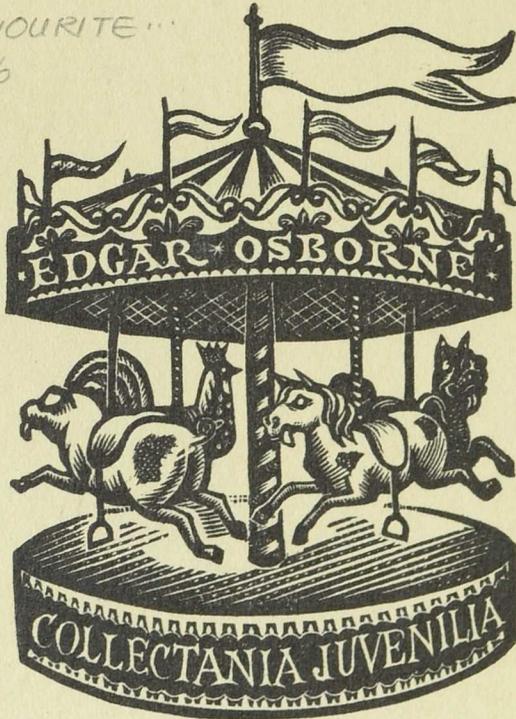


FOR the Favourite TALES NURSERY

T. NELSON & SONS,  
LONDON, EDINBURGH  
& NEW-YORK.

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FAVOURITE ...  
1896



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*“Jack saw an enormous giant dragging along by their hair  
a handsome knight and his beautiful lady.”*

# FAVOURITE TALES

FOR THE

## NURSERY



*“Mr. B., with his wife and his son, went one day  
To take a short stroll, and a visit to pay.”*

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS,  
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.



# FAVOURITE TALES

FOR THE

# NURSERY.

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*WITH NUMEROUS PICTURES AND PICTURE PAGES.*

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LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1896



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## FAVOURITE TALES FOR THE NURSERY.

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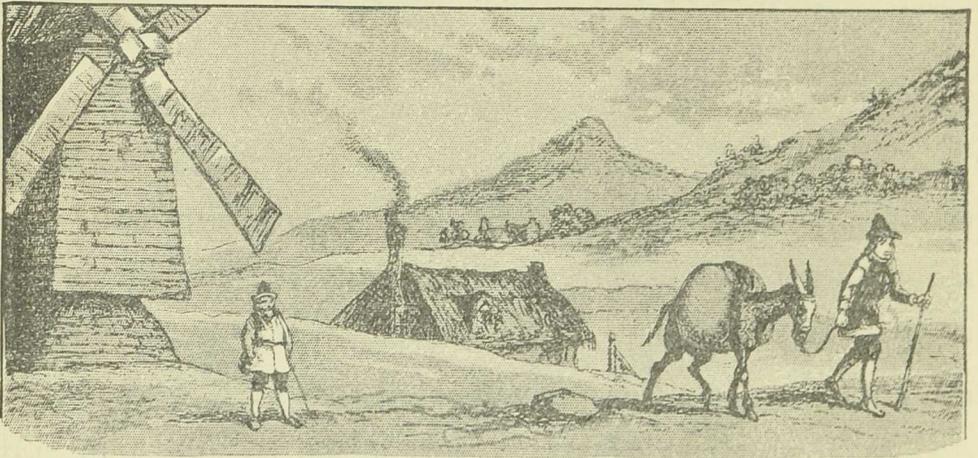
### PUSS IN BOOTS.

**I**N Brittany, and in the olden times, there lived a miller, who had an old tumble-down mill on an eminence, near to the reedy shore of a winding river; and by his own hard work and the help of his three lads he contrived to pick up just sufficient to keep him from utter starvation; but one bright autumn season he died, and left all that belonged to him to be divided amongst his three sons as he directed—namely, the mill to the eldest son, the donkey to the second son, and “Michau,” the cat, to the youngest. The old man ordered things in this way because he feared, if the lawyers were called in to divide the property, they would seize all for themselves, down to the last thistle that grew on the side of the hill.

The two fellows who had the mill and the donkey were contented enough, but the youngest son grumbled without ceasing; and one evening, whilst the brothers were reaping down the water flags to thatch the hovel at the mill, and the cat was seated on a broken chair watching a mouse-hole in

the next corner, he began to cry, thinking how hardly he was used.

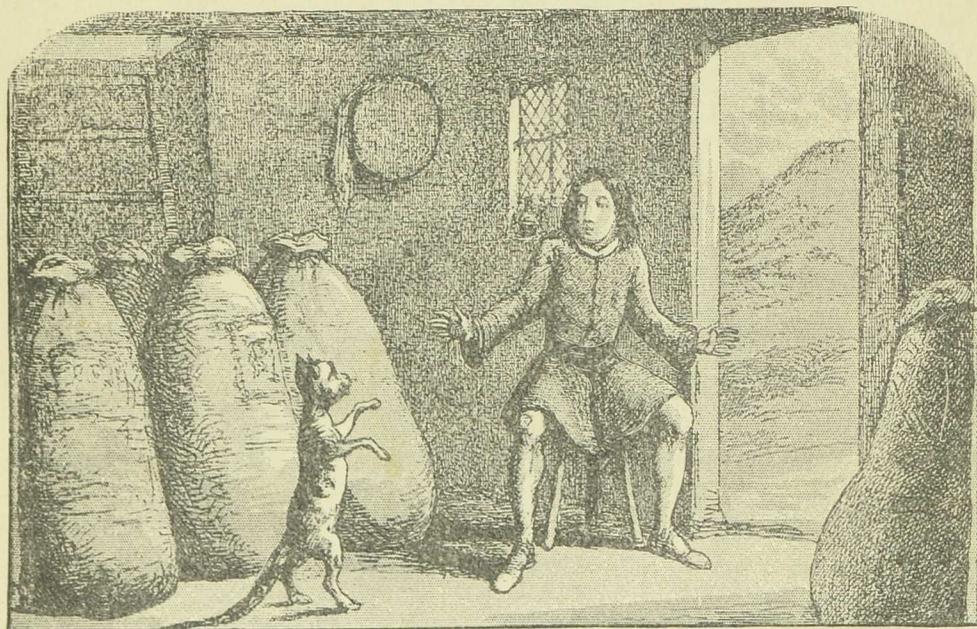
“If my brothers join together,” said he, “they may manage pretty well, for the mill cannot go on without the ass, and the ass cannot gain his master bread and cheese without the mill; but what am I to do with *my cat*? He may eat mice and do well for himself, but what is the use of a cat *to me*?”



Here he put his face into his hands, and would have cried bitterly, but the cat stared at him for a few seconds, and then stood upright, whilst his eyes flamed and looked twice as large as before, and every hair upon his body stood out as stiff as the prickles of a hedgehog, and to his alarm the cat spoke and addressed him in these words:—

“What is the use of a cat to *you*?—do you think I am worth nothing more whilst I am living than to hunt mice and sleep in the sunshine? And do you think I shall be of no more service when I am dead than to find you a fur cap

for your head in the winter? Listen to me, and I will tell you something worth hearing. You must go up into the back garret, and there in a nick between the boards of the floor close to the landing, you will find a tenpenny piece, which has lain there ever since the siege of Calais. With that you must hie away over the common to Master Robert,



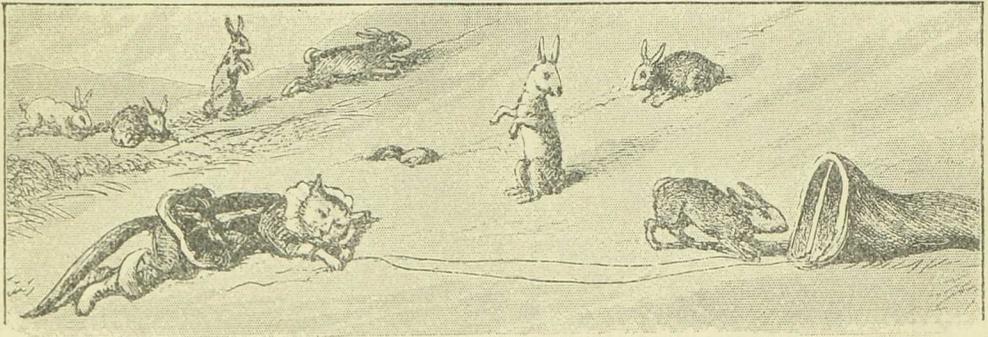
the shoemaker, and you must procure me a pair of boots to the measure of my hinder feet; and you must procure me a linen bag, two feet deep, with strings of tape: and when I have the boots, and can go through the mire and the brambles without wetting my feet, you shall find that you have a chance of being better off in the world than either of your brothers."

Now if ever there was a clever cat in the world it was

Michau. He would pretend to be fast asleep whilst the rats and mice were running over his back ; and at times he would dip his face in the meal-tub, and stand upon his head with his legs upright against the wall in the lumber closet, just as if he were a dead cat hung up by the heels ; and so he would snap up the foolish mice, which did not understand such droleries. So the boy Robin believed all the cat said, and took the coin, and procured the boots to the measure of the cat's hinder feet ; and beautiful boots they were, made of fine leather, with silken tassels in the front, and yellow heels.

The cat purred with delight as he pulled on the boots, which fitted to a nicety ; and when he held the bag in his paws and strutted about the kitchen floor, with his tail swinging from side to side with conceit and bravery, his young master could not help noticing that puss was about to do something that would be very surprising. That night puss slept in the boots, with the linen bag for a pillow, and the next morning very early he slipped away unperceived, and along by the hill-side to a rabbit-warren ; and the rabbits were out in the dewy grass, nibbling the tall nettles and feeding upon the green herbs, which were deliciously tender in that situation. Michau put some bran and some tops of young parsley into his bag, then he laid the mouth of the bag wide open, and holding the long strings, he stretched himself out upon the grass, and seemed to be as dead as a brick. After he had lain till he was nearly tired

of waiting, two fine rabbits went that way, and very much startled they were to see the cat lying there; but they consulted together, and made up their minds it was some wicked dead cat that had been killed by a crossbow for running after the game in the royal plantations. They smelt the bran and parsley, and liked the chance of such nice things, but still they were cautious; only the patient cat lay as still as could be, though the morning dew bathed his whiskers and his fur coat, and made him thrill with the coldness of the early day.



At last they grew bolder and nibbled at the bait; first they ate what lay at the mouth of the bag, then they walked inside to finish the meal; and then puss, who had one eye a little bit open, pulled the strings tight and secured them as prisoners. With a sharp bite at the back of the neck he killed them, and turning the prize over his shoulders, he hastened away to the king's palace, which was about a mile off.

Knocking at the door of the palace-yard, a soldier of the royal guard opened the door; he was armed with a shining

sabre, and he had a black moustache on his upper lip, and he was exceedingly angry with the cat, and asked him what he meant by kicking up such a disturbance.

“I wish to see the king,” said Michau.

“*You* see the king!” said the guard; “unless you scamper off directly, I will order the kitchen-boys to scourge you ten times round the court-yard, and I will throw you into the draw-well afterwards.”

The cat was not to be daunted.

“I *must* see the king,” he replied, “for I bring him presents from my Lord the Marquis of Carabas!”

The king, who was shaving himself at the chamber window, told the groom of the chamber to put his head out of the gallery window and see what the cat in boots wanted; and when the name of the Lord Marquis of Carabas was mentioned, the king ordered the cat to be admitted into the palace hall; and he hastened with his toilet, and never stayed to drink his chocolate, but went in his very best velvet robes into the audience-chamber. Puss was then conducted into the royal presence. The cat made a profound obeisance to the king, and bowed politely to the courtiers who surrounded the throne, and said,—

“Illustrious sire! I have brought you a brace of fine fresh rabbits, from the warrens of my Lord the Marquis of Carabas, who commanded me to lay them at your feet, with the assurance of his respect.”



(The cat invented the name of the "Marquis of Carabas" just for the fun of the thing.)

The king was fond of rabbit pie, and he graciously replied :  
 "Tell the Lord Marquis of Carabas that I accept of his present, which is most welcome, and say I am greatly obliged to him."

The cat was then shown into the kitchen, where he drank his cup of milk before the large fire, and amused the fat cook with his humorous tales. A day or two afterwards the cat went into a hiding-place in the corn stubble, and there he had the good luck to bag a brace of partridges, which he carried at once to the palace. At once he was shown into

the king's presence, although his majesty, who was a widower, was dining with the queen of Majorca at the same time. The king sent a pair of perfumed gloves to the "Lord Marquis of Carabas," and ordered the cat to have refreshments in the larder, where he made so much merriment, and performed such a droll dance in his yellow-heeled boots, that one of the kitchen-boys went into fits with laughing, and the chamber-maids all left their work and crowded to join in the merriment. So he carried game to the palace from the supposed marquis at least one day in every week.

Now, when the cat amused the servants in the great kitchen of the palace, it was not from foolishness that Michau played the drolleries off so well, but there was a meaning in it; for the servants spoke freely before him, and in the course of kitchen talk the chief laundress told one of her laundry-maids not to be idling by the fire, but to heat the irons, and finish up the beautiful lace for the morrow; for the king's only daughter, the Princess Dolabella, intended to take a drive over the country, along by the river-side, on the following morning; and hearing this, puss took his boots from off the edge of the fender and rolled up his game-bag, and wished them all a "good-day, and God's blessing upon them."

Next morning, at the right time, puss awoke his young master, and said to him:—

"Come along. If you follow me your fortune is made."

The youth Robin rubbed his eyes and shook off sleep, and

dressed himself, and they hurried away unknown to the two other brothers, who were snoring fast asleep in their miserable cock-loft, where, in truth, the poultry roosted along with them. Arriving at a shallow, wide part of the river, near the highway, Michau said:—

“Here, strip immediately, and go into the river till the water is up to your chin, and stay there till I tell you to come out again.”

Robin shivered at the thought, for he was cold and fasting, not having eaten so much as a piece of hard cheese from the sunset of the last evening.

“Come,” said the cat in the boots, “no delay! into the water you shall go.”

So he did as he was desired, and whilst he paddled about, making all sorts of wry faces because of the stones and hindrances at the bottom of the river, the carriage of the king passed that way; and puss put his two paws to his cheeks, and stood upright till his tail stood out like a drumstick, and he bawled:—

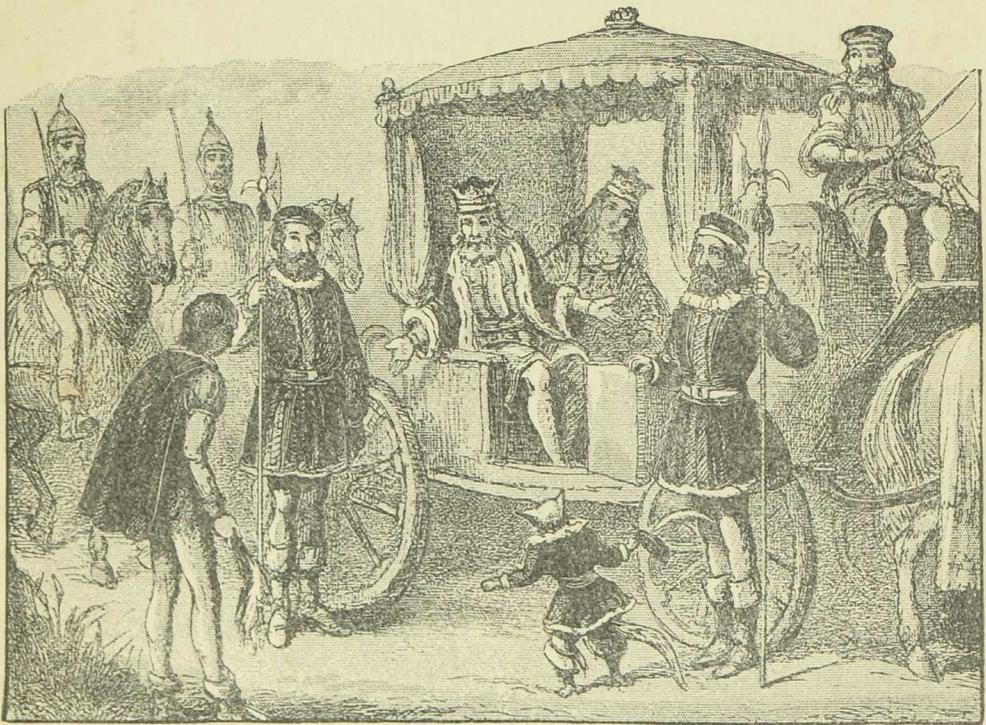
“Help! for mercy, help! Help! my good people, the right noble the Lord Marquis of Carabas is in danger of drowning! Help! help! help!”

The king, who was a very kind sort of an old gentleman, put his head through the open window of the carriage when he heard such piercing cries; and when he saw his friend Michau, and heard the name of the person who was in



danger, he told his footmen to go down from the carriage, and to run as fast as legs could carry them to the assistance of the "Lord Marquis of Carabas." The men went into the water, and released the marquis from the mud, and they were rather surprised to find such a country-looking fellow in place of the fine courtly gentleman they expected to see; but while they were busy wiping him from top to toe, and brushing off the cockle-shells, the cat went to the window of the king's carriage, and after shaking hands with him, said that his master, the noble marquis, was bathing, and some rascals had stolen his clothes as they lay upon the river-side; though the truth was, puss had hidden the ragged old tatters under a broken millstone. The king said he would surely punish those thieves if he could find them; and he ordered his under chamberlain to go off to the palace, and to ask the groom of

the wardrobe for a fine gray suit embroidered with silver, plumed hat, ruff, cloak of velvet, and Spanish boots, all complete, with a costly rapier, and an embroidered kerchief. The officer soon returned, and presented the shivering marquis, in the king's name, with the handsome suit; and stepping behind the willows for ten minutes, with the cat's



assistance, Robin appeared a perfect gentleman. Of course he was conducted to the carriage, where he tendered his thanks in as few words as possible. The Princess Dolabella was taken with his appearance; and for his part, when he looked at the princess, who was the prettiest girl that ever set a pair of blue eyes upon a simple gentleman, he was

quite in love with her. The king insisted upon having the genteel marquis for his travelling companion; so the fair lady drew aside her laced train that he might sit opposite to her. The three looked at each other amiably, and made signs, which they pretended to understand as good as words; but the fact was, the rumble-jumble of the carriage wheels, and the prancing of the steeds of the household guards, put a stop to all conversation.

The puss was much pleased at the good turn things were now taking, so he ran on as fast as could be to a field where many reapers were at work in the burning sunshine, for now it was about noon.

“Harkee!” said the cat, “and mind, good husbandmen, if the king’s carriage comes this way, and he inquires whose fields are these, you must say they belong to the Lord Marquis of Carabas. If you neglect my command, you will be gibbeted on yonder trees, by the order of the noble marquis.”

The king, who was a good farmer, and very curious into the bargain, put his head out of the window whilst the carriage went slowly up a gravelly hill, and did not fail to ask the reapers to whom the field belonged.

“To my Lord Marquis of Carabas,” old and young men cried out together, fearing the punishment with which the cat had threatened them.

“Upon my word,” said the king, “a fine field of corn, indeed, my dear marquis.”



“I hope,” said Robin (who will henceforth be called the Marquis of Carabas), “I shall have more produce from that field than I received the last five years; for it paid me just what I laid out upon it, and not a groat more.”

Puss hurried on to a field half a mile away, and addressed other labourers who were binding sheaves of corn, to whom he said as before, with the same threat if they dared to disobey him.

“My fine fellows,” said Michau, “if you do not tell the

king that this field belongs to my Lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped up as small as mince-meat."

