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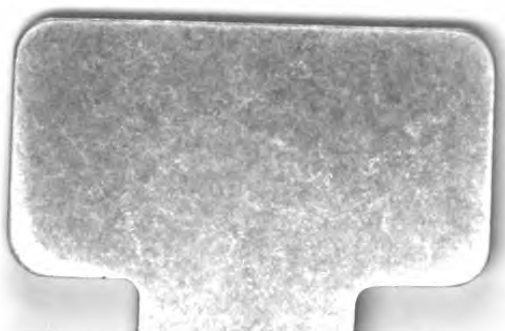
THE
OLD FAIRY TALES



ILLUSTRATED



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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial statements. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income.

The second part of the document provides a detailed breakdown of the accounting cycle. It outlines the ten steps involved in the process, from identifying the accounting entity to preparing financial statements. Each step is explained in detail, with examples provided to illustrate the concepts.

The third part of the document discusses the various types of accounts used in accounting. It categorizes accounts into assets, liabilities, equity, revenue, and expense accounts. It also explains how these accounts are used to record transactions and how they are balanced at the end of each period.

The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of adjusting entries. It explains how these entries are used to ensure that the financial statements reflect the true financial position of the company at the end of the period. Examples are provided to show how adjusting entries are recorded and how they affect the accounts.

The fifth part of the document discusses the preparation of financial statements. It outlines the steps involved in preparing the balance sheet, income statement, and statement of owner's equity. It also discusses the importance of providing a clear and concise explanation of the results of the company's operations.

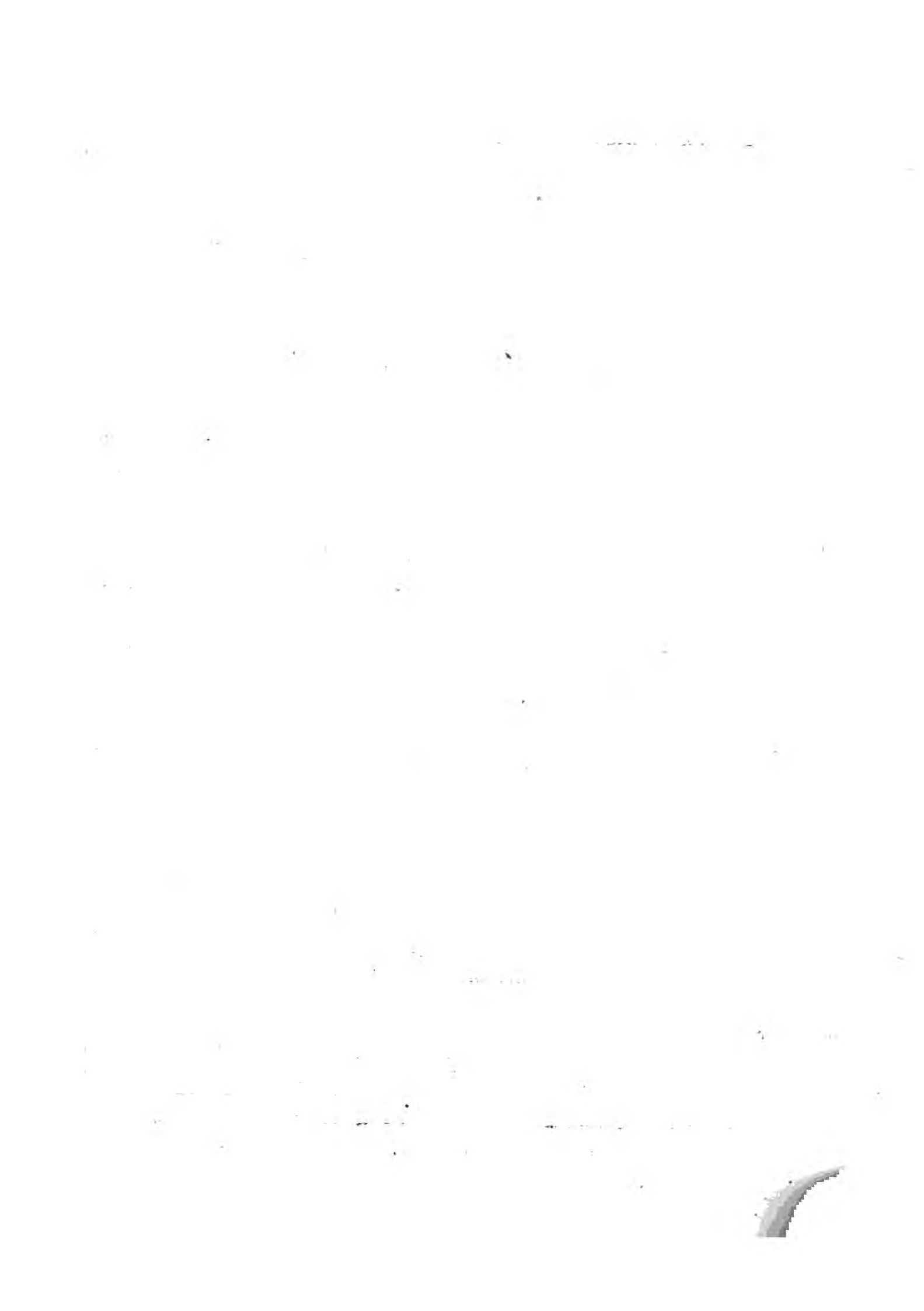
The sixth part of the document discusses the importance of internal controls. It explains how these controls are used to prevent and detect errors and fraud. It also discusses the various types of internal controls that can be implemented in a business.

The seventh part of the document discusses the importance of ethics in accounting. It explains how accountants are expected to act in a fair and honest manner and to follow the principles of professional conduct. It also discusses the consequences of unethical behavior.

The eighth part of the document discusses the importance of communication in accounting. It explains how accountants must be able to communicate effectively with their clients and colleagues. It also discusses the various ways in which accountants can improve their communication skills.

The ninth part of the document discusses the importance of technology in accounting. It explains how the use of accounting software can improve the efficiency and accuracy of the accounting process. It also discusses the various types of accounting software that are available.

The tenth part of the document discusses the importance of continuing education in accounting. It explains how accountants must stay up-to-date on the latest developments in the field. It also discusses the various ways in which accountants can pursue continuing education.





THE FROG-PRINCE.

[See page 151.]

The Old Fairy Tales.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

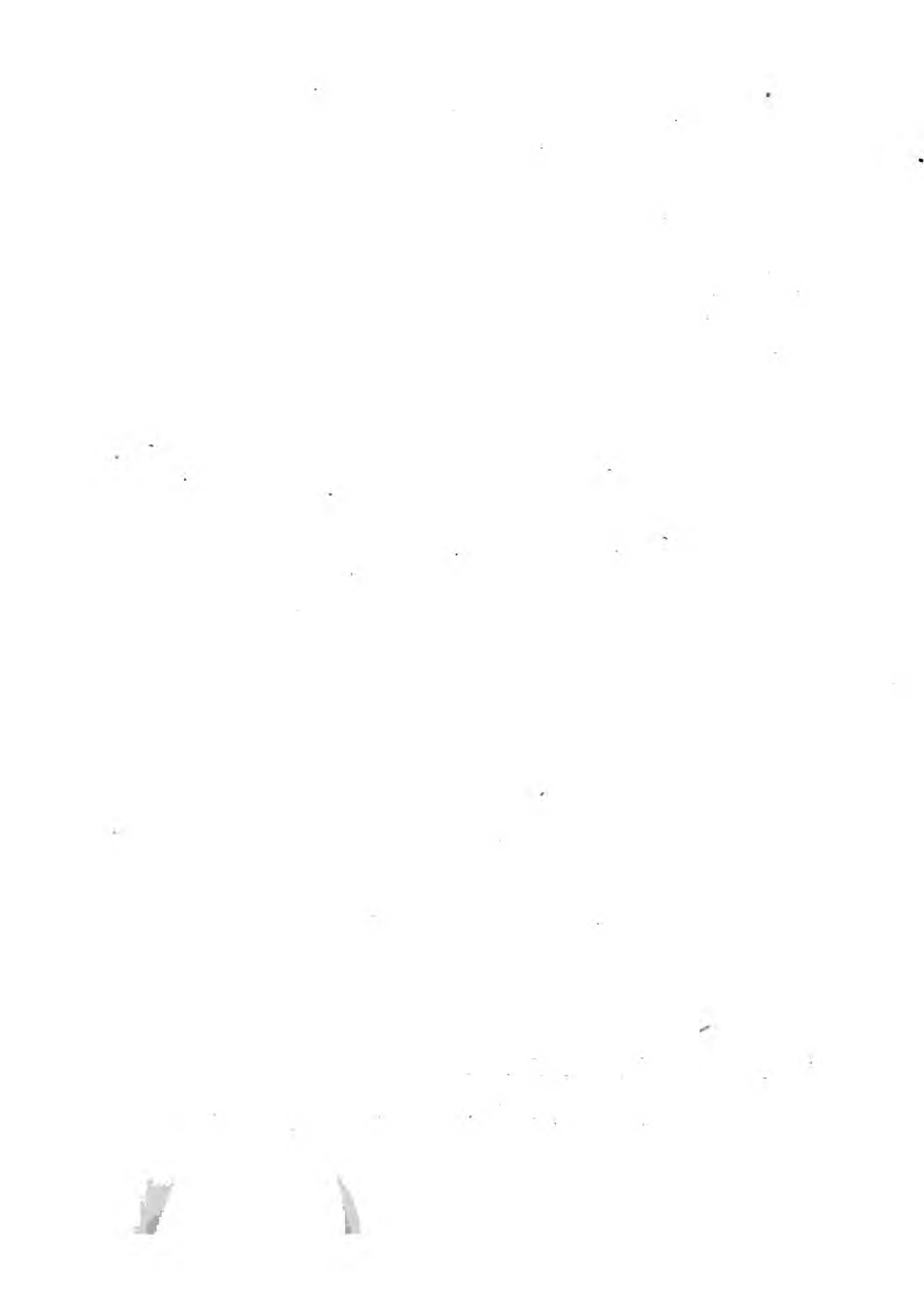
JAMES MASON.

ILLUSTRATED BY *J. MOYR SMITH*



CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN,
LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

251. c. 67.



PREFACE.



THE times of fairies and such like people now are over. Fairies, and giants, and dwarfs have fled to the stars—at least so they say—and have carried with them all the invisible coats, and magic swords, and flying ships that were upon earth, for these things belonged to them alone. They have left us only the remembrance of their being here, and many surprising stories about the things they did whilst living among men.

In this book you will find the best of these fairy tales. They are very old, as you may suppose, and have amused boys and girls, and grown-up people too, for a longer time than you can imagine. Your father and mother read them; your grandfathers and grandmothers did the same, and most of your ancestors probably knew them by heart.

Though they have often been published before, I hope you will think this the best collection that ever was brought out. The artist has drawn pictures for it with the greatest

care ; and as for me, I have prepared it with as much pains as if it were a history of England or a Chinese dictionary.

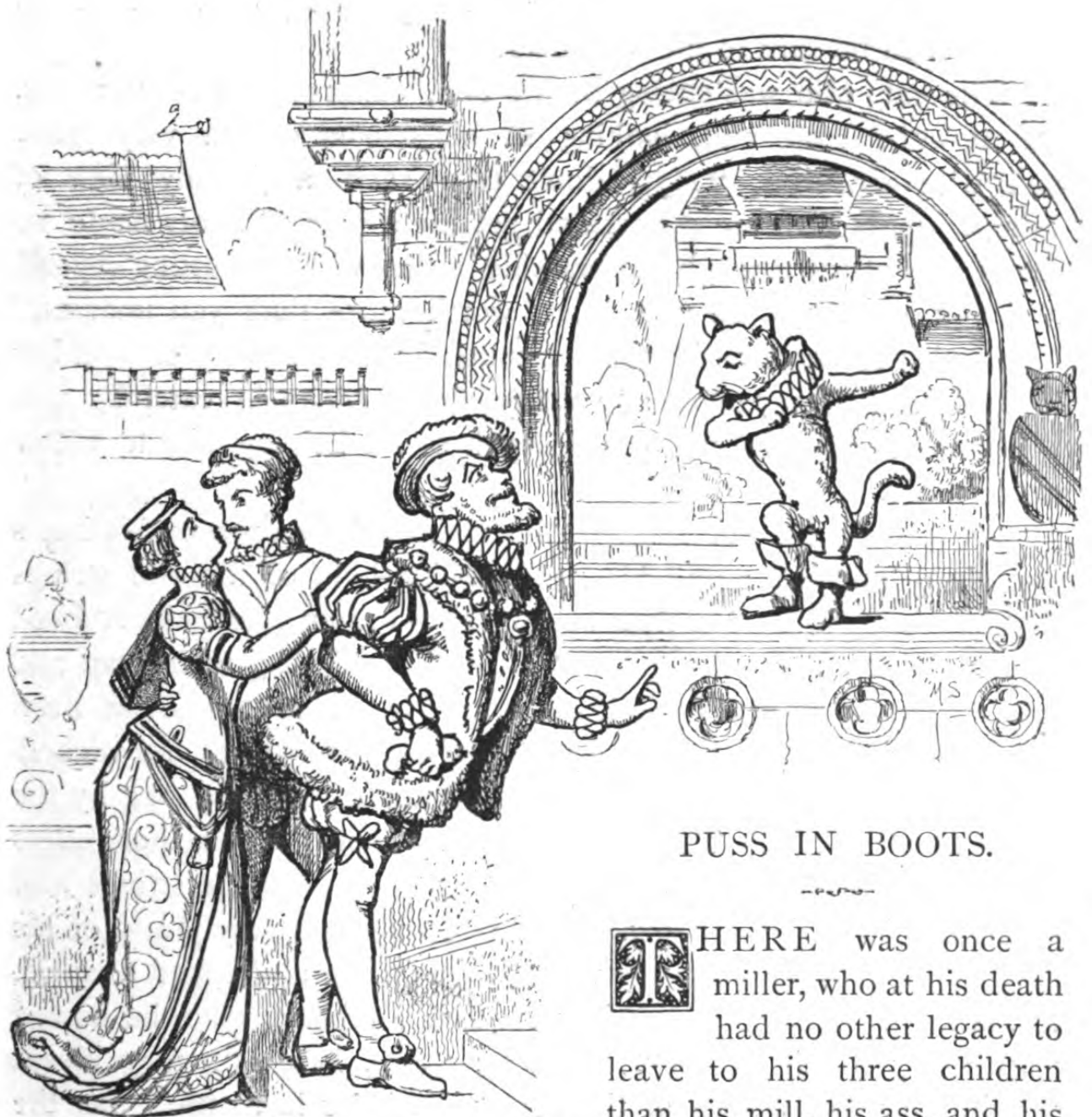
You will read all the stories through ; I am sure you will. In them you will find a great deal to wonder at. And you are also certain to observe that much that happened in fairy-land is very like what happens every day in the real world. You will see that appearances often were deceitful, that strength and cleverness did not always go together, that perseverance overcame difficulties, and that the true way to get on was to do right. Thus you may learn many useful lessons from these fairy stories, if you only choose to look for them. Look, then, my dear Tom, or Lucy, or whoever you are ; for what is the use of reading if we are not to profit by it ?

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The Old Fairy Tales.



PUSS IN BOOTS.

THERE was once a miller, who at his death had no other legacy to leave to his three children than his mill, his ass, and his cat. The property was soon divided. The eldest son took the mill, the second took the ass, and, as for the youngest, all that remained

for him was the cat. This share in his father's property did not appear much worth, so the youngest son began to grumble. "My brothers," said he, "will be able to earn an honest livelihood by going into partnership ; but when I have eaten my cat and sold his skin, I shall be sure to die of hunger."

The cat, who was sitting beside him, chanced to overhear this. He at once rose, and, looking at his master with a very grave and wise air, said, "Nay, don't take such a gloomy view of things. Only give me a bag, and get me a pair of boots made, so that I may stride through the bramble-bushes without hurting myself, and you will soon see that I am worth more than you imagine." The cat's new master did not put much faith in these promises, but he had seen him perform so many clever tricks in catching rats and mice, that he did not quite despair of his helping him to better his fortunes.

As soon as the cat got what he asked for, he drew on his boots and slung the bag round his neck, taking hold of the two strings with his fore-paws. He then set off for a warren plentifully stocked with rabbits. When he got there, he filled his bag with bran and lettuces, and stretched himself out beside it as stiff as if he had been dead, and waited till some fine young rabbit, ignorant of the wickedness and deceit of the world, should be tempted into the bag by the prospect of a feast. This happened very soon. A fat, thoughtless rabbit went in headlong, and the cat at once drew the strings and strangled him without mercy. Puss, of course, was very proud of his success ; and he immediately went to the palace and asked to speak to the king. He was shown into the king's cabinet, when he bowed respectfully to his majesty, and said, "Sire, here is a magnificent rabbit, from the warren of the Marquis of Carabas" (that was the title the cat had taken it into his head to bestow upon his master), "which he desires me to present to your majesty."

“Tell your master,” said the king, “that I accept his present, and am very much obliged to him.”

A few days after, the cat went and hid himself in a corn-field, and held his bag open as before. This time two splendid partridges were lured into the trap, when he drew the strings and made them both prisoners. He then went and presented them to the king as he had done with the rabbit. The king received the partridges very graciously; indeed, he was so pleased, that he ordered the messenger of the Marquis of Carabas to be handsomely rewarded for his trouble.

For two or three months the cat went on in this way, carrying game every now and then to the palace, and telling the king always the same story, that he was indebted for it to the Marquis of Carabas. At last the cat happened to hear that the king was going to take a drive on the banks of the river, along with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world. Puss went off to his master. “Sir,” said he, “if you will follow my advice your fortune is made. You need only go and bathe in the river at a place I shall show you, and leave the rest to me.”

“Very well,” said the miller’s son, and he did as the cat advised. Just as he was bathing, the king went past. Then the cat began to bawl out as loud as he could, “Help! help! or the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned!”

When he heard the cries the king looked out of the carriage-window. He saw the cat who had so frequently brought him rabbits and partridges, and ordered his body-guards to fly at once to the help of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

Whilst the poor marquis was being fished out of the water the cat came up to the royal carriage and told his majesty that, as his master was bathing, some robbers had stolen his clothes, although he had cried out “Stop thief!” with all his might. The king imme-

diately commanded the gentleman of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his most magnificent suits of clothes for the Marquis of Carabas. The order was executed in a twinkling, and soon the miller's son appeared splendidly attired before the king and the princess. He was naturally a handsome young man, and in his gay dress he looked so well that the king took him for a very fine gentleman, and the princess was so struck with his appearance that she at once fell over head and ears in love.

The king insisted on his getting into the carriage and taking a drive with them. The cat, greatly pleased at the turn things were taking, ran on before. He reached a meadow where some peasants were mowing the grass. "Good people," said he, "if you do not tell the king, when he comes this way, that the field you are mowing belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mincemeat." The king did not fail to ask the mowers to whom the meadow belonged. "To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said they, trembling, for the threat of the cat had frightened them mightily. "Upon my word, marquis," said the king, "this is fine land of yours." "Yes, sire," replied the miller's son, "it is not a bad meadow, take it altogether." The cat, who continued to run on before the carriage, now came up to some reapers. He bounced in upon them, "I say, you reapers," cried he, "see you tell the king that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or you shall every one of you be chopped as fine as mincemeat." The king passed by a moment after, and asked to whom the corn-fields belonged. "To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said the reapers. "Really, dear marquis, I am pleased you own so much land," remarked the king. And the cat kept still running on before the carriage and repeating the same instructions to all the labourers he came up to, so you may fancy how astonished the king was at the vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas.



A PRESENT FOR THE KING.

At length the cat arrived at a great castle where an ogre lived, who was immensely rich, for all the lands the king had been riding through were a portion of his estate. He knocked at the big gate, and sent in a message to the ogre, asking leave to pay his respects to him. The ogre received him as civilly as an ogre could possibly do, and bade him rest himself. "You are very kind," said the cat, and he took a chair; "I have heard Mr. Ogre," he went on to say, "that you have the power of changing yourself into all sorts of animals, such, for instance, as a lion or an elephant."

"So I have," replied the ogre, rather abruptly, "and to prove it, you will see me become a lion." And, in a moment, there stood the lion. The cat was seized with such a fright, that he jumped off his seat, made for the window, and clambered up to the roof. After a time, he saw the ogre return to his natural shape, so he came down again and confessed that he had been very much frightened. "But, Mr. Ogre," said he, "it may be easy for such a big gentleman as you to change yourself into a large animal; I do not suppose you can become a small one—say a rat or a mouse." "Impossible indeed!" said the ogre, quite indignantly, "you shall see!" and immediately he took the shape of a mouse and began frisking about on the floor, when the cat pounced upon him and ate him up in a moment.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the ogre's castle, and it looked so grand that he expressed a strong wish to enter it. The cat heard the rumbling of the carriage across the drawbridge, so he ran out in a great hurry, and stood on the marble steps, and cried, "Welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas!"

The marquis handed out the princess, and, following the king, they entered a great hall, where a magnificent feast was laid out, which had been prepared for some of the ogre's friends. They sat down to eat: and now we come to the end of our story. The

king was delighted with the good qualities of the Marquis of Carabas. So his majesty, after drinking five or six glasses of wine, looked across the table, and said, "It rests with you, marquis, whether you will become my son-in-law." The marquis replied that he should only be too happy ; and the very next day the princess and he were married.

As for the cat, he became a great lord, and ever after only hunted mice for his own amusement.





SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

THERE was once a poor widow, who lived in a little cottage, and in front of the cottage was a garden, where stood two little rose-trees ; one bore white roses and the other red. The widow had two daughters, who were like the two rose-trees ; one was called Snow-white, and the other was called Rose-red. They were two of the best children that ever lived ; but Snow-white was more quiet and gentle than Rose-red. And they loved each other dearly.

Snow-white and Rose-red kept their mother's cottage so clean, that it was a pleasure to see it. In the summer, Rose-red looked after the house, and every morning she gathered a nosegay for her mother; and in the nosegay she put a rose off each tree. In winter, Snow-white lighted the fire and hung the kettle on the hook; and when it was evening, and the snow was falling, the mother said, "Snow-white, go and bolt the door!" and then the two little girls sat down on the hearth, and the mother took her spectacles, and read aloud out of a great book, and Snow-white and Rose-red spun. Near them lay a lamb on the floor, and behind them, on a perch, a white dove sat with its head under its wing.

