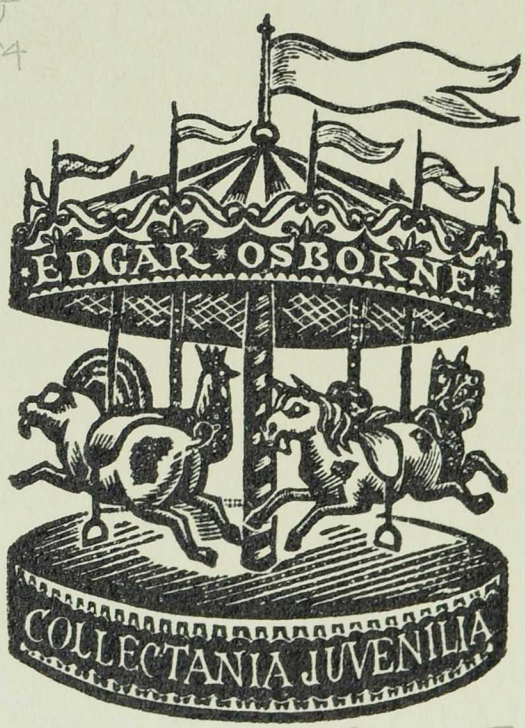
FAIRY TALES FROM GRIMM



WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON BROWNE

First U.S. Edition

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FAIRY STORIES



"Whoever looked at him ran away."—*Page* 307.

FAIRY TALES

FROM GRIMM



WITH INTRODUCTION BY

S BARING-GOULD, M A

AND DRAWINGS BY

GORDON BROWNE

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OF so-called "Fairy Tales there are three kinds: there is that which consists of stories taken down from the lips of the ignorant, unlettered peasantry, literally, without any embellishment whatever; and there is that kind which is manufactured for the amusement of children out of pre-existing material that is traditional in its main parts; and lastly, there is that which is a pure creation of the imagination. The first class represents oral tradition of—in most cases—vast antiquity in its rudest form. The second represents the same accommodated to modern taste. The third has no pretence to be other than a play of the fancy at the present date.

To the first class belong the Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm, to the second class belong a portion of those of Hans Christian Andersen, to the third class belong those of Count Hamilton. Those stories belonging to the first are of real value to the student of the antiquities of the human race, for they contain in many cases relics of early mythologies, glimpses of a condition of life in a cultural state of society out of which we have long ago passed, and of an intellectual condition of full-grown man, which is that of the child of six years old at the present day. Moreover, such tales collected throughout the world help towards the ethnological history of races. If, for instance, we find a story

among the Basques in the Pyrenees which is also found among the Finns on the Gulf of Bothnia, and is not found among the peoples who intervene, it establishes a probability that such a tale belonged to the stock before it separated at a period beyond the dawn of history.

To a much less degree do stories of the second class interest the student of popular antiquities, for he cannot be assured as to what portion of the tale is traditional and what is embellishment. The third class has a literary value alone.

The collection of folk-tales made by the Brothers Grimm at the beginning of this century was first issued in print in 1812, and it speedily attracted attention. It not only went through numerous editions in Germany, but it was translated by Edgar Taylor into English, with illustrations by Cruikshank, in 1823, and Halbot K. Browne in 1861, into Dutch in 1820, and into French in 1836. It was an epoch-making work, for the Brothers Grimm for the first time pointed out that such collections of folk-tales had a value higher than that of amusing children.

There were other and earlier gatherings together into one of tales told among the people and committed to writing, but these were made without the faintest conception that they had any other worth than that of a pastime. The oldest known collection is in Sanskrit, and is the Pantschatantra, which was made about the sixth century after Christ. Somewhere about the year 570 it was translated into Persian, and thence into Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Latin; finally the tales found their way into Italian, Spanish, French, and almost all other European languages. We find distinct traces of these early folk-tales from India in the "Gesta Romanorum," a mediæval collection made by the monks with a moral purpose; then in Straparola's "Tredeci piaceroli notti" (1550), and in Basile's "Pentamerone" (1637).

An immense impetus was given to the publication of fairy tales by Charles Perrault, who issued his "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye" in 1697. These were fresh and almost unadorned. The little book contained "Red Riding Hood," "Frogs and Diamonds," "Blue Beard," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," "Ricket and His Tuft," "Hop o' My Thumb."

He added some others, which were partly traditional and partly due to his imagination. At once the fine ladies and gentlemen of the French court began to write fairy tales, but almost all of these were inventions of their own, full of exaggeration, and devoid of much originality. Nevertheless, some of them have lived, notably those of the Countess d'Aulnoy, the authoress of "Gracieuse and Percinet," "The Fair Maid with Golden Locks," "The Blue Bird," "The White Cat," "The Yellow Dwarf," and "The Beneficent Frog." The Princess de Beaumont wrote others; one alone has lived, "Beauty and the Beast," and that in a very different form from what it appeared in as it issued from the press. The good luck of the Countess d'Aulnoy was due to her having in a measure worked up pre-existing material. A whole series of her tales, the creation of her unassisted imagination, have died a natural and rapid death.

There were other writers, the Princess of Murat, the Countess d'Auneuil, the Sieur de Preschac, Mlle. la Force, Mlle. de Lubert, Count Hamilton, &c., not one of whom has left a story with sufficient vitality in it to live. In 1704 appeared Gallard's translation of the "Thousand and One Nights," and at once turned the taste in the direction of Oriental tales. In quick succession appeared the "Thousand and One Days, or Persian Tales," "The Turkish Tales," "The Indian Tales," "The Tales of Count Hamilton," "The Tartar Tales, or the Thousand and One Quarters of an Hour," "The Mogul Tales," "The Oriental Tales" of the Count de Caylus, Sir Charles Morell's "Tales of the Genii," "Chinese Tales," &c.

An immense collection of these was issued at Paris, with beautiful engravings, between 1785 and 1786, in thirty-seven volumes, entitled "Le Cabinet des Fees."

With the Revolution and the Empire and European war men and women had other things to think of and to write about than fairy tales. The terrible realities of those times were all-engrossing, and enough to satisfy the most ardent imagination without having recourse to the enchanted realm of fiction.

The storms of that period cleared the air of a good deal more than might have been supposed. It blew away all the fantastic

nonsense and extravagant idealism that went with powder and patches. It led the way to a more wholesome atmosphere in the region of fairy tale. Instead of the fantasmagoria conjured up by counts and princesses, came the fresher, more original folk-tales gathered from the mouths of old nurses and shepherds.

The Brothers Grimm led the way, and showed that what was treasured in the hearts of the people themselves had an importance which had not been dreamed of. They issued two collections, one of *Sagen*, that is to say, of traditional tales more or less turning on historical personages or identified with places; and the other of *Märchen*, folk-tales intended merely for the amusement of children, or of the childlike minds of their elders. To the "Kinder und Haus Märchen" in two volumes was appended a third, which contained valuable notes on the tales, showing where their analogues could be found in collections already made.

It may be said that with the publication of these volumes a new system sprang into existence, that of gathering traditional tales everywhere with conscientious exactitude as to every detail. Such collections are not always as delightful as that of the Brothers Grimm, who had the happy knack of printing a tale in the best of the many forms in which it had been obtained.

Now it is a constant feature of folk-tales that there are certain stock incidents which are used by the tale-teller as pleases him, and seems to him most suitable, to lengthen out his story to an extent appropriate to the occasion when told.

It was with stories as with ballads. Every minstrel had a number of stock stanzas which he incorporated with the several metrical tales or songs that he sung, and it is perplexing to the ballad collector to come across the same ideas, even the same words and rhymes, in the most different ballads.

The Brothers Grimm saw clearly that these stock incidents, though valuable enough in their way, did not belong to the essence of the tale, and they gave them each once, and once only, using their judgment as to where to excind. Other gatherers in the same field have not had the same judgment, and their stories are often overladen with incidents that do not enter naturally into the plot of the tale.

Preface

In the year 1864, Von Hahn, Austrian Consul in Greece, published a collection of Greek and Albanian folk-tales, and in an important introduction he pointed out that the great mass of fairy tales current in Europe and Asia might be analysed and reduced to skeletons, and grouped under several heads. He divided the stories under three main groups, and subdivided them into forty classes. In 1866, in an Appendix to Mr. Henderson's "Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England," I proposed a slightly different classification. Mr. Nutt has suggested a further development of this system.

Now a good many stories can be broken up and resolved into their parts, and prove to be a very mosaic made up of portions of various story radicals, and a series of fairy tales resembles a series of kaleidoscopic pictures, in which the same pieces are arranged in the most diverse groups. With a little observation, all the pieces out of which the groups are formed can be distinguished and tabulated. Take, for instance, the story of the lad who obtains an ass that drops gold, a table that decks itself, and a cudgel in a sack that works of its own accord. He loses the first and second to a cunning rogue, but recovers them by means of the cudgel. This story occurs in Grimm. Now it is one that lends itself to all kinds of beginnings and endings.

A Sclavonic version is this: A fool in his folly waters a dry tree stump. The stump is grateful, becomes an oak and rains on him golden acorns, then gives him a tablecloth, which decks itself at will with food. In exchange for these he obtains a stick which strikes, a belt which becomes a pond, and a hat which shoots. He is robbed of these, and then killed. From his blood springs up a tree, and on this tree grows an apple. A princess opens the apple and discovers in it the fool. Then all his lost articles return to him of their own accord, and he marries the princess.* Here we have mixed together a foreign element, that of the grateful tree; the marvellous gifts are duplicated. There is added a myth of death and regenesis which occurs in the story of "The Juniper Tree," and in the Quiche epic of the Popol Vuh. The same story is found in the Kalmuk collection,

* Chodzko: *Contes des Paysans Slaves.* 1864. Tale xxi.

called the Siddhi-Kûr. Here a man who had lost his way in the desert found a dead horse. He cut off the head and carried it away with him. At night he climbed into a tree. Demons came and feasted under the tree. The man let fall the horse's head on them, and this frightened them away. He came down and secured a golden cup they had left behind, which at will filled itself with whatever he desired to eat and drink. He next encountered a man who had a stick, which at his bidding would knock any man down. He swopped the cup for the stick, and then bade the stick knock the man down and kill him. So he recovered his cup. He next, in like manner, obtained an iron hammer with which he could build an iron castle ; then a rain-bag which, when shaken, poured forth rain. He built an iron castle with his hammer by the palace of the Chan. The Chan tries to burn down the tower, but the man shakes his bag and quenches the fire, and produces such a flood as to wash the Chan away, and so he enters on his place and wealth and harem. This incident of the horse's head is very like that of "Frieder and Catherlieschen" in Grimm (59), only the silly couple take a door up into a tree and let that fall on the robbers who are dividing their spoil beneath it.

In an English version there are ass, table, and stick. When the youth has all three, he gives out that he will marry the richest girl he sees, and all are to come with gold in their aprons. Then they come in quantities, but the lad's own true love has but two copper pennies. Then he bids the stick knock the rest of the girls on the head, and Jack takes all their money and endows his bride with it. The fairy tale tellers think they must marry their hero, so they do it as they list, tacking on any incident that comes to hand which suits their fancy.

"The Juniper Tree" has been referred to. Reduced to its skeleton, it is this. A stepmother hates her stepchild, and accomplishes his death. Marvellous circumstances follow, through the transmigration of the soul of the child into, first, a juniper tree, and, second, a bird that flies out of the tree. Finally follows the punishment of the stepmother.

The story of "Little Snowflake" is somewhat similar. A step-

mother is jealous of her stepdaughter. She drives her from the house. She is received by dwarfs. Her stepmother endeavours to kill her. She fails several times, but at last sends her into an enchanted sleep. A prince breaks the spell and marries the damsel, and the stepmother is punished.

It is not hard to see that in "The Juniper Tree" we have a trace of an ancient belief in the transmigration of souls and rebirth in various forms. Not only have we the same idea in the Popol Vuh, but also in an ancient Egyptian fairy tale that has been recovered on papyrus in a mummy case. Such an idea is unintelligible to the peasant of the present day. Nevertheless, in Germany and in England the story is told by nurses without much variation, and it obviously is a relic from a hoar antiquity, when such an idea as a soul migrating into a tree and then into a bird was not thought surprising.

Attention has been called to the story of "Little Snowflake" for another reason. In it the seemingly dead maiden is placed in a glass coffin. Now this is not a mere freak of the imagination, but is a reminiscence of a very early practice. Glass tombs have actually been discovered, as have glass castles. The vitrified forts in Scotland are well known. There are others in France, and not only castles, but also vitrified tombs. Tombs were constructed of granite, and then submitted to an intense heat, with sea-sand or sea-weed added to assist fusion, and the whole resolved into a glass sepulchre. Such vitrified tombs as have been explored in France contains Merovingian relics; but unquestionably such are a late survival of a far earlier usage, when castles and tombs were melted into solid masses of glass because there was known no other means of cementing masses of stone together. It was a means employed before the discovery or introduction of lime as mortar. Many another folk-tale contains in it a revelation of a condition of ideas through which mankind has passed, and which has been left far behind. Many another contains in it traces of a condition of social life which belonged to a period indistinguishable from savagery, or at all events when manners were very primitive.

In the nursery tale the king's daughter keeps sheep, and in the ballad of the "Shepherd's Daughter," where the maiden knocks

at the palace door, the king himself opens to her. In some are traces of polygamy, in others of ferocious cruelty; in some of mother-right, very commonly of the youngest son as favoured, a condition of inheritance still followed in parts of Germany. What are we to say of the fairies and giants who figure in the tales? An ingenious writer in Folk stories will have it that the pyxies, brownies, elves are the spirits of the dead, and that stories connected with visits to them, or marriages contracted with them, belong to a category of supposed expeditions to the under world of ghosts, and to unions formed with the spirits of deceased ancestors.*

I am not prepared to accept this altogether. I quite admit that ghost stories may have been mixed up with, and have given material towards the making of, the fairy tale, but not that it lies at the bottom of all those which relate to pyxies and fairies.

One whole class of fairy tales turns on the union being temporary—generally contracted between a mortal and one of a supernatural race. Of this Cupid and Psyche is one example, and Melusine is another.

Cupid and Psyche is this: A beautiful girl is beloved by a man of supernatural race. He appears as a man at night and warns her not to look on him. She breaks the command, and loses him. There is a continuation, not necessarily belonging to it. She goes in quest of him, and has to surmount difficulties and accomplish hard tasks; or answer riddles. She succeeds, and recovers him.

The Melusine story is this: A man loves a woman of supernatural race. She consents to live with him if he will not look on her upon a certain day of the week. He breaks the command, and loses her. He seeks her, but never recovers her.

In the story of Lohengrin or Helias the lady is forbidden to ask her husband's name and inquire whence he comes.

It is quite possible that in these stories there may be a fusion of two distinct sets of ideas, the one social, the other mythological. I will take the latter first.

In the savage mind everything that moves has life; nay, more, everything that exists has a living soul. The river lives, the tree

* Hartland: "The Science of Fairy Tales." 1891.

is inhabited by a spirit, sun and moon and stars are living individuals. In some tongues the sun is feminine, and the moon masculine. They are seen wandering after each other through heaven, and when the sun rises and faces the moon, then, at once, the moon begins to wane and disappears in darkness. It is hardly wonderful that the waning or vanishing away of the moon should be supposed to be due to the sun looking upon his or her face. There is a time, moreover, when sun and moon are together—at night in the under world, at that epoch when there is no moon in the sky.

I do not doubt that the story of the seeking of Eurydice by Orpheus in Hades, and of his losing her because he turned and looked in her face, is a myth based on this rude observation of a natural phenomenon. And we can quite imagine that men with the minds of children, at a time when they actually considered the sun as a male being and the moon as a female, or *vice versâ*, should have interpreted their travels in pursuit of each other, and the wanings of the moon, as something like what has been suggested.

The New Guinea savage has a different explanation for sun and moon being apart in their courses through the sky. They were husband and wife, and once in close association, but owing to incompatibility of temper have been divorced, and now walk abroad at times when least likely to see each other. When the native of New Guinea has advanced to a higher cultural and intellectual plain, he will tell a story of a hero and his wife who once loved, then quarrelled and were separated, and will have lost all reminiscence of the fact, that at one period in the development of ideas this story was a nature myth explanatory of the sun and moon ruling day and night severally. We come on the tales of Orpheus and Eurydice, of Cupid and Psyche, of Helias and the Fair Maid of Cleves, of Melusine, &c., at a late period in their career; but we can conjecture, and that with considerable probability, that there was an earlier stage in which these tales were told to explain the relations to each other of sun and moon. In the Melusine myth, the half-fish or serpent nature of the lady bears trace of its origin, for sun and moon were often thought to

live a life half marine, because seen to rise or set in and out of the sea.

But then—how comes it that in the fairy tales one of the actors is represented as mortal, and the other as immortal? That, I believe, to be due to a fusion of another class of tales with that which is mythologic. At a period when one invading race overflowed and buried temporarily another race, then no marriage was allowed between the conquering people and the conquered. We know that in Germany the strictest rules were embodied in the early laws prohibiting such unions. A man of the conquering class who contracted marriage with a woman of the subjugated people lost caste, and was driven out to dwell in the cabins of the latter. So strict was the separation between the races, that none might eat of the food of the people to which he did not belong. To eat of the food of the other race made him a member of it. Among the Scandinavians, a new-born infant might be exposed and left to die; but if a particle of food from the parental dwelling had passed its lips, it was safe from exposure—it had been taken into the family. We see the same sort of idea in Arab hospitality. The stranger who has broken bread and eaten salt in the Bedaween tent is adopted into the circle, and is safe. He is no longer a stranger and an enemy.

A whole series of tales exists relative to mortals finding themselves in the habitations of trolls, fairies, pyxies; they are their own masters unless they eat the food of these supernatural people. If they do that, they are at once adopted into their number, and are unable to return to their homes. All these stories rest on the ancient separation between races, and imply the taboo in which the food of one was held to a member of the other. That a fusion did come about in spite of the strongly reprobated contraction of alliances, or of holding any familiar intercourse between the two races, is undoubted. The stories of such men—let us say of Gaelic blood—who had been in the habitations of the Lapp-like Ivernian subjugated autochthones, and had married there, and then returned, but never were able to recover caste, or of women of the fair, tall, blue-eyed upper race, who had been lured away by the swarthy, short, lank-haired dwellers in mound-like bothies—

such stories lingered on and got fused with those of the lives of sun and moon. Moreover, a conquered race is always feared by a race that has conquered it when the latter is not in a high condition of culture. Unable to explain the nature of epidemics, it attributes these to the incantations of the hereditary foes, and it comes to regard that race with awe, as gifted with supernatural powers. Its ways of life, its manner of clothing, its language, its arts are all different; and if that subjugated and overwhelmed people is superior in skill in the manufacture of weapons, in the production of metals, then all the elements are present for regarding it as made up of superhuman beings.

We have an instance in Ireland. The Tuatha de Dannan, the dark Ivernian race, was conquered by the Celts, and driven into the fastnesses of the mountains and the bogs. In Irish legend, this defeated race is synonymous with one of fairies. "After the Dedannans had held sway in Ireland for about two hundred years," says Dr. Joyce, "they were in their turn conquered by the last and greatest colony of all—the Milesians, who are the ancestors of the leading Gaelic families of Ireland. The Milesians defeated the Dedannans in two great battles. . . . In the legendary and romantic literature of Ireland, the Dedannans are celebrated as magicians. By the Milesians and their descendants they are regarded as gods, and ultimately, in the imagination of the people, they became what are now in Ireland called 'fairies.' After their defeat by the Milesians they seem to have retired to remote and lonely places, and their reputation as magicians, as well as the obscure and mysterious manner in which they lived, gradually impressed the vulgar with the belief that they were supernatural beings." *

An entire group of tales relates to a man carrying off the feather dress or sealskin habit of a bathing damsel, whereby he obtains her as his wife; but after some years, either because he strikes her, or because she recovers her former dress, she escapes from his house, and returns to her former element or people. Another form of the tale is that in the "Saga" of Hrolf Kraka, where a damsel lives in a cave with one who is a bear by day and a man

* Joyce: "Old Celtic Romances," 1894. P. 427.

at night. In both cases we have a reminiscence of a mixed marriage between man and woman on different cultural planes. The swan-maids are those of a Finn race, who dress in the down of water-birds, and are temporarily taken up into union with men of the Scandinavian or Teutonic race, which has advanced to linen and woollen fabrics. The bear-man is a cave dweller, who, in like manner, dresses himself in skins, belongs to a different and infinitely less cultured race than the damsel who lives with him.

The Esquimaux to the present day wear garments of feathers, and the Hairy Ainu wear dresses skilfully make out of the skins of fish.

In the most archaic form of the story all turns on the feather or skin dress, of which the man retains possession. After some years the woman obtains it again, when she is filled with *heim-weh* for her own people, and for the freedom of old savagery, and she escapes. A transitional form of the tale consists in the dress being reduced to a petticoat or a girdle. The final shape assumed by it is one in which every trace of the peltry has disappeared. In ages when races were blended, and the inferior had ceased to wear its distinguishing clothing of skins, the significance of this element of the tale was not understood, and was excinded.

In some of the versions of the story the woman, of alien race, flies when touched with iron. This is almost certain indication that the race to which she belonged was in the neolithic stage, and that it looked with superstitious terror on the metal weapons by which the conquerors had subdued them. No doubt but that in the earlier phase of the Tale now lost the wife fled from bronze. But that is now lost. We still affix iron horse-shoes to doors as protection against witches—the protection is due not only to the broken circle of the shoe, but especially to the metal. And the usage is a survival of a custom whereby the conquering race exhibited iron as a token of being the ruling power, and of menace to the conquered.

Another group of tales concerns the power obtained over a man by the discovery of his name. We have an instance in Lohengrin, another in Rumpelstiltskin. This relates to a stage in civilisation which all races pass through when the name is kept secret, and is known only by blood relations, and the man is called by nick-

names instead, for the discovery of the real name confers power over him. To the present day, it is thought amongst ourselves that only relationship or such intimate friendship as almost consists in adoption into the family entitles one to the familiar use of the Christian name. In the stories in question—when the name has been discovered the man flies from the person who has discovered it, lest the person should employ that name to obtain undue supernatural power over him.

We have a trace of this idea in the Pentateuch, where God, by the revelation of a new Name, elevates the patriarchs into nearer connection, and gives them more power with Him than they possessed before. In ballads, as in fairy tales, a hero or heroine is set tasks, or has to answer riddles, before he or she is taken up into acknowledged marriage with the object of affection. In other versions of the Riddle, or Task Radical, death is the penalty of such as cannot solve the riddle or execute the tasks.

In a primitive condition of life no youth could pass to the condition of "Brave" unless he underwent an ordeal that tried his courage and endurance. He had to bring away the head or scalp of some hereditary foe, or to kill some wild beast, before he was received into the council of men, and before he was allowed to marry. It is so with the Zulus and the Matabele, and has been the occasion of wars. The young men are condemned to single blessedness, and are esteemed as boys till they have done some butchery. In all probability before a man was accepted into a new people,—and if he desired to be exogamous he must leave father and mother and cleave to his wife and be taken into her family,—he would be subjected to tests of courage and endurance, and unless he passed satisfactorily through these proofs he would be rejected. On the other hand, when in a later condition of social life the woman entered into the family of the husband, that family would try her with hard questions, or put to proof her powers of spinning, of weaving, of bread making, &c., assure itself that she was intellectually and socially suitable, or else it would "forbid the banns."

This testing of the wit or skill or courage of the hero or heroine is of such constant recurrence in folk-tales, that we may be sure it

dates back to a genuine institution which prevailed in a certain stage of the development of the race.

In all fairy stories there is a large element variously employed which is derived from nature myths. Such, as I have shown, are those tales relative to the wandering heroes and heroines, who lose and pursue each other. If we look at the story of the ass that drops gold, the table that decks itself, and the stick that leaps out of a bag and deals blows, we see other nature myths, the signification of which has been lost. The donkey dropping gold is equated in the Kalmuk tale by a bag that discharges rain, that is to say, it is the rain cloud shedding its sparkling spring showers. The table that covers itself, is the round world that produces of itself bread and meat and drink. The bag out of which leaps the cudgel, is the storm cloud in which lurks the lightning.

So in the story of Jack and the Beanstalk; the hen that lays the golden egg is the red dawn that produces the sun, and the harp that plays by itself is the wind. In the "Saga" of King Olaf Tryggvason, we have the earliest form of Jack and the Beanstalk. In it we are told that the king in dream climbed a mysterious tree and got into the strange land above the clouds where he saw God. This gives us the clue to understand the Jack and the Beanstalk tale; we see that it is a mythological story, and that the ogre and his wife are the Odin and Freya of pagan times. But in the nursery tale not only has Odin lost his divinity, but the meaning of the hen and the harp is quite gone, along with that of the money bags, which are the clouds containing fertilising showers. Thus there is a large amount of nature myth ready to hand for the making up of a story for the nursery.

There are also reminiscences in the fairy tale of a former age, when rude attempts were made at civilisation and of a state when certain things were taboo. As our nurses have no knowledge of such a state of things, but have memories stored with tales built up out of all this traditional material, they cannot explain the marvels and inconsistencies that occur in their stories. It does not do for a precocious child to question them as to these—the nurses are at once thrown out; they can explain nothing, they can but tell the tale as it was told to them by their mothers.

Preface

There can be little doubt that many of the attempts made to explain mythology and fairy tale by natural phenomena will not bear too close examination. In Schwarz' "Sonne, Mond und Sterne," 1864, we have the principle worked out to a *reductio ad absurdum*. The sun is a heavenly stone, a golden ball, a shield, a wheel, an urn, a cup, a fountain, a fire, a red bird, a dragon, an eye in a giant, an eye in a horse, a hero, a virgin, a queen-mother, a master-mason, and so on ; and all folk-tales which tell of golden shields, balls, or precious stones, of giants, of heroes, of magic cups, of marvellous wells, of wondrous birds, of dragons, &c., are nature myths.

That there is an element of this in folk-tales can hardly be denied. But it must not be forgotten that there is another element of which we must take account, which is reminiscence in a confused state of a condition of affairs when two distinct races dwelt in close proximity, not comprehending each other, each suspicious of and dreading the other, and each investing the other with superhuman powers or knowledge. These once so distinct races are now fused, and the tales of mixed marriages between them hang on in the popular memory.

We can realise the attribution of magic powers by one race to another when we look at the manner in which beasts are treated in fairy tales. They are dealt with as though they were intelligent as human beings. They have their language, not indeed understood by men, but a language nevertheless. They are in some points wiser, cleverer than men. They are grateful, they are revengeful; in a word, they reflect the characteristics of the man, but in addition are invested with powers that transcend his.

The beast, the bird, the fish, the tree, the spring, the rock, live their mysterious lives, and what it was that animates them the primitive man did not know. Sometimes he thought they had individual souls of their own, sometimes that the souls that animated them were those of human beings, dead or alive—that in sleep men's spirits passed into animal bodies and ranged the woods as wolves, or swam in the ocean as fish, or soared as eagles in the air ; or else, that after death the spirit of man passed into an animal or other form. Strangely shaped stones with an out-

line like human heads were supposed to be men and women who had been petrified, and stories were made to account for this fossilisation. The clouds were an ever-present wonder. What were they? Heavenly cows? Dragons flying about and attempting to devour the sun? Were they the spirits of the dead wandering in the heavens? What was the wind? What was the whispering and the movement that went on among the leaves of the forest? surely the spirits of the trees were talking and embracing or fighting?

Traditional exploits of great men of the race also got mixed up with much matter that is mythological, and floating stories of uncertain origin attached themselves to their names and got incorporated into the tale of their achievements. It is not easy to distinguish myth from distorted history. According to Dr. Skene and Dr. Joyce, the record of the successive conquests of Ireland by the Fir Bolgs and the Tuatha de Danann, Milesians and Fomori, is based on historic facts; whereas Professor Rhys would convert these peoples into sun and culture gods on one hand, and the powers of darkness on the other. The truth being, that historic facts have become invested with a mythic halo, and that actual races have acquired supernatural characteristics. We have among ourselves to the present day the descendants of the old Ivernian or Silurian race that occupied the land. They go to Board School and sit beside the fair-haired descendants of Gael, Brython, and Saxon. That their ancestors had any part in the origination of familiar folk-tales they have no suspicion. Yet it was so. They are the pyxies, brownies—the witches of latter days, long held in suspicion, and forbidden union with the conquerors. In fact, their position was that of the Negro in the United States, at present.

The household tale is, as already said, a kaleidoscopic picture, and to form that picture materials of the most different nature are combined. Looked at with the childish eye, all is wonderful, complete, glorious, and mysterious; but the scientific examiner takes the whole to pieces, and distinguishes the elements, and shows how the skill of the narrator has combined them, but that the material out of which the pictures are composed is of the highest interest to the student of the history of Primeval Man.



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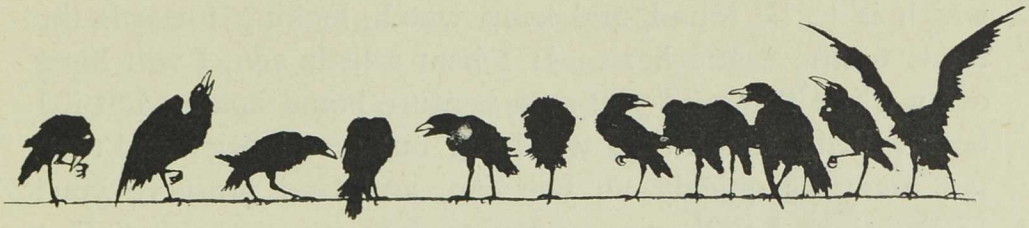
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The Twelve Brothers



ONCE upon a time there lived happily together a Queen and a King, who had twelve children—all boys. One day the King said to his consort, "If the thirteenth child is a girl, then shall the twelve boys die, that her riches may be great, and that the kingdom may fall to her alone." He then ordered twelve coffins to be made, and, all of them having been locked up in a room, he gave the key thereof to the Queen, and bade her tell nobody about the matter.

But the mother sat crying the whole day long, so that her youngest child, who was always with her, and whom she had named Benjamin, said to her, "Mother dear, why are you so sorrowful?" "My dearest child," she replied, "I dare not tell you!" But he let her have no peace until she went and unlocked the room, and showed him the twelve coffins. Then she said, "My dearest Benjamin, these coffins your father has had prepared for yourself and your eleven brothers, for, if I bring a little girl into the world, you will all be killed together and buried in them." And as she wept while she spoke these words, the son comforted her,

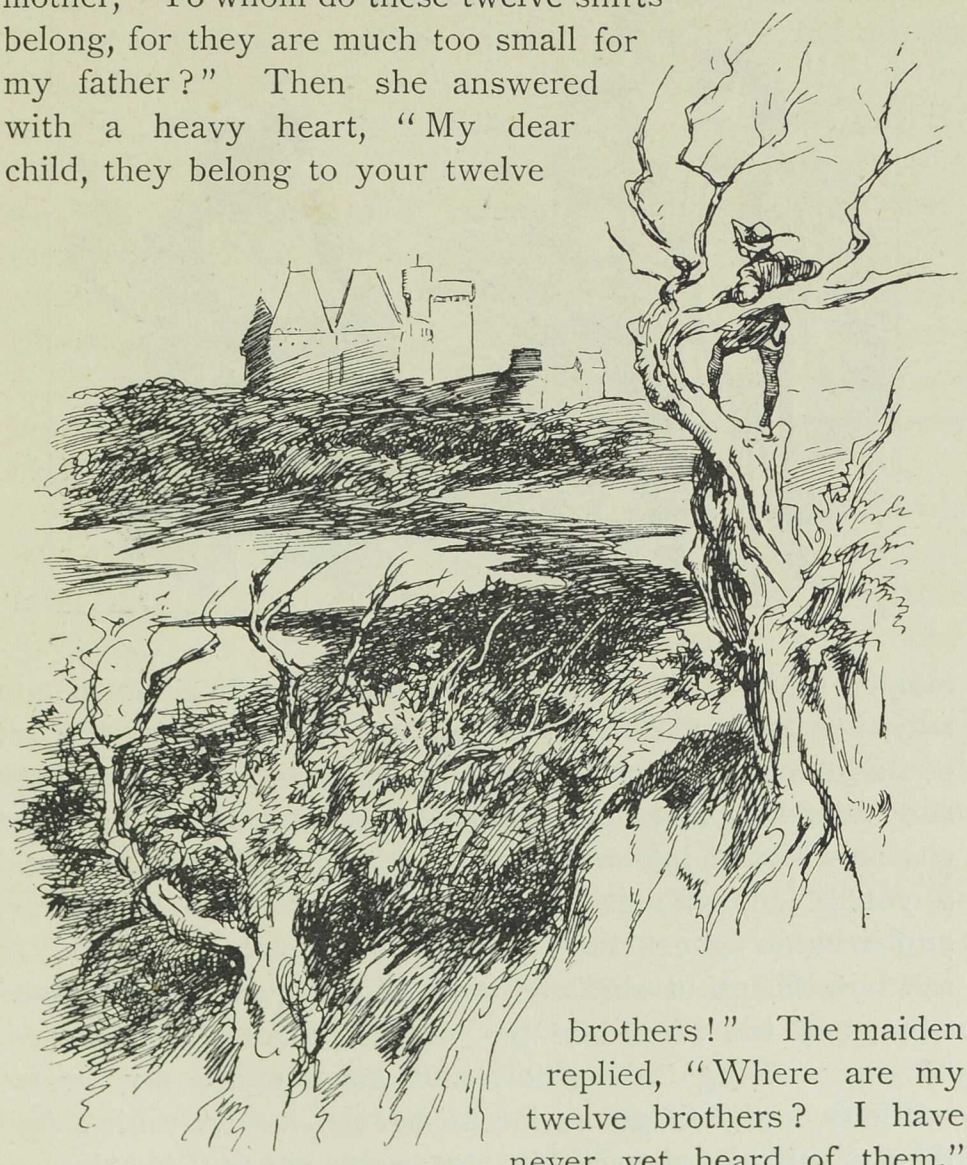
saying, "Do not cry, dear mother; we will help ourselves, and go away." But she said, "Go with your eleven brothers into the wood, and let one of you climb into the highest tree which is to be found, and keep watch, looking towards the tower of the castle here. If I bear a little son, I will hang out a white flag, and you may venture home again; but if I bear a little daughter, I will hang out a red flag; and then flee away as quickly as you can, and God preserve you! Every night I will arise and pray for you: in winter, that you may have a fire to warm yourselves; and in summer, that you may not be melted with the heat."

Soon after she gave her blessing to all her sons, and they went away into the forest. Each kept watch in turn, sitting upon the highest oak-tree, and looking towards the tower. When eleven days had passed by, and it came to Benjamin's turn, he perceived a flag hung out; but it was not the white but the red flag, which announced that they must all die. As the brothers heard this, they became very angry, and said, "Shall we suffer death on account of a maiden? Let us swear that we will avenge ourselves; wherever we find a maiden, her blood shall flow."

Thereupon they went deeper into the forest, and in the middle, where it was most gloomy, they found a little charmed cottage standing empty, and they said, "Here we will dwell, and you, Benjamin, as you are the youngest and the weakest, shall stop here and keep house while we go out to fetch meat." So they set forth into the forest, and shot hares, wild fawns, birds, and pigeons, and what else they could find. These they brought home to Benjamin, who cooked and dressed them for their different meals. In this little cottage they lived ten years together, and the time passed very quickly.

Their little sister was now grown up: she had a kind heart, was very beautiful, and always wore a golden star upon her brow. Once, when there was a great wash, she

saw twelve boys' shirts hanging up, and she asked her mother, "To whom do these twelve shirts belong, for they are much too small for my father?" Then she answered with a heavy heart, "My dear child, they belong to your twelve



brothers!" The maiden replied, "Where are my twelve brothers? I have never yet heard of them." The Queen answered, "God only knows where they are: they have wandered into the wide world." Then she took the maiden, and, unlocking the room, showed her the twelve coffins. "These coffins," said she, "were ordered for your brothers, but they went away secretly before you were born;" and she told her how everything had happened. Then the



maiden said, "Do not cry, dear mother, I will go forth and seek my brothers;" and, taking the twelve shirts, she set out at once straight into the great forest. All day long she walked on and on, and in the evening she came to the charmed house, into which she stepped. There she found a young lad, who asked her, "Whence dost thou come, and whither goest thou?" and he stood astonished to see how beautiful she was, and at the queenly robes she wore, and the star upon her brow. Then she answered, "I am a King's daughter, and am seeking my twelve brothers, and will go as far as heaven is blue until I find them;" and she showed him the twelve shirts that belonged to them. Benjamin perceived at once that it was his sister, and he said, "I am Benjamin, thy youngest brother." At his words she began to weep for joy, and Benjamin wept also, and they kissed and embraced one another with the greatest affection. Presently he said, "Dear sister, there is one terrible condition: we have agreed together that

every maiden whom we meet shall die, because we were obliged to leave our kingdom on account of a maiden."

Then the maiden replied, "I will willingly die, if I can by that means release my twelve brothers."

"No," answered he, "thou shalt not die; hide thyself under this tub until our eleven brothers come home." She did so; and when night came the others returned from hunting, and their dinner was made ready, and as they sat at the table eating, they asked, "What is the news?" Benjamin said, "Do you not know?"

"No," they answered. Then he spoke again: "You have been in the forest, and I have stopped at home, yet I know more than you."

"Tell us directly!" they exclaimed. He answered, "First promise me that you will not kill the first maiden who shall meet us." "Yes, we promise!" they exclaimed; "she shall have pardon; now tell us at once." Then he said, "Our sister is here;" and, lifting the tub, the King's daughter came from beneath, looking most beautiful, delicate, and gentle in her royal robes, and with the golden star upon her brow. The sight gladdened them all; and, falling upon her neck, they kissed her, and loved her with all their hearts.

Now she stopped at home with Benjamin, and helped him in his work, while the eleven others went into the wood, and caught wild animals, deer, birds, pigeons, for their eating, which their sister and brother took care to make ready. The sister sought for wood for the fire, and for the vegetables, which she dressed, and put the pots on the fire, so that their dinner was always ready when the eleven came home. She also kept order in the cottage, and covered the beds with beautiful white and clean sheets, and the brothers were always contented, and they all lived in great unity.

But there was a little garden belonging to the charmed house, in which stood twelve lilies (which one calls also African marigolds), and one day the sister, thinking to give

her twelve brothers a pleasure, broke off the twelve flowers, intending to give each of them one. But as she broke off each flower the twelve brothers were changed, one by one, into twelve Crows, and flew off into the forest, and at the same moment the house and garden both disappeared.

Thus the poor maiden was left alone in the wild forest, and as she looked round an old woman stood near, who said, "My child, what hast thou done? Why didst thou not leave the twelve white flowers? They were thy brothers, who are now changed into Crows!" Then the maiden asked with tears, "Is there no means of saving them?" "There is but one way in the whole world," said the old woman, "but that is so difficult, that thou canst not free them. Thou must be dumb for seven years—thou mayest not speak, nor laugh, and if thou speakest but a single word, even if it wants but one hour of the seven years, all will be in vain, and thy brothers will die at that single word."

Then the maiden said in her heart, "I know for certain that I shall free my brothers;" and she went and found a tall tree, into the branches of which she climbed and passed her time spinning, without ever speaking or laughing.

Now it happened once that a King was hunting in the forest, who had a large greyhound, which ran to the tree on which the maiden sat, and, springing round, barked furiously. So the King came up and saw the beautiful girl with the golden star upon her brow, and was so enchanted with her beauty, that he asked her if she would become his bride. To this she gave no answer, but slightly nodded with her head; so the King, mounting the tree himself, brought her down, and placing her upon his horse carried her home.

Then the wedding was celebrated with great pomp and joy, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed.

After they had lived contentedly together two years, the King's mother, who was a wicked woman, began to slander the young Queen, and said to her son, "This is a common

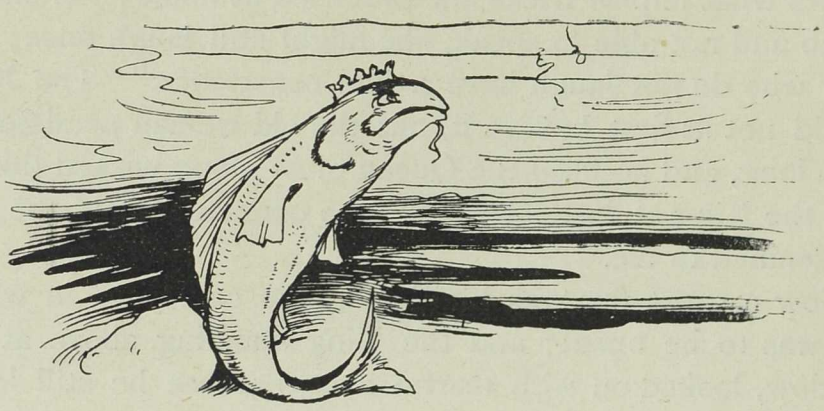


"The Twelve Brothers were changed, one by one, into twelve Crows, and flew off into the forest."—*Page* 6.

beggar girl whom you have brought home with you: who knows what impish tricks she practised at home? If she be dumb and not able to speak, she might still laugh once; but they who do not laugh have a bad conscience." The King would not at first believe it, but the old woman persisted in it so long, and accused the Queen of so many wicked things, that the King at last let himself be persuaded, and she was condemned to die.

Now a great fire was kindled in the courtyard in which she was to be burnt; and the King standing above at the window, looked on with tearful eyes, because he still loved her so much. And now she was bound to the stake, and the fire began to lick her clothing with its red tongues, and just at that time the last moment of the seven years expired. Then a whirring was heard in the air, and twelve Crows came flying by, and sank down to the earth, and as they alighted on the ground they became her twelve brothers whom she had freed. They tore away the fire from around her, and, putting out the flames, set their sister free, and kissed and embraced her. And now, as she could open her mouth and speak, she told the King why she was dumb, and why she never laughed.

