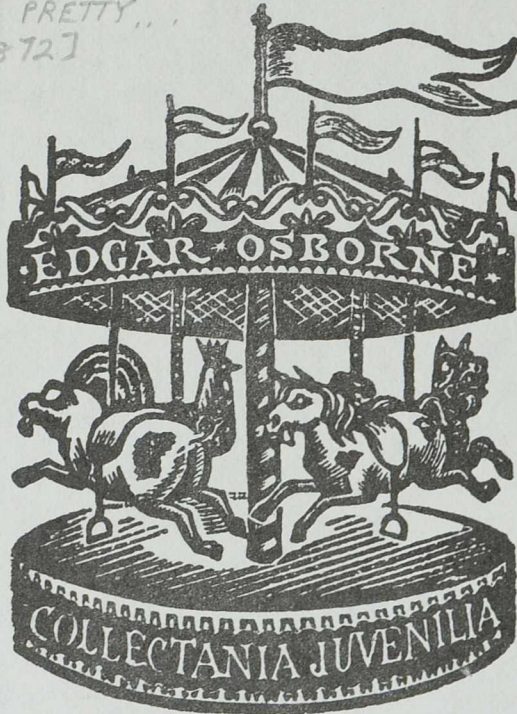


FT
BECHSTEIN, LUDWIG
AS PRETTY...
[1872]



00A20ABG . 37131 009 568 429

*Uniform with the present volume, cloth gilt, price 6s. 6d. ;
with gilt leaves, 7s. 6d.*

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES

COLLECTED BY

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN RUSKIN;

And Twenty-two Illustrations after the inimitable designs of
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOTH SERIES COMPLETE.

*** These are the designs which Mr. Ruskin has praised so highly, placing them far above all Cruikshank's other works of a similar character. So rare had the original book (published in 1823-1826) become, that £5 to £6 per copy was an ordinary price.*

AS PRETTY AS SEVEN.

AS PRETTY AS SEVEN.



The prince heard the singing, and asked who it was. "It is my servant Misfortune, I think," replied the king. Presently they heard the song again:

"As Pretty as Seven was once my name,
But it changed to Misfortune when here I came."

AS PRETTY AS SEVEN

AND OTHER

POPULAR GERMAN TALES

COLLECTED BY

LUDWIG BECHSTEIN



WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHTER

A Companion to Grimm's German Popular Stories

LONDON

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 & 75 PICCADILLY

AS PRETTY AS SEVEN.



The prince heard the singing, and asked who it was. "It is my servant Misfortune, I think," replied the king. Presently they heard the song again:

"As Pretty as Seven was once my name,
But it changed to Misfortune when here I came."

AS PRETTY AS SEVEN

AND OTHER

POPULAR GERMAN TALES

COLLECTED BY

LUDWIG BECHSTEIN

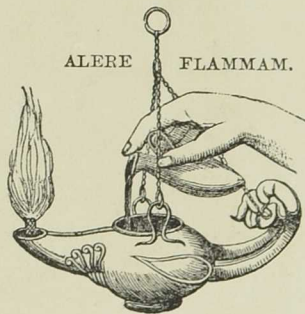


WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHTER

A Companion to Grimm's German Popular Stories

LONDON
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 & 75 PICCADILLY

PRINTED BY TAYLOR AND FRANCIS,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
THE MAN WITHOUT A HEART	17
THE NUT-BOUGH	25
THE OLD WIZARD AND HIS CHILDREN	31
THE TWO BONES OF CONTENTION	35
GOLD-MARIA AND PITCH-MARIA	46
THE STARLING	51
THE THREE FEATHERS	55
THE UNJUST JUDGE	58
THE THIEF IN THE MILLET	61
THE GOLDEN ROEBUCK	66
THE TWO MILLERS ROUND AS BALLS	71
THE SEVEN CROWS	75
THE JUG OF TEARS	81
THE GOLDEN AGE	83
THE THREE WEDDING-GUESTS	85
THE FOX AND THE HARE	88
THE ALL-SEEING EYE	90
THE COURAGEOUS FLUTE-PLAYER	93
HOP-O'-MY-THUMB	98
THE HARE-KEEPER	105
THE MAN IN THE MOON, AND HOW HE CAME THERE	111
THE HAUGHTY KING	113

	PAGE
THE KITTEN AND THE KNITTING-NEEDLES	120
THE STRIFE OF WITCHCRAFT	122
A STORY FOR THOSE WHO NEVER KNOW WHEN TO BE SATISFIED	127
THE THREE PRESENTS	132
THE DOG AND THE LARK	135
THE THREE MUSICIANS	140
GOLDEN-HAIR	149
THE WIDOW'S OFFERING	156
THE KING OF SPAIN	158
FOOL'S PARADISE	166
THE WITCH AND THE KING'S CHILDREN	172
AS PRETTY AS SEVEN	179
THE MONK AND THE BIRD	184
THE SEVEN SWANS	187
THE THREE DOGS	195
WHAT MADE A PRINCESS LAUGH	202
THE MOUSE AND HIS FRIENDS	209
THE MAN AND THE SNAKE	214
THE COCK AND THE FOX	217
THE STORY OF THE MOUSE	221
CHRISTIANA AND HER DOG SHAKER	231
CINDERELLA	237
THE BOYS WITH THE GOLDEN STARS	241
THE WHITE WOLF	246
RUPERT THE BEAR-KILLER	252
THE GOLDEN HEN	260
BROTHER SPEND AND BROTHER SAVE	265
BLUEBEARD	267
FOUR BRAVE COMRADES	272
THE GRATEFUL ANIMALS	280
THE EXPERIENCES OF A KINGFISHER	283

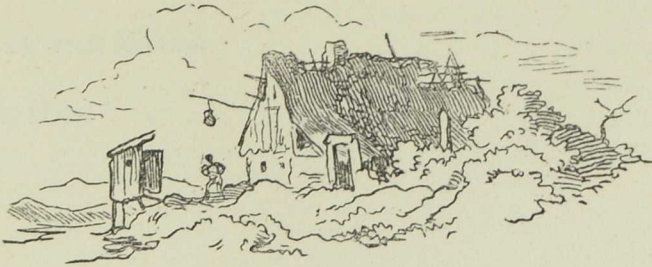
CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE
THE TWO APES	285
THE WOLF AND THE CATS	289
THE CAT AND THE MOUSE	293

STORIES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

LITTLE ONE-EYE, LITTLE TWO-EYES, AND LITTLE THREE-EYES	299
THE TWO BROTHERS	308
THE GIANT AND THE TAILOR	333
THE TRUE BRIDE	336
THE THREE SPINSTERS	344
THE ROGUE AND HIS MASTER	347
THE THREE FEATHERS	350
ALLERLEIRAUH	354
THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD	361





PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.



AS PRETTY AS SEVEN	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>To face page</i>
THE MAN WITHOUT A HEART	18
THE STARLING	52
THE UNJUST JUDGE	60
HOP-O'-MY-THUMB	102
THE THREE MUSICIANS	140
THE STORY OF THE MOUSE	222
THE GOLDEN HEN	260

PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS



PREFACE.

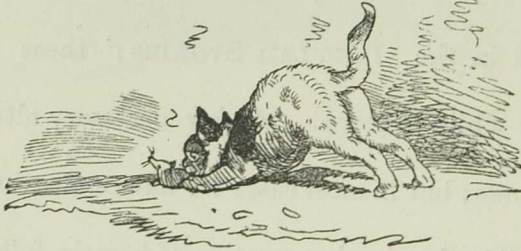
THE favour with which the 'POPULAR STORIES' of the Brothers Grimm have been received has induced us to offer to English readers another very excellent series of German Tales collected by Ludwig Bechstein.

In the original volume many legends are included which have already appeared in the 'POPULAR STORIES;' these we have not thought it worth while to repeat. A few necessary alterations have been made in others; but in most cases we have endeavoured to follow as closely as possible the simple narrative of homely folk.

To our young friends we can especially commend these tales. They are pure and healthful; and, as Bechstein himself says, "they will shed over childhood a rosy light, and strew the path with stars and flowers, the remembrance of which will last through life."

The quaint simplicity of Richter's engravings will charm every lover of legendary lore; they so well express the feeling of the stories, and tend so happily to illustrate the ideal regions inhabited by dwarfs, and nixes, and enchanted steeds.

THE TRANSLATORS.



LUDWIG BECHSTEIN, the author of the charming collection of stories which we here present to the reader, was born in a small town of the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, on the 24th of November, 1801. He came of a literary stock, being the nephew of the well-known German writer on ornithology, forest culture, &c., John Matthew Bechstein. He was at an early age left an orphan, and his uncle received him into his house at Dreissigacker, and took charge of his education; and it was doubtless from him that he imbibed that sincere love of nature and of all natural beauty which is so apparent in his works.

We know little of his school-days; but when about seventeen years old, he entered the establishment of a chemist at Arnstadt. He would seem to have remained there until 1828, when he published, in the same town, his *Sonnettenkränze* (*Garland of Sonnets*). Up to this time nothing had presaged his future distinction as poet and romancist; but the little volume immediately excited public attention, and especially that of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, through whose kindness he was sent successively to Leipzig and Munich, to pursue his studies, more especially those of history and philosophy. Having passed through these courses, and having in the mean time made a tour of several of the principal towns of Germany, the Duke in 1831 made him his private librarian, and in 1833 placed him at the head of the Public Library. He must have rapidly advanced, for in 1841 we find him appearing as Court Counsellor.

He now began to devote himself more distinctively to literature, and in 1848 published the original of the present work, the *Deutsches Märchenbuch*, in which he continued the work begun by the Brothers Grimm, in their *German Popular Stories*, and gathered together those tales current among the simple-minded German peasantry which had been omitted by the Grimms; in so collecting and rewriting them, he seems to have preserved, even more perfectly than his predecessors had done, the child-like purity and simplicity of the stories. The *Märchenbuch* was received with enthusiasm in Germany, and editions of it were issued in various forms, some of them beautifully illustrated: for the present translation has been chosen that set of designs which seemed the *most* beautiful, and the best suited to the English reader.

We are indebted to Bechstein for several other works, both in prose and poetry, published between 1830 and 1850, especially the *Tales of Thuringia*, published between 1835 and 1838; the *Dance of Death*, in 1831; the *Odyssey of a Musician*, in 1836-7; the *History of a Parish Priest*, in 1842; *An Obscure Destiny*, in 1850; *To Will and To Become*, in 1850; &c.

He died in 1860, after a life peacefully spent, without any striking events, but certainly not without benefit to his fellow-men, and having the consciousness that the lives of many little children had been made brighter and happier by his efforts. Could any one desire more?

They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherish'd—they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Ye have lost
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and fill'd
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense. The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charm'd waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp pass'd to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose;
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze.—CARRINGTON.

Wherever is love and loyalty, great purposes and lofty souls, even
though in a hovel or a mine, there is Fairyland.—C. KINGSLEY.





THE MAN WITHOUT A HEART.

ONCE upon a time there lived seven brothers who were orphans; and as they had no sister, they were obliged

to do all the house-work themselves. One day, however, they all took it into their heads to get married; and because there were no marriageable young ladies in the village where they lived, they determined to travel in search of wives; and they agreed to leave their youngest brother,—to whom they promised to bring a fair bride,—to keep house at home. The youth was quite satisfied with this arrangement, and the six brothers set out in a high state of delight. After a while they came to a small cottage standing by itself in a wood, and before its door sat an old man, who shouted to the brothers, “Holloa there, you young geese! whither so merry and quick?”

“We are seeking for wives,” returned one of them; “one a-piece for us, and another for our youngest brother at home.”

“Oh you dear young men,” returned the old fellow, “bring me, I pray you, a young and pretty bride; for I live here motherless and alone.”

The brothers thereupon walked off, wondering what such a grey old man as he could possibly want with a young and pretty bride. In the first city they arrived at they found seven sisters, all as young and good-looking as one could desire; so they persuaded the young ladies to go with them, and told the youngest that they had a brother at home for her. On their return they again passed by the cottage in the wood, and there sat the old man at his door, apparently waiting for them. “Ah, you brave youths,” he cried out, “I am obliged to you, for I see you have brought a pretty young wife for me.”

“No, no,” replied the eldest, “she is not for you, but for our youngest brother at home, as we promised him.”

“Oh, oh! promised?” inquired the old man; “ay, and I will promise you something;” and so saying he took a white rod, and murmuring a few words, touched with it the brothers and



THE MAN WITHOUT A HEART.

their brides, all except the youngest girl, and changed them into grey stones. But the youngest girl he led into his cottage, and told her she must always keep it in proper order. She submitted to this with a very good grace; but her mind was much troubled when she reflected that perhaps the old man would soon die, and that then she would be left motherless and alone in the wild forest, as the old man had lived before she came. When she told him of this, he replied, "Do not trouble yourself; fear not, and hope not that I shall die. I have no heart in my breast; but supposing I should die, over the door you will find my white rod; and then if you touch with it the grey stones, your sisters will regain their right forms and the brothers as well, and then you will have company enough."

"But where in all the world is your heart, if it is not in your breast?" asked the young bride.

"Must you know every thing?" asked the old man. "Well then, if you must know, my heart is under my bed-covering."

So, the next time the old man went out on business, his young wife gathered the most beautiful flowers she could find while he was gone, and placed them on his bed, that his heart might be pleased with them. When the old man returned, he laughed at her, and said, "My good child, it was only a joke when I said my heart was there; my heart is—is—in the oven."

When the old man went out again, his wife busied herself in covering the oven-door with beautiful feathers, and fresh flowers hanging in wreaths and festoons. On his return he asked her what this all meant; and she told him that she had done it to please his heart. He laughed at her as before, and said, "My good child, my heart is elsewhere than in the oven."

This speech made her very sorrowful, and in a reproachful

tone she exclaimed, "Alas, father, you still must have a heart, and some day you will die, and then I shall be all alone." The old man repeated what he had said before, while she pressed him to tell her the truth, where his heart really was. At last he told her: "Far, far away from here, in deep solitude stands an old, old church, fast enclosed with iron doors, and round it runs a broad moat over which there is no bridge; and in the church there flies a bird to and fro, which neither eats nor drinks, nor will it ever die; and nobody can catch it; and as long as the bird lives, so long shall I live, for in that bird is my heart."

Very sad indeed was the bride now, when she found it was out of her power to shew her love for the old man's heart; and the time passed terribly slowly with her, as she was generally alone all day long. One day there came past the house a young fellow who greeted her; and then, as he came nearer, she asked him whither he was going, and whence he came.

"Alas!" he sighed, "I am very melancholy; for once I had six brothers, who left me to seek for brides, and promised to bring me a wife too; but never have they returned, and now I am come out into the world to look for them."

"Ah, my good youth," exclaimed she, "you need go no farther. First sit down and eat and drink, and then I will tell you something." Then she narrated to him how his six brothers had come to the town close by; and how they, together with her sisters, had been stopped by the old man; and how the old man had claimed her, although she was designed for the bride of the youngest brother; and how he had changed them all into grey stones. All this she told him with many tears; and further, how the old man had no heart in his breast, but that it was far away in the bosom of an immortal bird which dwelt in an ancient church.

“I will away, I will away!” exclaimed the young man. “I will seek the bird; and haply, with Heaven’s help, I may be able to catch it.”

“Ah, do that, and you will do well,” she said; “then your brothers and my sisters will regain their human form.”

So saying, she hid the youth; for it was evening, and the old man would soon be back. And the next morning, as soon as



the old man was gone, she gave the youth a good supply of food and wine for his journey, and wishing him Heaven’s blessing and good fortune, sent him off.

On he travelled, till it occurred to him that it was time to breakfast; and as he sat down, he exclaimed, at the sight of the many good things in his package, “Well, this is a treat: come who will, he shall be my guest!”

Scarcely had he spoken, when "Mo, mo-o-o!" sounded close to his ears; and turning his head, he saw a great brown ox, who said, "You have invited 'who will,' and so I may as well be your guest."

"You are welcome to the best I have," replied the youth.

The ox sat down as genteelly as he could; and when he had finished his meal, he said, "Many thanks to you, sir; and if at any time you want assistance, summon me and I will come." And with these words the beast disappeared.

Our hero now packed up; and after he had travelled some distance, it seemed to him, from the short shadow which he threw, that it was dinner-time, and moreover his appetite told him the same. So sitting down on the ground, he spread out his victuals, and, as before, invited any guest who chose to come. Presently he heard a great rustling in the brushwood, and a huge wild boar rushed out, grunting, "Some one was called to a feast; I don't know if it was I that was meant."

"You are welcome, whoever you are," said our hero; and so sitting down together, the youth and the boar made a good meal. When they had done, the beast said, "Thanks to you: if you need me, call the wild boar;" and then he trotted off.

The youth travelled on again, and by evening-time he had gone a very long distance; and feeling again hungry, he thought to himself that it was time to take supper. So he spread his cloth with meat and drink, and shouted, "Whoever desires to eat with me, I invite. It is worth while to come." As he spoke, he heard a great flapping of wings over his head, and a shadow was cast upon the ground before him. In a minute or two down came a large vulture, which called out, "I heard somebody invited to a feast; nothing ever comes amiss to me."

“And why should it?” replied our hero. “Sit down and take what you like; there is not much left.”

The vulture did so; and when he had finished he flew away, saying to his host, “If you need me, call, and I will come.” “Oh, he is off in a hurry,” thought the youth to himself: “he might have been able to shew me the way to the church, for I may never find it.” He walked on another few miles, and then, to his surprise, came in sight of the church; and hurrying on, he soon reached the edge of the broad moat which ran around the building, and across which was no bridge. There he looked out a nice resting-place, for he was tired with his long walk, and soon he fell asleep. The next morning he wished he were on the other side of the moat, and thought to himself, “Now if the great brown ox were here, he might perhaps have drunk this ditch dry for me, so that I could get over without trouble.” Immediately the ox appeared and began to drink, and soon our hero was able to cross over and stand upon the church-wall. But the walls were very thick, and the towers were made of stones as hard as iron, and the youth wished he had a pick-axe with him. “Ah, if the wild boar were here, he could break through for me,” he thought to himself; and no sooner had he said so, than he heard a great noise, up rushed the fierce creature, and soon knocked out with its tusks one stone and then another, till it had made a great hole through which one could easily get. Our hero entered, and saw the bird which he was in search of flying about; but to catch him was more than he was able. “If the vulture were here now,” said he, “he would soon lay hold of that bird for me.” Immediately the vulture flew in and seized the bird, in whose breast was the old man’s heart. The youth gave his best thanks to the vulture, and it flew away at once.

Now our hero hastened home to his bride that was to be, reached the house before evening, and told her all that had happened. She gave him a good supper, and then hid him under the bed together with the bird, so that the old man might not see him. By and by the old man came home, complaining that he felt very ill; that, in fact, he was dying, for his bird was caught. Our hero under the bed heard this, and thought to himself, that although the old man had never done him any harm, he had enchanted his brothers and their brides, and moreover had robbed him of his bride. So he began to nip the neck of the bird, and the old man called out, "Oh, I am dying; some one is strangling me! Oh, child, I die!" With these words he fell off his chair dead, for the youth had wrung the bird's neck.

Then our hero crept out from under the bed; and the maiden taking the old man's white staff, as he had taught her, struck with it the twelve grey stones. In a moment the six brothers and six sisters resumed their right forms; and oh, what joy there was among them! what embracing and kissing! for the old man was really dead, and no human means could possibly bring him to life again. So the seven brothers married the seven sisters, and for many, many years they all lived together in health and happiness.



THE NUT-BOUGH.

ONCE upon a time there was a wealthy merchant, whose business took him into foreign countries. One day, when he was going away, he said to his three daughters, "My dear children, I should like to bring to each of you a nice present on my return. Tell me what you would like."

The eldest said, "Bring me, dear father, the most beautiful pearl necklace that you can find."

The second said, "I wish for a bright diamond-ring."

But the youngest, throwing herself on her father's neck, said, "For me, dear father, bring a beautiful little green nut-bough."

"Well, well, dear daughters," said the merchant, "I will take care for you all: farewell!"

Far away rode the merchant, and made great purchases:

nor did he forget any of his daughters' requests. A costly pearl necklace he had already packed in his trunk for the eldest, and a magnificent diamond-ring he had found for her sister; but a green nut-twig he could nowhere meet with, although he took a great deal of trouble to find one. At last he turned his face homewards, and made his way through all the woods along his road, hoping to find in one or other of them what he sought. But he soon got so near his home that he began to fear that, after all, he should not be able to accomplish his daughter's simple wish.

The last stage of his journey led him through a gloomy forest; and as he was sorrowfully picking his way through the thick brushwood, he knocked his hat against a bough, which rattled like a bunch of beads. He looked up, and saw a beautiful green branch, on which hung a string of golden nuts. The sight so delighted him, that he reached his hand up at once and broke off the bough; and at the same minute a wild bear rushed out of the thicket and raised himself on his hind legs, growling and menacing as if he would tear the merchant into a thousand pieces.

"Why have you broken off my nut-branch?" he roared. "You miserable wretch, I will eat you up!"

Shaking and trembling with terror, the merchant replied, "Oh, dear bear, do not eat me; let me go my way with the nut-bough, and I will give you plenty of bacon and honey."

"Keep your bacon and honey for yourself," returned the bear. "Promise me whatever or whomever meets you first as you enter your gate, and then I will not devour you."

The merchant readily agreed to this; for he reflected that it would only be his poodle-dog that he would have to sacrifice, and that would be but a slight return for his own life. So

after a hearty shake of the paw, the bear walked back into the thicket ; while the merchant, still breathless from fright, hurried gladly away from the spot.

The golden nut-bough shone brightly on the hat of the merchant as he drew nearer and nearer to his home. With elastic steps his youngest daughter bounded towards him, while behind her, at a respectful distance, followed the poodle-dog ; and in the doorway stood his two eldest daughters and his wife, waiting to greet him on his arrival. Sorely terrified was the merchant when he saw his youngest daughter coming first to welcome him. Sadly and sorrowfully he received the embraces and kisses of all, and then he communicated to them his adventure with the nut-bough. All then began to weep ; but the youngest daughter showed her courage by declaring before them all that she would perform her father's promise.

“Do not despair, my dear daughters,” here interrupted the mother, “do not trouble yourselves : supposing the bear should come, my dear husband, let us then give him, in the place of our youngest child, the herdsman's daughter, and surely he will be content.”

This proposition was thought very good, and had the effect of raising the spirits of the three sisters, who began now to decorate themselves with their presents. The youngest always carried her nut-bough with her, and soon thought no more of the bear and her father's promise.

But one day a gloomy-looking carriage rattled through the street up to the merchant's door ; and the ugly bear stepping out, walked straight into the house into the presence of the merchant, and demanded the fulfilment of his promise. With all possible haste and secrecy, the herdsman's daughter, ugly as she was, was fetched, and placed inside the bear's carriage.

They went off directly ; and when they had proceeded a short distance, the bear laid his rough shaggy head in the lap of the girl, and grumbled out,

“ Tickle me, scratch me
Softly and tenderly ;
Or else will I eat you,
Skin, bone, and all.”

So the girl began scratching ; but she did not do it right, and the bear perceived at once that he was deceived ; and in his rage he would have devoured the girl on the spot, had she not made a spring and escaped from him among the bushes.

The bear went back immediately to the merchant's house, and demanded with great threats his lawful bride. So after a bitter leave-taking, the fair maiden was compelled to accompany her ugly bridegroom, and sit beside him in the carriage. When they had gone a short distance, he began to grumble,

“ Tickle me, scratch me
Softly and tenderly ;
Or else will I eat you,
Skin, bone, and all.”

So the maiden tickled him as he desired about his ears ; and soon she had the pleasure of seeing his grim looks vanish, and by degrees the poor girl won his confidence. Their journey was not a very long one, for the carriage went on as if a mighty wind blew it. They soon entered a very dark wood ; and in the midst of it the carriage stopped before a deep cave : this was the bear's dwelling. Oh, how the maiden trembled ! but the bear embracing her as gently as he could with his frightful shaggy paws, said to her, “ Here, my dear bride, you shall dwell and be happy ; but take care that you behave with courage, lest my wild companions tear you.” While he was

speaking, he led the way through a narrow passage; and presently unlocking an iron door, entered a chamber full of poisonous reptiles, which kept darting about here and there.

“Look neither to the right nor left,
Or you will be of peace bereft,”

growled the bear in his companion's ear. So she walked straight on through the chamber, and not a reptile moved; and so on through ten other chambers, and the last swarming with the most frightful creatures of all—dragons, snakes, toads, basilisks, and winged serpents. In each room the bear growled out,

“Look neither to the right nor left,
Or you will be of peace bereft.”

The poor girl trembled and shook with fear, like an aspen-leaf, at every step she took; she had, however, sufficient courage not to look round or behind her, but kept her eyes steadily fixed on the ground. As soon as they opened the door of the twelfth chamber, a shining ray of light burst forth upon them, and from within came a sound of sweet harmony and songs of triumph and rejoicing. Then, before the maiden could recover her scattered senses, overcome as she was at first with terror and dread of the noisome reptiles, and then dazzled with the brilliancy of the last chamber, there came a fearful clap of thunder, as if heaven and earth had clashed together; and then followed a dread silence. But with the thunder had disappeared for ever the forest, the cave, the poisonous creatures, and the bear; and in their place stood a magnificent palace resplendent with golden ornaments, and all around it was ranged a company of servants dressed in regal livery. The bear was become a handsome young man,

who, as the princely owner of the castle, pressed to his heart the merchant's daughter, and thanked her again and again for having delivered him and his servants from their enchantment.

But although her station was now so exalted, the princess forgot not her nut-bough, which had the power of always blossoming, but treasured it the more carefully because it was the key to all her good fortune. And as soon as she was able, she sent word to her parents and sisters of the marvellous fortune which had attended her, and invited them to come to her. And they all lived to a good old age, in the enjoyment of their united happiness in the castle of the Bear-Prince.





THE OLD WIZARD AND HIS CHILDREN.

ONCE upon a time there lived a wicked wizard, who had stolen two children of tender age, a boy and a girl ; and with them he lived in a hollow cave, solitary and hermit-like ; and there he followed his black art, learnt from a secret book, which he guarded as his best treasure.

Now sometimes it happened that the wizard went out, and left the children by themselves ; and at such times, the boy, who had spied out the place where the book was hidden,

would read it, and learn from it many rules by which he was able to work charms for himself. The old wizard intended to keep the poor children shut up for ever, and so they continually endeavoured to find some means of escape. One day the wizard went out on a long journey; and soon after he had started, the boy said to his sister, "Now is the time, sister; the wicked man who has so long imprisoned us is gone; let us be off at once, and travel as far as our feet will carry us."

And the children set out, and walked on the whole day long. By and by, when evening came, the wizard returned home, and immediately missed them. So he opened his book of enchantments, and quickly found out which way they had taken. Off he set in pursuit; and long before he was really in sight, the children knew he was coming, by his heavy breathing and loud shouting.

"Brother, dear brother," cried the sister, in a voice full of terror and anguish,—“brother, dear brother, we are lost; that wicked man is near us!”

But the boy remembered what he had learned, and uttered a charm which transformed him into a large pond, and his sister into a fish swimming about in it. As soon as the old wizard came to the pond, he perceived at once that he was deceived; and exclaiming, "Wait, wait, I will have you!" he ran back in a rage to his cave, to fetch some nets to catch the fish. But as soon as he was gone, the pond and fish became again brother and sister; and congratulating each other upon their escape, they rested for that night, and the following morning set off again.

By and by the wizard came to the place with his nets, but no pond was to be seen; in its stead was a green meadow, with certainly plenty of frogs, but no fishes. In a dreadful passion

the old man threw his nets away, and pursued the children again; for he knew, by means of a divining-rod which he carried with him, the route they had taken.

When evening came he had nearly overtaken them; and they heard him in the distance roaring and raging like a wild bull.

“Brother, dear brother!” exclaimed the little girl, “we are lost, we are lost; the wicked wretch is close behind us!”

The boy repeated another charm which he had learnt from the book, and transformed himself into a chapel, and his sister into a beautiful altar-piece within the chapel. So when the wizard came to the chapel, he found himself duped again; and he was forced to run howling away, for he could not approach the place, because he dared not enter either church or chapel.

“Though I may not enter you,” he exclaimed, “I can set you on fire, and burn you to ashes;” and so saying, he ran off to his cave to fetch a light.

As soon as he was gone, the brother and sister took their original forms; and after resting for the night, they journeyed on fast, and got a long way in advance of the wizard, because he had to go back so far. Meanwhile he, coming to the spot where the chapel had stood, found nothing there but a great rock, which he could not set on fire; and so, furious with rage, he ran on in the track of the children. By the evening he was almost up to them, and for the third time the sister gave up all for lost; but her brother repeated another charm, and so became a hard threshing-floor, and his sister a little grain of corn lying as if lost upon it.

By and by the wizard came; and finding himself about to be duped a third time, would not run home first, but turned himself at once into a black cock, and ran about the floor to

peck up the grains of corn. Thereupon the boy repeated another charm, and changing himself into a fox, caught the cock before he could eat one grain, and so made an end of him and of this tale.





THE TWO BONES OF CONTENTION.

ONCE upon a time there lived a certain knight, who possessed a good estate and plenty of money; but he was married to such a bad-tempered woman that he never dared to speak to her, and he was often heard to say that nobody in

the world had such a vexatious wife as he had. In spite of all, however, he himself was very good; but this could not be said of their only daughter, for her mother brought her up after her own fashion, and the maiden grew every day more and more spiteful, malicious, stingy, and miserly. The girl was favoured, however, with a pretty face, so that at first sight every body thought her amiable; but closer acquaintanceship soon revealed her bad temper and ill manners. She was eighteen years old, and very anxious to be married, yet nobody made her an offer. This grieved her father very much; and one day he said to her, "My daughter, it is your mother's manners and her ill advice that have prevented you from marrying; and, indeed, if you do not marry a very patient husband, you will catch more blows than there are days in the year."

The young lady listened with great disdain to this, and replied, "Ah, father, you may talk for a month before I shall mind you; you have given my mother much more advice than she thanks you for. You, you know, may do as you think fit, but pray let me alone; for if a wooer comes to-morrow and makes me an offer, I will let him know who is master as soon as we are married."

"Alas, my daughter," replied the knight, "I am sorry indeed to hear you talk thus. You ought to think well how you may become better-tempered than your mother, or you may get a husband who may consider you a shame and a disgrace to him."

"Well, well," returned the daughter; "perhaps before market is over you'll have more small-beer to sell!"

"Oh, you good-for-nothing girl!" cried her father, "since you will not take my advice, you shall suffer for it. Whoever

offers for you, be he knight or be he slave, shall have you, and take you wherever he wills."

"Or I will take him where I will," returned his daughter, with a laugh; and with that the war of words came to an end.

Now just at that time, at a distance of three miles from the castle of this good knight, another knight was riding along, who was also rich in money and estates. He was very handsome and of courteous manners, and was then contemplating marriage. He had heard by report how beautiful and yet how ill-tempered his neighbour's daughter was; but he thought to himself, I can try to make her amiable and good; and if I cannot, I must take her for better or worse, for her beauty's sake. Thus resolving, he rode on to the castle, and made an offer to the maiden. Her father told the suitor of his daughter's ill-behaviour; but the knight replied, "I have considered all about that; if God wills that we live together one year, you shall see how good she will become."

"Heaven preserve you!" returned the old knight; "take care of yourself; for if she follows her mother's example, you will never have one peaceful day as long as she lives."

The young knight, however, kept his resolution; and an agreement was made that he should take the maiden home with him the next time he came.

The mother meanwhile knew nothing at all about this engagement; but as soon as she learnt that her daughter was betrothed, she flew into a great rage, and calling her daughter, said to her, "Daughter, my curse shall follow you, if you do not at all times and places oppose your husband in word and deed, as I have opposed your father. Hear what I tell you: I was a little maiden when I first came to your father, much

smaller than you, for you are full-grown. For three weeks your father beat me every day ; and when I fell sick, he gave me nothing but water to drink ; still I maintained my rights, and always will maintain them ! ”

“ Mother,” answered the girl, “ I tell you distinctly, that if I live a thousand years, I will always look upon my husband as I would upon a dog ! ”

The wedding-day came at last, and with it came the knight, mounted on a very valuable steed, and leading by his side a beautiful greyhound, while upon his wrist sat a falcon. Without much delay the knight placed the maiden behind him on his horse ; and first sending all his servants forward, that he and his bride might have a quiet ride together, he took leave of the old knight. At parting, the father made a moving speech to his daughter. “ God’s blessing go with you, my daughter,” said the old man ; “ may He give you rest and happiness, and a more cheerful disposition than I have found in your mother ! ”

“ Take my blessing too,” exclaimed her mother, brushing a tear from her eye ; “ and be obedient to your husband every day of your life, as I taught you.”

“ Never fear, mother,” she replied ; “ I will do as you have bidden me.”

Then the pair rode away together : but the knight, in order to vex his wife, left the high-road, and chose a rough and unfrequented path, along which, uncomfortable, stony, and full of holes as it was, he rode hastily for about half a mile. Presently they came to a fallow piece of land, and there the falcon began to flutter his wings, as if eager to chase some bird or other. “ Be still, you stupid thing ! ” cried the knight to it ; “ be quiet, or I will knock your head off.” But soon the

falcon saw another bird fly past, and he fluttered about again. Then the knight became very angry, and exclaiming, "You are deceived if you think you are going to trouble me in this way; so now, as long as you will not keep quiet, you shall learn that I am your master. Die then, since you will not do my bidding!" and so saying he wrung the bird's neck.

This speech and passionate action frightened the maiden, and she began to fear the knight. The path grew more and more narrow, stony, and thorny, and ill-suited the tender feet of the greyhound, who began now to lag behind, instead of keeping at his master's side, as at first. The knight had consequently to drag the poor thing along, and as that was very troublesome, he began to scold the dog. "You wretched animal," he cried, "mind what you are about, or you will repent it." But the greyhound could not run any faster; and the knight, drawing his sword, killed him at a blow.

The maiden with difficulty suppressed a shriek at this sight, for her heart was very much moved, and she thought to herself, "Why, what a tyrant this man is! if he is always like this, I have indeed caught a Tartar." The knight now carried his drawn sword in his hand, and began to chide his horse, saying, "Why do you pull so? Come, trot along quietly, or you must die." The poor animal, however, could not trot without stumbling; and at last the knight told his betrothed to dismount, which she did without hesitation. He then raised his sword and cut off the head of his horse, saying as the sword fell, "Had you not followed your own will, you would not have met with this fate." Then turning to his companion, he continued, "Maiden, you have seen the reason of all this. Because my horse, my dog, and my falcon did not obey me, I have killed them. Now I have never been accustomed to

walking, and it is a great exertion to me, therefore I must ride upon you." So saying, he took the bridle and bit and saddle, and set about buckling them upon her.

"Ah, my lord," began the maiden, "I shall have enough to bear with you alone; let the bridle and saddle be, I pray you."

"What, woman!" exclaimed the knight in a passion; "what! how can I guide you with neither saddle nor bridle? You do not consider what you are doing in opposing me." The maiden was frightened out of her wits, and let the knight put snaffle and bit in her mouth, the bridle round her head, and the saddle on her back. Then he mounted, and made her walk on about three yards, and with that distance her strength was completely spent. "Are you out of breath already?" asked the knight in a harsh tone. "Oh, no," was the reply. "Then you may as well go a little way in harness; this is a nice field," he continued, and dismounted. "I will do it willingly," she said; "there are several horses in my father's yard from whom I have learnt the way." "Will you then do all I wish?" asked the knight; and she answered, "Yes, if I live a thousand years I will always try to please you."

As soon as she said this he bade her get up, and taking her by the hand, he led her home to his castle, where all his friends were assembled to greet her and show her to her apartments. Soon afterwards the wedding was celebrated with great pomp, and the maiden became not only a most affectionate wife, but she was always civil and obliging, free from hypocrisy and deceit, gentle and kind, and wanting in no virtue. All her visitors she received with courtesy and politeness, and she fulfilled in all respects the wishes of her lord and husband.

When six weeks had passed, the father and mother of the young bride came to see her. The latter perceived at a glance the state of the case, and remarked to her husband how obedient her daughter was. "Oh, you miserable wife!" she exclaimed scornfully, "what do I see and hear? can it be my own daughter that I find here? What! have you allowed your husband to be your master?" So saying, the old mother struck her daughter in the face, and beat her.

The young bride wept, and cried, "Are you come here to scold? then wait till you find an occasion for it. My husband is the best of men, and kind and affectionate; but whoever does not do as he is told may perhaps pay the forfeit with his life. So, mother, pray be wise, and take care that you say nothing which can vex him, for he is so passionate that he tries and kills on the spot all who oppose him."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the old woman in a mocking tone; "to-morrow will be time enough for that. Your husband, be he as angry as he may, will cause me no uneasiness. I don't reckon him a hair stronger, you silly Kate; and what have you been doing that you venture to threaten your mother?"

"I am not threatening you, mother," she replied; "I only tell you the truth, that if you speak to my husband in the same way as you speak to my father, he will beat you soundly, and perhaps pull off the little hair which yet remains on your head."

"That would be a fine feat indeed," returned the mother; "but I am not afraid; and were he as big as a hill, I should think no more of him than I do of your father. What

has he done during these last twenty years? why, he has never caused me to swerve one hair's breadth from my own path."

During this altercation the old father and his son-in-law were standing quietly in a corner, where they could overhear all that was said. "I am inwardly rejoiced," said the old man to his companion, "that you have broken my daughter's strong will; and now I can with comfort leave you and her to the enjoyment of my property when I go hence." The young knight thanked his father-in-law for his kind words, who then said: "Advise me now what to do to your mother, who incessantly thwarts me, and renders my life for ever a burden to me. Could I only make her good-tempered and kind for one day before my death, I should die happy." The young man offered to bring this about, if his father-in-law did not interfere; and thereupon, accompanied by four strong fellows, he went towards the room where the old lady sat with her daughter. As soon as the former saw him coming she accosted him with, "Welcome, Sir Angel-heart." "Many thanks, Madame Evil-heart," he replied; and then stepping up to her, he said, "Woman, cease your bad treatment of your and my lord; he should have dealt you innumerable blows with a strong oak sapling until you became a good wife."

"Ah! I have heard very often of the blows you are pleased to give, my lord," replied the old woman; "but as hitherto I have kept my skin and hair whole, I mean to do so still; and how may I have offended you?"

"You daily scold my lord your husband, and cause him to hate his own house," replied the young knight.

"In my own house I mean to be the head," she exclaimed;

"I must and will be his master, and so long as I live he shall not have one happy day."

"I know," returned the knight, "What makes you so passionate. You have two 'bones of contention,' one in each arm; and if these were cut out, you would then be as happy as any other woman, which would be as much for your own good as for your husband's."

"Ah, I am very glad that you are so good a physician," she replied; "did you learn the art of my daughter? Have you both chamomile and hellebore?—you can mix cooling draughts well, no doubt."

"Ha, ha! your ridicule is perfect," exclaimed the knight; "but that also can be mended, for so soon as we have got out your bones of contention, you will become as good and gentle as a child."

"That's enough of your barking, you dog!" returned the old woman; but at the same moment the knight's servants seized her and threw her down. Then the knight, drawing out a sharp knife, threw himself upon her, and cut through all her sleeve a long deep wound. This took away at once all her mocking scorn, and the knight called out to her as he threw away a piece of bone, "See, woman, for many a year you have been a bad wife, because your quarrelsome bones were in fault; but now I have rid you of one."

"That I never knew myself," she replied, shrieking and groaning; "but I know who has betrayed me to you."

"Yes, and you have another bone in your other arm, which must also come out."

"Alas, alas, it is very small; it does not hurt me much," returned the old woman; "the one you have cut out did all

the mischief. Now I am cured of quarrelling, and will be quiet, if you will but leave me alone."

"Think what you are doing," here exclaimed her daughter, speaking to her husband; "I am afraid if the other bone does not also come out, the great work will be but half done, and by and by the second bone will produce another, and need cutting again."

"No, no, dear daughter," cried the mother; "no, no, speak to him, that he may let me go. I will indeed be good."

"My mother," returned the young wife, "you advised me ever to strive against my husband's will, and never to obey him; and therefore for that and because you have also ill-treated my father, the other bone must be cut out."

Thereupon the knight seized her again; but she cried out, "No, no, it is more than enough. My daughter, remember that I gave you birth, and intercede for me with your husband. I will swear to live in peace, and may Heaven keep me from all passion. Your husband has taken away all my great fury, and what remains is not worth speaking of."

"Well, then, go in peace," said the knight; "but first you must promise, that if ever your rage bursts forth again, you will have the second bone taken out." Then she was raised up, and her wounds dressed.

After this the old woman gave up all contention and strife, became a good and kind wife, and ceased her evil practices. So in a day or two she took leave of her son-in-law, and went home with her husband. Ever afterwards, whenever she said a word more than she ought to her husband, he had only to say to her, "I must send to my son-in-law," and immediately she would turn red in the face with fear, and cry out, "It is

not necessary ; his coming would do me no good. I have every disposition to do what pleases you ; and I advise all wives to obey their husbands, as I do mine, so that they may live together in happiness."





GOLD-MARIA AND PITCH-MARIA.

ONCE upon a time there was a widow with two daughters, one her own child and the other a step-child, and both were named Maria. The first was neither affectionate nor honest; but the step-daughter was a good and industrious girl, and

had many vexations and slights to suffer at the hands of her mother and sister. But through all she kept her temper; she did all the kitchen-work without murmuring; and when she was particularly aggrieved by her mother or sister, she had a quiet cry in her own room. After that she was quite happy again, and would say to herself, "Never mind, the good God will help you soon." And then she would work away vigorously, and make every thing neat and clean. Her mother, however, was never satisfied; and one day said to her, "Maria, I cannot any longer keep you at home, you work little and eat much; your father left you no property, nor your mother either; what there is, is all mine, and I cannot and will not maintain you any longer, so you must leave this place and look out for another mistress." So saying, she made a cake of milk and ashes, filled a small bottle with water, and giving them to Maria, sent her away from the house.

Maria was very much grieved with this harsh treatment; but still she walked bravely off over the fields and meadows, for she thought to herself as she went along, some one will soon hire me as servant, and perhaps I shall find a strange mistress kinder than my own step-mother. When she began to feel hungry she sat down upon the grass, and took out her cake, and drank some of the water, while round her several birds fluttered, now picking up the crumbs which she scattered, and now dipping their bills in the water which she held out to them in the hollow of her hand. Then unconsciously her ashy cake changed into the purest bread, and the water into clear wine. Strengthened and refreshed by her meal, Maria got up and walked on till, as it was getting dark, she came to a solitary house, to which there appeared to be two doors, one black as pitch, and the other shining like gold.

Maria went through the least attractive door of the two into the courtyard, and then knocked at the house-door. A man of terribly wild aspect opened it, and asked her what she wanted. "Only to know whether you could shelter me for the night," replied Maria, trembling, as she spoke, like a leaf.

"Come in," hoarsely murmured the man. Maria followed him, shaking more and more with fear as she heard on every side a confused howling of dogs and mewling of cats, for there was nothing else in the house, except the rough owner. "With which will you sleep, with me or with the cats and dogs?" growled the man.

"With cats and dogs," replied Maria; but he gave her a nice white bed, in which she reposed peacefully enough. In the morning the man asked, "With whom will you breakfast, with me or with dogs and cats?" "With dogs and cats," she replied; but he gave her clear coffee and sweet milk. Soon after, Maria prepared to start off; and then the man asked again, "At which door will you go out, at the golden door or the pitch door?" And she answered, "At the pitch door." But he told her to pass out at the golden door; and as she walked under it, the man showered down upon her gold, so that she went her way covered with a golden garment.

She returned home again; and as soon as she opened the garden-gate, the hens she had been used to feed came flying towards her, and the cock cried out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo—here comes our Gold-Maria—cock-a-doodle-doo!" Her mother came down the steps to meet her, and made her a low bow, as if she had been a princess who had come to honour her with a visit; but Maria said, "Dear mother, do you not know me? I am indeed your Maria."

Soon her sister came, wondering at the sight as much as her mother, and both were full of envy; and Maria had to tell all the adventures she had met with, and how she had become covered with gold. Her mother now took her in again, and treated her better than before, so that Maria was honoured and beloved by every body; and in a little while a worthy young farmer took a fancy to her and married her, and they lived together very happily.

By and by the other Maria determined to leave home, and see if she could not return covered with gold; for envy of her sister's fortune left her no peace of mind. Her mother gave her sweet cakes and wine to refresh her on her journey; but when the birds came and pecked at the crumbs, she drove them away. Then her cake changed unconsciously into ashes, and her wine into muddy water. At evening-time she came to the same house that her sister had arrived at, and going haughtily in at the golden gate, she knocked loudly at the door. When the man opened it and asked her business, she answered snappishly, "I am come to pass the night here."

"Come in," he growled. "Where will you sleep? with dogs and cats, or in the best chamber?"

"In the best chamber," she answered quickly. But he led her into the room where the dogs and cats were, and locked her in; and in the morning when she arose, her face was all scratched and bitten. When she came out, the man asked her with whom she would take breakfast? with him or the dogs and cats? "Oh, with you," she replied, hastily; but she had to sit down with his dogs and cats. When she had done, and wished to leave, the man asked again, "At which door will you go out, the golden door, or the pitch door?"

"At the golden door, by all means," she answered. But

that was closed, and she was obliged to go out by the other ; and as she passed through, the man who was standing above it showered down upon her a cloud of pitch.

Full of rage, because of her disfigured face, she hurried home ; and as she approached, the cock began to crow, "Cock-a-doodle-doo ! here comes our Pitch-Maria—Cock-a-doodle-doo !" When she entered the house, her mother turned her face away with horror, and never dared allow any body to see her daughter again. Was not this girl well punished for her covetous disposition ?



THE STARLING.

ONCE upon a time, on a fine summer's evening, a young knight stopped at the door of a wood-side inn ; and as he drew rein, a young girl came out of the house, and asked him what he wished to have. He called for a goblet of cool wine, which she quickly brought ; and first having tasted it with her ruddy lips, she handed it to him. While he was drinking it, the hostess, an ugly old woman, whose face was yellow and withered with age, came to the inn-door. "Halloa, my fair hostess!" cried the knight, "you have a prettier daughter here than one would give you credit for."

"She is no daughter of mine," answered the hostess ; "she is an orphan, and has no home except the one I have given her out of charity."

But the knight had taken a fancy to the girl ; and wishing to hear somewhat of her history, he dismounted, and ordered a bath to be prepared for him, and also a bed. So he went into the house, while the landlady bade her servant gather some rosemary, thyme, and marjoram for the bath ; and while she was so engaged, a starling flew out of a bush close by, and sang, "Oh, woe's me for the destined bride ! You should bathe the young man in the bath wherein you came here. Your father is dead of a broken heart ; and your mother sits grieving all day for you, and thinks you are dead also. Oh,

woe's me, you foundling child! know you not either your father or mother?"

The poor girl was sadly frightened to hear the starling speak thus, and prepared the bath, while tears ran down her cheeks. Then she carried it to the room where the young knight was; and when he saw her red eyes, he asked her what was the matter, that she did not look merry, and try to entertain him.

"How can I be merry?" she said, with a fresh burst of grief; "I weep because of the starling's words to me, while I was gathering the herbs to scent your bath. 'Oh, woe's me for the destined bride!' it said. 'You should bathe the young man in the bath wherein you were brought here. Your father is dead of a broken heart; and your mother sits grieving all day long, and thinks you are dead also. Oh, woe's me, you foundling child! know you not either your father or mother?'"

While she said this, the young knight looked at the bath, and observing on it the arms of the king of Rheims, he wondered greatly, and exclaimed, "That is my father's coat of arms; how comes this bath in this wretched house?"

"Oh, woe's me, you foundling child! know you not either your father or mother?" sang the starling at the window.

The knight looked again at the maiden, and perceived on her neck a mole. "God be praised!" he exclaimed; "you are my dear sister: your father was king of Rheims, and your mother's name is Christine, and I am Conrad, your brother. Now I know why my heart beat so rapidly when I first saw you."

So they fell on each other's neck; and, with tears of joy in their eyes, knelt down and thanked God; and afterwards



GEHMSHALD sc.

THE STARLING.

passed the rest of the night in relating their several adventures. The following morning, as soon as it was light, the old woman came down stairs, calling out with a loud harsh voice, "Get up, get up, you girl, and sweep out your mistress's room!"

Then the young knight answered in his clear voice, "She is no servant, nor will she sweep out your room again; so bring us a draught of wine yourself."

The landlady brought the wine as she was told, and Sir Conrad asked her, "From whom and whence had you this noble maiden? She is a princess, and my sister."

The old woman turned as white as the wall, and fell upon her knees, but without speaking a word; for sitting upon the window-sill was the starling making confession for her. "In a garden far away from here, on the green grass sat a child of tender years in a bath; and whilst her nurse went away for a minute, there came a wicked old gipsy and carried off the child in the bath."

Sir Conrad was so enraged at this account, that drawing his sword, he thrust it at the old woman in at one ear and out at the other. Then kissing his beautiful sister, and taking the bath with him, he led her by her snow-white hand out of the house, and placed her before him on his horse, with the bath in her lap. Upon her shoulder the starling perched itself; and so they rode to the castle belonging to the king of Rheims, where the queen-mother still lived. As soon as the queen perceived them approaching, she went out to meet them, and asked, in a tone of astonishment, "Ah, my son, what servant have you there? And she brings her bath with her, as if she were coming to nurse children."

"Oh, my dearest mother," answered the young prince,

“she is indeed no servant, but your daughter Gertrude, who was stolen away from you in this bath.”

As soon as he had said this, the princess leapt from the saddle, and her mother fell into her arms in a swoon of joy. The starling sang, “To-day it is eighteen years since the princess was stolen, and carried away in the bath, over the Rhine. Never again will the old woman steal children, for her ears are far too sore.”

The princess caused a golden lattice-work to be placed over the bath, and within it she kept the starling which had been the means of restoring her to her proper station.



THE THREE FEATHERS.

A CERTAIN man had a son born to him, for whom he was obliged to go out in search of a godfather ; and meeting a youthful but very handsome man, he begged him to come to the christening. He came, and left behind him, as a baptismal gift to the boy, a pretty white pony.

The lad, who had received the name of Henry from his godfather, grew up the pride of his father and mother ; and when he had reached years of discretion, he would stop at home no longer, but determined to go forth in search of romance and adventure. So he took leave of his parents, and mounted the pony which had been given him by his unknown godfather ; and ignorant of its value he rode gaily and gladly along through the wide, wide world. As he passed one day through a forest, he saw lying by the way-side a feather from a peacock's tail, and its colours shone very brightly in the sun's rays. The youth stopped his pony, intending to dismount and pick up the feather to place in his cap ; but the pony at the moment opened his mouth, and said, "Ah, let that feather lie on the ground !" The boy wondered to hear his pony speak, and trembled at the sound ; but without dismounting after the feather, he rode quietly onwards. After awhile it chanced that he came to a little stream, and on its green bank he saw a second feather lying, so much more

beautiful than the other that he began to dismount; for he wished very much to adorn himself with it, as he had never seen one half so pretty before. "Ah, let that feather be!" said the voice of his pony again. Astonished more than before, the boy jumped into his saddle without touching the feather, and rode on.

By and by he came to a high hill, up which, as he was preparing to go, he saw a third feather lying in the midst of a piece of grass at its foot. Now this feather seemed to him as beautiful as any thing could be in this world, and he thought he must have it, for it shone and glittered like blue and green precious stones, and like bright dew-drops in the morning sun. But again the pony said, "Touch not that feather." The boy, this time, would not attend; his wish for the feather overcame his prudence, and jumping from his saddle, he picked up the feather, and placed it in his hat. "Oh, woe's me," cried his pony as he did so; "woe's me, you have done yourself a great injury, and you will repent it."

But the youth rode on till he came to a fine, well-built city, where he saw a great many gaily-dressed people standing about, who presently formed themselves into a procession, and marched towards him to the music of drums and trumpets and fifes, with their colours flying. The young girls in the procession strewed flowers on all sides as they walked along, and the prettiest one of the town bore upon a cushion a golden crown. As soon as they met the young Henry they halted, and the chief personages of the town coming forward presented him with the crown, saying, "Hail to thee, thou noble youth, sent to us by heaven; thou shalt be our king: praised be God for ever and ever!" And all the people cried, "Hail to our king!"

Henry was quite unconscious why and how all this happened to him, and, as if dreaming, knelt down when he felt the crown upon his head, and praised God, from whom all this had proceeded.

Now, had he picked up the first feather, he would have become a count; the second would have made him a duke; and if he had passed the third, he would have found another on the top of the mountain, which the pony would have bade him pick up, and the possession of which would have given him dominions on whose shores the sun would not have set. With his choice, however, he was quite content; and perhaps he was far happier than if he had become a mighty emperor instead of the good and just king which my grandfather says he was.

THE UNJUST JUDGE.

MANY years ago there dwelt in a certain city a man of great worldly riches and possessions, but withal such a wicked cheat and usurer, that people wondered the earth did not open under his feet and swallow him up. He was also a magistrate; but his decisions were so unrighteous, that he was always spoken of as the "Unjust Judge."

One market-day, in the early part of the morning, this Judge rode out to see a fine vineyard which he possessed; and as he was returning, Death, habited as a rich man, met him on the way. The Judge knew not who the stranger was that accosted him, and therefore asked his name and business.

"It were better for you neither to know me nor my business with you," was Death's reply.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the Judge, "be you who you may, I must know, or you are a lost man; for I am one who has power in this place, and there is no one who will dare to dispute my authority. So, if you do not choose to tell me your name, I shall take your life and forfeit your property."

"If that be the case," said the other, smiling grimly, "I will tell you,—my name is—Death!"

"Humph!" growled the Judge. "Pray, then, what is your business here?"

"To take whatever is given in real earnest to me this day."

"Very well," said the Judge; "but I must be witness that you get neither more nor less than your due."

“Do not ask to be near me when I take what is given me,” replied Death in a warning voice.

The Judge, however, took no heed of Death's words. “I must and will be witness,” said he; and then he began to swear. So Death said no more, except to warn him again that he could not release himself from the bargain which he had made, however much he might wish. The Judge declared that he was ready to undergo any thing, and that he would not flinch from his word; and so both took their way to the market-place. The market was thronged with people, and every now and then the Judge and his companion, whom nobody knew, were stopped and asked to share a bottle of wine. The Judge always took a glass; but his companion, well knowing it was not offered in earnest, refused all that was proffered to him. By chance it happened that a woman was driving along a herd of swine, which, like most pigs, would not go as she wanted them, but another way. “I wish Death had you all, skin and hair!” she cried at last in a rage.

“Do you hear that?” said the Judge to his companion.

“Yes,” answered Death; “but that woman does not mean what she says. She would become miserably poor were I to take her swine. I only dare take what is given to me in earnest.”

Soon afterwards they met a woman and her child; and the latter, like the swine, would not go any way but his own. “You naughty boy,” she exclaimed; “I could wish you were dead!”

“Do you hear that?” again asked the Judge; “take the child; is it not given to you in earnest?”

“Oh, no, no; she would bitterly lament it, were I to take her at her word,” answered Death.

In a little while they met a second woman dragging along

a child, who struggled and cried lustily. "You good-for-nothing little vagabond," she exclaimed; "it would be a happy thing for me to lose you altogether!"

"Now, will you not take even this child?" said the Judge.

"I have no power," replied his companion; "for this woman would not take fifty, nay, not a hundred pounds for her child, much less would she give it to me."

They came now to the thickest part of the crowd, and soon they were wedged in, unable to go forward or backward. Just then a woman, old and poor, and suffering under heavy misfortunes, caught sight of the Judge. As soon as she saw him she cried out, "Woe to thee, Judge, woe to thee, that thou art so rich and I am so poor! without cause thou hast taken from me the cow which was my only support, forgetful alike of the mercy of God or man. Woe to thee! I would to Heaven that He would now hear my prayer, and send Death to take thee from the world thou hast done so much injustice to!"

The Judge returned no answer to all this; but Death led him away in triumph, saying, "See now, Master Judge, this is in earnest, and this you must be witness to."

So Death struck him in the midst of the crowd at the feet of the old woman whose cow he had so unjustly taken; and people said,

"He who walks with Death by his side
Must take heed to his ways, and God for his guide."



THE UNJUST JUDGE.



THE THIEF IN THE MILLET.

IN a certain town there dwelt a rich merchant, who had a large and beautiful garden behind his house, a portion of which was sown with millet; and one day early in spring, when the corn was beginning to look green and flourishing,

he walked in his garden, and perceived, to his great vexation, that during the past night a portion of his young millet had been destroyed by the hand of some wicked fellow. Now because he had always sown millet in this particular spot, he had a great affection for it; for, like most other men, he had his peculiar weaknesses. He resolved, therefore, to catch the rascal, and either to punish him on the spot or deliver him up to justice. So calling together his three sons, Michael, George, and John, he said to them, "Last night a thief was in our garden, and tore up a quantity of my millet, to my excessive annoyance; this wretch must be caught and punished. You, my sons, must watch in turns, night by night; and whoever catches the thief I will reward handsomely."

The first night Michael, the eldest son, watched, armed with a brace of pistols and a sharp sabre. But as he provided himself with good meat and drink, and, wrapped in a warm cloak, lay down under a juniper-bush to enjoy himself, the consequence was that he soon fell sound asleep. When he awoke it was broad daylight, and a still larger piece of the millet was gone than on the former night. When the merchant came into the garden and saw this, he knew that his son, instead of watching for the thief, had fallen asleep; and so he gave him a sound rating for his negligence, and laughed at him, and said he wondered that the thief had not stolen him, sword, pistols, and all.

The following night George watched, armed not only with the same weapons as his brother had, but also with a thick club and a strong rope. George, however, fell asleep as his brother had done; and the next morning he found that the thief had committed still further ravages on the millet. The father flew into a great passion, and declared that if the third

watcher should sleep too, the millet would need no more looking after, for it would be all gone.

