

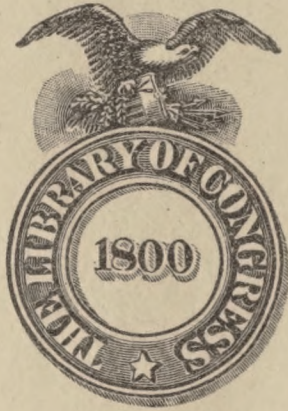
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LITTLE
LITTLE HOOD
AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES





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“GOOD-BY, MY KIND TRUE.” AND HE LET THE DOG OUT

See page 35

LITTLE GOLDEN HOOD

AND OTHER STORIES

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LITTLE GOLDEN HOOD

I

ONCE there was a dear little girl as pretty and nice as a sweet star.

At all times she wore a small cloak on which was a hood of a gold and fire color.

This hood had been given to her by her grandmother, who was so old that she did not know her age.

The hood was to bring the little girl good luck, the old lady said. It was made of a ray of sunshine.

Some said the old lady was a witch, so all felt that the hood had a great deal of power in it.

You will see that it had, from the story I am about to tell you.

One day her mother called Golden Hood, and said to her:

“Let me see, dear, if you know the way to the house of your grandmother quite alone!”

“Oh, yes! I know the way well,” said the little girl, glad to go and see her.

“Well, then,” said her mother, “here is a nice cake which you shall take her. She will like something very good on Sunday.”

II

GOLDEN HOOD felt she must be off at once, but her mother said:

“Do not forget to ask the dear old lady how she is; and come back quickly, or it will be dark.

“Do not stop on the way to talk to those you do not know.

“Are you sure you are quite clear as to what you have to do now?” said the mother.

“Oh, yes! I know well,” said the little girl. So off she went with the cake in a basket.

She was very proud to go alone, and glad to see the poor old lady, who was often lonely. Golden Hood had a good, kind heart.

Now, the grandmother lived a

long way off, on the other side of a big wood.

Golden Hood had to cross this wood to get to the house.

As she was going along by a turn of the road, under the trees, she cried out, "Who goes there?"

"Your friend, Wolf," said a voice; and up came a wolf running to her like a good dog, as if glad to see her.

III

THIS bad wolf had seen the little girl go out alone, and had wished to kill and eat her.

Some men were at work in the wood near by, so he had waited for a time.

“’Tis you, my nice little Golden Hood,” said he. “How do you do?”

I am sorry to tell you this little girl did not do as her mother had told her.

She stopped to talk to the wolf, whom she did not know at all.

“Do you know me, then?” said she. “What is your name?”

“My name is Wolf,” said he. “Where are you going, my pretty maid? What is in that basket on your arm?”

“I am going to see my dear grandmother. I take her a nice cake in my basket for her to eat on Sunday,” said she.

“Where does your grandmother live?” asked the wolf.

“She lives in the first house on the other side of this big wood, near the windmill,” said the little girl.

“Oh, yes, I know!” said the wolf. “I am going that way myself now.

“I shall get there before you, for you have such little bits of legs.

“I will tell her you are on the way to see her, then she will stay at home for you.”

IV

AWAY went the wicked old wolf by a short cut across the wood. He was soon at the house of the old lady.

He gave a rap at the door—
rat-tat. No one came.

He raps again. This time louder.
But no one came to it.

So he stands on his hind legs,
puts his fore foot on the latch,
and the door opens.

Not a soul does he find in the
house. All is quite still.

It was a good thing the poor
old lady had got up early to go
into the town for herbs.

She had gone off in such haste
that she had not made her bed,
and her night cap lay on the
pillow.

“Good,” said the sly old wolf
to himself. I know what I will
do.”

He shut the door, put on the

night cap down to his eyes, and drew down the blinds to shut out the light.

Then he lay down in bed and drew the sheets well over him so as not to be seen, and waited till some one came.

What a bad, sly old wolf he was!

V

GOLDEN HOOD had gone on her way as little girls do, but not very fast.

Now and then she would stop to pick a flower or look at the birds as they made their pretty nests; often she sang to herself.

She looked at the bee as he

sucked the sweet honey from the flower, or at the busy ant as he took food to his nest for the winter.

It was so nice that it was some time before she got to the house of her grandmother.

Rap-rap at the door.

“Who is there?” said the old wolf, making his voice as soft as he could.

“It is I, dear Grannie, your little Golden Hood,” said the child. “I have a nice cake for you to eat on Sunday.”

“Press on the latch, dear, then push, and the door will open,” said the sly old wolf.

“Why, you have got a cold, dear Grannie,” said the child, as

she came in. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, my little lamb," said the wolf, "I have. Shut the door, dear, and put the cake on the table.

"You must rest before you go back for a little time, so take off your best frock and come and lie down by me."

VI

THE child did as she was bid, but she kept her hood on her head. It was a good thing she did so, as you will see.

Now she looked at her Grannie, and could not think what had come to her.

"Oh, Grannie," said she, "how

like you are to the wolf I saw in the wood.”

“The night cap does that, child,” said the wolf.

“Oh, what big arms you have got, Grandmother.”

“All the better to hug you, my child,” said the wolf.

“Oh, what a large mouth you have, Grandmother.”

“All the better to talk with, child.”

“Oh, what great white teeth you have, Grandmother.”

“All the better to eat little girls with.”

Now the old wolf opened his jaws wide to begin his meal.

Poor Golden Hood put down her head crying, “Mamma! mamma!”

So the wolf took hold of her hood in his jaws, and then, oh,



dear! oh, dear! he drew back and cried as if he had bitten red hot coals.

The little hood had burnt his mouth and all down his throat.

It was one of those magic caps we hear of in the tales of the olden days that had great power to do many odd things.

VII

So now Mr. Wolf, with his mouth burnt, and in much pain, jumped off the bed and tried to find the door.

He howled and howled, as if all the dogs in the land were at his heels.

Just then up came the old grandmother from the town with a long sack on her back.

She soon saw how it was. "Ah! you bad one, wait a bit," cried she.

She opened the mouth of the sack wide across the door, and the wolf, mad with the pain, jumped in head first.

The bad wolf is now in a trap and cannot get out.

The brave old dame shut up the sack quickly and held it fast, hard as Mr. Wolf tried to get out.

She then went to the top of the well and flung in the sack with the wolf in it.

It went lower and lower, the wolf still howling. The water soon stopped him, and at last he lay dead at the bottom of the well, and a good thing, too.

VII

“Ah! you bad wolf,” said the good old dame, “you wanted to eat my dear little Golden Hood, did you?”

“By and by we will make a nice warm muff of your skin, and your body shall make a meal for the dogs!”

Now, as the wolf was dead, the old lady went to dress Golden Hood, who was still full of fear in the bed.

“What would you have done if you had not had my hood, darling?” said she.

To cheer up the dear little girl she gave her some cake and jam, took her by the hand, and led her home.

Her mother was glad to see her safe and sound, but very vexed that she had stopped to talk to the wolf on the way.

Over and over again Golden Hood said she would never do such a thing any more.

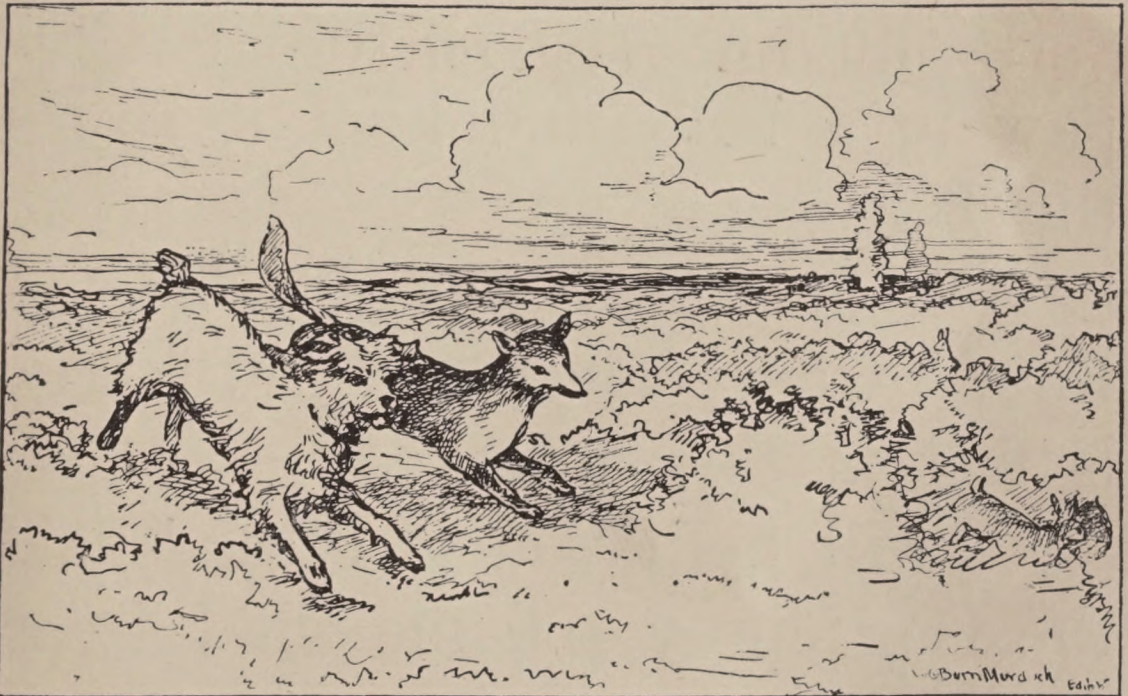
It is said in old tales that she may still be seen sometimes in the woods when the sun shines.

If you wish to see her you must get up very early.