The inquisitive monarch put his head out of the window of the carriage, which was moving slowly in a deep lane, and he asked who was the owner of the field, surveying the field and the men through his golden spectacles. They answered glibly enough,—

"This field, your majesty, belongs to my Lord Marquis of Carabas."

An echo from the rocks that were near took up the sound and drawled distinctly, "Marquis of Carabas." The king again turned to the marquis, and said he was pleased that God and fine weather so prospered his grain.

"I never took any trouble with that corn-field," said the marquis, "and see what an abundant crop is there contained; it is almost a miracle."

On went the cat, his head busily at work the while, to bring the marquis's fortune to a happy change.

Near at hand, in a lovely valley, watered by the same river in which the marquis had shivered a while ago, and surrounded by green meadows as fresh and as smooth as a garden lawn, with its massive drawbridge, and windows which flashed in the sunshine, its garden-terraces, statues, and its lofty embattled towers, capped with brazen pinnacles, crested with glittering heads of dragons, griffins, and sea monsters, stood the castle of the richest ogre that ever was

known, and all those corn-fields which the busy king had seen belonged to him. The cat stopped at a cottage upon the road, and from an old woman there he learned much about the ogre and his singular ways. So puss boldly stepped upon the drawbridge, plied the great knocker at the porch, and when the door was opened he asked to see the ogre himself. The cat bowed so nicely, and spoke so like a gentleman, the servant showed him at once into the ogre's private apartment, which was a large room, the walls of which were hung with the shaggy skins of wild beasts.

"Excuse me, sir," said Michau; "I am a stranger in these parts, but having been well received by many persons of good estate and high rank during the five years I have travelled in Europe, and having heard much of your grandeur, honour, and hospitality, I could not pass by your magnificent mansion without paying my profound respects to you."

The ogre was staggered by such fine compliments, and received the cat as well as an ogre could do, and asked the cat to sit down and take some luncheon.

"I will rest myself," said the cat, "but I decline food, having breakfasted so recently with the king of the next domain, and the lovely Princess Dolabella."

"Oh!" said the ogre, with a vacant stare, judging Michau to be a traveller of high degree, "have you heard much of *me*?"

"Yes," said the cat; "yes" (playing with the tip of his

own tail), "I have been told that you have the gift of changing yourself from your own shape into the shapes of all kinds of animals, such as elephants, lions, and tigers."

"All right," said the ogre, crossing his huge legs, and folding his arms, "I can do some notable things in that line; but example is more than mere words." Here he stood



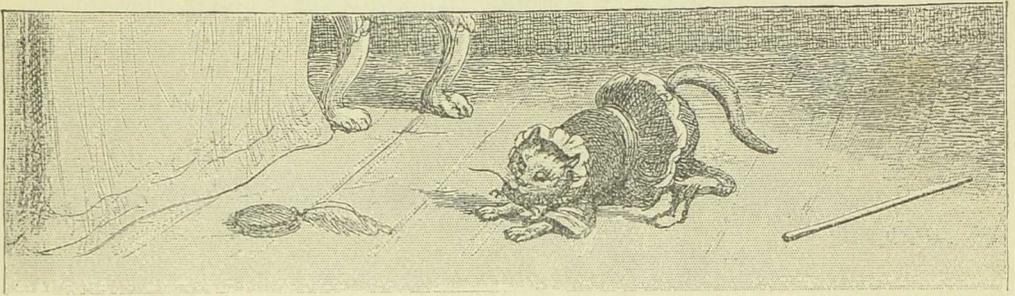
upright, and took off his cloak and said, "I am going to change myself into a lion."

Such a mighty lion, with such a horrible roar, never walked in the desert sands of Africa. Off went the puss, and got on to the roof of the next tower, but it was a slanting roof, and he could scarcely hold on by the tiles, because of the little high-heeled boots. After a while the cat peeped through the window of the ogre's room, and saw that the lion was not

there, but that the ogre was sitting down in his own shape again, and laughing heartily at the cat's timidity.

"Come in," said the ogre; "there is nothing to fear. Would you like another change? But breathe awhile."

"I was told," said the cat, very smoothly, and looking as innocent as a pea-blossom, "that you, who are so large and



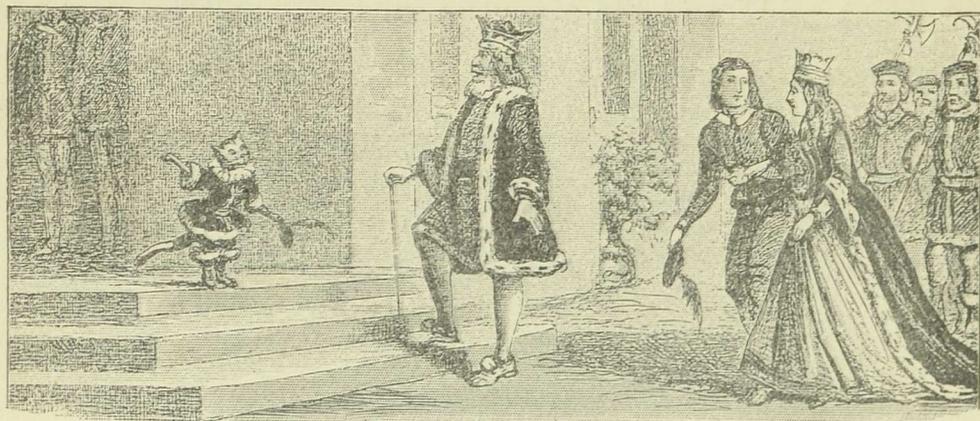
stoutly limbed, can change yourself into tiny creatures, such as rats and mice; but I can't believe *that*, it seems an impossibility."

"Ah, ah," said the ogre, "you shall see;" so he changed himself into a mouse, and frisked about the room, squeaking with all a mouse's noise. This pleased the cat, who darted upon him, pinned him against the leg of the table, and killed him in a moment!

In the meantime the king arrived in the front of the castle, and inquired to whom it belonged. Michau ran down, and thence on to the drawbridge, and cried out, "Welcome, my sire, to the towers and halls of the noble the Marquis of Carabas."

"Dear heart-a-day," said the old king, "and have I reached

the home of my friend the marquis? I never saw anything which pleased me half so well; the castle is well situated, the gardens are most beautiful, the park and the pleasure-grounds are a paradise. Let us enter."



The marquis and the princess, arm in arm, followed his majesty into the great hall of the castle, and with the cat they went over every part of it; but puss had been round to all the servants, threatening them with instant execution if they disobeyed him, because they had been the servants of a wicked ogre, promising they should still remain, upon double wages, if they received the king in the best manner, and entered the service of the "Lord Marquis of Carabas."

That very day the ogre had invited five other ogres to a sumptuous banquet, and the feast, the music, and the wines, were all in readiness; but when the ogres drew near to the castle, and saw the king's coach at the gate, they made off into the woods and sneaked home, for the king had made severe laws against ogres, and killed them and set fire to

their dwellings, if they were known to him. That day the



entertainment went off bravely. With the first cup of wine the mind of the marquis became elevated, his speech was loosened, and he talked like a counsellor; though the cat was always at his side to brighten up his ideas. The king made very free with the goblet, and at last he stood up and said:—

“I see very well these two young persons, the Lady Dolabella and the noble marquis, are made for each other, and my blessing goes with them. We will feast here three more days, and at the end of that time they shall be man and wife.”

Then messengers were sent to the palace for a chaplain and the great officers of court, who arrived and feasted with the king and his son-in-law (that *was* to be); and when the three days had gone by, they were married in the reception-

chamber of the ogre's castle, with great pomp and ceremony. The banquet of that day was such as never had been seen; and at the week's end the king returned to his palace, and left the happy pair in the ogre's tower. A few days afterwards the king died suddenly from heat of blood, having too freely indulged at the wedding feast; so Marquis Carabas became the King of Sansterre, and his lady was the Queen. The two brothers were sent for to court; but they were too shy to remain, so they returned home again with presents of money. The elder rebuilt the mill, and lived in it till he died; the second son saw the moon shining in the river, as he returned from a harvest supper upon the poor old donkey, but riding into the stream to see what the moon could be, unfortunately he was drowned. Michau was a great favourite in the court, and never ran after rats and mice but for exercise. He had a villa of his own near to the royal gardens, where he might be seen on a fine summer's day sitting in the open air upon the terrace walk, with a gilt umbrella over him, resting his pleasant old face upon his left hand, and thinking of earlier days.



## CINDERELLA.

---

**H**ER parents dead, her fortune spent  
By those for whom 'twas never meant,  
As maid-of-all-work, and as cook,  
Poor Cinderella toiled for years.  
No kindly word, no pleasant look,  
Rewarded her ; and many tears  
She shed in secret, for she knew  
'Twas vain to bring her grief to view.

The orphan Cinderella had two step-sisters, who  
Were jealous of her beauty ; and all that she could do

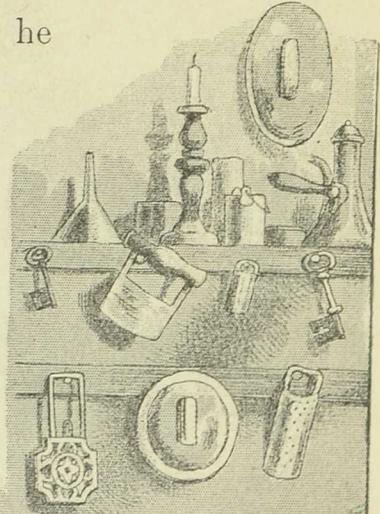
To gain their love was useless, so envious were they.  
But lovely Cinderella grew handsomer each day.

A Prince came of age ; to a ball he  
invited

Young ladies who could in  
fine carriages come.

The two cruel sisters were  
highly delighted ;

They spent on rich dresses a  
very large sum ;



And poor Cinderella, so gentle and fair,  
Was sent to rough work after dressing their hair.

She finished her work, and the kitchen she swept,  
Then sat down in sorrow, and bitterly wept.



The door gently opened ; a woman came in,  
And said, " I'm a Fairy ; a prize you shall win.  
Do just what I tell you. A large pumpkin bring."  
It was changed to a carriage quite fit for a king !

“ Now bring in the mouse - trap.”

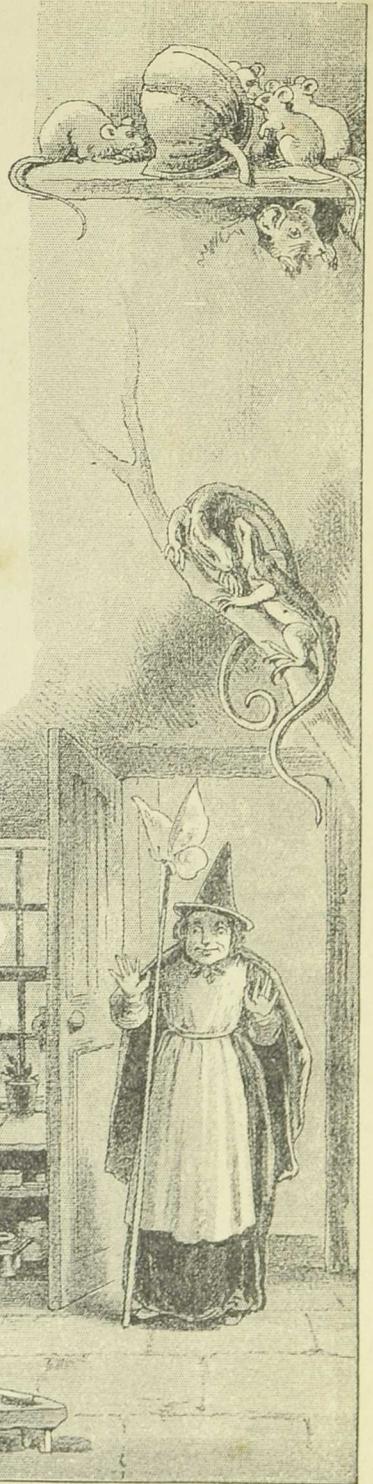
’Twas brought, and four mice  
Into four milk-white horses were  
changed in a trice !

“ Now fetch me the rat - trap.” Soon  
out the rat ran

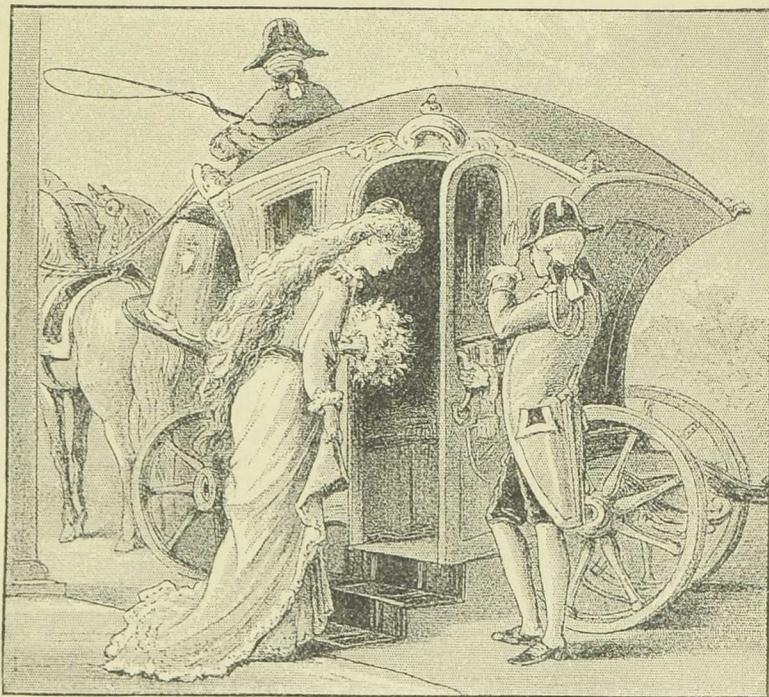
Transformed to a coachman, a tall  
portly man !

Two lizards were next into fine  
footmen changed !

“ Your dress,” said the Fairy, “ can  
soon be arranged.”



One touch of her wand, and her god-child was seen  
Most splendidly dressed like a Fairyland queen!  
“Farewell!” said the Fairy, “my counsel don’t  
spurn,—  
Before twelve o’clock to this kitchen return.”



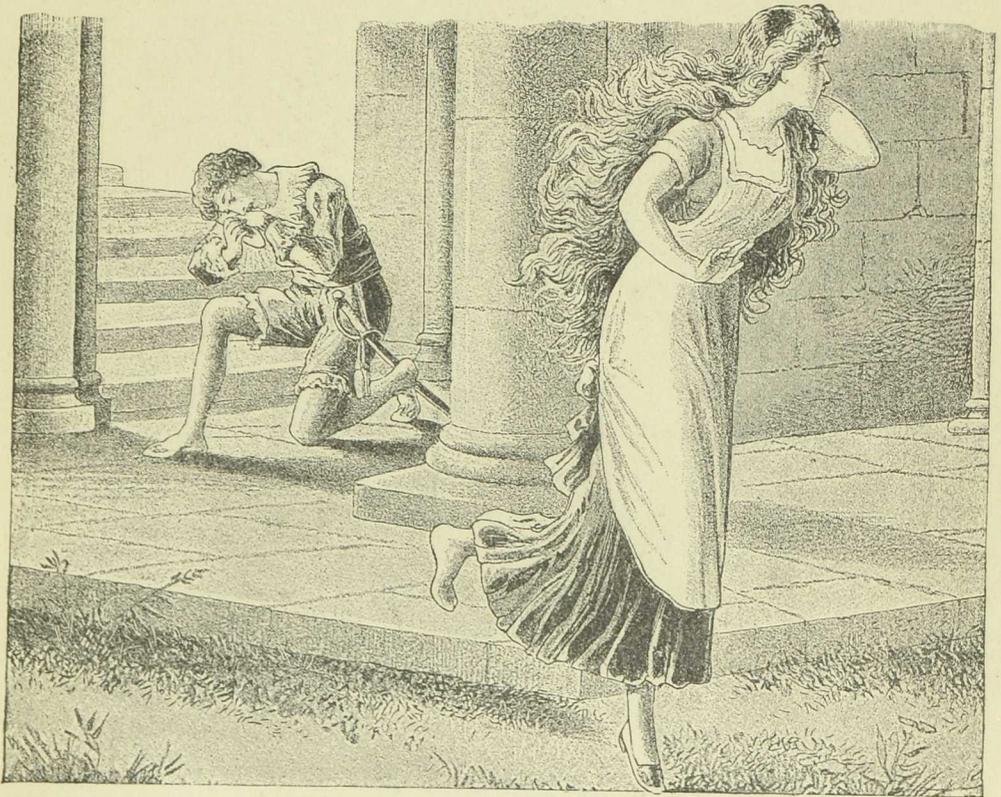
The Prince was in raptures, and made a decree  
That a ball the next night in the palace should be,  
Though beautiful ladies were gracing the ball,  
The orphan was brightest and fairest of all.  
Her face and her figure, her dress and her ways  
Were a feast to all eyes,—all tongues told her  
praise.

She left in good time, and her step-sisters  
 spurned  
 Ill-clad Cinderella when home they re-  
 turned.



The second ball was grander still ;  
 And Cinderella fair  
 Was fairer far, by fairy skill,  
 Than any beauty there !

A third ball was proclaimed, and she,  
More lovely than before,  
Ablaze with jewels seemed to be,—  
Glass slippers too she wore!

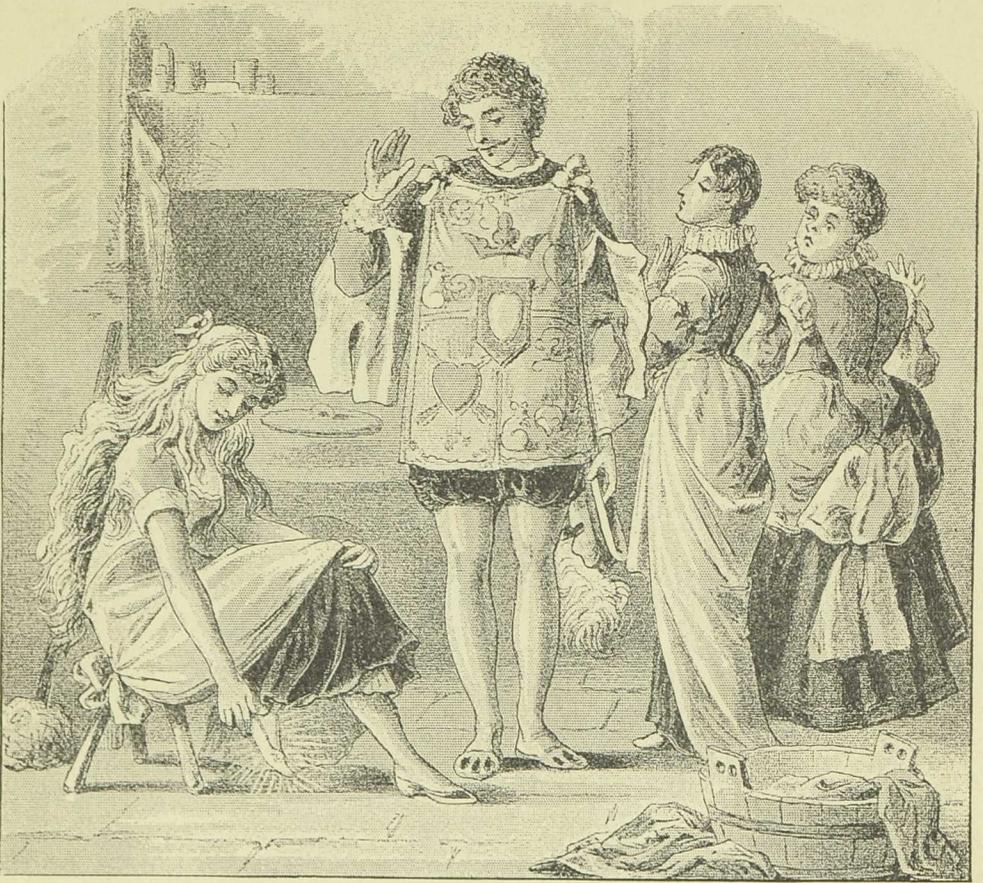


When twelve o'clock began to chime  
She took a hasty flight;  
Alas! she reached, much past her time,  
Her home in doleful plight!

