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THIRTY VOLUMES

VOLUME SEVEN

EARLY GROPING FOR SUCCESS IN DIVERSIFIED NATURE. LEGENDS
AND TALES AS A RECREATION FORM OF DISCOVERING AND
IMPROVING TACT, PERCEPTION, SHREWDNESS, SAGACITY,
DIPLOMACY, AND OTHER QUALITIES OF MIND ESSEN-
TIAL TO SUCCESS IN TAKING QUICK AND EFFEC-
TIVE ADVANTAGE OF OPPORTUNITIES



*"Like him in Æsop, he whipped his horses withal, and
put his shoulder to the wheel."*

BURTON: Anatomy of Melancholy

*"And this is that Homer's golden chain which reaches
down from heaven to earth, by which every creature is annexed
and depends upon his Creator."*

IBID

*"Faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress."*

MILTON: Paradise Lost

NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION

NO MAN should consider himself truly cultured unless he has studied, assimilated, and made his own the great mythologies and legends of the world. It is not enough that he remembers the bare outlines of a few of the better-known Greek and Roman stories, such, for instance, as that of Perseus and Andromeda, of Venus and Adonis, of Athene and Poseidon. That he should know these is a matter of course, for the characters who figure in them are a part of the common stock-in-trade of artists and *littérateurs*; but to know mythology is quite another matter. That knowledge involves comparison between one myth system and another; it necessitates, so to speak, an intimate acquaintance with the various gods and goddesses themselves.

The purpose of this volume is to present, in clear language and logical sequence, the best of the world's immortal stories, from the simple fairy-tales of the peasantry of many countries, to the rich and complicated legends and myths that have inspired the poetry of Homer, Valmiki, and others; and to so present them that they shall carry their own meaning, in some degree at least, to every reader. There are stories for people of all ages and all degrees of mental development; though one who has never tried the interesting experiment of reading the great myths to children would be surprised to see their avidity for those legends that are supposedly above their heads. It is a great mistake, and one too often made by well-meaning parents, teachers, and writers, to talk and write *down* to children. The very directness, simplicity, and sincerity of their minds demand the highest art in the presentation of truth to them. Few grown persons are so quick as a child to detect insincerity or absurdity, either in a story or in a human character. They are nearer to nature than we are, and they know many things that we have forgotten. The child's intuitive love of stories corresponds to the same tendency in the childhood of the race. It is a healthy appetite and one that should be gratified.

Granted, then, that the minds of children need the story pabulum, the most important question that remains is, "What kind of stories shall we give to them?" If left to themselves and allowed to make their own selections, they will take the fairy-tales, in almost every instance, in preference to all other reading matter. Mystery is the very breath of life to most children. Hungry little animals though they are, they will leave their dinner any day at the prospect of a story, always preferably of fairies, brownies, angels, or the half-fabulous red-man, so dear to the heart of Young America.

The writer will never forget her feelings on the day when she "discovered" the fairy realm. She was about the age of seven, the period when, as the East Indians tell us, the soul of the child gets full possession of its

body. She was on a visit to the little daughter of a wealthy and widely-traveled neighbor, in whose rich library was a shelf devoted to the fairy-lore of many countries. From that day the face of the universe was changed for her. The little girl who came down at supper-time from the "tower-room," where several of the fairy books had been taken, was as one re-born; she had found at last the world where she belonged—the mystic realm of the imagination. Thereafter every cornfield had its colony of brownies, which one might see if one only got up early enough in the morning; every rose secreted somewhere among its pink or white or crimson petals a tiny creature with gauzy wings and green and silver draperies; every breath of night wind that murmured among the leaves was musical with the low songs and laughter of the "little people," while the dark shadow of every tree at night held deeper and more awesome mysteries. It is possible that the experience of this child-soul was exceptional; but almost every child has the heart of a poet.

Of all the faculties of the mind, the greatest is that of imagination. It is the creative power, and without it all the other mental faculties would be paralyzed and useless. At the first thought, this may seem to be a sweeping assertion; but the briefest analysis will show its truth. Before anything can be created, a picture of that thing must exist in the mind of the creator of it. This picture-making faculty is the imagination, and on the strength or vividness of the pictorial faculty depends, as a rule, the ability to clothe in material—and more or less imperishable—form the outline that first existed in the mind alone. Everything in the world, from a chair or a table to a great dramatic poem or a masterpiece of painting, has been patiently built around such a picture-pattern in the imagination of its creator. Hence, everything that tends to develop the imagination of the child tends also to strengthen its creative faculty, which is the very crown of the intellect. That the imagination is the highest of all the mental qualities is tacitly agreed to by the world that heaps its greatest honors on those who have created—on poets, painters, architects, inventors, and nation-builders. Shakespeare, Raphael, Washington, Napoleon, and Charlemagne, though each differed widely from the others in almost every quality save this one, were all masters of the creative imagination. They had the power to clothe in tangible form their thought-pictures respectively of great dramas, paintings, republics, or empires,—the power that is identical in kind, though not in degree, with the carpenter's ability to make a door or the child's ability to make a rag-doll.

It is no rarer than genius itself that the childish imagination fed on fairy-lore, myths, legends, and history (which latter Macaulay himself calls a fairy-tale) develops in time into the creative power of the great master in art, literature, or music; though it is doubtful if, without this diet of genius at some stage of the mental development, that power would ever become sufficiently active to make a deep or a lasting impression upon the forgetful world.

It is a subject for wonder that the modern newspaper editor, with his passion for symposia, has not chanced upon this interesting and suggestive

question—how great a part have fairy-tales, legends, and other folk-fancies played in the mental growth of great men and women. A series of letters on this subject from the famous ones themselves would be of true value.

As said above, some degree of discrimination should be exercised in the selection of stories for very young children; though as the child grows older it should be given the full liberty of the library. There are a few of the old fairy-tales—none of which have been included in this collection—that are distinctly immoral, in the sense that they show the triumph of evil over good. If the powers depicted and personified in these stories are regarded simply as the powers of nature, which are of necessity pitiless and impartial, the stories become mere nature studies; but as the minds of children do not discriminate between the ethical and the merely natural, all stories of doubtful moral effect have been carefully excluded from this volume. Special care has also been taken not to present stories that could foster the feelings of fear that always lurk in the undeveloped minds of the young—those vague, half-formed perceptions of the mysterious, dark side of things. One story in the Fairy Department is especially recommended for children who have a tendency to be afraid of the dark and of everything they do not understand. This story, from the Austrian Tyrol, is called "Otilia and the Death's Head," and its basic idea is the inability of fearful objects to hurt the person who is not afraid of them. The awesome death's head, the lonely castle, and the midnight lady not only do not hurt Otilia when she faces them, but each brings her some kind of blessing, including the spirit of forgiveness and love to the cruel stepmother who has persecuted her. The value of this story cannot be overestimated; it is a gem among gems.

There exists in the minds of many people a prejudice against fairy-stories, on the ground that they are not "true." This kind of reasoning is very superficial, because none of the masterpieces of imaginative literature is true in the sense of presenting fact in all of its details. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare is no truer, in this sense, than "The Sleeping Beauty," which is a lovely allegory of the winter sleep of the world and its spring awakening under the kisses of the sun—the Phœbus of the fairy-tale. This story is really true, in the highest sense, for it presents in the alluring form of fiction a great truth of nature; though there never existed in the material world the identical palace where the Sleeping Beauty, a real maiden, awaited the vivifying kiss of a flesh and blood lover to rouse her from an enchanted sleep. Verily, truth is one thing, and mere fact is quite another. These stories could not have persisted century after century, through all their changing forms of structure and language, had there not been within them the seed of the Eternal Verity. It is a seed of universal truth, of a wisdom deeper than mere knowledge of facts, that has given immortality to these folk-tales, some of which antedate the building of Rome,—in fact, they are so old that no one knows, where they originated. It is interesting to trace a story on its journey from people to people and from land to land, and to study the changes it undergoes in the transformation from one language to another. In the various versions of "Little Red Riding-

Hood," for instance, may be found traces of the national mental characteristics of the different peoples who have made it their own; in one version, which found favor with an optimistic people, "Little Red Riding-Hood" comes to life again after being eaten by the wolf, and probably "lived happily ever afterward." One who has an inclination toward the study of ethnology will find a mine of suggestion in the journeyings from land to land of "Little Red Riding-Hood" and her fabulous sisters and brothers.

Another mine of treasure is the literature of fable. Though less interesting, in some ways, than the fairy-stories, the best fables are more direct and certain in bringing moral truths home to the mind. Some of the brightest fables have had a political inspiration; but these have not so good a chance for life, other conditions being equal, as those based on the virtues, weaknesses, and other truths of human nature, which vary but little from generation to generation. The Sanskrit *Hitopadesa*, or "Book of Good Counsels," of which a few pages are given, has been called by Sir Edwin Arnold, whose translation we have used, "the father of all fables," and it should have a place in any book purporting to give a general view of that field of literature. The fables that accompany it have been carefully selected with a view to their literary, moral, individual, and ethnological significance, though, on account of limited space, an attempt to cover this rich field has not been made.

No book of the world's immortal stories would be complete without reference to the Bible. But as there is a Bible in every American home, its stories are so well known as not to need retelling. Then, too, the Bible language is so beautiful that a recasting of the old tales into modern forms would seem almost a sacrilege, or, at least, an unwarranted presumption. We have, therefore, taken our Old Testament legends from the Arabic.

Following the Old Testament in Arabic Legends, comes the Department of Mythology,— "heathen," so called. And, by the way, the word heathen so used is not without a certain beauty and fitness; for a reference to the dictionary shows this definition of the word, among others: "Heathen, a dweller on the heath, or open country." The greatest poetry of all ages has been inspired by myths. Without myths we should have no Homer, no Virgil, no Dante, and no Milton — for but a small part of the "Paradise Lost" rests on facts stated in the Bible itself. Neither the "King Lear" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare, nor the "Idylls of the King" of Tennyson, would ever have been written if their authors had possessed no knowledge of Celtic mythology. In this department, which has received the editor's especial and painstaking attention, those myth systems have been selected which are richest and most beautiful; those which, in the tangled chain of myth development, have given birth to other systems, and those on which hang the greatest amount of poetry and other literature.

There is the *Hindoo*, that marvelously rich polytheism which has grown up about the ancient Aryan conception of "The Unknown God"—*Brahm*, and which has given birth to the Vedas, the oldest books in the world, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, called the "Iliads of the East," the Puranas, etc., all of which are daily becoming better known among the cultivated

classes in Europe and America; there is the *Chinese*, with its three divisions of Ancestor-worship, Taoism, and Buddhism; there is the *Assyro-Chaldean*, whose Magi have been called the fathers of modern astronomy; there is the *Egyptian*, ancient beyond belief; there is the *Phœnician*, from which the Greeks borrowed so much; the *Greek* itself, richest and most beautiful of all, which with the *Roman* (largely borrowed from the Greek) has inspired the greater mass of European poetry for more than two thousand years; there is the *Norse*, whose Asgard and Valhalla provided Wagner with the subjects for many of his immortal music-dramas; and there is the *American Indian*, which has yet to find the bard to adequately sing its beauties. The reader will at once recognize the points of resemblance and of difference between these ancient cosmogonies, theogonies, etc., and will seek for their causes in history, ethnology, and elsewhere.

Following the Mythologies, and growing naturally out of them, are the Legends. These are all epical, save two, the Koran and the Zoroaster legends,—that is, if we regard the Morte d'Arthur of Malory as a prose epic. Hindoo religion and poetry are represented by the Mahabharata and the Ramayana; Buddhistic imagination and philosophy by the story of their great prophet Siddhartha Gautama, called Buddha; Persian dualism and purity of aspiration by the legend of Zoroaster; Mohammedan materialistic faith by stories from the Koran; Finnish melancholy and imaginative beauty by their great national epic, the Kalevala; early Anglo-Saxon poetry by the legend of Beowulf; ancient British romance by the legend of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table; German Mythology, largely borrowed from the Norse, by the old German epic the Nibelungenlied, which is based upon the Eddas; and the mythology and poetry of the Greeks by the stories of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey." There are several other important national epics which would have been added had the space available admitted more than the foregoing. But, as the aim of the volume is rather to inspire its readers with an interest in the great world-stories than to cover a practically boundless field, the material given will serve as a nucleus for future study.

It was this idea that led to the preparation of the numerous brief bibliographies, which are a special feature of the volume. At the end of each important chapter, except the epic legends, which did not seem to require it, is a short bibliography of the books that have been consulted in its preparation, and other books the material of which is along the lines followed in the particular chapter. These bibliographies are for the use of students who wish to pursue further any subject of study touched upon in these papers. All that is attempted here is the presentation of the *spirit* of the great legends and myths, with such elaboration of detail as shall entertain the casual reader and stimulate the interest of the student to dig further into the rich mines from which these treasures of the intellect have been taken.

ELSA BARKER.

HOW TO TELL A STORY

By G. STANLEY HALL

ONE of the best tendencies of our day is the universal interest in stories and story-telling. Our already vast literature on folk-lore, legends, sages, myths, traditions, etc., was never growing so rapidly as now. The stories of the heroes of Olympia and Asgard, the lore of the early Aryans and Semites, of the American aborigines, of the illiterate and ignorant in every primitive land, and of savage races, are now slowly revealing and enriching the world in which childhood may almost be said to live, move, and have its being. All literature, philosophy, religion, art, and even history, once existed only as a story, and from this mother lye all these have been evolved. Here, too, in the youthful mind they begin, and their foundations can only be laid deeply and securely in the young by reviving in their education the old environment. For a long period all this lore was subjected to a severe struggle for survival. There was no print to give a pallid, artificial book-life to matter that under other circumstances probably would have sunk to oblivion in the stream of time. The entire material of culture in that ancient day lived only in the form of traditions told, heard, and remembered. Its life was on what we may now call the short circuit from ear to mouth, which is we know not how much older in the past ages of evolution than the new, and long circuit from the eye that reads to the fingers that write. This later pathway of knowledge has its advantages, but these are so vaunted nowadays that we forget that it also has grave disadvantages. We wag the eye from line to line across the printed page till the muscles of the eye are prematurely overtaxed, strained, and often weakened in childhood. We get everything possible off the old and upon the new circuit, and we make children both read and write too early and too much. To this error I ascribe the defective knowledge of the mother tongue, now so generally observed and so bitterly lamented. If we would defer writing at least two years in school, and would lay less stress upon both it and reading, and would let the traffic of teaching and learning go back to its old channels of ear and mouth by more oral work, English would live a more vigorous and healthful life.

In view of all this, I plead for going back, while children are in the early stage of development, to the method which the races used for such countless ages, and for a very vigorous revival of the art of story-telling. I desire to see this made a new profession, in which women may find useful and lucrative careers along the lines in which their sex greatly excels ours. Women are by nature, as the success of so many female novelists has shown, story-tellers in the best sense of that term. Their sympathies and their love of children are an inspiration when they turn this talent to

the retelling of the choicest tales of the past to minds in the most receptive stages of childhood.

I am coming to feel, at least in some moods, that books are in a sense the enemies of childhood and dangerous to some of the best things in it. The printed page is so prone to get between the child and the fresh face of nature. I pity bookish children; the knowledge books give, especially to the young, is second-hand, distant, pallid in comparison to individual experience and direct envisagement by perception. Books have impaired the eyes of the race; they have created a form of fetichism called bibliolatriy, which has many types and degrees; they have made a disease called bibliomania, the victims of which are book-worms who have read too much for their powers of assimilation; they have bred a factitious kind of parrot-like education; they have engendered the morbidity of literalism where the spirit and meaning are strangled by the letter, and have preserved and even dignified a vast amount of inferior, trivial, and sometimes pernicious matter which, if natural selection had been given a fair chance, would have utterly perished and have been forgotten. Books have bred the scholiasts, pedants, and *femmes savantes*, and have magnified mere learning at the expense of real knowledge. Print still tends to give things an artificial value and to compel us, by the penalty of loss of precious time, to choose at every step between the best, the second, third, and hundredth best, without giving us any effective criterion; hence it comes that we are constantly reading beneath our level instead of above it, and that there are many who in my opinion would be better, not only in morals but in every essential quality of intellect, had they never learned to read.

I would, of course, by no means banish books or forbid them to the young. On the contrary, judicious reading should be always commended; but I insist that the public school has no right to teach reading without more effective measures than it now takes to guarantee that reading shall make youth better and not worse. Like doles to beggars, even the power to read may do harm without agencies to prevent its bad and increase its good uses. So conscious was Plato of the danger of reading that which was unsuitable, that he hesitated to publish his "Dialogues" lest they might fall into the hands of those unfitted for their perusal, and thus do harm.

It is from this standpoint that I hail every effort to make more prominent the rôle of the story in modern education. But here, too, there are dangers, the chief of which is failure to discriminate quality. Folk-lore, in its broad sense, includes almost every error and superstition of the past, to have escaped from which is the triumph of modern culture. Much of it is actively anti-educational, or, if I may coin a word, de-educational. Dark ages are marked and largely caused by the growing power of superstition. Science is an island in the midst of a foggy, restless sea, where every outgrown error and folly of the past can still be found. At the other extreme, however, are the great mythic roots and epic cycles — the mother lye out of which all science, religion, literature, and art have grown — which have lain warmest about the heart and have been most of all effective in performing the mind in its plastic stages. Here belong many of the tales from ancient

India, some from China, far more from Greece, Rome, and Scandinavia, the cycle of Arthur, the great mythopœsis of Dante, the story roots of many of Shakespeare's plays, of the Greek dramatists, the ethnic bibles, and many more. Hardly any race is entirely without useful story-lore; but it has best abounded in the childish and juvenescent stages of the great races that have made history. Rightly applied, it now gives to the young the same individual momentum that it gave to races in their youth.

I doubt if the great orators wield more power or feel greater charm than is possible to the real story-teller. To know how to wield this hypnotic power ought to be almost the supreme pedagogic art, and it should be cultivated by every parent and teacher. The magic formula "once upon a time" cuts the mind loose from any and every special place or age, and evokes the whole power of the soul to disport itself in the domain of imagination and fancy. The body and mind settle themselves *omni intentione ora tenebant*. The lapse of moments is unheeded. The mind brings all of its powers and a vast body of details to a concentrative focus that the much vaunted methods of coördination and correlation know not. The attention is disciplined and strengthened. Morals are insidiously but most effectively instilled; every sentiment is appealed to, and typical personalities, often the embodiment of all the virtues and vices, are made part of the moral repertory of the soul. History, science, art, literature, and religion, are all planted, watered, or cross-fertilized with the wisdom of the race. The hedonic narcosis, or the moments of ecstasy, which the pessimist Schopenhauer thought the only surcease of pain in this wretched world, are now fully experienced. The child is living with his ancestors of old and reaping, so far as he can, all of the best fruits of their experience, and is thus becoming in a sense incorporate with them, a student of all times and a participant in all events.

I confess with sadness to a great fear, namely, that the methods of our rhetorical, elocutionary, and so-called Delsartian rhapsodists have done much to lead us astray; that they have introduced a body of distracting inflections, gestures, and dramatic and scenic effects, that are spurious and factitious; and that the simple old way was far better. Theirs are better than nothing; but there is here a lost art, the secret of which lies buried deep at the bottom of the great flood of ink that has submerged the modern world. Not only the art but the sense of good story-telling is in danger.

We have among us occasionally the literalists who would tell to the child nothing not strictly true. Their Gradgrind philosophy assumes that the best things have actually happened, and not that they are yet to come, and live as yet only in the realm of imagination. For them man is complete, and there is no transcendent or ideal world. The soul of a child under their regimen starves for lack of the story pabulum. This is well illustrated by the recent and widely-told case of the little girl in New York who had been carefully reared thus on a mental diet of facts. One night she told her mother that she had seen President McKinley in New York, which was true; that his wife had beckoned her to the hotel; asked her to play and sing; promised her a trip to Washington; and finally

confided that her husband had gone away and forgotten to leave her carfare to go home. The parents of the girl, who had never known what a lie was, drew money from their bank and told her to hasten to the Fifth Avenue Hotel with it. Later, the President again visited New York and the tale grew, and the credulous parents at last almost wiped out their small bank-account before they realized that their child was simply starving for what Plato calls the holy lies of the imagination, and had made them to satisfy a real need.

Others, usually mothers of "only" children, or maiden aunts, would forbid to the young all tales of blood; but this again outrages nature, which impels young children to love to wade in gore and thus to vent atavistic propensities and to immune themselves against cruelty ever after. Monsters biologically impossible, Münchhausen adventures, Swift's tales, Mother Goose, and Lear's nonsense rhymes, with plenty of gibberish, alliteration and repetition, quicken the speech sense and the feeling for poetry, rouse the fancy, and stimulate the sense of the sublime and the ridiculous. All of these have their place and constitute an integral, if not a central, part of all that can be called a truly liberal education for the young. For both grading and selection, we have, alas! as yet no good standards but the instinct of those adults who best preserve their childhood in mature years.

A third objection to proper story-telling is still sometimes raised by learned men who assume that Plato in his myths, Shakespeare, Dante, the Greek dramatists, and others, found the most perfect form for their ideas, and that to divorce these—so happily married to each other—by retelling the stories in simpler or child language, is a kind of profanation. This spirit is sometimes seen in regard to the Bible in opponents of the new translations or versions; but children and youth must be served. It is better to have the matter of these things in abridgments and paraphrases than to lose both form and matter. Just as children's toys mimic animals, machines, etc., so the Japanese insist that everything of importance should be made in small form for children, and we insist that everything thoroughly good that can be brought within the range of their comprehension and sentiments should be thus brought to bear upon their education. These objectors are hardly less priggish than those who insist that we have no right to read classical authors except in the original; but if so, what about the Bible in the vernacular?

The ideal story cannot be ideally told by day. The lamps must be lit, and the twilight fever must have spent its course and brought its mild languor. It cannot be told properly except before a fire with flames which tickle the faculty of reverie and in which everything can be seen. It is best told in the country, where there is a dim sense of nature, reinforced perhaps by storm or wind, the light of the moon or stars, the sound of water or moving leaves, and by vague perfumes. Some story-tellers need a camp-fire and either apertured walls or no walls between them and nature, that shadows of fear may lurk in the background and work their reinforcements. The group of listeners must not be too large. Its members must be close together, perhaps the younger ones holding hands, or sitting in laps, or leaning against the teller, for physical contact in a circle or group may have a powerful effect. The voice of the

speaker must be, above all things, sympathetic and flexible. Perfect art is the seeming absence of all art and every phase of the story must be felt and expressed in unforced cadences. Pathos may make the voice unsteady; but it is most effective if the hearer feels that the speaker struggles not to betray emotion and is under the illusion that he or she does not do so.

For myself, I think I can really tell three — or possibly five — stories; but I have told them many times and have almost unconsciously drifted to exact phrases for every step, because I have noticed that these were effective. Any one who would make this a vocation should choose first but a few of the very best stories, and tell and retell them many times; have the children retell or write them to see what sank deepest; and thus gradually learn for just what age and in what form each story is best. In this way one may slowly extend one's repertory.

While the best ancient ethnic matter is infinitely superior to much of the cheap and diluted material devised nowadays by teachers and others who lack all qualifications for this work, it should always be borne in mind that the environment of every child contains abundant points of departure for storiology, one of the chief objects of which is to arouse a sympathy with nature. The child, like the savage, is by nature strongly animistic, and personifies stones, sticks, clouds, heavenly bodies, trees, flowers, streams, wind, etc. The vast majority of myths are transformed nature stories. It has been estimated that there are more than a thousand solar heroes who have glorious births, are strongest at noon, shoot unerring arrows, are of light and radiant complexion, die glorious deaths, and often have but one eye. Hercules, William Tell, and Phœbus Apollo, are the sun as it appeared to primitive man.

The whole problem of science and religion, as the psychologist sees it, is in the two ways of regarding, for instance, the moon. For sentiment, it is a glorious orb, an object of worship to which many fanes have been built; and moon-lore and poetry show how it has been personified and how love would be impoverished without it. Yet for science it is a dead cinder of a world, with a temperature which sinks to two hundred degrees below zero in the long lunar night, without a cloud, with no atmosphere, water, or vegetation, — the dismal prophecy of what our world is to become.

The wise teacher will know how by stories to prevent the heart from losing its world, and how to maintain sentiment and reason in such equipoise that each strengthens rather than weakens the other. The biography of many a scientist shows that real interest in the animistic aspect of the different departments of nature has been the mainspring of his life work. Thus the wise story-teller may cadence the soul and keep the heart warm for God's first revelation to man in His works.

Believing profoundly, as I do, that nothing else can so mold the soul of the young, and convinced, as I am, that every child has an inalienable right before high-school age — when the education of most children ends after fulfilling the legal requirements of attendance — to have heard most of the best great story roots of the world, as a safeguard against bad habits in reading and low ideals in life, I plead for a new profession; and I hope that this volume, may prove to contain just the material needed for this art.

PART I
—
FAIRY-TALES

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

INTRODUCTION

FAIRY-TALES are the oldest stories in the world. They were told in Egypt thousands of years ago; and in Homer we find the familiar figures of the foolish giants and the witch who puts out men's eyes.

Before books were made or men had learned to write, they handed down from mouth to mouth the beautiful myths to which we trace our own tales in wonderland. The Märchen, the Eddas, and the nursery-tales of all tongues, are believed to have their sources, or at least their correspondences, in the Aryan sun-myths. Our own story of Cinderella is the ancient myth of Ushas, the dawn-maiden of the Aryans, pursued by the morning sun. The envious sisters are the clouds, and the stepmother is the night, ever striving to keep sun and dawn apart. The dawn remains ashen and cold until kissed by the morning sun as he claims her for his bride.

There is an Aryan or Hindoo myth which tells of a dragon that sought to devour the sun on its way to brighten and warm the earth. Our familiar story of "Little Red Riding-Hood" is the modern version of this ancient tale. Little Red Riding-Hood is the glorious evening sun, who sets out to comfort old grandmother earth. The wolf, which in mythology is one of the representations of clouds and darkness, corresponds to the dragon who swallows up the earth and the evening sun. In the German version, the hunter comes by in the night, and, hearing the wolf snoring, kills him and revives the old grandmother and Little Red Riding-Hood. This corresponds to the Aryan original, in which the dragon is killed by Mitra, the sun-god, and earth and sun are rescued from darkness. To these same Eastern originals do we trace the romances of the Middle Ages, the great legends of all the different countries as told by their ancient folk, from the tales of the Greeks and Romans to those of "King Arthur and His Round Table."

From all this we perceive that fairy-tales have a deeper significance than is usually attached to them, an interest beyond that of merely amusing children. Not only do they express the philosophies of the various races, but in their origins is the birth of religion. The story of Urvāsi and Pururavas is the source of many fairy-tales; and to like origins may we trace almost all those which we have learned to love in childhood.

When the Aryans migrated from Asia and peopled the northern and western worlds, they brought their legends with them. Their descendants have spread over all the earth, and their imagery still endures. These poetic presentations of sun and earth, of light and darkness, are repeated, under various disguises, in the tales of to-day. Their eternal conflict is the story our Aryan forefathers saw written in the heavens. The jinn of Arabia, as well as the rushing Woden of German folk-lore, are personifications of the winds. Through unknown ages and changes of country and people, these mythical forms from Central Asia, have been transformed into the

giants and trolls of the Norse, into ogres and demons, and into the mischievous English elves that people fairyland.

The master-poet of our English tongue wrote of Queen Mab, and of those

Fairies black, gray, green and white
Yon moonshine revelers and shades of night,

because there was once a people whose imagery and poetic fancies have outlived races and religions.

All people are given to the telling of fairy-tales, from the Chinese and Hindoos to the Red Indians of America. The meaning of the tales is similar in the beginning; and this explains why our familiar tales are told in all tongues and countries, varying according to the manner of thought of each people.

Cinderella has been found to have no fewer than three hundred and forty-five variants. Among the Hindoos the story is thus told:—

A rajah had an only daughter. About her neck when she was born was a golden necklace. If the princess were to lose this necklace, she would die, for it contained her soul. She had the most beautiful feet in the world; and the rajah, who loved her better than all his treasures, gave her a pair of slippers embroidered with gold and precious stones. One day the princess went out upon the mountain-side to pick flowers. A vine across the path tore the slipper from her foot, and it fell over the precipice to the forest far below. A prince, while hunting, found the slipper, and determined to make its owner his wife. He sent word over all his kingdom, but no one came to the palace to claim the lost slipper. When he had grown very unhappy, some one told him of the rajah's beautiful daughter. He went in haste to her father's country, and when he saw that the slipper belonged of a surety to the wonderful princess, he asked her hand in marriage and took her to his own kingdom.

The prince had another wife, who learned the secret of the golden necklace. Being jealous, she stole the necklace while the princess slept, and put it on her own neck. The princess died, but she remained as lovely as in life, and the sorrowing prince would not leave her. At last he chanced to learn of the stolen necklace which held his dead wife's soul. He found it, and placed it around her neck. Then the rajah's daughter came to life again; and she and the prince, of course, lived happily ever after.

The ancient Greeks had a legend of a woman so beautiful that all who saw her loved her. She was called Rhodope, because her cheeks were the color of the rose. One day, while she was bathing in a stream, an eagle came to the bank and carried off one of her little slippers. He flew with it to Egypt, and dropped it in the lap of the king, who became enamored of its beauty. The king sought the owner of the slipper far and near, and when at last he found her he made her his queen.

In these legends we at once recognize our little cinder-wench, whom the cruel stepmother illtreated, and whose fairy slipper was the means of leading the prince to her feet.

The tale of Psyche, who looked upon Eros while he slept, causing him to flee from her side; the poetic story of Orpheus, whose sweet music drew Eurydice back from the Land of Death, only to lose her when he disobeyed the god and looked upon her face,— these again are the old Aryan myths of sun and dawn. The beautiful Scandinavian story, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," which William Morris has retold in "The Earthly Paradise," has the same origin. The wife is forbidden to look upon the face of the man who sleeps by her side at night. She disobeys and a drop of tallow, like the oil from Psyche's lamp, falls upon him, and he leaves her. We find many variations of this story. That of "Jack and the Beanstalk" retains much of the original nature-worship. The sun climbing to the sky is the magic bean that climbs to the ogre's land; the harp that plays of itself is the music of the winds; the bags of gold are the clouds, dropping shining rain upon the earth; and the red dawn from which the sun is born is the hen that every day lays the golden egg. The same stories are told in all countries, but so differently as to show that they are not copied from one another, but that their origins are identical.

The Chinese have a legend of Wang Chih, who went to the mountains to gather firewood. There he found some aged men playing chess, who gave him a strange fruit to eat. He watched the game until it ended, and then remembered the firewood for which he had come. "It is long since you came here," the aged men told him. Wang Chih picked up his ax, and the handle crumbled to dust. When he reached home, he found that centuries had passed since he left it, and no one lived who had ever heard his name. The Japanese story of Uraschimataro, who dwelt for three hundred years with the sea-god's daughter in her palace at the bottom of the sea, and who, when he returned to his home, found his kinsmen dead and forgotten, is a variation of the same theme. These stories of the supernatural lapse of time recall similar tales told in Germany, and, perhaps, the weirdest and most attractive of them all, our own legend of Rip Van Winkle.

The good-folk who steal children from their mothers and leave in their places their own wise imps are not confined to the traditions of Scotland and Wales. The Red Indian mother guards her young infant from the wicked spirit, as does the Celtic woman from the green-skirted fairies. In China, where the belief in changelings also exists, the dried skin of bananas burnt to ashes is supposed to be potent against these nursing demons.

The etymology of "fairy," "elf," and other words of fairy phraseology, has long been a subject of dispute. Folk-lore societies have been formed in Europe and America, and many books have been written to elucidate the origins and meanings of fairy-tales. Erudite research occupies the students of folk-lore, and authorities contend bitterly over childlike fairy-tales. But to children their charm and meaning rest ever the same. "Once upon a time" takes the child to that beautiful land where courage overcomes giants and demons, and where youth and beauty are everlasting; where riches and happiness await the valiant; and where the true princess comes to her own. That good overcomes evil is the lesson taught, and this lesson is as old as the Aryan myths.

GINEVRA INGERSOLL.

HINDOO SECTION

CHUNDUN RAJAH

ONCE upon a time, a rajah and ranee had seven sons and one daughter. When the sons had all married and brought their wives to the palace to live, the rajah and ranee died. The wife of the seventh brother loved the little princess and treated her kindly; but all the others were envious of her beauty, and by their cruel conduct made her very unhappy. In time they succeeded in turning their husbands against the princess, and she was driven from home. As she was leaving, the wife of the seventh brother, who had always shielded her as much as possible from the malice of the others, gave her some food to take with her; but the six cruel women taunted her and cried after her:—

“Until you have married Chundun Rajah,* we never want to see your face again. When at your wedding, we sit on six wooden chairs, while our seventh sister is placed in an emerald chair, we will believe you are innocent.”

The princess knew they were mocking her, for Chundun-Rajah, who had been the powerful rajah of a neighboring country, had but recently died. The wretched princess fled from their jeers; and when she stopped and looked about her, she found herself in the thickest part of the jungle with no living thing in sight. She wandered on and on, through the tangled forest, and after several days, when the food which the seventh brother's kind wife had given her was nearly exhausted, she came to the great house of a rakshas.† Being very tired, she sat down on the edge of a tank, outside the rakshas's house, and began eating some of the parched rice. The rakshas, who happened to be away, had for servants a cat and a dog. The cat, spying the princess, came out and asked her for some of the rice.

“What will you give me in exchange?” asked the princess.

“Some of the antimony with which my master blackens his eyelids,” replied the cat.

Seeing her give the rice to the cat, the dog also came out and asked for a share.

* King Sandalwood.

† A monstrous ogre.

“What will you give me in exchange?” the princess asked of the dog.

“Some of the saffron with which my master colors his face,” he answered.

So she gave some rice to the dog also, and folding the antimony and saffron in her saree, she went away. When she had walked for several days, she came to the other side of the jungle where there was a splendid tomb. This was the tomb of Chundun Rajah, where his father and mother and sisters came every day to lament. Although the rajah had been dead several months, his body did not decay, but remained as handsome as on the day when it was laid there. The miracle was known throughout the kingdom, and people came from afar to look on the unfading beauty of their dead rajah.

As the princess approached the tomb, a violent storm broke over the jungle, and she ran into the tomb for shelter. A dim light issued from a niche, and showed her the jeweled covering over the body of the rajah, who looked so peaceful and beautiful that she was not afraid. At twelve o'clock, to her surprise, the rajah came to life and asked her who she was. She told him her story, and, how her brother's wives had driven her from home, and forbidden her to return until she was the wife of the Chundun Rajah. She had stained her face with the saffron and antimony, and seeing that she was a royal maiden, he told her that he was Chundun Rajah.

“Do not fear,” said he, “for no harm shall come to you. Every night I come to life; but as this secret would only distress my family, no one knows it but the Brahmin who has charge here.”

The rajah then placed the jeweled coverlid over her, and called the Brahmin to him.

“Take care of this lady,” said he, “for if I am ever freed from this spell she shall be my ranee.” With these words he lay down and died. The next night at the same hour he came to life and asked the Brahmin if the princess were still there.

“I must continue to shelter her,” said the Brahmin, “for she has no other home.”

“Since she is without home and friends, you shall marry her to me,” replied the rajah.

So the princess became the wife of Chundun Rajah, and went every night to the tomb to be with him while he lived. At length she asked him if nothing could keep him from dying every day, so that he might be with her always. He then told her that one day while he was walking in the palace garden, some white-winged peris flew by. One of them fell in love with him, and when he would not marry her, she stole the *chundun har* from his neck, and he fell down dead; for the *chundun har* was the sacred necklace that contained his soul.

“Every night,” the rajah continued, “the peri comes here and takes the necklace from her neck; then I live; but when she puts it on again and flies away, I die. No one can take it from her, for she can make herself invisible, so I cannot hope to be freed.”

The ranee dwelt upon what the rajah had told her, and so feared that the peri would fly away and never return, that she at length fell ill. Not even when a beautiful little boy was born to her, did she recover. When he saw his lovely wife pining away, the rajah contrived to have her and the little boy sent to the palace, where he went secretly each night to see them. The rajah's sisters loved the little boy and played with him every day. One day he told them of some one who came every night to laugh and talk with his mother, and play with him. They watched, and to their joy saw their own Chundun Rajah, who then told them all.

The little boy grew more like his father every day, and the peris used to come and play with him. He would clap his hands when he saw them coming, for peris are not invisible to little children.

Once, when Chundun Rajah was tossing his little son in his arms, the peris flew into the room. The one who had stolen the necklace came near, and the little boy seeing it, snatched it from her neck. The string broke and the beads fell on the floor. The peris were so frightened that they flew away, and the rajah regained his soul.

The glad tidings was proclaimed throughout the kingdom, that the spell of death which held their rajah was at last broken. Then the old rajah and ranee were so happy that they determined to have their son and his beautiful wife married in great pomp and splendor.

“Our son, the Chundun Rajah, has come to life again, and we desire you to come to his wedding,” was the invitation they sent throughout the kingdom.

Among others to receive it were the seven brothers of the young ranee, and their wives. When they arrived at the palace, the wife of the seventh brother was placed in a chair made of glittering emeralds, but the six cruel sisters were given wooden chairs to sit on, while the rajah told the people how they had driven the princess from her home.

JAPANESE SECTION

URASCHIMATARO AND THE TURTLE

[From *Japanische Märchen und Sagen*]

URASCHIMATARO, which means in Japanese "Son of the Island," was the only and dearly beloved son of an old fisherman and his wife.

He was a fine, strong youth, who could manage a boat more cleverly than any one else on the neighboring coast. He often ventured so far out to sea that neighbors warned his parents that he would sometime go too far and never return.

His parents knew, however, that he understood his boat and the sea very well, and they were never much concerned about him. Even when he failed to come back as soon as he was expected, they awaited his return without anxiety. They loved him better than their own lives, and were proud that he was braver and stronger than their neighbors' sons.

Early one morning, Uraschimataro went to haul in his nets, which had been set the night before. In one of them, among some fishes, he found a small turtle. This he placed in the boat, by itself, where it would safely keep, until he could take it home. To his amazement, the turtle begged for its life in most pitiful tones. "Of what use am I to you?" it asked. "I am too small to eat, and so young that it will take me a long time to grow. Have mercy and put me back into the sea, for I do not want to die." Uraschimataro had a very kind heart and could not bear to see anything that was small and helpless suffer; so he did as the turtle asked him.

Several years after this, when Uraschimataro was one day far out at sea, a terrible whirlwind struck his boat and shattered it. He was a good swimmer, and managed for a long time to make progress toward the land; but as he was so far from shore in the rough sea, his strength at last gave out and he felt himself sinking. Just as he had given up hope, and thought that he would never see his dear parents again, he heard his name called and saw a large turtle swimming toward him.

"Climb on my back," shouted the turtle, "and I will carry you to land." When Uraschimataro was safely sitting on the turtle's back it continued, "I am the turtle whose life you saved when you found me, little and helpless, in your net, and I am glad of this opportunity to show that I am not ungrateful."

Before they reached the shore, the turtle asked Uraschimataro how he would like to be shown some of the wonderful beauties hidden under the

sea. The young fisherman replied that the experience would please him. In a moment they were shooting down through the green water. He clung to the turtle's back, who carried him many, many fathoms below. After three nights they reached the bottom of the sea, and came to a wonderful palace of gold and crystal. Coral and pearls and precious stones dazzled his eyes; but inside the palace was more beautiful still, and blazing fish scales lighted it.

"This," said the turtle, "is the palace of the sea-god. I am a waiting-maid to his lovely daughter, the princess."

The turtle went to announce the arrival of Uraschimataro to the princess, and soon returning, led him to her presence. She was so beautiful that when she asked him to remain in the palace he gladly consented.

"Do not leave me, and you shall always be as handsome as you are now, and old age cannot come to you," she said.

So it happened that Uraschimataro lived in the marvelous palace at the bottom of the sea with the daughter of the sea-god. He was so happy that the time passed by unheeded. How long he dwelt there he could not have told. But one day he thought of his parents; then he remembered that they must be troubled by his absence. The thought of them kept coming to him continually, and the longing to see them grew so strong that at last he told the princess he must go to visit them. She begged him not to leave her and wept bitterly.

"If you go, I shall never see you again," she sobbed.

But he told her that he must see his father and mother once again; then he would return to the palace in the sea, to be with her always. When she found that she could not persuade him to remain, she gave him a small gold box, which, she told him, he must on no account open.

"If you heed my words," said she, "you may come back to me. When you are ready, the turtle will be there to bring you; but if you forget what I have told you, I shall never see you again."

Uraschimataro fondly assured her that nothing in the world should keep him from her, and bade her farewell. Mounting the turtle's back, he soon left the palace far below. For three days and three nights they swam, and then the turtle left him on the familiar sands near his old home.

He eagerly ran to the village and looked about for some of his comrades. All of the faces were strange, and even the houses seemed different. The children, playing in the street where he had lived, he had never seen before. Stopping in front of his own house, he regarded it with a sinking heart. There was the sound of music from a window above, and a strange woman opened the door to him. She

could tell him nothing of his parents, and had never heard their names. Every one whom he questioned looked at him curiously. At last he wandered from the village and came to the burying ground. Searching about among the graves, he soon found himself beside a stone bearing the dear names he sought. The date showed him that his father and mother had died soon after he left them; and then he discovered that he had been away from his home three hundred years. Bowed with sorrow, he went back to the city. At each step he hoped to wake and find it all a dream, but the people and streets were real.

He thought of the princess, and remembered the gold box she had given to him. It might be that he was under some cruel enchantment, and that this box contained the charm to break the spell. He eagerly raised the cover, and a purple vapor escaped and left the box empty. To his alarm, he noticed that the hand that held it had shriveled and grown suddenly old. Trembling with horror, he ran to a stream of water which ran down from the mountain, and saw reflected in its waters the face of a mummy.

He crawled fearfully back to the village, and no one recognized him as the strong youth who had entered it a few hours before. Nearly exhausted, he finally reached the shore, where he sat wearily on a rock and cried to the turtle. But he called to it in vain; the turtle never came, and soon his quavering voice was hushed in death.

Before he died, the people of the village gathered about him and listened to his strange story. Long afterward they told their children of the young man who, for the love of his parents, left a marvelous palace in the sea, and a princess more beautiful than the day.

THE BADGER'S MONEY

IN A place called Namekata, in Hitachi, there once lived an aged priest. He dwelt in a lonely hut where he prepared his own food, and night and morning recited the ancient prayer of *Namu Amida Butsu*, which, being translated, means "Save us, Eternal Buddha!" He took no thought of the things of this world, so intent was he in preparing his soul for the next. His neighbors often brought food to him, and when the rain beat into his miserable hut, they came and mended his roof. Thus lived the devout priest of Namekata in the olden days.

One bitter cold night his pious meditation was disturbed by a voice outside of his hut. "Your Reverence! Your Reverence!" it plaintively called to him. He hastened to open the door, expecting to find some poor human being in distress; but to his surprise there was no one to be seen. He was about to return to his devotions when the voice again

called to him, and at his side he discovered an old badger. This apparition would have frightened a man less brave and holy than the old priest. Being without fear, however, he asked the badger what brought it to his hut, and the creature replied:—

“I am, as you see, very old, and can no longer endure the cold and frost. The bitter night has driven me from the mountain-side to seek shelter in your hut. I pray your reverence to let me warm myself by your fire, or I shall perish.”

The good priest, who had compassion on beasts and people alike, bade the badger come in and share his warmth. Pleased with this kind reception, the badger squatted comfortably before the fire; while the priest struck the bell before the image of Buddha, and, looking straight before him, resumed his prayers. After a time, the badger said it had been greatly cheered by the warmth, and thanking the priest for his kindness to a poor old animal, took leave.

The next night the badger came again, and the same hospitality was shown toward it. After this it brought dried branches and dead leaves from the mountain for firewood, and almost every night sat with the good priest watching them crackle and burn. In time, the priest and the badger became great friends; and if, when night came, the animal failed to make its appearance, the priest missed his agreeable companion and feared something had happened to it. At last the winter passed, and the badger came no more to the hut; but when the snow again covered the mountain, and the fire glowed in the grate, the priest heard the familiar voice call his name. Thus ten winters passed, when one night the badger said to the priest:—

“You have so long been generous to me that, while I live and after I am dead, I shall not forget it. If there is anything that you wish for pray tell me, that I may in some way repay you.”

The priest smiled at the words of the badger and replied: “Being a priest I have no needs and no desires. I am glad to know that you have found comfort in my poor hut; as long as I live you are welcome to share it with me.” The badger only the more felt its debt of gratitude, and it asked the priest to tell how it might requite his kindness, until one day he replied:—

“I have shaved my head, and no longer do I covet the pleasures and vanities of this world. The good people of Namekata furnish me with food and raiment, and if I were to die and attain the reward of being born again into the next world they would bury my body. As you see, there is nothing which I need; and yet, since you have urged me, I will confide to you that I often wish I had three *riyos* to offer up at some holy shrine, so that, when I am dead, prayers may be said for my salvation. But as there is no means by which I can obtain so great a sum, I try to

content myself without it, and daily offer a prayer for the sin of desiring posthumous honors."

When the priest had finished speaking, the badger bent its head in perplexity; and the priest regretted that he had distressed the grateful animal by confessing to a desire which was unattainable. "Think no more of my words," said he, "and continue to warm yourself at my fire when you wish."

The badger pretended to agree to this, and soon after took its leave. The next night it did not come back, nor the next, and the winter passed without its again claiming the proffered hospitality. Fearing the poor beast might be in distress in the mountains, the priest at last went forth to succor it. His search was in vain, and he returned, filled with anxiety and regret.

