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Busy Little Brownies



by
N. Moore Banta





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BUSY LITTLE BROWNIES

Books by
N. MOORE BANTA

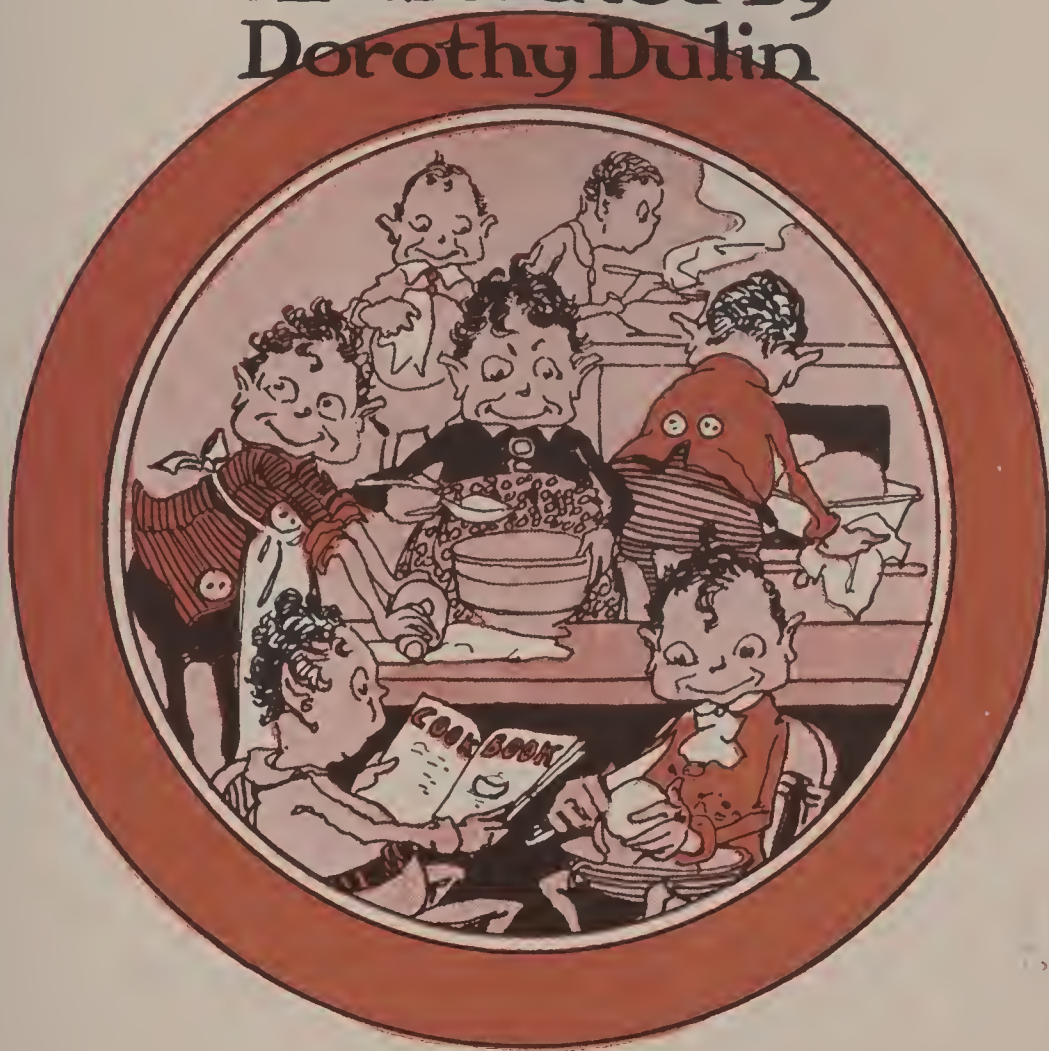
The Brownie Primer
Ten Little Brownie Men
The Brownies and the Goblins
Busy Little Brownies
Once Upon a Time Stories
The Fairy Primer
Fairies of the Nine Hills
Four-and-Forty Fairies

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Busy Little Brownies

by
N. Moore Banta

Illustrated by
Dorothy Dulin



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PREFACE

The fairies herein described, and the stories told regarding them, are ones that the author feels sure about which it would be wholesome for the child to know. The characterizations of these fairies are in accord with the best authorities on Fairy Mythology.

The six little cousin Brownies that compose the characters of this book are the principal house fairies of the leading countries of Europe. A vast amount of fairy lore clusters about these six characters. The author has set forth only the most important beliefs, and a very few of the stories, concerning these fairies. The belief in Brownies runs back into the dim past of our ancestors.

The fairy story is ever a great source of pleasure to the average child. That is the reason it should occupy a very large place as an instrument by which to teach the child to read.

The fairy story interests him. He thirsts to read it, and in proportion to his interest in the subject matter about which he is reading will be his progress in reading. Most children will become good readers, and like to read, if they are given the proper material and proper direction in the primary grades.

In recent years educators have more and more recognized the immense value of the fairy story for

Preface

primary teaching. It arouses the child's curiosity, gives him keen joy, satisfies his natural love of action, and cultivates and directs his imagination at a time in his life that he so much needs these mental gymnastics.

Busy Little Brownies is intended for use in supplementary reading in the Second and Third Grades, being equivalent in reading matter to any average basic second reader, the vocabulary being based upon the vocabulary of *The Brownie Primer*.

New words are introduced gradually—only a few new ones on each page, there being a large amount of reading matter considering the size of the vocabulary used. Learning to read is like trudging up the rocky path of a mountain. The author has tried in this book to make the ascent as easy as possible by casting aside most of the boulders in the shape of difficult words and lengthy sentences, thus furnishing plenty of breathing places for the little readers.

It has not only been the aim of the author, in the writing of this little book, to teach the child to read, and give him instruction in Fairy Mythology, but it has also been the aim to inculcate in the child-mind lessons in good fellowship, usefulness and duty. These little stories are sent forth with the hope and belief that they will find and bear fruit in the child-heart.

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HAPPY HOUSE FAIRIES



“Most delightful little fellows”

Here are some little men fairies. They are happy little Brownie men.

Brownies are very small fairies. They are most delightful little fellows.

Some Brownies look like little old men with wrinkled faces. Others look like

small boys with wrinkled faces.

They nearly always have short curly brown hair. That is the reason they are called Brownies.

Brownies generally have slender legs and arms, and plump little bodies.

Brownies are little Scotch house fairies. Their home is in Scotland, but they have travelled to many other lands.

No house or farm goes well in Scotland without a Brownie. Most Scotch people think Brownie a very useful fairy.

Brownie likes to work in the house, or in the barn, or out in the field. If the stories be true about him, he is able to do a great deal of work for such a little fellow.

He likes to make hay, shock wheat and husk corn. Threshing wheat and barley, and shelling corn are kinds of work that he likes.

He will see that everything is well taken care of about the barn. At the house he will carry in the wood and carry out the



ashes. Then he will build the fire.

He likes to see the house kept in perfect order, and he will work hard to keep it that way.

Brownie does not want any pay for his work.

It makes him angry to offer him pay, and he may leave that house forever.

All he wants is something good to eat. He likes fresh honey, and a bowl of bread and cream.

Brownie did a lot of spinning and weaving for one old lady, and she liked him so well she wanted to give him a new suit of clothes.

She made him a little red hood, a little green coat, and little brown trousers. She called to him and told him what she had done for him.

When he saw these clothes he called out:

“’Tis not your garments new or old,
That Brownie likes; I feel no cold;
Had you left me milk or cream,
You should have had a pleasing dream;
Because you left no drop or crumb,
Brownie never more will come.”

Now if the good old lady had left the clothes in some snug corner for Brownie, and said nothing, he might have taken them, and been pleased. But he does not want clothing or anything given to him directly.

Another lady tried to give Brownie some clothes, telling him where to find them, and he ran away, crying:

“Give Brownie a coat, give Brownie a hood;
Poor Brownie! he’ll ne’er do more good!”

Brownie always wears some article of brown. Brown and green are his favorite colors.

He often has some part of his clothing red, blue, gray or yellow. Those who have seen the Brownies say that they dress in brown a great deal of the time.

Brownies do not always live in a house where people dwell. Sometimes many Brownies live together in an old vacant

house or castle, or in some old church.

They often live in a hollow tree, or in holes in rocks. Brownies can find homes almost any place they happen to be.

Brownies are very joyous little fairy men. They like to play at all kinds of games that children do.

They are very great lovers of music and dancing.

Brownies generally dance in the moonlight, when people are asleep and do not



“Brownies can find homes almost any place”

have a chance to see them skipping around.

But people who know about these things say they can easily see the places where the Brownies have danced. They usually dance hand in hand, making a circle in their dance. So the next morning it is very easy to see the rings and circles on the grass.

The Brownies are busy at work and play all night long.

A great many Brownies have come to America. They like to live in this country.

OUT AMONG THE SHEAVES

The Brownies like to play hide-and-seek. They like to play out in the field.

They wait till evening when the dew is falling. Then they go out among the sheaves of barley.

There is where they like to play hide-and-seek. They like to play out in the

field among the sheaves of barley.

They like to play among the shocks of hay. They hide behind the sheaves of barley. They hide behind the shocks of hay.

Brownie Sunnyday says, "Now the dew is dropping."

Brownie Funnyplay says, "Do let us go jumping and hopping among the barley sheaves."

"That is just what I like," replied Brownie Everglad.

"Do let us play hide-and-see!" cried Brownie Neverbad.

"Let us all play among the barley and hay," say all the Brownies.

There go the Brownies! How fast they go! They are hopping first on one foot and then on the other.

It takes a long time for them to get tired. For hours they never think of stopping their jumping and hopping among the sheaves.

When they do get tired they lie down upon the soft leaves.



"At hide-and-seek they play"

When the dew's dropping,
The Brownies are hopping,
And never are stopping
 Out among the sheaves;
At hide-and-seek they play
Out in the barley and hay;
When tired, themselves they lay
 Upon the soft leaves.

FAIRIES SMALL

Once upon a time there were two little boys named Fred and Ned. They were twins and looked as much alike as two peas.

They were born on Sunday, the thirteenth day of the month. Now Sunday the thirteenth day of the month is a very lucky day.

Children born on this day are nearly always able to see fairies. The fairies will be certain to make them lucky if they are good children.