It was now John's turn, and in spite of all remonstrance he would take no arms with him ; but he secretly furnished himself with thorns and thistles to keep himself awake with. So when he went into the garden at night he placed these thorns in a row before him ; and then, whenever he began to nod, they tickled his nose, and made him open his eyes again. When midnight came, he heard a tramping, which came nearer and nearer, and as soon as it had reached the millet, something began to pull at it. "Hold," thought he to himself, "I have the thief;" and softly pushing aside the thorns, he drew a rope from his pocket, and made towards the place whence the noise proceeded. Who would have thought it?—the thief was a pretty little pony! John was excessively delighted; and with scarcely any trouble he made it prisoner, for the animal followed him like a dog to the stable, and there John locked him up for the night. That done, he went quietly to bed; and when his brothers got up in the morning, intending to go into the garden to see how their brother had fared, they perceived him, to their great astonishment, lying snugly in bed. They awoke him, and began to laugh at him with all their might, that instead of watching, he had been all night long asleep in his bed. "Don't you say a word," said John to them, "and I will soon show you the thief." And then leading his father and brothers down to the stable, he showed them the wonderful little pony, about which nobody knew any thing, whence it came or to whom it belonged. It was a dear little thing to look at, of an elegant form, and, besides, quite silver-white. The merchant was very much pleased with it, and gave the pony to his brave son John, for a present; and he

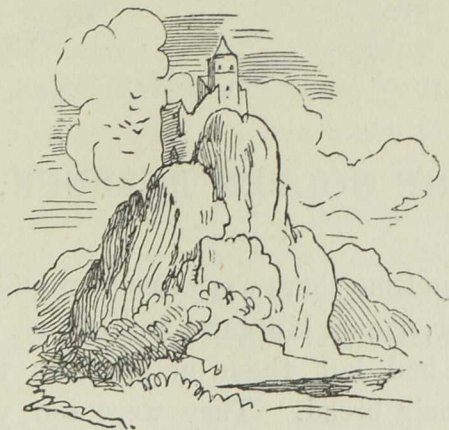
was so charmed with the animal that he called it "Millet-thief."

Soon after this occurrence the brothers heard that a beautiful princess was enchanted in the castle which stood upon the glass mountain, up which nobody could climb, because of its extreme smoothness. It was rumoured, however, that whoever was fortunate enough to ascend to the castle and ride thrice round it, would rescue the princess, and gain her as his bride. A great number had already made the trial, and lost their lives by slipping back in the attempt to ascend. But still the wonderful tale of the mountain was told; and the three brothers took it into their head to try their luck in riding up to the castle, and if possible to win the beautiful princess. Michael and George bought themselves strong young horses, and caused their hoofs to be rough-shod; but John saddled his Millet-thief, and then all three rode forth to the trial. They soon reached the glass mountain, the eldest riding first; but alas! his horse began to stumble as soon as it reached the hill, and presently down it fell, and rolled with its rider to the bottom of the road. The second brother shared the same fate; and so neither of them would make a second trial. But up John rode without a single stumble; and trab, trab, away he went, thrice round the castle, as if Millet-thief had been accustomed to perform the same feat many hundred times. Presently the two stood before the castle-door, which flew open; and there was the princess, as beautiful as she had been described, all clothed in silk and gold, and with her arms extended, ready to welcome the trusty John. He quickly dismounted from his horse, and taking the princess in his arms, embraced with her all his happiness and fortune.

The princess after a while turned to the little pony on

which John had ridden, and hugging its head, said to it, "Oh, you naughty thing! why did you run away from me, so that I could no more enjoy the one delicious hour which was granted me on earth, when you carried me down and up this glass mountain? Now you must never leave me again."

As she said this, John saw in an instant that his Millet-thief was the enchanted pony of his beautiful princess. His brothers tried again after their fall to ascend the mountain; but John saw them no more, for he lived happily, free from all worldly cares, with his angel in the enchanted castle on the summit of the glass hill. And no one ever found a way up the mountain afterwards; for the key of the enchantment was lost, and the princess was freed from her ban by the brave little steed which had brought her her husband.





THE GOLDEN ROEBUCK.

ONCE upon a time there were two poor children, a brother and sister, named Margaret and Henry. Their parents were dead, and had left them nothing, so that they were forced to beg their bread. They were too young to work hard, Henry being scarcely twelve years old, and Margaret still younger. Every evening they would knock at some door; and many and many a time they were kindly taken in, food

and drink were given to them, and perhaps some little new piece of clothing bestowed upon them.

It happened that one evening they came to a cottage standing by itself; and tapping at the window, they asked an old woman, who put out her head, whether they could stop with her for the night. "For my part," she replied, "I will keep you all night; but if it becomes known to my husband, you are lost, for he devours any thing young and tender; and therefore he kills all the little children which fall in his way."

When the children heard this they were terribly frightened; but it was already dark, and they could go no further. So they willingly let the old woman hide them in a large tub, and there they rested as quiet as mice. But they could not sleep; and in about an hour's time they heard the heavy tread of a human being, who they thought must be the man-eater. They were soon made certain of this; for as soon as he came in, he began to scold his wife because she had not prepared him human food for supper. In the morning he left the house again, and made such a noise going away that the children, although sound asleep, were awakened by it.

As soon as they were up and dressed, the woman gave them some breakfast; and when they had finished, she said to them, "Here are two brooms; now go up stairs, and brush out all the rooms; there are twelve, but you must only dust eleven, and for your heads' sake do not meddle with the twelfth. Meanwhile I must go out; so be industrious, that all may be done by my return."

The children set to at once, and soon finished the eleven rooms; but Margaret was very curious to know what the twelfth room contained; still she dared not open the door, because they had been forbidden. But she peeped through

the key-hole, and beheld a beautiful little cart, to which was harnessed a little golden roebuck. She called to Henry directly, that he might peep too, and then looking cautiously out to see that the old woman was not returning, they hastily unlocked the door, and drawing out the cart, they got into it, and drove off with all possible speed. But after driving some little distance, they perceived not only the old woman, but also the man, coming towards them on the same road. "Alas, my dear sister," cried Henry, "what shall we do? If the old woman discovers us, we are lost."

"Be still," replied Margaret, "I know a witch's rhyme, which I learnt from our grandmother;" and she repeated, "Rose red, rose grow.—See me, see me not now."

Immediately they were changed into a rose-bush: Margaret was the flower; Henry the thorns; the roebuck the stem; and the cart formed the leaves. In a short time up came the man-eater and his wife; and the latter thought she would pluck such a pretty rose; but, ah! the thorns pricked her finger so deeply that it bled, and she hastily drew back. As soon as the old wretches were gone away, the children resumed their natural forms, and hastened on till they came to a baker's oven, which was full of bread. Out of its mouth came a voice which said, "Draw my bread, draw my bread!" so Margaret made haste, and drew the loaves out, and put them in the cart. Then they went on further, and came to a huge pear-tree, full of ripe fruit; and from the tree proceeded a voice, "Shake down my pears, shake down my pears!" Margaret shook the tree at once, while Henry gathered up the fruit, and put it in the cart. Next they came to a grape-vine, which was shouting "Pluck my grapes, pluck my grapes!" So Margaret plucked them also, and put them in the golden cart.

But in the meanwhile the man-eater and his wife reached their house ; and discovered, to their great horror, that the children had stolen their golden cart and roebuck, just as they themselves had stolen them many years before ; but then, not only had they robbed the owner, but they had also cruelly murdered him. The cart, besides its own intrinsic worth, had also the wonderful property that, wherever it went, gifts were given to it from all sides, from trees and bushes, from ovens and grape-vines. Thus it was that, although they were possessed of it by unlawful means, the man-eater and his wife had for many years lived upon the best of all kinds of food. So, when they saw that they were robbed of their cart, they pursued the children, in the hope of overtaking them and making them give up their costly booty. Moreover, the man-eater's mouth watered for human food, and he wished to catch and kill the children. With huge strides the pair hurried along ; and, from their peculiar form, they were seen by the children at a long distance off. The latter were just arrived at a large pond, which stopped their progress, for there was neither ferry nor bridge to carry them over. A flock of ducks only was to be seen swimming about, and these Margaret enticed to the shore by throwing them bread. Then she sung,

“ Little ducks, little ducks, swim feather to feather,
And make us a bridge to go over together.”

The ducks did as she wished directly, and formed a bridge, over which the children, the roebuck, and the cart reached the other side in safety. Close behind them on the side they left, the man-eater came running along ; and as soon as he reached the shore, he bellowed out,

“ Little ducks, little ducks, swim feather to feather,
And make us a bridge to go over together.”

The ducks accordingly formed themselves into a bridge again, and carried the two old wretches—across, do you think? no! to the middle of the pond the ducks swam, where the water was deepest, and then separating, they plumped their burden into the water, and then swam away.

Henry and Margaret afterwards became very wealthy people, and gave away liberally to all the poor around them; for they remembered how bitterly they had suffered when they themselves had been beggars.



THE TWO MILLERS ROUND AS BALLS.

ONCE upon a time there lived a miller, who, although he was naturally very strong and well, yet he wished to make himself proof against all blows, or stabs, or strokes of any kind. So he caused this wonderful clothing to be made for him: first he had a jacket stuffed with sand and chalk bound together with molten pitch, and lined behind with basket-work, and before with old iron bars and chains laced together, so that when it was finished, this jacket was as heavy and sword-proof as any breast-plate ever worn by the most valiant knight.

Underneath this jacket he wore three shirts and a real coat of mail, and above it another coat of mail, and besides nine woollen coats, such as are woven by the Swabian weavers to this day. When the miller was dressed in this way (his legs, moreover, being encased in more than four pair of leather hose of the most undoubted strength), he was such a stalwart round-about fellow that he was quite as broad as he was long; he could not get in and out of the city-gate but with the greatest difficulty; and in fact all his movements were obliged to be made under the guidance of his friends and acquaintance. Every year when he attended church on St. Oswald's Day he prepared as it were to show-off before the people, and so went armed from head to foot in the most formidable manner, in a wagon drawn by six stout oxen. After him walked all his

tenants and servants, with their wives and children, and these, when any danger menaced, crowded behind their master as an infallible shield and protection: for he was armed with two spears and a cross-bow; at his side hung a double-hilted sword as long as himself, and at his feet lay a second bow with a quiver full of arrows.

So when the ball-round miller with his wagon and four oxen came to a certain hill on the other side of which the road went, there waited there for him two of his nephews with their wives and children. These helped to push the wagon up the hill, six additional oxen being first harnessed in front, and so at last, with much effort, groaning, and straining, till the perspiration ran off their faces, they reached the top. Then when they set off down the hill quite as much labour was again needed to hold on the wagon behind, lest from the great weight and rotundity of the miller the whole affair should go head-over-heels. And when at length the church was reached, the poor man had to be raised from his wagon by means of cranes and ladders, as if he were a huge wine-cask; and as soon as he was seated, his kindred grouped themselves about him, like the Philistines around Goliath.

With all this the miller possessed great strength and courage; but once, when an enemy of his, a man of great might, met him on a field of battle, he received such a terrible blow as broke the helmet he wore on his head. Every one who saw the combat supposed the miller's head had been cut off too; but the cunning fellow had drawn it in under his immense jacket when he saw the blow coming, and so, before his opponent could raise his weapon again, he fetched him a stroke which cut him as deeply through the neck as the scythe of the mower does the grass. After this every body feared the

millers, who treated as jokes deeds which are generally only attributed to giants.

Now there was another miller in the neighbourhood who was quite as big and strong, and quite as round as the first miller; he wore, too, just such a well-stuffed and strong-made jacket, and all people feared him as much as they did the first miller. These two millers had hated and quarrelled with each other for ten years, and every holiday that they chanced to meet, they were sure to commence a dispute, which always ended in a regular fight; but neither of them could get the advantage over the other, and so they both came to be feared as two mighty warriors.

Now one of these millers had a son, and the other a daughter, and their love for one another was as great as their fathers' mutual hatred. But this affection of the two children only served to increase the feud between their fathers, till at last the friends of each set to work to reconcile them; and by degrees they so far succeeded that a betrothal took place between the two families.

But as soon as the report of this league between the two millers was made known, and when it was rumoured too that their children were about to be married, a great outcry and opposition was excited, because every one agreed that the two ball-round millers together would crush every one between them like two mill-stones. Nobody now dared to go too near either miller, for it was like contending with two; and no prince even could hope to overcome two such jackets as these fellows wore; and, besides, they were not to be starved out, since within their coats they could carry as many sacks of meal as would serve for their subsistence for a long time. However, when the two millers were grown so stout and strong that the

king himself could not, without the greatest difficulty, have vanquished them, it was a source of much joy to all that they consented to bear arms against the enemies of the country, and asked no other reward than the glory and honour of doing so much single-handed. By and by, however, they began to complain that they had no enemies to fight, for the renown of their might spread so far and wide, that all were cautious of attacking them.

The two ball-round millers accomplished many valiant deeds after their union with one another; and in fact, were all the acts that they did written down, the chronicle would reach half round the world. For their deeds were mightier than those related of the giants in old legend and story; and their declining days, if they be not living still, were spent amid a wild desert, where they had neither enemies nor friends.



THE SEVEN CROWS.

A GREAT many years ago there lived a woman who had seven sons, but only one daughter, much younger than her brothers. Their father was a very careful and industrious workman, and on that account was never in want of employment; so that not only did he earn sufficient to feed and clothe all his children, but enough too to enable his wife, by good management, to lay by a little against sickness and accidents. He died, however, a poor man, in the prime of life; and his widow soon fell into distress and difficulty, for she was quite unable to earn enough to maintain eight children. The seven boys were now growing fast, and every day they seemed to be more and more hungry: but what added most to their

mother's grief, was, that they were so unruly; and, in spite of her remonstrances, became daily more wild and unmanageable. The poor woman tried hard to bear all her troubles patiently, and used every means to bring up her children honestly and decently; but, do what she would, the boys never minded her prayers and commands, but did just as they liked.

At length her patience came to an end; and one day, when they had aggravated her more than usual, she exclaimed, "Oh, you bad boys, I would you were seven black crows, that I might drive you away, and never see you again!" Scarcely had she thus spoken when, to her alarm, her words were fulfilled, and her seven sons flew straight away in the shape of black crows.

The mother now lived alone with her young daughter, and being able to work quietly and steadily, they earned quite as much, and even more, than they needed. The daughter grew up a comely pretty maiden; and, as years rolled on, she, and her mother too, longed to see the seven brothers again. They talked of them constantly, and thought how much happiness they should all have, if the boys might but return, and be willing to work, and to live contentedly with them. The girl especially nourished the hope of seeing her brothers again; and one day she said, "Dear mother, let me go in search of my brothers, that I may reclaim them from their idle habits, and bring them back to support you in your old age in honourable ease and comfort."

"Oh, you dear treasure of my heart!" replied the mother, "I cannot keep you back from so good a deed; go, and God be with you, and your devotion shall be rewarded."

So the girl set out, first putting on her little finger the ring which she had worn when her seven brothers had first

gone away. On, on she wandered, finding no trace of her brothers, until she came at last to a high mountain, on the top of which she could see the indistinct form of a little hut. As she looked at it more attentively, she fancied it was a huge nest, built of clay and twigs; and then again it assumed the form of a regular cottage. "Perhaps," thought she to herself, "my brothers may live there," and at the same moment perceiving seven black crows fly from the spot, her suspicion became a certainty in her own mind. Joyfully she began to ascend the hill; but the path up was strewn with rolling stones, and covered with moss, so that she slipped back almost every step she took. The poor girl could not get on at all, and wished that she had wings that she might fly up. As this crossed her mind, she perceived a goose wandering past, and in an instant the thought struck her to make use of its wings and feet. She soon caught it, cut off its wings and feet, and tied the first on her arms, and the other on her own feet. And then she got along famously, for the wings carried her up with very little trouble, and when she was tired of flying, the goose's feet found safe footing. She quickly arrived at the wished-for spot, and found a little hut, which she entered. Within she found seven little tables, seven little stools, and seven little beds. There were also seven little windows in the cottage, and in the oven stood seven little dishes, on which were laid roast fowls and broiled eggs. Now, the good little maiden was weary and hungry with her long journey, and was glad enough to rest a while. So, taking the seven dishes out of the oven, she ate a little piece from each, sat down upon each of the seven stools, and lay for a little while in each of the beds, till coming to the seventh, she fell fast asleep in it, and lay there when the brothers returned.

In they flew, one through each window of the room ; and, taking their dishes from the oven, sat down to eat. All saw at once that somebody had been tasting already, but none of them spoke ; and when they had done, they prepared to retire to bed. And now, again, each crow found his bed tumbled ; and when the seventh looked at his, he raised a loud cry, " Oh, what maiden is this lying in my bed ? " At these words the



others flew to the spot, and saw with astonishment the sleeping girl.

" Oh, whether is this our sister or not ? " asked one crow of the other ; and after a while one exclaimed,

" Yes, yes, it is ! Such hair had she, and such a mouth ; and this is the very same ring which she used to wear on her thumb, and has now on her little finger. "

Then they all kissed their sister, and talked together ; but she was so fast asleep that all their noise did not awake her.

At last she opened her eyes, and saw her seven black brothers sitting round the bed. "Ah, my dear brothers, how glad I am to see you!" she began; "heaven be thanked, that I have at last found you, for I have made a long wearisome journey on your account. And now, if your hearts are changed, and you will promise to love and reverence our mother, and will also work industriously, you cannot tell how gladly she will welcome you back."

The seven brothers wept bitterly, while their sister was speaking, and told her that they had never ceased to grieve for the loss of their home. Their life as crows, till they had built themselves a house, had been very miserable, and they had often suffered terribly from hunger.

The sister was glad indeed that her brothers had repented of their evil doings, for she knew that when their mother saw them return so repentant, she would restore them to their original forms.

Before they started for home the crows produced a strong oak box, which they opened and gave to their sister, saying, "Take these beautiful gold rings and bright diamonds in your apron to our mother. They are what we have picked up at various times for the sake of their glitter only, but now they will serve to find us food and clothing."

The sister readily did as her brothers wished; for she herself was charmed with the beauty of the precious stones; and in return the crows lightened her journey home by joining their wings together to carry her for a short distance on the road. As soon as they reached the house, the seven crows flew in at the window of the room where their mother was sitting, and entreated her pardon. Their sister added her entreaties to theirs; and with tears of joy coursing down

her cheeks, their mother granted their prayer, and immediately their human shape was restored to them. They were now seven handsome well-made youths, such as any mother might be proud of and love dearly, forgetful of their former wicked conduct.

Soon after their return home, these young men all took to themselves wives ; and in the new house, which they built with the proceeds of their precious jewels, they celebrated the first feast—on the occasion of their sevenfold marriage. The mansion which they thus erected was so large, that when, soon after, the sister married, her brothers would not suffer her to live away from them, but made room for her easily in the same house. Their old mother too found there a quiet place in which to end her days, cheered by the society of her children and grandchildren, and tenderly cared for by her seven once prodigal sons.



THE JUG OF TEARS.

THERE once lived a mother blessed with one only child, a little girl, whom she loved so very dearly that she could not bear her to be out of her sight. But God sent among the children of the village where she lived a sore sickness, which fell also upon this much-loved child. For three days and nights the mother wept and prayed by the bedside of her beloved daughter; and then God took the child to himself.

A powerful and unspeakable grief took possession of the bereaved mother. She refused to eat or drink, and for three days wept without ceasing, and called continually upon her child. But during the third night, as she thus sat grieving by the bed whereon her daughter had died, unconscious, from her

excessive sorrow, of what passed around her, the door of the room was gently opened, and the mother raising her eyes, saw her dead child standing before her. Clothed in an angel's form, her face beaming with the purity and knowledge of heaven, she looked sweetly at her mother, and showed her an almost overflowing jug which she held carefully in her hands. "Oh, my dear mother," she said, "weep for me no longer. See, in this jug are your tears, collected by the angel of mourning. Weepst thou one tear more, the jug will run over, and then I shall have no rest in my grave, and no happiness in heaven. So, as you love me, weep no more; for your child is happier far where she is than earth or you could ever have made her."

With these words the child disappeared; and the mother dried her eyes, and henceforth wept no more,—that she might not disturb the rest and peace of her beloved child.



THE GOLDEN AGE.

AGES upon ages ago, the remembrance of which has almost passed away, the corn which grew in the fields bore ears not only at the top of its stalks, but even the whole length of them down to the ground. At that time poverty and famine were unknown words, and it was called the Golden Age. And it was not man's food alone that grew in this plenty, but all the birds of the air and fowls of the earth found more than enough to satisfy their hunger.

But there were, among the men of that day, those who were ungrateful, and despised the fair gifts of God. Nay, there were even women who took the good ears of corn to rub the dust from their children's clothes, and wasted it in

other ways. The children also, following their parents' example, trampled down the corn, and rolled themselves in it, and made the corn-fields their regular playground. Such conduct as this displeased the good God, who had given such plenty to be used, and not abused, by man and beast; and so He resolved to take away what was so lightly regarded.

Thenceforth each blade of corn bore but one ear; that man might learn to value the good gift, and that the innocent beasts might not perish.

From that time hunger and poverty have always been known in this world. And once in a while God causes a stalk of corn to produce a fourfold ear, that man may know what he has lost. And among the country-folk there runs a prophecy, that when the message of angels of old,—“Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good-will towards men,”—shall be accomplished, then will such ears of corn again grow, and then will the Golden Age return to earth again.

But none of us will live to see that day.

THE THREE WEDDING-GUESTS.

IN a certain village there once lived three dogs, who were in the habit of keeping company together; and one day, as they were taking a stroll, they heard that a wedding was to be celebrated, to which all the inhabitants of the place were invited. Presently they became sensible, by their noses, that a great and savoury smell of cooking and baking of all manner of good things was dispersed throughout the whole length of the village.

So the three dogs held a consultation how they should go to the wedding, to see if any thing was left for their share. And, in order to avoid particular observation, they determined not to go all three at once, but singly, one after the other.

Accordingly, the first dog started off, and made for the kitchen of the house, where he snatched up a great piece of meat, and was about to make off with it, when he was caught; and not only was a sound thrashing given him, but the joint was snatched out of his very teeth.

So he returned, as hungry as he went and much more tired, to his companions, who eagerly inquired, as soon as he appeared, the result of his venture. But the dog was ashamed to confess the truth,—that his dinner-seeking had resulted in

a drubbing: "All right," said he; "but one must be very sharp, and able to put up with both hard and soft."

When his companions heard this, they imagined there was an immense variety of things to be had at the wedding, and that many pieces, hard and soft, of flesh and bone, fell to the lot of those who attended. So away ran the second dog, with all possible speed, and he also made his way into the kitchen, and snatched up what came first. But ere he got clear of the premises, he was seen, and a saucepan of boiling-hot water was flung after him, which hit him so exactly, that he was obliged to rub the wet off him like a dog which has been in the river. But notwithstanding that he was somewhat scalded, he concealed his pain, and made his way back to his comrades. "I fared very well," said he, in reply to their questions; "but it is very hot there, and one ought to be able to bear both cold and heat."

This reply caused the third dog to believe that the guests were just changing the courses; and so, fearing to lose his chance, he ran off as quickly as possible, that he might get there before the sweets and the dessert were laid on the table. But he had scarcely walked into the house, when he was perceived, and his tail shut in between the door; and then, unable as he was to walk backwards or forwards, he had to endure a tremendous whipping, and only escaped at last by leaving the skin of his tail behind him!

"Well, how did you manage at the wedding?" asked both of his companions, chuckling to themselves as they did so. The poor dog, worst-served of all, as he was, put his tail between his legs as well as he could, and then replied, "Oh, very well, I gained as much as you; but one should be able to spare hair at such a place as that!"

Then the three dogs reflected how the wedding soup, the wedding meat, and the wedding cake had been served out to them ; and they all came to the conclusion that they had had quite enough of wedding-cookery !





THE FOX AND THE HARE.

A FOX and a hare were travelling together in the winter-time, when no herbs were to be found in the fields, nor any thing visible that the poor creatures could eat. "This is hungry weather," said the fox to the hare; "we must go a-begging."

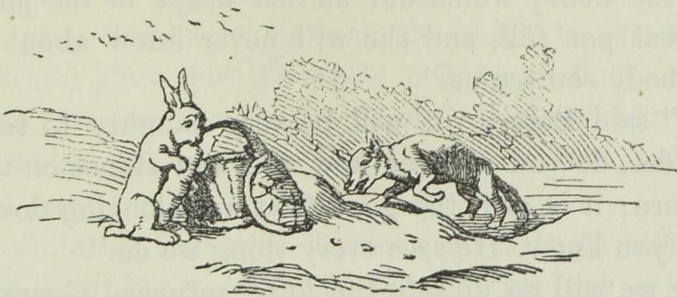
"Yes, indeed it is," replied the hare, "it is hungry every where; and, in fact, I could eat my own ears, if I had any means of getting them between my jaws!"

But while they were thus grumbling and trudging along, they espied at a distance a country maiden walking along with a basket in her hand, and from this basket the wind brought to the noses of the fox and the hare a pleasant smell of new bread. "Here's a chance for us!" exclaimed the fox; "do you, Master Hare, lie down and make believe to be dead; the girl will set down her basket, and come and pick you up for the sake of your skin, to make gloves of; meanwhile I will snatch up the basket and make off with it for our own eating."

The hare followed this advice, while the fox hid himself

behind a snow-drift. Presently up came the girl, and seeing the hare stretched out all fours, she set her basket down, and stooped to take up the dead animal. At the same moment out bolted the fox, and catching up the basket, ran off, closely followed by the hare, who suddenly came to life again. But the latter soon perceived that the fox had no intention of sharing the contents of the basket; but he made no remark until they came to a small fish-pond. Then he said to the fox, "Would it not be a nice thing to get some fish to eat with our bread, then we should feast like great folks? Do you hang your tail down a little below the water, and then the fish will lay hold of it, for they have not much to eat at this season; but make haste, or else the pond will freeze over!"

The fox, without suspecting any trick, dipped his tail in the water, which was upon the point of freezing, and kept it there till the ice actually had formed; and so his tail was set fast. Then the hare opened the basket, and composedly ate before the eyes of the fox the loaves which were in it. And as he finished each successive roll he said to the fox in a mocking tone, "Wait a bit, and it will thaw; wait till spring-time, and it will thaw!" And when he had eaten all the bread he ran away, leaving the poor fox in a raging passion, like a dog chained to a post.





THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

GEORGE and Bessy were brother and sister, and good children enough to be left alone at home while their parents went to the nearest towns and villages to sell the baskets which they made of reeds and rushes. One day when the parents had gone out, as usual, leaving each of the children a piece of bread for dinner, George was so hungry that he ate his long before dinner-time, and Bessy was obliged to give him a piece of hers. But this even did not satisfy him, and he began to talk to his sister and try to coax her to do wrong. "Come," said he, "come, dear Bessy, and we will taste a little of the honey which our mother keeps in the jar there; it is a great pot full, and she will never know about it; besides, nobody can see us."

"But," said Bessy, "it will be very naughty to touch it; and, besides, do you not see how the sun shines on the cupboard there; it is as if the good God were looking down upon us; and, you know, He sees every thing we do."

"Then we will go up into the loft," returned George, "and

eat some of the pears mother has stored up there ; there is no window there, and the sun cannot shine in, so God will not see what we do."

Bessy at first refused to go ; but at last the two children went up together. But here, too, to George's alarm, the sun's rays had found a way through the chinks in the tiles on the roof, and they were dancing about just on the place where the pears lay. "Oh, George dear, the good God is here too ; see, He is every where ; we must not touch these pears."

So they went down stairs again ; and as they descended, George said, "Ah, now I remember there is a jug of cream down in the cellar ; come, Bessy dear, it is surely dark enough there, and I am sure no one can see us there in any way ; come, quick, quick !" so saying, George took the unwilling hand of his sister, and dragged her down the cellar-steps, and then carefully shut the door behind him, after he had made sure where the cream stood. But in a few minutes there came a little light into the cellar, and then Bessy perceived that the sun shone through a small chink in the wall, and she was so startled at this that she ran hastily up the steps again, leaving George alone.

George first stopped up the hole in the wall with moss, and then began to eat the cream. But while he was thus busily engaged, a loud clap of thunder rolled over the house, and the lightning flashed in through the chink in the wall with such a bright glare that the whole cellar was illuminated. In his alarm, George saw, as he fancied, a black figure in one corner, which appeared to come towards him, and in an agony of terror he fell down on the ground.

Meanwhile, in the room above, a good angel was keeping company with Bessy (and had brought her not only sweets

and milk, but also a variety of playthings), and he remained with her till her parents returned. As soon as they came in, they inquired for George, and then Bessy remembered with consternation that she had left him all alone in the cellar. "Ah, perhaps he cannot open the door again!" she said; "I will go and fetch him." But they all went down, and saw poor George lying on the floor, holding the cream-jug in his hand. As soon as he heard the noise, he looked up, and seeing his mother, he grew more frightened than ever, and began to weep bitterly. Then his mother raised him up, and taking the half-emptied jug from him, gave him a sound flogging.

After that day George never touched what did not belong to him; and when, at any time, his companions tried to tempt him to do what was wrong, he steadily refused to talk to them or join with them, saying, "No, no; God is every where, and nothing is hidden from his sight." And acting always in this way, he lived and died a happy, because a thoroughly upright man.



THE COURAGEOUS FLUTE-PLAYER.

ONCE upon a time there lived a merry musician, who was a complete master of the flute, and gained his livelihood by travelling about the country playing tunes in all the towns and villages through which he passed.

One evening he was glad to get a lodging beneath the roof of a farm-house, for it was too late to proceed to the next

village. He was very kindly received by the farmer, who gave him a good supper in return for the tunes which he played upon his flute. But in the course of the evening the musician chanced to look out at the window, and then he saw by the light of the moon the ruins of a fine old castle. "What old castle is that, and to whom does it belong?" asked he of the farmer.

The farmer told him a long story, how, many many years ago, a count had lived there, very rich, but very covetous and miserly. He had also been a great tyrant to his tenants, had given alms to none of the poor on his estate or elsewhere, and at last had died without heirs, because, as he said, he could not afford the luxury of a wife. The estate had then fallen to the next of kin; but when he came to the castle he could not find a single penny of his predecessor's riches. It was supposed that a great treasure was hidden somewhere, but no one as yet had ever hit upon the right place. And besides, many of those who had entered the castle to search for the money had never reappeared, and therefore the ruler of the province had forbidden any one to go within the bounds of the castle, and all the people round were warned not to transgress this prohibition. To all this the musician listened very attentively; and when the farmer had ended his tale, he declared that he had a great mind to enter the ruins, for he was not afraid of meeting whatever he might find there. The farmer tried hard, both with entreaties and threats, to persuade him not to risk his life in such a foolhardy exploit; but the musician was deaf to all his prayers—go he would.

So two of the farm-servants had to take lanterns, and accompany the musician to the ruined castle. As soon as they arrived at the gates, he sent them both back with one of the

lanterns ; the other he took in his hand and bravely mounted the steps before the door. He went in, and found himself in a spacious hall with doors on all sides of it. One of these he opened, and entering the room, set his light on a fine old table which stood there, and began playing his flute.

The farmer meanwhile had been quite unable to go to bed out of anxiety for his guest's safety, and so he placed himself at a window open towards the castle. Here, when he heard the notes of the flute, he was overjoyed, knowing his guest was safe ; but as his clock struck eleven, the sound of the music ceased, and instantly he was seized with a strong belief that as the clock struck, his guest had been seized by some evil spirit.

But the musician had rested in order to appease his hunger ; for, as he had not eaten much at the farmer's table, he felt faint, and so went into the next room to recruit. There he found a saucepan full of uncooked lentils, a pan of water, some salt, and a flask of wine. Without more ado he poured the water on the lentils, added some salt, and then making a fire on the hearth, cooked some soup. While that was boiling he drank the wine and played some more tunes. Then when the lentils were done enough, he poured them out into a dish which stood ready on the table, and made a hearty meal. While he was eating, he looked at his watch, and found it was just eleven, and in a few minutes after, the door suddenly opened, and two tall black men appeared, carrying a bier, on which rested a coffin. They placed this without a word on the table before the musician, who did not in the least disturb himself, and then departed as silently as they had come. As soon as they were gone, the musician hastily rose and opened the coffin. Within it lay a withered little old man with long

grey hair and beard. As he did not appear to be quite dead, the musician took him out, and laying him by the fire, the warmth quickly revived him. Then he gave him some lentil-soup, and as this was swallowed, the old man seemed quite revived, and said to the musician, "Follow me."

Taking his lantern, he did as he was told without any fear, and following the old man down a long flight of steps, found himself at last in a spacious cavern far under ground. Here lay a great heap of money; and stopping before it, the old man said to his companion, "Divide this heap into two exactly equal portions; for if one piece is left over, your life will pay the forfeit!"

The musician laughed at the threat, but nevertheless set about the task, and quickly counting the money, laid it in two equal heaps, but, after all, he found one piece over. The musician looked for a while at this solitary piece, but he soon decided what to do; and taking out his pocket-knife, he placed it edgewise on the coin, and then with a hammer split the latter into two halves. Then he threw one half on one heap of money, and the other on the other heap; and as he did so the old man exclaimed, "Blessed man that thou art, thou hast saved me! For a hundred years I was doomed to watch my treasure, unless any one should come who could divide the heap into two equal portions. All who have hitherto tried and failed, I was forced to destroy; but thou, blessed man, hast succeeded; and now one heap is thine, the other thou must give to the poor." With these words the old man disappeared. And at the same time the musician remounted the steps, and regaining his former apartment, played a succession of merry tunes on his flute.

The farmer heard him again, and was greatly rejoiced,

knowing his guest to be safe, after all. So as soon as day broke, he went to the castle (for any one was allowed to go in the daytime), and congratulated the musician on his good fortune. The latter related all his adventures ; and when he had told his tale, he descended to the cavern and brought up the gold. The half he distributed among the poor, as its former possessor had desired him, and with the remainder he built himself a noble castle on the site of the ruined one, and lived there the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of health and happiness.





HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor basket-maker who had seven children, who were in height one above another, like so many steps, except the youngest, who was so very diminutive that he was called "Hop-o'-my-Thumb;" for when he was born he was no bigger than his father's thumb. Truly he did grow a bit as years rolled on; but the name which he first received clung to him, for he never attained a height proportionate to his age. But what he wanted in stature he made up in cleverness and agility, and in those two accomplishments he beat all his brothers put together.

One year the parents of these seven children were reduced to great poverty ; for basket-making and straw-weaving are by no means such good and certain employments as baking bread or killing fat calves. What to do they did not know ; and especially they were puzzled to think how they should manage to fill the stomachs of their seven boys, who were all blessed with good appetites. So one night, when they had put their children to bed, the husband and wife determined, after much consideration, to take their boys into the wood, to the spot where they gathered rushes, and there secretly to leave them. But Hop-o'-my-Thumb, chancing to lie awake that night, heard this cruel scheme planned ; and the rest of the night he passed without sleep, endeavouring to devise some mode to escape the impending danger, and to save his brothers and himself.

Early in the morning Hop-o'-my-Thumb got up, and going to a stream which ran close by the house, filled his little pockets full of small white pebbles, and returned home as quietly as he went. He said not a word to his brothers of what he had overheard ; and by and by the basket-maker and his wife called to their children to accompany them into the forest. Now Hop-o'-my-Thumb lagged behind, which passed unremarked, because of his being so small and soon getting tired ; but he was secretly dropping pebbles as he walked, that he might find the path home again.

When they reached the destined spot, the parents slyly slipped away without being perceived by their children. But presently the young ones discovered that they were alone ; and then all, except Hop-o'-my-Thumb, raised a loud and dreadful outcry. But he only laughed, and said to his brothers, ‘There,—do not howl in that frightful manner ; we will soon find the way !’ So now Hop-o'-my-Thumb went in front,

and not behind, as before, and looking as he walked for the white pebbles, he discovered the right path.

Meanwhile the parents having reached home found to their surprise that an old debt had been providentially left for them by a neighbour; and soon they bought victuals, beneath which their table groaned. But when they sat down to eat, their hearts were full of remorse on account of their conduct to their children, and the wife began bitterly to lament them. "Alas, dear children," she cried, "I would to heaven you were here now; you might all of you eat as much as you liked; but perhaps the wolves have already eaten you! Oh, my dear children! oh, that you were here!"

"Here we are, mother!" cried the voice of Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who had arrived at the cottage, and overheard his mother's lament. And opening the door, in he trotted with his brothers,—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven! They had brought their good appetites back with them, and the table so richly spread was a famous feast for them. There were great rejoicings on the return of the children, and so long as the money lasted, as is the custom with too many working-people, they lived extravagantly in every way. So it naturally fell out that in a very little while there was again great poverty and distress in the basket-maker's house, and the temptation became stronger than before to leave the children alone in the forest. But Hop-o'-my-Thumb luckily overheard this second time the dialogue between his father and mother, and he immediately acted as before.

Early in the morning he went down stairs, intending to slip out and fetch some pebbles; but, alas! the door this time was bolted, and Hop-o'-my-Thumb could not reach so high. So he was compelled to try another plan; and putting his

breakfast in his pocket, instead of eating it, he resolved to drop crumbs as he went along.

Every thing happened as before, with this difference, that Hop-o'-my-Thumb could not find the way home, because the birds had picked up every one of his crumbs. Now his brothers made a most terrible uproar, such as might have moved a stone; but they still walked on through the wood, following Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who was too sensible either to cry or fear imaginary dangers. When night overtook them, the seven brothers slept upon a mossy bank beneath a wide-spreading beech-tree. And as soon as daylight appeared, Hop-o'-my-Thumb climbed up the tree to survey the surrounding country. For some time he could see nothing but bare boughs; but at length he descried a small cottage, and taking observation of its direction, he descended from the tree, and walked boldly forward, accompanied by his brothers. After fighting their way through many thickets of bramble, brushwood, and thorn, all perceived the house glistening among the trees, and boldly stepping up, one of them knocked at the door. A woman opened it, and Hop-o'-my-Thumb at once asked her whether she could take them in, as they had lost their way, and knew not where to turn. "Alas, poor children!" cried the woman, and then bidding them enter, she warned them that they were in the house of an ogre, who especially delighted in eating young children. This was a brilliant prospect! The children trembled like aspen-leaves when they heard of what was in store, for it was rather uncomfortable to think that they themselves stood a chance of being eaten up, when what they wanted was something to eat. The woman, however, was so far compassionate that she gave them some food, and hid them in a safe place. Soon afterwards a heavy tread was

heard, and a knock at the door announced the arrival of the ogre. As soon as he came in, he sat down to the table, and began to wash down his food with large draughts of wine. When he had made a hearty meal, he called out to his wife, "I smell human food!" His wife tried to persuade him that it was his fancy only which made him think of such a thing; but without paying her any attention, he looked about till he found the seven brothers. They were nearly dead with terror, for already the ogre began to sharpen his knife to kill them. He was at last dissuaded from doing so by the earnest entreaties of his wife, who represented that the children, especially the youngest, wanted fattening. So the young ones were put to bed together, and in the same room was a second bed of immense size, in which slept the seven daughters of the ogre, who were about the same size as the seven boys. They were all horribly ugly, but they each wore a crown of gold, and Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who had remarked this, instead of going to sleep when his brothers did, slipped out of bed, and gently taking the crowns from off the sisters' heads, placed them on his six brothers and himself. Now while he was thus engaged the ogre had been indulging in copious draughts of wine, and this made him feel so savage and murderous, that he rose from the table, and taking his knife, stepped softly into the sleeping-room, intending to chop off the heads of the seven brothers. But it was pitch dark, and as he was stumbling about the room, he knocked against a bed. "Aha!" he cried, as he felt the crowns upon the heads of those lying in it, "I was near making a fine mistake, and killing my seven daughters instead of those seven young rascals!" So saying, he groped about the room till he lighted on the other bed, and feeling only night-caps on the heads of the

seven sleepers, he killed all his daughters in a minute. Then he lay down and went to sleep; and as soon as he began to snore, Hop-o'-my-Thumb awoke his brothers, and led them out of the house into the forest. But there they wandered up and down for hour after hour, without advancing one step homewards.

Meanwhile the ogre had awoke as morning dawned, and his first words were to tell his wife to see after the children. She thought he wished her to wake them, and went at once to the room. But what a sight was there for the poor woman! She was so overcome with grief and horror that she fell senseless to the floor. Presently the ogre began to wonder what kept his wife, and went himself to see. The rage into which he went surpasses description. Instantly drawing on his seven-leagued boots, he went in pursuit of the brothers. Hop-o'-my-Thumb was the first to perceive his approach, and a cave being luckily close by, he concealed himself in it along with his brothers. In a minute or two afterwards the ogre came up to the spot, but without observing that the objects of his pursuit were so near; and the top of the cave offering a nice situation for a nap; the ogre threw himself down, and was soon fast asleep. He snored away like thunder; and while he was so engaged, Hop-o'-my-Thumb slipped out of his hiding-place, and after a great deal of tugging succeeded in pulling off the wonderful boots. By a great piece of good fortune, these boots had the faculty of contracting to the size of their wearer's feet; and so, when Hop-o'-my-Thumb put them on, they fitted him exactly. As soon as he was thus equipped, he took hold with each hand of one of his brothers, and they in their turn took the hand of two more, and so all six were united. By the help of the boots they soon reached home,

where a hearty welcome met them. Here Hop-o'-my-Thumb commended his brothers to the care of his parents ; and saying that he would himself look after his own welfare, he made one stride, and was away on the top of the hills, and with another stride he went quite out of sight of the house, his parents and all.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb now made his fortune with all the ease in the world, by the aid of his wonderful boots, and performed several long and dangerous journeys on behalf of many great lords. No pursuer on horse or foot could ever overtake him ; and his adventures were so numerous that a great book might be filled with an account of them.





THE HARE-KEEPER.

A CERTAIN rich king had a very pretty daughter, who, when she was of marriageable age, was promised to be the bride of him who could first catch a golden apple which the princess would throw up in the air, and then should perform three tasks which the king should set. Many and many a youth had caught the apple, but failed to perform the tasks, and at last a shepherd-boy came to try.

Now the first task was this: The king had a hundred hares in his stables, and whoever led them in the morning out to pasture, and brought them all safely home at night, had per-

formed the first thing. The shepherd took a day to consider whether he had confidence enough in himself to do what was required, and during that time he walked about the hills around, considering the task. There met him while he was thus thinking an old man, who inquired the cause of his thoughtfulness.

“Alas! nobody can help me,” he cried.

“Do not decide too hastily on that point,” said the man; “tell me your thoughts, perhaps I can help you.”

The shepherd told him all. Then the man gave him a reed, saying, “Keep this with care; it will be of great use to you;” and without waiting to be thanked he disappeared.

The shepherd thereupon went back to the king with a joyful countenance, and said, “I will tend your hares!”

So they were led out of the stable: but before the last came out, the first ones had disappeared from sight over the mountains. The shepherd went into the fields and sat down upon a little hillock, thinking to himself what he should do. All at once he remembered his pipe, and taking it from his pocket, he had no sooner played a few notes than all the hares came back and began to feed around him.

But it was no part of the design of the princess or her father that a mean and low-born shepherd lad should win the prize, and so they contrived together a plot to prevent him from bringing the herd of hares home complete. The princess went to him disguised in common clothing with her face dyed, so that he might not recognize her, but he nevertheless did. Then, when she perceived that the hares were all right, she asked whether she could not buy one of them.

“No,” replied the shepherd, “they are not to be sold; but you are at liberty to earn one if you please.”

“In what way is that to be done?” she asked.

“If you give me a kiss and keep company with me for half an hour,” he replied.

At first she would not consent to this; but when she found that she could not attain her object by any other means, she



let him have his way, and after a while he caught a hare for her, and placing it in her basket, she went away with it. But in a quarter of an hour's time after she had left him the shep-

herd blew upon his pipe, and immediately the hare jumped out of her basket and ran back to him.

Now in a little while afterwards the old king went to the shepherd; but although he tried to disguise himself, the latter recognized him. He came riding upon an ass, and on each side of his saddle a basket was hung.

“Any hares to sell?” asked the king.

“No, none to sell, but one to be earned, if you please,” replied the shepherd.

“And how earned?” asked the king.

“If you kiss your ass’s tail,” answered the shepherd, “you shall have one hare.”

The king was unwilling to do such a thing, and offered the shepherd a heavy purse of gold if he would sell. But he refused absolutely; and at length the king, in his anxiety to gain a hare, so far forgot his dignity as to give his ass a hearty kiss upon the tail. At the same instant the shepherd caught a hare, and placed it in one of the panniers. The king then rode away; but he had not proceeded very far when the shepherd took out his pipe, and presently back came the hare at the sound of the music.

By and by the king reached home. “He is a cunning fellow that shepherd,” said he; “I could get no hare from him!” But not a word did he say of what he had done.

“Yes,” returned the princess, “I found him so too!” but she said no more of what had happened.

And as soon as evening came, the shepherd returned, and counted the hares into the stables in the king’s presence, and the number was exactly one hundred.

“The first task is accomplished,” said the king; and now you must try the second. Mark what I say. In my granary

lie a hundred measures of turnip-seed and a hundred measures of lentil-seed. These are all mixed together ; and now if you, during the night, without a candle, separate the one from the other, and make two heaps of them, you will have performed the second task."

"I can do it," exclaimed the shepherd ; and forthwith he was locked up in the granary where the seed was. By and by, when every thing was quiet in the castle, he blew upon his pipe, and immediately out crept several thousand ants, and they crawled and carried here and there till the turnip and lentil-seeds were divided into two distinct heaps. Early in the morning the king came down, and found the task accomplished ; he did not see the ants, for they had left as soon as their part was finished. The king wondered very much how the shepherd could have done what he had ; but without making any remark, he set him the third task, which was in one night to eat up all the bread which was placed so close in a certain room that it could not be entered without biting one's way in. And when he had done this task he promised the shepherd his daughter.

So as soon as night came, the shepherd was placed in the bread-chamber, having first eaten out a space to stand upright in ; and when every body was gone to bed he played upon his pipe. Forthwith appeared an immense troop of mice, who attacked the bread so valiantly, that as daylight appeared, they had consumed every loaf to the very last crumb. When the shepherd saw this, he began to kick lustily at the door, crying out, "Open the door, make haste, open the door ! I am dying with hunger !"

And so he accomplished the third task. But the king still wanted to shuffle out of his engagement ; and so he said to the

peasant, "You shall have my daughter, if you tell us a sackful of idle stories first."

The shepherd began, and went on half the day with a long string of falsehoods; but the sack was still declared to be only half full. At length he said, "I have kept company for an hour with my dearest bride, the princess." At these words the princess blushed crimson all over her face and neck; and so much so that the king suspected that it was really true, and wondered when and where it had happened. "But the sack is not full yet," cried the king.

So the shepherd continued, "My lord the king has also kissed his donkey's"——

"It is full, it is full!" exclaimed the king; for he would not for the world have had it betrayed to his whole circle of courtiers that he had so demeaned his royal lips.

So the shepherd after all married the princess; and the festivities on the occasion lasted fourteen days, and were so magnificently and courteously conducted, that I very much wish you and I could have been there.



THE MAN IN THE MOON, AND HOW HE CAME THERE.

IN the olden time a man went one Sunday morning into a forest, and there he cut a great armful of faggots, and tied them up into a bundle, and stuck a forked stick into it, and hoisting it on his shoulders, trudged on his way home again.

Then it chanced that he met with an honest-looking fellow dressed in his Sunday clothes, who was on his way to church. And as this man saw the bundle of faggots he stopped its bearer, and said, "Dost thou not know that this is Sunday, the day on which the Creator, when He had made man and beast, rested from his labour? Dost thou not know that it is written in the third commandment that thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath-day?"

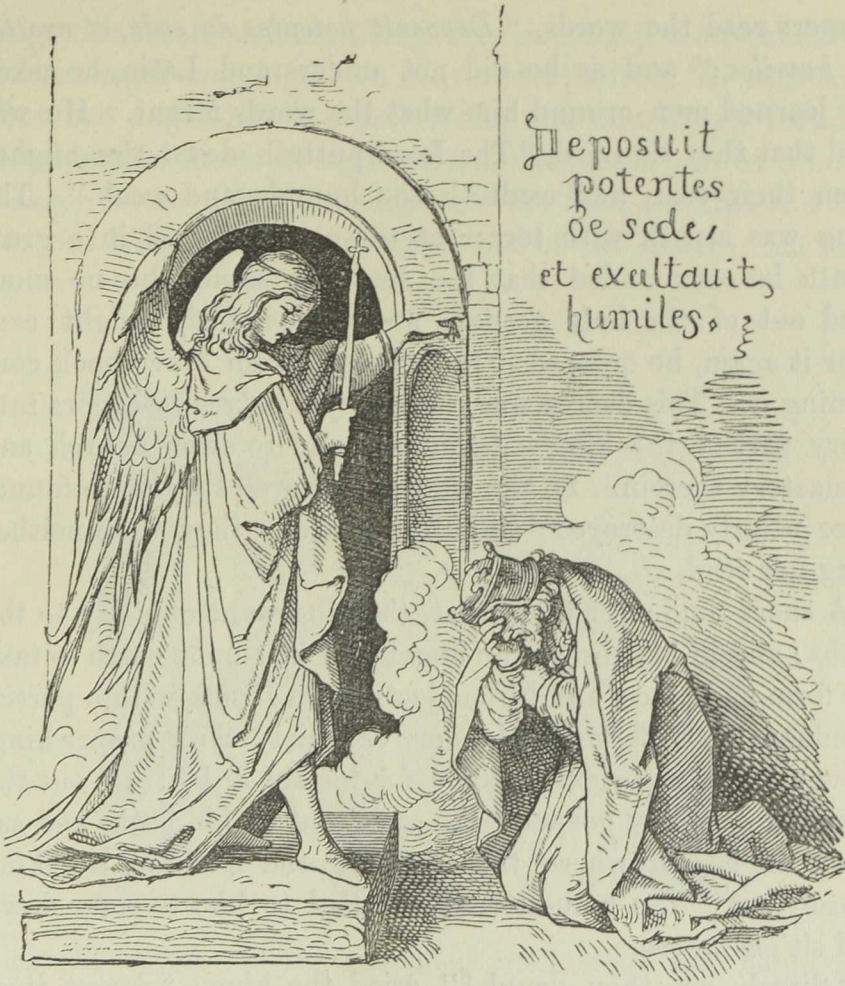
"Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven," replied the wood-cutter in a scornful tone, "what matters it to you or to me!"

"Now, for ever shalt thou carry thy bundle of sticks," returned the first speaker, who was no other than an angel in

human form ; “and because Sunday on earth has been so little valued by thee, thou shalt spend all thy life in the moon, where it is everlasting Monday*, as a warning to those who dishonour the Sabbath by unnecessary work.”

And from that very day that man has stood in the moon with his bundle of faggots still over his shoulder, and there he will stay until the end of time.

* Moon-day.



THE HAUGHTY KING.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who had rule over many provinces and states, and who was so inflated with the belief that there was no king mightier than himself, that his pride and haughtiness were unbearable to all.

One evening it chanced that he heard the priest during

vespers read the words, "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles;*" and as he did not understand Latin, he asked the learned men around him what the words meant. He was told that they signified, "The Lord putteth down the mighty from their seat, and exalteth the humble and weak." The king was struck with terror at these words; and in a great wrath he commanded that the sentence should be no more read out of the holy gospel; and that nobody might ever hear it again, he ordered it to be erased from every book containing it. This decree was carried by trusty messengers into every part of the king's dominions, and to every church and monastery therein. So the words, wherever they were found, were utterly destroyed; and after that day they were neither sung nor read.

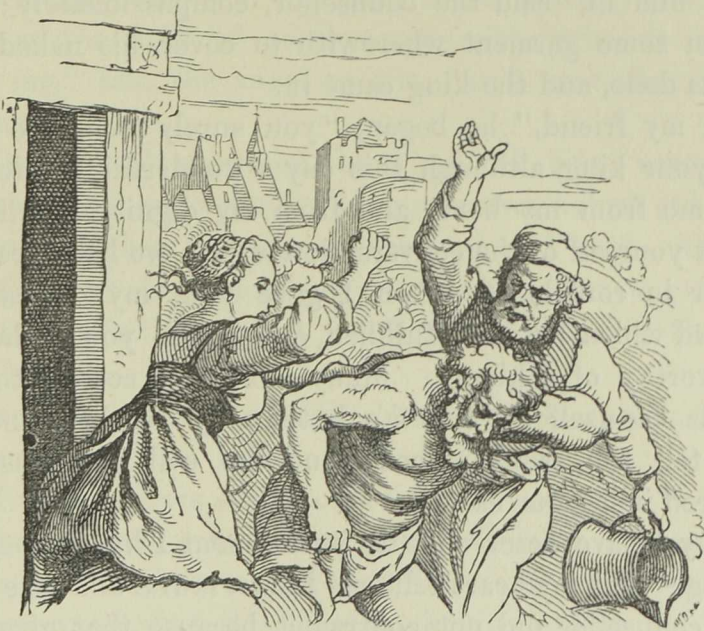
A short time after this event, the king went one day to the baths; and in his absence an angel was sent upon earth to take his form and place, and his subjects were struck with a partial blindness, so that they no longer recognized their proper king. Now was the punishment come for his sin in blotting out the words of the holy gospel. He came out of his bath, and sat down on a seat where the angel in the form of the king already sat. The bath-attendant called to him to come down and sit elsewhere.

"Sirrah, art thou drunk?" cried the king; "darest thou speak so rudely to me? I am the king, thy ruler."

"What a simpleton thou must be?" replied the attendant; "my lord the king sits there; and whose king art thou? and where is the kingdom of thy majesty? where, simpleton?"

"Thou villain!" exclaimed the king, seizing a foot-bath, and hurling it at the speaker's head. But in another moment the bath-servants hearing the noise rushed in, and attacked the

king with stools and any thing they could lay their hands on, till the angel stepping down delivered him from his assailants. Then the angel left the bath-room, and the king's servants robed him in the royal apparel, and conducted him on a noble charger to the palace. Meanwhile the bath-servants had cast the real king naked and bruised out of the house; and for a



while he stood outside stupefied with what had happened. Presently the people began to collect around, and mock his nakedness, till at last he fled from them to the house of his most trustworthy counsellor. It was just the time when he was taking his mid-day nap; and when the king knocked at the door, and desired to be admitted, the porter demanded who he was, and what he wanted.

“I am the king,” was the reply.

“Pshaw! thou?” returned the porter; “so shameful a king

have I never yet seen. Thou comest not into this house!" Thereupon the king made a great outcry, so that the counsellor heard him, and asked what was amiss.

"Sir," said the porter, "a man, naked and wounded, stands at the door, calling himself your lord and king, and the people behind him pelt him with stones."

"Let him in," said the counsellor, compassionately; "and give him some garment wherewith to cover his nakedness." This was done, and the king came in.

"Oh, my friend," he began, "you surely recognize me as indeed your king, although this day a wonderful accident has driven me from my home and from my dignity and honour. Bethink yourself of the conversation which we held yesterday together in confidence, when I gave you, my counsellor, a command which I wished fulfilled, and which you declared to be unworthy of a king." Many more like secrets told the king his counsellor; but the latter only laughed, and said, "You tell the truth indeed; but the evil one must have whispered it in your ear."

"Why I have deserved this punishment I know not," said the king; "but my heart tells me I am a lawful and true king."

The counsellor did not contradict, because that gives fools an occasion to answer, and besides is not thought good manners by prudent men. So instead he bade food be brought to the king, and thought to himself that he would presently lay the case before the king in person. Now the counsellor at that time was so valued for his advice at court, that he had free access at all hours to the palace; and so, setting off at once, he came before the angel, and told him the tale of his wonderful guest. The angel bade him bring the king to the court; and meanwhile there collected in the hall the

whole company of courtiers, so that not only was the hall filled, but all the galleries and staircases. As soon as the humiliated king was introduced, there was a great outcry, and all cried, "Here's a fine king without a kingdom!"

The angel was sitting with all the pomp of royalty next to the queen on a raised dais, and looked with a pitying eye on the true king, who, on his part, could scarcely restrain his anger at the sight of another man sitting beside his wife. "Tell me," said the angel to him, "is it true that thou art king here?"

"Until now," answered the king, "I have never known the day that I was not ruler here, nor ever before did my wife receive any other than *me* as her lord and king. Until this day of my weakness and sorrow, she has always greeted me with true affection, and it was but this morning that I left her side."

The queen grew red with shame at this speech, and said to the angel, "This man is indeed mad, my dear lord!" and one of the courtiers called out, "Silence, wretch! or you will be led to the gallows!" The young nobles too would gladly have courted favour and showed their bravery by driving the stranger away; but the angel beckoning to him, led him into a chamber apart. There he said to him, "Tell me now, dost thou or not believe that God has power over all his creatures? See how his Almighty will has trodden thee in the mud! What avails now thy grand army? Who obeys thy command and orders? The truth still lives. He putteth down the mighty from their seat; and thou, and those like-minded as thou art, cannot banish it from the world."

"Who art thou—angel or evil one?" cried the king, con-

science-stricken and humbled. "Who art thou? Have mercy upon me."

"I am the messenger of God," replied the angel; "He sent me; and He sent this punishment upon thy pride. God raiseth up and putteth down whom He wills. Wherefore didst thou persecute this truth?"

The king fell at the angel's feet, and begged his intercession; but the angel raising him up, said, "Thou must believe the words spoken by the ministers of God. Thou must be merciful to those who lay their troubles before thee. Thou must be just to the lowly as well as to the great. If this thou doest, then shalt thou be replaced on the throne of thy power and honour."

The king threw himself again at the angel's feet, and said, "I will do all this, God being my helper." Then the angel raised him up again, and gave him back his royal robes and form; and the king laid aside the ragged cloth which the counsellor had bestowed on him. As soon as he was thus restored to his former appearance, the angel disappeared, and returned to the place from whence he came.

