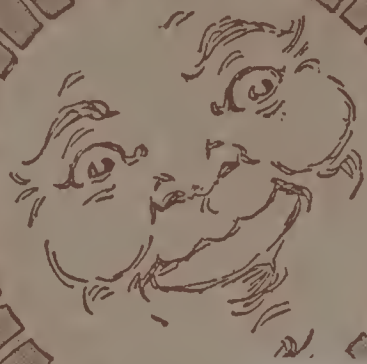


THE SUN
AND
THE MOON





EAST

O' THE

SUN



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THIS BOOK BELONGS

AND

WEST

O' THE

MOON



East o' the Sun
and
West o' the Moon



*TO THE CASTLE THAT LAY
EAST O' THE SUN AND
WEST O' THE MOON*



From Story (The Parson and the Deacon)

SEP - 6 1924

Ashjornsen, Peter Christen

**EAST O' THE SUN
AND
WEST O' THE MOON**
WITH
OTHER NORWEGIAN FOLK TALES

Retold from
the original by
**INGER
MARGRETE
RASMUSSEN**

Illustrated
by
**VIOLET
MOORE
HIGGINS**



A JUST RIGHT BOOK

**ALBERT WHITMAN & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO U.S.A.**

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WEST O' THE MOON

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*From Story (The Giant who had no
heart in his body)*

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no 1

7-11-24-25



A DEDICATION
FROM THE AUTHOR FROM THE ARTIST

TO MY
HUSBAND
LOUIS
BÖDTCHER
RASMUSSEN

Inger Margrete Rasmussen

TO MY
SMALL SON
EDWARD
LINDLEY
HIGGINS

Viola Moore Higgins

RASMUSSON'S
WRITING
INK

HIGGINS
DRAWING
INK



FOREWORD

FOLK tales are a direct expression of the childhood of a race, and must always partake in character of the nursery in which first they were told, of the land which was the cradle of that race. Oriental legends are filled with all the rich imagery of the fabled East. They teem with white elephants, talking monkeys, enchanted parrots, and wise old cobras: they shimmer with rich fabrics, they glitter with jewels, they breath the very air of:

“A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun-al-Raschid.”

The myths of the Greeks clothe the sights and sounds of nature, the mountains, the waterfalls, the wave-beats on the shore, with that classic beauty that was Greece, while the

Romans added, in those heavy feasts on Mount Olympus, an expression of that love of living that was so characteristically Roman.

Through the Indian legends, the only real American folk tales we possess, sounds the thunder drum, the lightning crash, the vivid outdoor life the Indians knew in the forests that walled the nursery of their race.

The folk tales of a nation reflect the land from which they spring, and in this collection of legends from the Norwegian people, the stories have caught the rugged character of the country itself, the hills, the broken coast line, the fiords, with their clear cold depths sparkling blue in the vivid northern sunshine.

The very characters of these tales breathe the spirit of the place. They walk with the stars, they talk with the moon, they run with the rivers, they are lifted high on the wings of the winds, and carried to strange lands east of the sun and west of the moon, as Norway lies at the gateway of those dark polar seas, where distances are vast, and even established directions begin to reverse themselves, and it is this casual acquaintance with natural forces, this easy familiarity with elemental things, that gives them a charm and an individuality all their own.

But here and there they show a kinship with old tales of other lands, the kinship that only proves that all the races were rocked in the same first cradle. In the first story, which gives the collection its delightful name, one finds that legend of love that doubted, that *would* be answered, and so lost all, the same story as that told in the Cupid and Psyche myth,

the very theme of the legend of Elsa and Lohengrin, the Knight of the Swan Boat.

Trolls do their part in giving these tales a distinctive flavor too.

**“Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting, for fear of little men.”**

we cannot but admire the courage and cleverness of that “lad who fooled the troll and won the princess” and our regard for him is only heightened by finding a parallel for his quick-wittedness in that of Hansel, in the Grimm story of Hansel and Gretel.

Then there is a sturdy democracy in these tales that accords perfectly with the present status of royalty in Norway. Ragged lads say “Yes sir” quite unconcernedly, to kings, with never a hint of that humble phrase “Your Majesty” on their lips, and kings walk about their palace grounds and ask casual questions of total strangers in the most delightfully informal manner possible.

Nor is there mere simpering sweetness and useless prettiness in the princesses of these tales. They are ladies who do things, and while “the Princess who would not be silenced” seems to have been a somewhat sharp tongued and shrewish person, yet she gave promise of being the reverse of dull as a life partner.

There is something for everyone in these quaint tales. Children will be sure to recognize their friends of the zoo in the “cat on the Dovrefell,” “the Stumpy-tailed Bear,” “the three Billy Goats Gruff” and “Father Bruin.”

Fathers and mothers will acknowledge the truth of that homely aphorism "One's own children are always prettiest." Wives are sure to laugh in complete understanding of the plight of that "husband who was to mind the house" and who found the simple domestic tasks so much more complicated than he had supposed.

Husband will see in that amiable wife of Gudbrand-on-the-hillside who thought her good man perfect no matter what he did, that greatly to be desired wife of Holy Writ whose worth was far above rubies.

And teachers can find no greater lesson in the proper use of our possessions, and a proper appreciation of our blessings and benefits, than that to be found in "Why the Sea is Salt," with its story of man's eagerness to gain sudden riches without caring to learn the proper use of them. This story well deserves to stand among the world's classics. Admirably translated, preserving the simplicity and straightforwardness of the originals, these tales form a series of vivid word pictures not easily forgotten, bright playthings from the world's childhood.





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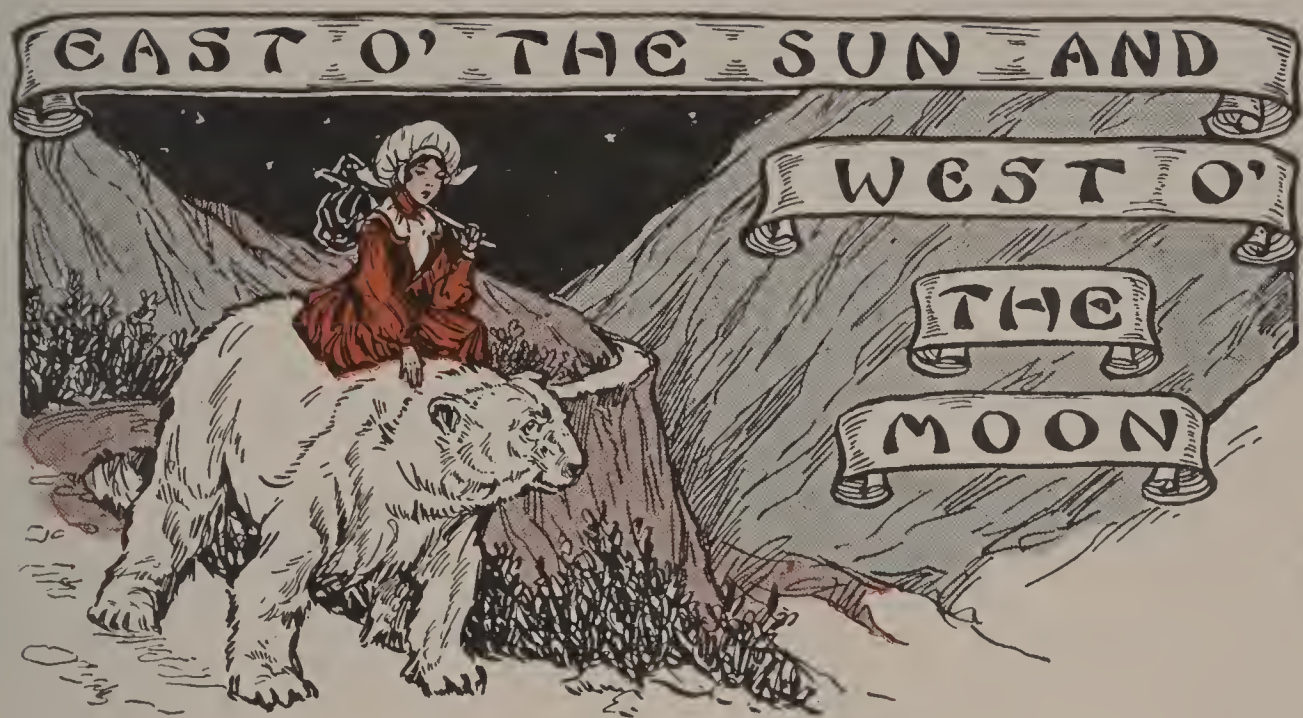
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“Rap, Rap, Rap,” three times just like that



ONCE upon a time there was a wood-cutter who had a large family of children, but who was so poor that he could not give them much to eat or wear. Fine looking children they all were, but the youngest daughter was the fairest of them all. Indeed she was so lovely that such as she had never before been seen.

One evening late in the fall they were all sitting around the fire. Outside it was cold, dark, and rainy, and the wind blew so hard that it shook the whole cottage. All at once they heard: "Rap, rap, rap," three times, just like that. The father went outside to see who it could be and, what should he find there but a Great White Bear!

“Good evening to you,” said the Bear.

“The same to you,” answered the wood-cutter.

“Please give me your youngest daughter,” said the Bear, “and I will make you as rich as you are poor.”

The father thought it would be very nice to be rich, but he did not want to give up his fairest daughter. However, he said that he would ask the girl herself about it and went to tell her what the Bear had said.

When she heard what the Bear wanted, the girl was very much afraid and did not want to go with him at all. So the father opened the door just a little and called out to the Bear, then shut it again quick and tight. But the Bear called back:

“Think it over, and I will come back again next Thursday night for your answer.”

And so it was that in the days that followed the girl kept thinking how nice it would be for her father and all of them to be rich. At last she made up her mind to go with the Bear, and mended her ragged clothes and made herself as neat and as tidy as she could for the journey. But indeed the packing did not give her much trouble.

Sure enough, when Thursday evening came, the bear rapped three times on the window pane.



She made up her mind to go with the Bear, and mended her ragged clothes

The girl bade her family good bye, and went out to meet him. He asked her to sit on his back, and as soon as she was there, with her little bundle tucked under her arm, away they went. After they had gone part of the way, the Bear asked her if she felt afraid.

“No! not a bit,” answered the girl.

“Well, just you hold tight to my coat and there will be nothing to fear,” said the Bear.

And so they rode on and on, until at last they came to a huge mountain. The Bear rapped on the side of it, a door sprung open, and in they went. Within there was a castle of many rooms all lighted up. Silver and gold shone everywhere and there was a table all laid with the best things you ever saw. The Bear gave the girl a little silver bell and told her to ring it if there was anything that she wanted.

When she had eaten her nice supper, she felt very sleepy and wanted to go to bed. So she rang the bell. No sooner had she touched it than she found herself in a lovely bed room with two beds as fair and white as any one could wish. But after she had gone to bed and blown out her candle, some one came into the room and lay down on the other bed. Every night this same thing happened



The Bear told her to ring the bell if there was anything she wanted

but she could not find out who it was because he always came in the darkness and was gone before morning.

And so time went on, and though the girl had all she wanted she began to feel very lonely and homesick. She had no one but the Bear to talk to—and she soon grew tired of that. Then she could not help wondering who it could be that came to her room every night. Soon she grew tired and silent and did not care for the fine food any more.

At last one day the Bear came to her and said: “Why are you so sad? I have given you the castle and all its riches and I ask only one thing in return—ask no questions, only trust me and every thing will come out all right.”

So the girl tried hard to do as she was asked, but she could not get any peace of mind. She just *had* to know who it was that slept in the other bed every night.

At last she could stand it no longer, and when she was sure he was fast asleep, she got up, lighted a candle, and held it over the bed. What do you suppose she saw? None but a young Prince so fair and lovely that she could not help stooping down and kissing him, but as she did so, three drops of candle grease fell upon his shirt and wakened him.

“Oh! what have you done,” he cried. “You have made us both unhappy. If you had only done as I told you, the year would soon be up and I would be free. I have a wicked step-mother who has bewitched me so that I am a Bear by day and a human being only at night. But now, all is over and I must go to her. She lives in a castle that is East O’ the Sun and West O’ the Moon, and there also lives a Princess with a nose three yards long, and now I will be forced to marry her.”

The girl wept and pleaded with him, but it was no use, for he had to go. Then she asked him if she might go with him.

“No!” he said, “that can never be.”

“Tell me the way, then,” she went on, “and I shall find you.”

“You can try,” he said, “but there is no real way to the castle, East O’ the Sun and West O’ the Moon, and I am afraid that you will never find it.”

At that, the castle and the Prince disappeared, and the girl found herself lying in a green spot in the dark woods, with her poor little bundle lying beside her.

She cried and cried until she was tired, and then she started out to find the handsome Prince. She walked and walked for many days and she

asked every one she met if they could tell her the way to the castle that lay East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon. But no one ever seemed to know any thing about it, and she had almost lost hope, when she came to the house of the East Wind.

“Yes, I have heard of that castle,” said the East Wind, “but I have never been so far and I do not know the way. However, just you sit on my back and I will take you to my brother, the West Wind, who is much stronger than I and may know the way, too.”

She did as she was told, and off they went. But the West Wind could not help her either.

“But there is my brother, the South Wind,” he said, “and he has been both near and far. Perhaps he can tell you the way. So sit upon my back and I will carry you thither,” and off they went with such speed that they were soon there.

The West Wind asked the question once more and the South Wind answered:

“I have been to many places in my time, but so far as that, I have never blown. But just sit upon my back and I will take you to my brother, the North Wind, who is the strongest and oldest of us all. If he does not know the way, you will never find it.”



And off they went faster than ever before, and soon they came to the North Wind. He was very ugly and wild and they could feel his cold, puffing breath a long way off.

“What do you want!” he cried in such a voice that they both shivered.

“Do not be so cross, brother mine,” the South Wind said. “You are so strong and wise that I have brought this girl hither because I thought you could tell her the way to that castle that lies East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon.”

“I know quite well where it is,” answered the North Wind, “for I once blew an aspen leaf there. But it made me so tired that I could not blow for nearly three days after. However, if you want to go so badly and are not afraid, I shall take you on my back and try to get you there.”

So the North Wind blew himself up until he was very big and blustering, and away they went over towns and oceans, and wherever they came, the storm tore up houses and trees, and on the sea the ships had a hard time of it. On and on they flew, farther than anyone could believe, and always the North Wind swept out over the ocean. But he grew more and more tired and sank lower and lower until the foam from the waves touched his heels.

“Are you afraid?” he asked.

“No, not at all,” answered the girl.

They were not far from land and the North Wind had just strength enough to toss her up on the beach close to the castle that was East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon, but then he was so weary and worn that he had to rest several days before he could start back.

The girl began to look around for the Prince but not a living soul did she see. She seated herself under the windows of the castle, and as the sun went down, a great crew of witches and trolls came tumbling up out of the ground, making a great noise, and running hither and thither. The girl was very much frightened at first but soon she took courage and spoke to one of them:

“Please tell me what is going to happen here, since you are so busy? And maybe you would give me a little to eat, I am so hungry.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the old witch she had spoken to, “where do you come from that you do not know that tonight the Prince is going to choose his bride. When the moon comes up over the tree tops, we will all meet under the old oak, and the Prince will choose the one who can wash three spots

of tallow off his shirt. Ha! ha!" she cried again, with a terrible laugh, and then hurried away.

Though the girl was really very much afraid, she bravely followed the trolls and witches to a clearing in the woods under the big oak tree. The moon shone down on a huge cauldron filled with boiling, soapy water, and all the trolls and witches grouped themselves around it. You can well believe that it was not a very goodly company to look at.

Then the Prince came and he saw the girl right away, but said not a word. Presently they began the trial. A witch with a nose three yards long took up the shirt and washed away as fast as she could, but the more she washed, the worse the spots became.

"Ah ha, you do not know how to wash," cried a very old witch, "let *me* try."

But she had no better luck than the first. Then all the other witches and trolls tried but the spots only grew bigger and blacker and the shirt looked as though it had been up a chimney.

"Oh, you are all of you no good," cried the Prince, "not one of you knows how to wash. But there is a strange girl standing yonder. Let us see

if she can do better. Come and wash it clean," he called to the girl.

"Well I can try," she said.

And no sooner had she slipped it into the water, than all the spots came out, and the shirt was as white as snow.

"Here is the one I choose for my bride," cried the Prince—and at the same instant the sun rose over the woods. The witch with the long nose was so full of rage that she broke into pieces, and all the other trolls and witches did the same. And the pieces were scattered all over and could not be put together again.

But the Prince took the girl by the hand and together they hurried away as fast as ever they could from the castle that lay East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon.





The chips flew to all sides (The Three Brothers)

THE THREE BROTHERS



ONCE there was a man who had three sons, Peter, Paul, and Espen. Espen being the youngest was “*Boots,” of course. But they were all the fortune that the man had, he was so poor. Indeed he did not have even a single penny. He told his sons again and again that they must go out into the world and seek their fortune, for at home they would starve to death.

Some few leagues from their cottage was the King's palace and just outside the King's windows had grown a great oak so big and dark, that it hid all the light from the palace. Now the King had promised a great sum of money to the one who could fell the oak, but no one had been able to do it

**A Danish nickname for the youngest son of a family.*

for as soon as one chip of the trunk was chopped off, two more grew in its place. Then the King wanted very much to have a well dug that would hold water all the year around. Everyone near him had wells but he had none, and he thought that a great shame indeed.

So he promised gold and costly gifts to anyone who could make him such a well, but thus far, no one had been able to do it. For the palace stood on a great hill, and when one dug down a few inches, he found solid rock. But the King had his heart set on having these two things, so he caused it to be told at all the churches in the land, that the one who could fell the oak and dig the well that would hold water all the year around, should have his daughter and half the kingdom besides.

