

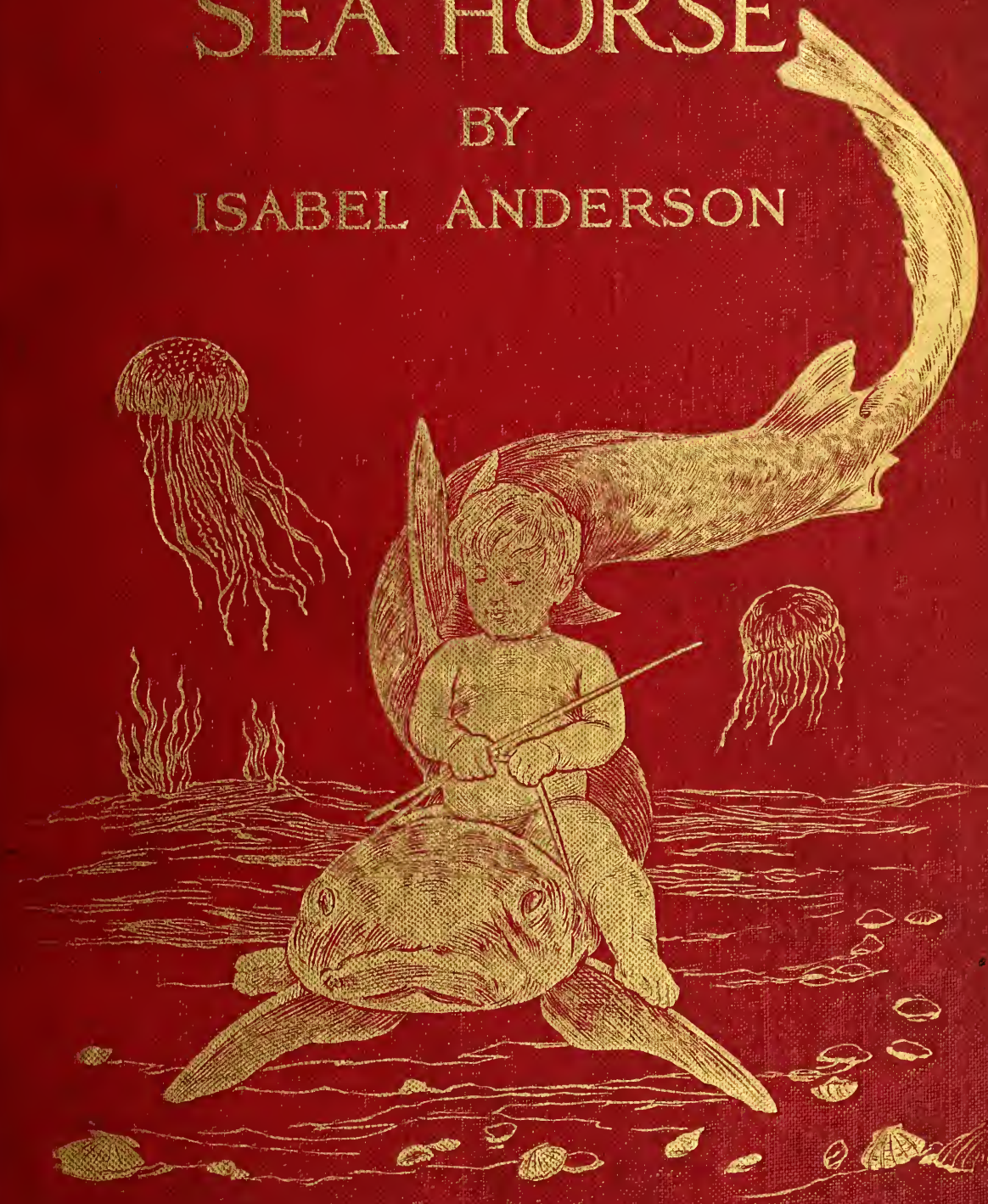
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08252477 2

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

BY
ISABEL ANDERSON







Anderson

NAS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/greatseahorse00ande>

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



THE GREAT SEA-HOUSE

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

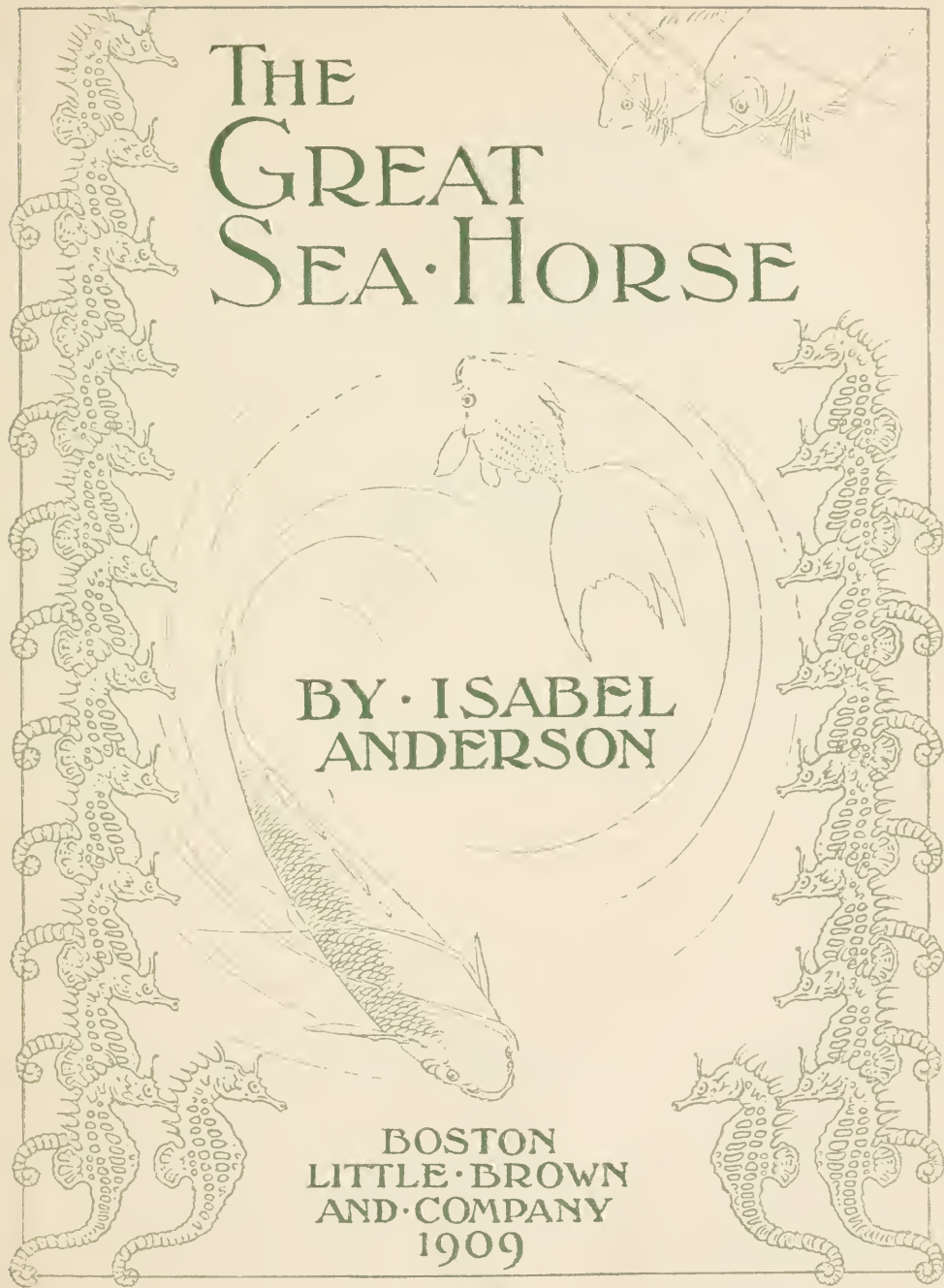
She lived in a beautiful air-castle built of children's rainbow-colored
soap bubbles

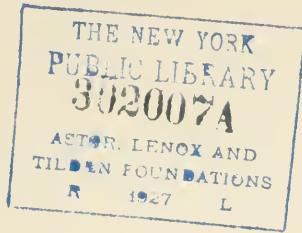
Page 245

THE
GREAT
SEA·HORSE

BY · ISABEL
ANDERSON

BOSTON
LITTLE · BROWN
AND · COMPANY
1909





COPYRIGHT, 1909,
BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

All rights reserved.

Published December, 1909.

PRINTED BY
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

DEDICATED
WITH MUCH LOVE
TO
L. A.

68X22

PREFACE

I HAVE written these little stories, mixing the fantastic water fairies with real shells, curious fish, and birds of the ocean, and the land fairies with the flowers and trees, hoping to amuse children and at the same time to excite their interest in the many delights and beauties of nature.

ISABEL ANDERSON.

*WELD, BROOKLINE,
June, 1909.*



CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE GREAT SEA HORSE	3
KING FOXY	11
FOXY'S REWARD	29
MY FOREST SCHOOL	43
THE MAGIC LOCK	53
THE OCEAN GIANT	71
THE SNOW FAIRIES' BALL	81
THE MOON BABY	87
THE MAIDEN OF ROSYLAND	93
THE DANCE OF THE FIRE FAIRIES	101
MERRY JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT	111
THE GHOST PONY	121
HOUSEKEEPING WITH A MERBOY	133
THE FAIRY FLEET	143
YOUNG NEPTUNE	149
THE FIRST VOYAGE OF JOHNNY CORK	155
BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY	163
WHISTLING BOB AND HIS WICKED CAT	173
THE BOLD SEA DWARFS	183
THE PINKIES OF THE SEA	191

CONTENTS

	PAGE
JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL	201
FLOWER FUN	213
THE FLOWER CHILD	223
OLD MAN OF THE SEA'S RANSOM	233
THE FAIRY ADMIRAL	241



ILLUSTRATIONS

She lived in a beautiful air-castle built of children's rainbow-colored soap bubbles *Frontispiece*

	PAGE
He would not have minded having one pretty mermaid for his mistress, to ride upon his back and pet him	1
He loved to roll in the yellow sand by the light of the moon	6
He kicked the wheel and broke it into flinders	10
“Come on, boys. . . . We’ll have a sail on an iceberg”	34
“Once I thought I saw a fairy sitting in a pond lily”	50
Where he knocked the burning ashes from his pipe a volcanic island sprang up	75
Old Neptune drove up in his chariot, which was drawn by prancing white horses	80
The moon boy slipped down a silver ray into a garden full of flowers	90
“The good fire fairies have been making pictures for me on the wall”	104
“S-s-h! Give me your hand. A devilfish lurks there!”	114
They caught a big dogfish and Jerry got astride of him	118
Peering around a rock at her, she spied a queer combination of boy and fish	136
“He was very brave and strong . . . and battled with the great octopus”	154

ILLUSTRATIONS

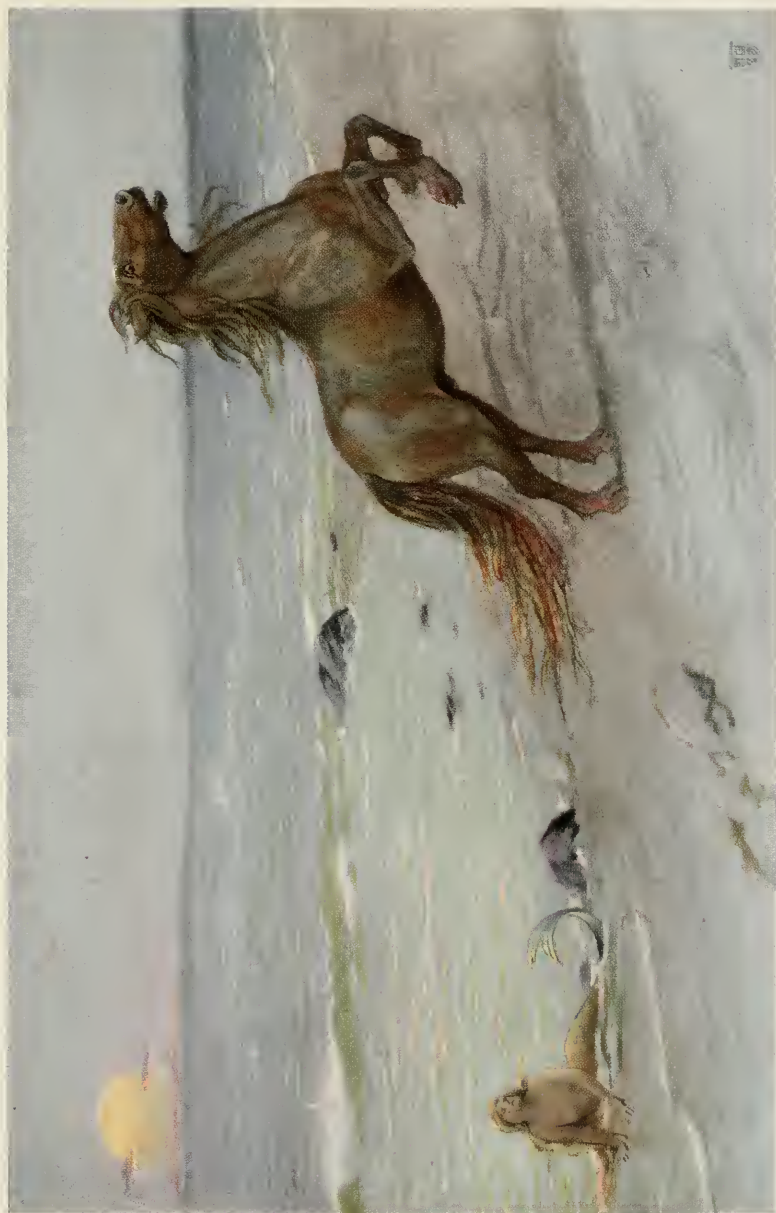
	PAGE
Next she hitched the mouse to a seashell for a carriage . . .	167
“Cat,” cried the witch, stamping her foot, “you may keep your name and continue to mew”	182
“I saw something on the bowsprit that looked like a grinning dwarf”	186
“I was sitting on a cockle-shell, gliding over the surface of the water”	189
He took his seat on a large tomato, which served as a cushion to the throne	204
First they stuffed his noisy trumpets	236
So it came about that a new and beautiful island reached the light	240
The little ship grounded among the long grasses . . . , of the Island of the Flower Fairies	243
Just then the nixie of the fountain showed her beautiful head	246
The laughing wind fairies were filling their cheeks and blowing the humming-bird straight out to the open ocean	249

*The full-page pictures in color are from pastel drawings by John Elliott.
The decorative chapter headings are from designs by Frank Downey.*

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

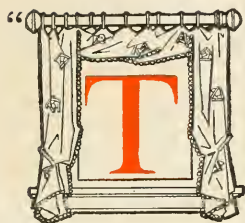
He would not have minded having one pretty mermaid for his
mistress, to ride upon his back and pet him

Page 5



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE GREAT SEA HORSE



“HERE was a man in our town,
High willy wollopy, yow,
yow, yow;
His name was Sam, they
called him Brown;
High willy wollopy baggle mack dory me,
Dory me daggerty blow on me property,
High willy wollop me yow.”

SO sang a sailor man as he held his little boy high in the air.

“Now, George, you mustn’t spoil Roger. He has been naughty to-day, and I have put him to bed as a punishment,” said the mother.

“It is raining,” said Roger, “and I have had such a horrid day!”

“Yes, the rain fairies are crying because you have been such a bad boy,” said his father.

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

“Now, don’t put any such ideas in his head, George; it’s all a part with that nonsense you tell the child about the sea!” whispered the mother.


“When I grow up I am going to be Captain of a man-of-war, like father,” said Roger; “and I shall have brass buttons and a sword. Oh, please tell me more about the ocean, Daddy! I have been looking out of the window from my bed and all I could see was the water and that great cypress tree. As it grew dark, the tree seemed to turn into old black mammy’s finger pointing at me; I must have been half asleep, for I thought I heard mammy say, ‘Now, chile, be a good chile an’ mind yo’ P’s and Q’s, or the big Sea Horse will come an’ eat you.’ Mammy says there is such a thing as a water horse, but is there, Father?”

“If you will stop talking and go to sleep, I will tell you about one; yes, and about lots of other finny and furry creatures too.”

So the little boy stopped, and the sailor man began; and these are the stories he told.

THE GREAT SEA HORSE



HE Great Sea Horse was just like other horses, except that he had a mane and tail of golden brown sea-weed and was web-footed. He was called the Great Sea Horse by all who lived in the watery kingdom because he was so very strong and so very large. The mermaids thought him so handsome that they often tried to catch him to ride upon, and they sang to him and tempted him with delicious bits of sea food, but no — he tossed his head and always kept just out of their reach. He would not have minded having one pretty mermaid for his mistress, to ride upon his back and pet him, but then all the other mermaids would want to ride him, too, and that would never do at all. He loved to frolic in the

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

waves; to rush in with the spray of the breakers by the light of the moon, and to roll in the yellow sand; above all he loved his freedom.

“I must see more of the world,” said the young Sea Horse one day, and ventured up a river. The grass along its banks looked so invitingly green by the setting sun that he went on land to take a nibble. There he saw a man for the first time in all his life, and stood quite still to watch him.

“My horses are all in the barn, but perhaps this is one of our neighbor’s,” thought the man; “I will catch him, for he seems quite tame.” So he took a bridle and put it on the Sea Horse, who was too astonished to move. Then the man jumped on the creature’s back; as he grasped the mane to mount, he realized for the first time that it was of sea-weed. This was a new kind of horse! No sooner was he astride than the animal made a leap straight in the air, snorted, took the bit in his teeth, and started for the river. The stream was deep and the horse began to swim with a swinging movement like a camel’s walk.

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

He loved to roll in the yellow sand by the light of the moon

Page 6



THE GREAT SEA HORSE

“I shall be drowned! Help! Help!” screamed the man, as he fell off, but the river sprites took him safely to land.

“That was fun!” neighed the Sea Horse, as he felt himself free again and shook off the bridle.

He went farther up the river until he came to a mill. “I will play a jolly prank on the miller,” he said to himself. So he kicked the wheel and broke it into flinders, so that the miller was obliged to take the machinery to pieces to find out what was wrong; while he was at work, he swore so much that his little friends the river sprites heard him.

“That big Sea Horse has no business here,” said the river sprites, “he has ruined the wheel and made our friend the miller very angry;” with that they drew a fisherman’s net across the river to entangle the strange horse. When he plunged and struggled and turned somersaults, they thought that he was surely caught. But he was not, for he was so strong that he tore a hole in the net and escaped through it. With a great splash and a neigh of freedom

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

he swam swiftly down the stream, leaving the little sprites far behind. After that he was so tired that he just stumbled out of the river into the woods and fell fast asleep. While he lay there, the autumn leaves, red, yellow and brown, dropped upon him, each bearing a fairy; but he was so sound asleep that he did not wake.

“What queer creature is this? It must be that bad Sea Horse who almost drowned the father of those pretty children whom we play with,” they said. “Let us punish him!” So they wound a lacy cobweb all about him, and when he woke up, he could not move.

“I am getting old and stiff,” thought the Sea Horse, as he opened his eyes; “my left hind leg hurts, too. I wonder if I have a spavin, or is it the rheumatism I have in my hock?” Just then the fairies, who were watching him, began to laugh. “So those are fairies, are they?” he snorted. “They are poking fun at me!” and he rolled over with a mighty effort, frightening several of the little people who were standing near. Angered at

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

the trick they had played upon him he began to bite at the silver threads, and struck out with both his fore legs, until finally, with a great struggle he broke loose from his fetters, to the amazement and terror of the fairies, who marvelled at his strength.

“Another narrow escape!” he thought when he was once more safe under water; “I will leave this stream, for I’ve had quite enough of the pranks of the river folk! To the sea — to the sea!”

As he swam out to the open ocean he felt his heart leap and play like a porpoise before a storm. Cuttle-fish were floating on the water and cormorants were flying to the land. The rough north wind was on the way to disturb old ocean, and he heard the whistle of a witch as a black cloud swept by. Far out on the horizon he saw a vessel driven by the furious gale strike a hidden ledge and keel over. He swam out to see if he could help the sailors. “Once I almost drowned a man,” said he; “now I will make amends by saving one.” He carried the mate safe to the shore

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

on his back, and then returned to take the others, whose souls had already gone to Heaven, down to the quiet sea gardens, where they were laid tenderly away and watched by kind mermaids.

“The Great Sea Horse has done good work,” old Neptune declared; “I will reward him with the greatest honor it is in my power to bestow. For it is no joke for a young fellow like that to give up his pranks and settle down to work,” said he, pulling his shaggy beard. “He shall wear a harness of tortoise shell, trimmed with ambergris from the whale, and I will drive him in my chariot!”

