

THE NATURAL METHOD READERS



A THIRD READER

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A THIRD READER

THE NATURAL METHOD
READERS

A THIRD READER

BY

HANNAH T. McMANUS

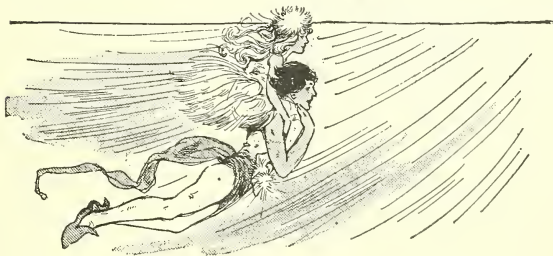
PRINCIPAL, PUBLIC SCHOOLS, THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

JOHN H. HAAREN

ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, THE CITY OF NEW YORK

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PREFACE

The **THIRD READER** follows logically the previous books of the **NATURAL METHOD** series, but it may be used to advantage with any other well-graded earlier books. The selections do not differ greatly in character from those in the **SECOND READER**, but they make a broader appeal, and the ethical element is emphasized somewhat more strongly. The poem, the myth, the fairy and folk tale, the historical legend, the nature story, the hero story, as well as the tale of every-day experience, are all represented. An attempt has been made to provide material that will appeal to the many interests of the child, and also stimulate his imagination, instil proper ideals of conduct, and cultivate literary taste.

The vocabulary of the **THIRD READER** is necessarily larger and more varied than that of the **SECOND READER**. Long and complex sentences are used more freely, and the paragraphs are also ampler than in the earlier books. The difficulties presented by vocabulary, sentence, and paragraph structure are not, however, beyond the abilities of the normal third-grade child.

It is expected that by the time the child takes up the **THIRD READER** he will have a reasonable mastery of phonics. This will enable him to get from the symbols the sound of the entire word he meets in his

reading unless it presents some unusual difficulty. Phonics will also assist him, while reading aloud, to pronounce his words clearly. Clearness of pronunciation is the result of good articulation, and intelligent expression ought to follow from the interest or intensity with which the thought has been comprehended.

But oral reading, which is concerned with articulation and expression, is only part of the reading process. As the child advances in age, more and more of his reading is done silently, and it begins to take its place as an instrument for acquiring information. The formation of a taste for reading is the fundamental aim, and this taste finds the field for its exercise chiefly in silent reading. Silent reading, however, should not do away with the necessity for oral reading, but should supplement and accompany it.

The authors believe that the teacher will find the **THIRD READER** to be not only an efficient tool for the teaching of reading, but an influence for culture in the life of the child.

Thanks are due *The Youth's Companion* for permission to use "Taking Care of Skip," by Clayton H. Ernst, and "Three Orphans," by Edward W. Frentz; the Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use "Kriss Kringle," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "The Song of the Thrush," by Lucy Larcom, and "Spring," by Celia Thaxter; and the author and Silver, Burdett & Co. for permission to use "Dandelion," by Kate Louise Brown.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Good-bye to Summer	William Allingham . . . 1
Why the Fox Has a White Tip to His Tail	Old Folk Tale . . . 3
The Crested Hen	Swedish Folk Tale . . 7
Long Ears	Old Fable 11
October's Party	George Cooper . . . 15
The Honest Woodman	Old Fable Dramatized . 17
Coming and Going	Henry Ward Beecher (adapted) . . . 23
Ama and Susa	Japanese Fairy Tale . 28
Down by the Pool	R. H. Bowles 32
Foreign Lands	Robert Louis Stevenson 38
The Boy Who Walked to China .	Mediæval Legend . . 40
A Noble Chief	Legendary History . . 44
Peach Prince and the Giant . .	Japanese Fairy Tale . 48
Jack Frost	Gabriel Setoun . . . 58
Belling the Cat	Old Fable Dramatized . 60
Taking Care of Skip	Clayton H. Ernst (adapted) . . . 68
Orpheus, the Great Musician . .	Greek Myth 78

	PAGE
Hiawatha's Friends	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 84
How the Ducks Got Their Fine Feathers	Frank B. Linderman (adapted) 86
How Thor's Hammer Was Found	Norse Myth 93
Kriss Kringle	Thomas Bailey Aldrich 106
The Ants' Monday Dinner	Helen Hunt (adapted) 107
The Cave of Gold	East Indian Folk Tale . 117
Gold and Love for Dearie	Eugene Field 124
The Princess on the Glass Hill	Norse Fairy Tale . . . 127
The Night Wind	Eugene Field 148
A Great and Wise King	The Bible 152
The Fox and the Wolf	Old Folk Tale 159
Waiting to Grow	Frank French 169
The Three Feathers	Grimm Brothers 171
Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs	Dramatized from Grimm Brothers by R. H. Bowles . . . 181
Washington's Birthday	Margaret E. Sangster . 204
The Boy Surveyor 206
The Magic Horn	Norwegian Fairy Tale . 213
Lines Written in March	William Wordsworth . 227
Our Friend Mr. Muskrat	R. H. Bowles 229
The Song of the Thrush	Lucy Larcom 235
Three Orphans	Edward W. Frentz (adapted) 237
The Apples of Youth	Norse Myth 245

	PAGE
Spring	Celia Thaxter 255
How Andy Helped to Capture the Redcoats	John P. Kennedy (adapted) 257
The Flag	W. B. Nesbit 267
How Tempie Saved Her Horse 269
Dandelion	Kate Louise Brown 276
King Grisly-Beard	Grimm Brothers 278
A Proud King	Mediæval Legend 290
Hiawatha's Childhood	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 297
Why the Chipmunk's Back Is Striped	Frank B. Linderman 299 (adapted)

A THIRD READER

If it were not for fairies, this world would be drear ;
 (I'm sure there are fairies,—heigh-ho !)
 The grass would not tangle,
 The bluebells would jangle,
The days would be stupid and queer, you know,
And everything dull if the fairies should go,
 (I'm sure they are true,—heigh-ho !)

MARY MAPES DODGE.



GOOD-BYE TO SUMMER

Good-bye, good-bye to summer!

For summer's nearly done;

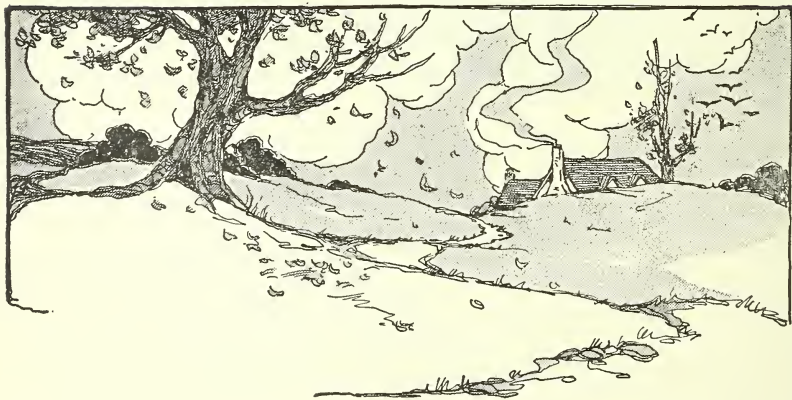
The garden smiling faintly,

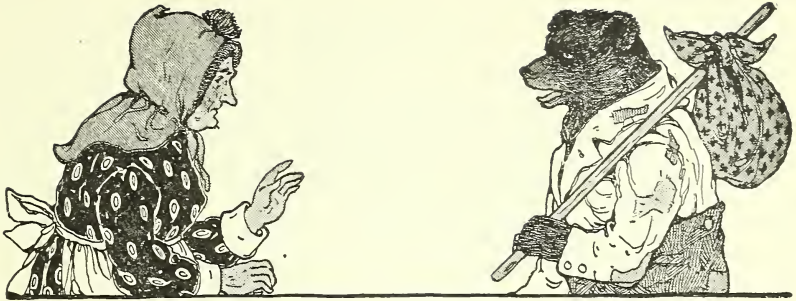
Cool breezes in the sun;

Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
With ruddy breastknot gay.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves came down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.





WHY THE FOX HAS A WHITE TIP TO HIS TAIL

Once on a time there was a woman who went out to hire a herdsman. Presently she met a bear.

“Whither away, Goody?” asked Bruin.

“Oh, I’m going off to find a herdsman,” answered the woman.

“Why will not I do?” asked Bruin.

“Why not, indeed?” said the woman, “if you can only call the flock. Let me hear you try.”

“*Ow! ow!*” growled the bear.

“No, no! that will never do in the world!” said the woman, and off she went on her way.

When she had gone a little farther, she met a wolf.

“Whither away, Goody?” asked the wolf.

“Oh,” said she, “I’m off to find a herdsman.”

“Why will not I do?” asked the wolf.

“Why not, indeed?” said the woman, “if you can only call the flock. Let me hear you try.”

“*Uh, uh!*” howled the wolf.

“No, no! that will never do in the world!” said the woman.

When she had gone a little farther, she met a fox.

“Whither away, Goody?” asked the fox.

“I’m off to find a herdsman,” said the woman.

“Why will not I do?” asked the fox.

“Why not, indeed?” said she, “if you can only call the flock. Let me hear you try.”

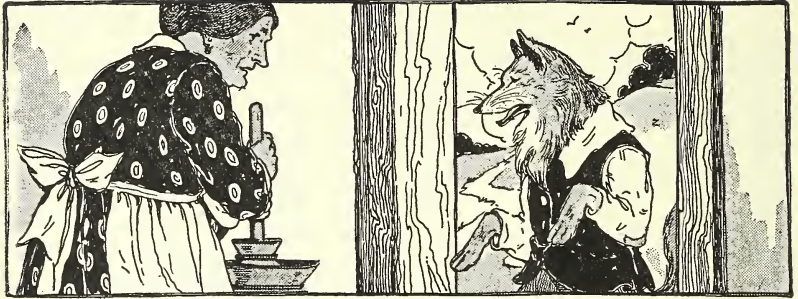
“*Dil-dal-holom!*” sang out the fox, in a fine, clear voice.



“Yes, I’ll hire you for my herdsman,” said the woman; and so she set the fox to watch her flock.

The first day the fox was herdsman he ate up all the woman’s goats. The next day he made an end of all her sheep. And the third day he ate up all her cows.

When he came home at evening, the



woman asked what he had done with all her flock.

“Oh,” said the fox, “their heads are in the stream, and their bodies in the wood.”

Now, the Goody was churning when the fox said this. Soon afterwards she thought she might as well step out and see after the flock. But while she was away the fox crept into the churn and ate up the cream.

When the Goody came back and saw that, she fell into a great rage. She snatched up the little morsel of cream that was left, and threw it at the fox as he ran off. A little dab of it stuck to the end of his tail. That is why the fox has a white tip to his brush.

THE CRESTED HEN

The crested hen was very silly, and gave Cock-a-Doodle a great deal of trouble.

“Keep with the other hens,” he would say to her, when she strayed away from the others; “there is safety in numbers.”

But the crested hen paid no attention to Cock-a-Doodle’s advice. She had a tuft of feathers on her head that she was very proud of, and she wished everyone to see it. As she was not very big, she was afraid that she wouldn’t be clearly seen, if she went with the crowd.

Around the poultry-yard was a high fence. Every day the crested hen would look at that fence, and long to fly over it to the other side. She knew that there was a big field beyond the fence. Once she had flown up into the apple-tree, and looked away off into the country.



“Ah! If I only dared to fly over the fence into the big field!” she said to herself. “People couldn’t help seeing me then, all by myself.”

At last one day she felt very brave and decided to fly over. She set her wings, gave a strong push upon the ground with her feet to start herself, and up she went to the top of the wall. There she rested a moment, looking down upon the plain, simple people she had left below.

Cock-a-Doodle was very much surprised. He looked up at her, first out of one eye, and then out of the other. Then he rose on tiptoe, flapped his wings loudly, and called at the top of his voice:

“Come down this instant, do-oo-oo!”

But the crested hen flew down on the other side.

“I have been too kind to her,” said Cock-a-Doodle. “Her beauty has been her misfortune.” And with that he flew to the top of the wall, to see that no harm came to her.

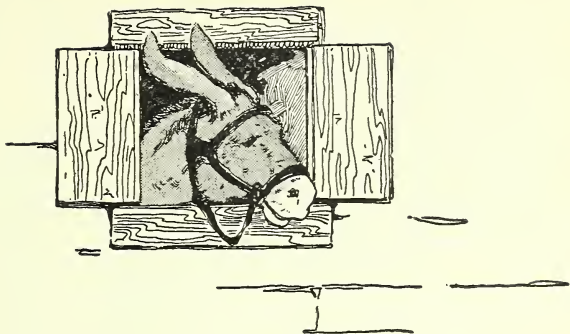
“Squawk! Squawk! Squawk!” Something dreadful must already have happened. Looking in the direction of the noise, Cock-a-Doodle saw that the neighbor’s dog had caught the crested hen. Luckily, the dog was only a puppy, and glad of a new plaything. When he had pulled the beautiful tuft from the top of her head and some feathers from her breast besides, he left the foolish hen lying

on the ground. Then he ran off in search of other sport.

Cock-a-Doodle was greatly excited. He was afraid the crested hen was dead. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he called with all his might. He made such a noise that the farmer came running up. Seeing that something was wrong with his flock on the other side of the wall, the farmer quickly brought a ladder, and went up to look over. There was the poor crested hen lying on the grass.

He jumped down and picked her up. Then, going out by the gateway, he brought her back to her home and family.

The crested hen had learned her lesson. Some of her feathers grew again, but the beautiful topknot never came back to her pretty head. Without it she became as meek as any of the other hens, and never again gave Cock-a-Doodle the least trouble.



LONG EARS

There was once a little gray donkey named Long Ears. He was a pretty little donkey, but I am sorry to say that he was very lazy. He worked only when he had to, and then very unwillingly. It was very mean of him to behave so, because he had a kind master.

Now Long Ears' master had a little dog named Spot. Spot was a great favorite with the whole family. He was allowed to run about the garden and the house, and when his master came home, he would jump about him, and bark and lick his hands. Sometimes he would even jump into his mistress's lap,

as she sat sewing or reading by the fire in the evening.

Poor Long Ears! When he saw what a favorite Spot was, he began to get jealous.

“Why should Spot lead such an easy life?” he said to himself. “He does nothing to earn his living. I work hard all day, but he spends his time frisking about and barking or lying asleep in the sun.”

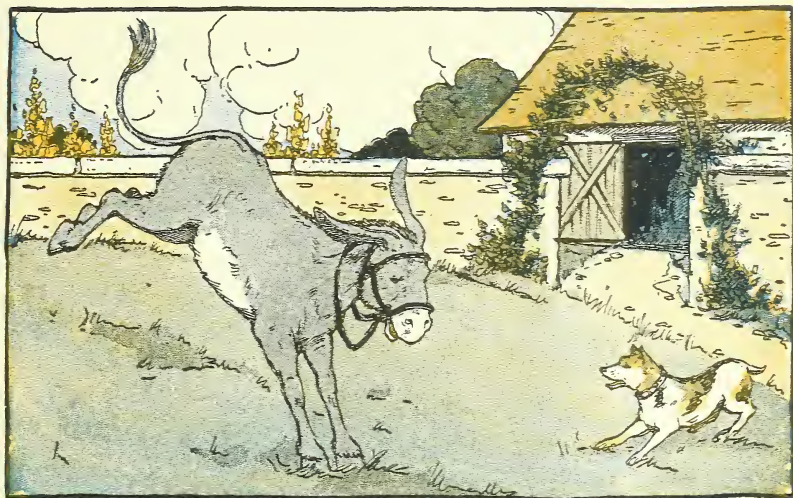
So he would talk and complain every day, until he really began to believe that he was ill-treated.

At last, one day Long Ears had what he thought was a bright idea.

“Perhaps if I should frisk about and make a lot of noise, as Spot does, they would pet me as they do him,” he said to himself.

So he came out of the stable, and began to jump about and switch his tail and hee-haw in the wildest way.

The family heard the noise, and ran to the



windows to see what was the matter. When they saw Long Ears' queer behavior, they were much amused and laughed heartily.

Long Ears felt very much pleased. "So far, so good," said he. "Now for something still more exciting."

The front door of the house happened to be open, so up the steps clattered Long Ears and on into the house.

Oh! Oh! What confusion! Long Ears' mistress was nearly frightened to death. The

children screamed with terror. Long Ears had gone through the front hall into the living-room. Now he began to jump about, swinging his long tail and hee-hawing as he had done out in the yard.

“Run for the stable-boy!” cried Long Ears’ mistress. “The donkey has surely gone crazy!”

Crash! The donkey’s long tail knocked the big lamp off the table. What would have happened next nobody can tell. But just at this moment Bob, the stable-boy, came running in. He gave Long Ears such a blow with the whip that the poor foolish donkey was glad enough to run out into the yard again as fast as he could go. A few minutes later, Bob had fastened him safely in the stable.

Poor foolish Long Ears! He was never allowed to go out into the yard by himself again.

He never quite understood why he could not be treated like a lap dog, if he behaved like one.

OCTOBER'S PARTY

October gave a party,
The leaves by hundreds came ;
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.

The sunshine spread a carpet
And everything was grand ;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed ;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best.

All balanced to their partners
And gayly fluttered by ;
The sight was like a rainbow
New-fallen from the sky.

Then in the shady hollows
At hide and seek they played;
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.

Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended
As they balanced all around.

GEORGE COOPER.





THE HONEST WOODMAN

First Woodman Second Woodman
Stranger

Scene I

BY THE SIDE OF A STREAM

First Woodman: Oh, what shall I do? I have dropped my ax into the stream, and I cannot get it again. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What an unlucky day this is for me!
(*A stranger comes in.*)

Stranger : Well, sir, what is the matter? Why do you sit here by the side of the stream, moaning, and wringing your hands?

First Woodman : I have lost my ax in the stream, and I have no money with which to buy another. As I am a woodcutter, without my ax I cannot earn money for my wife and little children.

Stranger : That is a sad state of things, indeed. But perhaps I can help you. Wait a moment. (*Plunges into the stream, and a moment later comes out again with an ax of gold.*) Here, my good man, is this your ax?

First Woodman : (*Takes ax and looks it over.*) Oh, no, sir! This ax is of gold. Mine was only a common ax of steel.

Stranger : I will try again. (*Plunges into the stream, and soon comes out again with an ax of silver.*) Here is another ax. Perhaps this is yours?



First Woodman: (Takes ax and looks it over.)

No, this ax is of silver. It isn't mine.

Stranger: Well, I will try once more. (Plunges into the stream, and soon comes out again with a common steel ax.) Is this the ax you lost?

First Woodman: Oh, yes, yes! That is my ax! Thank you, sir! I shall be all right now.

Stranger: You are an honest man and, as a reward for your honesty, keep these axes

of gold and silver. They are worth a fortune.

First Woodman: Oh, thank you, sir; thank you, sir! I will go home and tell my wife and children about my wonderful good fortune.

Scene II

SECOND WOODMAN IS SITTING BY THE SIDE OF THE
STREAM

Second Woodman: There, now! I have thrown my ax into the stream, and I will wait and see what happens. If I only have as good luck as my neighbor had, I shall get axes of gold and of silver that will be worth a fortune. Then I shall not have to work any more, but can spend the rest of my life in having a good time. But I must make believe I am in great sorrow. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do! (*Wrings his hands. Stranger comes in.*)



Stranger : Well, sir, what is the matter? Why do you sit here by the side of the stream, moaning, and wringing your hands?

Second Woodman : Ah, kind sir, I have lost my ax in the stream. If I do not get it back I shall be ruined, for I have no money with which to buy another.

Stranger : Oh, is that all? Perhaps I can help you. (*Plunges into the stream and comes up with an ax of gold.*) Here, is this your ax?

Second Woodman : (*Reaching out his hand eagerly for the ax.*) Oh, yes, yes! That is it.

Stranger : No, it is not. You are a dishonest fellow. You shall not have this ax of gold because you do not deserve it. Nor will I get your own ax, which you threw into the stream. You have lost all because you are untruthful and dishonest. Go home, and for the future always tell the truth, and do not try to obtain unfairly what does not belong to you.



COMING AND GOING

Once there came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest or seen a winter. The fields were full of flowers, the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere.

Then one of the birds began singing. "Who told you to sing?" asked the other bird. And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and you told me to sing."

Then his mate asked, "When did I tell you to sing?" And he said, "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest."

Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered, "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds.

One day, a week or two later, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said, "Oh, what do you think has happened. One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!"

Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another and another, till five little birds were hatched! Now the father-bird sang louder and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work.

So hungry were these little birds that both



parents were kept very busy feeding them. Back and forth they flew with food for the little ones.

The moment the little birds heard the wings of the old birds fluttering among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open wide, so wide that nothing else could be seen!

“Can anybody be happier?” said the father-bird to the mother-bird. “We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy.”

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up on the branches.

Then there was a great time! The two old birds talking and chatting to make the young ones go alone! In a short time the young ones had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food, and sang their own songs of joy.

Then the old birds sat silent and looked at each other, until the mother-bird said, "Why don't you sing?" And her mate answered, "I can't sing—I can only think and think."

"What are you thinking of?"

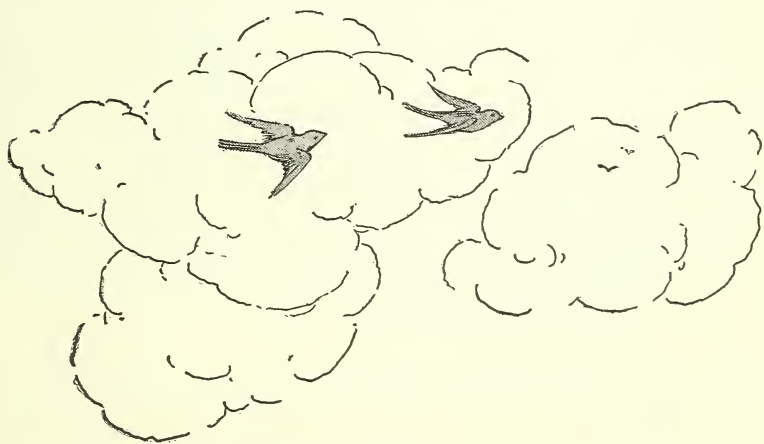
"I am thinking how everything changes. The leaves are falling from this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads. The flowers are all going. Last night there was a frost. Almost all the birds are flown away.

Something calls me, and I feel as if I should like to fly far away."

"Let us fly away together!"

Then they rose silently, and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north. Far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south. There they saw flowers and green leaves. All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew. At last they came to a land where there was no winter, where flowers always bloom, and birds always sing.

HENRY WARD BEECHER (adapted).





