That,” said the old man, “I know, but cannot reveal. The spell which still enchains him compels all living human beings who know where he is concealed to keep silence.”

“Can no one make it known?” asked the Prince.

“The spirits of the dead could tell,” the magician replied. “Go to the tomb of your Princess’s mother and ask her. She knows.”

“But we cannot reach her,” said Conrad.

“Nothing is impossible if you are willing ; you can reach her.”

Then the old man told the wondering Prince and Princess how, by magic art, they might rouse the Queen out of her calm sleep in the grave, to tell where the enchanted Roland lay, and by what means they might release him from his troubles. He let them know everything they should do and say.

“Then, how shall we travel from this to the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea?”

“I shall give you a flying ship,” said the old man ;

“it is in that box on which the Princess is sitting. When you place it on the ground, it will begin to grow, and it will grow to hold as many people as you please. Wherever you wish to go it will go, through the air or over the sea. I give you the ship, and all the box holds besides.”

“Let me ask one question more,” said Columbine. “Are we sure to save my brother?”

“Maiden,” answered the old man, “there is nothing like trying.”

In a little, Conrad and Columbine said they would set out: they rose up.

“Wish me,” said the magician, “before you go, the blessing of Heaven. I have waited here nine hundred years, and no one has ever done that.”

“The blessing of Heaven be on you,” said the Prince and Princess both together.

No sooner had they uttered these words, than the old man and the hut sank to the ground, and nothing was left of them but a little dust. But the box was still there, and, when they opened it, they found, not only the flying ship, but such a pile of gold and jewels as even they had never seen. They set the ship on the ground, and it grew till it held both themselves and the faithful white steed. Then they took the box on board, and wishing themselves

in the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, the ship went sailing through the air.

They left the region of ice and snow, they crossed the great plain, they went like lightning over forest and river ; it grew warmer and warmer.

As they were going, Conrad said to Columbine, "Just suppose that everything now comes right, and that we rescue Roland ; we shall all go into my mother's kingdom, and live happily there. Columbine, will you marry me then ?"

The Princess did not say "Nay," neither did she say "Yea," and the Prince pled hard.

"I have never loved any one but you," he told her.

Columbine at last answered, "Yea ;" and "I have never loved any one but you," she said also.

When it was just about midnight, they arrived at the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, and saw, faintly between themselves and the clouds, the monument set up in memory of the goodness of the Princess's mother. They alighted on the ground at the foot of the monument, and when they had stepped out, the ship grew as small as it was before. The Prince and Princess placed it again in the red-painted box, hid the box under a thick bush, fastened the white steed to a tree, and made their way to the gorgeous tomb. With

trembling hearts, and in the darkness, they walked round it and round it, repeating a powerful spell the magician had taught them. When they had done this three times, the hour of twelve struck, and the tomb slowly opened. Out of it shone a soft light unlike anything Conrad or Columbine had ever seen, and looking in, they noticed seven golden lamps, and the walls of the tomb were of silver, and the floor was black marble. And slowly advancing towards them, came a shining figure, clad in white, and wearing a crown of stars, and in her hand was a sceptre sparkling with jewels. When she came near, the Princess saw who she was.

“It is indeed my mother,” she whispered to Conrad.

Our Columbine was right; but how changed was the Queen! On earth she was lovely, but she never had such beauty as now. The two stood there waiting for her to speak, Conrad with his arm round Columbine, and Columbine holding one of his hands fast in one of hers.

“You have waked me, my daughter,” said the Queen, “out of quiet rest; but I know why I am called. We sleep and yet wake in the tomb, and nothing has been hid from me of all that has

happened to you and Roland since you left the Golden Country."

"Tell me then, mother," cried the Princess, "where we may find Roland, and how we may reach him, and set him free."

"Listen then, Columbine. You remember, when you and the brave Prince beside you were making your way to the well of the Palace-under-the-Mountain, the Prince slew three of the four lions, and the fourth escaped. Now that fourth lion made its way to the entrance to the cavern, seized your enchanted brother, who stood under the oak-tree, and carried him off into the depths of the wood. There an ogre, uncle to your wicked stepmother, laid hands on him, took him by force out of the clutches of the blind savage beast, and bore him away on the wings of the wind to his castle—the Castle-of-Gloom-beyond-the-Burning-Hills. In a deep dungeon there he has lain ever since. But that is not the worst of his woe. The ogre has a daughter as ugly and black at heart as a woman can be. And it is the wish of your stepmother, and the wish of her father, and the wish of the ogre of the Castle of Gloom, that my kind Roland should marry that ugly, black-hearted woman ; and she herself has taken a violent fancy for him, and

will have him right or wrong. So he is kept shut up in the dungeon, in hopes that in time he will agree to what now he abhors. He has refused and refused over and over again; and a few days ago they told him that if he was not of their mind in five days, and ready to marry the daughter, he would be thrown into the great cauldron of lead which continually boils beside the castle gate. To-morrow is the last day. O Roland, Roland! into what misfortune hast thou fallen!"

"Is he still under the first spell?" Columbine asked, when she saw her mother had come to an end of speaking.

"Yes, he is still a goat by day. But he will be released from that enchantment, and keep always his proper shape, if he marry the ogress."

"Can he be set free?"

"Yes; you and the Prince with you may set him free; but it is a hard task. The Prince must first fight bravely with his sword. His arm is strong, and he will surely conquer and destroy both the ogre and his daughter. When his task is done, yours will begin. You and Roland will fall under worse spells than before, for your step-mother will gain new power, unless you, my sweet Columbine, go alone to the Hill of Solitude—the

golden ball you got at the Marble Castle will guide you to it—and watch there for the Star of Fortune, and that star only comes in sight once in seven years. If you miss seeing it, so much the worse luck for you and Roland, and also, I fear, for this courageous Prince Conrad. But if you see it, your stepmother and her father will then have no power over you, and there is only one sorcerer in the world more powerful than they. Is the task for either of you too hard?”

“No,” said Columbine, “it is not for me; I am willing to do it.”

“And I,” said the Prince, “shall *not* think it hard either.”

“Columbine,” then said the Queen, “you love that Prince,” and she looked towards Conrad.

“Yes;” said Columbine, “there is no use denying it; I do love him.”

“You have chosen well,” said the mother; “my blessing go with you both.”

Then the Queen turned away, and slowly went back to her tomb. It closed behind her, and the Prince and the Princess were left standing alone in the black darkness.



CHAPTER V.

ON THE WAY TO THE CASTLE OF GLOOM.

WHO can tell how very glad Conrad and Columbine were to know for certain what had become of Roland? Full of hope that they might rescue him out of the hands of the ogre, they returned to the place where the steed was fastened, and loosed him. Then they got the red-painted box, and took out the ship. When the ship had grown, they got in and wished themselves at the Castle-of-Gloom-beyond-the-Burning-Hills. Away through the air they went, and, when the morning began to break, they were over a vast desert of sand, with only here and there a palm-tree growing beside a spring of water. And so it was for half the day. Then came the Burning Hills; and, when they were passed, the desert of sand began again. In the evening, a great forest appeared far in the distance. They drew nearer it,

and nearer, and, when the flying ship was just at the beginning of the trees, it came to the ground, and would go no farther; for, by the law of enchanted castles, no enchanted vessel can come within a day's journey of them. The two were thus forced to come out of the ship, and to hide it and the box which held it in a cave close by. They then laid their never-failing golden ball on the ground, and it began to move at once through the forest. The Prince, mounted on the white horse, took the Princess up behind him on the saddle covered with crimson velvet, and rode after the ball. By and by, when it was almost thick night, they saw a light far off between the branches; they made their way towards it, and came to a place where a Glass Castle stood, and it was hung with lamps of every colour, and through the walls the light streamed out on the green leaves. A golden horn hung beside the gate.

“We shall get a night's lodging here,” said the Prince, and he got down.

He blew the horn. No one answered. The Prince and the Princess heard no sound of anything but the wind whistling over the tops of the trees.

Conrad knocked at the gate.

“Open, and let in a Queen’s Son and a King’s Daughter.”

The gate started open of its own accord, and the two rode into the castle. They went through every room, up-stairs and down-stairs, and there was never a single person to be seen within ; but there was no end of bright lamps and golden vessels and silver vessels, and a feast stood spread in the largest room.

The Prince and the Princess ate of this feast, and they abode there all that night.

In the morning, the lights were out ; but as for the feast, it still stood, and as much was there as if no one had eaten anything the night before. Conrad looked again to see if any one was to be seen ; there was still no one. So he and Columbine broke their fast, and mounted and rode away, and the golden ball went on as before.

They had not gone far, when they heard a sound as of some one struggling, and, when they had turned aside to see what it meant, there were a tiger and a serpent fighting hard together. The serpent had almost overcome the tiger ; but Conrad dismounted, and slipped up, and with a blow he cut the serpent in two.

“One should always help the weakest,” he said.

“I shall repay you when you are in need,” cried the tiger, as it ran off into the forest.

A little farther on they came to the carcass of a wild boar, and beside it sat a lion, a leopard, and a hyena, and they were looking very hungry. Our Prince lighted down and cut the carcass into three.

“Take your shares and be off,” and he threw a piece to the lion, and a piece to the leopard, and a piece to the hyena.

“Thank you,” they said ; “we have been sitting here five years, till some one would do for us as you have done. One good turn deserves another. We shall help you in your hour of need.”

Conrad and the Princess understood, of course, what these animals said ; for, you know, they had learned the speech of beasts from the magician in the land of ice and snow.

“I hope they will serve us as they say,” said the Princess.

Through the wood Conrad and Columbine rode, and they went always through the wood, and the grass was sweet, and the flowers were lovely, and the shade of the trees was cool.

By degrees their path became troublesome ; at last it grew dangerous, and wound up a steep hill. On one side were thick trees, and on the other

was a precipice, at the foot of which a great river was boiling along amidst rocks and stones. Late in the day the Castle of Gloom came in sight. It stood on a rock that formed part of the precipice, and was a great dark building, with thick walls, and there was no window in its walls but one, and that was over the gateway, and looked down towards the path by which the Prince and the Princess were approaching. On either side of the gateway were two hideous flying dragons, and beside it our two could see the cauldron of boiling lead into which the unfortunate Roland was to be thrown that very day if he refused to marry the ogre's daughter. There was a large fire beneath it, and the bubbling of the boiling lead was plainly heard a mile or two away. Out of the one solitary window looked the ogre and his daughter, but they were too busy speaking together to notice Conrad and Columbine, who were still some distance off, and who kept as well as they could under the shadow of the trees. The ogre was a rascally-looking man, with eyes as big as saucers, and teeth like wild-boar's tusks. As for the daughter, she was lean and yellow, and had only one eye, which was as large as her father's two; and her nose was as long as a poker. Columbine

shuddered at the idea of her brother marrying such a monster.

“Let us go into the depths of the wood, where we shall be quite safe from being seen, and consult as to what we had best do,” said Conrad.

“Yes,” answered the Princess, “we must do that. It will take some trouble to fall on a plan by which we may free Roland from the power of that frightful ogre and his daughter.”

They rode away among the trees, and as they were talking, the same tiger they had seen in the morning came through the bush, and spoke to them.

“I and the lion and the leopard and the hyena,” he said, “for your help to us this morning, have come to do our best to help you in the evening. We know on what errand you are here, for the Queen of the Woodland Kingdom has told us; and we have fallen on a plan by which we think you may release the enchanted Prince, and destroy the ogre.”

The Princess clasped her hands, tears of joy came into her eyes, and she prayed the tiger to continue his cheering speech.

“Our plan,” the tiger went on, “is this: We four—I mean, the lion, the leopard, the hyena, and

myself—will go in a body past the gate of the Castle of Gloom, and the ogre and his daughter, who are very fond of hunting, will come out with all their train to chase us. As neither of them has any suspicion of your being here, it is the most likely thing in the world they will, in their hurry, leave the gate standing open. We have noticed that they always do so. You will in this way easily enter. The ogre and his daughter will not overtake any of us, and when they return, you will have released the Prince, and will refuse to admit them. You will keep them waiting outside talking, and we will come round by another way. You, then, Prince Conrad, along with Prince Roland, will come out and attack them from before; we will fall on them from behind; and so we shall, between us, make an end of them all.”

Conrad and Columbine thanked the tiger, and said they hoped all would fall out as he expected.

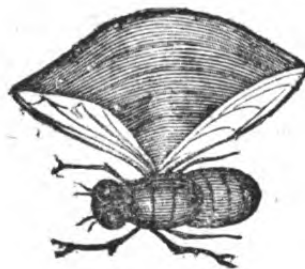
Away the tiger went, and he was at once joined by the lion, the leopard, and the hyena, and the Prince and Princess followed in the distance. The four beasts passed the castle-gate. The ogre and his daughter, who were so very fond of hunting, saw them.

“We shall go out and chase these animals,” said

the ogre; “and when we return it will be time to have the Prince’s answer. If he refuses then to marry you, my daughter, the cauldron of boiling lead will see the last of him.”

Out they went with all their train—and a more clumsy crew never was seen—and they took with them the two flying dragons.

The Prince and the Princess heard the cries of the hunters as they mounted and rode off; and when they looked, they saw that the ogre and his daughter had left the great gate open.





CHAPTER VI.

THE RELEASE OF A PRINCE AND A TASK FOR A PRINCESS.

WHEN the ogre and his company had disappeared in the distance, Conrad and Columbine rode into the Castle of Gloom, and they firmly fastened the gate. Then they searched over it, and found great treasures stored away in its dark, dismal, damp chambers, but they saw nothing of any dungeon in which Roland might be shut up. At last the Princess saw a trap-door in a corner of the lowest room; and when she had called Conrad, they lifted it, and, behold, there was a vault, and in the floor of that vault was another trap-door, and over that door sat two flying dragons, more hideous, if that could be, than the two which had been outside the gate.

“Roland must be there,” said Conrad, and he

drew his sword, and prepared to descend to encounter the dragons.

It was a little narrow stair by which he went down, and the Princess stood at the top, watching him. When he came to where the monsters sat, they flew at him, and the fight began. It was long and fierce. But Conrad conquered, and at last called to Columbine—

“Come down, Columbine, and help me to raise this trap-door.”

When she descended, she saw that the two dragons were as dead as dead could be. And when they raised the trap-door, who did they find but the long-lost enchanted Roland! What signs of delight the goat showed at seeing his sister again! What tears of happiness Columbine shed at finding her brother! She held in her hand the little golden pitcher full of water from the well of the Palace-under-the-Mountain. The goat drank of the water, and immediately there stood before Conrad and the Princess one of the handsomest of princes.

“Why, you are the same,” said Conrad, “as the stranger whom I saw sometimes during that long ride through the forest.”

“Yes, the very same,” said Roland.

He and his lovely sister then talked happily for

a little of their sorrow when they were separated, and of their joy at being united again ; and Roland was so glad, he did not know which way to look or which leg to stand on. But they soon remembered that they were still in the Castle of Gloom, and that the ogre and all his company might return at any moment. They made what preparations they could for receiving him when he came back ; and, last of all, they drew the cauldron of boiling lead into the castle, and placed it behind the door. This was no sooner done than the ogre and his daughter and his men—there were about fifty of them—came riding to the gate. You may fancy the ogre's rage when he found it shut. Conrad and Columbine and Roland were looking out of the window, and when he caught sight of them his wrath redoubled. He grew as pale as his yellow face could grow.

“What is all this?” he cried. “Open, and let us in. I will have you imprisoned in the Cavern of Woe, torn by wild horses, thrown into boiling lead, eaten by lions.” Here very rage made him stop.

“You and yours will shortly be made food for ravens,” answered Conrad.

The ogre and his ugly daughter now drew near

the gate, and came just under the window at which our princes were. Conrad dropped a great sharp stone right on the head of the ogre. Roland dropped one right on the daughter's head. Both ogre and daughter fell to the earth. These stones made an end of them.

Their train then rushed forward with terrific yells, and pressed hard on the door, which Conrad and Roland had intentionally left ill-secured. It burst open ; they fell, one on the top of the other, into the great cauldron of boiling lead. Only five escaped ; and these stood out in front of the castle, and defied the Princes to come down and fight. There was nothing for it but to go down. They fought, and, just as the sun was setting in the west, Roland was laying low the last one. At that instant, the lion, the tiger, the leopard, and the hyena returned in a body to see if they were wanted.

“ I see you do not need us,” said the lion.

“ No,” answered Conrad ; “ but thank you all the same. We could by no means have done without you.”

The four beasts bade them farewell, and ran back to the forest.

Conrad and Columbine and Roland then searched

for treasure all over the castle, and they found plenty. Indeed, they found so much, that, even if they had been poor people, instead of princes, they would have been rich for the rest of their lives. They collected together gold and jewels and arms of all sorts, and beautiful shining armour, and packed it so as to be easily carried off. Then they went to sleep, and slept in the Castle of Gloom that night.

In the early morning they rose, and loaded fifteen horses, and twice as many mules, which they found in the stables of the castle, with the spoil, and made ready to start. Just as they were leaving, Conrad noticed a stone built into the castle-wall at the side of the great gateway. On it were written these words: "This castle will remain so long as this stone is undisturbed, and no longer." When they had read this, the two Princes set to work to remove the stone. They loosed it from its place, and took it out, and broke it in pieces. They had no sooner ran a little way, so as to be clear of the falling castle—and Roland, in his hurry, nearly tripped over the dead ogre's daughter—than, with a loud noise, down came the thick walls to the ground. The dust cleared off; Columbine and the two Princes looked on nothing then but a heap of ruins, beside a

group of slaughtered men ; and with a feeling of joy in their hearts, they rode away.

They went, driving before them the fifteen horses and the thirty mules, by the road Conrad and Columbine had travelled the previous day, and by night they were at the Glass Castle, which stood still empty, just as it was before ; and all that day they were happy, and at night they slept sound.

But next morning the Princess said, "There is something yet to do. I must away to the Hill of Solitude, and wait for the appearing of the Star of Fortune."

Then they began to be very dull indeed ; but what must be must be, so Columbine made ready to set out. It was agreed that she should take with her the white steed with the trappings of silver, and the saddle covered with crimson velvet, and that the Princes should remain in the Glass Castle till she returned.

"No one seems to own this place," said Conrad ; "and we may as well have it as any other people."

"How will you find the Hill of Solitude?" asked Roland.

"The golden ball, which has never failed yet, will show me the way," answered Columbine.

She mounted the horse to ride off. Now, by

the side of the gate grew a rosebush, and on it were two roses, and they both grew on one stalk. Conrad plucked the roses, and he gave one to his Princess.

“Take this rose with you,” he said, “and keep it; it will be a sign between us. If ever you forget me, the rose I have will fade; and so it will be with yours should you go out of my mind, which can never be.”

“It is as impossible with me that I can forget you. Your rose will bloom for ever,” said Columbine.

“I can hardly bear being parted from you, for I love you so,” said the Prince.

These were the last words our lovely Princess heard. She waved her hand, rode from the gate, and entered the green forest. The last Conrad saw of her was the red rose, sparkling with dew, fastened in her glossy black hair.

The Princess rode on all alone, following the golden ball. She was not in the least afraid, and she hoped that soon she might see the Star of Fortune, and that all their troubles would come to an end.

After she had crossed seven streams, and seven plains, and seven mountains, she came, on the evening of the fifth day, to the Hill of Solitude. It

was a high hill, in the middle of a wild country, peopled by strange spirits ; and it was so steep, that when Columbine came to it, she had to leave her horse at the foot, and climb up on her hands and knees. On that lonely hill-top, then, the Princess took up her abode, and she watched in the night and slept in the day, and her food was the wildest of wild herbs, and her drink the cool spring on the mountain-side.

So it was for years, but Columbine never found the time long whilst she thought of the brave Conrad and her brother. They were in her mind when she lay down and when she rose up, and during all the long night, as she watched for the star, she felt that all her labour would be repaid if only she and they were set free from the power of her stepmother's spells.

I have told that all the country round was a wild land, peopled by strange spirits ; but none of these ever harmed the sweet Princess, for her soul was as pure as heaven.

As for the two Princes, whilst Columbine for their sakes was watching on the Hill of Solitude, they dwelt in the Glass Castle, and employed their time in hunting and making war against giants and ogres, as all brave men did long ago. They grew

fast friends ; indeed, the world has never since seen any two like them. There was such love between them, that they were always together, and neither ever did anything without the other knowing of it. In the Glass Castle they wanted for nothing. The table was constantly spread, and on it was everything one could wish ; and the lamps at night were always lit, as they were on the first night that Conrad and Columbine were there. But who the castle belonged to they never found out. They often spoke of the Princess, and longed for her coming back again, and wished that the task had been laid on them, instead of on her, to look out for the Star of Fortune. And much oftener than he spoke about the Princess, Conrad thought of her and looked at his rose, and rejoiced to see it blooming beautifully.





CHAPTER VII.

THE GREATEST OF SORCERERS AIDS THE QUEEN.

NOW let us see what the wicked stepmother in the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea was about all this time. For a while after the disappearance of Columbine and Roland she got on well enough. But by and by people began to find out that under her beauty she had a wicked heart. Some, who knew more than others, even went the length of calling her a witch, and saying that she had obtained power by enchantment over the King, and that she had by her arts made away with the Prince and Princess; and strange tales about her went over the kingdom. The King too began to doubt her; and when, in the end, he noticed her every evening retiring from the crowd of courtiers, he followed her, and saw just what his two children had done—that for an hour she took her own natural appearance and looked fiendish.

Thus they lived in the Golden Country: the King knew his Queen to be a witch; many people suspected her; others disliked her; the Queen saw herself shunned by everybody; nobody was happy and comfortable at all.

The witch and her father began at last to plot how they might kill the King, and so at once come to have sole power in the realm.

“We shall be able to do then what we please,” they said.

One day, when the two were plotting, a messenger came in hot haste to tell them that the Princess Columbine had been released from the spell laid upon her, and had made her way, aided by Prince Conrad of the Smiling Land, to the well of the Palace-under-the-Mountain, and was no longer a dove by night. He told, also, how Prince Roland had been seized by the lion and carried into the depths of the enchanted forest.

“My brother, the ogre of the Castle of Gloom,” said the wicked knight, “is at present passing through the enchanted forest; I shall bid him seize the Prince and bear him off to his den. In the Castle-of-Gloom-beyond-the-Burning-Hills, the Prince will be safe, and we shall soon have his sister powerless under our spells again.”

BAD NEWS FOR THE WITCHES. 73

So the Prince was seized, as you know, and the ogre and the knight and the Queen would have him marry the ugly daughter, and she took a violent fancy for him, and would have him, right or wrong, as you know too.

