



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 121 160 217

Young People's Library
Choice Literature

Vol. 1



EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.



SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

TEXTBOOK COLLECTION

GIFT OF

SANTA CLARA COUNTY

TEACHERS LIBRARY



STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

DEPARTMENT OF
EDUCATION
RECEIVED
MAR 1 1 1919
LELAND STANFORD
JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

RECEIVED
MAR 1 1 1919
GILL

1

1

YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY OF CHOICE LITERATURE.

GRIMM'S
FAIRY TALES

VOL. I.

EDITED BY

MARA L. PRATT,

Author of "American History Stories," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY

EDITH F. FOSTER.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

BOSTON.

NEW YORK.

CHICAGO.

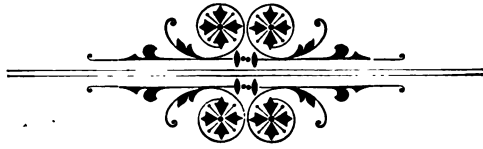
591272

COPYRIGHT
BY EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY..

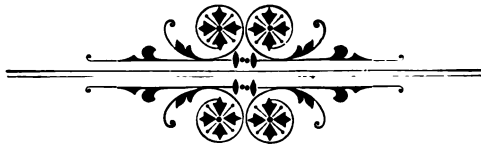
1892.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Princess and her Servant	5
The Golden Goose	16
Jack-of-all-Trades	28
The Frog Prince	38
Faithful John	46
Hans in Luck	63
The Brother and Sister	71
Three Little Men in the Wood	84
Hansel and Grethel	100
Mother Holla	115
The Musicians	123
The White Serpent	132



HANS IN LUCK



GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.



THE PRINCESS AND HER SERVANT.

In the olden times, there were said to be fairies; and it was supposed that one had only to wish for a thing and it was given him.

It was in these olden times that there reigned a queen, whose beautiful daughter had been promised to a brave prince, living in a country far away.

When the time drew near, the Queen made her daughter ready, mounted her upon a beautiful steed, and sent her forth upon her journey.

With her, the Queen sent a trusted companion, who from the childhood of both, had served the little princess faithfully. Very glad was the princess to take her good servant with her; and both set forth in fine spirits.

But alas! sometimes even a most trusted friend will prove a traitor. No sooner had these two journeyers gone beyond the limits of their own country, than this long-trusted servant began to prove her wickedness by most cruel treatment of the princess.

"I am thirsty," said the princess, as they neared a spring by the roadside. "Get me a drink of this clear water in my golden cup."

"Get it yourself!" snapped the serving-maid. "No longer will I be your slave."

The gentle princess was amazed and grieved that her maid should speak thus to her.

The hours passed on; again, the princess asked for water. Again the maid answered, "Get it yourself! No longer will I be your slave."

And this time, because she was so very thirsty, the princess dismounted to get the water, as best she could.

No sooner had she left her horse than the maid, too, sprang from hers, and mounted Falada, the princess's horse.

And when the princess came back, she said, "I shall ride Falada myself. You may take your seat on that old horse yourself. No longer will I be your slave."

By-and-by, they came to the edge of a dark old forest. Quickly the maid dismounted, siezed the princess's horse by the bridle and said, "Dismount at once."

The poor little princess, who had never had a cross word spoken to her in all her life, dismounted, trembling with fear.

"Take off your robe and your jewels," ordered the maid, "and put on this plain dress of mine. Bind up that yellow hair of yours. Now mount that horse again, and ride on, I the princess, you the maid."

"Spare me! spare me!" begged the princess.

"One word, and I will kill you!" hissed the cruel maid. "Now swear that not one word of this will you tell to any living person."

"I swear," sobbed the princess, trembling for her life.

Then the two rode on until by-and-by they came to the royal palace.

There was great joy at their coming. The prince himself came out from the gates of the city to greet his bride, and carry her, amid music and the shouts from the people, to his palace.

Of course, it was the waiting-maid, dressed as she was in the princess's rich garments and costly jewels, who received this welcome. The poor little princess herself was left in the servants' hall to find a place for herself, as best she might.

"Who is this young woman you bring with you?" asked the king of the false princess.

"She is my waiting-maid," was the answer.

“But I have no use for her here; so pray, give her some work to do, that she may be useful to you, either in the kitchen or in the field.”

So the princess was sent out with Conrad, the tender of the geese, to help him with his flocks.

Now it chanced that the horse Falada, upon whom the princess had set out upon her journey, was an enchanted horse, and could understand and talk as well as any person living. The false princess knew this, and wished to be rid of him, lest he should tell what happened upon the journey. So she said to the king, “I wish you would have the horse Falada killed and carried away. He is a vicious creature, and made me no little trouble on our journey here.”

Just as the servant was dragging the dead body of the horse away, the princess saw him.

“I wish,” said she, timidly, “that you would nail the horse’s head here upon the gateway. When I go in and out with the geese, I should be happier if I could see something that once I used to see in my old home.”

Now the servants had all come to love this new little serving-maid, and were ready to do anything in their power for her.

So Falada's head was nailed upon the gateway.

The next morning, as the princess passed out from the palace grounds, there she saw the head of her dear old horse.

"O Falada," said she, sadly, "thou art there!"

And Falada answered:

"O Princess, if thy mother knew thy pain,
Her heart would surely break in twain."

Then the princess went on through the town, driving her geese to the fields.

Each morning when a place had been found for the geese to wander about in, the princess would sit down and comb out her long yellow hair, every thread of which was pure gold. And every morning Conrad would try to pull out a few of those threads of gold.

The princess knew what he was hoping to

do; so each morning, as she unfastened and let down the beautiful hair, she would say:

“ O wind, blow Conrad's hat away,
Make him run after it as it flies;
While I with my golden hair will play,
And twist it up in seemly wise.”

And each morning the wind would come, Conrad would be sent flying across the fields for his hat, while the princess sat quietly combing out and plaiting carefully her beautiful wealth of hair.

Morning after morning, the same thing happened. At last, Conrad went to the king, and said, “ I will not tend geese with that girl another day. She is a witch. Every morning, as she passes out through the great gate, she stops and says to the horse's head nailed there,

“ O Falada, thou art there ! ”

And the horse's head answers:

“ O Princess, if thy mother knew thy pain,
Her heart would surely break in twain.”

Then when we reach the field, and I fain would watch her comb her golden hair, she sings:

“ O wind, blow Conrad's hat away,
Make him run after it as it flies ;
While I with my golden hair will play,
And twist it up in seemly wise.”

“ Enough! enough!” answered the king, pretending to be very angry. “ Send the girl to me at once.”

Poor little princess! She trembled so, she could hardly drag herself across the great halls to present herself before the king.

“ My poor child,” said the king, kindly, “ tell me who you are, and how you came here.”

“ O I dare not! I dare not!” cried the princess. “ When I was in danger of losing my life, I swore solemnly, that if I were spared I would never tell my secret to a living person.”

“ To a living person?” answered the king.

“ Yes, to a living person!” answered the princess, winking back her tears.

“You did not promise you would not tell it to the chimney. So creep in here, into this great oven, and tell it up the chimney.”

So the princess crept into the oven and cried out, “O chimney, I am so unhappy! I am the princess, sent here to be the bride of the brave young prince. But in my place sits my waiting-maid, who stole my garments and my jewels from me, and called herself the princess. My poor mother! My poor Falada!”

Now, the king had listened outside the oven, and believed every word she said.

So he called her to him again, and had her dressed in the most beautiful robe that could be found in all the kingdom. Then he called the prince, and told him her story.

O how pure and white and beautiful she looked, as she stood there in her rich white dress. How the pearls and diamonds around her throat shone and sparkled! Above all, how the rich yellow hair glistened in its golden light!

"Beautiful!" whispered the prince, hardly daring to speak, lest he frighten away the wondrous vision.

"Now let us give a great feast!" said the king. "At the feast, you shall be given your rightful bride, and the wicked woman who has deceived us shall be punished as she deserves."

So the feast was given. The great dining-hall was filled with richly dressed knights and ladies.

"Princess," said the king, taking the false princess by the hand and leading her out before all the company, "tell me, thou wise woman, what punishment would be just for a servant, who would deceive her mistress, and prove false to her trust?"

The false princess was frightened. Did the king mean *her*? But she dared not show her fear; so she said, boldly and calmly, "It would serve such a servant right, to put her into a great cask, lined with pointed spikes, and have her dragged by horses up and down the streets, till she was dead."

"You have spoken your own doom!" thundered the king. Then turning to the people he told them the whole story. And as he ended, the prince came forward with the true princess, and all the people shouted for joy, when they saw how beautiful she was.

The wicked woman was hurried away. The feast went on; and forever after, the brave prince and the beautiful princess ruled over the kingdom in peace and happiness.





THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

Once upon a time there lived a wood-cutter, who had two very wise sons, and one foolish son.

The two wise sons were very wise, at least, they thought they were. The one foolish son was very foolish, at least the wise sons thought he was; and they had given him the name of Simpleton.

Said the father to the first wise son, "Go you into the forest and fell for me a tall, straight tree."

Then the mother gave to her son a rich, yellow cake and a flask of sweet wine.

As the first wise son came to the edge of the

forest, there sat a strange little old man, dressed in gray.

"Give me," said the little gray man, "a bit of your cake and a sup of your wine."

"Away with you!" answered the first wise son; "I have neither cake nor wine."

And he went on into the forest to fell the tree. But soon his axe-head flew off and hit him in the arm. In a twinkling, the arm had swollen to five times its size, and O, how it ached!

And the little gray man smiled at him, as he came out from the forest, groaning with pain.

"Go you into the forest and fell for me a tall, straight tree," said the father to his second wise son.

Then the mother gave to her son a rich, yellow cake and a flask of sweet wine.

As the second wise son entered the forest, there sat the same strange little old man, dressed all in gray.

"Give me," said the little gray man, "a bit of your cake, and a sup of your wine."

"Away with you!" answered the second wise son; "I have no more than I want for myself."

And he went on into the forest to fell the tree. But soon, his axe-head came down upon his foot. In a twinkling the foot had swollen to five times its size, and O, how it ached!

And the little gray man smiled at him, as he came out from the forest, groaning with pain.

"Go *you* into the forest," said the father to his foolish son, "and fell for me a tall, straight tree."

Then the mother gave to the foolish son a mean flour cake and a flask of sour drink.

As the foolish son came to the edge of the forest, there again sat the same strange little old man, dressed all in gray.

"Give me," said the little gray man, "a bit of your cake and a sup of your wine."

"Alas!" said Simpleton, looking with pity at the little old man, "my cake is very poor and my wine is very sour; but such as it is, I will share with you."

Then the little gray man and Simpleton, the foolish son, sat down and ate together.

"You will be hungry before your tree is felled, I fear," said the little gray man, as the last bit of cake and the last drop of wine disappeared down his throat.

"I hadn't thought of that," answered Simpleton; "but I am younger than you, and can bear hunger better."

"You have a kind heart," said the little old man. "Let us go into the forest together."

"Here is a tall, straight tree," said he to Simpleton. "Fell that, and you will find a treasure hidden in its trunk."

One, two, three strong strokes from the axe, and down went the tree with a great crash. Out flew a goose with bright, shining feathers of pure gold.

"Squawk! squawk!" said the goose, which meant, so Simpleton supposed, "I am yours! I am yours!"

So he took the golden goose under his arm

and marched out of the forest. And the little gray man smiled at him as he came out, his face shining with pleasure.

"I will not go home," said Simpleton, "I will travel with my wonderful bird."

So away he went across the country till he came to a little inn, in the heart of a village.

Now, at this inn, lived the three daughters of the landlord; and when they saw the bird, each daughter said to herself, "I will have one of those golden feathers."

By-and-by Simpleton went out to see the village, leaving the goose asleep in the corner.

"Now is my time," said the first daughter. And she stole softly into the room where the goose lay.

"Now is my time," said the second daughter. And she stole softly into the room where the goose lay.

"Now is my time," said the third daughter. And she stole softly into the room where the goose lay.

No sooner had the first daughter put her fingers upon the goose, than in came the second daughter.

"Ah, you are here," said she, placing her hand upon her sister's shoulder.

"It is such a handsome goose!" said the first daughter, not wishing her sister to suspect why she was there.

"Ah, you are here," said the third daughter, coming in and placing her hand in her sister's hand.

"It is such a handsome goose!" said the two first daughters, not wishing their sister to know why they were there.

Just then Simpleton returned. "Come, my good bird," said he; "we must away to another town." And taking the bird under his arm, he stalked out of the house.