And the King was highly pleased when he heard she was innocent, and they all lived together in great happiness to the end of their lives.



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE



HERE was once upon a time a fisherman and his wife, who lived together in a little hut near the sea, and every day he went down to fish. There he sat with his rod, and looked out upon the blank water; and this he did for many a long day. One morning the line went to the bottom, and when he drew it up a great Flounder was hooked at the end. The Flounder said, "Let me go, I pray you, fisherman; I am not a real fish, but an enchanted Prince. What good shall I do you if you pull me up? I should not taste well; put me back into the water, and let me swim."

"Ah," said the man, "you need not make such a palaver; a fish which can speak I would rather let swim;" and so saying, he put the fish into the water, and as it sank to the bottom it left a long streak of blood behind it. Then the fisherman got up, and went back to his wife in their hut.

"Have you caught nothing to-day, husband?" said she. "Oh!" he replied, "I caught a Flounder, who said he was an enchanted Prince; so I threw him again into the sea to swim."



" Flounder, Flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I dare not tell."

—*Page* 13.

"Did you not wish first?" she inquired. "No," said he.

"Ah," said the wife, "that is very unlucky; is one to remain in this hovel for ever? you might have wished for a better hut, at least. Go again and call him; tell him we choose to have a better hut, and for certain you'll get it."

"Ah!" replied he, "how shall I manage that?" "Why," said his wife, "you must catch him again, and before you let him swim away he will grant what you ask: be quick." The man was not much pleased, and wished his wife further; but, nevertheless, he went down to the sea. When he came to the water, it was green and yellow, and looked still more blank; he stood by it and said—

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I dare not tell."

Then the Fish came swimming up, and said, "What do you want with me?" "Oh!" said the man, "I was to catch you again; for my wife says I ought to have wished before. She won't stay any longer in her hovel, and desires a cottage."

"Go home again," said the Flounder, "she has it already." So the fisherman departed, and there was his wife, no longer in the dirty hovel, for in its place stood a clean cottage, before whose door she sat upon a bench. She took him by the hand, saying, "Come in now and see: is not this much better?" So in they went, and in the cottage there was a beautiful parlour, and a fine fireplace, and a chamber where a bed stood; there were also a kitchen and a store-room, with nice earthenware, all of the best; tinware and copper vessels, and everything very clean and neat. At the back was a large yard, with hens and chickens, as well as a nice garden, full of fruit-trees and vegetables. "See," said the wife, "is not this charming?"

"Yes," said her husband, "so long as it blooms you will be very well content with it."

"We will consider about that," she replied, and they went to bed.

Thus eight to fourteen days passed on, when the wife said, "Husband, the hut is far too narrow for me, and the yard and garden are so small; the Flounder may very well give us a larger house. I wish to live in a large stone palace; go, then, to the Flounder, and ask him to give us a castle."

"Ah, wife!" said he, "the cottage is good enough; why should you choose to have a castle?"

"Go along," she replied, "the Flounder will soon give you that."

"Nay, wife," he said, "the Flounder gave us the cottage at first, but when I go again he will perhaps be angry."

"Never you mind," said she, "he can do what I wish for very easily and willingly; go and try." The husband was vexed at heart, and did not like going, and said to himself, "This is not right." But at last he set off.

When he came to the sea, the water was quite clouded and deep blue coloured, and black and thick: it looked green no longer, yet it was calm. So he went and said—

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell."

"Now, then, what do you want?" said the Flounder. "Oh," said the man, half-frightened, "she wants to live in a great stone castle." "Go home, and see it at your door," replied the Fish.

The fisherman went away, and lo! where formerly his house stood, there was a great stone castle; and his wife called to him from the steps to come in, and, taking him by the hand, she said, "Now let us look about." So they

walked about, and in the castle there was a great hall, with marble tables, and there were ever so many servants, who ushered them through folding-doors into rooms hung all round with tapestry, and filled with fine golden stools and chairs, with crystal looking-glasses on the walls; and all the rooms were similarly fitted up. Outside the house were large courtyards with horse and cow-stalls, and waggons, all of the best, and besides a beautiful garden filled with magnificent flowers and fruit-trees, and a meadow full a mile long, covered with deer, and oxen, and sheep, as many as one could wish for. "Is not this pretty?" said the wife. "Ah," said her husband, "so long as the humour lasts you will be content with this, and then you will want something else."

"We will think about that," said she, and with that they went to bed.

The next morning the wife woke up just as it was day, and looked out over the fine country which lay before her. Her husband did not get up, and there she stood and called out, "Get up, and come and look here at the window; see, shall I not be Queen over all the land? Go, and say to the Flounder, we choose to be King and Queen." "Ah, wife," said he, "why should I wish to be King?" "No," she replied, "you do not wish, so I will be Queen. Go, tell the Flounder so."

"Oh, why do you wish this? I cannot say it."

"Why not? go off at once; I *must* be Queen." The husband set out quite stupefied, but she would have her way, and when he came to the sea it was quite black-looking, and the water splashed up and smelled very disagreeably. But he stood still, and repeated—

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell."

"What does she want now?" asked the Flounder. "Ah!" said he, "she would be Queen." "Go home, she is so already," replied the Fish. So he departed, and when he came near the palace he saw it had become much larger, with a great tower and gateway in front of it; and before the gate stood a herald, and there were many soldiers, with kettledrums and trumpets. When he came into the house he found everything made of the purest marble and gold, with magnificent curtains fringed with gold. Through the hall he went in at the doors where the great court apartment was, and there sat his wife upon a high throne of gold and diamonds, having a crown of gold upon her head, and a sceptre of precious stones in her hand; and upon each side stood six pages, in a row, each one a head taller than the other. Then, he went up, and said, "Ah, wife, are you Queen now?" "Yes," said she, "now I am Queen!" There he stood looking for a long time. At last he said, "Ah, wife, how do you like being Queen? now we have nothing else to choose." "No, indeed!" she replied, "I am very dissatisfied; time and tide do not wait for me; I can bear it no longer. Go then to the Flounder: Queen I am; now I must be Pope." "Ah, wife! what would you? Pope thou canst not be: the Pope is the head of Christendom; the Flounder cannot make you that."

"I *will* be Pope," replied the wife, and he was obliged to go, and, when he came to the shore, the sea was running mountains high, and the sky was so black, that he was quite terrified, and began to say in a great fright—

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea,
Quickly, quickly, come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I dare not tell."

"What now?" asked the Flounder. "She wants to be Pope," said he. "Go home, and find her so," was the reply.

So he went back, and found a great church, in which she was sitting upon a much higher throne, with two rows of candles on each side, some as thick as towers, down to those no bigger than rushlights, and before her footstool were Kings and Queens kneeling. "Wife," said he, "now be contented: since you are Pope, you cannot be anything else." "That I will consider about," she replied, and so they went to bed; but she could not sleep for thinking what she should be next. Very early she rose, and looked out of the window, and as she saw the sun rising, she thought to herself, "Why should I not do that?" and so she shook her husband, and called out to him, "Go, tell the Flounder I want to make the sun rise." Her husband was so frightened that he tumbled out of bed, but she would hear nothing, and he was obliged to go.

When he got down to the sea a tremendous storm was raging, and the ships and boats were tossing about in all directions. Then he shouted out, though he could not hear his own words—

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea,
Quickly, quickly, come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I dare not tell."

"What would she have now?" said the Fish. "Ah!" he replied, "she wants to be Ruler of the Universe."

"Return, and find her back in her hovel," replied the Flounder.

And there the fisherman and his wife remained for the rest of their days.





NCE upon a time there dwelt near a large wood a poor woodcutter, with his wife and two children by his former marriage, a little boy called Hansel, and a girl named Grethel. He had little enough to break or bite; and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he could not get even his daily bread; and as he lay thinking in his bed one evening, rolling about for trouble, he sighed, and said to his wife, "What will become of us? How can we feed our children, when we have no more than we can eat ourselves?"

"Know, then, my husband," answered she, "we will lead them away, quite early in the morning, into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire, and give them each a little piece of bread; then we will go to our work, and leave them alone, so they will not find the way home again, and we shall be freed from them." "No, wife," replied he, "that I can never do; how can you bring your heart to leave my children all alone in the wood; for the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she, "then we must all four

die of hunger; you had better make our coffins." But she left him no peace till he consented, saying, "Ah, but I shall regret the poor children."

The two children, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger, and so they overheard what the stepmother said to their father. Grethel wept bitterly, and said to Hansel, "What will become of us?" "Be quiet, Grethel," said he; "do not cry—I will soon help you." And as soon as their parents had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his coat, and, unbarring the back door, slipped out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay before the door seemed like silver pieces, they glittered so brightly. Hansel stooped down, and put as many into his pocket as it would hold; and then going back, he said to Grethel, "Be comforted, dear sister, and sleep in peace; God will not forsake us." And so saying, he went to bed again.

The next morning, before the sun arose, the wife went and awoke the two children. "Get up, you lazy things; we are going into the forest to chop wood." Then she gave them each a piece of bread, saying, "There is something for your dinner; do not eat it before the time, for you will get nothing else." Grethel took the bread in her apron, for Hansel's pocket was full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way. When they had gone a little distance, Hansel stood still, and peeped back at the house; and this he repeated several times, till his father said, "Hansel, what are you peeping at, and why do you lag behind? Take care, and remember your legs."

"Ah, father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat sitting upon the roof of the house, and trying to say good-bye." "You simpleton!" said the wife, "that is not a cat; it is only the sun shining on the white chimney." But in reality Hansel was not looking at a cat; but every time he stopped, he dropped a pebble out of his pocket upon the path.

When they came to the middle of the wood, the father told the children to collect wood, and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold. So Hansel and Grethel gathered together quite a little mountain of twigs. Then they set fire to them; and as the flame burnt up high, the wife said, "Now, you children, lie down near the fire, and rest yourselves, whilst we go into the forest and chop wood; when we are ready, I will come and call you."

Hansel and Grethel sat down by the fire, and when it was noon, each ate the piece of bread; and because they could hear the blows of an axe, they thought their father was near: but it was not an axe, but a branch which he had bound to a withered tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind. They waited so long, that at last their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke, it was quite dark, and Grethel began to cry, "How shall we get out of the wood?" But Hansel tried to comfort her by saying, "Wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we will quickly find the way." The moon soon shone forth, and Hansel, taking his sister's hand, followed the pebbles, which glittered like new-coined silver pieces, and showed them the path. All night long they walked on, and as day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it, and saw Hansel and Grethel, she exclaimed, "You wicked children! why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you were never coming home again." But their father was very glad, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone.

Not long afterwards there was again great scarcity in every corner of the land; and one night the children overheard their mother saying to their father, "Everything is again consumed; we have only half a loaf left: the children must be sent away. We will take them deeper into the wood, so that they may not find the way out again; it is the only means of escape for us."

But her husband felt heavy at heart, and thought, "It were better to share the last crust with the children." His wife would listen to nothing that he said, and scolded and reproached him without end.

The children, however, had heard the conversation as they lay awake, and as soon as the old people went to sleep Hansel got up, intending to pick up some pebbles as before; but the wife had locked the door, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Grethel, saying, "Do not cry; sleep in quiet; the good God will not forsake us."

Early in the morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still smaller than the former piece. On the way, Hansel broke his in his pocket, and, stooping every now and then, dropped a crumb upon the path. "Hansel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father; "keep in the path." "I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "nodding a good-bye to me." "Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney." But Hansel kept still dropping crumbs as he went along.



The mother led the children deep into the wood, where they had never been before, and there making an immense fire, she said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you."

When noon came Grethel shared her bread with Hansel, who had strewn his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived and no one came to visit the poor children, and in the dark night they awoke, and Hansel comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait, Grethel, till the

moon comes out, then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home." The moon shone and they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thousands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them all up. Hansel kept saying to Grethel, "We will soon find the way;" but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, but still they did not come out of the wood; and they got so hungry, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes. Soon they got so tired that they could not drag themselves along, so they lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they still walked on; but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and Hansel saw that if help did not come very soon they would die of hunger. As soon as it was noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting upon a bough, which sang so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. It soon left off, and spreading its wings flew off; and they followed it until it arrived at a cottage, upon the roof of which it perched; and when they went close up to it they saw that the cottage was made of bread and cakes, and the window-panes were of clear sugar.

"We will go in there," said Hansel, "and have a glorious feast. I will eat a piece off the roof, and you can eat the window. Will they not be sweet?" So Hansel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, in order to see how it tasted; while Grethel stepped up to the window and began to bite it. Then a sweet voice called out in the room, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, who raps at my door?" and the children answered, "The wind, the wind, the child of heaven;" and they went on eating without interruption. Hansel thought the roof tasted very nice, and so he tore off a great piece; while Grethel broke a large round pane out of the window, and sat down quite contentedly. Just then the door opened, and a



"A very old woman, walking on crutches, came out."—*Page* 25.

very old woman, walking upon crutches, came out. Hansel and Grethel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands; but the old woman, nodding her head, said, "Ah, you dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall befall you;" and so saying she took them both by the hand, and led them into her cottage. A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts, was spread on the table, and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hansel and Grethel laid themselves down, and thought themselves in heaven. The old woman behaved very kindly to them, but in reality she was a wicked witch who waylaid children, and built the bread house in order to entice them in; but as soon as they were in her power she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the day. When Hansel and Grethel came near the witch's house she laughed wickedly, saying, "Here come two who shall not escape me." And early in the morning, before they awoke, she went up to them, and saw how lovingly they lay sleeping, with their chubby red cheeks; and she mumbled to herself, "That will be a good bite." Then she took up Hansel with her rough hand, and shut him up in a little cage with a lattice-door; and although he screamed loudly, it was of no use. Grethel came next, and, shaking her till she awoke, she said, "Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother, who must remain in that stall and get fat; when he is fat enough I shall eat him." Grethel began to cry, but it was all useless, for the old witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for Hansel, but Grethel got nothing else but a crab's claw.

Every morning the old witch came to the cage and said, "Hansel, stretch out your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat." But Hansel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was

his finger, and wondered very much that he did not get more fat. When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still kept quite lean, she lost all her patience, and would not wait any longer. "Grethel," she called out in a passion, "get some water quickly; be Hansel fat or lean, this morning I will kill and cook him." Oh, how the poor little sister grieved as she was forced to fetch the water, and fast the tears ran down her cheeks! "Dear good God, help us now!" she exclaimed. "Had we only been eaten by the wild beasts in the wood, then we should have died together." But the old witch called out, "Leave off that noise; it will not help you a bit."

So, early in the morning Grethel was forced to go out and fill the kettle, and make a fire. "First, we will bake, however," said the old woman; "I have already heated the oven, and kneaded the dough;" and so saying, she pushed poor Grethel up to the oven, out of which the flames were burning fiercely. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread;" but she intended when Grethel got in to shut up the oven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Hansel. Grethel saw what her thoughts were, and said, "I do not know how to do it; how shall I get in?" "You stupid goose," said she, "the opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" and she got up, and put her head into the oven. Then Grethel gave her a push, so that she fell right in, and then shutting the iron door, she bolted it. Oh! how horribly she howled; but Grethel ran away, and left the wicked old woman to burn to ashes.

Now she ran to Hansel, and, opening his door, called out, "Hansel, we are saved; the old witch is dead!" So he sprang out, like a bird from his cage when the door is opened; and they were so glad, that they fell upon each other's neck, and kissed each other over and over again. And now, as there was nothing to fear, they went into the witch's house,

where in every corner were caskets full of pearls and precious stones. "These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, putting as many into his pocket as it would hold; while Grethel thought, "I will take some home too," and filled her apron full. "We must be off now," said Hansel, "and get out of this enchanted forest;" but when they had walked for two hours they came to a large piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hansel; "I can see no bridge at all." "And there is no boat either," said Grethel, "but there swims a white duck, I will ask her to help us over;" and she sang,

"Little Duck, good little Duck,
Grethel and Hansel, here we stand;
There is neither stile nor bridge,
Take us on your back to land."

So the Duck came to them, and Hansel sat himself on, and



bade his sister sit behind him. "No," answered Grethel, "that will be too much for the Duck; she shall take us over one at a time." This the good little bird did, and when both were happily arrived on the other side, and had gone a little way, they came to a well-known wood, which they knew the better every step they went, and at last they saw their father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the house, they fell on their father's neck. He had not had one happy

hour since he had left the children in the forest; and his wife was dead. Grethel shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled out upon the floor, and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Then all their sorrows were ended, and they lived together in great happiness.



Rapunzel

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife, who much wished to have a child, but for a long time in vain. These people had a little window in the back part of their house, out of which one could see into a beautiful garden which was full of fine flowers and vegetables; but it was surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go in, because it belonged to a Witch, who possessed great power, and who was feared by the whole world. One day the woman stood at this window looking into the garden, and there she saw a bed which was filled with the most beautiful radishes, and which seemed so fresh and green that she felt quite glad, and a great desire seized her to eat of these radishes. This wish tormented her daily, and as she knew that she could not have them she fell ill, and looked very pale and miserable. This frightened her husband, who asked her, "What ails you, my dear wife?"

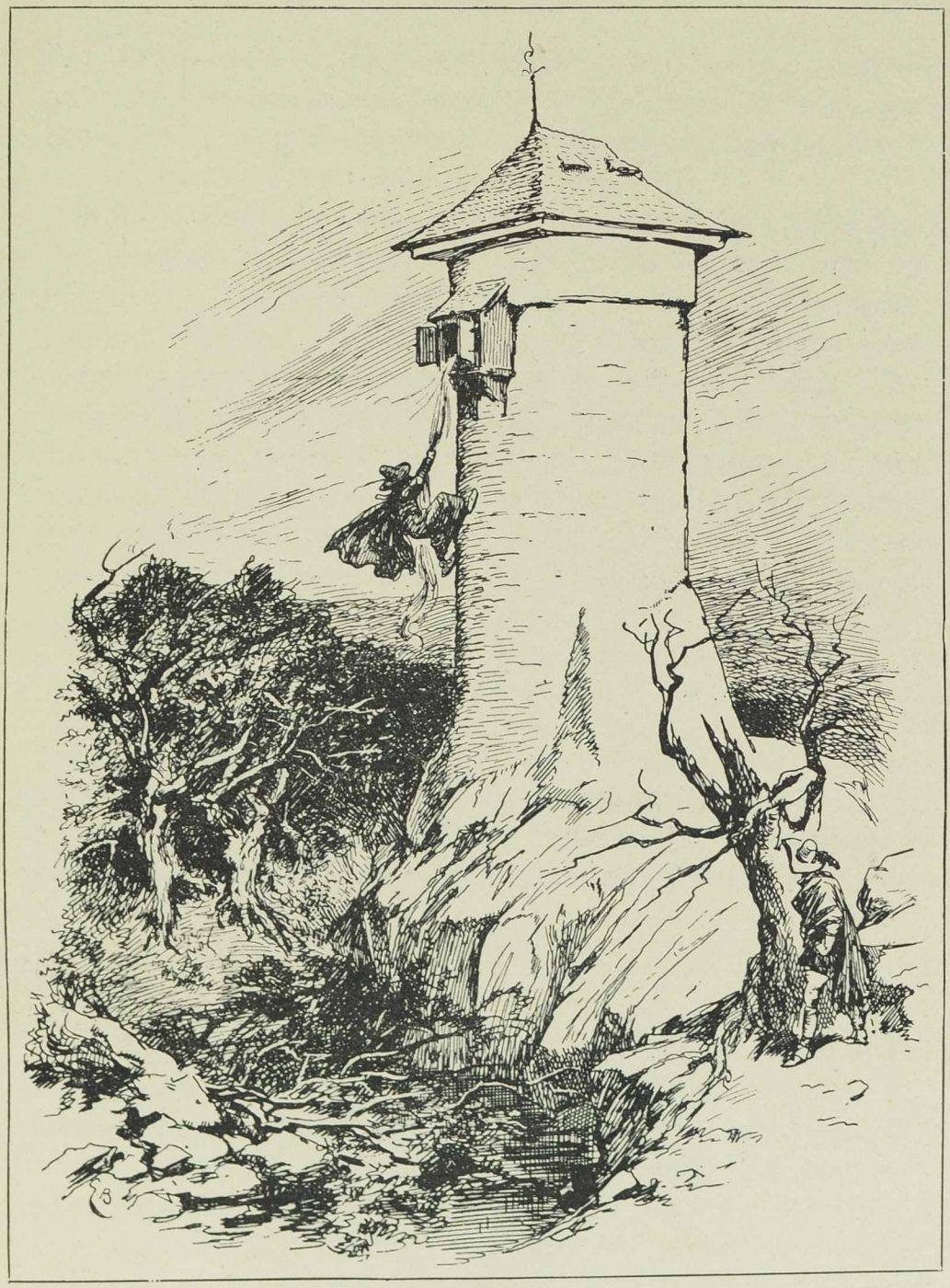
"Ah!" she replied, "if I cannot get any of those radishes to eat out of the garden behind the house, I shall die!" The

husband, loving her very much, thought, "Rather than let my wife die, I must fetch her some radishes, cost what they may." So, in the gloom of the evening, he climbed the wall of the Witch's garden, and, snatching a handful of radishes in great haste, brought them to his wife, who made herself a salad with them, which she relished extremely. However, they were so nice and so well-flavoured, that the next day after she felt the same desire for the third time, and could not get any rest, so that her husband was obliged to promise her some more. So, in the evening, he made himself ready, and began clambering up the wall; but, oh! how terribly frightened he was, for there he saw the old Witch standing before him. "How dare you"—she began, looking at him with a frightful scowl—"how dare you climb over into my garden to take away my radishes like a thief? Evil shall happen to you for this."

"Ah," replied he, "let pardon be granted before justice; I have only done this from a great necessity; my wife saw your radishes from her window, and took such a fancy to them that she would have died if she had not eaten of them." Then the Witch ran after him in a passion, saying, "If she behave as you say, I will let you take away all the radishes you please, but I make one condition; you must give me the child which your wife will bring into the world. All shall go well with it, and I will care for it like a mother." In his anxiety the man consented, and when the child was born the Witch appeared at the same time, gave the child the name "Rapunzel," and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful child under the sun, and when she was twelve years old the Witch shut her up in a tower, which stood in the forest, and had neither stairs nor door, and only one little window just at the top. When the Witch wished to enter, she stood beneath, and called out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair."



"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair."

—*Page* 33.

For Rapunzel had long and beautiful hair, as fine as spun gold; and as soon as she heard the Witch's voice she unbound her tresses, opened the window, and then the hair fell down twenty ells, and the Witch mounted up by it.

After a couple of years had passed away it happened that the King's son was riding through the wood, and came by the tower. There he heard a song so beautiful that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel, who, to pass the time of her loneliness away, was exercising her sweet voice. The King's son wished to ascend to her, and looked for a door in the tower, but he could not find one. So he rode home, but the song had touched his heart so much that he went every day to the forest and listened to it; and as he thus stood one day behind a tree, he saw the Witch come up, and heard her call out—

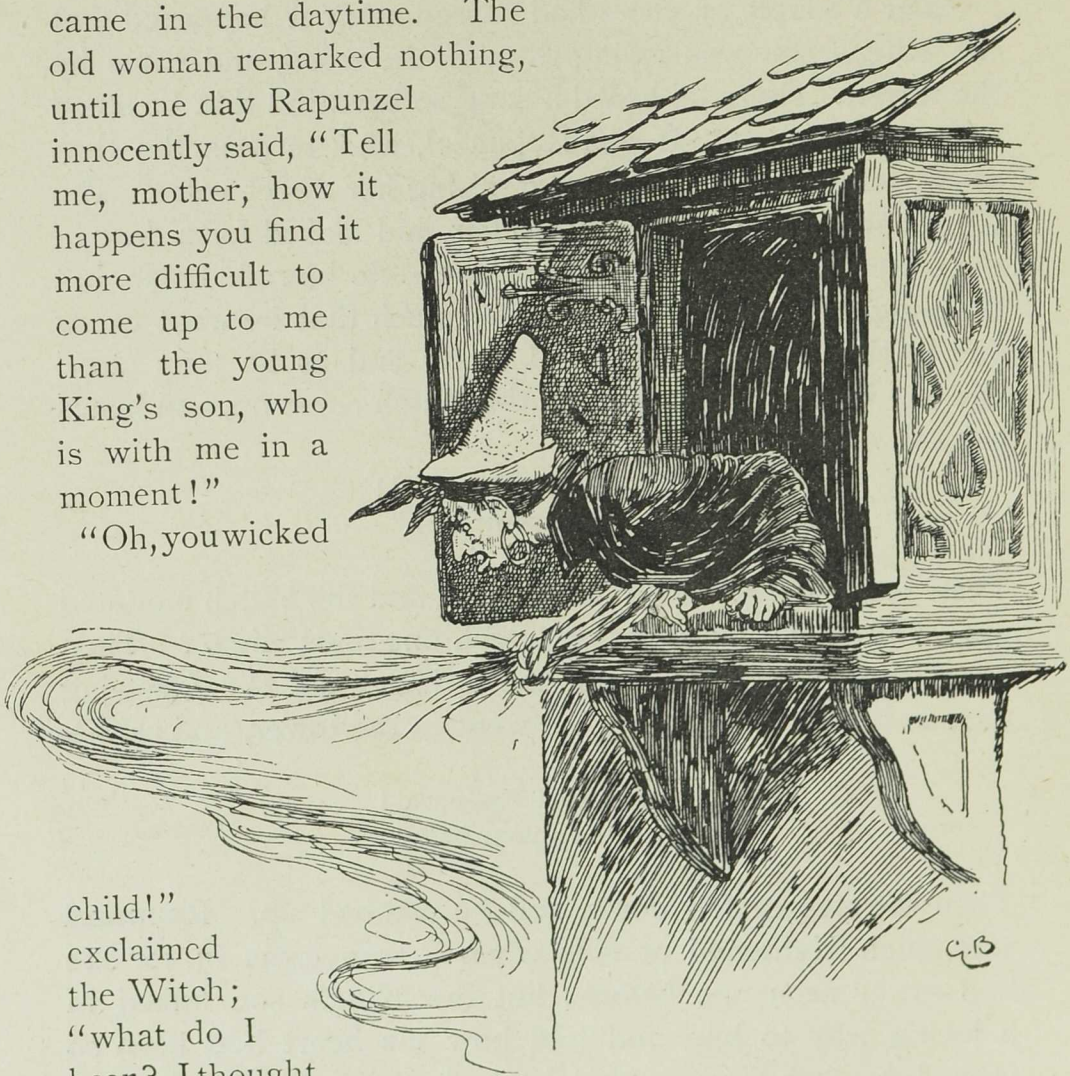
"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair."

Then Rapunzel let down her tresses, and the Witch mounted up. "Is that the ladder on which one must climb? Then I will try my luck too," said the Prince; and the following day, as he felt quite lonely, he went to the tower, and said—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair."

Then the tresses fell down, and he climbed up. Rapunzel was much frightened at first when a man came in, for she had never seen one before; but the King's son talked in a loving way to her, and told how his heart had been so moved by her singing that he had no peace until he had seen her himself. So Rapunzel lost her terror, and when he asked her if she would have him for a husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she said "Yes," and put her hand within his: "I will willingly go with you, but I know not how I am to descend. When you come, bring

with you a skein of silk each time, out of which I will weave a ladder, and when it is ready I will come down by it, and you must take me upon your horse." Then they agreed that they should never meet till the evening, as the Witch came in the daytime. The old woman remarked nothing, until one day Rapunzel innocently said, "Tell me, mother, how it happens you find it more difficult to come up to me than the young King's son, who is with me in a moment!"



"Oh, you wicked child!" exclaimed the Witch; "what do I hear? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me." And, seizing Rapunzel's beautiful hair in a fury, she gave her a couple of blows with her left hand, and, taking a pair of scissors in her right, snip, snap, she cut off all her beautiful

tresses, and they fell upon the ground. Then she was so hard-hearted that she took the poor maiden into a great desert, and left her to die in great misery and grief.

But the same day when the old Witch had carried Rapunzel off, in the evening she made the tresses fast above to the window-latch, and when the King's son came, and called out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair,"

she let them down. The prince mounted; but when he got to the top he found, not his dear Rapunzel, but the Witch, who looked at him with furious and wicked eyes. "Aha!" she exclaimed scornfully, "you would fetch your dear wife; but the beautiful bird sits no longer in her nest, singing; the cat has taken her away, and will now scratch out your eyes. To you Rapunzel is lost; you will never see her again."

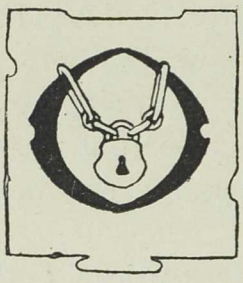
The Prince lost his senses with grief at these words, and sprang out of the window of the tower in his bewilderment. He escaped with his life, but the thorns into which he fell put out his eyes. So he wandered blind, in the forest, eating nothing but roots and berries, and doing nothing but weep and lament for the loss of his dear wife. He wandered about thus, in great misery, for some few years, and at last arrived at the desert where Rapunzel lived in great sorrow. Hearing a voice which he thought he knew he followed in its direction; and, as he came near, Rapunzel knew him, and fell upon his neck and wept. Two of her tears moistened his eyes, and they became clear again, so that he could see as well as formerly.

Then he led her away to his kingdom, where he was received with great joy, and where they lived long, contented and happy.

What became of the old Witch no one ever knew.

FAITHFUL JOHN





ONCE upon a time there lived an old King, who fell very sick, and thought he was lying upon his deathbed; so he said, "Let faithful John come to me." This faithful John was his affectionate servant, and was so called because he had been true to him all his lifetime. As soon as John came to the bedside, the King said, "My faithful John, I feel that my end approaches, and I have no other care than about my son, who is still so young that he cannot always guide himself aright. If you do not promise to instruct him in everything he ought to know, and to be his guardian, I cannot close my eyes in peace." Then John answered, "I will never leave him; I will always serve him truly, even if it cost me my life." So the old King was comforted, and said, "Now I can die in peace. After my death you must show him all the chambers, halls, and vaults in the castle, and all the treasures which are in them; but the last room in the long corridor you must not show him, for in it hangs the portrait of the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace; if he sees her picture, he will immediately love her, and will fall down in a swoon, and on her account undergo great perils, therefore you must keep him away." Faithful John pressed his master's hand again

in token of assent, and soon after the King laid his head upon the pillow and expired.

After the old King had been borne to his grave, faithful John related to the young King all that his father had said upon his deathbed, and declared, "All this I will certainly fulfil; I will be as true to you as I was to him, if it cost me my life." When the time of mourning was passed, John said to the young King, "It is now time for you to see your inheritance; I will show you your castle." So he led the King all over it, upstairs and downstairs, and showed him all the riches, and all the splendid chambers; only one room he did not open, containing the perilous portrait, which was so placed that one saw it directly the door was opened, and, moreover, it was so beautifully painted, that one thought it breathed and moved; nothing in all the world could be more lifelike or more beautiful. The young King remarked, however, that faithful John always passed by one door, so he asked, "Why do you not open that one?" "There is something in it," he replied, "which will frighten you."

But the King said, "I have seen all the rest of the castle, and I will know what is in there;" and he went and tried to open the door by force. Faithful John pulled him back, and said, "I promised your father before he died that you should not see the contents of that room; it would bring great misfortunes both upon you and me."

"Oh no," replied the young King; "if I do not go in, it will be my certain ruin: I should have no peace night nor day until I had seen it with my own eyes. Now I will not stir from the place till you unlock the door."

Then faithful John saw it was of no use talking; so, with a heavy heart and many sighs, he picked the key out of the great bunch. When he had opened the door, he went in first, and thought he would cover up the picture, that the King should not see it; but it was of no use, for the King stepped upon tiptoes and looked over his shoulder; and as

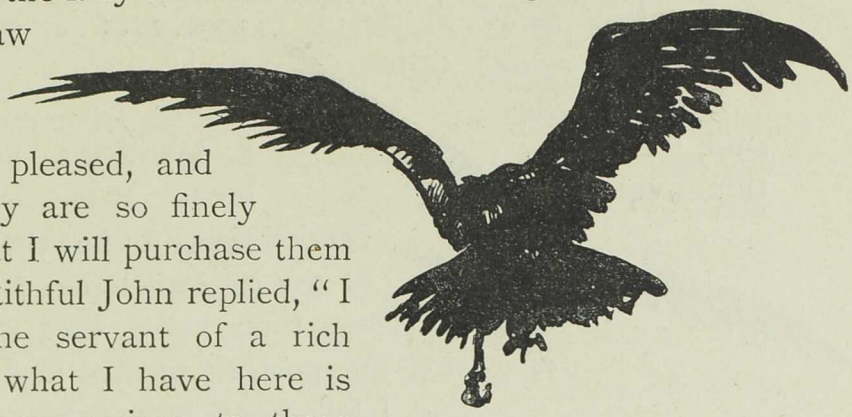
soon as he saw the portrait of the maiden, which was so beautiful, and glittered with precious stones, he fell down on the ground insensible. Faithful John lifted him up and carried him to his bed, and thought with great concern, "Mercy on us! the misfortune has happened; what will come of it?" and he gave the young King wine until he came to himself. The first words he spoke were, "Who does that beautiful picture represent?" "That is the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace," was the reply.

"Then," said the King, "my love for her is so great, that if all the leaves on the trees had tongues, they should not gainsay it; my life is set upon the search for her. You are my faithful John, you must accompany me."

The trusty servant deliberated for a long while how to set about this business, for it was very difficult to get into the presence of the King's daughter. At last he thought of a way, and said to the King, "Everything which she has around her is of gold—chairs, tables, dishes, bowls, and all the household utensils. Among your treasures are five tons of gold; let one of the goldsmiths of your kingdom manufacture vessels and utensils of all kinds therefrom—all kinds of birds, and wild and wonderful beasts, such as will please her; then we will travel with these, and try our luck." Then the King summoned all his goldsmiths, who worked day and night until many very beautiful things were ready. When all had been placed on board a ship, faithful John put on merchant's clothes, and the King likewise, so that they might travel quite unknown. Then they sailed over the wide sea, and sailed away until they came to the city where dwelt the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace.

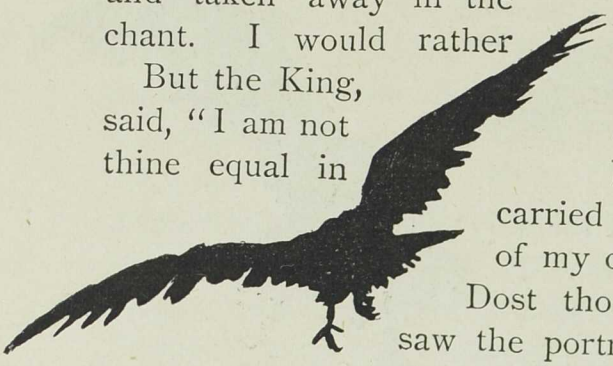
Faithful John told the King to remain in the ship, and wait for him. "Perhaps," said he, "I shall bring the King's daughter with me; therefore take care that all is in order, and set out the golden vessels and adorn the whole ship." Thereupon John placed in a napkin some of the golden cups,

stepped upon land, and went straight to the King's palace. When he came into the castle-yard, a beautiful maid stood by the brook, who had two golden pails in her hand, drawing water; and when she had filled them and had turned round, she saw a strange man, and asked who he was. Then John answered, "I am a merchant," and opening his napkin, he showed her its contents. Then she exclaimed, "Oh, what beautiful golden things!" and, setting the pails down, she looked at the cups one after another, and said, "The King's daughter must see these; she is so pleased with anything made of gold that she will buy all these." And taking him by the hand, she led him in; for she was the lady's maid. When the King's daughter saw the golden cups, she was much pleased, and said, "They are so finely worked, that I will purchase them all." But faithful John replied, "I am only the servant of a rich merchant; what I have here is nothing in comparison to those which my master has in his ship, than which nothing more delicate or costly has ever been worked in gold." Then the King's daughter wished to have them all brought; but he said, "It would take many days, and so great is the quantity, that your palace has not halls enough in it to place them around." Then her curiosity and desire were still more excited, and at last she said, "Take me to the ship; I will go myself and look at your master's treasure."



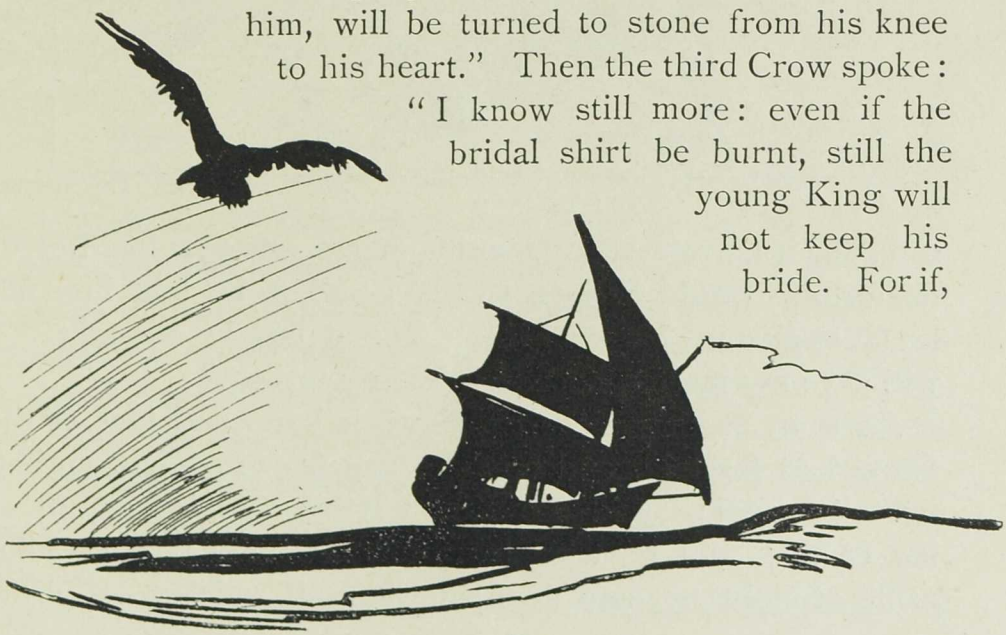
Faithful John conducted her to the ship with great joy, and the King, when he beheld her, saw that her beauty was still greater than the picture had represented, and thought nothing else but that his heart would jump out of his mouth.

Presently she stepped on board, and the King led her below; but faithful John remained on deck by the steersman, and told him to unmoor the ship, and put on all the sail he could, that it might fly as a bird through the air. Meanwhile the King showed the Princess all the golden treasures—the dishes, cups, bowls, the birds, the wild and wonderful beasts. Many hours passed away while she looked at everything, and in her joy she did not remark that the ship sailed on and on. As soon as she had looked at the last, and thanked the merchant, she wished to depart. But when she came on deck, she saw that they were upon the high sea, far from the shore, and were hastening on with all sail. "Ah," she exclaimed in affright, "I am betrayed; I am carried off and taken away in the power of a strange merchant. I would rather die!"



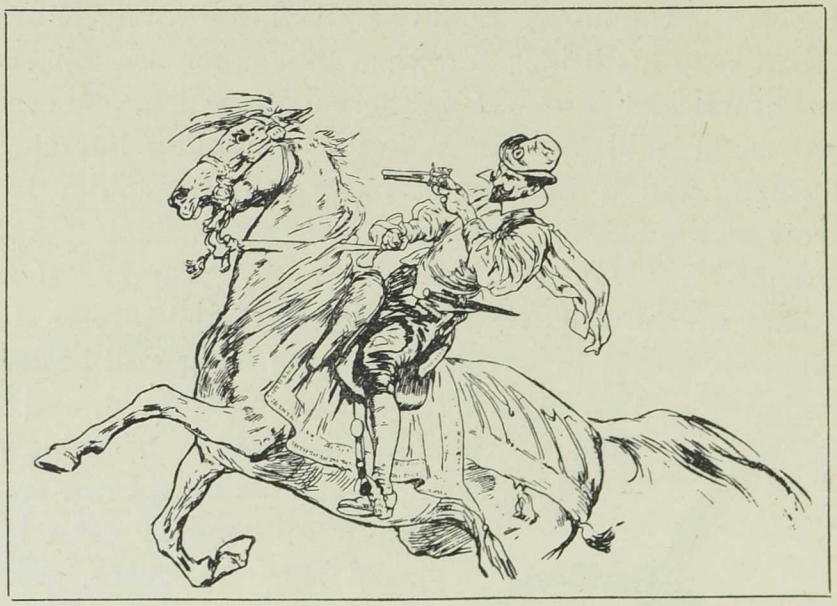
But the King, taking her by the hand, said, "I am not a merchant, but a king, thine equal in birth. It is true that I have carried thee off; but that is because of my overwhelming love for thee. Dost thou know that when I first saw the portrait of thy beauteous face, that I fell down in a swoon before it?" When the King's daughter heard these words she was reassured, and her heart was inclined towards him, so that she willingly became his bride. While they thus went on their voyage it happened that the faithful John, as he sat on the deck of the ship playing music, saw three crows in the air, who came flying towards them. He stopped playing, and listened to what they were saying to each other, for he understood them perfectly. The first one exclaimed, "There he is, carrying home the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace." "But he is not home yet," replied the second. "But he has her," said the third; "she is sitting by him in the ship." Then the first began again, and exclaimed,

"What matters that? When they go on shore, a fox-coloured horse will spring towards them, on which he will mount; and as soon as he is on it, it will jump up with him into the air, so that he will never again see his bride." The second one asked, "Is there no escape?" "Oh yes, if another mounts behind quickly, and takes out the firearms which are in the holster, and with them shoots the horse dead, then the young King will be saved. But who knows that? And if any one does know it, and tells him, such a one will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee." Then the second spoke again, "I know still more: if the horse should be killed, the young King will not then keep his bride; for when they come into the castle, a beautiful bridal shirt will lie there upon a dish, and seem to be woven of gold and silver, but it is nothing but sulphur and pitch; and if he puts it on, it will burn him to his marrow and bones." Then the third Crow asked, "Is there no escape?" "Oh yes," answered the second; "if some one takes up the shirt with his gloves on, and throws it into the fire, so that it is burnt, the young King will be saved. But what does that signify? Whoever knows it, and tells him, will be turned to stone from his knee to his heart." Then the third Crow spoke: "I know still more: even if the bridal shirt be burnt, still the young King will not keep his bride. For if,



after the wedding, a dance is held, while the young Queen dances, she will suddenly turn pale, and fall down as if dead; and if some one does not raise her up, and take three drops of blood from her right breast and throw them away, she will die. But whoever knows that, and tells it, will have his whole body turned to stone, from the crown of his head to the toes of his feet."

