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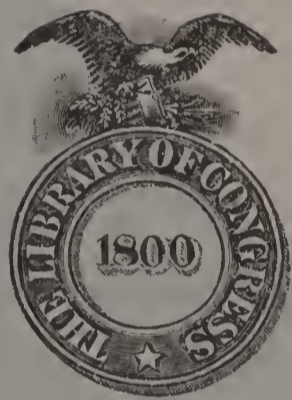
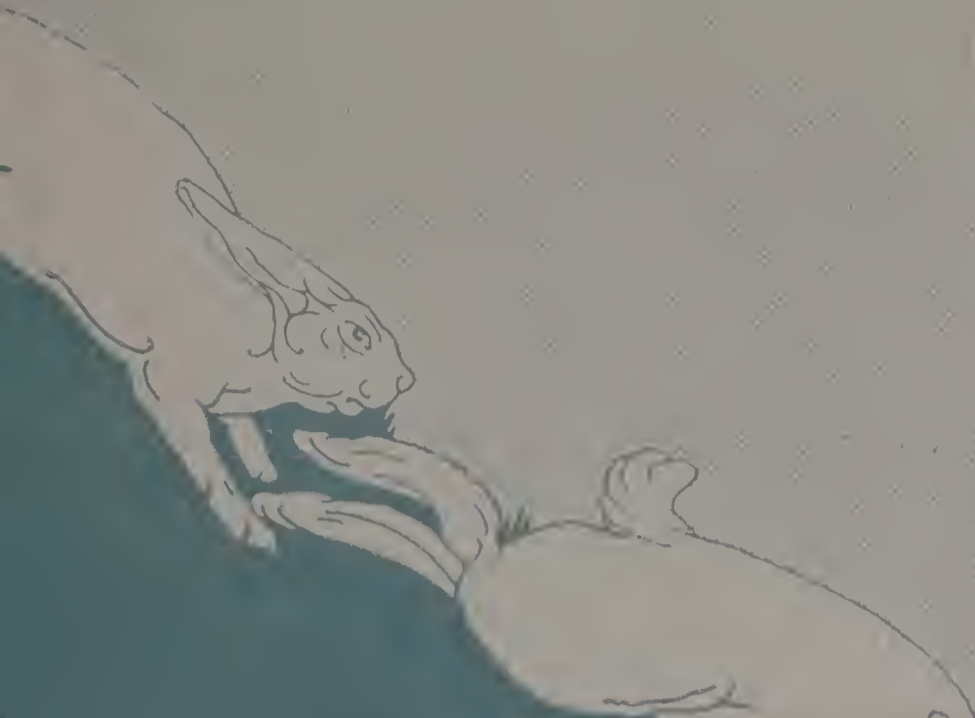
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THE ZEBRA AND THE WISHING-FAIRY



By

CORINNE INGRAHAM

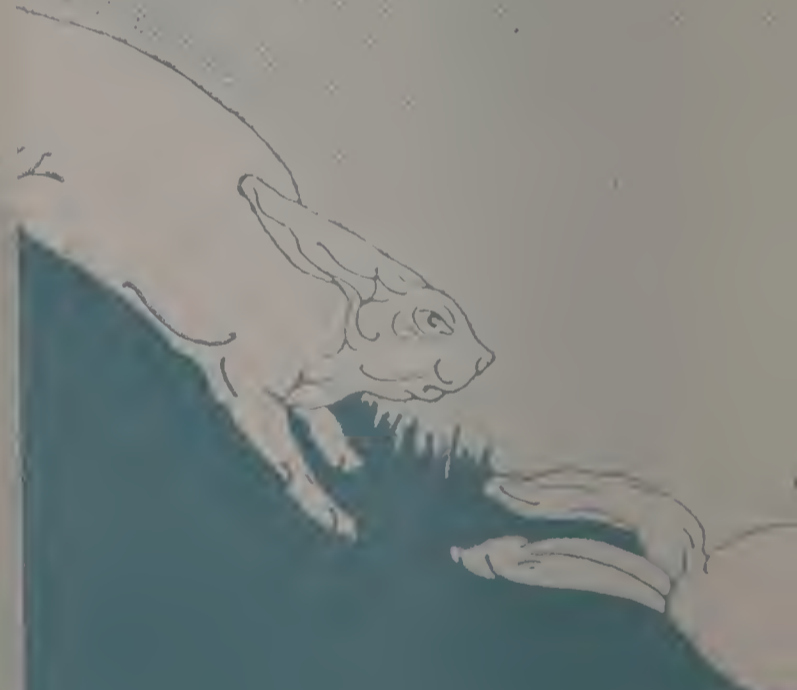


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THE ZEBRA AND THE WISHING-FAIRY



"I shall give you the loveliest thing I can think of:
that you should always be happy"

THE ZEBRA
AND THE
WISHING-FAIRY
AND OTHER STORIES

BY
CORINNE INGRAHAM
["CORINNE"]

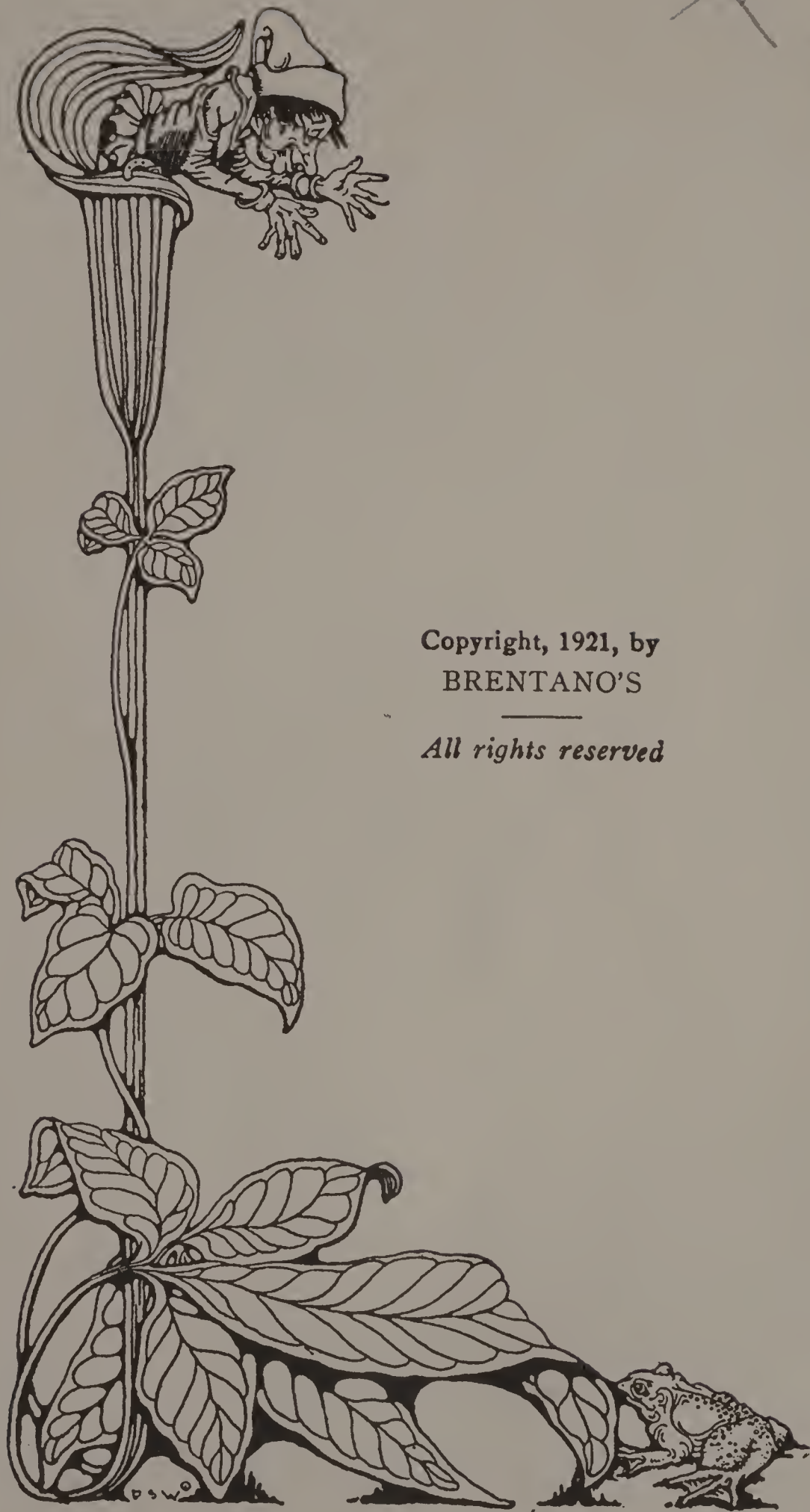
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DUGALD STEWART WALKER