"Praised be God!" said the king. "What the angel said is indeed the truth." And with these words in his mouth he left the room and reentered the court. "Where is the simpleton gone?" asked the attendants fearfully among themselves. But the king summoning around him the queen and all his ministers of state, related to them all that had happened to him, and all he had suffered, from his struggle with the bath-attendant to the moment when the angel had left him; and he then showed them the ragged cloth. Now were all the people belonging to the court sorely frightened, remembering how they had treated their king, and many of

them believed they should lose both their estates and lives. The queen even entreated his pardon, that she had not recognized him as her lawful husband. But he, taking her hand, said, "My wife, fear not; God so willed it. I myself have been blind; but now I see."

The sentence, "He putteth down the mighty from their seat, and exalteth the humble and weak," was now replaced in all the service-books, and again said and sung in all churches and monasteries. And the king became a good and merciful ruler.

Now whosoever readeth this tale, let him pray that he may always have true humility and charity towards all men.

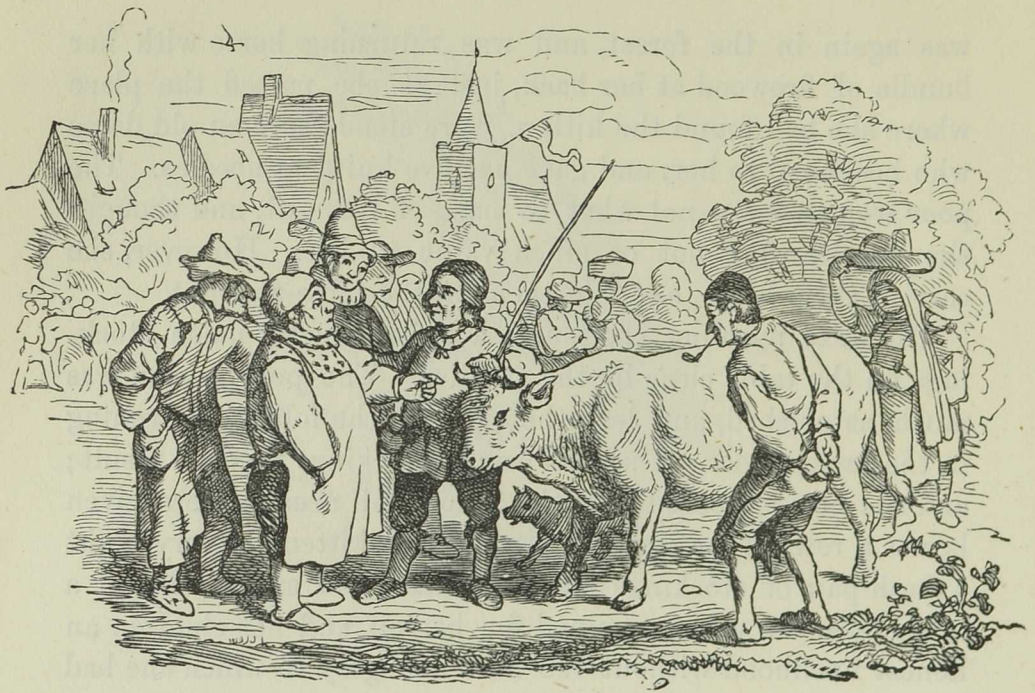


THE KITTEN AND THE KNITTING-NEEDLES.

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor woman who earned her livelihood by picking up sticks in the forest to sell for firewood. One day, as she was returning home with a bundle, she saw a kitten lying against the trunk of a tree and mewling piteously. She took compassion on it, and putting it in her apron, carried it home. On her way her two children met her, and asked her what she had in her apron; but she would not let them have the kitten, fearing they might tease and distress it. So she took it carefully home, and laying it on some soft rags, gave it some milk to drink. The kitten stayed in the house till it was quite recovered, and then suddenly disappeared. Some time afterwards, when the woman

was again in the forest, and was returning home with her bundle of firewood at her back, just as she passed the place where she had found the kitten, there stood there an old dame who beckoned to her, and gave her five knitting-needles. The poor woman knew not what to make of this gift, and thought the needles were not of much value to her. However, she carried them home, and laid them on the table at night.

The next morning she found a pair of newly made stockings on the table close by the needles. The poor woman was much astonished, and left the needles the following evening in the same place. A second pair of stockings was the result; and she now supposed that the wonderful needles were given her as a reward for her kindness to the kitten. Every night a fresh pair of stockings was produced; and as they found a ready sale, the woman gained for herself and her children an honest livelihood without the hard drudgery to which she had formerly been accustomed.



THE STRIFE OF WITCHCRAFT.

ONCE upon a time a young bookbinder, whose apprenticeship was just out, was tramping about the country, more in search of pleasure than employment. By degrees, however, all his money became exhausted, and he thought it high time to seek for work, in order that he might replenish his purse. He was lucky enough to meet with a master directly, who, as soon as he had introduced him to his new workshop, said to him, "My man, you will suit me very well, if you will always attend to the work I give you, and no other. All you have to do is to sew these books together in the order I place them; but this *one* book lying apart here, you must not touch, much

less look into, or it will be the cause of your ruin. Remember, my man, you may read every other in the shop, provided you do not touch that."

The young fellow minded what his master said, and for two long years every thing prospered. His constant industry and attention soon won the heart of his master, and he was often left whole days to himself, and now and then for a week at a time. One day, however, in his master's absence, he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to look into the wonderful book which he had been forbidden ever to move from its place. He had already read through every other book in the shop, and although his conscience told him that he had no right to look into this one, his curiosity was so strong, that he lifted the book from the shelf and turned over its leaves. Its contents proved to be the deepest and most valuable secrets; elaborate formulas of enchantment were written on every page; and as the young bookbinder read, the directions grew so clear to his apprehension that he began to try experiments. Every thing succeeded. When he pronounced one of the rhymes in the book, instantly the thing wished for lay before his eyes. The book taught him beside how to change himself into whatever form he wished; and as a last experiment he changed himself into a swallow, and flew to his father's house. His father was not a little astonished when a bird flew in at his window, and then turned into his son, whom he had not seen for two years, but he cordially welcomed his arrival. "Now, my dear father," said the son, "now we can be happy and contented, for I have with me a book of witchcraft, which shall make us both wise men."

The old man was well pleased at this, for latterly he had felt poverty in many shapes, and he consented to whatever

his son proposed. So the young fellow changed himself into the form of a fine fat ox, and bade his father take him to market and sell him for a good high price. "But before you deliver me to my purchaser," he continued, "take care to untie the cord round my left hind-foot, or you will lose me altogether." No sooner did the old man make his appearance at market, than a great crowd, both Jews and Christians, collected around him, all anxious to purchase the fine fat ox he had with him. After a long bargaining, a jolly butcher offered and paid a heavy sum for the beast, and led him off in triumph. But his triumph was of very short duration; for when he went in the morning to look after his prize, instead of a fine fat ox, he found only a bundle of straw. The pretended beast had changed his skin and slipped back to his father's house to enjoy there the gold which his craft had gained. Many a man makes himself a fat ox, but seldom will his neighbours give a high price for him!

Well, after a while the old man and his son came to an end of the money they had gained by cheating the butcher, and they determined upon another trick. The son took the shape of a gallant black hunter, and was led by his father as before to the horse-fair to be sold. Many people were gathered round, as on the former occasion, but unluckily among them was the master-bookbinder. He, having discovered on his return home the theft of his book, at once assumed the character of a wizard (which he really was), and speedily discovered the whereabouts of his runaway journeyman. The wizard made up his mind to have the horse, whatever it might sell for; but in this he experienced no difficulty, for his first offer was much more than any body else cared to give. The father, of course, did not know the wizard; and so, when he had

sold the horse to him, the animal began to shiver and tremble violently ; but in spite of all, the son could not make his father understand the mistake he had made. So the wizard led his purchase off to the stable, and there the old man would have loosened the string about the horse's neck, but the former, suspecting some trick, refused to allow him to do it. The father then returned home, comforting himself with the belief that his son could doubtless as easily deliver himself from his buyer's hand as he could change his form.

In every stall a crowd of people was waiting to see the wonderful horse, which had been the talk of the whole fair ; and among them was one little fellow, who ventured boldly to stroke and pat the animal. The horse allowed him to do as he liked ; and when the boy, taking courage, patted him on the neck, he bent his head down and softly whispered in the lad's ear, "Have you got a knife with you, my boy?" "Yes," was the astonished reply, "such a sharp one!" "Cut the string then round my left hind-foot," softly whispered the horse again. The boy did so ; and at the same moment the horse disappeared from the sight of the gazers, and there was only a bundle of straw to be seen in the stable. But out of the window flew a swallow up high into the clear blue sky.

The wizard had left the stable for an instant when this took place, and as soon as he saw what had happened, he changed himself into a hawk, and pursued the swallow with all possible speed. In a few moments he would have had him in his claws ; but the swallow seeing his enemy, flew downwards and towards a castle, in the garden of which he perceived a princess walking. Then changing his form for that of a ring, he dropped into the lap of the princess, as she sat upon a bank. She, wondering where it could come from, put the ring upon

her finger. But the hawk's sharp eyes had remarked every thing ; and quickly changing his form for that of a handsome youth, he bowed gracefully to the princess, and requested her to return to him the ring with which he had been performing a trick of legerdemain. The fair princess laughed and blushed, and drew the ring from her finger, but it instantly fell to the ground and rolled into a hole in the shape of a grain of millet. In the twinkling of an eye the wizard assumed the form of a proud turkey-cock, and pecked about in search of the grain ; but as quickly as his enemy, the seed became a fox, and bit off the head of the cock. And there was an end to this strife of witchcraft.

Now our hero assumed his real character, and throwing himself at the feet of the princess, thanked her for her protection, and begged that he might always have it. The princess was above measure frightened with all that had occurred, for she was yet young and inexperienced in the ways of the world. However, she gave the youth her hand and heart on condition that he henceforth forsook witchcraft, and remained unchangeably true to her. This the youth readily promised ; and as an earnest of his good faith he committed to the flames his book of charms. In this, dear reader, I think he did very wrong ; for had he but presented it to you or to me, we would have worked some wonderful change for ourselves, would we not ? But certainly my first choice would not be to be an ox !



A STORY FOR THOSE WHO NEVER KNOW
WHEN TO BE SATISFIED.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a miserable hut a man and his wife ; and when month after month rolled away, and things got no better, they began to abuse each other for their wretched circumstances. “ It is your fault,” and “ No, it is your fault,” they were always saying to one another ; till one day, in the midst of their wrangling, a bird flew by, and said, “ How now, what’s the matter ? ”

“ Ah, matter indeed ! ” replied the woman, “ it is just this ; we are as badly off as we well can be, and we should like to live like other people, in a decent house. That is all we want to satisfy us.”

Well, without another word, the bird showed them into a pretty cottage with a nice garden before and behind, and said to them, "All this is yours. Live contentedly together here. But if you want me, clap your hands together thrice, and say,

"Golden bird, in diamond hall!
Golden bird, high over all!
Golden bird, 'tis thee we call!"

With these words the bird flew away, and the man and his wife were glad that they had no more to dwell in their miserable hut, but in a nice house and garden. Their contentment, however, was not of long duration; for chancing to see a great farm-house which stood close by them, surrounded with barns and outbuildings, and meadows well stocked with cattle, they were so captivated with it, that in a fortnight from the time they entered their cottage they clapped hands thrice, and summoned the golden bird.

"Golden bird, in diamond hall!
Golden bird, high over all!
Golden bird, 'tis thee we call!"

Whish! the bird flew in at the window, and asked what they wanted. "Alas!" said they, "we find this house too small; with a farm-house like our neighbour's we should be quite contented."

No sooner said than done! The bird looked inquiringly in the face of the man; but without a word he transported them into a fine farm-house, with all the necessary buildings, and a well-stocked farm. The worthy pair were almost beside themselves with joy to find their wishes so easily fulfilled, and for a whole year they rested satisfied with what they had, and

wished for nothing better. But soon came a change: they began now to go to the neighbouring towns, and there they saw stately looking houses, and crowds of richly dressed ladies and gentlemen walking about the streets. "Ah," thought they, "it must be a good thing to live in a city; one need not work at all there;" and the wife was especially anxious to be a fine lady. "Come, we will live in town," said she to her husband; "call the golden bird; we have been quite long enough in this dull place!"

But her husband would not agree, and so the woman summoned the bird herself. "What now!" said the bird, as it flew in at the window.

"Oh," said the woman, "we are tired of leading a country life; we would like to see a little of town, and dress somewhat smarter than heretofore: no doubt we shall be satisfied then."

The golden bird looked at her this time very sharply, but said not a word, only led them to as fine a house as there was in the town. Every thing was of the best, inside and outside the house; the furniture and all else, down to the wardrobes and closets, which were filled with fine dresses of the latest fashions. The man and his wife thought for the time they could not be better off, and their joy was as extravagant as before. But, as usual, it did not last long. They now took it into their heads they should like to belong to the nobility, have a grand carriage, with footmen behind in gold-laced livery; every thing else seemed now so much town-trumpery!

"It is your turn now," said the wife to her husband; "it is your turn to summon the bird." He refused at first; but at last he was forced to do as she wished, to avoid her teasing, and the bird was called.

“What can you want now?” said the bird, flying in at the window. The man told him. Then the bird gave him an angry look, which pierced his very heart, and said, “You discontented people! when will you have enough? I will do as you wish, but it will be of no good!”

So they became members of the nobility, and lived in an exceedingly grand palace, with no end of servants and carriages at their command. All day long they walked or rode about, and had nothing to do in the shape of exertion except read the news, and even that was sometimes too much fatigue for them.

But one day they went to the capital to attend a grand *fête*. There they saw the king and queen, splendidly dressed, seated in a most magnificent carriage, and surrounded on all sides by marshals, outriders, courtiers, and soldiers, while all the people, as the cavalcade went by, pulled off their hats and made low bows, and cheered as loudly as they could. Alas, how their hearts burned with envy! As soon as they reached home, they agreed they must and would be king and queen themselves. So both clapping their hands at once, they sang in concert,

“Golden bird, in diamond hall!
Golden bird, high over all!
Golden bird 'tis thee we call ”

Immediately the bird appeared, and asked their wishes. “We must be king and queen,” was their reply. The bird flashed fire almost from his eyes, ruffled his feathers, beat his wings, and at last exclaimed, “You vexatious people! when will you be satisfied? I will indeed make you king and queen; but there you will not stop, for you know not how to be satisfied!”

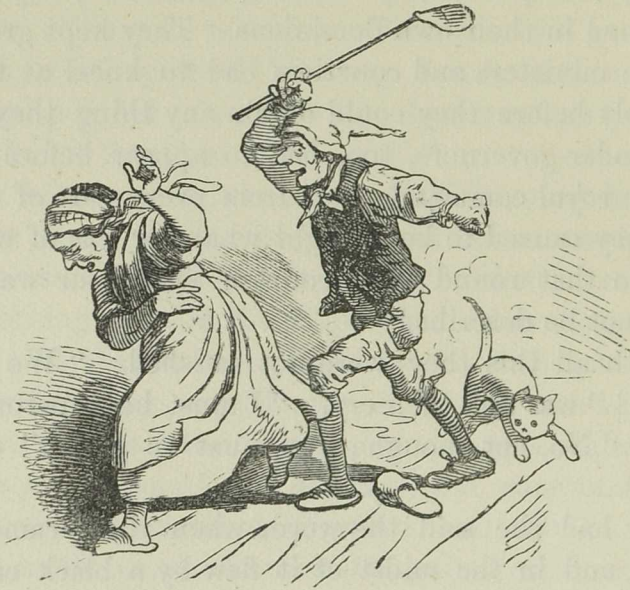
So king and queen they became, and had every thing at beck and nod in their own dominions. They kept great state, and all the ministers and courtiers had to kneel at their feet very humbly before they could obtain any thing they wanted. All the under-governors, too, had to appear before them to receive the royal commands, and from every part of their dominions they caused to be brought whatever was of worth and beauty; so that round their court a splendour was spread which cannot be described.

Yet with all this they were not satisfied. "We must be higher yet!" was still their cry. "I must be emperor!" cried the man. "No, not enough; you must be pope!" cried the woman.

Scarcely had she said the words when there came a great whirlwind, and in the midst of it flew by a black eagle with eyes of fire, which came in at the window of the palace, and cried out, "Back to your hovel! back to your hovel!"

And lo, all their magnificence vanished in smoke! Back again in their wretched hut they found themselves; and there they had to stay for the rest of their days.





THE THREE PRESENTS.

ONCE upon a time lived a poor weaver,—and, alas, there are many such even now,—but this one was born, as people say, under a lucky star. For one day three rich students, coming by his house, saw the great poverty in which he dwelt, and gave him a hundred dollars to help him in his business. The poor man looked for a long time at the glittering coins before he touched them; but he could not make up his mind to what account to turn them: so, without saying a word to his wife, who was not at home at the time, he hid the money where nobody would look for it,—in a bundle of rags.

Unluckily, a little while afterwards, a rag-dealer came to

his house in his absence, and bought from his wife the very bundle of rags which he had made so valuable. Great was the lamentation when the linen-weaver returned home, and his wife showed him the good bargain which she thought she had made of the rags !

A year afterwards the three students came again, hoping to find the weaver in good circumstances ; but he was poorer than ever, and told them how he had lost the money. A second time they gave him a hundred dollars, enjoining him to be more careful ; and this time he, without letting his wife into the secret, put the money into the ash-pit. But in his absence his wife sold the ashes to a man who came round for them, in exchange for a couple of pieces of soap ; and she flattered herself she had this time acted wisely, as her husband had cautioned her never to sell any more linen to pedlars, and had said nothing about any thing else. But when the man came home and heard of the bargain, he flew into such a rage, that he pelted his poor wife with red-hot cinders.

After the lapse of a year the students came again, and finding the weaver still in rags, they said to him, at the same time throwing a piece of lead at his feet, " What use is a nutmeg to a cow ! To give you money is more stupid than you are yourself ! We shall never return here again ! "

Thereupon they went away in a rage ; and the weaver picking up the lead they had left, laid it on the window-sill. Soon afterwards his neighbour a fisherman came in, and inquired if he had not by him an odd piece of lead, or something equally heavy, with which he could sink his nets. The weaver gave him the piece of lead off the window-sill ; and the fisherman, thanking him, went away, promising to bring him the first fish he could catch in exchange for the lead.

Soon afterwards the fisherman brought in a fine fish, weighing four or five pounds, and forced it on the weaver's acceptance. But when the fish was cut up, behold, a great stone was found in its inside. The weaver placed the stone on the spot where the lead had been, and was surprised, when it grew dark, to see the stone glitter and shine like a lamp. "This is a valuable stone," said he to his wife; "mind you do not throw it away, as you did my two hundred dollars."

The next evening a nobleman rode past the cottage, and perceiving the stone glittering on the window-sill, he went into the house and offered ten dollars for it. "The stone is not for sale," said the weaver. "Not for twenty dollars even?" asked the nobleman. "Even so," said the weaver; but the nobleman continued to bid for it till he had offered a thousand dollars, for the stone was a costly diamond, and really worth twice as much. This offer the weaver accepted, and thereby became as rich a man as any in the village.

But his wife would still have her last word, and she said, "Now, man, don't you see this all comes of my giving away the two hundred dollars? So, after all, you have to thank me!"



THE DOG AND THE LARK.

A DOG, who was lying hungry and in pain in a field, heard a lark rising above, singing louder and louder as he neared the clouds. "Oh, you happy bird!" he cried, "how glad you are, and how sweetly you sing, as you soar higher and higher! But I—how shall I be glad? My master has

kicked me out of doors : I am lame, I am ill, I can hunt for no food, and so I must die of hunger !”

The lark, hearing the dog's complaint, flew to him, and said, “ Oh, you poor dog, I am very sorry to hear you complain so bitterly ; but will you be grateful to me, if I help you to something to satisfy you ?”

“ Wherewith, Madam Lark ?” asked the dog in a languid tone.

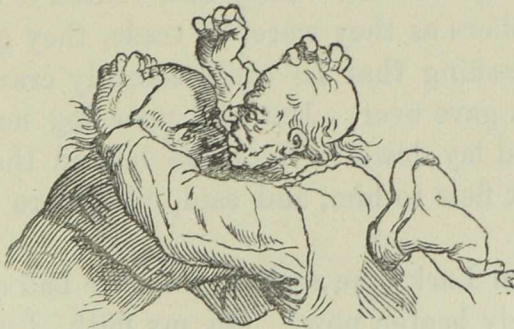
The lark replied, “ See, here comes a child carrying a dinner to her father ; I will manage so that she shall set down the basket and run after me ; then you will have an opportunity to snatch it up, and satisfy your hunger with the bread and cheese which it contains.”

The dog accepted gladly this friendly offer ; and the lark, flying close to the child, tried to entice her to follow. Now it ran along the ground close to her feet, now flew within an inch of her head, and almost touched her with its wings, until the child at last thought to herself she must catch the lark ; and she made sure she should, for the bird at the same instant pretended that its wing was broken, and rested on the earth. She stretched her hand out to pick up the bird, but it hopped on a step or two, and eluded her grasp ; she tried again, but with no better luck. Then she set her basket down, and ran after the bird in earnest, and as soon as she had got some little way off, the dog, who had meanwhile been following at a short distance, snatched up the basket, and made off with it. The basket contained a large slice of bread and cheese and four cold eggs, and off this the dog made a good meal. The lark meantime, seeing its end was gained, flew up to the clouds, to the great disappointment of the child, who turned back to find her basket empty. Poor little girl ! her

tears soon came when she saw the consequences of her idleness, and she went home to her mother, who, I am afraid, gave her a whipping, and sent her to bed supperless.

Now the lark flew back to the dog, and inquired how he felt; and the dog thanking him very much for his services, replied, "I never felt better. But," continued he, "I have one favour yet to ask; and that is, that you will find me some amusement, for I have been so very dull as well as hungry lately, that I need something to enliven my spirits."

"Very well," replied the lark. "Then follow me;" and flying off, she led the way to a shed, the roof of which was easily reached from the ground. The dog mounted upon it, and found he could see quite through, for the thatch was very much broken in parts. Within were two old fellows with



bald pates thrashing corn. The lark perched upon the head of one; and the other thrasher seeing her, snatched at her with his hand; but unfortunately, instead of catching the bird, only gave his companion a hard knock on his bald pate.

"Now, Jack," he cried, "what did you do that for?" Jack begged pardon, and said he meant to beat off a bird which was about to settle on his head. He had scarcely made this

excuse when the lark perched on his own head; and now the other thrasher, in his turn, trying to catch the bird, dealt Jack a blow on his forehead, which would certainly have broken it, had it been made of glass. Human nature could not stand such treatment as this; and the two thrashers, throwing away their flails, engaged in a dire combat. Now, neither had any hair for his adversary to lay hold of, and so they scratched one another's bald pates till the blood ran down their faces. Every moment the fight waxed fiercer and hotter, and both combatants would soon have done each other some deadly injury, had not the dog, unable to keep quiet from the great delight he had in witnessing the fray, suddenly come quite through the roof upon their heads. Such a finish to their fight was little expected by either, and had the effect of cooling their rage at once. They now vented it upon the poor dog, and thrashers as they were by trade, they gave him such a terrible thrashing that he could scarcely crawl away when they at length gave over. But the poor dog managed to get out at last, and lay down in the grass behind the shed. Presently the lark flew to him, and said, "How are you now, my dear sir?"

"Oh, Madam Lark," he replied, "I have had quite enough; I am completely beaten now! On my faith, I do not believe I have a whole bone in my skin, the thrashers have given me such a terrible bruising. Alas! I must have a physician, or I shall not live long."

"Oh, well, comfort yourself," said the lark, "I will soon fetch one;" and flying off, she soon espied a wolf, and made up to him. "Sir Wolf," she asked, "have you a good appetite?"

"Indeed I have, Madam Lark," was his reply; "I am ready to swallow any thing!"

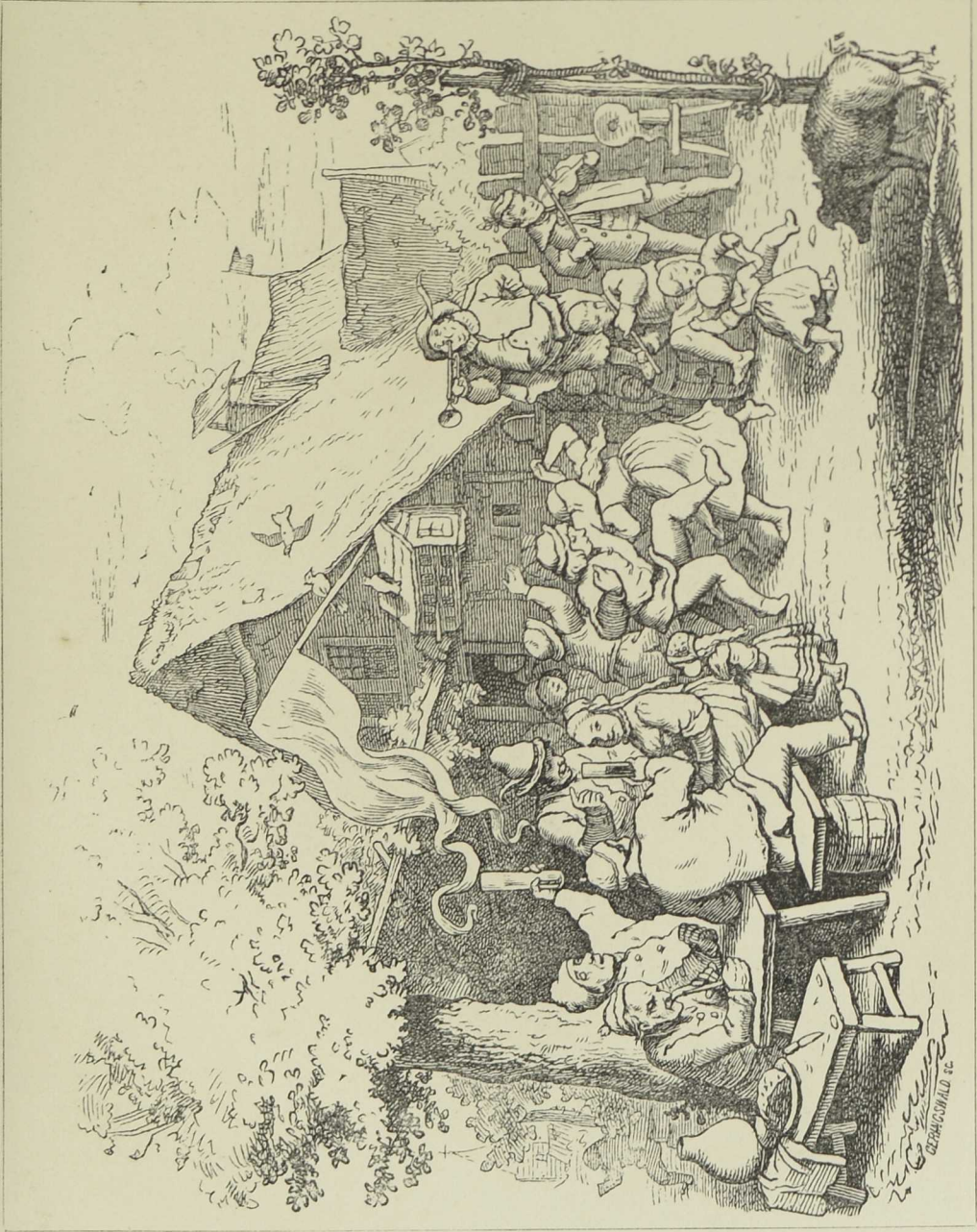
“Well, then, I can show you the place where there is a beaten dog to be had, for he cannot run away.”

“Madam Lark, I shall indeed be indebted to you,” said the wolf, in his most civil tones; and licking his jaws, he followed the lark to the spot where the dog lay. As they came within hearing, the lark sang out, “Now, comrade, are you asleep? see, I have brought you the physician who will cure all your sores and aches!”

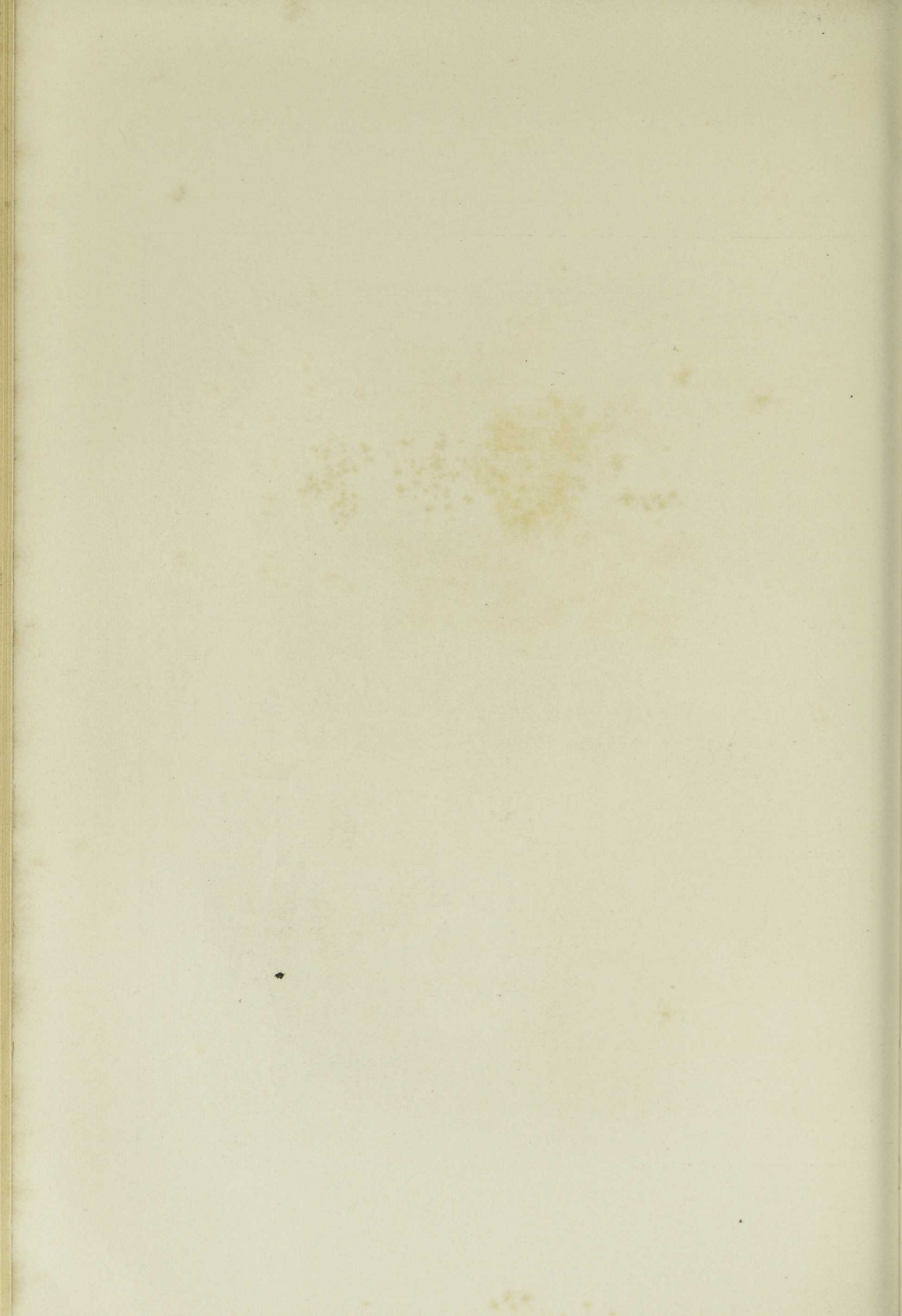
The dog raised himself; but seeing the wolf, he exclaimed hastily, “No, no, Madam Lark, not this doctor! hold him back! I am quite well.” And with one spring he cleared the hedge, and ran off at full speed, stopping at nothing until he got far, far away.

THE THREE MUSICIANS.

I WILL tell you a tale of three young musicians, who left their native town to travel about the country. They had all learnt music of the same master at the same time, and so they agreed to share their fortunes together. They wandered from place to place, playing now at a christening-feast, now at a marriage, and often at village fairs. Every where they won golden opinions; and, what was of more consequence, golden pockets. One evening they arrived at a certain village where a festival was being held, and, of course, they stopped to enliven the company. After a while they were asked to drink with the other guests, and so, by degrees, they joined in the conversation. Many a marvellous tale was told by one or other of the company, and amongst them the story of an enchanted castle in the neighbourhood, which was as celebrated for its splendour as its ghosts. There were said to be unheard-of treasures in the place, and an abundance of rich furniture and other goods, although nobody dwelt in the castle but a hideous hobgoblin! And nobody had ever gone into the rooms with a sound skin, but he had come out again black-and-blue all over, without obtaining the treasures or breaking the enchantment. All this, and much more, was related concerning the enchanted castle; and when the three musicians



THE THREE MUSICIANS.



were alone together in their bed-chamber, they began to talk about it again. They determined, if possible, to solve the riddle of the castle, and to venture inside, to see how and where the treasure was hidden. They agreed to go singly, and that each should have a whole day to prosecute his adventures. The first trial fell to the lot of the fiddler. He set very courageously about the task, and found, when he arrived at the castle, the entrance-gate wide open. He walked in; but as soon as he was inside, the heavy door swung on its hinges, and the bar fell across it, as if there had been a porter at the gate to shut it, but no hand could be seen; and when the door banged-to in this invisible way, the fiddler felt a cold shudder run through him, and his hair almost stood on end. However, he could not turn back, and so, bethinking himself of the treasures of gold and silver, he boldly walked forward. On he went through spacious halls and rooms, furnished in the most costly manner, and kept in the greatest order and neatness. Every where reigned a solemn stillness, as if not even a fly had found a home there. The fiddler plucked up fresh courage at not being disturbed, and descended to the kitchens and cellars. There he found dish after dish of tempting eatables placed ready to put on the table, and row after row of wine-bottles stood in one cellar to cool, while in another were plates upon plates of the choicest fruits. In the apparently deserted kitchen burnt a clear fire, and before it an unseen hand turned a spit, on which was placed a fine haunch of venison. Several sorts of puddings and tarts were set on a side-table; and our fiddler having surveyed all the preparations, betook himself to an upper room, where a table was already set out. Presently the dishes he had seen below were placed upon the table before him;

and first playing a tune upon his fiddle, he sat down to eat and enjoy himself. But, in a few minutes, in walked a gentleman about three cubits high, enveloped in a scarlet cloak, with a wrinkled old face, and a silvery beard reaching down to the gold buckles on his shoes. Without a word, he sat down next the fiddler, and took dinner with him. All went well till the venison came on, and then the fiddler, taking up the dish, offered it to his companion to help himself first. The dwarf stuck his fork into a piece, and bowing across the table, managed to drop his meat on the floor. The fiddler very politely stooped to pick it up; but as he did so, the dwarf jumped upon his back, and began to belabour him without mercy. With some difficulty the poor fiddler shook off his enemy, and staggering to the entrance-gate, found himself outside, scarcely knowing how he got there. The fresh air revived him a bit, and he made his way back to the inn where his comrades were sleeping. But they were already fast asleep, for it was late at night; and so he went to bed without disturbing them. Great was their astonishment next morning to find their comrade returned, and they overwhelmed him with questions. But he, complaining of pains in his head and back, would give only very short answers, and said, "Go, and see for yourselves; it is a ticklish affair!"

The second musician was a trumpeter, and he now took his way to the enchanted castle. His experience was the same as the fiddler's. The tables were laid out in precisely the same manner as on the previous day, and the dwarf treated him to a drubbing like to that he had given his companion. So the following morning he, in his turn, lay abed, and complained that he was quite out of tune.

Nevertheless, the third musician—a flute-player—made up

his mind to try his luck also, and he was the boldest of the three. Fearlessly he wandered through the whole castle, and thought to himself it would be pleasant to possess it, as there was evidently no lack of good eating and drinking, and whatever else might contribute to his happiness. By and by the table was spread for him, as it had been for his companions; and as soon as dinner was served, he sat down, having for his companion the same little gentleman who had so ill-treated his comrades. The intrepid musician made himself quite at home, and entered into conversation with the dwarf as if he had met him a score of times before; but the dwarf gave short answers or none at all. In due course the venison appeared; and, as before, the little man designedly dropped a piece. The musician was just about to stoop to pick it up, when he caught sight of the dwarf stealing round. In an instant he recovered his balance, and seizing the dwarf by his beard, shook him backwards and forwards till he fairly plucked the beard up by the roots. As soon as he thus got the beard into his own hands, an extraordinary strength seemed to be given to him, and he perceived many more beautiful things about the room than he had seen before. The dwarf, on the contrary, seemed half-dead, and whimpered and cried piteously, "Give, oh, give me back my beard," he said; "and then I will disclose to you the whole enchantment under which this castle lies, and make you rich and lucky for ever!"

"You shall have your beard again," said the brave flute-player to him; "but not until you have told me all you know; for you will cheat me, if I give you your beard first!"

So the dwarf was compelled to keep his promise; but he would never have done so, had it not been for the beard. The

musician followed him through several dark passages, underground caverns, and hideous chasms, till at length they arrived at a wide open expanse of fields, which looked like a much more beautiful world than our own. They came now to a broad river, where the dwarf, drawing from his pocket a small stick, struck the waters with it, and immediately they divided and left a passage, across which they passed with dry feet. What magnificent scenery there was on the other side! —charming avenues of green trees; every where flowers; birds, with gold and silver plumage, singing sweetly; gay butterflies and moths dancing about in the air, and numberless others resting on the hedges and bushes; and, above all, a sky, not azure as ours, but spread out like a broad sheet of gold, and bespangled with stars revolving in circles round each other.

Our hero was astonished, and still more so when he was led by the dwarf into a palace twice as elegant and magnificent as the former one. Here also in every room reigned the same silence as before; and they wandered on till they came to a chamber hung round with silk, and containing a bed surrounded with thick curtains, over which hung a golden cage and a bird, which broke the clear silence with its clear notes. The dwarf drew aside the curtains round the bed, and showed the youth a maiden sleeping within it, her head resting on silken pillows, embroidered with golden thread. She had all the appearance of an angel, lying there in her white dress, her long flaxen locks drooping upon her shoulders, and her head encircled with a crown of diamonds. But a deep death-like sleep had closed her eyes to all around, and no sound would have awakened her. “See this beautiful maiden!” said the

dwarf to his companion. "She is a noble princess. This fine castle and these fertile lands are her inheritance, when



she is rescued; for a hundred years has she slept this quiet sleep, and for these hundred years has no human soul found the way hither. Only I have daily traversed it to dine at my castle, and sometimes to chastise those who have presumed to enter it with covetous motives. I am the watcher over this sleeping form, and have carefully to prevent any one from intruding; so it was that I allowed my beard to grow, in which was such immense strength, and so for a hundred years I have swayed this enchantment. But now, since my beard has been taken from me, I am powerless, and I must discover, and leave to you the unspeakable happiness which

will awake with the princess. And so I wish you quickly at the completion of the wondrous disenchantment. Take this bird which hangs above the princess, and to which she once sung during her charmed slumber, since when it has always repeated the melody;—take it, kill it, and cut out its heart. Burn that to powder, and put it into the mouth of the princess. Immediately she will awake, and bestow upon you, her deliverer, her hand, her castle, her lands, and all her treasures!”

With these words the dwarf silently disappeared; and the musician began at once the work of disenchantment. Quickly and easily he did all that the dwarf had said, and prepared the powder. A few minutes after he had given it to the princess, she opened her eyes, smiled, raised herself slowly upon her couch, and fell into his arms. She thanked him again and again for rescuing her from the power of the charm, and promised to become his wife. At the very moment that she made this promise, a clap of thunder resounded through the castle, echoing and re-echoing in every room and passage. At the same time a troop of servants came into the room in which were the happy pair, and congratulated their mistress on her disenchantment. This done, all hastened away to their several employments, in kitchen, garden, hall, and cellar, as if they had never ceased working.

Meanwhile the dwarf grew very anxious to recover his beard; and began to revolve in his mind some plan to destroy the happiness he had so unwillingly created. Once let him get his beard back on his chin again, as he knew, and he was all-powerful over men. But the bold flute-player was quite his match in prudent foresight; and when the dwarf

came for his beard, he said to him, "Oh, you shall have it, never fear; I will hand it to you when we take leave of each other; but now allow my bride and myself to accompany you a part of your way home."

The dwarf could not refuse so simple a request; and they walked on with him through beautiful fields and flower-gardens, till they came to the broad rushing stream mentioned before, which ran for many miles round the property of the princess, and, indeed, formed the boundary. Here the youth requested the dwarf to hand him his stick, that he might for once have the honour of dividing the waters; for the stream was too wide for any bridge to span it, and nobody as yet had been found bold enough to launch a boat upon it or to attempt to swim across it. The dwarf, without his beard, could refuse nothing, and gave the stick to the musician. He thought to himself, that when they once got on the other side he should have his stick again, and so they would remain in his power; for without the stick they could never repass to their own territories. The dwarf, however, reckoned too fast. The musician struck the waters, and when they parted, let the dwarf go through alone. But he and his bride remained on the other side; and when their enemy was fairly across, the musician bade the waters close again, and so the wide river rolled between them. The enchanting-staff he kept; but the beard he flung across to the old dwarf; the latter caught it and put it on, but without his stick he could not divide the waters, and so he was forced to leave the happy pair to themselves. The musician went back with his bride to her palace; and in the enjoyment with her of their wealth and happiness, he lost all desire of returning to his old companions. They

for a long time sat in the inn expecting his arrival; but when he came not, they said, "He is gone a-flute-playing." And this sentence has passed into a proverb against all those who do not return from the business they undertake.



GOLDEN-HAIR.

MANY years ago there dwelt in an extensive forest a poor herdsman, who had built for himself a hut of timber, in which he and his wife dwelt with their family of six boys.

Near the house was a draw-well and a small garden ; and when the father went out to feed the cows, the boys would take him at noon either a cold draught from the well, or a vegetable out of the garden.

The youngest lad was called by his parents "Golden-hair," on account of its colour ; and although he was the youngest, he was taller and stronger than any of his brothers. When any expedition was undertaken by them into the forest, Golden-hair had to go first, armed with a stout branch of a tree, and without him the others would not go ; but with him to lead they were wonderfully courageous, and dared pass through the gloomiest thickets, even when the moon stood high in the heavens.

One evening, as they returned from their father, the six brothers began playing in the wood, and Golden-hair exerted himself so much that his face shone like the red sky round the setting sun. "Let us go back," said the eldest boy ; "it begins to grow dark." "See, there is the moon," said another. Just then a gleam of light shone down amid the fir-trees, and a figure was seen in a glistening robe sitting upon a heap of mossy stones, and spinning a thin thread. It nodded its head to Golden-hair, and sang :

" A white finch and a golden rose,
A king whose crown from the sea arose !"

It would have sung more perhaps, but the thread broke, and immediately the figure disappeared. It was now quite dark ; and in their terror the children separated from each other, and one here and one there called in vain on Golden-hair, who had lost sight of them all.

He for many days and nights wandered about in the



wood seeking his brothers, or the path to his father's house.

But he could find neither one nor the other, and every step he took led him deeper into the forest. The berries he picked off the bushes were his only food, and without them he would have died miserably of hunger. At last, on the sixth or seventh day after he first lost his brothers, he came to the end of the forest, and emerged on a green meadow. His heart rebounded with joy, and his spirits rose, as he once more breathed the open air. In the meadow were laid nets; for it belonged to a fowler, who took the birds he thus caught to the neighbouring towns to sell.

“That is just such a fellow as I want,” said the fowler, catching sight of Golden-hair, who stood near the nets on the green grass gazing intently on the prospect before him. So the fowler, making a little circuit, entangled Golden-hair in his net; and the latter, to his great bewilderment, found himself thrown to the ground and fairly caught. “That is the manner in which one catches birds out of the wood,” said the fowler, laughing loudly; “your red feathers just suit me; you seem a likely sort of fellow; so stop with me, and I will teach you how to catch birds.”

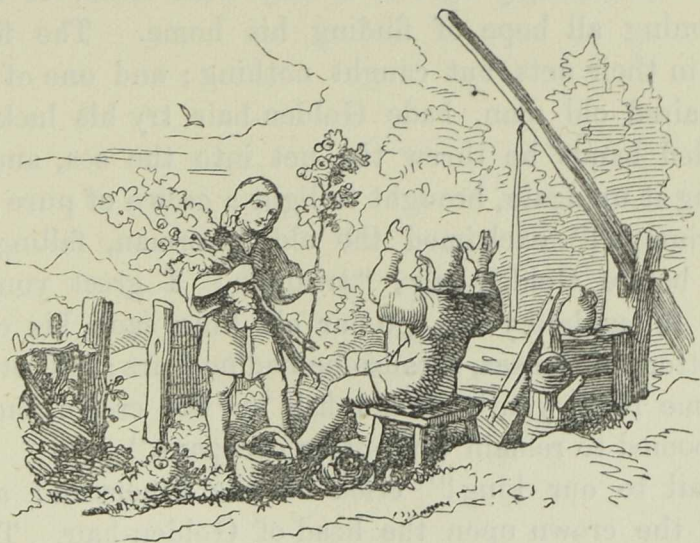
Golden-hair consented; for it seemed to him a pleasant sort of life, and he was yet buoyed up with the hope of finding his father’s cottage.

“Let us see what you have learnt,” said the fowler to Golden-hair when he had been with him some days. So Golden-hair took the nets, and at his first trial caught a snow-white finch.

“Be off with you and your white finches!” exclaimed the fowler; “what use are you to me?” and so saying he pushed Golden-hair out of the meadow, and trod under foot the bird he had caught.

Golden-hair reentered the forest sadly, but not without hope, and commenced a new search for his father's cottage. Up and down he ran, over bits of rock and fallen trees, now and then tumbling across some old roots or other, but finding no end to the trees till the third day, when he came out, this time, into a beautiful garden filled with the choicest flowers. Golden-hair, as before, stared about him without perceiving that his entrance had been noticed; and the gardener shut and locked the door behind him before he remembered where he was. The gardener asked him to stay with him, and Golden-hair consented; for to live amongst flowers seemed an easy life, and he still hoped one day to find his way home.

"Away to the woods," said the gardener one morning to Golden-hair, "and bring me a wild rose-tree, that I may graft



garden roses upon it." Golden-hair went, and returned with a branch of the most brilliant roses, of a bright golden colour,

for indeed they were altogether pure gold, more skilfully worked than any goldsmith could have made them.

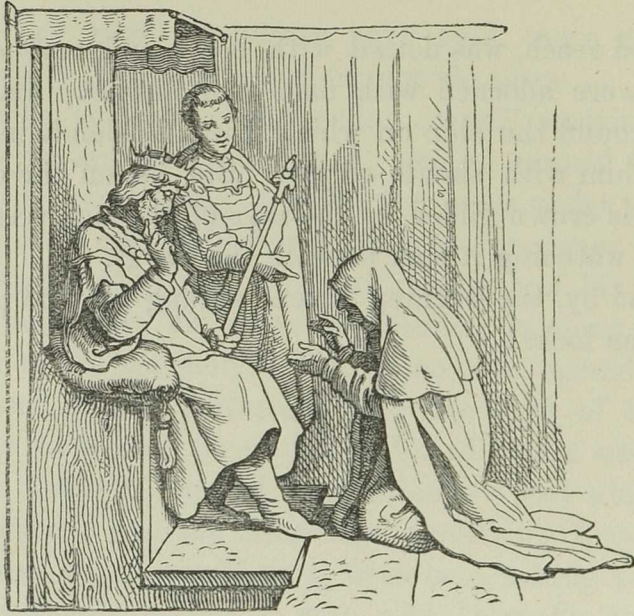
“Be off with you and your golden roses!” exclaimed the gardener; “you are no good to me!” and he pushed Golden-hair out of the garden, and crushed the roses under his feet. Golden-hair could not understand what the gardener meant; but a third time he entered the forest in search of his father’s hut. In three days he came to another opening, which brought him to the sea-shore. The ocean was spread before him like a flood of gold, glittering with the light of the setting sun, and here and there it was dotted with a white sail. Golden-hair, without thought, stepped into a boat which was leaving the shore; and the fishermen, perceiving that he was a strong, active youth, rowed away from land, taking him with them. He willingly agreed to stay with them, for the time abandoning all hope of finding his home. The fishermen threw in their nets, but caught nothing; and one of them, a grey-haired old man, bade Golden-hair try his luck. With unskilled hands he threw the net into the sea, and hastily drawing it up again, brought to light a crown of pure gold.

“Triumph!” exclaimed the old fisherman, falling on his knees before Golden-hair; “triumph! I greet you as our king. A hundred years ago our old king sank his crown to the bottom of the sea, because he had no heirs; and ever since, till some lucky youth should fish up the crown, the throne was doomed to remain without an occupant.”

“Hail to our king!” cried all the fishermen; and they placed the crown upon the head of Golden-hair. The news soon flew from vessel to vessel, and the fame of the recovered crown and its finder spread to the shore on each side of the sea. In a little while the whole surface of the waters, as far as the

eye could reach, was dotted with boats and craft of all sizes, and all were adorned with flags and flowers. Each in turn passed round the ship on which King Golden-hair stood, and greeted him with shouts of joy. But he, on the deck of the vessel, his crown gilded by the rays of the sun, seemed lost in thought watching it sink beneath the waves.

By and by, the evening breeze sprang up, and played with his golden locks!



THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

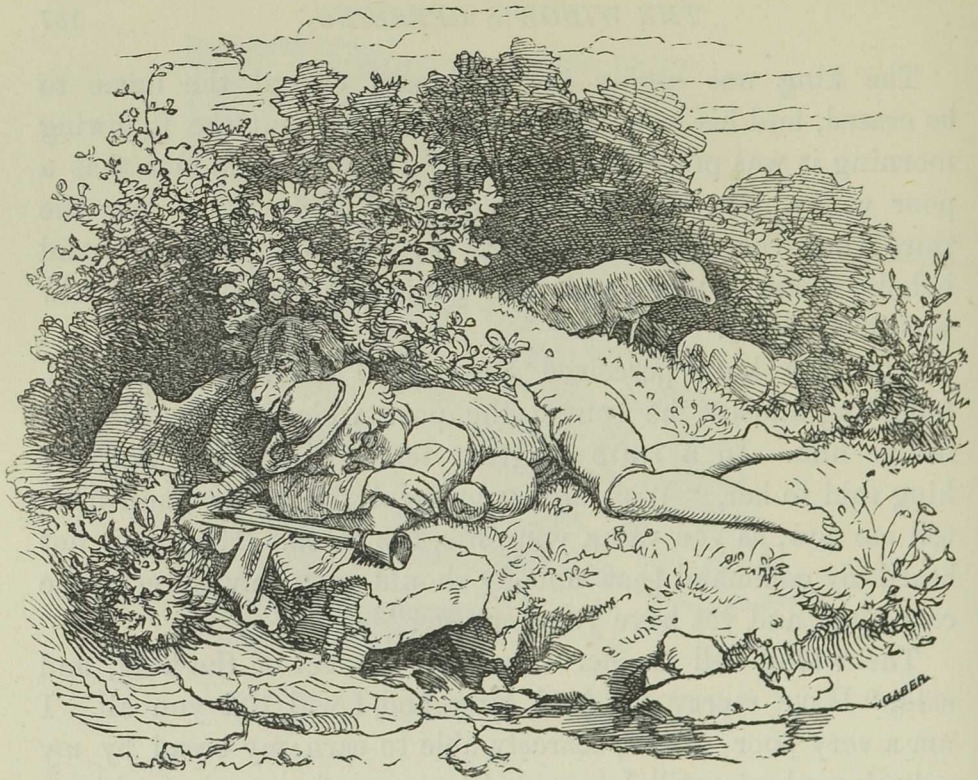
ONCE upon a time there lived a king who built a magnificent cathedral to the honour and glory of God; and, according to his express command, because he alone would pay the cost, nobody gave any thing towards the expense. So at length the cathedral was completed, and in every respect was perfectly fashioned and adorned. Now the king had caused a large marble slab to be placed on the wall, and thereon was inscribed, in letters of gold, that he alone had built the cathedral without the assistance of any one. One day and night the tablet remained as it was; but during the second night the inscription was changed, and instead of the king's name another name was written, that of a poor widow, so that it appeared as if she alone had built the cathedral.

The king was highly incensed, and caused the name to be erased, and his own again substituted. But the following morning it was proclaimed a second time on the tablet that a poor widow was the foundress of the noble pile. For the third time the king's name was written on the tablet, and behold, the next morning it was gone, and that of the widow was in its place.

Now the king perceived herein the hand of God; and, humbling himself, he caused the poor widow to be brought before him. In a state of great terror she came; and the king said to her, "Woman, a wonderful thing has happened; tell me now, as you value your life, the truth. Have you not heard my command that nobody should give any thing to the cathedral, and yet have you done so?"

The widow fell on her knees at the feet of the king, and said, "Have mercy, my lord king, and I will tell you all. I am a very poor widow, scarcely able to earn my bread by my spinning-wheel; still I managed to save a few pence to devote to the service of God. But O king, I feared thy harsh command, and I dared not bring my gift openly to the temple. So, with the pence, I bought a little hay, and strewed it on the path where the oxen carrying the stone to your cathedral passed. They have eaten my gift; and so I did what I could, and disobeyed not your command!"

The king was greatly affected by the tale of the poor woman, and perceived how the offering of her pure and lowly heart had been esteemed more highly than his ostentatious gift. He laid up in his heart this punishment of his pride and vanity, and richly rewarded the old widow who had been the instrument to him of so great a lesson.



THE KING OF SPAIN.

IN a certain village, years and years ago, dwelt a poor peasant, who was a herdsman. His family was small, and consisted of but his wife and one son. The latter he trained from his earliest years to follow in his own steps, and so, at an age when most boys are still at home, the lad was quite capable of watching the flocks by himself, and his father often left him in the fields while he went home to weave baskets. The little herdsman drove his sheep up and down many a hill and valley, whistling merrily as he went, and now and then

blowing a tune upon his horn to pass away the time. At noonday he would rest awhile, and refresh himself with a draught from a clear spring which he knew, and by the side of which he would sometimes lie down when he was tired. One day, when he thus slept, he had a wonderful dream. He thought he had travelled a long distance; and then heard, first, a loud ringing of metal, as of a heap of coin thrown down; then a thundering, as if a thousand guns had been shot off; and then he saw an innumerable troop of soldiers with glittering arms and accoutrements; and all these encircled him, danced around, and bewildered him. Then he thought how he wandered on, and came to a great hill on which a throne was placed; and as he sat down on it, a second was placed by its side, and thereon appeared a beautiful lady as his queen. Just then the little herdsman awoke, and jumping up, exclaimed, "I am king of Spain!" Wondering over this strange dream, he drove his herds home, and related it to his parents, who were sitting at the door. As he concluded, he said, "And were I to dream so again, I would certainly travel and see if I did not become king of Spain."

"Silly youth," said his father; "nobody will make you king, you may rely upon that!" But his mother, chuckling to herself, clapped her hands together, and repeated many times, "King of Spain! King of Spain!"

The following day the little herdsman lay down to sleep again under the same tree, and oh, wonder! the same dream occurred to him. When he awoke he could not restrain his impatience, but was eager to set out at once on his journey to Spain. However, he went home and related his tale, winding up by saying, "Well, if I dream the same things again, I shall set out at once, ay, from the very spot!"

The third time he lay down as before, and went to sleep, and the same vision occurred to him. "I am king of Spain!" he cried in his sleep; and with the words in his mouth, awoke. He immediately gathered up his pipe and his horn and hat, and collecting his sheep, drove them all home. As he went along people began to scold him for bringing back his sheep so long before the time; but, carried away by excitement, he heard nothing of their complaints, and turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances of his parents. Hastily entering the house, he tied together his Sunday clothes in a bundle, and slinging them over his back on the end of a stick, away he marched, perfectly indifferent to all around him. As soon as he was clear of the village he ran on, as if expecting to reach Spain before night; but the close of the day brought him to a huge forest, where not a single habitation was to be seen, and he determined to take up his lodging in a tree. But he had scarcely fixed upon one, and was just preparing to climb up it, when a great noise made him pause, and presently a troop of soldiers came past the tree. He joined their company, and marched on with them, for he did not doubt that they would soon stop to put up for the night, and then he could sleep at the same place. And so it was. In a short time they came to a decent-looking house, although it stood in the midst of so thick a wood. The soldiers knocked at the door, were instantly admitted, and our little hero slipped in along with them. Another door was then opened, and they entered a very dimly lighted but large apartment, on the floor of which were laid several bundles of straw, mattresses, and blankets, apparently prepared for the coming of the soldiers. The little herd-boy crept under a bundle of straw which lay close against the door, and thus hidden, listened

attentively to all that passed. He soon heard enough to know that the supposed soldiers were a band of robbers, whose captain was master of the house they were in. This captain, as soon as his followers had settled down, took a seat somewhat raised and apart from the others, and said in a deep bass voice, "My brave comrades, give me some news of your day's work; tell where you have been, and what plunder you have gained."

A tall man with a coal-black beard was the first to reply: "My dear captain," said he, "I have to-day robbed a nobleman of a pair of leathern breeches, which have two pockets; out of these pockets fall handfuls of ducats as often as they are shaken."

"That sounds well," replied the captain.

Then another of the band rose, and said: "To-day I have stolen a general's cocked hat; and it has the wonderful property, when pressed upon its wearer's head, of firing guns from each of its three corners!"

"We will prove that some day," said the captain.

Then a third robber got up, and said: "I have robbed a knight of a sword which will summon a regiment of soldiers when its point is put in the ground!"

"That was a brave deed," said the captain, approvingly.

A fourth robber now spoke: "I have drawn off the boots of a sleeping traveller, which have the faculty of carrying their wearer seven miles at a stride."

"Such brave deeds I will reward," said the captain; "hang each of you your plunder on the wall, and then eat and drink as much as you need."

