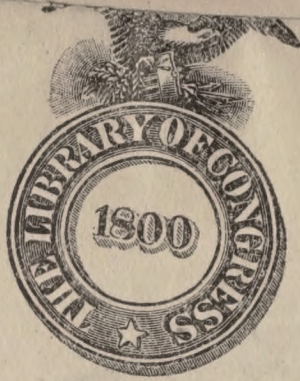


SNOW WHITE AND OTHER STORIES

THE BROTHERS GRIMM



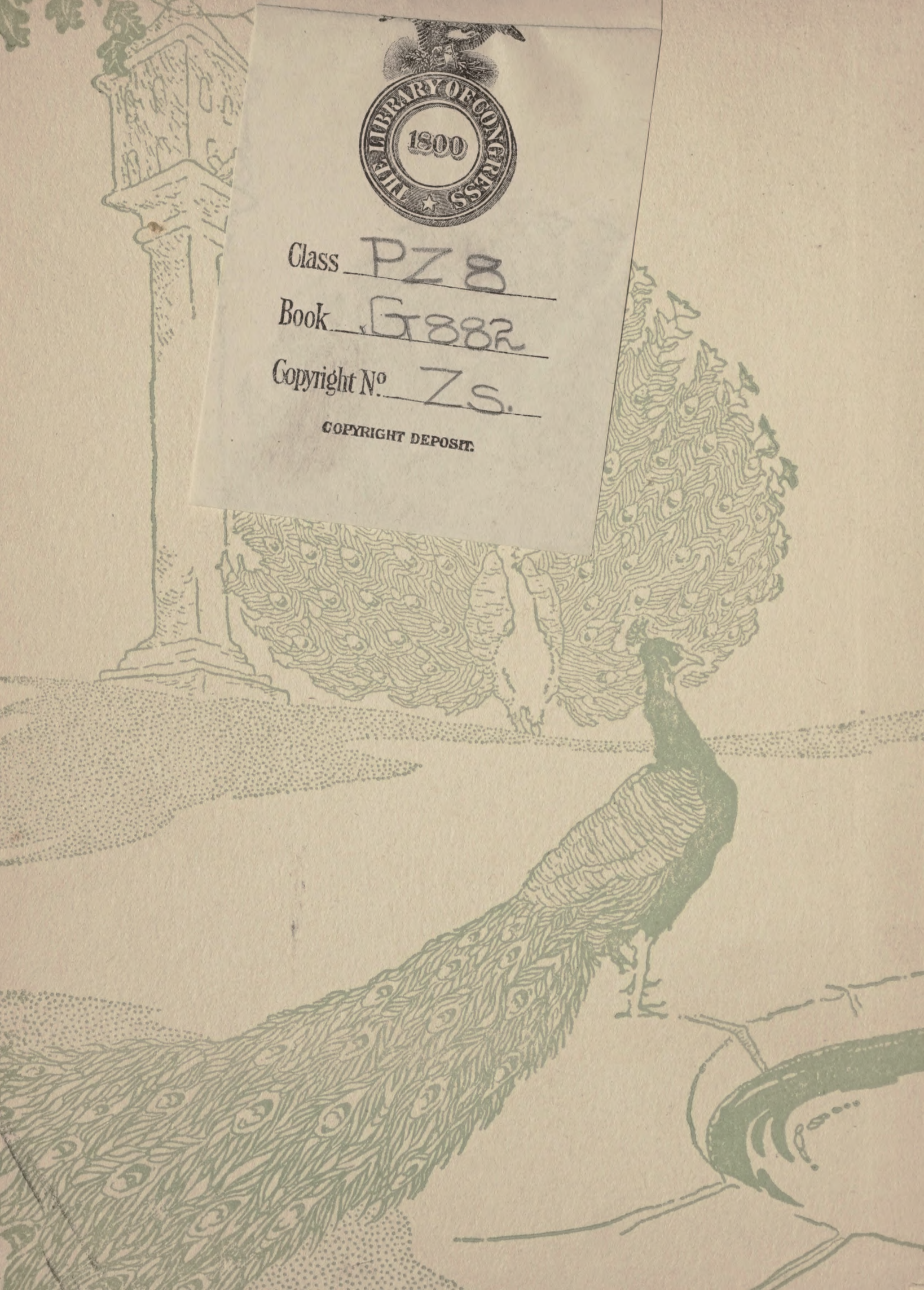


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THEY WERE SO FULL OF JOY THAT THEY DID NOT WAKE HER

SNOW WHITE AND OTHER STORIES

by the Brothers Grimm

Jakob Ludwig Karl



With illustrations in color
by Wuanita Smith

And in black and white
by Edward Shenton

GEORGE W. JACOBS & COMPANY
Publishers Philadelphia



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SNOW-WHITE

IT was the middle of winter, and the snow-flakes were falling like feathers from the sky, and a queen sat at her window working, and her embroidery-frame was of ebony. And as she worked, gazing at times out on the snow, she pricked her finger, and there fell from it three drops of blood on the snow. And when she saw how bright and red it looked, she said to herself, "Oh, that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the embroidery frame!"

Not very long after she had a daughter, with a skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony, and she was named Snow-white. And when she was born the Queen died.

After a year had gone by the King took another wife, a beautiful woman, but very proud, and she could not bear that any other woman should be as beautiful as she was. She had a

magic looking-glass, and she used to stand before it, and look in it, and say:

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

And the looking-glass would answer:

“ You are fairest of them all.”

And she was contented, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth.

Now, Snow-white was growing prettier and prettier, and when she was seven years old she was far more beautiful than the Queen herself. So one day when the Queen went to her mirror and said:

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

The mirror answered:

“ Queen, you are very fair, 'tis true,
But Snow-white fairer is than you.”

This gave the Queen a great shock, and she became yellow and green with envy, and from

that hour her heart turned against Snow-white, and she hated her. At last she sent for a huntsman, and said:

“Take the child out into the woods, so that I may set eyes on her no more. You must put her to death, and bring me her heart for a token.”

The huntsman agreed, and led her away; but when he drew his sword to pierce Snow-white's innocent heart, she began to weep, and to say:

“Oh, dear huntsman, do not take my life; I will go away into the wild wood, and never come home again.”

And as she was so lovely the huntsman had pity on her, and said:

“Away with you then, poor child!” Just at that moment a young wild boar came running by, so he caught and killed it, and taking out its heart, he brought it to the Queen for a token.

Now, when the poor child found herself quite alone in the wild woods, she did not know what to do for fright. She began to run over the sharp stones and through the thorn bushes, and the wild beasts after her, but they did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet would carry her; and when the evening drew near she came to a little house, and she went inside to rest. Every-

thing there was very small, but as pretty and clean as possible. There stood the little table, covered with a white cloth, and laid with seven little plates, and seven knives and forks, and drinking-cups. By the wall stood seven little beds, side by side, covered with clean white quilts. Snow-white, being very hungry and thirsty, ate from each plate a little porridge and bread, and drank out of each little cup a drop of wine, so as not to take all from any one plate or cup. After that she felt so tired that she lay down on one of the beds, but it did not seem to suit her; one was too long, another too short, but she found the seventh was quite right; and so she lay down upon it, said her prayers, and fell asleep.

When it was quite dark, the owners of the house came home. They were seven dwarfs, who dug among the mountains. When they had lighted their seven candles, and it was quite light in the little house, they saw that some one must have been there, as nothing was as they had left it. The first dwarf said:

“Who has been sitting in my little chair?”

The second said:

“Who has been eating from my little plate?”

The third said:

“ Who has been taking my little loaf? ”

The fourth said:

“ Who has been tasting my porridge? ”

The fifth said:

“ Who has been using my little fork? ”

The sixth said:

“ Who has been cutting with my little knife? ”

The seventh said:

“ Who has been drinking from my little cup? ”

Then the first one, looking round, saw a hollow in his bed, and cried:

“ Who has been lying on my bed? ”

And the others came running, and cried:

“ Some one has been on our beds, too! ”

But when the seventh looked at his bed, he saw little Snow-white lying there asleep. Then he told the others, who came running up, and holding their seven little candles to throw a light upon Snow-white.

“ O goodness! O gracious! ” they cried, “ what beautiful child is this? ” and were so full of joy to see her that they did not wake her, but let her sleep on. And the seventh dwarf slept an hour at a time with each of the others until the night had passed.

When it was morning, and Snow-white awoke

and saw the seven dwarfs, she was very frightened; but they seemed quite friendly, and asked her what her name was and how she came to be in their house, and she told them. Then the dwarfs said:

“If you will keep our house for us, and cook, and wash, and make the beds, and sew and knit, and keep everything tidy and clean, you may stay with us, and you shall have everything you want.”

“With all my heart,” said Snow-white; and so she stayed, and kept the house in good order. In the morning the dwarfs went to the mountain to dig for gold; in the evening they came home, and their supper had to be ready for them. All day long Snow-white was left alone, and the good little dwarfs warned her, saying:

“Beware of your stepmother; she will soon know you are here. Let no one into the house.”

Now the Queen, thinking that Snow-white had been killed, felt quite sure that now she was the most beautiful woman in the country, and so she went to her mirror, and said:

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

And the glass answered:

“Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair.”

Then she was very angry, for the glass always spoke the truth, and she knew that the huntsman must have deceived her, and that Snow-white must still be living. And she thought and thought how she could manage to make an end of her. At last she thought of a plan; she painted her face and dressed herself like an old peddler woman, so that no one would have known her. In this disguise she went across the seven mountains, until she came to the house of the seven little dwarfs, and she knocked at the door and cried:

“Fine goods to sell! fine goods to sell!”

Snow-white peeped out of the window and cried:

“Good-day, good woman, what have you to sell?”

“Good wares, fine wares,” answered she, “laces of all colors;” and she held up a piece that was woven of silk of many colors.

“I need not be afraid of letting this good woman come in,” thought Snow-white, and she unlocked the door and bought the pretty lace.

“Let me lace you properly,” said the old woman.

Snow-white stood up before her, and let her lace her with the new lace; but the old woman laced so quick and tight that it took Snow-white’s breath away, and she fell down as if dead.

“Now you have done with being the fairest,” said the old woman as she hastened away.

Not long after that, towards evening, the seven dwarfs came home, and were terrified to see their dear Snow-white lying on the ground, without life or motion; they raised her up, and when they saw how tightly she was laced they cut the lace in two; then she began to draw breath. When the dwarfs heard what had happened they said:

“The old peddler woman was the wicked queen; you must beware of letting any one in when we are not here!”

And when the wicked woman got home she went to her glass and said:

“Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

And it answered as before:

“Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair.”

When she heard that she was very much surprised, for she knew that Snow-white must still be living.

“But now,” said she, “I will think of something that will be her ruin.” And by witchcraft she made a poisoned comb. Then she dressed herself up to look like a different sort of old woman. So she went across the seven mountains and came to the house of the seven dwarfs, and knocked at the door and cried:

“Good wares to sell! good wares to sell!”

Snow-white looked out and said:

“Go away, I must not let anybody in.”

“But you are not forbidden to look,” said the old woman, taking out the poisoned comb and holding it up. It pleased Snow-white so much that she opened the door; and when the bargain was made the old woman said:

“Now, your hair shall be properly combed.”

But no sooner was the comb put in Snow-

white's hair than the poison began to work, and the poor girl fell down senseless.

"Now," said the wicked woman, "this is the end of you," and went off. By good luck it was now near evening, and the seven little dwarfs came home. When they saw Snow-white lying on the ground as dead, they thought directly that it was the stepmother's doing, and looked about, found the poisoned comb, and no sooner had they drawn it out of her hair than Snow-white came to herself, and told them all that had passed. Then they warned her once more to be on her guard, and never again to let any one in at the door.