That night, when she attempted to quit the Prince's side,  
He begged her not to go so soon, and would not be denied;



And when at last she left him, he  
 sadly went apart ;  
 The slipper she had lost he found—  
 he clasped it to his heart ;  
 And made a proclamation by means  
 of heralds three :—  
 “The lady whom this slipper fits our  
 royal bride shall be !”



A herald with the slipper the handsome Prince sent forth  
To visit ladies everywhere—east, west, and south, and north.  
The shoe or slipper made of glass shone like a star at  
night,

The two step-sisters handled it with very great delight ;  
The tall and thin one tried it on, so did the short and  
stout,

But neither of them would it fit. The herald turned about  
Elsewhere to go, when suddenly his keenly searching eyes  
On Cinderella fair were cast, although in servant's guise.



“Sir, may I try the slipper on?” the maiden meekly said;  
Her sisters both exclaimed with scorn, “The girl has lost  
her head!”

“Good ladies,” said the herald, “my orders are precise,  
I can’t deny this maiden; I’m sure she’s very nice.”  
So Cinderella tried it on, and needless ’tis to tell,  
The herald never saw before a slipper fit so well.

The sisters wildly shrieked surprise, the herald bent his knee,  
And said, " My Princess, may I beg you'll to the Prince with  
me ? "

Fair Cinderella smiling, before him stood upright,  
A royal lady, richly clad, most beautiful and bright.  
She asked her two step-sisters to be her bridesmaids then,  
And both of them she introduced to wealthy gentlemen.  
But she, of course, was wedded to the Prince ; and she became  
In after years a noble queen of great historic fame.

## WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

---



IN the reign of King Edward the Third there lived in a country village a boy called Dick Whittington, who lost his parents when he was far too young to work. He was very badly off; but a poor old woman took compassion on him, and he lived in her house. She gave him good advice, and he became well behaved and industrious, and

was a great favourite with every one.

When he was fourteen years of age the old woman died, and he was forced to earn his own living. Having heard that London was a very wonderful place—that the streets were paved with gold—Dick thought that he would get on

better there than in a poor country village. So one fine morning he started with very little money in his pocket, but with his heart full of bright hopes. He walked on a good

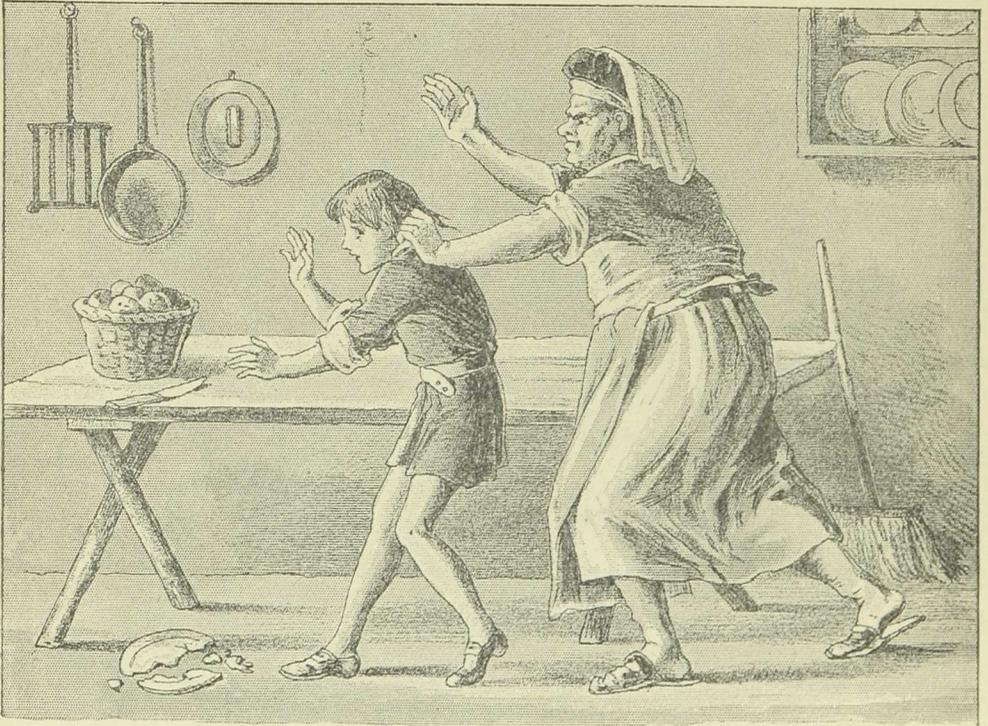


way, when he overtook a waggon going to London. The waggoner very kindly allowed Dick to mount up beside him, and by walking and riding he managed to reach the great city.



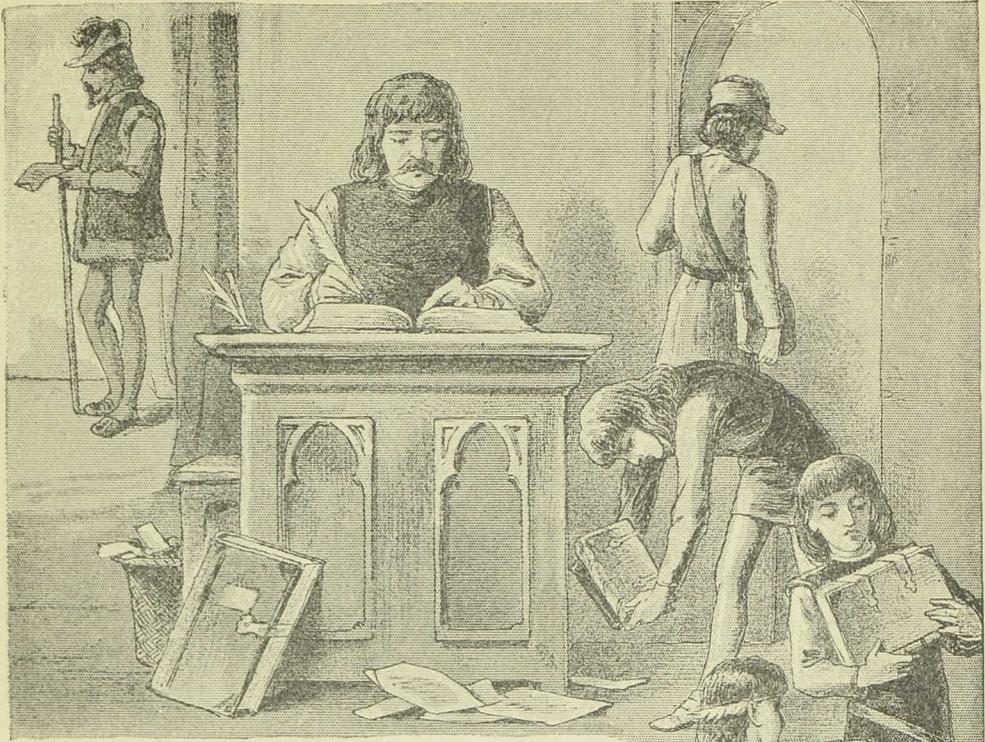
Dick wandered about the streets, eagerly watching for some kind face to encourage him to tell his story. At last his eye fell on a curious-looking knocker on the door of a large

house, and he boldly knocked with it, when the door was opened by the cook, a sour-looking ill-tempered fellow. Seeing a poor worn-out country lad, he began to abuse him



roughly for disturbing him, and ordered Dick away; but luckily Mr. Fitzwarren, the master of the house and a rich merchant, came up to the door, and listening kindly to the poor lad's story, ordered him to be taken into the house till he got some decent employment.

Having been sent to help the cook, Dick did his best to please the surly fellow; but it was no easy matter, and the cook was constantly slapping and scolding him. He made Dick sleep in a garret infested with rats; but Dick bore with



this trouble as long as he could, and on the first opportunity he bought a cat from an old woman.

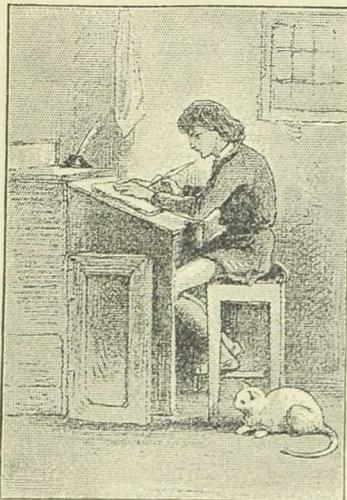
Whittington took the cat to his garret, and taught it clever and diverting tricks. Puss was a splendid ratter, and soon cleared the attic; and having been discovered by Miss Alice, the merchant's daughter, she became as fond of the cat as Dick was himself. Her kindness cheered Dick greatly; indeed he looked upon her as an angel.



The merchant had a ship ready to sail, and, as was his custom, he called his family and servants around him and invited them all to make a little venture under charge of the captain. All had something to give but poor Whittington, who burst into tears with shame and vexation. But kind Miss Alice whispered in his



Alice whispered in his ear, "Send your cat, Dick." This he did, placing her with his own hands in those of the captain; and Miss Alice made known to him the good mousing qualities of the cat.



After the loss of his cat, Dick had such a hard life that he could not bear to live in the same house with the cruel cook. Miss Alice, too, had gone on a visit, so there was no one to protect him. In a gloomy frame of mind he set out one morning very early, before any one noticed

him, and wandered away to the foot of Highgate Hill just beyond Holloway. Tired and wretched, he flung himself down by the road-side and sank into a sort of doze. Presently

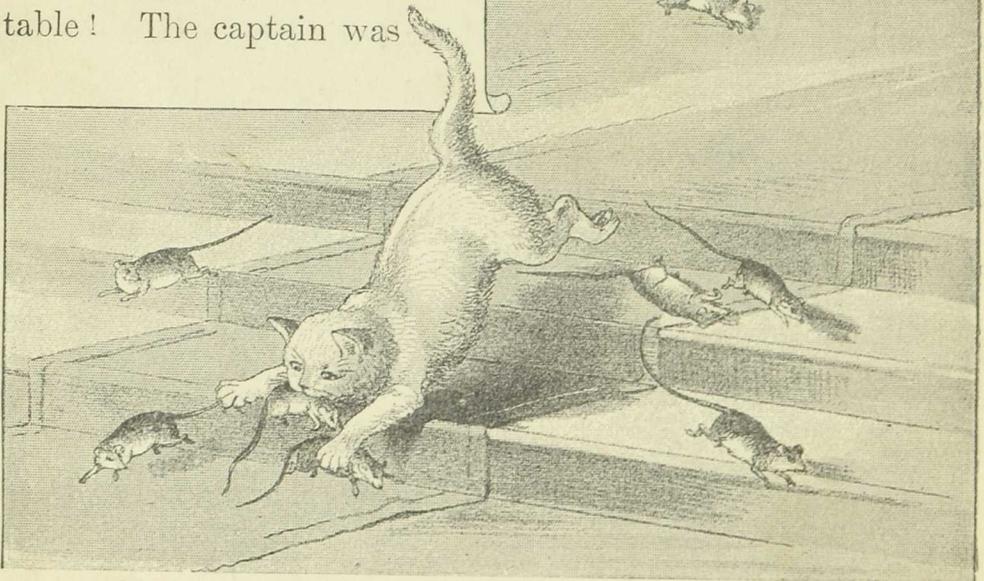


he was roused by the sound of Bow Bells ringing a peal for All-Hallows Day; and as he listened they seemed to say—

*“Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London.”*

“Lord Mayor of London!” said he. “Well, I’ll bear any hardship to be that at last.” So he made the best of his way home again, and luckily got into the house before his absence was observed. Dick now exerted himself more than ever to make himself useful to his worthy master and his kind mistress.

In the meantime his master's ship, the *Unicorn*, had arrived at a town on the African coast. The inhabitants were hospitable to white men, and the king invited the captain and some of his companions to dine with him and his queen. A good dinner was provided; but when the dishes were placed on the table a vast number of rats and mice came from their hiding-places and devoured nearly everything on the table! The captain was



very much surprised, and asked the king if he would not like to get quit of such troublesome animals. "Oh, surely," said he; "if any person would show me how to get rid of them, I would make him richer than any man in my kingdom." The captain, greatly rejoiced, sent for puss at once; and when the rats and mice again came out, she sprang in

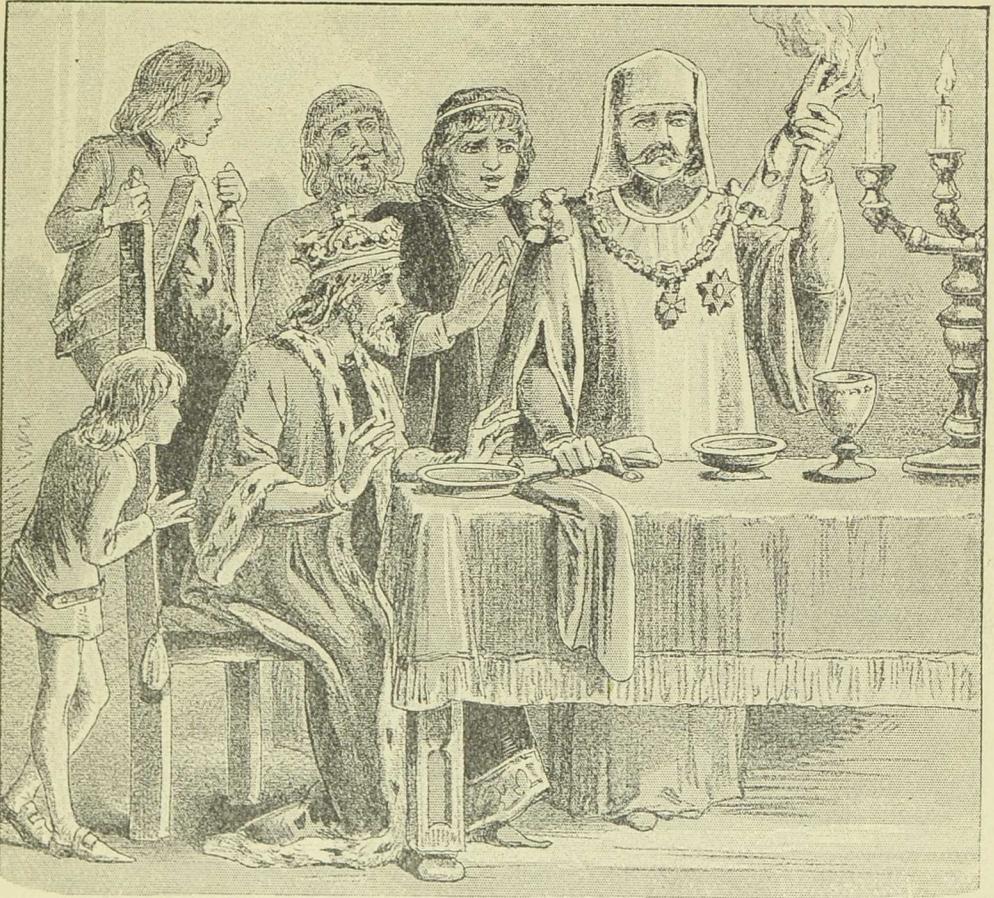


amongst them, killed several, and made the rest run off in all directions. Nothing could exceed the king's delight. Although the queen was afraid of puss at first, she soon became so fond of her that she was unwilling to lose her; and the captain told her he would send pussy's family of kittens she had on board, and she would soon make herself at home with them beside her. Now the queen had a tender



heart, and when she had heard all about Whittington, she sent puss back to him, keeping the kittens, which were as good ratters as their mother ; and in exchange sent to Whittington many valuable treasures.

After a long absence the *Unicorn* arrived safely in the port of London, and the captain gave an account of the good fortune that had attended Whittington's venture. Mr. Fitzwarren immediately sent for Dick ; and when the treasures were displayed before the astonished youth, he burst into tears, and implored his master to take all, if he would but continue to be his friend. But the merchant said, "No ; it belongs to Whittington, and to him alone." Then the captain



said to Dick playfully, "I have another present from the African queen." A sailor brought in a wicker basket, out of which leaped Mrs. Puss, and began purring round Dick.

Whittington deeply loved Alice, and did his utmost to secure her affection. She had admired his modest behaviour and his patience under wrong, and now she rejoiced in his success. The kind merchant perceived that they loved each other, and on Whittington coming of age he fixed the wedding-day, to the great delight of Whittington and Alice.

Under the wise counsel and prudent management of Mr.

Fitzwarren, Whittington became a thriving merchant and a respected citizen. He rose year by year in eminence, till he became a Member of Parliament, was knighted, and was thrice Lord Mayor of London: thus the fancied prophecy of Bow Bells was fulfilled. The third time he was Lord



Mayor was during the reign of Henry the Fifth, who had borrowed a large sum of money from Sir Richard to carry on his French wars. In 1419 the King and the Queen were entertained by Sir Richard at a splendid banquet in the Guildhall; at which, in the height of the revelry, the latter rose and burned the royal bonds! The king was amazed,

and exclaimed, "Never prince had such a subject!" to which Sir Richard loyally replied, "Never subject had such a prince!"

Sir Richard Whittington made a liberal and proper use of his wealth. Besides many large gifts to the city he loved to honour, he supported a great number of poor people, and did many other noble acts of charity. He died, universally regretted, full of years and of honours, having lived about twenty years after the death of Alice his wife. He has been called "The Model Merchant of the Middle Ages."

## JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.



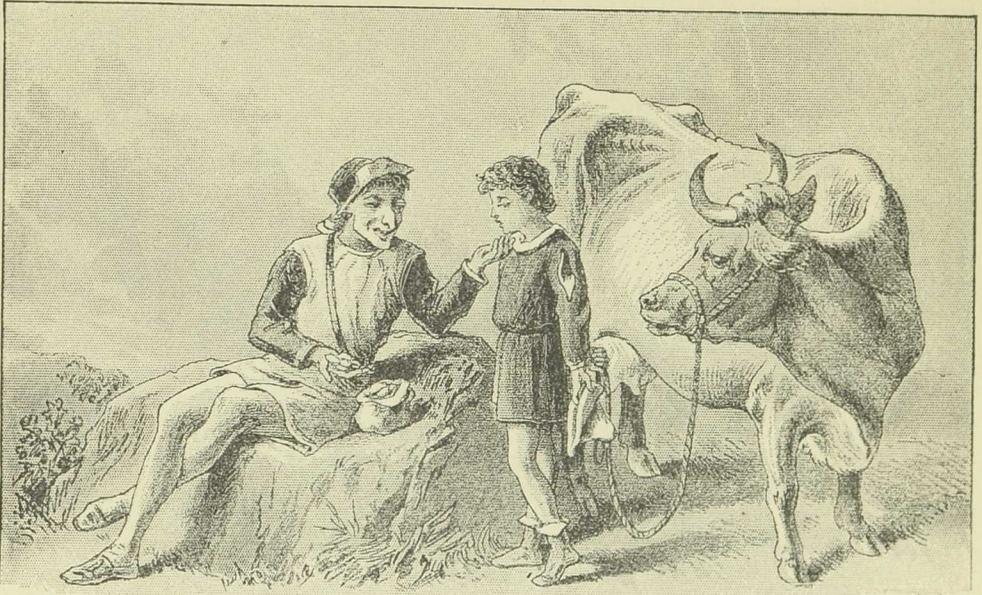
IN the days of King Alfred there lived in a village in England a poor widow who had a very idle, careless, and spoiled son. As she was very poor, and he would not work, she was compelled to sell all her possessions until nothing was left but her cow. When there was not a crust of bread left in the house she told Jack the cow must now

be sold, to prevent their starving. Jack felt sorry for his mother, and promised, if she would trust him with the cow, he would sell it to the best advantage. The mother was so stupid as to believe in her son, and allowed him to set out with the cow.