After the Crows had thus talked with one another, they flew away, and the trusty John, who had perfectly understood all they had said, was from that time very quiet and



sad, for if he concealed from his master what he had heard, misfortune would happen to him; and if he told him all, he must give up his own life. But at last he thought, "I will save my master, even if I destroy myself."

As soon as they came on shore it happened just as the Crow had foretold, and an immense fox-red horse sprang up. "Capital!" said the King; "this shall carry me to my castle," and he tried to mount; but the faithful John came straight up, and swinging himself quickly on, drew

the firearms out of the holster and shot the horse dead. Then the other servants of the King, who were jealous of faithful John, exclaimed, "How shameful to kill the beautiful creature, which might have borne the King to the castle!" But the King replied, "Be silent, and let him go; he is my very faithful John—who knows the good he may have done?" Now they went into the castle, and there stood a dish in the hall, and the splendid bridal shirt lay in it, and seemed nothing else than gold and silver. The young King went up to it and wished to take it up, but the faithful John pushed him away, and taking it up with his gloves on, bore it quickly to the fire and let it burn. The other servants thereupon began to murmur, saying, "See, now he is burning the King's bridal shirt!" But the young King replied, "Who knows what good he has done? Let him alone—he is my faithful John."

Soon after the wedding was celebrated, and a grand ball was given, and the bride began to dance. So the faithful John paid great attention, and watched her; all at once she grew pale, and fell as if dead to the ground. Then he hastily raised her and bore her to a chamber, where he laid her down, kneeled beside her, and drawing the three drops of blood out of her right breast, threw them away. The young King having seen everything, not knowing why the faithful John had done this, was very angry, and called out, "Throw him into prison!" Next morning trusty John was brought up for trial, and led to the gallows; and as he was about to be executed, he said, "Every one condemned to die may once before his death speak. Shall I also have that privilege?" "Yes," answered the King, "it shall be granted you." Then faithful John replied, "I have been unjustly judged, and have always been true to you;" and he told the conversation of the Crows which he heard at sea; and how, in order to save his master, he was obliged to do all he had done. Then the King

cried out, "Oh, my most trusty John, pardon, pardon; lead him away!" But trusty John had fallen down at the last word and was turned into stone.

At this both the King and Queen were in great grief, and the King thought, "Ah, how wickedly have I rewarded his great fidelity!" He had the stone statue raised up and placed in his sleeping-chamber, near his bed; and as often as he looked at it, he wept and said, "Ah, could I bring you back to life again, my faithful John!"

After some time the Queen bore twins, two little sons, who were her great joy. Once when the Queen was in church, and the two children at home playing by their father's side, he looked up at the stone statue full of sorrow, and exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah, could I restore you to life, my faithful John!" At these words the statue began to speak, saying, "Yes, you can make me alive again, if you will bestow on me that which is dearest to you." The King replied, "All that I have in the world I will give up for you." The statue spake again: "If you, with your own hand, cut off the heads of both your children and sprinkle me with their blood, I shall be brought to life again." The King was terrified when he heard that he must himself kill his two dear children; but he remembered his servant's great fidelity, and how faithful John had died for him, and drawing his sword he cut off the heads of both his children. And as soon as he had sprinkled the statue with blood life came back to it, and the trusty John stood again alive and well before him, and said, "Your faith shall not go unrewarded;" and taking the heads of the two children, he set them on again, and they healed again in a moment, and the children sprang away and played as if nothing had happened.

Now the King was full of happiness, and as soon as he saw the Queen coming, he hid faithful John and both the children in a great closet. As soon as she came in he said

to her, "Have you prayed in the church?" "Yes," she answered; "but I thought continually of the faithful John, who has come to such misfortune through us." Then he replied, "My dear wife, we can restore his life again to him, but it will cost us both our little sons, whom we must sacrifice." The Queen became pale and terrified, but she said, "We are guilty of his life on account of his great fidelity." Then he was very glad that she thought as he did, and going up to the closet he unlocked it, brought out the children and faithful John, saying, "God be praised! he is saved, and we have still our little sons:" and then he told her all that happened. Afterwards they lived happily together to the end of their days.



The Frog Prince



N the olden time, when wishing was having, there lived a King, whose daughters were all beautiful; but the youngest was so exceedingly beautiful that the Sun himself, although he saw her very often, was enchanted every time she came out into the sunshine.

Near the castle of this King was a large and gloomy forest, and in the midst stood an old lime-tree, beneath whose branches splashed a little fountain; so, whenever it was very hot, the King's youngest daughter ran off into this wood, and sat down by the side of this fountain; and, when she felt dull, would often divert herself by throwing a golden ball up in the air and catching it. And this was her favourite amusement.

Now, one day it happened that this golden ball, when the King's daughter threw it into the air, did not fall down into her hand, but on the grass; and then it rolled past her into the fountain. The King's daughter followed the ball with her eyes, but it disappeared beneath the water, which was so deep that no one could see to the bottom. Then she began to lament, and to cry louder and louder; and, as she cried,



"Why weepest thou, O King's daughter?'—*Page* 49.

a voice called out, "Why weepest thou, O King's daughter? thy tears would melt even a stone to pity." And she looked around to the spot whence the voice came, and saw a Frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water. "Ah! you old water-paddler," said she, "was it you that spoke? I am weeping for my golden ball which has slipped away from me into the water."

"Be quiet, and do not cry," answered the Frog; "I can give thee good advice. But what wilt thou give me if I fetch thy plaything up again?"

"What will you have, dear Frog?" said she. "My dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown which I wear?"

The Frog answered, "Dresses, or jewels, or golden crowns are not for me; but if thou wilt love me, and let me be thy companion and playfellow, and sit at thy table, and eat from thy little golden plate, and drink out of thy cup, and sleep in thy little bed—if thou wilt promise me all these, then will I dive down and fetch up thy golden ball."

"Oh, I will promise you all," said she, "if you will only get me my ball." But she thought to herself, "What is the silly Frog chattering about? Let him remain in the water with his equals; he cannot mix in society." But the Frog, as soon as he had received her promise, drew his head under the water and dived down. Presently he swam up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King's daughter was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything; and, taking it up, she ran off immediately. "Stop! stop!" cried the Frog; "take me with thee. I cannot run as thou canst." But all his croaking was useless; although it was loud enough, the King's daughter did not hear it, but, hastening home, soon forgot the poor Frog, who was obliged to leap back into the fountain.



The next day, when the King's daughter was sitting at table with her father and all his courtiers, and was eating from her own little golden plate, something was heard coming up the marble stairs, splish-splash, splish-splash; and when it arrived at the top, it knocked at the door, and a voice said, "Open the door, thou youngest daughter of the King!" So she rose and went to see who it was that called her; but when she opened the door and caught sight of the Frog, she shut it again with great vehemence, and sat down at the table, looking very pale. But the King perceived that her heart was beating violently, and asked her whether it were a giant who had come to fetch her away who stood at the door. "Oh, no!" answered she; "it is no giant, but an ugly Frog."

"What does the Frog want with you?" said the King.

"Oh, dear father, when I was sitting yesterday playing by the fountain, my golden ball fell into the water, and this Frog fetched it up again because I cried so much: but first, I must tell you, he pressed me so much, that I promised him he should be my companion. I never thought that he could come out of the water, but somehow he has jumped out, and now he wants to come in here."

At that moment there was another knock, and a voice said—

"King's daughter, youngest,
Open the door.
Hast thou forgotten
Thy promises made
At the fountain so clear
'Neath the lime-tree's shade?
King's daughter, youngest,
Open the door."

Then the King said, "What you have promised, that you must perform; go and let him in." So the King's daughter went and opened the door, and the Frog hopped in after her

right up to her chair: and as soon as she was seated, the Frog said, "Take me up;" but she hesitated so long that at last the King ordered her to obey. And as soon as the Frog sat on the chair he jumped on to the table and said, "Now push thy plate near me, that we may eat together." And she did so, but as every one saw, very unwillingly. The Frog seemed to relish his dinner much, but every bite that the King's daughter ate nearly choked her, till at last the Frog said, "I have satisfied my hunger and feel very tired; wilt thou carry me upstairs now into my chamber, and make thy bed ready that we may sleep together?" At this speech the King's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold Frog, and dared not touch him; and besides, he actually wanted to sleep in her own beautiful, clean bed.

But her tears only made the King very angry, and he said, "He who helped you in the time of your trouble, must not now be despised!" So she took the Frog up with two fingers, and put him in a corner of her chamber. But as she lay in her bed, he crept up to it, and said, "I am so very tired that I shall sleep well; do take me up or I will tell thy father." This speech put the King's daughter in a terrible passion, and catching the Frog up, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, saying, "Now, will you be quiet, you ugly Frog!"

But as he fell he was changed from a frog into a handsome Prince with beautiful eyes, who after a little while became, with her father's consent, her dear companion and betrothed. Then he told her how he had been transformed by an evil witch, and that no one but herself could have had the power to take him out of the fountain; and that on the morrow they would go together into his own kingdom.

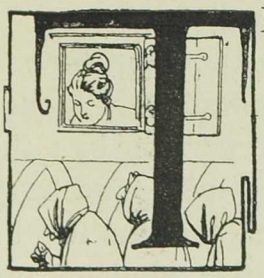
The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, a carriage, drawn by eight white horses, with ostrich feathers on their heads, and golden bridles, drove up to the door of the palace, and behind the carriage stood the trusty Henry, the servant of

the young Prince. When his master was changed into a frog, trusty Henry had grieved so much that he had bound three iron bands round his heart, for fear it should break with grief and sorrow. But now that the carriage was ready to carry the young Prince to his own country, the faithful Henry helped in the bride and bridegroom, and placed himself in the seat behind, full of joy at his master's release. They had not proceeded far when the Prince heard a crack as if something had broken behind the carriage; so he put his head out of the window and asked Henry what was broken, and Henry answered, "It was not the carriage, my master, but a band which I bound round my heart when it was in such grief because you were changed into a frog."

Twice afterwards on the journey there was the same noise, and each time the Prince thought that it was some part of the carriage that had given way; but it was only the breaking of the bands which bound the heart of the trusty Henry, who was thenceforward free and happy.



THE THREE SPINNERS



THERE was once a lazy girl who would not spin, and let her mother say what she would she could not get her to work. At last the mother, getting both angry and impatient, gave her a blow, which made the girl cry very loud. Just then, the Queen passing by, heard the noise, and stopping the carriage, she stepped into the house and asked the mother why she beat her daughter in such a way that the passers-by in the street heard her shrieks. The mother, however, was ashamed that her daughter's laziness should be known, and said, "I cannot make her leave off spinning; she will spin for ever and ever, and I am so poor that I cannot procure the flax." The Queen replied, "I never heard anything I like better than spinning, and I am never more pleased than when the wheels are whirring. Let your daughter go with me to the castle; I have flax enough, and she may spin as much as she pleases." The

mother was very glad at heart, and the Queen took the girl home with her. As soon as they entered the castle she led her up into three rooms, which were all full of the finest flax from top to bottom. "Now, spin this flax for me," said the Queen; "and, when you have prepared it all, you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Although you are poor, I do not despise you on that account; your unwearied industry is dowry enough." The girl, however, was inwardly frightened, for she could not have spun the flax had she sat there from morning to night until she was three hundred years old. When she was left alone she began to cry, and thus she sat three days without stirring a hand. On the third day the Queen came, and when she saw that nothing was yet spun she wondered; and the maiden excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin yet, on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. So the Queen was satisfied, but on leaving she said, "You must begin to work for me to-morrow."

As soon as the girl was again alone, she knew not how to act or help herself, and in her vexation she went and looked out of the window. She saw three women passing by; the first of whom had a broad, flat foot, the second such a large under-lip that it reached nearly to her chin, and the third a very large thumb. They stopped before the window, and looking up, asked the girl what she wanted. She told them her trouble, and they offered her their help, saying, "Will you invite us to the wedding, and not be ashamed of us, but call us your aunts, and let us sit at your table? If you do all these, we will spin the flax in a very short time for you."

"With all my heart," replied the girl; "come in, and begin at once." Then she let in these three women, and, making a clear place in the first room, they sat themselves down and began spinning. One drew the thread and trod the wheel, the other moistened the thread, and the third pressed it and beat with her fingers on the table; and as often as she did

so a pile of thread fell on the ground, which was spun in the finest manner. The girl hid the three spinners, however, from the Queen, and showed her, as often as she came, the heaps of spun yarn; so that she received no end of praise. When the first room was empty, the three women went to the second, and at length to the third, so that soon all was cleared out. Now the three spinners took leave, saying to the girl, "Do not forget what you promised us; it will make your fortune."

When the girl showed the Queen the empty rooms and the great pile of thread, the wedding was performed, and the bridegroom was glad that he had such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her exceedingly

"I have three aunts," said the girl, "who have done me much service; so I would not willingly forget them in my good fortune. Allow me, therefore, to invite them to the wedding, and to sit with me at table." The Queen and the bridegroom asked, "Why should we not allow it?"

When the feast was begun, the three old maids entered in great splendour, and the bride said, "You are welcome, dear aunts."

"Ah," said the bridegroom, "how do you come by such ugly friends?" And, going up to the one with the big foot, he asked, "Why have you such a broad foot?" "From treading, from treading," she replied. Then he went to the second, and asked, "Why have you such an overhanging lip?" "From licking," she answered, "from licking." Then he asked the third, "Why have you such a broad thumb?" "From pressing the thread," she replied, "from pressing the thread." At this the Prince was frightened, and said, "Therefore my bride shall never touch a spinning-wheel again."

And so she was set free from the unlucky flax-spinning.



A Tale of One who Travelled to Learn what Shivering meant



A FATHER had two sons, the elder of whom was forward and clever enough to do almost anything; but the younger was so stupid that he could learn nothing. If anything was to be done, the elder had at all times to do it; but sometimes the father would call him to fetch something in the dead of night, and perhaps the way led through the churchyard or by a dismal place, and then he used to answer, "No, father, I cannot go there, I am afraid," for he was a coward. Or sometimes of an evening tales were told by the fireside which made one shudder, and the listeners exclaimed, "Oh, it makes us shiver!" In a corner, meanwhile, sat the younger son, listening, but he could not comprehend what was said, and he thought, "They say continually, 'Oh, it makes us shiver, it makes us shiver!' but perhaps shivering is an art which I cannot understand." One day, however, his father said to him, "Do you hear, you there in the corner? You are growing stout and big; you must learn some trade to get your living by. Do you

see how your brother works? But as for you, you are not worth malt and hops."

"Ah, father!" answered he, "I would willingly learn something. What shall I begin? I want to know what shivering means, for of that I can understand nothing."

The elder brother laughed when he heard this speech, and thought to himself, "Ah! my brother is such a simpleton, that he cannot earn his own living." But the father sighed and said, "What shivering means you may learn soon enough, but you will never get your bread by that."

Soon after the parish sexton came in for a gossip, so the father told him his troubles, and how that his younger son was such a simpleton, that he knew nothing and could learn nothing. "Just fancy, when I asked him how he intended to earn his bread, he desired to learn what shivering meant!" "Oh, if that be all," answered the sexton, "he can learn that soon enough with me; just send him to my place, and I will soon teach him." The father was very glad, because he thought that it would do the boy good; so the sexton took him home to ring the bells. About two days afterwards he called him up at midnight to go into the church-tower to toll the bell. "You shall soon learn what shivering means," thought the sexton, and getting up he went out too. As soon as the boy reached the belfry, and turned himself round to seize the rope, he saw upon the stairs, near the sounding-hole, a white figure. "Who's there?" he called out; but the figure gave no answer, and neither stirred nor spoke. "Answer," said the boy, "or make haste off; you have no business here to-night." But the sexton did not stir, so that the boy might think it was a ghost.

The boy called out a second time, "What are you doing here? Speak, if you are an honest fellow, or else I will throw you downstairs."

The sexton said to himself, "That is not a bad thought;" but he remained quiet as if he were a stone. Then the boy

called out for the third time, but it produced no effect; so, making a spring, he threw the ghost down the stairs, so that it rolled ten steps, and then lay motionless in a corner. Thereupon he rang the bell, and then going home he went to bed without saying a word, and fell fast asleep. The sexton's wife waited some time for her husband, but he did not come; so at last she became anxious, woke the boy, and asked him if he knew where her husband was, who had gone before him to the belfry.

"No," answered the boy; "but there was some one standing on the steps who would not give any answer, nor go away, so I took him for a thief and threw him downstairs. Go now and see where he is; perhaps it may be he, but I should be sorry for it." The wife ran off and found her husband lying in a corner, groaning, with one of his ribs broken.

She took him up and ran with loud outcries to the boy's father, and told him, "Your son has brought a great misfortune on us; he has thrown my husband down and broken his bones. Take the good-for-nothing fellow from our house."

The terrified father came in haste and scolded the boy. "What do these wicked tricks mean? They will only bring misfortune upon you."

"Father," answered the lad, "hear me! I am quite innocent. He stood there at midnight like one who had done some evil; I did not know who it was, and cried three times, 'Speak, or be off!'"

"Ah!" said the father, "everything goes badly with you. Get out of my sight; I do not wish to see you again!"

"Yes, father, willingly; wait but one day, then I will go out and learn what shivering means, that I may at least understand one business which will support me."

"Learn what you will," replied the father, "all is the same to me. Here are fifty dollars; go forth with them

into the world, and tell no man whence you came, or who your father is, for I am ashamed of you."

"Yes, father, as you wish; but if you desire nothing else, I shall esteem that very lightly."

As soon as day broke the youth put his fifty dollars into a knapsack and went out upon the high-road, saying continually, "Oh, if I could but shiver!"

Presently a man came up, who heard the boy talking to himself; and, as they were just passing the place where the gallows stood, the man said, "Do you see? There is the tree where seven fellows have married the hempen maid,



and now swing to and fro. Sit yourself down there and wait till midnight, and then you will know what it is to shiver?"

"Oh, if that be all," answered the boy, "I can very easily do that! But if I learn so speedily what shivering is, then you shall have my fifty dollars if you come again in the morning."

Then the boy went to the gallows, sat down, and waited for evening, and as he felt cold he made a fire. But about midnight the wind blew so sharp, that, in spite of the fire, he could not keep himself warm. The wind blew the bodies

against one another, so that they swung backwards and forwards, and he thought, "If I am cold here below by the fire, how must they freeze above!" So his compassion was excited, and, contriving a ladder, he mounted, and, unloosening them one after another, he brought down all seven. Then he poked and blew the fire, and set them round that they might warm themselves; but as they sat still without moving their clothing caught fire. So he said, "Take care of yourselves, or I will hang all of you up again." The dead heard not, and silently allowed their rags to burn. This made him so angry that he said, "If you will not hear I cannot help you; but I will not burn with you." So he hung them up again in a row, and sitting down by the fire he soon went to sleep.

The next morning the man came, expecting to receive his fifty dollars, and asked, "Now do you know what shivering means?" "No," he answered; "how should I know? Those fellows up there have not opened their mouths, and were so stupid that they let the old rags on their bodies be burnt." Then the man saw that he should not carry away the fifty dollars that day, so he went away saying, "I never met with such an one before."

The boy also went on his way and began again to say, "Ah, if only I could but shiver—if I could but shiver!" A waggoner walking behind overheard him, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I do not know," answered the boy.

The waggoner asked again, "What do you here?"

"I know not."

"Who is your father?"

"I dare not say."

"What is it you are continually grumbling about?"

"Oh," replied the youth, "I wish to learn what shivering is, but nobody can teach me."

"Cease your silly talk," said the waggoner. "Come with

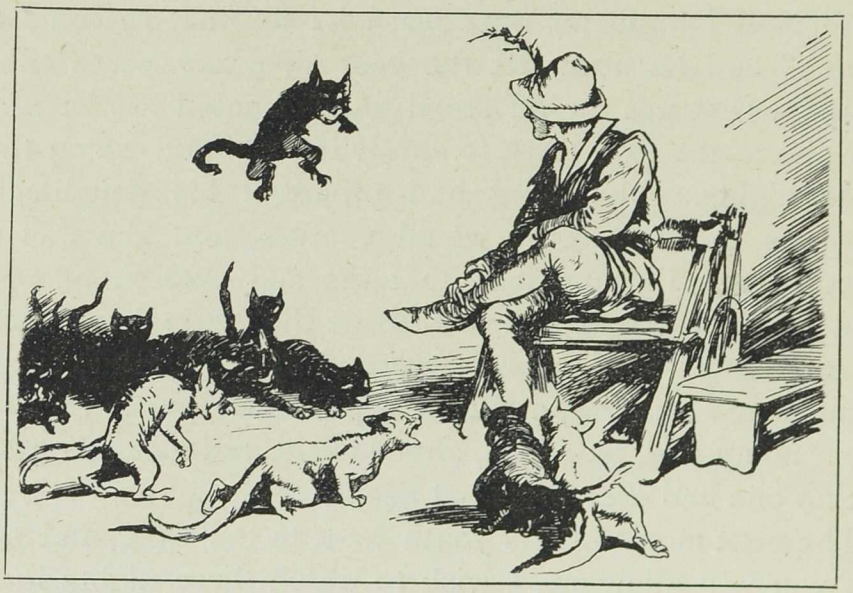
me, and I will see what I can do for you." So the boy went with the waggoner, and about evening time they arrived at an inn where they put up for the night, and while they were going into the parlour he said, quite aloud, "Oh, if I could but shiver—if I could but shiver!" The host overheard him and said laughingly, "Oh, if that is all you wish, you shall soon have the opportunity." "Hold your tongue," said his wife; "so many imprudent people have already lost their lives, it were a shame and sin that such a beautiful youth should die." But the youth said, "If it were ever so difficult I would at once learn it; for that reason I left home;" and he never let the host have any peace till he told him that not far off stood an enchanted castle, where any one might soon learn to shiver if he would watch there three nights. The King had promised his daughter in marriage to whom ever would venture, and she was the most beautiful young lady that the sun ever shone upon. And he further told him that inside the castle there was an immense amount of treasure guarded by evil spirits; enough to make any one free, and turn a poor man into a very rich one. Many had, he added, already ventured into this castle, but no one had ever come out again.

The next morning this youth went to the King, and said, "If you will allow me, I wish to watch three nights in the enchanted castle." The King looked at him, and because his appearance pleased him he said, "You may make three requests, but they must be inanimate things you ask for, and such as you can take with you into the castle." So the youth asked for a fire, a lathe, and a cutting-board.

The King let him take these things by day into the castle, and when it was evening the youth went in and made himself a bright fire in one of the rooms, and placing his cutting-board and knife near it, he sat down upon his lathe. "Ah, if I could but shiver!" said he. "But even here I shall never learn." At midnight he got up to stir the fire, and as

he poked it, there shrieked suddenly in one corner, "Miau, miau! how cold I am!" "You simpleton!" he exclaimed, "what are you shrieking for? If you are so cold, come and sit down by the fire and warm yourself!"

As he was speaking, two great black cats sprang up to him with an immense jump and sat down one on each side, looking at him quite wildly with their fiery eyes. When they had warmed themselves for a little while they said, "Comrade, shall we have a game of cards?" "Certainly,"



he replied; "but let me see your paws first." So they stretched out their claws, and he said, "Ah, what long nails you have got; wait a bit, I must cut them off first;" and so saying he caught them up by the necks, and put them on his board and screwed their feet down. "Since I have seen what you are about I have lost my relish for a game at cards," said he; and, instantly killing them, threw them away into the water. But no sooner had he quieted these two and thought of sitting down again by his fire, than there came out of every hole and corner black cats and black dogs

with glowing chains, continually more and more, so that he could not hide himself. They howled fearfully, and jumped upon his fire, and scattered it about as if they would extinguish it. He looked on quietly for some time, but at last, getting angry, he took up his knife and called out, "Away with you, you vagabonds!" and chasing them about, some ran off, and the rest he killed and threw into the pond. As soon as he returned he blew up the sparks of his fire again and warmed himself, and while he sat he grew very sleepy. So looking around he saw a great bed in one corner, in which he lay down; but no sooner had he closed his eyes, than the bed began to move of itself and travelled all round the castle. "Just so," said he, "only better still;" whereupon the bed galloped away as if six horses pulled it up and down steps and stairs, until at last all at once it overset, bottom upwards, and lay upon him like a mountain; but up he got, threw pillows and mattresses into the air, and saying, "Now, he who wishes may travel," laid himself down by the fire and slept till day broke.

In the morning the King came, and, seeing the youth lying on the ground, he thought that the spectres had killed him, and that he was dead; so he said, "It is a great misfortune that the finest men are thus killed;" but the youth, hearing this, sprang up, saying, "It is not come to that with me yet!" The King was much astonished, but still very glad, and asked him how he had fared. "Very well," replied he; "as one night has passed, so also may the other two." Soon after he met his landlord, who opened his eyes when he saw him. "I never thought to see you alive again," said he; "have you learnt now what shivering means?" "No," said he; "it is all of no use. Oh, if any one would but tell me!"

The second night he went up again into the castle, and sitting down by the fire began his old song, "If I could but shiver!" When midnight came a ringing and rattling noise

was heard, gentle at first and louder and louder by degrees; then there was a pause, and presently with a loud outcry half a man's body came down the chimney and fell at his feet. "Holloa;" he exclaimed, "only half a man answered that ringing; that is too little." Then the ringing began afresh, and a roaring and howling was heard, and the other half fell down. "Wait a bit," said he; "I will poke up the fire first." When he had done so and looked round again,



the two pieces had joined themselves together, and an ugly man was sitting in his place. "I did not bargain for that," said the youth; "the bench is mine." The man tried to push him away, but the youth would not let him, and giving him a violent push sat himself down in his old place. Presently more men fell down the chimney, one after the other, who brought nine thigh-bones and two skulls, which they set up, and then they began to play at ninepins. At

this the youth also wished to play, so he asked whether he might join them. "Yes, if you have money!" "Money enough," he replied, "but your balls are not quite round;" so saying he took up the skulls, and, placing them on his lathe, turned them round. "Ah, now you will roll well," said he. "Holloa! now we will go at it merrily." So he played with them and lost some of his money, but as it struck twelve everything disappeared. Then he lay down and went to sleep quietly. On the morrow the King came for news, and asked him how he had fared this time. "I have been playing ninepins," he replied, "and lost a couple of dollars." "Have you not shivered?" "No! I have enjoyed myself very much; but I wish some one would teach me that!"

On the third night he sat down again on his bench, saying in great vexation, "Oh, if I could only shiver!" When it grew late, six tall men came in bearing a coffin between them. "Ah, ah," said he, "that is surely my little cousin, who died two days ago;" and beckoning with his finger he called, "Come, little cousin, come!" The men set down the coffin upon the ground, and he went up and took off the lid, and there lay a dead man within, and as he felt the face it was as cold as ice. "Stop a moment," he cried; "I will warm it in a trice;" and stepping up to the fire he warmed his hands, and then laid them upon the face, but it remained cold. So he took up the body, and sitting down by the fire he laid it on his lap and rubbed the arms that the blood might circulate again. But all this was of no avail, and he thought to himself if two lie in a bed together they warm each other; so he put the body in the bed, and covering it up laid himself down by its side. After a little while the body became warm and began to move about. "See, my cousin," he exclaimed, "have I not warmed you?" But the body got up and exclaimed, "Now I will strangle you." "Is that your gratitude?" cried the youth. "Then you

shall get into your coffin again;" and taking it up, he threw the body in, and made the lid fast. Then the six men came in again and bore it away. "Oh, deary me," said he, "I shall never be able to shiver if I stop here all my lifetime!" At these words in came a man who was taller than all the others, and looked more horrible; but he was very old, and had a long white beard. "Oh, you wretch," he exclaimed, "now thou shalt learn what shivering means, for thou shalt die!"

"Not so quick," answered the youth; "if I die, I must be brought to it first."

"I will quickly seize you," replied the ugly one.

"Softly, softly; be not too sure. I am as strong as you, and perhaps stronger."

"That we will see," said the ugly man. "If you are stronger than I, I will let you go; come, let us try;" and he led him away through a dark passage to a smith's forge. Then taking up an axe he cut through the anvil at one blow down to the ground. "I can do that still better," said the youth, and went to another anvil, while the old man followed him and watched him with his long beard hanging down. Then the youth took up an axe, and, splitting the anvil at one blow, wedged the old man's beard in it. "Now I have you; now death comes upon you!" and, taking up an iron bar, he beat the old man until he groaned, and begged him to stop, and he would give him great riches. So the youth drew out the axe, and let him loose. Then the old man, leading him back into the castle, showed him three chests full of gold in a cellar. "One share of this," said he, "belongs to the poor, another to the King, and a third to yourself." And just then it struck twelve and the old man vanished, leaving the youth in the dark. I must help myself out here," said he, and groping round he found his way back to his room and went to sleep by the fire.

The next morning the King came and inquired, "Now,

have you learnt to shiver?" "No," replied the youth; "what is it? My dead cousin came here, and a bearded man, who showed me a lot of gold down below; but what shivering means, no one has showed me!" Then the King said, "You have won the castle, and shall marry my daughter."

"That is all very fine," replied the youth, "but still I don't know what shivering means."

So the gold was fetched, and the wedding was celebrated, but the young Prince (for the youth was a prince now), notwithstanding his love for his bride, and his great contentment, was still continually crying, "If I could but shiver! if I could but shiver!" At last it fell out in this wise: one of the chambermaids said to the Princess, "Let me bring in my aid to teach him what shivering is." So she went to the brook which flowed through the garden, and drew up a pail of water full of little fish; and, at night, when the young Prince was asleep, his bride drew away the covering and poured the pail of cold water and the little fishes over him, so that they slipped all about him. Then the Prince woke up directly, calling out, "Oh! that makes me shiver! dear wife, that makes me shiver! Yes, now I know what shivering means!"



The Valiant Little Tailor

ONE summer's morning a Tailor was sitting on his bench by the window in very good spirits, sewing away with all his might, and presently up the street came a peasant woman, crying, "Good preserves for sale! Good preserves for sale!" This cry sounded nice in the Tailor's ears, and, sticking his diminutive head out of the window, he called out, "Here, my good woman, just bring your wares here!" The woman mounted the three steps up to the Tailor's house with her heavy basket, and began to unpack all the pots together before him. He looked at them all, held them up to the light, put his nose to them, and at last said, "These preserves appear to me to be very nice, so you may weigh me out four half-ounces, my good woman; I don't mind even if you make it a quarter of a pound." The woman, who expected to have

met with a good customer, gave him what he wished, and went away grumbling, very much dissatisfied.

"Now!" exclaimed the Tailor, "Heaven will send me a blessing on this preserve, and give me fresh strength and vigour;" and, taking the bread out of the cupboard, he cut himself a slice the size of the whole loaf, and spread the preserve upon it. "That will taste by no means badly," said he; "but, before I have a bite, I will just get this waistcoat finished." So he laid the bread down near him and stitched away, making larger and larger stitches every time for joy. Meanwhile the smell of the preserve mounted to the ceiling, where flies were sitting in great numbers, and enticed them down, so that soon a regular swarm of them had settled on the bread. "Holloa! who invited you?" exclaimed the Tailor, hunting away the unbidden guests; but the flies, not understanding his language, would not be driven off, and came again in greater numbers than before. This put the little man in a boiling passion, and, snatching up in his rage a bag of cloth, he brought it down with an unmerciful swoop upon them. When he raised it again he counted no less than seven lying dead before him with outstretched legs. "What a fellow you are!" said he to himself, wondering at his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this." In great haste he cut himself out a band, hemmed it, and then put on it in large characters, "SEVEN AT ONE BLOW!" "Ah," said he, "not one city alone, the whole world shall know it!" and his heart fluttered with joy, like a lambkin's tail.

The little Tailor bound the belt round his body, and prepared to travel forth into the wide world, thinking the workshop too small for his valiant deeds. Before he set out, however, he looked round his house to see if there was anything he could take with him; but he found only an old cheese, which he pocketed, and noticing a bird before the door which was entangled in the bushes, he caught it, and

put that in his pocket also. Directly after he set out bravely on his travels; and, as he was light and active, he felt no weariness. His road led him up a hill, and when he reached the highest point of it he found a great Giant sitting there, who was looking about him very composedly.

The little Tailor, however, went boldly up, and said, "Good day, comrade; in faith you sit there and see the whole world stretched below you. I am also on my road thither to try my luck. Have you a mind to go with me?"

The Giant looked contemptuously at the little Tailor, and said, "You vagabond! you miserable fellow!"

"That may be," replied the Tailor; "but here you may read what sort of a man I am;" and, unbuttoning his coat, he showed the Giant his belt. The Giant read, "Seven at one Blow;" and thinking they were men whom the Tailor had slain, he conceived no little respect for him. Still he wished to prove him first; so taking up a stone, he squeezed it in his hand, so that water dropped out of it. "Do that after me," said he to the other, "if you have any strength."

"If it be nothing worse than that," said the Tailor, "that's play to me." And, diving into his pocket, he brought out the cheese, and squeezed it till the whey ran out of it, and said, "Now, I think, that's a little better."

The Giant did not know what to say, and could not believe it of the little man; so, taking up another stone, he threw it so high that one could scarcely see it with the eye, saying, "There, you mannikin, do that after me."

"Well done," said the Tailor; "but your stone must fall down again to the ground. I will throw one up which shall not come back;" and, dipping into his pocket, he took out the bird and threw it into the air. The bird, rejoicing in its freedom, flew straight up, and then far away, and did not return. "How does that little affair please you, comrade?" asked the Tailor.

"You can throw well, certainly," replied the Giant; "now let us see if you are in trim to carry something out of the common." So saying he led him to a huge oak-tree, which lay upon the ground, and said, "If you are strong enough, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

"With all my heart," replied the Tailor; "do you take the trunk upon your shoulder, and I will raise the boughs and branches, which are the heaviest, and carry them."

The Giant took the trunk upon his shoulder, but the Tailor placed himself on the branch, so that the Giant, who was not able to look round, was forced to carry the whole tree and the Tailor besides. He, being behind, was very



merry, and chuckled at the trick, and presently began to whistle the song, "There rode three tailors out at the gate," as if the carrying of trees were child's play. The Giant, after he had staggered along a short distance with his heavy burden, could go no further, and shouted out, "Do you hear? I must let the tree fall." The Tailor, springing down, quickly embraced the tree with both arms, as if he had been carrying it, and said to the Giant, "Are you such a big fellow, and yet cannot you carry this tree by yourself?"

Then they journeyed on further, and as they came to a cherry-tree, the Giant seized the top of the tree where the ripest fruits hung, and, bending it down, gave it to the

Tailor to hold, bidding him eat. But the Tailor was much too weak to hold the tree down, and when the Giant let go the tree flew up into the air, and the Tailor was carried with it. He came down on the other side, however, without injury, and the Giant said, "What does that mean? Have you not strength enough to hold that twig?" "My strength did not fail me," replied the Tailor; "do you suppose that that was any hard thing for one who has killed seven at one blow? I have sprung over the tree because the hunters were shooting below there in the thicket. Spring after me if you can." The Giant made the attempt, but could not clear the tree, and stuck fast in the branches; so that in this affair, too, the Tailor was the better man.

After this the Giant said, "Since you are such a valiant fellow, come with me to our house, and stop a night with us." The Tailor consented, and followed him; and when they entered the cave, there sat by the fire two other Giants, each having a roast sheep in his hand, of which he was eating. The Tailor sat down thinking, "Ah, this is much more like the world than is my workshop." And soon the Giant showed him a bed where he might lie down and go to sleep. The bed, however, was too big for him, so he slipt out of it, and crept into a corner. When midnight came, and the Giant thought the Tailor would be in a deep sleep, he got up, and, taking a great iron bar, beat the bed right through at one stroke, and supposed he had thereby given the Tailor his death-blow. At the earliest dawn of morning the Giants went forth into the forest, quite forgetting the Tailor, when presently up he came, quite merry, and showed himself before them. The Giants were terrified, and, fearing he would kill them all, they ran away in great haste.

The Tailor journeyed on, always following his nose, and after he had wandered some long distance, he came into the courtyard of a royal palace; and as he felt rather tired, he

laid himself down on the grass and went to sleep. Whilst he lay there the people came and viewed him on all sides, and read upon his belt, "Seven at one blow." "Ah," said they, "what does this great warrior here in time of peace? This must be some mighty hero." So they went and told the King, thinking that, should war break out, here was an important and useful man, whom one ought not to part with at any price. The King took counsel, and sent one of his courtiers to the Tailor to ask for his fighting services, if he



should be awake. The messenger stopped at the sleeper's side, and waited till he stretched out his limbs and opened his eyes, and then he laid before him his message. "Solely on that account did I come here," was the reply; "I am quite ready to enter into the King's service." Then he was conducted away with great honour, and a fine house was appointed for him to dwell in.

The courtiers, however, became jealous of the Tailor, and wished he were a thousand miles away. "What will happen?" said they to one another. "If we go to battle

with him, when he strikes out seven will fall at one blow, and nothing will be left for us to do." In their rage they came to the resolution to resign, and they went all together to the King, and asked his permission, saying, "We are not prepared to keep company with a man who kills seven at one blow." The King was grieved to lose all his faithful servants for the sake of one, and wished that he had never seen the Tailor, and would willingly have now been rid of him. He dared not, however, dismiss him, because he feared the Tailor would kill him and all his subjects, and place himself upon the throne. For a long time he deliberated, till at last he came to a decision; and, sending for the Tailor, he told him that, seeing he was so great a hero, he wished to ask a favour of him. "In a certain forest in my kingdom," said the King, "there live two Giants, who, by murder, rapine, fire, and robbery, have committed great havoc, and no one dares to approach them without perilling his own life. If you overcome and kill both these Giants, I will give you my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom for a dowry: a hundred knights shall accompany you, too, in order to render you assistance."

"Ah, that is something for such a man as I," thought the Tailor to himself; "a beautiful Princess and half a kingdom are not offered to one every day." "Oh yes," he replied, "I will soon manage these two Giants, and a hundred horsemen are not necessary for that purpose; he who kills seven at one blow need not fear two."

Thus talking the little Tailor set out, followed by the hundred knights, to whom he said, as soon as they came to the borders of the forest, "Do you stay here; I would rather meet these Giants alone." Then he sprang off into the forest, peering about him right and left; and after a while he saw the two Giants lying asleep under a tree, snoring so loudly, that the branches above them shook

violently. The Tailor, full of courage, filled both his pockets with stones and clambered up the tree. When he got to the middle of it he crept along a bough, so that he sat just above the sleepers, and then he let fall one stone after another upon the breast of one of them. For some time the Giant did not stir, until, at last awaking, he pushed his companion, and said, "Why are you beating me?"

"You are dreaming," he replied; "I never hit you." They laid themselves down again to sleep, and presently the Tailor threw a stone down upon the other. "What is that?" he exclaimed. "What are you knocking me for?"

"I did not touch you; you must dream," replied the first. So they wrangled for a few minutes; but being both very tired with their day's work, they soon fell asleep again. Then the Tailor began his sport again, and, picking out the biggest stone, threw it with all his force upon the breast of the first Giant. "That is too bad!" he exclaimed; and, springing up like a madman, he fell upon his companion, who, feeling himself equally aggrieved, they set too in such good earnest, that they rooted up trees and beat one another about until they both fell dead upon the ground. Now the Tailor jumped down, saying, "What a piece of luck they did not uproot the tree on which I sat, or else I must have jumped on another like a squirrel, for I am not given to flying." Then he drew his sword, and, cutting a deep wound in the breast of each, he went to the horsemen and said, "The deed is done; I have given each his death-stroke; but it was a hard job, for in their necessity they uprooted trees to defend themselves with; still, all that is of no use when such an one as I come, who killed seven at one stroke."

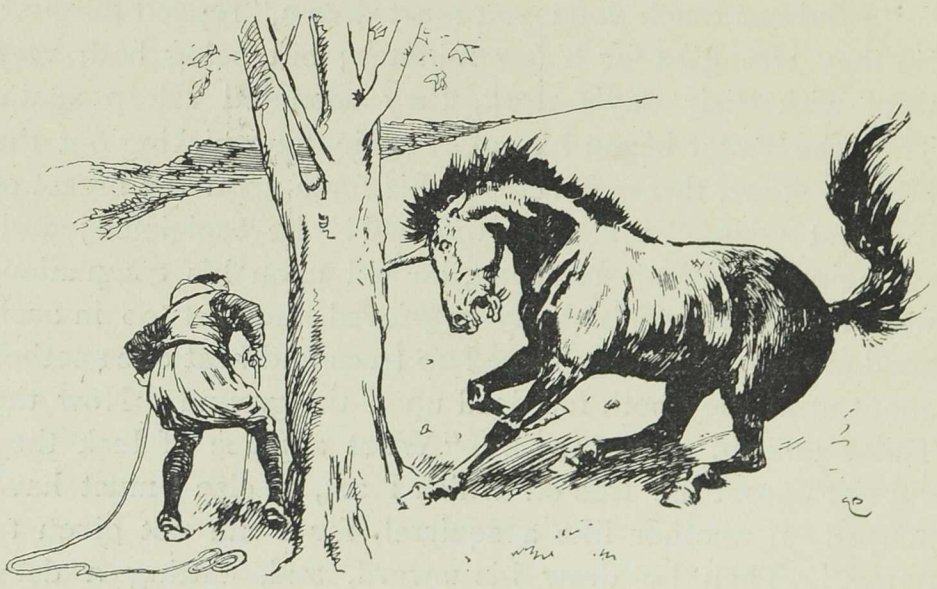
"Are you not wounded, then?" asked they.