Of course you may know that there were many who tried, but all their hacking and all their digging was of no avail. The oak only grew bigger and stouter for every blow, and the rock was as hard as ever.

Now the three brothers thought they would like to try their fortune and their father did not hold them back, for even if they could not win the Princess and half the kingdom, they might find a

good master and good work somewhere, and that was all that he asked.

So all three brothers started off together and when they had walked a little way they came to a wood with a steep hill rising on one side of it. They could hear someone hacking away up there among the trees.

“I wonder who it can be that is chopping up there,” said Espen.

“You are always wondering at something or other,” said both Peter and Paul. “Is it so strange that a wood cutter should be working up there?”

“Well I want to see who it may be just the same,” said Espen, as he started up after the sound.

“Oh well, if you are such a child, it serves you right to be taught a lesson,” cried the other brothers.

But Espen paid no attention to them and climbed the hill until he came to the spot where the sound came from. And such a funny thing he saw there! It was an ax chopping away at a fir tree, all by itself.

“Good day,” said Espen. “So you stay here and chop away all by yourself?”

“Yes,” answered the ax, “and here I have stood a long, long time, waiting for you.”

“Well, here I am now,” cried Espen, and took the ax and put it in his wallet.

When he came back to his brothers they laughed and made fun of him.

“Well, what did you find up on the hill there?” they asked him.

“Oh, nothing much,” answered Boots, as they walked on, “It was just an ax we heard.”

A little further on they passed under a steep rock, and the sound of someone digging came down to them.

“I wonder who it can be that is digging on top of that rock?” said Boots.

“There you are again with your wondering” said Peter and Paul. “Have you never heard a woodpecker tapping at a tree before?”

“But I should like to see for myself, just the same,” answered Boots, and in spite of their laughter he began to climb the rock.

When he reached the top he saw that it was a spade that stood there digging all by itself.

“Good day to you,” said Boots. “So you stand there and dig all by yourself?”

“Yes, I do,” answered the spade, “and that is what I have been doing these many years, waiting for you.”

“Well, here I am now,” said Boots, and taking the spade, he took off the handle, and put both in his wallet.

“Was it anything strange and wonderful that you saw up there?” asked his brothers when he came down again.

“Oh, no,” answered Boots. “It was nothing much—only a spade.”

So they walked on a little farther until they came to a brooklet, and as they were all very thirsty from their long walk, they lay down at the banks to drink.

“I wonder where this water comes from,” said Boots.

“And I wonder if you have lost what little sense you once had,” said the other two, together. “Wondering where the brook comes from indeed! As if you had never seen water rising from a spring in the earth.”

“Yes, I know,” said Espen, “but still I want to see it with my own eyes,” and off he went, following the brook and paying no heed to the laughter and teasing of his brothers.

He walked on and on, and the brook grew smaller and smaller. Then when he had gone a little farther still he found out where the water

came from. And do you know, it came trickling out of a great walnut!

“Good day to you,” said Espen. “So you lie there and trickle all by yourself?”

“Yes, so I do,” answered the walnut, “and here have I trickled and waited for you these many years.”

“Well, here I am now,” said Boots, and he took the walnut and putting a bit of moss in the hole so that the water would not run out, he thrust it in his wallet.

“Did you find out where the water came from?” asked the brothers. “It must have been a wonderful sight.”

“Oh, it ran out of a hole, that was all,” said Espen, and again they laughed and made fun of him, but he did not care.

“I had a good time finding it, just the same,” he said.

When they had walked a bit farther, they came at last to the King’s palace. As many had heard that one could have the Princess and half the kingdom, if he should but fell the oak, and as many had tried, the oak was just twice as big as it had been before. For it seemed that the more they chopped it, the more it grew.



“Here have I trickled and waited for you these many years”

So now the King had grown tired of having the tree become even larger and he let it be known that should any one try to fell it and fail, he would be put on a barren island all alone.

But this did not frighten the brothers at all for they were sure that they could do it. Peter, being the oldest, was the first to try, but he had no better luck than all the rest before him. For every chip he cut off, two grew in its place, and the King's men took him, and bound him hand and foot and put him on the island.

Then Paul tried and fared no better, and then at last it was Espen's turn. But the King was tired of it and said to him:

"You can spare yourself the trouble, for we can send you after your brothers, first, as well as last.

But Boots pleaded to try, and so finally they let him. He took the ax out of his wallet.

"Hew away now!" he said, and the ax hewed so that the chips flew to all sides, and it was not long before the big oak came down with a crash.

When that was done, Boots took out the spade and fitted the handle to it, and said:

"Dig away now!" and the spade began to dig and delve so that the earth and rock flew away in splinters, and you may well believe that at last the well was there.

When it was as deep and as big as he wanted it, he took out the walnut, put it down in the corner, and pulled out the moss.

"Trickle away now!" said Boots, and the water trickled and ran out of the hole until the well was full to the brim.

And so, as Boots had felled the oak that darkened the King's castle, and dug a well that would hold water all the year around, he got the Princess and half the kingdom, as the King had promised.



And it was well for Peter and Paul that they were away on the island, else they would have heard every day and every hour of the day, all the people say:

“Well Boots certainly did not wonder about things for nothing.”





ONE fine day the bear met the fox who came sneaking along with a bunch of fish he had stolen.

“Where did you get all those?” asked the bear.

“Oh! I was just out fishing and caught these myself, Mr. Bear,” answered the fox.

Then the bear wanted to do some fishing himself and asked the fox if he would be good enough to teach him how.

“Oh! that is a very simple thing to do,” answered the fox, “and it is very easily learned. All you have to do is to go out on the ice, dig a hole, and stick your tail down in it and keep it there as long as you can. You must not mind if it smarts a little for that is when the fish are biting. The



“Oh! That is a very simple thing to do,” answered the Fox

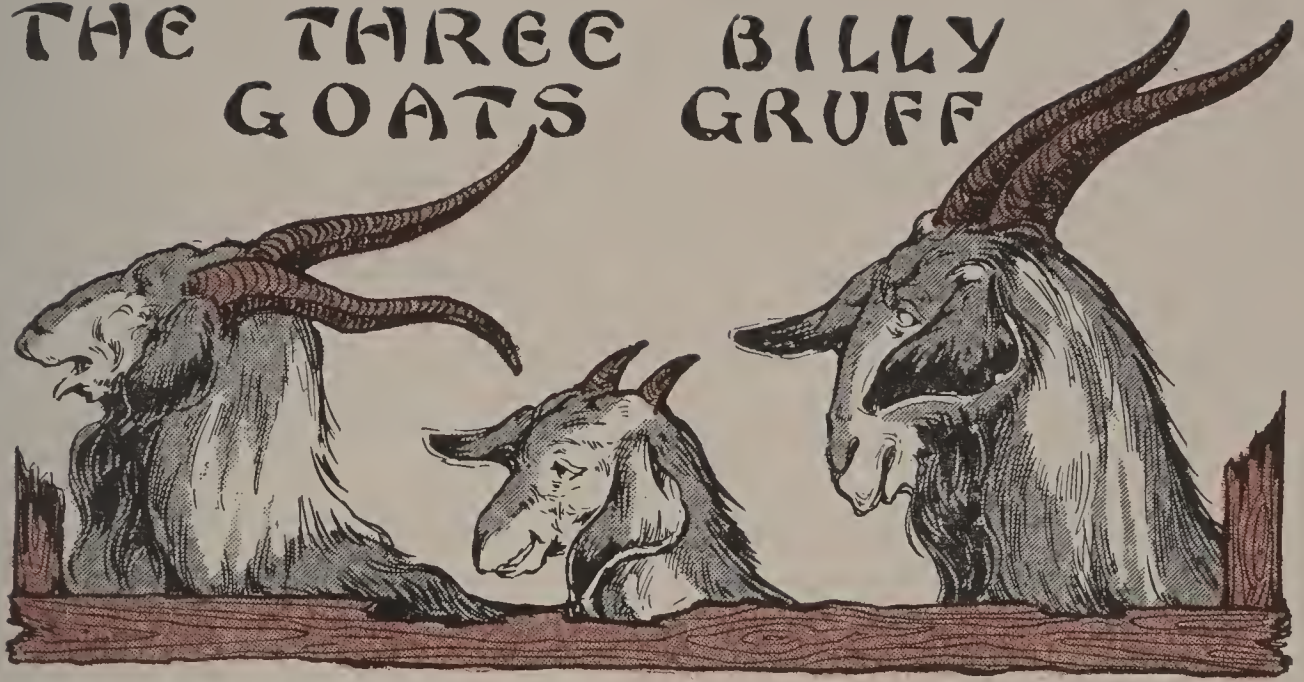
longer you can hold out, the more you will catch. Then all at once pull it out with a sideways pull; and a good strong pull at that, mind you!”

So the bear did as he was told and held his tail for a very long time in the hole, until it was all frozen. Then he gave a strong pull and the tail snapped and broke off short.

And that, you see, is the reason why the bear walks around to this very day with a short, stumpy tail.



THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF



SECOND

SMALLEST

BIGGEST

ONCE there were three billy goats, who used to go way up on the hillside to try to make themselves fat, and the name of the whole goat family was Gruff. On the way up the hill there was a bridge over a river they had to cross, and under the bridge lived a troll—a big ugly one, with eyes as big as saucers and a nose as long as a poker.

The youngest billy goat was the first to cross the bridge.

“Trip trap, trip trap,” sang the bridge.

“Who’s that tripping on my bridge?” howled the troll.

“Oh, it is only the smallest billy goat Gruff, and I am going up on the hillside to make myself fat,” said the billy goat in a very small voice.

“Well, I am coming to take you and gobble you up!” said the troll.

“Oh, no! please do not take me. I am such a little one. Wait until the second billy goat comes for he is much bigger than I,” said the little goat.

“Well, be gone then,” said the troll.

After a while the second billy goat came and started to cross the bridge.

“Trip trap, trip trap,” sang the bridge.

“Who’s that tripping on my bridge?” screamed the troll.

“Oh, it is only the second billy goat Gruff, and I am going up the hillside to make myself fat,” said the billy goat. But his voice was not so small and fine.

“Well, here I come to gobble you up,” said the troll.

“Oh, no! please do not take me. Wait just a bit and then the big billy goat will come up and he is so much bigger than I.”

“Well, get away with you then,” said the troll.

And then all at once came the big billy goat Gruff.

“Trip trap, trip trap,” sang the bridge, and groaned and creaked under the weight of him.

“Who is tramping on my bridge?” roared the troll.

“It is I, the big billy goat Gruff,” said the big billy goat, in a deep coarse voice.

“Now here I am coming to gobble you up,” screamed the troll.

But the big billy goat called out: “Come on! I have a big strong spear to pierce your eyes, if you come near, and I have two big stones, so big and stout, that they will crush your bones and lay you out.”

And then he dashed at the troll with his two strong horns, crushed his bones, and flung him out into the river. Then he went up on the hillside, and up there all three goats grew so fat that they could hardly walk home again, and if they have not lost any of it then they are still fat, and so,

Snip, snap, snout,
This folk tale is out.





THE LAD
WHO
FOOLED THE
TROLL AND
WON THE
PRIN-
CESS

THE TROLL

BOOTS

LONG, long ago there lived a man who had three sons. When he died, the two eldest wanted to go out into the world and try their fortunes, but they did not care to have the youngest go with them.

“You do not know anything and you are of no use,” they told him.

“Well, then, I shall have to go along,” said the poor lad, “for I shall never get on by myself.”

The two older brothers started out and went to the King’s palace where they found work, one with the Master of the Horse, and the other with the gardener.

The youngest boy, whose name was Aslak, but whom they had always called “Boots,” also left

home, taking with him an old kneading trough (a big wooden trough, in which the dough is kneaded). This was the only thing left him by his parents, and though it was big and heavy, he did not want to leave it behind.

Soon he, too, came to the King's palace and was given work in the kitchen, carrying water and wood. He made himself so useful and was so good to everyone, that they all liked him at once.

Whereas, the other two were lazy and did their work so poorly, that they were paid but small wages and they soon became jealous of their brother because everyone liked him so well.

Now just opposite the palace on the other side of a big lake, there lived a troll, who owned silver ducks, which the King from his window could see swimming around the lake and had often wished that he could get them.

Then one day the brothers said to the Master of the Horse: "If our brother only would, he could easily get the silver ducks for the King, so he says."

You may well believe that the Master of the Horse lost no time in telling this to the King. Boots was called before him and told what his brothers had said.

“Why, I never even dreamed such a thing,” said the lad, but the King would not believe him.

“You have said it, and now you must do it,” the King told him.

“Well,” said Boots, “if I must, I must. But give me some rye and some wheat, and I will try.”

After getting these things, he put them in his kneading trough and rowed across. He walked along the beach on the other side, scattering the grain, and at last he lured the ducks out in the trough. Then he rowed back as fast as he could. When he was half way across, the troll came running out and saw him.

“You have taken my seven silver ducks,” he screamed.

“Yes,” answered the lad.

“Are you coming back again?” asked the troll.

“Maybe I will,” said the lad, and rowed still faster.

When the lad brought back seven silver ducks the King was very much pleased and praised him for it, but the brothers grew more angry and more jealous day by day.

At last they came again to the Master of the Horse and told him that their brother could easily

get the troll's quilt for the King, if he had a mind to do so, to hear him tell it.

Now the troll's quilt was a very wonderful one indeed, with a pane of gold and a pane of silver, and a pane of gold and a pane of silver, and the King longed to have it.

So again the Master of the Horse went to the King, who sent for Boots at once, and told him to get the quilt or lose his life. It was no use for the lad to say that he had never thought of such a thing, for the King would not believe him, and only wanted the silver and gold quilt.

Boots saw that there was no use trying to make the King believe him, so down he went to the lake and rowed across. On the other side he hid himself and waited to see what would happen. At last one of the trolls came out of the hill with the quilt and hung it on the line for a good airing, and you may well believe that Boots was not slow in snatching it. Then back he ran to the lake and rowed across as fast as he could.

When he was half way across the troll came out and saw him. "Was it you who stole my silver ducks?" he cried.

"Y-es," answered the lad.

Violet
Moore
Higgins



Violet
Moore
Giggins.



ONE OF THE TROLLS CAME OUT WITH THE QUILT

“And have you now taken the quilt with the pane of silver and the pane of gold?”

“Y-es,” said the lad.

“Will you be coming back again?” called the troll.

“Maybe so,” said the lad.

When he brought the wonderful quilt back, the King was very much pleased, praised him highly, and wanted to make him his special servant. At this the brothers were more angry than ever and told the Master of the Horse that it would be a very simple matter for their brother to get the troll’s golden harp for the King. This was such a wonderful harp that all who heard it felt happy, no matter how sad they were.

Of course the Master of the Horse told the King, who said to the lad: “If you have said it, you must do it. If you bring me the golden harp, you shall have the princess in marriage, and half the kingdom. If not—you must lose your life.”

“I never said such a thing,” answered the lad, “but as there is no other way out of it, I shall have to try.”

He took a nail, a twig of a beech tree, and a piece of a candle and put them in his pocket. Then he rowed across the lake to the troll’s hill.

As he pushed ashore the troll came out and saw him.

“Was it you who took those seven silver ducks of mine?” he asked.

“Y-es,” answered the lad.

“And was it not also you who took my quilt with the pane of silver and the pane of gold?”

“Y-es,” answered Boots.

Whereupon the troll seized him, took him inside the hill, and led him to where sat the troll’s ugly daughter.

“Look here daughter-mine,” he said, “at last I have hold of the one who took my seven silver ducks, and my quilt with the pane of silver and the pane of gold. Now you must shut him up and fatten him, so that we can kill him and make a feast of him.” The daughter did as she was told and for a week Boots had the best things to eat and the best things to drink—and plenty of them, too.

When the week was up, the troll told his daughter to go to the pen and cut into Boot’s little finger to see if he had grown fat. She went down and asked Boots for his little finger, but he put out the nail instead, which she tried to cut, being short-sighted, and believing it to be his finger.

“He is as hard as iron,” she told the troll, “and we cannot eat him yet.”

A week later she tried again, and this time Boots put out the twig.

“He is a little fatter, now,” she said, “but he will still be hard to chew.”

Another week passed and the troll said that surely the lad must be fat by then. And so the daughter went down again and asked Boots for his little finger. But he put out the candle in place of his finger.

“Well, he can pass now,” said the daughter.

“Then I shall start out and invite people for the feast,” said the troll, “and in the meantime you must kill him and cook him nicely for the company.” So the daughter began to sharpen a long knife.

“Is that the knife you are going to use on me?” asked Boots.

“So it is,” answered the troll’s daughter.

“But it is not sharp enough,” he said. “Let me sharpen it for you, so that it will not hurt so much.”

She let him sharpen it for her and soon he said that he thought it would do very well. “But let me try it on your braids first,” he added.



He put out the candle in place of his finger

She stretched her head forward, holding out her braids, but Boots swung the knife and cut off her head. Then he put on her clothes and sat down in a dark corner of the room. Soon the troll came with his guests and told his daughter (for he thought it was she who sat there) to come and have something to eat.

“No,” answered the lad, “I do not care for anything. I am sad.”

“Well you know how to help that,” said the troll. “Just take the golden harp and play on it.”

“Where is the harp, then?” asked the lad.

“You ought to know, for you played it last and put it behind the door,” the troll answered.

Boots did not need to be told twice. He took the harp and went in and out of the hall playing on it. When he saw his chance, he hurried out of the hall, ran down to the beach, and pushed out in his trough. He rowed until water flew in spray all over him.

Presently the troll thought it strange that his daughter did not come back, and he went out to see what the matter could be. And then he saw the lad way out on the lake.

“Was it you who took my seven silver ducks?” he asked.

“Yes,” answered Boots.

“And was it you who took my quilt with the pane of silver and the pane of gold?”

“Yes,” said Boots again.