"O spare us! save us! let us go! set us free! leave us! save us!" screamed the three sisters; for, strange to say, not one of them could get away. The first daughter's grasp

upon the goose would not loosen; the second daughter's grasp upon the first daughter would not loosen; the third daughter's grasp upon the second daughter would not loosen. So away they all went, following close at Simpleton's heels.

"Shame upon you, you bold girls, following this youth across the country!" cried the good parson, whom they met upon the highway.

"Shame upon you!" and he seized the third sister to shake her by the shoulder.

"O spare me! save me! let me go!" shrieked he; for strange to say, he could not loose his hold; and away *he* went, following close at the third daughter's heels.

"Shame upon you, holy man, to be chasing up and down the country at the heels of these silly girls!" cried the sexton, seizing upon the parson by the gown. "Come back! come back! the people even now await you at the church!

"O spare me! save me! let me go!" shrieked the sexton; for strange to say, he could not

loose his hold, and away *he* went, following close at the parson's heels.

By-and-by this strange company came to a town where the king lived. Now, this king had a daughter, who was so melancholy, that no one had been able ever to make her smile. Months before, the king had sent out to every corner of his kingdom a message saying, "To any youth who shall succeed in making the unhappy princess laugh, shall be given a principedom, and shall be given my daughter for his wife!"

Now a beautiful princess, a principedom, and heaps upon heaps of golden treasures, were not to be despised; and many a youth had tried his fortune, but had only failed, and had been sent home crest-fallen.

And, now, Simpleton approached the king's palace, the strange company at his heels.

"O save us! spare us! let us go!" cried each and all of them, as they entered the court-yard.

"Squawk! squawk!" squawked the golden

goose. "Save us! spare us!" screamed the girls. "O miserable me! miserable me!" groaned the parson. "Squawk! squawk!" chimed in the goose again.

At this, the princess, who chanced to be descending the steps from the palace, burst into laughter. She held her sides; the tears ran down her cheeks; she laughed and cried, and cried and laughed, until, in sheer fright, her waiting maids hurried her back to the palace to recover herself.

"Why all this noise?" thundered the king, appearing in the great hall.

"O that goose! O that parson! that goose! that parson!" screamed the princess. "They will kill me! Surely I shall die of laughing!"

Out rushed the king to see what all this might mean.

"I claim your daughter and the principedom, and the golden treasure!" said Simpleton, bowing before the king.

"You, you simpleton?" thundered the king.

"Never; not until you can bring me a man that can drink a whole cellar-full of wine."

"I will go and search for such a man," answered Simpleton, meekly.

"The simpleton!" sneered the king, as he turned away. "But I am glad enough to be rid of him."

The next morning, he returned with the little gray man.

"I am so thirsty," said the little grey man to the king, "I think I could drink all the wine in the royal cellar!"

"Try it," growled the king, scowling at the same time at Simpleton.

And the little gray man tried. More than that, he succeeded, and not one drop was left in the cellar.

"I claim your daughter, and the principedom, and the golden treasure," said Simpleton again.

"Never," thundered the king, angrier than before. "Never until you can bring me a man who can eat a mountain of bread!"

"I will go and search for such a man," said Simpleton, this time not quite so meekly.

"The simpleton!" sneered the king. "But I am rid of him this time certainly."

The next morning, Simpleton returned, with the little gray man.

"I am so hungry," said the little gray man; "I think I could eat a whole mountain of bread!"

"Try it," growled the king, scowling at the same time at Simpleton. Then he ordered all the cooks to get together all the corn in the country round about, and to make a loaf of bread a mountain high.

Down beside this sat the little gray man, saying, "I am so glad to have enough to eat." And in a few hours every crumb of bread had disappeared down his wonderful throat.

How the king thundered and threatened! How he raved and tore his hair!

"Another test, you simpleton!" said he. "Build and bring to me a ship, that shall sail

on land and on sea, and you shall, simpleton though you are, have my daughter for your bride, and you shall be a prince.

Again Simpleton went to the little gray man.

"Your ship already awaits you," said he, as Simpleton approached. "Already it is built from the magic tree you felled."

Just then, out from the forest came a great boat, shaped like a ship with a prow and sail, by which it could be driven upon the water, but also with great wheels, by which it could be driven on the land.

"All these I give you," said the little gray man, as he helped Simpleton into his boat-carriage, (or his carriage-boat) "because of your kind, generous heart."

Then away Simpleton sped to the palace of the king, was given the princess, the principedom, and the golden treasure, and by-and-by, as the years rolled on, he became king himself.



JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.

There were living, all at the same time, in a far-away country, six wonderful men. First there was Jack-of-all-Trades.

“If I only had some one to help me,” he would say, “I could rule even the king himself!”

One day he set forth to find some one. “If I do not search,” said he, wisely, “I shall never find a helper.”

In the forest, he found a woodman pulling up the trees as if they were but stalks of corn.

“Come with me!” exclaimed Jack-of-all-Trades. “With such a man as you, I can stand against all the world!”

Then out of the forest, across the country,

went Jack-of-all-Trades and his one helper, the woodman of giant strength.

By-and-by, as the two journeyed on, they came upon a huntsman.

"What are you aiming at?" said Jack-of-all-Trades.

"Why, do you not see?" asked the huntsman. "There in yonder forest sits a fly upon an oak bough. I aim at his eye." And away went the arrow, and down came the fly.

"Come with me!" exclaimed Jack-of-all-Trades. "With such a man as you, I can stand against all the world!"

Then out of the forest, across the country, went Jack-of-all-Trades, and his two helpers, the woodman of giant strength and the huntsman of wonderful eye.

By-and-by, as they journeyed on, they came upon a miller, who stood holding on to his sides, blowing with all his might and main.

"What *are* you blowing at?" cried Jack-of-all-Trades.

"Do you see those seven wind-mills whirling round and round?" asked the miller, stopping only for a second.

"Come with me!" exclaimed Jack-of-all-Trades. "With such a man as you, I can stand against all the world!"

Then out of the forest, across the country, went Jack-of-all-Trades and his three helpers, the woodman of giant strength, the huntsman of lightning eye, and the miller of windy lungs.

By-and-by, as the four journeyed on, they came upon a runner, leaning upon a tree for rest. Beside him on the ground lay one of his legs.

"What a way to rest!" cried Jack-of-all-Trades.

"But I am a runner," answered he, "and I have to take off one leg to keep myself from running faster than the wind himself."

"Come with me!" exclaimed Jack-of-all-Trades. "With such a man as you, I can stand against all the world!"

Then out of the forest, across the country, went Jack-of-all-Trades and his four helpers, the woodman of giant strength, the huntsman of lightning eye, the miller of windy lungs, and the runner of tireless legs.

By-and-by, as the five journeyed on, they came upon a man who carried his hat in his hand.

"Why don't you wear your hat on your head?" asked Jack-of-all-Trades.

"I dare not put it on just now," answered the man. "When I do, there will fall such a frost upon the earth, that the very birds will freeze to death in their nests."

"Come with me!" exclaimed Jack-of-all-Trades. "With such a man as you, I can stand against all the world!"

Then out of the forest, across the country, went Jack-of-all-Trades and his five helpers, the woodman of giant strength, the huntsman of lightning aim, the miller of windy lungs, the runner of tireless legs, and the traveler of magic cap:

By-and-by the six came to a great city. Out from the gates came a king's messenger, crying, "To the youth who shall outrun the princess, will the king give his daughter, a principedom, and a ship-load of golden treasure!"

"My servant shall run for you," said Jack-of-all-Trades.

"If he wins not, he shall lose his head, and you yours, as well," answered the king, gruffly.

"We are willing to take our chances," said Jack-of-all-Trades.

"Give me my other leg!" cried the runner, when all was ready.

Now, it had been agreed that the one who should return first with a pitcher of water from a distant brook, should be the winner of the race.

So the king's daughter and the runner took each a pitcher and started off together. But in one minute alone the runner was far out of sight, for his running was like the rushing of the wind. Before the princess was even out of sight along the road, the runner had already

reached the brook, and was returning with the pitcher filled with water.

"I may as well take a rest," said he. And he lay down by the roadside, his head upon a stone, and fell asleep.

"I shall win yet," said the princess to herself, as she saw him lying there. So emptying the water from his pitcher, she ran to the brook, filled her own, and was half way home again before the runner awoke.

"This will never do!" exclaimed the huntsman with the wonderful eye, and the lightning aim. So he shot his arrow straight at the stone beneath the runner's head. This so jarred the head of the runner that he awoke.

"What does this mean?" cried he, starting up. "My pitcher empty! The princess turned towards home!"

So away he flew, refilled the pitcher, overtook the princess, passed her, and came into the city, even then, fully ten minutes ahead of her.

"My daughter won by these common men!"

thundered the king. "It shall not be! Shut them into the big iron room! And you, cook, build, in the great oven beneath, a fire that shall roast them alive."

Then going to the six men, the king pretended to be greatly pleased with the runner's skill, and invited them all to a dinner.

Together they all went to the iron room. And such a dinner as the king had served to them! Had they all been princes he could not have feasted them more royally. But, by-and-by, the room began to grow very warm.

"Open a window," said Jack-of-all-Trades, wiping his brow.

"Open the door," puffed the miller, gasping for breath.

"But they are barred and bolted!" said the woodman of giant strength, as he pulled and pounded at them.

"It is a plot of the king!" said Jack-of-all-Trades. "We shall be roasted alive! we shall suffocate! we shall die!"

"Fear not," said the man of the magic cap, placing, as he spoke, the cap upon his head.

At once the room began to cool. Soon the six men even shivered. They drew their garments close around them. The frost began to form upon the windows.

In a few hours the king himself appeared at the door, saying to his attendants, "They will not trouble us again, I think. They are roasted long before this."

Imagine the king's surprise, when, on throwing open the door, he saw them all sitting there alive, even shivering with the cold.

He stood speechless, staring at them. "They are magicians," whispered he to his attendants. "We cannot kill them."

Then to Jack-of-all-Trades he said, "If you will give up your claim to the princess, I will give you as much gold as one of your servants can bear away with him."

"Certainly, I will agree to that," said Jack-

of-all-Trades. "To-morrow my servant shall come to get the gold."

On the morrow the woodman of giant strength appeared before the king with a great sack — a sack large enough to contain the palace itself.

"Fill the sack!" cried the woodman.

"You cannot carry so much," answered the king, turning pale.

"Fill the sack!" cried the woodman again, uprooting a great oak, to show his strength, as he spoke.

The king quaked with fear. Tons upon tons of gold and silver were heaped into the sack.

"*Fill* the sack!" shouted the woodman.

"We have not another piece of gold in all our realm," gasped the king.

This was indeed true; so the woodman, throwing the half-filled sack over his shoulder, stalked off across the country.

"The thief!" roared the king. "He shall not escape! Send a thousand horsemen to

overtake him and bring back the golden treasure."

And the thousand horsemen overtook the woodman and his companions.

"You are our prisoners," said they, coming up behind them.

"Prisoners!" exclaimed the miller. "Go back to your king and tell him a king should always keep his word."

And so saying, the miller placed his hands upon his hips, took one long, deep breath, and away blew the horsemen, horses and all, head over heels, heels over head, back to the very gates of the city.

Then the six comrades went on with their treasure. They divided it equally among themselves, and ever after lived in peace and plenty, giving much to the poor, and having, even then, more than enough for all their own needs and wishes.



THE FROG PRINCE.

There was once a king whose little daughter was so beautiful, that the sun himself almost stood still and looked in wonder upon her every day, as he passed over the royal palace.

Near this palace, was a rich old forest. In the forest was a deep, dark well. When the day was hot, and the little maiden was wearied, she used to like to sit beside the cool well and play with a pretty golden ball—her favorite toy.

But one day the golden ball rolled into the well. Down, down, splash it went, far out of sight.

"O my beautiful toy! my beautiful toy!" wailed the princess.

"What is the matter, little princess?" said a voice from the water. "Tell me; indeed, I will help thee."

The maiden peered down into the water, wondering who could have spoken to her. But she could see no one.

Again the voice spoke, "Don't weep, little princess! Don't weep!" Again she peered down into the water. This time she saw an old frog stretching his great ugly head up above the water.

"Is it you, you old frog?" said the princess.

"Yes, it is I. But tell me, why do you weep?"

"O my beautiful golden toy has fallen down into the water!" cried the princess, bursting again into tears.

"Do not weep, dear princess!" answered the frog. I will help you. Tell me, what will you give me, if I will bring your lost toy back to you?"

"O I will give you anything!" wailed the princess. "My pearls, my jewels, even my golden crown!"