When three years had passed and he had long believed the badger dead, the priest one night heard its voice outside the door. "Your Reverence! Your Reverence!" it called to him, as of old; and, delighted, the priest ran out to greet it.

"Why have you so long remained away? Where have you been all this time?" he anxiously inquired.

When the badger had entered, and had comfortably squatted in its favorite place before the fire, it explained: "You said that you required three *riyos* to content you, and I have sought to prove my gratitude for your long years of kindness to me. I have brought you the three *riyos* and it is but a small return for the shelter you have afforded me during the winter nights, and for having saved me from a cruel death in the mountains."

When the priest's astonishment would permit him to speak, he asked the badger where it had obtained so much money.

"Had you not required it for the sacred purpose of procuring prayers for your soul, I could easily have obtained a much larger sum. Knowing that it must not be polluted by the sin of ill-gotten possession, I at last thought of the famous mines of Sado. I went there, and from the earth which had been thrown aside as worthless by the miners, I gathered and fused the gold you required. That is why I have remained away from you for three years."

The priest saw that the gold was new and shining, and raised it with an expression of gratitude above his head. "My foolish remark sent you away from me and caused you all this toil; yet my heart's desire has been attained, and I am truly thankful," he said.

"Then I am repaid, and I only ask that you will never tell to any one what I have done for you," the badger modestly requested.

To this the priest could not assent. "If I keep the money in my hut, thieves will rob me of it, and if I at once offer it at the shrine

for my future salvation, people will wonder where a poor old priest obtained so much gold.”

At length it was arranged that the treasure should be guarded for the priest by some faithful friend; and as long as he lived the badger came down from the mountain side and spent the bleak winter nights in the warmth of the priest's humble hut.

ARABIAN SECTION

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

ALADDIN was the only child of a poor widow. His father, before he died, begged Aladdin to work for his mother and care for her; but Aladdin was idle and spent his time playing with other boys, while his mother spun and toiled that they might eat. One day a stranger met him in the street and asked him whose son he was.

“My father was Mustapha, the tailor,” replied Aladdin; “but he is dead.”

“Thou art like him,” said the stranger, and kissed Aladdin. “I am thine uncle.”

Thereupon, Aladdin led the stranger, who was really a magician, to his mother. “My husband had a brother,” said the widow, “but we always thought him dead.”

“I have been out of my country forty years,” explained the magician; then with a show of great emotion he kissed the place where Mustapha used to sit. He partook of their simple supper, during which he asked Aladdin what trade he had learned. The lazy boy hung his head in shame, and his mother looked very sad.

“No trade!” exclaimed the magician. “We will see what can be done for thee.”

The next day he purchased new clothes for Aladdin, and brought a present of wine and fine fruit to his mother. This kindness so overcame the widow that she never suspected the magician to be an impostor, but gladly gave her consent when he asked that Aladdin might accompany him on a walk into the country.

The day was very fine, and they soon left the city gates behind them. After a time they came to some beautiful gardens, where birds sang and fountains played. Here they sat down and ate some cakes, and when they were rested, continued their journey. Their way led through a charming country where fields were green and flowers bloomed, so that

Aladdin did not notice how far he had traveled from his home until finally he became very tired; then he suggested that they return.

The magician diverted him with wonderful tales and lured him further on, until at last they came to a valley between two mountains. "Here we will stop," said the magician. He then ordered Aladdin to build a fire of sticks that were scattered about, upon which he threw some powder, at the same time uttering strange words that Aladdin did not understand. Suddenly a peculiar smoke filled all the valley. Then a strange rumbling stirred the earth beneath them, which opened and disclosed a large stone with a brass ring in its center.

Aladdin was very much frightened and started to run away, but the magician rudely caught and restrained him. "Underneath this stone," said he, "is a great treasure, which I wish you to procure for me. Lift the stone and follow where the path leads, until you come to a niche in the wall, where is placed a shining lamp. This is the treasure I wish you to bring to me." With these words he put a ring upon the boy's finger.

Aladdin now comprehended that he had been tricked and that he was in the magician's power. But the thought of the treasure emboldened him to the adventure, so he took hold of the brass ring and lifted the stone. Tremblingly he followed some steps that led him far down into the earth, until he found himself in a spacious room. Through that he passed into another more splendid, and thence to a third, that opened into a garden where luscious fruits were growing. Just beyond, in a niche on a terrace, allured the shining lamp. First gathering some of the fruits, Aladdin secured the lamp and retraced his steps. When he arrived at the foot of the steps, the magician demanded that he should give him the lamp.

"Not until I am safely on the earth again," declared the boy, who had grown distrustful of the pretended uncle.

When the magician's threats and importunities failed, he flew into a rage, and uttered a curse so dreadful that the stone flew back, and poor Aladdin was imprisoned with his treasure. The darkness filled him with terror. After two days of hopeless wandering, he wept and wrung his hands in despair. Then he happened to rub the ring which the magician had placed upon his finger, and a frightful genius appeared beside him.

"I am the slave of the ring," said he. "What can I do for thee?"

"Take me from this place," cried Aladdin; and immediately he found himself once more on the green earth.

He hastened to his home, where he fell fainting at the door. On recovering, he related to his frightened mother the strange experience. Showing her the ring and the lamp, he told her he had brought her a

present of some marvelous fruit; and then he discovered that the fruits which he had plucked in the garden were precious jewels. Then his mother arose, saying, "Thou art hungry, my son. I have nothing in the house to eat but I will sell some new cotton and soon bring thee food."

"Keep the cotton, mother. We will sell the lamp," said Aladdin.

Thereupon the widow began to polish the lamp, for it had become tarnished; and straightway a genius appeared. The widow was so frightened that she fell to the floor unconscious.

"I am the slave of the lamp," said the genius. "What wilt thou?"

Aladdin replied that, at that moment, he most desired something to eat. Immediately the genius returned with delicious meats, served in silver dishes, and rare wine in silver cups. The widow opened her eyes and asked how this wonder had occurred.

"More will occur in the same way," said Aladdin. "Let us eat." And they feasted as they had never feasted before, until at last the widow, growing uneasy, said, "Sell the lamp Aladdin. It is evil."

But this mode of procuring food and riches being much more to Aladdin's taste than work, he could not be persuaded to part with a treasure so valuable. When they were again hungry, he sold some of the silver. When the last piece was gone, he again summoned the genius to his aid. And so want was forgotten in the cottage.

All now went well with Aladdin, until one day he saw the face of the sultan's daughter. As she was entering her bath, the princess had raised her veil, disclosing a face of such beauty that Aladdin, who was standing near, fell violently in love with her. He went home and told his mother that he must marry the sultan's daughter. The widow thought her son had gone mad; but his importunities were so great that at last she yielded, and went to seek an interview with the princess's father. She took with her the enchanted fruit to present to the sultan, and after much trouble gained access to the chamber wherein he and his nobles were assembled. The sultan, however, took no notice of her, and she was obliged to return to Aladdin and tell him that she had failed. "Go again," said he; "he may listen to thee at last." So the widow went every day with her jewels to the chamber of the sultan, until one day he noticed her and asked his vizier who she was.

The widow fell at his feet and told her errand. "Forgive him and me, your majesty," she implored. "He loves the princess so madly that I fear he will die. He sends these jewels, which he begs you will accept." Unfolding the cloth in which she had brought them, she laid before the sultan the largest and most beautiful stones that he had ever seen. The sultan, astonished and delighted, immediately consented to give the princess to Aladdin; but his vizier, who desired her for his own son, per-

sueded the sultan to postpone the wedding for three months. "Tell your son," said the sultan, "to present himself to me at the end of that time."

Aladdin awaited, as patiently as he could, the time when he might claim the princess. After two months had elapsed, his mother happened one day to be in the city, where great preparations were being made as for a festival. "The princess and the son of the grand vizier are to be married to-night," the people told her. She hastened home with the unhappy tidings to Aladdin. His despair was great until he remembered the lamp. Snatching it up he rubbed it furiously, and the genius appeared in haste.

"Go to the palace of the faithless sultan at midnight and bring hither the princess and the bridegroom."

"Master, I obey," said the genius, and disappeared.

As the hour of midnight struck the genius returned, bearing the bed containing the bride and bridegroom. Then Aladdin commanded the genius to put the vizier's son out in the cold, and to bring him back at sunrise. When Aladdin was left alone with the frightened princess, he assured her that no harm would come to her. Then he lay down in the bridegroom's place and went to sleep.

In the morning the genius transported the bed back to the palace. When the sultan came to wish the princess good morning, she wept and would not speak to him, and the bridegroom hid himself. To her mother the princess told all that had occurred during the night, but her mother said it was a foolish dream.

The following night, the experience was repeated. The princess and the vizier's son appeared so unhappy that the sultan demanded to know the cause. The bridegroom declared that he could not again pass such a fearful night, and begged to be released from the marriage. His wishes were immediately granted, and the merrymaking ceased.

When the three months had elapsed, the widow presented herself to the sultan to remind him of his promise. She was poorly dressed, and he thought to put her off. "Tell your son I want forty gold basins filled with jewels, carried by as many black slaves, and led by forty white ones." The widow sadly conveyed the message to her son.

"I would do more than that to win the princess," said he. He rubbed the lamp, and in a moment the faithful genius was before him. In a short time the eighty slaves, handsomely dressed and bearing the basins of gold on their heads, were before the sultan. The widow, kneeling at the foot of the throne, presented her son's gift.

The delighted sultan told the widow that he awaited Aladdin with open arms. Before presenting himself at the palace, however, Aladdin summoned the genius and ordered a scented bath, a richly embroidered habit, a handsome horse, twenty slaves to attend him, and six

to escort his mother. He also took ten thousand pieces of gold, which the slaves scattered among the people as he passed.

The sultan came down to meet him, and led him in to a princely banquet. Then he told him he might marry the princess that very day; but Aladdin said that he would first build a palace worthy of her. On reaching home he bade the genius build him a palace of marble and jasper. In the center he ordered a hall whose walls should be of gold and silver; and in this hall six windows, of which one should be left unfinished, while the others should be studded with diamonds and rubies. On the following day, the palace was completed,—the most wonderful palace ever seen. There were fountains and gardens, and so many flowers that the air was filled with fragrance. There were stables almost as large as the palace itself, with horses and slaves in attendance. Then Aladdin and his mother departed in regal state to claim the princess. The sultan and a great company met them with music, and escorted them to the palace.

That night the princess bade her father good-bye and was conducted to her new home by Aladdin's mother, with a retinue of a hundred slaves. A rich carpet had been laid for her to walk upon all the way. When she beheld Aladdin, she said that she would gladly obey her father and marry him. Immediately after the wedding, they went to the great hall, where there was dancing and feasting until midnight.

The next day Aladdin welcomed the sultan to his palace. After showing him its many beautiful rooms, he at last led him to the hall with its windows set with precious stones.

"Why," asked the sultan, "is one window left unfinished?"

"That you might have the pleasure of completing the palace," replied Aladdin.

The sultan was greatly pleased at the honor shown him by Aladdin, and sent at once for his jewelers. "Make it exactly like the others," he commanded.

"We cannot obtain enough jewels," the workmen told him. So the sultan sent all of his own.

At the end of a month they were obliged to confess that they could not make a window like those in the great hall of Aladdin's wonderful palace. The genius was summoned. The sultan's jewels were returned to him; and when he visited Aladdin to learn why this had been done, he was shown the window finished like the others. Thereupon he made Aladdin captain of all his armies; and in this office he won great fame.

Now the wicked magician, after shutting Aladdin in the cave, had gone to Africa. By the aid of his magic art he presently discovered that Aladdin, instead of perishing in the cave, was married to the daughter of the sultan, and living in the most beautiful palace in the world.

He knew that the magic lamp had enabled the tailor's idle son to accomplish these wonders, and at once he set out to gain possession of the treasure. Before reaching the palace, he provided himself with twelve new copper lamps which he carried in a basket.

Unfortunately, Aladdin had gone from home for eight days to hunt. One morning the princess was sitting in the hall of the jeweled windows when she heard a disturbance outside. A servant informed her that an old man wanted to sell new lamps for old, and added, laughing, that there was an old one behind a cornice in the hall. The princess, not knowing that this was the magic lamp, bade the slave to take it to the old man, who gave them their choice of those in his basket, and hurried away.

After securing the precious lamp, the magician waited outside the city gates until evening. As soon as darkness fell, he rubbed the lamp; and when the genius appeared, he commanded that he and the palace, and the princess be transported at once to a secluded place in Africa.

The next morning, when the sultan looked out of his window, he was astonished to discover that the palace was gone. The vizier, when called in to explain the wonder, said it was undoubtedly some enchantment, for which Aladdin was responsible. The sultan at once sent for Aladdin, and had him brought in chains. At the sultan's command, the executioner was about to strike off the young man's head, when the people, who loved him dearly, interfered. When the crowd surrounded the palace and threatened violence, the sultan commanded that Aladdin should be unbound.

"What have I done to offend your majesty?" asked Aladdin.

The sultan took him to the window and pointed to the empty space where his palace had been. "Where is my daughter?" he demanded.

At first Aladdin was so astounded that he could not speak. Then he asked for forty days in which to find her. "If I fail," said he, "I will gladly submit to any punishment." Sadly he left the sultan's presence and started forth in search of the princess and his palace. After wandering for three days, he lost hope and determined to die. Coming to a river, he knelt to pray before throwing himself in. As he clasped his hands in prayer, he chanced to rub the ring, which he still wore, but whose virtues he had forgotten. The genius of the cave at once appeared.

"Oh, Genius, give me back my princess and my palace!" he cried.

"Only the slave of the lamp can restore them to you," replied the genius.

"Then take me to them," he commanded. And straightway Aladdin found himself underneath the windows of his palace, where, being wearied, he fell asleep. He was awakened by the princess calling to

him from the window above. He rushed into the palace, and the lovers embraced and wept for joy.

"Before anything else," said Aladdin, "do you know if a certain old lamp is in the cornice, where I left it when I went hunting?"

The princess told him what had become of it, and that the magician carried it about with him. "He comes here every day," she said, "and begs me to forget you and to marry him."

After Aladdin had comforted the princess, he left her, and went to the neighboring town, where he purchased a powder. Returning to the princess, he bade her array herself in her finest raiment and jewels, and to ask the magician to sup with her.

"Ask him for some of the wine of the country," said Aladdin, and while he goes for it, I will instruct you what to do."

The princess did as she was bidden, and when the magician arrived, she received him with a smile. She was so beautiful that when she asked him for the wine he hastened gladly to fetch it. As soon as he was gone, the princess emptied into her cup the powder that Aladdin had given her. The magician soon returned and poured out wine for each. The princess gave him her cup, as a sign that she no longer repulsed him. He drank it to the dregs, and fell dead at her feet. Then Aladdin rushed in, and took the lamp from the pocket of the dead magician. He at once summoned the genius, and before the princess knew it she was back at home in China.

In the morning the sultan went to the window to gaze sadly at the place where his daughter's palace had been, when, lo, to his astonishment, its marble walls arose again before him in their beauty. Joyfully he hastened to discover if his daughter also had returned; and she and Aladdin met him in the hall of beautiful windows. Then there was feasting and rejoicing that lasted for ten days.

"Now," said the sultan, "your enemy being dead, you may live in peace."

But it was not to be so. It chanced that the dead magician had a young brother, who presently came to China to avenge his brother's death. First he visited a holy woman named Fatima. After murdering her, he put on her clothes and veil and sought Aladdin's palace. The people whom he passed on the way besought his blessing, thinking him to be the pious woman. When he reached the palace the princess received him with honor, and begged him to live there always. After giving him food and receiving his blessing, she showed him the hall of the beautiful windows.

"It needs but one thing to be perfect," said the false Fatima; "if only a roc's egg were hung from the center of the dome, it would be the wonder of the world."

When Aladdin returned the princess declared to him that she could never be happy unless a roc's egg were hung from the middle of the dome of the great hall. Aladdin, who could refuse the princess nothing, at once called the genius to his aid. Instead of obeying his command, however, the genius flew into a terrible rage.

"You are demanding that I should leave my master hanging in the middle of your dome!" said he. "This is the work of the brother of the magician. He is with you, dressed in the holy Fatima's clothes. Beware of him!" And with that the genius disappeared.

Aladdin went at once to the princess and complained of a headache. She sent for the holy woman to cure him of the pain. As soon as the false Fatima came in, Aladdin seized and slew him, and then told the trembling princess whom she had been sheltering.

This ended the troubles of Aladdin and the princess. When the sultan died, Aladdin ascended the throne, and he reigned long and wisely.

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK

CALIPH CHARID, of Bagdad, was reclining on his divan one pleasant afternoon, smoking his long pipe and sipping coffee from a handsome dish which a slave was holding for him, when his grand vizier, Mansor, entered and told him of a peddler in the court below whose wares might interest him. The caliph, being in an affable state of mind, summoned the peddler, who, delighted with the opportunity, displayed all the treasures of his pack. There were pearls, rings, silks, and many other rich things. The caliph selected something for himself, a handsome present for the vizier, and another for the vizier's wife.

Just as the peddler was putting the things back into his box, the caliph noticed a small drawer and asked what it contained.

"Only something of no value, which I picked up in the street of Mecca," the peddler replied. He thereupon opened the drawer and showed the caliph a small box, containing a black powder and a scroll written in characters which neither the caliph nor his grand vizier could make out. The caliph immediately decided that he wanted this strange scroll, and the peddler was persuaded to part with it for a trifle. Then the vizier was asked to find some one to decipher its meaning.

Near the mosque lived a man called Selim, who was so learned that he knew every language in the world. When the vizier brought him to interpret the scroll, the caliph said to him:—

"They tell me that you are a scholar and can read all languages. If you can decipher what is written here, I shall know that it is true, and

will give you a robe of honor; but if you fail, I shall have you punished with many strokes, because you are falsely named."

Selim prostrated himself at the feet of the caliph, and then took the scroll. He had not looked at it long when he exclaimed:—

"My lord and master, I hope to die if this is not Latin."

"Well, if so, let us hear what it says," the caliph impatiently answered. Selim at once began:—

"Let him who finds this box praise Allah. If he snuffs the powder it contains, at the same time pronouncing the word 'Matabor,' he will be transformed into any creature that he desires, and will understand the language of all animals. When he wishes to return to his own form, let him bow to the east three times, repeating the word 'Matabor.' But remember if, while he is bird or beast, he should laugh, the magic word would be forgotten, and the enchantment would be on him forever."

The caliph was delighted with the knowledge of Selim. He made him a splendid present, and told him to keep the secret. When he had dismissed the learned man, he turned to the grand vizier, and expressed a wish to try the powder.

"Come to-morrow morning early," said he, "and we will go together to the country and learn what the animals are talking about."

The vizier came as he was ordered, and they left the palace without attendants. Beyond the town was a large pond where some handsome storks were often seen, and to this place they presently came. A grave and stately stork was hunting for frogs, while another flew about and kept him company.

"Most gracious lord," said the vizier, "what think you of these dignified long legs, and how would you like to know their chatter?"

The caliph replied that the stork had always interested him, and he would very much like a more intimate acquaintance. Taking the box from his girdle, he helped himself to a pinch of snuff and offered it to the vizier, who followed his example.

Together they cried "Matabor," and instantly their beards disappeared, and feathers covered their bodies; their necks stretched out long and slender, and their legs shriveled into red and shapeless sticks. The caliph lifted up his foot to stroke his beard in astonishment, but found a long bill in its place.

"By the beard of the Prophet, since I have not one of my own to swear by, but we are a pretty pair of birds, Mansor!"

"If I may say so, your highness, you are equally handsome as a stork as when you were a caliph," replied the vizier. "I see our two relations are conversing over there; shall we join them?"

When they came near to where the storks were smoothing their feathers and touching bills in the most friendly manner, this was the

conversation they overheard, "Will you have some of my frog's leg for breakfast, Dame Yellowlegs?" "No, thank you; I am obliged to practise a dance for my father's guests, and cannot eat." Thereupon Dame Yellowlegs stepped out, and began to pose most gracefully. The caliph and the vizier watched her, until she stood on one foot and spread her wings; then they both, at the same time, burst into such peals of laughter that the two storks flew away.

Suddenly, however, the vizier ceased his mirth, and commenced bowing to the east. The caliph recovered himself and did the same, but neither could think of the magic word.

"Mansor, just recall that unholy word, and I will become caliph once more, and you my grand vizier. I have had enough of being a bird for one day."

"Most gracious lord, that dancing stork has undone us, for, since laughing at her antics, I cannot remember the word that will restore us to human shape."

So at last, in despair, the two unhappy birds wandered through the meadows. They appeased their hunger with fruits, for they could not bring themselves to eat frogs and lizards. As they dared not return to Bagdad and tell the people their chagrin, they flew over the city, and had the satisfaction of seeing signs of mourning and confusion. In a few days, however, while sitting on the roof of a house, they saw a splendid procession coming up the street, and the people welcoming the new ruler. "Hail! Hail Mirza, ruler of Bagdad!" they shouted.

The procession came nearer. At the head of it the caliph saw a man dressed in scarlet and gold, riding a handsome horse. He at once recognized the new ruler as the son of his worst enemy.

"Behold," said he, "the explanation of our enchantment! This is the son of Kaschnur, the magician, who is my great enemy, who seeks revenge. Let us not lose hope, but fly to the sacred grave of the Prophet and pray to be released from the spell."

They at once spread their wings and soared away toward Medina, but not being accustomed to such long flights, they soon became fatigued and descended to a ruin which stood in a valley below. The two enchanted birds decided to remain there for the night; then wandered through the deserted rooms and corridors, which gave evidence of former splendor. Suddenly the vizier stopped and remarked that if it were not ridiculous for a stork to be afraid of ghosts, he would feel decidedly nervous. The caliph listened, and heard a low moaning and sobbing, which seemed to come from a room down the passage. He started to rush toward it, but the vizier held him fast by a wing. He had retained the brave heart that he had possessed when a caliph, however, and freeing himself from the vizier's bill, he hurried to the room whence came the pitiful sounds. Th

moon shone through a barred window and showed him a screech owl sitting on the floor of the ruined chamber, lamenting in a hoarse voice. The vizier had cautiously stolen up beside the caliph; and at sight of the two storks, the screech owl uttered a cry of pleasure. To their astonishment it addressed them in Arabic, in the following words:—

“I have abandoned myself to despair, but I believe my deliverance is near, for it was prophesied in my youth that a stork would bring me good fortune.”

The caliph, thus appealed to, arched his neck most gracefully and replied:—

“Alas! Screech Owl, I fear we are unable to aid you, as you will understand when you have heard our miserable story.”

He then related how the magician, Kaschnur, had changed them into storks and made his own son ruler of Bagdad. The screech owl became very much excited and exclaimed:—

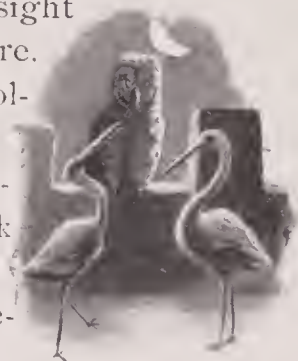
“How strange that misfortune should have come to us through the same man! I am Tusa, the daughter of the King of the Indies. The magician, Kaschnur, came one day to my father, to ask my hand in marriage for his son Mirza. My father ordered him thrown down stairs, and in revenge he managed to have me given a powder which changed me into this hideous shape. He then conveyed me to this lonely castle, and swore I should remain here until some one asked me to be his wife, and so freed me from the enchantment.”

At the conclusion of her story, the screech owl wept anew and would not be consoled. Suddenly, however, she wiped her eyes on her wing and said:—

“I have an idea that may lead to our deliverance. Once every month the magician, Kaschnur, and his companions meet in a large hall at this castle, where they feast and relate their evil deeds. We will listen outside the door, and perhaps you may hear the forgotten word. Then, when you have resumed human form, one of you can ask to marry me, that I too may be freed from this wretched enchantment; and the prophecy that a stork would bring me happiness would be fulfilled.”

The caliph and the vizier withdrew and consulted over the situation. “It is unfortunate,” said the caliph, “but if we are to meet again, I think you will have to ask the screech owl to marry you.”

“Not so, your Highness, I already have a wife, and would rather remain a stork forever than take another; besides, I am an old man, while you are young and unmarried, and much better suited to a beautiful princess.”



"That is it," said the caliph. "How do I know that she will not prove to be some old fright?" As the vizier was firm, the caliph at last said he would take the chances and do as the screech owl required.

That very night it so happened that the magicians met at the ruined castle. The screech owl led the two storks through difficult passages till they came to a hole in the wall, through which they could plainly see all that transpired in the lighted hall. Handsomely carved pillars adorned the room, and a table was spread with many dishes. About the table sat eight men, among whom was their enemy, the magician. He entertained the company with many stories, and at last came to his latest—that of turning the caliph and vizier into storks—in relating which he pronounced the magic word. The storks did not wait to hear more, but ran to the door of the castle. The screech owl followed as fast as she could, and when the caliph saw her he exclaimed

"To prove my gratitude, O our deliverer! I beg you to take me for your husband."

Then the two storks faced the rising sun, and bowed their long necks three times. "Matabor!" they solemnly cried, together; and in an instant they were no longer storks, but stood before each other in their natural forms. In their joy they fell on each other's necks and forgot all about the screech owl, until they heard a sweet voice beside them and turning beheld a beautiful princess. When the caliph recovered from his astonishment he said that he was now, indeed, enchanted and hoped to remain so always.

They then started at once for the gate of Bagdad; and when they arrived, the people were overjoyed, for they had believed their ruler dead. The magician was taken to the ruined castle and hanged, and his son was given the choice of the black powder or death. Choosing the powder, he was changed into a stork, and was kept in the palace gardens.

Caliph Charid and the princess were married; and when their children grew old enough, the caliph often amused them with imitation of the grand vizier when he was a stork,—while Vizier Mansor smiled and pulling his long beard.

AUSTRALIAN SECTION

DEEREERE, THE WAGTAIL AND THE RAINBOW

THERE was once a widow named Deereere who had four little girls. Although she and her children were alone in the little camp, she was never afraid until Bibbee came to live near her. Then she could not sleep for fear of him; and all night long her cry, "Deereerec! Wyah, wyah, Deereere!" could be heard.

One day Bibbee came and asked her why she cried out so in the night. She told him that she heard something moving outside, and feared some harm might come to her four little girls. Bibbee replied that, his camp being so near, he would be sure to hear her if she called, so she might sleep in peace. This she was unable to do, however, and night after night he heard her plaintive cry. "Wyah, wyah, Deereere! Deereere!" she wailed from dark until dawn, and Bibbee was much distressed that she should suffer.

One night when this had been going on for some time, he lay in his camp, listening to her sad cries. Suddenly he thought of a plan whereby he might protect her. In the morning he hastened to the widow's camp and said: "Since you are so much afraid, marry me, and bring your four little girls to live in my camp." But Deereere would not consent to be his wife, and Bibbee went home sad and disappointed.

That night she cried as usual, "Deereere! Wyah, wyah, Deereere!" and the next morning he went again to the camp to see if she had not changed her mind. She told him that she did not wish to marry; and although he besought her day after day, she remained firm in her resolve. Her obstinate refusal only made Bibbee the more anxious to marry her, and he continued to press his suit.

But when at last he saw that his prayers were of no avail, he decided to try another plan. He went to work and made a beautiful arch that reached from the earth up into the sky. Its dazzling colors shone out brighter than the sun, and Bibbee called it Euloowirrie. When he had finished this wonderful arch, which reached across the earth, he set it against the sky, and went into his camp to wait. Soon afterward Deereere came out of her camp and saw the brilliant pathway leading from the earth into the stars. She was so terribly frightened that she called her children to her, and ran crying to Bibbee's camp.

"Wyah, wyah!" she screamed in her terror, and ran to him for protection.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

She told him that some strange thing had fallen out of the sky, and she feared they would all be killed. Bibbee reassured her by saying that he had made this lovely arch to please her, and to prove to her that he could protect her. He added that, if he wished, he could also cause terrible things to burst from the earth and destroy all in their path; but that if she would marry him, he would never use this fearful power, but would let the arch remain, as an emblem of his love for her and to show how safe she would be in his care. If the bright colors of the arch faded away, he promised to paint them in again, to remind her of his strength.

Deereeree at once consented to marry Bibbee, for she not only feared the terrible things he might do if she refused, but she admired his wonderful skill. They lived happily many years; and when they died, Deereeree was changed into the little willy wagtail, and her plaintive cry of "Deereerce! Wyah, wyah, Deereerce!" is still heard. Bibbee was changed into a woodpecker, who is always climbing to the tops of the tallest trees.

The beautiful Euloowirrie, by which Bibbee won his wife, is still in the sky. It can often be seen after a rain, and people call it the rainbow.

NEW ZEALAND SECTION

MATARIKA, OR THE LITTLE EYES

(THE PLEIADES*)

[From Clark's *Maori Tales and Legends*]

THERE was once a star which shone brighter than all the others in the sky. Its brilliancy made even the moon appear cold and pale, so that she remained at a distance. But Tani, the god of light and of the forests, was more envious of the radiant star than any of his neighbors.

"The beauty of this one star is so great that the eyes of men are drawn to it, and my cool, green forests are unnoticed," he complained. At length Tani resolved to destroy the dazzling gem of the skies that s

* This story is interesting as illustrating the imaginative faculty of the Maori people; but its astronomical data should not be taken too seriously by children. There are many stars in the Pleiades besides the six visible to ordinary sight. This group was said by the Ancients to have consisted originally of seven stars, or sisters, the seventh—the one now missing—having hidden herself from shame for having loved a mortal, Sisyphus.—EDITOR.

dimmed the luster of its rivals. He asked the aid of Aldebaran and Sirius, who were delighted to assist in the downfall of the object of their envy.

Far down on the earth was a little lake which so loved the star that on still summer nights it reflected its beauty. The lake smiled up at the star, whose rays streamed down and kissed its fair bosom. The lake learned of the danger threatened to the beloved star, and wishing to give it warning, asked the wind to carry a message. But the wind replied that it could not travel so far.

"Ask Rangi, the god of the heaven, to help you," it advised. "The stars are the jewels in Rangi's robe of night, and he would not wish to lose his most splendid gem."

So the next morning the lake told its tale to Rangi. The god of the heavens was very angry at the plot, and promised to help the little lake to save its friend.

"I will send my heat to warm thee, so that thy waters shall rise in clouds and bear the message of warning to the skies."

When the sun, the fierce eye of Rangi, turned its burning gaze upon the little lake, soft white clouds arose from its surface and crept above the hills. The wind lifted them on their journey, and in time they reached the heavens. They gave the lake's message to the star, then fell back upon the earth in drops of sparkling rain.

One night, soon after, the lovely star saw Tani and his followers approaching, and knew its danger. It fled from its pursuers, and sought protection in the waters of the tender lake. "Save me, dear lake, from my enemies," it cried, as it sank in the clear depths. The wind ruffled the surface of the water to conceal its hiding place, but Sirius saw it shining under the waves and drank the lake dry.

Driven forth by its pursuers, the star fled toward the dawn, thinking Tani's bright highway would be its safest refuge. On and on it sped, and when Tani could not overtake it, he angrily seized Aldebaran, and hurled him after the fugitive. The star was shattered into six shining pieces, which Tani triumphantly threw into the sky. They are there to this day, and men call them The Little Eyes.

When Rangi learned what had happened to his brightest jewel, he decreed that The Little Eyes should remain forever a symbol of gladness to the world.

RUSSIAN SECTION

KING KOJATA

KING KOJATA ruled over a mighty kingdom, and was beloved by his subjects; but because he had no heir to his crown, both he and the queen lamented. Once, while traveling through his territories, he came to a well that was filled to the brim with clear cold water; and being very thirsty, he stopped to drink. On the top of the water floated a golden vessel, which the king attempted to seize; but just as his hand touched it, away it floated to the other side of the well. He went around to where the vessel rested and tried again, with the same result. Every time the king touched the basin it glided from his grasp. At last, losing patience, he gave up trying to seize the vessel, and bending over the well, he began to drink. His long beard had fallen into the water, and when he had slaked his thirst and attempted to rise, he found himself held fast by it. After vainly pulling and jerking for some time, he looked down into the water and saw a hideous face grinning at him. Its eyes were green and shining, its teeth showed from ear to ear, and it held him by the beard with two bony claws. In horror, the king tried to extricate himself, but a terrible voice came from the depths of the well:—

“You cannot get away, King Kojata, so do not make me pull your beard too hard. There is something at the palace of which you do not know; promise to give it to me, and I will release you.”

The king did not know of anything that could have arrived at the palace during his absence worth the discomfort he was experiencing; so he very readily gave his promise, and was freed. When he had shaken the water from his beard, he looked in the well for the ugly monster which had held him captive, but he was nowhere to be seen. Summoning his attendants, he at once set out for home, where he arrived in a few days. The people along the way hailed him with delight; and when he reached the palace, the queen led him to the royal chamber and showed him a beautiful son that had been born during his absence. His joy was so great that he forgot all else; but after a time he recalled with horror his compact with the monster of the well, and the meaning was all plain to him. The thought of what he had promised haunted him day and night, and the fear that something would happen to his little son tortured him. But as days and months passed, and the little prince grew more beautiful all the time, the king at last forgot his fears and became happy once more.

Years went by without anything happening to disturb his peace of mind, and the prince grew to be a beautiful youth, who was the joy and pride of the king and queen. One day he went with the hunters to the forest, and while pursuing a wild boar, became separated from them. He got farther and farther away from his companions, and at last found himself alone in a dark part of the wood where he never before had been. Not knowing in which direction his path lay, he called again and again to the hunters. At last a hoarse voice answered him, and from the hollow trunk of a lime-tree appeared a hideous man with green eyes and terrible teeth.

"I've waited for you a long time, Prince Milan," said he.

"Who on earth may you be?" asked the prince.

"Your father will tell you who I am. Just give my greetings to his majesty, and tell him that I am ready to claim the debt he owes me."

The green-eyed man then disappeared into the hollow tree from which he came; and when the prince reached home, he related his experience to his father. The king turned white, and cried:—

"At last, it has come!" Then he explained to the prince what had occurred at the well, and added, "Now my happiness is at an end, for you, my son, will be taken from me."

The prince told the king not to despair, for though he might go away, he was certain to return to him. His father provided him with a handsome horse with golden stirrups, and the queen gave him a cross to wear about his neck. When he had said farewell to his unhappy parents, he mounted his horse and rode for two days without stopping.

On the third day he came to a lake on whose smooth surface thirty ducks were swimming, while spread about upon the grass were thirty white garments. The prince dismounted, and taking up one of the garments, seated himself behind a bush and waited to see what would happen. The ducks dived under the water and disported themselves for a time, then came ashore and putting on the little white garments, they became beautiful maidens, and disappeared. But there was one little duck that remained on the lake and swam about in the most distracted manner, uttering piteous cries. The prince came from behind the bush and the little duck begged him to give back her garment. He had no sooner done so than before him stood the loveliest maiden he had ever seen.

"Thank you, Prince Milan, for restoring my garment," said she. "My name is Hyacinthia, and I am one of the thirty daughters of a King of the Underworld, to whose castle I will lead you, for he has waited long for you. Approach him on your knees and do not fear him, for I will be there to help you, whatever happens."

She tapped her little foot on the ground, which opened; and they were immediately transported to the palace of her father in the Underworld,

which was carved from a single carbuncle. When his eyes became accustomed to the radiant light, the prince saw the magician of the lime-tree sitting on a dazzling throne. His green eyes looked out from under a golden crown, and his hideous claws clutched the air with rage when he saw the prince. Remembering what the maiden had told him, Prince Milan walked boldly up to the throne and knelt at the feet of the magician, who cursed in a voice that shook the Underworld. As the youth was not at all frightened, the magician at last stopped swearing. Laughing at his courage, he welcomed him to his palace, and showed him to a beautiful chamber which he was to occupy. On the following day he sent for him and said:—

“You are very brave, Prince Milan, but you must pay the penalty for keeping me waiting so long for you. To-night build me a palace of gold and marble, with windows of crystal, and about it the most beautiful gardens in the world, or to-morrow I shall cut off your head.”

The prince went back to his chamber and sadly awaited his doom. That evening a small bee flew in through his window, and as soon as it entered the room it became Hyacinthia. “Why are you sad, Prince Milan?” she asked. He told her of her father’s impossible command and added, “Naturally, I am not happy at the thought of losing my head.”

“Do not be distressed about that,” said she, “but trust to me.” In the morning he looked out of the window and saw a wonderful marble palace, with a roof of gold.

When the magician beheld it, he exclaimed, “You have accomplished a great wonder, but I cannot let you off so easily. To-morrow I will place my thirty daughters in a row, and if you cannot tell me which one is the youngest, you will lose your head.”

The prince, however, was not cast down at this, for he thought he would have no trouble in recognizing Hyacinthia. That evening the little bee entered the room and told him that this task was quite as difficult as the first, because the sisters were all exactly alike. “But you will know me,” said she, “by a little fly which you will discover on my cheek.”

The next day the magician summoned him to his presence, and showed him the thirty daughters standing in a row. The prince passed before them twice, without daring to choose; but he saw the little fly on the pink cheek of one of the maidens.

“This is Hyacinthia!” exclaimed he. The magician was greatly astonished; but not yet satisfied, he required of the prince still another task.

“If, before this candle burns to the bottom,” said he, “you make me a pair of boots reaching to my knees, I will let you go; but if you fail, you will lose your head.”

"Then we must fly, for I love you dearly," said Hyacinthia, when the prince had told her of this new task. She breathed on the window-pane, and straightway it was covered with frost; then, leading Prince Milan from the chamber, she locked the door, and they fled through the passage by which they had entered the Underworld. Beside the smooth lake his horse was still grazing, and mounting it, they were borne swiftly away.

When the magician sent for the prince to come to him, the frozen breath replied to the messengers, and so delayed the discovery of his escape. At last the magician lost patience and ordered the door burst open. The frozen breath mocked at him, and he hastened in pursuit of the fugitives.

"I hear the sound of horses' feet behind us," said Hyacinthia. The prince dismounted, and putting his ear to the ground, answered, "Yes, they are near." Hyacinthia thereupon changed herself into a river, and the prince became a bridge, and his horse a blackbird. Their pursuers, no longer finding their footprints, were obliged to return to the magician, who cursed them, and again sent them forth.

"I hear the sound of horses' feet behind us," again said Hyacinthia. The prince put his ear to the earth and said, "Yes, they are nearly upon us." Thereupon Hyacinthia changed herself, the prince and the horse, all into a dense forest in which many paths crossed, so that the followers were bewildered; and they again returned to the magician.

"I hear horses' feet behind us," said Hyacinthia a third time; and this time it was the magician himself. Hyacinthia took the little cross from the neck of the prince, and changed herself into a church, the prince into a monk, and the horse into the belfry; so that when the magician came up he lost all trace of them, and was obliged to return to the Underworld in great chagrin.

When he had departed, the prince and Hyacinthia mounted the horse and rode till they came to a beautiful town.

"We must not enter," said she, "for we may not come out again." But the prince would not take her advice, and insisted upon passing through the gates.

"Then," sadly replied the maiden, "when the king and queen of the town come out to meet you, do not kiss the little child which they will lead by the hand, or you will forget me and never come back. As for me, I will become a milestone and wait for you here."

It was all as Hyacinthia had said. The king and queen came out to greet him, and when the lovely little child ran up to him for a caress, he kissed its pretty face and forgot Hyacinthia.

The first and second day went by; and when the third day came, Hyacinthia wept, and became a little blue flower growing by the roadside.

An old man came along, and digging up the flower carried it home with him and planted it in his garden. He watered and tended it carefully, and one day the little flower became a beautiful maiden.

"Why did you not leave me to die by the roadside?" she asked, and told the old man her story.

"To-morrow is Prince Milan's wedding day," said the old man.

Hyacinthia at once dried her tears, and presented herself at the palace, dressed like a peasant. She went to the cook and asked to be allowed to make the wedding cake. The cook was so struck with her beauty that he could not refuse the request. When the guests were all seated about the table, Prince Milan was called upon to cut the cake. As soon as he had done so, out flew two beautiful white doves, which circled about his head.

"Dear mate," cried one of the doves, "do not leave me as Prince Milan left Hyacinthia."

The prince, who suddenly recollected all he had forgotten, ran from the room and at the door found Hyacinthia and his horse awaiting him. They mounted and rode swiftly away to the kingdom of King Kojata, where the king and queen received them with tears of joy, and they all lived in happiness to the end of their days.

THE STORY OF KING FROST

A SHREWISH peasant woman had a daughter on whom she lavished everything she could get, and a stepdaughter whom she neglected and ill treated. In the mother's eyes the daughter had no faults, while the stepdaughter was always blamed, and, try as she might, the poor girl never could please. So unhappy was she made that her eyes were often red from weeping. The sight of her tear-stained face only angered the stepmother the more, and caused her to say to the girl's father:—

"Send her away, old man. My eyes are tired of the sight of her, and my ears of the sound of her voice. Send her out of the house."

The father begged to have his daughter remain, but the shrew was determined to be rid of her, and gave him no peace. At last, when he could gainsay her no longer, he placed his daughter in a sledge and drove her to the open fields. Here he left her, with nothing to shield her from the bitter cold. Kissing her good-bye, he drove away, not daring to look back at her.

Left alone by her father, the girl wandered across the bleak fields to the edge of the forest, where she sat down under a fir-tree and wept. A crackling sound caused her to look up, and she saw King Frost springing

from one tree to another. When he reached the fir-tree he jumped down beside her with a bound. Snapping his fingers in her lovely face, he asked:—

“Do you know who I am? I will tell you. I am King Frost.”

“Hail to you, great King!” smiled the maiden. “Have you come for me?”

“Are you warm, fair maiden?” he asked in answer.

“Yes, quite warm, King Frost,” the maiden replied, although she was shivering.

King Frost bent over her and snapped his fingers about her, until the air seemed full of needles. Again he asked, “Are you still warm, dear maiden?”

Her lips could scarcely move to utter the words, “Quite warm, King Frost.”

He snapped his teeth and cracked his fingers, till all the air was filled with stinging things. His eyes glistened and for the last time he asked, “Are you warm, now, beautiful maiden? Are you still warm, my dear?”

She was now scarcely able to speak, but managed to gasp, “Still warm, King Frost.”

The gentle girl's patience and uncomplaining endurance caused King Frost to take pity on her suffering. He arrayed her in a robe, embroidered in silver and gold, and decked her with sparkling diamonds. She glittered and shone, and was dazzling to behold. Then placing her in his sleigh, he wrapped her in furs; and six white horses bore them swiftly away.

The stepmother, at home, was baking pancakes for the girl's funeral feast. “Go into the field,” she said to her husband, “and bring your daughter's body home, so we can bury her.” The old man rose to obey, when the little dog barked:—

“Your daughter shall not die;
Her's cold and stiff shall lie.”

The woman kicked the dog, then tried to coax it with a pancake, telling it to say:—

“Her daughter shall have gold;
His be frozen stiff and cold.”

When the little dog had swallowed the pancake, he barked:—

“His daughter shall be wed;
Her's shall be frozen dead.”

The woman beat the dog, then coaxed it with more pancakes; but the blows could not terrify it nor the food persuade. It barked always the same. Suddenly the door opened, and a huge chest was thrust into

the room, followed by the radiant stepdaughter, in a dress that dazzled them with its beauty.

As soon as the stepmother recovered from her astonishment, she ordered her husband to yoke the horses to the sledge, and take her own daughter to the field. "Take care you leave her in the same place," the old woman cautioned. The father left the girl as he was bidden, and returned to his home.

She was not long alone when King Frost came by.

"Are you warm, maiden?" he asked.

"You must be a fool not to see that my hands and feet are nearly frozen," she angrily replied.

The king danced in front of her, and cracked his fingers.

"Are you warm, maiden?" he asked her, over and over. She cried with rage, and called him rude names, until he froze the words on her lips, and she was dead.

The mother waited for her daughter's return until she became impatient; then she told her husband to take the sledge and go for her. "But don't lose the chest," she added.

The dog under the table, barked:—

"Your daughter, frozen cold,
Will never need a chest of gold."

The old woman was scolding the dog for telling lies, when the door opened. Rushing out to welcome her daughter and her treasures, she clasped the frozen body in her arms; and the chill of it killed her.

POLISH SECTION

THE CROW

ONCE upon a time there were three princesses, all so beautiful that it would have been difficult to decide which one was fairest.

The youngest, however, was by far the gentlest and most amiable.

Some distance from the palace where they lived was a ruined castle. It had long been uninhabited and had fallen into decay, but the neglected garden was a mass of blooming flowers. To this garden the youngest princess often came. One day when she was walking through its tangled paths, a black crow hopped from a yew-tree down beside her. Noticing that it had been hurt, she stopped, and was distressed at the sight of blood upon its feathers. The crow, seeing the solicitude of the kind princess, said:—

“If you really wish to help me, you can save me. I am not what I seem, but a prince, doomed to this cruel enchantment, which you can break if you will come and dwell with me in this deserted castle. In one of the rooms there is a golden bed for you to lie on. Strange and terrifying things will happen in the night, and a single cry of fear from you will add to the sufferings I endure. But if you are brave enough to leave your home and face these terrors, and live in this place alone, you will save me.”

The kind-hearted princess did not hesitate. She bade farewell to her family, and took up her abode in the crumbling castle. When night came, she lay down in the golden bed, but she could not sleep. At midnight she was alarmed by sounds of thronging feet in the passage, but remembering the injunction of the crow, she did not cry out. Then her door was flung suddenly open, and hideous monsters swarmed into the room. In the fireplace they hung a huge caldron of boiling water. Then with yells they rushed upon her and dragged her from the bed. Although she was numb with fright, she uttered not a word; and just as they were about to thrust her into the caldron the cock crew, and the evil things fled.