“Have you now taken my golden harp?” screamed the troll.

“So it seems,” answered Boots.

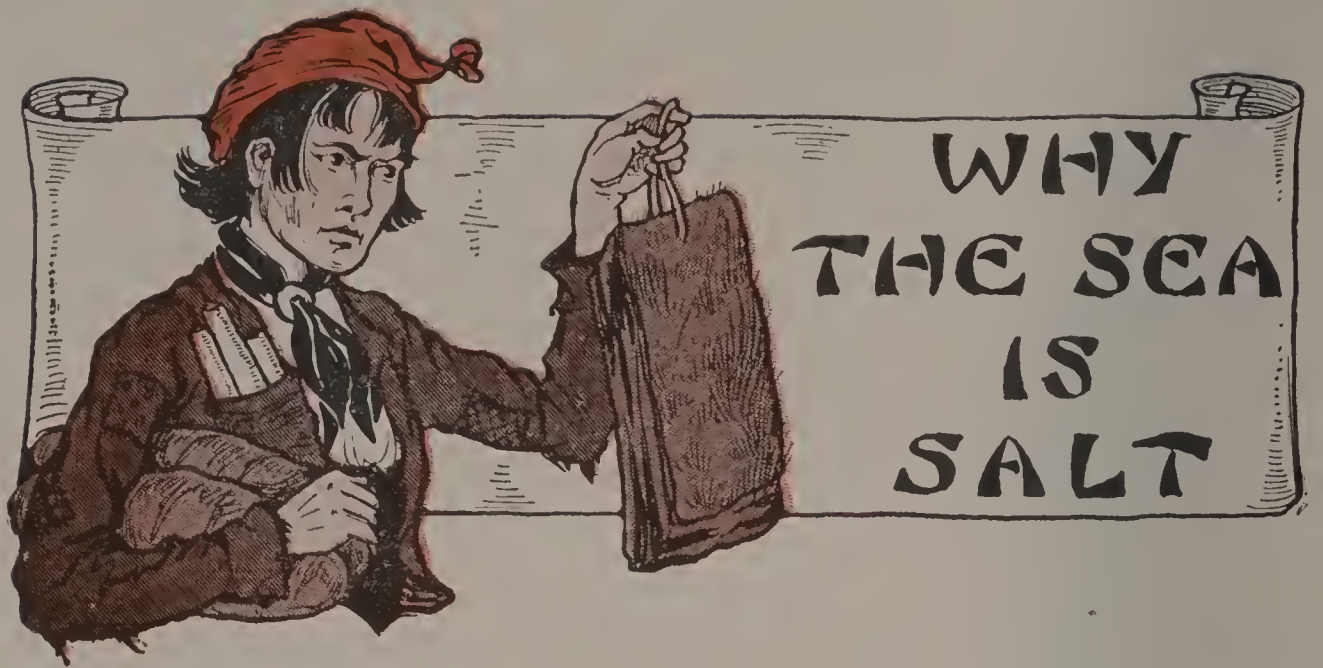
“But I thought I had eaten you all up,” howled the troll.

“No,” answered Boots, “that was your daughter you just ate.”

At this the troll became so furious that he flew into pieces, and then Boots rowed back and gathered up as much gold and silver as his trough could carry, and took them all back to the King.

The King was so happy to get the harp, that he kept his promise, and gave his daughter in marriage to Boots, and half of his Kingdom besides. And Boots was kind to his brothers, for he was sure that they had meant it all for the best.





MANY years ago, at Christmas time, two brothers—one rich and the other poor—started out to celebrate. Now the poor brother did not have even a crumb in his house, so he went to his rich brother and asked for a little food to keep Christmas with.

Now it was the first time he had gone there for help, and as his rich brother was very stingy, the poor man was not at all glad to ask him for something, but he had no other person to call on.

“I will give you a whole side of bacon, two loaves of bread, and some candles besides,” said the rich man, “if you will promise never to bother me again. But do not forget that you are never to put foot in my house another time.”



They have a wonderful mill

The poor brother was glad to get the food, so he gave him the promise, thanked him for his help, and started on his way home.

When he had gone but a little way, he met an old man with a long white beard, who looked so thin and hungry that he was sad to see him.

“Good evening to you,” said the old man, “could you not give a poor fellow something to eat?”

“Well,” said the poor brother, “I have just been begging myself, but I am not so hungry that I will not share with you on Christmas eve.” And he gave him a candle, a loaf of bread, and was just about to cut him a slice of bacon, when the old man said:

“That is enough, and I thank you very much for it. Now you have been very kind to me and I will tell you something. Not far from here live

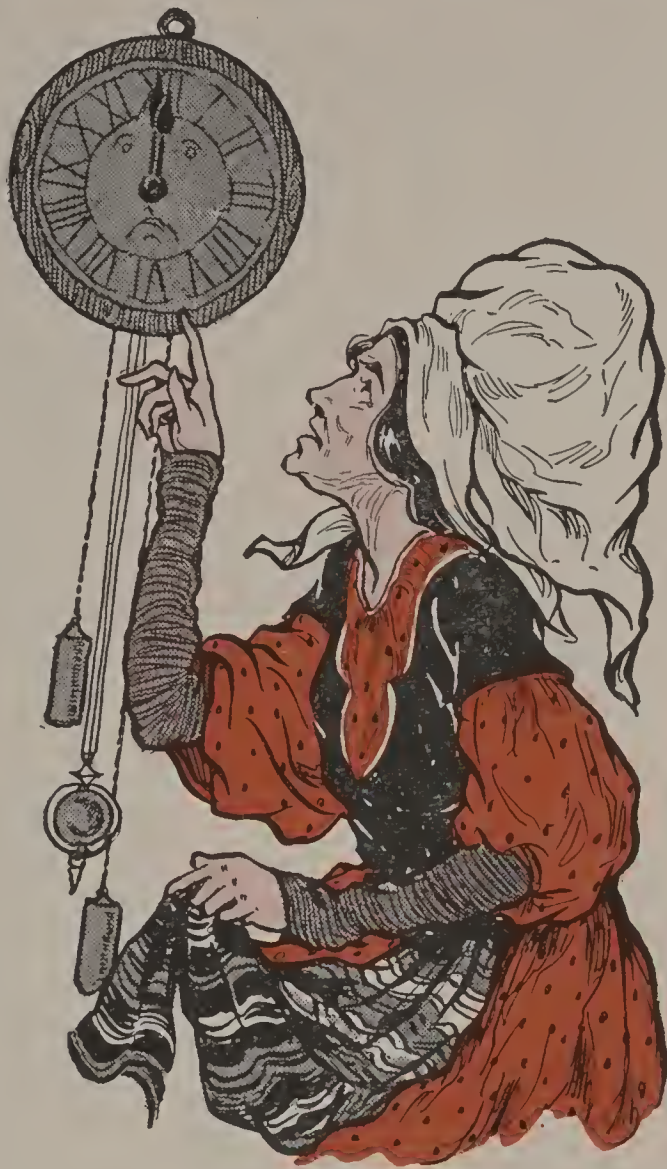


They gave him the mill for the bacon

some underground folk and they have a mill that can grind out anything you wish, except bacon. So they will want to buy yours, if you go there, but do not sell it unless they give you in return the mill that stands behind the door. When you come back again, I will show you how to handle the mill.”

So the poor brother took the old man’s advice, found the entrance in the hill side and went in. All the hill-folk swarmed around him and began to bid for the bacon. But the man said:

“My wife and I were going to have that bacon for our Christmas supper, but if you want it so



The clock struck twelve

badly, I will sell it to you for the mill that stands back of the door.”

At first they would not hear of it, but the man remained firm, so at last they gave him the mill for the bacon.

When he came out of the hill he met the poor old man, who showed him out to handle the mill. After he had learned this he thanked the old man, and started off home again as fast as he could go,

but still the clock had struck twelve on Christmas night, before he got there.

“Where in the world have you been,” asked his wife. “Here I have been waiting hour after hour, watching for you, without so much as two sticks to lay under my Christmas porridge.”

“Well,” said he, “I could not get here any sooner, for I had a long way to go and several things to do, but come here now, and I will show you something!”

He put the mill on the table and bade it first grind out some candles and a table cloth, then meat, and everything for a Christmas supper. All he had to do was to speak the word, and the mill would grind it out at once. The wife stood by blessing her lucky star, and wanted to know where he got such a wonderful thing.

But he would not tell her anything about it and only kept the mill busy grinding out meat and drink and many other good things for the holidays. On the third day he invited all his friends and relatives to come to the house for a great feast.

When the rich brother, who was among the company, saw the table laid with all manner of fine things, he could not understand it and grew

Violet
Moore
Higgins



very angry, for he could not bear the thought that his brother should have so much.

“Why it was only Christmas Eve,” he said to all the company, “that my brother came to me and begged a bit of food, and now he is giving a feast as though he were a King. Where, in the world, did you get all this?” he asked his brother.

“From behind the door,” the man replied, nor would he say another word about it. But as the evening wore on and all grew merrier, he could not keep his secret any longer, and so he brought out the mill and had it grind out all sorts of things.

“Now you can see where I got it all,” he said.

Of course the rich brother wanted the mill right away, and after a good deal of talk back and forth, it was decided that he should get it at harvest time, for three hundred dollars. And you may be sure that the mill did not have a chance to grow rusty in the meantime. The poor brother let it grind out meat, and drink, and many other good things that would last him for years.

At harvest time, the rich brother came to get the mill, but he was in such a hurry to take it home that he did not learn how to handle it. He reached home in the evening, and the next morning he told his wife to go out in the field and toss the hay while

the men cut the grass, and he would stay at home and mind the house and get the dinner ready.

Then when he was alone in the house, he put the mill on the kitchen table and said:

“Grind herrings and broth, grind herrings and broth, and grind them fast and well.”

And so the mill began to grind herrings and broth, first all the dishes full, then all the tubs full, and so on until it spilled out over the kitchen floor. The man twisted, and shook the mill to make it stop, but it was no use, for it kept right on grinding. Soon the broth rose so high that the man was nearly drowned. He threw open the door into the parlor, but it was not long before that, too, was filled. So he had to throw open the front door, and it was about all he could do to lift the latch, too. He ran out and after him came a torrent of broth with herrings splashing around in it and the stream spread all over his fields.

Now his old wife, who was out in the meadows haying, thought that it surely must be time for dinner, and so she said:

“I think that we had better be going home. Even though the dinner bell has not called us yet, it must be time for it. Maybe my old man can not cook the meal and needs my help.”

They were all hungry and willing to stop work, and they followed her home readily enough. But they had not gone far before they met the stream of broth and herrings, with the old man splashing about in it and trying to get away from it.

“Eat and drink! Eat and drink all you can, but be careful and do not get drowned,” he cried, and he dashed off to his brother’s house, begging him to come and stop the mill. “If you do not take it back right away,” he said, “the whole village will be drowned in broth and herrings.”

So the poor brother made the mill stop and took it back with him. Soon he built himself a new farm house, much finer than the one his brother had. He had the mill grind out so much gold that he could cover the walls with plates of it. As the house was near the sea it glistened and gleamed far away over the water, and soon the man was known far and wide, and all who sailed by wanted to see the rich man in the golden house, with the wonderful mill.

One day an old sea captain came to see it and asked the man if it could grind salt, also.

“Certainly it can,” answered the man. “It can grind anything you wish.”





He was a good way out from land

When the skipper heard this he wanted it, no matter how much it would cost, for with the mill once in his possession, he would be able to get everything he wanted without long voyages across the seas. He could simply sit at home with his wife, and his glass, and have an easy time of it. At first the man would not hear of it, but the skipper begged so hard and offered him so much money, that finally he let him take it.

But the old captain was in such a hurry to get

away with the mill that he did not find out how to handle it. He embarked on the ship and set all sails. When he was a good way out from land he had the mill brought on deck, and said:

“Grind salt, grind salt, and grind it fast and well.”

So the mill ground out the salt so fast that the ship was full in no time, and still it kept on, and the heaps grew larger and larger, and heavier and heavier, until at last the ship went down.

And there the mill lies at the bottom of the sea, grinding away to this very day, and that is the reason, you see, that the sea is salt.





*In the middle of this meadow was a barn
(The Princess on the Glass Hill)*



Part I—The Three Horses

FAR, far away, and high up among the hills, there was a little meadow and in the middle of this meadow there was a barn. The man who owned it had built it there to store his hay, but (he had not had much of it to store away) for the last few years.

For I must tell you that every St. John's night, when the grass stood thickest and greenest, it was eaten down to the very ground as if a whole herd had been feeding there all night. After this had happened twice, the man lost his patience and said

to his sons—of whom there were three, the youngest being Boots, of course—that one of them would have to go and sleep in the barn next St. John's night. For it certainly wasn't any joke to have all the grass eaten up, year after year.

So it was decided that the eldest son was to go and he promised to keep a sharp lookout and to find out who caused the trouble. Off he started for the barn and laid down to sleep.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by a terrible noise. The windows clattered, and the walls rattled and shook until the lad got so excited that he jumped up and ran as fast as his legs could carry him, not even daring to look back.

Next morning the grass was all eaten up, just as it had been at the same time the other years. The man was more out of patience than ever and when St. John's night came around again, he sent his second son to watch in the barn, and begged him to watch well and carefully. But the same things happened as before, and when the walls began to shake and the earth began to rock and rumble, the lad was so frightened that he took to his heels. And so the grass was all eaten up again.

The year after that it was Boot's turn to go,

but the others laughed and made fun of him, saying that if they had not been able to do it, he surely could not either, for he had never done anything in his life anyway. However, this did not disturb Boots, who went straight up to the meadow and inside the barn.

After a while the walls began to shake and the earth rocked beneath him, but Boots only said,

“If it gets no worse than this, I can surely stand it.”

Then a little while later another terrible earth-shock came. This time the straw and litter in the barn flew around him, but Boots only said again,

“If it gets no worse than this, I can surely stand it.”

Just then a third shock came and Boots expected the roof and walls to come tumbling down on his head, but he stayed, and soon it grew still as death all around him.

“I wonder if it will begin again,” thought the lad, and he waited anxiously.

But no, everything was quiet, until presently he heard a noise as if a horse were standing just outside the door, chewing grass. He tip-toed to the door and peeped out and, sure enough, there

was really a horse standing there, chewing the grass. Such a horse it was—big and fat and shiny, and on the ground lay a saddle and bridle and a whole set of armor for a knight, all of the finest copper.

“Oh ho! So it is you who have been eating our grass,” thought Boots. “We will soon put a stop to that,” and he took the steel out of his tinder box and threw it over the horse. The creature had then no power to move and was so tame that Boots could do what he liked with him.

So, he mounted to the horse’s back and rode off to some place that no one knew of and put him there and kept him there.

When he got back home, his brothers laughed at him and said:

“We will wager that you did not stay long at the barn, if you went there at all.”

“I stayed there until sunrise,” answered Boots, “and nothing happened at all. I wonder what you were so frightened about.”

“Well, we had better go and see how well you looked after the grass,” they said, and they were much surprised to find it as thick and as long as before.

On next St. John's night the same thing happened. Neither of the brothers dared to go and sleep in the barn, but Boots was not afraid, and everything happened as before. Three times the earth rocked and shook beneath him and there was a terrible clatter, only it seemed as though the earth-quakes and noises were worse than before.

Then all at once it was still, and Boots could hear the horse chewing outside. He opened the door and peeped out, and what do you suppose he saw? There was another horse, still bigger and fatter than the one of the year before, and on its back lay a saddle, bridle, and a suit of armor for a knight, all of shining silver, and as fine as anyone could wish.

“O ho,” he thought, “so it is you who have been eating our grass.”

Again Boots took the steel out of his tinder box and threw it over the horse, who stood as still and as quiet as a lamb after that. So Boots mounted the horse and rode him to the hiding place where he kept the other, and then he went home.

“I wonder if you will tell us that the grass looks fine up in the meadow this morning?” said the brothers, teasingly.

“Of course it does,” said Boots. “Why should it be otherwise?”

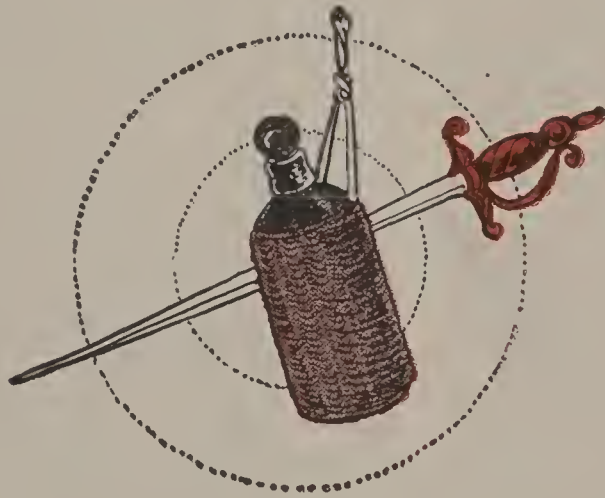
And no one could have been more surprised than the brothers when they went there and saw that the grass was as thick and fine as ever, but they did not give him one word of praise for it.

The third St. John’s night came around and neither of the two brothers could muster up courage enough to go to the barn and watch, but Boots was not in the least afraid. Everything happened just as it had happened twice before. The earthquakes came, each one worse than the one before, the last one being so violent that he was thrown from one wall to the other. Then all grew as still as death, just as before.

After a while Boots heard the horse chewing and went to the door and peeped out, and there stood a horse that was far larger and more beautiful than the other two, and this one had a saddle, bridle, and a suit of armor, all of the purest gold.

“Oh ho!” he thought, “so it is you who have been eating up our grass.” He threw the steel from the tinder over the horse’s back, and it immediately became quiet and tractable. Then Boots got upon its back and rode away to the place where he kept the other two, left it, and hurried back home.