"That is not to be expected: they have not touched a hair of my head," replied the little man. The knights could

scarcely believe him, till, riding away into the forest, they found the Giants lying in their blood and the uprooted trees around them.

Now the Tailor demanded his promised reward of the King; but he repented of his promise, and began to think of some new scheme to get rid of the hero. "Before you receive my daughter and the half of my kingdom," said he to him, "you must perform one other heroic deed. In the forest there runs wild a unicorn, which commits great havoc, and which you must first of all catch."

"I fear still less for a unicorn than I do for two Giants!



Seven at one blow! that is my motto," said the Tailor. Then he took with him a rope and an axe and went away to the forest, bidding those who were ordered to accompany him to wait on the outskirts. He had not to search long, for presently the unicorn came near and prepared to rush at him as if it would pierce him on the spot. "Softly, softly!" he exclaimed; "that is not done so easily;" and, waiting till the animal was close upon him, he sprang nimbly behind

a tree. The unicorn, rushing with all its force against the tree, fixed its horn so fast in the trunk, that it could not draw it out again, and so it was made prisoner. "Now I have got my bird," said the Tailor; and, coming from behind the tree, he first bound the rope around its neck, and then, cutting the horn out of the tree with his axe, he put all in order, and, leading the animal, brought it before the King.

The King, however, would not deliver up the promised reward, and made a third request, that, before the wedding, the Tailor should catch a wild boar which did much injury, and he should have the huntsmen to help him. "With pleasure," was the reply; "it is mere child's play." The huntsmen, however, he left behind, to their entire satisfaction, for this wild boar had already so often hunted them, that they had no pleasure in hunting it. As soon as the boar saw the Tailor, it ran at him with gaping mouth and glistening teeth, and tried to throw him on the ground; but our flying hero sprang into a little chapel which was near, and out again at a window on the other side in a trice. The boar ran after him, but he, skipping round, shut the door behind it, and there the raging beast was caught, for it was much too unwieldy and heavy to jump out of the window. The Tailor now called the huntsmen up, that they might see his prisoner with their own eyes; but our hero presented himself before the King, who was compelled now, whether he would or no, to keep his promise, and surrender his daughter and the half of his kingdom.

Had he known that it was no warrior, but only a Tailor, who stood before him, it would have gone to his heart still more!

So the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, though with little rejoicing, and out of a Tailor was made a King.

Some little while afterwards the young Queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, "Boy, make me

a waistcoat, and stitch up these trousers, or I will lay the yard-measure over your ears!" Then she guessed what her lord was, and complained in the morning to her father, and begged he would deliver her from her husband, who was nothing else than a tailor. The King comforted her by saying, "This night leave your chamber door open; my servants shall stand without, and when he is asleep they shall enter, bind him, and bear him away to a ship, which shall carry him forth into the wide world." The wife was contented with his proposal; but the King's armour-bearer, who had overheard all, went to the young King and disclosed the whole plot. "I will shoot a bolt upon this affair," said the brave Tailor. In the evening at their usual time they went to bed, and when his wife believed he slept she got up, opened the door, and laid herself down again. The Tailor, however, only feigned to be asleep, and began to exclaim in a loud voice, "Boy, make me this waistcoat, and stitch up these trousers, or I will beat the yard-measure about your ears! Seven have I killed with one blow, two Giants have I slain, a unicorn have I led captive, and a wild boar have I caught, and shall I be afraid of those who stand without my chamber?" When the men heard these words spoken by the Tailor, a great fear overcame them, and they ran away as if the wild huntsmen were behind them; neither afterwards durst any man venture to oppose him. Thus became the Tailor a King, and so he remained the rest of his days.

LITTLE RED CAP





ONCE upon a time their lived a sweet little girl, who was beloved by every one who saw her; but her grandmother was so excessively fond of her that she never knew when she had done enough for her.

One day the grandmother gave the little girl a red velvet cap; and as it fitted her very well, she would never wear anything else; and so she was called Little Red-Cap. One day her mother said to her, "Come, Red-Cap, here is a piece of nice meat, and a bottle of wine: take these to your grandmother; she is ill and weak, and will relish them. Make haste before she gets up; go quietly and carefully; and do not run lest you should fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing. When you get into her room, do not forget to say 'Good morning;' and do not look about in all the corners." "I will do everything as you wish," replied Red-Cap.

The grandmother dwelt far away in the wood, half-an-hour's walk from the village, and as Little Red-Cap entered among the trees, she met a wolf; but she did not know what a malicious beast it was, and so she was not at all afraid. "Good day, Little Red-Cap," he said.

"Many thanks, Wolf," said she.

"Whither away so early, Little Red-Cap?"

"To my grandmother's," she replied.

"What are you carrying under your apron?"

"Meat and wine," she answered. "Yesterday we baked the meat, that grandmother, who is ill and weak, might have something nice and strengthening."

"Where does your grandmother live?" asked the Wolf.

"A good quarter of an hour's walk further in the forest. The cottage stands under three great oak-trees; near it are some nut bushes, by which you will easily know it."



But the Wolf thought to himself, "She is a nice tender thing, and will taste better than the old woman: I must act craftily, that I may snap them both up."

Presently he came up again to Little Red-Cap, and said, "Just look at the beautiful flowers which grow around you; why do you not look about you? I believe you don't hear how beautifully the birds sing. You walk on as if you were going to school; see how merry everything is around you in the forest."

So Little Red-Cap opened her eyes; and when she saw how the sunbeams glanced and danced through the trees, and what splendid flowers were blooming in her path, she thought, "If I take my grandmother a fresh nosegay she will be very pleased; and it is so very early that I can, even then, get there in good time;" and running into the forest she looked about for flowers. But when she had once begun she did not know how to leave off, and kept going deeper and deeper among the trees in search of some more beautiful flowers. The Wolf, however, ran straight to the house of the old grandmother, and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the old lady.

"Only Little Red-Cap, bringing you some meat and wine: please open the door," replied the Wolf.

"Lift up the latch," cried the grandmother; "I am too weak to get up."

So the Wolf lifted the latch, and the door flew open; and jumping without a word on the bed, he gobbled up the poor old lady. Then he put on her clothes, and tied her cap over his head; got into the bed, and drew the blankets over him. All this time Red-Cap was still gathering flowers; and when she had plucked as many as she could carry, she remembered her grandmother, and made haste to the cottage. She wondered very much to see the door wide open; and when she got into the room, she began to feel very ill, and exclaimed, "How sad I feel! I wish I had not come to-day." Then she said, "Good morning," but received no answer; so she went up to the bed, and drew back the curtains, and there lay her grandmother, as she thought, with the cap drawn half over her eyes, looking very fierce.

"Oh, grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear with," was the reply.

"And what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see with."

"And what great hands you have!"

"The better to touch you with."

"But, grandmother, what great teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with;" and scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when the Wolf made a spring out of bed, and swallowed up poor Little Red-Cap.

As soon as the Wolf had thus satisfied his appetite, he laid himself down again in the bed, and began to snore very loudly. A huntsman passing by overheard him, and thought, "How loudly the old woman snores! I must see if she wants anything."

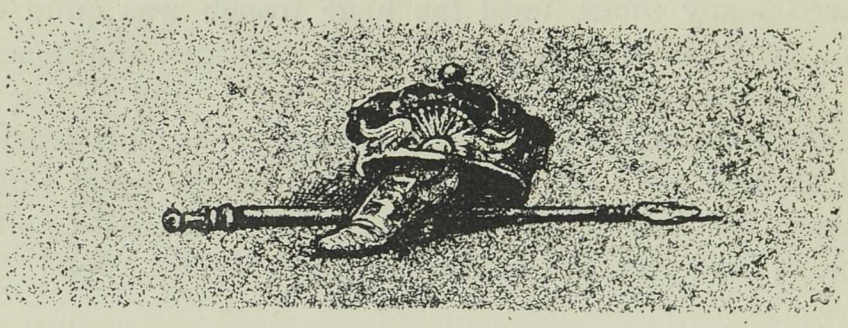
So he stepped into the cottage; and when he came to the bed, he saw the Wolf lying in it. "What! do I find you here, you old sinner? I have long sought you," exclaimed he; and taking aim with his gun, he shot the Wolf dead.

Some folks say that the last story is not the true one, but that one day, when Red-Cap was taking some baked meats to her grandmother's, a Wolf met her, and wanted to mislead her; but she went straight on, and told her grandmother that she had met a Wolf, who wished her good-day; but he looked so wickedly out of his great eyes, as if he would have eaten her had she not been on the high-road.

So the grandmother said, "Let us shut the door, that he may not enter."

Soon afterwards came the Wolf, who knocked, and exclaimed, "I am Red-Cap, grandmother; I bring you some roast meat." But they kept quite still, and did not open the door; so the Wolf, creeping several times round the house, at last jumped on the roof, intending to wait till Red-Cap went home in the evening, and then to sneak after her and devour her in the darkness. The old woman, however, saw all that the rascal intended; and as there stood before the door a great stone trough, she said to Little Red-Cap, "Take this pail, child: yesterday I boiled some sausages in this water, so pour it into that stone trough." Red-Cap

poured many times, until the huge trough was quite full. Then the Wolf sniffed the smell of the sausages, and smacked his lips, and wished very much to taste; and at last he stretched his neck too far over, so that he lost his balance, and slipped quite off the roof, right into the great trough beneath, wherein he was drowned; and Little Red-Cap ran home in high glee, but no one sorrowed for Mr. Wolf!



CINDERELLA

ONCE upon a time the wife of a certain rich man fell very ill, and as she felt her end drawing nigh she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said, "My dear child, be pious and good, and then the good God will always protect you, and I will look down upon you from heaven and think of you." Soon afterwards she closed her eyes and died. Every day the maiden went to her mother's grave and wept over it, and she continued to be good and pious; but when the winter came, the snow made a white covering over the grave, and in the spring-time, when the sun had withdrawn this covering, the father took to himself another wife.

The wife brought home with her two daughters, who were beautiful and fair in the face, but treacherous and wicked at heart. Then a sad time began in the poor step-child's life. "Shall the stupid goose sit in the parlour with us?" said the two daughters. "They who would eat bread must earn it; out with the kitchen maid!" So they took off her fine clothes, and put upon her old clothes, and gave her wooden shoes for her feet. "See how the once proud princess is decked out now," said they, and they led her mockingly into the kitchen. Then she was obliged to work

hard from morning to night, and to go out early to fetch water, to make the fire, and cook and scour. The sisters treated her besides with every possible insult, derided her, and shook the peas and beans into the ashes, so that she had to pick them out again. At night, when she was tired, she had no bed to lie on, but was forced to sit in the ashes



on the hearth; and because she looked dirty through this, they named her CINDERELLA.

One day it happened that the father wanted to go to the fair, so he asked his two daughters what he should bring them. "Some beautiful dresses," said one; "Pearls and precious stones," replied the other. "But you, Cinderella," said he, "what will you have?" "The first bough, father,

that knocks against your hat on your way homewards, break it off for me," she replied. So he bought the fine dresses, and the pearls and precious stones, for his two stepdaughters; and on his return, as he rode through a green thicket, a hazel-bough touched his hat, which he broke off and took with him. As soon as he got home, he gave his stepdaughters what they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the hazel-branch. She thanked him very much, and going to her mother's grave she planted the branch on it, and wept so long that her tears fell and watered it, so that it grew and became a beautiful tree. Thrice a day Cinderella went beneath it to weep and pray; and each time a little white bird flew on the tree, and if she wished aloud, then the little bird threw down to her whatever she wished for.

After a time it fell out that the King appointed a festival, which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful maidens in the country were invited, from whom his son was to choose a bride. When the two stepdaughters heard that they might also appear, they were very glad, and calling Cinderella, they said, "Comb our hair, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace." Cinderella obeyed, crying, because she wished to go with them to the dance; so she asked her stepmother whether she would allow her.

"You, Cinderella!" said she; "you are covered with dust and dirt—will you go to the festival? You have no clothes or shoes, and how can you dance?" But, as she urged her request, the mother said at last, "I have now shaken into the ashes a tubful of beans; if you have picked them up again in two hours, you shall go."

Then the maiden left the room, and went out at the back-door into the garden, and called out, "You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds of heaven, come and help me to gather the good beans into the tub, and the bad ones you

may eat." Presently, in at the kitchen window came two white pigeons, and after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in down upon the ashes. They then began, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the tub; and scarcely an hour had passed when all was completed, and the birds flew away again. Then the maiden took the tub to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she might now go to the festival; but the stepmother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you will only be laughed at." As she began to cry, the stepmother said, "If you can pick up quite clean two tubs of beans which I throw amongst the ashes in one hour, you shall go with your sisters;" and she thought to herself, "She will never manage it." As soon as the two tubs had been shot into ashes, Cinderella went out at the back door into the garden, and called out as before, "You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me to gather the good ones into the tubs, and the bad ones you may eat." Presently, in at the kitchen window came two white pigeons, and soon after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in down upon the ashes. They then began, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the seeds into the tub; and scarcely had half-an-hour passed before all was picked up, and off they flew again. The maiden now took the tubs to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she could go to the festival. But the mother said, "It does not help you a bit; you cannot go with us, for you have no clothes, and cannot dance; we should be ashamed of you." Thereupon she turned her back upon the maiden, and hastened away with her two proud daughters.

As there was no one at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave, under the hazel-tree, and said—

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down a dress of gold and silver, and silken slippers ornamented with silver. These Cinderella put on in great haste, and then she went to the ball. Her sisters and stepmother did not know her at all, and took her for some foreign princess, as she looked so beautiful in her golden dress; for Cinderella they thought was sitting at home picking the beans out of the ashes. Presently the Prince came up to her, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the dance. He would not dance with any one else, and even would not let go her hand; so that when any one else asked her to dance, he said, "She is my partner." They danced till evening, when she wished to go home; but the Prince said, "I will go with you, and see you safe," for he wanted to see to whom the maiden belonged. She flew away from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon-house; so the Prince waited till the father came, whom he told that the strange maiden had run into the pigeon-house. Then the stepmother thought, "Could it be Cinderella?" And they brought an axe wherewith the Prince might cut open the door; but no one was found within. And when they came into the house, there lay Cinderella in her dirty clothes among the ashes, and an oil-lamp was burning in the chimney; for she had jumped quickly out on the other side of the pigeon-house, and had run to the hazel-tree, where she had taken off her fine clothes, and laid them on the grave, and the Bird had taken them again, and afterwards she had put on her old clothes, and seated herself among the ashes in the kitchen.

The next day, when the festival was renewed, and her stepmother and her sisters had set out again, Cinderella went to the hazel-tree and sang as before—

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down a much more splendid dress than the former, and when the maiden appeared at the ball every one was astonished at her beauty. The Prince, however, who had waited till she came, took her hand, and would dance with no one else; and if others came and asked, he replied as before, "She is my partner." As soon as evening came she wished to depart, and the Prince followed her, wanting to see into whose house she went; but she sprang away from him, and ran into the garden behind the house. Therein stood a fine large tree, on which hung the most beautiful pears, and the boughs rustled as though a squirrel was among them; but the Prince could not see whence the noise proceeded. He waited, however, till the father came, and told him, "The strange maiden has escaped from me, and I think she has climbed up into this tree." The father thought to himself, "Can it be Cinderella?" and taking an axe he chopped down the tree, but there was no one on it. When they went into the kitchen, there lay Cinderella among the ashes, as before, for she had sprung down on the other side of the tree, and, having taken her beautiful clothes again to the Bird upon the hazel-tree, she had put on once more her old clothes.

The third day, when her stepmother and her sisters had set out, Cinderella went again to her mother's grave, and said—

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and glittering than she had ever had before, and the slippers were of pure gold. When she arrived at the ball they knew not what to say for wonderment, and the Prince danced with her alone as at first, and replied to every one who asked her hand, "She is my partner." As soon as evening came she wished to go, and as the Prince

followed her she ran away so quickly that he could not overtake her. But he had contrived a stratagem, and spread the whole way with pitch, so that it happened as the maiden ran that her left slipper came off. The Prince took it up, and saw it was small and graceful, and of pure gold; so the following morning he went with it to the father, and said, "My bride shall be no other than she whose foot this golden slipper fits." The two sisters were glad of this, for they had beautiful feet, and the elder went with it to her chamber to try it on, while her mother stood by. She could not, however, get her great toe in, and the shoe was much too small; but the mother, reaching a knife, said, "Cut off your toe, for if you are queen, you need not go any longer on foot." The maiden cut it off, and squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he placed her as his bride upon his horse, and rode off; and as they passed by the grave, there sat two little doves upon the hazel-tree, singing—

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then the Prince looked behind, and saw the blood flowing; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying, she was not the right one. Then the other sister must needs fit on the shoe, so she went to the chamber and got her toes nicely into the shoe, but the heel was too large. The mother, reaching a knife, said, "Cut a piece off your heel, for when you become queen you need not go any longer on foot." She cut a piece off her heel, squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he put her upon his horse as his bride, and rode off; and as they passed the hazel-tree, there sat two little doves, who sang—

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then he looked behind, and saw the blood trickling from

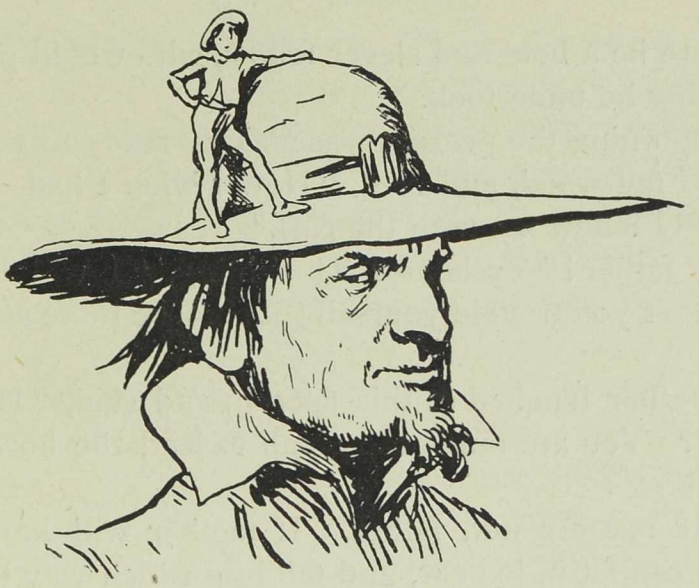


her shoe, and that the stocking was dyed quiet red; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again,

saying, "Neither is this one the right maiden; have you no other daughter?" "No," replied the father, "except little Cinderella, daughter of my dead wife, who cannot possibly be the bride." The Prince asked that she might be fetched; but the stepmother said, "Oh, no! she is much too dirty; I dare not let her be seen." But the Prince would have his way; so Cinderella was called, and she, first washing her hands and face, went in and curtseyed to the Prince, who gave her the golden shoe. Cinderella sat down on a stool, and taking off her heavy wooden shoes, put on the slipper, which fitted her to a shade; and as she stood up, the Prince looked in her face, and recognising the beautiful maiden with whom he had danced, exclaimed, "This is my true bride." The stepmother and the two sisters were amazed and white with rage, but the Prince took Cinderella upon his horse and rode away; and as they came up to the hazel-tree the two little white doves sang—

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's no blood on the shoe;
It fits so nice, and she behind
Is the true bride for you."

And as they finished they flew down and lighted upon Cinderella's shoulders, and there they remained; and the wedding was celebrated with great rejoicings.



Thumbling



NCE upon a time there lived a poor peasant, who used to sit every evening by the hearth poking the fire, while his wife spun. One night he said, "How sad it is that we have no children! everything is so quiet here, while in other houses it is so noisy and merry."

"Ah!" sighed his wife, "if we had but only one, and were he no bigger than my thumb, I should still be content, and love him with all my heart." A little while after a child was born, who, although he was perfectly formed in all his limbs, was not actually bigger than one's thumb. So they said to one another that it happened just as they wished; and they called the child "Thumbling." Every day they gave him all the food he could eat; still he did not grow a bit, but remained exactly the height he was when first born; he looked about him, however, very knowingly, and showed

himself to be a bold and clever fellow, who would prosper in everything he undertook.

One morning the peasant was making ready to go into the forest to fell wood, and said, "Now I wish I had some one who could follow me with the cart."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Thumbling, "I will bring the cart; don't you trouble yourself; it shall be there at the right time."

The father laughed at this speech, and said, "How shall that be? You are much too small to lead the horse by the bridle."

"That matters not, father. If mother will harness the horse, I can sit in his ear, and tell him which way to take."

"Well, we will try for once," said the father; and so, when the hour came, the mother harnessed the horse, and placed Thumbling in its ear, and told him how to guide it. Then he set out quite like a man, and the cart went on the right road to the forest; and just as it turned a corner, and Thumbling called out, "Steady, steady!" two strange men met it; and one said to the other, "My goodness! what is this? Here comes a cart, and the driver keeps calling to the horse, but I can see no one." "That cannot be all right," said the other: "let us follow and see where the cart stops."

The cart went on safely deep into the forest, and straight to the place where the wood was cut. As soon as Thumbling saw his father, he called to him, "Here, father; here I am, you see, with the cart: just take me down." The peasant caught the bridle of the horse with his left hand, and with his right took his little son out of its ear, and he sat himself down merrily on a straw. When the two strangers saw the little fellow, they knew not what to say for astonishment; and one of them took his companion aside, and said, "This little fellow might make our fortune, if we could exhibit him in the towns. Let us buy him." They went up to the

peasant, and asked, "Will you sell us your son? We will treat him well." "No," replied the man; "he is my heart's delight, and not to be bought for all the money in the world!" But Thumbling, when he heard what was said, climbed up by his father's skirt, and sat himself on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Let me go now, and I will soon come back again." So his father gave him to the two men for a fine piece of gold, and they asked him where he would sit. "Oh," replied he, "put me on the rim of your hat, and then I can walk round and survey the country. I will not fall off." They did as he wished; and when he had taken leave of his father, they set out. Just as it was getting dark he asked to be lifted down; and, after some demur, the man on whose hat he was took him off and placed him on the ground. In an instant Thumbling ran off, and crept into a mouse-hole, where they could not see him. "Good evening, masters," said he, "you can go home without me;" and, with a quiet laugh, he crept into his hole still further. The two men poked their sticks into the hole, but all in vain, for Thumbling only went down further; and when it had grown quite dark, they were obliged to return home full of vexation and with empty pockets.

As soon as Thumbling perceived that they were off, he crawled out of his hiding-place, and said, "How dangerous it is to walk in this field in the dark: one might soon break one's head or legs!" and so saying he looked round, and by great good luck he saw an empty snail-shell. "God be praised!" he exclaimed, "here I can sleep securely;" and in he went. Just as he was about to fall asleep he heard two men coming by, one of whom said to the other, "How shall we manage to get at the parson's gold and silver?"

"That I can tell you," interrupted Thumbling.

"What was that?" exclaimed the thief, frightened. "I heard some one speak." They stood still and listened; and

then Thumbling said, "Take me with you, and I will help you."

"Where are you?" asked the thieves.

"Search on the ground, and mark where my voice comes from," replied he. The thief looked about, and at last found him; and lifted him up in the air, "What! will you help us, you little wight?" said they.

"Do you see, I can creep between the iron bars into the chamber of the parson, and reach out to you whatever you require."

"Very well; we will see what you can do," said the thief.

When they came to the house, Thumbling crept into the chamber, and cried out, with all his might, "Will you have all that is here?" The thieves were terrified, and said, "Speak gently, or some one will awake."

But Thumbling feigned not to understand, and exclaimed, louder still, "Will you have all that is here?"

This awoke the cook, who slept in the room, and sitting up in her bed she listened. The thieves, however, had run back a little way, quite frightened; but, taking courage again, and thinking the little fellow wished to tease them, they came and whispered to him to make haste and hand them out something. At this Thumbling cried out still more loudly, "I will give you it all, only put your hands in." The listening maid heard this clearly, and, springing out of bed, hurried out at the door. The thieves ran off as if they were pursued by the wild huntsman, but the maid, as she could see nothing, went to strike a light. When she returned, Thumbling escaped without being seen into the barn, and the maid, after she had looked round, and searched in every corner, without finding anything, went to bed again, believing she had been dreaming with her eyes open. Meanwhile Thumbling had crept in amongst the hay, and found a beautiful place to sleep, where he intended to rest till daybreak, and then to go home to his parents.

Other things, however, was he to experience, for there is much tribulation and trouble going on in this world.

The maid got up at the dawn of day to feed the cow. Her first walk was to the barn, where she took an armful of hay, and just the bundle where poor Thumbling lay asleep. He slept so soundly, however, that he was not conscious, and only awoke when he was in the cow's mouth. "Ah, goodness!" exclaimed he, "how ever came I into this mill!" but soon he saw where he really was. Then he took care not to come between the teeth, but presently slipped quite down the cow's throat. "There are no windows in this room," said he to himself, "and no sunshine, and I brought no light with me." Overhead his quarters seemed still worse, and, more than all, he felt his room growing narrower, as the cow swallowed more hay. So he began to call out in terror, as loudly as he could, "Bring me no more food! I do not want any more food!" Just then the maid was milking the cow, and when she heard the voice without seeing anything, and knew it was the same she had listened to in the night, she was so frightened that she slipped off her stool and overturned the milk. In great haste she ran to her master, saying, "Oh, Mr. Parson, the cow has been speaking."

"You are crazy," he replied; but still he went himself into the stable to see what was the matter, and scarcely had he stepped in when Thumbling began to shout out again, "Bring me no more food, bring me no more food." This terrified the parson himself, and he thought an evil spirit had entered into his cow, and so ordered her to be killed. As soon as that was done, and they were dividing the carcase, a fresh accident befell Thumbling, for a wolf, who was passing at the time, made a snatch at the cow, and tore away the part where he was stuck fast. However, he did not lose courage, but as soon as the wolf had swallowed him he called out from inside, "Oh, Mr. Wolf, I know of a capital

meal for you." "Where is it to be found?" asked the Wolf. "In the house by the meadow; you must creep through the gutter, and there you will find cakes, and bacon, and sausages, as many as you can eat," replied Thumbling, describing exactly his father's house.

The wolf did not wait to be told twice, but in the night crept in, and ate away in the larder to his heart's content. When he had finished he tried to escape by the way he entered, but the hole was not large enough. Thereupon Thumbling, who had reckoned on this, began to make a tremendous noise inside the poor wolf, screaming and shouting as loud as he could. "Will you be quiet?" said the Wolf; "you will awake the people." "Eh, what!" cried the little man, "since you have satisfied yourself, it is my turn now to make merry;" and he set up a louder howling than before. At last his father and mother awoke, and came to the room and looked through the chinks of the door; and as soon as they perceived the ravages the wolf had committed, they ran and brought, the man his axe, and the woman the scythe. "Stop you behind," said the man, as they entered the room; "if my blow does not kill him, you must give him a cut with your weapon, and chop off his head if you can."

When Thumbling heard his father's voice he called out, "Father dear, I am here, in the wolf's body." "Heaven be praised!" said the man, full of joy, "our dear child is found again;" and he bade his wife take away the scythe, lest it should do any harm to his son. Then he raised his axe, and gave the wolf such a blow on its head that it fell dead, and, taking a knife, he cut it open, and released the little fellow his son. "Ah," said his father, "what trouble we have had about you!" "Yes, father," replied Thumbling, "I have been travelling a great deal about the world. Heaven be praised! I breathe fresh air again."

"Where have you been, my son?" he inquired.

"Once I was in a mouse's hole, once inside a cow, and

lastly inside that wolf; and now I will stop here with you," said Thumbling.

"Yes," said the old people, "we will not sell you again for all the riches of the world;" and they embraced and kissed him with great affection. Then they gave him plenty to eat and drink, and had new clothes made for him, for his old ones were worn out with travelling.



The Table, the Ass, and the Stick

ALONG while ago there lived a Tailor who had three sons, but only a single Goat, which, as it had to furnish milk for all, was obliged to have good fodder every day, and to be led into the meadow for it. This the sons had to do by turns; and one morning the eldest took the Goat into the churchyard, where grew the finest herbs, which he let it eat, and then it frisked about undisturbed till the evening, when it was time to return; and then he asked, "Goat, are you satisfied?" The Goat replied—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

"Then come home," said the youth; and, catching hold of the rope, he led it to the stall and made it fast. "Now," said the old Tailor, "has the Goat had its proper food?" "Yes,"

replied the son, "it has eaten all it can." The father, however, would see for himself; and so, going into the stall, he stroked the Goat, and asked it whether it was satisfied. The Goat replied—

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the graves
And found not a single leaf."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed the Tailor; and ran up to his son and said, "Oh, you bad boy! you said the Goat was satisfied, and then brought it away hungry!" and, taking the yard-measure down from the wall, he hunted his son out of the house in a rage.

The following morning was the second son's turn, and he picked out a place in the garden-hedge, where some very fine herbs grew, which the Goat ate up entirely. When, in the evening, he wanted to return, he asked the Goat first whether it were satisfied, and it replied as before—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

"Then come home," said the youth, and drove it to its stall, and tied it fast. Soon after the old Tailor asked, "Has the Goat had its usual food?" "Oh yes!" answered his son; "it ate up all the leaves." But the Tailor would see for himself, and so he went into the stall, and asked the Goat whether it had had enough.

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the hedge,
And found not a single leaf,"

replied the animal.

"The wicked scamp!" exclaimed the Tailor, "to let such a capital animal starve!" and, running in-doors, he drove his second son out of the house with his yard-measure.

The Table, the Ass, and the Stick

It was now the third son's turn, and he, willing to make a good beginning, sought some bushes full of beautifully tender leaves, of which he let the Goat eat plenty; and at evening time, when he wished to go home, he asked the Goat the same question as the others had done, and received the same answer—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

So then he led it home, and tied it up in its stall; and presently the old man came and asked whether the Goat had had its regular food, and the youth replied, "Yes." But he would go and see for himself, and then the wicked beast told him, as it had done before—

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the bush,
And found not a single leaf."

"Oh, the scoundrel!" exclaimed the Tailor, in a rage; "he is just as careless and forgetful as the others; he shall no longer eat my bread," and rushing into the house, he dealt his youngest son such tremendous blows with the yard-measure, that the boy ran quite away.

The old Tailor was now left alone with his Goat, and the following morning he went to the stall, and fondled the animal, saying, "Come, my dear little creature, I will lead you myself into the meadow;" and, taking the rope, he brought it to some green lettuces, and let it feed to its heart's content. When evening arrived he asked it, as his sons had done before, whether it were satisfied, and it replied—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

So he led it home, and tied it up in its stall; but, before he left it, he turned round and asked once more, "Are you

quite satisfied?" The malicious brute answered in the same manner as before—

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the green,
And found not a single leaf."

As soon as the Tailor heard this he was thunderstruck, and perceived directly that he had driven away his three sons without cause. "Stop a bit, you ungrateful beast!" he exclaimed. "To drive you away will be too little punishment; I will mark you so that you shall no more dare to show yourself among honourable tailors." So saying, he sprang up with great speed, and, fetching a razor, shaved the Goat's head as bare as the palm of his hand; and, because the yard-measure was too honourable for such service, he laid hold of a whip, and gave the animal such hearty cuts with it, that it ran off as fast as possible.

When the old man sat down again in the house he fell into great grief, and would only have been too happy to have had his three sons back; but no one knew whither they had wandered.

The eldest, however, had gone apprentice to a joiner, with whom he worked industriously and cheerfully; and when his time was out, his master presented him with a table, which had certainly a very ordinary appearance, and was made of common wood; but it had one excellent quality: If its owner placed it before him, and said, "Table, cover thyself," the good table was at once covered with a fine cloth, and plates, and knives and forks, and dishes of roast and baked meat took their places on it, and a great glass filled with red wine, which gladdened one's heart. Our young fellow thought, "Herewith you have enough for your lifetime," and went, full of glee, about the world, never troubling himself whether the inn was good or bad, or whether it contained anything or nothing. When-

ever he pleased he went to no inn at all, but in the field, or wood, or any meadow; in fact, just where he liked to take the table off his back, and set it before him, saying, "Table, cover thyself," he had all he could desire to eat and drink.

At last it came into his head that he would return to his father, whose anger, he thought, would be abated by time, and with whom he might live very comfortably with his excellent table. It fell out that, on his journey home, he one evening arrived at an inn which was full of people, who made him welcome, and invited him to come in and eat with them, or he would get nothing at all. But our Joiner replied, "No; I will not take a couple of bites with you; you must rather be my guests." At this the others laughed, and thought he was making game of them; but he placed his wooden table in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, cover thyself;" and in the twinkling of an eye it was set out with meats as good as any that the host could have furnished, and the smell of which was very savoury. "Be welcome, good friends," said the Joiner; and the guests, when they saw he was in earnest, waited not to be asked twice, but, quickly seating themselves, set to valiantly with their knives. What made them most wonder, however, was that, when any dish became empty, another full one instantly took its place; and the landlord, who stood in a corner looking on, thought to himself, "You could make good use of such a cook as that in your trade;" but he said nothing. The Joiner and his companions sat making merry till late at night; but at last they went to bed, and the Joiner too, who placed his wishing-table against the wall before going to sleep. The landlord, however, could not get to sleep, for his thoughts troubled him, and, suddenly remembering that there stood in his lumber room an old table which was useless, he went and fetched it, and put it in the place of the wishing-table. The next morning the Joiner counted out

his lodging-money, and placed the table on his back, ignorant that it had been changed, and went his way. At noonday he reached his father's house, and was received with great joy.

"Now, my dear son," said the old man "what have you learned?"

"I have become a joiner, father."

"A capital trade, too. But what have you brought home with you from your travels?"

"The best thing I have brought," said the youth, "is this table."

The father looked at it on every side, and said, "You have made a bad bargain; it is an old, worthless table."

"But," interrupted his son, "it is one which covers itself; and when I place it before me and say, 'Table, cover thyself,' it is instantly filled with the most savoury meats and wine, which will make your heart sing. Just invite your friends and acquaintances, and you shall soon see how they will be refreshed and revived."

As soon, then, as the company was arrived he placed his table in the middle of the room, and called out to it to cover itself. But the table did not stir, and remained as empty as any other table which does not understand what is spoken; and the poor Joiner at once saw that the table was changed, and he was ashamed to appear thus like an impostor before the guests, who laughed at him, and were obliged to go home without eating or drinking. So the father took up his mending again, and stitched away as fast as ever, and the son was obliged to go and work for a master carpenter.

Meanwhile the second son had been living with a miller, and learning his trade, and as soon as his time was up his master said to him, "Because you have served me so well, I present you with this ass, which has a wonderful gift, although it can neither draw a waggon nor carry a sack." "For what, then, is it useful?" asked the youth. "It

speaks gold," replied the miller. "If you tie a pocket under his chin and cry, 'Bricklebrit,' then the good beast will pour out gold coin like hail." "That is a very fine thing," thought the youth; and, thanking the master, he went off upon his journey. Now, whenever he needed money he had only to say to his ass, "Bricklebrit," and it rained down gold pieces, so that he had no other trouble than to pick them up again from the ground. Wherever he went, the best only was good enough for him, and the dearer it was the better, for he had always a full purse.

When he had looked about him for some time in the world he thought he would go and visit his father, whose anger he supposed had abated, and, moreover, since he brought with him an ass of gold, he would no doubt receive him gladly. It so happened that he came to the very same inn where his brother's table had been changed, and as he came up, leading his ass by the hand, the landlord would have taken it and tied it up, but our young master said to him, "You need not trouble yourself; I will lead my grey beast myself into the stable and tie him, for I must know where he stands." The landlord wondered at this, and he thought that one who looked after his own beast would not spend much; but presently our friend, dipping into his pocket and taking out two pieces of gold, gave them to him, and bid him fetch the best he could. This made the landlord open his eyes, and he ran and fetched, in a great hurry, the best he could get. When he had finished his meal, the youth asked what further he was indebted, and the landlord, having no mind to spare him, said that a couple of gold pieces more was due. The youth felt in his pocket, but his money was just at an end; so he exclaimed, "Wait a bit, my landlord; I will go and fetch some gold," and, taking the table-cloth with him, he went out. The landlord knew not what to think; but, being covetous, he slunk out after the youth, and, as he bolted the stable-door, the landlord

peeped through a hole in the wall. The youth spread the cloth beneath the ass, and then called out, 'Bricklebrit,' and in a moment the beast began to speak out gold, as if rain were falling. "By the powers!" exclaimed the landlord, "ducats are soon coined so: that is not a bad sort of purse!" The youth now paid his bill and lay down to sleep; but in the middle of the night the landlord slipped into the stable and led away the mint-master, and tied up a different ass in its place.

In the morning early the youth drove away with his ass, thinking it was his own, and at noonday he arrived at his father's, who was very glad to see him return, and received him kindly. "What trade have you become?" asked the father. "A miller," was the reply. "And what have you brought home with you from your wanderings?" "Nothing but an ass." "Oh, there are plenty of that sort here now; it had far better been a goat," said the old man. "Yes," replied the son, "but this is no common animal, but one which, when I say 'Bricklebrit,' speaks gold right and left. Just call your friends here, and I will make them all rich in a twinkling." "Well," exclaimed the Tailor, "that would please me very well, and so I need not use my needle any more;" and running out, he called together all his acquaintances. As soon as they were assembled, the young Miller bade them make a circle, and, spreading out a cloth, he brought the ass into the middle of the room. "Now, pay attention," said he to them, and called out "Bricklebrit!" but not a single gold piece fell, and it soon appeared that the ass understood not coining, for it is not every one that can be so taught. The poor young man began to make a long face when he saw that he had been deceived; and he was obliged to beg pardon of the guests, who were forced to return as poor as they came. So it happened that the old man had to take to his needle again, and the youth to bind himself to another master.

The Table, the Ass, and the Stick

Meanwhile the third brother had gone to a turner to learn his trade; but he got on very slowly, as it was a very difficult art to acquire. And while he was there, his brothers sent him word how badly things had gone with them, and how the landlord had robbed them of their wishing-gifts on their return home. When the time came round that he had learnt everything and wished to leave, his master presented him with a sack, saying, "In it there lies a stick."

"I will take the sack readily, for it may do me good service," replied the youth. "But what is the stick for? it only makes the sack heavier to carry."

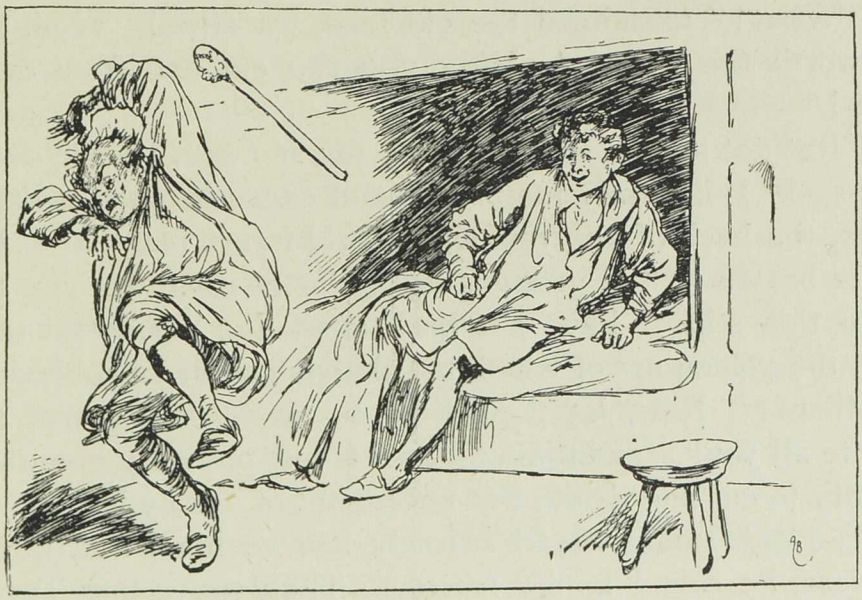
"That I will tell you: If any one does you an injury, you have only to say, 'Stick, out of the sack!' and instantly the stick will spring out, and dance about on the people's backs in such a style that they will not be able to stir a finger for a week afterwards; and, moreover, it will not leave off till you say, 'Stick, get back into the sack.'"

The youth thanked him, and hung the sack over his shoulders; and when any one came too near, and wished to meddle with him, he said, "Stick, come out of the sack," and immediately it sprang out and began laying about it; and when he called it back, it disappeared so quickly that no one could tell where it came from.

One evening he arrived at the inn where his brothers had been basely robbed, and, laying his knapsack on the table, he began to talk of all the wonderful things he had seen in the world. "Yes," said he, "one may find, indeed, a table which supplies itself, and a golden ass, and suchlike things —all very good in their place, and I do not despise them; but they shrink into nothing beside the treasure which I carry with me in this sack."

The landlord pricked up his ears, saying, "What on earth can it be?" but he thought to himself, "The sack is certainly full of precious stones, and I must manage to get hold of them; for all good things come in threes."

As soon as it was bedtime our youth stretched himself upon a bench, and laid his sack down for a pillow; and, when he appeared to be in a deep sleep, the landlord crept softly to him, and began to pull very gently and cautiously at the sack, to see if he could manage to draw it away, and put another in its place. The young Turner, however, had been waiting for him to do this, and, just as the man gave a good pull, he exclaimed, "Stick, out of the sack with you!" Immediately out it jumped, and thumped about on the landlord's back and ribs with a good will.



The landlord began to cry for mercy; but the louder he cried, the more forcibly did the stick beat time on his back, until at last he fell exhausted to the ground.