"Ah, but I do not want those," said the frog sadly. "If you will take me home with you; if you will love me, and keep me with you; if you will let me be your friend, your playfellow; if—"

"O, I will," answered the princess, thinking only of the golden ball. "I will promise you all, all, all."

The frog did not wait to hear another word. Down he dived, and brought up the lost toy.

"O my beautiful toy! my beautiful toy! I am so glad to have you in my hands again!" And off the princess ran towards the palace.

"Stop, stop!" cried the frog. "Take me with you. I cannot hop as fast as you can run!"

But she would not listen to him; and ran away as fast as ever her flying feet could carry her.

The next day the king and the princess and all the court ladies and gentlemen were sitting down to dinner.

A strange little pitter, patter, hop, hop, pitter, patter, hop, hop, was heard on the marble stairs.

"Little Princess, little Princess! Let me in!" said a voice from outside.

The little princess went to the door. There sat the ugly little frog.

"Little Princess, little Princess!" he began; but the little princess shut the door in a great hurry, and went back to her dinner.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked the king, noticing how frightened she looked. "Is there a giant at the door, and has he come to carry you off?"

"O father, father!" cried the little girl, creeping up close to the king's heart. "It is not a giant, but a horrid frog. Yesterday he dived into the water, and brought up my golden ball for me. And I told him he should come

and live here in the palace with me. But father, father, I didn't suppose he would come up out of the water. And here he is at the door."

"But my child, you promised that he should come. A princess should never tell a lie."

Just then they heard the frog's voice again. It was a very sweet voice, as frog-voices go; and it sang:

“Princess, Princess,
Open to me ;
By the well-water
What promised you me ?
Princess, Princess,
Open to me.”

So the king led his daughter to the door, and told her to open it.

In hopped the frog. “Now let me sit at the table with you, little Princess,” said he. And a chair was placed for him beside the princess.

“Now let me get up on to the table, where I can eat with you,” said the frog, again.

"Surely it is an enchanted frog," whispered the knights and ladies to each other.

"Now push your little golden plate up close to me, that we may eat together," said the frog.

So they ate a few mouthfuls; then the little princess, angry and frightened, struck the frog with her knife, and cried, "I hate you! I hate you!" and ran and buried her head in her father's robe, crying as if her heart would break.

When lo, the frog changed at once into a handsome, brave youth—a very prince for beauty.

"There! there!" cried the guests. "It is as we said. It was an enchanted frog."

"You speak wisely," said the beautiful youth. "It was indeed an enchanted frog. Ten long years ago, a wicked old witch who was jealous of my mother, laid this enchantment upon me—that I should be changed into a frog, and should remain a frog, until a princess should be found who should hate me, but still permit me to sit at the table and eat with her from her own plate."

And the youth sighed, and looked sorrowfully at the little sobbing princess.

"I, too am of royal family," said he. "I am a prince. Good king, I love the little princess who has saved me from my enchantment."

The little princess had already ceased crying. Now she looked up; and as she saw how handsome this prince was, and how kindly he looked at her, she said, "Good prince, I am sorry I ran away from you yesterday. And I am sorry I told you I hate you."

Then all the company laughed happily. The prince went and bowed low before the princess, and soon they were the best friends possible.

On the next day a golden chariot, drawn by six white horses, with golden harnesses and silver plumes, drove up to the palace door.

Why had it come, do you wonder? I'm sure you can guess. It had come to take back to his own kingdom the handsome young prince.

And did he go away alone? No, no; with him went the princess, now his promised bride. And such a welcome as they received, when they reached the royal palace, from which, ten long years before, he had been so cruelly stolen.

“I am glad you have come!” said the prince’s father. “I am growing too old to govern this large country. Now it shall be yours — all yours. And I shall be happy indeed, to see you reigning in my place.”

The prince was a kind man and all his people loved him. And the princess? How the people worshipped her! The beautiful, beautiful princess — so beautiful that the sun himself almost stood still to wonder at her, as he passed each day over the royal palace.





FAITHFUL JOHN.

An old king had fallen ill. "Alas!" sighed he, "I fear this is my last illness. Send for my servant, Faithful John, who has served me all my life.

"John," said the king, when the servant appeared, "I fear my death is near. Only one thing troubles me. My son is yet very young. He is not very wise. For many years yet will he need the guidance of some older person. Promise me, good John, that you will watch over him and be as a father to him; then shall I die in peace."

"Never, never, dear master, will I forsake

him. I swear to you, that I will watch over him and care for him, even though it cost me my life."

"Then do I die in peace," answered the king. "But, John," continued he, "after I am dead you must lead him through all the chambers, the halls, and the cellars of the castle and show him the golden treasures that in them are concealed.

In the chamber at the end of the long gallery is a wonderful picture. It is the picture of the Princess of the Golden Palace. This you must not let him see. For if he were to see it, he would fall so in love with it, that he would think of nothing ever more, but to find the princess. So guard him well from that enchanted princess."

"I will remember well what you have said," answered Faithful John. Then the king laid his head back upon his pillow and died.

When the king was laid away in the royal tomb, where for centuries the kings had been buried, Faithful John called the little prince to

him and told him what his father had asked of him, and what he had promised.

"Let us go through the palace at once," said the prince.

So Faithful John and the child went out into the great halls, and up and down the great marble stair-cases, entering every chamber, but the one the king had warned Faithful John against.

"Why do you not enter *this* door?" asked the little prince, when for the third time they had passed it by.

"O you must not enter there! You must not!" cried John. "Your father begged me not to allow you to enter that chamber! There are terrible sights beyond that door! And great harm might come to you!"

Now this was very unwise in the well-meaning John to cry out so earnestly. He should have known that the little prince would be all the more determined to enter the room.

"I must see that room, John," said the

prince. "I *will* see it. Give me the key at once, or, I will call the servants."

Poor John! he had meant to be so faithful to the king's requests. But the little prince was a wilful child, and John himself had been so very stupid. But it was too late now; so he unlocked the door, and allowed the Prince to enter.

There upon the wall, straight before the door, hung the enchanted picture.

"O, the beautiful lady! the beautiful lady!" cried the prince. "Who is she, John? Who is she?"

Faithful John gave a great sigh. "It is the Princess of the Golden Palace," answered he.

"I must find her! I must find her!" cried the excited prince. "I love that princess — that beautiful princess! Though every leaf on every tree in every forest were a tongue, they could not tell one-half my love for her. John, you must help me find her!"

"How *can* we find her?" groaned John.

"Of course we can find her," answered the

prince. "If she is anywhere in all the world we will find her. And we will carry her a ship-load of golden gifts. To-morrow we will set forth — to-morrow. Have a ship in readiness — go this minute and make it ready — fill it full of golden treasure and let us go forth to seek this beautiful maiden to-morrow."

"But your kingdom, your duties —" began John.

"Talk not to me of kingdom and of duties," broke in the prince. "I will do nothing, care for nothing, see nothing, until the princess is found."

Then John remembered what the dying king had said; and he knew that the prince was enchanted; and that there was nothing to be done but to let him go his own way and try to find the princess.

So on the morrow John and the prince set forth on their journey. For days and days they sailed the sea, until at last, they came to the land where it was said the princess dwelt.

"Stay thou in the ship," said John, "and let me go on shore to seek the princess. Surely, if she is here, the people will know of her. And I will come back to tell you what they say. Perhaps I may bring her back with me to the ship. So have all in readiness. Cover the decks with the golden treasure, and await my return."

Then John filled a sack with some of the golden treasure and went on land. There he learned that such a princess lived in the city, and that the Golden Palace was near at hand.

You may be sure he lost no time in finding it. And as he entered the court-yard of the castle he saw there a maiden carrying water in two golden pails.

"I must speak to this water-bearer," said John.

So he drew near; and opening the sack, said, "I am a merchant. See what beautiful jewels and golden toys I have!"

"Ah, what beautiful things!" cried the

maiden; and setting down her pails, she turned the golden toys over, and looked at them one after another. Then she said, "The princess must see these; she takes so much pleasure in gold that she will buy them all from you."

When the princess saw the golden wares she was very pleased, and said,

"All these are so finely worked that I should like to buy them of you."

But the faithful John said,

"I am only the servant of a rich merchant; and what I have here is nothing to what my master has in the ship — the cunningest and costliest things that ever were made of gold."

"Bring them to me! bring them to me!" cried the princess.

"That would take up many days; so great is the number of them, and so much space would they occupy that there would not be enough room for them in your house."

But the princess's curiosity and fancy grew so much that at last she said, "Lead me to the

ship; I will myself go and see your master's treasures."

Gladly enough did the Faithful John lead her to the ship where the prince awaited her coming.

When she had come upon the ship's deck, the prince displayed before her admiring eyes all the golden treasure.

How her eyes sparkled at the sight of them! and so busy was she that she never once noticed that the ship was all the time slowly making its way out to sea.

"Now I must return to my home," said she to the prince. "And if you will send your servant with these that I have chosen, I will await him at the Golden Palace."

But as she turned to leave the ship, she saw that they were already far out at sea.

"O my father! my father!" cried she; "I am stolen! I am stolen! I am carried off by this merchant! O that I had died before ever this should come to me! Save me! O my father!"

But too far away from her father was the wretched princess, for him to hear her cry.

Then said the prince, "Fear not, O beautiful Princess! I am no merchant; but a prince. I have stolen thee away, because of my great love for thee. In my father's palace, far away across the waters, is thy picture. At the sight of that alone, I fell fainting with delight. From that moment, there was but one thought in my mind, one wish in my heart — that was, to find you, the Princess of the Golden Palace!"

Much more did the prince say to the beautiful princess, the tears running all the while down his pale cheeks, as he spoke.

And what Princess of a fairy story, pray, could resist such an eloquent pleading? Not this princess, by any means. So she forgave him after a time, and long before the day had faded away in the west, they were the very best of friends.

But it happened, that as the prince and the

princess sat talking together, three ravens circled round and round above the vessel.

Faithful John noticed them, and watched them closely.

"There goes the Princess of the Golden Palace," said one raven.

"Ah yes," said a second; "but she will escape the prince yet."

"She sits beside him, though; and they are friendly," said the third.

"But that matters little. When they reach the shore, a beautiful white steed will spring towards them. The prince will try to mount him. Then will the steed unfold his wings, and carry the prince far up among the clouds. And he will never see his bride, the Princess of the Golden Palace, again."

"That seems cruel," said the second raven. "They are so young and so beautiful. Alas! Alas! Can they not be saved?"

"There is but one way for them to be saved. If when the prince mounts the steed, another

man could seize him quickly, take an arrow out from beneath the saddle, and pierce the horse, the horse would lose its power of flying. But you see, no one knows of the arrow. Then, too, whoever should do this, would be turned instantly into stone, from his toes to his knees!”

“Alas, alas!” croaked the two other ravens.

“More than that,” continued the first raven, “when they reach the castle—if they ever should—another trial awaits them. There will be a garment, woven of gold and silver threads, which the prince will so admire, that it will be given him, for his own. But it is a cruel garment. It is lined with pitch and fire, and is death to the prince, if he puts it on.”

“Alas, alas!” croaked the two other ravens; “Can he not be saved?”

“Yes, he might be saved, if someone would seize the garment quickly and throw it into a fiery furnace. But you see no one knows of this. Then, too, whoever should do it would

be turned into stone, from his knees to his heart."

"Alas, Alas!" croaked the two other ravens.

"Nor is that all. When the princess dances at the wedding feast, she will fall in a faint, and everyone will believe she is dead. And she will die, unless someone draws three drops of blood from her right hand. But, you see, no one knows of this. Then, too, whoever should do it, would be turned into stone, from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head."

"Alas, alas!" croaked all three of the ravens, and away they flew.

Faithful John had heard all this, and he sighed deeply. "But," said he to himself, "I must save my young master, whatever the cost!"

When the ship reached the shore, and all had landed, behold, as the ravens had said, there sprang out from the forest the beautiful white steed.

"The beautiful horse!" cried the prince; "he

shall be mine; and first of all he shall bear me and my bride to the castle."

But Faithful John was ready; and as the prince prepared to mount, he sprang forward, seized the arrow, and pierced the horse, so that he fell dead before them.

"Shame, shame!" cried the servants, "to kill that beautiful animal, who was to have carried the prince to his castle."

"Hush!" cried the prince, "Faithful John must have had good reason for what he did."

Then they went on together to the castle. No sooner had they entered the hall than the prince's eye fell upon the golden and silver garment.

"It shall be my bridal robe!" cried he.

But instantly Faithful John sprang forward, snatched the garment from the prince's hand and threw it into the fire.