Not long after this, the Queen and the knight were plotting again, about killing the King, when another messenger came in hot haste to tell that the Princess and Prince Conrad had found the road to the Castle of Gloom, and that the two Princes had slain the ogre and his daughter and all their men.

The Queen and her father looked as black as night when they heard that news, and they looked blacker when they were told that the Princess, in order to be freed from the power of their spells, had gone to watch on the Hill of Solitude for the Star of Fortune.

“If she sees that star,” said the Queen, “our power over her and her brother, and over this Prince of the Smiling Land, is gone.”

“There is one magician in the world,” said her father, “more mighty than we ; let us consult him what we should do.”

So it was agreed that the Queen should fly off that night on her enchanted carpet to where this

magician dwelt, and ask his advice, and bribe him to prevent the Princess seeing the star ; or, if it was too late to do that, to manage the destruction of Roland and Columbine, and along with them, alas ! of our brave Conrad.

That very night, when the King was in his first sleep, the wicked Queen rose, and standing on the enchanted carpet, she said—

“ Carry me to the cave of the Greatest of Sorcerers.”

The King had not dreamed half a dream, when she was where she wished to be.

It was a great cave down by the sea-shore. One made one's way to it along a rocky coast covered with great stones, some as large as houses.

The magician sat wrapped in a red cloak at the mouth of the cave, looking over the ocean, and reading fortunes in the driving spray. It was pale moonlight. When he saw the witch Queen coming through the air, he stood up and saluted her—

“ What is your will, O Queen ? ”

The witch then told him all that had happened, and how her power over her step-children would soon be gone unless the Princess could be prevented from seeing the Star of Fortune.

"That cannot be," said the magician. "She will see the star ; I read that in the driving spray to-night."

"Then new spells must be laid on them!" exclaimed the Queen ; "and no one can do that but yourself, Greatest of Sorcerers."

"I can easily do that," answered the magician ; "but they may even break my spells. Love is strong against spells ; and you have said that the Princess Columbine loves the Prince Conrad."

"We must destroy her love then," said the wicked Queen.

"How is that to be managed?"

"Make the Princess Columbine eat of the apples of forgetfulness, over which you have power," said the Queen. "If that is done, all the rest will be easy."

"And if I do that, what will my reward be?"

"I shall give you a hundred loads of gold."

"That is not enough," replied the magician.

"I shall give you, too, a hundred loads of pearls and diamonds."

"Still that is not enough."

"I shall give you, then, half of the Golden-Kingdom-beyond-the-Sea, when the Prince and Princess are spell-bound, and the King is no more."

On this the Greatest of Sorcerers agreed to do what she wished ; and by the time the King had dreamed out his dream, the Queen was back in the palace again.

Columbine was still on the mountain, and she had a weary time of it. When the dusky night came she began to watch, and she left off when it was grey dawn. But the recollection of Conrad and Roland supported her, and she thought her task an easier one than it really was. She often took the red rose out of her hair and looked at it ; and it was a pleasant thing for her, you may be sure, to see that it was still blowing fresh and fair as ever. Conrad, she felt certain, had not forgotten her.

The star she had to see appeared, as I have said before, only once in seven years ; but Columbine did not know in the least when it had last been shining. This was why she had to watch every night, and all night long.

At last she had been there seven years all but one night. On this last night she was just beginning to fix her eyes on the sky—and she was wondering, at the same time, whether she might not have somehow missed the star, and have had all her watching for nothing—when out it came.

There was no mistaking it. It was a great star, away in the west, that shone blue and red—blue one minute and red the next; and over it was a halo, and in the halo were these words in fiery letters: “THE STAR OF FORTUNE.” Never was a star like it seen in the heavens. How our Princess brightened up with gladness at the sight! All the stars, too, danced for joy that she had seen what she had so long looked for.

The evening star came quite near and said—

“Sweet Princess, we have seen you long watching, and we shall miss you when you leave. We all wish you well wherever you go, you are so good and gentle.”

Columbine curtsied to the kind stars, and went to sleep till morning with a quiet easy mind. Then she began to descend the mountain. At the foot was the white horse with his saddle covered with crimson velvet and his trappings of silver, just as if he had been standing there only since yesterday. He ran joyfully to the Princess as she came down. She mounted him, and away the horse went swiftly towards the Glass Castle, Columbine saying to herself, “What a happy meeting it will be with Conrad and Roland!” And the rose never bloomed more beautifully

in her hair than that day. How Conrad was thinking of her !

The gentle Princess had not gone far when she heard a rustling in the wood, and whilst she was looking to see what it was, out leaped two men. One of them seized the reins of Columbine's horse on the one side, and one seized the reins on the other. They were both stern and fierce-looking.

"Why do you interrupt me?" demanded the Princess.

"That is our business," said the men.

She urged her horse on. The men, however, held the reins fast ; she could not get away.

"Let me go," she said.

The men would not listen to her.

She entreated them again to set her free.

"All your pleading will not move us," said they.

"You must go where we go."

"That I shall not do," said Columbine, "till I know by whose command I am thus laid hold of."

"It is by order of the Greatest of Sorcerers," answered the men.

When she heard that she burst into tears. She felt that she had best go quietly.

"Let my horse alone ; I shall ride with you,"

she said ; “ but, oh ! what new misfortune is this which has overtaken me ! I, who have seen the Star of Fortune, to be thus made captive ! Conrad—Roland ! what will become of us ? ”

The trees of the forest, when they saw what was done—that Columbine was being led away into captivity by the servants of the Greatest of Sorcerers—were full of indignation, and the rocks everywhere cried out “ Shame ! ” But this did not affect the men any more than the entreaties and tears of the Princess. They bore her away to the place from which they had come. That was a castle far in the wood, in which a brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers dwelt. It was not a large, but it was a strong building, well suited for imprisoning princesses in. When Columbine got there, she was shut up in a room looking out on a little court in which was a marble fountain ; and beyond that room and that court she was not allowed to go. There she remained, weeping and lamenting, and thinking fondly of Conrad and her brother. She saw her favourite white steed no more, it was taken from her ; and the golden ball, too, that had served her so well, was laid hold of by her captors. Poor Columbine !

The only person she saw in her close imprison-

ment was an old woman. Old she was, and very sly ; but she did not appear deceitful at all to the Princess, for she was always pretending to be a real friend.

One day this old woman came in with a basket of apples on her arm.

“ Here, Princess Columbine,” she said, “ are some fine newly-plucked apples ; would you like to have one ? ”

“ I do not care,” said the Princess. She indeed cared for nothing, but to be left alone to think about Conrad and Roland.

Then she thought that it was certainly very kind of the old woman to be so mindful of her. So she cried out—

“ Don't go away in such a hurry. I'll take one to please you.”

Now these were the apples of forgetfulness, of which the wicked stepmother and the Greatest of Sorcerers had spoken when she visited him. When Columbine had eaten the apple, immediately all remembrance of her former life vanished. She could recollect nothing either of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, or of the wicked stepmother, or of Roland, or of her lover Conrad.

When all recollection of her lover and of her

brother was gone, she became cheerful again, as cheerful as she had ever been before. The brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers then gave orders that she was no longer to be confined to the small room and the small court, but to be allowed to go where she pleased about the castle. He took a little pity on her, she was so beautiful and gentle ; and he sent off word to his brother to tell what he had done, and how the Princess had eaten the apple of forgetfulness, and he waited to hear what new spells were to be laid on her now that her love for Conrad was destroyed.

She had forgotten all about Conrad, I have said, but she still kept the fresh red rose, and wore it in her hair. And all her captors admired it, and said to each other that it became her well.





CHAPTER VIII.

LOOKING FOR COLUMBINE.

AT the end of the seven years Conrad and Roland looked for the Princess's coming home. Conrad, in particular, watched and watched, gazing out often along the road by which she had gone. At night he did nothing but dream of her; she was never out of his mind.

One day he walked in the woods, and he was thinking "If she loves me as I love her, no other two in the world can love each other more." Just then he looked at his rose; it was withering. He looked again, fancying his eyes must have deceived him, but it was too true. When he saw there was not the least doubt about it, his grief was great.

"Is woman's love so weak then," he said to himself, "that it cannot last longer than seven years?"

And then a voice seemed to say within him that he was doing wrong to doubt her. She had loved him so much, she had risked so much for him in going to watch on the Hill of Solitude, that she was sure to love him still. Her wicked stepmother must, he thought, have managed to lay her under spells again. He went back to the Glass Castle and told Roland that some misfortune must have befallen Columbine.

“She has forgotten me,” said he; “and I feel sure she would not do that of her own free will. Your wicked stepmother must have managed to lay her under spells again.”

Roland could give him no great comfort. Neither of them knew which way to turn to find the Princess, for she had taken the golden ball away with her. Conrad wandered out carrying nothing with him but his sword.

“I shall return when I find Columbine,” he said to Roland as he left.

When he got outside the gate he turned into the forest. He lay down to sleep that night with a fallen tree for his pillow; but he could not rest—he could do nothing but lie looking at the stars and thinking of her. Next day he wandered on, and at night he lay as before, and sleep never came.

On the fourth day he sat down on the grass bewailing his sad fortune.

“You will never find her out by mourning,” said a voice.

He looked up, and before him stood a dwarfish man, dressed all in green. He had the kindest face imaginable, and the softest little faint voice that could be.

“You will never find her out by mourning; come to my house and I shall see what can be done for you.”

Conrad got up and followed him. They turned at once into the thickest part of the wood, and Conrad had to stoop every minute to get under the branches. But the little man was so short that he did not reach up to the lowest boughs of the trees, so he ran along fast enough. By and by they came to an open space where there were no trees, and there the dwarf's house stood. It was built of polished wood, and thatched with rushes, and the windows were of the clearest crystal. Beside the door, on a wooden stool, sat the dwarf's wife, the smallest and neatest of small neat women. She was spinning, but when the dwarf and Conrad came near, she got up and put her wheel aside.

“I have brought a stranger home with me to-

day," said the dwarf; "let us give him the best we can afford."

The table in the little hut was soon spread, and they sat down, Conrad all the time wondering much who his kind entertainers were.

"This Prince was mourning sadly in the forest," said the dwarf to his wife; "I brought him home to see if it lay in our power to serve him."

"He looks very woe-begone," said the wife; "what is the matter with him?"

"A fair Princess has forgotten him, and he has lost her and cannot find her again."

"Will his mourning and lamenting make things any better?" asked the wife.

"That is very much what I said to him when we met," replied the dwarf.

Conrad here interrupted their talk, and said they would do the Princess an injustice if they thought she had forgotten him of her own will, and that she could only have done so through spells laid on her by her wicked stepmother. "She promised never to forget me, and if it is in her power she will keep her promise."

"I know all that," said the dwarf; "the Princess has been laid under a spell of forgetfulness by the aid of the Greatest of Sorcerers."

“You seem to know about the Princess Columbine and me,” said our Prince.

“I have knowledge of all things past and to come,” answered the dwarf; “and besides, I am a subject of the Queen of the Woodland Kingdom, who loves the Princess, and would do everything she could to serve her.”

“You must look for her in your mirror of the world,” said the dwarf’s wife.

“That is what I am going to do,” replied the dwarf; and up he got, and took down from the wall a little mirror, in which he could see everything in the universe.

“Is your Princess easily distinguished from others?” he asked.

“Oh yes,” said Conrad; “she is fairer than the sun and moon; there is no mistaking her.”

“I see her now,” said the dwarf; “she sits in a castle in a wood, and her place is by the side of a marble fountain. A woman is talking to her—the woman is old and ugly and sly—and the Princess seems happy.”

“I am glad to hear that she is happy-looking; it makes me less sorrowful,” said Conrad. “Tell me how I shall come to that castle?”

“It is not good to have everything done for us

at once, and to have nothing left to do for ourselves," answered the dwarf. "You must travel farther, and ask again. Go towards the west, and when you come to the lark, ask him where the castle is. He soars so high that he sees everything. He can tell you. Remember, you must look patiently for the lark; he is sometimes not found till after long seeking."

The Prince soon rose, and thanked the dwarf, and took leave of him and his wife, and went away. He thought, in spite of what the dwarf said, it would be very easy to fall in with the lark. But he travelled for ten days, and looked patiently, and never a lark did he see.

On the eleventh day, early in the morning, he seated himself on a grey stone beside a stream, and rested his head on his hand and his elbow on his knee. There he repeated aloud all his grief. It happened that the stream heard him, and it ran to the river and said—

"I have sitting by me a Prince, who mourns for a Princess who is the fairest of women, and who has fallen into the hands of the Greatest of Sorcerers, and she has been made, too, to forget him."

The river ran to the sea, and said—

"The stream has told me that beside it sits a

Prince who mourns for a Princess who is the fairest of women, and who has fallen into the hands of the Greatest of Sorcerers, and she has been made, too, to forget him."

A cloud rose from the sea in the morning, and the sea said to it—

"The stream has told the river, and the river has told me, that beside it sits a Prince, who mourns for a Princess who is the fairest of women, and who has fallen into the hands of the Greatest of Sorcerers, and she has been made, too, to forget him."

The cloud ascended up to the sun, and it said—

"The stream has told the river, and the river has told the ocean, and the ocean has told me, that beside it sits a Prince, who mourns for a Princess who is the fairest of women, and who has fallen into the hands of the Greatest of Sorcerers, and she has been made, too, to forget him."

A lark went up that morning to sing at heaven's gate, and he heard the cloud telling all this to the sun.

"Larikie, larikie, lee! te-hee, te-hee, te-hee, te-hee!" said the lark; "on my way up here I see everything. I saw yesterday just such a Princess. Larikie, larikie, lee! te-hee, te-hee, te-hee, te-hee!"

The cloud told the lark that it should at once go and speak to the sea, and the sea sent it to the river, and the river to the stream; and when the lark got to the stream, the Prince was still sitting beside it, with his head on his hand and his elbow on his knee.

The lark perched on the top branch of a thorn-bush.

“I have seen just such a Princess as yours,” said he.

The Prince started, and when he looked up there was the lark sitting on the top branch of the thorn-bush. The two were soon talking away as if they had known each other five years; and Roland learned that the lark had seen Columbine sitting that morning in the court of the castle in the greenwood.

“If you give me a message to your Princess,” said the lark, “I shall carry it; and perhaps if you send her some token by me, she may remember you.”

Now, you will recollect that when the Prince Conrad was following Columbine and Roland on their way to the Palace-under-the-Mountain, the Princess dropped a glove. It was one made for the neatest of little hands, and had a pearl for a button as

large as two peas. And Prince Conrad, you also recollect, picked it up, and fastened it in his belt. And sometimes there and sometimes in his pocket he had kept it ever since, taking it out only now and then to look at; for it pleased him to have something she had worn—it made her seem, in a sort of way, close beside him, though really she was far enough off. When the lark said that perhaps if he sent the Princess some token she might remember him, he bethought him of this glove, and taking it out, he told the bird to carry it to her.

“Say to her,” said he, “that I am still true, and that I am sure she has only forgotten me by coming under the power of enchantment. And tell her also, that I shall never rest till I find her out, and save her from the hands of the Greatest of Sorcerers.”

Before he gave the glove to the lark, he kissed it over and over again, it was so dear to him; and he let three salt tears fall upon it. The lark fastened it under his wing, and up and away he went, singing, “Larikie, larikie, lee!”

That very morning a message came from the Greatest of Sorcerers to his brother, saying that our innocent Columbine was to be thrown into the Den of Lions, and so made quite an end

of. He could have laid mighty spells upon her, it is true, but they might be broken, he thought, whilst no one could bring her out of the lions' den once she entered in there. This was the only way by which he was certain to get rid of her ; and in time he hoped also to destroy the King, and Roland, and Conrad, and so have half of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea to himself, as the witch Queen had promised. The brother was vexed at having to deliver over to destruction the Princess, whose beauty and gentleness had long before this softened his heart ; but he had no choice, he must obey. He made up his mind that it would be done the next morning, and gave orders at once that the lions were to have no meat that afternoon, so that they might be the more ravenous, and make shorter work of Columbine.

The Princess, not knowing, and never suspecting her coming fate, sat by the marble fountain in the little court. She was happy and smiling, and looked at her bright face in the water, and fastened the rose more securely in her raven hair. Just then she heard a lark high up in the heavens, and it was coming down, down, down towards the earth.

“ Te-hee, te-hee, te-hee, te-hee !”

It came down and sat on the edge of the marble fountain.

“Larikie, larikie, lee ! Princess, look under my wing and you will find a token sent you by a brave Prince.”

“I know no brave Prince,” said Columbine : she had so completely forgotten Conrad. But she looked, and there, under the lark’s wing, sure enough, was a glove with a pearl for a button as large as two peas. She unfastened it, and, when she had looked at it, it seemed to her that she had seen the glove before. She put her hand into her pocket, and what did she draw out but another glove the very same. She sat down to think, and when she was seated, the three tears on the glove which was brought by the lark began to speak.

The first said—

“I was wept by Prince Conrad of the Smiling Land, for pure grief : you have forgotten him.”

The second said—

“I was wept by Prince Conrad in trust : he believes in you, and that you have only forgotten him by the power of spells.”

The third said—

“I am Prince Conrad’s last tear : he will not rest day or night till he finds you out, and he

will go as far as the heaven is blue to do that."

The Princess, when she heard this, could not understand it at all. She sat pondering over the words and gazing at the glove and at the three tears glistening in the sunlight. All the past now began to come back to her as in a dream. She remembered first wearing the glove in the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea; then she remembered her wicked stepmother and her spells; she remembered how Roland and she had set out for the Palace-under-the-Mountain; how Conrad had ridden following them for days; how he had helped her in the Palace-under-the-Mountain, and slain three lions, and the four sentries, and the giant with ten heads; how Roland had been carried off to the Castle of Gloom; how Conrad and she had delivered him; how she had watched seven years on the Hill of Solitude for the Star of Fortune; and how she had been seized on her return, and had got to eat of the apples of forgetfulness. She remembered everything at last distinctly, and she was as sorry then as before she had been gay and happy. Upon that the lark gave his message; it was very much what the tears had said—

"The Prince," sang the lark, "is still true, and

is sure you have only forgotten him by coming under the power of enchantment; and he will never rest till he find you out and save you from the hands of the Greatest of Sorcerers."

Columbine told the little messenger to fly back with her tender greeting to Conrad, and say that the spell of forgetfulness had been broken, and bid him speed to the castle of the brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers. The lark flew off, and did not tarry a moment on the way.

The Princess's love for Conrad had come back seven times stronger than it was before. When the lark was gone, she sat still beside the fountain, and taking the fair fresh rose from her hair, she passed some hours gazing at this emblem of her Prince's love. She had no doubt but that in a few days he would come, and his arm was so strong that he could not fail to set her free. What a happy life then they would lead together! The lovely Columbine little thought that the keeper of the castle had orders for her destruction, and that the lions were already eager to eat her up.

The brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers walked into the court.

"Princess Columbine," he said, "I am commanded to make an end of you. To-morrow you

will be thrown into the den of lions. I am sorry, but I must obey."

He turned and walked out by the door by which he had entered. No one can describe Columbine's amazement and woe at hearing this. No sooner was the spell of forgetfulness broken than here was a worse calamity fallen upon her. A minute ago she was full of hope, looking forward to the coming of her lover; now she was borne down by grief and despair. To-morrow she would suffer a cruel death; and when Conrad came, there would be nothing for him but danger without reward. She sat by the fountain weeping. Even the birds were silent when they heard her moans, or only spoke in whispers—

"Oh, what a pity of this poor Princess!"

After Conrad had seen the lark fly away to the Princess, he sat waiting patiently for his coming back, and he held the withered rose in his hand. He had waited a good long time, when all at once the rose began to bloom more beautifully than ever. This filled him with joy. He felt happier than he had done in all his life before. The spell he saw was broken, and Columbine had come to remember him. Before long the lark returned with the Princess's message; and who will wonder

that the Prince rose immediately to speed to the castle of the brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers.

“Larikie, larikie, lee!” said the lark; “I’ll lead the way.”

“I wish it were possible,” said the Prince, “to go by the hut of the dwarf, and ask his advice.”

These words were no sooner spoken than the little man, dressed all in green, stood before him.

“What do you want with me?” said the dwarf.

“The Princess is found,” replied Conrad, “and I am going to release her, but, first, I wish to have your advice.”

“Then all the counsel I have for you is, never to lose heart, even when the chance of obtaining her seems at its worst. If you do what you can, and persevere, no doubt but in time all will come right.”

“Is she not to be found and won at once?”

“No, I don’t think she is,” answered the dwarf. Then putting his hand into a little bag which he carried, he drew from it a golden star, and this star shot out rays so bright that they dazzled every one who looked at it. “Let the lark,” he added, “bear this to the captive Princess; it is a charmed star which will make her bold in whatever peril she may be.”

Then the little man disappeared.

The lark took the star, told the Prince by what road he ought to travel, and flew away as fast as he could.

Conrad turned about and went down a hill and over a stream and up another hillside. When he got to the top, he saw a rider approaching on a black horse, and he led by the reins a steed whose colour was white as mountain snow, and it had a saddle covered with crimson velvet, and the trappings were of silver.

“That is very like the steed my mother gave me, and my Princess took with her to the Hill of Solitude,” he said to himself. He looked again. “That rider on the black horse, too, is very like Prince Roland,” thought he.

The rider came nearer, and it was indeed Roland. The two Princes greeted each other with the warmest friendship.

“How did you come here, and where did you fall in with this horse of mine?” Conrad asked.

