

STORIES GRANDMOTHER TOLD

KATE FORREST OSWELL



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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

STORIES GRANDMOTHER TOLD



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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

STORIES
GRANDMOTHER TOLD

BY

KATE FORREST OSWELL

AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS"
"OLD TIME TALES," AND OTHER BOOKS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDITH DIMOCK

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JUST A WORD

THE stories in this book are gathered from many lands and many ages. They are a few of the priceless, indestructible treasures of the race. They are a part of the rightful heritage of all children. To make sure that as many as possible may enjoy them, they are here offered to children in school, not for reading tasks, but for relaxation.

In the home, also, they would while away many an hour, and incidentally help to create the feeling that books are friends.

KATE FORREST OSWELL.

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STORIES GRANDMOTHER TOLD





CAP O' RUSHES

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich man who had three daughters. He loved

his daughters dearly, and they all loved him so well that he knew not which one loved him best. So the father said to his eldest daughter: "How much do you love me, my daughter?"

"My father," said she, "I love you as I love my own life."

"That pleases me greatly indeed," replied the father.

Then he called his second daughter to him and said: "How much do you love me, my dear daughter?"

"Oh, father," said she, "I love you better than all the world."

"That pleases me very much indeed, my dear daughter," replied the father.

Then he called his youngest daughter to him and said: "How much do you love me, my dear?"

"Oh, father, I love you, I love you, as fresh meat loves salt," she said.

Oh! but he was angry. "You, my young-

est child!" he cried, "you do not love me at all! You shall not stay in this house any longer." Then he drove her out and shut the door against her.

The poor girl went away. On and on she went, until she came to a field filled with rushes. For a long time she stood wondering what she should do. She began to gather rushes. Of these she made a long coat to cover her fine clothes and a cap for her head. Soon she was dressed all in rushes from her head to her toes.

Then into the town she walked, and soon she came to a great house. She knocked at the door. A cross woman opened the door.

"What do you want here?" she cried.

"Do you not want a maid?"

"No, no, we do not."

"But I have nowhere to go, and will ask no wages and will do any sort of work. Will you not please let me come in?"

“Well,” said the woman, “if you will wash the pots and scrape the saucepans you may stay.”

The child stayed and washed the pots and scraped the saucepans and did all the dirty work. She always wore her dress and cap of rushes, and they called her Cap o’ Rushes, for she never told them her real name.

One night there was a ball not far away and the servants were allowed to go to look on at the great and grand people. Every one went but Cap o’ Rushes, and she said she was too tired to go, so she stayed at home.

As soon as they were all gone, Cap o’ Rushes took off her cap of rushes and her dress of rushes and washed herself and combed her hair and off she went to the ball. No one there was so beautiful as Cap o’ Rushes. Her master’s only son fell in love with her as soon as he saw her. He would dance with no one else.

Before the dancing was over Cap o' Rushes stole away and went home; and when the other servants came home, they found her asleep with her cap of rushes on.

The next morning they all said: "Oh! Cap o' Rushes, you did miss a grand sight."

"What did I miss?" she said.

"Oh! you missed all the fine people, and the finest of all was a beautiful lady. The master's son never took his eyes off her, and he danced and danced with her."

"I should like to have seen her. Was she very, very beautiful?"

"Yes, yes," they cried, "and she had on the most beautiful dress in the world. There will be another dance to-night and perhaps she will be there."

But when evening came again, Cap o' Rushes said: "I am too tired to go. I would rather stay at home."

Again the servants went, and again Cap o' Rushes took off her cap and dress of

rushes and washed herself and combed her hair and hurried away to the ball.

The master's son was waiting for her, and again he danced with her and would dance with no one else. But again, before the dancing was over, she stole away and went home, and when the servants came back, they found her asleep with her cap of rushes on.

The next morning they said: "Oh! Cap o' Rushes, you should have gone, you should have gone; for the beautiful lady was there, and the young master never took his eyes off her, and he danced and danced and danced with her. Now, surely, Cap o' Rushes, you must go to-night."

But when night came, Cap o' Rushes did as she had done before. She would not go with the servants, but after they had gone she took off her cap of rushes and away she went. Again the young master would dance with none but Cap o' Rushes, and never took his eyes off her.

At last he asked her name and where she came from, but Cap o' Rushes would not tell. So he gave her a ring, and said if he did not see her again he should die.

Cap o' Rushes took the ring and off she skipped and ran home and was fast asleep



with her cap of rushes on when the servants came in. Now the master's son loved Cap

o' Rushes, and he tried in every way to find her. He went everywhere, he asked every one. But no one knew anything about her.

Then he grew very ill and his father feared he would die. One day the cook was making gruel for the young master, when in came Cap o' Rushes.

“What are you making?”

“I am making gruel for the young master.”

“Oh, let me do it,” cried Cap o' Rushes. “I can make a kind that will cure him.”

At first the cook would not allow it, but finally she let Cap o' Rushes try. So Cap o' Rushes made the gruel, and into it she dropped the ring that the young master had given her. The youth drank the gruel, and there at the bottom of the dish he saw the ring.

“Who made this gruel?” said he.

“The cook made it.”

“Send the cook to me.”

“Who made this gruel, cook?”

“I did,” said the cook.

“No, you did not. Who did? Say who it is, and you shall not be harmed.”

“Well, it was Cap o’ Rushes.”

“Send Cap o’ Rushes to me,” he said.

“Did you make this gruel, Cap o’ Rushes?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Where did you get this ring?”

“From the one who gave it to me,” said Cap o’ Rushes.

“Who are you, then?” said the young master.

“I’ll show you;” and suddenly she took off her cap of rushes, and her dress of rushes, and there she was in all her beautiful clothes, just as she had been at the ball.

Then the young master soon became well again, and he and Cap o’ Rushes were to be married. The wedding was to be very

grand, and every one was asked from far and near. Cap o' Rushes' father and sisters were asked.

Cap o' Rushes had not yet told any one who she was. So before the wedding Cap

o' Rushes went to the cook and told her not to put a bit of salt in any dish which was to be served at the wedding feast.

“That will be very bad,” said the cook.

“Never mind

that,” said Cap o' Rushes.

“Very well,” said the cook.

So on the wedding day, after they were married, all sat down to a feast. But the



food was so tasteless that no one could eat it, for there was no salt in anything. When Cap o' Rushes' father tried to eat the food, he burst into tears.

“What is the trouble? Why do you weep?” said the master's son.

“Oh!” said he, “once I had a daughter, and I asked her how much she loved me, and she said as much as fresh meat loves salt, and I drove her away from my house because I thought she did not love me, and now, too late, I see she loved me best of all. It may be that she is dead by this time.”

“Oh! no, she is not, father,” cried Cap o' Rushes. “Here she is;” and she put her arms around him and kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

Then they were all happy together.

English Fairy Tale.

THE HOUSE WITH QUEER NAMES

ONCE upon a time, a girl went to the city to hire herself out for a servant.

A queer-looking old man, who lived in a queerer-looking old house, engaged her.

“Now,” said the old man, “I have much to teach you, for in my house I have a name for everything.”

“First,” he said to her, “what will you call me?”

“Whatever you wish, sir,” she said.

“You must call me, ‘Master of all masters.’”

“And what,” said he, “would you call this?” pointing to his bed.

“Bed or couch, or whatever you wish, sir.”

“No, that is my ‘barnacle.’”

“And what do you call these?” said he, pointing to his pantaloons.

“Breeches or trousers, or whatever you wish, sir.”

“You must call them ‘squibs and crackers.’

“And what will you call her?” pointing to the cat.

“Kitty or Puss, or whatever you wish, sir.”

“You must call her ‘white-faced simminy.’

“And this,” showing the fire, “what would you call this?”

“Fire or heat, or whatever you wish, sir.”

“You must call it ‘hot cockalorum.’

“And what is this?” he went on, pointing to the water.

“Water or suds, or whatever you wish, sir.”

“No, ‘pondalorum’ is its name.

“And what do you call all this?” pointing to the whole house.

“House or palace, or whatever you wish, sir.”

“You must call it, ‘high topper mountain.’”

At night the servant woke her master and cried in great fright :

“Master of all masters, get out of your barnacle and put on your squibs and crackers, for white-faced simminy has got a spark of hot cockalorum on her tail, and unless you get some pondalorum, high topper mountain will be all on hot cockalorum.”

English Fairy Tale.



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

THERE was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing, and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all of a sudden, his float was dragged away deep under the sea, and in drawing it up he pulled a great fish out of the water.

The fish said to him : “ Pray let me live. I am not a real fish. I am an enchanted prince. Put me in the water again and let me go.”

“ Oh ! ” said the man, “ you need not say so much about it. I do not want a fish that can talk. So swim away as soon as you please.” Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bot-

tom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and how on hearing it speak, he had let it go again.

“Did you not ask it for anything?” said the wife.

“No,” said the man. “What should I ask for?”

“Ah!” said the wife, “we live very poorly here in this vile ditch. Do go back and tell the fish we want a little cottage.”

The fisherman did not like to go very well. However, he went to the sea, and when he came there, the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water’s edge and said :

“O man of the sea !
Come listen to me,

For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee !”

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said : “ Well, what does she want ? ”

“ Ah ! ” answered the fisherman, “ my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again. She does not like living any longer in the ditch, but wants a little cottage.”

“ Go home, then,” said the fish. “ She is in the cottage already.”

So the man went home and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage.

“ Come in, come in,” said she. “ Is this not much better than the ditch ? ” And there was a parlor, and a bedchamber, and a kitchen, and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a courtyard full of ducks and chickens.

“Ah!” said the fisherman, “how happily we shall live!”

“We will try to do so, at least,” said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said: “Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage. The courtyard and garden are a great deal too small. I should like to have a large stone castle to live in. So go to the fish again and tell him to give us a castle.”

“Wife,” said the fisherman, “I don’t like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry. We ought to be content with the cottage.”

“Nonsense!” said the wife, “he will do it very willingly. Go and try.”

The fisherman went, but his heart was very heavy, and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm. He went close to it and said:

“O man of the sea !
Come listen to me,
For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee !”

“Well, what does she want now ?” said the fish.

“Ah !” said the man, very sorrowfully, “my wife wants to live in a stone castle.”

“Go home, then,” said the fish. “She is standing at the door of it already.”

So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle.

“See,” said she. “Is this not grand ?” With that they went into the castle together. They found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables. Behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats,

and hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stables and cow houses.

“Well!” said the man, “now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives.”

“Perhaps we may,” said the wife, “but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds.” So they went to bed.

The next morning, when Dame Alice awoke, it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, “Get up, husband; bestir yourself, for you must be king of all the land.”

“Wife, wife,” said the man, “why should I wish to be king? I will not be king.”

“Then I will,” said Alice.

“But wife,” answered the fisherman, “how can you be king? The fish cannot make you a king.”

“Husband,” said she, “say no more about it, but go and try. I will be king!”

So the man went away, sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king.

The sea was a dark gray color and was covered with foam as he cried out :

“O man of the sea !

Come listen to me,

For Alice, my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee !”

“Well, what would she have now ?” said the fish.

“Alas !” said the man, “my wife wants to be king.”

“Go home,” said the fish. “She is king already.”

Then the fisherman went home, and as he came close to the palace he saw a troop of soldiers and heard the sound of drums and trumpets. When he entered, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her

head, and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other.

“Well, wife,” said the fisherman, “are you king?”

“Yes,” said she, “I am king.”

And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, “Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! Now we shall never have anything more to wish for.”

“I don’t know how that may be,” said she. “Never is a long time. I am king, it is true, but I am beginning to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor.”

“Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?” said the fisherman.

“Husband,” said she, “go to the fish. I say I will be emperor.”

“Ah, wife!” replied the fisherman, “the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing.”

“I am king,” said Alice, “and you are my slave, so go at once!”

So the fisherman was obliged to go, and he muttered as he went along, “This will come to no good; it is too much to ask; the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done.”

He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it, but he went to the shore and said :

“O man of the sea !

Come listen to me,

For Alice, my wife,

The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee.”

“What would she have now ?” said the fish.

“Ah !” said he, “she wants to be emperor.”

“Go home,” said the fish. “She is emperor already.”

So he went home again, and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne, made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head, fully two yards high. On each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes and dukes and earls.

And the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?"

"Yes," said she. "I am emperor."

"Ah!" said the man as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!"

"Husband," said she, "why should we stop with being emperor? I will be Pope next."

"O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be Pope? There is but one Pope at a time in Christendom."

"Husband," said she, "I will be Pope this very day."

“But,” replied the husband, “the fish cannot make you Pope.”

“What nonsense!” said she. “If he can make an emperor, he can make a Pope. Go and try him.”

So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore, the wind was raging and the sea was tossing up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress and danced up and down most fearfully. In the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but toward the south it was all red, as if a dreadful storm were rising. At this, the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled so that his knees knocked together. But he went to the shore and said :

“O man of the sea !
Come listen to me,
For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee.”

“What does she want now?” said the fish.

“Ah!” said the fisherman, “my wife wants to be Pope.”

“Go home,” said the fish. “She is Pope already.”

When the fisherman went home he found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high. She had three great crowns on her head, and around her stood all the pomp and power of the Church; and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight.

“Wife,” said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, “are you Pope?”

“Yes,” said she, “I am Pope.”

“Well, wife,” replied he, “it is a grand thing to be Pope; and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater.”

“I will consider that,” said the wife.

Then they went to bed, but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking of what she would be next. At last morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun from rising?"

At this she became very angry, and she waked her husband and said: "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon."

The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed.

"Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be content to be Pope?"

"No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went, trembling with fear. As he was going down to the shore, a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook, and the heavens became

black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled, and you might have seen great black waves, like mountains, with a white crown of foam upon them. And the fisherman said :

“ O man of the sea !
Come listen to me,
For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee ! ”

“ What does she want now ? ” said the fish.

“ Ah ! ” said he, “ she wants to be lord of the sun and moon. ”

“ Go home, ” said the fish, “ to your ditch again ! ”

And there they live to this very day.

Old English Folk Tale.



THE BAKER GIRL

ONCE in Merrie Old England there lived a baker who sold bread to all the folk around. He was a selfish man, who saved all the money he could get. He was not honest, either, and did not hesitate to cheat any one he could.

He had one daughter who grew up to be very much like her ugly, selfish father.

One day when her father was away, and she was alone in the shop, an old woman opened the door and came in.

“My pretty girl,” said she, “give me a piece of dough, for I am old and hungry and tired ;” and then she sat herself down upon a little old chair near the counter.

“Be off with you,” said the baker girl. “I have no dough for old women like you. Be off, I say !” But the old woman would not go, and begged and begged until the baker girl gave her a piece of dough and said, “There now, be off, and don’t come around here again.”

But the old woman did not move. “My dear girl,” said she, “let me put the piece of dough into the oven to bake.”

“Well,” said the girl, “if you won’t go until it is baked, give it to me and I will put it into the oven.”

Soon the baker girl thought the dough was baked ; so she opened the oven, and to

her surprise, instead of a little piece of dough, there before her was a very large loaf of bread.

The girl pretended to look for the dough and said : "I cannot find the dough ; it must have burned up."

"Very well," said the old woman, "give me another piece of dough. I am in no hurry and can wait until it bakes."

So the girl took another piece smaller than the first, and having put it into the oven, shut the door. When she opened the oven again, to her surprise she found another loaf, larger than the first. "Dear me, I have burned up the dough again," she said.

"Well, that is sad," said the old woman, "but I am in no hurry, so bake me another piece."

So the baker girl took the third piece of dough. This was still smaller than the last. She put this into the oven to bake. When she opened the oven, she found a third

loaf, very much larger than either of the others.

“Oh! that is mine,” said the old woman.

“No,” said the girl, “how could such a big loaf be baked from such a small piece of dough?”

“It is mine,” said the old woman.

“It is not, and you shall not have it, so there!” cried the girl.

Now the little old woman was a fairy in disguise. When she saw how selfish and dishonest the girl was, she took her wand from under her heavy cloak; then she touched the girl with the wand, and immediately a big-eyed owl flapped about the room and out of the door. That was the end, for the girl was now an owl and flew away to the wood.

English Folk Tale.



THE HOBYAHS

ONCE upon a time there lived a little old man and a little old woman in a house all made of cornstalks. They had a little dog named Purkie who always barked when any one came near the house.

One night, when the little old man and the little old woman were fast asleep, creep, creep through the woods came the Hobyahs, skipping along on the tips of their toes.

“Tear down the house, eat up the little old man, and carry away the little old woman,” cried the Hobyahs.

Then little dog Purkie ran out, barking loudly, and he frightened the Hobyahs so that they ran away home again.

But the little old man awoke from his dreams and he said: “Little dog Purkie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber

nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his tail." So when morning came, the little old man took off little dog Purkie's tail, to cure him of barking.

On the second night the Hobyahs came, creep, creep, through the woods, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they cried: "Tear down the house, eat the little old man, and carry away the little old woman."

Then the little dog Purkie ran out, barking so loudly that he frightened the Hobyahs and they ran away home again. But the little old man tossed in his sleep, and he said: "Little dog Purkie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his legs." So when morning came, the little old man took off Purkie's legs, to cure him of barking.

The third night the Hobyahs came again, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and

they called out : “Tear down the house, eat up the little old man, and carry away the little old woman.”

Then the little dog Purkie barked very loudly, and he frightened the Hobyahs so that they ran home again. But the little old man heard Purkie, and he sat up in bed and he said : “Little dog Purkie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his head.”

So when morning came, the little old man took off Purkie’s head, and then Purkie could not bark any more.

That night the Hobyahs came again, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they called out : “Tear down the cornstalks, eat the little old man, and carry away the little old woman.”

Now as little dog Purkie could not bark any more, there was no one to frighten the Hobyahs away. They tore down the cornstalks, they took the little old woman away

in their bag. But they could not get the little old man, for he hid himself under the bed.

Then the Hobyahs hung up the bag, with the little old woman in it, in their house, and they poked it with their fingers and they cried: "Oh! little old woman!"

But when daylight came, they went to sleep, for Hobyahs, you know, sleep all day.

The little old man was very sorry when he found that the little old woman was gone. He knew then what a good little dog Purkie had been to guard the house at night, so he got Purkie's tail and his legs and his head and gave them back to him again.