And the Queen went home and stood before the looking-glass and said:

"Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

And the looking-glass answered as before:

"Queen, thou art of beauty rare,
But Snow-white living in the glen
With the seven little men
Is a thousand times more fair."

When she heard the looking-glass speak thus she trembled and shook with anger.

“Snow-white shall die,” cried she, “though it should cost me my own life!” And then she went to a secret lonely chamber, where no one was likely to come, and there she made a poisonous apple. It was beautiful to look upon, being white with red cheeks, so that any one who should see it must long for it, but whoever ate even a little bit of it must die. When the apple was ready she painted her face and clothed herself like a peasant woman, and went across the seven mountains to where the seven dwarfs lived. And when she knocked at the door Snow-white put her head out of the window and said:

“I dare not let anybody in; the seven dwarfs told me not to.”

“All right,” answered the woman; “I can easily get rid of my apples elsewhere. There, I will give you one.”

“No,” answered Snow-white, “I dare not take anything.”

“Are you afraid of poison?” said the woman. “Look here, I will cut the apple in two pieces; you shall have the red side, I will have the white one.”

For the apple was so cunningly made, that all the poison was in the rosy half of it. Snow-white

wanted the beautiful apple, and as she saw the peasant woman eating a piece of it she stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. But no sooner had she taken a bit of it into her mouth than she fell to the earth as dead. And the Queen laughed aloud and cried:

“As white as snow, as red as blood, as black as ebony! this time the dwarfs will not be able to bring you to life again.”

And when she went home and asked the looking-glass:

“Looking-glass against the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?”

at last it answered:

“You are the fairest now of all.”

Then her envious heart had peace, as much as an envious heart can have.

The dwarfs, when they came home in the evening, found Snow-white lying on the ground, and there came no breath out of her mouth, and she was dead. They lifted her up, sought if anything poisonous was to be found, cut her laces, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but all was of no avail, the poor child was dead, and remained dead. Then they laid her on a

bier, and sat all seven of them around it, and wept and lamented three whole days. And then they would have buried her, but that she looked still as if she were living, with her beautiful blooming cheeks. So they said:

“We cannot hide her away in the black ground.” And they had made a coffin of clear glass, so as to be looked into from all sides, and they laid her in it, and wrote in golden letters upon it her name, and that she was a king’s daughter. Then they set the coffin out upon the mountain, and one of them always remained by it to watch. And the birds came too, and mourned for Snow-white, first an owl, then a raven, and lastly, a dove.

Now, for a long while Snow-white lay in the coffin and never changed, but looked as if she were asleep, for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony. It happened, however, that one day a king’s son rode through the wood and up to the dwarfs’ house, which was near it. He saw on the mountain the coffin, and beautiful Snow-white within it, and he read what was written in golden letters upon it. Then he said to the dwarfs:

“Let me have the coffin, and I will give you whatever you like to ask for it.”

But the dwarfs told him that they could not part with it for all the gold in the world. But he said:

“I beg you to give it to me, for I cannot live without looking upon Snow-white; if you consent I will bring you to great honor, and care for you as if you were my brethren.”

When he spoke so the good little dwarfs had pity upon him and gave him the coffin, and the King's son called his servants and bade them carry it away on their shoulders. Now it happened that as they were going along they stumbled over a bush, and with the shaking the bit of poisoned apple flew out of her throat. It was not long before she opened her eyes, threw up the cover of the coffin, and sat up, alive and well.

“Oh dear! where am I?” cried she. The King's son answered, full of joy, “You are near me,” and, relating all that had happened, he said:

“I would rather have you than anything in the world; come with me to my father's castle and you shall be my bride.”

And Snow-white was kind, and went with him,

and their wedding was held with pomp and great splendor.

But Snow-white's wicked stepmother was also bidden to the feast, and when she had dressed herself in beautiful clothes she went to her looking-glass and said:

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

The looking-glass answered:

“O Queen, although you are of beauty rare,
The young bride is a thousand times more fair.”

Then she was beside herself with disappointment and anger. First she thought she would not go to the wedding; but then she felt she should have no peace until she went and saw the bride. And when she saw her she knew her for Snow-white. So Snow-white married the King's son and the wicked stepmother left the wedding so angry that she fell down in a fit and died.

HANSEL AND GRETTEL

CLOSE to a large forest there lived a wood-cutter with his wife and his two children. The boy was called Hansel, and the girl Grettel. They were always very poor, and had very little to live on; and at one time, when there was famine in the land, he could no longer get daily bread.

One night he lay in bed worrying over his troubles, and he sighed and said to his wife: "What is to become of us? How are we to feed our poor children when we have nothing for ourselves?"

"I'll tell you what, husband," answered the woman, "to-morrow morning we will take the children out quite early into the thickest part of the forest. We will light a fire, and give each of them a piece of bread; then we will go to our work and leave them alone. They won't be able to find their way back, and so we shall be rid of them."



HANSEL put out a knuckle-bone and the old woman, whose eyes were dim, thought it was his finger



“No, wife,” said the man; “we won’t do that. I could never find it in my heart to leave my children alone in the forest; the wild animals would soon tear them to pieces.”

“What a fool you are!” she said. “Then we must all four die of hunger.”

She gave him no peace till he consented. “But I grieve over the poor children all the same,” said the man.

The two children could not go to sleep for hunger either, and they heard what their stepmother said to their father.

Grettel wept bitterly, and said: “All is over with us now!”

“Be quiet, Grettel!” said Hansel. “Don’t cry; I will find some way out of it.”

When the old people had gone to sleep, he got up, put on his little coat, opened the door, and slipped out. The moon was shining brightly, and the white pebbles round the house shone like new coins. Hansel stooped down and put as many in his pockets as they would hold.

Then he went back to Grettel, and said: “Take comfort, little sister, and go to sleep. God won’t forsake us.” And then he went to bed again.

Before the sun had risen, the woman came and said: "Get up, you lazy bones; we are going into the forest to fetch wood."

Then she gave them each a piece of bread, and said: "Here is something for your dinner, but mind you don't eat it before, for you'll get no more."

Grettel put the bread under her apron, for Hansel had the stones in his pockets. Then they all started for the forest.

When they had gone a little way, Hansel stopped and looked back at the cottage, and he did the same thing again and again.

His father said: "Hansel, what are you stopping to look back at? Take care, and put your best foot foremost."

"Oh, Father!" said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat; it is sitting on the roof, wanting to say good-bye to me."

"Little fool! that's no cat, it's the morning sun shining on the chimney," said the step-mother.

But Hansel had not been looking at the cat; he had been dropping a pebble on the ground each time he stopped. When they reached the middle of the forest, their father said:

“Now, children, pick up some wood, I want to make a fire to warm you.”

Hansel and Grettel gathered the twigs together and soon made a huge pile. Then the pile was lighted, and when it blazed up, the woman said: “Now lie down by the fire and rest yourselves while we go and cut wood; when we have finished we will come back to get you.”

Hansel and Grettel sat by the fire, and when dinner-time came they each ate their little bit of bread, and they thought their father was quite near because they could hear the sound of an ax. It was no ax, however, but a branch which the man had tied to a dead tree, and which blew backwards and forwards against it. They sat there such a long time that they got tired, their eyes began to close, and they were soon fast asleep.

When they woke it was dark night. Grettel began to cry: “How shall we ever get out of the wood!”

But Hansel comforted her, and said: “Wait a little till the moon rises, then we will soon find our way.”

When the full moon rose, Hansel took his little sister's hand, and they walked on, guided by

the pebbles, which glittered like newly coined money. They walked the whole night, and at daybreak they found themselves back at their father's cottage.

They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it and saw Hansel and Grettel, she said: "You bad children, why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you did not mean to come back any more."

But their father was delighted, for he had not wanted to leave them behind alone.

Not long after the children heard the woman at night say to their father: "We have eaten up everything again but half a loaf of bread. The children must go away; we will take them further into the forest so that they won't be able to find their way back. There is nothing else to be done."

The man took it much to heart, and said: "We had better share our last crust with the children."

But the woman would not listen to a word he said, she only scolded him. As the father had given in the first time, he had to do so the second. The children were wide awake and heard what was said.

When the old people went to sleep Hansel again got up, meaning to go out and get some more pebbles, but the woman had locked the door and he couldn't get out. But he said to his little sister:

“Don't cry, Grettel; go to sleep. God will help us.”

In the early morning the woman made the children get up, and gave them each a piece of bread, but it was smaller than the last. On the way to the forest Hansel crumbled it up in his pocket, and stopped every now and then to throw a crumb on the ground.

“Hansel, what are you stopping to look about you for?” asked his father.

“I am looking at my dove which is sitting on the roof and wants to say good-bye to me,” answered Hansel.

“Little fool!” said the woman, “that is no dove, it is the morning sun shining on the chimney.”

Nevertheless, Hansel scattered the crumbs from time to time on the ground. The woman led the children far into the forest where they had never been in their lives before. Again they made a big fire, and the woman said:

“Stay where you are, children, and when you are tired you may go to sleep for a while. We are going further on to cut wood, and in the evening when we have finished we will come back and get you.”

At dinner-time Grettel shared her bread with Hansel, for he had scattered his on the road. Then they went to sleep, and the evening passed, but no one came to get the poor children.

It was quite dark when they woke up, and Hansel cheered his little sister, and said: “Wait a bit, Grettel, till the moon rises, then we can see the bread-crumbs which I scattered to show us the way home.”

When the moon rose they started, but they found no bread-crumbs, for all the birds in the forest had pecked them up and eaten them.

Hansel said to Grettel: “We shall soon find the way.”

But they could not find it. They walked the whole night, and all the next day from morning till night, but they could not get out of the wood.

They were very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but a few berries which they found. They were so tired that their legs would not carry

them any further, and they lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

When they woke in the morning, it was the third day since they had left their father's cottage. They started to walk again, but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and if no help came they must perish.

At midday they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a tree. It sang so beautifully that they stood still to listen to it. When it stopped, it fluttered its wings and flew around them. They followed it till they came to a little cottage, on the roof of which it settled itself.

When they got quite near, they saw that the little house was made of bread, and it was roofed with cake; the windows were clear sugar.

"This will be something for us," said Hansel. "We will have a good meal. I will have a piece of the roof, Grettel, and you can have a bit of the window; it will be nice and sweet."

Hansel reached up and broke off a piece of the roof to find out what it was like. Grettel went to the window and nibbled at that. A gentle voice called out from within:

"Nibbling, nibbling like a mouse,
Who's nibbling at my little house?"

The children answered:

“The wind, the wind doth blow
From heaven to earth below,”

and went on eating. Hansel, who found the roof very good, broke off a large piece for himself; and Grettel pushed a whole round pane out of the window, and sat down on the ground to enjoy it.

All at once the door opened and an old, old woman, supporting herself on a crutch, came hobbling out. Hansel and Grettel were so frightened that they dropped what they held in their hands.

But the old woman only shook her head, and said: “Ah, dear children, who brought you here? Come in and stay with me; you will come to no harm.”

She took them by the hand and led them into the little house. A nice dinner was set before them, pancakes and sugar, milk, apples, and nuts. After this she showed them two little white beds into which they crept, and felt as if they were in Heaven.

Although the old woman appeared to be so friendly, she was really a wicked old witch who

was on the watch for children, and she had built the bread house on purpose to lure them to her. Whenever she could get a child into her clutches she cooked it and ate it, and considered it a grand feast. Witches have red eyes, and can't see very far, but they have keen scent like animals, and can perceive the approach of human beings.