Now as Ned and Fred were good boys all good fairies became their friends. They were sure to be joyous all day long and have happy dreams all night.

Their home stood in the edge of a dark old forest. They liked to play in this old forest on summer evenings when the moon was shining bright.

They never tired having their grandmother tell about the little Brownie men that lived in the forest. She would tell them about how the Brownies liked to dance in a circle.

She said, "Your great-grandfather used to see these little men. He could play on the fiddle. Many times on moonlight nights he would play for the little men to dance. They would dance and sing as long as he would play for them."

"Oh, Grandma," said Fred, "I wish Ned and I could see the Brownies."

"We will play for them to dance," said Ned. "I will play the flute and Fred will

play the fiddle. What fun we shall have!”

“If you are very good boys,” replied their grandmother, “no doubt you will sometime get to see these little Brownie Good Lads.”

“The moon is shining bright to-night,” said Fred. “I will take my fiddle and Ned will take his flute, and we will go into the forest and play for the Brownies.”

They were soon ready. Away they went as happy as they could be. They soon came to a little open place in the forest.

The moon was very bright. This little open space was lighted very light. Here the boys stopped.

All was very quiet. They began to play on the fiddle and the flute. Very soon they heard a rustling in the leaves near them. Then they heard clearly the patter of little feet.

Ned was so excited he stopped for a moment, and whispered to Fred, “The Brownies are here! Don’t you hear them?”



“Jumped and skipped”

But Fred was so interested in his music that he did not stop. Ned began again on his flute. Just then they heard tiny voices singing right near by.

All of a sudden twelve little Brownie men came dancing out from under a big tree. They came right out in the moonlight.

They danced in a circle. They kept time to the music. They danced very fast, and sang all the time as they danced.

Ned and Fred could see them plainly. This is what they saw:

Fairies small,
Two feet tall,
With cap red
On each head,
Danced around
On the ground.

In and out,
All about,

Left to right,
Every sprite
Whirled and tripped,
Jumped and skipped.

First, one by one,
Around they spun;
Then two by two,
Away they flew;
They danced to time,
And sang a rhyme.

Next, three by three,
Most joyously,
The little men
Kept time again,
As to and fro
They all did go.

For more than an hour Ned and Fred played. The twelve Brownies danced, whirled, sang and marched all the time.

“Hello!” said Fred.

“Hello!” said Ned. That was the end. In the wink of an eye not a Brownie could be seen. They had all gone. They left more quickly than they came.

Many times afterwards Ned and Fred played for the Brownies’ dance, but they could never talk to them. At the first mention of a word the Brownies would vanish.

Although the boys never talked to them, the Brownies paid for their music by bringing the boys good luck and happiness.

ABOUT WE GO

We like the moonlight. We like to play on moonlight nights.

We work and play when the moon shines. Our day begins with the night.

It is time to sport and play when our day begins. The dew is falling when we play.

We like to dance by the light of the moon.



“About we go, two by two”

Trip it, little Brownies. Trip it lightly.
All trip it as lightly as the little bee.

Trip it lightly, two by two. Trip it
lightly, three by three.

About we go, two by two. About we go,
three by three.

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day;
As we dance the dew doth fall—
Trip it, little Brownies all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three;
And about go we, and about go we.

BROWNIE GOOD LUCK

Once upon a time there lived a little Brownie who was called Little Brownie Good Luck.

Now this little Brownie lived on a neat little farm. He liked best to live on a farm, for there he could always find plenty of work to do.

Good Luck was a hard worker. He would never be idle for a moment. He had a great dislike for lazy people.

He would not let lazy people live on his farm. He would not let them sleep well,



“Busy picking things up”

and punished them by making their work harder.

Now little Good Luck saw that the little farm on which he lived was always very neat.

He didn't like to see any straw or trash blowing around over the farm. He kept himself busy picking things up and putting them away.

Everything was always kept in its place. Weeds could not grow on that farm, for

Good Luck pulled them up as fast as they could start.

He was very useful to the farmer and the farmer thought a great deal of him.

Good Luck nearly always carried a very small load at one time. He would often carry only one ear of corn or one straw.

Although he carried only a little each time, he always kept at work. He would never stop, so he got a great deal done anyway.

Good Luck saw that nothing was wasted on this neat little farm. He picked up every head of wheat or oats or rye or barley. He picked up every ear or grain of corn.

When the threshing was done, he would see that not a grain was wasted. He would pick out all the grains that were left in the straw.

The farmer became richer and richer, and he seemed to forget how much the Brownie helped him. One night, when the

moon was bright, Good Luck was carrying a straw across the yard to put it away.

The farmer happened to see him thus at work. He laughed and said to the Brownie, "What difference does it make whether you bring away that or nothing?"

This very much displeased little Good Luck. He knew the farmer did not thank him any more for what he was doing.

He felt very sad about it, for he knew he could not stay on that farm any longer. A Brownie will not stay on a farm where the farmer is not pleased with his work.

So little Good Luck left this neat little farm and went over to the farm of his neighbor. With him went all the good luck of the farmer who had made light of him.

The first farmer became poor, and bad luck always followed him. The second farmer became rich, for the Brownie had brought him good luck.

Anyone who treats the Brownie with respect will always have good luck and be

as happy as the little Brownies themselves.

He who sets store by the smallest straw becomes rich. Neatness, beauty and happiness will ever be in his household.

WILDBEAN AND ISLEGREEN

There came two Brownies
From over the sea—
They came from Ireland
To “The Land of the Free.”

The name of the one
Was jolly Wildbean;
The name of the other
Was joyous Islegreen.

“This country suits me,”
Said jolly Wildbean;
“It is the finest
I’ve ever seen.”

“I vote the same,”
Said joyous Islegreen,
As he turned both eyes
To his nose between.

BROWNIE'S COUSIN NIS

See these little fairies. They are cleaning up the kitchen.

They are called Nisses. They are little fairy men.

A Nis is about the size of a year old child. Sometimes he has the face of an old man. At other times he has the face of a young man. He is often called, “Little Nis Good Lad.”

The Nis is a house fairy. He nearly always lives in a house, or church, or barn. He is sometimes called, “Old Man of the House.”

He is a Norwegian or Danish fairy. His home is in Norway and Denmark.



“They are cleaning up the kitchen”

He is a cousin to the Brownie. He is the Brownie of Norway and Denmark.

The Nisses have plenty of money. They are all said to be very rich fairies. They do not like noise, but they do like fun.

They like laughing and singing and playing. They will move away from a

place if there is much noise and scolding.

The Nis likes to dress in gray better than any other color. But he often wears a coat or blouse of green, blue, yellow, brown or red.

He wears a queer little pointed brown, black, gray or red cap. He also wears queer little pointed brown, gray, black or red shoes.

He changes his cap on holidays. Then he wears a queer little round red hat.

No farm-house in Norway or Denmark goes well unless there is a Nis in it.

The Nis watches the house. The house must be kept clean.

The children must clean their shoes before coming in. They must pick up their playthings.

The Nis likes good, clean, happy children. He does not like dirty hands and faces and dirty clothes.

If the children get the house in disorder he dislikes them. He punishes them by

bringing them bad dreams, and hiding their playthings.

The Nis washes the dishes and sweeps the kitchen at night. He brings in the water and the wood. He does many other things about the house.

The maid must do her work well. If she does not, the Nis will punish her. He will bring her bad dreams, and she will find things out of their places in the kitchen.

The Nis goes to the barn and does much work there. He stops up the



“The Nis watches the house”

cracks in the barn to keep the cold wind from blowing on the horses.

He cleans the horses and feeds them.

The men must be good to the horses. If they are not he will punish them.

They will find things out of order all about the barn. When the men are good to the horses they will find everything in order.

The Nisses are fond of moonlight nights.

In the summer time they play in the grass and among the flowers. In the winter time they play in the snow.

They skate on the ice and run and play with sleds. They are good fiddlers, and are very fond of music and dancing. They sometimes teach people to play on the fiddle.

In some places each church has a Nis. He keeps the church in order. He punishes those who misbehave themselves at church.

He dislikes cross grown-up people. The



“Run and play with sleds”

sound of people scolding hurts his ears.

The Nis wants all people to be pleasant and good.

If they are cross and scold he punishes them. He makes their work harder. If they are pleasant and good he helps them. He makes their work easier.

The Nis is invisible to nearly all people. In fact, most fairies are invisible to nearly everybody. Some people who are born on

Sunday are said to be able to see fairies.

The Nis may become visible if he wants to. He sometimes shows himself to his favored friends. If one will stand just north of the sun and south of the moon, with three grains of wheat under his hat, he may be able to see a Nis.

Many Nisses have gone away from Denmark and Norway. A great number of them have come to America.

GIMCRACK AND TIMTACK

Gimcrack and Timtack,
Brownies were of Norway;
While very hard they worked,
They still had time to play.

To America they came,
For they heard so much about it—
They made up their minds
They couldn't live without it.

WRIGGLEFEET AND GIGGLESWEET

Two little Brownies came from Denmark. The Danes called them Nisses. They were Danish Brownies.

These little fellows were very happy little fairy men. One was always ready to laugh. Everything seemed funny to him.

He liked to hear a funny story. He liked to tell a funny story. He had such a funny little laugh that his brother Brownies called him Gigglesweet. This name just fitted him as well as his little coat. His giggle was a very sweet little giggle.

Now his brother Brownie liked to dance better than he liked to do anything else. He always had his feet going. He danced so much that the Brownies nicknamed him Wrigglefeet.

When Gigglesweet would laugh Wrigglefeet would keep time to the laugh with his little Brownie feet. So the two made a very happy pair.

These happy little Brownies
Liked much to live together,
For they could bring sunshine
In the very stormiest weather.

When everything was dull,
Then Gigglesweet would rise,
And tell a funny story
That would surely take the prize.

Then after a good laugh,
And all felt fine and new,
Wrigglefeet came bobbing up
With something new to do.

He would spin around so fast
He looked just like a top;
Then he'd end the dance
With a hop, hop, hop.

So Wrigglefeet and Gigglesweet
Liked much to live together,
For they could bring sunshine
In the very stormiest weather.

JAMIE AND THE BROWNIES

There once lived a little shepherd boy by the name of Jamie. He was a great favorite with the Brownies.