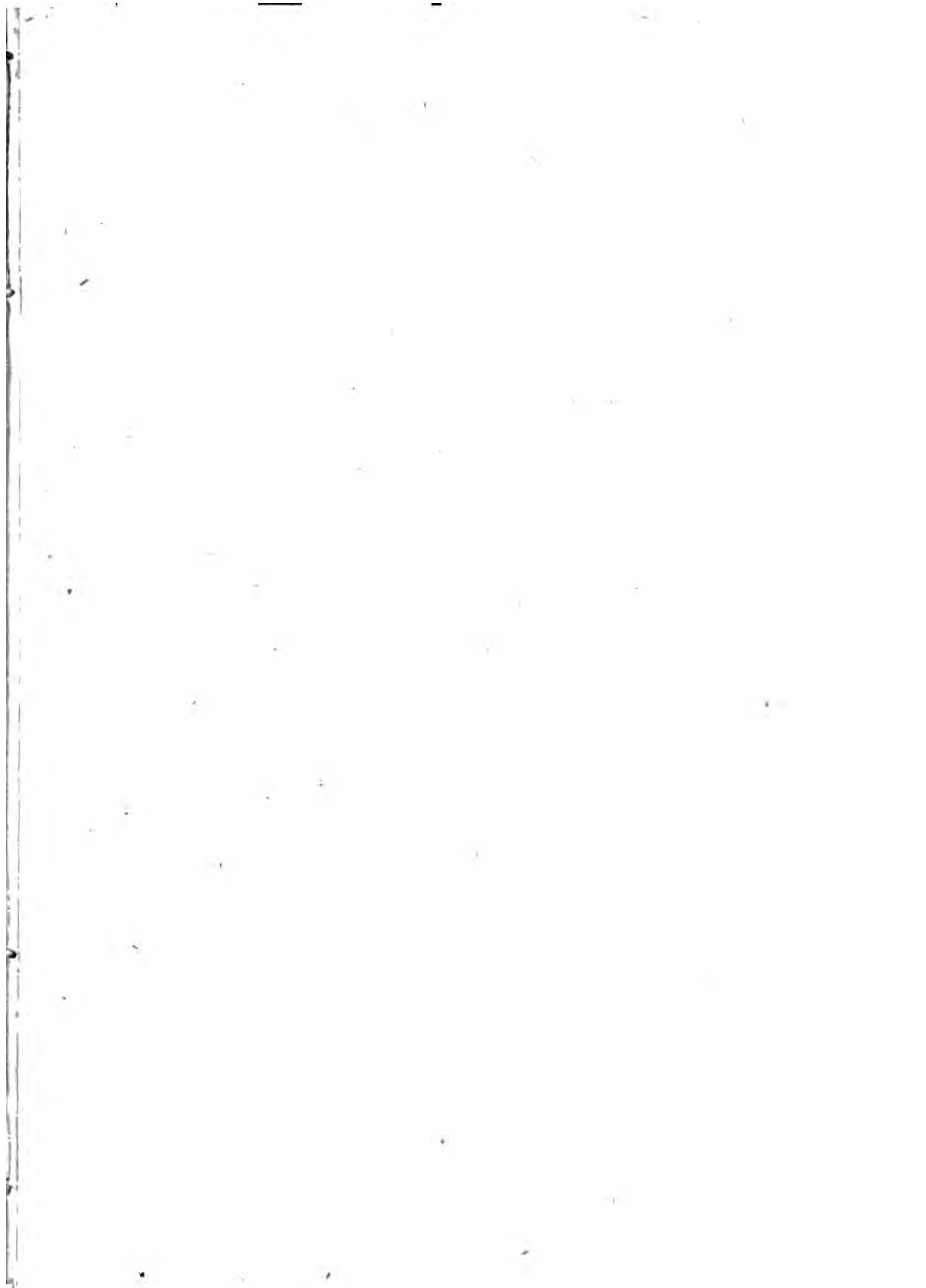
“I’ll tell you all about it,” said Roland. “After you left the Glass Castle I wearied much, and besides, I was very anxious about Columbine; and when you had been gone three days I made up my mind to follow you. I set out, taking the direction

you had gone in, and went over hill and dale, inquiring everywhere, but not a word could I hear either of you or of my sister. And this went on for several days. But yesterday, when riding through the wood, I met a man mounted on what looked very like your horse. I stood in his path, and when he came near, I asked him who he was and where he was going. He would not answer. From words, then, we came to blows, and I left him dead on the ground. That is all my story."

"The man you slew must have been one of the servants of the brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers," said Conrad; and then he told Roland all that had happened to him from the time of his leaving the Glass Castle to the flying away of the lark with the charmed star for the Princess.

"We shall go together to deliver her," exclaimed Roland. So they went.







‘Columbine sat, pale as a lily, still weeping by the side of the fountain.’
—CONRAD AND COLUMBINE, page 99.



CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE AND WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF COLUMBINE.

WE now return to speak of Columbine, who sat, pale as a lily, still weeping by the side of the fountain. It seemed as if nothing could save her from the roaring lions. The hour was that of dim twilight, and the sky was red as the sun went down. The Princess leaned against the edge of the marble basin, and tear after tear fell into the water. All at once she saw a few air-bells rise to the top, then a little ripple passed over the surface, then the water was much troubled, and at last up came a beautiful lady dressed in white, and in her hand she held a golden wand. In a soft sweet voice she addressed our Columbine.

“Why do you mourn so, king’s daughter, and why do your tears drop into my fountain?”

Columbine told her the cause of her sorrow.

“Fly at once,” said the lady; “it may be a far way and a weary way you will have to go, but fly! anything is better than the lions’ den.”

“I cannot escape. The doors and gates are fast barred, and the people in the castle are watchful,” answered the Princess.

“Take this wand, which can perform many wonders,” the lady said, “and with it strike each door and gate, they will open and let you through; and leave in the morning when the first streak of light is seen in the heavens. All here are then soundest asleep.”

Columbine took the wand, and thanked her kind protector with all her heart.

“I would not help you,” said the lady of the fountain, “if you were not as good and true as you are lovely;” and she sank down into the water, which closed over her; and all was as before, except that the twilight was a little dimmer, and the red was fast going out of the sky.

The wondering Princess was a good deal easier in her mind when she felt the magic wand in her hand, and knew that the world was before her yet. There was some chance of her seeing her lover again after all.

“Larikie, larikie, lee!” sang the lark, high up in

the clouds. He came down almost like a flash of lightning, and perched as before on the edge of the marble fountain.

“The Prince is coming to deliver you,” he said. “He won’t be long of being here; and he sends you this charmed star, which will make you bold in whatever peril you may be. And now I must away, for I have to rise in the morning early. Oh! I am quite out of breath with flying so fast. Te-hee, te-hee, te-hee, te-hee!” away flew the lark.

The Princess followed him with her eyes till he was out of sight—that was not long. She wished he had stayed till she had told him of her leaving the castle next morning; but he went away so fast, there was no time for that.

“Well, never mind,” said she to herself. “Conrad will come here and find that I am gone; he will destroy this place, and all the people in it, and return to the Glass Castle, where I shall be with Roland to welcome him.” This was what she thought.

Then she looked at the charmed star. It was a little golden thing, and so bright that she could hardly gaze on it; and such was its power that, as she held it, her courage grew higher. No perils, she felt, could now make her afraid. Even if the hungry lions had been let loose upon her, she

could have faced them unmoved ; and of her wicked stepmother, and of the Greatest of Sorcerers, she had no fear. She fastened the star by a ribbon in her hair, so that it hung upon her brow, and then she went in-doors and lay down to sleep.

When the first streak of light appeared in the east, our Columbine awoke. She rose, and when she had tied up in a bundle a loaf of bread for hunger, and a bottle of water for thirst, she was ready to set out. She took the wand, and, as the lady of the fountain had told her, struck with it each door and gate. One after another they opened and let her through, and all the guards were fast asleep, and everything was still. The Princess locked each door and gate on the outside so as to prevent the people of the castle from following her for a while, even when they did awake ; and when she got out to the open air, she took the first path she saw, and that led out of the wood in which the castle was, and away over a great moor.

As she walked along, the Princess tried to recollect the direction in which the Glass Castle lay, and it seemed to her that, by the path she had chosen, she was going as straight to it as she could go. She went on lightly and cheerfully, and long before mid-day, she was half-way over the moor.

In the meantime, the Greatest of Sorcerers' brother and all his men awoke, and they were in a state of great amazement when they found their captive Princess flown. After much labour, they broke open the doors and gates which she had securely fastened before she left; and then they mounted on fleet horses, and set out in pursuit. Strangely enough, however, they looked and hunted in every direction but the right one. All they could do they could see no trace and hear no tidings of the Princess, at which every one will be glad. The owner of the castle was exceedingly alarmed as to what his brother, the Greatest of Sorcerers, would say and do, when he came to hear of the escape of his prey; and all his pity for Columbine turned into anger against her, though she had indeed done no ill but only run away to save her life from the lions. He vowed that, if he caught her, she would be thrown to seven times more lions than he had intended at first, and that they would be seven times hungrier.

And now we return to Columbine, to tell that when, at evening, she was almost at the end of the moor, and near a great mountain, she sat down on a stone to rest, and there she ate half of her loaf and drank her bottle of water. Whilst she was sitting,

two ladies on horseback came in sight, and when they drew near, she saw that they were gorgeously dressed in the finest silks, but that they were sour and strange-looking. They were really two cannibal Princesses, daughters of the King of that district, and it was their horrible practice to entice innocent and unwary maidens into their palace, and when they had got them there, they fed them till they were fat enough, and then ate them. But, though the sweet Columbine did not much like their look, she little suspected what they were when they rode up and bade her good evening.

“The same to you,” she replied.

“You seem wearied,” said the elder of the two, speaking in as kind a tone as she could.

“I am a little tired,” answered Columbine. “I have come far, and have farther to go, I fear.”

“Where do you rest to-night?” the elder Princess asked.

“I do not know that. I trust fortune to find me shelter. I am only a poor girl travelling westwards,” said she, not wishing that it should be known that she was the Princess of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea.

“You might come home and lodge with us,” said the younger Princess. “We live quite close at hand.”

“You are very kind,” answered Columbine. “I shall be glad to do so.”

The two cannibal Princesses rode, and our innocent Princess walked, and they rode, and she walked, till they all came to a stream which flowed past the palace walls. As Columbine was wading across, she remembered that she had drunk the last of the water in her bottle, so she filled it again. In a little while they were at the palace gate, and when they were going in, one of the cannibal Princesses said to the other, in a whisper—

“I think she is fat enough ; we need not keep her.”

The other answered, “Yes, she is quite fat enough ; we shall kill her to-night as she sleeps.”

Columbine did not hear them ; and with an easy mind and a thankful heart, she ate the supper that was set before her.

“Good-night,” she said when she had done, “Good-night, and thank you both for your shelter and your supper.”

“Good-night,” said they.

Then the Princess was shown to the room where she was to sleep, and the two cannibals sat up, meaning to kill her long before morning. The sleeping-room was a great chamber, the walls of

which were covered with dark oak panels ; and it looked so dismal and dull, that Columbine thought she would almost rather have slept out on the cold moor, with the heather beneath and the sky above her. She said her prayers, and took off one shoe and a stocking, and sitting down on the side of the bed, she fell to thinking about Conrad and her brother ; and how brightly the star shone then on her brow, and how freshly the red rose bloomed ! She had been for a few minutes in a sort of pleasant dream when she began to take off the other shoe. She recollected then that the bottle of water that she had filled at the stream was still in her pocket, and thinking that perhaps it might be broken if it remained there, she took it out, and was going to put it on the table. But, it was odd, when she looked at it it was not like water at all. Columbine could not think what it was like. She poured some out, and when she had done that, the water began to speak.

“I flow by this palace wall,” it said, “and with me has mingled the blood of five hundred young girls whom the cannibal daughters of the palace have slain. Let no one sleep a night in the Oaken Chamber. Let her fly, and if she is pursued, let her throw me behind : I shall save her.”

When Columbine heard that, she started up. She had no fear, but she felt that, if she wished to be saved, she must go instantly. She put on her shoe and stocking again, and, taking in her hand the wand she had got from the Lady of the Fountain, she touched every door with it till she was outside the palace, and then, as if she had had wings to her feet, she sped away by the path she had come. The two cannibal Princesses, sitting up, heard the last door creak as it opened and let her out.

“She has escaped!” they both cried at once.

They hastened to the stable, mounted their horses, and away as fleet as the wind they went after her. Columbine heard them coming. She ran and ran, and they drew nearer and nearer. The snorting of their horses sounded in her ears.

“We shall get her yet,” exclaimed one Princess.

“That we shall,” shouted the other.

Just then Columbine remembered what the water had said: “If she is pursued, let her throw me behind: I shall save her.” She took out the bottle, and flung it behind as far as she could. The bottle fell, and broke as it fell; the magic water rushed out, and, quicker than you can imagine, it

grew and grew, and rose and rose, till it became a great lake, and lay between the Princess and her pursuers. They had to stop.

“We have lost her after all,” said they, and they turned to go home.

What was their dismay when they saw that they stood on a little hill, and that the water quite surrounded them! It continued with awful rapidity to rise; it covered the little hill; it came up to the saddles of the two horses; it came up to the necks of the two Princesses, and Columbine heard their wild cries as it closed over their heads. That was the end of these cannibals. As for Columbine, she went on, rejoicing at her escape.

The fair Princess was now where she had been sitting when she first saw the two from whom she had just been delivered. She climbed the steep mountain, and, when she had begun to go down the other side, she came to a dark wood. A path, which looked as if it were not much used, led into it. The Princess followed that path, and proceeded through the gloomy wood all alone. It was almost black night: it would have been quite dark but for the faint light from the moon shining through the clouds. But all about our Columbine was bright as the day, for the star on her brow lighted up

everything. When she came to an open dry space, she lay down and slept soundly ; and if there was one wild beast in the forest, it did not howl till morning for fear of disturbing her. When the sun was up, she went on her way, and the first place she saw was a little wooden hut, roofed with the bark of trees. She went up to it, and knocked at the door, thinking she would ask if any one there knew whether or no she was on the right road for the Glass Castle. An old man, with a long grey beard, shaggy eyebrows, and altogether a rascally look, opened the door. He was a solitary magician, and great in spells, and he had this that was remarkable about him, he was only powerful so long as he was unopposed, but if when he said "Yea," another said "Nay," he became so weak that a child could bind him. Columbine looked into his hut, and she saw that there was nothing in it, but a stone to sit down on, a fire for heat, and a bundle of dry leaves for a bed.

"Can you tell me if I am on the right road for the Glass Castle?" she asked.

The man looked her through and through with his fierce eyes.

"I do not know," answered he.

Columbine was not in the least afraid of him.

“Thank you,” she said, “I shall ask again the next place I come to.” She dropped the neatest curtsey you ever saw, and was going away.

“Stay!” said the magician; “I know you are the Princess who escaped yesterday from the castle of the brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers.”

“And what of that?” said Columbine.

“There is this of that, that I owe allegiance to the Greatest of Sorcerers, and must keep you a prisoner for him.”

He advanced a step towards Columbine, and was going to lay hold of her by the arm.

“Yea,” he said, “you must stay with me till I send him word you are here.”

“Nay, I will not,” answered the Princess; “you dare not keep me.” And she drew herself up to her full height, and looked him in the face, fearing nothing. Before she got the star she would have shaken like an aspen leaf.

The power of the magician was gone as soon as she contradicted him. He dropped his hand, and Columbine felt he could do her no harm.

“I lay this command upon you, that you tell no one I have passed this way,” she said, and so she left him.



CHAPTER X.

COLUMBINE'S ADVENTURES ARE CONTINUED.

THE next adventure our Princess met with was late in the day, when she had travelled till she was weary. She had been going through the wood and through the wood, and now she came to a hillside, in which there were several caves, and by the mouth of one of them a troll was sitting. She was the ugliest of women, with red eyes and a crooked nose that reached quite down to her chin, and she was half blind and very stupid. But, like the two Princesses from whom Columbine had escaped the night before, she was a cannibal, and she lay in wait in front of her den for children and young maidens who might be passing that way. When she heard Columbine's footfall on the grass, she beckoned to her to come near

and when the Princess went close to her, "Where are you going?" she said.

"I am bound for the Glass Castle."

"And where is that?"

"I cannot tell," Columbine replied, "I only think it lies in the west. I am looking for some one who can inform me."

"I know an old man," said the troll, "who has been a great traveller, perhaps he will be able to say where it is."

"Where does he stay?" asked the Princess.

"He stays not far from this, and he passes here every day about this hour. Come into my cave and rest till he goes by."

There was no such old man ; the troll was telling a great story, but the innocent Columbine believed her, and followed the troll into the cave. It was a low, damp, dark place, but in every corner were heaps of gold, and silver, and pearls, and diamonds, for the troll, as well as being a cannibal, had been a miser for four hundred years. In the centre of the floor was a fire, and beside it was a great deep pit with a narrow opening into which the troll threw the bones of those whom she had killed and eaten. At the far end of the cave was a door, and when the door was opened one saw into an inner

cave, which was quite dark, and lower than the outer one. Columbine did not like the appearance of the place at all, and the troll noticed that.

“Do not be afraid,” she said. “Look what riches I have here ;” and, sitting down by the fire, she talked for awhile about her gold and silver, and pearls and diamonds. Then she said, “I have greater treasures in the inner cave. Let us go in and see them.”

They went forward into the darkness, the star on Columbine’s brow making everything quite light. They opened the door and went in. There, certainly, were amazing heaps of gold and jewels.

The Princess and the troll stood looking at them, and suddenly the old woman said—

“Stay here a moment ; I think I hear the man I spoke of, coming whistling through the wood. I’ll go and see if it be he.”

She went out, and shut the door after her, and locked it securely. Columbine was a prisoner.

“Ha ! old woman,” said the Princess, “you cannot shut me up so cleverly as you think.”

She took out the magic wand, with which she had opened the doors of the castle and the palace, and struck the lock with it. The door opened,

and Columbine saw that the troll had set herself down again by the fire, and she was chuckling and saying, in a low, gruff voice—

“Another sweet maiden caught! another sweet maiden to kill!”

The Princess walked towards her, and she had her wand still in her hand. The troll jumped up when she heard the sound of her coming, and stretched out her hands, and laid hold of her, and would have kept her by force. But in the struggle the wand struck her. She fell backwards, powerless, and tumbled into the great pit in the floor of the cave just beside the fire. Columbine heard her falling and falling, and at last she reached the bottom.

“If ever I get at you,” she cried, “I will bring you woe.”

“I don’t think it at all likely you will ever get at me,” said Columbine; and then she cried down the pit, “I have taken a necklace of pearls strung with silk in remembrance of you.”

She would have taken much more, but she had hard work enough walking without carrying anything. All the rest of the pearls and diamonds and gold, and silver was left; and if we only knew where that cave was, we might be all rich to-day. She

went on her way, wondering at the power of her magic wand ; and she had it in her hand, and the bright star was on her brow, the necklace of pearls about her neck, and the red rose bloomed in her raven hair.

That night again Columbine slept on some dry grass under the pale moon. In the morning, she had not walked far when she found herself at the beginning of a long valley, and, as she went on in it, the trees became taller, till at last they were as high as mountains, and the mountains became higher, till at last they reached beyond the clouds. It was so wild a place, that the Princess began to think that here surely something was going to happen to her ; but she went on fearlessly, thinking of Conrad and her brother Roland, and wishing often that all her wanderings were at a close, and she safe with them again. When she was nearly at the end of the valley, she saw through the trees a great castle with high towers at each end. So large a building she had never seen before, and the walls were so thick that it looked as if it had been intended to last for ever and a day. In the castle nine brothers lived, and they were giants, and the strongest of all the giant race as well. The youngest, whose name was Long-bones-Strong-bones,

but he was often called Long-bones for shortness, had only one head, like ordinary men. The second, whose name I have forgotten, as I have the names of all the others, if ever I heard them, had two heads ; the third had three heads, the fourth had four, and so on to the ninth, who had nine. In this way they had forty-five heads between them. Long-bones-Strong-bones was the best of the brothers. Though he was a great, rough giant, he had a kind heart ; the other eight were not to be trusted ; they were as double-tongued and as cruel as they were strong. As the Princess came walking along the valley, they were out on the grass in front of their castle, and busy throwing great rocks about like cricket-balls, trying which was the most powerful, and they were as merry as could be. Columbine heard them laughing when she went up, and the sound made all the earth shake. "I shall go to them and ask if they know the way to the Glass Castle," thought Columbine. She did so. No ; they did not know of any such place. The youngest only said he was pretty sure he had heard of such a castle, and that it lay away in the west.

"That is my idea of it too," said the Princess ; "but I have been journeying these last two

days always westwards, and it seems now about as far off as ever."

"What is the use of wandering about looking for a glass castle?" said the brother with nine heads, in a surly tone. "You had better stop with us here. We are in want of such an one as you to keep house for us."

"I cannot do that," Columbine answered.

"Nay, but you must make up your mind to do it," said the giant with eight heads.

"We will not let you go," said Seven-heads.

And so said they all except the youngest; he said nothing.

Columbine saw there was no use resisting them; they were nine giants, and she was only a girl.

"What must be, must be," said she, and she remained.

She kept house for them all that week and all the next, looking out every day for a chance to run off, and begin her wandering again, and her search for the Glass Castle; but the giants kept a strict watch upon her, and she never could get escaping.

"You keep house for us very well," they all told her; and it was true, for Columbine did her very best to please them.

At the end of the second week, the eldest giant

—the one with nine heads—came to her and asked her to marry him.

“Will you marry me?” said he.

“No,” said the Princess at once; “I will not.”

The next day the second brother—the one with eight heads—came and asked the same thing.

“No,” answered the Princess, decidedly; “I will not marry you.”

The seven-headed brother came the day after, and the six-headed brother the day after that, and in eight days each one of the giants, excepting the youngest, had asked the Princess to marry him, and she had said the same to every one. Poor Columbine had had no peace. All this time not one of the giants supposed that any one was in love with her but himself.

At last the eldest giant made up his mind that, whether the Princess would have him or not, marry her he would; and one day, when standing at the castle gate with his eight brothers, he told them what he meant to do. They were all very angry, of course, except the one-headed brother, and he only felt sorry for Columbine.

“You will not have her, but I shall,” said each of the others.

“Let her alone,” said Long-bones-Strong-bones ;
“she does not wish any of you.”

Then and there they began to quarrel, and the Princess, who was sitting in a quiet room in the inner part of the castle thinking of Conrad, wondered what all the noise was about, for the thick walls shook with the sound of their voices.

“There is no way of settling the matter but by fighting,” said the nine-headed giant at last : he thought he was the strongest, so he would be sure to win.

“Fighting let it be !” said all the others.

They then got their spears, and swords, and daggers.

Nine-heads and Eight-heads fell to, and when the spears broke, they took swords, and when the swords broke, they used daggers, and they fought till Nine-heads was sorely wounded, and Eight-heads was slain.

Nine-heads and Seven-heads then began, and the end of their fight was that Nine-heads was killed outright.

At last none were left but Long-bones-Strong-bones and the brother next to him in age, he who had two heads.

“You had better not come to blows with

me," said Long-bones; "let us leave the maid alone."

"That cannot be," exclaimed Two-heads; "I must have her."

They began to fight, and before long the youngest giant had given his brother a great wound on the shoulder, and cut off his right hand, so that he could fight no more. He lay all his length half stunned on the ground.

"Now," said Long-bones, "I shall spare you. If ever men lost because they were in the wrong, you have all done so this day."