When Hansel and Grettel came near her, she laughed wickedly to herself, and said scornfully: "Now I have them, they shan't escape me."

She got up early in the morning, before the children were awake, and when she saw them sleeping, with their beautiful rosy cheeks, she murmured to herself: "They will be dainty morsels."

She seized Hansel with her bony hand and carried him off to a little stable, where she shut him up and barred the door; he might cry as loud as he liked, she took no notice of him. Then she went to Grettel and shook her till she woke, and cried:

"Get up, little lazy-bones, fetch some water and cook something nice for your brother; he is in the stable, and has to be fattened. When he is nice and fat, I will eat him."

Grettel began to cry bitterly, but it was no use, she had to obey the witch's orders. The best food was now cooked for poor Hansel, but Grettel only had the shells of crayfish.

The old woman hobbled to the stable every morning, and cried: "Hansel, put your finger out for me to feel how fat you are."

Hansel put out a knuckle-bone, and the old woman, whose eyes were dim, could not see, and thought it was his finger, and she was much astonished that he did not get fat.

When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still kept thin, she became very impatient and would wait no longer.

"Now then, Grettel," she cried, "bustle along and fetch the water. Fat or thin, to-morrow I will kill Hansel and eat him."

Oh, how his poor little sister grieved. As she carried the water, the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Dear God, help us!" she cried. "If only the wild animals in the forest had devoured us, we should, at least, have died together."

"You may spare your tears; they will do you no good," said the old woman.

Early in the morning Grettel had to go out to

fill the kettle with water, and then she had to kindle a fire and hang the kettle over it.

“We will bake first,” said the old witch. “I have heated the oven and kneaded the dough.”

She pushed poor Grettel towards the oven, and said: “Creep in and see if it is properly heated, and then we will put the bread in.”

She meant, when Grettel had got in, to shut the door and roast her.

But Grettel saw her plan, and said: “I don’t know how to get in. How am I to do it?”

“Stupid goose!” cried the witch. “The opening is big enough; you can see that I could get into it myself.”

She hobbled up, and stuck her head into the oven. Grettel gave her a push which sent the witch right in, and then she banged the door and bolted it.

“Oh! oh!” she began to howl horribly. But Grettel ran away and left the wicked witch.

Grettel ran as fast as she could to the stable. She opened the door, and cried: “Hansel, we are saved. The old witch is dead.”

Hansel sprang out, like a bird out of a cage when the door is opened. How delighted they were. They fell upon each other’s necks,

and kissed each other, and danced about for joy.

As they had nothing more to fear, they went into the witch's house, and they found chests in every corner full of pearls and precious stones.

"These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, as he filled his pockets.

Grettel said: "I must take something home with me too." And she filled her apron.

"But now we must go," said Hansel, "so that we may get out of this enchanted wood."

Before they had gone very far, they came to a great piece of water.

"We can't get across it," said Hansel; "I see no stepping-stones and no bridge."

"And there are no boats either," answered Grettel. "But there is a duck swimming, it will help us over if we ask it."

So she cried:

"Little duck, that cries quack, quack,
Here Grettel and here Hansel stand.
Quickly, take us on your back,
No path nor bridge is there at hand!"

The duck came swimming towards them, and Hansel got on its back, and told his sister to sit on his knee.

“No,” answered Grettel, “it will be too heavy for the duck; it must take us over one after the other.”

The good creature did this, and when they had got safely over and walked for a while, the wood seemed to grow more and more familiar to them, and at last they saw their father's cottage in the distance. They began to run, and rushed inside, where they threw their arms around their father's neck. The man had not had a single happy moment since he had deserted his children in the wood, and in the meantime his wife had died.

Grettel shook her apron and scattered the pearls and precious stones all over the floor, and Hansel added handful after handful out of his pockets.

So all their troubles came to an end, and they lived together as happily as possible.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

A LONG time ago there lived a king and queen, who said every day, "If only we had a child"; but for a long time they had none.

It fell out once, as the Queen was bathing, that a frog crept out of the water onto the land, and said to her: "You shall have your wish; before a year has passed you shall bring a daughter into the world."

The frog's words came true. The Queen had a little girl who was so beautiful that the King could not contain himself for joy, and prepared a great feast. He invited not only his relations, friends, and acquaintances, but the fairies, in order that they might be favorably and kindly disposed towards the child. There were thirteen of them in the kingdom, but as the King had only twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of the fairies had to stay at home.

The feast was held with all splendor, and when it came to an end the fairies all presented the child with a magic gift. One gave her virtue,



GOOD Day Granny," said the Princess, "what are you doing there?"

another beauty, a third riches, and so on, with everything in the world that she could wish for.

When eleven of the fairies had said their say, the thirteenth suddenly appeared. She wanted to revenge herself for not having been invited. Without greeting any one, or even glancing at the company, she called out in a loud voice: "The Princess shall prick herself with a distaff in her fifteenth year and shall fall down dead"; and without another word she turned and left the hall.

Every one was terror-struck, but the twelfth fairy, whose wish was still unspoken, stepped forward. She could not cancel the curse, but could only soften it, so she said: "It shall not be death, but a deep sleep lasting a hundred years, into which your daughter shall fall."

The King was so anxious to guard his dear child from the misfortune, that he sent out a command that all the distaffs in the whole kingdom should be burned.

As time went on all the promises of the fairies came true. The Princess grew up so beautiful, modest, kind, and clever that every one who saw her loved her. Now it happened that on the very day when she was fifteen years old the King and

Queen were away from home, and the Princess was left quite alone in the castle. She wandered about over the whole place, looking at rooms and halls as she pleased, and at last she came to an old tower. She climbed a narrow, winding staircase and reached a little door. A rusty key was sticking in the lock, and when she turned it the door flew open. In a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, spinning her flax busily.

“Good day, Granny,” said the Princess; “what are you doing?”

“I am spinning,” said the old woman, and nodded her head.

“What is the thing that whirls around so merrily?” asked the Princess; and she took the spindle and tried to spin too.

But she had scarcely touched it before the curse was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with the spindle. The instant she felt the prick she fell upon the bed which was standing near, and lay still in a deep sleep which spread over the whole castle.

The King and Queen, who had just come home and had stepped into the hall, went to sleep, and all their courtiers with them. The horses went to sleep in the stable, the dogs in the yard, the

doves on the roof, the flies on the wall; yes, even the fire flickering on the hearth grew still and went to sleep, and the roast meat stopped crackling; the cook, who was pulling the scullion's hair because he had made some mistake, let him go and went to sleep. The wind dropped, and on the trees in front of the castle not a leaf stirred.

But round the castle a hedge of briar roses began to grow up; every year it grew higher, till at last it surrounded the whole castle so that nothing could be seen of it, not even the flags on the roof.

But there was a legend in the land about the lovely sleeping Briar Rose, as the King's daughter was called, and from time to time princes came and tried to force a way through the hedge into the castle. They found it impossible, for the thorns, as though they had hands, held them fast, and the princes remained caught in them without being able to free themselves, and so died a miserable death.

After many, many years a prince came again to the country and heard an old man tell of the castle which stood behind the briar hedge, in which a most beautiful maiden called Briar Rose had been asleep for the last hundred years, and

with her slept the King, Queen, and all her courtiers. He knew also, from his grandfather, that many princes had already come and sought to pierce through the briar hedge, and had remained caught in it and died a sad death.

Then the young prince said, "I am not afraid; I am determined to go and look upon the lovely Briar Rose."

The good old man tried to make him change his mind, but the Prince would not listen to his words.

Now, however, the hundred years were just ended, and the day had come when Briar Rose was to wake up again. When the Prince came to the briar hedge it was in blossom, and was covered with beautiful large flowers which made way for him of their own accord and let him pass unharmed, and then closed up again into a hedge behind him.

In the courtyard he saw the horses and dogs lying asleep, on the roof sat the doves with their heads under their wings: and when he went into the house the flies were asleep on the walls, and near the throne lay the King and Queen; in the kitchen was the cook, with his hand raised as though about to strike the scullion, and the maid

sat with the black fowl in her lap which she was about to pluck.

He went on further, and all was so still that he could hear his own breathing. At last he reached the tower, and opened the door into the little room where Briar Rose was asleep. There she lay, looking so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her; he bent down and gave her a kiss. As he touched her Briar Rose opened her eyes and looked lovingly at him. Then they went down together; and the King woke up, and the Queen, and all the courtiers, and looked at each other with astonished eyes. The horses in the stable stood up and shook themselves, the dogs leaped about and wagged their tails, the doves on the roof lifted their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew into the fields; the flies on the walls began to crawl again, the fire in the kitchen roused itself and blazed up and cooked the food, the meat began to crackle, and the cook boxed the scullion's ears so soundly that he screamed aloud, while the maid finished plucking the fowl. Then the wedding of the Prince and Briar Rose was celebrated with all splendor, and they lived happily till they died.

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

THERE was once a shoemaker who, through no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had only leather enough left for one pair of shoes. At evening he cut out the shoes which he intended to begin upon the next morning, and since he had a good conscience, he lay down quietly, said his prayers, and fell asleep.

In the morning when he had said his prayers, and was preparing to sit down to work, he found the pair of shoes standing finished on his table. He was amazed, and could not understand it in the least.

He took the shoes in his hand to examine them more closely. They were so neatly sewn that not a stitch was out of place, and were as good as the work of a master-hand.

Soon after a purchaser came in, and as he was much pleased with the shoes, he paid more than the usual price for them, so that the shoemaker



WITH THEIR TINY FINGERS THEY BEGAN TO STITCH

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was able to buy leather for two pairs of shoes with the money.

He cut them out in the evening, and next day, with fresh courage, was about to go to work; but he had no need to, for when he got up, the shoes were finished, and buyers were not lacking. These gave him so much money that he was able to buy leather for four pairs of shoes.

Early next morning he found the four pairs finished, and so it went on; what he cut out at evening was finished in the morning, so that he was soon again in comfortable circumstances, and became a well-to-do man.

Now it happened one evening, not long before Christmas, when he had cut out some shoes as usual, that he said to his wife: "How would it be if we were to sit up to-night to see who it is that lends us such a helping hand?"

The wife agreed, lighted a candle, and they hid themselves in the corner of the room behind the clothes which were hanging there.

At midnight came two little naked men who sat down at the shoemaker's table, took up the cut-out work, and began with their tiny fingers to stitch, sew, and hammer so neatly and quickly

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that the shoemaker could not believe his eyes. They did not stop till everything was quite finished, and stood complete on the table; then they ran swiftly away.

The next day the wife said: "The little men have made us rich, and we ought to show our gratitude. They were running about with nothing on, and must freeze with cold. Now I will make them little shirts, coats, waistcoats, and hose, and will even knit them a pair of stockings, and you shall make them each a pair of shoes."

The husband agreed, and at evening, when they had everything ready, they laid out the presents on the table, and hid themselves to see how the little men would behave.

At midnight they came skipping in, and were about to set to work; but, instead of the leather ready cut out, they found the charming little clothes.

At first they were surprised, then very much delighted. With the greatest speed they put on and smoothed down the pretty clothes, singing:

"Now we're boys so fine and neat,
Why cobble more for other's feet?"

Then they hopped and danced about, and

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leapt over chairs and tables and out at the door. Henceforward, they came back no more, but the shoemaker fared well, and had good luck in everything he did.

THE BREMEN TOWN-MUSICIANS

A CERTAIN man had an ass which for many years carried sacks to the mill without tiring. At last, however, its strength was worn out; it was no longer of any use for work. So its master began to consider how he could cut down its keep; but the ass, seeing there was mischief in the air, ran away and started on the road to Bremen; there he thought he could become a town-musician.