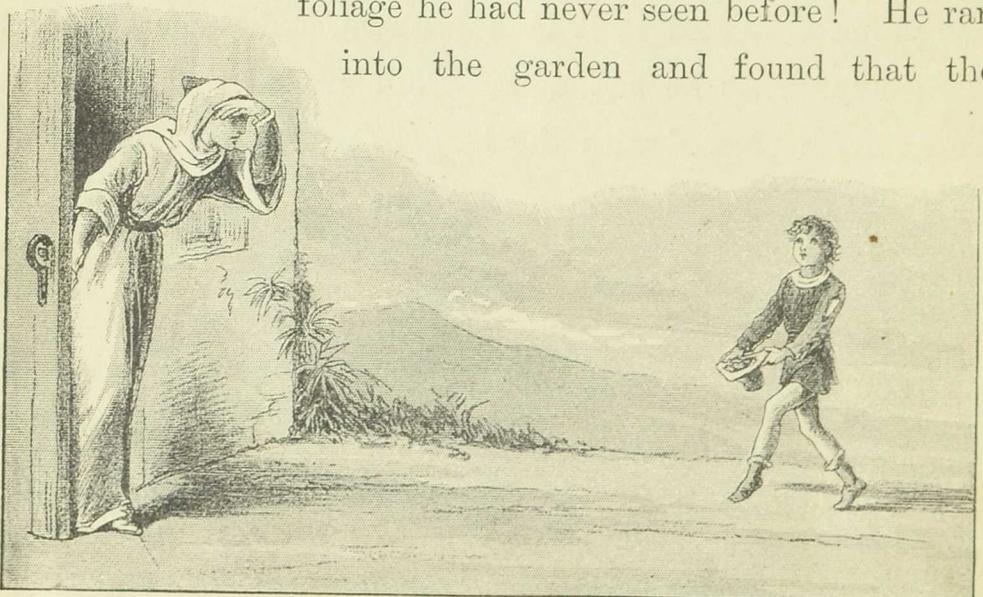


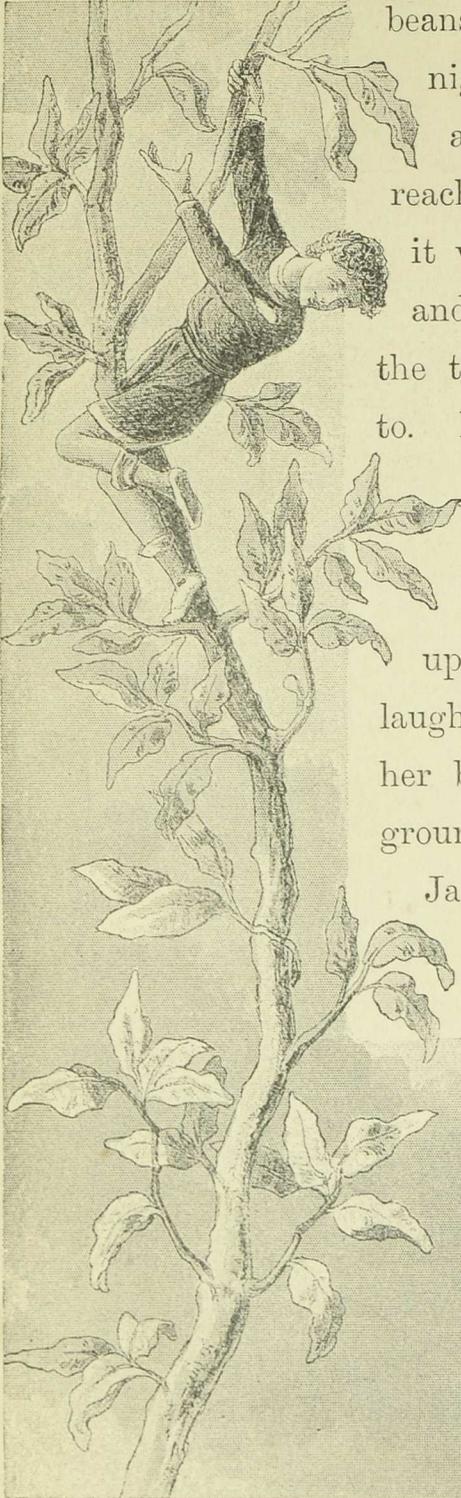
Half-way to the village he met a butcher who was carrying some curious-looking beans in a bag. While Jack was eyeing the beans, the butcher eyed the cow, and feeling sure that Jack was a simple fellow, he inquired if he would exchange the cow for the pretty beans. Jack, delighted at the proposal, agreed to it in a moment, and ran back to tell his mother what he had done. He expected that she would be as much pleased with the bargain as himself; but when





the poor woman heard of this crowning piece of folly, her despair and anger were such that she flung the beans about in all directions. Jack rose early next morning, when, to his surprise, he perceived that his window was darkened by a foliage he had never seen before! He ran into the garden and found that the





beans had taken root during the night, and had sprung up to such an amazing height that the stalk reached to the clouds! He found it was firm and not to be shaken, and quickly resolved to climb to the top to see where it would lead to. Full of this plan, Jack ran to tell his mother; and in spite of all her remonstrances and tears, he at once proceeded to climb up. Turning round he tried to laugh her fears away, and to make her believe he was as safe as on the ground.

Jack climbed and climbed for several hours, and was becom-

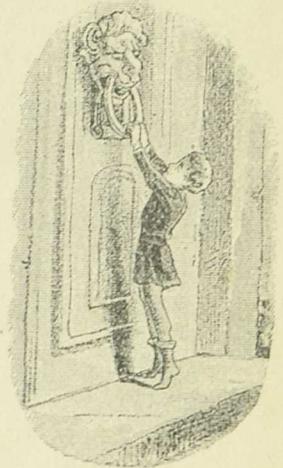


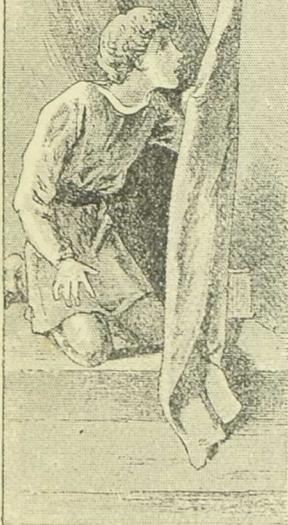


ing quite worn out, when at last he reached the top of the bean-stalk, and found himself in a strange land. Not a tree or a shrub, and still less a house or a living creature, was to be seen. It appeared to be quite a desert.

Jack lay down on the ground. Suddenly he heard a voice calling his name, and looking up, perceived an old woman leaning on a staff. She asked him many questions, and he told her about the bean-stalk, and his poor mother; but he said he knew nothing of his father, for if he spoke to his mother about him, she always wept so that he did not like to question her.

“You shall hear the whole story, then,” said the old woman; “but first promise me solemnly to do what I command.” Jack consented to do exactly as she bade





him, when the fairy said: "Your father was a rich man, and loved to do good. The fame of his good deeds reached the ears of an envious, wicked giant, who determined to kill him and enrich himself. One day, when they were alone together, he fell upon your father and stabbed him so that he died. The reason why the bean-stalk has been allowed to grow is, that you may have an opportunity to punish the giant. If you do not, you will never know happiness.

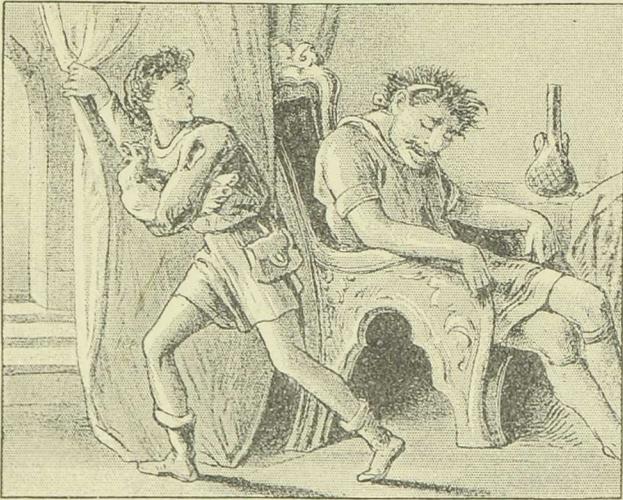


Now go ; there is the giant's castle in the distance. Bear in mind that so long as you obey my orders I will guard you from danger."

The fairy then vanished, and Jack pursued his journey till he reached the castle. Seeing a woman at the door, he begged her to give him a night's lodging. "Alas!" said she, "I dare not! My husband is a mighty giant who eats human flesh ; so you would not be safe for a moment here." Terrified as Jack was, still he begged the good woman to take him in just for that one night ; and being a kind woman, she at last consented. Suddenly a loud rap



came to the door that made the very house shake. The giant's wife had only time to hide Jack before she let her husband in. "I smell fresh meat," said he on entering; but his wife assured him it was only the inmates of the dungeon. Jack trembled in his hiding-place, and was glad to see that though the giant grumbled, he sat down to his supper, and devoured great quantities.



The giant then called for his hen, which was brought and placed upon the table; and every time he said "Lay," the hen laid an egg of solid gold! But at last he fell asleep. At daybreak, Jack crept out of his hiding-place, ran off with the hen, and found his way down the bean-stalk much better than he had expected.

His mother was overjoyed at seeing him. Jack told her all his adventures, and that he had brought home a hen that

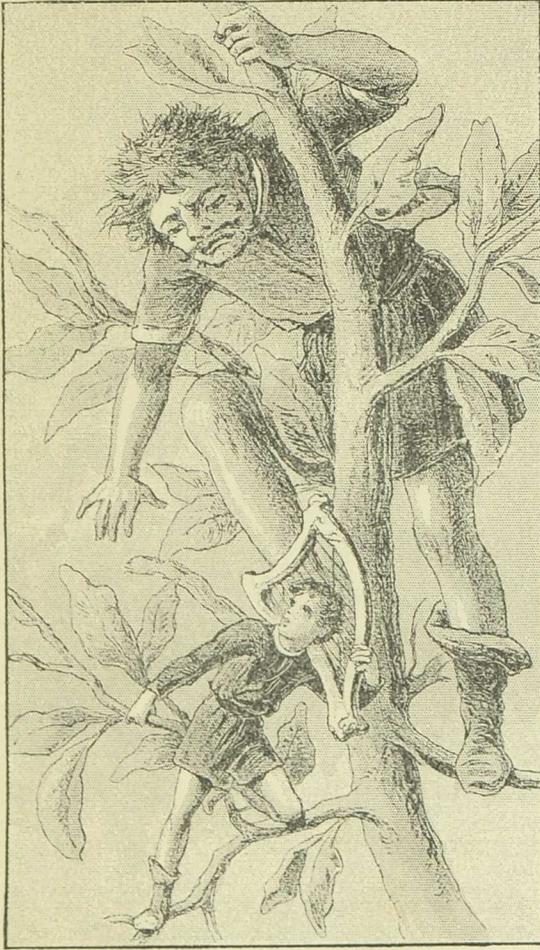


would lay as many gold eggs as they desired. These they sold, and both mother and son were now rich and happy.

But Jack could not forget the commands of the fairy, and, disguising himself, he climbed the bean-stalk again. On reaching the castle he once more made up a pitiful story. But the giant's wife said, "I dare not take you in, because an ungrateful little vagabond stole one of my husband's treasures." Jack got her to believe he was an honest fellow, and



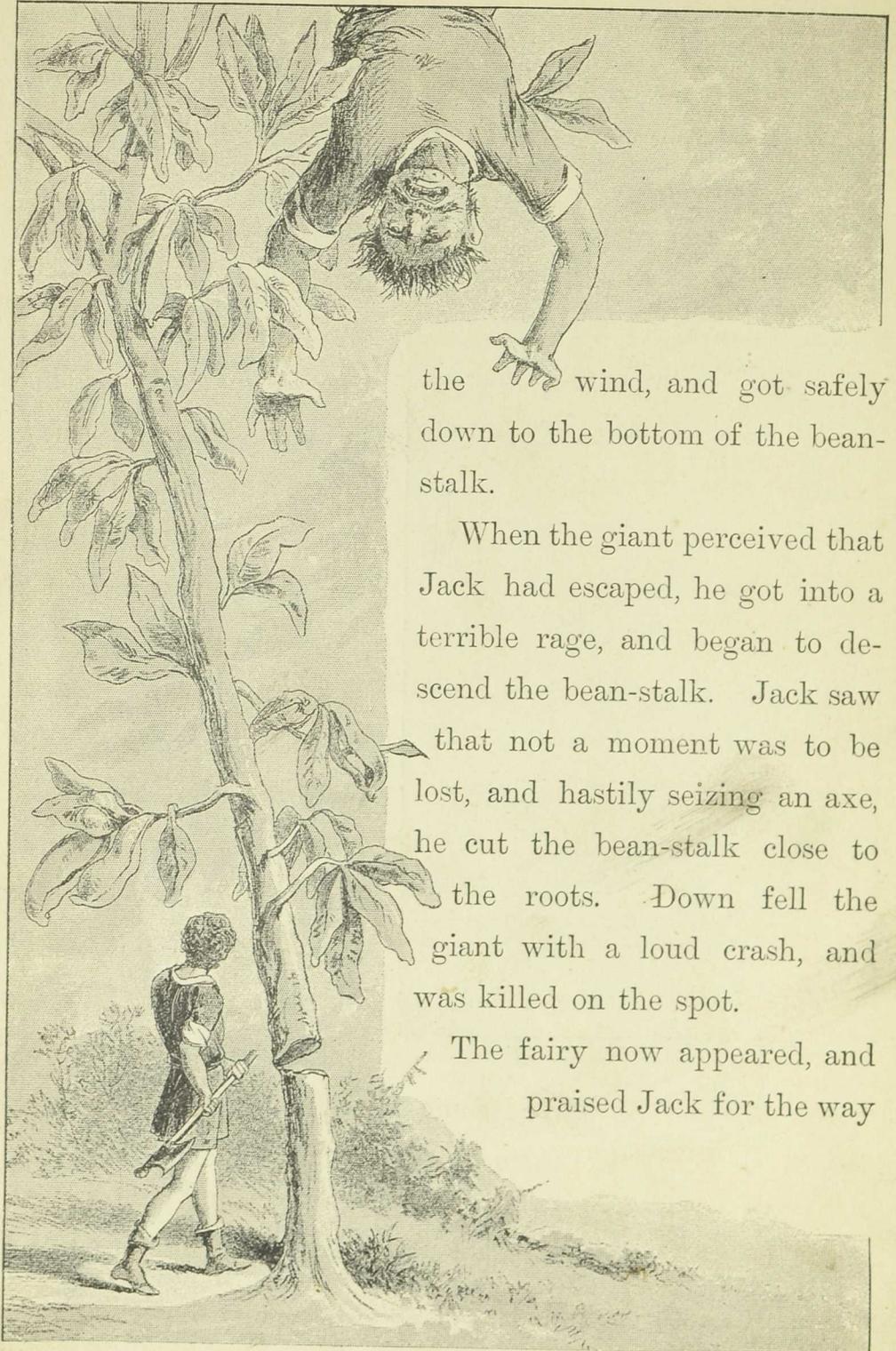
after a good supper she hid him in the lumber closet. In came the giant, and called for his money-bags. While counting his treasure over and over again, he dropped off to sleep ;



whereupon Jack crept out on tip-toe, slung the bags over his shoulder, and made his way down the bean - stalk. When he got home he found his mother was very ill indeed ; but when she saw Jack was safe she gradually got well.

Three years passed, when once more he mounted the bean-stalk, everything happening to him as before. After supper the giant asked his wife to bring him his golden harp ; and when

he said "Play," it played some very fine music that lulled him to sleep. Jack then got out of his hiding-place and seized the harp ; but being enchanted, it called out loudly, "Master ! master !" This woke the giant ; but he had drunk so much beer that his legs were shaky, while Jack flew like



the wind, and got safely down to the bottom of the bean-stalk.

When the giant perceived that Jack had escaped, he got into a terrible rage, and began to descend the bean-stalk. Jack saw that not a moment was to be lost, and hastily seizing an axe, he cut the bean-stalk close to the roots. Down fell the giant with a loud crash, and was killed on the spot.

The fairy now appeared, and praised Jack for the way

in which he had obeyed her commands. Then bidding him be dutiful and kind to his mother for the future, and follow his father's example in doing good, she disappeared for ever.

Jack begged his mother to forgive him for the past, became a good son, and grew up to be a wealthy man, respected by all who knew him.

## THE THREE BEARS.



THERE were once three bears who lived in a wood ;

Their porridge was thick,  
and their chairs and  
beds good.

The biggest bear, Bruin,  
was surly and rough :

His wife, Mrs. Bruin, was  
called Mammy Muff :

Their son, Tiny-cub, was  
like Dame Goose's lad ;

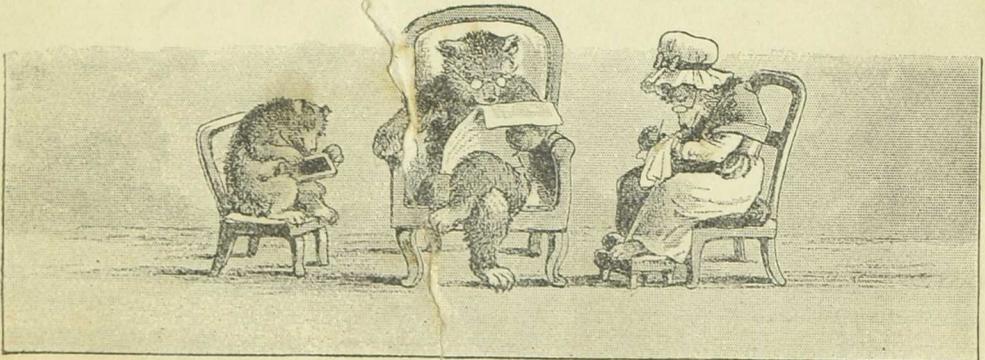
He was not very good nor  
yet very bad.