He then tied up his two-headed brother's wounds, and went into the castle and told the Princess what they had been fighting about, and how seven of his brothers lay stone-dead outside, and the eighth one with a wound in the shoulder, and his right hand cut off.

"And have you escaped quite whole?" she asked; and when he had told her he had, "I am glad of it," said she; "for you are the good and kind one."

The honest giant felt quite proud when she said that.

"There is no use in our staying here," he said, "now that my brothers are slain; we can go where

you please. We shall leave this place in charge of Two-heads, and I will journey with you to that Glass Castle to which you wished to go. I shall protect you on the road in case you meet with any danger."

"Thank you!" replied Columbine. "I am very anxious to go on my way. I have already been here too long."

"Let us set out immediately," said the giant.

He went and got ready, and in an hour the two might have been seen leaving the castle gate and passing by the bodies of the seven giant brothers. The Princess rode on a little white pony, and she had her wand in her hand, and the necklace of pearls about her neck, the star on her brow, and the rose blooming in her hair.

The giant, who was about the height of a high house, walked with huge strides at the pony's head; with one hand he held the reins, and in the other he had a sword which three men could hardly have lifted.





CHAPTER XI.

THE PRINCES APPEAR LIKELY TO FIND THE PRINCESS.

NOW we must attend for a little to what Prince Conrad and Prince Roland were doing. After their meeting together, they travelled on, following the direction the lark had given; and of their journey I know nothing, except that they were not long of arriving at the green wood in which was the castle of the brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers. They saw that it was a small castle, much smaller than the Castle of Gloom where the ogre had dwelt; but it was very strong, and all about it were armed men, whose swords and spears shone brightly in the sun.

“Let our hearts be bold,” said Conrad; “we have great odds against us.”

The two rode to the castle gate, and asked the porter to be let in to speak to the owner.

“Ask them who they are,” the Sorcerer’s brother

called out ; and when he heard that they were Prince Conrad of the Smiling Land, and Prince Roland of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, he came down himself to see them, and inquired what they wanted.

“ You know what we want,” said Conrad ; “ we demand that you give up to us the Princess Columbine, who is in your power.”

“ I have her not ; she is gone.”

Conrad and Roland looked at each other in amazement, and Conrad asked, “ Where has she gone ? ”

“ I do not know ; she fled away one morning.”

“ Is it truth you are telling us ? ” said Roland.

“ Yes,” said the Sorcerer’s brother ; “ it is the real truth.”

“ Why was she shut up in your castle, and why did she flee away ? ” Conrad asked.

“ That I will not answer ; and as for you,” said the brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers, “ you are now in my power, as she was.” He turned to some of his men, who were standing by, and cried out, “ Seize these Princes, and imprison them in the deepest dungeon of the castle.”

When our Princes heard that, both drew their swords, and Conrad made a strong stroke and a

sharp stroke at the Greatest of Sorcerer's brother, and his great head was off before anybody could wink twice. The men who had been standing by now attacked them, and others came crowding up to the gate, where all this talk had been going on ; and there was such a fight as has not been heard of since. The two Princes set their backs to the wall, and in an hour, half of the warriors of that castle were slain. Conrad's sword broke then, but he seized an iron bar, and with it killed as many as Roland did with his sword ; and in two hours there was not a man of all their enemies left.

"If we had only the Greatest of Sorcerers here himself," said Conrad, "we would make short work of him."

The two consulted together, when they sat resting after the fight, as to what they should do now to find the Princess, whose escape from this strong castle astonished them very much.

"Let us make up our minds," Roland said, "that the only thing to be done is to ride on and trust to kind Fortune."

It was not very long before kind Fortune favoured them, unless you call two weeks very long, for that was about the time they rode here and there and everywhere without hearing or seeing anything of her.

At the end of the two weeks they came, in their wanderings, to a valley, and as they went on in it, the trees became taller, till at last they were as high as mountains, and the mountains became higher, till at last they reached beyond the clouds. It was the valley in which the castle of the nine giants lay. When they reached it, there were the eight brothers lying dead in front, and in a seat by the gate sat a giant with two heads, who looked as if lately he had been badly wounded, for his right hand was tied up, and there was a great bandage across his shoulder. They asked Two-heads what the meaning was of his wounds and of the dead giants. He told them, "It is the end of a fight which my brothers and I had about a beautiful girl. We all wished to marry her, but it has come to this, that she is lost to us all."

"And where has this beautiful girl gone?" Conrad asked.

"She went away westward three days ago with my youngest brother, to seek for a castle she wished to find."

"Describe her to us," said Conrad, eagerly; for he began to think this must be his sweet Princess.

"Her beauty," answered Two-heads, "was be-

yond description ; and she wore a string of pearls about her neck, and a star on her brow, and a red rose bloomed in her hair."

" I do not know about the string of pearls, but about the star and the red rose I know. It is our Columbine," said Conrad.

He and Roland were quite overjoyed. They asked very particularly about the road the Princess and the giant had taken, and when they had heard all that Two-heads could tell them, they rode off.

Let us turn to the Princess and her giant-guide and protector, Long-bones-Strong-bones, and see how they got on after leaving the castle. On the first day they left the valley, and crossed two mountains, and went over a level plain, and rested in a little wayside hut at night. The second day they crossed five mountains, five valleys, and five rivers ; and in the evening they met a man, who told them where the Glass Castle lay, and that that night their path would lie past the door of the castle of the ogre with twenty heads. " And," added the man, " he will be for keeping the maiden. No one so lovely ever yet got past his dwelling in safety."

" Could we not go by in the darkness? "

“ No, he would be sure to hear you ; he sleeps with one eye and one ear always open.”

When the man had gone, Columbine said to the giant, “ How shall we escape this ogre’s clutches ? ”

Long-bones-Strong-bones sat down to think, and after he had thought for a while, he got up and said, “ I have hit upon a plan.”

He then cut down an oak-tree, and hollowed it out, and made it like a harp, and strung it with Columbine’s long hair. He then put the Princess inside the harp, and laid it on the pony, and strode on to the ogre’s castle, and before long he was there. He knocked at the gate, and when it was opened, he asked if he could get shelter there that night.

“ What are you ? ” said the porter.

“ I am a merry harper-man,” answered the giant.

“ Then come in, and welcome,” said the porter ; “ my master is giving a great feast to-night, and he is fond of having music.”

The giant went in, and he carried his harp with him.

At the feast there were none but giant ogres, and a more wicked-looking company there was not in all the broad earth. Our giant took his place at table with them, and ate as they ate. After the

feast was over and the board was cleared, the ogres fell to drinking ale and wine, and what casks there were of both! The twenty-headed ogre, the master of the castle, then called for the giant.

“Play,” said he.

“What shall I play?”

“Oh! anything you like.”

The giant began, and when he had finished his tune, everybody was pleased, and asked him to play again. He played in this way five tunes, and as he went on, the ogres became more and more noisy; they applauded him till the house shook, and they laughed loud and long, and their laughter was like the roaring of lions.

When he had played five, the twenty-headed monster said, “Give us one tune more, and that will be enough for a little.” The giant then began a tune which he knew, whose magic power it was to make all who listened to it fall asleep, and sleep without waking or dreaming for forty years. He played and played; the noise grew less and less, till all at last were in a deep slumber. He then opened the harp, and let out the Princess.

“We have escaped this danger, at any rate,” said he.

They slept that night in the castle, and in the

morning left the ogres in the beginning of their long sleep.

“We may as well leave the harp behind us,” said the giant. “It is heavy to carry, and besides, if we want another, we can easily make one.”

So they left the harp.

They went on all day, and at night found shelter in the house of two dwarfs, who had great heads, and whose bodies were thin, and whose legs were like spiders' legs. But they were very friendly and hospitable. I say *they* found shelter, but I should rather tell that the Princess found shelter alone; the house was much too small for Long-bones-Strong-bones, and he had to sleep without the door, in the open air.

In the morning they left the dwarfs, and before long they were at the beginning of a high rocky country. Their path lay now over huge mountains, and sometimes they were climbing slowly up the steep sides, as if they were going up a great staircase, and sometimes they were going down into deep valleys, where one could scarcely see daylight, and sometimes they were winding along the banks of wild streams, that went roaring and foaming and hurrying to the sea.

They came about the middle of the day to a

little green bank by the side of a stream, far up amongst the mountains, and a flock of sheep was feeding there. Along with the sheep were two lambs, with pure white coats of wool, and the two were playing and racing over the grass, and amusing themselves as only lambs can play and race and amuse themselves. As for the shepherd-boy who had charge of the flock, he had lain down on his back in the shadow of a rock, for the sun was strong; and he was fast asleep, with his crook beside him, and his dinner in a basket at his head.

Columbine and the giant passed by, and they looked at the sleeping shepherd-boy and at the sheep and at the two lambs playing; and just then the Princess lifted her eyes, and she saw an eagle high in the air, and it was flying in great circles, round and round, looking for a prey. She watched it, and as she was watching, the bird caught sight of the two lambs. It came darting down through the air; and before Columbine could give a cry of terror, it had grasped one lamb with each claw, and was bearing them away to its nest. She gazed after it, and saw that it carried them to the top of a tall cliff, about a mile off, and left them there, and flew away again in search of some other poor victims.

The heart of the Princess was moved; she turned

to the giant and said, "Could we not rescue these innocent lambs? They have done no ill that they should be seized by the cruel eagle."

"We may at least try to save them," Long-bones-Strong-bones replied.

They wakened the shepherd-boy, and he, when he had rubbed his eyes and seen that the two lambs of his flock were gone, said it did not matter much, that in that part of the world such things happened every day.

"Oh, you unfeeling shepherd!" cried Columbine; "you are sure to come to a bad end."

"I don't expect that," said the boy, and he laughed, shut his eyes, and prepared to sleep again.

Columbine and Long-bones left him, and went till they came to the foot of the cliff, and they could see no path by which one might climb to the eagle's nest. The giant then said he knew only one way of reaching it, and that was to cut steps with a knife in the face of the precipice. So he took out his great knife, and began; and when he had cut one step, he put in his foot, and then he cut another step a little above it, and put in his other foot, and soon he was twelve steps up. But when he got there, the face of the cliff began to

give way, for the giant was so heavy, and by the time he had cut the thirteenth step, he felt it would not be safe at all to go on. He leaped down, and when his weight came to the earth, the whole country for miles round shook as if there had been an earthquake.

“If you are too heavy,” said the Princess, “I must climb myself.”

“But it is not work for a girl, and least of all for a Princess,” replied the giant. “Besides, you might be killed.”

“What of that,” answered Columbine, “if it is my duty?”

She took in her white hand a small knife that the giant had, and cut steps for her little feet, and climbed and climbed. It was hard work, but she never felt either dizzy with the height or frightened at her danger. She came to the eagle’s nest, and it was built on a ledge of rock on which the Princess could just stand. The two lambs were in it, shaking with terror, but there was not a wound on either of them, except on the back of the youngest, where the eagle had made a little scratch with its sharp claw. Columbine caressed them, and spoke to them kindly.

“I have come to save you,” said she.

“Thank you,” said they; “God will not suffer you to go unrewarded;” and they gave over shaking with terror, for they felt sure that the Princess could do what she said. She had a long cord in her pocket, and she tied it round them, and lowered them one after the other to the giant below. Whilst she was doing this the eagle returned. It came flying as fast as it could, and was close beside her before she noticed it, and it cried out with a hoarse voice—

“Leave these beasts where you found them, or I'll tear out your eyes.”

Columbine turned round when she heard it, and in a calm tone she said—

“You have no power to hurt me. Cruel eagle! how could you seize on two such innocent lambs, who have never done you any ill?”

The great bird stopped in its flight, and whether it was ashamed of its cruelty, or struck by the beauty of the Princess, or whether it was afraid of the bright star shining on her brow, I do not know; it flew away in silence as fast as it had come. Now Columbine herself began to go down; and if the coming up was difficult, the going down was ten times more so. Had she made one false step, she would have been dashed at once to the bottom,

and we would have had to weep for the death of the sweetest, kindest Princess that ever was known.

“I am quite in a fever watching you,” exclaimed the giant from below.

“Oh! I shall be safe on the earth again in a little,” Columbine cried out cheerfully from above.

She kept cool and composed, and went down step by step, and at last she got to about the height of a house from the ground. The giant then put up his long arms, and caught her, and lifted her down, and set her softly on the green grass.

“We are all right now,” said Columbine.

“Yes, and I am thankful we are,” said the giant. “I never was so terrified in all my life as when I saw you climbing up the cliff all alone.”

The two lambs came forward, and thanked her very prettily for saving them.

But she said, “Do not speak of it. I have done nothing to be proud of.”

They turned to go, and as they went, the eagle flew over their heads, and in his claws he held the shepherd-boy who had been fast asleep beside his flock.

“That is the bad end he did not expect to come to him,” said the giant.

The Princess rode, and the giant strode, and the two lambs ran, till they returned to the flock.

The Princess asked to whom they belonged, and they told what farmer it was. So the giant and she drove them before them till they came to the farmer's house, and there they told how the eagle had carried off the two lambs, but they were saved, and how the eagle had carried off the shepherd-lad, but he was not saved ; and how they had brought the sheep, for fear that any of them might go astray among the mountains.

The good farmer thanked them, and asked if they would not come into his house, and stay for the rest of the day, and sleep there all night.

"No," said the Princess, "it is not late yet ; we shall ride on farther."

"Good day, then," said the farmer.

"Good day," said they.

They went on, and were, as before, climbing up steep mountain-sides, and going down into deep valleys, and winding along by the banks of wild streams.

In the evening they were passing between two peaks, and on one sat the Fairy King of the Mountains, and on the other sat the Fairy Queen. The King was dressed in purple and gold, and he had

a crown on his head studded with diamonds, and in his hand was a sceptre with an emerald on the top, which shot out rays of bright green, and shone like any star. The red beams of the sun fell on him, and he looked the greatest of Fairy Kings. The Fairy Queen also was dressed in purple and gold, and she too had a crown and a sceptre, and was more beautiful than can be told. The two were looking over their dominions, and asking what news there was from some clouds that had just arrived from distant parts of the earth.

Columbine and Long-bones passed far down in the valley below, and when they saw the Fairy King and Queen, the Princess and the giant bowed courteously. The King rose from his seat on the top of the mountain, and he returned the bow of the gentle Princess, but the Fairy Queen called to a golden cloud that was near, and said—

“Come, take me to the earth. I wish to speak to the sweet maiden yonder.”

The cloud approached as it was bid, the Fairy Queen stepped on it, and down she came.

Columbine got off her pony when she saw the Queen descending, and she stood, holding it by the reins, waiting for her to speak, whilst the giant

with his great sword in his hand was at a little distance behind.

The Queen drew near and spoke.

“I am the Fairy Queen of the Mountains,” she said, “and I have seen to-day your kind action to two of my subjects, for all living things on these hills are the King’s subjects and mine.”

“If you mean,” answered the Princess, “that I saved two lambs from an eagle, I only did what was right. Little credit belongs to me for that.”

“Nay, doing right is not so common,” replied the Queen; “and now I have come down to give you three gifts, for the kind heart must not go unrewarded. They have been given often before by fairies to mortals, and you deserve them as much as any one ever did. The first is, that every day when you comb your hair, gold and jewels will drop from it, gold in the morning, and jewels at night; the second is, that you will always keep your beauty, and now there is no one on earth more beautiful than you; and the third is, that wherever you tread, flowers will spring up; this is the rarest gift of all, and only those can possess it who are good and pure.”

Columbine did not know well what speech to

make in reply, but she did her best to thank the Fairy Queen for her kindness.

The Queen then went on to say, "I shall also grant you one wish : let it be whatever you please."

The Princess thought for a minute, and then she blushed.

"Why are you blushing?" said the Queen.

"I was thinking of a wish," said Columbine.

"And what is it?"

"Well," said the Princess, "I have been wandering a long time, and I wish to make sure of at last getting safe to the Glass Castle, and finding there my brother Roland, and—and"——

"And Prince Conrad of the Smiling Land," said the Queen. "I know of all your adventures. The Queen of the Woodland Kingdom has told me everything about you. You and the two Princes will soon be together again. In the meantime, come and stay a while with me in my palace."

"But how can I do that?" cried Columbine.

"I wish to meet them as soon as I can ; we have been so long parted—more than seven years—a long, long time. Do let me go to them at once."

"Come with me," answered the Queen, "for the sake of him whom you love best."

When she heard that, the Princess exclaimed—

“If you put it that way, I shall go. For his sake I would walk to the world’s end;” and she went to the palace, feeling as glad in her heart as glad could be, that the Fairy Queen had said she and Conrad and Roland would soon be together again.

Sure enough every step she went, the most lovely flowers sprung up and remained blooming to show the path she had trod.

Long-bones followed leading the pony, and the Fairy King came down from his peak and joined the Queen and Columbine, and he spoke to the Princess, and told her all that he had seen that day going on in his kingdom, and what news the clouds had brought from distant parts of the world.

They came to a little green mound, and when they were at it, it opened and let them pass into the heart of the mountain. When they had gone twelve steps or so, they were in a splendid hall, of which the walls were gold and the floor crystal. It was great in length and breadth, and so high, that when the giant stretched out his arm above his head, he could just touch the roof with his forefinger. The lamps that lighted it up were of every hue, and the light they gave was brighter than the sun and softer than the moon.

At the far end were seven musicians, and the music they played was like no music we ever heard for beauty ; and on the crystal floor seven hundred fairies were dancing. They gave over when the King and Queen entered, but soon they began again, and there was such dancing and laughing and pleasant fun, that Columbine began to feel quite at her ease.

The fairies were very kind to her and the giant, and they did not find the time going past slowly there. The Queen took special charge of our Princess, and showed her all the treasures of Fairyland, and loaded her with many gifts in addition to those she had given her when they first met. The giant stayed always in the great hall—there was no room for him anywhere else—and Long-bones-Strong-bones enjoyed himself, and was well attended to by the little people, and ate as much in a day as all the rest of the inhabitants of that part of Fairyland put together did in a week.





CHAPTER XII.

SMILING FORTUNE.

THERE we go back to Conrad and Roland. When they left the giant brothers' castle, they followed much the same road as Columbine and Long-bones had taken. The only difference was, that sometimes they would go through another valley or ascend another part of a mountain-side. Roland was very happy at the thought of meeting his sister again; and as for Conrad, he hardly saw anything the whole way for thinking of her. On the second day they were in a long ravine, with high steep rocks on either side, and the path was so dangerous that they had to dismount and walk, holding their horses by the head. At the end of the ravine there was a stream, and over the stream was a bridge, and at the end of the bridge was a ruined tower. As they went past the tower Conrad and Roland looked in, and

in the middle of the floor they saw three large black dogs sitting, and the three dogs were talking together, and telling who they had met when on their travels. Our Princes listened, and they heard the first dog say—"The day before yesterday I met a maiden on a white pony, followed by a great giant, and the maiden was as lovely as the giant was strong."

The second dog then spoke, and said—"Yesterday I met a band of armed men looking for a maiden, the Princess of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, and I heard them swear that they would kill her if they found her."

And the third dog said—"To-day I met two knights riding, and one of them, I am sure, was a prince, for he had on his belt these words embroidered—'A Queen's Son.' They were coming this way, and soon should be passing here."

"Let us go out and watch for them," said the dog which had spoken first.

They came running out, and the first thing they saw was Conrad and Roland standing.

"We heard you talking about us," said Conrad. "Tell us where you met the Princess, and where you met the armed men."

"The Princess and the giant," replied the dog who had seen them, "were riding in that direc-

tion," and he nodded his head in the direction in which they were going. "I met them the day before yesterday on a hillside.

"And the armed men," said the black dog who had met them, "were riding all over the mountains. I saw them just about this place yesterday morning, and one of them said that they would return here about this time to-day to begin a new search for the Princess if they did not find her where they were going."

"Then perhaps we shall meet them," said Roland.

"So much the better," Conrad answered; "we shall put an end to their looking for Columbine."

The two Princes left the three black dogs and the old tower, and mounting their horses, for the road was now a little less dangerous, they rode on. They were not yet out of the ravine, and it grew narrower and narrower; and just where it was narrowest, the murderous band of horsemen advanced to meet them. They were the servants of the Greatest of Sorcerers, sent out by him and the Witch Queen to capture and kill the Princess, and to slay the two Princes as well, if they could find them; for these cruel monsters had heard how Conrad and Roland had made such

a slaughter at the castle of the Sorcerer's brother, and had vowed vengeance on them. They had not found Columbine, of course. She was safe in the palace of the Fairy King and Queen of the Mountains. But they did not know where she was, and had not given up looking. Now they were returning to the bridge with the old tower, intending, as the black dog had heard one of them tell, to begin another search in a new direction. When Conrad and Roland came in sight, they knew them at once to be the Prince of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea and the Prince of the Smiling Land, for the Greatest of Sorcerers had described exactly what like they were. And Roland and Conrad knew them immediately to be the murderers who were hunting for Columbine, they looked so fierce and cruel, and, besides, every one had on his shoulder a silver plate marked, "A Servant of the Greatest of Sorcerers." Nobody then said, "Who are you?" or "What are you doing here?"

Our two drew their swords, and all the horsemen did the same. The fight began. It happened fortunately that the path just at this place was so narrow, between the rocks on the left hand, and the stream on the right, that only two men

of the Greatest of Sorcerers' servants could stand in it abreast. Conrad and Roland therefore went on for a long time, killing first two, then two more, and then two more ; but at last the brave Conrad fell off his horse badly wounded, and Roland was left to defend the pass alone. There were at that time nearly a hundred of their foes alive, and pressing forward towards the Princes, and they gave a great shout of triumph when they saw Conrad fall.

“Keep your shouting till the battle is over,” Roland cried, and he grasped his sword more firmly and hit more stoutly, and before the sun had begun to go down fifty were killed by his single arm, and the stream had risen to double its size with the blood of the slain. He fought on like a wild lion, and when the sun was sinking in the west all but four were lying dead on the ground, and these four took to their heels and ran.

“They are cowards who fly!” Roland exclaimed, “and cowards deserve no mercy.”

He pursued them, and slew all the four.

“Conrad,” said he, when he returned to where the Prince of the Smiling Land lay, “Conrad, I don't think any of these men will trouble us more.”

Conrad made no reply.

Roland dismounted in haste, bent over him, and

saw that the Prince was quite unconscious. His wounds had been deep, and he had fainted, alas ! for loss of blood. Immediately Roland ran up the stream to where the water was yet pure, and filled his helmet, and hurried back. He bathed Conrad's face, and called on him fondly. At last he opened his eyes, and slowly came to himself.