His brothers laughed and said that they could see that he had watched the grass well, for he looked as though he were still asleep, but when they went up to the meadow to see for themselves, they were both surprised and angry to find the grass as thick and as deep as ever.





The Golden Apples

THE PRINCESS IN THE GLASS HILL

Part II—The Glass Hill

Now I must tell you that the King of that country where Boots lived had a very beautiful daughter whom he would only give in marriage to the man who could ride up the glass hill—for there was such a hill—and it was as steep and as slippery as ice, and very close to the King's palace it was.

Far up on top the Princess was to sit, with three golden apples in her lap, and he who could ride up and take them, would have her and half the kingdom besides. This news the King caused to be given out from all the Churches of the land,

and in many other Kingdoms besides, and as the Princess was really so dazzlingly beautiful that all who looked upon her immediately fell in love with her. You can well imagine that princes and knights came from far and near to try for her hand. And each and all of them thought that he would surely win the Princess.

Finally came the day that the King had set aside for the great trial, and there was such a crowd that one could hardly move. It seemed that everyone in the land who could come was crowding around the glass hill, for they were all anxious to see who it would be that would win. And how splendid and brave the knights and princes looked as they rode proudly to and fro on their prancing steeds, all dressed in glittering armor.

Boots' two brothers started off with the rest, but they would not let him come with them, as he had no nice clothes to wear, and they were ashamed of him.

“Very well,” said Boots, “I can go by myself.”

When the two brothers came to the hill, the princes and knights were all hard at it. They rode their horses until they were all in foam, but it was of no use, for as soon as they set foot on the glass

hill, they slipped back and down, and not one of them could get up even a yard or two. And small wonder it was, for the hill was so smooth that a fly could not walk on it, and just as steep as a wall. But all were so anxious to win the princess that they kept on trying. They rode and slipped, and rode and slipped, until at last the horses were so tired that they could move no more and so they had to give it up.

Just as the King was about to announce a new trial for the next day, a new knight came galloping up, and he was mounted on a horse such as had never before been seen. The knight himself was clad in a suit of copper armor that glistened and shone in the sun, and his saddle and bridle were likewise of copper.

They called to him that he might as well save himself the trouble of trying to ride up the hill, for no one could get up its slippery sides. But the knight paid no attention to them and set his horse at the hill and rode away. And right up the slippery side he went until he was a third of the way up, then he turned about and came down again. But the princess on top thought that she had never seen so fine a knight, and wished that he would

come all the way. So when she saw him turning back, she threw one of her golden apples after him, and it rolled down and fell into one of his shoe-tops.

When the knight came to the bottom of the hill, he put his steed to a gallop and rode away so fast that no one knew what had become of him. That same evening all the princes and knights were ordered to go before the King in order that he might see if any of them had the apple.

The brothers came back and told Boots all about the wonderful knight who could ride as no one else could. Boots said that he should have liked to have seen him, but they only laughed at him and said:

“Oh, that is too fine company for you.”

The next morning the princes and knights went at it again, and you may be sure that they had taken great pains to shoe their horses well, but it did them no good. It was all just as the day before. They rode and they slipped, they rode and they slipped, and rode again, until their horses all were tired out and they had to stop.

Just as the King was about to proclaim the last trial for the next day and give them all one

more chance, for it did not seem that the knight in the copper mail would come again, they heard a great clattering up the street. It was the strange knight, but this time he rode a larger and more beautiful horse, and his armor and saddle were of shining silver. They all called to him that it would be no use for him to try to ride up the hill, since all the rest had failed, but he paid them no heed.

He dashed straight at the hill and when he had gone two-thirds up, he wheeled around and rode down again. But the princess liked him even more than before, and wanted him to come the rest of the way, oh, so badly, so she rolled the second apple down to him, and it rolled straight into one of his shoe-tops, just as he was turning around.

But as soon as the knight came to the bottom of the hill, he spurred his horse and was off in a flash. Again that evening the King ordered all to appear before him, in the hope that he would find the one with the two golden apples. Alas! none of them had even one.

The third day went as the other two before. The princes and knights all rode at the hill harder than ever, but it did them not the slightest good. Then everyone looked around eagerly for the



Right up the slippery side he rode

strange knight, and at last they saw him riding up on the finest horse one could imagine, and he himself was dressed in the purest gold with saddle and bridle of gold. He sparkled and shone so in the bright sunlight that he dazzled the eye, and they were all taken back at so much splendor. So dazzled they were that this time no one called to him not to try.

He turned his horse at the hill and rode straight up as light as a feather. When he reached the top, he stooped from the saddle, picked up the third golden apple which the princess held in her lap, and rode down again. At the foot of the glass hill, he wheeled about and rode off so fast that no one could say a word to him.

Again that evening the King called all the princes and knights before him to see if any of them had the golden apple, but no one had.

“Someone must have them,” said the King, “for I certainly saw the strange knight pick them up.” So he ordered every one in the whole land to appear before him, and at last Boots’ two brothers were called in. As they were the last to come, the King asked them if they knew of anyone who was not there.

“Well, we have a brother,” they said “who is not here, but it surely cannot be he who has the golden apples.”

“All the same,” said the King, “I want to see him, so bring him to me forthwith.”

So Boots had to go to the palace in all his shabby clothes, and the King asked him if he had any of his golden apples.

“Yes, sir,” answered Boots, “Here is the first one, here is the second one, and here is the third one.” So saying, he pulled them out of his pocket and threw off his rags, and lo! he stood forth all clad in the shining gold armor.

“Then you are the man to have the princess,” the King said.

And so Boots won the lovely princess, and there was a great wedding feast and they lived happily ever after.





ONCE on a time a hunter went into the woods to hunt and there he met a snipe.

“Oh, please, dear friend,” said the snipe, “do not shoot *my* children.”

“But how will I know which ones are your children?” asked the hunter.

“That is easy,” said the snipe, “for mine are the prettiest of them all.”

“Very well,” said the hunter, “I promise not to shoot them.”

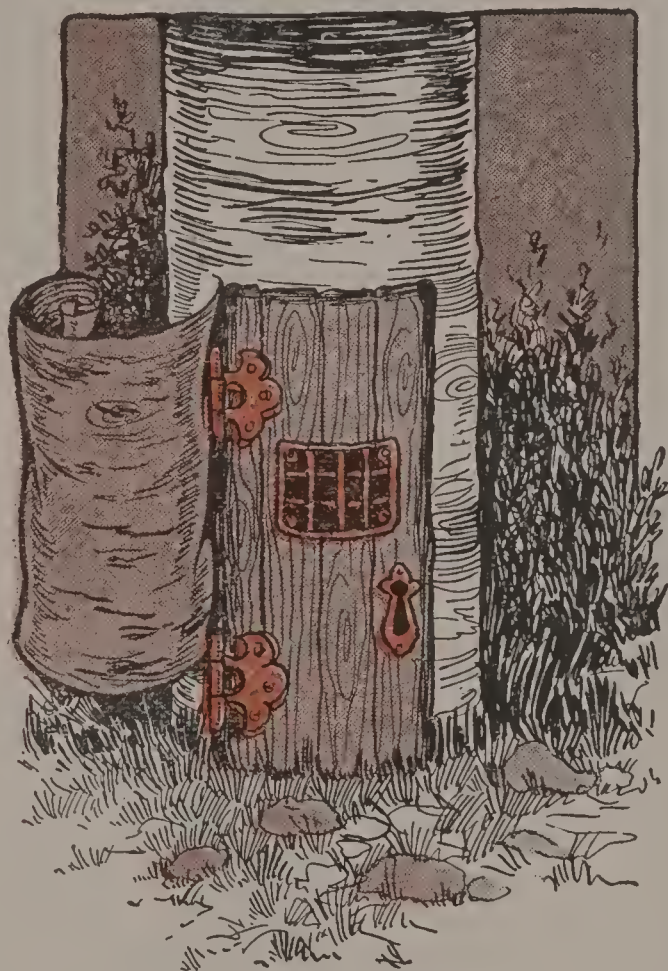
But when he came back he had in his hands a great bunch of snipes that he had shot.

“Oh! oh!” cried the snipe, “Why did you kill my children, after all?”

“Were those your children?” asked the hunter. “I merely shot the ugliest ones that I could find, really I did.”

“Oh me! Oh my!” wailed the poor snipe, “do you not know that each and every one thinks his children are the prettiest in the whole world?”





*There was a small door in a birch tree
(The Seven Colts)*



FAR out in the dark woods there lived an old couple who were very poor. They had three sons, the youngest of whom was called Boots. He had always been lazy and never seemed to want to do anything.

One day the oldest of the three sons said that he wanted to go out in the world and make something of himself and his parents gave him their blessing and let him go. He walked all day and towards evening he came to the King's palace and who should be standing on the steps but the King himself.

“Where are you going?” asked the King.

“Oh, I am just looking around for work to do.” answered the lad.

“Then perhaps you would like to stay right here and look after my seven colts?” went on the King. “If you can watch them closely for one whole day and tell me what they eat and drink, I will give you the Princess in marriage and half the Kingdom besides; but if you fail, you will be given a whipping and sent home.”

The lad thought that would be very easy work and told the King that he would stay and try. So early next morning the colts were let out of the stables and off they dashed at a mad gallop with the boy after them.

Over hill and dale they went until the lad thought never in his life had he run or jumped like that. Soon he began to grow tired and his breath came in gasps. Still he kept on until he came to a hillside where an old woman was sitting at her spinning wheel. As soon as she saw him she called to him:

“Come here, you poor boy and rest a bit. You can not keep up with those colts.”

And the lad was only too glad to do so for he was very tired. So he laid down on the grass and

rested for a long time. When he got up again he said that it would be no use going back to the palace without the colts, and that he might as well go back to his mother and father.

“Just wait until it is dark,” said the old woman, “and then the colts will be coming this way again and you can run back with them. No one will know that you have not looked after them all day.”

Then she gave the lad a crock with water and some bulrushes and told him to show them to the King and to tell him that this was what his seven colts ate and drank.

“Well,” said the King when the lad returned in the evening, “Have you done your work well and faithfully?”

“Indeed I have,” answered the lad.

“Tell me then,” continued the King, “what they ate and drank.”

“Well here is the food and here is the drink,” said the lad showing him the bulrushes and the water.

Then the King grew very angry for he understood how the lad had looked after the colts, and he ordered him out of the palace, but first he had him given a whipping.

So the lad went straight home, and you may well imagine that he vowed that he was never going out into the world again.

But the second brother wanted to try his luck, and though his parents begged him to stay at home, he kept on pleading so hard that at last they gave in and let him go. He too came to the King's palace, and as before the King was standing on the steps and asked whither he was going.

When the lad answered that he was going to find some work the King told him about his seven colts and offered him the same reward if he would look after them for a whole day and find out what they ate and drank.

So, in the morning, the seven colts were let out and off they flew over hill and dale, with the poor lad struggling on behind them. But he like his brother soon grew tired and hot and when he came to the old woman with her spinning wheel, she called to him:

“Come here, my boy, and rest yourself a bit.”

So he gave up his task and laid down to rest in the cool green grass. When the colts came back in the evening, the old woman gave him the crock full of water and the bulrushes, and told him to

tell the King that these were what the colts ate and drank.

After he came back to the palace, the King asked him if he had found out what his colts ate and drank. Then the lad showed him the water and bulrushes that the old woman had given him and upon seeing these the King became so angry that he had a more severe whipping given to the lad than that his brother had received.

So the second son came limping back, sore all over, and vowed that he would never leave home again. Now it was Boots turn to go. They all laughed at him and said that if they had such bad luck, he was sure to fare even worse, for he had never done anything in his life anyway. But Boots had his mind all made up to go and in spite of all their teasing, or the pleadings of his parents, he started off.

When he reached the palace, the King was standing on the steps again. So Boots went up to him and said he would like some work. But the King wanted to know where he was from and when Boots told him that he was a brother of the other two who had tried to look after the colts, the King did not want to have anything to do with him.

“Still, as long as I am here, you may as well try me,” said Boots.

“All right,” the King said at length, “you may try, but mark my words, it will go hard with you if you fail.”

In the morning the colts were let out and they started out at a mad gallop, but Boots kept up with them, dashing wildly over hill and dale. When he came to the old woman she called out to him:

“Come here, my poor lad, and rest yourself a bit.”

But Boots paid her not the slightest attention and kept on running as fast as he could, and all at once one of the colts said to him:

“Sit up on my back now, for we still have a long way to go,” and Boots did not have to be told twice, but did as the colt said.

On and on they went, flying over hill and dale, so fast that the wind whistled in their ears.

“Do you see anything?” asked the colt.

“No!” said Boots, and away they went again.

“Do you see anything now?” asked the colt after they had gone on a bit.

“No!” said Boots again.

So they went on again for a bit and at last the colt asked Boots if he could see anything yet.

“Yes!” answered Boots, “It seems to me that I see something white in the distance. It looks like the trunk of a tree.

“Well, that is just where we are going,” said the colt.

Soon they came to the birch tree and one of the colts pushed back the bark and there was a big door leading into a little room with nothing in it but a hearth. Over this hearth hung a large rusty sword and a flask.

“Can you wield that sword?” asked the colt.

Boots tried but he could not even lift it. Then the colt told him to drink out of the flask that hung on the wall. As soon as he had done this he could swing the sword with ease.

“Now you had better take that sword with you,” said the colt, “and you must cut off our heads with it on your wedding day, and then we will become princes as we were before. We are all brothers of the Princess whom you are to marry when you satisfy the King, but a troll has cast a spell over us. When you cut off our heads you must be very careful to place them right beside the bodies

to which they belong. Then the spell will be ended and we will be free."

Boots promised to do as the colt said, and they went on again. When they had gone quite a bit further the colt said again: "Do you see anything?"

"No!" answered Boots.

So they travelled many more miles, over the woods and through dark forests.

"Do you see anything now?" asked the colt.

"Yes," answered Boots, "I see something that looks like a blue strip far off in the distance."

"Well that is a river that we have to cross," said the colt.

At last they came to the broad river that curled along between green meadows, and crossed it over a long narrow bridge. After they had travelled for some distance on the other side, the colt asked again if Boots could see anything.

"Yes," answered Boots, "It seems to me that I can see a church tower far off in the distance."

When they reached the church-yard, the colts changed into handsome princes, arrayed in the most costly garments. They all went into the church and up to the altar where a Priest gave them the holy bread and wine, and blessed them. Before

they went out again, Boots was careful to take a little of the holy bread and a small bottle of the holy wine, and put them in this pocket. After that they all went out into the church yard, where the Princes were changed back into colts.

Boots mounted the back of one of them and they returned back the same way they had come. It was almost dark when they reached the court yard of the palace, but the King stood waiting for them on the steps.

“Have you done your task well and faithfully,” he asked Boots.

“I have done my best,” replied the lad.

“Well, then you must surely be able to tell me what these colts of mine eat and drink,” said the King.

Boots took the holy bread and wine from his pocket and showed them to the King.

“Here is the food and here is the drink,” said Boots.

“Yes, you have guessed right,” said the King, “and you shall certainly have the Princess and half the Kingdom.”

So there was a grand wedding feast, but just before they all sat down, the bridegroom said that

he had forgotten something, and went down into the stable. There he did as the colts had told him, cut off their heads and placed each one beside its body. Immediately they were all changed into charming Princes again, and they followed him back to the wedding hall.

When he returned with the seven Princes following him, the King was so happy that he kissed him and the Princess was more proud of him than ever. And there followed such feasting, the likes of which had never been heard of before, because everyone was so happy that the Princes had come back again.



THE RIGHTEOUS PENNY



A LONG way from town in a little hut there lived an old woman. She had very little to eat and nothing at all to burn, so she sent her son out into the forest to get some wood.

He ran and skipped to keep warm, for it was a very cold day, and every once in a while he had to stop and swing his arms, for his hands were blue and cold. At last he had the wheel-barrow full and started homeward. Crossing a field he saw a large white stone.

“You poor old stone, how white and pale you look. You must be very cold,” said the lad, and he took off his coat and laid it over the stone.

When he came home, his mother asked him what he had done with his coat, and when he told

her that he had put it over a stone, she was furious. She scolded him roundly and said,

“Do you suppose that a stone can feel the cold? But even if it did, it is not your place to cover it. It costs enough to get clothes for you and besides, everyone must look out for himself.”

And then she made him go out in the field again to fetch the coat. When he came to the place, the stone was turned a little and one corner was raised a bit from the ground. On looking closer the lad saw that there was a box of shining silver pieces underneath.

“That surely must be stolen money,” thought the lad, “for no one would put money out here if they had got it in an honest way.”

So he took the box and carried it down to the creek and threw it all in the water. All the shiny silver pieces sunk, but one penny floated on top, and that one he took.

“For that must be an honest and righteous penny,” he said, “as the righteous ones never go down.”

So he took his coat and penny and went home, and when he got there he told his mother about the money box, and how he had thrown it in the creek because it must have been stolen money—



except the righteous penny that had floated on top. This tale made his mother more impatient than ever.

“You are a fool, indeed,” she said. “Even if this money had been stolen, you found it, and everyone must look out for himself. With that money we could have lived well for a long time, but I am tired of your fooling now. Go out in the woods and take care of yourself.”

So the poor lad started off by himself, and he looked far and wide for something to do, but everyone thought him too young and not able to do much work. At last, however, he found a place with a rich merchant. He was to help the cook carry water, and fuel for the fire, besides many other little things around the kitchen.

After he had been there a while the merchant was going on a long trip to foreign lands, and he asked all of his servants what they wanted him to buy and bring home to them. When they had all expressed their wishes, the turn came to the kitchen boy, and he pulled out his penny and said to buy something with it.

“I do not know what I can get you,” said the merchant. “You cannot get much for a penny, you know.”