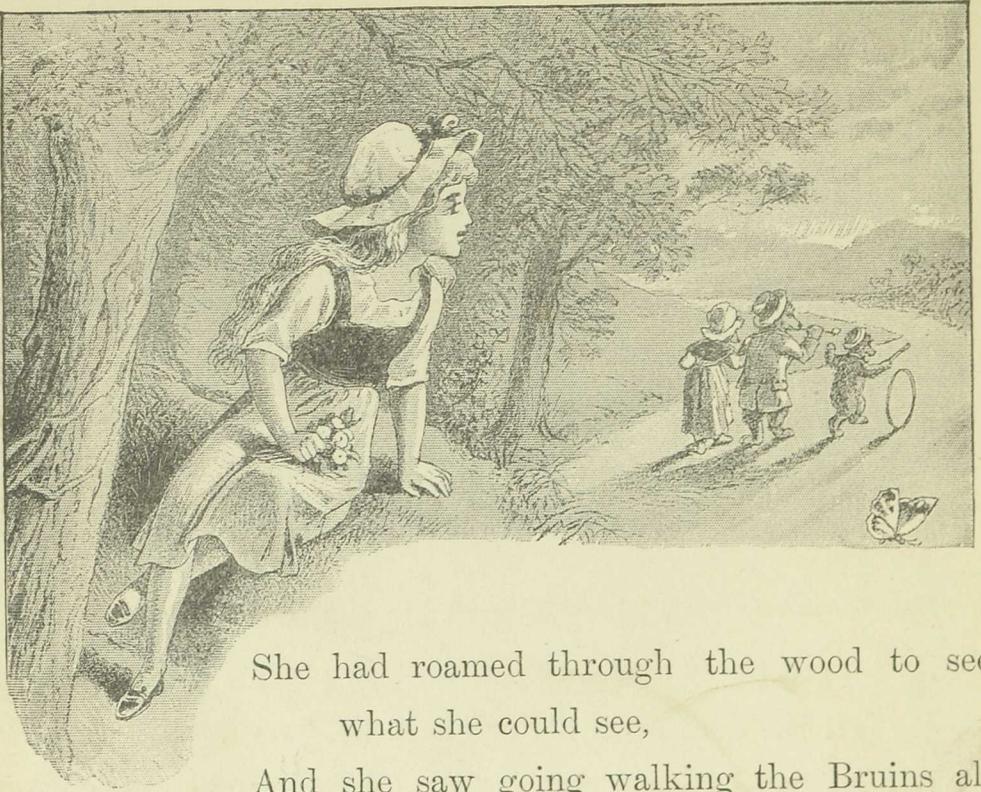
Now Bruin the biggest—the surly old bear—  
Had a great granite bowl and a cast-iron chair ;  
Mammy Muff's bowl and chair you would no doubt prefer,  
They were both made of brick-bats, but both suited her ;  
Young Tiny-cub's bowl, chair, and bed were the best,—  
This big bears and baby bears freely confessed.



Mr. B——, with his wife and his son, went one day  
 To take a short stroll, and a visit to pay ;  
 He left the door open, “ For,” said he, “ no doubt,  
 If our friend should call in, he will find us all out.”

It was only two miles from dark Hazel-nut Wood,  
 In which the great house of the three Bruins stood,  
 That there lived a young miss, daring, funny, and fair ;  
 And, from having bright curls, she was called Goldenhair.

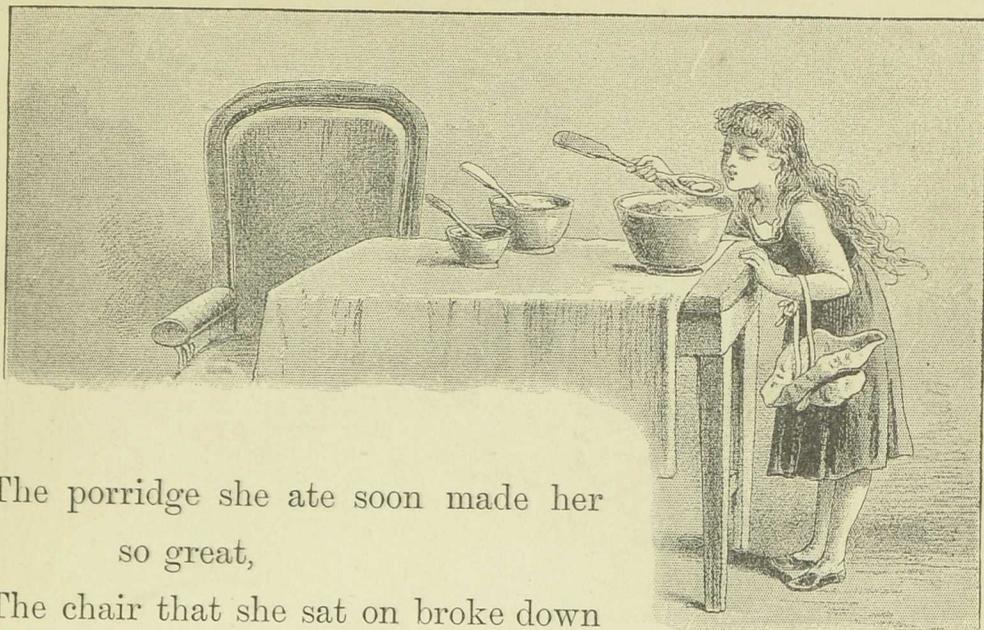




She had roamed through the wood to see  
 what she could see,  
 And she saw going walking the Bruins all  
 three.

Said she to herself, "To rob bears is no sin ;  
 The three bears have gone out, so I think I'll go in."

She entered their parlour, and she saw a great bowl,  
 And in it a spoon like a hair-cutter's pole.  
 "That porridge," said she, "may stay long enough there ;  
 It tastes like the food of the sturly old bear."  
 She tried Mammy Muff's, and she said, "Mrs. B——,  
 I think your taste and my taste will never agree."  
 Then she tried Tiny-cub's bowl, and said, "This is nice ;  
 I will put in some salt, and of bread a thick slice."

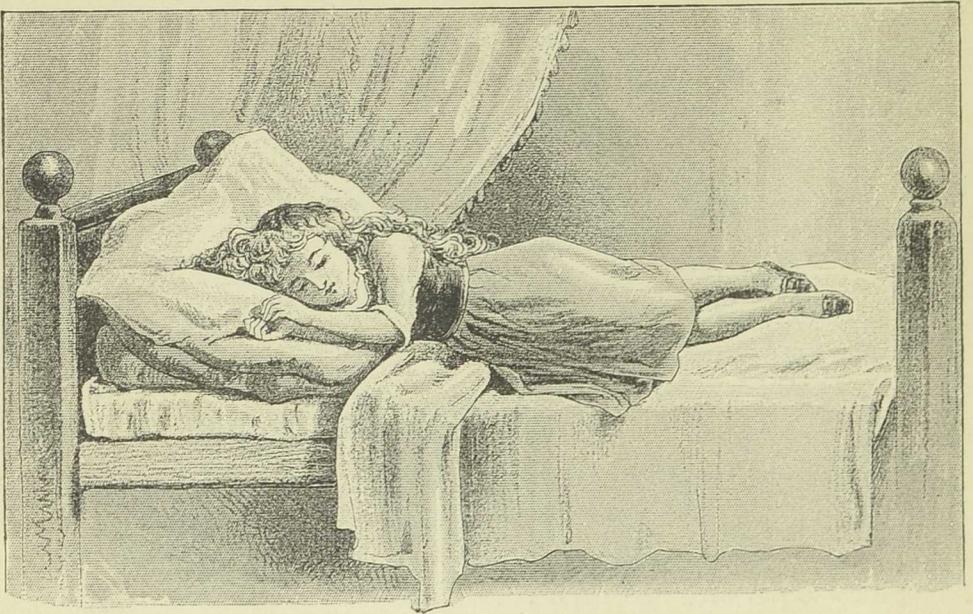


The porridge she ate soon made her  
so great,

The chair that she sat on broke down  
with her weight!

The bottom fell out, and she cried in dismay,  
“This is Tiny-cub’s chair; and oh! what will he say?  
His papa is, I know, the most savage of bears;  
His mamma is a fury, but for her who cares?”





I'm sure I do not ; and then, as for her son,  
 That young bear, Tiny-cub, from him shall I run ?  
 No, not I indeed ! but I will not sit here ;  
 I shall next break the floor through—that's what I most  
 fear."

So upstairs she ran, and there three beds she found :  
 She looked under each one, and she looked all around,  
 But no one she saw, so she got into bed,—  
 It was surly old Bruin's, and well stuffed with lead.  
 Mummy Muff's next she tried, it was stuffed with round  
 stones ;  
 So she got into Tiny-cub's and rested her bones.

Goldenhair was asleep when the three bears came in.  
 Said big Bruin, " I'm hungry ; to eat let's begin :—



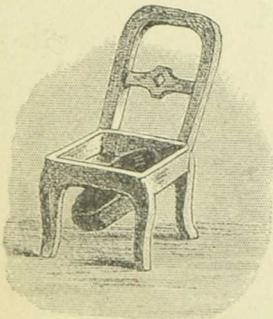
“WHO HAS BEEN TO MY PORRIDGE?” he roared  
with such might,

His voice was like wind down the chimney at night.

“WHO HAS BEEN TO MY PORRIDGE?” growled out Mrs. B——,  
Her voice was like cats fighting up in a tree.

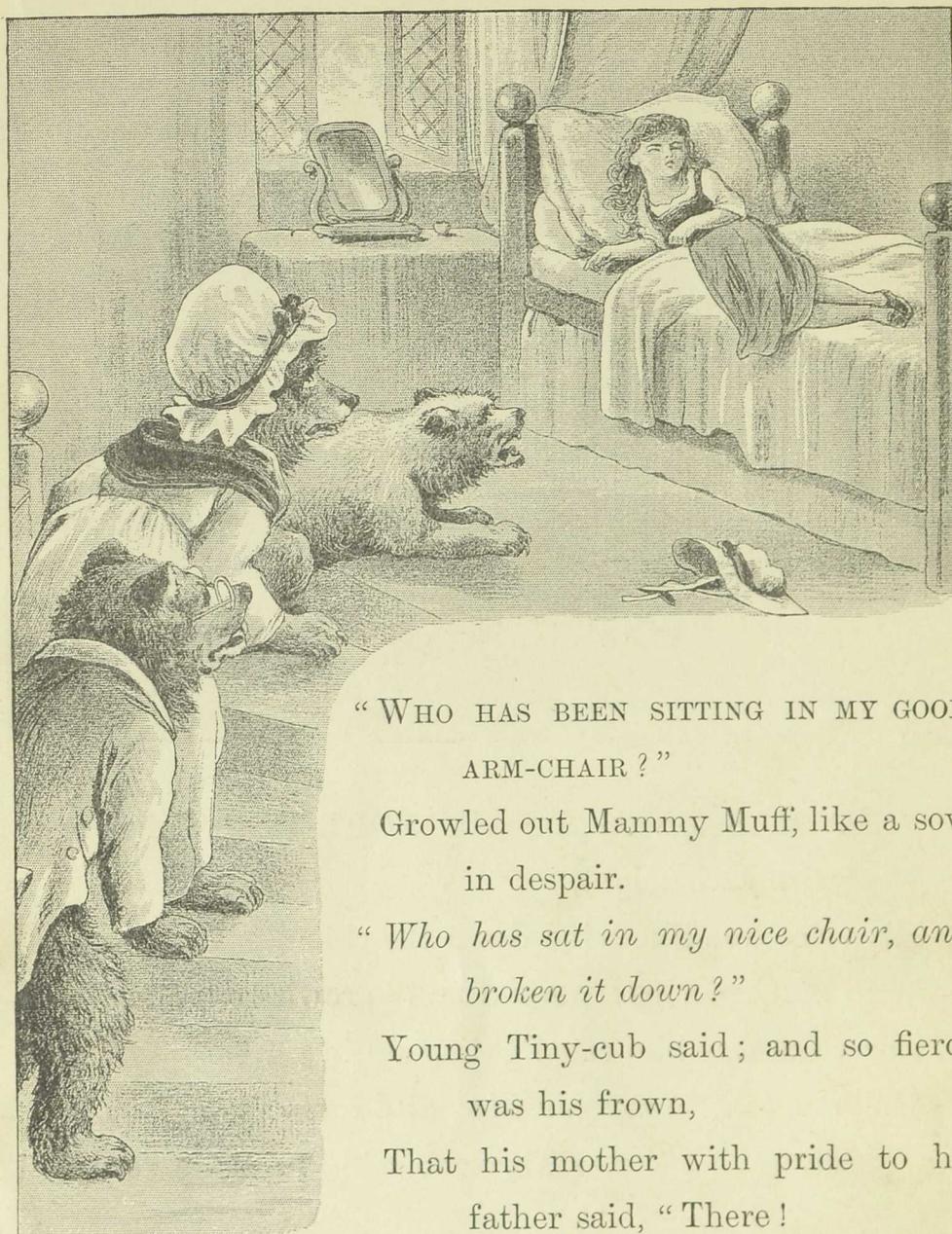
“Who has been to my porridge, and eaten it all?”

Young Tiny-cub said in a voice very small.



“WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY  
GREAT ARM-CHAIR?”

In a voice like a thunder-storm roared the  
big bear.



“WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY GOOD  
ARM-CHAIR?”

Growled out Mammy Muff, like a sow  
in despair.

“*Who has sat in my nice chair, and  
broken it down?*”

Young Tiny-cub said; and so fierce  
was his frown,

That his mother with pride to his  
father said, “There!

See our pet Tiny-cub can look just like a bear.”

So roaring, and growling, and frowning, the bears,  
One after the other came running upstairs.

“WHO HAS BEEN UPON MY BED?” old Bruin roared  
out,

In a voice just like rain down a large water-spout.

“WHO HAS BEEN UPON MY BED?” growled out Mammy  
Muff,

In a voice like her husband’s, but not quite so rough.



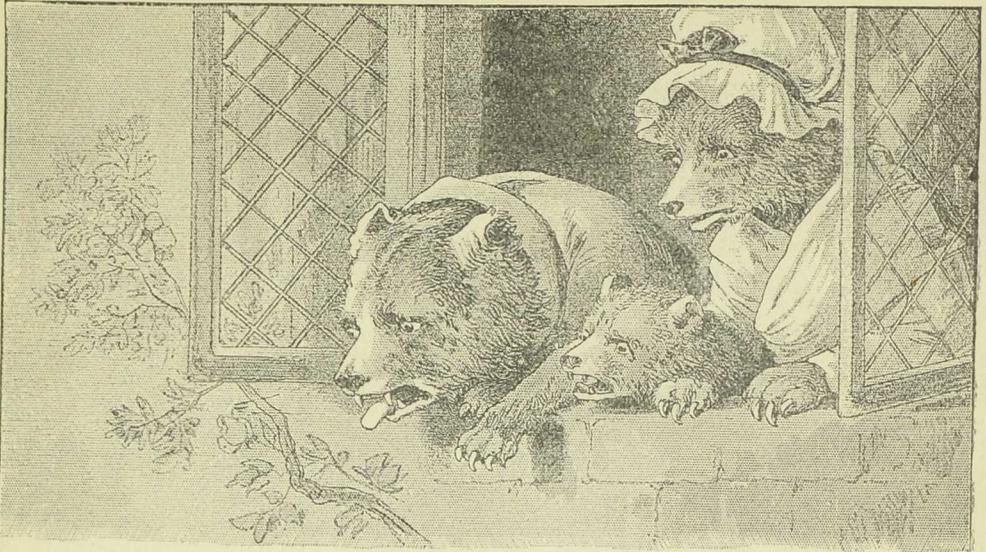
“*Who is lying on my bed?*” said young Tiny-cub,  
In a voice like hot water poured into a tub.

And Tiny-cub’s breath was so hot as he spoke,  
That Goldenhair dreamed of hot water, and woke.  
She opened her eyes, and she saw the three bears,  
And said, “Let me go, please; I’ll soon run downstairs.”



But big Bruin was angry, and shouted out, "No! You had no right to come hither, and now you shan't go. What I mean to do with you, ere long you shall find; You can lie there and cry till I make up my mind." To Mammy and Tiny then did big Bruin roar, "Go and block up the chimney, and nail up the door; This Goldenhair now has got into a scrape, And if I can help it she shall not escape."

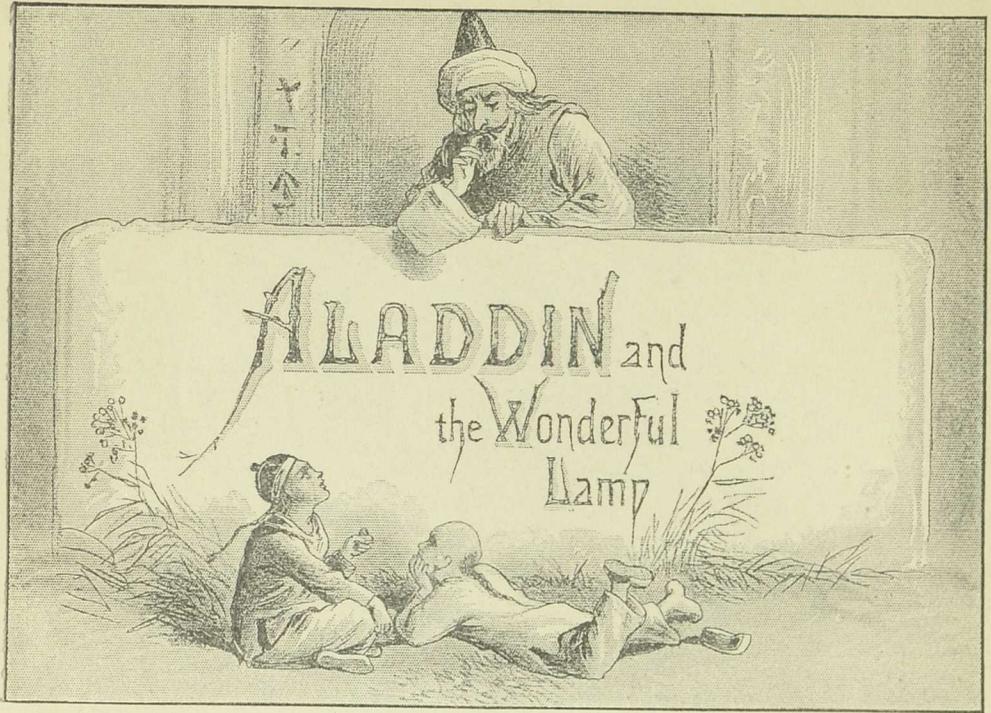
But Goldenhair saw that a window was there  
 (It was always kept open to let in fresh air),  
 So she jumped out of bed—to the window she ran,  
 Saying, "Three bears, good-bye! Catch me now if you can!"



To the window the bears ran as fast as they could,  
 But Goldenhair flew like the wind through the wood.  
 She said the bears' breath had filled her with steam ;  
 But when she grew older she said 'twas a dream.



And no doubt she was right to take  
 such a view ;  
 Still, some part of the story is cer-  
 tainly true, [dares  
 For unto this day there is no one who  
 To say that there never existed  
**THREE BEARS.**



**T**HERE once lived in a large town in China a poor tailor called Mustafa. He had an only child named Aladdin, who was so idle that both before and after his father's death he would learn no trade. One day, when at play in the street, a magician came along, and after looking at Aladdin for some time, he ran forward and told him he was his uncle, his father's brother, whom he had come to visit. When he heard that Aladdin's father was dead, the magician seemed very sorry, and gave the boy a purse of money.