A FAIRY TALE OF A FOX

THE FOX AND A DOG START ON A JOURNEY

ONE day a Dog and a Fox set out to see a Cat. Why did they go to see the Cat? I will tell you. This Cat was very, very rich,



SO THEY SET OUT

and she had a nice home. Her fur was soft and long, and as fine as silk. She was a good Cat, too.

So they set out. But the Fox said, "I must get rid of the Dog, for the Cat may like him more than me." That was not kind; was it? But it is just like a Fox.

HOW THE DOG WAS GOT RID OF

So the Fox ran on and put his paw in a hole, and kept it so till the Dog came up.

"Oh dear, dear, dear!" said the Fox, "what can I do? My paw is fast in this hole."

"I will help you if I can," said the Dog; pray tell me what I can do."

“Do!” said the Fox; “why, can you not see that a big stone is on my paw? Get into the hole, Dog.”



“OH DEAR, DEAR, DEAR! MY PAW IS FAST IN THIS HOLE”

So the Dog got into the hole to lift the stone, but the paw of the Fox was not fast at all; he did this to get rid of the Dog.

He put the stone upon the hole, so that the Dog could not get out, and then he ran off.

Would you act like that to a poor kind Dog? No, I am sure you would not.

THE DOG IN THE HOLE

Ah! the poor Dog! How he did try, and try, and try to get out!

But it was all of no use, for the stone was too big for him to lift.

At last he saw a way out of the hole. It was a very dark way, but he said, "I will try it."

So on he ran a long, long way, till at last he came to a cave. And what did he see?



“WHO ARE YOU?” SAID HE TO THE DOG

Well, he saw a fire, and by the fire he saw a Man. Oh, such an odd Man!

WHAT THE ODD MAN SAID

I did not tell you that the Odd Man had a pipe in his lips, but he had.

“Who are you?” said he to the Dog, “and why do you come to my cave?”

“I am a poor dog, Sir, who has lost his way. Will you be so kind as to tell me how I may get out?”

“No, I will not,” said the Odd Man; “just wait till I have done this,” and he went on with his pipe.

By and by he said, "I will tell you what you may do if you like: you may stay here and work with me."



"YOU SEE I HAVE HERE A BIG HOLE FULL OF GOLD"

"I will do that if you will not let me out," said the Dog; "but what work shall I do?"

"Well," said the Odd Man, "you

see I have here a big hole full of gold, and I have to sit on it all the time.”

“Why must you sit on it?” said the Dog.

“I will tell you,” said the Odd Man, “why I take such care of it.”

WHY THE ODD MAN SAT ON THE GOLD

“Near my cave,” said the Odd Man, “lives a Boa, and this Boa wants to kill me, so that he can get all my gold.

“If I take a nap, or a nod, he will come in and try to get at me. I am just worn out for want of rest.”

“Dear me,” said the Dog, “what can I do for you?” The Dog felt sad for the Odd Man.

“Well,” said the Odd Man, “if *you* would look out for the Boa, I could take a nap.”



“DEAR ME,” SAID THE DOG, “WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?”

“I will do that,” said the Dog, “and you, sir, pray go to sleep.” Did I tell you that the name of the Dog was True?

THE DOG IN THE CAVE

Soon the Odd Man was off to sleep, and True kept a good look out for the Boa.

Poor little dog! he felt very sad shut up in the cave with the big Odd Man.

No blue sky was to be seen there; it was all dark, dark, but for the fire.

And the poor Dog had had no food all day; so he did wish for a bone.

And at the side of the cave there were some bones, a big, big heap. But did he take one? Oh! no; he was a brave Dog, he did not take what was not his.

HOW THE DOG TOOK CARE OF THE
ODD MAN

The Dog did not shut his eyes,



HE SAW A LONG THING COME INTO THE CAVE, AND MOVE ALONG THE
SIDE

but all the time he was on the
look out for the Boa.

At last, he saw a long thing

come into the cave, and move along the side.

What was it? On, on it came;



“YOU ARE A GOOD DOG. YOU MAY HAVE A BONE”

slow, slow, slow; and the Dog gave a loud bark.

Then it went out, and the Odd Man said, “What was that? You woke me out of my nap.”

“Oh, sir,” said the Dog, “it was a long thing, and it came into the cave.”

“That was the Boa,” said the Odd Man. “You are a good dog to bark and send it out. You may have a bone.”

THE DOG GETS A NAP

“Thank you,” said the Dog. So he went to the heap and got a bone, and the Odd Man went off to sleep.

All day long the Odd Man would look out for the Boa, and True could then get a nap.

But as soon as the sun went down, the Dog had to mind the cave.

There was no blue sky to be

seen, as I told you, but the cave was not all dark in the day-time.

There was just a wee, wee bit of light came into it from the sun.



TRUE COULD THEN GET A NAP

THE BLACK DOG

One day, when True was on the lookout, and the Odd Man had

just gone off to sleep, what do you think he saw?

Why, he saw a big Black Dog. In it came and said to True,



“GOOD DAY, LITTLE DOG! HOW DO YOU DO?”

“Good day, little Dog! How do you do?”

“Very well, I thank you,” said True, “but who are you?”

“My name is Nip,” said the Black Dog, “and I have come to show you the way out. Let us run now!”

“No,” said True, “I said I would take care of this cave for the Odd Man, and I will do it.”

“But the Odd Man is in a nap,” said the Black Dog, “he will not see you. Come now, off we run!”

But True did not go. Then the Black Dog said, “Give me a bone, will you?”

“I can not, for they are not mine. The Odd Man may give you one by and by.”

But the Black Dog went up to the heap, and just then True gave a loud bark, and the Odd Man woke up.

THE BOA

And now there was no Black Dog at all, but a long, long Boa close by the Odd Man.



“OH, MY GOOD DOG, GIVE ME YOUR PAW.”

It was the old Boa, who had come in the dress of a dog to get at the Odd Man.

It had been trying to kill him for a long, long time; and poor little True did not know what to do.

But at last he bit the tail of the Boa, and the Odd Man got hold of its head, and soon the bad Boa lay dead.

“Oh, my good Dog,” said the Odd Man, “my kind, good True! Give me your paw. What can I do to show you how glad I am?”

HOW TRUE GOT OUT

“Oh, sir,” said the Dog, “may I go out of the cave now? I want to go and see a nice, nice Cat.”

“Oh,” said the Odd Man, “who is she, pray, and why do you wish to see her?”

Then the Dog told the Odd

Man all that I have told you of the Cat and the Fox.

And the Odd Man said, "Yes, good Dog, you may go. The Boa is dead now, and I can take a nap when I like.

"Here is a door in the side of the cave. Good-by, my kind True." And he let the Dog out.

THE DOG AND THE MAGPIE

How fast he ran, and how glad he felt to be out in the air!

It was all so nice—the green grass, the blue sky, and the song of the birds.

The Cat's home was in a road that went by a wood, and out of this wood ran a little rill.

By the side of the rill the Dog

saw a bird. It was a Magpie. She had come to get a drink.

“How do you do?” said she.



BY THE SIDE OF THE RILL THE DOG SAW A BIRD

“What a fine day it is! Do you live in this wood?”

“No,” said True; “I have come to see a nice Cat. Can you tell me how to find her?”

“Oh, yes,” said the Pie; “come with me.”

TRUE SEES THE FOX

So they went on, and Mag said, “You must mind what you are at, my dear Dog, for a sly Fox has come to live with the Cat.”

At last they got to the home of the Cat, and Mag left the Dog at the door.

He gave a rat-tat with his paw at the door, and the Fox came.

But when he saw the Dog, he shut the door, and did not let him come in.

One day, when the Fox was out, the Dog came once more, and the Cat was kind to him, and

gave him food; but he had to go when the Fox came back.

Why did the Fox not like True? He was a good, kind Dog.



THE CAT WAS KIND TO HIM, AND GAVE HIM FOOD

I can not tell you why. But you will see that the Dog got the best of it in the end.

THE FOX IS ILL

One day the Cat went to see the Magpie, and while she was



THE CAT WENT TO SEE THE MAGPIE

out, the Dog went to her home.

But this time the Fox said,

“Come in, True; I am very glad to see you.”

“Why do you lie there?” said the Dog; for the Fox lay on a



THE FOX, BY A TRICK, GETS THE DOG'S PAW FAST IN A HOLE

bed, and gave a moan, as if he were in pain.

“I am very ill,” said he; “and oh! how I long for a drink from the rill!”

“I will get you one,” said the Dog. “What shall I put it in?”

“Get up on that box,” said the Fox, “and put a paw in that hole, and you will find a can.”

The Dog did as he was told, and then the Fox gave a pull on a cord and made the Dog’s paw fast in the hole.

Then up he got, and ran off, and the poor Dog had to stay there for a long, long time, till the Cat came and got his paw out.

THE PIE TELLS SOME NEWS

Next day, as the Cat and the Fox were at tea, in flew Miss Magpie.

“Oh, my dear Cat and Fox,” said she, “what *do* you think?”

Some one has come to live in the cave, just by my nest!”

“Who is it?” said the Cat.

“Oh, such an odd, odd Man! I



THE CAT AND THE FOX WERE AT TEA

have not had a good look at him yet; but he has a big bag full of gold, and I saw the Dog go to the cave at noon to-day.”

“Did you?” said the Fox.

“Then I must go to the cave, too.”

THE FOX GOES TO SEE THE ODD MAN

The Fox ran off to the cave. And there, at the door of the cave, sat the Odd Man with his pipe.