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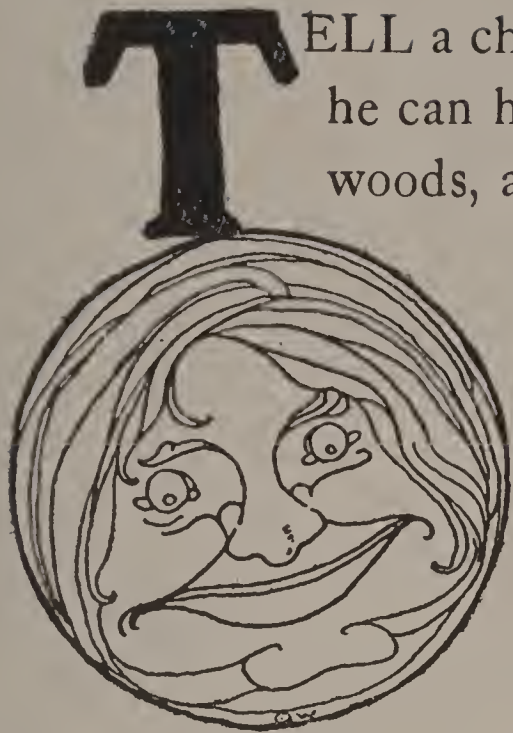
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To
MY CHILDREN
CORINNE AND PHOENIX
TO WHOM THESE LITTLE
STORIES WERE FIRST TOLD



FOREWORD



TELL a child stories of legends and of fairies, so that he can hear the music of the little creatures of the woods, and can sense the throbbing of the flowers' hearts; and you will have given him something that will tint his whole life with beauty—a beauty which sordid details of the world can not smother.

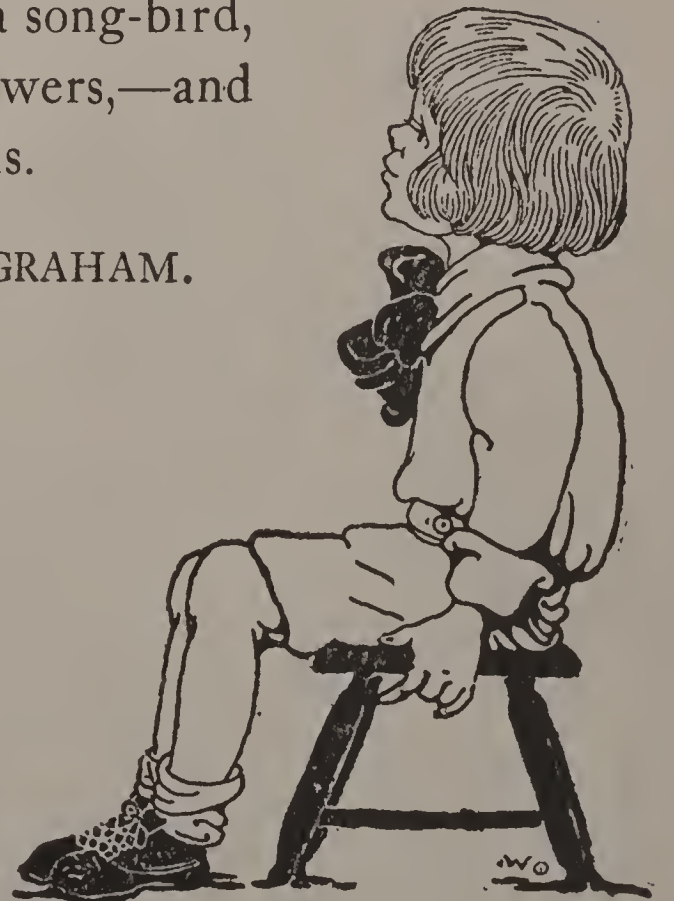
The young mind should early be impregnated with the poetry of nature; for without doubt the impressions of babyhood remain the most poignant of life.

It is my conviction that only by constant repetition in the simple and direct wording familiar to a child can big underlying truths be accentuated in his forming mind.