One evening, as they were sitting thus together, they heard a loud knocking. The mother said, "Quick, Rose-red, open the door! perhaps it is a traveller looking for shelter." Rose-red went and pushed the bolt back, thinking to see some poor man, but there stood a bear, and he poked in his thick black head. Rose-red gave a little scream, the little lamb bleated, the little dove fluttered about, and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed. But the bear began to speak, and said, "Don't be afraid; I will do you no harm; I am half frozen, and only want to warm myself a little." "Poor bear!" said the mother, "lie down before the fire, only take care not to burn your fur." Then she called out, "Come here, Snow-white and Rose-red; the bear will not hurt you; he seems a gentle bear." They both approached, and soon they and the lamb and the dove ceased to be afraid; indeed, they all became quite friendly, and the children played tricks with the bear. They pulled his fur, set their feet on his back, and rolled him here and there, or took a hazel-rod and beat him, and when he growled, they laughed. The bear was very much pleased with this frolic, only, when they became too mischievous, he called out,

"Little Snow-white and little Rose-red,
Don't be so rough or soon I'll be dead."

When bed-time came, the mother said to the bear, "You can just lie there on the hearth, and you will be sheltered from the bad weather." At daybreak, the two children led him out, and he trotted over the snow into the wood. The bear came every evening afterwards, at the same hour; and the two girls became so used to him, that the door was never bolted until the black bear had arrived.

At last it was spring, and everything out of doors was green. The bear then said one morning to Snow-white, "Now I must go away, and may not come again the whole summer." "Where are you going, dear Bear?" asked Snow-white. "Into the wood to guard my treasures from the bad dwarfs. In winter, when the ground is hard, they have to keep in their holes, and cannot work their way through; but now that the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, they come out and steal all they can." Snow-white was quite sad at his going away. As she opened the door for him, and the bear ran out, the hook of the door caught him, and a piece of his skin was torn off: it seemed to Snow-white as if, through the hole in his coat, she saw the glittering of gold, but she was not sure. The bear ran quickly away, and soon was out of sight behind the trees.

Some time after, the mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks. Within the wood they found a large tree which had been blown over, and lay on the grass, and beside the trunk something was jumping up and down. At first they could not make out what it was. When they came nearer, they saw it was a dwarf, with an old withered face, and a beard as white as snow and about a yard long. The end of the beard was stuck fast in a cleft in the tree, and the little fellow was jumping about like a dog tied to a chain, and he did not know how to get free. He glared at the girls with his red fiery eyes, and screamed out, "Why are you standing there like a couple of posts? Can't you come and help me?" "What is the matter with you, little man?" asked Rose-red. "Stupid little



THE DWARF'S DEATH.

goose!" answered the dwarf; "I wanted to chop the tree, so as to have some small pieces of wood for the kitchen, and had driven the wedge well in, and all was going smoothly, when out sprang the wedge and the tree closed up so quickly that I could not pull my beautiful beard out: now here it sticks, and I can't get away. There, don't laugh, you foolish milk-faced things. Can't you make yourselves of use?" The children did their best, but they could not pull the beard out; it stuck too fast. "I shall run and fetch help!" cried Rose-red. "You great sheep's head!" snarled the dwarf, "what do you want to call more people for? you are two too many for me already. Can't you think of anything else?" "Don't be impatient," said Snow-white, "I have thought of something." She took her little scissors out of her pocket, and cut the end of the beard off. As soon as the dwarf was free, he snatched up a sack filled with gold that was sticking between the roots of the tree, and threw it over his shoulder, growling and crying, "You stupid people, to cut a piece off my beautiful beard! bad luck to you!" and he marched off without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards, Snow-white and Rose-red went to fish. As they came to the pond they saw something like a great grasshopper jumping about on the bank, as if it were going to spring into the water. They ran up, and saw that it was the dwarf. "What are you after?" asked Rose-red. "You don't want to go into the water!" "I am not quite such a fool as that!" cried the dwarf. "Don't you see a fish wants to pull me in?" The little man had been sitting there fishing, and unfortunately the wind had entangled the line with his beard. So when a great fish bit at his hook, the weak creature could not pull him out, and the fish was pulling the dwarf into the water. He caught hold of all the reeds and rushes, but that did not help him much. The fish pulled him wherever it liked, and he must have soon been drawn into the pond. The girls came just at the right

moment : they held him fast, and tried to get his beard loose from the line, but both were too closely entangled for that. There was nothing for it but to pull out the scissors and cut off another piece of the beard. When the dwarf saw that, he cried out, "You silly geese ! what need is there to disfigure one's face so ? You cut my beard once before, and nothing will please you but you must cut it again. I dare not be seen by my people. I wish you had run the soles of your feet off before you came here." He then took up a sack of pearls that lay among the rushes, and disappeared behind a stone.

Soon after, the mother sent the two girls to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, lace and ribbons. The road passed over a heath, on which great masses of rock lay scattered about. There they saw a large bird in the air, and it settled down by a rock not far distant. Immediately they heard a piercing shriek. They ran up, and saw with horror that the eagle had caught their old acquaintance the dwarf, and was trying to carry him off. The compassionate children instantly seized hold of the little man, and held him, and the eagle at last let go his prey. As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his fright, he cried out in his shrill voice, "Could you not have held me more gently ? You have torn my fine brown coat all to tatters, awkward clumsy rubbish that you are !" Then he took up a sack of precious stones, and slipped away behind the rock into his den. Snow-white and Rose-red, who were used to his ingratitude, went on their way, and bought what their mother wanted in the town. As they were returning home over the same heath, they surprised the dwarf, who had emptied his sack of precious stones on a little clean place, thinking that no one was likely to come that way. The sun shone on the glittering stones ; and they looked so beautiful that the children could not help standing still to admire them. "What are you standing there gaping for ?" cried the dwarf, his face turning red with rage. With these cross

words he was going away, when a loud roaring was heard, and a black bear trotted out of the wood towards them. The dwarf sprang up, terrified, but he could not get to his den in time. The bear overtook him. Then he called out, "Dear Mr. Bear, spare me, and I will give you all my treasures! Give me my life! for what do you want with a poor thin little fellow like me? You would scarcely feel me between your teeth. Rather take those two wicked girls; they will be nice morsels for you, as fat as young quails: eat them, but spare me!" The bear never troubled himself to answer. He gave the malicious creature a single stroke with his paw, and he never moved again. The girls had run away, but the bear called after them, "Snow-white and Rose-red, don't be afraid; wait a minute, and I will go with you." They knew the voice of their old friend, and stood still. The bear came up to them, and off fell his skin, and he stood up before them a handsome young man, dressed all in gold. "I am a king's son," said he; "I was changed into a wild bear by the wicked dwarf, who had stolen all my treasures, and was forced to run about in the wood till I should be released by his death. Now he has received his well-deserved punishment." They all went home together to the widow's cottage, and Snow-white was married to the prince, and Rose-red to his brother. And they divided among them the great treasures which the dwarf had amassed. The old mother lived for many years happily with her children; and when she left her cottage for the palace, she took the two rose-trees with her, and they were planted before her window, and bore every year the most beautiful white and red roses.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.



A LONG time ago there lived a king and queen, who were very sad because they had no children. At last the queen had a little daughter, and the king was so delighted that he gave a grand christening feast; it was so grand that the like of it was never known. He invited all the fairies in the land—there were seven of them—to stand godmothers to the little princess, hoping that each would bestow upon her some good gift, as used to be the custom of fairies in those days.

After the ceremony, all the guests went back to the palace, where there was set before each fairy godmother a magnificent gold-covered

dish, with an embroidered table-napkin, and a knife and fork of pure gold, all covered over with diamonds and rubies. But, alas ! as they sat down at table, in came an old fairy who had never been invited,



because, fifty years before, she had left the king's dominions, and had never since been heard of. The king was much put out when he saw her. At once he ordered a cover to be placed for her, but, unluckily, it was only of common earthenware, for he had ordered from his jeweller just seven gold dishes for the seven fairies who had been asked to the christening. The elder fairy felt herself slighted, and muttered angry threats between her teeth. These were overheard by one of the younger fairies, who happened to sit next her. This good godmother, afraid of harm coming to the pretty child, ran and hid herself

behind the tapestry in the hall. She did this in order that she might speak last ; so that if the spiteful fairy gave any ill gift to the child, she might be able to counteract it.

The six now gave their good gifts, and they were the best that could be thought of. Then the old fairy's turn came. Shaking her head spitefully, she said that when the child grew up to be a young lady, she would prick her hand with a spindle and die of the wound. When they heard this all shuddered, and some began to weep. As for the king and queen, they were almost out of their wits with grief. And now the wise young fairy appeared from behind the tapestry, and said, cheerfully, " You may keep up your spirits ; the princess will not die.

I have not the power to undo completely the mischief worked by an older fairy ; I cannot prevent the princess pricking her finger : but, instead of dying, she will only fall into a sleep, that will last a hundred years. At the end of that time, a king's son will come and waken her, and the two will be married and live happily ever after." Immediately all the fairies vanished.

The king, in the hope of preventing the threatened misfortune, issued an edict, forbidding all persons to spin. But it was in vain. One day, when she was just fifteen years of age, the king and queen left the princess alone in one of their palaces. She was wandering about when she came to a ruined tower ; she climbed to the top, and there found an old woman—so deaf that she had never heard of the king's edict—and she was busy spinning with a distaff. "What are you doing, good old woman?" cried the princess in her ear. "I am spinning, my pretty child." "Oh, what fun that must be! Let me try if I can spin too." She had no sooner taken up the spindle than she handled it so carelessly that the point pricked her finger. She fainted away at once, and dropped down silently on the floor. The poor frightened old woman cried, "Help, help!" and soon the ladies-in-waiting came to see what was the matter. They tried every means to restore their young mistress, but nothing would do. She lay with the colour still in her face and her breath going and coming softly, but her eyes were fast closed. When the king and queen came home, and saw her sleeping so, they knew regret was idle—all had come about just as the cruel fairy had said. But they also knew that their daughter was not sleeping for ever ; they knew that she would waken after a hundred years, though it was not likely either of them would be living then to see her. Until that happy hour should arrive, they determined to leave her in repose ; so they laid the sweet princess on the handsomest embroidered bed in the handsomest room in the handsomest of all

their palaces. There she slept, and looked for all the world like a sleeping angel.

When this accident happened, the good young fairy who had saved the princess by changing her sleep of death into a sleep of a hundred years was twelve thousand miles away. But she knew everything, and soon arrived in a chariot of fire drawn by dragons. The king went to the door of his palace, looking very sad, and gave her his hand to alight. The fairy condoled with him, and approved of all that he had done. Then, as she was a very sensible and prudent fairy, she suggested that the princess, when she awoke, might be a good deal put about—especially with a young prince by her side—at finding herself alone in a large palace. So, without asking any one's leave, she took her magic wand and touched everybody in the palace, except the king and queen. She ended with touching the little fat lap-dog, who had laid himself down beside his mistress on her splendid bed. He and all the rest fell asleep in a moment. The very spits that were before the kitchen fire ceased turning, and the fire went out, and every thing became as silent as if it were the middle of the night. The king and queen, having kissed their sleeping daughter, left the palace, and in a quarter of an hour there sprang up about it a great wood, so thick and thorny that neither beasts nor men could go through it. Above this dense forest could only be seen the top of the high tower where the lovely princess slept.

A great many changes happened in the hundred years. The king and the queen died, and the throne passed to another royal family, and the story of the poor princess was almost quite forgotten. When the hundred years were at an end, the son of the reigning king was one day out hunting. He was stopped in the chase by the thick wood, and asked what wood it was, and what the tower was that he saw above the tops of the trees. At first no one could answer him, but an old peasant was found, who said that his father had been told by



THE PRINCE AT LAST.

his grandfather that in this tower was a beautiful princess, who was doomed to sleep there for a hundred years, till awakened by a king's son, whose bride she was destined to become. When he heard this, the young prince determined to find out the truth for himself. He leaped from his horse, and began to force his way through the wood. Wonderful to relate, the stiff branches and the thorns and the brambles all gave way to let him pass ; and when he had passed they closed behind, allowing none of those with him to follow. The prince went boldly on alone. The first thing he saw was enough to frighten any one. Bodies of men and horses lay stretched on the ground, and the silence was truly awful. Soon, however, he noticed that the men's faces were not as white as death, but had the colour of health, and that beside them were glasses half-filled with wine, showing that they had gone to sleep drinking. He passed then through a large court, paved with marble, where rows of guards stood presenting arms, but they were as still as if cut out of stone ; then he passed through many rooms, where gentlemen and ladies, all in old-fashioned dresses, were sound asleep, some standing, some sitting. At last the astonished prince came to an inner room, and there was the fairest sight he ever saw. A beautiful girl lay asleep on an embroidered bed, and she looked as if she had only just closed her eyes. The prince went up to her and knelt down beside her, and I am not sure but he kissed the lovely princess. The end of the enchantment had now come ; the princess wakened at once, and, looking at him with the sweetest look, said, " Is it you, my prince ? What a long time I have waited for you ! " Charmed with these words, and still more with the way in which they were said, the prince told her that he loved her already more than his life. " And I love you quite as much," said she. " How often have I dreamed about you during the last hundred years." For a long time they sat talking, and it seemed as if they never could have said enough.

In the meantime all the attendants, whose enchantment was also broken, not being in love like their mistress, felt very hungry. The lady-in-waiting, out of all patience, ventured to tell the princess that dinner was served. Then the prince handed his beloved princess to the great hall. She did not wait to dress for dinner, being already perfectly and magnificently attired. Her lover had the politeness not to notice that her dress was so long behind the age that she appeared exactly like a portrait he had seen of his own grandmother. What did it matter?—she was so beautiful. During dinner there was a concert by the attendant musicians, and, though they had not played for a century, their music was exceedingly good. They ended with a wedding march, for that very evening the prince and princess were married. The bride, of course, was nearly a hundred years older than the bridegroom, but she looked really quite as young. The prince carried the princess to court, and in time the two ascended the throne, and they lived so long and happily together, that we may wish all people were like them.



TOM THUMB.



LONG ago, in the days of King Arthur, there lived a great enchanter called Merlin. He was one day on a long journey, when, feeling tired, he stopped to ask for rest and refreshment at the cottage of an honest ploughman. As he sat eating, Merlin noticed that the ploughman and his wife had the most woe-begone look imaginable. He could not help wondering at this, and asked them to tell him the reason of their sadness. The honest couple then said that their trouble arose from having no children. "I would be the happiest creature in the world," exclaimed

the poor woman, "if I had but a son ; though he were no bigger than his father's thumb." Merlin laughed to himself at the thought of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, and as soon as he had returned home he sent for the Queen of the Fairies, and told her what would please the ploughman and his wife. "I'll grant their wishes," said the Queen of the Fairies. Accordingly, the ploughman's wife had a son, who, in the space of a few minutes, grew to be as tall as his father's thumb. The Queen of the Fairies came to see the new-born infant, and gave him the name of Tom Thumb, and summoned several fairies to dress her new favourite.

An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown,
His shirt it was by spiders spun ;
With doublet wove of thistle down,
His trousers up with points were done.
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie
With eye-lash plucked from his mother's eye ;
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tanned, with hair within.

Tom never grew any bigger than his father's thumb, but what he lacked in size he made up in cunning. Through this he occasionally got into scrapes, by trying to cheat his playfellows. Thus, when he was old enough to play with other boys for cherry-stones, and had lost all his own, he used to creep into his playmates' bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to begin another game. But one day, just as he was coming stealthily out of a bag, the owner chanced to see him. "Ah, ah, my little Tom Thumb!" cried the boy ; "so I have caught you at your tricks at last ! Now I will give you something to thieve for !" So saying he tightened the string round his neck, and gave the bag a good shaking. Soon the crestfallen little fellow begged for mercy, and promised he would never do such things any more.

Soon afterwards, Tom's mother was making a batter-pudding. He

climbed to the edge of the bowl, when his foot slipped, and he fell over head and ears into the batter. His mother never noticed him, but stirred him into the pudding, and popped it into the pot to boil. When the water began to grow hot, Tom kicked and plunged, and his mother, seeing the pudding jump up and down in so extraordinary a manner, made up her mind it was bewitched; and as a tinker happened to pass by just then, she was glad to get rid of the pudding by giving it to him. The tinker put it into his wallet and trudged on. As soon as Tom got the batter out of his mouth, he began to cry aloud, which so frightened the poor tinker, that he flung the pudding over the hedge and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. The pudding was broken by the fall, which set Tom free; he walked home then to his mother, who kissed him and put him to bed.

Another time Tom accompanied his mother when she went to milk the cow, and, as it was very windy, she tied him to a thistle, lest he should be blown away. The cow took a fancy to his oak-leaf hat, and picked him and the thistle up at one mouthful. Tom was dreadfully afraid, and roared out, "Mother! mother!" as loud as he could bawl. "Where are you, my dear Tommy?" "Here, mother; here, in the red cow's mouth!" The mother fell to weeping and wringing her hands; and the cow, hearing such strange noises in her throat, opened her mouth and dropped him on the grass. His mother hastily picked him up, and ran home with her darling.

In order to please Tom with the idea that he was now big enough to be useful, his father made him a whip of barley-straw to drive the cattle with. One day, on following them to the field, he slipped into a deep furrow. A raven picked up the barley-straw, with poor little Tom into the bargain, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle, by the sea-side, and there left him. Shortly after, old Grumbo, the giant, coming to take a walk on his terrace, swallowed Tom like a pill, clothes and all. You may imagine how uncomfortable he made the



AT THE KING'S COURT.

giant feel ! accordingly, it was not long before he threw him up into the sea. There a great fish swallowed him. The fish, however, was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur, and when it was cut open everybody was delighted at the sight of Tom Thumb. The king made him his dwarf, and he soon gained the favour of the whole court. The king sometimes asked Tom about his family ; and when he learned that his little dwarf's parents were very poor people, he took Tom into his treasury and told him he might pay them a visit, and take with him as much money as he could carry. Tom then procured a little purse, and filling it with a threepenny-piece, he hoisted it with much difficulty on his back, and after travelling two days and two nights reached his father's cottage almost fainting with fatigue. Both his parents were overjoyed to see him, especially as he brought so large a sum of money. He was placed in a walnut-shell by the fire-side, and they feasted him for three days on a hazelnut, which made him ill—for a whole nut usually lasted him for a month. When he got quite well, Tom thought it was time to return to court, so his mother took him up and with one puff blew him into King Arthur's palace. Tom now again became the delight of the king and queen and nobles, but he exerted himself so much at tilts and tournaments, for their amusement, that he fell sick, and it was thought he would die. But his kind friend the Queen of the Fairies had not forgotten him. She carried him off to Fairyland, and kept him there till he was completely restored to health ; then she ordered a fair wind and blew him back to the court of King Arthur. Unfortunately, instead of alighting in the palace-yard, as the Fairy Queen had intended, poor Tom Thumb was pitched right into the king's bowl of fermenty—a dish King Arthur dearly loved—which the cook happened to be carrying across the court at that very moment. Down went the bowl, and all the hot liquor was splashed into the cook's eyes. Now the cook was a red-faced cross fellow. He complained

bitterly of Tom to the king, and swore he had played this prank out of mischief. So poor Tom was taken up, tried, and sentenced to be beheaded. Whilst this dreadful sentence was being pronounced, a miller was standing by with his mouth wide open. Tom made a desperate spring, and jumped down his throat, unnoticed by all, even by the miller himself. The culprit being now lost, the court broke up, and away went the miller back to his mill. But he did not long remain at rest, for Tom made such a riot that the miller thought himself bewitched, and sent for a doctor. When he came, Tom began to dance and sing, which so alarmed the doctor that he sent for five other doctors and twenty learned men. These all began to discuss the symptoms at such length that the miller could not keep from yawning, and, when he did that, Tom Thumb made a somersault and alighted on his feet in the middle of the table. The miller, in a rage at having been tormented by such a little creature, caught hold of poor Tom and threw him into the river. A salmon was swimming by and it snapped him up. Luckily the salmon was soon caught, and was sold in the market to the steward of a lord's household. The lord sent it as a present to the king, who ordered it to be dressed for dinner. When the cook cut it open, he found his old enemy Tom, and ran with him at once to the king. The king, however, was busy with state affairs, and ordered him to be brought another day ; so the cook shut him up in a mouse-trap, where he lay in prison a whole week. At the end of that time the king sent for him, pardoned him for overturning the fermenty, ordered him a new suit of clothes, and knighted him.

His shirt was made of butterflies' wings,
His boots were made of chicken skins ;
His coat and breeches were made with pride ;
A tailor's needle hung by his side ;
A mouse for a horse he used to ride.

Thus dressed and mounted, he often went a-hunting with the king

and his nobles. But one day, when passing by a farm-house, he had an adventure with a cat, which tried to devour his steed. Tom came off badly scratched, and with his clothes nearly torn off his back by the cruel cat's claws. The Queen of the Fairies soon came again and took him away to Fairyland, where she kept him for some years. When he returned to earth, people flocked far and near to look at him, and he was carried before King Thunstone, who had succeeded to the throne of King Arthur. The king asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived. Tom answered :—

“ My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I come ;
When King Arthur shone
This court was my home ;
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted.
Did you never hear of
Sir Thomas Thumb ? ”

The king was so pleased with this speech that he ordered a little chair to be made for Tom Thumb to sit in at his table, and also a palace of gold, a span high, for him to live in. He gave him a coach besides, drawn by six small mice. But at this last present the queen was angry ; she thought she should have had a new coach too. She determined to ruin Tom, and made up a story about his having behaved very rudely to her. The king then sent for him in a great rage, but Tom, to escape his fury, crept into an empty snail-shell, and lay there till he was nearly starved. At last he ventured to peep out, and seeing a butterfly settle on the ground he mounted it. The butterfly fluttered away through the air, bearing him from flower to flower, till where did it alight but in the king's court ! The king and queen and nobles all tried, but in vain, to catch the butterfly. At length poor Tom, having neither bridle nor saddle, slipped

from his seat and fell into a watering-pot, where he was nearly drowned. The queen, who had as great a spite at him as ever, was bent on having him guillotined, and whilst the guillotine was being made ready he was once more imprisoned in a mouse-trap. Here a cat chanced to see him, and mistaking him for a mouse, knocked the trap about till it broke, and Tom was set at liberty. But Tom's days were numbered, for, not long after, a spider, taking him for a fly, made at him. Tom drew his sword and made a valiant resistance, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him :—

He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood,
And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.