No sooner had they vanished than the crow hopped joyfully into the room. It thanked the princess, and declared that her courage had already lessened its torments.

One of the elder sisters of the princess, learning the secret of her visit to the deserted castle, came to see her. She implored the princess to permit her to spend the night with her in the golden bed. The princess at last consented; but when midnight came and the evil spirits appeared, her sister shrieked with fright. So after this the princess lived alone. Her days were spent in solitude, and at night she lay in the golden bed in agonies of fear. But the crow came every morning to thank her and to praise her endurance.

When two years had passed in this manner, the crow came to her one morning and said:—

“In another year the seven years of my enchantment will be at an end. Before I can be restored to my natural form and to the possession of my estate, it is necessary that you should leave the castle and serve as a maid-servant.”

Again the princess did his bidding without hesitation. She went forth into the world as a servant, where she suffered many unkindnesses and terrible toil. Her beauty brought upon her many cruel indignities, harder to bear than the terrors of the ruined castle. Her white hands grew stained and rough; her little feet could hardly support her, for weariness.

One evening she sat sorrowfully spinning flax. The task had been unusually long, and her tired hands were aching. Suddenly a beautiful

youth knelt beside her with a cry of joy. He took the tired hands in his and kissed them.

"I am the prince," said he, "for whose sake you have endured terrors and miseries. Your goodness has freed me from my enchantment, and I have come to take you to my castle, where we will live in happiness."

So the princess returned with the handsome prince to the castle, and found that the ruin had been restored, and the garden made a paradise of beauty; and they lived in peace for a hundred happy years.

SERVIAN SECTION

LAUGHING EYE AND WEeping EYE

THERE ONCE lived a man whose right eye was always smiling while his left eye was always weeping. He had two sons who were very clever, and a third so stupid that his brothers often teased him for being a simpleton.

One day they were all three wondering why their father's eyes were unlike other people's, and as they could find no explanation, they determined to make bold and ask him the cause of his peculiarity. The eldest of the three brothers went to the father, and asked him the question. The man was so angry that, without replying, he seized a knife and sprang at his son. The boy had never seen his father like this before and was so terribly frightened that he rushed out of the room. When he returned to where his brothers were waiting for him, he would tell them nothing of what had happened. To all of their questions he replied that if they wanted to know the secret of their father's eyes they might as well ask, as he had done. So at last the second brother took courage and went to the father, with the same result. In a few moments he came back and told the youngest brother that it was now his turn to make the venture. The youngest son thereupon went fearlessly to his father and said:—

"My brothers refuse to tell me your answer to their questions, so I have come to ask for myself. Will you not tell me why your right eye always laughs and your left eye always weeps?"

The father became angrier than he had yet been, and rushed furiously at him with the knife. But instead of running away, terrified, as his brothers had done, the youngest son stood where he was without evidence of fear. Seeing his courage, the father's rage subsided and he embraced him, saying:—

"My son, since you are not a coward, I will tell you what you ask. My right eye laughs because I have a brave son, such as you; and my left eye weeps for the loss of a precious treasure. In my garden grew a vine which yielded a ton of wine every hour. Some thief crept in and robbed me of it, and I grieve that it cannot be found."

The simpleton returned to his brothers and told them the cause of their father's grief, and they all agreed to go in search of the stolen vine. They at once started on the quest, and when they had traveled together for some distance, they came to a crossroad. The two elder brothers parted from the simpleton, they taking one road together, while he followed the other alone. No sooner were the two brothers freed from the company of the simpleton than they expressed their satisfaction and sat by the roadside to eat. While they were thus engaged, a lame fox came up to them and begged a portion of their breakfast. Instead of granting his request, they threw sticks and stones at the poor animal and drove him limping back to the wood.

While running from the cruel brothers, the fox came to the place where the simpleton sat by a tree, eating his lunch. He asked for some food, and while the younger brother had very little for himself, he generously shared his meager portion with the hungry fox. When they had finished, the fox asked him where he was journeying. The simpleton thereupon told him of his quest for his father's stolen vine.

"I know where it is," said the fox. "Follow me, brother, and I will take you to it."

The simpleton gladly followed the fox, who led him to a gate opening into a garden. Here the fox stopped and said: "In this garden you will find your father's vine; but you must closely follow my instructions or you will get into trouble. To reach the vine you must pass twelve outposts of two guards each. If the guards' eyes are open, pass on quietly, for they are asleep and will not hear you; but if their eyes are shut, do not venture, for they are awake. When you reach the vine you will find two shovels, one of wood and the other of iron. Do not touch the iron one, for its noise will awaken the guards and you will be discovered."

The simpleton passed the guards safely and came to the wonderful vine. Thinking he could more quickly secure the treasure with the iron shovel, he disobeyed the fox's commands and used it. The noise of the iron on the hard earth aroused the guards. They came upon him and carried him to their master.

"How did you manage to get into my garden?" demanded the man; "and why did you attempt to rob me of my vine?"

The simpleton told him that the vine had been stolen from his father, and if it were not given to him at once, he would return at another time

and take it. The man replied that he would give up the vine only in exchange for an apple from the golden apple-tree, which blossomed every twenty-four hours and bore fruit of gold. Then the boy was permitted to take his leave; and he immediately went to the fox for advice.

"You have failed," said the fox, "because you did not heed my warning. I will help you to get the golden apple, however, if you will more carefully follow my directions. The golden apple-tree grows in a garden to which I will guide you. As in the other garden, there are guards to pass; and when you have reached the tree, you will find near it two poles, one of gold, the other of wood. Be sure to take the wooden pole which will enable you to reach the apple."

The simpleton entered the garden of the wonderful fruit, and passed the guards without being detected. When he reached the tree, the marvelous sight filled him with joy. In his eagerness to obtain the apple he seized the golden pole and struck the tree. The noise awakened the guards, who rushed upon him and made him prisoner. When he had explained to the master how he came into his garden, the man said:—

"I will give you your liberty and the golden apple if you will bring me the horse that can travel around the earth in a day and a night."

The young man again sought the fox, who rebuked him for his heedlessness, and said that his advice was of little good to him if he would not follow it. At length, however, he said:—

"In a certain forest to which I will guide you, you will find the horse. About his neck will be two halters, one of gold, the other of hemp; lead him by the hempen halter, or his neighing will bring his keepers, and you will be punished."

The young man entered the forest, and searched till he found the horse. It was so handsome that the simpleton scorned to lead it by the hempen halter. But no sooner had he seized the golden halter than the animal's loud neighing brought its keepers to it. They bound the simpleton and conducted him to the owner of the horse, who listened to his story. When he had finished, the man said:—

"I desire a certain golden maiden who has never yet seen sun or moon. Bring her to me, and you may keep the horse."

"I might find her," replied the young man, "if I were permitted to seek her on the golden horse."

The man asked what warrant he had that he would ever return. The simpleton vowed by the head of his father that though he did not find the maiden, he would bring back the animal.

The fox, being very patient, was persuaded to aid the youth once more. He again forgave his disobedience and guided him to the garden where the maiden stood. She was all of shining gold and so beautiful that the young man stood enchanted before her.

"How can you," asked the fox, "surrender such a lovely maiden for a horse?" The young man replied that he had sworn by his father's head to do so. The fox then said that he thought he knew a way out of the difficulty, and he thereupon changed himself into a golden maiden so like the other that they could scarcely be told apart. The owner of the horse gladly made the exchange as he had agreed. He never knew the difference and was delighted with his treasure.

So the young man carried the wonderful vine back to his father, and the *real* golden maiden he made his wife.

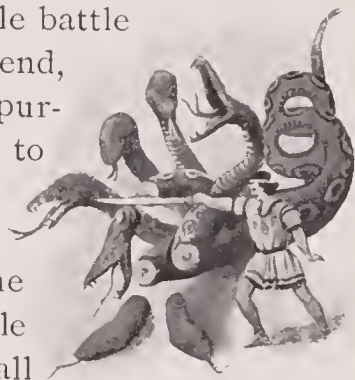
GREEK SECTION

THE SEVEN-HEADED SERPENT

THERE was once a king who was a great traveler. He delighted to fit out ships and to venture into unknown seas. Once, when the voyage had been longer than usual, he saw a beautiful island growing out of the water, and gave orders to land. When he and his men had gone ashore, they found under each of the tall trees which covered the island, ferocious lions, ready to attack them. A terrible battle ensued, in which the king lost many of his men, but in the end, all of the lions were killed. Then the king and his men pursued their way unmolested. Rich perfumes were wafted to them through the trees; and, hastening on, they soon came to a garden where every kind of flower in the world was blooming. A spring, flowing with gold, bubbled out of the earth; and a little farther on there was one of silver; while a third poured out pearls. When the men had gathered all of these treasures that they could carry, they wandered on through the lovely garden to its center, where they came to a clear lake. To their astonishment the lake spoke to them, and asked them if they knew their danger.

"Our king will devour you, if he sees you; and, as he has seven heads, you cannot hope to escape him. He is now asleep; but when he wakes he will come to me for his bath. If you will take off your clothes and put them on the ground for him to glide over, he may spare your lives, for he is very amiable when his path is made soft and comfortable."

The men hastened to disrobe, and strewed their garments from the lake to the castle where the seven-headed king was sleeping. After they



had waited several hours, the earth shook and opened in many places, and out of every opening came lions and wild beasts of various sorts. When they had all assembled about the castle, the king appeared and glided over the garments to the lake.

When he inquired how those soft things came there, the lake explained that some men had come from a strange country to do him homage. He ordered them brought to his presence; and when they were before him he asked if they did not know that he allowed no strangers on his island.

"But, because you have shown me unusual courtesy," said he, "I will permit you to depart, on condition that you send to me, each year, twelve youths and twelve maidens, whom I will eat in your stead. If you fail me, I will go to your country and devour all of the people."

Then he bade one of the beasts lead the men out of the garden; and they immediately set sail for their own country. On their arrival they related to the people all the strange things that had happened to them on the island of the seven-headed serpent.

When the time came for the sacrifice of the youths and maidens, the king sent word throughout the land, asking for those who were willing to die to save their country. Many more than the required number offered themselves; and so the ship was made ready, with sails of deep black. When the youths and maidens had taken leave of their friends and embarked, it carried them to the island where the seven-headed serpent awaited them. The lions did not attack them when they landed, nor did the lake speak to them; but they had not waited long before the earthquake shook and the serpent rushed upon them. Each year the black-sailed ship brought its cargo of victims to the rapacious serpent, and the happy country mourned its youths and maidens.

At length the king and queen were growing old; and they grieved that they had no children to rule the kingdom after the king died. One day an old woman came to the queen and asked her why she was so sad. The queen told her it was because she was childless; thereupon the woman gave her an apple and told her to dry her tears, for her desire should be gratified. Not long afterward a beautiful son was born to the queen, which brought great happiness to her heart and to that of the king. A pretty colt was born about the same time. It grew up with the king's son and they became constant playmates.

When the prince was nineteen years old, the king and queen died and left him alone to rule over his unhappy country. Seeing the prince very sad, his horse one day said to him:—

"Send no more youths and maidens to the seven-headed serpent, or your country will be ruined. If you will allow me, I will take

to a woman who will tell you how to overcome the beast which is devouring your people."

The prince mounted the horse, which carried him to a cavern in the side of a mountain, where at the entrance an old abbess sat spinning; about her were grouped several nuns who were employed in the same manner. In the sides of the wall, beds were hewn out of the stone, and here the nuns slept; and in the center of the chamber always burned a lamp, which they took turns in watching. If one of them allowed the light to go out she was put to death. This place was called the Spinning Convent, and here lived the old woman who had given the apple to the queen.

The king's son knelt to the old abbess and besought her to tell him how to kill the seven-headed serpent. She embraced him and replied:—

"I caused you and the horse that brought you here to be born that our wretched people might be saved. Do as I direct you, and their deliverance is near. Take with you a pack of cotton, and follow a passage which I will show to you that leads to the serpent's chamber. About his bed hang many bells which you are to fill with cotton, so that he will not be awakened by your approach. Over his head you will find the word which alone can kill him, for it cannot be broken; and with this you will cut off his seven heads."

The prince thanked the abbess; and when she had blessed him, he started for the serpent's castle. He found the serpent asleep, and after carefully muffling the bells, as the abbess had directed, he took the word from over his head and gave him a blow on the tail. The serpent awoke and sprang at him, but he struck off his heads as they came toward him, one after the other. When the beasts awoke and came to their king they found him lying dead; and the prince and his brave horse had long before departed.

Thus the king's son saved his people, and the black-sailed ship no longer carried youths and maidens to the seven-headed serpent.

ITALIAN SECTION

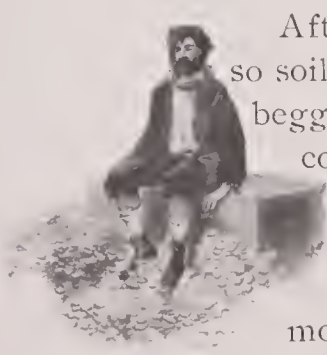
DON GIOVANNI DE LA FORTUNA

DON GIOVANNI DE LA FORTUNA inherited great riches and a splendid palace from his father; but in a few years he had spent all of the money, and was obliged to leave the house which his father had built and to wander forth into the world to seek his bread. This did not make him very unhappy, however, for he took his fortune as it came and never borrowed trouble.

One day when he was very hungry and was wondering who would give him food, for he had no money, he met in the road a pleasant man who stopped and spoke to him. After some conversation, the man asked him if he could be hired to let his hair and beard grow, and to go without washing or changing his clothes for three years, three months, and three days. Don Giovanni replied that he could easily consent to those conditions for a price, since, without money, he must remain ragged and dirty. This answer so pleased the merry man that he gave him a purse saying:—

“This purse is yours, and will, for the asking, always give you what money you require if you remember to keep our compact.” With this the man told him that he hoped he would enjoy what pleasure the purse brought him, and, laughing heartily, left him.

Now Don Giovanni had no idea that he had been talking with the devil, but such was the case. He at once wished for money, to see if the man had told him the truth, and looking into the purse he found it filled with gold. Then he kept on wishing until all his pockets were filled and he could carry no more.



After a time his hair and beard became matted and his clothes so soiled that people avoided him. At the inns they took him for a beggar and refused him food. He had not counted on all this discomfort when he accepted the purse from the devil, and he began to wonder if the money were really worth it. Thus he traveled on from city to city, seeing all the beautiful sights, but deriving very little pleasure from them. One morning he came to a fine palace, and sat on the steps to rest.

The master came out and rudely ordered him to begone. He was so insolent that Don Giovanni resented his words, and remained where he sat, without replying.

“Leave my grounds, you filthy beggar! or I will set the dogs on you,” said the man in anger.

“I am not a beggar, and will buy your house and grounds, if you will sell them,” replied Giovanni.

The man laughed scornfully, and told him to follow him to a lawyer thinking to have him arrested. To his surprise, Don Giovanni paid a large sum of money. Then a contract was drawn up, whereby the man was to receive the remainder in eight days.

At the end of that time the owner of the palace came to the inn where Don Giovanni was staying, and was told by him to take his money from the piles of gold which filled the room. He looked at the marvelous sight and begged to be allowed to break the contract, as he did not wish to part with his property. Don Giovanni would not consent, however, and the man was obliged to move his family to another

place, while the despised and ragged beggar occupied the beautiful place.

Whenever he wanted money, he would say to the purse, "Dear purse, Don Giovanni wants money," and the purse would fill as fast as he could empty it. He amused himself by fitting out his palace in the most splendid fashion, and people now called him "eccentric." Stories of his great riches at last reached the king, who, being in need of money, sent to borrow from him. He at once loaded a wagon with sacks of gold and sent it to him. This being very much more than the king required, he took out the amount he had asked for and returned the remainder, but Don Giovanni would not consent to take it back.

"This man is so rich that I think we may marry one of our daughters to him," the king proposed to the queen.

As the queen approved, a messenger was sent to inform Don Giovanni that the king would honor him with the hand of his elder daughter, and to request a picture of him to show to the princess.

"Tell His Majesty that I am humbly grateful for his favor," he replied.

But when the princess saw the picture of the rich Don Giovanni, she declared she would never marry him. The king said he had no idea that the rich man was such a hideous person when he proposed him for her husband; but as he had given his royal word, and was so much indebted to the man, he did not see how he could break his promise.

"Not for all the debts nor promises in the world would I marry a disgusting beggar like that. You may have my head cut off, but I will never consent, never!" exclaimed the princess.

The queen sympathized with the princess, and the king was in despair, until his younger daughter came to him and said:—

"Do not be distressed, father; rather than let you break your word, I will marry Don Giovanni."

The king embraced her and expressed his gratitude, but her mother and sisters jeered at her.

The king sent to Don Giovanni to know when he desired the wedding to take place, so that it might be celebrated properly. To his great surprise, Don Giovanni named a day far distant. As the compact with the devil had not yet expired, Don Giovanni did not wish to present himself to the princess in his state of filth and rags. At length preparations for the wedding began, and when the day which was to bring the rich bridegroom arrived, the royal family went to the ship to meet him. The younger daughter leaned on her father's arm and tried not to appear unhappy, even when her sister and mother taunted her for marrying a repulsive beggar.

When Don Giovanni presented himself, they could not believe their eyes, for in the place of the disgusting object they expected to meet, was

a handsome and splendidly-dressed young man. The elder sister was astonished and enraged that she fell into the sea and the queen jumped after her.

In due time Don Giovanni wedded the younger daughter and lived happily at the palace, and the king learned to love him like a son. When the king died, Don Giovanni was made ruler of the kingdom, and his magic purse always kept him and his queen supplied with all the gold they wanted.

CANNETELLA

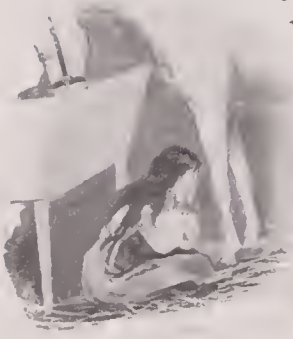
FOR many years a king ruled over a country called Bella Puojo. He possessed great riches and power and would have been happy, except that he had no child to inherit his wealth or to rule when he was gone. This disappointment was shared by his wife, Renzolla. But when the king and queen had grown quite old, a daughter was born to them. They named her Cannetella; and she grew to be a beautiful girl and the delight of their lives. When she was eighteen years old, the king one day called her to him and said:—

“My child, before I die, I wish to see you married; but as your happiness is dearer to me than all else, I desire you to choose your own husband. If you are satisfied, it is all I can ask.”

Cannetella thanked her father, and told him that she was perfectly content as she was, and had no wish to marry. The king urged her to consider that he was old, and might soon leave her; and that before he died he hoped to see an heir to the kingdom. Cannetella, not wishing to seem ungrateful for all the love and kindness her father had shown her, at last said:—

“Very well, dear father, as you so much desire it, I will consent, but if you wish me to marry you must find for me the handsomest man in the world, and he must be as wise and charming as he is beautiful.”

The king was delighted at her words, and at once set about finding a suitable husband. One day, while standing at the window, the king saw a man passing who was so handsome that he ordered him brought into the palace. A feast was set, and Cannetella was told to be present. While eating, the man clumsily let fall from his mouth an almond, which he picked up and hid under the tablecloth. When he had gone away the king asked Cannetella how she liked him. She replied that he was both clumsy and ill-mannered; and the king, hearing her answer, looked elsewhere.



Soon afterward he saw another equally handsome man passing the palace window, and bade his servants bring him in. When the stranger had been entertained like the first and had taken his departure, the king asked Cannelletta if this one pleased her any better. She replied that he was more awkward than the first, and that he required two servants to help him put on his cloak.

The king saw that his daughter did not mean to marry any one, and becoming angry, he bade her choose some one directly, as he meant to have an heir to the throne. She thereupon declared that she would marry no man unless one could be found whose head and teeth were made of gold. The king at once proclaimed that a man having a head and teeth of gold could have his daughter and his kingdom.

There was a great magician called Scioravante, who was the king's enemy. When he heard the proclamation, he called the evil spirits to his aid, and bade them make for him a head and teeth of gold. This they at first were unable to do, and suggested, instead, golden horns attached to his head. But the task was finally accomplished, and the magician appeared before the palace windows with head and teeth of finest gold. The king bade him enter, and told Cannelletta that he had found a husband such as she desired. He informed Scioravante that he might have his daughter and all the servants and horses that he wished.

The magician thanked the king and said he would gladly marry the daughter, but asked only one horse upon which to carry her to his kingdom, where everything she could desire awaited her. The king begged him to accept attendants befitting his daughter's station, but he would not be persuaded, and departed with the princess placed in front of him on his horse.

When they had journeyed all day, they came to a stable where the magician left Cannelletta and the horse in the same stall. Before leaving, he told her that he was going to his home, and that he would not come back for seven years. He bade her remain where she was and see no human being until he returned. Said he:—

“You will eat what the horse leaves; and do not disobey my commands.” With that he left the princess to weep in loneliness and misery, and to sigh for the luxury of her father's palace.

Several months passed by, and during that time invisible hands supplied the horse with food and water, on which the king's daughter was able to live. One day she discovered a crack in the wall, through which she could see flowers and fruits growing in a beautiful garden. She managed to escape from the stall and to enter the garden. There she gathered some of the delicious fruit which she ravenously ate. “No one will tell my husband,” thought she, “and what does it matter if he knows? I cannot be more wretched than I am.”

In a short time the magician returned, and the horse told him that the princess had disobeyed and gone into the garden. He was so enraged that he took a knife from under his cloak and was about to kill her, when she fell upon her knees and begged so piteously to be spared that he allowed her to go. Said he: —

“I am again about to leave you for seven years. This time if you disobey my commands, you shall die.”

The princess promised to do his bidding, and was again left to weep in the horse's stall. One day, when she had grown thin and weak from hunger, the king's cooper passed the stable. She saw him and called him to her. At first he did not recognize her, because she had so changed; but when she called him by name, and told him of her sufferings, he hid her in a barrel which he placed upon his mule's back, and thus carried her to her father's palace.

They arrived in the middle of the night, and made so much noise, knocking for admittance, that the king was awakened, and came to learn the cause of the disturbance. When Cannelella crept from the barrel, the king could scarcely recognize the pale and miserable creature as his daughter. She told him her pitiful story, and he led her into the palace and had dainty food prepared for her. The king was filled with remorse that he had caused her all this suffering, but she consoled him, by saying that she had brought it on herself by wilfulness, and now asked only never to leave him again.

When Scioravante returned to the stable the horse told him that the princess had been carried away in a barrel, and he at once sought her in her father's palace. In the king's household was a wicked old woman, to whom the magician offered whatever she wished, if she would but aid him to see the king's daughter. She led him to a roof, whence he could look into the princess's window and see her combing her beautiful hair. Cannelella happened to look out of the window, and saw her husband peering at her. She rushed to her father and told him to lock her in the room with seven iron doors, or the magician would destroy her. The old king was terribly alarmed, and hastened to secure his daughter from danger.

When the magician's plans had been thus frustrated, he sought the old woman and promised her whatever she wished, if she would again aid him. She promised to do whatever he required, and he then gave her a piece of paper, which he told her to slip under the princess's pillow, saying as she did so, “May every one in the palace, except the princess, fall asleep.” The old woman hid under the princess's bed, and when she had slipped the paper under her pillow, uttered the words as the magician had instructed her. Thereupon every one in the palace, except the princess, fell into a sound sleep.

Then Scioravante opened the seven doors, one after the other, and entered the chamber where the princess lay. She screamed with terror; but no one heard her cries, for all were under the magician's spell. Scioravante dragged her from the bed; but in the struggle the little piece of paper fell upon the floor, and every one in the palace immediately awoke and rushed to her rescue.

The wicked magician was put to death, and Cannelella lived happily ever after with the old king.

SPANISH SECTION

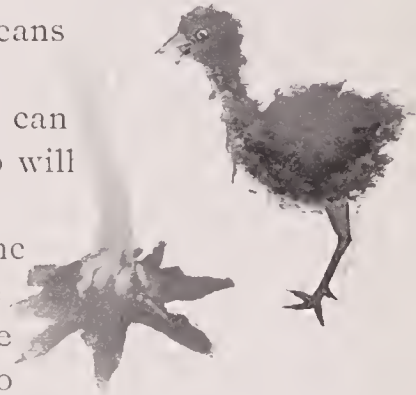
THE HALF-CHICK

A NICE black Spanish hen was the proud mother of a brood of thirteen chickens. They were all plump, downy little things, except the last to come out of its shell, which was the queerest looking chicken that was ever hatched. He had only one wing, one leg, one eye, and half a bill; and when his mother saw him emerge from his shell, she called him Medio Pollito, which in Spanish means half-chick.

"Whatever will happen to him," she cried, "and how can he escape his enemies, and fight the impudent cocks who will insult him?"

She kept him always near her, and gave him the choicest crumbs; but it was not very long before she discovered that her youngest born was very much more independent than any of his brothers and sisters, who were fine, healthy chickens. Medio Pollito would hop far away on his one leg, and when his mother called to him, would pretend that his one ear had not heard her. The mother-hen often took the whole brood to the field, where she taught them to scratch the earth for worms and seeds. His little brothers and sisters were obedient and learned the lesson, but Medio Pollito always got lost in the corn and caused them all the greatest anxiety. As he grew older, he grew more wilful and disdainful of control. He quarreled with his brothers and sisters, and said very rude things to his poor mother, who was in despair at his bad behavior. One day when she had rebuked him for wandering so far away that no one could find him, he looked at her with his one eye and replied:—

"Well! I'm tired of this old place; it is altogether too dull for me, and so I might as well tell you that I am going to Madrid."



"To Madrid! Why do you want to go to Madrid?" the mother asked in astonishment.

"To see the king, of course."

"My poor little Medio Pollito! You would never reach there. If you had two legs and both your wings, you would find the journey very long. Stay at home, where your mother can look after you until you are a grown-up cock, at least."

His brothers and sisters joined in the mother's entreaties, and told him that he was not suited to go out into the world; but he haughtily disregarded their advice and hopped down the road without so much as bidding them good-bye. His mother ran after him, calling to him frantically to come back; but he paid no attention, and stumped on toward Madrid.

While crossing a field, he came to a stream that was choked with weeds and sticks. When he reached its bank, the water faintly murmured:—

"O, Medio Pollito, help me, I pray! Take away this rubbish that is choking me."

"I'm too busy to waste time here," he indifferently answered. "Ask some one else to help you who is not traveling to see the king."

He hopped on in his awkward way until he came to a spot where some gypsies had camped. A fire that was nearly out called to him in a weak voice:—

"In a moment more I would have died, Medio Pollito; but you have come just in time to put some leaves and sticks on me and save me."

"I have more important things to do than gather sticks for an old burnt-out fire," he cruelly answered, and continued on his way.

The next day, while jumping along on his one foot through a wood, the wind called to him from a chestnut tree:—

"Medio Pollito, come up here and help me. I am caught in this tree and its branches are torturing me."

"Well, stay there, for all I care! I am hastening to Madrid to see the king."

The wind moaned after him, but he took no more heed; for in the distance he saw the towers of the king's palace. In his joy of having finally reached his journey's end, he forgot his fatigue. Jumping on his one leg and flapping his one wing in delight, he soon reached the palace. Soldiers were standing at the gates, and he knew this was where the king would pass out. Fearing he might be too late to get a sight of His Majesty that morning, he made a short cut through the grounds and passed the kitchen. The cook saw him, and before he could escape had him in his clutch.

"Here is some broth for the king!" exclaimed the cook, throwing Medio Pollito into a pot.

“O, Water, help me, I pray! You are choking me so I cannot breathe!” cried the half-chick. But the water replied:—

“When I called to you in the meadows to help me, you would not; now I, too, have business with the king.” Then the fire blazed, and he called out in agony:—

“Fire, Fire, do not burn me! In a minute more I shall die!” But the fire made answer:—

“I have more important things to do than bother about the cries of a half-chick.”

Just as he felt that he could not live another minute, the cook lifted the cover and looked in.

“This is no kind of bird to serve to the king,” exclaimed he, and snatching Medio Pollito from the pot, he disgustedly threw him out of the window. Before he touched the ground the wind caught him up and bore him away from the palace, just as the king passed through the gates!

“O, Wind, do not carry me away from the king! Not so fast! You are torturing me!”

“You would not listen to me when I cried to you from the chestnut tree,” replied the wind.

With an angry gust, it tossed the almost lifeless half-chick over the roofs of the houses; and when he was nearly dead from fright and lack of breath, left him on the top of the highest church steeple. With his one useless wing, Medio Pollito could never fly down, and there he still stands on his one leg, while his one eye looks sadly out over the king’s palace.

PORTUGUESE SECTION

WHAT CAME OF PICKING FLOWERS

ONCE upon a time three beautiful sisters lived with their mother and little brother. One day, while walking in the meadow, the eldest daughter saw a pink growing by the stream. She reached out her hand to pluck the flower, and as she touched it, she vanished from sight.

The next day the second daughter went to the meadow to seek her sister. Some lovely roses grew in her path, and tempted her to pick them. Her fingers no sooner touched the branch than she disappeared.

When the two sisters did not return, the youngest sought them in the meadow. Some white jessamine beguiled her; and the widow was left

to mourn the loss of her three daughters. She wept day after day until the little boy had grown to be a tall youth.

Then one day he asked his mother why she always grieved. When she told him how his sisters had gone away and never returned, he asked her blessing and vowed he would search the world for them. Bidding his mother farewell, he journeyed some distance without adventures. One day, however, he encountered in the road three big boys who were angrily disputing. He asked what the quarrel was about, and one of them explained.

"Our father, who is dead, bequeathed to us a cap which will make the wearer invisible, a pair of boots, having power to carry the one who puts them on wherever he wishes to go, and a key that will unlock all the doors in the world. Our eldest brother claims all three, and we demand the right to draw lots for them."

The youth proposed to settle the dispute for them, and they agreed. He then stooped and picked up a stone from the roadside. "The one who first reaches this stone, shall have all three treasures," he declared, and threw it as far as he could. While the three brothers were racing to the stone, he hastily took the cap and key, and putting on the boots, wished himself where his eldest sister might be found. In a moment he was standing before the barred gates of a castle, which crowned the top of a high mountain. His key unlocked the gates and doors until he found himself in a rich chamber. A beautiful woman cried out as he entered, and started to flee. He told her she had no cause for fear, as he was her brother, and had come in search of her. When he had related by what means he had been enabled to discover her, she confided to him that she was not happy.

"My husband, whom I dearly love, is under a spell," said she, "and until a man who cannot die is killed, he will not be released."

They talked some time, and then the sister said she feared her husband would return and be angry that any one had entered the castle. The youth thereupon put on his invisible cap. Soon after, the door opened, and a bird flew in and lit in a golden basin which his sister held. Immediately after, a handsome man stood before them.

"Who is in this room?" asked he.

His wife at first feared to tell him, and then confessed the truth. The youth took off his invisible cap, and when the man saw his resemblance to his sister, he believed their story. He welcomed the brother and gave him a feather from his bird's skin.

"When in danger," said he, "call on the King of the Birds, and no harm will befall you."

The youth thanked him and took his leave. As soon as he was outside of the castle, he wished to be taken to his second sister. The next

moment the boots had carried him to another castle, where he found his sister to be its lovely mistress. She would have been very happy but that her husband also was under a spell. Half the time he was a fish, and she longed for the power to set him free.

The second sister's husband greeted the youth with affection. On his departure he gave him a fish-scale, saying, "When in danger, call on the King of the Fishes, and I will not fail you."

The young man thanked him and departed. When outside the gates, he bade the boots take him to his youngest sister. Instead of a handsome castle, such as her sisters dwelt in, he found her in a dark and lonely cavern. On the floor sat the pale girl sobbing bitterly. When she saw him, she ran to him and begged that he would take her from the dreadful place. She was overjoyed when she learned that the youth was her brother, who had vowed to find her. She related to him how a terrible monster had carried her off from the water meadow, and kept her prisoner all these years.

"Each day," said she, "he comes to ask me to marry him, and says I must in the end consent, as he can never die."

These words recalled to the young man what had been told him of the spell which held his two brothers-in-law.

"Consent to marry the old man, if he will first tell you why he cannot die," he advised his sister.

While the youth and sister were talking, the earth trembled, and in a few moments the monster entered the cave. He threw himself at the girl's feet and besought her to be his wife.

"Your tears will never cause me to release you, and I shall never die," he told her.

"If I promise to marry you, will you tell me why you cannot die?" she asked. The monster laughed until the cavern shook.

"I can safely tell you, for the secret would never enable you to destroy me," he at length replied. "Inside an iron chest at the bottom of the sea is a white dove. In the bird's nest is an egg with which you can dash out my brains, and which alone can kill me. Now I have told you my secret, and you must marry me." The monster continued to laugh, and boasted that no one could possibly find the means to kill him.

The girl begged that the wedding might be put off for three days, and the monster promised to leave her in peace. As soon as he had gone, the brother took off his cap and put on the magic boots.

"In three days, I will return and set you free," he told his sister.

In a moment the magic boots had carried him to the seashore, and taking the fish-scale, he called his brother-in-law to his aid. He came at once, and the youth told him of the monster whom his youngest sister had promised to marry, and of the iron box at the bottom of the sea.



The brother-in-law listened to the story, then called to him all the fishes of the deep. A little sardine arrived last.

"Pardon my being late," said she, "but I hit my head against an iron box at the bottom of the sea."



The King of the Fishes commanded the sardine to guide several of his subjects to the box. In a short time they returned with it laid across their backs. The youth took the magic key and opened it, while the fishes crowded around. As the lid opened, the white dove flew out, and before they could catch it, was gone.

The youth was in despair, until he remembered the feather which his sister's husband had given him.

"Come, King of the Birds, and help me," he cried; and in an instant he was at his side, asking what he could do for him. The youth begged him to find the white dove which had flown away. The King of the Birds commanded all of his subjects to come to him. There was a great fluttering sound, and last of all came hurrying a little white dove.

"Pardon me for being late; I was entertaining an old friend in my nest," he panted.

The King of the Birds ordered the dove to lead the young man to his nest. The dove at once obeyed, and when they came to the nest they there found the egg, which was to break the spell and set the youngest sister free.

Putting the egg in his pocket, he bade the boots carry him to the cavern. When he reached there, the monster was urging the girl to keep her promise, as the third day had nearly passed. The girl was weeping bitterly; but when the monster reached out his arms to clasp her, the youth rushed into the cavern and dashed the egg against his horrible head. He rolled over with a groan that shook the earth, and died.

The husbands of the two elder sisters at once resumed their natural forms. They sent for the mother, and held a feast of rejoicing. In the cavern were jewels and treasures which the youngest sister divided with her brother, and they were all rich to the end of their days.

FRENCH SECTION

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

THERE was once a little girl whose mother died. She was lonely, for she had neither brothers nor sisters to console her. Her father soon married again. The new wife, who proved to be a cruel woman, had two daughters as haughty and unkind as herself. The little girl was so pretty that she at once incurred the envy and hatred of her stepmother, whose own daughters were very plain. She was made to wash dishes and to scrub and to do the work of a servant, while her stepsisters played all day or quarreled with each other. She was now more unhappy than before. Her father was so entirely ruled by his new wife and her daughters that he took no notice of his own forlorn little girl. She was never praised nor petted, and when her work was done, she would shrink away from the others into the chimney corner, among the cinders and ashes, so that they mockingly called her Cinderwench, or Cinderella.

Little Cinderella, unthanked and harshly treated, served her stepmother and the two ugly daughters, brushed their clothes, and mended their laces, and daily grew more beautiful. When she had grown to be quite a young woman, the king's son gave a ball, to which all the people of quality were invited. The stepmother and her daughters were delighted, and when they received the royal invitation were more over-bearing than before. For days they talked of nothing else, and tried on one pretty dress after another, only to discard them all as unbecoming. Little Cinderella served and worked for them, as usual, and was ordered about and scolded for her pains. She cheerfully stood for hours rearranging their stubborn hair, until her arms ached and her pretty feet were tired.

At last the night of the ball came. The sisters were squeezed into new silken dresses and covered with jewels and laces. But all of this adorning failed to make them pretty. As they saw in the glass their ugly reflections, which no amount of fine raiment could very much improve, they vented their bad temper on patient Cinderella. Their unkindness caused the tears to come to the child's eyes, at which they taunted her with being jealous of their rich apparel, and with whimpering because she could not go to the prince's ball.



"Imagine a cinderwench at Court!" laughed the elder and more cruel sister, as she climbed into the coach.

Cinderella gazed after them as they were driven away. The excitement and confusion was ended; and now, left alone, she wept and gave way to the grief that was bursting her tender heart.

"No one loves me!" sobbed she. "In all the world, no one loves me."

"Thou hast forgotten thy godmother!" said a voice at her side; and looking up, she beheld the kind face of her fairy godmother. "Thy godmother loves thee. Dry thine eyes and do as thou art told, and thou shalt be happy."

First, the fairy godmother bade her bring a yellow pumpkin. By a touch of her wand it became a gilded coach. Next a trap containing six mice was brought. As each mouse was permitted to jump through the door, a tap of the wand transformed it into a handsome gray horse. A bearded rat became the coachman, and six lizards instantly found themselves changed into six footmen in gorgeous liveries. Then, turning to Cinderella, the fairy godmother laid the wand upon her, and behold! her rags were turned into cloth of gold bedecked with sparkling jewels; and on her feet were the prettiest pair of little glass slippers that maiden ever wore.

"Now," said the fairy godmother, "thou canst go to the prince's ball, befitting the occasion and thy beauty. But mind, come away before the clock strikes twelve, or thy coach will be a pumpkin, thy horses mice, and thy coachman a bearded rat; thy footmen will turn to lizards, and thy dress of gold to the rags thou hast just left off."

Cinderella faithfully promised to do as her godmother bade her, and gayly drove away. When she arrived at the king's palace, all the people stopped dancing to gaze at her, so beautiful she appeared. The young prince immediately led her to a seat of honor, and afterward danced with her and sat beside her at supper. Her stepsisters trod on each other's skirts trying to get nearer to her, for they had no idea that this lovely creature in such regal attire was their own despised little cinderwench. When she danced, the people marveled at her grace, and even the old king declared her the fairest lady he had ever seen. While the young prince was asking her if she would come to the ball the next night, the clock struck eleven and three-quarters, and she hastened to make her adieux.

On reaching home she told her godmother how happy she had made her for this one evening, and of the prince's desire that she should attend his ball the following night. The stepsisters talked all of the next day of the beautiful unknown princess who had smiled on them so kindly.

“ Might I not see her ? ” shyly asked Cinderella. “ Could I not wear one of your old dresses and go to the prince’s ball ? ” But the selfish sisters only laughed at her contemptuously.

That night they again attended the ball at the palace. Cinderella was there, also, more splendidly dressed than before. The young prince scarcely left her side; he complimented her dancing and her beauty, and said so many pleasant things to her that she quite forgot her godmother’s injunctions. Suddenly, to her dismay, the clock commenced to strike the midnight hour. She fled so precipitately that she left behind her one of her little glass slippers. The prince picked it up and followed quickly after, but the beautiful maiden had vanished. The guards were asked if they knew which way the unknown princess had gone; but they all declared they had seen no one pass the gates, except a ragged little wench.

Inquiries were made far and near, and, all failing, the king’s son proclaimed that he would marry the one whose foot the little glass slipper would fit. The princesses, duchesses, and all the ladies of the court and country tried in vain to put on the slipper. At last it was brought to the two sisters. They struggled for the prize until their faces were red, but they likewise failed.

“ Let me try, ” said Cinderella.

The sisters laughed derisively, but seeing that the little wench was very comely, the ambassadors told her to sit down and take her chance for the prince’s favor. Great was their astonishment when her foot easily slipped into this fairy shoe, but greater still when she produced its mate from her pocket where it was concealed, and placed it upon the other foot.

At this moment the fairy godmother appeared, and touching Cinderella with her wand, transformed her into the charming princess they had so admired. Her stepsisters prostrated themselves at her feet and begged to be forgiven. Being altogether kind and sweet, Cinderella embraced them and told them she desired only that they should love her now. Thus she was led to the happy prince, who wooed her with great ardor; and in a few days the little cinderwench became the wife of the king’s son.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

[From *Andrew Lang and Mme. Villeneuve*]

A MERCHANT who was very rich suddenly met with misfortune on every side; his houses were burned, his ships were lost at sea, and his whole fortune vanished. All that he had left was a miserable cottage, many leagues from the city where he had lived; it was situated far from other dwellings, in a dense forest, where people seldom came.

To this desolate place he was forced to take his six sons and six daughters. They were now so poor that they had no servants and were obliged to work. The sons cut trees in the forest or toiled in the fields to provide their food and scant clothing; while the daughters cooked and cleaned and mended and deplored the sad change in their fortunes. Their complaints and discontent only added to their father's troubles, and he often wept that he could no longer provide the luxuries to which they had been accustomed. At these times his youngest daughter would seek to console him by caresses and the assurances that she regretted nothing so long as he was with them. This daughter, unlike the others, was gentle and unselfish, and so extremely pretty that she was always called Beauty.

After they had lived in this lonely place long enough to grow somewhat accustomed to privations and rough fare, there one day came news that one of the ships which they had supposed lost, had reached port richly laden. Its cargo was said to be of such great value as to restore in part their wealth. The father at once set out to confirm the glad news and to make preparations for placing his unhappy family in pleasanter surroundings. Before leaving, his older daughters burdened him with commissions for jewels and rich gifts on his return, but the youngest stood silent and sorrowful at his departure. Seeing her thus, the father asked what he could bring to her.

"I wish only for your safe return," she answered cheerfully.

Feeling, however, that he could not bring presents to her sisters and not to her, the father insisted that she name something she would care to have.

"It has been so long since I have seen a rose, that the gift of one would most please me," at last confessed Beauty.

So the father started on his journey, expectant and hopeful, pledged to return with costly gifts for the selfish daughters, and with a rose for Beauty. On arriving at the town where he had once lived, and where he now hoped to again enjoy some of his former luxuries, he found that his ship and cargo had been sold and the proceeds divided between his former companions, who believed him dead. After many months wasted in vain attempts to obtain his rights, he was forced to return disappointed, and even more destitute than when he left his dreary cottage. Weak and cold, he at last reached the edge of the forest that contained his home. The snow was falling heavily, and the cold penetrated his poor raiment; but he pushed on, anxious to reach his home and children. When night came, his poor horse could carry him no farther; and he sought shelter in the hollow trunk of a great tree. All through the night, wild beasts prowled about and the storm raged; and when daylight at last returned, the road was lost in a far-reaching mantle of snow. For many

hours he toiled on, not knowing the proper direction. Faint and nearly exhausted, he at length came to an avenue of orange trees. No snow had fallen here; the air was soft and warm, and flowers bloomed.

Following this sweet-scented avenue, he soon found himself before the agate steps of a beautiful castle. Its doors were open; but no one appeared to welcome or reject him, so he entered. After passing through many splendid rooms, he came to one where a luxurious couch was drawn beside a pleasant fire. Thinking to recline here till some one should come, he at once fell asleep. When he awoke he was astonished to find that a table had been placed beside him whereon was a bounteous feast. Not having eaten for many hours, he appeased his hunger, without waiting to be bidden, and then went in search of his invisible host. Each splendid hall and chamber was unoccupied. At last, finding neither master nor servant in all this wonderful palace, he came to the happy conclusion that Providence had given it to him. His first thought, of course, was the pleasure he could give to his children. Wishing them to share his new-found luxury without delay, he started at once to find his horse and fetch them to it. Beside the path that led to the stable, where his faithful animal had been cared for and fed, grew roses of every color. As he passed, their fragrant branches reached out and held him captive. He was reminded of his promised gift to Beauty, and selected a rose of richest color and perfume. He had just broken the stem when a terrible voice accosted him, and turning, he beheld a frightful beast. It was much bigger than a man and had tusks and claws.

"Who gave you permission to rob my garden?" it demanded in a voice of rage. "I shelter you in my castle and give you food, and you repay me by plucking my choicest blossoms."

The Beast came toward him in such a threatening manner that he dropped the rose and fell upon his knees.

"Pardon me," he implored, "I meant to take only one. My other daughters asked more than I could procure for them, but I thought this rich garden could well spare one rose for Beauty."

The Beast's anger was very great; but when the merchant had told him of his journey and disappointment he was somewhat appeased.

"You deserve to die for your ingratitude, but I will spare your life on one condition. If one of your daughters will come here and stay, you shall go free."

The merchant pleaded that he could not ask one of his daughters to make such a sacrifice; but the Beast bade him go to his room and await his orders. There a rich supper was brought to him, but he was too distressed to eat. In the evening the Beast came to him and said:—

"At sunrise a golden bell will summon you. Get up and go to the courtyard where a horse will be in waiting to carry you to your home.

Take a rose to Beauty, and come back in a month. Do not hope to escape me, for if you are not here at the end of that time, I shall not fail to find you and fetch you back. Now see if one of your daughters cares enough for you to save your life."

The Beast then left the unhappy merchant to his gloomy thoughts. All through the night he was tortured by sad forebodings, and welcomed the summons of the golden bell. Before departing he hastened to the garden and plucked a rose for Beauty, as the Beast had bidden him to do. Mounting a fine horse that stood waiting, he was carried so swiftly away that the palace was soon left far behind.

When he reached home his sons and daughters were overjoyed at his return. Seeing his handsome horse and rich mantle, they supposed his quest had been successful. They plied him with eager questions, until he was at last compelled to tell them all that had occurred to him. Giving the rose to Beauty, he said:—

"This, dear daughter, has cost us very dear. In a month I must leave you, not to return."

