A SLEIGH FULL OF TOYS.

THE SANTA CLAUS STORY BOOK.

McLOUGHLIN BRO'S
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CONTENTS.

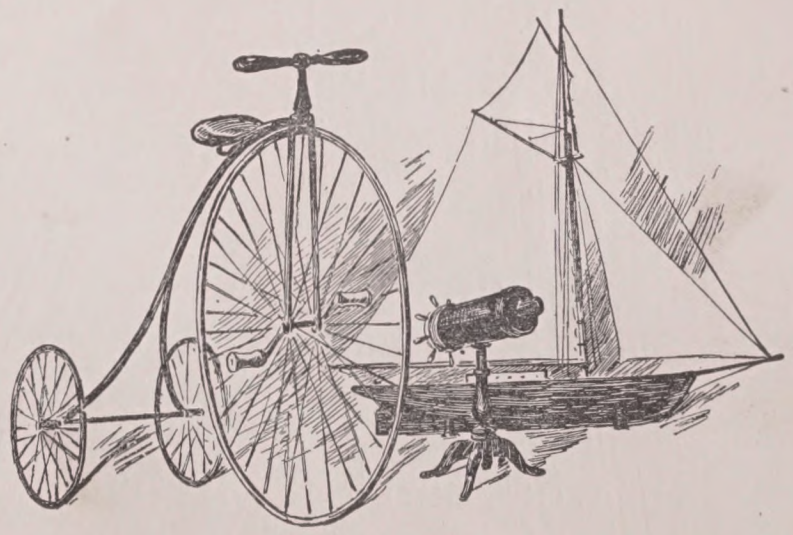
Where SANTA CLAUS lives, and what he does.

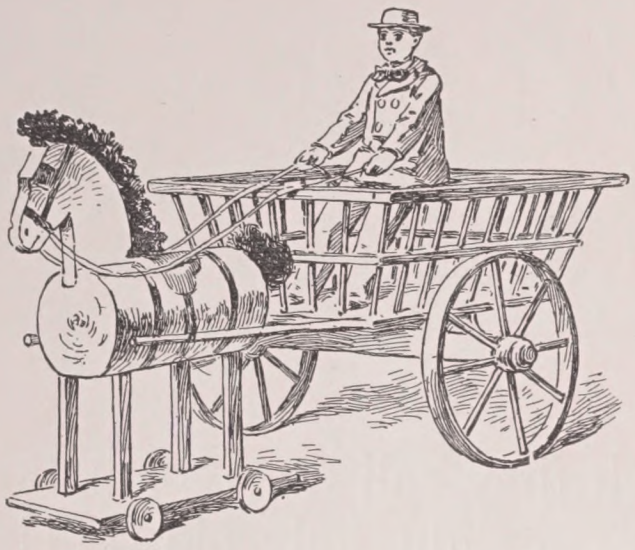
AT the top of the earth, which they call the North Pole,
Is where Santa Claus lives, a right jolly old soul!
And the ice and the snow lie so thick on the ground
The sun cannot melt them the whole summer round.

All wrapped up in fur from his head to his toes,
No feeling of coldness dear Santa Claus knows,
But travels about with a heart full of joy,
As happy as if he were only a boy.

His cheeks are like roses; his eyes are as bright
As stars that shine out overhead in the night,
And they twinkle as merrily too all the while,
And broad as a sunbeam is Santa Claus' smile.

He never is idle, except
when asleep,
And even in dreams at his
labors will keep,
And all thro' the day and
the night, it is true,
He is working and plan-
ning, dear children,
for you.



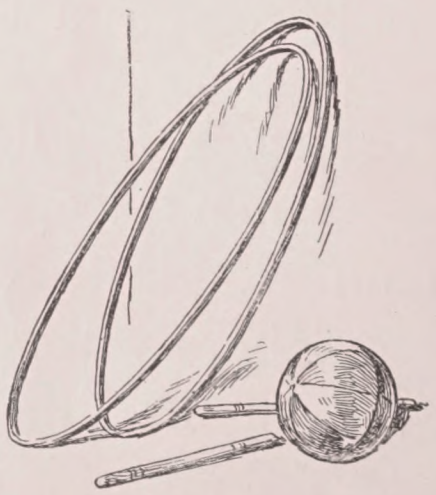


On top of his tower with spy-glass in hand,
He goes every morning to look o'er the land,
And though there are hills all around, I suppose,
He sees, oh, much further than any one knows

He peeps into houses whose doors are tight shut;
He looks through the palace, and likewise the hut;
He gazes on cities, and villages small,
And nothing, no, nothing is hidden at all.

He knows where the good children live beyond doubt,
He knows what the bad boys and girls are about,
And writes down their names on a page by themselves.
In books that he keeps on his library shelves.

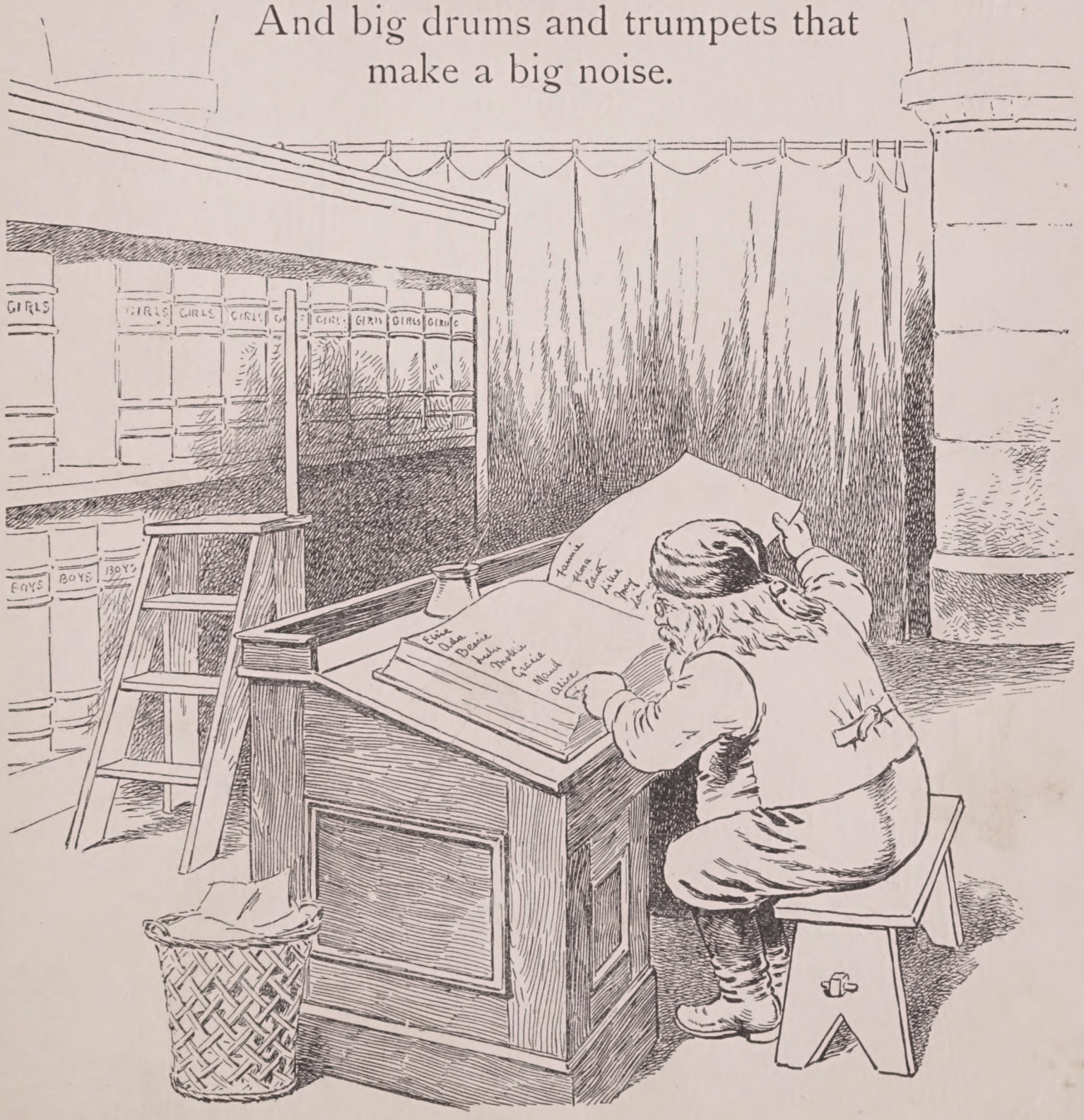
For good little children, the gentle and kind,
The prettiest presents and toys are designed,
And when Christmas comes round, as it does once a year,
Tis certain that Santa Claus then will appear



His work-shop, is oh! such a wonderful place,
With heaps of gay satins, and ribbons, and lace;

With houses and furniture, dishes and pans,
And bracelets and bangles, and all sorts of fans.

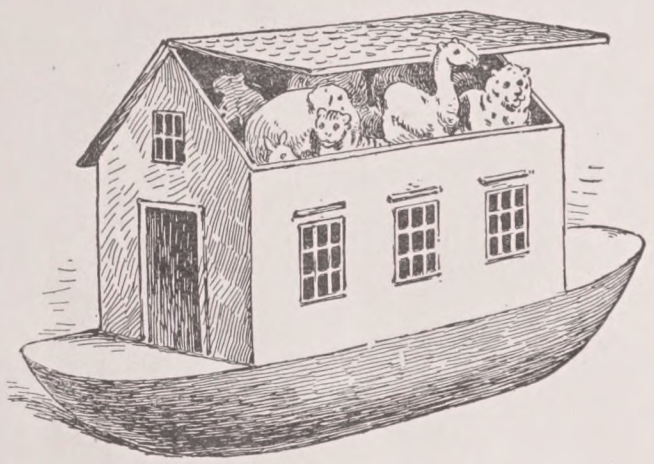
There are horses that gallop, and dollies that walk,
And some of the pretty doll-babies can talk,
There are pop-guns, and marbles, and tops for the boys,
And big drums and trumpets that
make a big noise.



SANTA CLAUS IN HIS LIBRARY.

There are games for all seasons, the base-ball and kite,
And books which the children will seize with delight,
And the skates and the sleds, far too many to count,
And the bicycles ready for wheelmen to mount.

There are farm-yards in plenty, with fences and trees
And cows, sheep, and oxen, all taking their ease,
And turkeys, and ducks, and fine chickens and hens,
And dear little piggies to put in their pens.



There are gay Noah's Arks,
just as full as can be
Of animals, really a wonder
to see;
There are lions, and tigers,
and camels, and bears,
And two of each kind, for
they travel in pairs.

There are elephants stretching
their noses quite long;
And reindeer and elks with
their antlers so strong,
And queer kangaroos all the
others amid,
With their dear little babies in
pockets well hid.

Is Santa Claus happy? There's no need to ask,
For he finds such enjoyment indeed in his task,

SANTA CLAUS IN HIS WORK-SHOP.

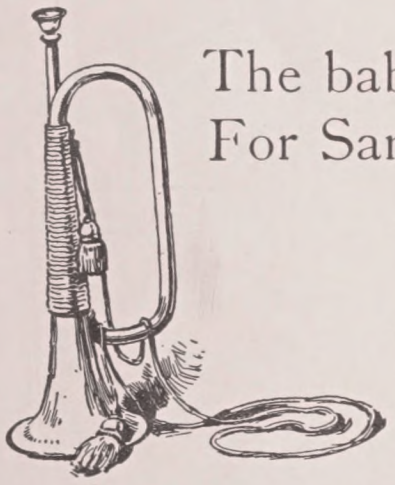
That he bubbles with laughter, and whistles and sings,
While making and planning the beautiful things.

The dear little Brownies, so nimble and fleet,
Will run on his errands with tireless feet,

And carry big bundles and boxes, because
They want to be friendly to good Santa Claus.

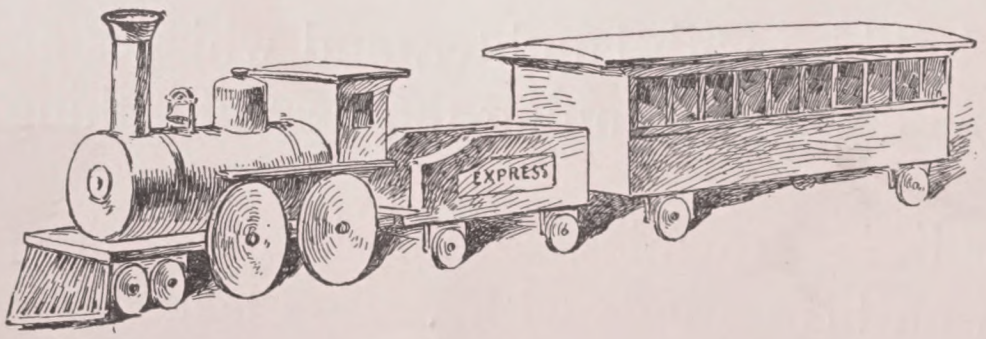
He's a jolly good fellow, but
ever so shy,
And likes to do all his good
deeds on the sly,
So there's no use of spoiling
a nice winter's nap
For you'll not catch a glimpse
of the jolly old chap.

When Christmas Eve comes, into bed you must creep,
And late in the night, when you all are asleep,
He is certain to come; so your stockings prepare,
And hang them up close by the chimney with care.



The baby's wee stocking you must not forget,
For Santa will have something nice for the pet,
And those who are thoughtful for others
will find
The good saint at Christmas time has
them in mind.

There is Tommy, who tended the baby with care,
A nice train of cars he shall have for his share,



And how happy Eliza will be when she looks
For her presents, and finds such a budget of books.

For dear little Mary, a doll there will be;
And for Alice and Jennie a gay Christmas tree;
And wee little Georgie, the baby, will find,
A big stick of candy, just suiting his mind.

IN THE STABLE.

Oh, a jolly good sight is this funny old chap
When he's dressed in his bear-skin and fur-bordered cap,
All ready to start on his
way through the cold,
In a sleigh covered over
with jewels and gold.

READY TO START.

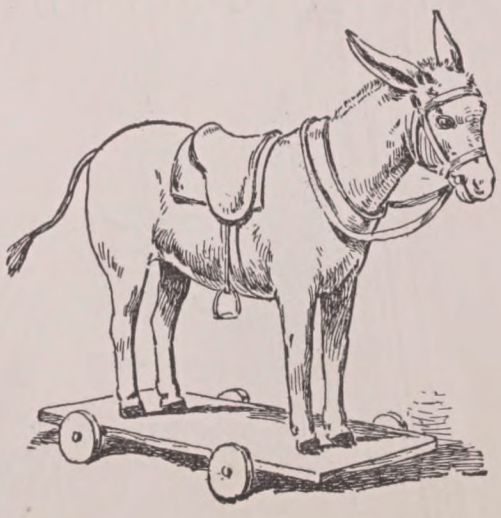
While his deer from the mountains all harnessed with care,
Like race-horses prance through the clear frosty air

'Tis fun just to watch them, and hear the bells ring,
And the stars seem to think it a comical thing.

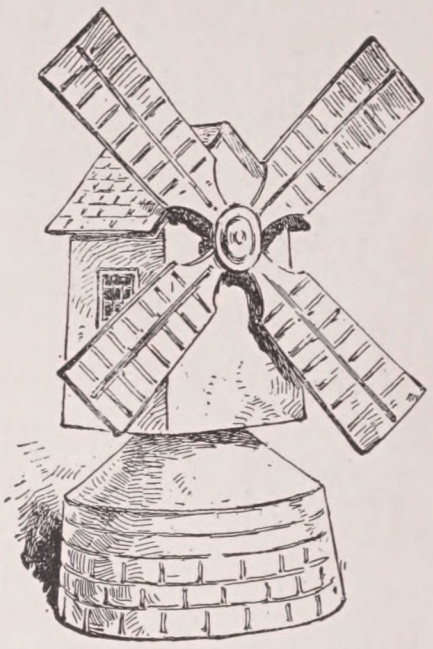
For old Santa is bundled so
close to the chin
That there is not a chance
for the cold to get in,
His cheeks are so rosy, his
eyes how they flash!
No horses or driver e'er cut
such a dash!

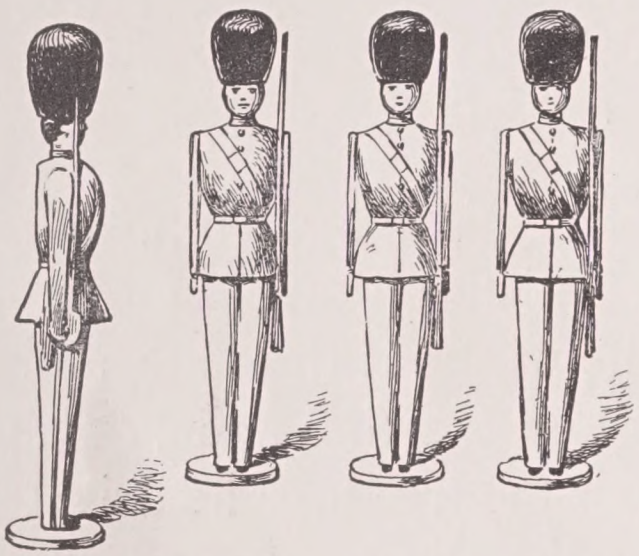
He cracks his long whip, and
he whistles a tune,
While he winks at the stars, and
he bows to the moon,
And over the tree-tops he drives
like the wind,
And leaves all the night-birds a
long way behind.

His steeds speed away on their
journey so fleet,
That they seem to have wings to
their swift flying feet,
For there's work to be done by
the cheery old man,
And his coursers will help him
as well as they can.



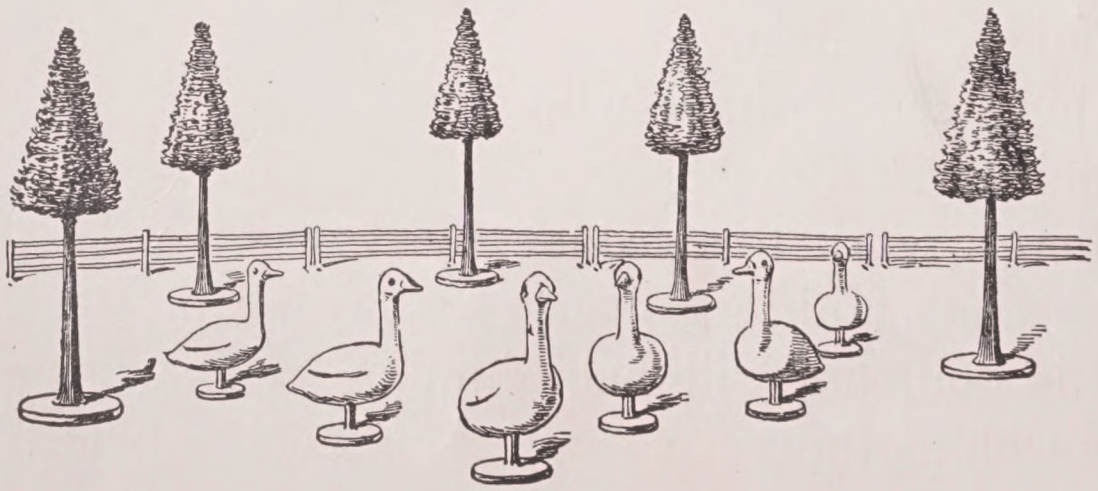
His sleigh is with toys and with trinkets
well packed,
You never beheld one with treasures
so stacked;
And though of good children he has
such a list
Not one is forgotten; not one will
be missed.





An army he gives to the boy
who is neat,
And never is rude in the house
or the street;
And a farm to the lad who
goes smiling to school,
Who knows all his lessons,
and minds every rule.

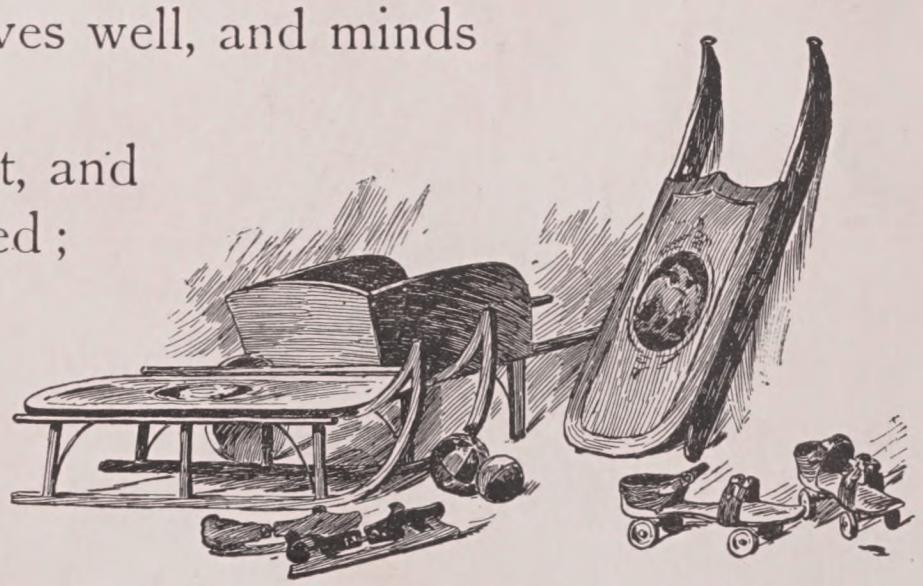
And if you would please him—dear Bertie and Jack—
And win a nice prize from the old fellow's pack,
Be good little children, your parents obey,
And strive to be happy at work or at play.



At Christmas old Santa Claus
toils like a Turk,
For the cheery old fellow is
fond of his work,
With his queer-looking team
through the air he will go
And alight on the house-tops
all covered with snow.

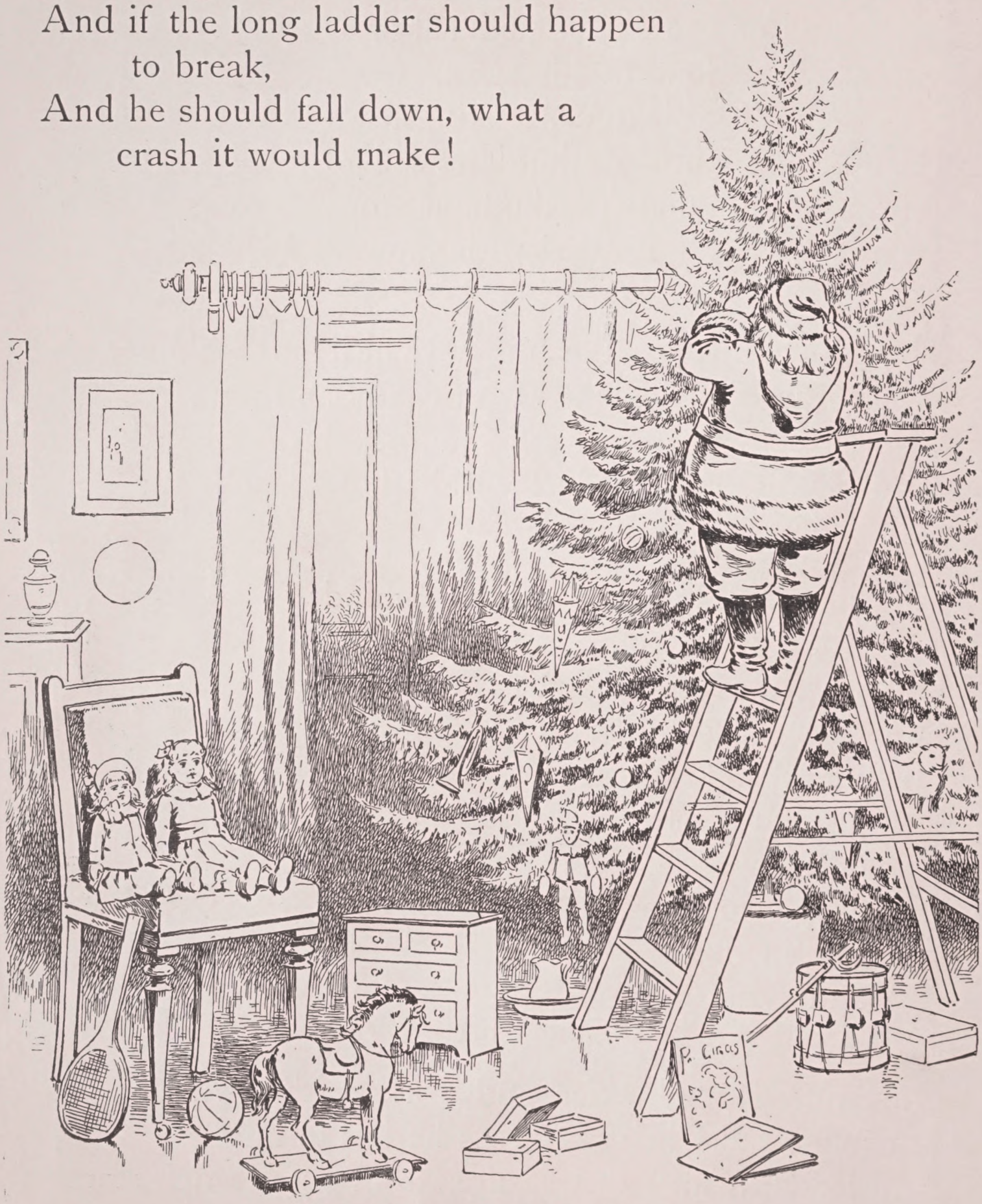
Then down through the chimneys he'll dart without noise,
And fill up the stockings with candy and toys.
There'll be presents for Julia, and Nellie, and Jack,
And plenty more left in the old fellow's pack.

And if Frank behaves well, and minds
what is said,
Quits teasing the cat, and
goes early to bed;
He'll find for his
present a sled
or a gun,
A ready compan-
ion in frolic
and fun.



On Santa Claus hurries, and works with a will,
For many tall Christmas trees he has to fill,
And loads them with treasures from out his rich store,
Till they blossom as trees never blossomed before.

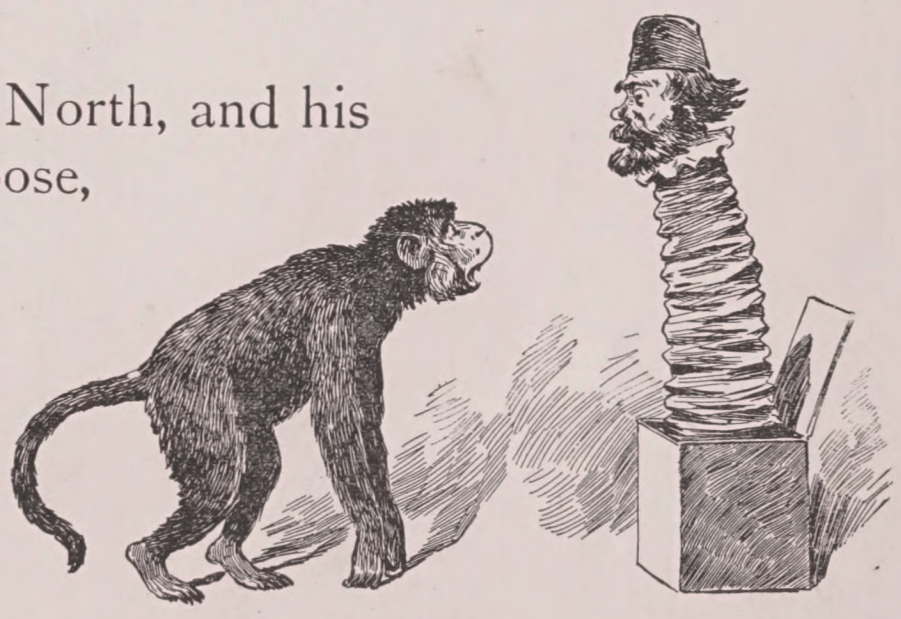
Though round as a dumpling, and ever so fat,
In running and climbing he's spry as a cat,
And if the long ladder should happen
to break,
And he should fall down, what a
crash it would make!



LOADING THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

I told you his home was up North by the Pole,
In a palace of ice lives this worthy old soul,
And though out of doors it may furiously storm,
Indoors as we know, it is sunny and warm.

When Christmas is over old Santa
Claus goes
To his home in the North, and his
well earned repose,
And when he is
rested and feel-
ing tip-top,
The good-natured
workman goes
back to his
shop.



And there will he labor from morning till night,
To make others happy his aim and delight,
And if his good-will the dear children would earn,
They must strive to be happy and good in return.

He comes like an angel of light from above,
To do on the earth sweetest errands of love;
And our hearts and our homes to so fill with good cheer
That we cannot help knowing when Christmas is near.

Then let us be glad, so that Christmas may be
A real Merry Christmas to you and to me:
And now that the story is ended we'll give
Three cheers for old Santa Claus! Long may he live!

SANTA CLAUS RESTS AFTER HIS LABORS.

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

THERE once lived near a great city a very worthy gentleman and his charming young wife. They had married for love, and lived very happily together; much more happily than some of their neighbors who were far more wealthy. And when a baby girl was born, who was the light of their eyes and the joy of their hearts, they felt as if their home was a little heaven upon

earth; and, however cold and dark the world might be out of doors, there was always plenty of warmth and sunshine within.

But this state of things did not last long, for the young mother fell ill of a fever, and died when her child was too young to feel the loss of its kind parent.

The poor husband was at first almost distracted with grief, and but for the presence of his dear little daughter would have been very lonely indeed. Her pretty ways and soft caresses had a soothing effect upon him, and he felt that he had still something left to live for.

As time wore on he became quite cheerful once more, and began to go into society, and to think of marrying again. His daughter needed a mother's care, and his house was so large that it seemed very lonely with so few people in it. Unhappily, the choice the gentleman made this time was not a good one, for the lady he married was proud, haughty, and deceitful, and had a most violent temper. She was determined to have her own way, and her good-natured husband let her do about as she pleased. It was easier for him to put up with an evil than to find fault, and perhaps bring on a quarrel.

Unfortunately, the new wife was a widow, and she brought with her into the house two great rude girls, who had been wisely kept out of sight until their mother was married and settled in her new home. They were at least ten years older than the gentleman's daughter, whose beauty and grace made them appear even more homely and awkward than they really were.

This made them jealous of the poor child, and they did all that they could to make her life miserable and unhappy.

They teased and tormented her from morning till night, and when she bore patiently with them—for she was anxious to win their love—they made fun of her, and were more disagreeable than ever.

The poor child made no complaint to her father, for she knew that it would only add to his unhappiness and discomfort, and if he interfered it would make matters worse. It was not long before he fell violently ill; medicines could not save him; and he died so suddenly that the shock almost killed his poor little daughter, who knew not how she could live without him.

After her dear father's death, the haughty sisters were uglier than ever to the poor little girl. They never invited her to share in their games, or their sports, or to join them in their walks or drives. Their mother encouraged them in this sort of treatment, for she seemed to owe the poor child a grudge for being so much better looking than her own daughters. It did not occur to her or to them that more than half their ill-looks was owing to their ugly tempers. It is no disgrace to be homely; and pretty manners will hide all defects of face or form, and enable us to win hosts of friends.

But the sisters, as they grew up, gave all their thoughts to dress, and much of their time to dress-makers and milliners. They and their mother were always dressed in the latest style, and held their heads very high, and would not condescend to speak to poor people.

The young girl, who should have been treated as a daughter and sister, was made to do all the dirty work of the house. In this way they saved the wages of a servant, that they might have more money to spend on clothes and finery. She

made the fires, carried the water, made the beds, swept and dusted the rooms, cooked the meals, and was as busy as a be- from morning till night.

Her one comfort was to sit in the chimney corner when her tasks were done, and lose herself in a dream of bright fancies as she gazed on the glowing logs. They were warm and friendly, though every one else was cold and unkind. As the kitchen was her parlor, she was careful to keep it tidy and neat, and was so often brushing up the hearth, and sitting by the cinders, that the sisters gave her the name of *Cinder-wench*, or Cinderella, which is much prettier.

Cinderella was never invited to sit in the parlor, and had no clothes given her but such as were fit to work in. She waited upon her sisters kindly, helped them to dress, and admired all their new clothes, and longed, just as any young girl would, to see how fine a bird she would be in such fine feathers. But the selfish creatures never even let her try on a bonnet or cloak, for fear that Cinderella might put on airs, and refuse to be a kitchen drudge any longer.

Sometimes, when she was doing her best to please them, they would speak harshly to her, and be so spiteful and ugly, that Cinderella would go back to her dish-washing with tears in her eyes, and her heart as heavy as a big lump of lead. Now some folks would have grown cross and hateful under such treatment as the poor girl received; but as gold when put in the fire comes out more bright and beautiful, so did Cinderella shine with a light that made her face at times like that of an angel. She was pure gold through and through.

One day the two sisters received an invitation to a grand ball to be given in honor of a Prince, who, being the eldest

son of the king, was expected, some day, to succeed his father on the throne.

It was an honor to be invited to the palace, and the note was eagerly read, and promptly answered by the proud sisters. Go? Of course they would! But what should they wear?

HER FAIRY GODMOTHER APPEARS TO CINDERELLA.

This ball was the event of the day. Nothing else was talked about. Dress-makers had more than they could do, and the sisters were fortunate in having such a handy person about as Cinderella. They could not deny that she had good taste in dress, and hard at work was she kept for at least

three weeks preceding the ball. Meals were eaten in haste. Dishes were washed in a rattling hurry.

Cinderella had to cut, fit, and sew, and listen to all the talk about the ball—who was to be there, and what So-and-So was to wear—without daring to make a remark, or ask a single question.

When the day of the ball came, oh, then, what a hurry and flurry there was! nobody had any time to think of anything else. The streets of the city were hung with flags, and bands of music played from morning till night. Cinderella was up early, for she had a world of work to do, and there were some finishing touches to be put on the dresses the sisters were to wear.

Cinderella felt a pride in having them look nice, and saw that not a hair-pin or a hook was out of place. She arranged their hair in the latest style, and while at this work, one of the sisters said to her with a mocking smile,

"Don't you wish you were going to the ball, Cinderella?"

"Indeed, indeed I do!" exclaimed the poor child, already in a fever of excitement.

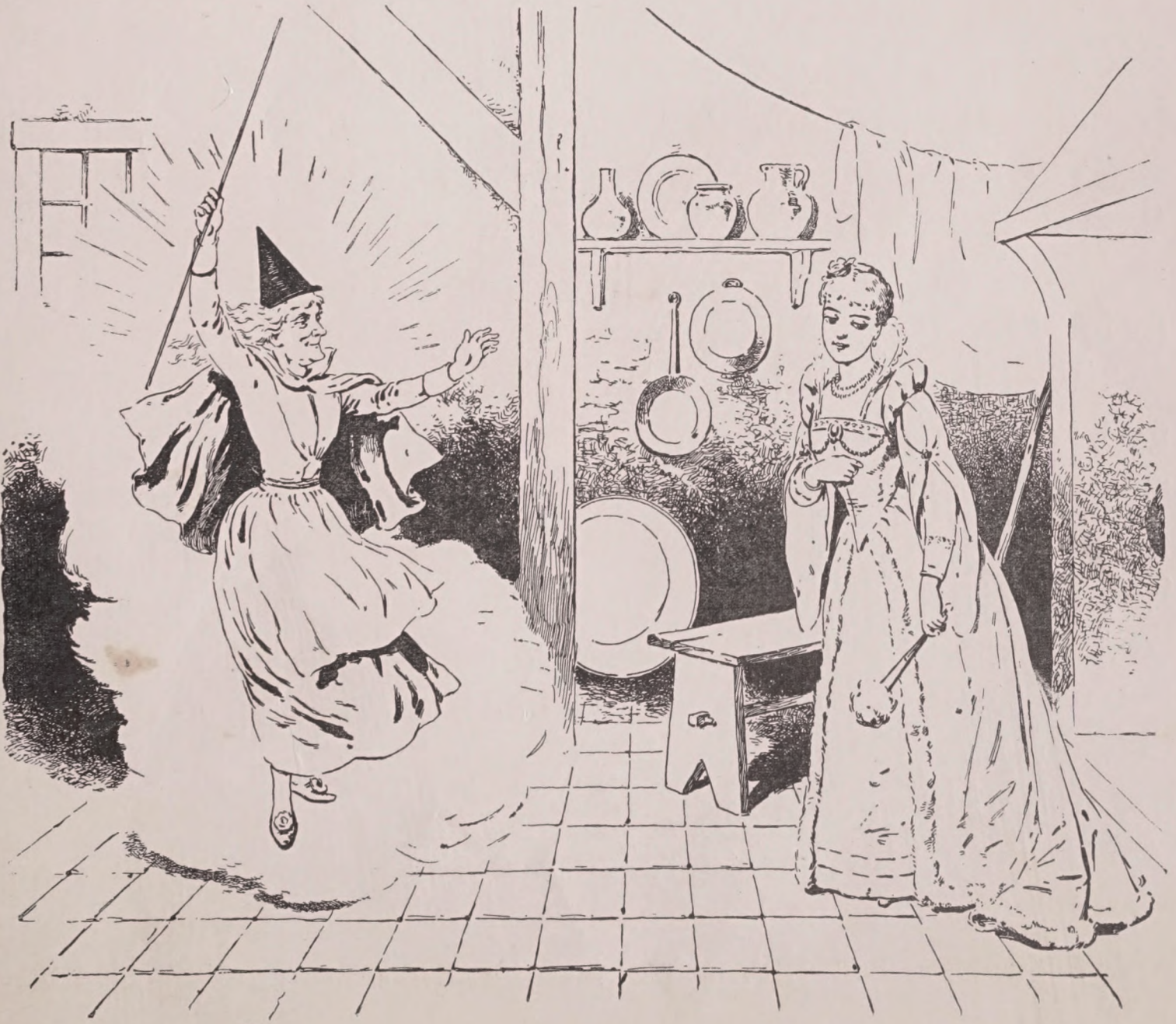
"A fine figure you would cut!" said the other, and homelier sister. "Better stay among the pots and pans. That's the place for you!"

Cinderella bit her lip, but said nothing, though she had hard work to choke back the sobs that would keep rising to her throat.

The sisters drove to the ball in a fine carriage, with coachman and footmen in livery, and when they were gone the house was so quiet, that had any one been listening they might have heard the rats playing in the cellar. But Cinder-

ella was too busy with her own thoughts to think of rats. Now she could give vent to her tears, and she sat on her favorite seat by the hearth thinking what a lonely life she led, trying to imagine what a ball was like, and wishing, wishing, wishing hard that she was there in the midst of the light, the flowers, and the music.

As this wish rose from her heart, Cinderella looked up and saw a strange-looking old woman, who seemed to have come into the room without opening either door or window. Her feet rested on a cloud, and a bright light surrounded her. In her hand she held a long wand.



Cinderella scarcely knew whether she was asleep or awake. The old woman drew near her, and said in a kindly voice, "What is the matter, dear child? Do you want to go to the ball?"

"Oh, indeed I do!" answered Cinderella, tears filling her eyes.

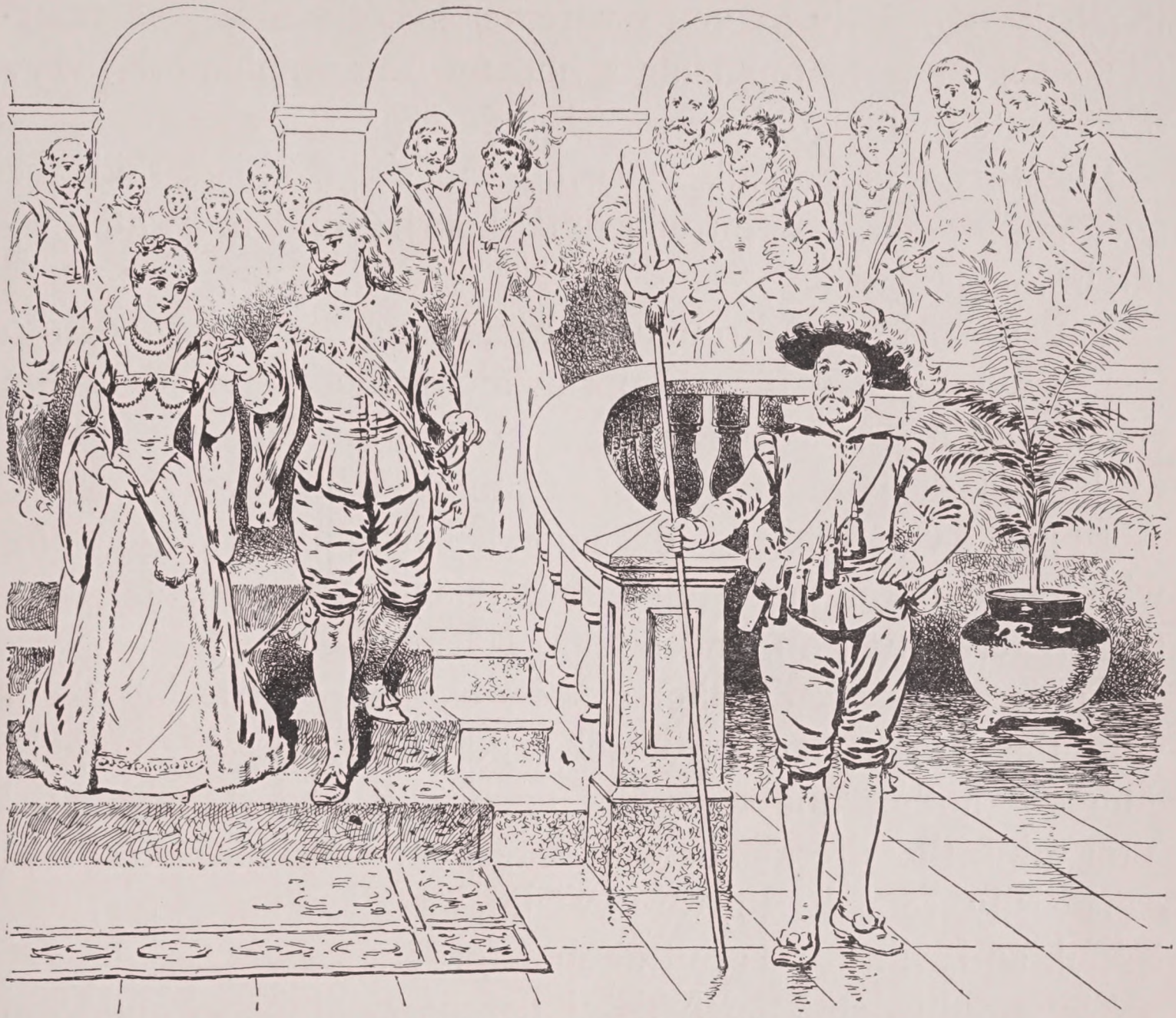
"Well, be a good girl, and do as I tell you, and I'll send you off in fine style. I am your fairy godmother. Bring me the largest pumpkin you can find."

Cinderella was surprised, but the fairy godmother seemed so much in earnest, that the poor girl dared not disobey, but ran at once to do as she was told. As she carried the pumpkin through the garden, she could not help smiling at the thought of the funny figure she would cut sitting on top of it, and speeding through the air. The fairy, however, touched the pumpkin with her wand, and lo and behold! in its place appeared a magnificent coach lined with satin and plush, and fit for Her Royal Highness to ride in.

"That is good as far as it goes," said the fairy; "but it won't go far without horses. Look in the mouse-trap, my child, and see if there is any thing in it."

Cinderella ran quickly to do her bidding, and was delighted to find eight plump mice caught in the trap. There they were, poking their little noses through the bars and trying to get out. And how they did squeal! Cinderella took care that not one of them should escape, as she bore the trap in triumph to her godmother.

The fairy told her to raise the wire door that the mice might come out, one by one. As they did so, a touch of the wand transformed them into handsome horses, with arching



CINDERELLA AT THE BALL.

necks, shining manes, and long tails, and splendid harness all plated with gold. It was enough to make one's eyes water just to look at them.

"Well, my child," said the fairy, "this is a fine turn-out, truly. But there are the finishing touches yet to be put on. Go and see if there are any rats in the rat-trap!"

Cinderella ran with all haste, and soon returned bearing the trap, which had in it two rats of the very best quality. One was bigger than the other, and as he sprang out of the trap, he was changed into a coachman, and took his place on

the box as orderly as you please. The other rat was transformed into a footman, and both were in splendid livery ornamented with gold.

But this was not all. "Bring me six lizards," said the fairy godmother. "You will find them behind the watering-pot in the garden."

The lizards were brought, and at once transformed into pages, whose duty it was to run alongside or ahead of the coach, and announce its arrival. These immediately sprang to their places, and stood as if awaiting further orders.

"There, Cinderella!" exclaimed her godmother, gazing with pride upon the equipage. "Could anything be finer than that? Jump in, and be off."

Cinderella looked at her shabby clothes, contrasting them with the splendor of the coach, and shook her head sadly. The godmother understood at once, and said "Oh, I see! You think that dress is hardly fit to wear to a ball. Well, we can easily remedy that. My dress-maker is wonderfully skilful, and will fit you out in short order."

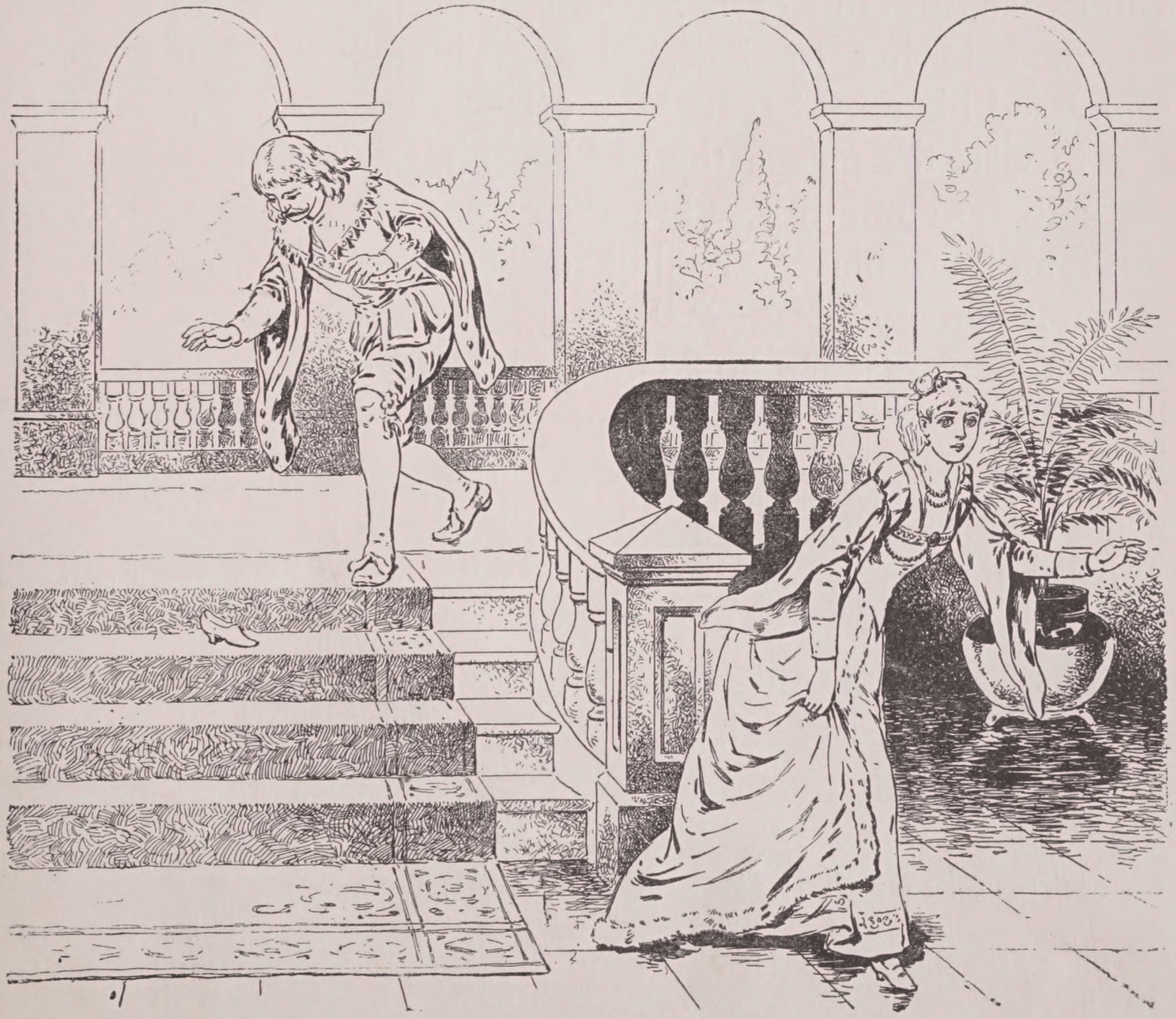
Saying this, she touched Cinderella with her wand, and immediately the old clothes fell off the young girl, and she stood arrayed in a beautiful dress that shone like cloth of gold. Jewels sparkled here and there—on her hands—at her throat—and on her waist; and to crown all, the fairy brought a pair of lovely glass slippers—that shone like diamonds—for Cinderella to put on. How dressed up one feels in a pretty pair of shoes!

The godmother paused awhile to admire Cinderella in her new attire, and then she said, "I have but one charge to give you, my child. Leave the ball-room at twelve o'clock sharp!

If you remain a moment beyond that time, your coach will become a pumpkin, your coachman, footman, and horses, rats and mice, and your pages, lizards. Your beautiful dress, too, will vanish away, and leave you in the shabby clothes of a kitchen drudge."

Cinderella promised to be punctual, for twelve o'clock seemed to her a late hour. But then she had never been to a ball!