When he had been traveling a short time, he fell in with a dog, who was lying panting on the road as though he had run himself off his legs.

“ Well, what are you panting so for, Growler? ” said the ass.

“ Ah, ” said the dog, “ just because I am old, and every day I get weaker, and also because I can no longer keep up with the pack, my master wanted to kill me, so I ran away. But now, how am I to earn my bread? ”

“ Well, ” said the ass, “ I am going to Bremen, and shall there become a town-musician; come with me and take your part in the music. I shall

play the lute, and you shall beat the kettle-drum."

The dog agreed, and they went on.

A short time after they came upon a cat, sitting in the road, with a face as long as a wet week.

"Well, what has been crossing you, Whiskers?" asked the ass.

"Who can be cheerful when he is out at elbows?" said the cat. "I am getting on in years, and my teeth are blunted and I prefer to sit by the stove and purr instead of hunting round after mice. Just because of this my mistress wanted to drown me. I made myself scarce, but now I don't know where to turn."

"Come with us to Bremen," said the ass. "You are a great hand at serenading, so you can become a town-musician."

The cat consented, and joined them.

Next the travelers passed by a yard where a barn-door fowl was sitting on the door, crowing with all its might.

"You crow so loud you pierce one through and through," said the ass. "What is the matter?"

"Why! didn't I prophesy fine weather for

Lady Day, when Our Lady washes the Christ Child's little garment and wants to dry it? But, notwithstanding this, because Sunday visitors are coming to-morrow, the mistress has no pity, and she has ordered the cook to make me into soup, so I shall have my neck wrung to-night. Now I am crowing with all my might while I have the chance."

"Come along, Red-comb," said the ass; "you had much better come with us. We are going to Bremen, and you will find a much better fate there. You have a good voice, and when we make music together, there will be quality in it."

The cock allowed himself to be persuaded, and they all four went off together. They could not, however, reach the town in one day, and by evening they arrived at a wood, where they determined to spend the night. The ass and the dog lay down under a big tree; the cat and the cock settled themselves in the branches, the cock flying right up to the top, which was the safest place for him. Before going to sleep he looked round once more in every direction; suddenly it seemed to him that he saw a light burning in the distance. He called out to his comrades that there must be a house not far off, for he saw a light.

“Very well,” said the ass, “let us set out and make our way to it, for the entertainment here is very bad.”

The hound thought some bones or meat would suit him too, so they set out in the direction of the light, and soon saw it shining more clearly, and getting bigger and bigger, till they reached a brightly-lighted robbers’ den. The ass, being the tallest, went to the window and looked in.

“What do you see, old Jackass?” asked the cock.

“What do I see?” answered the ass; “why, a table spread with delicious food and drink, and robbers seated at it enjoying themselves.”

“That would just suit us,” said the cock.

“Yes; if we were only there,” answered the ass.

Then the animals took counsel as to how to set about driving the robbers out. At last they hit upon a plan.

The ass was to take up his position with his forefeet on the window-sill, the dog was to jump on his back, the cat to climb up onto the dog, and last of all the cock to fly up and perch on the cat’s head. When they were thus arranged, at a given signal they all began their music; the ass

brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed; then they dashed through the window, breaking the panes. The robbers jumped up at the terrible noise; they thought that a demon was coming upon them, and fled into the wood in the greatest alarm. Then the four animals sat down to the table, and helped themselves according to their taste, and ate as though they had been starving for weeks. When they had finished they put out the light, and looked for sleeping places, each one to suit his nature and taste.

The ass lay down on a pile of straw, the dog behind the door, the cat on the hearth near the warm ashes, and the cock flew up to the rafters. As they were tired from the long journey, they soon went to sleep.

When midnight was past, and the robbers saw from a distance that the light was no longer burning, and that all seemed quiet, the chief said:

“We ought not to have been scared by a false alarm,” and ordered one of the robbers to go and look at the house.

Finding all quiet, the robber went into the kitchen to kindle a light, and taking the cat's glowing, fiery eyes for live coals, he held a match

close to them so as to light it. But the cat would stand no nonsense; it flew at his face, spat and scratched. The robber was terribly frightened and ran away.

He tried to get out by the back door, but the dog, who was lying there, jumped up and bit his leg. As he ran across the pile of straw in front of the house, the ass gave him a good sound kick with his hind legs, while the cock, who had awakened at the uproar quite fresh and gay, cried out from his perch: "Cock-a-doodle-doo." Thereupon the robber ran back as fast as he could to his chief, and said: "There is a horrid witch in the house, who breathed on me and scratched me with her long fingers. Behind the door there stands a man with a knife, who stabbed me; while in the yard lies a black monster, who hit me with a club; and upon the roof the judge is seated, and he called out, 'Bring the rogue here,' so I hurried away as fast as I could."

After that the robbers did not venture again to the house, which, however, pleased the four Bremen musicians so much that they never wished to leave it again.

THE TABLE, THE ASS, AND THE STICK

THERE was once a tailor, who had three sons and one goat. And the goat, as she fed them all with her milk, was obliged to have good food, and so she was led every day down to the willows by the waterside; and this the sons did in turn. One day the eldest took the goat to the churchyard, where the best sprouts are, that she might eat her fill, and gambol about.

In the evening, when it was time to go home, he said:

“ Well, goat, have you had enough? ”

The goat answered:

“ I am so full,
I cannot pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa! ”

“ Then come home,” said the young fellow, and tied a rope to her, led her to her stall, and fastened her up.

“ Now,” said the old tailor, “ has the goat had her proper food? ”

“ Oh,” answered the son, “ she is so full, she no more can pull.”

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But the father, wishing to see for himself, went out to the stall, stroked his dear goat, and said:

“ My dear goat, are you full? ” And the goat answered:

“ How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—
ba! baa! ”

“ What is this that I hear? ” cried the tailor, and he ran and called out to his son:

“ You said that the goat was full, and she has been hungry all the time! ” And in his wrath he took up his yard-measure and drove his son out of the house with many blows.

The next day came the turn of the second son, and he found a fine place in the garden hedge, where there were good green sprouts, and the goat ate them all up. In the evening, when he came to lead her home, he said:

“ Well, goat, have you had enough? ” And the goat answered:

“ I am so full,
I could not pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa! ”

“ Then come home, ” said the young fellow, and led her home, and tied her up.

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“Now,” said the old tailor, “has the goat had her proper food?”

“Oh,” answered the son, “she is so full, she no more can pull.”

The tailor, not feeling satisfied, went out to the stall, and said:

“My dear goat, are you really full?” And the goat answered:

“How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—
ba! baa!”

“The good-for-nothing rascal,” cried the tailor, “to let the dear creature go fasting!” and, running back, he chased the youth with his yard-measure out of the house.

Then came the turn of the third son, who, meaning to make sure that the goat had plenty to eat, found some shrubs with the finest sprouts possible, and left the goat to devour them. In the evening, when he came to lead her home, he said:

“Well, goat, are you full?” And the goat answered:

“I am so full,
I could not pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!”

“Then come home,” said the young fellow, and he took her to her stall, and fastened her up.

“Now,” said the old tailor, “has the goat had her proper food?”

“Oh,” answered the son, “she is so full, she no more can pull.”

But the tailor, not trusting his word, went to the goat and said:

“My dear goat, are you really full?” The spiteful animal answered:

“How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—
ba! baa!”

“Oh, the wretches!” cried the tailor. “The one as good-for-nothing and careless as the other. I will no longer have such fools about me;” and rushing back, in his wrath he laid about him with his yard-measure, and beat his son’s back so unmercifully that he ran away out of the house.

So the old tailor was left alone with the goat. The next day he went out to the stall, and let out the goat, saying:

“Come, my dear creature, I will take you myself to the willows.”

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So he led her by the string, and brought her to the green hedges and pastures where there was plenty of food to her taste, and saying to her:

“Now, for once, you can eat to your heart’s content,” he left her there till the evening. Then he returned, and said:

“Well, goat, are you full?”

She answered:

“I am so full,
I could not pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!”

“Then come home,” said the tailor, and leading her to her stall, he fastened her up.

Before he left her he turned once more, saying:

“Now then, for once you are full.” But the goat actually cried:

“How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—
ba! baa!”

When the tailor heard that he was astonished, and saw at once that his three sons had been sent away without reason.

“Wait a minute,” cried he, “you ungrateful

creature! It is not enough merely to drive you away—I will teach you to show your face again among honorable tailors.”

So in haste he went and fetched his razor, and seizing the goat he shaved her head as smooth as the palm of his hand. And as the yard-measure was too honorable a weapon, he took the whip and fetched her such a crack that with many a jump and spring she ran away.

The tailor felt very sad as he sat alone in his house, and would willingly have had his sons back again, but no one knew where they had gone, so he could not send for them.

The eldest son, when he was driven from home, went to work for a carpenter, and was so diligent that when the time came for him to travel his master gave him a little table, nothing much to look at, and made of common wood; but it had one great quality. When any one set it down and said, “Table, be covered!” all at once the good little table had a clean cloth on it, and a plate, and knife, and fork, and dishes with roast and boiled meats, and a large glass of red wine sparkling so as to cheer the heart. The young apprentice was delighted and he went merrily out into the world, and never cared whether an

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inn were good or bad, or whether he could get anything to eat there or not. When he was hungry, it did not matter where he was, whether in the fields, in the woods, or in a meadow, he set down his table and said, "Be covered!" and there he was provided with everything that heart could wish. At last he thought that he would go back to his father, who might not be so angry by this time, and who might perhaps receive him again gladly because of the wonderful table. It happened that one evening during his journey home he came to an inn that was quite full of guests, who bade him welcome, and asked him to sit down with them and eat, as otherwise he would have found some difficulty in getting anything.

"No," answered the young carpenter, "I could not think of depriving you; you had much better be my guests."

Then they laughed, and thought he must be joking. But he brought his little wooden table, and put it in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, be covered!" Immediately it was set out with food much better than the landlord had been able to provide, and the good smell of it greeted the noses of the guests very agreeably.

“Fall to, good friends,” said the carpenter; and the guests, when they saw how it was, needed no second asking, but taking up knife and fork fell to with delight. And what seemed most wonderful was that when a dish was empty immediately a full one stood in its place. All the while the landlord stood in a corner, and watched all that went on. He thought “such cooking as that would make my inn prosper.” The carpenter and his guests kept it up very merrily until late at night. At last they went to sleep, and the young carpenter going to bed, left his wishing-table standing against the wall. The landlord, however, could not sleep for thinking of the table, and he remembered that there was in his lumber room an old table very like it, so he brought it, and taking away the carpenter’s table, he left the other in its place. The next morning the carpenter paid his bill, took up the table, not dreaming that he was carrying off the wrong one, and went on his way. About noon he reached home, and his father received him with great joy.

“Now, my dear son, what have you learned?” he asked.

“I have learned to be a carpenter, father,” he answered.

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“That is a good trade,” returned the father; “but what have you brought back with you from your travels?”

“The best thing I’ve got, father, is this little table,” said he.

The tailor looked at it on all sides, and said:

“That is certainly not very remarkable. It is a shabby old table.”

“But it is a very wonderful one,” answered the son. “When I set it down, and tell it to be covered, at once the finest meats are standing on it, and wine so good that it cheers the heart. Let us invite all the friends and neighbors, that they may feast and enjoy themselves, for the table will provide enough for all.”

When the guests had arrived, he put his table in the middle of the room, and said, “Table, be covered!”

But the table never stirred, and remained just as empty as any other table that does not understand talking.