Then the Turner said, "If you do not give up the table which feeds itself and the golden ass, that dance shall begin again."

"No, no!" cried the landlord, in a weak voice; "I will give them up with pleasure, but just let your horrible hob-goblin get back into his sack."

"I will give you pardon if you do right, but take care what you are about," replied the Turner; and he let him rest, and bade the stick return.

On the following morning the Turner accordingly went away with the table and the ass on his road home to his father, who, as soon as he saw him, felt very glad, and asked what he had learned in foreign parts.

"Dear father," replied he, "I have become a turner."

"A difficult business that; but what have you brought back with you from your travels?"

"A precious stick," replied the son; "a stick in this sack."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "a stick! Well, that is worth the trouble! Why, you can cut one from every tree!"

"But not such a stick as this; for, if I say, 'Stick, out of the sack,' it instantly jumps out and executes such a dance upon the back of any one who would injure me, that at last he is beaten to the ground, crying for mercy. Do you see, with this stick I have got back again the wonderful table and the golden ass of which the thievish landlord robbed my brothers? Now, let them both be summoned home, and invite all your acquaintances, and I will not only give them plenty to eat and drink, but pocketsful of money."

The old Tailor would scarcely believe him; but, nevertheless, he called in his friends. Then the young Turner placed a tablecloth in the middle of the room, and led in the ass, saying to his brother, "Now, speak to him."

The Miller called out "Bricklebrit!" and in a moment the gold pieces dropped down on the floor in a pelting shower; and so it continued, until they had all so much that they could carry no more. (I fancy my readers would have been very happy to have been there too!)

After this the table was fetched in, and the Joiner said, "Table, cover thyself;" and it was at once filled with the choicest dishes. Then they began such a meal as the Tailor

had never had before in his house; and the whole company remained till late at night merry and jovial.

The next day the Tailor forsook needle and thread, and put them all away, with his measures and goose, in a cupboard, and for ever after lived happily and contentedly with his three sons.

But now I must tell you what became of the Goat, whose fault it was that the three brothers were driven away. It was so ashamed of its bald head that it ran into a Fox's hole and hid itself. When the Fox came home he saw a pair of great eyes looking at him in the darkness, which so frightened him that he ran back, and presently met a Bear, who, perceiving how terrified Reynard appeared, said to him, "What is the matter, Brother Fox, that you make such a face?"

"Ah!" he replied, "in my hole sits a horrible beast, who glared at me with most fiery eyes."

"Oh! we will soon drive it out," said the Bear; and going up to the hole he peeped in himself; but as soon as he saw the fiery eyes he also turned tail, and would have nothing to do with the terrible beast, and so took to flight. On his way a Bee met him, and soon saw he could not feel much through his thick coat; and so she said, "You are making a very rueful face, Mr. Bear; pray, where have you left your merry one?"

"Why," answered Bruin, "a great horrible beast has laid himself down in Reynard's house, and glares there with such fearful eyes, we cannot drive him out."

"Well, Mr. Bear," said the Bee, "I am sorry for you; I am a poor creature whom you never notice, but yet I believe I can help you."

So saying she flew into the Fox's hole, and settling on the clean shaved head of the Goat, stung it so dreadfully that the poor animal sprang up and ran madly off; and nobody knows to this hour where it ran to.

THE HANDLESS MAIDEN



A CERTAIN Miller had fallen by degrees into great poverty, until he had nothing left but his mill and a large apple-tree. One day, when he was going into the forest to cut wood, an old man, whom he had never seen before, stepped up to him, and said, "Why do you trouble yourself with chopping wood? I will make you rich, if you will promise me what stands behind your mill."

The Miller thought to himself that it could be nothing but his apple-tree, so he said "Yes," and concluded the bargain with the strange man. The other, however, laughed derisively, and said, "After three years I will come and fetch what belongs to me;" and then he went away.

As soon as the Miller reached home, his wife came to him, and said, "Tell me, husband, whence comes this sudden flow of gold into our house? All at once every chest and cupboard is filled, and yet no man has brought any in; I cannot tell how it has happened."

The Miller, in reply, told her, "It comes from a strange

lord, whom I met in the forest, who offered me great treasure, and I promised him in return what stands behind the mill, for we can very well spare the great apple-tree."

"Ah, my husband," exclaimed his wife, "it is the Evil Spirit whom you have seen; he did not mean the apple-tree, but our daughter, who was behind the mill sweeping the yard."

This Miller's daughter was a beautiful and pious maiden, and during all the three years lived in the fear of God without sin. When the time was up, and the day came when the Evil One was to fetch her, she washed herself quite clean and made a circle around herself with chalk. Quite early came the Evil One, but he could not approach her; so, in a rage, he said to the Miller, "Take away from her all water, that she may not be able to wash herself, else have I no power over her." The Miller did so, for he was afraid. The next morning came the Evil One again, but she had wept upon her hands so that they were quite clean. Then he was baffled again, and in his anger said to the Miller, "Cut off both her hands, or else I cannot now obtain her." The Miller was horrified, and said, "How can I cut off the hands of my own child?" But the Evil One pressed him, saying, "If you do not, you are mine, and I will take you yourself away!" At last the Miller promised, and he went to the maiden, and said, "My child, if I do not cut off both your hands, the Evil One will carry me away, and in my terror I have promised him. Now help me in my trouble, and forgive me for the wickedness I am about to do you."

She replied, "Dear father, do with me what you will; I am your daughter."

Thereupon she laid down both her hands, and her father cut them off. For the third time now the Evil One came, but the maiden had let fall so many tears upon her arms, that they were both quite clean. So he was obliged to give her up, and after this lost all power over her.

The Miller now said to her, "I have received so much

good through you, my daughter, that I will care for you most dearly all your life long."

But she answered, "Here I cannot remain; I will wander forth into the world, where compassionate men will give me as much as I require."

Then she had her arms bound behind her back, and at sunrise departed on her journey, and walked the whole day long till night fell. At that time she arrived at a royal garden, and by the light of the moon she saw a tree standing there bearing most beautiful fruits, but she could not enter, for there was water all round. Since, however, she had walked the whole day without tasting a morsel, she was tormented by hunger, and said to herself, "Ah, would I were there, that I might eat of the fruit, else shall I perish with hunger." So she kneeled and prayed to God, and all at once an angel came down, who made a passage through the water, so that the ground was dry for her to pass over. Then she went into the garden, and the angel with her. There she saw a tree full of beautiful pears, but they were all numbered; so she stepped up and ate one to appease her hunger, but no more. The gardener perceived her do it, but because the angel stood by he was afraid, and thought the maiden was a spirit; so he remained quiet and did not address her. As soon as she had eaten the pear she was satisfied, and went and hid herself under the bushes.

The next morning the King to whom the garden belonged came down, and counting the pears found that one was missing; and he asked the gardener whither it was gone. The gardener replied, "Last night a spirit came, who had no hands, and ate the pear with her mouth." The King then asked, "How did the spirit come through the water? and whither did it go after it had eaten the pear?"

The gardener answered, "One clothed in snow-white garments came down from Heaven and made a passage through the waters, so that the spirit walked through on

dry land. And because it must have been an angel, I was afraid, and neither called out nor questioned it; and as soon as the spirit had finished the fruit, she returned as she came."

The King said, "If it be as you say, I will this night watch with you."

As soon as it was dark the King came into the garden, bringing with him a priest, who was to address the spirit, and all three sat down under the tree. About midnight the maiden crept out from under the bushes, and again ate with her mouth a pear off the tree, whilst the angel, clothed in white, stood by her. Then the priest went towards her, and said, "Art thou come from God or from earth? Art thou a spirit or a human being?" She replied, "I am no spirit, but a poor maiden, deserted by all, save God alone."

The King said, "If you are forsaken by all the world, yet will I not forsake you;" and he took her with him to his royal palace, and, because she was so beautiful and pious, he loved her with all his heart, and ordered silver hands to be made for her, and made her his bride.

After a year had passed by, the King was obliged to go to war, so he commended the young Queen to the care of his mother, and told her to write him word if she had a child born, and to pay her especial attention. Soon afterwards the Queen bore a fine boy; so the old mother wrote a letter to her son, containing the joyful news. The messenger, however, rested on his way by a brook, and, being weary with his long journey, fell asleep. Then came the Evil One, who had always been trying to do some evil to the Queen, and changed the letter for another, wherein it was said that the Queen had brought a changeling into the world. As soon as the King had read this letter, he was frightened and much troubled; nevertheless, he wrote an answer to his mother, that she should take great care of the Queen until his arrival. The same messenger went back with this letter, but on his way rested at the same spot, and went

to sleep. Then the Evil One came a second time, and put another letter in his pocket, wherein it was said the Queen and her child should be killed. When the old mother received this letter, she was struck with horror, and could not believe it; so she wrote another letter to the King; but she received no other answer, for the Evil One again placed a false letter in the messenger's pocket; and in this last it said that she should preserve the tongue and eyes of the Queen for a sign that she had fulfilled the order.



The old mother was sorely grieved to shed innocent blood, so she caused a calf to be fetched by night, and cut out its tongue and eyes. Then she said to the Queen, "I cannot let you be killed, as the King commands; but you must remain here no longer. Go forth with your child into the wide world, and never return here again."

Thus saying, she bound the child upon the young Queen's back, and the poor wife went away, weeping bitterly. Soon she entered a large wild forest, and there she fell upon her knees and prayed to God; and the angel appeared, and led her to a little cottage, and over the door was a shield in-

scribed with the words, "Here may every one live freely." Out of the house came a snow-white maiden, who said, "Welcome, Lady Queen!" and led her in. Then she took the little child from the Queen's back, and gave it some nourishment, and laid it on a beautifully covered bed. Presently the Queen asked, "How do you know that I am a queen?" and the maiden answered, "I am an angel sent from God to tend you and your child;" and in this cottage she lived seven years, and was well cared for, and through God's mercy to her, on account of her piety, her hands grew again as before.

Meanwhile the King had come home again, and his first thought was to see his wife and child. Then his mother began to weep, and said, "You wicked husband, why did you write to me that I should put to death two innocent souls!" and, showing him the two letters which the Evil One had forged, she continued, "I have done as you commanded;" and she brought him the tokens, the two eyes and the tongue. Then the King began to weep so bitterly for his dear wife and son that the old mother pitied him, and said, "Be comforted, she lives yet; I caused a calf to be slain, from whom I took these tokens; but the child I bound on your wife's back, and I bade them go forth into the wide world; and she promised never to return here, because you were so wrathful against her."

"So far as heaven is blue," exclaimed the King, "I will go; and neither will I eat nor drink until I have found again my dear wife and child, if they have not perished of hunger by this time."

Thereupon the King set out, and for seven long years sought his wife in every stony cleft and rocky cave, but found her not; and he began to think she must have perished. And all this time he neither ate nor drank, but God sustained him.

At last he came into a large forest, and found there the

little cottage whereon the shield was with the words, "Here may every one live freely." Out of the house came the white maiden, and she took him by the hand; and, leading him in, said, "Be welcome, Great King! Whence comest thou?"

He replied, "For seven long years I have sought everywhere for my wife and child; but I have not succeeded."

Then the angel offered him meat and drink, but he refused both, and would only rest a little while. So he lay down to sleep, and covered his face with a napkin.

Now went the angel into the chamber where sat the Queen, with her son, whom she usually called "SORROWFUL," and said to her, "Come down with your child: your husband is here." So she went to where he lay, and the napkin fell from off his face; so the Queen said, "SORROWFUL, pick up the napkin, and cover again your father's face." The child did as he was bid; and the King, who heard in his slumber what passed, let the napkin again fall from off his face. At this the boy became impatient, and said, "Dear mother, how can I cover my father's face? Have I indeed a father on the earth? I have learnt the prayer, 'Our Father which art in heaven;' and you have told me my father was in heaven—the good God: how can I talk to this wild man; he is not my father."

As the King heard this he raised himself up, and asked the Queen who she was. The Queen replied, "I am your wife, and this is your son, SORROWFUL." But when he saw her human hands, he said, "My wife had silver hands." "The merciful God," said the Queen, "has caused my hands to grow again;" and the angel, going into the chamber, brought out the silver hands, and showed them to him.

Now he perceived that they were certainly his dear wife and child; and he kissed them gladly, saying, "A heavy

stone is taken from my heart;" and, after eating a meal together with the angel, they went home to the King's mother.

Their arrival caused great rejoicings everywhere; and the King and Queen celebrated their marriage again, and ever afterwards lived happily together to the end of their lives.





ONCE upon a time, in a castle in the midst of a large thick wood, there lived an old Witch all by herself. By day she changed herself into a cat or an owl; but in the evening she resumed her right form. She was able also to allure to her the wild animals and birds, which she killed, cooked, and ate, for whoever ventured within a hundred steps of her castle was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the spot until she allowed it; but if a pretty maiden came into the circle the Witch changed her into a bird, and then put her into a basket, which she carried into one of the rooms in the castle; and in this room were already many thousand such baskets of rare birds.

Now there was a young maiden called Jorinde, who was exceedingly pretty, and she was betrothed to a youth named Joringel, and just at the time that the events which I am about to relate happened, they were passing the days together in a round of pleasure. One day they went into the forest for a walk, and Joringel said, "Take care that

you do not go too near the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the sun shining between the stems of the trees, and brightening up the dark green leaves and the turtle-doves cooing softly upon the may-bushes. Jorinde began to cry, and sat down in the sunshine with Joringel, who cried too, for they were quite frightened, and thought they should die, when they looked round and saw how far they had wandered, and that there was no house in sight. The sun was yet half above the hills and half below, and Joringel, looking through the brushwood, saw the old walls of the castle close by them, which frightened him terribly, so that he fell off his seat. Then Jorinde sang—

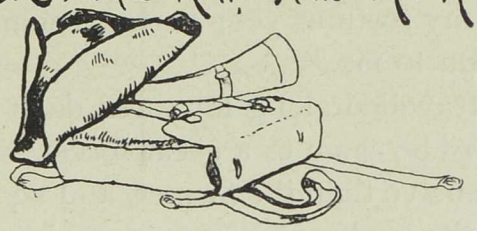
"My little bird, with his ring so red,
Sings sorrow, and sorrow and woe;
For he sings that the turtle-dove soon will be dead,
Oh sorrow, and sorrow—jug, jug, jug."

Joringel lifted up his head, and saw Jorinde was changed into a nightingale, which was singing, "Jug, jug, jug," and presently an owl flew round thrice, with his eyes glistening, and crying, "Tu wit, tu woo." Joringel could not stir; there he stood like a stone, and could not weep, nor speak, nor move hand or foot. Meanwhile the sun set, and, the owl flying into a bush, out came an ugly old woman, thin and yellow, with great red eyes, and a crooked nose which reached down to her chin. She muttered and seized the nightingale, and carried it away in her hand, while Joringel remained there unable to move or speak. At last the Witch returned, and said, with a hollow voice, "Greet you, Zachiel! if the moon shines on your side, release this one at once." Then Joringel became free, and fell down on his knees before the Witch, and begged her to give him back Jorinde; but she refused, and said he should never again have her, and went away. He cried, and wept, and groaned after her, but all to no purpose; but at length he

rose and went into a strange village, where for some time he tended sheep. He often went round about the enchanted castle, but never too near, and one night, after so walking, he dreamt that he found a blood-red flower, in the middle of which lay a fine pearl. This flower, he thought, he broke off, and, going therewith to the castle, all he touched with it was free from enchantment, and thus he regained his Jorinde.

When he awoke next morning he began his search over hill and valley to find such a flower, but nine days passed away. At length, early one morning he discovered it, and in its middle was a large dewdrop, like a beautiful pearl. Then he carried the flower day and night, till he came to the castle; and, although he ventured within the enchanted circle, he was not stopped, but walked on quite to the door. Joringel was now in high spirits, and touching the door with his flower, it flew open. He entered and passed through the hall, listening for the sound of the birds, which at last he heard. He found the room, and went in, and there was the Enchantress feeding the birds in the seven thousand baskets. As soon as she saw Joringel, she became frightfully enraged, and spat out poison and gall at him, but she dared not come too close. He would not turn back for her, but looked at the baskets of birds; but alas! there were many hundreds of nightingales, and how was he to know his Jorinde? While he was examining them he perceived the old woman secretly taking away one of the baskets, and slipping out of the door. Joringel flew after her, and touched the basket with his flower, and also the old woman, so that she could no longer bewitch; and at once Jorinde stood before him, and fell upon his neck, as beautiful as she ever was. Afterwards he disenchanted all the other birds, and then returned home with his Jorinde, and for many years they lived together happily and contentedly.

THE KNAPSACK, THE HAT, AND THE HORN





ONCE upon a time there were three brothers, who every day sank deeper and deeper in poverty, until at last their need was so great that they were in danger of death from starvation, having nothing to bite or break. So they said to one another, "We cannot go on in this way; we had better go forth into the wide world and seek our fortunes." With these words they got up and set out, and travelled many a long mile over green fields and meadows without happening with any luck. One day they arrived in a large forest, and in the middle of it they found a hill, which, on their nearer approach, they saw was all silver. At this sight the eldest brother said, "Now I have met with my expected good fortune, and I desire nothing better." And, so saying, he took as much of the silver as he could carry, and turned back again to his house.

The others, however, said, "We desire something better than mere silver;" and they would not touch it, but went on further. After they had travelled a couple of days longer they came to another hill, which was all gold. There the second brother stopped, and soon became quite dazzled with the sight. "What shall I do?" said he to himself; "shall I take as much gold as I can, that I may have enough to live

upon, or shall I go further still?" At last he came to a conclusion, and, putting what he could in his pockets, he bade his brother good-bye and returned home. The third brother said, however, "Silver and gold will I not touch; I will seek my fortune yet; perhaps something better than all will happen to me."

So he travelled along for three days alone, and at the end of the third he came to a great forest, which was a great deal more extensive than the former, and so much so that he could not find the end; and moreover, he was almost perished with hunger and thirst. He climbed up a high tree to discover if he could by chance find an outlet to the forest; but so far as his eye could reach there was nothing but tree-tops to be seen. His hunger now began to trouble him very much, and he thought, "Could I now only for this once have a good meal, I might get on." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he saw, to his great astonishment, a napkin under the tree, spread over with all kinds of good food, very grateful to his senses. "Ah, this time," thought he, "my wish is fulfilled at the right moment;" and, without considering who brought or who cooked the dishes, he sat himself down and ate to his heart's content. When he had finished, he thought it would be a shame to leave such a fine napkin in the wood, so he packed it up as small as he could, and carried it away in his pocket. After this he went on again, and as he felt hungry towards evening, he wished to try his napkin; and, spreading it out, he said aloud, "I should like to see you again spread with cheer;" and scarcely had he spoken, when as many dishes as there was room for stood upon the napkin. At the sight he exclaimed, "Now you are dearer to me than a mountain of silver and gold, for I see you are a wishing-cloth;" he was not yet satisfied, however, but would go farther and seek his fortune.

The next evening he came up with a Charcoal-burner, who was busy with his coals, and who was roasting some potatoes

at his fire for his supper. "Good evening, my black fellow," said our hero; "how do you find yourself in your solitude?" "One day is like another," replied he, "and every night potatoes: have you a mind for some? If so, be my guest."

"Many thanks," replied the traveller; "but I will not deprive you of your meal; you did not reckon on having a guest; but, if you have no objection, you shall yourself have an invitation to supper." "Who will invite me?" asked the Charcoal-burner. "I do not see that you have got anything with you, and there is no one within two hours' walk who could give you anything."

"And yet there shall be a meal," returned the other, "better than you have ever seen."

So saying, he took out his napkin, and, spreading it on the ground, said, "Cloth, cover thyself!" and immediately meats boiled and baked, as hot as if just out of the kitchen, were spread about. The Charcoal-burner opened his eyes wide, but did not stare long; he soon began to eat away, cramming his black mouth as full as he could. When they had finished, the man, smacking his lips, said, "Come, your cloth pleases me; it would be very convenient for me here in the wood, where I have no one to cook. I will strike a bargain with you. There hangs a soldier's knapsack, which is certainly both old and shabby; but it possesses a wonderful virtue, and, as I have no more use for it, I will give it you in exchange for your cloth."

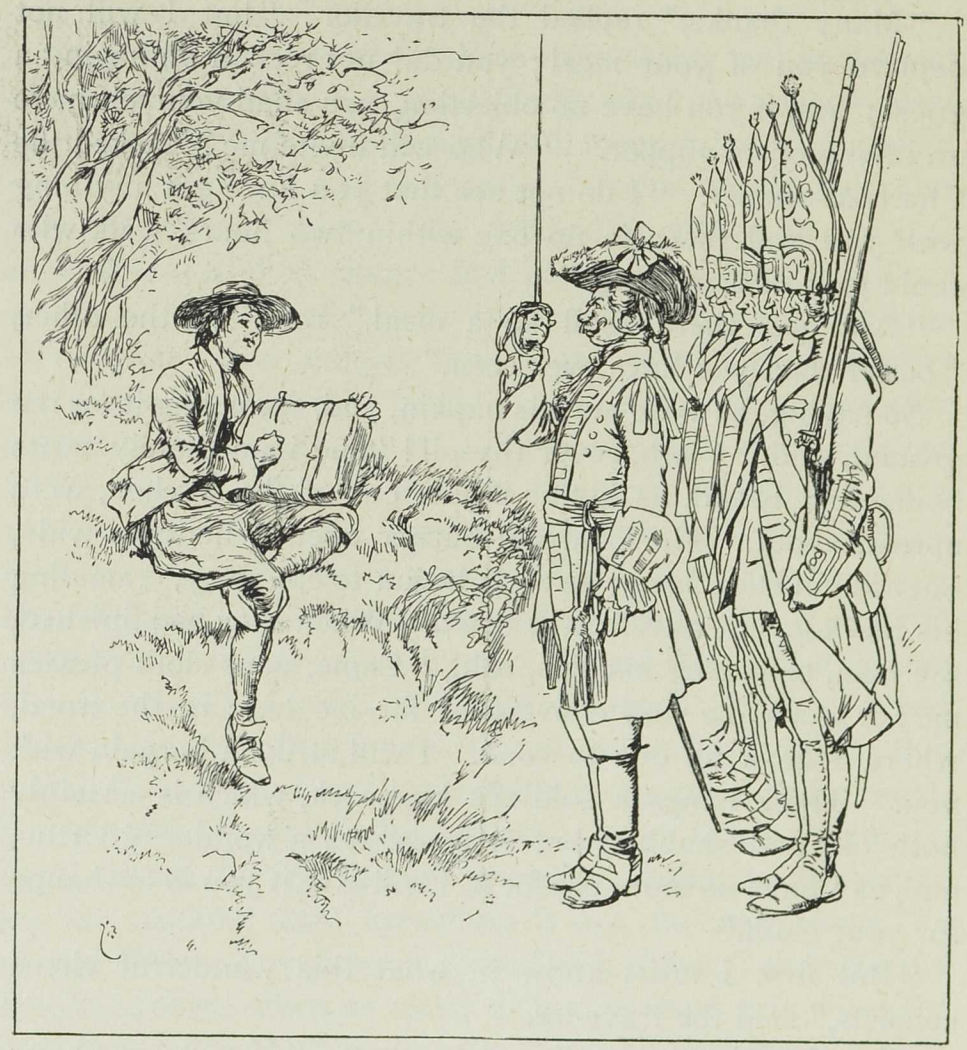
"But first I must know in what this wonderful virtue consists," said the traveller.

"I will tell you," replied the other. "If you tap thrice with your fingers upon it, out will come a corporal and six men, armed from head to foot, who will do whatsoever you command them."

"In faith," cried our hero, "I do not think I can do better; let us change;" and, giving the man his wishing-

cloth, he took the knapsack off its hook, and strode away with it on his back.

He had not gone very far before he wished to try the virtue of his bargain; so he tapped upon it, and immediately



the seven warriors stepped before him, and the leader asked his commands. "What does my lord and master desire?"

"March back quickly to the Charcoal-burner, and demand my wishing-cloth again," said our hero.

The soldiers wheeled round to the left, and before very long they brought what he desired, having taken it from the Collier without so much as asking his leave. This done, he dismissed them, and travelled on again, hoping his luck might shine brighter yet. At sunset he came to another Charcoal-burner, who was also preparing his supper at the fire, and asked, "Will you sup with me? Potatoes and salt, without butter, is all I have; sit down if you choose."

"No," replied the traveller; "this time you shall be my guest;" and he unfolded his cloth, which was at once spread with the most delicate fare. They ate and drank together, and soon got very merry; and when their meal was done, the Charcoal-burner said, "Up above there on that board lies an old worn-out hat, which possesses the wonderful power, if one puts it on and presses it down on his head, of causing, as it were, twelve field-pieces to go off, one after the other, and shoot down all that comes in their way. The hat is of no use to me in that way, and therefore I should like to exchange it for your cloth."

"Oh! I have no objection to that," replied the other; and, taking the hat, he left his wishing-cloth behind him; but he had not gone very far before he tapped on his knapsack, and bade the soldiers who appeared to fetch it back from his guest.

"Ah," thought he to himself, "one thing happens so soon upon another, that it seems as if my luck would have no end." And his thoughts did not deceive him; for he had scarcely gone another day's journey when he met with a third Charcoal-burner, who invited him, as the others had, to a potato-supper. However, he spread out his wishing-cloth, and the feast pleased the Charcoal-burner so well, that he offered him, in return for his cloth, a horn, which had still more wonderful properties that either the knapsack or hat; for, when one blew it, every wall and fortification fell

down before its blast, and even whole villages and towns were overturned. For this horn he gladly gave his cloth, but he soon sent his soldiers back for it; and now he had not only that, but also the knapsack, the hat, and the horn.

"Now," said he, "I am a made man, and it is high time that I should return home and see how my brothers get on."

When he arrived at the old place, he found his brothers had built a splendid palace with their gold and silver, and were living in clover. He entered their house; but because he came in with a coat torn to rags, the shabby hat upon his head, and the old knapsack on his back, his brothers would not own him. They mocked him, saying, "You pretend to be our brother; why, he despised silver and gold, and sought better luck for himself; he would come accompanied like a mighty king, not as a beggar!" and they hunted him out of doors.

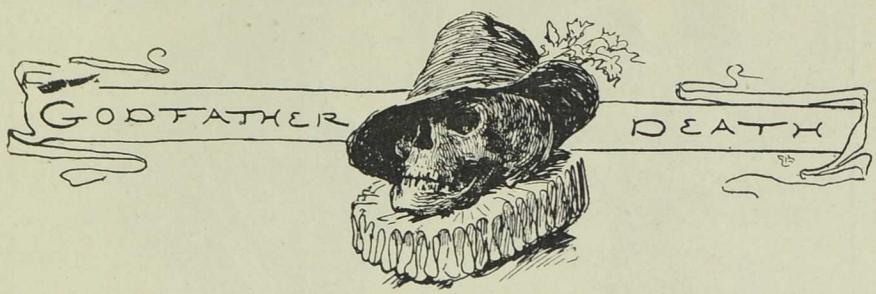
This treatment put the poor man in such a rage, that he knocked upon the knapsack so many times till a hundred and fifty men stood before him in rank and file. He commanded them to surround his brothers' house, and two of them to take hazel-sticks and thrash them both until they knew who he was. They set up a tremendous howling, so that the people ran to the spot and tried to help the two brothers; but they could do nothing against the soldiers. By-and-by the King himself heard the noise, and he ordered out a captain and troop to drive the disturber of the peace out of the city; but the man with his knapsack soon gathered together a greater company, who beat back the captain and his men. At this the King said, "This vagabond fellow shall be driven away;" and the next day he sent a larger troop against him; but they fared no better than the first. The beggar, as he was called, soon ranged more men in opposition, and, in order to do the work quicker, he pressed

his hat down upon his head a couple of times; and immediately the heavy guns began to play, and soon beat down all the King's people, and put the rest to flight. "Now," said our hero, "I will never make peace till the King gives me his daughter to wife, and he places me upon the throne as ruler of his whole dominion." This vow which he had taken he caused to be told to the King, who said to his daughter, "Must is a hard nut to crack; what is there left to me but to do as this man desires? If I wish for peace, and to keep the crown upon my head, I must yield."

So the wedding was celebrated; but the Princess was terribly vexed that her husband was such a common man, and wore not only a very shabby hat, but also carried about with him everywhere a dirty old knapsack. She determined to get rid of them; and day and night she was always thinking how to manage it. It struck her suddenly that perhaps his wonderful power lay in the knapsack; so she flattered him by saying, "I wish you would lay aside that dirty knapsack; it becomes you so ill that I am almost ashamed of you."

"Dear child," he replied, "this knapsack is my greatest treasure; as long as I possess it I do not fear the greatest power on earth;" and he further told her all its wonderful powers. When he had finished, the Princess fell on his neck as if she would kiss him; but she craftily untied the knapsack, and, loosening it from his shoulders, ran away with it. As soon as she was alone she tapped upon it, and ordered the warriors who appeared to bind fast her husband and lead him out of the royal palace. They obeyed; and the false wife caused other soldiers to march behind, who were instructed to hunt the poor man out of the kingdom. It would have been all over with him had he not still possessed the hat, which he pressed down on his head as soon as his hands were free; and immediately the cannons began to go off, and demolished all before them. The Princess

herself was at last obliged to go and beg pardon of her husband. He then consented to make peace, being moved by her entreaties and promises to behave better in future; and she acted so lovingly, and treated him so well for some time after, that he entrusted her with the secret, that although he might be deprived of the knapsack, yet so long as he had the hat no one could overcome him. As soon as she knew this, she waited until he was asleep and then stole away the hat, and caused her husband to be thrown into a ditch. The horn, however, was still left to him; and in a great passion he blew upon it such a blast, that in a minute down came tumbling the walls, forts, houses, and palaces, and buried the King and his daughter in the ruins. Luckily he ceased to blow for want of breath; for had he kept it up any longer all the houses would have been overturned, and not one stone left upon another. After this feat nobody dared to oppose him, and he set himself up as King over the whole country.





A CERTAIN poor man had twelve children, and was obliged to work day and night to find them bread to eat; but when the thirteenth child was born, he ran out in despair on the high-road to ask the first person he should meet to stand godfather to it.

Presently he met Death striding along on his withered legs, who said, "Take me for godfather." The man asked him who he was, and received for reply, "I am Death, who make all things equal." "Then," answered the man, "you are the right person—you make no difference between the rich and poor; you shall be godfather to my boy."

Death replied, "I will make your child rich and famous; he who has me for a friend can need nought." Then the man told him the christening was fixed for the following Sunday, and invited him to come; and at the right time he did appear, and acted very becomingly on the occasion.

When the boy arrived at years of discretion, the godfather came and took him away with him, and leading him into a forest showed him an herb which grew there. "Now," said Death, "you shall receive your christening gift. I will make you a famous physician. Every time you are called



to a sick person I will appear to you. If I stand at the head of your patient, you may speak confidently that you can restore him, and if you give him a morsel of that vegetable he will speedily get well; but if I stand at the feet of the sick he is mine, and you may say all medicine is in vain, for the best physician in the world could not cure him. Dare not, however, use the herb against my will, for then it will go ill with you."

In a very short space of time the youth became the most renowned physician in the world. "He only wants just to see the sick person, and he knows instantly whether he will live or die," said every one to his neighbour; and so it came to pass that from far and near people came to him, bringing him the sick, and giving him so much money that he soon became a very rich man. Once it happened that the King fell sick, and our Physician was called in to say if recovery was possible. When he came to the bedside, he saw that Death stood at the feet of the King. "Ah," thought he, "if I might this once cheat Death! He will certainly take offence; but then I am his godchild, and perhaps he will shut his eyes to it—I will venture."

So saying he took up the sick man and turned him

round, so that Death stood at the head of the King; then he gave the King some of the herb, and he instantly rose up quite refreshed.

Soon afterwards Death, with an angry and gloomy face, came to the Physician, and pressed him on the arm, saying, "You have put my light out, but this time I will excuse you, because you are my godchild; however, do not dare to act so again, for it will cost you your life, and I shall come and take you away."

Soon after this event the daughter of the King fell into a serious illness, and, as she was his only child, he wept day and night until his eyes were almost blinded. He also caused to be made known that whoever saved her life should receive her for a bride, and inherit his crown. When the Physician came to the bedside of the sick he perceived Death at her feet, and he remembered the warning of his godfather; but the great beauty of the Princess, and the fortune which her husband would receive, so influenced him, that he cast all other thoughts to the wind. He would not see that Death cast angry looks at him, and threatened him with his fist; but he raised up his patient, and laid her head where her feet had been. Then he gave her a portion of the wonderful herb, and soon her cheeks regained their colour, and her blood circulated freely.

When Death thus saw his kingdom a second time invaded, and his power mocked, he strode up swiftly to the side of the Physician and said, "Now is your turn come;" and he struck him with his icy-cold hand so hard, that the Physician was unable to resist, and was obliged to follow Death to his underground abode. There the Physician saw thousands upon thousands of lamps burning in immeasurable rows, some large, others small, and others yet smaller. Every moment some were extinguished, but others in the same instant blazed out, so that the flames appeared to dance up here and there in continual variation.

"Do you see?" said Death. "These are the lamps of men's lives. The larger ones belong to children, the next to those in the flower of their age, and the smallest to the aged and grey-headed. Yet some of the children and youth in the world have but the smallest lamps."

The Physician begged to be shown his own lamp, and Death pointed to one almost expiring, saying, "There, that is thine."

"Ah, my dear godfather," exclaimed the Physician, frightened, "kindle a new one for me; for your love of me do it, that I may enjoy some years of life, marry the Princess, and come to the crown."

"I cannot," answered Death; "one lamp must be extinguished before another can be lighted."

"Then place the old one over a new lamp, that its dying fire may kindle a fresh blaze," said the Physician entreatingly.

Death made as if he would perform his wish, and prepared a large and fresh lamp; but he did it very slowly, in order to revenge himself, and the little flame died before he finished. Then the Physician sank to the earth and fell for ever into the hands of Death!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN





THERE was once a poor Miller who had a beautiful daughter; and one day, having to go to speak with the King, he said, in order to make himself appear of consequence, that he had a daughter who could spin straw into gold. The King was very fond of gold, and thought to himself, "That is an art which would please me very well;" and so he said to the Miller, "If your daughter is so very clever, bring her to the castle in the morning, and I will put her to the proof."

As soon as she arrived the King led her into a chamber which was full of straw; and, giving her a wheel and a reel, he said, "Now set yourself to work, and if you have not spun this straw into gold by an early hour to-morrow, you must die." With these words he shut the room-door, and left the maiden alone.

There she sat for a long time, thinking how to save her

life; for she understood nothing of the art whereby straw might be spun into gold; and her perplexity increased more and more, till at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened and in stepped a little Man, who said, "Good evening, fair maiden; why do you weep so sore?" "Ah," she replied, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I am sure I do not know how."

The little Man asked, "What will you give me if I spin it for you?"



"My necklace," said the maiden.

The Dwarf took it, placed himself in front of the wheel, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round, and the bobbin was full. Then he set up another, and whirr, whirr, whirr, thrice round again, and a second bobbin was full; and so he went all night long, until all the straw was spun, and the bobbins were full of gold. At sunrise the King came, very much astonished to see the gold; the sight of which gladdened him, but did not make his heart less covetous. He caused the maiden to be led into another room, still

larger, full of straw; and then he bade her spin it into gold during the night if she valued her life. The maiden was again quite at a loss what to do; but while she cried the door opened suddenly, as before, and the Dwarf appeared and asked her what she would give him in return for his assistance. "The ring off my finger," she replied. The little Man took the ring and began to spin at once, and by the morning all the straw was changed to glistening gold. The King was rejoiced above measure at the sight of this, but still he was not satisfied; but, leading the maiden into another still larger room, full of straw as the others, he said, "This you must spin during the night; but if you accomplish it you shall be my bride." "For," thought he to himself, "a richer wife thou canst not have in all the world."

When the maiden was left alone, the Dwarf again appeared, and asked, for the third time, "What will you give me to do this for you?"

"I have nothing left that I can give you," replied the maiden.

"Then promise me your first-born child if you become Queen," said he.

The Miller's daughter thought, "Who can tell if that will ever happen?" and, ignorant how else to help herself out of her trouble, she promised the Dwarf what he desired; and he immediately set about and finished the spinning. When morning came, and the King found all he had wished for done, he celebrated his wedding, and the fair Miller's daughter became Queen.

About a year after the marriage, when she had ceased to think about the little Dwarf, she brought a fine child into the world; and, suddenly, soon after its birth, the very man appeared and demanded what she had promised. The frightened Queen offered him all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her her child; but the Dwarf answered,

"No; something human is dearer to me than all the wealth of the world."

The Queen began to weep and groan so much, that the Dwarf had pity on her, and said, "I will leave you three days to consider: if you in that time discover my name you shall keep your child."

All night long the Queen racked her brains for all the names she could think of, and sent a messenger through the country to collect far and wide any new names. The following morning came the Dwarf, and she began with "Caspar," "Melchior," "Balthassar," and all the odd names she knew; but at each the little Man exclaimed, "That is not my name." The second day the Queen inquired of all her people for uncommon and curious names, and called the Dwarf "Ribs-of-Beef," "Sheep-shank," "Whalebone;" but at each he said, "This is not my name." The third day the messenger came back and said, "I have not found a single name; but as I came to a high mountain near the edge of a forest, where foxes and hares say good-night to each other, I saw there a little house, and before the door a fire was burning, and round this fire a very curious little Man was dancing on one leg, and shouting—

"'To-day I stew, and then I'll bake,
To-morrow I shall the Queen's child take;
Ah! how famous it is that nobody knows
That my name is Rumpelstiltskin.'"

When the Queen heard this she was very glad, for now she knew the name; and soon after came the Dwarf, and asked, "Now, my lady Queen, what is my name?"

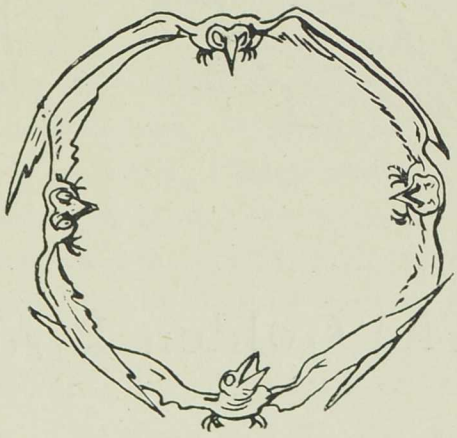
First she said, "Are you called Comrade?" "No."

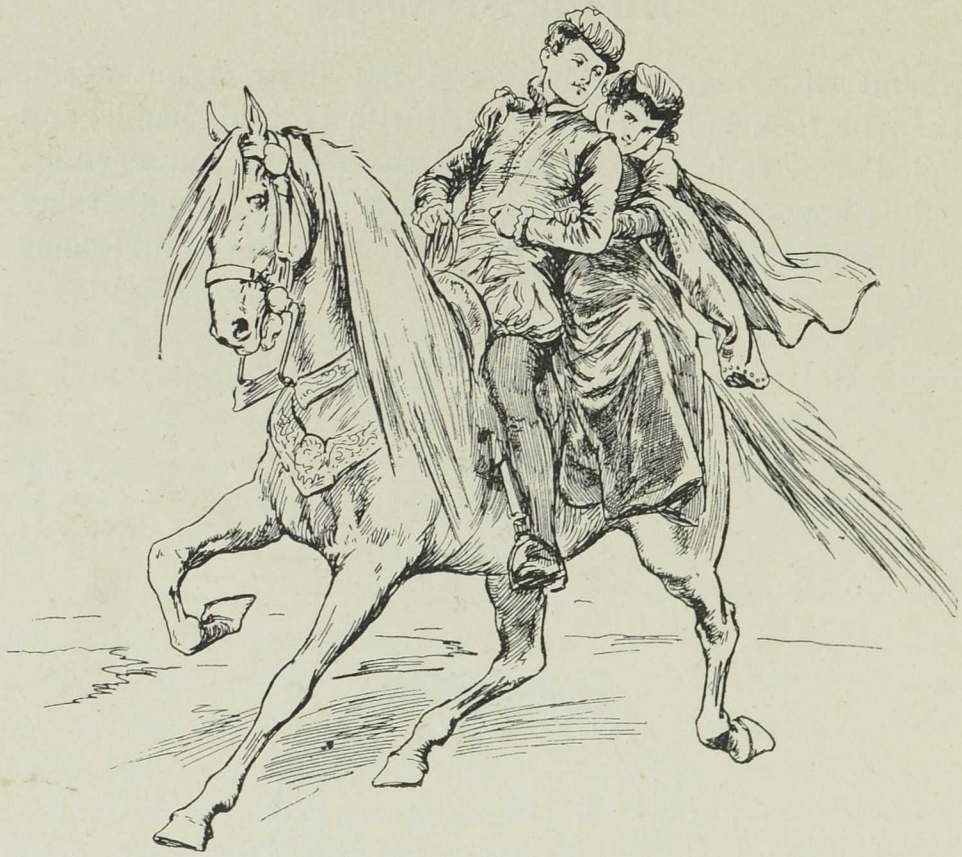
"Are you called Hal?" "No."

"Are you called Rumpelstiltskin?"

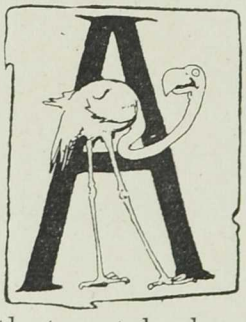
"A witch has told you! a witch has told you!" shrieked the little Man, and stamped his right foot so hard in the

ground with rage that he could not draw it out again. Then he took hold of his left leg with both his hands, and pulled away so hard that his right came off in the struggle, and he hopped away, howling terribly. And from that day to this the Queen has heard no more of her troublesome visitor.