With these words he left the apartment, and the robbers began a carouse which lasted till long after midnight. One

by one they dropped off to sleep; and when at last all was still and quiet, the little herd-boy crept cautiously from his hiding-place, and put on the leathern breeches, placed the hat on his head, girt on the sword, and drew on the boots. Thus equipped, he stept out at the door, and immediately, to his great joy, the boots showed their wonderful properties, and in a short time brought him to the walls of a city, which was actually Madrid,—the capital of Spain. The first person



he met he inquired of as to where was the best hotel; but he received an insulting answer. "Go away, you little rascal; what can you want here? keep company with your own rank, and do not come where the rich only eat and drink!"

A piece of gold, however, procured a civil answer, and the man he first addressed led him respectfully to the best hotel. Arrived there, our hero desired to see the best apartments, and asked the host, in an unconcerned tone of voice, "What is doing in our city? What is the news just now?"

The landlord drew a long face, and replied, "You are a

stranger here, no doubt, sir; or how comes it that you have not heard that his majesty the king is just preparing an army of twenty thousand men? For we are surrounded by enemies, sir; and indeed the times are very bad, sir. But perhaps, sir, you intend to join the army?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied our hero, his face glistening with joy. As soon then as the landlord had retired, he drew off his leathern breeches and shook himself out a small heap of money. Then he purchased a costly suit of clothing and armour, and sent to request an audience of the king. When he came to the palace he was ushered by two chamberlains into a magnificent waiting-room; and while he waited there among the other lords, there passed through an exceedingly beautiful young lady, who bowed gracefully in return to his salutation. The lords whispered to him that it was the king's daughter; and our hero was not a little struck by her manners and appearance. Soon he was shown into the king's presence, and he boldly stated his wishes. "May it please your majesty," he said, "I here humbly tender you my services. My army shall put to flight your enemies; my army shall conquer whatever your majesty may command. But there is one reward which I claim; that is, when victory shall be declared, I may lead home your daughter as my wife. Will your majesty agree to these terms?"

The king was taken quite aback at the bold tone of the youth; but he said, "Well, I agree to your demand. If you return home victorious, I will name you as my successor to the throne, and give you my daughter in marriage."

The former herd-boy now marched off alone to the scene of action; and as soon as he arrived there, he thrust his sword many times into the earth, and with each thrust appeared a

thousand well-armed soldiers. He now put himself at their head, and mounted on a noble charger, adorned with trappings of gold and reins glittering with precious stones, he challenged the enemy to battle. A terrible slaughter ensued; out of the general's hat thundered heavy discharges of cannon, while his sword summoned continually fresh regiments of soldiers. In a few hours the enemy was thoroughly beaten, and the victorious general pursued the vanquished army far into the country, and compelled their king to yield up a large portion of his territory. Then, covered with honour and glory, he returned to Spain, where his most desired happiness was to be attained; for the fair princess had been no less struck with the youthful hero than he was with her; and so, when he came back a conqueror, the king kept his royal word, and not only gave him his daughter in marriage, but really, as he had promised, made him his successor to the throne.

The wedding was magnificent beyond description, and the former herd-boy had now almost attained the summit of his fortune. Soon he gained that also; for not long after the wedding the king abdicated the throne in favour of his son-in-law, and then to our hero, as their new king, the people did homage. But although so exalted, he did not forget his old parents; and one day as he sat on his throne, with his wife by his side, he said to her, "My love, I must tell you my parents are yet alive; but they are very poor. My father is only a herdsman, and formerly I myself tended his sheep, until it was shown to me in a wonderful dream, thrice repeated, that I should be king of Spain. And fortune has favoured me; for see, I am now king of Spain: but I would also take care of my poor parents; and now, with your leave, I will go and bring them hither."

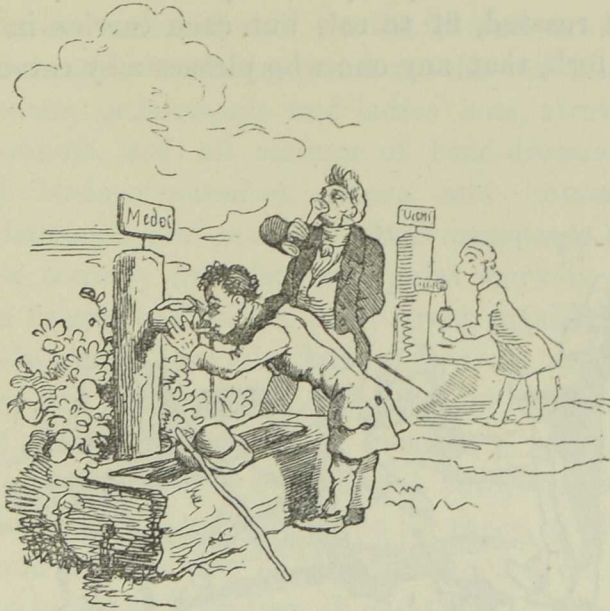
The queen readily consented ; and the king, by the aid of his wonderful boots, soon reached the village where he once lived. On his way he restored to their rightful owners the wonderful things which he had taken from the robbers, and to the possessor of the boots he also presented a dukedom. Then, accompanied by his parents, who marvelled greatly to see their son occupying the high rank which he had left them to seek, he returned back to his country, and lived long and worthily king of Spain.



FOOL'S PARADISE.

NOW listen to me, all you boys and girls, and I will tell you about a place where you would all like to go, if you only knew where it was and how to get there. But the voyage there in winter is too hot, and in summer too cold, for such as you. This famous place is called Fool's Paradise; and the houses there are covered with egg-shells, the doors and walls are made of pie-crust, and the beams are cut out of swine's flesh. What we can buy here for a crown costs only a penny there. Around every house grows a hedge of Bavarian sausages, some of which are cooked and some new-made, so that as soon as one is eaten, a fresh one is ready. All the wells are filled with Malmsey and other sweet wines; and Champagne and Medoc runs out of the spouts of the pumps

when one holds one's mouth under them. Now, whoever would like to drink this wine, let him hasten to Fool's Paradise.



On the birch-trees and willows grow rolls of bread like leaves; and under every tree flows a stream of milk, into which the loaves fall, and are sodden, so that they become nicely soft to the teeth. Now, Hansel and Grethel, will you not hasten away, and bring back with you a good batch of milk-loaves?

In Fool's Paradise the fishes swim on the top of the water, some fried and some boiled, and all close to the shore; but to lazy fools they are still more accommodating, for they will sometimes jump into their hands, and so save them the trouble of stooping.

All the birds, such as geese and turkeys, pigeons and capons, larks and fieldfares, fly about trussed and roasted,

and even into the mouths of such as are too lazy to put out their hands to catch them. Sucking-pigs, too, are to be had in Fool's Paradise every day in the year; and not only do they run about roasted, fit to eat, but each carries in its back a knife and fork, that any one who pleases may carve a slice for himself.



Cheeses grow in Fool's Paradise as thick as mushrooms, and lie about the roads like great big stones.

The rain in winter is more like honey, and is sweet and pleasant to the taste; the snow is like clear white sugar, and the hail like comfits mixed with figs, almonds, and raisins.

In this land there are also large forests, on the trees and brushwood of which grow clothes of all descriptions (coats, jackets, cloaks, breeches, and hose) and of all colours (black, green, yellow, blue, or red for postillions); and whoever needs a new garment goes into the forest and brings one down with

a stone or a shot from his cross-bow. On the hedges grow fine dresses of velvet, silk, satin, gros de Naples, barège, taffeta, muslin, and so forth; and on the grass lie many rolls of ribbons, plain and embroidered. On the fir-trees are suspended ladies' watches and chatelaines; and on the tall bushes grow boots and shoes, gentlemen's and ladies' hats, straw bonnets and chip bonnets, and all manner of head-dresses, such as feathers of birds-of-paradise, swans, and humming-birds, pearls and diamonds, and gold and silver ornaments.

This noble country has also two great markets and fairs, at which the buyers and sellers enjoy great privileges; for to these markets come those who have old wives, and exchange them for new and young ones. Then the old and ugly women (for there is an old proverb, which says, "She who grows old grows ugly also") resort to a wonderful bath, with which the land is favoured, and there they bathe for three, or at the most four days, and at the end of that time come out fair and pretty young ladies of seventeen or eighteen!

There is plenty of sporting going on in Fool's Paradise, and nobody need go far without finding something worth shooting at. For the game ever seems too lazy to get out of the way, and may be had almost for the trouble of picking it up. This is the country, too, for sleepy people, and for all who are too idle to work, and have spent all their means, and are reduced to beggary; for in this land every hour of sleep brings a dollar to the sleeper, and every yawn a double dollar. He who loses at cards has his money put in his pocket again. Those who get drunk oftenest have the best wine for nothing; and for every draught of beer, women as well as men are rewarded with a prize of three farthings. The best joker and the greatest plague of his neighbour always gets

rewarded with money ; and because nothing is done gratis in this country, he who tells the greatest lies receives a crown for his pains.

He who would be reckoned a learned man must learn to be rude and uncouth. (We have such students in our own country, but they gain neither honour nor thanks here.) He must also be lazy and gluttonous ; and these three qualities are indispensable. (I know a friend of mine who ought, certainly, to be a professor.)



Nobody who would work readily, do good, and let evil alone, should go to Fool's Paradise ; for there every one would turn his back upon him, and he would be banished. But the lazy, the ne'er-do-wells, and the stupid who have no sense at all, are very highly esteemed, and made noblemen of. He who can do nothing but eat, sleep, drink, dance, and play is ranked as a count ; but he whom the commonalty regard as the dirtiest, laziest, and most useless being among them is elected king, and enjoys as such a large revenue.

Now you know what sort of a place Fool's Paradise is ;

and if you wish to go there, and do not know the way, ask a blind man; but a dumb man would be better, for he will not tell you wrong, I am sure. All around the place grows a thick and high wall of ginger-bread, and whoever would reach Fool's Paradise, or come away from it, must eat his way clean through.



THE WITCH AND THE KING'S CHILDREN.

In the country of a gloomy forest there once dwelt an old
witch alone with her daughter. The latter was a good
kind girl, and the proverb, "the apple falls nearest from the
tree," would not apply to her: for the years ran beyond
measure kindly, soft, and withered, and every body who



THE WITCH AND THE KING'S CHILDREN.

IN the centre of a gloomy forest there once dwelt an old witch alone with her daughter. The latter was a good, kind girl, and the proverb, "the apple falls not far from its stem," would not apply to her. For the stem was beyond measure knotty, ugly, and withered, and every body who

caught sight of the old witch thought it prudent to keep as far as possible out of her reach. She wore constantly a pair of green spectacles, and on her shaggy hair, which hung uncombed far down her back, she had a red cloth rag. Her arms were always uncovered, and stretched like withered skinny bones far out of her ragged dress. On her back she usually carried a sack, into which she put the herbs which she gathered in the forest for her charms. In her hand she carried a can, wherein she cooked sleet and snow, frost and hail, to dispense at her own will and pleasure. On her finger she wore a bewitching ring of gold, set with a carbuncle, which shone like a red-hot coal, and this ring made its wearer strong as a giant; and, moreover, made her, when she wished, invisible, so that she could go where she liked, and do what she pleased. In this way she searched the woods for the deer; and when they saw the sparkle of the stone in her ring, they were chained, as it were, to the spot; and then the old woman milked the does into her can, and fed herself and her daughter on the milk. The daughter was called Kate; and although ill-treated by her mother, she bore all her misfortunes patiently. But what grieved her most was, that her mother sometimes brought home with her young children, with whom she would have been glad to have played; but the witch always stript the poor children, and then fattened them on the milk she procured from the forest deer. What she did further is horrible to tell; she changed them into fawns, and led them in the way of the hunters, who pursued and shot them. Thus terrible and wicked was the old witch; and sometimes, when she remained at home all day, she would read and repeat aloud various charms, which her daughter overhearing, would treasure up in her remembrance.

One evening the old witch again brought home with her two children,—a boy and a girl, who, one could see at a glance, were brother and sister, and the offspring of wealthy parents. They had lost their way in the wood, and the old woman found them and brought them home with her by persuading them that she would take them back to their parents. But the children found out the trick only too soon, when the old witch stripped them of their clothing, and gave them some coarse rags to wear, and then locked them up in a dark room. She was so kind, however, as to give them a jug of goat's milk to drink, which they thought very nice; but the black bread which they had with it tasted very disagreeable, and only hunger induced them to eat it.

The next morning the old witch hobbled off early to the wood, and beckoned to her deer. There was one family of them that she particularly cherished, which consisted of a buck and a doe and two fawns, and these all kept together in the wood. But the witch had power to make them do what she liked; and because she robbed the mother of all her milk, the two calves never grew fat. The buck often thought to himself he should greatly like to thrust his antlers through the withered old woman's body, and the doe also bore her no good-will; but wishing never helped them in the least.

This morning, when the old woman was in the forest, Catherine slipped up to the prison chamber, and saw through a chink in the door the poor children weeping in great distress. "Who are you, you poor children?" asked Catherine.

"We are the children of a king," was the reply; "take us out of this horrible prison, and we will reward you handsomely. And you shall be my sister, and sleep in a silken bed, and I will give you the most beautiful clothes you ever

saw," continued the princess, eagerly; "do help us now, do help us!"

"Have patience, dear children," said Catherine, "and I will see what I can do to free you."

The following morning accordingly she began to prepare a charm; and hastily leaving her bed, she first breathed into it, and then said,

"Dear little bed, speak for me
When I'm away, as you love me!"

Then she breathed also on her chest, on the stairs, and on the kitchen-hearth, saying the same rhyme as to the bed. This done, she went to the room where the children were confined, and holding a rod, which the witch had left behind her, over the lock, she repeated this rhyme,

"Bolted door, so strong and thick;
Let me in, I pray thee, quick!"

Immediately the bolts flew back, the door opened, and Catherine led the children out into the forest.

Meanwhile the old witch awoke, and called out, "Catherine, get up, and light the fire!" The bed made reply:

"I'm already dress'd, and ready to make
The oven-fire, to begin to bake!"

Thereupon the old woman slept a little longer; but when she awoke again, and heard nothing stirring, she called again, "Catherine, where are you, you lazy thing?" The chest replied:

"Let me alone awhile, I pray;
I'm darning the hole I rent yesterday."

Then there was another pause, but still all was quiet; and now the old witch flew into a passion, and shouted out: "Ca-

therine, you baggage! where are you?" A voice from the stairs replied:

"I'm coming downstairs as quick as I can;
But first I must empty this baking-pan."

This quieted the old witch for a time, but still hearing nothing, she began to be alarmed, and shouted again. This time the kitchen-hearth made answer,

"Why do you make such a terrible row?
I'm busily sweeping the kitchen now!"

But when the words were said, no noise of any kind was to be heard; and the old witch, jumping out of bed, seized a broom-handle, which stood in one corner, and sallied down stairs, intending to give Catherine a sound beating. But no Catherine was to be found, seen, or heard, and best of all, but worst for the old woman, the king's children were gone too. You should have seen the immense jumps which the old wretch made. Her ring showed her the direction which Catherine and the children had taken, and she rushed wildly after them. But they had met in the forest the deer and his family, and had told them their tale, which excited them strongly to do the best they could for the unfortunate wanderers. The good dame stag offered the children the use of her back to carry them to their father's palace, which stood on this side of the forest; and the stag himself, bidding his young ones escape into the wood, hid himself behind a tree where he could dart upon the old woman before he saw her ring, and push his horns through her body.

In a very little while the old woman came springing along like a tigress, in her rage and passion quite forgetting to make herself invisible. She held the ring too so that it could

not be seen; and, regardless of every thing but the object of her pursuit, she did not perceive the stag, who suddenly rushed out of the thicket. His antlers pierced her hand and made her drop the ring; and before she could pick it up, the stag tumbled her over, and she could not recover herself, because with the ring all her strength departed. Then, lifting her up on his antlers, he followed the path which his mate



had left on the dewy grass. By that time they had reached the palace of the king; and the two children, together with Catherine, their deliverer, were received with great joy by their parents. Suddenly they saw the stag coming along with the old witch on his antlers; and pausing in the palace

garden, he tossed his burden into a lake which was there, and then trotted off to rejoin his mate. The stag and his doe now returned to their forest haunts, rejoicing that nobody would henceforth steal their milk. The good Catherine remained with the royal children, and slept, as she was promised, in a silken bed. She was dressed, too, in fine clothes, and in every way treated as a king's daughter.

And all the poor children that had been turned into fawns regained their natural shape, and, by the assistance of the old stag, were restored to their delighted parents.

AS PRETTY AS SEVEN.

ONCE upon a time, in a certain village, dwelt a worthy pair in a small cottage. They had but one child, a daughter; but she was a treasure in her way. She worked, sewed, washed, and spun as much as seven ordinary people, and withal was "As Pretty as Seven." But on account of her pretty face, every body stared at her; and, as she did not like this, she put a veil over her face when she went to church on Sundays; for this was one of her greatest charms, that she was pious as well as hard-working. One day the king's son saw her, and admired her graceful form and figure, and her ladylike manners; but to his great mortification he could not see her face, because of the veil. He asked his servants the reason why she wore this veil; and they told him it was because she was so modest and maidenly.

"If the girl is so modest about her beauty," said the king, "I am sure she would make a good wife. Go, take her this gold ring; and say I wish to speak to her, if she will come this evening to the great oak-tree."

The servant did as he was bidden; and As Pretty as Seven, believing that the prince wished to give her some work, went to the spot named at the appointed time. There the prince told her how he loved her dearly for her beauty and virtue, and would make her his wife. But she said, "I am a poor

girl, and you are a rich prince; your father would be very angry if I were to become your wife."



The prince, however, would not be put off; and she at last consented to his entreaties, and promised him an answer in two days. But the prince fancied he could not possibly wait so long; and accordingly, the morning after their meeting, he sent As Pretty as Seven a pair of silver shoes, and begged her to meet him once more beneath the oak. When they met, he asked her if she had yet decided; but she said she had not yet had time—she had been too busy about household affairs; and besides, she was a poor girl and he a rich prince, and it would only enrage his father if he were to marry her. But the prince begged and entreated her so long to listen to him, that she at length promised to consider the matter, and tell her parents of it. The next day the prince sent her a golden cloak, and asked a third meeting beneath the oak-tree. But the maiden was as unprepared as before to listen to him; and she told him again she was too poor and he

too rich, and his father would be in a terrible passion if they were married to one another. The prince declared that all her reasons went for nothing; that if she became his wife now, by and by she would be queen; and he seemed so much in earnest in all he said, that at last she consented to meet him every evening beneath the oak-tree.

Now the king knew not a word about this. But there was at the palace an ugly old courtier, who was always spying into the young prince's doings, and he, discovering these meetings, reported them to the king. The king immediately sent his servants with orders to burn down the cottage where *As Pretty as Seven* lived, that she and her parents might perish together. But in this dark design he failed; for although the cottage was burnt, and also the helpless old couple, the maiden luckily escaped, and took refuge in an empty barn. As soon as the coast was clear, the maiden came out of her hiding-place, and searching among the ruins of the cottage, found a few small matters which were yet of use. These she sold, and with the money purchased a suit of men's clothing, and went to the court attired as a footman in want of a place. The king asked the new-comer his name; and he received for answer, "Misfortune." Now the king was so pleased with the youth's manners, that he hired him at once, and by degrees grew so partial to him as to prefer him to any other servant.

Meanwhile the prince had heard and seen that the cottage of his betrothed was burnt to the ground, and he fully believed that she had perished in the flames. This the king also said; and he was very anxious that his son should marry the daughter of a neighbouring king. When the wedding was agreed upon, the whole court and all the royal household accompanied the young prince to the home of the bride. Among

the others, but almost last in the procession, went Misfortune, sad at heart, and weighed down by grief. As she rode she sang :

“ As Pretty as Seven was once my name,
But it changed to Misfortune when here I came.”

The prince heard the singing, and asked who it was.

“ It is my servant Misfortune, I think,” replied the king.

Presently they heard the song again :

“ As Pretty as Seven was once my name,
But it changed to Misfortune when here I came.”

Then the prince asked again if it were really only a servant of the king's who sang so beautifully ; and the king said he knew it could be no one else. But as the procession drew closer to the palace of the intended bride, the same clear voice sang louder than before :

“ As Pretty as Seven was once my name,
But it changed to Misfortune when here I came.”

When the prince heard the same words a third time, he could restrain his impatience no longer, and rode as fast as possible back to the end of the cavalcade. There he saw Misfortune, and recognized *As Pretty as Seven*. So, contenting himself for the time with a kindly nod, he rode back to his place, and in due course entered the palace, where his bride awaited him. Then by and by, when all the guests were come, and were collected in the great council-chamber to hear the betrothal before the ceremony commenced, the young prince said to his future father-in-law, “ My lord king, before I am betrothed to your daughter, give me, I pray you, an answer to this riddle. I possess a beautiful casket, to which some time since I lost the key ; but now, just as I have pro-

cured a new one, the old key has come to light: tell me, therefore, which key am I bound to make use of?"

"Oh, naturally the old one," answered the king; "the old key should be had in honour, and the new one laid aside."

"Very well, my lord king," said the prince; "then do not be angry with me, if I put aside your daughter; she is the new key, and there stands the old one!"

As he spoke he took the hand of As Pretty as Seven, and led her to his father, saying, "My lord, here is my bride."

But the old king was quite frightened, and said, "Oh, no, my dear son, that is my servant Misfortune!" Many of the people exclaimed too, "Yes, that is Misfortune!"

"No, no," said the young prince, authoritatively; "this is not Misfortune the servant, but As Pretty as Seven my bride."

And then taking a courteous leave of the assembly, he conducted his recovered sweetheart to the most charming of the castles which he possessed, and installed her there as his wife, and the mistress of all his wealth.



THE MONK AND THE BIRD.

MANY years ago, there dwelt in a cloister a young monk named Urban, who was remarkable for an earnest and devout frame of mind beyond his fellows, and was therefore intrusted with the key of the convent library. He was a careful guardian of its contents, and, besides, a studious reader of its learned and sacred volumes. One day he read in the

Epistles of St. Peter the words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" and this saying seemed impossible in his eyes, so that he spent many an hour in musing over it. Then one morning it happened that the monk descended from the library into the cloister-garden, and there he saw a little bird perched on the bough of a tree, singing sweetly, like a nightingale. The bird did not move as the monk approached her, till he came quite close, and then she flew to another bough, and again another, as the monk pursued her. Still singing the same sweet song, the nightingale flew on; and the monk, entranced by the sound, followed her on out of the garden into the wide world.

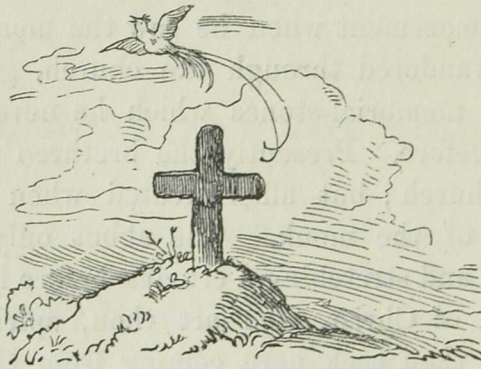
At last he stopped, and turned back to the cloister; but every thing seemed changed to him. Every thing had become larger, more beautiful, and older,—the buildings, the garden; and in the place of the low, humble cloister-church a lofty minster with three towers reared its head to the sky. This seemed very strange to the monk, indeed marvellous; but he walked on to the cloister-gate and timidly rang the bell. A porter entirely unknown to him answered his summons, and drew back in amazement when he saw the monk. The latter went in, and wandered through the church, gazing with astonishment on memorial-stones which he never remembered to have seen before. Presently the brethren of the cloister entered the church; but all retreated when they saw the strange figure of the monk. The abbot only (but not his abbot) stooped, and stretching a crucifix before him, exclaimed, "In the name of Christ, who art thou, spirit or mortal? And what dost thou seek here, coming from the dead among us the living?"

The monk, trembling and tottering like an old man, cast

his eyes to the ground, and for the first time became aware that a long silvery beard descended from his chin over his girdle, to which was still suspended the key of the library. To the monks around the stranger seemed some marvellous appearance; and with a mixture of awe and admiration, they led him to the chair of the abbot. There he gave to a young man the key of the library, who opened it, and brought out a chronicle wherein it was written, that three hundred years ago the monk Urban had disappeared, and no one knew whither he had gone.

“Ah, bird of the forest, was it then thy song?” said the monk Urban, with a sigh. “I followed thee for scarce three minutes, listening to thy notes, and yet three hundred years have passed away! Thou hast sung to me the song of eternity, which I could never before learn. Now I know it; and, dust myself, I pray to God kneeling in the dust.”

With these words he sank to the ground, and his spirit ascended to heaven.





THE SEVEN SWANS.

ONCE upon a time a young and wealthy king, who lived in a noble castle, went a hunting in his forest. He found there a hind, whiter than snow, which fled away at his approach, and tried to hide herself among the thickets. The king followed her till he came to a dark, gloomy valley, and there he lost sight of her entirely, and was at last obliged to call his dogs together, and retrace his steps. On his way back he passed a pool of water, by the side of which a maiden stood washing herself, holding in her hand a golden chain. The sight of her so charmed the king, that he softly dismounted from his horse, and gliding behind the maiden,

took the chain from her hand. Now this chain possessed a wonderful bewitching power, and the maiden was a little wishing girl, and so pretty that the king forgot all about the white hind and his dogs, and led the maiden home to his castle.

Now the young king had a mother, who regarded her son's wife with a very unfavourable eye; for she feared that now he was married she should lose all her influence, as hitherto she had had the management of every thing. So the mother-in-law began to hate her daughter, and tried by all the means in her power to cause a quarrel between her and her husband. But the old woman's design failed; for her son would not hear what she had to say, and each attempt made him more and more angry. So the queen-mother now changed her tactics, and began to be very accommodating and obedient in all that was said or done by her son and his wife; but under this seeming amiability she concealed a very bad design. For not long after this, six sons and a daughter were born to the young queen, and all had golden rings round their neck. The old queen was in the room when this happy event occurred; and as soon as the mother fell asleep she substituted seven kittens for the new-born infants. Then she carried the latter away, and intrusted them to a faithful slave, whom she bound by an oath to throw them into a pond. He took the children; but when he got to the place where the murderous deed was to be performed, his courage failed him, and he left them lying on the ground. But he told the queen-mother that he had performed her bidding.

A merciful Providence watched over the deserted children, and sent to them an old hermit who dwelt in the wood,

and passed his time in the study of wisdom. He took them home to his hut; and for seven long years nourished them as well as he was able on the milk of his goats, and what else he could obtain.

Meanwhile the queen-mother, when she had conveyed away the queen's babes, showed her son the seven young kittens, and told him they were the offspring of his union. Unhappily the king believed his mother's words, and all his love for his wife changed into the bitterest hatred. He refused to hear one word of explanation, and caused his wife to be buried up to her waist in the earth before his castle-gate. Over her head he placed a large basin, and commanded his servants to wash therein, and to dry their hands on his wife's golden locks.

So the poor young queen remained in this position for seven years, and no one dared to pity her; but her hair grew in that time so long that her whole body was enveloped in it.

The seven children in the forest meanwhile learnt to hunt and fish for their living; and once the king their father caught sight of them when he himself was hunting. He remarked the golden chains around the neck of each, as they sported about in the sun; and his heart was so moved that he would have caught one of them, had they not all disappeared in an instant. When he reached home he mentioned what he had seen to his mother and his friends; the former was terribly frightened when she heard the tale, and hastened away to ask her slave whether he had killed the children or not. He confessed that he had not, but had left them lying beneath a tree, where they must have died. She bade him ride at once to the forest and search for the children, who were not really

dead, and take from them their golden chains, else would they both be put to shame. The terrified slave obeyed at once; and, after three days' search, found the children, who at the time had laid aside their chains, and were swimming about a lake in the form of swans. The little girl only retained her human form, and watched the gambols of her brothers. The slave, cautiously approaching the spot, seized upon the six chains; but the maiden saw him in time to escape. He then returned and delivered the chains to the queen-mother, who took them to a goldsmith, and bade him fashion them into a cup. But the goldsmith found that the gold was finer and purer than any he had had before, and could neither be fashioned with the hammer nor melted in the fire. So he contented himself with beating one chain into the shape of a ring, and the others he weighed, and laid on one side, and made a cup of other gold equal in value to them. When he had finished them, he delivered the two to the queen-mother, and she locked them up in her cabinet.

But the swans, deprived of their chains, could not regain their human forms, and they swam sadly to and fro, singing notes which resembled the cries of children. At last they rose on their wings, to see if they could discover where they should travel; and perceiving a large clear lake, they settled down upon it. This lake nearly surrounded a lofty rock, on the top of which stood a castle, and its waters flowed so close to the steep sides that there was only a very narrow path by which one could ascend. Now this castle was the very one where lived the young king, and the window of his dining-room looked out over the lake. So the day after the coming of the six swans, he observed them swimming on the waters beneath his castle, and he marvelled much where such

noble birds could have come from. He threw down pieces of bread to them, and bade his servants never hunt or in any way annoy them, but regularly feed them. This was



continued for so long that at last the swans became quite tame, and came daily at stated times to receive their food.

The poor sister meanwhile, left alone as she was, could not support herself except by begging; and chance directed her also to the castle of her father. Here she saw the poor queen sitting neglected and forlorn as it were in a pillory, and together they shared what each received from charitable hands. She knew not that it was her mother, although she every night slept by her side. Every morning she went down to the lake and fed her brothers the swans; and they, when she came, flew to her and ate out of her hand, and suffered her to fondle and caress them.

The people at the castle remarked all these proceedings with great wonderment, and noticed not only that the young girl wept when she stood by the queen, but also that there was a likeness between them. The heart of the king was also strangely moved, for he too remarked this likeness to his wife, and saw the golden chain around the neck of the maiden. One day he asked her, "My dear child, tell me whence you came, and to whom you belong. Who are your parents? and how did you so tame these swans, that they eat out of your hands?"

The poor child heaved a deep sigh, and replied, "My dear lord, my parents I never knew. I do not even know if I have ever seen them. But if you ask who the swans are, they are my brothers, brought up in the forest by a dear old man. One day it happened that my brothers laid aside their golden chains because they wanted to bathe, and without their chains they were obliged to take the form of swans. Then when the chains were stolen away, my brothers could not regain their proper forms, and remained changed into swans."

The maiden finished, and the cruel queen-mother and her

partner in crime looked at each other in dismay. The tale made a powerful impression on the heart of the young king, and shortly afterwards he went out to muse over it as he walked. At the same time his hard-hearted mother dispatched her slave to kill the maiden, as she went as usual to feed her brothers. The slave, armed with a naked sword, hastened away on his errand; but his movements were watched by the young king, and as he was about to strike the maiden, the latter interposed, and beat his sword out of his hand. Then the slave fell on his knees and confessed all his crimes, and how that he had done every thing at the bidding of the queen-mother. The king immediately sent for his mother, and, threatening to put her to death, induced her to open her chest, and to give him the cup which she supposed to have been made of the chains. The goldsmith was next sent for, and questioned concerning the cup; and he confessed that he had five of the golden chains still entire, but the sixth he had fashioned into a ring. The six chains were fetched, and given to the maiden, who went and placed them around the necks of her brothers, and so enabled them to assume their human forms. All except one; and, as his chain was lost, he was compelled to remain in the form of a swan. Of this swan many wonderful adventures are told, which you will meet with in different books.

While this was being done, the king rescued his wife from her miserable situation, and put her under the care of the most celebrated physicians; so that in a short while she regained all her former beauty and health. But his false-hearted mother he caused to be placed in the pit where her

daughter-in-law had been exposed for seven long years of undeserved misery ; and in this way the old saying was again proved true : " He who diggeth a pit for others shall fall into it himself."





THE THREE DOGS.

A SHEPHERD died and left behind him two children, a son and a daughter, to whom he bequeathed all his property, which consisted of a small cottage and three sheep. On his death-bed he said to them, "My dear children, what I am able to leave to you is of small amount; do not therefore quarrel over it, but share it between you equally." Soon after this the shepherd died; and the sister chose for her share the house, and her brother chose the sheep. Then the latter took leave of his sister, and went into the world to try

his luck ; for, said he to himself, "Many a one has made his fortune there ; and besides, I was born on a Sunday !"

But luck was a long time coming to him ; and one day he arrived at a spot where four cross roads met. While he stood, uncertain which to take, a man approached with three black dogs of different sizes : " Ah, my young fellow," said this man to him, "you have three fine sheep there ; but if you like I will give you my three dogs in exchange for them."

In spite of his misfortunes, the young shepherd was obliged to laugh at this request, and replied, " Why, what should I do with your dogs ? My sheep feed themselves ; but your dogs would want to be fed !"

" Not so," said the stranger ; " my dogs are of a peculiar kind, and, instead of troubling you to feed them, they will support you, and make your fortune. The smallest one is called ' Bring-food ;' the second ' Tear-a-pieces ;' and the great one ' Break-steel.' "

When the shepherd heard this, he accepted the offer, and delivered his sheep to the stranger. Soon afterwards he thought he would try his new possessions, and called out " Bring-food." In an instant the dog fetched a large basket full of the best meats ; and when our hero saw this, he was well content with his exchange, and travelled on without further trouble.

One day he met a carriage drawn by two horses, enveloped in black cloths, and driven by a coachman also dressed in deep black. Inside was a very pretty maiden, in black, weeping bitterly ; and the horses stepped steadily and mournfully on, as if bearing the dead. The shepherd inquired of the coachman what it meant, but the latter refused at first to answer ; until being pressed, he said, that the country was laid waste

by a fearful and monstrous dragon; and the only means of staying its progress was by a yearly tribute of a maid, whose life the monster destroyed. Every year lots were cast by all the maidens of the age of fourteen; and this time the fatal number had been drawn by the king's daughter. The king, and indeed the whole nation, were overwhelmed with grief; but still the sacrifice must be made, and hence the mournful procession he saw. The young shepherd, deeply pitying the princess, followed the carriage. It took its way to a high mountain, at the foot of which the maid descended from her carriage, and slowly began to ascend the hill. The shepherd followed, undeterred by the warnings of the coachman; and when they had gone half way up, a dragon, with a scaly body, immense wings, and horrible claws, came rushing down towards them. A stream of fire proceeded from his open jaws; and he seemed on the point of swallowing his victim, when our hero cried to his dog, "Tear-a-pieces!" The hound threw himself on the dragon, and quickly put an end to his rapacious and cruel life; and then, to complete his work, he devoured the beast entire, with the exception of two teeth, which the young shepherd preserved. The princess meanwhile had sunk to the ground overpowered with terror and joy; and when her deliverer roused her from her swoon, she fell at his feet, and begged him to go back with her to her father, who would reward him handsomely. He replied, that in three years he would return; but at present he must travel in another direction; and then, leading the maid to her carriage, he saw her depart on her way home.

Now the coachman had conceived a wicked plot in his heart to secure for himself power and honour; and as he drove over a bridge which crossed a wide stream, he turned

round in his seat and said to the princess, "Your preserver



is gone, and needs no thanks from you. You may as well,

therefore, do a poor man a good turn, and tell the king that I have killed the dragon; but if you refuse, I will throw you into this water, and nobody shall know that the dragon has not devoured you."

Vain were all the maiden's prayers and entreaties; she was compelled to swear that she would speak of the coachman as her deliverer, and disclose to no one the deception. So they entered the city, where all were beside themselves with joy at the death of the monstrous dragon. The black flags on the towers were replaced by coloured banners, and the king embraced his daughter and her preserver, as the coachman called himself, with frantic delight. "You have saved not only my daughter, but my whole kingdom," he said; "thankfully I reward you: my daughter shall be your wife in a year's time, for as yet she is too young."

The coachman dared not to complain of the delay; he was created a nobleman, arrayed in suitable clothing, and instructed in the proper bearing of his new dignities. The princess, on the contrary, was terribly frightened at her father's decision, and wept bitterly as she remembered her promise. At the year's end she could not obtain more than another year's respite; but when that too was past she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged for yet a third year, for she remembered her real deliverer's promise. The king granted her petition on the understanding that it should be the last delay. How quickly the time passed! the wedding-week came round, and all was rejoicing in the palace and the town.

In the same week a stranger with three dogs arrived in the city, and, inquiring the cause of the public uproar, was told that the princess was about to be married to the man who

had slain the destroying dragon. The stranger declared that the man was a false traitor and liar, and had feathered his nest with other birds' spoils. For this he was seized by the watch, and thrown into a narrow cell enclosed with iron doors. As the lock was turned on him, he threw himself on a bundle of straw, and reflected on his miserable fate; but hearing the baying of his hounds outside, fresh hope dawned upon him. "Break-steel!" he shouted as loudly as he could; and the next minute he saw the paws of his dog on the sill of the barred window, through which a stray beam of light shone. The bars were broken, and the dog, leaping into the cell, bit in two the chains which bound his master. Then the two made their escape again; but the youth's heart was sad, because another had robbed him of his reward. He was hungry, and he called to his dog "Bring-food." Soon the dog returned, bringing with him a dish of savoury meats wrapped in a napkin, and with the meat was placed a small crown of gold. Just before, the king and his court had sat down to table, when the dog appeared, and licked the hand of the intended bride. The princess recognized the animal at once, and gave him the napkin, which, as we have seen, he took to his master. Then she took her father aside and confided to him the whole secret. The stranger was sent for, and conducted to the king's closet, from whence he was led to the grand hall. On his appearance there, the traitorous coachman turned pale as death, and, throwing himself on his knees, entreated for mercy. He was thrown into a deep dungeon; for the real deliverer of the princess proved his tale not only by her confession, but by showing the dragon's teeth, which he had kept.

The princess now no longer desired the wedding to be

delayed, and it was therefore celebrated immediately with great pomp. After his marriage the former shepherd remembered his poor sister, and desired that she should be a sharer of his good fortune. He sent for her; and in a very little while she was lying on her brother's breast weeping with joy. The day following her arrival, the oldest of the three dogs said to his master, "Our time is up now; you need our services no longer. We only remained with you to see if in your prosperity you would remember your sister."

Thereupon the three dogs assumed the form of birds, and disappeared from his sight.



WHAT MADE A PRINCESS LAUGH.

ONCE on a time there lived three brothers, named Jacob, Frederic, and Godfrey. Godfrey was the youngest, and the scape-goat of all his brothers' mischievous tricks, besides being the butt of all their companions. When any thing thwarted them, Godfrey had to pay for it; and he never dared refuse to do as he was told, because he was so much weaker than either of his brothers. All this made his life very miserable; and he was constantly on the watch for an opportunity of escaping from his unlucky position. One day, when he was busy cutting wood in the forest, and lamenting at the

same time his hard lot, a middle-aged woman accosted him, and inquired the cause of his tears. He told her all his troubles; and she replied, "Ah, my lad, the world is wide; why do you not try your luck elsewhere?"

These words were constantly recurring to his remembrance; and early one fine morning he acted upon them. He left his father's house, and ascended the hill which led away from the village. As he reached the top, he turned round and sat down upon a log of wood, to take a farewell look of his native place, where he had at least spent a happy childhood. While he gazed, the same woman who had before spoken to him came behind him, and tapping his shoulder, said, "You have done well so far, my boy; but what will you seek now?"

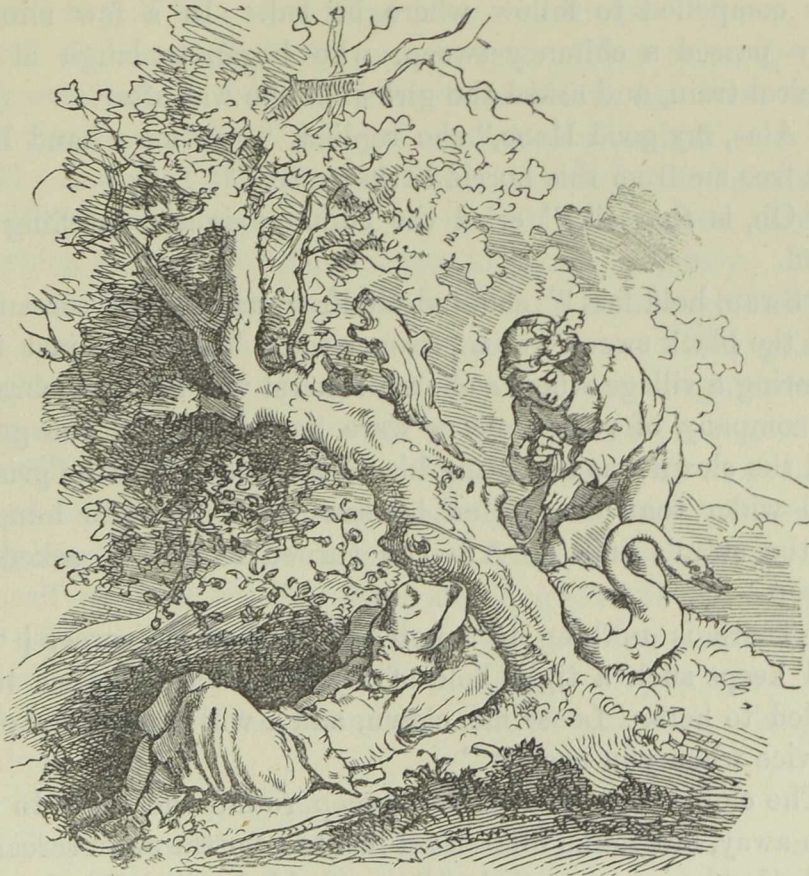


Godfrey was startled, for, in fact, he had commenced his journey without an idea where he should wend his steps. He

thought that luck would fall in his way without searching for it. His companion saw the puzzled look with which he received her question, and continued, "I will tell you what to do. And why? Because I have a regard for you, and because I believe that you will not forget me when good fortune comes to you." Godfrey readily promised that he would not; and his new friend continued, "This evening, when the sun has set, take your way to the old oak-tree which stands on the cross-ways. Beneath it you will find a man lying fast asleep, and tied to the tree a fine full-grown swan. Take care not to awake the man (and on that account especially go at sunset to the tree), but untie the swan and lead it away. Every body you pass will wish to have a feather from such a fine bird, and you may allow them to pluck one. But if the swan makes a noise when any one touches it, you must say, "Swan, hold fast!" and immediately the toucher will find himself a prisoner to the swan, and will not be able to get away till you touch him with this little wand, of which I now make you a present. Then, when you shall have collected behind you in this way a train of human birds, go straight forward, and you will arrive at a certain city where a princess lives who has not been seen to laugh for many years. If your procession causes her even so little as to smile, your fortune is made, and then mind you do not forget me."

Godfrey again faithfully promised, and at sunset arrived at the appointed tree. He found there the sleeping man and the swan, as he had been told, and unloosing the latter without awakening the man, he led the bird away. On he walked till he came to a building-yard, where some men with their trousers turned up to their knees were trampling on a heap of lime. They admired the beauty of the swan which God-

frey led, and one of the party, a young lad besmeared all over with lime, exclaimed, "Oh, how I should like to have a feather!"



"Pull one out," said Godfrey; and the boy seized hold of the swan's wing. The bird screamed.

"Swan, hold fast!" cried Godfrey; and the lad was a prisoner, and forced to follow, willy nilly. The more he screamed, the more his late companions laughed; until a girl who was washing linen at a neighbouring stream heard the

hubbub, and ran to assist. She pitied the boy, and caught him by the collar to pull him away; but the swan again screamed; Godfrey said, "Swan, hold fast!" and the girl was compelled to follow where he led. In a few minutes they passed a chimney-sweep, who began to laugh at the comical train, and asked the girl what she was after.

"Alas, my good Hans," she replied, "give me a hand here, and free me from this horrid little wretch."

"Oh, is that all?" cried the chimney-sweep, catching her hand.

"Swan, hold fast!" shouted Godfrey, as the bird screamed; and the black sweep was a prisoner too. They were just then entering a village where a church-festival was being celebrated. A company of rope-dancers were performing on the green, and the clown was repeating his usual jokes. But he grinned still wider than ever when he saw the three who hung on to the swan's tail. "Are you turned fool?" he asked the sweep.

"There is nothing to laugh at," replied the sweep; "the girl keeps such a tight hold of my hand that it seems to be nailed to hers. Loose me, clown, and I will do you an equal service when you need it."

The clown took hold of the sweep round the neck to pull him away, but found himself set fast too, for the swan screamed, and Godfrey again cried, "Swan, hold fast!" In the foremost rank of the spectators of this strange scene stood the stately and well-conditioned mayor of the village. He was highly incensed at this folly being carried on under his very nose; and his zeal carried him so far, that he caught hold of the clown to give him in custody to the beadle. But, "Swan, hold fast!" cried Godfrey a fifth time, as the bird screamed;

and the angry mayor was made prisoner with the rest. The lady mayoress, a tall, thin dame, was horrified at seeing her lord and master in this evil plight; and she seized hold of his pigtail to pull him away from his companions. "Swan, hold fast!" exclaimed Godfrey; and in spite of her cries, the lady mayoress had to follow, where those before her were taken. But the train received no fresh accessions after her.

The towers of the city which the woman had mentioned to Godfrey were in sight, when he and his train met a carriage, in which sat a beautiful but sedate-looking young lady. When she saw the motley crew she burst into a loud laugh, in which her servants joined in spite of themselves. "The princess laughs!" exclaimed all, full of joy; and she laughed louder than ever, the more she looked at the strange procession and its still stranger evolutions. The carriage was then turned round, and Godfrey followed it slowly to the city. When the king heard the good news that his daughter had laughed, he himself went to see the cause, and laughed till the tears ran out of his eyes as he caught sight of Godfrey and his train. "You silly fellow," said he to Godfrey, "do you know what I have promised to whomever should make my daughter smile?"

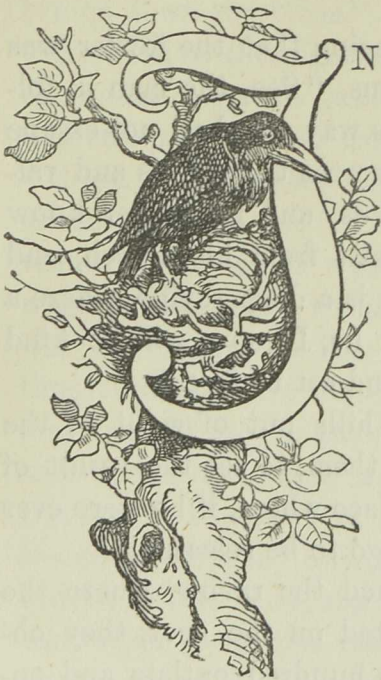
"No," replied Godfrey.

"Then I must tell you: a thousand gold dollars, or a fine estate. Choose between the two."

Godfrey chose the latter; and then he touched with his wand the boy, the maiden, the sweep, the clown, the mayor, and his lady, and set them all free. As soon as they found themselves liberated, they all took to their heels, as if a wild bull were behind them; and their rapid retreat caused fresh and inextinguishable peals of laughter.

The princess herself took a fancy now to stroke the swan, and to admire its feathers; but it screamed at her touch, and Godfrey cried, "Swan, hold fast!" Thus he won the king's daughter; but the swan itself rose in the air, and disappeared from sight. Godfrey received a duchy for himself; and when he went to reside on it, he bethought himself of the woman who had been the origin of his good fortune, and made her housekeeper of his noble establishment.

THE MOUSE AND HIS FRIENDS.



—◆—

N a great forest full of wild thickets and copses stood a tall tree with a great many branches. On one branch a raven had built his nest; and one day he saw a fowler come and fasten his net to the tree. The raven was frightened, and began to wonder whether the net was meant for him or for some other creature; and he determined to watch and see. Meanwhile the fowler scattered some grain upon the ground; and having arranged his nets properly, concealed himself behind a clump of bushes.

Presently a flock of pigeons came flying by, led by one pigeon; and when they saw the grain lying on the ground, they alighted to pick it up, without taking any notice of the net, which suddenly drew together, and made them all prisoners. The pigeons finding themselves thus entrapped, fluttered about in all directions, to the great joy of the fowler. But the leader of the flock said to his companions, "Do not let us each one struggle singly, but let us rather all act in concert. Perchance we may manage,

by all of us rising at once, to raise the net and fly away." The other birds took this advice; and all exerting themselves at the same moment, they rose in a body, carrying the net with them. The fowler had to follow them, that he might catch them again when they alighted, as he felt sure they would; and the raven also followed, desirous to see the result of this strange manœuvre.

But the leader of the pigeons, seeing that the fowler was on their track, said to his companions, "See, the man is following us, and if we continue in this way we shall not escape his vigilance. We must take flight across these hills and valleys, and then he will lose sight of us, and no longer know where to follow us: then he will desist from his search, and we shall be safe. Not far from here is a deep ravine, where a mouse, a friend of mine, lives; and he, I know, will be kind enough to gnaw to pieces this net, and set us free."

So the pigeons flew across the hills out of sight of the fowler; but the raven still followed them, to see the result of their adventures, and to know the place where, if he were ever in the same predicament, he should go to be released.

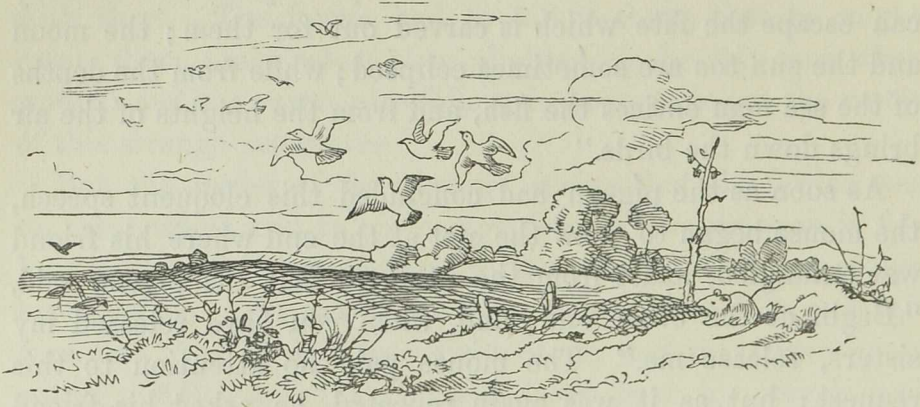
In due course the pigeons reached the ravine, where the mouse dwelt; and when they alighted on the spot, they observed that the mouse had about a hundred outlets and entrances to his underground habitation; so that at the approach of any danger he was never in want of a refuge. The mouse's name was Sambo; and the leader of the pigeons called out, "Sambo, come out of your hole." The mouse asked who it was; and hearing that it was his friend the pigeon, he just peeped out of one of his numerous doors to inquire what was the matter. "Alas, my dear friend," replied the pigeon, "you are well aware that unexpected misfortunes befall the

best of us. And chance is the most unpitying of all deceivers. She showed me the sweet grain, but not the net which covered it; and so into the latter I fell with my companions. Nobody can escape the fate which is carved out for them; the moon and the sun too are sometimes eclipsed; while from the depths of the sea man entices the fish, and from the heights of the air brings down the birds."

As soon as the pigeon had concluded this eloquent speech, the mouse began to gnaw the net at the end where his friend was entangled, apart from the others. But the pigeon said, "Begin at the other end; and, when you have released my sisters, release me." The mouse paid no attention to this request; but as it was again repeated, he asked his friend whether he really wished to be set free; and if so, why he was so urgent to free his companions first. The pigeon thus replied, "Do not mistake my motives; these my sisters trusted me as their leader; they followed me willingly and confidently, and, through my oversight, they fell into the net. Therefore it is just that I should think of their freedom before my own; and, besides, it is only through their united efforts that any of us have escaped from the place where we were first caught. I know also that though you were wearied in releasing my companions, yet, seeing that I, your warmest friend, was still a prisoner, you would not leave me in the lurch!"

"Oh, my dearest and best of friends," answered the mouse, "these sentiments of yours do you much honour, and must strengthen the love existing between us." So saying, he gnawed the net through in many places, and set all the pigeons at liberty; and then, having effected this, he slipped quietly back to his hole.

All this conversation was overheard by the raven, who was perched on a tree close by ; and when it was over, he began



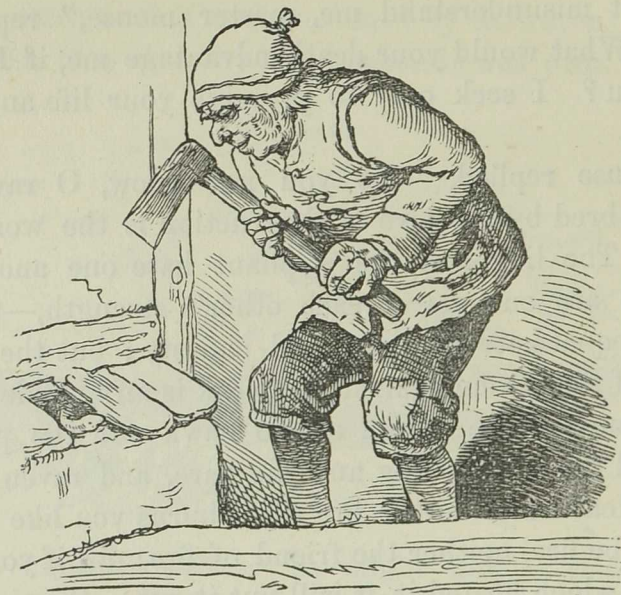
to think to himself whether he might not, at some future time, be caught in a similar trap ; and then how grand a thing it would be to have some friend able and willing to help. He determined to try if he could not make friends with the mouse ; and so flying down from the tree, hopped to the mouth of the hole, which the mouse had entered, and called out, "Sambo, I want you." The mouse inquired who it was ; and the raven replied, "I am the raven, and have just seen what has happened to your dear friend the pigeon ; and because she owes her preservation to your fidelity, I am come to seek your friendship."

Without making his appearance, Sambo replied, "There can be no friendship between you and me : a wise man will only strive after what is possible ; and he is foolish who reaches after things not attainable. So one tries to drive chariots on the sea, and another to sail ships on dry land ! How could friendship exist between us, when I am your prey, and you my destroyer ?"

“Do not misunderstand me, master mouse,” replied the raven. “What would your death advantage me, if I were to destroy you? I seek only to preserve your life and friendship.”

The mouse replied, “Do you not know, O raven, that the hatred bred by the love of destruction is the worst of all hatreds? The lion and the elephant hate one another, because they are envious of each other’s strength,—that is a noble and equal hate of power and majesty; but the destructive hate of the strong against the weak is an ignoble and unfair one; such is the hatred of the hawk and the partridge, the cat and the rat, the dog and the hare, and raven and the mouse. Heat water on the fire till it burns you like fire, still it will not be fire, neither the friend of fire; for if you pour it on the fire which heated it, it will put it out. Wise men say, that he who depends on his enemy is like one who should take a poisonous snake in his hand,—he knows not whether it will bite him; the prudent man never trusts his enemy, but always keeps him at a distance, lest it should happen to him as it happened to a man who found a snake.”

“How was that?” asked the raven; and the mouse related what follows:



THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

A CERTAIN man once kept in his house a snake, which he treated kindly, and his wife fed it out of her own hand. It had its lodging close to the fire, in a hole in the wall, so that it was always warm; and the man and his wife took care of it on account of an old saying, which declared that a snake in one's house brought luck. Now one Sunday it happened that the man had a terrible headache when he awoke, and therefore he lay in bed an hour or two later, and sent his wife and household to church. When they were gone, and all was quiet in the house, the snake glided out of its hole, and looked cautiously about. It peeped through all the crevices of the walls, and went even into the bed-room; but it did not see its master, because he had hid himself. Then it crept on to the

hearth, where, on the fire, stood a pot containing the Sunday's dinner. It put its head into the pot, and spat some of its poison into the soup, and then again carefully returned to his accustomed nook. The man immediately came from his hiding-place, and buried the pot and its poisoned contents in the ground. By and by, when dinner-time came, and with it the hour at which the snake usually appeared, the man stationed himself with an axe near the snake's hole, meaning when it appeared to chop off its head. But the snake was suspicious, and instead of coming quite out, as it usually did, thrust its head forward, and then instantly retreated as soon as it caught sight of the axe.

Some days afterwards the woman said to her husband that he ought to make friends with the snake again, and it would not act so wickedly a second time. The man consented; and a neighbour was summoned to be a witness to the contract between them, that one should do no harm to the other. Then they called the snake from his hole, and showed it the proposals. But the snake said, "No; our friendship can have no longer a true existence; for if you think of what I did to your food, and if I think of what you would have done to my head, it is evident that neither of us can trust the other. Therefore we no longer belong to one another. Give me a free discharge—it is all I now desire of you—and let me take my ways, the farther away from you the better; then you will be at peace in your own house." And so it happened.

The raven waited for the conclusion of the mouse's tale, and then he said, "I quite understand the meaning which your story is intended to illustrate; but remember your character and my sincerity, and be less resolute in refusing me your acquaintance. There is a difference betwixt things noble

and ignoble; the cup made of gold lasts longer than the one of glass, and if the latter gets broken, it is destroyed for ever; but break the gold cup, and yet its value is not lost. The alliance of evil and ignoble spirits is no friendship at all; but that you possess a noble disposition I have long discerned; and it is for that reason that my heart desires your friendship; and so much so that I will not quit this spot, neither eat nor drink, till you grant my request."

"Then I will receive you as a friend," replied the mouse, "for I have never yet let a sincere petition pass ungranted. But you must observe, that I have not pressed myself on your notice, and that I know myself to be most secure in mine own house. But I desire to be useful to all who seek my aid, and so do not at any time boast that you have found a senseless and indiscreet mouse, lest it happen to you as it did to the cock with the fox."

"And how was that?" asked the raven. The mouse narrated as follows :



THE COCK AND THE FOX.

ONE cold winter's night a hungry fox crept out of his hole in search of a supper. In a farm-yard close by he heard a cock crowing with might and main, as he sat perched upon a stone wall. The fox walked up to the spot, and said to the cock, "Sir Cock, why are you singing thus loudly, this cold, dark night?"

"I announce the day," replied the cock; "of whose coming my nature teaches me to be conscious."

The fox replied, "You have something more than human in your nature then, since you are able to announce things

that are yet to happen ;” and thereupon the fox began to dance.