When the poor carpenter saw that the table remained empty, he felt ashamed to stand there like a fool. The company laughed at him freely, and were obliged to return unfed to their houses. The father returned to his tailoring, and the

son went to work under another master carpenter.

The second son had found a position with a miller. And when he was leaving, his master said to him:

“As you have behaved yourself so well, I will give you an ass of a remarkable kind: he will pull no cart, and carry no sack.”

“What is the use of him then?” asked the young miller.

“He spits out gold,” was the answer. “If you put a cloth before him and say, ‘Bricklebrit,’ out come gold pieces.”

“That is a capital thing,” said the young miller, and, thanking his master, he went out into the world. Whenever he wanted gold he had only to say, “Bricklebrit” to his ass, and there was a shower of gold pieces, and so he had no cares as he traveled about. Wherever he came he lived on the best, as his purse was always full. And when he had been looking about the world a long time, he thought he would go and find his father, who would perhaps forget his anger and receive him kindly because of his gold ass. And it happened that he came to the same inn where his brother’s table had been exchanged. He was

leading the ass by the hand, and the landlord offered to take the ass from him to tie it up, but the young apprentice said:

“Don’t trouble yourself, I will take him into the stable myself and tie him up, and then I shall know where to find him.”

The landlord thought this was very strange, and he did not suppose that a man who was accustomed to look after his ass himself could have much to spend; but when the stranger, feeling in his pocket, took out two gold pieces and told him to get him something good for supper, the landlord stared, and ran and fetched the best that could be got. After supper the guest asked for the bill, and the landlord, wanting to get all the profit he could, said that it would amount to two gold pieces more. The miller felt in his pocket, but his gold had come to an end.

“Wait a moment, landlord,” said he, “I will go and get some money,” and he went out of the room, carrying the table-cloth with him. The landlord could not tell what to make of it, and, curious to know what he would do, slipped after him, and as the guest shut the stable-door, he peeped in through a knot-hole. Then he saw the stranger spread the cloth before the ass, say-

ing, "Bricklebrit," and at once the ass spat out gold, which rained upon the ground.

"Dear me," said the landlord, "that is an easy way of getting money."

After that the guest paid his bill and went to bed; but the landlord slipped down to the stable in the middle of the night, led the gold-ass away, and tied up another ass in his place. The next morning early the miller set forth with his ass, never doubting that it was the right one. By noon he came to his father's house, who was delighted to see him again, and received him gladly.

"What trade have you taken up, my son?" asked the father.

"I am a miller, dear father," answered he.

"What have you brought home from your travels?" continued the father.

"Nothing but an ass," answered the son.

"We have plenty of asses here," said the father. "You had much better have brought me a nice goat!"

"Yes," answered the son, "but this is no common ass. When I say, 'Bricklebrit,' the good creature spits out a whole clothful of gold pieces. Let me call all the neighbors together. I will make rich people of them all."

“That will be fine!” said the tailor. “Then I need labor no more at my needle;” and he rushed out himself and called the neighbors together. As soon as they were all assembled, the miller called out to them to make room, and brought in the ass, and spread his cloth before him.

“Now, pay attention,” said he, and cried, “Bricklebrit!” but no gold pieces came.

The poor miller made a long face when he saw that he had been taken in, and begged pardon of the neighbors, who all went home as poor as they had come. And so the old man had to take to his needle again, and the young one had to work for a miller.

The third brother had taken a position with a turner, and it took him a long time to learn the trade. His brother told him in a letter how badly things had gone with them, and how on the last night of their travels the landlord had stolen their treasures. When the young turner had learned his trade, and was ready to travel, his master, to reward him for his good conduct, gave him a sack, and told him that there was a stick inside it.

“I can hang up the sack, and it may be very

useful to me," said the young man. "But what is the good of the stick?"

"I will tell you," answered the master. "If any one does you any harm, and you say, 'Stick, out of the sack!' the stick will jump out upon them, and will beat them so soundly that they will not be able to move or to leave the place for a week, and it will not stop until you say, 'Stick, into the sack!'"

The young man thanked him, and took up the sack and started on his travels, and when any one attacked him he would say, "Stick, out of the sack!" and immediately the stick would jump out, and deal a shower of blows, which would quickly end the affair. One evening the young turner reached the inn where his two brothers had been taken in. He laid his knapsack on the table, and began to describe all the wonderful things he had seen in the world.

"Yes," said he, "you may talk of your self-spreading table, gold-supplying ass, and so forth; very good things, I do not deny, but they are nothing compared with the treasure that I carry with me in that sack!"

Then the landlord opened his ears.

"What in the world can it be?" thought he.

“Very likely the sack is full of precious stones; and I have a perfect right to it, for all good things come in threes.”

When bedtime came the guest stretched himself on a bench, and put his sack under his head for a pillow, and the landlord, when he thought the young man was sound asleep, came, and, stooping down, pulled gently at the sack, so as to remove it cautiously, and put another in its place. The turner had only been waiting for this to happen, and just as the landlord was giving a last pull, he cried, “Stick, out of the sack!” Out flew the stick at once, and began to beat the landlord’s back; and in vain he begged for mercy; the louder he cried the harder the stick beat time on his back, until he fell exhausted to the ground. Then the turner said:

“If you do not give me the table and the ass immediately, this game shall begin all over again.”

“Oh dear, no!” cried the landlord; “I will gladly give them back again if you will only make this terrible goblin go back into the sack.”

Then the young man said, “Stick, into the sack!” and the stick left the landlord in peace.

The next morning the turner set out with the

table and the ass on his way home to his father. The tailor was very glad, indeed, to see him again, and asked him what he had learned abroad.

“My dear father,” answered he, “I have become a turner.”

“A very fine craft,” said the father. “And what have you brought back with you from your travels?”

“A very valuable thing, dear father,” answered the son. “A stick in a sack!”

“What!” cried the father. “A stick! The thing is not worth so much trouble when you can cut one from any tree.”

“But it is not a common stick, dear father,” said the young man. “When I say, ‘Stick, out of the bag!’ out jumps the stick upon any one who means harm to me, and makes him dance, and does not leave off till he asks pardon. Just look here, with this stick I have made the landlord return the table and the ass that he stole from my two brothers. Now, let them both be sent for, and bid all the neighbors too, and they shall eat and drink to their hearts’ content, and I will fill their pockets with gold.”

The old tailor could not quite believe in such

a thing, but he called his sons and all the neighbors together. Then the turner brought in the ass, spread a cloth before him, and said to his brother:

“Now, my dear brother, speak to him.” And the miller said, “Bricklebrit!” and immediately the cloth was covered with gold pieces, until they all had more than they could carry away. Then the turner set down the table, and said:

“Now, my dear brother, speak to it.” And the carpenter said, “Table, be covered!” and immediately it was covered with the richest dishes. Then they held a feast such as had never taken place in the tailor’s house before, and the whole company remained through the night, merry and content.

After that the tailor locked up in a cupboard his needle and thread, his yard-measure and goose, and lived ever after with his three sons in great joy and splendor.

But what became of the goat, the unlucky cause of the tailor’s sons being driven out? I will tell you. She felt so ashamed of her bald head that she ran into a fox’s hole and hid herself. When the fox came home he caught sight of two great eyes staring at him out of the dark-

ness, and was very frightened and ran away. A bear met him, and seeing that he looked very disturbed, asked him:

“What is the matter, brother fox, that you should look like that?”

“Oh dear,” answered the fox, “an ugly beast is sitting in my hole, and he stared at me with fiery eyes!”

“We will soon drive him out,” said the bear; and went to the hole and looked in, but when he caught sight of the fiery eyes he likewise felt great terror seize him, and not wishing to have anything to do with so ugly a beast, he made off. He soon met a bee, who said to him:

“Bear, what’s the matter?”

“You may well ask,” answered the bear. “In the fox’s hole there sits an ugly beast with fiery eyes, and we cannot drive him out.”

The bee answered, “I know you despise me, bear. I am a poor feeble little creature, but I think I can help you.”

So she flew into the fox’s hole, and settling on the goat’s smooth-shaven head, stung her so severely that she jumped up, crying, “Ba-baa!” and ran out like mad into the world; and to this hour no one knows where she ran to.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

THERE was once a fisherman, who lived with his wife in a miserable little hut close to the sea. He went to fish every day, and he fished and fished, and at last one day, as he was sitting looking deep down into the shining water, he felt something on his line. When he hauled it up there was a big flounder on the end of the line. The flounder said to him, "Listen, fisherman, I beg you not to kill me: I am no common flounder, I am an enchanted prince! What good will it do you to kill me? I shan't be good to eat; put me back into the water, and leave me to swim about."

"Ho! ho!" said the fisherman, "you need not make so many words about it. I am quite ready to put back a flounder that can talk." And so saying, he put back the flounder into the shining water, and it sank down to the bottom, leaving a streak of blood behind it.

Then the fisherman got up and went back to his wife in the hut. "Husband," she said, "haven't you caught anything to-day?"



Wanda Smith

THE FLOUNDER CAME SWIMMING UP

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“No,” said the man; “all I caught was one flounder and he said he was an enchanted prince, so I let him go again.”

“Didn’t you wish for anything then?” asked the good wife.

“No,” said the man; “what was there to wish for?”

“Alas!” said his wife, “isn’t it bad enough always to live in this wretched hut! You might at least have wished for a nice clean cottage. Go back and call him, tell him I want a pretty cottage: he will surely give us that.”

“Alas!” said the man, “what am I to go back there for?”

“Well,” said the woman, “you caught him and let him go again; certainly he will do that for you. Be off now!”

The man was still not very willing to go, but he did not want to vex his wife, and at last he went back to the sea.

He found the sea no longer bright and shining, but dull and green. He stood by it and said:

“Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prythee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee.”

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The flounder came swimming up, and said, "Well, what do you want?"

"Alas!" said the man, "I had to call you, for my wife said I ought to have wished for something when I caught you. She doesn't want to live in our miserable hut any longer, she wants a pretty cottage."

"Go home again then," said the flounder, "she has her wish fully."

The man went home and found his wife no longer in the old hut; a pretty little cottage stood in its place, and his wife was sitting on a bench by the door.

She took him by the hand, and said, "Come and look in here—isn't this much better?"

They went inside and found a pretty sitting-room, and a bedroom with a bed in it, a kitchen and a larder furnished with everything of the best. Outside there was a little yard with chickens and ducks, and a little garden full of vegetables and fruit.

"Look!" said the woman, "isn't this nice?"

"Yes," said the man. "We can live here very happily."

"We will see about that," said the woman. With that they ate something and went to bed.

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Everything went well for a week or more, and then the wife said, "Husband, this cottage is too cramped, and the garden is too small. The flounder could have given us a bigger house. I want to live in a big stone castle. Go to the flounder, and tell him to give us a castle."

"Wife," said the man, "the cottage is good enough for us: what should we do with a castle?"

"Never mind," said his wife, "you go to the flounder, and he will manage it."

"No," said the man, "the flounder gave us the cottage. I don't want to go back; as likely as not he'll be angry."

"Go, all the same," said the woman. "He can do it easily enough, and willingly into the bargain. Just go!"

The man's heart was heavy, and he was very unwilling to go. He said to himself, "It's not right." But at last he went.

He found the sea was no longer green; it was still calm, but dark violet and gray. He stood by it and said:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prythee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee."

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“Now, what do you want?” said the flounder.

“Alas,” said the man, half scared, “my wife wants a big stone castle.”

“Go home again,” said the flounder, “she is standing at the door of it.”

Then the man went away thinking he would find no house, but when he got back he found a great stone palace, and his wife standing at the top of the steps, waiting to go in.