The Golden Bird



LONG, long while ago there was a King who had, adjoining his palace, a fine pleasure-garden, in which stood a tree which bore golden apples, and as soon as the apples were ripe they were counted, but the next day one was missing. This vexed the King very much, and he ordered that watch should be kept every night beneath the tree; and having three sons he sent the eldest, when evening set in, into the garden; but about midnight the youth fell into a deep sleep, and in the morning another apple was missing.

The next night the second son had to watch, but he also fared no better; for about midnight he fell fast asleep, and another apple was wanting in the morning. The turn came now to the third son, who was eager to go; but the King hesitated for a long time, thinking he would be even less wakeful than his brothers, but at last he consented. The youth lay down under the tree and watched steadily, without letting sleep be his master; and just as twelve o'clock struck something rustled in the air, and, looking up, he saw a bird flying by, whose feathers were of bright gold. The bird lighted upon the tree, and had just picked off one of the apples, when the youth shot a bolt at it, which did not prevent its flying away, but one of its golden feathers dropped off. The youth took the feather up, and showing it the next morning to the King, told him what he had seen during the night. Thereupon the King assembled his council, and every one declared that a single feather like this was worth a kingdom. "Well, then," said the King, "if this feather is so costly, I must and will have the whole bird, for one feather is of no use to me." The eldest son was now sent out on his travels, and, relying on his own prudence, he doubted not that he should find the Golden Bird. When he had walked about a mile he saw sitting at the edge of a forest a Fox, at which he levelled his gun; but it cried out, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you a piece of good advice! You are now on the road to the Golden Bird, and this evening you will come into a village where two inns stand opposite to each other: one will be brightly lit up and much merriment will be going on inside, but turn not in there; enter rather into the other, though it may seem a poor place to you."

The young man, however, thought to himself, "How can such a silly beast give me rational advice?" and, going nearer, he shot at the Fox; but he missed, and the Fox ran away with its tail in the air. After this adventure he

walked on, and towards evening he came to the village where stood the two public-houses, in one of which singing and dancing were going on; while the other looked a very ill-conditioned house. "I should be a simpleton," said he to himself, "if I were to go into this dirty inn while that capital one stood opposite." So he entered the dancing-room, and there, living in feasting and rioting, he forgot the Golden Bird, his father, and all good manners.

As time passed by and the eldest son did not return home, the second son set out also on his travels to seek the Golden Bird. The Fox met him as it had his brother, and gave him good counsel, which he did not follow. He likewise arrived at the two inns, and out of the window of the riotous house his brother leaned, and invited him in. He could not resist, and entered, and lived there only to gratify his pleasures.

Again a long time elapsed with no news of either brother, and the youngest wished to go and try his luck; but his father would not consent. "It is useless," said he; "you are still less likely than your brothers to find the Golden Bird, and, if a misfortune should happen to you, you cannot help yourself, for you are not very quick." The King at last, however, was forced to consent, for he had no rest while he refused.

On the edge of the forest the Fox was again sitting, and again it offered in return for its life the same piece of good advice. The youth was good-hearted, and said, "Be not afraid, little Fox; I will do you no harm."

"You shall not repent of your goodness," replied the Fox; "but that you may travel quicker, get up behind on my tail."

Scarcely had he seated himself when away they went, over hedges and ditches, uphill and downhill, so fast that their hair whistled in the wind.

As soon as they arrived at the village the youth dismounted,



"Away they went, over hedges and ditches, uphill and downhill."—*Page* 142.

and, following the advice he had received, turned, without looking round, into the mean-looking house, where he passed the night comfortably. The next morning, when he went into the fields, he found the Fox already there, who said, "I will tell you what further you must do. Go straight forwards, and you will come to a castle, before which a whole troop of soldiers will be sleeping and snoring; be not frightened at them, but go right through the middle of the troop into the castle, and through all the rooms, till you come into a chamber where a Golden Bird hangs in a wooden cage. Near by stands an empty golden cage for show, but take care you do not take the bird out of its ugly cage to place it in the golden one, or you will fare badly." With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son mounting as before, away they went over hill and valley, while their hair whistled in the wind from the pace they travelled. When they arrived at the castle the youth found everything as the Fox had said. He soon discovered the room where the Golden Bird sat in its wooden cage, and by it stood the golden one, and three golden apples were lying around. The youth thought it would be a pity to take the bird in such an ugly and dirty cage, and, opening the door, he put it in the splendid one. At the moment he did this the bird set up a piercing shriek, which woke the soldiers, who started up and made him a prisoner. The next morning he was brought to trial, and when he confessed all he was condemned to death. Still the King said he would spare his life under one condition; namely, if he brought to him the Golden Horse, which travelled faster than the wind, and then for a reward he should also receive the Golden Bird.

The young Prince walked out sighing and sorrowful, for where was he to find the Golden Horse? All at once he saw his old friend the Fox, who said, "There, you see what has happened, because you did not mind what I said. But be of good courage; I will protect you, and tell you where

you may find the horse. You must follow this road straight till you come to a castle: in the stable there this horse stands. Before the door a boy will lie fast asleep and snoring, so you must lead away the horse quietly; but there is one thing you must mind: put on his back the old saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one which hangs close by, for if you do it will be very unlucky." So saying the Fox stretched out its tail, and again they went as fast as the wind. Everything was as the Fox had said, and the youth went into the stall where the Golden Horse was; but, as he was about to put on the dirty saddle, he thought it would be a shame if he did not put on such a fine animal the saddle which appeared to belong to him, and so he took up the golden saddle. Scarcely had it touched the back of the horse when it set up a loud neigh, which awoke the stable-boys, who captured our hero. The next morning he was condemned to death; but the King promised to give him his life and the horse if he would bring the Beautiful Daughter of the King of the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out, and by great good fortune soon met the Fox. "I should have left you in your misfortune," it said; "but I felt compassion for you, and am willing once more to help you out of your trouble. Your road to the palace lies straight before you, and when you arrive there, about evening, wait till night, when the Princess goes to take a bath. As soon as she enters the bath-house, do you spring up and give her a kiss, and she will follow you wheresoever you will; only take care that she does not take leave of her parents first, or all will be lost."

With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son seating himself thereon, away they went over hill and valley like the wind. When they arrived at the Golden Palace, the youth found everything as the Fox had foretold, and he waited till midnight when everybody was in a deep sleep, and at that hour the beautiful Princess went to

her bath, and he sprang up instantly and kissed her. The Princess said she was willing to go with him, but begged him earnestly, with tears in her eyes, to permit her first to take leave of her parents. At first he withstood her prayers; but, when she wept still more, and even fell at his feet, he at last consented. Scarcely had the maiden stepped up to her father's bedside when he awoke, and all the others who were asleep awakening too, the poor youth was captured and put in prison.

The next morning the King said to him, "Thy life is forfeited, and thou canst only find mercy if thou clearest away the mountain which lies before my window, and over which I cannot see; but thou must remove it within eight days. If thou accomplish this, then thou shalt have my daughter as a reward."

The King's son at once began digging and shovelling away; but when, after seven days, he saw how little was done, and that all his work went for nothing, he fell into great grief and gave up all hope. But on the evening of the seventh day the Fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve that I should notice you again, but go away and sleep while I work for you."

When he awoke the next morning, and looked out of the window, the hill had disappeared, and he hastened to the King full of joy, and told him the conditions were fulfilled: and now, whether he liked it or not, the King was obliged to keep his word, and give up his daughter.

Away then went these two together, and soon after they met the faithful Fox. "You have the best certainly," said he, "but to the Maid of the Golden Castle belongs also the Golden Horse."

"How shall I obtain it?" inquired the youth.

"That I will tell you," answered the Fox; "first take to the King who sent you to the Golden Castle the beautiful Princess. Then there will be unheard-of joy, and they will

readily show you the Golden Horse and give it to you. Do you mount it, and then give your hand to each for a parting shake, and last of all to the Princess, whom you must keep tight hold of, and pull her up behind you, and as soon as that is done ride off, and no one can pursue you, for the horse goes as fast as the wind." All this was happily accomplished, and the King's son led away the beautiful Princess in triumph on the Golden Horse. The Fox did not remain behind, and said to the Prince, "Now I will help you to the Golden Bird. When you come near the castle where it is, let the maiden get down, and I will take her into my cave. Then do you ride into the castle-yard, and at the sight of you there will be such joy that they will readily give you the bird; and as soon as you hold the cage in your hand ride back to us, and fetch again the maiden."

As soon as this deed was done, and the Prince had ridden back with his treasure, the Fox said, "Now you must reward me for my services."

"What do you desire?" asked the youth.

"When we come into yonder wood, shoot me dead and cut off my head and feet."

"That were a curious gratitude," said the Prince; "I cannot possibly do that."

"If you will not do it, I must leave you," replied the Fox; "but before I depart I will give you one piece of counsel. Beware of these two points: buy no gallows-flesh, and sit not on the brink of a spring!" With these words it ran into the forest.

The young Prince thought, "Ah, that is a wonderful animal, with some curious fancies! Who would buy gallows-flesh? and I don't see the pleasure of sitting on the brink of a spring!" Onward he rode with his beautiful companion, and by chance the way led him through the village where his two brothers had stopped. There he found a great uproar and lamentation; and when he asked

the reason, he was told that two persons were about to be hanged. When he came nearer, he saw that they were his two brothers, who had done some villainous deeds, besides spending all their money. He inquired if they could not be freed, and was told by the people that he might buy them off if he would, but they were not worth his gold, and deserved nothing but hanging. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate, but paid down the money, and his two brothers were released.

After this they all four set out in company, and soon came to the forest where they had first met the Fox; and as it was cool and pleasant beneath the trees, for the sun was very hot, the two brothers said, "Come, let us rest awhile here by this spring, and eat and drink." The youngest consented, forgetting in the heat of conversation the warning he had received, and feeling no anxiety; but all at once the brothers threw him backwards into the water, and taking the maiden, the horse, and the bird, went home to their father. "We bring you," said they to him, "not only the Golden Bird, but also the Golden Horse and the Princess of the Golden Castle." At their arrival there was great joy; but the Horse would not eat, the Bird would not sing, and the Maiden would not speak, but wept bitterly from morning to night.

The youngest brother, however, was not dead. The spring, by great good luck, was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without any injury; but he could not get out again. Even in this necessity the faithful Fox did not leave him, but soon came up, and scolded him for not following its advice. "Still I cannot forsake you," it said; "but I will again help you to escape. Hold fast upon my tail, and I will draw you up to the top." When this was done, the Fox said, "You are not yet out of danger, for your brothers are not confident of your death, and have set spies all round the forest, who are to kill you if they should see you."

The youth thereupon changed clothes with a poor old man who was sitting near, and in that guise went to the King's palace. Nobody knew him; but instantly the Bird began to sing, the Horse began to eat, and the beautiful Maiden ceased weeping. Bewildered at this change, the King asked what it meant. "I know not," replied the Maiden; "but I who was sad am now gay, for I feel as if my true husband were returned." Then she told him all that had happened; although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she disclosed anything. The King summoned before him all the people who were in the castle, and among them came the poor youth, dressed as a beggar, in his rags; but the Maiden knew him, and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and tried; but the youngest married the Princess, and succeeded to the King's inheritance.

But what happened to the poor Fox? Long after, the Prince went once again into the wood, and there met the Fox, who said, "You have now everything that you can desire, but to my misfortunes there is no end, although it lies in your power to release me." And, with tears, it begged the Prince to cut off its head and feet. At last he did so; and scarcely was it accomplished when the Fox became a man, who was no other than the brother of the Princess, delivered at length from the charm which bound him. From that day nothing was ever wanting to the happiness of the Hero of the Golden Bird.



The Three Feathers



ONCE upon a time there was a King who had three sons, two of whom were bold and decided, but the third was a simpleton, and, having nothing to say for himself, was called Dummling. When the King became old and weak, and thought his end was approaching, he knew not which of his sons to appoint to succeed him. So he said to them, "Go out upon your travels, and whoever brings me back the finest carpet shall be king at my death." Then, to prevent their quarrelling, he led them out before the castle, and, blowing three feathers into the air, said, "As they fly, so shall you go."

One feather flew towards the east, another towards the west, but the third went in a straight direction, and soon fell to the ground. So one brother went right, another left,

laughing at poor Dummling, who had to remain where the third feather had fallen.

Dummling sat himself down, and was sad at heart; but presently he noticed that near the feather was a trap-door. He raised it, and finding steps, descended below the ground.



He came to another door, and knocking, heard a voice singing—

"Frog with the crooked leg,
Small and light green,
See who 'tis that knocks,
Be quick; let him in!"

The door was opened, and, going in, he saw a large Frog, and round her were squatted several smaller ones. The big one asked what he desired? and he replied, "I seek the finest and most beautiful carpet." The big Frog then called a young one, and said, "Bring me hither the great box." So the young Frog fetched it; and the old one, opening it, took out and gave to Dummling a carpet more beautiful than any one could make. Dummling thanked her for the gift and came up the steps again.

His two brothers, meanwhile, thinking their youngest

brother so simple, believed that he would not bring home anything at all, and said to each other, "Let us take the best shawl we can from the back of some shepherd's wife." So they stole the first they met with, and carried it to the King. At the same time Dummling arrived, bringing his fine and beautiful carpet, and as soon as the King saw it he was astonished, and said, "By right this kingdom belongs to the youngest of you."

But the two others let the King have no peace, saying, "It is impossible that Dummling should have the kingdom, for he lacks common understanding." So the King decreed that whoever brought him the most beautiful ring should be his heir; and, taking the three brothers out, he blew, as before, three feathers into the air, for them to follow. The two eldest went east and west, but Dummling's feather flew again as far as the trap-door, and there settled down. He descended a second time to the fat old Frog, and told her he needed the most beautiful ring in the world. The Frog ordered her jewel-casket to be brought, and gave him out of it a ring which sparkled with diamonds, and was finer than any goldsmith in the world could have made. The two eldest brothers gave themselves no further trouble than the beating of a nail, which they carried to the King. But as soon as Dummling displayed his gold ring, the father said, "The kingdom belongs to him." The two eldest brothers, however, would not let the King be at peace until he appointed a third condition, which was, that whoever brought him the prettiest woman should have the kingdom. A third time he blew the feathers into the air, and they flew, as before, east and west, and one straight out.

Now Dummling went again down to the fat Frog, and said, "I have to take home the most beautiful bride I can find." "Ah," said the Frog, "the most beautiful bride! that is not easy for every one, but you shall have her;" and, so saying, she gave him a hollow carrot, to which six little

mice were harnessed. Dummling asked sadly what he was to do with them, and the Frog told him to place in the carriage one of her little handmaids. He took up one Frog at random out of the circle, and placed her in the carrot; but no sooner was she seated than she became a beautiful maiden, and the carrot and the six mice were changed into a fine carriage and horses. Dummling kissed the maiden, and drove away from the place to the King's palace. His brothers came afterwards, having given themselves no trouble to find a pretty girl, but taking the first peasants they met. When the King had seen them all, he said, "At my death, the kingdom belongs to my youngest son."

But the two elder brothers again besieged the ears of the King with their cries, saying, "We cannot allow that Dummling should be King;" and they requested that there should be a trial for the superiority, to see whose wife could best jump through a ring which hung in the hall; for they thought to themselves, "These peasant girls will be strong enough, but that tender thing will kill herself in the attempt." At last the King consented. The two peasant girls sprang easily through the ring, but they were so plump that they fell down and broke their arms and legs. Then the beautiful bride of Dummling sprang through as lightly and gracefully as a fawn, and all opposition was put to an end. So Dummling, after all, received the crown, and ruled a long time happily and wisely.



How Six travelled through the World



HERE was once a man who understood a variety of arts; he had served in the army, where he had behaved very bravely, but when the war came to an end he received his discharge, and three dollars only for his services. "Wait a bit! this does not please me," said he; "if I find the right people, I will make the King give me the treasures of the whole kingdom." Thereupon he was very angry, and went into a forest, where he found a man who had just uprooted six trees, as if they were straw, and he asked him whether he would be his servant, and travel with him. "Yes," replied the man; "but I will first take home to my mother this bundle of firewood;" and, taking up one of the trees, he wound it round the other five, and, raising the bundle upon his shoulder, bore it away. Soon he returned, and said to his master, "We two shall travel well through the world!" They had not gone far before they came up with a hunter who was kneeling upon one knee, and preparing to take aim with his gun. The master asked what he was going to shoot,

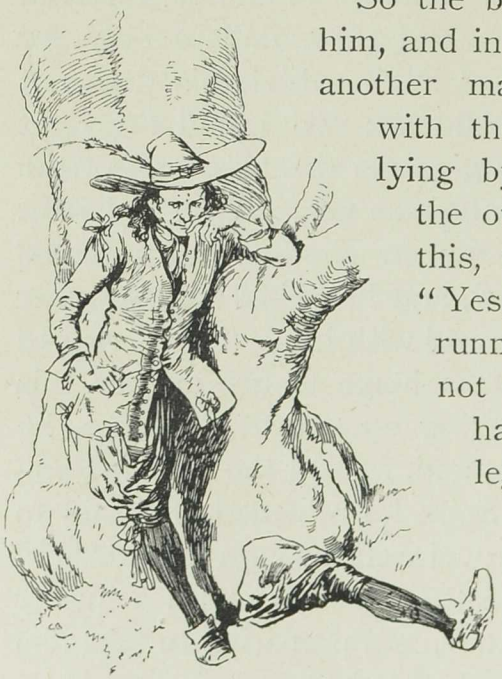
and he replied, "Two miles from hence sits a fly upon the branch of an oak-tree, whose left eye I wish to shoot out."

"Oh, go with me!" said the man; "for, if we three are together, we must pass easily through the world."

The huntsman consented, and went with him, and soon they arrived at seven windmills, whose sails were going round at a rattling pace, although right or left there was no wind and not a leaf stirring. At this sight the man said, "I wonder what drives these mills, for there is no breeze!" and they went on: but they had not proceeded more than two miles when they saw a man sitting upon a tree, who held one nostril while he blew out of the other. "My good fellow," said our hero, "what are you driving up there?"

"Did you not see," replied the man, "two miles from hence, seven windmills? It is those which I am blowing, that the sails may go round."

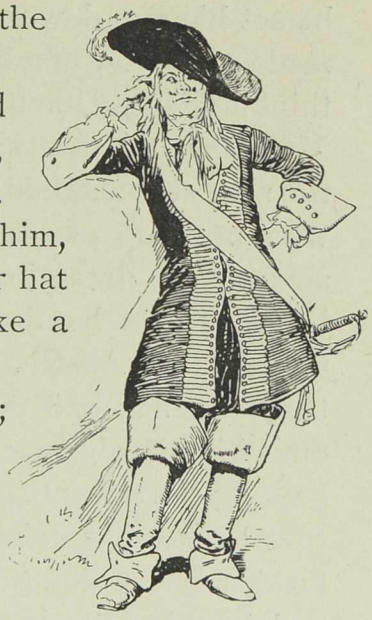
"Oh, then come with me," said our hero; "for if four people like us travel together, we shall soon get through the world."



So the blower got up and went with him, and in a short while they met with another man standing upon one leg with the other leg unbuckled and lying by his side. The leader of the others said, "You have done this, no doubt, to rest yourself?" "Yes," replied the man, "I am a runner, and in order that I may not spring along too quickly I have unbuckled one of my legs, for when I wear both I go as fast as a bird can fly."

"Well, then, come with me," said our hero; "five such fellows as

we are will soon get through the world."



The five heroes went on together, and soon met a man who had a hat on, which he wore quite over one ear. The captain of the others said to him, "Manners! manners! don't hang your hat on one side like that; you look like a simpleton!"

"I dare not do so," replied the other; "for if I set my hat straight, there will come so sharp a frost that the birds in the sky will freeze and fall dead upon the ground."

"Then come with me," said our hero, "for it is odd if six fellows like us cannot travel quickly through the world."

These six new companions went into a city where the King had proclaimed, that whoever should run a race with his daughter, and bear away the prize, should become her husband; but if he lost the race he should also lose his head. This was mentioned to our hero, who said that he would have his servant run for him; but the King told him that in that case he must agree that his servant's life, as well as his own, should be sacrificed if the wager were lost. To this he agreed, and then he bade his runner buckle on his other leg, and told him to be careful and to make sure of winning. The wager was, that whoever first brought back water from a distant spring should be victor. Accordingly the runner and the princess both received a cup, and they both began to run at the same moment. But the Princess had not gone many steps before the runner was quite of sight, and it seemed as if but a puff of wind had passed. In a short time he came to the spring, and, filling his cup, he turned back again, but had not gone very far, before, feeling tired,

he set his cup down again, and lay down to take a nap. He made his pillow of a horse's skull which lay upon the ground; thinking, from its being hard, that he would soon awake. Meantime, the princess, who was a better runner than many of the men at court, had arrived at the spring, and was returning with her cup of water when she saw her opponent lying asleep. In great joy she exclaimed, "My enemy is given into my own hands!" and, emptying his cup, she ran on faster still. All would now have been lost if, by good luck, the huntsman had not been standing on the castle, looking on with his sharp eyes. When he saw the princess was gaining the advantage, he loaded his gun and shot so cleverly that he carried away the horse's skull under the runner's head, without doing the man any injury. This awoke him, and jumping up, he found his cup empty and the princess far in advance. However, he did not lose courage, but ran back again to the spring, and, filling his cup, returned home ten minutes earlier than the princess. "See," said he, "now I have used my legs, the first part of the race was not worth calling running."

The King and his daughter were disgusted that a common soldier should carry off the prize, and they consulted together how they should get rid of him and his companions. At last the King said, "Do not distress yourself, my dear: I have found a way to prevent their return." Then he called to the six travellers, and, saying to them, "You must now eat and drink and be merry," he led them into a room with a floor of iron, doors of iron, and the windows guarded with iron bars. In the room was a table set out with choice delicacies, and the King invited them to enter and refresh themselves, and as soon as they were inside he locked and bolted all the doors. That done, he summoned the Cook, and commanded him to keep a fire lighted beneath till the iron was red-hot. The Cook obeyed, and the six champions, sitting at table, soon began to feel warm, and at first thought it arose from eating;

but as it kept getting warmer and warmer, they rose to leave the room, and found the doors and windows all fast. Then they knew that the King had some wicked design in hand, and wished to suffocate them. "But he shall not succeed!" cried the man with the hat; "I will summon such a frost as shall put to shame and crush this fire;" and, so saying, he put his hat on straight, and immediately such a frost fell, that all the heat disappeared, and even the meats upon the dishes began to freeze. When two hours had passed, the King thought they would be stifled, and he caused the door to be opened, and went in himself to see after them. But, as soon as the door was opened, there stood the six travellers, and the King told them to come out to warm themselves, for the cold in the room had been so intense that all the dishes were frozen! In a great passion the King went down to the Cook, and scolded him, and asked why he had not obeyed his instructions. The Cook, however, pointing to the fire, said, "There is heat enough there, I should think;" and the King was obliged to own there was, and he saw clearly that he should not be able to get rid of his visitors in that way.

The King now began to think afresh how he could free himself, and he caused the master to be summoned, and said, "Will you not take money, and give up your right to my daughter? If so, you shall have as much as you wish."

"Well, my lord King," replied the man, "just give me as much as my servant can carry, and you are welcome to keep your daughter."

This answer pleased the King very much, and our hero said that he would come and fetch the sum in fourteen days.

During that time he collected all the tailors in the kingdom and ordered them to make him an immense sack. As soon as it was ready, the Strong Man, who had uprooted the trees, took the sack upon his shoulder, and carried it to the King. At the sight of him the King said, "What a powerful fellow this must be, carrying this great sack upon

his shoulders!" and, sorely frightened, he wondered how much gold it would hold. The King, first of all, caused a ton of gold to be brought, which required sixteen ordinary men to lift; but the Strong Man, taking it up with one hand, shoved it into the sack, saying, "Why do you not bring more at a time?—this scarcely covers the bottom of the sack." Then by degrees the King caused all his treasures to be brought, which the Strong Man put in, and yet they did not half fill his sack. "Bring more, more!" said he; "these are only a couple of crumbs." Then they were obliged to bring seven thousand waggons laden with gold, and all these the man pushed into his sack—gold, waggons, oxen, and all. Still it was not full, and the Strong Man offered to take whatever they brought, if they would but fill his sack. When everything that they could find was put in, the man said, "Well, I must make an end to this; and, besides, if one's sack is not quite full, why it can be tied up so much the easier!" and, so saying, he hoisted it upon his back, and went away, and his companions with him.

When the King saw this one man bearing away all the riches of his kingdom, he got into a tremendous passion, and ordered his cavalry to pursue the six men, and at all risks to bring back the Strong Man with the sack. Two regiments accordingly pursued them, and shouted out to them, "You are our prisoners! lay down the sack of gold, or you will be hewn to pieces!"

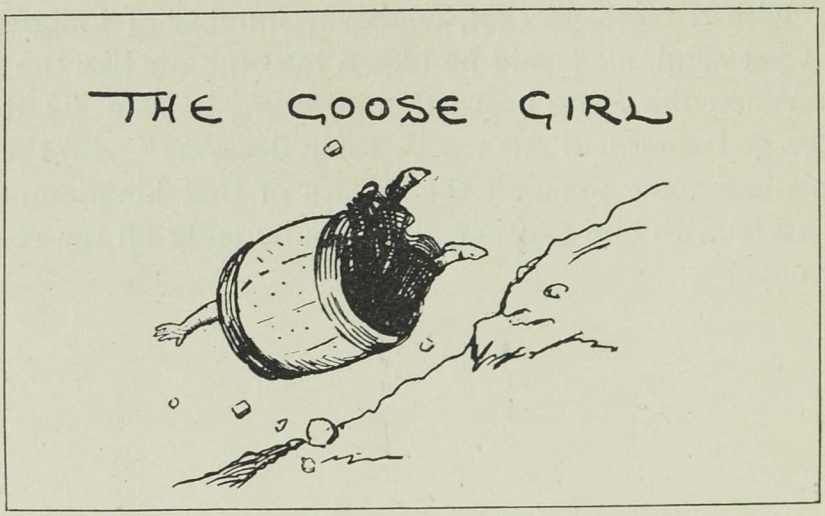
"What is that you are saying?" asked the Blower; "you will make us prisoners! but first you shall have a dance in the air!" So saying, he held one nostril, and blew with the other the two regiments right away into the blue sky, so that one flew over the hills on the right side and the other on the left. One sergeant begged for mercy: he had nine wounds, and was a brave fellow undeserving of such disgrace. So the Blower sent after him a gentle puff which brought him



Rout of the Regiments.—*Page* 160.

back without harming him, and then sent him back to the King with a message that, whatever number of knights he might yet send, all would be blown into the air like the first lot. When the King heard this message, he said, "Let the fellows go! they will meet with their deserts!" So the six companions took home all the wealth of that kingdom, and, sharing it with one another, lived contentedly all the rest of their days.







NCE upon a time there lived an old Queen, whose husband had been dead some years, and left her with one child, a beautiful daughter. When this daughter grew up she was betrothed to a King's son, who lived far away; and when the time arrived that she should be married, and as she had to travel into a strange country, the old lady packed up for her use most costly furniture, utensils of gold and silver, cups and jars; in short, all that belonged to a royal bridal treasure, for she loved her child dearly. She sent also a maid to wait upon her and to give her away to the bridegroom, and two horses for the journey; and the horse of the Princess, called Falada, could speak. As soon as the hour of departure arrived, the mother took her daughter into a chamber, and there with a knife she cut her finger with it so that it bled; then she held a napkin beneath, and let three drops of blood fall into it, which she gave to her daughter, saying, "Dear child, preserve this well, and it will help you out of trouble."

Afterwards the mother and daughter took a sorrowful leave of each other, and the Princess placed the napkin in her bosom, mounted her horse, and rode away to her intended bridegroom. After she had ridden for about an hour she became very thirsty, and said to her servant, "Dismount, and get me some water from yonder stream in the cup which you carry with you, for I am very thirsty."

"If you are thirsty," replied the servant, "dismount yourself, and stoop down to drink the water, for I will not be your maid!"

The Princess, on account of her great thirst, did as she was bid, and bending over the brook she drank of its water, without daring to use her golden cup. While she did so the three Drops of Blood said, "Ah! if thy mother knew this, her heart would break." And the Princess felt humbled, but said nothing, and remounted her horse. Then she rode several miles further, but the day was so hot and the sun so scorching that she felt thirsty again; and as soon as she reached a stream she called her handmaiden again, and bade her take the golden cup and fill it with water, for she had forgotten all the saucy words which had passed before. The maiden, however, replied more haughtily than before, "If you wish to drink, help yourself! I will not be your maid!"

The Princess thereupon got off her horse, and helped herself at the stream, while she wept and cried, "Ah! woe's me!" and the three Drops of Blood said again, "If your mother knew this, her heart would break." As she leaned over the water, the napkin wherein were the three drops of blood fell out of her bosom and floated down the stream without her perceiving it, because of her great anguish. But her servant had seen what happened, and she was glad, for now she had power over her mistress; because, with the loss of the drops of blood, she became weak and powerless. When, then, she would mount again upon the horse Falada, the maid said, "No, Falada belongs to me; you

must get upon this horse;" and she was forced to yield. Then the servant bade her take off her royal clothes, and put on her common ones instead; and, lastly, she made the Princess promise and swear by the open sky that she would say nought of what had passed at the King's palace; for if she had not so sworn she would have been murdered. But Falada observed all that passed with great attention.

Now was the servant mounted upon Falada, and the rightful Princess upon a sorry hack; and in that way they travelled on till they came to the King's palace. On their arrival there were great rejoicings, and the young Prince, running towards them, lifted the servant off her horse, supposing that she was the true bride; and she was led up the steps in state, while the real Princess had to stop below. Just then the old King chanced to look out of his window, and saw her standing in the court, and he remarked how delicate and beautiful she was; and, going to the royal apartments, he asked the bride who it was she had brought with her, and left below in the courtyard.

"Only a girl whom I brought with me for company," said the bride. "Give the wench some work to do, that she may not grow idle."

The old King, however, had no work for her, and knew of nothing; until at last he said, "Ah! there is a boy who keeps the geese: she can help him." This youth was called Conrad, and the true bride was set to keep geese with him.

Soon after this the false bride said to her betrothed, "Dearest, will you grant me a favour?" "Yes," said he, "with the greatest pleasure." "Then let the knacker be summoned, that he may cut off the head of the horse on which I rode hither, for it has angered me on the way." In reality she feared lest the horse might tell how she had used the rightful Princess, and she was glad when it was decided that Falada should die. This came to the ears of the Princess, and she promised secretly to the knacker to give



"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!"—*Page* 169.

him a piece of gold, if he would show her a kindness, which was that he would nail the head of Falada over a certain large and gloomy arch, through which she had to pass daily with the geese, so that then she might still see, as she had been accustomed, her old steed. The knacker promised, and, after killing the horse, nailed the head in the place which was pointed out, over the door of the arch.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove the geese through the arch, she said in passing—

"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!"

and the Head replied—

"Ah, Princess, that you should pass here!
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break!"

Then she drove on through the town to a field; and when they arrived on the meadow, she sat down and unloosened her hair, which was of pure gold; and its shining appearance so charmed Conrad, that he endeavoured to pull out a couple of locks. So she sang—

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

Immediately there came a strong wind, which took Conrad's hat quite off his head, and led him a rare dance all over the meadows; and when he returned, what with combing and curling, the Princess had rearranged all her hair, so that he could not catch a loose lock. This made Conrad very angry, and he would not speak to her; so that all day long they tended their geese in silence, and at evening they went home.

The following morning they passed again under the gloomy arch, and the true Princess said—

"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!"

and Falada replied—

"Ah, Princess, that you should pass here!
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break!"

Afterwards, when they got into the meadow, Conrad tried again to snatch one of her golden locks; but she sang immediately—

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

So the wind blew, and carried the hat so far away, that by the time Conrad had caught it again, her hair was all combed out, and not a single one loose; so they tended the geese till evening as before.

After they returned home, Conrad went to the old King, and declared he would no longer keep geese with the servant.

"Why not?" asked the old King.

"Oh! she vexes me the whole day long," said Conrad; and then the King bade him relate all that had happened. This Conrad did, and told how, in the morning, when they passed through a certain archway, she spoke to a horse's head, which was nailed up over the door, and said—

"Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!"

and it replied—

"Ah, Princess, that you should pass here!
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break!"



"Blow, blow, thou wind, blow Conrad's hat away."—*Page* 170

and, further, when they arrived in the meadow, how she caused the wind to blow his hat off, so that he had to run after it ever so far. When he had finished his tale, the old King ordered him to drive the geese out again the next morning; and he himself, when morning came, stationed himself behind the gloomy archway, and heard the servant talk to the head of Falada. Then he followed them also into the fields, and hid himself in a thicket by the meadow; and there he saw with his own eyes the Goose Girl and boy drive in their geese; and, after awhile, she sat down, and unloosening her hair, which shone like gold, began to sing the old rhyme—

"Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind."

Then the King felt a breeze come, which took off Conrad's hat, so that he had to run a long way after it; while the Goose Girl combed out her hair, and put it back in proper trim, before his return. All this the King observed, and then went home unremarked; and when the Goose Girl returned at evening, he called her aside, and asked her what it all meant. "That I dare not tell you, nor any other man," replied she; "for I have sworn by the free sky not to speak of my griefs, else had I lost my life."

The King pressed her to say what it was, and left her no peace about it; but still she refused. So at last he said, "If you will not tell me, tell your griefs to this fireplace;" and he went away. Then she crept into the fireplace, and began to weep and groan; and soon she relieved her heart by telling her tale. "Here sit I," she said, "forsaken by all the world, and yet I am a King's daughter; and a false servant has exercised some charm over me, whereby I was compelled to lay aside my royal clothes; and she has also

taken my place at the bridegroom's side, and I am forced to perform the common duties of a Goose Girl. Oh, if my mother knew this, her heart would break with grief!"

The old King, meanwhile, stood outside by the chimney, and listened to what she said; and when she had finished, he came in, and called her away from the fireplace. Then her royal clothes were put on, and it was a wonder to see how beautiful she was; and the old King, calling his son, showed him that it was a false bride whom he had taken, who was only a servant-girl; but the true bride stood there as a Goose Girl. The young King was glad indeed at heart when he saw her beauty and virtue; and a great feast was announced, to which all people and good friends were invited. On a raised platform sat the bridegroom, with the Princess on one side, and the servant-girl on the other. But the latter was dazzled, and recognised her mistress no longer in her shining dress. When they had finished their feasting, and were beginning to be gay, the old King set a riddle to the servant-girl: What such an one were worthy of who had, in such and such a manner, deceived her masters; and he related all that had happened to the true bride. The servant-girl replied, "Such an one deserves nothing better than to be put into a cask, stuck all round with sharp nails, and then by two horses to be dragged through street after street till the wretch be killed."

"Thou art the woman, then!" exclaimed the King; "thou hast proclaimed thine own punishment, and it shall be strictly fulfilled."

The sentence was immediately carried into effect, and afterwards the young King married his rightful bride, and together they ruled their kingdom long in peace and happiness.

THE SOARING LARK



THERE was once a man who had to go a very long journey, and on his departure he asked his three daughters what he should bring them. The eldest chose pearls, the second diamonds, but the third said, "Dear father, I wish for a singing, soaring lark." The father promised her she should have it if he could meet with one; and then, kissing all three, he set out.

When the time came round for his return, he had bought the pearls and the diamonds for the two elder sisters, but the lark he had sought in vain everywhere; and this grieved him very much, for the youngest daughter was his dearest child. By chance his road led through a forest, in the middle of which stood a noble castle, and near that a tree, upon whose topmost bough he saw a singing, soaring lark. "Ah! I meet with you in the very nick of time!" he exclaimed, and bade his servant climb the tree and catch the bird. But as soon as he stepped up to the tree a Lion sprang from behind, shaking his mane, and roaring so that the leaves upon the branches trembled. "Who will steal my singing, soaring lark?" cried the beast; "I will eat you up!"

"I did not know," replied the man, "that the bird belonged

to you; I will repair the intended injury, and buy myself off with gold; only let me have my life."

"Nothing can save you," said the Lion, "unless you promise me the first person who meets you on your return home; if you do that, I will give you not only your life, but also the bird for your daughter."

This condition the man refused, saying, "That might be my youngest daughter, who is dearest to me, and will most likely run to meet me on my return." But the servant was anxious, and said, "It does not follow that your daughter will come; it may be a cat or a dog." At length the man let himself be persuaded, and, taking the singing, soaring lark, he promised the Lion whatever should first meet him.

Soon he arrived at home, and on entering his house the first who greeted him was no other than his dearest daughter, who came running up, kissed and embraced him, and when she saw the lark in his hand was almost beside herself with joy. The poor father, however, could not rejoice, but began to weep, and said, "My dearest child, this bird I have bought very dear; I was forced to promise you for it to a wild Lion, and when he gets you he will tear you in pieces and eat you." Then he told her all that had passed, and begged her not to go away, let what might be the consequences. But his daughter consoled him and said, "My dear father, what you have promised you must perform; I will go and soften the heart of this Lion, so that I shall soon return to you."

The next morning she had the way shown to her, and, taking leave, she went boldly into the forest. But this Lion was an enchanted Prince, who by day, with all his attendants, had the forms of lions, and by night they resumed their natural human figure. On her arrival, therefore, the maiden was received kindly, and led into the castle; and when night came on, and the Lion took his natural form, the wedding was celebrated with great splendour. Here

they lived contented with each other, sleeping by day and watching by night. One day the Prince said to his wife, "To-morrow is a feast-day in your father's house, because your eldest sister is to be married, and if you wish to go, my lions shall accompany you."

She replied that she should like very much to see her father again, and went, accompanied by the lions. On her arrival there was great rejoicing, for all had believed that she had been torn in pieces by the lions, and killed long ago. But she told them what a handsome husband she had, and how well she fared, and stopped with them as long as the wedding lasted; after which she went back into the forest.

Not many weeks afterwards the second daughter was to be married, and the youngest was again invited to the wedding; but she said to the Lion, "This time I will not go alone, for you must come with me." But the Lion said it would be dangerous for him; for, should a ray from a burning light touch him, then he would instantly be changed into a pigeon, and in that form fly about for seven long years.

"Oh! do go with me!" entreated his bride; "I will protect you and ward off all light."

So at last they went away together, taking their little child with them; and the Princess caused a room to be built, strong and thick, so that no ray could pierce through, wherein her husband was to sit when the bridal lights were put up. But the door was made of green wood, which split, and left a little chink which no one noticed. Now the marriage was performed, but, as the procession returned from church with its multitude of torches and lights passing by the door, a ray pierced through the chink and fell like a hair line upon the Prince, who, in the same instant that it touched him, was changed into a Dove. When, then, the Princess entered the room she found only a white Dove, who said to her, "For seven years must I fly about in the world, but

at every seventh mile I will let fall a drop of red blood and a white feather, which shall show you the way; and, if you follow in their track, at last you may save me."

With these words the Dove flew out of the doors, and she followed it; and at every seventh mile it let fall a drop of blood and a feather, which showed her its path. Thus she travelled further and further over the world, without looking about or resting. The seven years were at length almost ended, and the prospect cheered her heart, for she thought they would soon be saved; and yet they were far enough off it. Once while she walked on no feather fell, and not even a drop of blood, and when she cast her eyes upwards the Dove had disappeared. Then she thought to herself, "No man can help you now;" so she mounted up to the Sun, and asked, "Hast thou seen a white Dove on the wing, for thou shinest into every chasm and over every peak?"

"No, I have not seen one," replied the Sun; "but I will give you this little casket; open it if you stand in need of help."

She thanked the Sun and walked on till evening, when the Moon shone out, and then she asked it, "Hast thou seen a white Dove on the wing, for thou shinest over every field and through every wood all night long?"

"No, I have not seen one," replied the Moon; "but I will give you this egg; break it if ever you fall into trouble."

She thanked the Moon and walked on till the North Wind passed by, and she asked again, "Hast thou not seen a white Dove, for thou passest through all the boughs, and shakest every leaf under Heaven?"

"No, I have not seen one," replied the North Wind; "but I will ask the three other Winds, who may, perhaps, have seen him you seek."

So the East and West Winds were asked, but they had seen nothing; but the South Wind said, "I have seen the



"I will give you this egg; break it if ever you fall into trouble."—*Page* 178.

white Dove; it has flown to the Red Sea, where it has again become a Lion, for the seven years are up; and the Lion stands there in combat with a caterpillar, who is really an enchanted Princess."

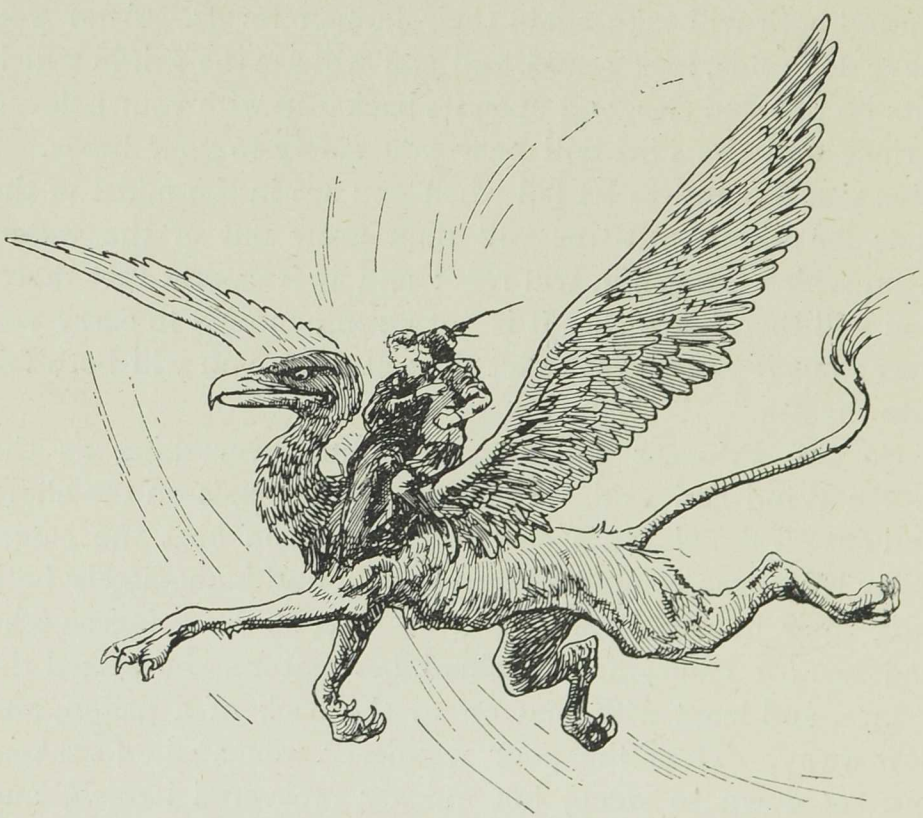
At these words the North Wind said to her, "I will advise you; go to the Red Sea; on the right shore thereof stand great reeds; count them, and cut off the eleventh, and beat the caterpillar therewith. The Lion will then vanquish it, and both will take again their human forms. After you have done this, look round, and you will see the griffin which sits on the Red Sea, and upon its back leap with your beloved Prince and the bird will bear you safely to your home. I give you this nut to let fall when you are in the midst of the sea; for a large nut-tree will then grow out of the water, upon which the griffin will rest: and if it cannot rest there, you will then know that it is not strong enough to carry you over; but if you forget to let the nut drop, you will both fall into the sea."