Jamie was born on Sunday. He was a very good boy, so he was given the power to see fairies.

He loved the little Brownie men. He liked to visit them. He liked to play with them.

Jamie was a fine musician. He could play beautifully on the shepherd's pipe. He would play for the Brownies to dance.

He would meet the Brownies out in the woods. There he would play on his pipe by the hour.

The Brownies would dance in a circle. They would dance round and round. They would dance as long as Jamie would play.

They made Jamie happy all day long. They watched the sheep for him, and saw that no harm came to them.



“And to them his pipe did sound”

At night they gave him happy dreams. They made him a very happy boy all the time.

Sometimes the Brownies wished to dance out in the field at midnight. Jamie would be sound asleep at that time.

But the Brownies could not dance without Jamie's music. They would go and take him from his room at midnight.

They would carry him out to the meadow, and put him down among the flowers. Then he would begin to play his pipe.

How happy the Brownies would be! Jamie would play a merry tune. The Brownies would dance a merry measure. They would spin round and round.

Sometimes the weather would grow stormy. The clouds would gather. The night would be very dark. The wind would blow and the rain come down.

Then the Brownies would pick Jamie up. They would carry him over the creeks.

They would guide him away from the hedges. They would lead him in a smooth path, and take him safely home.

Many times was Jamie seen
With the Brownies on the green,
And to them his pipe did sound,
While they danced in a round.

Very happy they would make him.
And at midnight often wake him,
And would take him from his room
To a field of yellow broom.

Or into the meadows where
Flowers perfume the gentle air;
When greater wanted they their pleasure,
There they would begin their measure.

When they were dancing thus together,
And if stormy grew the weather,
Safely home they then would see him,
And from creeks and hedges free him.

LITTLE BROWNIE GOOD LAD

There is a little fairy
Living in our house;
Wears a little red cap,
And little brown blouse.

“Little Brownie Good Lad”
Is what we children say,
As we talk about this fairy,
When we work and play.

We never saw this fairy,
But we’re very sure he’s there;
He drives away sorrow,
He drives away care.

He’s a jolly little fellow
Little Brownie Good Lad;
He always makes us happy,
And then we can’t be bad.



“Brings us loads of toys”

We've often seen his picture,
Many, many times;
And read a lot about him
In the poet's rhymes.

Little Brownie Good Lad
Works as he sings
About the barn and house,
And does a lot of things.

He's so very good to us,
He brings us loads of toys;
He must be very interested
In little girls and boys.

He's a rich little fairy,
Papa says, "As rich as cream,
But you only get his money
In a very pleasant dream."

But to us he once gave some,
Gave us a lot of money;
Left it on the door-step
To buy gingerbread and honey.

But he never shows himself;
We always wish he would;
A fellow ought to be seen,
Who does so much good.

BROWNIE'S COUSIN TOMTE

Do come and look at the little Tomtes!
What funny looking little fairies! They
look very much like the Brownies and
Nisses.

The Brownies, Nisses and Tomtes are
cousins. The Tomtes are little farm fairies.
They like to work on the farm.

They work only for good farmers.
Tomtes like to shock wheat and husk corn.
They like to work in the new mown hay.

Raking and pitching hay is fun for little
Tomte men. They like to hoe in the gar-
den, and pull up the weeds wherever they
can find them.

They like to dig potatoes, and pull the

beets, onions, radishes and turnips.

The Tomtes work in the daytime as well as at night. The farmer must treat them well or they will not stay.

The Tomte is a Swedish fairy. He lives in Sweden. He is the Swedish Brownie.

Every good farm in Sweden must have a



“Tomtes like to shock wheat”

Tomte on it. If the Tomte leaves, the farmer will not prosper.

The Tomte likes a neat farm, and he will not stay unless the farmer is a neat farmer. So the farmer tries to keep his farm in order for he wants the Tomte to stay.

He knows that the Tomte will not let a weed grow on his farm. The Tomte will also work about the barn and the house.

At night he will dust the hearth, brush up the crumbs, and sweep the porch. He will put all things in order about the house.

In the daytime he will see that the chickens are fed, and that they are kept out of the yard and garden.

He will see that all the stock is treated well about the barn. Surely he is a very useful little farm fairy.

The Tomte is about the size of his cousins, the Nis and the Brownie. He is about two feet tall, and has the face of an old man.

He is not at all ugly even if his face is somewhat wrinkled. He has a sharp little



“See that the chickens are fed”

twinkle in his eye, and always has a pleasant smile.

He likes to dress in clothes of bright colors. He nearly always wears a red or brown pointed cap and red or black slippers. He sometimes wears a red, yellow or blue necktie, and a red, yellow or blue belt.

Many Tomtes have left Sweden, and have gone to other lands. Many of them came to America. Brownies, Tomtes and Nisses live and work together here in America.

THE TOMTE AND THE NIS

A Tomte and a Nis
Were husking corn together;
They worked very fast,
For fine was the weather.

They had a jolly time,
These merry little men,
Climbing up the cornstalks,
And climbing down again.

They husked so very fast,
Soon full was the sack;
Then Tomte picked it up,
And put it on his back.



“Climbing up the cornstalks”

To the barn they went,
Laughing on the way;
The corn they soon shelled,
While sitting on the hay.

Then said the Tomte,
“We’ll take it to the mill,
Out where the Trolls are
Underneath the hill.”

Soon they had meal,
Very hard to beat;
Then they made pudding
So very fine and sweet.

Said the Nis to the Tomte,
“This pudding looks fine;
How shall we eat it,
Little friend of mine?”

Said the Tomte to the Nis,
“We’ll take some cream, you see,
And pour it on the pudding
For you and for me.”

HICKANICK AND PICKASTICK

Hickanick and Pickastick
Were two Brownie Swedes;
They lived in bonny Sweden,
And few were their needs.

“I like to live in Sweden,”
Said Brownie Hickanick;
“We couldn’t do much better,”
Said Brownie Pickastick.

“I have oft been told,
I have it in a letter,”
Said Brownie Hickanick,
“That America is better.”

“If you have it in a letter,”
Said Brownie Pickastick,
“That America is better,
We’ll go there, Hickanick.”

So Hickanick and Pickastick
To U. S. came together;
And happy here they've lived
Through all kinds of weather.

LONG AND SHORT



“Supper every evening at the right time”

There was once a Brownie who lived in the house of a rich farmer. The farmer's family all liked the Brownie.

They always took care to treat him well. They saw that the Brownie got his supper every evening at the right time.

In turn he used to help both the men and the maids. He kept everything in its place about the barn and about the house.

He always did all things that were the best for the master of the house. One day a very naughty boy came to work for the farmer.

This bad boy happened to be born on Sunday. Therefore, it happened that he had the gift to see fairies.

The Brownie could not go about his work without this boy seeing him. And this naughty boy took great delight in teasing the Brownie in every way he could.

Once he sprinkled a lot of red pepper in the bowl of soup left for the Brownie.

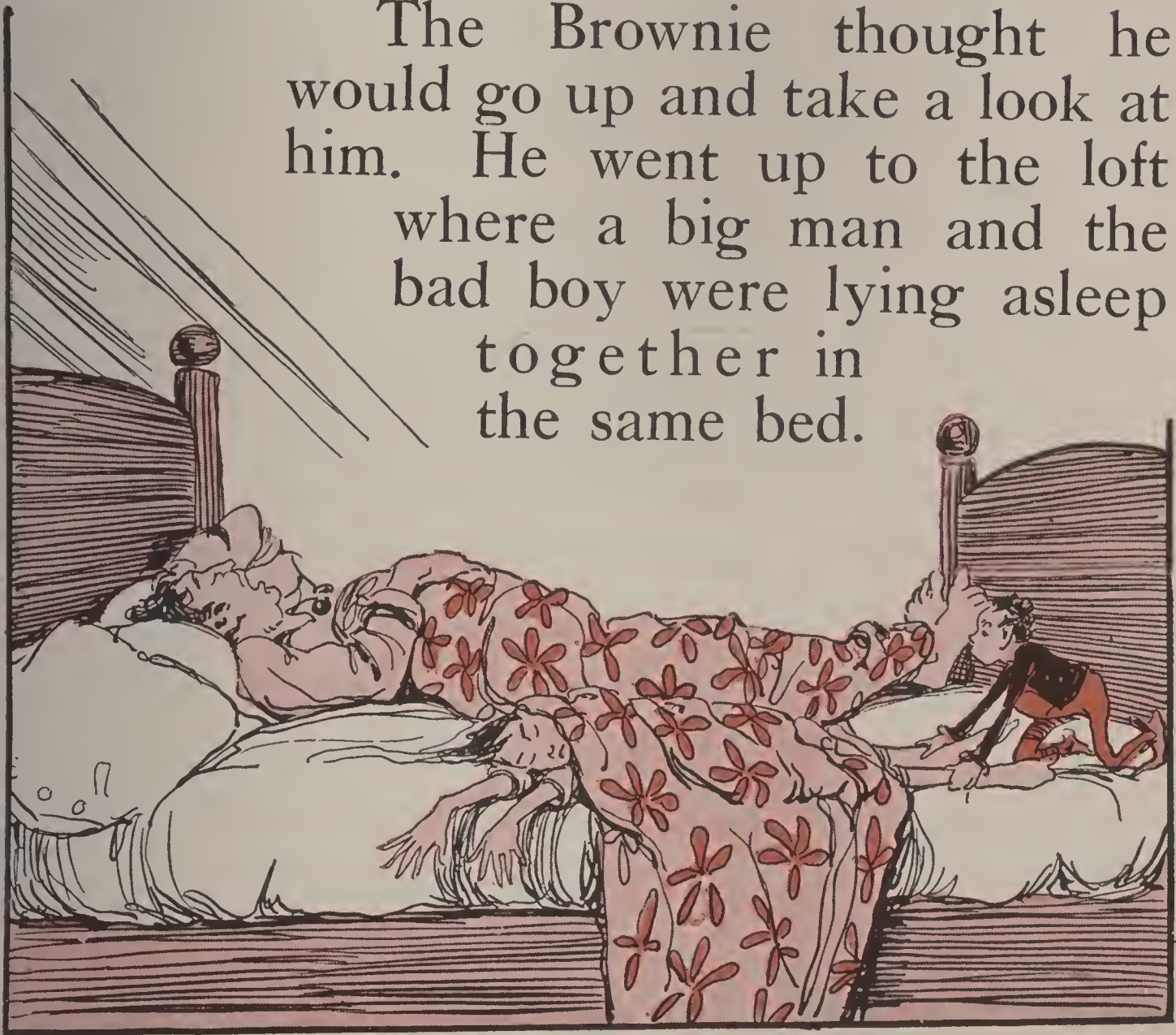
The Brownie took three or four spoonfuls of the soup before he noticed how hot it was with the pepper.