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

He kicked the wheel and broke it into flinders

Page 7



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

KING FOX Y



HE gnomes of Muir Glacier had a fine fairy kingdom in which to play hide and seek. The glacier was a perfect labyrinth of passages, caves, cracks, and crevasses. The gnomes as a rule had their country to themselves; men seldom came to this land of ice, all wrapped in mist, its mountains streaked with snow, like ermine skins hanging from their summits.

One day a hunter in search of game lost his way, and wandering about bewildered, chanced upon the Muir Glacier. This glacier is a mighty arm of ice which reaches down from between two towering mountain peaks to the sea, toward which it is forever slowly moving. Although the hunter was a bold and skilful climber, that day his luck was

KING FOXY

against him, for he slipped—and fell into a deep crevasse. As he fell down, down, through the deep blue-green crack, he blamed himself for his stupidity, for he did not know that one of the gnomes of the glacier had pushed him in. But pretty soon he hit his head against the side of the crevasse, and that was the last he knew until he opened his eyes, some time afterwards, to find himself safe and sound, with no bones broken, and hardly so much as a scratch on his whole body!

The hunter rubbed his eyes and looked about him. He was in a strange room with walls of gleaming ice, on which were hanging the skins of seal, otter, and the brown glacier bear. There were the heads of caribou and moose, the long sword of the narwhal, and the plumes of the eider duck, fastened up among the skins. He had just time to think that it was a very beautiful room, in spite of its strangeness, when his attention was attracted by a group of odd little figures in the centre of the cave.

KING FOXY

From their midst rose a splendid throne of ice, all wonderfully carved so that it looked like marble lace, and on it sat the King of the gnomes. He wore a suit made of the whitest fox-skins, the head of the fox dropping down over his forehead. He was a little larger and better-looking than the others, and his eyes were bright as the pole-star on a frosty night. All about the King squatted his subjects, each one with his glittering little eyes fixed angrily upon the hunter. The King was the first to speak.

“Who are you?” he demanded in a terrible voice.

“I am an old Sour Dough,” replied the hunter.

“Sour Dough? What is that?” inquired the King, who was growing interested in this new animal.

“Well, call me a pioneer, prospector, or trapper, and I’ll answer to them all,” replied the hunter. But the King shook his head; he was no wiser than before.

KING FOXY

“I am a white man,” the hunter finally explained.

“So that is what you are!” shouted the King in great indignation. “Why don’t you stay where you belong? Hasn’t all the rest of the earth been given to you? You’ve no business here — this is our country.”

The gnomes shook their little fists at the hunter and cried in a shrill chorus: “This is our country!”

The hunter only laughed and drew out his pipe; when he had lighted the match, it fell upon the ice floor, and before it sputtered and went out a little of the ice was melted.

“It’s my turn to ask questions,” he said coolly. “Who are you?”

“I am King Foxy the First, and I am master here,” answered the King; “you have forced your way into my kingdom, and you are in my power. You have but one chance for your life: if you can answer me truly a certain question which I shall ask you, I shall let you go free. If you cannot answer it, you shall die!”

KING FOXY

“You shall die!” shrieked the gnomes, dancing about and making faces at him. For the first time the hunter was afraid.

“What is the question?” he asked. The little gnomes gathered about to hear what it was to be, and there was a wonderful stillness in the ice cave.

“Where is the Devil’s Thumb?” asked the King solemnly. The hunter was much relieved.

“That’s an easy one,” he laughed. “High in the air, far to the south, where the big timber grows, where it is black at night. I ought to know, for I live at the foot of the mountain—right under the Devil’s Thumb!”

“Good!” cried Foxy; “you have told the truth. If you had lied, that block of ice would have fallen and crushed you.” He pointed to the top of the cave, where an immense square of clear ice hung down from the icicles of the roof.

There was a rumble and then a rush of cold air, and suddenly the hunter found himself once more upon the surface of Muir

KING FOXY

Glacier. Again he saw the snow-capped mountains rising thousands of feet above him; he saw the weird yellow light of the fading midnight sun. He drew a long breath of the tingling air.

“Foxy is right,” said he to himself; “this is no place for a white man. I must get back to the big timber lands before the water lane freezes up.” So he jumped into his boat, which was safely moored at the edge of the brown moraine, and sailed away to the south, leaving the great white glacier far behind him.

The gnomes gathered about their King.

“Gnomes of the glacier,” said Foxy, “I am sure you all remember the Siwash Indian who came here years ago, for he was the first man we had ever seen. You found him dying, and brought him here before me, just as you brought this white hunter. I spared his life, seeing there was so little of it left; and in gratitude he told us many strange stories of his people. He told us

KING FOXY

of the potlatches or feasts of his tribe; of their wigwams and the totem poles outside their dwellings, with their curious carved figures, the emblems of their families; of their war-dances and their councils and the pipes of peace they smoked. All this you heard and remember. But when the time came for him to pass over to the happy hunting-ground, he whispered his great secret to me alone.

“‘In a big tree on the Devil’s Thumb,’ he muttered faintly, ‘is a poke of gold, and two bags of sapphires, violet amethysts, and diamonds by the hundred.’ At the time I did not realize what he meant, nor where to look for the Devil’s Thumb; but now our hunter has given me a clue, and I am off to follow it, if it leads to the edge of the Arctic Circle!”

“Take us with you!” begged the gnomes; but the King would not hear of that. He must go alone. Preparations were soon ready, and all the gnomes followed their King to the edge of the glacier. Then, with saws, picks, and bars, they made a crack in the ice,

KING FOXY

which widened, and finally a huge mass fell over into the sea. This iceberg began to float slowly away and King Foxy jumped on board just in time. The gnomes stood in a row on top of the glacier, waving their good-bys and shouting good wishes, while King Foxy, who had climbed to the highest part of the iceberg, waved his cap in reply.

Foxy sailed and sailed, far to the southward, and his great ice ship was as big as a man-of-war. By and by, however, he noticed that it was only as large as a three-masted schooner, and he realized that before very long it would melt to the size of a dory. The King, who was not a very good swimmer, became worried. When the iceberg had become no larger than a shallop and Foxy was in great danger of being drowned in the warm sea, a faithful ivory gull, who had followed the iceberg all the way from Muir Glacier and had kept close watch, lighted near King Foxy. He quickly jumped upon her back, and she rose in the air and flew away with him to the south. The last he saw of the iceberg it was just

KING FOXY

disappearing from sight in the warm current that comes across the Pacific Ocean from Japan.

The gull soon grew very weary, for she was not used to carrying weights on her back ; at last her strength gave out and she was obliged to drop the King on an island. He was rather frightened and a good deal bruised by the fall, and wondered what he should do next. It was one thing to fall on the good smooth ice, which never hurt anybody, but this hot, green land was a very different sort of thing to tumble on. To rest and think, he hid under the big leaves of a skunk cabbage. He had not been there long when a greedy little black bear-cub came poking along, hunting for roots, and disturbed the King. He had never seen an ice gnome before and attacked Foxy, thinking it great sport to make him run. The King defended himself as well as he could with a prickly stalk, but the cub broke it with a single blow of his clumsy paw. Step by step Foxy retreated before his playful enemy.

KING FOXY

“This is a shameful position for one before whom even polar bears have trembled,” thought Foxy, but he saw no way out of it, and could only be glad that none of his subjects were there to see him. He was being slowly driven back into the sea. Splash, splash! His feet made a noise in the water. The noise roused a big fat halibut who had been dozing at the bottom of the sea and who came to the surface to see what had happened. The halibut, who was a great traveller and a man of the world, recognized the gnome King and came to his aid. Foxy jumped on the halibut’s broad, flat back, where he stood and made faces at the bear-cub, and jeered at it as he was borne swiftly out of reach of those heavy paws.

The halibut seemed to realize just what should be done and soon landed Foxy safely on the mainland, and swam away without waiting to be thanked. Foxy was much relieved to see, towering high above him, a great snow-capped mountain that he felt sure was the Devil’s Thumb. First he found a

KING FOXY

comfortable cave with a big stone for a door, where he could retreat in case he were attacked by other animals who did not know who he really was. Then he began his search for the poke of gold and the two bags of blue sapphires, violet amethysts, and diamonds, of which the Siwash Indian had told him.

He searched here, he searched there; under fallen logs, at the foot of the tallest trees, but with no success. Could he have been tricked? He snorted with rage at the thought, but kept on with his search. At last he decided to climb a tree to get his bearings. It was a tough climb; his little hands were scratched, and his pretty suit of white fox-skins was torn. But he had not climbed in vain, for there below him, in a clearing near a little spring, was the hunter's hut, and he knew he must be near the treasure. Foxy was not used to climbing trees, so he rested a few minutes in the lower branches before he went higher. Then he started again upon his climb, and soon forgot his scratches in his excitement. Just opposite and only a few feet away,

KING FOXY

he saw a great fir tree, which seemed the very place in which a treasure might be hidden. He was very much provoked to think how much time he had wasted, and slid quickly down to the ground. Sure enough, though the top of the fir tree was still green, the trunk was hollow. Foxy put his hand in through a hole and groped around inside. At first he thought it was empty, and that all his trouble had been for nothing. But soon he felt something like rough cloth, and what should it be but a bag, all filled with hard, nubbly stone things — the treasure!

When he had it in his hands, he danced with glee, excited as a child. Then he put the poke on his shoulder, took the two bags, one in each hand, and ran all the way down the mountain, hopping as lightly as a bird from stone to stone, until at last he reached the hunter's hut. It was quite empty, save for a few sticks of furniture. A pan of sour dough biscuits was cooking before the fire. Outside, on the white sand beach, the fishing nets were drying in the

KING FOXY

sun. But the hunter himself was nowhere to be seen.

Foxy sat down to wait; he had plenty of time to think, for it was an hour before the man came back to his hut. At last he appeared, carrying a pail of water from the spring in one hand and a string of fish in the other. The hunter stopped and stared at Foxy, who was sitting outside the door, as far as he could get from the fire on the hearth.

“Hello!” said the hunter. “Well, well, what are you doing in my country?”

“Trying to get out of it as fast as I can,” answered Foxy; “it’s an awful place for any one to live, with not an iceberg in sight anywhere! See here, this poke of gold is for you, if you will take me back to Muir Glacier in your boat!”

The hunter, who had never seen so much gold in all his life, was taken by surprise, but when he realized that Foxy meant what he said, he cried, “Done!” and held out his great hairy hand.

Foxy laid his tiny brown fingers for a

KING FOXY

moment in that great palm, to bind the bargain and then the hunter went to get the boat ready.

They sailed and they sailed; the great timber lands were left behind. The hunter had never known such a voyage, for the boat travelled through the sea as though it had been bewitched. He did not know that word had been passed ahead that the King of the Ice Gnomes was going home, and that the winds and the waves were working together to help send the boat along.

The gnomes of the glacier had kept a look-out night and day, and when they noticed in the distance the white sail of the boat they all gathered on the shore to receive their King. When Foxy held up the bags, they knew his journey had been successful, and tossed their caps in the air, shouting their greetings.

Foxy then bade farewell to the hunter, gave him the promised poke of gold and jumped on shore, where he was immediately surrounded by his dancing, joyous subjects.

KING FOXY

That night they had a big banquet in the cave of the glacier, and King Foxy told at length all his experiences in finding the treasure.

The next day they began work in earnest, and under the direction of King Foxy studded the huge crystal blocks of ice with the jewels from the Devil's Thumb. There were sapphires that gave out a blue light in the mist, and diamonds that glistened in the sunshine, and violet amethysts that gleamed in the setting sun. They made Muir Glacier so wonderful that now people come from all parts of the earth to see it, and call it the most beautiful glacier in the world.

FOXY'S REWARD



FOXY was so delighted with the results of the work on Muir Glacier with the jewels from the Devil's Thumb that he gathered about him his subjects and held council with them.

"Now that we have such a beautiful kingdom," he said, "should we not also have a fairy queen to help us rule over it?"

"We surely ought to have a queen," agreed Blue Nose; "but whoever saw a lady gnome?" Long Tooth sprang to his feet.

"Let's go forth and search for one, in every corner of the earth!" he cried. "We'll surely find one somewhere."

Foxy had often wondered why there were no lady gnomes, and how he could manage to fall in love without one; now he was over-

FOXY'S REWARD

joyed at the thought of setting out to find her.

“This is my plan,” said Foxy. “Let us go to other glaciers, and make them beautiful, just as we did Muir Glacier, by studding them with precious stones. That would please Mother Nature, and she might help us to discover a queen; we have plenty of jewels left, and we can put them to no better use. What do you think of it, Long Tooth and Blue Nose? Is it not our duty?”

“It is our duty,” replied Blue Nose, solemnly, putting his finger to the end of his big nose.

“Our duty,” echoed Long Tooth; and the two then and there pledged themselves, with their right hands lifted, to do their part in making the ice-fields just as beautiful as they could for Mother Nature. When they had finished by crossing their hearts, all the little dwarfs in the assembly piped up, “Yes, yes,” and took the oath in their squeaky voices.

Then Foxy commanded: “Gather up all the precious stones that are left, fill your pockets and your shoes and your bags with them, and then we will start out on our travels.”

FOXY'S REWARD

Over the mist-hidden mountains trudged the little band, stopping first at Malaspina Glacier, which is the largest in Alaska. It covers more than a thousand square miles with an ice ocean, and it fronts the sea for fifty miles; it is a vast plain of ice with hills and rocks. Foxy climbed into the top of one of the straggling elders growing in the gravel and surveyed the scene; from there he directed the labors of his subjects.

Following his orders, the dwarfs bored arches and passageways; made tunnels and basins for surface lakelets, and channels for rivers; dug dust-wells and made death-traps; and everything they bestudded with sparkling jewels.

“Don't forget to look in every creek and cranny for a fairy,” said Foxy, marking each word with a shake of his little forefinger.

Brown bears crawled out of their holes to take a look at the little people as they worked. Blue Nose and Long Tooth grinned and made faces at them, and they drew back into their lairs. Overhead the albatross skimmed along with a series of graceful strokes, twisting his

FOXY'S REWARD

long neck that he might the better watch with his beady eyes the little strangers on the ice below. Blue Nose got out his bow and arrows, but the King bade him put them away, and go to work.

“Stop your monkey-shines!” he said; “the albatross won't hurt you. See if you can't work in time to the song that the Lapland Longspur is singing now,” he added amiably.

When the first day's work was over and it was playtime, the little imps amused themselves by sliding down the scree, the broken rock on the mountain sides. Foxy, however, still sat on his glacial table, swinging his legs and singing:—

“Beware of the Arctic bear, oft called the iceberg's
daughter,
That swallows little gnomes, and washes them down
with water.”

When the Malaspina had been made beautiful, Foxy called out: “Come on, boys, — more work to be done before we can find our queen. She isn't anywhere around this glacier. We'll have a sail on an iceberg and decorate the

FOXY'S REWARD

"Come on, boys. . . . We'll have a sail on an iceberg"

Page 34



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

FOXY'S REWARD

glaciers down the coast." So away they all sailed to the southward.

"Long foretold — long last ; short notice — soon passed," predicted Foxy about the weather. He thought he was a true sailor now, although he really knew little about the sea. From glacier to glacier they sailed, and never were idle a minute. Always, as they made the glaciers beautiful, they were hunting for a lady gnome for their king's bride. But finally Foxy announced with a sigh : —

"All our jewels are used up, and still we have not found her!" The little imps gathered about him in a circle and gnashed their teeth and shook their fists in anger and despair. Foxy sat for a long time quite still on a rock, with his legs crossed, tapping his forehead with his finger. After a while he jumped to his feet and cried in triumph : —

"I have it, boys! We're not beaten yet. Up and off, every one of you, for the prettiest shells you can find. The linings of some shells are just as beautiful as any jewel." There was a clapping of hands and a shout

FOXY'S REWARD

of "Foxy's right!" as his subjects rushed off to do his bidding. It was not long before their bags were filled with mother-of-pearl shells, which, after they had polished them, glistened with many beautiful colors.

They set out on foot, travelling still farther southward and away from the sea, to the Rocky Mountains; here they fell in with a pack of friendly coyotes. Foxy after a time declared that he was tired of walking, and he jumped on the back of a coyote, which looked like a wild collie dog. His subjects promptly followed suit. The coyotes did not object—in fact, they seemed to think it rather a lark. So they all went racing across the plateaus, passing ranges of mountains as jagged as the coyotes' teeth. They rode into the Valley of the Ten Peaks, where they looked into an eagle's nest; they bathed in a rushing emerald stream, and peered at their quaint reflections in a still, blue mirror lake; out again and round about they raced their steeds, skirting a river wild as a kicking horse, and passing the mountain that looks like a giant beehive.

FOXY'S REWARD

When, tired out, they made their camp at night, they found the mountain goats very friendly; they allowed the gnomes to pull their beards, and Blue Nose and Long Tooth found no difficulty in milking the nanny-goats. The mountain sheep, however, with their huge round horns, were shy, and scampered away to the snow-line as fast as ever they could go.

Creeping moss, like lichens, made red pictures on the gray rocks, and the gnomes were never tired of looking at them. Foxy was sure that these were fairy pictures, and urged his subjects to keep a sharp lookout on every side for the fairies themselves. It was fun to play hide-and-seek with the little gophers, or prairie dogs, and to follow the moose tracks. Foxy captured a porcupine, with the help of Blue Nose and Long Tooth; they pulled out the quills, and made a coronet, so that now Foxy wears a real crown upon his head!

When the King spied the Yoho Valley, it was so beautiful that he gave just one look and then shouted:—

“We'll go no farther! Surely there must

FOXY'S REWARD

be fairies here!" His voice resounded and echoed among the mountains, and sure enough, the ice-fairies were awakened and came creeping out of their little holes in the ice. The gnomes were delighted that they had at last found the long sought ice-fairies and gave them pieces of mother-of-pearl to decorate themselves with. The little creatures had wings transparent and veined, and with their new ornaments they looked lovelier than any butterflies.

Foxy watched them as they came to pay him homage, but he was such a great personage that they did not dare to talk to him as they did to the other gnomes. He sat and wondered which fairy he should choose, quite bewildered among so many; it was really worse than having none, he thought! Foxy looked at Blue Nose and wondered whether any one could possibly fall in love with him. "I am much better looking than he is," he said to himself; "my nose is not so long or so blue, and I don't talk through it, either. Besides I am much cleverer than any of the

FOXY'S REWARD

others, or I should not be their King." He turned and looked at Long Tooth, who was talking with one of the pretty ice-fairies. His ugly big tooth stuck out of his mouth and wiggled when he touched it with his tongue, for Long Tooth had been in a snowball fight and been struck in the mouth; ever since then his huge tooth had wobbled. Now he delighted in grinning and making hideous faces more than ever before. Foxy felt of his own sharp little teeth, so like those of a fox, and convinced that he was not very bad looking after all, he began to swagger about and look for an ice-fairy to become his queen.

He glanced to the right and then to the left; not a single fairy was left for him! For while he had been thinking about it, each of his gnomes had picked out a pretty ice-fairy for a wife, and there was none left for King Foxy! He wagged his head till some of the quills fell from the porcupine crown, and two little tears trickled down his face; his vanity had quite, quite oozed away. Then he

FOXY'S REWARD

grew angry and stamped his foot and cried that his subjects had played a mean trick upon him, to take all the fairies and not leave him one. He began to grow homesick for the beautiful Muir Glacier, and to wish that he had never left it.

Then it occurred to King Foxy that perhaps he had not yet earned his reward from Mother Nature; if his work was not accomplished, he would not get any reward until it was. Feeling more contented, he began to look about him. No blue sea here in the Yoho for the ice-fields to push huge icebergs into—only dead glaciers. But he thought that there ought to be water here somewhere, and that gave him an idea. Far below him was the great, glorious valley, with amber walls, and high up on the mountain-top he saw what he took to be a turreted rock-castle, reaching high into the air.

Foxy decided that he would make from this glacier the highest waterfall in all the world, and that would surely please Mother Nature. So that night while his happy subjects were sleeping among the yellow snow-lilies and

FOXY'S REWARD

blue and white anemones, he went to work digging a channel for the thawing ice.

When the morning sun looked over the hills, it saw the opal glacial milk begin to flow in a steady stream from out of the mouth of the ice-field. It leaped and splashed and finally divided into wondrous fine and delicate threads like lace, plunging over the ridge, down, down, thousands of feet, over the amethyst rocks into the green valley below.

The little gnomes and the fairies peeped out to see what all the trouble was about, and they were amazed at the great feat which their King had performed while they slept.