Then Purkie went sniffing and snuffing along to find the little old woman, and soon came to the Hobyahs' house.

He heard the little old woman crying in the bag, and he saw that the Hobyahs were fast asleep, so he went inside.

Then he cut open the bag with his sharp teeth, and the little old woman hopped out and ran home, but Purkie got inside the bag to hide.

When night came, the Hobyahs woke up and went to the bag and poked it with their long fingers, crying: "Little old woman!"

But out of the bag jumped little dog Purkie, and he ate every one of the Hobyahs. And that is why there are not any Hobyahs now.

Oriental Tale.

OLD MOTHER WIGGLE-WAGGLE

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never ate mustard in all their whole
life ;

They ate their meat without fork or knife,
And loved to be picking a bone, e-ho !

The fox went out, one still, clear night,
And he prayed the moon to give him light,
For he'd a long way to travel that night,
Before he got back to his den-o !

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his legs and he listened a while !
“Oh, ho !” said the fox, “it's but a short
mile

From this unto yonder wee town, e-ho !”

And first he arrived at a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and the geese declared it
was hard

That their nerves should be shocked and
 their rest should be marred
 By the visits of Mister Fox-O !

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
 Who should he see but the farmer's drake ;
 "I love you well for your master's sake,
 And long to be picking your bones, e-ho !"

The gray goose she ran around the haystack,
 "Oh, ho !" said the fox. "You are very
 fat;
 You'll grease my beard and ride on my back
 From this unto yonder town, e-ho !"

Then he took the gray goose by her sleeve,
 And he said : "Madam Grey Goose, by your
 leave
 I'll take you away without reprieve,
 And carry you back to my den-o !"

And he seized the black duck by the neck,
 And slung him quickly across his back.

The black duck cried out, "Quack, quack,
quack,"

With his legs all dangling down-o !

Old Mother Wiggle-Waggle hopped out of
bed.

Out of the window she popped her old
head :

"Oh ! husband, oh ! husband, the gray
goose is dead,

And the fox is off to his den-o !"

Then the old man got up in his red cap,
And swore he would catch the fox in a trap ;
But the fox was too cunning, and gave him
the slip,

And ran through the town, the town-o !

When he got to the top of the hill,
He blew his trumpet both loud and shrill,
For joy that he was safe from ill
Through the town, the town-o !

But at last he arrived at his house again,
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten.
Said he, "You're in luck, here's a fine fat
 duck
With his legs all dangling down-o!"

So he sat down with his hungry wife,
And they did very well without fork or
 knife.
They never ate a better duck in their life,
And the little ones picked the bones-o!

Old English Ballad.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

LONG, long ago, the twelve wise men of Gotham decided to go fishing. Early in the morning they came to a river. Some went into the water and some stood upon the dry land. They fished all day, and as evening came on, they steered themselves about to go home.

“I trust that none of us who ventured out has been drowned, for we have all done much wading and fishing to-day,” said one.

“That is true,” said another, “let us see. There were twelve of us who came out.”

So every man began to count and every man counted eleven, and every man forgot to count himself.

“Alas !” said one. “Surely one of us is drowned, for twelve came out, and only eleven go back.”

“Alas! alas!” said all. “Let us go back to the river and see whether we can find the twelfth man of Gotham.”

So they went back; they looked up and down, but no man of Gotham did they see.

Just then a page came riding by and asked why they looked so sorrowful.

“Oh,” cried they, “this day twelve men of Gotham came to this river to fish, and one of us is drowned. Alas, alas!”

“Indeed,” said the page, “why do you not count and see how many of you are here?” And again the twelve men of Gotham counted and again each man forgot to count himself.

“You see there are only eleven,” cried they.

“A shame, a shame,” said the page, “and what will you give me if I find the twelfth man of Gotham?”

“Anything, everything, all the money we have.”

“Very well, give me the money,” said the page. So they gave him the money.

Then the page counted out one man, two men, three men, four men of Gotham; five men, six men, seven men, eight men of Gotham; nine men, ten men, eleven men, twelve men of Gotham.

“God bless you!” cried all. “You have found our lost man of Gotham.”

English Folk Tale.



THE MASTER AND HIS PUPIL

LONG, long, long ago there was a very strange old man who lived far, far away in the northern country.

Now this strange old man was very wise. He knew all the different languages in the world ; he knew all the mysterious things of this world and of all the other worlds, and most wonderful of all, he owned a queer book. This book was very, very big, bound in black leather and fastened together with great iron clasps. It had great iron corners, and was chained to a heavy iron table, which was made fast to an iron floor.

Now no one ever dared to touch the book or even the table upon which it rested. When the old man read from it, he first took a great iron key and unlocked the great iron clasp.

There he would read about the angels. The book told how many angels there were in heaven, how they marched and sang, and told their names and who they were and what their work was. It told about everything above the earth and about everything on the earth. It told also about all the great giants in the world, what they could do to wrong the good people, but it told, best of all, the words to use to frighten these ugly giants away.

Now the master had a pupil who was a very silly lad. He had many, many times seen the big book and made up his mind that some day he would open the big book and see for himself what it had to say.

One day the master went out, and the boy saw that he had forgotten to lock the book. As soon as the old man was out of sight the boy rushed into the room. In this room the old man was constantly changing copper into gold and lead into silver. The boy

thought that he would try to do the same, but, of course, he could not do it because he did not know the right words. So he went to the book. It was all written in red and black ink ; he could not read much that was written there, but he spelled out a short line.

Suddenly the room was dark, the house trembled, the thunder rolled, great flashes of lightning ran in and out of the windows, and, most terrible of all, a great giant with eyes like burning lamps stood in the middle of the room and in a voice of thunder roared at the boy :

“ Give me some work to do ! ”

The boy only trembled and grew sick.

“ Give me some work to do ! ” roared the voice.

The boy could not speak, he was so frightened.

Then the giant started for the boy. In his alarm he screamed :

“Water the flowers !”

Instantly the giant left the room, but in another instant he came back with a barrel of water on his back. He poured and poured and poured, and the more water he poured out the more there seemed to be left in the barrel.

The water covered the floor. Then it covered the boy's toes. Soon it came to his ankles.

The boy shouted : “Stop, stop !” but of course these were not the right words, and the water kept on rising. Soon it was up to his knees, and still it was rising. Now it was at his waist and the boy was still screaming : “Stop, stop !” It rose to his neck, and then he jumped upon a table. But this did no good ; it kept on and on, faster and faster, higher and higher, and the boy's head was just being covered over when in at the door walked the master. He mumbled some queer words, the bucket fell with a splash,

the giant fell with a bigger splash, and the water and all disappeared.

English Fairy Tale.



LAWKAMERCYME

THERE was an old woman as I've heard tell,
She went to the market her eggs for to sell ;
She went to the market, all on a market
day,

And she fell asleep on the King's highway.

There came by a peddler, whose name was
Stout,

He cut her petticoats round about ;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman shiver and
freeze.

When the old woman first did awake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake ;
She began to wonder, and she began to cry :
“ Lawkamercyme, this is none of I !

“ But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me ;

If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and
wail."

Home went the little woman, all in the
dark ;

Up got the little dog, and he began to bark ;
He began to bark, so she began to cry
"Lawkame, this is none of I !"

Old English Rhyming Tale.



THE QUEER BROWNIE

THERE never was an old castle or manor house that has not at some time had a ghost or a fairy or, at least, a Brownie. Bunsby House had a Brownie. This was very long ago.

Nobody who ever saw the Brownie is now living at Bunsby House. Indeed nobody who ever saw Bunsby House is now living. But an old, old lady says that her great, great grandmother knew an old, old man who had heard of it. But we know all about it.

Well, anyway, this Brownie of Bunsby House was the queerest Brownie of all the Brownies. No one ever saw this queer Brownie by day; but at night, when every one was fast asleep, then Mr. Brownie would do all sorts of tricks. He would dance about the kitchen and turn things topsy-turvy, put *sugar* into the *salt* box and salt into the sugar bowl, *pepper* into the tea and tea into the coffee, and, worst of all, he would pour vinegar into the soup.

After he had done all these bad things, he would upset the house in general, turning over the chairs and tables, rolling up the rugs and hiding them in the closets,

and the most dreadful thing of all, he would dress up the broomstick in the cook's best black dress and put a bright tin pan on for a hat.

Now this same Brownie did not always play such funny tricks. Many, many times when the servants would be too tired to put the house in order, Mr. Brownie would be very good and straighten up everything, and by morning the house would be the very pink of neatness.

Now it happened one night that there had been a very grand party at the Bunsby House, and all the servants had stayed up late to have the good things to eat when the party was over. They were just setting off to bed when they heard a most woeful noise in the outside kitchen. They ran to see what could be the matter, and to their surprise they saw the queerest little man swinging to and fro on the clothesline and singing a woeful song. "It is the Brownie," they all

cried, "the Brownie that dresses up the broomstick and turns the tables and chairs upside down and hides the rugs. What is



that you are singing, Mr. Brownie? Sing louder, so that we can hear." So Mr. Brownie sang very loudly :

“Woe’s me ! woe’s me !
The acorn’s not yet
Fallen from the tree,
That’s to grow the wood,
That’s to make the cradle,
That’s to rock the baby,

That's to grow to be a Brownie like me.
Woe's me ! woe's me !”

Every one was very sorry to see the little Brownie unhappy, so they all said : “ Oh, little Brownie, what can we do to make you happy ? ”

But Brownie only cried the louder : “ Woe's me ! woe's me ! ” and went off into the farthest corner and would not talk to them.

Next morning old dame Goody came around selling her linen cloth. The cook told her about the poor little Brownie.

“ Oh, he wants to go back to Brownie land; he is lonesome living here alone. Send him back, send him back, that is all you need to do. He will be happy then. ”

“ Send him back ! ” said the cook.
“ How can we send him back ? ”

“ Oh, that is very easy. Make him a little green coat and a little pointed hat

with golden bells, and a tiny little pair of shoes that turn up with a bell on each toe. Then you will see what will happen.”

So they made the Brownie a wee coat of Lincoln green and a wee hat that was three inches high, to match, and a wee pair of red shoes with golden bells on the toes.

When night came, they put the funny little clothes beside the hearth, and they all hid behind the door to see what Mr. Brownie would do.

When he saw the beautiful Brownie clothes, he jumped into the coat, and it was a good fit. He put on the hat, and it became him very well, and the moment the little red shoes slid on to his feet he began to jump and bump about. First, he looked at himself and then he looked around. “No one in sight, ha, ha!” and he jumped and bumped about singing gayly :

“ I’ve taken your coat,
I’ve taken your hood,

And with the little red shoes,
Brownie's gone to the wood."

English Tale.



THE PRINCE WITHOUT A NAME

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who had no children, though they dearly loved children.

Now the king was away in a far country, and while he was away, a baby boy came to the queen. The queen could not give the baby boy a name without asking the king, and so she decided to call him Nix, Nought, Nothing until his father came home.

But it was many years before the king came home, and the boy grew into a big strong lad.

On his way home the king came to a wide river, and he could not get across.

As he stood wondering what to do a giant came to him and said : " I'll carry you over."

The king said : " What will be your pay."

" Oh ! give me Nix, Nought, Nothing."

Of course the king did not know that his son was called Nix, Nought, Nothing, so he said, "Oh! I will give you that and my thanks in the bargain."

When the king reached home, he was very happy to see his wife and young son. But when he learned that they called the boy Nix, Nought, Nothing, he almost fainted, and he said: "Oh! What have I done? I have promised to give Nix, Nought, Nothing to the giant."

The king and queen were both very unhappy, but they said: "When the giant comes, we will give him the hen-wife's boy; surely he will never know the difference."

The next day the giant came to get Nix, Nought, Nothing. The king sent for the hen-wife's boy; and the giant went away with him on his back. They traveled until they came to a big stone, and there he sat down to rest.

He said : “Hidge, Hodge, on my back, what time of day is that?”

The poor little lad said : “It is the time that my mother, the hen-wife, takes the eggs to the castle for the queen’s breakfast.”

Then the giant was very angry, and away he started back to the palace. This time they gave him the gardener’s boy.

Again the giant went off with the boy on his back. As before they came to the stone and sat down to rest. And the giant said : “Hidge, Hodge, on my back, what time of day do you make it?”

The gardener’s boy replied : “It is the time that my mother takes up the vegetables for the queen’s dinner.”

Now the giant was more angry than before, and hurried back to the palace again, declaring that he would kill every one there if they did not give him Nix, Nought, Nothing.

So the king and queen had to give Nix,

Nought, Nothing to the giant. Off they went until they reached the same big stone.

“What time is it?” cried the giant.

“It is the time that my father the king is sitting down to supper.”

“Now,” said the giant, “I have the right one,” and he took Nix, Nought, Nothing to his own house and kept him until he was a man.

Now the giant had a lovely daughter, and she and Nix grew very fond of each other.

One day the giant came to Nix and said: “I have work for you to do to-morrow and if you fail I shall have you for my supper. There is a stable seven miles long and seven miles broad, and it has not been cleaned for seven years. To clean that is your work.”

The next morning the giant's daughter went out with Nix's breakfast and found him in a terrible state, for whenever he cleaned a little of the stable, it was filled again.

Then the giant's daughter called all the beasts in the fields and all the fowls in the air. In a moment they carried away everything in the stable and it was as clean as it could be.

When the giant saw what had happened, he said : "Shame on the elf that helped you, but you shall not escape me. To-morrow you shall have a harder task.

"There is a lake seven miles long and seven miles deep, and seven miles broad, and you must drain it by nightfall to-morrow, else I will have you for my supper."

The next morning, early, Nix, Nought, Nothing tried to drain the lake with his pail. The more he took out, the deeper the water seemed to be.

Then the giant's daughter called all the fish in the sea to come and drink the water, and sooner than it takes to tell, they drank the lake dry.

The giant was very angry when he found

the work done, so he said : “I have still a harder task for you. There is a tree seven miles high and no branch on it until you reach the top, and there is a nest with seven eggs in it, and you must bring down all the eggs without breaking one. If you do not, I will have you for my supper.”

At first the giant’s daughter did not know how to help Nix, Nought, Nothing, but she cut off first her fingers and then her toes and made steps of them. He soon climbed the tree and came down with the eggs unbroken ; just as he touched the ground an egg broke.

They did not know what to do, so they decided to run away. The giant’s daughter ran back to her room and got her magic flask and they set off together.

They had gone only a short distance when they looked back and saw the giant running after them.

“Quick, quick !” called the giant’s daugh-

ter, "take my comb from my hair and throw it down."

Nix, Nought, Nothing took her comb and threw it down. Suddenly out of every prong there sprung up a thick briar hedge.

It took the giant a long time to work his way through the briars and by this time Nix Nought, Nothing and the girl had gone a long distance ahead.

However, the giant's long legs soon brought him close upon them again. This time Nix, Nought, Nothing threw down the hair dagger from her hair and there grew up a thick hedge of razors all standing with the sharp edges up.

The giant found it no easy task to get over these sharp edges, and the boy and girl were again far ahead of him. But soon again he was close upon them and was just about to grasp Nix, Nought, Nothing in his mighty hand when the daughter took out her magic flask and dashed it on the ground.

As it broke, out came a mighty wave that grew and grew and grew until it reached up to the giant's waist, and then to his neck, and when it reached his head, it tossed over him and he was drowned.

But Nix, Nought, Nothing and the giant's daughter fled on and on until they came near the palace of Nix's father.

The girl was so tired that Nix left her and went to seek shelter for the night. Soon he saw a light which led to the palace.

On the way he came to the cottage of the old hen-wife. She knew Nix, Nought, Nothing at once, and she hated him, so she put a spell upon him, and when he arrived at the palace, he fell down in a deep sleep.

The king and queen came along and they saw him and knew him at once by a mole he had on his left cheek.

The king and queen tried in vain to awaken him. So the king promised that if there were a maiden in the kingdom or out of the

kingdom who could waken him, she should be married to him.

All this time the giant's daughter waited and waited for Nix to return. Then she went up into a tree to watch. Soon the gardener's daughter came to the well to draw water. She saw a shadow in the water and believing it to be herself said: "If I am so bonny, if I am so brave, why do you send me to draw water?" Then she threw the pail down and went to try to awaken the sleeping stranger.

First she went to the hen-wife who taught her a charm that would waken Nix, Nought, Nothing. Then she went to the palace and tried to use the charm, but she had forgotten the words and Nix still slept.

Next the gardener went to draw water from the well and saw the shadow of the giant's daughter in the water. Looking up, he found her in the tree, and he brought her to his house. He told her how his daughter

could not awaken the sleeping stranger. Then he took her to the palace to see the stranger herself.

When she saw Nix, she cried : “ Oh, Nix, Nought, Nothing, waken ! It is I.” But he did not awaken. Then she cried : “ I cleaned the stable, I drained the lake, and I climbed the tree, and all I did for the love of thee, and thou wilt not waken and speak to me.”

Then she went to the king and queen and said : “ I will try once more. I have one more charm.”

Then she took out of her pocket a locket. She kissed it and said to it, “ Dear locket, tell me how to waken my love.”

Then she put the locket to her ear, and the locket whispered : “ Say to the king, ‘ The hen-wife did it. Call her and make her undo it.’ ”

So the king sent for the hen-wife. She came in, trembling. The king said : “ Undo the spell or I will cut off your head.”

The hen-wife was dreadfully frightened and said: "Nix, Nought, Nothing, awake! awake!"

Then Nix rubbed his eyes and awoke.

Looking about, he saw the giant's daughter. Then he told how she had saved him from the wrath of the giant and how they had run away together. He said that he wished to marry her, and the king and the queen were glad. Then there was a great wedding, and Nix and the giant's daughter were married and lived in the palace with the king and queen.

Soon they went back to the giant's castle and got the hen-wife's son and the gardener's son and brought them home.

Scotch Fairy Tales.

THE MAGIC PURSE

THERE was a widow with daughters three. She had all the money that she needed to take care of them all. Their father had owned a large strong purse filled with gold and silver and precious stones. It was a very strange purse, for it was never empty. Whenever any coins were taken out, others came in their places at once.

The father used to keep this purse hanging in a secret closet. Only he and the mother knew where it was. When the father died, the mother had no fear of want, for did she not have the wonderful purse ?

One day a strange old woman came to the house and asked for a meal.