The daughters upbraided Beauty for this unfortunate plight, and the sons declared the father should not leave them. "We will go out and slay the Beast," they said. But as the merchant had given his word to return he would not be dissuaded.

"As I have caused this trouble, it is my place to go," said Beauty.

The father protested, but Beauty was firm and said she would not permit him to give his life for hers, and when the month had passed, she gave her poor belongings to her sisters and said good-bye.

The same horse which brought the merchant home carried him and Beauty back to the Beast. Swiftly they sped through the forest, and just at dusk arrived at the castle. Wonderful colored lights ornamented the fountains and gardens; soft music broke upon their ears, and the palace blazed a welcome. Beauty was so enraptured by the charming sight that she forgot to be frightened. Alighting from the horse, they went into the room the father had before occupied, where they found a delicious supper awaiting them. In spite of their apprehensions, the ride had given them an appetite. Just as they had finished eating, the sound of the Beast's footsteps was heard. Beauty awaited with quaking heart what would next happen. The Beast entered and bade them good evening.

"Good evening," replied Beauty, quite bravely, while her father was too agitated to speak.

"Did you come of your own accord?" he asked. "Are you willing that your father should leave you here?" Beauty replied that her only regret was being separated from her family, and that she was happy to live in such a beautiful place. Her courage and cheerfulness so pleased

the Beast that it seemed to Beauty his tone was almost kind when next he spoke.

"In the next room," said he, "you will find two trunks which you may fill with gifts for your brothers and sisters. Take all you wish, for nothing is too precious in exchange for yourself." Then, turning to the father, he told him that the next morning the same horse would carry him away, and that he must not expect ever to return.

When he had gone, the merchant began to weep. To divert him, although her own heart was sad, Beauty suggested that they go at once and select the gifts which he was to take back with him. In the next room they found the most wonderful store of dresses and jewels that they had ever seen. Beauty took great pleasure in portioning to each sister a rich share. They then opened a large chest and found it heaped with gold.

"This," said Beauty, "is what will most benefit you. We will fill the trunks with gold."

Take as much as they would, the store of gold was not exhausted; there was always room in the trunks; and at last they put in the dresses and jewels for the sisters. By this time the trunks were so heavy that they could not be moved; so they locked them, and went into the next room where breakfast waited, for they had spent the whole night engrossed in the treasures. After they had eaten, the golden bell rang, and they went to the courtyard below. There they found two horses waiting, one of them laden with the two trunks which they had packed during the night. Father and daughter clung to each other in a long embrace, and at last said good-bye. Then the merchant got on his horse which swiftly carried him away.

Beauty went back to the room, and for the first time gave way to her grief, for she never expected to see her father again. She wept until sleep finally overcame her; then she dreamed that she was walking in a garden where roses grew, and that she met a handsome prince. When he spoke, his voice was so tender that she listened

"Do not leave me," he said; "try to make me happy."

"How can I make you happy, prince?" asked Beauty.

"Be grateful for kindness shown you, and seek to save me from a terrible fate," he replied. Then she dreamed that the prince vanished and a beautiful lady appeared and told her that great happiness was hers, if she could only see it, and that she must not be deceived by appearances.

A clock called her name, and she awoke. Getting up, she found a dressing table, on which were beautiful jeweled articles for her toilet. When she had combed her hair and arranged her dress, she found that dinner had been laid for her in the next room. Having to eat alone, she soon finished, and sat pondering on her strange dream. At

length, growing lonely, she wandered through the rooms of the palace. They were so many and so wonderful that Beauty thought she would never be able to explore them all. In one she found a bracelet set with precious stones. She opened it, and to her great astonishment found that it contained a portrait of the prince whom she had seen in her dream. She studied the beautiful features for a long time, and then timidly put the bracelet on her arm.

The next room had its walls covered with fine pictures; and among them was a life-size painting of the handsome prince, just as he had appeared to her in her dream. There was also a library containing more books than she could ever read, and a music room where she sang and played and forgot that she was alone in a great palace, guarded by a hideous beast.

The daylight faded, and soft lights gleamed in all the rooms. Then she went back to her chamber and found that supper had been prepared for her. In the evening the Beast came and asked her how she had amused herself during the day, and if she could content herself in his palace. Before leaving he asked:—

“Beauty, will you marry me?” She was too frightened to reply, and he said, “Do not fear to answer frankly, yes or no.”

“No, Beast,” Beauty then replied; and the beast said good night and left her.

She went to bed and again dreamed of the handsome prince; but this time he came and reproached her for her unkindness.

The next morning she went to the garden, and wandered among the roses. At the end of an avenue of myrtle-trees she came to a spot which seemed strangely familiar, yet she knew she had not been there before. Then she remembered that it was in a place like this where she had first seen the Prince in her dream.

What delighted Beauty even more than the palace or the beautiful gardens, was some parrots and cockatoos which talked to her and called her by name. She kept the gaudy creatures in the room to amuse her while she ate, so that she would not feel so lonely. Every night before she went to bed the Beast came and asked her if she would marry him. When she told him no, he always seemed sad, and left her without reply. Thus the days passed, and every night she dreamed of the handsome prince.

After a time Beauty pined to see her father and brothers and sisters, and grew so very sad that the birds and the flowers and the beautiful palace failed to amuse her. When the Beast saw that she was unhappy, he asked her the cause. His gruff voice and ugly face no longer frightened her, for she had learned that he had a very kind heart; so she frankly told him that she sorrowed for her home and family.

"Would you leave me, Beauty?" the Beast sorrowfully asked; and, somehow, Beauty thought of the prince who visited her every night in her dreams and reproached her that she did not love him. Timidly she asked if she might not visit her family.

"I cannot refuse anything you ask," said the Beast; only come back at the end of two months, or you will find me dead. Take everything you wish with you. When you desire to come back, say good-bye to your father and brothers and sisters at night. Then, on going to bed, turn this ring which I shall place upon your finger, and say that you wish to return to your Beast. Do not wait too long or he will not be here to greet you."

Beauty joyfully prepared for her journey, and then went to bed. She dreamed that she saw the prince stretched upon the ground, weeping. When she asked him the cause of his grief, he replied, "Are you not going to leave me now?" Then she awoke, and to her joy found herself at home, and in the room with her the boxes which she had packed the night before. She dressed hurriedly, and rushed out to greet her father, whose voice she heard. They were all happy to see her again.

Her father and brothers would not leave her side, and her sisters never tired of hearing of her beautiful clothes and the palace in which she lived.

They were now rich, and no longer lived in the lonely cottage in the wood, but in a town where they had plenty of acquaintances. The sisters had so much to amuse them that they did not seem to care when Beauty told them that she could not remain with them; but her brothers and father were very sad. Beauty one day confided to her father her dreams of the prince and the lady who told her not to mind appearances. "What do you think they mean?" she asked him. After meditating a long time, he told her he thought it meant that as the Beast was so kind to her, she should not mind his gruff voice and hideous face, but should try to love him. Beauty thought of the handsome prince, and felt that she could not do as her father advised.

At length the two months had passed. Beauty delayed saying good-bye to her family until one night she had a frightful dream. It seemed that she was walking in the palace garden, and came upon the poor Beast who was stretched upon the ground moaning. A beautiful lady came to her and said, "This is because you did not keep your promise." Beauty was so terrified that, in the morning, she announced to her family her intention of leaving them. That night she said good-bye to her brothers and sisters and to her father. Before going to sleep she turned the ring upon her finger as the Beast had told her, and said, "I wish to go back to my palace and my Beast again." Then she fell asleep.

In the morning she was awakened by the clock calling her name, and found herself once more in her own lovely room in the palace. She enjoyed seeing the birds and gardens again, and the palace was more beautiful than she had thought. The day passed without her having seen the Beast, and when at night he failed to come, she became frightened and went to the garden in search of him. She anxiously called his name, but he did not reply. After seeking everywhere, she came to a path like the one in her dream, and just at the entrance of a cave lay the Beast. She ran to him and laid her hand upon his head, but he did not move. Seeing that he still breathed, she fetched some water and sprinkled it over his face. At last he commenced to revive, and she exclaimed:—

“Dear Beast, I never knew how much I loved you until I thought you were dead.”

“O, Beauty,” faintly replied the Beast; “I thought you had forgotten your promise, and had left me to die. Go back now to the palace; I will soon come to you.” Beauty did as he told her, and in a little while he joined her, as he had said.

He asked her if she had enjoyed her visit, and she told him of all that had occurred during the two months she had been with her family. After they had talked a long time, the Beast asked, as he had done so many times before, “Beauty, will you marry me?” But this time Beauty answered, “Yes, dear Beast.”

Instantly there was a great blaze of light about the palace and noise of celebration. Across the avenue of orange trees these words were written in fireflies, “Long live the prince and his bride!” Turning to the Beast, Beauty saw in his place the handsome prince. At that moment a chariot arrived, and two stately women got out. One was the lady she had seen in her dreams, and she was saying to the other, “Queen, this lovely girl has rescued your son from his enchantment. They love each other, and only await your consent to be made happy.”

The queen embraced Beauty, and thanked her for restoring the prince. “I gladly consent to your marriage,” said she, “and am happy to have such a lovely daughter.” The fairy congratulated them, and pledged herself to their service. Beauty and the prince were married the next day. There was never a more splendid celebration, and the brothers and sisters danced at the wedding.

PRINCE DARLING

[From *Cabinet des Fées*]

THERE was once a young king so beloved by his subjects that they always called him the Good King. No one in distress ever appealed to him in vain, and he was kind to people and animals alike.

While hunting one day, a white rabbit ran to him to escape the dogs which were chasing it. The frightened animal sat trembling on his arm, and looked at him with pleading eyes. "I will protect you, little bunny," said the king. "Do not be afraid." Then he carried it home with him, and gave it food and a pretty, warm house to live in.

That same evening, while he was sitting alone, a lady, wearing a long white dress and a wreath of white roses upon her hair, suddenly appeared before him. The king was greatly surprised, and asked her how she came to be in the room and who she was. She told him that she was the fairy Truth. Said she:—

"I wished to discover if you were really as good as the people say. That you might not know me, I took the form of a white rabbit and sought your protection in danger. Now I know that you are indeed a good king, and I will be your friend as long as you live. Ask of me what you will and I will grant it."

"I ask nothing for myself," replied the king, "but I have an only son who is dearer to me than all else. Be his friend, and I will be happy."

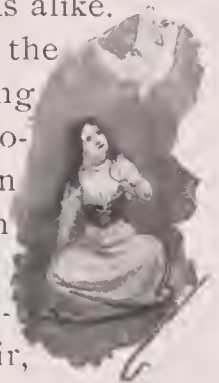
"Choose what you will for him," said the fairy; "he shall be the handsomest prince in the world, or the richest."

The king then told the fairy that he did not ask for his son riches or power, but the happiness which came from well-doing. "Make him the best prince in the world," said he, "and I will be content."

The fairy told the king that the prince must help her to do that. She promised to advise him always, and show him his faults; but she said that unless the prince would listen to her, and really wished to be good, she had not the power to make him so.

The king felt quite sure that Prince Darling, as he always called his dearly beloved son, needed only the fairy's good counsel, and would always heed it.

Not long after this the good king died. Prince Darling grieved very much and would not be comforted, for he loved his father better than anything else in the world, and would have given his kingdom if he might come back to him. A few days after the king's death, the prince



had gone to bed and was weeping bitterly. Suddenly the fairy Truth appeared at his bedside and told him not to be sad any longer.

"I have come to teach you how to be happy, for I promised the good king, your father, that I would be your friend." She then placed upon his finger a little gold ring. "Wear this always," said she, "and heed its warning. When you are about to do a bad deed, it will prick your finger; desist, and you will always be as was your father, good and happy. But if you fail to be guided by this little mentor, and continue in wrongdoing, you will lose my friendship." Before the prince could reply, the fairy had disappeared.

For a long time the prince had no occasion to think of what the fairy had said to him or of the ring, except as he saw it on his finger. He forgot his own grief in helping others, and grew so merry that people called him Prince Darling, the Happy. One day, however, he lost his temper. He had been hunting and was disappointed in the sport. While in this mood his little dog jumped on him in play. He brushed the frolicsome animal aside; but, not understanding, it persisted in annoying him. Finally, losing all patience, he kicked the dog so violently that it yelped with pain. Immediately the ring gave his finger a severe prick. He sat down in astonishment to think what it meant.

"I suppose the fairy is laughing at me," he thought.

A voice at once answered him, "I am not laughing at you, but grieving that you do not remember my words. Though a prince, you should not be cruel to a helpless animal who loves and trusts you. The only happiness to be gained in being ruler of a great kingdom is the kindness you can show to every creature in your power, be it a little dog or a human being."

The prince now felt very much ashamed of himself. He was not bad at heart, but had been spoiled when a little boy by an indulgent nurse, who foolishly thought that he must never be denied, because some day he would be a king. When he wanted anything, he had but to cry, and it was at once given him, so now he had to correct and govern the wilfulness and impatience which had grown with him.

For some time after his first reminder by the ring he tried very hard to observe its warnings; but in time it grew so troublesome, and so constantly pricked his finger, that he threw it aside. Then he no longer restrained himself, but indulged in every wild and foolish pastime. In time he grew so cruel and wicked that his subjects ceased to love him. At first they refused to believe the stories told of him, until he grew so heedless that no one could defend him.

Living in his kingdom was a young shepherdess, so exceedingly beautiful that when the prince saw her he at once determined to marry her. Thinking that one in her lowly station would be only too happy to be his

wife, he did not hesitate to ask her. The pretty shepherdess, whose name was Celia, told the prince that she must decline the honor. He was greatly astonished at her answer and wanted to know if she disliked him.

“You are very handsome, sire, and could give me all in the world that I desire; but of what use are fine jewels and great riches, if your deeds are evil, and I cannot love you?”

This only made the prince love the shepherdess the more. When he saw that nothing would induce her to marry him, because she thought him wicked and unworthy, he became angrier than he had ever been in his life. His passion was so violent that his flatterers fled from his presence. Stung and humiliated that a shepherdess should spurn his love, he longed to punish her. He had her brought to the palace and imprisoned, but her goodness and beauty overcame his evil intent. At last he made up his mind to leave off his sinfulness, and to win her by living a clean life.

Among his wicked companions the prince had a foster-brother, whose flatteries and evil counsel were most harmful. When he heard of the prince's resolution, he laughed at him for being a lovesick boy.

“What will your subjects do if they learn that a little shepherdess does what she likes with their prince? Keep her in prison, sire, and feed her on bread and water. If she is too long obstinate, make her an example to other rebellious subjects, and have her head cut off.”

The beautiful girl had touched the prince's better nature, and he wanted to mend his ways for her sake; but knowing that his subjects thought him wicked, he dared not appear weak to them as well, lest he should lose all power. So he yielded to temptation, and supped and drank with his base companions, who, when he was excited with too much wine, taunted him with his love for Celia. “The shepherdess laughs at the love of the prince,” they told him. Hurt and infuriated, he rushed to the chamber where Celia was imprisoned, determined to be revenged for all she had made him suffer. To his great astonishment, he found the chamber empty and the fair prisoner gone.

There was in his court a good old nobleman, named Suliman. He had been Prince Darling's tutor, and in spite of wrongdoing, loved him still. Being as brave as he was good, he dared to admonish and censure the young prince when others flattered. Not liking to have his faults told him, the young prince became estranged from his old tutor; but his pleasure-loving companions still feared the influence of Suliman over the prince, and longed to be rid of him. The escape of Celia afforded them an opportunity. By lies and deceits they convinced the prince that the old nobleman had aided the girl in her flight. The enraged prince ordered his old friend and tutor brought to the palace in chains, like a common criminal.

That same night, while he was brooding unhappily in his room, the fairy Truth suddenly stood beside him. He had not thought of her for a long time, and her stern face shamed and frightened him.

"I promised your father," said she, "to be your friend, if you would let me. You have scorned my aid and become a curse to those whom you should guard and love. Now I shall punish you by making you outwardly the monster you really are. In anger you are like a lion; you have the churlishness of a bull, and the greed of a wolf. Like a snake in ingratitude, you have repaid the devotion of an old man who loves you like a father. For these sins I condemn you to take the form of the beasts which you resemble."



In an instant the prince found himself in a forest beside a lake, where his reflection showed him that his head was like a lion's; that he had horns like a bull, and feet like a wolf, while his body was a writhing snake. He turned from the terrible picture, and the fairy's voice again spoke.

"Your beauty has left you, and you now appear the hideous thing which your soul has become. This is not all of your punishment, for you shall fall into the hands of your subjects, whom you have despised and wronged. Let them do with you as they will."

He turned in rage to slay the fairy, but she had disappeared. With another glance at the horror which the lake revealed, he fled into the forest. There he was captured by some hunters, who chained and led him back to the city. On the way, he fought and raged, but he could not break his bonds or escape from his captors.

When they reached the city they found the people rejoicing greatly. The hunters asked the cause of the celebration, and were told that the wicked prince had been killed by a thunderbolt. His bad companions had attempted to take the kingdom; but the indignant people, knowing they were to blame for misleading their prince, had beheaded them. They had released the wise and good Suliman and made him king. He had just been crowned as they entered the gates, and the people were acclaiming their joy. Eager to see the new king, the hunters followed the crowd to the great square in front of the palace. There the old tutor, in royal robes, was addressing the happy people.

"The prince is not dead," said he, "but will some day come back to you, as virtuous and kind as when he first ruled. He was beguiled by flatterers and selfish counselors, who have paid the penalty of their sins; but his heart was not bad. Until he returns to his own, I will keep his kingdom and rule for him; and I earnestly hope that you, his subjects, will forgive and love him as I do."

When Prince Darling heard these words, his anger left him. For the first time he realized that he deserved his punishment, and his heart was

filled with remorse. When the hunters came to lead him away, they were astonished to find that he did not struggle against his chains, but went tamely with them. He was placed where there were many other wild animals, and heavily chained. His keeper was a cruel man, who loved to torture the miserable creatures in his charge, and often beat him. But the prince's repentance was so sincere that he bore it all patiently, and at every blow or unkind word thought of the suffering he had inflicted upon others.

One day a fierce tiger broke from his cage and attacked the keeper, who was unprepared, and whose life was thus in great danger. The prince forgot the man's cruelties and wished to save him. This wish no sooner came to him than his chains dropped from him and he was free. He rushed to the keeper's aid, and soon slew the tiger. The keeper was at first greatly astonished, for he did not expect kindness from a creature to whom he had never shown any. But, seeing it crouching harmlessly at his feet, he stooped to express his gratitude by a caress, when he heard a voice saying, "A good action brings its own reward." To his surprise the monster had disappeared, and in its place was a pretty little dog which frisked about him playfully. The keeper took the little animal to the new king and queen, and told them the strange story of how he came by it. Their majesties soon learned to love the dog, and guarded it with great care. The prince would have been quite happy in his new form could he have forgotten that the palace had once been his and he a great prince.

One day he was given a loaf of bread for breakfast. He wandered with it into the wood, thinking he would like to eat it beside a certain brook. When he reached the spot, the brook had disappeared and in its place was a marvelous palace which was made of gold and precious stones. The windows were open, and sounds of music and revelry floated out. Many people, merry and beautifully dressed, were entering; but, strange to tell, those who came out were sad and in rags. Some begged for food and others fell dead upon the steps of the palace. One poor girl fell almost fainting to the ground, and reached out her hand for the little dog's loaf of bread. He had not eaten anything that morning, and was very hungry, but he carried his breakfast to the fainting girl and laid it in her hand. At that moment terrible cries attracted his attention, and, he saw his beloved Celia being carried by force into the palace. He barked furiously and bit at the abductors' feet, but he was beaten off and the girl was carried inside. He remembered how he had imprisoned and persecuted this sweet girl, and his heart nearly burst with shame.

Presently a window opened above him, and to his joy Celia looked out. In her hand was a silver plate containing rich food, which she threw to the ground below. Then she closed the window and disap-

peared from sight. Being now very hungry, the little dog went to eat the food. Before he could touch a morsel, the young girl to whom he had given his loaf snatched the other food from him and took him in her arms. "Poor little dog," said she, "don't touch it though you starve. All that comes from the house of pleasure brings death."

Then he heard a voice say, "A good action brings its own reward." And immediately he found that he was no longer a little dog, but a beautiful white dove. As white was the emblem of the fairy Truth, he felt that he had gained a step toward her forgiveness, and he was very glad. Spreading his wings, he rose into the air and flew past each window of the palace, until he found one open. Entering this he searched each room for Celia, but she was not to be found. Convinced at last that she was no longer in the palace, he determined to fly to the ends of the earth in search of her. For many days and nights, he sped on until, at last, nearly spent, he fluttered into the mouth of a cavern. An old hermit was eating his simple meal, and by his side sat Celia. Overjoyed, the dove flew to her and perched on her shoulder. His caresses so pleased her that she exclaimed:—

"Pretty bird, you are welcome; I will cherish and love you always."

"Are you prepared to keep that promise?" asked the old hermit.

"If she is not, I must ask the fairy to give me back the form of the dove," said Prince Darling, who had again become a man. The hermit then threw aside his robe and revealed the fairy Truth.

"You have justly repented your sin and deserve to know that Celia has loved you always," said she.

The prince threw himself at her feet, thanking her, and begging that she would take him back to her favor; while Celia also knelt to the fairy to intercede for him.

"Rise my children," said the fairy, "your prayer is granted, and you shall go back to your own."

In an instant they found themselves transported to the hall of Prince Darling's palace, where Suliman greeted them with tears of joy. Said the old man, "I will gladly give back the crown to you, and remain as I have always been, your most loving and loyal subject."

Prince Darling and his beautiful queen reigned many happy years, and the fairy's ring, once more placed upon his finger, never pricked him again.

THE STORY OF PRETTY GOLDBLOCKS

[From *Mme. D'Aulnay*]

THERE was once a princess so lovely that no one could see her without loving her. Her hair fell about her shoulders in waving masses, and because it was the color of gold, she was called Pretty Goldilocks. She always wore a crown of flowers, and her dresses were embroidered with pearls and diamonds.

The fame of her beauty reached a young king, who determined to marry her, although he had never seen her. He sent an ambassador to ask her hand in marriage; and so confident was he that the princess would return with him, that he made every preparation to receive her. The ambassador arrived at the palace of the princess with a hundred horses and as many servants. With great ceremony, he presented the king's gifts of pearls and diamonds, together with his message. The princess, however, did not favor the king's suit, and sent back his gifts with a polite refusal. When the ambassador returned without the princess, every one blamed him for his failure; and the king's disappointment was so great that no one could console him.



Now at the king's court was a young man so handsome and clever that he was called Charming. Every one loved him, except some who were envious because he was the king's favorite. One day Charming rashly remarked that if the king had sent *him* for the princess, she would have come back with him. His enemies at once went to the king and used the remark to influence him against Charming.

"He thinks himself so handsome that the princess could not have resisted him, although she refused his king," they told His Majesty.

The boastful words so offended the king that he ordered Charming to be shut up in the tower, where he had only straw to lie on and bread and water to eat. In this miserable state he languished for some time, not knowing why he had been imprisoned. One day the king happened to be passing the tower and heard him exclaim: —

"I am the king's most faithful subject; how have I incurred his displeasure?" Then, in spite of the protests of Charming's enemies, the king ordered the tower-door opened and Charming brought forth. His old favorite sadly knelt and kissed his hand, saying: —

"Sire, how have I offended?"

The king told him of the boast his enemies had repeated.

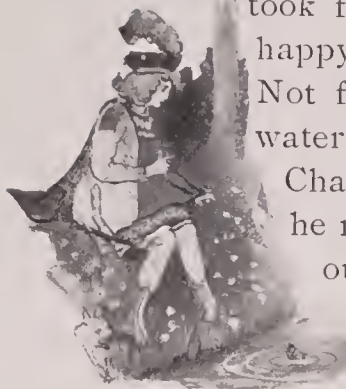
"True, sire, I did say that had I been sent to plead your cause, it would not have failed for lack of eloquence. Could the princess see you as my tongue would picture you, I would not return without her."

The king at once saw that he had been deceived, and restored Charming to favor. While at supper that night, he confided to him that he was as much in love with Goldilocks as ever, and could not be reconciled to her answer.

“Do you think,” asked the king, “that she could be induced to change her mind?”

Charming replied that he was at the king’s service and willing to undertake the task of winning the princess for him. The king was delighted and offered him a splendid escort, but he asked only for a good horse.

Early the next day he set forth, with a resolute heart and the king’s letter to the princess. One day when he had ridden a great distance, he dismounted and sat down under a tree that grew beside a river. He took from his pocket a little book, in which he jotted down some happy thoughts that he meant to use in his plea to the princess. Not far from where he sat, a golden carp was springing from the water to catch flies, and a bound too high landed it on the grass at Charming’s feet. It panted helplessly, and would have died had he not taken pity on it and thrown it back into the river. It sank out of sight, but presently returned to the surface long enough to say:—



“Thank you, Charming, for saving my life. Some day I may repay you.” Naturally, he was greatly surprised at so much politeness from a fish.

A few days later, while riding along his way, he saw a raven pursued by an eagle. In a moment more the eagle would have overtaken the raven, had not Charming aimed his arrow in time and killed the pursuer. The raven perched on a tree near by and croaked its gratitude:—

“You have rescued me from a dreadful fate,” it said. “Some day I will repay you.”

A day or two afterward, in the dusk of early morning, he heard the distressful cries of an owl. Hunting about, he found the unfortunate bird caught in a net which some birdcatchers had spread. “Why will men persecute and torment harmless creatures!” exclaimed Charming, as he set the bird free. The owl fluttered above his head, saying:—

“You have saved me from the fowlers, who would have killed me. I am not ungrateful, and some day I will repay you!” After that it flew swiftly away.

Charming at last reached the palace of the princess, and asked an audience. His name so pleased her that she at once received him. He was ushered into the presence of the princess, who sat on a throne of gold and ivory. Her satin dress was embroidered with jewels, and her golden hair was confined by a crown of flowers. Soft music and perfume filled the air, and Charming was so awed by all this splendor that

at first he could not speak. Recovering himself in a moment, he told of his mission, and set forth the good qualities of the king in such glowing terms that the princess listened.

"You have argued so eloquently," replied she, "that I regret to deny you; but I have made a vow not to marry, until the ambassador can return to me a ring which I lost in the river a month ago. I valued it more than all my other jewels, and nothing but its recovery can persuade me to your suit."

Charming could urge no more, but offered an embroidered scarf and his little dog Frisk as tokens of devotion. These were declined, so bowing low, he reluctantly took leave of the princess. He believed that she had but used this means to put him off, and his disappointment was so great that he could not sleep.

In the morning he and Frisk were walking by the riverside when the dog ran to the water's edge, barking furiously. Joining the little animal, he saw that his excitement was caused by a golden carp which came swimming swiftly toward them. In its mouth was a beautiful ring which it laid in Charming's hand.

"You saved my life by the willow-tree," said the carp, "and I now repay you by giving to you the princess's ring."

Charming lost no time in presenting it to the princess and claiming his reward.

"What fairy aids you?" asked the princess.

"Only my wish to serve you," Charming replied.

"Alas!" said the princess, "I cannot marry until Galifron, the giant, is dead. Because I would not take him for my husband, he persecutes my subjects and lays waste my land."

"Princess, I will bring back the giant's head to you or die in your defense," bravely declared Charming.

The princess and all the people tried to dissuade him, but he mounted his horse and rode off, accompanied only by his little dog, Frisk. He traveled straight to the giant's castle. All about it were strewn the bones of Galifron's victims. Inside the castle the giant was singing in a terrible voice:—

"Little children I love to eat;
Their bones are tender, their flesh is sweet.
I do not care, I eat so many,
If their hair be straight, or they haven't any."

Charming called out loudly in reply:—

"Be not so boastful, Galifron,
Till you've met a knight, who
May be good to feed upon,
But is here to fight you."

The giant appeared at the door, club in hand. When he saw Charming fearlessly awaiting him, he came toward him in a terrible rage. But before he could wield his club, a raven lit on his head and pecked at his eyes, so that he dropped his weapon and was at Charming's mercy. When the valiant knight had killed the giant, the raven croaked from a tree near by: —

“You saved me from the eagle, and I in turn have saved you from the giant.”

Charming cut off the head of the giant, and carried it back with him to the princess. Then the people shouted until they were hoarse, and welcomed him as a great hero.

“Your enemy is dead,” Charming told the princess. “Will you now make my master the happiest of kings?”

“There is,” replied the reluctant princess, “some water which gives eternal health and beauty to those who drink it. I would regret to leave my kingdom without possessing some of it; but no one has dared to brave the two dragons that guard the cavern where the fountain is to be found.”

“You do not need the water, princess; but my life is yours to command,” gallantly replied Charming; and he set out at once on the perilous mission.

When he came to the mouth of the cavern, black smoke issued forth; and presently he perceived the terrible form of a dragon, from whose mouth and eyes fire was darting. Bidding good-bye to faithful Frisk, he grasped his sword in one hand and the crystal flask which the princess had given him in the other. Just then he heard his name called twice, and, looking back, he saw an owl flying toward him.

“I can enter the gloomy cavern without danger,” the owl said. “Give the flask to me, and I will repay the debt I owe you for having saved me from the net.”

Charming gladly surrendered the flask to the owl, who in a short time returned it to him filled with the precious water.

The princess this time consented to marry the king, and after many preparations she and Charming started for his kingdom. The journey was made so entertaining for the princess that she one day said to Charming: —

“Why did I not make you king, and remain in my own country?” Charming replied that he must have considered his duty to his king, even before a happiness so great.

The king, with presents of rich jewels and a splendid escort, met them on the way to the palace. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and Charming stood first in the king's favor. His good fortune, however, did not continue long, for envious enemies pointed out to the

king that the princess was never happy unless Charming was near. The unhappy knight was again put into prison, where he was cruelly chained and fed on bread and water.

When Goldilocks learned this, she wept and implored the king to set him free. "But for him I never would have been here," she said. "Did he not perform every task I required, even that of getting for me the water whereby I shall never grow old?"

The princess's grief only made the king the more jealous, but he determined to make use of this wonderful water of which she had told. It so happened that one of the princess's ladies had broken the crystal flask and spilled all of the water. Not daring to confess, she put another in its place that exactly resembled it in appearance. This, however, contained a deadly poison. When the king bathed his face with it, he fell into a sleep from which he never awoke.

There was great confusion in the palace when the king was found dead. Frisk ran immediately to Charming and told him the news. In a short time Goldilocks also appeared, unlocked his chains, and set him free.

"You shall be my husband," said she, "and I will make you king."

Charming fell at her feet and expressed his gratitude and joy. They were married soon afterward, and they reigned together for many happy years.

TOADS AND DIAMONDS

[From *Charles Perrault*]

A BAD-TEMPERED widow had two daughters. The eldest was like her mother, both in feature and disposition, while the youngest resembled her father. She was sweet-natured always, and as pretty as she was amiable.

The widow doted on the daughter who was so like herself, but had no love for the other, whom she compelled to work hard all day, and to live upon the leavings of her elder sister. Among her other hard tasks, she was obliged to carry water every day from a great distance.

One day when she had just filled her pitcher at the fountain, an old woman asked to drink from it. "With all my heart," replied the pretty girl. Glad to show a kindness to one old and infirm, she held the pitcher while the woman slaked her thirst.

Now, this was not a trembling old peasant, as she appeared, but a fairy who rewarded good deeds. "Your face is pretty and your heart is gentle," said she. "For your kindness to a poor old woman, I



will make you a gift. Every time you speak, from your mouth shall come a flower or a jewel.”

When the girl reached home her mother scolded her for her long absence. “Pardon me for being away so long,” she sweetly replied. As she spoke some pearls and diamonds issued from her lips.

“What is this I see, child?” asked the astonished widow.

The forlorn girl was so happy to be called child by her mother that she eagerly related her experience with the old woman at the fountain, while, with her words, dropped precious stones and roses. The widow immediately called her favorite daughter to her.

“Fanny, wouldst thou have the same gift as thy sister?” asked she. “Go thou to the fountain and fetch water. And if an old woman asks thee for a drink, mind thou treat her civilly.”

The girl refused to perform the menial task, until the widow lost patience and drove her to it. Finally, she took the silver tankard and sullenly obeyed. No sooner was she at the fountain than from the wood came a lady most handsomely attired, who asked the haughty girl for a drink from her pitcher.

“I have not come here to serve you,” she rudely replied, “but take the pitcher and help yourself, for all I care. I would have you know that I am as good as you.”

The lady was the fairy, who had taken the appearance of a princess to see how far the girl’s insolence would go. “I will make you a gift,” she said, “to equal your discourtesy and ill breeding. Every time you speak, there shall come from your mouth a snake or a toad.”

The girl ran home to her mother, who met her at the door. “Well, daughter,” she said, impatient to hear her speak. When she opened her mouth, to the mother’s horror, two vipers and two toads sprang from it. “This is the fault of your wretched sister,” the unhappy mother cried. She ran to beat the poor younger sister, who fled to the forest to escape the cruel blows. When she was past pursuit, she threw herself upon the green grass and wept bitterly.

The king’s son, returning from the hunt, found her thus, and asked the cause of her tears.

“My mother has driven me from my home,” she told him. She was so pretty that he fell in love with her at once, and pressed her to tell him more. She then related to him the whole story, while pearls and diamonds kept falling from her lips. Enraptured, he took her to the king, who gave his consent to their immediate marriage.

Meanwhile the ugly and selfish sister had made herself so disagreeable that even her own mother turned against her. She, too, was driven forth into the forest, where she died miserable and alone.

GERMAN SECTION

THE GOOSE-GIRL

[From *Grimm*]

AN OLD queen had a beautiful daughter, who was betrothed to a young prince of a neighboring kingdom. When the time for the marriage came near, it was arranged that she was to travel to his country accompanied only by her waiting-maid. Her mother, the queen, provided her with many costly robes and jewels, such as a princess about to marry the prince of a great kingdom would require. She also gave her a horse named Falada, which had the gift of speech.

Just before the princess started on her journey, the queen pricked her finger, and dropped three drops of blood upon a handkerchief. "Take this," she told her daughter, "and guard it carefully. It will serve you when in danger."

The princess took the handkerchief, and embraced her mother. They shed many tears at parting, but at last the princess mounted the wonderful horse and started on the journey. When she and the maid had ridden for some time, they came to a stream of clear, cold water. Being very thirsty, the princess asked the maid to bring her a drink in the golden cup. The maid insolently replied that she might get the water for herself, as she did not intend to serve her any longer. The princess was so thirsty that she dismounted and drank from the stream. As she bent over to place her lips to the water, she said to herself, "O, Heaven! what am I to do?" The three drops of blood upon the handkerchief made answer: —

"If she knew this, for thy sake
Thy queen-mother's heart would break."

When the princess had slaked her thirst, she mounted her horse and resumed her journey, and being gentle and forgiving, she soon forgot the maid's rudeness. The sun shone on them fiercely, and the road was filled with dust, so that they had not gone far before the princess again became thirsty. When they came to a brook, she called to the maid: —

"Pray fetch me a drink in my golden cup."

The maid's answer was even more insolent than before. "If you are thirsty, get down and drink. I do not mean to serve you any longer."

The princess's throat was parched, so she dismounted and drank from the stream, at the same time murmuring, "O, Heaven! what am I to do?" The three drops of blood again replied: —

“If she knew this, for thy sake
Thy queen-mother’s heart would break.”

As she raised her head from the water, the handkerchief bearing the three drops of blood fell unnoticed from her dress and floated down the stream. The maid, however, had observed the loss with no small satisfaction. Without the three drops of blood, the princess was completely in her power, and the traitorous servant immediately took advantage of her helplessness. She obliged the princess to disrobe and exchange the royal dress for her own mean one. After making her swear, on fear of death, never to betray the secret, the maid mounted Falada and left her own horse for the princess.

Falada bore the false princess to the palace; but the horse had noted all, and bided his time. The prince came out to meet them, and took the impostor bride to the royal chamber, while the true one was left waiting in the court below. Seeing her there, forlorn and beautiful, the old king inquired of the bride who it was she had thus left outside.

“Only a woman who kept me company,” she carelessly replied. “Give her some work to content her.”

The king could think of nothing suitable for such as she; but lacking something better to offer, sent her to help the boy Curdken herd geese. So it happened that the real bride became a goose-girl.

The false bride at length remembered Falada’s gift of speech, and became alarmed lest he should betray the secret of her treachery. She told the prince that the horse which had brought her was vicious and had given her much trouble, and that she desired his head cut off immediately. The prince at once granted her request, and gave orders that Falada be beheaded.

When the real princess heard the sad news, she dried her tears and sought the executioner. She could not save her dear Falada from his doom, but with the aid of a gold piece she persuaded the slaughterer to nail his head over the great gate through which she had to pass on her way to and from the goose-pasture.

The next morning, when she and Curdken drove their geese under the gate, the princess wrung her hands and cried:—

“O Falada, hang you there?”

And the head replied to her:—

“’Tis Falada, Princess fair.
If she knew this, for thy sake
Thy queen-mother’s heart would break.”



When she had driven the geese to the field, she sat down and loosed her golden hair. Curdken, seeing it shining in the sun, caught at it to pull some out. Whereupon she sang:—

“Wind, blow gently here, I pray,
And take Curdken’s hat away.
Keep him chasing o’er the wold,
While I bind my hair of gold.”

When Curdken had recovered his hat and returned to where she was sitting, her hair was plaited, and he could get none of it. This made him very angry all day.

The next morning they again came to the gate where Falada’s head was nailed, and the goose-girl said as before:—

“O Falada, hang you there?”

And the head as before replied to her:—

“’Tis Falada, Princess fair.
If she knew this, for thy sake
Thy queen-mother’s heart would break.”

Again she passed on with the geese and Curdken under the gate, and when she came to the field where they were herded, sat down and loosed her hair. The sun shone upon it, and Curdken again caught at its golden threads. The goose-girl called to the wind:—

“Wind, blow gently here, I pray,
And take Curdken’s hat away.
Keep him chasing o’er the wold,
While I bind my hair of gold.”

The wind did as she asked, and Curdken ran so far for his hat that when he returned the golden hair was plaited and bound about her head.

Curdken was sullen all day long, and when at night they had driven the geese home, he complained to the king:—

“The goose-girl so teases me that I will no longer herd the geese with her.”

When asked how she had offended, he told the king that she spoke every morning to the horse’s head that was over the gate, and that the head replied and called her princess. He also related how the goose-girl sat in the sun and combed her golden hair, while she sent him chasing for his hat.

The king bade Curdken go the next day with his flock as usual. When morning came the king arose early and stood in the shadow of the town-gate. He heard the goose-girl say, “O Falada, hang you there?” and he heard the head make answer:—

“’Tis Falada, Princess fair.
If she knew this, for thy sake
Thy queen-mother’s heart would break.”



Then the king followed on to the field, where he hid behind a bush and watched them herd the geese. After a time the goose-girl undid her glittering hair; and as Curdken snatched at it, the king heard her say:—

“Wind, blow gently here, I pray,
And take Curdken’s hat away.
Keep him chasing o’er the wold,
While I bind my hair of gold.”

The wind came at her bidding, and carried the herd-boy’s hat across the fields; while she combed the shining hair and made it fast.

The king quietly returned to the palace, and that night he sent for the goose-girl. He told her he had watched her at the gate and in the field, and asked her the meaning of her strange actions.

“O King! I may not tell; for I have sworn, if my life were spared, to speak to no one of my woes,” she replied.

The king pleaded with her, but she was firm; and at last he told her to tell her troubles to the iron stove, since she would not confide in him. When he had left her, she fell upon her knees before the stove and poured forth her sorrows:—

“Here am I, the daughter of a queen, doomed to the lowly service of a goose-girl, while the false waiting-maid steals my treasures and my bridegroom.”

She sobbed and wept, until the king, who had stood outside and heard all, came in and bade her dry her eyes. He ordered her arrayed in royal robes; and then she appeared as lovely as the sun. The prince was summoned; and the old king told him the story, and showed him the true bride. She was so beautiful that the prince knelt at her feet in admiration, and knew her to be the real princess.

A great banquet was given, to which many guests were invited. On one side of the prince sat the false bride, and on the other the real princess, who was so radiantly lovely that the maid did not know her. The king at last asked the waiting-maid what punishment should be dealt to a traitor.

Not knowing that she was passing sentence on herself, the waiting-maid’s answer was as cruel as she was wicked. Said she:—

“Let her be put into a barrel, and drawn by two white horses, up hill and down, till she is dead.”

When the wicked maid had been punished according to her own decree, the princess was wedded to the young prince, and reigned with him for many happy years over the kingdom where she had first served as a goose-girl.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

[From *Grimm*]

IN FRONT of a little cottage there once grew two rose trees. The one bore roses as white as snow, and the other roses of deepest red.

In this cottage lived a widow with her two children, Snow-White and Rose-Red, so named because they resembled the roses in color. Each morning the little girls gathered roses from the two trees, which they brought to their dear mother with a kiss. They were so good and pretty that the widow was the happiest mother in the world; and they gladdened the hearts of all who saw them.

When they had helped their mother to make the cottage tidy, they would walk side by side through the forest, where the wild beasts ate from their hands, and the birds perched near, and sang to them their sweetest songs. If they wandered too far from home, and night found them in the wood, they would lie upon a mossy bank, where an angel guarded them until the morning. They loved each other so fondly that they vowed, come what might, they would live together always.

In the winter evenings a fire warmed and brightened the little cottage, and reflected its rays in the polished kettle. The children sat at their mother's knee, while she read to them stories sweet and good to hear; thus love and beauty made the widow's humble cottage a pleasant place in which to live.

One evening, when it was bitter cold outside and snow was falling thickly, they were seated near the crackling fire. A white dove perched on the mantel with his head under his wing, and a lamb lay at the children's feet, while the mother read to them. Suddenly a knock came at the door.

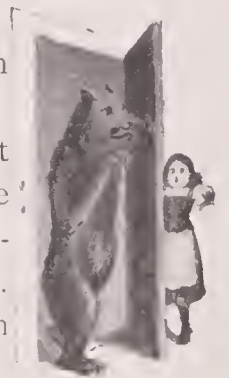
"Open," said the widow; "some traveler seeks shelter from the storm."

Rose-Red hastened to unbar the door, and to her astonishment there stood a great black bear. Before she could hinder him, he had thrust his head inside. The children sought protection behind their mother, and the lamb and dove uttered cries of fear.

"I will do you no harm," said the bear; "only let me warm myself beside your fire, for I am nearly perished."

The widow bade him come in and share their warmth. He stretched his huge body before the grate and looked so amiable that the children soon trusted him and came near. They brushed the snow from his shaggy coat, and when bedtime came the little girls and the bear were the best of friends.

"Lie here on the hearth until morning," said the widow. "The night is too cold and wet to venture forth."



The bear thanked her and slept before the fire. When morning dawned, he left them and went into the wood; but at night he came again to the door and asked admittance. In a short time the children grew to love him and to wait for his coming. They tumbled his long hair and rode on his back, while their good-natured comrade seemed to enjoy the frolic quite as much as they. Thus the winter evenings passed in pleasant merriment; and the widow was content that the children had found a companion so agreeable and kind. One morning when Snow-White unbarred the door to let the bear out, she saw that the snow had gone, and the grass and buds were beginning to appear.

"The winter has gone. I must leave you, not to return until the snow is here again," said the bear.

"Why must you leave us, dear bear?" asked Snow-White.

The bear told her that he must go to protect his treasures from the wicked dwarfs, who came through the earth as it thawed, and carried to their caves all that they could steal. As the bear passed through the door, some of his fur caught on the wood and revealed glittering gold underneath. Before Snow-White could ask him its meaning, he had vanished into the wood; and she was left disconsolate that their dear comrade would come no more for so very long.

Some time after this the children went to the wood to gather fagots for their mother. Suddenly they heard a shrill little voice, and looking about, they discovered a dwarf, whose long, white beard had caught in the cleft of a tree and held him fast. He was struggling to free himself, and angrily called to them to help him. They ran to him and tried to release him, but were unable to do so. At last Rose-Red said she would bring some one to rescue him; but the dwarf became angrier still and demanded that the children should find some way themselves.

"I know a way!" exclaimed Snow-White; and taking her scissors from her pocket, she clipped off the end of his beard. As soon as he was freed from the tree, the dwarf snatched up a bag of gold that he had concealed at its roots and hurried away, muttering ill-naturedly.

A few days later, Snow-White and Rose-Red went to the stream to get fish for supper. There they found the dwarf, whose long beard had again got him into trouble. This time the wind had entangled it with his fishing-pole. An enormous fish was tugging at the line, and the frightened dwarf was being dragged into the water. Snow-White again came to the rescue with her scissors, and sacrificed some more of his long beard.

"You smooth-faced idiots!" cried the dwarf in a very great rage. "How am I ever to appear before my people with my face disfigured like this?"

From where it was concealed in some high grasses, he brought forth a sack of pearls and disappeared with it behind a rock. The girls saw no

more of him until one day when they were going to the town to purchase thread and needles for their mother. As they were crossing the heath, their attention was attracted to a big bird that circled above them. It gradually came nearer and nearer, and finally, with a sudden dart, settled upon a huge boulder close by. Immediately the thin shrieks of the dwarf pierced the air. The girls ran to the rock and found the little victim in the talons of an eagle. They fearlessly caught hold of the unfortunate dwarf and held on so valiantly that the bird was at last obliged to relinquish his prey.

"You good-for-nothing hussies! You have torn my coat to shreds!" were the thanks the children got for saving the dwarf from being carried away by the eagle. With this he shouldered a bag of precious stones and retreated to his cave under the boulder.