The Righteous Penny

“Well, buy what you can,” said the boy, “for it is an honest piece of money, I know that.”

So the merchant sailed away and when he had done all of his business in the foreign land and bought all the things he had promised for his servants, he went down to his ship and was just ready to sail away, when he remembered the penny that the boy had given him.

He was provoked to think that he would have to go back to town again to buy something for it. But just then an old woman came limping along with a sack on her back.

“What have you in your sack?” he asked her.

“Oh, it is only a cat,” answered the old woman. “I cannot afford to keep him any longer, so I thought I would throw him in the sea.”

The merchant thought to himself that the boy had said to get what he could for the penny, so he asked the old woman if she would sell her cat.

He did not have much trouble persuading her to take the penny for it, I assure you.

Now when the ship had sailed for a few days, a terrible storm came up and they drifted so they did not know where they were. Finally they landed in a country that the merchant had never seen before, and he went ashore and walked into town.

He went to an inn where the table was all laid for dinner and at each place he saw a bunch of beech twigs, tied firmly together. He thought it very strange and wondered what they could possibly be for, but he soon found out the reason.

As soon as the dinner was placed on the table, thousands of mice came swarming out, and all the guests had to use their twigs fast and furiously, and every once in a while they would hit each other with them, and then they would have to stop and say:

“Pardon me.”

“It certainly is hard work to eat in this place,” said the merchant. “Why don’t you keep some cats?”

“Cats?” they all asked. “What are they?”

None of them had ever heard of a cat before and they did not have the slightest idea what they



The mice came swarming out when dinner was served

were. So the merchant sent for the cat that he had bought with the lad's penny, and you may be sure that the mice scampered off in a great hurry, and the people enjoyed their meal in such peace as they had never known before.

They all blessed the merchant and begged and pleaded with him to sell them this wonderful animal. This he finally consented to do for a hundred dollars and they cheerfully paid him that amount.

So the merchant sailed away again, but scarcely had the shore vanished when the cat came crawling out of the hold, and just then another storm came up which was even worse than the first. They drifted and drifted for days until at last they landed in another strange country.

The merchant went to the inn of the town and again he found the table set with a bunch of twigs at each place, only they were much bigger and heavier than the others had been. They certainly were needed too, for there were twice as many mice as there had been at the first place. So he sold the cat again, and this time he was paid two hundred dollars for it.

After they were some distance out at sea on their return voyage, the cat crept quietly out of

the hold and at the same time a still more violent storm came up, and they drifted around helplessly again until they were carried to a strange land that they had never seen before.

There the merchant went to an inn, as before, and there, too, he found the table all set as before, only at this place the bunches of twigs were very heavy and over a yard long. The people told him that it was almost impossible to get a bite to eat, for they had to fight big rats all the time, and they did not know what to do about it any more.

So again the cat was sent for, and of course they wanted to buy her at once. They paid the merchant four hundred dollars for her and blessed him in the bargain.

When the merchant was out on the high seas he began to think how much money the boy had made out of one penny.

“But,” he thought to himself, “he ought not to get it all, for it was I who bought the cat and made the money, and he has to thank me for it all, really. Besides, everyone must look out for himself.”

But scarcely had he thought this before another storm arose which was so wild and terrible that they were all sure that the ship would go down

to the bottom of the sea. Then the merchant saw that he had not done the right thing, and promised that he would give the lad all the seven hundred dollars. Immediately the weather cleared and he sailed straight for home without any further mishaps.

When he arrived there he gave the boy all the money and his daughter in marriage as well, so now the lad was rich and could live and enjoy splendor.

He fetched his mother so that she could share in his happiness and did everything for her he could, because he did not believe in what she had always said:

“Everyone must look out for himself.”





WAY far up in Norway there was once a man who had caught a great white bear, that he wanted to give to the King of that land, so he started on his way with it.

Now it so happened that he arrived at the Dovrefell just at Christmas Eve, and he went to a small cottage where there lived a man called Halvor, and asked if he and his bear might spend the night there.

“Oh, Heaven help me!” said Halvor, “I cannot ask anyone to stay with me, for if you must know, a whole pack of trolls come swarming down on us every Christmas Eve, and we ourselves have to get out and have no place to go—not even a roof over our heads.”

“Well,” said the man, “I do not mind the trolls in the least. The bear can sleep under the stove, and I will hide in some corner, so please let us stay.”

He kept on pleading until Halvor finally let him have his way. Halvor and his family then left, but not before they had laid the table as for a feast, with everything good to eat you can think of—all for the trolls.

Scarcely had they gone, when the whole pack of trolls came swooping down on the cottage. Some of them were big, some small, some had tails, others had none; but they were all as ugly as they could be. They ate and drank and tasted everything on the table.

All at once one of them discovered the bear under the stove, and he took a sausage, put it on a fork, poked it against the bear’s nose, screaming:

“Pussy, will you have some sausage?”

This made the big, white bear mad, and rising up to his full height, he chased the trolls out of the house.

The following year Halvor went out into the woods on the day before Christmas to cut wood for cooking the feast for the trolls, as usual. Just as

he was chopping down a large fir tree, he heard someone in the woods calling:

“Halvor! Halvor!”

“Yes,” said Halvor, “here I am.”

“Have you still your big cat with you?” the voice asked.

“Yes indeed, she is lying under the stove, and what is worse, she has seven kittens, all bigger and more fierce than she is herself.”

“Well, then, we will never come back to your place again,” screamed the troll, and he was as good as his word, for since that time no trolls have eaten their Christmas dinner with Halvor on the Dovrefell.





THERE was once a man who was so cross and stubborn that nothing ever pleased him, and he always thought that his wife did not do enough work around the house. So one evening when he came home and scolded worse than ever, his wife said:

“Do not be so angry, my dear, for tomorrow I shall go out to the fields and you can stay home and mind the house.”

The man was well pleased with this plan and agreed to it, so early the next morning the woman took the scythe and went out in the meadow, and left the man to do all the little things in the house.

First he set about churning, but after a while he got thirsty and went down into the cellar to draw himself a glass of ale. While he was drawing the ale he heard a pig in the house. He ran upstairs as fast as he could with the spigot in his hand, and when he saw that the pig had tipped over the churn and was licking up all the cream, he became so mad that he forgot all about the keg in the cellar, but chased the pig out into the yard.

Then he remembered that he had the spigot in his hand, so he hurried on down to the cellar only to find that the ale had run all over the floor, and that the keg was quite empty. He went out into the milk-house, took enough cream to fill the churn, and began churning again, for he wanted butter for his dinner.

But he had not churned long before he remembered that the cow was still in the barn and had neither food nor drink. He thought that it would be too far to take her out to the meadow, but that he might get her up on the roof, which was covered with sod and was quite flat. The house was set against a hill and by putting a plank from the roof to the hill, he would be able to get the cow up there.

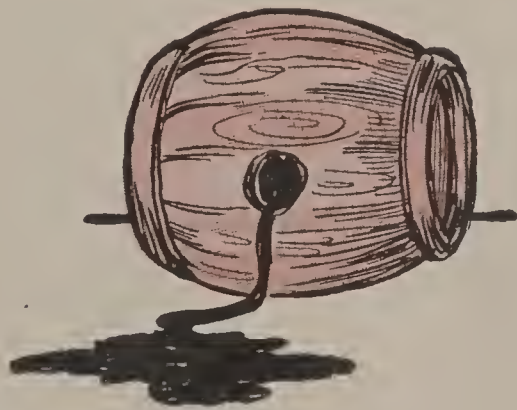
He did not dare leave the churn, however, for fear that the baby, who was crawling on the floor, might tip it over, so he put it on his back. Before taking the cow up on the roof, he had to give her some water from the well, but on bending over the well, all the cream ran out of the top of the churn and down his back. As it was now getting towards noon, and he had no butter, he thought he had better give it up and make some porridge instead.

He put a kettle of water over the fire, but suddenly he remembered that the cow might walk off the roof and break her neck, so he hurried up to tie her. He tied one end of the rope around the cow's neck and the other end he dropped down the chimney and tied around his own leg.

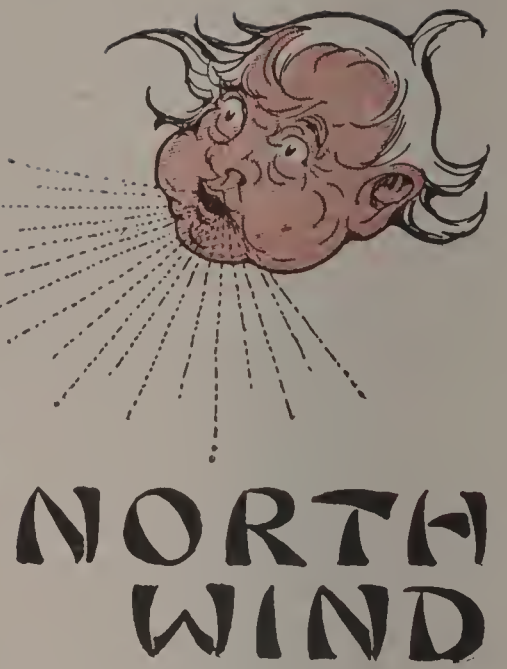
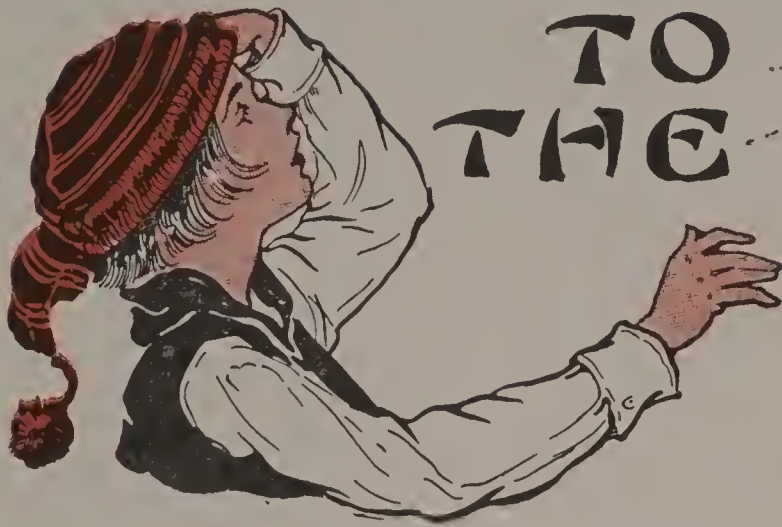
As the water was now boiling, he had to make the porridge and to keep on stirring it all the time. While he was busy doing this the cow actually did fall from the roof and pulled the man up in the chimney where he got stuck. The poor cow hung there in mid-air and could come neither up nor down.

In the meantime the wife was waiting for the man to call her to dinner. Finally she got tired of waiting and went home. When she saw the cow

hanging there, she hastened to cut the rope with her scythe, and the cow dropped to the ground. Immediately the man fell down the chimney and when she came into the kitchen she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.



THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE



THERE was once a poor old widow who had just one son. She was so feeble that she could not get about very well, and she sent her son to the storehouse to get some meal for cooking. But just as he was coming down the storehouse steps the North Wind came blustering and blowing up and caught the meal and whirled it away in the air. The lad went back to the storehouse after some more, but when he was coming down the steps again, the North Wind came back and carried it away again. The lad tried a third time, and a third time the North Wind whirled the meal away.

Then the lad became very angry for he thought that the North Wind had no reason to behave in

such a manner. So he resolved to go in search of him and demand his meal back.

Off he went and walked and walked, for it was a long distance, but at last he came to the North Wind's house.

“Good day to you,” said the lad, “and many thanks for your last visit.”

“Good day to you,” answered the North Wind, in a big, gruff voice, “and thank you for coming to see me. What do you want?”

“Oh,” said the lad, “I would like to ask you if you would not give me back that meal you carried away from me on the steps of the storehouse. It was not much but it is all we have to live on and if you take that, we will starve.”

“I have not any of your meal,” said the North Wind, “but if you really are in need, I will get you something else that will give you everything you want. Take this cloth, and all you will have to do will be to spread it and say, ‘cloth, spread yourself with all kinds of good things to eat’, and it will come out as you have asked.”

The lad was more than pleased with this and set out for home, but as the way was long, he decided to spend the night at an inn. As it was just

supper time, he spread the cloth on a table in the corner and said:

“Cloth, spread yourself, and serve all kinds of good things to eat.”

Scarcely had he said this, before the cloth did as it was told, and there were the nicest dishes ever you saw. All who stood around marveled at such a wonderful cloth, especially the innkeeper’s wife who thought how easy it would be for her with such a cloth—no cooking, no baking, nor setting the table. So she took the lad’s cloth and laid in its place another that looked just like the magic cloth, but of course it could not spread itself or do anything at all.

Early the next morning the lad awoke, took the cloth, and hurried off with it. When he got home to his Mother he said:

“Well, I have seen the North Wind, and he surely is a fine fellow, for he gave me this wonderful cloth. When I say: ‘cloth spread yourself and serve up all kinds of good things to eat,’ I get all sorts of fine dishes.”

“I dare say that you are speaking the truth,” said the mother, but I must see it with my own eyes first.”

HOW EASY IT WOULD BE FOR HER WITH

SUCH A CLOTH!



Violet
Moore
1935

The lad hastened to a table, spread the cloth on it, and said:

“Cloth spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good things to eat.”

But the cloth did not even have a dry piece of bread to serve.

“Well,” said the lad, “there is no help for it, I must go to the North Wind again.”

And after another long wandering, he came to the North Wind’s house again.

“Good evening,” said the lad.

“Good evening,” answered the North Wind.

“I want you to make it right with me for the meal you took,” said the lad, “for the cloth you gave me was no good.”

“I have not any meal,” said the North Wind, “But I will give you this Ram who can coin you all the gold pieces you want. All you have to do is to say, ‘Ram make money!’ ”

The lad was very well pleased with this, and as he was very far from home, he went again to the same inn for the night. Before he had his supper, he tried the ram, to see if it really could make money, as the North Wind had said and sure enough, he found that it could do all the North Wind had claimed for it.

But when the landlord saw this he thought that it was a very fine Ram, and as soon as the lad was asleep, he put another, which could not even make a penny, in its place.

Early in the morning the lad was on his way, and when he got home, he said to his mother:

“The North Wind is indeed a fine fellow. He gave me a Ram that will coin all the money I want, if only I say: ‘Ram! make money’.”

“Very true, I dare say,” said his mother, “but it all sounds like nonsense to me, and I shall not believe it until I see the money.”

The lad then said: “Ram, make money!” but the ram could not make anything. So off he went again to the home of the North Wind and when he got there, he told him that the ram was no good and that he wanted something for the meal.

“Well,” said the North Wind, “I have no meal for you, but here is a stick I will give you. In case of need you have only to say, ‘Stick, stick, lay on, lay on,’ and it will lay on and beat until you say, ‘Stick! stick! now stop’.”

And again the lad went to the same inn, and as he had begun to suspect what had happened to the cloth and the Ram, he laid down on a bench

and began to snore as though he were fast asleep. The old innkeeper thought at once that the old stick must be something valuable too, so he found one exactly like it and was just going to put it in its place, when the lad awoke and cried out:

“Stick, stick! lay on, lay on.”

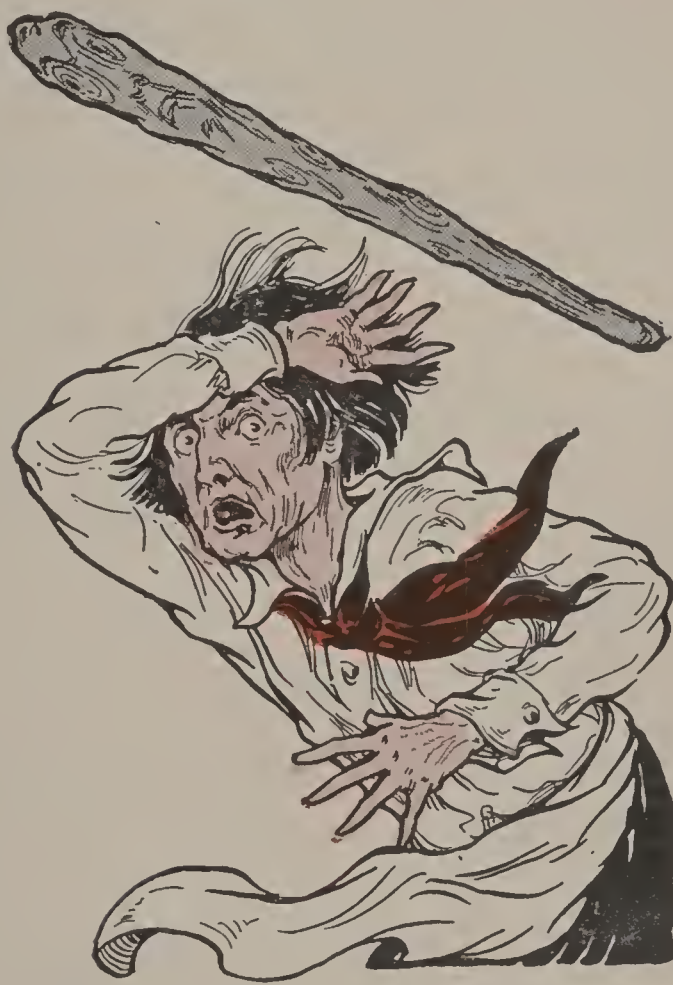
The stick began to beat the innkeeper, until he jumped over chairs and tables trying to get away from it.

“Oh my! oh my!” cried the man, “Stop that stick of yours before it kills me, and I will give you back your cloth, and your ram.”