When she had gone, the mother went to get some money from the purse. But lo ! no purse was there ! The old woman had taken it. She was a witch and knew where

it was hidden. So she took it away without being seen. Then she went out of the country and nobody saw her go.

Then the poor woman, whose money was gone, had a hard time to support herself and her daughters three.

“Mother,” said the eldest daughter, “I am a woman now, and it is a shame for me to be here doing nothing. Bake me a loaf of bread and cut me a slice of meat, and I will go away to seek my fortune.” The mother baked her a whole loaf of bread and asked her whether she would have half of it with her blessing, or the whole of it without. She said : “Give me the whole loaf, Mother, even without your blessing.”

So she took the loaf and went out into the world. She told her mother that if she were not back in a year and a day, they might know that she was happy and making her fortune. The eldest daughter traveled on and on, farther than I can tell you, and twice

as far as you could tell me, until she came to a strange land. Then, going up to a little house, she found an old witch sitting beside the fire.

“Where are you going?” asked the old witch.

“I am going to seek my fortune,” replied the girl.

“Oh!” said the witch. “How would you like to stay here with me? I need a maid.”

“What shall I have to do?”

“You will have to wash me and dress me, and sweep the hearth clean; but you must never, never look up the chimney,” said the witch.

“Very well,” said the girl.

The next day when the old woman arose, the girl washed her and dressed her. Then the witch went out, and the girl went about, sweeping and cleaning.

“Surely it will do no harm to have one look up the chimney,” said she. So she



looked, and there, what did she see, but her own mother's magic purse full of gold and silver and precious stones. She took it quickly from the chimney, and started to run home with it as fast as she could.

She had not gone far when she met a horse grazing in a field. When he saw her, he said : " Rub me ! Rub me ! for I have not been rubbed these seven years." But she only struck him with a stick and drove him out of her way.

She had not gone much farther when she met a sheep who said : " Oh, shear me ! Shear me ! for I have not been shorn these seven years."

But she struck the sheep and sent it running out of her way.

She had not gone far when she came upon a goat tied with a rope. The goat said : " Oh, change my rope ! Change my rope ! for it has not been changed these seven years."

But she flung a stone at him and went on.

Next she came to a limekiln. The kiln said : "Oh, clean me ! Clean me ! for I have not been cleaned these seven years !"

But she only scowled at it, and hurried on.

Going a little farther, she met a cow, and the cow said : "Oh, milk me ! Milk me ! for I have not been milked these seven years !"

She drove the cow out of her way, and went on.

Next she came to a mill. The mill said : "Oh, turn me ! Turn me ! for I have not been turned these seven years."

She did not heed what it said, but she went in and lay down behind the mill door, with the purse under her head.

When the old witch came home and found that the girl was gone, she ran to the chimney and looked up to see whether she had carried off the purse. When she saw that it was gone, she flew into a rage, and started to run after the girl.

She had not gone far when she met the horse, and she said :

“Oh ! horse, horse of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse ?”

“Yes,” said the horse, “it is not long since she passed here.”

On ran the witch, and it was not long before she met the sheep. Then she said :

“Sheep, sheep of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse ?”

“Yes,” said the sheep, “it is not long since she passed here.”

So on ran the witch, and it was not long before she met the goat, and she said :

“Goat, goat of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,

With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse ?”

“Aye,” said the goat, “it is not long since she passed here.”

So on ran the witch, and soon she came to the limekiln, and she said :

“Limekiln, limekiln of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse ?”

“Aye,” said the limekiln, “it is not long since she passed here.”

On ran the witch, and soon she met the cow, and she said :

“Cow, cow of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse ?”

“Aye,” said the cow, “it is not long since she passed here.”

So she ran on, and soon she came to the mill and she said :

“ Mill, mill of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse ? ”

“ Aye, ” said the mill, “ she is sleeping behind the door. ”

Then the old witch ran in and struck the girl with a white rod, and turned her into a stone. She then took the magic purse on her back and went home.

A year and a day had gone by since the eldest daughter had left home. When they found she did not return, the second daughter said : “ My sister must be doing well and making her fortune. It is a shame for me to be staying here and doing nothing. Mother, bake me a loaf of bread, and cut me a slice of meat, and I will go to find my fortune. ”

The mother baked the loaf and asked the girl whether she would have half the loaf with her blessing, or the whole loaf without.

“The whole loaf without,” she said, and started out to seek her fortune. “If I am not back here in a year and a day, you may be sure I am happy and making my fortune,” said she.

She traveled on and on, farther than I can tell you, and twice as far as you could tell me, until she came to a strange land. Then going up to a little house, she found the old witch sitting beside the fire. “Where are you going?” said she.

“I am going to seek my fortune,” replied the girl.

“How would you like to stay here with me? I want a maid.”

“What shall I have to do?”

“You will have to wash me and dress me, and sweep the hearth clean; and you must

never, never look up the chimney," said the witch.

"Very well," said the girl.

The next day when the witch arose, the girl washed her and dressed her. Then the old witch went out, and the girl went about, sweeping and cleaning.

"Surely it will do no harm to have one wee look up the chimney," said the girl. So she looked, and then, what did she see, but her own mother's magic purse full of gold. So she took it out of the chimney, and started to run home with it as fast as she could go.

She had not gone far when she met a horse grazing in a field, and when he saw her, he said: "Rub me! Rub me! for I have not been rubbed these seven years."

But she only struck him with a stick and drove him out of her way.

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"Cow, cow of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse?"

"Aye," said the cow, "it is not long since she passed here."

So she ran on, and soon she came to the mill, and she said :

“Mill, mill of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse?”

“Aye,” said the mill, “she is sleeping behind the door.”

Then the old witch ran in and struck the girl with a white rod, and turned her into a stone. She then took the purse and went away home.

When the second daughter had been gone a year and a day and had not come back, the youngest daughter said: “My two sisters must be doing very well indeed, and making great fortunes since they stay away so long. It is a shame for me to be sitting here doing nothing. Mother, bake me a loaf of bread, and cut me a slice of meat, and I will go away and seek my fortune.”

The mother baked the loaf and asked the girl whether she would have half the loaf, with her blessing, or the whole of it without.

“I will have half the loaf with your blessing, Mother,” said she.

The mother gave her a blessing and half a loaf, and she set out.

She traveled on and on, farther than I can tell you, and twice as far as you could tell me, until she came into a strange land. Then going up to a little house, she found the old witch sitting beside the fire. “Where are you going?” asked the old witch.

“I am going to seek my fortune,” replied the girl.

“How would you like to stay here with me? I want a maid.”

“What shall I have to do?” said the girl.

“You will have to wash me and dress me, and sweep the hearth clean; and you must never, never look up the chimney,” said the witch.

“Very well,” said the girl.

The next day when the old witch arose, the girl washed her and dressed her, and when the old witch went out, she swept the hearth. Then she thought it would do no harm to have one wee look up the chimney. So she looked, and there, what did she see, but her own mother’s magic purse full of gold and silver! So she took it down at once, and started to run home with it as fast as she could.

Then she came to the horse. The horse said: “Rub me! Rub me! for I have not been rubbed these seven years.”

“Oh, poor horse, poor horse,” she said. “Of course I will rub you.” So she laid down her purse and rubbed the horse.

Then she ran on, and soon she met the sheep, which said: “Oh, shear me! Shear me! for I have not been shorn these seven years.”

“Oh, poor sheep, poor sheep,” she said.

“Of course I will shear you.” And she laid down the purse and sheared the sheep.

On she went till she met the goat, which said: “Oh, loose my rope! Loose my rope! for it has not been loosened these seven years.”

“Oh, poor goat, poor goat,” she said. “Of course I will loosen your rope.” And she laid down the purse and loosened the goat’s rope.

Then she went on till she came to the limekiln. The limekiln said: “Oh, clean me! for I have not been cleaned these seven years.”

“Oh! poor limekiln, poor limekiln,” she said. “Of course, I will clean you.” And she laid down the purse and cleaned the limekiln.

Then she ran on and met the cow. The cow said: “Oh, milk me! Milk me! for I have not been milked these seven years.”

“Oh! poor cow, poor cow,” she said. “Of

course I will milk you." And she laid down the purse and milked the cow.

At last she reached the mill. The mill said : " Oh, turn me ! Turn me ! for I have not been turned these seven years."

" Oh, poor mill, poor mill !" she said. " Of course I will turn you," and she turned the mill.

It was getting dark, so she went in and lay down behind the mill door to sleep.

When the old witch came home and found that the girl was gone, she ran to the chimney to see whether she had carried off the purse. When she found that the purse was gone, she flew into a rage, and started to run after the girl. She had not gone far, when she came to the horse, and she said :

" Oh ! horse, horse of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse ?"

The horse said : “Do you think I have nothing to do but to watch your maids for you? You may go somewhere else and look for information.”

Then the witch came to the sheep.

“Oh, sheep, sheep of mine,
Have you seen this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse?”

The sheep said : “Do you think I have nothing to do but watch your maids for you?”

Then she went on until she came to the limekiln.

“Oh, limekiln, limekiln of mine,
Did you see this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse?”

Said the limekiln : “Do you think I have nothing to do but watch your maids for you?”

Next she met the cow.

“Oh ! cow, cow of mine,
Have you seen this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse ?”

The cow said : “Do you think I have nothing to do but watch your maids for you ?”

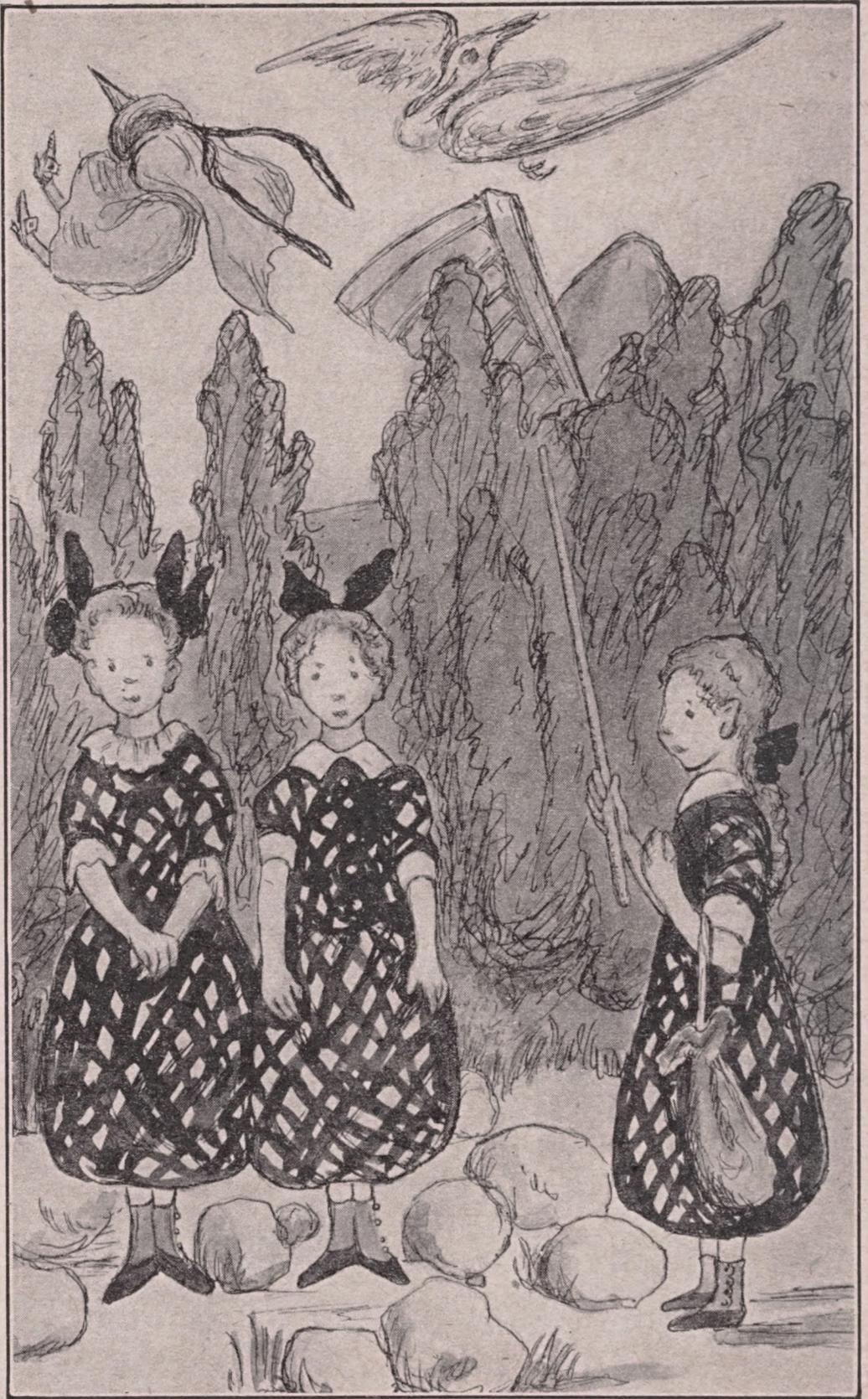
So she ran on until she came to the mill.

“Oh ! mill, mill of mine,
Have you seen this maid of mine,
With my purse, with my purse,
With my magic purse ?”

The mill said, “Come nearer and whisper to me.”

She went nearer to whisper to the mill, when whizz, whirl, whizz, whirl, and the mill whizzed her away.

The old witch dropped her white rod, and the girl ran from behind the door and



picked it up. The mill told her to strike two stones behind the door. She struck the two stones and lo! there stood her two sisters. They picked up the magic purse and all three set out for home. There they found their good mother waiting for them.

Irish Folk Tale.



THE RABBIT AND THE PORCUPINE

IT was Saturday morning in the beautiful month of September. The sun was bright, the goldenrod and the aster were in bloom, the wind was cool, the bobolinks were singing in the meadow, the bees were starting home from late clover, and the farmers were working as if they loved it. Everybody was happy. Even the porcupine was smiling a prickly smile.

The porcupine stood in his front yard, with his head on one side, humming a cheerful tune and smiling a prickly smile. By and by he said to himself: "I have just time before breakfast to go and see how my cabbages are growing."

The cabbages grew in the first field, and there were hundreds of them, white cabbages, red cabbages, and purple cabbages.

And he and his family ate sometimes red ones, sometimes white ones, and sometimes purple ones. And he really had come to believe that he had planted them and owned them.

So, as I told you, Mr. Porcupine started for the cabbage field. He had his hands in his pockets, and was just going around the corner of the bush that stood by the gate, when he met Mr. Rabbit, who was out to look at the cabbages too, for he thought that he owned them.



When the porcupine caught sight of the rabbit, he said pleasantly: "Good morning."

But the rabbit was very proud and felt himself above the porcupine, so he did not say good morning politely, but said in a surly way: "What are you running about my field for, so early in the morning?"

"I'm out walking," said the porcupine.

"Walking?" said Mr. Rabbit, with a mean smile. "Why don't you use your legs for a hoop and roll?"

This alone made the porcupine angry, for, though he was very good-natured, he was sensitive about his bandy legs.

"So you think your legs are better than mine?"

"They are," said the rabbit.

"Are they?" said the porcupine. "Two little silly ones and two long lanky ones with a bad crook at the elbow. I dare you to run a race with me."

“You!” cried the rabbit. “You can’t run. Why don’t you roll as I told you? But if you want to try, I’ll race with you. What do you wager?”

“A new hat,” said the porcupine.

“Come on!” said the rabbit. “I’m ready.”

“I’m not,” said the porcupine. “I haven’t had my breakfast yet, and I feel weak. I will come back here in an hour.”

So away they went for their breakfast.

After Mr. Porcupine had eaten he said to his wife :

“That rabbit thinks his long legs are great, but I will beat him all the same. He may have long legs, but he has a dull head, and I will beat him. See if I don’t. So. Quick! Put on a suit of my clothes, and come with me.”



“What are you talking about?” said his wife. “Are you crazy?”

“I’ve wagered the rabbit a new hat. I am going to run a race with him, and I want you to be there to see me beat him.”

“You!” cried the porcupine’s wife. “Have you lost your senses? How can you race the rabbit?”

“You wait and see,” said the porcupine. “I will attend to that. Now, quick, put on your bonnet and come with me.”

What was the wife to do? She had to obey, whether she wanted to or not, and then she wanted to see the race.

As they were going along, the porcupine said, “Now, listen. I will tell you my plan. We are going to run our race in that plowed field. Do you see those deep furrows? The rabbit will run in one, and I in another. We begin at the same end. Now, you stand at the other end of my furrow, and when the rabbit arrives, you call out to him:

“ ‘Here I am already !’ ”

“ Oh, I see,” said the wife. “ I can do that.”

When they reached the field, the porcupine showed his wife where to hide and then went on to the other end.

There was Mr. Rabbit waiting for him.

“ Are you ready ? ” asked he.

“ I am ready,” said the porcupine.

Each took up his place. The rabbit counted :

“ One, Two, Three ! Go ! ”

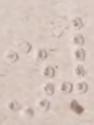
And away he went like the wind, taking great long leaps.

The porcupine waddled about three steps, then he went back, sat down in his furrow out of sight, and laughed and chuckled to himself.

As soon as the rabbit came tearing down to the other end of his furrow, Mrs. Porcupine jumped up and called out to him :

“ Here I am already ! ”

The rabbit did not know what to say. He



believed, of course, that it was Mr. Porcupine himself sitting there because Mr. Porcupine's wife looked exactly like her husband, and she had his clothes on.

“That is queer,” said the rabbit. “We must run again back to the starting point.”

And away he went again like a bird. But Mrs. Porcupine just sat down in her furrow, and laughed to herself.

When the rabbit got to the other end, Mr. Porcupine called out:

“Here I am already!”

Now the rabbit was furious and cried out:

“Run again!”

“Very well,” said the porcupine, “as many times as you wish.”

And so the rabbit went on, running back and forth, seventy-three times, and every time he reached one end, or the other, Mr. Porcupine or Mrs. Porcupine was there waiting for him and calling out:

“Here I am already !”

But the seventy-fourth time the rabbit dropped down tired out before he had gone halfway. Then Mr. Porcupine took his new hat, and he and Mrs. Porcupine went home.

Irish Fairy Tale.



HANKEL AND THE SWORD

HANKEL was going away from home. He was now a grown boy, and it was time for him to begin work to help his father take care of the mother and the six younger brothers.

The mother loved her children and feared to have Hankel go away from home, but at last she consented.