The evening sun was glowing red when the children again reached the heath on their homeward way. It lit up the boulder in rich, warm colors. On coming near, the little girls discovered the dwarf occupied in emptying the bag of precious stones upon the ground. The jewels gleamed and sparkled so splendidly beneath the rays of the setting sun that the girls stood still in admiration. When the dwarf saw them he was very angry.

"Go about your own business," he curtly told them. But before he could gather the beautiful gems into the bag, a low growl was heard, and from the wood came a huge black bear.

"Oh, spare me, bear, spare me!" implored the dwarf; who had fallen on his knees. "I am thin and old; eat these wicked girls; their flesh is tender and sweet."

Before the dwarf could say any more, the bear had dispatched him with one blow of its huge paw. After killing the evil creature, the bear called to the girls, who had fled to the wood.

"Snow-White! Rose-Red! Do you not know me?"

Immediately on hearing the voice of their old friend, the bear, they ran to him. Suddenly, as they drew near to embrace him, his bearskin dropped off, and revealed to them a handsome young man.

"Do not be afraid," said he, "I am a king's son. The evil dwarf stole my treasures and doomed me to roam the forest as a wild bear until his death should release me. Now I have vanquished him and come to mine own again."

In time Snow-White married the king's son, and Rose-Red became the wife of his brother. The great treasure found in the dwarf's cave was shared between them. The widow went with them to the palace, where they all dwelt in happiness. The two rose-trees were planted outside her window, where each year they yielded fragrant roses: the one snow-white; the other rose-red.

HANSEL AND GRETTEL

[From *Grimm*]

Two little children, Hansel and Grettel, lived with their father and stepmother near a great forest. The father, who was a poor woodcutter, found it difficult to provide for his family; and finally, when a famine visited the land, he was unable to give them food. His miserable state so tormented him that he tossed upon his bed at night and could not sleep. When his wife asked him why he was so restless, he replied:—

“I fear we shall all starve, for, try as I may, I cannot obtain food for ourselves and the children.”

“I have a plan,” said the stepmother. “To-morrow, when we go into the wood, we will take the children to the thickest part and leave them there; they will not be able to find their way out, so we will be rid of them and will have so much the more bread for ourselves.”

“The wolves would devour them,” protested the unhappy father.

“The wolf of hunger is already at the door, and will otherwise devour us all,” urged his wife.

“I cannot leave my children in the forest to perish.”

“Then have them here, and we will all perish together. You may as well prepare our coffins, for we shall need them.” The wife wept and argued until at last, in despair, the woodcutter agreed to do as she proposed.

Now Hansel and Grettel, being hungry, were awake and heard the stepmother’s cruel plan. Grettel began to cry, but her brother told her not to fear, as he would find a way to save them both. He waited until the woodcutter and his wife were asleep, then partly dressed and stole out of the door. The moon was shining brightly on the little white pebbles that were scattered in front of the house. Filling his pockets with these, Hansel crept softly back to his sister and told her to be comforted and trust in him. The children then fell asleep and forgot that they were hungry until their stepmother roughly awakened them at break of day.

“Get up, you lazy ones, and come with us into the forest,” said she.

Before starting, she gave them some bread which she told them they must keep to eat in the wood. “If you eat it before, you will have nothing then,” she said.

As they walked along, Hansel often turned and looked back toward the house; and every time he turned he dropped from his pocket one of the white pebbles. Seeing him stop so often, the woodcutter asked him why he kept behind.

"I am looking at my white kitten," answered Hansel. "She is sitting on the house-top to bid me good-by."

"That is not your white kitten," said the stepmother. "It is the sun shining on the house-top."

At last they reached the middle of the forest, where it was so chill that the father built a fire before leaving them. Telling them they were going to cut wood, and to remain by the fire until they came for them, the woodcutter and his wife departed.

Hansel and Grettel piled brushwood on the fire, and at midday ate the bread their stepmother had given them. They thought the sound of their father's axe could be heard in the distance, but what they really heard was the branch of a dead tree that the wind blew to and fro. After a time they fell asleep, and when they awoke it was quite dark. Grettel was afraid, and began to cry; but Hansel told her to keep close by him, and that when the moon came up they would be able to find their way out of the forest. When the moonlight shone through the trees, it lit up the white pebbles that Hansel had dropped by the way; and he took his sister by the hand and followed their gleaming path. Just as morning dawned they came out of the woods and knocked at their father's door. Their stepmother greeted them with angry words, but the woodcutter rejoiced that his children had come back to him.

Soon after there was another great scarcity of food, and one night the children heard the stepmother say to their father:—

"There is not a whole loaf left. To save ourselves from starving we must get rid of the children. This time we will lead them so far into the forest that they will not get out again."

The father pleaded as before to share his last mouthful with the children; but, because he had yielded once to his wife's wicked influence, she again ruled him.

Hansel waited until they were asleep, then got up as before to gather pebbles; but he found the door bolted and was unable to get out. His courage was not daunted, however, and he assured Grettel that a way would be shown them out of their danger. In the morning the stepmother bade them get up and go again to the forest. Upon leaving the house she gave them each a small piece of bread to take with them. Hansel broke his portion into small bits, and, when he was not observed, dropped them along the way.

"Hansel, why do you stop so often?" asked his father.

"I am looking at my pigeon," answered Hansel. "It has flown to the house-top to bid me good-by."

"That is not the pigeon, but the morning sun shining on the house-top," the stepmother replied.

They went farther into the forest than they had ever been before, and at last, when very tired, the woodcutter built a fire for the children, and the stepmother told them to remain where they were while she and their father went to cut wood.

"Wait here, and at night we will come for you," said the woman.

Grettel shared her piece of bread with Hansel, for he had strewn his along the way as they journeyed to the forest. After eating, the children fell asleep; and when they awoke, it was so dark they could not see where they were. They did not remember that they were in the great forest till they heard the wind moaning among the trees. Hansel told Grettel not to fear; that when the moon came up, their crumbs of bread would lead them to their home. But when the moonlight at last came, it showed them no such guide. The birds of the forest had eaten the crumbs, and the children were obliged to remain where they were until the morning. All that day they walked on and on, but another night came and found them still in the depths of the wood. Thus, two days passed. All paths led them farther from their home, and they would have starved but for the berries they gathered by the way. On the third day a beautiful white bird came and sang to them so sweetly that they followed it. In a short time they came to a little house whereon the bird perched. As they drew near they saw that the house was made of bread and cakes, and the windows of transparent sugar.

"Here is a feast!" exclaimed Hansel. "Take a piece of this sweet window, while I help myself to some of the roof."

While the children were enjoying this very delicious repast, they heard a shrill voice inside saying:—

"Do I hear a naughty mouse
Nibbling at the little house?"

The children were frightened, and answered:—

"No, good dame, do not fear;
'Tis the wind that you hear."

The door opened and a very old woman hobbled out. Hansel and Grettel would have run away, but the dame said to them:—

"Pretty children, come and live with me, and I will take care of you."

She took them by the hand and led them into the house. After giving them a delicious dinner, she put them to bed in two pretty white beds that were so comfortable and soft that the children fell asleep at once. This old dame, who seemed so kind, was a wicked witch. She always killed and ate any one so unfortunate as to fall into her power. She had built this dainty house in order to lure the children to her that she might devour them. In the morning she



snatched Hansel from his bed before he was awake, and carried him to a little stable where she locked him in. She then made Grettel get up, and told her that she must carry food to Hansel until he was fat enough to be eaten. Grettel wept and begged the old witch to spare her brother, but her entreaties were in vain. The choicest meats and fruits were given him, and each day the witch went to the stable and told him to stick a finger out, that she might see if he were ready to be eaten. As witches have red eyes, and cannot see well, the old woman did not know that Hansel always held a bone out to her when she asked to see his finger. Becoming impatient at last, she ordered Grettel to put on the big kettle and fetch the water.

“Fat or thin, I’ll eat him to-day,” said she.

Grettel sobbed and besought the old witch to eat her in place of her brother.

“I’ll eat you, too, in good time,” laughed the witch. “Creep into the oven and see if it is hot enough.”

“Show me how, I do not know,” said Grettel, who saw that the witch meant to kill her at the same time as Hansel.

“Like this, you little idiot!” said the old woman. She stuck her head into the hot oven, and in a minute Grettel had pushed her in and closed the door. When she was sure that the wicked witch was quite burned up, she ran to the stable and let Hansel out.

“The witch is dead and can do us no more harm, dear brother,” she told him.

They embraced each other and greatly rejoiced. In the witch’s house they found a chest filled with precious stones. There were pearls and gems of all sorts, with which Hansel filled his pockets, while Grettel carried all that her apron would hold. Then they fled from the wood where the witch had lived, and after walking a great distance they came to a beautiful lake.

“How shall we cross?” asked Grettel.

Just then a white duck swam up to them and carried them over, first one and then the other. They walked on until the wood seemed familiar to them; then, following a well-beaten path, they soon came to their old home. Their father was alone inside, for the stepmother was dead. When he saw his dear children he wept for joy. He had been sad at heart ever since leaving them to perish in the wood. Grettel emptied the jewels from her apron at his feet, while Hansel took handful after handful from his pockets. And Hansel and Grettel lived happily with their father ever after.



RUMPELSTILTZKIN

[From *Grimm*]

A MILLER had a daughter so beautiful that he was always boasting about her. Meeting the king one day, he told him of the girl's loveliness.

"Of what use is her loveliness?" asked the king. "What can she do better than other maidens?"

To excite the king's interest he said, "She can spin straw into gold."

Having great need of gold, the king told the boastful father to send his daughter to him at once. When the girl arrived at the palace, she was put into a room containing a great quantity of straw and a spinning-wheel. The king saw that she was indeed very beautiful, and so he hoped that the story of her wonderful talent might also be true.

"Go right to work," said he, "and if by dawn to-morrow this straw is not all turned into gold, you shall die."

When the king had gone, the girl fell to weeping, for she knew that the task which he had given her was quite beyond her power to accomplish. While she was sitting there, miserable and hopeless, the door opened, and a tiny dwarf entered. He asked her why she was crying.

"The king has commanded me to spin this roomful of straw into gold," sobbed the maid. "And if I cannot do it I am to be put to death in the morning."

"What will you give me if I spin all of this straw into gold for you?" asked the tiny man.

For answer the girl took off her necklace and gave it to him. Immediately he climbed upon the stool beside the wheel, and commenced to spin. There was a great sound of *whir, whir, whir*; and when the wheel had gone round three times, behold the bobbin was filled with gold. The dwarf went on spinning diligently, while the girl sat listening to the sound of the wheel. She watched the straw disappear and the golden bobbin grow.

When the morning came, the task was finished, and the little man went away with the girl's necklace. Soon afterward, the king entered the room. Great was his astonishment and joy, but being a greedy king, this store of riches did not satisfy him. The girl was led to a larger room, containing a greater supply of straw. She was told that before the morning this straw also must be converted into gold, if she would escape the doom the king had named for her.

As soon as the girl was alone she again fell to weeping. But before very long the little man appeared as before, and asked what she would



give him this time if he would spin the straw into gold for her. The girl took a ring from her finger and handed it to him without a word.

The little man set himself again to his task; and all night long the wheel whirred; and when morning broke, behold, the floor was heaped with gold. When the king came he was mightily pleased, but his lust for gold was still unsatisfied. The girl was taken to a third room, larger than either of the others, so filled with straw that there was scarce room for her to sit by the wheel.

“Spin this also into gold before morning,” said the king, “and you shall be my wife. Though only a miller’s daughter, you could not bring me a richer dower.”

When the dwarf again came and asked what she would give him to perform the task set for her, she had nothing left to offer.

“Well, then,” said he, “if I spin this third roomful of straw into gold for you, will you, when you are queen, give me your first child?”

It seemed easier to promise what the dwarf demanded than to face death on the morrow, so she agreed to these terms, and the dwarf set himself to work, with the same result as before, so that when the king appeared the next morning, again he found a heap of shining gold. His satisfaction was so great that he at once married the miller’s beautiful daughter and proclaimed her his queen.

In due time a son was born to her, and her happiness knew no bounds. She had quite forgotten her promise to the little man. One day, however, he came to remind her of it; and great was her distress. She offered him her jewels; she offered him boundless riches; but he would not listen.

“A human being is more precious to me than all the treasures of your kingdom,” he told her. But at last he so far relented as to say that if she could guess his name within three days, he would not claim the child.

That night you may be sure the queen did not sleep; but during the long hours kept thinking over all the names she had ever heard. When the little man appeared on the following morning, she repeated these names to him by the hundred,—common names, strange names, names of every kind,—but to each he cried out, “That is not my name.” And so he went away, promising to return on the morrow. Then the queen commanded that a list should be made of the names of all the people; and when the dwarf came on the morrow she read over this list to him. But to her despair his name was not among them. So again the dwarf went away, to return on the morrow for the last time.

On the morning of the third day, however, one of the messengers whom she had sent out returned to her with strange news. On a high hill, just where the wood ended, he had seen a curious sight. In

front of a tiny house burned a fire, and around this fire the strangest little man was hopping on one leg. At the sight of him the foxes and hares ran away. The messenger was about to follow their example when the hobgoblin commenced to sing in a shrill voice:—

“To-day I brew and dance and sing,
To-morrow here the child I'll bring;
For who will tell the royal dame
That Rumpelstiltzkin is my name?”

When the anxious mother heard this, she wept for joy and gave the messenger a great reward. The next morning, when the dwarf came, the queen was waiting for him, and beside her stood the nurse, holding the most beautiful child he had ever seen. He could scarcely wait for the trial to finish, so eager was he to claim his bond. The queen began at once:—

“Is your name Crook-shanks?”

“That is not my name.”

“Is your name Bandy-legs?”

“That is not my name,” fiendishly reiterated the little man, who was getting very angry.

“Then,” said the queen, “perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltzkin?”

The little man's astonishment and rage were so great that in his fury he drove one leg into the ground up to his waist, and then tore himself in two.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

THERE was once a pretty little girl whom everybody called Little Red Riding-Hood, because she always wore a red riding-hood that her grandmother, who loved her very dearly, had given her. This little girl lived with her mother in a village on the edge of a forest; while far in the forest, in a cottage all by herself, lived the grandmother. The grandmother being old and lame and lonely, Little Red Riding-Hood used to visit her every day, to take her berries and flowers, and to warm her heart with a kiss.

One day, Little Red Riding-Hood's mother gave her a cake and a pat of butter to take to the grandmother, because the old dame was ill in bed. As she was trudging along the lonely road, thinking how pleased her grandmother would be with the cake and the butter, she was met by Gaffer Wolf, who stopped and asked her where she was going.

“To see my grandmother, who is ill, and to take her something nice to eat,” answered Little Red Riding-Hood, who was herself so good and gentle that she did not suspect the wolf of any evil intention.

"Where does your grandmother live?" asked Gaffer Wolf.

"At the end of the wood, in the cottage beyond the mill," answered Little Red Riding-Hood.

Just then some woodmen came along, and the wolf, not wishing to be seen by them, hurried on to the grandmother's cottage. As Little Red Riding-Hood was tired walking so far, and stopped to gather some nuts, and to watch a brown butterfly open and shut its pretty wings, the wolf reached her grandmother's cottage long before she did, and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the old woman.

"Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the wolf, imitating the child's voice. "Mother has sent you a cake and a pat of butter."

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up," called the grandmother.

Gaffer Wolf did as he was told and the door flew open. Having had nothing to eat for several days he was very hungry, so he sprang upon the poor old woman and ate her up. When he had finished his meal, he put on

the grandmother's cap and nightgown, got into bed, and covered himself up. Very soon came Little Red Riding-Hood and tapped at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Gaffer Wolf.

The little girl thought her grandmother's voice sounded very hoarse, but she answered:—

"'Tis Little Red Riding-Hood. Mother has sent you a cake and a pat of butter."

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up," called the wolf, trying to speak as the grandmother had done.

Up went the latch, the door opened, and Little Red Riding-Hood ran to the bed to embrace her grandmother.

"Come here and lie down with me," said the wolf.

"Grandmother, Grandmother," said Little Red Riding-Hood, "what great ears you've got!"

"That is to hear thee the better, my dear," answered the wolf.

"And, Grandmother, what great eyes you've got!"

"That is to see thee the better, my dear."

"And, Grandmother, what great arms you've got!"

"That is to hug thee the better, my dear."

"And, O, Grandmother, what great teeth you've got!"

"That is to eat thee up the better, my dear," roared the wicked wolf. And with that he fell upon Little Red Riding-Hood and de-



voured her in less time than he had taken to eat up her grandmother. Then he crawled back into the bed, and went to sleep.

This is the end of this sad little story; but there is another conclusion, which tells that during the night a huntsman came along, and, hearing Gaffer Wolf snoring inside the cottage, thought the grandmother was ill, and went in to see if he could do anything for her. Seeing the murderous wolf in the old woman's bed, he lifted his gun and shot him, whereupon the grandmother and Little Red Riding-Hood both came to life again; which is, indeed, much pleasanter to believe.

AUSTRIAN SECTION

OTTILIA AND THE DEATH'S HEAD

OTTILIA was a little peasant girl who lived with her father and mother in the town of Schwatz. Her mother, whom she loved very dearly, died, and she was overwhelmed with grief. But there was no one but herself to cook her father's meals and keep the house clean, so she bravely dried her tears and went to work. She baked and spun and stitched all day, but being only a little girl, she could not get through with the work as her mother had done. The pigs got out of the sty, the fowls fought, and the hay lay unharvested in the field. Seeing his house in disorder, the father at last became discouraged and one day brought home another wife.

Her name was Sennal. She was tall and hard-looking, and when Ottilia was told that this was her new mother, she burst into tears and declared she could never call her by that name. She considered the new wife's presence in the house a sacrilege, and refused to obey her. The child's behavior set Sennal against her, and her manner became more harsh. There was continual strife between them all day, but at night the father came home and made peace. He would take Ottilia on his knee and tell her stories of things long ago, until she forgot her anger and grief and smiled happily when he kissed her cheek.

One day a terrible storm darkened the sky. When evening came and the father had not returned, Sennal took a lantern and went with the neighbors to the mountains to look for him. The fierce wind blew out their lights and drowned the sound of the horns. Ottilia knelt at her father's chair all night and wept and prayed. When morning dawned, the storm had ceased, and some woodmen brought the dead body of the father from the mountain side, where they had found it buried in the snow.

Ottilia, stunned and like one in a dream, still knelt at her father's chair while they put him in a coffin and carried him to the churchyard. At last she realized that she would never see him again, and would not be consoled. Sennal at length lost patience, and harshly exclaimed:—

“You cannot cry like this always, child. Go and feed the pigs.”

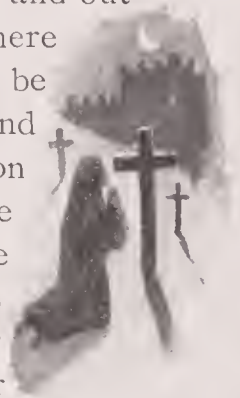
“I am no child of yours,” retorted Ottilia, resenting the tone of authority. “I shall not forget my poor father, nor shall you forget that he made you treat me properly.”

Sennal did not reply, and the child regarded her forbearance as a victory won. The next day there were more angry words, and, as there was no kind father to make peace, the strife grew. At last Sennal could no longer put up with Ottilia's rebellion. One day, when she was more insolent than ever before, the exasperated woman drove her from the house and told her never to return.

In a few moments her anger had cooled and she went to call Ottilia back, but the girl was already far up the mountain side and out of sight. The miserable little girl hurried to the lonely spot where her father had met his death, with no other thought then to be alone with his memory. High up the mountain side she found the place marked by a cross, and, as was the pious custom, upon it was told the manner of his death. She threw herself upon the ground and wept until her bitterness had left her. Then she seemed to hear her father's voice chiding her in gentle tones for her unreasonable conduct. Her conscience smote her for her hardness and unkindness to the thrifty woman whom her father had married; and, had he been alive, she would have returned to her home and asked to be forgiven.

Then her thoughts wandered to the pleasant evenings when she sat on her father's knee before the warm fire and listened to his kind voice. “Put your trust in God, and all will yet be well,” she seemed to hear him say. Suddenly she realized that the night had come and she was alone upon the mountain. The bitter cold had numbed her, but she struggled to her feet and strove to shake off the lethargy which she knew meant death. The darkness grew thicker and thicker, and she was in terror lest she should lose the path. She thought of her comfortable home, where she had always found food and shelter, and her heart misgave her.

Suddenly the moon shone out, and high on another peak she saw the broken outlines of a castellated building. The beautiful sight banished her sense of desolation, and she toiled on over the steep and dangerous path. As she drew near, a light beckoned to her from a turret window and gave her fresh courage. When she at last reached the gate of



the castle, the splendor of the place awed her, and she wondered if these great people would shelter a poor little peasant girl who came to them in the night. "Put your trust in God," she seemed to hear her father say, and she timidly sounded the horn that hung by the portal. In a moment the window where she had seen the light opened; but, instead of the stern warden she expected to see, there appeared a Death's Head. Terrified, she stood rooted to the spot.

"What is your pleasure?" asked the Death's Head, in a friendly voice.

"Shelter and food, for the love of Christ," Ottilia faintly answered.

"If I come down and let you in, will you promise faithfully to carry me up here again?" the Death's Head asked, so cheerily that she assented. "I rely on your promise," it continued, "for while I can easily roll down stairs to unbolt the door for you, I cannot get back again unless you carry me."

Ottilia thought of the tasks that Sennal required of her, which were never so hard as this.

There came a terrible sound, like something rolling down the long stairs, and then the bolt was drawn back. Her teeth chattered from fright, but her father's voice whispered, "Put your trust in God," and her courage was renewed. She entered the open door, and saw the ominous Death's Head at her feet. The temptation to flee up the stairs and leave it there helpless was very great; but she remembered her promise and bravely picked up the hideous thing. When she had climbed the stairs and reached the turret, the Death's Head again spoke:—

"Place me on the table, and go down into the kitchen and make a pancake."

The great lonely place terrified her; the big echoing rooms and the dark stairs appalled her; but she at last came to the kitchen, and found there the crossbones dancing about. She resisted the impulse to scream and run away, and entered the gruesome place. There she found eggs and butter, and soon they were beaten together and the pancake was frying on the fire.

The crossbones were continually getting in her way; but at last the pancake was done; and carrying the savory dish to the turret, she placed it before the Death's Head, who bade her partake of it with him. After they had eaten, the Death's Head again spoke:—

"Go up the stairway on the left, which will lead you to a bedroom where you may sleep. At midnight a skeleton will come and try to pull you out of bed; but if you are not afraid, it cannot harm you."

Ottilia was so tired that she was glad to lie down, no matter where; so she did as the Death's Head told her, and was soon asleep. At midnight she was awakened by a terrible rattling in the room; and

below her she heard the Death's Head saying, "It is midnight, remember to be brave." The moonlight shone in at the window and showed her a skeleton moving toward her bed. "Put your trust in God," said her father's voice; and she lay still while the skeleton reached out a bony hand and clutched her. Her fearlessness made the skeleton powerless to harm her, and it soon turned and left the room. She was so exhausted that, in spite of the terrors of the place, she soon fell asleep.

When she awoke, the sun shone in at the window, and beside her bed stood a woman dressed in white and surrounded by golden rays. She was so beautiful that Ottilia exclaimed:—

"What is your will, bright lady?" The vision replied:—

"I was once mistress of this castle, but because, while I lived, I sinned in pride and extravagance, my bones were condemned to wander nightly through these rooms till one should come whose courage and humility should set me free. You have brought my punishment to an end; but before I go to rest, in gratitude I endow you with this castle and all its lands and revenues."

The bright form ceased speaking and disappeared, and a moment later Ottilia saw through the window a snow-white dove winging its flight toward heaven.

The vision had spoken true. The little peasant-maid became mistress of the lordly castle where she had come as a suppliant. Her first act after being installed was to send for the tall Sennal and ask her forgiveness for her unkind conduct. Sennal not only pardoned her, but spent the rest of her days at the castle; and there was always peace between them.

KLEIN-ELSE

THE Baron of Passier-Thal lay dying of his wounds, while the enemy crowded at the gates. Overwhelming defeat had come upon the little band defending his castle, and he saw himself passing from the world powerless to leave a protector for Klein-Else, the daughter whom he loved. In her agony she poured her tears upon his fresh wounds, but he gently stroked her head, saying:—

"Klein-Else, my life is ebbing, and you have but barely time to escape the enemy. Obey me as you have always done. Take this key; it will open for you a secret gate hidden in the ivy at the tenth buttress in the wall. Through that gate you will find your future destiny. You will see three roads. Take not the one to the smiling plain and the houses of friends, nor yet the one to the protected forests where you might lie concealed from your pursuers; but rather

follow the open road winding around the mountainside. It is your destiny, Klein-Else. Follow it for it leads to —— ”

The baron died with the unuttered word upon his lips, and Klein-Else, in the fullness of her grief, threw herself upon the body. But servants and waiting-men hurried her away, for the forces of the enemy were breaking down the castle doors. Donning the attire of a peasant girl, Klein-Else sought the hidden door, and once outside the wall found the roads as her father had directed. The open road looked dangerous and least tempting of the three, but remembering her father's words she followed it, though with many fears.

Night found her weak and without courage, full of the loneliness of her situation. She leaned against a rock for support, and her tears fell fast and warm. Her spirit yearned for comfort and assistance; and as if in answer to the unspoken call, a bold knight in armor stood before her. In reply to his question she told him of her father's defeat and death, of her flight and its attendant hunger. The knight turned to the rock.

“Open, hoary rock!” said he; and the rock opened, displaying a wealth of everything, rich jewels, gorgeous garments, armor, golden pieces, and food for the palate of a king. “All this,” continued the knight, “is given to you. It will never grow less and will always be at your command. But see that you make good use of it, for upon this depends your future happiness. I will come again in seven years, and till then remember my name.” Whispering his name in her ear, he disappeared.



Securing some of the money, Klein-Else hastened on until she came to the lights of a great castle. She feared to offer money on account of her attire, so she went to the kitchen door and begged for work. The cook made her a hennenpfösl, or guardian of the poultry-house against the foxes. She had to sleep in the loft above the fowls. All the week Klein-Else was a hennenpfösl; and as she watched her brood, she kept repeating to herself the name of the strange knight and dwelling upon her treasure; but she thought ruefully of what little use it was to her.

Sunday came. Klein-Else sought out the treasure-rock and robed herself in a garment of sunshine and morning-dew which she found therein. It made her ravishingly beautiful, and at church, where no one recognized her, she was seated alongside the young baron in whose kitchen-yard she was hennenpfösl. The young lord was dazzled. Admiration and longing filled his heart, and when the service was over he sought to speak to Klein-Else, but she had glided softly away; and she reappeared later in the poultry-loft in her ragged peasant garments.

On the following Sunday, clothed in a garment of moonbeams and stars taken from her treasure rock, Klein-Else again sat by the side of the baron. His glances dwelt upon her, and the girl's thoughts flew away on the wings of fancy. A rose-tinted future was spread before her. The baron would marry her and life for both would be consecrated to usefulness and happiness. As the armored knight had plainly intended, she would devote her treasure to the orphaned and hungry, those with heavy burdens of woe to bear.

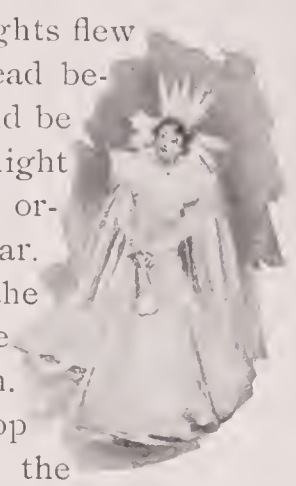
When Klein-Else left the church, the attendants of the baron surrounded her and sought to prevail upon her to come to the castle. But she was fleet of foot and eluded them. When any one of them was near catching her, she would drop some of her treasures and thus delay the attendants. In the evening she was back again at her post of poultry-watcher.

On the third Sunday, Klein-Else wore a raiment, blue like the sky and shining with stars. Again she escaped from the men-at-arms, but before she left her seat the baron had slipped a splendid ring on her finger.

The young baron was now seized with the love-fever. He became gloomy and listless, and could not be comforted. Friends and the castle physicians were puzzled, but day by day he became more miserable. A great banquet was planned to distract his attention to pleasanter channels. The baron agreed to the plan on the condition that the invitations should be published broadcast, in the hope that the mysterious maiden of the wondrous raiment might be among the guests.

On the night of the feast, the cook made a bad mess of the pancakes designed for the baron's table. They were his favorite dish; but try as she would, the poor cook could not succeed in making the important dainties satisfactory. At length she allowed the hennenpfösl to try. Klein-Else slipped the baron's ring and a magnificent diamond from her own treasure into the batter. The pancakes were matchless. Never had such succulent pancakes been served on the baronial table, but the baron was insensible to everything else when he found the two rings on his dish. He sent for the cook, and after cross-questioning her severely, sent for Klein-Else.

The little hen-girl, anticipating the call, had flown to her treasure-rock; so she was ready to appear in the banqueting room as befitted a baron's daughter. She had a retinue of pages, cavaliers, and women-in-waiting, and her costume and ornaments outshone all else in the hall. The hennenpfösl took her place at the side of the baron, her identity was proclaimed, and that very night the baron laid himself and his fortune at her feet.



Amid the rejoicings of the guests, the nuptials of the young baron and Klein-Else were proclaimed. Then began an era of unalloyed happiness, and the years passed quickly. One anniversary succeeded another, and the happiness of Klein-Else seemed complete. Children grew about her, and the world was bright with riches and with promise.

Thus seven years passed over them. One day a knight in strange armor came knocking at the castle gates. He demanded to see the baroness. A flood of self-reproach swept through Klein-Else. She beat her brain in an endeavor to remember the knight's name, but the years of happiness had blotted it out of her memory. Equally had she forgotten the conditions attaching to the possession of her treasure and her own vows of the use she would make of it.

The knight stood before her and bade her follow him. Tremblingly she obeyed, and was led to the treasure-rock, the source of all her happiness. The knight touched it and it opened.

"Look!" he commanded.

Klein-Else gazed with terror at the vision within. The bright jewels and rich gold were no longer there, but instead, horror heaped on misery. The orphan she had promised to protect, the sick she had vowed to succor, the worn and the halt were there in accusation.

"You have spent their ransom upon yourself," said the knight to Klein-Else, who crouched upon the ground in her shame.

The baron and his servants searched for the strange knight and the baroness who had been seen to follow him with weak and faltering steps. The armored knight they did not find, but at dusk they came upon the lifeless body of Klein-Else kneeling against the rock.

THE FOREST ELEMENTAL

THE Baron di Valle was sturdy in the chase. In all that countryside there was no more dashing horseman, and in no stable fleeter steeds than his. One splendid day, pursuing the stag, the baron saw a stranger in the lead. The fine free stride of the stranger's mount and the firm graceful seat which he kept in the saddle aroused within the baron a spirit of emulation. He tried to outstrip the daring huntsman, but the stranger kept ever a little in the front. On and on through the forest they went. In the exaltation of the contest, the baron forgot time and distance, and did not notice that the baroness, to whom he was ardently devoted, together with his retinue, had been left hopelessly in the rear. His steed's hoofs rattled on the turf like a kettle-drum; but the stranger, who never once looked around, kept his lead unchanged.

At length they reached the confines of a dense forest. Great firs grew so closely that there was no room for the lower limbs, and on high the branches intertwined so thickly as to form an impenetrable curtain against light and air. Then the hunter turned fiercely on the baron:—

“Who is it dares to invade my domain?” he shouted; and drawing a hunting horn from his belt he blew a mighty blast. Instantly the baron was surrounded by a troop of wild, fierce huntsmen.

“Hold,” said the baron, as they were about to seize and bind him. “What is my offense? I admired your brave riding, and I thought what one brave man might do another might also attempt. I am willing to pay a ransom if you demand it.”

“I must answer you in whatever tone you choose to adopt,” said the Wilder Jäger, for the stranger was no other than the dreaded Wild Huntsman. Then he told the baron of the conditions on which he would be released. “I love the baroness,” he told him; “and I would have her for my own. I have won her from you, and though you are powerless to hinder my will, I intend to give you one chance to redeem her. Return, tell her of my conditions; and if within a month, in three guesses of three words each, she can guess my name, she will pay the ransom for you both. If, within the month, she thinks she has made the right guess, let her come to the ilex grove on the border of this forest and blow on this golden horn which I shall give you.”

Sorrowfully the baron wended his way back to the castle. So swiftly had he come, so slowly did he return, that it was three days and nights, before the baroness, who had been watching for him from the castle tower, perceived him riding toward her. Much cast down, he told her the cause of his melancholy. The baroness smothered her own grief in her loving solicitude for her husband. She would not listen to the self-reproaches of the baron, who blamed his own mad vanity as the cause of his falling so easily into the Wild Huntsman's lure.

The days passed gloomily. The baron gave up the pleasures of the chase and abandoned himself to despair. The baroness sat among the flowers of her oriel bower or knelt in her chapel, thinking, thinking of the guesses she had to make. One evening, she cried suddenly with a joyful clapping of her hands, “I have found it! I have found it! The Wilder Jäger lives in the dense forest and takes his name from the trees there. It must be Tree-Fir-Pine.”

The confidence of the baroness infected the baron, and they repaired to the ilex grove where the baroness sounded the golden horn. Instantly the Wilder Jäger appeared. He was all gallantry and politeness, and his splendid bearing impressed the baroness, but she loved the baron too devotedly to harbor the thought of another.



So fair was she and so confident did she look, that the Wilder Jäger dropped on his knees before her and besought her not to speak the words but to go with him, where every pleasure would be hers and every desire gratified without stint. In spite of his entreaties, she pronounced the words she fondly hoped would set her free.

"Tree-Fir-Pine," said she, to the great glee of the Wilder Jäger.

"Nothing like it!" he cried in jubilation. "You are mine still. I have no fear now that you will ever guess the name. You can try as often as you please, for every time you come to guess I shall have the happiness of seeing you."

The baron and the baroness returned home more despondent than ever. They spent the night in tears and prayers, and in the morning when they looked out over the smiling fields the sorrow did not lift from their hearts. One day crept after another until ten had passed, and again the face of the baroness became suddenly illumined with happiness. Running to her husband she threw her arms about him, crying:—

"I have it this time for certain, Heinrich. When at the ilex grove did we not see through one of the narrow vistas of the forest a golden plain of wheat and corn? The Wilder Jäger's name must be taken from this treasure of rich grain, for it is worth more than all his vast forests. Wheat-Maize-Corn,—that will be his name."

The baron, eager to clutch at any hope, ordered the horses brought from the stables, and they proceeded to the ilex grove once more. But again she failed; and this time the Wilder Jäger was a little scornful of her efforts, and sought with many promises to persuade her to go with him. As she pronounced the words he laughed in derision. The baroness reminded him of his promise to leave her at peace for a full month, and asked what pledge she had that he would acknowledge the truth should she guess aright.

"I do not deceive," said the Wilder Jäger with a lofty dignity. "Even did I desire to deceive you, I could not, since should mortal pronounce my name in my presence I could not stand before him for an instant. But it is not given to mortals to know."

The baron and the baroness were once more plunged in despair. They returned to the castle in silence, the baroness to her oriel window, the baron to his accustomed chair in the hall of his ancestors. Despondency settled like a cloud upon the castle. The days went by, but hope lagged helplessly; till at last but one sunrise intervened between them and calamity.

Rather than that the Wilder Jäger should come for her, and deeming it the more noble course, the baron and the baroness set out through the woods for the ilex grove. Nearing the borders of the forest, they heard a cry as of distress coming from the thicket. The compassionate heart

of the baroness was moved at once, and, forgetful of her own impending fate, she called to the baron to turn aside with her and ascertain the origin of the piteous cries. Guided by the sounds, they soon discovered, tied to a tree, a poor wretch in whom they recognized a follower of the Wilder Jäger. In an instant the baron had cut his bonds, and the baroness, her eyes glowing with sympathy, asked the poor fellow the cause of his suffering.

“It is easy to earn a punishment from the Wilder Jäger,” said the man. With growing confidence he told her of the barbarity of his master, and at length — for he truly desired to show gratitude for the service done him by the baron and the baroness — he cried out, “I wish I could do you as good a turn as you have done me.”

The baroness begged him for the name of the Wilder Jäger, and the baron added his entreaties; but the huntsman replied sadly that he dared not divulge the secret. The baron and baroness implored him, and finally he yielded so far as to say: —

“Well, I may not tell the name, but you may happen to overhear it if you listen.”

Then he walked before them many paces, but though the baron and the baroness strained their ears, they could not catch the sound of a name. Suddenly the hunter broke out into a wild refrain of which they caught the words: —

“The Wild Huntsman’s betrothed (though he is not tamed)
To a lady fair
Driven to despair.
If she only knew he’s Burzinigala named.”

The baroness caught the name joyfully. The sun shone on her face again. The baron was in a transport. Eagerly they pressed on to the ilex grove, and there found the Wilder Jäger, with a look of triumphant anticipation on his face, awaiting them.

“I salute thee, Sir Burzinigala!” cried the baroness, mockingly.

An extraordinary transformation immediately took place in the appearance of the Wilder Jäger. All the evil things of the wood were reflected in his face, but only for an instant; for in a flash of flame and smoke he disappeared through the forest roof.

The baron and baroness with joy in their hearts, rode back hand in hand to their castle.

ENGLISH SECTION

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

THERE was once a poor widow whose only son was named Jack. They had a cow, called Milky-White, who gave so much milk every morning that they not only had plenty for their own use, but more to take to the market and sell. So Jack and his mother got on very well until one morning Milky-White gave no milk, and they did not know how they were to live. The widow cried and wrung her hands, but Jack tried to console her.

"Never mind, mother, I'll go and find something to do that will support us both," said Jack, who was cheerful and good hearted.

"That is not easy to do," the widow replied. "I see no other way but to sell Milky-White, and with the money she will bring to start a little shop."

After talking it over for some time, they concluded that this was a very good plan; and, it being market day, Jack put a halter on Milky-White, and led her away. Before he had gone very far, he met an old man who stopped and said:—

"Good morning to you, Jack."

"Good morning," Jack replied, very much puzzled to know how the man knew his name, for he did not remember that he had ever seen him before.

"Well, Jack, where are you leading the cow?" the man asked.

"To the market, to sell her," said Jack, drawing himself up very proudly.

"Can you tell how many beans make five?" the man asked.

"Two in each hand and one in the mouth," Jack replied.

"Since you are so clever, I don't mind a bargain with you." Saying this, the man took from his pocket some beautiful beans. "I will give you these beans for your cow, Jack."

"That would be a good bargain for you," Jack replied.

"These are not ordinary beans," the man told him. "If you plant them in the ground at night, their stalks will reach to the sky in the morning."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Jack.

"So sure am I that, if they do not, I will give the cow back to you."



Jack took the beans and laid Milky-White's halter in the man's hand. When he reached home his mother was greatly surprised to see him so soon.

"Tell me what you got for Milky-White," the widow eagerly asked, "for I see you have not brought her back."

"You cannot guess, mother," said Jack.

"Is it so much, dear Jack? Five pounds? ten?" Jack shook his head. "Fifteen? O, Jack! you never got twenty?"

"I knew that you would never guess, mother. I met a man who gave me these beans for her."

The widow was so angry at him for his stupidity that she threw the beans out of the window and sent him to bed without his supper. He went upstairs to his little room, wondering how he could have been such a dolt, and very unhappy that he had caused his mother more anxiety. He tossed about upon his bed for some time, but at length fell asleep.

When he awoke, he at first thought it was not yet morning, for the sun was not shining through his window. Imagine his astonishment when, on getting out of bed, he saw a big beanstalk reaching from the ground up to the sky. Then he remembered what the man had said about the magic beans, and that his mother had thrown them into the garden below, where they must have sprung up during the night.

The beanstalk grew so near to his window that he had no trouble in reaching it; and as it was twined and twisted like a ladder, he made up his mind to ascend it. He climbed and climbed and climbed, until at last he reached the sky. At the top of the beanstalk there was a broad road, which he followed. When he had walked a very great distance, he came to a big house, and in the doorway stood the tallest woman he had ever seen.

"Good morning," said Jack, very politely. "Would you be so kind as to let me have some breakfast?" he made bold to ask, for he had gone to bed without his supper the night before, and by this time was very hungry.

"Let you have some breakfast!" replied the woman. "Unless you run away from here at once my husband will make breakfast of you. He is an ogre, and nothing pleases him better than little boys broiled on toast."

Jack did not run away as the big woman told him, but pleaded with her for something to eat.

"What matters," says he, "whether I am broiled on toast for your husband's breakfast, or die of hunger?"

When the ogre's wife saw that he was really very hungry, she took him into the house and gave him bread and cheese to eat and some milk to drink. He was still eating when the house shook, and the

heavy thump, thump, of the giant's feet caused his wife to jump up in alarm.

"It's my husband," she told Jack. "Where shall I hide you? Run here, quick!" And before Jack knew it she had bundled him into the oven, just in time to escape the ogre, from whose belt hung three calves, which he unhooked and flung on the table.

"Broil a couple of these for my breakfast!" he commanded his wife. Then, sniffing the air, he sang:—

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman!
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll have his bones to grind my bread!"

"Perhaps it's the scraps of the little boy whom you ate yesterday," his wife told him. "Go and wash before breakfast, for it will soon be ready."

When the ogre had gone, Jack started to climb out of the oven; but the woman told him to remain where he was until her husband went to sleep, as he always did after eating. So he waited until after the ogre had eaten his breakfast; but, instead of going to sleep, he took from a closet two bags of gold and commenced counting. At last his head rolled to one side, and his snores assured Jack that it was safe to come out.

He noiselessly crept to the ogre's chair and took one of the bags of gold, then ran to the beanstalk as fast as he could go and threw the bag to his mother's garden below. Then down and down he climbed until he reached the bottom, and carried the gold to his mother.

"The beans were magical, mother," he told her, "and we have enough gold to last us a long time."

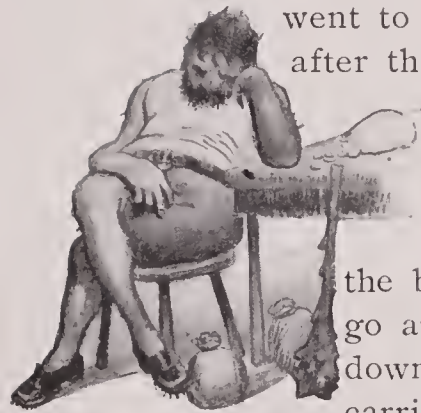
At length, when there was no more gold in the bag, Jack decided to again see what he could find at the top of the beanstalk. He climbed and climbed and climbed, until he found himself at the broad road that led to the big house. The ogre's wife was at the door, and Jack boldly ran up to her and said:—

"Please, ma'am, I am so hungry, would you give me something to eat?"

"Run away, boy, or my husband will eat you. I fed a little boy one day, and when he had gone we missed a bag of gold."

"Give me something to eat, and perhaps I can tell you about the bag of gold," said Jack.

The woman took him into the kitchen and gave him food, but he had only begun to eat when the ogre was heard coming and the woman again thrust Jack into the oven.



“Fee-fi-fo-fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!”

began the ogre; but his wife persuaded him that he was mistaken. In a few minutes he had devoured three broiled oxen, after which he told his wife to bring him the hen that laid the golden eggs.

“Lay!” said he to the hen, when she had brought it; and it laid an egg of purest gold.

Soon the ogre was snoring, and Jack crept forth from the oven. He grabbed the precious hen and scampered for the beanstalk. But just as he reached it, the hen cackled, and Jack heard the ogre coming after him. Down the beanstalk he climbed as fast as ever he could, and when he reached home he showed his mother the hen which laid a golden egg every time he commanded it to.

But Jack was not yet satisfied, and one morning he again started to try his luck at the top of the beanstalk. He climbed and climbed and climbed, and when he had reached the top he followed the broad road as before and got behind a bush until the ogre’s wife came out of the house; then he went in, and when he heard the ogre and his wife coming, he hid in the copper.

“Fee-fi-fo-fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!”

roared the giant.

“If it’s that little rascal who stole your bag of gold and the golden hen, I know where to find him,” said his wife, and ran to the oven. Not finding him there, she told the ogre he did not know a live Englishman from a dead one, and that she was getting tired of his Fee-fi-fo-fum. After searching every place but the copper, which fortunately he overlooked, the ogre sat down and ate his breakfast, then called for his golden harp. His wife brought him a beautiful harp of shining gold, and when he said to it, “Sing,” the loveliest music came from its strings. The harp sang until the ogre fell asleep and snored so loudly that it could not be heard.

Then Jack crept forth from his hiding-place and secured the golden harp. He had got as far as the door when the harp called out and its master awoke. He dashed after Jack, and reached the beanstalk just in time to see the boy climbing down with the precious harp which was still calling to him. Then the ogre was so angry that he risked falling to the earth, and swung his weight upon the frail ladder. Jack felt the beanstalk shake and tremble, and knew that the ogre was coming after him. Down and down he climbed, and as soon as he reached the bottom, he called to his mother to bring him an ax. She hastened out of the house just in time to see the ogre appearing through the clouds.

Jack took the ax from her, and chopped the beanstalk in two. It fell to the earth with a terrible crash; and as for the ogre, he would never be able to eat any more little boys, for his head was broken.

Jack was now content to remain with his mother, while the hen that laid the golden eggs made them both rich. In time he married a beautiful princess, and the golden harp sang to them all day.

JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER

WHEN the good King Arthur ruled, there lived in his kingdom a brave boy named Jack, who heard with delight of the deeds of the fearless king and his Knights of the Round Table. He was told how fair ladies were rescued and enemies were overthrown, and in all of these adventures he longed to have a share.

Off Cornwall, where Jack lived, was a ferocious giant named Cormoran, who preyed upon the cattle far and near, and for many years terrified the people. He dwelt in a cave on the side of St. Michael's Mount, and so fearful was he to see that no one dared approach his stronghold. One night he was reported to have carried off a dozen oxen on his back, besides a lot of sheep and hogs. Then Jack decided to show his valor and to do the monster battle. He conceived a plan by which he hoped to destroy him.

Dressed in his armor, and taking with him a lantern, a horn, and some tools with which to dig the earth, he started out for the giant's abode. Before the cavern where the giant lived he dug a pit twenty-two feet deep and as many broad. This done, he covered it over to make it appear like solid ground. Then, taking his horn, he blew a blast both long and loud. The sound had scarcely died away, before, out of the cavern opposite, came the sleepy giant. He was eighteen feet high and nine feet around, and his voice was like thunder as he shouted:—

“You impudent boy! I'll have you for my breakfast!”

With one stride the giant was in the middle of the pit which Jack had dug for him; and before he had time to crawl out, that valiant boy gave him a blow on the head with the pickax that killed him. Then Jack went home to his grateful friends.

Jack's adventures, however, did not end with the killing of Cormoran. There were two other giants, Blunderbore and his brother, who lived in an enchanted castle in a wood. They heard of Jack's triumph, and swore to kill him if they ever caught him. Some time after the slaying of Cormoran, Jack, while in the wood, lay down and went to sleep. Blunderbore found him there and carried him to his castle, where he locked him in a large room. The floor was strewn with skulls and the

bones of men and women; and when Jack saw Blunderbore returning with the giant, his brother, he knew that unless he could escape, his own bones would soon lie with the others. Searching about, he found in the corner of the room a strong cord. Hurriedly making a slipknot in each end, he waited until the two giants came under the window. Then, throwing the loops around their necks, he secured them fast. When he had choked them nearly to death, he slid down the rope. After plunging his knife into the heart of each, he took from the pocket of Blunderbore a big bunch of keys which enabled him to enter the castle.

In one of the rooms he found three ladies tied by the hair of their heads. The unfortunates told their rescuer that they were being starved to death, because they would not eat the flesh of their husbands whom the giants had killed. Jack gave them the keys which he had taken from Blunderbore, and told them the giants were dead and the castle was theirs. He then took leave of them and started in quest of more adventures. After walking a great distance he came to a handsome house in Wales. As he had traveled far and was footsore and weary, he knocked at the door and asked to be allowed to rest. This happened to be the house of a Welsh giant; and although he gave Jack food and a bed to sleep in, he was a wicked giant, as all giants are in fairy-tales. After eating his supper, Jack went to bed, but was so weary that he could not go to sleep. During the night he heard the wicked giant mumbling outside his door. He got up and listened, and this is what he heard: —

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

Finding a large block of wood in the fireplace, Jack placed it in the bed where he had lain, then quickly hid himself in the corner. He had not waited long when the giant came into the room with his bludgeon, and struck the wood so many blows that, had it been Jack, his bones would surely have been broken.

In the morning Jack boldly approached his murderous host and thanked him for his lodging. Greatly amazed, the giant stammered, “ How did you sleep last night ? ”

“ Oh ! very well,” answered Jack.

“ Did you hear any noise ? ” asked the giant.

“ Only once, when a rat ran over me, but I soon went to sleep again.”

The giant then brought two huge bowls of hasty pudding and gave one to Jack. That he might appear to eat as much as his host, Jack slipped a leathern bag inside his coat, and when the giant was not looking, put the hasty pudding into it. When the breakfast was over, Jack told the giant that he would show him some tricks. Said he: —

“ I can cut off my own head and put it on again, and heal all wounds by a single touch.” Then, snatching his knife from his belt, he slit open the leathern bag and the hasty pudding fell on the floor.

“ Ods splutter hur nails!” exclaimed the giant. “ Hur can do that hursel!” Not willing to be outdone by a little boy, he seized the knife and plunged it into his own stomach; and very soon this stupid giant was dead.

Jack next provided himself with a horse. From a giant with three heads, whom he frightened very badly, he obtained a cap of knowledge that he might be wiser than his enemies; a cloak of darkness with which to make himself invisible to them; shoes of swiftness that they might not overtake him, and a sword so sharp that it would never fail him. Thus fortified, he was traveling through a forest when he came upon a ferocious giant who was dragging a lady and a knight by the hair of their heads. Jack quickly tied his horse to a tree, and putting on his invisible coat, under which was concealed his sword of sharpness, he ran to their rescue. He was unable to reach to the giant’s knees; but, with a well-aimed blow of his sword, he cut off both his legs. Thus vanquished, the giant fell to the earth, and soon expired from a thrust of the magic sword. The lady and the knight thanked Jack, and asked him to go home with them, that they might the better reward him for their deliverance.

“ No,” said Jack, “ not till I have found the monster’s abode and have seized what may be there.” So saying he mounted his horse and went on his way.

He had not gone very far when he encountered the brother of the giant whom he had just killed. Again putting on his invisible coat, he dispatched this second monster as easily as he had the first. This feat accomplished, he resumed his journey.

At the foot of a mountain he came to a lonely cottage where lived an old man. As he rested, the hermit told him of an enchanted castle at the top of the mountain, which was the dwelling-place of the giant Galligantus and a wicked magician who transformed people into beasts. Said the old man:—

“ They have recently seized a duke’s daughter, and now hold her captive in the form of a deer.”

Jack remained at the cottage that night, and in the morning ascended the mountain to the enchanted castle where dwelt the giant Galligantus and the wicked magician. His coat of darkness protected him from the fiery griffins and many other dangers which he encountered on the way. On the gates of the castle hung a golden trumpet, and underneath was written:—

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

Jack immediately took the trumpet and blew such a blast that the gates flew open. By the aid of his sword of sharpness, Jack slew the giant Galligantus who rushed out to destroy him. Thereupon the wicked magician and the castle vanished, and all the knights and ladies who had been turned into beasts and birds resumed their proper shapes and returned to their homes. The head of the giant was taken to King Arthur, who rewarded Jack for his many valiant deeds by giving him the duke's daughter and a splendid estate. On this estate they lived in happiness for many years, and throughout all the king's country the courageous youth was famed as Jack, The Giant-Killer.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

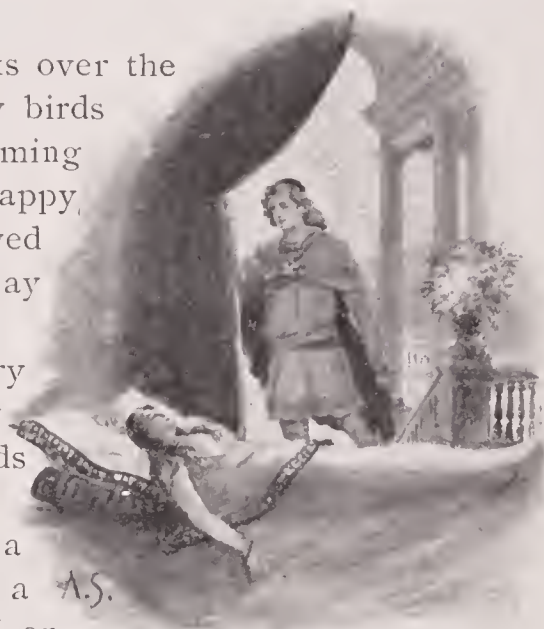
ONCE there was a beautiful princess who lived in a palace. It was a wonderful building,—so old that nobody knew when the foundations were laid, and yet it always seemed fresh and new, for it was ever being altered and improved. All day long the walls flashed with a golden light, and at night the great ceiling was lighted up with many tiny lamps that sparkled like diamonds.

In the palace grounds there were lovely walks over the hills and down through the valleys. The merry birds were singing in the trees, and the bees were humming among the flowers. Down the hillsides the happy brooks went leaping to the river, and the river flowed through the valley out to the great sea which lay basking in the sunlight.

In this palace the beautiful princess lived very happily. Every morning she was awakened by the songs of birds, and every night the gentle winds soothed her to sleep with their soft lullaby.

But there came a great change. One day a messenger ran in with the dreadful tidings that a fierce giant, who lived in the north, had started on his journey to besiege the palace in which the beautiful princess lived. The bad news was soon confirmed, for a herald approached, blowing a rude blast on his trumpet to announce that his master was coming.

And now the sky was covered with gray clouds, and the breath of the giant blew coldly through the trees as he came stalking along in his icy shoes. Wherever he trod the flowers withered and died; the birds left off singing; the leaves fell from the trees, and the little brooks grew sad and still.



The giant came to the palace, and all the servants and guests felt a cold, drowsy feeling creep over them. As he drew near to the princess her face grew pale, her eyes closed, and she sank back in a deep sleep.

The giant then locked up the palace and built icy barriers all about it, so that nobody should be able to get near the princess; for there was a saying that whenever a prince should kiss the Sleeping Beauty she would awake from her enchanted sleep. So weeks and months passed away while the princess lay there cold and still.

The story of her beauty had gone abroad, and also the prophecy that she would be the bride of him who should awaken her with a kiss. Many princes came and tried to get into the palace; but the giant had built the barriers so strongly and put so many pitfalls in the way that they all failed in the attempt.

In a far distant country there lived a prince named Phœbus, who was very strong and handsome, and whose streaming hair was as bright as the sunshine. This is why he was called Phœbus, which means The Shining One.

He heard one day of the beautiful princess who was lying in her enchanted sleep, and declared that he would go and awaken her. The servants of the prince told him of the great ice barriers which the giant had placed about the palace, and of how many princes had vainly tried to reach the Sleeping Beauty; but Phœbus gave a merry laugh, and said that he would make the attempt.

They brought out his shining chariot, and he started on the long journey. His horses flew so swiftly that he soon arrived at the palace. He at once began to beat down the ice barriers; and so strong were his strokes that the giant, who had been lying in wait, was glad to get away to his home in the north.

When an opening had been made, Prince Phœbus went through to find the Sleeping Beauty. She was lying still and cold in her white robes, and all the attendants about her were wrapped in a deathlike sleep. Phœbus bent over and tenderly kissed her. At the touch of his lips the princess gave a little start, as if she were dreaming. At the same time some of her attendants stirred, and a soft whisper was heard through the palace like the sighing of a spring breeze.

Again the prince kissed her. A faint rosy flush came into her cheeks; a smile played around her lips; and at last she opened her eyes, which were clear and blue as the cloudless sky. When she saw the prince bending over her with a loving glance, a shy look came into her eyes, and her cheeks blushed into a rosier loveliness. A golden light now filled the palace, which awakened all the sleepers.

Outside, also, there were signs of joyous life, for at that instant a bird sprang up toward the sky, trilling out so clearly that all the air was alive

with his song of rapture. Somehow the song which poured from the heart of the bird awakened songs in the hearts of the listeners. And this is what the prince sang to his lady-love: —

“Hark! hark!
 The lark at heaven’s gate sings,
 And Phœbus ’gins to rise
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking marybuds begin
 To ope their golden eyes:
 With everything that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise,
 Arise!”

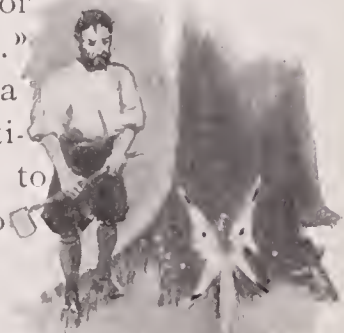
“Come, fair lady,” said he, as he took her by the hand, “you have been asleep a long time. Now let us wander forth together.” And so, hand in hand, Phœbus and his bride passed out into the palace grounds. Wherever they went the grass and the flowers sprang up under their feet; the trees put forth their leaves, and the birds built their nests and sang among the branches; the happy brooks again went leaping down the hills, and the river flowed through the valley out to the great sea beyond.

THE THREE WISHES

[From *Sternberg's Folk-Lore of Northamptonshire*]

THERE was once a poor woodman who went every day to the forest to fell timber. One day he told his wife to give him plenty of meat and to fill his bottle, for he had an old oak-tree to chop down that would detain him until night. When he came to the tree his heart smote him, for it was bigger and more venerable than all the others in the forest. “’Tis a pity,” said he, “to destroy what has flourished for so many years; surely it will not be the same wood without it.” With a sigh of regret he raised his ax; but before it fell, a plaintive voice arrested his arm. To his astonishment, a beautiful fairy stood beside him. She implored him so pitifully to spare the tree that his heart was touched and he consented to grant her wish.

“It is well for thee that thou hast not denied me,” said the fairy. “To show that I am not ungrateful, thy first three wishes shall be granted thee; make them what thou wilt.” Before the woodman could reply the fairy had disappeared.



He was too amazed and disturbed for work that day, so, shouldering his ax and basket, he started for his home. His thoughts were so occupied with his strange experience at the oak that he took a path which led him in another direction. When he finally reached his cottage, he was both tired and hungry. Seating himself before the fire, he asked his wife if she had prepared his supper.

"Not yet," replied she; "but have patience, Jan, and 'twill soon be ready for thee."

"I wish," sighed the woodman, "that I had a good black pudding for my supper." No sooner were the words uttered than there was a sound of something falling down the chimney, and at his feet lay the very thing for which he had expressed a wish, a big link of black pudding, as delicious as man could desire.

Instantly he remembered the fairy's words and told them to his wife. When he had finished telling her of the great oak's guardian and what she had promised him, the wife was in a frightful temper.

"A fine property to acquire, Jan, when a fairy bids thee choose!" exclaimed the indignant woman, "If that be the best of thy wit, thou art a fool, and I wish thy black pudding were hanging to thy nose."

To their consternation, the pudding at once attached itself as the angry wife had wished; and, try as they would to undo the mischief, it stuck fast to Jan's nose. First she pulled, then he, then both of them together; and when they at last realized that all their efforts were useless, they sat back in despair.

"Whatever is to be done?" asked Jan, very much frightened. The wife assured him that it really did not disfigure him so much, and since he had another wish, he might wish for something fine enough to console him for the inconvenience. Jan, however, lost no time in wishing the pudding off his nose; and straightway found himself free.

True, he did not live in a palace nor ride in a golden coach, as he might have done, nor did his wife dress in silks and jewels; but they had a good black pudding for supper, and what more could a poor woodman desire?

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

ONCE upon a time there were two pretty children, whose father and mother both died when they were young. They went to live with an uncle, to whom the poor father, with his last words, intrusted them.

"You must be both father and mother to my little ones," said he, "for when I am gone there will be no one but you to protect them; and as you deal by them, may God reward you."

The uncle promised to care for the babes as though they were his own. When the parents were laid to rest in one grave, he took the little boy and girl home with him. At first he faithfully guarded his trust, and in time the children forgot to grieve for their parents, and learned to love the kind uncle who took their place. But one day the evil thought came to the uncle that, if the children were out of the way, the wealth which their father had left them would be his. At first he struggled with the temptation to betray his brother's trust; but day by day it grew, until at last it mastered him, and he devised the children's destruction. After he had bargained with two ruffians to take them to the wood and slay them, he told his wife an artful tale of sending them to be brought up by a friend, and they were led away.

On the way the innocent children laughed and prattled so merrily to the murderers that one of them relented; and on arriving at the lonely wood, where they had arranged to put them to death, he refused to do the wicked deed. The other, more hard of heart and caring only for the gold which had been promised him, would not be persuaded to spare them. At last the ruffians quarreled, and the one who persisted in slaying the pretty babes was himself killed. The kinder one then took the children by the hand, and led them further into the unfrequented wood. When they had gone a long distance, the little boy and little girl became hungry and asked the ruffian for food.

"Wait here until I bring you some," said he, and left them.

They ran about happily under the green trees and picked the bright flowers. When the man did not return, they gathered berries, which grew in abundance in the wood, and ate them. They watched the squirrels frisk through the branches of the trees, and ran after the gay butterflies. The birds sang sweet songs to them, and they were happy all day long. But at last the sun went down, and the dews chilled them. When it grew dark, the little girl began to cry; but her brother held her in his arms and told her not to be afraid. There they slept the dark night through, while the wind moaned in the branches of the trees. Morning came, and they wandered hand in hand through the forest, and made their breakfast of the berries.

Thus, day after day passed; their tired little feet vainly sought a path that would lead them home; and when the darkness of the night fell upon the great forest, the forsaken babes wept themselves to sleep in each other's arms. At last there were no more berries to be found; and when hunger overcame them, they lay down upon the green earth and died. There was no one to dig a grave for them; but the birds, seeing these sweet children locked in each other's arms, brought leaves and covered them over. Leaf by leaf they lovingly laid a mantle over the still forms; then from the neighboring branches they sang a requiem.

The wicked uncle did not enjoy the wealth which he had so cruelly obtained. Misfortune came, and the wrath of God fell upon him. His houses burned, his fields became barren, and his cattle perished. At last, he had lost all, and was cast into prison for debt; and there he died.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

[From *Southey*]

IN A little house in the wood there once lived three bears: Father Bear, who was a huge bear with paws big enough to break down a tree; Mother Bear, who was of medium size; and Cub Bear, who was only a baby. They each had a chair to sit on—a big one for Father Bear, a middle-sized one for Mother Bear, and a very small one for wee Cub Bear. There was also a great bed for Father Bear, a medium-sized bed for Mother Bear, and a little bed for little Cub Bear. Father Bear's porridge bowl was big enough to hold all the breakfast he could eat, Mother Bear's porridge bowl was just the size she required, and Cub Bear had a little one all to himself.

One fine morning Father Bear, Mother Bear, and little Cub Bear took a walk into the wood while the breakfast was cooling. They were no sooner out of sight than along came a prying old woman, who had no business there at all. She peeped in at the window, which she had no right to do, and seeing nobody at home, she stole around to the door, lifted the latch, and went in. She looked all about the room, but did not see anything that she wanted until she spied the porridge where it had been left on the table to cool.

Without waiting to be asked, she tasted the porridge in Father Bear's bowl. It burned her mouth, as she deserved. "This horrid stuff is too hot," she grumbled. Next she tasted the porridge in Mother Bear's bowl. "This nasty stuff is cold," she said in disgust. Then she tasted the porridge in little Cub Bear's bowl, and finding it to her taste, she ate it all up without leaving him a mouthful. When this greedy old woman had finished eating, she climbed onto Father Bear's chair; but it was too hard to suit her. Then she sat on Mother Bear's chair, and that did not please her, either, for it was too soft. Cub Bear's little chair was just what she liked, and she sat down on it so hard that the bottom fell out. After doing all this mischief down stairs, she went into the attic to see what she could find there. First she lay down on Father Bear's bed; but it was too high at the head. She crawled off this and climbed in Mother Bear's bed; but it did not please her any better, for it was too high at the foot. After mussing these two, she threw herself on the

little bed of Cub Bear. Finding it just to her liking, she covered herself up and soon fell fast asleep.

After a time the three bears decided that their porridge must be cool enough to eat, and so came home. Seeing the door open they at once knew that something was wrong.

"Somebody has been tasting my porridge, and has left the spoon in the bowl," growled Father Bear. Mother Bear crept to her bed and looked at it.

"Somebody has been mussing up my bed," she cried. Little Cub Bear went to his bed and saw the ugly old woman fast asleep.

"Somebody has eaten my porridge, and broken my chair, and here she is in my bed," cried he. With that he lifted his little paw and boxed the old woman's ears.

She woke, and ran, and jumped out of the window before Father Bear could come and eat her up, as she deserved. Whether she ran into the wood and got lost, or was arrested for theft and sent to prison, nobody ever knew; for she never was heard of again.

SCOTCH SECTION

CHILDE ROWLAND

CHILDE ROWLAND tossed the ball
 Over the kirke so high,
 It ne'er came down at all
 Anywhere under the sky.

His brothers twa and he,
 They waited long in vain.
 Burd Ellen chased the ball,
 And ne'er came back again.

They sought her west and east,
 They called her by her name;
 Their hearts were filled with dule—
 Burd Ellen never came.

When Burd Ellen could nowhere be found, the eldest brother went to Warlock Merlin and asked where she might be. He was told that she had been carried off by the fairies, because she had gone around the church "widershins,"—which, you must know, means against the sun.

"She is now," said Warlock Merlin, "in the dark tower, where dwells the King of Elfland."

"I will bring her back," declared her brother, "if any man can."

"It is not impossible," replied Warlock Merlin, "but terrible would be the fate of the boldest knight who should go not knowing what to do when he got there."

The eldest brother begged to be taught how he might rescue his sister; and when he had learned his lesson, he bravely started forth.

They waited long for him at home;
 Their hearts were muckle sore;
 They waited, but he never came
 To gate or castle door.

The second brother, in due time, came to Warlock Merlin and asked where he might find Burd Ellen, and he too, having been instructed, went on the perilous quest.

They waited long for him at home;
 Their hearts were muckle sore;
 They waited, but he never came
 To gate or castle door.

Childe Rowland, the youngest, now begged his mother, the queen, to let him go in search of Burd Ellen, as his brothers had done. The good queen at first would not consent; but he pleaded long and would not be denied. So finally she gave him his father's sword, with a spell that made it invincible.

Childe Rowland came to Warlock Merlin, and asked to be taught how he might rescue his sister and his brothers twain.

"There are but two things to learn," said Warlock Merlin; "one, what to do, the other, what not to do. What you must do when in the land of Fairy, is this: Whoever speaks to you before you reach Burd Ellen, strike off his head with your father's brand. What you must not do, is this: Eat no bite nor drink no drop while in the land of Fairy, or never will you return."



When Childe Rowland had learned his lesson, he thanked his teacher and went his way. After he had journeyed very far, he came to a horseherd, feeding his horses. These had fiery eyes, and he knew himself to be in Elfland. He asked the horseherd where he might find the Dark Tower of the King of Elfland. The horseherd told him he did not know, but a little further on he would meet the cowherd, who might be able to tell him.

Before leaving the horseherd, Childe Rowland struck off his head with his father's good brand. Then he continued his journey, and in time came to the cowherd. Of him he asked the same question.

"That I cannot tell thee," replied the cowherd, "but the henwife can. A little further on thou wilt find her." Childe Rowland out with

his good brand, that never struck in vain, and the cowherd's head fell upon the turf.

Then he went on till he came to an old woman who wore a gray cloak. This was the henwife. Of her he asked where he might find the Dark Tower of the King of Elfland.

"Yonder you will come to a green hill," said the old woman. "Walk round it, widershins, three times, saying:—

Open, open, door! and let me in.

The third time round, the door will open and you may enter."

Childe Rowland remembered his instructions, and struck off the henwife's head. When he came to the green hill, he walked around it three times, widershins, as the henwife had told him, saying:—

"Open, open, door! and let me in."

The third time round, a door opened and he went in. It shut behind him, and he found himself in the dark, where the air was moist and warm. Groping onward, he came to some doors that led into the most wonderful hall he had ever seen. Its huge pillars were of gold and silver, and flowers of pearls and diamonds festooned them to the top. In the center of the dome hung a pearl so large and luminous that it lighted the hall, and near by hung a carbuncle, shedding its rosy rays. There were couches of silk and velvet; and on one of them sat Burd Ellen combing her golden hair.

When she saw her youngest brother she stood up and moaned:—

"Why camest thou here?

Oh! woe is me!

My brother dear,

Thrice woe to thee!"

Childe Rowland sat down beside her and told her how he came, then asked if she knew aught of their two brothers. She related to him how they had come to the Dark Tower, where they had been enchanted by the King of Elfland, and now lay like the dead. When they had talked some time, Childe Rowland became very hungry and asked Burd Ellen for food. She looked at him sadly, but being under a spell, was unable to warn him. She brought some bread and milk in a golden bowl; but he remembered in time to dash it to the floor.

"I will eat no bite nor drink no drop, till thou art with me out of Elfland," he said.

Just then a loud voice was heard singing:—

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!

Who has to my tower come?

What it's like he'll never tell,

If it's Christian blood I smell."

The door opened and the King of Elfland appeared. Before he had time to strike, Childe Rowland drew his good brand that never failed and fell upon him. They fought long and furiously, but at last the King of Elfland was down and begging for mercy.

"Release my brothers from their enchantment, and from my sister take the spell, and I will show thee mercy," said the victorious Childe Rowland.

The King of Elfland anointed the lips of the brothers with a blood-red liquid and they came to life. To Burd Ellen he spoke some magic words, and she was freed from the spell. Then they all went forth from the Dark Tower, and soon left Elfland far behind. When they reached home, the good queen greeted them with tears of joy; and Burd Ellen never again went round the church "widershins."

TAMLANE

EARL MURRY had a handsome son named Tamlane, who was betrothed to Burd Janet, the lovely daughter of Dunbar, Earl of March.

One day young Tamlane disappeared, and although they sought him far and near, no trace of him could be found. Burd Janet mourned her lover, and wandered alone underneath the trees where they had loved to walk together. Now Carterhaugh Wood was a gruesome place where she had been told not to go, but, heedless of the warning, she one day wandered thither and began to pick flowers. Some broom grew in her path, and as she picked its blossoms, lo, young Tamlane stood before her.

"O, Tamlane, Tamlane! where have you been so long?" she cried.

"In Elfland," he replied. "I am now a knight of the Queen of Elfland!"

He then told her how one day while hunting he was suddenly overcome with sleep, because he had ridden "widershins" (against the sun) around the hill; and when he awoke, he found himself in Elfland.

"So fair is Elfland that I would fain dwell there always but for leaving thee, Burd Janet," said Tamlane. "But a great danger threatens me: every seven years the elves must pay tithe to the netherworld; and though the queen loves me well, I fear that I may be chosen for the tithe."

"Tamlane, Tamlane! tell me how I may save you," the maiden cried.

"If you would win me out of Elfland, this is what you must do," replied her lover. "On the night of Hallowe'en, between the hours of

twelve and one, come to Miles Cross. When you arrive there, scatter holy-water about you, and await the coming of the elves, who will pass that way as they ride through England and Scotland."

"Will you be with them, Tamlane? And how shall I know you?"

"The first court of elves let pass, and the second let pass; but at the head of the third I shall ride a white steed, at the side of the Queen of Elfland. You will know me by a star in my crown, and the token of my gloved right hand, my left one being bare."

"But how can I rescue you from the elves?" asked Burd Janet.

"Come suddenly upon me, and I will fall to the ground. Then do you cling fast to me. They will try all their magic to wrest me from you, but whatever change they put upon me, do not for a moment loose your hold. When they, at last, change me to a red-hot iron, throw me into the pool, and spread your green mantle about me, for I will be a mother-naked man, and freed from their power."

When Tamlane had said these words he disappeared, and Burd Janet ran home to await the time when she might rescue him.

The next night being Hallowe'en, at the midnight hour she went to Miles Cross, and compassed herself around with holy-water. Not long did she have to wait ere over the mound came riding the fairy court. First a troop on steeds of black, and then a troop on steeds of brown; and then the third troop on steeds of milky white. Beside the Queen of Elfland rode a knight, whom by the token of the star in his crown and his bare left hand, Burd Janet knew to be her own Tamlane.

Seizing the bridle of the milk-white steed, she dragged the knight to the ground, and clasped him in her arms.

"He's taken, he's taken from our very midst," shrieked the elves, and came flocking about her. They tried all of their spells to win him back, but close and fast did Burd Janet hold him. They turned him into frozen ice, but she held him to her warm heart; and then to a flame of fire, which her cool lips kissed; next an adder was writhing in her arms; and then a dove strove to fly away from her bosom. At last they changed him to a red-hot glaive, which Burd Janet thrust hissing into the pool. Straightway stood before her young Tamlane himself, a mother-naked man. She covered him over with her green mantle; and the elves were powerless to take him away from her.

The fairy court rode off in dismay, while the voice of the Queen of Elfland could be heard chanting:—

"She that has borrowed young Tamlane
Has won a stately groom.
She's taken away my bonniest knight,
And nothing's left in his room.

“But had I known, Tamlane, Tamlane,
A lady would borrow thee,
I’d hae ta’en out thy two gray eyne
And put in two eyne of tree.

“Had I but known, Tamlane, Tamlane,
Before we came from home,
I’d hae ta’en out thy heart of flesh,
And put in a heart of stone.

“Had I but had the wit yestreen
That I hae got to-day,
I’d paid the Fiend seven times his teind
Ere you’d been won away.”

The Queen and her elfin court passed out of sight, and Tamlane and Burd Janet went home hand in hand. When young Tamlane had been sained* by holy-water, and once more made Christian, he and his brave love were married.

WELSH SECTION

THE BREWERY OF EGG-SHELLS

IN A cot in Treneghnys, lived a shepherd and his wife with their two children, who were twins. The woman doted on her little ones and nursed them with great care.

One day she was obliged to leave them alone while she went some distance from home. As some of the “good folk,” the fairies, had lately been seen in the neighborhood, she hurried back lest harm might come to the children. Just as she came near to the cot, she saw the blue petticoats of some old elves crossing her path. She ran to the house in a terrible fright; but there in the cradle, just as she had left them, were her two little ones. All went well for a time, until it was noticed that the children did not grow, although the woman nursed them tenderly.

“There is something wrong,” remarked the neighbors.

“The children are not ours,” said the shepherd.

“Whose else can they be?” asked the wife; and then these two people fell into such a strife that the neighbors called the cot “*Twty Cymtws*,” by which name it is known to this day.

Time passed, but the children remained just as they were and did not grow at all. The shepherd complained more every day, until at

* “Sained” — Old English word, meaning “blessed.”

last, when the woman had become very unhappy, she thought of the Wise Man of Llanidloes, who knew everything and would be able to tell her what to do. Soon after this she made up her mind to go to him and tell her trouble. When the Wise Man had heard her story, he said to her:—

“Soon the rye and oats will be ready for the harvest. You will be getting dinner for the reapers, and while doing so, fill an egg-shell with pottage and let it boil. When it has boiled, take it to the door; but in place of giving it to the reapers for their dinner, listen to the children. If they say nothing, all is well; but if you hear them talk of things children do not understand, snatch them up and throw them into the lake.”

The woman went home and waited till harvest-day came. Then, as the Wise Man of Llanidloes had told her, she cleaned out an egg-shell and filled it with pottage. When it had boiled, she took it from the pot and carried it to the door. She had not listened long before she heard one of the children say:—

“An acorn grows into an oak,
An egg becomes a hen,
But such a brew, I never knew,
To feed the harvest men.”

The woman ran into the house and snatched the children from the cradle. She ran with them all the way to the lake and threw them in. The people in the blue petticoats thereupon came and rescued their dwarfs, and gave back her own children in exchange.

When the twins were back in the cradle the shepherd was content, and the strife in the cot ended.



IRISH SECTION

KING O'TOOLE AND HIS GOOSE

SURE, and if you've not heard of King O'Toole, you've not heard of Ireland, for he was one of the grandest kings old Ireland ever had.

It was in the ancient time he lived, when beasts and men had more sense than they have now, and that is what my story is about.

He owned all the land and all the churches, but that did not prevent his getting up early every morning and chasing the deer, for he loved hunting better than anything else, did this king. All this was very fine so long as he was young; but in time he grew stiff with old age, and no

longer could he go a-hunting, nor enjoy any of the sports. The king would have been in a bad way, indeed, for something to divert him, but for his clever goose, which used to fly about before him in the most beautiful way; and on Fridays, what did that pious bird do but fly into the lake and get fish for the king to eat.

Well, the king was content enough in spite of his shaky legs and bad heart, but in time the goose got old like himself, and could no longer divert him. Then it was that he was minded to drown himself, for "Sure," said he, "since my goose can no longer take my thoughts from my pains and feebleness, what is there to live for?"

One day he was walking slowly along by the lake, ruminating in this sad way, when whom should he meet but a fine-looking young man, who was none other than St. Kavin in disguise. The king greeted him with, "God save you."

"God save you, King O'Toole," replied the young man.

"True it is, I am King O'Toole," answered the king, "but how is it you came to know it?"

"No matter about that. How is your goose, King O'Toole?"

The king was still more astonished that the stranger should know about his goose, and asked him some questions to discover who he was.

"What are you?" asked the king. No better answer would the young man give than that he was an honest man.

"If honest you be, how do you make your money?" questioned the king, thinking to catch him.

"By making things which have grown old quite new again, King O'Toole."

"'Tis a tinker you are," said the king.

"I've a better trade than a tinker's, and if you say so, I can make your old goose as good as ever she was."

The king was delighted to hear these words, as you may imagine, and called to the bird to come to him. She waddled up to him as fast as her poor crippled legs would allow; and when St. Kavin saw her, he said he would do the job.

"If you make my goose healthy and strong again," said the king, "I'll say it's clever you are."

"If that's all, then I am not doing it," said St. Kavin. "A bargain I'll be after making with you, King O'Toole. Now, what will you give me to do the job?"

"Whatever you ask," answered the king, getting excited. "Do you call that fair?"

"Never a fairer! Now what do you say to giving me all the ground which the goose flies over, after I make her as good as new?"



The king agreed at once to St. Kavin's proposal, and they shook hands on the bargain.

"You'll keep your word?" asked St. Kavin.

"On my honor," replied the king.

With that St. Kavin called the goose to him. "Come here, you poor old eripple," said he, "and I'll make you a sporting bird once more." He took the goose up by the wings and made the blessed sign with her, saying, "Criss o' my cross on you," and tossed her into the air.

She spread her wings and soared away like an eagle, so surprised to find herself strong again that she minded never to stop. When she lit at the king's feet, it was a beautiful sight to see him. "Me darlint," said he, "you are the finest in the world!" Then he murmured more endearments, until St. Kavin interrupted him.

"What have you to say to me, King O'Toole?"

"That the art of man is greater than that of anything, except the bees," said the king.

"And what more?" persisted the saint.

"That I am much beholden to you," the king replied.

"Do I get all the ground that the goose flies over?" asked St. Kavin.

"If it were my last acre," the king answered.

"It's true you're speaking?"

"On my word," said the king.

Then St. Kavin told him 'twas well he had said that word, or his goose would never have flown again. "I am only here to find if you are a decent man, and 'tis well you are, for I am disguised, and you do not know me."

"Musha!" said the king. "Then tell me this blessed minute who you are."

When St. Kavin told the king who he was, he fell upon his knees and crossed himself.

"Have I been talking to the great St. Kavin, as though he were only a decent boy?" says he.

"You have that," says the saint.

"Are you sure that you are St. Kavin, the greatest of all saints?" asked the king.

"As sure as that your old goose can fly like a lark," answered the saint.

So the king had his goose, and St. Kavin had the king's land; but, being a decent saint, he did not let the king want while he lived, which was not long, to be sure.

The goose died before the king, and this was how it happened: 'Twas on a Friday that the poor bird went to the lake to get a trout for the king's supper, as was her eustom. But not another trout did

the goose ever take to the king. Just then, a sneaking horse-eel came along and killed the blessed bird; but small good did it do him, for even a horse-eel has more sense than to eat what St. Kavin has blessed with the touch of his hand.

NORSE SECTION

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON

A POOR peasant had many children, for whom he could provide but little to eat and wear. There were several daughters, of whom the youngest was very beautiful.

One Thursday evening, while the wind and rain forced their way into the miserable cottage, the family crouched together at the fireside. Suddenly above the noise of the storm three distinct knocks were heard on the window-pane. The peasant went outside and to his astonishment beheld a great White Bear.

“Good evening,” said the White Bear.

“Good evening,” replied the peasant; “what can I do for you?”

“I love your youngest daughter, and wish to marry her. If you will give her to me you shall be no longer cold and hungry, for I will make you rich,” the bear answered.

“I will learn if my daughter is willing,” said the man.

Then he went into the cottage and asked his youngest daughter if she would save her mother and father and her brothers and sisters from wretchedness by being the wife of the White Bear. But the daughter said she could not do what he asked.

On the next Thursday evening the White Bear came again to the peasant's cottage to see if the beautiful daughter had changed her mind. Then, because she was brave and had a good heart, she consented to leave her home and go away with him.

“Are you afraid?” asked the White Bear.

“I am not afraid,” answered the maiden.

“Then,” said he, “sit on my back and keep fast hold of the fur, and I will carry you.”



Thus the maiden rode far from her home into forests and beyond hills which she had never seen, until at last they came to a high mountain. The White Bear knocked with his great paw on the side of the mountain. It opened, and they went into a palace which shone with silver and gold.

In one room there was a table richly spread, and a silver bell which the White Bear told her she must ring whenever she wished anything.

When she had eaten and drunk she became very sleepy and rang the silver bell. Behold, she instantly found herself in a splendid bed-chamber; the bed was all of gold, and silken draperies hung about it. When she had gone to bed and the room was dark, a man came and lay beside her. It was the White Bear, who was an enchanted prince. He could put off the form of a beast during the night, but always at dawn the spell again held him. Although he came and spoke to her every night, she never saw him, for he always left before morning.

After a time she became lonely in the big palace, and asked that she might go home to see her mother and father and her brothers and sisters.

"On one condition," replied the White Bear; "I will take you to see them. Promise me not to talk about me to your mother; for if you do a great misfortune will come to us." She gave the promise he required, and the White Bear took her on his back as before. He carried her very far from the mountain, over hills and through forests,—not to the miserable cottage she had left, but to a comfortable home where her mother and father and brothers and sisters had everything they wished, and were very happy.

They were all glad to see her again. When her mother asked her many questions of her new life, she forgot her promise to the White Bear and told her all; of the beautiful palace where she was so lonely all day, and of the man who talked to her every night after the lights were put out, but was never at her side when daylight returned. The mother told her the man must be some hideous troll, else he would let himself be seen. Said she:—

"Take a candle back with you and look at him while he sleeps."

When the wife of the White Bear left her father's house and returned to the palace, she did as her mother bade her. The man came as usual and lay beside her. While he slept she lighted the candle which her mother had given her and looked at him. Instead of a hideous troll, the rays of the candle revealed a prince so handsome that she stooped and kissed him. As she bent over him, three drops of tallow fell on his clothes, and he awoke.

"Alas! what have you done!" he exclaimed. "Now I may tell you my secret. I am bewitched by a wicked stepmother, so that during the day I have the form of a bear. In another year the enchantment would have ended, and I could have remained a man always. Now I must go to the dreary castle of my stepmother in the land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, and marry a princess whose nose is three ells long."

She cried herself asleep and when she awoke in the morning the handsome prince and the palace of gold and silver had vanished. She

was alone in the wood, in the rags she had worn when the White Bear took her away from her father's wretched cottage. She did not regret the splendid palace nor fine clothes, however, but the dear husband whom she had lost, and she bravely went in search of him. After walking many days she came to a hill whereon sat an old woman playing with a golden apple. She asked the old woman if she knew the land East of the Sun and West of the Moon?

"I do not know," replied the old woman; "but perhaps my neighbor does. Take this golden apple and get on my horse, which will carry you to her. When you reach there, pat the horse under the left ear and send him back to me."

The journey to the neighbor was very long, but at last the wife of the White Bear came to the hill on which she sat. As the old woman could not tell her what she wished to know, she gave her a golden carding-comb and a horse to carry her to another old woman a great distance off.

"The golden carding-comb you may keep," said she, "but pat my horse under the left ear and he will come back to me."

The third old woman was also unable to tell her how to reach her husband, but she gave her a golden spinning wheel, and lent her a horse that she might ride to the East Wind. After many days she came to the East Wind and asked:—

"Can you tell me where I may find the land that is East of the Sun and West of the Moon?"

"No," said the East Wind; "I have never heard of it; but get on my back and I will take you to the West Wind, who has traveled much farther than I and knows many distant lands."

Then the East Wind bore her quickly to the West Wind, but neither could he direct her to the enchanted land.

"Perhaps," said he, "the South Wind knows, for he has blown almost everywhere. If you wish I will carry you to him."

She mounted the strong West Wind, who soon carried her to the South Wind and said:—

"I have brought a girl who seeks the prince in the castle East of the Sun and West of the Moon. In your wanderings, have you visited that castle?"

"No," said the South Wind, "my journeyings have not reached so far, but my brother, the North Wind, no doubt knows the place. I will take her to him, if she wishes."

The wife of the White Bear mounted the back of the gentle South Wind, who carried her swiftly to the fierce North Wind. When told that the brave girl whom the South Wind had brought so far sought her husband in the far-off land, the terrible North Wind roared in a big voice

that he would take her where she wished to go. Sweeping down to her with awful force, he caught her in his rude arms and bore her away.

At first their flight was so swift and high that it seemed as if they must very soon reach their journey's end, but not till after many days had passed, not till after many mountains and many seas had been crossed, and the strength of the North Wind was nearly spent, did he lay her and himself under the windows of the enchanted castle. While the North Wind rested, the wife he had brought so far sat where he had placed her and played with the golden apple. Soon the princess with the nose three ells long saw her and asked her what she wanted for the golden apple.

"I will give it," said she, "for leave to spend the night beside the chamber door of the prince who is staying here."

The princess finally agreed, but gave a sleeping draught to the prince so that his wife could not waken him. Although she cried to him the whole night through, he did not hear her; and in the morning the wicked princess sent her away.

Then she sat as before under the windows and carded with the golden carding-comb. The wicked princess saw her, and so coveted the carding-comb that she again consented to let the wife spend the next night with the prince. The sleeping draught again prevented her waking him, and when morning came she was driven out. There was now left only the golden spinning wheel. The princess desired this also.

"I will part with it," said the wife, "if again I may spend the night at the door of the prince's chamber."

The wicked princess took the golden spinning wheel, and on the third night led the wife to the prince. Some good people in the next chamber had heard the wife weeping and calling to her husband, and had warned him. This time he pretended to take the sleeping draught, and when his wife came to him he was awake and knew her.

"You have come just in time," said the prince, "for to-morrow I am to be married to the princess with the long nose."

"I will try to save you," replied the brave wife.

On the morrow the prince told his stepmother that three drops of tallow had fallen on a fine shirt which he wished to be married in, and that he would marry only the woman who could wash them out. The princess with the long nose washed and rinsed, but the spots only grew the larger; then the stepmother scrubbed until the shirt was black, and the trolls tried in vain to make it white again.

"There is a beggarmaid outside, let her try," said the prince.

The beautiful wife of the prince took the shirt and dipped it in the water, and it came out as white as snow. At this the princess with the

nose three ells long, and the wicked stepmother, and all the trolls, flew into such a rage that they burst.

Then the prince and his beautiful wife and the good people who had been captives in the enchanted castle, all mounted the North Wind, who bore them away forever from the dreary land East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

SWEDISH SECTION

THE BIRD GRIP

THERE was once a king who, in spite of all efforts to heal his malady, became blind. When all else failed, he was told that the king of another country possessed a bird called Grip, whose song would restore his sight.

The blind king had three sons, the eldest of whom, on hearing of this wonderful bird, declared that he would go to the kingdom where it was guarded night and day, and bring it back with him. Greatly pleased at this evidence of his son's devotion, the king gave him everything necessary for the journey and bade him farewell. The prince rode away full of his resolve; but, before he had gone half the journey, he stopped at an inn, where he fell in with such merry company that he forgot his blind father and his mission.

After a long time had passed, and the king had given up all hope of the prince's return, his second son came to him and requested leave to go in search of his brother and the bird Grip. The king sent him forth well equipped for the journey; but when the second son came to the inn where his brother was making merry, he, too, fell in with the revelers and forgot his father and the bird Grip.

The king became very sad when neither of his sons returned, and he lost all hope of ever seeing them again. Perceiving him thus unhappy, his youngest son came and asked that he might go to find his brothers and bring back the bird Grip. The king replied that should he fail, like his brothers, his father would be not only blind but childless. The youngest son pleaded, however, until at last permission was granted him to go, and the king fitted him out as he had the others.

When he arrived at the inn where his two brothers had remained, they besought him to join them in their pleasures. This he refused to do, and hurried on to obtain the bird.



One night, while going through a forest, he came to a lonely house where he stopped for food and rest. The host received him graciously, and led him to the guest-chamber. His horse was taken to the stable and fed, and just as the servant-girl brought his supper, he was startled by piteous cries in the adjoining room. He started toward the door; but the girl stopped him and told him to eat his supper in peace. On being urged to explain what the cries meant, she told him that they were uttered by no living person, but that in the next room was a dead man whose shrieks were heard every night. Then she related how the host had killed a stranger because he could not pay for what he had eaten and drunk at the inn, and had then refused to bury him. Not wishing to appear frightened, the prince commenced to eat. As he removed the cover from one of the dishes, he found that it contained a knife and an ax; by which sign he knew that the host was giving him his choice of death or ransom. Thereupon he sent for the host, and not only bargained with him to spare his life, but gave him money for the dead man's debt and burial.

When the host had departed, the prince asked the maid to show him his horse and help him to escape, as he no longer felt safe in the murderer's house. She replied that the host kept the key to the stables under his pillow, but that she would attempt to get it for him, if he would promise to take her with him, as she, too, wished to get away. This he agreed to do, and in a short time they had obtained the horse and ridden far away.

At another inn he found a good place for the girl, and then resumed his journey. In the forest he met a fox who asked him where he was going and for what purpose. The prince refused to answer; and the fox told him that he knew his errand, and could aid him to procure the bird Grip for his blind father, if he would be counseled by him. He gladly accepted the fox's offer when he saw that he was disposed to be friendly, and followed him to the castle where the bird was kept. Before arriving at the castle, the fox gave him three grains of gold, with the instruction that he was to throw one into the guard-room, another into the room where the cage was kept, and another into the cage itself; whereupon he would be able to take the bird, which, however, he must be careful not to stroke, or his attempt would fail.