This caused him to roar and puff with

pain and anger. He knew right well who had put the pepper into the soup.

He at once set about planning to pay the boy in his own kind. It was now late at night, and the boy was up in the loft fast asleep.

The Brownie thought he would go up and take a look at him. He went up to the loft where a big man and the bad boy were lying asleep together in the same bed.



“Short and Long don’t match”

When he had taken a look at the little boy lying beside the tall man, he said, "Short and Long don't match."

With this he took the boy by the feet and dragged him down to the foot of the bed.

He then went up to the head of the bed, and said again, "Short and Long don't match."

Then he took the boy by the ears and dragged him up to the head of the bed.

But do what he would, he could not make the boy as long as the man.

Still he kept on dragging him up and down in the bed, always saying, "Short and Long don't match."

This dragging so much up and down in the bed gave the boy very bad dreams.

He dreamed he was falling, first off of the house, and then off of the barn.

The Brownie kept at his work, the whole night, trying to make Short and Long match.

The bad boy also kept up his bad dreams. He thought he fell off the barn and house a great many times.

When daylight came the Brownie was tired. He crept up on the window-sill to rest.

He sat with his little legs hanging down into the yard. The house-dog happened to see him, and began to bark. All dogs have a great dislike for the Brownie.

The dog could not get up to the Brownie and it amused the Brownie to see the dog jump and bark.

So the Brownie put down both feet,



"See my little feet"

and began kicking them down toward the dog.

He teased the dog, and kept saying, "Look at my little feet! Look at my little feet!"

In the meantime the boy awoke and saw what the Brownie was doing. He slipped up close behind the Brownie, but the Brownie was so busy teasing the dog that he did not see the boy.

The Brownie kept on teasing the dog, and saying, "Look at my little feet! Look at my little feet!"

Very suddenly the boy tumbled him down to the dog, crying out at the same time, "Look at the whole of him now!"

The Brownie fell down right upon the dog's back. This frightened the dog. It frightened the Brownie.

The Brownie held on tight. The dog started to run. Brownie clutched his fingers firmly in the dog's hair.

The dog was more frightened than ever.

He began to howl and bark. Around the house he started. Brownie held on more firmly than ever. The faster the dog ran the harder Brownie had to pull his hair to keep from falling off.

A r o u n d a n d
around the house dog
and Brownie fairly
flew.



The bad boy stood
at the window watch-
ing. Every time
the dog and
Brownie came

by, the boy would laugh and shout, "Go it, Tige! Stick tight, Brownie!"

After going several times around the house the dog jumped over the fence. Brownie fell off.

You may be sure the dog and the Brownie did not like this kind of sport.

The Brownie now made up his mind to punish the bad boy in another way. He

"Dog and Brownie fairly flew"

waited till the next night while the boy was again fast asleep.

Then he crept up slyly to the loft and carried the boy out into the yard.

Now what do you think the Brownie did? He flung the boy over the house just as you would throw a ball over.

Then he ran to the other side so quickly that he caught the boy when he came down.

He pitched him back and ran around and caught him again. He kept on with this sport till the boy had been to and fro over the roof eight times.

The ninth time he let him fall into a great pool of water. This made a lot of noise and a great splash of the water.

The boy set up a loud shout, and began calling for help. To tell the truth about it, he was very much frightened.

His loud shout wakened all the people in the house. They ran out into the yard to see what was the matter. There stood the boy in the middle of the pool of water.

They soon got hold of him and pulled him out of the pool.

“How did you happen to fall in there?” said they.

“The Brownie threw me back and forth over the house eight times, and the ninth time he let me fall into the water,” said the boy.

The people all laughed at him, and told him he had been dreaming. They told him he had walked out into the yard in his sleep and had fallen into the water.

“Falling into the water is a sure cure for walking in your sleep,” said they.

But the boy believed the Brownie had thrown him over the house and into the water. He was sure he was right about it.

At any rate he wanted to make friends with the Brownie. He didn't want to have any more trouble.

He was afraid he might take a ride over the house nine times again, and then take a tumble into the pool of water.

He would much rather be friends with the Brownie than to have this happen again. He really liked the little Brownie anyway.

So he soon set about to make up with him. This was very easy to do for the Brownie wanted to be friendly, too.

They, therefore, soon became great friends. No more red pepper was put into the soup for the Brownie.

And the bad boy became one of the best boys in that neighborhood. He and the Brownie lived in peace and happiness forever afterwards.

BROWNIE'S COUSIN GOBLIN

Here are the Goblins. They are playful little fairies.

They are cousins to the Brownies, Nis-ses and Tomtes. They are much like their cousins.

Goblins are little fairy men. They are



“Play in the merry greenwood”

only as big as a little child, but they have the faces of men. Some have the faces of old men, and others have the faces of young men. But whether they look like old men or young men their faces are nearly always wrinkled. It is very hard to tell their ages by the looks of their faces.

Goblins live in England. They are little English fairies.

The Goblin is sometimes called Hobgoblin. He is also called Robin Goodfellow.

He likes to live in the woods. He likes to dance and play in the merry greenwood. He delights to make his dwelling in a hollow tree.

Goblins often visit the homes of people. They climb down the chimney, or crawl through the keyhole. They are invisible to most people.

They sometimes show themselves to their friends. It is said, if one will wear a four-leaved clover under his hat, he may be able to see a Goblin.

Goblin likes to dress in gray, brown, green or red. He wears a pointed cap and pointed shoes.

Goblin sometimes gets into mischief. He changes himself into a horse.

He will let somebody climb upon his

back. Then he will run away with him and throw him into a hedge or a pool of water.

Then he will quickly change himself into a Goblin, and laugh at the person for getting wet, or getting scratched in the brush.

Again he will change himself into a dog and bark at people to annoy them. At other times, at night, he will take the form of walking fire, or Will-O-The-Wisp.

Then out in the merry greenwood he will lead boys astray. He will get them to follow him up and down all night by letting them nearly catch up to him.

Then when it is daylight he will run away saying:

“Get you home, you merry lads,
Tell your mammas and your dads,
And all those that news desire,
How you saw a walking fire;
Ladies, that do smile and lisp,

Use to call me Willy Wisp;
If then you should weary be,
Remember it is sport for me;
Away, into your houses go,
And I'll go laughing, Ho, ho, hoh!"

Although Goblin sometimes gets into mischief, yet he is a very useful little fairy.

He often makes his home in a house where there is a good family. Then he will do all kinds of odd chores to help the people he likes.

He will build fires, and have everything in order before the people get up of a morning. If the maid will put the cream into the churn, he will do the churning during the night.

If there is spinning and weaving to do, he will work at that. If fire should break out anywhere in the neighborhood, he will wake the people up so they can put the fire out.



“He will do the churning during the night”

He does not like lazy or naughty children. He tweaks their noses and hides their playthings.

If children are good, he brings them pleasant dreams at night, and happy thoughts all day long.

The Goblins have gone to many lands. They live all over the world now. Many of them have come to America. Here in America Brownies, Goblins, Nisses and Tomtes all live in happiness together.

NIMBLEHOP AND THIMBLETOP

Two Brownies once lived in a hollow tree away out in the forest. These two little fairies were often called Goblins, but they were really Brownies.

It is sometimes difficult to tell the difference between a Brownie and a Goblin. They are cousins and pretty much alike, anyway.

Now these two Brownies that lived in the hollow tree were named Nimblehop and Thimbletop. You say these are funny names. Yes, but Brownies are funny fellows.

The one Brownie was called Nimblehop because he could hop so well. He would hop first on one foot, and then on the other. He was so good at hopping that he could hop faster than most Brownies could walk.

The other Brownie was called Thimbletop because he always wore a cap shaped just like a thimble. He one time found a silver thimble. He thought it so very pretty that he always used it as a pattern by which to make his cap.

Thimbletop and Nimblehop were very kind-hearted little fellows. They saw that no harm came to the good birds that lived in their forest.

They would help the birds build their nests. They would drive the enemies of the birds away. They would help feed the



“Feed the young birds”

young birds that were always hungry.

You may be sure Nimblehop and Thimbletop were kept very busy, for there were many birds in their forest. The birds paid the Brownies by singing fine songs. Here is one of their songs:

“There are two Brownies
Up in a tree,
And they are as happy
As happy can be.

“Dear little Brownies,
We’ll sing you a song;
We’ll furnish you music
All the day long.

“We know you will come,
When danger is near;
With you in the forest
We have not a fear.

“Here in the forest
With you for our guests
No harm can e’er come
To our dear little nests.

“Then here is a song
To Nimbletyhop,
And here is another
To Thimbletytop.”

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

There was once a little Brownie named Robin Goodfellow. He was often called little Brownie Good. His home was in a large hollow tree.

