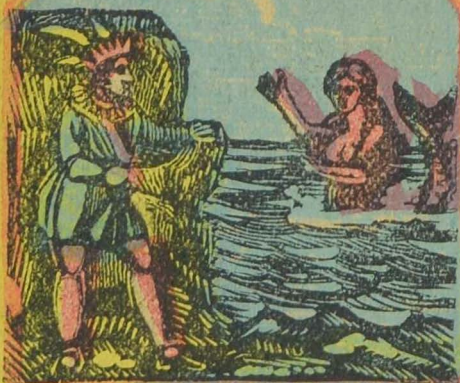


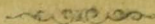
THE

YELLOW

DWARF



# THE YELLOW DWARF.



THERE was, once upon a time, a Queen, who, although she had once a numerous family, was left with an only daughter, of whom she was doatingly fond. The Princess was exceedingly beautiful, with the most delicate complexion, so that she was called "All Fair." The fame of her beauty had spread so far, that she had a great many kings courting her at one time. Her mother being advanced in years, wished her to marry; but no entreaties could prevail; so her mother resolved to consult the Desert Fairy respecting her daughter.

Now this fairy lived in a retired wood, and was constantly guarded by two fierce lions; the Queen, therefore, made a cake, in order to appease their fury; and being thus provided, she set out. After travelling some time, she found herself weary, and, lying down under a spreading orange tree laden with fruit, she fell asleep. When she awoke, she heard the lions roaring; then, looking for her cake, to her great surprise she found it was gone. This threw her into the utmost agony, her situation became dreadful—she knew not what course to take, the lions were advancing—it was impossible for her to retreat; and she must surely have perished,

when, on hearing some person cry, "Hem, hem," she lifted up her disconsolate eyes, and beheld a little yellow man under the tree. "Ah, Queen," said he, "how can you escape from these fierce lions? There is but one way,—promise me your daughter, the princess All Fair, in marriage, and I will save you." The queen being so frightened, was forced to consent; whereupon she instantly found herself in her own palace. A little reflection convinced her of the unhappy fate to which she had doomed her beautiful daughter.

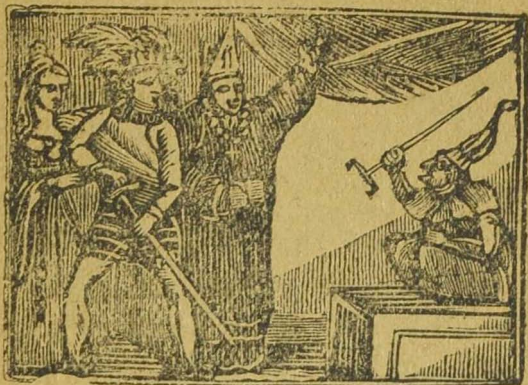
The princess seeing her mother dejected, resolved to inquire the cause of the Desert Fairy; and having made a cake for the lions, set off for her abode. She traversed a beautiful country, until she came to the fatal orange tree, when, having a mind to pick some, she set down her cake, and plentifully indulged herself. The lions, seeing the princess, now began to roar. When the princess looked for her cake she found it gone; and as she was deploring her hard fate, the Yellow Dwarf presented himself to her, and said, "Lovely princess, you need not proceed to the Desert Fairy to know the reason of your mother's indisposition; she is ungenerous enough to repent of having promised you to me in marriage." "You! such a fright as you?" "Nay, do not stir up my anger," replied the Yellow Dwarf; "if

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you will promise to marry me, I will make you the best husband in the world; if not, save yourself from the lions, if you can." The princess found herself in such peril, that she was forced to give her word that she would have him; after which, she fell into a swoon, and when she recovered she found herself in her own bed, finely adorned with ribbons, and a ring made of a single red hair so tightly fastened round her finger, that it was quite impossible to get it off.

The princess now grew quite melancholy, and her mother in order to divert her, pressed her to marry, and was happy to find that she was willing to comply with her request. The princess, thinking that such a pigmy as the Yellow Dwarf would not dare to contend



with so gallant a person as the king of the golden mines, fixed upon this king for her husband; who loved her to distraction. The happy day was fixed; new carriages, splendid liveries, and the most costly things were provided. As they were proceeding to the ceremony, they saw a box, with an ugly old woman sitting on it, moving towards them. "Hold, queen and princess," said she, "Remember the promises you both made to the Yellow Dwarf; I am the Desert Fairy, and if the princess does not marry him, I swear by my coif, I will burn my crutch." "Fly, wretch!" said the king of the golden mines, holding the sword to her throat, "or thy malice shall cost thee thy life." As soon as she had done speaking, the top of the box

flew off, and out came the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a large cat, and defied the king to combat. The king fought with determined courage, till the fairy struck the princess so hard with a lance that she fell into the queen's arms, covered with blood. He left the combat to go to her relief; but the Dwarf was too quick for him, who flew to the balcony, and, taking her from her mother, disappeared.

As the king stood confused, he suddenly felt himself lifted into the air by some invisible power; for the Desert Fairy had fallen in love with him. After trying many schemes to make him forget the princess, but all in vain, she one day seated him by herself in a splendid chariot of ivory and gold, drawn by two beautiful white swans; and while passing through the air, he saw, to his great surprise, the princess in a castle of polished steel. They went on, till they came to a beautiful palace, fenced on one side by walls of emerald, and on the other by the sea-shore. As the king was walking by the sea-side one day, he was surprised at the appearance of a mermaid, who said to him, "King of the golden mines, I know all that has passed respecting you and the princess,—and if you will have confidence in me, I will assist you." The king, overjoyed, promised to do what the mermaid told him, upon which she took him across the sea to the palace of the Dwarf,

where the princess was confined. She then gave him a sword, telling him that, as long as he retained his hold, nothing could resist him. The king had not gone far, when he was attacked by six dragons, which he at once killed. He now saw the princess, and, hastening towards her, exclaimed, "My dear princess, behold your faithful lover!" and cast himself at her feet; but in catching hold of her robes, he unfortunately let fall the sword. The Dwarf, perceiving this, sprang from behind a tree, where he had been concealed, and seized it. By two magic words, he raised a couple of giants, who laid the king in irons. "Now," said the Dwarf, "my rival's fate is in my own hands; but if he consents to my marriage he shall have his life and liberty." "I scorn thy favour on such terms," said the king; which so provoked the Dwarf, that he stabbed him to the heart. The disconsolate princess, shocked at the barbarity of the Dwarf, sunk down upon the body of the king, and expired with a sigh. They were buried with great pomp in the same grave.

Thus ended the fate of these two faithful lovers, which the mermaid very much regretted; but, all her power lying in the sword, she could only change them into two palm-trees, which preserve a constant mutual affection for each other, and caress and unite their branches together.

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