AMA AND SUSA

Ama is the fairy of the sun, and her brother Susa is the fairy of the sea. They are very fond of each other, and play all sorts of games together; but sometimes they disagree.

You see, the truth is that Susa often plays very roughly. Sometimes he tosses his great billows about, and even throws great ships upon the rocks, where they are wrecked.

Once he puffed such great clouds up into Ama's face, and made his winds roar so loud, that she ran away in fright and hid in a deep, dark cave.

Then her bright light could be seen no more, and the world became very dark. For the moon, too, could shine no longer without the sun fairy to brighten her face, and the stars were too small and too far away to give much light.



Everybody missed the sunlight, even the fishes in the sea; so at last Susa began to

be sorry that he had frightened his sister. "I'm afraid I was really too rough with little Ama," said he. "I will call her back again."

So Susa called to Ama, but she did not answer. He called and called, but still she did not answer. The little sun fairy still hid away in her deep cave, and all the world was dark.

At last a bright thought struck Susa. He made a very high tide, and sent his waters lapping softly against the mouth of the cave where Ama was hidden. The little waves came gently rippling and murmuring against the rocks, just as if they were kissing them.

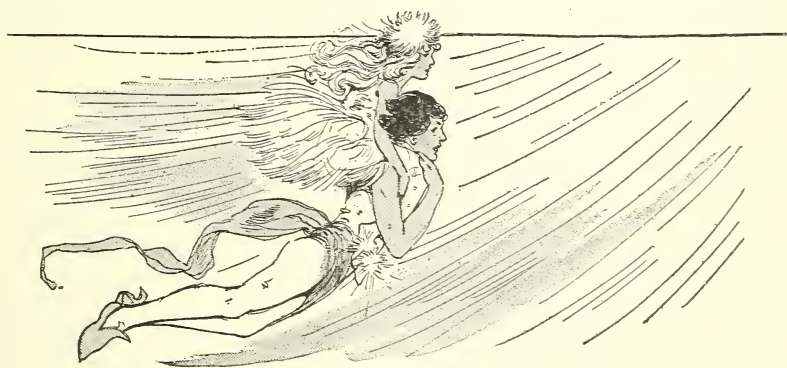
Ama heard the sound and was pleased. Very quietly she stole to the mouth of the cave and looked out. Susa was waiting for her, hiding behind the rocks.

When she looked out of the cave, Susa reached out with his long arm and held a mirror before her face. At the same time he

said in a soft, pleading voice, "I am the moon fairy, I cannot shine without the light from your sweet face. Please come out and shine again."

Then Ama, seeing her own bright face in the mirror, thought it was the moon fairy who was coaxing her. So she ventured out of the cave a little way.

Then Susa threw his strong arms about her and whisked her off to the sun, and there she has remained to this very day. There she shines and shines, and makes the whole world happy with her light.



DOWN BY THE POOL

The fish were not biting that morning. We had pushed our way carefully through the lily-pads to the best holes, and we had nothing to show for our trouble but three small trout.

“They are beauties, even if they are small,” said Donald, as he held one of them up for me to look at. “See what pretty spots they have.”

“Yes,” said I, from my seat in the stern of the canoe. “They look like bits of the rainbow, don’t they?”

The sun was getting high, and it was warm. Birds sang and flitted about in the alders along the shore. Beautiful dragon-flies darted about over the water like little aeroplanes. One big, handsome dragon-fly kept dipping her tail in the water every few seconds.



“Donald,” said I, “do you see that big dragon-fly dipping into the water every now and then?”

“Yes, yes,” said he, after looking a moment. “The big black and gold fellow that just passed?”

“Yes, that’s the one I meant. Do you know what she is doing?”

“Why, no! Taking a drink?”

I laughed. "Not at all! It is a mother dragon-fly, and she is laying her eggs."

"Laying her eggs!" said Donald. "What a funny way to do it! Then she can't sit on them as a hen does, can she?"

"No, indeed; she doesn't have to do that."

"But won't they float away?"

"Yes, that is just what they will do. If we look carefully I think we can find some."

In a minute or two I saw some of the dragon-fly's eggs floating slowly towards some reeds near our canoe, and pointed them out to Donald.

"Now," said I, "those eggs will hatch out in a few hours into little insects called nymphs. These are baby dragon-flies, only they don't look like dragon-flies at all, but like little wriggly worms. After they are hatched they go down to the bottom of the pool."

"Doesn't the mother dragon-fly take care of them?" asked Donald.

“No, they have to look after themselves.”

“Why, how queer! I should think some of them would get eaten up.”

“I’m afraid they do, but there are so many of them that some are always left. Well, the baby dragon-flies wriggle and crawl about at the bottom, eating other little insects and getting bigger. They stay down in the mud all winter, and when spring comes they come up into the sunshine again. They climb up on a reed till they are above the surface of the water, and there they stay. Then the most wonderful thing happens! After a while their shells split up the back, and out they come, full-grown dragon-flies. Let us see if we can find some.”

After a minute or two Donald called out, “I have found one!”

But when I looked at the reed he was pointing at, I found that what he saw was only an empty shell.

“No,” said I, “that is only the empty shell. The dragon-fly has gone.”

After looking a little farther, we found a reed with an empty shell on it, and, a little above, a dragon-fly that had just left it. The dragon-fly was wet, and its wings were all soft and folded up.

“If we wait awhile,” said I, “he will get his wings dry and fly away.”

So we waited. It was pleasant sitting there in the canoe. Big, fleecy clouds drifted across the sky overhead. Now and then a fish would jump for a fly, and little ripples would go spreading out over the water from the spot where he went down. I had almost fallen into a doze, when suddenly Donald called, “Oh, father, look at him now!”

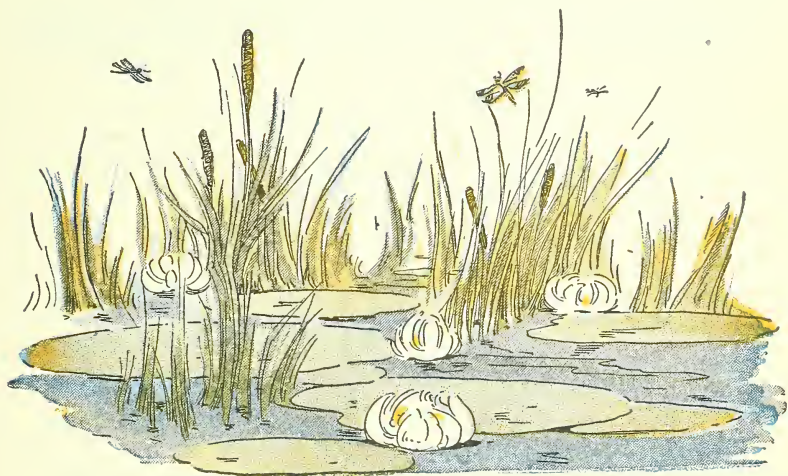
I looked. The warm sun had dried the dragon-fly's wings. There he stood on the reed, his beautiful body of black and gold and his long, lace-like wings shimmering in the sunlight.

“He is about ready to go now,” said I. As I spoke, Donald gave the reed a poke with his paddle, and, swish! away went the dragon-fly down the stream.

“How fine it must be to be your own 'aeroplane!’” said Donald.

“Yes,” said I, “and not to have to worry about gasolene!”

R. H. BOWLES.





FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE BOY WHO WALKED TO CHINA

Marco Polo lived in Venice, a city in far-away Italy. When he was only a small boy of fifteen, he set out on foot with his father to find his way to China. They had to go over mountains, and across terrible deserts, through hot, burning lands, and places where it was very cold. Poor Marco was made quite ill by the hardships, but he got better and kept bravely on.

At last they came to China, where a great king, called Kublai Khan, ruled the country. There they decided to stay for a time. Marco grew up at the court, and became a great favorite of the king. He learned to speak several languages, and was so clever that the king sent him as his ambassador to Cochin China, to India, and to other lands.

Each time he came back, Marco was able



to tell the king not only the answer to the message he had carried, but all about the countries themselves; how the people lived, what their trades were, and what big cities and rivers and mountains he had seen. The king had never had so clever an ambassador as this before, and he heaped riches on Marco and his father.

Now, when Marco and his father had been away for twenty-three years, they wanted to go back to Venice. The king was very sorry to let them go, but at last he consented, and they returned. When they got back to Venice nobody knew them. Nobody would believe that the little Marco Polo and his father, who had gone away so poor, had become great travellers and come back so rich.

So they asked their old friends to a great feast. First they appeared in robes of crimson satin. Then they changed these for other beautiful robes. At last they came into the room wearing the torn, soiled old clothes which they had worn in their wanderings.

But their friends were still more surprised, when the travellers cut open the patches of the old clothes, and showed that these were filled with jewels. Then the people believed that the strangers really were Marco and his father, back from far-off lands.

Marco remembered all he had seen and learned, and afterwards he had it all written in a book. For a long time people did not believe his story. They did not believe that there were such great lands as China and India, with millions upon millions of people. And the talk of silks and jewels and delicious foods and perfumes, of which he told, seemed just as untrue.

But by and by, when men began to know more, they saw that Marco's book was true. It set men studying and making bold plans for discovery. The great Columbus, who lived two hundred years later, was one of those who studied the book. It helped him greatly, when he was making up his mind to try to find India by sailing over the sea.



A NOBLE CHIEF

Long, long ago, the land we now know as England was called Britain, and the people who lived there were called Britons. They were a brave people, and loved their land dearly.

One day the great Emperor of Rome sent an army to Britain, to conquer the country and make it a part of the Roman Empire. But the Britons did not want to belong to the Roman Empire. They wanted to be free to live as they chose. So they fought the Roman soldiers, and tried to drive them away.

For almost a hundred years the fighting went on. At last the Roman Emperor, Claudius, said that the Britons must be conquered and that the war must end. So he himself went to Britain with a very large army. The Britons fought bravely under their chief, Caradoc, but



the Romans were too strong for them. Many of the Britons were killed, and the rest fled to the woods and mountains.

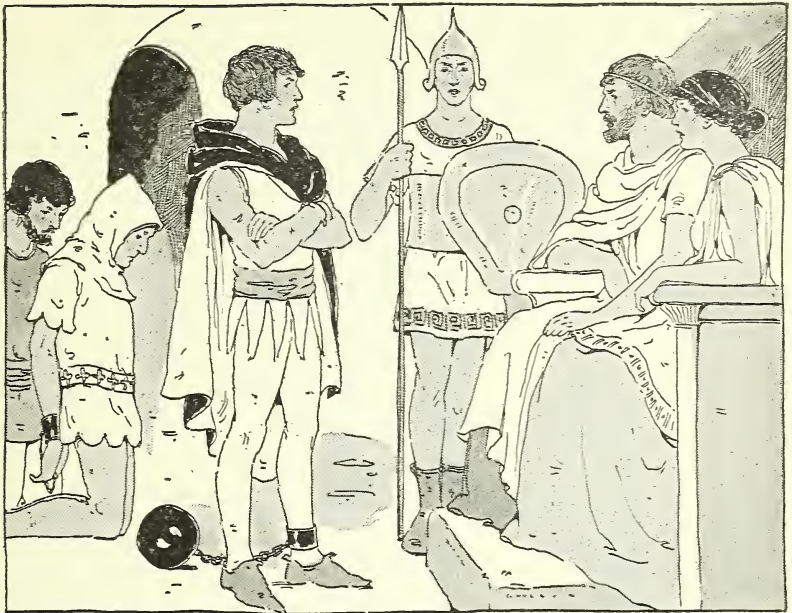
Caradoc went for help to his stepmother, who was queen of one of the British tribes. She made believe that she was glad to see him, and promised to help him. But she was a wicked woman, and secretly sent word to

the Romans, who came and took him prisoner with his wife and children.

Poor Caradoc was loaded with chains, and taken to the great city of Rome. There he was made to walk through the streets chained to the car of the Emperor.

When the great procession arrived at the royal palace, Caradoc and the other prisoners were brought before the Emperor and the Empress, who sat on a throne in a great hall. But Caradoc would not kneel before the Emperor like the other prisoners. Standing proudly, with his head held high, he looked Claudius in the eye and said:

“You Romans are fighting to conquer the whole world and to make all men slaves. I have fought for my own freedom and for that of my native land. You call yourselves my conqueror, but I, too, am a conqueror. I would rather die than be a slave or untrue to my country.”



The Romans were brave, and they loved brave men. When they heard these noble words of Caradoc, they were filled with admiration for him. The Empress herself begged the Emperor to spare Caradoc's life, and Claudius not only did this but he set Caradoc free.

For many years after that the great British chief lived in Rome with his family, and the Emperor was proud to call him friend.

PEACH PRINCE AND THE GIANT

I

Once on a time there was an old man, who lived with his wife in a fine, big house. For a while they were very happy; but one day a wicked giant came and took all they had, and carried it off to his island in the sea.

The old man felt very badly over his misfortune, but his wife was quite cheerful. "Never mind," said she, "we must work and save—that is all."

So they worked and saved, till after some years they again had a home of their own. Only this time it was a hut, instead of a fine, big house.

One day a poor man came to their door. "Please buy my last peach," said he. "I sold the rest long ago, but no one will buy this



one, and my feet are sore with walking in search of a customer. Besides, my wife and little ones are waiting for me at home."

The wife was sorry for the poor man, and bought the peach, though it was not a very good one. He was overjoyed at the ending of his long labors, and thanked her and went away. "See," said the wife to her husband, "though the wicked giant has made us poor, we may still do a little good in the world."

Then she took a knife to divide the peach, that she and her good man might each eat half, when—lo and behold!—before the knife touched it the fruit split open, stone and all, and out stepped a handsome young man.

"Now, Heaven be praised!" cried the old man, "it has sent us a son to work for us in our old age."

But his wife said the boy must be a prince, he was so fine and noble looking. Prince or no prince, the boy could not tell where he



came from or why he was there. As they had no name for him, they called him Peach Prince.

Now the good old people had nothing to give him to eat but rice-cakes and tea. But he took them gladly, thanking the good man and his wife for their kindness.

Day after day passed, and the man and his wife were still kind to the lad, caring for him as if he had been their own son. Then he said to himself, "It shall come true as the good man said. I will work for them when they are old, and, meantime, I must learn how."

So he helped the woman in her household tasks, and went with the men to the rice-fields. There he soon learned all that was to be done, and could do as much work as any of the men.

“This is a wonderful boy,” said the men among themselves; “he will do great things when he grows up.”

Peach Prince grew up all the more quickly because of all the hard work he did. The money he earned was used to improve the home, so that in a few years his kind friends were living almost as well as ever.

Then they told Peach Prince how well off they had been long years before, and how the wicked giant had robbed them of all they had. He had even taken down their house, and carried away parts of it to build one for himself on his island in the sea.

“Now I know why I was sent to you,” said Peach Prince. “I am to kill the giant



and bring you back your treasures. I hear the voice within me. I will start at once.”

II

The good wife made Peach Prince some dumplings, and he started on his way. After a time he met a monkey, who asked him where he was going.

“I am going to kill the wicked giant who took all my master’s goods,” replied Peach Prince.

“Give me a dumpling, and I will go with you,” said the monkey. So Peach Prince gave him a dumpling, and the monkey went with him.

Soon they met a bird, who asked where they were going.

“I am going to kill the wicked giant who took all my master’s goods,” replied Peach Prince.

“Give me a dumpling, and I will go with you,” said the bird. So Peach Prince gave him a dumpling, and the bird went with them.

At last they came to the sea shore. Here they found a big boat. In this they set sail and soon reached the island.

The bird flew ahead to find the best place to land, and when they reached shallow water, the monkey skipped out and carried the rope

ashore. When they landed, Peach Prince took the monkey on his back and the bird on his head, and, with a heavy club in his hand, went to look for the giant's home.

It was soon found, for it was a very big house which you could not miss, once you set foot upon the island. It was built of the parts of many houses, which the giant had stolen from the honest people who lived on the mainland.

The giant was at dinner. Peach Prince struck three heavy blows on the door with his club, and out came the master, roaring with rage.

When he saw his three visitors he stopped in astonishment. Before he could say a word, the monkey ran up his back and sat on his shoulders. Then he wound his legs tightly about the giant's neck, and with his little hands, which just fitted over the giant's eyelids, held them shut.



The bird flew about the head of the giant, pecking at him in so many places that he thought a flock of crows must have come from behind the house to attack him.

And now Peach Prince leaped at the giant, and rained on him such a shower of blows with his club that they seemed to come from an army. The giant believed that there was

magic in this sudden attack, and down he tumbled on his knees and begged for mercy.

Peach Prince made the giant load all the boats he had with all the things he had stolen, and send his servants to take them back to their owners.

Now these very servants were slaves whom the giant had made captive from time to time, and they were very glad to go free again. While they all worked very hard loading the boats, the giant stood by, looking on. He was very sorry, for he knew his time had come.

His figure began to droop more and more, and then to lose its great size. He became smaller than Peach Prince, but he did not stop there. He kept on till he was smaller than the monkey, and at last smaller than the bird.

As the last boat left the shore, he was seen to throw up his tiny hands and disappear altogether.

JACK FROST

The door was shut, as doors should be,
 Before you went to bed last night;
' Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
 And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
 And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
 Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
 Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
 His fingers traced on every pane:

Rocks and castles towering high;
 Hills and dales and streams and fields,
And knights in armor riding by,
 With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruits and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

GABRIEL SETOUN.

BELLING THE CAT

Long-Tail, *chairman of meeting*

Gray-Coat Beady-Eyes

Stubby-Tail Brown-Whiskers

Frisky-Legs Cat

AN ATTIC CLOSET

A big gray mouse sits at a table. Sitting on the floor in front of him are a number of mice of different sizes.

Long-Tail: (*Pounding on table with fist.*) Be quiet! Be quiet, I tell you! Now will somebody please tell us what we are here for.

Gray-Coat: (*Rises slowly.*) We have met here to-day to talk over a most important matter. As you all know, we are no longer safe in this house. There is hardly one of us who has not lost some near relative or friend in the last few weeks. Only



yesterday one of my own brothers was cruelly killed and eaten. Excuse me, my friends. (*Takes out handkerchief and wipes his eyes.*) Now, something must be done about the matter. We must decide what it is best to do. (*Sits down.*)

Stubby-Tail: (*Rises slowly.*) Gray-Coat is right. This is indeed a very sad business. I myself was almost killed. As you can all see, I have lost most of my beautiful tail. The cruel cat bit it off, and it was only by the greatest good luck that I got away from her. Something must be done.

Other Mice: (*Speaking together.*) Yes, yes! Something must be done!

Long-Tail: I think we are all agreed that something must be done; but the question is what shall be done. Has anyone any plan to offer?

Frisky-Legs: (*Jumping up quickly.*) I have a plan! Let's drown the cat. We can get her up on the edge of the rain-barrel, and then push her into the water. She can't get out, and will be drowned.

Beady-Eyes: (*Jumping up quickly.*) I have a better plan than that. Let's put poison

into her saucer of milk. Then when she has eaten it she will die. Ha, ha! It will serve her right!

Brown-Whiskers: (*Jumping up quickly.*) Oh, I know something still better than either of those plans. Let's fasten a bell around her neck. Then when we hear her coming we can run away.

Other Mice: (*Laughing and speaking loudly.*) Ha, ha! That's the thing to do; the very thing!

Long-Tail: (*Pounding on table.*) Be quiet! You are making too much noise. We are all agreed that something must be done to get rid of the cat, and three plans have been offered. Now what have you to say about these plans?

Frisky-Legs: I think Brown-Whiskers' plan of putting a bell on the cat's neck is much better than mine. So I withdraw my plan.

Long-Tail: Frisky-Legs withdraws his plan.



Beady-Eyes: (*Jumping up much excited.*) I won't withdraw my plan. I think we ought to kill the cat. She is a very cruel animal. She has eaten many of our dear friends. If we poison her she will die a painful death.

Long-Tail : Well, we shall have to vote to see which of these plans we shall follow. We will first vote on Beady-Eyes' plan. All those in favor of poisoning the cat will please say "Ay."

Beady-Eyes : Ay.

Long-Tail : All not in favor.

Many Mice : No!

Long-Tail : Beady-Eyes' plan is not adopted. Now all those in favor of Brown-Whiskers' plan of belling the cat, please say "Ay."

Many Mice : Ay.

Long-Tail : All not in favor.

Beady-Eyes : No!

Long-Tail : Brown-Whiskers' plan is adopted. We will put a bell on the cat.

Many Mice : Ah, that's the thing to do? She won't catch any more of us! Yes, yes! That's a fine plan!

Long-Tail : (*Pounding on table.*) Please be quiet! We have decided to put a bell on the cat,

so that we can hear her coming and run away. Now the question is, Who will put the bell on her? (*The mice look at each other and say nothing.*) Brown-Whiskers, it is your idea. Will you put the bell on the cat?

Brown-Whiskers: Why, it seems to me that I have done my duty in offering a plan. Somebody else ought to carry it out.

Long-Tail: Gray-Coat, will you put the bell on the cat?

Gray-Coat: Well, ahem! I'm not so young as I used to be. It would be better for some one younger and quicker than I to do a thing like that.

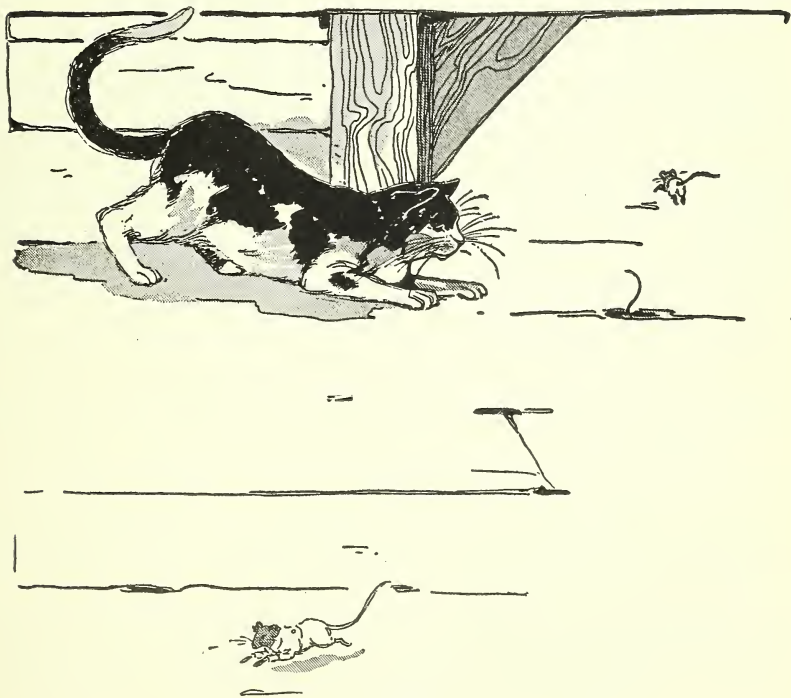
Long-Tail: Well, we must find some one to do it. Frisky-Legs, you are young and spry, will you put the bell on the cat?