He was buried under a rose-bush, and a marble monument was set up over his grave, with the following epitaph :—

“ Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport.
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went ;
Alive he filled the Court with mirth,
His death to sorrow soon gave birth ;
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
And cry ‘ Alas ! Tom Thumb is dead ! ’ ”





JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

IN the reign of the famous King Arthur, there lived, in the county of Cornwall, a worthy farmer, who had an only son named Jack, and Jack was strong, and bold, and cunning. In those days there lived a huge giant in a gloomy cavern on St. Michael's Mount. The coast of Cornwall had been greatly hurt by his thefts, when Jack boldly resolved to destroy him. He took a horn, a shovel, a pickaxe, and a dark lantern, and, early in a long winter's evening, he swam to the Mount.

There he fell to work at once, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and almost as many broad. He covered it over with sticks and straw, and strewed some earth on the top, to make it look like solid ground. He then blew his horn so loudly that the giant awoke, and came out roaring like thunder: "You saucy villain, you shall pay dearly for breaking my rest; I will broil you for my breakfast." He had scarcely spoken these words, when he tumbled headlong into the pit. "Oh ho, Mr. Giant!" said Jack, "how is your appetite now? Will nothing serve you for breakfast but broiling poor Jack?" The giant now tried to rise, but Jack struck him a blow on the crown of the head with his pickaxe, which killed him at once. When the Justices of Cornwall heard of this valiant action, they sent for Jack, and declared that he should always be called Jack the Giant-killer; and they also gave him a sword and belt, upon which was written in letters of gold:—

"This is the valiant Cornishman
Who slew the giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's exploits soon spread over the western parts of England; and another giant, called Old Blunderbore, vowed to have revenge on Jack. This giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonely wood. About four months after the death of Cormoran, as Jack was taking a journey into Wales, he passed through this wood; and, as he was very weary, he sat down to rest by the side of a pleasant fountain, and there he fell asleep. The giant came to the fountain for water just at this time, and found Jack there; and as the lines on Jack's belt showed who he was, the giant lifted him up, and laid him gently upon his shoulder, to carry him to his castle; but, as he passed through the thicket, the rustling of the leaves wakened Jack, and he was sadly afraid when he found himself in the clutches of Blunderbore. When they reached the castle, the giant took him into a large room, and there he left him while he went to fetch

another giant, who lived in the same wood, to enjoy a dinner off Jack's flesh with him. Whilst he was away Jack heard dreadful shrieks, groans, and cries from many parts of the castle, and soon after he heard a mournful voice repeat these lines :—

“Haste, valiant stranger, haste away,
Lest you become the giant's prey.
On his return he'll bring another,
Still more savage than his brother ;
A horrid cruel monster, who,
Before he kills, will torture you.”

Looking out of the window, which was right over the door of the castle, our terrified Jack saw the two giants coming along arm in arm. “Now,” thought he, “either my death or freedom is at hand.” There were two strong cords in the room. He made a large noose with a slip-knot at the ends of both of these, and, as the giants were coming through the gates he threw the ropes over their heads. He then made the other ends fast to a beam in the ceiling, and pulled with all his might, till he had almost strangled them. When he saw that they were both quite black in the face, and had not the least strength left, he drew his sword and slid down the ropes, and killed them. Jack next took a great bunch of keys from the pocket of Blunderbore, and went into the castle again. He made a strict search through all the rooms, and in them found three ladies almost starved to death. They told him that their husbands had been killed by the giants, who had then condemned them to starvation. “Ladies,” said Jack, “I give you this castle and all the riches it contains, to make you some amends for the dreadful pains you have felt.” He then politely gave them the keys, and went farther on his journey.

As Jack had not taken any of the giant's riches for himself, and had very little money of his own, he thought it best to travel as fast as he could. At length he lost his way, but after wandering about

for a while, he succeeded in finding a large and handsome house. He went up to it and knocked loudly at the gate ; when, to his great terror, there came forth a monstrous giant, with two heads. He spoke to Jack very civilly, for he was a Welsh giant, and all the mischief he did was by private and secret malice, under the show of friendship and kindness. Jack told him that he was a traveller, who had lost his way, on which the huge monster made him welcome, and led him into a room where there was a good bed, in which to pass the night. Jack took off his clothes quickly, but he could not sleep. Soon he heard the giant walking backwards and forwards in the next room, and saying to himself:—

“ Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light ;
My club shall dash your brains out quite.”

“ Say you so ? ” thought Jack. “ Are these your tricks upon travellers ? but I hope to prove as cunning as you. ” Then, getting out of bed, he took a large thick billet of wood, and laid it in his own place in the bed, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the middle of the night, the giant came with his great club, and struck many heavy blows on the bed, and then he went off, thinking he had broken all Jack’s bones. Early the next morning, Jack put a bold face upon the matter, and went to thank the giant for his lodging. The giant started, and began to stammer out, “ Oh, dear me ! is it you ? pray, how did you sleep last night ? Did you hear or see anything in the dead of the night ? ” “ Nothing worth speaking of, ” said Jack, carelessly ; “ a rat, I believe, gave me three or four slaps with his tail, but that was all. ” The giant said nothing, but went to bring two great bowls of hasty pudding for their breakfast. Jack wished to make the giant believe that he could eat as much as himself, so he contrived to button a leathern bag inside his coat, and slipped the hasty pudding into this bag, while he seemed

to put it into his mouth. When breakfast was over, he said to the giant, "Now I will show you a fine trick ; I can cure all wounds with a touch ; you shall see an example." He then took hold of the knife, ripped up the leathern bag, and all the hasty pudding tumbled out upon the floor. "Ods splutter hur nails !" cried the Welsh giant, who was ashamed to be outdone by such a little fellow, "hur can do that hursel." So he snatched up the knife, plunged it into his stomach, and in a moment dropped down dead.

Jack went farther on his journey, and in a few days he met with King Arthur's only son, who had got his father's leave to travel into Wales to deliver a beautiful lady from the power of a wicked magician. Our Jack attached himself to the prince, and soon after it happened that, being very generous, the prince found himself without money. He had given his last penny to an old woman. Night now came on, and the prince began to grow uneasy at thinking where they should lodge. "Sir," said Jack, "be of good heart ; two miles farther there lives a great giant, whom I know well ; he has three heads, and will fight five hundred men, and make them fly before him. Leave me to manage him, and wait here in quiet till I return." The prince stayed behind, while Jack rode on at full speed ; and when he came to the gates of the castle, he gave a loud knock. The giant, with a voice like thunder, roared out, "Who is there?" Jack made answer, and said, "No one but your poor cousin Jack." "Well," said the giant, "what news, Cousin Jack?" "Dear uncle," said Jack, "I have heavy news. Here is the king's son coming with two thousand men to kill you." "Oh, Cousin Jack !" said the giant, "this is heavy news indeed ! But I have a large cellar underground, where I will hide myself, and you shall lock, bolt, and bar me in till the king's son is gone." Now, when Jack had barred the giant fast in the vault, he went back and fetched the prince, and they feasted and spent that night very



AT THE CAVERN'S MOUTH.

pleasantly in the castle. Early in the morning, Jack gave the king's son gold and silver out of the giant's treasury, and accompanied him three miles forward on his journey. The prince then sent Jack to let his uncle out of the cellar, who asked him what he should give him as a reward for saving him. "Why, good uncle," said Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, with the old rusty sword and slippers, which are hanging at your bed's head." "Then," said the giant, "you shall have them; and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of great use. The coat will keep you invisible, the cap will give you knowledge, the sword will cut through anything, and the shoes are of vast swiftness."

Jack gave many thanks to the giant, and then set off to the prince. The king's son and he soon arrived at the dwelling of the beautiful lady. She received the prince very politely, and made a noble feast for him; when it was ended, she rose, and, wiping her mouth with a fine handkerchief, said, "My lord; to-morrow morning I command you to tell me on whom I bestow this handkerchief, or lose your head." She then left the room. The prince went to bed very mournful; but Jack put on his cap of knowledge, which told him that the lady was forced, by the power of enchantment, to meet the wicked magician every night in the middle of the forest. Jack now put on his coat of darkness, and his shoes of swiftness, and was there before her. When the lady came she gave the handkerchief to the magician. Jack, with his sword of sharpness, at one blow cut off his head; the enchantment was then ended in a moment. The lady was married to the prince on the next day, and soon after went back with her royal husband and a great company to the court of King Arthur, where our valiant hero Jack was made one of the knights of the round table.

As Jack had been so lucky in all his adventures he resolved not to be idle for the future. He therefore set off again in search of new

and strange exploits. On the third day he came to a wide forest. He had hardly entered it when he heard dreadful shrieks and cries; and soon he saw a monstrous giant dragging along, by the hair of their heads, a handsome knight and a beautiful lady. Their tears and cries melted the heart of honest Jack; he alighted from his horse, and put on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness. When he came up to the giant he made several strokes at him, and at last, aiming with all his might, he cut off both the giant's legs just below the garter, so that he fell all his length on the ground. Then Jack set his foot upon his neck, and plunged his sword into the giant's body. The knight and the lady, overjoyed, not only returned Jack hearty thanks for their deliverance, but also invited him to their house to refresh himself after his dreadful encounter. "No," said Jack, "I cannot be at ease till I find out the den that was this monster's habitation." The knight, on hearing this, grew very sorrowful, and replied, "Noble stranger, this monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother of his, more fierce and cruel than himself; let me persuade you to come with us, and desist from any further pursuit."

But Jack insisted on going, promising, however, that when his task was ended he would come to the knight's castle.

Soon he came in sight of the mouth of the cavern; and there was the other giant sitting on a huge block of timber, with a knotted iron club lying by his side. Jack put on his coat of darkness, and drew a little nearer, and at length came quite close to him, and struck a blow at his head with his sword of sharpness; but he missed his aim, and only cut off his nose, which made him roar like loud claps of thunder. He took up his iron club and began to lay about him, but Jack slipped nimbly behind, and jumping upon the block of timber as the giant rose from it, he stabbed him in the back; when, after a few howls, he dropped down dead. Jack cut off his head,

and sent it, with the head of his brother, to King Arthur. When Jack had thus killed these two monsters, he went into their cave in search of their treasure. And there he found many wretched captives who were being kept by the giants to be eaten. Jack set them all free. The next morning they set off to their homes, and Jack to the house of the knight, whom he had left with his lady not long before.

He was received with the greatest joy by the thankful knight and his lady, who, in honour of Jack's exploits, gave a grand feast. When the company were assembled, the knight declared to them the great actions of Jack, and gave him, as a mark of respect, a fine ring, on which was engraved the picture of the giant dragging the knight and the lady by the hair, with this motto round it:—

“ Behold, in dire distress were we,
Under a giant's fierce command,
But gained our lives and liberty
From valiant Jack's victorious hand.”

In the height of their merriment a man rushed into the midst of the company and told them that Thundel, a savage giant with two heads, had heard of the death of his two kinsmen, and was come to take his revenge on Jack ; and that he was now within a mile of the house. At this news the very boldest of the guests trembled ; but Jack drew his sword, and said, “ Let him come.”

The knight's house stood in the middle of a moat, over which lay a drawbridge. Jack set men to work to cut the bridge on both sides almost to the middle, and then dressed himself in his coat of darkness. As he came along the giant cried out :—

“ Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman ;
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.”

“Say you so, my friend?” said Jack, “you are a monstrous miller indeed!” “Art thou,” cried the giant, “the villain that killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, and grind thy bones to powder.” “You must catch me first,” said Jack, and throwing off his coat of darkness, and putting on his shoes of swiftness, he began to run, the giant following him like a walking castle. Jack led him round and round the house, that the company might see the monster, and then he ran over the drawbridge, the giant going after him with his club; but when he came to the middle, where the bridge had been cut on both sides, the great weight of his body made it break, and he tumbled into the water. Jack now got a cart rope and threw it over his two heads, and by the help of a team of horses, dragged him to the edge of the moat, where he cut off his heads.

After staying with the knight for some time, Jack set out again in search of new adventures. He went over hills and dales, without meeting any, till he came to the foot of a very high mountain. Here he knocked at the door of a lonely house, and an old man, with a head as white as snow, let him in. He asked for a night’s lodging, and the old man told him he was welcome, and set before him some bread and fruit for his supper. When Jack had eaten as much as he chose, the hermit said, “My son, I know you are the famous conqueror of giants; now, at the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by a giant named Golligantus, who, by the help of a vile magician, gets many knights into his power, and he changes them into beasts. Above all, I lament the hard fate of a duke’s daughter, whom they have changed into a deer. Many knights have tried to destroy the enchantment, and deliver her, yet none have been able to do it, by reason of two fiery griffins who guard the gates of the castle. But as you, my son, have an invisible coat, you may pass by them without being seen, and on the gates of the castle you will find engraved by what means the enchantment may be broken.” Jack

promised that in the morning, at the risk of his life, he would break the enchantment; and, after a sound sleep, he arose early and got ready for the attempt. When he had climbed to the top of the mountain, he saw the two fiery griffins; but he passed between them without the least fear of danger, for they could not see him because of his invisible coat. On the castle-gate he found a golden trumpet, under which were written these lines:—

“Whoever can this trumpet blow,
Shall cause the giant’s overthrow.”

Jack seized the trumpet and blew a shrill blast. The giant and the conjuror now knew that their wicked course was at an end, and they stood biting their thumbs and shaking with fear. Jack, with his sword of sharpness, soon killed the giant, and the magician was then carried away by a whirlwind. The duke’s daughter and all the knights and beautiful ladies, who had been changed into birds and beasts, returned to their proper shapes. The castle vanished away like smoke, and the head of the giant Golligantus was sent to King Arthur. Jack’s fame spread through the whole country, and at the king’s desire, the duke gave him his daughter in marriage, to the joy of all the kingdom. After this the king gave him a large estate, on which he and his lady lived the rest of their days in joy and content.



THE THREE BEARS.



ONE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own in a wood. One of them was a Little Small Wee Bear, another was a Middle-sized Bear, and the third was a Great Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge: a little pot for the Little Small Wee Bear, and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit on: a little chair for the Little Small Wee Bear, a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear, and a great chair for the Great Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep



SILVER-HAIR'S ESCAPE.

in : a little bed for the Little Small Wee Bear, a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear, and a great bed for the Great Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling. And while they were walking, a little girl, named Silver-hair, came to the house. First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the key-hole, and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, so little Silver-hair easily got in, and she was well pleased when she saw the porridge on the table.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her ; and then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her ; and then she went to the porridge of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right, and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sat down in the chair of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her ; and then she sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her ; and then she sat down in the chair of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went up-stairs into the bedchamber in which the Three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great Huge Bear, but that was too high at the head for her ; and next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her ; and then she lay down upon the bed of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.



SILVER-HAIR'S ESCAPE.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!” said the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough gruff voice.

And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!” said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little Small Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

“*Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!*” said the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little small wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house and had eaten up the Little Small Wee Bear’s breakfast, began to look about them. Now little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great Huge Bear.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!” said the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!” said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

“*Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it!*” said the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little small wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought that they should make further search; so they went up-stairs into their bed-chamber. Now little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great Huge Bear out of its place.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED !” said the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED !” said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little Small Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place, and the pillow in its place upon the bolster ; and upon the pillow was little Silver-hair’s pretty head—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

“*Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is !*” said the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little small wee voice.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great rough gruff voice of the Great Huge Bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little small wee voice of the Little Small Wee Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it awakened her at once. Up she started, and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other and ran to the window. Now the window was open—out little Silver-hair jumped, and away she ran into the wood, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.





LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD.

IN a retired and pleasant village there once lived a little girl, who was one of the prettiest children ever seen. She wore a little hood of scarlet velvet, which became her so well, that for miles round she went by the name of Little Red-Riding-Hood.

One day when her mother had been baking cakes, she said to Little Red-Riding-Hood, "I hear your poor grandmother has been ailing, so go and see if she is any better, and take her this

cake, and a little pot of butter." Little Red-Riding-Hood put the things into a basket, and immediately set off for the village where her grandmother lived, which lay on the other side of a thick wood. As she reached the outskirts of the forest she met a wolf, who would have liked very much to have eaten her up at once, had there not been some woodcutters near at hand, who, he feared, might kill him in turn. So he came up to the little girl, and said in as winning a tone as he could assume, "Good morning, Little Red-Riding-Hood!" "Good morning, Master Wolf!" answered she, who had no idea of being afraid of so civil-spoken an animal. "And pray, where may you be going so early?" asked the wolf. "I am going to my grandmother's," replied Little Red-Riding-Hood, who thought there could be no harm in telling him. "And what are you carrying in your basket, my pretty little maid?" continued the wolf, sniffing its contents. "Why, a cake and a pot of butter," answered simple Little Red-Riding-Hood, "because grandmother has been ill." "And where does poor grandmamma live?" inquired the wolf, in a tone of great interest. "Down beyond the mill, on the other side of the wood," said she. "Well," cried the wolf, "I don't mind if I go and see her too. So I'll take this road, and do you go through the wood, and we'll see which of us will be there first."

Now the cunning wolf knew well enough that he would be the winner in such a race; and he went so fast that he presently reached the grandmother's cottage. Thump, thump, went the wolf against the door. "Who is there?" cried the grandmother from within. "Only your grandchild, Little Red-Riding-Hood," cried the wolf, imitating the little girl's voice as well as he could. "I have come to bring you a cake and a pot of butter that mother sends you." The grandmother, being ill, was in bed, so she called out, "Lift the latch, and the bolt will fall." The wolf did so, and in he went, and, without saying a word more, he fell upon the poor creature and ate her up in no time,

for he had not tasted food for the last three days. He next shut the door, and, putting on the grandmother's night-cap and night-gown, he got into bed, and buried his head in the pillow, and kept laughing in his sleeve at the trick he meant to put upon poor Little Red-Riding-Hood.

Meanwhile Little Red-Riding-Hood rambled through the wood, stopping every now and then to listen to the birds that were singing so sweetly on the green boughs, and picking strawberries which she knew her grandmother loved to eat with cream, till she had nearly filled her basket ; she gathered, besides, all the pretty flowers, red, blue, white, or yellow, that hid their sweet little heads amidst the moss ; and of these her apron was at last so full that she sat down under a tree to sort them and wind them into a wreath. Whilst she was doing this, a wasp came buzzing along, and, delighted at finding so many flowers without the trouble of looking for them, he began greedily to drink up their honey. Little Red-Riding-Hood knew very well the difference between a wasp and a bee—how the one was lazy and the other industrious—yet, as they are all God's creatures, she wouldn't kill it, and only said : "Take as much honey as you like, poor wasp, only do not sting me." The wasp buzzed louder, as if to thank her for her kindness, and when he had sipped his fill, flew away. Presently, a little tom-tit, who had been hopping on a bough opposite, darted down on the basket and pecked at one of the strawberries. "Eat as much as you like, pretty tom-tit," said Little Red-Riding-Hood ; "there will still be plenty left for grandmother and me." The tom-tit replied, "Tweat, tweat !" in his own eloquent language ; and after gobbling up at least three strawberries, flew off, and was soon out of sight. Little Red-Riding-Hood now thought it was high time to go on, so she put her wreath into her basket, and tripped along till she came to a brook, where she saw an aged crone, almost bent double, seeking for something along the



'AT THE GRANDMOTHER'S COTTAGE.

bank. "What are you looking for, old woman?" said the little girl. "For water-cresses, my pretty maid; and a poor trade it is, that does not earn me half enough bread to eat." Little Red-Riding-Hood thought it very hard that the poor old woman should work and be hungry too, so she drew from her pocket a large piece of bread, which her mother had given her to eat by the way, and said, "Sit down, old woman, and eat this, and I will gather your water-cresses for you." "Thank you kindly," said the old woman, and she sat down on a knoll, whilst Little Red-Riding-Hood set busily to work, and very soon had the basket filled with water-cresses. When her task was finished, the old crone rose up briskly, and patting the little girl's head, said, in quite a different voice, "I am very much obliged to you, my pretty Little Red-Riding-Hood; and now, if you happen to meet the green huntsman as you go along, pray give him my respects, and tell him there is game in the wind." Little Red-Riding-Hood promised to do so, and walked on; in a few minutes, she looked back to see how the poor old woman was getting along, but, look as sharp as she might, she could see no traces of her, nor of her water-cresses. "It is very odd," thought Little Red-Riding-Hood to herself, "for surely I can walk faster than she." Then she kept looking about her, and prying into all the bushes, to see if she could see the green huntsman, whom she had never heard of before. At last, just as she was passing by a pool of stagnant water, she saw a huntsman, clad in green from top to toe, standing on the bank, apparently watching the flight of some birds that were wheeling above his head. "Good morning, Master Huntsman," said Little Red-Riding-Hood; "the old water-cress woman sends her service to you, and says there is game in the wind." The huntsman nodded his head to show that he heard her.

Before long the little girl reached her grandmother's well-known cottage, and knocked at the door. "Who is there?" cried the wolf,

forgetting to disguise his voice. Little Red-Riding-Hood was rather startled at first; then, thinking her grandmother had a bad cold that made her very hoarse, she answered, "It is your grandchild, Little Red-Riding-Hood, who has brought you a cake and a pot of butter, which mother sends you." The wolf then softened his voice a little, as he replied, "Lift the latch, and the bolt will fall." Little Red-Riding-Hood did as she was told, and entered the cottage. The wolf then said, "Put the cake and the pot of butter on the shelf, my dear, and come and help me to rise." Little Red-Riding-Hood set down her basket, and then went and drew back the curtain, when she was much surprised to see how oddly her grandmother looked. "Dear me, grandmamma," said the little girl, "what long arms you have got!" "The better to hug you, my child," answered the wolf. "But, grandmamma, what long ears you have got!" persisted Little Red-Riding-Hood. "The better to listen to you, my child," replied the wolf. "But, grandmamma, what large eyes you have got!" continued the little girl. "The better to see you, my child," said the wolf. "But, grandmamma, what terrible large teeth you have got!" cried Little Red-Riding-Hood, who now began to be frightened. "The better to eat you up!" exclaimed the wolf, and he was just about to make a spring at the poor little girl, when a wasp, who had followed her into the cottage, stung the wolf on his nostril, and made him sneeze aloud, which gave the signal to a tom-tit perched on a branch near the open casement, who called, "Tweat! tweat!" which warned the green huntsman, who accordingly let fly his arrow, and the arrow struck the wolf right through the ear, and killed him on the spot.