There was a great stir at the palace when the splendid carriage drove up, and great was the interest displayed when



THE FLIGHT FROM THE BALL.

Cinderella alighted. The Lord High Chamberlain himself escorted her to the ball-room, and introduced her to the Prince, who immediately claimed her hand for the next dance. Cinderella was in a whirl of delight, the envy and admiration of all the ladies and gentlemen. The hours flew all too fast. At supper Cinderella was seated next her sisters, and even conversed with them. The kind condescension of so distinguished a stranger was very flattering to them, and they were on their best behavior.

When the hands of the clock pointed to a quarter of twelve, Cinderella, mindful of her godmother's injunction, arose and hastened to her carriage. The Prince hurried after her, expressed his regret that she must leave so soon, and begged her to visit the palace the next evening, when the festivities were to be continued. He then returned to the ball-room, but found the place very dull indeed, now that the Princess was not among the guests.

Cinderella reached home in good time, and was commended by her godmother, who promised to look after her interests in the future. Soon a loud rap on the door announced the arrival of the sisters, and Cinderella made haste to let them in, rubbing her eyes and yawning as if just awakened out of a sound sleep.

As soon as they entered the house they began to tell of the beautiful Princess, of the excitement she had created, and the preference she had shown for their society. When they said the Princess was expected to be at the palace the next evening, Cinderella begged that they would lend her one of their cast-off dresses that she might go and see the wonderful beauty. The sisters laughed her to scorn, and the next day were uglier

TRYING ON THE SLIPPER.

to her than ever, finding fault when they had no occasion, and striking her whenever they had a good chance.

"I'll teach you to have better manners, and to know your place! The idea of you daring to ask for one of my dresses, or to think of going to a ball! Take that!—and that!" said the younger sister, who had the most violent temper. And Cinderella bore their hard treatment with a meekness that was really remarkable.

The next evening the sisters went again to the ball, and Cinderella made her appearance there shortly afterwards, dressed even more splendidly than on the first night. The

Prince had been watching for her, and never left her side the whole evening. The attentions he paid her would have turned the head of almost any young lady, but Cinderella received them all with a repose of manner that made the Prince more charmed with her than ever.

But so happy was Cinderella that she forgot to look at the clock, or to listen for its warning chime, and was greatly surprised when the first stroke of twelve rang upon her ear. She sprang up in haste, and ran from the ball-room as fast as she could, never even waiting to courtesy to the guests, or to say good night to the devoted Prince.

It was well she did so, for at the last stroke of twelve, the splendid carriage, horses and all resumed their original forms, her elegant clothes fell from her, and she found herself clad once more in her old dingy working-dress. The Prince started in pursuit, but lost track of her in the midnight darkness. In her flight, however, she dropped one of her glass slippers, which the Prince found and held to his heart as if it was a priceless treasure.

Cinderella reached home panting and breathless, in very different style from that in which she had left the first ball.

The Prince, in the meantime, had made inquiries of the sentinels on guard, both inside and outside the palace, but none of them could tell him which way the Princess went. In fact, the only person they had seen leaving in haste was a young girl poorly dressed, who looked as if she might be a cinder-sweep.

Cinderella had not long to wait for the return of her sisters; for the ball had closed early, as the Prince was so dull and vexed. She again met them, rubbing her eyes, and yawning

wearily, but managed to ask them if they had enjoyed themselves, and if the beautiful Princess had again made her appearance at the palace.

Yes, they said, and more beautiful than ever, but at twelve o'clock she suddenly started up and left the ball-room, where-

A PERFECT FIT.

upon the Prince seemed to lose all interest in everything, and the guests soon departed.

The Prince remained in a listless state for some time. Night and day he thought of the charming Princess, with whom he was madly in love, and sought in many ways to find some trace of her. He sent agents far and wide to search for her, but nothing came of it.

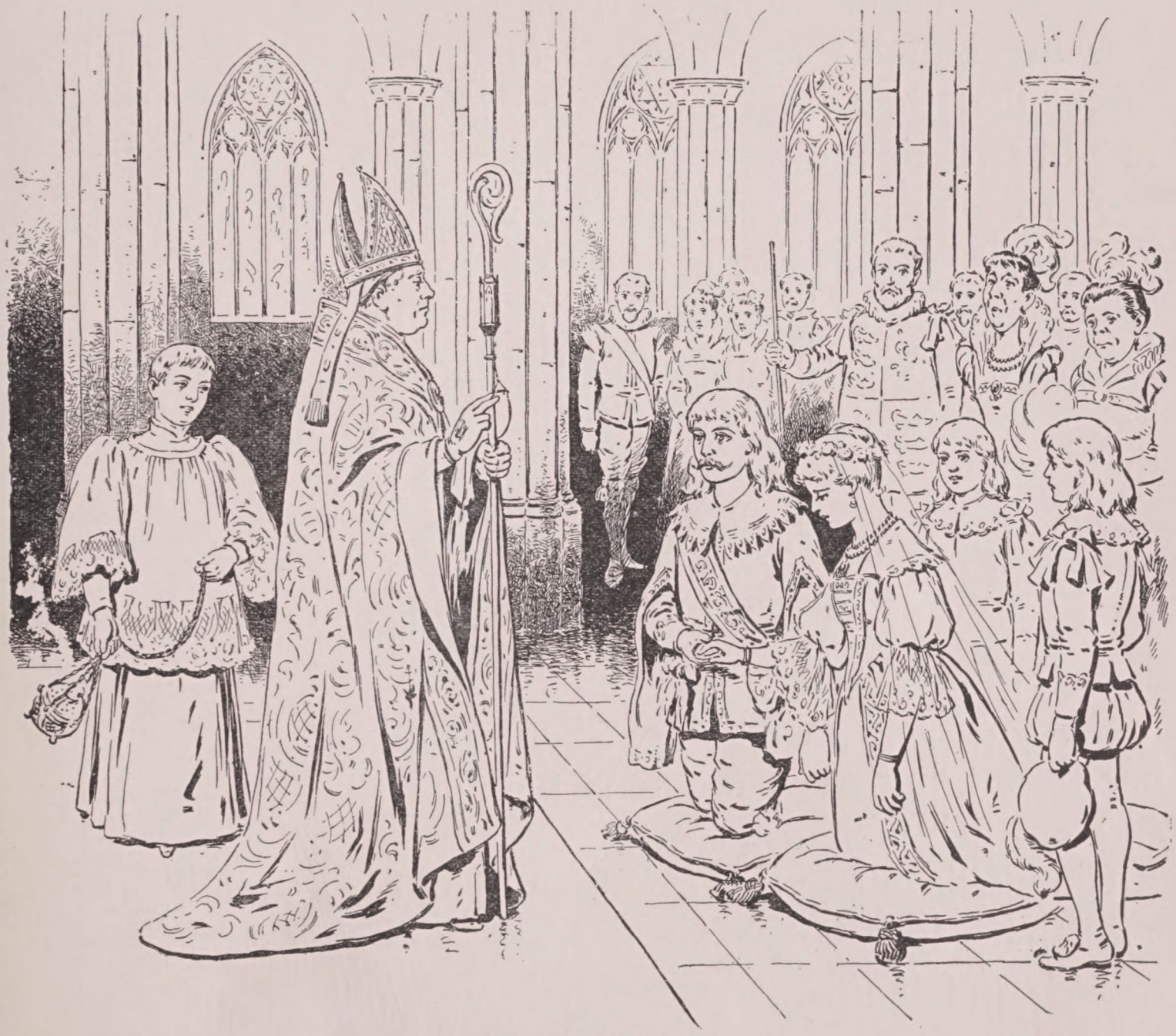
At last a bright idea struck him. He got up a proclamation which said:

THE KING'S SON WILL MARRY THE LADY WHO IS ABLE TO WEAR THE GLASS SLIPPER WHICH WAS DROPPED AT THE LATE BALL.

Then he sent out a herald with a trumpet to proclaim this wonderful news, and great was the excitement it caused. Such a squeezing of feet as there was! and such suffering from corns! The herald had orders to stop at every house, and every lady tried to put on the slipper, but all in vain. At last he came to the home of Cinderella's sisters, who endeavored to put on the lovely glass slipper! But it was too short for one, and too narrow for the other, and they were obliged to give it up.

Cinderella, who had been watching them eagerly, stepped forward and asked if she might be permitted to try on the slipper. The sisters exclaimed, "What impudence!" but the herald said his orders were to pass no lady by, and Cinderella put down her scrubbing-brush and seated herself to try on the slipper. There was no trouble getting it on; it fitted her to a T. The sisters were speechless with amazement; but imagine, if you can, their look of surprise when Cinderella drew from her pocket the other glass slipper, which she had carried about with her ever since that fateful night.

Now the sisters could see in Cinderella's face some resemblance to the Princess who had taken so much notice of them at the ball, and whose attentions they were so proud to receive. How had it been brought about? As if in answer to their thought the fairy godmother entered the room, and the blush-



MARRIAGE OF CINDERELLA.

ing maiden was transformed into the beautiful Princess. The herald set off at once to bear the joyful tidings to his master that the Princess was found.

You may well believe that the sisters were sorry enough

that they had treated Cinderella so harshly, and they supposed that now the tables were turned she would despise them, and be glad of a chance to pay them back for their ill-usage. Mortified and ashamed, they went down on their knees and asked her forgiveness, and Cinderella, bidding them rise, begged them to think no more of the past, or to fear her hatred. She assured them that she should never forget that they were her sisters, and would do all she could to add to their future happiness and prosperity.

A royal escort was sent to conduct Cinderella to the palace, and great was the joy of the Prince at beholding her again. She consented to become his wife, and the wedding was conducted with regal pomp and splendor, and there was no end to the congratulations; and as for the wedding-cake! well, there was no skimping there, I can tell you.

The sisters were assigned the place of honor at the banquet, and owing to Cinderella's generosity were able to make a very fine appearance. For among her wedding-gifts was a large dowry from her godmother, and as Cinderella's happiness consisted in making others happy, she did not hoard her wealth, but spent it among the poor, after settling a large sum on each of her sisters.

Cinderella made hosts of friends, and she and the Prince lived happily together for many years, and among all the treasures of the royal palace there was nothing quite so precious as

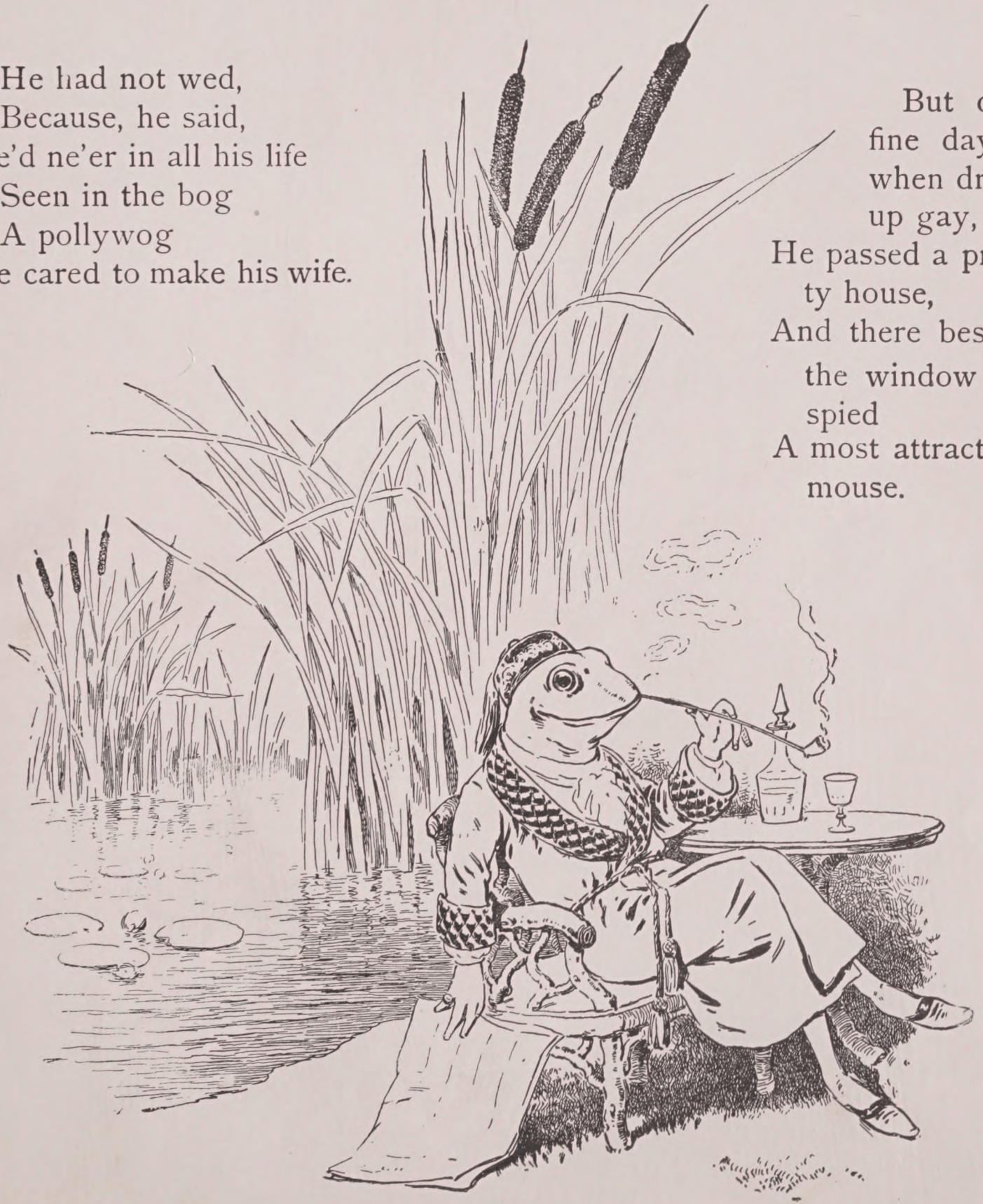
CINDERELLA'S GLASS SLIPPER.

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.

There was a Frog lived in a bog—
A Frog of high degree—
A stylish youth, and yet, forsooth,
A bachelor was he.

He had not wed,
Because, he said,
He'd ne'er in all his life
Seen in the bog
A pollywog
He cared to make his wife.

But one fine day, when drest up gay,
He passed a pretty house,
And there beside the window spied
A most attractive mouse.



THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.

He raised his hat,
And gazing at
Miss Mouse, in suit of gray,

He made a bow,
Likewise a vow
To marry her straightway

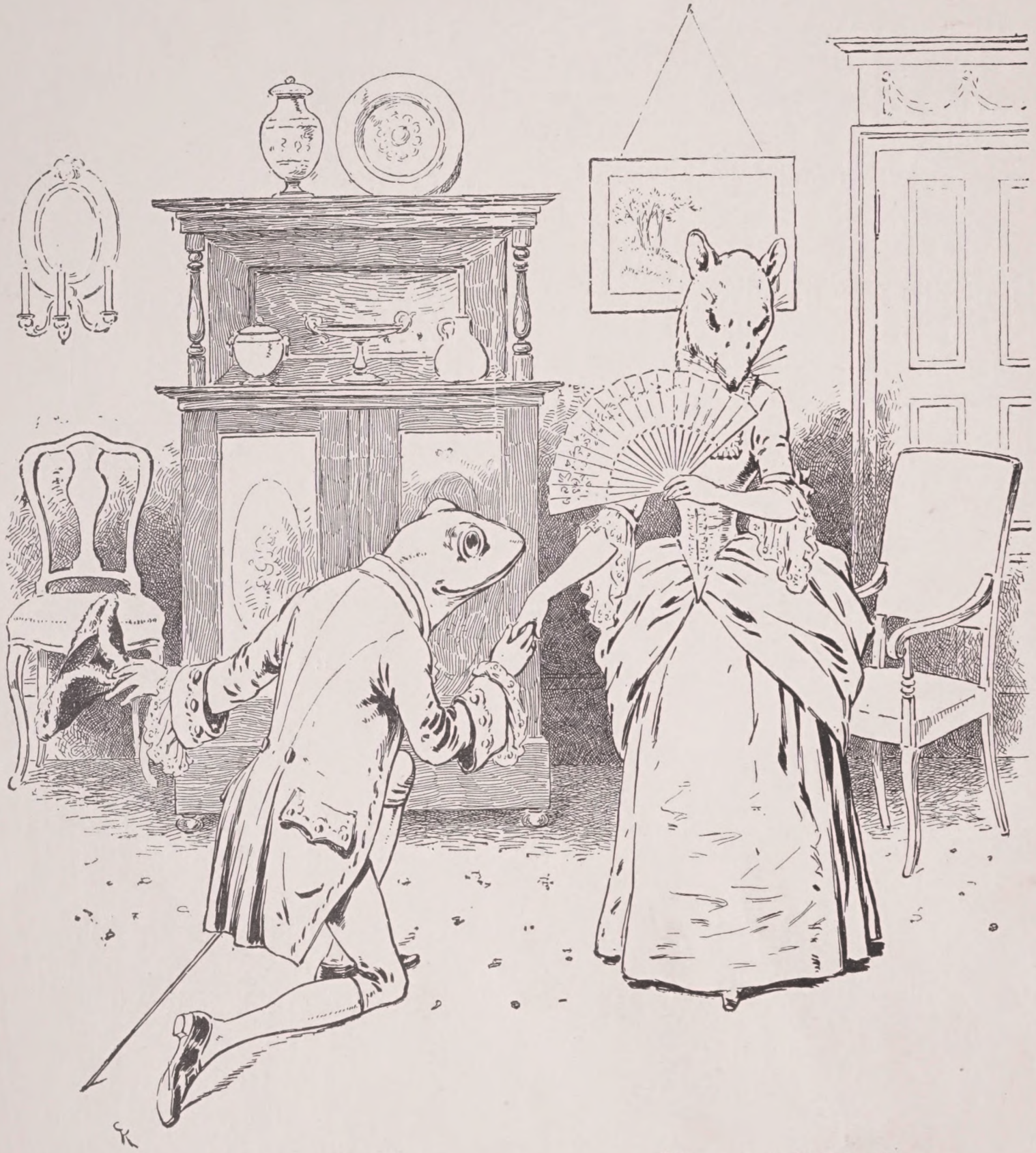
When he was drest
In scarlet vest,
And coat of velvet sheen,
With frills of lace,
And sword in place,
His like was nowhere seen.

His smile was bland;
His style so grand,
He said with pride, "I know
Miss Mouse so fair,
Can find nowhere
So suitable a beau!

"If she'll agree
To live with me,
And be my faithful wife,
Oh, she shall dine
On dishes fine,
And lead an easy life."

When he went by,
Miss Mouse, so shy,
Would hide her blushing face;
But truth to tell
Could see quite well
Through curtains of thin lace.

And from her nook! ah many a look
She gave, with heart a-stir;
And oft did she confess that he
Was just the beau for her.



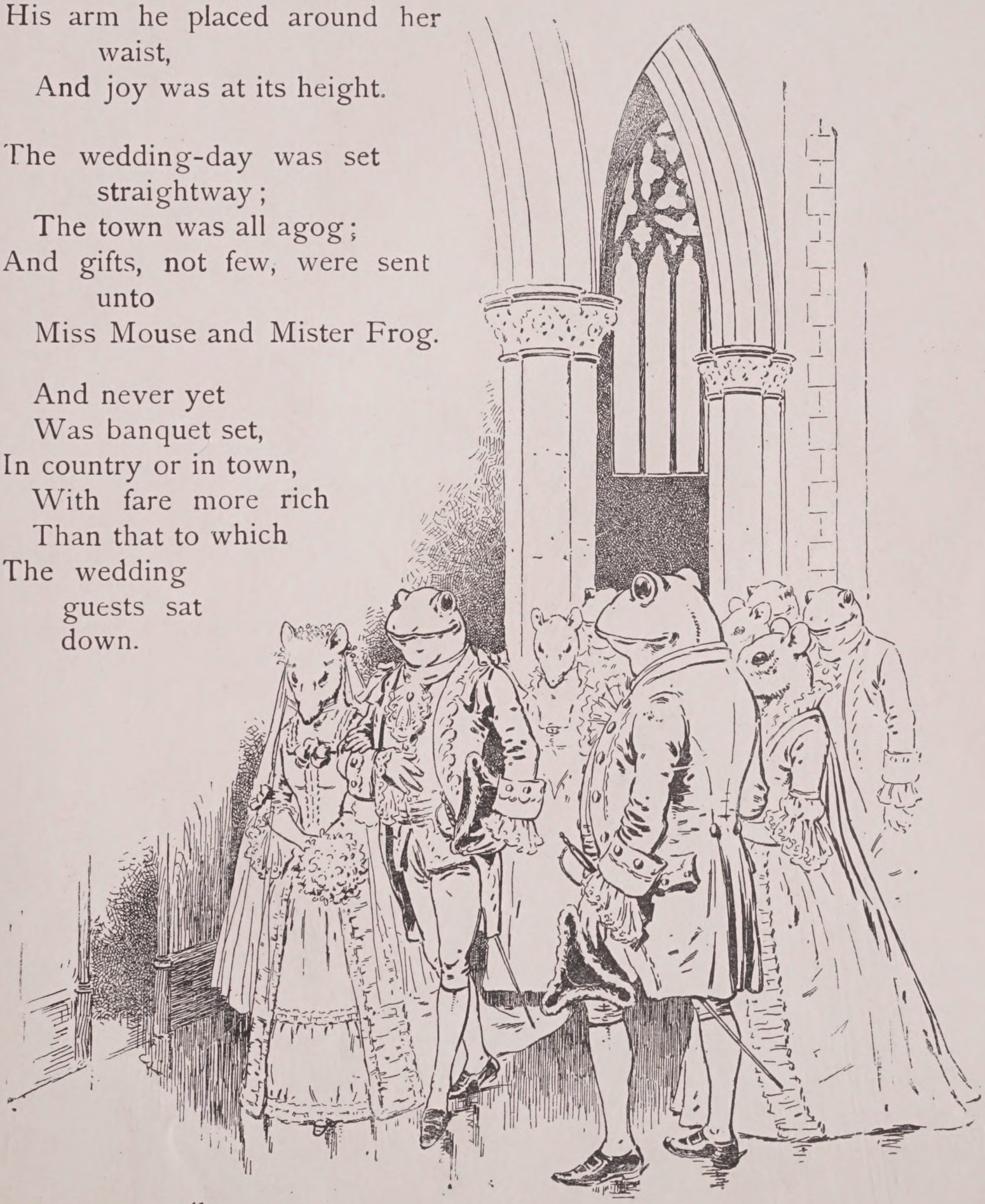
At last so blue poor froggy grew,
He went up to the house
And rang the bell, in haste to tell
His love for Mistress Mouse.

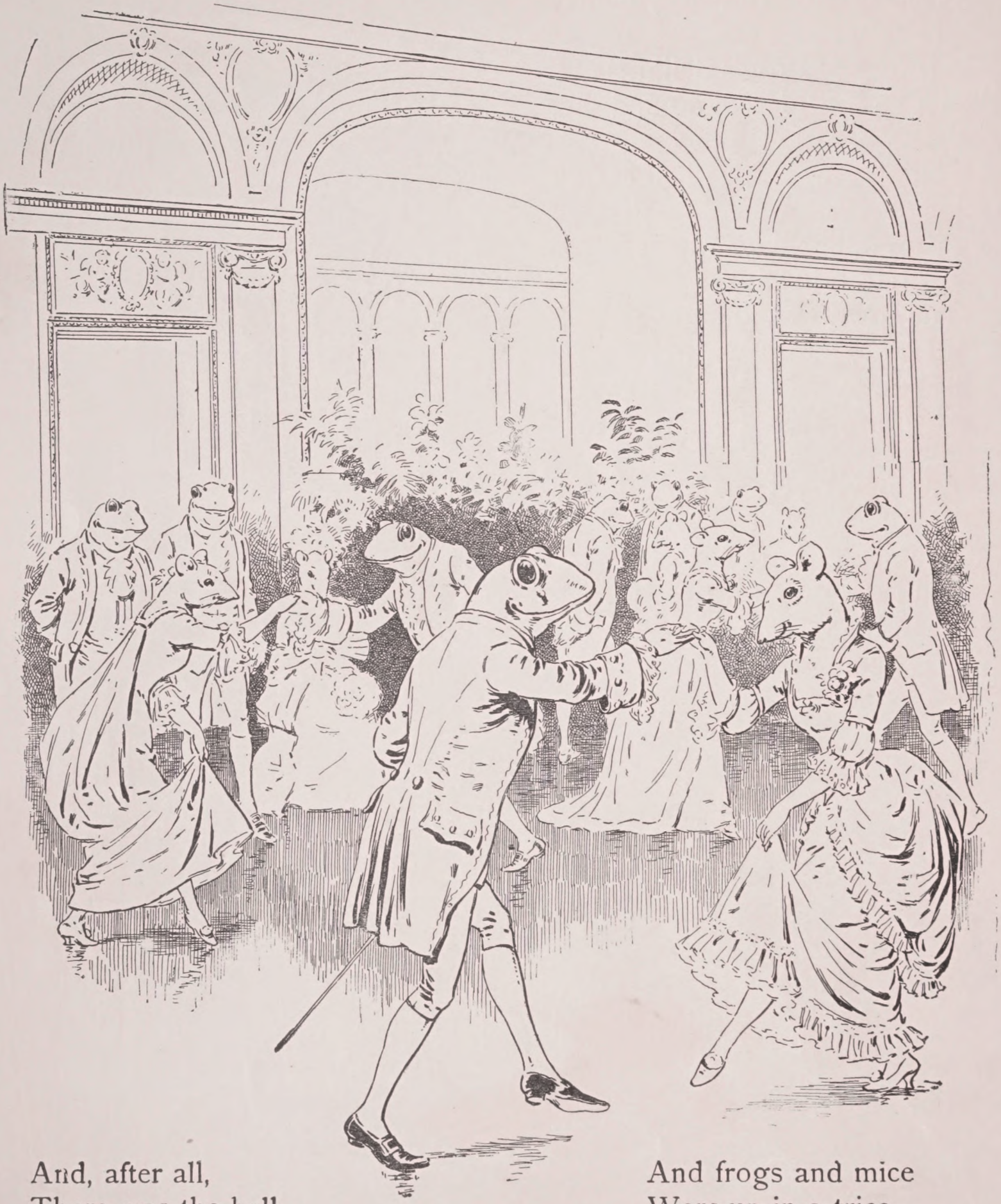
He passed the door,
And on the floor
He knelt and kissed her hand;
"Wilt marry me?"
He asked, while she
Her burning blushes fanned

She answered "Yes," as you may
guess,
To Mister Frog's delight;
His arm he placed around her
waist,
And joy was at its height.

The wedding-day was set
straightway;
The town was all agog;
And gifts, not few, were sent
unto
Miss Mouse and Mister Frog.

And never yet
Was banquet set,
In country or in town,
With fare more rich
Than that to which
The wedding
guests sat
down.





And, after all,
There was the ball,
For which the band was hired!

And frogs and mice
Were up in a trice,
And danced till their toes were tired.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a small cottage on the edge of a deep wood, a forester and his wife, and their dear little daughter. The little child was as lovely as a picture, and a great pet with everybody. Her mother liked to see her prettily dressed, and made her a red cloak with a hood to it, so that the neighbors gave her the name of Little Red Riding Hood.

She was a merry little maid, and went about the house singing and laughing the whole day long. She made friends

with birds, and with beasts, and was not afraid of anything, not even the dark.

One day Red Riding Hood's mother said to her, "My child, you may go to your grandmother's with this pat of butter and bottle of blackberry-wine, for we have not heard from her in some days, and she may be in need of something. Do not stay too long, for I shall be anxious to hear how she is."

The old lady had not been well for some time, and some days was so lame that she could not get out of bed, and had to depend on the neighbors to come in and get her meals.

Red Riding Hood was delighted to do her mother's errand, for she was fond of her grandmother, who always had funny stories to tell, or something nice to give her when she went there on a visit.

So her mother put on her scarlet cloak, gave her the well-filled basket, kissed her good-by, and sent her off with many loving messages for the poor sick grandmother.

Her way led through the lonesome woods, but Little Red Riding Hood was not the least bit afraid, for she was used to playing in them, and running races through them, never minding whether she kept in the path or not. So she went on as happy as a lark, looking back now and then, as long as her home was in sight, to see if her mother was still at the door, and to throw her a kiss from the tips of her fingers.

For a long, long time after Red Riding Hood had gone so far that she could not see the house, her mother stood in the doorway with a smile on her face, every now and then catching a glimpse of the bright red cloak that shone through the trees, and thinking how pretty her dear little daughter looked

in it, with her soft golden curls flying out beyond the cunning scarlet hood.

How glad she was that she had such a dear little girl; and how lonesome the house was when she was not in it! Why it seemed as if all the sunshine had gone into the woods, and was wrapped in under the pretty red cloak, that the very geese knew enough to admire.

The birds kept Little Red Riding Hood company, and sang her their sweetest songs. The squirrels ran up and down the tall trees, and made her laugh at their funny antics. Now

RED RIDING HOOD IN BAD COMPANY.

and then a rabbit would come across her path, and sometimes Red Riding Hood would put down her basket, and give chase to the bunnies, hoping she might catch one of the pretty white pets. But they always managed to get out of her way, for they could jump faster than she could run.

Butterflies darted here and there—some light yellow, some with soft gray wings—and Red Riding Hood ran after these until she was tired. Sometimes one would poise on a green leaf close at hand, and just as Red Riding Hood was about to seize the pretty thing, away it would go deeper in the woods, and seem to urge her to follow.

By-and-by she grew hungry, and sat down on a flat stone to eat the nice lunch her mother had put up for her, and oh, how good it did taste!

The birds came round her for their share, and it was fun to see them crowd on each other and squabble over the crumbs. How they did chatter and scold! And what greedy things they were! You could almost hear them say, "Let that alone! That's mine! I was here first! O you pig!" and when the crumbs were all gone they all cried, "More! more! more!" or at least it sounded as if they did.

It was so lovely in the woods that Red Riding Hood was in no hurry to leave them. Wild flowers were plentiful, and she said, aloud, "Oh, I must stop and pick some for grandmother, she is so fond of them!"

So she went out of the path to gather the fox-gloves, the wild honey-suckles, and the dark wood violets that were growing all around; and with these and some sweet ferns and long grasses she made a very pretty nosegay.

But dear me! when she turned to go back to the path

she could not find it, and for a moment she was scared, for she thought she was lost in the woods.

The birds knew of her plight, and as she had been good to them, they would be good to her; so two of them flew down, and calling to Red Riding Hood in their pretty, coaxing way, led her out of the tangle of brush-wood into

CHATTING WITH THE WOLF.

the smooth path, and to the very place where she had left her basket.

While she sat resting for a few moments, a wolf came up and spoke to her; which did not seem at all strange to Little Red Riding Hood, as wolves and fairies were quite common in those days.

"Good-day," said the wolf. "Where are you going all alone by yourself, my pretty miss?"

"I am going to my grandmother's," said Little Red Riding Hood, "to take her some fresh butter and nice blackberry-wine, for she is quite sick."

"She ought to be proud of such a lovely grand-daughter," said the wolf. "I don't know when I have met any one quite so handsome."

Flattered by these compliments, Red Riding Hood let the wolf walk by her side, although the birds kept warning her that he was a wicked rogue, and she'd better get rid of him.

She had an idea that poor company was better than none, which was a mistaken notion, for it is much better to be alone than in bad company, as Little Red Riding Hood found out, before a great while had passed.

"Where does grandma live?" asked the wolf in as sweet a voice as he could command.

"Just outside the woods. You can see her cottage through the trees."

"Ah, yes;" said the wolf. "I think I'll call on the dear old lady. She will certainly be glad to see me when she learns how skillful I am in curing diseases. Just for the fun of the thing, suppose you take the path to the left, while I follow

this one to the right, and we will have a little race to see which shall get to the cottage first."

Now the crafty wolf knew that he was sure to win this race, for he had chosen the shortest way, and, besides that, he intended as soon as he was out of the little girl's sight to go at a speed which she could not attempt to keep up with. But Red Riding Hood suspected nothing. She was so young that she did not know that though wolves might appear to be as mild as sheep, they were still wolves at heart, ready to bite and rend whatever came in their way. She was

A RACE TO THE COTTAGE.

kind and gentle herself, and thought everybody was the same. She had yet to learn that often those who pretend to be our best friends, turn out to be our worst enemies. They are fair to our face, and false behind our back. They deceive us by their sweet ways, and do their best to put us off our guard.

The wolf took a short cut out of the woods, and soon came to the cottage of Red Riding Hood's grandmother. A bird on a spray outside fairly screeched to give warning to the old lady within, but if she heard it she did not know what it meant.

The wolf rapped gently at the door, and the old lady, who was in bed, roused herself and said, "Is that you, darling? Pull the string and the latch will fly up."

The wolf pulled the string, and stood still a moment ere he opened the door. He thought he heard footsteps near, for hunters now and then went through the woods in search of game, but it was only the bird on the spray, who made a frantic effort to scare off the wicked intruder.

But the wolf knew there was no time to waste, so he slipped through the door of the cottage, which soon flew back on its hinges.

"I am ever so glad you've come, darling," said the grandmother, imagining that her visitor was Little Red Riding Hood. "I'm rather more poorly than usual, dear, and it pains me to turn my head."

"I'm so sorry," said the wolf, mimicking the voice of the little grand-daughter. "Mother's sent you something nice in a basket."

"Well, put it on a chair, dear, and take off your cloak; and then come and give me a kiss."

RED RIDING HOOD ARRIVES AT THE COTTAGE.

"That I'll do at once!" said the wolf as he sprang on the bed, and glared in the face of the grandmother, who tried to beat him off with her crutch. But she had not strength to battle with such a foe, and the hungry wolf, with glaring red eyes, ate up Red Riding Hood's poor dear grandmother, like the cruel monster that he was!

Oh, the blood-thirsty, horrible wretch!

It makes one shudder to think of the terrible deed! But this was not all! The taste of blood had made him thirst for more; so he put on the old lady's nightcap and gown, and snuggled himself down under the bed-clothes, to wait for Red Riding Hood to appear.

What a slow-poke she was! It seemed as if she never would come! and the longer the wolf waited, the crosser he got! Several times he had cocked up his head, thinking he heard her at the door, and still she did not come. He was just beginning to think she never would find her way out of the woods, when he heard a low rap at the door. The little girl rapped softly, for she thought that grandma might be asleep, and she didn't wish to disturb her, in that case, until she awoke.

The wolf waited awhile, then called out as the old lady had done: "Is that you, darling? Pull the string, and the latch will fly up." His voice was rather harsh, but not unlike the grandmother's when she had a bad cold.

So Red Riding Hood pulled the string, and went into the house, set her basket on a table, and went up to the bed-side. She was scared at the change that had come over her poor sick grandmother. What could ail her to make her look like this? She must have some terrible disease!

The child stared and stared, and her breath came quick and short.

"Why, Grannie," she said, as soon as she could speak, "what big eyes you've got!"

"The better to see with, my child," said the wolf, imitating the grandmother's voice as much as possible.

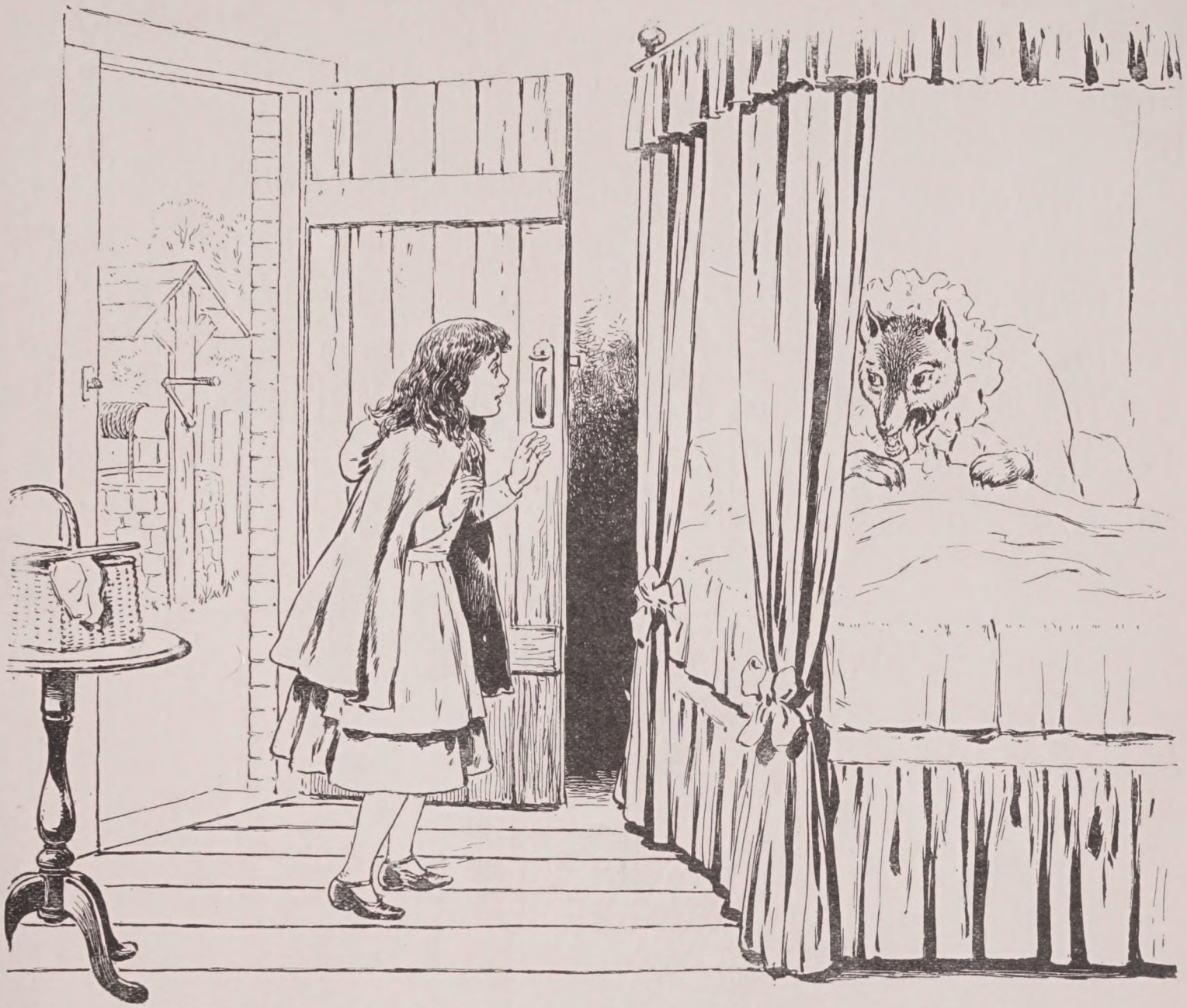
"And oh, Grannie," exclaimed the child, "what a great long nose you've got!"

"The better to smell with, my child."

"But, Grannie, what great big ears you've got!"

"The better to hear with, my child."

Red Riding Hood began to grow more scared than she



RED RIDING HOOD IS ALARMED.

had ever been in all her life, and her voice trembled when she said,—

"Oh, Grannie, what great—big—teeth—you've—got!"

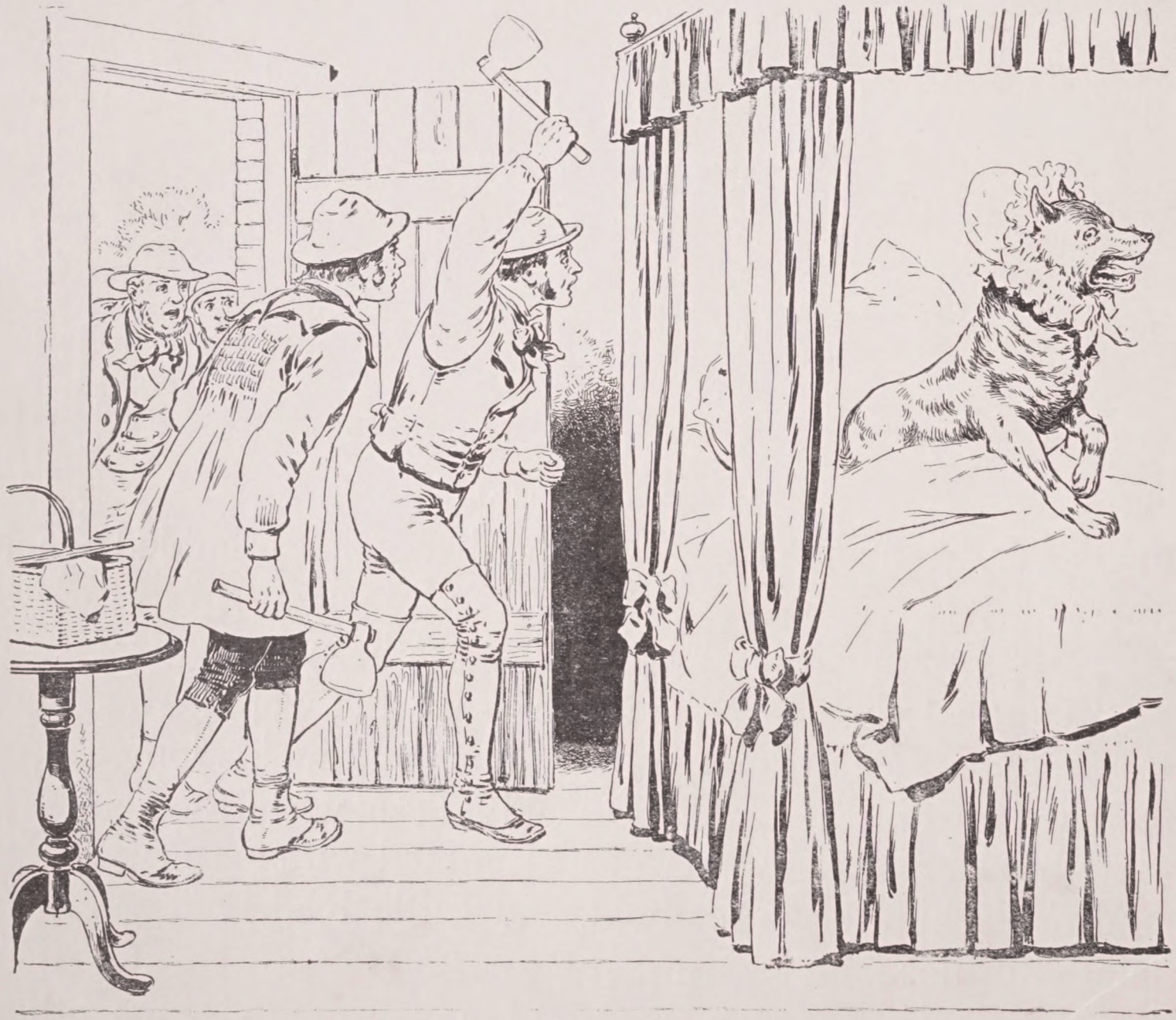
"The better to eat you up!" said the wolf, in his own natural voice; and he was just about putting his long, sharp yellow fangs in the child's soft white flesh, when the door was flung open, and a number of men armed with axes rushed in and made him let go his hold, and Little Red Riding Hood fainted in her father's arms.

He was on his way home from work with some other

foresters, and was just in time to save his dear little daughter from being eaten up by the wicked wolf that had devoured her grandmother.

With one or two strokes of the axe, the wolf's head was cut off so that he could do no more harm in the world, and his body was tied to a pole and carried home in triumph by the foresters.

Friends from far and near came to see Little Red Riding Hood, and to congratulate her and her parents. She had to tell, over and over again, just where she met the wolf, how



DEATH OF THE WOLF.

HOME IN TRIUMPH.

he looked, and what he said, until it seemed as if she never got out of the woods at all, not even in her dreams.

When children were told the story it was always with this word of warning: When you are sent on an errand, go right along, and do it as quickly as you can. Do not stop to play on the road, or to make friends with strangers, who may turn out to be wolves in sheep's clothing.

And they promised to remember, and shuddered whenever they thought what might have been the fate of dear

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

THREE little kittens
Lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mammy dear, we sadly fear
Our mittens we have lost!"

"What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens,
Then you shall have no pie!"
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens, without their mittens,
Began to feel quite blue.
"Oh! mammy dear, Oh! mammy dear,
Pray tell us what to do!"

"Go find your mittens, you silly kittens,
And be quick about it too!"
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens
Then sought their mittens
Upon the table high;
In doors and out
They scampered about,
For they were very spry;
Now high, now low,
The three in a row,
And oh! how they made things fly!
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

"What! found your mittens,
You darling kittens,
Then you shall have some pie."
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens
Found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
See here, see here,
Our mittens we have found!"

The three little kittens
Put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.
"Oh! mammy dear,
We sadly fear
Our mittens we have soiled."

"What! soiled your mittens, you naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew."

THE MITTENS FOUND.

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry.
"Oh, mammy dear, look here, look here,
Our mittens we have washed."

"What! washed your mittens,
You good little kittens!
But I smell a rat close by!
Hush! hush!" Miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

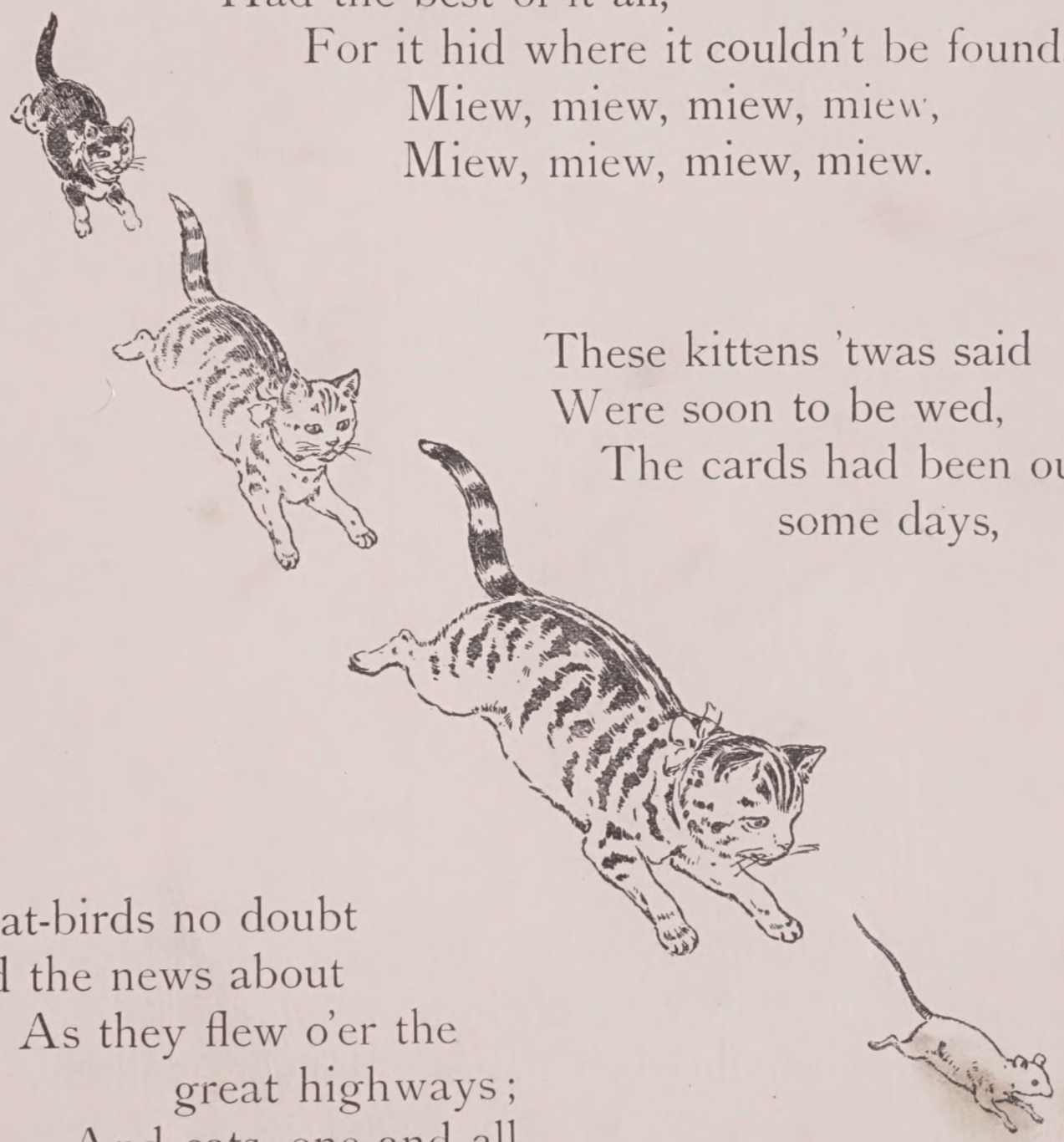
These kittens so gay
Were invited one day
To feast by a running stream,
Where they had as much meat
As they wanted to eat,
And plenty of nice ice-cream,
And each went to sleep
Curled up in a heap,
And had a most lovely dream.
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

One night in the Fall they went to a ball,
And danced to a lively tune,
With a leap and a bound and a merry-go-round,
And the sound of a big bassoon;
And with holes in their mittens, those careless kittens
Came home by the light of the moon.
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

These kittens—all three—were invited to tea
At Madame Angora's house,
Who wore her best silk, and served them with milk
And catnip on which to carouse;

And polite as you please they were taking their ease,
When they chanced to catch sight of a mouse.
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The kittens gave chase—ran all over the place,
And up to the roof at a bound,
Their noses stuck in every basket and bin,
Till they were as black as the ground;
And the mousie so small
Had the best of it all,
For it hid where it couldn't be found.
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

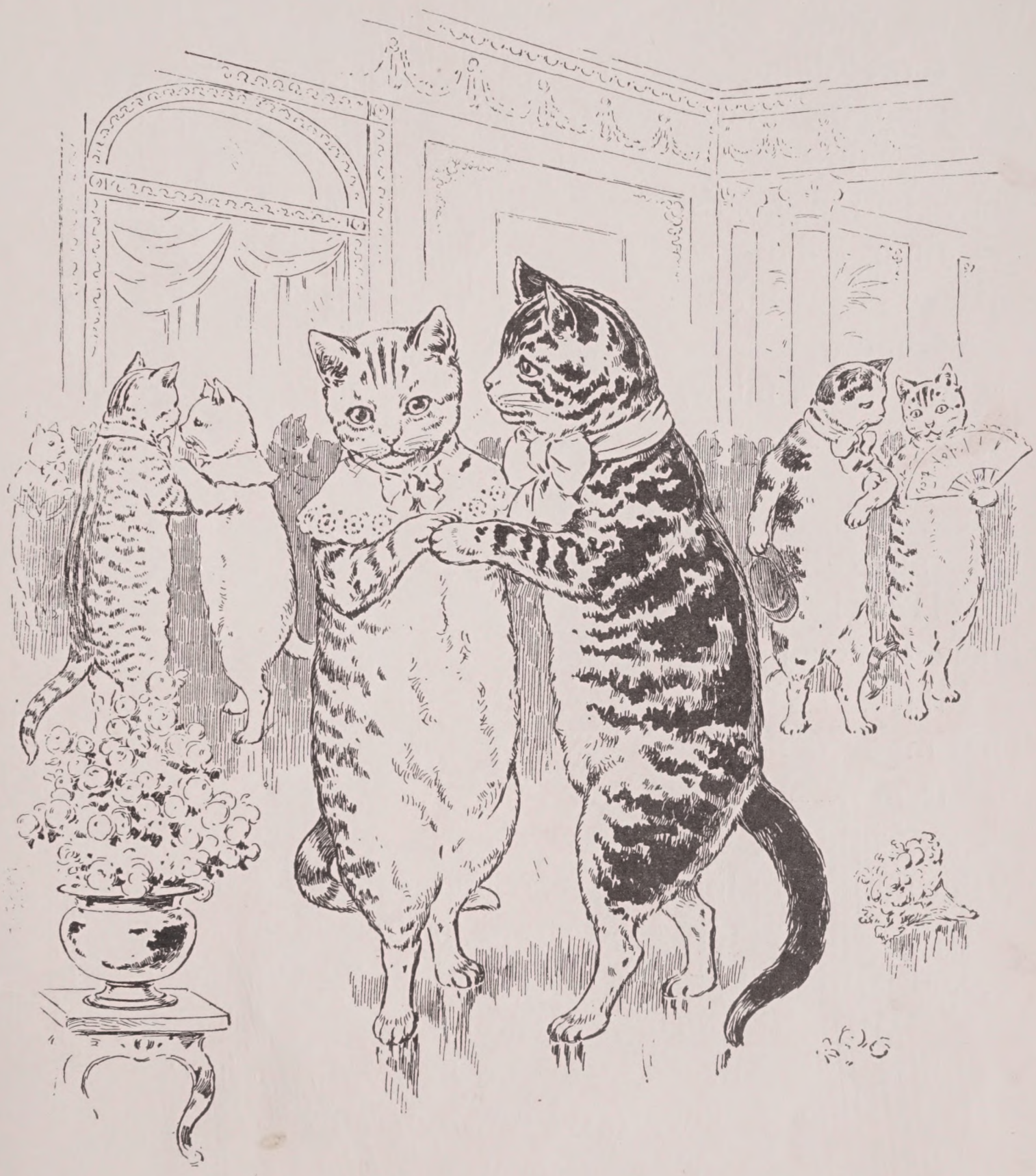


These kittens 'twas said
Were soon to be wed,
The cards had been out
some days,

And cat-birds no doubt
Spread the news about
As they flew o'er the
great highways;
And cats, one and all,
The great and the small,
Were loud in the kittens' praise.
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

At last came the day, and in splendid array,
The guests soon began to arrive;
The aunts and the cousins by sixes and dozens,
All buzzing like bees in a hive;
And among them Sir Rouser, a famous old mouser,
And the handsomest maltese alive.
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

Then, after the marriage, each groom called his carriage,
And oh, they rode off in fine style;
The brides beaming brightly, and bowing politely,
To friends every once in a while;
Who kept up a squalling, and great caterwauling,
That might have been heard for a mile.
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.