He had his wounds bandaged, and then he sat up, and saw all the Greatest of Sorcerers' servants slain. And when he saw that sight, his strength and spirit seemed to return, and he said he felt strong enough to mount his horse again, and ride on seeking the Princess. This, however, Roland said he must not do. So the two Princes slept in a little hollow among the rocks that night, just above the place where the fight had been.

When the sun rose, Conrad felt weaker than when he went to sleep, but he insisted on continuing his journey. He got on his horse, and it was as much as he could do to keep from falling off, he was so faint. Had it not been for love of the Princess, I think he would have died ; but love carries one through a great deal.

They were riding all that day, only stopping once at a house where an old man dwelt to buy something to eat. It was evening at last, and

they were not on any road then, but going over the grass. Conrad was riding a little before Roland, with his head hanging down, and Roland was following him, grieved in his heart at the wounds of his friend, and hoping to get to some house before it was quite dark. Suddenly Conrad's strength gave way, and he fell like a lump of lead to the ground. Roland, when he came up to him, found that he had fainted again, and all he could do he would not come out of that faint.

"Is this," he cried, in despair, "to be the end of our seeking for Columbine?" and he ran to a little distance, meaning to go to the top of a green mound that was there, to see if a house was in sight to which he might carry the body of the poor Prince.

As he approached the mound it opened, and out stepped a fairy—the Fairy Queen of the Mountains. Roland started and stopped when he saw her, and he was still more amazed when he saw that the fairy was followed by no other than his own sister, the long-lost Columbine.

The Princess was quite as much surprised to see her brother; she had been asked out to walk by the Fairy Queen, and had never expected that he would be the first sight that would meet her eyes.

The two were in each other's arms in an instant,

and for some minutes neither of them could speak for joy. But, whenever Columbine could find words, she said—

“Where is Conrad?”

“Alas!” said Roland, “he lies yonder,” pointing to where Conrad lay, a little distance off.

Columbine hastened to him, and who can tell her grief when she found him with bandaged wounds, pale and insensible? Roland told her all that had happened the day before, and how Conrad had got his wounds fighting against the servants of the Greatest of Sorcerers.

The Fairy Queen, who had been standing on one side watching with pleasure the affectionate meeting of the brother and sister, seeing now Columbine’s great grief for her lover, drew near.

“I have here,” she said, “some of the leaves of the Tree of Healing. Touch the Prince’s wounds with them, and they will at once be healed, and he will come back to life again, and will recover strength, and be as he was before.”

Columbine was not long of taking the leaves of the Tree of Healing, and she knelt down and applied them to Conrad’s wounds, and they were healed at once; and he opened his eyes and looked up, and the first thing he saw was his own dear



'Columbine hastened to Conrad, and who can tell her grief when she found him with bandaged wounds, pale and insensible?'—CONRAD AND COLUMBINE, page 148.



Princess bending over him with such looks of love and concern, that any one might see he was all the world to her.

He seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

“Oh! my dear heart,” he said, “we have come together again at last.”

“That we have,” she said, “and I am happy once again.”

Conrad sat up; his strength came to him; he rose to his feet, and was as he had been before. There was not a wound to be seen upon him, and his paleness and faintness were quite away.

“How did you come here?” he asked Columbine; and she was just beginning to tell him, when the Fairy Queen, who had been talking to Roland, approached and said—

“Let us go into the Palace of Fairyland. You will all rest there to-night, and to-morrow I will let you go when and where you please.”

They went into the mound, and through the great hall, and entered the palace, and the table in the grandest room there was spread for them, and everything on it was of the best and rarest. I wish you had been there to see how magnificent everything was.

After they had done eating, they sat down to tell

each other about their adventures since they parted at the Glass Palace, and the Princess went to watch on the Hill of Solitude for the Star of Fortune. And if they did not talk that night till far on in the morning, it was not for want of something to speak about.

“What shall we do now?” said Columbine, when they were sitting early next day on a flowery bank beside one of the fountains of Fairyland, after the Princess had introduced the faithful giant Long-bones-Strong-bones, to her brother and Conrad.

“What shall we do?” said Conrad, “why, we shall all go to the Smiling Land, the country where my mother is Queen—there, Columbine, you will have nothing to fear. And when we get there, we shall send to your father to tell of all that his wicked Witch Queen has done. Should he refuse to hear us, and believe in her, we shall make war on his kingdom, and conquer the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, and put your stepmother to death, and burn the Greatest of Sorcerers, and make Roland King. You and I, Columbine, will stay then for the rest of our lives in the Smiling Land, and be as happy as the day is long.”

The Fairy Queen, who was sitting on the bank beside them, said she thought that Conrad had made a sensible speech. “But,” she added,

“we never can be sure of anything, and things may turn out sometimes worse than we expect, and sometimes a great deal better.”

“I hope it will be a great deal better in our case,” said the Princess.

“Go on your way,” said the Queen, “and see.” Then she told them, that if they made ready at once to set out, she and the Fairy King would go with them for a short piece of the road.

They soon made ready, and early in the forenoon the little mound opened, and the Fairy King rode out first, accompanied by Columbine on her white pony, with the star on her brow, the necklace of pearls about her neck, and the red rose in her hair; and after them came the Fairy Queen, with Conrad on her right hand, on his white steed with the saddle covered with crimson velvet and the trappings of silver, and Roland on her left, mounted on his jet-black horse; and after them strode Long-bones with great strides, bearing his huge sword over his shoulder.

They went till they came to the two peaks on the tops of which Columbine first saw the Fairy King and Queen sitting, and when they got there, the King and Queen said they must go to the top of the highest one—one was a little, but not much,

higher than the other. They climbed up, and the King pointed out exactly how they were to go in order to get by the shortest road to the Smiling Land.

“Now,” said he, “good-bye ; I wish you all well.”

“And so do I,” said the Queen. “All your lives through we will be of what service to you we can, and there are many times when we may be of use.”

Then turning to Columbine, she said—

“You know now why I asked you, for the sake of him you loved best, to stay with me. Had you not stayed, it is more than likely that you would have been captured and slain by the servants of the Greatest of Sorcerers, and that Prince Conrad would have perished of his wounds. Farewell, all of you.”

“Thank you, and farewell,” said they—Conrad, Columbine, Roland, and the giant.

They descended the mountain, and when they had got a long way, and turned to look back, there was the Fairy King sitting on the peak they had left, and the Fairy Queen had placed herself on the other peak, the lower one, and both were looking over their kingdom, and asking questions of the clouds which had come up from distant parts of the earth.



CHAPTER XIII.

ROLAND'S CHOICE.

BY the middle of the day our Princes and Princess were in the heart of an oak forest, and they were talking about resting for a little under some huge shady tree.

“I see something white among the branches yonder,” said Columbine; “perhaps it is a house, and we shall be more comfortable there than sitting on the damp ground.”

“I see something white, too,” said Roland; “but I don’t think it looks like a house at all.”

They went on, and when they had made their way among the thick trees, they came—not to a house certainly;—the white something turned out to be a most beautiful statue of a most beautiful maiden. To judge from its loveliness, it might have been the likeness of a Princess, maybe even of a Queen. It stood beside the greatest oak in all

the wide forest, and around it on the grass were blocks of grey stone, in shape like armed men. Conrad and Columbine and Roland and Long-bones stood looking at it and at the grey stones, and they could not make out in the least what they were there for. They all admired the beauty of the statue, but Roland especially was struck with it.

“Oh!” he said, “if it were only alive, and not cold stone! If it were only a living Princess or a Queen, I would go through fire to win her.”

Whilst they were standing, there came a rustling among the leaves of the thicket close by, and then the thicket opened, and before them stood the Queen of the Woodland Kingdom. Columbine knew her at once for the same who had spoken to her in the forest long, long before, at the beginning of her wanderings, when she was a dove by night and Roland a goat by day. She turned to thank her for the many kindnesses she had shown them.

“I am the helper,” said the Queen, “of all who deserve to be helped. Had you and your brother not been worthy of assistance, it would have been long enough before I would have come to you.”

She then began to tell them that the marble statue standing there under the shade of the great tree was a lady under spells.

“Rosabel,” she said, “is her name, and she is Queen of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World’s-End.”

“Why,” said Roland, “that is the next country to the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea.”

“The same,” said the Queen.

“And how has she fallen under enchantment?” Columbine inquired.

“Her enchanter,” replied the Queen, “is a wicked one-eyed giant. He would have her to marry him; and after she had refused him five times, he turned her into stone, and placed her here. Here she has remained ever since, making all who pass by wonder at her beauty, and those who know her history weep at her misfortunes.”

“And what are those blocks of grey stone, in shape like armed men?” Roland asked.

“These are knights,” said the Queen, “who have tried to rescue the Queen of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World’s-End from her enchantment. They went, one after the other, to attack the giant in his castle; and the one-eyed monster has this power, that with a glance of his eye he can change those he looks on, unless they are the strongest of men, into stone. He changed them all before they ever came to blows, and set them

here around the Queen, as a terrible example to such as would dare to oppose his will and try to break his spells."

"These knights have all failed, but can no one set her free?" cried Roland.

"Yes," the Queen answered, "you can."

"Then tell me at once," Roland said, "where the giant's castle is, and I shall set out."

The Queen told him, and when she had told him, she said—

"Remember, there is one thing you must not do: you must not spend more than a night in the Ivory Castle which lies in your way to where the giant dwells. The knights you see all spent too long in that castle, and lost their strength by lying on soft couches and living on dainty food there. Had they not done that, the giant's eye would have had no power over them. You are pretty sure to succeed, and free Rosabel, if you take warning in time. And when you have set her free, choose the Queen of the Bright Realm to be your bride. She is to be chosen by you before all other queens and princesses."

When she had said this, the Queen of the Woodland kingdom turned and entered the thicket again, and the Princess and the Princes saw her no more.

“I shall set out at once for the castle of the one-eyed giant,” said Roland.

“And we will go with you,” said Conrad and Columbine and Long-bones.

“No,” Roland replied, “I shall go alone; if I am killed, the loss then will be the less, and if I slay the giant, I shall have the more glory for myself.”

The Prince and Princess and the giant then agreed to remain on that spot, beside the marble statue; and Roland promised he would go in haste, and when he had killed the giant—if the giant did not make an end of him—he would lose no time in coming back.

Long-bones told him that he knew something about the giant he was going to fight.

“You will find him,” he said, “a difficult monster to get the better of, and a still more difficult monster to kill; for there is only one sword that can kill him, and that is his own—the Sword of Sharpness. I would much rather go with you to help you than stay here.”

Still the Prince said no, he would go alone, and he was not long of riding off.

After he was gone, Conrad, Columbine, and the giant searched all about where the marble statue

stood, to see what they could see, and they found a bower, which looked as if it had been built for a King's daughter, it was so grand. It was gilded outside, and covered with silver within. In that splendid bower there was nobody living, so Columbine took up her abode in it, and she lived in it very happily for two days, as any one might know who went past her window, where she sat singing as gaily as the birds that hopped about upon the trees. She was getting to love Conrad more and more, and his love for her was growing as well. He did everything he could think of for her, and if she only looked as if she wanted anything, he did his best to get it. He and Long-bones hunted for game in the forest, and they found enough for all their wants ; and the three ate game and wild herbs, and drank pure water from the brook ; and I do not believe that any people, even in the most magnificent palaces, ever were happier.

Now we shall leave Conrad and his Princess and the giant to themselves, and follow Prince Roland on his journey to the castle of the giant who had laid the Queen of the Bright Realm under spells. He rode till evening, and when it was about dark he came to a castle of ivory, and it was all carved outside as he never had seen a castle carved in

all his travels. He knocked at the gate, and it was soon opened by a lovely maiden in a robe of bright yellow satin.

“May I have a lodging here to-night?”

“That you may,” said the maiden; “come in, and follow me.”

He followed her, and they went up a great flight of steps and along a passage, and then they were in a hall where thirty damsels were assembled, and every one was more beautiful than another, and one half of them were dressed in the same colour as the one he had first seen, and the other half wore satin robes of dark blue, and all had heavy gold chains about their necks. Besides these maidens there were thirty knights clad in velvet, and they also had on heavy gold chains.

Just as Roland entered the hall, a door at the other end opened, and a lady walked in, and she was far more lovely than any of the rest; and as for her dress, part of it was dark blue, and part bright yellow. She advanced to where Roland stood, and taking him by the hand, bade him welcome to the Ivory Castle.

He thanked her for her courtesy, and said he had knocked at the gate hoping to get a lodging there that night.

“You would be told you were welcome to that,” said the lady; “we are always glad to see strangers here.”

She then led him into an inner room, in which a most gorgeous banquet was spread, and made him sit in the place of honour above all the other knights that were there, and paid him great attention; and Roland was as comfortable as you can imagine. Feasting was carried on far into the night, and there was no want of anything one could think of either in the way of eating or of drinking. And the room was filled with the sweetest music, played by a company of musicians who sat behind a great curtain at the end of the banqueting hall. It was late when everybody went to bed.

Roland, however, was so impatient to go on his way to kill the giant and free Queen Rosabel, that he slept little, and was up by the break of day. No one else was stirring then, of course, and as he thought it would not be polite at all to go away without taking leave of the lady to whom the castle appeared to belong, he remained—you may suppose how much it was against his will. He sat out on the terrace, knocking his heels against the stones with impatience for three whole hours. The lady appeared at last, and when she heard

he was going off, she was not at first for believing it.

“Yes, I am really going,” Roland said.

She then began to coax and entreat him to stay, and to promise him all sorts of pleasures if he only would remain a few days longer.

“You will,” she said, “have the best of everything to eat, the finest music to listen to, as much hunting as you care for, and ease, if you wish it, morning, noon, and night.”

“For all that, I cannot and will not stay,” answered the Prince.

“If you remain, you may marry any one of the beautiful maidens you saw last night. I will even marry you myself, for you are the handsomest prince I ever saw,” said the lady.

“I would not have any of you,” Roland replied, “though you were all twenty times fairer than you are, for I know a Queen who is much more lovely even than that.”

The lady of the Ivory Castle then began to grow sour-looking. She saw there was no use tempting him any more, he was not to be moved, so she bade him adieu coldly, and Roland went out, mounted his horse, and rode away.

About a mile from the palace was a little hill,

and the Prince's way lay over it. When he was half way up he turned to look back. The castle had vanished. He could see nothing of it, though he could make out plainly the spot where it had stood. There was nothing there now but grass and furze bushes, as in all other parts of the country round. He rode on wondering, but nothing came of his wondering, and in a little he had crossed the hill and gone down the other side. After a while he came to a cave, and as he went past he heard a voice coming out of its mouth.

The voice said, "Prince Roland, you have done well to refuse to stay in the Ivory Castle. That is the enchanted castle where so many knights bent on rescuing the Queen of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End have lost their strength, and so fallen an easy prey to the one-eyed giant. You have escaped this peril ; the giant's one-eye has no power now to turn you into stone. Go on, and be bold. Fortune will not favour anybody unless he is bold."

"Then I shall be as bold as can be," Roland cried out.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE BRAVE HEART WINS THE DAY.

ROLAND came in time to the shore of the sea, and there was a great bay there. The Prince stood on the one side of the bay, and the castle he sought was on the other. Now there were, of course, two ways for him to reach the castle; he could either ride round the bay, or swim across it. The riding round was far too slow a plan for him. He got off his horse, fastened it where he knew he could find it again, took his sword in his teeth, and plunged into the water. It was a long distance to swim, but his love for the Queen was so great that he did not think anything of it. The words he heard coming out of the mouth of the cave kept always ringing in his ears,—“Fortune will not favour anybody unless he is bold.” He swam on, and was not in the least afraid either of being drowned or of being

eaten by sharks, and there were a great many sharks in that sea.

When he landed on the opposite shore, he walked for two hours through a wood, and, on the way, he saw a giant raven sitting on a tree. The Prince and the raven began to talk, and after they had spoken about many things, all of which I forget, the bird said—

“Where are you going?”

“I am going to the castle of the one-eyed giant,” said Roland.

“I hope you are no friend of his,” said the raven, “for I bear a grudge to that giant. He killed my father and my mother, and all my brothers and sisters, and he has tried to kill me these hundred years, but has never been able.”

“Well,” said the Prince, “I am the very opposite of a friend of his. I am going to force him to loose the spells by which he has bound the fairest Queen upon earth, and I shall kill him if I can.”

“Oh! do your best to kill him,” the raven cried; “the earth will be well rid of such a monster.”

“It is difficult to do that,” answered the Prince, “for his life can be taken by no sword but his own—the Sword of Sharpness.”

“I know the ins and outs of his castle well;

perhaps I could get that sword for you," said the raven.

"You can do me no favour greater than that," Roland said.

"Then," replied the raven, "wait here till I come back. If skill and cunning can do anything, I shall bring you the sword."

He flew off, and Roland waited. After some hours he saw him coming back, and under one wing he had the great Sword of Sharpness.

"I got it," said the raven, when he had lighted on the ground, "partly by skill and partly by cunning, and I hope now you will manage to kill the giant."

"I shall do my best," Roland said.

The raven laid the sword at Roland's feet, and then spread his huge wings, and mounted up into the air. The Prince was overjoyed, as every one will believe, at having the only sword which could end the giant's life. And indeed there was more about it that was useful than that: if a man had it he could slay what other men he pleased, without any trouble to himself, by just saying, "Take off their heads, but not mine," or something like that. Roland stooped down to pick it up, but the sword was so heavy he could hardly lift it. At last, by a

great effort, he got it upon his shoulder, and, with it on his shoulder and his own sword at his side, he continued his march through the forest. In the beginning of the evening he came to a well, and over the well he saw a stone, and on the stone was written, "By drinking here you will become the strongest of men."

"Why," said Roland, "that is just what I want to be."

He knelt down and drank of the water, which was cold as snow in the middle of winter; and when he rose to take breath, he felt ever so much stronger. He knelt down and drank again, and when he rose he felt stronger still, and after he had knelt down and drank the third time, he felt himself to be the strongest of men, and seizing the Sword of Sharpness, he flourished it about his head as if it had been the weight of a feather.

In a short time after leaving the well, he came in sight of the one-eyed giant's castle. It stood on a hill that rose from the surface of a level plain. On all sides the hill was rocky, and there was only one place where an easy road could be found to the gate, and that road every one could see from a distance, but it was invisible when one went near. The castle itself was a huge building, with no end

of towers and turrets, and the tops of these had all golden-weathercocks, and they shone in the setting sun. It had been built ages before by a clever magician, who had laid the whole country under spells, and such was their power, that no one could approach within seven miles of the castle unless he had permission of the owner. But the giant must have been asleep or busy, or have trusted to Roland's yielding to the temptations of the Ivory Castle, or something must have been the matter, for there was nothing to hinder our Prince on his journey. He descended into the plain and crossed it, and every minute it was getting darker and darker. By good luck he found his way all right, and although the path to the gate was not visible, as you have heard, when one was close to it, he never went astray. Everything seemed to turn out well for him. Up the path he went, bearing the great sword over his shoulder, and he kept always repeating to himself, "Fortune does not favour anybody unless he is bold."

It was almost dark when the Prince came to the gate of the giant's castle. The moon had not yet risen, and the only light there was came from the twinkling stars. The gate was of solid iron, and on either side of it were chains for two lions, but

the lions were away—I don't know why. Over the gate there was a stone with an inscription telling who built the castle, and that it was now inhabited by the one-eyed giant. There was a good deal more upon it, which Roland could not make out because of the darkness.

The first thing he did after he had looked at the iron gate and tried to read the inscription, was to stoop down and draw a magic circle on the ground a little distance from the castle walls. It was a spell he had learned from a sorcerer when he and Conrad were staying in the Glass Castle; and it was this sort of circle, that no one who once got within it could move either hand or foot. When that was done he went up to the gate again. By its side there was a big brass horn fastened by a chain. The Prince seized it with both hands, and blew a blast as loud as he could blow. He had no sooner done that than a terrible storm of wind and rain and thunder and lightning came on. It was little Roland cared for that, and he waited outside, in the pouring rain, to see if any one would come to open the gate. He had not stood long before the storm began to grow weaker, and when it was about over, a window opened above the gate, and exactly above the inscription, and the one-

eyed giant himself looked out and asked who was there.

“I am Prince Roland of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea.”

“And what are you after here?”

“I am after the release from your spells of Queen Rosabel of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World’s-End.”

“That you will never obtain,” said the one-eyed giant, and he shut down the window with a great noise.

Roland waited a little while, to see if anything more would happen, but nothing did. So he took up the horn again with both hands and blew a blast louder, if that could be, than the first one. A more terrible storm than before came on of wind and rain and hail and thunder and lightning, and when it was about past, the gate of the castle opened, and out walked the giant. He was enormous in size, three heads taller than Long-bones, and Long-bones was the biggest giant Roland had ever seen. His one eye stood in the middle of his forehead, and it looked so fierce and wicked that oneshuddered to look at it. This eye was seen quite plainly in the dark, for it shot out a sort of blue light. But, fortunately for the Prince, the giant could not see with it at night very well. He had a club

covered with iron spikes over his shoulder, and with this club he was accustomed to kill his enemies if he failed by the power of his eye to turn them into stone.

“You had better be off,” he said to Roland, when he had come out of the gate.

“I shall not go,” said the Prince, “until I obtain the release of the Queen of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World’s-End.”

“Go, or I’ll kill you.”

“That threat won’t move me.”

The giant began to laugh. “I have not laughed,” said he, “for seventy years, but it is such fun to see a little man so bold.”

Roland, upon his saying that, made a thrust at him with the Sword of Sharpness, and gave him a slight wound below the knee. The giant immediately stopped laughing, and began to lay about him with his club. He made a blow at Roland, but our Prince nimbly stepped aside, and the club came down on a stone, which it broke into a hundred thousand pieces.

“It would hardly have done for my bones to have been in the place of that stone,” said Roland.

The giant aimed another blow, but he had no better fortune than with the first, and the same

thing happened with all his blows. The Prince cleverly got out of the way of them all, and was always going back and back, so as to lead the giant into the magic circle he had traced on the ground. The darkness was much against the giant, even though the moon had now risen. He could not see Roland very distinctly, far less distinctly, indeed, than Roland could see him. When he found that he was not at once killing the Prince, he began to grind his teeth with anger.

“I shall drink your blood yet,” he cried; and when he said that, he stamped with his foot so hard on the grass that it went into the earth, and he could hardly draw it out again.

In a passionate fury he hurled his club again at Roland, and making a step forward at the same time, he stumbled, and fell into the magic circle, and, to his dismay, he could move neither hand nor foot; he could do nothing but rage.