She took him by the hand and said, “Come in with me.”

With that they went in and found a great hall, and numbers of servants in attendance, who opened the great doors for them. The walls were hung with beautiful tapestries, and the rooms were furnished with golden chairs and tables, while rich carpets covered the floors. On the tables were every kind of delicate food and the most costly wines. Outside the house there was a great courtyard, with stables for horses, and cows, and many fine carriages. Beyond this there was a great garden filled with the loveliest flowers, and fine fruit-trees. There was also a park, half a mile long, and in it were deer, and rabbits, and every kind of animal one could wish for.

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“Now,” said the woman, “is not this worth having?”

“Oh, yes,” said the man. “We will live in this beautiful palace and be content.”

“We will think about that,” said his wife, “and sleep upon it.”

With that they went to bed.

Next morning the wife woke up first; day was just dawning, and from her bed she could see the beautiful country around her. Her husband was still asleep, but she pushed him with her elbow, and said, “Husband, get up and peep out of the window. See here, now, could we not be King over all this land? Go to the flounder. We will be King.”

“Alas, wife,” said the man, “why should we be King? I don’t want to be King.”

“Ah,” said his wife, “if you will not be King, I will. Go to the flounder. I will be King.”

“Alas, wife,” said the man, “why do you want to be King? I don’t like to tell him.”

“Why not?” said the woman. “Go to the flounder. I will be King.”

So the man went, although he did not want his wife to be King.

When he reached the sea, he found it dark,

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gray, and stormy, and evil smelling. He stood there and said:

“Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prythee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee.”

“Now, what does she want?” said the flounder.

“Alas,” said the man, “she wants to be King now.”

“Go back. She is King already,” said the flounder.

So the man went back, and when he reached the palace he found that it had grown much larger, and a great tower had been added with handsome decorations. There was a sentry at the door, and numbers of soldiers were beating drums and blowing trumpets. As soon as he got inside the house, he found everything was marble and gold; and the hangings were of velvet, with great golden tassels. His wife was sitting on a throne of gold and diamonds; she wore a golden crown, and carried in one hand a scepter of pure gold. On each side of her stood her ladies in a long row, every one a head shorter than the next.

He stood before her, and said: "Alas, wife, are you now King?"

"Yes," she said; "now I am King."

He stood looking at her for some time, and then he said: "Ah, wife, it is a fine thing for you to be King; now we will not wish to be anything more."

"No, husband," she answered, restlessly. "Go back to the flounder. King I am, but I must also be Emperor."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "why do you want to be Emperor?"

"Husband," she answered, "go to the flounder. Emperor I will be."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "Emperor he can't make you, and I won't ask him. There is only one emperor in the country; and Emperor the flounder cannot make you, that he can't."

"What?" said the woman. "I am King, and you are only my husband. To him you must go, and that right quickly. If he can make a king, he can also make an emperor. Emperor I will be, so go quickly."

He had to go, but he was quite frightened. And as he went, he thought, "This won't end

well; to be Emperor is asking too much. The flounder will make an end of the whole thing."

With that he came to the sea, but now he found it quite black, and heaving up from below in great waves. It tossed to and fro, and a sharp wind blew over it, and the man trembled. So he stood there, and said:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prythee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee."

"What does she want now?" said the flounder.

"Alas, flounder," he said, "my wife wants to be Emperor."

"Go back," said the flounder. "She is Emperor."

So the man went back, and when he got to the door, he found that the whole palace was made of polished marble, with wonderful figures and decorations. Soldiers marched up and down before the doors, blowing their trumpets and beating their drums. Inside the palace, counts, barons, and dukes walked about as attendants, and they opened the doors, which were of pure gold.

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He went in, and saw his wife sitting on a huge throne made of solid gold. It was at least two miles high. She had on her head a great golden crown set with diamonds three yards high. In one hand she held the scepter, and in the other the orb of empire. On each side of her stood the gentlemen-at-arms in two rows, each one a little smaller than the other, from giants two miles high down to the tiniest dwarf no bigger than my little finger. She was surrounded by princes and dukes.

Her husband stood still, and said: "Wife, are you now Emperor?"

"Yes," said she; "now I am Emperor."

Then he looked at her for some time, and said: "Alas, wife, how much better off are you for being Emperor?"

"Husband," she said, "what are you standing there for? Now I am Emperor, I mean to be Pope! Go back to the flounder."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "what will you not want? Pope you cannot be. There is only one pope in Christendom. That's more than the flounder can do."

"Husband," she said, "Pope I will be; so go at once. I must be Pope this very day."

“No, wife,” he said. “The flounder cannot make you Pope.”

“Husband,” said the woman, “don’t talk nonsense. If he can make an emperor, he can make a pope. Go immediately. I am Emperor, and you are only my husband, and must obey.”

So he went, but he shivered and shook, and his knees trembled.

A great wind arose over the land, the clouds flew across the sky, and it grew as dark as night; the leaves fell from the trees, and the water foamed and dashed upon the shore. In the distance the ships were being tossed to and fro on the waves, and he heard them firing signals of distress. There was still a little patch of blue in the sky among the dark clouds, but towards the south they were red and heavy, as in a bad storm. In despair, he stood and said:

“Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prythee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee.”

“Now, what does she want?” said the flounder.

“Alas,” said the man, “she wants to be Pope!”

“Go back. Pope she is,” said the flounder.

So back he went, and he found a great church surrounded with palaces. He pushed through the crowd, and inside he found thousands and thousands of lights, and his wife, entirely clad in gold, was sitting on a still higher throne, with three golden crowns upon her head. On each side of her were two rows of candles, the biggest as thick as a tower, down to the tiniest little taper. Kings and emperors were on their knees before her, kissing her shoe.

“Wife,” said the man, looking at her, “are you now Pope?”

“Yes,” said she; “now I am Pope.”

So he stood gazing at her, and it was like looking at a shining sun.

“Alas, wife,” he said, “are you better off for being Pope?”

At first she sat as stiff as a post, without stirring. Then he said: “Now, wife, be content with being Pope; higher you cannot go.”

“I will think about that,” said the woman, and with that they both went to bed. The man slept well and soundly, for he had walked about a great deal in the day; but his wife could think of nothing but what further grandeur she could de-

mand. When the dawn reddened the sky she raised herself up in bed and looked out of the window, and when she saw the sun rise, she said:

“Ha! can I not cause the sun and the moon to rise? Husband!” she cried, digging her elbow into his side, “wake up and go to the flounder. I will be Lord of the Universe.”

Her husband, who was still more than half asleep, was so shocked that he fell out of bed. He thought he must have heard wrong. He rubbed his eyes, and said:

“Wife, what did you say?”

“Husband,” she said, “if I cannot be Lord of the Universe, and cause the sun and moon to set and rise, I shall not be able to bear it. I shall never have another happy moment.”

She looked at him so wildly that it caused a shudder to run through him.

“Alas, wife,” he said, falling on his knees before her, “the flounder can’t do that. Emperor and Pope he can make, but that is indeed beyond him. I pray you, control yourself and remain Pope.”

Then she flew into a terrible rage. Her hair stood on end; she kicked him and screamed:

“I won’t bear it any longer; will you go!”

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Then he pulled on his trousers and tore away like a madman. Such a storm was raging that he could hardly keep his feet: houses and trees quivered and swayed, and mountains trembled, and the rocks rolled into the sea. The sky was pitchy black; it thundered and lightened, and the sea ran in black waves mountains high, crested with white foam. He shrieked out, but could hardly make himself heard:

“Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Prythee, hearken unto me:
My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,
And sends me to beg a boon of thee.”

“Now, what does she want?” asked the flounder.

“Alas,” he said, “she wants to be Lord of the Universe.”

“Now she must go back to her old hut,” said the flounder; “and there she is.” So there they are to this very day.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

THERE was once a man who had three sons. The youngest of them was called Simpleton; he was scorned by the others, and kept in the background.

The eldest son was going into the forest to cut wood, and before he started, his mother gave him a nice sweet cake and a bottle of wine to take with him, so that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst. In the wood he met a little, old, gray man, who bade him good-day, and said, "Give me a bit of the cake in your pocket, and let me have a drop of your wine. I am so hungry and thirsty."

But the clever son said: "If I give you my cake and wine, I shan't have enough for myself. Be off with you."

He left the little man standing there, and went on his way. But he had not been long at work, cutting down a tree, before he made a false stroke, and dug the ax into his own arm, and he was obliged to go home to have it bound up.

Now, this was no accident; it was brought about by the little gray man.



THE king's daughter was so solemn that no one could make her laugh.

The second son now had to go into the forest to cut wood, and, like the eldest, his mother gave him a sweet cake and a bottle of wine. In the same way the little gray man met him, and asked for a piece of his cake and a drop of his wine. But the second son made the same answer, "If I give you any, I shall have the less for myself. Be off out of my way," and he went on.

His punishment, however, was not long delayed. After a few blows at the tree, he hit his own leg, and had to be carried home.

Then Simpleton said, "Let me go to cut the wood, father."

But his father said, "Your brothers have only come to harm by it; you had better leave it alone. You know nothing about it." But Simpleton begged so hard to be allowed to go that at last his father said, "Well, off you go then. You will be wiser when you have hurt yourself."

His mother gave him a cake which was only mixed with water and baked in the ashes, and a bottle of sour beer. When he reached the forest, like the others, he met the little gray man.

"Give me a bit of the cake in your pocket and a drop of your wine. I am so hungry and thirsty," said the little man.

Simpleton answered, "I only have a cake baked in the ashes, and some sour beer; but, if you like such fare, we will sit down and eat it together."

So they sat down; but when Simpleton pulled out his cake it was a sweet, nice cake, and his sour beer was turned into good wine. So they ate and drank, and the little man said, "As you have such a good heart, and are willing to share your goods, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the roots."

So saying, he disappeared without giving Simpleton any further directions.

Simpleton cut down the tree, and when it fell, lo, and behold! a goose was sitting among the roots, and its feathers were of pure gold. He picked it up, and taking it with him, went to an inn, where he meant to stay the night. The landlord had three daughters, who saw the goose, and were very curious as to what kind of bird it could be, and wanted to get one of its golden feathers.

The eldest thought, "There will soon be some opportunity for me to pull out one of the feathers," and when Simpleton went outside, she took

hold of its wing to pluck out a feather; but her hand stuck fast, and she could not get away.

Soon after, the second sister came up, meaning also to pluck out one of the golden feathers; but she had hardly touched her sister when she found herself held fast.

Lastly, the third one came, with the same intention, but the others screamed out, "Keep away! For goodness' sake, keep away!"

But she, not knowing why she was to keep away, thought, "Why should I not be there, if they are there?"

So she ran up, but as soon as she touched her sisters she had to stay hanging on to them, and they all had to pass the night like this.

In the morning, Simpleton took the goose under his arm, without noticing the three girls hanging on behind. They had to keep running behind, dodging his legs right and left.

In the middle of the fields they met the parson, who, when he saw the procession, cried out: "For shame, you bold girls! Why do you run after the lad like that? Do you call that proper behavior?"

Then he took hold of the hand of the youngest girl to pull her away; but no sooner had he

touched her than he felt himself held fast, and he, too, had to run behind.

Soon after the sexton came up, and, seeing his master the parson treading on the heels of the three girls, cried out in amazement, "Hullo, your reverence! Whither away so fast? Don't forget that we have a christening!"

So saying, he plucked the parson by the sleeve, and soon found that he could not get away.

As this party of five, one behind the other, tramped on, two peasants came along the road, carrying their hoes. The parson called them, and asked them to set the sexton and himself free. But as soon as ever they touched the sexton they were held fast, so now there were seven people running behind Simpleton and his goose.