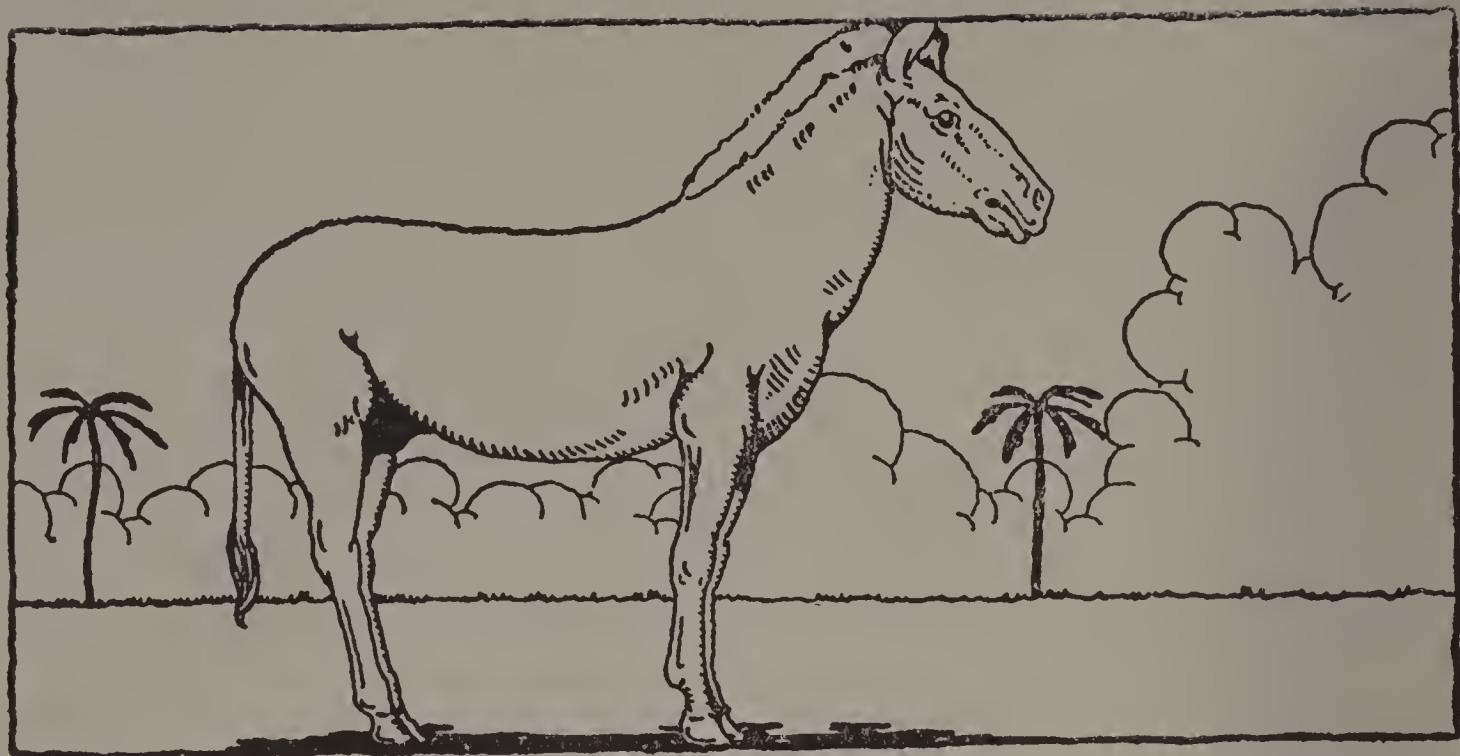
With this in view I have tried in the following sketches to establish a certain animal fellowship, including a moral significance which the little one will unconsciously accept.

I should like to see in every nursery a song-bird, a bowl of fish and a pot of growing flowers,—and without, the wide, wild fields and woods.

CORRINNE INGRAHAM.



THE ZEBRA AND THE WISHING-FAIRY



XII

THE ZEBRA AND THE WISHING-FAIRY



THE Zebra, as you know, is a cousin of the Horse.

It is a little Horse—quite tiny—and full of fun, for it loves to play and romp about.

One day when the Zebra was running around the country, it saw the Giraffe.

Of course it was very surprised to see that the Giraffe, since they had last seen one another, had grown a wonderful and long neck—a neck so long that the Giraffe could reach all the young juicy leaves at the tops of the trees, so the Zebra asked the Giraffe to tell him how he got the neck—and what had happened to him. When the Zebra asked him all about everything, the Giraffe said:

THE ZEBRA AND THE WISHING-FAIRY

“Well, you and I can go away by ourselves where no one can hear us, and then I will tell you a secret—a secret of which I haven’t told any one—yet.”

The Zebra was awfully curious.

Every one is curious, but some of us are more so than others. Are you?

In a way it is a good thing to be curious, for when we *are* we learn all sorts of new and interesting things—things that we really ought to know.

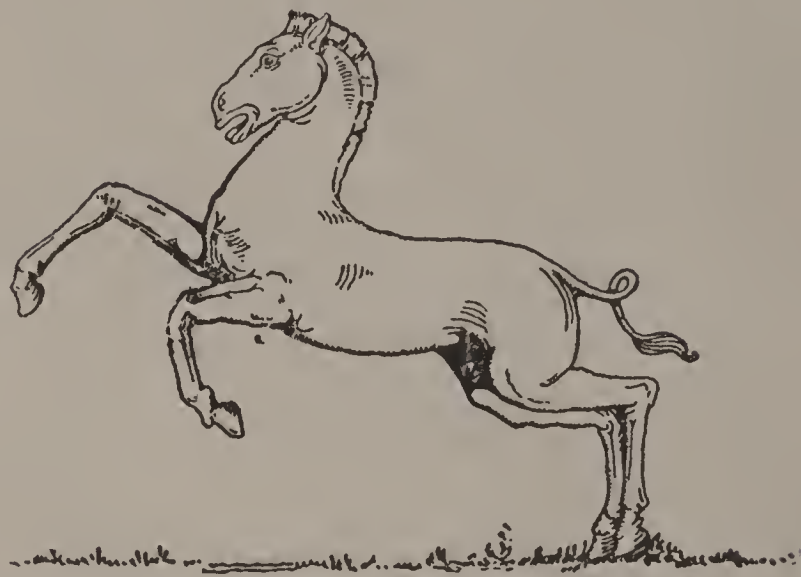
“What is your secret?” the Zebra asked the Giraffe.

“My secret?” The Giraffe thought a moment. “Well, I’ll

tell you— It is this. For a long while I had wished and wished and *wished* that I could reach far up enough to eat the little young leaves on the tops of the trees. Don’t tell any one what I am telling you, because really it *is* a secret.”

“Of course I won’t,” the Zebra said. “Do you for one moment think that *I* would tell some one’s secret to any one else—a thing that you ask me not to tell? I *promise* I won’t—and as you know nobody can break a promise any more than any one can tell some one else’s secret. Go on. Is that how you got your long neck? By going to see Stella, the Wishing-Fairy?”

“Yes, I told her that I wished for one very much, and she—well, she just gave me one. It is splendid; for now I can reach



THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

away up to the tops of the trees and can eat the best leaves—the young and tender ones.”

“I have a wish too,” said the Zebra.

“What is it?” the Giraffe asked.

“Well, I will try and explain,” answered the Zebra. “I love colors. If I see a beautiful red or green or blue—or for that matter *any* color—it always gives me pleasure; why I even want to touch the color, so that at the same time I see it I can *feel* it. Do you know what I mean?”

“Perfectly,” answered the Giraffe. “By the way, I like the colors I am, the colors of brown and black—do you?” and he turned his long neck around and looked at himself.

“Yes, I do. I wish I were some other color. I am tired of being a gray-brown. Do you know what I should like?”

“What?” asked the Giraffe.

“I should like to have some stripes around me; stripes that look like black satin ribbons.”

“I think that *would* be nice,” the Giraffe answered. He said nothing for a moment, for he was thinking. “Yes,” he went on, “the tiger has black stripes and tigers are very beautiful. Do you know why the tiger has those stripes?”

“No,” said the Zebra, “why?”

“Because he generally lives among long thin jungle leaves, and the stripes make him look the same as the leaves, so that no one bothers him. It is quite hard to see him—unless you are very close. Shall I tell you how to get what you want?”

“Yes, indeed,” cried the Zebra, “I should *love* to know.”

THE ZEBRA AND THE WISHING-FAIRY

“Go to see Stella, at the End-of-the-earth. She makes wishes come true.”

“Will you show me the way?” the Zebra asked.

“Well, I’ll go part of the way with you,” the Giraffe said. “It will be easier and we can talk and play together, for, you know, it is *very* far from here.”

“Yes, I suppose it is,” said the Zebra.

‘Come, let us start *now*.