The guests kept on dancing, now leaping and prancing;
The band still continued to play;
And "Puss-in-the-corner," and "Little Jack Horner,"
Were games very much in their way;

With singing and
screeching,
And laughter far-
reaching,
They had a good
time, I daresay.
Miew, miew, miew,
miew,
Miew, miew, miew,
miew.

Till suddenly—
Hark!
There came a fierce
bark,
That made the cats
tremble with
fright;
Put an end to their fun, and made them all run,
Fear lending great speed to their flight,
And bow-wows, and spit-spits, from the puppies and kits,
Were heard all the rest of the night.
Bow-wow, miaow, bow-wow, miaow,
Bow-wow, miaow, bow-wow.

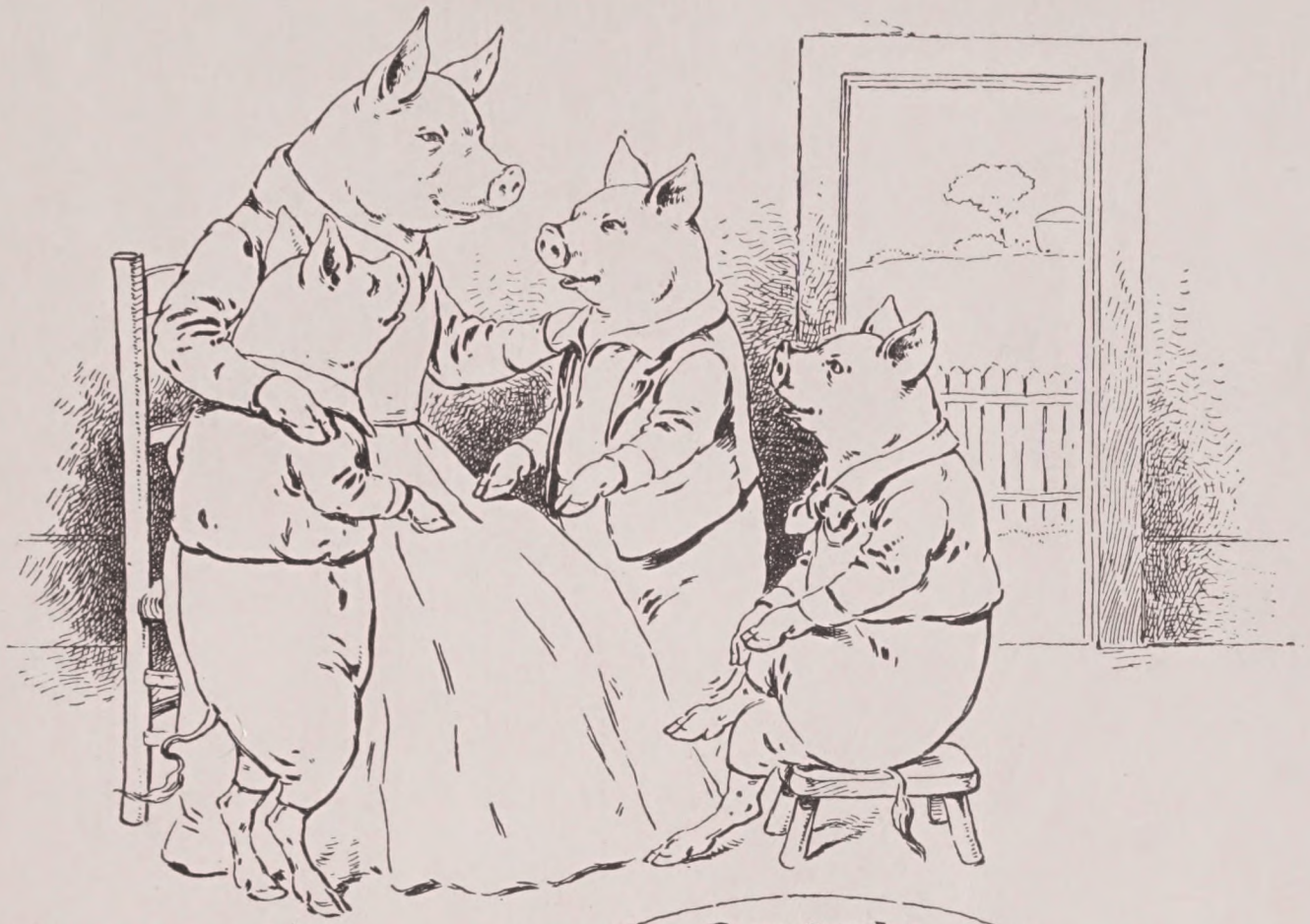
The three pretty brides, and their husbands besides,
Took rooms in a very nice flat;
Not a rat nor a mouse was e'er seen in the house,
Nor any one heard to cry Scat!

So they lived and looked pleased—they were petted
not teased—
Now what do you think of that?
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens who lost their mittens,
Those mittens had quite out-grown
Ere the year was out, and I very much doubt
That the mother her kittens had known;
And each of the three—'tis true as can be!—
Had dear little kits of her own!
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The motherly kittens began to knit mittens,
To put on the dear little paws;
And the kittens were taught to do as they ought,
And trained how to use their sharp claws,
And how to catch mice and rats in a trice,
And to keep out of traps with great jaws.
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew miew, miew, miew.

And as they grew old I've no doubt they told
This story—as now have I—
Of the three little kittens who lost their mittens,
And couldn't have any pie,
Till the mittens were found, and I'll be bound
They set up a mournful cry
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.



The STORY OF the THREE LITTLE PIGS.

ONCE upon a time there was an old pig with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortunes.

The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house;" which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently a wolf came along and knocked at the door, and said,—

"LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG, LET ME COME IN!"

To which the pig answered.—

"PLEASE, MAN, GIVE ME THAT STRAW."

"No, No, by the Hair on my Chinny-Chin-Chin!"
This made the wolf angry, and he said,—
"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!".
So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man chopping wood, and said, "Please, man, give me some of that wood to build me a house;" which the man did, and the pig built his house with it.

Then along came the wolf, and said,—

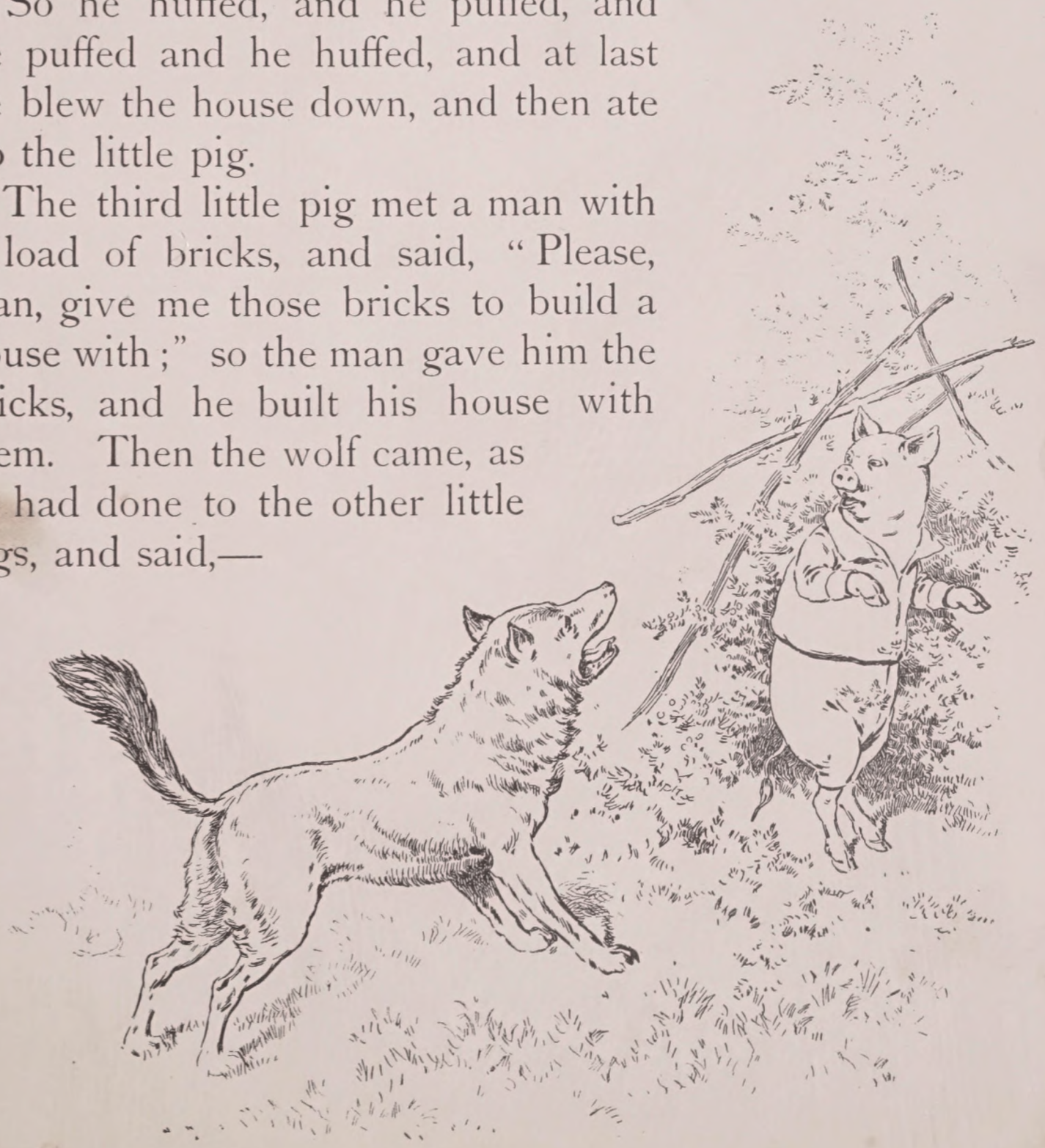
"LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG, LET ME COME IN!"

"NO, NO, BY THE HAIR ON MY CHINNY-CHIN-CHIN!"

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and then ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said, "Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with;" so the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. Then the wolf came, as he had done to the other little pigs, and said,—



THE SECOND LITTLE PIG AND THE WOOD-CHOPPER.

"Little Pig, Little Pig, Let Me Come In!"
"No, No, by the Hair on my Chinny-Chin-Chin!"
"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."
Well, he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he

huffed, and he huffed and he puffed; but he could not get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Oh, in Mr. Smith's Home-field, and if you will be ready

"PLEASE, MAN, GIVE ME THOSE BRICKS."

to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

'Oh, at six o'clock."

Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came—which he did about six—and said, "Little pig are you ready?" The little pig said, "Ready? I have been, and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig some how or other, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice pear-tree."

"Where?" said the pig.

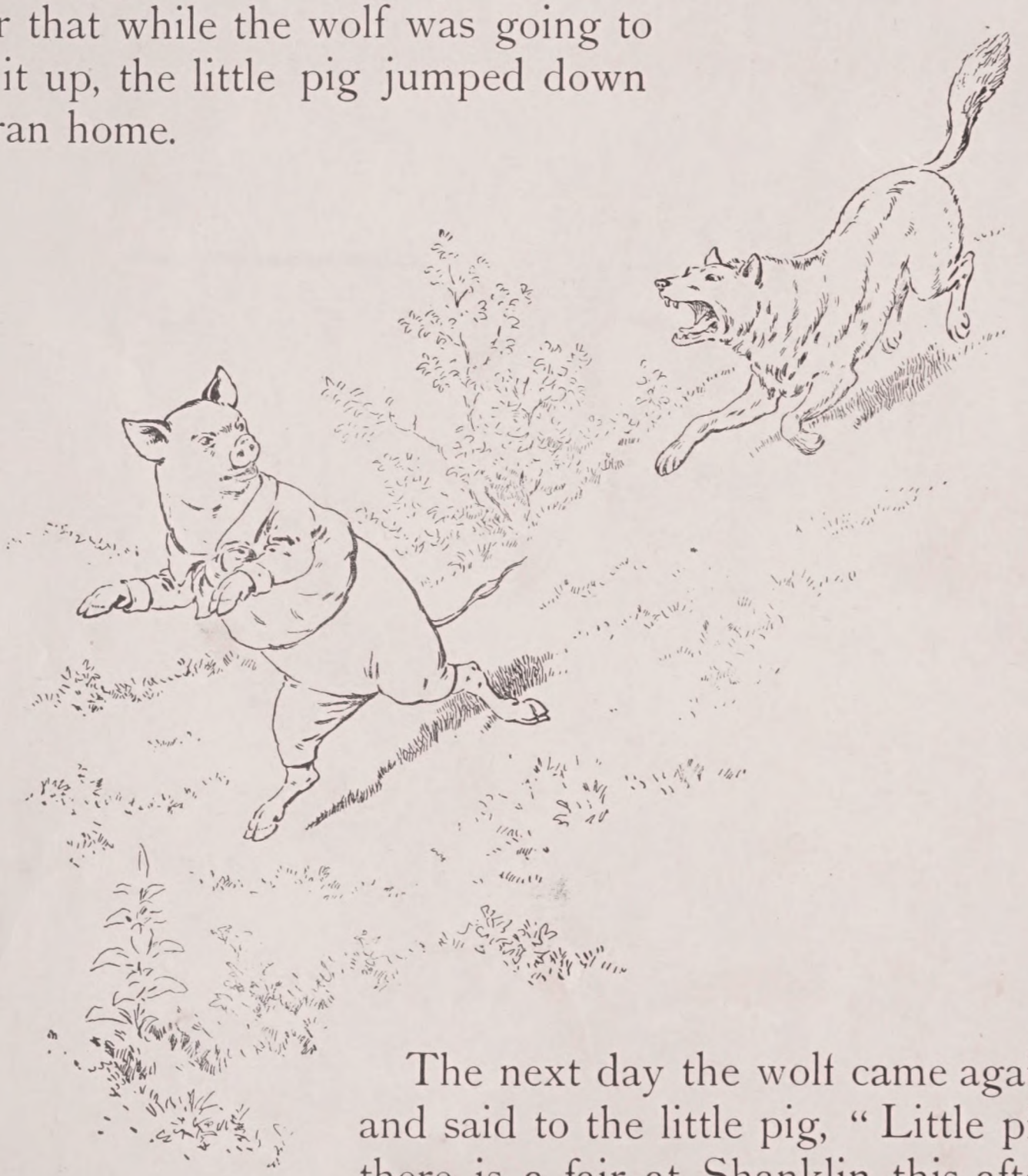
"Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolt, "and if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five

o'clock to-morrow, and we will go together and get some pears."

Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the pears, hoping to get back before the wolf came. But he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was getting down from it he saw

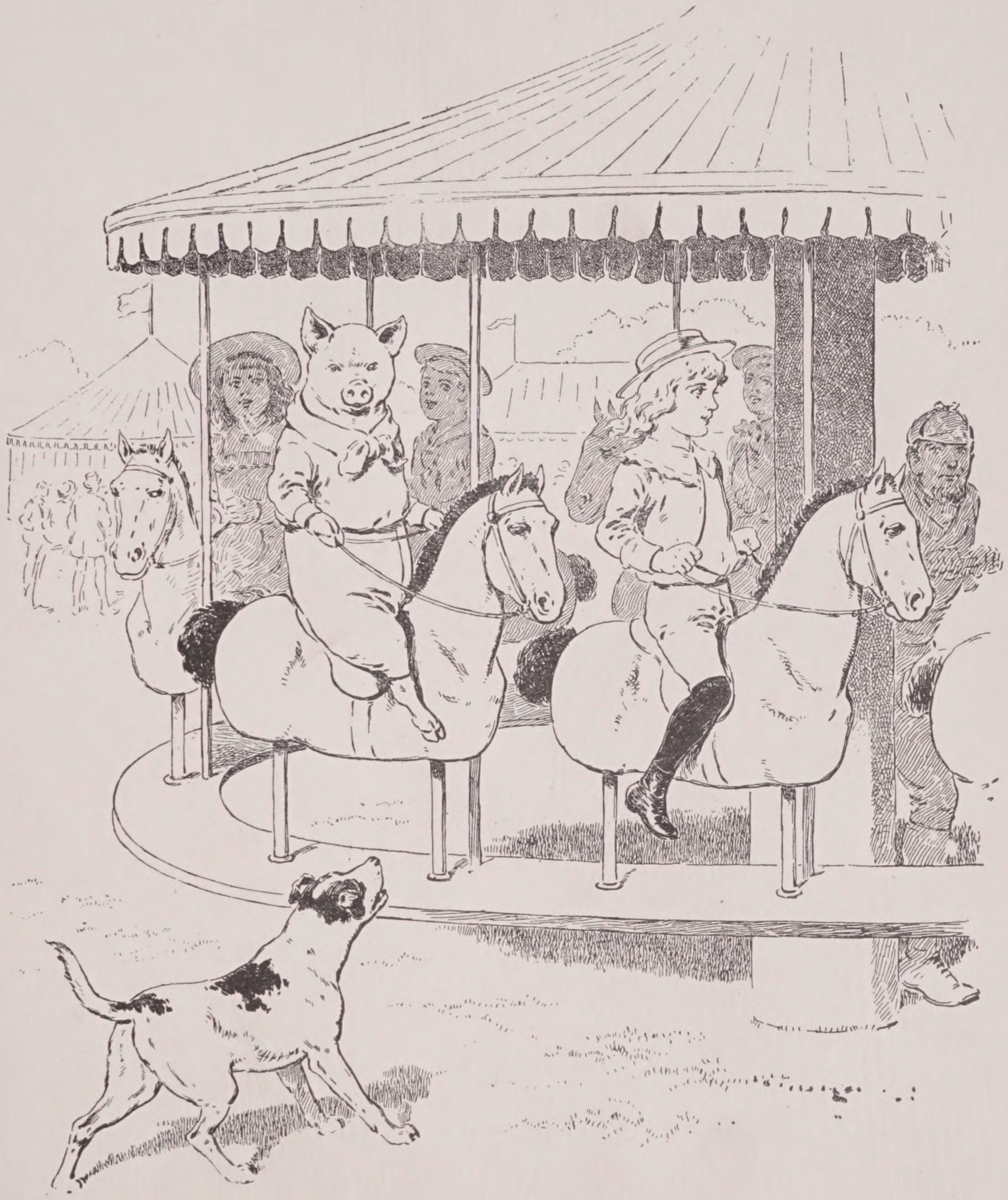
THE LITTLE PIG THROWS A PEAR TO THE WOLF.

the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said, "What! are you here before me? are they nice pears?" "Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one;" and he threw it so far that while the wolf was going to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home.



The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon; will you go?"

"Oh yes," said the pig, "I will be glad to go; what time will you be ready?"



THE LITTLE PIG AT THE FAIR.

"At three," said the wolf.

So the little pig went off before the time, as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with when he saw the wolf coming.

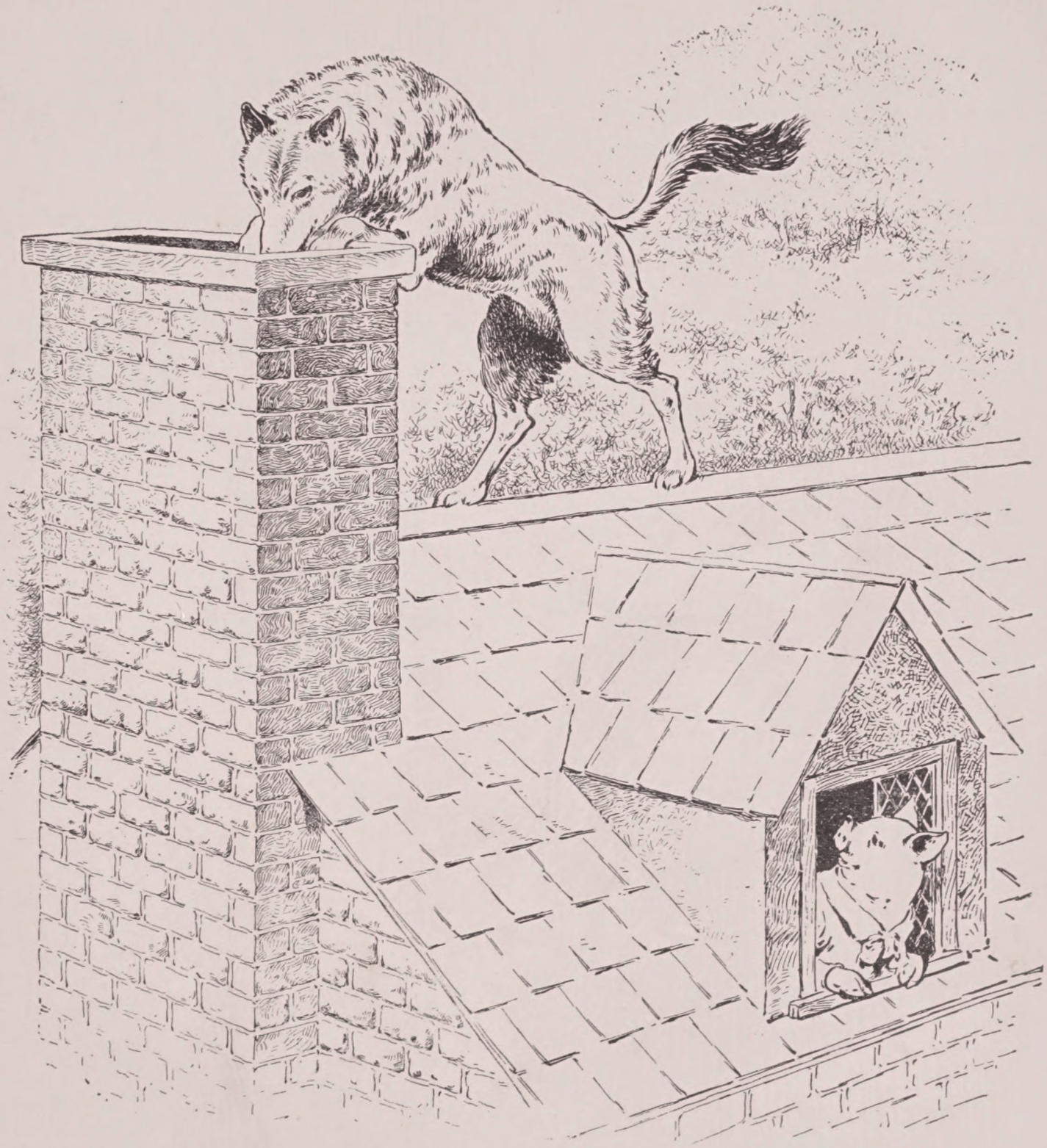
Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it over, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much that he ran home without going to the fair.

He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him.

Then the little pig said, "Ha!
I frightened you then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you I got into it and rolled down the hill."

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he would eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him.

When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on



THE WOLF STARTS DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf! So the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled up the wolf and ate him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

LITTLE Bo-Peep has lost
her sheep,
And can't tell where to
find them,
Let them alone,
and they'll
come home,
And bring their
tails behind
them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard
them bleating;

But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

"THEN UP SHE TOOK HER LITTLE CROOK."

Then up she took
Her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed,
But it made her heart bleed
For they'd left their tails
behind them.

It happened one day,
As Bo-peep did stray
Into a meadow, hard by,

There she espied their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks did race—O!
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should
To stitch each tail in its place—O!

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

IN a large city of the East, there once lived a very rich merchant. He had a splendid home, and large warehouses full of costly goods; and a hundred guests bowed themselves before him, and sat down at his table every day. As his wealth increased, so did the number of his friends; and at last it was difficult to tell which was the greater,—the

wealth of the merchant, or the amount of praise and flattery bestowed upon him.

The merchant's family consisted of three sons and three daughters. The sons were tall, well-grown, young men, and the daughters were all handsome, dark-eyed ladies. But, as frequently happens, the chief gifts of loveliness and grace had been bestowed upon the youngest of them all; and so bright and happy was her face, and so winning were all her ways, that, as a child, she had been called the "Little Beauty," and the name still remained when she had become a tall grown-up girl.

Happy indeed was it for the merchant that he loved his sons and daughters better than his wealth; for he little thought, as he sat at the head of his plentiful table, with his smiling guests around him, that a terrible misfortune had happened, and that he was, in fact, no better than a ruined man. One of his largest ships, with a very costly cargo, was miserably wrecked on the high seas, and only two of the sailors were saved, after clinging for days to the fragment of a mast. Another equally valuable vessel was taken by pirates, and a third fell into the hands of the enemy's fleet. By land he was equally unfortunate; his largest warehouse was burnt, and the Bedouins attacked and plundered a caravan conveying his goods across the desert. So, within a few months, he sank from the height of wealth and honor to the depths of poverty and want.

Very different from the splendid mansion they had inhabited in the days of their prosperity, was the quiet country house to which the merchant and his family removed when the misfortunes he had met with by sea and land left him a

ruined and broken man. All the accessories of wealth had disappeared. There were no extensive pleasure grounds, no fountains, groves of trees, or ornamental waters. The once wealthy merchant, whose capital had furnished the means of employing hundreds of servants, was now reduced to labor with his sons in the cultivation of their little farm, for on its produce they mainly depended for their means of subsistence. Hard as their lot appeared, the three sons manfully met the reverses of fortune which had befallen them, and both by word and deed they did all in their power to reconcile all the members of the family to their sudden change of position.

But with the daughters it was far different; and here was seen the benefit and advantage derived from habits of industry. The two elder sisters were always fretting about their losses, and their discontent rendered every privation doubly hard for themselves, and embittered the lot of the merchant and his sons. They could not enjoy the plain fare the others ate with so much relish. They rose late, and spent the day in bewailing their hard lot; and it is a remarkable thing how much people find to bemoan when once they set themselves to complain. The two sisters would sit down, one with her head in the other's lap, crying and sobbing; while Beauty, the younger sister, would be fully employed spinning; and always had a smile for her father when he came home wearied from his work. You may depend upon it there is nothing like industry.

Labor is the proper lot of man; and whether it be work in the fields, or work in the counting-house, or in the study, it will always bring pleasure to the workman, if it be but well and zealously done.

The merchant and his sons worked hard, morning, noon, and night; and they were so hungry every day when they came home to dinner, that they ate their frugal meal with keen appetites; and so tired were they when they came from labor at night, that they slept soundly and peacefully till morning; whereas, during the time of the merchant's prosperity, he had often been kept awake at night by anxious thoughts for the safety of his ships, his warehouses, and his stores of gold and silver. This thought often entered the merchant's mind, and a feeling of gratitude for the comforts he still possessed brought him as near contentment as possible.

Humble as their present residence certainly was, a person unacquainted with their history would never have imagined that the contented-looking toilers on the small farm were persons who had held a high position in society. But the merchant was a man who had pursued a strictly honest and honorable course in all his dealings; no stain had been cast upon his character by his loss of fortune, and having nothing upon his mind connected with the past to awaken regret or remorse, he regarded his present position as one still capable of affording happiness.

But a change came upon their quiet life. One day a messenger came to the merchant's gate with a most important letter. It contained great news. A ship, long given up as wrecked and lost, had safely anchored in a distant port; and the merchant was desired to go and take possession without losing a day.

You may fancy what a stir this made in the little household. The merchant's sons looked hopeful, and the two sisters were radiant with smiles. They quite gave up their

cheerful practice of crying in each other's arms, and were full of plans and projects for the future. Beauty was glad too; but she smiled because she loved to see her father look happy. The merchant was happy and pleased at the prospect of regaining a portion of his wealth for his children's sake; and

BEAUTY'S MODEST REQUEST.

he had a hundred projects for giving his daughters pleasure by the pretty presents he should bring them on his return.

Before he started, he asked each of them in turn what present he should bring her home with him when he had received the money for his cargo. I am sorry to say that

the two sisters had quite counted on being asked this question, and were ready with a long list of the things they wanted, chiefly fine dresses and jewels; and their requests somewhat astonished the merchant, who promised, however, that they should have what they wanted. Beauty had not been thinking about herself all this while, and did not know what to reply, as she had no wish for anything in particular; so, in order not to disappoint her father's kind intention, she begged him to bring her a full-blown rose, as there were none in their garden. The elder sisters laughed in secret over what they called her stupid choice; but they did not dare to show their spite openly for fear of their brothers. So the merchant rode off on a camel he had borrowed from a friend, and the daughters stood at the door waving their handkerchiefs and crying "good bye!" But it was Beauty who got the last kiss.

The merchant's journey was not so prosperous as he had hoped. The cargo, indeed, had been saved, and the ship was safe in port; but a law suit had been commenced, and there was so much to pay that the merchant set out for home not much richer than he had left it. And it was on his return that he met with the following tremendous adventure.

He was riding through a wood. Night had fallen, and he had lost his way, though he fancied he could not be very far from home. His weary camel still carried him gallantly on, and he looked anxiously round for any building where he could find shelter until the next morning; for the rain was beating down upon him, the wolves howled in the dreary darkness around, and the very trees seemed to take horrible spectral forms, and make threatening gestures at him.

THE TREES TAKE FRIGHTFUL SHAPES.

All at once he saw a light gleaming through the trees. It proved to be a lamp, hung at the entrance gate to what seemed to be a park surrounding a palace. "WELCOME, WEARY TRAVELER!" was written up in Eastern characters over the gate. The merchant rode through the gate, and following the stately avenue which it opened upon, he found his way to a large stable, with every convenience for fifty animals, but quite empty. The merchant put up his camel, and fed him; and then went to find some one in the palace which he saw near at hand.

THE MERCHANT APPROACHES THE PALACE.

The doors were wide open, and he entered the vestibule, which was very large, and had a basin with a fountain in the middle; here he sat and washed his feet. Then he went through many large apartments, all splendidly furnished. There was no one in them; not even a servant to take care of the house. But there was a very handsome supper laid out in one of the rooms; and the merchant sat down, and after waiting for some time for the host to appear, made a hearty meal, all alone by himself, and drank his own health afterward.

In the upper floor were several bed-rooms, with large beds and handsome wardrobes. In one of these beds the merchant went fast asleep, and never woke till half-past six the next morning. He felt quite refreshed after his night's rest, and walked out in the grounds about the palace, in hopes of meeting the owner. Everything here was in first rate order. The flower beds were full of beautiful plants, and the walks clean and hard, and the grass plats soft and smooth as a velvet carpet. In one bed stood a splendid rose tree in full bloom. This set the merchant thinking of his daughter Beauty's wish for a rose: and he selected a very fine one and plucked it. But the moment after he had done so, he heard a tremendous roar, and a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned, and saw a monster with the body of a man and a beast's head and claws. The creature stood in a threatening attitude over him and cried: "Ungrateful man!—how dare you repay my kindness by stealing the only thing I prize, my beautiful roses?—Now you shall die!" The merchant, in utter terror, begged hard for forgiveness, calling the Beast "my lord," and declaring that he meant no harm, but had only plucked the rose for his youngest daughter, whom he loved, and who had wished for one.

"I will spare your life on one condition," replied the Beast. "You must go home, and bring your daughter here in your stead. If she refuses to come, you must promise faithfully to be back yourself within three months; and don't call me 'my lord' for I hate flattery, and I am not a lord but a Beast! (which was true enough). So promise, or die! and choose quickly!"

The merchant with a heavy heart, consented to the Beast's

conditions, and turned sorrowfully away. "Go to the room you slept in," cried the Beast after him, "you may fill a chest you will find there with anything you like, and carry it away with you."

The merchant accordingly filled the chest with gold pieces, and sorrowfully departed. When he reached his own house,

THE BEAST SURPRISES THE MERCHANT.

his daughters came crowding round to welcome him, and were struck with the settled melancholy in his face. In silence he gave the elder sisters the presents he had brought for them, and then sat down disconsolately on the ground. The two sisters sat examining their presents, but Beauty

went to her father, and threw her arms around his neck to comfort him. "Ah my dear Beauty, here is your rose," said the merchant, "but you little know the price your poor father has promised to pay for it." And he told her everything just as it had occurred.

The elder sisters came up to listen; and of course began to throw all the blame on poor Beauty. "If the affected little thing had only asked for presents like ours," they declared, "there would have been no such trouble as this, and our father would not be in danger of his life."

"He is not in danger now," answered Beauty quietly, "for I will go to the Beast and bear the punishment of death in his stead." The brothers offered to go, and begged hard; but the merchant knew that the Beast would not be put off, and that he would be satisfied with no one but Beauty, or one of her sisters. He had also secret hopes that her life would be spared; for the Beast's generosity had made him think that, after all, the monster would not like to sacrifice the life of a young and innocent creature.

I regret to say that the sisters secretly exulted at Beauty's apparently sad fate; but the brothers were really and truly grieved, and kissed their sister heartily before she set out with her father on their sorrowful journey.

The domain around the Beast's palace was exceedingly beautiful. Birds with splendid plumage flew about, and sang merry songs as they built their nests in the thick trees. In spite of the sorrowful nature of their errand, the two travelers could not help feeling a little comforted by the beauty of the scene around them, and the nearer they came to the Beast's palace, the fresher became the verdure, and the thicker the

throng of chirping birds, so that it seemed as if Nature were showing its joy over some happy event.

In due time they reached the palace, which they found deserted, as on the merchant's first visit. But in the spacious reception hall a magnificent supper was laid, with covers for two persons. They sat down to table, but Beauty could hardly eat a bit for terror, while her father was overwhelmed with grief, and sighed deeply at each mouthful he took. When supper was over, a heavy tread was heard sounding along the corridor; and the door of the room was roughly opened and the Beast came stalking in. And, Oh! he was far—far uglier than Beauty had imagined he could possibly be! She turned pale at the sight of him as he turned toward her and asked, "If she had come to him of her own free will." She faltered out—"Yes, Beast," and the monster observed in a softened tone—"Beauty, I am much obliged to you."

This mild behavior on the part of the proprietor somewhat raised the hopes of the merchant, but they were instantly damped by the Beast's turning toward him, and gruffly commanding him to quit the palace, and never to return again under pain of death. Having given this order in a tone which showed that he intended to be obeyed, the Beast retired, with a bow and a good-night to Beauty, and a glance at her father which seemed to say—"Make haste off."

The merchant departed, after kissing his daughter a hundred times, and weeping bitterly; while she, poor girl, tried to raise his spirits by feigning a courage she did not feel. When he was gone, she took a candlestick and wandered along the corridor in search of her room. She soon came to a door on which was inscribed in large letters—"BEAUTY'S

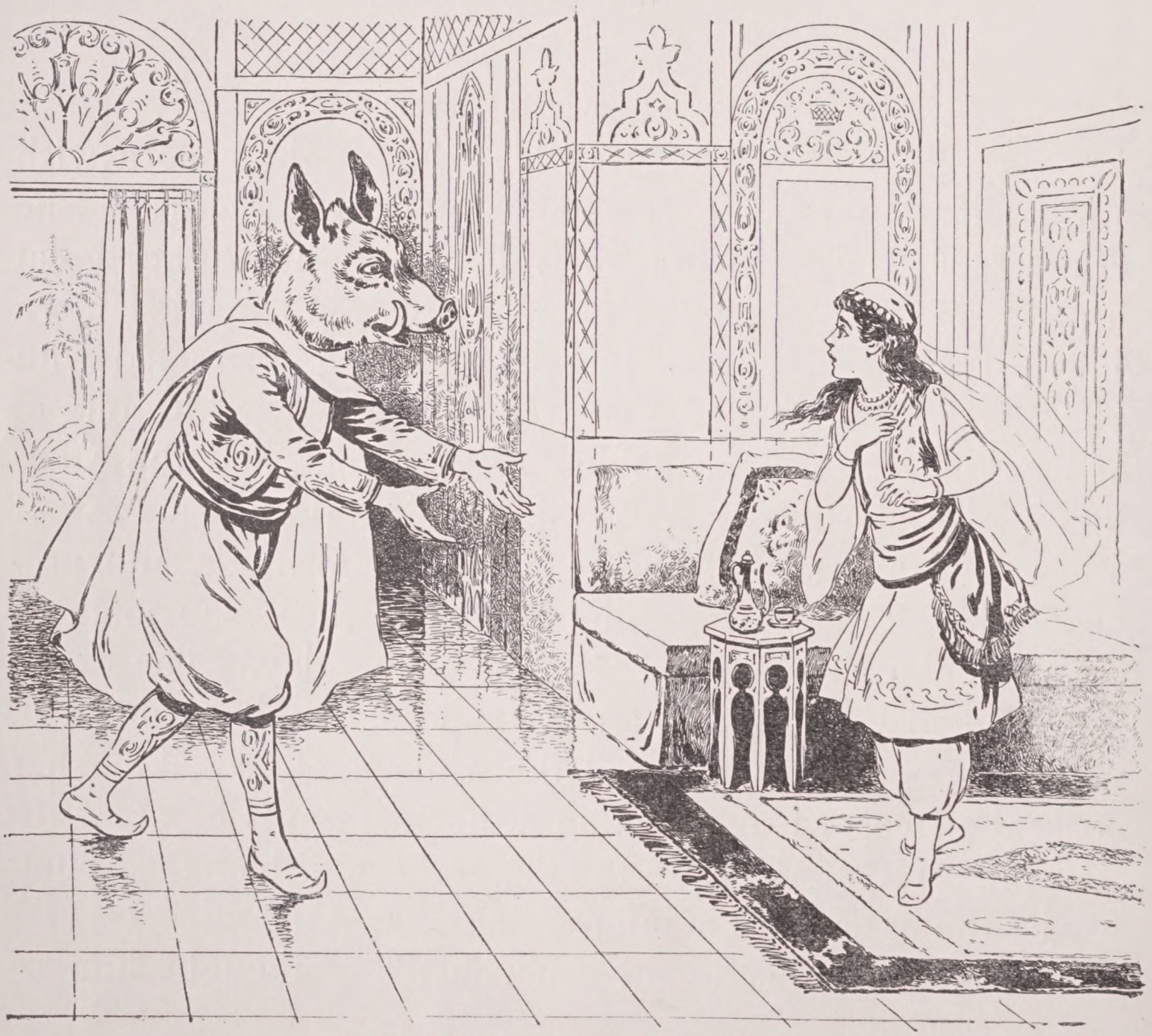
APARTMENT." This proved to be a large room, elegantly furnished with book-cases, sofas, and pictures; and a guitar and other musical instruments hung against the wall. Beauty retired to rest; and exhausted with her journey and her grief, she quickly fell asleep.

Next morning she examined her apartment more closely. On the first leaf of an album was written her own name:—"Beauty;" and immediately beneath it stood, in letters of gold, the following verse:—

"Beauteous lady—dry your tears,
Here's no cause for sighs or fears:
Command as freely as you may,
Compliance still attends your way."

"Ah!" thought the poor girl, "If I might have a wish granted it would be to see how my poor father is." She turned as she said it; and in a mirror opposite, to her great surprise, she saw a picture of her home, as in a magic-lantern view. The merchant was lying on a couch, distracted with grief; and Beauty's two sisters were at the window, one of them sitting on a stool looking listlessly out, and the other standing by assisting her. At this sad sight poor Beauty wept bitterly, but after a time she regained her fortitude, and proceeded into the spacious dining room, where she found a repast prepared for her as on the preceding day. The Beast, too, came in, and asked permission to stay and see her eat. Beauty replied "Yes," and all the while she was making her repast the Beast sat by, looking at her with eyes of great admiration. He soon began to talk, and astonished the young lady by the extent of his information on various subjects. At last he asked her suddenly "if she really thought him so very, very ugly."

Beauty was obliged to reply "yes, shockingly ugly!" but added, "that he could not help his looks." This reflection did not seem to console the poor Beast much, for he sighed deeply. After sitting for a little time in silence, he arose to go, and then, turning, he seemed to collect all his courage for one grand effort, and asked Beauty—to that lady's great astonishment—"If she would marry him." She at once replied, "No, Beast!" in a very decided way; whereupon her suitor gave a great sigh, and retired, looking very doleful.



THE BEAST ASKS BEAUTY TO BE HIS WIFE.

For some little time Beauty's life was a very quiet one. She roamed about the palace, and through the gardens, just as she pleased, and invisible attendants brought her what she wanted. Every evening the Beast would come to supper, and try to entertain her as best he might; and he was so well-informed, and talked so sensibly, that Beauty began to like him very much. Still his hideous form shocked her each time she looked at him; and whenever her host, after exerting himself to be agreeable all the evening, repeated his question, "Beauty will you marry me?" she always replied "No, Beast."

But soon Beauty began to be home-sick; the more so that her glass, which she never failed to consult each day, showed her that the merchant, her father, was pining for her very much. His sons had gone to fight their country's battles, and his two eldest daughters had got married and were employed with their husbands in domestic quarrels; so you see it was rather dull for the merchant. Therefore Beauty begged the Beast to let her go home and see her father. He was rather alarmed at the proposal, deeming it not impossible that she might forget to come back again; so he exacted a promise from her that she would only stay away a week, and then return. "To-morrow morning," said the Beast, "you will find yourself at your father's house. But pray—pray—do not forget me in my loneliness, and do not fail to return as you have promised."

He then bade her a sorrowful farewell, and Beauty retired to rest. When she awoke in the morning, she found herself in her old bed at her father's. By the bedside lay a large chest of beautiful apparel and sets of jewels.

You may fancy how glad her father was to see her. But

the envious sisters, who were there on a visit, were not at all pleased at her return. One of these ladies had a scratch on her face, and the other, three large bruises on her arm; both arising out of differences they had had with their husbands. They at first declared that the box with the presents had been intended by the Beast for them; whereupon the box at once disappeared, as a gentle hint that they were mistaken.

On the failure of this selfish scheme, they resolved, as they expressed it, "to serve out that conceited Beauty," by making her overstay her time; and they hoped the Beast might be very angry and receive her accordingly. The days passed happily away; and the sisters behaved with such hypocritical kindness that Beauty was prevailed upon to stay, first one week, and then two weeks, longer than she had intended.

But what was the Beast doing all this time? He was very lonely in his palace, waiting vainly for the return of his beloved Beauty; and every evening, at sunset, he would lie down on the grass in his garden, thinking of her till his very head ached with longing to see her again.

One evening, however, as she sat with her father at their supper, a likeness of the Beast stood before her like a figure in a dream. He was very pale, and looked dreadfully thin and dejected; his countenance, which was turned toward Beauty, wore a look of reproach. This cut her to the heart, and she at once told her father that she would return to the Beast's palace the next day.

She resisted his earnest efforts to persuade her to remain longer, as well as the insincere entreaties of her sisters, and the next morning set out for the palace. Her father, of course, went along to see her safely to the palace, and her sisters,

under pretence of not wishing to part with her till the last moment, accompanied her too; their real motive being curiosity to see the Beast's palace, now that there seemed to be no reason to fear violence from him.

They reached the palace, but no Beast appeared to welcome them. Beauty went in search of him, and at length, on reaching a distant apartment, found him stretched out on a couch, attended by an old physician, and, apparently dying. His eyes were closed, and he did not seem even to breathe.

BEAUTY FINDS THE BEAST AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

Beauty had never known till now how fond she was of the poor Beast, but when the prospect of losing him came before her, she felt dreadfully grieved. She tried every means to bring the Beast back to life, but for a long time her efforts were fruitless. She knelt beside him, and called him by every endearing name she could think of. At length he opened his eyes, and when he saw her, a gleam of joy shot over his countenance, and he said in a feeble voice, "Have you come at last, Beauty? I have been waiting very long for you, and despaired of ever seeing you again. But now I have looked on you once more, I can die in quiet."

Beauty was fairly overcome by so much gentleness and kindness. "No! no!" she cried, "dear Beast, you shall not die. You have been very kind to me—much kinder than I deserve—and you are so good that I do not care for your looks; and indeed—indeed—I—I will be your wife!"

At that instant a great crash was heard, and sweet sounds of music filled the air in every direction. For a moment or two, Beauty stood bewildered with amazement at the sudden burst of joyous melody with which the very walls of the palace seemed to vibrate, but a gentle and grateful pressure of her hand recalled her to herself, and she beheld, with astonishment, that the Beast had been transformed into a graceful and handsome young prince, who was kneeling before her, and gazing upon her with a look of mingled love and admiration.

Now, for the first time, Beauty began to understand the deeper meaning in the Beast's words, when he had asked her if she would marry him. Now she could understand his wish to have her in his palace; his care for her comfort; his evident desire to make himself agreeable and pleasing to her, so

THE EVIL SPELL BROKEN.

that she might forget the ugliness of his person in her respect for him and her gratitude for his kindness; and lastly, she could understand the Beast's despair when she talked of leaving him, and his ardent desire for her return. All this flashed suddenly upon Beauty, as she stood with the handsome young prince gazing upon her. She could hardly recover breath enough to falter out a question concerning the meaning of all this.

The prince answered her with eyes beaming with gratitude and affection. "It was enchantment, dear Beauty," he cried. "A wicked fairy had laid me under a spell, and transformed me into the shape of a hideous Beast; to retain it until a beautiful girl should consent, of her own free will, to marry me. You have done so; your goodness of heart, and your gratitude, made you overlook my defects of form and feature; and in consenting to become the Beast's wife, you have restored an unfortunate prince to his own shape, and to happiness."