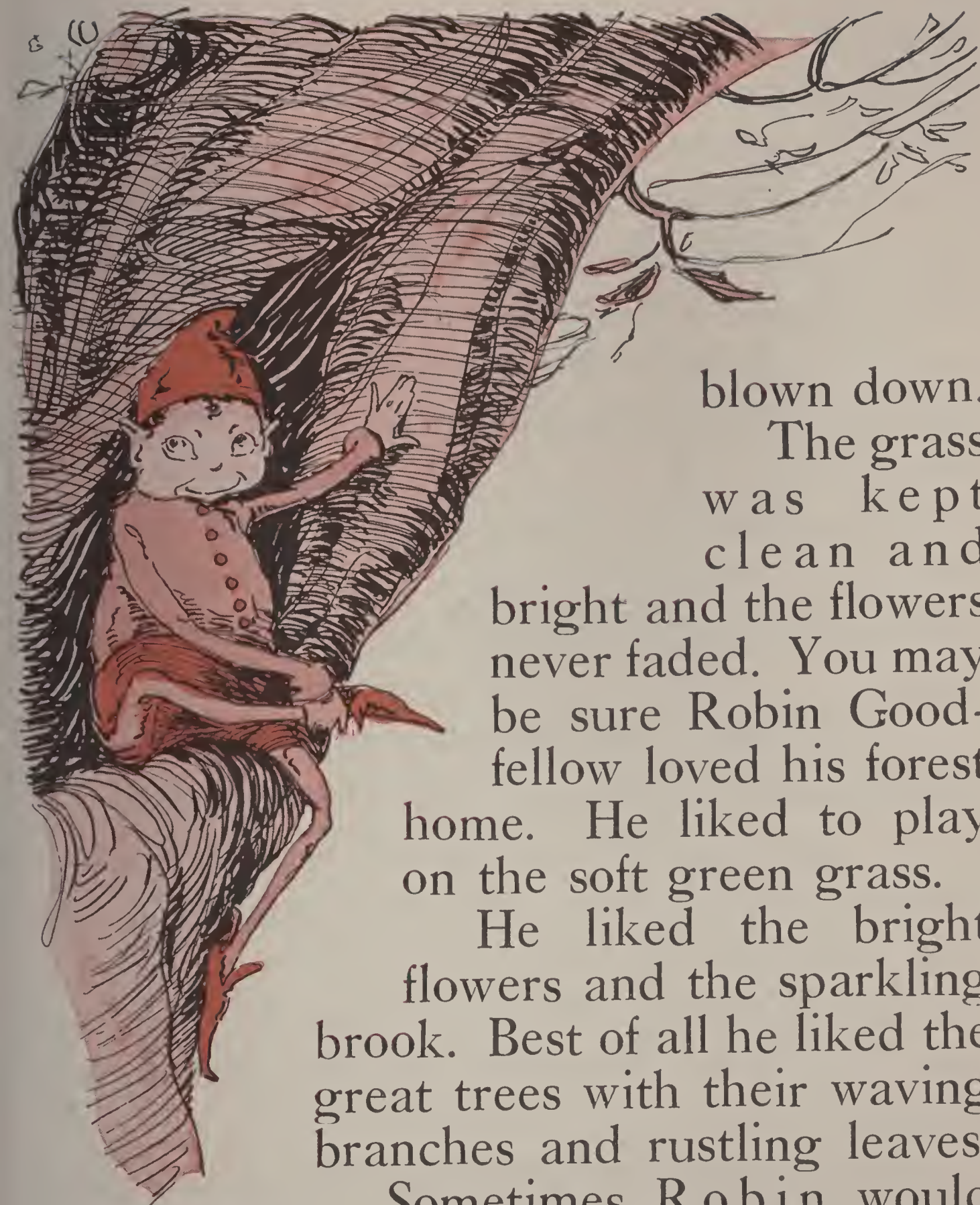
The tree was in a great, dim, old forest with hundreds of other trees. It was a beautiful forest with a carpet of grass just like green velvet.

Everywhere purple violets and pink anemones peeped out and nodded to each other. Overhead the great trees whispered softly, as if they were afraid they might waken the little birds.

In and out among the trees a crystal brook went singing on its way. Oh yes, it was a very beautiful forest.

In this forest lived a great many other fairies. That is what made it such a beautiful place.

The fairies took very good care of the forest. None of the trees ever died or were



blown down.

The grass was kept clean and bright and the flowers never faded. You may be sure Robin Goodfellow loved his forest home. He liked to play on the soft green grass.

He liked the bright flowers and the sparkling brook. Best of all he liked the great trees with their waving branches and rustling leaves. Sometimes Robin would

climb to the very tip-top of the highest tree in the forest. There he would sit while the wind rocked him to and fro.

One day he climbed the tree as usual. Just as he was seating himself a great bird swooped down upon him.

She almost caught him in her great claws. Robin was so frightened that he fell out of the tree.

Down, down, down he went and landed, plump! Well, where do you think he landed? Right on the end of a little boy's nose!

The little boy had been asleep, but of course this wakened him. He opened his eyes and looked around. Then he rubbed his nose. "Must have been an acorn," he said sleepily and shut his eyes again.

Then Robin stole up and tweaked his ear. This time the boy sat up and looked around.

When he saw Robin he thought at first he must be dreaming. He rubbed his eyes

and then looked again; but no, the fairy was still there. He was sure this time.

“Hello,” said the boy.

“Hello yourself,” replied Robin.

“Who are you?” asked the boy.

“I’m not an acorn,” said Robin.

“So I see,” laughed the boy; “I’m sorry I called you an acorn. Won’t you please tell me your name?”

“Since you are so polite, I don’t mind if I do; call me Robin Goodfellow.”

“Robin Goodfellow! What a nice name! I like it,” said the boy.

“Now tell me your name,” said Robin.

“Oh, I am only Alan, the swineherd’s boy. I take care of the swine.”

“But where are the swine?” asked Robin.

“They are across the road in another woods,” replied the boy. “I came here because it is so beautiful. Then I lay down to rest, and I think I must have gone to sleep. Now I must go and find the swine.”

“I’ll go with you,” said Robin. “Just take me up on your shoulders.”

Alan did so and they crossed the road into the other woods. They looked for the swine but they were nowhere to be seen. Then Alan began to cry.

“Oh, what shall I do?” he cried. “I dare not go home without them. The swineherd will beat me.”

“Just wait,” said Robin. “I’ll fix that all right.”

He put a tiny silver whistle to his lips and blew. Out of the woods came all the swine, pell-mell.

“Woof! woof!” they grunted and stood staring at Alan.

“Oh, thank you,” said Alan, drying his eyes. “Now I must take them home before they run away again.”

“I will go with you,” said Robin. “Just take me up on your shoulders; I’m going to live with you.”

Alan gave a little skip of joy.

“Hurrah!” he cried, throwing up his cap, and then he stopped. “But you can’t do that,” he said.

“Why not?” asked Robin.

“The swineherd may see you, and if he does he’ll beat you.”

“But he can’t see me because he doesn’t believe in fairies. I’m going to stay with you and see that he doesn’t beat you any more.”

And the swineherd never whipped Alan again, but he often wanted to. Little Robin Goodfellow wouldn’t let him.

Now this little silver whistle that Robin



“Take me up on your shoulders”

Little Robin Goodfellow

wouldn't let him.

had was a wonderful magic whistle. When people were bad he had only to blow this whistle to make them be good.

The notes of this little Brownie whistle were like the stingers of a bee, or the stickers of a thistle to bad people.

When the swineherd would try to strike Alan, little Robin would give a toot on his whistle. The swineherd's arm would fall quickly without striking the blow.

There would be a smarting feeling on the swineherd's back as if a hundred bees were stinging him. He would be greatly frightened, and clap his hand on his back quickly.

He would look around to see where the whistle came from, but he could see nothing. Toot! would go the whistle again right behind him.

He would feel some more smarting on his back. This would frighten him so his teeth would chatter, and his hair would stand up. Another toot would make his

knees shake so they would strike together. Robin Goodfellow soon broke the swineherd of ever trying to whip Alan.

In fact, whenever the swineherd was ugly and cross about anything, just one toot from the Brownie whistle would set him straight in a second.

By this means, this ill-tempered swineherd was frightened into being very kind to all around him.

How pleased Alan was that Robin had come to live with him. What pleasant times they had playing together.

Every night when the swineherd was fast asleep Alan and Robin would go to the hollow tree in the forest. What happy times they had there!

Alan was never sad and lonely any more. Whenever he went to herd the swine he always carried the fairy whistle which Robin gave him.

If the swine wandered away he had only to blow the whistle once and the swine



“Toot would go the whistle”

would come rushing out of the woods as fast as their legs could carry them.

Robin stayed at the swineherd's hut till Alan grew to be a young man. Then Alan went out into the big world to seek his for-

tune and Robin returned to his home in the hollow tree.

THE BROWNIE WHISTLE

There was once a little Brownie
By the name of Brownie Good,
The best little Brownie
In the whole neighborhood;
Now little Brownie Good
Had a little magic whistle,
That blew sharp little notes
Like stickers on a thistle.

He made bad people good,
When they wanted to be bad;
If they didn't change their ways,
They soon would wish they had;
When the bad folks were naughty,
And were doing naughty things;
Toot! would go the whistle;
And they'd feel a hundred stings.

Then they'd quit being naughty,
As soon as ever they could;
And begin to look right pleasant,
And be very, very good;
For they didn't like the feeling
The whistle sure would bring,
Like the stickers of a thistle,
Or a hundred bees would sting.

If a mean, cross old man
Should start to switch a boy,
And shake him up and scold him,
And otherwise annoy;
Then was just the time
That little Brownie Good
Would come running quickly
From the merry greenwood.

Toot! would go the whistle;
And the cross old man would pause,
His teeth begin to chatter,
And his hair stand up, because,

The little Brownie whistle,
And its shrill little note,
Made a feeling like a hundred bees
Right underneath his coat.

His knees would begin to shake,
He'd soon let the boy go,
Saying to him gently,
"You'll be good, I know;"
And he wouldn't try again
To switch the little boy,
Or shake him up or scold him,
Or otherwise annoy.

So the little magic whistle
Has helped nearly all,
Wherever it was blown
To either large or small;
Then here's to the Brownie whistle,
And to little Brownie Good!
May they soon begin to work
In every neighborhood!

BROWNIE'S COUSIN KOBOLD

Look at these little Kobolds! Aren't they funny little fellows? They are playing fairy music.