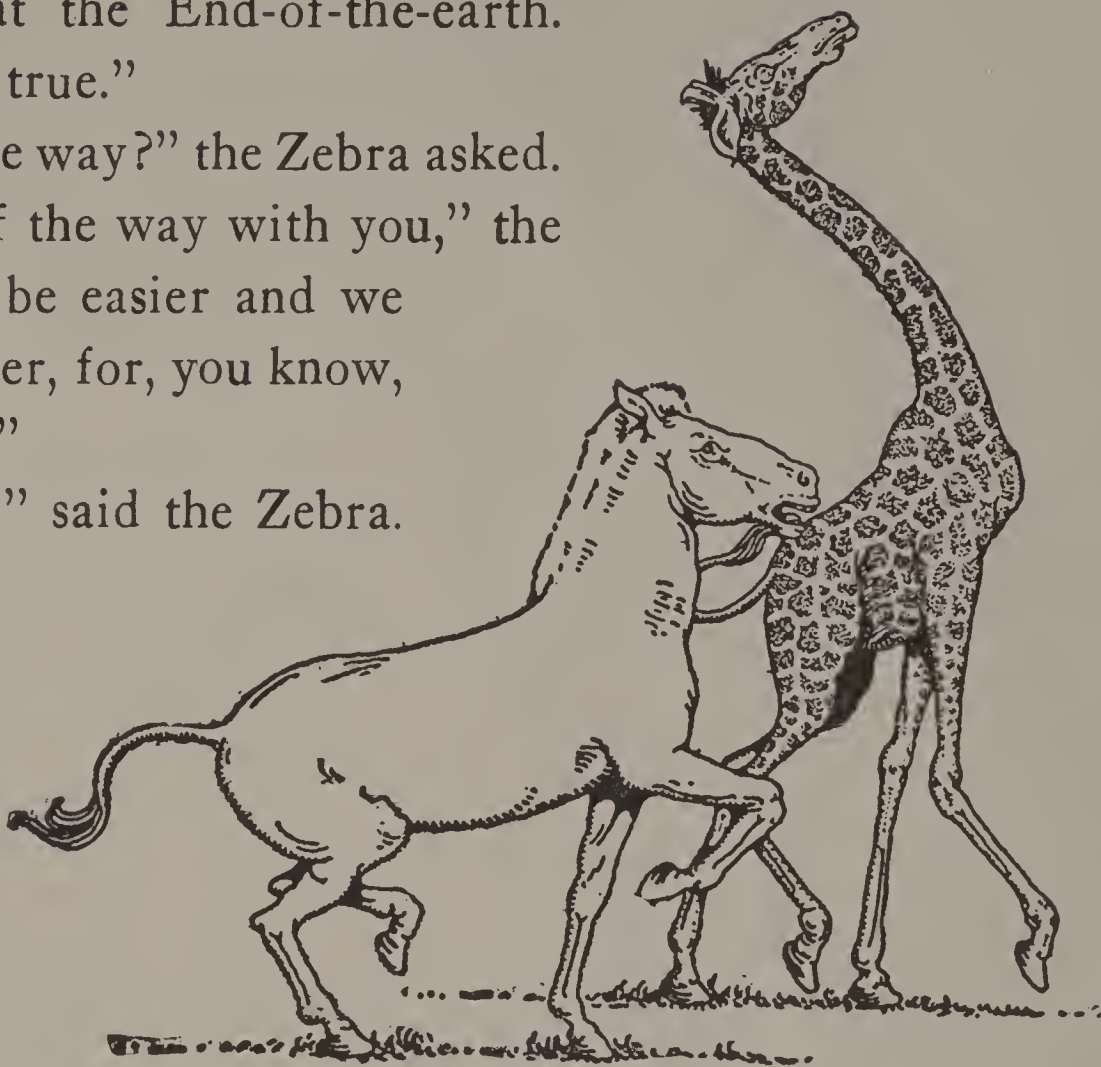
I can hardly wait to see Stella and tell her my wish. Are you *sure* she will make it come true?’

“Sure?” answered the Giraffe. “Of course I am sure. Didn’t she give me this long neck? Just because I *wished* for it. That was it—and because I *knew* that after I had told her my troubles she would help me. Come, we will start now.”

For a long while they ran along side by side, and then the Giraffe, who was very tired, stopped a moment.

“I think I have gone far enough,” he said. “*Now*, you know the way, and I am quite sure that you will not get lost. Just keep straight on,” and he pointed ahead with one of his forefeet.

“Very well,” said the Zebra, “good-by; and thanks so



THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

much for having come this far with me. Good-by, good-by.”

He started off very quickly, while the Giraffe stood and watched him disappear behind the hills.

The Zebra ran and ran and ran, and it seemed as though he would never reach the Wishing-Fairy. Night came on, so he lay down underneath a big tree and went fast asleep. In the morning when the sun woke him up by shining in his eyes, he went to the river and had a long drink and ate a lot of grass. (That is what zebras eat.) When he had had enough breakfast he began running again.

All of a sudden he caught one foot in a hole and over he went. He had an awful fall, and he turned his foot very badly. It hurt him a great deal. It hurt him so much that he had to stop. After a while he felt that he could begin running again, but he was limping terribly. By this time he was very near Stella's home, and the first thing he did when he saw her was to show her his foot and ask her to make it well.

Stella sent the Brownies for some water, and when they brought some from the Get-little-pool to the Zebra in their tiny shell-buckets, she first made him drink so that he would become little enough to have her come near him; then she put the rest of the water on a bandage and wound it around his foot, and all of a sudden it stopped hurting.

“Now,” said Stella, “just lie down on the grass and tell me what else I can do for you.”



“Stella waved her wand and the Zebra had his stripes”

THE ZEBRA AND THE WISHING-FAIRY

“You can make my wish come true,” the Zebra said. “I hope you will.”

“What do you want?” Stella asked.

“I want some black stripes all around me. I think they would be very pretty. Stripes that would look like black satin ribbons.”

So Stella waved her wand three times around him and the Zebra had his stripes.

He was very happy because his wish *had* come true, and he could hardly wait to run home again and show himself to the Giraffe.

So now you know how the Zebra got his black stripes.





XIV

THE PORCUPINE

THE poor old Porcupine was very angry and tired. He was also wet, for it had been raining all day. He had crept down into the hole where he lived, so as to be alone and try to get happy again.

Do you want to know why he was angry and tired?

Because everywhere he had been that day he had somehow or other gotten into trouble.

First, he had walked too near a big goose and her family, and the mother goose, thinking that he wanted to hurt her babies, had stretched out her wings as wide as she could and had flown at him. With her strong bill she had pecked and pecked and pecked him. It



THE PORCUPINE



had hurt very much, for geese are awfully strong. Then, after he got away from her, he had wandered into the farmer's pig-sty where a very large pig had rushed at him and bit him. He had a terrible fight with the pig. After that a wild-cat had sprung down at him from the lower branches of a tree and it had bitten and scratched, bitten and scratched and bitten and scratched him until he was all torn and bleeding.

Every one of these little bit angrier, until grý than he had ever



After he had been comfortable hole in the ground that was his home he went to sleep; which was the best thing that could have happened.

accidents made him a at last he was more an-been in his whole life. alone a while in the

When he woke he was rested, the hurt places all over his poor little body were no longer bleeding, and it had stopped raining.

What do you suppose woke him up?