“Why do you dance ?” inquired the cock ; and the fox replied, “Since you sing, O worthy master, it is only proper that I should dance, for it is right to rejoice with the joyful ! O cock, noble prince of all birds, it is not alone given to you to fly in the air ; no, nature has also lent to you gifts of prophecy. Oh, how are you favoured above all other creatures ! How happy should I be to rise in your esteem ! How gladly would I kiss your head, over-filled as it is with wise brains ! How enviable my position would be, could I tell my friends that I was the lucky one to whom a prophet had offered his head to kiss !”

The silly cock believed all these flattering words of the cunning fox ; and flying down from the wall, bent his neck down to be kissed by that animal. With one snap the fox bit off his head, and said with a grin, “I have found a prophet without sense !”

When the mouse had finished this tale, he turned to the raven, and continued, “I have not told you this story because I believe that you are the fox and I the cock, you the eater and I the food ; much less am I willing to believe that your words are spoken with the double tongue of the snake.” And with these words the mouse retreated into his hole.

But as he did so the raven said, “Why do you still keep out of my way ? What makes you so shy of coming out ? Are you yet afraid of me ?”

“I have faith and confidence in you,” returned the mouse, “for your manners please me ; and it is not fear which keeps me inside my hole. You have many brethren of your species, but perhaps not of your disposition ; and their friend-

ship for me is not like yours. If one sees me, I fear lest he should eat me."

"Be assured, friend Sambo," returned the raven, "that all my friends are your friends too, and your enemies are mine enemies also. Unless this is so, there can be no real friendship betwixt us. And besides, I have power and strength enough to protect you in all dangers."

Now, at last, the mouse Sambo came out of her hole, and swore eternal friendship with the raven; and when that was done, they made their habitation together, and lived in great peace and amity, beguiling the time with the telling of interesting stories.

Some little time had thus passed, when one morning the raven said to the mouse, "Your house, my dear friend, seems to me to be both too noisy and too near the road; and I fear that some day some one will come and shoot me or kill you; moreover, I find it difficult to feed here. Now I know a very famous spot, abounding in grass and water, and corn and fruit; and I propose that we go there together; for a good old friend of mine lives there too, and he will give us a warm welcome."

"I will do so willingly," replied the mouse, "for I have never felt very safe here, as you may judge from the number of outlets to my dwelling. Believe me, I have experienced a great deal in my lifetime, and I will tell you some of my adventures when we are settled again."

Thereupon both bade farewell to their old dwelling; and the raven, taking the mouse's tail in his beak, flew with him to the place he had spoken of. A tortoise peeped out of the water as they arrived, but dived back again as soon as it caught sight of the mouse in the raven's beak. The raven

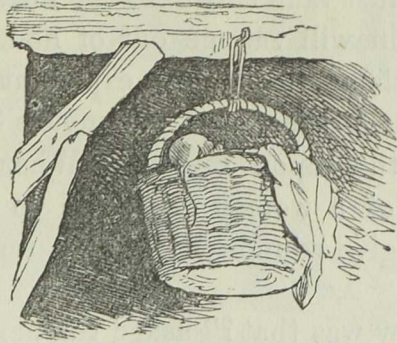
perched upon a tree, and croaked twice ; and then the tortoise reappeared, and inquired of his friend where he had been, and what he had been doing during his long absence. The raven told him the adventures of the pigeons and the mouse, and introduced the latter to him. The tortoise was surprised at the good sense of the mouse, and taking his hand, shook it, and expressed himself pleased to make his acquaintance.

Shortly afterwards the raven entreated the mouse to tell him and his old friend the story of his life ; and, after some demur, the mouse consented, and related as follows :



THE STORY OF THE MOUSE.

I WAS born in the house of a pious hermit, where, besides my own parents, dwelt many other mice who were blessed with large families. It was an excellent place to live in, for we never suffered from scarcity of provisions, as the people in the neighbourhood brought daily to the hermit bread, meal, cheese, eggs, butter, fruit and vegetables, and much more than he required, only asking in return his prayers. But with all this, my brethren and myself were no favourites with the hermit; and so far from feeding us, he hung what food he did not eat in a basket out of reach. But once I, being an active and also a cunning and cautious mouse,



marked the spot where the basket hung, and jumped into it from a beam which supported the ceiling close by. Then I ate

to my heart's content, and threw down the remainder to my companions, who that night feasted in famous style. But when the hermit came home, and saw what had happened, he took care the next time to hang the basket higher than before. That evening a pilgrim passing by the hut was invited in, and entertained by the hermit to the best of his ability. When they had eaten and drunk what they wished, the hermit put what was left in the basket, and hung it in the new spot, thinking, as he did so, that he would also watch that no mouse found his way to it. Meantime the pilgrim began to tell of his travels by sea and land, his adventures, sufferings, and experiences in foreign countries; but he soon perceived that his host's attention was only half directed to him, and that his other eye was continually cast on a basket which hung to the ceiling. The pilgrim's anger rose at this slight, and he exclaimed, "Here am I telling you my adventures, and you pay no attention to me, and do not seem to be in the least interested in my story!"

"With reason," replied the hermit. "I hear, indeed, all you say; but I must take care that the mice do not get at my food. The vermin will eat me out of house and home; for there is one of them who is very expert at jumping into my basket." By this he meant me, the mouse Sambo.

The pilgrim thereupon replied, "What you say reminds me of the story of a woman, who said to her friend, 'This woman does not give winnowed corn for unwinnowed without a reason.'"

"How so? how was that?" asked the hermit.

"I will tell you. Once during my wanderings I lodged with a worthy man, whom I overheard to say at night to his wife, that on the morrow he would invite some friends to



THE STORY OF THE MOUSE.

dinner. And his wife replied, 'We cannot every day have guests, and keep open house; and so it will be best that we spare what we have, lest one day we come to want ourselves.'

"'Wife,' returned the man, 'do not be displeased with my wish, especially in such affairs as this. I tell you, that he who is always stingy, always gathering and collecting, and never giving away, and never making merry with his good things, will at last come to an end like the wolf.'

"'What was the end of the wolf, then?' asked the woman; and her husband replied, 'It is said that there was once a huntsman, who went into the forest with his gun and cross-bow, and soon met a deer which he killed, and then laid across his shoulders to carry home; but on his way he met a bear, and the huntsman seeing the beast coming, strung [his cross-bow; but before he could release the bolt, the bear was upon him; and throwing the bow aside, he drew his knife and stabbed the bear just as the latter gave him a hug, which squeezed him to death. But the wound which the huntsman had given the bear was a deadly one, and he soon bled to death. In the evening a wolf passed by, and found a dead stag, a dead bear, and a dead huntsman. The sight made him leap for joy, and he said to himself, 'All that I now find here shall be mine alone, and I shall make many a meal of it. My brothers shall know nothing of it; but to-day I will be sparing, and touch nothing, that the prize may last the longer. But there lies a bow whose string I can gnaw.' So saying, the wolf caught at the bow, and began to chafe the string; but while he did so, the bolt suddenly shot out, and pierced his heart! See, wife,' continued the man to whom I was listening, 'here is an example of the evil of always accumulating, and never sharing the enjoyments with one's friends.'

“ ‘You may be right,’ returned his wife; and in the morning she got up early, and taking some winnowed corn, washed it, spread it out to dry, and bade her child watch it, while she busied herself about other work. But the child, like all other children, began to play, and forgot altogether the corn. An old sow strayed into the house and devoured some of the corn, and spoilt the rest. Presently the woman returned, and saw the damaged corn, and was so vexed that she took it to market, and sold it in exchange for a quantity of unwinnowed corn. Then it was I heard one of her neighbours, who had seen the whole affair, say, spitefully, to a third woman, ‘See how cheap she sells winnowed corn for unwinnowed; she has reason for doing so!’ So is it with the mouse of whom you speak; she jumps into the basket on behalf of all the other mice, and there must be a reason for that. Give me a hoe, and I will grub in this mouse’s hole, and find out the cause of his activity.’ ”

“ This speech,” continued the mouse Sambo, “ I heard when I was in the hole of one of my companions; and I remembered that in my own dwelling about a thousand gold dollars were hid away, of which the hermit knew nothing. With them I had been used to play daily, and amuse myself. The pilgrim soon found this gold with his hoe; and taking it out, he said to the hermit, ‘ See, the strength of this money has given this mouse the power which enabled him to jump into the basket. Now when we take it away, he will not be able to do so.’ ”

“ These words,” continued the mouse, “ I heard with a great deal of fear, and experienced the truth of them too soon; for when it was morning, all the other mice came to me, expecting to be fed as before, and they seemed more hungry

than ever. But because I had lost my gold, I had no longer strength enough left to jump into the basket; and so there was nothing for my companions to eat. Then, as if they all feared that they should now be called upon to support me, I saw my former friends one by one slipping away; till at last I was left alone, as if I had done them some great injury.

“Sad at heart, I reflected that good friends are seldom to be found in the day of trouble, but are always at hand when one is prosperous. He who has no property has no brothers; he who has no brothers has no acquaintance; he who has no acquaintance has no friends; and he who has no friends will soon be forgotten. Poverty is a hard circumstance. Poverty makes life miserable. No wound is so painful as poverty. Much praise is given to the rich; but when a rich man grows poor, he is doubly and trebly blamed. Was he kind and hospitable? he is now called a spendthrift: was he noble and liberal? he is now called proud and quarrelsome: is he quiet and silent? he is called cunning: is he talkative? he is called a tattler and gossip. Death is rather to be endured than poverty. The poor man is sooner helped when he puts his hand between the jaws of a poisonous snake, than when he asks aid of a miserly man.

“But to return to my story. I next saw the hermit and the pilgrim share the heap of gold between them; and the hermit placed his share beneath the pillow whereon he slept. Observing this, I thought I would try and regain some of my playthings, and with them my strength; but in my attempt I awoke the hermit, and he gave me a blow which sent me reeling from his bed, and I regained my hole, I scarce know how. But still my passion for the gold did not abate, and I made another attempt to regain it. This time I received

a blow from the hermit which nearly killed me, and, in fact, stunned me for some time. I had now suffered enough ; and sick in mind and body, the following thoughts on money and gold came into my head. He shows most understanding who is content with what he has, without striving after other men's goods. Nobody is noble without good manners. There is no greater riches than contentment. He is wise who does not stretch after things out of his reach. Thus I resolved to remain in poverty and singleness of heart ; and so, leaving the hermit's house, I wandered into the wide world. I managed



to find a tolerable living, and made the acquaintance of the pigeons, who sought my assistance on one occasion when you were by, friend raven. Then it was that I became friends with you ; and not long afterwards you introduced me to the tortoise, another friend of yours, who has now, together with you, been listening to my story. And the friendship of both of you I hope I shall always keep ; for there is nothing in this

world more valuable than true friendship, and nothing more miserable than to be compelled to live alone."

With these words the mouse finished the story of his life, and as he did so the tortoise said, "I return you many thanks for your instructive tale; you have indeed experienced much, and the treasure which you have found is wisdom, which is much better than gold. But now, in our society, forget alike your troubles and your losses; and remember that it is the noble disposition which is truly honoured, even when there is no possession of earthly riches. The lion, whether he sleeps or wakes, is feared, and his strength goes with him wherever he goes. The wise man willingly leaves his home that he may learn foreign manners and see foreign lands; but for his companion he chooses not gold, but understanding."

The raven, hearing these words, rejoiced at this union of his friends, and expressed himself so to them. While he spoke a stag came running towards them, and at his approach the faithful friends fled; the tortoise back into the water, the raven up a tree, and the mouse into a hole in the ground. But as the stag stopped at the water, the raven looked to see if any hunter were following, and seeing none, he called to his friends to make their appearance again. The tortoise peeped out, and saw the stag with his neck stretched towards the water. "Noble sir," he said, "drink if you are thirsty; you have nobody here to fear."

The stag drank; and the tortoise, going close to him, asked him whence he came. The stag replied, that he had been in a wild forest, where he had seen snakes and serpents of all descriptions, and fearing that the place might be surrounded by huntsmen, he had quitted it as soon as he could. The tortoise said, "A hunter never yet came near this spot, so you

have no cause to fear. And if you will dwell here, you shall be our companion, and you will find plenty of pasturage around."

The stag willingly consented to stay; so the friends, clearing a space beneath the wide-spreading boughs of an elm-tree, seated themselves comfortably on the ground, and told what each knew of the world and its actions and changes, besides many good stories.

But one day, when the usual time of their assembling came, the mouse, the tortoise, and the raven met, but the stag was missing. They all began to fear that he had been caught by the hunters; and the raven was sent out to see if he could discover him, and bring back news. In a short time he espied the stag caught in a net which had been spread at no very great distance from their home; and immediately returning, he told the sad news. As soon as the mouse heard the report, he begged the raven to convey him to the spot. "Brother," he said, "who has obtained this victory over you? we thought you too cautious an animal to be trapped in this way."

"Alas, my dear brother," replied the stag, "all our foresight cannot avert the accidents which will happen to us. Neither the speed of the swift, nor the strength of the strong, can tear the net which chance, as it is called, weaves."

While these words were being spoken, the tortoise had crept up, and as soon as the stag saw him, he turned to him, and said, "And what brings you here, my good friend? What advantage will your presence be to us? The mouse alone can benefit me; and when the hunter comes I can run fleetly away, the raven can fly, and the mouse can easily hide himself; but you, whom nature has created slow, incapable of swift motion or flight, a wearisome captivity threatens you."

"A true friend," answered the tortoise, "will not think himself worthy to live if he forsakes his friends. And even if it is not permitted to him to afford help, he may give consolation to the best of his ability. A true friend draws as it were his heart from his breast, and proffers it to those he loves."

But while the tortoise was still speaking, the mouse had managed to gnaw through the meshes of the net, and the friends, hearing the hunter coming, fled hastily—the stag with his nimble feet, the raven with his swift wings, and the mouse with his active little body. The hunter coming up found his net broken, and looking about, his eye lighted on the tortoise. He took it up, and bound it fast with a part of the net; to the great sorrow of the mouse and raven, who were watching the fate of their friend.

"Alas, alas!" exclaimed the mouse; "when one does meet with one piece of luck, the next is long enough in coming; but one misfortune follows closely upon the heels of another. Did I not suffer enough in losing my gold, that I am now deprived of a friend who was very dear to me! Alas, alas, I run out of the way of one misfortune and meet another; I am doomed always to incur disappointment."

Then the stag and the raven both spoke at once. "Brave little friend," they said, "do not complain so bitterly; it is of no use; your and our grief will not set our friend free from his bands. Let us rather consult how we may rescue him."

The mouse reflected a little while, and then said, "I have it. You, stag, follow as fast as you can the track of the huntsman, and fall down close behind, as if half dead; and do you, raven, perch upon his head, as if you would tear his eyes out. Then, when the huntsman sees this, he will drop the net which

he carries, and you, friend stag, must take advantage of that moment to escape further into the wood that he may pursue you; meanwhile I will tear the net and release our friend."

This advice was at once acted upon, and the stag and the raven hastened off to perform their parts. The hunter acted exactly as the mouse had anticipated, and the mouse soon enabled the tortoise to make her escape. This done, the two friends hastened home, and found the stag and raven, who had easily distanced their pursuer, already safely arrived. You may imagine the astonishment of the hunter when, retracing his steps to the spot where he had left his net, he found it a second time gnawed in pieces. He imagined at once that this could not have been done except by some evil spirit, and from that day he feared to hunt in the forest again, because it was, as he declared, haunted by fiends.

This was, however, a lucky fear for the four friends. From that time they lived undisturbed in their forest home, occasionally visited in their solitude by the pigeons, the old friends of the mouse. These brought them news of the world around, and the tales they told served to beguile many a long day.



CHRISTIANA AND HER DOG SHAKER.

A POOR labourer had two children, a son named Abraham and a daughter named Christiana; and both children were still very young when the father died and left them so poor, that, had it not been for the charity of neighbours, they would have perished. The little girl grew up so exceedingly pretty, that her like was not to be found for many miles around; while her brother Abraham became, through the influence of his protector, servant to a rich young count. Before he parted from his sister he had her portrait taken by a friend; for he loved her so much that he wished always to keep her features by him. Now the count was very much pleased with Abraham's manners; but he continually observed

him take a portrait from his bosom and kiss it fervently. The count could not but wonder at this; but Abraham, when questioned, was silent and reserved. At last he showed the portrait to the count, and told him it was the likeness of his sister.

“Is your sister so beautiful as this?” asked the count in surprise; “she is well worthy to be a nobleman’s wife!”

“She is far more beautiful,” replied Abraham.

The count was charmed, and secretly sent his nurse to the spot where Christiana lived, to bring her to his castle. She went in a carriage drawn by four horses to the house of the girl’s master, and told her that her brother Abraham sent his love, and desired her to come to the castle of the count. Christiana was much pleased at this chance of seeing her brother, and was soon ready for the journey, taking with her a little dog named “Shaker,” which she had once saved from drowning, and of which she was very fond.

But the nurse had conceived a wicked plan in her head; and whilst they were driving by the steep bank of a deep river, she drew Christiana’s attention to the gold fish which swam in the water. Then, when Christiana leant out of the carriage to watch the gambols of the fish, the nurse gave her a push, which precipitated her into the water, while the coachman drove on unconscious of what had happened. Now at a certain spot, the nurse had bidden her daughter, who was any thing but young, to meet the carriage; and she contrived secretly to join her mother while the coachman gave his horses some water. This daughter wore a thick veil, which completely concealed her features; and her mother instructed her to tell the count that she had made a vow not to take off the veil for half a year.

The veiled lady was received at the castle by the count himself, and he urgently requested her to uncover her face; she as steadily refused, and at length he gave way. But he had so much confidence in the fidelity of his servant Abraham, that he made the veiled lady an offer of marriage, and the priest being summoned at once, the ceremony was performed. After the wedding the newly made countess no longer refused to raise her veil; and what was the astonishment of the count when he saw a face long past its bloom! In a transport of rage he caused Abraham to be thrown into prison, in spite of his protestations that the lady was not his sister. The deceitful portrait was hung half-way up the chimney!

One night, soon afterwards, the attendant, who slept in the antechamber of the count, had a remarkable dream. He saw a white figure standing at the foot of his bed which rattled a chain upon its arms, and said, in soft tones, "Shaker, Shaker!" The dog, which had arrived in the carriage, then came from under the bed, and said to the figure, "Alas, my dearest Christiana!" "Where is my brother Abraham?" asked the figure. "Bound and chained in prison," replied the dog. "Where is my picture?" was the second question. "Hung in the chimney," said the dog. "Where is the old chambermaid?" "With the count." "God pity her!" said the figure; "twice more I shall come; and then if I am not saved, I shall be lost for ever."

Thereupon the figure vanished like a cloud; and the servant, imagining that it was all a dream, said nothing about it to any one. But the next night the same scene took place at his bedside; and the figure, rattling its chains, said it would appear once more, but not again. Now the servant told the whole affair to his master; and the count could not imagine

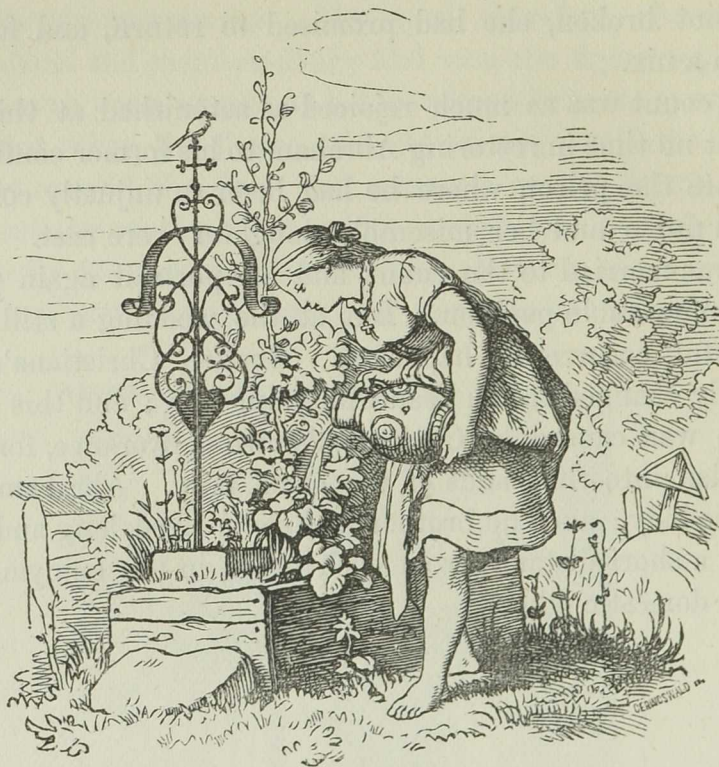
what the mystery meant. He stood, therefore, about midnight behind the chamber-door; and soon the figure appeared, and the same conversation as before passed between it and the dog. But when the figure said, "God pity her!" the count suddenly opened the door, and snatched at the figure. His hand drew away the chain which bound the figure's arms. The ghostly appearance then assumed the form of a maiden of surpassing beauty; and the count perceived the likeness be-



tween her and the picture which he had taken from Abraham. He entreated her to unravel the mystery. Christiana related how the old nurse had thrown her into the water, where she had fallen among the nixes, who had taken her to their underground palace. There she had been nearly compelled to become a nix, but had gained permission to visit thrice the count's chamber; and if in that time her chains

were not broken, she had promised to return, and for ever remain a nix.

The count was as much rejoiced as astonished at this tale. He lost no time in restoring Abraham to his former confidence; and into the prison where he had been so unjustly confined, the old nurse and her miserable daughter were cast. Christiana was married to the count, and her portrait again placed in an honourable position. But at the wedding a still more wonderful occurrence happened. Shaker, Christiana's dog suddenly changed into a beautiful young lady; and this happy change was caused by Christiana's own deliverance, for both had fallen into the hands of the same fairy. Abraham married this lady; and the brother and sister lived long and happily, at a short distance from each other, in the enjoyment of perfect domestic felicity.



CINDERELLA.

THERE once lived a man who was very well to do in the world, and very happy in the society of his daughter, an only child, of a very gentle and affectionate disposition. But unfortunately he one day took it into his head to get married; and his new wife had two daughters of her own, who, together with their mother, hated the man's own child as soon as they saw her, because she was so much more liked by all the neighbours. They compelled her to live constantly in the kitchen, and to do all the dirty work; to rise early, bake, cook, wash,

and scour, and at night to sleep in the garret. But sometimes she slept, for the sake of the warmth, on the hearth, where the black cinders lay; and as this made her oftentimes look very dirty, the mother-in-law and her daughters called her Cinderella.

Now one day the father went to the fair, and before he started he asked his three daughters what he should bring them. The two elder ones chose, one a magnificent dress, the other a string of pearls; but Cinderella asked for no more than one little hazel-twig. Their wishes were all attended to, and the sisters dressed themselves out in style; but Cinderella planted her green twig on the grave of her mother, and watered it every day with her tears. The twig budded, and grew very fast, and became a pretty little tree; and every time that Cinderella visited the grave of her mother, a bird would fly to her, and perch upon a little cross which stood for a gravestone.

One week it chanced that the king gave a round of festivities, to which every maiden in the kingdom was invited, because the young prince wished to choose a wife. The two sisters accordingly dressed themselves very grandly, and made Cinderella arrange their hair; but neither of them ever thought for a moment that she also would like to go. When she did at length venture to say so, she was heartily laughed at, and scornfully asked where she would find clothes or even shoes fit to go in. The wicked stepmother, too, joined in the outcry, and throwing a sack of lentil-seed among the ashes, she said to Cinderella, "So so, girl, find something to do; first gather up these seeds, and then, if you have finished in two hours, you shall go to the ball!"

The poor girl went into the garden, and called to the bird upon her hazel-tree, and also to her pigeon, and begged them

to help to gather up the seed. These two soon brought other pigeons to help; and before the two hours were expired Cin-



derella took her stepmother the seed, winnowed fit for use. But the completion of the task was not at all what was desired;

and two more bushels of seed were thrown down, to be picked over in two hours. Cinderella now began to weep; but the birds came and performed the task. Still with no good result; for the notion of going to the ball dressed as she was, seemed so ridiculous to the sisters, that they could scarcely cease laughing. At last they went away to the ball, and left their poor step-sister in tears beside the kitchen fire. She went to her hazel-tree, and wept bitterly under its shade.

“My darling child, oh, tell me true;
What you desire I'll give to you.”

These words were sung by the bird which sat upon the tree; and Cinderella replied:

“Dearest tree,
Shake on me
Clothes as fine as fine can be.”

A beautiful dress fell from the tree, and a pair of shoes. Cinderella put them on very quickly, and hastened off to the ball. There she appeared so fair and pretty that nobody knew her, not even her mother and sisters. The prince, as soon as he caught sight of her asked her to dance; and after the first dance, he would not engage any other partner. When the ball broke up, Cinderella hastened away unperceived, and returning home, she took off her fine dress and shoes beneath her tree, and they instantly vanished. Then she went and lay down by the hearth, as if she had never moved away all night.

The same events occurred a second time; and the prince failed to discover where his beautiful partner went. The third time Cinderella had the misfortune to lose one of her golden shoes, and the prince picked up the precious treasure. The

next day a herald was sent about proclaiming that the prince chose for his wife the possessor of the companion-shoe to the one he had found. From house to house the prince rode to see the shoe fitted on, and amongst others the turn came to the two step-sisters of Cinderella. Both of them tried very hard indeed to pinch their feet into the shoe, but they could not manage it at all. "Have you not another daughter?" asked the prince of the father. "Yes, my lord, a third, and a younger one, called Cinderella." "Who is not fit to be seen!" added his wife.

The prince, however, would see her; and Cinderella, first making herself clean and tidy, came in; but even in her coarse gray dress her beauty far surpassed that of her sisters. She sat down, and taking the wonderful shoe, put it on, and showed how exactly it fitted her. The prince, as soon as he saw this, recognized Cinderella as the partner with whom he had danced so much. "This is my dear partner, this is my beloved bride!" he exclaimed, and took her at once back to the palace.

Magnificent preparations were immediately made for the wedding; and Cinderella, her brow encircled with a crown of diamonds, was accompanied to church by her two envious sisters, one on each side of her. As they went, the bird, which had always made the hazel-tree on the grave of Cinderella's mother his home, came and pecked out the eyes of the sister on one side. As they returned, he came again and pecked out the eyes of the other sister. And so, for their cruel treatment and neglect of their patient and amiable sister, they were doomed to perpetual blindness.



THE BOYS WITH THE GOLDEN STARS.

A YOUNG count was much pressed by his parents and friends to take a wife; but he declared that he could not find any lady whom he loved sufficiently well to marry. He was, however, very fond of walking about the village round the castle, in the evening-time, and then overhearing, unsus-

pected, what the maidens gossiped about over their spinning. One evening he heard a conversation of which he was the subject. "If our good count would take me for a wife," said one, "I would cook him the most savoury dishes." "And I," said a second, "would take the greatest care of his children." "But I," said a third, "would bring him, if he made me his wife, two boys with golden stars on their breasts." The others laughed at this speech; but the count was struck, and returned thoughtfully to his home.

The next day he caused the three maidens to be sent for, and obliged them to confess what each had said the previous evening. The third refused for a while, being ashamed of her speech, but at last she confessed; and then the count, kindly taking her hand, said to her, "You shall be my wife if you bear me two boys as you have said; but if not, you must leave my castle." To these terms the girl consented; and the wedding was celebrated, not without much opposition, however, on the part of the dowager-countess, who thought it a disgraceful match. Some months passed away; and just when the young countess was full of joyful anticipations, her husband was called away to foreign lands; and he departed, charging his mother, who dissembled her hate for his wife, to write him word as soon as the countess presented him with his promised sons.

The time came, and two sons were born, having on their bosoms golden stars; but the mother was so weak and ill, that she fell into a swoon, from which she did not recover for many hours; when at last she revived, and inquired for her children, she was told that two kittens had been born, and drowned immediately afterwards. Alas, how great was her grief over this misfortune! so great, that she cared not al-

though she was ignominiously thrust out of the castle. She wandered forth like a beggar, unpitied by all save one servant, who watched his opportunity to console his old mistress, by telling her that she had really brought forth two children with golden stars on their breasts. He declared that while she lay in the swoon, he had been ordered by the old countess to throw into the river a basket which she gave him, and which she said contained two kittens. But he had opened the basket, and found in it two innocent boys, whom he intrusted to the care of an old nurse. As might be expected, this news was a great relief to the poor mother's heart, and she hurried to the place where the servant told her she would find her children. They were alive and well; and the countess lived with them for several years in solitude and secrecy.

They grew up such beautiful children, that the poor mother continually thought that if her husband could but see them, he would at once recompense her for all the suffering which his mother's baseness had caused. One night she dreamed that she should go to a certain large lime-tree which stood on a cross-way, and there she would find a heap of cotton, with which she should fill her pockets; nothing more should she take, but set out at once for Portugal, where her husband was detained prisoner by the wily enchantments of a fairy. The countess went to the tree and found the cotton, which she put into her pocket. Then she took the road to Portugal; but she had not proceeded far, when she was stopped and plundered by robbers of every penny she had. She now had to beg her way, and her feet soon became torn and bleeding, and there seemed no end to the journey. But in her utmost misery she had a dream, in which she

was urged forwards and promised success; so she plucked up fresh courage and walked on. One day she came to a noble castle, and as she begged at the door the lady saw her beautiful children, and said that she would give her what she pleased for one of them. It went to the countess's heart to lose one of her children, but at last she consented, and begged in exchange the golden spinning-wheel which the lady had standing before her. The latter wondered at this choice; but nevertheless she gave it, and one of the boys remained with her. But scarcely had the poor mother left the castle when she was called back, and entreated to leave behind her the other child, for whom she received a golden reel. Carefully wrapping up these treasures, she continued her tedious journey; and after much labour and weariness she arrived in Portugal, and at the castle where her husband dwelt. The servants at this castle told her that the count was married, but that nobody had seen the countenance of his wife, because she only came to the castle at night, and departed no one knew when or whither. Undismayed by this tale the real countess slipped into the castle-gardens at sunset; and, placing herself beneath the window of the dining-room, she began to turn her spinning-wheel, so that it glistened like a star through the dark night. The fairy, who pretended to be the count's wife, saw the glitter of the wheel, and came out of the castle and offered to purchase it. The poor countess replied that she should have it for nothing, if she would grant her the privilege of sleeping for one night in the count's apartment. The fairy consented; but she first took care to administer a sleeping-draught to the count, so that his poor wife lay all night in the room unnoticed by him. But the following evening the countess took her golden reel

and sat again beneath the windows of the castle. The fairy, perceiving her, called her in, and purchased the reel on the same terms as the spinning-wheel. Then she mixed a sleeping-draught as before for the count; but because she did not make it so strong as the previous one, the count awoke as morning was breaking, and marvelled to find his wife lying beside him. With tears of joy the countess told her story to her husband, who deeply regretted his unworthy treatment of her. Just as she finished her tale, the fairy was heard approaching, and the countess hastily retreated from the room. The count told the fairy that he had had a wonderful dream,—of a man who had wrongly put away his first wife and married another; and that shortly afterwards the first wife had sought him, at the expense almost of her life.

The fairy gave it as her opinion that the man ought to return to his first wife; and then the count told her the circumstances of his own case. So the fairy sorrowfully left his house; and the count, first demanding back his children, returned in company with them and his wife to his own castle. He richly rewarded the servant who had saved his little ones; but his mother, who would have destroyed them, made her escape before his return. The boys themselves, always distinguished by their golden stars, grew up noble youths, and were great heroes and warriors in their own days.



THE WHITE WOLF.

AGES ago there lived a king who was constantly in the habit of riding about by himself; and one day, when he had wandered farther than usual, he found himself unable to get back again. He had got into the middle of a thick forest, and passed two or three days in fruitless efforts to find a path out of the wood. Just as he was beginning to despair, he saw a little black dwarf, and eagerly asked of him whereabouts he was. "I will act as your guide," replied the little man, "on

one condition,—that you bestow on me the first creature of your household that meets you on your return.”

“You shall have it, even if it be my best hound,” replied the king; “nothing would please me more.”

“Your best hound is all very well,” returned the dwarf, “but I desire something better.”

So saying, he took the bridle of the king’s horse in his hand, and in a very short while brought him to the edge of the forest, and within sight of his home. At one of the windows of the castle stood the king’s youngest daughter, and when she saw her father approaching, she ran eagerly to meet him. But as she threw herself into his arms, he said mournfully, “I had rather my favourite hound had met me than you.”

“Alas, my dear father,” she replied, “what mean you? do you love your dogs more than me?”

“No, no, indeed not; I did not mean that,” said the king; and he told her his adventure with the dwarf. The girl heard him steadily to the end, and then she said, “It is better so, than that my dear father should have perished.”

“I shall fetch you in eight days,” said the dwarf; and immediately he disappeared.

In eight days, accordingly, a white wolf came to the door of the palace, and the princess had to sit upon his back, and then away he went, over hedges and ditches, through briers and thorns, till the princess asked how much farther. “Far, far away, to the glassy mountains,” was the reply; “but hold your tongue, or I will throw you off.” Away they went again, and the poor princess grew so fatigued that she was obliged to ask a second time how far. The wolf, without answering, galloped on faster than ever; but when the prin-

cess a third time inquired how far, the wolf suddenly stopped, threw off his rider, and quickly ran out of sight.

So the poor princess was left all alone in the dark forest ; and she wandered about, hoping to find a house.

At length she did find a little hut, in which a fire was burning, and by it sat an old woman watching a pot boiling. "Hast thou seen the white wolf, mother?" asked the weary princess.

"No, you must ask the wind, which talks every where," said the old woman. "But stop now and take a bit of supper with me ; I have a chicken boiling here."

So the princess waited and partook of the old woman's meal ; and then gathering all the chicken-bones, she went the way to the wind. She found the wind also sitting over a fire and cooking chicken-broth. "Hast thou seen the white wolf?" she asked.

"No, my dear child, for to-day I have not gone out at all, but have sat quietly at home. You must inquire of the sun ; he rises and sets every day, and doubtless he can tell you. But first stay and eat with me, and take away with you the bones, for you will need them."

When this was done, the princess went to the sun, and found him engaged as the wind was. "Stay and eat with me, and then go and ask the moon ; the white wolf travels only by night, and then she must have seen him."

So the princess stayed, and did not forget to take with her the chicken-bones. When she came to the moon, she said, "Alas, I have not seen the white wolf ; perchance I arose too late, or did not shine long enough."

"Oh, heavens !" exclaimed the maiden, "whom shall I ask now ?"

“Patience, patience, my child,” said the moon. “Before eating there is no dancing. Sit down and eat with me, and take away with you the bones. Some news I did hear to-day that in the glass mountain the black dwarf was to be married.”



“Ah, the glass mountain, the glass mountain,” cried the princess, “that is where I would go; there would the white wolf have carried me.”

“Then I will show you the way,” said the moon, “else you might easily go astray; but mind, take all the bones with you.”

The princess did so; but unluckily in her hurry forgot one bone. By and by she reached the glass mountain; but it was so smooth and slippery, she could not climb up it. So she took all the bones she had received from the old woman,

the wind, the sun, and the moon, and made a ladder of them. It reached to the top of the mountain, all but one stave; and the princess, to make this, chopped off the topmost joint of her little finger, and so the ladder reached to the highest point of the glass mountain. At the top was a large opening, down the side of which wound a flight of steps, and at the bottom of them was a spacious hall, resplendent with lights, and filled with wedding guests, musicians, and tables covered with rich delicacies. There sat the black dwarf, and by his side a lady, who was his bride; but the dwarf looked quite mournful. The princess was indeed grieved that she had come so late, and that the black dwarf was so sad; and she thought to herself she would sing a rhyme about the white wolf, and perhaps then he would recognise her. So she took a harp down from the wall, and striking a few chords, sang:

“I care not for your favourite hound;
Another aim my love has found—
The king’s own youngest daughter.

The wild white wolf which ran so fast,
She knows not where he stopp’d at last
The king’s own youngest daughter.”

Then she paused an instant; but the dwarf took no notice, and merely seemed to be listening intently. So she went on:

“She hastened on, the wolf to find;
Her finger cut, the steps to bind,
The king’s own youngest daughter.

Now is she here, thou know’st her not;
Sadly she sings her weary lot,
The king’s own youngest daughter.”

At these words the black dwarf sprang up from his seat,

and changed into a handsome prince, and caught the princess in his arms.

The enchantment was at an end. The prince had been condemned to remain in the form of a black dwarf or a white wolf, and to inhabit the glass mountain, until a princess, out of love for him, should cut off one of her fingers to reach his concealment. This the king's youngest daughter had done; and the disenchanted prince rode home with her to her father's palace, where they were both received with great demonstrations of joy. The happy pair were shortly afterwards married; and when the old king died, they succeeded to the throne, and lived happily for many years.



RUPERT THE BEAR-KILLER.

AMONG the soldiers who were discharged at the conclusion of a long war was a man named Rupert; and although all the time he had been in the army he had fought valiantly and bravely against the enemy, when peace was made he found himself without a home and without employment. So Rupert thought to himself he would visit his brothers, for he had no parents living, and stay with them till the war began again. His brothers, however, received him very coolly, and said, "We do not want to know any thing of wars and war-

riors; we are men of peace! You have killed on your own account when war was going on, and now you may kill for yourself in time of peace: out of doors you may do what you like, as you know very well."

Rupert made no answer to this unkind speech, but left the house of his brothers, with his gun on his shoulder, and walked forward till he came to a large forest. There he sat down on a log of a tree, and reflected in the following manner: "It is shameful to discharge in this sudden way a soldier like me, who has been fighting bravely for his country; and more especially as I have nothing else in this world to turn my hand to. I must have war; and, for the matter of that, I do not care with whom, for I am ready for any body." Just as he finished these reflections he raised his gun, and, discharging both barrels at once, the whole forest around re-echoed with the report. At the same moment appeared a tall man, with a crooked hook-nose and a fox-red beard, wearing a black hat adorned with red feathers, and a green hunting-coat. "Whither away, mate?" he asked.

"What business is that of yours?" returned Rupert, in a gruff voice, and re-loading his gun: he was in no mood for talking.

"Hoho! don't be in a passion!" said the stranger of the black hat. "If you want any thing, I can help you."

"I want the best thing of all,—money!" said Rupert in a deep voice.

"You shall have gold in plenty, if you have courage enough," said the stranger.

"Courage, did you say?" asked Rupert, "courage, who told you I had none? A soldier, and no courage!"

"Look behind you!" interrupted the stranger; and when

Rupert did so, he saw a bear as big as a buffalo, which was growling and rushing towards him with a very threatening air. Rupert shouldered his gun, took aim, and discharged the contents of both barrels at the bear. The shot hit it in the head, the bear fell on its face, and died with a deep groan. "Well, well!" said the stranger in green, when he saw this; "I see you have courage enough; and now you shall have as much money as you like of me, on one condition."

"And what is that?" asked Rupert, who had discovered by degrees that he had to deal with an evil spirit. "What is that? be it my future happiness, I will dare it."

"Simpleton!" exclaimed the stranger; "what have I to do with your future? you can keep that for yourself; I have nothing to do with that. No, this is my condition: that for the next seven years you neither wash nor comb yourself, neither cut your beard nor your nails, never sleep in a bed, never utter a prayer. On this condition I give you a coat and a cloak, which must never pass out of your hands, but must be constantly worn by you. If you die within this period, you are mine; but if you live beyond these seven years, then I have no power over you; but you will still have all the money you wish for, and entirely under your own control.

"So, so, and all this you call *one* condition, eh?" exclaimed Rupert. "Methinks it is more like a dozen; still, let that be: practice is better than precept."

"Agreed," replied the evil one; and drawing off his green coat, and stripping off the bear's skin, he continued, "here is your coat and your cloak and bed-covering. Whenever you dip your hands into the pocket of the coat, you will find money;

and the skin will be an appropriate covering for you, since you need not work for your living"*.

With these words the tempter disappeared.

Rupert immediately pulled on the green coat, and put his hands at once into the pocket, to see if it truly contained money, for he did not believe the evil one, seeing he is always called the father of lies. The pocket proved a real Fortunatus's cap; and Rupert, throwing his bear's skin over his shoulders, bade adieu to the place where he had met with so much luck.

Rupert now lived on the fat of the land, careless of all that happened. His beard grew to a length quite eligible for admission into any German or Polish state, and his locks were so long and thick that you might have believed that, like Samson, his strength lay in his hair. Altogether, when two years had elapsed, what with his bushy head of hair, and his finger-nails, which had reached quite an extraordinary and aristocratic Chinese length, Rupert had more the appearance of a wild cat or bear than a human creature. People shrank away from him when they saw him from afar, and treated him as a person whose very neighbourhood was to be avoided as a pestilence.

Rupert gave much away to the poor, and desired in return of them their prayers that he might live beyond the seven years. The poor readily promised to do so; but whether they acted up to their promises or not, I know not. He found a warm welcome also at every inn; for money is a passport through the world, and landlords especially never turn away a good customer. They gave him the best rooms, and

* "He lies on a bear's skin," is commonly said of an idle person in Germany.

served all his meals in the most sumptuous style. But with all this good living and treatment, Rupert was far from happy ; for when the fourth year came, his hairs and nails had reached such a terrific length, that his face looked like an owl in an ivy-bush, and his hands like dragon's claws. One day, as he was sitting in a room of an inn meditating on his circumstances, and longing for the time of his release when he should regain a proper human form and appearance, he heard all at once some one complaining bitterly beneath his window. Rupert rose and went down to see what was amiss, for he had naturally a compassionate heart. At the next door sat an old man weeping, who, at the approach of the bear-hunter, rose hastily as if to run away, but on Rupert's entreaty he quickly reseated himself, and began to relate the cause of his outcry. He had three daughters and many debts, and feared he should have to lead a vagabond life with them, because he could not satisfy his landlord's demands. Rupert laughed, for the consciousness of his inexhaustible riches had made him look down upon such things. He put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth the amount of the old man's debts ; and the latter entreated him to accompany him home, and make the acquaintance of his daughters, promising besides to give him one of them in marriage.

Rupert consented at once ; for to him, as a soldier, the prospect of a conquest was always welcome ; but now, when a wife was offered him, he could not possibly refuse. He regretted, however, very much that he could not make such a genteel figure as he could wish, since he had no handsome moustache and beard, no curly locks and smooth cheeks, no trimly-cut nails, no eau-de-Cologne to scent himself, nor an Havannah cigar, of the best make, to puff his importance. All

these things were out of his power ; and so he had to keep to his true character of bear-hunter, and make his conquest as he was, and as he looked.

When he reached the old man's house, the two elder sisters were terrified at his frightful appearance ; they could not endure his shaggy hair hanging over his eyes, and his nails like bird's talons ; but their younger sister showed no such dislike to Rupert, and even cordially shook hands with him. She looked upon the bear-hunter as her father's preserver, and moreover, her deliverer also from poverty and shame ; and she was blest with the virtue of gratitude, which so few possess. Rupert, perceiving her sentiments towards him,



resolved at once to fulfil the old man's intentions. He gave the girl the half of a ring as a pledge of betrothal, and begged her prayers for the next three years, that he might live through them,—promising to return at the end of that time free from all his bearish appearance and habits. Soon afterwards, he took his leave ; and the girl put on black till the time should come for her betrothed's return. Her sisters laughed and

mocked at her strange lover, and would say to her, "Mind, when you give him your hand, he does not bite you; he looks tigerish!" "Take care, my dear child, he does not lick you up; bears love honey!" and many other like pretty speeches. But she took all this in good part, and never forgot to say daily a prayer for her lover's safe return. He meanwhile lived on without doing either much good or evil; and at the end of the seven years made his way again to the place where he had first met with the evil spirit. The latter soon appeared; but he put on a very glum face when he saw that Rupert had come with his bargain fulfilled, and therefore that all his power over him was lost. He wanted to change coats at once; but Rupert said, "Not so fast; you must first cut and scrape me clean, as you engaged to do, that I may become again a decent fellow, and not such an ugly wretch as you see me!"



The evil spirit could not refuse the terms he had made himself; and he was obliged to cut and comb Rupert's hair, shave his beard, and wash him, and brush him quite clean. It was a sore task, and indeed a very heavy piece of work, as you may easily imagine; for if one year's growth of hair is hard work to cut, what would that of seven years be? At last, however, it was done, and Rupert and the evil spirit parted

company. The former hurried away at once to the house of his betrothed; and when he made his appearance, looking so smart and handsome, the two elder sisters would either of them have been glad to have married him. But Rupert would have nothing to say to them, and remained true to his first choice. The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary splendour, as became one who had the command of all the money he could wish for; and Rupert, for ever forsaking his bear-hunting propensities, lived long and happily with his pretty little wife.

THE GOLDEN HEN.

IN a little forest-hut there once lived an old man, who, besides several children, had also a golden hen of so small a size that it was scarcely bigger than a wren. The old man had a great affection for this bird, and his children loved it too; and when the old man died, he charged them not to sell the hen, because it was a luck-bird. But not long after their father's death, poverty and distress found their way into the house. Every week the golden hen laid an egg about the size of a pea, of a yellow colour; and while he was alive, the father had been used to carry away these eggs and return with money and food. So now, when victuals were needed, the eldest son collected the eggs which had been laid, and took them to market for sale. But he was only laughed at for offering such things; and at last a man gave him, out of compassion, two pennies for the lot. When these were spent, hunger stared the poor family in the face again, and the lad went a second time to market, this time with only one egg. Luck now favoured him, for he met with the identical man to whom his father had sold the first eggs, and he was well aware that they were of pure gold, and of great value. But when this man perceived that the youth was entirely ignorant of the secret, he said to him, "What shall I do with one egg? Sell the hen to me, and I will give you a good price for her." The youth



THE GOLDEN HEN.

accepted this offer, although his brothers were very averse to it; and even the bird cried, "Sell me not! sell me not!" As soon as the hen was fairly gone, misfortune fell upon the family, and necessity quickly compelled the brothers and sisters to separate from each other, and beg their own bread.

About the same time it happened that the king of the country died, and his young and pretty widow, when the weeks of mourning were past, caused it to be announced that whoever, when blindfolded, should pierce the suspended crown with a lance, should be her second husband. As soon as this announcement was made, the golden hen cried, "Whoever eats me shall be king! Whoever eats me shall be king!" Thereupon the man who had purchased the hen killed her (although he knew that by so doing he should lose the golden eggs), and gave it to his cook to dress for dinner. He ordered her to pay particular attention to its roasting, while he went and invited some friends, that he might surprise them by suddenly appearing as king before them.

But in the meantime the youth to whom the hen had first belonged came to the door of the kitchen where it was roasting, and begged the cook for something to eat. "You must do some work for it then," said the cook; and she set him to draw water, fetch wood, and many other little jobs. Then she left him to watch the bird; and in her absence he gave the spit an unlucky knock, which sent the bird on it into the hearth. This disaster terribly frightened him, and in a great hurry he snatched up the half-roasted bird, and ate it as it was. When the cook returned, she saw what had occurred; and first driving away the beggar, with a good scolding for his carelessness, she fetched another fowl, and dressed it in the place of the lost one. Soon afterwards, the man came back with his

friends; and ate up the newly purchased bird, with the full expectation of shortly becoming king. Leaving him in this belief, we will return to the youth, who, without knowing it, had eaten his own lucky hen. Travelling on, he came to a miller's house, and begged at the door. The miller needed a lad to drive his donkeys, and therefore he hired the poor friendless youth, on the understanding that he should sleep in the stable. The following morning, on going into the stable to strew some fresh straw, the miller found a golden egg amongst that on which the lad had slept. The miller's eyes were awakened at once to the prize he had gained, and he determined to retain the lad in his service as long as he possibly could. By and by the day came round appointed for the trial of the throwing at the crown; and our young donkey-driver saw no reason why he should not try his luck with the rest. So he begged of the miller the use of a horse and a spear for the day; and his master, after indulging in a hearty laugh at his expense, mounted him on a broken-winded mare with only one eye, and gave him a lance in his hand.

Every body laughed when this sorry-looking knight, with his gaunt figure, stalked into the place where the trials were being held; and the queen, if her word would have let her, would have taken an exception to such a candidate for the place of her husband. Her vexation, therefore, was doubly great when, after repeated failures on the part of the nobles and knights assembled, the donkey-driver pierced his lance in the exact spot required. The queen now would have willingly retracted her offer, but it was too late, and she was compelled to marry the man the fates had decreed for her.

But as soon as the ceremony was over, the queen hastened to an enchantress for some potion to rid her of her husband.

The enchantress gave her one which had the power of turning him who drank it into the form of an animal. So, when the new king drank this potion, he was gradually transformed into the shape of an ass, and in that guise driven forth from the palace with all possible indignity. He had now to experience all the sad circumstances of a donkey's existence, and his feet insensibly led him to the very mill where he had been used to drive asses himself.



The miller, of course, could not distinguish him from the other beasts in his employ, although he thought there was something of a human expression in the eyes; so the poor fellow was driven to the mill with the other donkeys, and fared with them as they did, now well, and now ill.

Now there was one of his sisters whom he had not seen since the day they had first parted, after the sale of the hen; and she chanced at the time of his transformation into a donkey, and servitude at the mill, to be portress at a convent which had its flour from his master. One day it fell to his share to carry the sacks to the convent, and there he recog-

nized his sister; for, although his form was changed, he still retained his human powers and faculties. In her bosom, too, a similar feeling was agitated, for she could not forget the playmate of her childhood's days. The ass, by means of signs, made known to his sister his unhappy fate; and she immediately set to work to release him. She was deeply learned in all kinds of herbs; and now, going into the convent garden, she plucked one which had, as she knew, disenchanting powers. She gave it to her brother to eat; and no sooner had he tasted it, than his false figure fell from him, and his manly form was restored. With tears of gratitude and joy he embraced his sister, and determined to spend the remainder of his days in her neighbourhood. He was wearied with the world and its cares, of which he had had a full share; and close by the convent of his sister he built himself a hut of roots and branches of trees; and there he lived all the rest of his days, a hermit.

BROTHER SPEND AND BROTHER SAVE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a farmer who put his two sons to different businesses, because, as he used to say, "Trade has a golden bottom." One son became a shoemaker, the other a tailor; and when their apprenticeships were over, both set out on their travels. They were a couple of merry fellows; and the shoemaker spent all his money in tobacco, snuff, and liquor; while the tailor neither smoked, took snuff, nor drank. Every now and then the latter advised his brother to be more careful, and not spend his cash so readily; but he only laughed at the advice, and said, "What should I spare for? you spare enough for both: 'A saver and a spendthrift go together,' says the old proverb."

For a year the two companions wandered on. The tailor kept with him one very strong purse, into which he put, on his own account, out of the joint-stock, the same amount as the shoemaker spent in unnecessary luxuries. He did this the whole year through, and so at the end of the year the purse looked tolerably full.

Now the two began to quarrel again about saving and spending: the tailor boasted of his treasure, while the shoemaker laughed at him, and said, "There will be a begging with what you have saved." As he spoke these words, they came to a bridge which had a parapet of broad smooth stones, and the tailor began to lay down the law in a very

strong manner. "Saving," said he, "is a good thing; as the proverb says, 'Save when you are able, and you will have when you need;' and 'Lay up while you are young; for poverty in old age is miserable indeed.'" With these words the tailor pulled out his purse, and counted the silver dollars and pennies which it contained, spreading them out on the parapet of the bridge. There was a pretty little sum, and while his companion counted and re-counted his treasure the shoemaker looked on coolly. He lighted his pipe and began to smoke, when suddenly a strong gust of wind came, which almost took the tailor off his legs, and blew all his money over into the river. The tailor stood still with horror, but the shoemaker laid the burning match upon his pipe, and, with the most composed face in the world, inquired, "Now, Brother Save, how much have you now?"

Crying and blubbering, the tailor replied, "As much as you-ou-u-u! As much as you-ou-u-u!"



BLUEBEARD.

ONCE upon a time there lived a rich and powerful knight, whose real name has been lost ; but the nickname by which he was commonly called, on account of the colour of his beard, tradition has always preserved. Bluebeard, for so he was styled, had been many times married ; but no one knew more about the matter, save that all his wives had died rather mysteriously, and soon after one another, without any apparent previous illness. Not long after one of his wives had so died, he went courting again to the castle of a rich neighbouring nobleman, who had two pretty daughters, and some sons who were notable young knights. The two sisters loved one another dearly ; and when Bluebeard proposed to marry one of them, the other would scarcely be persuaded to part from her. But Bluebeard invited the whole family, father, mother, sisters, and brothers, to be guests at his castle ; and when they came, and while they stayed, he treated them with so much condescension, and entertained them so magnificently, that they felt the match could not be postponed. So Bluebeard married one of the two sisters ; and for some while they lived in perfect harmony.

But one day Bluebeard told his wife that he must go out on affairs of importance ; and as he should be away some days, he must leave her all his keys to take care of. “ Here are the

keys," said he, "to every room and cabinet, into which you may go at any time. But this small gold key unlocks the chamber at the end of the long gallery. Into that, my dear, I must forbid you to enter; your life and love are too precious to me. Should you dare to open that room, the heaviest punishment must be visited on your curiosity! I should even be obliged to behead you with my own hand!"

His wife was terrified at Bluebeard's words and looks, and she would fain not have taken the key in charge. But he forced it on her; and she promised on no account to enter the forbidden room till he returned.

As soon as Bluebeard set out, his wife invited her sister and brothers to the castle; and the time passed rapidly away in the midst of a great deal of gaiety. One morning, when the brothers were gone out hunting, the two sisters, in wandering about the castle, came to the forbidden chamber. The wife, although she felt strongly tempted, would have passed by the door without unlocking it; but her sister ridiculed her fears, and said it could be only the place where Bluebeard kept his most precious treasures. So at length the wife was persuaded, and with some trouble turned the key in the lock. The door flew open with a crash, and in the dimly-lighted room a fearful spectacle presented itself—a row of heads,—the heads of the previous wives of Bluebeard, whom, because they could not restrain their curiosity, he had beheaded with his own hand.

Frightened to death almost, the two sisters gazed at this fearful scene, and in the midst of her agitation the wife dropped the golden key. It fell into a pool of blood, and a stain was left upon it which all her rubbing and washing could not obliterate. The door of the chamber, too, refused to shut; and in

the midst of their efforts, the sound of horns made known the arrival of the terrible Bluebeard. The wife at first hoped it might be her brothers; but she soon heard the hasty voice of her husband shouting for her at the foot of the stairs. Trembling from head to foot, she went to meet him; and he, as soon as he saw her guilty looks, demanded the gold key. She went to fetch it, and he followed her closely; but when she gave him the key stained as it was, he burst out with all the fury imaginable. "Wife," he shouted, "you must die by my hand! I left you in possession of all. All was yours; your life was happy. And so little was your love for me, that you did not obey my one little command, not to open the door of my secret chamber. Prepare for death—this is your last hour!"

Full of terror and fear of death the wife hurried back to her sister, and implored her to mount to the highest tower of the castle, and from thence to beckon her brothers home as soon as she could see them. Meanwhile she would kneel and pray. When a minute or two had elapsed, she called, "Sister, oh, sister, seest thou nobody?"

"No one," was the mournful answer.

"Wife, come down," shouted Bluebeard; "thy time is up!"

"Sister, sister, seest thou nobody?" she cried again.

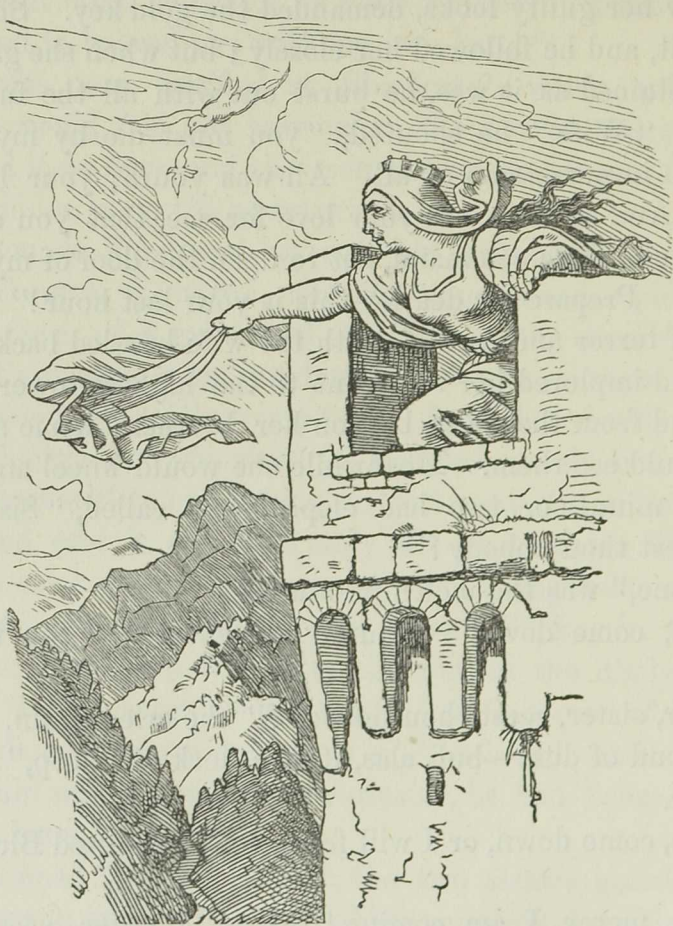
"A cloud of dust—but, alas, it is a flock of sheep," replied the sister.

"Wife, come down, or I will fetch you!" shouted Bluebeard again.

"Have mercy, I am coming! Sister, O sister, seest thou nothing yet?"

"Yes, yes; two knights on horseback,—ah, they see my signal—they ride like the wind!"

“Wife, I must fetch you!” thundered the voice of Bluebeard, and up the stairs he came. But his wife took courage and shut-to her chamber-door, and held it fast with all her might, while she and her sister cried for help as loudly as they



could. The brothers came hurrying on with lightning speed when they heard the cries ; and bursting open the gates of the

castle, they mounted to their sister's chamber just as Bluebeard had forced his way in, and was dragging her out by the hair of her head. A short struggle took place, which ended in the death of Bluebeard; but for years and years after, his unhappy wife could not forget the horrors of that wretched day.



FOUR BRAVE COMRADES.