They were married in a few days. Of course the merchant was present at the ceremony, as joyful at the good fortune which had befallen his daughter as he had been sorrowful on the dreary evening when he had left her alone in the power of the Beast. The sisters, too, were present, by invitation of Beauty, for she was far too good and kind a girl to remember how shabbily they had treated her, and she gave them the best welcome she could, though they made themselves anything but agreeable, I can assure you. It is a wonderful thing that the more you do to please envious people, whether grown-up or children, the less they will thank you for it. But it does not follow that we should return good for evil, notwithstanding!

The brave brothers came too, and danced with the prettiest girls among the guests; and both looked and felt far happier than they ever did in the brightest days of their father's prosperity; for in their case adversity had proved only a lesson, that true happiness does not consist in wealth alone. The good fortune of their favorite sister was to them a greater source of pleasure than if it had been their own case; but the envious sisters, when they saw how splendid the palace was,

and how the handsome bridegroom doted upon his bride, turned up their jealous noses in secret, and wondered more than ever at what they were pleased to term "that Beauty's luck!" To the very last, they maintained that it was merely chance that had favored their younger sister: and in all the trouble into which their violent tempers constantly led them, they would bemoan their hard fate, and try to make out that by right, they, as the elder sisters, should have had the brilliant fate that had fallen to the lot of their sister, Beauty. We know better to what Beauty owed her good fortune, my little readers—do we not? We know that she earned her success by her own good behavior, and that the sisters brought their misfortunes on themselves solely by their extreme selfishness and vánity.

And we are happy to be able to tell that our good Beauty and her husband lived long afterwards, and that their days were passed in bliss as nearly perfect as can fall to the lot of mortals. The sterling virtue and good sense which Beauty had shown under adverse fortune were not affected by prosperity; and the kindness of heart, and excellence of judgment, which had marked her conduct during her period of trial, continued to be traits of her character to the end. Although her new station was a very exalted one, she never allowed herself to become puffed up with greatness, nor let selfish enjoyments engross her attention, but always found her chief pleasure in the performance of her duties, and in ministering to the happiness of others.

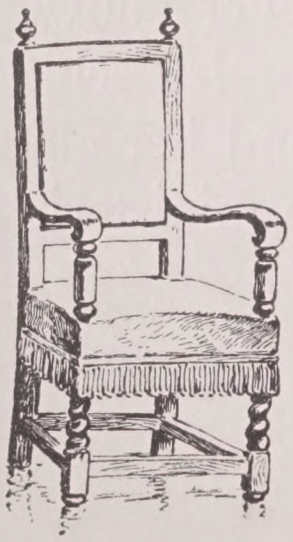
The Three Bears

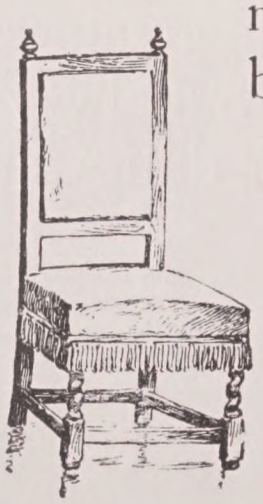
ONCE upon a time, in a thick forest, there lived three bears. One was a great big father bear, with a big head, and large paws, and a great voice.

The next was a mother bear, of middle-size, with a middle-sized head, and a middle-sized body, and a voice quite low for a bear.

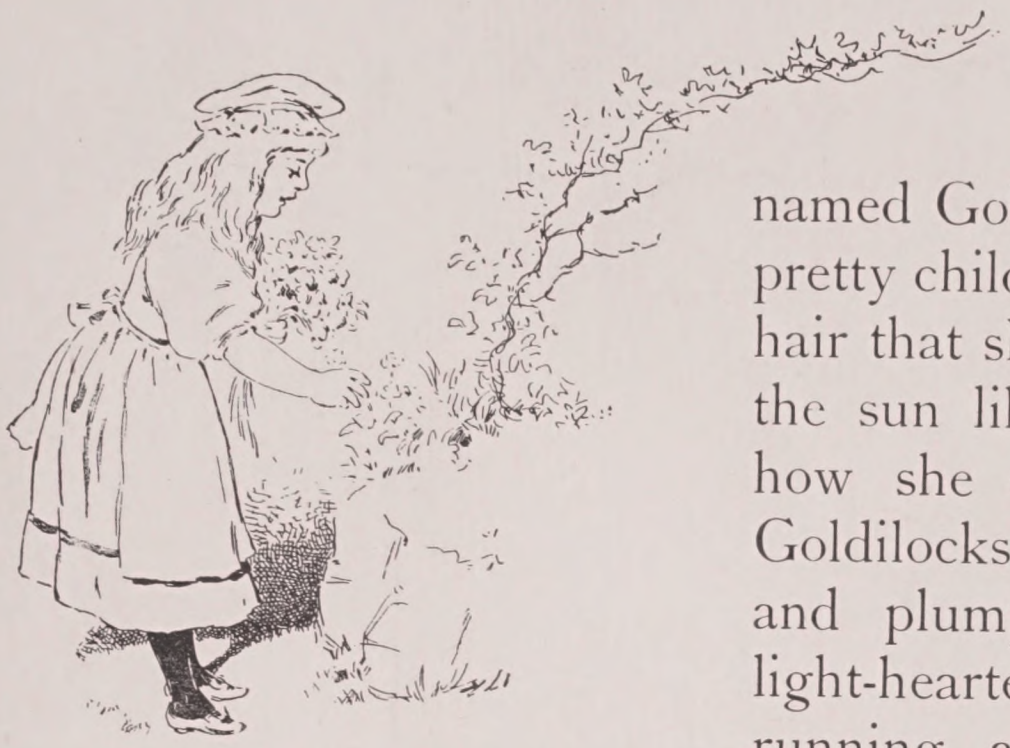
The third bear was a funny little baby bear, with a strange little head, a queer little body, wee bits of paws, and an odd little voice, between a whine and a squeak.

Now these three bears had a nice home of their own, and in it was everything that they needed. There was a great big chair for the big bear to sit in, a large porridge-pot from which he could eat his meals, and a great bed on which he laid himself to sleep at night.





The middle-sized bear had a middle-sized porridge-pot, and a bed and a chair to match. The wee little bear had a cunning little chair, a neat little bed, and a porridge-pot that held just enough to fill his little stomach.



There lived near the home of these bears a little child named Goldilocks. She was a pretty child, with bright yellow hair that shone and glittered in the sun like gold, and that is how she came to be called Goldilocks. She was round and plump, very merry and light-hearted, and was always running and jumping about. When she laughed (and she was nearly always laughing), her voice rang out with a clear silvery sound that was really pleasant to hear.

One day she ran off into the woods to gather flowers—for she was fond of flowers, as all children ought to be. When she got a good way into the wood, she began to make pretty wreaths and garlands of the wild roses and honey-suckles and other flowers; and very pretty they looked, I can assure you, with their delicate pink bloom, and the bright dewdrops hanging like diamonds upon them. At last the child came to a place where there was a great wild rose bush, with hundreds of blossoms hanging down, and smelling, oh! so sweet in the morning air; and Goldilocks began plucking these roses as fast as she could, and did not stop plucking them till she had quite a lapful of flowers, and till her hands were scratched with the thorns. But she did not mind the smart of the thorns, and ran gayly on, singing as she went.

All at once she came to a queer sort of house, and she fell

to wondering who lived in it. She peeped in first at one window and then at another, but could see nobody.

Then she thought she would knock at the door; but as the knocker was beyond her reach, she had to break a twig from

a bush to raise it. She knocked once—twice—thrice. There was no reply, so Goldilocks, after a while, pushed open the door softly and timidly, and popped right into the bears' house. But the bears were not at home. After they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the woods, while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning to eat it too soon.

Goldilocks was very much surprised when she came into the bears' room, to see a great porridge-pot, a middle-sized porridge-pot, and a wee little porridge-pot standing in a row.

"Well," thought she, "some of the people who live here must eat a good deal more than the others. I'm just as hungry as I can be, and I guess I'll eat some of the porridge in this great big pot." She took a taste, but the porridge was so hot that she screamed, and made a spring that upset the pot, and it rolled on to the floor.

Then she took some of the porridge from the middle-sized pot; and you may be sure she took care to blow upon the spoon before she put it into her mouth. But she need not have been afraid. The porridge was quite cold and sticky; for so the middle-sized bear, who had rather odd notions of her own, loved to take it. So Goldilocks pushed it from her with disgust, wondering how any one could eat such cold clammy stuff.

There now remained only the little porridge-pot; and Goldilocks, as hungry as ever, tried that. It was just right. The porridge was neither too hot nor too cold; and the dainty little bear had added plenty of sugar and a little nutmeg, instead of the pepper with which the big bear used to scorch

his rough throat, or the salt with which the middle-sized bear spoiled her breakfast every day. So Goldilocks took one spoonful, then a second, and then a third; and so she went on until she found all the porridge gone, and stood with the empty

EATING UP THE LITTLE BEAR'S PORRIDGE.

vessel in her hand, wondering what clever person could prepare himself such a nice meal.

All this time the bears were walking along arm-in-arm through the wood, little thinking what a busy guest had come to their home. They marched gayly on, not fearing wind or weather, until at last they thought it time to turn back and think of breakfast.

In the meantime Goldilocks had been looking around for a nice seat on which to sit down and finish eating the little bear's porridge. She first came to the great big chair, but that was much too hard.

She next tried the middle-sized chair, which didn't suit any better; it was much too soft.

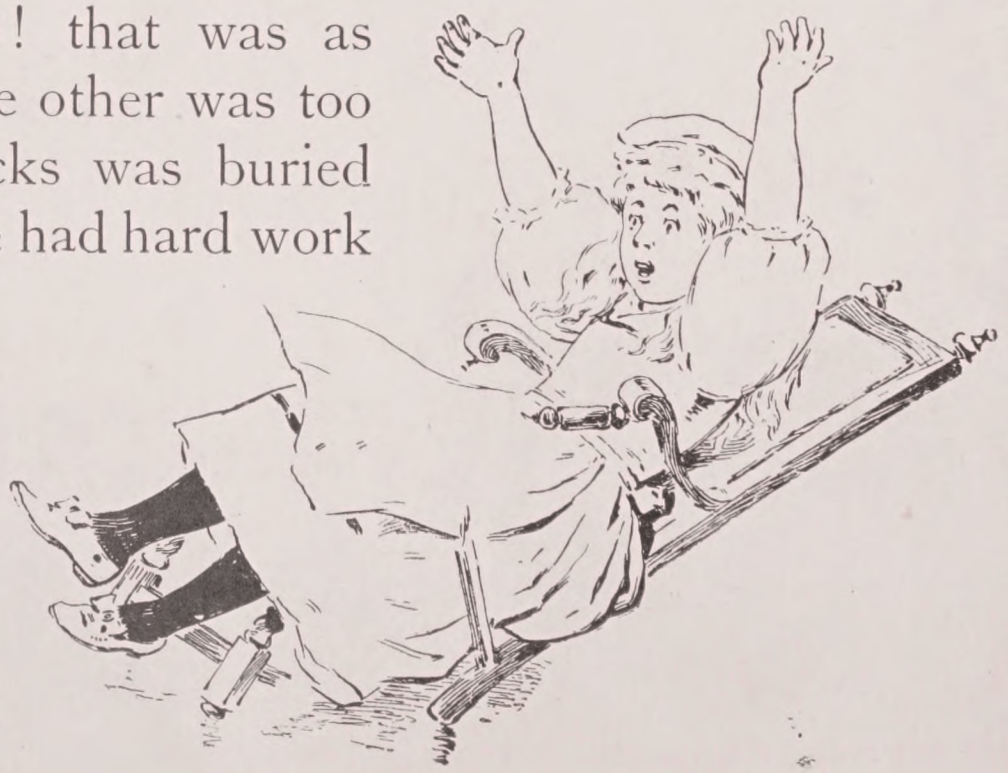
"Oh dear me! what an uncomfortable chair!" she cried, jumping out of it as quickly as possible.

Then she cast her eyes round the room, and caught sight of a cunning little chair that looked as if it had been made expressly for some one about her own size. So she sat down in that, and liked it so well, she would have sat much longer than she did if the chair hadn't gone to pieces under her. She

was more scared than hurt when she picked herself up and tried her best to put the chair together again; but it was of no use.

Presently Goldilocks began to feel tired and sleepy, and looked around to see if there was any room in which she might lie down and rest. Sure enough she found one, and in it were three beds side by side. One was a great big bed; the next a middle-sized bed; and the third a wee little bed; and they made her think of the three porridge-pots standing in a row.

First she lay down on the great big bed. There was plenty of room in it; but oh! it was as hard as a rock, and the pillow was much too high. So she soon crawled out of that and went and lay down on the middle-sized bed. But, dear me! that was as much too soft as the other was too hard; and Goldilocks was buried so deep in it that she had hard work getting out again.



"If any one likes that kind of a bed;" said she, "let them sleep in it—the horrid stuffy thing!" And all the time

she was growing so sleepy that she could hardly keep her eyes open.

There was only the wee little bed left, and Goldilocks tried that. It just suited her in every way—was the right height—the right width—not too soft, and not too hard—and she lay for a while wondering who owned such a nice comfortable nest, and if they would be angry at finding her in it.

If she had had any idea that she was in a bear's house how terrified she would have been! But it never entered her head and so she dropped off to sleep as sweetly as if in her own bed at home, little thinking of the trouble that was brewing for her.

After the bears had walked about in the woods for some time, little bubby-cub began to grow tired, and cried to go home. Mrs. Bruin couldn't bear to hear him cry, so she urged Papa Bruin to take the cub in his arms and go a little faster.

So the three bears came to their home all out of breath, and as hungry as any bears you ever heard of. The great big bear entered the room ahead of the others, and when

RETURN OF THE THREE BEARS

he saw his porridge-pot lying on the floor, he roared out in his great rough, gruff voice:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!"

FROM THEIR MORNING WALK.

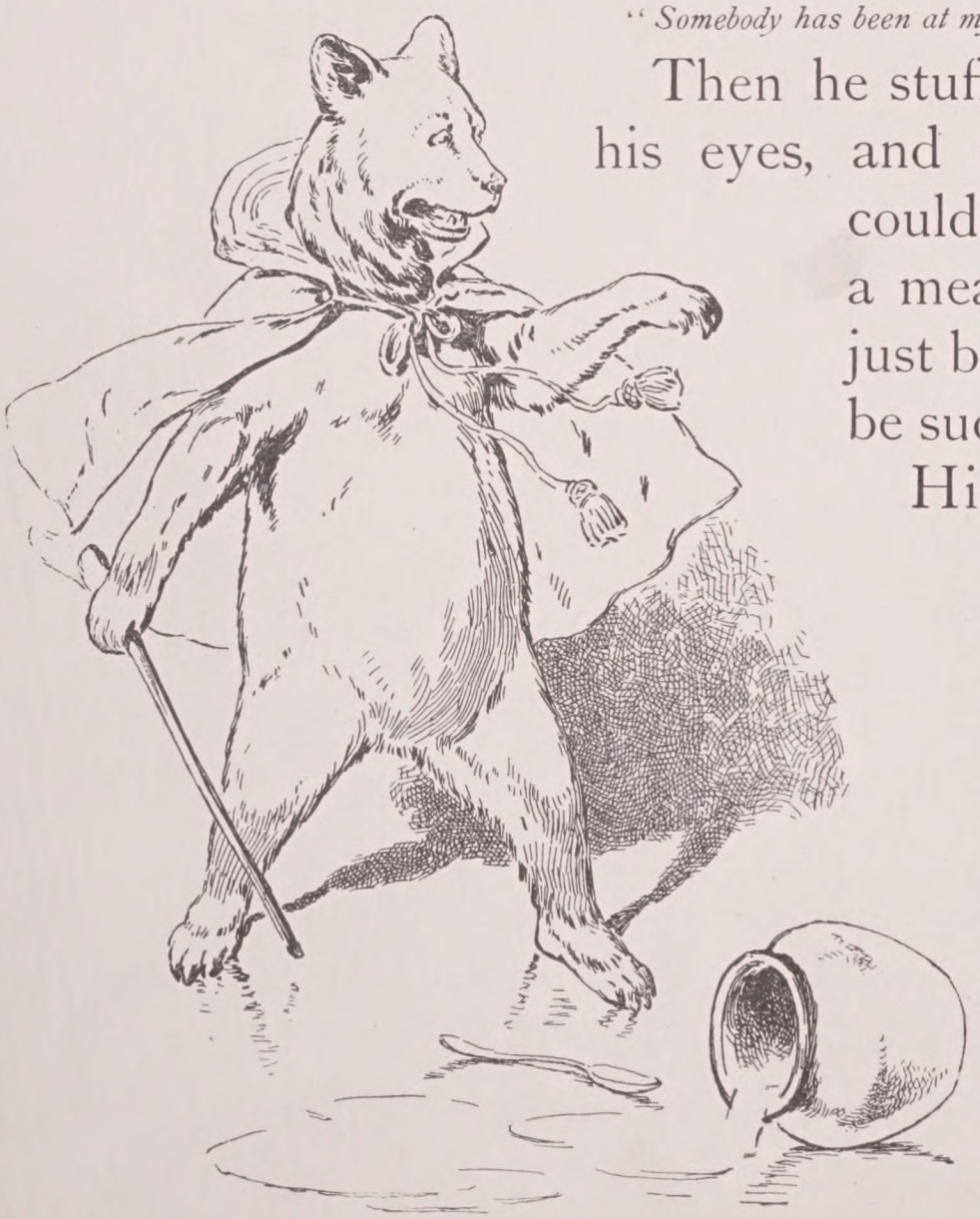
And he swung his great big cane around as if it were a club, and brought it down on the floor with a heavy thump, and with oh! such fierce look in his eyes.

Then Mrs. Bruin went up to her own middle-sized porridge-pot, and knew in a moment that some one had been meddling with it. So she threw up her paws and cried out in a voice not quite so loud as the great bear's:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!"

And she looked puzzled and vexed, for she was particular about her food, and didn't want any one to touch it.

Then the little bear went to his porridge-pot in a great flurry, and on finding it empty, cried out in a squeaking voice:



"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

Then he stuffed his fore-paws into his eyes, and cried as hard as he could, for he thought it was a mean trick to serve him, just because he happened to be such a tiny little bear.

His papa and mamma were just as angry, and vowed that they would punish severely the one who had played the trick, if they could ever catch him.

Presently the big bear went to sit down in his great big arm-

chair, and found it was not as he had left it. Goldilocks had neglected to put the cushion back in its place, and there it was all awry. So the great big bear growled out:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

The middle-sized bear then went to her chair, and found a great hollow in i

where Goldilocks had sat down. So she scowled and growled, though not so loudly as the big bear:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

This put the little bear in a fidget, for he knew what to expect.

"If this strange visitor," he thought, "has done so much harm to the other chairs, he has probably broken mine all to pieces, for he seems to treat me worse than the rest, because I am so little."

So up jumped the little bear, and saw at a glance what had been done to the dear little chair of which he was so fond.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it!"

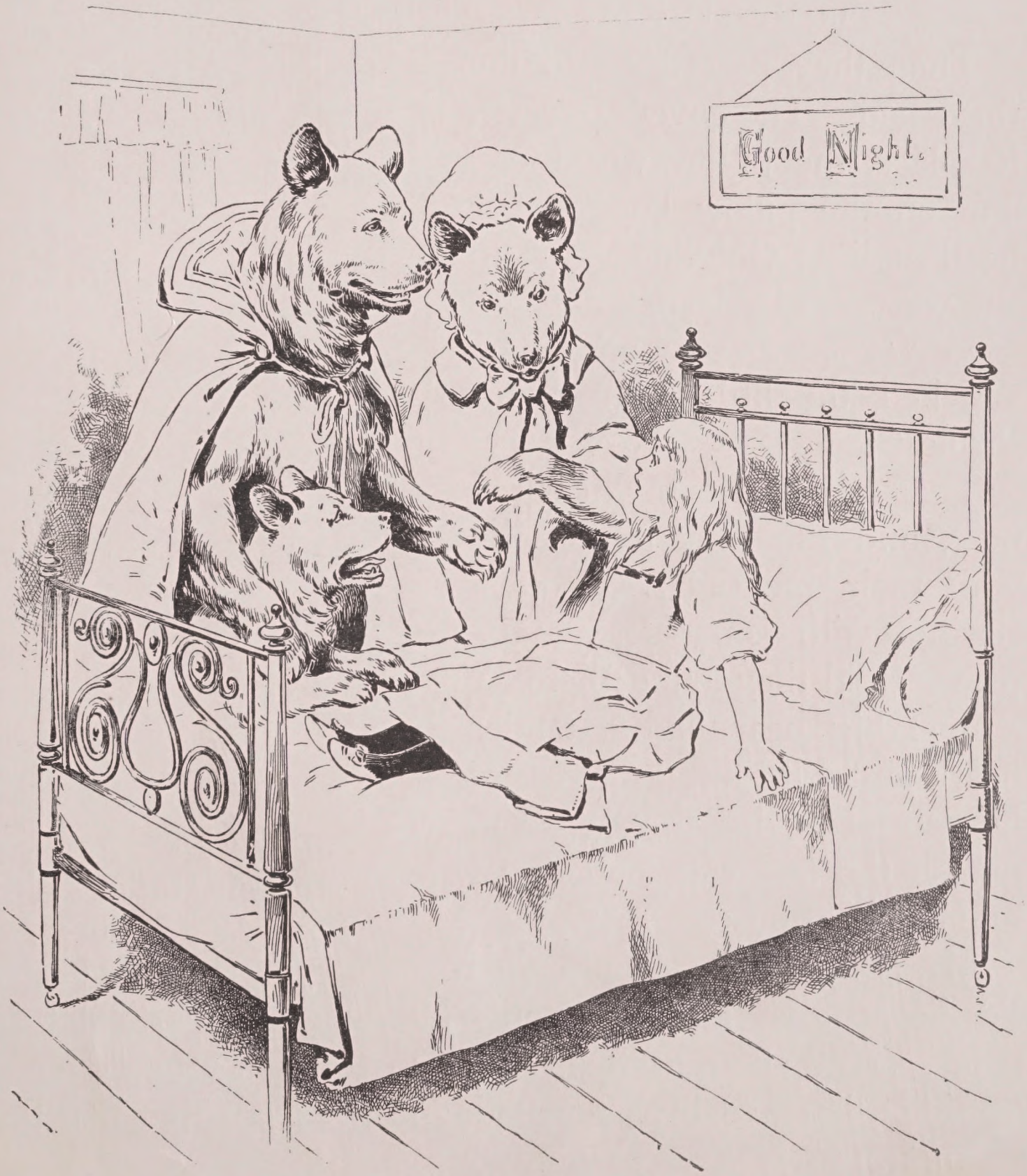
he squeaked with a doleful wail, and then sat plump down on the floor to have his cry out.

Papa Bruin was in a great rage, and wondered who had dared to come into his house without leave. He was determined to find out, and strode off into the bedroom, followed by Mrs. Bruin and the unhappy Tiny Cub.

Goldilocks had tumbled the big bear's big bolster in trying to make it low enough for her head. He noticed it at once, and roared out:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

Then they went to the middle-sized bed, and that was full of



humps and hollows, and looked so untidy that the mother bear scowled and growled—though not so loudly as the big bear:

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

Then they passed on to the third bed. The coverlet was in its place, the pillow was there, and on the pillow lay the fair head of little Goldilocks. And she was sound asleep.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is!" shrieked the little bear in his shrillest tones.

The big bear, the middle-sized bear, and the little bear stood with their mouths wide open, staring with surprise at the pretty child they found there.

The big bear had a tender heart, and felt quite ashamed of himself for having threatened to punish the one who had dared to enter his house.

Mrs. Bruin said: "Poor child! I'd like to give her a hug and a kiss, she looks so sweet and good." And she regretted having made such a fuss over the porridge that had been touched, and the chair that had been sat in.

The little bear, however, was in great distress at the way in which he had been treated, and relieved his feelings by giving a most doleful whine.

Little Goldilocks had heard in her sleep the great rough gruff voice of the big bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the middle-sized bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, squeaking whine of the little bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once.

Up she started, and when she saw the big bear, the middle-sized bear, and the little bear peering at her in a strange way, she was scared nearly out of her wits. She understood at last who owned the three porridge-pots, the three chairs, and the three beds.

Now the window was open, because the bears, like good tidy bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning, and with a

One, two, three, out goes she!

away went Goldilocks out through it, leaving a piece of her dress in the paw of the great big bear, who tried his best to catch her.

She fell plump on the ground, and had to sit still a few moments to find out where she was. But it seemed as if the woods were full of bears, and so she kept on running as hard as ever she could until she was well out of the forest, and in sight of her own home

O what joy it was to be safe inside her own home! and Goldilocks made up her mind never again to enter any one's

house without being invited, and never to make herself quite so much at home as she did at the bears' house.

The three bears stared for some time out of the window from whence Goldilocks took her flight; and though at first they were quite angry with the little girl, and ready to eat her up, they soon got over these bad feelings, remembering that it is wise to

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

And if you'll believe me, that little bear, who had made the biggest fuss, was just as proud as he could be to think that such a pretty girl had eaten his porridge—sat in his chair—and slept in his bed! Why, he actually hugged himself with delight! But as this feeling might not last long, I should advise you not to pry into other people's affairs; and if you go in the woods keep away from the house of

THE THREE BEARS.

FRISKY, THE SQUIRREL.

ONE day a wounded squirrel lay
Half dead upon the ground;
A hunter passing with his gun,
The little creature found.

Young Archie Gray, of Fawley Hall,
Was also in the wood,
And begged that he might take it home
To save it, if he could.

The hunter shook his head in doubt;
"Twas too far gone," he said,
He fear'd that ere the morning came
The squirrel would be dead.

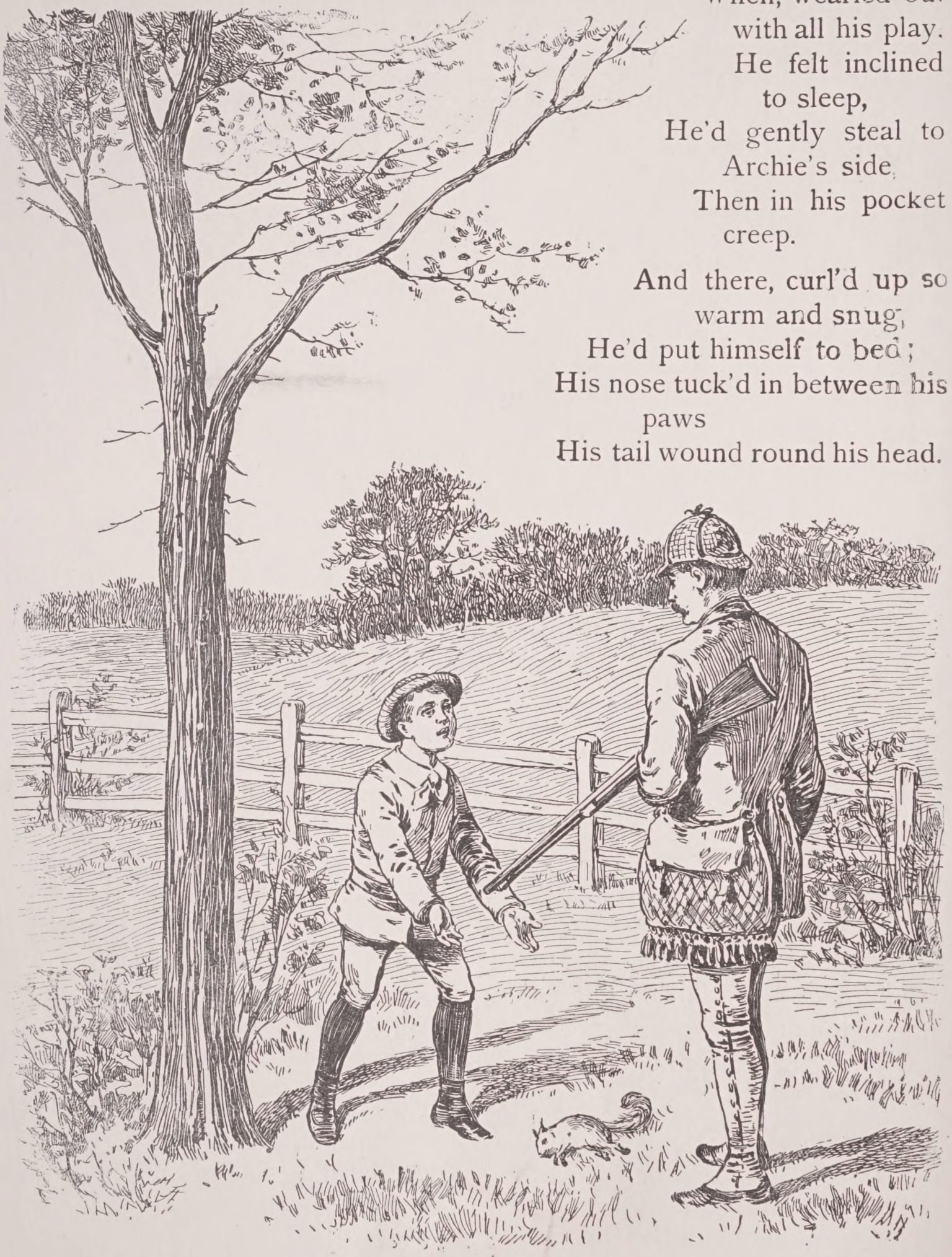
But care and skill will wonders work
And I am glad to tell,
That very soon through Archie's care,
It grew quite strong and well.

Ere long the merry little thing
Was sociable and tame,
And being very frolicsome,
"Frisky" became its name.

He'd spring and gambol round the room,
Performing antics droll;
Or climb, and gravely take his seat
Upon the curtain pole.

When, wearied out
with all his play.
He felt inclined
to sleep,
He'd gently steal to
Archie's side,
Then in his pocket
creep.

And there, curl'd up so
warm and snug,
He'd put himself to bed;
His nose tuck'd in between his
paws
His tail wound round his head.



Summer and Autumn pass'd away,
  Frisky was six months old;
When suddenly a frost set in;
  The air grew keen and cold.

The old folks, shiv'ring, drew their
    chairs
  Close to the warm fireside;
The young ones hasten'd to the
    ponds,
  Rejoiced to skate and slide.

And many gather'd on the banks
  The pleasant sight to see,
Of skaters gliding o'er the ice
  So quick and merrily.

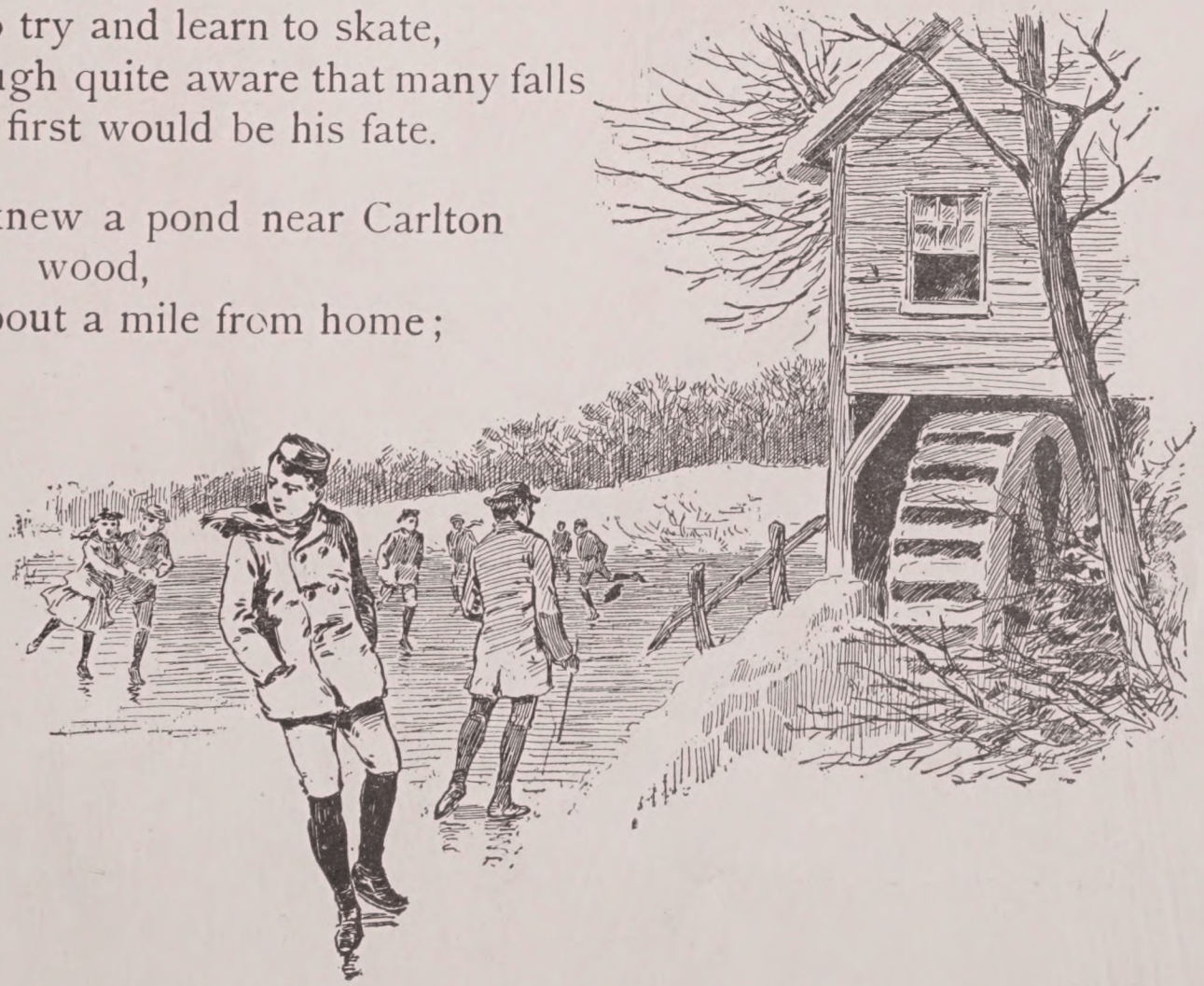
Now Archie thought that he should
    like
  To try and learn to skate,
Though quite aware that many falls
  At first would be his fate.

He knew a pond near Carlton
    wood,
  About a mile from home;
And there he thought he'd go,
    because
  No other boys would come.

His mother warn'd him to be sure
  And leave before 'twas dark:
And not to take the public road,
  But go across the park.

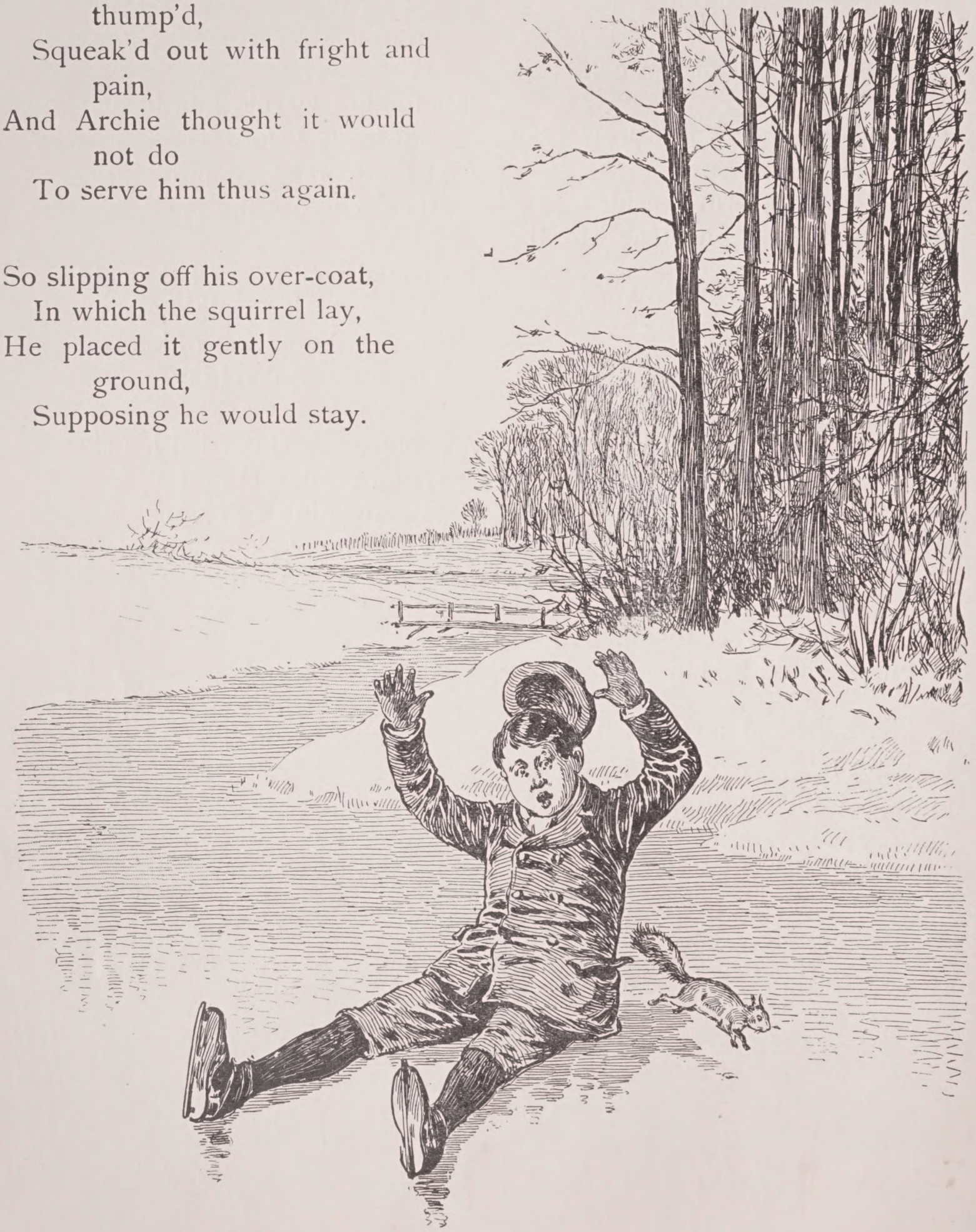
Protected well against the cold,
  Young Archie walk'd away;
Whilst in the pocket of his coat
  The little squirrel lay.

As soon as Archie tried his skates
  He got a desperate fall—
A fate awaiting ev'ry one
  Who cannot skate at all.



Poor Frisky getting bump'd and
thump'd,
Squeak'd out with fright and
pain,
And Archie thought it would
not do
To serve him thus again.

So slipping off his over-coat,
In which the squirrel lay,
He placed it gently on the
ground,
Supposing he would stay.



Frisky, more frighten'd far than hurt
Lay curl'd up like a ball,
Indulging in a fit of sulks,
Because he'd had a fall.

Then Archie hasten'd back to skate,
And in his heart was glad,
No one was standing by to see
The tumbles that he had.

But as he wisely persever'd,
He grew expert at last;
And 'twas with much regret he found
His time of leave was passed.

To fetch the squirrel and his coat
Was now the boy's first care;
Imagine then his great dismay
To find he was not there!

He search'd about, but not a trace
Of Frisky could he see;
Except some nut-shells he had left
Beneath a neighb'ring tree.

At home, he always used to come
In answer to his name;
But now, though Archie loudly call'd,
No little Frisky came.

Yet all this time upon a gate
Which led within the wood,
Scarcely a stone's throw from the pond,
A little figure stood.

'Twas Frisky, brandishing his tail
And looking round with glee:
Most likely thinking to himself,
"How sweet is liberty!"

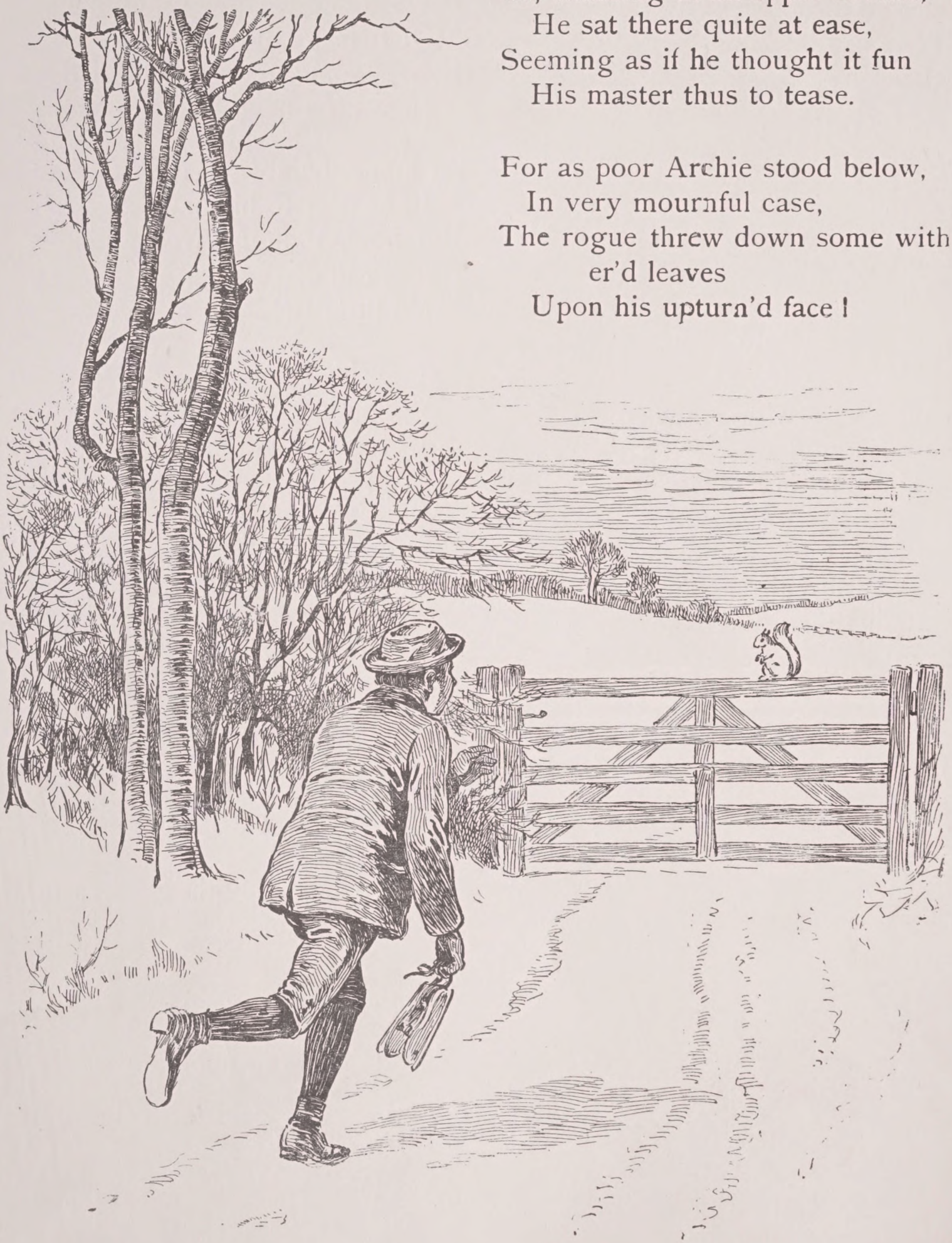
But suddenly whilst here he sat,
He caught his master's eyes;
Who, shouting joyfully, ran off,
Hoping to seize his prize.

"No, no," thought Frisky, "free I am,
And free I mean to be!"
So, just as Archie reach'd the gate,
He sprang upon a tree.

Over the gate with lightning speed
His eager master flew,
No farther could he follow him,
The cunning squirrel knew

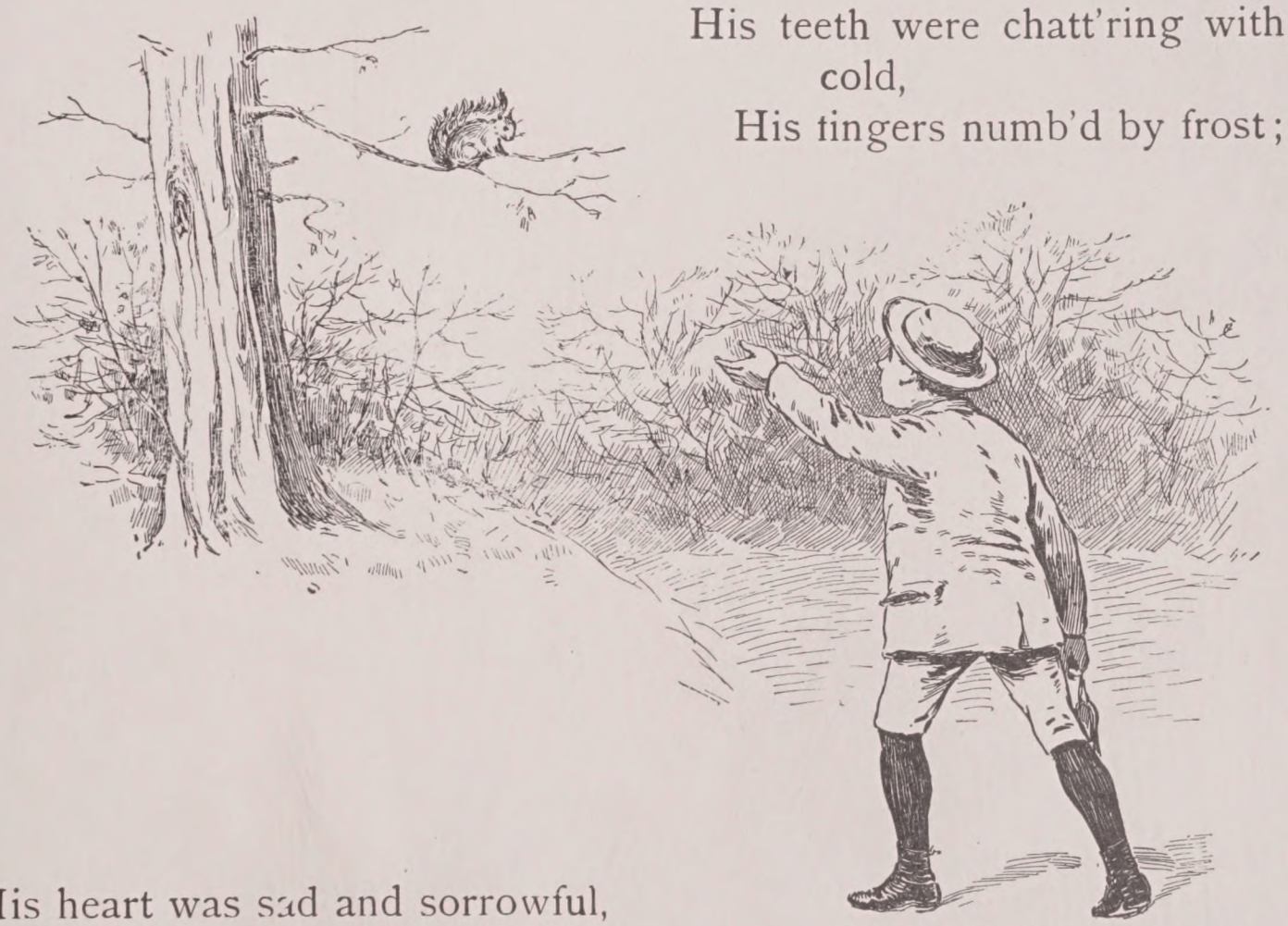
So, climbing to an upper branch,
He sat there quite at ease,
Seeming as if he thought it fun
His master thus to tease.

For as poor Archie stood below,
In very mournful case,
The rogue threw down some with
er'd leaves
Upon his upturn'd face!



And then from tree to tree he sprang
Thinking it famous fun
To keep his master going too
As fast as he could run.

The wood was getting very dark,
For now 'twas nearly night;
No longer could poor Archie keep
The squirrel in his sight.



His heart was sad and sorrowful,
He felt all hope was o'er
Frisky, too charm'd with liberty,
Would come again no more!

Another trouble now arose,
He found he'd lost his way;
And fear'd that in the lonely wood
He all night long must stay.

Fill'd with alarm, the boy began
Most bitterly to cry;
He dreaded lest perhaps with cold
And hunger he should die.

Two long hours pass'd, yet there he was,
Still toiling to and fro;
As far as ever from the point
To which he ought to go.

His teeth were chatt'ring with the cold,
His fingers numb'd by frost;

And dreadful stories fill'd his mind
Of people who'd been lost.

At length he sunk upon the ground
Completely wearied out;
His limbs felt stiff, his strength was gone
From wandering about.

Now very soon the moon arose,
With soft and silv'ry light;
And full of comfort to the boy
Was such a cheering sight.

He found that close beside him stood
A large old hollow tree;
And thought that if he crept inside,
Much warmer he would be.

Some of the bark had crumbled off,
Leaving an opening wide;
And, putting in his hand, he found
A heap of leaves inside.

These, being very soft and dry,
Would serve him for a bed;
But Archie would not go to rest
Before his prayers were said.

How thankfully he call'd to mind
That God could hear a prayer,
Offer'd from church, or house or wood—
For God is ev'rywhere.

He knelt with boyish confidence,
Protection to implore;
And when he rose, no longer felt
As lonely as before.

Then through the op'ning I have nam'd
Within the tree he crept,
And soon upon his leafy bed
He comfortably slept.

At home, his absence after dark
Had caused intense alarm,
Lest some occurrence unforseen,
Had brought the boy to harm.

ARCHIE'S FATHER FINDS HIM IN THE HOLLOW TREE.

And anxiously they sallied forth,
And sought him all around;
But long in vain—no trace of him
Could anywhere be found.

At length his father, in the search,
The hollow tree espied;
He held his lantern to the hole,
And threw its light inside.

A joyful sight it must have been
His truant boy to see,
Unhurt and safe, and slumb'ring sound,
Within the shelt'ring tree.