Mr. and Mrs. Owl were sitting together in a bush that was near his home, and Mr. Owl was talking about a field-mouse he had almost caught, but it had gotten



away from him. Mr. Owl said he had caught three mice that day and Mrs. Owl said not at all, that he had only caught two

THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

mice. They were talking so loud that that was what had wakened the Porcupine.

The Porcupine didn't move. He was more comfortable in the hole than he had been all day, so he lay there and listened.

After Mr. and Mrs. Owl had finished fussing about the mice, they began talking of the End-of-the-earth and of Stella.



The Porcupine heard all this, and that was how he first knew about the Wishing-Fairy.

He no sooner knew about her than he made up his mind to go to her.

He wanted very much to tell her his troubles and see if she could help him, so he dragged himself up out of his hole and started then and there for the End-of-the-earth.

He had a terrible time reaching Stella, because his poor old body was so sore that every step hurt him and he had never been so glad in his life as when he at last saw her.

As soon as he had drunk from the Get-little-pool, Stella and the Brownies bathed him with cool fresh water to make the sore places well.

THE PORCUPINE



“You poor thing,” Stella said, as she poured water over his cuts and bruises, “I feel very sorry for you. You must have had a bad fight.”

“I feel sorry for *myself*,” said the Porcupine, “*very* sorry. In fact no one could possibly feel as sorry for me as I feel for myself. ‘A fight,’ you say. *A* fight—there were *three* fights—and each one was worse than the others. It was simply horrible.”

Then Stella asked him why he had come to see her.

“I came,” he said, “because I wanted to tell you my story and see if there is anything you can do that will keep me out of any more trouble. You see, this is how it is. If any one wants to bother me there is really nothing I can do to protect myself. I mean by that, there is no way for me to fight them so that they can’t hurt me. The only thing I can do is to try and get away, and by that time I am always very badly hurt. Is there anything you can do for me?”



“Yes,” answered Stella, “of course there must be something I can do.”

She put on her thinking cap. It had only been on her head a moment when she knew what to do for the Porcupine.

Taking her wand she waved it around him three times.

All of a sudden he had a prickly feeling in his skin, and as he was looking at himself to see what was the matter, he saw

THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

hundreds and hundreds of queer little needles stick out all over his body.

“What can those be?” he asked in astonishment. “I never saw anything so strange.”



“Those needles,” Stella told him, “are instead of hair or fur, and, what is more, if things want to come near you to hurt you, all you have to do is to shoot a needle at them. It will stick in them and bother them so much that they will run away as quickly as they can and leave you in peace. After this I know you will have no more

trouble.”

“How perfectly splendid!” the Porcupine said. “It’s wonderful. Thank you very much. I am glad that you did this for me. Now I won’t have to be afraid of everything, and I won’t have to hide all the time. Good-by, Stella. I am very much obliged.”

Stella stood and watched him for a long while after he had started for home.

As she was looking at him, he ran near a big snake—a big black one with angry, yellow eyes.

The Snake curled up and hissed at him, and the Porcupine was very frightened, for he knew that the Snake was going to spring at him.

The first thing he knew a needle shot from him straight into the Snake. The *next* thing he knew the Snake was gliding away just as fast as it could go.

THE PORCUPINE



I don't know which was the most surprised, the Snake or the Porcupine.

The Porcupine turned around, and he saw Stella watching him.

"Did you see that?" he called back to her.

"I should think I did," she said. "I've been watching you because I wanted to see how your needles would work."

"They work beautifully," he answered. "I won't have trouble any more. Thanks again. You've been very good to me."

Stella waved her hand to him.

"No, you won't," she said. "Good-by and good luck."

"Good-by," he called, as he shot a needle into the air just for the fun of it; "good-by."

Now you know why the Porcupine is covered with needles: so that he can protect himself when anything wants to fight him. And they protect him wonderfully too!





XV

THE CATERPILLAR WHO WAS TIRED OF HIMSELF

I AM sure that you have often seen caterpillars walking very slowly on the ground or along the trees and bushes.

Some are smooth, and some have fuzzy hair all over them.



A caterpillar has lots and lots of tiny legs underneath each side, and it walks by holding up its head and the front part of its body, then putting it down again farther along, and while that part of it is on the ground it draws up its back legs to where its head was before. Each time it does this it finds itself only a little farther along than it was; so you can imagine how slow it is, and what a long time it takes to go very far.

THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS



Would you like to hear about the Caterpillar that went to Stella?

He was a smooth, fat little fellow, and he was green, with pretty black dots along his sides.

I do not know who told him about the Wishing-Fairy; but he had heard of her from some one—maybe it was from the Squirrel, because the Squirrel was often hopping and playing around the wild carrot flowers where the Caterpillar lived.

The Caterpillar made up his mind to go see Stella, and

though he knew that she lived at the End-of-the-earth, he didn't know how to get there, but he started off in that direction anyhow.

It was too bad; but the poor little thing started the wrong way, and the first thing he knew he came to a big river, and he couldn't go any farther because he could not swim.

He was very tired by this time and very unhappy, for he didn't know what to do; so he stretched himself along a blade of grass to rest a bit. He stayed there a long while, and thought and thought and thought.

THE CATERPILLAR WHO WAS TIRED

He was thinking *how* he could get across that river.

All of a sudden he saw a big leaf floating on the water.

“Aha!” he thought, “that is just the thing. I shall drag a leaf over to the river, put it on the water, and it will be my boat, and then when it floats over to the other side of the river I can get off—and I will be just where I now wish I were.”

He was glad that he had thought of this. He walked down from the blade of gras, crawled up a tree and bit off a big leaf from the first branch he came to.

The leaf was very heavy for him, and he had a hard time dragging it to the river; but at last he got it there. He crawled on to it as quickly as he could, and the first thing he knew off his little leaf-boat floated, with him sitting very comfortably in the middle of it.

At first he was afraid of falling off or of being gobbled up by a fish; because fish love to eat caterpillars. He was also afraid that some bird might see him and fly above the leaf so as to catch him; because birds also eat caterpillars and worms and other fat and juicy things.

But the fishes couldn't see him. All they could see was a big leaf floating above them on the water, and the birds didn't



THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

see him, because he was green, and as he was sitting on a *green* leaf he looked just the same color as the leaf.

The poor little Caterpillar kept watching above for birds in the sky and below for fish in the water.

Oh! he was *awfully* frightened.

After a while when no fishes or birds had bothered him, he wasn't quite so frightened; so he lay on his leaf in the warm sun and looked around at everything he passed; and how he enjoyed it!

And he went to sleep! *Fast asleep!!*

All the time he slept the leaf was floating nearer and nearer the other side of the river, and at last it bumped against the ground. It bumped so hard that the Caterpillar woke up with a start and fell off on the earth alongside the river.

"Goodness, gracious! I wonder what has happened and where I can be," he said to himself, but in a moment, when he was wide awake, he suddenly remembered everything, and looked all around to see where he was.

And how happy he was to see that he was just where he had wanted to be—on the other side of the river!

As soon as he knew that, he began crawling as fast as he could; but even when a caterpillar goes as fast as it can, it cannot go *very* fast; therefore, it took him the longest kind of a time to reach the End-of-the-earth.

When at last he got there, the first thing he did was to fall asleep again. He had never been so tired in all his life; so he slept and slept and slept.