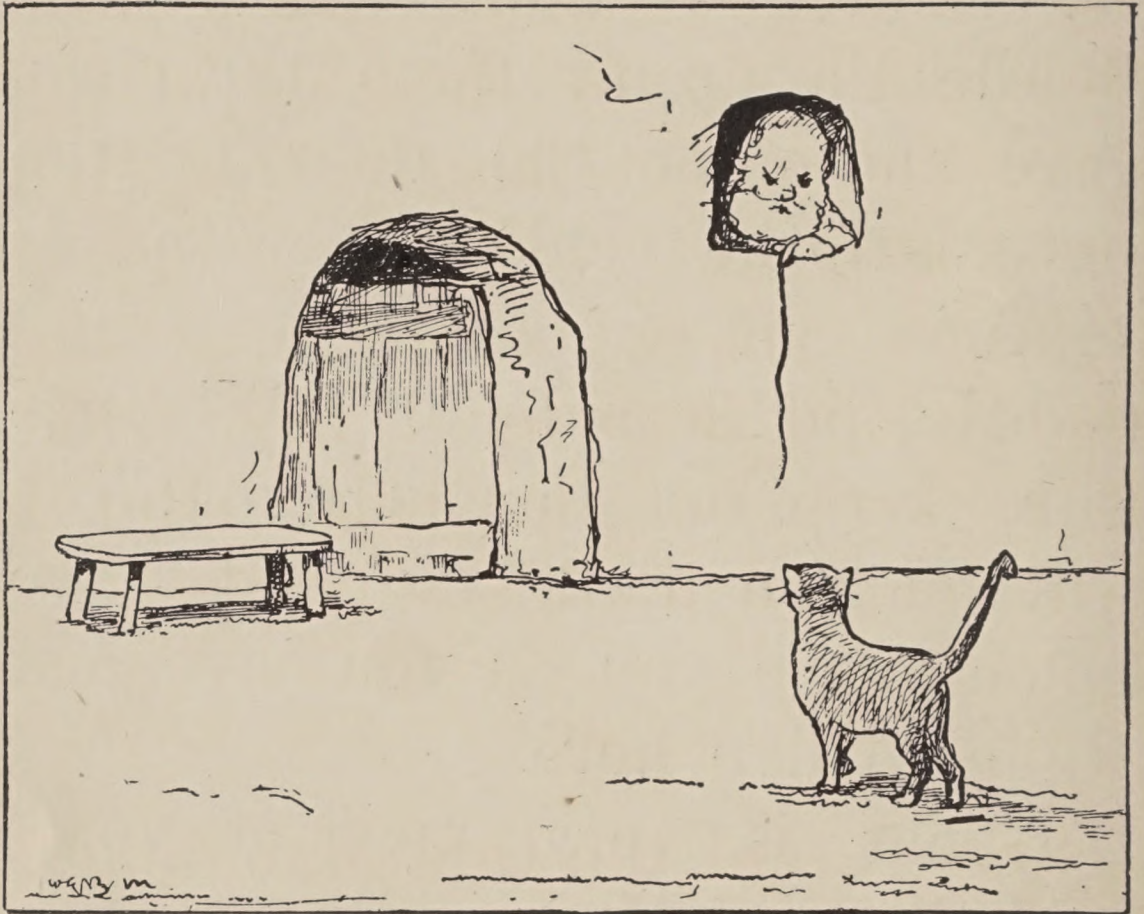
“Ho, ho!” said he. “Who are you, and what do you want?”

“I am a Fox, sir, and have come to see you, as you have just come to live here.”

“That is very kind of you,” said the Odd Man. “Do you live in this wood?”

“No,” said the Fox; “I live with a very nice Cat. Her home is beyond the rill there. Will you come to see us?”

“No, thank you,” said the Odd Man. “You tell the Cat to come here and see me.”



OUT OF THIS HOLE THE ODD MAN PUT HIS HEAD

*THE FOX AND THE CAT GO TO THE
CAVE*

The Fox ran home, and told the Cat what the Odd Man had said.

So she soon set off with him to the cave.

When they got there the door was shut; but there was a little hole, high up in the side of the cave, and out of this the Odd Man put his head.

“You can not come in at the door,” said he, “for I have shut it to keep out the cold. But I will let you in this way.”

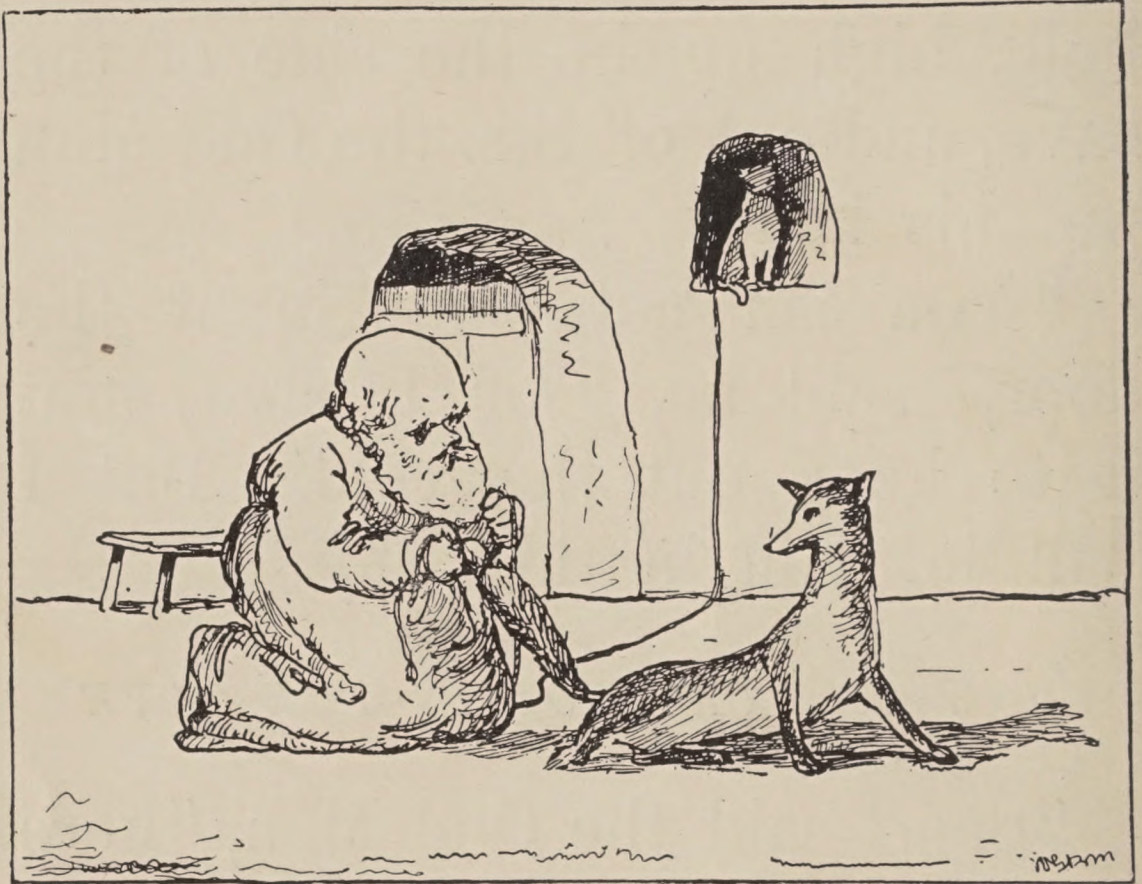
HOW THE CAT GOT IN THE CAVE

“See,” said the Odd Man, “here is a long cord. Take hold of the end with your paws, and I will pull you up. Let the Cat come first.”

So the Cat got hold of the cord, and up, up, up she went,

till at last she was in the hole, and safe in the cave.

“Now,” said the Odd Man, “I



“I WILL TIE THE CORD TO YOUR TAIL, MR. FOX”

will tie the cord to your tail, Mr. Fox, and then I will pull you up too.”

So the Odd Man came out of the cave to tie the cord.

HOW THE FOX DID NOT GET IN THE
CAVE

Now the Fox did not like the cord on his tail, and he said to the



AND THERE THE POOR FOX HUNG WITH HIS HEAD DOWN

Odd Man, "May I not come in at the door?"

"No," said the Odd Man, "you must come as the Cat did."

So the Fox went up, up, up, as the Cat had done, but not into the cave; for when his tail had got into the hole, the Odd Man shut a little door and made it fast.

And there the poor Fox hung with his head down.

HOW THE FOX GOT OFF

The Cat came out to look at him, and the Dog came too, and the Magpie; and the Odd Man sat there with his pipe.

How he did try and try to get off! just as the Dog tried to get out of the hole; but his tail was too fast.

“Now, Mr. Fox,” said the Pie, “you have got tit for tat, and

this is the end of all your sly ways.”

At last the Fox gave a big pull and got off; but his tail was left in the hole.

He ran on and on, till he got so far off that no one could see him.

THE END

Then the Dog went to live in the home of the Cat, and the Fox came back no more.

Each day they went to see the Odd Man in his cave; for it was the same Odd Man that the Dog took care of long ago.

And he would get the tail of the Fox, and show it to them, and say, “This is how the Fox got paid off for all his bad tricks.”

And the Cat would say, "Yes; those who are kind and good get



HE WOULD GET THE TAIL OF THE FOX, AND SHOW IT TO THEM

the best of it in the end, don't they, True?"

SNOWDROP

I

ONCE there was a fair and good Queen, who had a dear little baby girl called Snowdrop.

This little child had a skin as white as snow, rosy lips and cheeks, and dark hair.

While she was yet but a tiny baby her dear mother died.

Some time after, the King had a new wife, who was very lovely, but also very vain and proud.

She did not like any one to be as pretty as she was.

She had a magic looking-glass,

or mirror. She used to stand before it and gaze at herself, and ask :

Mirror, Mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?

She was quite happy if it said :

You are most fair, my Lady Queen:
None so fair in the land, I ween.