“This is the end,” said the Prince, “of your boasting. You have not killed me after all.”

And with the Sword of Sharpness he cut off the giant's head. How glad we ought all to be that the fight ended so well! No sooner was the giant killed than the only five servants he had in his castle dropped down at once dead with

fright. The Prince walked through the castle, and there he found in the dungeons many knights in heavy chains, and many beautiful ladies hung up by the hair. Roland was not long of setting them free, and they told him how they had been all captured at different times by the giant, and how they had spent many miserable days and nights in his dark dungeons, expecting every hour to be their last. You can imagine what joyful meetings there were between these lords and ladies, who had never expected to see each other in this world again, and what thanks they gave to Roland for setting them free. The knights said they would go with him, and fight for him all over the earth if he wished; but Roland said he did not need them; he expected he had done all the fighting he required to do for a little. So when the morning came they went on their ways gladly, back to their homes. Roland went on his, with his heart fluttering with expectation, back to where he had parted from Columbine and Conrad and Long-bones, beside the marble statue, and the one-eyed giant was left to make a meal for the eagles.





CHAPTER XV.

THE UNGRATEFUL KNIGHTS.

ON the night when Roland was fighting with the giant, Conrad and Columbine were out walking in front of the marble statue, and flowers were springing up all over the grass wherever the Princess trod. The two were watching the stars, and wishing that the moon would rise. Whilst they were going up and down, the moon did rise, and the statue looked very beautiful bathed in the soft light. The Prince and Princess stopped and looked at it.

“Is it not lovely?” said Columbine.

Just at that moment, Roland, far away, cut off the giant's head, and in an instant the Queen of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End left off being a marble statue, and became a real living Queen. How shall I describe her? She had gentle blue eyes, and hair like spun gold, and when Conrad

looked at her, he saw that every way she was next in loveliness to Columbine.

The awakened Queen looked about her in amazement. She could hardly believe that there was no mistake about her being alive again. She caught sight of Columbine standing under a tree, with the star on her brow, and Conrad by her side, with his belt round his waist, and "A Queen's Son" upon it. Queen Rosabel stepped towards them.

"Fair Prince and Princess," she said, "is it to you that I owe my deliverance from the power of the one-eyed giant, under whose spells I have been so long?"

"No," answered Conrad, "it is not to us; it is to the brother of this Princess, who has ventured his life that he might release you."

Then Conrad began to relate all about their coming to the place where they were then, and their seeing the statue, and their wondering at its standing there, and the appearance to them of the Queen of the Woodland Kingdom, and what she said, and Roland's riding away, and their staying still. He did not leave out telling, too, about Roland's admiration for the beauty of the statue; and at that the Queen blushed and looked down.

She began to be much interested in Roland, and asked when he would return, in order that she might thank him.

“He will return as soon as he can,” Conrad said.

During all their talk, the knights who had been changed by the giant into stone were gradually returning to their proper shapes, but Conrad and Columbine and Rosabel had been so busy speaking that they had never noticed them. When they looked round at last, however, there they were standing. There were fifty-one of them, bravely armed, and just as if they never had been blocks of grey stone at all. They came in a body, and asked exactly what Rosabel had done; if it was to Conrad and Columbine that they owed their release. But Conrad answered no, and told them everything about Roland's going to fight with the one-eyed giant. The Princess then asked Queen Rosabel if she would come and spend the night with her in her gilded bower, and that she said she would do. The knights and Conrad and Long-bones, who had been wakened out of his sleep by the noise, and had come to see what was the matter, then lay down to rest under the trees, and there they lay till morning.

A little after daybreak, Conrad and Long-bones rose, and leaving the knights sleeping, went to hunt for game. Whilst they were away, the knights awoke and began to talk over what they should do. Each one knew why the others were there—he knew that it was because they were, like himself, in love with the beautiful Queen Rosabel of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End.

At last one of them said, “When this Prince Roland, who has slain the one-eyed giant, and released us, comes back, the Queen will be for marrying him, as sure as can be. Suppose we seize the first chance, and carry her off to her kingdom, and, when we are there, we shall get her to marry one of ourselves?”

This pleased them all, for every knight felt certain in his own mind that he would be the knight the Queen would choose.

An opportunity occurred before they expected it. They had not long finished talking when Columbine walked out of the Golden Bower, and went into the forest to look for Conrad and Long-bones. In a few minutes Rosabel came to the bower door, and looked out to breathe the fresh air. The knights saw her all alone.

“Now is our chance,” said they.

They advanced in a body, and one of them went to the Queen and told her that they were going to set off that instant for her Bright Realm, and that she must go with them.

“That cannot be,” said Rosabel; “I have to wait for Prince Roland of the Golden Country.”

“What does that matter?” said they; “you must go;” and in spite of all she could say, they placed her on Conrad’s white steed with the saddle covered with crimson velvet and the trappings of silver, which was feeding close by, and off with her they went. They were in great glee at having succeeded in their scheme, and Queen Rosabel was as sorry as they were glad; she wished so much to see Prince Roland.

Conrad and Long-bones were longer than usual with their hunting, for they were bent on killing game enough to feed all the knights who were there. They did it in time, however, and turned their faces towards the Golden Bower,—the giant laden with no end of deer and hares and birds of all sorts, and Conrad bearing their spears and bows and arrows. Columbine met them, and they all walked home together. When they got to the place where the knights had slept, there was not one of them there; when they reached the

bower, it was empty ; and when they ran to the top of a hill a little way off, what did they see in the distance but the whole company of knights, and in their midst the lovely Queen Rosabel, mounted on Conrad's white horse, and the Queen was turning round to wave her handkerchief, and a knight was trying to prevent her making any signal to Conrad and Columbine and Long-bones !

It was impossible to overtake them, they were too far away.

"I see how it all is," said Conrad. "These knights are carrying off the Queen to her kingdom, and when they have got her there, they will be for forcing her to marry one of themselves."

"Then what shall we do?" said Columbine. "I am sure Rosabel cares more for Roland, though she has only heard about him, than for anybody else in the whole world. She will marry none of these knights."

"I think," answered Conrad, "we should first keep our promise to Roland, and wait here till he returns; after that we may contrive to rescue the Queen out of her new troubles."

Well, they waited that day, and late at night they heard the galloping of Roland's black horse coming nearer and nearer. At last he appeared,

and the horse, which was foaming and sweating, came to a stand-still. Roland leaped out of the saddle; and "Where is Queen Rosabel?" were his very first words.

His sister and Conrad told him what had become of her; and if ever a man was astonished and indignant and sorry, it was he when he heard the story. Soon, however, he got the better of his wonder and anger and grief.

"If I am to have her, have her I shall after all," said he. "How I wish I had brought those knights who offered to come with me from the giant's castle. Then there would have been a good chance of rescuing her."

"Well we must try what we can do alone," said Columbine. "You can't do worse than lose her, you know. But tell us how you managed to kill the one-eyed giant."

Roland told all about it; how he had slept a night in the Ivory Castle, and been tempted to stay there the next morning; how he had heard a voice coming out of a cave, and what the voice said; how he had met a raven in a wood, and how the raven brought him the Sword of Sharpness; and how he had blown the horn at the castle gate, and talked with the giant, and fought with him, and

killed him, and released ever so many knights and fair ladies. He told all this as fast as he could, for he was in a hurry to be away after the Queen of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End. When he had finished speaking of his adventures, he and his sister and Conrad and Long-bones began to talk again about saving the Queen from the wicked knights who had carried her off, and, in the middle of their talking, Columbine chanced to say—

“I wish we had the Fairy King of the Mountains here; he would be sure to give you good advice.”

These words were no sooner out of her mouth than the Fairy King stood before them.

“What do you want with me?” said the King.

They told what a difficulty they were in.

“My advice, then,” said the Fairy King of the Mountains, “is to go at once and invade the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End, and slay all the knights. The knights, when they get there, will frighten the Queen into saying that it was one of themselves who freed her from the spells of the one-eyed giant, and then they will try to make her choose which one of themselves she will marry—just as you suppose. She will put off choosing for

a day or two, and by that time you may be there, and have destroyed all the army they can bring against you, and the knights as well."

"But the worst of it is," said Roland, "we have no army."

"That want is easily supplied," said the King. "Ten miles away from this, among the mountains, and under the Needle Peak, there is a spell-bound army, and every man of it is so tall that he can see over the fir-trees, and so strong that he can pluck up the oaks of the forest like daisies. It is to be got at by entering the cavern on the north side of the peak. There is no difficulty about finding the way. The warriors have been enchanted there for nine hundred years, and they are to be roused by magic for five days every hundred years. The time has come when they may be roused for the ninth time. Now, if you go to that cavern and find them, you will see their commander sitting armed on his horse at their head. Strike the middle finger of his right hand with the wand by which the Princess opened the gates of the castle of the brother of the Greatest of Sorcerers, and the doors of the palace where the King's cannibal daughters lived, and cry 'Awake all, and follow me!' Immediately, the whole host will rouse

themselves out of their long slumber, and do whatever you wish for five days. When these are over, they must return to their cavern again. But that time is quite enough for you to save the Queen of the Bright Realm."

When he had said that, the Fairy King of the Mountains disappeared.

Roland did not even wait for daylight; he set out at once for the cave in which the spell-bound army lay. He was sure it would not be difficult to find even in the dark, for he knew the Needle Peak very well, having passed it both on his way to the one-eyed giant's castle and on his way coming back. He left Conrad and Columbine and Long-bones, and, when he got to the Needle Peak, he went to the north side, and the first thing he came upon was the entrance to the cave. He lighted a pine-torch and rode in, and he held the torch above his head in one hand, and in the other was the wand he had borrowed from Columbine. The path was at first smooth and level; in a little it began to be narrow, rough, broken, and damp, and to descend into the very heart of the earth. Our Prince went winding down and down, and after a long journey the path widened, and he entered a high hall, in which the warriors sat.

Roland's torch did not burn brightly enough to show more than a few of them, but from these few he saw that what the Fairy King had said was really true. They were so tall that they could see over the fir-trees; and as for strength, they looked as if they could easily pluck up trees like daisies. Each man sat on a horse as black as jet, and horses and men had on heavy armour, and each one held a spear in his right hand, and had a sword by his side, and his helmet was barred ready for battle. The commander was sitting at the head of his army, and he was two heads taller than any of his men.

Roland went up to him, and struck him with the wand on the middle finger of his right hand, and cried out—

“Awake all, and follow me!”

Immediately the commander gave a start, and waked out of his sleep, and a sound began in that great hall of clanking arms, and rattling steel chains, and neighing horses. It grew louder and louder, as, one after another, horses and men shook off sleep, and for the first time for a hundred years knew what it was to be alive and moving.

“Lead on, and we will follow!” said the commander.

Roland turned, and went first up the steep winding way, and when they got to the mouth of the cavern the morning was bright and clear.

Except what the commander said to Roland, and that was not much, not a word was spoken by anybody. All rode in silence till they came to the Gilded Bower, where Conrad, Columbine, and Long-bones were looking out for them. They rejoiced to see such a huge army.

“Let us begin our march against the knights immediately,” said Roland, when he rode up. “With this army I think we should carry everything before us.”

“We are quite ready to set out,” said Conrad.

So they began their march, Columbine riding at the head of the great host on her white pony, with the wand in her hand, the necklace of pearls about her neck, the star on her brow, and the rose in her hair; Conrad on a grey horse he had caught that morning in the forest, with his belt round his waist, his red rose stuck in the front of his helmet, and a sword by his side; and Roland on his black steed, with a white swan’s feather in his helmet, and the Sword of Sharpness over his shoulder. Long-bones strode beside them. The army followed.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE ONLY CAMPAIGN OF ITS KIND.

BY this time the knights had reached the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End. And when they got there, it was as the Fairy King of the Mountains had said; they told the people it was one of themselves who had rescued Queen Rosabel from the hands of the one-eyed giant, and the Queen never said a word to contradict them, for they had told her they would kill her at once if she did. She had been much beloved by her people, and they were glad to see her again, and there was nothing but feasting and fireworks in the Bright Realm for two days after she came back. But none could be brought to like the knights who had come with the Queen, they were so proud and selfish.

It did not take long to show what sort of men they were. At once they began trying to persuade

the Queen to marry one of their number—every one hoping, as I said before, that he would be the man she would pick out. But the Queen put them off, saying, she must have some time to think about it, and that she would give them an answer in a week or so. She hoped Prince Roland would appear before the week was out, and that, somehow or other—she had no idea how—he would rescue her from the hands of the knights, and marry her himself.

Before the second day was over, a messenger came riding furiously along the road that led to Queen Rosabel's palace, and when he got to the palace gate, he cried out so loud that everybody heard him—

“There is an army advancing against this kingdom from the east, and there are as many men in it as there are stars in the sky, and every man is as tall as a church spire.”

“Where has the army come from?” asked the oldest knight.

“I do not know,” answered the messenger, “but at the head of it are a princess, two princes, and a giant.”

“Here is a pretty to-do!” said the knight who had first spoken to the other knights, who were

standing there listening. "These must be the Prince and the Princess and the giant we saw in the forest, and the Prince who really slew the one-eyed monster."

"Where in all the world have they got the army? and what in all the world shall we do?" said another knight.

"We must do our best and fight," said a third.

"I by no means like that," said a fourth; "an easy life is what suits me best."

"Oh! we can get men to fight for us," a young knight called out. "If they are killed, what does it matter; we at any rate shall escape."

What this knight said pleased the others, for you never saw a more cowardly set than they were. They immediately sent heralds all over the kingdom to proclaim that an army was advancing against it, and that there were as many men in it as there were stars in the sky, and that every man was as tall as a church spire, and to call on all in the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End to rise and fight. They waited the whole of the next day, but never a man came; the people had in the short space of three days got to dislike the knights so. Every knight was shaking with fear on the evening of the third day; it looked as if they were really going

to be destroyed, for they felt sure that not one of them would escape if they fell into the hands of the Prince from whom they had carried off the Queen. They were all standing talking in a body at the palace gate, when a man came riding to tell them that the army had encamped seven miles away from the palace, and outside the city walls. The palace of Queen Rosabel, you must know, stood in the centre of the capital city of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End.

“They are to remain where they are,” the messenger said, “during the night. I heard them say they would be here to-morrow forenoon.”

The man who brought this bad news to the knights was not long gone, when another man, in a long red cloak, and holding a great bag in one hand and a staff in the other, approached. He saluted them, and said, “I am the Greatest of Sorcerers, and I have come to aid you in fighting against Prince Roland and his army.”

“Truly,” said one of the knights, “we need aid. We have not even got a man of this realm to fight for us.”

“I shall teach you,” said the Greatest of Sorcerers, “how to raise a host far more numerous than that coming against you, and more powerful

every way. Take this bag, and, when the clock strikes twelve to-night, strew the grain that is in it over the ground, repeating, 'Change your shape!' as you throw each handful. Leave it all night, and by morning it will have sprung up an army beyond counting. It will obey your orders, and follow wherever you lead, and when you have defeated the Prince, all you have to do is to stand out in front and cry, 'Be as you were before,' and the army will become a heap of grain again."

The Greatest of Sorcerers gave the bag to the knights; they thanked him, and he went away.

The knights were full of joy now at the prospect of defeating Roland and Conrad. They waited impatiently till twelve o'clock, and then they strewed the grain on the ground, repeating, "Change your shape," at every handful. They went to rest, and in the morning when they awoke, there was an army outside the palace so numerous there was no counting it, and all the men in it were fully armed, and much taller than church steeples.

The knights, after they had made a great breakfast—they were uncommonly good at that—mounted their horses and rode out in front of the newly-made army, and, after one of them had delivered a speech, they all turned their faces in the direction

in which the host of Conrad and Roland lay. The Queen, who had heard all that was going on, saw them riding off with drums beating and flags flying, and it was a woful sight to her. There seemed very little chance now of her being rescued, and she almost made up her mind to leave her throne and fly away to live a hermit life in some wood rather than marry one of the wicked knights. However, she resolved to stay and see how things would turn out. "Roland has not yet actually been defeated," she said to herself.

The knights and their army moved on, and, as they went through the city, all the people stopped and stared, and wondered where such a host of gigantic men had come from. And when they saw who were at their head, they wished them bad luck. The knights got outside the walls, and were riding over a hill, when they saw the Greatest of Sorcerers sitting on a stone. He rose when he noticed them coming, and advanced to meet them, and, at his bidding, the whole army came to a halt.

"I have thought of a very good plan," said he, "by which you are surer than by any other to defeat the host of the Princes."

"What is that?" said one of the knights.

“Well, it is this,” said the Greatest of Sorcerers :
“I will change the army here on the hillside into a forest of fir-trees. Now those coming against you can only enter the city by passing through the forest, and they will enter it without suspecting anything, for not one of them has ever been here before, to know that there was not a forest here always. You, knights, will stand yonder between the city walls and the forest, and when the army of the Princes is in the thick of the wood, one of you will cry out—

‘Change again,
Greatest of Sorcerers’ fighting men.’

He must cry exactly these words, and nothing but these. Immediately the trees will become warriors, and each warrior will seize the enemy nearest him and put him to death. Such will be the end of your foes, if you do as I advise.”

“That we will,” said the knights.

The Greatest of Sorcerers then, by repeating a magic verse in a foreign language, which I do not understand, changed the whole army into a forest of fir-trees. Immediately afterwards he disappeared. He would have stayed if he could to see how things would turn out, but he could not, for he had something to look after in a far corner of the earth.

The knights rode round to the place the Greatest of Sorcerers had pointed out between the forest and the city walls, and there they waited. But they had not waited an hour when they began to grow tired, and to think they had enough men to fight without their running any risk themselves, and that they were not in the least needed, when all that was to be done was to cry out—

“Change again,
Greatest of Sorcerers’ fighting men.”

“Let us draw lots,” said they, “who is to remain and cry that out. The rest of us may as well go back to the palace and amuse ourselves.”

They drew lots, and it fell on a knight of whom there is nothing to be said except that he was the most stupid among them all.

“Remember,” said they, as they rode off, “the words you have to say are”——

“Don’t bother yourselves repeating them,” said he ; “I know them well enough.”

Our story now goes on to tell what our Princes and Princess were about. They had ridden with their army as quickly as they could from the place where they had found the spell-bound Queen Rosabel, and had come at last, as we have heard already, to within seven miles of the Queen’s palace.

There they encamped and slept for a night. You may say they took a good deal longer to go from the forest to the Bright Realm than the knights had done. That is quite true ; but you must consider that a host as numerous as the stars could not go anything like so fast as a small company of fifty-one knights.

The Princes felt sure that the knights would have gathered an army together to prevent their rescuing the Queen, but they never imagined it would be such a one as they had really got. They rose that morning and prepared for a battle, and nothing was to be heard in the camp but the grinding of swords and the polishing of armour.

There happened to be several high hills between them and the city, so they saw nothing of the knights and their host as they marched out of the gate. But Long-bones, by good fortune, chanced, just at that time, to have wandered away from the tents, and from a rising ground he saw them as they marched to where the magician sat in his red cloak, and he watched till the army was turned into a fir forest and the knights had disappeared behind the trees. He returned then, and told Roland and Conrad what he thought the plan was by which the knights intended to destroy them all.

“It is as well for us that we know of their schemes,” said Roland.

He then gave orders—for he had the chief command that day—that every man should mount and make ready, and he let every one know what Longbones had seen. In a few minutes the host was moving on towards the capital city of Queen Rosabel. A small band only was left to protect our sweet Columbine from harm.

When they got in sight of the forest, Roland called out that every one was to dismount and lead his horse, and be on his guard against surprise.

“For who knows,” he said, “but that yonder wood may take to itself its real shape of armed men?”

They marched nearer and nearer, but the forest never changed. Roland then made his army halt, and he and Conrad consulted together what they should do.

“Our men, you know,” said Conrad, “are able to pull up trees like daisies: let us begin at this side of the forest, and let every one pluck up a tree by the roots and break it across his knee. We shall make a pile of the broken trees, and when it is large enough, we shall set it on fire.”

“That is the best plan that could be,” said

Roland; "only it may be that when we are plucking some up, the rest may recover their proper shape."

"That does not matter," Conrad replied; "we shall have destroyed a few, and there will not be so many left to kill."

The army began marching again, and it drew quite close to the forest. Roland then told his men what to do, and to work these warriors went, plucking up the trees. Each man seized one, pulled it up by the roots, broke it across his knee, and threw the two pieces to where the pile was to be built. What a pulling up of trees and breaking of branches there was! The knight on the other side of the wood heard the noise. "What can it be all about?" said he to himself.

He ran to an opening and looked through, and there he saw the Princes' army pulling up the trees as fast as they could. He felt there was nothing for it but to change the trees back into men at once; but what was his dismay to find he could not recollect exactly what he was to say! He shouted out—

"Change again,
Greatest of Sorcerers' *martial* men;"

but not a tree stirred. He then tried—

"Change again,
Greatest of Sorcerers' *giant* men;"

but that did not change them either. He cried out the third time—

“Change again,
Greatest of Sorcerers’ *magic* men ;”

but that did no better. Then he tried what saying “warrior men” and “valiant men” and “enchanted men,” and I don’t know all what else, would do. Long-bones, who was in the front rank of the army, happened to hear him shouting. He ran through the wood, and when he saw the knight, he asked what he was bawling away there for.

“I am trying to change these trees into men,” said the knight.

“You won’t have another chance of doing that,” said Long-bones ; and he cut off his head then and there.

The army worked away very hard ; they never ceased, even though the sun that afternoon was burning hot, and every man sweated as he had not done for hundreds of years before. By the evening, all the trees were rooted up and broken in pieces, and a huge pile was raised that reached half way to the sky.

“Now, let us set it on fire,” said Roland.

They put a light to the tree lowest down, and in a little while the whole was in a blaze. But before

the fire had grown large, the band who had been left in the camp came riding up with Columbine, and then the commander of the enchanted army approached Roland.

“We must away,” he said; “our time of waking is now about over, and for another hundred years we shall not see the light of heaven.”

Roland told him how sorry he was at his going, and how thankful he was for the help he and his army had given.

The giant commander of the giant army bowed low to the earth, then he mounted his horse and rode off, and all his men rode after him.

Roland and Conrad, with the Princess and the giant, were left alone standing beside the blazing pile.





CHAPTER XVII.

ROLAND'S WOOING COMES GOOD SPEED.

WHENEVER Roland had seen the enchanted army disappear over the ridge of the nearest hill, he turned to Conrad and Columbine, and said he would at once go into the city and gain an audience with Queen Rosabel.