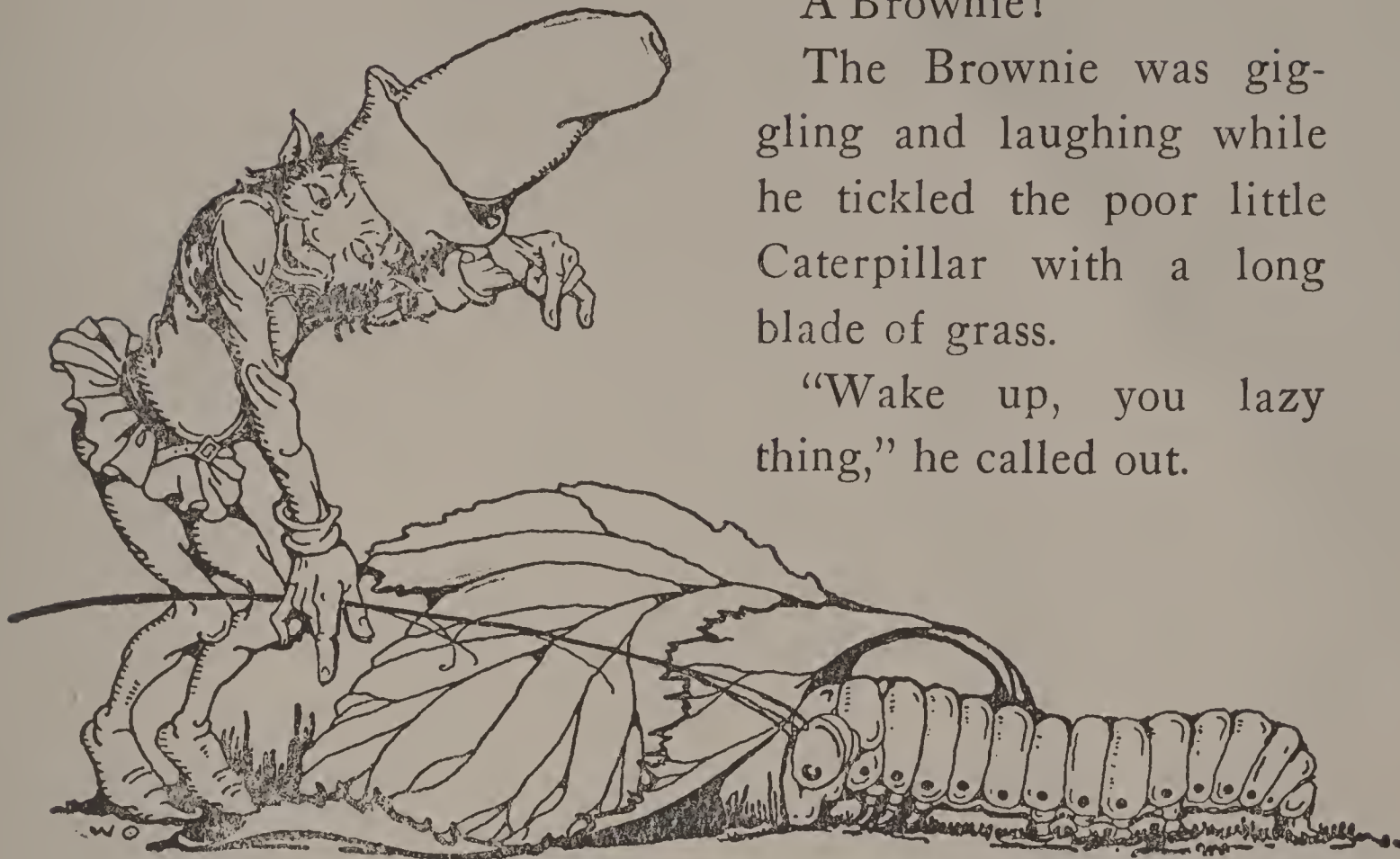
What do you think woke him up?

THE CATERPILLAR WHO WAS TIRED

A Brownie!

The Brownie was giggling and laughing while he tickled the poor little Caterpillar with a long blade of grass.

"Wake up, you lazy thing," he called out.



"Lazy thing, nothing," answered the poor little Caterpillar, who was wriggling around and *very* angry. "If you had crawled as far as *I* have you would be tired too, and you would want to sleep as much as I do. I wish you would stop tickling me with that blade of grass. It will make me laugh—and I don't want to laugh. I am much too tired. I wish you would go away," he added. "I don't like to be teased and tickled."

"Very well," answered the Brownie, "I suppose you are right. It isn't very nice to tease any one; but you looked so sleepy that I couldn't help wanting to wake you up and find out what you are doing here. What do you want, anyhow?"

"I want to visit the Wishing-Fairy," the Caterpillar an-

THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

swered. "I think she must live somewhere around here. Have you ever heard of her?"

"I should think I have," laughed the Brownie. "Why, *I* take care of her. She lives *here*."

"Oh! isn't that wonderful?" the Caterpillar cried out. "I am *so* glad that I am near her. Where is she? Could I see her soon—now?"

"Well," answered the Brownie, "you will see her soon; but you cannot see her *now*, as she is somewhere around riding on her butterfly."

"Do you think she will ride very long?" the Caterpillar asked.

"No," said the Brownie; "she has been away for quite a while already. I think she ought to be back any minute now. Why, *there* she is," he added. "Look,"—and he pointed with the blade of grass (which he still held in his hand) to show the Caterpillar where Stella was coming nearer and nearer to them on her butterfly.

"Isn't she beautiful!" the Caterpillar cried, as she rode up to them.

"Indeed, she is," the Brownie said, and then he turned to her. "Here is some one who has come from very far away to see you, Stella."

"I'm very glad you came," Stella said to the Caterpillar. "You are so small already that you won't have to drink out of our Get-little-pool," and off she hopped from the butterfly's

THE CATERPILLAR WHO WAS TIRED

back. "Come over and sit by me and tell me what you wanted to see me about."

The Caterpillar crawled over to her, and they both sat side by side on a flower that was growing near them. She was waving her wand around as she spoke.

"What is that?" asked the Caterpillar, pointing to the wand.

"That," said Stella, "is what I use when I make wishes come true."

"Oh!" whispered the Caterpillar, but that was all he said, though he was very curious. He wanted to ask her more about it, but he didn't. Instead, he said very softly, "I have a wish. I hope you can make it come true for me."

"What is it? Tell me."

"Well," began the Caterpillar, "I am tired of being myself. I hate it."

"What *do* you mean?" asked Stella.

"Just what I say," the Caterpillar answered. "I am tired of always having to crawl and creep on the ground and of being slow—because I *cannot* go fast, no matter *how* hard I try. I am always afraid that some bird will see me and gobble me up before I have time to get away. I am just tired of it all, and I wish I could be something else. Do you think you could make me something else? *Please* think of a way."

Stella put her little hand over her eyes and she thought and thought and thought. At last she asked:

"Do you know what happens when people die?"

THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

"No, I don't think I do," the Caterpillar answered. "What happens?"

"Well, it is this way," Stella began. "They go to sleep for a long while, and when they wake up they find themselves in Heaven with God and His angels, and they find that they are quite different from what they were before they died."

"In what way?" asked the Caterpillar.