Little Red-Riding-Hood was so frightened, even after the wolf had fallen back dead, that she bounced out of the cottage, and ran till she was out of breath, when she dropped down quite exhausted under a tree. Here she discovered that she had mistaken the road,

but, to her great relief, she espied her old friend the water-cress woman, at some distance. Feeling sure she could soon overtake the aged dame, she again set off, calling on her every now and then to stop. The old crone, however, seemed too deaf to hear ; and it was not till they had reached the skirts of the forest that she turned round. To Little Red-Riding-Hood's surprise, she then saw a young and beautiful being in place of the broken-down old woman she thought she was following. "Little Red-Riding-Hood," said the fairy, for such she was, "your goodness of heart has saved you from a great danger. Had you not helped the poor old water-cress woman, she would not have sent to the green huntsman, who is generally invisible to mortal eyes, to save you; had you killed the wasp, or driven away the tom-tit, the wasp could not have stung the wolf's nostril and made him sneeze, nor the tom-tit have given the huntsman the signal to let fly his shaft. In future, no wild beast shall ever harm you, and the fairy folk will always be your friends." So saying, the fairy vanished, and Little Red-Riding-Hood hastened home to tell her mother all that had befallen her ; nor did she forget that night to thank Heaven fervently for having delivered her from the jaws of the wolf.





CINDERELLA ; OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

THERE was once an honest gentleman, who married a second time. His second wife was a widow, and the proudest and most disagreeable woman in the whole country. She had two daughters who were in everything exactly like herself. The gentleman had one little girl, and she was as sweet a child as ever lived. The stepmother had not been married a single day before she became jealous of the good qualities of the little girl who was so great a contrast to her own two

daughters, and what did she do but give her all the hard work of the house to look after? But our poor little damsel never complained; indeed, she did not dare to speak about her ill-treatment to her father, who thought his new wife was perfection itself.

When her work was done she used to sit in the chimney-corner among the ashes, and from this the two sisters gave her the nickname of *Cinderella*. But Cinderella, though she was shabbily clad, was handsomer and far worthier than they, with all their fine clothes.

Now it happened that the king's son gave a ball, to which he asked all the rank and fashion of the city, and the two elder sisters were included in the list of invitations. They were very proud at being asked, and took great pains in settling what they should wear. For days together they talked of nothing but their clothes.

"I," said the elder, "shall put on my red velvet gown with my point-lace trimmings." "And I," said the younger, "shall have my ordinary silk petticoat, but I shall set it off with an upper skirt of flowered brocade, and I shall put on my circlet of diamonds, which is a great deal finer than anything of yours." Here the two sisters began to dispute which had the best things, and words ran high. Cinderella did what she could to make peace. She even kindly offered to dress them herself, and especially to arrange their hair, and that she could do most beautifully. The important evening came at last, and she did her best to adorn the two young ladies. When she was combing out the hair of the elder one, that ill-natured girl said, "Cinderella, don't you wish you were going to the ball?" "Ah, madam," replied Cinderella—and they always made her say madam—"you are only making a fool of me; I have no such good fortune." "True enough," said the elder sister; "people would only laugh to see a little cinder-girl at a ball." Any other than Cinderella would not have taken such pains with these two proud girls; but she was good, and dressed them very becomingly. The

carriage came to the door. Cinderella watched them go into it, and saw them whirl away in grand style; then she sat down by the kitchen fire and cried. Immediately her godmother, who was a fairy, appeared beside her. "What are you crying for, my little maid?" "Oh, I should so like—I should so like——" her sobs stopped her. "You should so like to go to the ball—isn't that it?" Cinderella nodded. "Well, then, be a good girl, and you shall go. Run into the garden, and bring me the biggest pumpkin you can see." Cinderella could not understand what a big pumpkin had to do with her going to the ball; but she was obedient and obliging, so she went. Her godmother took the pumpkin, scooped out all the inside, and then struck it with her wand. It became a splendid gilt coach, lined with rose-coloured satin. "Now, my dear," said the godmother, "fetch me the mouse-trap out of the pantry." Cinderella fetched it, and in it there were six fat mice. The fairy raised the wire door of the trap, and, as each mouse ran out, she struck it, and changed it into a beautiful black horse. "But what am I to do for a coachman, Cinderella?" Cinderella said that she had seen a large black rat in the rat-trap, and that he might do for want of a better. "That is a happy thought," cried the fairy. "Go and bring him." He was brought, and the fairy turned him into a most respectable coachman, with the finest whiskers imaginable. She afterwards took six lizards from behind the pumpkin-frame, and changed them into six footmen, all in splendid livery, and the six footmen immediately got up behind the carriage. "Well, Cinderella," said her fairy godmother, "now you can go to the ball." "What, in these clothes!" exclaimed Cinderella, in a most dolorous tone, looking down on her ragged frock. Her godmother gave a laugh, and touched her also with the wand. Immediately her wretched threadbare jacket became stiff with gold and bright with jewels; her woollen petticoat grew into a gown of sweeping satin; and her little feet were no longer

bare, but covered with silk stockings and the prettiest glass slipper in the world. "Now, Cinderella, away with you to the ball; but remember, do not stay an instant after midnight; if you do, your carriage will become a pumpkin, your coachman a rat, your horse mice, and you yourself the little cinder-girl you were a minute ago." "No, I won't stay an instant after midnight!" said Cinderella, and she set off with her heart full of joy.

Some one, most likely a friend of the fairy's, had told the king's son that an uninvited princess, whom nobody knew, was coming to the ball, and when Cinderella arrived at the palace there he was standing at the entrance, ready to receive her. He gave her his hand, and led her gallantly through the assembled guests, who made way for her to pass, and every one whispered to his neighbour "How beautiful she is!" The court ladies looked at her eagerly at her clothes and all, and made up their minds to have their dresses made next day of exactly the same pattern. The king's son himself led her out to dance, and she danced so gracefully that he admired her more and more. Indeed, at supper, which was fortunately early, he was so taken up with her, that he quite forgot to eat. As for Cinderella, she felt rather shy amongst so many strangers, so she sought out her sisters, placed herself beside them, and offered them all sorts of kind attentions, much to their surprise, for they did not recognise her in the least. She was talking with them when the clock struck a quarter to twelve; when she heard that she took leave of the royal family, re-entered her carriage, escorted tenderly by the king's son, and soon arrived safely at her own door. There she found her godmother, and, after thanking her for the great treat she had enjoyed, she begged permission to go to a second ball, the following night, to which the queen had invited her. The godmother said she might go. Just then the two sisters knocked at the gate. The fairy godmother vanished, and, when they entered,



AT THE BALL WITH THE KING'S SON.

there was Cinderella sitting in the chimney-corner, rubbing her eyes and pretending to be very sleepy. "Ah," cried the elder sister, maliciously, "what a delightful ball it has been! There was present the most beautiful princess I ever saw, and she was exceedingly polite to us both." "Was she?" said Cinderella, indifferently. "And who might she be?" "Nobody knows, though all would give their ears to know, especially the king's son." "Indeed!" replied Cinderella, a little more interested: "I should like to see her, Miss Javotte" (that was the name of the elder sister). "Will you not lend me the yellow gown that you wear on Sundays, and let me go to-morrow?" "A likely story indeed," cried Miss Javotte, "that I should lend it to a cinder-girl. I am not so mad as that!"

The next night came, and the two sisters, richly dressed in quite new dresses, went to the ball. Cinderella, more splendidly attired and more beautiful than ever, soon followed them. "Now, remember twelve o'clock," was the last thing her godmother said; and she thought she certainly should. But the prince's attentions to her were even greater than on the first evening, and in the pleasure of listening to him time passed by unnoticed. While the two were sitting in a lovely recess, looking at the moon from under a bower of orange blossoms, she heard a clock strike the first stroke of twelve. She rose and fled away like a startled deer. The prince was amazed; he attempted to follow her, but she could not be caught; indeed, he missed his beautiful princess altogether, and only saw a dirty little lass running out of the palace gate, whom he had never seen before, and of whom he certainly would never have taken any notice. Cinderella reached home breathless and weary, ragged and cold, without horses, or carriage, or footmen, or coachman; the only remnant she had of her past grandeur was one of her little glass slippers; the other she had dropped in the ball-room as she ran away.

When the two sisters came back from the ball, they were full-of

this strange adventure, how the beautiful princess had appeared more lovely than ever, and how, as the clock was striking twelve, she had suddenly risen up and fled, disappearing no one knew how or where, and dropping one of her glass slippers behind her in her flight. And they added that all the court and royal family were sure that the king's son had become desperately in love with the unknown lovely lady. Cinderella listened without saying a word, but she turned her face to the kitchen fire and blushed as red as a rose, and next morning she went to her weary work again.

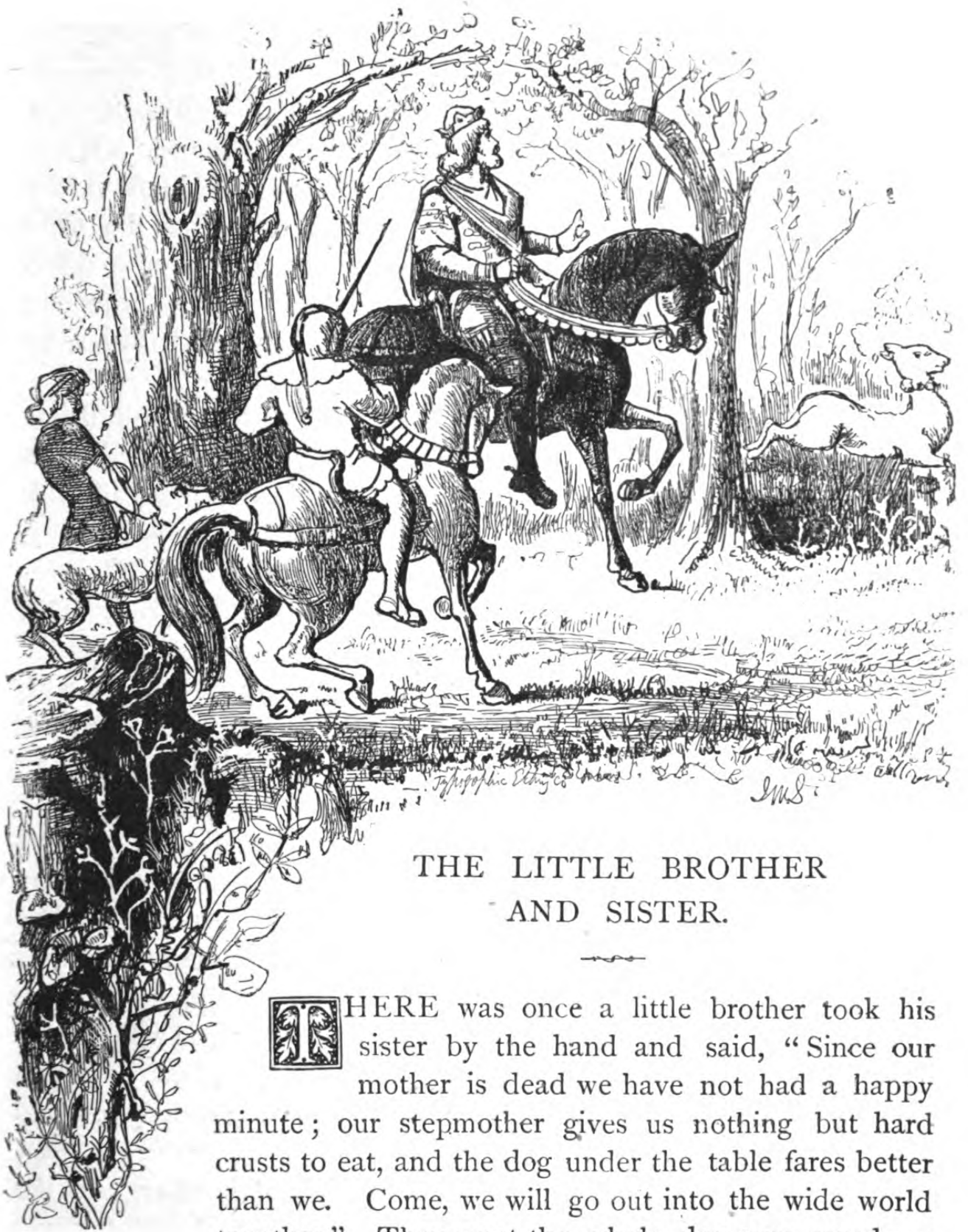
A few days after, the whole city was roused by a herald going round with a little glass slipper in his hand, proclaiming, with a flourish of trumpets, that the king's son ordered it to be fitted on the foot of every young girl in the kingdom, and that he would marry the one it fitted best, or the one to whom it and the fellow slipper belonged. Young princesses, young duchesses, young countesses, young gentlewomen ! all tried it on, but being a fairy slipper it fitted nobody ; and besides nobody could produce its fellow slipper, which lay all the time safely in the pocket of Cinderella's old gown.

At last the herald came to the house of the two sisters, and though these knew well enough that neither of them was the beautiful lady, they tried their best to get their clumsy feet into the slipper : of course, it was all in vain. " Let me try it on," said Cinderella, from the chimney corner. " What, you !" cried the others, bursting into shouts of laughter ; but Cinderella only smiled and held out her hand. Her sisters could not prevent her, since the command was that every young girl in the kingdom should make the attempt, in case the right owner might be overlooked. So the herald bade Cinderella sit down on a three-legged stool in the kitchen, and he put the slipper on her pretty foot, and it fitted exactly. Cinderella then drew from her pocket the fellow slipper, which she also put on, and stood up ; and with the touch of the magic shoes all her dress was changed,

and she was no longer the poor despised cinder-girl, but the beautiful lady whom the king's son loved.

Her sisters recognised her at once. They were filled with astonishment and fear, and threw themselves at her feet, begging her pardon for all their past unkindness. She raised and embraced them, and told them that she heartily forgave them, and only hoped they would love her always. She was then taken to the palace, and told her whole story to the king and the royal family. The young prince found her more beautiful and lovable than ever, and the wedding came off the next day. Cinderella was as good as she was beautiful; and she sent for her two sisters to the palace, and not long afterwards they were married to two rich gentlemen of the court.





THE LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER.

THERE was once a little brother took his sister by the hand and said, "Since our mother is dead we have not had a happy minute; our stepmother gives us nothing but hard crusts to eat, and the dog under the table fares better than we. Come, we will go out into the wide world together." They went the whole day over meadows and rocks and stones. In the evening they came to a great wood,

and were so worn out with grief, hunger, and weariness, that they lay down in a hollow tree and fell fast asleep. When they awoke the next morning, the sun was already high in the heavens, and it shone down so hot on the tree that the little brother said, "Sister, I am thirsty; I would go and have a drink if I knew where there was a brook; I think I can hear one running." He got up, took his sister by the hand, and they went to look for the brook.

The wicked stepmother, however, was a witch, and knew well that the children had run away, and she had sneaked after them and enchanted all the springs in the forest. When they had found a brook that was dancing brightly over the pebbles, the brother stooped down to drink, but his sister heard how it said as it ran along, "Whoever drinks of me will become a tiger." So the little sister cried out, "Oh, brother, do not drink, lest you become a tiger and tear me to pieces!" The little brother did not drink, although he was so thirsty, but said, "I will wait for the next brook." When they came to the next, the little sister heard it say, "Whoever drinks of me will become a wolf," and she cried out, "Oh, brother, do not drink, lest you become a wolf and eat me up!" Then the brother did not drink, but said, "I will wait till I come to the next brook, and then I must drink, say what you will, for my thirst is getting too great." And when they came to the third brook, the little sister heard it saying, "Whoever drinks of me will become a fawn—whichever drinks of me will become a fawn," and she cried, "Oh, brother, do not drink, or you will become a fawn and run away from me!" But the brother had already stooped down and drank of the water, and as soon as the first drop touched his lips he was changed into a fawn.

The little sister cried over her poor bewitched brother, and the fawn cried also as he stood beside her. At last the girl said, "Never mind, dear fawn, I will not forsake you." She then took off her

golden garter and put it round the fawn's neck, and pulled some rushes, and wove them into a rope. To this she tied him and led him away, and they went on deeper and deeper into the wood. When they had gone a long long way they came to a little house ; the maiden peeped into it, and as it was empty, she thought, "We may as well stay here." So there they stayed.

They had lived alone for a long time, when it happened that the king of the country held a great hunt in the forest. "Oh," said the little fawn to his sister, "let me go and see the hunt ; I can't keep away !" And he begged so hard, that she consented. "But," said she, "when you come back at evening, I shall have shut my door against the wild huntsmen ; now, in order that I may know you, knock and say, 'My little sister, let me in ;' if you do not say so I shall not open the door." Away sprang the fawn, and he was so happy to find himself in the open air. The king and his huntsmen caught sight of him, and immediately set off in chase, but they could not catch him. Just as it was getting dark, he ran up to the little house, knocked, and cried, "My little sister, let me in !" and when the door was opened he sprang in and rested all night on his soft bed of leaves and moss. Next morning the hunt began again, and when the fawn heard the noise of the chase he could not rest, and cried, "Sister, open the door ; I must go !" His sister opened the door and said, "But, remember, you must be back in the evening, and when you come, say, 'My little sister, let me in ;' that I may know who it is." When the king and his huntsmen saw the fawn with the gold band once more, they all rode after him, but he was too quick for them. The chase went on the whole day ; at last, towards evening, the hunters got round him, and wounded him with an arrow in the foot, so that he had to limp and go slowly. One of the hunters crept softly after him to the little house, and heard him say, "Little sister, let me in !" and he saw that the door was opened and immediately shut to again ; he then went back to the king and

told him what he had seen and heard. "We shall have another hunt to-morrow," said the king. The little sister was terribly frightened when she saw that her fawn was wounded; she washed off the blood, laid herbs on the place, and said, "Now go to bed, dear fawn, and get well." The wound, however, was so slight, that next morning it did not feel sore at all. Again the woods rang with the hunter's horn, and when the fawn heard it he said, "I cannot stay away, I must go, nothing shall keep me!" His sister cried, and said, "Now you will go and be killed, and leave me here alone in the forest, without a friend in the world." "Then I must die here of grief," answered the fawn, "for when I hear the sound of the horn I feel as if I could jump out of my skin." So his sister had to open the door, though with a heavy heart, and the fawn sprang out joyfully into the forest. As soon as the king saw him, he said to his huntsmen, "Now chase him all day till evening, but don't do anything to hurt him." When the sun was set the king turned to the huntsman who had followed the fawn the day before. "Come, now," he said, "and show me the little house you saw in the wood." And when he was before the door, he knocked and cried, "Little sister, let me in!" Immediately the door opened, and the king went in, and there stood a maiden more beautiful than any he had ever seen. The little sister was afraid when she saw that it was not her fawn who had come in, but a man with a golden crown on his head. But the king looked kindly at her, and took her hand, and said, "Will you go with me to my palace and be my queen?" "Oh yes!" answered the maiden, "but the fawn must come with me, for I cannot forsake him." "He shall stay with you," said the king, "as long as you live, and shall want for nothing." At that moment in came the fawn; his sister tied the rope of rushes round his neck, and they all left the little house together.

The king took the beautiful girl on his horse, and led her to the



THE KING'S ARRIVAL.

palace, where the marriage was celebrated with great splendour. The little sister was now queen, and she and the king lived a long time very happily together, whilst the fawn was well taken care of, and played about all day in the palace gardens. But when the wicked stepmother heard that everything went so well with the little sister and her brother, she was full of envy and spite ; her only thought was how she could do some mischief to them both. Her only daughter, who had but one eye, and was as ugly as ugly could be, was continually reproaching her, and saying, "It is I who ought to have been made queen !" "Never mind," said the old witch ; "have patience ; you will be made queen by-and-by."

Soon the queen had a little boy, and it happened that the king was away hunting at the time. Now, what did the old witch do, but take the form of the lady-in-waiting, and enter the room where the queen was lying, and say to her, "I have made ready a bath which will do you good and make you strong again ; be quick, before the water gets cold." Her daughter was close at hand, and they carried the poor weak queen before them into the bath-room, and laid her in the bath ; then they shut the door, and ran away. And under the bath they had kindled a great furnace fire, so that the beautiful young queen was scorched to death.

When that was done, the old witch took her own daughter, put a cap on her, and laid her on the bed in the queen's room. She changed her also into the shape of the young queen, all but her one eye, for her power was not great enough to give her another. However, she told her daughter to lie on that side on which there was no eye, so that the king might not observe it. In the evening the king came home, and when he heard that he had a little son, he was very much pleased, and wished to visit his dear queen, and see how she was getting on ; but the old woman cried out in a great hurry, "Don't touch the curtain ! the queen must not see the light, and must be left

quite quiet." So the king went away, and never found out that he was deceived.

But when it was midnight, and all the world was sleeping, the nurse, who sat beside the cradle, and who was the only one awake, saw the door open, and the true queen come in. She took the child out of the cradle, and rocked it gently; then, shaking up the pillows, she laid it down again and covered it with the counterpane. She did not forget the fawn either, but went to the corner where it lay, and stroked it. And then she passed out without making any noise. The nurse asked the sentinels, next morning, whether any one had entered the palace during the night, but they said, "No; we have seen nobody." The queen continued to come in the same way for several nights, though she never spoke a word, and the nurse always saw her, but never dared to mention it.

At last the queen began to speak, and said:—

"How fareth my babe? and how fareth my fawn?
Twice more can I come, and then never again."

The nurse could not answer her, but when she had disappeared she went to the king, and told him all about it. "What does it mean?" said he, "I will watch myself by the child to-night." And when it was evening he watched, and sure enough at midnight the dead queen appeared, and said:—

"How fareth my babe? and how fareth my fawn?
Once more can I come, and then never again."

And she fondled the child as before, and then vanished. The king did not dare to speak to her; but he watched again the next night. This time she said:—

"How fareth my babe? and how fareth my fawn?
This time is the last: I come never again."

When he heard that, the king could no longer keep from speaking.

He sprang forward, and cried, "You surely are no other than my own dear queen?" She replied, "Yes, I am your queen," and as soon as she had said so she was restored to life, and became once more fresh and blooming. Then she told what the witch and her one-eyed daughter had done. The king ordered them to be tried, and sentence was passed upon them. The daughter was taken into the woods, and the wild beasts tore her to pieces, and the witch was burnt. And as soon as there was nothing left of her but ashes, the little fawn took again his human shape, and was a very handsome young man ; and the king and the queen and the queen's brother lived all happily together to the end of their lives.





BLUE BEARD.

ONCE upon a time there lived a rich man who had a blue beard, and that made him look a terrible fright. Now it happened that a lady, who lived near him, had two beautiful daughters. Blue Beard went to the mother, and said he wanted to marry one of her daughters. But neither of the girls would have him, they were so horrified at his blue beard; besides, and this made them more afraid, he had had several wives already, and nobody knew what had become of them.