ONCE upon a time four travellers joined upon their road, one of whom was a king's son, the second a nobleman, the third a merchant, and the fourth a hand-labourer. Each of the four had spent every coin he had possessed, as often happens to both rich and poor travellers, and they had nothing left but the clothes which they wore upon their backs. One day they found themselves approaching a royal residence, and as they all felt hungry, the question arose how they were to find money or food. Then the prince said, "We may propose what we will, but God disposes all things; and he who rests

a firm trust in God will not be forsaken." The merchant then said, "Prudence coupled with judgment is my motto." "An active, handsome, and youthful figure is worth most," said the nobleman. And the working-man said, "According to my weak understanding, I conceive that a careful and industrious man gets on best in this world."

Amid this conversation the four travellers arrived, about evening, at a city; and seating themselves without the gate, three of the four said to the other, "You speak of your industry and carefulness, go and see how you can thereby procure us a night's lodging and food." "Readily," replied the labourer, "provided each of you in turn try the effect of your own particular doctrine." They agreed to this; and the working man went into the city, puzzling himself how he should contrive to lodge and feed himself and comrades. He was advised to fetch a load of wood and offer it for sale; for the city was wide, the population numerous, and wood was dear. He acted at once upon this advice; and as soon as he had cut a good large bundle of faggots, he brought it to the city, and found a ready purchaser for it for the sum of two silver pennies. This was sufficient to feed and lodge his comrades; and, merry at heart, he returned to the inn where he had left them, and wrote with chalk over the door, "The industry of an honest man gained in one day, through the exercise of his strength, two silver pennies."

The following day the nobleman was dispatched to try the strength of his motto, "That a youthful and handsome figure was most useful." He took his way to the city rather sadly, for he could not tell at all what he should best do to fulfil his task. Sad at heart, he at last seated himself on the steps of a house, determined to separate from his companions, since he

could not take them back any thing. But while he sat thus, a handsome, well-dowered widow went by, who, seeing the nobleman's fine features, stopped to ask who he was, and whence he came. She sent her servants to invite him to dine at her house ; and when he came, she was so charmed with his manners and conversation, that she presented him on his departure with a hundred golden pennies. Highly delighted with his good luck, he returned to his companions, and wrote over the door, " With his fresh young face a man won in one day a hundred golden pennies."

The third morning the merchant's turn came to try ; and he passed through the town, which stood close by the sea, to the harbour, where just at that time lay a ship at anchor. On the shore stood the owner of the cargo, and around him were many merchants desirous to buy. But the sum demanded was too high for their views ; and they went away assured that no one but themselves could purchase the goods, and that their owner must lower his terms. In their absence, the poor travelling merchant, who was the son of a rich merchant, accosted the owner of the cargo, and after disclosing his name, bought the goods for fifty thousand dollars. Presently afterwards, the merchants who had first bargained returned, and because they could not do without the goods, they had to buy them of the purchaser, and pay him so as to give him a profit of five thousand dollars. The young merchant returned speedily to his companions, and wrote beneath the other inscriptions, " By prudence and judgment a merchant gained in one day five thousand dollars."

The following morning the king's son took his way to the city, thinking to himself what he should do to earn as much as his comrades. He had learnt no trade or profession, had

no handsome face to recommend him, no rich merchant for his father, and was neither gifted with foresight nor carefulness but he had faith in God, and that was better for him than aught else. He sat down on a stone by the wayside, and burying his face in his hands, gave himself up to reflection.

A week before that day the king of the city had died, and that morning his corpse was being borne to a neighbouring cloister, followed by all the people. But the young prince sat so buried in thought, that he heard and saw nothing of what was passing around him, and so he neglected to rise when the funeral procession approached. A soldier stepped aside out of the train, and giving the prince a blow across his back, said, "You bewildered rascal! have you no sadness in your face for the death of our king, whom all bewail? Away with you!"

The prince let the procession pass by him without a word; and when it came back, he had reseated himself on the same stone, in the same posture as before. Again the soldier struck him, and said, "Did I not tell you before that you should not remain here?" and beckoning to some guards, he ordered them to convey the prince to prison. He was thrown into a gloomy cell; but he still retained his trust in God, and looked forward to his release in due course. It came very soon; for a day or two after the old king's burial, the people met to elect a new king; and while they were debating about it, the soldier who had imprisoned the prince presented him to them as a fit personage. The prince declared that he was a king's son, and named his father, and told them that when his father died, the kingdom should have come to him, but his younger brother had deprived him of it, and compelled him, on pain of death, to leave the dominions. Now, among the people who heard

this were many who had known the father of the speaker, and had also travelled through his territories. These shouted out that the father was a good man, and his son was doubtless like him; and some even cried, "Viva, long live the king! Viva! Viva!"

So, by general acclamation, the young prince was chosen king; and, placed in a chair of state, he was carried in triumph round the city, according to the custom on such occasions. In the course of his progress he came to the door over which his three comrades had inscribed their mottoes, and he commanded a fourth to be added to them. The words were, "Careful industry, blooming youth, prudent foresight, and aught else, be it good or evil, are all the gift of the good God."

The people marvelled at the disposition of their new king, and exulted that they had made so good a choice; while they thanked God who had sent the opportunity to them. When the king was conducted back to his throne, he caused his three old companions to be summoned before him: and as soon as they arrived,—and with them a large concourse of nobles and people of all ranks, so that the whole hall was full,—he thus addressed the assembly: "Praise be to God, the King of kings, and thanks be given to His holy name. My good comrades believed not that God directs all our steps, but now they must admit it; for neither the strength of my body, exercised in active labour, nor youth and beauty, nor prudence and judgment, caused my elevation to this throne. Never since the day that my brother drove me from the throne of my fathers have I hoped to be possessor a second time of such power and honour. Poor, and in pilgrim's garb, came I hither; God directed my steps; God raised me to be

ruler of this kingdom ; in Him have I placed all my trust both now and hereafter."

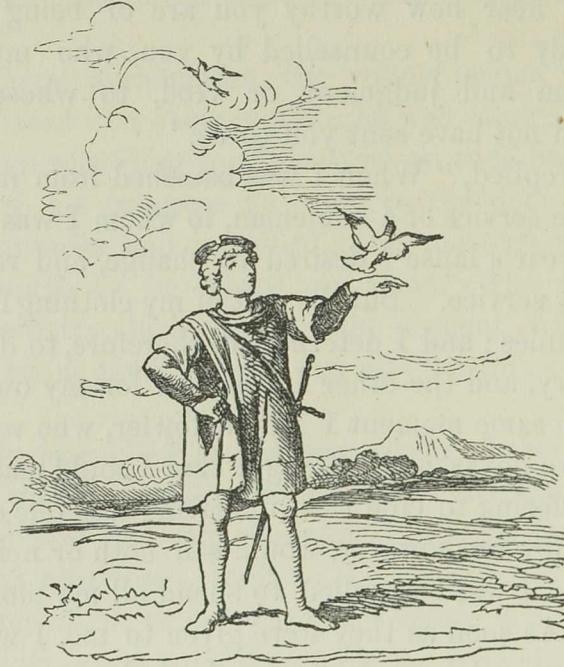
He ceased ; and a voice from the crowd said, "Now, O king, let us hear how worthy you are of being our ruler ! We are ready to be counselled by you, who must possess much wisdom and judgment, or God, to whose name be praise, would not have sent you to us."

The king replied, "When I was banished from my heritage, I entered the service of a nobleman, to whom I was unknown ; and after a year's lapse I desired to change, and received my wages for my service. But the cost of my clothing left me with only two pennies ; and I determined, therefore, to dedicate one to God's glory, and the other I reserved for my own necessities. At the same moment I met a fowler, who was carrying to market two doves, and I thought that I could make no more acceptable offering to God than in setting free one of his creatures. The fowler, however, would sell both or neither of his birds ; and so I was compelled to spend all my money for the two doves. As soon as they were given to me, I walked to a neighbouring meadow, and let them both fly.

"They alighted on a fir-tree ; and I heard the one say to the other, 'This man has saved our lives, and for that purpose has spent all he had. We owe him a grateful return, and will not fail when occasion serves.' Then they flew up to me, and said, 'You have been very kind to us, and we are not ungrateful. Beneath the roots of yon tree lies a great treasure : dig, and you will find it.'

"I dug, and found a treasure, and thanked the doves who had directed me so well. I asked them also how it was, since their knowledge was so great, that they had fallen into a trap laid by man. They answered me thus, 'Your question is

just ; but do you not know that the flight of a bird, the speed of a roe, the strength of an ox, avail nothing against the dis-



position of Providence? There is no creature which can secure itself from the events which are ordained to happen ; and as little as a creature of our kind can, so little can man resist the government of God.' ”

Here the king ended his speech ; and the people were moved at the steadfast reliance on God which had marked all his actions. They were more than ever unanimous in proclaiming him king ; and so, being firmly seated in his power, he settled his old fellow-travellers in various offices. The nobleman he caused to take a seat at his council-board ; to the merchant he gave the management of the finances of his

kingdom ; and the labourer he made overseer in general of the public works.

So, by industry, prudence, youth, judgment, and trust in God, all found a firm basis for their fortune and happiness.



THE GRATEFUL ANIMALS.

A PILGRIM was walking along a country road, and passed by the mouth of a wolf-pit, whence he heard, as he fancied, a groan issue. He stopped and looked into the hole, and there he found a goldsmith, an ape, and two snakes, who had all fallen into the pit. "One should have pity on the unfortunate, and rescue man from his enemies," thought the pilgrim to himself; and so, throwing one end of a rope into the pit, he held the other end tightly in his own hand. His design was to lend aid to the goldsmith; but the ape seized the rope, and sprang, jabbering as fast as he could, to the mouth of the pit. He put the rope down a second and a

third time; but the snakes came up, and the man still remained. Before he let own the rope a fourth time, the three animals thanked him for his kindness, and promised, whenever they could, to render him a service. They warned him also not to treat the goldsmith too kindly; that he was the most ungrateful of men, and he would soon know to his cost that he was so, if he rendered him assistance. Thereupon the three animals departed; and the pilgrim began to consider how he should act. At last he decided to do as he would be done by, and let down the rope and drew up the goldsmith. The latter thanked him warmly for his assistance; and, after inviting the pilgrim to visit him at his residence, at a certain spot which he named, took his departure.

The pilgrim continued his journey; and some while after this occurrence he came to the place where both the goldsmith and the three grateful animals dwelt. The latter welcomed the pilgrim with joy, and the ape brought to him sweet fruits and figs. One of the snakes showed him a cool grotto where he might sleep, and watched him during his slumbers. The other snake crawled into the royal palace, and stealing therefrom a valuable jewel, presented it to the pilgrim, without informing him whence it came. He took the jewel without suspicion, and the next morning, seeking out the goldsmith, he offered it to him to buy. The latter recognized at once the jewel as one belonging to the king; but, without saying any thing to the pilgrim, he went and informed the king that he had found the thief who had stolen his jewel. For this information he received a large reward, and the king sent his soldiers to apprehend the pilgrim, and drive him through the streets to the gallows. This was immediately done; and the pilgrim began then to remember the warning of the three

animals, and exclaimed, "Oh, had I followed your advice, this evil would never have befallen me!"

This exclamation was overheard by one of the snakes which had promised to aid him, and it crept at once out of its hole to see what it could do. Now the king's young son was going to see the execution of the pilgrim, and the snake at once took advantage of this circumstance. It crept up to him, and suddenly bit him so severely in the ankle that his leg swelled to an enormous size. All his attendants were terrified at this sight, and the execution being stayed, physicians and astrologers were summoned from all quarters. The physicians brought all the herbs usually reckoned sovereign remedies against the bite of snakes; but they were of no use. The astrologers on their part consulted the stars, and read therein that the pilgrim was innocent of the theft imputed to him. The young prince hearing this, cried out, "Bring the pilgrim to me, and let him lay his hand over my leg; if he is innocent, the wound will heal!"

So the pilgrim was brought to the king, and his history inquired into. The pilgrim related it from the beginning, telling of the three grateful animals, and the ungrateful behaviour of the goldsmith. He finished by declaring that he would heal the prince of his poisoned wound, if his innocence was admitted. The king thereupon caused the pilgrim to be released, and at the same instant the swelling of the leg of the prince abated, and finally vanished. The pilgrim was then loaded with presents, and installed in the office of treasurer, which the goldsmith had held, and which he had now forfeited through his black ingratitude.



THE EXPERIENCES OF A KINGFISHER.

IN a certain spot, no matter where, there was once a large still lake, formed by the union of several little streams. The spot was very solitary, and no man, whether fisherman or traveller, had ever made his way to it, although it abounded with fine fish. To this place, one day, came a bird, flying from the pursuit of his enemies; and when he saw how quiet the lake was, and how full of his prey, for he was a kingfisher, he determined to take up his abode on its shore. He thought to himself that he would fetch his wife; and then they could live together in the enjoyment of the plenty within their reach; there was nobody to contradict them, and they might bring up their children, and die in peace, and leave them the spot as their inheritance. Now his wife, whose name is not recorded, had a dear aunt by the name of Mosain, without whom she would take no steps, nor stir an inch; for in this friend she placed all her confidence, although very unwisely.

So now, when her husband told her his wishes, and forbade her to tell Mosain any thing of the matter, she refused bluntly to leave the place where she was then sitting; and in order to be rid of her husband's importunities, she made the following excuse. "My dear husband," she said, "you know very well that I am about to hatch some eggs; and there is a particular medicine which I shall need to strengthen our children with, and which I must fetch against their arrival; it will also act as a charm against accidents, and therefore, as you love me, you will allow me first to fetch it."

"What drug is this, then?" asked her husband.

"In a certain part of the sea a fish is to be found, of which only I and the bird who told me know. Console yourself, therefore, I pray you, in my absence, and sit upon the eggs till my return; I will quickly fetch one or two of these fish, and then we will leave together for the new home you have found."

"Those who are prudent," answered her husband, "do not run after any thing that the first doctor may prescribe. Many advise remedies which are impossible to be procured; what use would it be to prescribe the blood of a lion, or the poison of a snake, as a certain cure? Should one instantly seek out the lion and the snake in their dens, and venture into the very jaws of death for a remedy against sickness? My dear wife, give up your wild scheme, and let us leave this place while our young are still unhatched; where I would take you are fish of all sorts, and doubtless also that kind which you desire. He who seeks remedies for evils in the midst of worse evils is like the old ape in the story."

"And what is that story?" interrupted his wife. The kingfisher related as follows:



THE TWO APES.

AN old ape lived in a fertile spot, where fruits of all kinds abounded ; and pleasant trees, meadows, and rivers, made the country about very charming. Living in such plenty, it happened that, as he grew old, rheumatism attacked him ; and tormented by pain, he grew every day thinner and weaker, and no longer cared for his food. While he was in this plight another ape visited him, and asked him, in surprise, what was the matter that he did not make his appearance as usual, and why he looked so ill.

“Alas!” sighed the old ape, “I know of no other cause but the will of Providence, before whom all must bow.”

The other replied, that a friend of his had suffered from the same complaint, and had found no better relief than the head of a black snake ; and when he had eaten that, he very quickly recovered. The old ape asked how he was to get such a thing,

seeing he was so weak that he could scarcely pluck a nut off a tree. The other ape rejoined, "A couple of days ago I saw a man watching for the reappearance of such a snake from a hole, because he wanted to cut out its tongue. No doubt he has done so by this time; at all events let us go and see; and if the snake is dead, you can eat the head and make yourself well." So the two apes went together to the hole, and found it surrounded by marks of human feet. These foot-prints the old ape took for those made by the man in returning from killing the snake, and stooping down he crept into the cave. The snake was still living; and when he saw the ape coming into his hole, he threw himself on him and strangled him without difficulty. But the younger ape went away safe as he came, rejoicing that he had deceived his fellow ape so cleverly, and could now have for himself his comfortable resting-place.

"From this story," continued the kingfisher, addressing his wife, "you may draw this moral: No prudent bird will risk her life on the doubtful counsel of another." His wife replied, "I quite understand that, but this is quite a different case; for the fish which I wish to fetch are to be had without danger, and will be really serviceable to our young."

When the kingfisher saw that his wife would not listen to reason, he said to her, "Fetch the fish then, if you must; but beware that you trust your secret to none but yourself; for so says the wise: Commendable is the exercise of understanding; but he possesses the most wisdom who buries his secrets in the recesses of his own heart."

As the kingfisher concluded, his wife flew off to her friend Mosain, and related to her all that had passed between her husband and herself, concluding by entreating her to find some way of accompanying them, if she could by any means

obtain her husband's consent. Mosain replied, "Why should I be compelled to ask your husband's consent to my going? Who prevents me from going whither I will? This very hour, if I choose, I will go and build my nest in this spot which your husband has found; and if he comes and attempts to drive me away, I will resist him with force, and tell him that he has no right to the place more than I or any other of our fellows."

"You do not speak unjustly," returned the kingfisher's wife; "but I do not wish for your presence in our new abode, if it be not attended with peace and quiet. If you go against my husband's will, there will be nought but vexation and quarrelling, and our friendship will be the source of much sorrow. My advice is, go you and tell my husband, as if we had not spoken together, that you have found in such and such a spot a quiet nook for a nest, and then he, in his turn, will tell you the same; then do you say: O friend kingfisher, since you first found this place, let me dwell with you, and I will be a true friend and companion."

This advice was followed by Mosain; and while the kingfisher's wife was away, seeking her fish, it was settled that Mosain should bear them company in their new abode. Soon the wife returned bringing two fish, which she professed were the wonderful ones she sought, and her husband told her the agreement he had made with Mosain. She pretended to be very averse to it, and said to her husband, "Did you not tell me the place was for us alone? and now if you take Mosain there, I believe other friends will soon follow, and we shall be as little at peace as ever."

"You are right," returned the kingfisher; "but I believe in friend Mosain, and hope, with her help, to prevent the arrival of any intruders; on this account we should have one friend

at least, for nobody ought to trust too much to his own power and ability. We are certainly as strong as most birds; but the weak sometimes find means to conquer the strong, as the cats overcame the wolf."

"Let us hear that story," said his wife; and he narrated what follows:

THE WOLF AND THE CATS.

ON the shores of the sea lived a pack of wolves, among whom was one much more fierce than the others; and, always seeking as he was for fresh prey, he took his steps one day to a mountain which was hedged round, and inhabited by several families of animals, who lived in great amity together. Among them was a society of cats governed by one who was called king; and the wolf prowling about their territory, outside the hedge, unfortunately caught a stray puss, and devoured it. The other cats were much grieved when they discovered this; and took counsel with their king how they should overcome the enemy. There were three white cats who were especial advisers of the king; and the first of these was called upon to give his opinion about the matter. He said, "I know nothing that we can do, save trust in providence; for we are nothing in comparison to a crafty wolf."

Then the king asked the second cat his opinion. "I advise," said he, "that we quit this spot, and seek another and more quiet habitation; for now we must dwell here in continual tribulation and fear."

"I advise," said the third cat, "that we stop where we are, but do not wander about in the wolf's path. But I know a way how we might overcome him."

"Let us hear," said the king.

“We must pay regard when and how the wolf makes his next attack; then we must see where he takes his booty; and then you, O king, and I, and our strongest fellows, must follow him, as if we would eat what he left. The wolf will then be thrown off his guard, and I will jump upon him, and scratch out his eyes: you must all follow my example; and so we shall so injure him that he will no longer be able to hurt us. This we must do rather than desert our homes; for a true patriot lays down his life rather than leave the spot where he has reared his children, and which he hopes to leave to them as an inheritance.” The advice pleased the king; and so it happened, that when the wolf made his next attack, the cats pretended to be friendly, and suddenly fell upon him, and so severely scratched and maltreated him, that he died under the wounds they inflicted.

“This story I tell you, my dear wife,” continued the kingfisher, “that you may perceive how valuable is true friendship, and therefore I have taken Mosain as our companion.”

The three birds then took flight together for their new abode, and dwelt there in great concord and agreement; but the kingfisher, who was now growing old, and his wife too, had a much greater friendship for Mosain than she had for them, as the sequel will show.

There came a long, hot, dry season, so that the lake dried up, and all the fish within it perished. When this happened, Mosain said to herself, “True fellowship is undoubtedly a fine thing, and it is praiseworthy that friends stick to one another; but, after all, one’s self is the first consideration. If one does not help one’s self, he cannot assist others. He who does not provide against coming evils will not escape them when they come. I see clearly that, as every day the supply

of food grows less, my company will be more and more burdensome to my mates, and at last they will hunt me away. But I could manage well enough to live here by myself: I will contrive some way to kill the kingfisher; and as his wife is so fond of me, she will, no doubt assist me, and we will live by ourselves afterwards."

With such wicked thoughts and designs in her head, Mosain flew to the side of the kingfisher's wife, and looked at her with a sad expression. She inquired the reason of her grief; and she replied, that her heart was sad on account of the approaching misery, and more particularly for her sake: she had, she said, a plan in her head, but she knew not if it would be acceptable. The wife asked what it was. "Bonds of friendship," said Mosain, "are worth more than bonds of relationship; for the latter are often more injurious than poison. There is a proverb which says, 'He who has no brother has an enemy the less; and he who has no relations is free from envious eyes.'—I will tell you of something that will be advantageous to my dear friend, although it may be hard for you to accomplish it, and you will tell me it is a crime. Shall I then disclose to you what I mean, at the risk of offending you?"

"Your speech terrifies me," replied the kingfisher's wife; "I cannot think what you mean, for I do not believe you would advise me wrongly. Yet it were easy for me to suffer death for your sake; so tell me what you mean. A true friend will willingly suffer for her friend, indeed more willingly than for either brother or child."

Then Mosain said, cunningly, "My counsel is, that you seek to free yourself from your weak old husband, of whom you have to take so much care; then with me you can live

as you will, and without thought for the morrow. Ask not the cause of this my advice, till you have perfected it; for if I had not good grounds for it, believe me I should never advise what I do. I will find for you a better and younger husband, who will always love and protect you. And if you do not as I say, it will happen to you as it did to the mouse, who also despised good advice."

"And how was that?" asked she. Mosain related the following story:

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

THERE once lived a man whose room was much infested with mice; and he at length bought a cat to drive them away. Now one of these mice was much stronger and larger than the others, and when she found out what had taken place, she sought an opportunity to speak to the cat. "I know," she said to him, "that your master has ordered you to persecute and kill me and mine. But I am glad of the opportunity to make your acquaintance, and wish to be on good terms with you." The cat replied, "I am equally glad of the occasion, and shall be happy to be your friend, if you will honour me so far. But I dare not promise to protect you from harm. See, most honoured madam, my master has set me to watch that you and your companions do not injure his house and property. If I let you alone, he will say, This is a useless cat! Therefore either avoid giving my master offence, or shun this house, and seek elsewhere a home: if you will do neither of these things, do not blame me if you come to harm!"

"I have always treated you courteously," replied the mouse; "and so I think you may assure to me my freedom, and be friendly to me."

"Yes," interrupted the cat, "you are no enemy of mine but how am I to reconcile my friendship with my duty to my

master, which is to drive away and kill those of your fellows that injure him? If I let you live he will kill me; that much is certain. Therefore I will now give you three days' grace to seek another habitation for yourself."

"It will be very difficult and disagreeable to me to leave my old home," replied the mouse; "and so I will take care not to come too near to you; but I will stop here so long as I please."

True to his word, the cat spared the mouse for three days; and during that time the latter ran about whither she would; but on the fourth day she did the same; and then the cat, perceiving how little his words were cared for, hesitated no longer, but pounced upon the mouse and killed her.

"By this tale you may perceive," continued Mosain, "that the prudent never despise friendly advice; and as the proverb has it: Friends' counsel is like bitter medicine, which must be taken to cure diseases!"

The kingfisher's wife reasoned a long time with herself what she ought to do, and asked Mosain how she should act, that no suspicion of the deed should fall upon her. Her false friend advised that she should take a fish through which some fisherman had thrust a hook to entice other larger fish with, and place it among those which the kingfisher would eat during the day, so that, in attempting to swallow such a fish, he should choke himself.

She pursued this plan; and the kingfisher, who was grown too old and feeble to seek his own food, ate the fish which his wife had placed for him, and choked himself to death, as Mosain had predicted, in attempting to swallow the minnow with the hook in it. As soon as this occurred, Mosain thrust the dead bird out of his nest, and seated herself in the spot

so long occupied by the kingfisher. For a short time the two lived in peace; but as soon as famine visited them, which happened not long after the death of the kingfisher, Mosain began to find her companion a burden, and so maltreated her that she lay down in a dying state. At that moment her sons chanced to fly to the spot on a visit; and they arrived in time to hear her confess all before her death. Filled with sorrow and rage, they fell upon Mosain and killed her, as a punishment for the double crime, by which she had robbed them of both their parents.



LITTLE ONE-EYE,
AND OTHER STORIES.

BY
THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

LITTLE ONE-EYE, LITTLE TWO-EYES, AND LITTLE THREE-EYES.

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was named One-Eye, because she had but a single eye, and that placed in the middle of her forehead; the second was called Two-Eyes, because she was like other mortals; and the third, Three-Eyes, because she had three eyes, and one of them in the centre of her forehead, like her eldest sister. But, because the second sister had nothing out of the common in her appearance, she was looked down upon by her sisters, and despised by her mother. "You are no better than common folks," they would say to her; "you do not belong to us;" and then they would push her about, give her coarse clothing, and nothing else to eat but their leavings, besides numerous other insults as occasion offered.

Once it happened that Two-Eyes had to go into the forest to tend the goat; and she went very hungry, because her sisters had given her very little to eat that morning. She sat down upon a hillock, and cried so much that her tears flowed almost like rivers out of her eyes! By-and-by she looked up, and saw a woman standing by, who asked, "Why are you weeping, Two-Eyes?" "Because I have two eyes like ordinary people," replied the maiden, "and therefore my mother and sisters dislike me, push me into corners, throw me their old

clothes, and give me nothing to eat but what they leave. To-day they have given me so little that I am still hungry.” “Dry your eyes, then, now,” said the wise woman; “I will tell you something which shall prevent you from being hungry again. You must say to your goat:—

‘Little kid, milk:
Table, appear!’

and immediately a nicely-filled table will stand before you, with delicate food upon it, of which you can eat as much as you please. And when you are satisfied, and have done with the table, you must say:—

‘Little kid, milk:
Table, depart!’

and it will disappear directly.” With these words the wise woman went away, and little Two-Eyes thought to herself she would try at once if what the woman said were true, for she felt very hungry indeed.

“Little kid, milk:
Table, appear!”

said the maiden, and immediately a table covered with a white cloth stood before her, with a knife and fork, and silver spoon; and the most delicate dishes were ranged in order upon it and everything as warm as if they had been just taken away from the fire. Two-Eyes said a short grace, and then began to eat; and when she had finished she pronounced the words which the wise woman had told her:—

“Little kid, milk:
Table, depart!”

and directly the table, and all that was on it, quickly disappeared. "This is capital housekeeping," said the maiden in high glee; and at evening she went home with her goat, and found an earthen dish which her sisters had left her filled with their pickings. She did not touch it; and the next morning she went off again without taking the meagre breakfast which was left out for her. The first and second time she did this the sisters thought nothing of it; but when she did the same the third morning their attention was roused, and they said, "All is not right with Two-Eyes; for she has left her meals twice, and has touched nothing of what was left for her; she must have found some other way of living." So they determined that One-eye should go with the maiden when she drove the goat to the meadow, and pay attention to what passed, and observe whether any one brought her to eat or to drink.

When Two-Eyes, therefore, was about to set off, One-Eye told her she was going with her to see whether she took proper care of the goat and fed her sufficiently. Two-Eyes, however, divined her sister's object, and drove the goat where the grass was finest, and then said, "Come, One-Eye, let us sit down, and I will sing to you." So One-Eye sat down, for she was quite tired with her unusual walk and the heat of the sun.

"Are you awake or asleep, One-Eye?
Are you awake or asleep?"

sang Two-Eyes, until her sister really went to sleep. As soon as she was quite sound the maiden had her table out, and ate and drank all she needed; and by the time One-Eye awoke again the table had disappeared, and the maiden said to her

sister, "Come, we will go home now; while you have been sleeping the goat might have run about all over the world." So they went home, and, after Two-Eyes had left her meal untouched, the mother inquired of One-Eye what she had seen, and she was obliged to confess that she had been asleep.

The following morning the mother told Three-Eyes that she must go out and watch Two-Eyes, and see who brought her food, for it was certain that some one must. So Three-Eyes told her sister that she was going to accompany her that morning to see if she took care of the goat and fed her well; but Two-Eyes saw through her design, and drove the goat again to the best feeding-place. Then she asked her sister to sit down and she would sing to her, and Three-Eyes did so, for she was very tired with her long walk in the heat of the sun. Then Two-Eyes began to sing as before:—

"Are you awake, Three-Eyes?"

but, instead of continuing as she should have done,

"Are you asleep, Three-Eyes?"

she said by mistake,

"Are you asleep, *Two-Eyes*?"

and so went on singing:—

"Are you awake, Three-Eyes?"

Are you asleep, *Two-Eyes*?"

By-and-by Three-Eyes closed two of her eyes, and went to sleep with them; but the third eye, which was not spoken to, kept open. Three-Eyes, however, cunningly shut it too, and

feigned to be asleep, while she was really watching ; and soon Two-Eyes, thinking all safe, repeated the words :—

“ Little kid, milk :
Table, appear ! ”

and as soon as she was satisfied she said the old words :—

“ Little kid, milk :
Table, depart ! ”

Three-Eyes watched all these proceedings ; and presently Two-Eyes came and awoke her, saying, “ Ah, sister ! you are a good watcher ; but come, let us go home now.” When they reached home Two-Eyes again ate nothing ; and her sister told her mother she knew now why the haughty hussy would not eat their victuals. “ When she is out in the meadow,” said her sister, “ she says,

‘ Little kid, milk :
Table, appear ! ’

and directly a table comes up laid out with meat and wine, and everything of the best, much better than we have ; and as soon as she has had enough, she says,—

‘ Little kid, milk :
Table, depart ! ’

and all goes away directly, as I clearly saw. Certainly she did put to sleep two of my eyes ; but the one in the middle of my forehead luckily kept awake ! ”

“ Will you have better things than us ? ” cried the envious mother ; “ then you shall lose the chance ; ” and, so saying, she took a carving-knife and killed the goat dead.

As soon as Two-Eyes saw this she went out very sorrowful

to the old spot and sat down where she had sat before to weep bitterly. All at once the wise woman stood in front of her again, and asked why she was crying. "Must I not cry," replied she, "when the goat which used to furnish me every day with a dinner, according to your promise, has been killed by my mother, and I am again suffering hunger and thirst?" "Two-Eyes," said the wise woman, "I will give you a piece of advice. Beg your sisters to give you the entrails of the goat, and bury them in the earth before the house-door, and your fortune will be made." So saying she disappeared, and Two-Eyes went home, and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, do give me some part of the slain kid; I desire nothing else,—let me have the entrails." The sisters laughed and readily gave them to her; and she buried them secretly before the threshold of the door, as the wise woman had bidden her.

The following morning they found in front of the house a wonderfully beautiful tree, with leaves of silver and fruits of gold hanging from the boughs, than which nothing more splendid could be seen in the world. The two elder sisters were quite ignorant how the tree came where it stood; but Two-Eyes perceived that it was produced by the goat's entrails; for it stood on the exact spot where she had buried them. As soon as the mother saw it she told One-Eye to break off some of the fruit. One-Eye went up to the tree, and pulled a bough towards her, to pluck off the fruit; but the bough flew back again directly out of her hands; and so it did every time she took hold of it, till she was forced to give up, for she could not obtain a single golden apple in spite of all her endeavours. Then the mother said to Three-Eyes, "Do you climb up, for you can see better with your three eyes than your sister with her one." Three-Eyes, however, was not more fortunate

than her sister, for the golden apples flew back as soon as she touched them. At last the mother got so impatient that she climbed the tree herself; but she met with no more success than either of her daughters, and grasped the air only when she thought she had the fruit. Two-Eyes now thought she would try, and said to her sisters, "Let me get up, perhaps I may be successful." "Oh, you are very likely indeed," said they, "with your two eyes: you will see well, no doubt!" So Two-Eyes climbed the tree, and, directly she touched the boughs, the golden apples fell into her hands, so that she plucked them as fast as she could, and filled her apron before she went down. Her mother took them of her, but returned her no thanks; and the two sisters, instead of treating Two-Eyes better than they had done, were only the more envious of her, because she alone could gather the fruits,—in fact, they treated her worse.

One morning, not long after the springing up of the apple-tree, the three sisters were all standing together beneath it, when in the distance a young Knight was seen riding towards them. "Make haste, Two-Eyes!" exclaimed the two elder sisters; "make haste and creep out of our way, that we may not be ashamed of you;" and so saying, they put over her in great haste an empty cask which stood near, and which covered the golden apples as well, which she had just been plucking off. Soon the knight came up to the tree, and the sisters saw he was a very handsome man, for he stopped to admire the fine silver leaves and golden fruit, and presently asked to whom the tree belonged, for he should like to have a branch off it. One-Eye and Three-Eyes replied that the tree belonged to them; and they tried to pluck a branch off for the Knight. They had their trouble for nothing, however, for the boughs

and fruits flew back as soon as they touched them. "This is very wonderful," cried the Knight, "that this tree should belong to you, and yet you cannot pluck the fruit!" The sisters, however, maintained that it was theirs; but while they spoke Two-Eyes rolled a golden apple from underneath the cask, so that it travelled to the feet of the Knight, for she was angry, because her elder sisters had not spoken the truth. When he saw the apple he was astonished, and asked where it came from; and One-Eye and Three-Eyes said they had another sister, but they dared not let her be seen, because she had only two eyes, like common folk! The Knight, however, would see her, and called, "Two-Eyes, come here!" and soon she made her appearance from under the cask. The Knight was bewildered at her great beauty, and said, "You, Two-Eyes, can surely break off a bough of this tree for me?" "Yes," she replied, "that I will, for it is my property;" and, climbing up, she easily broke off a branch with silver leaves and golden fruit, which she handed to the Knight. "What can I give you in return, Two-Eyes?" asked the Knight. "Alas! if you will take me with you I shall be happy, for now I suffer hunger and thirst, and am in trouble and grief from early morning to late evening: take me, and save me!" Thereupon the Knight raised Two-Eyes upon his saddle, and took her home to his father's castle. There he gave her beautiful clothes, and all she wished for to eat or to drink; and afterwards, because his love for her had become so great, he married her, and a very happy wedding they had.

Her two sisters meanwhile were very jealous when Two-Eyes was carried off by the Knight; but they consoled themselves by saying, "The wonderful tree remains still for us; and, even if we cannot get at the fruit, everybody that passes

will stop to look at it, and then come and praise it to us. Who knows where our wheat may bloom?" The morning after this speech, however, the tree disappeared, and with it all their hopes; but, when Two-Eyes that same day looked out of her chamber window, behold, the tree stood before it, and there remained!

For a long time after this occurrence Two-Eyes lived in the enjoyment of the greatest happiness; and one morning two poor women came to the palace and begged an alms. Two-Eyes, after looking narrowly at their faces, recognised her two sisters, One-Eye and Three-Eyes, who had come to such great poverty that they were forced to wander about, begging their bread from day to day. Two-Eyes, however, bade them welcome, invited them in, and took care of them, till they both repented of the evil which they had done to their sister in the days of their childhood.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers, the one rich and the other poor. The rich man was a goldsmith, and of an evil disposition; but the poor brother maintained himself by mending brooms, and withal was honest and pious. He had two children,—twins, as like one another as two drops of water,—who used often to go into their rich uncle's house and receive a meal off the fragments which he left. One day it happened when the poor man had gone into the wood for twigs that he saw a bird, which was of gold, and more beautiful than he had ever before set eyes on. He picked up a stone and flung it at the bird, and luckily hit it, but so slightly that only a single feather dropped off. This feather he took to his brother, who looked at it and said, "It is of pure gold!" and gave him a good sum of money for it. The next day he climbed up a birch-tree to lop off a bough or two, when the same bird flew out of the branches, and as he looked round he found a nest which contained an egg, also of gold. This he took home as before to his brother, who said it was of pure gold, and gave him what it was worth, but said that he must have the bird itself. For the third time now the poor brother went into the forest, and saw the golden bird sitting again upon the tree, and taking up a stone he threw it at it, and, securing it took it to his brother, who gave him for it a large

pile of gold. With this the man thought he might return, and went home light-hearted.

But the goldsmith was crafty and bold, knowing very well what sort of a bird it was. He called his wife and said to her, "Roast this bird for me, and take care of whatever falls from it, for I have a mind to eat it by myself." Now, the bird was not an ordinary one certainly, for it possessed this wonderful power, that whoever should eat its heart and liver would find henceforth every morning a gold piece under his pillow. The wife made the bird ready, and putting it on a spit, set it down to roast. Now it happened that while it was at the fire, and the woman was gone out of the kitchen on some other necessary work, the two children of the poor broom-mender ran in, and began to turn the spit round at the fire for amusement. Presently two little titbits fell down into the pan out of the bird, and one of the boys said, "Let us eat these two little pieces, I am so hungry, and nobody will find it out." So they quickly despatched the two morsels, and presently the woman came back, and, seeing at once that they had eaten something, asked them what it was. "Two little bits which fell down out of the bird," was the reply. "They were the heart and liver!" exclaimed the woman, quite frightened; and, in order that her husband might not miss them and be in a passion, she quickly killed a little chicken, and, taking out its liver and heart, put it inside the golden-bird. As soon as it was done enough, she carried it to the goldsmith, who devoured it quite alone, and left nothing at all on the plate. The next morning, however, when he looked under his pillow, expecting to find the gold pieces, there was not the smallest one possible to be seen.

The two children did not know what good luck had fallen upon them, and, when they got up the next morning, some-

thing fell ringing upon the ground, and as they picked it up they found it was two gold pieces. They took them to their father, who wondered very much, and considered what he should do with them; but as the next morning the same thing happened, and so on every day, he went to his brother and narrated to him the whole story. The goldsmith perceived at once what had happened, that the children had eaten the heart and liver of his bird; and in order to revenge himself, and because he was so covetous and hard-hearted, he persuaded the father that his children were in league with the devil, and warned him not to take the gold, but to turn them out of the house, for the evil one had them in his power, and would make them do some mischief. Their father feared the evil one, and, although it cost him a severe pang, he led his children out into the forest and left them there with a sad heart.

Now, the two children ran about the wood, seeking the road home, but could not find it, so that they only wandered further away. At last they met a huntsman, who asked them to whom they belonged. "We are the children of the poor broom-mender," they replied, and told him that their father could no longer keep them at home, because a gold piece lay under their pillows every morning. "Well," replied the Huntsman, "that does not seem right, if you are honest, and not idle." And the good man, having no children of his own, took home with him the twins, because they pleased him, and told them he would be their father and bring them up. With him they learnt all kinds of hunting, and the gold pieces, which each one found at his uprising, they laid aside against a rainy day.

When now they became quite young men the huntsman took them into the forest, and said, "To-day you must per-

form your shooting trial, that I may make you free-huntsmen like myself." So they went with him and waited a long time, but no wild beast approached, and the Huntsman, looking up, saw a flock of wild geese flying over in the form of a triangle. "Shoot one from each corner," said he to the twins, and when they had done this, another flock came flying over in the form of a figure of two, and from these they were also bid to shoot one at each corner. When they had likewise performed this deed successfully, their foster-father said, "I now make you free; for you are capital marksmen."

Thereupon the two brothers went together into the forest, laying plans and consulting with each other; and, when at evening-time they sat down to their meal, they said to their foster-father, "We shall not touch the least morsel of food till you have granted our request."

He asked them what it was, and they replied,—

"We have now learned everything: let us go into the world, and see what we can do there, and let us set out at once."

"You have spoken like brave huntsmen," cried the old man, overjoyed; "what you have asked is just what I wished; you can set out as soon as you like, for you will be prosperous."

Then they ate and drank together once more in great joy and hilarity.

When the appointed day arrived, the old huntsman gave to each youth a good rifle and a dog, and let them take from the gold pieces as many as they liked. Then he accompanied them a part of their way, and at leaving gave them a bare knife, saying, "If you should separate, stick this knife in a tree by the roadside, and then, if one returns to the same point, he

can tell how his absent brother fares; for the side upon which there is a mark will, if he die, rust; but as long as he lives it will be as bright as ever."

The two brothers now journeyed on till they came to a forest so large that they could not possibly get out of it in one day, so there they passed the night, and ate what they had in their hunters' pockets. The second day they still walked on, but came to no opening, and having nothing to eat, one said, "We must shoot something, or we shall die from hunger;" and he loaded his gun and looked around. Just then an old hare came running up, at which he aimed, but it cried out,—

"Dear huntsman, pray now let me live,
And I will two young lev'rets give."

So saying, it ran back into the brushwood and brought out two hares, but they played about so prettily and actively that the hunters could not make up their mind to kill them. So they took them with them, and the two leverets followed in their footsteps. Presently a fox came up with them, and, as they were about to shoot it, it cried out,—

"Dear hunters, pray now let me live,
And I will two young foxes give."

These it brought; and the brothers, instead of killing them, put them with the young hares, and all four followed. In a little while a wolf came out of the brushwood, whom the hunters also aimed at, but he cried out as the others,—

"Dear hunters, pray now let me live,
Two young ones, in return, I'll give."

The hunters placed the two wolves with the other animals, who

still followed them; and soon they met a bear, who also begged for his life, saying,—

“Dear hunters, pray now let me live,
Two young ones, in return, I’ll give.”

These two bears were added to the others; they made eight; and now who came last? A lion, shaking his mane. The two brothers were not frightened, but aimed at him, and he cried,—

“Dear hunters, pray now let me live,
Two young ones, in return, I’ll give.”

The lion then fetched his two young cubs, and now the hunters had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two hares following and waiting upon them. Meanwhile their hunger had received no satisfaction, and they said to the foxes, “Here, you slinks, get us something to eat, for you are both sly and crafty.”

The foxes replied, “Not far from here lies a village, where we can procure many fowls, and thither we will show you the way.”

So they went into the village, and bought something to eat for themselves and their animals, and then went on further, for the foxes were well acquainted with the country where the hen-roosts were, and so could direct the huntsmen well.

For some little way they walked on without finding any situations where they could live together; so they said to one another, “It cannot be otherwise, we must separate.” Then the two brothers divided the beasts, so that each one had a lion, a bear, a wolf, a fox, and a hare; and then they took leave of each other, promising to love one another till death; and the knife which their foster-father gave them they stuck

in a tree, so that one side pointed to the east, and the other to the west.

The younger brother came afterwards with his animals to a town which was completely hung with black crape. He went into an inn and inquired if he could lodge his beasts, and the landlord gave him a stable, and in the wall was a hole through which the hare crept and seized upon a cabbage; the fox fetched himself a hen, and when he had eaten it he stole the cock also; but the lion, the bear, and the wolf, being too big for the hole, could get nothing. The master, therefore, made the host fetch an ox for them, on which they regaled themselves merrily, and so, having seen after his beasts, he asked the landlord why the town was all hung in mourning. The landlord replied, it was because the next day the King's only daughter was to die. "Is she then sick unto death?" inquired the huntsman.

"No," replied the other, "she is well enough; but still she must die."

"How is that?" asked the huntsman.

"Out there before the town," said the landlord, "is a high mountain on which lives a dragon, who must every year have a pure maiden, or he would lay waste all the country. Now, all the maidens have been given up, and there is but one left, the king's daughter, who must also be given up, for there is no other escape, and to-morrow morning it is to happen."

The huntsman asked, "Why is the dragon not killed?"

"Ah!" replied the landlord, "many knights have tried, but every one has lost his life; and the king has promised his own daughter to him who conquers the dragon, and after his death the inheritance of his kingdom."

The huntsman said nothing further at that time, but the

next morning, taking with him his beasts, he climbed the dragon's mountain. A little way up stood a chapel, and upon an altar therein were three cups, and by them was written, "Whoever drinks the contents of these cups will be the strongest man on earth, and may take the sword which lies buried beneath the threshold." Without drinking, the huntsman sought and found the sword in the ground, but he could not move it from its place; so he entered, and drank out the cups, and then he easily pulled out the sword, and was so strong that he waved it about like a feather.

When the hour arrived that the maiden should be delivered over to the dragon, the king and his marshal accompanied her with all the court. From a distance they perceived the huntsman upon the mountain, and took him for the dragon waiting for them, and so would not ascend; but at last, because the whole city must otherwise have been sacrificed, the Princess was forced to make the dreadful ascent. The King and his courtiers returned home full of grief, but the marshal had to stop and watch it all from a distance.

As the King's daughter reached the top of the hill, she found there, not the dragon, but the young hunter, who comforted her, saying, he would save her, and, leading her into the chapel, shut her up therein. In a short time the seven-headed dragon came roaring up with a tremendous noise, and, as soon as he perceived the hunter, he was amazed, and asked, "What do you here on my mountain?"

The hunter replied that he came to fight him, and the dragon said, breathing out fire as he spoke from his seven jaws, "Many a knight has already left his life behind him, and you I will soon kill as dead as they." The fire from its throat set the grass in a blaze, and would have suffocated the hunter with the

smoke, had not his beasts come running up and stamped it out. Then the dragon made a dart at the hunter, but he swung his sword round so that it whistled in the air, and cut off three of the beast's heads. The dragon now became furious, and raised himself in the air, spitting out fire over his enemy, and trying to overthrow him; but the hunter, springing on one side, raised his sword again, and cut off three more of his heads. The beast was half killed with this, and sank down, but tried once more to catch the hunter, but he beat him off, and, with his last strength, cut off his tail; and then, being unable to fight longer, he called his beasts, who came and tore the dragon in pieces.

As soon as the battle was over, he went to the chapel and unlocked the door, and found the Princess lying on the floor; for, from anguish and terror, she had fainted away while the contest was going on. The hunter carried her out, and when she came to herself and opened her eyes, he showed her the dragon torn to pieces, and said she was now safe for ever. The sight made her quite happy, and she said, "Now you will be my husband, for my father has promised me to him who should kill the dragon." So saying, she took off her necklace of coral, and divided it among the beasts for a reward, the lion receiving the gold snap for his share. But her handkerchief, on which her name was marked, she presented to the huntsman, who went and cut out the tongues of the dragon's seven mouths, and, wrapping them in the handkerchief, preserved them carefully.

All this being done, the poor fellow felt so weary with the battle with the dragon and the fire, that he said to the princess, "Since we are both so tired, let us sleep awhile." She consented, and they lay down on the ground, and the hunter bid

the lion watch that nobody surprised them. Soon they began to snore, and the lion sat down near them to watch; but he was also weary with fighting, and he said to the bear, "Do you lie down near me, for I must sleep a bit; but wake me up if any one comes." So the bear did as he was bid; but soon getting tired, he asked the wolf to watch for him. The wolf consented, but before long he called the fox, and said, "Do watch for me a little while, I want to have a nap, and you can wake me if any one comes." The fox laid down by his side, but soon felt so tired himself that he called the hare, and asked him to take his place and watch while he slept a little. The hare came, and lying down too, soon felt very sleepy; but he had no one to call in his place, so by degrees he dropped off himself, and began to snore. Here, then, were sleeping the princess, the huntsman, the lion, the bear, the wolf, the fox, and the hare; and all were very sound asleep.

Meanwhile the marshal, who had been set to watch below, not seeing the dragon fly away with the princess, and all appearing very quiet, took heart and climbed up the mountain. There lay the dragon, dead and torn in pieces on the ground, and not far off the king's daughter and a huntsman with his beasts, all reposing in a deep sleep. Now, the marshal was very wickedly disposed, and, taking his sword, he cut off the head of the huntsman, and then, taking the maiden under his arm, carried her down the mountain. At this she awoke, terrified, and the marshal cried to her, "You are in my hands: you must say that it was I who have killed the dragon."

"That I cannot," she replied, "for a hunter and his animals did it."

Then he drew his sword, and threatened her with death if she did not obey, till at last she was forced to consent. Thereupon

he brought her before the king, who went almost beside himself with joy at seeing again his dear daughter, whom he supposed had been torn in pieces by the monster. The marshal told the king that he had killed the dragon, and freed the princess and the whole kingdom, and therefore he demanded her for a wife, as it had been promised. The king inquired of his daughter if it were true? "Ah, yes," she replied, "it must be so; but I make a condition, that the wedding shall not take place for a year and a day;" for she thought to herself that perhaps in that time she might hear some news of her dear huntsman.

But up the dragon's mountain the animals still laid asleep beside their dead master, when presently a great bee came and settled on the hare's nose, but he lifted his paw and brushed it off. The bee came a second time, but the hare brushed it off again, and went to sleep. For the third time the bee settled, and stung the hare's nose so that he woke quite up. As soon as he had risen and shaken himself he awoke the fox, and the fox awoke the wolf, the wolf awoke the bear, and the bear awoke the lion. As soon as the lion got up and saw that the maiden was gone and his dear master dead, he began to roar fearfully, and asked, "Who has done this? Bear, why did you not wake me?" The bear asked the wolf, "Why did you not wake me?" The wolf asked the fox, "Why did you not wake me?" and the fox asked the hare, "Why did you not wake me?" The poor hare alone had nothing to answer, and the blame was attached to him, and the others would have fallen upon him, but he begged for his life, saying, "Do not kill me, and I will restore our dear master to life. I know a hill where grows a root, and he who puts it in his mouth is healed immediately from all diseases or wounds;

but this mountain lies two hundred hours' journey from hence."

The lion said, "In four-and-twenty hours you must go and return here, bringing the root with you."

The hare immediately ran off, and in four-and-twenty hours returned with the root in his mouth. Now the lion put the huntsman's head again to his body, while the hare applied the root to the wound, and immediately the huntsman began to revive, and his heart beat and life returned. The huntsman now awoke, and was frightened to see the maiden no longer with him, and he thought to himself, "Perhaps she ran away while I slept, to get rid of me." But, in his haste, the lion had unluckily set his master's head on the wrong way, but the hunter did not find it out till midday, when he wanted to eat, being so occupied with thinking about the princess. Then, when he wished to help himself, he discovered his head was turned to his back, and, unable to imagine the cause, he asked the animals what had happened to him in his sleep. The lion told him that from weariness they had all gone to sleep, and, on awaking, they had found him dead, with his head cut off; that the hare had fetched the life-root, but in his great haste he had turned his head the wrong way, but that he would make it all right again in no time. So saying, he cut off the huntsman's head and turned it round, while the hare healed the wound with the root.

After this the hunter became very mopish, and went about from place to place, letting his animals dance to the people for show. It chanced, after a year's time, that he came again into the same town where he had rescued the princess from the dragon; and this time it was hung all over with scarlet cloth. He asked the landlord of the inn, "What means this? a year ago the city was hung with black crape, and to-day it is all in

red!" The landlord replied, "A year ago our king's daughter was delivered to the dragon, but our marshal fought with it and slew it, and this day their marriage is to be celebrated; before the town was hung with crape in token of grief and lamentation, but to-day with scarlet cloth, to show our joy."

The next day, when the wedding was to take place, the huntsman said to the landlord, "Believe it or not, mine host, but to-day I will eat bread at the same table with the king!"

"Well," said he, "I will wager you a hundred pieces that that doesn't come true."

The huntsman took the bet, and laid down his money; and then, calling the hare, he said, "Go, dear Jumper, and fetch me a bit of bread such as the king eats."

Now, the hare was the smallest, and therefore could not intrust his business to any one else, but was obliged to make himself ready to go. "Oh!" thought he, "if I jump along the streets alone, the butchers' dogs will come out after me."

While he stood considering it happened as he thought; for the dogs came behind and were about to seize him for a choice morsel, but he made a spring (had you but seen it!), and escaped into a sentry-box without the soldier knowing it. The dogs came and tried to hunt him out, but, the soldier not understanding their sport, beat them off with a club so that they ran howling and barking away. As soon as the hare saw the coast was clear, he ran up to the castle and into the room where the princess was; and, getting under her stool, began to scratch her foot. The princess said, "Will you be quiet?" thinking it was her dog. Then the hare scratched her foot a

second time, and she said again, "Will you be quiet?" but the hare would not leave off, and a third time scratched her foot; and now she peeped down and recognized the hare by his necklace. She took him up in her arms, and carried him into her chamber, saying, "Dear hare, what do you want?" The hare replied, "My master who killed the dragon is here, and sent me: I am come for a piece of bread such as the king eats."

At these words she became very glad, and bade her servant bring her a piece of bread such as the king was accustomed to have. When it was brought, the hare said, "The baker must carry it for me, or the butchers' dogs will seize it." So the baker carried it to the door of the inn, where the hare got up on his hind legs, and, taking the bread in his fore paws, carried it to his master. Then the huntsman said, "See here, my host: the hundred gold pieces are mine."

The landlord wondered very much, but the huntsman said further, "Yes, I have got the king's bread, and now I will have some of his meat." To this the landlord demurred, but would not bet again; and his guest, calling the fox, said, "My dear fox, go and fetch me some of the meat which the king is to eat to-day."

The fox was more cunning than the hare, and went through the lanes and alleys, without seeing a dog, straight to the royal palace, and into the room of the princess, under whose stool he crept. Presently he scratched her foot, and the princess, looking down, recognized the fox with her necklace, and, taking him into her room, she asked, "What do you want, dear fox?" He replied, "My master who killed the dragon is here, and sent me to beg a piece of the meat such as the king will eat to-day."

The princess summoned the cook, and bade her prepare a dish of meat like the king's; and when it was ready, carry it for the fox to the door of the inn. There the fox took the dish himself; and, first driving the flies away with a whisk of his tail, carried it in to the hunter.

"See here, master landlord," said he; "here are the bread and meat: now I will have the same vegetables as the king eats."

He called the wolf, and said, "Dear wolf, go and fetch me some vegetables the same as the king eats to-day."

The wolf went straight to the castle like a person who feared nobody, and, when he came into the princess's chamber, he plucked at her clothes behind so that she looked round. The maiden knew the wolf by his necklace, and took him with her into her room, and said, "Dear wolf, what do you want?"

The beast replied, "My master who killed the dragon is here, and has sent me for some vegetables like those the king eats to-day?"

Then she bade the cook prepare a dish of vegetables the same as the king's, and carry it to the inn door for the wolf, who took it of her and bore it in to his master. The hunter said, "See here, my host: now I have bread, meat, and vegetables the same as the king's, but I will also have the same sweetmeats." Then he called to the bear, "Dear bear, go and fetch me some sweetmeats like those the king has for his dinner to-day, for you like sweet things." The bear rolled along up to the castle, while every one got out of his way; but, when he came to the guard, he pointed his gun at him and would not let him pass into the royal apartments. The bear, however, got up on his hind legs, and gave the guard right and left a box on the ears with his paw, which knocked him down; and thereupon he went straight to the room of the princess,

and, getting behind her, growled slightly. She looked round, and perceived the bear, whom she took into her own chamber, and asked him what he came for. "My master who slew the dragon is here," said he, "and has sent me for some sweetmeats such as the king eats." The princess let the sugar-baker be called, and bade him prepare sweetmeats like those the king had, and carry them for the bear to the inn. There the bear took charge of them; and, first licking off the sugar which had boiled over, he took them into his master.

"See here, friend landlord," said the huntsman; "now I have bread, meat, vegetables, and sweetmeats from the table of the king; but I mean also to drink his wine."

He called the lion, and said, "Dear lion, I should be glad to have a draught: go and fetch me some wine like that the king drinks."

The lion strode through the town, where all the people made way for him, and soon came to the castle, where the watchmen attempted to stop him at the gates; but, just giving a little bit of a roar, they were so frightened that they all ran away. He walked on to the royal apartments, and knocked with his tail at the door; and, when the princess opened it, she was at first frightened to see a lion; but, soon recognizing him by the gold snap of her necklace which he wore, she took him into her room, and asked, "Dear lion, what do you wish?"

The lion replied, "My master who killed the dragon is here, and has sent me to fetch him wine like that the king drinks at his own table." The princess summoned the butler, and told him to give the lion wine such as the king drank. But the lion said, "I will go down with you and see that I have the right." So he went with the butler; and, as they were come below, he was about to draw the ordinary wine such as was

drank by the king's servants, but the lion cried, "Hold! I will first taste the wine;" and, drawing for himself half a cupful, he drank it, and said, "No! that is not the real wine." The butler looked at him askance, and went to draw from another cask which was made for the king's marshal. Then the lion cried, "Hold! first I must taste;" and, drawing half a flagon full, he drank it off, and said, "This is better; but still not the right wine." At these words the butler put himself in a passion, and said, "What does such a stupid calf as you know about wine?" The lion gave him a blow behind the ear, so that he fell down upon the ground; and, as soon as he came to himself, he led the lion quite submissively into a peculiar little cellar where the king's wine was kept, of which no one ever dared to taste. But the lion, first drawing for himself half a cupful, tried the wine, and saying, "This must be the real stuff," bade the butler fill six bottles with it. When this was done they mounted the steps again, and as the lion came out of the cellar into the fresh air he reeled about, being a little elevated; so that the butler had to carry the wine-basket for him to the inn, where the lion, taking it again in his mouth, carried it in to his master. The hunter called the landlord and said, "See here: now I have bread, meat, vegetables, sweetmeats and wine, the very same as the king himself will eat to-day, and so I will make my dinner with my animals." They sat down and ate and drank away; for he gave the hare, the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the lion, their share of the good things, and was very happy, for he felt the king's daughter still loved him. When he had finished his meal he said to the landlord, "Now, as I have eaten and drunk the same things as the king, I will even go to the royal palace and marry the princess."

The landlord said, "How can that be, for she is already betrothed, and to-day the wedding is to be celebrated?"

Then the hunter drew out the handkerchief which the king's daughter had given him on the dragon's mountain, and wherein the seven tongues of the dragon's seven heads were wrapped, and said, "This shall help me to do it!"

The landlord looked at the handkerchief and said, "If I believe all that has been done, still I cannot believe that, and will wager my house and garden upon it."

Thereupon the huntsman took out a purse with a thousand gold pieces in it, and said, "I will bet you that against your house and garden."

Meantime the king asked his daughter, "What do all these wild beasts mean who have come to you to-day, and passed and repassed in and out of my castle?"

