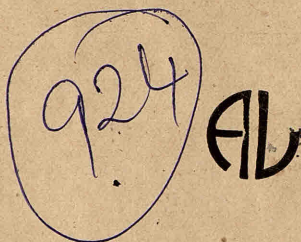
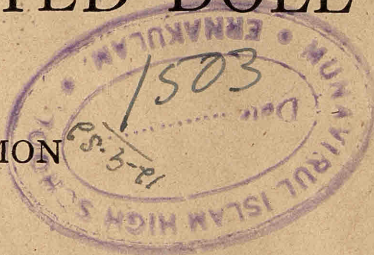


# THE ENCHANTED DOLL

BY  
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# THE ENCHANTED DOLL

## CHAPTER I

### THE DOLL-MAKER

THE things I am going to tell you about in this story took place many long years ago.

In those far-off days, no railway train ran through the grounds where the fairies danced, and startled them as it rushed along. In the green valleys and quiet nooks in the woodlands, these little people held their feasts, and here they danced in the bright moonlight, long after all good children were in bed and asleep.

We never see a fairy, or a pixy, or a brownie now. But we are still glad to read and to talk about them, and about what they did in those good old times. How lovely it must have been to see one of the grand balls of Oberon, King of the Fairies!

As I have said before, what I am going to tell you of took place a long time ago, long before the fairies had left us. It was spring-time, that part of the year when the trees put forth their blossoms, and tell us that, in the days to come, we shall have a good store of ripe fruit.

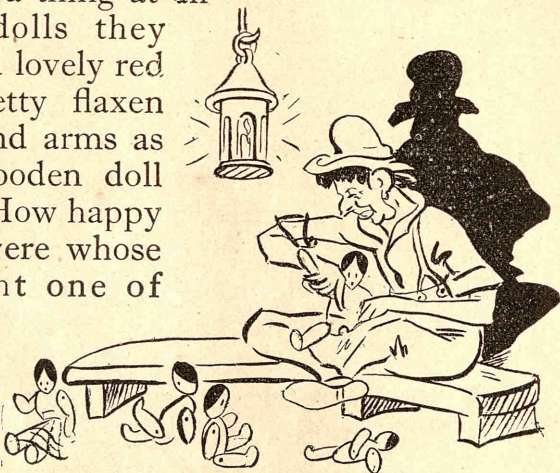
The doors and shutters of Jacob Pout's shop were thrown wide open to let in the fresh air, for the breeze was full of the sweet smell of the flowers from the garden.

Now Jacob Pout was a doll-maker, and the cleverest maker of dolls for miles around. He made wooden dolls only, for, at that time, wax dolls were not known. In fact, nobody had ever thought of such a thing at all

And such dolls they were! They had lovely red cheeks, and pretty flaxen hair, and legs and arms as good as any wooden doll could wish for. How happy the little girls were whose mothers bought one of Jacob Pout's dolls for them!

And the dolls lasted so well, too! You could leave them on the window-sill in the bright sunshine, and their noses never melted away. You could drop them, even from the bedroom window, and nothing more than an arm or a leg would be hurt. There was no fear of the doll breaking its head by the fall, and so being done with for ever. Oh, no!

Jacob Pout ought to have been one of the most happy of men, for those who came to his shop always went away pleased with what they had bought. He shaped his dolls on a lathe, and he



might have had it going every working-day of the week, if he had wished. But, I am sorry to say, Jacob was rather lazy, and, what was worse, he was always thinking that some one else was better off than he was, and so he was always grumbling, and never content.

On the other side of the road, and just in front of Jacob's shop, lived Anthony Stubbs. Most people called him *Tony*, so we will do the same. Tony was a worker in silver and gold, and very clever at it, too. He was a good, honest, hard-working fellow, always happy, and, better still, quite content with his lot.

The shutter of Tony's shop was always the first to be taken down, and there he could be heard, all day long, whistling and hammering, as merry as a lark and as busy as a bee.

It is true, few people came to buy his goods, but then, you see, they cost much money, for gold and silver are both dear. Besides, it took him a long time to make cups, dishes, spoons, and other pretty things of these metals.

But Jacob Pout did not think of all this. He stood at his shop door, idle when he should have been at work, and grumbled that he only made dolls of wood, while Tony Stubbs never worked upon anything more common than silver. "It is neither right nor just," said Jacob to himself; "I am as good a man as he is!"

Just then, one of the aldermen of the city walked into Tony's shop, and Jacob saw him count out on the counter twenty golden coins for a silver cup that Tony had made. Oh, how angry Jacob felt then, and how his heart was filled with envy at what he thought was his neighbour's good fortune!

The foolish man did not think how many long days of hard work it had taken Tony to hammer into shape the horses and dogs on the cup, which made it worth so much money. Nor did he think of how much time Tony had had to spend in learning how to do this work. For people do not get on in the world without hard work, and Jacob should not have forgotten that as often as he did.

## CHAPTER II

### THE BLACK FAIRY

Jacob had spent the greater part of a fine summer afternoon standing at his door, grumbling at what he called his bad luck, and the good luck of his neighbour Tony. Then he put up his shutters, closed his shop, and went for a walk into the country.

You must know that London was not then the large city that it is now. The parts round about the city were not covered with houses, streets, and shops, as they are to-day. There were green fields and shady woods everywhere around it. On

feast days and holidays, the good people of London used to wander into the woods and meadows to breathe the fresh, pure air, to listen to the birds, and to gather the wild flowers of which there were so many. They had a really happy time on such days.

Jacob Pout, lazy fellow that he was, took twice as many holidays as any of his neighbours—he had no friends, for he was so surly—and there was not a pretty spot in wood or field around London, that Jacob did not know of.

There was no prettier spot near London than Maude's Dingle, in the middle of a small wood near Kilburn. Here, all was quiet and still, for not a sound of the noise and bustle of the city reached that place.

On the summer evening of our story, Jacob Pout, the doll-maker, sat down in the Dingle at the foot of an old oak tree. A thrush, on a branch above his head, sang its evening song. There was no other sound but the soft murmur of the little brook, as it rippled over the stones.

But the sweet songs, both of the birds and the stream, were lost upon Jacob. He did not hear either of them, for his heart was full of envy, and his mind full of bitter thoughts about Tony Stubbs, and his gold and silver wares. The twilight came, and went; then the darkness fell; yet still Jacob lay there, sulky and unhappy.

The thrush had long since finished its song, and was at rest for the night; but the little brook could not be silent until it reached the distant river. After a time, Jacob heard it, and, as he listened, it sounded like a tune to him.

He listened again. Yes, there was no mistake about it, it was a tune—a march—and played, so it seemed to Jacob, by drums and trumpets. The sound became louder every moment, and seemed to come from a hollow beech tree, not twenty yards from where Jacob was lying.