So the Princess set out, and found everything as the North Wind had said. She counted the reeds on the shore and cut off the eleventh one, wherewith she beat the caterpillar till it was conquered by the lion, and immediately both took their human forms. But as soon as the Princess who had been a caterpillar regained her nature, she seized the Prince, and leapt with him on to the back of a griffin, and flew away. Thus the poor wanderer was again forsaken, and sat down to weep, but quickly recovered herself, and said, "So far as the wind blows, and so long as the cock crows, I will travel, until I find my husband again!"

With this resolve she travelled on further and further, till she at length arrived at the place where they had lived together. Here she heard that a festival would soon be held, when the marriage of her husband and the Princess would be performed, and in her distress she opened the casket which the Sun had given her, and found a dress in it

as glittering as the Sun himself. She took it out, and, putting it on, went up to the castle, and everybody, the Princess included, regarded her with wonder. The dress pleased the intended bride so much that she thought it would make a magnificent bridal garment, and inquired if it were for sale.

"Not for gold or silver," was the reply, "but for flesh and blood!"



The Princess asked the stranger what she meant, and she replied, "Let me for one night sleep in the chamber of the bridegroom?"

To this request the bride would not at first accede, but for love of the dress she consented, and ordered her servant to give the Prince a sleeping-draught. Then when night came the stranger was led into the room where the Prince was

already fast asleep. There she sat herself down upon the bed, and said, "For seven long years have I followed you, the Sun and the Moon have I visited and inquired after you, and at the Red Sea I helped you against the caterpillar: will you, then, forsake me?"

But the Prince slept so soundly that her words appeared only like the rushing of the wind through the fir-trees; and at daybreak she was conducted out of the chamber, and had to give up the golden dress. Then thinking how little it had helped her, she became very sad, and going away to a meadow, sat down there and wept. While she wept, she suddenly bethought herself of the egg which the Moon had given her, and on cracking it there came out a hen with twelve chickens, all of gold, which ran about to peck, and crept under the old hen's wing. You could hardly imagine anything more pretty. She got up and drove them before her on the meadow, till the bride saw them out of her window, and they pleased her so much that she even came down and asked if they were not for sale. "Not for gold or silver, but for flesh and blood," replied the stranger: "let me sleep once more in the chamber where the bridegroom sleeps."

The bride consented, and would have deceived her as the night before, but the Prince, on going to bed, asked his servant what had caused the rustling and murmuring he had heard the previous night. The servant told him all that had happened, and that he had given him a sleeping-draught, because a poor maiden had slept that night in his room, and would again do so. The Prince bade him pour away the sleeping-draught, and when the maiden came at night, and began to tell her sorrowful tale as she had done before, he recognised the voice of his true wife, and sprang up, exclaiming, "Now am I saved! all this has passed to me like a dream, for the strange Princess has bewitched me, so that I must have forgotten everything, had not you been sent at the right time to deliver me."

Then as quickly as possible they both went out of the palace, for they were afraid of the father of the Princess, who was an enchanter. They set themselves upon the griffin, who carried them over the Red Sea, and as soon as they were in the middle of it, the Princess let fall her nut. Thereupon a great nut-tree grew up, on which the bird rested, and then it carried them straight to their home, where they found their child grown tall and handsome, and with him they ever afterwards lived happily to the end of their lives.



The Nix of the Mill-Pond



HERE was once upon a time a Miller who lived very happily with his Wife, for they were very well off, and their prosperity increased year by year. But misfortune comes by night. As their riches had grown, so they disappeared; and thus they melted away yearly till at last the Miller had only his mill, and that he could scarcely call his own property. He became very full of trouble over his losses; and when he lay down after his day's work he could get no rest, but tossed about in his bed, thinking and thinking.

One morning he arose before daybreak, and went out into the open air, to consider how he could overcome his troubles; and as he passed by the mill-dam the first ray of the sun shone forth, and he heard a rippling in the pond. He turned

round and saw a beautiful Maiden rising slowly out of the water. Her long hair, which she had gathered behind her shoulders with her long fingers, fell down on both sides of her face, and covered her white



bosom. The Miller saw at once that it was the Nix of the mill-pond, and he knew not from fear whether to stop or go away. The Nix solved his doubts by calling him by name in a gentle voice, and asking him why he was sad. At first

the Miller was dumb; but as she spoke kindly to him, he took courage, and told her that he had once lived in riches and prosperity, but he was now so poor he knew not what to do.

"Rest quietly," said the Nix; "I will make you richer and happier than you were before; only you must promise me that you will give me what has just now been born in your house." "That can be nothing else than a puppy or a kitten," thought the Miller, and thus promised the Nix what she desired. Thereupon she dived again under water, and the Miller hastened home to his mill in good spirits. He had almost reached it, when the Maid coming from it met him, and told him to rejoice, for a little boy had just been born to him. The Miller started back, as if struck by lightning, for he at once perceived that the crafty Nix was aware of the fact, and had deceived him. He went into his Wife's room drooping his head; and when she inquired why he did not congratulate her on her happiness, he told her what had happened, and the promise which he had given to the Nix. "Of what use are wealth and good luck to me," he continued, "if I lose my child? But what can I do?" And none of his friends who came to congratulate him on the birth of a son and heir could give any advice.

Meanwhile the luck of the mill returned. Whatever its Master undertook prospered; and it seemed as if chests and coffers filled themselves, for the money in the cupboard increased every night, till before many months had passed away the Miller was much richer than before. He could not, however, feel any pleasure in the prospect, for his promise to the Nix weighed on his mind; and as often as he passed the pond, he feared lest she should rise and claim her debt. The Boy himself he would never allow to go near the water; but told him continually to beware of doing so, for if he should fall in, a hand would rise and draw him under. Still, as year after year passed away, and the Nix made no second appearance, the Miller began to lose his suspicions.

The Boy grew up a fine youth and was bound to a Huntsman to learn his art, which when he had thoroughly studied, the Lord of the village took him into his service. Now in this village there dwelt a beautiful and good Maiden, who took the fancy of the young Hunter, and when his Master saw this he gave him a small cottage; and thereupon the two married, and lived happily together.

One day the Hunter pursued a stag, and when the animal escaped from the forest into the open fields, he followed it, and at last struck it down with a shot from his gun. But he did not observe that he had come to the brink of a dangerous pond, and so when he had cut up the stag, he went to it to wash his hands free from the blood-stains. Scarcely had he touched it when the Nix arose, and, smilingly embracing him with her naked arms, drew him so quickly below the surface that the water rippled on without a bubble.

By-and-by, when evening came, and the Hunter did not return home, his Wife felt very anxious. She went out to seek him; and as he had often told her that he had to take care of the appearance of the Nix, and not venture too near the mill-pond, she suspected already what had happened. She hastened to the water; and as soon as she saw his gun lying on the bank, she could no longer doubt the misfortune which had befallen her. Wringing her hands with grief and terror, she called her beloved by name, but in vain; she hurried from one side of the pond to the other; she alternately entreated and scolded the Nix; but no answer followed —the surface of the water remained as smooth as a mirror, and only the half-crescent of the moon looked up at her fixedly.

The poor Wife could not leave the water. With quick and hasty steps she walked round and round the pond without cessation, now silent, and now uttering a fearful shriek, and anon a smothered lament. At length her

strength forsook her; and sinking to the earth, she fell into a deep sleep, and soon a dream passed over her mind.

She thought she was sorrowfully climbing up between great blocks of stone; thorns and nettles pierced her feet, the rain beat in her face, and the wind disordered her long hair. But when she reached the top of the height it was quite different. The sky was blue, the air balmy, the ground softly declined; and upon a green meadow, spangled with flowers, stood an elegant cottage. She thought she went up to it and opened the door, and saw an old Woman with white hair sitting within, who beckoned to her kindly; and at that moment she awoke. The day was already dawning, and the poor Wife determined to follow out her dream. There was a hill close by her, and up this she went, and found the road as she had seen in her dream. On the other side stood the cottage, and in it an old Woman, who received her kindly, and showed her a chair to sit down upon. "You must have suffered some misfortune to induce you to seek my solitary hut," said the old Woman. The Wife related to her with tears what had happened; and the old Woman replied, "Be comforted, I will help you. Here you have a golden comb; wait now till the rising of the full moon, and then go to the pond, and sit down on the bank, and comb your long black hair with it. When you have done, lie down on the bank, and you will see what happens."

The Wife returned, but the time passed very wearily till the rise of the moon. At length the shining orb appeared in the sky, and she went down to the pond, and, sitting on its bank, combed her long black hair with the golden comb, and then lay down on the shore to wait the issue. In a short time the waters began to bubble, and a wave rolling on to the bank carried away with it the comb as it receded. In as much time as was necessary for the sinking of the comb to

the bottom, the waters parted, and the head of the Huntsman appeared. He did not speak, but looked at his Wife sorrowfully; and at the same moment another wave rolled on and covered his head. All then disappeared, the water became as placid as before and nothing was to be seen in it but the face of the moon.

The Wife turned back uncomforted, and her dreams again showed the old Woman's hut. So a second time she travelled up the hill, and laid her complaint before the old Woman, who this time gave her a golden flute, with directions to wait till the next full moon, and then to play a sweet tune upon the shore of the pond, and that finished, to lie down and wait the result as before.

The Wife did exactly as the old Woman told her, and as soon as she laid the flute down, a bubbling took place in the water, and a rising wave carried away the flute. Then appeared not only the head but half of the body of the Man, and stretched out his arms towards his Wife; but at the same instant a wave came, and, covering his head, drew him down again.

"Alas! how am I helped," cried the unhappy Wife, "if I see my Husband only to lose him?" Grief again overcame her; but in her dreams she visited again the old Woman's hut. Accordingly she set out on the journey a third time, and received a spinning-wheel of gold from the old Woman, who comforted her, and told her, "All is not yet complete; wait till the next full moon, and then sit down as before on the shore of the pond and spin your reel full, when done, lay it down near the water and await the result."

The Wife did everything exactly. As soon as the full moon came she carried her wheel to the shore and spun the reel full; but she had scarcely set it down against the water than the bubbles began to rise quicker than ever, and a huge wave dashing up carried away with it the spinning-

wheel. Immediately afterwards the head and whole body of the Man arose, and he, springing quickly to the shore, caught his Wife by the hand and fled away with her. But they had gone but a little distance, when with a terrible rushing noise the whole pond overflowed its banks, and streamed away into the fields with overwhelming force. The fugitives perceived at once death before their eyes, and in her terror the poor Wife called upon the old Woman for help, and in a moment they were changed, the one into a Frog and the other into a Toad. The flood which then reached them could not kill them, but it tore them asunder and carried them far away.

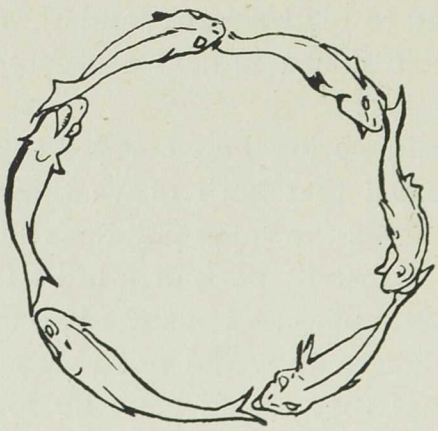
When the water subsided again, and the Toad and Frog touched dry ground, their human forms returned, but neither knew where the other was, and both were among strange people, who knew nothing of their country. High hills and deep valleys lay between them, and in order to earn a livelihood each had to tend sheep; and through many long years they fed their flocks in field and forest, grieving and longing for each other.

When once again spring had covered the earth with its first-fruits, it chanced that both drove their flocks out the same day, and towards the same point. The former Huntsman perceived on a distant peak of a hill a flock, and drove his sheep to the same place. Thus the two came together in a valley; and although they did not recognise each other, they were glad that they would have no longer to wander in solitude. From that day they drove their flocks together, and without speaking much, they felt a certain comfort steal over them. One evening when the full moon appeared in the heavens, and the flocks were resting, the Shepherd, taking a flute from his pocket, played a soft and mournful air. As he finished, he saw that the Shepherdess was weeping bitterly, and he asked the reason.

"Alas! I remember," she replied, "how the full moon

was shining as it is now, when I played that air upon a flute and the head of my beloved rose above the water."

The Shepherd looked at her as she spoke with an earnest gaze, and, as if a cloud had been taken away from his eyes, he recognised his dear Wife. At that same instant she remembered him, for the moon showed his face clearly; and I am sure no one needs to ask how happy they were, and how happy they remained.





Snow-White and Rose-Red



THERE was once a poor Widow, who lived alone in a hut with her two children, who were called Snow-White and Rose-Red, because they were like the flowers which bloomed on two rose-bushes, which grew before the cottage. But they were two as pious, good, industrious, and amiable children as any that were in the world, only Snow-White was more quiet and gentle than Rose-Red. For Rose-Red would run and jump about the meadows, seeking flowers, and catching butterflies, while Snow-White sat at home helping her Mother to keep house, or reading to her, if there were nothing else to do. The two children loved one another dearly, and always walked hand-in-hand when they went out together; and ever when they talked of it they agreed that they would never separate from each other, and that whatever one had

the other should share. Often they ran deep into the forest and gathered wild berries; but no beast ever harmed them. The hare would eat cauliflowers out of their hands, the fawn would graze at their side, the goats would frisk about them in play, and the birds remained perched on the boughs singing as if nobody was near. No accident ever befell them; and if they stayed late in the forest, and night came upon them, they used to lie down on the moss and sleep till morning; and because their mother knew they would do so, she felt no concern about them.

One time when they had thus passed the night in the forest, and the dawn of morning awoke them, they saw a beautiful Child dressed in shining white sitting near their couch. She got up and looked at them kindly, but without saying anything went into the forest; and when the children looked round they saw that where they had slept was close to the edge of a pit, into which they would have certainly fallen had they walked a couple of steps further in the dark. Their mother told them the figure they had seen was doubtless the good angel who watches over children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their Mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter. Every morning in the summer-time Rose-Red would first put the house in order, and then gather a nosegay for her Mother, in which she always placed a bud from each rose-tree. Every winter's morning Snow-White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil, and, although the kettle was made of copper, it shone like gold, because it was scoured so well. In the evenings, when the flakes of snow were falling, the Mother would say, "Go, Snow-White, and bolt the door;" and then they used to sit down on the hearth, and the Mother would put on her spectacles and read out of a great book, while her children sat spinning. By their side, too, lay a little lamb, and on a perch behind them a little white dove with her head under her wing.

One evening, when they were thus sitting comfortably together, there came a knock at the door, as if somebody wished to come in. "Make haste, Rose-Red," cried her Mother; "make haste and open the door; perhaps there is some traveller outside who needs shelter." So Rose-Red went and drew the bolt and opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside; but, instead, a great fat bear poked his black head in. Rose-Red shrieked out and ran back, the little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow-White hid herself behind her Mother's bed. The Bear, however, began to speak, and said, "Be not afraid, I will do you no harm; but I am half-frozen, and wish to come in and warm myself."

"Poor Bear!" cried the Mother; "come in and lie down before the fire; but take care you do not burn your skin;" and then she continued, "Come here, Rose-Red and Snow-White, the Bear will not harm you, he means well." So they both came back, and by degrees the lamb too and the dove overcame their fears and welcomed the rough visitor.

"You children!" said the Bear, before he entered, "come and knock the snow off my coat." And they fetched their brooms and swept him clean. Then he stretched himself before the fire and grumbled out his satisfaction, and in a little while the children became familiar enough to play tricks with the unwieldy animal. They pulled his long shaggy skin, set their feet upon his back and rolled him to and fro, and even ventured to beat him with a hazel-stick, laughing when he grumbled. The Bear bore all their tricks good-temperedly, and if they hit too hard he cried out—

> "Leave me my life, you children,
> Snow-White and Rose-Red,
> Or you'll never wed."

When bedtime came and the others were gone, the Mother said to the Bear, "You may sleep here on the hearth if you

like, and then you will be safely protected from the cold and bad weather."

As soon as day broke the two children let the Bear out again, and he trotted away over the snow, and ever afterwards he came every evening at a certain hour. He would lie down on the hearth and allow the children to play with him as much as they liked, till by degrees they became so accustomed to him, that the door was left unbolted till their black friend arrived.

But as soon as spring returned, and everything out of doors was green again, the Bear one morning told Snow-White that he must leave her, and could not return during the whole summer.

"Where are you going, then, dear Bear?" asked Snow-White.

"I am obliged to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil Dwarfs; for in winter, when the ground is hard, they are obliged to keep in their holes and cannot work through; but now, since the sun has thawed the earth and warmed it, the Dwarfs pierce through, and steal all they can find; and what has once passed into their hands, and gets hidden by them in their caves, is not easily brought to light." Snow-White, however, was very sad at the departure of the Bear, and opened the door so hesitatingly, that when he pressed through it he left behind on the latch a piece of his hairy coat; and through the hole which was made in his coat Snow-White fancied she saw the glittering of gold, but she was not quite certain of it. The Bear, however, ran hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the trees.

Some time afterwards the Mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks, and while doing so they came to a tree which was lying across the path, on the trunk of which something kept bobbing up and down from the grass, and they could not imagine what it was. When they came nearer they saw a Dwarf, with an old wrinkled face and a

snow-white beard a yard long. The end of this beard was fixed in a split of the tree, and the little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by a chain, for he did not know how to free himself. He glared at the Maidens with his red, fiery eyes, and exclaimed, "Why do you stand there? are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?"

"What have you done, little man?" asked Rose-Red.

"You stupid, gazing goose!" exclaimed he, "I wanted to have split the tree, in order to get a little wood for my kitchen, for the little food which we use is soon burnt up with great faggots, not like what you rough, greedy people devour! I had driven the wedge in properly, and everything was going on well, when the wedge flew upwards, and the tree closed so suddenly together, that I could not draw my beautiful beard out; and here it sticks, and I cannot get away. There, don't laugh, you milk-faced things! Are you dumbfounded?"

The children took all the pains they could to pull the Dwarf's beard out, but without success. "I will run and fetch some help," cried Rose-Red at length.

"Crack-brained sheep's-head that you are!" snarled the Dwarf; "what are you going to call other people for? You are two too many now for me; can you think of nothing else?"

"Don't be impatient," replied Snow-White; "I have thought of something;" and, pulling her scissors out of her pocket, she cut off the end of the beard. As soon as the Dwarf found himself at liberty, he snatched up his sack, which lay between the roots of the tree, filled with gold, and, throwing it over his shoulder, marched off, grumbling, and groaning, and crying, "Stupid people! to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard. Plague take you!" and away he went without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards Snow-White and Rose-Red went a-fishing, and as they neared the pond they saw something

like a great locust hopping about on the bank, as if going to jump into the water. They ran up and recognised the Dwarf. "What are you after?" asked Rose-Red; "you will fall into the water." "I am not quite such a simpleton as that," replied the Dwarf; "but do you not see this fish will pull me in?" The little man had been sitting there angling, and, unfortunately, the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing-line; and so when a great fish took his bait, the strength of the weak little fellow was not able to draw it out, and the fish had the best of the struggle. The Dwarf held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near, but to no purpose, for the fish pulled him where it liked, and he must soon have been drawn into the pond. Luckily the two Maidens arrived, and tried to release the beard of the Dwarf from the fishing-line, but both were too closely entangled for it to be done. So the Maiden pulled out her scissors again and cut off another piece of the beard. When the Dwarf saw this done he was in a great rage, and exclaimed, "You donkey! that is the way to disfigure my face. Was it not enough to cut it once, but you must now take away the best part of my fine beard? I dare not show myself again now to my own people. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before you had come here!" So saying, he took up a bag of pearls, which lay among the rushes, and, without speaking another word, slipped off and disappeared behind a stone.

Not many days after this adventure, it chanced that the Mother sent the two Maidens to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, laces and ribbons. Their road passed over a common, on which, here and there, great pieces of rock were lying about. Just over their heads they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock. Immediately afterwards they heard a piercing shriek, and, running up, they saw with affright that the eagle had caught

their old acquaintance the Dwarf, and was trying to carry him off. The compassionate children thereupon laid hold of the little man, and held him fast till the bird gave up the struggle and flew off. As soon, then, as the Dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed in his squeaking voice, "Could you not hold me more gently? You have seized my fine brown coat in such a manner, that it is all torn and full of holes, meddling and interfering rubbish that you are!" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones, and slipped away to his cave among the rocks.

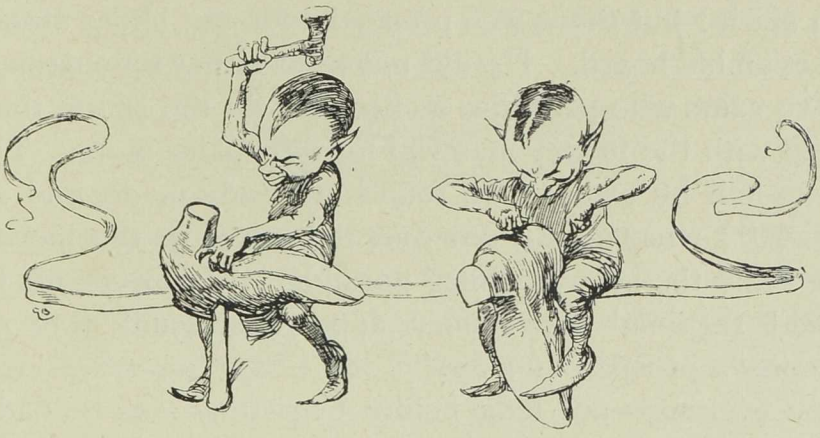
The Maidens were now accustomed to his ingratitude, and so they walked on to the town and transacted their business there. Coming home they returned over the same common, and unawares walked up to a certain clean spot, on which the Dwarf had shaken out his bag of precious stones, thinking nobody was near. The sun was shining, and the bright stones glittered in its beams, and displayed such a variety of colours, that the two Maidens stopped to admire them.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" asked the Dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage: he was continuing to abuse the poor Maidens, when a loud roaring noise was heard, and presently a great black Bear came rolling out of the forest. The Dwarf jumped up terrified, but he could not gain his retreat before the Bear overtook him. Thereupon he cried out, "Spare me, my dear Lord Bear! I will give you all my treasures. See these beautiful precious stones which lie here; only give me my life; for what have you to fear from a little weak fellow like me? You could not touch me with your big teeth. There are two wicked girls, take them; they would make nice morsels; as fat as young quails; eat them, for heaven's sake!"

The Bear, however, without troubling himself to speak, gave the bad-hearted Dwarf a single blow with his paw, and he never stirred after.

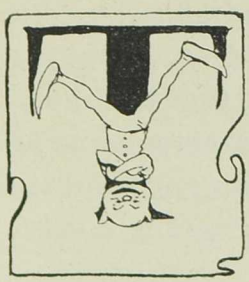
The Maidens were then going to run away, but the Bear called after them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, fear not! Wait a bit and I will go with you." They recognised his voice and stopped; and when the Bear came, his rough coat suddenly fell off, and he stood up a tall man, dressed entirely in gold. "I am a King's son," he said, "and was condemned by the wicked Dwarf, who stole all my treasures, to wander about in this forest in the form of a bear till his death released me. Now he has received his well-deserved punishment."

Then they went home, and Snow-White was married to the Prince, and Rose-Red to his brother, with whom they shared the immense treasure which the Dwarf had collected. The old Mother also lived for many years happily with her two children; and the rose-trees which had stood before the cottage were planted now before the palace, and produced every year beautiful red and white roses.



The Little Elves.

FIRST STORY



THERE was once a Shoemaker, who, from no fault of his own, had become so poor, that at last he had nothing left but just sufficient leather for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, intending to make it up in the morning; and, as he had a good conscience, he lay quietly down to sleep, first commending himself to God. In the morning he said his prayers, and then sat down to work; but, behold, the pair of shoes were already made, and there they stood upon his board. The poor man was amazed, and knew not what to think; but he took the shoes into his hand to look at them more closely, and they were so neatly worked, that not a stitch was wrong; just as if they had been made for a prize. Presently a customer came in; and as the shoes pleased him very much, he paid down more than was usual; and so much, that the Shoemaker was able to buy with it leather for two

pairs. By the evening he had got his leather shaped out; and when he arose the next morning, he prepared to work with fresh spirit; but there was no need—for the shoes stood all perfect on his board. He did not want either for customers; for two came who paid him so liberally for the shoes, that he bought with the money material for four pairs more. These also—when he awoke—he found all ready made, and so it continued; what he cut out overnight was, in the morning, turned into the neatest shoes possible. This went on until he had regained his former appearance, and was even becoming a prosperous man.

One evening—not long before Christmas—as he had cut out the usual quantity, he said to his wife before going to bed, "What say you to stopping up this night, to see who it is that helps us so kindly?" His wife was satisfied, and fastened up a light; and then they hid themselves in the corner of the room, where hung some clothes which concealed them. As soon as it was midnight in came two little mannikins, who squatted down on the board; and, taking up the prepared work, set to with their little fingers, stitching and sewing, and hammering so swiftly and lightly, that the Shoemaker could not take his eyes off them for astonishment. They did not cease until all was brought to an end, and the shoes stood ready on the table; and then they sprang quickly away.

The following morning the wife said, "The little men have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude to them; for although they run about they must be cold, for they have nothing on their bodies. I will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, trousers, and stockings for each, and do you make a pair of shoes for each."

The husband assented; and one evening, when all was ready, they laid presents, instead of the usual work, on the board, and hid themselves to see the result.

At midnight in came the Elves, jumping about, and soon

prepared to work; but when they saw no leather, but the natty little clothes, they at first were astonished, but soon showed their rapturous glee. They drew on their coats, and smoothing them down, sang—

"Smart and natty boys are we;
Cobblers we'll no longer be;"

and so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out at the door. After that evening they did not come again; but the Shoemaker prospered in all he undertook, and lived happily to the end of his days.

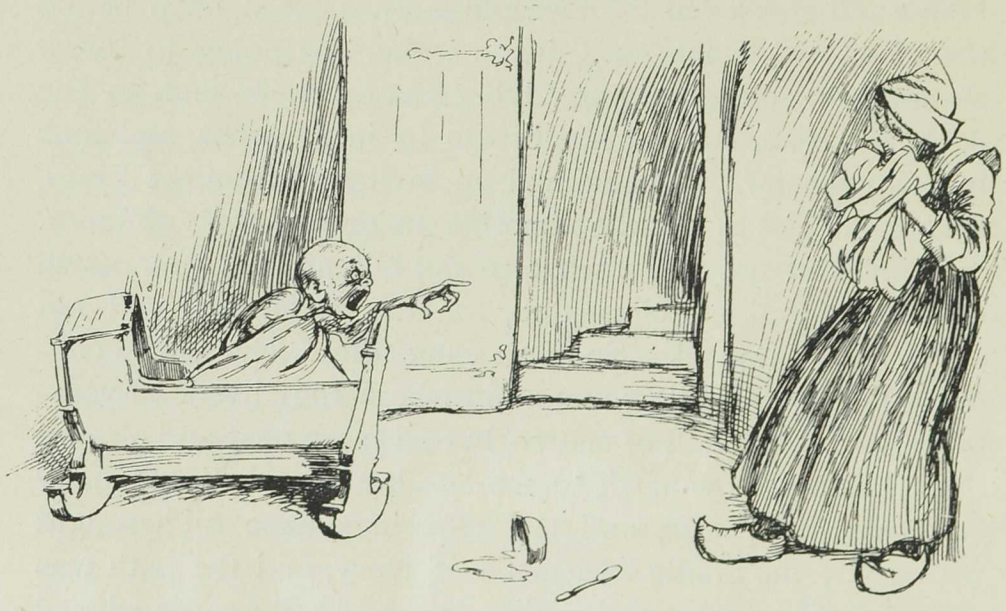
SECOND STORY

Once upon a time there was a poor servant girl, who was both industrious and cleanly, for every day she dusted the house and shook out the sweepings on a great heap before the door. One morning, just as she was going to throw them away, she saw a letter lying among them, and, as she could not read, she put her broom by in a corner, and took it to her master. It contained an invitation from the Elves, asking the girl to stand godmother to one of their children. The girl did not know what to do, but at last, after much consideration, she consented, for the little men will not easily take a refusal. So there came three Elves, who conducted her to a hollow mountain where they lived. Everything was very small of course, but all more neat and elegant than I can tell you. The mother lay in a bed of ebony studded with pearls, and the coverings were all wrought with gold; the cradle was made of ivory, and the bath was of gold. The girl stood godmother, and afterwards wished to return home, but the little Elves pressed her earnestly to stay three days longer. So she remained, passing the time in pleasure and play, for the Elves behaved very kindly to

her. At the end of the time she prepared to return home, but first they filled her pockets full of gold, and then led her out of the hill. As soon as she reached the house, she took the broom, which still stood in the corner, and went on with her sweeping; and presently out of the house came some strange people, who asked her who she was, and what she was doing there. Then she found out that it was not three days, as she had supposed, but seven years that she had passed with the little Elves in the hill, and that her former master had died in her absence.

THIRD STORY

The little Elves once stole a child out of its cradle, and put in its place a changeling, with a clumsy head and red



eyes, who would neither eat nor drink. The mother, in great trouble, went to a neighbour to ask her advice, and she advised her to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it on

the hearth, and boil water in two egg-shells. If the changeling was made to laugh, then its fate was sealed. The woman did all the neighbour said; and as she set the egg-shells over the fire, the creature sang out—

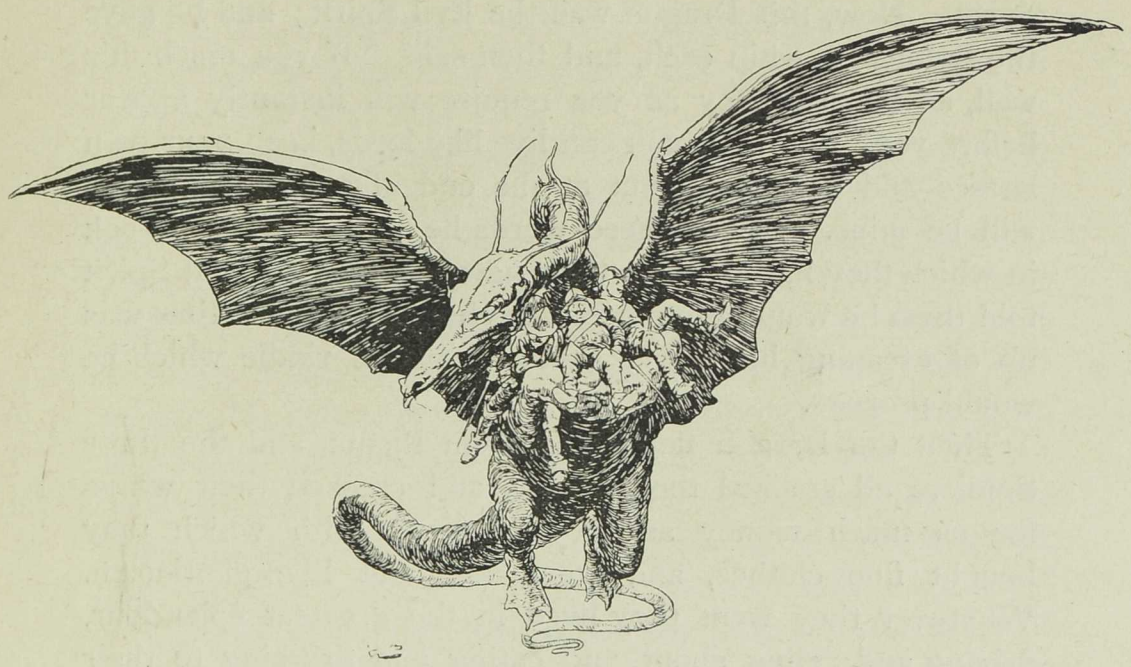
"Though I am as old as the oldest tree,
Cooking in an egg-shell never did I see,"

and then it burst into a horse-laugh. While it was laughing a number of little Elves entered, bringing the real child, whom they placed on the hearth, and then took away the changeling with them.



The Evil Spirit and His Grandmother

THERE was once upon a time a mighty war, and the king of a certain country had many Soldiers engaged in it; but he gave them such very small pay that they had scarce enough to live upon. At length three of the Soldiers agreed to run away, and one of them asked the others what they should do; for, supposing they were caught again, they would be hanged upon the gallows. "Do you see yon great corn-field?" said the other; "there we will conceal ourselves, and nobody will find us; for the army will not dare to come there, and to-morrow they will march on." So they crept into the corn; but the army did not move, but remained encamped in the same place. The three Soldiers



were obliged, therefore, to pass two days and two nights in the corn, and they became so hungry they thought they must die; but it was *certain* death if they returned to the army. They said to one another, "What avails our deserting? We shall now certainly perish miserably from hunger." While they were talking a great fiery Dragon came flying over their heads, and, alighting near the spot where they were, asked why they had concealed themselves. "We are three Soldiers," they replied, "and have deserted because our pay was so small; and now we shall die from hunger if we stay here, or be hanged on the gallows if we return."

"If you will serve me seven years," said the Dragon, "I will carry you through the midst of the army, so that no one shall observe you."

"We have no choice, and so must consent to your proposal," replied the Soldiers. The Dragon thereupon caught them up by the claws, and carried them through the air, over the heads of their comrades, and presently set them

down. Now, this Dragon was the Evil Spirit; and he gave the Soldiers a whip each, and then said, "If you crack this well, as much money as you require will instantly appear before you; and then you can live like lords, keep your own horses and carriages; but at the end of seven years you will be mine." With these words he handed them a book in which they had to write their names, while the Evil Spirit told them he would give them one chance when the time was up of escaping his power by answering a riddle which he would propose.

Then the Dragon flew away from them; and the three Soldiers all cracked their whips, and cracked their whips for as much money as they required, with which they bought fine clothes, and travelled about like gentlemen. Wherever they went they lived in the greatest splendour, driving and riding about, and eating and drinking to their heart's content; but no bad action could be laid to their charge. The time passed quickly by; and as the end of the seven years approached, two of the three Soldiers became very unhappy and dispirited; but the third treated the matter very lightly, saying, "Fear nothing, my brothers! I have got a plan in my head, and I will solve the riddle." Soon afterwards they went into the fields, where they sat down, and two of them made very wry faces. Presently an old Woman came by, and asked them why they were so sorrowful.

"Alas!" said they, "alas! what does it signify? you cannot help us."

"Who knows that?" she replied; "confide your griefs to me." So they told her they had become the servants of the Evil One, nearly seven years back, and thereby they came into possession of money as fast as they liked; but they had signed the deed, and if they could not guess a riddle which he would propose to them they were lost. "If you wish to be helped," replied the old Woman, "one of you must go

into the forest, and there he will find a rock overthrown, and made into the form of a hut; into this he must enter, and there he will meet with help."

The two low-spirited Soldiers thought this would not help them; but the merry one got up, and, going into the forest, came soon to the rocky cave. In this place sat a very old Woman, who was Grandmother to the Evil Spirit; and she asked the Soldier when he entered, whence he came, and what his business was. He told her everything that had happened; and because his manner pleased her she took compassion on him, and said she could assist him. Thereupon she raised a large stone, under which was the cellar, wherein she bade the Soldier conceal himself, and he would hear all that transpired. "Only sit still and keep very quiet," said she, "and then when the Dragon returns I will ask him about the puzzle, and you must mind what answers he makes."

About twelve o'clock at night the Dragon flew in, and desired his dinner. His Grandmother, therefore, covered the table with food and drink, and they ate and drank together till they were satisfied. Then she asked him what success he had met with that day, and how many souls he had secured? "Things did not go well to-day," replied the Dragon; "but yet I have caught three Soldiers safe enough." "Ah! three Soldiers!" said the old Woman; "and I suppose you have set them something to do, that they may not escape you."

"They are mine! they are mine!" cried the Evil One gleefully; "for I have set them a riddle which they will never guess."

"What is the riddle?" asked his Grandmother.

"I will tell you!" replied her Grandson.

"In the great North Sea lies a dead sea-cat, that shall be their roast meat; the rib of a whale shall be their silver spoon; and an old hollow horse's hoof shall be their wine-

glass." As soon as the Dragon had said this he went to bed, and the old Woman raised the stone and let out the Soldier. "Have you attended perfectly to all that was said?" inquired the old Woman. "Yes," he replied, "I know well enough how to help myself now."

Then he had to slip secretly out of the window, and by another road to regain his companions with all the haste he could. He told them how craftily the old Grandmother had overreached the Dragon, and had laid bare to him the solution of the riddle. When he had finished his story the two



other Soldiers recovered their spirits; and, all taking their whips, flogged for themselves so much money that it lay in heaps all around them.

Not long after this the seven years came to an end, and the Evil Spirit made its appearance with the book, and, pointing to their signatures, said to the Soldiers, "Now I will take you into my dominions, and there you shall have a meal; but if you can tell me what meat you shall have, you shall be at liberty to go where you like and keep your whips."

"In the great North Sea lies a dead sea-cat, and that shall be the roast meat," replied the first Soldier.

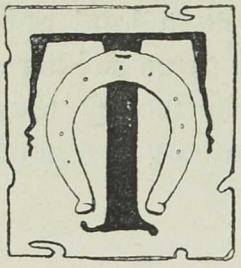
The Evil Spirit was very much put out with this ready answer; hemmed and hawed, and asked the second man what should be the spoon? "The rib of a whale shall be the silver spoon!" replied the second Soldier.

The Evil Spirit now drew a longer face than before, began to grumble and swear, and asked the third Soldier, "Do you know what your wine-glass will be?"

"An old horse's hoof!" he replied.

At this reply the Evil Spirit flew away with a loud outcry, for he had no longer any power over the three Soldiers, who, taking up their whips, procured all the money they wanted, and thereon lived happily and contentedly to a good old age.

The Three Brothers



HERE was once a Man whose family consisted of three sons, and his property only of the house in which he dwelt. Now, each of the sons wished to have the house at the death of their father; but they were all so dear to him, that he knew not what to do for fear of offending the one or the other. He would have sold the house and shared the money, but it had been so long in his family he did not like to do that. All at once he thought of a plan, and said to his sons, "Go into the world, and each of you learn a trade, and he who makes the best masterpiece shall have my house."

With this plan the sons were contented, and the eldest became a Farrier, the second a Barber, and the third a Fencing-master. They appointed a time when they should all return, and went away; and it so chanced that each happened to meet a clever master, with whom he could learn his trade in the best manner. The Smith had to shoe the King's horses, and thought he must undoubtedly receive the house. The Barber shaved many distinguished lords, and made sure of getting the house on that account. The Fencing-master got many a blow, but he bit his lip and showed no concern; for he feared if he flinched at any stroke the house would never become his.

By-and-by the time came round when they returned home

to their father; but they none of them knew how they should find occasion to show their proficiency, and so they all consulted together. While they sat talking, a hare came running across the field where they were. "Ah! he comes as if he were called!" cried the Barber; and, taking his



soap and basin, he made a lather; and as soon as the hare came up he seized him, and shaved off his mustachios as he ran along, without cutting him in the least, or taking off any unnecessary hairs. "That pleases me very well!" said the Father; "and if the others do not do better the house is yours." In a very short time a carriage, with a

traveller in it, came rolling by at full speed. "Now you shall see, Father, what I can do!" cried the Farrier; and, seizing the horse's feet as he galloped along, he pulled off the shoes, and shod him again without stopping him. "You are a clever fellow!" cried the Father; "you have done your work quite as well as your brother, and I shall not know to whom to give the house." "Let me show you something!" said the third brother; and, as it just then luckily began to rain, he drew his sword and waved it so quickly above his head that not a drop fell upon him; and when the rain came faster, and at length so fast that it was as if one were emptying pails out of heaven, he swung the sword quicker and quicker in circles above his head, so that he kept himself as dry as if he had been under a roof. As soon as the Father saw this he was astonished, and said to his son, "You have performed the best masterpiece, the house is yours."

The two other brothers were contented with this decision; and, because they all loved one another, they all three remained in the house driving their several trades; and as they were so clever, and were so advanced in their arts, they earned much money. Thus they lived happily together till their old age, and when one fell sick and died his brothers grieved so for his loss, that they fell sick also and died.

Then, because they all three had been so clever in their several trades, and had loved one another so much, they were laid together in the same grave.