She replied, "I dare not tell you, but send and let the master of these beasts be fetched, and you will do well."

The king sent a servant to the inn to invite the strange man to come, and arrived just as the hunter had concluded his wager with the landlord. So he said, "See, mine host, the king even sends a servant to invite me to come, but I do not go yet." And to the servant he said, "I beg that the king will send me royal clothes, and a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait on me."

When the king heard this answer, he said to his daughter, "What shall I do?" "Do as he desires, and you will do well," she replied. So the king sent a suit of royal clothes, a carriage with six horses, and some servants to wait upon the man. As the hunter saw them coming, he said to the landlord, "See here, I am fetched just as I desired," and, putting on the royal clothes, he took the handkerchief with him and drove to

the king. When the king saw him coming he asked his daughter how he should receive him, and she said, "Go out to meet him, and you will do well." So the king met him and led him into the palace, the animals following. The king showed him a seat near himself and his daughter, and the marshal sat upon the other side as the bridegroom. Now, against the walls was the seven-headed dragon placed, stuffed as if it were yet alive; and the king said, "The seven heads of that dragon were cut off by our marshal, to whom this day I give my daughter in marriage."

Then the hunter rose up, and opening the seven jaws of the dragon, asked where were the seven tongues. This frightened the Marshal, and he turned pale as death, but at last, not knowing what else to say, he stammered out, "Dragons have no tongues."

The hunter replied, "*Liars* should have none, but the dragon's tongues are the trophies of the dragon-slayer;" and so saying he unwrapped the handkerchief, and there lay all seven, and he put one into each mouth of the monster, and they fitted exactly. Then he took the handkerchief upon which her name was marked and showed it to the maiden, and asked her to whom she had given it, and she replied, "To him who slew the Dragon." Then he called his beasts, and taking from each the necklace, and from the lion the golden snap, he put them together, and, showing them to the princess too, asked to whom they belonged. The princess said, "The necklace and the snap were mine, and I shared it among the animals who helped to conquer the dragon." Then the huntsman said, "When I was weary and rested after the fight, the marshal came and cut off my head, and then took away the princess, and gave out that it was he who had conquered the

dragon. Now that he has lied, I show these tongues, this necklace, and this handkerchief for proofs." And then he related how the beasts had cured him with a wonderful root, and that for a year he had wandered, and at last had come hither again, where he had discovered the deceit of the marshal through the innkeeper's tale. Then the king asked his daughter, "Is it true that this man killed the dragon?"

"Yes," she replied, "it is true; for I dared not disclose the treachery of the marshal, because he threatened me with instant death. But now it is known, without my mention, and for this reason have I delayed the wedding a year and a day."

After these words the king ordered twelve councillors to be summoned who should judge the marshal, and these condemned him to be torn in pieces by four oxen. So the marshal was executed, and the king gave his daughter to the huntsman, and named him stadtholder over all his kingdom. The wedding was celebrated with great joy, and the young king caused his father and foster-father to be brought to him, and loaded them with presents. He did not forget either the landlord, but bade him welcome, and said to him, "See you here, my host: I have married the daughter of the king, and thy house and garden are mine." The landlord said that was according to right; but the young king said, "It shall be according to mercy;" and he gave him back not only his house and garden, but also presented him with the thousand gold pieces he had wagered.

Now the young king and queen were very happy, and lived together in contentment. He often went out hunting, because he delighted in it; and the faithful animals always accompanied him.

In the neighbourhood there was a forest which it was said

was haunted, and that if one entered it he did not easily get out again. The young king, however, took a great fancy to hunt in it, and he let the old king have no peace till he consented to let him. Away then he rode with a great company; and, as he approached the forest, he saw a snow-white hind going into it; so, telling his companions to wait his return, he rode off among the trees, and only his faithful beasts accompanied him. The courtiers waited and waited till evening, but he did not return; so they rode home, and told the young queen that her husband had ridden into the forest after a white doe, and had not again come out. The news made her very anxious about him. He, however, had ridden farther and farther into the wood after the beautiful animal without catching it; and, when he thought it was within range of his gun, with one spring it got away, till at last it disappeared altogether. Then he remarked for the first time how deeply he had plunged into the thickets; and, taking his horn, he gave a blast, but there was no answer, for his people could not hear it. Presently night began to close in; and perceiving that he could not get home that day, he dismounted, and, making a fire, prepared to pass the night. While he sat by the fire, with his beasts lying near all round him, he thought he heard a human voice, but, on looking round, he could see nobody. Soon after he heard again a groan, as if from a box; and, looking up, he saw an old woman sitting upon the tree, who was groaning and crying, "Oh, oh, oh, how I do freeze!" He called out, "Come down and warm yourself if you freeze." But she said, "No; your beasts will bite me." He replied, "They will not harm you, my good old lady, if you like to come down." But she was a witch, and said, "I will throw you down a twig, which if you beat on their backs they will then

do nothing to me." He did as he was requested; and immediately they laid down quietly enough, for they were changed into stones. Now, when the old woman was safe from the animals, she sprang down, and, touching the king too with a twig, converted him also into a stone. Thereupon she laughed to herself, and buried him and his beasts in a grave where already were many more stones.

Meantime the young queen was becoming more and more anxious and sad when her husband did not return; and just then it happened that the other brother, who had travelled towards the east when they separated, came into the territory. He had been seeking and had found no service to enter, and was, therefore, travelling through the country, and making his animals dance for a living. Once he thought he would go and look at the knife which they had stuck in the tree at their separation, in order to see how his brother fared. When he looked at it, lo! his brother's side was half rusty and half bright! At this he was frightened, and thought his brother had fallen into some great misfortune; but he hoped yet to save him, for one half of the knife was bright. He therefore went with his beasts towards the west; and, as he came to the capital city, the watch went out to him, and asked if he should mention his arrival to his bride, for the young queen had for two days been in great sorrow and distress at his absence, and feared he had been killed in the enchanted wood. The watchman thought certainly he was no one else than the young king, for he was so much like him, and had also the same wild beasts returning after him. The huntsman perceived he was speaking of his brother, and thought it was all for the best that he should give himself out as his brother, for so, perhaps, he might more easily save him. So he let himself be conducted by the watchman into the castle, and

was there received with great joy, for the young queen took him for her husband also, and asked him where he had stopped so long. He told her he had lost his way in a wood, and could not find his way out earlier.

For a couple of days he rested at home, but was always asking about the enchanted wood; and at last he said, "I must hunt there once more." The king and the young queen tried to dissuade him, but he was resolved, and went out with a great number of attendants. As soon as he got into the wood, it happened to him as to his brother: he saw a white hind, and told his people to wait his return where they were, while he hunted the wild animal, and immediately rode off, his beasts following his footsteps. But he could not catch the hind any more than his brother; and he went so deep into the wood that he was forced to pass the night there. As soon as he had made a fire, he heard some one groaning above him, and saying, "Oh, oh, oh, how I do freeze!" Then he looked up, and there sat the same old witch in the tree, and he said to her, "If you freeze, old woman, why don't you come down and warm yourself?" She replied, "No, your beasts would bite me; but if you will beat them with a twig which I will throw down to you they can do me no harm." When the hunter heard this, he doubted the old woman, and said to her, "I do not beat my beasts; so come down, or I will fetch you." But she called out, "What are you thinking of, you can do nothing to me?" He answered, "Come down, or I will shoot you." The old woman laughed, and said, "Shoot away! I am not afraid of your bullets!"

He knelt down and shot, but she was bullet-proof; and, laughing till she yelled, called out, "You cannot catch me!" However, the hunter knew a trick or two, and, tearing three

silver buttons from his coat, he loaded his gun with them ; and, while he was ramming them down, the old witch threw herself from the tree with a loud shriek, for she was not proof against such shot. He placed his foot upon her neck, and said, " Old witch, if you do not quickly tell me where my brother is, I will tie your hands together, and throw you into the fire ! "

She was in great anguish, begged for mercy, and said, " He lies with his beasts in a grave turned into stone." Then he forced her to go with him, threatening her, and saying, " You old cat ! now turn my brother and all the creatures which lie here into their proper forms, or I will throw you into the fire ! "

The old witch took a twig, and changed the stones back to what they were, and immediately his brother and the beasts stood before the huntsman, as well as many merchants, work-people, and shepherds, who, delighted with their freedom, returned home. But the twin brothers, when they saw each other again, kissed and embraced, and were very glad. They seized the old witch, bound her, and laid her on the fire ; and, when she was consumed, the forest itself disappeared, and all was clear and free from trees, so that one could see the royal palace three miles off.

Now the two brothers went together home ; and on the way told each other their adventures. And when the younger one said he was lord over the whole land in place of the king, the other one said, " All that I was well aware of ; for, when I went into the city, I was taken for you. And all kingly honour was paid to me, the young queen even mistaking me for her true husband, and making me sit at her table, and sleep in her room." When the first one heard this, he became very angry, and so jealous and passionate, that, drawing his sword, he cut off the head of his brother. But as soon as he had

done so, and saw the red blood flowing from the dead body, he repented sorely, and said "My brother has saved me, and I have killed him for so doing;" and he groaned pitifully. Just then the hare came, and offered to fetch the healing root, and then, running off, brought it just at the right time, so that the dead man was restored to life again, and not even the mark of his wound was to be seen.

After this adventure they went on, and the younger brother said, "You see that we have both got on royal robes, and have both the same beasts following us; we will, therefore, enter the city at opposite gates, and arrive from the two quarters at the same time before the king."

So they separated; and at the same moment the watchman from each gate came to the king, and informed him that the young prince with the beasts had returned from the hunt. The king said, "It is not possible, for your two gates are a mile asunder!" But in the meantime the two brothers had arrived in the castle-yard, and began to mount the stairs. When they entered, the king said to his daughter, "Tell me which is your husband, for one appears to me the same as the other, and I cannot tell." The princess was in great trouble, and could not tell which was which; but at last she bethought herself of the necklace which she had given to the beasts, and she looked and found on one of the lions her golden snap, and then she cried exultingly, "He to whom this lion belongs is my rightful husband." Then the young king laughed, and said, "Yes, that is right;" and they sat down together at table, and ate and drank, and were merry. At night, when the young king went to bed, his wife asked him why he had placed on the two previous nights a sword in the bed, for she thought it was to kill her. Then the young king knew how faithful his brother had been.

THE GIANT AND THE TAILOR.

A CERTAIN tailor, who was a large boaster but very small performer, took it once into his head to go and look about him in the world. As soon as he could, he left his workshop, and travelled away over hills and valleys, now on this, and now on that; but still onwards. After he had gone some way, he perceived in the distance a steep mountain, and behind it a lofty tower, which rose from the midst of a wild, dense forest. "Good gracious!" cried the tailor, "what is this?" and driven by his curiosity, he went rapidly towards the place. But he opened his mouth and eyes wide enough when he got nearer; for the tower had legs, and sprang in a trice over the steep hill, and stood up a mighty giant before the tailor. "What are you about here, you puny fly's legs?" asked the giant in a voice which rumbled on all sides like thunder. "I am trying to earn a piece of bread in this forest," whispered the tailor.

"Well, then, it is time you entered my service," said the giant fiercely.

"If it must be so, why not?" said the tailor, humbly; "but what will you give me?" "What wage shall you have?" repeated the giant contemptuously; "listen and I will tell you: every year, three hundred and sixty-five days, and one besides, if it be leap-year. Is that right?"

“Quite,” said the tailor; but thought to himself, “one must cut according to his cloth; I will seek to make myself free very soon.”

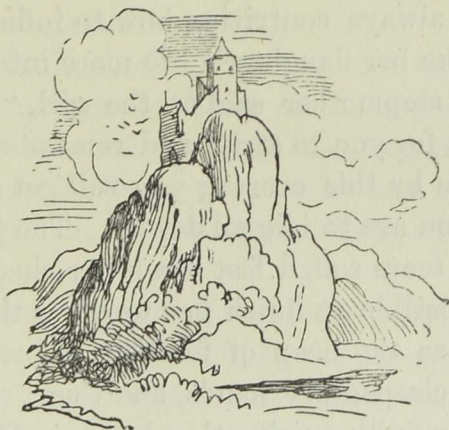
“Go, little rascal, and fetch me a glass of water,” cried the giant.

“Why not the whole well, and its spring too?” said the tailor, but he fetched as he was bid. “What! the well and its spring too!” bellowed the giant, who was rather cowardly and weak, and so began to be afraid, thinking to himself, “This fellow can do more than roast apples; he has a heap of courage. I must take care, or he will be too much of a servant for me!” So, when the tailor returned with the water, the giant set him to fetch a couple of bundles of faggots from the forest, and bring them home. “Why not the whole forest at one stroke, every tree, young and old, knotty and smooth?” asked the tailor, and went away. “What! the whole forest, and the well, too, and its spring” murmured the frightened giant in his beard; and he began to be still more afraid, and believed that the tailor was too great a man for him, and not fit for his servant. However, when the tailor returned with his load of faggots, the giant told him to shoot two or three wild boars for their supper. “Why not rather a thousand at one shot, and the rest afterwards?” cried the boaster. “What, what!” gasped the cowardly giant, terribly frightened. “Oh, well! that is enough for to-day, you may go to sleep now!”

The poor giant, however, was so very much afraid of the little tailor, that he could not close his eyes all the night, but tossed about thinking how to get rid of his servant, whom he regarded as an enchanter conspiring against his life. With time comes counsel. The following morning the giant and the dwarf

went together to a marsh where a great many willow-trees were growing. When they got there the giant said, "Sit yourself on one of these willow rods, tailor; on my life I only wish to see if you are in a condition to bend it down."

The boasting tailor climbed the tree, and perched himself on a bough, and then holding his breath, he made himself heavy enough thereby to bend the tree down. Soon, however, he had to take breath again, and immediately, having been unfortunate enough to come without his goose in his pocket, the bough flew up, and to the great joy of the giant, carried with it the tailor so high into the air that he went out of sight. And whether he has since fallen down again, or is yet flying about in the air, I am unable to tell you satisfactorily.



THE TRUE BRIDE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a girl, young and pretty, who lost her mother at an early age, and her stepmother behaved very cruelly to her. Although she sometimes had to do work beyond her years, she was left to herself, and forced to do, unpitied, more than her strength would allow. She could not by any means touch the heart of the wicked woman, who was always discontented and unsatisfied. The more industriously she worked, the more was laid upon her, and the stepmother was always contriving how to inflict an additional burden, and make her daughter's life more intolerable.

One day the stepmother said to the girl, "here are twelve pounds of quills for you to strip, and remember if you are not ready with them by this evening you will get a good beating. Do you think you are to idle all day?" The poor girl set to work, while the tears rolled fast down her cheeks, for she saw that it was impossible to finish her work by the time. Every now and then, as the heap of feathers before her increased, she sighed and clasped her hands, and then, recollecting herself, stripped the quills quicker than before. Once she put her elbows on the table, and burying her face in her hands, exclaimed, "Alas! then, is there nobody on earth who will pity me?" As she spoke she heard a soft voice reply, "Comfort yourself, my child; I am come to help you." The girl looked

up and saw an old woman standing by her side, who took her hand, and said to her, "Trust me, and tell me what are your troubles." Encouraged by her kind voice, the girl told the old woman of her sad life, how one burden was heaped upon another until she could make no end even with the most unremitting labour. She told her also of the beating promised by her stepmother if she did not finish the feathers that evening. Her tears began to flow again as she concluded her tale, but the old woman said to her, "Dry your tears and rest yourself while I go on with your work." The girl lay down upon a bed and went to sleep; and the old woman sat down at the table, and made such short work with her thin fingers that the twelve pounds of feathers were soon ready. When the girl awoke she found a great heap of snow-white feathers before her, and everything in the room put in order, but the old woman had disappeared. So the girl thanked God, and waited till evening, when the stepmother, coming into the room, was astonished to see the work finished. "Do you not see, simpleton," she cried, "what one can do when one is industrious? But was there nothing else that you could have begun, instead of sitting there with your hands in your lap?" and she went out muttering, "The girl can eat more than bread; I must set her some harder job."

The next morning, accordingly, she called the girl and gave her a spoon, saying, "Take this, and empty the pond at the bottom of the garden with it, and mind you know what will follow if you have not finished by the evening." The girl took the spoon, and perceived that it had a hole in it, and even if there had not been she never could have emptied the pond in time. However she fell on her knees by the side of the water and began to scoop it out. Soon the old woman appeared

again, and as soon as she heard the cause of the girl's grief, she said to her, "Well, never mind; do you go and lay down in yon thicket, and let me do your work." The girl did as she was bid, and the good old woman, when she was alone, only touched the pond, and immediately all the water ascended in the form of vapour and mingled with the clouds. The pond was then completely dry, and when the sun set, the girl awoke, and saw nothing but the fishes skipping about in the mud. So she went and told her stepmother she had done her work. "You ought to have been ready long ago," said she, pale with rage, and turned away to think of some fresh device.

The next morning she said to the girl, "You must build me a fine palace in yon plain, and get it ready by the evening." The poor maiden was terrified when she heard this, and asked, "How can I possibly complete such a work?" "I will take no refusal," screamed the stepmother; "if you can empty a pond with a spoon with a hole in it, you can also build a palace. And I require it done to-day, and should it be wanting in one kitchen or cellar you will catch what you well deserve."

So saying, she drove the girl out of doors, who went on till she came to the valley where the stones lay piled up; but they were all so heavy that she could not move the very smallest of them. The poor maiden sat down and cried, but hoped still the good old woman would come to her assistance. In a short time she did make her appearance, and bade the maiden go and sleep in the shade while she erected the castle for her, in which she told her she might dwell when she was happy. As soon as the old woman was alone she touched the stones, and immediately they raised themselves and formed the walls as if giants were building. Then the scaffolding raised itself, and

it seemed as if countless hands were laying stone upon stone. The tiles were laid on in order on the roofs by invisible hands, and by noonday a large weathercock, in the shape of a figure with a turning wand, appeared on the summit of the tower. The interior of the castle was also completed by the evening,—how the old woman did it, I know not,—but the walls of the various rooms were hung with silk and velvet, and highly ornamented chairs were also placed in them, and richly-carved arm-chairs by marble tables, while crystal chandeliers hung in the halls, and mirrored themselves in the smooth walls; green parrots also were there in golden cages, and many other peculiar birds, which sang charmingly; and about everything there was a magnificence as if a king were to inhabit the palace.

The sun was just about to sink when the maiden awoke and perceived the light of a thousand lamps shining from the castle. With hasty steps she entered it through the open door, passing up a flight of steps covered with red cloth, and adorned with flowers on the gilt balustrade. As soon as she entered the room, and saw its magnificence, she stood aghast; and how long she might have remained so I know not, had she not thought of her stepmother. “Ah!” said she to herself, “perhaps if she were established here she would be contented, and harass me no more.” With this thought she ran to her stepmother and pointed to the finished palace. “I will go and see it,” said she, and hastened off; but as soon as she entered the hall she was forced to cover her eyes for fear of being blinded by the glare of the lamps.

“You see, now,” she said to the maiden, “how easily it is done; I wish I had set you something harder to do!” and then, going into every room, she peered about in all corners to find out something that was wanting, but she could not.

“Now we we will go up-stairs,” said she, with an envious look at the maiden; “I must also inspect the kitchens and cellars, and if there is anything forgotten, you shall suffer for it.” There was the fire, however, burning on the hearth, the meat cooking in the pots, nippers and scales hanging on the wall, and the bright copper utensils ranged in rows. Nothing was wanting, not even the coal-scuttle or the water-pails! “Where is the door to the cellar?” exclaimed the old woman, after she had looked all round. “I warn you; you will catch it, if it is not well filled with wine-casks!” So saying, she raised the trap-door herself and went down the steps; but before she got down very far the heavy door fell upon her. The maiden heard a cry, and raised the door up as quickly as she could to render assistance, but before she reached the bottom of the stairs, she found the old woman lying dead upon them. The noble castle belonged now to the maiden, who dwelt there all alone, and felt quite bewildered with her good fortune. For in every closet the most beautiful dresses were hung upon the walls, with their trains powdered with gold and silver, or with pearls and precious stones; and, moreover, she had not a wish which was not immediately fulfilled. Soon the fame of her beauty and riches went abroad through the whole world, and every day suitors introduced themselves to her presence, but none of them pleased her. At length, however, came a young prince, who touched her heart, and to whom she betrothed herself. Now, in the castle garden stood a green linden-tree, under which they were one day sitting engaged in conversation. “I will go home and obtain my father’s consent to our marriage,” said the young prince to his companion; “wait here for me under this tree, for I shall be back in a few hours.” The maiden kissed him first on his left cheek, and said, “Keep true to me,

and let nobody kiss you on this cheek, till you return. I will wait for you here."

So she remained under the tree until the sun went down, but the prince did not return; and although she waited three days afterwards, from morning till evening, he came not. When the fourth day passed with the same result, the maiden thought that some misfortune had fallen upon him, and she resolved to go out and search for him till she found him. So she packed up three of her most beautiful dresses; the one powdered with stars of gold, the second with silver moons, and the third with golden suns; she took, also, a handful of jewels in a handkerchief, and, thus furnished, began her travels. At every place she came to she inquired after her betrothed lover; but nobody had seen him or knew him. So she wandered on, far and wide, over the world, but with no result; and at last, in despair, she hired herself to a farmer as a shepherdess, and concealed her clothes and jewels under a stone.

Thus she lived for a couple of years, tending her flocks in sadness, and ever thinking of her beloved prince. At this time she possessed a calf, which would feed out of her hands, and if she said to it the following rhyme, it would kneel down while she stroked it:—

“ Little calf, little calf, kneel you down,
Forget not your mistress, deary!
Like the king's son who his sweetheart left
Under the linden dreary.”

When two years had passed, a report was spread everywhere that the king's daughter was about to be married. Now, the road to the city passed through the village where the maiden dwelt, and so it happened that one day, as she was watching her flocks, the bridegroom of the princess passed by. He was

sitting proudly upon his horse and did not observe the shepherdess, who recognized him at once as her former lover. The shock was, as it were, like a sharp knife thrust into her heart. "Alas!" she cried, "I thought he was true to me, but he has, indeed, forgotten me."

The next day he rode by her again: as he passed she sung—

"Little calf, little calf, kneel you down,
Forget not your mistress deary!
Like the king's son who his sweetheart left
Under the linden dreary."

The prince looked round when he heard the voice, and stopped his horse. He looked earnestly at the face of the shepherdess, and pressed his hand to his forehead, as if trying to recollect something; but in a minute or two, he rode on and disappeared. "Alas! alas!" cried the maiden, "he knows me no longer!"

Soon after this occurrence, a great festival of three days' duration was appointed to be held at the royal court, and all the king's subjects were invited to it. "Now I will make a last trial," thought the maiden; and on the evening of the first day she went to the stone under which she had buried her treasures. She drew out the dress adorned with the golden suns, and, putting it on, bedecked herself also with the jewels. Her hair, which till now she had hidden under a cap, she allowed to fall down in its natural curls, and, thus apparelled, she went to the city unperceived in the dusky twilight. As soon, however, as she entered the well-lighted ball-room, all were struck with her beauty, but nobody knew who she was. The prince went up to her, but did not recognize her; and after he had danced with her, her manners so enchanted him, that he altogether slighted the other bride. As

soon as the ball was over, she disappeared in the crowd, and, hastening back to the village, put on her shepherd's dress before the day broke.

The second evening she took out the dress with the silver moons, and adorned her hair with a crescent of precious stones. As soon as she appeared in the ball-room all eyes were turned on her, and the prince, intoxicated with love, danced with her alone quite forgetful of any other person. Before she went away, he made her promise to come again on the following evening.

When she thus appeared for the third time, she wore her star dress, which glittered with every step she took, not to mention her girdle and head-dress, which were stars of diamonds. The prince took her arm as soon as she entered the room, and asked her who she was, "For," said he, "it seems to me as if I had known you before."

"Have you forgotten what I did when you parted from me?" asked the maiden, at the same time kissing him on his left cheek. As soon as she did this, a mist, as it were, fell from his eyes, and he recognized his true bride. "Come," he said, "I must remain here no longer;" and taking her by the hand, he led her out to his carriage. As if the wind were pulling, the horses galloped to the wonderful castle, whose windows were already lighted up, and shone to a long distance. As the carriage passed beneath the linden-tree, innumerable glow-worms swarmed among the boughs, so that the leaves were shaken and sent down their fragrance. On the castle steps bloomed the flowers, and from the aviaries came the songs of many rare birds; but in the hall the whole court stood assembled, and the priests to celebrate the marriage of the young prince and the True Bride.

THE THREE SPINSTERS.

THERE was once a lazy girl who would not spin ; and let her mother say what she would she could not get her to work. At last the mother, getting both angry and impatient, gave her a blow, which made the girl cry very loud. Just then the queen passing by, heard the noise, and, stopping the carriage, she stepped into the house and asked the mother why she beat her daughter in such a way that the passers-by in the street heard her shrieks. The mother, however, was ashamed that her daughter's laziness should be known, and said, "I cannot make her leave off spinning ; she will spin for ever and ever, and I am so poor that I cannot procure the flax." The queen replied, "I never heard any thing I like better than spinning, and I am never more pleased than when the wheels are whirring. Let your daughter go with me to the castle ; I have flax enough, and she may spin as much as she pleases." The mother was very glad at heart, and the queen took the girl home with her. As soon as they entered the castle she led her up into three rooms, which were all full of the finest flax from top to bottom. "Now, spin this flax for me," said the queen ; "and, when you have prepared it all, you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Although you are poor, I do not despise you on that account ; your unwearied industry is dowry enough." The girl, however,

was inwardly frightened, for she could not have spun the flax had she sat there from morning to night until she was three hundred years old. When she was left alone she began to cry, and thus she sat three days without stirring a hand. On the third day the queen came, and when she saw that nothing was yet spun she wondered; and the maiden excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin yet, on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. So the queen was satisfied; but on leaving she said, "You must begin to work for me to-morrow."

As soon as the girl was again alone she knew not how to act or help herself, and in her vexation she went and looked out of the window. She saw three women passing by, the first of whom had a broad, flat foot, the second such a large under lip that it reached nearly to her chin, and the third a very big thumb. They stopped before the window, and, looking up, asked the girl what she wanted. She told them her trouble, and they offered her their help, saying, "Will you invite us to the wedding, and not be ashamed of us, but call us your aunts, and let us sit at your table? if you do all these, we will spin the flax in a very short time for you."

"With all my heart," replied the girl; come in and begin at once." Then she let in these three women, and, making a clear place in the first room, they sat themselves down and began spinning. One drew the thread and trod the wheel, the other moistened the thread, and the third pressed it and beat with her fingers on the table; and as often as she did so a pile of thread fell on the ground, which was spun in the finest manner. The girl hid the three spinsters, however, from the queen, and showed her, as often as she came, the heaps of spun yarn; so that she received no end of praise. When

the first room was empty the three women went to the second, and at length to the third, so that soon all was cleared out. Now the three spinsters took leave, saying to the girl, "Do not forget what you promised us ; it will make your fortune."

When the girl showed the queen the empty rooms and the great pile of thread, the wedding was performed, and the bridegroom was glad that he had such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her exceedingly.

"I have three aunts," said the girl, "who have done me much service ; so I would not willingly forget them in my good fortune. Allow me, therefore, to invite them to the wedding, and to sit with me at table." The queen and the bridegroom asked, "Why should we not allow it ?"

When the feast was begun the three old maids entered in great splendour, and the bride said, "You are welcome, dear aunts."

"Ah," said the bridegroom, "how do you come by such ugly friends ?" And, going up to the one with the big foot, he asked, "Why have you such a broad foot ?" "From treading, from treading," she replied. Then he went to the second and asked, "Why have you such an overhanging lip ?" "From licking," she answered, "from licking." Then he asked the third, "Why have you such a broad thumb ?" "From pressing the thread," she replied, "from pressing the thread." At this the Prince was frightened, and said, "Therefore my bride shall never touch a spinning-wheel again."

And so she was set free from the unlucky flax-spinning.

THE ROGUE AND HIS MASTER.

A CERTAIN man, named John, was desirous that his son should learn some trade, and he went into the church to ask the priest's opinion what would be most desirable. Just then the clerk was standing near the altar, and he cried out, "The rogue, the rogue!" At these words the man went away, and told his son he must learn to be a rogue, for so the priest had said. So they set out, and asked one man and another whether he was a rogue, till, at the end of the day, they entered a large forest, and there found a little hut with an old woman in it.

John asked the old woman, "Do you know any man who can teach roguery?" "Here," said the old woman, "here you may learn, for my son is a master of the art." Then John asked the son whether he could teach it perfectly? And the rogue replied, "I will teach your son well; return in four years, and if you know your son then I will not ask any recompense; but if you do not, then you must give me two hundred dollars."

John now went home, and left his son to learn roguery and witchcraft. When the time was up, the father set out to see his son, considering as he went along by what he should know him. On his way he met a little man, who stopped him, and asked, "Why are you grieving and looking so mournful?"

“Oh,” replied John, “four years ago I left my son to learn roguery, and the master said, if I returned in that time and knew my son, I should have nothing to pay; but if I did not know him, I must give him two hundred dollars; and, since I have no means of recognizing him, I am troubled where to procure the money.”

Then the little man told him to take a basket of bread with him, and when he came to the rogue’s house to put the basket under a hollow tree which stood there, and the little bird which should peep out would be his son.

John went and did as he was told, and out came a little bird to peck at the bread. “Holloa, my son! are you here?” said John. The son was very glad to hear his father’s voice, and said, “Father, let us go!” but first the rogue-master called out, “The Evil One must have told you where to find your son!”

So the father and son returned home, and on their way they met a coach, and the son said to his father, “I will change myself into a fine greyhound, and then you can earn some money by me.”

The lord who was riding in the coach called out, “Man, will you sell your dog?”

“Yes,” replied the father.

“How much do you want for him?”

“Thirty dollars,” was the reply.

“That is too much, my man,” said the lord, “but on account of his very beautiful skin I will buy him of you.”

The bargain concluded, the dog was put inside the coach; but when they had travelled a mile or two, the greyhound jumped right out through the glass, and rejoined his father.

After this adventure they went home together, and the fol-

lowing day they went to the next village to market. On their way the son said, "Father, I will change myself into a horse, and then you can sell me ; but first untie my bridle, and then I can change myself into the form of a man."

The father drove his horse to market, and thither came the rogue-master and bought him for a hundred dollars ; but the father forgot to untie the bridle.

The rogue rode his horse home, and put him in the stable, and, when the maid came with the corn, the horse said to her, "Undo my bridle, undo my bridle !"

"Ah, can you speak?" said she, terrified, and untied the horse directly. The horse thereupon became a sparrow, and flew away out at the door, pursued by the rogue, who changed himself also into a bird. When they came up with each other, the rogue changed himself into water, and the other into a fish ; but the rogue could not catch him so, and he changed himself into a cock, but the other instantly became a fox, and bit his master's head off, so that he died.

And he lies there to this very day.



THE THREE FEATHERS.

ONCE upon a time there was a king who had three sons, two of whom were bold and decided, but the third was a simpleton, and, having nothing to say for himself, was called Dummling. When the king became old and weak, and thought his end was approaching, he knew not which of his sons to appoint to succeed him. So he said to them, "Go out upon your travels, and whoever brings me back the finest carpet shall be king at my death." Then, to prevent their quarrelling, he led them out before the castle, and, blowing three feathers into the air, said, "As they fly, so shall you go."

One feather flew towards the east, another towards the west, but the third went in a straight direction, and soon fell to the ground. So one brother went right, another left, laughing at poor Dummling, who had to remain where the third feather had fallen.

Dummling sat himself down, and was sad at heart; but presently he remarked that near the feather was a trap-door. He raised it, and, finding steps, descended below the ground. He came to another door, and knocking, heard a voice singing—

"Frog, with the crooked leg,
Small and light green,
See who 'tis that knocks,
Be quick; let him in!"

The door was opened, and, going in, he saw a large frog, and round her were squatted several smaller ones. The big one asked what he desired? and he replied, "I seek the finest and most beautiful carpet." The big frog then called a young one, and said, "Bring me hither the great box." So the young frog fetched it; and the old one, opening it, took out and gave to Dummling a carpet more beautiful than any one could make. Dummling thanked her for the gift and came up the steps again.

His two brothers meanwhile, thinking their youngest brother so simple, believed that he would not bring home any thing at all, and said to each other, "Let us take the best shawl we can from the back of some shepherd's wife." So they stole the first they met with, and carried it to the king. At the same time Dummling arrived, bringing his fine and beautiful carpet, and as soon as the king saw it he was astonished, and said, "By right this kingdom belongs to the youngest of you."

But the two others let the king have no peace, saying, "It is impossible that Dummling should have the kingdom, for he lacks common understanding." So the king then decreed that whoever brought him the most beautiful ring should be his heir; and, taking the three brothers out, he blew, as before, three feathers into the air, for them to follow. The two eldest went east and west, but Dummling's feather flew again as far as the trap-door, and there settled down. He descended a second time to the fat old frog, and told her he needed the most beautiful ring in the world. The frog ordered her jewel-casket to be brought, and gave him out of it a ring which sparkled with diamonds, and was finer than any goldsmith in the world could have made. The two eldest brothers gave themselves no

further trouble than the beating of a nail, which they carried to the king. But, as soon as Dummling displayed his gold ring, the father said, "The kingdom belongs to him." The two eldest brothers, however, would not let the king be at peace until he appointed a third condition, which was, that whoever brought him the prettiest woman should have the kingdom. A third time he blew the feathers into the air, and they flew, as before, east and west, and one straight out.

Now Dummling went again down to the fat frog, and said, "I have to take home the most beautiful bride I can find." "Ah," said the frog, "the most beautiful bride! that is not easy for every one, but you shall have her;" and, so saying, she gave him a hollow carrot, to which six little mice were harnessed. Dummling asked sadly what he was to do with them, and the frog told him to place in the carriage one of her little handmaids. He took up one frog at random out of the circle, and placed her in the carrot; but no sooner was she seated than she became a beautiful maiden, and the carrot and the six mice were changed into a fine carriage and horses. Dummling kissed the maiden, and drove away from the place to the king's palace. His brothers came afterwards, having given themselves no trouble to find a pretty girl, but taking the first peasants they met. When the king had seen them all, he said, "At my death the kingdom belongs to my youngest son."

But the two elder brothers again besieged the ears of the king with their cries, saying, "We cannot allow that Dummling should be king;" and they requested that there should be a trial for the superiority, to see whose wife could best jump through a ring which hung in the hall; for they thought to themselves, "These peasant girls will be strong enough, but that tender thing will kill herself in the attempt." At last

the king consented. The two peasant girls sprang easily through the ring, but they were so plump that they fell down and broke their arms and legs. Then the beautiful bride of Dummling sprang through as lightly and gracefully as a fawn, and all opposition was put an end to. So Dummling, after all, received the crown, and ruled a long time happily and wisely.



ALLERLEIRAUH.

(THE COAT OF ALL COLOURS.)

THERE was once a king, whose wife had golden hair, and was altogether so beautiful, that her equal was not to be found in the world. It happened that she fell ill, and when she felt she must soon die she called the king, and said, "If you marry again after my death, take no one who is not as beautiful as I have been, nor who has not golden hair like mine, and this you must promise me." After the king had promised she closed her eyes and soon died.

For a long time the king would not be comforted, and thought not of taking a second wife, but his councillors said at last that he must marry again. Then messengers were sent far and wide to seek such a bride as should be as beautiful as the late queen; but there was no one to be found in the whole world so beautiful, and with such golden hair. So the messengers returned home without accomplishing anything.

Now the king had a daughter, who was just as beautiful as her dead mother, and had also the same golden hair, and, as she grew up, the king saw how like she was to his lost wife. He told his councillors that he wished to marry his daughter to his oldest councillor, and that she should be as queen. When the oldest councillor heard this he was delighted. But the daughter was frightened at the resolve of the king, but hoped yet to turn

him from his intention. So she said to him, "Before I fulfil your wish, I must first have three dresses: one as golden as the sun, another as silver as the moon, and a third as shining as the stars; further, I desire a cloak composed of thousands of skins and hides, and to which every beast in your kingdom must contribute a portion of his skin."

The princess thought this would be impossible to do, and so she should reclaim her father from his intention. But the king would not give it up, and the cleverest maidens in his kingdom had to weave the three dresses,—one as golden as the sun, a second as silver as the moon, and a third as shining as the stars; while his huntsmen had to catch all the beasts in the whole kingdom, and from each take a piece of his skin, wherewith a mantle of a thousand pieces was made. At length, when all was ready, the king let the mantle be fetched, and, spreading it before him, said, "To-morrow shall the wedding be."

When the king's daughter now saw that there was no hope left of turning her father from his resolve, she determined to flee away. In the night, while all slept, she got up and took three of her treasures,—a golden ring, a gold spinning-wheel, and a gold reel; she put also in a nutshell the three dresses of the sun, moon, and stars, and, putting on the mantle of all skins, she dyed her hands and face black with soot. Then, commending herself to God, she set off and travelled the whole night till she came to a large wood, where, feeling very tired, she took refuge in a hollow tree and went to sleep. The sun arose, and she still slept and slept on till it was again far into the morning. Then it happened that the king, who owned this forest, came to hunt in it. As soon as his dogs ran to the tree they snapped about it, barked, and growled, so that the king said

to his huntsmen, "See what wild animal it is that is concealed there." The hunters obeyed his orders, and when they returned, they said, "In that hollow lies a wonderful creature, whose like we have never before seen; its skin is composed of a thousand different colours, but it lies quite quiet and asleep." The king said, "Try if you can catch it alive, and then bind it to the carriage, and we will take it with us."

As soon as the hunters caught hold of the maiden, she awoke full of terror, and called out to them, "I am a poor child, forsaken by both father and mother! pray pity me, and take me with you!" They named her "Allerleirauh," because of her mantle, and took her home with them to serve in the kitchen, and rake out the ashes. They went to the royal palace, and there they showed her a little stable under the step, where no daylight could enter, and told her she could live and sleep there. Afterwards she went into the kitchen, and there she had to carry water and wood to make the fire, to pluck the fowls, to peel the vegetables, to rake out the ashes, and to do all manner of dirty work.

Here, for a length of time, Allerleirauh lived wretchedly; but it happened once that a feast was held in the palace, and she asked the cook, "May I go and look on for a little while? I will place myself just outside the door." The cook said "Yes; but in half an hour's time you must return and rake out the ashes."

Allerleirauh took an oil-lamp, and, going to her stable, put off the gown of skins, and washed the soot from her face and hands, so that her real beauty was displayed. Then she opened her nut, and took out the dress which shone as the sun, and as soon as she was ready she went up to the ball-room, where every one made way for her, supposing that she was certainly some

princess. The king himself soon came up to her, and, taking her hand, danced with her, thinking the while in his heart that he had never seen any one like her. As soon as the dance was finished she curtsied, and, before the king could look round, she had disappeared, and nobody knew whither. The watchmen also at the gates were called and questioned, but they had not seen her.

She had run back to her stable, and, having quickly taken off her dress, had again blackened her face and hands, and put on the dress of all skins, and became "Allerleirauh" once more. As soon as she went into the kitchen to do her work, in sweeping up the ashes, the cook said, "Let that be for once till the morning, and cook the king's supper for me instead, while I go upstairs to have a peep; but mind you do not let one of your hairs fall in, or you will get nothing to eat for the future."

So saying she went away, and Allerleirauh cooked the king's supper, making some soup as good as she possibly could, and when it was ready she went into the stable and fetched her gold ring, and laid it in the dish. When the dance was at an end the king ordered his supper to be brought, which, when he had tasted, he thought he had never eaten anything so nice before. Just as he nearly finished it he saw a gold ring at the bottom, and, not being able to imagine how it came there, he commanded the cook to be brought before him. The cook was terrified when he heard this order, and said to Allerleirauh, "Are you certain you did not let a hair fall into the soup, for if it is so you will catch a beating?"

Then he came before the king, who asked who had cooked the supper, and he answered, "I did." But the king said, "That is not true; for it is of a much better kind and much

better cooked than usual." Then the cook said, "I must confess that not I, but Allerleirauh, cooked it." So the king commanded that she should be brought up.

When Allerleirauh came the king asked,—

"Who are you?"

"I am a poor child, without father or mother," replied she.

"Why did you come to my palace?" then inquired the king.

"I am good for nothing else but to have the boots thrown at my head," said she.

The king asked again, "Where did you get this ring, then, which was in the soup?"

Allerleirauh said, "I know nothing of it." And as she would say no more, she was at last sent away.

After a time there was another ball, and Allerleirauh asked the cook's permission to go again and look on, and he consented, and told her, "Return here in half an hour to cook the king again the same soup which he liked so much before."

Allerleirauh ran into the stable, and, washing herself quickly, took out of the shell the dress which was silver as the moon, and put it on. Then she went up to the ball-room and appeared like a princess, and the king, stepping up to her, was very glad to see her again; and, as the dancing was just begun, they joined it. But as soon as it was over, his partner disappeared so quickly, that the king did not notice where she went. She ran to her stable and changed her garments again, and then went into the kitchen to make the soup. While the cook was up-stairs, she fetched the golden spinning-wheel and put it in the tureen, so that the soup was served up with it. Afterwards it was brought before the king, who ate it, and found it taste as good as the former; and the cook was called,

who was obliged to confess again that Allerleirauh had made it. Allerleirauh was accordingly taken before the king, but she repeated what she had before said, that she was of no use but to have boots thrown at her, and that she knew nothing of the gold spinning-wheel.

Not long afterwards a third fête was given by the king, at which everything went as before. The cook said to Allerleirauh when she asked leave to go, "You are certainly a witch, and always put something in the soup which makes it taste better than mine. Still, since you beg so hard, you shall go at the usual time." This time she put on the dress shining as the stars, and stepped with it into the ball-room. The king danced again with her, and thought he had never seen any maiden so beautiful; and while the dance went on he slipped the gold ring on to her finger without her perceiving it, and told the musicians to prolong the time. When at last it ended, he would have kept fast hold of her hand, but she tore herself away, and sprang so quickly in among the people that she disappeared from his sight. Allerleirauh ran as well as she could back to her stable; but she had stayed over and above the half-hour, and she had not time to pull off her beautiful dress, but was obliged to throw over it her cloak of skins. She did not either quite finish the blacking of her skin, but left one finger white. Then she ran into the kitchen, cooked the soup for the king, and put in it the reel, while the cook stayed upstairs. Afterwards, when the king found the reel at the bottom of his soup, he summoned Allerleirauh, and perceived at once her white finger, and the ring which he had put on it during the dance. He took her by the hand and held her fast, and when she tried to force herself from him and run away, her cloak of skins fell partly off, and the starry dress was dis-

played to view. The king then pulled the cloak wholly off, and down came her golden hair, and there she stood in all her beauty, and could no longer conceal herself. As soon, then, as the soot and ashes were washed off her face, she stood up and appeared more beautiful than any one could conceive possible on earth. But the king said to her, "You are my dear bride, and we will never separate from each other." Thereupon was the wedding celebrated, and they lived happily to the end of their lives.



THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man whose wife had died ; and a woman, also, who had lost her husband : and this man and this woman had each a daughter. These two maidens were friendly with each other, and used to walk together, and one day they came by the widow's house. Then the widow said to the man's daughter, "Do you hear, tell your father I wish to marry him, and you shall every morning wash in milk and drink wine, but my daughter shall wash in water and drink water." So the girl went home and told her father what the woman had said, and he replied, "What shall I do? marriage is a comfort, but it is also a torment." At last, as he could come to no conclusion, he drew off his boot and said : "Take this boot, which has a hole in the sole, and go with it out of doors and hang it on the great nail, and then pour water into it. If it holds the water, I will again take a wife ; but if it runs through, I will not have her." The girl did as he bid her, but the water drew the hole together and the boot became full to overflowing. So she told her father how it had happened, and he, getting up, saw it was quite true ; and going to the widow he settled the matter, and the wedding was celebrated.

The next morning, when the two girls arose, milk to wash in and wine to drink were set for the man's daughter, but only

water, both for washing and drinking, for the woman's daughter. The second morning, water for washing and drinking stood before both the man's daughter and the woman's; and on the third morning, water to wash in and water to drink were set before the man's daughter, and milk to wash in and wine to drink before the woman's daughter, and so it continued.

Soon the woman conceived a deadly hatred for her stepdaughter, and knew not how to behave badly enough to her from day to day. She was envious too, because her stepdaughter was beautiful and lovely, and her own daughter was ugly and hateful.

Once, in the winter time, when the river was frozen as hard as a stone, and hill and valley were covered with snow, the woman made a cloak of paper, and called the maiden to her and said, "Put on this cloak, and go away into the wood to fetch me a little basketful of strawberries; for I have a wish for some."

"Mercy on us!" said the maiden, "in winter there are no strawberries growing; the ground is frozen, and the snow, too, has covered everything. And why must I go in that paper cloak? It is so cold out of doors that it freezes one's breath even, and if the wind does not blow off this cloak, the thorns will tear it from my body."

"Will you dare to contradict me?" said the stepmother. "Make haste off, and let me not see you again until you have found me a basket of strawberries." Then she gave her a small piece of dry bread, saying, "On that you must subsist the whole day." But she thought, out of doors she will be frozen and starved, so that my eyes will never see her again!

So the girl did as she was told, and put on the paper cloak, and went away with the basket. Far and near there was nothing but snow, and not a green blade was to be seen. When she came to the forest she discovered a little cottage, out of which three little dwarfs were peeping. The girl wished them good morning, and knocked gently at the door. They called her in, and entering the room, she sat down on a bench by the fire to warm herself, and eat her breakfast. The dwarfs called out, "Give us some of it!" "Willingly," she replied, and, dividing her bread in two, she gave them half. They asked, "What do you here in the forest, in the winter time, in this thin cloak?"

"Ah!" she answered, "I must seek a basketful of strawberries, and I dare not return home until I can take them with me." When she had eaten her bread, they gave her a broom, saying, "Sweep away the snow with this from the back door." But when she was gone out of doors the three dwarfs said to one another, "What shall we give her, because she is so gentle and good, and has shared her bread with us?" Then said the first, "I grant to her that she shall become more beautiful every day." The second said, "I grant that a piece of gold shall fall out of her mouth for every word she speaks." The third said, "I grant that a king shall come and make her his bride."

Meanwhile, the girl had done as the dwarfs had bidden her, and had swept away the snow from behind the house. And what do you think she found there? Actually, ripe strawberries! which came quite red and sweet up under the snow. So filling her basket in great glee, she thanked the little men and gave them each her hand, and then ran home to take her stepmother what she wished for. As she went in and

said, "Good evening," a piece of gold fell from her mouth. Thereupon she related what had happened to her in the forest; but at every word she spoke a piece of gold fell, so that the whole floor was covered.

"Just see her arrogance," said the step-sister, "to throw away money in that way!" but in her heart she was jealous, and wished to go into the forest too, to seek strawberries. Her mother said, "No, my dear daughter; it is too cold, you will be frozen!" but as her girl let her have no peace, she at last consented, and made her a beautiful fur cloak to put on; she also gave her buttered bread and cooked meat to eat on the way.

The girl went into the forest and came straight to the little cottage. The three dwarfs were peeping out again, but she did not greet them; and, stumbling on without looking at them or speaking, she entered the room, and seating herself by the fire, began to eat the bread and butter and meat. "Give us some of that," exclaimed the dwarfs; but she answered, "I have not got enough for myself, so how can I give any away?" When she had finished they said, "You have a broom there, go and sweep the back door clean." "Oh, sweep it yourself," she replied; "I am not your servant." When she saw that they would not give her anything she went out at the door, and the three dwarfs said to each other, "What shall we give her? she is so ill-behaved, and has such a bad and envious disposition, that nobody can wish well to her." The first said, "I grant that she becomes more ugly every day." The second said, "I grant that at every word she speaks a toad shall spring out of her mouth." The third said, "I grant that she shall die a miserable death." Meanwhile the girl had been looking for strawberries out of doors, but as she could find none she

went home very peevish. When she opened her mouth to tell her mother what had happened to her in the forest, a toad jumped out of her mouth at each word, so that every one fled away from her in horror.

The stepmother was now still more vexed, and was always thinking how she could do the most harm to her husband's daughter, who every day became more beautiful. At last she took a kettle, set it on the fire, and boiled a net therein. When it was sodden she hung it on the shoulder of the poor girl, and gave her an axe, that she might go upon the frozen pond and cut a hole in the ice to drag the net. She obeyed, and went away and cut an ice-hole ; and while she was cutting, an elegant carriage came by, in which the king sat. The carriage stopped, and the king asked, "My child, who are you? and what do you here?" "I am a poor girl, and am dragging a net," said she. Then the king pitied her, and saw how beautiful she was, and said, "Will you go with me?" "Yes, indeed, with all my heart," she replied, for she was glad to get out of the sight of her mother and sister.

So she was handed into the carriage, and driven away with the king ; and as soon as they arrived at his castle the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, as the dwarfs had granted to the maiden. After a year the young queen bore a son ; and when the stepmother heard of her great good fortune, she came to the castle with her daughter, and behaved as if she had come on a visit. But one day, when the king had gone out, and no one was present, this bad woman seized the queen by the head, and her daughter caught hold of her feet, and raising her out of bed, they threw her out of the window into the river which ran past. Then, laying her ugly daughter in the bed, the old woman covered her up, even over her head ;

and when the king came back he wished to speak to his wife, but the old woman exclaimed, "Softly! softly! do not go near her; she is lying in a beautiful sleep, and must be kept quiet to-day." The king, not thinking of any evil design, came again the next morning the first thing; and when he spoke to his wife, and she answered, a toad sprang out of her mouth at every word, as a piece of gold had done before. So he asked what had happened, and the old woman said, "That is produced by her weakness, she will soon lose it again."

But in the night the kitchen-boy saw a duck swimming through the brook, and the duck asked,

"King, king, what are you doing,
Are you sleeping, or are you waking?"

And as he gave no answer, the duck said,

"What are my guests a-doing?"

Then the boy answered,

"They all sleep sound."

And she asked him,

"How fares my child?"

And he replied,

"In his cradle he sleeps."

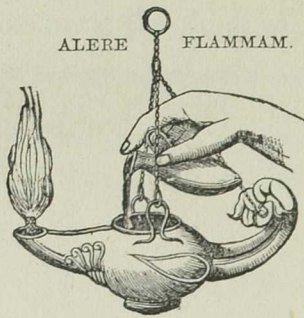
Then she came up in the form of the queen to the cradle, and gave the child drink, shook up his bed, and covered him up, and then swam again away as a duck through the brook. The second night she came again; and on the third she said to the kitchen-boy, "Go and tell the king to take his sword, and swing it thrice over me, on the threshold." Then the boy ran and told the king, who came with his sword, and swung it thrice over the duck; and at the third time his bride stood

before him, bright, living, and healthful, as she had been before.

Now the king was in great happiness, but he hid the queen in a chamber until the Sunday when the child was to be christened ; and when all was finished he asked, " What ought to be done to one who takes another out of a bed and throws her into the river ?" " Nothing could be more proper said the old woman, " than to put such an one into a cask, stuck round with nails, and to roll it down the hill into the water." Then the king said, " You have spoken your own sentence ;" and ordering a cask to be fetched, he caused the old woman and her daughter to be put into it, and the bottom being nailed up, the cask was rolled down the hill until it fell into the water.

THE END.

PRINTED BY TAYLOR AND FRANCIS,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.



October, 1880.



CHATTO & WINDUS'S LIST OF BOOKS.

Imperial 8vo, with 147 fine Engravings, half-morocco, 36s.

THE EARLY TEUTONIC, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH MASTERS.

Translated and Edited from the Dohme Series by A. H. KEANE,
M.A.I. With numerous Illustrations.

"Cannot fail to be of the utmost use to students of art history."—TIMES.

Second Edition, Revised, Crown 8vo, 1,200 pages, half-roxburgh, 12s. 6d.

THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES.

By the Rev. Dr. BREWER.

"Dr. Brewer has produced a wonderfully comprehensive dictionary of references to matters which are always cropping up in conversation and in everyday life, and writers generally will have reason to feel grateful to the author for a most handy volume, supplementing in a hundred ways their own knowledge or ignorance, as the case may be. . . . It is something more than a mere dictionary of quotations, though a most useful companion to any work of that kind, being a dictionary of most of the allusions, references, plots, stories, and characters which occur in the classical poems, plays, novels, romances, &c., not only of our own country, but of most nations, ancient and modern."—TIMES.

"A welcome addition to the list of what may be termed the really handy reference-books, combining as it does a dictionary of literature with a condensed encyclopædia, interspersed with items one usually looks for in commonplace books. The appendices contain the dates of celebrated and well-known dramas, operas, poems, and novels, with the names of their authors."—SPECTATOR.

"There seems to be scarcely anything concerning which one may not 'overhaul' Dr. Brewer's book with profit. It is a most laborious and patient compilation, and, considering the magnitude of the work, successfully performed. . . . Many queries which appear in our pages could be satisfactorily answered by a reference to 'The Reader's Handbook:' no mean testimony to the value of Dr. Brewer's book."—NOTES AND QUERIES.

A HANDBOOK FOR POTTERY-PAINTERS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Practical Keramics for Students.

By CHARLES A. JANVIER.

[Nearly ready.]

Crown 8vo, Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

Advertising, A History of.

From the Earliest Times. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, and Notes of Successful Advertisers. By HENRY SAMPSON.

"We have here a book to be thankful for. We recommend the present volume, which takes us through antiquity, the middle ages, and the present time, illustrating all in turn by advertisements—serious, comic, roguish, or downright rascally. The volume is full of entertainment from the first page to the last."—ATHENÆUM.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 639 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Architectural Styles, A Handbook of.

Translated from the German of A. ROSENGARTEN by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 639 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, with Portrait and Facsimile, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Artemus Ward's Works :

The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD. With Portrait, Facsimile of Handwriting, &c.

Second Edition, demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Map and Illustrations, 18s.

Baker's Clouds in the East :

Travels and Adventures on the Perso-Turcoman Frontier. By VALENTINE BAKER. Second Edition, revised and corrected.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Balzac.—The Comédie Humaine and its

Author. With Translations from Balzac. By H. H. WALKER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bankers, A Handbook of London ;

With some Account of their Predecessors, the Early Goldsmiths ; together with Lists of Bankers from 1677 to 1876. By F. G. HILTON PRICE.

Bardsley (Rev. C. W.), Works by :

English Surnames : Their Sources and Significations. By CHARLES WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A. Second Edition, revised throughout and considerably Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Bardsley has faithfully consulted the original mediæval documents and works from which the origin and development of surnames can alone be satisfactorily traced. He has furnished a valuable contribution to the literature of surnames, and we hope to hear more of him in this field."—TIMES.

Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature. By CHARLES W. BARDSLEY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"The book is full of interest ; in fact, it is just the thorough and scholarly work we should expect from the author of 'English Surnames.'"—GRAPHIC.

Small 4to, green and gold, 6s. 6d. ; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Bechstein's As Pretty as Seven,

And other German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 100 Illustrations by RICHTER.

A New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bartholomew Fair, Memoirs of.

By HENRY MORLEY. New Edition, with One Hundred Illustrations.

Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, 21s. per volume.

Beautiful Pictures by British Artists :

A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries. In Two Series.

The FIRST SERIES including Examples by WILKIE, CONSTABLE, TURNER, MULREADY, LANDSEER, MACLISE, E. M. WARD, FRITH, Sir JOHN GILBERT, LESLIE, ANSDELL, MARCUS STONE, Sir NOEL PATON, FAED, EYRE CROWE, GAVIN O'NEIL, and MADOX BROWN.

The SECOND SERIES containing Pictures by ARMITAGE, FAED, GOODALL, HEMSLEY, HORSLEY, MARKS, NICHOLLS, Sir NOEL PATON, PICKERSGILL, G. SMITH, MARCUS STONE, SOLOMON, STRAIGHT, E. M. WARD, and WARREN.

All engraved on Steel in the highest style of Art. Edited, with Notices of the Artists, by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A.

"This book is well got up, and good engravings by Jeens, Lumb Stocks, and others, bring back to us Royal Academy Exhibitions of past years."—TIMES.

Belgravia for 1881.

A New Serial Story, entitled "A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," by W. H. MALLOCK, Author of "The New Republic," will be begun in the *January Number* of BELGRAVIA; which Number will contain also the First Chapters of a New Novel by D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, entitled "JOSEPH'S COAT," illustrated by FRED. BARNARD; and the First of a Series of Illustrated Papers by ALFRED RIMMER, Author of "Our Old Country Towns," entitled "ROUND ABOUT ETON AND HARROW." Price One Shilling Monthly.

* * *The FORTY-SECOND Volume of BELGRAVIA, elegantly bound in crimson cloth, full gilt side and back, gilt edges, price 7s. 6d., is now ready.*—*Handsome Cases for binding volumes can be had at 2s. each.*

Demy 8vo, Illustrated, price One Shilling.

Belgravia Annual.

Written by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, DUTTON COOK, PERCY FITZGERALD, F. W. ROBINSON, J. ARBUTHNOT WILSON, D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, JAMES PAYN, &c. With Six full-page Illustrations. [*In Nov.*]

Demy 8vo, Illustrated, uniform in size for binding.

Blackburn's Art Handbooks :

Academy Notes, 1875.	With 40 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1876.	With 107 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1877.	With 143 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1878.	With 150 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1879.	With 146 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1880.	With 126 Illustrations.	1s.
Grosvenor Notes, 1878.	With 68 Illustrations.	1s.
Grosvenor Notes, 1879.	With 60 Illustrations.	1s.
Grosvenor Notes, 1880.	With 48 Illustrations.	1s.

ART HANDBOOKS—continued.

- Pictures at the Paris Exhibition, 1878. 80 Illustrations.
 Pictures at South Kensington. (The Raphael Cartoons, Sheepshanks Collection, &c.) With 70 Illustrations. 1s.
 The English Pictures at the National Gallery. With 114 Illustrations. 1s.
 The Old Masters at the National Gallery. 128 Illusts. 1s. 6d.
 Academy Notes, 1875-79. Complete in One Volume, with nearly 600 Illustrations in Facsimile. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6s.
 A Complete Illustrated Catalogue to the National Gallery. With Notes by HENRY BLACKBURN, and 242 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 3s.