Time passed, and when little Snowdrop was seven years old, she was a very lovely child.

Better still, she was as good and gentle as she was pretty. She tried to be loving and kind to all who came near her.



THE MAGIC MIRROR

II

ONE day, when the Queen asked her mirror if she were the most fair lady in the land, it said:

My Lady Queen, you're fair, 'tis true;
But Snowdrop's much more fair than you.

This made the Queen feel full of hate for poor Snowdrop.

So she sent the little girl away to the wood, in which were many wild beasts, wishing they would kill her.

When the dear child found she was quite alone in the big wood, she was so full of fear that she did not know what to do.

She ran over the stones and

by the bushes as far as her little legs would carry her.

Just as the sun set she came to a small house, and went into it to rest.

All she saw in the house was very neat and clean, but *very* small.

There was a table in the middle of the room, with a white cloth on it.

Round the table were set seven little plates with a nice supper in them, forks, spoons, and cups.

By the side of the wall there were seven small neat white beds.

III

SNOWDROP was glad to see some food, for she was very hungry.

She ate a tiny bit of supper from each plate, and had a little drink out of each cup.

The poor child was very tired and sleepy. So she lay down on one of the beds, but it was too hard for her.

She tried each bed in turn, but she did not find one to suit her till she came to the last of all.

One bed was too hard, one too soft, one too long, and the other too short for her.

When she came to the last, she, like a good child, asked God to take care of her, lay down on it, and was soon fast asleep.

Just as it got quite dark, the masters of the little house came home.

They were seven very small men, called *Dwarfs*. They worked in the mines down very deep in the earth.

First they lit their seven little lamps, and looked round their nice home.

They soon saw that some one had been in the room, for it was not as they had left it in the morning.

IV

THE first Dwarf said: "Who has been sitting on my little chair?"

The next said: "Who has been eating my little loaf?"

The third said: "Who has been tasting my food?"

The fourth said: "Who has been eating out of my plate?"

The next said: "Who has been using my little fork?"

The sixth said: "Who has been drinking out of my little cup?"

The last said: "Who has been using my little spoon?"

Then the first Dwarf looked, and saw a hollow place in his bed, and he asked again: "Who has been lying on my bed?"

The others came running round, and cried when they saw their beds: "Some one has been on ours, too."

When the last Dwarf came to his bed, he started back in fear, for there lay dear little Snowdrop fast asleep.

He then called the others, and they turned their little lamps full on the bed.

When they saw Snowdrop there, they did not know what to do.

“What a lovely child!” said they.

V

THE Dwarfs were kind little men, so they did not wake poor Snowdrop, but let her sleep on in the tiny bed.

The one on whose bed she lay slept for a short time in each of the other beds, and so passed the night.

In the morning Snowdrop awoke. When she saw the seven little men, she was at first full of fear.

But they asked her name in such a kind way, that she said:

“I am Snowdrop! Will you forgive me for coming into your house when I was not asked?”

“Will you also forgive me for taking some of your food and drink? I was nearly dead with hunger.”

They were quite glad to do so, but said to her: “Why have you come here all alone?”

Then Snowdrop told them her sad story.

They were very sorry for her, and gave her more food and drink.

They talked over with each other what they should do with the child.

VI

WHEN Snowdrop had eaten her meal, the Dwarfs said to her: "Will you stay and keep house for us, cook, make the beds, do the work, sew and knit?"

"If you do well, and keep things neat and clean, you shall have all you need."

"Oh, yes!" said Snowdrop. "I shall be glad to do all you ask!"

So Snowdrop made her home with them, and they were very kind to her.

Day by day the seven little men went to dig for gold.

They came home soon after the sun set, and Snowdrop had things

neat and clean, and a nice supper for them.

All day long the child was quite alone. It must have been dull for her, only she was a busy little girl.

The Dwarfs had fear of the bad Queen coming when they were away, so they said to her: "Do not let any one into the house when we are not here."

I am sorry to tell you she did *not* do as she was bid.

VII

ONE day the bad Queen asked her mirror again:

Mirror, Mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?

She was in great anger when it said :

My Lady Queen, you're fair, 'tis true;
But Snowdrop's far more fair than you.
Snowdrop, who lives with seven wee men,
Is fair as you, and as fair again.

She made up her mind to kill Snowdrop if she could. At last she hit on a plan.

She dressed herself up as a poor old woman, with laces and wares to sell.

She came to the house of the seven little men, where Snowdrop was all alone.

She tapped at the door, and called out: "Fine wares to sell, fine wares to sell."

Snowdrop looked out of the

window, and said: "Good day, mother! what have you to sell?"

The Queen held up her wares and nice silk laces for the child to look at.

I am sorry to say Snowdrop undid the door, and let her in.

"If you will buy this pretty lace, I will show you how to lace up your dress better," said the Queen.

VIII

SNOWDROP made up her mind to buy the lace, and stood before the Queen to let her lace up her dress.

She did it so quickly and made the dress so tight, that the poor child fell down in a faint, and did not move or speak.

The bad Queen went off in great glee, and left her for dead on the floor.

“You are no longer the fairest now, Miss Snowdrop,” said she.

Just after the sun had set, the seven Dwarfs came home.

When they saw dear little Snowdrop lying on the floor so still and white, they were very sad, and in great fear.

They lifted her up, and cut the tight lace in two, and after a time she was better.

Then Snowdrop told them all she had done.

They said at once it was the bad Queen who had done this deed.

They told Snowdrop to take

care never again to let any one in when they were not at home.

She said she would try now to do as she was told; but I fear she soon forgot what she had said, as you will see.

IX

ALL went well for some time, till the bad old Queen went to her mirror again, and said:

Mirror, Mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?

She was quite pale with rage
when it said:

My Lady Queen, you're fair, 'tis true;
But Snowdrop's far more fair than you.
Snowdrop, who lives with seven wee men,
Is fair as you, and as fair again.

“Ah,” said she, “is she alive again? I will now make an end of her once and for all!”

This time she tried to do the bad deed with a comb she had made. It was to kill Snowdrop as soon as it came near her head.

When it was made, the Queen dressed up, so not to look as she did before. Again she did not want Snowdrop to know her.

Then she went over the seven hills to the house of the seven Dwarfs. She tapped at the door and called out, “Fine wares for sale.”

Snowdrop looked out of the window and said, “You must go away, for I must not let you in.”

“No, but you can surely *look*

out," said the old woman, and she held up the pretty comb for the little girl to see.

X

SNOWDROP looked at the comb, and wished it were hers, for it was very pretty.

She was so silly as to forget what the Dwarfs had said to her.

She put open the door, and let the old woman in. She took the comb, and the old woman said, "Now let me do your hair nicely for you." Snowdrop did so.

As soon as the comb went near the head of the child, she fell down in a faint, as before. The Queen then went off in great glee.

It was now near sunset, and the Dwarfs soon came home, to find poor Snowdrop lying like dead on the floor.

They looked and looked till they found the comb. As soon as they took it out of her hair, Snowdrop got better.

She told them what she had done, and they begged her once more never to open the door again when they were not at home.

She said she would try to do as they bade her. You will like to know if she kept her word this time better than she did before.

Little girls *should* do as they are told by those who have to take care of them.

XI

NEXT time the Queen asked her mirror as before :

Mirror, Mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?

It said:

My Lady Queen, you're fair, 'tis true;
But Snowdrop is more fair than you.
Snowdrop, who lives with seven wee men,
Is fair as you, and as fair again.

In great rage the Queen said,
“Snowdrop *shall* die, even if it
costs me my own life.”

So this bad Queen hid in a small room and made an apple which *looked* lovely. It was pale green, with nice rosy cheeks.

All who saw it wanted to eat it,

but in one half of it there was a bad poison.

Once more she dressed up as an old woman, this time with apples and green stuff to sell.

She went over the seven hills to the house of the seven Dwarfs, and tapped at the door.

Snowdrop looked out of the window, and said, "I must not let you in. The Dwarfs will not allow me to do so."

"No, but don't you want a bit of apple?" said the woman. "You can have half this one, and I will eat the other half."

XII

THE apple looked so nice that Snowdrop longed to eat it, and held out her hand for half of it.

When she saw the woman eating the other half, she gave a bite into the half she held in her hand.

As soon as she had done so, she fell down like dead on the floor.

Then the bad Queen was very glad, and when she got home she said to her mirror:

Mirror, Mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?

This time it said:

You are most fair, my Lady Queen:
None so fair in the land, I ween.

Then her bad heart was at rest, at least as much at rest as such a bad heart can ever be.

By and by the little Dwarfs came home, and found Snowdrop lying like dead on the floor.

They tried to find out what had been done to her, and to bring her back to life, as they had done before, but this time they could not do it.

So they laid the dear girl on a bier, and for three days they all seven sat round weeping and sobbing.

Still she lay stiff and cold. She did not move or speak to them.

XIII

AT last the Dwarfs made up their minds to bury Snowdrop, but she



looked just as if she were alive, and so sweet and pretty that they said, "We cannot hide her away in the grave."

So they had a long glass box made, and laid her in it, and wrote on the lid in golden letters that she was a Royal Princess.

This they put on the top of the hill, and one Dwarf sat by it day and night, to take care of it.

The very birds of the air seemed sad that dear Snowdrop was dead, and came to weep. First an owl, then a robin, and then a dove.

A long, long time poor Snowdrop lay in the glass box as if asleep.

Her skin was as white as snow, her lips and cheeks rosy, and her hair as dark as ever.

One day a Prince came over the hill and saw her lying in her glass house, and looking very lovely.

He looked at the words in golden letters on the lid, and said to the Dwarf, "Give me this box. I will give you what you ask for it."