"Archie, my lad!" the father cried,
"You've found a cosy place
In which to sleep, whilst giving me
A very anxious chase!

"Wake up! wake up! and let us haste
To calm your mother's fear;
And tell me, as we walk along,
What can have brought you here!"

Archie arous'd, was quite perplex'd
To think where he could be;
He wonder'd much to find himself
Inside a hollow tree!

But as his memory recall'd
All that had lately pass'd
Thankful, indeed, was he to know
That help had come at last.

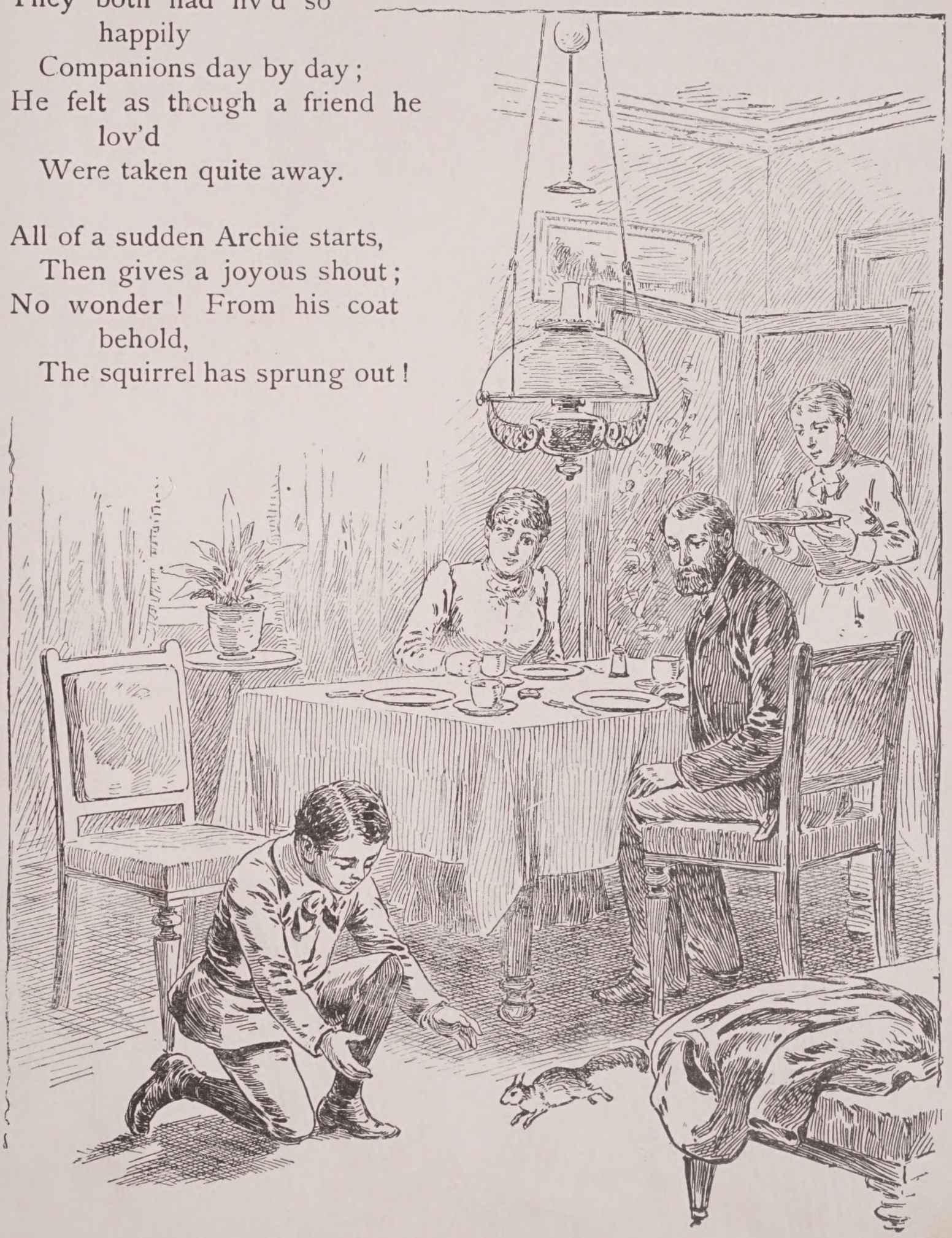
'Tis scarcely needful here to tell
How great his mother's joy,
When safe and sound within her arms
She found her missing boy.

Welcome to Archie's dazzled eyes
The cheerful room and light,
And not less welcome we suspect,
His supper was to-night.

But more than ever now he miss'd
His merry little pet;
He thought of all his winning ways
And antics with regret

They both had liv'd so happily
Companions day by day;
He felt as though a friend he lov'd
Were taken quite away.

All of a sudden Archie starts,
Then gives a joyous shout;
No wonder! From his coat behold,
The squirrel has sprung out!



Yes! there he'd been, he never thought
Of running quite away;
Though he had teased his master thus,
It all had been in play.

High on a branch he kept a watch
On Archie down below
And saw him when the moon appear'd
Within the old tree go.

All fun was over now; he knew
'Twas time to be in bed;
And found it very cold to sit
Upon a bough instead.

At length he thought he'd scramble down
Within the tree to peep;
Where, as the reader is aware,
Archie was fast asleep.

At once the cunning fellow saw
The best thing he could do,
Would be to creep within the hole,
And go to sleep there too!

He mov'd so very noiselessly,
No sound had Archie heard;
Though Frisky slid inside his coat,
He neither woke nor stirr'd.

So all this time, whilst he suppos'd
His little pet had fled,
There he was lying, warm and snug
Within his usual bed.

And now he made him understand
By signs which Archie knew,
That, having fasted like himself,
He wanted supper too.

He stretch'd his limbs, and washed his face,
As soon as he'd been fed,
Then he and Archie, both tired out,
Were glad to go to bed.

'Tis said, as Frisky older grew,
He learned to mend his ways,
And never after this event
Play'd truant all his days.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE was the youngest son of his parents. His eldest brother had been killed in battle, and the second had gone away and no one ever knew what became of him; only Robinson remained to comfort the old age of his father and mother. His father was a man of some wealth, able to give his son a good home, and to send him to school. It was his wish that his son should become a lawyer, but the boy's head began very early to be filled with thoughts of travel, and nothing would satisfy him but to go to sea. His father gave him wise and earnest counsel against

it, and for a time his advice prevailed; but in the end the boy's desire to roam led him to set his father's wishes at naught. One day, being at Hull, a seaport town of England, he met a school-fellow who was about to sail for London in his father's ship, and was prompted by him to go with him. In an evil hour he yielded, and without asking God's blessing or his father's, he went on board.

On the way to London a storm arose, the ship was wrecked, and those upon her barely escaped with their lives. Robinson Crusoe went on foot to London, and there made the acquaintance of the master of a vessel which traded to the coast of Africa. This man took a fancy to him, and offered him a chance to go with him upon one of his voyages, and the offer was gladly accepted by Robinson Crusoe.

His first voyage with his new friend was very successful; but on the second, the ship was attacked and captured by Moorish pirates, and all on board were taken and sold as slaves. But Robinson Crusoe managed, after a while, to escape in a fishing boat; and being picked up by a vessel sailing for Brazil, he went to that country and settled upon a plantation.

He prospered fairly well, but being offered a tempting chance to go upon another voyage to Africa, his love of roving again prevailed, and he set sail once more, just eight years from the time he had first left Hull.

One day, when they had been out about two weeks, a great storm came up, and the ship was tossed about for many days, until they did not know where they were. Suddenly they struck a bank of sand, and the sea broke over the ship in such a way that it could not be hoped that she would hold

many moments without breaking into pieces. In this distress a boat was launched. After they had been driven four or five miles, a raging wave struck the boat so furiously that it was upset. Though Robinson Crusoe swam well, the waves were so strong that he was dashed against a rock with such force that it left him senseless. But he recovered before the waves returned, and running forward, got to dry land in safety.

Then he began to look about to see if any of his comrades had escaped, but he could see no sign of any of them.

Night coming on, he climbed into a thick, bushy tree to sleep, not knowing but that there might be ravenous beasts there. When he awoke next morning, the sea was calm, and he could see the ship about a mile from the shore; and when the tide ebbed, he swam out to her. He found that all the provisions were dry, and being very hungry, filled his pockets with biscuit, and ate as he went about other things; for he saw that he must lose no time in getting ashore all that he could from the ship. First, he threw overboard several spare yards and spars. Then he went down the ship's side and tied them together, and laying a few short pieces of plank upon them, he had a raft strong enough to bear a moderate weight. Next he lowered upon it three seamen's chests, and filled them with provisions. After a long search he found the carpenter's chest, which was a great prize to him. He lowered it upon the raft, and then secured a supply of guns and gunpowder. With this cargo he started for the shore, and, with a great deal of trouble, succeeded in landing it safe.

His next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place to stow his goods. He knew not yet where he was, whether on a continent or an island. Seeing a hill not over

a mile away, very steep and high, he climbed to the top of it, and discovered that he was on an island, barren, and probably uninhabited, except by wild animals.

When Robinson Crusoe realized the lonely, desperate situation that he was in, his heart sank, and he almost wished that he had perished with the others. But soon perceiving the ingratitude of this state of mind, he fell upon his knees to thank God for saving his life,—his alone among so many,—and a feeling of confidence arose in his breast that He would still protect him in the midst of the perils by which he was surrounded.

Every day for twelve days, he made a trip to the vessel, bringing ashore all that he thought would be useful to him. The night of the twelfth day there was a violent wind, and when he awoke in the morning the ship was nowhere to be seen.

He then gave his thoughts to providing himself with a safe dwelling-place. Although he had hardly ever handled tools before in his life, his needs now forced him to discover their use. He set himself at work to build a hut, or cabin, out of the timbers he had saved from the wreck. It was a task that took a long time, but at last, by effort and contrivance, it was finished, and he had a fairly comfortable house, which he called his castle.

After it was completed, he applied himself to making other things that would add to his comfort. First, he made a chair and a table, with an immense amount of labor, for each board that he used had to be formed from the trunk of a tree, being hewed flat on two sides until it was thin enough. To provide himself with clothes, he saved the skins of all the creatures

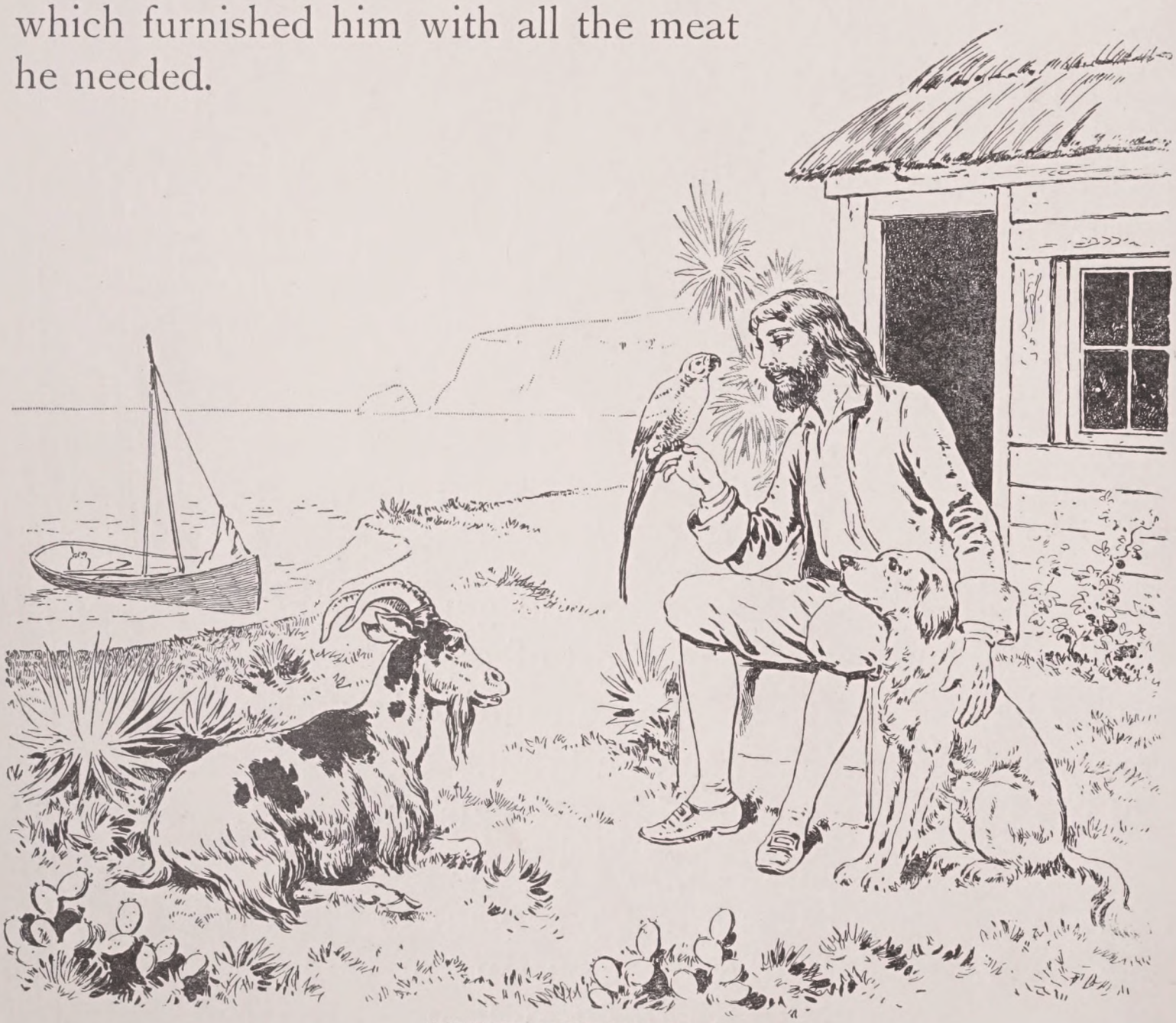
BUILDING A HABITATION.

he shot, and dried them, and made garments for himself out of them. In addition, at the cost of a great deal of time and trouble, he made, also of skins, an umbrella, which he needed greatly to keep off both sun and rain.

He had found upon the ship two cats and a dog. The cats he carried ashore on the raft, while as for the dog, he swam ashore himself, and was a trusty servant to Robinson Crusoe for many years. Besides the company of these pets, he had that of a parrot which he caught and taught to speak, and its

chatter served to while away many hours that would otherwise have been dreary.

He went out every day with his gun to hunt for food. He found that there were goats running wild on the island, and he often succeeded in shooting some of them. But he saw that his powder and shot would, in time, all be gone, and that to have a steady supply of goat's flesh, he must breed them in flocks. So he set a trap to take some alive, and succeeded in catching several. He enclosed a piece of ground for them to run in; and in course of time had a large flock which furnished him with all the meat he needed.



CRUSOE AND HIS PETS.

Having use, one day, for a bag that had once held corn and had some dust at the bottom, he shook it out near his castle. It happened that there were a few grains of corn in it, and about a month afterwards he saw, at the same place, some green stalks growing up, which, on examining, he found to be fresh shoots of corn. Then the thought came to him, that by saving the grain for seed, he might, in time, be able to grow crops, and supply himself with bread. He tried this, and succeeded in the end; although it was four years before he raised enough to be able to spare any to eat.

For a long time he had been brooding over the idea of making a canoe out of the trunk of a tree, as the Indians do; and at last he set to work at the task. He cut down a large tree, and spent over three months shaping it with an axe into the form of a boat. But his labor was all thrown away, for when the boat was finished he found that it was too large to move to the water. He afterwards made a smaller one, and succeeded in launching it, and set out to make a tour round the island in it. But when he had been out for three days, such a storm arose that he was near being lost. At last he was able to bring his boat to the shore, in a little cove; and there he left it, and went across the island on foot to his castle, not caring to go to sea again in such an unsafe vessel.

Years and years passed thus away. Although he had, to some extent, become contented with his solitary lot, yet at times a terrible sense of loneliness and desolation would come over him. Many times would he go to the top of a hill where he could look out to sea in hopes of catching sight of a ship. Sometimes he would fancy that, at a vast distance, he spied a sail. He would please himself with hopes of it, but after

THE FOOT-PRINTS IN THE SAND.

looking at it steadily, till he was almost blind, would lose it quite. Then in an agony of misery and despair he would sit down and weep and sob like a child.

But one day he saw a sight which, while it gave him cause for alarm, served to turn his thoughts in a new channel. It was the print of a naked foot upon the sand near the shore. It filled him with a new fear, for it showed that the island must sometimes be visited by savages.

One morning, going out quite early, he could see the light

of a fire about two miles away. He stole up under the cover of trees and bushes until he was near enough to observe what was going on. He saw that five canoes were drawn up on the shore, while a swarm of naked savages were dancing about a fire. Presently they dragged two poor wretches from the boats. One of them was knocked down at once, and several of the savages set to work to cut him up. They were evidently cannibals, that is, people who eat men, and were going to hold one of their horrible feasts on their captives. The other captive was left standing for a moment, and seeing a chance to escape, started to run. Robinson Crusoe was greatly alarmed when he saw that the runaway was coming directly toward himself, but when he saw that only two pursued, and that the runaway gained upon them, he made up his mind to help him. When they were near enough, Robinson Crusoe stepped in between the runaway and his pursuers, and advancing on the foremost of the latter, knocked him down with the stock of his gun. The other raised his bow and was going to shoot, when Robinson Crusoe fired at him and killed him. Then he made signs to the runaway to come to him, and the poor creature did so in fear and trembling, kneeling at Crusoe's feet as a sign that he was his slave. Crusoe took him home to his castle and gave him something to eat. He was a handsome, well-shaped fellow, with good features and a pleasant smile. His skin was not black, but tawny, and he had very bright, sparkling eyes.

Robinson Crusoe had now a companion, and in a short time he began to teach him to speak English. First he let him know that his name was to be Friday, for that was the day on which his life had been saved. Then he taught him

everything that he thought would make him useful, handy, and helpful. He clothed him in a suit made of goatskins, and the poor fellow seemed to be greatly pleased to be dressed like his master.

One day Robinson Crusoe took him with him when he went hunting, and was much amused at the way his gun mystified him. He first shot a bird. Friday did not see it fall, and was greatly frightened by the noise of the gun, but when Robinson Crusoe pointed to the bird, and made signs for him to pick it up, he was filled with wonder and amaze-

WATCHING THE SAVAGES.

ment. It was a long time before he could understand the Nature of fire-arms, or overcome his fear of the gun, which he seemed to think was endowed with life, and which he used to address very beseechingly in his own language, begging it not to kill him.

After he had learned enough English to be able to talk freely, he told Robinson Crusoe of a party of shipwrecked Spanish sailors, who had been cast ashore on the mainland, and had been befriended by the savages of his tribe. A great desire to see them seized Crusoe; and he set about making, with Friday's assistance, a boat large enough to carry both over.

But one morning, before they had got on very far with the task, Friday came running in a state of great fright, to tell that three canoes, full of savages, had landed on the island. Robinson Crusoe armed himself with a sword and a hatchet, and taking all the guns they could carry, he and Friday went to a thicket of trees which stood near where the savages were. From there they could see them sitting about fires they had made, eating the flesh of one victim, while another captive, a white man, lay bound near by.

Perceiving that there was no time to lose if they would save the captive, Robinson Crusoe took one gun and Friday another, and both fired into the crowd together. They killed and wounded several, and the rest were thrown into the greatest confusion. They continued firing until they had emptied their guns. Then they rushed forward, and, Friday using the hatchet and Crusoe the sword, they killed all the remaining savages, except four who succeeded in reaching their canoes. Bidding Friday release the captive, Robinson Crusoe ran to

FRIDAY'S GRATITUDE.

another of the canoes, intending to pursue the savages to sea, but in the canoe he was surprised to find another poor creature bound hand and foot. He cut him free, and helped him to rise, for he could hardly stand. Friday coming up, Robinson Crusoe bid him speak to the man, and tell him he was saved. When Friday heard him answer, he first looked at him with astonishment, then embraced and kissed him, and cried, laughed, jumped about, and sung, like one that was mad. It was some time before he could tell what was the

matter, but when he came a little to himself he said that the captive was his father.

The two rescued men were then taken to the castle; and after they had been refreshed by food and rest, Robinson Crusoe entered into conversation with the white man and learned that he was one of the Spaniards of whom Friday had told him. It was proposed that he and Friday's father should return to the mainland in the new boat, as soon as it was completed, and bring the rest of his countrymen to Crusoe's island to live. This was readily agreed to, and all set to work to finish the boat. The task consumed a great deal of time, but finally everything was ready and they set sail.

One morning, a short time after, Friday brought word to Crusoe that a ship was in sight. This was news so welcome to Crusoe that he fairly danced with joy, but presently the prudent thought occurred to him that it might be well not to let those aboard see him, until he could learn something about their business there. So he watched in concealment, and in a short time saw a boat leave the ship and make for the shore.

Eleven men landed, and Crusoe saw that while most of them dispersed about the island, three kept by themselves and appeared to be much dejected. When the others were out of hearing, Crusoe approached these three and questioned them, and found that they were English, that one was the captain of the ship, and that the others were the mate and a passenger, that there had been a mutiny on board, and that the men, as a favor, instead of killing them, were going to leave them on the island.

Crusoe offered to aid them to recover the ship, and going

back to the castle, brought guns and gave them to them. Then they waited for the men who were scattered about the island to return, and when they came, shot two who the captain said were the leaders; and the rest, taken by surprise, yielded without further struggle. The captain made them swear that they would obey him faithfully, and then returned with them to the ship. Those on board were equally surprised at the turn affairs had taken, and when one of the worst was killed, were glad to return to their duty. Then

the captain came back to the island, and told Robinson Crusoe that the ship and all that he had was at his service, in return for what he had done for him. Crusoe told him that he asked nothing more than that he should carry Friday and himself to England, and this the captain gladly agreed to do. He provided him with clothing from his own wardrobe, and Robinson Crusoe took aboard with him, in addition to some gold that he had saved from the wreck, only his goat-skin coat and cap and his umbrella, which he wished to keep for relics. Every thing else on the island he left for the Spaniards when they should return from the mainland, and he wrote out for their benefit a full account of his way of living, and all his plans and contrivances. He also induced the captain to leave a supply of tools that he knew would be useful to them, and an assortment of seeds of various kinds. Then they set sail, and Robinson Crusoe left the island, twenty-eight years, two months, and nineteen days after he had landed upon it.

Three days after setting sail, as they passed near the coast of an island, they saw close to the shore a great fleet of canoes, full of savages armed with bows and arrows. They were going through strange evolutions, and Friday said that they were probably starting on a hostile excursion against some other tribe. When they caught sight of the ship, and saw that those on board were watching them, they came paddling toward it, and soon were swarming about on all sides, uttering curious cries, and making uncouth gestures. Those on the ship were very much puzzled to know what their intentions could be, and finally Robinson Crusoe told Friday to go on the upper deck and speak to them in his

A SHIP IN SIGHT.

own language, which he hoped they might be able to understand. Friday did as he was bid, but had spoken only a few words when the savages let fly a great cloud of arrows at him. So poor was their aim that only three of the arrows struck him, but one of the three, alas, pierced him through the heart and he fell dead.

When Robinson Crusoe saw this he became almost frantic with rage, and ordered the ship's guns to be loaded with grape-shot and fired into the fleet. The effect was tremendous. More than half of the canoes were destroyed, and the sea

for a time was covered with the wretched savages, struggling to swim, and uttering the most frightful howls. The fortunate ones in those of the canoes that had not been hit did not wait to help their comrades, but speeded off as fast as they could paddle. One by one the others sank, and in a short time the sea was as clear of them as if they had never been there.

Thus a terrible vengeance was taken for Friday's death, but his master felt little consoled for it thereby. The poor fellow was so honest, faithful, and affectionate, and had ways so cheerful and pleasant, that Robinson Crusoe had grown to be most sincerely attached to him, and he now mourned him as if he had been a son. He caused his body to be buried in the sea with all the honors possible, and it seemed to him as if the delight of being restored to his old home was hardly compensation for the loss of one who had become so dear a companion.

The voyage homeward was continued; and no further mishap occurring, Robinson Crusoe arrived safe in England after his many years of absence. He found that his father and mother were dead, as well as many of his old friends, and for a time he felt almost as lonely as on his island. But he married a worthy wife before long, and buying a farm with the gold he had brought home, settled down to a quiet country life. He was blest with children who grew up to be his delight and comfort, and his old age was spent in peace and happiness.

THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

THE PIG THAT WENT TO MARKET.

ONCE there was a family of five pigs that lived in a nice little house at the foot of a steep hill. They had been well brought up, and were so neat in their ways that they were held up as patterns for all the other pigs in the place.

The eldest of these pigs was so much larger than the others that he went by the name of Big Pig. He took the lead in everything, and whenever he spoke the rest had to toe the mark. They were all very proud of him, I can tell you.

Big Pig was so much shrewder than the others that the important business of going to market to sell the vegetables raised by the family was intrusted entirely to him. He used to drive to town in a nice little cart drawn by a donkey, and a neater turn-out was not to be seen on the road.

One day Big Pig went to market drest in fine style. He met a great many friends, and while talking with them forgot all about the donkey, which trotted off home, dropping all the vegetables along the road. When the four pigs saw the donkey and the empty cart, they felt sure that Big Pig had been killed, and they all got into the cart and drove back to find him. They met him on the way, and he had a label on

BIG PIG GOING TO MARKET.

AT THE MARKET.

his back on which were the words PRIZE PIG; and when he told his brothers what had happened, they said it was not worth while to grieve over the loss of the vegetables. It was not his fault; and they showed by their actions that they were prouder of him than ever.

THE PIG THAT STAID AT HOME.

This little pig would have liked to go to market with his eldest brother now and then, but there never was any chance. There was a great deal of work to be done in the house, and this pig had to do it. He swept the rooms, made the beds, cooked all the meals, and waited on the table as nicely as anybody. He was as neat as wax, and said there was no excuse for any one's house looking like a pig-pen. He was fond of plants, and kept many fine ones in the house and in the garden, and every now and then would send a nice nosegay to a sick friend.

One day the home Pig sat in the easy chair reading the news when he heard a strange noise at the front door. Some one was trying to get in! Home Pig peeped through the blinds, and saw it was a great black bear, but was not afraid, for all the doors were locked. When the bear found it could not get in, it went away growling, and the pig was glad and said it was never safe to leave a house alone. There were always bare-faced

HOME PIG.

thieves about, on the watch for a chance to steal something.

Not long after this, the pig that staid at home gave a tea-party, to which all the friends far and near were invited. There was everything nice to eat, and music besides. One of the guests spoke a piece, and this little pig sang "Home! sweet Home!" so beautifully that many were moved to tears. Then they looked at their watches and said, "Dear! me! I did not think it was so late!" and the pig that staid at home bade them all "good night" at the door, after they had all thanked him for the delightful evening they had spent.

THE PIG THAT HAD ROAST BEEF.

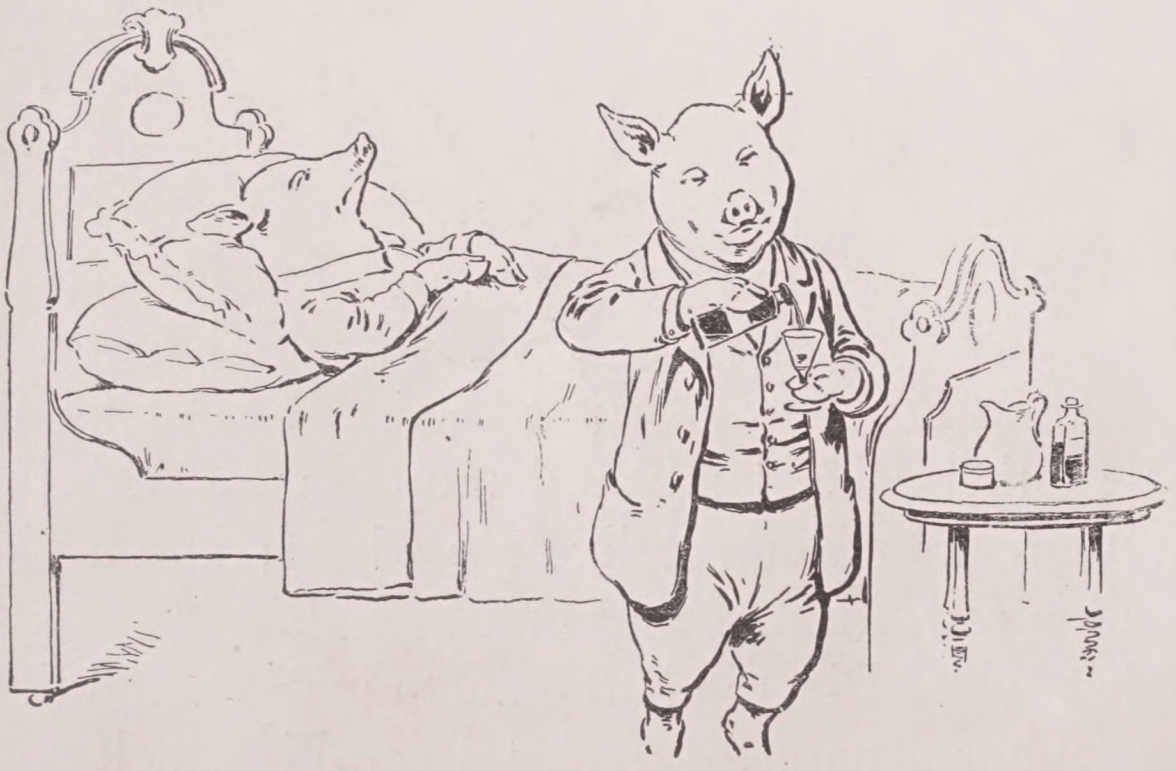
This little pig was a good-natured fellow. He never made any trouble for any one, but was always ready to help whenever there was a chance. He ran errands, picked up chips, scoured the knives, and did whatever he was told. He could fill the tea-kettle without spilling a drop on his toes or on the floor; and was the best kind of a nurse when there was sickness in the house. He tried so hard to please everybody that everybody tried hard to please him, and that is why he had more than his share of roast beef. Some folks like pork and veal; others like lamb and mutton; but this little pig thought there was no meat like roast beef; and a nice juicy slice was his reward for being extra good.

One day, when Big Pig had gone to market, and the Home Pig was taking a nap, the Roast Beef Pig smelt something

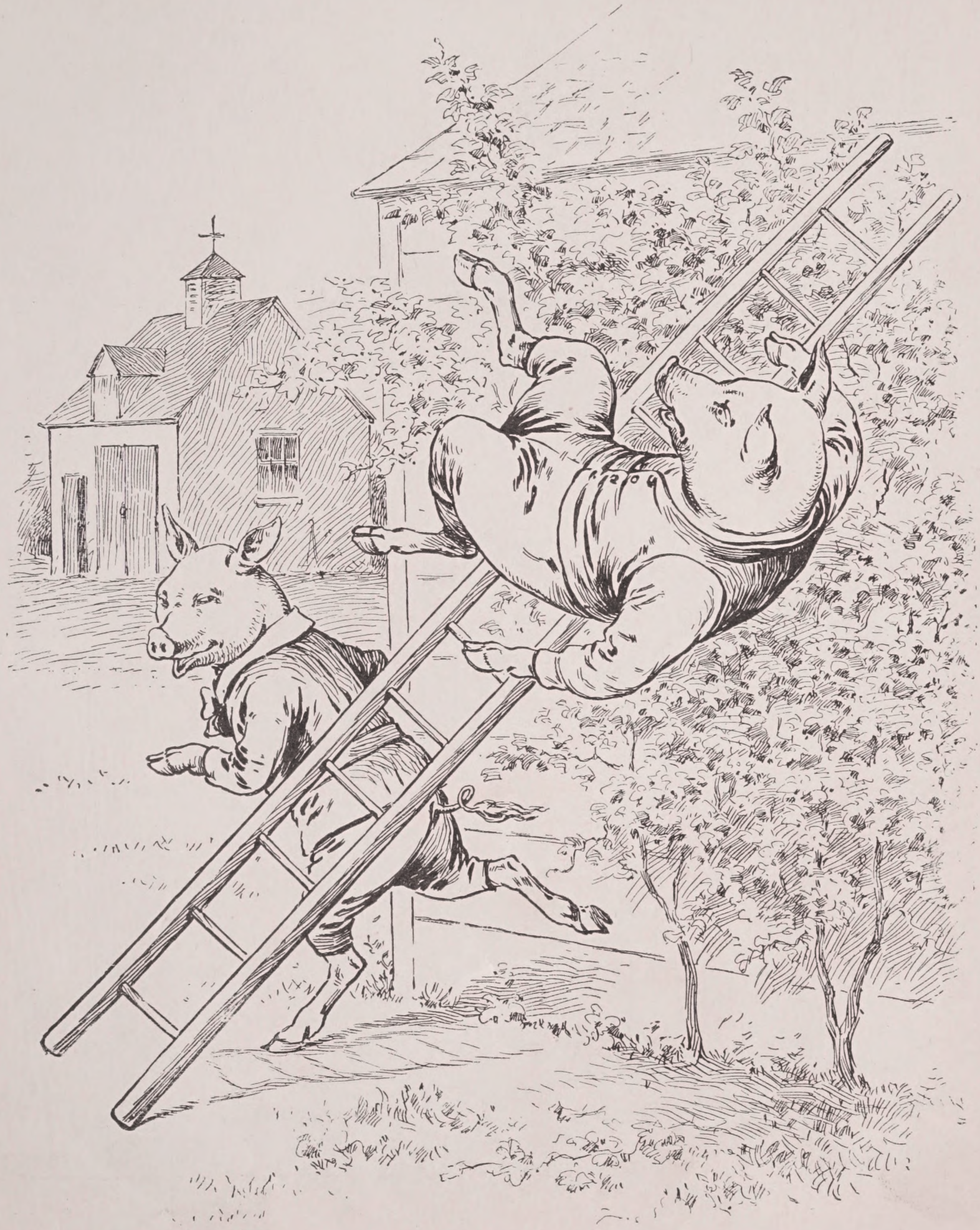
burning. He looked in the oven, up stairs, and down cellar, but found nothing. Then he listened. The chimney was on fire! What should he do? The house might burn down!

He thought of something which he had been told was the right thing to do in such an emergency as this, so he ran and got some salt and threw it into the chimney, and then climbed out on the roof with a bucket of water —and by that time the fire was out.

Big Pig had been on his way home while the chimney was burning, and had been alarmed to see the smoke, and when he came home he heard the story, and you may be sure that this little pig had all the roast beef he wanted for some time to come.



THE PIG THAT HAD ROAST BEEF.



A MALICIOUS TRICK.

THE PIG THAT HAD NONE.

THIS little pig was very, very naughty It was really hard work to get along with him. He would not do as he was told, and that is why he got none of the good things that were going. He did not like books, and would not go to school, and was the most contrary pig that ever you saw. When asked to be quiet, he would dance a jig, and make all the noise possible, and he was never so happy as when playing tricks on other people. He did not dare to act in this way when Big Pig was around. He knew better than that.

One day the Home Pig stood on a ladder to fix a vine that grew around the house, when this little pig came along and thought it would be a nice chance to play a good joke. So what did the little rascal do but run under the ladder, giving it, as he did so, a knock so hard that it tipped over and fell, and the Home Pig along with it. The results might have been terrible, for the fall was great enough to have broken the neck of the poor Home Pig, but fortunately he fell where the ground was soft, and so

IN THE WOODSHED.

escaped with being badly stunned and bruised. By another piece of good luck, the Roast Beef Pig came along just in the nick of time to help him into the house, and put him to bed, where he had to stay for several days, so stiff and sore was he from his bruises.

Of course the Roast Beef Pig was praised very much for his kind conduct, and had a nice piece of roast beef given to him for reward; but as for the naughty little pig who did the mischief, he got none, and when Big Pig came home that night, and heard of his wicked doings, he was very angry, and took him out into the wood-shed where he gave him a whipping that made him cry most lustily, after which, to complete his punishment, he was sent to bed without any supper.

THE PIG THAT CRIED "WEE WEE," ALL THE WAY HOME.

The fifth little pig was a regular cry-baby. He was always in tears. He cried in the morning because he didn't want to get up; and cried at night because he didn't want to go to bed. There seemed to be no way of pleasing him. One day Big Pig said he might go and play out of doors; but he was not to go near Farmer Growler's place, for there were bad boys there, and a big dog that hated the sight of a pig. But this little pig soon grew tired of playing around the door-yard, and wandered off toward Farmer Growler's to see for himself if what Big Pig said was true.

CRYING "WEE! WEE!"

He was quite charmed with the place, and was admiring the beautiful flowers, when a pet monkey jumped on his back, and gave him such a fright that he nearly fainted away. Then the boys came out with their whips and gave him the worst beating he had ever had; and as if that was not enough,

they let the dog loose, and he joined in the chase, and the poor little pig barely escaped with his life. Sick and sore, he cried "Wee! wee!" all the way home, and was so glad to get there that he laughed out of one side of his mouth, and cried out of the other.

Then he received a long lecture from Big Pig, who thought the occasion afafforded a first rate chance to give this little pig some much-needed advice, and to impress on his mind the bad consequences that always follow disregard of the commands of one's elders. The little pig took the sermon in a very penitent spirit, and had very little to say for himself, for he could not deny that all his misfortunes would have been avoided if he had paid attention to Big Pig's warning. The lesson was not lost upon him, and from that time forward he behaved much more sensibly, and gave Big Pig far less trouble than before.

Many folks besides little pigs have to acquire wisdom in this way; but the truly wise are those who have sense enough to follow the advice of people of more experience than themselves.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

I DARE say you have heard of King Arthur, or, as some call him, Prince Arthur, and his wife Genevra, who reigned in Britain many hundred years ago—being long before the time of the good King Alfred. I am going to tell you a wonderful and remarkable story, not about King Arthur, but about a marvelous person who lived in his time, and who did some very brave actions. His name was Jack.

This Jack was the son of a poor farmer who lived in Cornwall, near the Land's-end. Jack was always a bold, fearless boy. He feared neither heat nor cold, could climb a steep mountain, or plunge into a deep stream; and he delighted to hear his father's stories about the brave Knights of the Round Table, and of all their valiant deeds.

From constantly hearing of such things, Jack got to take a great interest in all that related to combats, victories, and battles. And the more he heard, the more anxious did he feel to find some enemy against whom he could fight; for he never doubted that his skill and courage would give him the victory in every encounter.

Now there were several great giants in England and Wales at the time of which I write; and against these giants Jack resolved to try his strength and skill. He could scarcely

have chosen more fitting enemies; for the giants were hated and feared by everybody, with good reason. If there was one giant whose absence all Jack's neighbors particularly desired, and whom they were especially sorry to see when he called in upon them, that giant was the one named Cormoran (also called Cormorant from his great and voracious appetite.)

This cruel monster lived on St. Michael's Mount, a high hill that rises out of the sea near the coast of Cornwall. He was eighteen feet high and nine feet round. He had a very ugly face, and a huge mouth with pointed teeth like those of a saw.

He used to come out of the cave in which he dwelt on the very top of the mountain, and walk through the sea when the tide was low, right into Cornwall; and the people who lived there used to take care that he did not find them at home when he called. However, he did not have his walk for nothing, for he carried off their cattle a dozen at a time, slinging them on a pole across his shoulder, as a man might sling a dozen rabbits.

When he got tired of eating beef, he would vary his diet by coming and stealing three or four dozen sheep and hogs, that he might have a dish of pork and mutton: and these animals he would string round his waist and carry off—the sheep bleating and the pigs squealing—to the great annoyance of the owners, who watched him at a distance and did not dare to interfere. For the giant had a big club which he used as a walking-stick, and it had spikes at one end. And he had been heard to say, that all those whom he did not knock down dead with the thick end of his club, he would spit, like so many larks, on the spike at the other end; so the

people were very shy of coming within reach of either end of the giant's club.

But there was one youngster who declared he would serve out Master Cormoran in one way or another; and this youngster was our friend Jack. This is the way he made good his promise :—

One winter's evening, when it was already growing dark, he swam from the Cornish coast to St. Michael's Mount, pushing before him a kind of raft on which were a pickaxe, a shovel, and a dark lantern. It was quite dark by the time he got to the mount; but in the giant's cave there was a light, and Jack could see Cormoran, who had just finished his supper, picking his teeth with a fence-rail. All night long Jack worked busily and silently by the light of his dark lantern, digging a deep pit before the giant's dwelling. By the time the morning dawned, he had made a great hole, many feet deep, and very broad. He covered this pit-hole with sticks and straw, and strewed earth and sand lightly over the top, so that it looked just like solid ground. Then he stepped back a few paces, took a trumpet that hung at the gate, and blew a loud blast as a challenge to the giant to come out and fight him. Cormoran woke

CORMORAN.

CORMORAN FALLS INTO THE PIT.

up from his sleep with a start; he was in a great rage, sure, when he saw what a little fellow was standing outside defying him. "You saucy villain!" he roared out; "wait a moment, and I'll broil you for my breakfast!"

With this agreeable speech he turned back into the cave to get the neat walking-stick I have told you of; and having armed himself with this weapon, he came rushing out, intending to give Jack a taste—first of the thick end, and then of the spike at the other end. But the pit was in his way. The giant came tramping over it with his great heavy feet, and—"crack!"—in he went, right up to his neck and stood there roaring with rage, with only his great head above the surface of the ground.

"Aha, Master Cormoran," cried Jack, "what say you now—will nothing serve you for your breakfast this cold morning but broiling poor me?"

The giant was more enraged than ever; and he made such a mighty effort to get out of the pit, that the stones and rubbish came rolling down into the hole. Jack saw there was no time to be lost. He raised his pick-axe, struck Cormoran

one blow on the head with it, and the cruel giant dropped down dead in a moment.

Jack returned in triumph to Cornwall; and when the people heard of their enemy's death, they were very joyful; and the justices and great squires of Cornwall declared, that from henceforth, the valiant youth should be called JACK THE GIANT KILLER; and as a further reward they presented him with a handsome sword, and a belt, on which stood in letters of gold the words:

THIS IS THE VALIANT CORNISH MAN
WHO SLEW THE GIANT CORMORAN!

This was all very well; but one piece of work often brings on another. Jack soon found that his title of "Giant-Killer" brought some danger along with it, as well as a good deal of praise and honor; and a very few weeks after Cormoran's death he found he would have to sustain new combats.

Above all, there was a great ugly giant who lived among the mountains of Wales. This giant had been a friend of Cormoran's, and had often been invited by that personage to dine with him off an ox or half-a-dozen sheep. When he heard of Cormoran's death he was very angry, and vowed vengeance against Jack.

Now it happened that Jack took a journey into Wales; and one day, as he was traveling through a wood, he sat down beside a fountain to rest. The day was hot; and Jack, overcome by fatigue, quickly fell asleep beside the fountain. As he lay there, who should come by but old Blunderbore, (this was the giant's name). The giant saw by the inscription on Jack's belt who and what he was. "Aha," he chuckled, "have I caught you, my valiant Cornish man? Now you

JACK IS CAPTURED BY BLUNDERBORE.

shall pay for your tricks," and he hoisted Jack up on his shoulder and began to stride towards his castle as fast as he could. The jolting walk of the giant soon woke Jack out of his sleep, and he was very much alarmed when he found himself in Blunderbores clutches.

Blunderbore seemed to enjoy Jack's fright very much; and told him with a hideous grin that his favorite food was a man's heart eaten with salt and pepper; and showed pretty plainly that he intended heartily to enjoy Jack's heart within a very short time. Blunderbore said he did not care to eat such a nice meal as the Giant Killer would be, all by himself. He had one or two giant friends who used to come to supper with him, and as soon as he arrived at his castle, he locked Jack securely in a room, while he went off to invite one of these to spend the day with him, that he might brag of having captured the famous hero, who slew their lamented friend Cormoran.

Jack paced to and fro in the room in which he was confined for some time in great perplexity, and at last ran to the

window to see if he could leap out. It was too high for him to think of such a thing; and—oh, horror!—there were the two giants coming along arm-in-arm.

Jack cast a glance around the room, in a far-off corner of which he espied two stout cords. To seize them, make a running noose in the end of each, and twist them firmly together, was the work of a moment; and just as the giants were entering the gate of the castle, he cleverly dropped a noose over the head of each. The other end was passed over a beam of the ceiling, and Jack pulled and hauled with all his might; in short, he pulled with such a will that the giants were very soon black in the face. When Jack found the giants were half strangled by the cords, he got out of the window, and sliding down the rope, drew his sword and killed them both.

Jack lost no time in getting the giant's key and setting all the captives free; and he gave them the castle and all it contained as a reward for their sufferings; and bidding them a polite good-bye, pursued his journey.

He walked on sturdily till the night came, by which time he had reached a large and handsome house, which looked very inviting to a weary traveler, who had walked many miles, after killing two giants. He knocked at the door to ask admittance for the night, and was rather startled when the door was answered by a large giant. This monster was indeed a formidable fellow. He was as tall as Cormoran, and a foot or two broader round the waist, and had two heads. He was very civil, however. He made our hero a bow, and invited him into his house, gave him a good supper, and sent him to bed. But Jack did not entirely trust his host. He

END OF BLUNDERBORE AND HIS FEIEND.

thought he had seen him shaking his fist at him slily once or twice during supper time; so, instead of going to sleep he listened. Presently he heard the giant marching about in the room, singing a duet for two voices all by himself—the treble with one mouth, and the bass with the other. This was the song he sang:—

"Though you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out
—quite!"

"Indeed," thought Jack, when he heard this amiable ditty. "Are these the tricks you play upon travelers, Mr. Giant. But I hope I shall prove a match for you yet." So he began groping about the room to find something to lay in the bed instead of himself, against the time when the giant should bring the club. He found a great log of wood in the fire place; and this he put into the bed and covered it well up, while he himself lay concealed in a corner of the room.

In the middle of the night he heard the two-headed giant come creeping softly into the room. He sidled up to the bed and—"Whack!—Whack!—Whack!"—down came his cruel club upon the log of wood, just where Jack's head would have

been but for his clever trick. The giant, thinking he had killed his guest, retired. We may fancy how surprised he was when Jack came next morning to thank him for his night's lodging.

The giant rubbed his eyes and pulled his hair to make sure that he was awake; but Jack stood looking on as cool as a cucumber.

"Why? ho-ow-w-w did you sle-e-e-ep?" stammered the giant at last. "Was there nothing to dist-u-r-r-b you in the night?"

"Oh, I slept exceedingly well," replied Jack. "I believe a rat came and flapped me with his tail three or four times; but he soon went away again."

The giant was so surprised that he sat down on a bench, and scratched his head for three minutes, trying to make it out. Then he rose slowly, and went away to prepare breakfast. Jack now thought he would play the giant another trick; and he managed it in this way. He got a great leather bag and fastened it to his body, just under a loose kind of blouse he wore, for he thought he would make the giant believe he had an immense appetite. Presently the giant came in with two great bowls of hasty pudding, and began feeding each of his mouths by turns. Jack took the other bowl and pre-

THE TWO-HEADED GIANT AT BREAKFAST.

tended to eat the pudding it contained; but instead of swallowing it, he kept stowing it in the great leather bag. The giant stared harder than ever, and appeared to seriously doubt the evidence of his own eyes. He was wondering to behold such a little chap as Jack eat such a breakfast. "Now," said Jack, when breakfast was over, "I can show you a trick. I can cut off my head, arms, or legs, and put them on again, just as I choose; and do a number of strange and wonderful things besides. Look here, I will show you an instance." So saying he took up a knife and ripped up the leathern bag, and all the hasty pudding came tumbling out on the floor, to the great surprise of the giant. "Ods! splutter hur nails!" cried the giant, "hur can do that hurself." So, determined not to be outdone by such a little chap as Jack, he seized his knife! plunged it into the place where HIS hasty pudding was!! AND DROPPED DOWN DEAD ON THE FLOOR!!!

After this great achievement Jack had a better title than ever to the name of the "Giant Killer." He continued his journey, and a few days afterwards we find him traveling in very grand company indeed. The only son of King Arthur had traveled into Wales, on an errand somewhat similar to Jack's. He wanted to deliver a beautiful lady from the hands of a wicked magician, who was keeping her in captivity. One day the prince fell in with a sturdy traveler, and found by the belt the stranger wore, who he was; for Jack's fame had by this time traveled as far even as King Arthur's court. The prince therefore gladly joined company with Jack, who offered his services, which were, of course, accepted.

A mile or two further on they came to a large castle inhabited by a wonderful giant indeed: a greater personage

than even the gentleman who "spluttered his nails;" for this giant had three heads, and could fight five hundred men (at least said he could.) The prince felt rather awkward about asking such a personage to entertain him; but Jack undertook to manage all that. He went on alone, and knocked loudly at the castle gate. "Who's there?" roared the giant. "Only your poor cousin Jack," answered the intruder. The giant, like most great men, had a good many poor relations, and Jack knew this very well. "What news, cousin Jack?" asked the giant. "Bad news! Bad news!—dear uncle," replied Jack. "Pooh!—bah!—nonsense," cried the giant; "what can be bad news for a person like me, who has three heads and can fight five hundred men?" "Oh, my poor dear uncle!" replied the cunning Jack "the King's son is coming, with two thousand men, to kill you and destroy your castle!" All the giant's three faces turned pale at once; and he said, in a trembling voice, "This is bad news, indeed, cousin Jack; but I'll hide in the cellar and you shall lock me in, and keep the key till the prince has gone."

JACK BRINGS BAD NEWS TO HIS "UNCLE."