Blue Beard hoped in the end to get one of them to marry him ; so he invited them, with their mother and some of their friends, to one of his country seats, and they spent a whole week there. Everything went so pleasantly that, before the week was out, the youngest daughter had come to think Blue Beard rather a worthy man, and had agreed to have him. The wedding came off when they returned to town. A month passed, and then Blue Beard told his wife that he had to set off on a journey to look after some very important business. He entreated her to amuse herself as much as she could whilst he was away. "Here," he said to her, "are the keys of the two great store-rooms ; these open the chests in which the gold and silver plate is kept ; these are the keys of the strong boxes in which I keep my money ; these open the caskets that hold my jewels ; and this is the key of all the rooms. Here is a little key ; it is that of the closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground floor. You may open everything, and go everywhere, except into that little closet ; I forbid you to go into it, and I forbid you so strictly, that, if you dare to open the door, there is nothing you may not be afraid of from my wrath." She promised she would do exactly as he wished.

As soon as he was gone the neighbours and friends of the young wife came to visit her. They were curious to see all the treasures in the house, and they had never ventured to enter it whilst Blue Beard was there. She showed them all over the house, up-stairs and down-stairs. How they talked ! and how they envied the good fortune of Blue Beard's wife, to be mistress of so many fine things ! But, as for her, she was not in the least entertained by the sight of all her finery, she was so impatient to open the little closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground floor. Her curiosity at last grew so great that, without thinking how rude it was to leave her guests, she ran down a back staircase in such a hurry that twice or thrice she almost fell and broke her neck. When she got to the door of the closet, she took the little



BEGGING FOR PARDON.

key, and slowly opened the door. At first she saw nothing, for the windows were closed ; but in a little she began to perceive that the floor was covered with clotted blood, and that the dead bodies of several women were hung up against the wall. These were the wives of Blue Beard, who had cut their throats one after the other. She was ready to die with fright, and the key of the closet dropped from her hand. After recovering her senses a little, she picked up the key, locked the door again, and went off to her own room, to try to compose herself ; but it was of no use, she was so put about. When she looked at the key she saw that it was stained with blood ; she wiped it several times, but the blood would not come off. Then she washed it ; then she scrubbed it with sand and freestone ; but the blood was still there : the key was an enchanted key, and there was no way to get it quite clean.

Blue Beard returned that very evening ; he said he had received letters on the road telling him that the business on which he was going had been settled to his advantage. Next morning he asked his wife for his keys again ; she brought them to him, but her hand shook so that he had not much difficulty in guessing what had happened. “How is it,” said he, “that the little key of the closet is not with the rest?” “I must have left it up-stairs,” she answered. “Bring it to me at once,” said Blue Beard. After many excuses, she was obliged to give it up. Blue Beard examined it ; then he said, “How is there some blood on this key?” “I don’t know,” said the poor wife. “You don’t know !” cried Blue Beard ; “I know well enough ; you must needs go into the closet ; well, madam, you shall go into it, and take your place amongst the ladies you saw there.” She flung herself at her husband’s feet, and wept, and most humbly begged him to pardon her. The stones would have melted for pity, but Blue Beard’s heart was harder than any stone. “You must die, madam,” said he, “and at once.” “If I must die,” she cried, “give me at least a little time

to say my prayers." "I will give you a quarter of an hour," Blue Beard answered, "but not a minute more." As soon as he had left her, she called her sister, and said to her, "Sister Anne, go up, I entreat you, to the top of the tower, and see if my brothers are not coming; they said they would come to visit me to-day, and if you see them, sign to them to make haste." Sister Anne mounted to the top of the tower, and every now and then the poor anxious creature called to her, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" But Sister Anne always answered, "I see nothing but the sun making dust and the grass growing green."

In the meantime, Blue Beard, with a great sword in his hand, called out to his wife, "Come down quickly, or I will come up to you." "Give me a minute more, if you please," replied the wife, and then she said, in a low voice, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" And Sister Anne answered, "I see nothing but the sun making dust and the grass growing green." "Come down quickly," roared Blue Beard, "or I will come up to you." "I am coming," answered his wife, and then she said, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you not see anybody coming?" "I see," said Sister Anne, "a great cloud of dust moving this way." "Is it my brothers?" "Alas, no! my sister, I see a flock of sheep." "Will you not come down?" shouted Blue Beard. "One minute more," replied his wife, and then she cried, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you not see anybody coming?" "I see," she answered, "two horsemen coming this way; but they are still a great way off." "Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, a moment afterwards, "they are my brothers! I am making all the signs I can to hasten them." Blue Beard began to roar so loudly that the whole house shook. The poor wife went down, and threw herself, weeping and lamenting, at his feet.

"It is of no use," said Blue Beard: "you must die." He then seized her by the hair with one hand and raised his sword with the

other, and was about to cut off her head. The poor wife turned towards him, fixed her eyes on his face, and implored him to allow her one short moment to collect herself. "No, no!" he said, "you have had long enough already." He prepared to strike—just at that moment there came a loud knocking at the gate. Blue Beard stopped short. The gate was opened; two horsemen entered, and drawing their swords, rushed at Blue Beard. He recognised them as the brothers of his wife, and fled away as fast as he could. But they overtook him, and killed him.

It was found that Blue Beard had no heirs, so his widow became possessed of all his riches. She gave part of them to her sister Anne, who married a young gentleman who had long loved her; another part she gave to her two brothers, who had done her such service. She kept the rest to herself, and shortly after married a very worthy man, who soon made her forget her narrow escape from death by the hands of Blue Beard.





HOP-O'-MY-THUMB ;
OR, THE SEVEN-LEAGUED BOOTS.

LONG long ago, a faggot-maker and his wife lived in a little village with their seven small children, who were all boys. And the youngest was the smallest little fellow ever seen ; he was called Hop-o'-my-thumb. The poor child did all the hard work of the house, and if anything was done wrong he was sure to get the blame of it. For all this, Hop-o'-my-thumb was far cleverer than any of his brothers. It happened, just at the time when this story begins, that there was such a famine in the

country that the faggot-maker and his wife could not give the boys anything to eat. They grew very melancholy, but that did no good. At last they made up their minds that as there was no way of living, they must somehow get rid of their children. One night, after the boys were gone to bed, they sat over a few lighted sticks, trying to warm themselves, and the husband gave a great sigh and said, "We cannot keep our children, you know, any longer, and to see them starved to death before our eyes, is what I could never bear. To-morrow morning, therefore, we will take them to the forest, and leave them in the thickest part of it, so that they will not be able to find their way back." His wife thought how shocking it would be to see them die of hunger before their eyes; so she agreed to what her husband proposed, and then went sobbing to bed.

All this time Hop-o'-my-thumb had been awake, and had overheard all the conversation. The whole night he lay thinking what he should do. He rose early and went down to the river's bank, filled his pockets with small white stones, and then returned home.

Soon they all set out for the wood, and Hop-o'-my-thumb said not a word to any of his brothers about what he had heard. They came to the forest. The faggot-maker set to work cutting down wood, and the children began to gather twigs. When the father and mother saw that the little ones were all very busy, they slipped away without being seen. The children soon found themselves left alone; then they began to cry as loud as they could. Hop-o'-my-thumb, however, did not cry; he knew well enough how his brothers and he were to get safe home; he had taken care to drop the white pebbles he had in his pockets all along the way they had come. So he said, "Never mind, my lads, follow me, and I will lead you back again." When they heard this they left off crying, and followed Hop-o'-my-thumb, and he soon brought them back to their

father's house. At first they were afraid to go in, and stood at the door to hear what their parents were talking about. Now it had happened, just as the faggot-maker and his wife had come home without their children, a gentleman, who lived near the village, had sent two guineas to them for work they had done for him a long time before. This made them quite happy. "Go out immediately," said the faggot-maker to his wife, "and buy some meat." She went out and bought enough for six or eight persons. Her husband and she ate and ate, and they were so busy eating that they forgot all about their seven sons. At last they came into the mother's mind, and she cried out, "Alas! where are our poor children? what a feast they would make on what we have left!" The children, who were all at the door, cried out together, "Here we are, mother, here we are!" She flew to let them in, and kissed every one of them.

Their parents were delighted at having them once more with them; but their joy only lasted till the two guineas were spent, then they found themselves quite as ill off as before. Once more they began to talk of leaving them in the forest. They could not talk about this so sily but that Hop-o'-my-thumb found means to hear everything. But what he heard gave him very little concern; he thought it would be easy for him to do as he had done before. He got up very early the next morning to go to get the pebbles; but great was his dismay to find that the house door was double locked. He was quite at a loss now what to do. In a little, however, his mother gave each of the children a piece of bread for breakfast. Hop-o'-my-thumb thought he would manage to make his piece of bread do as well as the pebbles, by dropping crumbs as he went. So he put it into his pocket.

Soon they all set out, and the father and mother took care to lead the children into the very thickest and darkest part of the wood.

They then slipped quickly away, and left them alone. When Hop-o'-my-thumb came to look for the crumbs, so as to find the way home, he found that not one was left, for the birds had eaten them all up. The poor children were now badly off.

Before it was quite dark, Hop-o'-my-thumb climbed to the top of a tree, and looked round on all sides to see if he could see any way of getting help. He saw a small light beyond the forest. He came down from the tree, and after a great deal of trouble, he and his brothers found their way to the house where it was burning. They knocked at the door; it was opened by a pleasant-looking lady, who asked what brought them there. Hop-o'-my-thumb told her they were poor children who had lost their road, and he begged that she would let them sleep there till morning. But the lady said, "Ah, my poor children, you do not know what place you have come to. This is the house of an ogre who eats up little boys and girls." "Madam," replied Hop-o'-my-thumb, and he trembled from head to foot, "what shall we do? If we go back to the forest we are sure to be torn to pieces by the wolves. We had better, I think, be eaten by the gentleman; besides, when he sees us, perhaps he will spare our lives." The ogre's wife thought she could contrive to hide them from her husband till the morning, so she let them in, and told them they might sit down to warm themselves before the fire. In about a quarter of an hour there came a loud knocking at the door; this was the ogre come home. His wife hurried the children under the bed, and told them to lie still; then she let her husband in.

The ogre asked if supper was ready; then he sat down at the table. In a minute or two he began to sniff this way and that way, and said he smelt child's flesh. "It must be the calf which has just been killed," said his wife. "I smell *child's* flesh, I tell you!" cried the ogre, looking all about the room. As soon as he had said this he



THE GIANT ASLEEP.

rose and went towards the bed. "Oh, madam," said he, "you thought to cheat me, did you? But, really, how lucky this is! these brats will make a nice dish for three ogres who are to dine with me to-morrow." He then drew the children out one by one from under the bed. The poor boys fell on their knees, and begged his pardon as humbly as they could. It was all in vain, the ogre fetched a large knife, and began to sharpen it on a long whet-stone that he held in his left hand, and all the while he came nearer the bed. He then caught up one of the children, and was going to set about cutting him to pieces, when his wife said, "What in the world makes you take the trouble of killing them to-night? will it not be time enough to-morrow morning?" "That is very true," said the ogre, throwing down the boy and the knife. "Give them all a good supper, that they may not get lean, and send them to bed." The good woman was quite glad at this. She gave them plenty for their supper, but the poor children were so terrified that they could not eat a bit.

The ogre sat down to his supper in great glee at the thought of giving his friends such a dainty dish; this made him drink rather more wine than usual, and soon he felt so sleepy that he went off to bed. Now the ogre had seven daughters, who were all about as young as Hop-o'-my-thumb and his brothers. These young ogresses had been put to bed very early that night: they all slept together in a large bed, and every one of them had a crown of gold on her head. There was another bed of the same size in the room, and in this the ogre's wife put the seven little boys.

Now Hop-o'-my-thumb was afraid that the ogre would wake in the night, and kill him and his brothers whilst they were asleep. So he crept softly out of bed, took off his brothers' night-caps and his own, and went with them to the bed where the young ogresses slept; he then took off their crowns, and put the night-caps on their heads

instead; next he put the crowns on his brothers' heads and his own, and then he got into bed again; and he expected after this that, if the ogre should come, he would take him and his brothers for his own children. Everything turned out as he wished. The ogre awoke soon after midnight, and began to be very sorry that he had put off killing the boys till the morning: so he jumped up and began brandishing his large knife. "Let us see," said he, "what the young rascals are about, and do the business at once!" He then walked stealthily to the room where they all were, and went up to the bed the boys were in, and they were all asleep except Hop'-o-my-thumb. He touched their heads one after another, and, feeling the crowns of gold, said to himself, "Oh, oh! I had like to have made such a mistake. I must have drunk too much wine last night." He then went to the bed that his own little ogresses occupied, and when he felt the night-caps, he said, "Oh! here you are, my lads;" and so in a moment he cut the throats of all his daughters. He went back to his own room then, to sleep till morning. As soon as Hop-o'-my-thumb heard him snore, he roused his brothers, and told them to put on their clothes quickly and follow him. They stole on tip-toe down into the garden, jumped from the wall into the road, and ran swiftly away.

In the morning, when the ogre awoke, he said to his wife, grinning, "My dear, go and dress the young rogues I saw last night." She supposed that he wanted her to help them to put on their clothes, so she went up-stairs, and the first thing she saw was her seven daughters lying with their throats cut. She fell down at once in a faint. The ogre was afraid she might be too long in doing what he wanted, so he followed her; and words cannot tell how shocked he was at the sight which met his eyes! "Oh, what have I done!" he cried, "but the little rascals shall pay for it, I warrant them!" He threw some water on his wife's face, and, as soon as she came to herself, he said,

“Bring me my seven-league boots, that I may go and catch the young vipers.” The boots were fetched; the ogre drew them on, and set out. He went striding over many parts of the country, and at last turned into the very road in which the poor children were. They had discovered the way to their father’s cottage, and had almost reached it. They watched the ogre stepping from mountain to mountain, and crossing rivers as if they had been small streams. Hop-o’-my-thumb thought for a moment what was to be done. He spied a hollow place under a large rock. “Get in there,” said he to his brothers. He then crept in himself, but kept his eyes fixed on the ogre, to see what he would do next. The ogre found himself quite tired with his journey, so he began to think of resting, and where did he sit down but on the very rock under which the poor children were hid. He fell fast asleep, and soon began to snore so loud that the little fellows were terrified. When Hop-o’-my-thumb saw this, he told his brothers to steal away home and leave him to shift for himself. They did so. Then he crept up to the giant, pulled off his seven-league boots very gently, and put them on his own feet, for the boots, being fairy boots, could make themselves small enough to fit any foot they pleased.

As soon as Hop-o’-my-thumb had made sure of the ogre’s seven-league boots, he went off to the palace and offered his services to carry orders from the king to his army, which was then at a great distance. In short, he thought he could be of more use to the king than all his mail coaches, and might make his fortune by carrying news here and there. He succeeded so well, that, in a short time, he made money enough to keep himself, his father, his mother, and his six brothers, without the trouble of working, for the rest of their lives.

And now let us see what became of the wicked ogre, whom we left sleeping on the rock. He had an evil conscience, and so had bad

dreams, and in the middle of one of his dreams he slipped down and bruised himself so much that he could not stir. At last it grew dark, and then a great serpent came out of the wood near at hand and stung him, so that he died in pain.

And Hop-o'-my-thumb every day grew more witty and brave, and in the end the king made him the greatest lord in the kingdom, and he married the most beautiful lady that ever was known.





THE SIX SWANS.

ONCE upon a time a king was hunting a wild boar in a great forest, and he chased it so eagerly that none of his huntsmen could follow him. It began to grow dark, so he stopped to look about him, and then he saw that he had lost his way. Just at that moment he caught sight of an old woman coming towards him, whose head kept continually shaking. She was a witch.

“My good woman,” said he to her, “can you show me the way out of the wood?”

“ Oh yes, your majesty,” answered she, “ I can do that very well, but only on one condition, and if you do not agree to it you will never get out, and must die here of hunger.”

“ Tell me the condition,” said the king.

“ I have an only daughter,” answered the old woman, “ as beautiful a girl as there is in the wide world, and she deserves to be your wife. If you will make her your queen, I will show you the way out of the wood.”

The king was so afraid that he would have to die there of hunger, that he consented.

The old woman then led him to her cottage, where her daughter sat by the side of the fire. She received the king as if she had expected him, and he saw that she was really very beautiful. But for all that she did not please him, and when he looked at her he shuddered. He had promised, however, to marry her, and there was an end of it. So he lifted her up beside him on his horse, and the old woman pointed out the way, and they soon arrived at the royal palace, where the wedding was celebrated.

This, you must know, was the king's second marriage. By his first wife he had seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he loved very much indeed. Now he was afraid that the step-mother might not be kind to them, so he took them to a lonely castle which stood in the midst of a wood. It was so hidden, and the road was so difficult to find, that he himself could never have got to it, if a wise woman had not given him a wonderful ball of thread, which, when he threw it before him, unrolled of itself and showed him the way.

The king went so often to see his dear children that the queen noticed it, and was as full of curiosity as could be to know what business took him thus alone to the wood. She bribed his servants, and they told her about the children, and the castle far in the forest,

and the wonderful ball that showed the way. After that she never rested till she found out where the king kept the ball. Then she made some little white shirts, and she sewed a spell, that her mother had taught her, into each of them; and one day when the king had gone to hunt, she took the little shirts and set off for the castle, and the ball showed her how to go.

The six brothers saw some one in the distance, and thinking it was their father, ran joyfully to meet him. When they came up to her the queen threw the shirts over them, and when the shirts touched their bodies they were changed into swans, and flew away over the wood. The witch's daughter went home quite happy, and thought she had got rid of all her step-children; but the little girl had not run out with her brothers, and oddly enough the queen had not heard about her.

The next day the king came to visit his children, but he found nobody but the little daughter. "Where are your brothers?" he asked.

"Oh, dear father," she answered, "they are gone, and have left me alone." And then she told him how she had looked out of the window and seen her brothers changed into swans, and how they had flown away over the wood. She also showed him some feathers which they had dropped in the courtyard, and which she had picked up.

The king was grieved, but he never thought the queen had done this wicked deed. He feared the little girl might also be stolen away from him, so he wished to take her away back to the palace with him. But she was afraid of her stepmother, and begged her father to let her stay one night more in the castle in the wood. The poor little girl thought, "Something dreadful will be sure to happen to me if I go home; I will go and look for my brothers."



THE KING AND QUEEN.

And when night came she ran away, and went straight into the wood. She walked all night long, and all the next day too, till she was so tired that she could go no farther. Then she saw a little house and went in, and she found a room with six little beds. She did not dare to lie down in any of them, but crept under one, laid herself on the hard floor, and tried to fall asleep.

When the sun was just going to set she heard a rustling, and saw six swans flying in at the window. They sat down on the floor, and began blowing on one another, until they had blown all their feathers off, and their swan's skins came off like shirts. Then the little girl knew them at once for her brothers, and was very glad, and crept out from under the bed.

The brothers were no less pleased when they saw their sweet sister, but their joy did not last long. "You cannot stay here," said they to her, "this is a robber's house. If the robbers come in and find you, they will kill you."

"Cannot you protect me?" asked the little sister.

"No," answered they, "we can only take off our swan's skins for a quarter of an hour every evening, and have our natural shape during that time, but afterwards we become swans again."

The little sister cried and said, "Cannot you be released?"

"Oh no," answered they, "the conditions are too hard. You might release us, but you would need neither to speak nor laugh for six years, and would have to make for us six shirts of stitchweed during that time. If one single word happened to come from your mouth all your work would be in vain." When her brothers had said this, the quarter of an hour was over, and they turned into swans again and flew out of the window.

But the little girl made a firm resolution to rescue her brothers, even if it cost her her life. She left the cottage, and went into the middle of the wood and climbed up a tree, and spent the night

among the branches. Next morning she got down, collected a quantity of stitchweed, and began to sew. She could not speak to any one, for there was no one there to speak to, and she had no inclination to laugh. So there she sat, and sewed and sewed.

When she had been there a long time, it chanced that the king of the country was hunting in the forest, and his hunters came to the tree on which the little girl was. They called to her and said, "Who are you?"

But she said nothing.

"Come down to us," they said, "we will do you no harm."

She only shook her head.

The hunters then climbed up the tree and brought down the little girl, and took her to the king.

The king asked, "Who are you? and what were you doing up in the tree?"

She never answered.

He asked the same questions in all the languages he knew, but she remained as dumb as a fish. However, she was so beautiful that the king's heart was touched, and he fell deeply in love with her. He placed her before him on his horse, and brought her to his castle. There he set her by him at table, and her modest look and dignified manners pleased him so much that he said, "I will marry her, and no one else in the world." He kept his promise, and married her a few days afterwards.

But the king had a wicked stepmother, who was not pleased with the marriage, and spoke ill of the young queen. "Who knows where the girl comes from," said she; "one who cannot speak is not good enough for a king."

A year after, when the queen's first little child was born, the old woman took it away, and smeared the queen's mouth with blood while she was asleep. Then she went to the king and accused

the queen of eating her child. The king would not believe it, and would not let any one do her any harm; and she always sat and sewed the shirts, and would take no notice of anything else.

Next time that she had another beautiful baby the wicked step-mother did the same as before, but again the king would not listen to her. "My wife," he said, "is too pious and good to do such a thing. If she were not dumb, if she could speak and defend herself, her innocence would be as clear as day."

But when for the third time the old woman stole the new-born child and accused the queen, who could not say a word in her defence, the king could not help himself; he was obliged to give her up to the hands of justice, and she was condemned to be burned to death.

When the day came that the sentence was to be carried out, it happened to be exactly the last day of the six years during which she might neither speak nor laugh. A little while now would free her brothers from the power of the spell. The six shirts were finished, all but the last one, which still wanted the left sleeve. As she went to the place of execution she carried the shirts on her arm, and when she stood at the stake and the fire was just going to be lit, she looked round, and there came six swans flying through the air. The swans flew to her and alighted quite near; she threw the shirts over them, and as soon as that was done their swan's skins fell off, and her brothers stood before her. They were all grown up, and were as strong and handsome young princes as you could see, only the youngest had no left arm, but instead of it a swan's wing.

They embraced and kissed their sister, and then the queen went to the king and said, "Dear husband, now I may speak and tell you that I am innocent and falsely accused." And she told him about

the deceit of the old stepmother, who had taken away her three children and hidden them. The three children, however, were soon fetched safely back, to the great joy of the king and queen, and the stepmother was tied to the stake and burnt to ashes. The king and queen, with the six brothers, lived many years in peace and prosperity. And so ends this tale.





RUMPELSTILZCHEN.