“But you know,” said Conrad, “Long-bones saw that the knights were not turned into trees, and you may be sure they will do what they can to prevent your seeing the Queen.”

“I must take my chance of that,” said Roland.

Conrad and his sister then said they would wait with Long-bones till he came back, and off he went, walking;—he thought it was as well to leave his horse behind. All he took with him was his great Sword of Sharpness.

He arrived at the city gate just as it was being

closed for the night. The keeper of the gate asked him if he had seen two armies fighting as he came along, for nobody knew what had taken place.

“I saw two armies,” replied Roland, “and one of them was certainly getting the worst of it.”

“Alas!” said the man, “I fear the army of the wicked knights who came with our Queen has gained the day.”

“The day is usually gained by those who deserve it,” Roland said, and passed on.

He saw a pleasant-looking house in one of the streets; he knocked at the door, and asked if he could sleep there that night. Yes, he could, they said; so he slept there very comfortably till morning.

When he went out then, he found the whole city in a state of commotion. The knights had waited all the day before for news of the defeat of the Princes' army, but it had never come, and late at night one of them had caught sight of the glare in the sky caused by the burning pile of trees. In haste they sent a man they could trust to find out what it meant, and he came back saying, that all he could see was a great fire reaching half way to the sky, and beside it a Prince and Princess sitting on a stone, and a giant beside them laughing and

talking. The knights then guessed what the fate of the army had been, and they began to be very much afraid.

The first thing they did was to order that the city gate should be kept fast locked, and that no one should be admitted, and then they walked about the palace grounds talking to each other about what they should do next, and every one was pale with terror, and would have given anything to be out of the scrape he was in. But as for the people, though they did not know very well what the fighting was about, when they heard the news they were as glad as could be, and hoped they would soon see the last of the fifty knights.

Roland soon found his way to the palace gate, and he carried the Sword of Sharpness under his arm; but for a while he was not very sure about knocking, in case any of the knights should hear him, and prevent his getting to speak with the Queen. He waited, standing outside under a pillar. At last a pretty maid looked over a window, and saw him, and asked why he stood there.

“I wish,” said he, “to speak with the Queen.”

“It is easy getting to do that,” she said.

“But you must not let any one know that I am here.”

“Oh! I shall not do that, if you do not wish it,” said the maid; and she ran off to tell the Queen that a handsome stranger stood outside, with a great sword under his arm, and that he wished to speak to her particularly.

“Show him in,” said Queen Rosabel.

Roland was let in, and he followed the maid to the room where the Queen was. When he saw Rosabel, he thought her ten times more beautiful than she was as a marble statue, and he went up to her, and knelt down on one knee, and said—

“Queen Rosabel, I am Roland, Prince of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea.”

The Queen looked at him, and she was even more struck by his manly appearance, now that she saw him, than she had been by the description of him given by Columbine the night she slept with the Princess in the Golden Bower.

“There was no use saying you were Prince Roland,” she said; “you are so like what your sister told me.”

She took his hand, and made him rise and sit down beside her; and they had not been together half an hour before he was telling how much he cared for her, and that there was not another in

the whole earth with such a soft glance as hers, or one to whom she could for a moment be compared. She loved him for his love, and I do not know that any two have ever been seen who liked each other better. They were as fond of each other as Conrad and Columbine.

“What shall we do to get rid of those knights who ran away with me?” said Rosabel, after they had talked a while together, and Roland had told her about his killing the one-eyed giant, and finding the enchanted army, and she had told him all that had befallen her since she was a marble statue in the forest.

“What shall we do to get rid of them!” said Roland; “I think I have a way by which to manage that. Tell me where you and the knights dine to-day?”

“We dine,” answered the Queen, “in the great hall.”

“Well,” the Prince said, “hide me behind one of the curtains there, and I’ll show you what I’ll do.”

Rosabel hid him behind one of the curtains of the great hall, and the whole of that forenoon and afternoon she went about feeling very happy, and sure that she was going to have good fortune again; and during the same time, the knights con-

tinued talking, out in the palace grounds, about the miserable plight they were in.

When it was dinner-time the huge bell of the palace was rung, and they all came in and took their places, and the Queen sat at table with them surrounded by her ladies. There was little said by anybody, and when the knights did speak together, it was in a whisper, and you could see at a glance they were very much afraid that something would soon befall them.

At last dinner was over, and when it was over Roland walked out from behind the curtain, bearing over his shoulder the Sword of Sharpness, and he marched straight to the foot of the long table, at which the Queen and her ladies and the knights were seated. At once he began speaking.

“I am the Prince,” he said, “who slew the one-eyed giant, and I have come to demand that the Queen whom you carried off be allowed to do whatever she pleases, and that every one of you go about his business.”

A cry of astonishment rose from the knights to hear themselves spoken to in such a way by a single Prince. They would have been afraid of danger had there been twenty men, but one did not seem worth attending to in the least.

“We have got the Prince by himself,” whispered one knight; “let us kill him.”

“Yes,” whispered another; “if he is slain, the Queen will be the more likely to marry one of us.”

They all drew their swords, and sprang to their feet. Our Roland was quite prepared for them.

“Sword of Sharpness,” he said, “take off every head in this hall, except the Queen’s, the ladies’, and mine.”

The Sword of Sharpness was not slow to do his bidding: in a twinkling the head was off every one of the fifty knights. Then it returned to Roland’s hand.

“May all wicked knights meet with the same fate!” said he.

Rosabel was overjoyed, as she well might be, to see what happened, and she admired Roland more and more every minute. Had he not now rescued her twice—the first time from the spells of the one-eyed giant, and now from the power of these wicked knights?

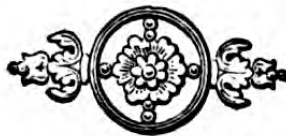
Roland set out for the spot where he had left Conrad and Columbine. He found them with the giant still there, and the fire of the great blazing pile was just dying out.

“Come,” he said, “to the palace of the Queen

of the Bright Realm. The knights are all slain, and Queen Rosabel and I are likely to love each other for ever and ever. She is more beautiful than can be told, and I am happier than I ever expected to be."

They all rode back together, and there was a joyful meeting between Rosabel and Conrad and Columbine.

The next day the Queen caused it to be proclaimed everywhere throughout the Bright Realm that the knights had not told what was true about the killing of the one-eyed giant, and that they had fallen by the sword of Prince Roland of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, who was the real Prince who slew the giant, and that she meant to marry him before the month was over. When the people heard of the death of the knights, there was great rejoicing, and, I do think, more feasting and fireworks than when the Queen came back.





CHAPTER XVIII.

EVIL DOES NOT THRIVE.

NOW we shall turn to the Golden Country, and see how things were moving there. The King—Columbine's and Roland's father—died some months before the time we are speaking about—the time when Roland's Sword of Sharpness slew the fifty knights, and Queen Rosabel was set free.

When he died, the Witch Queen ascended the throne, and she ruled so that every one in the Golden Country thoroughly disliked her. She gathered about her a court of wizards and witches like herself, and every one of the old court who said anything against her, she laid under spells. Her father, the sorcerer knight, was dead as well as the King, and that wicked man, the Greatest of Sorcerers—you would not believe how wicked he was, even though I were to tell you—had become more friendly with her than he ever was before.

At last he offered to marry her, and she agreed to have him. She thought if they two were only married, they would be more powerful than any people in the whole world, and get everything their own way : that was what she wanted. He thought if they two were only married, he would have all the wealth of the Golden Country to do what he liked with : that was what he wanted. So the two were well pleased.

The Greatest of Sorcerers, as you know, had never been able to kill either our Princes or our Princess ; all his plans against them had failed. But now, as his marriage drew near, and when he heard of Roland's slaying the one-eyed giant, and releasing the spell-bound Queen of the Bright Realm, he made up his mind to try again to destroy them.

He learned all about what the Princes were doing, and when news came that they had obtained the enchanted army from under the mountains, he went to the knights and lent them his own army of fighting men, as you were told two chapters back. He and the Witch Queen and all the witch court were then in great glee, thinking the plans he had prepared were sure to succeed, and that the Greatest of Sorcerers' fighting men would defeat the en-

chanted army, and slay Roland and Conrad and Columbine.

You can fancy how black with rage they looked when they heard what fate had befallen the fighting men, and that they were nothing but a great heap of smoking ashes. The Greatest of Sorcerers and the Witch Queen shut themselves up ten whole days together, to see if they could not find out a way by which they might yet manage to make an end of Columbine and the Princes.

We shall leave them in their palace, laying their two wicked heads together, and go back to the country of Queen Rosabel, where there was so much mirth and happiness.

Conrad and Columbine and Roland knew now everything that had happened in the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, and, after they had rested a week with Rosabel, Roland said he thought they should march against the Witch Queen and the Greatest of Sorcerers, and destroy them, and take possession of the Golden Country. Conrad answered that he was ready to go, so heralds were sent that afternoon through all the Bright Realm to proclaim that they were about to make war on the Queen of the Golden Country and on the Greatest of Sorcerers, to whom she was to be



'The Greatest of Sorcerers and the Witch Queen shut themselves up ten whole days together to see if they could not find out a way by which they might yet manage to make an end of Columbine and the Princes.'—CONRAD AND COLUMBINE, page 208.



married, and that those who were willing to fight were to be the next day at the palace gate.

Though the two Princes had been staying only a short time with the Queen, yet they had become great favourites in the country; and when the people heard their proclamation, they did not go on with their work and leave them to fight for themselves, as when the knights wanted an army. It was the very opposite of that. When Conrad and Roland looked out the next morning, they could not see a blade of grass or a stone for the number of people that stood at the palace gate.

Columbine and Rosabel were left behind, and the two Princes with their army set out in the forenoon, and before the day was over they were at the boundary of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, for that, you know, was the next country to the Bright Realm.

I must not forget to tell that on their way they passed through a wood, and the leaves on the trees there had the power of preserving those who carried them about with them from enchantment. Roland commanded that every one should pluck a leaf as he went through. This order every one obeyed, and so was safe from spells.

The Greatest of Sorcerers and the Witch Queen

were still shut up together, planning, when they heard of the approach of the army. They were in a great way, of course, for they knew that none in the Golden Country would fight for them, but that everybody, when they found out that it was the long-lost Prince Roland who was there, would side with him. The Greatest of Sorcerers, too, had no fighting men now to employ; they had all been destroyed. He and the Witch Queen, therefore, had nothing left but to try what enchantment could do. They tried the most powerful spells they could think of; but, as every man in Roland's army had a leaf plucked in the Spell-proof Forest, they failed and came to nothing, and the army marched to the palace gate without anybody hindering it or saying, What are you doing coming into this kingdom?

Roland thundered at the gate, and insisted on being let in.

"There is nothing for it," said the Greatest of Sorcerers to the Witch Queen, when he saw that their enchantments were of no use,— "there is nothing for it but to go down and open the gate to him, and try if by fair words and soft speeches we can save ourselves."

He went down, and, as soon as the gate was

opened, two men seized him and held him fast. They would listen to no fair words and soft speeches, and in a twinkling he was chained hand and foot, and standing shaking, and wondering what they would do with him.

A hundred warriors rushed past and into the palace, and they went over it, and caught the Witch Queen, and every witch and wizard there, and chained them hand and foot, as had been done with the Greatest of Sorcerers. When they were all found and chained, a huge fire was lighted in front of the palace.

“Now,” said Roland, “here you shall perish.”

They implored him for mercy, but he would not listen.

“How can you expect me to listen,” he said, “after what you have done.”

“I would curse you now if I could,” said the Witch Queen, between her teeth.

“It is as well you are powerless,” said Roland.

They then began to cast them into the fire, and every one of them was burned. Such was the fate of the Greatest of Sorcerers, the Witch Queen, and the people who formed their court.

Whilst this was being done, those who were under their spells felt that the time for their

taking their right shapes again was come; and from every corner of the sky flocks of birds of every kind came flying, and from every corner of the forest beasts of every sort came running; and when the burning was over, these changed their forms and stood about the fire a great company of Lords and Ladies—the best Lords and Ladies of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, who had refused to have anything to do with the Greatest of Sorcerers and the Witch Queen, and had fallen under their displeasure, and been bound by their spells. They were overjoyed at their release, and were never over thanking Roland and Conrad, and the great army that had come with the two Princes from the Bright Realm.

What had happened was soon known to everybody in the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, and everybody was pleased. Crowds on crowds came to the palace to welcome back Prince Roland, and Long-bones was sent to bring the Princess Columbine, for all the people were anxious to see her again.

She came, and the Queen of the Bright Realm came with her, and she got such a welcome that she cried for pure joy as she passed through her native land. The army went home again

under the command of Long-bones-Strong-bones, and Conrad and Columbine and Roland and Rosabel stayed and rested in the palace of the Golden Country for many days.

When these days were over, Conrad said to Columbine—

“I think we should now all go together to the Smiling Land. My mother will be wondering much what has become of me, and we shall have a happy meeting.”

“I shall go with you,” said Columbine, “anywhere.”

Roland and Rosabel said they would go too, and visit the Smiling Land.





CHAPTER XIX.

ALL AS IT SHOULD BE.

HAVE not once said how the Smiling Land was getting on, from the time that Conrad left it to seek adventures in the world, and the reason is that there was nothing to tell. Everything went on pleasantly, for Conrad's mother, the Queen, was a good Queen, and much beloved by her people. She did her best to rule rightly, and they obeyed her in all that she wished. For many years she had heard nothing of Conrad, and she was much afraid that he had met with some adventure in which he had got his death-blow. But she had not quite given up hope of seeing him again, and, at the time we have now come to, she had sent men into all parts of the earth to see if they could hear anything of him. She was tired of being Queen, and often said that if Conrad could be found she would give the throne

up to him, and have nothing to do with ruling in her old age.

Well, one day she was sitting reading in her palace garden, when a knight came to her to say that he had just heard that in two days her son Conrad would be there, and that he was bringing with him the Prince and Princess of the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, and the Queen of the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End. The Queen of the Smiling Land felt very happy when she knew that her son was really alive and to be with her so soon. She began to prepare for his coming, and for the coming of the Queen and the Prince and the Princess; and before the two days were over, everything in the palace was in the best order, and fit to be seen by any queen that ever was crowned.

When all was ready, the Queen mounted her horse, and rode away to meet her son. I have no words to tell you how glad she was to see him again, and how pleased to find that he was more manly and handsome than ever. Conrad introduced her to Roland and Rosabel and Columbine; and after she had seen Columbine, and was riding along the road with Conrad, the Queen said to him—

“The Princess Columbine has the fairest face I have ever known.”

"I think so too," said Conrad. "Columbine and I are going to be married one of these days."

"That will do very well," said the Queen. "I am now tired of sitting on the throne, and wish to give it up to you, and to have nothing to do with ruling in my old age. You and the Princess will reign together, and the Smiling Land will be as happy as it has ever been."

They talked the matter over, and before they had reached the palace gate it was settled that Conrad was to be King; and before the evening was over, Columbine had promised that she would marry him the next week.

"Do you remember how long it is," said he, "since you agreed to marry me when we got to my mother's kingdom? It was when we were going through the air in the enchanted ship from the Land of Ice and Snow to the Golden Country."

"I remember that well enough," answered the Princess. "How much we have come through since then, and how glad we should be that everything is going to end happily!"

There was as much rejoicing in the Smiling Land at the return of Prince Conrad as there had been in the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea at the

coming back of Roland and Columbine. And he had to tell all his adventures over and over again to his mother and to all his friends.

The morning after their arrival Conrad told Roland what his mother proposed he should do, and that Columbine and he were to be married the next week.

“Rosabel and I have been talking also of getting married,” said Roland; “and I think we might have both marriages on the same day.”

That was settled between the two Princes at once. Then Roland said—

“I shall reign with Queen Rosabel in the Bright-Realm-at-the-World’s-End, and you will reign with the Princess Columbine in the Smiling Land, and we shall divide the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea between us.”

That also was settled at once.

They then sent Long-bones to the Glass Palace, where they had stayed when the Princess was keeping watch on the Hill of Solitude, and he brought away all the treasures that were there, including the fifteen horse-loads and the thirty mule-loads that Roland and Conrad and Columbine had carried off from the Castle of Gloom; and he also went to the cave in which the red box, with the

enchanted ship and the gold and jewels, lay, and brought it with him to the Smiling Land. You recollect, no doubt, the box being left in a cave by Conrad and Columbine, when they went to release Roland from the hands of the ogre and his daughter.

The Princes made a fair division of all the treasures, and they found themselves so rich when the division was over, that none ever were richer.

Long-bones was asked whom he would choose to stay with. The giant chose to stay with Conrad and Columbine, and, as you may suppose, he proved a faithful servant to them.

The week soon passed, and then came the wedding, and it was the grandest wedding that could be. The Fairy Queen of the Woodland Kingdom, and the Fairy King and Queen of the Mountains were asked to it, and they came, and brought presents without end to the two brides, and wished them good fortune, which was better than anything else, you know.

Conrad was married to Columbine, and Roland was married to Rosabel. The Princess and the Queen looked more beautiful than they ever did before, and they were dressed in the richest dresses that were to be had for money. Columbine

had the bright star glittering on her brow, and the necklace of pearls she had taken from the troll's cave about her neck, and the red rose was in her hair. Conrad had his red rose in his button-hole. There was ringing of bells all over the Smiling Land and the Bright-Realm-at-the-World's-End and the Golden-Country-beyond-the-Sea, and everybody rejoiced, for all loved the Princes and the Princess and the Queen; and the fame of the wedding spread over at least thirty kingdoms.

All their troubles now were over, and Conrad and Columbine, and Roland and Rosabel, lived after this so happily together that there is no telling how happy they were. And so ends this tale.



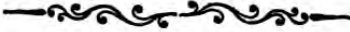
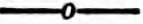
A SELECTION FROM CATALOGUE
OF
Popular and Standard Books

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM P. NIMMO, EDINBURGH.

~~~~~  
\* \* Complete Catalogue of Mr. NIMMO's Publications, choicely printed and elegantly bound, suitable for the Library, Presentation, and School Prizes, etc. etc., will be forwarded gratis, post free, on application.

~~~~~  
'Mr. Nimmo's books are well known as marvels of cheapness, elegance, and sterling worth.'—OBSERVER.

~~~~~  
——  
NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION  
OF  
THE WORKS OF THE POETS.  
——

In fcap. 8vo, printed on toned paper, elegantly bound in cloth extra, with emblematic design worked in gold and black, price 3s. 6d. each; or in morocco antique, raised and illuminated, price 7s. 6d. each; or morocco extra, illuminated and raised, elaborate new design, price 8s. 6d. each; or Caledonian wood, fern pattern, morocco extra back, price 10s. Each Volume contains a Memoir, and is illustrated with a Portrait of the Author engraved on Steel, and numerous full-page Illustrations on Wood, from designs by eminent Artists; also beautiful Illuminated Title-page.

- ~~~~~
1. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.
  2. SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
  3. BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.
  4. MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
  5. WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

[Continued on next page.]



NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION OF THE  
WORKS OF THE POETS,  
*CONTINUED.*