The prince promised to obey, and proceeded to do as he had been instructed. One of the grains of gold he threw into the guard-room, and the guard at once fell into a sound sleep; the second he threw into the room where the bird Grip was sitting, with the same result to one who watched there; the third grain he threw into the cage, and the bird, also, promptly fell asleep. When he had the beautiful bird in his hand,



he forgot the fox's injunctions, and stroked it; whereupon the bird awoke and uttered such cries that the whole household rushed in, and the prince was put into prison.

While miserably lamenting his blunder, and regretting that he had deprived his father of the chance of regaining his sight, the fox suddenly stood before him. The prince now promised to follow more faithfully the fox's advice, if he would help him once more. The fox replied that he had come to aid him, but that all he could do was to advise him to answer "yes" to all the judge's questions when he was brought to trial. "Remember to do this," said the fox, "and all will be well with you."

The next day he was taken before the judge who asked him if he meant to steal the bird Grip, to which he replied "yes." When the king learned that he admitted being a master-thief, he said that he had use for him. He was at once taken to the king, who asked him if he would go to the neighboring kingdom and carry off a beautiful princess and bring her to him. To this also the prince said "yes," gladly enough; and when he had gone outside the castle, the fox gave him three grains of gold, one to throw into the guard-room, another into the chamber of the princess, and another into her bed; but warned him at the same time that he must not kiss her. The prince took the grains of gold and did with them as he was bidden; but when all had fallen asleep and he had taken the princess in his arms, her beauty caused him to forget the warning, and he kissed her. She immediately awoke, as did all the others; and the prince again found himself in a dungeon.

Here the fox visited him and reproached him for not following his advice. He promised again to help him, however, if he would answer "yes" to all that was asked him at the trial. The prince consented, and to both the judge's questions — if he meant to steal the princess, and if he were a master-thief — he answered "yes." The king then asked if he would go to the next kingdom and bring back the horse with the four golden shoes. Again the prince said "yes," and was allowed to depart.

The fox met him as before, and accompanied him on the journey. He again gave him three grains of gold, and directed him to throw one into the guard-chamber, another into the stable, and the third into the horse's stall. Then he cautioned him that above the horse hung a golden saddle, which he must not touch, or misfortune would again come to him, and he could no longer aid him. The prince threw the grains of gold, as he had been directed, and soon secured the horse. As his eyes caught sight of the golden saddle, he could not resist the temptation to take it; but just as he was about to do so his arm received such a blow that he remembered his promise, and he led the horse away without again looking back. The fox awaited him as he came out, and told him that he had given the invisible blow when he found him being tempted.

As they journeyed on together, the prince confided to the fox that he could never be happy unless he could carry the beautiful princess home with him to his father's castle. The fox assured him that it easily could be accomplished, with the aid of the three magic grains of gold. All was arranged, and soon the prince had entered the castle and carried off the beautiful princess, whom he placed upon the horse with the golden shoes. When they approached the castle where the bird Grip was guarded, the fox gave the prince another three grains of gold, and he entered the castle and brought the bird away with him.

His happiness was now complete, for not only would his father see again, but he had gained the beautiful princess. The fox traveled with the happy prince and princess, until he came to the place in the forest where he and the prince had first met. Here he bade him farewell, and told him that he would reach his father's castle in safety if he did not, on the way, pay ransom for some one's life. The prince thanked the fox for all his kindness to him, and promised to remember what he had told him. Then he and the princess resumed their journey, and soon arrived at the inn where the two elder brothers had tarried.

There the mirth and revelry had ceased. The walls were draped in black and two gibbets had been erected. The people explained to the prince that they were preparing to execute the two princes according to the law, as they had spent all their money and become so indebted to the host that no one would ransom their lives. The prince at once paid their debts and commanded that the princes be set free. But the ungrateful brothers had no sooner gained their liberty than they contrived how they might rob the young prince of his treasure and destroy him. After throwing him into a den of lions, they set the princess upon the horse with the golden shoes, and with the bird Grip started for their home. The princess was told to dry her tears and to swear never to tell of their treachery, or her life would pay the penalty.

When they arrived at the king's palace there was great rejoicing, and the two brothers were praised and fêted. The king asked for the younger brother, and was told that he had lived a riotous life at the inn and had been hanged for debt. This so grieved the king that he took no more joy in the treasures, for the youngest son was the best loved of his children. To add to his sorrow, the bird Grip refused to sing, and so he remained blind. The princess grieved all day, and the horse with the golden shoes kept every one at a distance.

When the wicked brothers threw the young prince into the lion's den, he found the fox already there before him; and the lions received him with great friendliness. The fox did not upbraid him for disobeying his commands, but led him out of the lion's den and advised him how to outwit his brothers. When the prince had thanked him, the fox

replied that if he were truly grateful he would do him a favor. The prince said he would do anything the fox might ask, to show his gratitude; but when the fox said, "Take your sword and strike off my head," the prince refused. The fox became very sad and told the prince he was refusing to do him the only favor in his power, and at length persuaded him to do as he desired. The prince had no sooner struck the blow than a youth appeared beside him.

"You have broken the enchantment which held me," said the youth. "I am the dead man whom you ransomed at the inn; therefore I guarded you on your journey."

When the youth left him, the prince traveled to his father's palace disguised as a horse-shoer. His services were at once accepted, as no one could be found strong enough to lift the foot of the horse with the golden shoes. When he entered the stable, the horse welcomed him with neighs of pleasure and permitted him to lift its feet and show the king's men the wonderful golden shoes. The man told him that he would be handsomely rewarded, but that the king would be still more pleased if he could persuade the bird Grip to sing. The prince told them that he had known the bird in the other king's palace, and if he were permitted to see it, he could tell them why it pined.

They at once led him to the king's chamber, where he saw the mute bird and the sad princess. At sound of his voice the bird sang joyously, and the princess ceased weeping. Then the king's blindness was suddenly healed; and, to his joy, he saw before him his youngest son. When the king learned of his elder sons' treachery, he banished them, and gave half his kingdom to the faithful prince, who married his golden princess.

DANISH SECTION

MASTER AND PUPIL

THERE was once a poor man who had a very clever son; he could read books, but having no money to buy them, he one day started out to seek employment. After walking some distance he met a man who asked him where he was going.

"I am looking for service," said the boy.

"I am looking for a servant," answered the man. "Do you care to serve me?"

"You as readily as another," the boy replied.

"Can you read?"

"The priest can read no better." The man shook his head, and said he did not want a boy to read his books, but to dust them.

When the man had left him, the boy thought with more and more regret how well the place would have suited him. Suddenly he resolved to obtain this situation if possible, and hiding behind a mound, turned his coat inside out, so that the man would not recognize him. At the other end of the mound he again met the man, who, not recognizing him on account of his appearance, asked him, as before, where he was going.

"I am looking for service," the boy replied.

"Do you care to serve me?" the man asked.

"You as readily as another."

"Have you learned to read?" the man asked him.

"Not a word can I read," the boy made answer. So the man, satisfied by this answer, took him home, and told him his only duties were to keep his books free from dust. This did not occupy much of the boy's time, so he had plenty left for learning what the books contained.

Now it so happened that the man was a great magician, who could change himself into any animal he wished and perform all kinds of wonders. In the course of time the boy had read all the books that he was engaged to dust, and so was grown as wise as his master.

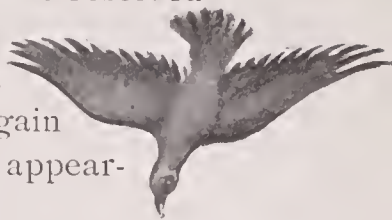
"This place no longer suits me," he one day exclaimed; and, without asking leave, he walked out and returned to his home.

Soon afterward there was a market in the town where he lived, and he decided to try the magic which he had learned.

"Father," said he, "I will change myself into the form of a horse, and you can take me to the market and sell me." His mother was fearful that he could not change back again, and begged him to have nothing to do with such evil feats. "I will come back to you, mother, never fear," he answered her, and in a minute he had become such a beautiful horse that his father led him prancing to the market, where he had no trouble in selling him for a large sum of money. As soon as he was left alone he changed back to his own form, and returned to his anxious father and mother.

The man who had bought the horse made a great outcry over its disappearance; and at last the story reached the ears of the magician. "I am sure that is the work of my runaway boy," thought he. "I will find him some fine day."

In a short time another market was held in the town. The boy again changed himself into a horse, and was led to the sale by his father. A purchaser was speedily found; and as soon as the bargain was concluded the magician came to where the horse was standing. No sooner had he laid eyes on the animal than the magician offered



the purchaser double what he had paid for it, and promptly obtained possession. Then he led the horse to a smith, and gave orders to have a red-hot nail driven into its mouth, to deprive it of the power to change its form. When he heard the magician's words, the boy changed himself into a dove and flew away. The magician thereupon became a hawk and pursued it; but before he could overtake it, the dove changed itself into a gold ring, and dropped into a maiden's lap.

The hawk then changed into a merchant, who tried to persuade the girl to sell the ring. He offered her a large sum of money; but she would not part with it, because she believed it had been sent to her as a gift from heaven.

The merchant would not be denied, however, and continued to offer the girl larger and larger sums, until, at last, the ring got frightened lest she should be tempted by so much money. Changing itself into a grain of barley, it fell to the floor and hid among the rushes. The magician at once took the form of a hen, and began scratching about to find it. Thereupon the grain of barley changed itself into a polecat, and snapped off the head of the hen. And that was the end of the magician.

Then the polecat resumed its human form; and the handsome youth she saw before her so pleased the maiden that she was easily persuaded to marry him. He never again made use of the knowledge he had acquired while dusting the wizard's books, having had enough of magic; and he and his wife lived to a happy old age.

THE SNOW-QUEEN

[From *Hans Christian Andersen*]

ONCE upon a time a wicked hobgoblin contrived a looking-glass which reflected and exaggerated a thousand times all the ugliness in the world, and so distorted the beautiful things that they too became hideous. He took a fiendish delight in roaming around the earth, robbing people of their happiness by showing them defects where they had looked for loveliness.

One day the hobgoblin let the glass fall, and it broke into a million billion pieces and more. One would think this would have been the end of this miserable business, but it was not so. Each of the tiny pieces was smaller than a grain of sand, but had the power of the whole glass. The pieces flew over all the world, and some people got them in their eyes, and so were blind to beauty. They entered the hearts of others, and that was still worse, for their hearts turned to ice.

In a certain town lived two children, Kay and Gerda, who loved each other very much and played together happily all day long. Their parents were too poor to have a garden, but between their two attics they placed boxes of roses and sweet growing flowers, and there the children loved to sit in summer. In winter they were obliged to remain indoors, but they amused themselves by melting holes in the frost on the windowpanes with hot pennies, through which they could see each other. One day it was snowing very fast.

"The white bees are roaming," said the grandmother.

"Is there a queen bee?" asked the boy.

"Yes, she is larger than the others and never touches the earth, but flies back again to the dark clouds. When people are asleep, she often peeps in at the windows, and that is why they freeze in such beautiful patterns." The children both had seen the pretty flowers, and knew that it was true.

That night little Kay crept from his bed and looked out of the window. The snowflakes were still falling and one larger than the others rested on the window-box outside. He watched it grow larger and larger until it became a lovely maiden, dressed in dazzling white. Her strange, restless eyes shone like two stars, and she beckoned to little Kay to come out to her. He was so frightened that he ran back to bed, and the next morning the frost covered the windows in the loveliest designs.

The winter passed and summer came, and the roses grew and blossomed once more. One day when the children were looking at one of their picture-books, Kay suddenly cried:—

"Something has blown into my eye!"

Gerda ran to him, and put her little arm about his neck. "I see nothing, Kay," said she.

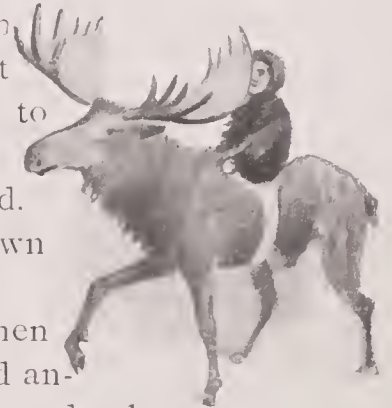
"It is still there," said he, "and I also have a pain in my heart."

After a time he got used to the hurt and thought that it had gone; but the pain had been caused by a piece of the broken glass which remained in his eye and turned his heart to ice. After a time everything began to look ugly to him; even little Gerda was no longer pretty.

"What is the matter with these roses?" he asked.

"They are bur-eaten and stunted and ought to be thrown out."

He began pulling the blossoms to pieces; and when little Gerda remonstrated, he only laughed and plucked another. The picture-book no longer interested him; and when his grandmother told stories, he rudely interrupted her, and said they were not amusing. When winter came again, he put on his warm



gloves, took his sledge to the market-place and left little Gerda alone. Then with other bold boys he would fasten his sledge behind the wagons and be drawn about the streets.

One day there drove into the square a white sledge, and in it was a figure dressed in white fur which beckoned to little Kay. He fastened his sledge behind it and was carried through the streets and out of the town. Then he attempted to unfasten his sledge; but the driver turned around and nodded to him in such a friendly manner that he sat still and was taken farther away. Faster and faster they went, until little Kay could scarcely cling on; and the snow fell so thickly that it nearly blinded him. He cried out to the figure to stop, but it did not answer him. On they went, faster and faster, and the snowflakes flew past like great white birds. At last they stopped, and the figure in the white sledge stood up. The fur cloak was thrown open and disclosed the tall and glittering form of the Snow-Queen.

"Come under my cloak," said she, "you are nearly frozen." She drew him into the sledge beside her and kissed his forehead. The touch of her lips chilled his heart; and when she kissed him again he forgot little Gerda and his pleasant house, where his old grandmother sat by the warm fire in the evening and told him stories. The Snow-Queen bore him away through the snow and wind over land and sea. They could hear the wolves howling in the forest below, and the black crows shrieked about them. Thus passed the winter night, and when day came Kay slept at the Snow-Queen's feet.

Little Gerda waited long for Kay, and when he did not return she went to the market-place to search for him. The boys told her of the white sledge which had carried him through the town gates, and she went home and wept. Through the long winter she watched for him; and when spring came, she said, "I will go and seek him." One day she ran down to the river and got into a boat which carried her down the stream, past trees and meadows. "Perhaps it will carry me to Kay," said Gerda.

The boat glided swiftly on until it came to a garden in which cherry-trees were growing, and here it rested on the bank. In the garden stood a little house, with red and blue windows and a stone roof. When Gerda called, a very old woman came hobbling out. On her head was a sun-hat, painted over with gaudy flowers. With her crutch she drew the boat close to the shore; and when she had lifted Gerda out, she asked her how she came there. Gerda told her of Kay, and asked her if he had passed that way.

"Not yet," replied the old woman, "but stay here with me until he does. You can have all the cherries and flowers you want, and you shall be my little girl, for I have long wanted one like you."

She took Gerda by the hand and led her into the house; then gave her luscious cherries to eat, and combed her hair with a golden comb. Gerda did not know that this old woman was a witch. As the golden comb was drawn through the little girl's hair, she forgot all about Kay. Then the witch went into the garden and waved her stick over the rose bushes so that they disappeared beneath the ground. Gerda came out and wandered through the lovely garden, where more flowers than she had ever seen were growing. Each day she played there in the warm sunshine until the sun sank behind the cherry-trees; and then the witch put her in a silken bed where she slept until morning. Thus the days went by; and she played in the scented air, always seeking something—she knew not what. One day she noticed the painted roses on the old woman's hat, which she had forgotten to put out of sight.

"There are no roses in this garden!" exclaimed Gerda. She ran about looking among the flowers, and when she could find no roses, she sat down and wept. Her tears happened to fall on the ground where a rose bush had been, and instantly it sprang through the moistened earth. When Gerda saw the dear blossoms she thought of those at home, and remembered Kay. "Why am I waiting here, and not seeking him?" she asked herself. She ran to the gate and pushed open the rusty lock. Outside the garden it was late autumn, and snow lay on the ground. Her little feet were bare, and the cold made them ache; but she ran on and did not heed the pain.

At last, breathless and tired, she sat down on a stone by the wayside to rest. A large crow alighted on the snow beside her and looked at her thoughtfully. "Caw! Caw!" said the crow, which meant, "good day." Then he asked her why she was there alone. She told him the story of her wanderings and asked if he had seen little Kay. The crow thought for a minute and then replied, "May be I have." She seized him and hugged him so hard that he could not breathe. "Wait, not so hard," said the crow, "for if it be Kay, he has forgotten all about you for the sake of the princess."

"Is he with the princess now?" asked Gerda.

"I will tell you all about it," said the crow. "In this kingdom there lives a princess who is more clever than anybody else. Not long ago she came to the throne, and thought she would take a husband. 'I must have one who can talk to me,' said she, 'for I could not endure a dull one.' So all the handsome young men were invited to the palace; but not one had wit enough to please the princess. One day a little fellow with eyes and hair like yours came to the palace. His clothes were poor, and he carried a little bundle on his back."

"It was Kay, and those were his skates!" cried Gerda, gleefully.

"He passed the royal guard," continued the crow, "and all the lords and ladies; seemed to be not a bit embarrassed by their splendor. The tame crow at the palace is my sweetheart, so I know the story is true. 'I have not come as suitor,' said he to the princess, 'but to learn wisdom from you,' and then they at once fell in love with each other."

When the crow had finished his story, Gerda asked to be taken to the palace; but the crow told her that the guards would never let her pass the gates. But she begged so hard that finally he promised to tell his sweetheart about her.

"Tell Kay that I am here," said she; "he will let me in."

At night the crow came back to her, and said that he had persuaded his sweetheart to take them by a secret stairway to the princess's chamber. The crow's sweetheart met them at the door, and led them through beautiful rooms, until they came to one lovelier than all the others. From a heavy golden rod were suspended two beds which looked like lilies. In one of them the princess was sleeping, and in the other Gerda caught a glimpse of a familiar brown neck.

"Kay!" she called aloud, as she pushed aside the curtain.

But when he awoke and turned his head, she saw that it was not Kay. The princess sat up in bed and wanted to know what she was doing there, and then the crows had to explain their part in the matter. She forgave them and asked Gerda to live with them at the palace; but Gerda thanked her and said she must find her little playmate. The next day they dressed her warmly, and gave her a muff and a coach of pure gold. The crow accompanied her a little way on her journey, and then, flapping his wings in good-by, returned to his sweetheart.

The gold coach sped on all day, and at night came to a dark wood. The robbers saw it shining through the trees, and, rushing out, killed the coachman and dragged little Gerda forth.

"Kill her," said the robber-queen, but her little girl begged to have Gerda spared to play with her. The little robber-girl then took from her the beautiful dress and muff, and asked her if she were not a princess. Gerda told her all about little Kay and her search for him, while the wood-pigeons listened.

"Coo! Coo!" cried they, when she had finished. "We have seen little Kay. The Snow-Queen carried him over the forest."

"Where did she take him?" asked Gerda.

"Probably to Lapland. Ask the reindeer; he may be able to tell you."

"Lapland!" exclaimed the reindeer, when Gerda asked him about Kay. "I know all its sparkling valleys and snowfields, for I was born there."

When the robber-queen and all the robbers had fallen asleep, the little robber-girl said to the reindeer: "I am going to set you free, if you will run all the way to Lapland, and carry this little girl to the Snow-Queen's palace." She gave little Gerda fur boots and a pair of gloves, in place of the muff which she kept. Then she tied her to the reindeer, who ran with her so swiftly that the forest was soon left far behind them. The wolves howled at them, and the ravens shrieked; but they flew on, day and night, beneath the burning heavens. "Our Northern Lights are shining," said the reindeer, and he ran faster still. Gerda ate all the bread and sausage which the robber-girl had given her, and then they came to Lapland.

At a miserable, low hut an old woman was frying fish. They asked her where the Snow-Queen was to be found, and she sent them to another old woman in Finland, who listened to their story and warmed them at her fire.

"Can you not give Gerda something to overcome the strength of the Snow-Queen, so that she may take her little playmate away with her?" asked the reindeer.

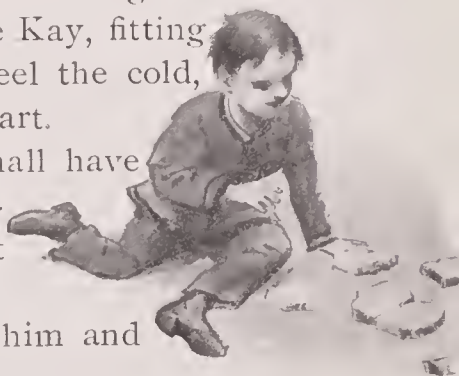
"Her strength is already greater than any I can give her," replied the Finland woman, "for she has innocence and sweetness, which overcome all evil. A few miles from here the Snow-Queen's gardens begin. Carry the little girl to the red-berry bush, and leave her to go alone to the palace."

While they were speeding away, Gerda cried to the reindeer: "Wait! I have left my boots and gloves behind!" But fearing to go back, the reindeer sped on; and in a few moments reached the bush. Gerda jumped to the ground and ran on with her bare feet. The snowflakes melted as they touched her, and she soon reached the palace. Its walls were of snow, and its windows were the winds; hundreds of halls reached out for miles, and the Northern Lights made them bright. The floor of the hall was a lake of ice; and on it sat little Kay, fitting together some of its broken pieces. He could not feel the cold, for the Snow-Queen had kissed him and frozen his heart.

"Make those pieces of ice spell 'Love,' and you shall have the world, a pair of new skates, and be your own master," the Snow-Queen had said to him. Then she left him to carry her white mantle to warmer countries.

Thus Gerda found him; and although she ran to him and put her arms about him, he did not know her.

"Dear Kay! at last I have found you!" she sobbed. Her tears fell upon his neck, and warmed his heart; and then he, too, wept, and the piece of glass was washed from his eye so that he recognized her. They were so happy that the pieces of ice saw them and slid about with joy;



and when they again lay still, they had spelled the word which would make Kay his own master and give him the world and a pair of new skates.

Gerda kissed him again and again; and his eyes shone bright, and the color came back to his cheeks. Then she took him by the hand, and they left the palace of the Snow-Queen and ran to the red-berry bush, where the reindeer was waiting to carry them home. They stopped at the hut of the Finland woman, who warmed them by her fire, and the Lapland woman cheered them on their way. They left the snow and ice behind, and came to forests where the trees were green and spring had come.

When they reached their own doorway, the grandmother was waiting to welcome them; the roses were blossoming in the garden, and it was warm, lovely summer.

THE FIR-TREE

[From *Hans Christian Andersen*]

THERE was once a little fir-tree that grew on a pleasant hillside, where the sun shone upon it all the day and the moon and stars at night.

Every breeze caressed it; and flowers sprang up about it all the summer through. It could hear the songs of the birds and the merry chatter of children who came to gather the berries that grew near.

It saw the first pale rays of the sun in the morning, and was bathed in its crimson glow as it sank below the world at night. About it grew many tall companions, both fir and pine; and this was the cause of the little tree's discontent. It was envious that its neighbors grew up into the sky and spread their branches out into the world, while it was so small, that in winter the snow nearly covered it. When the hares came out in the moonlight and jumped right over it, it became very angry.

In time the little tree had grown so tall that the hares could no longer jump over it; and still it was not happy. The birds never came to build their nests in its branches, and the woodcutters passed it by.

Every autumn, men came and cut down the tallest trees. They fell with a crash that could be heard across the meadows, and the sound made the little tree tremble with delight. Then their branches were hewn off and they were dragged away. The fir-tree longed to know where they went to. In the spring it asked of the swallows and the storks if they had seen the tall trees on their journey. The stork said he had met many new ships on his flight from Egypt. Their tall masts had the scent of fir-trees, and this might be the splendid fate of the trees that had been taken from the hillside.

“When will I be big enough to be taken over the sea?” asked the fir-tree. “Tell me what the sea is like.” But the stork, saying it would take too long to tell, flew away, leaving him more discontented than before.

“Rejoice that you are young,” said the warm sunbeam; “the growing time is sweet.” The wind whispered tender words to it, and the dew bathed it in happy tears; but the tree failed to understand.

At Christmas-time men came and hauled away many of the smaller trees, some of them not so big as the fir-tree. Their branches were left on, and they were piled upon the wagon. When the fir-tree saw this it longed more than ever to be away. “Why should I be left?” it asked. “And where are they going?”

The sparrows twittered, “We know; we know; down there in the city, we have looked in at the windows and seen. They are put in the center of a warm room, and candles and beautiful golden things are hung on their branches. We know! We have seen!”

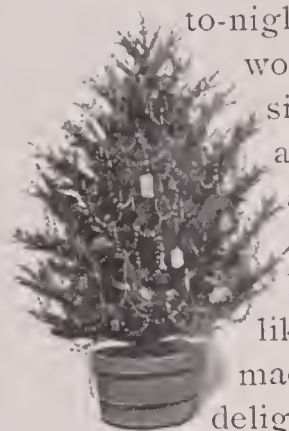
“Tell me more!” excitedly cried the fir-tree. But the sparrows had told all they knew, and the fir-tree was left to conjecture and to sigh in the wind. “Am I ever to know such splendor and magnificence?” it asked. “What comes after? I wonder. Something very splendid, I know, else why are they dressed up so fine? Shall I ever know? Will they ever come for me?”

“Rejoice that you have me,” said the air; and “Rejoice in me,” said the sunshine.

But the fir-tree heeded not, nor knew its blessings. It grew straight and beautiful, and when again the winter came, it was the first to be cut down. The ax went deep into its heart, and it fell to the ground, stunned and hurt. It knew that at last it was being taken away from the hillside, where it had been nourished by the gentle rains and sunshine; and somehow this brought more regret than pleasure. The thought of the dear companions it was leaving forever, the flowers, the breeze, and the happy birds, made it sad.

The next it knew it was piled in a yard with other trees, and a man was saying, “This is a fine tree, we will take this one.” Then it was carried into a beautiful room and planted in a tub of sand, which was draped and covered with green. On the walls were pictures of lovely landscapes reminding it of the home it had left; and a soft carpet covered the floor. There were handsome chairs and couches with silk pillows, and wonderful vases sitting about. The tree wondered if it would always remain in this splendid place.

Soon some young ladies and servants came and decked its branches with bright-colored bags, dolls, and gorgeous toys. Red and blue tapers were fastened to every twig, and wonderful things were hung



upon it. A golden star was placed upon its topmost bough, and one of the young ladies exclaimed, "What a beautiful tree! Wait until to-night!" The tree trembled with pleasure, and wondered what would happen then. "Will the other trees come from the hillside to witness my triumph?" it thought, "or will the birds fly against the windows and see?" Then the people went away, and the room grew quite dark. The tree commenced to feel very lonely, and tired as well with its precious burden: but at last a servant came to the room and lighted a lamp that shone like a great moon, and then all the little tapers on the tree were made to glitter like so many stars. The fir-tree shivered so with delight that some of the shining things caught fire. One of the young ladies screamed. The blaze was extinguished; but after that the tree was obliged to keep very quiet in all its bewildering radiance.

At last the folding-doors were opened and a troop of joyful children rushed in, followed by grown people. The children danced about the tree and shouted with delight. One after another the presents were taken off. When the tapers had burned low, they were extinguished; and the children were given permission to plunder for nuts and sugar-plums. When all its branches were bare, the tree was no longer noticed. Just as it was beginning to feel very much neglected, one of the children asked for a story. A fat little man was dragged beside the tree, where he sat down with all the children about him.

"What shall it be?" he asked, "Henn-Penn or Humpty-Dumpty? I shall tell only one to-night."

Some of them wanted Humpty-Dumpty, and others wanted Henn-Penn; and when their noisy clamor had been quieted, the little man told how Humpty-Dumpty fell down stairs and in the end received great honors and married a princess.

The tree had never heard anything like this before. The stories the birds told were quite different. "Will anything like this happen to me?" it thought.

In the morning the servants came into the room, and the tree was glad. "Now," it thought, "I shall again be dressed in dazzling things, and people will exclaim at my splendor, and perhaps to-night I shall hear the story of Henn-Penn. This is to be my glorious life!" But instead, it was carried to a dark attic and put in a corner where no air or light could reach it. "What does this mean?" thought the tree. "How long am I to remain here?"

Days and nights passed while the little tree leaned against the wall in the dark corner, its heart aching. "How lonely I am!" it sobbed. "I wonder what they are doing on the hillside. The ground is covered

with snow, and the hares are leaping about. It used to bother me when they jumped right over me, but I wish I were there now. I suppose they are waiting until the ground thaws out to plant me. It is so long to wait." Just then it heard a strange "squeak," and saw two little mice stealing out.

"It is nice and warm in here. Don't you think so, old fir-tree?" they asked, sniffing at its bark.

"I am not old," replied the fir-tree.

"Tell us where you came from," said the mice. "Was it a beautiful place? We have been in the storeroom where hams hang from the ceiling and big round cheese lie on the shelves. We have danced on tallow candles, and feasted till we were fat. Do you know a place as nice as that?"

Then the fir-tree told them of the woods where the birds sang, and of the sunshine. The mice were very much interested, and wanted to hear more. Finally it told them of the happy night it was decked out with sweetmeats and tapers, and merry children romped about it. The mice jumped for joy, and the next night brought more mice to hear of the wonders the fir-tree had seen. It told them the story of Humpty-Dumpty, of which it remembered every word. Two rats, who had come in to hear what the fir-tree had to tell, thought this a very poor tale and asked for a storeroom story. As the fir-tree knew none such to tell them, they soon left in disgust, and the little mice went with them. Then followed more long days and nights of lonely waiting, while the exile longed for its dear companions of the hillside.

One day a servant came to the garret and dragged the tree forth from the dark corner. It was taken down to the yard, where bright flowers were growing. It stretched out its branches in the sunshine; and then it saw that they were withered and brown, and all their green beauty was gone.

The birds twittered about, and merrily plucked some of the dried twigs. The golden star still glittered on its top, and one of the children who had played around it at Christmas, snatched the star roughly away.

"What is to be done with this ugly, old tree?" one asked. The tree wished itself back in its dark corner; but just then the servant came and cut it into small pieces.

Soon afterward it was burning brightly in a big grate, with the children gathered in front of it; and its blaze was reflected on the golden star which the child held in its hand.

When the last of its crackling sobs had ceased and the little tree was burned to ashes, the children ran back into the yard to play.

ICELANDIC SECTION

THE WITCH IN THE STONE BOAT

SIGUND was the brave and handsome son of an aged king. One day his father said to him:—

“I am now old, and have not long to live. Before leaving you, it would console me to see you happily married.”

Sigund replied that he would gladly obey his father's wishes, if he knew whom to select for a wife. It was finally agreed that he should journey to another country and seek the hand of the king's daughter.

Bidding his father good-bye, Sigund departed, and went to the kingdom where the princess lived. She was so beautiful that he fell in love with her at once and asked her father if he might marry her. The king gave his consent, on condition that Sigund should not take the princess away, but remain with her in her own country. Sigund and the princess loved each other dearly, and their happiness was complete when a son was born to them.

When they had been married three years, Sigund's father died and Sigund was summoned to the throne. He at once took his wife and child on board a ship and set sail for home. When they had been at sea for several days, the breeze suddenly fell and they were becalmed. One day, when Sigund had gone below to sleep, the queen remained on deck playing with her little son. Suddenly she saw at a distance something black upon the water. It came nearer and nearer until she could discern a boat, and in it some one rowing. When it came alongside the ship she saw that the boat was made of stone; and out of it there sprang a horrible witch. The queen was so terrified that she could make no sound, even when the witch approached her and took the child from her arms. The ugly creature stripped her of her robes. Then, arraying herself in the royal raiment, she placed the queen in the stone boat, saying:—

“With this spell upon you, speed to the Underworld where my brother dwells.”

At these words the boat shot away from the ship, bearing with it the swooning queen.

When the stone boat was lost to sight, the child began to cry. The witch, who had taken the form of the queen, was unable to pacify it. At last she took the excited child below and angrily awakened the king. She upbraided him for leaving them alone on deck while the



crew was sleeping, and for not having remained to watch the ship. The king had never heard the queen speak like this before, and was greatly amazed. He tried to soothe the crying child, but it only clung to him and sobbed the more.

Soon a breeze sprang up that carried them to land, where the people waited to welcome Sigund as king. He proceeded at once to the palace, and was received with great affection. The child, meanwhile, had never ceased crying, although its father had tried every means to quiet it.

At length one of the maids at court was selected to nurse the king's son, and the little one became well and happy again.

The king's troubles were not ended, however, for the queen had so changed that he could scarcely recognize her as the sweet and loving wife she had been of old. Her haughty and overbearing manner made her unpopular at court, and soon strange stories were circulated about her. Two young men, whose rooms were next to those occupied by the queen, often heard her talking to herself. One day they listened and heard her say:—

“If I yawn a little, I am a nice maid; if I yawn more, I become half a troll; if I yawn all I can, I become a troll altogether.”

The astonished young men watched her yawn until she changed into a hideous troll. Then the floor opened and a three-headed giant appeared, bearing a huge tray of meat. He called the troll “sister,” and set the meat before her, whereupon she devoured it ravenously. When she had finished eating, the giant took the empty trough and disappeared with it in the same manner that he had come, and the witch resumed the form of the queen. The young men had seen all of this, but were afraid to tell their discovery to any one, lest they should be put to death.

Meantime the little prince was tended and cared for by the loving nurse. One evening, while she sat with him on her lap, the floor suddenly opened, and a lovely woman dressed in white appeared. About her waist was an iron belt, and to this was attached a chain which came from the opening in the floor. The woman took the child in her arms and caressed it fondly without uttering a word. In a short time she despairingly returned it to the nurse and vanished the way she had come.

The nurse was terribly frightened, but she told the occurrence to no one. The next evening, while she sat with the child in her arms, the same thing happened. But just as the woman relinquished the child she uttered these words, “Two are gone, but one is left.”

When she had departed, the nurse pondered upon her mysterious words. She became more and more alarmed, fearing lest some evil should befall the child. The next day she went to the king and told him of her strange experience. He listened to the story, and that night

went to the nurse's chamber, where he sat hidden with sword in hand until the planks opened and the beautiful woman appeared. The king recognized his true queen. With one blow of his sword he severed the chain that dragged from her belt. Then a great noise was heard below, and the earth shook until they feared the palace would fall.

When the commotion had ceased, the king took the queen in his arms. She told him how the witch had thrust her into the stone boat while he slept, and related what had afterward occurred.

"I soon lost sight of the ship," she said, "and sailed through darkness till I reached the three-headed giant in the Underworld. When I refused to marry the giant, he imprisoned me, swearing he would not release me until I consented. Seeing no way of escape, I promised to yield if he would permit me to visit the earth and see my child three times. He agreed to this, but fastened a chain about me, the other end of which was attached to his own waist."

The noise and the shaking of the earth must have been caused by the giant falling down to the Underworld when the chain gave way so suddenly.

The wicked witch was put to death, and the real queen was welcomed and beloved by all her subjects. As for the faithful nurse, she was married to a nobleman, and the king and queen made her many handsome presents.

ESKIMO SECTION

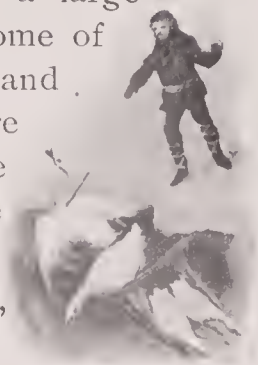
THE MAN WHO MARRIED A GOOSE

[From *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*]

A MAN was once walking by a pond where some geese had taken off their feather-garments and assumed the forms of women. While they were swimming in the pond, the man gathered up their garments which they had left upon the shore. When the geese-women finished bathing and came to land, he gave back all the garments but two. One of the two women thus deprived cried so piteously for her feather-garment that he gave that back also, and she flew away with the others. But the other woman he took home with him and married. She lived with him in his hut, and in time became the mother of two children.

One day, while out walking, the woman found some wings, which she carried home with her and hid in the skin-covering of the wall. When her husband was absent, she fastened the wings on the children and herself and they became geese and flew away.

The father came home, and finding his wife and sons gone, set out to follow them. He walked along the beach when the tide was low, and in this manner traveled a great distance. When he came to a large *qolifsinssuang* (pot) where some codfish was cooking, he had some of it to eat. After he had eaten, he stepped over the boiling pot and went on his way. He walked on until he came to a very large man, named Qayungayung, who was chopping with an ax. The man took the chips and threw them into the water, saying, "Be a *qajuoag*," and the chips one by one became hooded seals. Then he took other chips and threw them into the water, saying, "Be an *uxussung*," and they became ground-seals.




Qayungayung told the man that he would take him to his wife, if he would agree to keep his eyes shut all the way thither. The man promised, and they got into a boat. After they had sailed some distance, the man heard voices; but Qayungayung told him he must not open his eyes. Every time the voices were heard, he was forbidden to look, until at last they reached the shore. When they came to the place where the man's wife and children were living, the little boys saw their father coming. They ran in to tell their mother, but she would not believe them. A second time the children called to the mother to come and see for herself, but she would not heed them; and the man entered the house. When the woman saw her husband, she pretended to be dead. He took her in his arms and carried her to a spot where he buried her under some stones. Then he went back to his children and pulled down his hood, to show that he mourned.

The wife arose from under the stones and went back to the tent. The husband saw her walking about, and killed her with a spear. A great many geese then came flocking about his head, and he killed these also; but the two boys flew away.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN SECTION

IN THE LAND OF SOULS

THERE was once an Indian maiden, straight limbed and fairer than any other of her tribe. Like the deer, she was fleet of foot; and her eyes shone like the stars. Many young braves laid their trophies at her feet, and sat silent in her father's tent; but she paid no heed to any one of them, until one day a handsome young chief came to woo. To him she gave her heart, and promised to leave her people and to go with him



to his tribe. But, alas! a few days before the feast and ceremony were to take place, the maiden suddenly sickened and died, and left her lover disconsolate. Day and night the young chief sat bowed beside the grave, wherein his heart was buried. His bow hung unused, and the deer stalked by him unnoticed.

One night, while mourning thus dry-eyed under the stars, he recalled a tale of his tribe which brought him solace. He had once heard an old chief tell of a path which led to the Land of Souls; and that he who sought and followed it unwearied might reach the peaceful shores.

When the sun rose the next morning, he flung his pouch and blanket over his shoulder and journeyed toward the north, where it was said the path might be found. There was nothing more to guide him than the dimly remembered tale, and his great desire; but he knew that where the path touched the earth his feet would go. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and the rivers were frozen to their banks. Forests and mountains he traversed; and after many days, when the land of his tribe lay far behind, the green earth began to appear, and he knew that he had found the way. The sky grew blue above him, flowers bloomed at his feet, and the birds sang in the trees. Through this land of summer he passed to a dark wood, and beyond to cliffs which towered toward the sky. Toiling to the tops of these, he came to a wigwam, wherein dwelt an old man. He was clothed in skins, and in his hand he held a staff. The young chief asked him if he knew the path which led to the Land of Souls. In reply the old man bade him enter and rest, as she whom he sought had done, and he would tell him of the way.

“No one enters the Land of Souls without leaving his body behind,” said the old man. “Take off your bow and arrows, and leave all here. You will find them waiting for you when you return.”

The chief at once laid aside his blanket, his pouch, and bow and arrows, but would not stop to rest. The old man led him to the door, and pointed to calm waters and plains which lay far beyond, saying, “That is the Land of Souls.” At the beautiful sight the chief’s feet were no longer weary, and he was eager to be gone. Bidding the old man farewell, he sped on to reach his love. The scent of flowers filled the air, birds sang, and the animals came tamely to him. At length he noticed that nothing barred his path; he passed through rocks and trees, as though they were not there; and then he knew that these were the ghosts of rocks and trees, and that he was in the Land of Shadows. After a time he came to a great lake, and far from its shore saw a beautiful island. At his feet lay a canoe, which was made of shining stone. He sprang in, and with the glittering paddle pushed off from the bank.

Soon he saw behind him another canoe like his own, and in it sat the maiden for whom he had left his tribe and journeyed to the Land of Souls. He tried to reach her, but great waves separated them.

And now, below him, he saw the bones of those who had died while trying to reach that shore. Many people struggled in the dark water; some sank and did not rise, while others rapidly passed over. Only the children knew no fear, and laughed in going. Like them, the chief and the maiden were free from sin, and the Master of Life carried them rapidly over the terrors of the dark sea to the shining shore beyond.

Then they traveled hand in hand through the Happy Land, where flowers bloomed and cool waters flowed. They did not hunger or thirst, and there was no night. The chief thought not of wars nor of hunting, and was content to wander thus forever through fields of sweetest perfumes, with the maiden by his side. But at last the winds murmured to him the message from the Master of Life:—

“Return to your people, for they have need of you. Many years shall you rule over them, and when your work is finished, you may rejoin the maiden who will await your coming. My messenger will meet you at the gate; and when you have put on your cast-off body, he will guide you back to the Land of Snows.”

THE CELESTIAL SISTERS

[From *Matheres's Indian Fairy Tales*]

WAUPEE, or the White Hawk, was known as the most skilful hunter of his tribe. He was straight as the cedar, and his eye shone with the fire of youth. He lived in the forest, and no part of it was too gloomy for him to penetrate. The note of every bird he knew, and the track of every animal.

One day he wandered out of the forest and came to the open plain. Blue grass covered the earth, and bright flowers grew on every side. He walked on and on over the prairie, enjoying the cool and fragrant breeze. Finally he came to a circle worn in the sward, as though many feet had trampled it. No path led to it, and he gazed on the spot in perplexity. The grass and flowers about it were undisturbed, as though no foot had ever approached it. The White Hawk could not understand how the ring came there; and secreting himself behind a bush, he lay in wait to discover its meaning. He had not waited long when from above his head came a faint sound of music.

Nearer and sweeter it grew, until he saw a large basket sailing through the air. When it touched the earth, twelve sisters of most enchanting beauty stepped lightly out, and began dancing around the magic

ring. A shining ball, which they struck, gave forth entrancing music, to which their feet kept time.

The White Hawk gazed, enchanted, upon these lovely forms. The youngest sister was fairer and more graceful than the others, and the desire to clasp her radiant form became so great that he sprang from his hiding place. The sisters saw him. Like frightened birds they jumped into the basket, and were drawn up into the sky. Waupee watched them fade into the clouds above, and then sadly returned to his lodge.

The next day at the same hour he went to the plain, and disguising himself as an opossum, awaited the coming of the beautiful sisters.

Before long he heard the same sweet music, and afar off he saw the basket approaching. He crept slowly toward the ring, but the sisters, seeing him, became startled, and the car again bore them away. When they had disappeared, Waupee put off his disguise and went back to his lonely lodge. All night he thought of the one fair sister whom he longed to possess.

The next day found him again at the spot where the sisters visited the earth. Near by was a stump, covered with moss, where some mice made their home. He first placed the stump near the magic ring, then turned himself into a little mouse, sleek and bright eyed like the others. In a short time the celestial maidens came and danced on the grass.

"I do not remember that stump," exclaimed one.

They all stopped their sport and gathered about it. One of them daringly struck the bark, and the little mice ran out. The sisters chased and killed them, until but one remained. This one, which the youngest sister pursued, was Waupee. As the maiden raised a silver stick to strike, the White Hawk turned and clasped her in his arms. The basket bore the eleven sisters away and left the youngest the prize of the brave hunter.

Waupee led the beautiful maiden to his lodge, and strove in every way to please her. When tears gathered in her eyes, he wiped them away, and told her of the charms of the earth. He fondly cared for her, and in time won her affections and was the happiest of men.

When the winter and another summer had passed, a beautiful little boy came to bless their lodge.

They were very happy for a long time, but at length Waupee's wife, who was a daughter of one of the stars, longed to go back to her home in the heavens. She dared not tell Waupee of her desire, but secretly made a little basket; and one day when Waupee was absent she took the little boy and went to the magic ring.

She entered the car, and as she began the sad song it bore her and the little boy above the earth. Waupee recognized the music and ran to



the plain in time to see his wife and child borne away from him. He cried in anguish for her to come back, and when he could no longer see them he bowed his head in misery.

The mother reached her home in the stars, where she forgot the stricken husband she had left upon the earth. The boy, however, was restless to return. He grew fair and strong like his father. One day his grandfather said to his mother:—

“Go back to earth with your son, my daughter. Find his father, and ask him to come and make his home with us in the stars. Tell him to bring with him a specimen of all the birds and animals which he finds in the chase.”

So she descended to the earth, and found her husband waiting near the enchanted ring. Waupee clasped his wife and son in his arms; and when she told him the message from the star, he began at once to do her father's bidding. When every curious kind of bird and animal had been gathered, he took a specimen of each, and bidding farewell to his lodge and the plains he loved, went with his wife and child to their home above the flight of birds.

The chief star greeted them with joy, and gave a great feast to honor his daughter's husband.

Then to each of the assembled guests he gave permission to remain as he was in the starry fields, or to select whichever most suited him of the shapes of earth. They all selected some form of bird or animal, into which shape they were immediately changed. The animals ran away and the birds took flight.

Waupee chose the feather of a white hawk, and gave one also to his wife and another to his little son. Then they became three beautiful white hawks and together flew to earth. There they may still be found, with the brightness of the stars in their eyes and the heavenly breezes in their wings.