HERE was once a miller who was almost as poor as could be, and he had a beautiful daughter. One day he came to speak to the king; and, to make the king think he was somebody of importance, he said, "I have a daughter, who can spin straw into gold." "Oh!" said the king, "one that can do that is worth something; bring her to-morrow to the palace, and I will give her some spinning to do." When the girl was brought the next day, he led her to a room full of straw, gave her a wheel and a reel, and said, "Now set to work, and if by an early hour to-morrow this straw be not spun into gold you shall die." He

locked the door, and left the miller's daughter alone. The poor girl sat down, and was very melancholy; she could not for her life think what to do; for she knew not, how could she? the way to spin straw into gold. At last she began to weep. All at once the door opened, and in stepped a little man, and said, "Good evening, my pretty miller's daughter! what are you weeping about?" "Oh," replied the girl, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I don't know the way." The little man said, "What will you give me if I do it for you?" "My necklace," said she. He took the necklace, and sat down before the wheel, and spun on till morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the bobbins were full of gold.

The king came at sunrise, and was greatly surprised and delighted at what he saw, but it only made him more greedy to get gold. He led the miller's daughter into another and much larger room, full of straw, and ordered her to spin it all in one night, if she valued her life. The poor helpless girl began to weep as soon as he was gone; but once more the door flew open and the little man appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin this straw also into gold?" "The ring off my finger," answered she. The little man took the ring, and began to spin, and by the morning all the straw was gold. The king was highly delighted when he saw it, but still he wanted more gold. So he put the girl into a still larger room, full of straw, and said, "Spin this during the night, and if you do so you shall be my wife." "For," he thought, "though she is only a miller's daughter, I shall not find a richer wife in all the world." As soon as the girl was alone, the little man came the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I again spin this straw for you?" "I have nothing more to give you," answered she. "Then promise," said the dwarf, "if you become queen, to give me your first-born child." "Who knows how things may turn out between now and then," thought the girl; and really she could not help herself, so

she promised the little man what he desired, and he immediately spun the straw into gold.

When the king came in the morning and saw that all had been done as he wished, he ordered the wedding to be celebrated, and the beautiful miller's daughter became the queen. About a year passed, and then she brought into the world a lovely baby. She had forgotten all about the little man, but one day he walked suddenly into her room, and said, "Give me what you promised." Then the queen began to grieve and to weep so bitterly, that the little man took pity on her, and said, "I will give you three days; and if in that time you can find out my name, you shall keep the child."

The queen thought all that night over every name she could remember and sent a messenger through the country to collect as many new names as possible. When, next day, the little man came again, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and repeated, one after another, all the names she knew or had heard of; but at each the little man said, "That is not my name." The second day she sent round again in all directions to find out more new names, and she repeated to the little man the strangest names you could imagine, such as Ribs-of-beef, and Sheep-shanks, and Whalebone, and a host more, but to each he answered, "That is not my name." The third day the messenger came back, and said, "I have not been able to find a single new name; but as I came over a high mountain, I saw a little house, and before the house a little fire was burning, and round the fire a very funny little man was dancing, and he was hopping upon one leg and crying out:—

"To-day I have brewed, and to-morrow I'll bake,
And next day the queen's little child I shall take;
Oh, how famous it is that nobody knows
That my name is Rumpelstilzchen!"

You may guess how glad the queen was at hearing this! Soon

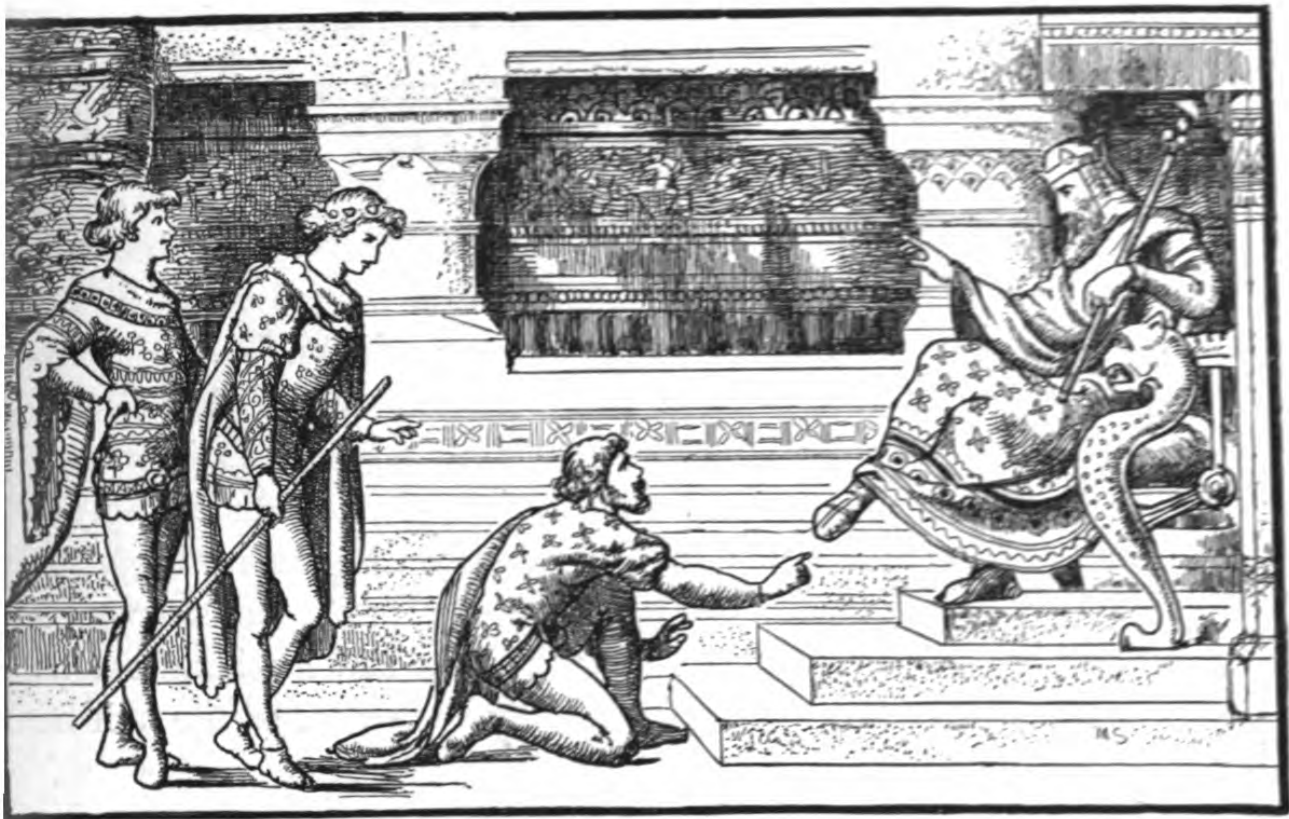


THE DWARF APPEARS.

after the little man entered, and said, "Queen, what do they call me?" First she asked, "Is your name Hal?" "No." "Is your name Carl?" "No." "Are you called Rumpelstilzchen?"

"A witch has told you! a witch has told you!" shrieked the little man, and he stamped his foot in such a rage that it sank into the earth, and he could not draw it out again. When he found that, he took hold of his left foot with both hands, and pulled away so hard that he tore himself in two.





THE WHITE CAT.

HERE was once a great king, and he took it into his head as he grew old that his three sons wished to deprive him of his throne. So he thought it would be prudent to employ them in such a way as to make them think they might obtain the crown, and at the same time keep it as long as possible to himself. He summoned them one day to his cabinet, and said, "My great age keeps me from attending to state affairs so closely as I used to do. I wish, therefore, to place the crown on the head of whichever of you will bring me the prettiest little dog to amuse myself with when I have retired from public life." The sons thought their father's fancy rather an odd one, but there was nothing for it but to give in to his wishes. The king gave them plenty of money for their journey, and bade them return at the end of a

year. They set off, and each of the three princes took a different road, after agreeing to meet on a particular spot that day twelve-month.

This story only tells of the adventures of the youngest brother, who was by far the most amiable as well as the handsomest of the three. After rather more than a week he reached a forest, just as night was setting in, and there he was overtaken by a violent storm. After wandering for some hours he perceived a light, and it guided him to a most splendid palace. The prince immediately rang the bell. In a few moments the door flew open, yet he saw nothing but a dozen hands in the air, each holding a taper. So strange a sight made him half hesitate to enter, and he laid his hand on his sword as he crossed the hall. When about the centre of the hall he heard some sweet voices singing,

“Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Love and mirth await you here ;
You shall break a magic spell
That upon a princess fell.”

The prince now advanced with more confidence, wondering what these words meant. He felt himself gently pushed by invisible hands towards a coral door, which opened at his approach. He passed through several splendid rooms. At last the hands stopped him : an arm-chair placed itself of its own accord near the fireplace, and the hands took off his wet clothes and replaced them by rich garments of gold. They next led him into a magnificent dining-room, where a table was laid for two persons. The prince was wondering who was to sup with him, when in walked a little figure about a foot and a half high, covered with a deep black veil, and supported by two cats in deep mourning. On removing her veil, the little figure turned out to be a very fine white cat. She bade the prince welcome in the choicest language, and with the most gracious

air. Supper was then served, and whilst they were at table, the prince observed that the white cat wore a miniature fastened to one of her paws. He asked leave to look at it, and was not a little amazed to see the portrait of a handsome young man, as like himself as it could look. He would fain have questioned the white cat on this strange circumstance, but the subject appeared a painful one, so he dropped it.

At last she wished him good-night, and the hands which had helped him before led him to an elegant bed-chamber. Early in the morning the prince was awakened by a confused noise, and on looking out of the window he saw about five hundred cats, some winding the horn and others leading out the hounds ready for the chase. He went into the courtyard, and there the hands presented him with a richly caparisoned wooden horse, that galloped to perfection.

The white cat was mounted on a very fine monkey. Never was such a curious hunt seen.

The prince led such a happy life in his new quarters, that he forgot both his family and his country, and a whole year had nearly flown away unheeded, when the white cat reminded him that he had only three days left to find the little dog for his father. The prince now blamed his own negligence, but said it was quite hopeless to repair it, for how could he either find a dog or return home—a distance of nearly a thousand miles—in three days' time? "Keep your mind easy," said the white cat, "the wooden horse will carry you thither in less than twelve hours; and as for the dog, inside this acorn is one more beautiful than any you have ever seen." The prince thought at first that the white cat must be jesting, but on holding the acorn to his ear he heard a little faint bow-wow, that convinced him of the truth



of what she said. He thanked her a thousand times ; and two days after he set out for his father's kingdom.

On reaching the place of meeting, our prince was soon joined by his two brothers. He showed them a shabby turnspit, which he declared could not fail to please the king, and he never said a word about his adventures in the forest. The two elder brothers, therefore, felt sure that the crown would fall to one of them. The dogs which they brought were so equally beautiful that the king was quite at a loss to decide between them ; the youngest then opened his acorn, and out of it came the most exquisite little dog imaginable, which could easily go through a ring without even touching it. The king was now sorely puzzled, but, as he liked less than ever to part with his crown, he told his sons that he was so pleased with the pains they had taken to meet his wishes, that he could not resist putting them to one more trial before he fulfilled his promise. He therefore begged they would take another year in order to procure a piece of cambric fine enough to be drawn through the eye of a small needle. The three brothers thought it rather hard that they should have to set out on a second expedition, but they were obliged to comply.

The two eldest took different roads and the youngest mounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat. The white cat met him when he entered the hall, and expressed great joy at his return. He told her all that had passed, and what his father's new command was. "Do not concern yourself," she said ; "some of the cats in my palace are very clever at making such cambric as you require."

The second year flew away as quickly as the first ; and when it was time for the prince to go, the white cat gave him a walnut, which she told him not to crack till he was in the presence of the king. He reached his father's palace just as his two brothers were exhibiting their pieces of cambric, which were fine enough to



THE FAIREST PRINCESS.

go through the eye of a large needle, but which the king contended would not go through the eye of the particular needle mentioned when they set out. Our prince entered, and, opening a box inlaid with jewels, drew forth a walnut, which he cracked, expecting to see the piece of cambric, but instead of it he found a nut. This he broke, and was disappointed on finding that it contained a cherry-stone. The prince, however, broke the cherry-stone, which was filled by a kernel; in the kernel was a grain of wheat; and in the grain of wheat was a millet seed. The prince now could not help muttering, "White cat, white cat, you have deceived me!" At this instant he felt a scratch upon his hand. He now took courage, and opened the millet seed, and, to the astonishment of everybody, drew forth a piece of cambric four hundred yards long, which would pass through the smallest needle with as much ease as the finest thread. The king was very sorry at the prince's success, and said, with a sigh, "My children, nothing can give me greater pleasure than the deference you pay to my wishes; do not wonder, therefore, if I require one more proof of your obedience. Whichever of you at the end of another twelvemonth will bring back the most beautiful princess, shall marry her, and obtain my crown, and I promise that this is the last expedition I shall ask you to undertake."

The brothers again set out, and the youngest returned at once to the palace of the white cat. Everything went on as before, till about the end of another year. When only one day of it remained, the white cat said, "It depends, prince, solely on yourself whether you will take to your father's court the most beautiful princess in the world. You have only to cut off my head and tail and throw them into the fire." "What!" cried the prince, "how could I be so barbarous as to kill one whom I love so much!" But the white cat told him so often that he could do her no greater service, that at length he drew his sword with a trembling hand, cut off her head and

tail, and threw them into the fire. Immediately, to his great joy and surprise, she was changed into the most beautiful princess you ever saw. He gazed upon her with wonder, and you may fancy how much more surprised he was when a whole retinue of ladies and gentlemen walked in to congratulate her, calling her "the Queen!" She received them kindly, and then requested that they would leave her alone with the prince, whom she addressed as follows: "Do not imagine, dear prince, that I was always a cat. My father was the king of six kingdoms, and I was his only daughter. Before I was born I was promised by the queen, my mother, to some fairies, in exchange for some rare fruit which she had taken it into her head to wish for. When an infant, I was shut up in a high tower, and there the fairies brought me up with the utmost care, and used to come on a dragon's back to visit me, and see that I wanted for nothing. I lived happily there for many years, till one day I saw a young man near the foot of the tower. He was an object of great curiosity to me, as I had never seen a man before, except in pictures. He also looked earnestly at me, and we remained looking at each other till it grew dark. The next day the first thing I did was to hasten to my window, when I again saw the same young man. He spoke to me through a speaking trumpet, and said the tenderest things imaginable, declaring he could not live without me. I resolved to find some means of escaping from my tower, and was not long of falling on a plan. When the fairies came to see me, I begged them to bring me some cord to make nets to catch birds at my window. They brought what I asked for, and you may guess how eagerly I worked at making a rope-ladder long enough to reach the ground. When it was finished I sent my parrot to tell the prince—for he was a prince—that I wished to speak with him. He came; he found the ladder; he mounted; he entered my room; but, alas! just at that moment the fairy Violent, one of my guardians, came in by the window

on the dragon's back. My lover drew his sword to defend me, but his bravery was useless. The fairy threw a spell over him, and he became a prey to the dragon, by whom he was devoured. I would gladly have thrown myself into the monster's jaws, but the fairy Violent changed me into a cat, declaring that the enchantment should never be broken till I met with a prince exactly resembling my lost lover. The fairies then brought me to this palace, which belonged to my father, and changed the lords and ladies of his court into so many cats, whom you, dear prince, have now restored to their original forms."

The prince then set off with the young queen for his father's kingdom, and soon they arrived at court. The two elder brothers had arrived before them, and had presented their princesses to the king, who could not help reluctantly owning that they were wonderfully beautiful. When our prince, however, entered with his queen, every one felt quite dazzled by her beauty, and saw that she was fifty times lovelier than either of the others. The king could not help exclaiming that she deserved his crown. "No, sire!" cried she, "far from wishing to deprive you of a throne you fill so ably, as I have six kingdoms of my own, I beg to offer another for your acceptance, and to give one to each of your sons. As for the remaining three, with your good leave, I shall reign over them in company with your youngest son, whom I choose to be my husband." The king was delighted; and the whole company rent the air with their applause, and the three weddings were celebrated the next day with the greatest rejoicings.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

IN the good old times, when Alfred was king, a poor widow lived in an out-of-the-way village in England. She had a son named Jack, who was really a very good boy at heart ; but his mother had given him so much of his own way that he had become the idlest and most careless fellow in the whole parish. And besides being idle and careless, he was so extravagant that he had brought his mother to the very brink of poverty. At last there was not a crust of bread left in the house. The mother went to Jack with tears in her eyes, and told him that her cow must now be sold to prevent their starving. Jack felt sorry to see her so melancholy, and promised, if she would trust him to drive the cow to the next village, that he would sell her to the best advantage. As he was going along he met a butcher who was carrying some curious-looking beans in his hat. Jack looked at the

beans, and the butcher looked at the cow, and asked Jack whether he would exchange the cow for his pretty beans. "Certainly," said Jack, "I shall be most happy." He jumped down, took the beans, and ran back in breathless haste to his mother, expecting that she would be as much pleased as himself at what he had done. When the poor widow heard of this crowning piece of folly she was full of despair. She lifted the beans, and flung them out in all directions ; and that night both mother and son went supperless to bed.

Jack awoke early next morning, and, after he had rubbed his eyes, he saw that his window was darkened by something he had never seen there before. He ran down into the garden and found that some of the beans had taken root during the night, and sprung up to such a surprising height, as to form a kind of natural ladder, whose top was lost in the clouds. He immediately determined to ascend this wonderful beanstalk. "Don't go," said his mother. "But I will," said Jack, and it was not long before he was climbing up.

He climbed and climbed for several hours, and was beginning to get exhausted, when at length he reached the top. There he found himself in a strange country, where not a living creature was to be seen. He now bitterly repented his disobedience in climbing the beanstalk against his mother's will, and began to fear he should die of hunger before he could get down again. All at once he saw a beautiful lady hovering over him. Whilst he was wondering at this apparition, the stranger asked him how he came there. Jack told her. The lady then asked him if he remembered his father. "No," replied he, "and when I name him to my mother she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing." "She dare not," replied the lady, "but I can and will. I am a fairy, and was a friend of your father's. He was an excellent man ; but a giant, whom he had assisted in mis-

fortune, returned his kindness by murdering him, and seizing on all his property. The ungrateful villain also made your mother promise that she would never tell you anything about your father ; if she did, he told her, he would murder both her and you. Then he turned her off, with you in her arms, to wander about the wide world. At the time all this happened I had been deprived of my power, and so was unable to render your father any assistance, and my power only returned on the day you went to sell your cow. It was I who made the beanstalk grow, and made you wish to climb to this strange country, for it is here the wicked giant lives who killed your father. It is you who must avenge him. I will assist you. Do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history. If you disobey me you will suffer for it." Jack asked how he was to reach the giant's house. "Go straight on," said the fairy, "and you will reach it about sunset. You must then act according to your own judgment, and I will assist you if any difficulty arises. Now farewell." She smiled kindly on Jack, and vanished.

Jack went on his way. He travelled till sunset, when he reached a large mansion. A woman was standing at the door. He went up to her, and asked her to give him a crust of bread and a night's lodging. "Alas !" said she, "I dare not, for my husband is a great giant, who eats human flesh, and is now gone out in search of some. You would not be safe for a moment in our house." Jack was frightened enough ; still he begged the good woman just to take him in for that night, and to hide him as well as she could. The woman was of a kindly disposition, so she said she would do her best. She led him into a huge kitchen, where she laid a plentiful supper before him, and he was beginning to eat heartily, when a thundering rap came to the door, making the very house shake. The giant's wife hid Jack in the oven, and flew to let her husband in. "I smell fresh

meat!" said he. "Oh," answered she, "it is only the inmates of the dungeon." So he walked in grumbling and growling. He sat down, and his wife brought him his supper. When supper was over, the giant called out, "Bring me my hen!" His wife brought a hen and placed it on the table, and every time the giant said "Lay!" the hen laid a golden egg. The giant amused himself in this way for a long time, but at last he grew drowsy, and fell asleep at the table, and snored like the roaring of cannon. The wife long before this had gone to bed. At daybreak, Jack, seeing the giant still asleep, crept out of his hiding-place, and ran off with the hen. He ran and ran till he reached the top of the beanstalk, and he got down much better than he had expected. His mother was overjoyed at seeing him, for she had given him up as lost; and she was much surprised when Jack told her that he had brought home something which he hoped would make up for all his former idleness and folly, and produced the hen.

Both mother and son were now rich and happy, and lived most comfortably for many months. But Jack never forgot what the fairy had said, and determined to climb the beanstalk again. His mother strongly advised him against it, saying that the giant's wife would know better than to let him in, and that the giant would certainly kill him. But Jack was so set upon going, that he procured a disguise, stained his skin with walnut-juice, and started one morning almost before it was light. He climbed the beanstalk, and made his way again to the giant's house, which he reached about evening; this time also he found the giant's wife at the door. Jack made up a pitiful story to induce her to take him in for the night. She told him, as she had done the first time, that her husband was a great and powerful giant, and she also added that she had taken in an ungrateful young vagabond some months back, who had stolen one of the giant's treasures, ever since which he had been con-

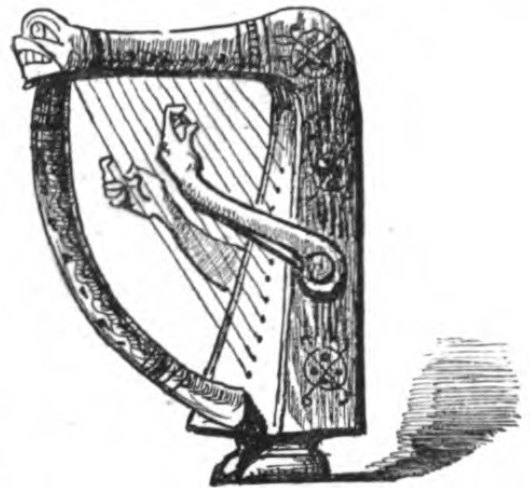


THE GIANT'S HEN.

tinually reproaching her. Jack, however, urged her so to give him a night's lodging, that at last the good woman led him into the kitchen, and, after he had done eating, hid him in a lumber-closet. The giant walked in shortly after, and exclaimed as before, "I smell fresh meat!" "Oh," said the wife, "it is only the crows, who have left a piece of raw meat on the roof of the house." So the giant grumbled a while, till his supper was served. When he had eaten his fill he called for his money-bags. Jack now peeped out of his hiding-place, and saw the wife return, dragging two heavy bags, one filled with new guineas, and the other filled with new shillings. After counting his treasure over and over again, the giant replaced it in the bags, and then he dropped asleep, and snored as loud as the rushing of the sea on a stormy night. At last Jack, thinking that all was safe, approached the table on tip-toe, seized the bags, and slinging them over his shoulder, made his way to the beanstalk, and succeeded in climbing down safely. He was grieved to find, on entering the cottage, that his mother was so ill from anxiety on his account as to be almost dying. On seeing him safe, however, she gradually recovered. Jack gave her the money-bags, and they had their cottage rebuilt and well furnished, and lived very comfortably for about three years, during which time the beanstalk was not even mentioned by either of them.