So one bright morning off Hankel started. He walked all day, and, as evening came on, he sat down under a tree near a great wood, and ate his supper.

Looking about, he saw no house near and made up his mind that he would have to stay in the woods all night. So he climbed up into the tree and was just getting settled for a good night's rest when he was startled by a voice calling for help. It came from a

very little man who was running as fast as his very little legs would carry him. Behind him came a great wolf, about to rush upon him and eat him. The little man kicked and fought the wolf, and tried to beat him off.

Hankel knew that it would take only a moment for the wolf to kill the very little man. So down he jumped from the tree, and with a stout stick beat the wolf so hard that he ran into the woods with his tail between his legs.

“Oh!” gasped the very little man, “you saved my life. I had no strength to fight the wolf. I am so grateful to you. Now tell me what you are doing here in this dark and dangerous place. Do you not know that these woods are filled with wild beasts that roam about by day and prowl about by night?”

“I am going out into the world to get work and to earn money to help my father care

for our family. He is very poor, and the children are always hungry, and work as hard as he can, he never can make enough for us all!”

“Take this,” said the very little man.
“You saved my life, and I will give you this



hammer. Go into the town and get work as a smith. With this hammer you can do the very finest smith work in all the world.”

So Hankel took the hammer and was just about to thank the very little man when to his surprise the very little man disappeared, and Hankel never saw him again.

He climbed back into the tree and slept all night. In the morning he started off with a light heart, for he believed what the very little man had told him about his hammer. He trudged on, until, late in the afternoon, he came to a fine palace. He walked up to the great gate and knocked.

“What do you want here?” cried the gate-man.

“I am looking for work,” said Hankel.

“What can a boy like you do?”

“Oh, many things; but first I am a good smith.”

“A smith! ha, ha!” laughed the man.

“A great smith you would be. Why, yesterday, a thief broke into the palace and stole the king’s jewels and all his money. So the king has promised that the man who

can make the best key shall be appointed the court locksmith. Every smith in the town is making a key. If you are such a fine smith, why do you not try, yourself?"

Hankel thought for a moment, and then said he would go into the town and see these smiths.

Before night Hankel arrived at the door of a smith. He told the smith that he would be glad to help him for food and shelter.

"And pray, what can a boy like you do? Nothing, nothing!" said the cross smith.

"Well, please let me try; it will do no harm, and I think I can surprise you. I know I can make the finest lock in the world."

"Very well," said the smith, "and mind, it must be finished in seven days."

"I must have a workroom all to myself," said Hankel.

"Nonsense!" said the smith. "Get into

that corner, and if you are so great a smith, you can make the lock and key anywhere."

"No," said Hankel, "I must be alone. I can do nothing in all this noise and clatter." So the smith let him have a room alone.

The first day passed, and then the second, and the third.

The smith grew very curious, and each day he tried to peek through the keyhole, but Hankel had covered it over so that no one could see through it. All the smith could hear was thump, thump! hammer, hammer!

"Let me come in!" cried the smith. But Hankel did not answer him.

The fourth day Hankel finished his work, and then he turned the key in the workroom and went out to find the master.

"I have worked hard for four days, and I wish my pay," he said. The smith did not want to give it to him, but he was afraid Hankel would not finish the work.

The next morning Hankel went off to the

town to rest and have a good time. He did not come back for two days. When he returned, the smith cried to him:

“To-morrow the lock must be taken to the king, and here you have been wasting your time in the town, instead of finishing your work. You are a lazy good-for-nothing.”

“Never fear, master; the lock shall be finished in time, and I tell you it will be the finest lock that the king ever saw.”

The next day Hankel brought the lock to the smith. His eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw it. “What! you made this?” said the smith.

“Yes,” said Hankel. “Did I not tell you I could make the best lock?”

Then the smith wrapped the lock up in a fine velvet cloth and ran every step of the way to the king’s palace.

When the king came to look at all the locks which had been brought, he had hard

work to decide which was the best, until he came to the lock Hankel had made.

The king looked down at the smith, and said: "Smith, this is a wonderful lock. I did not know I had such a great smith in my kingdom. You shall be the court locksmith."

The smith was very happy, but he did not tell any one that it was Hankel and not himself who had made the lock.

It was not long before people from all over the kingdom flocked to see the king's wonderful lock and to look upon the wonderful man who had made it.

One day a king from the west country came to see the wonderful lock, and he said:

"It is, indeed, very wonderfully and delicately made, but I have a smith in my kingdom who can do as wonderful and beautiful work."

"If that is so," said the king, "let us compare their work." So it was decided

that the court locksmith of each kingdom should make a knife. And the one who made the best knife should be regarded the greatest smith.

Hardly had the king commanded the smith to make the knife when he came to Hankel. "Now, Hankel, you must do your utmost for the king, for this depends on you."

Hankel consented to try his best although the smith was always cross and disagreeable to him, and worse than all, he seldom had enough food to eat.

Then he asked the smith for some money for his work, but the smith only abused him and called him idle and lazy.

Soon the knives were finished. On the appointed day they were brought before the kings. The visiting smith showed his knife first, and indeed it was so beautiful and so wonderfully and curiously wrought that every one declared that there never could be anything finer. However, the court

smith said that he wished to show his knife, and so he brought it forth.

Every one was astonished, the people looked from one to another, the kings looked at each other, and everybody exclaimed: "Oh, how wonderful! What a wonderful man this smith is."

Then Hankel cried out: "He is not a wonderful man, O king. He did not make the knife. He did not make the lock. No, he could not make either."

"What is this you say?" cried the king. "He did not make them?"

"No, O king, he did not! I made them, and he did not even give me my supper for the work."

"What is this, master smith?" cried the king.

"It is not true; that boy Hankel is only a lazy, idle fellow, and is trying to get me into trouble."

"Well, we shall see," said the king.

“Something is wrong. I command that in seven days you each make and bring to me a sword. Then we shall soon know who is telling the truth.”

Hankel set to work at once; he worked day and night, for he wished the king to know that he was honest and truthful.

One day, while he was working away in his shop, a knock came at the door. He went out, and there was the smith.

“Hankel,” he said, “I have come to ask you to go to the king and tell him that you were only in fun and that I really made the lock and the knife.

“If you will do this, Hankel, I will give you all the money, and all the food you want. I will give you anything, and you will never have to do any more work.”

“No,” said Hankel, “I want nothing to do with you or your promises,” and with that he went in and closed the door, leaving the smith on the outside.

The seventh day came, and Hankel went up to the palace. The smith came, too, and brought a sword he had made himself. It certainly was a fine sword ; none finer had ever been seen, and the king praised it highly. Then he told Hankel to show his sword.

A great laugh spread over the court, for there were no signs of Hankel's sword.

Hankel then opened a little bag which he carried in his hand and took out a small box. He opened the box and took out a small gold stick. He pressed on the end of the stick and immediately it sprang into a wonderful golden sword, with a wonderful handle of pearls and rubies and diamonds and gems of all kinds. Hankel then walked up to the king and presented it to him.

Immediately every one exclaimed :

“Hankel's is the most wonderful ; he should be the royal locksmith !” And so it was.

The cruel smith was sent from the palace

and would have been punished, but Hankel begged the king to forgive him.

Hankel then sent for his father and mother and six brothers to come and live with him, and they always had plenty, for the little hammer never failed Hankel.

Norse Folk Tale.



THE LEAPING MATCH

THE flea, the grasshopper, and the frog once wanted to see which of them could jump the highest. They made a feast and asked the whole world and every one else besides who cared to come and see the grand sight. Three famous jumpers were they.

“I will give my daughter to him who shall jump highest,” said the king; “it would be too bad for you to have the jumping, and for us to offer no prize.”

The flea was the first to come forward.

He had very fine manners, and bowed to the company on every side ; for he was of noble blood, and, besides, was accustomed to be with men, and that, of course, had helped him.

Next came the grasshopper. He was not quite as finely formed as the flea ; but he knew perfectly well how to behave, and he wore the green uniform that belonged to him by right of birth. He said, moreover, that he came of a very old family, and that in the house where he then lived he was much thought of.

The fact was that he had been just brought out of the fields and put in a card house, three stories high, built on purpose for him, with the colored sides inwards, and doors and windows cut in the Queen of Hearts.

“And I sing so well,” said he, “that sixteen crickets, which had always chirped, and yet had no one to build them card houses to live in, have fretted themselves even thinner

than before, from sheer vexation on hearing me.”

It was thus that the flea and the grasshopper made the most of themselves, each thinking himself quite an equal match for the princess.

The leapfrog said not a word ; but people said that perhaps he thought the more ; and the house dog who snuffed at him with his nose said that he was of good family.

“I say nothing for the present,” exclaimed the king ; “yet I have my own opinion, for I observe everything.”



And now the match began. The flea jumped so high that no one could see what had become of him ; and so they insisted that he had not

jumped at all, — which was disgraceful, after all the fuss he had made.

The grasshopper jumped only half as high ; but he leaped into the face of the king, who was disgusted at his rudeness.

The leapfrog stood for a long time, as if lost in thought ; people began to think that he would not jump at all.

“I’m afraid he is ill !” said the dog, and he went to sniff at him again, when lo ! he suddenly made a sideways jump into the lap of the princess, who sat close by on a little golden stool.

“There is nothing higher than my daughter,” said the king ; “therefore to bound into her lap is the highest jump that can be made. Only a wise one would have ever thought of that. Thus the frog has shown that he has sense. He has brains in his head.”

And so the frog won the princess.

“I jumped the highest, for all that,” said the flea ; “but it’s all the same to me. The princess may have the stiff-legged, slimy

creature, if she likes. I am too light and airy for a stupid world.”

And so the flea went into foreign service.

The grasshopper sat outside on a green bank, and thought about the world and its ways ; and then he began to sing in his own peculiar way, and it is from his song that we have taken this little piece of history.

HANS C. ANDERSEN.

THE HAPPY FAMILY

THE largest green leaf in this country is the burdock. Put one in front of your waist, and it is just like an apron; or lay it upon your head, and it is so broad that it is almost as good as an umbrella.

Burdock never grows alone; where you find one plant of the kind you may be sure that others grow near by. How fine they look!

And all this is food for the great white snails which grand people in olden times used to eat, and, when they had eaten, they would say: "H'm, how nice!" These snails lived on burdock leaves, and that was why burdock was planted.

Now there was an old estate where snails were no longer liked. The snails had therefore died out, but the burdock still flourished.

In all the alleys and in all the beds it had grown and grown, so that it could no longer be checked; the place had become a perfect forest of burdock.

Here and there stood an apple tree or a plum tree, to show that there had once been a garden, but everything, from one end of the garden to the other, was burdock; and beneath the shade of the burdock lived the last two of the ancient snails.

They themselves did not know how old they were, but they well remembered that there had been a time when there were a great many of them, that they had come from foreign lands, and that this forest in which they lived had been planted for them and theirs. They had never been beyond the limits of the garden; but they knew that there was something outside their forest, called the castle, and that there one was boiled, and became black, and was then laid upon a silver dish; though what happened

afterward they had never heard; nor could they exactly fancy how it felt to be cooked and laid on a silver dish. It was, no doubt, a fine thing, and exceedingly genteel.

Neither the cockchafer, nor the toad, nor the earthworm, all of whom they questioned on the matter, could tell them anything about it, for none of them had ever been cooked and served upon silver dishes.

The old white snails were the grandest race in the world; of this they were well aware. The forest had grown for their sake, and the castle or manor house, too, had been built only that they might be cooked and served in it.

Leading now a very quiet and happy life, and having no children, they had adopted a little common snail, and had brought it up as their own child. But the little thing would not grow, for he was only a common snail, though his foster mother pretended to see a great improvement in him. She

begged the father, since he could not perceive it, to feel the little snail's shell, and, to her great joy and his own, he found that his wife was right.

One day it rained very hard. "Listen!" said the father snail, "what a drumming there is on the burdock leaves: rum-dum-dum, rum-dum-dum!"

"There are drops, too," said the mother snail; "they come trickling down the stalks. We shall presently find it very wet here. I'm glad we have such good houses, and that the youngster has his also. There has really been more done for us than for any other creatures. Every one must see how great we are. We have houses from our very birth, and the burdock forest is planted on our account. I should like to know just how far it reaches, and what there is beyond."

"There is nothing better than what we have here," said the father snail. "I wish for nothing beyond."

“And yet,” said the mother, “I should like to be taken to the castle, and boiled, and laid on a silver dish; that has been done to all our people, and we may be sure it is something very pleasing.”

“The castle has, perhaps, fallen into ruins,” said the father snail. “There is no hurry about the matter. You are always in such a hurry, and the youngster there begins to take after you. He has been creeping up that stem yonder these three days. It makes me quite dizzy to look at him.”

“But don’t scold him,” said the mother. “He creeps carefully. We old people have nothing else to live for, and he will be the joy of our old age. Have you thought how we can find a wife for him? Do you not think that farther in the forest there may be others of our own family?”

“I dare say there may be black snails,” said the old father, “black snails without a house at all; they are vulgar, though they

think so much of themselves. But we can ask the black ants who run about so much. They will certainly be able to find a wife for our young gentleman."

"I know the fairest of the fair," said one of the ants; "but I'm afraid she would not do, for she is a queen."

"She is none the worse for that," said both the old snails. "Has she a house?"

"She has a palace," answered the ants; "the most splendid ant castle, with seven hundred galleries."

"Thank you!" said the snail mother. "Our boy shall not go to live in an ant hill. If you know of nothing better, we will ask the white gnats, who fly both in rain and sunshine, and know all the ins and outs of the whole burdock forest."

"We have found a wife for him," said the gnats. "A hundred paces from here there sits, on a gooseberry bush, a little snail with a house. She is all alone, and is old

enough to marry. It is only a few steps from here.”

“Then let her come to him,” said the old couple. “He has a whole forest of burdock, while she has only a bush.”

So they went and brought the little maiden snail. It took eight days to perform the journey ; but that only showed that she was of good family.

And then the wedding took place. Six glow-worms gave all the light that they could, but in all other respects it was a very quiet affair. The old couple could not bear the frolic. The mother snail made a very nice little speech. They gave the young couple the entire burdock forest, saying what they had always said, namely, that it was the finest place in the world, and that, if they were good, and if their family should grow, they and the children would one day be taken to the castle, and be boiled black, and served in a silver dish.

And after this the old couple crept into their houses, and never came out again, but fell asleep. The young pair now ruled in the forest, and had a large family. But when, as time went on, none of them were ever cooked or served on a silver dish, they thought that the castle had fallen into ruins, and that the world of human beings had died out.

And the rain fell upon the burdock leaves just to please them with its drumming, and the sun shone to light the forest for them alone ; and very happy they were, they and the whole snail family, very happy indeed !

HANS C. ANDERSEN.

THE THREE SPINNING FAIRIES

THERE was once a young girl who was so idle that she hated work, and, let her mother say what she would, nothing would induce her to spin. At last her mother grew so angry that she determined to try what effect a good flogging would have.

But at the first blow the girl set up such a loud screaming, that the queen, who was passing near, stopped to inquire what was the matter; she even alighted from her carriage, and stepped into the house and said:

“Why are you beating your daughter? Her screams are heard by people in the street.”

Then the mother was ashamed to tell about the laziness of her daughter, and said:

“I cannot get her away from the spin-

ning wheel, and we are too poor to provide her with flax."

"Oh," answered the queen, "there is nothing more pleasant to me than the sound of spinning; the humming of the wheel delights me. Give me your daughter. I will take her to the castle; I have plenty of flax, and she shall spin as much as she likes."

In her heart the mother was quite overjoyed at this proposal, and glad to allow the queen to take the maiden away with her. As soon as they arrived at the castle, the queen took the idle girl into three rooms that were all full of beautiful flax.

"Spin me this flax," she said, "and as soon as it is finished come to me, and I will give you my eldest son for your husband. Although you may be poor, I do not care for that; your unwearied industry is sufficient dowry."

The maiden was in a terrible fright when

she heard this, for she knew that she could never spin all that flax if she worked every day from morning until night for a hundred years ; and as soon as she was alone she began to cry. At the end of three days, when the queen came to see her, she had not raised her hand to begin the task. The queen was surprised, but the maiden excused herself by saying that she felt so unhappy at leaving her mother's home that she knew not how to begin.

The queen accepted the excuse, but as she left the room she said in a pointed manner, "You had better begin to work tomorrow morning."

When the young girl found herself alone, and knew that she was quite unable even to begin this task, she rose in her trouble and walked to the window. As she stood looking out mournfully, she saw three strange-looking women coming toward her. One had a broad flat foot, the second had

such a large under lip that it hung over the chin, and the third had an enormous thumb.

These three women placed themselves before the window, looked up at the maiden, and asked her what was the matter. She was in such trouble that she could not help telling them all about it, and they immediately offered to assist her. "You must first promise," said one, "that we shall be invited to your wedding, and shall be allowed to sit at your table, and you must agree to call us your cousins, without being ashamed of us. If you will do this, we will come in and spin your flax in a very short time."

"I promise, with all my heart," said the girl; "so come and set to work at once." She opened the window as she spoke, and let the three strange-looking women into the first flax chamber, where they seated themselves and quickly commenced spinning.

The first turned the wheel and drew out the thread, another moistened it, while the third

twisted it with her finger on the table, and, as she twisted there fell to the ground skein after skein of the finest spun flax.

The queen came every day, as usual, to see how the work was getting on ; but the maiden took care to hide the three spinners, and showed her, each time, so many skeins of the finest thread, that she went away quite astonished.

When the first room was empty, they went to the second, and at last to the third, until all the flax was spun into beautiful thread, and the maiden's task was finished.

Then the three women bade her farewell, saying, "Do not forget what you have promised, for it will bring you good fortune."

When the queen came and saw the empty rooms, and the quantity of skeins of thread, she was delighted, and fixed the day on which the marriage was to take place.

The prince, who had seen the maiden, and heard how clever and industrious she was,

felt overjoyed at the prospect of such a wife, and soon learned to love her dearly. Just before the wedding day he asked his bride if she wished for any favor to be granted her.

“Yes,” she replied. “I have three cousins who have been very kind to me, and I should not like to forget them in the midst of my good fortune. Will you permit me to invite them to the wedding, and to give them seats at our table?”