Jack laughed in his sleeve as he turned the key of the cellar upon the giant: and then he fetched the prince and they feasted and enjoyed themselves, whilst the poor master of the house sat in the cellar shivering and shaking with fear. Next morning Jack helped the prince to a good quantity of the giant's treasure, and sent him forward on his journey He then let out his "uncle," who looked about him in rather a bewildered way, and seemed to think that the two thousand men had not done much damage to his castle after all, and that the prince's retinue had very small appetites. Jack was asked what reward he would have, and answered—"Good uncle, all I want is the old coat and cap, and the rusty sword and the worn slippers which are at your bed's head." "You shall have them," said the giant. "They will be very useful to you. The coat will make you invisible; the cap will reveal to you hidden things; the sword will cut through anything and everything; and the slippers will give you swiftness; take them, and welcome, my valiant cousin, Jack."

TURNING THE KEY ON THE GIANT.

Jack and the prince soon found out the wicked magician, and in due course killed him, and liberated the lady. The prince married her the next day. The happy pair then pro-

ceeded to King Arthur's court, and so pleased was the monarch with what they had done, that Jack was made one of the Knights of the Round Table.

But Jack could not be idle. He wanted to be employed on active service, and begged the King to send him forth against all the remaining Welsh giants.

He soon had an opportunity to display his prowess; for on the third day of his journey, as he was passing through a thick wood, he heard the most doleful groans and shrieks. Presently he saw a great giant dragging along a handsome knight and a beautiful lady by the hair of their heads in a very brutal manner. Jack at once put on his invisible coat, and taking his sword of sharpness, stuck the giant right through the leg, so that the great monster came tumbling down with a crash. A second blow of the sword cut off the giant's head. The knight and his lady thanked their deliverer, you may be sure; but Jack would not accept an earnest invitation they gave him to go to their castle and live with them, for he wanted to see the giant's den. They told him the giant had a brother fiercer than himself, who dwelt there; but Jack was not to be deterred.

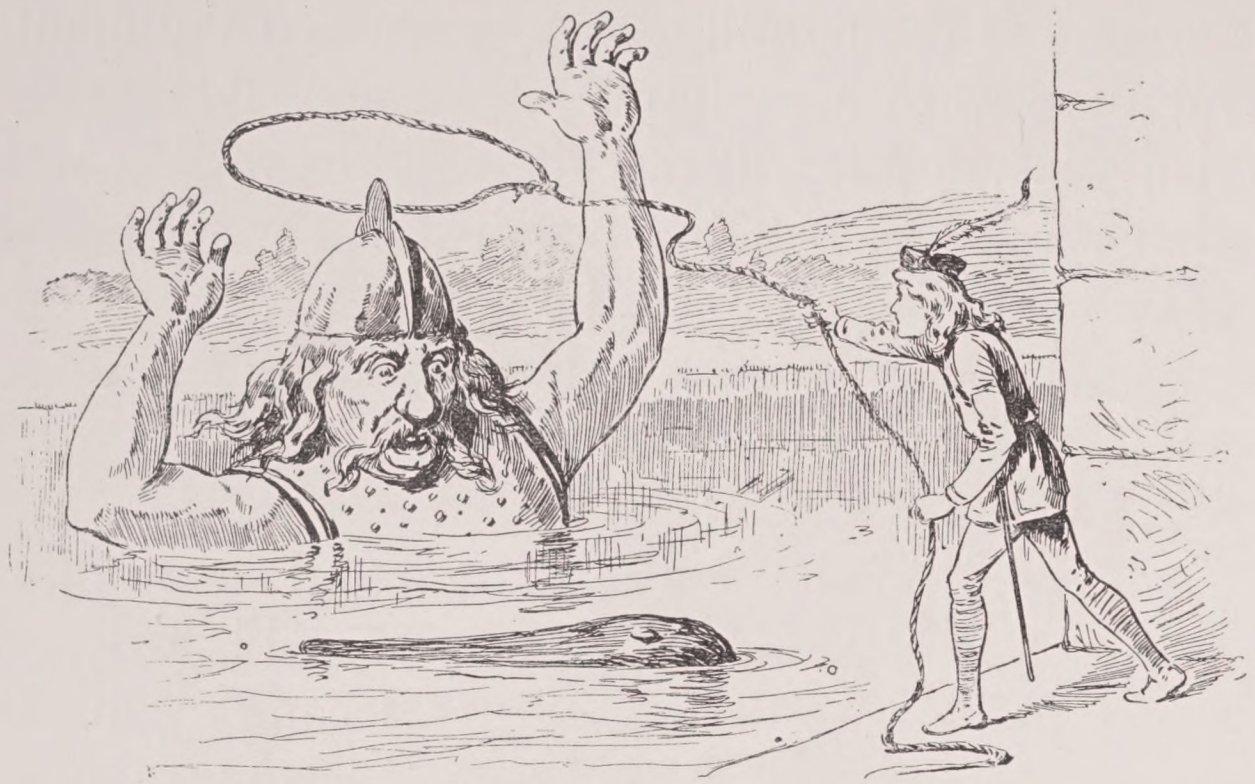
JACK USES HIS MAGIC SWORD TO GOOD PURPOSE.

Sure enough, at the mouth of the cavern sat the giant on a block of timber, with a club by his side. "Here is the other," cried Jack, and he hit the giant a blow with his sword. The giant could see no one, but began to lay about him with his club: Jack, however, slipped behind him, jumped on the log of timber, cut off the giant's head, and sent it to King Arthur with that of the giant's brother; and the two heads just made a good wagon load.

Now, at length, Jack felt entitled to go and see the knight and his lady--and I can tell you there were rare doings at the castle on his arrival. The knight and all his guests drank to the health of the Giant-Killer; and he gave Jack a handsome ring with a picture on it of the giant dragging along the once unhappy couple.

TAKING THE GIANTS' HEADS TO KING ARTHUR.

They were in the height of their mirth when a messenger arrived to tell them that Thundel, a fierce giant and a near relation of the



THUNDEL IN THE CASTLE MOAT.

wo giants, was coming, burning with rage, to avenge his kinsmen's death. All was hurry and fright; but Jack bade them be quiet—he would soon settle Master Thundel, he said. Then he sent some men to cut off the drawbridge, just leaving a slight piece on each side. The giant soon came running up, swinging his club, and though he could not see Jack, for our hero, knowing the importance of keeping out of sight on such occasions, had taken the precaution to put on his coat of darkness, yet his propensity for human flesh had rendered his sense of smelling so acute, that he knew some one was at hand, and thus declared his intentions:

"Fee!—fie!—foh!—fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive—or be he dead—
I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"

"First, catch me," said Jack, and he flung off his coat of darkness and put on his shoes of swiftness, and began to run, the giant rushing after him in a great rage. Jack led him

round the moat, and then suddenly ran across the draw-bridge; but the giant, who followed him very closely, no sooner came to the middle where the bridge had been cut, than it snapped with his weight at once, and down he went—splash!—into the moat, which was full of water and of great depth. The giant struggled fiercely to release himself from the unexpected and uncomfortable position in which he was placed; but Jack, who had looked forward to this moment with the greatest anxiety, was quite prepared to counteract all his efforts. A strong rope, with a running noose at the end, had been kept in readiness, and was cleverly thrown over the giant's head by Master Jack, who had found such a weapon very useful on a former occasion, and had since taken great pains to make himself perfect in its use. By this means he was drawn to the castle side of the moat, where, half-drowned and half-strangled, he lay at the mercy of the Giant-Killer, who completed his task by cutting off the giant's head, to the evident pleasure of all the inhabitants of the castle and the surrounding country. As Jack was naturally desirous that the king should be made aware of the good service he was doing the state, the giant's head was sent to King Arthur.

After spending a short time very pleasantly with the knight and his lady, Jack again set out in search of adventures. And it was not long before he met with a good one. At the foot of a high mountain, he lodged, one night, with a good old

THE OLD MAGICIAN.

JACK BLOWS A BLAST.

hermit. This hermit was very glad to see Jack when he heard that his visitor was the far-famed Giant-Killer; he said "I am rejoiced to see you, for you can do good service here. Know that at the top of this mountain stands an enchanted castle, the dwelling of the giant Galligantus. This wicked monster, by the aid of a magician as bad as himself, is now detaining a number of knights and ladies in captivity; and to do so the more surely, the magician has changed them into beasts. Amongst the rest there is a duke's daughter who was carried off as she was walking in her father's garden, and borne away to this castle in a chariot drawn by two fiery dragons. They have changed her into a deer. With your coat of darkness you might manage to pass by the fiery griffins which keep guard at the gate, without being seen; and your sword of sharpness would do the rest."

Jack wanted to hear no more. He promised to do his very best, and the next morning early he set off, dressed in his invisible coat, to climb the mountain. And it was well he had put his garment on; for long before he got to the castle he could see the old magician, who was of a very suspicious nature, looking out of the second floor window. He had an owl on his shoulder, which looked very much like

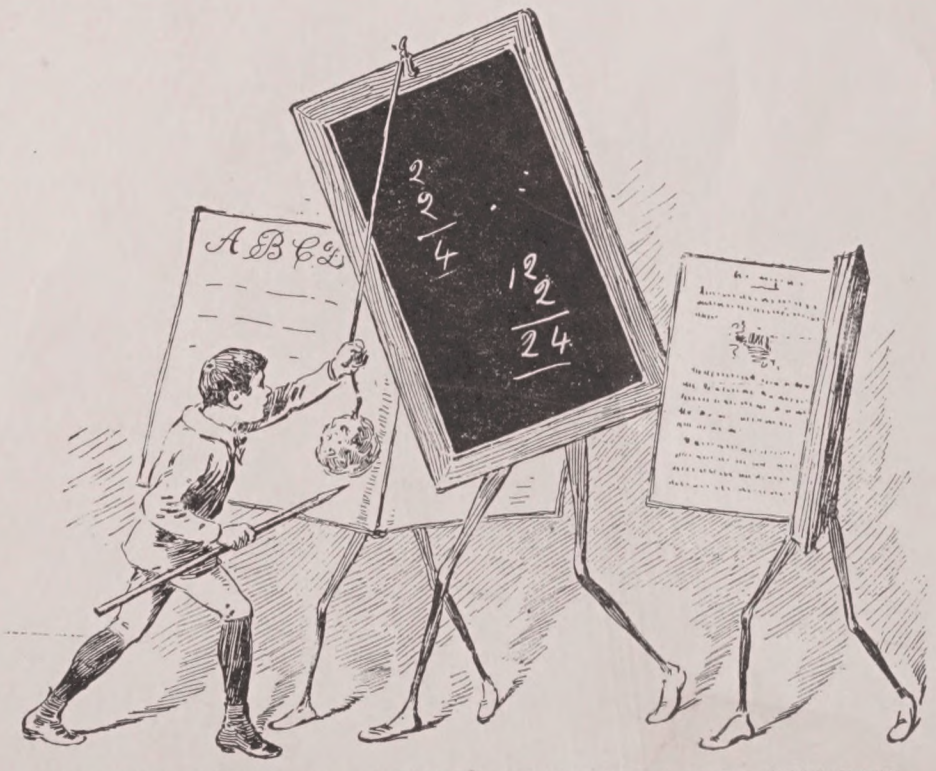
himself; and he had a long wand in his hand; and stood poking his red nose out of the window in a most inquisitive manner.

At the castle gate sat the two griffins, likewise on the look-out; but thanks to his coat Jack passed between them unharmed. At the gate hung a large trumpet, and below it was written, as a notice to travelers

"Whoever can this trumpet blow,
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

You may fancy what a blast Jack blew; but you can hardly fancy the crash with which the gates flew open; and the bewildered look of the giant and magician, as they stood biting their nails with vexation and fear. The captives were liberated, and the giant and magician killed in a most satisfactory way; and Jack set out for King Arthur's court with the fair duke's daughter, whom he soon made his wife, and I am told they lived long and happily.

Now I only hope that all little boys and girls who read this history, will attack the gigantic sums, verbs, and lessons they may have to do as valiantly, and conquer them as completely, as the giants were overthrown by JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.



THE KIND OF GIANTS YOUNG FOLKS HAVE TO FACE NOWADAYS.

THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

'TWAS Christmas time: a dreary night:
The snow fell thick and fast,
And o'er the country swept the wind
A keen and wintry blast.

The little ones were all in bed,
Crouching beneath the clothes,
Half trembling at the angry wind,
Which wildly fell and rose.

Old Jem the Sexton rubbed his leg,
For he had got the gout;
He said he thought it wondrous hard
That he must sally out.

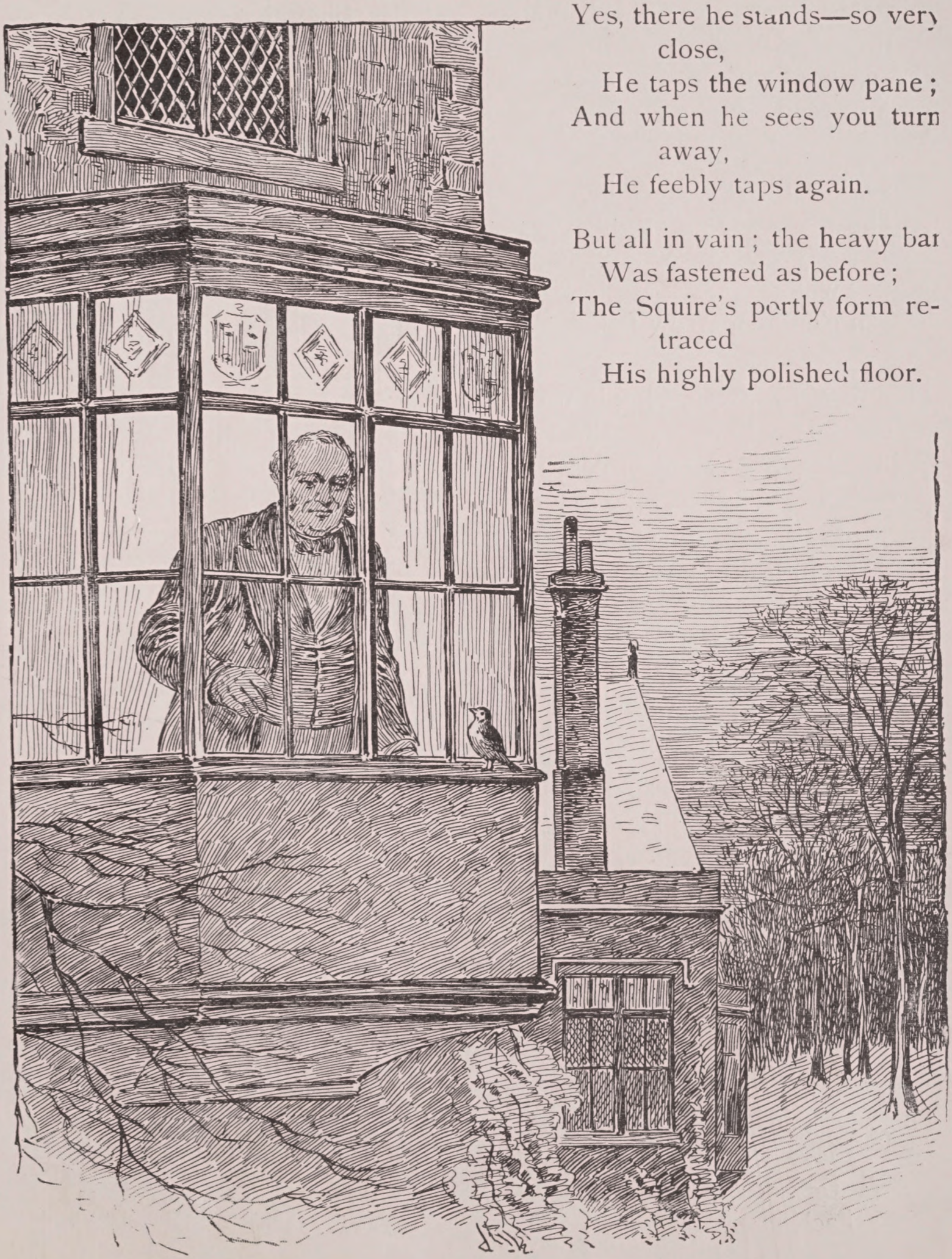
Not far from Jem's, another house
Of different size and form,
Rose high its head, defying well
The fierce and pelting storm.

It was the Squire's stately home—
A rare, upright Squire he,
As brave and true a gentleman
As any one could see.

The Squire sat in his library
So cheerful, bright, and warm,
When suddenly he roused himself
To look out at the storm.

Lifting the shutters' ponderous bar,
He threw them open wide,
And very dark, and cold, and drear,
He thought it looked outside.

Ah, Squire! little do you think
A trembling beggar's near,
Although his form you do not see,
His voice you do not hear.



Yes, there he stands—so very
close,
He taps the window pane;
And when he sees you turn
away,
He feebly taps again.

But all in vain; the heavy bar
Was fastened as before;
The Squire's portly form re-
traced
His highly polished floor.

Now, is there any one who thinks
  It cannot be worth while
To write about a Robin's fate,
  And treats it with a smile?

If so, I bid him to his mind
  Those words of Scripture call,
Which say that not without God's will
  Can e'en a Sparrow fall.

Our Robin's history simple was,
  There is not much to tell,—
A little happy singing bird,
  Born in a neighboring dell.

And through the summer, in the wood,
  Life went on merrily;
But winter came, and then he found
  More full of care was he.

For food grew scarce; so having spied
  Some holly-berries red
Within the Rectory garden grounds,
  Thither our hero fled.

One evening everything was dull,
  The clouds looked very black,
The wind ran howling through the sky,
  And then came grumbling back.

The Robin early went to bed,
  Puffed out just like a ball;
He slept all night on one small leg,
  Yet managed not to fall.

When morning came he left the tree,
  But stared in great surprise
Upon the strange, unusual scene
  That lay before his eyes.

It seemed as if a great white sheet
  Were flung all o'er the lawn;
The flower-beds, the paths, the trees
  And all the shrubs were gone!

His little feet grew sadly cold,
  And felt all slippery too;
He stumbled when he hopped along
  As folks on ice will do.

And yet he had not learnt the worst
Of this new state of things;
He'd still to feel the gnawing pangs
That cruel hunger brings.

No food to-day had touched his beak,
And not a chance had he
Of ever touching it again,
As far as he could see.

At length, by way of passing time,
He tried to take a nap,
But started up, when on his head
He felt a gentle tap.

'Twas but a snow-flake, after all!
Yet, in his wretched plight,
The smallest thing could frighten him,
And make him take his flight.

But soon he found he must not hope
From these soft flakes to fly:
Down they came feathering on his head,
His back, his tail, his eye!

No gardeners appeared that day:
The Rector's step came by,
And Robin fluttered o'er the snow
To try to catch his eye.

But being Christmas eve, perhaps
His sermons filled his mind,
For on he walked, and never heard
The little chirp behind.

Half-blinded, on and on he roamed,
Quite through the Squire's park;
At last he stood before the house,
But all was cold and dark.

Now suddenly his heart beats
high!
He sees a brilliant glare,
Shutters unfurl before his eyes—
A sturdy form stands there!

He almost frantic grew, poor bird!
Fluttered, and tapped the pane,
Pressed hard his breast against
the glass,
And chirped,—but all in vain!

So on he went, and as it chanced,
He passed into a lane,
And once again he saw a light
Inside a window-pane.

Chanced, did we say? let no such
word
Upon our page appear;
Not *chance*, but watchful Providence
Has led poor Robin here.

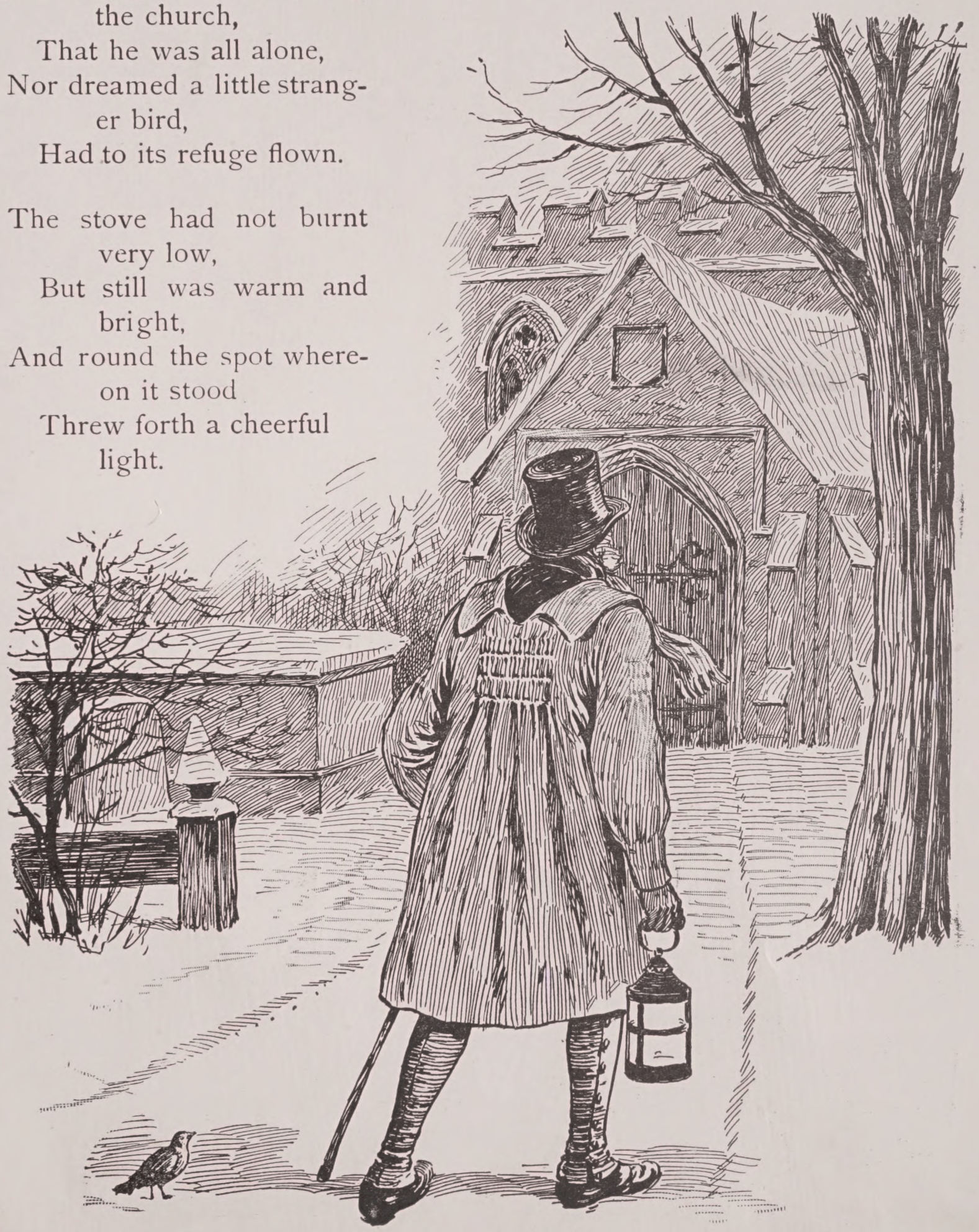
'Twas Jem the Sexton's house from
which
Shone forth that cheering light—
For Jem had drawn the curtain
back
To gaze upon the night.

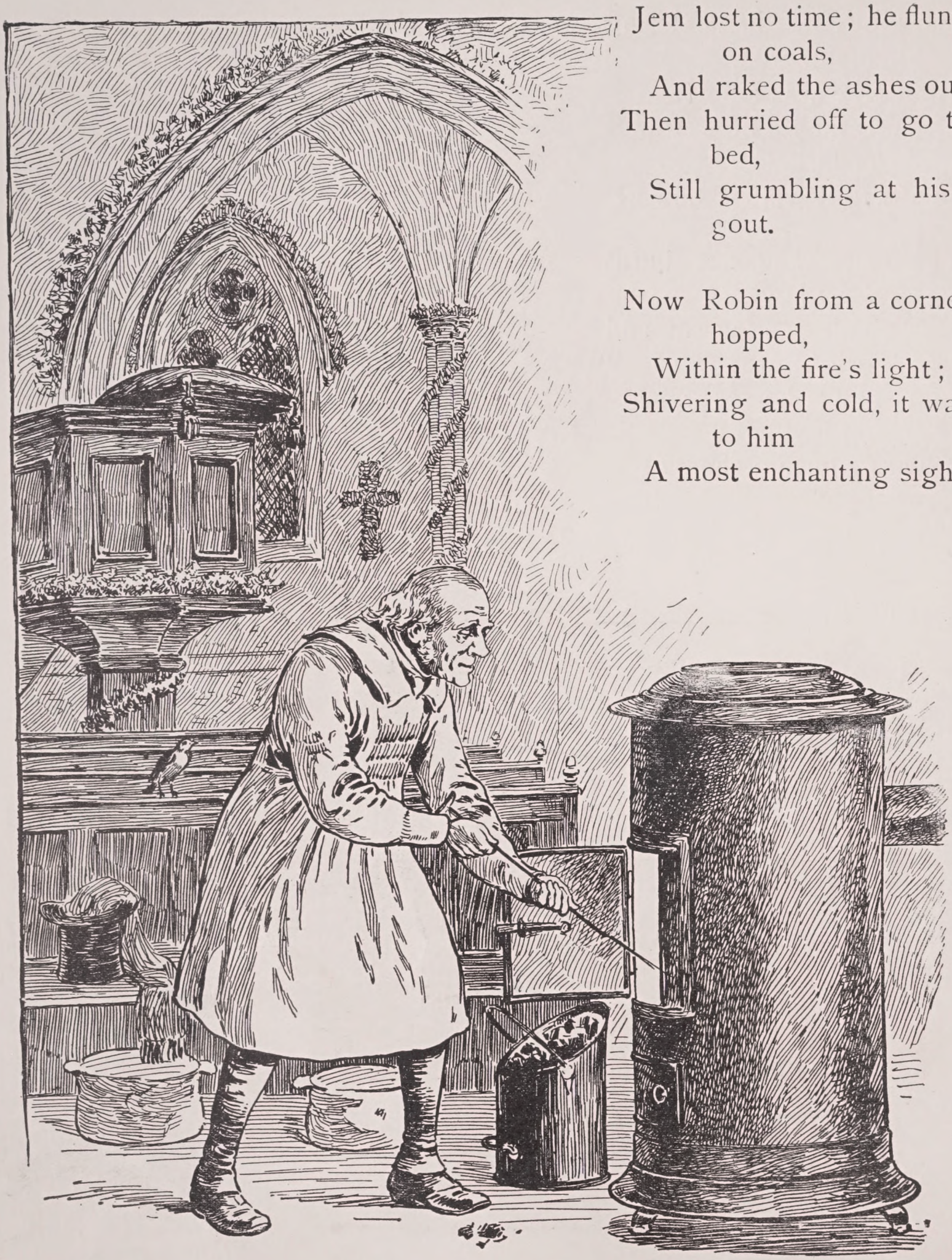
And now, with lantern in his hand,
He hobbles down the lane,
Mutt'ring and grumbling to himself,
Because his foot's in pain.

He gains the church; then for the
key
Within his pocket feels,
And as he puts it in the door,
Robin is at his heels.

Jem thought, when entering
the church,
That he was all alone,
Nor dreamed a little strang-
er bird,
Had to its refuge flown.

The stove had not burnt
very low,
But still was warm and
bright,
And round the spot where-
on it stood
Threw forth a cheerful
light.



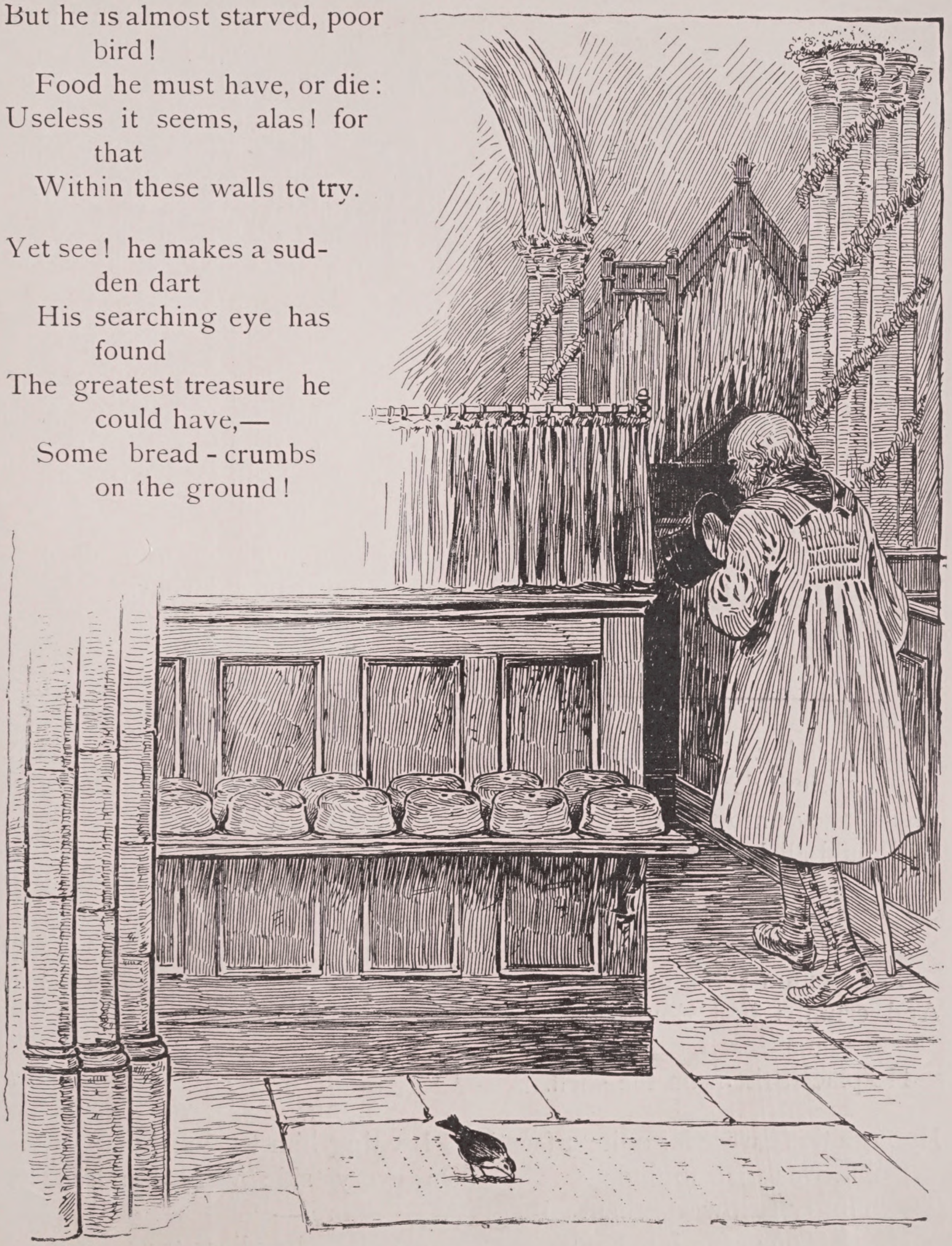


Jem lost no time; he flung
on coals,
And raked the ashes out,
Then hurried off to go to
bed,
Still grumbling at his
gout.

Now Robin from a corner
hopped,
Within the fire's light;
Shivering and cold, it was
to him
A most enchanting sight

But he is almost starved, poor
bird!
Food he must have, or die:
Useless it seems, alas! for
that
Within these walls to try.

Yet see! he makes a sud-
den dart
His searching eye has
found
The greatest treasure he
could have,—
Some bread-crumbs
on the ground!



Perhaps 'tis thought by those who
read
Too doubtful to be true,
That just when they were wanted,
Some hand should bread-crumbs
strew

But this is how it came to pass:
An ancient dame had said
Her legacy unto the poor
Should all be spent in bread.

So every week twelve wheaten
loaves
The Sexton brought himself;
And crumbs had doubtless fallen
when
He placed them on the shelf.

Enough there were for quite a feast,
Robin was glad to find;
The hungry fellow ate them all,
Nor left one crumb behind.

He soon was quite himself again,
And it must be confessed
His first thought, being warmed and fed,
Was all about his breast.

To smooth its scarlet feathers down,
Our hero did not fail,
And when he'd made it smart, he then
Attended to his tail!

His toilet done, he went to sleep,
And never once awoke,
Till, coming in on Christmas morn
Jem gave the stove a poke.

Then in alarm he flew away
Along the middle aisle,
And perching on the pulpit-top
He rested there awhile.

But what an unexpected sight
Is this that meets his eyes!
The church is dressed with holly
green,
To him so great a prize.

For 'mongst the leaves the berries
hung,
Inviting him to eat;
On every side were hundreds
more,—
A rich and endless treat.

Now, very soon a little troop,
Of children entered in:
They came to practice Christmas songs
Ere service should begin.

The Rector followed them himself,
To help the young ones on,
And teach their voices how to sing,
In tune, their Christmas song.

And first he charged them all to try
To feel the words they sang;
Then reading from his open book,
He thus the hymn began.

"Glory to God from all
To whom He's given breath;
Glory to God from all
Whom He has saved from death."

Now, when the Rector's voice had ceased,
The children, led by him,
Were just about, with earnest voice,
The verse of praise to sing.

When suddenly, from high above,
Another song they hear,
And all look up in hushed amaze,
At notes so sweet and clear.

'Twas Robin, sitting on a spray
Of twisted holly bright;
His light weight swayed it, as he sang
His song with all his might.

His heart was full of happiness,
And this it was that drew
Praise to his Maker, in the way,
The only way, he knew.

It seemed as though he understood
The words he just had heard,
As if he felt they suited him,
Though but a little bird.

The Rector's finger lifted up,
Kept all the children still,
Their eyes uplifted to the bird
Singing with open bill.

They scarcely breathed, lest they should lose
One note of that sweet strain;
And Robin scarcely paused before
He took it up again.

Now, when he ceased, the Rector thought
That he would say a word;
For Robin's tale had in his breast
A strong emotion stirred.

THE CHILDREN LISTENING TO THE ROBIN'S SONG.

"Children," said he, "that little voice
A lesson should have taught:
It seems to me the Robin's song
Is with instruction fraught.

"He was, no doubt, in great distress:
Deep snow was all around;
He might have starved, but coming here
Both food and shelter found.

"Seek God, my children, and when times
Of storm and trouble come,
He'll guide you as He did the bird,
And safely lead you home.

"Another lesson we may learn
From those sweet notes we heard
That God has given voice of praise
To that unconscious bird;

"But unto us His love bestows
A far more glorious gift,
For we have *reason*, and our souls,
As well as voice, can lift."

The Rector paused, for now rang forth
The merry Christmas chime,
And warned them all that it was near
The usual service-time.

And we must close the Robin's tale;
'Twill be a blessed thing
Should it have taught but one young voice,
To praise as well as sing.

THE ENCHANTED FAWN.

THERE were once a brother and sister who loved each other very dearly. Their mother was dead, and their father had married again a woman who was most unkind and cruel to them. One day the boy took his sister by the hand, and said: "We have not had a happy hour since our mother died. Our step-mother makes us work at the hardest tasks from morning till night, and beats us every day. Our

only food is the hard bread-crusts that are left over. The dog under the table fares better than we do; she throws him many a good bite. Heaven help us! Oh! if our mother only knew what we suffer! Come, let us leave here, and go out into the wide world."

All day they wandered over fields and meadows and stony roads. They were very sad, and once, when it rained, the little sister said: "God and our hearts are weeping together." By evening they came to a large forest. Tired out with hunger, sorrow, and the long journey, they crept into a hollow tree, and fell asleep.

The next morning when they awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, and shone warm and bright into the tree.

"I am so thirsty," said the little boy to his sister. "If I only knew where there was a brook, I would go and get a drink. Hark! I think I hear water running." They climbed out of the tree, and taking hold of each other's hands, went to find the brook.

Now the wicked step-mother was a witch, and had seen the children go away, and knew where they were.

She had sneaked after them, as is the habit of witches, and had bewitched all the water in the forest.

Soon the children found the little brook, that sparkled and rippled over the stones. But just as the boy was stooping to drink, the sister heard, as if the brook murmured:

"Drink not of me! drink not of me!
Or to a tiger changed you'll be."

So she begged of him not to drink the water or he would become a wild beast and tear her to pieces. Thirsty as he was, the boy did as she wished, and said he would wait until

THE BROTHER DRINKS THE BEWITCHED WATER.

they came to the next spring. Soon they came to another brook, and the maiden heard the waters whisper:

"Drink not of me! drink not of me!
Or to a black wolf changed you'll be."

And a second time the sister begged her brother not to drink the water or he would be changed into a black wolf and devour her. Again the brother did as she wished, but he said: "I will wait until we come to the next brook, then I must drink, say what you will, or I shall die of thirst."

But when they came to the third brook, the sister heard the cool waters murmuring:

"Drink not of me! drink not of me,
Or to a young deer changed you'll be."

And she cried: "Dear brother, do not drink here, or you will be turned into a fawn, and run away from me."

But her brother had already knelt by the stream to drink, and as soon as the first drop passed his lips he became a fawn.

The little sister wept bitterly over her poor bewitched brother, and the little fawn also wept, and kept close to her side. At last the maiden said: "Do not cry any more, dear little fawn, I will never leave you," and she untied her golden garter and fastened it around his neck, then braiding some rushes into a soft string, she tied it to the collar, and led him away into the deep forest.

After they had traveled a long, long distance, they came to a little cottage. The maiden looked in, and seeing it was empty, thought: "We can stay here and live."

She gathered leaves and moss and made a soft bed for the fawn. Every morning she went out into the forest to gather

THE FAWN IS PURSUED BY THE KING AND HIS HUNTSMEN.

roots and berries and nuts for her own food, and tender grass for the fawn, who would eat out of her hand and play happily around her. When night came, and the little sister was tired, she would say her prayers, lay her head on the fawn's back for a pillow, and sleep peacefully until morning. Their life in the woods would have been a very happy one, if the brother could only have had his proper form.

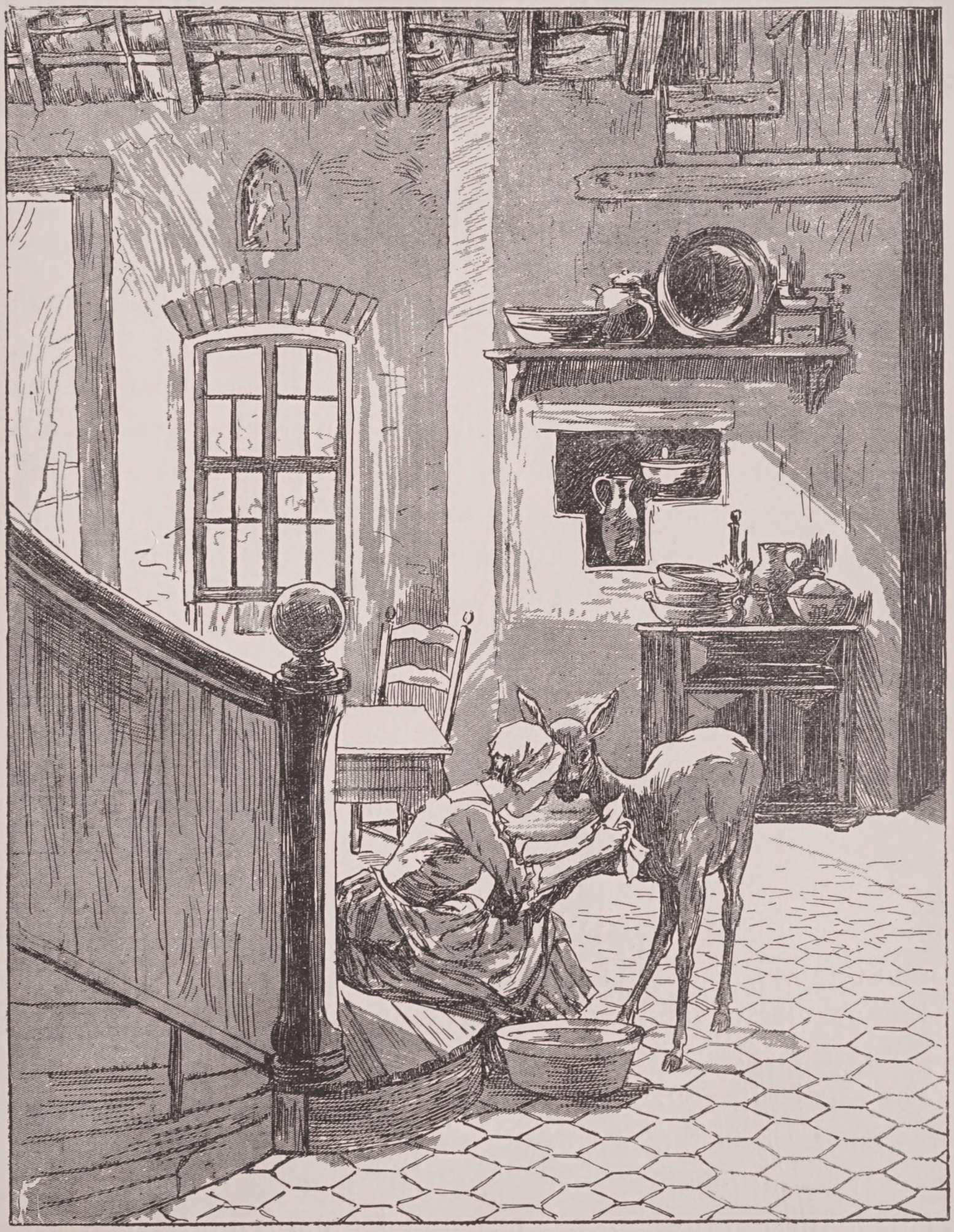
The maiden had lived a long time in the forest with the fawn for her only companion, when it happened that the king of the country held a great hunt. The loud blasts of the horn, the baying of the hounds, the lusty cries of the huntsmen, sounded on every side. The young deer heard them, and was eager for the chase.

"Please let me join the hunt," he said to his sister; "I cannot restrain myself any longer," and he begged so piteously, that at last she consented.

"At evening you must come back again," she said. "But I shall have my door locked against those wild hunters, and that I may know you when you knock, say: 'Sister, let me in.' If you do not say this, I shall not open the door."

She opened the door and the deer bounded away, glad and joyful to breathe the fresh air, and be free. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful animal, and started in chase of him, but they could not catch him, and when they thought they had him safe, he sprang over the bushes and disappeared. As soon as it became dark, he ran to the little cottage, knocked at the door, and cried: "Sister, let me in." The door was quickly opened; he went in, and rested all night on his soft bed.

The next morning the chase was continued, and when the



THE SISTER CARING FOR THE WOUNDED FAWN.

deer heard the sound of the horn, and the "Ho! ho!" of the huntsmen, he could no longer rest, and said: "Let me out, sister, I must go."

His sister opened the door, saying to him: "You must return at evening, and don't forget what I told you to say."

As soon as the king and his huntsmen caught sight of the young deer with the golden collar, they all gave chase, but he was too quick and nimble for them. All day long they followed him. Towards evening the huntsmen surrounded him, and one of them wounded him a little in the foot, so that he limped and had to run more slowly. One huntsman followed him to the cottage, and heard him cry: "Sister, let me in." Then he saw the door open, and quickly close again. The huntsman was astonished, and went and told the king all he had seen and heard. "To-morrow," said the king, "we will once more give him chase."

But the maiden was very much frightened when she saw that the deer was wounded. She washed the blood from his foot, and bound healing herbs on it, and said: "Go and lie down upon your bed now, dear fawn, that you may become strong and well again."

But the wound was so slight that the next morning he felt nothing of it. And when he heard the sound of the hunt again outside, he said: "I cannot stay here, I must join them. They shall not catch me so easily again."

"No, no," said his sister weeping; "you must not go. They will kill you, and I shall be left alone here in the forest, deserted by all the world."

"If I do not go, I shall die of longing," he said. "When I hear the hunting-horn, I feel that I must bound away."

THE KING AT THE COTTAGE.

With a heavy heart, his sister opened the door, and the young deer went leaping joyfully through the woods. When the king saw him, he said to his huntsmen: "Do not lose sight of him all day, but see that no one does him any harm."

When evening came, the king said to his men: "Come now, and show me where the cottage stands." They did so, and the king going to the door, knocked and cried, "Sister, let me in." The door opened, the king entered, and he saw standing before him a maiden more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. But how great was her astonishment on opening the door, to see, instead of the deer, a man enter, wearing a golden crown on his head. But the king looked at her kindly, and extending his hand, said: "Will you go with me to my castle and be my dear wife?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the maiden, "I am willing to go, but the deer must go also; I can never leave him."

"He shall remain with you as long as you live, and shall never want for anything," said the king.

At this moment the deer came bounding in. His sister again fastened the string of rushes to his collar, and leading him by her own hand, they went out from the lonely cottage in the woods for the last time.

The king placed the maiden upon his horse and rode with her to the castle, where the marriage was celebrated with great splendor, and she became queen, and they lived together happily for a long time, while the deer played in the castle garden and received every care and attention.

In the meantime, the wicked step-mother, on whose account the children had been driven into the world, had no thought

THE KING CARRIES THE MAIDEN HOME TO HIS CASTLE.

but that the little sister had been torn to pieces by wild animals, and that the boy, whom she had turned into a fawn, had been shot by the hunters. When she heard, therefore, of their good fortune, and how happy they were, she was filled with envy, and gave herself no rest until she had thought of a way to destroy their happiness.

One day, her own daughter, who was as ugly as night, and had only one eye, said to her: "Oh, if I had only been born a queen!"

"Be quiet now," said the old woman; "when the time comes, I shall be on hand, and you shall yet be a queen."

The time came when a little son was born to the queen and the king was away to the hunt. The old woman, taking the form of a nurse, entered the room of the queen, and said: "Come, your bath is ready. Let us be quick before it gets cold." Her daughter, who was also there, carried the queen into the bath room, where they had made a suffocating fire, and leaving her there to die, closed the door upon her and went away.

This done, the old woman tied a cap on her own daughter's head, and had her lie down in the queen's place. She gave her the form and appearance of the queen as nearly as she could, but the lost eye she could not restore, so she had her lie on the side where there was no eye.

In the evening when the king came home, and heard that he had a son, he was greatly rejoiced, and went at once to see the queen. But as he drew the curtain, the old woman cried: "For your life do not draw that curtain, the queen cannot bear the light!" So he went away without knowing that a false queen had taken her place.

THE KING BEHOLDS THE QUEEN VISITING HER CHILD.

At midnight when every one was asleep, as the child's nurse sat alone by the cradle, she saw the door open and the true queen enter. She took the child in her arms, nursed it, and then laying it in its cradle again, covered it carefully, and went out. She did not forget the deer, but went to the corner where he lay and gently stroked his back and then silently disappeared.

In the morning the child's nurse asked the guard if he had seen any one leave the castle, but he said no, he had seen no one. The queen came many nights in this manner without speaking to any one. The nurse saw her, but said nothing to any one about it.

After some time had passed, the queen one night began to speak, and said:

"How fares my child? how fares the deer?
Twice more shall I come, and then disappear."

The nurse made no answer, but when the queen had gone she went to the king and told him everything.

"Alas!" said the king, "what does this mean? To-morrow night I will watch by the child."

The next evening he went into the nursery, and at midnight the queen came in, and said:

"How fares my child? how fares the deer?
Once more shall I come, and then disappear."

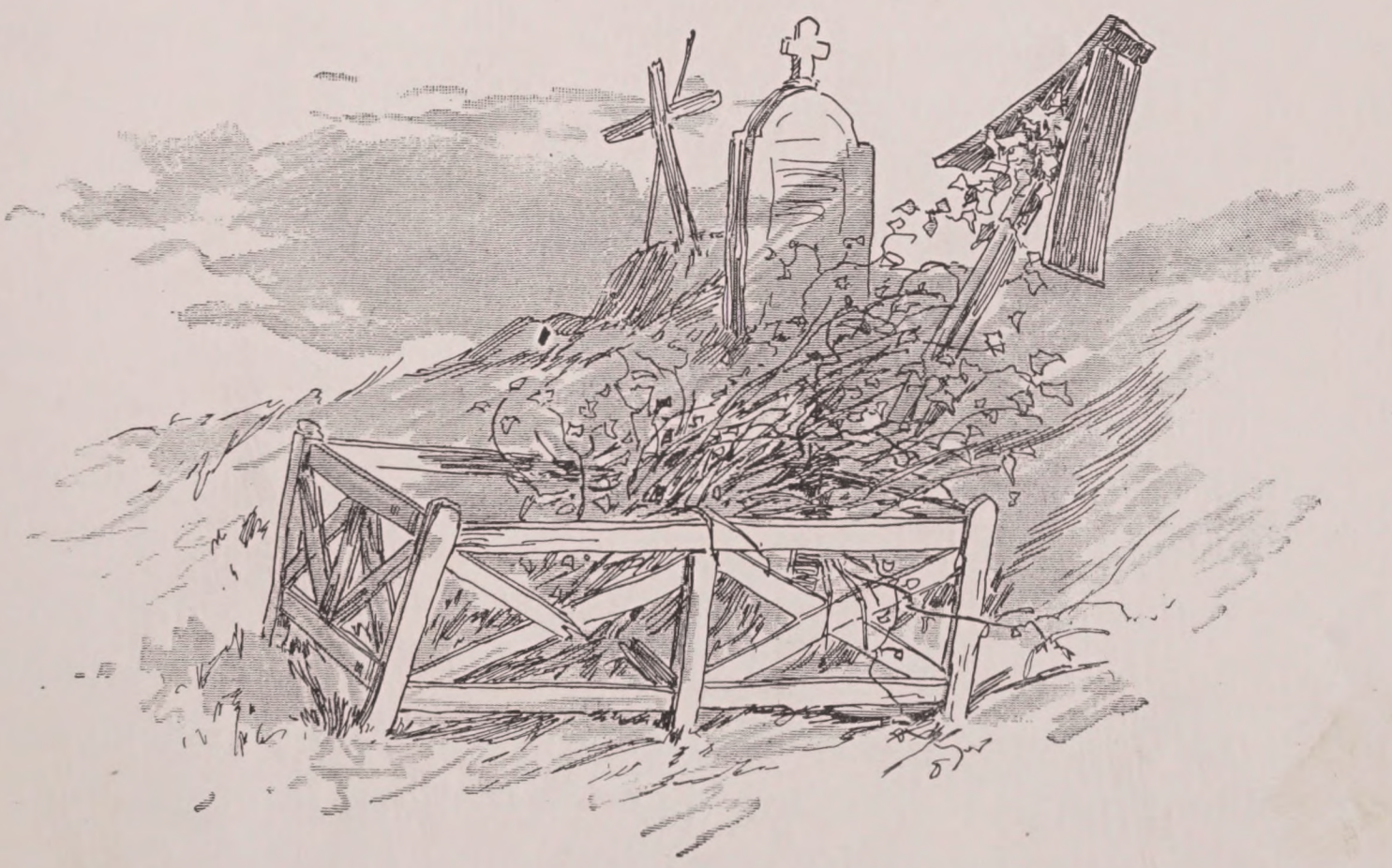
She took the child in her arms as usual, and then went out. The king would not trust himself to speak, but he watched the following night, and this time she said:

"How fares my child? how fares the deer?
This time do I come, and then disappear."