The next day he told Aladdin's mother he wished the boy to go with him into the country to see some fine gardens. After walking a long way, they came to a narrow valley between two mountains. The magician set Aladdin to kindle a fire, and when this was done he threw some

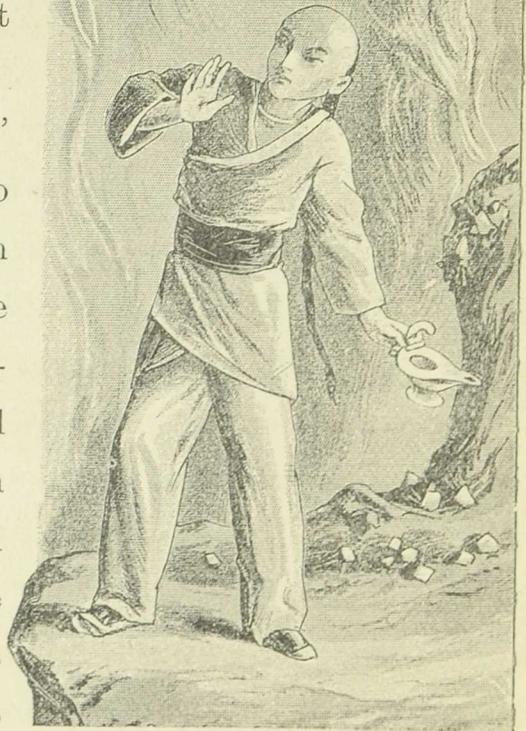


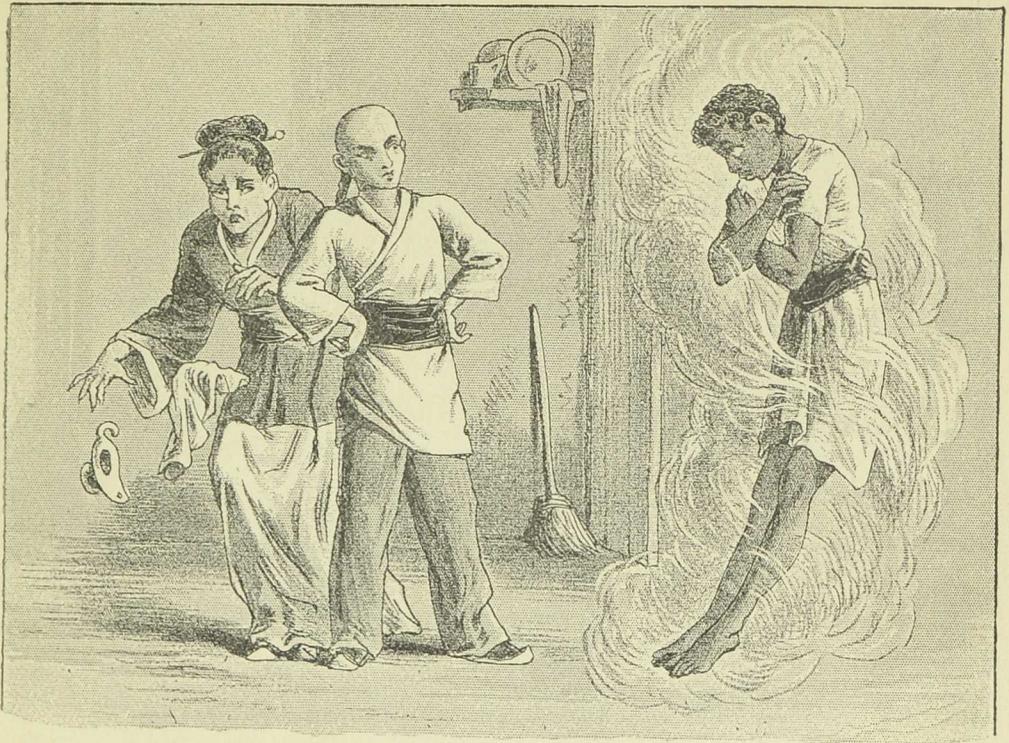
incense into the flames. He then said some strange words, and the earth opened, and they saw a flat stone with a brass ring in it. The magician now told Aladdin that he was anxious to get hold of a very wonderful lamp that he knew to be down in a cave under the stone; and that if Aladdin would help him, he would get many fine things. He put a ring on Aladdin's finger, telling him it would keep him from all evil; and the boy then jumped into the cave. In a niche in the terrace of a beautiful garden he found the lamp; and filling his pockets with the wonderful fruits growing on the trees, which were really precious stones, he returned to the mouth of the cave. Aladdin called out at



once, "Give me your hand, uncle, to help me out." But the magician said,—

"Give me the lamp first;" for it was his intention to cause the stone to cover him up after he had secured the prize. Aladdin, however, refused to give up the lamp till he got out. The magician was very angry, and repeated his magic charms, when the stone moved back into its place, and Aladdin was shut

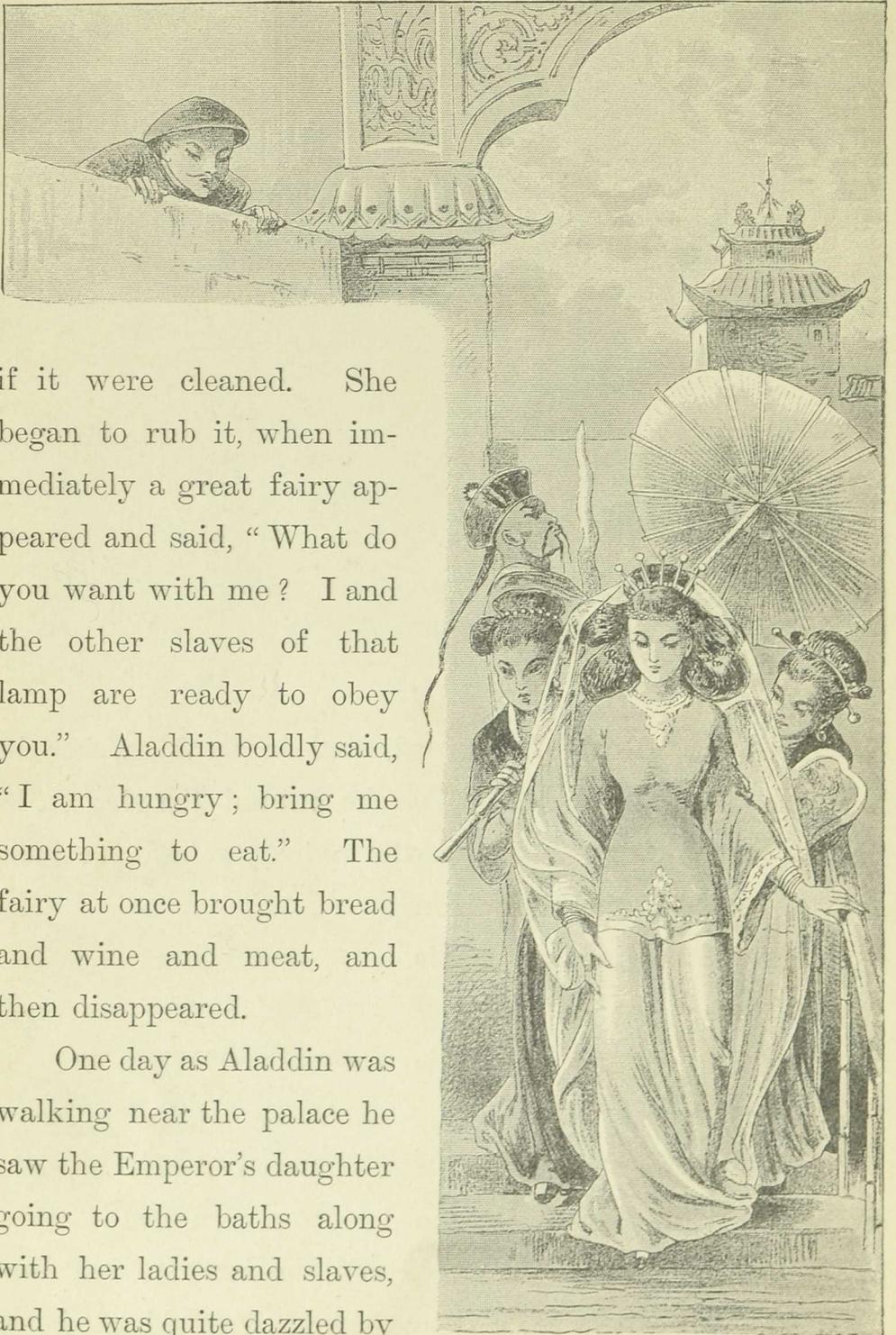




in! He was greatly frightened, and began to wring his hands in despair. As he did this he rubbed the ring on his finger, when a fairy appeared, who quickly raised the stone and let Aladdin out. He soon made his way home; and to his mother's great joy he told her of his lucky escape from his false, cruel uncle.



Next morning he found his mother had no bread in the house, and he thought he would sell the lamp to buy food. As it was very dirty, his mother thought it would sell better



if it were cleaned. She began to rub it, when immediately a great fairy appeared and said, "What do you want with me? I and the other slaves of that lamp are ready to obey you." Aladdin boldly said, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat." The fairy at once brought bread and wine and meat, and then disappeared.

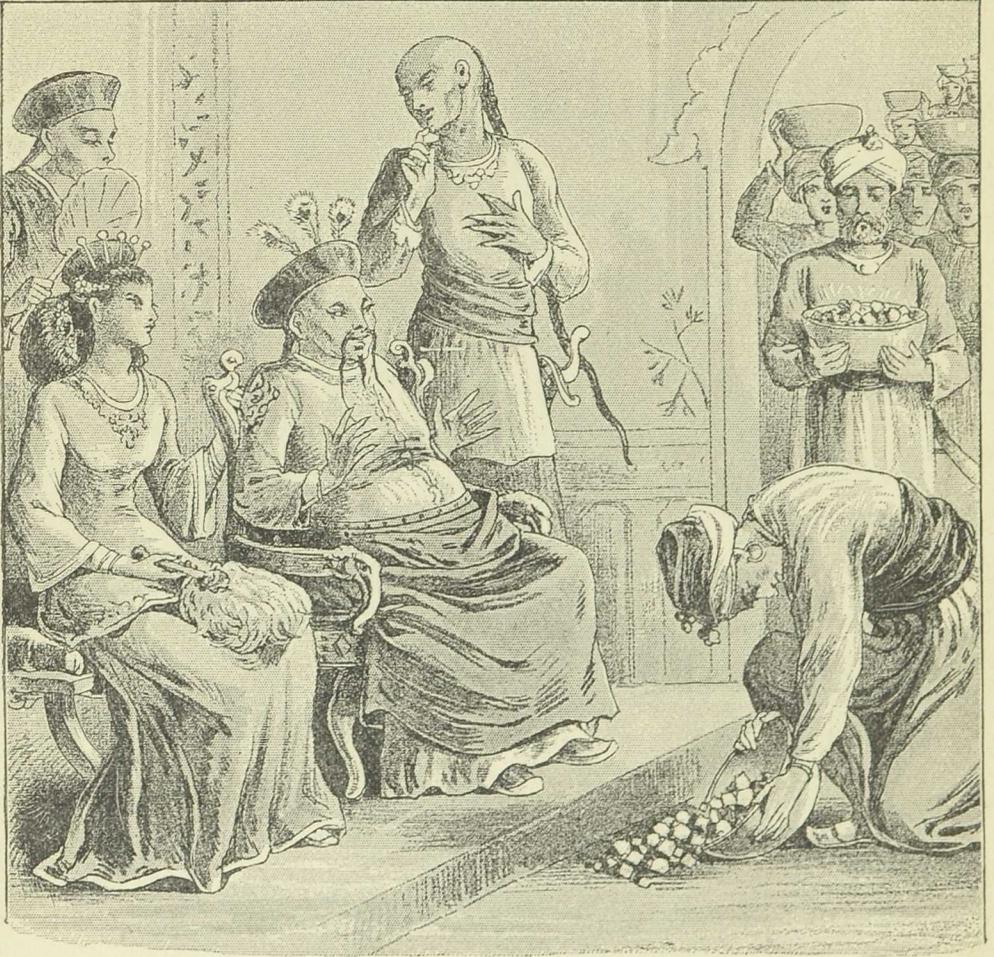
One day as Aladdin was walking near the palace he saw the Emperor's daughter going to the baths along with her ladies and slaves, and he was quite dazzled by

her beauty, and fell in love with her at once. He went and told his mother he thought of asking the Emperor to allow him to marry the Princess; but she thought he had lost his senses, reminding him that he was a poor man's son. Aladdin was determined to have his own way; and when his mother said she would not go to the Emperor to ask his daughter's hand without a present, he told her to take the precious stones he had plucked in the under-ground garden. Next day Aladdin's mother went off in good time, but it was days before she got close to the Emperor. At last he spied her out, and sending for her bade her tell him her story. This she did, and begged that he would not be angry with Aladdin for his



rashness, and presented before him the china dish with its beautiful jewels. The Emperor owned that this was a present worthy of his daughter, and agreed that Aladdin should marry the Princess in three months. At the end of that time, however, he insisted that Aladdin should send him forty basins of massive gold full of precious stones, carried by

forty black slaves led by forty young and handsome white slaves all grandly dressed. The Emperor thought that this was far more than Aladdin could do, and he would thus cleverly get rid of him. But his wonderful lamp supplied all



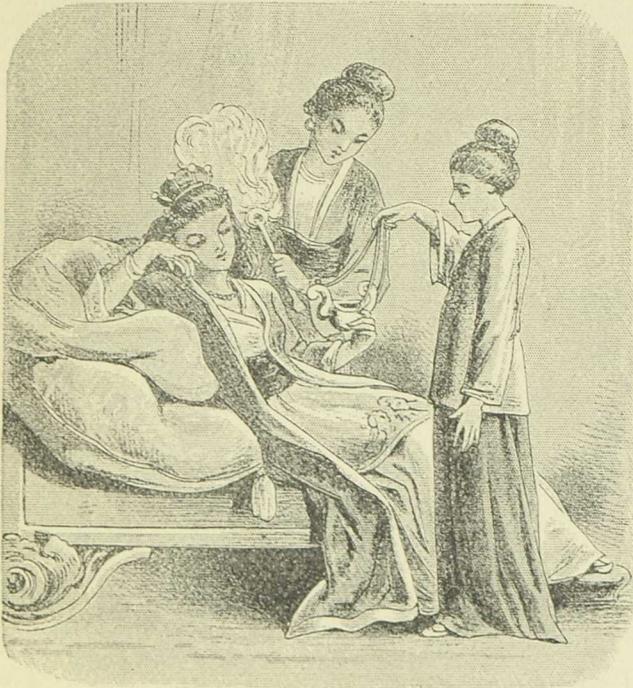
his demands; for not only did the fairy bring the golden basins and slaves, but rich dresses for himself and his mother, and as much wealth as they could desire. When the Emperor said a palace must be built for the Princess, one

was built the like of which was never seen for beauty and grandeur ; so that the Emperor had now no excuse, and the Princess was given in marriage to Aladdin.

Several years passed before the magician found out that Aladdin had not died in the cave, but that he was now rich and married to a lovely Princess. Indignant to think the secret of the lamp was discovered, he set off at once to the capital of China. When he got there he found every one speak-



ing of the goodness of Aladdin ; and he cried out in a rage, "I will prevent this sorry tailor's son enjoying his riches long, or perish in the attempt." So hearing that Aladdin was away hunting for some days, he went to a maker of lamps and gave or-



ders to make a dozen copper ones. These he put into a basket and took them straight to Aladdin's palace. When he came near it he began to cry, "*Lamps, lamps; who will exchange old lamps for new?*" The people came crowding and hooting after him, but he paid no attention. The Prin-



cess then sent out to see what it was all about; and when the slave came back to tell, another said she had found an old lamp in a corner, and was sure the owner of it would like to find a fresh new one in its place. This was Aladdin's wonderful lamp, which he always carried in his bosom, except when he went hunting. The Princess bade one of the

slaves exchange it; and when the magician got hold of it he left everybody to hoot and grin as they pleased, and made the best of his way off. When it was quite dark he rubbed the lamp; and when the fairy appeared, he ordered him to take him and the palace of Aladdin, just as it was, to Palmia in Africa.

The Emperor was horrified to find the Princess gone. He sent for Aladdin, and would have killed him, thinking him an impostor; but the people, because they loved him, would not allow his head to be taken off.

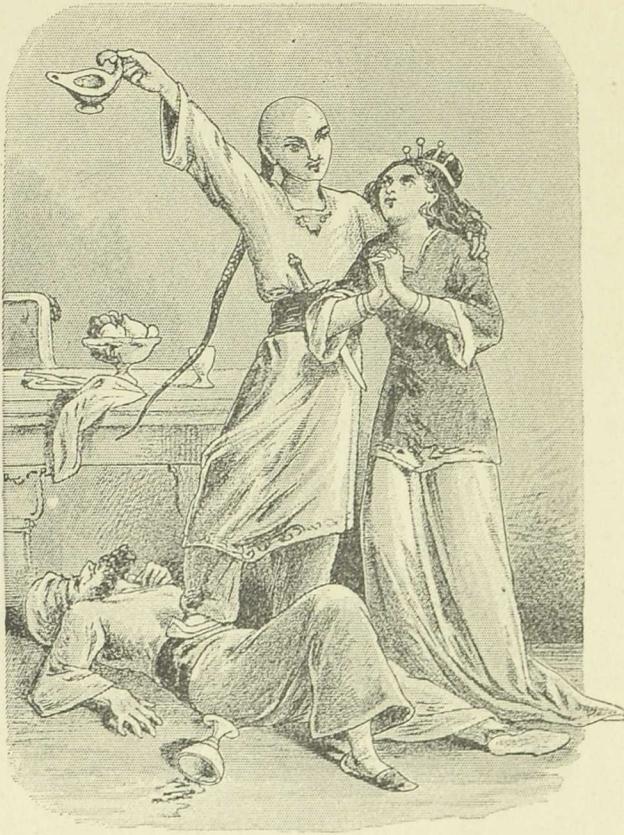
Aladdin could not tell where his palace was; but he asked for forty days to go in search of it, and his request was at last granted. For several days Aladdin did not know what to do; but having accidentally rubbed his ring, the fairy appeared and offered to serve him. "Let me down under the windows of my Princess," he said; and this was no sooner spoken than done. Aladdin knew his palace at once though it was night, and being very tired he lay down and fell asleep.



Next morning one of the women saw Aladdin, and ran to tell the Princess; and in a few minutes they

were beside each other, and the whole story of the lamp explained.

Aladdin then laid a plan for getting the lamp back again. This was to put poison into the cup of the wicked magician.



The Princess was quite willing to give it to him, and managed so cleverly that he drank the poisoned wine, fell back, and died. Then Aladdin got the lamp out of his bosom, rubbed it, summoned the fairy, and told him to carry the palace back to their old home in China. This was done; and the

Emperor and all his people rejoiced greatly when they saw the gorgeous palace in its place once more.

In a few years the Emperor died, when Aladdin and the Princess became Emperor and Empress ; and they both lived with their children in peace, happiness, and love, greatly beloved by their people.



## JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

---

**I**N the reign of King Arthur there lived near the Land's End, in the county of Cornwall, an honest farmer. He had a son called Jack, who was so fond of listening to stories about wizards, giants, and fairies, that he did not care much for play, like other children. He would keep his ears very wide open whenever anybody related the brave deeds of the Knights of the Round Table; and when he had a spare moment, he was fond of planning sieges and battles, and raising mimic ramparts, while he tended his father's cattle in the fields. Jack was a very bold boy; and as to wrestling, there were few or none equal to him, even amongst boys older than himself.

Now Jack took it into his head that because he had such a stout, brave heart, he was equal to any giant, and was a match for the one who at that time dwelt in a cavern on the top of St. Michael's Mount. He had heard many stories about this giant—how he carried off half a dozen oxen at a time on his back, and three times as many sheep and hogs tied round his waist, and how he had for years ravaged the

whole coast. Little as Jack was, compared with such a terrible foe, he determined to rid the country of this horrid monster, who frightened both old people and young people nearly out of their wits for miles round. So he set off one evening with a horn, a pick-axe, and a dark lantern, and swam across the deep stream to the mount. At the foot of this mount, just where the giant was in the habit of standing before he crossed to the other side, Jack dug a pit twenty-two feet deep and nearly as many wide. This was very hard work for the little fellow, but he managed to get it done before morning. Then he covered up the hole with sticks and straw, and having strewed it over with earth so as to make it look like solid ground, he blew a loud blast on his horn which awoke the giant out of his sleep.