As the first drop of water from the ice-field reached the soil far, far below, there sprang to life among the ladies' tresses and the fireweed the most enchanting fairy in all the world—the Queen of the Waterfall. Dressed in changing colors of rainbow mist, she danced and beckoned to Foxy, who was riding the nose of the glacier, and he quickly slid down the waterfall to see her. Even before he reached her, he had forgiven his subjects for

FOXY'S REWARD

taking all the ice-fairies, for Mother Nature had given him the best reward of all. He straightway fell in love with the beautiful Queen, and Blue Nose was best man at the wedding. That night the Indians said they saw streaks of fire over the mountains; they thought the fiery lines came from avalanches; but we know that the gnomes and the ice-fairies were making merry in honor of King Foxy and his lovely bride. When the Indians discovered this beautiful new born waterfall, they danced and prayed to it, as to one of their gods, and named it Takakkaw.

MY FOREST SCHOOL



HAVE you no children to play with me?" asked little Marie, when she came with her mother to make me a visit in the country one summer.

"No, I have not," I replied, "though I wish with all my heart I had. I have to play with other things myself. I will tell you a great secret: I call the flowers and trees my children, for I love them all, and when nobody is listening we talk together. See, Marie, the golden-glow at the door of my little white house is nodding a welcome to you this bright sunny morning. These trees are the scholars of my forest school. That great tree with the knotted trunk is my dear friend, Mrs. Oak, who keeps the school. These little trees are her pupils—the three Misses Maple and the

MY FOREST SCHOOL

two Misses Birch, who are twins, you see, and their friends, Miss Beech and Miss Pine, who are over there by the pond. The Poplars are the under teachers, because they are tall and gray, like maiden ladies.

“Sometimes I go out among the trees myself to help Mrs. Oak, and do some pruning with my hatchet to correct their little faults. I always ask them if they are happy, and tell them to stand erect and to drink in the golden sunshine, so that they will grow big and strong as all young things should. Which is your favorite tree, Marie?”

“I think I like the little Birch twins best,” she answered, “please tell me about them, Auntie.”

“They are very shy little trees; see how they put their heads together and tremble, dearie. The least breath of wind sets them shivering and shaking. Jack Frost came in at recess, and I am afraid he has given them the jaundice; see how yellow their leaves have turned. What do you think about it?”

“I am sure it is; when I had the jaundice

MY FOREST SCHOOL

I looked just like that," answered the little girl thoughtfully.

"They will soon get over it, for good nurse Snow will come and take off their clothes and tuck them up in their white bed. In the spring they will wake up quite well some morning when the heavens are all rosy, and they will put forth their little new green leaves.

"Don't you think the Maple girls are pretty, Marie? See, they are blushing with pleasure because their old friend Boreas, the north wind, has just made them a visit, and has done them the honor to inquire after their health. He paid them many compliments, for he is very fond of young trees. Mrs. Oak, who does not approve of him, is red with anger; she says he spoils the girls. Miss Pine is green with jealousy, for he passed her by, not even noticing the beautiful perfume she casts on the breeze. Mrs. Oak is very particular about their visitors, but she occasionally lets Auster, the south wind, call on them, for though he is a gloomy lad, he brings

MY FOREST SCHOOL

rain, and when he is gone they stretch and grow and feel the sap running freely in their veins. Sometimes the Maid of the Mist comes out of the lake, and playfully throws her gray scarf about the young trees, for she is a frolicsome lass. Then there is Eurus, the south-east wind, a gay young fellow who romps and plays with them boisterously. Mrs. Oak does not like him very well, but he never waits for her invitation, and comes and goes as he pleases. When he visits my forest school, the tree fairies come out from their homes in the hollow trunks and under the great plummy ferns, and they sail on the pond in acorns, which he blows about for them. Look, Marie, there is an acorn on the water now! Can you see the little fairy sitting in it?"

"I can't tell," said Marie, shading her eyes with her hand, "the sun is so bright. Oh, won't she tip over and be drowned? But do fairies die, Auntie?"

"Ah! that is the question — nobody knows for certain. Whenever I see an everlasting

MY FOREST SCHOOL

flower in the fields, however, I believe it marks a fairy's grave. The water nixie who lives in the pond loves the fairies, and won't let them come to harm, you may be sure. There comes a pretty yellow butterfly. Did you know that the butterflies are the fairies' horses?"

"I wish he would come nearer, so that I could touch him and see if he has a fairy on his back," cried Marie. "Oh, dear! he has flown away, and I did not see if a fairy was riding him."

"Trees and flowers are quite as pretty as fairies, and much more satisfactory because you can always see them, and one seldom sees a fairy; one reason is that most of the fairies come out at night when we are asleep. Some evening I will ask your mother to let you sit up a little later; perhaps we might see a fairy, and I want you to hear the concert of the crickets and the frogs. You will hear the night hawk, too, who screams 'beans, beans!' and then swoops down, crying 'pork.'"

"Aren't there day fairies, too, Auntie?"

MY FOREST SCHOOL

“I go looking for them very often; I peep into the opening wild rose, and among the purple asters; once I thought I saw a fairy sitting in a pond lily. Look at that troop of little sprites carrying toadstool parasols right under Mrs. Oak’s great knees this minute.”

“No, I see no fairies there; the parasols do not move. But Auntie, do tell me more about Mrs. Oak and her scholars. What will become of them? When they get old like dear Grandma will they be cut down?” asked Marie anxiously.

“When the young trees have grown to be big and old, and have seen the blue sky and felt the warm sun a long time, and many saplings are coming up around them, the wood chopper will make his appearance and fell them. I can hear the Misses Poplar, who are no longer young, whispering to me now, saying: ‘Please cut us down at once and make us into toys for dear Marie.’”

“How sweet of the dear old teachers! But I can’t hear anything but the sighing of

MY FOREST SCHOOL

"Once I thought I saw a fairy sitting in a pond lily"

Page 50



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

MY FOREST SCHOOL

the wind," Marie said, looking quite puzzled. "What will you answer, Auntie?"

"I will do as you say, Miss Poplar," I called out. Now Mrs. Oak is talking; she says she is getting old, and that before long the Birch twins and Miss Pine and the other scholars will not need her, because they will be big enough to take care of themselves; so she whispers: 'Some day saw me up into lumber, and build me into a pretty house for Marie.' The little trees are chiming in, too, and they say: 'When we grow up, please make us into Yule logs and burn us in a Christmas fire, and you and Marie can sit about us in Mrs. Oak's house while the fire fairies dance and chuckle with glee.' Then everybody will be happy because the trees grew big and strong."

THE MAGIC LOCK



LONELY little Chinese woman, who came to America and dwelt among the "foreign devils," named her first wee baby Wing. She lovingly held him high in her arms and cooed to him, and called him her new-born king, her jewel of the lotus.

"You came with sunrise from the East on wing of bird, so I name you Wing, and like a bird may you travel to the far East and see the wonderful things of my home and be great among my people."

This pretty little child-mother was taken ill one day. She became rapidly worse and fell into a deep slumber from which she did not awake; and a white dove carried her sweet soul to heaven.

THE MAGIC LOCK

Wing! what became of Wing? He was sadly neglected by his good-for-nothing father, Suey Chan, and the little fellow became thin and did not grow as tall as he would have done if he had been properly cared for. When he was still very young, his father put him to work in an American family, and then Suey Chan left for China. Wing was not happy in his new home, for his mistress was not kind to him, and his master often beat him. Wing could just remember his dear little mother and the sweet things she used to say to him: "You came with sunrise from the far East on the wing of a white bird, oh, jewel of the lotus! One day you will leave the land of these foreign devils, and return to my home and become great among my people!"

Every night and every morning Wing repeated these words to himself that he might never forget them or his young mother. Ah! if he could only fly like a bird to some happy land where he would not have to work so hard! One day, after his master had given

THE MAGIC LOCK

him a terrible beating, and Wing, with tears in his eyes, was feeling the welts on his back, he had a great idea! If he could not fly like a bird to the happy land where he would not have to work, he could at least run away from the house where he was so wretched. He neatly folded the ugly clothes his mistress had given him and laid them on his bed, for Wing was very honest and was determined not to take anything that was not his. He dressed himself in his old, bright blue, pajama-like clothes, put on his soft cloth Chinese shoes, and let down the pigtail which he had worn coiled round his head. At midnight, when all the house was quiet, Wing stole out of doors, ran through the sleeping city and out into the green country. At sunrise he found himself beside the Sweet-Water Canal.

He sat down on the bank, dangling his legs and rejoicing in his new-found freedom. How pleasant it was to throw stones into the water, and to watch the barges passing up and down the canal. No work for Wing to-day!

THE MAGIC LOCK

As the sun rose higher and higher, Wing's spirits sank lower and lower. A heavy coal barge, the "John Pettigrew," hove in sight, dragged along by four hard-working mules. A delicious smell of coffee and fried ham came from the galley where the skipper's wife was cooking breakfast. Wing knew now why he had felt so depressed. He had eaten nothing since supper last night. He was as hungry as a bear!

"Work or starve!" He seemed to hear the voice of his old master repeating the hard words.

"Breakfast is ready!" called the skipper's wife. "Aye, aye, lass!" answered John Pettigrew, owner and skipper of the barge. Wing envied the big man standing aft at the wheel, monarch of all he surveyed. He screwed up his courage and gave a hail from the bank.

"Captain, don't you need a boy? Take me along and I'll work for my board."

"Oh, do take him," called the woman from the cabin window. "I want a boy to help me."

THE MAGIC LOCK

“Wa’ll, I s’pose we do need a boy,” answered John Pettigrew, “and I don’t know as it matters that he is a Chink ; I’ll try him if you like ; a bit small, but he looks a good sort enough. Meet me at the next lock,” he shouted.

Wing ran merrily along the tow-path, and at the next lock got aboard the “John Pettigrew.” He had never seen a lock before, and he watched curiously the working of the simple contrivance for raising or lowering boats from the higher to the lower level of the canal. They soon left the town behind, and the barge glided smoothly along the canal. Wing, who had been set to work mending ropes, could not see the water from the deck, where he sat sailor fashion, but he could see the pleasant land on either side.

“This feels like being in a house on runners, and as if we were moving over fields as green as a green apple ; how I should like an apple ! The tow-paths on either side are really as pink after the rain as strawberry jam, too.” He smacked his

THE MAGIC LOCK

lips, but that was all the jam or apple he got, poor boy.

At noon they came to a big smoky city. The dirty windows of the factories along the bank were pushed up, and the pale working girls leaned out to take a breath of air. Men in worn shirts looked out from the dingy, ill-lighted rooms of a large brick paper mill, and nodded to John Pettigrew, for he was well known up and down this canal.

Wing had stopped working a moment, and the rope had dropped from his hand; his eyes were fixed on the smoky city, when he heard a brutal voice roar at him:—

“You son of a sea cook, keep your eyes in the boat and your fingers busy, if you don’t want a licking!”

“I’m doing the best I know how, but I’m new at the work, sir,” answered Wing. “This is no better home than the one I left,” he sighed to himself.

John Pettigrew had sailed before the mast in his youth: he was already a tough, weather-beaten sea-dog when, feeling that he was

THE MAGIC LOCK

growing a little old, he had taken to the canal. For one thing it was an easier life, and then he could have his "old woman" with him, too.

The city was soon left behind, and instead of factories and mills, Wing saw on either side beautiful houses and well-kept green lawns, shaded by sturdy oaks and slender elms. Here children of his own age played tennis or croquet. Canoes filled with merry young people floated by on the canal.

Instead of the whirr of machinery and the scream of mill whistles, he heard music and laughter. Ah! how good it must be to laugh! He remembered his little mother's cooing voice, and the hot tears stung his eyes.

"Life isn't quite fair, it seems to me!" Wing said to himself.

"There's a squall coming. I can see cat's paws on the water, and a mackerel sky overhead," sang out the skipper. "We must push on. Hurry the mules!"

The four mules on the tow-path made all

THE MAGIC LOCK

the haste they could, and the barge swung along at a great rate. Before the storm broke they arrived at the prettiest lock on Sweet-Water Canal. In the porch of the vine-covered lock-house sat a very old woman. "She must be the oldest woman in the world," Wing said to himself. She peered at the boy through the flowering clematis and nodded and smiled to him. Wing nodded back and waved his hand, for his mother had told him that he must show great respect to the old. Then he saw a sweet little girl looking at him shyly round the corner of the house. She had black hair and eyes, and wore a string of gold beads about her neck. Wing wondered if she could be Chinese, for he fancied she looked like his mother. The little girl came to the edge of the lock to help her father turn the crank which opened the sluice. As she came near Wing, she whispered mysteriously to him; "Granny says this is Midsummer's Eve and the fairies are out. She says if you make a wish to-night it will come true, for this is the

THE MAGIC LOCK

Magic Lock and Granny is a hundred years old to-day!"

A black cloud burst at that moment, and lightning came zig-zagging down from the sky, dancing and leaping, and claps of terrible thunder followed. The wind howled, and a rush of gurgling water was heard; the barge was sinking, sinking — it seemed as if it never would stop sinking. As the barge went down, down, the dark, damp sides of the lock rose above them, shutting out the green fields, the trees, the vine-covered cottage; Wing was so frightened that his heart was in his mouth. Should he ever escape from this dreadful prison, with its slimy green walls, its smell of water-soaked wood?

"Seems as if we should sink all the way to China," the skipper's wife called out in the darkness. Just then a flash of lightning seemed to leap out of the square of black sky over their heads as if to smite them. Wing had grown numb with fright, and when the skipper roared to him to throw out a rope, he could not move. He was so tired and

THE MAGIC LOCK

frightened that he sank to the deck murmuring: —

“I wish I were in China; I wish that I might become great among my people!” Then he was wrapped in a great cloud of darkness and knew no more.

At about this time in China strange stories were brought to the coast by a traveller from the interior. He said that a curious boat had appeared on the Hwang-ho, the Yellow River near the Great Wall. No one knew where it had come from, for it had no eye painted on the bow. “No eye, no can see,” as the Chinese saying goes.

The small Chinese boy, the only soul on board, could not speak a word of Chinese. Some people said he had come from the clouds, and had been brought to earth on the wing of a dove. There was great excitement in the province, for the people declared that the boy was more than mortal. The Yellow River swarmed with the junks that had collected around the strange boat.

THE MAGIC LOCK

A throne had been placed on the deck, where the boy, dressed in gold and red embroideries, sat cross-legged, waited upon by slaves whose long pig-tails were braided with red ribbons, which means joy. They served the child from the clouds with bird's-nest soup, flaky rice, and all their choicest delicacies, which he ate with ivory chopsticks inlaid with mother-of-pearl, from a crystal bowl that resembled the moon, studded with diamonds from Golconda, that sparkled like stars. They fanned him with huge palm-leaf fans, and burned the incense of the lotus before him in gilded braziers, the traveller said. A stream of people poured along the banks of the Yellow River on their way to pay homage to the cloud-child, who had made them understand that his name was Wing. Among them were mandarins with coral buttons on their caps, and long finger-nails tipped with little gold cases, to show that these fine gentlemen had never worked with their hands. Then there were gallant Ying Pings armed with pikes, or bows and arrows. The

THE MAGIC LOCK

Fantai, or treasurer of the province, came riding a high-stepping Corean pony, and the wise old Hioh-tai, who is a sort of a Commissioner of Education, and many poor hard-working coolies and pilgrims from far Manchuria. Some of them brought priceless gifts to Wing.

“A peacock as white as milk was among the offerings,” said the traveller, “and tigers’ ears with whiskers and claws, to bring good luck. Lacquered boxes of burnished gold, with raised figures of men and women, and old red lacquer trays, long treasured in godowns, as the storehouses of the East are called. Then there were ancient bronzes and hammered brasses, sandalwood chests and porcelains of great value; ox-blood vases and peachblow jars with teak-wood tops, — all for Wing. White jade rings, and anklets of sea-green jade, pigeon-blood rubies and cat’s eyes as big as your fist, were all laid at his feet. An ivory ball with small carved balls, one inside another (the making of these wonderful balls is an art handed down from father to son

THE MAGIC LOCK

for generations), had arrived just before I left," the traveller said, "from the Child Emperor to 'the Child from the clouds.'"

Wing thought this was all very strange, but he remembered his mother's prophecy that he should one day become great among his own people, and when they made him a home in a fine temple, he tried to behave as if he were accustomed to all the splendor that now surrounded him.

Time went on and Wing grew into manhood. He watched closely the ways and customs of the Chinese; he learned the language and read from ancient parchment-rolls the history of China and the wise sayings of the prophet Confucius. He learned that China is an old, old country, that it has had cities and dynasties of great splendor that have lasted many generations, and are now entirely wiped out, for to-day only their ruins remain to tell the tale.

"I do not understand it all!" Wing sometimes sighed. "Was my early life in that far country a dream; did I really live there? Or

THE MAGIC LOCK

did I come on the wing of a bird from the fleecy clouds, as my mother told me?"

In time Wing became the Chih-chow, or Governor, of the Province. He ruled wisely and well, though that old foggy Tu-Cha-Yuen, who is called the eyes and ears of the Emperor, did not altogether approve of some things that went on under Wing's rule. Rumors of these things reached the missionaries at last. In Wing's province, it was said, the girl babies were no longer dropped overboard from the junks to appease the river gods, nor were they exposed on the mountain-side, and left to die of cold and hunger. Stranger yet, it was reported that some of the women had given up the custom of breaking and binding their girl babies' feet and putting them into copper shoes so that they could grow no larger. The missionaries were so much interested in what they heard that one of them, who was travelling through that part of China where Wing lived, called one day at the temple. After Wing had asked the missionary what his age was, and how large an

THE MAGIC LOCK

income he possessed, according to the polite customs of the Chinese, they fell into talk. The missionary was surprised to find that Wing spoke English, and that he had some knowledge of America.

“Did you ever hear of the Sweet-Water Canal?” Wing asked the missionary.

“Why, I was born on the banks of the Sweet-Water Canal!” cried the astonished missionary.

“Did you ever hear of the Fairy Lock?” asked Wing.

The missionary did not remember ever to have heard of such a lock.

“It is the third lock after you pass the great smoky city,” said Wing. “When you return to your own country, go to that lock, and if you find a little girl — no, she would be a young woman now — with eyes and hair as black as those of my people, who wears a string of gold beads around her neck, give her this sandalwood box from me. If you do not find her, you may keep the box yourself.”

THE OCEAN GIANT



CENTURIES ago, in the days when there were auks and dodos, there was a city by the sea, crowded with cruel and wretched people, who, like all bad people, had to be punished. So one day the rain began to fall, the streets were flooded, and it rained frogs, and then it rained cats and dogs. The wind fairies blew a hurricane, and they howled and whistled to frighten the people, and they laughed when they saw the leaves blow off from the trees and fly into the sea, where they were turned into fishes.

In the city there was one man who was worse than anybody else. He was so strong that he pulled up trees by the roots, choked up bears with his hands, and bullied and tor-

THE OCEAN GIANT

mented men, women, and even little children. The people all thought that his wickedness had brought this terrible storm upon them, so they drove him and his family into the sea. To the amazement of the crowd standing on the beach, as he disappeared into the waves he was turned into a sea giant. The wise man of the village, lifting his right hand, prophesied that he would come to a bad end, and at last be killed by his own followers, the people he had led into mischief. No sooner had this happened than the waves dashed up and rolled in upon the wicked city. The few good people escaped to the mountains, but the wicked ones were changed to sea birds and wandered about for years without any homes.

The wicked man became a very, very large sea giant, indeed. He heard the prophecy, and when he saw his wife and children following him, he became much enraged.

“Tiresome old woman and brawling brats, I am done with you,” he roared furiously, and turned them into stones at once. These same

THE OCEAN GIANT

Where he knocked the burning ashes from his pipe a volcanic
island sprang up

Page 75

THE GREAT

THE GREAT

1890

THE GREAT

THE GREAT

THE GREAT



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE OCEAN GIANT

stones can be seen to this day, but as they have been washed by waves for years, they hardly resemble human beings any longer.

When he was rid of his family, the sea giant sat down to smoke his pipe and reflect what he should do next. When he knocked the burning ashes from his pipe, a volcanic island sprang up. He finally decided to travel far away from mortals, and find for himself a beautiful mermaid for a wife and a cave for a home. "But first I will have a good meal," thought he, and he began to boil his kettle. Wherever they see a whirlpool, sailors know the sea giant once stirred his kettle in that place.

The giant started north on his wanderings, and soon he met a ship with a full crew of Northmen. Thunder was the giant's laugh and lightning the flash of his angry eyes, which glowed like lighthouses at night to deceive the poor sailors. His wrath knew no bounds when he saw these mortals, and he grasped the ship in his fist and dragged it down below.

THE OCEAN GIANT

“I must travel more rapidly, if I am to get anywhere,” he said to himself. So he jumped on a sea serpent, which swam to the fiords of the north, where there are high mountains, with glaciers sliding slowly to the sea. Still farther north he went, until he arrived in a land where all was frozen, where the midnight sun gleamed, and elves came out of holes in the ice to look at the sea giant; they even dared to climb upon him, and some of the more daring pulled his hair and pinched him.

