

# JACK THE GIANT

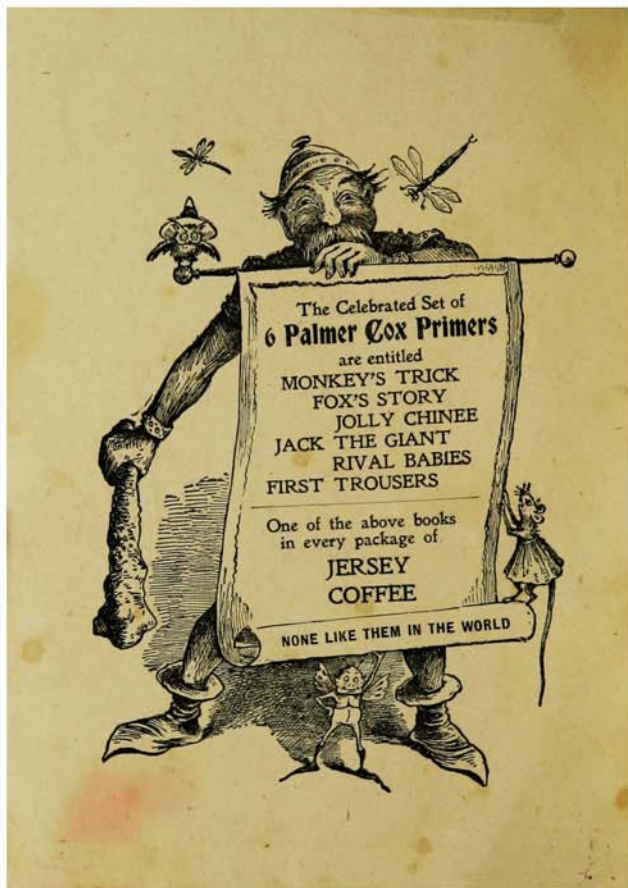
JERSEY COFFEE



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THE BROWNIES  
STORIES BY  
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THE FANTASY AUTHRESS.

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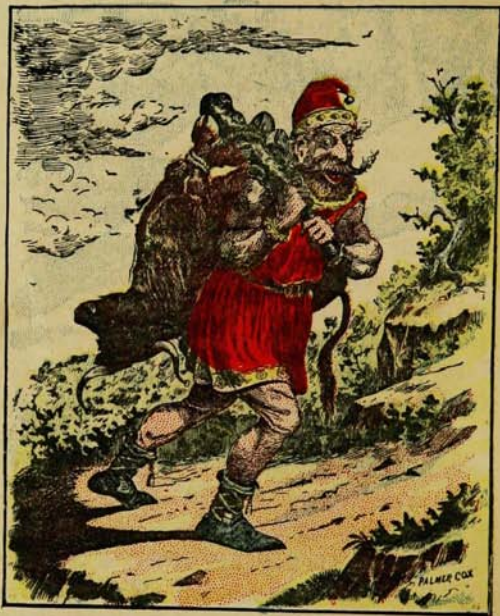


## JACK THE GIANT.

MANY, many years ago, there lived a great and powerful giant whose name was Jack. He was as tall as some of the houses in the village where he made his home, and so strong and powerful that the earth trembled when he walked. His cane was the trunk of a tree which he had torn up by the roots and stripped of its branches. Do you wonder the people trembled with fear even at his name? His home was not built of wood or brick like ours.

He lived in a cave down by the sea, and against this cave the waves beat day and night. Old Jack loved to hear them surge against his rocky home and he would chuckle with delight when a heavy storm sent the breakers dashing over his cave. "Ha, Ha," roared he, "more fun for old Jack. The fishermen will think that the fury of the waves carried off their nets, but this old chap knows better. He knows who stole their net full of fish

and carried them home on his back. It was old



Jack, ha, ha, ha." How loudly he did laugh.