The queen and the prince both replied that they could see no reason to object. So the three strange women were invited. On the wedding day they came in great pomp and beautifully dressed, but this could not conceal their defects.

The bride gave them a most kind reception, saying: “Welcome, dear cousins.”

But the bridegroom was surprised, and he exclaimed: “Ah, however came you to have such ugly acquaintances?”

Then he went up to them, and addressing

the first, he asked: "How does it happen that you have such a broad foot?"

"From turning the spinning wheel," she replied.

He turned away, and inquired of the second the cause of her overhanging lip.

"From moistening the thread with my lips," was the reply.

"And your thumb," he asked the third, "what makes it such a size?"

"From drawing and twisting the thread," she answered.

"Then," said the bridegroom, "if this is the consequence of turning the spinning wheel, my beautiful bride shall never touch it again with her hands or feet, or the thread with her lips, as long as she lives."

So the young maiden was set free from the work she disliked, because she remembered her promise, and was not ashamed to own those who had helped her in her trouble.

THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

ONE fine summer morning, a little tailor sat on a table at work by his open window, and thought of the many good things he could buy with the money he earned, for he was a clever little tailor.

A farmer's wife came down the street, crying: "Good jam for sale, good jam for sale." The voice sounded pleasant to the ears of the little tailor; so he put his head out of the window and cried: "Come here, my good woman; this is the place to sell your jam."

The woman walked up the three steps with her heavy basket, and stood before the tailor, who asked her to show him how much she had. As soon as he saw, he rose from his table, and putting down his nose to smell, he exclaimed, "This jam smells so

good that I must have four ounces, that is a quarter of a pound ; I cannot afford more." The woman, who had hoped to sell a large quantity, gave him what he wished for, but went away quite angry.

"Oh, how I shall enjoy this!" cried the tailor, who cared nothing for the woman's grumbling ; "it will give me strength and energy for my work." Then he fetched the bread from his cupboard, cut off a piece the whole size of the loaf, and spread the jam upon it. "That will not taste bitter," he said, "but before I take even a bite, I must finish this waistcoat." Then he placed the bread on a chair near, and seating himself, sewed and stitched away with a spirit full of joy.

In the meantime, the smell of the jam rose to the wall, where numbers of flies were sitting ; so tempting was it, that they flew down in swarms just to taste.

"Hallo ! who invited you?" cried the

tailor, as he drove away the unbidden guests.

But it was of no use. The flies did not understand German. They would not be kept away, but returned again in larger companies than ever. Then ran the little tailor "head over heels," as people say, and pulling from the chimney corner a piece of cloth, he said, "Wait and see what I will give you;" then he dashed the cloth unmercifully amongst them.

Presently he stopped to see the havoc he had made, and counted no fewer than seven lying with their legs stretched out, quite dead. "Am I such a churl," he exclaimed, "that I must admire my own bravery alone? No, no, the whole town shall hear about it;" and the little tailor, in great haste, cut out a waist belt, on which he sewed and stitched large letters, forming these words, "Seven at one stroke." "This town!" said he, again, "indeed, the whole world shall hear

about it!" And his heart waggled with pride like a lamb's tail.

-The little tailor bound the girdle around his waist, and determined to go out into the world. Before starting he searched in every corner of the house to see if there was anything he could take with him, but he found nothing but an old cheese, which he stuck in his pocket.

As he passed out, he saw before the door a bird caught in the bushes; this he also placed in his pocket with the cheese. Then he set out on his journey, tripping lightly along, for he was so light and strong that he could walk a long way without feeling fatigue.

The road he took led him up a high mountain. When he reached the summit, there, quite at his ease, sat an enormous giant, who looked at him in a friendly manner.

The brave little tailor went straight up to him, and said: "Good morning, comrade.

Upon my word, you have a grand view of the world before you. As for me, I am traveling in search of adventures. Will you go with me?"

The giant looked disdainfully at the little tailor, and exclaimed: "You conceited little imp! What! go with a little morsel of a man like you?"

"Stop," cried the tailor, "not so fast"; and, unbuttoning his coat, he pointed to the words on his girdle. "If you can read, that will show you whether I am a man or not."

The giant read, "Seven at one stroke!" and thinking it must be seven men whom the tailor had killed, he began to feel more respect for him.

"Well, now, I will prove you," said the giant. "Look here, can you do this?" and he took up a large stone and squeezed it until the water came from it.

"Oh, that is nothing," exclaimed the tailor, "it is but play to me;" and taking

out the soft cheese from his pocket, he squeezed it till the whey ran from it, crying out at the same time, "Beat that, if you can."

The giant knew not what to say; the strength of the little tailor quite astonished him. However, he took up another stone, and threw it to such a height in the air that it was impossible to see where it went.

"Certainly, that is clever," said the tailor; "but the stone will fall somewhere. I will throw one up that shall not come down again." He put his hand in his pocket, and drawing out the bird, threw it up into the air.

The bird rose immediately, and spreading its wings, was soon far out of sight.

"What do you think of that, comrade?" he asked.

"You can throw very well, certainly," replied the giant; "but I should like to see if you can draw a heavy weight as easily as you can throw."

He led the little tailor to a forest in which lay an enormous oak which had fallen to the ground. "Now, then," he said, "if you are as strong as you say, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

"Most willingly," replied the little man. "You take the trunk on your shoulders, and leave me the leaves and the boughs; they are the heaviest."

The giant lifted the trunk on his shoulders, but the cunning little tailor seated himself among the branches, unseen by the giant, who had therefore to carry the whole tree and the tailor in the bargain, without knowing it.

Our little friend was so merry as he went along, that he could not help whistling and singing, "Three tailors rode from the door away," as if carrying trees were mere child's play.

The giant, however, had not gone far when he began to stagger under his heavy

load. "I cannot move a step farther," he cried. "Don't you hear, I shall let the tree fall."

At this, the tailor sprang lightly down, seized the tree with both hands, and exclaimed, "Well, you can't be so very strong, not to be able to carry such a tree as this."

They left the tree, and walked on together until they came to a cherry tree loaded with ripe fruit. The giant seized the topmost branch, and bending it down, placed it in the tailor's hand and told him to eat as many as he liked. But the little man had not strength enough to hold the branch, so up it sprang again, carrying the little tailor high into the air and letting him fall on the other side, but without hurting him at all. "What," said the giant, "had you not strength enough to hold such a twig as this?"

"My strength did not fail me," he replied. "Do you suppose a man who could kill seven at one stroke would find this a difficult task?"

I sprung over the tree because I saw a number of hunters shooting in the wood close by. Now, you do the same ; I should so like to see you spring over."

The giant made an attempt, but he could not clear the tree ; he only entangled himself in the branches, so that in this, also, the tailor gained the upper hand.

Then the giant said to him : " As you are such a clever little fellow, you had better come home with me to my cave and stay for the night."

The tailor was quite ready, and when they reached the cavern, there sat two other giants before a blazing fire, each with a large roast sheep in his hands, eating his supper.

The little tailor seated himself, and thought, " Well, this is a sight worth coming out into the world to see."

The giant then showed him a bed in which he could sleep, but when he laid himself down it was so large that he got up again, and

creeping into a corner, curled himself around and went to sleep.

At midnight, the giant, thinking his visitor was fast asleep, rose up, and taking a heavy iron bar, struck a blow at the bed which broke it right through. "Ah," thought he, "I must have killed the little grasshopper, and got rid of his cunning tricks now." But the next morning, when the giants went out into the wood, and were not thinking of the tailor, he walked up to them as brave as ever, and looking as fresh and merry as a bird.

The giants were alarmed at the sight of him come to life again, as they thought, and remembering that he could kill seven at one stroke, they quite expected that he would be the death of them all. So, taking to their heels, they ran away quickly and were soon out of sight.

Then the little man journeyed on, always following his nose, as the saying is, until,

after wandering a long time, he arrived at the entrance court of a king's palace. Feeling very tired, he lay down on the grass, and soon fell fast asleep.

While he lay there, the people passing read on his girdle, "Seven at one stroke." "Ah," exclaimed one, "what can a great warrior like this want here in time of peace? He must be a great hero."

So they went and told the king, that in case a war should break out, it would be a great advantage to secure the services of such a wonderful and clever man at any price.

The king listened to this counsel, and sent one of the gentlemen of the court to tell the little man, as soon as he awoke, that he wished to enlist him in his service.

The messenger remained by him, and waited until he at last opened his eyes and stretched his limbs; then he delivered his message.

“Ah, yes,” exclaimed the little man, “that is exactly what I came for; I wish to be enlisted in the king’s service.”

Then he was received at the palace with high honors, and handsome apartments were prepared for his use.

But the military men at the court were jealous of the little tailor, and wished him thousands of miles away. “What will become of us,” they said one to another, “if we should quarrel with him, or attempt to fight him? If he can kill seven at one blow, there will soon be an end of us all.” So they went together to the king, and resigned their commissions, saying that “they could not associate with a man who could kill seven men at one blow.”

The king was very much vexed when he heard this, for he did not like the idea of losing all his old and tried servants on account of this stranger, and began to wish that he had never seen the tailor.

But how to get rid of him the king knew not, for he might kill them all and place himself on the throne. At last a plan suggested itself. So he sent for the tailor, and told him that, as he was such a great hero, he wished to make a proposal to him.

“In a forest, not far from here,” he said, “two giants dwell, who have committed so many dreadful deeds of robbery, murder, and violence, that no one will venture near where they live, for fear of losing their lives. Now, to him who shall vanquish and destroy these dreadful giants, I will give my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom as her dowry ; and if you will undertake to do this, I will send an escort of one hundred knights to assist you in any way you wish.”

“Well,” thought the tailor, “that is a reward worth trying for, especially for such a man as I am ; it is an offer not met with every day.”

So he replied to the king: "Yes, sire, I will overcome the giants; but the hundred knights will be of no use to me. I, who have slain seven at one blow, am not likely to be afraid of two."

Then the tailor boldly set out on his enterprise, the hundred knights following him; but when they reached the borders of the wood, he told them to remain there until he returned, as he would rather go alone to attack the giants.

They stayed behind gladly, while the bold little tailor rushed into the forest and looked around.

After a while, he saw the two giants lying fast asleep under a tree, and snoring so loudly that the leaves above them were shaken from the branches and fell to the ground.

The little tailor was not idle; he ran quickly and filled both his pockets full of large stones. Then he climbed up into the



tree, and sliding out to the end of a branch under which the sleepers lay, let fall upon the chest of one of the giants one stone after another.

It was a long time before even this could disturb him, but at last he woke, and pushing his companion roughly, exclaimed, "What do you mean by knocking me about like this?"

"You are dreaming," said the other; "I never touched you." And presently they were both asleep again.

Then the little tailor threw a heavy stone on the other giant, who woke up in a rage, and cried, "You are striking me, now; what do you mean by it!"

"I never struck you," he growled.

They were both so ill-tempered at being disturbed, that they quarreled until they were tired, and then lay down to sleep again.

As soon as their eyes were closed, the

tailor began again at his game, and choosing the largest stone he could find, he threw it with all his strength on the chest of the first giant.

“This is really too bad,” cried he, springing up in a fury and striking his comrade against the tree so that it trembled.

The other returned him as good a blow as he gave, and a regular fight followed. So furiously did they fight, that they uprooted the large trees near them to use as weapons, the earth shook under their feet, and the battle only ended when they both lay dead on the ground.

Down sprang the little tailor, exclaiming : “It is a lucky thing for me that they did not uproot the tree in which I sat, or I should have had to spring like a squirrel from one tree to another. However, it is all right now.”

Then he drew his sword, and after cutting off the heads of the giants, went out of the

forest and returned to the knights who were waiting for him.

“The deed is done,” he said. “I have made an end of them both. It was no easy task, I can tell you, for in their struggles for life they uprooted trees for weapons; but all this was useless against one who has killed ‘seven at a stroke.’”

“And are you not hurt or wounded?” asked one of the soldiers.

“Not a very likely thing,” he replied. “No, not a hair of my head has been even ruffled.”

The soldiers would not believe him until he led them into the wood, where they found the dead giants, and the trees that they had uprooted lying near them.

The little tailor returned to the court, and presented himself before the king to claim the promised reward; but the king regretted having promised, and all his anxiety now was to get rid of the little hero.

“Before I can give you my daughter, and half my kingdom,” said the king, “you must perform one more heroic deed. There is another dangerous creature in my forests, a fierce unicorn, who spreads destruction wherever he is found. You must kill him, also.”

“One unicorn will be nothing, after two giants,” he replied. “Seven at one blow, that is my business.”

So he started off again to the forest, taking with him a rope and an ax, and again asked those who accompanied him to remain outside.

He had not long to wait. The unicorn very quickly made his appearance, and as soon as he saw the tailor, sprang forward to pin him to the ground with his horn.

“Softly, softly,” he cried, “you cannot manage me so easily as that.”

Then he stood still, and waited for the animal to come nearer ; seeing him prepared

to make a final spring, the tailor jumped lightly behind the trunk of a large tree, at which the unicorn ran with all his force and



stuck his horn so fast in the trunk that he had not strength enough to pull it out, and therefore remained a prisoner.

“I have caught my bird,” said the bold little man; and coming forth from behind the tree, he first fastened the rope around the neck of the unicorn, and with the ax cut the horn out of the tree, and then led the animal into the presence of the king.

But the king, even now, would not grant the promised reward. He made a bargain that before the marriage with his daughter took place, he should kill a wild boar, who did great mischief in the forest, and that the king’s hunters should assist him.

“Oh, certainly,” replied the tailor; “that will be child’s play for me.” So he set out immediately for the forest, but left the hunters outside, to their great delight, for the wild boar had often hunted them, and they had no wish to join in the tailor’s task.

As soon as the wild boar caught sight of the tailor, he flew at him, with glaring tusks and a foaming mouth, and would have thrown him on the ground. But our clever

little friend was too quick for him; he sprung through the open window of a little chapel that stood near, and out through another on the other side. The boar was soon after him; but the moment he entered the chapel through the door, the tailor ran around quickly to close it, and the wild animal found himself a prisoner, for he was much too heavy and excited to jump through the window.

The little hero called the hunters, and showed them the prisoner with their own eyes. After this, he presented the wild boar to the king, who this time, whether he wanted to, or not, was obliged to keep his promise to give to the hero his daughter and half of his kingdom.

Had he known that a little tailor stood before him instead of the great hero he imagined him to be, it would have grieved the king to the heart.

So the wedding was performed with great

pomp, but very little rejoicing, and thus a tailor was made into a king.

Some little time after, the young queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying: "Work away, youngster; I expect you to finish that waistcoat very quickly, for you have the seams of the trousers to sew. If you sit there idling, I will lay the yard measure about your ears."

This sort of talk occurred several times, and the young queen discovered by it that her husband was of low birth, and only a tailor.

When she told her father of her trouble, and asked him to send away a husband who was only a tailor, the king tried to comfort her by saying, "This evening, when night comes, leave your chamber door unlocked, and as soon as your husband is fast asleep, my servants shall enter, bind him hand and foot, and carry him away to a ship, in which he shall sail to distant lands."

The young wife was overjoyed at hearing this plan, and readily agreed to it. But the king's page had overheard the conversation, and as he had regard for this hero, he told him the whole plot.

“I'll soon settle that,” was the little tailor's reply; “there shall be a bolt to the door they don't expect.”

When night came every one retired to rest at the usual hour; and as soon as the queen thought her husband slept, she rose quietly and opened the door. But the tailor, who had only pretended to sleep, exclaimed in a loud voice, “Be quick, youngster, and finish that waistcoat, and stitch the seams of these trousers, or you will soon have the yard measure about your ears. I have killed seven at a blow; I have destroyed two giants; I have hunted a unicorn, and taken a wild boar captive, and shall I be afraid of those who stand outside my chamber door!”

As soon as the conspirators heard this, they were in a great fright, and fled as if a wild host were at their heels ; and from that time no one in the kingdom could be prevailed upon to take part against him, and so the tailor remained a king for the rest of his life.

J. AND W. GRIMM.

FAIRY TELL TRUE

NEAR the opening to a large forest lived a woodcutter with his wife. They had only one child, a little maiden three years old, and they were so very poor that they could scarcely find bread to eat from day to day.

One morning the woodcutter, full of sorrow, went into the wood to his work, and while he cut down trees with his ax, all at once a beautiful lady stood before him. She had a crown of glittering stars on her head, and diamonds sparkled in her hair. Then she spoke to the woodcutter: "I am the good Fairy Tell True, and the mother of all good children. You are poor and miserable: bring me your little child; I will be a mother to her, and provide for her with the greatest care." The woodcutter was very glad to give up his little girl to such

a good fairy, so he called her to him, and gave her to the beautiful lady, who carried her up to a delightful palace in the clouds.

Here she was very happy ; she had sugared bread to eat, and sweet fresh milk to drink ; her clothes were of silk and gold, and she played with the fairy's good children all day.

Here she remained until she reached the age of fourteen, and one day the good fairy called her to her side and said : " Dear child, I have a long journey to take, and while I am absent I intend to leave the thirteen keys of the doors in my fairy palace in your care. You are free to open twelve of these doors and examine the wonderful things which the rooms contain, but the thirteenth, to which this little key belongs, you are forbidden to enter. If you do, great sorrow and misfortune will happen to you."

The young girl promised faithfully to remember this injunction, and when the good

fairy was gone, she began at once to examine the rooms of the palace. Each day she unlocked one, until she had opened all the twelve. In each room she saw a beautiful fairy surrounded with a clear and brilliant light, and so much brightness and glory, that she, as well as the good children who accompanied her, were full of joy.

Now the forbidden door still remained unopened; but such a longing desire arose in her heart to see what the room contained that she said to her companions: "I will just open this door a very little way, and peep in."

"Oh, no, don't!" said one of the good children; "that would be wrong; the good fairy has forbidden you to do that, and something dreadful will happen if you do."

The young girl was silent, but the longing desire in her heart would not be still, and day after day her curiosity increased so much that she could not rest.

At last one day when all her young companions were absent, she thought to herself: "Now I shall be able to go in and have a peep, and no one will ever know."

So she took the keys, and taking the right one in her hand, placed it in the lock, and turned it around. The moment she did so, the door sprang open, and she saw three beautiful fairies seated on a throne in a blaze of light. She stood for a while bewildered with astonishment. Then she moved forward a little, and placed her finger in the glittering light; and when she drew it back, her finger was covered with gold. On seeing this, she was seized with a terrible fear, and shutting the door quickly, she ran away to another part of the palace. But she could not overcome her fear, and her heart beat violently when she found that the gold would not come off her finger, although she rubbed and washed it with all her might.