A melancholy great auk was waiting on the beach. The creature gave a feeble croak, standing upright upon its legs and flopping its small wings as it bowed to the giant.

“Don’t you remember me?” he cried. “I came from your wicked city. I was an old friend of yours, and I was changed to an auk because I was a liar.”

“I remember you,” said the giant; but he didn’t pay much attention to the auk, who was so small. “Who is this coming?” he demanded.

“That is the most beautiful mermaid in the

THE OCEAN GIANT

sea, who comes driving the white seals," replied the great auk, and for once in his bad life he told the truth. The aurora borealis blinked, the snow peaks twinkled, the sea giant was dazzled by the beauty of the mermaid.

"Lady of the Seals," quoth he, "you are the beautiful mermaid whom I intend to make my wife. When I have found a home, I shall send my messenger, the whale, for you, and we will have the most magnificent wedding that ever was witnessed in all the seas." With that he strode away, but before he left he stole the egg of the queen auk, which he sucked with great relish, smacking his lips because it tasted good.

Then the sea giant went south and hunted in many oceans. The Gulf Stream and the Japanese Current mark some of his wanderings.

"E-we, e-we!" called the curlew, in his flight over the giant's head. "I am a bird of woe; in your city I knew you; I was a thief." The laughing gull spoke to him, too, as he went by: "I was a foolish, silly woman,

THE OCEAN GIANT

who frittered my life away in your city, and now I have to spend years in the shape of a sea gull." And she went on her way again, chattering and chuckling.

On a southern island the dodo chased the giant, hoping to kill him with one great kick of his strong foot. "He is one of my old followers," thought the giant. "He must have come from my city, too." A great battle took place between them. The giant was victorious, and he laughed and blew the clouds about as he cooked and ate the big brown bird — half ostrich, half turkey.

At last the sea giant found a cave that was to his taste, for it was enormous and on a far-away island in the South Seas, where palm trees waved and monkeys played football with cocoanuts. Breadfruit hung from trees, and sharks sported in the smooth water. He studded the cave with moonstones, and the sunlight, which leaked down through cracks, lighted it as if by torches, while the water below was as clear as sapphires. Then he summoned the fish and the mermaids and

THE OCEAN GIANT

mermen to prepare a feast, and the sea birds came of their own accord to make the music. The whale was despatched for the Lady of the Seals.

The banquet was ready at last. First they were to have:—

Oysters on the Shell
and
Clam Broth
Soft-shell Crabs
and
Terrapin, Lobster, Bluefish, etc.

The guests began to arrive. The sea dwarfs came, driving horse mackerel. The giant's bride rode a white seal. Old Neptune drove up in his chariot, which was drawn by prancing white horses.

The Lady of the Seals looked pale and frightened, like an unwilling bride, the sea giant was so big and fierce. Her bridesmaids, with bunches of sea pinks in their hands, hovered near her. Neptune was to marry them; he appeared not to like the marriage very well, but it seemed impossible

THE OCEAN GIANT

to thwart this terrible sea giant. A few distinguished guests had come inside the cave; the others stood about the entrance.

All was ready for the ceremony, when suddenly the birds of the sea came flocking in and swarmed about the giant, whom they pecked angrily with their bills.

“We have you at last!” they cried; “it was you who led us astray and brought us to this wretched plight. We have you at last, and you must die!”

The giant cried out for help, but every one turned away; he had no friends. Soon he fell to the ground, dead, and no one was sorry, for he had been a very bad man.

THE OCEAN GIANT

Old Neptune drove up in his chariot, which was drawn by prancing
white horses

Page 79




THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE SNOW FAIRIES' BALL



THE
SNOW FAIRIES'
BALL

HE snow fairies carried me off," said one little girl to another. "All the fairies give balls, you know, but the snow fairies have fancy-dress parties, and powder their hair up there in the white clouds. Then they come dancing down to earth so fast and so furiously that off comes the powder, and we say it's snowing. Some jump down old men's collars to tease them. Some tickle children's noses until they cry, and pinch their fingers and toes and bite their ears until they turn white; others sing and whistle, and their king, Jack Frost, paints flowers on the window-panes. They push our sleds down hill and tumble us over and over in the snow, while they scamper on to their ball.

THE SNOW FAIRIES' BALL

“I was walking home from school the day I got lost; we lived in the country then, all the year round. Father sent nurse to school for me, but she was late, so I started to go home alone. The snow fairies were very lively that day. They were coming down in the midst of the dazzling white powder, and they danced and whirled in front of my eyes as I trudged along.

“‘Come this way,’ I heard one shriek, while another cried, ‘No, go that way.’ I couldn’t tell where to go. I stumbled on and on, down the narrow road, with high pines full of powder on each side. I could hear the brook trickling over the rocks. The flakes stopped falling, and the sun came out just before it was time for it to set. A few old yellow leaves were blown off some beech trees and they seemed to turn into canary birds and fly away.

“Suddenly I found that I was in the middle of the snow fairies’ ball, so I kept quite still and watched. I could see them with their powdered hair, dressed in white satin

THE SNOW FAIRIES' BALL

gowns covered with diamonds. They were dancing and courtesying to each other. Their escorts were in white suits, too, and they wore buckles on their shoes, and white wigs on their heads. While they were dancing a Highland fling and the ball was at its height, the baby moon came up. Then the fairies stopped dancing, and they stole away one by one up the moonbeams to their homes in the sky.

“ Oh, they were so beautiful. But what do you think happened next? I don't believe you could guess. The last fairies who went up were very playful, and they pulled the Man of the Moon right down one of his own moonbeams! He came sliding and skipping along and landed right in the middle of the place where the fairies had the party, and when he got there, he shook himself and began to dance a jig! He was small and fat and jolly, and was dressed all in gray. Then suddenly he spied me and made a face at me, and then he scrambled away as fast as he could go. While I was trying to catch

THE SNOW FAIRIES' BALL

him, plaguery nurse found me and took me home. Nurse says I must have fallen asleep from the cold, but I am sure I was wide awake all the time."

THE MOON BABY



“**W**HY are you looking out of the window to-night, Jerry?” asked his elder sister, Marie. “’Cause daddy said that Plummy had left us, and I can’t ever see her again!” The tears stood in Jerry’s eyes. “When I asked him where she was, he said she’d gone to heaven, so I’m looking up at the half moon and the little stars, but I can’t see her!”

“Don’t cry,” comforted Marie; “your little playmate is happy. I’ll tell you what I think about it. Once, when I was sad like you, I looked out of the darkness into the light of the sky, and a beautiful angel seemed to come to me. Her eyes were twin stars, and her garment was of silver thread. People I knew stood about me, I thought, in the shimmering

THE MOON BABY

light, and some of them—the bad ones—shriveled and disappeared before her, while others—the good people—bloomed into lovely star flowers and moon blossoms in her presence, and she gathered them in her wide arms and went upward with them. So I feel, Jerry, that people who are good on earth go one way or another up to happy lands, perhaps to the moon or stars, and their inhabitants sometimes come down to us. When we see a new moon, Jerry, I believe a wee baby has just arrived up there, and as he grows bigger he gets curious to see and know things, like the rest of us, and so he comes down to this earth and takes a look around.

“Only yesterday the moon boy slipped down on a silver ray right into a garden full of fragrant flowers on the edge of the town. He was a beaming little fellow, dressed in gray, and his band of fairies was dancing about him.

“‘Those must be fallen stars,’ he declared, as he pointed to the electric light bulbs. He was rather frightened when he saw a monster

THE MOON BABY

The moon boy slipped down a silver ray into a garden
full of flowers

Page 90



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE MOON BABY

bug with shining eyes come whizzing by, and he hid when the fiery serpent passed, for of course they don't have automobiles and trains in the moon. It is very different up there, I am sure.

“He peeped about and spied loving couples in dark corners; then he looked into a window and there he saw Plummy. He wanted her to play with, for she was so sweet and pretty. His fairies kissed her eyes until she was asleep, and then he carried her away.”

“I can't help it, I want Plummy back,” Jerry whimpered.

“But she's so happy,” his sister told him; “in such a beautiful country where it is always light and gay, and she and the moon boy play together and have such good times that they look down and are sorry for us. She has friends up there, too, for her little brother is near by. The biggest and most brilliant stars I like to think of as the souls of good people who have left us, and when they shine and sparkle brightly, I somehow feel that our loved

THE MOON BABY

ones are looking down on us, and are pleased when we've done right."

And Jerry fell asleep, dreaming of Plummy playing happily with the moon baby.

THE MAIDEN OF ROSYLAND





ONCE upon a time there stood in the kingdom of Rosyland a castle of pink enamel with high spires of gold like shafts of lightning. It was built on a mountain top, overlooking a rocky ledge that sloped to the sea. In the castle dwelt a beautiful maiden.

Over the hills came riding one morning a handsome young knight with flaxen hair, clad in armor of shining gold. His name was Prince Sunshine, and he was on his way to pay his respects to this fair lady and sue for her hand in marriage.

At the same time up from the sea came gay Prince Rainbow, who moored his glass boat with jewelled sails, and climbed the steep bank; then strode over the bridge and through the

THE MAIDEN OF ROSYLAND

spacious halls of the castle, also searching for the maiden he loved.

They found Princess Dawn in the castle garden. Such a wondrous garden it was, with statues and vases, and all the flowers were roses, roses, roses! Low rose bushes filled the beds, while creeping rose vines covered with buds and full blown roses rambled helter-skelter down over rocks, kissing the rippling brook, climbing up the trellises, and winding themselves around arches and gateways. In a white marble temple with steps reaching to a silver lake, almost hidden by a cloud of white Banksia roses, sat the sweet maiden, weeping as if her heart would break.

“Why are you crying, dear Princess?” asked Sunshine.

“Because I have no shells,” she answered. “My subjects chide me; they have never seen shells from the sea, and they say my garden cannot be pretty without them.”

“Your beautiful eyes are as blue as the sky, I cannot bear to see them clouded. Dry your tears,” pleaded the Prince. “I will go

THE MAIDEN OF ROSYLAND

to the ocean and gather the prettiest shells I can find. You have only to command me." With a low bow he departed.

"Marry me," urged dashing Rainbow, as soon as Prince Sunshine was gone. "We will circle the earth together."

"No," answered Princess Dawn, "I will not marry any one until I have tried all my suitors and found out which one really loves me best. I have decided to wed the one who brings me the rarest and handsomest shells to put in my garden. Rich King Night and brave Duke Moonlight have already gone to the sea. Do you care to try your fortune?"

Rainbow disappeared mysteriously, vanishing without a word among the roses.

Time went by. Rich King Night was the first of the suitors to return. "Your skin is as white as the clouds, and your hair falls upon your rose-colored robes like gold embroideries," he said. "I lay all my diamonds at your feet." But the princess would have none of him, for he had no shells to give her. He would have wrapped her in his black mantle and spirited

THE MAIDEN OF ROSYLAND

her away, but she was light of foot and fled from his grasp.

Soon Duke Moonlight arrived in his steel armor. He told of his travels over land and water, but though he brought her veils of spun silver, he had no shells.

Prince Rainbow came once more to Rosyland, bringing strings of priceless opals, reflecting every tint of his many-colored robe in their flaming hearts. But alas! he brought no shells.

As Prince Sunshine had not yet appeared, Princess Dawn decided to go in search of him and see what he was doing. So, with her fairy godmother's help, having climbed down the steep to the ocean, the beautiful maiden was quickly changed to a mermaid. Once in the sea, the fishes told her where to find her lover.

While Prince Sunshine was climbing among the brown, barnacled rocks on a small, unfrequented island, he thought he saw a curious pink shell peeping out from under some seaweed. As he gazed down, two eyes seemed to look back at him, and he presently discovered

THE MAIDEN OF ROSYLAND

that they belonged to a lovely mermaid who, when she saw herself observed, lifted her head from the sea and laughed musically like the rippling of water, as she showed her teeth of pearl.

“It wears its beard without a chin, and leaves its bed to be tucked in,” said the mermaid merrily. “Can you guess what that may be, Sir Prince?” He thought she looked a little like Princess Dawn, and he was puzzled.

“No, I can’t,” he replied, still wondering about the resemblance.

“It’s an oyster,” she said, and smiled at him so sweetly that he became fascinated by her. They sat together and talked as she untangled her hair with the Venus comb-shell. She told him of mountains and valleys under the water; of the phosphorescence that floats on the waves at night and looks like swarms of fireflies; of drifting weeds, and branches of white coral, resembling trees in a snowstorm.

As they talked together, she noticed that he was surrounded by many curious shells which he had collected. He told her of his long

THE MAIDEN OF ROSYLAND


search and of battles with the monsters of the deep. And she called him the handsomest and bravest of princes. Wishing for a kiss, he jumped after her into the sea, but the maiden escaped him. "I do not really love you," he called out. "Mermaids are fickle, their embraces icy; I love only the beautiful Princess Dawn!"

At the mention of her name the disguised Princess felt that he indeed loved her and was worthy of her. Had he not searched longer than any of her other suitors, and had he not gathered many beautiful shells? Then a great change occurred. The lady from Rosyland appeared on the rock before the astonished Prince Sunshine, and confessed her love for him.

Then the fairies took them upon a pink cloud of happiness to her home, and there was great rejoicing in the country. People came from over the hills to see the curious shells now placed among the flowers in the castle garden. They were married soon after, and Prince Sunshine had great power in the beautiful kingdom of Rosyland.

THE DANCE OF THE FIRE FAIRIES



 "THE fire is going out," said Peggy. "I'm getting cold. Do you believe, father, that Santa Claus will bring us some more wood to-night?"

The fire fairies are sighing for it." The room was almost dark except for the flickering flames and glowing ashes. The father threw some sticks into the dying embers.

"These are the last in the house," he thought. "What is to be done?" But he turned with a smile and said: "This will be a jolly, rousing fire, anyway, Peggy!"

"How can a fairy live in the flames, father?" asked Peggy, as she lay on her bed. "There must be fairies there, good and bad ones. The good fire fairies have been making pictures for me on the wall! See that great

DANCE OF THE FIRE FAIRIES

elephant, father, and a little while ago I saw a camel.”

“Perhaps there are fairies, but we grown-ups cannot see them. What makes your cheeks so red, dearie?”

“The fire fairies have painted them,” Peggy explained.

The father had lost his money, and was very poor. He watched the wood crumbling to ashes, and said to himself, “How shall I get more?”

“I can see the fire fairies dancing now,” cried Peggy. “Look into the heart of the fire, father; the fairies are having a ball. Some are dressed in blue, and some in red and yellow, and they wear shining jewels. They are dancing faster and faster, and the ball-room is brilliant with glowing lights. They’re singing, too:—

“We can whip the snow fairies,
Give us a chance;
We’ll make them go, Peggy—
We’ll make them prance!”

The poor father sat and listened to her prattle, his mind heavy with trouble. “No wood

THE DANCE OF THE FIRE FAIRIES

“The good fire fairies have been making pictures for me
on the wall”

Page 103



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

DANCE OF THE FIRE FAIRIES

left to keep her warm," he thought. It was Christmas time, too, and he could not get her a present. A little voice from the chimney whispered an evil word to him.

"We can destroy as well as comfort," it said. "Your enemy has brought you to this pass; burn his house over his head!"

"Did you say there were bad fire fairies, Peggy?" he asked.

"Some are good and some are bad," said the child.

"It must have been a bad one who spoke to me," he thought. "Oh, how hard life is sometimes! What a struggle," he said under his breath. "If my enemy had not persecuted me, all might have been well."

"Revenge, revenge!" cried the little voice; "set his house on fire and watch it burn and see the fairies dance!"

"I believe in your fairies, Peggy," her father began, when just then he heard a faint sound outside and opened the door. A cold wind swept through, and a shivering cat with a kitten in her mouth came into the room.

DANCE OF THE FIRE FAIRIES

“Is that our cat, Peggy?” he asked, as pussy dropped the kitten tenderly in front of the warm fire.

“Yes, father, the big white cat is ours, but I never saw the little black kitten before.”

“I had to drown her kittens only a few days ago,” said the father; “we couldn’t afford so many cats, for we need all the milk ourselves.”

“I want to play with the kitten,” said Peggy.

“You shall have the furry, wee thing,” said her mother, who had just come in, “if you will take this medicine for your cold.”

“I don’t like it,” said Peggy; but she took it like a good child, only making a wry face.

“Poor pussy cat,” said her mother; “her kittens were taken away from her and she was so lonely that she went out and stole the first kitten she could find — this tiny black one, so unlike her beautiful white self. If I lost you, Peggy, what should I do? I couldn’t very well go out and steal a little black child!”

“Set fire to his house,” the father heard again.

DANCE OF THE FIRE FAIRIES

“Steal some wood for Peggy,” hissed another little voice. It seemed to the father that small wicked eyes winked at him from the glowing brands, that a chorus of cruel little voices cried out to him from the licking flames, “The fire fairies are hungry; they must have fuel, fuel more and more!”

“What a roaring fire! Can’t you hear the fairies squabbling together?” asked Peggy. “Sometimes they shoot off guns, and if you try to touch them, they will bite you. Sometimes they sing, and what you think is the crackling of the wood is the snapping of their fingers as they dance. When you see the smoke rising, father, they are smoking their pipes. They live in the flames; the light is their very life, and they are never still a moment. When you see a spark go up the chimney, it is a fairy, but they go so quickly that you cannot always see them.”

“I hear only the bad fire fairies, dear, because I am old and wicked; you see only the good ones because you are young and innocent.” A scuffling of feet outside, and cries of

DANCE OF THE FIRE FAIRIES

“Fire! Fire!” interrupted him. He looked out and saw his neighbor’s big, handsome house in flames, and rushed out to give assistance. He forgot the little tempting voices of the bad fire fairies, and worked with the strength of ten to save a stranger’s house!

“That fellow works with a will,” said the rich man whose house was on fire, pointing to Peggy’s father. “If the house is saved, it will be thanks to him.”

When the fire was quite out, the rich man called Peggy’s father to him and thanked him for having worked so hard at saving his property. “One good turn deserves another,” he said; “what can I do for you?”

“Give me some wood from your wood pile. I will work for it.”

“Why, you have earned that already, and more, too. Help yourself.” The two men spoke together a little longer, and then said good night.

Peggy was asleep, and the brands on the hearth were cold when her father came in and threw down an armful of Yule logs. He built

DANCE OF THE FIRE FAIRIES

up the fire with extravagant hands, and as the bark of the good beechwood crackled and burst into flame, he held his chilled fingers to the blaze. Then he leaned back in his chair and listened to the talking of the fire fairies. This time the good ones whispered cheerily to him: —

“Well done, well done! Now that your rich neighbor has taken you into his service, Peggy will grow well and strong again. There will always be plenty of wood in the house, and every cold night the fire fairies will dance and paint pictures on the wall for Peggy.”

MERRY JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT



“**A**RE you a little boy?” asked the pretty mermaid.

“Yes! Haven’t you ever seen one before?” asked Merry Jerry. The pretty mermaid shook her head so hard that her shell comb fell out, and her hair, the color of bright gulfweed, came tumbling down.

“What is your name?” she inquired.

“Jeremiah,” replied the boy, “though mother calls me Merry Jerry; but I’m too old for that name now. What a jolly place this is! At first I thought that it was night and those lights were stars; now I see — why! we’re walking on sand, and this is the bottom of the sea! What *are* those lights?”

“Those are the lamps in the houses of the city under the sea,” explained the mermaid.

JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT

“Once I asked mother what those sparks in the sea at night were, and she told me some funny long name — sounded like phosphorescence; I don't believe she knew there was a city under the sea. I'll tell her about it when I get home.”

“Let me show you our city,” said the mermaid. “See, the houses are all made of mother-of-pearl!” Jerry peeped into a window and saw a merman inside shaving himself with a long razor shell. Then he looked into a garden, where rainbow-colored barnacles were blooming. Water babies were playing about a small cuttlefish, poking him and singing: —

“You're Tom Toddy,
All head and no body!”

Just then the mermaid put her finger on her lips and whispered: —

“S-s-h! Give me your hand. A devilfish lurks there!” So hand in hand they scampered by the dangerous spot, and presently the mermaid said: “It's all right now; we're safely

MERRY JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT

"S-s-h! Give me your hand. A devilfish lurks there!"

Page 114



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT

past, and, besides, here come my friends, the angel fish, to take care of us."

"What a pretty blue they are! Here come some yellow ones just like them; I love angel fish. Can't they go with us?"

"Oh, yes, they will not leave us. I will call the guardfish too; you will feel safer if they go along to protect us, but I will not have that foolfish; I never could bear him." A crowd of little fishes had by this time gathered round them.

"You seem to be a favorite," murmured the child.

"It is you they have come to see," the seamaid answered; "they are all very curious and stare at you too much. It is bad manners to look so hard at a stranger."