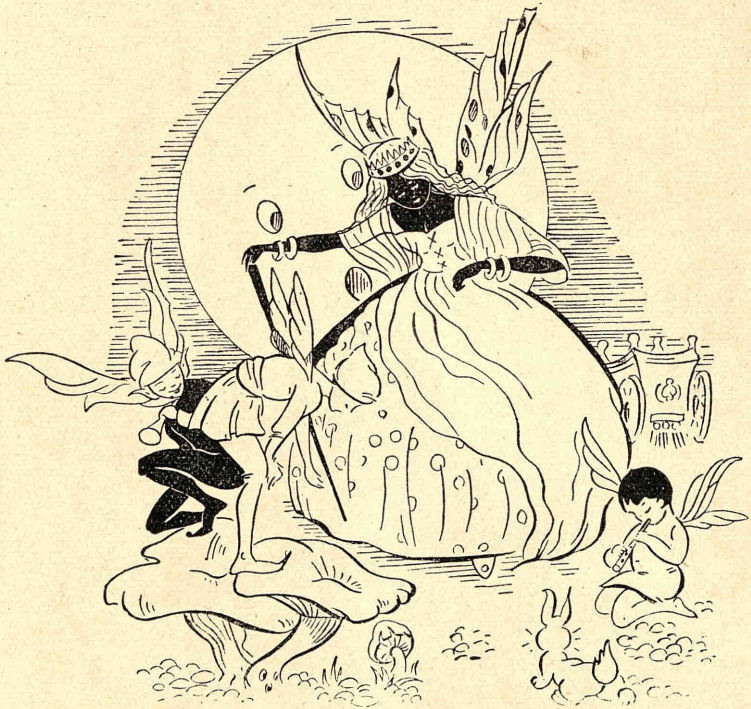
As he looked towards the beech tree, he saw—dear me! how he had to rub his eyes before he could believe it—he saw, coming from a little hole at the foot of the hollow beech, a large number of tiny people. They were all gaily dressed, and were marching in proper order, to the music of a band of fairy players.

In their midst, seated in a car not bigger than a walnut shell, was a lady, black as a negro. She was dressed in a rich robe of lovely colours, and wore bracelets of gold; on her arms and ankles were bands of the same metal.

Jacob felt just a bit afraid when he saw that these little people were all coming his way. The lady got down from her car, and walked, with her maids of honour, straight to the foot of the tree where he was lying. He turned quite cold, and his teeth began to chatter with fear.



The Black Fairy saw that Jacob was afraid—no one could have helped seeing it—so she smiled sweetly at him to cheer him up. It was as if she



said to him, "Do not fear, my good man, we shall do you no harm." But her smile only seemed to make Jacob still more afraid.

When the Fairy saw this, she spoke to him. And oh, what a voice she had! It was not loud, of course, you could not expect that from a tiny

fairy. It was sharp and shrill, and sounded just like the noise you can make, if you blow into the barrel of a small key.

“I have often wished to speak to you,” said the Black Fairy to Jacob, “but a person of my high rank can only come out on moonlight evenings, and I have never found you here before. Do you know, I have taken a great fancy to you; I have often heard you grumble, and it has done my heart good, for I like grumblers better than all other people.

“But the people who are always happy, and always thankful for what they have and what they get, I do not like at all. I think they are the meanest people in the world. As for myself, I have never been contented since I was born, and I am now nearly five thousand years old.”

“Are you, really?” said Jacob, who was now feeling a little less afraid. “I should not have thought so. You look very young for a person so old.”

“Not I, indeed!” said the Black Lady. “I’ve seen fairies who look much younger than I, and yet they are older than I am by a day or two. But that does not matter. I have come to take you under my care.

“You are very angry that Tony Stubbs seems to get on in the world better than you do. Ha! Ha! Ha! Depend upon it, Jacob, all is not what

it seems to be in his shop. Half his wares are sham, you may be sure, and are no more made of gold and silver than you and I. But you, Jacob, are a good friend of mine, and I mean to help you as you deserve."

"Who are you?" thought Jacob, but he did not care to ask, for that would have been rather rude.

"I am the Fairy Malice," said the Black Lady, who knew what Jacob was thinking about. "I am the Fairy Malice, and I am very sorry that you are a man; if you had been a fairy, I would have made you one of my chiefs.

"But, never mind! If you can't serve me in Fairyland, you can do so in your own place. I should think that Tony Stubbs will not be worth more than three hundred pounds."

"Not that much!" said Jacob quickly. "Not that much! If all his goods were to be sold up to-morrow, two hundred pounds would buy the lot, I am sure."

"Ah! so much the worse for you then," said the Black Fairy. "You are one hundred pounds poorer than you would have been, for I am going to make you just as rich as Tony Stubbs."

"What a fool I've been!" thought Jacob. "If I had only known that, this black woman should not have got off so easily."

"That's right, grumble away, Jacob," said the

fairy. "I can hear your thoughts, and I like you all the better for having them. Oh, how I do love people who are not thankful! Now, see what I am going to do for you. Look at this!"

Jacob looked, and saw that the fairy held in her hand a little doll. It was made of a black wood, called ebony, and was not bigger than his little finger. It was of a most beautiful shape, and it had bracelets, and armlets, and ankle-bands of silver. Jacob, as we have read, was a clever doll-maker, but he had never seen anything so well made in his life before.

"What do you think that is?" asked the fairy.

"I do not know," said Jacob, "but it is very well made."

"That," said Fairy Malice, "is an *Enchanted Doll*. I will give it to you. Take it home with you; it will sell for just one hundred pounds, and that, with what other money you have, will make you as well off as Tony Stubbs."

Jacob's eyes shone with delight as he took the doll from the fairy.

"Oh, thank you!" said he, "you are too kind."

"So long as you are contented and happy," the fairy went on, "the *Enchanted Doll* will be of no use to you. But should you again need my help, even though the doll be at the other side of the world she will come back to you. Good night, Jacob!"

Fairy Malice then got back into her tiny car, the band played once more, and all the fairies turned round, and marched away in exactly the same order as they had come.

## CHAPTER III

### THE STRANGER'S VISIT

Jacob went home to bed, and slept soundly until day-break. When he awoke, he thought he had only been dreaming about the Black Fairy and the doll. But no, that could not be, for there was the Enchanted Doll on the table.

He soon dressed himself, and then opened the shutter of his shop. He placed the fairy gift upon his board along with his other dolls, and sat down to breakfast. But before he had eaten the first mouthful, a queer-looking man walked into the shop, and asked the price of the little black doll.