UNIFORM WITH "ACADEMY NOTES."

- Royal Scottish Academy Notes, 1878. 117 Illustrations. 1s.
 Royal Scottish Academy Notes, 1879. 125 Illustrations. 1s.
 Royal Scottish Academy Notes, 1880. 114 Illustrations. 1s.
 Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts Notes, 1878. 95 Illusts. 1s.
 Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts Notes, 1879. 100 Illusts. 1s.
 Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts Notes, 1880. 120 Illusts. 1s.
 Walker Art Gallery Notes, Liverpool, 1878. 112 Illusts. 1s.
 Walker Art Gallery Notes, Liverpool, 1879. 100 Illusts. 1s.
 Walker Art Gallery Notes, Liverpool, 1880. 100 Illusts. 1s.
 Royal Manchester Institution Notes, 1878. 88 Illustrations. 1s.
 Society of Artists Notes, Birmingham, 1878. 95 Illusts. 1s.
 Children of the Great City. By F. W. LAWSON. With Facsimile Sketches by the Artist. Demy 8vo, 1s.

Folio, half-bound boards, India Proofs, 21s.

Blake (William) :

Etchings from his Works. By W. B. SCOTT. With descriptive Text.
"The best side of Blake's work is given here, and makes a really attractive volume, which all can enjoy. . . . The etching is of the best kind, more refined and delicate than the original work."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Boccaccio's Decameron ;

or, Ten Days' Entertainment. Translated into English, with an Introduction by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. With Portrait, and STOTHARD'S beautiful Copperplates.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities,

chiefly Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. An entirely New and Revised Edition, with fine full-page Illustrations.

Bowers' (Georgina) Hunting Sketches :

Canters in Crampshire. By G. BOWERS. I. Gallops from Gorseborough. II. Scrambles with Scratch Packs. III. Studies with Stag Hounds. Oblong 4to, half-bound boards, 21s.

Leaves from a Hunting Journal. By G. BOWERS. Coloured in facsimile of the originals. Oblong 4to, half-bound, 21s.

Bret Harte, Works by:

Bret Harte's Collected Works. Arranged and Revised by the Author. To be completed in Five Vols., cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s. each.

Vol. I. COMPLETE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Steel Plate Portrait, and an Introduction by the Author. [Ready.]

Vol. II. EARLIER PAPERS—LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, and other Sketches—BOHEMIAN PAPERS—SPANISH and AMERICAN LEGENDS. [Ready.]

Vol. III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS—EASTERN SKETCHES. [Ready.]

Vol. IV. GABRIEL CONROY. [In the Press.]

Vol. V. STORIES—CONDENSED NOVELS, &c. [In the Press.]

The Select Works of Bret Harte, in Prose and Poetry. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW, Portrait of the Author, and 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Stories. By BRET HARTE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. ; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

The Twins of Table Mountain. By BRET HARTE. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s. ; crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Sketches. By BRET HARTE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Jeff Briggs's Love Story. By BRET HARTE. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s. ; cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with full-page Portraits, 4s. 6d.

Brewster's (Sir David) Martyrs of Science.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Astronomical Plates, 4s. 6d.

Brewster's (Sir D.) More Worlds than One,
the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian.

Demy 8vo, profusely Illustrated in Colours, 30s.

British Flora Medica :

A History of the Medicinal Plants of Great Britain. Illustrated by a Figure of each Plant, COLOURED BY HAND. By BENJAMIN H. BARTON, F.L.S., and THOMAS CASTLE, M.D., F.R.S. A New Edition, revised and partly re-written by JOHN R. JACKSON, A.L.S., Curator of the Museums of Economic Botany, Royal Gardens, Kew.

THE STOTHARD BUNYAN.—Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Edited by Rev. T. SCOTT. With 17 beautiful Steel Plates by STOTHARD, engraved by GOODALL ; and numerous Woodcuts.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Byron's Letters and Journals.

With Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE. A Reprint of the Original Edition, newly revised, with Twelve full-page Plates.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 14s.

Campbell's (Sir G.) White and Black :

The Outcome of a Visit to the United States. By Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, M.P.

"Few persons are likely to take it up without finishing it."—NONCONFORMIST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Carlyle (Thomas) On the Choice of Books.

With Portrait and Memoir.

Small 4to, cloth gilt, with Coloured Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Chaucer for Children:

A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWES. With Eight Coloured Pictures and numerous Woodcuts by the Author.

Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Chaucer for Schools.

By Mrs. HAWES, Author of "Chaucer for Children." [*Nearly ready.*]

This is a copious and judicious selection from Chaucer's Tales, with full notes on the history, manners, customs, and language of the fourteenth century, with marginal glossary and a literal poetical version in modern English in parallel columns with the original poetry. Six of the Canterbury Tales are thus presented, in sections of from 10 to 200 lines, mingled with prose narrative. "Chaucer for Schools" is issued to meet a widely-expressed want, and is especially adapted for class instruction. It may be profitably studied in connection with the maps and illustrations of "Chaucer for Children."

Crown 8vo, cloth limp, with Map and Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Cleopatra's Needle:

Its Acquisition and Removal to England. By Sir J. E. ALEXANDER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Colman's Humorous Works:

"Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works, Prose and Poetical, of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH.

Conway (Moncure D.), Works by:

Demonology and Devil-Lore. By MONCURE D. CONWAY, M.A. Two Vols., royal 8vo, with 65 Illustrations, 28s.

"A valuable contribution to mythological literature. . . . There is much good writing, a vast fund of humanity, undeniable earnestness, and a delicate sense of humour, all set forth in pure English."—CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

A Necklace of Stories. By MONCURE D. CONWAY, M.A.

Illustrated by W. J. HENNESSY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"This delightful 'Necklace of Stories' is inspired with lovely and lofty sentiments."—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Illustrations and Maps, 24s.

Cope's History of the Rifle Brigade

(The Prince Consort's Own), formerly the 95th. By Sir WILLIAM H. COPE, formerly Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 13 Portraits, 7s. 6d.

Creasy's Memoirs of Eminent Etonians;

with Notices of the Early History of Eton College. By Sir EDWARD CREASY, Author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Etched Frontispiece, 7s. 6d.

Credulities, Past and Present.

By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A., Author of "Finger-Ring Lore," &c.

NEW WORK by the AUTHOR OF "PRIMITIVE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS."—Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Crimes and Punishments.

Including a New Translation of Beccaria's "Dei Delitti e delle Pene."
By JAMES ANSON FARRER.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Two very thick Volumes, 7s. 6d. each.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack.

Complete in TWO SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR OF THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With 2,000 Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c.

Parts I. to XIV. now ready, 21s. each.

Cussans' History of Hertfordshire.

By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Illustrated with full-page Plates on Copper and Stone, and a profusion of small Woodcuts.

* * *Parts XV. and XVI., completing the work, are nearly ready.*

"Mr. Cussans has, from sources not accessible to Clutterbuck, made most valuable additions to the manorial history of the county from the earliest period downwards, cleared up many doubtful points, and given original details concerning various subjects untouched or imperfectly treated by that writer."—ACADEMY.

Two Vols., demy 4to, handsomely bound in half-morocco, gilt, profusely illustrated with Coloured and Plain Plates and Woodcuts, price £7 7s.

Cyclopædia of Costume;

or, A Dictionary of Dress—Regal, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military—from the Earliest Period in England to the reign of George the Third. Including Notices of Contemporaneous Fashions on the Continent, and a General History of the Costumes of the Principal Countries of Europe. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Somerset Herald.

The Volumes may also be had *separately* (each Complete in itself) at £3 13s. 6d. each:

Vol. I. THE DICTIONARY.

Vol. II. A GENERAL HISTORY OF COSTUME IN EUROPE.

Also in 25 Parts, at 5s. each. Cases for binding, 5s. each.

"A comprehensive and highly valuable book of reference. . . . We have rarely failed to find in this book an account of an article of dress, while in most of the entries curious and instructive details are given. . . . Mr. Planché's enormous labour of love, the production of a text which, whether in its dictionary form or in that of the 'General History,' is within its intended scope immeasurably the best and richest work on Costume in English. . . . This book is not only one of the most readable works of the kind, but intrinsically attractive and amusing."—ATHENÆUM.

"A most readable and interesting work—and it can scarcely be consulted in vain, whether the reader is in search for information as to military, court, ecclesiastical, legal, or professional costume. . . . All the chromo-lithographs, and most of the woodcut illustrations—the latter amounting to several thousands—are very elaborately executed; and the work forms a livre de luxe which renders it equally suited to the library and the ladies' drawing-room."—TIMES.

Second Edition, revised and enlarged, demy 8vo, cloth extra,
with Illustrations, 24s.

Dodge's (Colonel) The Hunting Grounds of
the Great West: A Description of the Plains, Game, and Indians of
the Great North American Desert. By RICHARD IRVING DODGE,
Lieutenant-Colonel of the United States Army. With an Introduction
by WILLIAM BLACKMORE; Map, and numerous Illustrations drawn
by ERNEST GRISSET.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Doran's Memories of our Great Towns.

With Anecdotic Gleanings concerning their Worthies and their
Oddities. By Dr. JOHN DORAN, F.S.A.

Second Edition, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with Illustrations, 18s.

Dunraven's The Great Divide:

A Narrative of Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the Summer of
1874. By the EARL of DUNRAVEN. With Maps and numerous
striking full-page Illustrations by VALENTINE W. BROMLEY.

*"There has not for a long time appeared a better book of travel than Lord
Dunraven's 'The Great Divide.' . . . The book is full of clever observation,
and both narrative and illustrations are thoroughly good."*—ATHENÆUM.

Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.

Drury Lane (Old):

Fifty Years' Recollections of Author, Actor, and Manager. By
EDWARD STIRLING. [In the press.]

Demy 8vo, cloth, 16s.

Dutt's India, Past and Present;

with Minor Essays on Cognate Subjects. By SHOSHEE CHUNDER
DUTT, Rái Báhádoor.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 6s.

Emanuel On Diamonds and Precious

Stones; their History, Value, and Properties; with Simple Tests for
ascertaining their Reality. By HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S. With
numerous Illustrations, Tinted and Plain.

Demy 4to, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 36s.

Emanuel and Grego.—A History of the Gold-

smith's and Jeweller's Art in all Ages and in all Countries. By E.
EMANUEL and JOSEPH GREGO. With numerous fine Engravings.

[In preparation.]

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Englishman's House, The:

A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House,
with full Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. RICHARDSON.
Third Edition. With nearly 600 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. per Volume.

Early English Poets.

Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. GROSART.

"Mr. Grosart has spent the most laborious and the most enthusiastic care on the perfect restoration and preservation of the text. . . . From Mr. Grosart we always expect and always receive the final results of most patient and competent scholarship."—EXAMINER.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.) Complete Poems: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes. One Vol.</p> <p>2. Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works, including Psalms I. to L. in Verse, and other hitherto Unpublished MSS., for the first time Collected and Edited. Memorial-Introduction and Notes. Two Vols.</p> | <p>3. Herrick's (Robert) <i>Hesperides</i>, Noble Numbers, and Complete Collected Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes, Steel Portrait, Index of First Lines, and Glossarial Index, &c. Three Vols.</p> <p>4. Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete Poetical Works, including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Essay on the Poetry of Sidney, and Notes. Three Vols.</p> |
|---|---|

NEW WORK BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with nearly 300 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Evolution (Chapters on);

A Popular History of the Darwinian and Allied Theories of Development. By ANDREW WILSON, Ph.D., F.R.S. Edin. &c. [*In preparation.*]

Abstract of Contents:—The Problem Stated—Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Evolution—What Evolution is and what it is not—The Evidence for Evolution—The Evidence from Development—The Evidence from Rudimentary Organs—The Evidence from Geographical Distribution—The Evidence from Geology—Evolution and Environments—Flowers and their Fertilisation and Development—Evolution and Degeneration—Evolution and Ethics—The Relations of Evolution to Ethics and Theology, &c. &c.

Folio, cloth extra, £1 11s. 6d.

Examples of Contemporary Art.

Etchings from Representative Works by living English and Foreign Artists. Edited, with Critical Notes, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"It would not be easy to meet with a more sumptuous, and at the same time a more tasteful and instructive drawing-room book."—NONCONFORMIST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 6s.

Fairholt's Tobacco :

Its History and Associations; with an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture, and its Modes of Use in all Ages and Countries. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. With Coloured Frontispiece and upwards of 100 Illustrations by the Author.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Faraday's Chemical History of a Candle.

Lectures delivered to a Juvenile Audience. A New Edition. Edited by W. CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Faraday's Various Forces of Nature.

New Edition. Edited by W. CROOKES, F.C.S. Numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Finger-Ring Lore :

Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. By WM. JONES, F.S.A. With Hundreds of Illustrations of Curious Rings of all Ages and Countries.

"One of those gossiping books which are as full of amusement as of instruction."—ATHENÆUM.

Price One Shilling Monthly.

Gentleman's Magazine for 1881.

The *January* Number will contain the First Chapters of a New Serial Story, entitled "THE COMET OF A SEASON," by JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., Author of "Donna Quixote," &c.

* * *Now ready, the Volume for JANUARY to JUNE, 1880, cloth extra, price 8s. 6d.; and Cases for binding, price 2s. each.*

Demy 8vo, illuminated cover, price One Shilling.

The Gentleman's Annual.

Containing THE POSY RING. By Mrs. ALFRED W. HUNT.—SKELETON KEYS. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.—LOVE THAT PURIFIES. By HENRIETTA A. DUFF. [In November.]

THE RUSKIN GRIMM.—Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d. ; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

German Popular Stories.

Collected by the Brothers GRIMM, and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Edited with an Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN. With 22 Illustrations after the inimitable designs of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Both Series Complete.

"The illustrations of this volume . . . are of quite sterling and admirable art, of a class precisely parallel in elevation to the character of the tales which they illustrate; and the original etchings, as I have before said in the Appendix to my 'Elements of Drawing,' were unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt (in some qualities of delineation, unrivalled even by him). . . . To make somewhat enlarged copies of them, looking at them through a magnifying glass, and never putting two lines where Cruikshank has put only one, would be an exercise in decision and severe drawing which would leave afterwards little to be learnt in schools."—Extract from Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Glenny's A Year's Work in Garden and

Greenhouse : Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY.

"A great deal of valuable information, conveyed in very simple language. The amateur need not wish for a better guide."—LEEDS MERCURY.

New and Cheaper Edition, demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Greeks and Romans, The Life of the,

Described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Translated from the Third German Edition, and Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Greenwood's Low-Life Deeps :

An Account of the Strange Fish to be found there. By JAMES GREENWOOD. With Illustrations in tint by ALFRED CONCANEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Greenwood's Wilds of London:

Descriptive Sketches, from Personal Observations and Experience, of Remarkable Scenes, People, and Places in London. By JAMES GREENWOOD. With 12 Tinted Illustrations by ALFRED CONCANEN.

Square 16mo (Tauchnitz size), cloth extra, 2s. per volume.

Golden Library, The:

Ballad History of England. By W. C. BENNETT.

Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.

Byron's Don Juan.

Emerson's Letters and Social Aims.

Godwin's (William) Lives of the Necromancers.

Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. With an Introduction by G. A. SALA.

Holmes's Professor at the Breakfast Table.

Hood's Whims and Oddities. Complete. With all the original Illustrations.

Irving's (Washington) Tales of a Traveller.

Irving's (Washington) Tales of the Alhambra.

Jesse's (Edward) Scenes and Occupations of Country Life.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. Both Series Complete in One Vol.

Leigh Hunt's Essays: A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Pieces. With Portrait, and Introduction by EDMUND OLLIER.

Mallory's (Sir Thomas) Mort d'Arthur: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by T. M'CRIE D.D.

Pope's Poetical Works. Complete.

Rochefoucauld's Maxims and Moral Reflections. With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINT-BEUVE.

St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia, and The Indian Cottage. Edited, with Life, by the Rev. E. CLARKE.

Shelley's Early Poems, and Queen Mab, with Essay by LEIGH HUNT.

Shelley's Later Poems: Laon and Cythna, &c.

Shelley's Posthumous Poems, the Shelley Papers, &c.

Shelley's Prose Works, including A Refutation of Deism, Zastrozzi, St. Irvyne, &c.

White's Natural History of Selborne. Edited, with additions, by THOMAS BROWN, F.L.S.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Golden Treasury of Thought, The:

An ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF QUOTATIONS from Writers of all Times and Countries. Selected and Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Guyot's Earth and Man;

or, Physical Geography in its Relation to the History of Mankind. With Additions by Professors AGASSIZ, PIERCE, and GRAY; 12 Maps and Engravings on Steel, some Coloured, and copious Index.

Hake (Dr. Thomas Gordon), Poems by :

Maiden Ecstasy. Small 4to, cloth extra, 8s.

New Symbols. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Legends of the Morrow. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Medium 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Hall's (Mrs. S. C.) Sketches of Irish Character.

With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and G. CRUIKSHANK.

"The Irish Sketches of this lady resemble Miss Mitford's beautiful English sketches in 'Our Village,' but they are far more vigorous and picturesque and bright."—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Post 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.; a few large-paper copies, half-Roxb., 10s. 6d.

Handwriting, The Philosophy of.

By Don FELIX DE SALAMANCA. With 134 Facsimiles of Signatures.

Haweis (Mrs.), Works by :

The Art of Dress. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS, Author of "The Art of Beauty," &c. Illustrated by the Author. Small 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

"A well-considered attempt to apply canons of good taste to the costumes of ladies of our time. . . . Mrs. Haweis writes frankly and to the point, she does not mince matters, but boldly remonstrates with her own sex on the follies they indulge in. . . . We may recommend the book to the ladies whom it concerns."—ATHENÆUM.

The Art of Beauty. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS, Author of "Chaucer for Children." Square 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, gilt edges, with Coloured Frontispiece and nearly 100 Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

* * * See also CHAUCER, p. 6 of this Catalogue.

Complete in Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each.

History of Our Own Times, from the Accession

of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.

"Criticism is disarmed before a composition which provokes little but approval. This is a really good book on a really interesting subject, and words piled on words could say no more for it. . . . Such is the effect of its general justice, its breadth of view, and its sparkling buoyancy, that very few of its readers will close these volumes without looking forward with interest to the two [since published] that are to follow"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Hobhouse's The Dead Hand :

Addresses on the subject of Endowments and Settlements of Property. By Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE, Q.C., K.C.S.I.

Crown 8vo, cloth limp, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Holmes's The Science of Voice Production

and Voice Preservation : A Popular Manual for the Use of Speakers and Singers. By GORDON HOLMES, L.R.C.P.E.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Hollingshead's (John) Plain English.

"I anticipate immense entertainment from the perusal of Mr. Hollingshead's *Plain English*, which I imagined to be a philological work, but which I find to be a series of essays, in the Hollingsheadian or Sledge-Hammer style, on those matters theatrical with which he is so eminently conversant."—G. A. S. in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Hood's (Thomas) Choice Works,

In Prose and Verse. Including the CREAM OF THE COMIC ANNUALS. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and Two Hundred Illustrations.

Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 6s.

Hood's (Tom) From Nowhere to the North

Pole: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES.

"The amusing letterpress is profusely interspersed with the jingling rhymes which children love and learn so easily. Messrs. Brunton and Barnes do full justice to the writer's meaning, and a pleasanter result of the harmonious co-operation of author and artist could not be desired."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Hook's (Theodore) Choice Humorous Works,

including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons-mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With a new Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

Horne's Orion:

An Epic Poem in Three Books. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With a brief Commentary by the Author. With Photographic Portrait from a Medallion by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Howell's Conflicts of Capital and Labour

Historically and Economically considered. Being a History and Review of the Trade Unions of Great Britain, showing their Origin, Progress, Constitution, and Objects, in their Political, Social, Economical, and Industrial Aspects. By GEORGE HOWELL.

"This book is an attempt, and on the whole a successful attempt, to place the work of trade unions in the past, and their objects in the future, fairly before the public from the working man's point of view."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Hueffer's The Troubadours:

A History of Provençal Life and Literature in the Middle Ages. By FRANCIS HUEFFER.

Two Vols. 8vo, with 52 Illustrations and Maps, cloth extra, gilt, 14s.

Josephus, The Complete Works of.

Translated by WHISTON. Containing both "The Antiquities of the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews."

A NEW EDITION, Revised and partly Re-written, with several New Chapters and Illustrations, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Jennings' The Rosicrucians:

Their Rites and Mysteries. With Chapters on the Ancient Fire and Serpent Worshippers. By HARGRAVE JENNINGS. With Five full-page Plates and upwards of 300 Illustrations.

"One of those volumes which may be taken up and dipped into at random for half-an-hour's reading, or, on the other hand, appealed to by the student as a source of valuable information on a system which has not only exercised for hundreds of years an extraordinary influence on the mental development of so shrewd a people as the Jews, but has captivated the minds of some of the greatest thinkers of Christendom in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."—LEEDS MERCURY.

Small 8vo, cloth, full gilt, gilt edges, with Illustrations, 6s.

Kavanagh's Pearl Fountain,

And other Fairy Stories. By BRIDGET and JULIA KAVANAGH. With Thirty Illustrations by J. MOYR SMITH.

"Genuine new fairy stories of the old type, some of them as delightful as the best of Grimm's 'German Popular Stories.' . . . For the most part the stories are downright, thorough-going fairy stories of the most admirable kind. . . . Mr. Moyr Smith's illustrations, too, are admirable."—SPECTATOR.

Crown 8vo, illustrated boards, with numerous Plates, 2s. 6d.

Lace (Old Point), and How to Copy and

Imitate it. By DAISY WATERHOUSE HAWKINS. With 17 Illustrations by the Author.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Lamb (Mary and Charles):

Their Poems, Letters, and Remains. With Reminiscences and Notes by W. CAREW HAZLITT. With HANCOCK'S Portrait of the Essayist, Facsimiles of the Title-pages of the rare First Editions of Lamb's and Coleridge's Works, and numerous Illustrations.

"Very many passages will delight those fond of literary trifles; hardly any portion will fail in interest for lovers of Charles Lamb and his sister."—STANDARD.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Lamb's Poetry for Children, and Prince

Dorus. Carefully Reprinted from unique copies.

"The quaint and delightful little book, over the recovery of which all the hearts of his lovers are yet warm with rejoicing."—A. C. SWINBURNE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Portraits, 7s. 6d.

Lamb's Complete Works,

In Prose and Verse, reprinted from the Original Editions, with many Pieces hitherto unpublished. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a Page of the "Essay on Roast Pig."

"A complete edition of Lamb's writings, in prose and verse, has long been wanted, and is now supplied. The editor appears to have taken great pains to bring together Lamb's scattered contributions, and his collection contains a number of pieces which are now reproduced for the first time since their original appearance in various old periodicals."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Maps and Illustrations, 18s.

Lamont's Yachting in the Arctic Seas;

or, Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery in the Neighbourhood of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. By JAMES LAMONT, F.R.G.S. With numerous full-page Illustrations by Dr. LIVESAY.

"After wading through numberless volumes of icy fiction, concocted narrative, and spurious biography of Arctic voyagers, it is pleasant to meet with a real and genuine volume. . . . He shows much tact in recounting his adventures, and they are so interspersed with anecdotes and information as to make them anything but wearisome. . . . The book, as a whole, is the most important addition made to our Arctic literature for a long time."—ATHENÆUM.

Crown 8vo, cloth, full gilt, 7s. 6d.

Latter-Day Lyrics:

Poems of Sentiment and Reflection by Living Writers; selected and arranged, with Notes, by W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. With a Note on some Foreign Forms of Verse, by AUSTIN DOBSON.

Crown 8vo, cloth, full gilt, 6s.

Leigh's A Town Garland.

By HENRY S. LEIGH, Author of "Carols of Cockayne."

"If Mr. Leigh's verse survive to a future generation—and there is no reason why that honour should not be accorded productions so delicate, so finished, and so full of humour—their author will probably be remembered as the Poet of the Strand. . . . Very whimsically does Mr. Leigh treat the subjects which commend themselves to him. His verse is always admirable in rhythm, and his rhymes are happy enough to deserve a place by the best of Barham. . . . The entire contents of the volume are equally noteworthy for humour and for daintiness of workmanship."—ATHENÆUM.

SECOND EDITION.—Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 6s.

Leisure-Time Studies, chiefly Biological.

By ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the Edinburgh Medical School.

"It is well when we can take up the work of a really qualified investigator, who in the intervals of his more serious professional labours sets himself to impart knowledge in such a simple and elementary form as may attract and instruct, with no danger of misleading the tyro in natural science. Such a work is this little volume, made up of essays and addresses written and delivered by Dr. Andrew Wilson, lecturer and examiner in science at Edinburgh and Glasgow, at leisure intervals in a busy professional life. . . . Dr. Wilson's pages teem with matter stimulating to a healthy love of science and a reverence for the truths of nature."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Life in London;

or, The History of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. With the whole of CRUIKSHANK'S Illustrations, in Colours, after the Originals.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Lights on the Way:

Some Tales within a Tale. By the late J. H. ALEXANDER, B.A. Edited, with an Explanatory Note, by H. A. PAGE, Author of "Thoreau: A Study."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Longfellow's Complete Prose Works.

Including "Outre Mer," "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "Driftwood." With Portrait and Illustrations by VALENTINE BROMLEY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Longfellow's Poetical Works.

Carefully Reprinted from the Original Editions. With numerous fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Lunatic Asylum, My Experiences in a.

By a SANE PATIENT.

"The story is clever and interesting, sad beyond measure though the subject be. There is no personal bitterness, and no violence or anger. Whatever may have been the evidence for our author's madness when he was consigned to an asylum, nothing can be clearer than his sanity when he wrote this book; it is bright, calm, and to the point."—SPECTATOR.

Demy 8vo, with Fourteen full-page Plates, cloth boards, 18s.

Lusiad (The) of Camoens.

Translated into English Spenserian verse by ROBERT FRENCH DUFF, Knight Commander of the Portuguese Royal Order of Christ.

Macquoid (Mrs.), Works by:

In the Ardennes. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. With 46 fine Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID. Uniform with "Pictures and Legends." Square 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. With numerous Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

"Mr. and Mrs. Macquoid have been strolling in Normandy and Brittany, and the result of their observations and researches in that picturesque land of romantic associations is an attractive volume, which is neither a work of travel nor a collection of stories, but a book partaking almost in equal degree of each of these characters. . . . The illustrations, which are numerous are drawn, as a rule, with remarkable delicacy as well as with true artistic feeling."—DAILY NEWS.

Through Normandy. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. With 90 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"One of the few books which can be read as a piece of literature, whilst at the same time handy in the knapsack."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Through Brittany. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. With numerous Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"The pleasant companionship which Mrs. Macquoid offers, while wandering from one point of interest to another, seems to throw a renewed charm around each oft-depicted scene."—MORNING POST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Madre Natura v. The Moloch of Fashion.

By LUKE LIMNER. With 32 Illustrations by the Author. FOURTH EDITION, revised and enlarged.

Handsomely printed in facsimile, price 5s.

Magna Charta.

An exact Facsimile of the Original Document in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

Small 8vo, 1s.; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Milton's The Hygiene of the Skin.

A Concise Set of Rules for the Management of the Skin; with Directions for Diet, Wines, Soaps, Baths, &c. By J. L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon to St. John's Hospital.

By the same Author.

The Bath in Diseases of the Skin. Sm. 8vo, 1s.; cl. extra, 1s. 6d.

Mallock's (W. H.) Works :

Is Life Worth Living? By WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK. New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. [Nearly ready.]

"This deeply interesting volume. . . . It is the most powerful vindication of religion, both natural and revealed, that has appeared since Bishop Butler wrote, and is much more useful than either the Analogy or the Sermons of that great divine, as a refutation of the peculiar form assumed by the infidelity of the present day. . . . Deeply philosophical as the book is, there is not a heavy page in it. The writer is 'possessed,' so to speak, with his great subject, has sounded its depths, surveyed it in all its extent, and brought to bear on it all the resources of a vivid, rich, and impassioned style, as well as an adequate acquaintance with the science, the philosophy, and the literature of the day."—IRISH DAILY NEWS.

The New Republic; or, Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country House. By WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK. CHEAP EDITION, in the "Mayfair Library." Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

The New Paul and Virginia; or, Positivism on an Island. By WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK. CHEAP EDITION, in the "Mayfair Library." Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Poems. By W. H. MALLOCK. Small 4to, bound in parchment, 8s.

Mark Twain's Works :

The Choice Works of Mark Twain. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. By MARK TWAIN. With 100 Illustrations. Small 8vo, cl. ex., 7s. 6d. CHEAP EDITION, illust, boards, 2s.

A Pleasure Trip on the Continent of Europe: The Innocents Abroad, and The New Pilgrim's Progress. By MARK TWAIN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

An Idle Excursion, and other Sketches. By MARK TWAIN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

A Tramp Abroad. By MARK TWAIN. With 314 Illustrations. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"The fun and tenderness of the conception, of which no living man but Mark Twain is capable, its grace and fantasy and slyness, the wonderful feeling for animals that is manifest in every line, make of all this episode of Jim Baker and his jays a piece of work that is not only delightful as mere reading, but also of a high degree of merit as literature. . . . The book is full of good things, and contains passages and episodes that are equal to the funniest of those that have gone before."—ATHENÆUM.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. per vol.

Mayfair Library, The:

The New Republic. By W. H. MALLOCK.
The New Paul and Virginia.
 By W. H. MALLOCK.
The True History of Joshua Davidson. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Old Stories Re-told. By WALTER THORNBURY.
Thoreau: His Life and Aims.
 By H. A. PAGE.
By Stream and Sea. By WIL- LIAM SENIOR.
Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.
Puniana. By the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
More Puniana. By the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
Puck on Pegasus. By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

Muses of Mayfair. Edited by H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.
Gastronomy as a Fine Art. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. [BERT.
Original Plays. By W. S. GIL- CAROLS of Cockayne. By HENRY S. LEIGH.
The Speeches of Charles Dickens. With Chapters on Dickens as a Letter-Writer, Poet, and Public Reader.
Literary Frivolities, Fancies, Follies, and Frolics. By WILLIAM T. DOBSON.
Pencil and Palette; Being Personal Anecdotes chiefly of Contemporary Painters, with Gossip about Pictures Lost, Stolen, Forged, and Discovered; also Great Picture Sales. A Book for Artists and Lovers of Art. By ROBERT KEMPT. [*Nearly ready.*]

* * * *Other Volumes are in preparation.*

New Novels.

OUIDA'S NEW NOVEL.

PIPISTRELLO, and other Stories. By OUIDA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

JAMES PAYN'S NEW NOVEL.

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT. By JAMES PAYN. With 12 Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

CHARLES GIBBON'S NEW NOVEL.

IN PASTURES GREEN, and other Stories. By CHARLES GIBBON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

NEW NOVEL BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

ELlice QUENTIN, and other Stories. By JULIAN HAW- THORNE. Two Vols., crown 8vo.

MR. FRANCILLON'S NEW NOVEL.

QUEEN COPHETUA. By R. E. FRANCILLON. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [*Nearly ready.*]

MRS. HUNT'S NEW NOVEL.

THE LEADEN CASKET. By Mrs. ALFRED W. HUNT. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [*Nearly ready.*]

NEW NOVEL BY MRS. LINTON.

THE REBEL OF THE FAMILY. By E. LYNN LINTON. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [*Just ready.*]

NEW WORK BY OUIDA.

A NEW WORK BY OUIDA *is now in the press.* Two Vols., crown 8vo.

Small 8vo, cloth limp, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Miller's Physiology for the Young;

Or, The House of Life: Human Physiology, with its Applications to the Preservation of Health. For use in Classes and Popular Reading. With numerous Illustrations. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER.

"An admirable introduction to a subject which all who value health and enjoy life should have at their fingers' ends."—ECHO.

Square 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 9s.

North Italian Folk.

By Mrs. COMYNS CARR. Illustrated by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

"A delightful book, of a kind which is far too rare. If anyone wants to really know the North Italian folk, we can honestly advise him to omit the journey, and sit down to read Mrs. Carr's pages instead. . . . Description with Mrs. Carr is a real gift. . . . It is rarely that a book is so happily illustrated."—CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Vignette Portraits, price 6s. per Vol.

Old Dramatists, The:

Ben Jonson's Works.

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.

by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. III. the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.

Marlowe's Works.

Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Chapman's Works.

Now First Collected. Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones; Vol. II. the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay

Massinger's Plays.

From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. With the addition of the Tragedy of "Believe as you List." Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Crown 8vo, red cloth extra, 5s. each.

Ouida's Novels.—Library Edition.

Held in Bondage.	By OUIDA.	Dog of Flanders.	By OUIDA.
Strathmore.	By OUIDA.	Pascarel.	By OUIDA.
Chandos.	By OUIDA.	Two Wooden Shoes.	By OUIDA.
Under Two Flags.	By OUIDA.	Signa.	By OUIDA.
Idalia.	By OUIDA.	In a Winter City.	By OUIDA.
Cecil Castlemaine.	By OUIDA.	Ariadne.	By OUIDA.
Tricotrin.	By OUIDA.	Friendship.	By OUIDA.
Puck.	By OUIDA.	Moths.	By OUIDA.
Folle Farine.	By OUIDA.		

* * Also a Cheap Edition of all but the last, post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

Parliamentary Procedure, A Popular Handbook of. By HENRY W. LUCY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Poe's Choice Prose and Poetical Works.

With BAUDELAIRE'S "Essay."

Crown 8vo, carefully printed on creamy paper, and tastefully bound in cloth for the Library, price 3s. 6d. each.

Piccadilly Novels, The.

Popular Stories by the Best Authors.

- READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.** By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
MY LITTLE GIRL. By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT. By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
THIS SON OF VULCAN. By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
WITH HARP AND CROWN. By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY. By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
 With a Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER.
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
THE MONKS OF THELEMA. By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY. By W. BESANT & JAMES RICE.
THE SEAMY SIDE. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE.
ANTONINA. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and ALFRED CONCANEN.
BASIL. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.
HIDE AND SEEK. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.
THE DEAD SECRET. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and H. FURNISS.
QUEEN OF HEARTS. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and A. CONCANEN.
MY MISCELLANIES. By WILKIE COLLINS. With Steel Portrait, and Illustrations by A. CONCANEN.
THE WOMAN IN WHITE. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and F. A. FRASER.
THE MOONSTONE. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.
MAN AND WIFE. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illust. by WM. SMALL.
POOR MISS FINCH. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.
MISS OR MRS. P By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and HENRY WOODS.
THE NEW MAGDALEN. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHART.
THE FROZEN DEEP. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.
THE LAW AND THE LADY. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and SYDNEY HALL.
THE TWO DESTINIES. By WILKIE COLLINS.

PICCADILLY NOVELS—*continued.*

- THE HAUNTED HOTEL.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
- THE FALLEN LEAVES.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- DECEIVERS EVER.** By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON.
- JULIET'S GUARDIAN.** By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON. Illustrated by VALENTINE BROMLEY.
- FELICIA.** By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. Frontispiece by W. BOWLES.
- OLYMPIA.** By R. E. FRANCILLON.
- GARTH.** By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
- IN LOVE AND WAR.** By CHARLES GIBBON.
- WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?** By CHARLES GIBBON.
- FOR THE KING.** By CHARLES GIBBON.
- IN HONOUR BOUND.** By CHARLES GIBBON.
- QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.** By CHARLES GIBBON. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
- UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.** By THOMAS HARDY.
- THORNICROFT'S MODEL.** By Mrs. A. W. HUNT.
- FATED TO BE FREE.** By JEAN INGELOW.
- CONFIDENCE.** By HENRY JAMES, Jun.
- THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.** By HARRIETT JAY.
- THE DARK COLLEEN.** By HARRIETT JAY.
- NUMBER SEVENTEEN.** By HENRY KINGSLEY.
- OAKSHOTT CASTLE.** By HENRY KINGSLEY. With a Frontispiece by SHIRLEY HODSON.
- PATRICIA KEMBALL.** By E. LYNN LINTON. With a Frontispiece by G. DU MAURIER.
- THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.** By E. LYNN LINTON. With a Frontispiece by HENRY WOODS.
- THE WORLD WELL LOST.** By E. LYNN LINTON. Illustrated by J. LAWSON and HENRY FRENCH.
- UNDER WHICH LORD?** By E. LYNN LINTON.
- WITH A SILKEN THREAD.** By E. LYNN LINTON.
- THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- LINLEY ROCHFORD.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- A FAIR SAXON.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- DEAR LADY DISDAIN.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- MISS MISANTHROPE.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
- DONNA QUIXOTE.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
- LOST ROSE.** By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

PICCADILLY NOVELS—*continued.*

- THE EVIL EYE, and other Stories.** By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. Illustrated by THOMAS R. MACQUOID and PERCY MACQUOID.
- OPEN! SESAME!** By FLORENCE MARRYAT. Illustrated by F. A. FRASER.
- TOUCH AND GO.** By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
- WHITELADIES.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT. With Illustrations by A. HOPKINS and H. WOODS.
- THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.** By JAMES PAYN. Illustrated by J. MOYR SMITH.
- FALLEN FORTUNES.** By JAMES PAYN.
- HALVES.** By JAMES PAYN. With a Frontispiece by J. MAHONEY.
- WALTER'S WORD.** By JAMES PAYN. Illust. by J. MOYR SMITH.
- WHAT HE COST HER.** By JAMES PAYN.
- LESS BLACK THAN WE'RE PAINTED.** By JAMES PAYN.
- BY PROXY.** By JAMES PAYN. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
- UNDER ONE ROOF.** By JAMES PAYN.
- HIGH SPIRITS.** By JAMES PAYN.
- HER MOTHER'S DARLING.** By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
- BOUND TO THE WHEEL.** By JOHN SAUNDERS.
- GUY WATERMAN.** By JOHN SAUNDERS.
- ONE AGAINST THE WORLD.** By JOHN SAUNDERS.
- THE LION IN THE PATH.** By JOHN SAUNDERS.
- THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.** By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Illust.
- THE AMERICAN SENATOR.** By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
- DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** By T. A. TROLLOPE.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Popular Novels, Cheap Editions of.

- [WILKIE COLLINS' NOVELS and BESANT and RICE'S NOVELS may also be had in cloth limp at 2s. 6d. See, too, the PICCADILLY NOVELS, for Library Editions.]
- | | |
|---|---|
| Maid, Wife, or Widow? By Mrs. ALEXANDER. | By Celia's Arbour. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. |
| Ready-Money Mortiboy. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. | 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. |
| The Golden Butterfly. By Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy." | Juliet's Guardian. By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON. |
| This Son of Vulcan. By the same. | Surly Tim. By F. H. BURNETT. |
| My Little Girl. By the same. | The Cure of Souls. By MAC-LAREN COBBAN. |
| The Case of Mr. Lucraft. By Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy." | The Woman in White. By WILKIE COLLINS. |
| With Harp and Crown. By Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy." | Antonina. By WILKIE COLLINS. |
| The Monks of Thelema. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. | Basil. By WILKIE COLLINS. |
| | Hide and Seek. By the same. |

POPULAR NOVELS—*continued.*

- The Queen of Hearts. By WILKIE COLLINS.
- The Dead Secret. By the same.
- My Miscellanies. By the same.
- The Moonstone. By the same.
- Man and Wife. By the same.
- Poor Miss Finch. By the same.
- Miss or Mrs. P. By the same.
- The New Magdalen. By the same.
- The Frozen Deep. By the same.
- The Law and the Lady. By WILKIE COLLINS.
- The Two Destinies. By WILKIE COLLINS.
- The Haunted Hotel. By WILKIE COLLINS.
- Roxy. By EDWARD EGGLESTON.
- Felicia. M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.
- Filthy Lucre. By ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.
- Olympia. By R. E. FRANCILLON.
- Dick Temple. By JAMES GREENWOOD.
- Under the Greenwood Tree. By THOMAS HARDY.
- An Heiress of Red Dog. By BRET HARTE.
- The Luck of Roaring Camp. By BRET HARTE.
- Gabriel Conroy. BRET HARTE.
- Fated to be Free. By JEAN INGELow.
- Confidence. By HENRY JAMES, Jun.
- The Queen of Connaught. By HARRIETT JAY.
- The Dark Colleen. By HARRIETT JAY.
- Number Seventeen. By HENRY KINGSLEY.
- Oakshott Castle. By the same.
- Patricia Kembal. By E. LYNN LINTON.
- The Atonement of Leam Dundas. By E. LYNN LINTON.
- The World Well Lost. By E. LYNN LINTON.
- The Waterdale Neighbours. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- My Enemy's Daughter. Do.
- Linley Rochford. By the same.
- A Fair Saxon. By the same.
- Dear Lady Disdain. By the same.
- Miss Misanthrope. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- Lost Rose. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.
- The Evil Eye. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.
- Open! Sesame! By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
- Whiteladies. Mrs. OLIPHANT.
- Held in Bondage. By OUIDA.
- Strathmore. By OUIDA.
- Chandos. By OUIDA.
- Under Two Flags. By OUIDA.
- Idalia. By OUIDA.
- Cecil Castlemaine. By OUIDA.
- Tricotrin. By OUIDA.
- Puck. By OUIDA.
- Folle Farine. By OUIDA.
- Dog of Flanders. By OUIDA.
- Pascarel. By OUIDA.
- Two Little Wooden Shoes. By OUIDA.
- Signa. By OUIDA.
- In a Winter City. By OUIDA.
- Ariadne. By OUIDA.
- Fallen Fortunes. By J. PAYN.
- Halves. By JAMES PAYN.
- What He Cost Her. By ditto.
- By Proxy. By JAMES PAYN.
- Less Black than We're Painted. By JAMES PAYN.
- The Best of Husbands. Do.
- Walter's Word. By J. PAYN.
- The Mystery of Marie Roget. By EDGAR A. POE.

POPULAR NOVELS—*continued.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| Her Mother's Darling. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL. | The Way we Live Now. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. |
| Gaslight and Daylight. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. | The American Senator. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. |
| Bound to the Wheel. By JOHN SAUNDERS. | Diamond Cut Diamond. By T. A. TROLLOPE. |
| Guy Waterman. J. SAUNDERS. | An Idle Excursion. By MARK TWAIN. |
| One Against the World. By JOHN SAUNDERS. | Adventures of Tom Sawyer. By MARK TWAIN. |
| The Lion in the Path. By JOHN and KATHERINE SAUNDERS. | A Pleasure Trip on the Continent of Europe. By MARK TWAIN. |
| Tales for the Marines. By WALTER THORNBURY. | |

Fcap. 8vo, picture covers, 1s. each.

- Jeff Briggs's Love Story.** By BRET HARTE.
- The Twins of Table Mountain.** By BRET HARTE.
- Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds.** By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
- Kathleen Mavourneen.** By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."
- Lindsay's Luck.** By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."
- Pretty Polly Pemberton.** By Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."
- Trooping with Crows.** By Mrs. PIRKIS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

- Planché.—Songs and Poems,** from 1819 to 1879.
By J. R. PLANCHE. Edited, with an Introduction, by his Daughter, Mrs. MACKARNES. *[In the press.]*

Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men.

Translated from the Greek, with Notes, Critical and Historical, and a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE. New Edition, with Medallion Portraits.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Primitive Manners and Customs.

By JAMES A. FARRER.

"A book which is really both instructive and amusing, and which will open a new field of thought to many readers."—ATHENÆUM.

"An admirable example of the application of the scientific method and the working of the truly scientific spirit."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

Prince of Argolis, The:

A Story of the Old Greek Fairy Time. By J. MOYR SMITH. With 130 Illustrations by the Author.

Proctor's (R. A.) Works :

Easy Star Lessons for Young Learners. With Star Maps for Every Night in the Year, Drawings of the Constellations, &c. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. *[In preparation.]*

Myths and Marvels of Astronomy. By RICH. A. PROCTOR, Author of "Other Worlds than Ours," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Pleasant Ways in Science. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Rough Ways made Smooth: A Series of Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects. By R. A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Our Place among Infinities: A Series of Essays contrasting our Little Abode in Space and Time with the Infinities Around us. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

The Expanse of Heaven: A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Wages and Wants of Science Workers. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

"Mr. Proctor, of all writers of our time, best conforms to Matthew Arnold's conception of a man of culture, in that he strives to humanise knowledge and divest it of whatever is harsh, crude, or technical, and so makes it a source of happiness and brightness for all."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Pursuivant of Arms, The;

or, Heraldry founded upon Facts. A Popular Guide to the Science of Heraldry. By J. R. PLANCHE, Somerset Herald. With Coloured Frontispiece, Plates, and 200 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Rabelais' Works.

Faithfully Translated from the French, with variorum Notes, and numerous characteristic Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORE.

"His buffoonery was not merely Brutus's rough skin, which contained a rod of gold: it was necessary as an amulet against the monks and legates; and he must be classed with the greatest creative minds in the world—with Shakespeare, with Dante, and with Cervantes."—S. T. COLERIDGE.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with numerous Illustrations, and a beautifully executed Chart of the various Spectra, 7s. 6d.

Rambosson's Astronomy.

By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of the Institute of France. Translated by C. B. PITMAN. Profusely Illustrated.

Square 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 10s. 6d.

Rimmer's Our Old Country Towns.

Described by Pen and Pencil. With over 50 Illustrations by ALFRED RIMMER. *[In preparation.]*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Richardson's (Dr.) A Ministry of Health,
and other Papers. By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., &c.

"This highly interesting volume contains upwards of nine addresses, written in the author's well-known style, and full of great and good thoughts. . . . The work is, like all those of the author, that of a man of genius, of great power, of experience, and noble independence of thought."—POPULAR SCIENCE REVIEW.

Handsomely printed, price 5s:

Roll of Battle Abbey, The;

or, A List of the Principal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066-7. Printed on fine plate paper, nearly three feet by two, with the principal Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

Two Vols., large 4to, profusely Illustrated, half-morocco, £2 16s.

Rowlandson, the Caricaturist.

A Selection from his Works, with Anecdotal Descriptions of his Famous Caricatures, and a Sketch of his Life, Times, and Contemporaries. With nearly 400 Illustrations, mostly in Facsimile of the Originals. By JOSEPH GREGO, Author of "James Gillray, the Caricaturist; his Life, Works, and Times."

"Mr. Grego's excellent account of the works of Thomas Rowlandson . . . illustrated with some 400 spirited, accurate, and clever transcripts from his designs. . . . The thanks of all who care for what is original and personal in art are due to Mr. Grego for the pains he has been at, and the time he has expended, in the preparation of this very pleasant, very careful, and adequate memorial."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, profusely Illustrated, 4s. 6d. each.

"Secret Out" Series, The.

The Pyrotechnist's Treasury;
or, Complete Art of Making Fire-works. By THOMAS KENTISH. With numerous Illustrations.

The Art of Amusing:
A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illustrations.

Hanky-Panky:
Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

The Merry Circle:
A Book of New Intellectual Games and Amusements. By CLARA BELLEW. Many Illustrations.

Magician's Own Book:
Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from Actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Magic No Mystery:
Tricks with Cards, Dice, Balls, &c., with fully descriptive Directions; the Art of Secret Writing; Training of Performing Animals, &c. Coloured Frontispiece and many Illustrations.

The Secret Out:
One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. 300 Engravings.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Senior's Travel and Trout in the Antipodes.

An Angler's Sketches in Tasmania and New Zealand. By WILLIAM SENIOR ("Red Spinner"), Author of "Stream and Sea."

"In every way a happy production. . . . What Turner effected in colour on canvas, Mr. Senior may be said to effect by the force of a practical mind, in language that is magnificently descriptive, on his subject. There is in both painter and writer the same magical combination of idealism and realism, and the same hearty appreciation for all that is sublime and pathetic in natural scenery. That there is an undue share of travel to the number of trout caught is certainly not Mr. Senior's fault; but the comparative scarcity of the prince of fishes is adequately atoned for, in that the writer was led pretty well through all the glorious scenery of the antipodes in quest of him. . . . So great is the charm and the freshness and the ability of the book, that it is hard to put it down when once taken up."—HOME NEWS.

Shakespeare :

Shakespeare, The First Folio. Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. London, Printed by ISAAC IAGGARD and ED. BLOUNT, 1623.—A Reproduction of the extremely rare original, in reduced facsimile by a photographic process—ensuring the strictest accuracy in every detail. Small 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 10s. 6d.

"To Messrs. Chatto and Windus belongs the merit of having done more to facilitate the critical study of the text of our great dramatist than all the Shakespeare clubs and societies put together. A complete facsimile of the celebrated First Folio edition of 1623 for half-a-guinea is at once a miracle of cheapness and enterprise. Being in a reduced form, the type is necessarily rather diminutive, but it is as distinct as in a genuine copy of the original, and will be found to be as useful and far more handy to the student than the latter."—ATHENÆUM.

Shakespeare, The Lansdowne. Beautifully printed in red and black, in small but very clear type. With engraved facsimile of DROESHOUT'S Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Shakespeare for Children: Tales from Shakespeare. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. With numerous Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Crown 4to, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

Shakespeare Music, The Handbook of. Being an Account of Three Hundred and Fifty Pieces of Music, set to Words taken from the Plays and Poems of Shakespeare, the compositions ranging from the Elizabethan Age to the Present Time. By ALFRED ROFFE. 4to, half-Roxburghe, 7s.

Shakespeare, A Study of. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 10 full-page Tinted Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Sheridan's Complete Works,

with Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, printed from the Original Editions, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, Puns, &c. ; with a Collection of Sheridaniana.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Signboards :

Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With nearly 100 Illustrations.

"Even if we were ever so maliciously inclined, we could not pick out all Messrs. Larwood and Hotten's plums, because the good things are so numerous as to defy the most wholesale depredation."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. 6d.

Slang Dictionary, The :

Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. An ENTIRELY NEW EDITION, revised throughout, and considerably Enlarged.

"We are glad to see the Slang Dictionary reprinted and enlarged. From a high scientific point of view this book is not to be despised. Of course it cannot fail to be amusing also. It contains the very vocabulary of unrestrained humour, and oddity, and grotesqueness. In a word, it provides valuable material both for the student of language and the student of human nature."—ACADEMY.

Exquisitely printed in miniature, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Smoker's Text-Book, The.

By J. HAMER, F.R.S.L.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Spalding's Elizabethan Demonology :

An Essay in Illustration of the Belief in the Existence of Devils, and the Powers possessed by them, with Special Reference to Shakspeare and his Works. By T. ALFRED SPALDING, LL.B.

"A very thoughtful and weighty book, which cannot but be welcome to every earnest student."—ACADEMY.

Crown 4to, uniform with "Chaucer for Children," with Coloured Illustrations, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

Spenser for Children.

By M. H. TOWRY. With Illustrations in Colours by WALTER J. MORGAN.

"Spenser has simply been transferred into plain prose, with here and there a line or stanza quoted, where the meaning and the diction are within a child's comprehension, and additional point is thus given to the narrative without the cost of obscurity. . . . Altogether the work has been well and carefully done."—THE TIMES.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated, 21s.

Sword, The Book of the :

Being a History of the Sword, and its Use, in all Times and in all Countries. By Captain RICHARD BURTON. With numerous Illustrations. [In preparation.]

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Stedman's Victorian Poets :

Critical Essays. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"We ought to be thankful to those who do critical work with competent skill and understanding. Mr. Stedman deserves the thanks of English scholars; . . . he is faithful, studious, and discerning."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People

of England; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, Processions, Pageants, and Pompous Spectacles, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With 140 Illustrations. Edited by WILLIAM HONE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Swift's Choice Works,

In Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in the Original Edition of "Gulliver's Travels."

Swinburne's Works :

The Queen Mother and Rosamond. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

Atalanta in Calydon.

A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Chastelard.

A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Poems and Ballads.

FIRST SERIES. Fcap. 8vo, 9s. Also in crown 8vo, at same price.

Poems and Ballads.

SECOND SERIES. Fcap. 8vo, 9s. Also in crown 8vo, at same price.

Notes on "Poems and Ballads." 8vo, 1s.

William Blake :

A Critical Essay. With Facsimile Paintings. Demy 8vo, 16s.

Songs before Sunrise.

Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Bothwell :

A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

George Chapman :

An Essay. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Songs of Two Nations.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

Essays and Studies.

Crown 8vo, 12s.

Erechtheus :

A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade. 8vo, 1s.

A Note on Charlotte Brontë.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Shakespeare.

Crown 8vo, 8s.

Songs of the Spring-Tides. Cr.

8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

NEW VOLUME OF POEMS BY MR. SWINBURNE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

Studies in Song. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Contents :—Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor—Off Shore—After Nine Years—For a Portrait of Felice Orsini—Evening on the Broads—The Emperor's Progress—The Resurrection of Alcilia—The Fourteenth of July—A Parting Song—By the North Sea.—&c. [In the press.]

Medium 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Syntax's (Dr.) Three Tours,

in Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With the whole of ROWLANDSON'S droll page Illustrations, in Colours, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN.

Four Vols. small 8vo, cloth boards, 30s.

Faine's History of English Literature.

Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN.

. Also a POPULAR EDITION, in Two Vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, profusely Illustrated, 6s.

Tales of Old Thule.

Collected and Illustrated by J. MOYR SMITH.

"It is not often that we meet with a volume of fairy tales possessing more fully the double recommendation of absorbing interest and purity of tone than does the one before us containing a collection of 'Tales of Old Thule.' These come, to say the least, near fulfilling the idea of perfect works of the kind; and the illustrations with which the volume is embellished are equally excellent. . . . We commend the book to parents and teachers as an admirable gift to their children and pupils."—LITERARY WORLD.

One Vol. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Taylor's (Tom) Historical Dramas:

"Clancarty," "Jeanne Darc," "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion."

. The Plays may also be had separately, at 1s. each.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Thackerayana:

Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by a profusion of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Characters in the books of his everyday reading. With Hundreds of Wood Engravings, facsimiled from Mr. Thackeray's Original Drawings.

"It would have been a real loss to bibliographical literature had copyright difficulties deprived the general public of this very amusing collection. One of Thackeray's habits, from his schoolboy days, was to ornament the margins and blank pages of the books he had in use with caricature illustrations of their contents. This gave special value to the sale of his library, and is almost cause for regret that it could not have been preserved in its integrity. Thackeray's place in literature is eminent enough to have made this an interest to future generations. The anonymous editor has done the best that he could to compensate for the lack of this. It is an admirable addendum, not only to his collected works, but also to any memoir of him that has been, or that is likely to be, written."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Thornbury's (Walter) Haunted London.

A New Edition, edited by EDWARD WALFORD, M.A., with numerous Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

"Mr. Thornbury knew and loved his London. . . . He had read much history, and every by-lane and every court had associations for him. His memory and his note-books were stored with anecdote, and, as he had singular skill in the matter of narration, it will be readily believed that when he took to writing a set book about the places he knew and cared for, the said book would be charming. Charming the volume before us certainly is. It may be begun in the beginning, o middle, or end, it is all one: wherever one lights, there is some pleasant and curious bit of gossip, some amusing fragment of allusion or quotation."—VANITY FAIR.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence.

With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and over 50 fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Timbs' Clubs and Club Life in London.

With Anecdotes of its famous Coffee-houses, Hostelrys, and Taverns. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Timbs' English Eccentrics and Eccentricities:

Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impostures, and Fanatic Missions, Strange Sights and Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folks, Men of Letters, &c. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With nearly 50 Illustrations.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 14s.

Torrens' The Marquess Wellesley,

Architect of Empire. An Historic Portrait. *Forming Vol. I. of PROCONSUL and TRIBUNE: WELLESLEY and O'CONNELL: Historic Portraits.* By W. M. TORRENS, M.P. In Two Vols.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Turner's (J. M. W.) Life and Correspondence:

Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and fellow-Academicians. By WALTER THORNBURY. A New Edition, considerably Enlarged. With numerous Illustrations in Colours, facsimiled from Turner's original Drawings.

Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Map and Ground-Plans, 14s.

Walcott's Church Work and Life in English

Minsters; and the English Student's Monasticon. By the Rev. MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D.

Large crown 8vo, cloth antique, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler;

or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation: being a Discourse of Rivers, Fishponds, Fish and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Original Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Copperplate Illustrations.

Carefully printed on paper to imitate the Original, 22 in. by 14 in., 2s.

Warrant to Execute Charles I.

An exact Facsimile of this important Document, with the Fifty-nine Signatures of the Regicides, and corresponding Seals.

The Twenty-first Annual Edition, for 1881, cloth, full gilt, 50s.

Walford's County Families of the United

Kingdom. A Royal Manual of the Titled and Untitled Aristocracy of Great Britain and Ireland. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Containing Notices of the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of more than 12,000 distinguished Heads of Families in the United Kingdom, their Heirs Apparent or Presumptive, together with a Record of the Patronage at their disposal, the Offices which they hold or have held, their Town Addresses, Country Residences, Clubs, &c. *[In preparation.]*

Beautifully printed on paper to imitate the Original MS., price 2s.

Warrant to Execute Mary Queen of Scots.

An exact Facsimile, including the Signature of Queen Elizabeth, and a Facsimile of the Great Seal.

Crown 8vo, cloth limp, with numerous Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Westropp's Handbook of Pottery and Porcelain ; or, History of those Arts from the Earliest Period.

By HODDER M. WESTROPP, Author of "Handbook of Archæology," &c. With numerous beautiful Illustrations, and a List of Marks.

SEVENTH EDITION. Square 8vo, 1s.

Whistler v. Ruskin: Art and Art Critics.

By J. A. MACNEILL WHISTLER.

Crown 8vo, cloth limp, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Williams' A Simple Treatise on Heat.

By W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, F.R.A.S., F.C.S., Author of "The Fuel of the Sun," &c.

A HANDSOME GIFT-BOOK.— Small 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Wooring (The) of the Water-Witch :

A Northern Oddity. By EVAN DALDORNE. With One Hundred and Twenty-five fine Illustrations by J. MOYR SMITH.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Wright's Caricature History of the Georges.

(The House of Hanover.) With 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures, &c. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

Large post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Wright's History of Caricature and of the

Grotesque in Art, Literature, Sculpture, and Painting, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A. Profusely Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