"Shame, shame!" cried the servants again; "to destroy the beautiful robe that was to have been the prince's bridal garment."

"Hush!" answered the prince, "Faithful John must have had good reason for what he did."

Then came the wedding feast. And at the dance, as the raven had said, the princess fell as one dead.

Instantly, Faithful John was at her side. Seizing her white right hand, he pierced it with a needle and drew from it the three drops of blood:

But the prince was angry now. "Away with him!" cried he. "Let him be hanged. And leave my bride to me."

Soon the bride opened her eyes and breathed again, knowing nothing of what had happened.

On the morrow, Faithful John was brought into the presence of his master.

"Let me speak," said he, "just a word before I die."

Then he told the story of the ravens and at what cost he had saved his young master and the beautiful princess.

But even as he spoke, a stony coldness began to creep over him; first from his toes to his knees, then from his knees to his heart, finally from his heart to the crown of his head.

“O my faithful servant, my Faithful John!” moaned the prince. And he ordered that the stone image be set in his own chamber, that it might forever more remind him of the good servant, who had loved him so and had given his life for him.

By-and-by two beautiful little baby boys were born to the prince and princess. One day, as the proud father stood looking at them, he said, “O that my Faithful John could see these children now! How glad he would be! O that I could bring back to life my Faithful John! My Faithful John!”

Then came a voice from the stone image.

“Thou can s't give me back my life if thou wilt,” said the image.

“I will do anything, give anything, even all

that I have, to bring thee back again!" exclaimed the prince.

"There is but one way by which you can give me back my life," sighed the image; "and that will cost thee pain and heartache."

"Only tell me, tell me!" cried the prince. "I will sacrifice all that I have; my treasures, my servants, my castle, all my kingdom, if thou wilt only say."

"I want not thy treasures, nor thy castle, nor thy kingdom," answered the stone image. "But if thou wilt cut off the heads of thy two children, thy two beautiful children, my life will be restored to me."

The prince started. His face grew pale. His very heart stopped beating. "O my children! My children! My beautiful baby boys!" groaned he.

But he remembered how the faithful servant had sacrificed his life for him, and how unjustly he had condemned him. "It must be done! It must be done!" he wept. And so with

trembling hand he drew forth his sword from his belt and killed the two beautiful children.

Immediately, Faithful John stepped forth, full of life and vigor, the same, same Faithful John.

“Good Master, good Prince,” said he, “thy faithfulness to me shall not be unrewarded.” Then he placed the heads back upon the slain children, lifted them up, and lo, they were alive and whole again. How they jumped and laughed and sprang towards Faithful John, as if all their lives they had known him!

Just then the princess came in; and when she heard the story of all that had happened, she wept for joy. “Good Faithful John! My darling children! My noble prince!” she cried over and over again, until the servants in the halls below ran to the chamber door to know what could have happened.

Surely a happier royal family could not be found in all the enchanted world than was this one into which had come to dwell the Princess of the Golden Palace.



HANS IN LUCK.

Hans had served his master faithfully for seven years.

At the end of the seventh year he went to his master and said, "Master, my time of service is up. Give me now my wages, and I will go back to my mother who has not seen her son in all these years."

"Hans," said his master, "you have served me well, and for your good service I give you good pay."

As he spoke he gave to Hans a lump of gold as big as his head. Hans tied the gold into his handkerchief and swung it over his shoulder.

Then, bidding his master farewell, he trudged off, down the road, towards his home.

Soon there came along a man on horseback.

"How splendid it must be to ride like that!" exclaimed Hans.

The horseman heard Hans, and came up to him. "Why do you trudge along on foot?" asked he.

"I must," answered Hans. "I have this heavy lump of gold to carry."

"I'll tell you what!" exclaimed the horseman, "Let us change. Give me your gold and I will give you my horse!"

"With all my heart!" answered Hans, delighted with the idea. So down came the horseman, and up went the foolish Hans.

"Gee-up! Gee-up!" called Hans, and away went the horse.

"So much better than trudging along with that heavy lump of gold!" thought he, as he flew along through air.

"Gee-up! Gee-up!" he called again, and away the horse trotted.

"Gee-up! Gee-up!" he called again, and away the horse galloped.

But, alas, for poor Hans! He could not keep his place in the saddle; and over the horse's head he went into the ditch by the road-side.

"Poor work, this," groaned Hans, picking himself up, and rubbing his bruised head.

Just then a farmer came along, driving his cow to pasture.

"Now, if I had a good, quiet, peaceable animal like your cow," said he, "I should be happy. Now a cow is worth having; she gives milk, and one can always have all the butter and cheese he wants."

"I'll tell you what!" exclaimed the farmer, "let us change. Give me your horse, and I'll give you my cow!"

"With all my heart!" answered Hans, delighted with the idea. So the farmer mounted the horse and galloped away; while Hans jogged on comfortably with his cow.

"A fine bargain! a fine cow!" said Hans to

himself. "With only a piece of bread, I shall have all I can ever want. My cheese and butter I can make; and when I am thirsty I have only to milk the cow."

By-and-by the day grew very hot. "I am so tired and so thirsty!" said Hans. "Now is my time to have a drink of my good cow's milk!"

So saying, he stopped beneath a tree, and began to milk the cow. Alas, not a drop of milk would come.

"You'll get no milk from that cow!" called out a butcher who chanced to be driving a pig to market.

"Why not?" asked Hans.

"She's so old," answered the butcher, "she is good for nothing but to kill and cut up for meat."

"Now, who would have thought it?" drawled Hans, stupidly, looking ruefully at the cow. "And I don't like beef, either. Now if she were a pig I should like the taste of her flesh."

"I tell you what!" said the butcher, "let us

change. You give me your cow, and I'll give you my pig."

"With all my heart!" exclaimed Hans, delighted with the idea. So the butcher took the cow, and Hans led his pig along by a rope towards his mother's home.

But by-and-by he met a man with a great white goose under his arm.

"Such an obstinate creature as this pig is," said Hans as the man approached. "He is determined to go back to the village where I bought him. He will tire me all out. Then, too, when I get him home, he is fit only to eat. Now your goose is a much better possession. Your goose will lay eggs and by-and-by you may raise any number of little goslings."

"I'll tell you what," said the man with the goose. "Let us change. You give me your pig and I will give you my goose."

"With all my heart!" answered Hans, delighted with the idea. So the man went on to

the village with the pig, and Hans trudged on homeward with the goose.

“The more I think of it, the better bargain I believe I have made,” said he to himself. “I can raise goslings; or if I do not care to do that, I can have a dinner of roast goose. And from the feathers I can make a nice soft pillow. How I shall sleep upon it! What dreams I shall have!”

And now happy Hans reached another village. Here he saw a scissors grinder.

“My scissors I grind
My wheel I turn;
And all good lads
My trade should learn;
For all that I meet with
Just serves my turn.”

Hans stood looking at him. “You seem very happy with your grinding,” said he at last.

“Yes, yes,” answered the scissors grinder. “I call a man a good grinder, who, whenever he puts his hand in his pocket, finds money

there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it. I exchanged a pig for it."

"And where did you get the pig?"

"I exchanged a cow for it?"

"And the cow?"

"I exchanged a horse for it."

"And the horse?"

"I exchanged a lump of gold for it."

"And the gold?"

"O, that I received for seven years of service."

"You are a born money-maker," said the grinder. "Now if you could only get into a business where every time you put your hand in your pocket you would find money, your fortune would be made."

"O, I wish I might!" cried Hans.

"You can," answered the grinder. "All you want is a grindstone like mine and all the rest will come of itself. Now I have one here. It

is a little worn; but I will let you have it for your goose."

"How kind you are!" exclaimed Hans. "Indeed I am the luckiest lad on earth. To find money always in my pocket! What more can I ask for?"

So the grinder took the goose, and away went Hans with his grindstone.

As the day wore on, the stone grew heavier and heavier. "I almost wish I need not carry it!" groaned Hans.

Just then he reached a well; and as he leaned over to lower the bucket, down went the grindstone, splash, into the water.

"There, what a lucky lad I am!" Hans cried. "No sooner had I wished the stone out of my way, than of itself it rolled into the water. Surely it was a magic stone. Now I can hurry along with nothing to bother me! I shall soon reach home! How glad my mother will be to see me!" And away Hans went, whistling and singing, the happiest, luckiest lad in all the world.



THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

Said a little brother to his sister, "Since our mother died, how wretched we have been! Our step-mother beats us, and kicks us, and half starves us. Even the dog fares better than we. O if our mother only knew, how she would pity us! Come, let us go out into the wild world together."

So hand in hand they went forth; journeying over fields, and meadows, and stony places; and when it rained, the sister said, "See, brother, the skies and we are weeping together!"

One evening they came to a deep forest. Tired out with their long day of travel, they climbed up into a high tree and fell fast asleep.

The sun was already high in the heavens when they awoke the next morning; and its warm light shone down upon them through the leaves.

"Sister," said the boy, "I am so thirsty. Let us go and find a brook. I think I hear one not far from this very tree."

So the children climbed down from the tree, and went in search of the running water.

Now it happened that the cruel old step-mother was a witch, and when she found that the children had run away, she sent her wicked spirit out after them and laid a spell upon all the brooks in the fields and forests.

There was, as the boy had thought, a brook of deep, clear water not far from the tree in which they had slept so soundly.

"O I am so glad to have a drink of clear, cold water!" exclaimed the brother.

But just then the sister heard a voice from the water, saying:

“He a tiger will be who drinks of me,
Who drinks of me a tiger will be.”

“O brother, brother!” cried the little girl. “Do not drink from that brook. It tells me that if you do a tiger you will be. O brother, perhaps you would turn on me and eat me up!”

“I am *so* thirsty!” moaned the brother; “but let us find another brook.”

But when they came to a second brook, again the sister heard a voice. This time it said:

“He a wolf will be who drinks of me,
Who drinks of me a wolf will be.”

“O brother, brother!” cried the little girl. “Do not drink from this brook. It tells me that if you do, a wolf you then will be. And, O brother, perhaps you would turn and tear me in pieces.”

“I am *so* thirsty!” moaned the brother; “but let us find another brook.”

But when they came to a third brook, again the sister heard a voice. This time it said:

“He a fawn will be, who drinks of me,
Who drinks of me, a fawn will be.”

“O brother, brother!” cried the little girl.

But already had the thirsty boy drunk a long, long draught of the cooling water.

In an instant he was changed into a fawn.

Then the sister wept over her brother; and the fawn wept too, and put his head sadly against the sister's arm.

“Be comforted, dear brother,” sobbed the brave little girl. “I will never leave you.”

Then she untied her golden girdle and fastened it around his neck, and they traveled on together farther into the deep forest.

Away in among the tall trees they came to a little house in which no one lived.

“Let us stay here,” said the sister. And the fawn looked at her with his beautiful soft brown eyes, as much as to say, “Only keep me with you, sister.”

For a long time they dwelt in peace and quiet; and if only her brother could have come back into his own form, and could have played with her, they would indeed have been the happiest children in all the land. Every morning the sister would go out into the forest and bring leaves and moss for a soft bed for the fawn, and every night she laid her head upon the fawn's soft neck, and soundly they slept till daylight came.

But it happened that the king of the country into which they had come was a great hunter. He liked nothing so well as to call his knights together, and to go forth with his hounds into the forest to hunt.

One day the fawn heard the shouting of the hunters and the barking of the dogs. "O sister," said the fawn, "let me go to them! let me go to them! I long to see the hunters! I long to see the horses and the hounds!"

"O brother," begged the sister, "do not go. You are a fawn now, and they might turn and

hunt you, the cruel hunters and the cruel dogs!"

But the fawn could not rest. "O let me go, dear sister. Surely I can hide in the thicket, and they will not find me."

So the sister let him go, saying, "I must bolt the door, when you are gone, lest the hunters come into our little house. When you come back, say, as you come to the door, 'Little sister, let me in;' then I shall know it is you, and I will unbolt the door."

Then the fawn sprang out into the forest, and although the king and his hunters saw him and pursued him, they could not come up with him; and the fawn returned safe and sound to his home, where he slept the whole night long.

In the morning, again he heard the sound of the hunters' horns, and again he begged to go out into the forest to see the hunt.

Again the sister opened the door to let him go; saying as she had said before, "When you come back, say as you come to the door, 'Little

sister, let me in.' Then shall I know it is you, and then I will unbolt the door."

The fawn bounded forth into the forest and was again pursued by the hunters. This time, they wounded him in the foot, but they could not overtake him.

One hunter said, "There is something mysterious about that fawn; I shall follow him."