Not very long after this the good fairy returned home, and calling the maiden to her, requested her to give up the keys of the palace.

As she placed them in the fairy's hand, she looked earnestly into the young girl's eyes, and said: "Have you opened the thirteenth door?"

"No," was the reply.

The good fairy laid her hand on the young girl's heart, and knew by its beating that she had been disobeyed, and that the door had been opened. Then she said again: "Have you opened the thirteenth door?"

"No," was the reply for the second time.

Then the fairy caught sight of the maiden's finger that had become golden when she touched the fiery light, and she knew by this that the maiden was guilty. For a third time she asked the same ques-

tion, but the young girl still answered, "No."

Then the good fairy said to the maiden : "You have not attended to my commands, nor spoken the truth ; you are therefore not fit to remain with good children in this beautiful palace in the clouds." As the fairy spoke, the maiden fell into a deep sleep, and sunk down upon the earth.

When she awoke, she found herself alone in a great wilderness ; and on attempting to cry out, her voice could no longer be heard, for she had been struck dumb. Then she sprang up, and attempted to force her way out of the wilderness, but wherever she turned, the thick thorn bushes drove her back, and she could not pass through them. The inclosure in which she now found herself shut in was surrounded by hollow caves, and in one of these she determined to take up her abode ; therefore, when night came on, she crept in and slept until morning, and

during stormy or rainy weather it formed her only shelter. Her life now was indeed miserable, and whenever she thought of those happy days when she had lived in the beautiful palace, with good children for her companions, she wept bitterly.

Her food consisted of roots and wild berries which she had to search for, and in autumn she collected all the dry leaves, and carried them to the hollow cave, to serve her for a bed. In winter the nuts were her food, and when snow and ice came, she rolled herself like a poor animal in the leaves, and let her long hair fall around her like a mantle, for her clothes were all in rags. So one year after another passed, during which she endured the greatest want and misery.

One day in the spring, when the trees were decked in their fresh green leaves, the king of the country was hunting in the forest, and while following a deer, he saw it

disappear among the thick bushes which encircled the old hollow caves. To follow the deer, he alighted from his horse, and made a way for himself through the bushes with his sword.

When he had thus cleared a path, he saw a beautiful maiden seated under a tree clothed from head to foot in her own golden hair. He stood still at first in silent astonishment, and then he said: "Who art thou, fair maiden, and why dost thou sit here in this lonely place?" But she could not answer him, for her lips were sealed.

Then the king spoke again: "Will you go with me to my palace?" Then she nodded her head, and the king, taking her in his arms, lifted her on his horse and rode home with her.

As soon as they arrived at the castle he gave her beautiful clothing and everything she wanted in abundance; and although she could not speak, she was so

beautiful and graceful that the king fell in love with her, and in a very short time they were married.

In a year the young queen had a little son, and while she was lying on her bed during the night, the good fairy appeared to her, and said: "Wilt thou now tell the truth, that thou didst open the forbidden door? If thou wilt, I will restore to thee the power of speech; but if thou art still obstinate, and persist in denying thy sin, then I will take thy new-born babe with me."

Then the power of speech was given to the queen, to enable her to answer; but she said: "No, I did not open the forbidden door."

On this the good fairy took the new-born baby in her arms and disappeared with it.

In the morning when the child could not be found, a murmur arose amongst the people; they declared that the queen had

destroyed her baby. She heard all they said, but she could not explain; however, the king loved her too well to believe a word of evil against her.

In another year the queen had a second son born, and again the good fairy appeared to her and said: "If thou wilt now confess that thou hast opened the forbidden door, I will restore to thee thy child and set thy tongue at liberty, but if thou wilt persist in thy denial, thou shalt still remain dumb, and I will take away from thee thy second baby also." But the queen again replied: "No, I did not open the forbidden door."

Then the fairy took up the second child and carried it away to her palace in the clouds. The next morning when the second child also was missing, the people were loud in their complaints against the queen; they even said that they believed she was an ogress, and had eaten it. The king's counselors also demanded that she should be

brought to justice. But the king's love for her was so great that he believed nothing, and even threatened the counselors, who, at the peril of their lives, did not dare to say a word against her.

But in the third year a little baby girl was born to the queen, and the good fairy came a third time and said to her : "Follow me." Then she took her by the hand and carried her to the palace in the clouds. She led her in and showed her two beautiful boys, who were laughing and playing beyond the stars in the glorious sunlight. Great was the queen's joy at seeing her children, and the good fairy said to her : "Is thy heart not yet softened? Even now, if thou wilt confess that thou hast opened the forbidden door, I will restore to thee both thy little sons."

But the queen answered for the third time :

"No, I did not open the forbidden door."

Then the good fairy allowed her to sink down again to earth, and took away from her the new-born daughter.

When the people discovered the next morning that the third child was missing, they became very angry, and said: "Our queen is an ogress, she has eaten her children, she must die." This time the king could not silence his counselors. The queen was brought before the court, and as she could not answer nor defend herself, she was condemned to be burnt alive. The funeral pyre was formed, and she was fastened to the stake, but when the flames began to spread around, her pride was melted from her heart, and she repented; the thought arose, "Oh! if I could only confess to the good fairy before I die, and tell her that I did open that door." And as she thought this her voice came back to her, and she cried, "Oh, good Fairy Tell True, I am guilty."

As soon as the words were out of her mouth the rain began to pour down, and quickly put out the flames. A bright light surrounded her, and in it appeared the good fairy, leading by the hand the queen's dear, long lost boys, and carrying in her arms the little baby girl. The fairy spoke kindly to her and said: "Now that thou hast confessed thy sin and are forgiven, I can restore to thee not only the power of speech, but also thy three dear children, and promise thee happiness and joy for the remainder of thy life. For," she said, "those who confess and forsake their sins shall find mercy."

J. AND W. GRIMM.



THE CHARMED FAWN

ONCE upon a time, a little brother took his sister by the hand, and said : “ We have not had a happy hour since our dear mother

died. Come, let us go forth into the wide world together !”

So the whole day long they traveled over meadows, fields, and stony roads. By evening they came to a large forest, and were so tired out with grief, hunger, and their long walk, that they crept into a hollow tree, and soon were sound asleep.

When they awoke the next morning, the sun was already high in the sky, and its beams made the tree so hot that the boy said to his sister : “I am so thirsty ; if I only knew where there was a brook, I would go and drink. Ah ! I think I hear one !” So saying, he jumped up, took his sister by the hand, and set off to look for the brook.

Presently they found a little brook that ran sparkling over the pebbles, and the brother was going to drink of its water, when the sister heard it murmur as it rushed along : “Whoever drinks of me will become a tiger.”

The sister then cried out: "I beg you, brother, do not drink, or else you will become a wild beast and tear me to pieces."

So the brother did not drink, although he was very thirsty, and said, "I will wait until we come to the next stream." But when they reached another spring, the sister heard it murmur: "Whoever drinks of me will become a wolf."

Then she exclaimed, "I beg you, dear brother, do not drink, or you will become a wolf, and eat me up."

So the brother did not drink, but said: "I will wait till we come to the next stream; but then I must drink, say what you will."

And when they reached the third spring, the sister heard it say as it ran along, "Whoever drinks of me will become a fawn."

Then the sister said: "Oh, brother, I beg you not to drink, or you will become a fawn, and run away from me."

But the brother had already knelt beside the stream, and stooped down and drunk of its waters; and no sooner had his lips touched the water than he was changed to a young fawn. The sister cried bitterly over her poor changed brother, and the fawn cried too, as he sat sadly by her side.

At length the little girl said: "Be easy, dear Fawn; I will never leave you." She then took off her golden girdle, put it around his neck, gathered some rushes, and made a rope which she fastened to the collar, and thus led him along, and went deeper into the forest.

After going a long, long way, she at last found an empty hut, where she thought they might live. She then went and fetched leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the Fawn; and every morning she gathered roots, berries or nuts for her own food, and fresh grass for the Fawn, who ate out of her hand, and frisked about

as if he were very happy. When evening came, and the sister felt tired, she said her prayers, and then laid her head on the Fawn's back, and went to sleep. In short, they might have been very happy, if the brother had only kept his natural shape.

They had lived for a long while in the wilderness, when it happened one day that the King went a-hunting in the forest. The Fawn, hearing the sound of the horn, the yelping of the hounds, and the hallooing of the huntsmen, longed to join them, and said to his sister, "Let me go to the hunt, for I can keep away no longer." And he begged and begged, until at last she consented. "Only, pray, come back again to-night," said she, "and, as I shall shut my door against the huntsmen, mind you knock, and say, 'Sister, let me in'; for if you do not say so, I shall not open the door."

The Fawn now darted away, and was

glad and merry in the fresh breeze. The King and his huntsmen saw the beautiful creature, and gave chase, but were unable to overtake him ; and when they thought themselves certain of their prey, he suddenly disappeared within the thicket. It was now dark, and the Fawn ran home, and knocked at the door, saying,

“ My sister dear,
Open; I'm here ! ”

The little door was immediately opened, and in he jumped, and rested all night on his soft couch.

The next day the hunt began again, and when the little Fawn heard the horn and the huntsmen's halloo, he could not rest, but said to his sister, “ Pray, open the door, for I must be off.” The sister accordingly opened the door, saying, “ But, remember, you must come back at night and say your little verse.”

When the King and the huntsmen again caught sight of the Fawn, with his golden collar, they all chased him, but he was too swift for them, and kept away from them all day long. Towards evening, however, they managed to surround him, and one of them wounded him slightly in the foot, so that he limped as he went along, and was obliged to return home very slowly. Then one of the huntsmen stole after him to the hut, and heard him say,

“My sister dear,
Open ; I’m here !”

and saw that the door was opened to him and immediately closed again. The huntsman then went back, and told the King all that he had seen and heard ; and the King said, “To-morrow we will hunt again.”

The sister was terribly frightened when the Fawn came back wounded ; she washed

off the blood, bound some herbs upon the wound, and said, "Go and lie down, dear Fawn, that you may be cured." The wound was so slight that it had healed by the next morning; and when the Fawn again heard the huntsmen in the forest, he said, "I cannot keep away, I must be after them; but they shall not catch me so easily again."

The sister began to cry, and said, "They will certainly kill you; and I shall be left here all alone in this wood, forsaken by all the world. I cannot let you go."

"Then, if you prevent my going, I shall die of grief here instead; for, when I hear the sound of the horn, I cannot keep still, but am wild for the chase." So the sister could not help opening the door, though she did it with a heavy heart; and the Fawn bounded gayly toward the forest.

When the King saw him, he said to his huntsmen: "Now we must hunt him until

evening ; but remember, nobody must hurt him." When the sun had set, the King said to the huntsman who had followed the Fawn the day before : "Come, now, and show me the little hut in the woods." When he reached the door, he knocked and said,

"My sister dear,
Open ; I'm here !"

The door flew open, and the King walked in, and beheld a maiden more beautiful than he had ever seen before. But the poor girl was very much frightened when she saw, instead of her dear Fawn, a man with a golden crown on his head.

Then the King looked kindly at her, and held out his hand to her, saying, "Will you come with me to my palace and be my dear wife ?"

"Yes," replied the maiden, "if I may take my Fawn with me ; for I cannot leave him."

“He shall stay with you as long as you live, and he shall want for nothing.”

Meanwhile, the Fawn came bounding home, and his sister fastened the rope to his collar and led him away.

The King took the beautiful girl to his palace, where the wedding was celebrated with great splendor, and he lived very happily with his lovely queen, and the Fawn was petted and caressed, and ran about freely in the palace gardens.

The wicked witch, who had made the children so unhappy after their mother's death, had supposed that the little girl had been torn to pieces by the wild beasts, and that the boy had been hunted to death by some huntsmen, mistaking him for a real fawn. So when she heard how happy they were, and how all had gone well with them, her heart was filled with greater cruelty and hatred, and gave her no rest; and she could think of nothing but how to bring them into

trouble again. Her daughter, who was as ugly as night, and had only one eye, was always finding fault saying, "It is I who ought to have had this good luck, and become Queen."

"Be quiet, now," the old woman would say; "when the time comes, I shall be ready to fix it."

Accordingly, as soon as she heard that the queen had become the mother of a fine little boy, the old witch went to the palace when the King was out hunting, and, having taken the shape of one of the Queen's maids, she went into the room where the Queen was lying, and said: "The bath is ready; it will do you good; come, quickly, before it gets cold."

The witch's daughter, who had come with her mother, then helped to put the Queen into the bath. No sooner had they done this, than they closed the door of the bath room, and ran away, having first made such

a big fire in the stove that the lovely young Queen would surely be suffocated.

The old witch then put a cap on her daughter's head, and laid her in the Queen's bed, and tried to make her look as much like the Queen as she could; only, not being able to give her back her missing eye, she made her lie on that side, so that the King should not notice it.

Towards evening, when the King came home from hunting he heard that a little son was born to him. He was delighted, and wanted to go at once to see his dear wife. Then the old witch called out quickly, "For goodness' sake, do not draw back the curtains, for the Queen wants rest, and the light would hurt her eyes." So the King went away, and did not guess that a false Queen was lying in the bed.

When midnight came, and everybody was asleep except the nurse, who sat watching beside the cradle in the nursery, the door

opened, and the real Queen came in. She took the baby out of the cradle, and held it on her arm for a long time. Then she shook up its little pillow, put it back in the cradle, and covered it well with the coverlet. Nor did she forget the Fawn, but went into the corner where he lay, and stroked his back. She then went silently out of the room; the nurse asked the sentinels the next morning whether anyone had come into the palace during the night, and they replied, "No, we have seen nobody."

For many nights she came in this way, but never spoke a word! and the nurse always saw her, but did not dare to speak of it to anybody.

After a time, the Queen spoke one night, and said :

"Say, how is my baby and how is my Fawn? Twice more will I come, and then vanish at dawn."

The nurse made no answer, but, when the Queen had disappeared, she went and told the King what she had heard.

“What can this mean?” exclaimed he. “To-morrow night I will keep watch myself at the baby’s cradle.” Accordingly when evening came, the King went into the nursery, and towards midnight the Queen appeared again, and said :

“Say, how is my baby and how is my Fawn? Once more will I come, and then vanish at dawn.”

And she nursed and petted the baby as she had done before, and then disappeared. The King did not venture to speak to her, but on the following night he sat up again, and she came, and said once more :

“Say, how is my baby and how is my Fawn? For the last time I come, and shall vanish at dawn.”

Then the King could hold back no longer, but sprang to her side and cried, "You can be no one but my dear wife!"

"Yes," said she, "I am your dear wife;" and at the same moment she was restored to life, and was once more rosy and full of health. Then she told the King all the cruel things that the wicked witch and her daughter had done. They were both tried and condemned to death.

As soon as the old witch was dead, the Fawn received his human shape again, and the brother and sister were happy ever after to the end of their days.

J. AND W. GRIMM.

THE KING OF THE BIRDS

ONE summer's day a bear and a wolf were taking a walk together in the wood. The bear presently heard a very beautiful song, and he said, "Brother wolf, what bird is that singing so splendidly?"

"That is the king of the birds," replied the wolf; "and we must treat him with great respect." But the wolf was in fun, for it was only a little wren.

"If it is the king of the birds," said the bear, "he certainly ought to have a palace. Come and show it to me."

"That is not a very easy task," replied the wolf. "At all events we must wait until the queen comes home."

At this moment Jenny Wren appeared with her husband, and they both carried food in their beaks for their little ones. The bear

wanted to follow them, but the wolf held him back, and said, "No! we must wait until the king and his wife go out again."

They took note of the place where the nest was, and went farther. But the bear could not rest. They went back to the wren's nest.

The parent birds were absent, and the bear, climbing up to peep in, saw five or six little creatures lying in the nest.

"Is that a palace?" cried the bear. "Why, it is a wretched place; and if you are the king's children, you are miserable little creatures."

When the wrens heard this, they were terribly angry, and one of them cried out, "We are not miserable little creatures. Our parents are noble people, and you shall pay dearly for insulting us."

The bear and the wolf were much alarmed at this threat, and, turning around, they ran back quickly to their holes. But the young

wrens kept on crying and lamenting till their parents returned with food for them. Then they said, "We will not eat a morsel; not even a fly's leg, until you have taught the bear to know that we are noble children; for he has been here and insulted us dreadfully."

"Make yourselves quite easy, children," said the wren. "We will do what you wish." Then the father bird, with Jenny Wren, flew to the bear's hole, and cried: "Old growler, why have you insulted my children? You shall suffer for it. War to the knife shall be declared between us." And saying this, they flew away.

Upon hearing this the bear started off to summon to his aid all the four-footed animals, — the ox, the cow, the ass, the stag, the doe, and all that he could find on the earth. The wren hastened also to assemble the creatures that fly in the air, not only the birds, great and small, but also the flies, gnats, bees and hornets.

When the time arrived for this great battle, the wren wished to send spies to find out who was the general chosen to command the enemy's army. The gnat, being the most crafty of the insects, was chosen. So he cautiously wandered into the wood, and on reaching the place where the enemy was assembled, he hid himself under a leaf on a tree near which they were holding council together, and heard all they said. The bear first stood up, and calling the fox, said to him :

“Fox, you are the most cunning of all the animals ; so you shall be our general and lead us to battle.”

“Good,” said the fox, “but what signal shall we agree upon ?”

No one seemed to know. So he said, “I have a long, bushy tail, that looks at a distance almost like a plume of red feathers, and you must remember that as long as I hold it up everything is going on well, but

if I lower it, then run away as fast as you can."

The gnat listened without being seen, then flew back and told the wren everything that had passed, word for word. At day-break, when the battle was to begin, the four-footed animals rushed to the field with such fury that the earth trembled. The wren also came in the air with his army, some buzzing and croaking, and others hovering about wildly enough to frighten anyone who saw them, until the two armies met.

The first act of the wren was to send for a hornet, and tell him to go at once and settle on the fox's tail, and the moment he raised it in the air to sting it with all his might. Away went the hornet, and presently in the midst of the battle when the fox felt the first sting, he could not help leaping up, yet he still kept his tail erect. At the second stab he was forced to lower

it. But when the hornet stung him a third time, he could bear it no longer. He dropped his tail between his legs with a great scream, and rushed away.