By and by this old giant grew so wicked that he



would watch from the door of his cave until he saw

the fishing boats near the shore. Then into the water he would plunge, and boldly grab a net filled with the labor of a long, hard night; throw it over his back and bear it to his cave, and the poor fishermen could do nothing but work bravely to save their own lives.

The fishermen suffered from the bold, bad deeds of this wicked Jack, but they were not the only ones. "Fish is good food," said Jack, "but sometimes I relish a good fat ox." Then it was that he would leave his cave, and with his long, powerful strides hasten to the fields where the cattle were grazing. It took him no time to throw an ox over his shoulder and bear it away to his cave. When he wanted a change, he would pick up a sheep and bear it home in one hand. One day, Jack made up his mind to go fishing. "A fine fish I'll have for my supper," said he. A tall sapling served him for a pole and a rope that had been tied to a cow he had stolen the night before answered for a line, and he made his hook from a huge bolt, bending it into shape with his strong fingers. Then he

fastened on the bait, and seating himself on a rock, threw out his line into the water, keeping very quiet all the time, as good fishermen always do. It was not long before he felt something tugging at the line, and carefully drawing it in he soon landed a large salmon, and threw out his line for another trial. Presently, he felt something pull on the line. He had never before felt such a tug, and he felt that whatever there was at the other end of the line, it was pulling him more strongly than he could pull it. Before he could save himself, a huge sea monster rose above the surface of the water, and jerked him from the rock, and drew him out faster and faster into the sea. The people of the village rushed to the shore, and cheered long and loud when they saw Jack in such a sorry plight. They never saw him again, for the waves and the monster bore him away farther and still farther until at last he was lost to sight, much to their delight. What became of him they never could find out, but if he did not drown, we hope he learned to be a better giant.





## FIDDLE-CUM-FEE.

A LONG, long time ago there was a little village called Harmony. One day sorrow came to the village. Old Fiddle- Cum-Fee had heard of the bea- ties of the vil- lage and had left his home some



hundred miles away to visit this much talked-of

place. Fiddle-Cum-Fee was a great and powerful giant. One morning, while the villagers were seated at their tables quietly enjoying their morning meal, suddenly the tables commenced to rock, plates jumped up and down, cups danced in the saucers, and even the houses seemed to tremble and shake. The people looked at each other in silence, feeling sure that an earthquake had come to destroy their little village, and perhaps bring death to many of them. Then they all rushed to their doors and looked out, and then hastened out-doors, and were terrified to see the terrible giant coming through the street. "Good people," said he, as he halted in the centre of the town, "I am Fiddle-Cum-Fee, use me well, and I will be your friend, but use me badly, and you will see how Fiddle-Cum-Fee can repay your bad treatment. I am tired of my mountain home and need a change. Your village seems to suit my purpose, so I am come to dwell among you. I have had nothing to eat as yet this morning, so bring on your very best, and I will give you a show of a fine healthy appetite."

## THE KIND OLD KING.

FAR away, in the land beyond the sea, there once lived a king who seemed to have all his heart could wish for. If you could have read his heart you would have found that the greatest longing he had ever known was still unsatisfied. He wanted very much to have an heir to his title and his throne, but this blessing had always been denied him. Christmas time was coming nearer every day. He smiled sadly when he thought how little the glad Christmas time meant to him. Suddenly he started up, shook himself as though he would throw off the cloak of sadness that had so long covered him, and started from his chamber. On through the palace he went, out into the court-yard, and from there into the street. On down the street went the king, never stopping until he reached the market-house, where right in front sat a fellow roasting peanuts. Here the king stopped, and going up to

the man, promised him gold by the bagful if he would bring all the peanuts that he had to the



palace that day. Such a chance made the peanut-

man think he was dreaming, but he clutched the gold eagerly, with promises to bring peanuts by the bushel.