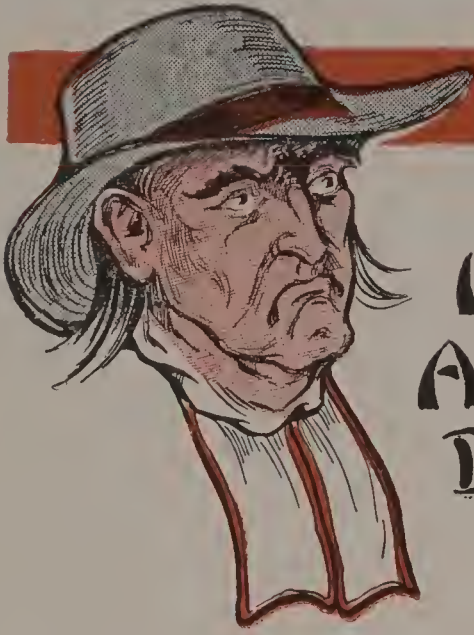
When the lad thought that the innkeeper had had enough and his stolen property had been returned, he said: “Stick, stick, now stop.”

Then he put the cloth in his pocket, took the stick in his hand, and tied a rope around the horns of the ram, and hurried home as fast as his legs could carry him. And so he really got good return for the meal he lost.





The stick began to beat the inn-keeper



THE PARSON AND THE DEACON



THERE was once a person who was so high and mighty, that he wanted everyone to step aside for him. When he drove on the King's highway he would call out in a loud voice, if he happened to meet anyone:

“Out of the way! Out of the way! Here comes the parson.”

But one day when he was riding along, he met the King. The parson did not know him and called out a long way off.

“Out of the way! Out of the way! Here comes the parson.”

But the King paid no attention and drove right on, so that the parson was forced to turn to

one side. When the King came up beside him he said:

“Tomorrow you must come up to the palace and answer three questions that I will ask you. If you cannot answer them you will lose your office as parson.”

This was not what the parson was used to at all. He was always the one to bully, shout and scold, and that he did very well. But it was quite another thing to answer the questions that the King was going to ask him. He thought at once of the deacon who was thought to be very clever, and hurried to him as fast as he could.

He told him the whole story and said that he had no mind to go to the King, for a “fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer” and finally made the deacon promise that he would go in his place.

So the deacon put on the parson’s clothes and went to the palace. The King met him at the door, in all his pomp and splendor, with his golden crown that glittered and gleamed in the light.

“Well,” said the King, “Come in and we will see if you can answer question number one. How far is the East from the West?”

“Oh!” said the deacon, “that is easy. Just a day’s journey.”

“How do you make that,” asked the King,

“Well,” said the deacon, “You know that the Sun rises in the East and sets in the West and it takes him just a day to do it.”

“That is all very well,” said the King, “But you can now tell me how much I am worth as I stand here.”

“Yes,” said the deacon, “that I can. Our Lord was only valued at thirty pieces of silver and you cannot be worth more than he, so I will put you down at twenty-nine pieces of silver.”

“Well said!” answered the King, “But tell me now—since you are so wise—what I am thinking of at this moment?”

“You are thinking that it is the parson that you are talking to just now, but you are mistaken, for I am the deacon.”

“You are indeed a wise fellow,” said the King, “and after this you shall be the parson, and the parson the deacon.”

And so it was.



A GREAT King had seven sons and he loved them all dearly. He could hardly even bear them out of his sight and he always had at least one of them with him all the time.

When they grew to be young men they wanted to go out into the world and seek brides for themselves, but the King could not endure being left alone, so he said that the youngest son should stay with him and the other six should choose his bride and bring her back with theirs.

Then the King gave the six princes the finest clothes ever you saw and big, beautiful horses, and off they went. They visited many lands and many strange places until after a long time they came to a King who had six daughters, all the loveliest

princesses that they had ever seen. They fell in love at once with these beautiful girls and asked them to be their brides. As the princes were fine looking fellows, the princess consented. So the lads set off for home again with their six brides, but they forgot all about the one they had promised to bring their brother at home.

After they had gone a long way, they passed a steep mountain, on whose top a giant had his house. The giant himself came out and saw them as they were passing, and as he set his eyes on them, they were all turned into stone.

In the meantime the old King waited and waited for his sons to come back, but they did not come. He grieved and worried all day long and said to his youngest son:

“If it were not for you, I would not care to live any longer, for my other sons are surely dead.”

“Father, may I please go out into the world and find them?” asked the young Prince.

“Nay! nay! my son, I will not let you do that, for then I might lose you, too,” answered the King.

But the Prince had made up his mind to go and he begged and pleaded so long that at last the father gave in. He gave him an old horse, which

was all he had left, but the Prince did not care, and as he mounted the sorry old steed, he said:

“Good by, father dear, have no fear for me and I shall bring you back my six brothers.”

After he had gone a little way, he saw a raven lying in the road, flapping her wings, and half dead from hunger.

“Dear friend, give me a little to eat and I will help you in your hour of greatest need,” said the dying bird.

“I have not much, and I do not see how you can ever help me, but I will give you some just the same,” replied the lad, and he gave the raven some of the food he had with him.

When he had gone a little further he came to a brook and there was a salmon which had got up on a dry place and could not get back into the water.

“Oh, dear friend,” cried the salmon, “will you please help me to get back into the water again and I will help you in your utmost need.”

“Surely,” said the Prince, “the help that you can give me, will not amount to much, I am sure, but I will not leave you to lie here and die” and he threw the fish in the water again.

After he had traveled a long, long way and his

poor old horse had fallen beneath him, he met a wolf that was so famished that he could scarcely crawl.

“Please give me something to eat,” said the wolf, “for I am very hungry and I have not had any food for a long, long time. If you help me now, you can ride on my back and I will help you when you need it most.”

“Well,” said the Prince, “I do not count much on your help, but I can not let you starve.”

So he gave him all the food he had left, put the saddle on the wolf’s back, the bit between his teeth, and off they went like the wind. Never in his life had the Prince had such a ride.

“When we have gone a little further, I will show you the giant’s house,” said the wolf, and a little later they came to it.

“There the wolf showed him the stones which were his brothers and their brides, and the young Prince wept over them.”

“Dry your tears,” said the wolf.

“Go in that door and you will find a Princess, who will tell you how to deal with the giant, but mind you do as she tells you.”

So the Prince entered the big door, and truth to tell he was really very much afraid, but he did



He put the saddle on the Wolf's back, the bit between his teeth

not see the giant anywhere. But in one room he found the loveliest Princess that he had ever seen, and she cried out at sight of him:

“Where do you come from! This surely will be the end of you, for the giant who lives here has no heart at all in his body, so no one can possibly hurt him.”

“Well,” answered the Prince, “As long as I am here, I may as well try to do what I can, just the same. For I want to free my six brothers who are turned into stone, and their brides too, and as for you I certainly must set you free also.”

“Well, if you must, you must,” said the Princess, “and we will try to find a way. But creep under the bed now, for he will soon be here, and listen well to everything he and I talk about. And mind! you must be as still as a mouse.”

So he crept under the bed and scarcely had he done so before the giant came.

“Ha! what a smell of Christian blood,” roared the giant.

“Yes, I know,” said the Princess, “a crow flew by with a human bone in its bill and dropped it through the chimney, and though I hastened to get it out, the smell is still here.”

The giant said no more about it, but began to eat, and after awhile the Princess said:

“There’s something I would like to ask you, if I only dared.”

“And pray what is that?” asked the giant.

“Where do you keep your heart since it is not in your body?” said the Princess.

“Oh, do not trouble yourself about that,” said the giant, “but if you want to know, it is under the door sill.”

“Oh ho,” thought the Prince under the bed, “we shall easily find it there.”

All night the young Prince lay hidden. Very early next morning the giant arose and strode off to the woods and scarcely had he gone before the two set to work digging and searching under the door sill, but nothing was to be found.

“He has fooled us this time,” said the Princess, “but we will try again.”

Then she gathered up the loveliest flowers that she could find and spread them all over the door sill, and when it was time for the giant to come, the Prince crept under the bed again.

Not long after the Prince had hidden himself, the giant came stamping up the stairs.

“Ho hum!” he cried, “I surely smell Christian blood this time.”

“Yes! I know,” said the Princess, “A crow flew by again with a human bone in its bill and dropped it through the chimney, and though I made haste to get it out, I dare say the smell is still here.”

The giant said no more about it, but after a while he asked who had put all the flowers about the door sill.

“It was I, of course,” said the Princess.

“And why did you do that?” asked the giant.

“Well, you see, because your heart lies there,” said the Princess.

“So that is it,” said the giant, “But it is not there after all,” and he laughed at her and began to eat in high good humor.

But, after a time, the Princess again asked him where his heart was kept.

“Oh! if you are so anxious to know,” he said, “it is over in the cupboard against the wall.”

In the morning he was off early, and again the two searched for his heart. But though they looked over the cupboard from top to bottom, they did not find a trace of it.

“Well,” said the Princess, “We will try just once more,” and so saying, she decked the cupboard with garlands and flowers, while the Prince crept under the bed.

“Oh ho!” cried the giant, as he stamped in the door, “what a smell of Christian blood there is in this house.”

“I know there is,” said the Princess, “for a crow flew by with a human bone in its bill and dropped it through the chimney, and though I threw it out at once, I dare say you can still smell it.”

The giant said no more, but when he saw the flower decked cupboard, he wanted to know what all the foolishness meant.

“Oh,” said the Princess, “It was I who did it because you said that your heart lies there.”

“Are you really so foolish that you believe that?” asked the giant.

“Should I not believe it when you yourself told me so?” said the Princess.

“You are a little goose,” said the giant, but he laughed, in great good humor.

“But please tell me, I should like so much to know,” kept on the Princess, smiling her prettiest smile.

And then the giant could not keep his secret any longer, but said: "Far, far away in a big lake lies an island; on that island is a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck is an egg; and in that egg lies my heart."

Early the next morning before dawn the giant left for the woods again.

"I must be on my way, too," said the Prince, "But, oh—if only I knew how to find that lake and that island."

He bade the Princess goodby, and when he stepped out of the door whom should he see but the wolf. He told all that had happened, and how he wished he knew the way. Then the wolf bade the Prince sit on his back, and he would take him there, for well he knew the way. Off they went, over hill and dale, over hedges and fields, so fast that the wind whistled in their ears.

After they had gone like this for many days, they came to the lake, but the Prince did not know how he should cross to the island. The wolf told him not to worry for he would swim over with the lad on his back. But when they were over at last the church was there as the giant had

said, but the keys were hanging far up in the air on the tower.

“Call upon the raven now,” said the wolf, and the lad obeyed.

As soon as the Prince called, the raven came, flew up to the tower, and got the keys; so that the Prince opened the doors and went in. When he came to the well, he saw the duck swimming back and forth, back and forth. He coaxed it until at last it came so near that he grasped it.

But when he lifted it up, the egg fell down to the bottom of the well, and he could not see how he could ever get it again.

“Call upon the salmon now,” said the wolf, and instantly the salmon came, swam down and fetched the egg.

“Now,” said the wolf, “squeeze it hard.”

The Prince did as he was told, and far off, then nearer and nearer came the voice of the giant screaming and begging the lad to spare his life. But this the Prince would grant only on condition that the giant would restore to life his six brothers and their brides, and this the great helpless creature was forced to do. After that, the Prince took the giant's heart and placed it upon the altar in the

church, where it would have no power to do any more evil.

Then the happy Prince mounted the wolf's back again, and away they flew as they had come, over dale and hill, over hedges and fields, until at last they reached the house of the Giant once more, and there they found the six brothers and their brides, happy to be alive again.

The Prince went in to fetch the lovely Princess and they all set off together for home. You can imagine how happy the old King was to see all of his sons again, and he gave a great wedding feast, at which the seat of honor was held by the youngest Prince and his bride.

“For,” said the King, “we owe all our happiness to him, and he has the loveliest bride of them all.”





HALVOR was the son of a poor old couple. Ever since he had been a little fellow, he would not turn his hand to anything, but only sat and groped in the ashes. His old parents often tried to get him to learn a trade, but he would not stay anywhere, and soon was back to the ash heaps.

Then one day a sea captain came along and asked Halvor if he would not like to go out on the high seas with him and see strange lands and people. Now this appealed very much to Halvor and he lost no time in getting ready.

So they sailed and sailed for a long time until at last a great storm came up and drove the ship in

on a strange coast. When the storm was over it grew so calm that they could not get away, so Halvor asked permission of the captain, to go ashore and look around.

The captain said that he could go but must promise to hurry back as soon as the wind came up. So off he started and found a beautiful country, but not a living soul did he see.

Then Halvor forgot all about his promise to the captain and started walking away from the sea. Towards evening he came to a large castle that was all lighted up. He walked straight into the kitchen, where a big fire was burning on the hearth and such a kitchen as it was! Even the pots and pans were of silver and gold.

When no one came in answer to his hail, he opened one of the doors and, lo and behold! there sat a lovely Princess at her spinning wheel.

“Who are you?” she cried, “and how dare you come hither. Be off quickly please, for a troll with three heads lives here and he will surely gobble you up.”

“It is all the same to me how many heads he has” said the lad, “I should like to see the fellow.

But you must give me something to eat for I am nearly starved.”

After he had eaten, the Princess asked him if he could swing the great sword that hung above the fireplace—and though he tried to swing it he could not even lift it. So then she took down a flask that hung beside it and bade him drink thereof.

No sooner had he sipped from the flask, than he was able to lift and swing the sword as easily as could be. He wished for the troll to come then and at the same instant they heard him coming, snorting and blowing.

Halvor jumped quickly behind the door, just as the troll flung it open, poking all three of his heads in.

“What is this?” he cried, “methinks I smell the blood of a christian.”

“Aye,” thought Halvor, “and you will soon know that to your sorrow,” and with that he swung the sword and cut off all three heads at once.

The princess was very happy and begged him to save her two sisters. One had been taken by a troll in a castle fifty miles off, and the other by a troll who lived still further away.

So Halvor said that he would do his best to free them too and started out next morning at break of dawn, taking the sword and the flask with him. He walked all day and toward evening he came to a castle still grander than the first. He walked straight in and found the second Princess who was startled to see him and told him to flee at once, for a troll with six heads lived there.

“I shall not go until you are set free,” said Halvor, and he told her about the sword and the flask which the other princess had given him.

After he had a big supper, he stood behind the door for he heard the troll coming. Now this one was so big and fat that he had to go sideways to get through the door, and as soon as he got the first head through he sniffed and bellowed:

“Methinks that I smell Christian blood,” but at that instant Halvor sprang out and chopped off first one head then all the others in their turn.

The princess was overjoyed and thanked him with all her heart. So after a good night's rest, he started out again to find the third castle. He walked without stopping all day long and as night was falling he saw it in the distance. It shimmered



HE WAS ABLE TO LIFT AND SWING THE SWORD

with silver and gold and was far more beautiful than the other two, and it was called, Soria Moria Castle.

Halvor hurried as fast as he could and walked through the kitchen into the next room. There sat the youngest and most lovely princess of them all, sitting at her spinning wheel. She gave a little cry when she saw him and begged him to hurry off, for there was a troll there with nine heads, and he was tremendously big besides.

But Halvor was not afraid and showed her the sword and the flask which the other sister had given him. Very soon they heard the troll coming, tearing and roaring. He was even bigger than the other two, and he also had to go sideways through the door.

“What is this?” he yelled, “Methinks I smell Christian blood.” But that very moment Halvor chopped off the first head and then all the others as they came popping through the door. The last one, however, was the hardest bit of work he had ever done and he had quite a time getting it off.

But at last it was done—and now they sent for the other two sisters and all celebrated their

rescue and made much over Halvor. But after a while he became homesick and wanted to see his old parents again. So they fitted him out as a Prince for the journey and just before he left, the youngest princess slipped a ring on his finger and said:

“This ring is such that it will take you wherever you want to go, but you must never mention our names to any one, or take it off. If you do either we will be lost to you forever.”

So Halvor bade them all good by, and said that he would soon be back again, for the youngest princess had promised to marry him.

“If only I were home now,” he said turning the ring around on his finger.

Immediately he found himself standing beside the little cottage where his parents lived. Dusk was just falling as he opened the little door.

When the old parents saw such a grand and fine lord enter their house they were very embarrassed and began to bow and scrape. Halvor asked if he might rest himself a bit, and sat down in the corner. He began poking the ashes as he had always done.

Suddenly the light from the fire fell on his face and his Mother recognized him.

“Is that really you, Halvor?” she cried, and threw herself at his knees.

Then there was such feasting and rejoicing as the little cottage had never seen before. The old couple wanted to hear all about his adventures, so Halvor began to tell them all that had happened to him. He forgot about the promise that he had made the Princesses and described their beauty as well as he could.

“Oh, I do wish that you could see them yourselves,” he said, and no sooner had he uttered these words, than they all stood before him.

The youngest Princess said sadly: “You did not keep your promise, so the ring has lost its power and you will never see us again.” And they vanished as quickly as they appeared.

When Halvor understood what he had done, he was overcome with grief and told his parents that he must start out at once and try to find his way to Soria Moria Castle. He loved the beautiful princess so much that he could not live without her. The old folks were sorry to lose him so soon, but gave him their blessing and bade him farewell.



The ring has lost its power

Halvor walked and walked and never one minute did he stop to rest. One day he came to a great forest that was nearly as dark as mid-night. Day after day he walked through these gloomy woods until he began to believe that they were unending. And just then he saw a light gleaming through the tall trees ahead.

It came from the windows of a little hut and Halvor went straight up to it and knocked at the door. There was an old couple living there and they received him very kindly, inviting him in and urging him to eat of their meager fare.

Halvor was glad to eat for he was very hungry after his long walk. When he had finished, he asked the old woman if she could tell him the way to Soria Moria Castle.

“No,” she answered, “That I do not know, but just wait until the moon comes up and I will ask her. She probably knows for she sheds her light everywhere.”