Then she spoke prettily to the little fishes and asked them not to follow her and Jerry, telling them that he was her guest and that it made him feel awkward to be noticed so much. They all obeyed and swam away, except the devilfish. The guardfish prodded him with their long noses, and he was finally forced to go, but he

JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT

spat angrily at Jerry, and for a moment the beautiful clear green water was stained a dirty black. They caught a big dogfish, and Jerry got astride of him, thinking it as much fun as horseback riding. The mermaid kept at his side, and together they made their way around the town, causing great excitement.

“There go my schoolmaster and Made-moiselle,” his companion remarked, pointing to two grave-looking fishes swimming about in the distance.

“Do you have to go to school too?” asked the boy, pityingly. “Well, I never! and what funny teachers!”

“They are very nice teachers, and I am very fond of them,” answered the mermaid. “Now I am going to show you our King and Queen; I don't believe they have seen a little boy for a long time. But first I must get you some soapfish to wash your hands before I take you into the palace of the King.”

“This is fun!” thought Jerry. “How I wish the fellows could see me now! Oh, what

JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT

a wonderful place this is! I wish mother were here."

As soon as the little boy was tidy, the mermaid led him into the palace of the King of the mermen. The floor was covered with golden carpet-shells, the walls were of glistening mother-of-pearl, decorated with starfish; there were chandeliers made of big pink shells in the throne room, brilliantly lighted with phosphorescence. "Are those mermaids singing in the distance? It's all so strange and wonderful — perhaps I am in heaven! I wonder if I'll ever see my mother again!"

"Why, Merry Jerry, are you crying? What is the matter?" asked his guide, anxiously.

"Tell me quick!" he screamed, "am I drowning?"

"No; of course you're not! Look, here come the King and Queen. These gorgeous fish all around them are courtiers. Sometimes I am on duty as maid of honor. Your royal majesties," she continued, addressing the King

JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT

and Queen, "this is a little human boy; he is called Merry Jerry."

"We are very glad to see you at the palace," welcomed the Queen of the mermaids; "I like little boys, though I have seen only one before." She smiled very sweetly at Jerry as she spoke, and he thought her a lovely lady, though not quite so pretty as his mermaid.

The King was very fierce looking. He had a long, flowing beard, and angry eyes. He wore a splendid red coral crown on his head, and an armor of oyster shells. Jerry wished the Queen and maid of honor would not look at him so much, for he thought it was making the King very angry.

"Are you a good boy?" demanded the King, sternly.

"I—I don't believe I am," stammered Jerry. "I ran away from home, and my father will give me a flogging when he catches me, I know."

"You have told me the truth," approved the King, "and so I suppose I shall have to send you home." At this the Queen began to

MERRY JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT

They caught a big dogfish and Jerry got astride of him

Page 116



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

JERRY'S STRANGE VISIT

cry, and the pretty mermaid looked at Jerry very hard. The King drew the sword which he himself had cut from the nose of his greatest enemy, the chief of the swordfish, and touched Jerry on the shoulder with it. "So, Merry Jerry, go back to your father!" commanded the King, in an awful voice which shook the palace so that the lights in the pink chandeliers all trembled and grew dim. The mermaid hid her face in a handkerchief of seaweed lace.

The next thing Jerry knew he was lying on the beach, feeling cold and frightened; his clothes were damp. He looked about for the mermaid, but could not find her. Had he really been to the City under the Sea? He never felt quite sure.

THE GHOST PONY



SILVERFOOT, the beautiful pony, had disappeared most mysteriously right out of the barn in broad daylight. "Oh, dear," sighed Marian, quite distressed and wringing her hands, "what shall we do—what shall we do? What will Mother and Father say?" She felt responsible, for she was the eldest child, and had been left in charge of the place in her parents' absence. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson had taken the coachman and a pair of horses, and driven away to a neighboring town, intending to make a visit of several days.

Carl, their son, was to care for Silverfoot; of course that was a man's work, and he was delighted. After his parents' departure, the first thing Carl did was to take out of the

THE GHOST PONY

stall the dear gray pony with the pink rings and black spots about his eyes, and give him a good curry-combing, hissing through his teeth in imitation of the coachman, though why the fellow did it he couldn't exactly say. Once he had asked him, and the man answered: "Oh, to soothe the pony!"

The boy decided to whitewash Silverfoot's stall; how pleased Father would be on his return, to see that he had been industrious, and that everything was clean and tidy. He felt sure that the pony would appreciate it too. So Carl tied the little creature to the post in the middle of the barn, and set gayly to work. He managed to get the white stuff all over his clothes, and on his head and face as well; but what a good time he was having! At last he had finished and made everything ready for Silverfoot — but when he went to look for him, lo and behold! the pony was nowhere to be seen.

There was great excitement at Silverfoot's disappearance, for the children loved this clever pony. Carl thought he must have

THE GHOST PONY

slipped his bridle and wandered off, or perhaps he had scuttled into the woods by the side of the stable. They looked for tracks, but there were so many hoof prints in the dust it was hard to tell if there were any fresh ones. They had looked well in the barn, but he was not there. Had he been stolen? Tramps were seldom seen in that neighborhood. The letter carrier was the only person who had been about. Marian wrote out a "Lost" notice, and Carl posted it on the door of the store, walking all the way there and back—four miles. Surely some kind neighbor would bring Silverfoot home.

Blossom, the baby, toddled about, lisping: "I like zee pillow cats and zee hopper grasses, but I love Silverfoot zee best of all. He was so beautiful I believe zee fairies have taken him away." Of course they all loved Silverfoot. Had they not seen him when he was only two hours old? And Father had told them that colts, like kittens, could not see for nine days after they were born.

"He was standing up when we first saw

THE GHOST PONY

him," Marian recalled, "and walking, and his legs wobbled like macaroni, and his hind legs were longer than his front ones." The children went over every little thing they remembered in their pet's life. "And his mother gave him milk, and later he began to eat grass and bran. Then Father took Silverfoot's mother away one day," Marian went on, "and oh, how he did whinny for her, and hop around in the paddock. Then he used to come up to us in the pasture and let us kiss his soft nose. Don't you remember how we used to give him sugar and how he would kick his heels in the air and frolic? Father said he thought he had some Arabian blood. Then he was broken to the saddle and harness."

"I harnessed him myself only yesterday," broke in Carl, "and I gave him his oats every day."

"It's too dark to hunt in the woods to-night," Marian decided, "but we will to-morrow. We've done all we can to-day by putting up the notice."

In the morning Carl told how he had

THE GHOST PONY

dreamed of Silverfoot, and that in the dream the pony had big feathery wings and was floating about in the air surrounded by a silvery light. He knew it was their pet because there were spots about his eyes, and then the pony had looked in at the window and snorted, and Carl had waked up all trembling. Blossom loved to hear of the winged horse, and believed it all. "I told you zee fairies had stolen him;" she said. Carl looked very serious, but Marian laughed.

Carl and Marian scoured the forests that day, and every once in a while they thought they heard a distant whinny, but it seemed stifled and far away. Could it be Silverfoot? From what direction did it come? They put their ears to the ground, Indian fashion, to listen for stamping, but they heard nothing. Could it have been the wind? No, surely it must have been a horse.

"He had wings in my dream," Carl sighed; "he must be dead." (Two tears trickled down his face.) "What we hear is the Ghost Pony," the boy went on. The weeping was

THE GHOST PONY

catching, and they both began to sniffle and murmur, "The Ghost Pony." The sun was setting and darkness was beginning to fall. They were tired and hungry, for they had tramped all day and only eaten a sandwich apiece.

"We must start for home," Marian said at last; "this is all foolishness. I do not believe in ghosts. The postman stole him, I think." They could talk of nothing but Silverfoot. "He unlatched the door of his stall once," said Carl, "and he lifted up the drop and let the yellow grain down the slide; he also slipped his halter off several times — there never was such a clever pony in all the world. I think he wandered away. I don't believe he was stolen."

Marian, however, accused the postman, who came that day, of taking the horse. He denied it, and was very angry.

The next morning Carl shook his head. "I was waked up in the night by the neighing of the Ghost Pony," he persisted. Marian was terribly uneasy; the neighbors began to help

THE GHOST PONY

them to search the woods again. Two days had gone by. They left the barn door open and set out a good bucket of oats ready for Silverfoot, but he did not come.

Carl insisted mysteriously that he had heard the whinnying of the Ghost Pony in the night, for the third time. "After zee third time something always happens," insisted Blossom. The postman overheard the conversation and as he stopped at every house along the route — he covered twenty miles a day — and was still more or less angry, he thought he would get even with Marian, so he repeated and enlarged what Carl had said about the Ghost Pony whinnying in his dream. The story spread until the whole countryside was ringing with it, for not one person had seen Silverfoot since his disappearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson came driving home that evening. They met their neighbor, Si Peckham, an old-fashioned New England farmer, in a narrow road. Si hauled in his horse, ready for a "talk."

"Wal, what's this I hear about your Ghost

THE GHOST PONY

Pony, Mr. Peterson?" he chuckled; "haunted farm, have you?" He rocked back and forth, laughing and shaking, in his rickety old wagon.

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Know nothing about it yet, Mr. Peterson? On your way home from visiting? I wanter know! G'long, January!" Old Si gathered up his reins, chirruped to his horse, and nodding and chuckling, went on his way.

Next they met a group of small boys. "Looking for your piebald pony, Mr. Peterson, but we can't find him," cried red-headed Pat, the spokesman. "Guess he's dead all right, all right — no use looking for a Ghost Pony."

As Mr. and Mrs. Peterson drove into the barn-yard, the children gathered about them. "What on earth has happened?" cried the father. Marian was in tears — she still believed the postman had stolen Silverfoot. Carl hung his head; he would get a thrashing, for no doubt he had tied the pony carelessly. Little Blossom was the only cheerful

THE GHOST PONY

member of the household; her eyes were dancing.

“Zee fairies have got Silverfoot, Father; Carl says he saw him in the night by the moon and he had big wings, and he neighed.”

Just then they all heard a faint whinnying; the horses in the buggy answered. “Why, he must be right here, somewhere!” exclaimed Mr. Peterson, laughing.

“It’s the Ghost Pony you hear,” returned Carl, sadly.

The others cried in unison: “No, we’re sure he’s not about here. We’ve looked on every inch of ground.”

“Under the barn?” suggested the father.

“There’s no door for him to get in by,” answered his daughter.

“There is a trap door, you know, where we throw the hay down,” replied Mr. Peterson.

“The trap door,” Carl exclaimed, “why, I had forgotten all about it.”

It appeared that Silverfoot must have slipped his halter and wandered over to the haymow piled in the barn; in fact, being

THE GHOST PONY

greedy, he had climbed on to it with all fours. The old trap door beneath him gave way, and he had been gently let down under the barn. There he lay on a soft bed of hay with plenty to eat for three days, but with nothing to drink and without being able to stand up on his legs. The door had sprung back into place and enough hay had fallen to conceal it, so no wonder the children could not find Silverfoot. Father found him, though, and they were glad to see each other, you may be sure!

There was a great laugh over the losing and finding of Silverfoot, the postman laughing the loudest; and all their friends now ask the children, "How's the Ghost Pony?"

"The Ghost Pony is no more," answers Carl, with a smile, "but Silverfoot is very well."

HOUSEKEEPING WITH A MERBOY



I'M going to gather shells on the beach to-day!" called out Bonnie, as she waved good-by to her mother, and it was not long before she was jumping in high glee from rock to rock. Her brown hair was tossing in the wind, her blue eyes were dancing, and so was her whole body on the sturdy little legs, red from wading in the cold water, while in her arms she tightly clasped her dear dolly, Mary Anne.

Once mother had taken her to see a big dark cave among the rocks, and she had often dreamed of it since. Although she had found no hidden treasure, she somehow felt that wonderful and strange things must be there. Being an adventurous child, Bonnie determined this morning to go and have a look again; sure

WITH A MERBOY

enough, after some hunting she found the cave, and bravely entered and poked about in it. Peering around a rock at her, she spied a queer combination of boy and fish. Without warning, and to her amazement, while the spray from a breaker was dashing about him, he caught her in his arms. She was frightened for a moment, so he quickly let her go, and as a peace offering, he handed her some pretty shells. She forgot her fright, and soon was smiling with pleasure, for he threaded some of the shells with seaweed, making her a fantastic necklace. Fingering one of the shells on her string, Bonnie asked its name.

“It is called the old maid’s badge—because the unmarried mermaids wear them,” the boy explained.

“Well, I’m not an old maid!” laughed Bonnie, and she picked up Mary Anne, whom she hugged tightly, while he looked on jealously. But she was really delighted with this new adventure, and it was not long before they were playing house together.

HOUSEKEEPING WITH A MERBOY

Peering around a rock at her, she spied a queer combination
of boy and fish

Page 136



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

WITH A MERBOY

“We’ll set our table on this rock ; the shells will do for plates,” said Bonnie. They used the flat shells for plates, the hollow ones for drinking cups. The clever merboy, with his hunting spear, carved shells into knives and forks. “This is a poached egg, and that a pheasant shell,” said he. “These are the real names men use for them. They can go on our table for show, but periwinkles are really good to eat.”

“I have some animal crackers, too, in my pocket,” said Bonnie, taking them out. “I’m hungry.”

“What queer beasts you must have on land, if they are anything like these,” and the merboy began to examine the crackers.

“But tell me about yours of the sea ; they must be still stranger.”

“No, I don’t think they are very strange, though maybe it’s because I’m used to them. I’ve heard the mermen talk, though, of the days gone by, when there were great sea lizards and salamanders or mud puffins, at the time when the mastodons roamed the

WITH A MERBOY

land, and large elephant-footed birds laid eggs as big as —”

“As footballs,” suggested Bonnie, and the boy nodded his head, not wishing to show his ignorance. Then he went on to tell her of the many interesting places in his home.

“If I looked ’way up to the top of a hill in the winter time when the sun was going down,” mused Bonnie, “and if the wind shook the branches of the trees that were all sticking out with no leaves on them; and then if all the little stars began to come out in the sky, I really b’lieve it would look as the merboy says it does from the bottom of the sea.” Bonnie was very happy — Mary Anne was quite forgotten for the moment, and lay neglected upon the sand; but the merboy had his eye on her.

“Let’s play some more. You must go a-marketing for our next meal, girl! You can use sand dollars to spend, and take this basket-shell for provisions, and I will keep shop and write out the bills with the sea pen, and post them in the mail-shell.”

WITH A MERBOY

After they had tired of that game, they decided to build a fort to keep out their enemies. Bonnie wanted a garden; so while the mer-boy moulded the fortress of sand with turrets and sentry boxes, and a moat all around it, Bonnie drew straight lines for paths, and gathered flowers and planted them, making hills and ponds and summer houses. For amusement after such hard work, she took from her pocket some marbles,—glassies with different bright-colored stripes and precious, agates, and the sea boy took from his mouth, where he had stored them, pearls as big as filberts to play with, which they snapped across a ring.

The sea was growing dark, the moon was rising, and they were tired and sleepy, so they went back into the cave.

“What a wonderful house this cave is! Why, we will live here for ever and ever!” the merboy declared. He was having such a good time and he loved Bonnie so much, but he added to himself: “I’ll get rid of Mary Anne, though!”

WITH A MERBOY

“Well, if we do live here, I must have a few comfortable land things,” Bonnie told him; “a chair to rock my Mary Anne in, for she has been so good to sleep all this while, and of course a bed, for the sand is damp.”

“What good are all those things to me? I’ve always lived in the water; I was born of the meeting of the moon rays and the spray. Besides, Mary Anne is a stupid child; it seems to me she hasn’t moved once.” He was still jealous of Mary Anne, and picking her up he declared that he would soon wake her. With that he gave her a ducking. Bonnie was red in the face from excitement, and the merboy was swishing his tail with anger.

Bonnie snatched Mary Anne from him and ran away. The merboy couldn’t follow her on land, and he became frightened at what he had done, for he saw the tears in Bonnie’s eyes, so turning, he swam rapidly out to sea. He never came back, for his mother, the tide, would not permit it, and his father, the moon, bade him obey.

WITH A MERBOY

But he and Bonnie often thought of each other, and both were sorry they had quarrelled over Mary Anne, for it spoilt such a glorious day, and put an end to the many good times they might have had together.

THE FAIRY FLEET



WAS on the deck of a steamer one night; it was late, and I thought we were out at sea. All was quiet, except for the splashing as the bow of the boat cut the smooth water. I was gazing at the Great Bear and the thousands of small stars that form the Milky Way, and trying to decide which was the pole-star, when I saw something in the distance that appeared to be an iceberg. The moon came up out of the sea, round and full like the face of a calm and smiling Buddha, and I had a creepy feeling, as though the fairies were abroad, and imagined I could see the glittering moon-elves dancing on the waves. As we drew nearer the iceberg I felt sure I saw a fort built of blocks of ice, which little shining imps were defending

THE FAIRY FLEET

against the strangest fleet you ever saw. I tried to make out if King Foxy, Blue Nose, and Long Tooth were among the defenders, but the lights of the fleet were too dazzling for me to see clearly, and I never knew.

It was a squadron manned by fairies, in which hardly two of the vessels were alike. Some of the little people were standing on Portuguese men-of-war, others were hanging to the fin of the sail fish, which stuck up out of the water like the turret of a monitor. There were several canoe-shells, which may have been captains' gigs for all I know, but the grandest ship of all was a pearly nautilus shell. I could see the brave little captain as he steered it straight up to the fort, driven by its living oars and sails. When the imps saw that, there was a vast deal of hurrying and scurrying in the fort, which looked like a disturbed ants' nest. They swarmed down to board the bold little craft, which had reached the iceberg by this time, but a line of sailors from the nautilus held them back and tried to break through to reach the fort.

THE FAIRY FLEET

I was getting terribly excited, when I heard eight bells sound, which means midnight. Suddenly a great change took place; the fairy ships seemed to grow bigger and brighter. Were we simply drawing nearer to them? I was so interested and bewildered that I did not know, when an officer brought me back from fairyland to the real world by stopping to remark: "Jove! this is a magnificent night. Of course you know, I suppose, that we are passing Fortress Monroe. President Roosevelt has come to open the Jamestown Exhibition to-day."

What a beautiful sight it was! We were now quite near, and all the ships were brilliantly illuminated, looking in the dark like phantom boats, inhabited by shining spirits with red, burning faces, and twinkling, waving arms, wigwagging signals to one another in the most friendly manner. Faint strains of music were heard, and shadowy beings whirled around on distant decks. There were two superb lines of armored cruisers, torpedo boats, and monitors. The English cruisers were espe-

THE FAIRY FLEET

cially effective, for they carried lights on the water line; on the American ships the names stood out in brilliant letters. The Germans had a flag in colored lights, which glowed like precious jewels against the sky, and the masts and yards on all the boats made beautiful inspiring crosses lifting up into the heavens.

So the fairy fleet was a fairy fleet, and yet it wasn't! I never could just make out. It's like most fairy things in that.

YOUNG NEPTUNE



LOOKED out on the glistening snow and the bare brick walls, and I felt sorry for the people outside in the cold, for I was sitting in a tropical winter garden. It was enclosed by glass, attached to a big house, and filled with palms, blood-red azaleas, pure white cyclamens and sweet-smelling lilacs. A bronze Bacchus peeped around a heather bush and a little marble faun looked out of the ivy climbing on the golden lattice, while a pair of inquisitive paroquets fluttered above my head. Clear water trickled and gurgled invitingly from a fountain; a column of Brescia marble, with twin heads, supported a huge plate of glorious yellow alabaster, in which lay in the sunshine green orchids with white lips, and, the most beautiful

YOUNG NEPTUNE

of all, the violet cattleya. Rising from the basin on rocks of bronze, to which clung curious sea creatures, stood the conquering Young Neptune, with his spear lifted, looking proudly down upon the monsters of the deep.

“What’s that man’s name?” little Johnny asked, pointing to the group.

“You’ve been so quiet, dear, I thought you were asleep. That is Young Neptune.”

“Please tell me about him. Did you know him? Did you ever see him?” asked Johnny.

“Yes, child,” I laughed, “I did see him once. I was on my way to India, and there was a Princess on the steamer who was going to the East to meet her Prince. Although we were not crossing the equator, where Neptune usually comes aboard vessels, he came out of his way to have a peep at land royalty. The first we knew about the visit was when our steamer stopped one day, and a black savage climbed on board. He ran around the ship, calling ‘Captain! Captain!’ Then down came the captain from the bridge,

YOUNG NEPTUNE

and, after talking with him, came to inform us that Neptune, the King of the sea, would visit us next day.