"One hundred and fifty pounds," said Jacob at once.

"That is too much!" said the strange man. "My orders are not to pay more than a hundred."

There was something in the man's manner which made Jacob feel that he would like to get rid of him as soon as he could. So, without saying a word more, he took the hundred pounds, and handed the Enchanted Doll to the stranger.

“What a lucky fellow I am!” said Jacob, as the stranger turned to go away.

“Very lucky, *just now*,” said the doll-buyer, and off he went.

As soon as the stranger was out of sight, Jacob counted the money into his big purse. Then, putting his cap on one side of his head, he went across the road, and walked two or three times, backwards and forwards, in front of the silversmith’s shop. Each time, as he passed, he made his money jingle so that Tony should hear. But either Tony did not hear, or he took no notice, for he did not look up from his work.

Jacob was very much vexed at this, and at last he walked into Tony’s shop.

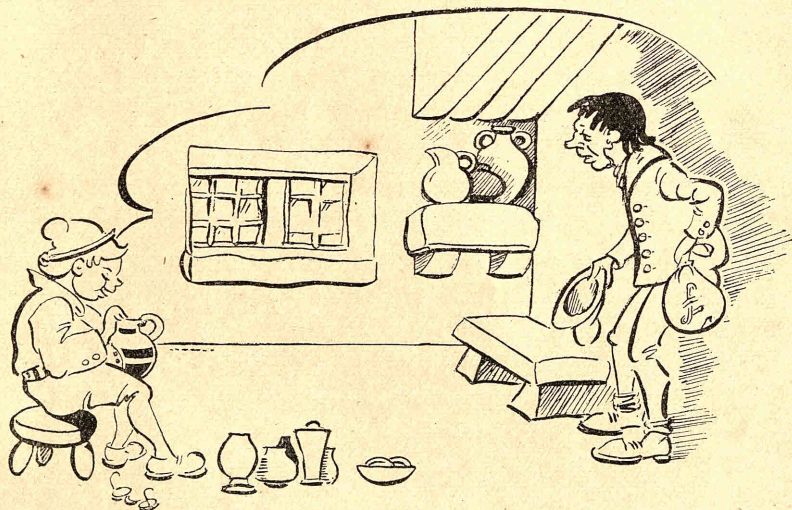
“Good morning, neighbour Stubbs!” said he.

“Ah! is that you, neighbour Pout?” said Tony. “I am very glad to see you; for though we live so near each other, we can seldom do more than nod to each other across the road from week end to week end. But that is my fault, I think; I am always so hard at work, that I have no time for a little friendly chat now and again.”

“It is just the same with me, too,” said Jacob. “I also am always hard at work, yet I cannot make dolls fast enough for my customers.” This was quite true, but he might have done so, if he had not been quite so idle. “But I have no right to grumble, for I can make money faster than I can

spend it ;” and Jacob once more rattled the coins in his purse.

“ I am very glad to hear that you are doing so well,” said Tony. But he did not show, by word or look, that he felt either sorry or angry at Jacob’s



good fortune. “ We have both great cause to be thankful to God for his goodness, friend Jacob.”

“ Yes, indeed we have,” said Jacob.

But he did not *feel* so ; there was no place for thankfulness in Jacob’s heart. He was vexed that Tony did not seem to hear the jingling of his money. So he thought he would try what the *sight* of the coins would do.

“ I have been paid a large sum of money--

a very large sum—this morning,” said he, “and I do not feel quite sure that the coins are all good ones. Will you be so good as to test them for me, neighbour Stubbs?”

“I will gladly do so,” replied the silversmith, “let me see them.”

“Here are a few of them,” said Jacob, and he threw down upon the counter a handful of coins, all new and bright.

Tony looked at them, and then tested them as a silversmith well knows how.

“Yes, friend Jacob,” said Tony, when he had done, “they are all good coins. Unless, of course,” said he, laughing, “they are fairy silver, and if so, you have made a bad bargain.”

“How? What do you mean?” asked Jacob.

“Well, if they are fairy silver, you will find them turned into dirt and stones some morning. At any rate, so says the story,” replied Tony.

“I have no fear of that,” said Jacob. Then he picked up the coins, and put them back into his purse, one by one, taking care to make them jingle as much as he could. And wishing Tony “good-morning,” he went back to his own shop.

“Fairy silver, indeed! Dirt and stones!” thought Jacob. “Now at last, I have made him feel envy.” And with this wicked thought, Jacob, for once, was happy and contented.



## CHAPTER IV

## TONY'S ERRAND

Next day, at noon, Jacob saw Tony close the shutter of his shop, and then walk quickly away.

“He’s just like me,” said Jacob to himself, “when I have a fit of envy or anger, I can never rest at home. I will be bound he is off to the woods for the rest of the day. Just like me.”

But Jacob was wrong. In an hour or two Tony came back, and his hammer could be heard ringing long after other people had stopped work for the day. And next morning, some time before his neighbours wanted to get out of bed, they were awakened by the sound of Tony’s anvil. And so it was day after day. The silversmith was at work early and late, and only stopped for a little while each day at noon. Then he would close his shop, and set off as before.

The neighbours soon saw that he began to look tired and sad, and that, in spite of the long hours he worked, the stock of wares in his shop became less and less every day. Surely there was something wrong with the silversmith, and everyone felt sorry for him—all but Jacob.

I dare say you would like to know what took Tony away from home every day at that same hour, and what made him work early and late, and yet become poorer and poorer. I will tell you.

In the east part of the city, there was a shop, over the door of which hung a sign—the “Golden Shears.” This showed that the owner of the shop was a tailor. The place was very clean, but there was not much cloth inside, and, for some days, no one had been seen working on the bench but Tom Tit, the tailor’s boy.

Tom was a good little fellow, for, though he had no one to watch him, he kept hard at work, and did not idle away his time. It was to this shop that the silversmith had come, day after day, for the tailor was his father.

“Master is much better to-day,” said Tom Tit to Tony, about a week after the first visit, “and the alderman who wanted to put him into prison has been here. He says that as you have paid some of the money, master need not be afraid any longer about going to prison.”

“The alderman has been very kind, Tom,” said Tony. “He has given me time to pay the debt, and in a little while I hope to see my father a free man again. You are a good boy, Tom, and I shall not forget your kindness.”

Tom tried to say, “Thank you, master Tony,” but a lump seemed to come into his throat and would not let him. He only wiped his eye with the back of his hand, and then stitched away, ten times harder than ever.

While Tom was doing this, Tony had gone,

very quietly, into a room upstairs. He knelt down by the bedside, and asked his father's blessing. The sick man laid his thin hand upon the head of his son, and prayed in silence. Then his eyes filled with tears, and a sweet smile came over his face.