"In every way," answered Stella. "To begin with, they are perfectly lovely; they are perfectly happy, and also they are perfectly good. Any troubles they may have had are gone, and they never *can* do anything that is bad. That is the very reason they are so happy—because they are in Heaven."



"Then, I want to die," said the poor little Caterpillar quickly. "Make me die, Stella dear."

"You won't have to die—you poor little thing," Stella began, "I will find a way," and she started thinking again. "I know. I will have you build a little thing around you and we will call it a cocoon, and you can go fast asleep in your cocoon, and when you wake up you will be a—a butterfly."

"Oh! how wonderful!" cried the Caterpillar. "How I should love to be a butterfly and fly away up in the sunshine and never have to crawl slowly along on the ground. It would be lovely; but, Stella, I don't know how to build a cocoon. How can I do it?"

"That will be easy," said Stella; "you will spin it. If you

THE CATERPILLAR WHO WAS TIRED

will wriggle slowly from side to side you will begin to spin. Try it."

So the Caterpillar started to wriggle and wriggle on the stem of the flower, and soon he found that he was spinning a fine little silk thread around him and the stem.

"Go on," said Stella. "Don't stop until I tell you to." And all the time he was wriggling from side to side in the cocoon she was waving her wand over the Caterpillar.

At last she told the Caterpillar to stop.

"Is the cocoon finished?" he called back from the inside of it, for by this time he was all covered with silk. "What does it look like?"

"It looks like a lovely little gray ball, only it isn't round. It is longer. It is about the shape of a peanut, and it is nice and thick and will keep you warm so that you can sleep in it until you wake up, and when you wake up the cocoon will break open and you will be a butterfly and fly out of it." Stella had to say this very loud. She could not speak softly because the Caterpillar was tucked away in the inside of his cocoon and he would not have been able to hear her.

"How lovely that will be!" the Caterpillar answered. "I shall be so



THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

happy. I want to thank you very very much for making my wish come true."

"Well," answered Stella, "I am happy because you are. Now, you had better go to sleep. Good night, dear."

"Good night," answered the Caterpillar in a sleepy voice from away inside his cocoon. "Good night."

So now you know how it is that Caterpillars spin little cocoons around themselves and sleep in them where they are warm, all through the long, cold winter. In the spring, when the sunshine is nice and hot, the cocoon bursts open and out flies a beautiful butterfly.





XVII

BROTHER AND SISTER VISIT THE WISHING-FAIRY



THE two children had been put to bed; but through the open windows they could hear the birds singing about the things that had happened to them that day and calling good night to one another from tree to tree.

The children lay in their beds and listened to them. Though they had thought they were tired, it was so warm that somehow they could not go to sleep.

“Sister,” the little boy said, “I think it would be fun to get up and go out in the garden.”

“I think it would be nice too,” answered the little girl, “but

THE WISHING-FAIRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS



the things that our nurse would say to us if we did it wouldn't be so nice. She would be very angry."

"Yes," said the little boy, "that is true; but let's do it just the same."

You see the little boy often did things that the nurse thought were naughty, and that is how he would sometimes get into trouble, and would have to be punished.

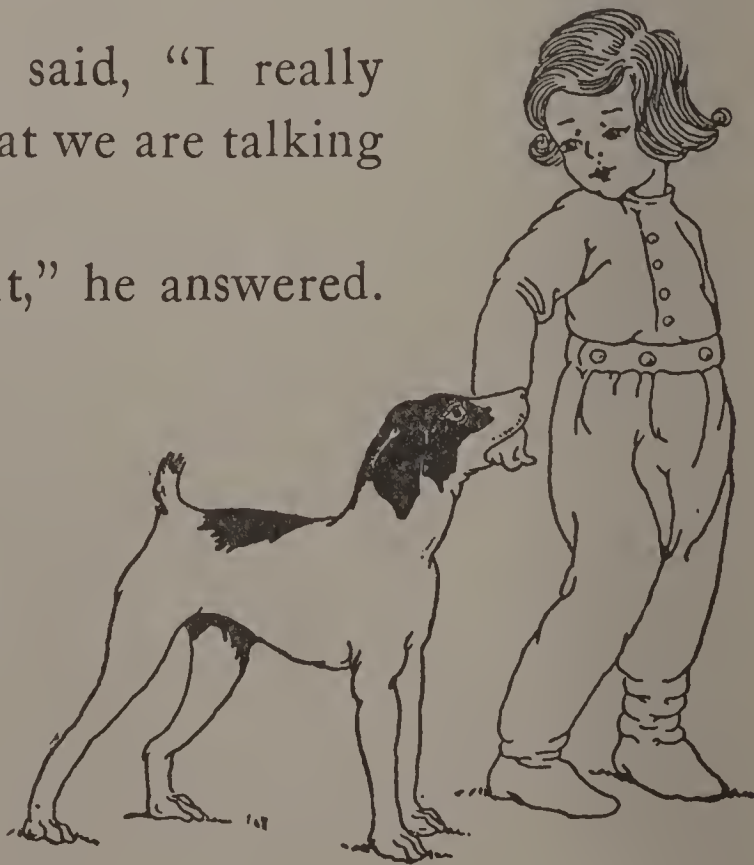
The children had a dog. His name was "Jeff."

Jeff always slept on the floor near the little boy's bed, and as the children were talking, Jeff jumped up, had a big stretch, and came over to the little boy who by this time was getting up. Jeff stood, his tongue hanging out, watching a moment, and then he trotted over to the little girl. She too was getting out of bed. Jeff kissed her little toes; it tickled, so she began laughing.

"You know, Brother," she said, "I really think that Jeff understands what we are talking about. Don't you?"

"I don't *think* it—I *know* it," he answered. "You understand us, don't you, Jeff?"

Jeff barked once or twice, and he ran around to where the little boy was sitting and took his hand in his mouth.



BROTHER AND SISTER

He barked a bit, still holding Brother's hand in his mouth as though he wanted the boy to come with him.

"What shall we do?" Sister asked, "and where shall we go?"

"Let's get our two goats and go for a ride. What would you like to do, Sister?"

"That *would* be splendid," she answered. "Come, but we must be very quiet so that no one will hear us."

Jeff was still holding Brother's hand with his warm little mouth, and pulling and pulling and pulling. He was trying to make him go with him, so Brother said,

"Come along, Sister. It looks as though Jeff wants to lead us somewhere. Come. Hurry."

Jeff ran out of the room, still leading the little boy by the hand, and the little girl followed as fast as she could.

The dog ran straight to the stable where the children's two goats were kept. As soon as the goats were untied, they rushed out of the stable. As they ran the tinkling of bells could be heard, for around the neck of each was tied a little bell. On Brother's goat it was tied with a pink ribbon, and around Sister's goat a blue ribbon held the bell in place.

The goats began nibbling the grass, and every now and then they would look at the children and the dog in



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such a surprised way, as though they were wondering what they were doing down in the stable so late; at an hour when they were usually fast asleep.

"Come along, Nanny," the little boy cried to his goat. "Stop eating grass, you greedy thing. Sister and I are going to ride. Sister, shall I help you to get up on Snowy?"



But she was already on Snowy's back. Snowy was the name of *her* goat.

Presently off they started; each child riding a goat, the bells were going tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and Jeff ran on ahead barking and jumping here and there, while every other second he would turn

around to see that they were following him.