By-and-by they reached a town, where a king ruled whose only daughter was so solemn that nothing and nobody could make her laugh. So the King had proclaimed that whoever could make her laugh should marry her.

When Simpleton heard this he took his goose, with all his following, before her, and when she saw these seven people running, one behind another, she burst into fits of laughter, and it seemed as if she could never stop.

Thereupon Simpleton asked for her in marriage. But the King did not like him for a son-in-law, and he made all sorts of conditions. First, he said Simpleton must bring him a man who could drink up a cellar full of wine.

Then Simpleton at once thought of the little gray man who might be able to help him, and he went out to the forest to look for him. On the very spot where the tree that he had cut down had stood, he saw a man sitting with a very sad face. Simpleton asked him what was the matter and he answered:

“ I am so thirsty, and I can't quench my thirst. I hate cold water, and I have already emptied a cask of wine; but what is a drop like that on a burning stone? ”

“ Well, there I can help you, ” said Simpleton. “ Come with me, and you shall soon have enough to drink and to spare. ”

He led him to the King's cellar, and the man drank and drank till his sides ached, and by the end of the day the cellar was empty.

Then again Simpleton demanded his bride. But the King was annoyed that a wretched fellow called “ Simpleton ” should have his daughter, and he made new conditions. He was now

to find a man who could eat up a mountain of bread.

Simpleton did not reflect long, but went straight to the forest, and there in the selfsame place sat a man tightening a strap round his body, and making a very miserable face. He said: "I have eaten up a whole ovenful of rolls, but what is the good of that when any one is as hungry as I am? I am never satisfied. I have to tighten my belt every day if I am not to die of hunger."

Simpleton was delighted, and said: "Get up and come with me. You shall have enough to eat."

And he took him to the court, where the King had caused all the flour in the kingdom to be brought together, and a huge mountain of bread to be baked. The man from the forest sat down before it and began to eat, and at the end of the day the whole mountain had disappeared.

Now, for the third time, Simpleton asked for his bride. But again the King tried to find an excuse, and demanded a ship which could sail on land as well as at sea.

"As soon as you sail up in it, you shall have my daughter," he said.

Simpleton went straight to the forest, and there sat the little gray man to whom he had given his cake. The little man said: "I have eaten and drunk for you, and now I will give you the ship, too. I do it all because you were merciful to me."

Then he gave him the ship which could sail on land as well as at sea, and when the King saw it he agreed to give Simpleton his daughter. The marriage was celebrated, and, at the King's death, Simpleton inherited the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

KARL KATZ

IN the midst of the Hartz forests there is a high mountain, of which the neighbors tell all sorts of stories: how the goblins and fairies dance on it by night; and how the old Emperor Redbeard holds his court there, and sits on his marble throne, with his long beard sweeping the ground.

A great many years ago there lived in a village at the foot of this mountain one Karl Katz. Now Karl was a goatherd, and every morning he drove his flock to feed upon the green spots that are here and there found on the mountain's side. In the evening he sometimes thought it too late to drive the goats home; so he used in such cases to shut them within the old ruined walls of a castle that had long ago been deserted, and which were high enough to form a fold for the goats for the night. One evening he found that the prettiest goat of his flock had vanished, soon after they were driven into this fold. He searched everywhere for it in vain; but, to his surprise and delight, when he counted his flock in the morning, what should he see, the first of the

flock, but his lost goat! Again and again the same thing happened. At last he thought he would watch more closely; and, having looked carefully over the old walls, he found a narrow doorway, through which it seemed that his favorite goat made her way. Karl followed, and found a path leading downwards through a cleft in the rocks. On he went, scrambling as well as he could, down the side of the rock, and at last came to the mouth of a cave, where he lost sight of his goat. Just then he saw that his faithful dog was not with him. He whistled, but no dog was there; and he was therefore forced to go into the cave and try to find his goat by himself.

He groped his way for a while, and at last came to a place where a little light found its way in; and there he was surprised to find his goat eating corn, which kept dropping from some place over its head. He went up and looked about him, to see where all this corn, that rattled about his ears like a hail-storm, could come from: but all overhead was dark, and he could find no clew to this strange business.

At last, as he stood listening, he thought he heard the neighing and stamping of horses. He listened again; and after a while he was sure that

horses were feeding above him, and that the corn fell from their mangers. What could these horses be, which were thus kept in the clefts of rocks, where none but the goat's foot ever trod? There must be people of some sort or other living here; and who could they be? and was it safe to trust himself in such company? Karl pondered a while; but his wonder only grew greater and greater, when on a sudden he heard his own name, "Karl Katz!" echo through the cavern. He turned round, but could see nothing. "Karl Katz!" again sounded sharply in his ears; and soon out came a little dwarf, with a high-peaked hat and a scarlet cloak, from a dark corner at one end of the cave.

The dwarf nodded, and beckoned him to follow. Karl thought he would first like to know a little about who it was that thus sought his company. He asked: but the dwarf shook his head, and again beckoned him to follow. Karl did so; and winding his way through ruins, he soon heard rolling overhead what sounded like peals of thunder, echoing among the rocks; the noise grew louder and louder as he went on, and at last he came to a courtyard surrounded by old ivy-grown walls. The spot seemed to be the centre

of a little valley; above rose on every hand high masses of rock; wide-branching trees threw their arms overhead, so that nothing but a glimmering twilight made its way through; and here, on the cool smooth-shaven turf, Karl saw twelve strange old figures amusing themselves very sedately with a game of nine-pins.

Their costume did not seem altogether strange to Karl, for in the church of the town where he went every week to market there was an old monument, with figures of queer old knights upon it, dressed in the very same style. None of them said anything, but the oldest of them ordered Karl Katz, by dumb signs, to set up the nine-pins as they knocked them down. At first his knees trembled, and he hardly dared snatch a sidelong glance at the long beards and old-fashioned dresses of the knights; but he soon saw that when each had played he went to his seat, and there took a drink from a cup, which the dwarf kept filled, and which smelled of the richest old wine.

Little by little Karl got bolder; and at last he asked the dwarf, by signs, to let him, too, take his turn at the wine-cup. The dwarf gave it to him with a bow, and Karl thought he had never tasted

anything half so good before. As often as he grew tired, he took another drink.

At last he fell asleep and when he awoke he found himself lying within the walls that had sheltered his flock, and saw that the sun was high up in the heavens. He rubbed his eyes and called to his dog; but neither dog nor goat was to be seen; and when he looked about him again, the grass seemed to be longer than it had been yesterday; and trees hung over his head, which he had either never seen before, or had quite forgotten. Shaking his head, and hardly knowing whether he was in his right mind, he got up and stretched himself: somehow or other his joints felt stiffer than they had. "It serves me right," said he; "this comes of sleeping out of one's own bed." Little by little he recollected his evening's sport, and licked his lips as he thought of the delicious wine he had drunk. "But who," thought he, "can those people be who come to this place to play nine-pins?"

His first step was to look for the doorway through which he had followed his goat; but to his astonishment, not the least trace of an opening of any sort was to be seen. There stood the wall, without chink or crack big enough for a rat

to pass through. Again he paused and scratched his head. He noticed that his hat was full of holes. "Why, it was new last Shrove-tide!" said he. His eyes fell next on his shoes, which were almost new when he had left home; but now they looked so old that they were likely to fall to pieces before he could get home. All his clothes seemed in the same condition. The more he looked the more he was at a loss to know what could have happened to him.

At length he turned round, and left the old walls to look for his flock. He took a mountain path where his flocks were accustomed to graze, but not a goat was to be seen. Again he whistled and called his dog, but no dog came. Below him in the plain lay the village where his home was; so he turned that way.

"Surely," said he, "I shall soon meet some neighbor, who can tell me where my goats are?" But the people who met him, as he drew near to the village, were all unknown to him. They were not even dressed as his neighbors were, and it seemed as if they hardly spoke the same tongue. When he eagerly asked each about his goats, they only stared at him and stroked their chins. At last he did the same thing too; and what was

his wonder to find that his beard had grown at least a foot long! "The world," said he to himself, "is surely turned upside down, or if not, I must be bewitched;" and yet he knew the mountain, as he turned round again, and looked back on its wooded heights; and he knew the houses and cottages also, with their little gardens, as he entered the village. He heard some children, too, call the village by the very same name he had always known it by.

Again he shook his head, and went straight through the village to his own cottage. Alas! it looked sadly out of repair; the windows were broken, the door off its hinges, and in the courtyard lay an unknown child, in a ragged dress, playing with a rough, toothless old dog, whom he thought he ought to know, but who snarled and barked in his face when he called to him. He called his wife and children loudly by their names: but no one heard, at least no one answered him.

A crowd of women and children soon flocked around the strange-looking man with the long gray beard; and all said, "Who are you?" "Who is it you want?" It seemed to him so odd to ask other people, at his own door, for his

wife and children, that, in order to get rid of the gaping crowd, he named the first man that came into his head.

“Hans the blacksmith,” said he. Most of them held their tongues and stared; but at last an old woman said, “He went these seven years ago to a place that you will not reach to-day.” “Fritz, the tailor, then.” “Heaven rest his soul!” said another old woman on crutches; “he has lain these ten years in a house that he’ll never leave.”

Then a young woman made her way through the crowd, with a baby in her arms, and a little girl of about three years old clinging to her hand. All three looked like his own wife. “What is your name?” he asked. “Liese!” said she. “And your father’s?” “Karl Katz! Heaven bless him!” said she; “but, poor man! he is lost and gone. It is now twenty years since we sought for him day and night on the mountain. His dog and his flock came back, but he never was heard of any more. I was then seven years old.”

Karl burst out, “I am Karl Katz, and no other!” and he took the child from his daughter’s arms and kissed it over and over again.

All stood gaping, and hardly knowing what to say or think, when old Stropken the schoolmaster hobbled by, and took a long and close look at him. "Karl Katz! Karl Katz!" said he slowly: "why it *is* Karl Katz sure enough! There is my own mark upon him; there is the scar over his right eye, that I gave him myself one day with my oak stick." Then several others also cried out, "Yes, it is! it is Karl Katz! Welcome, neighbor, welcome home!" "But where," said or thought all, "can an honest steady fellow like you have been these twenty years?"

And now the whole village had flocked around; the children laughed, the dogs barked, and all were glad to see neighbor Karl home alive and well. As to where he had been for the twenty years, that was a part of the story at which Karl shrugged his shoulders; for he never could very well explain it, and seemed to think the less that was said about it the better.

THE TWELVE HUNTSMEN

THERE was once a prince, who was engaged to marry the daughter of a king, whom he loved very much. One day when they were together, and very happy, a messenger came from the Prince's father, who was lying ill, to summon him home, as he wished to see him before he died. He said to his beloved, "I must go away, and leave you now; but I give you this ring as a keepsake. When I am king, I will come and fetch you away."

Then he rode off, and when he got home he found his father on his death-bed. His father said, "My dear son, I wanted to see you once more before I die. Promise to marry the bride I have chosen for you," and he named a certain princess.

His son was very sad, and without reflecting promised to do what his father wished, and thereupon the King closed his eyes and died.

Now, when the Prince had been proclaimed king, and the period of mourning was past, the time came when he had to keep his promise to his

father. He made his offer to the Princess, and it was accepted. The maiden to whom he was engaged heard of this, and grieved so much over his faithlessness that she very nearly died. The King, her father, asked, "Dear child, why are you so sad? You shall have whatever you wish."

She thought for a moment, then said, "Dear father, I want eleven maidens all exactly like me in face, figure, and height."

The King said, "If it is possible, you shall have your wish."