So without the fawn seeing him, he followed him on and on, until they came to the little house. Here the hunter heard him say, "Little sister, let me in;" and here he saw the door opened by the maiden, now grown into a lovely young woman.

All this the hunter reported at once. "This is very strange," said the king, thoughtfully. "To-morrow we will watch, and when the fawn comes out, I will go to the door of the house, and know if what you tell me is true."

When the next morning came, and the hunters' horns were heard, the fawn bounded forth into the forest, caring little for his

lame foot, which now was nearly as well as ever.

No sooner had the fawn left the cottage, than the king crept up to the door and said, "Little sister, let me in!"

At once the door opened, and the maiden appeared, her long golden hair floating in a cloud around her shoulders.

"O beautiful maiden!" exclaimed the king, "why do you hide your beauty in this dark forest? Come with me to my castle. I am the king. Come and be my queen, and you shall be happy all your life."

"Ah, indeed would I be glad to leave the forest," said the maiden; "but wherever I go, my fawn must go with me."

"Indeed, he shall go," answered the king, kindly; "and he shall stay forever with you, and shall have everything that a fawn could ever wish to have, to make him happy."

"Then I will go," answered the maiden, sweetly.

Now the wicked old witch, who had driven the children out into the world, supposed, of course, that they had long ago died of thirst, or had been eaten up by the wild beasts of the forests.

When, however, she learned that they were so happy, the old wickedness arose in her heart against them.

"They shall not escape me. I shall bide my time," hissed the old witch.

And she *did* bide her time. By-and-by, word was brought her by a glittering-eyed snake that a little son had been born to the king and queen.

"Now I will smite them and destroy their happiness," hissed the witch again.

"Come, daughter," called she to her ugly one-eyed child. "Come with me; I will make you a Queen."

Then away they both flew, on the backs of black bats, to the royal palace. The witch took on the form of the queen's waiting maid and

went to the queen's chamber, where the queen lay on her royal golden couch, her beautiful baby by her side.

Seizing the queen by the hair, she dragged her out from the room, ordering her daughter at the same time to take her place upon the couch.

Now this ugly daughter had but one eye. "Lie with your face to the wall," said the witch, "that the king may not see that you have but one eye. And, mind you, keep the room dark, that he may not see your ugly face."

Then away the witch flew with the true queen, off nobody knows just where—into the forest, and changed her into a white cloud. When at night the king returned to his castle, and was told that a little prince had come, he hastened to the queen's great chamber, his heart bounding with joy. "Dear, dear queen!" said he, "Dear, dear, little Prince!"

But the room was dark, and the false queen's

face was turned to the wall, so he could not see the ugly, wicked face that lay upon the golden pillow.

Midnight came. The king had gone to his own royal apartment. The false queen was asleep; the prince's nurse sat by the bedside, the little prince in his cradle by her side.

Soon the door opened softly, and in came a beautiful woman—the very picture of the true queen, only so very pale and white.

The beautiful white form bent over the cradle, lifted the child and kissed him, then laid him gently back, and covered him over. Then going to the corner where the fawn lay, she stroked him gently, saying,

“O my child, my fawn, *twice* more I come to thee,
Twice more I come; and then an end must be.”

“’Tis very strange,” thought the nurse. And in the morning, she went to the king and told him what had happened.

“’Tis very strange,” said he. “To-night I myself will watch with the prince.”

At the same hour of night, again the door of the chamber softly opened, and the white woman, so like the queen, entered, went to the cradle of the sleeping child, lifted him in her arms, kissed him, then laid him back among his pillows and covered him over again. Then to the corner where lay the fawn she went, saying, as she stroked his soft neck,

“My child, my fawn, *once* more I come to thee ;
Once more I come ; and then an end must be.”

“Once more,” said the king to himself.
“Then to-morrow night I will watch again.”

To-morrow night soon came; and with it, at the same hour, the same pale woman, so like the queen. Again she lifted the child in her arms, and kissed him, and laid him back among his pillows. Again she went to the fawn. This time she laid her head against the fawn's soft neck and sobbed. And as she turned to leave the room, she said,

“My child, my fawn, this *once* I come to see,
This *once* I come, and now the end must be.”

“O my queen, my queen! My own beautiful queen!” burst forth the king; and he sprang towards her to clasp her to his heart.

And at that instant — no one ever knew just why — the witch’s spell broke. The queen came back to her own form; the fawn sprang up from his corner, a beautiful youth. Nor could the witch ever again have power over them, nor over any other beings in the world. More than that, the king had her and her ugly one-eyed daughter shut up in a strong, dark prison; and there they ended their days most wretchedly.

As to the king and the queen, and the queen’s beautiful brother — they were happy, O so happy! Nor did ever another grief come to them in all their long, happy lives.



THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD.

There was once a step-mother who hated her step-daughter. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Alas, it is often so in fairy stories.

Well, this step-daughter was very beautiful and the step-mother's daughter was very homely and ugly. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Alas, that, too, often happens in fairy stories.

On the first morning after the step-mother came to her new home to live, she gave to her step-daughter milk to bathe in and wine to

drink; to her own daughter she gave only water to wash in and water to drink.

On the second morning after the step-mother came to her new home, she gave to her step-daughter water to bathe in and wine to drink; and to her own daughter milk to bathe in and water to drink.

On the third morning after the step-mother came to her new home, she gave to her step-daughter water to bathe in and water to drink; and to her own daughter milk to bathe in and wine to drink.

And so it was ever after. And every day the step-mother thought up new cruelties to heap upon the unhappy step-daughter.

At last, one cold morning, when the snow had been falling all night long, and the roads were covered, and the wind was blowing hard, the cruel step-mother called her step-daughter to her and said:

“Put on this muslin frock and take this basket. Go forth into the forest, and do not

dare return until the basket is filled with strawberries. I am hungry for strawberries; and strawberries I will have this day."

"O good step-mother!" cried the beautiful maiden. "Pray do not send me forth into this storm. It is so cold my very breath will freeze; and in all the world I could find no strawberries even if there were any beneath the snow."

"How dare you talk to me!" screamed the angry step-mother. "Do as I tell you; and if you dare come back without your basket heaped full of strawberries, I will roast you alive in the big oven!"

So the poor girl went out into the storm; and the cruel step-mother slammed and bolted the door after her.

Through the heavy drifts she made her way to the edge of the deep forest. She heard the hungry wolves roar and the wild cats yell. But she had no fear of them. Why should she have? If they ate her up alive, then she need not freeze to death, or be roasted alive in the

great oven. Surely one death was no worse than another.

So she ploughed her way through the drifts into the very heart of the forest, her feet at every step growing numb with cold. "My feet must be frozen," said she to herself; "for I cannot feel them ache now."

At last she came to a little house in among the great trees.

She opened the door, stepped over the threshold, then fell in a dead faint upon the floor.

Out from another little room in the little house rushed three little men to see what had happened.

"O see!" piped the first little man.

"O see!" piped the second little man.

"O see!" piped the third little man.

"A poor, frozen little girl!" piped the first little man.

"A poor, frozen little girl!" piped the second little man.

“A poor, frozen little girl!” piped the third little man.

Then they lifted her from the floor and laid her upon the bed. They built a rousing fire, they gave her wine, and did everything their little heads could think of to bring her back to life.

By-and-by she opened her eyes and looked about the room.

Then the three little men climbed up on a chair and said, “Who are you, little girl? and how came you in the forest this bitter cold day?”

Then she told them how it happened.

“The cruel step-mother!” piped the first little man.

“The cruel step-mother!” piped the second little man.

“The cruel step-mother!” piped the third little man.

Then the three little men went off by themselves and whispered together for a long time.

"We are very hungry," piped the first little man, coming again to the bedside.

"We are very hungry," piped the second little man, coming again to the bedside.

"We are very hungry," piped the third little man, coming again to the bedside.

"I have a piece of bread," said the maiden, with pity, "in my basket. It is not very fresh nor sweet; but such as it is you shall have it."

Then the three hungry little men fell upon the piece of bread and devoured it every crumb.

"And now," said they, "will you sweep the snow from off our door step and down the path to the well of water? We are very thirsty, for we have not had one drop to drink since the snow began to fall."

"Indeed I will, and gladly too," answered the maiden; "for you have saved my life, and you are kind to let me stay here in your warm house."

So she took the broom from the corner, and

opened the door. As soon as ever it touched the snow—for it was a magic broom—a path began to make itself. In less than one minute the snow was heaped up on either side, and the ground was bare all the way from the door to the well.

Now was that all. Beside the well lay a heap of great, red, juicy strawberries.

“O you kind fairies!” cried she, running back to the house, whence the three little men stood peeping through a crack in the door, to see what she would do when she found the berries.

“We are glad always to help good little girls,” piped the first little man.

“We are glad always to help good little girls,” piped the second little man.

“We are glad always to help good little girls,” piped the third little man.

“Let us give her a fairy wish!” piped the first little man.

“Let us give her a fairy wish!” piped the second little man.

"Let us give her a fairy wish," piped the third little man.

"She shall grow handsomer every day," piped the first little man.

"Every time she speaks gold shall fall from her lips," piped the second little man.

"By-and-by, a beautiful prince shall fall in love with her!" piped the third little man.

Then the maiden thanked the little men for their kindness, and went back through the forest to her home.

It was very strange; but the magic broom seemed to have made a path away out into the road, down the road, even to the door of the cruel step-mother's home. And the snow had ceased to fall, the wind had ceased to blow, and the sun was shining so bright and warm, that the maiden was not cold at all. And already she began to grow more and more beautiful.

Reaching home, she entered the house with a bounding step.

"What a noise you make!" snapped the

step-mother, who had supposed her dead in the snow drifts long before this.

"I have brought you a basket of strawberries," cried the maiden.

"You lie!" screamed the step-mother; but she stopped suddenly; for as the maiden had spoken — one, two, three — eight pieces of gold had rolled from her lips to the floor.

"Truly, I have brought them!" said the maiden.

One, two, three — five more pieces of gold fell to the floor.

"Where did you get this gold, you thief?" screamed the step-mother again.

"The three little men in the woods!" sobbed the maiden, grieved that her step-mother still hated her so.

One, two, three — *seven* pieces of gold fell to the floor.

Then she told the story of what had happened in the wood.

"It is every bit a lie," sneered the ugly daughter of the step-mother.

"Of course it is a lie," screamed the step-mother; and together they drove the poor child off to her own little room.

"I shall go to the forest myself," muttered the ugly daughter, as she and her mother scrambled around on the floor to pick up the pieces of gold.

"So you shall," whispered the step-mother; "and if there are any fairies there, they will be sure to give you better gifts than they have given this hateful girl."

So the next morning, basket on her arm, the ugly girl went to the forest.

She had some little trouble to find the house; so that by the time she reached it, she was cold and cross indeed.

"What sort of people are you that you hide away in this miserable forest," snapped the girl, as she threw open the door and stamped the snow from off her feet.

The little men made no answer; but they looked at each other knowingly.

Then the girl sat down by the great fireplace and stretched her feet out to be warmed.

"We are very hungry," said the little men, as she opened her basket and began to eat a great piece of golden cake.

"So am I," sneered the girl; and she crammed the cake into her mouth more greedily still.

Again the little men said nothing; but looked at each other knowingly.

"Will you make a path for us to the well of water?" they asked, a few minutes later."

"Make a path for you?" screamed the girl. "Do you think I am a servant?"

And seizing her basket, she slammed out of the house, feeling herself insulted.

"She shall grow uglier every day," said the first little man, as she banged the door.

"At every word she speaks a viper shall fall from her lips," said the second little man.

"She shall at last die a miserable death," said the third little man.

All this time the girl was marching out of the forest sulkily and angry enough.

The snow had begun to fall again, the wind had arisen, the sun had hidden its warm fall, and the girl nearly froze to death before she reached her home.

"My dear daughter! my dear daughter!" cried her mother, rushing out from the house to meet her. "Did you see the little men? And did they give you gold and strawberries?"

"Shut up!" snapped the girl. "It was all a lie!"

"Mercy! Mercy!" screamed the mother; for as the daughter spoke, one, two, three — five nasty toads and lizards fell from her lips.

"The miserable fairies!" screamed the daughter, as she saw the toads and lizards at her feet.

One, two, three more — this time vicious little black snakes, fell to the floor.

"Don't you open your miserable lips again, you wretched girl!" screamed the mother,

horrified at what she saw. "A fine gift this is! A fine gift indeed! What did you say to the fairies, that they have punished you like this? Some rude, saucy thing you said to them I know; else they would never have put this upon you."

"None of your business what I said!" screamed the miserable girl.

One, two, three — seven more vipers — this time like spiders, fell upon the floor.