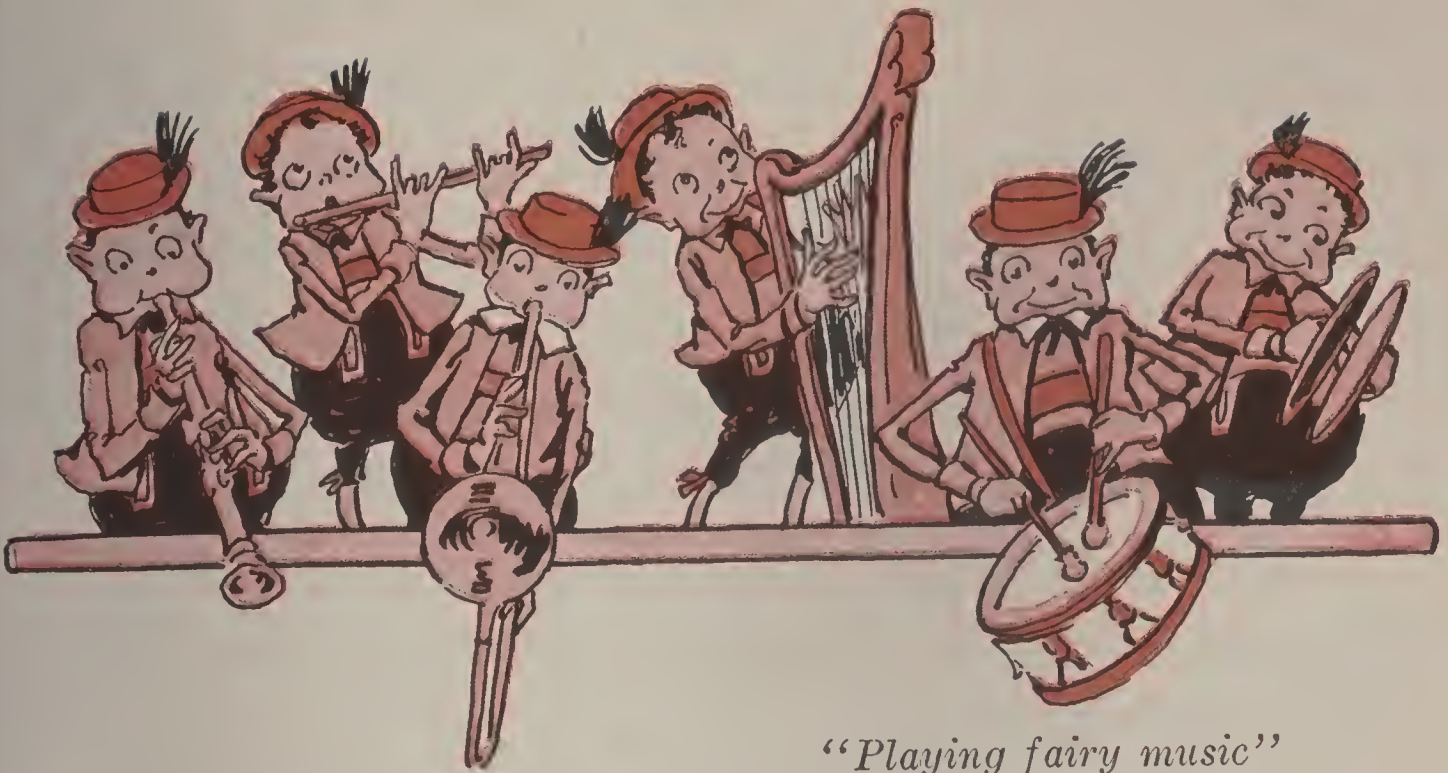
They are little house fairies. They are cousins to the Brownies, Nisses, Tomtes, and Goblins.

The Kobolds are little German or Swiss house fairies. They live in Germany and Switzerland. They are called house fairies because they like best to live in a house.

Kobolds are little fairy men like their cousins. They are the Brownies of Germany and Switzerland.

Some of these fairies have the faces of children, and some have the faces of old men. Kobolds nearly always wear blue trousers and red coats and red hats. They wear slippers of orange or black.

The Kobold will live with good people only. He will not live with unpleasant people.



“Playing fairy music”

First he chooses some family with whom he wants to live. Then he makes a trial of the family to see if they are pleasant people.

If they are pleasant he will come to live with them. He has a strange way to try whether they are pleasant or not. He brings chips and sawdust into the house and throws them on the floor.

He does many other small things to see if the family will get angry. If they do not get angry and scold, he will come to live with them.

Kobold will then stay as long as any member of the family lives. He takes care that no harm comes to that house.

Like his cousins he will do all kinds of chores about the house and barn. The house and yard and garden must always be kept clean.

No weeds can grow in the garden where Kobold lives. No trash can ever be seen about the yard.

And the house must always be neat and clean. He delights to bake bread and all kinds of little cakes.

He scours the pots and kettles, and cleans the pails and tubs. The only pay he asks is a bowl of soup or a bowl of milk and bread.

He dislikes lazy and stingy people.

Kobolds are happy fairies, and are much pleased with fine music. Some Kobolds are fine musicians. They can play well on the harp.

Like other fairies they are invisible.

They do not like people to try to see them. Sometimes they show themselves to their friends they like most.

Kobolds are very fond of little children. Often they play with the children and let the children see them.

When big folks try to catch them it makes them angry.

A nobleman once heard a Kobold talking. It sounded as if the Kobold were in the cupboard.

There were some jugs in the cupboard, and it sounded as if the Kobold were in one of the jugs. The nobleman thought that was his chance to catch a Kobold.

Right quickly he put a stopper into the jug, but Kobold was too quick for him—he was not there.

But this made Kobold very angry, for he didn't want any one to try to catch him. He called out to the nobleman, "You will be sorry for what you have done."

Shortly afterwards the nobleman was

crossing a river on a foot bridge. Kobold caused the bridge to break, and the nobleman fell into the water.

Just as the nobleman got out of the water, he heard some one laughing, but didn't see anybody. Then Kobold cried out, "Do not try to catch a Kobold in a jug again, and foot bridges will be more safe for you."

Some people do not like to have a Kobold live with them, so they try to drive him away. This makes Kobold sad, for he wants them to like him, and treat him well.

There is a story about a family that tried to drive a Kobold away from their home.

They tried in many ways to get rid of him, but he would not leave. One night they heard him singing his song:

"If you will let me stay,
Good luck shall you have alway;
But if hence you will me chase,
Luck will ne'er come near the place."

After they heard this song, they didn't try any more to drive him away.

Kobolds have travelled all over the world. They live in every country now.

Many Kobolds have come to America. They live here together with the Brownies, Nisses, Tomtes and Goblins. They are all happy in their work together.

BROWNIE CLOD

There once lived a very interesting Brownie by the name of Brownie Clod. He made his home with a very rich farm family.

He was called Brownie Clod because he had a habit of throwing clods.

Brownie Clod was like some boys, for he couldn't see a good clod but what he wanted to throw it. He would gather a number of clods, and hide in the shrubbery along the road.

When people passed, he would throw clods at them, but never hit them. He did not want to hurt any one, but he liked to see them look around.

Sometimes he would throw a clod and knock a boy's cap off. It amused Brownie Clod to see the boy pick up his cap and run.

He would throw some more clods, and very nearly hit the boy, to make him run faster.

When a farmer would drive along in a wagon he would throw clods against the wagon-box. This would make a loud noise, and make the farmer look around.

Then Brownie Clod would let fly another clod that would pass within about two inches of the farmer's head.

The farmer would think some boy was throwing, and drive rapidly.

Brownie Clod made his home in the cellar of the farm house most of the time. He took it upon himself to see that the cellar



“He had a habit of throwing clods”

was kept in perfect order all the time.

There were several kegs of vinegar and wine and cider kept in the cellar. These caused him a great deal of trouble.

So many times one of these kegs would get to leaking. He would have to stick his finger or his toe into the hole to stop the leak.

He would have to stand there till somebody came and fixed it. Sometimes no one would come for two or three days.

He would have to stand there all that time, and he did not like it.

It was the cook's place to see that the faucets were all tight.

So Brownie Clod became angry at the cook. The cook also neglected to leave anything good for him to eat.

One night she left only a piece of herring and some cold potatoes. He decided to punish her.

He caused her to have such unpleasant dreams that she walked in her sleep, and slid down stairs.

She knew that it was Brownie Clod that had caused her this trouble.

She decided to drive him away from that house. She scattered a lot of grass seed around on the basement floor.

Now Brownie likes to have everything in order, and he will not stay at a place if



“Have to stand there all that time”

things are not kept that way.

The cook very well knew this, and thought Brownie Clod would leave rather than pick up so much grass seed.

Brownie looked around at the seed a long time, and was very sad, but he liked

his home, and he would not move. So he began to pick up the grass seed. All the time he was picking it up he kept saying:

“Woe’s me! Woe’s me!
The acorn is not yet
Fallen from the tree,
That’s to grow to the wood,
That’s to make the cradle,
That’s to rock the baby,
That’s to grow to a cook,
That’s to like me.”

The cook listened, and heard what he was saying. She felt sorry for him, and treated him better after that.

She would leave a bowl of bread and cream for Brownie instead of herring and cold potatoes.

He in turn did his best to make himself very useful. Sometimes, when one of the maids was sick, he would wait on the table in the neatest manner.

He was an invisible waiter. Whatever was called for came as if floating through the air.

Each thing just came down in the right place without any noise at all.

Brownie Clod liked once in a while to play a good joke.

Two of the maids were once sitting on the dark porch eating a bowl of bread and cream.

In their haste they had brought but one spoon with them. So, placing the bowl between them, they ate by turns.

"I've had but three bites," cried one.

"I've had but one bite," said the other.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried a third voice, "Brownie has got the most of it."

Brownie it was who had placed himself between them and gotten two bites to their one.

The farmer with whom Brownie Clod lived liked to play checkers, but he was not a very good player. Brownie Clod was



“So this farmer became a great checker player”

a fine player, and liked the game very much. When he stood by the farmer, and helped him, no one else could win a game. So this farmer became known as a great checker player.

But he could never win any games unless Brownie was with him.

Many times some of the farm people would come home late at night when the house was dark. They would run against a chair or table and make a lot of noise. Or they might trip on the stairs, and make so much noise as to wake people up.

When asked about it the next morning they would always say that Brownie Clod did it. So Brownie Clod got the blame for a good many things he never did.

He didn't like to be blamed in this way either. He would set about to punish those that blamed him.

They would find their work harder the next day. They would find things out of place, and the work wouldn't go just right.

One of the men on the farm had an old green coat and a red hood. Brownie Clod took a great liking to this hood and coat.

He wanted them for himself, but he would not ask for them. The owner knew

he wanted them, but it would not do to offer them to him.

Brownie told the farm men he would help them do the winter's threshing. The men knew he wanted to work for the old coat and hood. So the men got things ready for Brownie to do the threshing.

He worked fast and hard.

And the men had nothing to do but lie on the straw and watch him. The men thought more and more of Brownie Clod because he was such a good worker.