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PART II
—
FABLES

INTRODUCTION

FABLES have been somewhat ponderously defined as "analogical narratives, intended to convey some moral lesson, in which irrational animals or objects are introduced as speaking." It will be seen that this definition is intended to cover only a very small portion of the field to which fables belong. It applies principally to the fables of Æsop, although we must consider Æsop to be a name which stands for a class, as the name of Homer stands for a class. The fabulistic class in Greece consisted of men who in the heroic ages took the same place as that occupied by the buffoons in princely, royal courts of the Middle Ages. They were the censors of manners, and were as necessary to social and national vitality as the minstrel and the bard. The works of Æsop have not survived, except so far as they have been translated or imitated. Although the Latin fabulist Phædrus constantly makes reference to Æsop, it is doubtful whether the writings of the Greek survived even to the dawn of Christianity. As we see Æsop in the pages of his Latin imitator, he appears to be nothing more than the high priest of common-sense. He uttered, through the beasts and other personages who are his mouthpiece, a mild and genial protest against common vices and errors of society. There is very little of bitterness or intentional satire in his fables. It was reserved for more recent writers to make the fable the vehicle of deliberate and rancorous satire and cynicism.

With regard to the form of the fable, it must be classed with the proverb and the epigram. The proverb has been said to contain the wisdom of many and the wit of one. The proverb is principally indispensable because it exacts so little exertion from the memory, and hence among common people, as for instance Sancho Panza, makes wisdom portable. The fable is more like the epigram in that it gives room for the elaboration of literary form. The old Latin poet says that an epigram is like a bee; it must be slender in form; it must contain a drop of honey, and it must end with a point if not a sting. All the ancient fables possess this point, and a very admirable, humane, and useful point it generally is. It remained for modern fabulists to turn this point into a sting, and sometimes to add venom to the honeyed sweetness of literary elegance. Louis XIV. hated La Fontaine because he could point out under his veiled satire more plainly than any of his contemporaries the vanity and ingratitude of kings. The fable enabled him to speak with impunity, because in it, to use his own expression, he spoke "from a distance." The modern Russian fabulist Kriloff was almost persecuted by the government of his country because in some of his most exquisitely finished productions he made a veiled though cutting allusion to the narrowness and cruelty of despotism. In his own day Lessing was complete master of this form of literature,

but his fables lacked geniality, and the venom of his trenchant apothegms is far more apparent than his moral enthusiasm, and his futile cynicism very often puzzles us as to the genuine ethical purpose and tendency of his work.

The collection of fables which we here introduce admirably represents the salient features and historic proportions of this department in literature. It covers the whole ground, from the heroic age in Greece down to our own time. The Hindoo fables which are included in our selection can scarcely be looked upon as contributions to the illustration of moral principle. They are chiefly remarkable for exuberant fancy and amazing ingenuity. The Turkish and Armenian fables are almost invariably deficient in aphoristic point and clearness. They are valuable, however, as expressive of national character.

It is very apparent that the fable, in these days, is an obsolete instrument for educating public opinion. It aims at too long range, to use the metaphor of the great French fabulist. The great fables of the world have always been the rebellious protests of the weak against the oppression of the strong. These protests are nowadays spoken out plainly in the press. Yet fables have exhibited in a most instructive manner the struggles of common-sense and morality to assert themselves under adverse circumstances. The witty and fanciful fables of such a writer as Gay have the charm and the power of mere *jeu d'esprit*, while such works as those of Swift manifest an unreasoning misanthropy which is allied to dementia; and so gross and exaggerated is the satire of Gulliver, directed as it was against the whole human race, that its very keenness has caused the edge to be turned and it is read by children as a fairy tale and has never been taken seriously even by those who discern the object of its composition. Very different was the case with the German apologue "Reynard the Fox," which restricts itself to circumstances of real life and experience and had indirectly very much influence in abolishing the abuses of the feudal system in medieval Europe.

It is to be hoped that from the perusal of the fables in this collection our readers will learn something of the development of public opinion in Europe and the world at large. The fable is interesting to children, but it may be instructive also to their elders; and we consider that from a study of this form of literature as illustrated in our anthology the form, purpose, and history of the fable may be very clearly understood.

EPIPHANIUS WILSON.

HINDOO SECTION

BIDPAI

THERE are two great collections of fables, apologues, and stories in Hindoo literature, with one of which, Bidpai, whose name is sometimes corrupted into Pilpay, is traditionally connected. Bidpai, however, is no more than a name; we know nothing of his life or nationality, for the author is thus called only in the Arabic version of the Pancha-tantra or Five Sections. The selection which we have made from the Pancha-tantra well illustrates the character of the work, as a continuous and connected *mélange* of story, apothegm, and epigrammatic verse.

THE FOX AND THE JACKAL

THE Leopard said: "They have related that a hungry Fox had come forth from his hole in quest of food, and was roaming about in every direction and was measuring the forest sides with the step of greediness and with avidity in his nostrils. Turning on the scent of it, he saw a fresh piece of skin, the flesh of which had been eaten by some wild beast that had left the hide. When the eyes of the Fox lit upon that piece of skin they brightened, and the greatest vigor was diffused through his limbs at viewing that quantity of food.

COUPLET

The fragrance of my much loved friend came to me e'en in death,
And to my body back returned life's then departed breath.

"The Fox, having got that piece of skin into the claw of possession, turned his face toward his own abode.

HEMISTICH

Hast gained a friend? Then privacy is best.

"In the midst of the way, he happened to pass beside a village, where he beheld fat fowls busy feeding on the wide plains, while a slave named Zirak, that is, subtle, had girt the loins of guardianship in watching them. The Fox's appetite for the flesh of the fowls was excited, and the delightful idea of the brains of their heads made him forget the piece of skin. In the midst of this state of things a Jackal chanced to pass by

the hamlet. He inquired, saying, 'O brother! I observe that thou art very thoughtful. What event has occurred?'

"The Fox replied, 'O friend! Thou seest those fowls, the tongue of whose individual condition continues to repeat the meaning of the verse—therein shall ye have that which your soul shall desire.'



COUPLET

From head to foot incarnate soul is there—
A soul so delicate and pure is rare.

"The Jackal said, 'Alack! alack! a long time has passed over me, during which I have been in ambush for these fowls and on the watch to make a prey of one of them, but that slave Zirak keeps his eye on the path of protection after such a fashion that the huntsman of imagination, from dread of his guardianship, cannot bring their forms under the net of his scheming; and the painter of the mind, from fear of his defensive care, is unable to draw their lineaments on the tablet of fancy; and I pass my life in this longing, and live from day to night and from night to day on a mere idea. Thou hast found a fresh piece of skin; regard it as a piece of good fortune and relinquish this vain pretension.'

COUPLET

To thine own mistress be thy heart inclined,
And shut thine eyelids upon all mankind.

"The Fox said, 'O brother! till we can elevate ourselves according to our heart's wish upon the higher apsis of desire, to sit down disappointed in the lower apsis of mortification and abasement would be a great pity; and until we can gaze on the rose of enjoyment in the parterre of repose, to direct our steps into the thorny wake of adversity and suffering, would be a glaring fault, and high spirit does not suffer me to cover over an insipid piece of skin and give up the thought of the delicious flavor of fat flesh.'

COUPLET

On honor's cushion till our foot we place,
Why in the dust sit down of foul disgrace?

"The Jackal replied, 'O thou vain longings! to reprehensible greediness thou hast given the name of high spirit, and on culpable cupidity thou hast imposed the title of the preamble of greatness, and art insensible to the maxim that greatness is in the poverty of the dervish, and happiness in contentment.'

COUPLET

If in this market there be gain, 'tis what the poor contented know.
On me the blessing of content, O God! and poverty bestow.

“Thou hast no better course than to be content with the portion which they have assigned to thee from the court of ‘our daily bread is allotted by fate,’ and not tamper with vain and unsuitable aims, to which the result ‘whoever seeks what does not concern him, verily he relinquishes what does concern him,’ is attached.

COUPLET

Our daily food is destined, and the time too they allot,
Aught more or aught before this our struggles we win not.

“And I fear that through this impertinent scheming thou wilt lose that piece of skin also, and wilt thyself be overthrown.”

THE HITOPADESA

AMONG the treasures of Sanskrit lore, as Sir Edwin Arnold so truly says, is the key to the heart of modern India, as well as the splendid record of her ancient gods and glories. The Hitopadesa, a collection of stories from the Sanskrit, is inferior in importance only to the Pancha-tantra of Bidpai. It has aptly been styled “The Father of all Fables,” as from its numerous translations have been derived the tales of Æsop and other fabulists. Sometime during the sixth century, the Hitopadesa was translated into Persian, and two centuries later into Arabic, then the language of abstruse knowledge in Europe. Later it was turned into Greek, and then into Hebrew and Latin. To this day the stories, under other names than the Hitopadesa, are widely current in the East, having representatives in all Indian vernaculars.

The scheme of the Hitopadesa is simple. A king, Sudarsana, having become disquieted because his sons were not gaining in wisdom, gave them into the charge of a great sage, Vishnu-Sarman, who engaged to teach them. This he did by relating to them certain stories, two of which are presented here.

King Tawny-hide, the Lion, after having given them a magnificent gift of flesh, sent the jackals, Karataka and Damanaka, sons of his prime minister, into the forest to discover the origin of a great bellowing, which has alarmed him. After leaving his presence——

“But, brother,” began Karataka, “haven’t we eaten the king’s dinner without knowing what the danger is which we are to meet, and whether we can obviate it?”

“Hold thy peace,” said Damanaka, laughing; “I know very well what the danger is! It was a bull, aha! that bellowed—a bull, my brother—whose beef you and I could pick, much more than the king, our master.”

“And why not tell him so?” asked Karataka.

“What! and quiet his Majesty’s fears! And where would our splendid dinner have been then? No, no, my friend,—

Set not your lord at ease; for, doing that,
Might starve you as it starved Curd-ear, the Cat.”

“Who was Curd-ear, the Cat?” inquired Karataka. Damanaka related:—

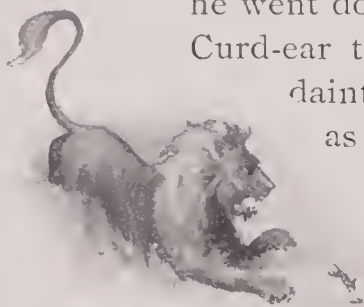
THE STORY OF THE CAT WHO SERVED THE LION

FAR away in the North, on a mountain named Thousand Craggs, there lived a lion called Mighty Heart; and he was much annoyed by a certain Mouse, who made a custom of nibbling his mane while he lay asleep in his den. The Lion would wake in a great rage at finding the ends of his magnificent mane made ragged, but the little Mouse ran into his hole and he could never catch him. After much consideration he went down to a village and with much persuasion got a Cat named Curd-ear to come to his cave. He kept the Cat royally on all kinds of dainties, and slept comfortably without having his mane nibbled, as the Mouse would now never venture out. Whenever the Lion heard the Mouse scratching about it was always a signal for regaling the Cat in most distinguished style. But one day the wretched Mouse, being nearly starved, took courage to creep timidly from his hole, and was directly pounced upon by Curd-ear and killed. After that the Lion heard no more of the Mouse, and quite left off his regular entertainment of the Cat. “No!” concluded Damanaka, “we will keep our Mouse alive for his Majesty.”

So conversing, the Jackals went away to find Lusty-life, the Bull, and upon discovering him, Karataka squatted down with great dignity at the foot of a tree, while Damanaka approached to accost him.

“Bull,” said Damanaka, “I am the warder of this forest under the King Tawny-hide, and Karataka, the Jackal, there is his General. The General bids thee come before him, or else instantly depart from the wood. It were better for thee to obey, for his anger is terrible.”

Thereupon Lusty-life, knowing nothing of the country customs, advanced at once to Karataka, made the respectful prostration of the eight members, and said timidly, “My Lord General! what dost thou bid me do?”



‘Strength serves Reason.’ Saith the Mahout, when he beats the brazen drum,

Ho! ye elephants, to this work must your mightinesses come.”

“Bull,” answered Karataka, “thou canst remain in the wood no longer unless thou goest directly to lay thyself at our royal master’s imperial feet.”

“My Lord,” replied the Bull, “give me a guarantee of safety, and I will go.”

“Bull,” said Karataka, “thou art foolish; fear nothing:—

When the King of Chedi cursed him,
Krishna scorned to make reply;
Lions roar the thunder quiet,
Jackals'-yells they let go by.

Our Lord the King will not vouchsafe his anger to thee; knowest thou not:—

Mighty natures war with mighty: when the raging tempests blow,
O'er the green riece harmless pass they, but they lay the palm-trees low.”

So the Jackals, keeping Lusty-life in the rear, went toward the palace of King Tawny-hide, where the Rajah received them with much graciousness, and bade them sit down.

“Have you seen him?” asked the King.

“We have seen him, your Majesty,” answered Damanaka; “It is quite as your Majesty expected—the creature has enormous strength, and wishes to see your Majesty. Will you be seated, sire, and prepare yourself? it will never do to appear alarmed at a noise.”

“Oh, if it was only a noise,”—began the Rajah.

“Ah, but the cause, sire! that was what had to be found out; like the secret of Swing-ear, the Spirit.”

“And who might Swing-ear be?” asked the King.

THE STORY OF THE TERRIBLE BULL

“A GOBLIN, your Majesty,” responded Damanaka, “it seemed so, at least, to the good people of Brahmapoora. A thief had stolen a bell from the city, and was making off with that plunder, and more, into the Sri-parvata hills, when he was killed by a tiger. The bell lay in the jungle till some monkeys picked it up, and amused themselves by constantly ringing it. The townspeople found the bones of the man, and heard the noise of the bell all about the hills; so they gave out that there was a terrible devil there, whose ears rang like bells as he swung them about, and whose delight was to devour men. Every

one, accordingly, was leaving the town, when a peasant woman named Karála, who liked belief the better for a little proof, came to the Rajah.

“ ‘Highness!’ she observed, ‘for a consideration I could settle this Swing-ear.’ ”

“ ‘You could!’ exclaimed the Rajah.

“ ‘I think so!’ repeated the woman.

“ ‘Give her a consideration forthwith,’ said the Rajah.

“ Karála, who had her own ideas upon the matter, took the present and set out. Being come to the hills, she made a circle, and did homage to Gunputtee, without whom nothing prospers. Then taking some fruit she had brought, such as monkeys love extremely, she scattered it up and down in the wood, and withdrew to watch. Very soon the monkeys, finding the fruit, put down the bell, to do justice to it, and the woman, picking it up, bore it back to the town, where she became an object of uncommon veneration. We, indeed,” concluded Damanaka, “bring you a Bull instead of a bell—your Majesty shall now see him!”

Thereupon Lusty-life was introduced, and, the interview passing off well, he remained many days in the forest on excellent terms with the Lion.

One day another lion, named “Stiff-ears,” the brother of King Tawny-hide, came to visit him. The King received him with all imaginable respect, bade him be seated, and rose from his throne to go and kill some beasts for his refreshment.

“May it please your Majesty,” interposed the Bull, “a deer was slain to-day—where is its flesh?”

“Damanaka and his brother know best,” said the King.

“Let us ascertain if there be any,” suggested the Bull.

“It is useless,” said the King, laughing—“they leave none.”

“What!” exclaimed the Bull, “have those Jaekals eaten a whole deer?”

“Eaten it, spoiled it, and given it away,” answered Tawny-hide; “they always do so.”

“And this without your Majesty’s sanction?” asked the Bull.

“Oh! certainly not with my sanction,” said the King.

“Then,” exclaimed the Bull, “it is too bad; and in Ministers too!

Narrow-necked to let out little, big of belly to keep much,
As a flagon is—the Vizier of a Sultan should be such.

No wealth will stand such waste, your Majesty—

He who thinks a minute little, like a fool misuses more;
He who counts a cowry nothing, being wealthy, will be poor.

A king’s treasury, my liege, is the king’s life.”

“Good brother,” observed Stiff-ears, who had heard what the Bull said, “these Jackals are your Ministers of Home and Foreign Affairs— they should not have direction of the Treasury. They are old servants, too, and you know the saying—

‘Brahmans, soldiers these and kinsmen—of the three set none in charge:
For the Brahman, tho’ you rack him, yields no treasures, small or large;
And the soldier, being trusted, writes his quittance with his sword,
And the kinsman cheats his kindred by the charter of the word;
But a servant old in service, worse than any one is thought,
Who, by long-tried license, fearless, knows his master’s anger naught.’

Ministers, my royal brother, are often like obstinate swellings that want squeezing, and yours must be kept in order.”

“They are not particularly obedient, I confess,” said Tawny-hide.

“It is very wrong,” replied Stiff-ears; “and if you will be advised by me—as we have banqueted enough to-day—you will appoint this grain-eating and sagacious Bull your Superintendent of Stores.”

“It shall be so,” exclaimed the King.

Lusty-life was accordingly appointed to serve out the provisions, and for many days Tawny-hide showed him favor beyond all others in the Court.

Now the Jackals soon found that food was no longer so freely provided by this arrangement as before, and they met to consult about it.

“It is all our own fault,” said Damanaka, “and people must suffer for their own mistakes. You know who said:—

‘I that could not leave alone
“Streak-of-gold,” must therefore moan.
She that took the housewife’s place
Lost the nose from off her face.
Take this lesson to thy heart—
Fools for folly suffer smart.’”

LATIN SECTION

PHÆDRUS

PHÆDRUS is the name given to the author of certain fables whose style belongs to the Augustan Age of Latin literature. It is doubtful whether all these fables are by the same hand. Æsop was doubtless the source from which most of the material for these apologues was drawn.

THE SAPIENT ASS

IN ALL the changes of a state,
 The poor are the most fortunate,
 Who, save the name of him they call
 Their king, can find no odds at all.
 The truth of this you now may read—
 A fearful old man in a mead,
 While leading of his Ass about,
 Was startled at the sudden shout
 Of enemies approaching nigh.
 He then advised the Ass to fly,
 "Lest we be taken in the place";
 But, loath at all to mend his pace,
 "Pray, will the conqueror," quoth Jack,
 "With double panniers load my back?"
 "No," says the man. "If that's the thing,"
 Cries he, "I care not who is king."



THE MAN AND THE WEASEL

A WEASEL, by a person caught,
 And willing to get off, besought
 The man to spare. "Be not severe
 On him that keeps the pantry clear
 Of those intolerable mice."
 "This were," says he, "a work of price,
 If done entirely for my sake,
 And good had been the plea you make;
 But since, with all these pains and care,
 You seize yourself the dainty fare
 On which those vermin used to fall,
 And then devour the mice and all.
 Urge not a benefit in vain."
 This said, the miscreant was slain.

The satire here those chaps will own,
 Who, useful to themselves alone,
 And bustling for a private end,
 Would boast the merit of a friend.

THE EAGLE, THE CAT, AND THE SOW

A^N EAGLE built upon an oak;
A Cat and kittens had bespoke
A hole about the middle bough;
And underneath a woodland Sow
Had placed her pigs upon the ground.
Then treach'rous Puss a method found
To overthrow, for her own good,
The peace of this chance neighborhood.
First to the Eagle she ascends—
“Perdition on your head impends,
And, far too probable, on mine;
For you observe that grubbing Swine
Still works the tree to overset,
Us and our young with ease to get.”
Thus having filled the Eagle's pate
With consternation very great,
Down creeps she to the Sow below:
“The Eagle is your deadly foe,
And is determined not to spare
Your pigs, when you shall take the air.”
Here, too, a terror being spread,
By what this tattling gossip said,
She slyly to her kittens stole,
And rested snug within her hole.
Sneaking thence with silent tread
By night her family she fed,
But look'd out sharply all the day,
Affecting terror and dismay.
The Eagle, lest the tree should fall,
Keeps to the boughs, nor stirs at all;
And anxious for her grunting race,
The Sow is loath to quit her place.
In short, they and their young ones starve
And leave a prey for Puss to carve.

Hence warn'd ye credulous and young,
Be cautious of a double tongue.

THE APE'S HEAD

A CERTAIN person, as he stood
 Within the shambles buying food,
 Amongst the other kitchen fare
 Beheld an Ape suspended there;
 And asking how 'twould taste, when dress'd,
 The Butcher shook his head in jest:
 "If for such prog your fancy is,
 Judge of the flavor by the phiz."

This speech was not so true as keen,
 For I in life have often seen
 Good features with a wicked heart,
 And plainness acting virtue's part.

THE VIPER AND THE FILE

H E THAT a greater biter bites,
 His folly on himself requites,
 As we shall manifest forthwith;
 There was a hovel of a smith,
 Where a poor Viper chanced to steal,
 And being greedy of a meal,
 When she had seized upon a File,
 Was answered in this rugged style:
 "Why do you think, O stupid snake!
 On me your usual meal to make,
 Who've sharper teeth than thee by far,
 And can corrode an iron bar?"

THE THIEF AND THE TRAVELERS

TWO men equipp'd were on their way;
 One fearful; one without dismay,
 An able fencer. As they went,
 A Robber came with black intent;
 Demanding, upon pain of death,
 Their gold and silver in a breath.
 At which the man of spirit drew,
 And instantly disarm'd and slew
 The Thief, his honor to maintain.
 Soon as the rogue was fairly slain,

The tim'rous chap began to puff,
 And drew his sword, and stripp'd in buff —
 "Leave me alone with him! stand back!
 I'll teach him whom he should attack."
 Then he who fought, "I wish, my friend,
 But now you'd had such words to lend;
 I might have been confirm'd the more,
 Supposing truth to all you swore;
 Then put your weapon in the sheath,
 And keep your tongue within your teeth.
 Though you may play an actor's part
 On them who do not know your heart,
 I, who have seen this very day,
 How lustily you ran away,
 Experience when one comes to blows
 How far your resolution goes."

This narrative to those I tell
 Who stand their ground when all is well;
 But in the hour of pressing need
 Abash'd, most shamefully recede.

ARMENIAN SECTION

VARTAN

THE author of these fables was Vartabied, *i. e.*, Doctor Vartan, an eminent Armenian writer of the thirteenth century. He was born at Padserpert, a town in Armenia, among the mountains which separate Cilicia and Syria. He died in 1271, and for his works in history and theology is renowned among Armenian authors.

THE AGED LION

THE Lion was old and no longer able to hunt for his prey. He therefore feigned sickness, and retired to a cave, placing a Goat as porter at its entrance. The Goat published the news, that the King was sick, and invited all the beasts to visit him. They began to come in crowds; but whoever entered never came out again, because he was devoured by the Lion. The Hog also came to see the Lion, but as it is his nature to look down, he saw that all the footprints faced the entrance,

and none turned outward. The Goat said to him, "Will you not enter?" "I should die if I did" replied the Hog; "no, I will not enter, for those who enter do not come out again."

The Porter flew into a rage and struck him; the Hog bristled with anger, smote him with his tusks, rent him asunder, and thus punished him for his treachery.

It appears from this fable that the Lion is death, the cave is the tomb, and we deluded creatures who are no more than the Hog, know that those who die do not rise again, yet pile up wealth unceasingly.

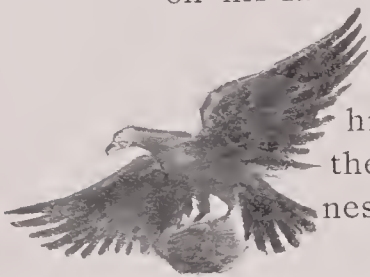
THE GATHERING OF THE BIRDS

THE Birds assembled themselves and said, "Who is it that has a strong voice? We will make him our king, so that he can summon us in the day of battle." The Stork soared into the heavens, and uttered his cry; they were delighted, and at once crowned him king. Then came the Ass. "Ah," said he, "only put me in her place, and give me a spot where I can stand on my hind feet, and you will soon learn who it is has a strong voice."

This fable shows that, provided a man be poor and weak, he is always pleasing to the people and soldiers, who appoint him king or chieftain; but can he govern his kingdom when he attains to power?

THE POOR MAN AND THE EAGLE

A POOR Man was roasting a small piece of flesh in the desert; but suddenly an Eagle swooped down upon him, picked up the roast and flew off with it. The Poor Man was in despair; he threw himself on his face in a thicket, saying, "Was ever man so afflicted as I am?" Men still use such language in their times of trouble. The Eagle carried off the meat, laid it in his nest before his eaglets, and went off again. A spark was concealed in the piece of flesh, and it set fire to the eyrie and burned the nestlings to death.



This fable shows that the man who is unjust toward the innocent brings down retribution upon his own head.

TURKISH SECTION

THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT

THERE once lived a Gardener who had a young and beautiful Wife. She had gone on a certain occasion, according to her custom, to wash her linen in the river, and the Gardener, as he entered his house in her absence, said to himself, "I am not really certain whether my Wife loves me or not. I must put her to the test." Saying this he lay down full length upon the floor, in the middle of the room, as if he were dead.

Soon afterward his Wife came home, carrying her linen on her head, and saw at once the condition of her husband.

"Worn out and famished as I am," she muttered to herself, "is it absolutely necessary that I should begin my mourning and lamentation at once? Would it not be far better first to eat a morsel of food?"

Accordingly, she cut off a slice of smoked meat, and set it on the hearth to roast; then she hastened upstairs to the attic, seized a basin of milk, swallowed a part of it and set the remainder on the fire. Just as she had done this a withered harridan, one of her neighbors, came to the house with an earthen pan in her hand to beg for some lighted coals.

"Keep your eye on the pot till it boils," cried the Gardener's Wife. Then rising from her seat she burst into the most violent sobs and lamentations.

"Alas! Alas!" she exclaimed, "my poor husband lies dead."

The neighbors, hearing her shrieks of lamentation, came rushing into the house and the hypocritical hussy kept on repeating:—

"Alas! Alas! how dreadful is the fate that has fallen on my husband," and as she spoke her tears flowed afresh.

Now just at this moment, the dead man opened his eyes and gazed about.

"What are you about? Finish first the roasting of the meat, quench your thirst thoroughly with milk, and boil what you can't drink, you will have plenty of time for mourning over me afterward."

"First myself, and then those I love," says the proverb.

THE WIDOW AND HER FRIEND

A CERTAIN Widow grew tired of living without a mate, and was anxious to marry again, but she dreaded to provoke the criticism of the public. One of her friends, in order to show her that anything would cause the tongues of the neighbors to wag, painted the Widow's ass an emerald green and passed through all the streets of the town leading the beast by a halter.

On her first appearance, young and old alike came out to see the sight, and followed behind the ass, for they had never seen anything like it before. In a few days, when the Widow's ass was led forth as usual, the passers-by simply said, "A most remarkable creature!"

In a short time, however, no one paid the least attention to the sight. The friend of the Widow who wished to marry again then came to her house and said to her, "You have noticed what has just happened. The same thing will happen to you; for a few days you will be the talk of the town and will have to put up with the gossip and tittle-tattle of all, but they will finally cease to mention even your name."

There is nothing in the world so strange as not to become familiar in time.

THE FLY

A FLY had heedlessly fallen into a pot of soup and struggled in the pangs of death.

"What does it matter?" she said, "for hereafter I shall feel no hunger; up to the present I have eaten and drunk my fill, and have received a good bath!"

Patience to accept the calamities which can neither be averted nor avoided, is a proof of wisdom.

THE TWO YOUNG MEN AND THE RESTAURANT-KEEPER

A COUPLE of Young Men entered a restaurant, for the purpose of obtaining refreshment. While the restaurant-keeper was engaged in serving one of them, the other snatched a large piece of meat and popped it into his companion's pouch.

The cook began looking about for his meat, but in vain. Then he inquired of the two friends.

"I have not seen the meat," said the first.

"As for me," added the other, "I am certain I never took it."

Then each of them confirmed his statement with an oath.

"Really, gentlemen," said the owner of the restaurant, who well understood their rascality, "altho' I do not know who has robbed me, the God in whose name you have made oath does."

Although a man may hide things from men like himself, God is not deceived.

THE OXEN AND THE BALK OF TIMBER

A PAIR of Oxen were yoked to a heavy balk of elm wood, and were dragging it along.

"You are so stupid," said the Log, reproachfully, "that even when you are hitched to a light burden like me, you do not break into a gallop."

"You fool," they answered, "we would certainly step out more rapidly if we were not fastened to you. But if we went fast now, another log would be placed on top of you, to make up the load, and we do not wish to see you broken down by exhaustion."

This answer plunged the Log into profound thought.

The proverbial expression — "The oxen's reply," an excuse for laziness, is founded on this fable.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SON

AN OLD Man, feeling his end approaching, had given his house to his Son; soon the hapless Father found himself driven from his home and forced to take refuge in a hospital.

Sometime afterward he saw his Son passing by, and called out to him.

"For the love of God, my Son," he said in a pleading voice, "send me, out of all that I have gained for you with the sweat of my brow, a pair of sheets."

The Son promised his unfortunate Father to do so.

"I will send them at once," he answered.

When he arrived home he said to his own son, "Take this pair of sheets off and carry them to your Grandfather, at the hospital."

The Young Man left one of the sheets at home and carried the other to his Grandfather. Sometime after his Father happened to count over his sheets.

“Why didn't you do as I bade you, and carry the two sheets to your Grandfather?” he asked of his son.

“When my Father becomes old, and goes to the hospital,” I said to myself “I shall need one of them to send to him.”

Your child will behave himself toward you, just as you behave toward your parents.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND THE THRUSH

A BIRD-CATCHER was setting his gins, and a Thrush, as he flew by, caught sight of him.

“Tell me for the love of God,” he cried to him, “whatever are you building there?”

“I am laying the foundation of a perfect city,” was the reply.

The Thrush believed his deceitful answer and alighted on the net. Scarcely had he touched it, before he found himself in captivity. As the bird-catcher came up the Thrush said to him:—

“If this is the way you build your city, you will not attract many colonists!”

All men shun tyrannical magistrates and despots, who by violence spread ruin around them.

THE HENS AND THE EAGLES

THE Hens were at war with the Eagles. When the day of battle came, the Hens went and asked the Foxes for help.

“We would gladly help you,” answered the Foxes; “if only we could forget what you are, and what Eagles are.”

He who enters upon a quarrel with one more powerful than himself runs a great risk, and is certain to meet with disaster.

THE AMBITIOUS LABORER

A LABORER working in his field, saw a Band of Soldiers returning from the war with rich spoils and abundant provisions. Discontented with his lot of toil and moved by the sight of the victorious warriors, he set to work to sell his sheep, goats, and oxen; with the price received for these he procured horses, arms, and ammunition, with a view of joining the army on campaign.

Just on his arrival this army was defeated by the enemy, and utterly routed; the baggage of the newcomer was seized, and he himself returned home, crippled with wounds.

“I am disgusted with the military profession,” he said, “and I am going to be a merchant. In spite of my small capital I shall be able to make great profits in trade.”

He accordingly sold his remaining weapons and ammunition and laid out the proceeds in the purchase of goods which he put on board a ship and embarked himself as passenger. No sooner had they put to sea than a tempest fell upon the vessel, which went down with the merchant on board.

He who hankers after a higher position in life finds a worse one and falls at last into misery. Do not try to learn by experience the disadvantages of each condition.

THE HUNTER AND HIS HOUNDS

A CERTAIN Hunter, who was seized with an ardent desire to make captive a superb *anqua*,* spent large sums of money in the keeping of hounds. By accident one of his dogs bit his Son, and the child died of the wound.

“Since the hounds have caused my Son’s death,” said the Master to the servants, “let us put them all to death.”

“Alas!” cried one of the poor creatures, “All of us must die for the fault committed by a single one of us!”

A single rascal is sufficient to bring ruin on a whole district.

THE PIGEON AND THE PAINTING

A PIGEON, in her simplicity, mistook for actual water the streams represented in a painting. She flew down toward it with a sudden swoop, fell to the ground and was quickly caught.

How many stupid and senseless people ignore the conditions of real life, follow their own silly notions solely, and at last are brought to serious trouble.

* A fabulous bird; a kind of vulture or gigantic condor.

THE LION AND THE MAN

A LION and a Man were journeying together as friends; they took turns in boasting, each of his own merits. As they went on their way they saw a tomb, on which was carved in marble a man trampling a Lion under his feet.

The Man called the attention of the Lion to this sculpture.

"I need say no more," he remarked; "this is sufficient to show that Man surpasses the Lion in strength and valor."

"The chisel is in Man's hands," replied the beast, "so that the Man can represent in sculpture whatever he likes. If we could only handle it as you do, you would soon see how we should choose the subjects of our art."

Artists do not base their creations upon the realities of life, but follow the ideas which pass through their heads.

THE COMPLIMENT TO THE VIZIER

A VIZIER had just received his appointment; those who had supported him came to compliment him on his promotion to a post of honor.

He was so puffed up by the homage he received that he used, at last, to pass by his former friends without even looking at them.

"Who are you?" he asked one of them.

"My God," exclaimed the other, who was a wit, "I feel sorry for you indeed, for your Excellency, like most of those who have attained eminence, has suddenly lost your sight, your hearing, and your memory, so that you no longer know your former friends."

It usually happens that those who are raised to high station feel contempt for their friends.

THE ASS AND THE FROGS

A N Ass was walking along the road carrying a load of wood; as he journeyed, he tumbled into a pond and made a grievous outcry, because he could not get out.

The Frogs, dwellers in the pond, heard his voice and ran to him.

"Pray tell us," they said to him, "how it is that you, who have been but a moment in this pond, cry out so vehemently? What would you do if, like us, you had been here for an infinite time?"

Such were the sarcastic consolations they addressed to him.

Young people full of vigor, and capable of enduring all sorts of hardship, too often deride the feebleness of the old.

FRENCH SECTION

MARIE DE FRANCE

MARIE DE FRANCE, but for her works, would be little more than a name. That she was born in France, that she was the first of her sex to write French poetry, that she lived in the reign of Henry III. of England, is about all that we certainly know of her. She was probably born in Normandy, and from the Continent passed to England, where she resided in the county of York and acquired her knowledge of the English language at the home of her parents, whose ancestors had followed the standard of William the Conqueror and had received from him a gift of lands in return for their military services. This is practically all that can be guessed in regard to Marie, who has been called the French Sappho of her century. She is absolutely silent about herself, and is known only by her Lays and her Fables. Her fables go by the name of "Dit d'Ysopet," for all the fables of ancient times range themselves under the name of Æsop, the Phrygian fabulist, of whom, as we have seen, no authentic works are extant. Marie has not much originality as a fabulist; most of her fables belong to the commonplaces of fable literature which form the basis of the works of both Phædrus and his French counterpart, and in some respects imitator, La Fontaine. The fables of the thirteenth-century French fabulist which I here translate seem to be among the few which are original in motive and moral.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS PET JAY

ACERTAIN Countryman possessed a tame Jay, which he loved very much; he trained it to speak, but one of his neighbors killed it.

He made a complaint to the Judge and told him what great delight he took in the bird. The Jay would talk in the daytime and sing in the morning. The Judge said that his neighbor had done wrong and summoned him before his tribunal.

On the day on which he was summoned to make answer to the complaint, the offender took a skin of cordovan leather and put it under his mantle, letting one corner hang down so as to be seen, that the Judge might know that it was brought to him for a bribe, in case he acquitted the prisoner. The accused frequently opened his mantle, that the Judge might see the hide. The other Countryman came forward and made his complaint. The Judge asked him what it was that the Jay sang

and what were the words he spoke. The other replied that he did not know.

“Since,” said the Judge, “you know nothing about the bird’s song, nor understand either his words or his dialect, you deserve no redress.”

So he went away without obtaining any satisfaction for his injury, by reason of the bribe which the Judge received.

Therefore princes and kings ought not to commit the administration of their laws to the covetous, for thereby justice is defeated.

THE RICH MAN’S PRAYER

A RICH Man wished to go into another country, and he prayed God to guide his way, and lead him aright into safety, and not delay him on his journey. Once set out on his way he wished to return, and prayed God to conduct him home again and not to permit him to perish. His prayer was heard, and he embarked on ship for a homeward voyage; but immediately prayed God to bring him to land again; but the more he cried out for land the farther seaward went the ship.

When he saw that God did not grant his prayer, and that he could not reach the shore, he asked God to do His own pleasure, and soon after this he arrived at the place he desired to reach.

MORAL—The prayers of the wise man should be reasonable, and should ask of Almighty God that He would do His own pleasure with regard to the suppliant; great blessings follow such a course, for God knows better what is beneficial than the fickle, changeable heart of man.

LA FONTAINE

J EAN DE LA FONTAINE was born at Château-Thierry, Champagne, in 1621. He died in Paris in 1695. Thus he flourished as the most famous fabulist of France, and one of the most famous in the world, as a contemporary of Racine, Boileau, and Molière, in the golden age of French literature. He was never, however, a favorite with Louis XIV., who may have dreaded and disliked the light but rankling shafts of his satire, but he found many friends and patrons among the greatest men at the French court. He is the author of numerous works, dramas, and tales, but his chief claim to immortality rests on his fables.

The fables of La Fontaine are remarkable for the veiled melancholy, the profound misanthropy, often masked under a sneer or an epigram, which suffuse them. There is nothing optimistic or hopeful in them,

but they are full of the keenest wit, the most subtle wisdom, and the range of life and experience from which they are drawn, and to which they are applicable, far transcends that of any known fabulist, ancient or modern.

THE BIRD WOUNDED BY AN ARROW

BY A winged arrow wounded to the death,
 A Bird lamented with his parting breath;
 And said, amid dire pangs, "Unhappy me!
 Forced the accomplice in my doom to be.
 Hard-hearted Man, 'tis from your wings you glean
 The feathers that impel your arrows keen;
 Boast not, ye cruel ones, in triumph vain,
 For oft ye share the fate of which I now complain."

The half of Japhet's children forge the steel,
 With which the other half death and destitution deal.

THE EARTHEN POT AND THE POT OF IRON

THE Iron Pot besought the Pot of Clay
 To join him on his wandering way;
 The Earthen Vessel answered it were best
 That he should in the ingle rest;
 So weak he was, so little it would take
 His feeble shell to break.
 "But as for you," he said, "thick skinned and strong,
 No shock can do you wrong."
 "I'll keep you safe," the Iron Pot replied,
 "And sound, whate'er betide.
 I'll interpose, whatever threatens hurt,
 Will every ill avert,
 And save my comrade from the impending blow."
 The Pot of Clay consented then to go.
 The Iron Pot, his comrade stanch and strong,
 Close at his elbow trudged along.
 On their three feet the eager travelers strode.
 Hobbling along the road;
 Jostling each other at the slightest trip
 That forced their feet to slip.
 But the Clay Pot had all the brunt to bear,
 For scarce a hundred yards they fare,
 Ere he, against his comrade dashed
 Is into fragments smashed.

None could he blame for the catastrophe
 And all who would in safety be,
 Must bide among their equals, or await
 The Earthen Pot's untimely fate.

THE OAK AND THE REED

ONE day the Oak addressed the Reed:
 "Nature has served you ill indeed;
 A wren's light weight can bend you low;
 The faintest wind that leaves its trace
 In ripples on the water's face
 Forces your quivering head to bow.
 While I maintain my forehead thus
 Erect, as crag of Caucasus,
 Unhurt by fiercest noontide ray,
 Or wildest storms that round me play.
 The winds that threaten you with death,
 To me are but a zephyr's breath.
 Still, if you rise within a glade
 Protected by my mighty shade,
 No danger shall your life betide,
 For I will sweep the storms aside;
 Yet you too oft your dwelling find
 In marshes harried by the wind;
 Great wrong to you has nature wrought."
 "Your pity," answered him the Reed,
 "Does from a generous heart proceed;
 But pray dismiss your anxious thought.
 To me less dangerous is the breeze
 Than to the monarch of the trees.
 I break not, though I often bend;
 You, when the threshing wind is loud
 Have never yet your forehead bowed;
 But wait, we have not seen the end."
 And as he tendered this reply,
 From the horizon's verge there fly
 With fury, blasts the fiercest e'er
 The wild north in her bosom bare.
 The Oak unshaken stands; the Reed
 Bends low before the tempest speed.
 Redoubled gusts convulse the skies,
 Till lo! the tree uprooted lies,
 Who touched heaven's arches with his head,
 And with his roots the kingdom of the dead.

A SAYING OF SOCRATES

WHEN Socrates his house was raising
 Many began condemning, none praising;
 One candid friend found fault with the inside,
 Another the exterior vilified;
 'Twas all too small for such a personage,—
 In fact a very cage.
 They all agreed in such a place as that
 Impossible to swing a cat!
 "I'd thank the gods if they should will it,"
 He answered, "that my fortune sends
 Enough true friends,
 Small as it is, to fill it."
 And Socrates was right, for still,
 To life's last bound,
 He never found
 True friends enough that little house to fill.
 Many of friendship make profession fair;
 'Tis folly to allow their claim!
 Naught is more common than the name,
 And naught is the reality so rare.

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE

ONE day a Man a Serpent found;
 "O miscreant," he cried, "by duty am I bound
 To do the world a service true,—
 That is, by killing you."
 Hearing these words the creature of base mind
 (I mean the Serpent, tho' I should not find
 It strange, should you suppose the man was meant)
 Was caught and in a sack was pent;
 And worse, condemned to feel the headman's blow,
 Whether he guilty were or no.
 But to make show of reason, thus the Man
 His argument began:
 "O emblem of ingratitude, 'twere blind
 And foolish to the wicked to be kind.
 Then die, thy wrath, thy fangs I dread no more!"
 The Snake in his own tongue, tho' ne'er before
 Has he been known to speak, this answer made:
 "If all the ungrateful people in the world
 Must to perdition thus be hurled,

What mortal would exception find?
 And you are self-condemned; my plea I base
 On your example; in the mirror's face

Examine your own mind.

My life is in your hands, then cut it short,
 Yet what you call your justice, is it aught
 But your advantage, pleasure, or caprice?

Condemn me then, by laws like these.

But pray be good enough, before I die,

To let me tell you that not I

Nor any of the serpent brood,

But Man is emblem of ingratitude."

The other paused, one moment turned aside,

Then in these words replied:

"Your argument is frivolous and vain;

But tho' the right of judgment I retain,

And can decision make, I still consent

To put the matter to arbitrament."

"So let it be" the Reptile made reply;

And, as a Cow was standing by,

They called to her, and made to her their plea.

"Is it for this you summoned me?

The Serpent sure is right, wherefore disguise it,

And he is foolish whoso'er denies it.

This Man have I given food to many a year,
 My gifts he takes as day to day succeeds.

All has been his, my milk and offspring dear—

With these his household he in plenty feeds;

And when the years his health impair at length,

I give him back his strength.

My only object is that I succeed

In ministering to his need.

But now that I am old, he lets me lie

In empty stall, with naught to satisfy —

No, not a blade of grass—my appetite.

If only I might wander with delight

In yonder pasture, by the waters clear!

But no!—for I am closely tethered here.

Had I a Snake for master, could he sink
 To depths so low

Of black ingratitude? I answer No;

Good-bye; I've told you what I think."

The Man, astounded at this word severe,

Exclaimed, "Can we believe the words we hear?

She raves, this babbler; we can give more heed

To what the Ox may answer." "Yes, indeed."

Replied the Snake. No sooner said than done;
The Ox is called, then slowly he draws near,
Ponders the case and gives this sentence clear:
For man, he said, he year-long labor bore,
His round of toil repeating o'er and o'er;
The gifts that Ceres gave and mankind sold
To beasts, he brought from many a teeming plain;
But blows were the sole guerdon of his pain;
And soon as he grew old, men thought
They honored him each time they brought,
With his shed blood, the favor of their god.
Thus to an end the Ox its sentence brought.
Then said the Man, "'Tis odd
This tedious fellow with his idle prate
Presumes thus to dictate;
He must be stopped; his words grandiloquent
Prove that he is not judge but advocate;
From all he says I heartily dissent."
And so he calls as judge the Tree,
Whose speech was harsher and more free:
"He was a shelter from the heat," he said,
"Kept off the showers, the winds' fierce rage allayed;
Not only shelter gave he, but to boot
Bowed 'neath the weight of fruit;
And all the recompense he found
Was that the ax had felled him to the ground.
Still did he too bare more, with bounteous heart,
Flowers in the spring, in autumn fruits impart;
Shade in the summer, fuel in the frost;
Yet all was labor lost!
Could they not trim
Without destroying him,
Destined by nature still to deck the plain?"
The Man unwillingly compelled to see
The justice of their plea,
And yet resolved by force the cause to gain,
Struck sack and Serpent furiously
Against the wall, until the beast was slain.
Such is the manner of the great
Who reason hate;
A fond delusion puts it in their heads
That they own all—men, serpents, quadrupeds!—
Whoever shows his teeth and doubts their claim,
They think a fool—indeed I think the same.
What is then to be done to right this wrong?
Speak from a distance or else hold your tongue.

GERMAN SECTION

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING (1729-1781)

LESSING was one of the greatest writers of the literary Renaissance of the eighteenth century in Germany. He published works on every subject,—poetry, history, philosophy, esthetics, and the drama. His fables, however, form no mean element in his prose works. They are distinguished by trenchant satire and a vein of cynicism which is sometimes the salt of this kind of literature.

THE WOLF ON HIS DEATHBED

THE Wolf lay in his last agony and cast a searching look backward upon his past life.

“I am undoubtedly a sinner, but I hope not one of the greatest of sinners. I have done evil; but I have also done a great deal of good. On one occasion I recollect that a bleating lamb came to me, a weakling that had wandered from the flock; it came so near to me that I could easily have choked it to death; and I did not do so. And at that very moment I heard the derisive voice and abusive language of a sheep with the most marvelous indifference; yet the dog that guarded them was too far away to cause me any alarm.”

“I can confirm all that,” said his friend, the Fox, interrupting him, “for I remember very well the whole incident. It was at the time when you were choking with the bone in your throat which afterward the tender-hearted Crane extracted.”

THE ASS AND THE WOLF

AN Ass happened to meet on his way a famished Wolf.

“Sympathize with me, said the trembling Ass, “I am nothing but a wretched sick beast; see what a great thorn I have run into my foot.”

“In very truth,” replied the Wolf, “you stir my compassion, and I feel myself bound by my conscience to assist you.”

The words were scarcely spoken when he tore the Ass to pieces.



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