But the king could hold back no longer, and sprang towards her, saying: "You can be no other than my dear wife!"

"Yes, I am your dear wife," she replied, and at that moment she was restored to life, as well and beautiful as ever.

Then she told the king how he had been deceived by the wicked witch and her daughter. He had them brought to judgment and they were condemned to death. The daughter was driven to the forest where she was torn to pieces by wild beasts, and the old witch was led to the fire and miserably burnt. No sooner was she burnt to ashes than the young deer was restored to his human form, and the brother and sister spent the rest of their days happily together.



THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD.

IT was about seven hundred years ago, in England, when Richard the First was king, that Robin Hood lived. At that time a large part of the land was covered with great forests, in which deer and other game ran wild; and it was near the borders of one of these, called Sherwood Forest, that Robin Hood was born.

From his earliest years he had a great love for all the manly out-door sports and games of those times, and he became very expert at them; above all, in the use of the bow and arrow. He grew so skillful in this that there was no archer in all the country round who could compare with him, and he always carried off the prizes at the shooting matches. Besides this, he had bright wits, and a merry heart; loved a song and a jest; and was liked by nearly everybody who knew him.

But something took place which drove him into a way of life that, otherwise, he might not have chosen for himself. In those days all the game in the forest belonged to the king; it was against the law to shoot it; and the king had men in the forest, called foresters, to catch those who did so and have them punished. One day, as Robin Hood was passing through the forest, he met with a party of these foresters. One of them was a man who had a great name as an archer,

and was jealous of Robin Hood's growing fame. He began to taunt Robin, and at last dared him to show his skill by shooting a deer which came in sight at a great distance. Robin Hood's temper was up; and, without thinking, he put an arrow in his bow and let it fly at the deer, which it struck and killed. The forester only became more angry at this feat, which was one that he could not do himself, so he said he would take Robin and have him hung for killing the king's deer. Robin started to fly, but the foresters pursued him so closely that he saw no chance of escaping, so he turned, and again drawing his bow, sent an arrow into the heart of the man who had begun the quarrel. He dropped dead, while his comrades stood still, not knowing but that they might be served as badly, so Robin Hood escaped.

But as there would now be no mercy shown to him if any of the king's men laid hands upon him, he became an outlaw; that is, he lived in the forest, and got his food by shooting the deer and other game, trying of course not to come in the way of the foresters. Now there were many other young men who, from one cause and another, had taken to this kind of life, and Robin Hood soon gathered them

into a band of which he was made captain, and which became so strong that in the end they were more of a terror to the foresters than the foresters to them. They wore a uniform of Lincoln green, with scarlet caps; and besides his bow and arrows, each man had a short sword; while the captain carried a bugle-horn with which to call his men when he needed them.

They led a pleasant life in the greenwood, but it was an entirely unlawful one, for besides shooting the game, they used to rob rich people who passed through the forest. But Robin Hood, though a robber, was in many ways so good that he was thought well of by most people; for he would not take from those who were poor—instead, he often gave them help. He would let none of his men hurt or rob a woman, and when the weak were wronged he took their part.

He gave a proof of this one day when he stopped a knight named Sir Richard of the Lea, who was passing, with two followers, through the forest. Robin saw that the knight wore a very sad face, and he asked why this was so. The knight replied that he had met with losses, and had been forced to mortgage his lands to the Abbot of St. Mary's at York, who, if the money were not paid next day, would seize all he had. Robin Hood was touched by the sadness of the knight, and agreed to lend him the sum needed to redeem his lands. The knight departed in great joy, and this kind deed was told of, far and wide, greatly to Robin Hood's credit.

Robin Hood's dearest friend, and the next in command to himself, was called Little John. The way in which they came together was this. Robin liked to roam the forest by

himself in search of adventures; and one day, as he was passing thus along a forest path, he came to a brook over which a narrow plank was laid for a bridge. At the same time a tall stranger, carrying a staff in his hands, drew near from the other side. They met in the middle, and as they could not pass each other, it became a question which should go back. "Let me pass," said the stranger, "or it will be the worse for thee."

Robin laughed at the idea of any one trying to scare him by threats, and told the stranger to go back or he would put an arrow through him.

"Then," said the other, "thou art a coward, for none other would offer to use a bow and arrows against a man armed only with a quarter staff."

Now Robin Hood was anything but a coward, and could not bear to do that which would give anybody a right to call him one; so he stepped aside and cut for himself a staff of oak.

"Now," said he "we are equal; we will fight it out; and whichever first knocks the other into the water shall be the victor."

The stranger was seven feet tall, and though Robin Hood was expert in the use of the quarter staff, he found him more than a match. After they had thumped each other for a while, the stranger at last hit Robin a blow which sent him into the brook. He waded to the bank, while the stranger stood and laughed at him. Then Robin Hood sounded his horn, and his men came running from all sides. When he told them how he had been served, they wished to give the stranger a taste of the water too, but Robin, who was very much pleased with his strength and skill, stopped them, and asked the stranger if he would not be one of his merry-men.

"Most willingly," cried he, "and though my name is John Little, I hope you will find that I can do great things!"

The merry-men laughed when they heard the big stranger's name; and one of them said that it should be changed from John Little to Little John, which was done, and he was ever after called that way.

Another time, as Robin Hood was walking through the greenwood, he found a fat friar sitting near a brook, and thought he would have some sport with him, so he said: "Carry me over the brook, fat friar, or I will beat thee till thou art sore."

The friar, without a word, tucked up his gown and carried him over, but as Robin started off he cried:—

"Stop, my fine fellow, and carry me back or it will cause thee sorrow."

Robin took the friar on his back, and carried him over, and set him down, saying:—

"Now, take me over once more, fat friar. As thou art twice my weight, it is right I should have two rides to thy one."

The friar again took him on his back, but in the middle of the stream he threw him in the water, saying: "Now, my pretty youth, let us see if thou canst swim."

Then he went laughing on his way. But Robin was angry, and ran after him, and attacked him with his staff. The friar defended himself, and they fought for a long time without either getting the best of it. Finally, when both were tired out, Robin Hood told the friar who he was, and asked him if he would not like to join his band and be their chaplain. The friar was a jolly fellow, and was quite willing to take Robin's offer. So he became one of the merry-men and said the prayers for the band. When it was necessary, he could fight as well as the best of them, and he got to be almost as famous as Robin Hood himself, being known as Friar Tuck.

Robin, before he became an outlaw, had been in love with a young maiden named Marian, but he had not seen her since. Her love for him did not die out, however; and finally her longing to see him became so great that she put on boy's clothes, and went to seek him in

the forest. She met him at last; but he did not know her in her strange dress, and she would not, at first, tell him who she was, but drew her sword and dared him to fight. He, of course, soon overcame her; so she took off her cap, and let her beautiful hair fall over her shoulders, and then Robin Hood knew her. He still loved her as much as ever, and they were soon married by Friar Tuck, the merry-men celebrating their wedding with great festivity.

It was the way of the outlaws when they caught travelers who seemed likely to have much gold or silver about them to take them to dine with Robin Hood. After they had been feasted he would see how much they had, and would make them pay for their entertainment according to their means. One day they brought before him a rich abbot, the same who had been so harsh with Sir Richard of the Lea. Robin Hood resolved that besides taking his gold, he would put him to shame; so after they had stripped him of all his money, they tied him upon a mule's back, with his face to the tail, and in that ridiculous posture sent him out of the forest, amidst hooting and laughter.

One day, as he was on his way to the town of Nottingham, Robin Hood fell in with a traveling tinker and asked him for the news. "Surely" said he, "wandering about as thou dost, thou must hear a great deal."

"Ay," said the tinker, "I do, and the latest I have heard is the best."

"What may that be?" asked Robin.

"It is," replied the other, "that at last there is to be an effort made to catch that thief, Robin Hood. He has done mischief enough in this forest. I have a warrant, myself, from the Sheriff of Nottingham to catch him; and it would be worth a hundred pounds to me if I could find him."

Robin laughed to himself at this, but went on talking to the tinker until they came to Nottingham. Here he invited the tinker to go with him to an inn, where he treated him so liberally to ale that he became drunk, and finally, fell asleep. When he awoke, Robin Hood had gone, and the sheriff's warrant was missing too. The tinker called the landlord, and told him of his loss. "Why," said the landlord, laughing, "thou hast been cheated; that was Robin Hood himself."

The tinker at once started to hunt for Robin again; and was lucky enough to meet him in the forest the next day. He attacked him immediately with a thick club that he carried, while Robin defended himself as best he could with his

oaken staff, which was the only weapon he had with him. They fought long, on nearly even terms, until at last Robin's staff broke beneath the stout blows of the tinker, who then called upon him to yield or he would crack his skull.

Robin blew his horn for help, and Little John and another came to his aid. They seized the tinker, and were going to hang him to a tree, but he was such a fine, stout fellow that Robin Hood thought he would like to add him to his band. So he proposed that he should join, saying that he would give him the hundred pounds reward which he had lost. This was too good an offer to be refused, so the tinker agreed, and Robin said that as he was a man of *metal* by trade, he hoped he would prove a man of *mettle* by nature.

But it happened, at last, that King Richard had occasion to journey into that part of the country where Sherwood Forest lay; and there he heard so much of the doings of Robin Hood, and of the way in which he evaded capture, that he made up his mind that something must be done to put an end to such defiance of authority. But he was advised that it would

be useless to try to come at Robin Hood with a force of soldiers, as he knew the forest so well, and how to hide in it, that he had no trouble in escaping from pursuit when the greater strength of his foes made him choose not to fight.

So the king concluded to go into the forest alone, wearing plain black armor, and without anything to show that he was king; hoping in this way to meet Robin Hood, and learn for himself what kind of a man he might be.

He had not ridden many miles before he was called upon to halt by Robin Hood himself, who took him for some obscure knight. The king had been a Crusader, and wore the red cross which was borne by those who had gone to the Holy Land to fight; and as Robin Hood had a great respect for all such, he addressed the supposed knight in a friendly way, and invited him to come and dine with him.

The king consented, and Robin Hood led him to where the merry-men held their feasts, and they all sat down to a banquet of the best the forest afforded. The guest proved a jolly companion, and did his full share in the way of joke and song.

Being curious to know if Robin Hood and his men were as wonderful shots as report made them out to be, the king, after the meal, turned the talk on to the subject of archery, and Robin Hood was soon led into giving an exhibition of the skill of himself and his band. Two rods were set up at a distance which the king, from his knowledge of archery, thought to be too distant by at least fifty paces. But Robin Hood said that his men must shoot at no nearer mark, and that by their rules, he who missed should receive a stout blow as a penalty. When the shooting began, the king could not

help expressing his admiration at its accuracy; and the infliction of the penalty in the few cases in which shots were missed made him laugh heartily. Finally he spoke to Robin Hood and said:

"Robin Hood, I have much credit with the king. How would it be if I could get him to forgive thy misdoings? Wouldst thou be one of his men and serve him faithfully?"

This was what Robin wished more than all else in the world. "I would be glad," said he, "to give up the life I lead. I did not like it from the first. Some men praise my deeds; but, for my own part, I hate my way of living. King Richard is a brave prince, and if he would but forgive me, he would find me as true, and as full of love for him, as any man in his service."

"I am King Richard," said the knight, as he stood up with a majestic air; and when he had said this, Robin Hood and all his men fell down on their knees before him.

"Stand up, my brave men," said the king. "You have been thieves, which you should not have been, but you are able to serve me if you will. I will forgive what you have done up to this time, but take care that your acts from henceforth are such that I shall feel no grief for the way I now treat you."

Then Robin and his men arose and gave three cheers for the king.

When the king returned to London, Robin and many of his men went with him, while those who remained were made foresters. Robin rose so high in the king's favor that he became rich, and was made Earl of Huntingdon. He continued to be as kind-hearted as ever, and never refused to help the poor and unfortunate, when it was in his power to do so.

He lived at court many years; but when he grew to be an old man, a great longing took possession of him to return to the forest and resume the merry life he had led there in his younger days. So he got the king's permission to leave the court, and with his dear friend, Little John, who shared his longing, he sought his old haunts in Sherwood.

He found a few of his old comrades still living there, and spent some time very happily with them. But one day, as he was walking with Little John, he said:

"We have shot many deer together, Little John, but to-day I feel as though I could shoot no more."

"Why sayest thou so, dear master?" said Little John.

"I know not what ails me," said Robin Hood, "but my fingers seem too feeble to draw the bow. Help me to Kirkleys Priory, Little John, perhaps my cousin, the Prioress, may relieve me by letting a little blood."

So they set out for the Priory, but with all the assistance Little John could give him, the walk so fatigued Robin Hood that when they reached there he was very ill.

He knocked feebly at the door and went in, while Little John remained without. His cousin received him with apparent friendship.

"Now sit thee down, cousin Robin," she said, "and I will get thee food and drink."

"Nay" said Robin, "I will neither eat nor drink till thou hast let me blood."

"Come into my private room then," said the lady, leading the way.

Robin Hood had no suspicion of treachery, and placed himself in his cousin's hands without fear. That his cousin *was* treacherous, however, there is no doubt, though the reason for her treachery is not certainly known. By some it is said that she bore enmity against Robin on account of his treatment of the Abbot of St. Mary's and other churchmen. Whatever her motive, she bled him so profusely that the blood would not stay; and when he attempted to rise, and

open the door of the room in which he had been left alone, he found that the door was locked.

"Now" said he, "what shall I do?" He bethought him of his horn, and blew three feeble blasts.

"Alas!" said Little John, who was waiting anxiously near, "I fear my master is nearly dead. I never heard him blow such blasts as those before."

He soon broke open the locks, and was quickly by his master's side. He saw in a moment all that had occurred.

"Now," said he, indignantly, "I will burn this nunnery down."

"Nay," said Robin, "that may not be. I never injured woman in my life, and dying it should be the same."

"Then what can I do for thee, dear master?" said Little John.

"Bring me my bow and arrows, and open yonder window. I will shoot one more shot, and where the arrow falls, there bury me with my bow by my side."

So his bow was brought, and Little John supported him while, with all his remaining strength, he shot an arrow out of the window. He fell back exhausted, and soon breathed his last.

Then the heart-broken Little John, and his sorrowing comrades, bore him to the spot marked by the arrow; and there his grave was dug, and he was laid to rest as he had directed.

HECTOR, THE DOG.

Man loves the dog, the dog loves man:
The dog is trusty, strong, and brave,
And God has on the dog bestowed
The power and will man's life to save.

And often has the tale been told,
How, borne along in eager strife,
While struggling hard to rescue man,
The noble dog has lost his life.

THE little Inn of Martigny
Had but few guests on Christmas Eve,
For men at home made festive cheer,
And cared not household joys to leave.

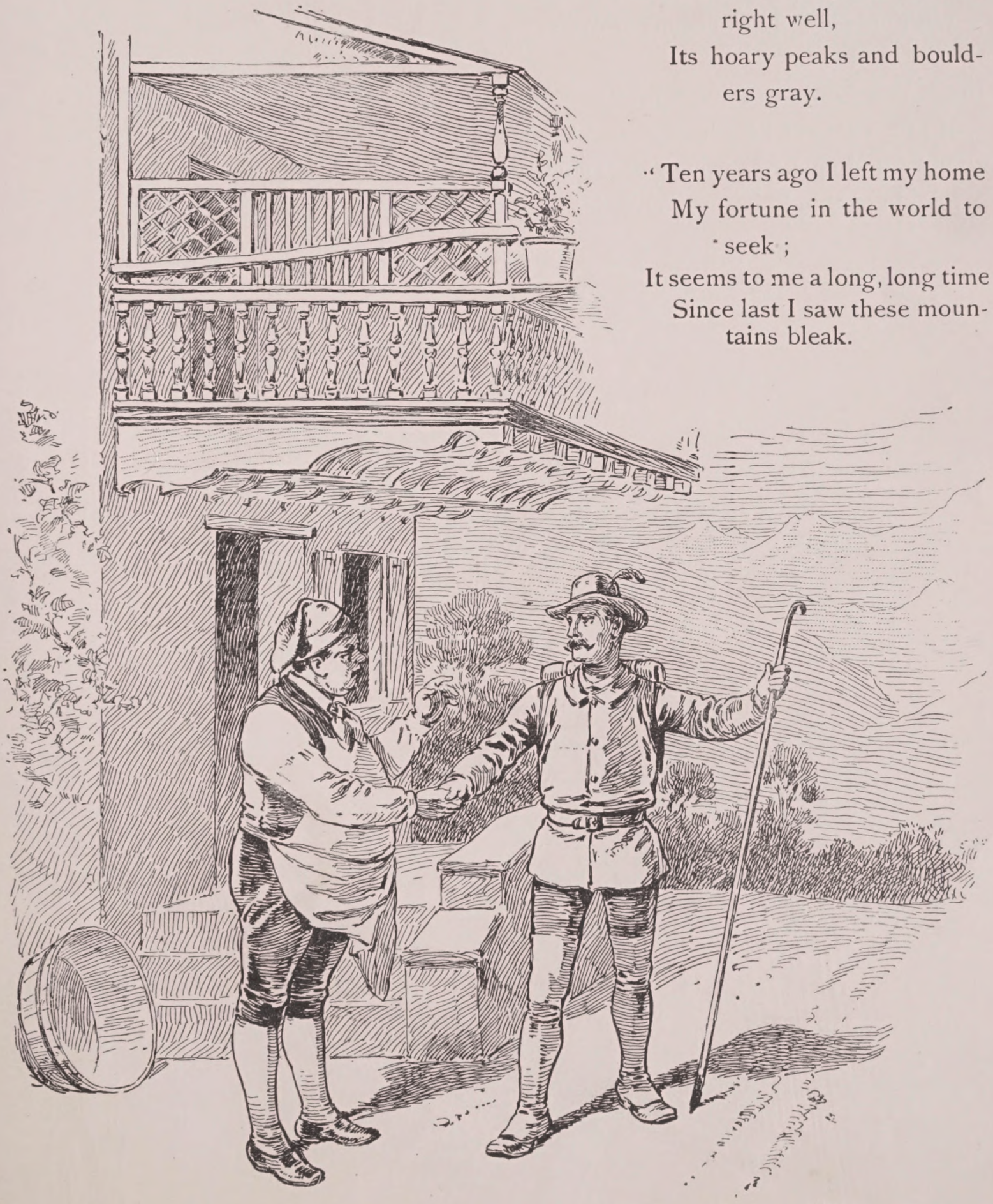
But near the door a traveler stood,
Who with his host had earnest talk,
With knapsack girt and staff in hand,
All ready for a mountain walk.

"Nay, stay to-night the way is long;
Dark clouds are flitting o'er the sky;
A storm is brewing, trust my word,—
I hear the raven's warning cry.

"Come, friend, give up thy toilsome walk,
And spend thy Christmas with us here."
The landlord spoke with kindly voice,
Himself a well-trained mountaineer.

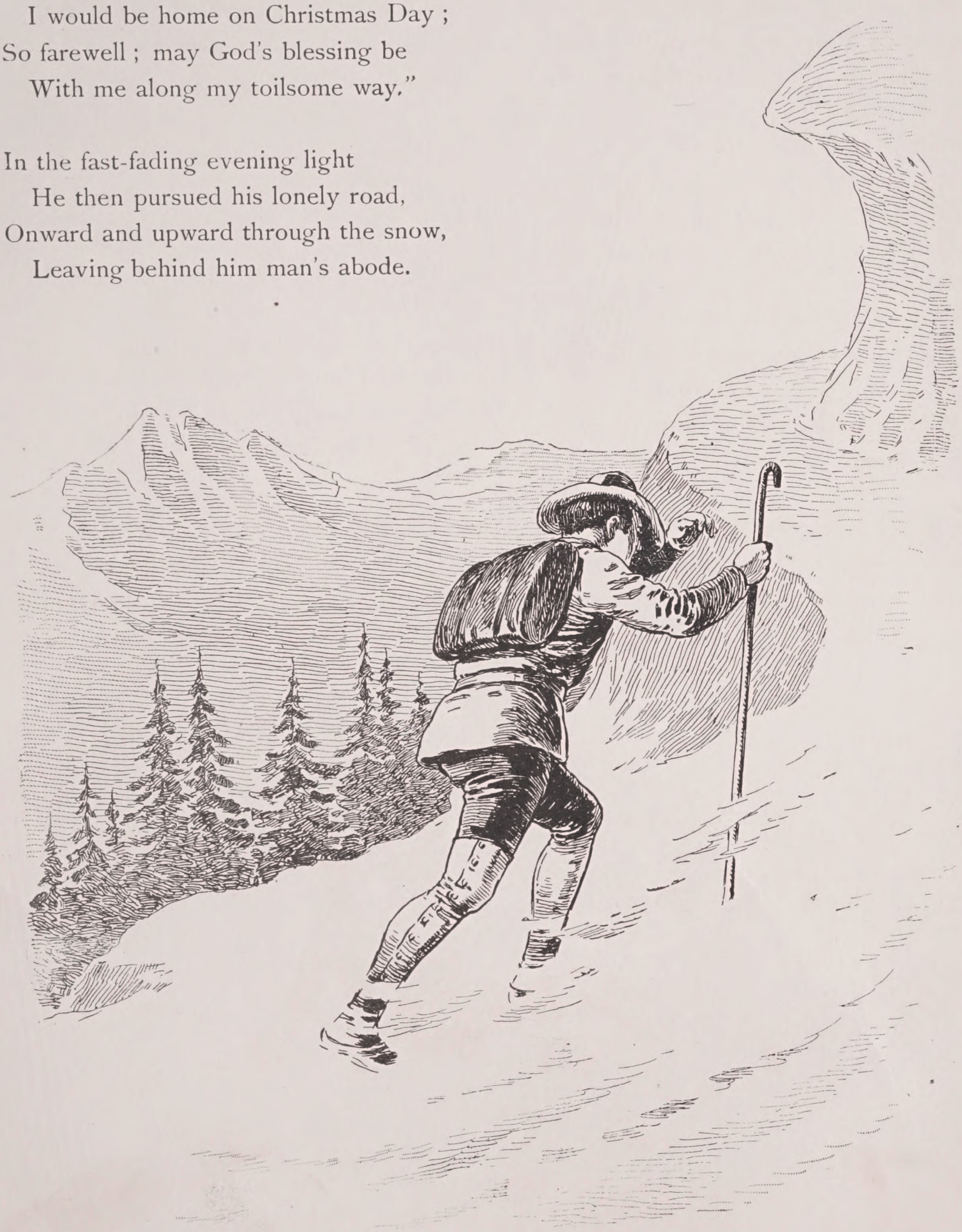
"Nay, press me not," the man replied;
"I must get home by Christmas day,
The mountain pass I know right well,
Its hoary peaks and boulders gray.

"Ten years ago I left my home
My fortune in the world to seek;
It seems to me a long, long time
Since last I saw these mountains bleak.



"I promised them that, come what might,
I would be home on Christmas Day;
So farewell; may God's blessing be
With me along my toilsome way."

In the fast-fading evening light
He then pursued his lonely road,
Onward and upward through the snow,
Leaving behind him man's abode.



Above him rose the snowy peaks,
  Still glowing white against the sky,
And many a crevasse, deep and wide,
  Around his path he could descry.

Upward and onward still he toil'd,
  His heart was beating loud and fast:
He'd reach'd his own dear fatherland—
  Danger and toil were well-nigh past.

He long'd to hear his father's voice,
  His mother's kiss once more to feel,
And in the quiet restful home
  With them once more in prayer to
    kneel.

He long'd to spread before their gaze
  The honest gains of many a year,
Earn'd with hard toil for those he lov'd
And guarded with a jealous care.

His father, with his silver hair;
  His mother, with her kind blue eyes:
His sisters, little playmates once,—
  Would he their faces recognize?

Colder and colder blew the wind,
  It whistled up the mountain-pass,
The blinding snow-storm flew before:
  The ice was slippery as glass.

Onward he went, but cautiously;
  "Surely I have not miss'd my way?
The night grows dark, 'tis piercing cold:
  Can I hold on till dawn of day?"

And still he battled with the storm,
  That every moment fiercer grew,
And stronger came the dreadful thought
That he the way no longer knew.

And now his strength is ebbing fast ;
  His head is sinking on his breast.
Oh! could he in that fearful storm
  But find some shelter, gain some rest!

Happy for him that at that time,
  Alone upon the mountain-side,
He knew that to his Father's love,
  His life or death he might confide.

The eddying snow-wreath whirl'd
      around—
  Snow hid the path, snow fill'd the air.
He fell unconscious to the ground,
  The object of a Father's care.

Above the smooth white-sheeted snow
  The convent-walls rose dark and high,
And bright the clear, cold stars look'd
      down
  From out the wind-swept winter sky.

The stately shadows, broad and dark,
  Lay stretch'd along the mountain-side,
And through the narrow windows gleam'd
  The blazing logs of Christmas-tide.

It was the holy Christmas Eve,
  When joy in Christian homes should be
And in this lonely monast'ry
  Was friendly talk and quiet glee.

And truly none deserved it more,
  Than these lone men of lowly mind,
Who, in their Master's steps to tread,
  Had left the pleasant world behind.

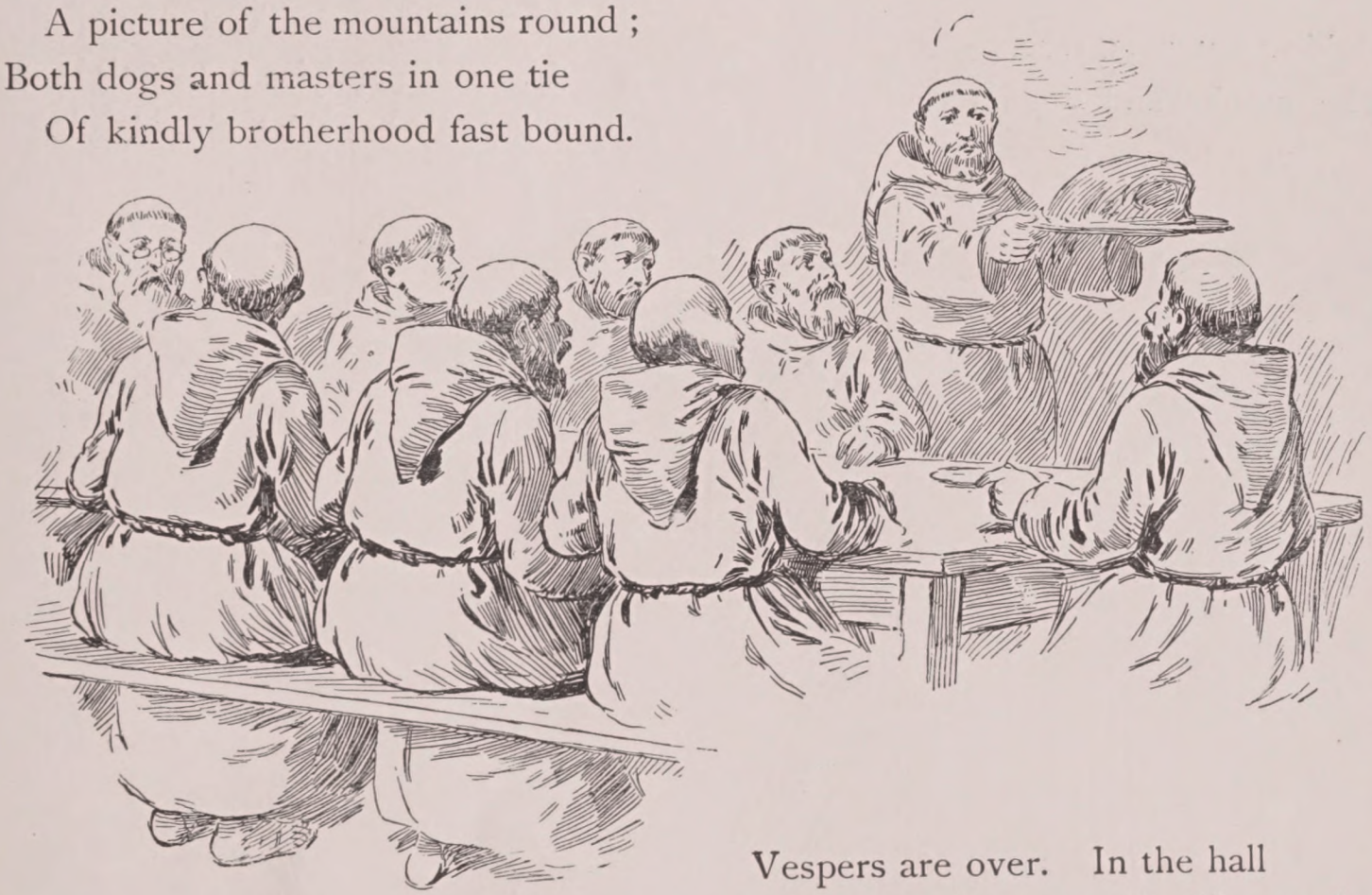
That was a scene for painter's art,
  Those men so calm, so free from strife,
Who bore upon each rugged face
  The impress of a noble life.

Nor men alone composed the group :
  Four dogs, of pure St. Bernard blood,
Or slept unconscious on the hearth,
  Or by their masters proudly stood ;

Calm, lofty, steadfast, great and strong
  A picture of the mountains round ;
Both dogs and masters in one tie
  Of kindly brotherhood fast bound.

For here, amongst the snow and ice,
  The everlasting winter cold,
Full many a weary traveler
  Had died unknown since days of old.

And so to seek and save the lost
  These men and dogs were living here ;
Bravely they daily risked their lives,
  Nor e'er gave way to thought of fear.



What was their life ? had selfish aim
  Enticed them to this lonely spot,
Life's toil and burden to escape,
  Its battle-field to enter not

No, surely ; not in sinful ease
  The daily life of each was spent,
But to fight hand in hand with Death
Each nerve was strain'd, each power bent.

Vespers are over. In the hall
  The monks are gather'd round the board
To celebrate the joyful feast
  With the best cheer their stores afford.

The noble dogs are feasting now,
  Fed with kind hands and loving care ;
For if they share their masters' toils
  Their joys and feasts they also share.

"Brethren and friends," the Prior said,
"The night grows wild, the storm gets high,
The dogs are restless; some must go,
If help is needed, to be nigh.

"This night we'll sing our hymn to GOD
With shepherds and the angelic host;
But you will praise whilst yet you serve,
And by the serving praise Him most.

So taking hatchets, torches, ropes,
The monks and dogs together went;

They make towards the mountain pass,
And soon the dogs are on a scent.

Smelling and sniffing through the storm,
Their noble heads bent to the snow,
Close follow'd by the stalwart monks,
They bravely up the mountain go.

"Full sure I guess," said Brother Ralph,
"Some traveler is out to-night,
And sure I am that for his life
With storm and snow he'll have to fight.

"And if but once he miss the path
Hard by the precipice which winds,
A fearful sight 'twill be for him
The mangled traveler that finds.

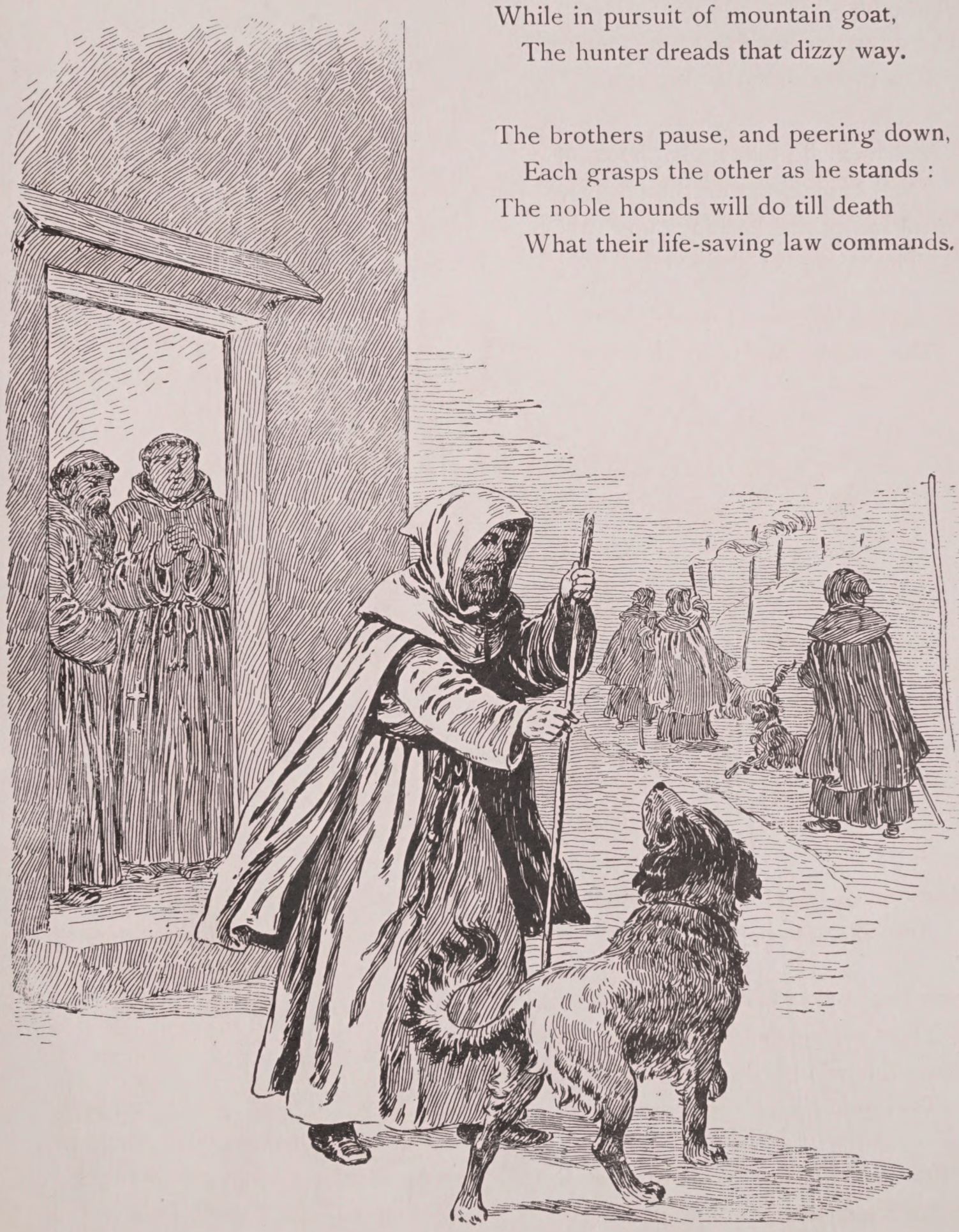
"But, see, the dogs are on the track;
See how with one consent they go;
They've turn'd the point, they're out of sight;
And, hark! that baying down below!"

The monks rush on with breathless speed
All on the strain, no word they say;
But as they breast the storm-blasts' rage
With silent earnestness they pray.

They turn the point, and down below
The eager, striving dogs they see,
All on a narrow ledge that hangs
Projecting o'er the icy sea.

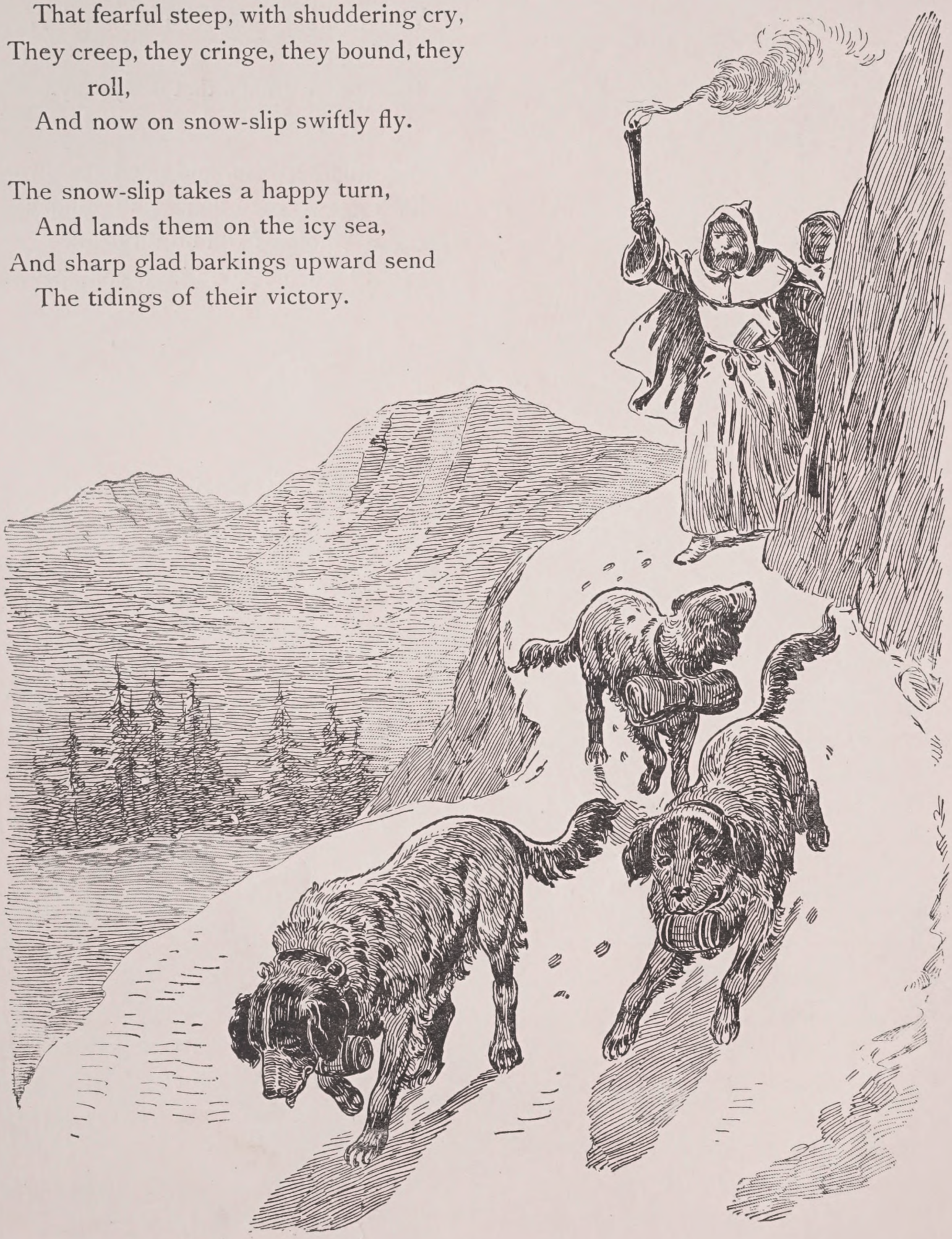
There's one way down, but e'en in light,
When all is calm, on summer's day,
While in pursuit of mountain goat,
The hunter dreads that dizzy way.

The brothers pause, and peering down,
Each grasps the other as he stands :
The noble hounds will do till death
What their life-saving law commands.



First one and then the other, down
That fearful steep, with shuddering cry,
They creep, they cringe, they bound, they roll,
And now on snow-slip swiftly fly.

The snow-slip takes a happy turn,
And lands them on the icy sea,
And sharp glad barkings upward send
The tidings of their victory.



And thanks to GOD! the storm
is past,
The gentle moon gives out her light
To guide their footsteps down each steep
And aid their swing from height to
height.

They reach at length the sea of ice,
Three dogs come bounding to their side:
The fourth, brave Hector, where was he
Hurl'd by the avalanche's slide?

Anxious and eager rush the dogs
To where a face of hopeful glow
And firm resolve, in death-like swoon,
Peers upward from the open'd snow.

What dogs could do these dogs have
done;
Man's skill and care must do the rest;
And sooner far than could be thought
Their efforts with success were blest.

But other cares await them now
No sooner had they shown the man,
Then, darting off with eager haste,
The hounds to farther distance ran.

Hector they seek, with whine and cries;
Scratching the appalling mound of snow,
Which, loosen'd from the mountain-side,
Had swept them with it down below.

Vain work for dogs! vain work for men!
Thousands of tons of ice and snow,
Heap'd up in one vast funeral pile
Poor Hector holds entombed below.

Alas! poor Hector! Gone for him
Those scampers on the mountain's side,
Where to lead men from height to height
Still upward, was his joy and pride.

Gone the sweet smell of pine-clad hill,
The bright blue sky, the sunny slope,
The torrent's roar, the eagle's cry,
The foes with which he used to cope.

For winter oft would send the wolf
To prowl among the flocks below,
And oft the bear would seek the herds
That shudder'd on their path of snow.

Then mighty courage filled the heart
Of Hector, bravest of the brave!
And forth he rushed, with eager haste,
The trembling flocks and herds to save.

But now no more! his work is done;
The dog has met a hero's end!
With deep-felt sigh the brethren mourn
Their mute companion and their friend.

Then on, with heavy hearts, and slow,
They bear with toil the rescued man,
Mounting still upward to the height
From whence their steep descent began

And slow, and hanging low their heads,
As if oppress'd by sense of shame
Mingled with grief, the noble hounds
In silence to the convent came.

There watchful care attends the couch
Where rests the traveler return'd,
And swift feet carry to his home
Good news of one they might have mourn'd.

But as each Christmas-tide return'd,
And still he toil'd in life's rough way,
With thankful praise he join'd in thought,
Hector, the dog, and Christmas Day.

THE BLUE BIRD.

ONCE upon a time there was a king who was very rich, both in lands and money. His wife died, and for a time he was inconsolable; but after a while his grief abated, and he married again. His second wife was a widow, and she had a very ugly and disagreeable daughter named Truitonne. The king also had a daughter of nearly the same age, who was so sweet and beautiful that she was considered one of the wonders of the world. Her name was Florine.

The new queen doted upon her own ugly daughter, and the fact that Florine possessed so many advantages over her made her hate the poor princess to such a degree that she sought by every means to injure her. Florine, who was as mild as she was beautiful, merely tried to keep out of the reach of the malice of the queen and her daughter.

One day it was announced that a visit to the court might be expected from King Charmant, the young ruler of a neighboring country. In mind and person this prince, as his name implied, was charming, and being still unmarried he was, of course, an object of great interest to all marriageable princesses. It at once became the ambition of the queen to secure him as a husband for Truitonne. She employed all the dressmakers, milliners, embroiderers, and work-people of every kind to fit out her daughter, and she requested the king to give nothing to Florine.

The king, who disliked argument, answered that he left her to take any measures she pleased. The queen then

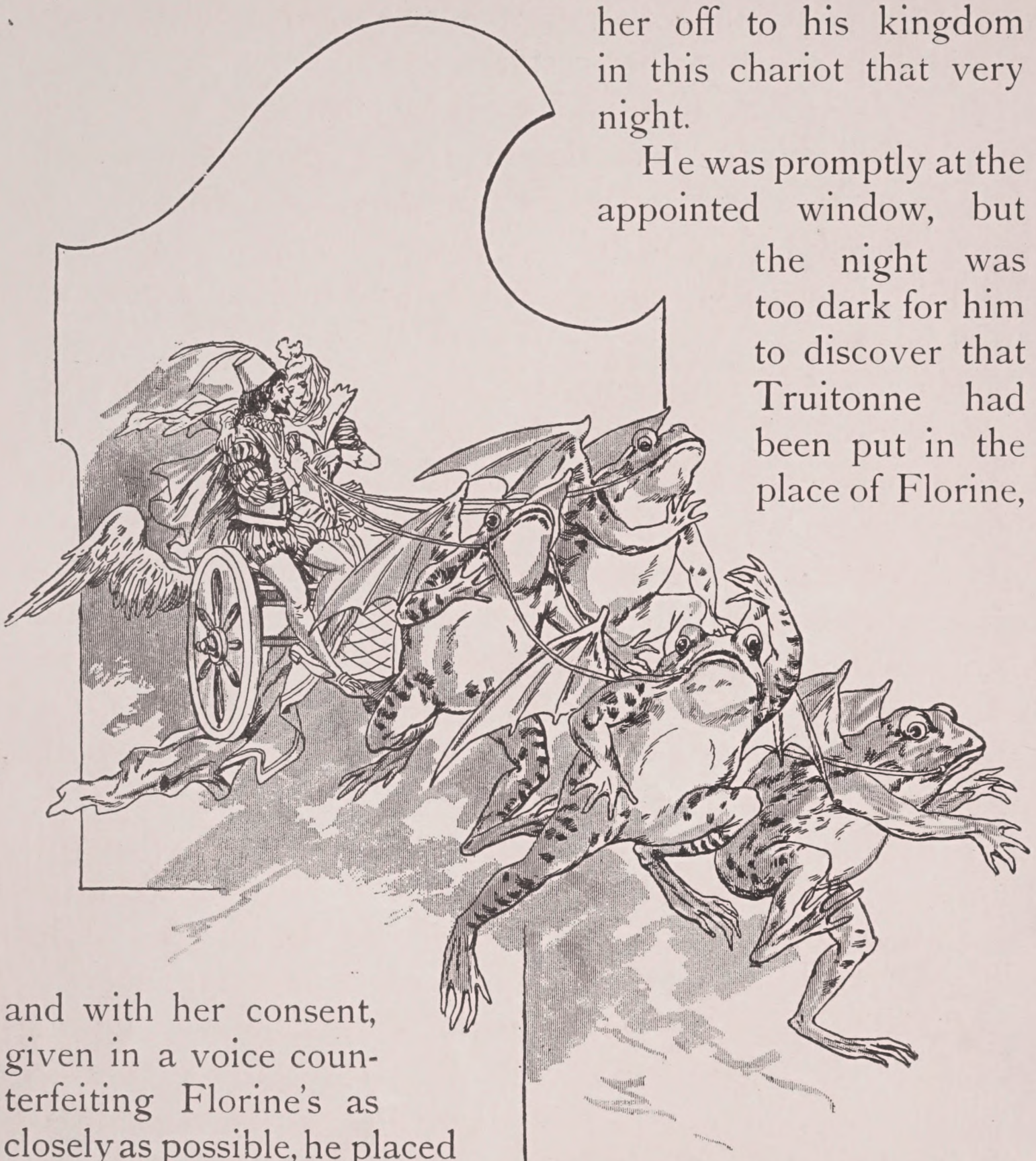
ordered the waiting-women to take away Florine's clothes the very day that King Charmant arrived, so that she was left with only the gown she had on, which was very much soiled. She was so ashamed of her appearance that when Charmant came she hid herself in a corner of the great hall.

The queen presented her daughter to the royal visitor, who was so little impressed with her magnificence that he turned his eyes from her as soon as possible. He inquired whether there was not another princess, named Florine, for reports of her beauty had reached him. There being no help for it, Florine was called forward, and came blushing, and looking so beautiful in her confusion, that King Charmant was dazzled. He displayed his admiration so openly that the queen became furious, and compelled the king, her husband, to consent that during Charmant's stay Florine should be shut up in a tower of the castle.

Charmant had been too deeply mitten by Florine's charms to regard her absence with indifference. But his inquiries as to its cause received no satisfactory answer from the queen, and he remained, for some time, ignorant of her whereabouts. At last, one of his attendants succeeded in finding out through one of the queen's maids where the princess was confined, and Charmant managed to get a message to her that the next night he would be at a little window that looked out from her room upon the garden, and would have much to say to her.

Unfortunately, one of those through whom the message had to be conveyed betrayed it to the queen. She immediately decided to place her own daughter at the window, believing that in the dark Charmant would not be able to distinguish her from Florine.

King Charmant was the owner of a magical flying chariot, drawn by four winged frogs, which had been presented to him by a powerful enchanter who was his friend. He determined that if Florine would consent he would carry



her off to his kingdom in this chariot that very night.

He was promptly at the appointed window, but the night was too dark for him to discover that Truitonne had been put in the place of Florine, and with her consent, given in a voice counterfeiting Florine's as closely as possible, he placed her in the chariot, and they set off through the air.