Frisky-Legs: Why, ahem! The fact is—I am very near-sighted, so I shouldn't be a very good person for a piece of business like that. You must really excuse me.

Long-Tail: Well, well, you all want to have a bell put on the cat, but none of you are willing to do it. What shall we do?

Stubby-Tail: (*Jumping up quickly.*) Run! Run! Here comes the cat! Here comes the cat! (*All run out in haste. The cat comes in.*)

Cat: Ha, ha! They got away to-day. Next time I shall be quicker.



TAKING CARE OF SKIP

“Fred, you take care of Skip, and Skip, you take care of Fred.”

That was what Roger Mason had said when his brother and the water spaniel went to visit Aunt Dorothy, at Ledge Cove, and Roger himself could not go.

Aunt Dorothy's cottage was on the high land above a little bay, where the sea sent its waves splashing against slate-blue rocks.

It was Indian summer. The birches and the oaks that grew on the ledges were yellow and red and brown, and the clear salt air was full of the scent of autumn leaves.

When Fred was at Ledge Cove he always liked to walk along the shore. He would walk away out round the sharp end of Gull Point, and down the other side, until he reached a place where he could cut back through the



woods and fields to the cottage. Along the shore, close to the water, he was always able to find bright shells and colored stones.

Saturday morning after breakfast, Fred whistled to the spaniel, and told Aunt Dorothy that he was going down towards the point to look for shells.

The boy and the dog took the path that led down the ledges, and in three minutes they were close to the water. There seemed to be more than the usual number of interesting things that morning. Every other pool in the rocks held a brownish-gray crab or a pink-and-white starfish. There were so many shells that Fred had soon filled his pockets. Then he emptied them, kept the prettiest shells, and threw the others away. For he was finding beautiful ones at every half a dozen steps along the path.

Close to the ledges the rocks were piled up topsy-turvy, just as if a giant had come along with a huge club and knocked them down from the low cliff. Most of the way they extended down into the water, and were covered with brown kelp and white barnacles and green seaweed.

Skip was in and out of the water, exploring caves, sniffing at a crab, or swimming

across a pool. All the time he was enjoying himself so much that he never ceased to wag his tail.

And then something happened. Suddenly a slim little animal, brownish-black and twice as large as a squirrel, ran out from a crevice in the rocks. It was a mink, and, like Fred and the spaniel, he also was trying to find interesting things along the shore. Skip gave an excited bark, and was after him in a second.

The chase led down close to the waves, through a green pool and into the rocks. With a shrill little squeal, the mink plunged through a narrow hole, and, to Fred's surprise, Skip squeezed in after him. The sound of splashing water and the spaniel's excited barks came from the rock pile.

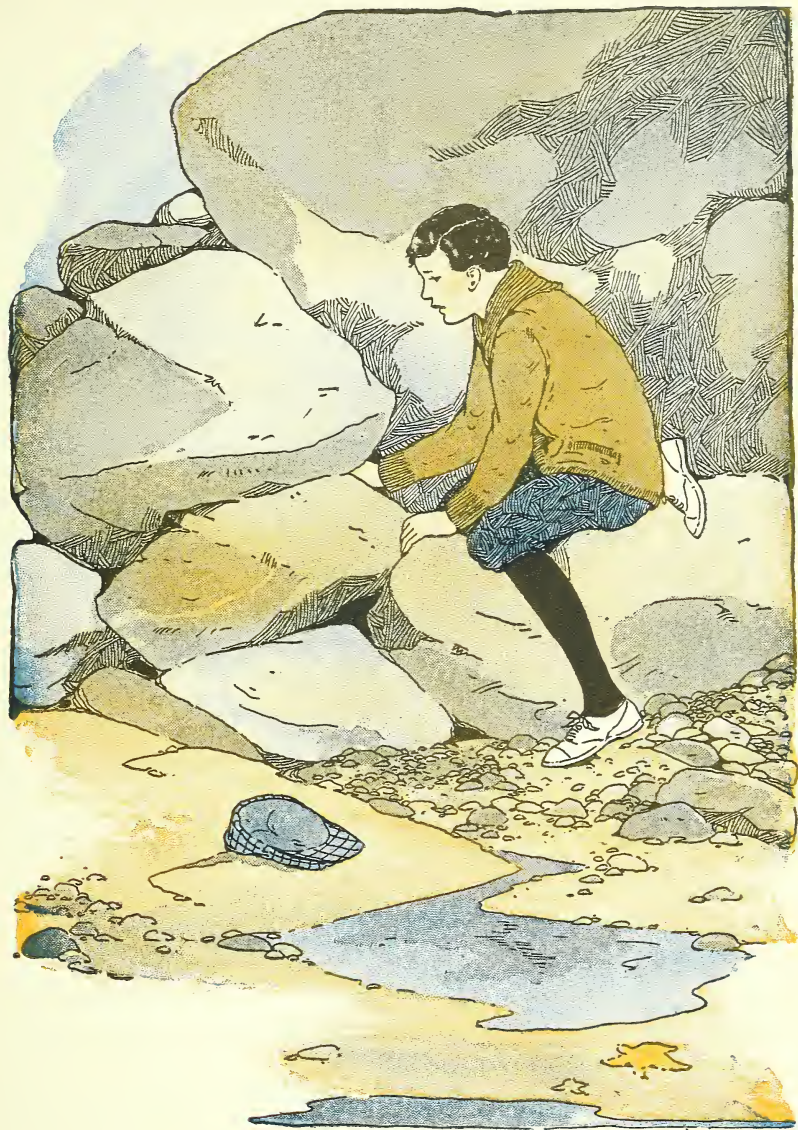
When Fred reached the hole and peered in, neither the dog nor the mink could be seen, but the splashing and barking continued.

He started to climb over the three-cornered rock that lay above the hole. Perhaps, on the other side, he would find a larger opening.

He had no more than got his feet on the rock, however, than it tipped a little and moved downward. Fred leaped to a weed-covered boulder, and then looked back. The rock had slid into a new position, so that now it almost closed the hole where Skip had entered.

Fred walked round the pile, but there was no other opening. He whistled, and the sound of a muffled bark came to him. The spaniel was still inside, and he could not get out. There was no doubt of that, for he did not appear when Fred cried, "Come here, Skip!" The mink had gone. Doubtless he had escaped by some small crevice.

Fred circled the rocks, and came again to the little hole where Skip had entered. It was now scarcely large enough for him to get his hand through. He could see Skip's eyes



shining, and when he thrust in his arm he felt a warm, moist tongue licking his fingers.

The rock that had moved was not large, but it looked heavy. The boy withdrew his arm from the hole, got a grip on the edge, and lifted. It did not stir. Putting the fingers of one hand into the crevice on the right, he tried again, but the rock did not move.

As Fred straightened up, a wave came swirling in over the tops of his shoes. For the first time he thought of the tide. It was coming in fast, and would soon cover with its foamy waves the rock pile where Skip was trapped. There was no time to go for help; it was half a mile back to Aunt Dorothy's. Perhaps, however, some one might be walking in the fields above the ledges. He climbed upward, and gazed in all directions. Not a person was to be seen. He shouted, but no one answered.

Hurriedly Fred scrambled down again. The incoming waves were now washing against the

rock pile, and Skip was at the hole, trying to peer out. There was seaweed on the tip of his nose, but Fred could not laugh; instead, tears came into his eyes. There was his pet, his companion in many adventures, caught in a little rocky cavern, and about to drown without a chance to fight for his life.

Fred stood in the water and again tried to lift the rock, but all his efforts were in vain. He looked up and down the shore, searching for something, he knew not what, to aid him. Inside the hole, there were steady splashing sounds. Skip must be swimming to keep himself up. Once he barked and whined a little, just as he did at home when he wished to come into the house.

The sound was too much for Fred. He turned away and walked up the rocky beach, where he could not hear it. Roger had told him to take care of Skip, and now he would be going home without him.

Then something caught in the rocks attracted Fred's eye; it was the handle of a broken oar. A new hope came to him. He seized the short piece of wood, and ran back to the rock pile. As he reached it a wave covered the top of it, and then surged back. The splashing sound in the cavern had ceased. No, there it was again—very faint.

The water was up to Fred's waist when he jumped down beside the hole. In frantic haste he thrust the oar handle into the opening and pried upward. The rock moved! He pried harder. It tilted back sharply, and stayed in its new place.

Fred thrust his arm into the widened opening. A wave came up among the rocks and almost upset him, but somehow he held his position, and groped about in the cavern until his hand touched a wet, furry body. In another moment he had Skip out, and was splashing through the pools towards the ledges.

The water spaniel's eyes were shut, and he did not move in his master's arms.

Fred climbed out to the field, however, and rubbed the little dog almost dry with his coat. Then he held him up by the hind legs to let the salt water run out of his mouth. After he had rubbed him some more, Skip opened his eyes and feebly wagged his tail.

A little later Fred and Skip started back for Aunt Dorothy's. Both were happy, but the little water spaniel was not running and jumping about as usual. He was snuggled comfortably in Fred's arms, contented enough to rest for a while.

CLAYTON H. ERNST.





ORPHEUS, THE GREAT MUSICIAN

Long, long ago, in the land of Greece, lived Orpheus,¹ the son of the goddess of song. His voice was so sweet, and he played the lyre so beautifully, that his fame as a musician spread over all the earth. It was said that his music could move rocks and trees, and that even the birds would stop singing when he played. It was said, also, that the fishes would come to the surface of the sea to listen to him, and that even the wildest beasts would lie down tamely at his feet, when they heard his music.

Now Orpheus had a wife named Eurydice.²

¹ ôr' fūs.

² ù rîd' ĩ sē.

She was very good and very beautiful. They lived happily together for some years. But one day while she was picking flowers, she was bitten by a poisonous snake and died.

Poor Orpheus was crushed with grief. He wandered off into deep forests and wild deserts, mourning night and day for Eurydice. Nobody could console him. At last he felt that he could not stand his grief any longer. So he decided to go down into Hades,¹ the place to which all the dead were taken, and ask King Pluto to give Eurydice back to him.

He took his lyre, and, playing and singing as he went, he made his way down under the earth to Hades. His music was so beautiful that everyone was charmed by it. Even Cerberus,² the fierce, three-headed dog that guarded the gates of Hades, forgot to bark, and crouched at his feet as he passed.

At last Orpheus came before the throne of

¹ hā' dēz.

² sūr' bēr ūs.

Pluto, King of Hades, and his pale-faced queen, Persephone.¹ Then he begged them to send Eurydice back to him. "Why should she die so young and so beautiful?" he cried. "Have pity on me and send her back. I cannot live without her."

Pluto and Persephone were usually very cold-hearted. They were used to having people ask to have their loved ones sent back to the world again. But the beautiful music of Orpheus softened even their hard hearts. They called the spirit of Eurydice, and told Orpheus that she should follow him up out of Hades.

"She shall go back to the light of the sun once more," said they. "She shall look again upon the lovely sky and smiling fields, and breathe once more the soft, warm air of the upper earth. But remember this: you must not look back at her until you reach the upper world] again. If you do she will have to

¹ pěr sěf ô ně.



return, and you can never see her again in the land of the living.”

Orpheus was filled with joy. He thanked Pluto and set out on his way to the upper world. Eurydice followed close behind. On, on they went, leaving Hades farther and farther behind. But soon Orpheus began to feel anx-

ious. He could hear no sound of footsteps behind him. Was Eurydice really following?

At last he could wait no longer. He turned his head and looked back. Yes, there she was. But as he looked she began to draw back. She reached out her arms to him. Orpheus, filled with terror, rushed back to take her in his arms. But it was no use. He had disobeyed Pluto's command. Eurydice faded out of sight, and Orpheus was once more alone.

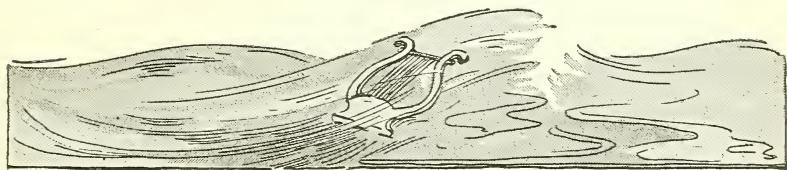
Orpheus did not stop trying to win back his beautiful wife even then. Again he went back to Hades, and this time he got as far as the River Styx,¹ which flows about the world of the dead. But he could not get across. For seven days and seven nights he stayed there without food or drink, weeping and mourning for his lost Eurydice. But the will of the gods could not be shaken, and he had to go back to the upper earth alone.

¹ stiks.

Orpheus no longer wished to live. He wandered about in the fields and woods, mourning for Eurydice and singing sad songs day and night.

One day while he was sitting under a tree playing upon his lyre, a crowd of half-crazy women came up and asked him to play for them. When he refused they became very angry, and treated him so roughly that he died. His lyre was thrown into the sea, and made sweet music as it rose and fell in the waves.

The troubles of poor Orpheus were over at last. After his death his spirit went to the Land of the Blessed. There he found his beloved Eurydice, and lived with her happily ever afterwards.





HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



HOW THE DUCKS GOT THEIR FINE FEATHERS

In the bright moonlight the dead leaves fell, whenever the wind shook the trees. Over the village passed great flocks of ducks and geese, calling to each other as they sped away towards the waters that never freeze.

In the lodge War Eagle waited for his grandchildren. When they came in, he laid aside his pipe and said:

“The Duck-people are travelling to-night, just as they have done since the world was young. They are going away from winter, because they cannot make a living when ice covers the rivers.

“You have seen the Duck-people often. You have noticed that they wear fine clothes, but you do not know how they got them. So I will tell you to-night.

“It was in the fall, when leaves are yellow, and long, long ago. The Duck-people had gathered to go away, just as they are doing now. The buck-deer were coming down from the high ridges to visit friends in the lowlands along the streams, as they have always done.

“On a lake Old-man saw the Duck-people getting ready to go away. At that time they all looked alike; that is, they all wore the same-colored clothes. The loons and the geese and the ducks were there, and playing in the sunlight. The loons were laughing loudly, and the diving was fast and merry to see.

“On the hill where Old-man stood there was a great deal of moss. He began to tear up some of it from the ground, and roll it into a great ball. When he had gathered all he needed, he set out with it for the shore of the lake. When the Duck-people saw him

coming with his load of moss, they began to swim away from the shore.

“ ‘Wait, my brothers!’ he called. ‘I have a big load here, and I am going to give you people a dance. Come and help me get things ready.’

“ ‘Don’t you do it,’ said the gray goose to the others. ‘That’s Old-man, and he is up to something bad, I am sure.’

“So the loon called to Old-man and said they wouldn’t help him at all.

“Right near the water Old-man dropped his ball of moss, and then cut twenty long poles. With the poles he built a lodge. He covered it with the moss, leaving a doorway facing the lake. Inside the lodge he built a fire, and when it grew bright he cried:

“ ‘Say, brothers, why should you treat me this way, when I am here to give you a big dance? Come into the lodge’; but they would not do it.



“Finally, Old-man began to sing a song in the duck-talk, and keep time with his drum. The Duck-people liked the music, and swam a little nearer to the shore. They were watching for trouble all the time, but Old-man sang so sweetly that pretty soon they waddled up to the lodge and went inside.

“The loon stopped near the door. He believed that what the gray goose had said was

true, and that Old-man was up to some mischief. The gray goose, too, was careful to stay close to the door, but the ducks reached all about the fire.

“Then Old-man passed the pipe, and they all smoked with him. It is wrong not to smoke in a person’s lodge if the pipe is offered, and the Duck-people knew that.

“‘Well,’ said Old-man, ‘this is going to be the Blind-dance, but you will have to be painted first.’

“‘Brother Mallard, name the colors—tell me how you want me to paint you.’

“‘Well,’ said the mallard drake, ‘paint my head green, and put a white circle around my throat, like a necklace. Besides that, I want a brown breast and yellow legs; but I don’t want my wife painted that way.’

“Old-man painted him just as he asked, and his wife, too. Then the teal and the wood-duck (it took a long time to paint the

wood-duck), and the spoon-bill, and the blue-bill, and the canvasback, and the goose, and the brant, and the loon—all chose their paint.

“Old-man painted them all just as they wanted him to paint them, and kept singing all the time. They looked very pretty in the firelight, for it was night before the painting was done.

“‘Now,’ said Old-man, ‘this is the Blind-dance. When I beat upon my drum you must all shut your eyes tight, and circle round the fire as I sing. Everyone that peeks will have sore eyes forever.’

“Then the Duck-people shut their eyes, and Old-man began to sing: ‘Now you come, ducks, now you come—tum-tum, tum; tum-tum, tum.’

“Around the fire they came, with their eyes still shut. As fast as they reached Old-man, the rascal would seize them and wring their necks. Ho! Things were going fine for Old-man. But the loon peeked a little and saw

what was going on. Several others heard the fluttering, and opened their eyes, too.

“Then the loon cried out, ‘He’s killing us—let us fly,’ and they did so. There was a great squawking and quacking and fluttering, as the Duck-people left the lodge. Ho! But Old-man was angry, and he kicked the back of the loon-duck. That is why his feet turn from his body, when he walks or tries to stand. Yes, that is why he is a cripple to-day.

“And all of the Duck-people that peeked that night at the dance still have sore eyes—just as Old-man told them they would have. Of course, they don’t hurt and smart any more, but they stay red to pay for peeking, and always will. You have seen the mallard and the rest of the Duck-people. You can see that the colors Old-man painted so long ago are still bright and handsome. They will stay that way forever and forever. Ho!”

FRANK B. LINDERMAN (adapted).



HOW THOR'S HAMMER WAS FOUND

Thor, the great thunder god of Asgard, was very angry. His stiff hair and beard stood on end. His eyes flashed. He called to his servants with a voice like the crash of a trumpet. He stamped so hard on the floor of his palace that all Asgard shook as from an earthquake. Poor Sif, Thor's wife, tried to quiet him, but it was no use.

After a while Loki, the mischief-maker, heard the noise, and stopped at Thor's palace to ask what was the matter.

"Matter enough!" cried Thor angrily. "I have lost my hammer."

"Lost your hammer!" said Loki. "Well, that is trouble indeed."

Loki was right. It was no small matter for Thor to lose his hammer. For Thor's hammer was a magic one, and the mightiest in the whole world. Nothing could stand against it. With one blow of that hammer Thor could split in two great mountains.

"I can't imagine where my hammer can be," said Thor. "I have looked everywhere for it."

"Perhaps somebody has stolen it," said Loki.

Thor frowned and closed his fists tightly. "You must help me to find it, Loki," he said.

"Of course I will," said Loki. For, though he was a great mischief-maker himself, he

really felt sorry for Thor. He felt a little frightened, too, for what would the gods of Asgard do without Thor's wonderful hammer to help them against the giants? So Loki began to think how he could help Thor out of his trouble.

After a while, Loki noticed that a great hubbub was going on away down below Asgard. There was thunder and lightning and rain and wind, all mixed up together. It wasn't the kind of storm that Thor would have stirred up at all. So he began to look a little closer.

Soon he saw that the center of the trouble was a hill in Giantland. There was Thrym, the great frost giant, with Thor's hammer, doing his best to imitate the thunder god. He was making a bad mess of it. He could make the thunder and lightning, but he couldn't manage it at all.

When Thor heard that Thrym had his hammer, he was more angry than ever.

“The rascal!” he shouted. “How did he dare to steal my hammer? I’ll teach him a lesson!” And he was about to rush off to Giantland at once.

“Wait! Wait! Not so fast!” said Loki. “He is stronger than you, now that he has your hammer. You must get it away from him by a trick of some sort.”

Thor was so angry that he didn’t want to wait. But he knew that Loki was right.

“Well,” said he, “what shall we do?”

Loki thought a moment. “I will ask Freya to lend me her falcon plumes,” said he. “Then I will go down and see Thrym myself. Perhaps I can get your hammer.”

Now, Freya was a very kind goddess, and when Loki told her why he wanted her falcon plumes, she gladly lent them to him. So Loki put them on and set out. “Thrym will not know me now,” he said.

It was a long, lonely road to Giantland,



but Loki reached there safely. He soon found the giant, and lit as near him as he dared.

Now Thrym knew him at once in spite of his falcon plumes.

“Why, hello, Loki!” he called. “What are you doing down here? Aren’t you a long way from home?”

“Ah!” said Loki. “We are all feeling very

badly in Asgard because of Thor's hammer. It must have been a clever fellow who got it away from him. Nobody but you could have done that, Thrym."

Thrym was greatly pleased at Loki's words. He nodded his head and laughed. "Yes," he said, "I stole it, and now I am going to show the gods how to use it."

"Ah! You're a bright fellow, Thrym," said Loki. "But what do you need of a hammer? Thor, of course, needs his hammer. He can do little without it. Give it back to him, so that we may hear no more of his crying."

"No, no, Loki," said Thrym. "You can't fool me that way. I have the hammer now, and I mean to keep it unless"—and the big giant stopped a minute—"unless the gods of Asgard will send me the beautiful Freya for my wife."

Now Loki could hardly help laughing at the idea of Freya's being Thrym's wife. Freya

was one of the fairest goddesses of Asgard, and a great favorite. The gods would never think of giving her to the frost giant. But Thrym would listen to no other plan, so after a while Loki promised to see what he could do, and set off for Asgard.

On reaching home, Loki first told Thor about his visit. The thunder god was so angry that he wanted to go down to Giantland himself, and take the hammer away from Thrym. But Loki at length made him promise not to do so, and then went to see Freya.

He found the beautiful goddess walking in her garden, wearing her famous necklace of stars. When she heard that the frost giant wanted her for his wife she was very angry. "I would never marry that big, ugly giant; no, never!" she cried, and she broke her beautiful necklace of stars, so that they went falling through the sky in all directions.

Now the gods felt very much upset. They

loved Freya too much to make her unhappy. Yet it would not be safe to let Thrym keep Thor's hammer. Asgard must be protected from the great frost giants, and Thor's magic hammer was its best defence.

While the gods were wondering what to do, Heimdall stepped up. He was the watchman at the Rainbow Bridge, which leads out of Asgard.

"I have a plan," said he. "Let us dress up Thor in Freya's clothes, put a veil over his face, and let him go down to Thrym's castle as the bride. Perhaps he can get hold of the hammer while he is there."

All the gods except Thor thought this was a good plan. The big thunder god did not like the idea of dressing up as a woman. However, nobody could think of a better plan, so it was at last decided to do as Heimdall said.