“Sure enough, next morning Neptune arrived, bringing his wife with him. He wore a crown, held a trident in his hand, and his beard was very long. He seemed an old fellow when I saw him. After they had walked about the decks for a while, Neptune said he wished to christen us, so he threw a little water in the ladies’ faces from a bucket, which made them shiver and laugh; but he said the men must be shaved and doused in a tank, which had been prepared, so he grabbed a fashionable young dandy, and before he had time to say ‘Jack Robinson!’ he had given that dandy a good ducking. At dusk he and Mrs. Neptune bade us good-by, and jumping over the railing they disappeared (I suppose in their shell chariot driving their sea-horses, though all we could see was a blaze of light which floated on the water).”

“What about him when he was young?” demanded Johnny, eagerly.

YOUNG NEPTUNE

“Well, you can see for yourself,” I replied. “He was very brave and strong, and wrestled with the wicked swordfish with the spiked nose, and battled with the great octopus. You can see them on the fountain.”

“And strange fish came to look on at the fight, I guess,” said Johnny, examining the bronze, “and there were mermen there too; they can’t be mermaids, for girls don’t like fights.”

“See the cruel arm of the octopus curling about Neptune, but he stands at last victorious, with his spear in the air,” I ended.

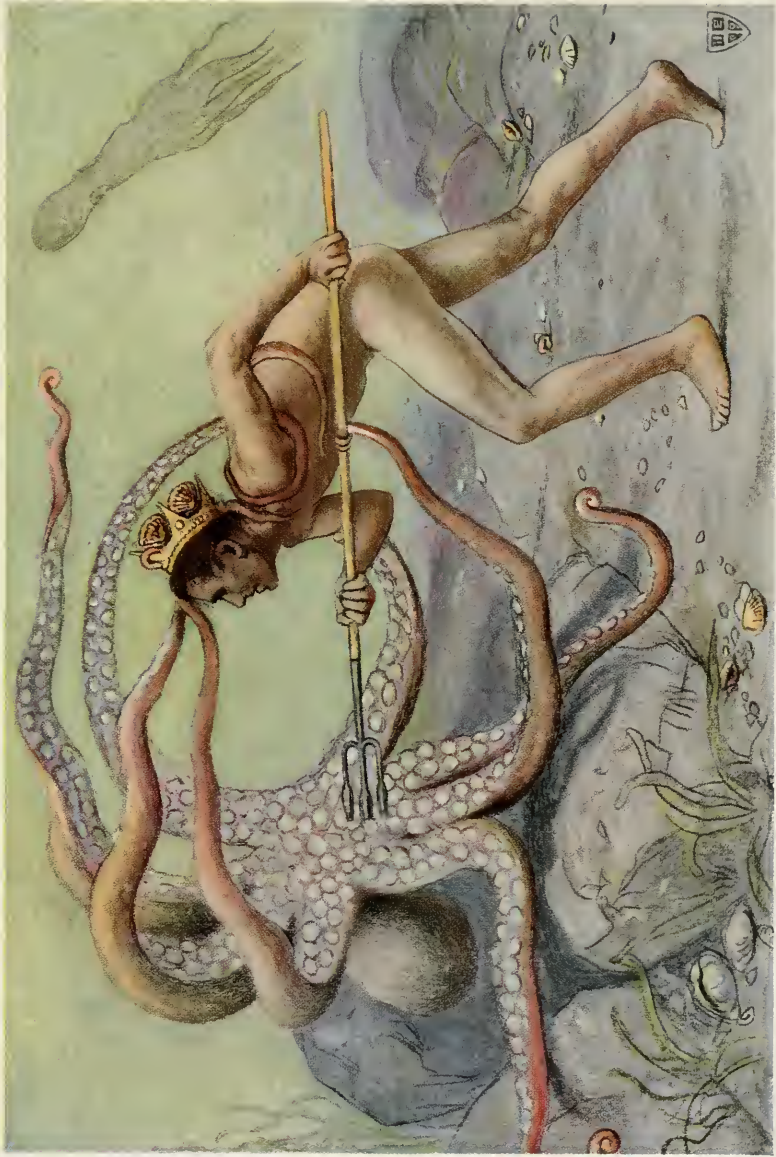
“Jolly! I’d like to have seen that fight,” exclaimed Johnny, his eyes shining. “I believe the mermen made him king after that. ’Spose I’ll ever see Neptune?”

“Very likely you will when you are a big man and go around the world, but even if you never see him, Johnny, you can follow his example. Have no fear, child, of any thing, — except doing wrong.”

YOUNG NEPTUNE

“He was very brave and strong, . . . and battled with the
great octopus”

Page 154



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF JOHNNY
CORK



“GOOD morning, little Johnny,” greeted his sister Polly.

“I am not just ‘little Johnny’ this morning,” he objected indignantly.

“Who are you, then?”

“I am John Cork, a great explorer!”

“What have you been exploring, John Cork?” Polly demanded, laughing.

“I have been over the ocean far to the south on the smooth seas where the halcyons sit upon their floating nests; they are birds of calm, you know, and sleep on the waves.”

“Where did you learn all that, Johnny? Do such birds really exist?”

“Listen, while I tell you about my cruise, Polly. I took a boat and fitted it up for a long voyage, not forgetting the wren’s feathers

VOYAGE OF JOHNNY CORK

to bring good luck, and the calf's skin, too, hung from the mast to keep off the lightning. As I sailed away a dove crossed our bow; that was a sign of good luck. We had pleasant weather, and sharks followed the ship, and the flying fishes skimmed past, and turtles floated by; then I saw a beautiful bird of Paradise, and all my sailors fell down and worshipped it.

“We stopped at several ports and went into the interior — a tangled mass of foliage, where bright-colored parrots screeched, and monkeys played tag, and spotted lizards crept out to watch us.”

All this time Polly's eyes had opened wider and wider, and Johnny's face was stern and flushed as he talked.

“Some days we went fishing for great silver-king tarpon, just for the sport of it. There are many curious rainbow-colored fish in the tropics, beautiful and gamy, but not fit to eat. The flat stingaree is the queerest fish, I believe, I ever saw. There are such lovely colored shells, too, Polly. There is one called

VOYAGE OF JOHNNY CORK

Noah's Ark, and some are named after animals — there is a dog cockle, a horse mussel, a tiger scallop, and a pig cowry." Here Johnny broke off and began to sing:—

"A sailor named Taylor was wrecked on a whaler — the sea was about to prevail —

When, lucky for Taylor, the foundering whaler caught up with a slumbering whale;

'In order to sail her to harbor,' said Taylor, 'myself I'll avail of this gale.'

So Taylor, the sailor, the sail of the whaler did nail o'er the tail o' the whale."

"Well, well," cried Polly, "tell me more about your voyage."

"We journeyed on again, still farther to the south, and the winds freshened; white caps appeared on the waves, and the weather became colder. 'First rise after very low indicates a stronger blow,'" quoted Johnny.

"We saw the wandering albatross upon a rocky island with her young about her. When we landed, and she was disturbed, she squirted an oily fluid from her spreading nostrils, hoping to protect her little ones.

VOYAGE OF JOHNNY CORK

The black storm petrel, the bird of woe, skimmed over the sea ; some people think that she carries her eggs under her wings, for she seems never to stop flying for a moment. We heard the cry of the greedy, long-necked cormorants, and Komori, our Japanese cabin boy, caught and tamed some of them, and went fishing with them in true Japanese fashion.

“By and by we came to a place where there were lots of big icebergs, alive with penguins, cream-colored seals and ivory-white gulls and ducks. The jackass penguins brayed like donkeys and pushed their small babies into the water. We stole some of their eggs, which had a fine flavor. We landed and travelled for miles on the ice in sledges pulled by dogs, hoping to reach the south pole. Oh, oh! what a wonderful voyage that was!”

“But it was only a dream, after all,” said Polly, wonderingly.

“Honest, it wasn't! Some of it I found in an old book up in the garret, which I read 'most all night, and some of it the fairies

VOYAGE OF JOHNNY CORK

whispered in my ears. But when I grow up, I will find out if all this is true, and I will discover new lands for myself."

So he did! He became the famous explorer, John Cork, and found that all the things he had told his sister Polly were true. Yes, and ever so many more wonderful things, too. Some day I will tell you the story of his real adventures when he was a grown-up man. For the child's dreams often become the great realities of a man's life.

BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY



BE quiet, little Mouse," said Betty, "or the cat may hear you." And she put her hand over the little mouse in her pocket. She was sitting on the sand by the edge of the clear, green, shallow water, protected from the winds by the mangrove trees. Betty knew every shadow and every stone on the bit of beach where she had passed the whole of her short life. Sometimes, like the Great Sea Horse and Johnnie Cork, Betty longed to go out into the great world and see what lay beyond her home.

"I am tired of it here, aren't you, Mousey dear; and how do you feel about it, old Polly?" She looked into the sea and cried aloud: "I believe I should like to be a mer-

BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY

maid!" and the green parrot on her shoulder shrieked: "I should like to be a fish!"

Betty laughed at him and called Tony, her dog, who had jumped into the water after a piece of wood.

"Would you like to be a fish, too?" she asked him, but Tony only wagged his tail and barked "Bow-wow!"

Betty's father was a Florida cracker who wasted most of his time hunting for the gold which the bold pirate, Black Cæsar, buried in that region a long time ago; her mother had little time to devote to Betty, as they were very poor, and she had to work hard to make both ends meet; so Betty was left to amuse herself in any way she could find. She had no dolls or playthings or little friends, so she made pets of all the animals, and they played together very happily on the beach which stretched between the sea and the shack where she lived.

"Let's build a house of sand for the sea fairies to live in!" said Betty. "What do you think of it, my pretty pets? Perhaps

BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY

Next she hitched the mouse to a seashell for a carriage

Page 167



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY

they will then change us to fishes and mermaids, if we ask them to."

She chose a place which she was sure the fairies would like. The grasses and seaweeds looked like violets and primroses, and the water itself was brilliant and sparkled with a hundred shades of green. The tide was coming in, and Betty had barely time to finish the little house before the water came up and covered it. Then she stepped back to admire her work, and there, standing in the window of the sand house, was a sea fairy! Betty clapped her hands with glee, and the sea fairy looked at her and smiled.

"Thank you, Betty, for building us this nice house," she said. "Now won't you please make me a carriage, and give me a ride?" So Betty wove a harness with a strand of her shining brown hair, took the mouse from her pocket, and put the harness on him. Next she hitched the mouse to a seashell for a carriage, and put him down on the sand, but Mr. Mouse did not like this and so he ran away. Betty wanted to cry,

BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY

but the fairy said: "Never mind, Betty, I do not want to ride to-day, after all. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, please," answered Betty politely, "we would like to go into the sea and live with you."

"I want to be a fish!" screamed the parrot again.

"Well, you shall be," replied the sea fairy, "and so shall any other of your friends who care to enter my kingdom."

"Come on," said the parrot to the flying robin, who was listening greedily to the conversation. The parrot was really afraid to go alone. So they both went into the water together, and the fairy turned them into fishes.

"It's fine in here!" the parrot called through his gills as he swam away.

"Welcome, one and all," said the fairy kindly. "Do not be afraid of the water; you will be well and happy here." So encouraged, Tony, the dog, who was paddling about, shut his eyes and sprang bravely into the waves.

BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY

“What a big fish I am, and what fun it is chasing the little fish!” he called over his back.

“You are the largest dog-fish in the sea,” laughed the sea fairy.

Tiger, the cat, who did not like water, walked gingerly across the wet sand with little mincing footsteps; in the twinkling of an eye he was changed into a cat-fish.

The cow was anxious to be in the fashion, so she followed the other animals into the ocean and became a sea-cow. “I am very rare indeed down here,” she moaned, and shook her vain silly head until her horns fell off. That is the reason a sea-cow has no horns.

The toad, wishing also to be in the swim, hopped after her.

“I am a swell toad down here,” he gurgled. Even as he spoke his head swelled visibly larger and larger. The lizard came wriggling along next, with Mr. Rabbit leaping after him, while the squirrel, who was always late, scampered hurry skurry behind them. The fat razor-back pig came waddling, too, as fast as

BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY

he could go, for the impatient yellow goat who trotted after him kept butting him with his sharp horns. Even little Mr. Mouse, who had run away, thought better of it and came back to Betty's feet and followed the other animals into the sea, where he now creeps shyly in and out among the weeds at the bottom of the ocean.

“Aren't you coming, too?” the fairy asked Betty. “I will change you into a pretty little water-baby, and you shall have bright colored dresses made of seaweeds, and you can give water-baby parties. When you grow up you will become a mermaid with a wonderful voice; I will teach you such songs that all the jolly jack tars will come and listen when they hear you sing. You shall sit all day in beautiful caves and comb your hair with a golden comb, and you will never have to work.”

Betty thought that would be a lovely way to live, so she waded into the water, and the fairy waved the coral branch that was her wand and turned her into a water-baby.

BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY

At first Betty was very happy in her new surroundings, for there were many strange and beautiful things to see and play with; but when the sea grew dark she was afraid, and longed to run to her mother for comfort. So she went to the fairy and begged to be turned back to a little girl again and taken home. The fairy was very sorry to have her go, for she was fond of Betty, but she wanted her to be happy, so she waved her coral wand again and lo! Betty found herself sitting on the sand all alone. She rubbed her eyes, for the sun was setting; she heard her mother's voice calling her to supper.

As Betty grew older, she was able to help her mother more and more. She was now so busy through the day that she thought of little but her work. When the long summer evenings came, though, she often caught herself thinking of her old playmates and wondering if they were happy and if they enjoyed being fishes. She sometimes went down to the edge of the beach and hummed a weird little song, like the sighing of the wind in a

BETTY AND THE SEA FAIRY

cave or the murmur of a seashell when you put it to your ear. Then she would call softly:—

“Mr. Mouse, Mr. Mouse, Tony, Tiger, are you there?”

She hoped her old friends would reply sometime, but they never did. One day, however, she got an answer to her song, but it was in a human voice,—the voice of a handsome sailor lad on a fishing smack, and this is what he sang:—


“As Jack was a-coming, fine beach up and down,
He forgot pretty Polly of fair Bedford town.
As soon as he spied Betty’s beautiful face
He set his three royals and to her gave chase!”

And in the end the sailor lad carried Betty off to a happy home of her own, but she never forgot her old friends and the sea fairy.

WHISTLING BOB AND HIS WICKED
CAT



WHISTLING
BOB AND HIS
WICKED
CAT



BOB WHITE was about nine years old. He had close-cropped brown hair, snapping black eyes, and little thin legs. He was an only child, a naughty one, too, for he was especially disagreeable to the servants. He lived with his father and mother in a handsome stone house with towers and gables, surrounded by a beautiful garden and fields, on the edge of a forest.

“I can do nothing with Master Bob,” scolded the butler, as usual. “I am sick and tired of him, and his cat is quite as bad as he is; imps take them!”

“Yes, he is always whistling, whistling one low note and then one high one, until I have to stuff cotton in my ears,” complained

WHISTLING BOB AND HIS CAT

the maid, "and his mother is almost crazy with it, but she cannot stop him either. If he would only whistle a real tune, such as you play on the accordion!" and she smiled sweetly at the butler.

"He plays such tricks, too," continued the maid. "I have just left the cook in hysterics this minute; she got a box by express, she did. And cook, she tossed her head in the air, and winked her eye at me as much as to say she had got ahead of me, 'cause she had a present from her beau. When she opened the box — my stars! A toad hopped out as big as life."

"And the cat is quite as bad, too," the butler repeated. "How he does mew about the house! He seems out of his mind, at times, if he has a mind to be out of!"

"He scratched my lady's face very badly to-day, when she was petting him," replied the maid, "and he jumped on to the bedroom desk and upset the inkstand and made little black foot-marks all over the clean new bed-spread. Yesterday he got into the cold

WHISTLING BOB AND HIS CAT

cream on my lady's dressing-table, and left sticky spots all over the brushes and combs. Then he went into the drawer, and got all snarled up in my lady's switch and curls." The butler held his sides a-laughing. "He chases away all the pretty birds that I feed, too," continued the maid, "but he catches the moles that eat the roots in the garden, so the gardener likes him, and he has six toes, which people say bring luck ; besides, Master Bob thinks the world of him, so I suppose we will have to put up with him."

"The madam's bell is ringing," said the butler, so the maid ran upstairs, and he went back to his pantry with the piece of silver he was polishing.

When Bob was locked up for punishment in his room, as occasionally happened, he took much pleasure in flashing a looking-glass out of his window at the men working in the fields, and blowing beans at them for sport. He had been known to hide behind the boxwood peacock in the garden, and, when the gardener passed by, to hop out and

WHISTLING BOB AND HIS CAT

frighten him with a sharp whistle. Sometimes he would put a cigar in the mouth of the boxwood man at night, and phosphorescent buttons for his eyes, to frighten the servants. But he did not do that very often, for he was rather afraid of imps and witches; and especially at night did he fear that they might be prowling about.

Bob would call: "Come along, old cat, we'll go hunting!" and off they would trot together. Unlike most cats, this one would follow like a dog, and he enjoyed hunting with Bob. Sometimes Bob went swimming in the river, or else went fishing; in that case he would give the cat a fish, and pussy would tease and play with it. Bob could whistle to his heart's content, while the cat mewed and prowled about after game, but they both enjoyed robbing nests and killing birds more than anything else.

One afternoon Bob lost his way chasing a pretty bird in and out among the bushes where it led him, twittering provokingly all the while. In his exasperation he said a bad

WHISTLING BOB AND HIS CAT

word and shot a stone from his sling. Then a black cloud swept across the sky, and he suddenly realized that it was after sunset and that he was far from home.

The cat leaped upon Bob's shoulder, his fur bristling, and the boy shivered with fright, for now at last he was caught out in the dark, and he remembered all the things the servants had told him about witches and goblins. The storm was upon them. Great hailstones began to fall, and as each struck the ground with a crash, out jumped a wee black imp. They took hands and surrounded Bob and his cat, and began to dance. They side-stepped and double-shuffled, and two by two they gave a cake-walk, with grimaces and pulling of tails, and tweaking of ears, and shrieks of "Now we have you two at last!"

"Yes!" came a deep, resounding voice, "I want them." In terror Bob turned and looked over his shoulder. There, behind him, stood a witch. She had dark wings, all webbed like a bat, and was dressed in brown leaves that quivered and rustled with her anger. She

WHISTLING BOB AND HIS CAT

bore in her hand a small tree, which she used to ride upon at night, when she had only to spread her big wings to sail away to the moon. "I want them," she repeated, and all the little imps bowed low and tucked their tails between their legs. The witch turned to Bob, and spoke to him: "Boy, I have long watched you and listened to your whistling, but I have never been able to catch you after dark before. You and your cat have made trouble enough, and the servants at your home will be glad to be rid of you both; I am going to keep you."

The imps danced to the music of the brook, and the frogs came out of the pond and sat in a ring about them all, and croaked in chorus, while the witch, Bob, and his cat stood in the centre. The big black crows were the next to arrive; they hopped all together and cawed in time to the music, too, while the squirrels sat on the limbs of the trees and swished their tails; the grasshoppers came and jumped and trilled, too, and the crickets sang; nature's orchestra was very busy, for the forest

WHISTLING BOB AND HIS CAT

was humming and alive with all the beasts. They had all gathered because they felt in the air that something was going to happen.

The witch thumped on the ground with her tree for order, and there was instant quiet. Bob was trembling, and the cat crouched down close beside him. Then the witch spoke very solemnly:—

“I will add two more to our company,” said she; “be ready, all ye animals, to admit these little rascals into our wood kingdom. They have robbed us of our playmates with wings, so in punishment I will turn them into birds themselves.” Then addressing the frightened pair: “You will find some friends, but also some enemies among us,” she warned. Then she touched the boy upon the shoulder with her wand. “Bob White, I create you knight of the woods; you can whistle as you always have, but you must change your form completely. You may keep your own name, Bob White. Presto, change!” and as she waved her wand he felt himself slowly shrinking into a little feathery brown bird. He was

WHISTLING BOB AND HIS CAT

so frightened that he scuttled away under the foliage and out into the stubble in the field, and joined the other quail running about and whistling first one low note and then a high one, "Bob White, Bob White."

"Cat," cried the witch, stamping her foot, "you too may keep your name, and continue to mew if you wish." She touched him with her wand. "I transform you also to a bird, like one you have often chased." And so Puss became a catbird, and you can hear him mew in the forest to-day.

WHISTLING BOB AND HIS WICKED CAT

'Cat," cried the witch, stamping her foot, "you too may keep your name and continue to mew"

Page 182




THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE BOLD SEA DWARFS



**THE
BOLD SEA
DWARFS**



POLLY'S mother missed her, and after searching for some time, found her sitting on the sand, sunning herself in her bathing suit. She began to scold the child for going in the water without her permission. Just then Polly's brother came up and asked what the matter was.

“Please don't be cross with me,” said Polly, looking up in a most bewitching little way, “for I have had such a strange and dreadful time!”