“You saucy villain!” roared the monster, “you shall pay dearly for disturbing my rest: I will broil you for breakfast.” So saying, out he came with tremendous strides, and tumbled into the pit, the whole mountain shaking as he fell!

“Oho, Mister Giant!” cried Jack, “what is that you say? Will nothing serve you for breakfast this cold morning but broiling poor Jack?”

The giant now tried to rise, but Jack clove his skull with his pick-axe, and then ran back with the news of the giant's death. The justices of Cornwall, on hearing of so bold a deed, sent for Jack, and then and there they told him he should from that day be called “JACK THE GIANT KILLER.”



They presented him with a sword and belt, on which was engraved in letters of gold:—

“ This is the valiant Cornish man  
That slew the giant Cormoran.”

The fame of Jack’s exploit soon spread throughout the

west of England, when another giant, called Blunderbore, from his enchanted castle in a wood, vowed he would avenge his brother giant's death if ever Jack fell into his power. Now, it so happened that four months after Cormoran's death Jack took a journey into Wales, and passed through this very wood. He sat down to rest by the side of a fountain and fell asleep, and there the giant found him when he came to draw water. When he had read the lines on his belt he knew who he was; so he lifted him up, laid him gently on his shoulder, and set off with him to his castle. The rustling of the leaves soon woke Jack as they went along, and he was terribly frightened when he found himself in Blunderbore's clutches. But imagine his horror when, on reaching the castle, he found the floors covered with skulls and bones of human beings; and heard the giant say with a horrid grin his tidbits were men's hearts eaten with pepper and vinegar, and that he hoped to make a dainty meal off Jack's! So saying, he locked up Jack, and went to invite another giant to dine with him.

And now from several parts of the castle Jack heard dreadful shrieks, and a sad voice entreating him to flee before the giant returned with his friend, who was even more savage than himself. Poor Jack did not know what to do on hearing these words. He ran to the window to see if he could escape that way; but there were the two giants coming along arm in arm. Now his quick eye spied out two strong



cords hanging in the room. In a moment he had made a noose at the end of each, and when the giants entered the gate right under the window where Jack was, he dropped the ropes so cleverly that the nooses fell round their necks ;

and before they recovered from their surprise he had fastened the other ends to a beam in the ceiling, and pulled away with all his might till both were black in the face and quite helpless. Jack then slid down the cords, drew out his sword, and killed them both. He next took out a bunch of keys from Blunderbore's pocket, opened all the castle doors, and found three poor ladies the giant had tied up by the hair, and who were nearly starved to death. Jack made them a present of the castle and all it contained, to make up to them for the cruel usage they had received, and continued his journey.

It was night when Jack reached a long valley between two mountains, and after looking about for a good while, he at length came to a large and handsome house. He at once knocked at the gate to ask shelter for the night; but he was rather surprised to see a monstrous giant with two heads open the gate! Jack spoke very civilly; and when the giant heard the little fellow had lost his way, he invited him to come in, and showed him to a room with a very good bed in it. Jack undressed himself; but though he was very tired, he could not sleep a wink. Then the giant began to march up and down in the next room, muttering to himself,—

“ Though you lodge with me this night,  
You shall not see the morning light :  
My club shall dash your brains out quite.”

“So, so!” thought Jack; “are these your tricks upon travellers? I hope, my good host, to prove a match for you.”

Jack then got out of bed and went groping about the room in search of a thick log of wood he had seen before getting into bed. This he laid in his place, and hid himself in a corner of the room. In the middle of the night in walked the giant, struck several blows on the bed with his great club, and thinking he had broken every bone in Jack’s body, went away again. Fancy his surprise when his guest entered his room next morning to thank him for his lodging!

“Dear me!” he stammered, “is it you? And pray how did you sleep—did nothing disturb you in the middle of the night?”

“Oh, nothing worth mentioning,” said Jack quite carelessly; “I believe a rat just flapped me three or four times with his tail, but I soon went to sleep again.”

The giant said nothing, but he was very much surprised, as you can understand. However, he went to fetch two large bowls of hasty-pudding for breakfast.

Now Jack was a bit of a wag, and he thought it would be a very good joke to make the two-headed giant believe that he could eat as much as himself; so he slipped the hasty-pudding into a leathern bag inside his coat, while he pretended he was putting it into his mouth. When breakfast was over, he said, “Now, my good host, I will show you a trick or two in return for my bed and excellent breakfast.

I can cut off my head and put it on again, and do a host of strange things. Here is an example." So saying, he took a knife and ripped up the leathern bag, when all the hasty-pudding fell out on the floor.

"Ods splutter hur nails!" cried the Welsh giant; "hur



can do that hursel." Then, determined not to be outdone by such a little fellow as Jack, he plunged the knife into himself, and dropped down dead.

Having thus outwitted the Welsh monster, Jack continued his journey; and a few days after, whom should he meet but King Arthur's only son, travelling in Wales to

deliver a lovely lady from the power of a wicked magician. When Jack found that the prince was quite alone he offered his services, which were thankfully accepted. The prince was not only brave and handsome, but so very kind-hearted that he gave away his money to everybody he met, till his last penny was gone, and he was at a loss to know how they should get food and a night's lodging.

"Leave that to me," said Jack; "two miles farther on there lives a giant with three heads; and though he could fight five hundred men, I will manage him. Stay you here, my prince, until I come;" for Jack saw the prince was somewhat afraid to face such a monster.

On Jack rode, and knocked at the castle gate.

"Who is there?" thundered out the giant.

"Only your poor cousin Jack," said our hero.

"Well, what news, Cousin Jack?" asked the giant.

"Bad news, dear uncle," said Jack.

"Pooh!" answered the giant, "what can be bad news for me, a giant with three heads, and who can fight five hundred men?"

"Alas!" said Jack, "the king's son is coming with two thousand men, to kill you and destroy your castle."

"This is bad news, indeed, Cousin Jack," cried the giant; "but I will hide myself in the cellar, and you shall lock me in and keep the key till the king's son is gone."

As soon as Jack had secured the giant in the cellar he

went back to fetch the prince. They feasted on all the dainties they found in the giant's well-stored larder, and rested comfortably all night, while the poor giant was quaking with fear under ground. Next morning Jack helped the king's son to gold and silver out of the giant's treasures, and sent him three miles on his journey. He then went and let out the giant, who asked him what reward he would have for saving his castle.

"Good uncle," said Jack, "all I ask for is the old coat and cap, with the rusty sword and slippers, which are hanging at the head of your bed."

"Take them," said the giant, "and very useful you will find them. The coat will make you invisible, the cap will give you knowledge, the sword will cut through everything, and the slippers will give you swiftness: you are welcome to them all."

Jack thanked the giant with three heads many times, and then joined the prince. They very soon reached the castle where the beautiful lady was kept prisoner by the wicked magician. Here Jack found out, by putting on his cap of knowledge, that the wizard went every night into a forest to call up spirits; so he dressed himself in his coat of darkness, drew on his shoes of swiftness, ran after him, and cut off his head at a blow. This ended the enchantment, and set the lady free. The prince married her the next day; and the royal pair proceeded with their brave deliverer to the

court of King Arthur, who was so pleased with Jack's prowess that he made him one of the Knights of the Round Table.

Though Jack was delighted at the honour done him, he would not remain in idleness, but begged the king to equip him, that he might return to Wales and rid his majesty's subjects of the giants that were left. To this King Arthur very willingly consented. Jack took leave of the court, and after travelling three days reached a forest. He had no sooner entered it than he heard most dreadful shrieks, and on peeping through the trees he saw an enormous giant dragging along by their hair a handsome knight and his beautiful lady! At this dreadful sight Jack immediately alighted from his horse, put on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness, and slipping up to the giant, whose body was too high for Jack to reach, he wounded him so severely on the knee that the huge monster fell to the ground, when Jack at once cut off his head.

The knight and his lady thanked Jack most heartily, and entreated him to come and rest at their house; but Jack said, "No; I cannot rest till I find out the den the monster inhabited." On hearing this the knight grew very sorrowful, and told him that it was too much to risk his life a second time; explaining that the giant lived in a den under a neighbouring mountain, with a brother even fiercer and more cruel than himself. But brave Jack the Giant Killer was not to



be put off his purpose : he mounted his horse and rode away, promising, however, to come again when he had finished his task.

After riding a mile and a half he came in sight of the mouth of the cavern, and there he saw the giant seated on a huge block of timber, with a club by his side. Jack got down from his horse, put on his coat of darkness, and said, "So here is the other monster ; I'll soon pluck him by the

beard." He then struck a blow at his head, but missed his aim; and the giant, feeling himself wounded, yet seeing no one near, began to lay about him with his club. Jack slipped quickly behind him, jumped on the block of timber, and cut off his head. He then sent it, together with that of his brother, to King Arthur by a waggon which he hired for the purpose.

Next day Jack returned to the knight's house, where he was welcomed with great joy and feasting; and the knight related to the assembled company all the giant-killer's deeds of bravery, and then presented him with a handsome ring. On it was engraved the picture of the giant dragging along the unfortunate pair.

All was mirth and joy in the knight's house, when suddenly a messenger arrived, pale and breathless, with the news that Thundel, a giant with two heads, had come to avenge on Jack the death of his kinsmen. He was now within a mile of the house, with the people all fleeing before him. Hearing this, the very stoutest hearts began to quake with fear. Promising them they should soon behold the giant's defeat, Jack then sent some men to cut the drawbridge that lay across the moat, not quite through, but half way. He then put on his coat of darkness and sallied forth to meet the giant. Though the giant could not see him, he sniffed his presence, and cried out in such a loud voice that the ground trembled and shook under foot:—

“ Fie ! foh ! fum !  
I smell the blood of an Englishman ;  
Be he alive, or be he dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.”

“ You must catch me first,” said Jack ; and flinging off his coat and putting on his shoes, he began to run, while the giant followed like a walking castle. Jack led him round and round the moat, that the company might have a good look at him, and then he ran over the drawbridge ; but when the giant came to the middle, where the bridge had been cut half through, his weight snapped it at once, and he fell into the water, floating about like a great whale ! Jack then called out for a rope, and throwing a noose over the two heads, he drew the giant to the edge of the moat, and with his sword of sharpness cut off his heads, which were also despatched to King Arthur.

Again Jack set out in search of new adventures, and the first night was spent at the house of a good old hermit, at the foot of a high mountain. Finding out who Jack was, the hermit told him that at the top of the mountain the giant Galligantus lived in his enchanted castle. By the help of a wicked magician he kept many brave knights and fair ladies, all of whom were changed into animals ; amongst the rest a duke's daughter, who had been brought through the air in a chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, and then turned into a deer. Many knights had tried to break the

enchantment, but had failed; so Jack rose early in the



morning, put on his invisible coat, climbed to the top of the mountain, and passed safely between the fiery griffins which

guarded the castle gates. On the castle wall hung a trumpet, under which was written,—

“Whoever can this trumpet blow  
Shall cause the giant’s overthrow.”

Jack seized the trumpet and blew a shrill blast, when the gates flew open and the very castle trembled! Jack killed the giant; the magician was carried off by a whirlwind; the duke’s daughter and all the knights and ladies returned to their proper shapes; and the castle vanished in smoke. The whole party then returned to court; and as a reward of his noble deeds, the king begged the duke to give Jack his daughter in marriage, and presented him with a fine estate, on which the young couple dwelt in peace and happiness for the rest of their days.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

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ONCE there was a merchant who had a noble house of his own, a fine family, and many ships upon the seas. He was most careful by industry to improve his stores, not for the love of money, but that he might have the means to give his children a good education, and to fit them for good stations in society.

He had three boys and three girls. The girls were all handsome, but the loveliest child was the youngest daughter, and she was so charming that from the days of her childhood she went by the name of Beauty. Even when she was nearly of woman's age, no one called her by any other name; and the other two sisters were vexed at this, and, giving way to bad tempers, they often acted spitefully to the one who was the father's darling, and the pet of every one beside.

In fact, the two elder sisters were uneasy and ill-tempered young ladies, but Beauty was always contented and in good humour. They were vain of their father's wealth and power, and would not deign to speak to those who were poor and meanly attired: more than this, they refused to visit the

daughters of the other merchants in that city, and they loved to walk or ride with persons of rank and title. Beauty visited the homes of the poor and needy, and helped them in their troubles, and took them money, food, and clothing; and she made herself agreeable to all who knew her, and who loved her most for her charity. They went daily to theatres, concerts, assemblies, and card parties; and when any of their father's old friends proposed to make a respectable match for them, and to procure them good husbands, they answered with scorn—they could think of nothing but the star of a duke or the coronet of a marquis. Beauty sat at home when they were at balls and such like amusements, reading the best books in the library, or working at her plain sewing or embroidery; for she knew she was too young to be married, and if she had been older, she would still have preferred her father's company to all else in the world.

Now, by the artful conduct of a wicked lawyer, who misconducted a great law-suit in which Beauty's father was concerned, the merchant was reduced in circumstances, and could hardly make his way in the world; indeed, he was obliged to sell one-half of his property to pay his debts: and soon afterwards, in a tempest, all his ships—laden with wine, and spices, and coral—were wrecked in the Indian Ocean, and he became a ruined man; at least, he only saved enough to take a small cottage in the country, where he was obliged to live with the greatest frugality and the most humble ap-

pearances. He said to his daughters (for his sons were obliged to go as clerks into the offices of tradesmen),—

“My children, we must now for a change live by labour, and learn to be contented with cottage life.”

The two proud girls replied, “Father, you are mistaken if you think we can soil our hands with work. You forget the rich young merchants who wanted us for wives: they will wed us now, and we shall always live without the hard work, which would be disgustingly hurtful to us, even for one hour.”

Alas! the poor conceited things, when those same young gentlemen heard of the change of fortune, they laughed, and said,—

“They will learn something now, for the two eldest girls were as proud as peacocks, and turned their backs upon every one when they had riches, and a support for their ridiculous pride. Let them give their fine airs to the cattle in the fields, for they will surely have to tend pigs and milk the cows for a living.”

Not so with Beauty: pity fell to her share daily, and the father had many good offers for her hand, though she had not a farthing to call her own. But Beauty and fidelity were one: she loved her father the more because of his ill-fortune, and she would not be parted from him. Often the work which Beauty had to do was very hard, and more so because her sisters were so idle and so vexing; but when she

felt the tears upon her cheeks she would say, "Tears will not assist me: they will only grieve my poor father, who is mournful enough already, so I will be happy without any other carriage than our garden wheelbarrow."

The merchant himself attended to the goats and the cow, and worked in the garden. Beauty rose at daylight, put on a coarse apron, cleaned the lamps, lighted the fires, made the beds, and got the early meal for the family. So far from being injured in health, she became as strong as a matron, and as ruddy as a rose; and when she had done her work she could read, or play upon the lute, or sing the old ballads which she learned of the odd country people, to the whirring accompaniment of her useful spinning-wheel.

The two sisters were always puzzling their brains to know how they could "kill the time," as they expressed themselves. They breakfasted in bed at ten, and came gaping down the staircase at twelve; then they walked a few yards into the garden to look at the bee-hives, and they wondered why the silly insects came home so frequently, and worked so much, when they might rock on the flowers or sleep on the apple blossoms all the day long. Then they would go half asleep in the bower, and start up again for fear of the spiders; and they would sit under a tree, and cry for the loss of the carriages and the servants, the balls and their fine acquaintances. "Oh, that stupid little booby, our sister Beauty!" they would say; "the mean-spirited,

dish-washing creature, to be so contented, and to make papa so contented with this slaving country life !”

Their father could not think as they did : he loved Beauty for her patience and humility ; and he was always glad to find her alone, those vain girls were so fond of teasing her every moment when they found her employed.

When they had lived in their cottage just a year, one day the merchant received a letter at breakfast-time which made his eyes to sparkle with delight and his cheeks to become of a joyful colour ; and he read the letter to his daughters. It told him to hasten at once to the next seaport town, and to call at a certain office there ; for the largest of his ships, which was said to have gone down with the others, had just arrived safely in harbour, and the captain wished to hand over the goods to him.

The elder sisters danced about the room in a frenzy ; for now they believed they should leave the dull home, and have all that was fine again. They persuaded their father to lose no time in setting out ; and they begged he would remember to buy them dresses, sashes, jewellery, and wreaths for the hair. Beauty asked for nothing ; she smiled, thinking two ships would not contain so much as the sisters expected to have for themselves only.

“ Beauty,” said the tender father, “ have you no request to make at the leave-taking ? Speak, darling ; what shall I bring for you when I return ? ”

“Well, father,” she said, “to satisfy me that you have been thinking of me, bring a red rose; for, strange to say, we have no roses in our garden.”

Beauty only said so that she might not offend, or the sisters would have said, “It is to gain her father’s praise that she pretends to wish for nothing!”

The merchant kissed them, and set out from home; but when he reached the appointed place, to his dismay he found that he had been cruelly imposed upon—no ship was there! and he turned homeward again, wearied, heart-broken, and in tears. When he was within fifty miles of home, the hope of finding his children in good health cheered him up a little; and so much was he thinking of them that he lost his way, and all at once it rained and hailed so violently, with a boisterous wind beside, that twice he was thrown from his horse.

The dark night came over him, and with it came the fear that he should perish of cold and want of food, or be torn to pieces by the bears, which growled in the trees by the highway, or by the wolves, whose fierce eyes flamed like fire in every thicket upon the road! Then he passed through the skirts of a forest, and but for the meteor fires in the marsh he could not have seen an inch of the road.

All at once he came out of the forest into a double avenue of trees, and at the end of those trees he saw a yellow light; but it seemed far, very far away. However, he

followed up the light, and found himself in front of a grand palace; and the windows were all lighted up, and the light made everything bright around.

He opened the gates, and was astonished to see no shadows moving by the windows, nor any servants in the court-yards below. A stable door was open, and the horse walked into it, and very naturally helped himself to the plentiful supply of hay and corn. Then the merchant tied him to the manger; and as the hall door of the mansion was open, he went in, and still there was no sign of any human being. Through the first hall he passed on to a longer and a wider hall, where he found a roaring fire of forest timber upon the great hearth-stone; and a sideboard covered with some choice food, both warm and cold; and on a small table was a silver plate, with one knife and fork only. Being wet to the skin, he threw his riding-cloak over a screen, and warmed himself before the joyous blaze. "I hope," said he, "the good fellow who owns this place will excuse me; and I hope also it will not be many moments before he comes to his supper."

But he waited and waited, and no one came, and the large dial on the wall told the eleventh hour; so the merchant, who was faint for hunger, helped himself to a partridge, which he ate at four mouthfuls; and then, with fear and trembling, he took a silver cup filled with spiced wine and emptied it at once. Then he sat with his knees in to the fire

till twelve, and with a little more wine his fears went away ; and taking the hand-lamp he examined the pictures, the carvings, and so on, till in a little room adjoining, lighted by a small fireplace only, there was a snug little bed, with the white sheets turned down ; and he took off his clothes, and went into the bed, and fell fast asleep.

The sun was high and bright before he aroused from his sweet slumber, and he stared to see a handsome new suit of clothes upon a high cushion at the bedside. His own were removed. "Oh!" said he, "there is no mistake here. The palace is the home of a fairy, who takes care of poor men like myself when they have misfortunes around them."