Now all the goddesses set to work to make



Thor look like the beautiful Freya. By good luck she was very tall, so it was not a hard matter to fit one of her robes over Thor. Then they carefully brushed and curled Thor's hair, and placed a jeweled head-dress upon it. And to cover up Thor's beard they fastened a heavy veil over his face. Then around his neck they hung the beautiful necklace of stars, that had now been restrung. When all was

done, Thor looked for all the world like a tall, beautiful goddess.

Loki was very much amused. He laughed at Thor's appearance.

"All you need now is a maid," said he. "Let me dress up, too, and go along with you. I will help you to get the hammer."

To tell the truth, Thor was glad to have Loki go with him. He knew very well that he should find it hard to act the part of the bride.

So Loki was dressed up as a maid-servant, and they both got into Thor's goat-car and drove off. Away they went, dashing over the ground, the hoofs of the goats striking off bright sparks against the rocks by the wayside.

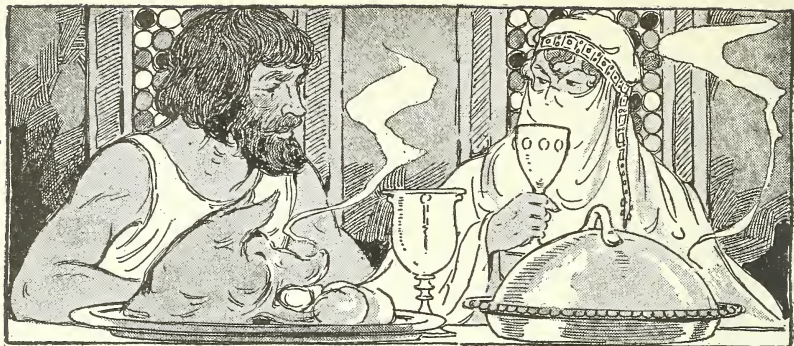
It did not take them long to reach Giantland, and as they drew near they could see Thrym himself waiting to greet them. The great giant was very much excited. He looked at Thor's tall form. "Oh, what a fine, tall

maiden she is!" he said to himself. "She is just the wife for me."

Meanwhile a splendid banquet had been prepared, and a great many giants had come to welcome Thrym's bride. There were all kinds of good things to eat. There were great dishes of roasted oxen and salmon, and plenty of cakes and sweetmeats for the ladies.

Thor was seated on a throne beside Thrym, and Loki stood behind his chair.

Now, the giants thought that the fair bride would not eat much, so they had placed before Thor only a few dainty dishes. But Thor's long ride had made him very hungry. He reached over and took a great dish of roasted ox that lay on the table and ate it all up. Then he picked up several big roasted salmon and ate them, too. After that he ate several platefuls of cakes and sweetmeats. Then, feeling thirsty, he picked up two big barrels of mead, and drank them off, one after another.



Meanwhile Thrym had watched Thor with surprise. Surely no maiden ever ate like that. But Loki leaned over and told him in a whisper that Freya had been so excited at the thought of her marriage that she had eaten nothing for eight days.

Thrym smiled. "Ah! Quite like a maiden," said he.

Then he went over to his bride, and tried to lift her veil and kiss her. But Thor glared at him so fiercely that he drew back, startled.

"Why do Freya's eyes burn so fiercely?" he asked.

"Oh," said Loki in a whisper, "that is because she loves you so."

This made Thrym still more happy, and he called: "Bring in Thor's hammer, my wedding-gift. When I have placed it in her lap she shall be mine forever, then together we will work evil against the gods of Asgard."

Presently several servants came in, bending under the weight of the mighty hammer. "Here," said Thrym, passing it to her. "take this for thy wedding-gift, fair Freya."

"And take that for thine!" shouted Thor, rising. Swinging the mighty hammer, he struck Thrym to the earth. Swinging it a second time, he struck down all of the giants at the banquet. Still a third time he swung it, and this time the palace itself came tumbling down about Thor and Loki.

"Now, Loki," said Thor, "that business is well over. I have my mighty hammer, and I am Thor, the thunder god, once more."

KRISS KRINGLE

Just as the moon was fading
Amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed
With childhood's precious things,
Old Kriss Kringle looked around,
And saw on the elm-tree bough,
High hung, an oriole's nest,
Lonely and empty now.

“Quite a stocking,” he laughed,
“Hung up there on a tree!
I didn't suppose the birds
Expected a present from me!”
Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves
A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of snowflakes
Into the oriole's empty nest.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE ANTS' MONDAY DINNER

I

How did I know what the ants had for dinner last Monday? It is odd that I should have known, but I will tell you how it happened.

I was sitting under a big pine-tree, high up on a hillside, in Colorado, more than seven thousand feet above the sea. I had been watching the great mountains with their snowy caps, and the forest of pine-trees—miles of them—so close together that it looked as if you could lie down on their tops and not fall through.

My eyes were tired of looking at things so great and grand, and so many miles away. So I looked down on the ground where I was sitting, and watched some ants that were running about. They were as restless and busy

as if they had the whole world on their shoulders.

Suddenly I saw, under a tuft of grass, a tiny yellow caterpillar, which seemed to be bounding along in a very strange way. In a second more I saw an ant seize him and drag him off. The caterpillar was three times as long as the ant, and his body was more than twice as large round as the biggest part of the ant's body.

"Ho, ho! Mr. Ant," said I, "you needn't think you are strong enough to drag that fellow very far."

It was about the same thing as if you or I should drag a heifer that was kicking and struggling all the time; only a heifer hasn't half as many legs with which to catch hold of things as the caterpillar had.

Poor caterpillar! How he did try to get away! But the ant never gave him a second's time to take a good grip on anything; and



he was cunning enough, too, to drag him on his side, so that he couldn't use his legs very well.

Up and down, under and over sticks and stones, in and out of tufts of grass; up to the very tops of the tallest blades, and then down again; over gravel and sand, and across

bridges and pine-needles; from stone to stone; backward all the way—but, for all I could see, just as swiftly as if he were going head foremost—ran that ant, dragging the caterpillar after him. I watched him very closely, thinking, of course, he must be making his way to his house. Presently he darted up the trunk of the pine-tree under which I was sitting.

“Dear me!” said I, “ants don’t live in trees! What does this mean?” The bark of the tree was broken and jagged, and full of seams more than twenty times as deep as the height of the ant’s body. But he didn’t mind; down one side and up the other he went.

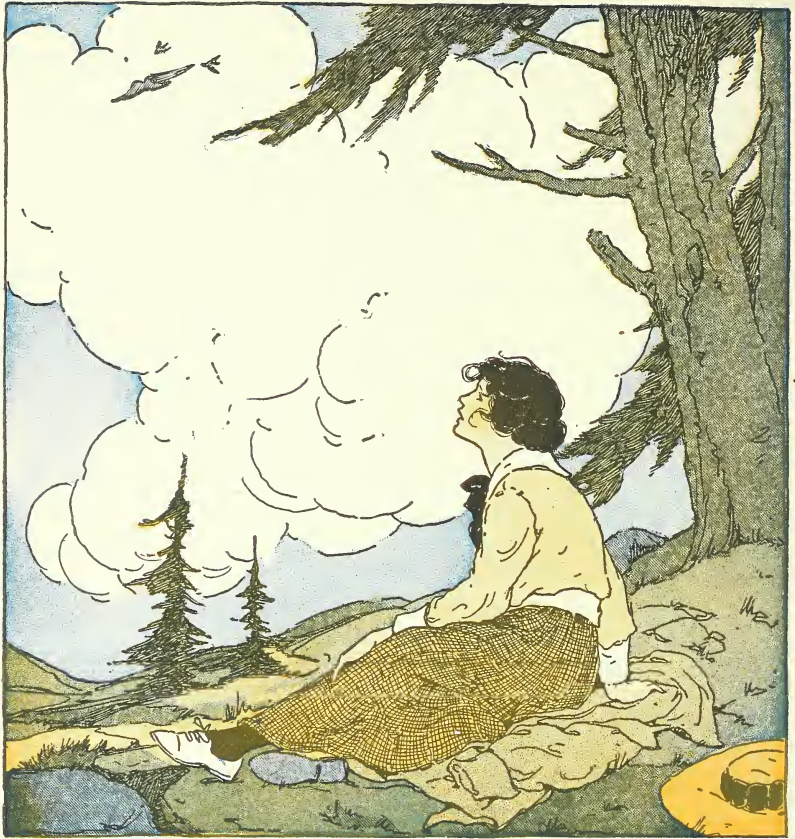
I had to watch very closely not to lose sight of him altogether. I began to think that he was trying to kill the caterpillar; that perhaps he didn’t mean to eat him after all. How did I know but that some ants might hunt caterpillars just as some men hunt deer, for fun, and not at all because they need food?

If I had been sure of this, I should have spoiled Mr. Ant's sport, and set the poor caterpillar free. But I never heard of an ant's being cruel, and, if it were really for dinner for his family that he was working so hard, I thought he ought to be helped and not hindered.

II

Just then my attention was turned away from him by a sharp hawk cry overhead. I looked up, and there was an enormous hawk, sailing round in circles, with two small birds flying after him. They were pouncing down upon his head, then darting away, and all the time making shrill cries of fright and anger.

I knew very well what that meant. Mr. Hawk was trying to do some marketing for his dinner. He had his eye on some little birds in their nest, and the partner birds were driving him away.



You would scarcely believe that two birds so small could drive off one so big as the hawk, but they did. They seemed fairly to buzz round his head, as flies do round a horse's head. At last he gave up, and flew

off so far that he vanished in the blue sky, and the little birds came skimming home again into the wood.

“Well, well,” said I, “the little people are stronger than the great ones, after all.” But where had my ant gone? Sure enough, I had not been watching the hawk and the birds for more than two minutes, but in those two minutes the ant and the caterpillar had disappeared.

At last I found them—where do you think? In the fold of my water-proof cloak, on which I was sitting. The ant had let go the caterpillar, and was running round and round him, and the caterpillar was too nearly dead to stir.

I shook out the fold, and as soon as the cloth lay straight and smooth, the ant fastened his nippers in the caterpillar again, and started off as fast as ever.

By this time the caterpillar was so limp

and helpless, that the ant was not afraid of his getting away from him; so he stopped a second, now and then, to rest. Sometimes he would spring on the caterpillar's back, and stretch himself out there. Sometimes he would stand still and look at him sharply, keeping one nipper on his head.

It astonished me very much at first that none of the ants he met took any notice of him. They all went on their way, and never took so much as a sniff at the caterpillar.

But soon I said to myself: "How stupid not to suppose that ants can be as well-behaved as people! When you passed Mr. Jones yesterday you didn't peep into his market-basket, nor touch the big cabbage that he carried under his arm."

Presently the ant dropped the caterpillar and ran on a few steps—I mean inches—to meet another ant that was coming towards him. I could not hear what they said, but

they both ran quickly back to the caterpillar. One took him by the head and the other by the tail, and they got along finely.

It was only a few steps to the ants' house. The door was a round hole in the ground about as big as my little finger. Several ants were standing in the doorway watching these two, as they came with the caterpillar. As soon as the caterpillar was on the doorstep, they all took hold of him, and almost before I knew that he was there they had tumbled him down, heels over head, into the ground. That was the last I saw of him.

The oddest thing was that now the ants came running home from all directions. I don't believe there was any dinner-bell rung, though there might have been one too fine for my ears to hear; but in less than a minute I had counted thirty-three ants running down that hole. I fancied that they looked as hungry as wolves.

I had a great mind to dig down into the hole with a stick, to see what became of the caterpillar. But I thought it would not be quite fair to take the roof off a man's house, to find out how he cooked his beef for dinner. So I sat still awhile and wondered whether the ants would have any food left for Tuesday. Then I went home to my own dinner.

HELEN HUNT (adapted).





THE CAVE OF GOLD

Once on a time, in a far-away city, there lived a man who was very, very poor. He was a good man, and he worked very hard, but in spite of all he could do he still remained poor. Sometimes he hardly had enough to eat.

At last he thought that perhaps he could get on better in the country. So he made a bundle of all his belongings and set out from the city. On and on he trudged, until he came to the edge of a great forest. There he built a little hut, cleared some land, and settled down to live.

Now to supply himself with food the poor man planted a garden with corn and melon seeds. As soon as the young green shoots appeared above the ground, he began to look after them carefully. He pulled up the weeds, and he hoed the ground, so that the plants grew very rapidly.

In the forest near by there lived a great many monkeys. They watched the garden carefully, too. When the corn and the melons got big enough to eat, the monkeys went into the garden and began to help themselves. But the owner of the garden did not get angry, as many men would have done. He remembered the days when he had gone hungry himself, and let the monkeys eat all they wanted.

The monkeys were surprised at this. They had never before seen a man who would let them eat his corn and melons. "He is a kind, good man," they said to each other.

“He is our real friend. Some day, perhaps, we can repay him for his kindness.”

One day, when the man was in his garden, he lay down to rest, and as it was warm he soon fell asleep. After a while, the monkeys came into the garden, and seeing him lying on the ground they thought he was dead. “Oh! Oh!” they cried. “Our kind friend is dead! For a long time he has allowed us to eat the good things that grew in his garden. Now that he is dead we must find a good place to bury him.”

The man heard what the monkeys said, but as he was anxious to know what they would do, he remained perfectly quiet. The monkeys picked him up carefully, and carried him off into the forest. After a while, they came to a place where two roads met. Here they stopped, and one of the monkeys asked: “Where shall we take him now?”

“To the cave of silver,” said one monkey.

“No! No! To the cave of gold,” said another.

Then the chief of the monkeys decided the question. “Take our friend to the cave of gold,” said he.

So they carried the man deep into the forest to a great cave, and there laid him gently down.

When the monkeys had all gone, the man sat up and looked about him. All around him in the cave were heaps of gold. He had never seen so much gold before. So he gathered up all he could carry, and with it hurried off home.

The poor man was now very rich. He built himself a fine house, and lived in comfort and plenty.

The man's neighbors were much surprised at the change in his fortunes. One of them, who was an unkind, envious fellow, said to him one day: “How is it that you are able



to live so well? You used to live very plainly indeed, but now you have a better house and wear better clothes than any of us.”

Then the good-natured man, thinking to help his neighbor, told him all about his visit to the cave of gold.

“Aha!” said the neighbor, “that is a game I can play as well as you.” And he hurried

home and planted a garden with corn and melons, just as the first man had done.

After a while, when the corn and melons were big enough, the monkeys came into the garden and began to eat them, as they had done in the other man's garden. Then one day the owner of the garden lay down on the ground and pretended to be dead, and after a while the monkeys came and found him. Thinking that he was dead, they felt very sorry indeed; so they picked him up and carried him off into the forest, just as they had done with the first man.

When they came to the place where the two roads met, they stopped as before, to decide whether they should bury him in the cave of silver or the cave of gold.

While they were disputing about it, the man kept thinking: "As soon as they leave me alone in the cave I will gather up all the gold. Then I will make a bamboo basket, so

that I can carry home a great deal more than my neighbor.”

Just then the head monkey said: “Put him into the cave of silver.”

This so disappointed the man that he forgot that he was supposed to be dead and cried out: “No! No! Put me into the cave of gold!”

That settled the matter. The monkeys were terribly frightened. Down they dropped the man, and off they ran into the woods. Bruised by his fall, he picked himself up sadly and went home. Owing to his greed he had lost all chance to get either silver or gold. Don't you think he was served just right?



GOLD AND LOVE FOR DEARIE

(Cornish Lullaby)

Out on the mountain over the town,
All night long, all night long,
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,
Bearing their packs and singing a song;
And this is the song the hill-folk croon,
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon—
This is ever their dolorous tune:

“Gold, gold! ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!”

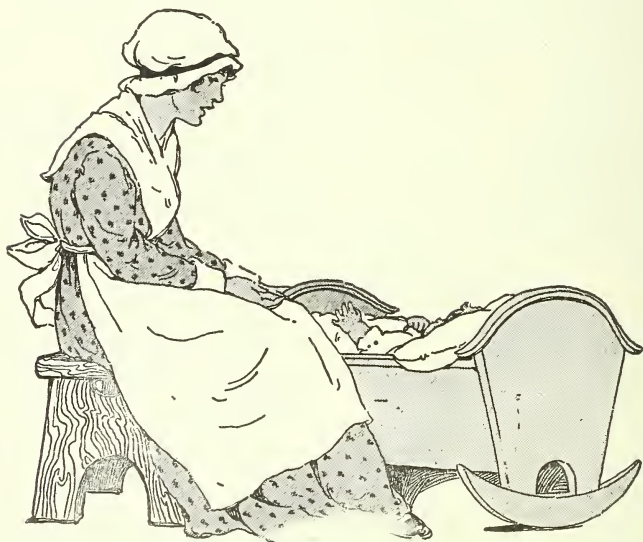
Deep in the hill a father delves
All night long, all night long;
None but the peering, furtive elves
Sees his toil and hears his song;
Merrily ever the cavern rings
As merrily ever his pick he swings,
And merrily ever this song he sings:

“Gold, gold! ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!”



Mother is rocking thy lowly bed
All night long, all night long,
Happy to smooth thy curly head,
To hold thy hand and to sing *her* song:
'Tis not of the hill-folk dwarfed and old,
Nor the song of thy father, stanch and bold,
And the burthen it beareth is not of gold:
But it's "Love, love! nothing but love—
Mother's love for dearie!"

EUGENE FIELD.



THE PRINCESS ON THE GLASS HILL

Once on a time there was a man who had a meadow which lay high upon the hillside. In this meadow there was a barn which he had built for his hay.

Now, for a year or two there hadn't been much in the barn, for during Saint John's eve, when the grass stood greenest and deepest, it was eaten down to the very ground. In the morning it looked just as if a whole drove of sheep had been there feeding on the grass over night.

When this had happened twice, the man grew tired of losing his hay. So, when next Saint John's eve came round, he told his sons that one of them must go and sleep in the barn.

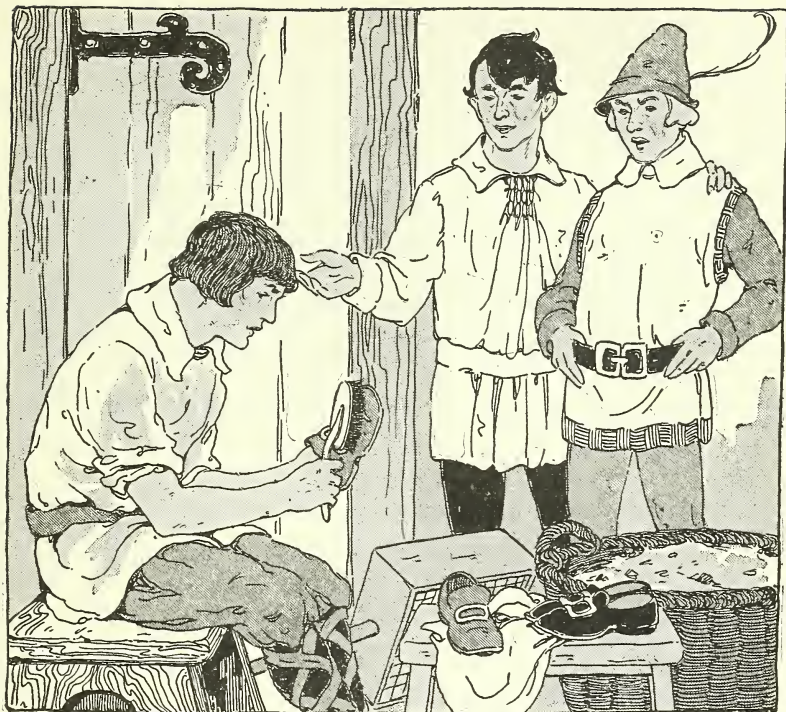
"It is too good a joke," said he, "that my grass should be eaten, root and blade, this year as it has been the last two years."

Well, the eldest son was all ready to go.

He wasn't a bit afraid. So when evening came, he set off to the barn and lay down to sleep. But a little later on in the night, there came such a clatter and such an earthquake, that the walls and the roof shook, and groaned, and creaked most dreadfully.

The young man was so frightened that up he jumped and took to his heels as fast as he could, and he didn't once look round till he reached home. As for the hay, why, it was eaten up just as it had been twice before.

The next Saint John's eve the man again said that one of his sons must sleep in the barn. This time the second son was ready to try his luck, so he lay down to sleep in the barn, as his brother had done before him. But as night wore on, there came a rumbling and quaking of the earth worse even than on the last Saint John's eve. When the young man heard it he became frightened, and took to his heels as though he were running a race.



Next year it was the youngest son's turn. This lad cleaned his older brothers' shoes, sifted ashes, and did other dirty work about the house. His brothers treated him unkindly, and called him Jack the Cinder Sifter.

Now, when he began to get ready to go to the barn, the two older brothers began to laugh

at him, saying: "Ah, you're just the man to watch the hay, that you are. You have done nothing all your life but sit in the ashes and toast yourself by the fire."

But Jack paid no attention to their jeers, and when evening came he went off to the barn and lay down to sleep. After a time the barn began to groan and creak in the most dreadful way.

"Well," said he to himself, "if it doesn't get worse than this I can stand it all right."

A little while afterwards another creak and another earthquake came, much greater than the first.

"Oh, well," said Jack to himself, "if it doesn't get worse than this I can stand it all right."

Just then there came a third rumbling and a third earthquake, so that the lad was afraid the walls and roof were coming down. But the noise and rumbling soon stopped, and all was quiet again.

After a while, Jack heard a noise as if a horse were standing just outside the barn door and eating the grass. So he crept to the door quietly and peeped out. Outside he saw a horse feeding. So big and fat and grand a horse he had never seen. By his side on the grass lay a saddle and bridle, and a full suit of armor for a knight, all of brass, so bright that the light flashed from it like fire.

“Ho, ho!” thought the lad; “it’s you, is it, that eats up our hay? I’ll soon attend to you.”

So he took the steel out of his tinder-box and threw it over the horse. This cast a spell over him, so that he could not stir from the spot where he stood, and he became so tame that the lad could do what he liked with him. So Jack got on the horse’s back, and rode off to a place which nobody knew of, and there left him.

When Jack got home, his older brothers laughed and asked him how he got along.

“Very well,” said he. “I can’t think what there was in the barn to make you both so afraid.”

“Is that so!” said his brothers, “but we’ll soon see how you watched the meadow,” and they set off to see how it looked. When they got there they found the grass as deep and thick as it had been the night before.

Well, the next Saint John’s eve it was the same story over again. Neither of the older brothers dared to watch in the barn. But Jack wasn’t afraid, and everything happened just as it had happened the year before. First there was a clatter and an earthquake, then a greater clatter and another earthquake, and so a third time. Only this year the earthquakes were far worse than the year before. Then all at once everything was quiet, and the lad heard something eating the grass outside the barn door.