But the Dwarf said, "No; we cannot part with Snowdrop for all the gold in the wide world."

XIV

THEN the Prince was very sad, and he said to the Dwarfs, "Oh, I cannot *live* without Snowdrop. Please give her to me to love and to care for always."

After a time the Dwarfs took

pity on the Prince, and gave him the glass box with dear Snowdrop in it. This made him very glad.

He bade his men carry it on before him.

In going down the hill they jolted the glass box so much that the bit of apple fell out of Snowdrop's mouth.

At once she opened her eyes, lifted the lid, and sat up alive and well.

"Oh, dear me! where am I?" said she.

"You are with me," said the Prince, with great joy. "I love you so much. Will you come to my father's house, and be my wife?"

After a time Snowdrop said she

would do so, and they had a grand wedding.

The bad old Queen went to the wedding. When Snowdrop saw her, she was full of fear.

The Prince at once sent the bad Queen away, and soon after she came to a sad end.



THE GOOD LITTLE MOUSE

I

ONCE upon a time, so the story goes, in a land not very far off there lived a King and Queen who were very fond of each other.

Day after day they spent in fun and joy. They danced, sang, hunted, fished, and passed the day gaily.

They were good and kind too, and did their best to make all in their land happy as they were.

It was called the Land of Joy, it was so cheerful and bright.

Near by was a land where the

King was ugly, cross, and cruel.
He did not like to see a smile on
any one's face.

All feared him, for he was al-



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ways ready and glad to cut off a man's head for a very small fault.

His land was called the Land of Tears.

When he heard how happy they were in the Land of Joy he got a big army and set out to take it.

The Queen of the Land of Joy was now full of fear, and wanted the King to take their goods and men away to a far-off land.

"No," said the King, "I cannot do that. It is better to die than to be a coward."

II

So the King of the Land of Joy took his men and went to meet

the bad King who wanted to get his land from him.

He did his best to take care of his land and home, but his army was very small.

When she could see the King no more the Queen wept. She said, "What will become of me and my dear little baby girl if the King dies?"

She was so sad she could not eat or sleep. The good King sent her a letter each day, but at last none came.

Soon a man rode up to her palace from the war in great haste.

He cried, "All is lost! Your good King is dead, and very soon the King of the Land of Tears will be here."

The poor Queen fell down in a faint. Her maids put her to bed, and stood by her weeping.

Soon a great noise was heard,



and up came the bad King and his cruel men.

He was very unkind to the poor lady and her little baby, and wanted to kill them at once.

At last he shut them up in a tiny room at the top of a high tower.

III

IN the room where the poor Queen and her child were shut up there was only a table and a very hard bed on the floor.

The door was made fast, and no one came near them but a keeper, who each day gave them a slice of dry bread and three boiled peas to eat.

So the poor Queen and her child grew quite thin and ill. They were always hungry.

Some time after, the King sent for a Fairy to come and look at the little girl, to see if she were

likely to grow up to make a nice wife for his own son by and by.

He took the Fairy up the stairs to the little room. The sight of the poor lady and her baby made the Fairy quite sad, for she was kind and good.

She drew near and kissed the Queen's hand; as she did so she said sily, "Be brave, I will try to help you."

The Queen begged her to do her best for the dear child, who had lost so much.

So the Fairy told the King she was a sweet child and would grow up both pretty and bright.

IV

ONE day soon after the visit of the Fairy the Queen was busy spinning, when she saw a pretty little gray mouse come out of a hole in the floor.

“Ah! poor mouse,” said she, “I have no food to give you. I have only those three peas to last me all the day.”

The tiny thing ran and played about so nicely that the Queen gave it her last pea, saying, “Here, little one, eat it up; it is all I have to give you.

“I am glad for you to have it, you pretty thing, in return for the way you have cheered us by your funny games.”

Now the mouse was a Fairy, but the Queen did not know it.

As soon as she had done this kind deed she saw on the table a nice cooked bird and two dishes of fruit.

The Queen and her child ate their supper with great glee, and gave what was left to the mouse, who danced better than ever after this.

Each day the Queen now gave the mouse her dry bread and the three peas, and each day she found in their place all sorts of good things to eat on the dish.

V

THE Queen and her child grew quite fat and gay with the good

food they found on the dish, but could not think where the nice things came from.

One day the Queen was wishing she could get away from the tower with her child, when she saw the mouse playing in the corner of the room with some long straws.

“Oh,” said she, “if I had more of these straws I would make a basket with them. Then I would let my child down in it from the window, to some one who would take care of her.”

She set to work. The mouse dragged in more and more straws. At last the basket was made, as well as a long cord to let it down by.

The Queen and her child had by this time learned to look on the mouse as a real friend, and to love it very much. It was quite a playmate to the child.

One day the Queen looked out of the window and saw a little old lady leaning on a stick and looking up at her.

VI

THE old lady said to the Queen, "How can I help you, madam?"

"Oh, my dear friend, if you wish to be of use to me come here when it is dark, and I will let my poor little one down in a basket.

"If you will bring her up for

me and take care of her, when I am rich and free again I will pay you for what you have done."

"I don't want any pay," said the old lady, "but I do not eat much food, and should so like a nice fat mouse for dinner.

"If you have one in your room throw it down to me.

"If you will do so, then I will see that your child is well taken care of.

"I do not think anything is nicer to eat than a plump mouse well cooked."

The poor Queen, when she heard this, began to cry, but did not speak, so the old lady asked her what was the matter.

"Why," said the Queen, "there

is only one mouse here, and it is a dear little thing.

“I cannot bear to think of its being killed and eaten. It has such pretty ways we are quite in love with it.”

VII

“WHAT,” cried the old lady in a rage, “do you care more for a mouse than your own baby?”

“Good-by, madam! I shall leave you. I am glad to say I can get plenty of mice without yours.”

So off she went!

The poor Queen was so sad as she ate her dinner that day that she could do nothing but cry.

The little mouse was playing about near her more pretty than ever.

“Ah, little mouse,” she said, “it has cost me much to save your life. But I could not bear to let the old lady kill and eat you.”

The mouse looked up at her and said, “Dear madam, you will never be sorry that you have been so kind to me.”

The Queen could not think how it was that a mouse was able to speak to her, and looked at it in wonder.

As she did so she saw the mouse change into a tall and lovely Fairy, the same who had come with the bad King to see her.

VIII

THE Fairy smiled at her and said, "I am so glad, dear lady, to have found a true friend."

"Surely," said the Queen, kissing her, "you do not want for friends when you are so lovely."

"Ah," said the Fairy, "many seem to be friends just for some good they hope to get from me. I do not call such *friends*."

"When I heard what you said to the old lady out of the window I was sure that you truly cared for the poor little mouse. A *true* friend is hard to find."

"So now I will take care of your dear little girl. She shall

live to a very old age, and be good and happy all her life.”

The Fairy now kissed the little Princess three times on her lips.

The Queen was full of joy, and with many thanks begged the Fairy to take her child and bring it up as her own.

That night, when the baby was asleep, the Queen laid it in the basket, and pinned its name on its robe and let it safely down to the ground by the rope of straw, to the kind Fairy.

IX

You will be glad to hear that the good Fairy kept her word.

After many ups and downs both the Queen and the Princess were got safely away from the power of the bad King.

Some time after the old King and his ugly son were killed.

The little Princess had now grown up into a lovely girl. Better still, she was as good and kind as she was lovely.

By the help of the Fairy she was made Queen over the bad King's land as well as that of her own father.

Then she became the wife of a

most good and kind Prince whom the Fairy found for her.

They all lived in comfort and joy for many years.

Once more both lands were full of peace and plenty, and the people were made very happy.

BROTHER AND SISTER

I

I AM about to tell you a very funny story.

It is an old one too, and was told to boys and girls many, many years ago.

I think you will agree with me that it could never have been a true one. This is the story:

Once upon a time a boy and girl, who were brother and sister, lost their mother.

Some time after she died they had a new mother, who was not at all kind to them.

She would often beat or kick them, and give them dry crusts to eat.

One day they went away from home, and were lost in the woods.

They walked about all day in the rain, and at night were very tired and in want of food, but they had none to eat.

Soon they found a hollow tree, and crept into it to sleep, as they had no bed to lie down upon, and no house over their heads.

They had no one to take care of them or to love them! Poor little lonely ones!

II

NEXT day, when they woke up, the sun shone bright and warm.

The boy cried: "Oh! I must have something to drink. I am so thirsty." So they looked about for water.

Soon they heard the sound of water running over the stones, and found a little brook.

The brother went at once to drink. As it ran along, sister heard it say:

"Who drinks of me will be a tiger! Who drinks of me will be a tiger!"

Sister stopped him in time, saying: "Oh! dear brother, pray do not drink, or you will be a tiger, and tear me to pieces."

Brother was very sad, but he said: "Very well; I'll wait till we come to the next spring."

When they did so the sister heard it say:

“Who drinks of me will be a wolf! Who drinks of me will be a wolf!”

Sister cried: “Oh! please don’t drink now, or you will be a wolf, and eat me up.”

Brother did not, but said: “Next time I *must* drink, for I can bear this thirst no longer.”

III

WHEN the children got to the third brook sister heard it say:

“Who drinks of me will be a roe! Who drinks of me will be a roe!”

So sister said: “Oh! brother,

wait, or you will be a roe, and run away from me!"

But her brother had run to the brook and had begun to drink. As soon as he dipped his lips in the water, he was turned into a dear little Roe.

Sister cried when she saw this, and so did the Roe, as he sat sadly by her side.

At last the girl said: "Never mind, dear little fawn, I will never leave you."

Then she took off her golden garter, and tied it round the Roe's neck for a collar.

She made a soft cord of rushes, and tied it to the collar, and by this she led him far into the woods.