Before Brownie finished the threshing the weather got very cold. The men thought he ought to have the coat and hood.

They laid them out and called to him that he might have them. As soon as he caught sight of them, he quit work, and cried out:

“Brownie has got a hood and coat,
And never more will work a jot.”

He ran to the house, and would not thresh any more flax or wheat. The men tried hard to get him back to work, but he would not go.

So Brownie Clod is still there at the same farm house, and watches everything in the same way he used to.

He still goes out and hides behind the shrubbery along the road. And he still frightens the boys and farmers by throwing clods at them.

FIDDLEBOW AND LITTLEHOE

Happy Brownie Fiddlebow,
And jolly Brownie Littlehoe,
Were spry little Swiss sprites,
Who had danced ten thousand nights.

Over into France,
They dearly loved to dance;
Then to our land they came,
And here they dance the same.

They dance upon the hills,
They dance upon the rills;
They delight tens and dozens
Of their little Brownie cousins.

BROWNIE LITTLEHAT

There once lived a wonderful little Brownie by the name of Littlehat.

This Brownie was a most beautiful little fairy. He was about as large as a two-year-old boy.

He had a very strange, beautiful fairy face. Long yellow curls hung over his shoulders.

He always wore a beautiful red silk coat. This coat was really only a little short jacket.

But the most wonderful part of his dress was his queer little pointed red hat. This little pointed red hat was all covered with strange and beautiful little fairy pictures.

So this little red coated Brownie was always called Littlehat. Littlehat lived in an old castle that stood on the high bank of a beautiful river.

A nobleman and his large family also lived in this old castle. Although Littlehat lived there many years he was seen only a very few times by grown people.



*“Littlehat lived in
an old castle”*

One of the cooks of the castle happened to be born on Sunday so she was given the power to see Littlehat.

When the children were playing in the castle grounds Littlehat would often appear among them. He would let himself

be seen by the children. He would talk to them.

He knew all the children's games ever thought of. He taught them to play many games and to sing many fairy songs.

When the children returned to the castle they never tired of talking about the strange little boy with the red coat and the pointed red hat.

After Littlehat had been to play with them, they would rush into the house and shout, "Littlehat came again, and oh, we had so much fun!"

Here is one of the songs he taught the children to sing and act out:

"My thumb, my thumb,
And my elbow are two.
Here comes a cat
And a kangaroo.

"The kangaroo jumped
And jumped so high,

He pushed a hole
Clear through the sky.

“The cat danced a jig,
And bowed, ‘How d’ do!’
Then jumped through the sky
After kangaroo.”

Littlehat had a room in the attic of the castle. He had only three pieces of furniture in his room.

First, there was a little armchair. He plaited this little armchair all over very neatly with straw.

He used straw of different colors and wove in many handsome figures and crosses. Everybody who saw this chair thought it was beautiful and wonderful.

The second piece of furniture was a little round table which stood in the center of the room. From this table Littlehat ate his milk and bread.

The third piece of furniture was a bed.

Now this bed never looked as if any one had slept in it. There was only a very small depression as if a cat had lain there.

Sometimes the little armchair would rock but nobody could be seen in it.

The cook prepared a bowl of sweet milk and crumbs of wheaten bread every day, and placed it upon the little table.

In a short time the bowl would be found empty. Littlehat was a very polite and a busy little worker. He used to toil every night in the kitchen.

If the cook was very tired in the evening she left the plates and dishes lying in a heap without being washed.

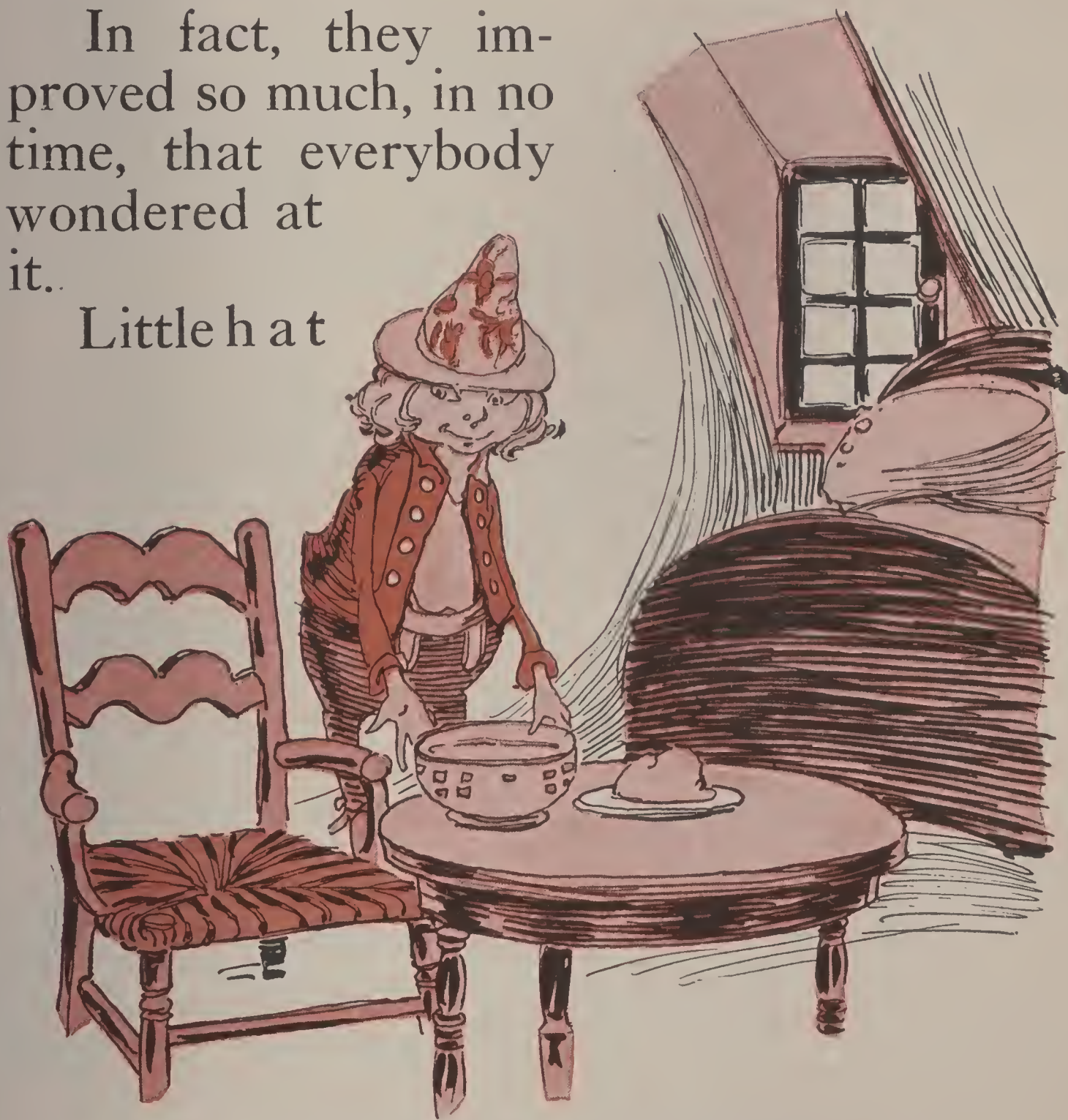
The next morning they would be all nice and clean, shining like looking-glasses, and put up in their proper places.

Littlehat had been there and had put everything in order. If anything was lost Littlehat found it, and gave it back to its owner. Littlehat was just as busy in the barn.

He took care of the horses, and curried them carefully. Their coats soon became as smooth as an eel.

In fact, they improved so much, in no time, that everybody wondered at it.

Little hat



“He had only three pieces of furniture”

watched over the men and the maids about the castle. He saw that they did their work well.

They knew he would punish them if they did not. If they did their work well, they would have pleasant dreams and good luck.

If they did their work poorly, they would have unpleasant dreams and bad luck.

For many years Littlehat lived in this castle. He lived there till all the children grew to be men and women.

The nobleman and his family were always happy. They always had good luck. They ever lived in peace and comfort.

At last Littlehat decided to leave. He wanted to go to another castle where there were small children.

So he went to the nobleman and said, "I am going away, so I will make you some presents. Take care of them and let them remind you of me."

He then handed the nobleman a little



“I will make you some presents”

cross, the length of a finger. It was hollow within, and jingled when it was shaken.

Secondly, he gave him a straw hat, which he had made himself. In this hat he had woven strange forms and figures in straw of many colors.

Thirdly, he gave the nobleman a glove set with pearls, which formed wonderful figures.

Then Littlehat said to the nobleman, "So long as you keep these three things together, and keep them in your family, so long will your family have good fortune. But if these presents are divided, lost, or wasted, your family will meet with unhappiness and ill luck."

So saying, Littlehat at once disappeared. And the nobleman and his family always carefully kept the cross, the straw hat, and the glove.

They never let them be separated. And good fortune and happiness followed them all the days of their lives.

And they still have the cross, the straw hat, and the glove, for all I know, and are still as happy as ever Littlehat wished them to be.

LITTLEHAT AND BRITTLEBAT

Littlehat and Brittlebat
Dwelt upon the Rhine;
They liked to live in Germany—
They thought it very fine.

They heard about America,
Then the Rhine wouldn't do;
They didn't care for old things,
They wanted something new.

They left the old castles;
They left the German Rhine;
And came to America,
Where they have a happy time.

“This country suits me,”
Said Brownie Littlehat;
“I know of no place better,”
Said Brownie Brittlebat.

BROWNIE'S COUSIN LUTIN

We shall now take a peep at the little Lutins. They are very delightful little fairies.

The Lutin is only a foot and a half or two feet tall. He is another one of the little house fairies.

He is another cousin to the Brownies, Goblins, Tomtes, Nisses and Kobolds.

These house fairies are all very much alike. They are all good fairies, for they try to make people better and happier. They are all hard workers, and do not like lazy people.

The Lutin is a gaily dressed little fellow. He likes to wear red, white, gray, green,



“A peep at the little Lutins”

blue, black and yellow. He likes fine clothes.

The Lutin lives in France. He is a little French house fairy. He is a little French Brownie. He has travelled to many different countries.

Many Lutins have come to America. Lutins, Goblins, Brownies, Tomtes, Nisses and Kobolds all live together here in America.

What a happy lot of little fellows they

are! We like to have them all here with us.