But Jack felt he must make another journey to the giant's house. His inclination to try his luck once more became so strong that he could not resist it. So he got ready a new disguise, and one morning, without saying a word about it to his mother, he ascended the beanstalk. He followed the same road as on the two former occasions, and again found the giant's wife at the door. This time, however, he had much more trouble to persuade her to let him in. But he succeeded at last, and was concealed in the copper. When the giant returned, he said, furiously, "I smell fresh meat!" Jack

did not mind this much at first, but he began to shake in his shoes when the giant started from his seat, and began ferreting about in every corner of the kitchen, to see that there was nobody concealed anywhere. In the course of his search he even laid his hand upon the lid of the copper, and then Jack thought his death was certain. However, nothing happened; the giant did not lift the lid, for his wife called to him just then that supper was ready, and off the giant went to it. When he had finished, he ordered his wife to fetch his harp. When it was brought, the giant placed it on the table, and said "Play!" and at once, without anybody touching it, it played the most beautiful music imaginable. Jack was delighted, and felt very anxious to secure this wonderful instrument. Its



sound was so sweet that it soon lulled the giant to sleep, and this time he snored like the rolling of distant thunder. As soon as the giant was asleep, Jack got out of the copper and seized the harp. But the harp was enchanted, and as soon as it found itself in Jack's hands, it cried out loudly, "Master! master!" The giant awoke, started up, and there was Jack scampering off as fast as his legs could carry him. "Oh, you young villain!" exclaimed the giant, "it is you who have robbed me of my hen, and my money-bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I'll eat you up alive!" But it happened that the giant had drunk so much wine at dinner, that he could not run steadily, and Jack reached the top of the beanstalk first; he scrambled down it as fast as he could, and when he arrived at the bottom he called for a hatchet. There was the giant coming down! Jack took the hatchet and cut the bean-

stalk through at the root. The giant fell headlong into the garden, and was killed on the spot.

The fairy instantly appeared, and explained everything to Jack's mother, and told Jack to be a dutiful son in future, and to follow his father's example by living to do good. Jack never forgot her advice, and he and his mother lived happily to the end of their days.





BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich merchant, and he had six children, three boys and three girls. The three daughters were all handsome, but particularly the youngest; indeed, she was so very beautiful that every one called her Beauty, which made her sisters very jealous of her. She was not only handsomer than her sisters, but also better tempered, and more industrious.

It happened that, by an unlucky accident, the merchant was ruined, and had nothing left of all his vast property but a small

cottage in the country, and to it he told his daughters they must now remove.

When they had removed to their cottage, the merchant and his three sons employed themselves in tilling the ground. Beauty also was very diligent, and looked after the house, but her sisters lay in bed, and read novels, and grumbled at the loss of their fine things.

They had lived in this way for about a year, when the merchant received a letter, telling him that one of his richest ships, which he thought was lost, had just come into port. At this news the two eldest sisters were quite wild with joy. Their father told them he had to take a journey to the ship, and, when they heard that, they begged that he would bring them all sorts of finery, when he came home. "Beauty," said the merchant, "you ask nothing: what can I bring you, my child?" "Since you are so kind as to think of me, dear father," she answered, "I should be glad if you would bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden." That was all she asked for. The merchant set out on his journey. He got safely to the ship, but some persons went to law with him about the cargo, and, after a great deal of trouble, he began his journey homeward as poor as before. When he was within thirty miles of his cottage he lost his way in the midst of a thick wood. It rained and snowed very hard, and then night came on. All at once, he saw a light down a long avenue. He made the best of his way towards it, and found that it came from a splendid palace. The merchant entered the open gate, but not a living soul was to be seen. He alighted, and his poor starved horse walked into the stables to take a good meal of oats and hay. His master passed into the house, and in a large room he found a good fire, and a table covered with some very nice dishes, and one plate with a fork and a knife. He went up to the fire to dry himself, expecting always that some one would appear; but no one

came. So, being very hungry, he began supper himself, and then, being very tired, he found a room where there was a fine bed, and got into it, and fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning he was amazed to see a handsome new suit of clothes laid ready for him, instead of his own, which were spoiled. He looked out of the window, and instead of the snow-covered wood, he saw the most lovely arbours, covered with all kinds of flowers. Returning to the room where he had supped he found a breakfast-table ready prepared. He made a hearty breakfast, took his hat, and went to look after his horse. As he passed under one of the arbours, which was loaded with roses, he thought of what Beauty had asked, and plucked a bunch to carry home. At that very moment he heard a loud noise, and saw a huge beast coming towards him. "You are most ungrateful," cried the Beast, "I have saved your life by admitting you to my palace, and, in return, you steal my precious roses. But you shall atone for your fault; you shall die in a quarter of an hour." The poor merchant implored forgiveness, saying he had only plucked the roses for one of his daughters, and had no intention to offend. "You tell me you have daughters," said the Beast; "now, I will suffer you to escape if one of them will come and die in your stead. If not, promise that you will yourself return in three months." The merchant knew that



if he seemed to accept the Beast's terms he should at least have the pleasure of seeing his daughters once again, so he gave his promise, and was told that he might set off as soon as he liked. "But," said the Beast, "there is no reason why you should go back empty-handed. Go to the room where you slept, and you will find a chest ; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will have it taken to your house for you." When the Beast had said this he went away. The merchant thought this was rather extraordinary kindness from such a monster. He returned to the room he had slept in, and found heaps of gold pieces lying about. He filled the chest with them to the very brim, locked it, and left the palace. In a few hours he reached his home. His children came running round him, but instead of kissing them for joy, he could not help weeping. In his hand was the bunch of roses, which he gave to Beauty, telling how dearly it had cost him. "You shall not die," said Beauty ; "as the Beast will accept one of your daughters, I shall take your place." And nothing would make her alter her purpose. The merchant was so grieved at the thought of losing his child, that he never remembered the chest filled with gold, but at night he found it standing by his bedside. He said nothing about his riches to his eldest daughters, but he told Beauty his secret, and she then said that whilst he was away, two gentlemen had been on a visit to their cottage, and had fallen in love with her two sisters. She entreated her father to marry them without delay, for she was so good she only wished them to be happy.

The three months went quickly by, and then the merchant and Beauty got ready to set out for the palace of the Beast. They reached the palace, and entered the great hall, and there they found a table covered with every dainty, and two plates laid ready. The merchant had no appetite, but Beauty, that she might the better hide her grief, placed herself at table and helped her father ; then she



THE ENCHANTMENT ENDED.

began to eat herself. When supper was ended, they heard a great noise, and the Beast entered. Beauty tried to hide her fear. The Beast walked up to her, and asked if she had come quite of her own accord. "Yes," said Beauty. "Then I am much obliged to you," replied the Beast. He said this so civilly that Beauty's courage rose; but it sank again when the Beast, turning to the merchant, desired him to quit the palace next morning, and never to return. "And so, good-night, Merchant, and good-night, Beauty." "Good-night, Beast," she answered, and the monster retired. In her sleep that night she dreamed that a lady came to her and said, "I am very much pleased, Beauty, with your goodness in being willing to give your life to save that of your father. Fear nothing! You shall not go unrewarded."

In the morning, after her father had gone away, poor Beauty began to weep. She soon resolved, however, not to make matters worse by crying. She determined to wait and be patient. She walked about to take a view of all the palace, and the elegance of every part of it delighted her. But how surprised she was when she came to a door on which was written "BEAUTY'S ROOM!" She opened it, and her eyes were dazzled by the magnificence of the apartment. There was a large library in it, and a piano, and a harp, and many pieces of music. She lifted one of the books, and saw these verses written upon it in gold letters:—

"Beauteous lady, dry your tears,
Here you have no cause for fears:
What you wish, you've but to say;
You command, and I obey."

"Alas!" said she, sighing, "I wish I could only see my poor father!" Just then she caught sight of a looking-glass near her, and in it she saw a picture of her home, and her father riding mournfully up to the door, and her sisters coming out to meet him. In a short

time all this picture disappeared. At noon she found dinner ready for her, and a sweet concert of music played all the time she was eating, without her seeing anybody. But at supper-time she heard the Beast coming, and could not help trembling with fear. "Beauty," said he, "will you give me leave to see you sup?" "That is as you please," answered she. "Not at all," said the Beast, "you command here. But tell me, Beauty, do you not think me very ugly?" "Why yes," said she, "for I cannot tell a lie; but I think you very good." "Am I?" replied the Beast, sadly: "besides being ugly, I am also very stupid." "Very stupid people," said Beauty, "never think themselves stupid; and you are so kind," added Beauty, earnestly, "that I almost forget you are so ugly." "Ah yes!" answered the Beast with a sigh, "I hope I am good-tempered, but still I am only a monster." "There is many a monster who has the shape of a man," replied Beauty; "it is better to have a good heart and the shape of a monster." Altogether, the Beast seemed so gentle and so unhappy, that Beauty felt her fear of him gradually vanish. At last, however, the Beast rose to depart, and he frightened her more than ever by saying, abruptly, "Beauty, will you marry me?" Now Beauty would only speak the exact truth; so she answered in a firm voice, "No, Beast." He did not grow angry at her refusal; he only gave a great sigh, and left the room.

Beauty lived in the palace pleasantly for three months. The Beast came to see her every night at supper-time; and though what he said was not very clever, yet she saw in him every day something new to admire. The only thing that vexed her was that every night before he went away he asked her if she would marry him, and seemed much grieved at her always answering "No." After a while he asked her at least to promise that she would never leave him. Now Beauty would almost have agreed to this, she was so sorry for him, but she had seen that very day in her magic glass that her father was

dying of grief for her sake. Her sisters were married, and her brothers had gone to the wars, so the father was left all alone. "Alas!" she said, "I long so much to see my father, that if you do not give me leave to visit him, it will break my heart." "I would rather mine were broken, Beauty," answered the Beast. And he gave her leave on her promising to return in a week. "You will find yourself to-morrow morning at your father's house," he said; "but do not forget your promise. When you wish to return you have only to put your ring on a table when you go to bed. Good-bye, Beauty!" When she awoke in the morning, there she was in her father's cottage. She rang a bell, and a servant entered. As soon as she saw Beauty she gave a loud shriek; the merchant ran up-stairs to see what was the matter, and, when he saw his daughter, he ran to her and kissed her a hundred times. At last Beauty remembered that she had brought no clothes with her; the servant told her, however, she had just found in the next room a large chest full of splendid dresses. Soon her sisters, with their husbands, came to pay her a visit. And they both lived, I may tell you, very unhappily with the gentlemen they had married. They were ready to burst with envy when they saw Beauty dressed like a princess and looking so charming and happy. So, what did the spiteful creatures do, but lay a plan to keep her longer than the week for which the Beast had given her leave. "Perhaps," they thought, "he will be so angry when she goes back to him that he will kill her." The plan succeeded. Beauty agreed to stay a few days longer. On the ninth day of her being at the cottage she dreamed she was in the garden of the Beast, and that he lay dying on a grass-plot; and she thought she heard him putting her in mind of her promise, and saying that her forsaking him was the cause of his death. Beauty awoke in a great fright. "How wicked I am!" she said, "to behave so ill to a Beast who has been so kind to me! Why will I not marry him? I should be happier with him than my sisters

are with their husbands. He shall not suffer any longer on my account." She put her ring on the table, went back to bed again, and soon fell asleep. In the morning she was delighted to find herself in the palace of the Beast. The day passed very slowly. At last the clock struck nine, but the Beast did not come. What a fright Beauty was in then! She ran from room to room, calling out, "Beast, dear Beast!" but there was no answer. Then she rushed to the grass-plot she had seen in her dream, and there she saw him lying apparently dead. Forgetting all his ugliness, she threw herself down beside him, and finding his heart still beat, she fetched some water and sprinkled it over him, weeping and sobbing all the time. The Beast opened his eyes. "You forgot your promise," he said, in a faint voice, "but I shall die happy since I have seen your face once more." "No, dear Beast," cried Beauty, passionately, "you shall not die; you shall live to be my husband. I thought it was only friendship I felt for you, but now I know it was love."

The moment Beauty had said these words the palace was suddenly lighted up, and all kinds of rejoicing were heard. The Beast, too, disappeared, and in his stead she saw at her feet a handsome young prince, who thanked her tenderly for having freed him from enchantment. "A wicked fairy," said the prince, "condemned me to be a beast, and forbade me to show that I had any wit or sense till a beautiful lady should consent to marry me. You alone, dearest Beauty, judged me neither by my looks nor by my talents, but by my heart alone. Take it, then, and all that I have besides, for all is yours."

Beauty, full of surprise, but very happy, allowed the prince to lead her to the palace, where she found her father and her brothers and sisters, who had been brought there by the fairy whom she had seen in a dream the first night she came. "Beauty," said the fairy, "you have now your reward, for is not a true heart better than good looks

or clever brains? As for you," and she turned to the two elder sisters, "I have no worse punishment for you than to see your sister happy. You shall stand as statues at her palace door, and when you repent of your faults, you shall become women again. But, to tell the truth, I very much fear that you will be statues for ever."





THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR ;
OR, "SEVEN AT A BLOW."

ON E summer's morning a little tailor was sitting on his bench, sewing away with all his might, and in very good spirits. A woman came past, crying, "Good preserves for sale, very cheap!" The tailor popped his little head out

window, called the woman to him, and purchased a quarter of a pound. He then went to a cupboard, cut a slice of bread, spread the preserve upon it, and laid it down beside him. "How nicely that will taste," he thought; "but before I have a bite I shall finish this doublet." Whilst he stitched away as fast as he could, the flies on the ceiling were attracted by the preserve: they came down in swarms to settle on the bread. "Nobody invited you!" said the little tailor, and he brushed them away. The flies, however, were not to be put off, and they returned in greater numbers than before. This put the tailor in a passion: he snatched up a strip of cloth, and brought it down with such a swoop, that seven flies laid dead on the spot. "What a fellow I am," said he, "the whole town shall hear of this." And the little tailor forthwith cut a belt out for himself, and on it he worked in large letters the words "SEVEN AT A BLOW."

He put on the belt, and prepared to sally forth into the wide world, as his workshop seemed much too narrow for his bravery. Before he went he looked round to see if there was anything he should take with him, but he saw nothing but an old cheese, which he put in his pocket. After passing through the gate of the town, he perceived a bird that had got entangled in a bush, and this he caught and put into his pocket also. The road he followed happened to lead up a mountain, and on reaching the top he found a great giant sitting looking about him. The little tailor made up to him very boldly, and said, "Good morning, comrade." The giant looked at the tailor with the utmost contempt, and muttered, "You miserable wretch!" "Miserable wretch indeed!" replied the tailor, unbuttoning his coat, and pointing to his belt, "here you may read and see what sort of a man I am." The giant read, "Seven at a blow;" and thinking it meant seven men the tailor had killed, he began to entertain some respect for the little fellow. Still, he wished to prove him; so he picked up a stone and squeezed it

till the water dropped out of it. "Do that after me," said the giant, "if you have strength enough." "Is that all?" cried the tailor, "that is child's play to me." He put his hand into his pocket, drew out the cheese, and squeezed it till the whey oozed out. "That is a little better than you," he observed. The giant did not well know what to say; so he picked up another stone, and threw it upwards to such a height that the eye could scarcely follow it. "That's a good throw," said the tailor, "but your stone will fall to the ground again. I shall throw one that will not come back." He then drew the bird from his pocket, and cast it into the air. The bird flew straight up, and, of course, never returned. "What do you say to that?" asked the tailor. "You throw well, certainly," replied the giant, "but now let us see whether you are able to carry something out of the common." He led the little tailor to a large felled oak-tree and bade him carry it out of the forest if he was strong enough. "Willingly," said the little man; "do you but place the trunk on your shoulders and I will lift up the branches, which are the heavier of the two." The giant accordingly shouldered the trunk of the tree, but the tailor perched himself snugly on one of the branches. His giant companion could not very well look round, so he was tricked into carrying not only the whole tree, but the little tailor into the bargain. After he had gone a few steps, the giant could bear the weight no longer, and let fall the tree. The tailor jumped nimbly down, and pretended to be holding the branches, and laughed at the giant for being unable to carry a tree, though he was such a big fellow.

"Since you are so brave," said the giant, "come and spend the night in our cave." The little tailor said he would be glad to do so; and soon they reached the cave, where they found several other giants sitting by a great fire. The giant pointed to a bed, and told the tailor he might lie down there and sleep till morning. But the bed

was so big, that the little man got out of it, and crept into a corner of the cave. About midnight, when the giant thought he must be fast asleep, he took an iron club and shivered the bed at a single blow, thinking, "Now I have made an end of that little grasshopper!" The next morning, when the giants went out into the forest, and had forgotten all about our little tailor, he came up to them looking as bold as ever. The giants were frightened, and, thinking he would kill them all, they took to their heels as fast as they could.

As for the tailor, he wandered on, and after a time reached a royal palace. He felt tired, so he stretched himself on the grass before the gate, and fell asleep. Some persons happened to see him lying there, and read "Seven at a blow" on his belt. "Oh," said they, "this must surely be a mighty warrior;" and they ran to tell the king of his arrival, observing that it would be well to secure the services of such a man in case war were to break out. The king therefore sent one of his courtiers to be ready to ask the stranger to enter the army as soon as he should awake. The tailor wakened: the courtier delivered his message. Then the tailor said, "I came here with the express intention of offering my services to the king." He was accordingly received with great honour.

But the soldiers became jealous of the little tailor; so they went to the king and begged to be dismissed. "If this man is to kill seven at a blow," they said, "there will be nothing left for us to do." Now the king could not bear the idea of losing all his faithful soldiers, yet he did not dare to send away the stranger. At last, after a good deal of deliberation, he sent for the tailor, and told him that, as he was such a hero, he wished to ask a favour of him. "In a neighbouring forest," he said, "are a couple of savage giants. Now, if you will rid the land of these monsters, I shall give you my only daughter in marriage, and half of my kingdom for a dowry. A hundred horse soldiers also will accompany you, to give you what



AT THE PALACE GATE.

help they can." The little tailor replied that he would soon tame the giants, and that he needed no help, for that he who could kill seven at a blow was not afraid of two.

He then set out, followed by the hundred horse soldiers ; but, on reaching the forest, he told them to wait till he came back, as he meant to encounter the giants alone. He then entered the thicket, and soon found the two giants snoring under a tree. Our tailor lost no time in filling his pockets with stones : he then climbed up the tree and hid himself among its branches. He let fall several stones, one after another, right on the breast of one of the giants. The giant awoke, pushed his companion, and asked him why he beat him. "You are dreaming," said the other ; "I didn't touch you." They lay down to sleep again, when the tailor threw a stone that hit the other giant. "What are you flinging stones at me for?" said he. "Indeed, *you* are dreaming," said the first giant. After quarrelling for a few minutes they fell asleep again. The tailor then chose a very big stone, and hurled it at the first giant. "That is too bad," cried he, rising in a fury, and striking his companion. The latter paid him back in the same coin ; and soon they fought in such a rage, that they tore up trees, and never ceased belabouring each other, till they both lay dead on the ground. The tailor now came down, and, drawing his sword, plunged it alternately into the breast of each of the dead giants ; then he returned to the horse soldiers, and told them he had overcome the giants. The soldiers, however, would not believe him, till they had ridden into the forest, and seen the giants lying in their blood and surrounded by the uprooted trees.

The king, after he had got rid of his enemies, repented of his promise to give up half of his kingdom to the stranger. So he said, "Your work is not yet ended. In the forest a unicorn runs wild and commits great havoc, and you must catch it." "I fear less for a unicorn than I do for two giants ! 'Seven at a blow !' that is my

motto!" said the tailor. He took with him a rope and an axe, and went away to the forest, telling those who were ordered to accompany him to wait on the outskirts. The unicorn soon appeared, and made ready to rush at him. The tailor saw that: he waited till the animal was close upon him, and then sprang nimbly behind a tree. The unicorn rushed with all its force against the tree, and fixed its horn so fast in the trunk, that it could not draw it out again. "Now I have caught you," said the tailor. He came from behind the tree, bound the rope round its neck, and cut the horn out of the tree. Then he led the animal before the king.

The king, however, would not yet give up his daughter and half of his kingdom. So he made a third request, that the tailor should catch a wild boar which did much injury. "With pleasure," was the reply; "it is a task not worth speaking about." The huntsmen were to help him; he left them behind, however. As soon as the boar saw the tailor, it ran at him, but our hero sprang into a little house which was near, and in a twinkling jumped out again at a window on the other side. The boar ran after him, but he, skipping round, shut the door behind it, and there the raging beast was caught, for it was much too clumsy and heavy to jump out of the window. The tailor then presented himself before the king, who was compelled now, whether he would or not, to keep his promise, and give up his daughter and the half of his kingdom.

Soon afterwards the young queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, "Boy, make me a waistcoat, or I will lay the yard-measure about your ears!" Then she saw that he had been a tailor, and she complained in the morning to her father, and begged that he would deliver her from her husband, who was of such low origin. The king comforted her by saying, "To-night leave your room-door open, my servants will stand without, and when he is asleep they will enter, bind him, and bear him away to a ship, which will

carry him forth into the wide world." "That will do very well," said the wife. But her husband's armour-bearer, who had overheard all, went to him, and disclosed the whole plot. "It is a small matter to me," said the brave tailor. In the evening, when his wife believed that he slept, she got up, opened the door, and lay down again. The tailor, however, only pretended to be asleep, and began to exclaim in a loud voice, "Boy, make me this waistcoat, or I shall beat the yard-measure about your ears! Seven have I killed at a blow, two giants have I slain, a unicorn have I led captive, and a wild boar have I caught, and shall I be afraid of those who stand outside my chamber-door?" When the men heard these words, they were in a great state of fright, and ran away; neither afterwards did any man dare to oppose him. Thus the tailor became a king, and so he remained for the rest of his days.



LITTLE SNOWDROP.



LONG long ago, in the depth of winter, a queen sat and sewed at a window set in an ebony frame; and she pricked her finger with her needle, and three drops of blood fell on the snow. Now the red looked so beautiful on the white that she thought, "Oh, that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of this frame!" Soon afterwards she had a little daughter, who was as white as snow, and as red as blood, and whose hair was as black as ebony; and when the child was born the queen died.

After a year had passed the king took another wife. She was handsome enough, but she was proud and haughty, and could not endure that any one should be better-looking than herself. She had a wonderful mirror, and whenever she walked up to it and said,

"Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

the mirror answered,

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
You are the fairest of them all."