After they had gone a long, long way, and were very weary, they came to a nice little house.

The girl looked into it, and



found no one there. She said: "Oh! how glad I should be if we could stay and live here."

They went in, and looked all round, but could find no one.

IV

THE girl and the Roe rested in the little house that night.

Next day sister went out and hunted for moss and leaves to make a nice soft bed for the Roe, and sweet young grass for him to eat.

The pretty fawn fed from her hand, played round her, and seemed quite happy.

Each day sister looked for roots and nuts for food for herself.

When night came, and the little girl was tired, she would ask God to take care of her.

She made a pillow of the fawn's back, laid her head on it, and slept quite soundly all night.

If brother had but kept his right form, they might have been very happy in this wild kind of life.

In this way they lived a long time in the wood, till one day



the King of the land went out that way to hunt.

Sister in her little house heard the whole forest ring with the blowing of horns, the barking of dogs, and the cries of the hunters.

V

THE little Roe could hear the noise of the hunters also, and longed to join in the hunt.

“Ah!” said he to his sister, “do let me go off to the hunt! I cannot keep still any longer.”

Sister was full of fear lest he should run away and be lost.

The Roe begged and begged, till at last she let him go.

“Dear little Roe,” said she, “mind you come back before the sun goes down, or what shall I do all alone in these woods?”

“I shall lock my door, for I fear these wild hunters. So when you come back say:

“My sister, dear, open; I am

here.' If you do not speak, I shall not let you in."

Off went the Roe, quite well and happy in the free, clear air.

Soon the King and his men saw the pretty fawn, and tried to come up with him, but they did not.

Just when they got quite near, away he dashed off to one side, into the bushes.

When it began to get dark the Roe ran home. He gave a tap at the door, and cried:

"My sister, dear, open; I'm here." She put the door open a little way, and the Roe ran in, and went to his mossy bed.

VI

NEXT day the hunt began again. As soon as the little Roe heard the "Ho! ho!" of the hunters, he could not rest, and said to his sister:

"Dear, please open the door. I must get out. I cannot keep still." So she put the door open, and said:

"Now mind, dear Roe, you are back before dark, and when you ask to come in, use the same words as before."

This day, as soon as the King and his men saw the pretty fawn, with his golden collar on, they all rode after him.

The Roe was too quick and

nimble for them. He was quite safe all day.

Just as the sun was about to set, one of the hunters crept near him, and gave him a wound in the foot, so that he limped, and could run but slowly.

The hunter went slyly after him as far as the little house, and heard him say:

“My sister, dear, open; I’m here!” He saw the door open a little way, and close again quickly as soon as the fawn had run in.

The hunter went off at once, and told the King all he had seen and heard. “We will try to get him in the morning,” said the King.

VII

Poor sister was very sad when she saw how her dear little fawn had been hurt.

She washed off the blood very gently, and bound it up with herbs that heal. Then she said:

“Now go, dear, and lie down and rest, so that your poor foot may soon be quite well again.”

Next day the foot seemed quite well; the fawn did not feel any pain in it.

Soon the sounds of the hunt began. As soon as the fawn heard the noise he said:

“Sister, I cannot stay here; I must go out too. I will take good care they shall not get me.”

Poor sister began to cry. She said: "Oh, no; they are sure to kill you, and then I shall be left all alone in these woods. I cannot and will not let you go out."

"Then I shall die of grief," said the Roe. "When I hear that horn I feel as if I must jump right out of my skin."

So at last his sister opened the door with a sad heart, and the Roe darted out, full of joy, into the woods.

VIII

As soon as the King saw the Roe he said to his men: "Now, then, give chase to him all day, but take care and be sure not to hurt him."

When the sun had set, the King said to the hunter: "Come, now, and show me the little house in the wood."

As soon as they had got to the house, the King gave a tap at the door and said: "My sister dear, open; I'm here."

Then sister opened the door, and the King stepped in, and there stood the most lovely girl he had ever seen.

Sister was at first full of fear when she saw a man with a golden crown on his head step into her house.

The King was a good, kind man, and spoke very gently to her. He looked so kind that sister soon lost all fear.



THE KING SPOKE GENTLY TO HER P. 111

Just then the little Roe ran in and stood by the side of his sister, full of glee.

The King patted the pretty fawn, and talked to him. Soon he grew as fond of the King as of his sister.

The King sent all kinds of nice and pretty things to the little house.

IX

SOME time after this, when the King saw that sister was as good and kind as she was lovely, he said to her:

“Will you be my dear wife, and come and live with me in my fine large castle? You must be very lonely here, and I will take good care of you.”

Now, the girl had learned to love this good King, who had been so kind to the Roe as well as to herself. So she said :

“Yes, I will come gladly if you will let my dear Roe come also; I cannot leave him.”

“Oh, yes,” said the King; “he shall stay as long as he lives, and have all he can wish for.”

Now sister tied the rush cord once more to his golden collar, and they all left the little house in the woods for ever.

One of the King's men held the horse while the King lifted the lovely girl upon it; then he led her to his castle, and the pretty Roe skipped along beside them.

They had a grand wedding at the castle, and all were very merry and happy.

X

ALL the folks in the land were very glad when they found how good and kind the young Queen was, as well as being so lovely.

They soon became very fond and proud of her. To add to their joy, the Queen some time after had a dear little baby boy.

The Queen, amid all these things, did not forget her dear little Roe. He ran about at will in the fine gardens of the castle. All were good to him because they loved their kind Queen.

Time passed on, and the wicked stepmother, who had been so unkind to brother and sister, heard



of their good luck, and made up her mind to do them harm.

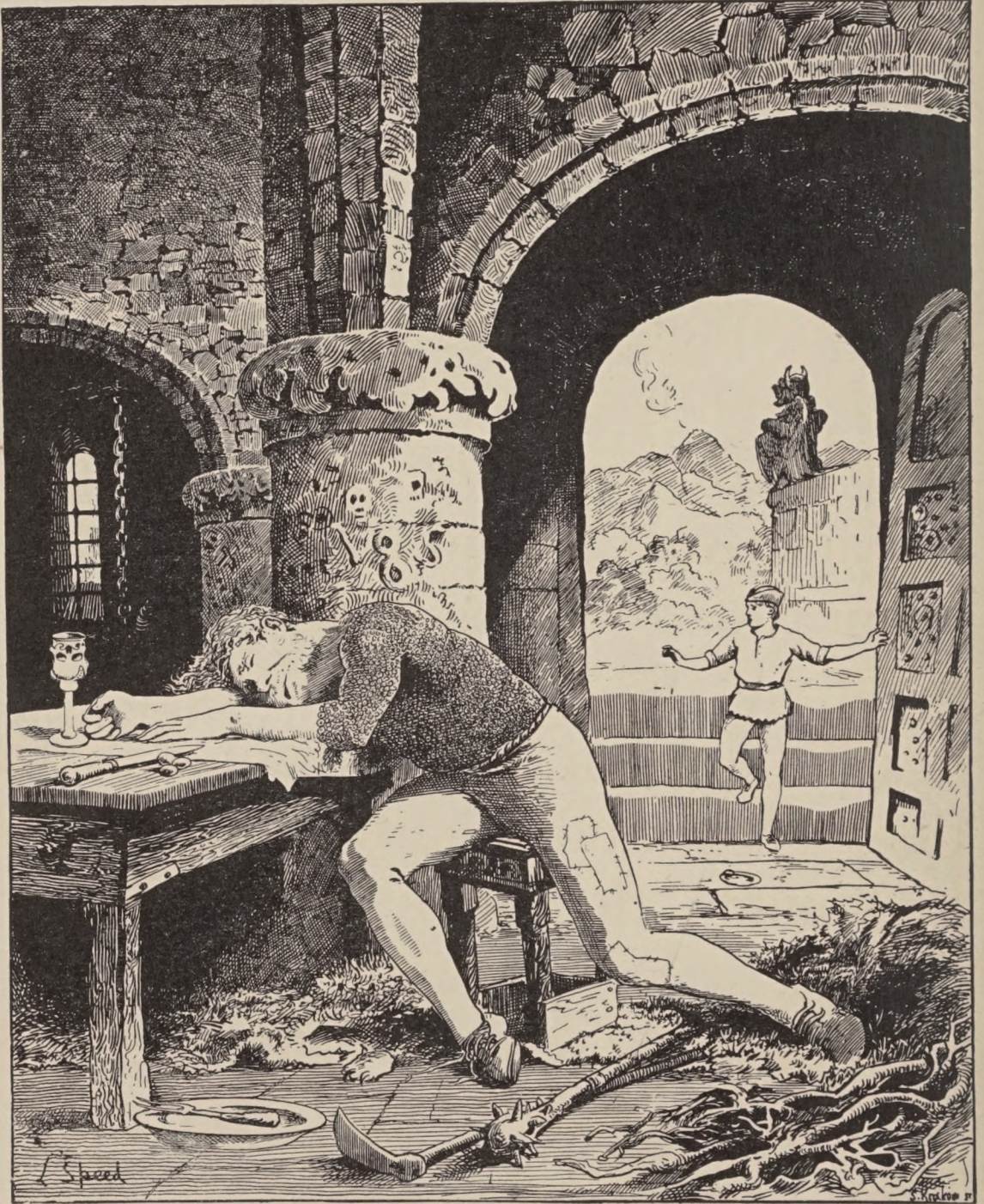
One day, when the King was

out hunting, the pretty Queen was taken very ill.

This bad and cruel woman came to her as a nurse, and tried to put her to death.

You will be glad to hear that when the King came back he found it all out, and sent the bad nurse far away.

When she was dead the dear little Roe came back to his own shape once more. So brother and sister were very happy ever after.