So when the moon stood bright and shining over the tree tops she went outside and cried:

“Moon! oh moon, can you tell me the way to Soria Moria Castle?”

“No,” said the moon, “that I can not, for when I last shone on it, there was a cloud over me.”

“Wait a while,” said the old woman to Halvor, “for soon the West Wind will blow up and he surely knows the way for he blows everywhere. And I tell you what I will do. We have a pair of old boots here that will take you fifteen miles in every stride. I will give them to you and they will soon take you to Soria Moria Castle.”

Halvor thanked the woman very much and wanted to start right away, but she stopped him and told him that he must wait for the West Wind to come and find out the way from him. So he laid down on a bench and rested for a bit.

Soon the West Wind came, blowing and tearing along so that the walls of the poor little hut groaned and creaked. The old woman went out and hailed him thus:

“Listen, thou West Wind, listen, can you tell me the way to the Soria Moria Castle? Here is a lad who wants to go there very much indeed.”

“Certainly I can,” said the West Wind. “I know the place very well. In fact I am off for it now to dry the clothes for the wedding of the Prin-

cess, and if he is swift and light of foot, the lad can come with me."

Out ran Halvor and put on the boots.

"Hurry up, if you want to come with me," cried the West Wind, and off they dashed over hill and dale.

At last they came to a crossroads and here the West Wind stopped and said that he had to go to the bleaching ground and dry the clothes, but he told Halvor to walk along the other path.

Halvor thanked him and went on. He soon found himself in the midst of a great throng of people, all going to the castle to celebrate the wedding of the youngest princess. So he followed along with a heavy heart, and kept himself well hidden in the crowd, for his clothes were all ragged and torn after the wild dash with the West Wind.

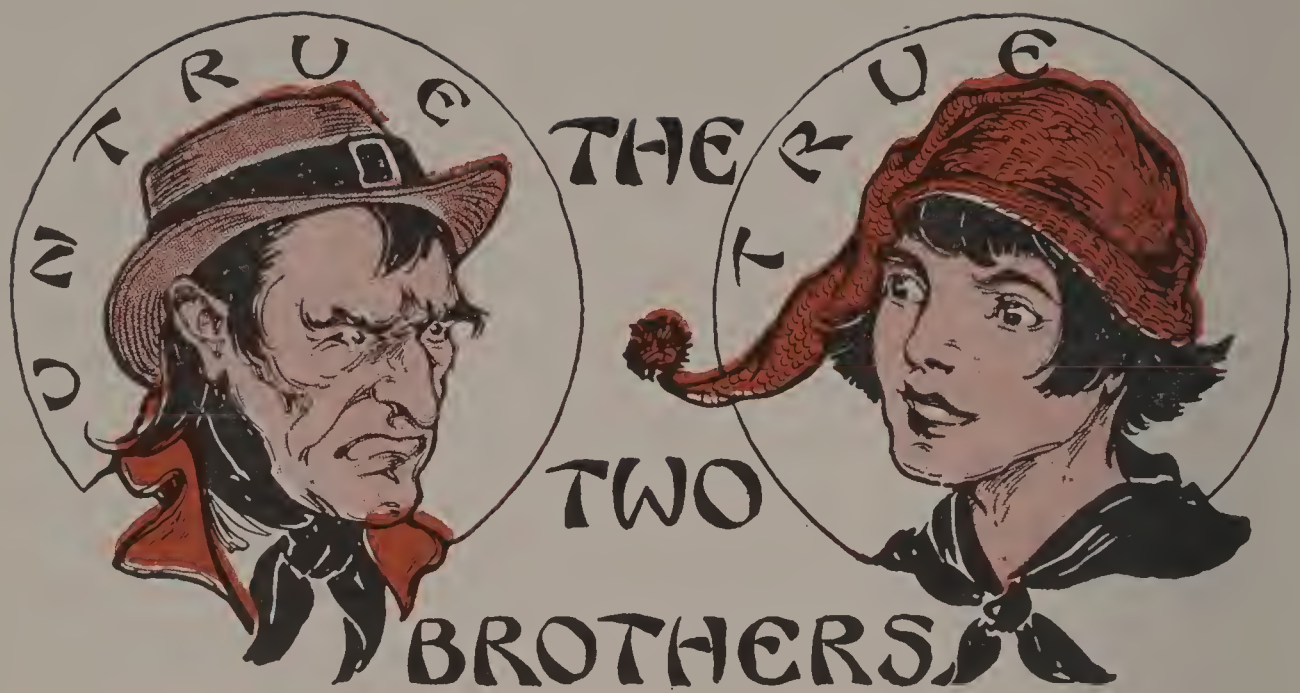
Now it was the custom in those days for every one to drink to the health of the bride. So in the great hall of the palace were crowded, beggars, knights, and ladies, and peasants as well. The cup-bearer offering the wine in a golden cup, came to Halvor at last. He emptied the goblet, slipped the ring into it, and bade the cup-bearer take it to the princess with his greeting.

She recognized it at once, and sprang up and cried:

“Who is most worthy to be my bridegroom? The one who sits here by my side, or the one who saved my sisters and myself from the trolls?”

Of course all agreed that he who had saved her life was the most worthy. So Halvor was arrayed in great splendor, took his seat beside the lovely princess, and the wedding was celebrated with great joy and merriment in the beautiful halls of Soria Moria Castle.





THERE were once two brothers who were called True and Untrue. True was honest and kind, but Untrue was just the opposite and could not be trusted. Their mother was a widow and did not have much to live on, so the boys had to go out into the world and make their own way, but before they started, she gave each one of them a little basket of food.

They walked on and on until evening, and then they sat down on the stump of an old tree, and took out their baskets for they were very hungry.

“Would it not be a good plan, True, to eat out of your basket first?” asked Untrue, “and after your’s is empty, we can start on mine.”

True thought that it was a splendid idea, and offered the food to his brother, who was careful to take the best pieces for himself. Next morning they again ate out of True's basket, and again at noon, but at evening the basket was quite empty.

Now True naturally expected that Untrue would share with him the contents of his basket, but Untrue said that he had no more than he could use himself.

"But I gave you half of the food that I had in my basket," cried True.

"Well," said Untrue, "I can not help that. If you are such a fool that you have given away what you had, you will simply have to go hungry."

"Untrue is your name, and untrue you certainly are," cried True.

At this, Untrue became so angry that he flew at his Brother and struck out both of his eyes.

"Now go and try to see whether people are true or untrue, you blind beggar!" shouted Untrue.

So poor True stumbled around alone in the great forest and his poor blind eyes could not tell him where to go. But at last he got hold of a great linden tree, which he thought to climb, in order to be safe from the wild animals.

“When the birds begin to sing, I shall know it is day again,” he thought.

Just then he heard someone come to the bottom of the tree and commence to cook supper. Soon a second came, then a third and finally a fourth. As they greeted each other, he learned that they were the Bear, the Wolf, the Fox and the Hare, who had all met to have supper together.

“Would it not be a fine idea if we all told a story while we sit here,” said the Fox.

All thought that it would be a good plan, so the Bear started first for he was the biggest of them all.

“The king of England is troubled with such bad eyesight, that he can scarcely see at all,” he said. “But all he has to do, if he only knew it, is to come to this linden tree, early in the morning, when the dew sparkles on the leaves, and smear his eyes with the fresh dewy leaves. Then he would be able to see as well as ever.”

“Yes, indeed,” said the wolf, “and what is more, the King of England has a deaf and dumb daughter. But if he only knew what I know, he could easily cure her. Last year, when she went to Communion, she dropped a piece of holy wafer on



The King of England is losing his sight

the floor and a big toad swallowed it. Now if they only break open the church floor, catch and cut open the toad, and give the princess the wafer to eat, she would hear and speak as well as before."

"Right you are," said the Fox. "And if the King of England only knew what I know, he would have no trouble about the water in his yard. Right in the middle of the yard there lies a big stone and if he would only dig under this stone, he would have the clearest, most pure spring in the land."

"Yes," said the hare, "and the King of England has also the finest orchard in the land, but it will not bear fruit, and I know why. Deep down in the ground lies a heavy gold chain that is wound around the orchard three times. If he could get rid of that chain, he would have a wonderful orchard."

"It is getting very late, my friends," said the fox, "so I think that we had each better be on his way," and as he spoke, each of them departed on his own path.

True stayed up in the linden tree all night, and when he heard the birds singing at the break of dawn, he took some leaves with the fresh dew on them and smeared them over his eyes. Instantly

he could see as well as ever. He climbed down and went straight to the King of England's palace, where he was taken into service and put to work at once.

One day the King came out into the yard where True was busy at his work and wanted a drink of water from the pump, for it was very hot. But when they had drawn the water, it was both ill-smelling and ill-looking. The King was provoked and said:

“I do not believe that anyone in all my Kingdom has such bad water as I.”

“If you would get me some men to lift the big stone over there,” said True, “I know where I could get you some clear cold water.”

The King was most willing and immediately ordered some of his men to the task. As soon as the stone was moved, True dug a bit with a spade, and lo! up gushed a sparkling stream of clear cold water, as good as any in all England.

Sometime later the King came again into the court yard and, seeing a large hawk about to prey on his chickens, he seized a rifle, but his eyes were so poor, that he could not see well enough to aim it.

So he dropped his rifle and said sorrowfully, "If I do not soon get some help for my poor eyes, I shall not be able to see at all, anymore."

"I believe that I can help you, sir," said True, and then he told the King about how he had been cured at the Linden tree.

You may be sure that the King lost no time, but travelled there that evening. In the early morning he rubbed his eyes with the dewy leaves, and was cured at once.

After that there was no one in the whole land that the King thought more of than of True. He wanted him with him wherever he went. And so it was that one day as they were walking in the orchard the King said:

"I do not know why I should have such poor luck with my fruit trees. No one in the whole country spends more care on his land than I do, and yet look at the results I get."

"That is so," said True, "but I think that I can help you. If you will give me enough men to spade up the garden, besides promising me that I may keep what I find under the ground, I am sure that your trees will bear as well as anyone's."

“Of course you may have the men,” answered the King, “and you most certainly shall have whatever you may find under the ground.”

It was not long before the chain had been dug up and immediately the trees began to bear the best fruit that one could wish. Thus True became a very rich man and the King was more devoted to him than ever, for he had given him his eye sight again, besides plenty of fresh water, and the finest fruit that one could find in all England.

But one day as they were talking together, the Princess went by, and the King grew very sad at the sight of her. He turned to True and said:

“Is it not terrible that this lovely daughter of mine can neither hear or speak?”

“Well there may be help for that,” answered True.

When the King heard this he was so overjoyed, that he offered him the hand of the princess, and half the Kingdom beside, if he could make her well again.

So True took a couple of men with him to the church who lifted up the floor and found the toad. They cut him open and took out the wafer which they carefully carried back to the Princess. Im-

mediately she was herself again and began to dance and sing with joy.

The King kept his promise and provided a wonderful wedding celebration that was talked of both far and near. But in the midst of the feasting and dancing, a poor man came into the courtyard and begged a crust of bread. They all felt sorry for him, for he looked so ragged and hungry, but True saw that it was his own brother, Untrue.

“Do you know me?” asked True of his brother.

“How should I know one so grand as you?” said Untrue.

“You should remember me well enough,” said True, “for once you were very cruel to me, but I have forgiven you now and only remember that you are my brother after all. So when you have had something to eat and are rested, I want you to go to that linden tree where I learned all the things that made me what I am today. If you can have the same good fortune, I shall be very glad indeed.”

Untrue did not have to be told twice. “If True has learned so much in that tree that it has made him King over half of England,” thought he, “I had better try too.”



So he hurried out to the woods, found the linden tree and climbed into it. It was not long until the animals came to the foot of the tree and began to feast. After a while the fox suggested that they tell stories. You may well imagine that Untrue leaned forward eagerly in order that he might get every word. But the big bear was cross and in a bad mood. He grumbled and said:

“Some one has carried about what I told last year, so for my part I am going to keep quiet.”

So they bade each other good night, and each took his own way. Thus Untrue was none the wiser for his trouble, and it served him right, for untrue he was and untrue he had always been.



THE TWELVE WILD DUCKS



A long time ago there was a beautiful queen who had twelve sons but no daughter. Now it happened that one winter's day when she was out driving in the forest she saw a rosy faced little girl so pretty that she stopped the sleigh and called the little girl to her side. As she took the pretty little girl into her arms she said to herself,—“Oh, how I wish I had a little daughter as charming and as pretty as this little girl.”

No sooner had she said these words than an old woman who looked very kind but who was really a wicked witch, came up to her and said:

“Your wish shall come true! You shall have a daughter as beautiful as a rose, and she shall be

lovelier than any other Princess, if you will only give me what comes to meet you on the bridge.”

Now the queen had a little snow white dog, that usually ran to meet her on the bridge, and she thought that it was this that the old dame wanted. So she gave her promise.

But when she came to the bridge, her twelve sons came out to meet her, and before she could say or do anything, they were all changed into wild ducks, flapping their wings, rising high up and flying away.

But to the queen came the daughter that she had longed for so much, and the child grew to be the loveliest Princess in the land. But often she was sad and quiet and no one knew why. The queen, too, was often sorrowful for she thought of her twelve sons and wondered whether she would ever see them again.

One day she said to the Princess:

“What troubles you, my dear child? Is there anything that you want? Tell me and you shall have it”

“I am so lonely, mother dear,” answered the Princess. “Every one else has brothers and sisters, but I have none. That is why I am so sad.”

“But you too have brothers, daughter-mine,” said the queen, and then told her the whole story of how the Princes had been changed into wild ducks because of the wicked old witch.

When the Princess heard this she had no peace of mind any more, for she thought it all her fault, and though the queen begged and pleaded with her, it was of no avail, for she was determined to go out into the world and find her twelve brothers. So, at last, she bade her mother good by and left the palace.

She walked and walked until you would never believe that her delicate feet could have carried her so far. One day she came to a big dark forest and she felt so weary that she sat down on the stump of a tree and fell asleep.

She dreamed that she walked still further into the woods until she came to a small wooden hut, and there were her twelve brothers.

When she awoke she saw a little path leading deep into the woods, cut through the trees and lined with green moss.

She followed the little path and finally she came to just such a little hut as she had dreamed of. She walked right in but no one was there, but there were twelve beds, twelve chairs, twelve spoons and

twelve of everything. When she saw these things, she was very happy for she understood that her brothers really lived there and that the beds and chairs and everything really belonged to them.

So she made the beds and tidied the room as best she could and cooked a very nice dinner. Just as she had finished she heard something flapping and swirling in the air above, and quickly she jumped behind the door.

Then all twelve wild ducks came flying through the door, and as soon as they passed the threshold, they became Princes again.

“How nice and warm it is in here,” they cried. “Who has made a fire and who has cooked this dinner for us?” And they looked all over until they found the Princess behind the door.

She threw her arms around their necks and said: “I am your sister and I have been so lonely without you and I have missed you so much that I have been looking for you these three years. If I could only help you and set you all free, I would gladly give up my own life.”

“It would be too hard for you to do,” they said.

“But tell me, please do tell me how it can be done,” and she kept on pleading with them until the youngest brother said:

“Yes, I will tell you. You must gather thistle-down and card it and spin it and weave it, and when you have done that, you must cut out and sew twelve shirts—one for each of us—and while you do all this you must neither speak, nor laugh, nor weep. If you do that we will be saved.”

“But where can I find all this thistledown?” asked the Princess.

“Ah” said the oldest brother sadly, “That is the hardest of all. To get that you must go out on the witches moor at mid-night and gather it, and the worst of it is that you must go alone and we do not wish you to do that.”

But the Princess only smiled and said that she was not afraid, and when mid-night came, she bade her brothers good by and hurried out to the moor.

The moon stood high in the heavens and the moor was full of thistles, nodding and gleaming in the breeze and shining soft and white in the moonlight. She began to gather them as fast as she could for there were sly ugly faces peering up at her from between the thistles and long scrawny arms reaching out at her, and she was terribly afraid. But though her heart almost stood still within her, she kept on picking and did not utter a sound, and at last her bag was full.

Then she hurried home and set to work at once carding and spinning, and for a long time she went on this way, gathering the thistles at mid-night on the witches moor and carding and spinning by day. Besides this she kept the little hut in order, made the beds and cooked the meals, but all the time she never spoke a word, nor laughed nor wept.

Now it so happened that one night when she was on the moor picking thistles, the young King of the land, who had lost his way while hunting, came to the verge of the moor and saw her. He could not understand who this lovely girl could be and why she was there alone at mid-night, gathering thistles.

So he spoke to her and asked her, but she only shook her head and made no answer. The young king thought that he had never seen anyone so beautiful and he wanted to take her to the palace with him and marry her. He bent down and lightly lifted her upon his horse, but she looked so unhappy and pointed so eagerly to the bags with all her work in them, that the king understood and gathered them up too.

Then the young princess smiled and went with him willingly for the king was so handsome and kind, that she loved him already.

Viola
Moore
Higgins



But when they came to the palace they were met by the King's step-Mother, who disliked the princess as soon as she saw her because she was sweet and lovely.

“Can you not see that the girl whom you want to marry is a witch?” she said to the king. “Else why does she not speak or laugh or weep?”

But the king paid no attention to her at all, and the wedding was celebrated with great splendor, and they were very happy together. For all that, however, the princess did not forget to work on the shirts and nothing could induce her to talk, or laugh, or weep.

But, after she had woven and cut all the thistles she had, she saw that there was still not enough for the shirts and so she resolved to go to the witches' moor again.

So one night when all in the castle slept, she slipped out and hurried off to the thistle moor. Now the King's old step-mother saw her going, and knew what she was after, for you must know that she was really the wicked old witch that had changed the Princes into wild ducks. The old dame hurried to the King and woke him, saying:

“If you will but come with me, I will show you what your lovely queen is doing, and when you

see it with your own eyes you will believe that she is a witch, as I told you.”