"Mercy! Mercy!" screamed the mother. "We shall be eaten up alive and bitten to death! Leave this house! Leave! leave! I will not have you here!" And the wretched girl was driven from the house, and the door closed and bolted after her.

Up and down the country she wandered, growing uglier and uglier every day. None would have her in their house; and little children fled screaming from her, whenever they saw her coming.

The kings throughout the country forbade

her entering the cities; and the farmers everywhere drove her away from their fields and flocks.

Every day she scolded more and more, and growled and called hard names. Every day more vipers fell from her lips, larger and uglier, and more poisonous than ever. Till at last she died, frozen and starved, by the road-side; and everybody was glad when it was known that she was dead.

As to the first maiden, the kind, generous maiden, that went first to the forest and the little men, she grew more beautiful and sweet and lovable every day.

At every word she spoke, gold fell from her lips, until she had so much, that she made all the poor people in the country comfortable and happy.

One day there came up across the country a golden chariot, drawn by twelve pure white horses. In the chariot sat a handsome young prince. And he was as good and generous and manly as he was handsome.

"See, see! what is coming!" cried the step-mother. "The prince, I declare! It must be the prince! Who but the prince would drive in that golden chariot and with twelve snow white horses? Go down to the road-side, you lazy, good-for-nothing girl! Do you hear? Go down to the road-side, and ask him to stop and have a drink of cold milk. Who knows but he may give us gold, and take us to the royal city, if we are polite to him?" screamed the greedy old woman.

So the maiden took a pitcher, and went down to the road-side, sad indeed at heart, for every day the step-mother grew uglier and uglier, and more and more cruel.

"Cheer up, beautiful maiden," said the prince, as she held the pitcher of cold milk for him to drink. "Such a beautiful face as yours should be always full of sunshine."

The maiden answers nothing; but the tears gathered in her eyes, and the prince knew she was very sad.

"Dear maiden," said he, pityingly, the tears gathering in his own generous eyes. "You are not happy here. Come with me to the royal palace, and you shall never grieve, nor be made again unhappy."

The maiden looked up at him; and when she saw his tears, her own fell in torrents.

"Take me with you, good prince," she sobbed. "I am indeed unhappy here."

Then the prince lifted her gently into the chariot, and away they drove, down the road, over the hills, out of sight.

The angry old step-mother screamed and scolded, and ran after them; but it was all in vain. The step-daughter was gone; and she had nothing left to comfort her, or support her, but *eleven pieces* of gold, which she found by the roadside, just where the chariot had stopped and the maiden had stood with the pitcher of cold milk from which the prince drank.



HANSEL AND GRETEL.

Near a great forest lived a poor wood-cutter. So very poor was he that his two little children, Hansel and Grethel, had often to go to bed without their supper; and sometimes they had no breakfast either.

One evening, as the wood-cutter and his wife — the step-mother of Hansel and Grethel — sat by the fire, the father said, “What shall we do for food as the cold winter comes on? There is hardly corn enough in the cellar for two of us; and there are the two children beside.”

"Do not think of it," said the step-mother. "Leave it all to me. When, to-morrow, we go into the forest, I will take the children far into the deepest part of the wood, build a fire for them, give them each a piece of corn-cake and tell them to wait there until we come for them at night. Then the wolves and the wild-cats will get them. They will then be free from suffering and we shall be free from the care of them. Really, good man, it is as easy and as kind a thing as we can do for them."

But the father could not quite make up his mind to this.

"You fool!" cried the step-mother, out of all patience with him. "Which is worse — that the children should die tomorrow, or that all four of us should starve day by day, through the whole long winter?"

"I suppose you are right," moaned the father; "but I pity the poor children."

Now the step-mother had grown so excited when talking, that she had almost shouted.

Both children had awakened out of a deep sleep just in time to hear her say, "I will lead them into a deep part of the forest and leave them there. Surely they can never find their way out, and the wolves and wild-cats will soon make an end of them."

"O Hansel," whispered Grethel, "what shall we do?"

"Do not be afraid," answered Hansel. "I will find some way to save ourselves."

By-and-by the father and step-mother went off to bed, and the house was still. Then little Hansel arose from his bed and crept out into the yard to think.

The moon was shining brightly; and by its light he saw, glistening everywhere, bits of clear white stone. Hansel gathered some of these in his hands, saying, "How white they are! and how they shine!" Then some good fairy whispered to him and said, "Fill your pockets, all of them, full, brimful of these bits of shining stone. To-morrow, when your step-mother leads you

deep into the forest, drop these stones all the way along. Then, to-morrow night in the moonlight you can retrace your way by the shining of the stones."

"O good, good fairy!" cried Hansel; and he ran into the house to tell Grethel what had happened.

In the morning the father and the step-mother led the children into the forest as they had planned the night before.

"Now, children," said the step-mother, when she had found a place that seemed deep enough into the forest, "gather brushwood to make a fire. Here is your dinner in this basket. Now lie down by the fire and keep warm. Do not move from here until we come for you, else you may get lost in the wood."

Then she went away, sure that never again should she be troubled with the care of Hansel and Grethel, poor children.

All day long they stayed by the fire. At noon-time they ate their dinner, then lay down

on the soft moss to sleep. It was night when they awoke, and the great, round moon was smiling down at them through the trees.

"Now let us try to go home," said Hansel. "I am sure that the little shining stones that I dropped all the way from the edge of the forest to this place, will shine in the moonlight and lead us out to the road that shall bring us back to our home."

So hand in hand the little brother and sister started out. Sure enough, there were the little white spots of shining light, just as the fairy had said; and by these, the children had no trouble in making their way.

But it was a long distance; and already the sun had begun to rise, when the children reached their father's house. When they opened the door, imagine the surprise and the anger of the step-mother.

"You wretched children!" she cried, "where have you been? Not a wink have I slept all night, worrying about you!"

The father, hearing her words, came out from the kitchen, "My dear children! My dear children!" said he, and he took them both in his arms.

The step-mother knew it was little use to say any more at present; and the children were allowed to live on as before.

But when winter came, then were hard times indeed. The corn grew lower and lower in the bin; and each day the step-mother was forced to make the loaves smaller and smaller.

Again at night the step-mother talked with the father. "There is but one basket of corn left in the cellar," she said. "I will not bear this life of starvation another day. Two of us could live through the winter; four of us could not. The children must go. To-morrow again I will lead them into the forest, this time so far that they can never find their way back again."

The father moaned; but he knew the step-mother would have her way.

"Do not be afraid, little sister," said Hansel; for again the step-mother had awakened the children by her loud talking. "We will find our way back again just as we did before."

So the children waited until the house was still, and the father and step-mother were sound asleep. Then they crept to the door, intending to go out again to fill their pockets with the shining white stones.

Alas, the father had bolted the door with the heavy bolts, and the little children could not move them, try as hard as they would. "Never mind," said Hansel as they crept back to bed. "Some good fairy will help us, I am sure."

In the morning the step-mother awoke them, saying, "Come, children, we must go into the wood again to-day to gather herbs."

Hansel sprang up at once, hoping that some way he might be able to fill his pockets with the shining stones before his step-mother should be ready. But, alas, she was ready, even before

she awoke the children; and there was not a minute's time when they were dressed.

"I will sprinkle all the way the crumbs of my bread," thought Hansel: "Perhaps I can find my way back by them."

It was, indeed, a long way into the forests that the step-mother led them this time. "They shall not come back to the cottage to-morrow morning," said she to herself, as, with the same directions as before, she left them by their beech-wood fire.

Again all day they waited, until the moon arose to light them on their way out of the forest. But alas! alas! This time they had no guide. The crumbs were gone, everyone, for the birds had found them and had all day been feasting on them.

"We must do the best we can alone," said Hansel, when he found the crumbs were gone.

So hand in hand they started forth, brave little children that they were. All night long they wandered about; but when morning came,

they were no nearer the edge of the forest than before. All day, all the next night, all the next day they wandered; but all around them, as far as they could see, was deep, dark forest.

They were very hungry and very, very tired. So hungry and so tired, that they both sat down upon a bank of moss, and cried as if their little hearts would break.

The fairies heard their weeping; and one of them taking on the form of a snow-white bird, fluttered down before the children, saying, "Follow me, follow me!"

The children followed slowly, for their feet were very lame and sore from walking; at last, through the trees, they spied a little house. "O brother," said Grethel, "there is a little house!" and they pressed forward, eager to learn if they should find food and rest there.

"The house is made of bread!" cried Grethel.

"And the roof is of cake!" cried Hansel.

"And the windows are of sugar!" cried

both Grethel and Hansel. How the hungry children did eat! It looked as if, as the step-mother had said, they could eat one out of house and home. But, then, they were so very hungry!

At any rate the old woman who lived in the house began to fear that she should, in very truth, be eaten out of house and home; so she opened the door and said, "My dear children, come in and have your breakfast. So much sugar and cake is not good for you."

Now Grethel and Hansel were very well satisfied with the sugar and cake; but they politely accepted the old woman's invitation and went in. There upon her little table were bowls of fresh milk and great plates of apples and corn-cakes.

Such a breakfast as the children did eat! You would have thought they had eaten nothing for three years.

"Now," said the old woman, when they had eaten all they could hold, "you must be very

tired. You shall lie down on my nice soft bed and sleep." Then she led them to a bed-room, where the tired children threw themselves upon the bed and in less than one minute were sound, sound asleep.

Now this old woman, kind as she seemed, was really an ugly, wicked old witch. She had built the house on purpose to catch the children, and she meant to keep them there and stuff them with food, until they were as fat as little pigs and then to eat them up.

But the children never suspected this; and for weeks they lived in the little house as happy as little princes.

"What a feast I shall have!" the old woman would say to herself, as she saw them growing plumper and rosier every day.

At last one morning she seized Hansel by the shoulder, and shut him up in a great box with an iron grating. Then giving Grethel a cruel shake, she said, "Now cook me some pies and some pudding. To-morrow I shall eat your

brother for my dinner. Get the oven hot — red hot — and when it is ready, come and tell me.”

Poor little Grethel! How she sobbed and sobbed! But she made the pies and puddings and heated the oven.

“Stoop down and put your head in the oven to see if it is hot enough,” said the old woman, when Grethel called her.

“I can't, I don't know how you mean,” said Grethel.

“Can't! Do n't know how I mean!” screamed the old woman. “*This* is how I mean;” and she stooped and put her face close down to the oven door.

In a second, quicker than a flash of lightning, Grethel gave the wicked old woman a push and in she went, head first, into the red hot oven. For a moment only, the old witch screamed and kicked; but in another the flames caught her, and there was nothing left but a great heap of blackened ashes.

"O Hansel, Hansel! The old witch is burned alive! Burned alive in her own hot oven!" screamed Grethel, as she flew to unfasten the door of Hansel's cage.

"You wise, brave little sister!" cried Hansel, as he leaped out. Then the two children sat down and laughed and cried, and cried and laughed. Indeed, one to have seen them could not have been sure, whether they were very happy or very miserable, so mixed were their laughing and their crying.

"Let us fill our pockets with the old witch's diamonds and gold, and hurry out of the wood. Surely we can find our way. And we will go back to our father, and carry him the jewels, and he shall buy corn enough to feed us all our lives."

So they filled their pockets; Grethel filled her apron and Hansel filled his hat, and away they went out into the wood.

Soon they came to a great stream of water. "Grethel," said Hansel, "this must be the river

that runs through the side of the forest near our father's house. If we can cross this, we shall be near our home."

"But we cannot swim, and we have no boat," said Grethel sadly.

"But here comes a great white duck. Let us ask him to take us across."

"Duck, duck, here we stand,
Hansel and Grethel, on the land;
Boats and bridges we do lack,
Carry us over on your white back."

Now the duck was an enchanted duck, and had come on purpose to help the children. So he came up to them, and carried them one at a time across to the opposite bank.

Such happy children you never saw!
Through the trees, already they could see their father's house. How they ran towards it!
And how their father wept for joy, when he saw his children alive and well again.

Then they told the story of all that had happened, and showed their father their

diamonds and pearls and gold. The step mother had died — died of starvation, as she deserved — and so the three, the father and the two children, lived on and on, happy as kings all the rest of their lives; and never again did one of them know the meaning of unhappiness, or poverty, or care, or hunger, or fear.



12-11



MOTHER HOLLE.

There was once a cruel old woman who had one daughter of her own, and one step-daughter.

The step-daughter, as is always the way in fairy stories, was very beautiful. The woman's own daughter was very ugly.

Naturally the mother was very fond of her own daughter in spite of her ugliness. Less naturally, perhaps, but not less truly, she hated the step-daughter in spite of her beauty.