“Why, what happened?” asked Johnny Cork.

“Well,” began Polly, “it's a long story. As I sat on the rocks this morning, watching the ships sail by, I saw a large five-masted schooner glide over the water all ivory-white,

THE BOLD SEA DWARFS

like one of my gulls. And what do you think ? As I was watching it, I saw something moving on the bowsprit that looked like a grinning dwarf. He saw me, too, I believe, for he seemed to make faces at me. He wore yellow oilskins, and he had on a necklace and nose-ring of fish bones. Indeed, the schooner seemed alive with naughty little imps. Some were tying knots in the ropes, others were tearing holes in the sails, while a few were poking lazy sailors in the ribs and pestering those who were playing checkers or dancing.

“I was feeding the sea-gulls at the time ; my face was wet with spray from the thundering waves which were breaking 'round me, and the sea-gulls circled about, chattering and chuckling as they skimmed here and there. Then I ran to the bath-house and slipped on my bathing suit and went out into the waves. While I was splashing and jumping, a big breaker caught me, and as it swept over me I went under the white foam, down into the clear green water beneath. I am sure it all happened, because I lost my dried

THE BOLD SEA DWARFS

“I saw something on the bowsprit that looked like a
grinning dwarf”

Page 186



THE BOLD SEA DWARFS

starfish to-day, which Old Sailor Jack gave me to keep me from being afraid of the ocean. He says all sailors' children always wear them, and he calls them St. Gilder's flowers."

"Maybe it was because you disobeyed mother; but go on, dear."

"Well, while I was under the water, I felt myself being drawn quickly out to sea. I opened my eyes, and there, to my horror, were several ugly little dwarfs like those on the ship, and they were dragging and pulling me along.

"'Don't make any fuss, there's a good girl,' said one of them in a squeaky little voice. 'You're such a jolly little girl that we want you to come and play with us. We have long had an eye on you. Did you see me on the bowsprit of the schooner this morning? Your hair was as yellow in the sunshine as the golden sand, and your eyes as blue as the angel fish.' By and by we stopped in front of a huge wreck," continued Polly, breathlessly, "and the dwarfs told me that it was their workshop. I could watch the little imps crawl

THE BOLD SEA DWARFS

and scramble in and out of the portholes. I peeped in and saw heaps of lustrous pearls, pink and white coral, delicate shells, and fairies' eggs, which some people call sea beans.

“Busy dwarfs were making these things into beautiful jewelry as they sat cross-legged, their nimble fingers turning out fine rings, crowns, and bracelets, tortoise-shell combs and mother-of-pearl hand-glasses.

“‘We are the slaves of the old sea king,’ they said, ‘and we make these pretty things for his daughters.’

“‘There goes a cobbler fish,’ said the dwarf who had me by the hand; ‘he makes boots with fins upon them — like this!’ and he held his little foot up for me to see. ‘Don’t you wish you had a pair, too?’ he asked. Then he pointed out a needle-fish that had a sharp nose, and a thimble that looked something like a jellyfish. ‘They make our sou-westers,’ said the dwarf. Then they seized me again. ‘Come and dance!’ they cried, and they whirled me madly about as they sang: —

THE BOLD SEA DWARFS

“ I was sitting on a cockle-shell, gliding over the surface
of the water ”

Page 189



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE BOLD SEA DWARFS

“ Oh, it was a horrible tale,
’Twill make your face become quite pale,
Your eyes grow dim and your voice grow dumb!
Fiddle, faddle, fum.’

“ It was a very hard tune to dance to, and the words scared me nearly out of my wits, but even the sponges opened and shut in time to the music, and oh! how the seaweeds waved! I grew very dizzy, and the next thing I knew I was sitting on a cockle-shell, gliding over the surface of the water, and pretty gulls with reins of seaweed were my horses.

“ ‘ We pulled you out of the water,’ chuckled the gulls, ‘ for you have often fed us when we were hungry. Those dwarfs are a mischievous lot; they didn’t want to let you go; but the flying fish helped us, and now we are taking you home as fast as we can to your dear mother and brother.’ And now,” concluded Polly, “ I am so glad to be with you all once more that I will never be naughty again! ”

“ I am glad to hear that,” answered mother. “ Children who run off and do things without permission generally get into trouble, it seems.”

THE PINKIES OF THE SEA



“ **L**ITTLE boy pudding and
baby sauce,
With old woman pie for a
second course,
Would all be eaten without
remorse
By the King of the Cannibal Islands ”

SANG the Old Man of the Sea as he danced on the deck of his Portuguese man-of-war.

He was a jolly fellow, this Old Man of the Sea, and he and his subjects liked to sing and dance. He had long been King of the sea fairies and had travelled the seas over; but he had ruled in a happy-go-lucky way, and had not set a good example to his subjects, for he was too fond of a good time. His boat was heading for the Sea Gardens in the

THE PINKIES OF THE SEA

Florida Keys, where there was a fairy village on the white sand at the bottom of the clear, shallow water.

The droll little fairies who lived there had such odd names. There was John Marrigiggle, whom the Old Man planned to visit. He had a fine house and kept two servants, named Liza and Black Harry. Horse-Eye Jack, too, had once been a boon companion of the Old Man's; he now lived here and had charge of the houndfish and the sea horses. Isabelita, also, he had known, — and she was the prettiest fairy in the place.

The sea fairies, or pinkies, are first cousins to the brownies and look very like them. They generally walk on the bottom of the sea, but they have small fins on their feet and shoulders, and their little faces are oblong, square, triangular — the queerest shapes you ever saw. They are a very lively, busy people, and carry on business in their towns and make use of the fish for different purposes. They do not often hear from the out-

THE PINKIES OF THE SEA

side world, except by snatches of songs from sailors or fishermen passing by overhead.

This village had a fort, a church with a steeple, a school, a market, shops, and houses, all made of sand. The streets were straight and paved with shells. Seaweeds were planted to give shade, and there were parks where sea anemones and bright-colored grasses grew.

It was in this happy village that the Old Man of the Sea determined to spend his birthday, and so the pinkies of the place decided to have a fair in his honor. They invited not only the mermaids and the water-babies and the other inhabitants of the sea, but his friends from the land,—the brownies, hobgoblins, gnomes, and fairies, good and bad and of all nationalities. The land fairies are allowed to visit their water friends one day of each year, when their wings turn into fins, and they dive down into the sea and swap stories with the sea fairies. In fact, so many invitations were sent out that the ink from the squid gave out.

THE PINKIES OF THE SEA

Stages were put up for entertainments, and the spadefish and sawfish were very busy indeed. Isabelita kept the needle and pin fish well occupied in making her a new dress for the fête, where she was to dance a fandango. Liza and Black Harry were cooking the birthday feast.

The houndfish were in good condition for hunting the sea-mink and the porcupine fish, and the sea-horses were ready for the races, so that every one should have amusements that day according to his taste. All was now ready for the fête.

At sunrise on the great day, the land fairies assembled on the banks and were met by the sea fairies on sailfish, and they all went out to meet the Old Man of the Sea.

When he arrived in state at the village, the army was out to greet him; the trigger fish sent off a salute of twenty-one guns, and the cutlass and spear fishes rendered him military honors. Then the fun began. The hobgoblins went hunting and the gnomes played games. The Old Man joined in every sport; the brown-

THE PINKIES OF THE SEA

ies and pinkies ran races on the sea-horses, and when John Marrigiggle asked Horse-eye Jack who was ahead, he answered, "The Old Man!" And, sure enough, he came in first every time. Arabian Jins and West Indian Duppies held seances in the dark under the sand. Pretty fairies danced and smiled and fanned themselves, and mermaids sang sweetly to those who cared to listen.

The Old Man of the Sea clapped his hands hardest in glee and kicked the highest when he danced; he led the singing, and sometimes, we fear, he led the fairies into mischief.

At the feast, mutton and hogfish, with milk from the sea-cow, were served by the platefish and jugfish, who danced upon their tails, while the drumfish made music. The sky near the horizon looked violet against the green of the water, and the big round blazing sun went down slowly into a hazy gray mist, leaving a trail of copper sunshine on the water to light the village until the moon rose, allowing the fairies to prolong their revels, which lasted until midnight.

THE PINKIES OF THE SEA

As the evening went on, the fête grew gayer and gayer, and all joined hands and danced about the Old Man and sang as they rushed wildly about him : —

“Hoky poky pumagie whung,
Keno kino ching chang chung,
Honey poney phing phang phung,
The King of the Cannibal Islands !”

They made fairy rings as they danced, which some people think are fishes' nests when they see them in the sand. Eight bells struck; it was midnight, and so the land fairies said good-by and took their departure. In the excitement of it all, no one saw Neptune, the Lord of the Ocean, arrive. His feelings were hurt; he had not been invited to the feast; he was deeply angry, and the scene did not please him. He shouted : “ Old Man of the Sea, King of the sea fairies, you are not worthy of the title! You and your subjects are an unruly lot, and I change all the pinkies here to-night to fishes !” And he roared with fury, and the winds came and the waters rushed in and the village was destroyed.

THE PINKIES OF THE SEA

So the fairies in this story became fishes, and every Jack fish of them may be found in the Florida waters to-day, and, if you should go down there some afternoon, you might hear them sing —

“For his name was Chingy Fungy Wong,
Putta-potee da Kubbala Kong,
Flipperty-flapperty Busky Bong,
The King of the Cannibal Islands!”

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL



THE Queen of the Fruit Fairies had disappeared. She had been gone a whole night and a whole day, and no one knew where she was. The Fruit Kingdom was in an uproar. The courtiers had hunted high, and they had hunted low, and had sent messengers by the honey-bee express to the most distant part of the realm ; but still their lovely little Queen was not to be found.

So at last wise Justice Whiskers, a vegetable goblin who settles difficult questions in the Fruit and Vegetable Kingdoms, was asked to see what he could do. He called a meeting of all who had seen the Queen the last time she had appeared in public, and held his court of inquiry on the very spot where she had disappeared.

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

Fruit fairies from afar, as well as vegetable gnomes, gathered in the garden, and sat as close to each other as they could pack, their little heads craned forward so that they could hear all that went on. Goblins peered out of squashes and cucumbers lying on the ground, and fairies in the fruits on the trees kept watch through spy-glasses.

Perhaps here it should be explained, what very likely you have not heard, that every kind of fruit, whether it grows on the ground or hangs on a tree, is the home of a tiny sprite. The reason we mortals cannot see them is that when we go to pick or taste a fruit, these elves, if they are at home, turn into worms, so we leave them alone. Their houses often get carried off when they are out playing, but the fairies like us notwithstanding this; indeed, they especially love little children, and do all manner of kind things for them.

Justice Whiskers was a clever goblin; his home was in a great watermelon. He took his seat on a large tomato, which served as

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

**He took his seat on a large tomato, which served as a cushion
to the throne**

Page 204



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

a cushion to the throne made of a golden pumpkin that stood on a platform of red apples. He had bright little eyes, and as for his beard,—well, if you had been playing whiskerettes and had seen him, you could have counted twenty-three and won the game, for his beard reached the third button of his waistcoat.

On either side of the platform stood a dapper little goblin with a megaphone made of a many-colored morning glory, through which he could make proclamations to the crowd whenever the Justice should order them. These goblins were twins, and they looked and dressed alike and shouted and danced together.

“The court is about to open!” they cried; “the most extraordinary case that ever was known in Elfland will be tried to-day!”

“First bring before the Court of the Kingdom of the Fruit Fairies, Mistress Pippin, maid of honor and mistress of the robes to her Majesty!” commanded Justice Whiskers.

“Mistress Pippin, Mistress Pippin!” shrilled the little goblins; “wake up and come out of

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

your bronze apple! The Justice wants you on the witness stand!" But Mistress Pippin was not to be hurried for any bigwig who ever lived, even for so renowned a one as Whiskers. She stepped daintily out of her house, as charming a little elf as ever you saw. When she had come to the foot of the throne, she courtesied low, and looking up demurely, asked what was wanted of her. A stir of admiration ran through the crowd; the Justice didn't quite like this, for he preferred to be the centre of attraction himself, as indeed he deserved to be. For was he not the wisest elf in the whole Fruit Kingdom?

"You were leading the orchestra from the stump of the blasted oak in the forest last night, when the Queen was dancing, Mistress Pippin. That was just before she disappeared. You are her best friend, and must have been in her confidence. What, in your opinion, has happened to her Majesty? Do you think that she was kidnapped by some enemy, or that she met with an accident, or do you know of her having formed some plan of running away?"

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

Mistress Pippin put her head on one side, and considered the matter seriously. The fairies pricked up their ears and were all attention. After a while she looked up brightly as though she had made a discovery.

“ I don't know ! ” said she.

The Justice laughed, the goblins hooted, and the twins wriggled their toes in the air and turned handsprings. The little lady was so frightened by all this that she turned and crept back into her apple without another word. After she was gone the Justice rapped loudly with his crooked little mallet, and the goblins shouted for order. When at last the crowd was quiet again, Whiskers got down from his bench and stood between the two criers on the ground.

“ Mistress Peach,” quoth he, picking out another fairy from the crowd, “ come over here and tell us what you know. You are nearly as pretty as the lost Queen, though you are a naughty monkey — ” and he chucked her under the chin and tickled her with a feathery piece of asparagus vine.

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

“What do you think of all this? Eh? You were playing the harp at the back of the orchestra last night, and ought to have some notion about it.”

“You yourself know more about our Queen than any one else does, *I* believe,” declared saucy Mistress Peach; “I was playing the harp, as you say, and it was near the climax of the piece when the Queen stood up on her toes and kissed her hands to her audience of fairies and goblins, and then away she tripped and left us. You, Mr. Justice, were sitting in the front row, and after a while I saw you get up and follow her. You were gone all night, and have only just come back in time to open the court for us. Justice Whiskers, what did you do with our Queen?” cried the lively little elf. Now the little people are very excitable, and Mistress Peach was so popular that she had a large following. So when she finished speaking, the crowd, which had been getting uneasy and restless, took up her cry and shouted: “What have you done with our Queen?”

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

Another little elf, Isabella of the Grapes, stepped forward, and said that she too had seen the Justice go soon after they had missed the Queen. Then the fairies and gnomes began to fight and scramble over each other to get nearer Whiskers and ask him questions. He did not wait to answer them, but climbed back on to his mound of apples. When he reached the top, without having lost a particle of his self-possession he turned and looked down upon the excited folk below him. As soon as he could make himself heard, he began to speak.

“I did leave the forest last night,” he said; “but I did not know that the Queen had gone till I returned this afternoon. Listen to me, people of the two kingdoms, and I will tell you of my adventures, that you may see I had nothing to do with spiriting away the Queen.” The people had become quiet, and the Justice went on, fanning himself with the leaf of a beet, whose blood-red veins showed in the light of the setting sun.

“I heard the Queen say that she wanted some jewels for a new crown, and that she

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

would marry the man who would get them for her. You know how dangerous the journey is to the Painted Desert, where the Petrified Forest is, and our fairies' jewel shop. Well, last night, when I thought no one was looking, I set out to find it. The bats helped me with their wings, so I travelled very rapidly all night; then at dawn the birds carried me, and when men appeared, I hid in the squirrels' holes. I found, when I arrived, a flat land of burning yellow sand, with huge trunks of trees which had turned to stone, half hidden in the golden grains. This was the jewel shop you have all heard so much about. Small chips of these trees had been broken off and the ground was covered with them. Some tiny pieces were red like rubies, others green like emeralds, or pale blue like tourmalines. All were mine for the taking, and I filled my pockets with them."

"Where are they now? Show them to us, show them to us!" cried the elves, in great excitement. Whiskers wiped his eyes on his sleeve and sadly shook his head.

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

“Alas!” said he; “I filled my pockets with them, as I said, but when I came to return, the birds and the bats wished to be paid for helping me on my way, and the squirrels for having given me lodging. It was too far to think of walking, so there was nothing for it but to pay my scot: this is all I have left.” He drew forth from his pocket a beautiful stone as big as his fist and the color of fire. “This I brought for the Queen,” he said, with the tears running down his face. “I wanted to show her how I loved her, and now she is not here, perhaps I can never give it to her. All my work is in vain.”

“Not in vain,” came a clear voice from behind him, and from out among the apples climbed the lost Queen, as big as life, and took her stand beside him! How the people did cheer! Never was such a noise in all Fairyland before. It woke the baby elves who were napping in their peapod cradles. Finally, the Queen, who was smiling very sweetly upon her subjects, raised her hand for quiet, and even the babies stopped crying

JUSTICE WHISKERS' TRIAL

to listen to what he was going to say to them.

“Last night,” she began, “I was so tired that I went to sleep right here in this mound of apples. I ran away after the dance because I was cross; the Berry Queen had a new crown, and I didn't think that I had any subject brave and wise enough to get such jewels as hers for me.” Here she turned graciously to the Justice, who held out his ruby to her. The Queen took his hand, ruby and all, into both of her little ones, and thanked him prettily for the gift.


“With this ruby my crown will be far finer than the Berry Queen's,” she said; “and if you still want me, — why, I will be your bride!”

Then the crowd cheered wildly for their beautiful Queen and their good friend Justice Whiskers.

“Forward minx!” muttered Mistress Peach to her neighbor; “but I suppose a wise goblin deserves to get what he wants.”

FLOWER FUN



S the sun came up above the horizon one warm spring morning, he sent a bright sunbeam right into Totsy's little white bedroom. Totsy sat up and rubbed her eyes, for she had been very fast asleep. Then she remembered something that she had planned to do, jumped out of bed quick as a wink, and opened her door softly, softly, so that it didn't wake anybody at all. The house was very quiet as the little girl stole down the stairs and out of the front door. It had been quiet before, ever since mamma had been ill, but not so quiet as this, and Totsy was so glad when she got out of doors where the birds were singing and the little lambs in the pasture were bleating. She did not feel lonely at all now.

FLOWER FUN

Totsy ran across the green velvety lawn, which felt very soft and cool to her bare feet, and then she scrambled over the low stone wall, and there she was, in the woods, with the wild flowers all around everywhere.

“Pretty, pretty! I want you all!” cried the child, clapping her hands in glee, and dancing merrily. She looked up at the white star-flowers on the delicate branches of the small dogwood tree above her head. Totsy smiled up at it in a very friendly way. “Why, I b’lieve you’re alive!” she exclaimed; “you’ve got eleventy thousand eyes, and they are every one looking at me!”

There was a rustle among the branches, as though the flowers were whispering together and consulting with each other. It must have been because Totsy was so much like a little flower herself that they decided to answer her. For, you see, she had hair all yellow like the buttercup, her eyes were like harebells, and her little fingers and toes were pink as the wild azaleas. It was no wonder that the flowers were willing to make friends with her!

FLOWER FUN

The dogwood spoke first, in a faint, far-away voice.

“You are right, little Totsy,” it said; “we have a thousand eyes, and we are all watching you, too, to see what you are going to do, here in our wood.”

“Why, I came out here to pick some of you,” replied the little girl, doubtfully.

“O please don’t pluck us!” begged all the flowers in distress; “don’t pick us, Totsy, unless you love us, and want to take us with you. For we’re alive, you know, and have feelings, just as you have.”

“Really? I didn’t know that. And isn’t it nice that you can talk, too? Won’t you tell me something more about yourselves?” she asked politely, sitting down on the grass to listen. But before she sat down she was very careful not to crush any of the wild flowers. This pleased the dogwood very much.

“You are a good little girl, and very thoughtful, too,” it said, “so I will tell you some of our secrets. You see, Totsy, it is our

FLOWER FUN

duty to give happiness to you human beings. That is really all we live for. If we can do that, in our short lives, we die contented. So don't ever pick us, just to throw away again, will you, Totsy?"

"Indeed, I never will as long as I live. I love you, and mother loves you, too. She is ill in bed, so I came out to get some of you to take to her, for she thinks you are so pretty," replied Totsy.

"Look at me!" cried a little voice on the other side; "I am a buttercup. The fairies use me at their breakfast, when they drink a cup of dew. You are a careful child, and I like you. You didn't tread on me when you were dancing, and you took care not to sit on me just now. If you truly love me, pluck me, put me under your chin, and look in the brook. If you see some yellow on your chin, then I'll know that you like butter."

Totsy did as the flower bade her, then she exclaimed in delight: "It's true! it's true! I do like butter!"

"Now put the golden blossom in the

FLOWER FUN

stream, so that it will not die at once," cautioned the dogwood; "water is our food, you know, just as oatmeal and milk and such things are food for little girls."

"I've got something you would like," suggested the wild honeysuckle, "fairies' sugar; pinch the end of my trumpet, and suck it. Isn't that as good as candy, child?"

"O it's perfectly delicious!" cried Totsy, much excited, "and, honeysuckle dear, how sweet you smell." This praise made a little checkerberry, which grew in the shade of the dogwood, very jealous.