So he stole to the door and peeped out,



and what do you think he saw? Why, there was another horse standing right up against the wall, and chewing and champing with might and main. It was far finer and fatter than the horse that had come the year before, and it had a saddle on its back and a bridle on its neck. But, more than that, a full suit of mail for a knight lay by its side, all of silver, and as grand as you could wish to see.

“Ho, ho!” said Jack to himself, “it’s you

that gobbles up our hay, is it? I'll soon attend to you."

So he took the steel out of his tinder-box and threw it over the horse, which stood as still as a lamb. Then Jack rode this horse off to the same place where he kept the other one, and went back home.

"Well!" said one of his older brothers. "I suppose you'll tell us there's a fine crop this year up in the hayfield."

"Yes, so there is," said Jack, and when the others went to see, sure enough there stood the grass, as thick and deep as it was the year before. But they weren't any better pleased for that.

Now, when the third Saint John's eve came the two other brothers didn't care to sleep in the barn and watch the grass, so away went Jack again alone. The very same thing happened this time as had happened twice before. The earthquakes came, one after the other,

each worse than the one which went before. Then all was still, and in a little while Jack heard something eating the grass outside.

So he stole to the door and peeped out, and there stood a horse close outside—far, far bigger and fatter than the two he had taken before.

“Ho, ho!” said the lad to himself, “it’s you, is it, that comes here eating up our hay? I’ll soon stop that.”

So he took his steel out of his tinder-box and threw it over the horse. In an instant it stood as still as if nailed to the ground, and Jack could do with it as he pleased. Then he rode off with it to the hiding place where he kept the other two horses and went home.

When Jack got home his two brothers made fun of him again, as they had done before, but Jack only asked them to go and look for themselves. And when they went,

there stood the grass as fine and deep this time as it had been twice before.

Now, the king of the country where these brothers lived had a very beautiful daughter. And the king had said that he would give her only to the man who could ride up over the hill of glass that stood close by the king's palace. It was a high, high hill, as smooth and slippery as ice, and not easy to ride up, you may be sure. Upon the tip-top of the hill the king's daughter was to sit, with three golden apples in her lap. The man who could ride up and carry off these golden apples was to have half the kingdom and the princess for his wife.

Now, the princess was so lovely that all who saw her fell in love with her, whether they wished to do so or not. So all the princes and knights who heard of her were eager to win her for a wife and half the kingdom besides. From all parts of the kingdom they



came, riding on high-prancing horses and clad in the grandest clothes, and everyone of them felt sure that he was to win the princess.

When the day of the trial came, there was a great crowd of princes and knights at the foot of the glass hill. There was a great crowd of other people, too, for everyone was

eager to see the man who was to win the princess. The two older brothers were there with the rest, but they wouldn't let Jack go with them.

"We can't let you come," they said; "you are too dirty from cleaning our shoes and sifting the ashes."

"Very well," said Jack, "it's all one to me."

Now, when the two brothers came to the hill of glass, the princes and the knights were hard at it, trying to ride up the hill. But it was no use. As soon as the horses set foot on the hill, down they slipped, and there wasn't one who could get even a yard or two up. And no wonder, for the hill was as smooth as a sheet of glass and as steep as a house wall. But all were eager to get the princess and half of the kingdom. So they rode and slipped, and slipped and rode, and still it was the same old story. At last all their horses were so weary that they could

hardly lift a leg, so the knights had to give up trying.

The king was just thinking that he would have to hold a new trial the next day, when all at once a strange knight rode up. He had the finest horse that anyone had ever seen, and he wore armor of shining brass. Never had anyone seen such a splendid sight.

Then everybody called out to him to save himself the trouble of trying to ride up the hill, for it could not be done. But he paid no attention to them, and rode straight at the hill and right up it about a third of the way. Then he turned and rode down again.

So handsome a knight the princess thought she had never seen. While he was riding up she thought: "Ah! I hope he will ride up and down the other side." When she saw him turn to go down again, she threw one of the golden apples after him, and it rolled down into his shoe. But when he got to the



bottom of the hill, he rode away so fast that nobody could tell what had become of him.

That evening all the princes and knights who had tried to ride up the hill had to go before the king. The one who had the golden apple that the princess had thrown was to show it and claim his reward. But no one had anything to show. One after another they came before the king, but none of them had the golden apple.

That same evening Jack's brothers came home, too, and told all about the riding up the hill of glass. Jack was much interested in all that they said.

“I should like to have been there,” he said.

His brothers laughed. “Oh, you would have looked fine there, you dirty fellow, among so many fine lords and ladies.”

Next day the older brothers again set out for the hill, and Jack again begged them to take him with them to see the riding. But they only laughed and made fun of him.

“Very well,” said he, “if I go at all, I will go by myself. I am not afraid.”

Now, when the brothers got to the hill all the princes and knights began to ride up again. But it was no use. They only rode and slipped, and slipped and rode, just as they had done the day before. Not one could get a yard up the hill. But they kept at it until their horses were so tired that they couldn't stir a leg. Then they all gave up.

Now, the king was just about to say that there would be another trial next day, when

a strange knight came riding up. He rode a horse much bigger and finer than the one the knight in brass had ridden the day before, and he had a beautiful suit of silver mail and a silver saddle and bridle that shone brightly in the sunlight.

Some of the knights shouted to him that he might as well not try to ride up the hill of glass, because it was no use. But he paid no attention to them, and rode straight at the hill and right up it till he was two-thirds of the way to the top. Then he turned and rode down again.

Now, to tell the truth, the princess liked him still better than the knight in brass. She sat and wished that he might be able to ride up to the top and down the other side. When he turned and started to go down she was greatly disappointed, and threw the second apple after him. Down it rolled and fell into his shoe. But as soon as he got down the

hill, he rode away so fast that nobody could see what became of him.

In the evening all the knights and princes who had tried to ride up the hill went in before the king and the princess. But, when they were asked to show the golden apple that the princess had thrown, nobody could show it.

The two brothers went home, as they had done the day before, and told all they had seen.

“Oh!” said Jack, “I wish I could have been there, too!”

The brothers laughed. “You would have looked very fine there among so many grand lords and ladies.”

The third day everything happened as before. Jack begged to go and see the sight, but the brothers only laughed and made fun of him. When they got to the hill, there were many princes and knights trying to ride up, but

no one could get up a single yard. At last, when all the knights and princes were tired of trying, everybody waited to see if the silver knight would come again. But though they waited a long time he didn't come.

Then all at once a knight came riding up on the finest horse that anyone had ever seen. He had a suit of golden mail and a golden saddle and bridle, and when the sun shone on him you could see him a mile off.

He rode straight at the hill and right up it, as easy as nothing at all, so that the princess hadn't even time to wish that he might get up the whole way. As soon as he reached the top, he took the third golden apple from the princess's lap. Then he turned his horse and rode down again. As soon as he got down, he rode off at full speed, and was soon out of sight.

Now, when the brothers got home that night, you may be sure they told great stories of



what had happened at the hill that day. They had a great deal to say about the knight in golden mail.

“He was a fine rider!” they said. “So grand a knight isn’t to be found in the wide world.”

“Oh!” said Jack, “how I should like to have seen him!”

“You would have looked fine, you dirty fellow,” said they, “among all those grand lords and ladies.”

Next day all the knights and princes were to pass before the king and the princess, so that he who had the golden apple might show it. One came after another, first the princes and then the knights, and still none could show the golden apple.

“Well,” said the king, “some one must have it, for we all saw with our own eyes how a man came and rode up and bore it off.”

So he commanded that everyone in the kingdom should come to the palace and see if he could show the apple. So they all came, one after another, but no one had the golden apple. After a time the two brothers of Jack came. They were the last of all, so the king asked them if there was no one else in the kingdom who hadn't come.

“Oh, yes!” said they. “We have a brother, but he couldn't have carried off the golden apple. He hasn't left the chimney corner during the last three days.”

“Never mind that,” said the king, “he may as well come up to the palace like the rest.”

So Jack had to go up to the palace.

“How now,” said the king, “have you got the golden apples? Speak out!”

“Yes, I have,” said Jack. “Here is the first; and here is the second; and there is the third, too.” With that he pulled all three golden apples out of his pockets. Then, throwing off his old dirty clothes, he stood before them in shining golden mail.

“Well,” said the king, “you shall have my daughter and half of my kingdom. You well deserve them both.”

So they made ready for the wedding, and Jack got the princess for his wife. There was great merry-making at the bridal feast, you may be sure, for they could all be merry, even if they couldn't ride up the hill of glass.



THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go “Yooooo”?

’Tis a pitiful sound to hear!

It seems to chill you through and through

With a strange and speechless fear.

’Tis the voice of the night that broods outside

When folk should be asleep,

And many and many’s the time I’ve cried

To the darkness brooding far and wide

Over the land and the deep:

“Whom do you want, O lonely night,

That you wail the long hours through?”

And the night would say in its ghostly way:

“Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!”



My mother told me long ago
 (When I was a little tad)
That when the night went wailing so,
 Somebody had been bad ;



And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask

Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:

“Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!”

That this was true I must allow—

You'll not believe it, though!

Yes, though I'm quite a model now,

I was not always so.

And if you doubt what things I say,

Suppose you make the test;

Suppose, when you've been bad some day

And up to bed are sent away

From mother and the rest—

Suppose you ask, “Who has been bad?”

And then you'll hear what's true;

For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:

“Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!”

EUGENE FIELD.

A GREAT AND WISE KING

Many, many years ago, in a far away country called Judea, there lived a king named Solomon. He was the wisest king that ever lived. He was so wise that even now to say that a man is as wise as Solomon, is the highest praise we can give.

When Solomon first became king, he dreamed that God appeared to him, and promised to give him anything that he wanted. Instead of asking for riches, fame, or power, as many men would have done, Solomon asked for wisdom to rule his people rightly.

“I am but as a little child,” said he. “Give me an understanding heart to judge my people, that I may know the good from the bad.”

And God was pleased with Solomon, and gave him what he asked for, saying: “Because



thou hast not asked for thyself long life, nor riches, nor the life of thine enemies, behold I have done according to thy words. I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor; so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days.”



It came to pass as God had promised in the dream. Solomon's power became greater and greater, and his fame for wisdom and wealth spread all over the earth. Many stories are told to show how wise he was.

Once on a time, it is said that two women came before Solomon with a little child. Each claimed it as her own. Only one of the

women could be the rightful mother, but could the king tell which one it was? All of Solomon's ministers waited eagerly to see what the king would say. First he listened carefully to the women's story, then he said to a servant: "Bring me a sword. Now," said he, "cut the child in two and give half to each of the women."

At these words the rightful mother cried out with fear, saying: "Spare my child, O King! Spare my child! Take him from me, if thou wilt, but let him live!"

Then the king knew that she was the rightful mother, and ordered the child to be given to her.

Solomon's reign was most magnificent. His ships sailed all the seas, bringing home gold and silver and precious stones, spices and rare silks. He had a great army with thousands of horses and chariots. He built a temple whose size and beauty made it one of

the wonders of the world. He sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, for timbers to use in building this temple. Hundreds of great fir and cedar trees were cut in the forests of Lebanon, and dragged down to the sea. There they were made into rafts, and carried to the sea shore of Solomon's country, and then dragged up to Jerusalem.

The walls of the temple were of stone, and there were great pillars round three sides of it, and a porch in front. Inside, the temple was decorated with beautiful carved stone and with gold. It took seven years to build the temple, and when it was done it was one of the most beautiful buildings ever seen.

After the temple was finished, Solomon built a palace for himself. This was also very large and magnificent. Like the temple, its walls were of stone, and there were great pillars about it, and a porch in front.

Within the palace there was a beautiful



throne of ivory and gold. There was a carved lion on each side of it, and there were six carved lions on each side of the six steps that led up to it.

The fame of Solomon became so great that people came from far away places to see him. The Queen of Sheba heard of him, and was

anxious to learn if Solomon was really as wise and great as he was said to be. So she made the long journey from her land to Jerusalem to see for herself.

She came with a great train of camels laden with all kinds of costly presents for Solomon. There were gold and precious stones and rare spices. The queen was amazed at what she saw and heard at Solomon's court, and she said to the king:

"I could not believe all the wonderful things that were told me of your knowledge and wisdom. But now I have come and seen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears. Now I know that half the truth was not told me. All your wisdom and wealth are far greater than I could have believed."

So for forty years Solomon ruled in splendor and magnificence, and his great fame and wisdom have come down to us of the present day.



THE FOX AND THE WOLF

One summer night, when a big, round full moon was shining in the sky, a great wolf came trotting along the road that led to a village.

“I must surely get a good meal before I go back to my den,” he said to himself. “It is nearly a week since I have tasted anything but scraps, and I am nearly starved to death.

Of course, there are plenty of rabbits in the mountains; but one needs to be as fast as a greyhound to catch them. I must see if I cannot find something to eat in this village."

Just at that moment, a hungry fox came running up. She, too, had been without anything to eat, until she was nearly dead with hunger.

When the wolf saw the fox, his mouth began to water. "Aha!" he said to himself. "There are worse things to eat than a fox."

When the fox saw the wolf, she spoke very politely. "Is that you, neighbor?" she said. "I hope you are quite well."

"Oh, yes!" said the wolf. "As well as one can be when one is very hungry. But what is the matter with you? You aren't as plump as you were the last time I saw you."

"I have been very ill," said the fox. "A worm is fat compared with me."

"Still you are fat enough for me; for 'to the hungry no bread is hard.'"



“Why, what do you mean?” said the fox.
“I am sure you are not half as hungry as I.”

“We shall soon see!” cried the wolf, opening his great mouth and getting ready for a spring.

“What are you going to do!” exclaimed the fox, jumping backward.

“Going to do! Why, make my supper off you, to be sure.”

“Well, I suppose you must have your joke,” said the fox, trying to appear quite calm, but never taking her eyes off the wolf.

“I don’t want to joke, but to eat,” said the wolf.

“But, surely, you wouldn’t eat me. I am so thin that you would never know that you had eaten anything.”

“You are better than nothing,” said the wolf. “I am too hungry to be particular.”

“Wait! Wait!” said the fox. “If I must die I must, that is all; but I have one last request to make.”

“Well, what is it? Be quick and don’t waste time.”

“You must know,” said the fox, “that in this village there is a rich man. In the summer he makes enough cheeses to last him for the whole year. He keeps them in an old well that is now dry in his yard. In the well hang two buckets that were used in former days to draw up water. For many nights I have crept down to the place, lowered myself in the bucket, and brought home enough cheese to feed the children. All I ask is, that you will come with me and let me make a good meal off the cheeses before I die.”

“But the cheeses may be all eaten by this time.”

“Oh, no!” said the fox. “There are plenty of them; and if they are all gone, you will still have me to eat.”

“Well, I will go,” said the wolf. “Lead

the way. But if you try to run away or play any tricks, it will be the worse for you."

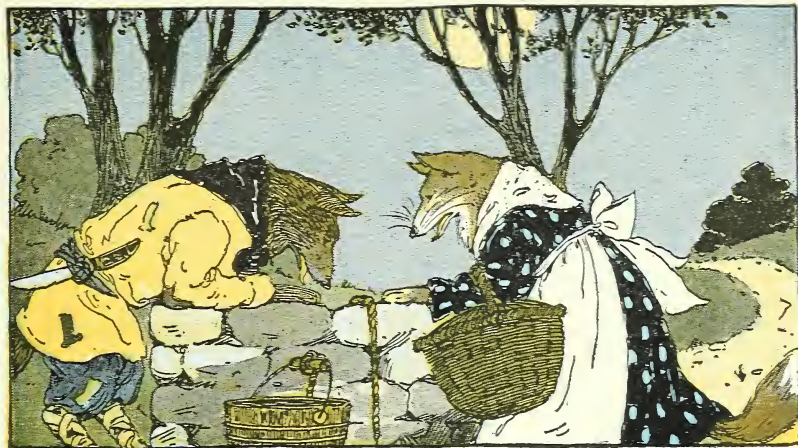
All was silent in the village, and not a light was to be seen but that of the moon. The wolf and the fox crept softly along until they came to a wall.

"Here we are," said the fox. "Now, up we go," and he jumped up on the wall. The wolf followed quickly.

From the top of the wall they could look down into the yard. In the further corner stood the well with its two buckets, just as the fox had described it.

The fox and the wolf crawled along the wall until they were opposite the well. Then, by stretching out her neck, the fox could see that there was only a little water in the well; but there was quite enough to reflect the moon, big and yellow.

"How lucky!" she cried. "There is a big cheese about the size of a mill wheel. Look!



Look! Did you ever see anything so beautiful!"

"Never!" said the wolf, looking over into the well; for he really thought that the moon's reflection in the water was a cheese.

"There, now, didn't I tell you the truth?" asked the fox.

"Yes," said the wolf, "you are surely a fox of your word."

"Well, then, go down in the bucket and eat all you want," said the fox.

"Oho! that is your game, is it?" exclaimed

the wolf, grinning. "No, no! If anyone goes down in that bucket it will be you. If you don't go, your head will go without you."

"Oh, very well! I am perfectly willing to go," said the fox, who had expected the wolf's answer.

"And be sure you don't eat all the cheese, or it will be the worse for you," said the wolf.

"Very well," said the fox, and she climbed into the bucket.

Down went the fox to the bottom of the well. There she found that the water was not deep enough to cover her legs.

"Why, the cheese is even larger and richer than I thought," she called to the wolf, who was leaning over and looking down into the well.

"Then be quick and bring it up," said the wolf.

"How can I? It weighs more than I do," said the fox.

“If it is so heavy, bring it in two pieces.”

“But I have no knife. You will have to come down yourself and help me to carry it up.”

“But how can I get down?”

“Get into the other bucket.”

The wolf looked at the bucket a moment. Then he climbed into it. As he weighed much more than the fox, his bucket went down quickly; and the bucket in which the fox was seated went up to the top of the well.

When the wolf saw that the fox had got away and left him at the bottom of the well, he was very angry. But he still felt a little comforted at the thought that he at least had the cheese.

But when he looked around he could not see the cheese anywhere.

“Where is the cheese?” he asked of the fox, who was leaning over the edge of the well and smiling at him.

“The cheese?” answered the fox. “Why, I am taking it home to my babies, who are too young to get food for themselves.”

“Oh, you rascal!” shouted the wolf. But the fox had not waited to hear. She had run off to a chicken-house, where she had seen some nice fat chickens a day or two before.





WAITING TO GROW

Little white snowdrops, just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup!
Think of the flow'rs that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

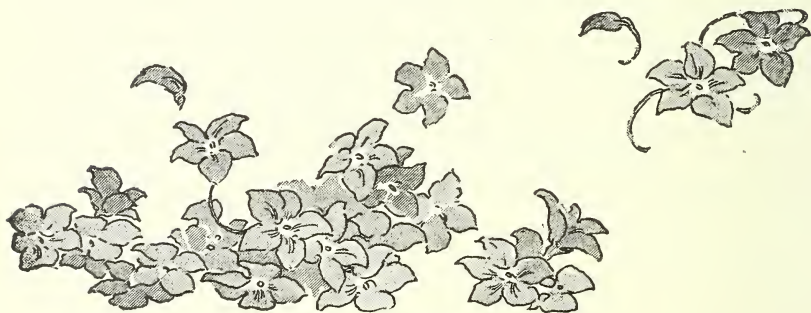
And think what numbers of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds,
Are under the leaves and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more
Will they be waiting behind that door;
Listen and watch, for they are below,
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small, or hidden so well,
That God will not find it and very soon tell
His sun where to shine and his rain where
to go,
To help them to grow!

FRANK FRENCH.



THE THREE FEATHERS

There was once a king who had grown too old and weak to reign over his kingdom any longer. So he called his three sons to him and said: "My dear children, I have grown old and tired. I should like to give up the cares of my kingdom; but I cannot make up my mind which of you to choose for my heir, for I love you all three alike. Now I want my people to have the best and cleverest of you for a king, so I will give you three trials, and the one who carries them out most successfully shall have the kingdom. The first task is to bring me home a hundred ells of cloth, so fine that I can draw it through my golden ring."

Then he led them outside the palace, and blew three feathers into the air. This he did so that there might be no quarrel as to which road each should take.



One feather flew to the west, another to the east, and the third feather flew straight up into the air, and then fell to the ground in a lonely, marshy place. The two elder brothers followed the roads their feathers had taken, but the youngest brother, whose feather had fallen so soon to the ground, sat down in the lonely place feeling very sad and miserable.

Presently he saw that there was a trap-door

just where the feather had fallen. This seemed to him very strange, and he sat for some time wondering what could be under it. At length he went to the door and raised it. Then he saw a flight of steps which led down to still another door. Going down the steps, the prince knocked at the door, and soon he heard a voice saying,

“Little frog with crooked leg,
Open now the door, I beg.”

Immediately the door was opened by a little green frog. The prince, entering, saw inside a big frog surrounded by numbers of other little frogs.

The old frog asked what he wanted, and the prince replied: “I want a hundred ells of cloth, so fine that it will pass easily through the golden ring of the king, my father.”

Then the old frog said,

“Little frog with crooked leg,
Bring me here the box, I beg.”

The little frog brought a golden box. Out of this the old frog took a small, dirty piece of linen, and gave it to the prince. The prince hardly knew whether to take the linen or not; but, trusting in the frog, he put it into his pocket, and set out for home.

When he got there, he found that his brothers had just returned, with many coaches laden with fine cloths from far away countries.

The old king was very glad to see his sons again. Pulling the ring off his finger, he tried to see which of them had done the best. But of all the cloth which the two elder brothers had brought home, there was not one piece, a tenth part of which would go through the ring!

Then the youngest brother stepped forward,

and took out of his pocket the piece of linen which the frog had given him. But it was no longer a small, dirty rag. Instead, it had changed into a piece of cloth, so soft and fine and white that nothing like it had ever been seen before. Now it passed through the ring quite easily. Indeed, two such pieces would readily have gone through together.

The father embraced his lucky son and said: "Now you must set about the second task. Bring me home a little dog, so small that it will lie in a nut-shell."

So once again the three brothers set out. As before, the two elder went east and west; but the youngest brother went straight to the trap-door and knocked again.

Once more he heard the voice saying,

"Little frog with crooked leg,
Open now the door, I beg."

And once more the door was opened to him.

“What do you want this time?” asked the old frog. When the prince had told her what he wanted, she said again,

“Little frog with crooked leg,
Bring me here the box, I beg.”

Then she took out of it a hazel-nut, and told him to take it home to his father, and crack it very gently.

The prince thanked her very much, and turned his steps homeward.

His brothers had reached home first. They had brought with them all sorts of little dogs, of every known shape and kind. But none of them was small enough to go inside even the largest walnut-shell that could be found. Then the youngest son took the hazel-nut, and cracked it very gently. There, inside, was the prettiest little white dog that had ever wagged its tail. The old king was delighted, and said to his children: “Dear sons, your hardest



tasks are over. Now listen to my last wish. Whoever brings home the fairest lady for a bride shall be heir to all my kingdom.”