"Anthony, my son," said he, "but for your goodness and love, I should now be in prison."

"I hardly think it would be so bad as that, father," said Tony, "for, as soon as ever I told the alderman how you had been cheated of your goods, he said at once that he would do without part of the debt. But I thanked him, and would not agree to that, for the money was due to him."

"You did quite right, my dear son," said the old man. "But it makes me sad to think that my trouble has made you almost as poor as a beggar. But I know that the good God will bless you for it. It may not be with riches, for these do not always bring joy with them. But you will be happy and contented, and this is the reward that comes of doing good."

You know now why Tony Stubbs worked early and late, and how it was that he became poorer and poorer every day. It was to pay his father's debt, and so keep him out of prison.

It was May-day, and Tony went to the alderman to pay him the last of the money that his father owed. Now May-day was a great holiday in the

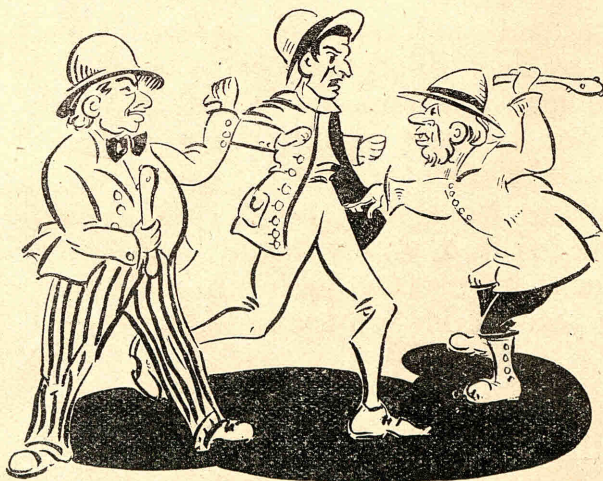
olden times. The young people of London used to go into the woods to bring home the may-pole. This was a long, straight tree, with all its branches cut off. It was then decked with gay ribbons, and garlands of flowers, and set up in an open space.

Then the young people, and the children too, used to dance round the may-pole to the sound of music, and sing merry songs. Sometimes, too, the men would dress up as knights in armour, or as morris dancers decked with ribbons and bells.

There had never been a finer show than the one on that May-day, when Tony Stubbs paid to Alderman Kersey the last of his father's debt. Everybody had turned out to see it, and where there was a sight to see, there Jacob Pout was sure to be.

And there he was in this holiday crowd, pushing more rudely, and shouting more loudly, than anyone else.

A stand had been put up for the Lord Mayor and the aldermen, and some of their



friends. There were men with staves, whose duty it was to keep the way to the stand clear. Jacob had already had one or two blows from these staves for being where he ought not to be.

As the aldermen walked to the stand, the people shouted and cheered them, and even Jacob Pout took off his cap as Alderman Kersey came along. As he passed, Jacob saw that he was leaning on the arm of—whom do you think?—Tony Stubbs!

How vexed Jacob was! He watched them go along until they came to the Lord Mayor's stand; he saw them go up the steps together; he saw Tony standing among the great men of the great City of London, many of whom shook hands most kindly with him. Jacob could hardly believe his eyes.

The alderman had told a great many of his friends what Tony had done, and they were so pleased with the love and honesty he had shown, that they had made up their minds they would do all they could to help him.

Jacob did not stay to see any more of the show. He walked home as fast as he could, and shut himself in his workshop. His heart was so filled with envy, that even the bright sunshine made him angry.

At last twilight came, and then night fell. The moon shone out bright and clear, and filled the workroom with light.

As Jacob sat, in a sulky mood, thinking over what he had seen, the wheel of his lathe began to turn round. It turned slowly at first, and then faster and faster.

Jacob jumped up in surprise, and looked about him. He saw in the room a swarm of little black fairies, who were trying to shape a large block of ebony into the rough form of a doll. The chips of hard wood flew about here, there, and everywhere, and the wheel whizzed round like a mad thing.

After a time the lathe stopped, and Jacob saw the little fairies, with chisels and mallets, shape the head and limbs of the big doll into the exact likeness, only a hundred times larger, of the Enchanted Doll he had brought away from Maude's Dingle.

When they had finished their task, they showed how pleased they were by playing about in the most lively manner. Some were swinging by cobwebs from the top of the room; others climbed the legs of the table and then turned head over heels and came back to the ground, whilst others amused themselves in many other ways.

After a time, Jacob heard the same music as he had heard in the woods, and once again he saw Fairy Malice, and her fairy band. This time they came out of a mouse-hole in the corner of the room.

"Well, Jacob, my dear child," said the Black Lady, "I am glad you have come to your senses once more. I was afraid you would never have

envy enough to need the Enchanted Doll again. You see, it gives my fairies a great deal of trouble to bring her back to you. But you are such a dear, good fellow, and so full of envy, that I would do anything for you."

"But what can this lump of wood do for me? Can it make me friends with the Lord Mayor and aldermen? Can it make me as great a man as Tony Stubbs seems likely to be?" asked Jacob, with a sneer. "And who will buy such a big, heavy thing as that?" he went on. "The Enchanted Doll was a wonderful thing, but this is a big, clumsy, ugly——"

"Stop, my dear boy, stop!" said Fairy Malice. "The greater size of the doll is all owing to your envy becoming more and more. And so it will be always my pretty fellow until—but I must leave you now." And without saying anything more, she and her fairy troop popped back down the mouse-hole.

In the morning, Jacob placed the Enchanted Doll on his board. Many persons stopped to look at it, but no one seemed to want to buy it; so there it stayed day after day. At the same time, Tony's shop began to look much better, for the alderman and his friends had given Tony as much work as he could do.

Now you must know that Jacob could only part with the Enchanted Doll at such times as he

was contented, and his heart free from envy. When he saw that the silversmith had begun to prosper again, Jacob envied him more than ever, and he even began to hate Tony. So he did not seem likely to get rid of his doll yet.

But there came a time when Tony fell very, very ill, and for days it was thought that he would die. Jacob did not now envy him any longer, and, sure enough, a man called in Jacob's shop, and asked to buy the big, black doll. He only paid a few pounds for it, for Jacob was glad enough to sell it at almost any price.

Shall I tell you what the man wanted it for? In those days, very few people could read; most people did not even know their letters. Shopkeepers used to hang up, in front of their shops, pictures and models, which they called "signs," so that people could tell one shop from another. The man had bought the doll to hang as a sign outside his shop.

In time, Tony became a great deal better. Alderman Kersey came to see him every day, and when Tony was able to sit up, the good man brought his only daughter, Dorothy, whom Tony loved very dearly, to see him also.