"Try me, try me, Totsy," it piped up; "the fairies eat me; you can see their footprints all around!"

"Pooh!" laughed Totsy, "only the squirrels have been near you," but she tasted one of the littlest red leaves, just to be obliging.

"Do you know how to make a grandmother of me?" inquired a white daisy, nodding sociably to the little girl. "Pinch off my petals quite short, all but two, which you must leave long for bonnet strings. Then mark my eyes

FLOWER FUN

and nose and mouth with a stick, and you will have a nice granny!"

"I should think it would hurt you awfully to have me pull you to pieces this way," said Totsy, doing as the flower had directed.

"It does," admitted the daisy, "but remember that we die happy if we can give some one real pleasure."

"The pain is as nothing," murmured the Judas tree, whose leafless boughs were covered with small purplish flowers; "even if our limbs are cut off and carried to your homes, we do not mind. We like to make a house pretty, and hear people admire us."

"That is very good of you, I am sure," Totsy said, and just then she spied a shy little blue flower tucked in among some dark green leaves. "O you darlingest violet!" she cried, "may I, please, pick you?"

"Indeed you may," replied the violet. "See, Totsy, this long petal of mine is the haughty stepmother, and if you turn me over, you will see that she has two green chairs to sit on, all to herself! Then you see her two

FLOWER FUN

daughters close beside her, each with one chair of her own."

"But who are the other two petals?" asked Totsy.

"Those are the two poor stepdaughters, dearie, and they only have one chair between them, because their haughty step-mother wants more than her share. Isn't she greedy? They are dressed in purple, because they are all in half mourning for their father."

"Blow on me! blow on me, quick!" burst out suddenly a ball of fluff, on a stiff stalk near by. "Hurry, Totsy, or some good-for-nothing breeze will get ahead of you. I'm only an old dandelion gone to seed, but I like little girls; and, besides, you will scatter my seeds by blowing me away, and then I will grow up in other places and make other children happy. I am the clock of the woods. Take a long breath and blow on me, and when there is no fluff left, count the number of puffs you have given, and that will show you what time it is. Try and see!"

FLOWER FUN

“Puff, puff, puff!” Totsy blew and blew —“puff, puff, puff”—till she had only the dandelion stem left in her hand. “Dear me! it’s six o’clock, and nurse will be missing me. I must run home right away,” she cried.

“Take us with you, to make your mother happy!” sang all the flowers in chorus; “it will make us happy, too!”

So Totsy hopped about and gathered all the blossoms she could hold in her small arms, talking to them at the same time, and telling them how much she loved them, and how she wished she could pick them all. When she had as many flowers as she could carry, she trudged off towards home, calling over her shoulder as she went: “Thank you, dear friends, for all you’ve told me. I’ll never, never forget! There’s no fun like flower fun. Good-by, good-by!”

She stole back to the house, put the flowers in water near to Mother’s bed, and then crept back into her own little cot.

THE FLOWER CHILD



OW that Totsy had learned the wild-flower language, she was called the Flower Child. She made up her mind to steal out of the house once more at sunrise and hear what the garden flowers had to say, for it is only at the hour of dawn that the flowers can talk.

Early one morning in July, just as pale Mistress Moon was going to bed in the white clouds, and ruddy Master Sun was coming up out of the sea, Totsy found her chance. She trotted with her pink little bare feet over the red-tiled walk into the Italian garden.

It was a sunken garden on the top of a high hill, with lovely white marble columns, fountains, and balustrades. The child stood on tiptoe and looked through the big brass spy-

THE FLOWER CHILD

glass mounted on a swivel to make sure no one was watching her. She saw in the distance the tall buildings of the city gleaming in the rising sun, and the smoke coming from the chimneys of the workmen's cottages. In the pearly dawn it looked like a dream city in the clouds. Far to the east she could see the distant ocean under the arching branches of a ghostly white birch, and there on the milky water of the pond she thought she saw a magic boat with sails hoisted, — or was it only a Nile-green luna-moth with spreading wings?

Just then a butterfly, that looked as if it had been sprinkled with gold dust, fluttered along and lighted on her head.

“’Scuse me, Flower Child,” said the butterfly, laughing merrily, “I mistook you for a buttercup! I hope you don’t mind. You see,” she went on, “I come here every morning about this time to kiss the flowers and wake them up. You were so quiet I thought you were a little sleepy flower, too. But what are you doing in the garden? You were

THE FLOWER CHILD

talking with the wild flowers in the wood the other day.”

“I didn’t see you there, you beautiful creature. I wish you would stay with me always, and kiss me awake in the morning!”

“Humm! humm! I guess not,” grumbled a big bumblebee, who came buzzing up at that moment; “you won’t take Mistress Butterfly away from the garden if I have anything to say about it, Flower Child!” and away he buzzed, scolding and mumbling to himself. The butterfly laughed more merrily than before.

“You mustn’t mind him, Totsy,” she said; “he’s only a cross, horrid, old busy-bee. If you want to listen to the garden flowers as you listened to the wild flowers the other morning, you must hurry and hide before they are all awake.” Then she flirted her lovely wings, and flew quickly down into the garden.

“Oh, please,” begged the little girl, “don’t wake them just yet! Wait till I find a good place to hide.” And she ran softly down the

THE FLOWER CHILD

green sunrise walk. She stopped for a moment before the big, brown wine-jar which had been made hundreds of years ago in far-off Italy. It was so large that she could easily have crept inside and hidden there, and the flowers would never have seen her; but the jar was so old, so dark, and so damp, that it frightened her. She decided to jump into another vase near by, because it looked newer and brighter. This vase had painted figures of bulls with men chasing them on horseback, so Totsy knew it must have come from Spain, where mamma had told her they still have bull-fights. She crept into the Spanish vase and kept very still indeed, only peeping over the edge every once in a while to see if the flowers were awake yet.

Once she saw a fat robin hop out from his nest among the bushes and fly to a balustrade, where he took a bath in the fountain of the dolphins. Totsy thought he must disturb the goldfish who were swimming in and out and round about the marble mermaid in the middle of the basin. The robin saw

THE FLOWER CHILD

Totsy looking at him, and flew back to his nest in a hurry, and the little girl heard him telling his mate all about it.

“Oh, pshaw!” said Robin Redbreast, “that basket of stone fruit on the balustrade has fooled me again. Between seeing the marble faun peering out of the vines and the Flower Child peeping out of the Spanish vase, my heart is all of a flutter. I haven’t found a single worm, and I don’t wonder you’re cross, my dear. I’d like to know what that child is doing here at this hour, anyway.”

The bumblebee came buzzing by again, and spoke half aloud to himself as he glanced at the sun-dial. “It is high time the flowers were all awake — the sleepy things!” he said crossly, and Totsy saw him disappear into the mouth of a bluebell and come out swollen with the honey he had eaten for his breakfast; his fuzzy back was painted as yellow as saffron by the golden powder of the bluebell. He spied her peering over the edge of the Spanish jar, and whizzed by her so close that she had to drop down quickly to get out of his way.

THE FLOWER CHILD

Totsy now saw that nearly all the flowers were awake. Only the purple pansies were asleep, and already the beautiful gold-spangled butterfly was hovering over them.

“The pansies have pussy-cat faces, with whiskers,” the Flower Child murmured. “I wonder if they will scratch Mistress Butterfly when she goes to wake them?” But they did not; instead, they kissed her good morning very sweetly. As soon as the garden was all awake, the flowers began to sing. The scarlet geranium just across the walk gave them the pitch—in a lovely tenor voice. The pansies sang contralto, the snapdragons bass, and the bluebell joined in with a clear little soprano; soon all the flowers were singing together at the top of their voices. Of course, you understand that the music was not really loud at all; indeed, no one but Totsy could have heard it, and even she could not have done so if the flowers themselves had not given her the power to understand. They sang the same words over and over, till Totsy had learned them by heart:—

THE FLOWER CHILD

“In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soullike wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.”

“We learned that from one of your poets, and we sang it just for you, dear Flower Child,” said the pansies in chorus. “Mistress Butterfly told us you were here, and asked us to sing for you.”

“Foolish flowers,” scolded the bumblebee, “the Flower Child came to spy on you. Sing if you want to. I’m going to Sting! Sting! Sting!” And with that he darted fiercely at Totsy, though all the flowers cried out to him not to touch her.

Totsy jumped out of the vase so quickly that it fell over on its side, almost crushing the naughty bee, who was so frightened by his narrow escape that he bumped his obstinate head against the Spanish vase. The little girl did not wait to see if he were following her. She went quickly down the narrow path toward the gate, but as she ran she could hear the flowers scolding the bumble-

THE FLOWER CHILD

bee, who seemed to have nothing to say for himself.

“You lazy drone! You do nothing but bully, and swagger, and steal our honey!” said the pansies, who are rather outspoken. “Why couldn’t you let our little friend, the Flower Child, alone?”

“Peace, peace,” murmured the sweet peas.

That was the last Totsy heard, but she now knows that the flowers are all her friends, and that she need not hide from them, even in their own garden at sunrise.

OLD MAN OF THE SEA'S RANSOM



OLD MAN
OF THE SEA'S
RANSOM



WHEN the Old Man of the Sea, King of the pinkies, disappeared, it was whispered from one fairy colony to another that Neptune in a fit of anger had turned him into a fish. One of the cities under the sea was ruled by a pinkie Prince, son of the Old Man. They one and all loved their King, and when this colony heard the story they vowed vengeance, turned yellow with rage, and migrated to the western hemisphere, where for shame they covered their heads with shells called Chinese hats.

“How shall we get our King back?” cried they to each other, wagging their little heads.

“Plague Neptune till he is tired and weary!” suggested one.

“Take him presents, and he may relent

OLD MAN OF THE SEA'S RANSOM

and give the Old Man back to us," said another.

The Prince decided, however, to tease Neptune. First they stuffed his noisy trumpets — the crooked conch shells that are carried by mermen to herald his arrival. This rather annoyed Neptune, for he liked the pomp and show which he considered his due. Then the fairies tickled his sea horses while he was driving one day, and they ran away and nearly capsized the chariot.

"Can this be the work of the pinkies?" he wondered. "No doubt the son of the King is heading a campaign against me; they think they can revenge themselves."

Just then a crab nipped him, and a barnacle fastened itself to his back where he could not reach it. "This is getting serious," said old Neptune; "the friends of the pinkies are helping them to torment me. Never before have I suffered such an indignity!" But he was too big a person to pay much attention to such unpleasantnesses, and he went on just the same with his accustomed duties. The fairy Prince

OLD MAN OF THE SEA'S RANSOM

First they stuffed his noisy trumpets

Page 236



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

OLD MAN OF THE SEA'S RANSOM

and his followers, finding they were making little impression, soon tired and decided to change their tactics. A troop of pinkies set out, captured the biggest starfish in the ocean, and dragged it to Neptune.

“Your Royal Highness, please accept this slight token of our esteem,” smiled the Prince, “and if you see fit to return our King, we should be most grateful.” But Neptune did not see fit.

“I was not invited to the birthday fête in the Garden of Florida,” he grumbled, “and when I punished the colony for the unseemly behavior which I witnessed there as an unbidden guest, your subjects played tricks upon me. I know well enough who stuffed my trumpets!” and his angry laugh made ripples on the surface of the water.

So the Prince and the fairies went away disappointed. They held council and decided that Neptune must be given another and better present. They concluded that a purple sea urchin would be the most difficult thing for them to handle, and therefore the most appreciated.

OLD MAN OF THE SEA'S RANSOM

Messengers were sent far and wide, a mammoth sea urchin was found, and the little fairies began to roll this prickly burr, this porcupine ball, to its destination. Not only was its mouth with the circle of tiny teeth dangerous, but the thorns in its sides were sharp, and occasionally a fairy was stabbed or bitten, much to the distress of the Prince. No wonder that Neptune was both astonished and pleased at their feat, and that he praised them.

“I cannot, however, give you back your Old Man of the Sea,” he said, addressing the prince, “until I have fully tried you. I believe now that you can work and face dangers, and if you will build me a pretty island in the South Seas which will reach up into the air, I will take that as a ransom and give you back your King.”

Then all the pinkie colonies joined forces and set to work with a will, and no people were ever more industrious. The island began to mount higher and higher from the bottom of the ocean, until sailors saw it and said to each other: “The reef builders must

OLD MAN OF THE SEA'S RANSOM

be at work, and soon this will be a coral island." So it came about that a new and beautiful island reached the light, and seeds took root and grew into fine spreading trees, and pretty plants sprouted, blossomed, and filled the air with fragrance, while brilliantly plumaged song-birds came and made their nests there. Never before was there such an enchanting fairy island in all the world. Neptune was delighted with the new island, the fairest in all his sea kingdom.

"These pinkies are not a bad sort after all," he cried, and blew a loud blast on his conch-shell trumpet.

"Put my horses to the chariot at once," he commanded. In a twinkling the chariot was ready with its four horses harnessed abreast; they all leaped forward, racing gloriously over the big waves. They quickly took Neptune to the Florida Keys, where they found the Old Man of the Sea swimming about in his sad disguise.

"Drop your scales; be a pinkie once more," cried Neptune, waving his trident. "In with

OLD MAN OF THE SEA'S RANSOM

you ; there is room in my chariot. I will take you back to your people.”

By the time they reached the coral island, the jolly Old Man of the Sea and Neptune were fast friends.

“I have brought you back your King,” roared Neptune, heartily. “Let bygones be bygones,” and he drove away over the white caps at the top of his speed.

Now the pinkies often come out of the sea and dance with their much-loved Old Man in the centre of the ring. The Prince and all his subjects are happy to have him back again, and Neptune likes to go to the wonderful island and watch the sea fairies. He is a good friend of theirs, now that he knows they can work as well as play.

OLD MAN OF THE SEA'S RANSOM

So it came about that a new and beautiful island reached the light
Page 239



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

The little ship grounded among the long grasses . . . of the Island
of the Flower Fairies

Page 243



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



“**H**URRAH for the breeze!”
shouted the Prince of the Sea Fairies, as he stood on the bridge of a pearly nautilus shell, which was tossing in the whitecaps. “The sun is setting, the wind is fair, and we shall land in time for the fun.”

Sure enough, it was not long before the little ship grounded among the long grasses which grew in a quiet bay of the Island of the Flower Fairies. The Prince, wearing his full-dress uniform as Admiral of the Fairy Fleet, stepped ashore, followed by his aide and others of the suite. They were greeted by our old friend, Justice Whiskers, who welcomed the Prince of the pinkies and his distinguished friends to their island.

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

“Where are you going to take us first?” asked His Royal Highness.

“To the firefly gardens,” answered the Justice, as the guests and the hosts marched along, two by two. They found many lovely flower fairies in the garden, who courtesied to the Prince and smiled sweetly at him.

“What a darling water sprite he is!” the little people whispered to each other, as they vied in attracting his attention.

“I suppose your Highness has been the world over in your nautilus ship?” inquired Miss Tiny, sitting in a mauve columbine just under a firefly lantern.

“Yes,” answered the Prince, gallantly, “but I have never seen so many lovely creatures anywhere as there are here to-night!” Just then the nixie of the fountain showed her beautiful head and sang:—

“Welcome, cousin mine of the sea!

Fairies all, of land and sea, come and dance about me.”

So hand in hand they whirled around the nixie, while the nightingales sang and the

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

leaping jets of spray glittered in the moonlight.

High up in a tree which overhung the terrace balustrade sat Woodbine, a mischievous forest fairy, watching the scene. She lived in a beautiful air-castle built of children's rainbow-colored soap-bubbles; it had hanging gardens all held up by silvery cobwebs, and was lighted by fireflies.

The Prince happened to look up, and spied her standing there. He turned and whispered to his aide, "I want to know her!" So they called the wood fairy down into the garden and presented her to him. She made him a very low bow and led him into the pink pergola, where the little birds were twittering among the grape leaves.

"You are the loveliest fairy I have ever seen," he said admiringly, "and your dress of wild-rose petals and your dewdrop jewels are exquisite."

"You are very kind, sir, but I fear there are others here much prettier than I am," said Woodbine, modestly. "There goes the Queen

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

of the horse-flies, a daring little elf who is admired all over the kingdom; she is getting ready to drive the favorite Bluebottle in the race to-night."

"Ah, a pretty lady; her dress is made of humming-bird feathers and bumblebee down. But tell us, too, about Miss Tiny, who sits in the mauve columbine?"

"She sings in the theatre; would you like to go and hear her?"

"I do not wish to hear or look at any one but you, for I love you already," said the Admiral, and though Woodbine laughed, she was very much pleased with the compliment.

While they talked together, the fireflies flitted about, lighting up the garden where the fairies were amusing themselves. A milky ring had come out around the moon, and the stars jumped and twinkled with merriment to see the fairies shooting the chutes down the fallen silver birch into the fountain. In each star there lives a fairy, and when we think a meteor falls at night, it is really only the star

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

Just then the nixie of the fountain showed her beautiful head

Page 244



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

fairies making visits, and that is the moment when children should make their wishes.

Some of the guests raced each other round the circus, where a fat frog acted as a clown. A band of crickets and katydids played for those who wished to dance. Then there was the grand merry-go-round, where the brave ones mounted the big brown June bugs that served as horses, while the timid swung lazily in boats made of milkweed pods.

“This is an entrancing garden; there are such a lot of things to do and see here,” said the fairy Admiral. “I am having a jolly good time. What is going on in the ring over there?”

“They are clapping the Queen of the horse-flies now; she is showing Bluebottle, the prize winner; see, she is jumping through glowworm hoops.”

“I can hear Miss Tiny singing now, but can we not go for a spin on that humming-bird airship? I want to be alone with you,” sighed the Prince.

“That would be fun,” cried the wood

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

fairly. They stepped into the airship, and flew through the air, looking down on the pretty scene below them. "I have never been so happy in all my life," murmured the Prince.

"And I have never been so happy, either," echoed Woodbine.

"His Royal Highness must have fallen in love at first sight with that pretty Woodbine, it seems to me," said the nixie of the fountain, — her green hair floating on the water looked like maidenhair ferns, and her topaz eyes shone in the darkness like a pair of yellow jewels.

"The Pinkie Prince is of royal blood," replied the aide; "he can't marry a wood fairy; his father, the Old Man of the Sea, would not like it, I am sure. When he comes back we must get him on board ship, and while he is asleep his subjects will steer the nautilus, with its silky sails, out to the open ocean."

But the Prince did not come back again. While Miss Tiny was making a bouquet of forget-me-nots and composing a pretty love



THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

The laughing wind fairies were filling their cheeks and blowing the humming-bird straight out to the open ocean

Page 249



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

song to sing him, and the Queen of the horse-flies was tying up a bouquet of bleeding-hearts to give him, the laughing wind fairies were filling their cheeks and blowing the humming-bird straight out to the open ocean.

“Oh dear, oh dear,” sighed little Miss Tiny, wringing her hands in despair, “the airship is being blown out to sea!” The Queen of the horse-flies gazed in alarm at the disappearing humming-bird, now only a bright speck in the blue velvet sky, and whipped up Bluebottle to make him go faster.

“What is happening, what is happening?” cried the Prince, excitedly; “are you playing a joke on us? You naughty imps, to take us so high and so far away!”

“The fairies in the firefly gardens are plotting against you,” the wind imps answered; “we will do your Highness no harm. We are only going to make you happy, for we know you love our friend Woodbine, and that she loves you, and she will make you the most charming princess in the world. Your father, the Old Man of the Sea, and your subjects,

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

the pinkies, will be pleased; and all the sea world will be happy, notwithstanding what the jealous flower fairies say."

"Then take us where you will!" cried the Prince.

The humming-bird came at last to a beautiful coral island covered with creeping plants and flowering vines, where the Admiral and Woodbine alighted. The pinkies of the sea came out of the water to welcome them, and even old Neptune sent them rare presents from the deep by his faithful steed, the Great Sea Horse. The flower fairies forgave their cousin of the wood, and flew over to the happy island, to be present at the wedding.

That day the greatest revel ever known in fairyland was held in the pink coral palace that is built half on the shore, half on the sea. The guests were waited on by flying-fish and Mother Carey's chickens, who led them into the hall where the presents were shown.

King Foxy sent the bride a fan made of feathers from the white snow-owl. It had a handle made from the tusk of the sea unicorn,

THE FAIRY ADMIRAL

in which blazed one of the famous Muir Glacier sapphires. The merboy brought a plate of sea apples; the Maiden of Rosyland a garland of blush roses. The Moon Baby sent his finest moonstone sliding down one of his beams. Justice Whiskers made another trip to the jewel shop in the Painted Desert, and brought back a splendid ruby; and the Old Man of the Sea gave the bride a wedding dress made of sea pearls. They were married at moonrise, so that the Moon Baby could look down upon them, and they lived happily ever after in the pink coral palace that is built half on the shore, half in the sea.

THE END.