The two elder brothers set out in high spirits, but the youngest brother went rather sadly. He did not see how the old frog could help him this time. However, he knocked, as



twice before, at her door, and, as before, he heard her voice saying,

“Little frog with crooked leg,
Open now the door, I beg.”

“Well, what is it now?” the old frog asked as he entered.

“Ah!” said the prince, “I fear that you cannot help me this time.”

“Never mind,” said the frog; “tell me what it is.”

Then the prince said: “This time I have to bring home the most beautiful bride.”

Then the frog said,

“Little frog with crooked leg,
Bring a pumpkin here, I beg.”

When the pumpkin was brought, the old frog sent for six water-rats, which she harnessed to it. Then she put an old fat toad on the box for a coachman, and two of the little frogs behind for footmen.

“Now,” said she to the prince, “take my youngest daughter, the little frog with the crooked leg, and put her inside.”

The prince did as he was told, when, behold! no sooner had he placed the little frog in the pumpkin than the pumpkin turned into a coach, the rats into horses, the toad into a splendid coachman, the frogs into footmen, and the little frog with the crooked leg into the most beautiful princess that had ever been born in the world. Then off they drove to the king’s palace.

When they reached there, the two elder

brothers had just arrived. Each of them had brought with him hundreds of beautiful ladies, so as to make sure of the prize. But when the frog princess stepped down from her chariot, all the court exclaimed with one voice that she was the most beautiful of them all.

So the youngest brother became heir to his father's crown, and, after his marriage to the frog princess, ruled over the kingdom wisely and well.

GRIMM BROTHERS.





SNOWDROP AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

The Queen

Captain Hans

Snowdrop

Gretchen

Voice from the Mirror

The Seven Dwarfs

Scene I

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER

The queen is sitting before her mirror arranging her hair. Gretchen, the queen's maid, is assisting her.

Queen: There! How does my hair look now?

Gretchen: Very beautiful, fair Queen.

Queen: (*Smiling.*) Do you really think so?
You are a good girl. But I will ask my
magic mirror.

“Tell me, glass, tell me true!
Of all the ladies in the land
Who is fairest? Tell me—who?”

Voice from Mirror:

Thou, Queen, art fair and beauteous to see,
But Snowdrop seems lovelier far to me.

Queen: (*Looking surprised and angry.*) My glass
must be bewitched! Never has it spoken
like this before. When I have asked it
who was fairest it has always answered,
“Thou, Queen, art the fairest in the land.”
(*To Gretchen.*) Go tell Snowdrop to come
to me at once.

Gretchen: Yes, fair Queen. (*Goes out.*)

Queen: My lazy stepdaughter Snowdrop must
be at the bottom of this. She the fairest
in the land! What nonsense! (*Gretchen*

comes in with Snowdrop. Queen seizes her by the wrist.) Here, you lazy good-for-nothing! What have you done to my mirror?

Snowdrop: I don't know what you mean. I haven't touched your mirror.

Queen: You have; I know you have. Take that! (*Slaps her face.*) You are the fairest in the land, are you? You won't be long. Out of my sight! (*Pushes her from the room, then walks up and down a moment thinking.*) I know what I will do. Gretchen, go call Hans, the captain of the guard.

Gretchen: Yes, fair Queen. (*Goes out.*)

Queen: I will be troubled no longer by that idle girl. If I can get her out of the way, my mirror can never again say that she is fairer than I. (*Gretchen comes in with Captain Hans.*)

Queen: Good morning, Captain Hans.

Captain Hans: Good morning, fair Queen. (*He drops on one knee before her and kisses her hand.*)

Queen: (To the maid.) You may go, Gretchen.
(*Gretchen goes out.*) Captain Hans, I wish never to see Snowdrop again. I care not what happens to her, you understand. Can I trust you to see to this?

Captain Hans: (*Smiling cruelly.*) Yes, fair Queen, your bidding shall be done.

Queen: Very well; go at once. Here, take this.
(*Gives him money.*)

Captain Hans: Thank you, fair Queen. (*Bows and goes out.*)

Queen: Ha, ha! Now, "fairest in all the land," you will soon be gone to a place from which you can never return. We shall see what my mirror will say then.

Scene II

A DEEP FOREST

Captain Hans and Snowdrop come in. Snowdrop walks as if she were very weary.

Snowdrop: Please, sir, let us sit down and rest. I am too weary to walk further.



Captain Hans : (Smiling cruelly.) Sit down, then.

(Speaking to himself.) Well, the sooner it is done the better. (Draws his sword and turns and looks at Snowdrop.)

Snowdrop : Why have you drawn your sword?
Is there any danger here?

Captain Hans : Danger, did you say? Ha, ha!
Yes, indeed, there is danger. (Waves his sword.) Do you know why you are here?

Snowdrop: No, not I. But surely you would not harm me!

Captain Hans: (*Looking at Snowdrop and speaking to himself.*) How can I ever do it! She is so lovely and so good. She is like the dead queen, her mother.

Snowdrop: Oh, Captain Hans, the queen is wicked, but you are not! Put up your sword.

Captain Hans: You speak truly. The queen is wicked. She wishes me to kill you, but I cannot. But what shall I do? I promised she should never see you more.

Snowdrop: Leave me here in the woods. Then you will have kept your promise to the queen.

Captain Hans: (*Thinks a moment.*) Yes, that is what I'll do. (*Puts up his sword.*) I will leave you here.

Snowdrop: Good-bye, Captain Hans. (*Captain Hans goes out.*)

Scene III

IN THE DWARFS' COTTAGE

At the back of the room are seven little beds. In the middle of the room is a table set for seven persons. Seven stools stand about the table. The door is pushed open, and Snowdrop comes in.

Snowdrop: (*Sitting down on a stool.*) Oh, how tired I am! I must have walked for miles and miles. I was so frightened, too. Every minute I was afraid a bear or a wolf would spring out upon me. And now where am I? Whose house is this? (*Looks about room.*) I am so hungry! (*Gets up, knocking over stool and goes to table.*) Oh, what a pretty table! I wonder who lives here. (*Eats bread.*) This bread is good, and in this pitcher there is milk. I will drink some. (*Drinks milk.*) There! I feel better now. Oh, I'm so sleepy!

(Tries all the beds and finally falls asleep on one. Presently the door opens and seven little dwarfs come in, one after the other.)

First Dwarf: Eh, what! Somebody has upset my stool.

Second Dwarf: Yes, yes! Somebody has been here.

Third Dwarf: Aha! Somebody has been eating my bread.

Fourth Dwarf: And somebody has been drinking milk from my cup.

Fifth Dwarf: Somebody has been handling my fork.

Sixth Dwarf: Somebody has been using my knife.

Seventh Dwarf: My spoon is gone! Ah, there it is on the floor.

First Dwarf: Just look at my bed. Somebody has been lying in it. *(The dwarfs all turn from the table and run to look at their beds. The seventh dwarf sees Snowdrop on his bed.)*



Seventh Dwarf: Oh, oh! Look here!

First Dwarf: What a lovely girl!

Second Dwarf: Yes, how beautiful she is!

Third Dwarf: We must not wake her.

Fourth Dwarf: No! Let her sleep!

Fifth Dwarf: She has lost her way in the woods.

Sixth Dwarf: Yes, poor thing, she must be tired out.

Seventh Dwarf: I will sleep on the floor to-night.

First Dwarf: You may sleep in my bed if you wish.

All the other Dwarfs: Or in mine!

Seventh Dwarf: Thank you, brothers, you are kind and generous, but I shall be all right on the floor.

First Dwarf: Now let us eat our supper. But let us be very careful not to wake the little stranger.

Scene IV

IN THE DWARFS' COTTAGE NEXT MORNING

The Dwarfs have eaten breakfast and cleared away the dishes and food, leaving a place set for

Snowdrop. They are getting ready to go out to work.

Snowdrop: (Opening her eyes and sitting up.)
Where am I? Whose house is this?
Where is Captain Hans? Oh!

First Dwarf: Do not be afraid, little girl.
Nobody will hurt you.

Snowdrop: Oh! I remember now. I was lost in the woods. I walked ever so far before I came to this house.

First Dwarf: What is your name, and where is your home, little girl?

Snowdrop: (Looking sad.) My name is Snowdrop, but I have no home. I did live with my stepmother, the queen, but she was very cruel. She had Hans, the captain of the guard, take me out into the woods to kill me. But he was not so wicked as the queen, and left me in the woods, and now I am here. I never can go back. The queen would kill me if I did.

Second Dwarf: You must stay with us.

Third Dwarf: Yes, yes, this shall be your home.

Fourth Dwarf: You can keep house for us, and we will take care of you.

Fifth Dwarf: What say you, brothers?

Sixth and Seventh Dwarfs: Yes, yes, you must make your home with us.

Snowdrop: Oh, how kind you are!

First Dwarf: Well, then it is agreed, is it not?

Snowdrop: Yes, I will be your housekeeper. I will keep your house in order, and wash and cook and knit and spin for you.

First Dwarf: Ha, ha! That will be fine, will it not, brothers?

Other Dwarfs: Yes, yes! Hurrah for Snowdrop!

First Dwarf: But it is time for us to go to work. Be careful and let nobody into the house while we are gone. The wicked queen will soon find out where you are, and may try to kill you.



Snowdrop: Never fear. I will take good care.

Dwarfs: Good-bye, Snowdrop, good-bye! (*All go out.*)

Snowdrop: Good-bye, kind dwarfs!

Scene V

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER

Queen: There, now, that good-for-nothing girl is gone. I kept her here too long. Let's see what my magic mirror says to-day.

“Tell me, glass, tell me true!
Of all the ladies in the land
Who is fairest? Tell me—who?”

Voice from Mirror :

Thou, Queen, art the fairest in all this land ;
But over the hills, in the greenwood shade,
Where the seven dwarfs their dwelling have
made,

There Snowdrop is hiding her head ; and she
Seems lovelier far, O Queen, to me.

Queen : Oh, oh! Snowdrop still alive! That
cowardly Captain Hans did not kill her,
then. What shall I do now? (*Walks up
and down.*) Oh, I have it! I will poison
her. Here, I will put poison on this comb.
Then I will dress up so that she will not
know me, and go to see her at the dwarfs'
house. I will get rid of her yet.

Scene VI

IN THE DWARFS' COTTAGE

Snowdrop is sitting by the fire spinning.

Snowdrop : How pleasant and cozy it is here!
The dwarfs were so kind to give me a home.



(There is knocking at the door. Snowdrop gets up and calls.) Who is there?

Queen: (Outside.) Fine wares to sell! Fine wares to sell!

Snowdrop: I cannot let you in.

Queen: Very well, it matters not. Only open the door a little, and let me show you what pretty things I have.

Snowdrop : I'm sure there's no harm in looking.

(Opens door. Queen gives her a poisoned comb.)

Oh, what a pretty comb! Let me put it in my hair. *(Puts it in her hair.)* Oh! *(She falls to the floor senseless.)*

Queen : Ha, ha! Lie there now and never wake again. *(Goes away laughing and shaking her head. After a time the dwarfs come back.)*

First Dwarf : *(Seeing Snowdrop lying on the floor.)*
Why, what is this? *(The dwarfs all gather round her.)*

Second Dwarf : Is she asleep?

Third Dwarf : *(Noticing the comb in her hair and pulling it out.)* Aha! See this! The wicked queen has been here.

First Dwarf : The wicked queen!

Second Dwarf : Come, brothers, we must hasten. Let's put her on my bed. *(They pick her up and lay her on the bed. One brings water to sprinkle her face, one fans her, another rubs her wrists, etc.)*



Third Dwarf: She breathes still.

Fourth Dwarf: Yes, yes! She is not dead.

Fifth Dwarf: Look! She opens her eyes.

Snowdrop: Where am I? Oh, where is my
new comb?

First Dwarf: The comb is gone. You will
never see it again. It was a poisoned
gift, the gift of the wicked queen.

Scene VII

IN THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER

Queen: By this time the poisoned comb has done its work. Now I will see what my mirror says.

“Tell me, glass, tell me true!
Of all the ladies in the land
Who is fairest? Tell me—who?”

Voice from Mirror:

Thou, Queen, art the fairest in all this land;
But over the hills, in the greenwood shade,
Where the seven dwarfs their dwelling have
made,

There Snowdrop is hiding her head; and she
Seems lovelier far, O Queen, to me.

Queen: What! Does that girl still live? It must be so, for my mirror tells the truth. She shall die if it costs me my life. This time I will make sure. (*Takes an apple from a side table.*) I will put poison into

this apple and take it to her. If she so much as tastes it she will die.

Scene VIII

IN THE DWARFS' COTTAGE.

Snowdrop is sitting by the fire mending.

Snowdrop: Dear me, what a lot of mending I have to do! I must work hard to-day. The little dwarfs wear out their clothes so quickly, working in the mountains. (*There is a knock on the door.*) Who is there?

Queen: (*Outside.*) Only a poor woman.

Snowdrop: (*Opening window and looking out.*)

What do you want? I cannot let you in.

Queen: Why should you fear me? I could not harm you even if I wished.

Snowdrop: But the dwarfs told me not to let anyone come in. I dare not disobey them.

Queen: Oh, very well. I see you are a good girl. So I will give you this. (*Gives her a big red apple.*)



Snowdrop: Oh, thank you! I am so fond of apples. (*Takes apple.*) I am sorry I cannot let you in.

Queen: Never mind; some day I'll come again. Good-bye. (*Goes away.*)

Snowdrop: I'm sure she seemed a nice old woman. What a fine big apple this is! (*Takes a bite and at once falls senseless. After a time the dwarfs come in and find Snowdrop lying on the floor.*)

First Dwarf: Oh, brothers, see! The wicked queen has been here again.

Second Dwarf: Poor Snowdrop! Let us put her on the bed. (*They pick her up and lay her on the bed. They fan her, rub her wrists, etc.*)

First Dwarf: She does not open her eyes.

Second Dwarf: I fear she's dead this time.

Third Dwarf: That wicked, wicked queen!

Fourth Dwarf: It's no use, brothers, she is dead. (*All the dwarfs kneel on the floor round the bed and bow their heads in their hands.*)

Scene IX

IN THE DWARFS' COTTAGE.

Snowdrop lies on a bed in the middle of the room.

There are flowers about her. The little dwarfs sit about the bed.

First Dwarf: How fair she is!

Second Dwarf: As fair as she was good.

Third Dwarf: It is hard to believe that she is dead.

Fourth Dwarf: Her cheeks are pink as roses.

Fifth Dwarf: Her lips are red as coral.

Sixth Dwarf: We will never put her into the cold ground.

Seventh Dwarf: No, no! She is too beautiful.

First Dwarf: But who is this stranger coming?

(All of the dwarfs look out of the open door.

A young prince comes in.)

Prince: Does a fair young maiden named Snowdrop dwell here?

First Dwarf: There she lies.

Prince: Oh! How beautiful she is!

First Dwarf: Beautiful and good!

Prince: But is she dead?

First Dwarf: Yes, sad to say, she is. The wicked queen at last has killed her.

Prince: Then I have come too late. I hoped to make her mine. *(Bends over her to kiss her; as he does so, the piece of poisoned apple falls from her lips and she sits up.)*

Snowdrop: Why, where am I? What is the matter? Who are you?

Prince: I am Prince Roland, and I want you for my princess. Will you come with me to my father's palace and be my lovely bride?

Snowdrop: (*Looks at him, smiling.*) Yes, dear Prince, I will go with you, for you look kind and good.

Prince: Come, then, dear Snowdrop, let us go at once.

Snowdrop (*Getting down from the bed.*) Thank you, kind dwarfs. I never shall forget you. You will come to see me, will you not?

Prince: They shall all come to the wedding, Snowdrop dear, and we shall see them many times, I know. We never shall forget such good, kind friends.

Dwarfs: Good-bye, dear Snowdrop, fairest in the land.

R. H. BOWLES.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

'Tis splendid to live so grandly,
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun ;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain,
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain ;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few;
And now, when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



THE BOY SURVEYOR

The boy surveyor that I am going to tell you about was born in Virginia, in an old-fashioned farm house near the Potomac River. He was born on February 22, 1732, so I know you will guess his name. He became a great man in after years, but when he was a boy he was much like other boys.

George Washington, for that was the boy's name, did not have such chances to go to school as boys have now-a-days. The school houses were small and rudely built, and there were not so many beautiful school books as there are now.

But George soon learned to read and write

and to do simple problems in arithmetic. He became a very good penman, but he was never a good speller.

Some of his copy-books and books of exercises still exist, and from them we can learn some of the ways he spent his time in school. He used to write down in these books rules or maxims to help him to behave properly. Among them are the following:

“Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.”

“Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.”

“When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.”

“Every action in company ought to be some sign of respect to those present.”

George was a strong and active boy, and a great leader among his friends. He was good at running, jumping, wrestling, and throwing quoits, and he was a daring horseman. It is



said that he once rode an unbroken colt that belonged to his mother, and held on although the animal tried hard to throw him off. The colt became exhausted from his attempts to throw George from his back, and at length dropped dead.

One of George's favorite sports was playing soldiers. He would form his playmates into companies, and march them about and drill them.

But George was not merely a strong and active boy. He was also honest and truthful. The boys trusted him, and often came to him to ask him to settle their disputes. George had his faults, however. He had a quick temper that he often found hard to control.

From his love of out-door life, George became interested in surveying, or measuring land. He studied hard, and soon learned to be a good surveyor.

When George was eleven years old his father died. After that he lived for several years with his brother Augustine.

When he was sixteen years old he went to live with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. Here he met Lord Fairfax, an elderly English gentleman, who owned a large plantation not far from his brother's place. The Englishman at once took a liking to the tall, awkward young man, and soon they became firm friends.

They rode and hunted through the woods, and they went on long surveying trips together. Lord Fairfax had read a great deal, and had travelled in many parts of the world. From his talk George learned much about books and far away places that he had never seen.

Now it happened that Lord Fairfax owned a great tract of wild land in Virginia. As he wished to know more about this land, he hired George to visit it and report to him about it. With him was to go a young relative of Lord Fairfax, a few years older than George.

They set out together on horseback, carrying guns, surveying instruments, and a few supplies. They planned to kill game for most of their food. It was a hard, rough trip for the two young men. Sometimes they slept in the open air, and sometimes in a tent or a rough camp.

In a letter to a friend written at this time, George says: "I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but, after walking a



good deal all day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear-skin, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats, and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire."

Another time he wrote: "We camped in the woods, and after we had pitched our tent, and made a large fire, we pulled out our knapsacks to recruit ourselves. Everyone was

his own cook. Our spits were forked sticks; our plates were large chips."

Once they met a band of Indians. After supper all gathered about a big fire, and the painted savages danced a wild war dance. As they jumped about, shouting and yelling, one of the band beat time on a rude drum, made by fastening a piece of deerskin over a pot filled with water.

It was a hard trip, but a very interesting and valuable one for the young men. George was well paid, and—what was more important—he learned a great deal about the woods and about the Indians.

When he came back with his report, Lord Fairfax had him appointed public surveyor. For the next three years George spent most of his time ranging the woods of Virginia. He learned to be fearless, patient, and self-reliant: qualities that were to be of the greatest use to him in after life.



THE MAGIC HORN

Once on a time there was a farmer who had three sons. They were all rather idle fellows, and helped their father very little. One day the oldest son, who was named Peter, heard that the king wanted somebody to take care of his rabbits. So he told his father that he would like to go to the king's palace and ask for the place.

“Very well,” said the farmer, “you may go. But remember that if you are to please the king you must be quick and careful and attend to your work.”

The young man felt sure that he could please the king, so he set out for the palace. He had not gone far when he heard some one calling for help. Looking around, he saw a deep pit, and away down at the bottom of it was an old woman.

“Help me out!” she called. “I have been in this pit for a year, and I am nearly starved to death.”

“What!” cried Peter, “You have been there a whole year without anything to eat? You must be a witch; I won’t help you out.” And off he went.

After a while, Peter arrived at the king’s palace, and was soon hired to take care of the rabbits. He was to be well paid for his work, and if none of the rabbits got away, he was to have the princess for his wife. The young man felt very well pleased. “I shall marry the princess, and be living in a palace before long,” said he to himself.

The next day he drove the rabbits out into the field to feed. At first all went well, but after a while the rabbits got into the woods, and when it was time to drive them home not one of them could be seen. The lad looked for them everywhere, but could not find one of them.

This was a pretty state of things! Still there was nothing to do but to go back to the palace without the rabbits. So back he went.

Now, when the king learned that all of his rabbits had run away, he was very angry. "You're a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow," said he. "I have no more use for you." So Peter went sadly away.

Now, the king was very fond of rabbits, so it was not long before he got a new lot. Then he let it be known that he needed somebody to take care of them. This time the farmer's second son, John, heard about the matter, and wanted to try his luck. So his father said he



could go, and the young man set out for the king's palace.

He had not gone far when he came to the pit with the old woman in it. She asked him to help her out, as she had asked the oldest brother, but he said he would not, and went on to the king's palace.

Now, when John got there he was hired

to take care of the king's rabbits, just as his older brother had been. The next day he drove the rabbits out to feed. At first all went well. Then, after a while, the rabbits all ran off into the woods, and the lad could not find one of them. He looked and looked and looked, but he could not find one of them. So he had to go back to the palace without them, and the king sent him away, just as he had sent away his older brother.

Again the king got some more rabbits, to take the place of those that had been lost. And again he sent out word far and near that he wanted somebody to take care of them.

This time the youngest son, who was named Philip, heard about the matter, and wanted to try his luck.

"Well," said his father, "you may try it if you want to, but I don't believe it will be any use. Your brothers tried and failed, and I am afraid you will fail too."

But Philip made up his mind to try for the place, so he packed his bag, and set out for the king's palace. He had not gone far when he heard some one calling, and when he looked around he saw in the pit the same old woman that his brothers had seen before.

"Why, how do you do!" said he. "What can I do for you?"

"Help me out of this hole," said she.

Now, Philip was a kind, good-natured fellow, so he gladly helped the old woman out of the hole. Then, as he felt hungry, he sat down to eat some lunch. "Won't you have something to eat too?" he asked.

"Indeed I will," said she, "for I haven't eaten anything for a very long time."

So down they sat on the ground together, and began to eat. Now, the old woman ate so fast that she got most of the food. But Philip didn't care, and he let her eat all she wanted.



When they had finished, the old woman gave Philip a horn and said: "If you blow into the large end of the horn, anything you wish for will come to you; but if you blow into the small end, anything you wish to go away from you will fly off. If you should ever lose the horn, you have only to wish for it, and it will come back to you."