The poor step-daughter had all the work to do in the house; and when that was done, she

was made to set up her wheel under a tree near a well, and spin, spin, spin, until her tired fingers ached so that she could not spin another thread.

One day the poor child dropped her spinning shuttle down the well.

"O mother, mother!" cried she, "I have lost the shuttle! I have lost the shuttle down the well!"

"Lost the shuttle down the well, you miserable girl! Then go down the well and get it. Go, and don't let me see you ever again!"

And as she spoke, she gave the child a push, and down she went into the water.

Then the mother came and laid boards over the well, and covered them over with earth so that you would never have known there had ever been a well there.

But what do you think happened to the child when she reached the bottom of the well?

Do you think she drowned? O no! For a

moment she lay stunned with the fall; but when she awoke and came to herself she was in a beautiful meadow where the sun was shining and many thousands of flowers were growing. Along this meadow she went, and at last came to a baker's oven full of bread.

The bread cried out, "Oh, take me out! take me out! or I shall burn; I have been done a long time!" So she went up to it, and took out all the loaves one after another with the bread-shovel.

After that she went on till she came to a tree covered with apples. It called out to her, "Oh, shake me! shake me! we apples are all ripe!"

So she shook the tree till the apples fell like rain, and went on shaking till there were no more left on the tree; then, when she had gathered them all into a heap, she went on her way.

At last she came to a little house, out of which an old woman popped her head. Such large teeth as she had! The girl was frightened, and was about to run away.

“What are you afraid of, dear child?” cried the old woman. “Stay with me; if you will do all the work in the house properly you shall be rewarded. You must take care to make my bed well. I am very particular about that. You must shake it each morning until the feathers fly — then there will be snow upon the earth.”

The old woman, in spite of her dreadful teeth, spoke so kindly that the child's courage came back to her and she entered the house.

For a long time she lived there a very happy child. And so good and beautiful was she that Mother Holle grew to be very fond of her.

But one day the child said, “I am very happy here, and you are very kind to me; but I wish I might go home again — just for a day.”

“You shall go, dear child,” answered Mother Holle. “I will show you the way.”

So she took her by the hand and led her to the door. “Go this way,” said Mother Holle, kindly.

And as the child passed through the door, there came down upon her a shower of gold.

"This is your reward for honest, faithful work," said Mother Holle. "Now, good-bye."

An instant, and she found herself in the field near her mother's house.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Golden young lady,
A welcome to you!"

cried all the Red Combs from the farm-yard as she drew near the house.

As she lifted the latch, and her mother caught sight of her beautiful golden garments, she received a very kind welcome.

Then she told her mother all that had happened. The mother listened with wide-open eyes and mouth.

"Wonderful!" said she. "My own child shall go down the well, out into the meadow, too."

The next day she took her own child to the

well, took up the boards, and let her very carefully down into the water.

"If the meadow does not open out to you," said the mother, "I will be here to lift you out again."

But the meadow did open out to her, and soon she was walking along the same beautiful path.

There was the same oven and the same bread crying, "Oh, take me out! take me out! or else I shall burn; I have been done a long time!"

But the lazy girl answered, "Why should I wish to get my hands smutty?" and on she went.

Soon she came to the apple tree, which cried out, "Oh, shake me! shake me! we apples are all ripe!" But she did not stop; she only answered, "You are quite right; one of you might fall on my head," and so went on.

When she came to the door of Mother Holle's house she was not afraid, for she had already heard of her big teeth. She entered the house

at once, and for the first day she set herself to work diligently. She obeyed Mother Holle in all she told her to do for she was thinking of all the gold that she would give her by-and-by. But on the second day she began to grow lazy, and on the third day she grew lazier and she would not even get up in the morning. Not once did she make Mother Holle's bed as she ought, for not once did she shake it so that the feathers flew out. Mother Holle was soon tired of this.

"You may go home now," said Mother Holle. "You have stayed here quite as long as I need you. Now pass out through this door, and your reward that you wish so much to be given you, will come to you at once."

Glad enough was the lazy girl to escape. "I am out of this easily," thought she to herself, as she went out through the door, never once thinking to say even good-bye to Mother Holle.

But as she thought her selfish thought, down upon her fell a shower of — of — gold? O no,

no! a shower of dirty, black, sticky pitch.
Ugh! she was covered from head to foot.

An instant, and she found herself in the field
near to her mother's house.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Pitchy young lady,
No welcome for you!”





THE MUSICIANS.

“You have been a faithful servant for many a long year,” said the farmer to his donkey.

“For twenty long years you have carried the meal-bags back and forth from the mill, without a word of discontent. You have helped me haul my wood in the winter, you have helped me plant in the spring, you have helped me harvest in the autumn. But now, you are growing very old. I shall be forced to kill you or send you away; for I must have a new, young donkey; and I cannot afford to feed you both.”

“Alas!” brayed the donkey, “that is all the

thanks a donkey gets for faithful service. In my next life, I've half a mind to kick and bite and — but never mind the next life just now. I must think how to save this one a while longer. My master seems to think my life is of little value, and may be taken from me whenever it suits his convenience. But my life is as valuable to *me* as his life is to *him*, I'd have him know.

“Let me see! I think I'll run away. Now, I have a fine voice for singing. It must be; for whenever I sing, people always laugh. And that shows they are pleased.

“So I'll go to the city of Bremen. People know good music in that city; and will pay well for it — so I've heard.”

So away the donkey set out, as soon as ever the darkness had fallen, over the hills, to Bremen.

He had not gone far when he found, lying by the road-side, a large dog. The dog had been running hard; and there he lay gasping for breath.

"What is the matter?" brayed the donkey. "You have nearly run the breath out of your body!"

"Matter enough," barked the dog. "For fifteen years have I faithfully watched the sheep-fold and the hen-roost, and kept the wolves and the foxes away. Now, because I am old and my teeth are gone, my master says he will kill me. He must have a younger dog, and he cannot afford to feed us both."

"Alas!" brayed the donkey; "masters are all alike. That is just what my master said of me. So I am escaping now to Bremen. Come with me, and let us be musicians together."

So the donkey and the dog set out over the hills to Bremen.

They had gone only a few miles, when they met a cat by the road-side with a face as cross as three sticks and as black as three rainy days.

"What is the matter?" brayed the donkey. "You look as if you were angry at the whole world!"

"Indeed I *am* angry," snarled the cat. "For nine years have I protected the pantry and the corn-chamber. Now, because I am getting old, and my teeth are worn out, and I prefer to sit by the fire, rather than hunt about after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me; and so I ran away. She must have a younger cat; and she cannot afford to feed us both."

"Masters and mistresses are all alike," brayed the donkey. "That is just what our masters said to us. So we are escaping to Bremen. Come with us, and let us be musicians together."

So the donkey, and the dog, and the cat set out, over the hills, to Bremen.

Soon they came to a farm-yard. There stood an old cock-a-doodle, his head hanging down, his feathers all out of place; his very comb drooping over one eye.

"What is the matter?" brayed the donkey. "You look as if you had n't a friend on earth."

"And so I have not," crowed old red-comb. "For guests are coming for Sunday, and the

housewife has told the cook that she would like to eat me in the soup to-morrow; and this evening I must have my head cut off. For three whole years have I protected this farm-yard, and dug worms for all the baby chickens; and there is all the thanks I get for it. My mistress says she must have a younger red-comb; and she cannot afford to feed us both."

"Masters and mistresses are all alike," brayed the donkey. "That is just what our masters and mistresses said to us. So we are escaping to Bremen. Come with us, and let us all be musicians together."

So the donkey, and the dog, and the cat, and the red-comb set out, over the hills, to Bremen.

Now it was a long way to Bremen; and the road led through a deep forest. Here they must pass the night.

The donkey and the hound laid themselves down under a large tree, the cat, and red-comb settled themselves in the branches; but red-

comb flew right to the top, where he was most safe.

Before red-comb shut his eyes to sleep, he stared around in all directions. Down among the trees, afar off, he thought he saw a light.

"Friends," crowed red-comb, "I see a house yonder."

"Let us go to it at once," brayed the donkey. "I, for one, am not used to lying on the cold ground."

So the donkey, and the dog, and the cat, and red-comb made their way to the house.

"I am the tallest. Let me look in at the window," brayed the donkey.

"What do you see, Gray-coat?" asked the red-comb.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey; "a table laid out with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it enjoying themselves."

"That would be the sort of thing for us," said the red-comb.

ost "Yes, yes; ah, I wish we were there," said
the donkey.

e Then the animals took counsel together how
they should manage to drive away the robbers.
At last they thought of a plan.

"I," said the donkey, "will put my fore feet
upon the ledge of the window. The dog shall
take his place upon my back; the cat shall take
her place upon the dog's back; and red-comb
shall take his place upon the cat's back. When
we are ready, we will all sing as loud as ever we
can to frighten the robbers away."

When this was done, at a given signal they
began their music; the donkey brayed, the dog
barked, the cat mewed, and the red-comb
crowed; then they burst through the window
into the room. How the glass clattered! Ter-
rified at this horrible din, the robbers sprang up,
thinking nothing less than a band of fiends had
broken in upon them. And without one look
behind them, they fled into the forest.

"Now for a feast!" brayed the donkey.

And a feast it was; for four hungrier creatures you never saw than were the donkey, the dog, the cat, and red-comb.

When they could not eat another morsel — so full were they — they put out the lights in the house, and each sought for himself a sleeping place, according to his nature and to what suited him. The donkey laid himself down upon some straw in the yard, the dog behind the door, the cat upon the hearth, near the warm ashes, and red-comb perched himself upon a beam of the roof; and being tired with their long walk they soon went to sleep.

When it was past midnight, and the robbers saw from afar that the light was no longer burning in their house, and that all seemed quiet, the captain said: "We ought not to have been frightened so out of our wits." Let us go back and finish our supper and go to bed."

So one of the robbers was sent ahead to see if all was as quiet as it seemed.

Very softly the robber crept up to the house

and peeped in at the window. Then he slowly pushed open the door.

"How foolish we were," thought the robber. "There is nothing —" but before he could even finish his thought, out brayed the donkey, close upon the robber's ear. The dog seized him by the leg; the cat clawed him in the hand, the red-comb rushed down upon his head.

"Bray, bray! Bow-wow! Yaow, yaow! Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!"

"O what a noise! Help! help!" screamed the robber. And away he ran back to his fellow-robbers, falling at their feet dead with fright.

Do you think the robbers ever ventured near that house again?

No, no! never! never! So the musicians were left in peace in their new home in the deep forest — the only place on earth, in fact, where musicians of their kind should be allowed to dwell.



THE WHITE SERPENT.

Once upon a time there lived a king, famous through all the land for his wonderful wisdom.

Nothing was hidden from him. Indeed it seemed as if Nature's deepest secrets lay open before him.

Now this king had one very strange custom. Every day when he had finished his dinner, he would have brought and set before him a certain covered dish. There was a great secret about this. No one knew what it meant; the servant who had the care of it and whose duty

was to watch over and guard it, did not know what there was beneath the cover.

But one day the spirit of curiosity took possession of this servant. "I will know," said he to himself "what there is beneath this cover of so great value that my master must needs stand me in charge over it and must have it brought each day for him to look into."

So fastening the bolts of the door very carefully, and making sure that no one was watching him, he lifted the cover. Lo, there at the bottom of the dish lay a little white serpent.

"That is a strange food for the king to have each day brought to him," thought the servant.

"I wonder what its taste can be?" Then he cut off a tiny bit of its tail and ate it.

No sooner had his teeth closed upon it than he heard strange sounds outside the open window. "What is that?" said he, carefully replacing the cover and going to the window.

"Why, it comes from the sparrows. They

are talking together; I can understand what they say!"

For, sure enough, the taste of the serpent had given him power to understand the language of all birds and beasts.

Now it so happened that on this very day the queen lost one of her most beautiful rings.

"The serving-man has stolen it," said the queen; "I am sure he has stolen it. I left it upon the table and only this servant has entered the dining hall."

So the servant, though innocent, was condemned to be punished.

In his anxiety and fear he went down into the court-yard to think how to help himself in his trouble. Now some ducks were sitting quietly by a brook and taking their rest; and while they were making their feathers smooth with their bills, they were talking together.

The servant stood by and listened. They were telling one another where they had been

•

waddling about all the morning and all the good food they had found.

One said, in a pitiful tone, "Something lies heavy on my stomach; as I was eating in haste this morning I swallowed a ring which lay under the queen's window."