Jacob Pout saw all this from his doorway, and, once again, envy and hate came into his heart. Be careful, Jacob, that you do not have your friend, the doll, back again!



## CHAPTER V

## FINE CLOTHES

The money which Jacob got for the doll was soon spent, for he had made up his mind to have "a good time," and to show his neighbours that he was "somebody." He did so, and caused them a great deal of fun, for they did not like him, as they knew how selfish and full of envy he was.

He dressed himself in fine clothes, such as were worn by rich young men in that day. He had a large ruff round his neck, and, as his hair was cut short, this made his head look like a small dumpling in a big dish. He wore stockings of two colours, and had big bows to his shoes. His breeches were so puffed out at the hips with wadding, that his body seemed to rest on two drumsticks. How his neighbours laughed at him as he strutted up and down the street!



Jacob made up his mind that he would pay a visit to the west end of the city, where the rich people lived. As he could not walk in comfort in his fine clothes, he went to London Bridge, and down the steps to the river-side. He called a waterman (or boatman, as we should say) to him, and, stepping into the boat, asked to be rowed to the palace at Westminster.

There were no cabs in those days, and people, both rich and poor, used the river when they wished to keep out of the busy streets. The watermen were smart, witty fellows, and you can fancy what fun they made of Jacob as he was rowed up the river.

There he was, seated in the stern of the boat, in his large breeches and ruff, and a little peaked hat with a feather in it, looking anything but the fine gentleman he wished to look. Some of the watermen said he looked like a peg-top turned upside down, and indeed they were not far wrong. When they reached Westminster, Jacob was surprised at the sum the boatman asked him to pay for such a short distance.

“Is not the fare rather a large one?” asked he.

“Oh, no! my lord,” said the boatman, “we never row noblemen for less than that.”

When the man called him “my lord” and talked about “noblemen,” Jacob pulled out his purse with a grand air, and paid the money. Poor,

foolish man ! if he could only have seen how he was laughed at the moment his back was turned ; for people who pretend to be what they are not are always found out, and are likely to be made fun of by others.

Soon after Jacob had landed, a gaily-dressed young man walked up to him.

“ Are you going to the bear-baiting to-day ? There will be good sport, I can tell you, and all the great men of the city will be there.”

“ Well, sir,” replied Jacob, “ I have never seen a bear baited, and I should very much like to. Is it easy to get into the bear-garden ? ”

“ Oh, yes ! if you have friends,” replied the young man. “ I shall be happy to take you there. I am a friend of the Duke of Northumberland, and I shall be glad to do what I can for so brave a gentleman.”

Jacob thanked him for his kind offer, and walked along with him. How proud he felt, and how he wished his neighbours, and, above all, Tony Stubbs, could see him in such good company.

Good company, indeed ! The young man was a London thief, who had at once seen that Jacob was a likely man to get money from. So, whilst the foolish doll-maker thought he was making friends with a noble gentleman, he was only in the company of a rogue.

When they came to the bear-garden, Jacob's

friend found out that he had no money with him. Of course, the doll-maker was only too glad to lend a gold coin to such a fine gentleman.

None but the very best seats would do for these two young men, so they were shown by one of the doorkeepers to the cart set aside for the lords and ladies.

Do you know what bear-baiting was? I will tell you. In the middle of a large ring, or open space of ground, was fixed a strong wooden or iron post. A bear was made fast to this post by a long chain, and then dogs were set upon him to fight and worry him. It was a very cruel sport. The bear was often badly bitten by the dogs, and it was a common thing for the dogs themselves to be killed, or very much hurt, by the claws of the bear.

People came in large numbers to see these fights, and sat in seats round the ring, one row above another. The places where bear-baiting was done were called bear-gardens.

I will not stop to tell you what pain the bear and the dogs suffered on this day, but will go on with my story. The fight was over, and the people had begun to come away, when a loud out-cry was heard in that part of the garden where Jacob and his friend had been seated.

“Here’s a thief!” cried out one, catching hold of the rogue.

“And here’s his comrade!” shouted another, at the same time taking a firm hold of Jacob’s ruff.

The bear-keepers came to the spot at once. Without stopping a moment, they took Jacob and his friend, and threw them both into the ring where the bear was still chained to the post. The poor beast was still smarting from the bites of the dogs. Thinking, most likely, that these were two new enemies, the bear struck at the two men with his paws.

He tore Jacob’s fine clothes with his claws, and also scratched the face of his friend. What a sight they were, and how frightened they looked! Everybody laughed at them, and even the angry bear-keepers joined in the fun.

“Let them go now, Robert,” said a nobleman to the door-keeper; “they have been well punished for their tricks.”

The door-keeper took Jacob and his friend, the rogue, to the door, and giving each of them a good sound blow with his thick staff, told them not to come to the garden again, or they were likely to have their ears cut off as thieves.

Jacob’s friend ran off at once, and he himself walked home, ragged, sore, and in disgrace. He was followed by a number of the rabble, who made fun of him all the way he went.



## CHAPTER VI

## THE ENCHANTED DOLL AGAIN

For more than a week Jacob never left his shop, nor even showed himself in the doorway. He feared that the neighbours would know of his visit to the bear-garden, and he was afraid they would laugh at him about it.

Honest Tony began to think that Jacob was not well, so he stepped across the road to see him. When he got to the doll-maker's door, a strange sight met his eyes. There was Jacob, with a large axe, trying to chop in pieces a beautiful, big, black doll, which was dressed like an eastern princess. But the axe would not cut the hard ebony, and, try as he would, Jacob could not destroy it.

It was his old friend that had come back to him. It was larger than before, for his envy and his hatred of his neighbours had grown much since his visit to the bear-garden. During the week that he had shut himself up in his shop he had had no company but the Enchanted Doll. He could not bear the sight of it any longer, so he had at last made up his mind to chop it and burn it, and so get rid of it once for all. But the fairy gift was not so easily got rid of.

“Good morning, friend Pout,” said Tony, holding out his hand. “What a splendid piece of work! I think I never saw anything so finely made

Surely you were not cutting this lovely doll up for firewood."

Jacob did not know what to say. He blushed, and muttered that no one would buy black dolls, as little girls were frightened of them.

"What is the price of it?" asked Tony. "I have been thinking for some time that I would have a sign for my shop, and wondering what it should be. This Indian Princess would be just the thing. What is the price, neighbour?"