"Thank you, grandmother," said the young man. "This is a horn worth having."



Philip now went on to the king's palace. He reached there before long, and was soon hired to take care of the rabbits. The next morning he drove them out into the field to feed. At first all went well. The rabbits stayed near and gave no trouble; but after a while they began to run off into the woods.

"Oh!" cried the lad, "you want to go away, do you? Very well, go along, then." And he blew into the small end of the horn.

In an instant, away went the rabbits in all directions. Then the young man found a nice shady spot, and lay down to take a nap. When he awoke it was time to go home, so he took up his horn, and blew into the large end of it. At once all the rabbits came running about him, and back he went with them to the king's palace.

When he got there, the king and the queen and the princess all came out and looked at the rabbits. The king counted them carefully to make sure that none were missing. When he found they were all there he was surprised. The princess looked hard at Philip. "He is a good-looking young man," she said to herself. "It is too bad he is not of noble birth."

The next day Philip took the rabbits out again, and while they were feeding he again lay down to take a nap.

Now, the king wondered how the lad had

managed to take such good care of the rabbits. So he sent a servant out to watch him. The servant hid nearby, and waited till he saw the boy blow into the big end of the horn, and call all the rabbits around him. Then he ran back to the palace, and told the king what he had seen. The king was much surprised, and told the queen and the princess.

“We must get the horn away from him,” said the princess, “or I shall have to marry him. To-morrow I will go out to the woods, and while he is asleep I will take his horn away.”

So the next day the princess went to the woods, and while Philip was asleep she took his horn, and started to go back to the palace.

When Philip awoke, behold, his horn was gone! At first he was startled. How was he to get his rabbits together again? Then he remembered what the old woman had said, and wished for the horn to come back.



The princess was just getting back to the palace with the horn, when Philip wished for it. All at once she felt it slip out of her hand, and though she looked everywhere she could not find it. The horn went right back to Philip. He blew into the large end, and all the rabbits came running about him. Then he drove them all back to the king's palace.

The next day the queen said she would go to the woods and get the horn. She found Philip asleep, just as the princess had found him the day before, and taking the horn started to go back to the palace. She held it very tight, but just as she was going into the

palace the horn slipped out of her hand. That night the youngest son drove the rabbits back to the palace as usual, and not one was missing.

“I shall have to attend to this matter myself,” said the king. So the next day, while Philip was asleep in the wood, the king came and took away his horn. This time, to make the matter surer, the king put the horn into a bag. When he got back to the palace, he opened the bag to show the horn to the queen and the princess, and, behold, the bag was empty!

That night when Philip got back to the palace with the rabbits, he was ordered before the king.

“What kind of horn is that you have?” asked the king. “It must be a very strange one, or you could not take care of the rabbits without losing any of them.”

“It was given to me by an old woman,”



said Philip. "If I blow into one end it does one thing, and if I blow into the other end it does just the opposite."

"That is very interesting," said the king. "Please show us how it works."

"I don't know whether you will like it or not," said Philip.

"Never mind about that," said the king. "Show us how it works."

"Very well, then," said Philip. "I wish you to fly away," and he blew into the small

end of the horn. Whist! Away went the king, the queen, and the princess in different directions.

“Help! Help!” cried the king, as he whirled away through the air.

Then Philip turned the horn, and blew into the other end. In an instant, back they all came.

The king was very angry. “What do you mean by treating me that way?” he cried. “I will have your head cut off.”

Philip raised the horn to blow into it again. “Here, here! Stop that!” cried the king. “I have had enough of that horn. I am too old to go flying about the country, as I did just now. You shall have my daughter and half the kingdom, but don’t ever blow that horn near me again.”

So Philip got the princess and half of the kingdom, and lived happily ever afterwards.



LINES WRITTEN IN MARCH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,

And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



OUR FRIEND MR. MUSKRAT

We were off for the trout-pool. I sat at one end of the canoe and paddled, while Donald sat at the other, with his eyes wide open for any unusual sight. The sun had not been up long, and as we passed through the meadows the air was still cool and sweet with the smell of wet grass and leaves. Wisps of mist curled up from the river. Soon we came to a belt of woods, and here the air was spicy with the fragrance of fir balsam and cedar.

Presently we swung round a sharp bend in the river, and all at once Donald held up a warning hand. I stopped paddling and looked ahead. Thirty yards or so in front of us, there was something in the water. At first sight it looked like the end of a small sunken log or a stump; but when I looked at it more closely I could see that it was moving, and

that little ripples flowed back from it on both sides.

“What is it?” asked Donald.

“Muskrat,” said I softly; “it’s going ashore over there.”

Sure enough. While we watched, it reached the bank, and disappeared in a hole just at the edge of the water. We got a glimpse of a thick, fat body about a foot long, covered with dark-brown hair, and a long, bare rat tail, and then it was gone.

“What a wet, uncomfortable house he must have!” said Donald.

“Oh, no, indeed! His house is dry and warm, I’m sure,” said I. “If you dug into his hole you would find that it slopes upward from the water for a short distance, and then at the end of a narrow passage widens into quite a big room. There Mr. and Mrs. Muskrat and their babies live warm and dry, well above the reach of the highest spring floods.”

“But why is the muskrat’s front door under water?”

I laughed. “Oh, that is because he is less likely to be disturbed by callers that he doesn’t care to see. They might get inside and kill his little ones.”

“But how does he get out in winter time when the ice is frozen?”

“He comes out under the ice and feeds on reeds and roots whenever he wants to. He doesn’t mind the water, for his thick fur sheds it and keeps him always warm and dry.”

“I should like to see one near to,” said Donald.

“You would find that he looks much like a big rat. He has soft, thick brown fur and a long, rather flat, scaly tail, and he has webbed feet like a duck, to help him to swim easily. He is a harmless little animal.”

“But why is he called a muskrat?”

“Because of his musky odor. I will paddle



over to his hole, and then I think you will understand how he has got his name.”

“I paddled over to the bank just beside the muskrat’s hole. The mouth of the hole was about six inches wide, and was just under the water. On the muddy shore, and on the bottom of the river near the hole, were many half-eaten reeds and roots, which the muskrat

his family had brought home at various

“Not very tidy, is he?” said Donald. “When he is through eating he just throws the bones out at his front door.”

“No,” said I, “he doesn’t care much for

looks. What he is thinking of mostly is something to eat. Now," I continued, "just sniff a few times, and tell me if you understand how the muskrat has got his name."

There was a very distinct musky odor in the air that it was impossible to mistake for anything else.

"Yes," said Donald, "I understand. It certainly smells like musk here."

We paddled up the river to the trout-pool, and two hours later, on our way back, again neared the muskrat's hole.

"Let's go quietly now, and perhaps we may see Mr. Muskrat or some member of his family again," said I.

So I stopped paddling, and let the canoe drift down stream with the current, giving my paddle a twist now and then to keep the canoe in the channel.

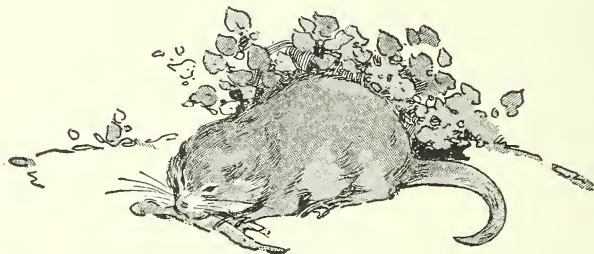
Presently we came in sight of the muskrat's hole. For a moment, though I looked

closely, I could see nothing. Then I could make out the round, fat body of the muskrat, as he sat huddled up on the muddy bank near his hole. As I watched him I could see that he moved slightly, and then I made out that he was gnawing a reed. We kept so still, and he was so busy with his lunch that we got quite near before he saw us.

Then, all at once, there was a quick flash of brown, a plop in the water, and the muskrat had disappeared into his hole.

“Good-bye, Mr. Muskrat!” cried Donald.
“We’ll call again some day.”

R. H. BOWLES.



THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in
the tree;

“He's singing to me! He's singing to me!”
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
“Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!”

And the brown thrush keeps singing, “A
nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! Little girl,
little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me.”



So the merry brown thrush sings away in
the tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
“Oh, the world’s running over with joy;

But long it won’t be,

Don’t you know? Don’t you see?

Unless we are as good as can be?”

LUCY LARCOM.

THREE ORPHANS

One afternoon, a little before sunset, Louis Bradford looked up from his book, and saw a little brown head pop out from under the corner of the carriage house.

At first he thought it was a rat that he had seen. For at breakfast he had heard his father say that rats had been getting into the grain. But he kept very still, and in a little while the head poked out farther. Then the whole body followed, and he saw that the animal was much larger than a rat. In fact, it was as large as a full-grown cat or a small dog. It had a round, fat body, covered with grayish-brown hair, and a broad head, with small ears that hardly showed at all.

With little runs of a foot or two at a time, the creature ventured farther and farther away from the corner of the carriage house.

Then, to Louis's astonishment, it stood up on its hind quarters, with its forepaws hanging down in front. There it stood and looked all about, to see whether it was safe to go any farther. But just then, in his eagerness to see, Louis leaned too far forward, and his book slipped to the floor of the piazza with a loud slam. At that the strange animal flashed back out of sight into his hole. It moved so quickly that it looked like a mere brown streak.

When Louis told the gardener what he had seen, the old man laughed. "It's only a woodchuck, I guess," said he. "You will see him again before long." But, although Louis watched for several days, he saw nothing more of the brown head or the fat, round body.

One morning he awoke very early, and looking out of his window saw the woodchuck again. He was feeding in plain sight on the grass plot behind the house.



In the corner stood the little rifle that had come to Louis's older brother as a Christmas present, and on a shelf near by stood the box of cartridges. Louis had been allowed to use the rifle when he was with his brother, but had never tried it alone. Now, he thought, his chance had come.

Very quietly he slipped over to the corner, took down the box of cartridges, and slipped one of them into the rifle. Then, barefooted, he tiptoed down stairs, carefully slid the bolt of the back door, and stepped out. Stealing to the corner of the house, he looked around.

Yes, the woodchuck was still there, and still feeding! It had not been alarmed.

Louis raised the little rifle slowly, rested the barrel against the corner of the house, took careful aim, and pulled the trigger. At the report he saw something flop, and ran to the edge of the grass plot. There lay the woodchuck, still now, and looking up at Louis with glazing eyes, as if to say: "Why did you do it? Have I ever harmed you?" Then the eyes closed, and the woodchuck was dead.

Louis went back to the house. Instead of feeling proud of what he had done, he began to ask himself why he had done it, and he could not find any good answer.

To be sure, he had heard the gardener say that woodchucks destroy garden vegetables; but when he looked, after breakfast, he could find none that seemed to have been nibbled. On going to see what the little animal had



been eating when he shot it, he found only a patch of clover.

“What about the young ones?” asked the gardener that noon.

“Young ones?” asked Louis. “What young ones?”

“Why, the old woodchuck had a family.



There are three young ones in the hole under the carriage house. I saw them all out together the other day," said the gardener.

"Will they starve to death?" asked Louis, much troubled.

"I'm afraid they will, unless somebody kills them—or feeds them."

Louis asked no more questions. That after-

noon he went to work with a spade at the corner of the carriage house. It took him until nearly night, but when he finished he had three little balls of fur, with frightened black eyes that watched every move he made. The gardener found an old squirrel cage in the loft, and into it they put the three orphans, with a big bunch of fresh clover, and in the morning the clover was gone.

That is the way Louis got his little family. Two or three times a day he had to feed them, but he felt repaid when he saw how quickly they began to lose their fear of him. In a week he could take them out of the cage, and handle them as he could the kitten. In two weeks they would run all round the yard, picking a dainty clover leaf here and a little sorrel there, but always ready to come running when he whistled.

Never did any other family of orphan woodchucks fare so well! Besides the clover and

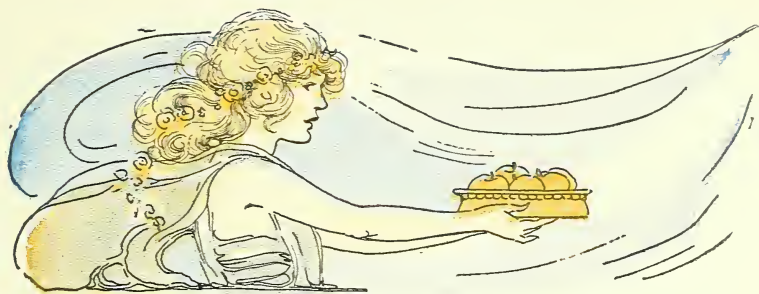
the sorrel, there were tender leaves of lettuce, and the juicy pods of peas, and bits of carrot. All of the family grew round and fat, as their mother had been, and all of them followed Louis about. Whenever the cook would let them, they would crawl in behind the stove and cuddle together and sleep.

When September came, and it was time for Louis to go back to school, the three orphans were big enough to take care of themselves. So they were taken to the pasture, and set down beside a beautiful hole in the ground.

Since then Louis has never taken a rifle in his hand, without first stopping to ask himself what he was going to do, and why.

EDWARD W. FRENTZ (adapted).





THE APPLES OF YOUTH

Away up above the earth, beyond the River of Mist, lay Asgard, the home of the great gods of the Northland. Here lived Odin, the great father of the gods, and Freya, his wife. Here, too, lived Thor, the great thunder god, with his wonderful hammer, and Loki, the mischief-maker, and many others that I can't tell you about to-day.

But the sweetest and fairest of all that lived in Asgard was Idun, the young goddess of springtime and youth. All the gods loved her, because she was so sweet and good, and they watched over her very carefully because of her magic apples.

These apples Idun kept in a golden casket, and every morning she brought them to the table of the gods, so that those who wished might taste them. They were very wonderful apples. A taste of one of them would make a tired person feel fresh and strong again, and an old person young once more. It is no wonder that the gods were anxious that nothing should ever happen to these apples, and it is no wonder that Idun took very good care of them, and never let them go out of her sight.

Now, the fame of these magic apples spread far and wide. Almost every day some one would come to Asgard to beg for a taste of them. But Idun always shook her head and said kindly: "I am very, very sorry, but nobody but a god is allowed to taste my magic apples."

Now, away outside of Asgard, in a wild and barren region, lived the great storm giant, Thiassi. He had heard of the magic apples, and wanted very much to get them. So he

watched and waited day after day, and tried hard to get one of them. But, try as hard as he could, he didn't get so much as a look at the apples. Idun kept such careful watch that they were never out of her sight.

Everything would have been all right if it hadn't been for Loki. He was always in some mischief or other, and one day when he was out hunting, Thiassi got hold of him. I don't need to tell you how, for that is a long story. It is enough to know that Thiassi caught Loki, and wouldn't let him go until he had promised to get Idun and her apples out of Asgard.

So Loki promised. There was nothing else to do. And when he got back to Asgard, he began to plan how he could persuade Idun to leave Asgard with her magic fruit.

One day he saw Idun playing in a sunny grove with her golden apples, so he went up to her and said: "Those are beautiful apples



of yours, Idun, but I know where there are some that are still more beautiful.”

Idun stopped playing with her apples, and looked up at Loki with surprise. “Oh, Loki! Do you really mean it?” she asked.

“Of course I do,” said the mischievous Loki. “I know where there is a tree with golden apples that are much bigger and finer than yours.”

“I don’t believe it, Loki.”

“Well, then, come and see for yourself,” said the wicked Loki.

“Are they very far off?” asked Idun.

“Oh, no,” said Loki, “not very far. Come along with me, and I will show them to you.”

So, taking her casket of apples under her arm, Idun walked along with Loki.

They walked on and on, Loki all the while telling Idun that the tree was only a little farther off. Then, all at once, Idun saw that she was outside of Asgard, and began to feel a little frightened.

“Oh, Loki,” she cried, “where am I, and where are the golden apples that you told me of?”

But Loki only laughed. And just then there was a great whirring of wings. Thiassi, the storm giant, in the form of an eagle, swooped down through the air, caught Idun by the girdle, and carried her off, casket and all, to his own home.

Poor Idun! She was dreadfully sorry and dreadfully frightened. She knew that she ought not to have listened to Loki. She knew that she ought not to have gone out of Asgard. What would become of her and the golden apples? And what would the gods of Asgard do without them?

Now for some time the gods did not miss Idun. But after a while they began to feel tired and old, and then they remembered that they had not seen her of late. So they looked for her everywhere, but they did not find her. Where could she be?

All at once Odin, the great Father God, had an idea. "That mischief-maker, Loki, is at the bottom of this, you may be sure," said he, and he sent for Loki. At first Loki said that he did not know where Idun was; but, when they questioned him hard, and threatened him, he at last laughed and told them the whole story.

Oh, how angry the gods were! Odin threatened to kill Loki unless he got Idun and her apples back into Asgard. Then Loki really became frightened, and promised to go and get Idun back, if Freya would lend him her falcon plumes as a disguise.

Freya was very willing to let Loki have her falcon plumes, so away he flew to Thiassi's castle.

Meanwhile Idun had been very lonely. Thiassi's castle was up on the top of a bare and stony mountain, by the side of the sea. And because she wouldn't let him taste the golden apples Thiassi had been very cross to Idun, and shut her up in a high tower all by herself. She was looking out of the window one day, wishing she was back in Asgard, when suddenly a great falcon lit on the window sill.

"Come with me," he said. "I will take you back to Asgard."

Now, Idun knew it was Loki by his big red



eyes, so she said: "Yes, yes, Loki, I want to go back, but how am I to get out of this strong tower? And if I get out how are you to carry me and my casket of apples. I cannot leave them behind."

But Loki had thought of a plan. By his magic art he quickly changed Idun into a nut. Then he took the nut in one of his talons and the casket in another, and started to fly off to Asgard.

Now, when Loki came to the castle, Thiassi, the storm giant, had been off fishing. He

came home rather earlier than usual, to see if he couldn't get Idun to give him a taste of the magic apples, and when he found she was gone he was very angry. He at once changed himself into an eagle, and flew out over the sea, looking everywhere for Idun.

After a while, he saw, away in the dim distance, a falcon flying towards Asgard. Looking more closely, he saw that the falcon held in his talons the golden casket, gleaming in the sunlight. Then he knew that the falcon was one of the gods in disguise, who had come to rescue Idun.

"I will catch him yet!" said Thiassi, and he beat the air with his great wings, and flew after Loki with the speed of the wind.

The falcon flew fast, but the eagle flew faster. Loki put forth all his strength, but in spite of all his efforts the storm giant gained on him.

Meanwhile, some one in Asgard had seen

Loki coming and had spread the news, and all of the gods had gone up on the walls to watch the race. Then some one thought of an old trick to catch the storm god. The gods made a great pile of shavings and sticks on the wall, all ready to light at the right moment.

This was hardly done when Loki, putting forth all his strength, flew over the wall into Asgard. After him came the eagle with rushing wings. Just then the great pile of shavings and sticks was lighted. Up it blazed! Poor Thiassi, his eyes blinded with smoke and his wings singed with flame, fell to the ground and was put to death by the gods.

In a moment Loki and Idun took their real shapes, and all was peace again in Asgard. Every day the fair Idun played with her golden apples, and every morning the gods tasted them and kept ever fresh and young.

SPRING

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And, oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.



And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

CELIA THAXTER.

HOW ANDY HELPED TO CAPTURE THE REDCOATS

Andy Ramsay lived with his father and mother on a little farm in the mountains of South Carolina. As his parents were poor, Andy had to help them in every way that he could. He drove the cows to the pasture in the morning, and drove them back to the barn at night, and when his father was away from home Andy often milked them. He sawed and split wood, and brought it into the house for his mother. As soon as he was old enough, he helped with the ploughing and haying.

Though Andy's father and mother found a great deal for him to do, he had plenty of time for himself. He loved to roam through the woods with an old flint-lock gun, hunting for partridges and rabbits, and he often went fishing in the neighboring brooks.

When Andy was twelve or thirteen years old, the war of the Revolution broke out.



The British captured Charleston, and sometimes their raiding parties came up into the mountains as far as Andy's home.

One day a British officer and four soldiers stopped at the house, noping to capture Andy's father. But he heard them coming, and succeeded in escaping to the woods just in time. Angry at missing the "rebel," as they called him, the soldiers made themselves very disagreeable. They tramped about the house, asking for things to eat and drink. They talked very roughly, and boasted loudly of what they were going to do to the rebels that they caught.

When they had eaten and drunk all they wanted, they went out into the yard and began to chase the chickens and ducks about and to kill them.

Andy's mother begged and scolded, but all to no purpose. The soldiers only laughed at her, and took what they wanted. After a while, they went away.

They had been gone only a few minutes, when Horseshoe Robinson, a daring frontier soldier and scout, rode up to the house.

On learning that the Redcoats had just left, he immediately began to plan to capture them. While he was talking to Mrs. Ramsay it began to rain.

"Ah!" said he, suddenly, "the Redcoats will make for the nearest shelter. Isn't there an old field about a mile down the road?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Ramsay, "and an old log cabin in the middle of it."

"Does anyone live there?"

“Nobody has lived there for years.”

“They will surely go in there.”

“Have you any arms in the house?”

“A rifle and a horse-pistol.”

“Bring them to me, and any powder and bullets that you have.”

Mrs. Ramsay did as the scout had asked.

“Now, where is Andy?” he asked.

Mrs. Ramsay called the boy in.

“Well, Andy,” said the scout, “how would you like a brush with the Redcoats that stole your mother’s chickens?”

“That would be fine!” said Andy; “only tell me what to do.”

Horseshoe loaded the gun and the pistol. Then, taking the gun himself, he gave the pistol to Andy.

“We’ll capture the rascals,” he said to Mrs. Ramsay. Then he mounted his horse, and, taking Andy up behind him, he rode off down the road.



When they reached the old field, they saw smoke rising from the chimney of the old house. The Redcoats were there. Placing Andy behind a tree, Horseshoe galloped up to the door of the cabin, and, leaping from

his horse, went inside. The five soldiers were gathered round a fire at the farther end of the room, and their guns were standing in the corner by the door.

“Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house and wait orders,” called out the scout over his shoulder to imaginary soldiers outside. “Now, surrender, all of you!” he cried to the Redcoats, at the same time raising his musket to his shoulder.

“Leap to your arms!” called the officer.

“Hold on!” shouted Horseshoe. “If you stir hand or foot you’ll never answer the roll-call again.”

The soldiers, uncertain what to do, stood for a moment eyeing the bold scout.

Just at this moment Andy appeared at the door, pistol in hand.

“Shall I let loose on them, Captain?” he asked.

“Come on, boys!” he shouted, turning his

face to the door, as if calling to soldiers outside.

“Keep them outside, Andy,” said Horseshoe. Then he went on speaking to the officer.

“It’s not worth while fighting five to one, sir. You may as well surrender to my little army.”