—o—

6. COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS.
7. MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.
8. THOMSON'S POETICAL WORKS.
9. GOLDSMITH'S CHOICE WORKS.
10. POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.
11. BURNS' POETICAL WORKS.
12. THE CASQUET OF GEMS. Choice Selections  
from the Poets.
13. THE BOOK OF HUMOROUS POETRY.
14. BALLADS : Scottish and English.
15. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. Two Vols.
16. THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Two Vols.
17. BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS AND HOLY WAR.
18. LIVES OF THE BRITISH POETS.
19. THE PROSE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

~~~~~

* * This Series of Books, from the very superior manner in which it is produced, is at once the cheapest and handsomest edition of the Poets in the market. The volumes form elegant and appropriate Presents as School Prizes and Gift-Books, either in cloth or morocco.

'They are a marvel of cheapness, some of the volumes extending to as many as 700, and even 900, pages, printed on toned paper in a beautifully clear type. Add to this, that they are profusely illustrated with wood engravings, are elegantly and tastefully bound, and that they are published at 3s. 6d. each, and our recommendation of them is complete.'—*Scotsman*.

NIMMO'S SELECT LIBRARY.

New Series of Choice Books, beautifully printed on superfine paper, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold, large crown 8vo, price 5s. each.

SECOND EDITION.

1. **Almost Faultless : A Story of the Present Day.** By the Author of 'A Book for Governesses.'

'The author has written a capital story in a high moral tone.'—*The Court Journal.*

SECOND EDITION.

2. **Lives of Old English Worthies before the Conquest.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'The author's aim is to illuminate, what may be regarded as obscure, certain periods of historic England, accompanied with biographical sketches. The book is beautifully bound and printed, and cannot fail to command popular support.'—*Courant.*

SECOND EDITION.

3. **Every-Day Objects ; or, Picturesque Aspects of Natural History.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'As an introduction to heavier works, by awakening in the youthful understanding a taste for knowledge in natural science, and giving them a brief but clear insight into the why and the wherefore of much they wonder at, this book will serve a very useful purpose.'—*The Examiner.*

THIRD EDITION.

4. **My Schoolboy Friends : A Story of Whitminster Grammar School.** By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of 'A Book about Dominies,' 'Stories of School Life,' etc.

'"My Schoolboy Friends" is a most interesting book. It has many attractive qualities, which are sure to win for it a wide and lasting popularity among the best sort of readers. Boys, for whom it is especially written, will thoroughly enjoy it.'—*Westminster Review.*

SECOND EDITION.

5. **Drifted and Sifted : A Domestic Chronicle of the Seventeenth Century.**

'The author of this interesting, and we may add pathetic, story appears to possess the art of reproducing bygone times with much ability.'—*The Record.*

6. **Warrior, Priest, and Statesman ; or, English Heroes in the Thirteenth Century.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

NIMMO'S FIVE SHILLING ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

Crown 8vo, beautifully printed on superfine paper, profusely illustrated by eminent Artists, and richly bound in cloth and gold, and gilt edges, price 5s. each.

SECOND EDITION.

1. **Sword and Pen; or, English Worthies in the Reign of Elizabeth.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'A more wholesome book for young readers we have seldom seen.'—*The Athenæum*.

SECOND EDITION.

2. **Norrie Seton; or, Driven to Sea.** By Mrs. George Cupples, Author of 'Unexpected Pleasures,' etc.

'Mrs. Cupples has given to the boys in this volume just the sort of sea-story with which they will be delighted.'—*The Scotsman*.

SECOND EDITION.

3. **The Circle of the Year; or, Studies of Nature and Pictures of the Seasons.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'Its purpose is to tell both young and old, but especially the former, how much of interest there is in everything connected with nature.'—*Bell's Messenger*.

SECOND EDITION.

4. **The Wealth of Nature: Our Food Supplies from the Vegetable Kingdom.** By the Rev. JOHN MONTGOMERY, A.M.

'It would be difficult to put into the hands of any boy or girl a volume which more equally combines the instructive and interesting in literature.'—*N. B. Mail*.

FOURTH EDITION.

5. **Stories of School Life.** By Ascott R. Hope.

6. **Stories of French School Life.** By Ascott R. Hope.

'We were among the many who greatly admired Mr. Hope's "Stories of School Life" and "Stories about Boys," and when we found that he had undertaken to illustrate French school life, we gladly opened the volume. The stories are interesting in the highest degree; they appeal to the best sympathies of the lads for whom they are written. They set forth the right and the true against the false, and they are full of good, hearty humour.'—*Public Opinion*.

NIMMO'S UNIVERSAL GIFT BOOKS.

A Series of excellent Works, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, choicely printed on superfine paper, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold, and gilt edges, crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each.

1. **Rupert Rochester, the Banker's Son. A Tale.** By WINIFRED TAYLOR, Author of 'Story of Two Lives,' etc.
2. **The Story of Two Lives ; or, The Trials of Wealth and Poverty.** By WINIFRED TAYLOR, Author of 'Rupert Rochester,' etc.
3. **The Lost Father ; or, Cecilia's Triumph. A Story of our own Day.** By DARYL HOLME.
4. **Christian Osborne's Friends.** By Mrs. Harriet Miller DAVIDSON, Author of 'Isobel Jardine's History,' and Daughter of the late Hugh Miller.
5. **Tales of Old English Life ; or, Pictures of the Periods.** By WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER, LL.D., Author of 'History of English Literature,' etc.
6. **The Young Mountaineer ; or, Frank Miller's Lot in Life. The Story of a Swiss Boy.** By DARYL HOLME.
7. **Mungo Park's Life and Travels. With a Supplementary Chapter, detailing the results of recent Discovery in Africa.**
8. **The Spanish Inquisition : Its Heroes and Martyrs.** By JANET GORDON, Author of 'Champions of the Reformation,' etc.
9. **Wisdom, Wit, and Allegory.** Selected from 'The Spectator.'
10. **Benjamin Franklin : A Biography.** From the celebrated 'Life' by JARED SPARKS, and the more recent and extensive 'Life and Times' by JAMES PARTON.
11. **Wallace, the Hero of Scotland : A Biography.** By JAMES PATERSON.
12. **Epoch Men, and the Results of their Lives.** By Samuel NEIL.

[Continued on next page.]

NIMMO'S UNIVERSAL GIFT BOOKS—continued.

13. **The Mirror of Character.** Selected from the Writings of OVERBURY, EARLE, and BUTLER.
14. **Men of History.** By Eminent Writers.
 * * The object of the Editor in preparing this book for the public is a twofold one: first, to exhibit views of the world's great men; and, second, to present these views in the best words of the best authors.
15. **Old-World Worthies; or, Classical Biography.** Selected from PLUTARCH'S LIVES.
16. **Women of History.** By Eminent Writers.
 * * This volume is a further development of the idea which suggested the companion volume, 'Men of History.'
17. **The Improvement of the Mind.** By Isaac Watts, D.D.
18. **The Man of Business considered in Six Aspects.** A Book for Young Men.
19. **Stories about Boys.** By Ascott R. Hope, Author of 'Stories of School Life,' 'My Schoolboy Friends,' etc. etc.
20. **Violet Rivers; or, Loyal to Duty.** A Tale for Girls. By WINIFRED TAYLOR, Author of 'Story of Two Lives,' etc.
21. **The Twins of Saint-Marcell: A Tale of Paris Incendie.** By Mrs. A. S. ORR, Author of 'The Roseville Family,' etc. etc.
22. **George's Enemies: A Sequel to 'My Schoolboy Friends.'** By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of 'Stories about Boys,' etc. etc.
23. **Round the Grange Farm; or, Good Old Times.** By JEAN L. WATSON, Author of 'Bygone Days in our Village,' etc.
24. **Friendly Fairies; or, Once upon a Time.**
25. **Curious and Instructive Stories about Wild Animals and Birds.**
26. **Stories from over the Sea.**

* * * This elegant and useful Series of Books has been specially prepared for School and College Prizes: they are, however, equally suitable for General Presentation. In selecting the works for this Series, the aim of the Publisher has been to produce books of a permanent value, interesting in manner and instructive in matter—books that youth will read eagerly and with profit, and which will be found equally attractive in after-life.

NIMMO'S HALF-CROWN REWARD BOOKS.

Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, Illustrated,
price 2s. 6d. each.

1. **Memorable Wars of Scotland.** By Patrick Fraser Tytler, F.R.S.E., Author of 'The History of Scotland,' etc.
2. **Seeing the World: A Young Sailor's own Story.** By CHARLES NORDHOFF, Author of 'The Young Man-of-War's-Man.
3. **The Martyr Missionary: Five Years in China.** By Rev. CHARLES P. BUSH, M.A.
4. **My New Home: A Woman's Diary.**
5. **Home Heroines: Tales for Girls.** By T. S. Arthur, Author of 'Life's Crosses,' etc.
6. **Lessons from Women's Lives.** By Sarah J. Hale.
7. **The Roseville Family. A Historical Tale of the Eighteenth Century.** By Mrs. A. S. ORR, Author of 'Mountain Patriots,' etc.
8. **Leah. A Tale of Ancient Palestine. Illustrative of the Story of Naaman the Syrian.** By Mrs. A. S. ORR.
9. **Champions of the Reformation: The Stories of their Lives.** By JANET GORDON.
10. **The History of Two Wanderers; or, Cast Adrift.**
11. **Beattie's Poetical Works.**
12. **The Vicar of Wakefield.** By Oliver Goldsmith.
13. **Edgar Allan Poe's Poetical Works.**
14. **The Miner's Son, and Margaret Vernon.** By M. M. POLLARD, Author of 'The Minister's Daughter,' etc. etc.
15. **How Frank began to Climb the Ladder, and the Friends who lent him a hand.** By CHARLES BRUCE, Author of 'Lame Felix,' etc.

NIMMO'S TWO SHILLING REWARD BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo, Illustrated, elegantly bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt back and side, gilt edges, price 2s. each.

1. **The Far North: Explorations in the Arctic Regions.**
By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D.
2. **The Young Men of the Bible.** A Series of Papers, Biographical and Suggestive. By Rev. JOSEPH A. COLLIER.
3. **The Blade and the Ear: A Book for Young Men.**
4. **Monarchs of Ocean: Columbus and Cook.** Two Narratives of Maritime Discovery.
5. **Life's Crosses, and How to Meet them.** Tales for Girls. By T. S. ARTHUR.
6. **A Father's Legacy to his Daughters, etc.** A Book for Young Women. By Dr. GREGORY.
7. **Great Men of European History.** From the Beginning of the Christian Era till the Present Time. By DAVID PRYDE, M.A.
8. **Mountain Patriots.** A Tale of the Reformation in Savoy. By Mrs. A. S. ORR.
9. **Labours of Love.** By Winifred Taylor.
10. **Mossdale.** By Anna M. De Iongh.
11. **The Standard-Bearer.** A Tale of the Times of Constantine the Great. By ELLEN PALMER.
12. **Jacqueline.** A Story of the Reformation in Holland. By Mrs. HARDY (JANET GORDON).
13. **Lame Felix.** A Book for Boys. Full of Proverb and Story. By CHARLES BRUCE.
14. **Picture Lessons by the Divine Teacher; or, Illustrations of the Parables of our Lord.** By PETER GRANT, D.D.
15. **Nonna: A Story of the Days of Julian the Apostate.**
By ELLEN PALMER.
16. **Philip Walton; or, Light at Last.** By the Author of 'Meta Frantz,' etc.
17. **The Minister's Daughter, and Old Anthony's Will.** Tales for the Young. By M. M. POLLARD.
18. **The Two Sisters.** By M. M. Pollard, Author of 'The Miner's Son,' etc. etc.
19. **A Needle and Thread: A Tale for Girls.** By Emma J. BARNES, Author of 'Faithful and True, or the Mother's Legacy.'
20. **Taken Up: A Tale for Boys and Girls.** By Alfred WHYMPER.

NIMMO'S EIGHTEENPENNY REWARD BOOKS.

Demy 18mo, Illustrated, cloth extra, gilt edges, price 1s. 6d. each.

-
1. **The Vicar of Wakefield. Poems and Essays.** By Oliver GOLDSMITH.
 2. **Æsop's Fables, with Instructive Applications.** By Dr. CROKALL.
 3. **Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.**
 4. **The Young Man-of-War's-Man: A Boy's Voyage round the World.** By CHARLES NORDHOFF, Author of 'Seeing the World.'
 5. **The Treasury of Anecdote: Moral and Religious.**
 6. **The Boy's Own Workshop; or, The Young Carpenters.** By JACOB ABBOTT.
 7. **The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.**
 8. **The History of Sandford and Merton. A Moral and Instructive Lesson for Young Persons.**
 9. **Evenings at Home; or, The Juvenile Budget Opened. Consisting of a variety of Miscellaneous Pieces for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons.** By Dr. AIKIN and Mrs. BARBAULD.
 10. **Unexpected Pleasures; or, Left alone in the Holidays.** By Mrs. GEORGE CUPPLES, Author of 'Norrie Seton,' etc.

* * * The above Series of elegant and useful books is specially prepared for the entertainment and instruction of young persons.

NIMMO'S SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARD BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, Illustrated, price 1s. 6d. each.

-
1. Bible Blessings. By Rev. Richard Newton.
 2. One Hour a Week: Fifty-two Bible Lessons for the Young.
 3. The Best Things. By Rev. Richard Newton.
 4. Grace Harvey and her Cousins.
 5. Lessons from Rose Hill; and Little Nannette.
 6. Great and Good Women: Biographies for Girls. By
LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.
 7. At Home and Abroad; or, Uncle William's Adventures.
 8. The Kind Governess; or, How to make Home Happy.
 9. Christmas at the Beacon: A Tale for the Young. By
ELLEN PALMER.
 10. The Sculptor of Bruges. By Mrs. W. G. Hall.
 11. The Story of a Moss Rose; or, Ruth and the Orphan
Family. By CHARLES BRUCE.
 12. The Swedish Singer; or, The Story of Vanda Rosendahl.
By Mrs. W. G. HALL.
 13. My Beautiful Home; or, Lily's Search. By Chas. Bruce.
 14. Alfred and his Mother; or, Seeking the Kingdom. By
KATHERINE E. MAY.
 15. Asriel; or, The Crystal Cup. A Tale for the Young.
By Mrs. HENDERSON.
 16. Wilton School; or, Harry Campbell's Revenge. A Tale.
By F. E. WEATHERLY.
 17. Percy and Ida. By Katherine E. May.
 18. Fred Graham's Resolve. By the Author of 'Mat and Sofie,'
etc. etc.
 19. The Sea and the Savages: A Story of Adventure. By
HAROLD LINCOLN.
 20. Summer Holidays at Silversea. By E. Rosalie Salmon.
 21. The Story of John Heywood: An Historical Tale of the Time
of Harry VIII. By CHARLES BRUCE, Author of 'How Frank
began to Climb,' etc.

NIMMO'S ONE SHILLING ILLUSTRATED JUVENILE BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo, Coloured Frontispieces, handsomely bound in cloth,
Illuminated, price 1s. each.

1. **Four Little People and their Friends.**
2. **Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia. A Tale**
from the French of MADAME COTTIN.
3. **Paul and Virginia. From the French of**
BERNARDIN SAINT-PIERRE.
4. **Little Threads: Tangle Thread, Golden**
Thread, and Silver Thread.
5. **Benjamin Franklin, the Printer Boy.**
6. **Barton Todd, and the Young Lawyer.**
7. **The Perils of Greatness: The Story of Alex-**
ander Menzikoff.
8. **Little Crowns, and How to Win them. By**
Rev. JOSEPH A. COLLIER.
9. **Great Riches: Nelly Rivers' Story. By Aunt**
FANNY.
10. **The Right Way; and The Contrast.**
11. **The Daisy's First Winter. And other Stories.**
By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
12. **The Man of the Mountain. And other**
Stories.
13. **Better than Rubies. Stories for the Young,**
Illustrative of Familiar Proverbs. With 62 Illustrations.

[Continued on next page.]

**NIMMO'S ONE SHILLING ILLUSTRATED
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CONTINUED.**

~~~~~

14. **Experience Teaches.** And other Stories for the Young, Illustrative of Familiar Proverbs. With 39 Illustrations.
15. **The Happy Recovery.** And other Stories for the Young. With 26 Illustrations.
16. **Gratitude and Probity.** And other Stories for the Young. With 21 Illustrations.
17. **The Two Brothers.** And other Stories for the Young. With 13 Illustrations.
18. **The Young Orator.** And other Stories for the Young. With 9 Illustrations.
19. **Simple Stories to Amuse and Instruct Young Readers.** With Illustrations.
20. **The Three Friends.** And other Stories for the Young. With Illustrations.
21. **Sybil's Sacrifice.** And other Stories for the Young. With 12 Illustrations.
22. **The Old Shepherd.** And other Stories for the Young. With Illustrations.
23. **The Young Officer.** And other Stories for the Young. With Illustrations.
24. **The False Heir.** And other Stories for the Young. With Illustrations.
25. **The Old Farmhouse; or, Alice Morton's Home.** And other Stories. By M. M. POLLARD.
26. **Twyford Hall; or, Rosa's Christmas Dinner, and what she did with it.** By CHARLES BRUCE.
27. **The Discontented Weathercock.** And other Stories for Children. By M. JONES.
28. **Out at Sea, and other Stories.** By Two Authors.
29. **The Story of Waterloo; or, The Fall of NAPOLEON.**

NIMMO'S  
NINEPENNY SERIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

*In demy 18mo, with Illustrations, elegantly bound in cloth.*

THIS Series of Books will be found unequalled for genuine interest and value, and it is believed they will be eagerly welcomed by thoughtful children of both sexes. Parents may rest assured that each Volume teaches some noble lesson, or enforces some valuable truth.

1. In the Brave Days of Old ; or, The Story of the Spanish Armada. For Boys and Girls.
2. The Lost Ruby. By the Author of 'The Basket of Flowers,' etc.
3. Leslie Ross ; or, Fond of a Lark. By Charles Bruce.
4. My First and Last Voyage. By Benjamin Clarke.
5. Little Katie : A Fairy Story. By Charles Bruce.
6. Being Afraid. And other Stories for the Young. By CHARLES STUART.
7. The Toll-Keepers. And other Stories for the Young. By BENJAMIN CLARKE.
8. Dick Barford : A Boy who would go down Hill. By CHARLES BRUCE.
9. Joan of Arc ; or, The Story of a Noble Life. Written for Girls.
10. Helen Siddal : A Story for Children. By Ellen Palmer.
11. Mat and Sofie : A Story for Boys and Girls.
12. Peace and War. By the Author of 'The Basket of Flowers,' etc.
13. Perilous Adventures of a French Soldier in Algeria.
14. The Magic Glass ; or, The Secret of Happiness.
15. Hawks' Dene : A Tale for Children. By Katherine E. MAY.
16. Little Maggie. And other Stories. By the Author of 'The Joy of Well-Doing,' etc. etc.
17. The Brother's Legacy ; or, Better than Gold. By M. M. POLLARD.
18. The Little Sisters ; or, Jealousy. And other Stories for the Young. By the Author of 'Little Maggie,' etc.
19. Kate's New Home. By Cecil Scott, Author of 'Chryssie Lyle,' etc.

## NIMMO'S SIXPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.

Demy 18mo, Illustrated, handsomely bound in cloth, price 6d. each.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Pearls for Little People.</li> <li>2. Great Lessons for Little People.</li> <li>3. Reason in Rhyme: A Poetry Book for the Young.</li> <li>4. Æsop's Little Fable Book.</li> <li>5. Grapes from the Great Vine.</li> <li>6. The Pot of Gold.</li> <li>7. Story Pictures from the Bible.</li> <li>8. The Tables of Stone: Illustrations of the Commandments.</li> <li>9. Ways of Doing Good.</li> <li>10. Stories about our Dogs. By H. BEECHER STOWE.</li> <li>11. The Red-Winged Goose.</li> <li>12. The Hermit of the Hills.</li> <li>13. Effie's Christmas, and other Stories. By ADELAIDE AUSTEN.</li> <li>14. A Visit to Grandmother, and other Stories for the Young.</li> <li>15. Bible Stories for Young People. By A. AUSTEN.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>16. The Little Woodman and his Dog Cæsar. By Mrs. SHERWOOD.</li> <li>17. Among the Mountains: Tales for the Young. By ADELAIDE AUSTEN.</li> <li>18. Little Gems for Little Readers.</li> <li>19. Do your Duty, come what will, and other Stories for the Young.</li> <li>20. Noble Joe: A Tale for Children. By A. AUSTEN.</li> <li>21. Lucy Vernon, and other Stories for the Young.</li> <li>22. Anecdotes of Favourite Animals told for Children. By ADELAIDE AUSTEN.</li> <li>23. Little Henry and his Bearer. By Mrs. SHERWOOD.</li> <li>24. The Holidays at Wilton, and other Stories. By ADELAIDE AUSTEN.</li> <li>25. Ohryssie Lyle: A Tale for the Young. By CECIL SCOTT.</li> <li>26. Little Elsie among the Quarrymen. A Story for the Little Ones. By ELLEN PALMER, Author of 'Christmas at the Beacon,' etc.</li> </ol> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## NIMMO'S FOURPENNY JUVENILE BOOKS.

The above Series of Books is also kept in Paper Covers, elegantly printed in Colours, price 4d. each.

\*\*\* The distinctive features of the Sixpenny, Ninepenny, and One Shilling Juvenile Books are: The Subjects of each Volume have been selected with a due regard to Instruction and Entertainment; they are well printed on fine paper; they are illustrated with Coloured Frontispieces and beautiful Engravings; and they are elegantly bound.

## NIMMO'S POPULAR RELIGIOUS GIFT BOOKS.

18mo, finely printed on toned paper, handsomely bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, price 1s. each.

1. **Across the River: Twelve Views of Heaven.**  
By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.; R. W. HAMILTON, D.D.; ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D.; JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.; etc. etc. etc.
2. **Emblems of Jesus; or, Illustrations of Emmanuel's Character and Work.**
3. **Life Thoughts of Eminent Christians.**
4. **Comfort for the Desponding; or, Words to Soothe and Cheer Troubled Hearts.**
5. **The Chastening of Love: Words of Consolation for the Christian Mourner.** By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., Manchester.
6. **The Cedar Christian, and other Practical Papers.** By the Rev. THEODORE L. CUYLER.
7. **Consolation for Christian Mothers Bereaved of Little Children.** By A FRIEND OF MOURNERS.
8. **The Orphan; or, Words of Comfort for the Fatherless and Motherless.**
9. **Gladdening Streams; or, The Waters of the Sanctuary.** A Book for Fragments of Time on each Lord's Day of the Year.
10. **Spirit of the Old Divines.**
11. **Choice Gleanings from Sacred Writers.**
12. **Direction in Prayer; or, The Lord's Prayer**  
Illustrated in a Series of Expositions. By PETER GRANT, D.D., Author of 'Emblems of Jesus,' etc.
13. **Scripture Imagery.** By Peter Grant, D.D., Author of 'Emblems of Jesus,' etc.



NIMMO'S  
**Royal Illuminated Legends.**

ONE SHILLING EACH.

*Gorgeously Illuminated, after the Mediæval manner, in Colours and Gold,  
by MARCUS WARD, Illuminator to the Queen.*

Each Story, or Legend, is illustrated with a set of brilliant Pictures, designed in the quaint spirit of Mediæval times, and printed in Colours and Gold, by MARCUS WARD, Illuminator to the Queen.

The charm of novelty is still further heightened by the Stories being related in Antient Ballad form, with appropriate Music, arranged in an easy style, for Voice and Pianoforte, suited to little folks or great folks, and minstrels of all degrees.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p style="text-align: center;">Y<sup>e</sup> Interestynge Storie of</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. <i>Cinderella and y<sup>e</sup> Lyttel Glasse Slyppere.</i></li> <li>2. <i>The Fayre One with the Golden Locks.</i></li> <li>3. <i>The Sleeping Beauty; or, The Enchanted Palace.</i></li> </ol> <p>Told in Verse, by ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. (Published by permission of Messrs. STRAHAN &amp; Co.)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Y<sup>e</sup> Pathetic Ballad of</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>4. <i>Ladye Ouncebelle and Lord Lovelle.</i></li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>5. <i>Pocahontas: A Tale of Old Virginie.</i></li> <li>6. <i>King Alfred and Othere</i><br/>(<i>The Discoverer of the North Cape</i>).<br/>Poetry by H. W. LONGFELLOW.<br/>(Published by permission of Messrs. J. R. OSGOOD &amp; Co.)</li> <li>7. <i>Y<sup>e</sup> Marquis of Carabas; or, Puss in Boots.</i></li> <li>8. <i>Y<sup>e</sup> Hynde of y<sup>e</sup> Forest; or, Y<sup>e</sup> Enchanted Princesse.</i></li> </ol> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE ROYAL ILLUMINATED BOOK OF  
LEGENDS.

First Series, containing above four Legends, handsomely bound in Cloth, 5s.

THE ROYAL ILLUMINATED BOOK OF  
LEGENDS.

Second Series, containing above four Legends, handsomely bound in Cloth, 5s.

**Royal Illuminated Nursery Rhymes.**

SIXPENCE EACH.

Illuminated by MARCUS WARD, in same style as the 'Legends,' with Music complete.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. <i>Sing a Song of Sixpence.</i></li> <li>2. <i>The Little Market Woman.</i></li> <li>3. <i>The Carrion Crow.</i></li> <li>4. <i>{ Jack and Gill. A Little<br/>Man and his Little Gun.</i></li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>5. <i>Little Bo-Peep.</i></li> <li>6. <i>Simple Simon.</i></li> <li>7. <i>Mother Hubbard and her Dog.</i></li> <li>8. <i>Four Nursery Rhymes.</i></li> </ol> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE ROYAL ILLUMINATED BOOK OF  
NURSERY RHYMES.

First Series, containing above four, handsomely bound in Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

THE ROYAL ILLUMINATED BOOK OF  
NURSERY RHYMES.

Second Series, containing above four, handsomely bound in Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

'Nothing so magnificent has ever been attempted before.'—*Public Opinion.*