And she was satisfied, for she knew that the mirror always told the truth.

But Snowdrop grew every day taller and fairer, and at seven years old she became more beautiful than the queen. So once, when the queen asked her mirror which was the fairest, it replied,

“Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Snowdrop is fairest of you all.”

Then the queen turned yellow and green with envy. From that hour she so hated Snowdrop that she had no rest day or night. At last she called a huntsman, and said, “Take the child out into the forest, and kill her and bring me her heart as a token that she is really dead.”

The huntsman led the child away into the wood, but when he was about to slay the innocent Snowdrop, she began to weep, and said, “Oh, dear huntsman, spare my life, and I will run deep into the forest, and never come home again!” The huntsman took pity on her, because she looked so lovely, and said, “Run away then, poor child!” And he thought to himself, “The wild beasts will soon make an end of her.” A little bear came by just then; he killed it, took out its heart, and carried it as a token to the queen. The poor child was now all alone in the great forest, and she felt frightened. She ran as long as her feet could carry her, and when it was growing dark, she saw a little house, and went into it to rest herself. Everything in the house was very small, but clean and neat. There stood a little table, covered with a white table-cloth. On it were seven little plates (each little plate with its own little spoon), also seven little knives and forks, and seven little cups. Round the walls were seven little beds close together, with sheets as white as snow. Snowdrop being both hungry and thirsty, ate a little of the vegetables and a little of the bread on each plate, and drank a drop of wine from each



THE POISONED APPLE.

cup, for she did not like to empty any one entirely. Then, as she was very tired, she laid herself down on one bed, but it did not suit; she tried another but that was too long; another was too short, another was too hard, but the seventh was just right, so there she stayed, said her prayers, and fell asleep.

When it was quite dark, home came the masters of the house. They were seven dwarfs, who dug for iron and gold among the mountains. They lighted their seven candles, and as soon as there was a light in the kitchen, they saw that some one had been there, for it was not in such good order as when they had left it. The first asked, "Who has been sitting on my stool?" The second, "Who has eaten off my plate?" The third, "Who has taken part of my loaf?" The fourth, "Who has touched my vegetables?" The fifth, "Who has used my fork?" The sixth, "Who has cut with my knife?" The seventh, "Who has drunk out of my little cup?" Then the first dwarf looked about, and saw that there was a slight hollow in his bed, so he cried out, "Who has been lying in my little bed?" The others came running, and each one said, "Some one has also been lying in my bed." But the seventh, when he looked in his bed, saw Snowdrop there, fast asleep. He called the others, who fetched their candles, and cast the light on Snowdrop. "Oh!" they cried, "what a lovely child!" And they were so pleased, that they would not wake her, but let her sleep on in the little bed. The seventh dwarf slept with all his companions, an hour with each, and so they passed the night. When it was morning, Snowdrop woke up, and was terrified when she saw the seven dwarfs. They were very kind, however, and asked her name. "Snowdrop," answered she. "How have you found your way to our house?" said the dwarfs. She told them exactly how it was. Then the dwarfs said, "If you will look after our house, cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, and keep all neat and clean, you can stay with us, and you will

want for nothing." "I shall keep your house very willingly," said Snowdrop. So she stayed with them.

Every morning the dwarfs went out among the mountains to dig for iron and gold, and came home ready for supper in the evening. Our little Snowdrop was thus left alone all day ; so the good dwarfs warned her, saying, "Beware of your wicked step-mother, who will soon find out that you are here : take care to let nobody in."

We now go on to tell about the step-mother, who had no doubt now that she was again the fairest woman in the world. She walked up to the mirror, and said,

"Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

The mirror replied,

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here you fairer are than all ;
But over the hills with the dwarfs so old,
Little Snowdrop is fairer a thousand-fold."

She felt sure now that the huntsman had deceived her, and that Snowdrop was still alive. She pondered once more, late and early, how best to kill Snowdrop. When she had planned what to do, she painted her face, and disguised herself as an old pedlar-woman. She then went over the hills to where the seven dwarfs dwelt, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good wares, cheap ! very cheap !" Snowdrop looked out of the window, and said, "Good morning, good woman : what have you to sell ?" "Good wares, very cheap !" answered the queen ; "bodice-laces of all colours," and she drew out one which was woven of coloured silk. "I may surely let this honest dame in !" thought Snowdrop, so she unfastened the door, and bought for herself the pretty lace. "Child," said the old woman, "what a figure you are ! let me lace you for once properly." Snowdrop feared no harm, so she stepped in front of her and allowed her bodice to be

fastened up with the new lace. But the old woman laced so quick and laced so tight, that Snowdrop's breath was stopped, and she fell down as if dead. "Now I am fairest at last," said the queen to herself, and hurried away.

The seven dwarfs came home soon after, and found their poor Snowdrop lifeless on the ground! Seeing that she was too tightly laced, they cut the lace of her bodice, and she slowly returned to life.

The cruel step-mother walked up to her mirror when she reached home, and said,

"Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

To which it answered just as it had done the last time. At this she was so alarmed that she turned as white as a sheet, for she saw that Snowdrop was still alive. "Now," said she, "I must think of some means that will certainly make an end of her;" and she made a poisoned comb. Then she changed her dress, and took the shape of another old woman. Again she crossed the hills to the home of the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good wares, very cheap!" Snowdrop looked out, and said, "Go away! I dare not let any one in." "You may surely be allowed to look," answered the old woman, and she drew out the poisoned comb, and held it up. The girl was so pleased with it that she opened the door. When the bargain was struck, the dame said, "Now let me dress your hair properly for once." Poor Snowdrop let the old woman begin, and the comb had scarcely touched her hair before the poison worked, and she fell down senseless. "Oh, you matchless beauty!" said the wicked woman, "all is over with you now!" Then she returned home.

Luckily it was near evening, and the seven dwarfs soon came back. When they found Snowdrop lifeless on the ground, they at once suspected that her step-mother had been there. They searched,



THE POISONED PRINCESS.

and found the poisoned comb; and as soon as they had drawn it out, Snowdrop came to herself, and told them what had happened. They warned her to be careful, and open the door to no one.

The queen placed herself before the mirror at home, and said,

“Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

But it answered just as it had done the last two times. She quivered now with rage, and went off to a secret room, and made an apple of deadly poison. When the apple was ready, she painted her face, disguised herself as a peasant woman, and journeyed over the hills to where the seven dwarfs lived. When she knocked, Snowdrop put her head out of the window, and said, “I cannot open the door to anybody, for the seven dwarfs have forbidden me to do so.” “Very well,” replied the peasant woman, “I only want to be rid of my apples. Here, I will give you one of them.” “No,” said Snowdrop, “I dare not take it.” “Are you afraid of being poisoned?” asked the old woman. “Look here, I shall cut the apple in two, and you will eat the rosy side, and I the white.” Now the fruit was so cunningly made that only the rosy side was poisoned. Snowdrop longed for the pretty apple; and when she saw the peasant woman eating it, she could resist the temptation no longer, but stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. She had scarcely tasted it, when she fell lifeless to the ground. The queen laughed loudly, and cried, “Oh, you who are white as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony, the seven dwarfs cannot waken you this time!” And when she asked the mirror at home,

“Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

the mirror at last replied,

“Lady queen, so grand and tall,
You are fairest of them all.”

When the dwarfs came home in the evening, they found Snowdrop lying breathless and motionless. They lifted her up, and did every thing they could to bring their darling back to life; but all was useless. They laid her then on a bier, and the seven placed themselves round it, and mourned for her for three long days. They would have buried her afterwards, but that she still looked so life-like, and had such lovely red cheeks. "We cannot lower her into the dark earth," said they. So they caused a transparent coffin of glass to be made, and laid her in it, writing outside, in gold letters, her name, and that she was the daughter of a king. Then they placed the coffin on the top of a mountain, and one of them always stayed by it and guarded it.

Snowdrop lay in her coffin unchanged for many years, looking as though asleep. At last, a prince happened to wander in the forest, and came to the dwarfs' house for a night's shelter. He saw the coffin on the top of the mountain, with the beautiful Snowdrop in it, and read what was written in gold letters. Then he said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin. I entreat you to give it me. I cannot live without seeing Snowdrop, and, though she is dead, I shall prize and honour her as if she were alive." Then the dwarfs took pity on him, and gave him the coffin. The prince had it borne away by his servants. Now, as they carried it off, they chanced to stumble over the root of a tree, and the shock forced the bit of poisoned apple, which Snowdrop had tasted, out of her throat. Immediately she opened her eyes, raised the coffin-lid, and sat up alive once more. "Where am I?" she cried. The prince answered joyfully, "You are with me;" and he told her all that had happened, and ended by saying, "I love you more dearly than anything else in the world. Come with me to my father's palace, and be my wife." Snowdrop, well pleased, went with him, and the two were married in great state.

By chance the wicked step-mother was invited to the wedding. Richly dressed, she stood before the mirror and asked,

“Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

The mirror answered,

“Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here you fairer are than all ;
But the youthful queen, o’er the mountains old,
Is fairer than you are a thousand-fold.”

The evil-hearted woman, at these words, could scarcely contain her rage. At first she resolved not to go to the wedding, but curiosity would not let her rest. She determined to go and see who that young queen was who was so beautiful. When she came and found it was Snowdrop alive again, she stood petrified with terror and amazement. Then two iron shoes, heated burning hot, were drawn out of the fire with a pair of tongs, and laid before her feet. She was forced to put them on, and to go and dance at Snowdrop’s wedding, and she danced in these red hot shoes, till she fell down dead.





THE FROG-PRINCE.

IN that good old time when wishing was having, there lived a king who had several daughters, and they were all beautiful. But the youngest was the loveliest. Near the king's palace lay a great dark forest, and in the forest was a fountain. When it was very hot, the king's daughter used to seat herself at the edge of

the cool fountain, and play with a golden ball, throwing it up in the air and catching it again. Now, one day it happened that she let the ball roll into the water. At the loss of her ball the king's daughter began to weep, and she cried louder and louder every minute.

She had not been crying long before some one called to her, "What is the matter with you, king's daughter?" She looked round to see who spoke, and saw a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water. "Oh, did you speak?" said she; "I am crying for my golden ball which has fallen into the fountain." "Be quiet and don't cry," answered the frog, "I dare say I can help you: but what will you give me if I fetch your ball?" "Whatever you like, dear frog," said she; "my clothes, my pearls, and jewels, even the gold crown I wear." The frog answered, "These are all of no use to me; but if you will love me, and let me be your companion and play-fellow, and sit near you at your little table, and eat from your little golden plate, and drink from your little cup, and sleep in your little bed—if you will promise me all this, then I will fetch your golden ball from the bottom of the water." "Oh yes," said she, "I promise you everything, if you will only bring me back my golden ball." But she thought to herself all the time: "What nonsense the silly frog talks!" As soon as the frog had received the promise, he dived down. In a little while up he came again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The king's daughter was full of joy when she saw her pretty plaything again; she picked it up and ran away with it. "Stop! stop!" cried the frog; "take me with you. I cannot go so fast as you." Alas! all his crying was useless, the princess did not hear him.

The next day, when she was sitting at dinner with the king and all his courtiers, eating from her little gold plate, a sound was heard of something coming up the marble stairs, splish-splash, splish-splash, and when it had reached the top, it knocked at the door and cried,

“Youngest king’s daughter, open the door.” She rose and went to see who it was, but, when she opened the door and saw the frog, she shut it to with a bang, and went back to her seat looking very pale. The king said, “What is this, my child? why are you in such a fright? Is there a giant standing outside to carry you off?” “Oh no,” answered she, “it is no giant, but an ugly frog.” “What does the frog want with you?” said the king. She told him. Just then there was another knock, and a voice cried, “Youngest king’s daughter, open the door; have you forgotten the promise you made, by the clear fountain, beneath the lime-tree? Youngest king’s daughter, open the door!”

Then the king said, “What you promised you must perform. Go and let him in.” She went and opened the door; in hopped the frog, and he followed her till he came up to her chair. There he sat, and cried out, “Lift me up on the table.” She would not, till her father ordered her to obey. As soon as the frog was on the table, he said, “Now push your little golden plate nearer me, that we may eat together.” She did so, but, as one could easily see, very very unwillingly. The frog seemed to enjoy his dinner, but every bit she ate stuck in the throat of our poor little princess. Then the frog said, “I have eaten enough, and am tired; carry me up-stairs to your little room, and make your little silken bed smooth, and we will lie down to sleep together.” At this the princess began to cry; for she was afraid of the cold frog. But the king looked angrily at her, and said, “He who helped you when in trouble must not now be despised.” So she took up the frog with two fingers, and carried him up-stairs. When she got into bed, instead of lifting him into it too, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, saying, “Now, you ugly frog, there will be an end to you!”

But as he fell from the wall he was changed from a frog into a handsome prince, with beautiful eyes, who became, by her own

promise and her father's consent, her dear companion and husband. Then he told her how he had been changed by a witch, and how no one but herself could have released him from his enchantment.

The next day, as soon as the sun was up, a carriage, drawn by eight white horses with golden bridles, drove up to the palace gates. Behind it stood the faithful Henry, the servant of the young prince. This trustworthy attendant had been so grieved when his master was changed into a frog, that he had fastened three iron bands round his heart, for fear it should break with grief and sorrow. But now that the carriage was ready to convey the prince to his kingdom he mounted behind, full of joy at his master's release. They had not gone far when the prince heard behind him a noise as if something was breaking. He turned round and cried out, "Henry, the carriage is breaking!" But Henry replied, "No, sir, it is not the carriage, but one of the bands that I bound round my heart when I thought it would have burst with grief at your being a frog at the bottom of a fountain." Twice afterwards on the journey the same noise was heard, and both times the prince thought something about the carriage was giving way, but it was only the bands which bound the heart of the faithful Henry breaking out of joy that the Frog-prince was a frog no longer.





THE FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.

HERE was once a king's daughter so beautiful that they called her the Fair One with Golden Locks. In a neighbouring country there was a young king who wanted nothing but a wife to make him happy. Everybody spoke to him about the good qualities of the Fair One with Golden Locks, and at last, without even seeing her, he fell desperately in love with her. He made up his mind to send an ambassador at once to ask her in marriage. But, alas! when the

ambassador delivered his message, the princess told him she had not the slightest wish to be married.

When the unsuccessful ambassador returned, the king, as you may suppose, was very sad. Now, there was a young gentleman at court, named Avenant. He was as beautiful as the sun, and every one loved him, except those people—to be found everywhere—who were envious of his good fortune. These malicious people heard him say once, “If the king had sent me to fetch the Fair One with Golden Locks, I know she would have come back with me,” and they repeated the saying in such a way, that it seemed as if Avenant thought so much of himself and his fine looks, that he felt sure the princess would have followed him all over the world. When this came to the ears of the king, it made him so angry that he ordered Avenant to be imprisoned in a high tower, and left to die there of hunger. The guards carried off poor Avenant, and he was left in the tower with nothing to eat, and only water to drink. This, however, kept him alive for a few days, during which he never ceased to complain aloud about his misfortunes.

It so happened that the king, coming past the tower, overheard him. The tears rushed into his eyes, he opened the door, and called, “Avenant!” Avenant came, creeping feebly along, and fell at the king’s feet. “What harm,” he said, “have I done that you should treat me so cruelly?” “You have mocked me and my ambassador; for you said, if I had sent you to fetch the Fair One with Golden Locks you would have brought her back.” “I did say it; and it was true,” replied Avenant fearlessly; “for I should have told her so much about you and your good qualities, that I am sure she would have returned with me.” “I believe it,” said the king, and he looked angrily at those who had spoken ill of his favourite. He then gave Avenant a free pardon, and took him back with him to the court. After supper, to which Avenant did full

justice, the king admitted him to a private audience; and said, "I am as much in love as ever with the Fair One with Golden Locks, so I shall take you at your word, and send you to try and win her for me." "Very well," replied Avenant, cheerfully; "I shall go to-morrow."

It was on a Monday that he started. He rode slowly; and one morning he came to a stream running through a meadow. He dismounted and sat down on its banks. There he saw a large golden carp that had jumped quite out of the water, gasping, and nearly dead, on the grass; Avenant took pity on it, and lifted it gently, and put it back into the stream. The carp took a plunge to refresh itself, and then came back, and said, "Avenant, I thank you for your kindness; if ever I can, I will do you a good turn."

Next day he met a raven in great distress; it was being pursued by an eagle, which would have swallowed it up in no time; so he let fly an arrow, and shot the eagle dead. The raven, delighted, perched on an opposite tree. "Avenant," he screeched, "you have generously helped me; I am not ungrateful, and will do you a good turn whenever I can." "Thank you," said Avenant.

Some days after he entered a thick wood, and in it he heard an owl hooting, as if in trouble. She had been caught by the nets spread by bird-catchers to entrap small birds. Avenant took out his knife, cut the net, and let the owl go free. She mounted into the air, and cried out, "Avenant, I have a grateful heart; I shall recompense you one day!"

These were the principal adventures that befell Avenant on his journey to the kingdom of the Fair One with Golden Locks. When he got there he dressed himself with the greatest pains, and, carrying in his hand a small basket in which was a lovely little dog, an offering of respect to the princess, he presented himself at the palace

gates. The Fair One with Golden Locks was very soon told that Avenant, another ambassador from the king, her suitor, awaited an audience.

When she was grandly dressed to receive him, Avenant was admitted to her presence. He then said all that he had to say. "Gentle Avenant," returned the princess, "your arguments are very strong, and I am inclined to listen to them; but I must tell you that about a month back I let a ring fall into the river, and I resolved not to listen to a marriage-proposal from anybody unless his ambassador found me that lost treasure."

Avenant, surprised and vexed, made a low bow and retired, taking with him the basket and the little dog, Cabriole, which the princess had refused to accept. Till far on in the night he sat sighing to himself. "My dear master," said Cabriole, "fortune will, no doubt, favour you; let us go at daybreak to the river-side." Avenant patted him, but said nothing, and at last, worn out with grief, he fell asleep. At dawn, Cabriole wakened him. "Master," he cried, "dress yourself, and let us go to the river." There Avenant walked up and down, and before long he heard a voice calling from a distance, "Avenant! Avenant!" The little dog ran to the water-side—"Never believe me again, master, if it is not a golden carp with a ring in its mouth!" "Yes, Avenant," said the carp, "this is the ring which the princess has lost; you saved my life once, and I have recompensed you. Farewell!" Avenant took the ring gratefully, and hastened to the palace. Begging an audience, he handed the ring to the princess, and asked her to accompany him now to his master's kingdom. She took the ring, looked at it, and thought she was surely dreaming; then she made up her mind to set him a second task. "There is a prince named Galifron," she said, "whom I have often refused to marry. He is a giant, as tall as a tower; go and fight him, and bring me his head." "Very well, madam," replied



THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Avenant, "I go at once to fight the giant Galifron." The princess, who never had expected that Avenant would consent, now did all she could to persuade him not to go, but in vain. Avenant armed himself and set off.

He drew near the castle of Galifron, and soon he saw the giant walking, and his head was level with the highest trees. He caught sight of Avenant, and would have slain him on the spot, had not a raven, sitting on a tree close at hand, suddenly flown at him, and picked out both his eyes. Then Avenant easily killed him, and cut off his head. The raven perched on a tree, and cried out, "You shot the eagle who was pursuing me ; I promised to recompense you, and to-day I have done it." "I am your debtor," said Avenant. He hung the frightful head to his saddle-bow, mounted his horse, and rode back to the city. The princess, who had trembled for his safety, was delighted to see him return. "Madam," said Avenant, "your enemy is dead ; so I trust you will accept the hand of the king my master." "I cannot," replied she, thoughtfully, "unless you first bring me a phial of the water in the Grotto of Darkness. The grotto is ten miles in length, and guarded at the entrance by two fiery dragons. Within it is a pit full of scorpions, lizards, and serpents ; and at the bottom of the pit rises the Fountain of Beauty and Health. All who wash in its water become, if ugly, beautiful ; and if beautiful, beautiful for ever : if old, they grow young ; and if young, remain young for ever." "Princess," replied Avenant, "you are already so lovely that you do not need it. But I am an unfortunate ambassador, whose death you desire. I will obey you, though I know I shall never return."

So he went away, accompanied by his faithful little dog. He reached a high mountain, and from the top he saw a hole in a rock. A moment after appeared one of the two fiery dragons. Avenant drew his sword, and taking out a phial given him by the princess,

he prepared to enter the cave. Just then a voice called, "Avenant, Avenant!" and he saw an owl sitting in a hollow tree. The owl said, "You cut the net in which I was caught, and I vowed to recompense you. Give me the phial. I know every corner of the Grotto of Darkness. I will fetch the Water of Beauty." Delighted beyond words, Avenant gave him the phial. The owl flew with it into the grotto, and soon re-appeared, bringing it quite full and well corked. After thanking the owl most heartily, Avenant joyfully returned to the city.

The Fair One with Golden Locks had no more to say. She agreed to accompany him to his master's court. At length they arrived at the king's palace, and the Fair One with Golden Locks became the queen. But in her heart she loved Avenant; and she praised him so much to the king, that he at last became jealous; and, though Avenant gave him no cause of offence, he shut him up in the same high tower as before. When the Fair One with Golden Locks heard of this, she reproached her husband with his ingratitude, and then implored that Avenant might be set at liberty. But the king only said, "She loves him!" and refused her prayer. The queen asked no more, but fell into a deep melancholy. When the king saw it, he thought she did not care for him because he was not handsome enough, and that if he could wash his face with her Water of Beauty, it would make her love him more. He knew that she kept it in a cabinet in her own room.

Now it happened that a waiting-maid, in cleaning out this cabinet the very day before, had knocked down the phial and broken it into a thousand pieces; so that all the contents were lost. Very much alarmed, she had then remembered seeing in a cabinet belonging to the king a similar phial. This she fetched, and put it in the place of the one which had held the Water of Beauty. But the king's phial contained the Water of Death. Now the king took up this phial,

believing it to be the Water of Beauty, washed his face, fell asleep, and died.

Cabriole heard the news, and, making his way through the crowd which clustered round the young and lovely queen, he whispered softly to her, "Madam, do not forget poor Avenant." She was not disposed to do so. She rose up, without speaking to anybody, and went straight to the tower where he was imprisoned. There, with her own hands, she struck off his chains, and, putting a crown of gold on his head, said to him, "Be king and my husband."

Avenant could not refuse, for in his heart he had loved her all the time. The marriage was celebrated with all imaginable pomp, and all the people were delighted to have him as their sovereign. And now I have nothing more to tell than that Avenant and the Fair One with Golden Locks lived and reigned happily all the rest of their days.



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