What in the world would he do with so many peanuts? He was preparing a peanut-hunt for the village children. Next day the children were sent



for, and what a crowd there was. They seemed spell-bound with wonder when they first came, but fear soon gave way to happiness, and what a jolly time they did have. The patter of little feet as the children hunted in merry glee for the hidden nuts sounded like music in the king's ears, and their

joyous laughter was more beautiful to him than the notes of any bird. One game followed another until night came creeping upon them, then something else happened—the doors of the dining-hall were thrown open and a feast such as the children had never dreamed of was spread for their enjoyment. After this was over there was a rush for the palace hall, where was displayed the most beautiful Christmas tree that was ever known. Beautiful presents for every child hung from the green branches, while in the very top Santa Claus himself stood showering down snow-balls so large the children could scarcely hold them. When they opened the snow-balls they found them filled with tiny candies of all shapes and colors, while in the very centre was a tiny box which held a gold ring, set with pearls. Not a single child was forgotten, and it seemed as if the tree would never be stripped of its burden. But it was growing late, and the king knew the children must be going home, so he packed them all into a big sleigh and sent them spinning over the crisp snow.

# JERSEY COFFEE

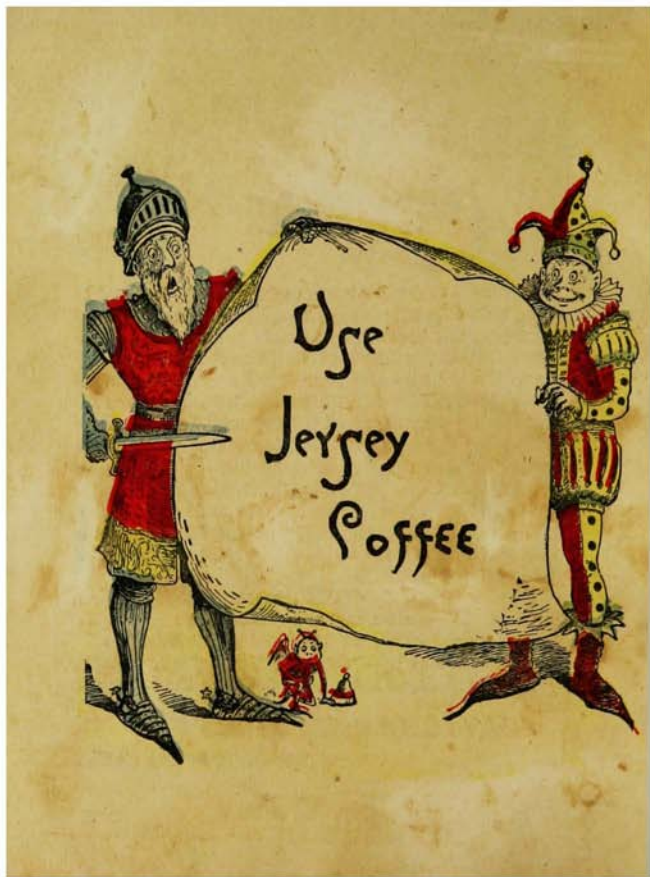


All lovers of a delicious cup of coffee are deeply interested in getting the best coffee that can be purchased for their money. Good coffee must not only be **carefully** selected and blended in its green state, but it is **all-important** that it shall be quickly and perfectly roasted to secure the greatest strength and finest flavor, and the superiority of **JERSEY COFFEE** over all others is from the fact that it is the **only standard package** coffee roasted on the **Improved Gas Roasting Machines**. By these new machines **Jersey** is roasted in about one-third the time it takes by the old process, and instead of having the **life, flavor, and strength** baked or fried out of it by slow roasting on superheated cylinders, it is quickly roasted in the flame of purified gas, the coffee being kept in continual motion, and for that reason all the natural juices and flavor of the berry are retained.

A trial of **JERSEY COFFEE**, made according to any good recipe (of which there are many), will convince the most skeptical that our statements are true, and it will be found that for the same amount of coffee used it will always be better coffee in the **cup**, having **greater strength** and a more **delicious flavor** than all others.

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