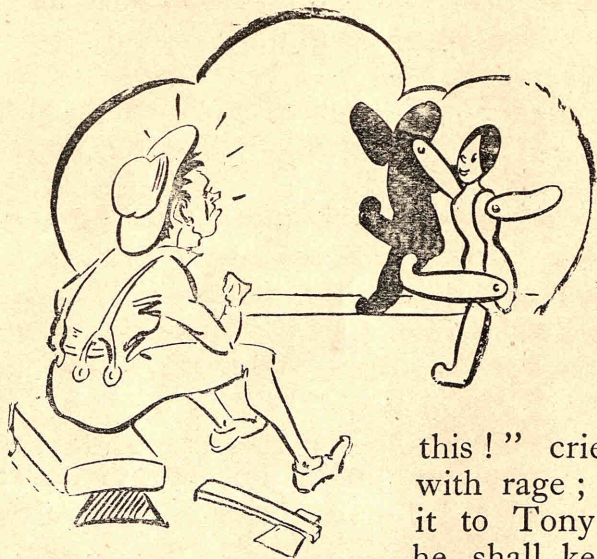
Jacob was delighted at the thought of getting rid of what was now a dreadful thing to him, and he named a very small sum indeed.

"Agreed!" said the silversmith. "I will buy it from you, if you will go with me to-night and spend Christmas Eve at the house of a kind friend of mine. I can promise you will be very welcome. Bring the sign over to my shop, and I will pay you the money." Tony then went back to his own shop over the way.

"You shall not wait long for your bargain," said the doll-maker, as soon as Tony's back was turned. "An Indian Princess, indeed! Will nothing suit you for a sign but an Indian Princess? Well, you shall have your wish, proud man, and, at the same time, I shall get rid of the doll."

Jacob took the doll in his arms, to carry it across to Tony's shop, but at every step he took towards his own door, the doll became heavier and heavier,

until he was not able to carry it any further, and had to put it down. The Enchanted Doll could only be parted with when Jacob was without envy and discontent, and at this moment he envied everybody.



The doll did not remain quiet for long, but hopped back in the funniest way to the little room behind the shop.

“I’ll not put up with this!” cried Jacob, mad with rage; “I *will* take it to Tony Stubbs, and he shall keep it.”

But the doll then began to hop about the room, over the chairs and on to the great wooden chest in which Jacob kept his Sunday clothes. The doll-maker chased it about, but the doll always kept out of his reach. At last, hot and tired, and quite worn out, Jacob flung himself down on a chair, and fairly cried with anger.



## CHAPTER VII

## CHRISTMAS EVE

In the afternoon of the same day, Jacob went with Tony to the house of Alderman Kersey. They found that many of the alderman's friends and neighbours, and all his workpeople, were there already. The servants, too, had put on their best clothes. The carpet had been taken up from the floor of the great sitting-room, so that all could have a merry time.

And they did have a merry time. The fiddlers played, and the people danced again and again. Then they had games of blind-man's buff, hunt-the-slipper, and many others. Then there was more dancing, and then more games, and so on till supper time.

And what a supper it was! There was the biggest pie you ever saw, and a joint of roast beef so big, that it took two men to carry it, and other good things to eat and drink, more than I could tell you of.

After supper, they had games and dancing again, and everyone was happy—but Jacob Pout. As soon as supper was over, he left the house—no one saw him go—and walked away towards the fields.

The snow was falling fast, but on he went. He was in a bad temper, and did not care what sort of weather it was.

“It is as plain as the nose on my face,” thought Jacob. “The alderman’s daughter is to be the wife of Tony Stubbs. Then, of course, the alderman’s riches will all come to Tony, and, who knows? perhaps some day he will be Lord Mayor of London. Just his luck! A mean fellow as he is, always trying to make believe he is at work, and never taking a day’s holiday but just upon feast days. I hate him! I don’t know why, but I can’t help it.”

I could have told the doll-maker why he hated Tony. Jacob was like many more people in the world. They hate and envy those who get on better than they do, and yet they are too lazy to try and get on themselves.

The moon was shining brightly in the sky, and the snow sparkled like diamonds. The path, which Jacob had not found very easy to keep, was crossed by a stile. As he felt tired with his walk, Jacob thought he would rest here for a while, and then he would go back home.

As he came near to the stile, he saw, on the top rail, something which moved quickly from one end to the other. When he got close, he saw that it was no other than Fairy Malice. Jacob could see she was in a bad temper; in fact, she was in quite a rage.

Now and then she would stop, stamp her tiny foot, and shake her little fist in the air. Jacob was

just going to turn round, and make for home as fast as he could, but the fairy was too quick for him.

“Stay where you are!” she screamed; “stay where you are, or it will be the worse for you!”

Jacob felt quite unable to move.

“So, you unthankful wretch,” the fairy went on, “you thought you would get off quite free, for the cruel way you treated the Enchanted Doll. You thought you could chop away at its lovely limbs, and hammer away at its poor body just as you liked, did you? You thought that pretty thing was only cut out of a log of wood like your own common toys, and could be made into firewood just when you thought fit.

“Look here, every blow you gave to that poor thing was felt by me; by *me*, do you hear?” And then she pointed to her legs and arms, and Jacob saw, for the first time, that they were bound up.

“But you shall pay for this. I am here to-night to punish you for being so ungrateful. It is not often you find fairies out on snowy nights like this, but my people shall have plenty of work to keep them warm, I can promise you. Archers, advance! and show this wicked fellow how well you can shoot.”

Jacob heard the same old march tune played again, and at once the snow swarmed with black

fairies, all marching in line before their queen. They marched past Jacob, who was now very much afraid, for he did not know what would take place next.

In a moment or two, the fairy army was quite round him. The leaders spoke a few words to each other, and then, at a signal from their chief, they led their men much closer to Jacob.

Then they halted, and swarms of arrows, as fine as hairs, flew from their tiny bows into the body of the unhappy Jacob. Oh, how he roared with pain! Fairy Malice rubbed her hands with glee, and laughed loud and long at the pain the doll-maker now felt.

“Well done! my brave men; well done!” cried the Black Lady. “If our horsemen do as well as you have done, they shall have a great reward. Charge!”

As she screamed out her order, a humming noise was heard in the air, and a host of fairies, mounted on horned beetles, flew at the head and hands of the doll-maker. Jacob was not able to defend himself from the lances of these little foes, and he was put to very great pain indeed.

Fairy Malice was more glad than ever, and she laughed so much, that she had to lean on one of the other fairies, or she would have fallen. When she got her breath again, she said,

“Now, Master Doll-maker, you know what it

means to harm Fairy Malice, or, indeed, any other fairy. I think I have now punished you enough, so you may go home, Jacob. We are friends again."

"Friends?" cried Jacob. "Never! Never! I will throw your horrid gift into the river."

"Don't do anything so silly," said Fairy Malice. "If you do, it will swim, and come back to you again."

"I will burn it then!" said Jacob, mad with rage and pain.

"Try such a thing if you dare!" screamed the fairy.