At first the king would not listen to her, but when he found the queen’s bed empty, he decided to follow the old woman. So they went together out to the thistle moor and sure enough, there in the moonlight he could see his beautiful queen wandering about amidst the horrid witches and trolls.

The poor King turned his face away and did not know what to think, for he loved his beautiful queen dearly and could not believe any evil of her.

But the wicked old dame went about telling every one of it and at last the people believed it and came to the King saying:

“We can not have a queen who is a witch, and we demand that she be burned at the stake.”

Then the King was very unhappy for he saw that he could not save her but would have to give the order for her to be burned alive.

So they gathered a big pile of wood and set it afire and when the flames started to shoot up into the sky, they started to put the queen on it. But she motioned to them to put twelve boards around the fire. When this was done she put the shirts on them, for they were all finished except the sleeve of the twelfth.

Then there was heard a great rush of wings in the air and the twelve wild ducks came swooping down from the great forest. Each of them snapped up a shirt in his bill, and then circled up in the sky again.

“There! do you see,” cried the wicked old woman, “will you believe now that she is a witch? Hurry up and burn her before the fire gets too low.”

“Oh,” said the King, “as to that it makes no difference. We have plenty of wood, but I have a mind to wait awhile and see how this affair turns out.”

Scarcely had he spoken before twelve lads came riding up as fast as their steeds could carry them and fine looking lads they all were. The youngest one of them had a wild duck’s wing instead of his left arm.

“What is it you are going to do?” they called to the King.

“My people believe that my beautiful queen is a witch, and want her burned at the stake,” said the King sorrowfully.

“Speak for yourself, sister dear,” they called to the queen, “you have saved us, now save yourself.”

Then the young Queen turned to the King and his people and told them her story. Every one



The youngest one of them had a duck's wing for a left arm

listened with surprise and joy and the King was the most happy of all. But when she had finished they all grew stern again for they were angry at the wicked witch. So they took her before she could escape, bound and burned her in the big pile of wood.

After that, the King and Queen and the twelve princes rode home to their Mother, and you can imagine what joy there was in the land when they arrived, for every one had given up all hope of ever seeing them again. And here they all were, saved by the courage and bravery of the lovely princess.





THERE was once a man whose name was Gudbrand, and as his farm lay away in the hills, he was called Gudbrand-on-the-Hillside. Now this man and his wife lived so happily together, that every thing the man did, the wife thought was well done, and she was sure that there was no one like him in the whole world.

They owned their little farm, and had one hundred crowns at the bottom of their chest, and they also had two cows in the fields.

But one day the wife said to Gudbrand: "It seems to me, dear, that we could sell one of the cows and get a little money to do as other people. We do not want to touch our savings in the chest,

of course, but it would be nice to have a little money and I think we could get along very well with only one cow.”

Gudbrand thought that there was a good deal in what his wife said, so he took the cow and started off to town with her. But when he got there, he did not find anyone who wanted to buy a cow.

“Well it really does not matter,” he thought to himself, “it may be just as well for us to keep her.”

And so he began his walk homeward again. After a while he met a man with a horse that he was going to sell, and as Gudbrand thought that a horse would be much better than a cow, he traded with him.

A bit further on he met a man who was driving a big fat pig before him and he at once thought that a pig would be better than a horse; so he traded with the man and got the pig.

He walked on now, quite away, and then he met a man with a goat. This time he thought that he would rather have a goat than a pig, and traded again. A little later he met a man with a sheep, and it struck him that a sheep would be much better than a goat, so he traded with the man.

So he went on with his sheep until he met a man with a goose for which he traded his sheep. And then a long, long time after, he met a man with a cock. He thought right away how much better a cock would be than a goose, and traded with the man.

Now it was getting late in the day and as he was getting hungry, he sold the cock for a shilling and bought some food.

“For certainly it is better to get something to eat than to have a cock,” thought Gudbrand.

After that he hurried home and when he came to his nearest neighbor’s house, he hurried in for a rest.

“Well, how did you fare in town,” asked the neighbor.

“Oh, just so-so,” answered Gudbrand, “I have nothing to boast of, but then I can not complain either,” and then he told the whole story from first to last.

“Well,” said the neighbor, “I will wager you get a good scolding when you come home to your wife. I should not like to be in your place.”

“Oh,” said Gudbrand, “It seems to me that I could have done worse. But it does not matter

one way or the other, for my wife thinks that whatever I do is all right."

"I have heard so," said the man, "but I can not believe it."

"I should like to prove it to you," said Gudbrand.

"Well, I will tell you," said the neighbor, "I have a hundred crowns in my chest that I will give you if you can really prove what you say."

Gudbrand stayed there until it was evening and after it was quite dark the two men went together up the hill to Gudbrand's house. The neighbor was to stand outside while Gudbrand went in and told his wife his story.

"Good evening, wife," said Gudbrand as he opened the door.

"Good evening and welcome home," said his wife. "I am so glad you have come home. Tell me how you did in town?"

"Oh, not so bad," said he, "No one wanted the cow, so I traded her for a horse."

"A horse!" cried his wife. "If that was not just what I wanted. Thank you so much. Now we can ride to church like other fine people. Run out and put the horse in the barn, child."

“Well, after all I have not got the horse. I traded it for a pig.”

“Well of all things, that was the best you could have done. You think of everything and I do not know how to thank you. Now we can have a bit of bacon in the house and treat our friends when they come to see us. What would we do with a horse, anyway? People would think we were putting on airs if we could not walk to Church as we have always done. Child, go out and put the pig in the sty.”

“But I have not the pig either, for I met a man with a goat so I traded the pig with him.”

“Just think of that! if you do not always do the right thing. When I come to think of it, what would we do with a pig after all? People would only say that we ate up all we had. Now I can have milk and cheese besides keeping the goat. Run out child and tend the goat.”

“But I have not the goat either, for I traded it for a sheep.”

“Well, if you are not wonderful! You always think of something to please me, and a sheep was just what I wanted. What do we want with a goat? I should always be wasting my time taking it up the

hills and down again. No! it is quite different with a sheep. That will give us wool, clothing, and meat. Run out, child, and take care of the sheep.”

“But I have not the sheep either, for I traded it again for a goose.”

“Well, I am surely pleased to hear that. What would I do with a sheep anyway? I have no spinning wheel, and I have no mind to spend my time cutting and sewing clothes. We can buy our clothes as we have always done, and now we can have fine roasted goose that I have always liked so much. Then, too, I will get down with which to stuff my little pillow. Hurry up child and look after the goose.”

“But I have not the goose, either, for I traded it for a cock.”

“I do not know how you can think of everything. A cock! just think of that! That is as good as though you had bought an eight day clock, for every morning a cock crows at four o'clock and we will just have to bestir ourselves in good time. And after all, what would we do with a goose? I do not know how to cook it, and I can get plenty of cotton grass for my pillow. Run out and put up the cock, child.”

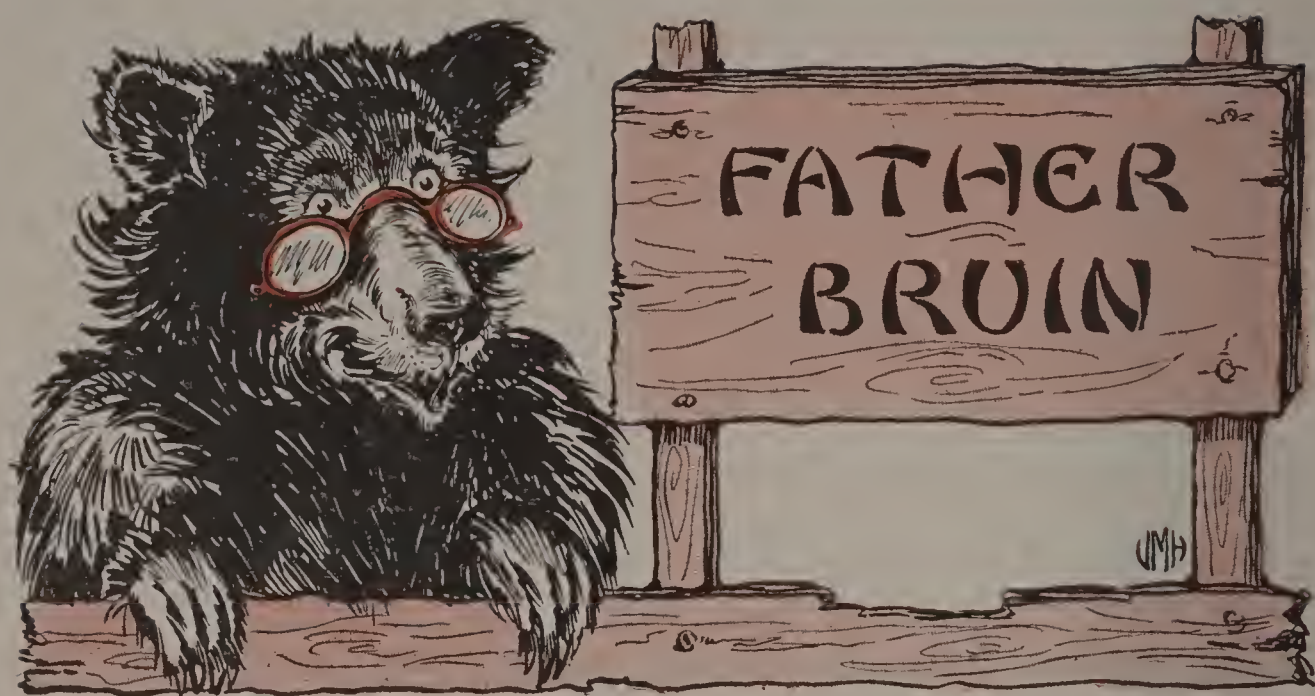
“But I have not the cock either, for when I had walked like that all day, I got so hungry that I had to buy myself something to eat.”



“Now, I am so thankful you did that! You always do the right thing and just after my own heart. We do not need any cock after all for we are our own masters and can sleep as late as we please in the morning. The Lord be praised that I have you home safely. With you, I have no use for cock, goose, sheep or cow.”

Then Gudbrand opened the door and called to his neighbor: “Well, what do you say now? Have I not won the hundred crowns?”

And the neighbor had to admit that he certainly had.



FAR away in the midst of the deep, dark woods, there lived a man who had a great many sheep and goats, but he never could keep them because of the wolves.

“I will trap that Greylegs yet,” he said to himself, and set about making a pitfall for him.

First he dug a deep hole down in the ground, then put a big pole in the middle of it. On the pole he put a board and on the board he put a little dog. Then he covered the pit with leaves and branches, and over these he spread some snow, so that Mr. Wolf could not see that there was a deep hole underneath.

When night came, the little dog got tired of staying there and began barking.

“Bow-wow, bow-wow,” he said.

Just then a fox came sneaking up, thinking that there was something to be had, so he made a great leap, and landed head over heels right down at the bottom of the pit.

Later on in the night, the little dog got so tired and hungry that he just howled and howled:

“Bow-wow, bow-wow.”

Greylegs was just slinking up, and he, too, thought that there was something to be had, so he made a great jump and down he went into the pit, head first.

It was now getting on towards morning, and how bitter and sharp the cold was. The snow had begun to fall again, and the little dog was shivering and very hungry.

“Bow-wow, bow-wow-wow,” he yelped and kept right on until a great bear came lumbering along.

The bear also thought he would like a little bite for breakfast, so he walked right over the boughs and branches, and down he fell with a great thud, right on top of the other two in the pit.

Just then dawn was breaking, and an old beggar woman with a sack on her back, happened

to come along. When she saw the little dog that stood there yelping and barking, she knew it was a pitfall, and she was curious to see if any of the wild animals had fallen in the trap. So she kneeled down and peeped in.

“So you have been caught in the trap, Reynard,” she said to the fox, for she saw him first. “Well, it serves you right—you chicken thief. Aye! and you too, Greylegs. Now you will be paid in full for all the sheep and goats you have taken. And, as for you, Bruin. If you have joined such company, you will surely have to pay for it with your life. You will be skinned and fleeced and your skull will be nailed to the wall!”

She fairly screamed all this, bending over to look at them all. But just then the sack slipped over her head and pulled her down, right into the pit. So there they sat—all four of them, each in his own corner, and all glaring at each other, the fox in one corner, the wolf in another, the bear in the third and the old woman in the fourth.

When it grew light, the fox began to look for a loop hole, so he twisted and squirmed about, trying to get out.

“Be quiet, you sly thief,” cried the old woman, “why do you twist and turn around all the time. Just look at **F**ather Bruin, he sits there as sober as a judge.” For she thought that she might as well try to make friends with the bear.

And then came the man who had made the pitfall. First he pulled up the old woman, then he pulled up the beasts and killed them all, sparing neither Bruin nor Greylegs, nor Reynard—the sly thief, and he thought he had done pretty well that night.



THE
PRINCESS
WHO
WOULD



NOT BE
SILENCED

THERE was once a King who had a daughter so cross and twisted in her words, that nobody could silence her, so he let it be known all over the land, that any one who could manage to get the last word with her, would win her in marriage and get half the Kingdom besides.

You may be sure that there were enough who wanted to try, for it was not often that one had the chance to win a real Princess and half the Kingdom. The gates of the palace were never still, for people came in crowds from East and West, some walking and some riding; but, so far, no one had been able to silence the Princess.



So he let it be known all over the land

At last the King got tired of all this trouble for nothing, so he had it given out that all those who tried and failed, should have their ears burned with red hot irons, the same that were used in marking his sheep.

Now there were three brothers who had heard of this, and they thought that they would like to try their luck and see if one of them could win the Princess and half the Kingdom. As they were all three, very good friends and comrades, they started out together.

When they had walked a little ways, Boots, the youngest, stopped and picked up something.

“I have found something here!” he cried.

“What did you find?” asked his brothers.

“I found a dead crow,” said he.

“Ugh, throw it away. You do not want that,” said both Brothers, who thought that they were much wiser than he.

“Oh, I do not know,” said Boots, “I may as well take it along a little further.”

After a bit, Boots stopped again and picked up something.

“I have found something again,” he cried.

“Well, what is it now?” asked the Brothers.

“I found a willow twig,” answered Boots.

“Oh my, a willow twig. What good will that do you? Throw it away.”

“Oh, I think I may as well take it along,” said Boots, and they walked on.

But a little while later, Boots stopped again and cried out:

“Look here, Brothers. See what I have found.”

“What is it now?” asked the two.

“A broken saucer,” said Boots.

“Now do be sensible and throw it away,” the Brothers said, “for it can be of no possible use to you.”

“Oh, perhaps it will come in useful,” answered Boots, “at least, I may as well take it along.”

A little later he again stopped and picked up something.

“And what may it be this time?” asked the Brothers.

“Two goat horns,” answered Boots.

“What on earth do you want with them?” asked the Brothers.

“Oh, I might as well take them along as they may come in useful.”

They walked quite a bit further until Boots stopped again and cried:

“Brothers! Oh Brothers! just see what I have found.”

“Yes, you do find such wonderful things,” they laughed, “What is it this time?”

“A wedge,” answered Boots.

“Oh, throw it away!” they said impatiently, “for it can be of no possible use to you.”

“Well, anyway, I think I will take it along,” said Boots.

When they passed over the fields that belonged to the Palace, Boots stopped and picked up a worn out shoe sole.

“Look, look at what I have found,” he shouted, holding it up for them to see.

“If you could only pick up a little common sense,” they said, “it would be better for you. Throw that old thing away.”

“No!” said Boots, “I am going to take it with me, and maybe it will help me to win the Princess and half the Kingdom.”

“Yes, it will surely do that,” laughed the Brothers, and then they came to the palace and were shown in to the Princess—the oldest youth first.

“Good day,” said he.

“Good day again,” answered the Princess, as she twisted and turned about.

“It is pretty warm in here,” he said.

“It is much warmer on the hearth,” said the Princess and when he glanced over and saw the red hot irons all ready for use, he forgot all he had wanted to say, and could not even open his mouth.

So he had his ears marked and was sent home.

The next oldest youth, had no better luck.

“Good day,” he said.

“Good day,” answered the Princess, twisting and turning about in her chair.

“It is very hot in here,” he said.

“It is very much hotter in the hearth,” said she, and when he saw the red hot irons he could not utter another word, so that was the end of him, and again the irons were out for use.

Then it was Boot’s turn. “Good day,” said he.

“Good day,” again answered the Princess who was tired and cross now.

“It is very nice and warm in here,” said Boots.

“It is hotter in the hearth,” said she, but Boots was not frightened.

“Why that is fine,” he said, “Maybe I can bake my crow over there.”

“I am afraid she will burn,” said the Princess.

“Oh, never mind, I will twist this willow twig around her,” said Boots.

“It is too loose,” said she.

“Then I will put in a wedge,” said Boots, and pulled the wedge out of his pocket.

“The fat is dripping from her,” said the Princess.

“Well, then I will just put this under her,” said Boots, and took out the broken saucer.

“You are very twisted in your words,” said the Princess.

“Oh, no, my words are not twisted,” said Boots, “but this is,” he added, as he pulled out one of the goat’s horns.

“I never saw anything to equal that,” cried the Princess.

“Here is the equal, if you please,” and he brought out the other one.



“You think you can wear out my soul, do you?” cried the Princess.


“No, I am not going to wear out your soul, for I have a sole that is worn out already,” and with that, he pulled out the old shoe sole.

Then for once in her life, the Princess could not find a word to say.

“Well, you are mine now!” said Boots, and so she was.

Thus Boots really won the Princess and half the Kingdom.





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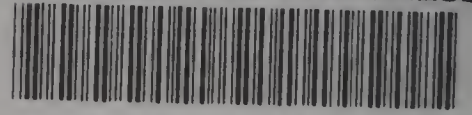
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