The servant did not wait to hear another word; but seizing the duck by the neck, ran with her to the kitchen, and said to the cook, "Here is a fine duck; let us cook her for our dinner."

"Yes," said the cook, weighing her in his hand; "she has spared no trouble to fatten herself, and has been waiting to be roasted long enough."

The cook began at once to prepare the duck for the oven. Very anxiously did the servant stand by, waiting for the ring to be found.

"Mercy, mercy!" screamed the cook. "See what I find! A ring! A beautiful ring! Indeed it is the lost ring! the queen's lost ring!"

"Can it be!" cried the servant, pretending to be surprised.

"Indeed it is!"

"Then let us hasten to the queen and tell her that her jewel is found again!" So away they flew, — the servant and the cook, — to the queen's presence.

"My good servant," said the king when he learned how unjustly he had been accused, "I would make amends for the wrong I have done you. Ask of me any favor, and I will grant it."

"I would only ask," said the servant, "that I be given a horse and some gold for traveling. I have long wished to know of the countries lying far away from this our kingdom."

His request was granted him, and on the morrow the servant set forth upon the king's best horse to visit unknown lands.

One day as he was journeying through a forest, he came to a pond, where three fishes, caught in the rushes, were trying to get back

to the water. Now, though it is said that fishes are dumb, yet he heard them lamenting that they must perish, and, as he had a kind heart, he got off his horse and put the three fishes back into the water.

Then they waggled their tails for joy, put out their heads, and cried, "We will remember you! one good turn deserves another."

He rode on, and after a while it seemed to him that he heard a voice in the sand at his feet. He listened, and this time he heard an ant-king complain, "Why cannot folks, with their clumsy beasts, leave us in peace? That stupid horse, with his heavy hoofs, has been treading down my people without mercy!"

So he turned out on to one side. Then the ant-king cried out, "We will remember you! one good turn deserves another."

The path led him into another wood, and there he saw two old ravens standing by their nest, pushing out their young ones.

"Out with you, you idle good-for-nothing creatures!" cried they; "we cannot find food for you any longer; you are big enough, and must provide for yourselves."

But the young ravens only lay helpless upon the ground flapping their wings, and crying, "Oh, what poor helpless chicks we are! We cannot fly! We can do nothing but lie here and starve."

"Poor things!" said the kind-hearted servant, dismounting to help them and to share his dinner with them.

"We will remember you! We will remember you!" they cried, hopping away.

For many a day the servant traveled on and on, forgetting all about the fishes and the ants and the ravens.

One day he entered a great city. It was a holiday; and every where the city was gay with feasting and music and dancing.

"What does the holiday mean?" asked the traveler.

"Mean?" cried the people, "why, our king's daughter chooses her husband to-day. He must be a brave man, for she will put him to great tests, and if he fails he must lose his life."

"I would see this wonderful princess," answered the traveler, and so they led him to the palace where the princess sat among the admiring youths, each of whom hoped to win her favor.

Indeed, she was very beautiful! At once the traveler fell so deeply in love with her that, willing to risk his life, he went to the king, saying, "I, too, would be a suitor for your daughter's hand."

"You?" growled the king, looking at his rough, dust-worn boots and clothes.

But the king could not refuse to allow him to try, at least, to win the princess. "He shall be given a task that he cannot possibly perform," thought the king to himself.

So he was led out to the seaside, where a gold ring was thrown into the waves.

"If you bring up the ring, the princess shall be yours," said the king; "but if you fail, you shall be drowned."

The poor traveler! It was indeed a hopeless task he had to do.

For a long time he stood on the shore wondering what he should do. Suddenly he saw three fishes swimming along. See! they were the very fishes, sure enough, whose lives he had saved.

And look, one of the fishes holds a mussel in its mouth, which it lays on the shore at his feet. When he has taken it up and opened it, lo, there lies the gold ring in the shell!

Full of joy he took it to the king, expecting that he would grant him the promised reward.

But the proud princess scorned him when she heard that he was not her equal in birth.

"He shall not win me!" she cried. "I will set him another task!"

So going down into the garden she strewed with her own hands ten sacks full of millet-seeds

on the grass. "To-morrow," said she, "before sunrise, these must be picked up, and not a single grain be left."

This was, indeed, a more hopeless task! In despair the traveler sat down in the garden to think. "There is no way out of this trouble," moaned he; "and to-morrow I must die." So he closed his eyes and sank down upon the earth to weep.

But all this time the millet-seeds were fast disappearing from the ground. The traveler could not know this, for it was very dark.

But when morning came what did he see but the ten sacks standing side by side, quite full, and not a single grain was missing.

How did it happen? Why, to be sure, the ant-king had come in the night with thousands and thousands of ants, and the grateful creatures had, by their own great industry, picked up all the millet-seeds and gathered them into the sacks.

Soon the princess herself came to the garden.

Fancy her surprise, her amazement, when she saw the bags filled with the millet-seed, and the youth sitting upon the bank, not one look of weariness on his handsome face.

He arose as the princess entered the garden, and would have spoken; but the proud woman cried out, "No, no! you shall not even now succeed! You have, to be sure, performed bravely both the tasks set for you. But you shall not win my hand and heart. Another task I set you — and this one more impossible than either of these — you shall bring me now an apple from the Tree of Life."

And as she said these words, she fled from the garden, leaving the youth in despair black as night.

"I do not know where I may find this Tree of Life," said he, "but she is so beautiful and I love her so, I will travel, if need be, the world over to find the tree she bids me seek."

So he set forth again upon his travels.

For long, long days he traveled over hill and plain, but no one could tell where the Tree of Life could be found. All had heard of such a tree, but none had ever seen it.

But one evening, as he had entered a deep forest, and had lain down to sleep, he heard a rustling in the boughs above him.

In a second, down came a golden apple. And at the same time, down fluttered three black ravens — O so black!

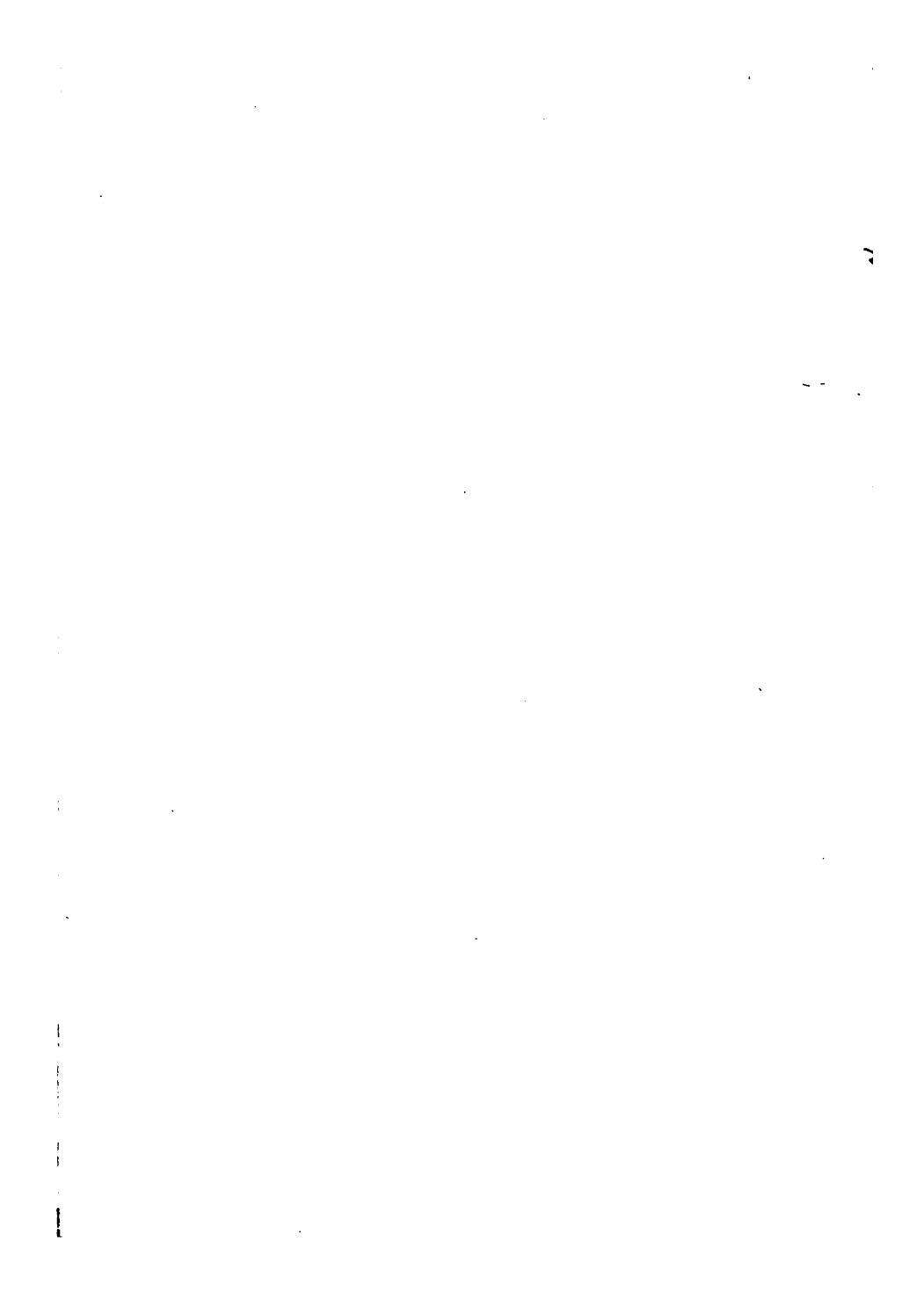
"We," said they, "are the ravens whose lives you saved. We have grown big and strong now; and we have flown over the sea, and have brought to you an apple from the Tree of Life."

Joyfully the youth hastened back to the city of the royal palace. And to make a long story short, the proud princess was obliged to admit that the dusty traveler had, indeed, honestly fulfilled his tasks, and so had won the right to his reward.

And then to make the story more perfect still in a happy ending, I must not forget to tell you

that the apple was an enchanted apple; and when at the bridal the princess and her young bridegroom ate the apple together, her heart at once became so filled with love for him, no one could say whose love was the greater — the youth's for the princess; or the princess' for the youth.

By-and-by the old king died. Then our traveler, who meantime had won the good will of all his people, was made king; and not a happier king and queen in all the world could be found than our good traveler and his beautiful princess.



To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M-9-33

<p>10-59 10-59</p>		
------------------------	--	--

Young Folks' Library of Choice Literature.

1. <i>Aesop's Fables.</i> (Illus. bds. 90 pp.)	.30
2. <i>Grimm's Tales.</i> (Illus. bds. 144 pp.)	.40
3. <i>American History Stories, Vol. I.</i> (Illus. bds. 198 pp.)	.36
4. " " " Vol. II. (Illus. bds. 158 pp.)	.36
5. " " " Vol. III. (Illus. bds. 158 pp.)	.36
6. " " " Vol. IV. (Illus. bds. 174 pp.)	.36
7. <i>Story of Columbus.</i> (Illus. bds. 180 pp.)	.40
8. <i>Stories of Industry, Vol. I.</i> (Illus. bds. 172 pp.)	.40
9. " " Vol. II. (Illus. bds. 176 pp.)	.40
10. <i>Ethics: Stories for Home and School.</i> (Bds. 197 pp.)	.40
11. <i>Little Flower Folks, Vol. I.</i> (Illus. bds. 138 pp.)	.30
12. " " Vol. II. (Illus. bds. 130 pp.)	.30
13. <i>The Great West.</i> (Illus. bds. 176 pp.)	.30
14. <i>Cortes and Montezuma.</i> (Illus. bds. 100 pp.)	.30
15. <i>Pizarro; or the Conquest of Peru.</i> (Illus. bds. 128 pp.)	.30
16. <i>Stories of Massachusetts.</i> (Illus. bds. 348 pp.)	.60
17. <i>Geography for Young Folks.</i> (Illus. bds. 136 pp.)	.30
18. <i>Storyland of Stars.</i> (Illus. bds. 195 pp.)	.40
19. <i>Stories from Animal Land.</i> (Illus. 400 bds. 179 pp.)	.50
20. <i>Our Netherland.</i> (Illus. cloth, 160 pp.)	.50
21. <i>Stories of Australasia.</i> (Illus. bds. 220 pp.)	.40
22. <i>Stories of India.</i> (Illus. bds. 200 pp.)	.40
23. <i>Stories from Shake-speare, Vol. I.</i> (Illus. cloth, 166 pp.)	.50
24. " " Vol. II. (Illus. cloth, 156 pp.)	.50

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

BOSTON.

NEW YORK.

CHICAGO.