THE GIANT WENT TO SLEEP.

See page 138.

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

I

ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow, who lived in a cottage with her only son Jack.

Jack was a kind, good boy, but often he did not take care in what he did.

It had been a cold winter, with deep snow and a hard frost. This had made the poor widow ill.

Jack was so young that he did no work as yet, so that he and his mother grew to be very poor.

To get food the widow saw

she must sell her one cow, but she was too ill to go out.

So she said to her boy: "Jack, I am too weak to go and sell



our cow. You must take her to town and sell her."

Jack was glad to do this for his mother, but as he was on his

way he met a man who had some beans in his hand.

The man got the silly lad to sell his cow for these beans.

When Jack got home the widow was very sad to hear he had only got a few beans for her nice cow.

Both mother and son went to bed full of grief, for their last hope was gone now that the cow was sold.

II

JACK rose from his bed at sunrise, and went into his garden. "I may as well sow these beans," he said to himself.

So he took a bit of stick, made some holes in the ground, and put in the beans.

That day they had not much to eat, and went to bed more sad than ever, for they knew there was no food at all for the next day.

Jack did not sleep, and at dawn of day he got up, and went out once more into his garden.

Oh! how those beans had grown! In one night up and up, as high as the house and the tall cliff above it.

The stalks of the beans had grown stout and thick, and made quite a ladder, on which Jack could step.

“I should like to climb up,” said Jack, “but I will first ask mother if I may.”

“I do not wish to do wrong, as

I did when I sold our nice cow for those beans.”

Jack went to find his mother. When she came, they both stood some time to look at the bean stalk, which, in one night, had grown so tall and stout.

III

“WHERE can this bean stalk end?” said Jack to his mother. “May I go up and see?”

“I fear you may get hurt, dear,” said the widow.

“Do let me try,” said Jack. So at last she let him go.

Jack went up and up on the stalks of the beans till he was soon above the house and the village.

After a time even the tall church tower looked quite small, and still he could not see the top of the bean stalk.

Soon Jack felt tired, and as if he would like to go back home.

But he rested for a short time, and made up his mind to be brave and try again, and not to give up.

He went up and up till he feared to look down.

At last he came to the top of the bean stalk, and found he was in a fine and lovely new land.

Near by where he got off the bean stalk was a wood, a clear stream, and a big, strong castle.

There were also some nice green hills on which were many sheep and lambs.

IV

JACK had never seen or heard of this strong castle before, and could not think how it could be there.

The fact was that the high rock on which it stood was far above the village where he lived.

No one he knew had been there or seen it, so it was like a new land to him.

As he looked at it, an old lady came out of the wood to him.

She had a tall cap of red satin and white fur on her head, her hair hung down her back, and she had a staff in her hand.

Jack took off his cap and made her a low bow.

“If you please, ma’am,” said he, “is this your home?”

“No,” said the old lady. “I will tell you the story of that castle.

V

“ONCE upon a time there was a good and brave knight who lived in this castle, which is very near Fairy Land.

“He had a fair wife and some dear little children whom he loved very much.

“The fairies were kind to him, and gave him many nice gifts.

“Near by lived a very big and bad Giant who had been told of these gifts and wished to get them.

“One day he got into the castle when the good knight was in



bed, and he killed him as he lay asleep.

“Soon he found the dear little children, and killed all that were there.

“It was a good thing indeed that the wife of the poor knight and her tiny baby were not at home.

“She had gone the day before to see her old nurse, who lived in a village down at the foot of the hill.

“A bad storm came on, which had kept her there all night.

“Next day, as soon as it was light, a good man came and told her of the sad fate of her dear ones.

“She wanted to go home at once, but the nurse with tears begged her not to do so, but to stay and save the life of her dear baby boy.

VI

“THE poor lady did not go home, for the bad Giant had said he would kill her if he could find her.

“She hid in the house of her good old nurse, and took care of her child.

“Years rolled on. The old nurse died, and left her cottage and all she had to the lady and her boy.

“There was a garden at the back, in which they grew peas and beans and green stuff.

“With the money she had left the lady got a wheel, on which she could spin wool, and a cow which gave them milk.

“As time went on she had to work very hard for their daily food, like a poor woman, often going out to glean corn.

“Jack, that lady is your dear mother. The knight was your father. This castle was his, and must again be yours.”

Jack cried out: “My mother! Oh, madam, what am I to do? My poor father! My dear mother.”

“You must win it back for your mother. It is a hard task and full of peril, Jack. Are you brave? Will you try to get it back?”

“I fear nothing when I am doing right,” said Jack.

VII

THE lady in the red cap was glad to find Jack so brave and true. She said: "Then, Jack, you are one of those who slay giants.

"You must find your way into the castle, and get a hen that lays golden eggs, and a harp that talks. All in the castle is yours by right."

She said no more, and was gone. Then Jack knew she was a Fairy.

Jack tried at once to get into the castle, so he blew the horn which hung at the door.

The door was opened at once by the wife of the giant, who was very ugly. She had one

great eye in the middle of her forehead.

As soon as Jack saw her he



tried to run away, but she held him fast and took him into the castle.

“Ho! ho!” she cried, “you did not think to see me here, that is clear. No; I shall not let you go again.”

“You shall stop and work for me. You shall be my page. I have so much to do I am tired of my life.

“You shall black the boots, make the fires, clean the house, and help me when the Giant is out.

“When he is at home I must hide you, or else he will eat you up as he has the other pages I have had.”

VIII

JACK tried to be brave when he heard this, and said: "I am quite ready to do all I can to help you, ma'am, only I beg you will hide me from your husband.

"I should not like to be eaten at all."

"That is a good boy," said the big lady, nodding her head. "I am glad you did not cry out when you saw me, as the other boys did who have been here.

"If you had done so my husband would have eaten you up as he did them.

"Come here, child! go into my wardrobe; he never goes there; you will be quite safe."

So she shut him in a big wardrobe in the great hall.

Jack looked round. The key-hole was large, so he had air and could see all that took place in the hall.

By and by he heard a heavy tramp on the stairs, and a loud voice cried:

Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of a little man;
Let him be alive, or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

“Wife,” cried the Giant, “there is a man in the castle. Let me have him at once to eat.”

“You are grown old and stupid,” cried the lady in her loud tones.

“It is only a nice fresh steak that I have cooked for you which

you smell. There, sit down and eat it.”

IX

So saying, the wife of the Giant put before her husband a huge dish of nice hot meat.

He liked this, and did not think any more of a little man being in the castle.

When he had eaten a very large meal he went out for a walk. Then his wife let Jack out of the wardrobe to help her.

He helped her all day. She fed him well. When it got dark she put him back in the wardrobe.

Soon the Giant came in to supper. Jack looked at him through the keyhole. He saw him pick a

wolf's bone and put half a fowl at a time into his huge mouth. Jack did not know what to make of it.

At last supper was ended, and the Giant bade his wife bring him his hen that laid the golden eggs.

"It lays as well as ever it did," he said; "indeed, I think the eggs weigh more and more."

She soon came in with a little brown hen, which she put on the table before her husband.

"Now, my dear," she said, "I am going for a short walk if you don't want me any longer."

"Go," said the Giant; "I shall be glad to have a nap by and by."

X

THE Giant now took up the brown hen, and said to her:

“Lay!” And she at once laid a golden egg.

“Lay!” said the Giant again. And she did so.

“Lay!” he said, for the third time. And again a golden egg lay on the table.

Now Jack was sure this was the hen of which the Fairy had spoken.

By and by the Giant put the hen down on the floor, and soon after went to sleep and snored very loudly.

As soon as Jack saw the Giant was sound asleep, he pushed open the door and crept out.

Very softly he stole across the room, picked up the hen, fled out of the house, and locked the door after him.

He ran to the bean stalk, and went down as fast as he could go.

When his mother saw him she wept for joy. She feared the Giant had found him.

Jack put the brown hen down before her, and told her all that had taken place. She was very glad to see the hen, which would make them rich once more.

XI

ONE day, some time after Jack had come back from the castle

of the bad Giant, his mother went to shop, for she was now well again.

Good food, and the joy of seeing Jack with the brown hen, had done much to make her get well.

Jack made up his mind to go to the castle again while she was out, for she did not want him to run any risk for her sake.

First, he dyed his hair, and did much to alter his looks.

When he came to the door of the castle again, the wife of the Giant did not know Jack.

So she kept him, as she had done before, to help her to do the work.

As soon as she heard the Giant coming, she hid Jack in

her wardrobe, for she did not see it was the same boy who took the brown hen.

As the Giant came in, he said:

Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of a little man;
Let him be alive, or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

The wife of the Giant said:
“Oh, no; it is only a bullock that I have cooked as a titbit for your supper. Sit down and eat it.”

XII

THE Giant sat down, and soon his wife came in with the meat on a very big dish, and they began to eat.

They soon picked the bones of the bullock, as if it had been a lark. Jack saw them, and was full of fear.

When they had done, the wife of the Giant said: "Now, my dear, I will go up to my room, if you do not mind. I have a nice tale to read. If you want me, call for me."

"First," said the Giant, "bring my bags of gold, that I may count it before I go to sleep."

She went, and soon came back with two big bags of gold, which she put down by his side.

"There," she said; "that is all the gold that is left. When that is gone, you must go and take some other castle."

“No, he shall not do that if I can help it,” said Jack to himself.

When his wife was gone, the Giant took out heaps and heaps of gold, and put it into piles till he was tired.

Then he put all back into their bags, and soon fell fast asleep, snoring very loudly.

XIII

JACK looked at the bags of gold, that were his very own.

The Giant had got them from his poor dead father, and Jack wished to get them again for his dear mother.