As soon as the animals saw this, they were sure that all was lost. They began flying and running to their dens. And so the birds won the battle.

The wrens returned to their nest in great haste. "Be joyful, children," they cried; "and eat and drink to your heart's content, for we have won the victory."

But the young wrens said: "No, we will not eat or drink until the bear comes and makes an apology, and says that we are nobly born."

Upon this the wren flew to the bear's den, and said: "Old Growler, unless you come to the nest, and apologize to my children, and tell them that they are of noble descent, you shall have every rib in your body broken."

The bear in great alarm crawled to the nest, and made the most humble apology. After this the little wrens were quite satisfied. They ate, and drank, and made themselves merry until late in the evening.

J. AND W. GRIMM.

SNIPP, SNAPP, SNORIUM

THERE was once a miller who had three children, two girls and a boy. When he died, the daughters took the mill, and poor Nils had nothing but three sheep for his portion. One day, as Nils was wandering about, he met an old man with a large, strong, handsome dog.

“Young man,” said he, “will you trade one of your sheep for this dog? You will not be sorry if you do.”

The young shepherd laughed and said: “Of what use would your dog be to me? My sheep feed themselves, but your dog would have to be fed.”

“There you are mistaken,” said the old man; “my dog is not like others, for he will feed not only himself, but you.”

Then the young man gave him one of the sheep, and took the dog, whose name was Snipp. The next day he went again to the pasture with his two sheep and his dog. While he rested under a tree at noon, he took out his flute, on which he could play so sweetly that everybody liked to hear it. As soon as he started to play Snipp stood up on his hind legs and began to dance. Soon the same old man came again to see him, bringing with him a dog as large as the other, whose name was Snapp, and asked Nils to trade another sheep for him. Nils liked Snipp so much that he was glad to get Snapp too.

The next day, when he was playing on his flute, the two dogs began to dance together, greatly to Nils's pleasure. Soon the old man came again, with yet a third dog, whose name was Snorium, as large and as handsome as the others, and Nils gave his last sheep for the dog. It was not a bad

bargain, however, for his three dogs caught so much game for him that he got money enough to set off into the world to seek his fortune.

He traveled on over mountains and through dark forests, and whenever he reached an inn, and wanted to spend the night, he played on his flute, and his three dogs danced so well that he never failed to get food and shelter. At last, he came to a large city in which all the houses were hung with black, and all the people seemed very sad. He met an old fisherman, and asked if he could stay with him for a day or two. The fisherman told him that there was a huge serpent named Turenfax, which lived on an island out in the ocean, and that every year a maiden must be given to him to be devoured, and that this time the lot had fallen on the King's only daughter. When Nils heard this, he felt very sorry for the poor girl, and made up his mind to fight with

this serpent, and save the Princess if it were possible.

On the appointed day he sailed over to the island, and waited to see what would happen. While he was sitting on the shore he saw the Princess coming near in a boat, with many people. She stopped at the foot of the mountain and wept. Nils came up to her, spoke to her politely, and tried to comfort her. Soon he said, "Snipp! go to the cave, and see whether the serpent is coming." But the dog came back and wagged his tail, in a way that meant that the serpent was nowhere in sight. After some time, he said, "Snapp! go to the cave, and see whether the serpent is coming." The dog went, but soon came back and wagged his tail, in a way that told Nils that he had not seen the serpent. After a while, he said, "Snorium! go to the cave, and see whether the serpent is coming." The dog went, but soon came back, trembling vio-

lently. Nils could now easily guess that the serpent was drawing near, and he made himself ready for the fight.

As Turenfax came quickly down the mountain, the youth set his dogs, Snipp and Snapp, upon him. A fierce battle followed, but the serpent was so strong that the dogs could not master him. Then Nils set his third dog, Snorium, on him, and now the struggle became fiercer, and the dogs got the mastery, so that in the end the great serpent Turenfax was killed.

“How can I ever thank you enough!” said the Princess. “Come with me to my father’s palace.”

But Nils said: “No, fair Princess, I cannot stop, I must travel on, but in a year and a day I will come back, and then I shall ask your father for your hand.” On parting, the Princess broke her gold chain into three parts, and put a piece around the neck of each of the dogs. She gave her ring to

Nils, and they promised to be ever faithful to each other.

Then he traveled on through the wide world, and the Princess went home. On her way she met a courtier named Andreas who said that he would kill her if she did not say it was he, and no other, who killed Turenfax. She was so frightened that she did so. Everybody thought that Andreas must be a very brave man, and the King told him that he could marry the Princess. She managed, however, to put it off for a year, hoping that Nils would come back in time.

When the year ended, he did return and came to the great city. Now all the houses were hung with scarlet, and there was great rejoicing on every side. He went back again to stay with the old fisherman, and asked him the cause of all this joy. He was told that Andreas, a courtier, had killed Turenfax a year before, and was now about to marry the King's daughter. This was

not very pleasant news to Nils, we may be sure.

When dinner time came, he said he must share the King's fare. The old fisherman did not see how he could do it. But the youth said: "Snipp! go up to the palace, and bring me a piece of game from the King's table. Fondle the young Princess; but strike the false Andreas a blow that he will not soon forget."

Snipp did as he was told; he went up to the palace, caressed the fair Princess, but struck Andreas a blow that made him black and blue; then, seizing a piece of game, he ran away.

There was a great uproar in the hall, and a running hither and thither to catch the dog, but all in vain; the King's daughter saw her chain on the dog's neck, and guessed who the dog's master was.

The next day the same things happened. Nils thought he should like to eat some

pastry from the King's table, and said: "Snapp! go up to the palace, and bring me some pastry from the King's table. Fondle the young Princess, but give the false Andreas a blow that he will not soon forget."

Snapp did as he was told; he went up to the palace, broke through the guard, caressed the fair Princess, but struck the false Andreas a blow that made him fall down flat; then, seizing a piece of pastry, he ran away.

Now there was a greater uproar than there had been the day before, and every one wondered at what had taken place, except the King's daughter; for she again knew her gold neck-chain, and she well knew who the dog's master was.

On the third day, Nils sent Snorium to fetch some fruit from the King's table. The dog burst through the guard, caressed the Princess, but struck the false Andreas a blow that sent him tumbling head over

heels on the floor ; then, seizing some fruit, he ran away.

The King was greatly vexed and sent Andreas to seize the stranger who owned the three dogs. But Nils called to his three dogs : “Snipp ! Snapp ! Snorium ! clear the house !” The dogs rushed forward, and in a twinkling all the King’s men lay on the ground.

Nils then had Andreas bound hand and foot, and went to see the King. When he came into the room, the Princess ran to meet him, and told her father how Andreas had deceived him. Then the King had Andreas punished, but the brave youth won the Princess, and half the kingdom.

Swedish Tale.



HOW SUN, MOON, AND WIND WENT OUT TO DINNER

ONE day, Sun, Moon, and Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt, Thunder and Lightning. Their mother, one of the distant Stars you see far up in the sky, waited alone for her children's return.

Now both Sun and Wind were greedy and selfish. They enjoyed the great feast that had been prepared for them, without a thought of saving any of it to take home to their mother; but the gentle Moon did not forget her.

Of every dainty dish that was brought around she placed a small portion under one of her



beautiful long finger nails, that Star might also have a share in the treat.

On their return, their mother, who had kept watch for them all night long with her little bright eye, said, "Well, children, what have you brought home for me?"

Then Sun, who was the eldest, said: "I have brought nothing home for you. I went out to enjoy myself with my friends, not to bring home a dinner for my mother!"

And Wind said: "Neither have I brought anything home for you, Mother. You could hardly expect me to bring a collection of good things for you when I went merely for my own pleasure."

But Moon said: "Mother, bring a plate; see what I have brought you!" And, shaking her hands, she showered down such a choice dinner as never was seen before.

Then Star turned to Sun and spoke: "Because you went out to amuse yourself with your friends, and feasted and enjoyed your-

self without any thought of your mother at home, you shall be cursed. Henceforth, your rays shall ever be hot and scorching, and shall burn all that they touch. And men shall hate you, and cover their heads when you appear.”

And that is why the Sun is so hot to this day.

Then she turned to Wind, and said : “ You also forgot your mother in the midst of your selfish pleasures ; hear your doom. You shall always blow in the hot, dry weather and shall parch and shrivel all living things. And men shall detest and avoid you from this very time.”

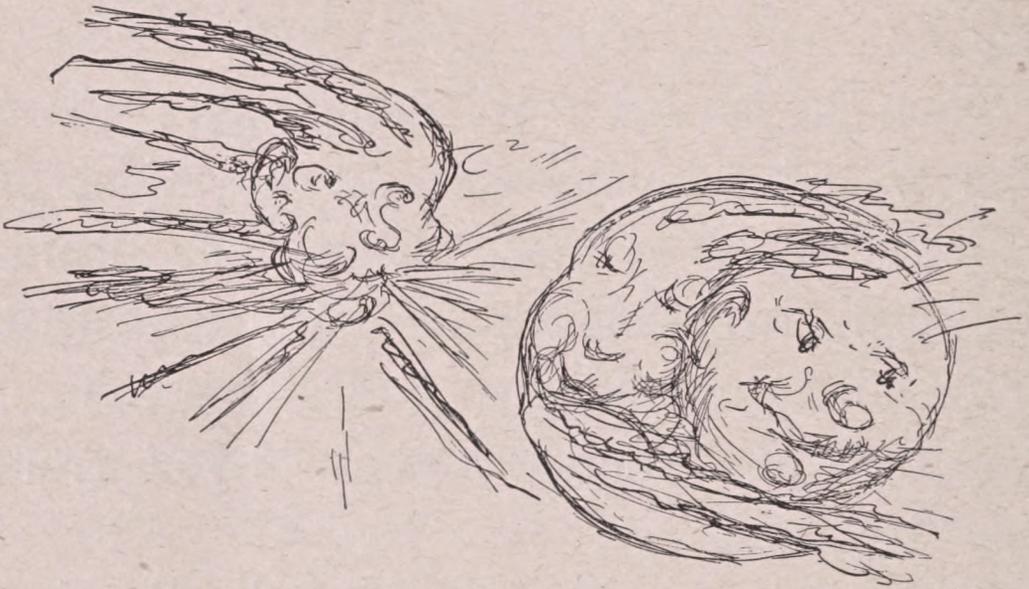
And that is why the Wind in the hot weather is still so disagreeable.

But to Moon she said : “ Daughter, because you remembered your mother, and kept for her a share in your own enjoyment, from henceforth you shall be ever cool, and calm, and bright. No noxious glare shall accom-

pany your pure rays, and men shall always call you 'blessed.' ”

And that is why the Moon's light is so soft, and cool, and beautiful even to this day.

Indian Fairy Tales.



THE CROCODILE AND THE JACKAL

A HUNGRY Jackal once went down to the river side in search of little crabs, bits of fish, and whatever else he could find for his dinner. Now it chanced that in this river lived a great big Crocodile, who, being also very hungry, would have been extremely glad to eat the Jackal.

The Jackal ran up and down, here and there, but for a long time he could find nothing to eat. At last, close to where the Crocodile was lying, among some tall bulrushes under the clear shallow water, he saw a little crab sidling along as fast as his legs could carry him. The Jackal was so hungry that when he saw this, he poked his paw into the water to try to catch the crab, when, snap! the old Crocodile caught hold of him.

“Oh, dear!” thought the Jackal to himself, “what shall I do? This great big



Crocodile has caught my paw in his mouth, and in another minute he will drag me down by it under the water and kill me. My only chance is to make him think he has made a mistake.” So he called out in a cheerful voice: “Clever Crocodile, clever Crocodile, to catch hold of a bulrush root instead of my paw. I hope you will find it very tender.” The Crocodile, who was

so buried among the bulrushes that he could hardly see, thought, on hearing this: "Dear me, how tiresome; I fancied that I had caught hold of the Jackal's paw; but there he is, calling out in a cheerful voice; I suppose I must have seized a bulrush root instead, as he says," and he let the Jackal go.

The Jackal ran away as fast as he could, crying: "Oh, wise Crocodile, wise Crocodile! So you let me go!" Then the Crocodile was very much vexed, but the Jackal had run away too far to be caught. The next day the Jackal returned to the river side to get his dinner, as before; but, because he was very much afraid of the Crocodile, he called out: "Wherever I go to look for my dinner, I see nice little crabs peeping up through the mud, then I catch them and eat them. I wish I could see one now."

The Crocodile, who was buried in the mud, at the bottom of the river, heard

every word. So he popped the little point of his snout above it, thinking, "If I show only the tip of my nose, the Jackal will take



me for a crab, and will put in his paw to catch me, and as soon as ever he does I'll gobble him up."

But no sooner did the Jackal see the little tip of the Crocodile's nose, than he called out: "Aha, my friend, there you are! No dinner for me in this part of the river, then,

I think." And so saying, he ran farther on, and fished for his dinner a long way from that place. The Crocodile was very angry at missing his prey a second time, and determined not to let him escape again.

So, on the following day, when his little tormentor returned to the waterside, the Crocodile hid himself close to the bank, in order to catch him if he could.

Now the Jackal was afraid to go near the river, for he thought, "Perhaps the Crocodile will catch me to-day." But yet, being hungry, he did not wish to go without his dinner; so, to make all as safe as he could, he cried: "Where have all the little crabs gone? There is not one here and I am so hungry; generally, even when they are under water, one can see them going bubble, bubble, bubble, and all the little bubbles go pop! pop! pop!"

On hearing this, the Crocodile, who was buried in the mud under the river bank,

thought, "I will pretend to be a little crab!" And he began to blow, Puff! puff! puff! Bubble, bubble, bubble! and all the great big bubbles rushed to the surface of the river and burst there, and the waters eddied round and round like a whirlpool; and there was such a commotion when the huge monster began to blow bubbles in this way, that the Jackal knew very well who must be there, and ran away as fast as he could, saying: "Thank you, kind Crocodile, thank you! thank you! Indeed I would not have come here if I had known you were so close."

This enraged the Crocodile extremely; it made him very angry to think of being deceived by a little Jackal so often, and he said to himself: "I will be cheated no more. The next time I will be very cunning." So for a long time he waited and waited for the Jackal to return to the river side; but the Jackal did not come, for he had thought to himself: "If matters go on in this way, I

shall some day be caught, and eaten by the wicked old Crocodile. I had better content myself with living on wild figs," and he went near the river no more, but stayed in the jungles and ate wild figs, and roots which he dug up with his paws.

When the Crocodile found this out, he determined to try to catch the Jackal on land, so going under the largest of the wild fig trees, where the ground was covered with the fallen fruit, he collected a quantity of it together, and, burying himself under the great heap, waited for the Jackal to appear. But no sooner did the cunning little animal see this great heap of wild figs all collected together, than he thought, "That looks very much like my friend, the Crocodile." And to discover whether it was so or not, he called out, "The juicy little wild figs I love to eat always tumble down from the tree, and roll here and there as the wind drives them; but this great heap of figs is quite

still ; these cannot be good figs ; I will not eat any of them.”

“Ho, ho !” thought the Crocodile, “is that all ? How suspicious this Jackal is ! I will make the figs roll about a little then, and when he sees that, he will doubtless come to eat them.” So the great beast shook himself, and all the heap of little figs went roll, roll, roll ; some a mile this way, some a mile that, farther than they had ever rolled before, or than the most blustering wind could have driven them !

Seeing this, the Jackal scampered away, saying : “I am so much obliged to you, Crocodile, for letting me know that you are there, for indeed, I should hardly have guessed it. You were buried so deeply under that heap of figs.” The Crocodile, hearing this, was so angry that he ran after the Jackal, but the latter ran away very, very fast, too fast to be caught.

Then the Crocodile said to himself : “I

will not allow that little wretch to make fun of me another time, and then run away out of reach ; I will show him that I can be more cunning than he fancies." And early the next morning he crawled as fast as he could to the Jackal's den (which was a hole in the side of a hill), and crept into it, and hid himself, waiting for the Jackal, who was out, to return. But when the Jackal got near the place, he looked about him, and thought : "Dear me ! the ground looks as if some heavy creature had been walking over it, and here are great clods of dirt knocked down from each side of the door of my den, as if a very big animal had been trying to squeeze himself through it. I certainly shall not go inside until I know that all is safe there."

So he called out : "Little house, pretty house, my sweet little house, why do you not give an answer when I call ? If I come and all is safe and right, you always call out

to me. Is anything wrong that you do not speak?"

Then the Crocodile, who was inside, thought, "If that is the case, I had better call out, so that he may believe that all is right in his house." And in as gentle a voice as he could, he said, "Sweet little Jackal!"

On hearing these words the Jackal felt frightened, and thought to himself: "So the dreadful old Crocodile is there. I must try to kill him if I can, for if I do not, he will certainly catch me some day and kill me."

He therefore answered: "Thank you, my dear little house. I like to hear your pretty voice. I am coming in a minute, but first I must collect firewood to cook my dinner." And he ran as fast as he could, and dragged all the dry branches and bits of stick he could find close to the mouth of the den.

Meantime the crocodile inside kept as quiet as a mouse, but he could not help laughing

to himself as he thought : “ So I have fooled this tiresome little Jackal at last. In a few moments he will run in here, and then won't I snap him up ! ”

When the Jackal had gathered together all the sticks he could find, and put them around the mouth of his den, he set them on fire and pushed them as far in as possible. There was such a quantity of them that they soon blazed up into a great fire, and the smoke and flames filled the whole den, and smothered the wicked old Crocodile to death, while the little Jackal ran up and down outside, dancing for joy and singing :

“ How do you like my house, my friend ? Is it nice and warm ? Ding, dong ! ding, dong ! The Crocodile is no more ! Ding, dong, ding, dong ! He will trouble me no more ! My enemy is dead ! Ring-a-ting ! ding-a-ting ! ding, ding, dong ! ”

Oriental Folk Tale.

PUSS IN BOOTS

SPANISH FOLK TALE

I

THERE was once a miller who died, leaving nothing to his three children but his mill, his ass, and his cat. So he called in no lawyer and made no will. The eldest son took the mill, the second the ass, while the youngest had nothing but the cat.

The poor fellow was quite sad and said to himself: "My brothers, by putting their goods together, will be able to earn an honest living, but as for myself, when I shall have eaten my cat and sold his skin, what is there left? Then I shall die of hunger."