The Lutin, like all of his cousins, is invisible. It is said if one should put a four-leaved clover and nine grains of wheat under his hat, he might be able to see a Lutin.

He would be almost sure to see a number of them if it were Friday night, the thirteenth of the month, and the moon were shining bright.

The Lutin likes to take up his home where there are many children. Children are his special care, and he sees that they are well watched over.

He brings them rosy dreams at night and makes them happy all day long. He helps them in their games, and sees that they do not get hurt.

The Lutin is a great lover of horses. The horses will always be fed and taken care of in the barn where he lives. He likes to brush and braid the horse's tail and mane.



"They are good horsemen"

He likes to ride on the horse's neck. First, he ties together part of the horse's mane for stirrups. Then he sits astride of the horse's neck with his feet in these hair stirrups.

Sometimes a number of Lutins may be seen riding one horse—three or four on his

neck, and five or six on his back. They are good horsemen, for they can ride standing up as well as sitting astride.

Lutins like to see the children go horse-back riding. If there is no horse handy, the Lutin will turn himself into a horse and let the children ride him.

The Lutin takes special care of the goats, cattle, and sheep. He combs the billy-goat's whiskers every Saturday night so he will look pretty on Sunday.

He sees that the cattle, sheep and goats are driven to the pastures, and watched so that no harm may come to them.

There is a story of a Lutin who was called Jack-of-the-Bowl. The reason he was called Jack-of-the-Bowl was that he liked a bowl of sweet cream so well.

He lived in a house in the mountains. Every morning he took the cows up the side of the mountain to their pasture.

He always rode on the back of one of the cows. He took care that they did not

slip and fall down the hill and get hurt.

When it was evening Jack-of-the-Bowl would seat himself upon the back of a cow and bring them all home. Every night he would find a bowl of fresh cream on the roof of the cow-house.

This was just what he liked and all the pay he asked. In fact most boys and girls would like to play Jack-of-the-bowl awhile if that would bring them a bowl of fresh sweet cream.

It is said that the Lutin is very rich. There never was any money lost but what he knows where it is.

Lost money is what has made the Lutin his fortune. Lutin money is that which has been lost and forgotten about a long time.

He will appear at night to some of his special friends, and motion to them to follow him. If they are not afraid, and follow him, he will lead them to a fortune. Stories are told about people who have gotten very rich in this way.

There is a story about a family that didn't like the Lutin who lived with them. This little Lutin's name was Needlekey. He was a very sharp little fellow.

The family tried in many ways to drive him away, but he would not leave. So they decided to move away themselves, and leave him in the house alone.

They finally got everything loaded on carts ready to move.

The last cart-load was filled with empty barrels and suchlike.

When they were just starting to drive with the last load, Needlekey cried out from one of the barrels, "Here, master! here we all go together!"

"What!" said the master, "are you going, also?"

"Yes, to be sure, master," said Needlekey, "here we go, all together."

"In that case, friend," replied the master, "let the carts be unloaded; we are just as well where we are."

SIX LITTLE BROWNIE COUSINS

Six little Brownie cousins
All on a summer night,
Went out to take a ride,
While the moon was shining bright.

They caught their fairy ponies,
And mounted on their backs;
They galloped over fences,
And over haystacks.

They galloped through the forest,
They galloped through the glen;
It was a merry ride
For the little fairy men.

They came to the bank
Of a very large river;
This made them stop,
Or they'd galloped on forever.

TWEEDLEDEE AND NEEDLEKEY

Tweddledee and Needlekey
Were Brownies very small—
Little French Brownies
Nearly two feet tall.

Said Brownie Tweddledee,
“I like to live in France.”
Said Brownie Needlekey,
“I like to skip and dance.”

“We’ll comb the goat’s beard,
So handsome he shall be,
When walking he does go,”
Said Brownie Tweddledee.

“Yes, every Saturday night,
His beard we shall comb;
Then every Sunday morn,
Forth handsome he may roam.”

“There’s much work to do;
Right useful we can be,
Every night and every day,”
Said Brownie Needlekey.

THE BROWNIES AND THE HUNCHBACKS

Many years ago there lived a gay little hunchback by the name of Jeanie, or Little Jean as he was often called.

He was a very sweet singer, and could play beautifully upon the guitar.

He was known by a great many people on account of his fine singing and playing. When he sang and played the birds would gather around to listen to him.

He made his living with his voice and his guitar. When fine music was wanted anywhere in the neighborhood, Jeanie was always there to furnish it.

He was a great favorite at weddings.

No wedding was complete without Little Jean being there to furnish the music.

Although Jeanie was a little crippled hunchback, he had a smiling face and a pleasant word for everybody. His happy voice and face and pleasant manners made him a favorite everywhere.

One evening he went to play and sing for a wedding, and started home very late at night. His way home was along a path through a deep forest.

The path was very rough, for it ran along the side of a mountain. The night was so dark, and Jeanie was so sleepy, that he lost his way.

As it was a warm summer night he didn't mind it much. He thought he would just lie down and sleep till morning. Then he could easily find his way home.

He wrapped his cloak about him, and lay down at the foot of a large tree. He did not have to be rocked to sleep, for in only a twinkling he was in rosy slumbers.

Now this was a big hollow tree at the foot of which he was lying. And it happened that a number of Brownies were making their home in this tree.

Jeanie had only just gone to sleep, when he was awakened by the sound of a number of little voices singing. These were the Brownies' voices, and they were singing to an old tune which Jeanie well knew.

He listened very closely to make out what the words were. Soon he understood very clearly, and this is what he heard:

“Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday
fine,
These are good days three.”

They kept singing this over and over again. Jeanie did not think this song complete, so he struck in, adding:

“Thursday and Friday and Saturday shine,
Six days for you and me.”

The little folk were quite delighted, and for hours the mountains rang with:

“Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday
fine,
These are good days three;
Thursday and Friday and Saturday shine,
Six days for you and me.”

The little Brownies were much charmed by little Jean's voice, and very delighted because he had completed their song.

Finally they crowded around him to take a look at him. They bade him ask what he would, for having completed their song so beautifully.

After thinking a short time, he begged to have his hump removed from his back. So said, so done; he was at once one of the straightest little men in all that neighborhood.

On his return home, everybody was surprised at the wonderful change in him.



“So said, so done”

The story was told far and near. Jeanie's wonderful change was the talk of all of his friends.

The story was soon heard by another hunchback, who was called Little Jack.

Now Little Jack was unlike Little Jean.

Nobody liked Little Jack for he never smiled, and hardly ever spoke a kind word. He was just as crooked in his temper as he was in his body.

But as soon as he heard the story of Little Jean he decided to try his luck. He soon found the right place, and sat under the large hollow tree.

He did not have long to wait till he heard the fairies singing. He listened closely. He understood clearly the words of the song.

They were singing the same song they sang with Little Jean. They made the woods fairly ring with:

“Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday
fine,

These are good days three;
Thursday and Friday and Saturday shine,
Six days for you and me.”

Little Jack was so delighted that he had found the fairies, that his heart beat within him like a lambkin's tail.

He decided he also would add to the song. In a harsh, ugly voice, he struck in with:

“And Sunday also!”

But this did not rhyme with the fine song the Brownies were singing, and neither did he have the right tune. In fact, his voice was so ugly and harsh that it spoiled their song.

They knew at once he was an ill-tempered little good-for-nothing. It made them angry to have him spoil their fine song.

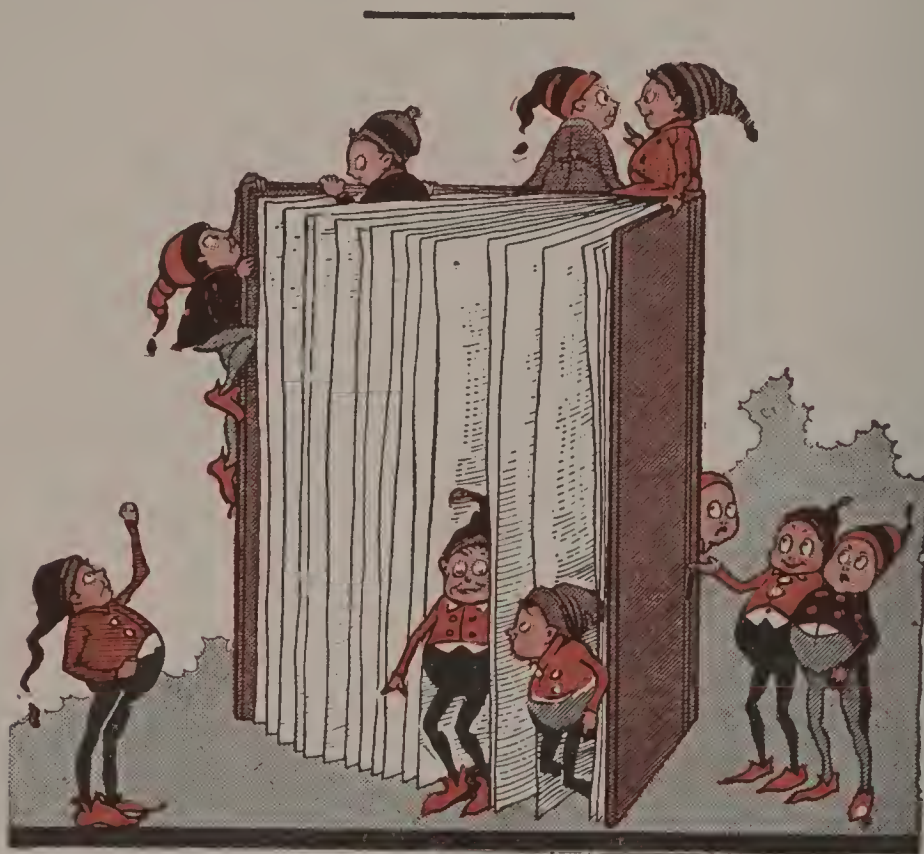
They crowded around him and pinched him and switched him soundly.

And in order to punish him some more they took Little Jean's hump and placed it on his back just below his own hump.

They thought such a little sour faced,

ill-tempered fellow ought to have two humps on his back instead of one.

Then they pinched him again, and gave him another sound switching, and started him for home.



“This book we’ve read”

This book we’ve read,
And so have you;
We like it well,
And hope you do.





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