Then he went out of his place of hiding, took up the bags of

gold, and ran off to the bean stalk as fast as he could.

It was hard to get down with the bags, but at last he laid them on the table by the side of his mother.

She had just come back, and was crying as she did not find Jack.

“There, dear mother, is the gold that bad Giant took from my poor dead father,” said Jack.

“Oh, Jack!” said his mother, “you are a dear good boy; but I don’t like to have you risk your life in the castle of that bad Giant.

“Tell me what you did, and how you came to go there this time.” Jack told his tale.

His mother was very glad to

get the gold, but she bade him not to risk his life again for her sake. They went to bed full of joy.

XIV

SOME time went by, and Jack again made up his mind to go to the castle of the Giant. So he went up the bean stalk once more, and blew the horn at the gate as before.

The wife of the Giant went to the door; she was very stupid, and again did not know Jack.

But she did not let him in so soon, for she knew now that the boy she had hidden had taken the hen and the bags of gold.

Jack's face looked fresh and

true, so she bade him come in, and hid him once more in the wardrobe.

The Giant came home very soon. When he did so, he roared out:

Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of a little man;
Let him be alive, or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

“Wife,” cried the Giant, “there is a man in the castle. Let me have him to eat.”

“You stupid old Giant,” said his wife, “you only smell a nice sheep which I have cooked for your dinner. Sit down and eat it.”

Then the Giant sat down, and his wife gave him a whole sheep

for his dinner, which he soon ate up.

XV

WHEN the Giant had eaten his dinner, he said to his wife:

“Now bring me my harp, and I will have a little tune. You go and take your walk.”

She soon came in with a lovely harp, all bright with gems, and the strings were of gold.

“I like this harp the best of all the things I took from the knight, for I am very fond of music,” said the Giant.

So he drew the harp near to him, and said to it:

“Play!”

And the harp played a very soft, sad air.

“Play a merry tune!” said the Giant.

And the harp did so.

“Now play me to sleep!” said the Giant.

And the harp played such a sweet tune that its master very soon went to sleep.

Then Jack went out softly to open the door, for he could not do it with the harp in his hand.

No one was near, so he got the harp and ran off with it very fast.

Alas! as he went out of the door the harp called out:

“Master! Master!”

XVI

THE Giant awoke at once when he heard the harp call "Master!" and was soon at the door after Jack.

But the boy was very quick. He ran fast with the harp, talking to it all the way as he went. He saw it was a Fairy, and told it he was the son of its old master the knight.

On came the Giant quite close to poor Jack, so that he put out his hand to get him.

Just then the Giant trod on a loose stone, and fell flat to the ground.

This gave Jack time to get to the bean stalk and run down.

As he got to his own garden he saw the Giant coming down after him.



“Mother! Mother!” cried Jack,
“make haste and give me the
axe!”

His mother ran to him with the axe, and Jack with one blow cut all the bean stalks but one.

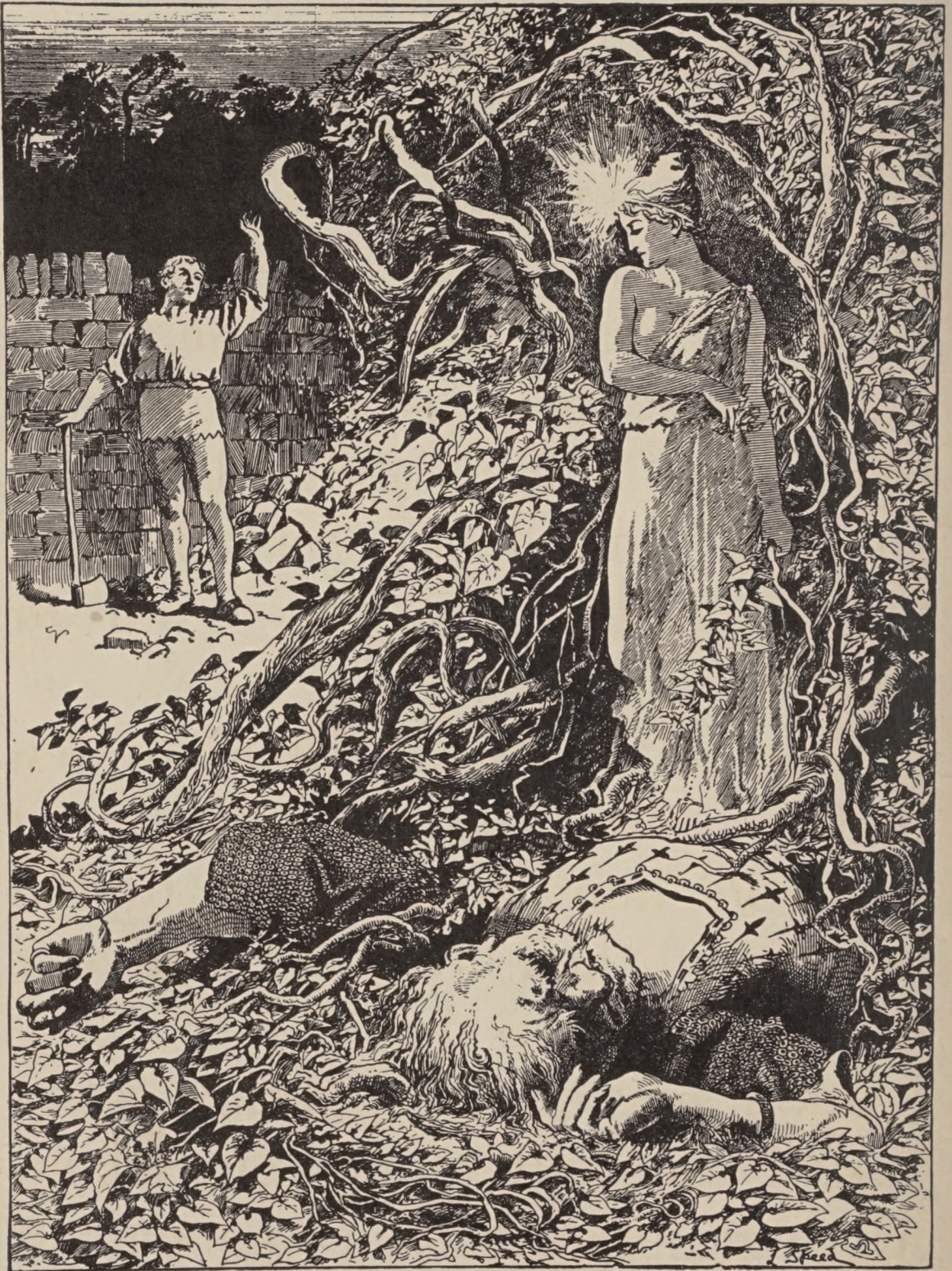
“Now, mother, stand out of the way,” said he.

She drew back, and it was well she did so, for just as the Giant took hold of the last stalk, Jack cut it, and darted from the spot.

Down came the Giant head first. He broke his neck, and lay dead at the feet of Jack's mother, to whom he had been so cruel.

XVII

As Jack and his mother were looking on the dead Giant in great fear, a lovely lady stood by them.



A LOVELY LADY STOOD BEFORE THEM P. 151

“Jack,” said she, “you have done well. I am glad you and your dear mother will now have your own home again. You have deserved it.

“Dig a grave and put the Giant in it, and then go back to the castle and kill his ugly old wife.”

“No,” said Jack. “I will not kill her; she was very kind to me.”

The lady was very glad to see that Jack was kind and good. So she told him to go back to the castle, and then he would find out what he had to do.

Jack now dug a grave, and buried the body of the big Giant. All were glad to see the end of so bad a man.

The bean stalk was now cut down, and Jack did not know any other way to the castle.

The lady was so kind as to tell him she would drive him there in her car.

Jack thanked her very much, and sat down beside her. The car was drawn by two lovely birds with long tails.

The lady drove him a long, long way, till they came to a village which lay at the foot of the hill.

XVIII

IN the village they saw many very poor men, to whom the Giant had been most cruel.

He had taken their goods, and

had killed and eaten their cows and sheep.

So now the lady told them that the Giant was dead, and that Jack had put him out of the way. They were all full of joy at this good news.

“You will be glad to hear,” said the lady, “that Jack is the son of your kind, good old master, who was killed by the Giant.”

The poor men were very glad. They gave a loud cheer at these words.

They told Jack they would do all they could to help him. They would work for him as they had done for his dead father.

The lady told them to go to the castle with Jack; so off they went.

When they all came to the gate of the castle, Jack blew the horn.

The wife of the Giant saw them as they came and was full of fear, for the Giant had not yet come home. She did not know he was dead.

She came down the steps very fast. As she did so, she fell from the top to the bottom, and was killed.

XIX

No one came to the gate of the castle when Jack blew the horn, for now the Giant and his wife were both dead.

So the men who had come

with him took big bars of iron and broke it open.

They saw no one at first, but at the bottom of the steps they found the dead body of the Giant's wife.

Jack had her put into a grave, and then did what he could to help all those who had been robbed by the Giant.

So he got his own home back again, and all were full of joy.

The kind Fairy now drove back to the cottage for Jack's mother, the little brown hen, the harp, and the bags of gold.

The poor lady was very glad to get back to her dear old home once more.

The Fairy said good-by to

Jack and his mother. She told him she had been full of joy to find he had been brave and true, and had not feared to try, try, try again.

And that was why she had helped him to win back his home.

Very happy days Jack and his mother had in their own castle for many years, and so, too, had the poor men in the village.

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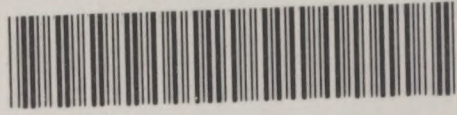
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