They rode a long while. The moon made everything almost as light as day, so that they could see very clearly in the woods through which they were now passing.

Now and then a fox would run by, and some bird that had wakened would sing out a sleepy little song.

The children liked it very much, for they had never before been in the woods at night. They had always been home in their beds at that hour.

"I am tired, Brother," the little girl said at last.

"So am I," said Brother. "Let's stop and go to sleep for a while."

BROTHER AND SISTER

“Go to sleep in the *woods?*”

“Yes; why not? We can lie down on some soft moss and we will be very comfortable. Here,”—and he jumped down from his goat—“I’ll show you.”

So they lay down in each other’s arms. A goat was on either side, and the dog was curled up as close to the children as he could get.

They were so comfortable that in a few minutes they were all five *fast* asleep.

They never woke up until the sun was streaming through the trees. The first thing they did was to bathe in a little brook that ran by. Jeff jumped in and had a nice swim. The goats only drank some water.



There were lots of berries growing near them, so that the children found plenty to eat, and had all they wanted for breakfast and were soon on their way again.

—where Jeff was leading them, riding to the End-of-the-earth.

When they reached Stella’s home the Brownies came running out to see what the tinkle, tinkle of bells could be.

How surprised they were when they saw two goats, ridden by two children, with a dog jumping and barking on ahead.

Jeff ran up to one of the Brownies. “Hello,” the Brownie called to him; “you are so big that you frighten me almost to death. You haven’t yet drunk out of the Get-little-pool.

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You ought to do that before you come so near to me or to Stella.”

“I want to talk with you a bit before I do that,” Jeff answered.

“Very well, then,” said the Brownie, “but stay where you are. Don’t come any nearer. You are too large.”

“I won’t hurt you,” Jeff said to him. “I wouldn’t hurt any one. Don’t you know that the dog is the best friend that people have? Take me, for instance; I love Brother and Sister more than anything in the world; there isn’t anything I wouldn’t do for them. That is really how we happen to be here.”

“What do you mean?” the Brownie asked.

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“I mean,”—and Jeff squatted down on his hind legs—“that the reason we are here is because I had heard all the animals and birds talking about Stella and how she makes wishes come true. So I brought the two children here. They don’t know anything about Stella yet because they cannot understand when animals and birds talk. The children think that we *can’t* talk and that our sounds are only noises and don’t mean anything. So I, knowing as I do about the End-of-the-earth Fairy, have always wanted to lead them here. I was under the little boy’s bed when I heard them say that they were going to get up and go out. I thought it would be a good chance to bring them to Stella— So I did, and here we are.”

“Now that you *are* here, what do you want?” the Brownie asked.

“My wish is that Stella should do something for the two children.”

“What?” asked the Brownie.

“I don’t quite know,” Jeff answered. “Stella would know better than I. I am going to tell her that I want her to think of the loveliest thing she possibly can to make the children happy, and, whatever it may be, to do it for them. You see, I love them so very much that I want them always to be happy—even after they are no longer children but have grown up. Do you think Stella could think of something that would always keep them happy?”

“How should I know?” the Brownie said. “I think she can do anything though; in fact, I know it,” he added. “I

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will go and tell her what you have just said, and then you and she can talk together. While I am gone, go and drink out of the Get-little-pool, and make the children do the same thing. Will you be able to make them do it?"

"Yes, indeed," Jeff said. "They are so thirsty that all I will have to do is to lead them to the Get-little-pool, and the minute they see it they will want to drink from it."

And that was exactly what happened. Jeff ran to the children, took the little boy's hand in his mouth and led him to the pool. The little girl followed.

"Brother," she cried when they first saw the pool, "see, there is some water. Let us kneel beside it and drink. I am awfully thirsty."

The moment they had tasted the water the children and Jeff became very, very small; in fact, they were so small that their goats couldn't even see them, and began running here and there looking for them.

Another thing that happened was, that as soon as they had tasted the water they suddenly could understand Jeff



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when he spoke to them, and this was what he said to them:

“Don’t be frightened, Brother and Sister. Even though we are so tiny, everything is all right. We will be made big again when it is time for us to go back to our world.”

“What does all this mean, Jeff?” Sister asked. “Why did you bring us here?”



“Yes, why?” Brother also asked. “Tell us all about everything and tell us *why* we are suddenly so small. I don’t like it.”

“Neither do I,” the little girl said.

They felt differently, however, after Jeff had explained everything to them, and they were glad that they had come. They were so curious to know what was going to happen next that they could hardly wait to see Stella.

Just then she came with the Brownie who had gone to fetch her.

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"Oh! Stella," the little girl cried out; "you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. May I touch your dress?"

"Certainly," said Stella. "It is made out of rose petals."

"What is a petal?" the little boy asked.

"A petal," answered Stella, "is a flower leaf; not a leaf on the stem of the flower, but one of the leaves that are part of the flower itself."

"Have you many dresses?" the little girl asked.

"Yes, indeed," said Stella; "I have a dress made out of every kind of flower."

"What a lot you must have!" said the little boy. "But don't they fade?"

"No," she said, and seeing that they were wondering why, she added, so that they would understand, "They don't fade because they belong to me, and I, as you know, am a fairy."

"Who makes them for you?" was the next question.

Stella smiled.

"There is an insect called the darning-needle. I have one who sews for me. My darning-needle has made all my dresses." The Fairy turned to Jeff: "My Brownie told me that it was you who brought the two children here. You did right, and I am glad, for it is a good thing. Your wish is very wonderful, and I am going to make it come true."

"What is Jeff's wish?" asked both the children when they heard this.

"I didn't know Jeff ever wanted anything that I did not give him," added the little boy. "He always has plenty to eat

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and drink, and my sister and I never play without him, and he sleeps near me and we are always good to him—never tease him or anything like that and we never even pull his tail.”

“That is why Jeff’s wish is what it is,” Stella said. “He loves you both so much that he wants nothing for himself. What *he* wants is for *you*. He wishes that I should give you the loveliest thing I could possibly think of.”

“How dear of Jeff,” the children both said, as they put their arms around the dog’s neck and hugged him. “And what is the loveliest thing you can think of?” the little girl asked.

“That you should both always be happy,” and Stella smiled on them as she said this. “I am going to wave my wand three times over you, and after that all your life you will always be happy.”

While she waved the wand above their heads she did not stop speaking: “You shall both have love in your hearts, and as long as one loves, one is happy. You shall love everything and all people, all animals, birds, fish and everything that lives, and never hurt any one or anything. You shall love everything that grows. You shall love the colors and the sounds of this wonderful world of ours, and the clouds that float above us in the sky across the sun. You shall love to see the moon that shines at night and makes everything so beautiful. You shall love the rain and will see and listen to it with pleasure. Children, as long as you love everything—you will be good—and happy. I could not give you more than this.”

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The two children could hardly believe their ears. They were so glad that tears of joy were in their eyes, and they almost thought it was all a dream.

They both rushed into Stella's arms and kissed and thanked her.

Afterwards, after they had drunk from the Get-big-pool and were again as big as they had been before, after they had ridden their goats home, even after they were grown-up people and had troubles that all grown-up people have, all through their lives they were happy because they loved every one and everything.

Don't ever forget this; for what the Wishing-Fairy gave to them she has also given to you.









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