Desiring to be married soon as possible, he asked to his beloved princess as the supposed Florine where she would like to have the wedding take place. Truitonne, still personating Florine, answered that she had a god-

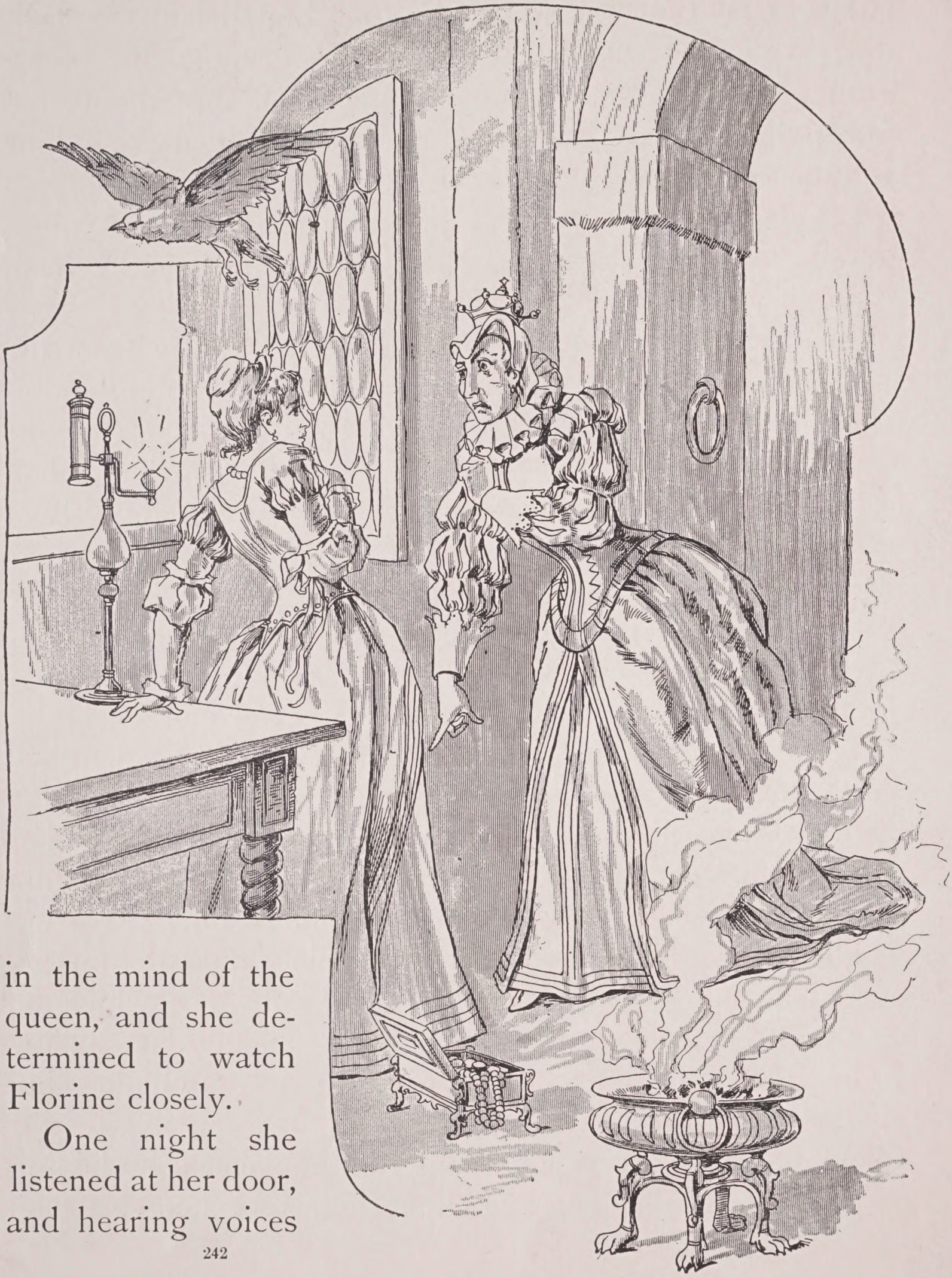
mother, named Soussio, who was a celebrated fairy, and she desired to be taken to her castle.

On their arrival at Soussio's castle, Charmant discovered with indignation the trick that had been played upon him. He refused absolutely to marry Truitonne, and Soussio, in a rage, touched him with her wand and changed him into a blue bird, which form, she declared, he should have to retain for seven years.

Overwhelmed with grief, Charmant flew away from the castle of Soussio. He naturally sought the neighborhood of the tower where his beloved Florine was confined, and one evening, as he was perched upon a lofty cypress which stood near, he heard her at her window, complaining bitterly of her separation from the one she loved so dearly. He flew to the window, and Florine, pleased with the tameness of the bird, took him in her hands and caressed him, when to her astonishment he began to speak to her, for the king's transformation had not deprived him of the power of speech.

He told her who he was and all that had happened, and Florine felt so happy in the presence of her lover, even in this form, that she no longer remembered the miseries of her prison. Day dawned before they parted, after agreeing that they would meet every night in the same manner. During the next day Charmant flew to his palace, and getting in, secured a magnificent pair of diamond ear-rings, which he presented that evening to Florine, and for many days following he continued to make visits to the palace, to obtain other gifts for his princess.

Two years passed thus without Florine's once complaining of her captivity. Her resignation at last excited suspicion



in the mind of the queen, and she determined to watch Florine closely.

One night she listened at her door, and hearing voices

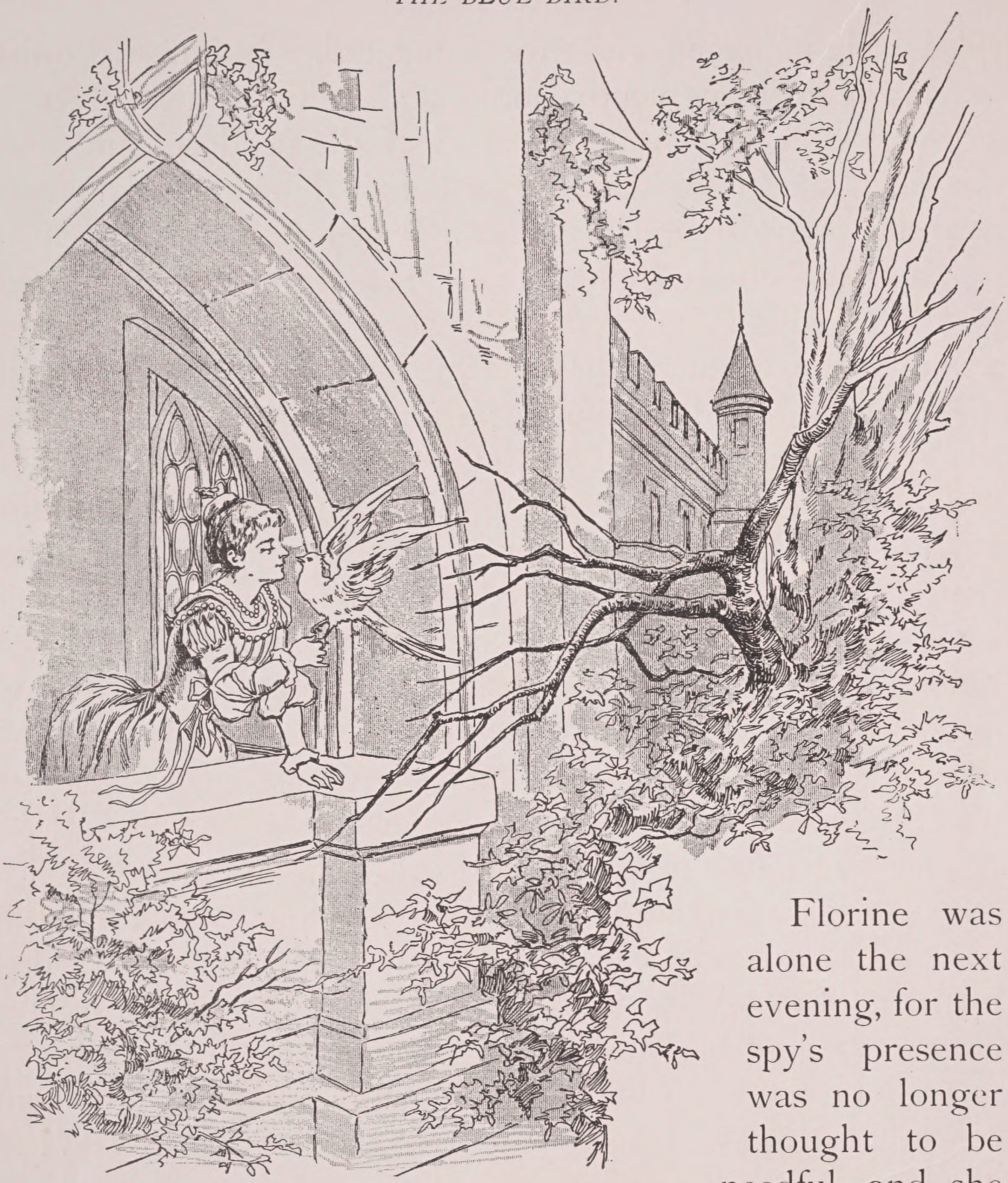
within, burst the door open and entered. Florine wore the jewels which Charmant had presented to her, and the queen's astonishment at the magnificence of these adornments fortunately prevented her from noticing the blue bird. She demanded savagely to know how Florine had obtained such jewels, but Florine refused to tell, and the queen retired greatly mystified.

She was determined, however, to have her curiosity about the matter satisfied, so she sent a young girl to sleep in Florine's apartment, under pretence of waiting upon her, but really to spy upon her. The princess saw the snare, and for a time ceased to open her window to the blue bird. But at last one night the spy appeared to be overcome with drowsiness, and Florine, thinking that she was asleep, opened her little window, and gave what had been her customary signal to the blue bird by singing:

"Bird as blue as cloudless sky,
Hither, hither quickly fly!"

The bird heard her, and was at the window in an instant. What joy once more to behold each other! But, alas, the spy's sleep was only pretended, and she heard every word of the tender conversation of the lovers. The next morning she reported all to the queen and Truitonne.

They of course knew at once that the blue bird was none other than King Charmant, and great was their rage. "What an affront!" cried the queen. "This insolent creature, whom I fancied to be so wretched, was all this time quietly enjoying the most agreeable conversation with that ungrateful king! Oh, I will have a revenge so terrible that it shall be the talk of the world!"



Florine was alone the next evening, for the spy's presence was no longer thought to be needful, and she sang again her call to the blue bird. But she sang in vain, for the wicked queen had caused sharp-edged knives to be placed in all the trees near the tower, so that when the blue bird flew among the branches, these weapons cut him fright-

fully. He managed with great difficulty to fly into the forest, leaving a track of blood behind him. His wounds were so grievous that he would certainly have died had not his friend the enchanter, who has been mentioned before, fortunately been passing through the forest and seen him.

This enchanter's skill in magic was so great that it cost him but a few words to stop the flow of blood and heal the wounds of Charmant. Then the king told him of all his misfortunes. The enchanter, not having the power to undo the spell which Soussio had laid upon the king, decided to see her and propose some arrangement under which she would restore him to his own form, for there was danger that if he continued as a blue bird his subjects might place some one else on the throne. Soussio received the enchanter politely, but the only concession she would make was to allow the king to resume his rightful shape for a short period, during which Truitonne was to reside at his palace, and he was to consider whether he would marry her or not. If he persisted in refusing, he would become a bird again.

This was agreed to, and a touch of Soussio's wand restored his own form to Charmant. He returned to his kingdom, but the idea of marrying Truitonne grew no more agreeable to him, and his mind was less occupied with his government than with devising means to prolong the period which Soussio had agreed should elapse previous to this hateful union.

But in the meantime, shortly after Truitonne's departure to Charmant's kingdom, a great change took place in Florine's fortunes. The king, her father, died, and the queen was so hated by the people that they rose in rebellion against her,

broke into the palace, and stoned her to death. They then placed Florine on the throne.

Florine's love for King Charmant had not grown less during their long separation, although she was ignorant as to what had interrupted his visits so suddenly, and could not feel sure that he had not willfully deserted her. As soon as the affairs of the kingdom had become settled she named a council to govern it during her absence, and set out in search of the blue bird, going disguised as a poor peasant girl.

One day, as she sat by a spring resting, a little old woman stopped to question her, and Florine told her all her troubles. Then the little old woman suddenly changed her appearance and became a most beautiful fairy. She smiled, and said: "Dear Florine, my sister Soussio has restored the king to his own form, and he is now in his kingdom, where you must seek him. Here are three magical eggs. Break one whenever you need assistance."

After saying this she disappeared. Florine was too fatigued to walk any furthur, and she determined to test the virtue of the eggs by breaking one immediately. Out of it came two pigeons, attached to a car. She sat herself in this and was at once transported to the capital city of Charmant's kingdom.

The first news she heard upon her arrival there was that the king was soon to be married to Truitonne. Florine felt as if she would die with grief at what she supposed was the perfidy of the king. She longed for a chance to appeal to him, hoping that she could still win him back, but could think of no means to gain his ear. In this emergency she resorted to her magic eggs, and broke the second of them. Out of it

FLORINE BREAKS THE SECOND EGG.

there came a most exquisite little coach, drawn by six green mice and driven by a rose-colored rat, while the footmen were two mice of a light violet color. In the coach sat four of the daintiest little puppets ever seen.

Florine was enraptured with this marvel, and the way to make use of it at once suggested itself to her mind, no doubt by the fairy's inspiration. She presented herself in her peasant's garb before Truitonne, giving the name of Mie Souillon and saying she had come to sell the future queen something very wonderful. Then she displayed the coach. Truitonne showed at once that she was captivated by this novelty, and at the same time betrayed her mean disposition by offering for it a very small sum, which Florine refused. Truitonne then imperiously said: "Without offending me further by thy filthy presence, tell me your price."

"You would find it difficult to pay, madame," said Florine, "were I to ask its real value, so I will propose a different sort of bargain. If you will obtain permission for me to sleep one night in the Cabinet of Echoes, I will present you with this wonder."

"Willingly, Mie Souillon," said Truitonne, laughing like an idiot at what she supposed was the girl's simplicity.

Now the Cabinet of Echoes was a chamber which the king had once described to Florine as being one of the wonders of his palace. It was situated beneath his apartments, and was so constructed that the faintest whisper uttered in it could be heard by the king in his bedchamber. To this place, as soon as night fell, Florine was conducted. She spent the night in making the most piteous complaints, addressed to the king. But he heard nothing, for having been

unable to sleep soundly since he had been separated from Florine, he was in the habit of taking a dose of opium when he went to bed.

Florine passed the greater part of the next day in extreme anxiety. "If he heard me," thought she, "there never yet was such cruel indifference. If he did not hear me, how shall I make him do so?"

There was but one egg left to give her further assistance. She broke it, and found in it a pie, composed of six birds which were larded, dressed, and quite ready for eating, yet which sang admirably, told fortunes, and were as learned as college professors.

Florine carried this marvelous pie to Truitonne's antechamber. While waiting to be admitted to her presence, one of the king's valets came up to her and said, "Mie Souillon, are you aware that if the king did not take opium, you would disturb him dreadfully, for you chatter all night long in the most extraordinary manner?"

Florine was no longer surprised that the king had not heard her. She had taken a purse of gold with her when she left her kingdom, and she now produced all that she had left of it, and said, "I so little fear disturbing the king's sleep that if you will prevent his taking opium to-night, this gold shall be yours."

The valet consented, and gave his word in the matter. The wonderful pie pleased Truitonne as greatly as the coach had done, and Florine had no difficulty in getting permission to pass another night in the Cabinet of Echoes as its price. As soon as night came she was conducted there, ardently hoping that the king's valet would keep his word.

And he did so. Florine had uttered but a few words ere the king recognized her voice. Scarcely daring to trust his

senses he hastened by a back staircase to the Cabinet of Echoes. There he found Florine, arrayed in a robe of light silk which she wore under her coarse disguise. The moment he saw her, Charmant flung himself at her feet, bathed her hands with his tears, and felt ready to die with mingled joy, grief, and the multitude of different thoughts that rushed at once into his mind.

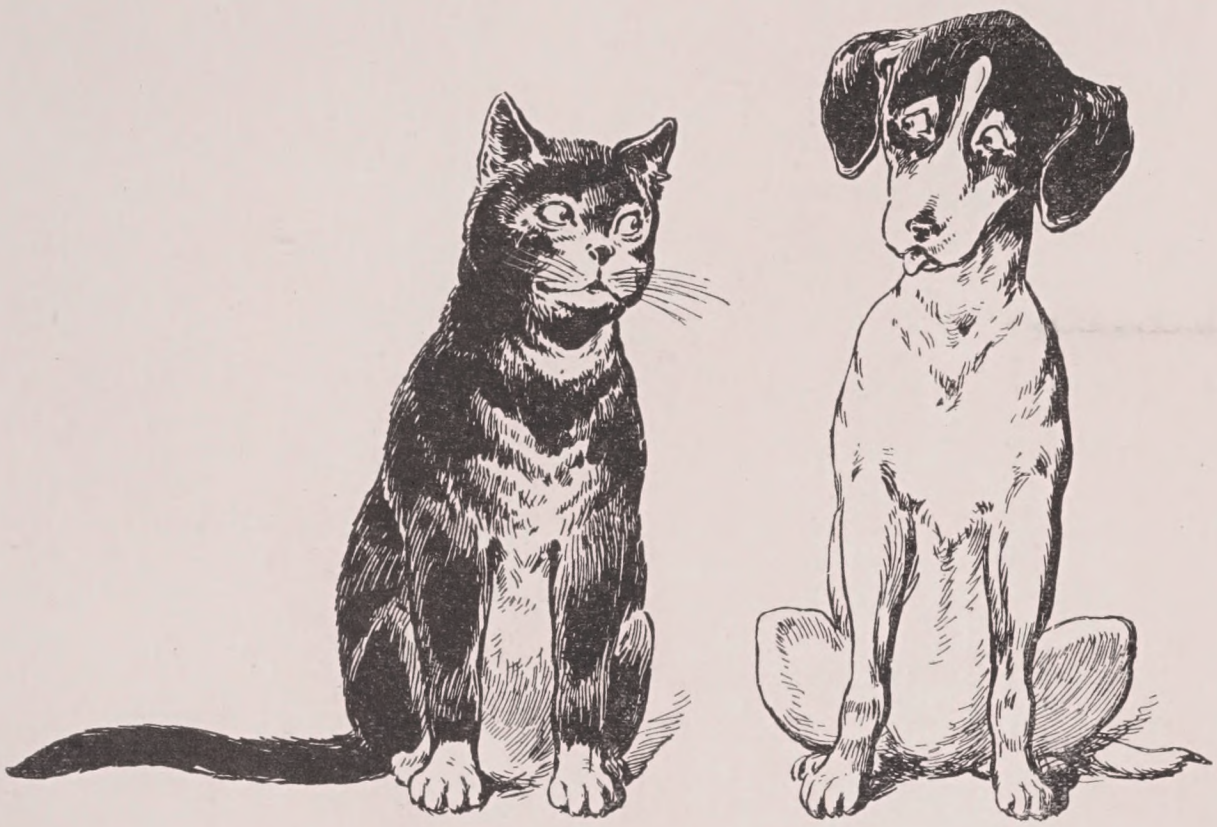
He and Florine soon mutually explained and justified themselves to each other. Their affection was redoubled and all that embarrassed them was the fairy Soussio. But at this moment the enchanter who was so fond of the king arrived with a famous fairy, who was none other than she who gave the three eggs to Florine. The enchanter and the fairy declared that their power being united in favor of the king and Florine, Soussio could do nothing against them, and that their marriage, consequently, might take place without delay.

As soon as it was day, the news spread throughout the palace, and everybody was delighted to see Florine. The tidings reached Truitonne, and she ran to the king's apartment. The moment she opened her mouth to abuse Florine, the enchanter and the fairy transformed her into a pig. She ran out of the room grunting, and thence into the kitchen courtyard, where the peals of laughter with which she was greeted completed her despair.

King Charmant and Queen Florine, delivered from so odious an enemy, now thought only of the wedding féte, the taste and magnificence of which were equally conspicuous.

It is easy to conceive how great was their happiness after passing through such prolonged misfortunes.

DAME TROT AND HER COMICAL CAT.



DAME TROT was out walking one very fine day,
And close by her side went her nimble dog, Tray,
When all of a sudden she heard such a sound
Of somebody crying, she had to look 'round.

And what do you think she beheld, the good soul?
Why, a dear little kitten as black as a coal,
That looked in her face with a pitiful "Miew!"
As if it said, "Please let me go home with you."

Dame Trot took the kitten up close in her arms,
And stroked it, and quieted down its alarms,
And soon it was purring quite happy enough,
And the Dame said, "Why, puss, you're as good as a muff!"

'"PLEASE LET ME GO HOME WITH YOU."

So Muff was the name that she gave to the cat,
For she found it would readily answer to that,
And when it lay curled on the floor in a fluff,
It really and truly looked just like a muff.

'Twas the cunningest kitten that ever you saw,
With a little white mitten on each little paw,
And a little white collar of fur 'round its neck,
That never was seen with a stain or a speck.

Now Tray was as jealous as jealous could be,
For the pet of the household he wanted to be,
And he growled at Miss Muff when she wanted to play
And said very plainly, "Keep out of my way!"

But Puss was forgiving and kind, it is true,
Nor wanted to fight as so many cats do,
So she humped up her back like a
camel, and went
To her place on the rug, where she
slept quite content.

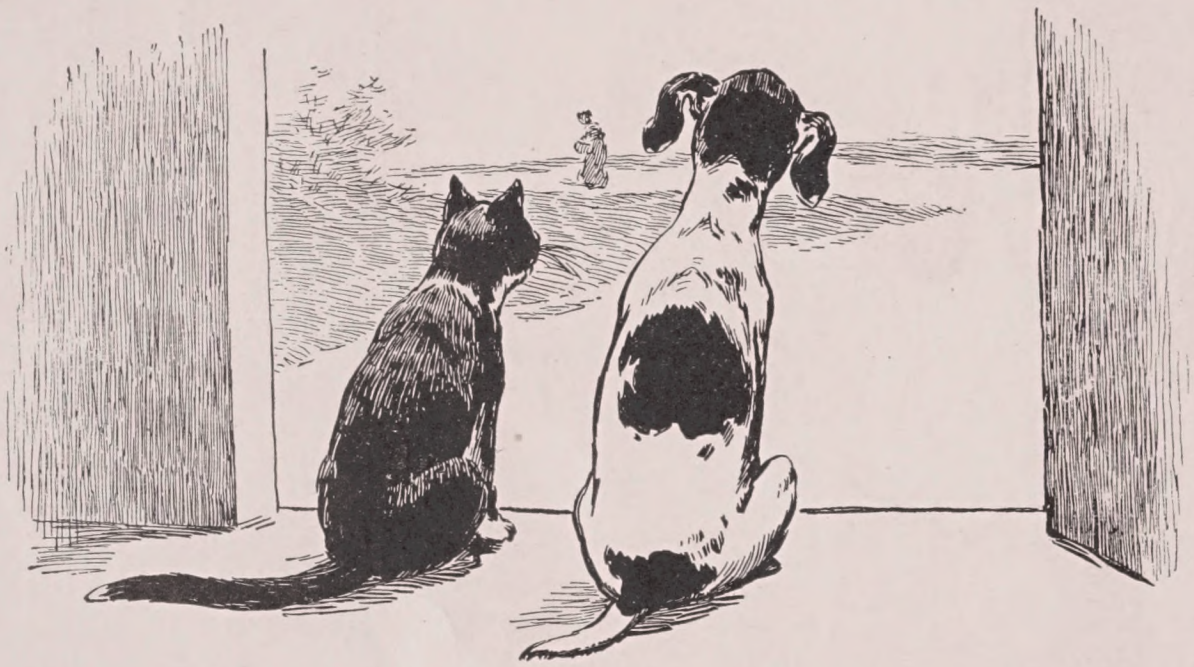
Dame Trot fed her cat on the nicest of milk,
Till its fine suit of fur was as glossy as silk,
And Pussy was grateful, so neat and so nice,
She soon rid the house of the rats and the mice.

One morning Dame Trot went off early to town,
To buy her some tea, and a calico gown,
And she said as she parted from Muff and from Tray,
"Now be very good children while I am away."

"DAME TROT FED HER CAT ON THE NICEST OF MILK."

The dog said "Bow-wow," and the cat said "Miew-miew,"
Just as if every word that was spoken they knew,
And Dame Trot went away with a smile on her face,
Quite sure that no robbers would enter her place.

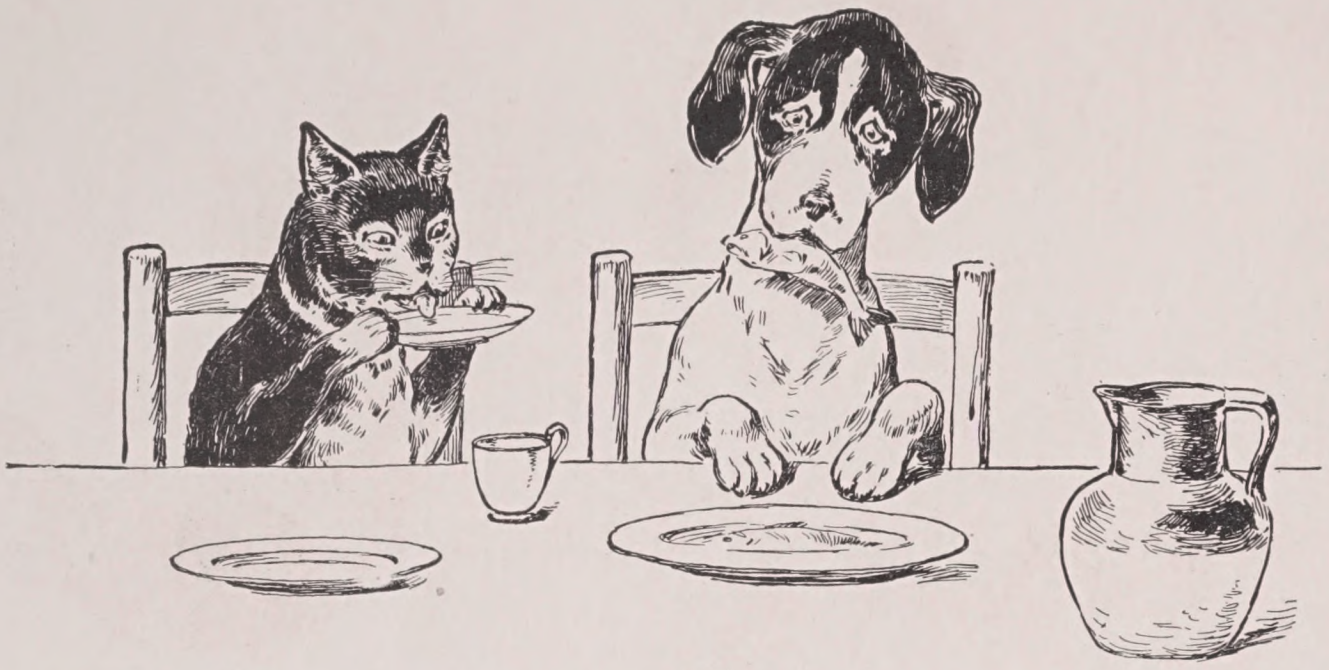
And when she came back what a sight met her eyes!
She lifted her hands, and exclaimed with surprise;
For there on the floor—each as light as a feather—
The cat and the dog she saw dancing together!



Now kittens and children, said worthy Dame Trot,
Should always improve in their manners. Why not?
And that Tray and Miss Muff might learn all they were able,
They each had a chair at their mistress's table.

Muff daintily ate from a nice china dish,
And helped herself freely to oysters and fish,
And out of a saucer of milk drank her fill,
And was careful indeed lest a drop she should spill.

"THE CAT AND THE DOG SHE SAW DANCING TOGETHER."



One day when the ground was all covered with snow,
Puss begged to go out, but the Dame said "No, no!
You'll get your feet wet, and then sick you will be,
And have to drink gallons of strong catnip tea."

But Pussy sat up as you wouldn't suppose,
And wagged her fore-paws alongside of her nose,
Till the Dame, much more ready to laugh than to scold,
Said, "Go out then; but mind you come in when you're cold!"

How Pussy did frolic and flourish around
In the snow, that was not very deep on the ground!
Now sliding off here, and then capering there,
And tossing the white flakes up high in the air.

Then over and over she rolled with delight,
Till her coat was all spotted with patches of white,
And played in this way till, beginning to tire,
She was glad to come back to her place by the fire.

Now puss had a doll that Dame
Trot bought to please her,
And gave it the beautiful name of Louisa,
And when Kitty was lonesome or wanted to play,
She'd cry for Loo! Loo! in a comical way.

The dollie was petted, was kissed
and caressed,
Though often quite roughly it must
be confessed,
And so pleased was Miss Puss with
Louisa's fair charms,
She took her cat-naps with the doll
in her arms.

Sometimes Master Tray would
growl underneath
His breath, and get angry, and
show his white teeth,

And all because Pussy, so graceful and slim,
At play with her doll, took no notice of him.

And once, I remember, oh, sad was the day,
The cat answered back in an impudent way,
And Tray was so jealous, the two had a fight,
And between them the doll was a terrible fright.

In a closet the catnip was kept on a shelf,
And Puss, though quite handy at helping herself,
Had been taught by Dame Trot better manners than that,
And was really a very remarkable cat.

For when she was ill—as was sometimes the case–
She'd go to Dame Trot, and look up in her face,
Then run to the closet, and scratch on the door
Till some of the catnip was thrown on the floor.

Dame Trot made a nice little dress for the cat,
All covered with ribbons and lace, and all that,
And a Normandy cap with the crown in a puff,
That was very becoming indeed to Miss Muff.

DAME TROT AND HER COMICAL CAT.

And when she was dressed she would sit in a chair,
And look all around with a ladylike air,
Through a pair of large spectacles over her nose,
And she cut a fine figure, as you may suppose.

Dame Trot was well known, and her cat had great fame,
And children to visit them frequently came,
For though in their houses they had playthings enough,
They were much more amused by the antics of Muff.

She was better than any fine doll they possessed,
When in the long clothes like a babe she was dressed;
And in the dolls' carriage they took her to drive,
Delighted to know that the child was alive.

Sometimes they would get up a circus, and play
For hours at a time with the cat and dog Tray,

And such comical tricks would these animals do,
That the children all laughed, and the grown people too.

Puss would jump through a ring with
astonishing grace,
Or ride on Tray's back at a runaway
pace,
Or swing in the air from a rope they
let down,
While Tray was performing the part of
a clown.

But Dame Trot was not willing her
dog or her cat
Should day after day be so foolish as that,
For children and animals need to be taught
That others grow weary of seeing them sport.

So she bought them some books and
she taught them to spell,
And really and truly they did very
well,
For soon they found out, after
many a spat,
D-O-G spelt dog, and C-A-T
spelt cat.

Muff learned in good season to make up her bed,
And was clever at baking both biscuits and bread;
She could sweep, she could dust, and take care of her room,
As if all her life she'd been used to a broom.

"SHE COULD SWEEP, SHE COULD DUST, AND TAKE CARE OF HER ROOM."

But Puss had one fault; she was fond of fine clothes,
And at poorly dressed people would turn up her nose;
And she studied the fashions and styles of the day,
And thought of them oft in her dreams, I daresay.

So one day when Dame Trot had gone out for a walk,
With her friends and her neighbors to have a good talk,
Puss dressed herself up in her best hat and feather,
And she and dog Tray left the cottage together.

Dame Trot coming home from her visit that day,
As the weather was fine took a roundabout way,
And turning a corner she nearly fell flat
With surprise, at beholding her dog and her cat.

For Tray was the pony; and there on his back,
Sat pretty Miss Muff in her fine suit of black;
And the Dame with her laughter so long and so loud
In a very few moments attracted a crowd.

"You're a very great lady, Miss Pussy, said she;
And Puss gave a simpering giggle—"Te-he!"
Or it sounded like that, for it never would do
For one in such grandeur to utter a Miew.

But Tray was uneasy and restless the while,
For he wasn't much giving to putting on style,
And though pretty Pussy he could but admire,
To welcome his mistress was now his desire.

"THERE ON HIS BACK SAT PRETTY MISS MUFF."

"YOU NE'ER SAW A CREATURE SO CRUSHED AND FORLORN."

So he sprang to the side of Dame Trot with a leap,
And down went the pussy-cat all in a heap,
And her flounces and feathers were dragged and torn,
You ne'er saw a creature so crushed and forlorn.

"Dear Puss," said Dame Trot, "'tis the love of fine clothes,
That brings on good people one half of their woes,
And sooner or later you're certain to find
That pride has a fall of the very worst kind.

"You're a beautiful cat, and I'm free to confess,
You please me the most in your natural dress;"
And Puss, looking just as if ready to speak,
Raised a velvety paw, and then stroked the Dame's cheek.

Dame Trot held the kitten awhile in her lap
Where it had an exceedingly comforting nap,
Then giving Miss Pussy another good hug,
She settled her down on the cushion so snug.

"I'm tired and sleepy," the good woman said,
"And 'tis time, I am sure, that we all went to bed;
So good night!" said Dame Trot. "Bow-wow!" said dog Tray.
"Miew-miew!" said the cat. And they slept till next day.

BLUE BEARD.

A LONG time ago, there lived a man who was very rich. He owned vast tracts of fertile land, and dwelt in a splendid castle, which contained everything beautiful and luxurious that money could buy. He had a multitude of servants, and his horses and carriages were fine and numerous enough for a king.

But although this man was blessed with so much wealth, he was so ill-looking that he was an object of fear and dread to the people among whom he lived. His face was stern and forbidding, his eyes deep-set and fierce-looking, and these, with his remarkable beard, of a dark blue color, made the people far and near dislike him, and call him old Blue Beard.

Not many miles from Blue Beard's castle, there lived a lady who had two very beautiful daughters. The reports of the beauty of these two sisters reached Blue Beard, and he heard of them so often that he began to take a great interest in the two young ladies, until at last he made up his mind to visit their mother, and ask one of them in marriage.

He was politely received by their mother, and made his proposal. They were both so lovely, he said, that he would be happy to get either for his wife, and would therefore leave it for her and her daughters to choose which it should be. But both Miss Anne, and her sister Fatima, when their mother told them the object of Blue Beard's visit, declared they would never marry an ugly man, nor, above all, one with such a frightful blue beard. Besides, it was talked over

BLUE BEARD FORBIDS FATIMA TO ENTER THE BLUE CLOSET.

the country that Blue Beard had already married several very beautiful ladies, and yet nobody could tell what had become of them. Not to be rude, however, they told their mother to say that they had no desire to change their lot, and if they had, neither would think of depriving the other of so good a match. When their mother delivered this answer to Blue Beard, he sighed deeply and went away, feigning to feel very sad. But as their mother was on his side, he did not give up all hope.

Knowing the attraction that fine houses, fine furniture, and fine dinners have for ladies in general, Blue Beard invited the mother, her two daughters, and two or three other ladies who were visiting them, to spend a day or two at his castle, and they accepted his invitation.

Blue Beard entertained his guests in such princely style, that the time glided by very pleasantly till a week had passed. Kindness and politeness, even when shown by a very ugly person, seldom fail to please; and it was therefore no wonder that Fatima, the youngest of the two sisters, began to think Blue Beard a very well-bred, kind, and civil gentleman, and that the beard, which she and her sister had been so much afraid of, was not so blue after all.

In fact, so completely had Blue Beard's polite attentions removed her previous dislike for him, that shortly after her return home she told her mother that she would now be willing to accept him as her husband. Her mother immediately sent word to Blue Beard of the change in her daughter's feelings. He lost no time in paying a visit to the family, —and in a few days was privately married to Fatima.

He took his bride home at once to his castle, and her sister

IN THE BLUE CLOSET.

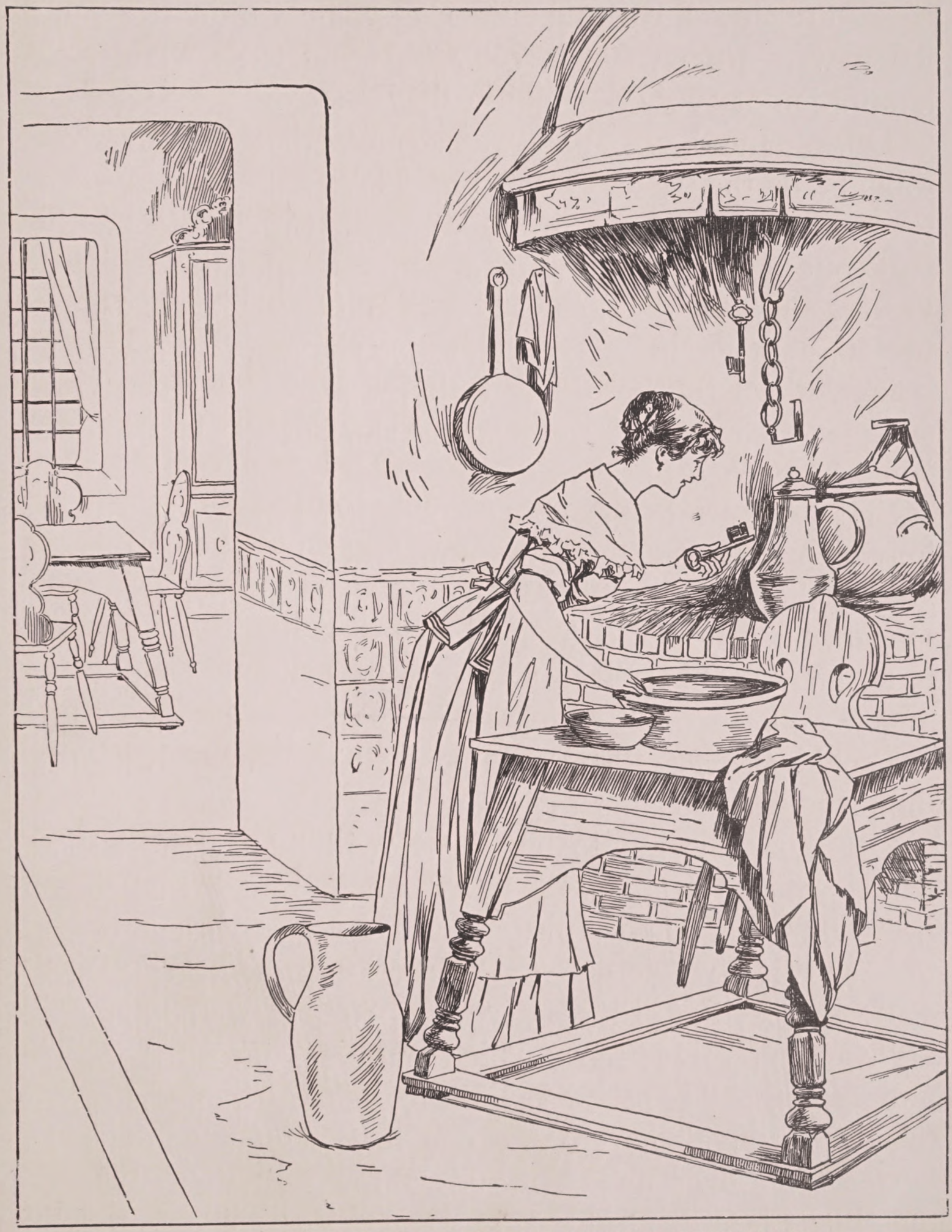
Anne went with her. A month was given up to festivity in honor of the marriage, and the time passed away like a dream. At the end of it, Blue Beard told his wife that he was obliged to leave her for a few weeks, as he had some affairs to attend to in a distant part of the country.

"But, my dear Fatima," said he, "you can enjoy yourself in my absence, in any way that you please. You can give dinners, and invite your friends to visit you, for you are the sole mistress in this castle. Here are the keys of the two large wardrobes, this is the key of the great box which contains the best plate; this of my strong box where I keep my money; and this belongs to the casket where I keep my jewels. Here is a master-key to all the rooms in the house, but this small key belongs to the Blue Closet, at the end of the long hall, on the ground floor. I give you leave," he continued "to open or do what you like, with all of the castle, except this closet; but this, my dear, you must not enter, nor even put the key into its lock. Now, do not forget, for if you fail to obey me, you must expect the most dreadful punishment."

Fatima promised not to forget, and Blue Beard, after kissing her in a tender manner, stepped into his coach and was driven away.

As soon as he was gone, Fatima sent word to her friends to come without delay and make her a visit. She also sent a note to her two brothers, both officers in the army, asking them to obtain a leave of absence, and spend a few days with her.

Her brothers wrote to her that they would arrive the next day. So eager, however, were her other friends to see the



FATIMA TRIES TO REMOVE THE BLOOD STAINS FROM THE KEY.

riches of Blue Beard, that they all came within two hours. They went from room to room, showing fresh wonder and admiration at every new object they beheld.

During the day, Fatima was so busy that she never once thought of the Blue Closet, but when all the guests were gone, she felt a great desire to know what it contained. She took out the key, and went down the stairs that led to it. On reaching the door, she stopped, and began to reason with herself, and her heart failed her, for she knew she was not doing right. But her desire to know about the closet grew stronger each moment, and at last she put the key into the lock and opened the door.

She walked into the closet a few steps, and there saw a horrible sight. She was in the midst of blood, and hanging around the walls were the bodies of the former wives of Blue Beard whom he had slain.

Fatima trembled like a leaf, and the key slipped from her fingers and fell on the floor. It was some moments before she could recover strength enough to pick it up, and fly from the place, after locking the door.

Observing the key to be stained with blood, she tried to wipe it off, but the blood would not come out. In vain did she try washing and scouring, the blood still remained, for the key was a magic one, the gift of a fairy to Blue Beard.

Early next day, Blue Beard suddenly arrived home, saying he had received news which made his intended journey unnecessary. He asked Fatima for his keys, and she gave them to him, all except the one to the Blue Closet. He looked them over, and then said, "How is it that the key of the Blue Closet is not here?"

FATIMA VAINLY BEGS FOR MERCY.

"I must have left it in my room," said she.

"Bring it to me at once, then," said Blue Beard.

The poor wife, feeling that the end was near at hand, went and got the key, and brought it to her husband. He looked at it a moment, and then burst into a terrible rage. "Pray, madam," said he, "how came this blood to be here?"

"I am sure I do not know," said Fatima, turning very pale.

"You do not know?" said Blue Beard, in a voice like thunder. "I know full well. You have been in the Blue Closet. And since you are so fond of prying into secrets, you shall take up your abode with the ladies you saw there!"

Almost dead with terror, Fatima sank upon her knees and entreated him in the most piteous manner to forgive her. But the cruel Blue Beard, deaf to her cries, drew his sword and bade her prepare for death at once.

She begged that he would at least allow her a short time to pray. "I will give you half an hour," said Blue Beard, in a harsh voice, "and no more." Then he left the room.

As soon as he left her, Fatima ran to her sister, and told her, as well as she could for her sobs, that she had but half an hour to live, and asked her to go to the top of the tower and see if there were no signs of their brothers' coming.

Her sister did so, and the poor trembling girl below cried out from time to time, "Sister Anne, my dear sister Anne, do you see any one coming yet?" Her sister always replied "No, I see no one; I see naught but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which is green:"

At last they heard the angry voice of Blue Beard, who cried out, "Are you ready? the time is up." Fatima begged

ANNE SIGNALS FROM THE TOWER.

for five minutes more, which he, knowing she was wholly at his mercy, granted. Fatima then called again to her sister "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming yet?"

Her sister replied as before, "I see nothing but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which is green."

Quickly the five minutes sped away, and then the voice of Blue Beard was heard calling "Are you ready yet?"

Again she piteously begged for a brief delay, only two minutes longer. Then she called, "Anne, sister Anne, do you not see some one now?"

"I see," said her sister, "a cloud of dust on the left-hand side of the road, not far off."

"Do you think it is our brothers?" said the wife.

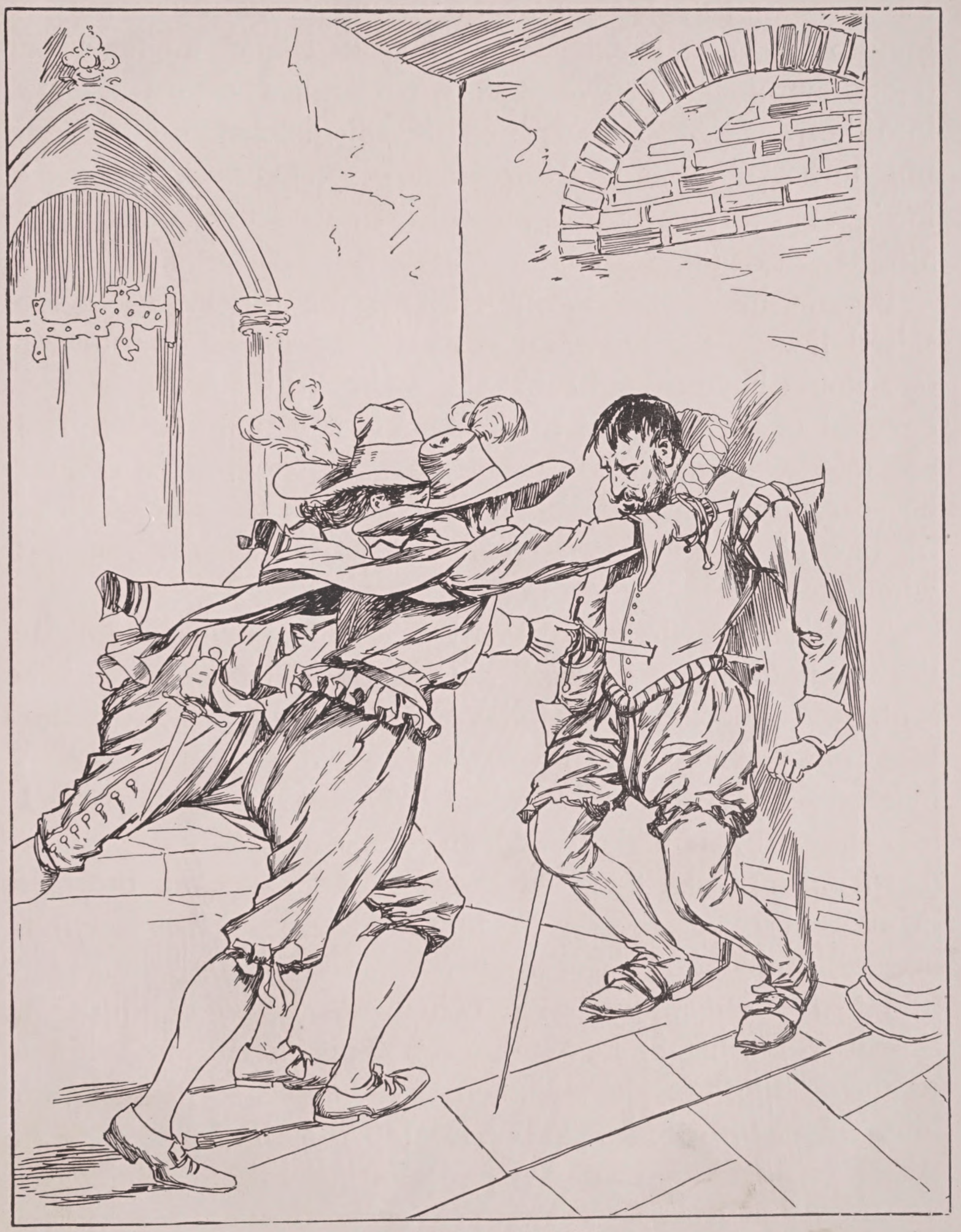
"Alas, no, dear sister," said Anne, as the cloud of dust drew near; "it is only a flock of sheep."

Once more Blue Beard's terrible voice was heard, and the poor wife begged again for a minute's delay. Then she called out for the last time, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming yet?"

Her sister quickly answered, "I see two men on horseback, but they are still a great way off."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Fatima, "it must be our brothers. Make every signal in your power, dear sister, for them to lose no time."

Even as she spoke, Blue Beard was heard pounding at the door, and in his fury he burst it open, and aimed a blow at the wretched girl as she knelt on the floor. But she sprang forward close to him, and the blow passed over her head. Wild at being thus foiled in his aim, the furious man seized her by the hair, and was about to strike the fatal blow, when



DEATH OF BLUE BEARD.

a loud noise, as of persons coming with hasty strides, caused him to stop and listen. Almost at the same moment, the door flew open, and two officers, with drawn swords, rushed into the room. Struck with terror, Blue Beard turned to fly, but he had gone only a few paces before Fatima's brothers, for it was they, had both plunged their swords into his body, and he fell dead.

Fatima had fallen into a faint at the time Blue Beard seized her by the hair, and she lay so pale and lifeless that one would have thought that she was dead too. But she recovered her senses, and then she could scarcely believe that she was safe, and that her cruel husband had met the death he so richly merited. But there he lay, stark and cold, and by her side were her sister Anne, and her dear brothers whose coming had saved her from a horrible death.

As Blue Beard had no relations, Fatima was sole heir to the whole of his vast wealth, and mistress of the castle. She sent notices to all the families living near the castle, telling them of the death of Blue Beard, and laid open the proofs of his cruelty for two days to all who chose to view them.

Though thus made the owner of riches almost without limit, Fatima used them with such good judgment that she gained the love of every one who knew her. She gave each of her brothers a fine castle, with money enough to enable him to live in comfort, and to her sister, who was married shortly afterward, she gave a large dowry. She herself became, in due time, the wife of a young nobleman, whose kind treatment soon made her forget Blue Beard's cruelty.