Then he caused a search to be made all over his kingdom, till the eleven maidens were found, all exactly like his daughter. The Princess ordered twelve huntsmen's dresses to be made, which she commanded the maidens to wear, putting on the twelfth herself. Then she took leave of her father, and rode away with the maidens to the court of the former Prince whom she loved so dearly. She asked him if he wanted any huntsmen, and whether he would take them all into his service. The King did not recognize her, but, as they were all so handsome, he said, yes, he would engage them. So they all entered the King's service.

Now, the King had a lion which was a wonderful creature, for he knew all secret and hidden

things. He said to the King one evening, "You fancy you have twelve huntsmen there, don't you?"

"Yes," said the King.

"You are mistaken," said the lion. "They are twelve maidens."

The King answered, "That can't be true! How can you prove it?"

"Oh, have some peas strewn in your ante-room to-morrow, and you will soon see. Men have a firm tread, and when they walk on peas they don't move; but maidens trip and trot and slide, and make the peas roll about."

The King was pleased with the lion's advice, and ordered the peas to be strewn on the floor.

There was, however, a servant of the King who favored the huntsmen, and when he heard that they were to be put to this test, he went and told them all about it, and said, "The lion is going to prove to the King that you are maidens."

The Princess thanked him, and said afterwards to her maidens, "Do your utmost to tread firmly on the peas."

Next morning, when the King ordered them to be called, they walked into the ante-chamber with so firm a tread that not a pea moved.

When they had gone away, the King said to the lion, "You lied; they walked just like men."

But the lion answered, "They had been warned of the test, and were prepared for it. Just let twelve spinning-wheels be brought into the ante-chamber, and they will be delighted at the sight, as no man would be."

This plan also pleased the King, and he ordered the spinning-wheels. But again the kind servant warned the huntsmen of the plan. When they were alone, the Princess said to her maidens, "Control yourselves, and don't so much as look at the spinning-wheels."

When the King next morning sent for the huntsmen, they walked through the ante-chamber without even glancing at the spinning-wheels.

Then the King said to the lion, "You lied to me. They *are* men; they never looked at the spinning-wheels."

The lion answered, "They knew that they were on their trial, and restrained themselves."

But the King would not believe him any more.

The twelve huntsmen always went with the King on his hunting expeditions, and the longer he had them, the better he liked them. Now, it happened one day when they were out hunting,

that the news came of the royal bride's approach.

When the true bride heard it, the shock was so great that her heart nearly stopped, and she fell down in a dead faint. The King, thinking something had happened to his favorite huntsman, ran to help him, and pulled off his glove. Then he saw the ring which he had given to his first betrothed, and when he looked her in the face he recognized her. He was so moved that he kissed her, and when she opened her eyes he said, "Thou art mine, and I am thine, and nobody in the world shall separate us."

Then he sent a messenger to the other bride, and begged her to go home, as he already had a wife, and he who has an old dish does not need a new one. Their marriage was then celebrated, and the lion was taken into favor again, as, after all, he had spoken the truth.

HANS IN LUCK

HANS had served his master for seven years, when he one day said to him: "Master, my time is up, I want to go home to my mother; please give me my wages."

His master answered, "You have served me well and faithfully; and as the service has been, so shall the wages be"; and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief and tied up the gold in it, and then slung the bundle over his shoulder, and started on his homeward journey.

As he walked along, just dragging one foot after the other, a man on horseback appeared, riding, fresh and gay, along on his spirited horse.

"Ah!" said Hans, quite loud as he passed, "what a fine thing riding must be. You are as comfortable as if you were in an easy-chair; you don't stumble over any stones; you save your shoes, and you get over the road without bother."

The horseman, who heard him, stopped and said, "Hullo, Hans, why are you on foot?"

“I can’t help myself,” said Hans, “as I have this bundle to carry home. It is true that it is a lump of gold, but I can hardly hold my head up for it, and it weighs down my shoulder frightfully.”

“I’ll tell you what,” said the horseman, “we will change. I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your bundle.”

“With all my heart,” said Hans; “but you will find it a burden.”

The horseman dismounted, took the gold, and helped Hans up, put the bridle into his hands, and said: “When you want to go very fast, you must click your tongue and cry ‘gee-up, gee-up.’”

Hans was delighted when he found himself so easily riding along on horseback. After a time it occurred to him that he might be going faster, and he began to click with his tongue, and to cry “gee-up, gee-up.” The horse broke into a gallop, and before Hans knew where he was, he was thrown off into a ditch which separated the fields from the highroad. The horse would have run away if a peasant coming along the road leading a cow had not caught it. Hans felt himself all over, and picked himself up; but he was very

angry, and said to the peasant: "Riding is poor fun at times, when you have a nag like mine, which stumbles and throws you, and puts you in danger of breaking your neck. I will never mount it again. I think much more of that cow of yours. You can walk comfortably behind her, and you have her milk into the bargain every day, as well as butter and cheese. What would I not give for a cow like that!"

"Well," said the peasant, "if you have such a fancy for it as all that, I will exchange the cow for the horse."

Hans accepted the offer with delight, and the peasant mounted the horse and rode rapidly off.

Hans drove his cow peacefully along, and thought what a lucky bargain he had made. "If only I have a bit of bread, and I don't expect ever to be without that, I shall always have butter and cheese to eat with it. If I am thirsty, I only have to milk my cow and I have milk to drink. My heart! what more can you desire?"

When he came to an inn he made a halt, and in great joy he ate up all the food he had with him, all his dinner and his supper, too, and he gave the last coins he had for half a glass of beer. Then he went on further in the direction of his

mother's village, driving his cow before him. The heat was overpowering, and, as midday drew near, Hans found himself on a heath which it took him an hour to cross. He was so hot and thirsty that his tongue was parched and clung to the roof of his mouth.

"This can easily be set to rights," thought Hans. "I will milk my cow and sup up the milk." He tied her to a tree, and as he had no pail, he used his leather cap instead; but, try as hard as he could, not a single drop of milk appeared. As he was very clumsy, the impatient animal gave him a severe kick on his forehead with one of her hind legs. He was stunned by the blow, and fell to the ground, where he lay for some time, not knowing where he was.

Happily just then a butcher came along the road, trundling a young pig in a wheelbarrow.

"What is going on here?" he cried, as he helped poor Hans up.

Hans told him all that had happened.

The butcher handed him his flask, and said: "Here, take a drink, it will do you good. The cow can't give any milk, I suppose; she must be too old, and good for nothing but to be a beast of burden, or to go to the butcher."

“Oh dear!” said Hans, smoothing his hair. “Now who would ever have thought it! Killing the animal is all very well, but what kind of meat will it be? For my part, I don’t like cow’s flesh; it’s not juicy enough. Now, if one had a nice young pig like that, it would taste ever so much better; and then, all the sausages!”

“Listen, Hans!” then said the butcher, “for your sake I will exchange, and let you have the pig instead of the cow.”

“God reward your friendship!” said Hans, handing over the cow, as the butcher untied the pig, and put the halter with which it was tied into his hand.

Hans went on his way, thinking how well everything was turning out for him. Even if a mishap befell him, something else immediately happened to make up for it. Soon after this, he met a lad carrying a beautiful white goose under his arm. They passed the time of day, and Hans began to tell him how lucky he was, and what successful bargains he had made. The lad told him that he was taking the goose for a christening feast. “Just feel it,” he went on, holding it up by the wings. “Feel how heavy it is; it’s true they have been stuffing it for eight

weeks. Whoever eats that roast goose will have to wipe the fat off both sides of his mouth."

"Yes, indeed!" answered Hans, weighing it in his hand; "but my pig is no light weight either."

Then the lad looked cautiously about from side to side, and shook his head. "Now, look here," he began, "I don't think it's all quite straight about your pig. One has just been stolen out of Schultze's sty, in the village I have come from. I fear, I fear it is the one you are leading. They have sent people out to look for it, and it would be a bad business for you if you were found with it; the least they would do, would be to put you in the black hole."

Poor Hans was very much frightened at this. "Oh dear! oh dear!" he said. "Do help me out of this trouble. You are more at home here; take my pig, and let me have your goose."

"Well, I shall run some risk if I do, but I won't be the means of getting you into a scrape."

So he took the rope in his hand, and quickly drove the pig up a side road; and honest Hans, relieved of his trouble, plodded on with the goose under his arm.

"When I really come to think it over," he said

to himself, "I have still had the best of the bargain. First, there is the delicious roast goose, and then all the fat that will drip out of it in roasting will keep us in goose-fat to eat on our bread for three months at least; and, last of all, there are the beautiful white feathers which I will stuff my pillow with, and then I shall need no rocking to send me to sleep. How delighted my mother will be."

As he passed through the last village he came to a knife-grinder with his cart, singing to his wheel as it buzzed merrily round:

"Scissors and knives I grind so fast,
And hang up my cloak against the blast."

Hans stopped to look at him, and at last he spoke to him and said, "You must be doing a good trade to be so merry over your grinding."

"Yes," answered the grinder. "The work of one's hands is the foundation of a golden fortune. A good grinder finds money whenever he puts his hand into his pocket. But where did you buy that beautiful goose?"

"I did not buy it; I exchanged my pig for it."

"And the pig?"

“ Oh, I got that instead of my cow.”

“ And the cow? ”

“ I got that for a horse.”

“ And the horse? ”

“ I gave a lump of gold as big as my head for it.”

“ And the gold? ”

“ Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service.”

“ You certainly have known how to manage your affairs,” said the grinder. “ Now, if you could manage to hear the money jingling in your pockets when you got up in the morning, you would indeed have made your fortune.”

“ How shall I set about that? ” asked Hans.

“ You must be a grinder like me—nothing is needed for it but a whetstone; everything else will come of itself. I have one here which certainly is a little damaged, but you need not give me anything for it but your goose. Are you willing? ”

“ How can you ask me such a question? ” said Hans. “ Why, I shall be the happiest person in the world. If I can have some money every time I put my hand in my pocket, what more should I have to trouble about? ”

So he handed him the goose, and took the whetstone in exchange.

“Now,” said the grinder, lifting up an ordinary large stone which lay near on the road, “here is another good stone into the bargain. You can hammer out all your old nails on it to straighten them. Take it, and carry it off.”

Hans shouldered the stone, and went on his way with a light heart, and his eyes shining with joy. “I must have been born in a lucky hour,” he cried; “everything happens just as I want it, and as it would happen to a Sunday’s child.”

In the meantime, as he had been on foot since daybreak, he began to feel very tired, and he was also very hungry, as he had eaten all his provisions at once in his joy at his bargain over the cow. At last he could hardly walk any further, and he was obliged to stop every minute to rest. Then the stones were frightfully heavy, and he could not get rid of the thought that it would be very nice if he were not obliged to carry them any further. He dragged himself like a snail to a well in the fields, meaning to rest and refresh himself with a drink of cool water. So as not to injure the stones by sitting on them, he laid them carefully on the edge of the well. Then he sat

down, and was about to stoop down to drink when he inadvertently gave them a little push, and both the stones fell straight into the water.

When Hans saw them disappear before his very eyes he jumped for joy, and then knelt down and thanked God, with tears in his eyes, for having shown him this further grace, and relieved him of the heavy stones (which were all that remained to trouble him) without giving him anything to reproach himself with. "There is certainly no one under the sun so happy as I."

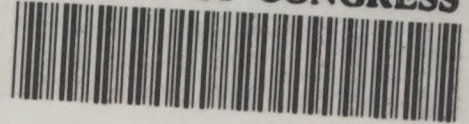
And so, with a light heart, free from every care, he now bounded on home to his mother.

THE END





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