At this moment Andy called several times, as if giving orders to soldiers outside the house.

The British officer was deceived. “Lower your rifle,” said he. “We have been surprised by greater numbers and without arms. It is my duty to save bloodshed. If you will promise me fair treatment as prisoners of war, I will surrender.”

“Certainly, sir,” replied the scout. “You shall be treated like brave men. Right hand file, advance and take the arms of the prisoners.”

“Here, Captain,” said Andy, and coming into the house he took the guns that stood in the corner and carried them out.

“Now, sir,” said Horseshoe to the officer,



“your sword and any other arms that you have about you.”

The officer gave up his sword and a pair of pocket-pistols.

“Now,” said the scout, “you shall be treated like men who have done their duty. You will all walk out and form yourselves in line at the door. My men will not hurt you.”

The Redcoats came out of the house expecting to find a large force of soldiers. Imagine their anger and disgust when they found only a man, a boy, and a horse. For a moment they seemed about to turn upon their captors. But Horseshoe at once raised his gun to his shoulder, and ordered Andy to shoot the first man who moved.

“By my hand,” said he, “if you make any trouble, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets.”

“You have my word, sir,” said the officer; “lead on!”

“No!” said the scout, “you shall have the post of honor and go ahead yourselves.”

So down the road they went, back towards Andy’s home, the prisoners marching ahead,

Horseshoe following, musket in one hand and his horse's bridle in the other, and Andy bringing up the rear.

As they entered the yard, Mrs. Ramsay came to the door in astonishment.

"Well," said Horseshoe, "I have brought your ducks and chickens back to you, and, what is better still, I have brought home a young soldier that is worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! My brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing Andy in her arms. "Did he behave well, Mr. Robinson?"

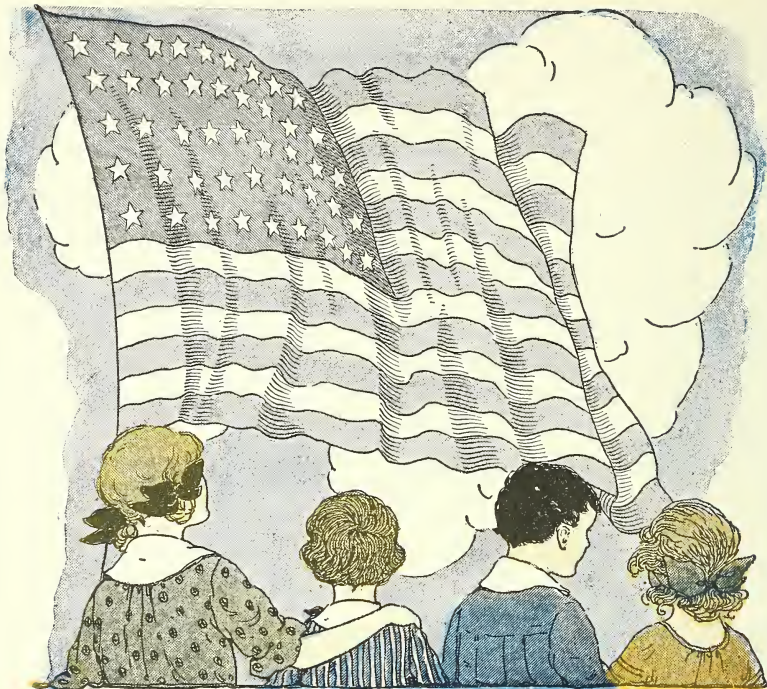
"A little bolder than I wanted him to be," said Horseshoe, "but he did mighty well. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay. I should never have got them if it hadn't been for Andy. Show me another boy in America that has made more prisoners than there were men to fight with, that's all!"

JOHN P. KENNEDY (adapted.)

THE FLAG

Your flag and my flag,
 And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
 And half the world away.
Rose red and blood red
 Its stripes forever gleam,
Soul white and snow white,
 The good forefathers' dream.
Sky blue and true blue,
 With stars to gleam aright,
A golden guidon in the day,
 A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag,
 And O, how much it holds—
Your land and my land
 Secure within its folds;
Your heart and my heart



Beat quicker at the sight,
Sun kissed and wind tossed,
The red and blue and white.
The one flag, the great flag,
The flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside,
The red and white and blue.

W. B. NESBIT.

HOW TEMPIE SAVED HER HORSE

Tempie Hicks lived near Morristown, New Jersey. Her father was a farmer, and kept horses and cows and pigs and other farm animals, so it was quite natural that Tempie should come to love horses. She had learned to ride when she was a very little girl indeed, and when she grew older her father gave her a horse of her own. What a happy girl Tempie was! She named her horse Flora, and soon they became great friends. Many happy hours they spent together on the country roads.

But at last troubled times came. General Washington's army camped not far from Morristown, and after a time some British soldiers came too, and settled down not far away. Tempie's father and mother warned her to be careful, and not to go far from home alone, and Tempie tried always to remember what

they said. But Flora's heels were so light that sometimes before Tempie knew it she had ridden a long, long way from home.

One day in early summer, Tempie was riding through some shady woods a mile or so from home. Suddenly some British soldiers stepped into the road, and the leader took Flora by the reins.

"Don't be frightened, little girl," he said. "No one is going to hurt you."

Now Tempie was really very much frightened. Her heart had jumped into her mouth, when the soldiers had suddenly stopped her. But she tried not to show it, and though her hands trembled a little her voice sounded very brave as she asked:

"What do you want of me?"

"We don't want you at all," said the leader. "We want your horse."

Tempie gave a little cry. "Oh! but I won't let you have Flora."

“I’m sorry, little girl, but we shall have to take her,” said the soldier. “The captain’s horse died yesterday, and we must get another for him, so get right down.”

Poor Tempie! For an instant she felt like crying. She loved her beautiful horse very dearly, and she could not bear to think of giving her up to a stranger. But there seemed to be nothing else to do.

“Very well,” she said at last, and moved in her saddle as if she were about to get off.

Just then something attracted the attention of the officer. He let go Flora’s bridle, and looked back down the road.

At once Tempie gave Flora a sharp cut with her riding-whip. The horse gave a great leap, and galloped swiftly down the road.

The soldiers were so surprised that at first they stood still, staring after the little girl. Then they began to shout, “Come back, come back,” and to run after her. One of them



fired his gun in the air, hoping that she would be frightened and stop.

But Tempie was full of hope now. She meant to save Flora if she possibly could; so down the road she went at a mad gallop. She did not stop till she drew up in the back yard of her father's house.

Here Tempie jumped quickly from her horse. What should she do now? She felt sure that the soldiers would follow her, and

search everywhere for Flora. It would never do to put her into the stable. They would find her there at once. Perhaps she might hide the horse in the woods. But to get there Tempie would have to ride some distance through the open fields, and she feared that the soldiers would see her.

All at once Tempie gave a little laugh. "I have it!" she cried. She opened the kitchen door and led Flora inside. Poor Flora did not know what to make of such behavior. She had never been in the house before, and she sniffed and snorted as she looked about. But Tempie patted her neck and rubbed her nose. On into the dining-room she led her surprised horse; and then into the parlor.

Behind the parlor there was a small bedroom that was not often used. Into this bedroom Tempie led Flora, and tied her to the post of the bed. Then running to the barn she brought in two or three armfuls of hay,

to put on the floor under Flora's feet. Then she closed and locked the bedroom door.

A few minutes later the soldiers came running up to the house. The officer was very hot and very angry. "You little rebel," he cried, as soon as he saw Tempie. "You played me a pretty trick, but it shall not save your horse. Our captain shall have her in spite of you."

"Very well," said the little girl with a smile, "but you will have to find her yourself."

The soldiers looked through the barn and the woodshed, and some of them even went out to the pasture. But no horse could be found. Then they came into the house and looked into the kitchen, the dining-room and the parlor; but they never thought of looking into the little back bedroom.

They were a very angry lot of men, you may be sure. They stormed and they scolded. They talked roughly to Tempie, and tried to

make her tell what she had done with her horse. But Tempie only smiled and said: "You will have to find her yourself."

At last the soldiers went away. A little girl had been too clever for them.

For three or four weeks Tempie kept Flora in the little back bedroom, feeding and caring for her. Then the British soldiers marched away to New York, and Tempie never saw them again.

As soon as they were gone, Tempie untied Flora from the bed-post, and led her out through the house into the back yard. "We'll have lots of nice rides yet," she said, as she gave Flora a big lump of sugar.

Flora pricked up her ears, and looked very happy as she crunched the sugar. If she could have spoken I'm sure she would have said: "Thank you, dear Tempie, you are a very brave and very wise little mistress."



DANDELION

I saw him peeping from my lawn,
A tiny spot of yellow,
His face was one substantial smile—
The jolly little fellow.

I think he wore a doublet green,
His golden skirt tucked under ;
He carried, too, a sword so sharp
That I could only wonder.

“Are you a soldier, little man,
You, with your face so sunny?”
The fellow answered not a word ;
I thought it very funny.

I left him there to guard my lawn
From robins bent on plunder,
The soldier lad with doublet green,
His yellow skirt tucked under.

The days passed on—one afternoon
As I was out a-walking,
Whom should I meet upon the lawn
But soldier lad a-stalking.

His head, alas! was white as snow,
And it was all a-tremble;
Ah! scarce did this old veteran
My bonny lad resemble.

I bent to speak with pitying word—
Alas! for good intention;
His snowy locks blew quite away—
The rest we will not mention.

KATE LOUISE BROWN.



KING GRISLY-BEARD

There was once a king who had a daughter that was very beautiful, but also very haughty and conceited. She thought that none of the princes who came to ask her hand in marriage was good enough for her, and only made fun of them.

One day the king held a great feast, and invited all her suitors. They sat in a row according to their rank, and the haughty princess had something spiteful to say to every one.

The first was very fat. When the princess

looked at him she laughed rudely, and cried out so loudly that everybody could hear: "Why, he is as round as a tub!"

The next was very tall. "Oh!" cried the princess, "what a maypole he is!"

The next was very short. "What! Marry a dumpling like that?" she cried.

So she went on, cracking jokes upon every one, but she laughed most of all at a good king who was there.

"Look at him!" she said. "His beard is like an old mop. He ought to be called Grisly-Beard."

Now, the old king, her father, was very angry at his daughter's behavior, and he declared that, willing or unwilling, she should marry the first beggar that came to the door.

At this the princess laughed and tossed her head. She did not believe that her father really meant what he said.

Two days later a minstrel came beneath

the palace windows, and began to play and sing. The king was delighted with his song.

“Ha, ha!” he cried. “This is the very man I am looking for.”

So when the minstrel had finished, the king sent for him, and said:

“You have sung so well that I will give you my daughter for a wife.”

Now the princess was terribly frightened, and begged and prayed her father not to do such a dreadful thing. But her father said: “I have declared that I would give you to the first beggar that came to the door, and I mean to keep my word.”

So, in spite of her tears and prayers, the princess was married to the minstrel.

The beggar took his wife away, and made her walk beside him on foot. Soon they came to a great wood.

“To whom does this beautiful wood belong?” asked the princess.



“It belongs to King Grisly-Beard,” answered the beggar. “If you had married him it would have been yours.”

“Ah, unlucky woman that I am!” she sighed. “I wish that I had married King Grisly-Beard!”

Next they came to some fine meadows.

“Whose beautiful meadows are these?” asked the princess.

“They belong to King Grisly-Beard,” said her husband. “If you had married him they would have been yours.”

“Ah, unlucky woman that I am!” she cried. “I wish that I had married King Grisly-Beard!”

Then they came to a great city.

“Whose noble city is this?” asked the princess.

“It belongs to King Grisly-Beard,” answered the beggar. “If you had married him it would have been yours.”

“Ah, miserable woman that I am!” moaned

the princess. "Why did I not marry good King Grisly-Beard?"

"That is no business of mine," said the beggar. "Why do you keep wishing for another husband? Am I not good enough for you?"

At last they came to a tumble-down cottage.

"To whom does that poor hovel belong?" asked the princess.

"That is our house, where we are to live," replied her husband.

"But where are the servants?" cried his wife.

"Servants! We have no servants," exclaimed the beggar. "You must do for yourself whatever is to be done. Now make the fire and cook my supper, for I am tired and hungry."

But the princess knew nothing of making fires and cooking suppers, and the beggar had



to show her how. When they had finished a scanty meal they went to bed. But very early the next morning the minstrel aroused his wife to get up and clean the house.

For a few days they lived in this way. Then, when they had eaten up all the food there was in the cottage, the man said:

“Wife, we can’t go on like this, spending money and earning nothing. You must learn to weave baskets.”

And he went out and cut some willows. These he brought home and set the princess to weaving them. But the work made her fingers very sore.

“I see this won’t do,” he said. “We must try spinning; perhaps you will do that better.”

So the princess sat down and tried to spin; but the threads cut her tender fingers until the blood ran.

“You are good for nothing!” exclaimed her husband crossly. “I made a bad bargain when I married you. The only thing left is to try to set up a business in pots and pans. You shall sit in the market and sell them.”

“Oh!” cried the princess, “if anybody from my father’s court passes by, and sees me standing in the market-place selling pots and pans, I shall die of shame.”

But the beggar did not care for that. He said that unless she did some work she would die of hunger. So the princess was obliged



to stand in the market-place selling pots and pans.

At first all went well, for the princess was so beautiful that many people bought her wares. Some even paid their money and left the goods behind. When all the pots and pans were gone, the husband bought some more, and once again the princess sat down with them in the corner of the market-place.

But scarcely had she settled herself and her goods, when a drunken soldier came by. Riding his horse right against her stall, he shattered the crockery into a thousand pieces.

The princess began to cry, and ran home to her husband, weeping bitterly. When he had heard her story he cried out angrily: "Simpleton that you are, to put a stall of earthenware at the corner of the market, where everybody passes by! I see you are no use at any sort of work. But there—leave off crying. They want a kitchen-maid at the king's palace, and I have got you the place. You will have plenty to eat there."

So the princess became a kitchen-maid, and did all the dirty work for the cook. In return for her services, she was allowed to take home some of the food that was left. On this she and her husband lived.

Not long afterwards she heard that the king was to be married. Then a great feast took place in the palace. After her work was done, the poor wife placed herself near the door of the great hall, and looked at all the pomp and splendor of the court. She thought of

her own sad fate, and grieved bitterly for the pride and folly which had brought her so low.

As she stood there, with tears running down her face, the king himself entered. He was clothed in silk and velvet, with a gold chain round his neck. When he saw the beautiful princess standing by the door, he seized her by the hand, and said that she should be his partner in the dance. But she trembled for fear, for she saw that it was King Grisly-Beard who was making fun of her.

However, in spite of her struggles to escape, he kept fast hold of her, and drew her into the room. Then all at once the parcel of food which she held under her arm fell to the ground and burst open, and all the scraps of meat and food lay on the floor. At this sight all the court laughed and mocked at her. Then the poor princess drooped her head, and wished that the earth would open and swallow her up.

She wrenched her hand from King Grisly-Beard, and rushed towards the door. But the king was too quick for her. He was there before her, and caught her in his arms, saying :

“Do not be afraid. I am the beggar who lived with you in the hut, and I am the drunken soldier who overset your stall in the market-place. I have only done all this because I loved you, and because I wished to cure you of your pride. Now all your trials are over, and we will celebrate our marriage.”

Then beautiful dresses were brought for the princess, and her father and all his court came in and wished her happiness. The wedding feast was the grandest that ever took place, and the princess began her happy reign over the country of King Grisly-Beard.



A PROUD KING

Robert of Sicily was a proud and powerful king. It was not strange, perhaps, that he should be proud; for one of his brothers was emperor of Allemaine, and another was pope at Rome. Still, it was not right for him to look down with scorn upon others, and to think himself the wisest and greatest king in the whole world.

Now it happened that on the eve of Saint John's day King Robert went to church with his knights and attendants. One of the hymns that was sung contained the words: "God hath cast down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." As the words of the hymn were in Latin, the king did not understand them, so he asked what they meant. When he was told, he sneered



and said: "What silly things the priests say! It is well that they speak in Latin. I rule by my own greatness, and no power in heaven or earth could push me from my throne."

The service was long, and after a while the king fell asleep. When he awoke, the church was dark, and everyone was gone.

The king was very angry at the thought that everybody had gone away and left him there alone. He rushed to the door, and began to pound upon it and to call.

After a time, the sexton came to see what was the matter.

"Let me out!" cried Robert. "I am the

king!" The sexton did not believe the king, but he let him out of the church.

Robert rushed away to his palace, and at last came into the banquet-hall, without cloak and hat, and all out of breath. There, to his surprise, he saw some one sitting on the throne who looked just like himself. It was really an angel, but everyone thought it was the king.

"Who art thou?" asked the angel.

"I am the king," cried Robert.

At this all the knights and attendants were very much surprised and very angry. Some of them rushed upon Robert to throw him from the room.

But the angel stopped them and said: "No, you are not the king, but the king's jester. From now on you shall wear a cap and bells, and have an ape for a companion day and night."

Poor Robert! He knew that he was really the king, but he could not make anyone believe



it. The court attendants only laughed at him, and pushed him out of the palace.

Next morning he awoke with a start. Perhaps he had only been dreaming. But no! He found himself in a stable, lying on a bed of straw, and by his side sat a monkey.

He who had been the king had now, because

of his pride, become the king's fool. He wore poor clothes, ate the coarsest food, and was roughly treated by everyone.

But, though his body was ill-treated, his spirit remained firm. Whenever he met the angel, who was now called the king, the angel would ask, "Art thou the king?" and Robert would hold up his head and answer proudly, "I *am* the king."

Three years went by, and all the great princes and high officers of the church went to Rome for the great Easter festival. The angel went as the king, and Robert followed as the king's jester.

Now, Robert thought that the pope would surely know him. So when the king and the court from Sicily were received by the pope, Robert ran forward, crying, "I am the king! I am your brother, King Robert. Don't you know me?"

Poor Robert! Even the pope, his brother,

did not know him, and only thought him crazy. Some one threw him back into the crowd, and Robert went away broken-hearted.

During the Easter festival, Robert thought a great deal about his past life. He soon began to see that he had been very proud and selfish, and he began to feel sorry that he had not been more kind to others. So little by little his pride all melted away.

When the angel and his companions went back to Sicily, Robert was a changed man, and when the angel again asked, "Art thou the king?" Robert answered: "Thou knowest best. My sins are many. Let me pray that they may be forgiven."

The angel smiled. Through the windows they could hear the monks singing: "He hath cast down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." Then Robert heard another song, the far-off voice of the angel singing:

“I am an angel
Thou art the king.”

When the song was finished, Robert looked up, and behold! he was alone. His cap and bells were gone. The ape had disappeared, and he himself was dressed in the kingly robes. But King Robert of Sicily was a changed man. He was proud no longer. When his knights came, they found him kneeling on the floor in prayer.





HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!”
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!”

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters.
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
“Minne-wawa!” said the pine-trees,
“Mudway-aushka!” said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
“Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!”

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WHY THE CHIPMUNK'S BACK IS STRIPED

What I shall tell you now happened when the world was young. It was a fine summer day, and Old-man was travelling in the forest. He was going north and straight as an arrow, looking at nothing, hearing nothing. No one knows what he was after, to this day.

Towards sunset he heard a noise as of men fighting, and he stopped to look and listen. Finally he saw the bushes bend and sway near a creek that flowed through the forest. He crawled towards the spot, and, peering through the brush, saw a great Person near a pile of dead men, with his back against a pine-tree. The Person was full of arrows, and he was pulling them from his ugly body. His head was large and fierce-looking, and his eyes were small and wicked. His great body was larger than that of a buffalo bull, and covered with scars of many battles.

Old-man went to the creek, and with his buffalo-horn cup brought some water to the Person, asking as he came near:

“Who are you, Person? Tell me, so I can make you a fine present; for you are great in war.”

“I am Bad Sickness,” said the Person. “The bravest warriors are afraid when I make war upon them. I come in the night, or I visit their camps in daylight. It is always the same; they are frightened, and I kill them easily.”

“Ho!” said Old-man; “tell me how to make Bad Sickness, for I often go to war myself.”

The Person shook his ugly head, and then Old-man said:

“If you will tell me how to make Bad Sickness I will make you small and handsome. When you are big, as you are now, it is very hard to make a living; but when you are small, little food will make you fat. Your living will

be easy because I will make your food grow everywhere.”

“Good,” said the Person, “I will do it. You must kill the fawns of the deer and the calves of the elk, and make a robe of their skins. Whenever you wear that robe and sing ‘Now you sicken, now you sicken,’ the sickness will come, and there is all there is to it.”

“Good!” said Old-man; “now lie down to sleep, and I will do as I promised.”

The Person went to sleep, and Old-man breathed upon him until he grew very tiny. Then Old-man took out his paint sack, and striped the Person’s back with black and yellow. It looked very bright and handsome. Then he waked the Person, who was now a tiny animal with a bushy tail.

“Now,” said Old-man, “you are the Chipmunk, and must always wear those striped clothes. All of your children and their children must wear them, too.”



Then Old-man told him what to eat, and said he must gather pine-nuts when the leaves turned yellow, so he would not have to work in the winter time.

“You are a cousin to the pine-squirrel,” said Old-man, “and you will hunt and hide as he does.”

He taught the Chipmunk his language and his signs, showed him where to live, and then left him, going on towards the north again.

He kept looking for the cow-elk and the doe-deer, and it was not long before he had killed enough of the young to make the robe, as the Person told him.

He found a shady place near a creek, and there made the robe that would make Bad Sickness whenever he sang the queer song; but the robe was plain, and brown in color.

Suddenly he thought how nice the back of the Chipmunk looked after he had striped it with his paints. So he got out his old paint sack, and with the same colors made the robe look very much like the clothes of the Chipmunk. But Old-man was lazy; he wanted to save himself work. So he sent the South Wind to tell all the doe-deer and the cow-elk to come to him.

They came as soon as they received the message, and when they had all reached the place where Old-man was, he said to them:

“Do you see this robe?”

“Yes, we see it,” they replied.

“Well, I have made it from the skins of your children, and then painted it to look like the Chipmunk’s back. I shall need many more of these robes during my life; and every time I make one I don’t want to have to spend my time painting it. So from now on your children shall be born in spotted clothes.

“On all of the fawns there must be spots of white like this.” Here he pointed to the spots on Bad Sickness’s robe. “And on all of the elk-calves the spots shall not be so white, and shall be in rows.”

The cow-elk and the doe-deer were glad to know that their children’s clothes would be beautiful, and they went away to their little ones who were hidden in the tall grass.

Now you know why the Chipmunk’s back is striped, and why the fawn and elk-calf wear their pretty clothes.

FRANK B. LINDERMAN (adapted).

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