"I defy you!" roared Jacob. "I defy you!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Black Fairy. And all the other fairies laughed, too.

"It is your own bad heart that gives me the power over you," said she. "Until that changes, Jacob, you will still be the slave of my servant, the Enchanted Doll."

As the fairy said this, she waved her wand, and the bright moonlight was at once changed into darkness. At first, Jacob thought that a black cloud was passing in front of the moon, but he soon found out his mistake. Round about him, and all over him, flew hundreds and hundreds of bats.

Jacob was now very much afraid. There was, however, one good thing. Before, he had not been able to move, now he had the use of his legs, and

he set off to run, as fast as he could, towards his home. At least, so he thought.

But the bats flew along with him, and made the night so dark that he could not see the path at all. Soon, he felt himself break through the thin ice of a pond, and into the water he fell with a splash. He crawled out, dripping wet, and shivering with cold, and ran on, once more, not knowing where he was going.

After a time, the church bells began to ring out their message, "Peace on earth and goodwill to men," a sign that Christmas Day had begun. Then the bats flew away, and Jacob saw that he was many miles away from home.

He reached the door of his shop just as the sun rose on Christmas morning. When he went into his bedroom, there was the Enchanted Doll, bigger and uglier than ever.

## CHAPTER VIII

### DIRT AND STONES

The morning passed on, very slowly it seemed to Jacob, who sat in his window, gazing across at his neighbour's shop. By and by the door opened, and Tony's old housekeeper came out, dressed in her best clothes. This was a sure sign that she was going to have a holiday.

A few minutes later, Tony himself came out.

He locked the door of his shop, but, strange to say, he walked away, leaving the key in the door. Most likely he did not think what he was doing.

Jacob saw all this, but, instead of acting as a good neighbour should, and calling Tony back, he let him go. Nay, he was so bad as even to hope that some thief would come and see the key, and go into the shop and rob Tony of his goods. What a wicked feeling this was for Christmas Day!

Jacob Pout watched at the window all day, but no one passed and saw the key. As the evening came on, his thoughts grew worse and worse. At last, it came into his mind that he would carry the Enchanted Doll over to Tony's shop, and set it on fire. Then he would destroy Tony's goods, and, at the same time, he would get rid of the doll.

No sooner thought of than done. It was quite dark, so no one would see him, for there were no lamps in the streets at that time, and people were all in their homes making merry because it was Christmas Day. He picked up the Enchanted Doll, and, to his surprise, it was as light as a feather. He carried it in his arms across to Tony's shop.

In a few minutes he came back again. He once more sat at the window, so that he could watch what took place from his wicked work. Soon, smoke was coming through the cracks of Tony's shutters, and then a bright, red flame showed that all inside was on fire.

How happy Jacob was now ! He chuckled to himself, and rubbed his hands with glee at the thought of the mischief he had done to his neighbour. But not for long. To his horror, the door of Tony's shop flew open, and from it came the Enchanted Doll, a mass of blazing wood, and made straight for his own shop.

In a moment, the room in which he was sitting became filled with smoke, and he heard the wood in his workshop crackling with the flames. At the same time, a great noise outside told him that the fire had been seen. Jacob rushed out of his shop just as the city watchmen came up to Tony's shop with their ladders and fire-buckets.

After a good deal of hard work, the fire in the silversmith's shop was put out. But nothing that was done seemed to have any power over the fire that was burning up the doll-maker's shop.

Jacob stood gazing at the fire for a time, not knowing what to do. All at once, the thought came into his mind that the first money he had received for the Enchanted Doll was in his large wooden chest. Without stopping a moment, he dashed through the flames to get his silver, although the room was full of fire and smoke.

He reached the chest, knelt down beside it, and opened it. But lo ! where the money should have been there was nothing but dirt and stones, for the coins he had received were fairy silver.



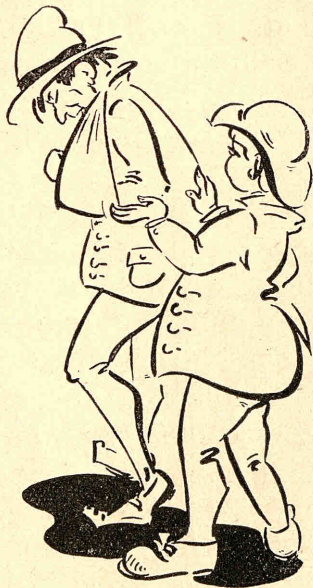
He was so very disappointed that he had no heart to get up from where he was kneeling. The flames gathered round him, and he would have been burned to death, if a young man had not made his way through the fire and dragged him into the street.

It was some few minutes before Jacob got his breath back again. When he turned to thank the young man who had saved his life, who should it be but Tony Stubbs! You can fancy how ashamed Jacob felt then.

“This is a sad night for us both, neighbour Pout,” said the silversmith, “but much worse for you than for me. You have lost everything, but, in my case, it is only the shop that is burned. True, some of my wares are a bit spoiled, but a little earlier to rise and a little later to bed will put all that right in a short time.

“But, neighbour,” said Tony, looking at him, “you are in great pain; and no wonder, your arm is very badly burned. Here! Some one run for a doctor, whilst I help him to bed.”

Jacob was in such pain, and felt so full of shame,



that he could not answer, but he just let Tony lead him to bed. When the doctor came, he said that Jacob was very ill indeed, and must be kept as quiet as possible. For many days the silversmith spent all his time watching at the bedside of Jacob, and did all that he could for him.

One night, about three weeks after the fire, Tony had just gone to rest. He and Jacob had been talking about what they would do when Jacob was better.

“Cheer up, my friend,” said Tony, “as soon as you are well and able to work again, you shall have a new lathe and another shop.”

One would have thought, after all that the silversmith had done for Jacob, that the doll-maker's heart would have been filled with joy and thankfulness to Tony. But no! the feeling of envy and hate had been so long there, that Jacob could not get rid of them, even when he wanted to. He would have many a hard fight before he quite drove them from his heart.

“So,” thought he, “it seems as if I have to owe my daily bread to this man, whom, more than all others, I have hated and envied. It is just like my luck! Not one stitch of *my* shop or *my* stock is left, and I am without money. But this man can laugh at his loss. More than that, he can lend me money to start again. He will be richer still before long, for I hear he is to marry pretty Dorothy

Kersey. What has he done to deserve all this good fortune ? ”

“ What, indeed ! ” said a shrill voice close to his ear.

Jacob shook from head to foot with fear, for he knew it was the Black Fairy who had spoken. He would have known her voice anywhere.

“ What, indeed ! ” said the fairy again. “ *He* envies nobody ! *He* does not set fire to anybody’s shop. *He* does not think only of himself ! But *you* deserve all you get, and a great deal more as well.”