When he was dressed he looked out of the window, and instead of pools of rain-water, the dripping branches, and drifted hail, he saw lovely arbours, covered with Eastern flowers of every form and colour. Going to the hall where the supper was laid the night before, he found cakes of every kind upon the table, in ornamental baskets, and a china cup steaming with fragrant chocolate. "Good fairy," said the merchant, "I can never thank you sufficiently for the favours you have bestowed upon me." Then he took a hearty refreshment ; after which, not forgetting his useful steed, he went to the stable to see after it, and he passed under an arched way covered with such roses as Beauty would have doted upon, and so he carefully made up a bunch to carry home.

All at once he heard a frightful growl, and he saw such a wild-looking monster coming to him that he could not stir for alarm.

“Thankless wretch!” said the Beast, with a hoarse voice: “I saved your life, by finding you home, food, and clothing, and in return you steal my roses, which I delight in as much as you delight in your own children; but your life shall pay the cost, and in one quarter of an hour you shall die!”

The merchant knelt in humble manner before the Beast, who stood over him with a heavy club, as if he would have broken all his bones at a single blow.

“I beg your pardon, my lord,” said the merchant; “I never intended to do you harm, and I am very sorry I took the roses you delight in. I gathered them for my good child at home, who asked me to bring some roses when I returned from my journey.”

“In the first place,” said the angry creature, “I am no lord—I am a beast. I hate compliments of every kind. Do not think to cheat me by such cunning ways. How many daughters have you?”

“Three, my lord (good beast),” said the merchant.

“Well, then,” said the monster, “I will forgive you this offence if one of them will agree to leave home and to hasten here to lose her life in your stead! So away! If they cannot agree, I must have your promise that you settle your affairs and return to me in three months’ time.”

The kind father would rather have died then, sooner than that one of the girls at home should die, but he bethought himself, if he agreed with the Beast, he should be able to see them once again, and to give them some good counsels. So he promised, and the Beast said he was free to go from the palace to his home when it pleased him. The Beast would not let him return home again without some proof of his generosity. He bade him go to the room he last slept in, and fill the chest which was at the foot of the bed with the things he liked best, promising that it should arrive at the merchant's cottage without any trouble of his own.

The Beast disappeared, and the merchant prepared to leave. First of all he filled the chest with golden pieces, glad to think his children would have wealth to provide with when he was no more. Then he mounted his horse, and in a few hours he reached his home.

As soon as he was in sight the children went forth to meet him—the elder two prompted by eagerness to view the gifts he had promised them, the younger moved by the affection she always bore to such an indulgent parent. He kissed them fondly, but his tears fell upon their cheeks as he looked at them as treasures soon to be removed from him for ever.

Presenting Beauty with the fatal bunch of roses—"Take these flowers," said he; "they have been dearly purchased with the life of the one you love best!" And in few

words he told them of his adventures in the palace of the Beast.

“Ah, sister!” said the elder ones to Beauty, “we must blame you for being the cause of father’s grief. Why did you not ask for clothes and jewels, as we did? But you would never humble yourself to be like other people; and though we are breaking our hearts, there you stand, and you never shed a tear!”

“I have no cause for weeping,” said the good child; “for my father is not going to die. The Beast says he will be content with the life of one of the daughters, and I will give myself up for him, and happy shall I be to prove my true affection.”

“But our brothers,” said the sisters, addressing the father, “surely they will find out this ugly Beast, and kill him in his own dwelling?”

“No,” replied the merchant; “he is powerful, and he has spells and charms to aid him—human strength is of no avail. Beauty speaks like a fond child, but none of you shall die for my sake. I am in years, having but a little time longer to live; and as I have soon to die, I shall have but a short time to be in sorrow.”

“Father,” said Beauty earnestly, “though I am young, I am not afraid to leave the world behind me; and I would sooner be torn to pieces by the monster than die heart-broken to hear that he had killed yourself. Be assured you

shall not go to the cruel wretch again without me, for you shall not prevent me going after you."

The father tried to bring her over to his way of thinking, but it would not do, she loved him so well: she made up her mind to go with him, and the sisters secretly rejoiced, because she won the hearts of every one.

The merchant was very sad; he wished to be alone, and when they wished him a "Good-night" he retired to his chamber to think over the strange things of the past week; and then he saw the chest of gold at the foot of his bed, which, by some magic power, had been wafted from the Beast's stores to his own cottage. He called Beauty to him, and told her of this treasure; but he would not let the secret be known to the others, lest they should be discontented beyond measure with their cottage and its daily labours. Beauty told her father that the house had been honoured, in his absence, by the presence of two young captains, who had fallen in love with her sisters; so she prayed he would not withhold his leave to their marriage. The sweet-tempered girl had no thought of revenge for all their incivility: she forgave them, and always returned a good deed for an evil one.

The three months appointed by the Beast soon passed away, and Beauty prepared to go along with her dear father, and the very morning came when they must undertake the journey. The sisters made a show of grief, and each, with

an onion in a handkerchief, shed as many tears as you or I would have done in a whole year ; but the father was overpowered by real sorrow, and found his only comfort in Beauty, who shed not a single tear, but held up bravely to cheer him on his way.

To make a long story a short one, they started, and reached the palace of the fearful Beast about an hour after the noon. When Beauty and her father alighted from the back of the old family steed, at once it went off to the stable where it found such good provender the time before ; and the travellers went into the wide hall, where they found the sideboard laid with food and drink, just as before, only there were two plates instead of one upon the little gilded table near to the fireplace. The pair had very little appetite, but the daughter ate to persuade her father to do so ; and she smiled as she said she supposed the Beast was determined to eat them up, he took such care to fatten his victims.

When the meal was finished the old gentleman wished to take a nap in the high-backed chair, for he was much fatigued ; but a loud growl was heard in the next apartment, and starting up, he clung to his child as if he would have squeezed her to death, for sure enough the Beast was coming. With his club under his arm he walked into the room ; and the girl was sadly afraid, he was so very ugly ; but she tried not to seem afraid, thinking to make friends with him for the sake of her father.

“Did you make this journey of your own free will?” growled the Beast.

She stammered out “Y—e—s;” and then she hid her face, and trembled to think what next he would say to her.

“You answer me well,” said the Beast; “you are a good lady, and I feel much obliged to you.” Then turning to the merchant, he said, “Good sir, you can rest here for the night, but you leave us to-morrow morning. Mind you do not return again.—Good-night, Beauty.”

“Good-night, Beast,” she said; and the monster retired.

“My loved child,” said the father, “I feel ready to die at the thought of leaving you; far better for you to return home, and leave me to my fate.”

“No,” said the child firmly, “I will not agree to that. Mind the Beast’s words, and do you go home to-morrow morning.”

Then they parted for the night, each to a room which the Beast had pointed out to them. The poor father slumbered and wept by turns; but Beauty had a sweet sleep all the night long, and dreamed that a fairy-like damsel stood by her side, and said to her, “Fear not; I will keep you from harm: for the love you have shown to the father, who is in sorrow, must not go without a reward.”

Beauty went to her father’s chamber early in the morning, and related her sweet dream; but as the time of parting from his child was so near, he could not be comforted, and

he left his darling with pain and sorrow, and he thought himself the most forlorn of the human kind. Beauty also sat down in a corner of the hall and wept for a long time; but soon her good sense told her that tears would not avail, so she made up her mind to have a good heart of it, and she walked from one room of the palace to another, rather comforted to find she was so perfectly alone.

Really, the splendour of the mansion was beyond description: all that gold, and marble, and gems, and carving, pictures, tapestry, and music that played of its own accord, and cages of foreign birds, and choice flowers, could do in adorning the noblest dwelling in the land, was accomplished. Multitudes of beautiful forms presented themselves, but nothing was out of order; and still through magnificent mazes she went her quiet way, like one who walks in a lovely dream of sights impossible, wandering and only half wondering, nor staying to think how such things might be.

To her delight, she came to a door upon the cornice of which, in a carved wreath, was written, "Beauty's Room." She entered it, and found it to be the neatest, the prettiest, and the best ornamented of all the rooms she had seen: there were a library of nice books, a lute, a harp, and many folios of music. "This is a Beast of some taste," she thought, "and he is determined I shall not be dull for the want of my books and music;" and by the same thought she believed he could not intend to kill her soon, or he never would provide

in this manner for her enjoyment. On the back of one of the books in the library she saw some verses written in letters formed of minute pearls :—

“ Beautiful lady, dry your tears,  
Here is no cause for sighs and fears ;  
Freely commanding as you may,  
Enjoyment still shall mark your way.”

She sighed when she read these lines, saying, “ Alas ! nothing do I desire so fervently as to see my poor, grief-worn father, and to know what he is doing at this instant of time.” By chance she stood near to a tall looking-glass, and in that as plainly as possible she saw the picture of her home ; but it was a moving picture, where the realities were visible. Her father rode up to his cottage, bowed down with grief ; the sisters lazily went out to meet him, and tried to look grieved, but delight was in their hearts because Beauty was no more !

At noon she found a dinner well provided, in a room that overlooked the gardens ; and all the time she was eating, sounds of music from forms invisible accompanied the meal. At night supper was laid in the same apartment ; but when she was seated at table, footsteps were heard in the long gallery, and the curtain which divided that room from another was raised, and the Beast appeared !

“ Beauty,” said he, “ will you permit me to be present whilst you take supper ?”

“ Just as you please,” said she, rather frightened.

“You alone command here,” said the Beast; “I do not pretend to have any will. I am at your direction: if you dislike my presence, say your mind, and I will retire; but tell me, do you not think my form is ugly?”

“To tell the truth,” said she, “I do; but then I am certain you seem very good!”

“I am very ugly, indeed,” said the Beast; “and I am very stupid, and I know that altogether I am a Beast.”

“You are not very stupid,” replied she, “to be sensible of your own defects.”

“Well, well,” said the Beast, “do not let me spoil your supper, and do not want for anything: if you cannot feel happy, I shall be very much disappointed.”

“As I said before,” replied Beauty, “I thought you kind, and now I so much esteem your good nature, I lose sight of the rudeness of your form.”

“My disposition is a good one,” said he; “but everybody knows I am a monstrous creature!”

“For all that,” said she, “I would rather see goodness under an evil form, than see the evil disguised in a form of beauty. I remember me to have seen many brutes hidden in the forms of men.”

“You speak well,” said the Beast, “and I wish I had the sense to keep up the conversation; but I can say nothing to give you pleasure.”

Beauty enjoyed her meal, and the presence of her com-

panion gave her no uneasiness; but all at once she started back from the table, and became as cold as winter: for the monster, with a ridiculous air of tenderness, stretched forth one huge paw upon the clean table-cloth, and, leaning his head towards her, said, "Beauty! be my wife!"

Fearful of rousing his anger, she remained silent; but when she could collect herself, she said, "No, Beast!" So the Beast poured out a dismal sigh, and drooped his head, and went his way.

When he was gone, the young lady began to pity him. "It is a thousand pities," she said, "that he is such an ugly one, for really his good temper and good nature are admirable."

For three months Beauty lived in the palace, and she did just as she pleased. Invisible hands waited upon her; every day new pleasures arrived, every night a change of delightful dreams. Each night the Beast came to chat with her at the supper table. His conversation was plain, and rather stupid; but the more she saw of him the more she felt assured that a good heart was contained in his ugly form, and at last, instead of feeling vexed by his presence, she watched the dial in the gallery, to see when the hands of the dial approached the hour of nine, for that was the supper time. Every night after the meal was finished, the silly Beast asked Beauty the question, "Beauty! be my wife!" giving her the trouble to answer, "No!" after which he looked duller than ever, and

left the room. This she judged a very stupid performance, and she was resolved to put an end to it, and to speak to him in a friendly way ; so one night, before he could put the old question, she spoke to him, saying,—

“ Beast ! you trouble me always when you compel me to refuse to be your wife ; and I would not do so if I could take a sufficient liking to you, but I cannot see how it can happen. Make yourself easy, then, for the future, and let us call each other friends.”

“ Ah !” said he, “ I know my form is against me ; but I love you better than myself, better than anything which is mine, and I should be happy to have you always here. But if you will not answer me the old inquiry, Beauty, let me ask you another : Will you promise never to leave me ?”

Now that day, when Beauty rose from sleep, she looked in the magic glass in her chamber, and perceived that her father lay on a sick-bed, and was wasting away for the loss of his darling child.

“ I could live with you a very, very long time,” said Beauty, in a timid kind of way, “ but my father is ill, and I long to see him ; and if you cannot let me free for that purpose, I shall soon be as ill as himself.”

“ I would rather die,” said the Beast, “ than you should suffer one hour’s uneasiness. I will send you at once to your father’s cottage ; and you shall stay there in happiness, whilst the poor Beast dies in sorrow.”

Here the rude creature shook his head pitifully, and gave many signs of his woe.

“No, no!” said Beauty; “I have too much love for you to do anything which would harm your existence. If you will be generous enough to let me return home for a week, I will not deceive you, but I will surely return. By the magic looking-glass I perceive my two sisters are married, and my brothers are out at sea in ships of trade; my father is ill and all alone.”

“You shall be with him to-morrow morning,” said he; “but do not forget—you have given me your word upon it. When you would return, put this diamond ring on your pin-cushion when you go to bed.” Then he sighed rather than said, “Good-bye, Beauty.” And when he was gone she retired to her chamber, not without some anxiety to know that he left her grieving.

When she awoke in the morning, she was in the little white bed she slept in as a child in her father’s home, and her joy was without bounds. She positively danced upon the floor of her room, which brought up her old nurse, who had travelled many miles the day before to see the sick gentleman; and the nurse shrieked so loud that the merchant, ill as he was, left his pillow, and hastily folding himself in his cloak he crept upstairs to see what was the matter. When he saw his Beauty again, he laughed and cried, and cried and laughed, and swooned away at her feet. She kissed him well

again: and, as she finished her toilet, she remembered she had no dresses at home fit to wear; but the servant came in to say there was a coffer in the next room wide open, and full of dresses, in silk, velvet, lace, and muslin, and she wished to know which of them she would choose for a morning dress. Her loveliness required no adorning; she chose the plainest, and looked a queen. "My sisters may divide the rest between them," she said; at which words the chest and its contents disappeared.

Her father whispered to her, because the maid was in the chamber, and he said,—

"Dear one! perhaps the Beast desired you should keep them all yourself."

"Then," said Beauty, "I must grieve that I have offended him;" and immediately the chest of apparel returned.

While Beauty was dressing, the servant came in to say that the sisters and their husbands were coming to pay an early visit. They had married in haste to repent at leisure; for the husband of the eldest was a vain and silly fellow, who thought of no one but himself from morning till night, and never noticed his wife, either at home or in company. The second husband had learning, but he teased his friends with his odd, selfish ways, and behaved spitefully to all who behaved kindly to him.

When the two sisters saw the beautiful, healthy appearance which Beauty made, they darkened with envy, and all

the old malice entered their hearts. It was of no use their young sister behaved kindly; whilst she told them how well the Beast behaved to her, they felt as if they could have torn her to pieces. Upon the first opportunity they walked by themselves behind the laurels in the garden, and cried to think of her good fortune.

“What luck is this for the little wretch?” said they, sobbing and pouting. “We are much better-looking than she is!”

“Stop, sister!” said the eldest; “I have a thought, and a capital one, too. Let us amuse her, and keep her here longer than the time the Beast gave her to remain, and then he will go into a rage and devour her the moment she sets foot in the palace.”

“Oh! that is good,” said the other. “But we must seem to be very kind to her the while.”

So, having made up their minds, they returned to the cottage, where they so fondled upon her that the poor deceived child shed tears of joy, and the father blessed them for their charity.

When the week had gone by, the sisters hung about her so much, and engaged her in so many amusements, that she agreed to stay two or three days more, though she grieved to think she should be the occasion of sorrow to her kind friend the Beast; for in truth she was fond of him, and longed for his society. On the tenth night of her absence a dream came

to her, and she thought she was in the palace garden, and the Beast lay in a dying state on the lawn; and before he breathed his last, he reminded her of the broken promise, and accused her of being the cause of his death. Beauty sat up in bed, and in the darkness of the night she was drowned in tears. "Am I not wicked," she said, "to be so very ungrateful? Why do I refuse to marry him? I could live more happily with him than my sisters do with their silly husbands! He shall pine no longer, for if anything happened to him, I should be miserable all the days of my life." She arose, placed her ring on the cushion, and returning to bed she soon was in a deep sleep.

Morning came, and she was in the chamber at the palace. That day she put on her finest clothing, because he liked to see her well dressed, and she sat in her breakfast-room till the bell tolled the breakfast hour—nine! The Beast never came! Awhile she waited, and then she thought of her dream. She ran at once from room to room, from one gallery to another, calling upon him; but echo alone returned the cries of alarm which she uttered. She thought of every place, till she thought of the lawn and the dying Beast. There she ran, and the Beast lay senseless—dead to all appearance—by the side of the marble fountain! Then his ugliness was of no consequence; she laid her head upon his body, and made a loud lamentation. She was sure she felt his heart beating! At once she rose, and collecting water

from the fountain in a pearl shell, which formed part of a grotto in the rose walk, she threw the cold liquid in his face.

The Beast looked upon her, and in a feeble voice he said, "Beauty, you have forgotten your promise. Grieving for the loss of you, I resolved to starve myself to death; but I die happily, since you are the last form my dying eyes can rest upon."

"Dear Beast," said Beauty, "you must not die; live to be my husband. Here, behold me kneeling at your side! I will be your wife—yours—truly your own. I thought I only had the love of a friend for you, but the sorrow I now feel proves that I could not live without you."

The moment Beauty had spoken, the whole front of the palace glowed with light; lamps of all colours, in all devices, appeared in the trees. Fire-works poured streams of fire into the air; loud music sounded over the domain; and the fountain gleamed with a magic blaze. The whole space was peopled with hundreds of pages and servitors in the gayest liveries, and the whole was a scene as brilliant as the imagination could devise. Beauty took no notice of all these. She still watched over her dear friend with tenderness and pity; but how surprised she was, when instead of the ugly form she had been accustomed to see, a handsome prince knelt before her, and kissed her hand, and thanked her in polite terms for having broken his enchantment!

"Where is the Beast?" she cried.

“Behold him at your feet, fair Beauty!” he answered, “for I am he. A wicked fairy, who occasioned the death of my illustrious father, condemned me to dwell in the shape of a beast, till a beautiful lady should consent to marry me; and ordered me, on pain of total destruction, never to display the gifts of mind which by education and nature belonged to me. You judged of me by the goodness of my heart: in return, I offer you my hand, my heart, my crown; and the reward is much less than you deserve.”

Beauty assisted the handsome prince to arise, and arm in arm they proceeded towards the palace, when she was rejoiced to find her father and sisters waiting there, who had been conducted to the place by the protecting fairy she once beheld in her slumbers.

“Beauty!” said the fairy, “receive the reward of the choice which you made. You preferred a good heart to wit and beauty, and now you will find all three united in one person. You will be a great queen: a crown, I trust, will not dim the lustre of your many virtues.—For you, ladies,” said the fairy, pointing with her crystal wand to the other two sisters, “long have I known the envy and the malice of your hearts, and I have seen the wrongs you have done without repenting of them. Henceforth you shall be two statues, cold, silent, and frowning, but not without the sense of what you endure, and you shall remain fixed upon pedestals at the gates of your sister’s palace. It will be your punishment to

see her happiness. Till you deeply repent of your crimes you will never walk in your own persons again; and I am sorry to think you may lie in the prison of stone for ever."

Then the fairy waved her wand, and all were at once removed to the prince's own region, where they were received joyfully by the happy subjects. Married to Beauty, he lived a long life and a happy one; for goodness belonged to them, and out of their goodness came peace and plenty for all around them. Goodness is sure to thrive, for it is God's own; but vice is a foe to heaven, and sooner or later its end will be evil.

THE END.