The cat, who was sitting on the window seat, overheard these words without seeming to do so: then looking up, he said with a very serious air: "Nay, dear master, do not

be downcast. Only give me a bag and get me a pair of boots such as other people wear, so that I may stride through the brambles, and you will soon see that you have a better bargain than you think."

Although the young man did not put much faith in the cat's promises, yet he had seen him perform many clever tricks in catching rats and mice, such as hanging stiff by his hind legs, to make believe he was dead, and concealing himself in the meal tub until the mice came within reach. So he did not quite despair of Puss's helping him to better his fortune. Besides, he did not know what else to do, and there was no harm in trying this.

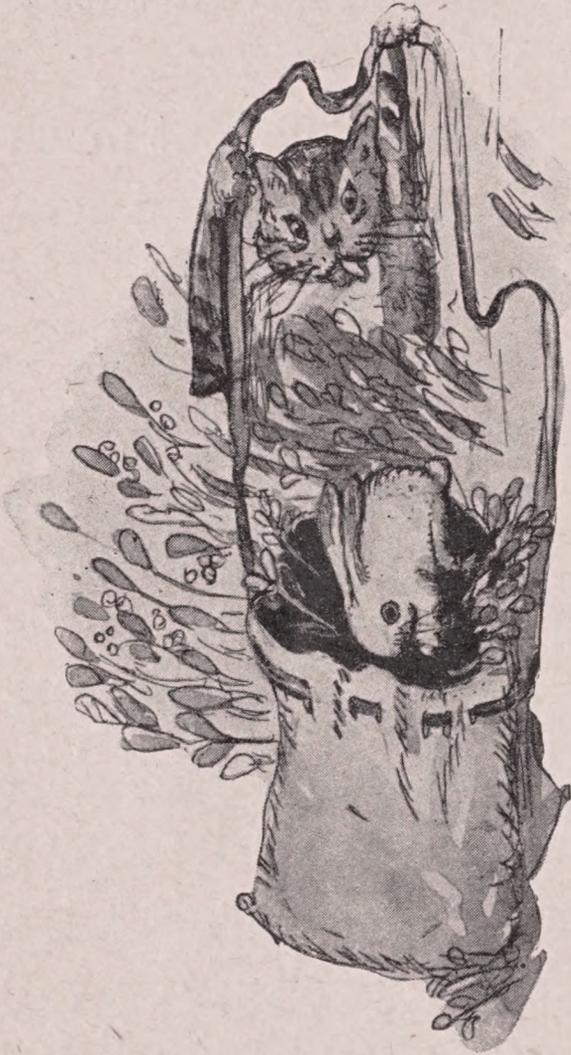
As soon as the cat had what he asked for, he drew on his boots, and, slinging the bag around his neck, took hold of the two strings with his forepaws, and set off for a place that he knew, where there were plenty of rabbits. He filled his bag with bran and thistles, and then stretched him-

self out as stiff as though he were dead, waiting patiently until some simple young rabbit not used to snares should see the

dainty feast and seize upon it, never thinking of the cat.

He had lain there but a few moments before a thoughtless young rabbit caught at the bait, and went headlong into the bag, whereupon the cat drew the strings and strangled the foolish creature at once.

The cat was very proud of his victory, and at once went to the palace and asked to speak to the king.



He was shown into the king's room, where he bowed to his majesty, and said, "Sire, this is a rabbit from the place of the Marquis of Carabas." (This was the title the cat took it into his head to bestow upon his master.) "He desired me to present it to your majesty."

"Tell your master that I am obliged to him, and that I accept his present with much pleasure," replied the king.

II

At another time the cat went and hid himself in a cornfield, and held his bag open as before. Soon two partridges fell into the trap; he drew the strings and made them both prisoners. He then went and gave them to the king, as he had done with the rabbit. The king received the partridges very graciously and ordered the messenger to be rewarded for his trouble.

For two or three months puss continued

to carry game every now and then to the king, always presenting it in the name of his master, the Marquis of Carabas.

At last he heard that the king was going to take a drive on the banks of the river, in company with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world; and he said to his master: "If you will follow my advice, your fortune is made. You need only go and bathe in the river at the spot that I shall point out, and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did as his cat advised him, though he could not imagine what it all meant.

Just as he was bathing, the king came driving past, and Puss began to bawl out as loudly as he could, "Help! help! the Marquis of Carabas is drowning! Save him!"

On hearing this, the king looked out of the carriage window, and, seeing the cat who had so often brought him game, he ordered

his bodyguards to fly to the assistance of the Lord Marquis of Carabas.

While the poor marquis was being fished out of the river, Puss stepped up to the royal carriage and informed his majesty that during the time while his master was bathing some robbers had stolen his clothes, although he had cried out "Stop thief" with all his might. The rogue had really hidden them under a large stone.

The king at once ordered the gentlemen of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his finest suits for the Marquis of Carabas.

When the marquis, who was a handsome young fellow, came forth gayly dressed, he looked so elegant that the king took him for a very fine gentleman and said the politest things in the world to him, and the princess, too, was so struck with his appearance that when my lord Marquis of Carabas bowed to her, and looked at her once or twice, she blushed and could not say a word.

III

The king asked the marquis to get into the carriage and take a drive with them.

Puss ran on before ; soon he reached a meadow where some peasants were mowing the grass. He said to them: "Good folks, if you do not tell the king when he comes this way that the field you are mowing belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as fine as mincemeat."

When the carriage came by, the king put out his head and asked the mowers whose good grass land that was.

"It belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said they in a breath, for the cat's threats had frightened them greatly.

"Upon my word, marquis," said the king, "that is a fine estate of yours."

"Yes, sire," replied the marquis, with an easy air, "it yields me a fair income every year."

Puss, who still ran on before the carriage, soon came up to some reapers. "Hark, you reapers," cried he, "mind you tell the king that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or else you shall every one of you be chopped into mincemeat."

The king passed by a moment after, and inquired to whom those cornfields belonged.

"To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," replied the reapers.

"Faith, it pleases our majesty right well to see our beloved marquis is so wealthy!" quoth the king.

Puss still kept running before the carriage, giving the same orders to all the laborers he met. The king was astounded at the vast wealth of the Marquis of Carabas, and kept giving him compliments, while the new-made nobleman received each fresh compliment more lightly than the last. So that one could see he really was a marquis, and a very grand one, too.

IV

At length Puss reached a magnificent castle belonging to a wicked ogre who was very rich. Indeed, all the lands the king had been riding through were a portion of his estate. Puss asked what sort of a person the ogre was and what he was able to do ; then he sent in a message, asking leave to speak with him, saying, that he was unwilling to pass so near his castle without calling on him. The ogre received him as civilly as an ogre can, and bade him rest himself.

“I have been told,” said Puss, “that you can change yourself into any larger animal, such as a lion or an elephant.”

“So I can,” replied the ogre. “Do you doubt it? Then look, and you shall see me become a lion at once.”

When Puss saw a lion before him, he was seized with such a fright that he scrambled up to the roof, although it was no easy thing, owing to his boots. At last, seeing

that the ogre had returned to his own shape, Puss came down again and said that he had been greatly frightened.

“I have been also told,” said Puss, “that you can take the shape of the smallest animals ; that, for instance, you could change yourself into a rat or a mouse. But that is really too much to believe ; it is quite impossible.”

“Impossible, indeed !” quoth the ogre. “You shall see !”

So saying, he immediately took the shape of a mouse and began frisking about the floor, when Puss pounced upon him, gave him one shake, and that was the end of the ogre.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the ogre’s magnificent castle. He said that he would like to enter so fine a building.

Puss, hearing the carriage coming across the bridge, ran out to meet the king, saying,

“Your majesty is welcome to the Castle of the Marquis of Carabas.”

“What! my lord marquis,” exclaimed the king, “does this castle likewise belong to you? Really, I never saw anything finer. Pray, let us see if the inside be equal to the outside.”

The marquis gracefully handed out the princess; then, following the king, they mounted a flight of steps. Puss danced on before them, and led them into a vast hall, where they found an elegant feast spread. Some of the ogre’s friends were to have visited him that day, but the news went about that the king had arrived, so they dared not come.

The king was delighted; the castle was so magnificent and the Marquis of Carabas was such a noble young man. The princess, too, was already in love with him. So, after eating of this fine feast, his majesty said, “You have only to say the word, my lord

marquis, to become the son-in-law of your sovereign.”

The marquis bowed and looked at the princess, and that very same day they were married and the old king gave them his blessing. Puss, who had brought it all about, looked on greatly pleased, and ever after lived as a great lord, and hunted mice for mere sport just when he pleased.

THE BEAR'S BAD BARGAIN

ONCE upon a time, a very old woodman lived with his very old wife in a tiny hut close to the orchard of a rich man, so close that the boughs of a pear tree hung over the cottage yard.

Now it was agreed between the rich man and the woodman, that if any of the fruit fell into the yard, the old couple were to be allowed to eat it; so you may imagine with what hungry eyes they watched the pears ripening, and prayed for a storm of wind, or a flock of flying foxes, or anything that would cause the fruit to fall.

But nothing came, and the old wife, who was a grumbling, scolding old thing, declared that they would certainly become beggars. So she took to giving her husband nothing but dry bread to eat, and insisted

on his working harder than ever, until the poor old soul got quite thin ; and all because the pears did not fall down !

At last, the woodman turned around and declared he would not work any more unless his wife gave him khichri ; so, with a very bad grace, the old woman took some rice and pulse, some butter and spices, and began to cook a savory khichri. What an appetizing smell it had, to be sure ! The woodman wanted to gobble it up as soon as ever it was ready.

“No, no,” cried the greedy old wife. “Not until you have brought me in another load of wood, and mind that it be a good one. You must work for your dinner.”

So the old man set off to the forest ; and began to hack and to hew with such a will that he soon had quite a large bundle, and with every fagot he cut he seemed to smell the savory khichri. What a feast he would have, to be sure !

Just then a bear came swinging by, with its great black nose tilted in the air, and its little keen eyes peering about ; for bears, though good enough fellows on the whole, are dreadfully inquisitive.

“Peace be with you, friend,” said the bear, “and what may you be going to do with that remarkably large bundle of wood ?”

“It is for my wife,” returned the woodman. “The fact is,” he added, smacking his lips, “she has made such a khichri for dinner ! and if I bring in a good bundle of wood she is sure to give me a plentiful portion. Oh, my dear fellow, you should just smell that khichri !”

At this the bear’s mouth began to water ; for, like all bears, he was a great glutton.

“Do you think your wife would give me some, too, if I brought her a bundle of wood ?” he asked anxiously.

“Perhaps, if it were a very big load,” answered the woodman, craftily.

“Would — would four hundredweight be enough?” asked the bear.

“I am afraid not,” returned the woodman, shaking his head; “you see khichri is an expensive dish to make. There is rice in it, and plenty of butter, and pulse, and —”

“Would — would eight hundredweight do?”

“Say half a ton, and it’s a bargain!” quoth the woodman.

“Half a ton is a very, very great deal!” sighed the bear.

“There is saffron in the khichri,” remarked the woodman, casually.

The bear licked his lips, and his little eyes twinkled with greed and delight.

“Well, it is a bargain! Go home sharp, and tell your wife to keep the khichri hot; I’ll be with you in a trice.”

Away went the woodman in great glee, to

tell his wife how the bear had agreed to bring half a ton of wood in return for a share of the khichri.

The wife could not help allowing that her husband had made a good bargain ; but being by nature a grumbler, she was determined not to be pleased, and began to scold the old man for not having settled exactly what share the bear was to have. "For," said she, "he will gobble up the potful before we have finished our first helping."

Upon hearing this the woodman became quite pale. "In that case," he said, "we had better begin now, and have a fair start." So without more ado they squatted down on the floor, with the brass pot full of khichri between them, and began to eat as fast as they could.

"Remember to leave some for the bear, wife," said the woodman, speaking with his mouth crammed full.

"Certainly, certainly," she replied, helping herself to another handful.

“My dear!” cried the old woman in her turn, with her mouth so full she could hardly speak, “remember the poor bear!”

“Certainly, certainly, my love!” returned the old man, taking another mouthful.

So it went on, until there was not a single grain left in the pot.

“What is to be done now?” said the woodman. “It is all your fault, wife, for eating so much.”

“Indeed it is not!” retorted his wife, scornfully. “Why, you ate twice as much as I did.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Yes, you did!—men always eat more than women.”

“No, they don’t.”

“Yes, they do!”

“Well, it’s no use quarreling about it now,” said the woodman; “the khichri’s gone, and the bear will be furious.”

“That wouldn’t matter much if we could

get the wood," said the greedy old woman. "I'll tell you what we must do, we must lock up everything there is to eat in the house, leave the khichri pot by the fire, and hide in the garret. When the bear comes, he will think we have gone out, and left his dinner for him. Then he will throw down his bundle and come in. Of course he will rage a little when he finds the pot empty, but he cannot do much mischief, and I do not think he will take the trouble to carry the wood away."

So they made haste to lock up all the food and hide themselves in the garret.

Meanwhile, the bear had been toiling and moiling away at his bundle of wood, which took him much longer to collect than he had expected ; however, at last he arrived quite exhausted at the woodcutter's cottage.

Seeing the brass khichri pot by the fire, he threw down his load and went in. And then — mercy ! wasn't there a roar when he

found nothing in it — not even a grain of rice, nor a tiny wee bit of pulse, but only a smell that was so uncommonly nice that the bear actually cried with rage and disappointment. He flew into the most dreadful temper, and turned the house topsy-turvy, but not a morsel of food could he find. He would have taken the wood away, but, as the crafty old woman had imagined, he did not care, even for the sake of revenge, to carry so heavy a burden again.

“I won’t go away empty-handed,” said he, seizing the khichri pot ; “if I can’t get the taste, I’ll have the smell.”

Now, as he left the cottage, he caught sight of the beautiful golden pears hanging over the yard wall. His mouth began to water at once, for he was desperately



hungry, and the pears were the first of the season. In a trice he was on the wall and up the tree. Gathering the biggest and ripest pears he could find, he was just putting them into his mouth when a thought struck him.

“If I take these pears home, I shall be able to sell them for ever so much to the other bears, and then with the money I shall be able to buy some khichri. Ha, ha! I shall have the best of the bargain after all!”

So saying, he began to gather the ripe pears as fast as he could, and to put them into the khichri pot, but whenever he came to an unripe one, he would shake his head and say: “No one would buy that, and it’s a pity to waste it.” So he would pop it into his mouth, making wry faces as if it were very sour.

Now all this time the woodman’s wife had been watching the bear through a crevice, and holding her breath for fear of dis-

covery ; but having a cold in her head, at last she could hold in no longer, and just as the khichri pot was quite full of ripe golden pears, out she came with the most tremendous sneeze, "A-h-che-u!"

The bear thought some one had fired a gun at him, dropped the khichri pot into the cottage yard, and fled into the forest as fast as his legs would carry him.

So the woodman and his wife got the khichri, the wood, and the coveted pears, but the poor bear got nothing but a very bad stomach ache from eating unripe fruit.

Oriental Tale.



JOHNNY REED'S CAT

JOHNNY REED was a poor, poor man. He and his wife lived in a little house by themselves at the end of the village. Johnny Reed was the sexton of the church.

Johnny and his wife had no children, but they had a cat ; a very good cat as cats go, with few faults and only a few tricks such as all cats play at times. The cat was black as night all over, except one white paw. Johnny Reed never dreamed that it was not like all other cats.

Now, one night Johnny was going home late after digging a grave in the churchyard, where the Squire was to be buried the next day. Johnny had worked long and hard and he was tired. As he tramped along toward home through the dark he had only the light from his lantern to show him the way.

He was thinking of the good hot supper waiting for him at home. Soon he came to a gate, and looked through it. There seemed to be strange, dark shadows all about it, and above, below, and around, Johnny Reed saw a lot of gleaming little lights dancing everywhere in the shadows. One moment he could see them and the next they were gone.

It made Johnny Reed's flesh creep, but he was no coward, so he took one look and walked straight up to the gate and shouted: "Hello! what's there, and what do you want?"

Then he saw that the shadows were no shadows at all, but just nine big black cats all sitting around in a half circle, with the biggest one in the center, facing the others. The flashes of light that he saw were only the big eyes of the cats.

"Cats, cats, scat!" shouted Johnny, "and to think I might have been frightened

of you! Scat! be off with you; no concerts around here to-night."

But the cats never moved, and Johnny was just going to poke his stick at them, when lo! with a loud cry they shouted all together: "Johnny Reed!"

"Yes. Hello! What do you want?"

"We want you," shouted the cats.

"Here I am," and Johnny began to shake and tremble all over.

"Come nearer to us," shouted the cats. So Johnny, trembling worse than before, went close to the cats.

"Now, Johnny Reed, we want you to do something for us. Will you do it or not?"

"Yes," said Johnny Reed.

"It is not much that we want," said the big cat, "but it will be better for you to do it."

"Yes," said Johnny Reed.

"Then tell Dan Ratcliffe that Peggy Poyson's dead."

“I will, sir,” said Johnny, wondering how he could tell Dan Ratcliffe when he did not know him and had never heard of such a man.

As soon as Johnny said “I will, sir,” all the cats were gone. Johnny looked after them to make sure that they were all out of his way, and then he started to run.

He ran like lightning ; he ran all the way home, and fell breathless through the door.

“Mercy, what’s the matter ?” cried his wife Nan.

“Matter ! Do you know Dan Ratcliffe ?”

“Dan Ratcliffe !” said she. “No, I never heard of him.”

“Neither have I,” said Johnny, “but I must find him, whoever he is and wherever he lives.”

Then Johnny Reed told Nan how he had met the cats, and how they had stopped him and made him promise to tell Dan Ratcliffe that Peggy Poyson was dead.

Now Johnny Reed's own black cat sat in front of the fire dozing away and looking as snug as could be. When he heard Johnny say "Dan Ratcliffe" he jumped up and looked Johnny Reed straight in the face while he was talking to Nan.

Johnny Reed looked at the cat, and looked at the cat, and well he might look. For the cat was smelling and the cat was staring. At last the cat cried out: "What! Peggy Poyson dead! Then I'm the king of the cats," and up the chimney he tore and Johnny Reed never saw him again.

Old English Tale.

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