“ Leave me ! ” cried Jacob, “ I wish to have done with you for ever.”

“ How very cruel and unkind of you ! ” sobbed the fairy, “ after all I have had to suffer for you. Why, I am still in great pain from being burned at your fire, and your pretty pet, the Enchanted Doll, is not nearly better yet.”

“ Better ! ” cried Jacob. “ Surely it was burned up with the shop.”

“ Not so,” said the fairy, with a broad grin. “ I was afraid, at one time, that this Tony Stubbs, by driving the envy out of your heart, would have caused her death, but your love for her has almost cured her. She is beside you.”

And there the doll was, sure enough, on the table at his bed-side. It was so badly burned that there was no shape about it at all, but still Jacob could see that it was the Enchanted Doll.

The next morning, Jacob was very much worse. He was in a high fever. The doctor could not understand what had caused the change, and was quite at a loss what to do. The fever lasted for three days, after which Jacob fell into a quiet sleep. When, at last, he awoke, he heard the sweet voice of a woman praying that he might get well and strong again.

Jacob's heart was touched. He had not thought there was anyone in the whole world who cared for him at all. The tears came to his eyes as Dorothy prayed for him, for it was she who knelt by his bed-side. When the prayer was ended, Jacob said "Amen!" in a voice which showed that he meant it.

The doctor said that, before Jacob could hope to get well again, he must have plenty of fresh country air. So Alderman Kersey had the doll-maker brought to his house. Here the good Mrs. Kersey and gentle Dorothy looked after him, and, little by little, Jacob became well and strong once more.

And what became of the Enchanted Doll? You shall hear. From the hour that Jacob said "Amen" to Dorothy's prayer, the doll, which had been such a torment to him, began to grow less and less in size. The day before Jacob was taken to Alderman Kersey's, it had become so small that it was hardly as big as his little finger.

It would have gone away altogether, I am sure,

but Jacob could not help, now and again, envying Tony Stubbs just a little. He sometimes wished, for a very little while, that he and the silversmith could change places. But it was never for long, and the thought never made him angry and sulky as it used to do.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE END OF THE STORY

One morning, about the end of May, the church bells rang out a long and merry peal. All the people at Alderman Kersey's were dressed in their holiday clothes, and all looked smiling, as if some happy event had taken place.

And so there had ! Dorothy Kersey had become the wife of Tony Stubbs. There never was a happier wedding party, nor ever could be !

Jacob Pout had been to church to see the wedding, too. And, as he knelt there, he had prayed that God would bless both Tony and Dorothy, and reward them for all the good they had done him. He also asked to be forgiven for all the evil he had done them, and for the wicked thoughts he had had about them.

Then a strange longing came into his heart, and, in the afternoon, he set off once more to go to Maude's Dingle. It was a long walk, and by the time he got there, Jacob was rather tired. He

sat down to rest on the same spot, at the foot of the old oak tree, as he had sat on the evening when he had first seen the Black Fairy, and she had given him the Enchanted Doll.

The thrush was singing again, and Jacob thought how full of joy and gladness was the bird's song. The brook, too, rippled along, and it seemed to Jacob to tell of a thousand happy things.

"I wonder why it has never seemed like this to me before!" thought he. And then he remembered that, when he had been there at other times, his heart had always been so full of envy, and his mind so full of evil thoughts and bad wishes, that he had had no room at all for joy and happiness.

Jacob got up with a light heart, and walked back with a quick, firm step to the alderman's. For the first time in his life, he now felt what it was to be a man. He joined in the games, and dancing, and merry-making at the wedding party with all his heart. It was he who told the fiddlers to play their most lively tunes, and he did all he could to help others to enjoy themselves. What a happy evening it was! Jacob had never spent one like it before.

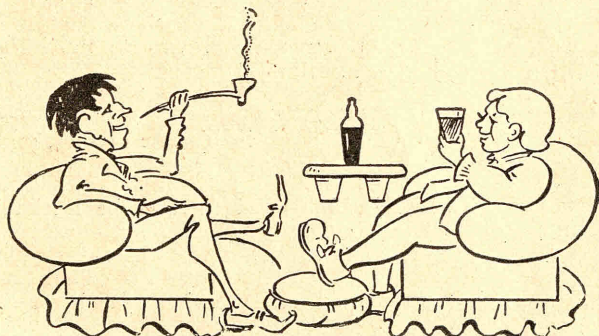
When all the guests had gone home, Jacob, who was still living at Alderman Kersey's, went up to his bedroom. He opened a little box in which he kept the Enchanted Doll, so that he might look at it again. He could do so without fear now.

What was his joy and surprise to find that the

box was empty! The doll had gone. For Jacob had now given up envying—even a little.

Now that the doll-maker was quite strong again, our good friends, Alderman Kersey and Tony Stubbs, had his shop built up for him once more. A new lathe was bought, and a fresh supply of wood for making dolls.

Jacob had lost his idle habit. He worked hard, and began to get on in the world. More than that,



instead of always feeling envy against others, he was always ready to help those in need. His neighbours began to think well of him, and he now made many firm friends.

He had learned, also, that the secret of real happiness and content is not in wishing for something we cannot get, but in making the very best of what we have and what we are, and in trying to make others happy.

# QUESTIONS

## Chapter I

- 1 Who was Jacob Pout, and what sort of a man was he ?

## Chapter II

- 1 What did Jacob see at Maude's Dingle one moonlight night ?
- 2 Tell me what Fairy Malice gave to Jacob, and why it was that she liked him.

## Chapter III

- 1 For how much did Jacob sell the Enchanted Doll ?

## Chapter IV

- 1 Why did the neighbours begin to feel sorry for Tony Stubbs the silversmith ?
- 2 What, once more, made Jacob envious of Tony ?
- 3 Tell me what happened in Jacob's work-room, the night after the May-day holiday.
- 4 How was it that the Enchanted Doll was so much larger the second time that Jacob had it to sell ?

## Chapter V

- 1 Try and copy the sketch of Jacob in his fine clothes, on page 25.

## Chapter VI

- 1 What happened when Jacob wished to take the Enchanted Doll to Tony Stubbs ?

## Chapter VII

- 1 Why was Fairy Malice so angry, when Jacob saw her on Christmas Eve ?
- 2 How did the fairy punish Jacob ?

## Chapter VIII

- 1 What did Jacob make up his mind to do to Tony's shop ?
- 2 How did Jacob's shop get on fire, and who rescued him from the flames ?
- 3 What became of the Enchanted Doll, when Jacob began to recover from his illness ?

## Chapter IX

- 1 Who helped Jacob to start his business afresh ?