THE PRINCE WHO WAS AFRAID OF NOTHING



ONCE upon a time there was a King's Son, who felt too much dissatisfied to stay at home any longer; and, as he feared nobody, he thought he would travel about the world, where there was plenty of time and space for him to meet with wonderful things. So he took leave of his parents and set out, walking straight onwards by day and night; for it was all one to him whither the road might lead. Presently it chanced that he came to a Giant's house, and, being weary, he sat down before the door to rest. He soon began to look about him, and saw in the courtyard bowls and ninepins as big as men, which formed the playthings of the Giant. In a little while he took a fancy to play; and, setting up the ninepins, he bowled at them with the balls, and as each one fell down he shouted for joy and pleasure. The Giant heard the noise, and, stretching his head out of the window, he saw a man no bigger than ordinary mortals playing with his balls. "You worm!" cried the Giant, "what are you meddling with my balls for? Who gave you strength to do that?" The King's Son looked around, up and down, and soon saw the Giant, to whom he replied, "You simpleton, do you think you alone have strength of arm? I can do anything I wish." The Giant thereupon came down, and looked on in astonishment at the bowling; but soon he said, "Child of man, if you are of that race, go and fetch me an apple from the tree of life."

"What do you want with it?" inquired the Prince.

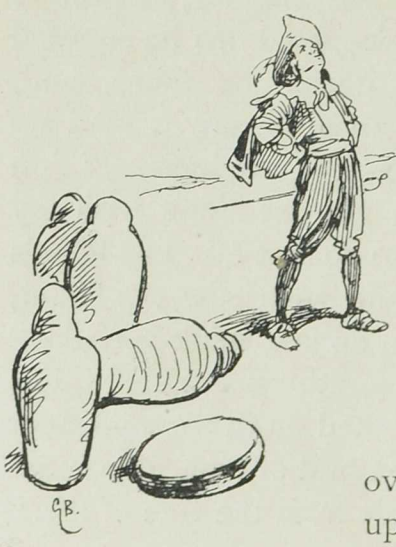
"I do not require the apple for myself," said the Giant; "but I have a wife who longs for it. I have already gone far into the world, but cannot find the tree."

"I will soon find it," replied the Prince; "and I know not what shall prevent me from bringing away an apple."

"Do you think, then, it is such an easy matter?" said the Giant; "the garden where-in the tree stands is sur-rounded with an iron railing, and before this railing lie wild beasts one after the other, keeping watch, that nobody may enter."

"They will soon let me in," said the Prince.

"Yes, you may enter the garden and see the apples hanging on the tree," replied the Giant; "but still they are not thine; for on the tree is a ring, through which one must push his hand before he can reach the fruit to pluck it, and this has never yet been successfully performed."



"Then I shall be the first lucky one," said the Prince; and, taking leave of the Giant, he went over fields and through woods, up hill and down dale, till at last

he came to the wonderful garden. The beasts lay around it in a circle, but they were all sunk in a deep sleep, and did not awake even when he stepped across them; and, climbing over the railing, he entered the garden. In the middle of this garden stood the tree of life, with the red apples glistening on the boughs. The Prince climbed up the trunk of the tree, and, as he reached his hand up to the fruit, he saw a ring hanging down, through which he thrust his hand without difficulty and broke off an apple. The ring slid down and closed tight upon his arm, and immediately he felt, as it were, a stream of fresh strength infused into his veins. When he had descended the tree again with the apple, he would not clamber over the railing to get out of the garden, but went to the great gate, and, giving it a shake, it sprang open with a crash. Then he went out, and the lion which had before lain at the door jumped up and followed him, not in rage and anger, but submissively as his master.

The Prince took the promised apple to the Giant, and said to him, "See, I have fetched it without trouble." The Giant was very glad to have his wish fulfilled so soon, and hastened to his wife to give her the apple which she had longed for. The wife was a beautiful young maiden, who, when she saw the ring was not on the Giant's arm, said, "I do not believe that you obtained it yourself, or else the ring would be on your arm."

"I have only to go home and fetch it," replied the Giant; for he imagined it would be an easy matter to take the ring from the Prince by force, if he would not give it up willingly. So he went and demanded the ring, but the Prince would not part with it. "Where the apple is the ring must be too," said the Giant, "and, if you are not willing to give it to me, we must fight for it."

For a long time they wrestled and fought, but the Giant could not master the Prince, who was strengthened by the

ring. So he bethought himself of a stratagem, and said to his opponent, "I am quite hot with fighting, and you are hot too; let us plunge into the stream and cool ourselves before we begin again." The Prince did not detect the false pretence, and, going to the river, he pulled off his clothes, together with the ring, and plunged in. Immediately he had done so, the Giant snatched up the ring and ran away with it; but the lion, who had perceived the thievish trick, pursued the Giant, and tearing the ring out of his hand brought it back to his master. Then the Giant hid himself behind a tree, and, when the Prince was busy drawing on his clothes again, he suddenly came behind, and, knocking him over, put out both his eyes.

Now the poor Prince was blind, and knew not how to help himself; and presently the Giant came, and, leading him by the hand, conducted him to the edge of a precipice. There he left the Prince standing, thinking to himself, "A couple of steps further and he will be a dead man, and the ring will fall into my hands." But the faithful lion had not deserted his master. He kept tight hold of his clothes, and drew him back by degrees from the edge. Afterwards, when the Giant came to plunder the dead, he found his stratagem had failed. "Is this weak man, then, not to be destroyed?" exclaimed the Giant wrathfully; and, catching hold of the Prince's hand, he led him by quite another path to a frightful abyss; but here also the faithful lion accompanied his master, and saved him from the danger. As soon as they were come to the edge, the Giant let go of the Prince's hand, and thought he would soon walk over; but the lion gave the Giant himself a push, so that he fell into the abyss and was dashed to pieces.

The faithful beast then pulled his master away from the danger, and led him to a tree, near which a clear stream ran along. Here the lion made his master sit down, and began to sprinkle the water in his face with his tail. Scarcely had

a couple of drops touched his eyeballs, when he immediately received his sight, and observed a little bird which flew by and settled on the branch of a tree. Then it flew down and bathed itself in the stream, and soon flew away again among the trees; for it had regained its sight, which was lost. Here the Prince recognised the providence of God, and, bathing himself in the stream, he washed his face; and when he came out of the water he found he could see as well as ever he had done in his life.

The Prince thereupon returned thanks to God for his great goodness, and, accompanied by his lion, travelled further a-field. It chanced next that he came to a castle which was enchanted, and at its door stood a young maiden of fine stature and appearance, but quite black. She addressed the Prince, saying, "Ah! could you save me from the wicked enchanter who has power over me?"

"What shall I do to accomplish that?" asked the Prince.

"You must pass three nights in the court of this enchanted castle," replied the maiden; "but during that time no fear must enter your heart. If you are troubled most horribly, and yet you bear it without complaint, I am saved, for they dare not take your life."

"I am not afraid," said the Prince; "with God's aid, I will try my fortune." And so saying, he went joyfully into the hall of the castle, and when it was dark sat down and waited the issue. Till midnight all was still, and then began a mighty uproar, for out of every corner and chink came evil spirits. They appeared not to observe the Prince, for they sat down in the middle of the room, and, making a fire, presently began to play. When one of them lost, he said, "It is not right, there is somebody here who does not belong to us, and it is his fault that I have lost." "Come and join us, you there behind the stove!" cried the others. All the while the screaming was so awful that nobody could have heard it without terror; but the Prince remained quite quiet

and had no fear. At last all the evil spirits jumped over and upon him, and there were so many of them that he could not protect himself. They pulled him down on the ground, shook him, pricked him, beat him, and tormented him; but he uttered no cry. Towards morning they disappeared; but the Prince was so wearied that he could scarcely move his limbs. Soon the sun began to shine, and then appeared the black maiden, who carried in her hand a bottle containing the water of life. With this water she washed the Prince's face; and immediately all his strength returned and he was as vigorous as ever. "One night," said she to him, "you have luckily passed through; but there are yet two more to try you." So saying, she went away, and the Prince observed that her feet had become white again.

The next night the evil spirits came, and renewed their gambols; tumbling upon and over the poor Prince, as the night before, till his whole body was full of wounds. Nevertheless he bore it all; and when day broke they were forced to leave him; and the maiden again appeared and healed him with the water of life. As she went away he observed with joy that her arms had become white as far as the tips of her fingers. Now he had only one more night to pass; but that was the worst of the three; for when the crew of evil spirits came, and saw him there, they shouted, "What! are you here still? You shall be tormented now till your breath is almost gone." Thereupon they beat and knocked him about, threw him here and there, pulled his arms and legs as if they would tear them off; but he endured it all, and made no outcry. When the Spirits left the Prince he lay quite helpless and unable to stir; and he could not even open his eyes wide enough to see the black maiden, who at daybreak came in with the water of life. Then all at once his aches and pains left him, and he felt quite refreshed and strong as if he were just awake; and when he opened his eyes he saw the maiden standing by him,

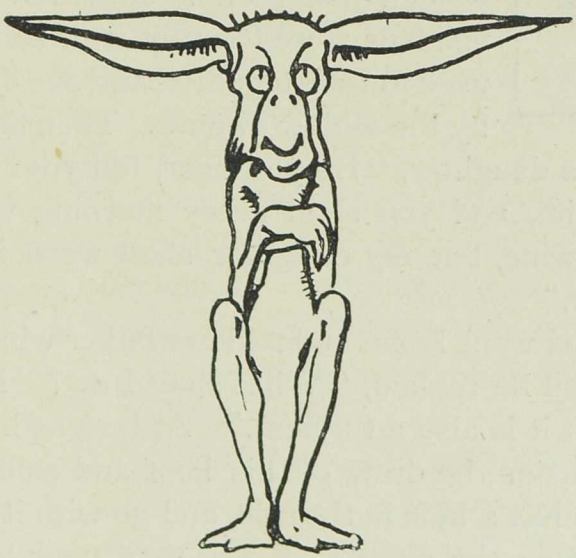


"They pulled him down on the ground, shook him, pricked him, beat him, and tormented him."—*Page* 220.

with a snow-white skin, and a face as fair as the bright daylight.

"Arise," said she, "and wave your sword thrice over the threshold; and then all will be saved!"

As soon as the Prince did this, the whole castle was freed from its enchantment; and the maiden became what she really was, a rich Princess. Presently the servants entered and said the table was laid in the great hall, and the meat placed upon it. So the Prince and Princess sat down and dined together, and in the evening the wedding was celebrated with great magnificence and rejoicing.



THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD



ONCE upon a time there lived a man, whose wife had died; and a woman, also, who had lost her husband: and this man and this woman had each a daughter. These two maidens were friendly with each other, and used to walk together, and one day they came by the widow's house. Then the widow said to the man's daughter, "Do you hear, tell your father I wish to marry him, and you shall every morning wash in milk and drink wine, but my daughter shall wash in water and drink water."

So the girl went home and told her father what the woman had said, and he replied, "What shall I do? Marriage is a comfort, but it is also a torment." At last, as he could come to no conclusion, he drew off his boot and said, "Take this boot, which has a hole in the sole, and go with it out-of-doors and hang it on the great nail, and then pour water into it. If it holds the water, I will again take a wife; but if it runs through, I will not have her." The girl did as he bid her, but the water drew the hole together and the boot became full to overflowing. So she told her father how it had happened, and he, getting up, saw it was quite true; and

going to the widow he settled the matter, and the wedding was celebrated.

The next morning, when the two girls arose, milk to wash in and wine to drink were set for the man's daughter, but only water, both for washing and drinking, for the woman's daughter. The second morning, water for washing and drinking stood before both the man's daughter and the woman's; and on the third morning, water to wash in and water to drink were set before the man's daughter, and milk to wash in and wine to drink before the woman's daughter, and so it continued.

Soon the woman began to hate her stepdaughter, and knew not how to behave badly enough to her. She was envious too, because her stepdaughter was beautiful and lovely, and her own daughter was ugly and hateful.

Once, in the winter time, when the river was frozen as hard as a stone, and hill and valley were covered with snow, the woman made a cloak of paper, and called the maiden to her and said, "Put on this cloak, and go away into the wood to fetch me a little basketful of strawberries, for I have a wish for some."

"Mercy on us!" said the maiden, "in winter there are no strawberries growing; the ground is frozen, and the snow, too, has covered everything. And why must I go in that paper cloak? It is so cold out-of-doors that it freezes one's breath even, and if the wind does not blow off this cloak, the thorns will tear it from my body."

"Will you dare to contradict me?" said the stepmother. "Make haste off, and let me not see you again until you have found me a basket of strawberries." Then she gave her a small piece of dry bread, saying, "On that you must subsist the whole day." But she thought—out-of-doors she will be frozen and starved, so that my eyes will never see her again!

So the girl did as she was told, and put on the paper

cloak, and went away with the basket. Far and near there was nothing but snow, and not a green blade was to be seen. When she came to the forest she discovered a little cottage, out of which three little Dwarfs were peeping. The girl wished them good morning, and knocked gently at the door. They called her in, and entering the room, she sat down on a bench by the fire to warm herself, and eat her breakfast. The Dwarfs called out, "Give us some of it!" "Willingly," she replied, and, dividing her bread in two, she gave them



half. They asked, "What do you here in the forest, in the winter time, in this thin cloak?"

"Ah!" she answered, "I must seek a basketful of strawberries, and I dare not return home until I can take them with me." When she had eaten her bread, they gave her a broom, saying, "Sweep away the snow with this from the back door." But when she was gone out-of-doors the three Dwarfs said one to another, "What shall we give her, because she is so gentle and good, and has shared her bread with us?"

Then said the first, "I grant to her that she shall become more beautiful every day." The second said, "I grant that a piece of gold shall fall out of her mouth for every word she speaks." The third said, "I grant that a King shall come and make her his bride."

Meanwhile the girl had done as the Dwarfs had bidden her, and had swept away the snow from behind the house. And what do you think she found there? Actually, ripe strawberries! which came quite red and sweet up under the snow. So filling her basket in great glee, she thanked the little men and gave them each her hand, and then ran home to take her stepmother what she wished for. As she went in and said, "Good evening," a piece of gold fell from her mouth. Thereupon she related what had happened to her in the forest; but at every word she spoke a piece of gold fell, so that the whole floor was covered.

"Just see her arrogance," said the step-sister, "to throw away money in that way!" but in her heart she was jealous, and wished to go into the forest too, to seek strawberries. Her mother said, "No, my dear daughter; it is too cold, you will be frozen!" but as her girl let her have no peace, she at last consented, and made her a beautiful fur cloak to put on; she also gave her buttered bread and cooked meat to eat on her way.

The girl went into the forest and came straight to the little cottage. The three Dwarfs were peeping out again, but she did not greet them; and, stumbling on without looking at them or speaking, she entered the room, and, seating herself by the fire, began to eat the bread and butter and meat. "Give us some of that," exclaimed the Dwarfs; but she answered, "I have not got enough for myself, so how can I give any away?" When she had finished they said, "You have a broom there, go and sweep the back door clean." "Oh, sweep it yourself," she replied; "I am not your servant." When she saw that they would not give her

anything she went out at the door, and the three Dwarfs said to each other, "What shall we give her? she is so ill-behaved, and has such a bad and envious disposition, that nobody can wish well to her." The first said, "I grant that she becomes more ugly every day." The second said, "I



grant that at every word she speaks a toad shall spring out of her mouth." The third said, "I grant that she shall die a miserable death." Meanwhile the girl had been looking for strawberries out-of-doors, but as she could find none she went home very peevish. When she opened her mouth to tell her mother what had happened to her in the forest a

toad jumped out of her mouth at each word, so that every one fled away from her in horror.

The stepmother was now still more vexed, and was always thinking how she could do the most harm to her husband's daughter, who every day became more beautiful. At last she took a net and hung it on the shoulder of the poor girl, and gave her an axe, that she might go upon the frozen pond and cut a hole in the ice to drag the net. She obeyed, and went away and cut an ice-hole; and while she was cutting, an elegant carriage came by, in which the King sat. The carriage stopped, and the King asked, "My child, who are you, and what do you here?" "I am a poor girl, and am dragging a net," said she. Then the King pitied her, and saw how beautiful she was, and said, "Will you go with me?" "Yes, indeed, with all my heart," she replied, for she was glad to get out of the sight of her mother and sister.

So she was handed into the carriage, and drove away with the King; and as soon as they arrived at his castle the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, as the Dwarfs had granted to the maiden. After a year the young Queen bore a son; and when the stepmother heard of her great good fortune, she came to the castle with her daughter, and behaved as if she had come on a visit. But one day, when the King had gone out, and no one was present, this bad woman seized the Queen by the head, and her daughter caught hold of her feet, and, raising her out of bed, they threw her out of the window into the river which ran past. Then, laying her ugly daughter in the bed, the old woman covered her up, even over her head; and when the King came back he wished to speak to his wife, but the old woman exclaimed, "Softly! softly! do not go near her; she is lying in a beautiful sleep, and must be kept quiet to-day." The King, not thinking of any evil design, came again the next morning the first thing; and when he spoke to his wife, and

she answered, a toad sprang out of her mouth at every word, as a piece of gold had done before. So he asked what had happened, and the old woman said, "That is produced by her weakness, she will soon lose it again."

But in the night the kitchen-boy saw a Duck swimming through the brook, and the Duck asked,

"King, King, what are you doing?
Are you sleeping, or are you waking?"

And as he gave no answer, the Duck said,

"What are my guests a-doing?"

Then the boy answered,

"They all sleep sound."

And she asked him,

"How fares my child?"

And he replied,

"In his cradle he sleeps."

Then she came up in the form of the Queen to the cradle, and gave the child drink, shook up his bed, and covered him up, and then swam again away as a duck through the brook. The second night she came again; and on the third she said to the kitchen-boy, "Go and tell the King to take his sword and swing it thrice over me on the threshold." Then the boy ran and told the King, who came with his sword, and swung it thrice over the Duck; and at the third time his bride stood before him, bright, living, and healthful, as she had been before.

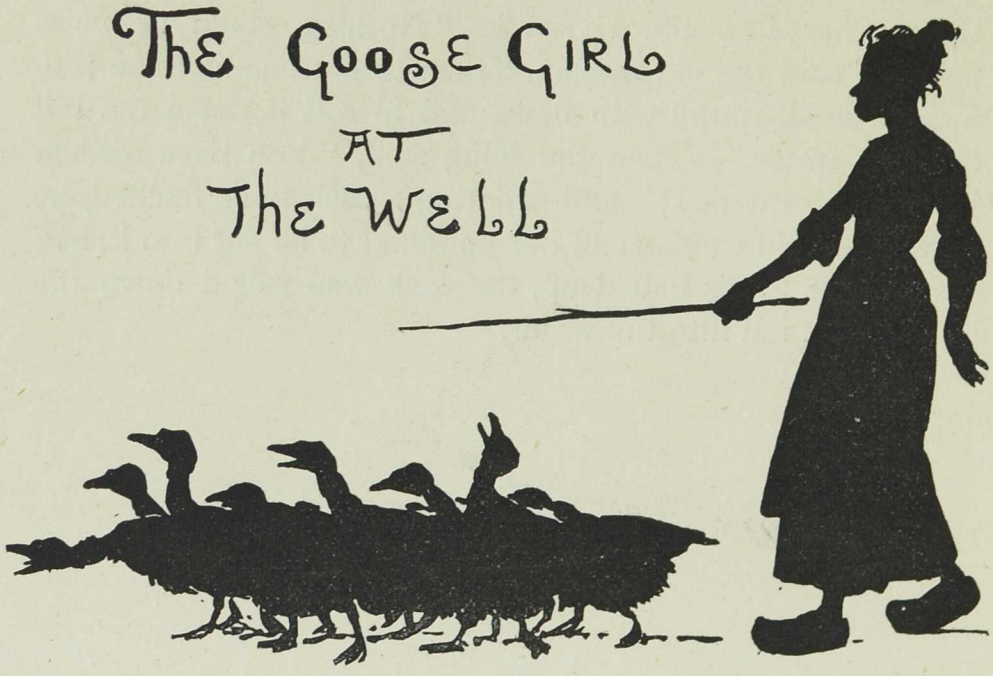
Now the King was in great happiness, but he hid the Queen in a chamber until the Sunday when the child was to be christened; and when all was finished he asked, "What



"They threw her out of the window into the river which ran past."—*Page* 229.

ought to be done to one who takes another out of a bed and throws her into the river?" "Nothing could be more proper," said the old woman, "than to put such an one into a cask, stuck round with nails, and to roll it down the hill into the water." Then the King said, "You have spoken your own sentence;" and ordering a cask to be fetched, he caused the old woman and her daughter to be put into it, and the bottom being nailed up, the cask was rolled down the hill, until it fell into the water.

The Goose Girl at the Well





THERE was once upon a time a very, very old Lady, who dwelt with her flock of geese in a waste place between two hills, where she had a small cottage. The common was surrounded by a large forest, into which this old Woman hobbled every morning on crutches. There she was very active, more than one could have believed considering her great age, in collecting grass for her geese; she gathered also all the wild fruit she could reach, and carried it home on her back. One would have thought so heavy a burden would have bowed her down to the ground, but she always reached home safe and sound. If any one met her, she greeted him kindly, and would say, "Good day to you, my dear countryman; what beautiful weather it is! Ah! you wonder how I get over the ground, but every one must bear his own burden!" People at last, however, grew afraid to

meet her, and took a by-path; and if a father passed near with his children, he would say to them, "Take care of that old Woman; she has mischief behind her ears; she is a witch."

One morning a lively young fellow passed through the wood. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, and a gentle breeze was blowing among the trees and made everything seem gay and pleasant. Still he had met nobody, till he suddenly saw the old Woman kneeling on the ground, and cutting grass with a sickle. She had already placed a large heap in her handkerchief, and by her side stood two baskets, filled with apples and wild berries.

"Ah! my good Woman," exclaimed the Youth, "how will you carry all that?"

"I must carry it, my good master," she replied, "but rich people's children do not want to do such things. Will you not help me?" she continued, as the Youth remained by her; "you have a straight back yet, and young legs, it will be easy for you. My house is not far from here; it stands on the common by yonder hill. How soon your legs could jump there!"

The Youth took compassion on the old Woman, and replied to her, "Certainly; my father is no peasant, but a rich Count; still that you may see it is not only the peasants who carry burdens, I will take your bundle."

"If you will try it," said the old Woman, "I shall be much obliged to you; but there are the apples and berries which you must carry too. It is but an hour's walk which you will have to take, but it will seem much less to you."

The Youth became a little thoughtful when he heard of an hour's journey, but the old Woman now would not let him off, but packed the handkerchief of grass on his back, and hung the two baskets on his arms. "See you, how light it is," she said. "No, it is not at all light," answered the young Count, making a rueful face: "the

bundle weighs heavily as if it were full of big stones, and the apples and berries seem like lead; I can scarcely breathe."

So saying he would have liked to lay the bundle down again, but the old Woman would not permit it. "Just see," cried she in scorn, "the young Lord cannot convey what an old Woman like me has so often borne. You people are very ready with your fair words, but when it comes to working, you are equally ready with your excuses. Why do you stand trembling there?" she continued; "come, pick up your legs; nobody will take your bundle off again."

Now so long as the young Count walked on level ground he managed pretty well, but when he came to the hill and began to ascend it, and the stones rolled under his feet as if they were alive, his strength began to fail. Drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and ran down his back, now hot and now cold. "My good woman," he exclaimed, "I can go no further till I have rested a while." "Not here, not here," answered the old Woman; "when we arrive at our destination you can rest, but now we must keep on; who knows what good it may do you!"

"You are shameless, you old Woman!" cried the Youth, trying to throw away the bundle, but he wearied himself in vain; it stuck as fast to his back as if it had grown there. He turned and twisted himself, but with no effect; he could not get rid of the bundle, and the old Woman only laughed at his exertions, and danced around him on her crutches.

"Don't put yourself in a passion, my dear Lord," she said; "you are getting as red in the face as a turkey-cock. Bear your burden patiently; when we arrive at home, I will give you a good draught to refresh you." What could he do? He was obliged to bear his fate and follow patiently behind the old Woman, who appeared to become more and

more active as his burden grew heavier. All at once she made a spring and jumped on the top of the bundle, where she sat down; and thin and withered as she was, her weight was yet more than that of the stoutest farm-servant. The Youth's knees trembled and shook, but if he did not keep onwards, the old Woman beat him with a strap and stinging nettles about the legs. Under this continual goading he at last ascended the hill, and arrived at the old Woman's cottage, just when he was ready to drop. As soon as the geese saw the old Woman they stretched out their wings and their necks, and ran towards her crying, "Wulle! wulle!" Behind the flock walked a middle-aged Woman with a stick in her hand, who was big and strong, but as ugly as night.

"My mother," said she to the old woman, "has something happened that you have remained out so long?"

"Never fear, my dear daughter," replied the old Woman, "nothing evil has met me, but in fact the young Count there has carried my bundle for me: only think, when I was tired, he took me also on his back! The road has not been too long either, for we have been merry, and made jokes on one another!"

At length the old Woman ceased talking, and took the bundle off the youth's back, and the baskets from his arms, and then looking at him cheerfully she said to him, "Sit down on the bench by the door and rest yourself; you have honestly earned your reward, and it shall not be overlooked;" and turning to the Goose-Girl she continued, "Go into the house, my daughter; it is not correct that you should be alone with this young man; one ought not to pour oil on the fire, and he might fall in love with you."

The young Count did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Such a treasure!" he thought to himself. "Why, even if she were thirty years younger my heart would not be touched!" Meanwhile the old Woman caressed and stroked

her geese, as if they were children, and at last went into the house with her daughter. The Youth stretched himself on the bench beneath an apple-tree, where the breeze blew softly and gently; while around him was spread a green meadow, covered with primroses, wild thyme, and a thousand other flowers. In the middle of it flowed a clear stream, on which the sun shone; and the white geese kept passing up and down, or paddling in the water. "It is quite lovely here," he said to himself; "but I am so tired that I cannot keep my eyes open; so I will sleep awhile, provided that no wind comes and blows away my legs from my body, for they are as tender as tinder!"

After he had slept some time, the old Woman came and shook him till he awoke. "Stand up," she said; "you cannot stop here. Certainly I did treat you rather shabbily, but it has not cost you your life. Now I will give you your reward; it will be neither money nor property, but something better." With these words she placed in his hands a small book, cut out of a single emerald, saying, "Keep it well, and it will bring you good luck."

The Count thereupon jumped up, and felt himself quite strong and refreshed; so he thanked the old Woman for her present, and set off on his journey, without once looking back for the beautiful daughter. And when he had walked a considerable way he could still hear the loud cackling of the geese in the distance.

The young Count had to wander three days in the wilderness before he could find his way out, and then he came to a large city, where, because nobody knew him, he was led to the royal palace, where the King and Queen sat on their thrones. There the Count sank on one knee, and drawing forth the emerald book, laid it at the feet of the Queen. She bade him arise and hand the book to her; but scarcely had she opened it and looked at its contents, than she fell as if dead upon the ground. Thereupon the Count



"The youth's knees trembled and shook."—*Page 237.*

was seized by the King's servants, and would have been led off to prison, had not the Queen soon opened her eyes and begged him to be set at liberty, for she must speak with him privately, and therefore every one must leave the room.

As soon as the Queen was left alone, she began to weep bitterly, and to say, "What avails all this honour and pageantry which surrounds me, when every morning I give way to grief and sorrow! I once had three daughters, the youngest of whom was so beautiful that all the world thought her a wonder. She was as white as snow, as red as the bloom of an apple, and her hair was like the shining of a sunbeam. If she cried, her tears were like pearls and gems falling from her eyes. When she was fifteen, her father caused her and her sisters to come before his throne; and you should have seen how the people opened their eyes when she came in, for it was like the appearance of the sun. The King then said to them, 'My daughters, I know not when my last day will arrive, and therefore to-day I will appoint what each shall do at my death. You all love me, but whoever of you loves me best shall have the best portion.' They each of them said they loved him best; and the King then asked them whether they could not express in words how much they loved him, and then he would be able to judge. So the eldest said she loved him as the sweetest sugar; the second that she loved her father as her smartest dress; but the youngest was silent. 'My dear child, how do you love me?' asked the King. 'I know not,' she replied; 'and I can compare my love with nothing.' Her father, however, pressed her to say something, and at length she said, 'The most delicate food is tasteless to me without salt, and therefore I love you, father, like salt.' At this reply the King became very angry, and exclaimed, 'If you love me like salt, you shall be rewarded with salt.' Thereupon he divided the kingdom between the two eldest daughters; but he caused a sack of salt to be bound on the

shoulders of his youngest child, and two slaves had to lead her into the wild forest. We all wept and prayed for her to the King, but his anger was not to be turned away. How she did weep when she left us, so that the whole path was strewn with the pearls which fell from her eyes! However, the King afterwards repented of his great harshness, and caused a search to be made in the forest for the poor child, but without success. And when I thought how the wild beasts might have devoured her, I knew not what to do for grief; but many a time I tried to comfort myself with the idea that haply she was still alive, concealed in some cave, or under the hospitable protection of some one who found her. But imagine my feelings when, on opening your emerald-book, I saw lying therein a pearl of the same kind as used to drop from my daughter's eyes, and then you may also conceive how my heart was moved at the sight. But now you shall tell me how you came by the pearl."

The young Count then told the Queen that he had received it from an old Woman, living in a wood which seemed to be haunted, and who appeared to be a witch; but of the Queen's child he had neither seen nor heard anything. The King and Queen came to the resolution to seek out this old Woman, for they thought where the pearl had been, there they would most likely obtain news of their daughter.

The old Woman sat in her house in the wilderness, spinning at her wheel. It was dark already, and a faggot, which burnt on the hearth below, gave a feeble light. All at once there was a noise outside; the geese were coming home from the meadow, and they cackled with all their might. Soon afterwards the daughter stepped in, but the old Woman scarcely thanked her, and only shook her head. The daughter sat down, and taking her wheel spun the thread as quickly as a young girl. Thus they sat for two hours, without speaking to one another, till at length some-

thing rattled at the window, and two fiery eyes glared in from the outside; it was an old night-owl, which screeched thrice; and then the old Woman, looking up from her work, said, "Now is the time, my daughter, for you to go out and do your work."

The daughter got up and went away over the meadows deep into a valley beyond. By-and-by she came to a brook near which stood three oak-trees; and at the same time the moon arose round and full above the mountain, and shone so brightly, that one might have picked up a needle by its light. She drew off the mask which covered her face, and then bathing in the brook began to wash herself. As soon as she had done that, she dipped the mask also in the water, and then laid it again on the meadow to dry and bleach in the moonshine. But how was the Maiden changed! So much as you could never have fancied. Her golden hair fell down like sunbeams, and, when she removed the cap which confined it, covered her whole form. Only her eyes could be seen peeping through the tresses like the stars in heaven, and her cheeks blooming like the soft red of the apple-blossoms.

But the fair Maiden was nevertheless sad; and she sat down and wept bitterly. One tear after another flowed from her eyes, and rolled to the ground between her locks; and thus sitting she would have remained for a long time had she not been disturbed by a rustling noise in the branches of one of the trees. She jumped up and sprang away like a fawn disturbed by the gun of the hunter; and at the same moment a black cloud obscured the moon, under cover of which the Maiden slipped on her old mask and disappeared like a light blown out by the wind. She ran home trembling like an aspen leaf, and found the old Woman standing before the door; but when she was about to relate what had happened to her, the old Woman laughed, and said she knew already all about it. The old Woman then led the Maiden

into the room and lighted a fresh faggot; but instead of sitting down to her wheel, she fetched a broom and began to sweep and dust. "It must be all clean and respectable," said she to the Maiden. "But, mother," replied she, "why do you begin at this late hour? what is the matter?"

"Do you then know what hour it is?" inquired the old mother.

"Not quite midnight, but past eleven," returned the daughter.

"Do you not remember, then," continued the old Woman, "that to-day you have been with me three years? Your time is now expired; we can remain together no longer!"

"Alas! dear mother, you will not drive me out," said the Maiden in an alarmed tone; "where shall I go? I have neither home nor friends, and whither could I turn? I have ever done all you desired, and you have been satisfied with me; send me not away!" The old Woman would not however tell the Maiden what was coming, but said instead, "My dwelling is no longer here; but since the house and this room must be clean when I leave, hinder me not in my work, and cease to care on your own account; you shall find a roof under which to dwell, and with the reward which I shall give you, you will also be contented."

"But do tell me what is coming," entreated the Maiden.

"I tell you a second time, do not disturb me in my work. Speak not a word more, but go into your own room and pull off the mask from your face, and put on the beautiful dress which you wore when you came to me, and then remain where you are till I call you."

And now I must tell you what befell the King and Queen, who were preparing, when we last heard of them, to go in search of the old Woman in the wilderness. The Count was, first of all, despatched by night to the forest alone, and for two days he wandered before he found the right road. Along this he went till darkness overtook him, and then he

climbed a tree to pass the night, for he feared he might lose his way in the dark. As soon as the moon rose he perceived a figure coming across the mountain, and although she had no rod in her hand, he could not doubt but that it was the Goose-Girl whom he had seen before at home with the old Woman. "Oho!" he exclaimed to himself; "here comes one witch, and when I have got her, I will soon catch the other!" But how astonished he was when, on stepping up to the brook, she laid aside her mask, and washed herself, and he saw her golden hair fall down and cover her whole figure, and render her more beautiful than any one he had ever before seen! He scarcely ventured to breathe, but he stretched out his neck as far as he could from the foliage and looked at her with fixed eyes. Unfortunately, he bent over too far, and the bough cracked beneath his weight; and at the same instant the Maiden disappeared, favoured by a dark cloud, and when the moon again appeared she was out of sight.

The young Count, however, hastened down from the tree and pursued the Maiden with rapid strides; but before he had gone very far, he saw two figures wandering over the meadows in the twilight. They were the King and Queen, who had seen at a distance the light in the old Woman's cottage and were hurrying towards it. The Count told them what marvellous things he had witnessed by the brook, and they felt no doubt but that he had seen their lost daughter. Full of joy they journeyed on till they came to the cottage, around which lay the geese, with their heads under their wings, and none stirred at their approach. The three peeped in at the window and saw the old Woman spinning silently, without raising her eyes from her work, but simply nodding her head now and then. The room was perfectly clean as if it had been inhabited by the Cloud-Men, who carry no dust on their feet; and for some minutes they observed the whole scene in silence; but at last plucking up

courage they knocked at the window lightly. Thereupon the old Woman got up, and looking at them kindly as if she had expected them, called out, "Come in; I know who you are."

As soon as the King, Queen, and Count had entered the room, the old Woman said, "You might have spared yourselves this long journey if you had not driven out, for three long years in the forest, your child who was so affectionate and so beautiful. She has come to no harm, and for these three years past she has tended my geese; neither has she learnt any evil, but kept her heart pure and spotless. But you have been righteously punished by the sorrow and trouble which you have suffered." With these words she went to the chamber-door and called to the daughter to come out, and as soon as the Princess made her appearance, dressed in her silk gown, with her golden hair and bright eyes, it seemed like the entrance of an angel into the room.

She went up to her father and mother and fell on their necks and kissed them, which made them both cry with joy. But when she perceived the young Count standing by them, she blushed as red as a moss-rose without knowing wherefore.

"My dear child," said the King to her, "what shall I give you, for I have parted my kingdom already?"

"She needs nothing," said the old Woman, "for I present her with the tears which she has wept, which are in reality pearls more beautiful than any that can be found in the sea, and of more value than your entire kingdom. And for a further reward for her services to me I give her this house."

As soon as the old Woman had said these words she disappeared, and immediately after a little knocking at the walls, the house became a noble palace, and the room in which they stood, a hall, in the midst of which a princely table was set out, with many servants hastening to and fro.

The beautiful Princess was married to the young Count,

and they remained in the palace, and lived happily so long as God suffered them to remain on earth.

The old Woman was no witch, as people believed, but a wise woman, who had good intentions. Apparently, too, it was she who, at the birth of the Princess, had endowed her with the power to weep pearls instead of tears.

At this day, however, that does not happen, else would the poor soon become rich.





THE POOR MILLER'S SON AND THE CAT



ONCE upon a time there lived in a mill an old Miller who had neither wife nor children, but three apprentices instead; and after they had been with him several years, he said to them one day, "I am old, and shall retire from business soon; do you all go out, and whichever of you brings me home the best horse, to him will I give the mill, and, moreover, he shall attend me in my last illness."

The third of the apprentices was a small lad despised by the others, and so much so, that they did not intend that he should ever have the mill, even after them. But all three went out together, and as soon as they got away from the village the two elder brothers said to the stupid Hans, "You may as well remain here; in all your lifetime you will never find a horse." Nevertheless Hans went with them, and when night came on they arrived at a hollow where they lay down to sleep. The two clever brothers waited till Hans

was fast asleep, and then they got up and walked off, leaving Hans snoring. Now they thought they had done a very clever thing, but we shall see how they fared. By-and-by the sun arose and awoke Hans, who, when he found himself lying in a deep hollow, peeped all around him, and exclaimed, "O Heavens! where have I got to?" He soon got up and scrambled out of the hollow into the forest, saying to himself, "Here am I all alone, what shall I do to get at



a horse?" While he was resting, a little tortoise-shell Cat came up, and asked in a most friendly manner, "Where are you going, Hans?" "Ah! you can help me," said Hans. "Yes, I know very well what you wish," replied the Cat; "you want a fine horse: come with me, and for seven years be my faithful servant, and then I will give you a handsomer steed than you ever saw."

"Well," thought Hans to himself, "this is a wonderful Cat! But still I may as well see if this will be true."

So the Cat took him into its enchanted castle, where there were many other Cats who waited upon it, jumping quickly up and down the steps, and bustling about in first-rate style. In the evening when they sat down to table three Cats had to play music; one played the violoncello, a second the violin, and a third blew a trumpet so loudly that its cheeks seemed as if they would burst. When they had finished dinner the table was drawn away, and the Cat said, "Now, Hans, come and dance with me." "No, no," replied he, "I cannot dance with a cat! I never learned how!" "Then take him to bed," cried the Cat to its attendants; and they lighted him at once to his sleeping apartment, where one drew off his shoes, another his stockings, while a third blew out the light. The following morning the servant-cats made their appearance again, and helped him out of bed: one drew on his stockings, another buckled on his garters, a third fetched his shoes, a fourth washed his face, and a fifth wiped it with her tail. "That was done well and gently," said Hans to the last. But all day long Hans had to cut wood for the Cat, and for that purpose he received an axe of silver and wedges and saws of the same metal, while the mallet was made of copper.

Here Hans remained making himself useful. Every day he had good eating and drinking, but he saw nobody except the tortoise-shell Cat and her attendants. One day the Cat said to him, "Go and mow my meadow and dry the grass well;" and she gave him a scythe made of silver and a whetstone of gold, which she bade him bring back safe. Hans went off and did what he was told; and when it was finished, he took home the scythe, whetstone, and hay, and asked the Cat if she would not give him a reward? "No," said the Cat, "you must first do several things for me. Here are beams of silver, binding clamps, joists, and all that is necessary, all of silver, and of these you must first build me a small house."

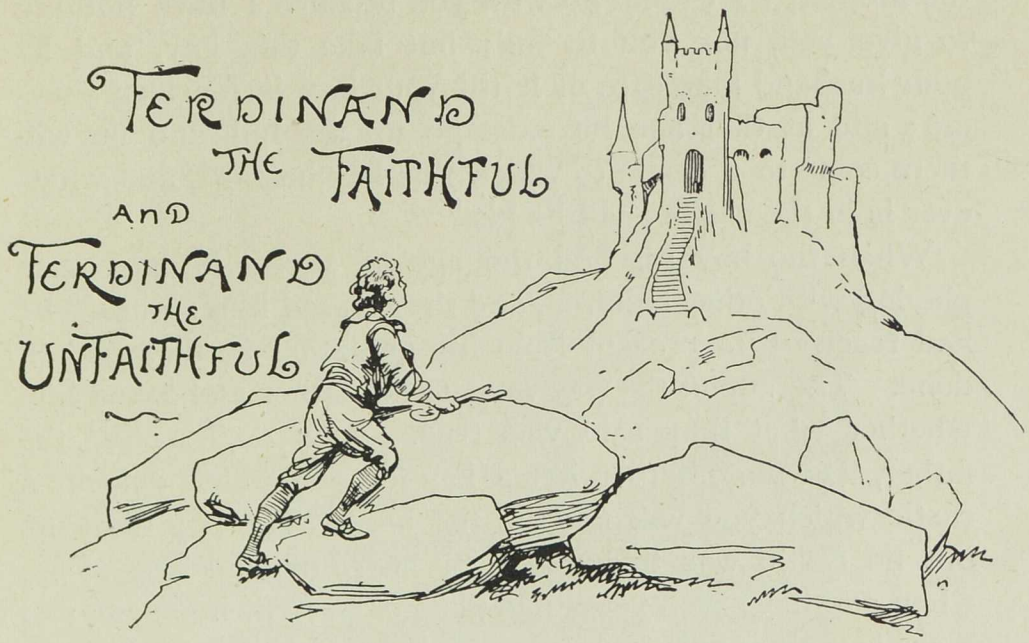
Hans built it, and when it was done he reminded the Cat he had still no horse, although his seven years had passed like half the time. The Cat asked him whether he wished to see her horses? "Yes," said Hans. So they went out of the house, and as they opened the door there stood twelve horses, very proud creatures, pawing the ground impatiently. Hans was glad enough to see them, but as soon as he looked at them for a minute the Cat gave him his dinner, and said, "Go home; I shall not give you your horse with you, but in three days I will come to you and bring it with me." So Hans walked off, and the Cats showed him the way to the mill; but, as they had not furnished him with new clothes, he was forced to go in his old ragged ones, which he had taken with him, and which during the seven years had become much too short for him.

When he arrived at home he found the two other apprentices had preceded him, and each had brought a horse; but the one was blind and the other lame. "Where is your horse, Hans?" inquired they. "It will follow me in three days," he replied. At this they laughed, and cried, "Yes, Hans, and when it does come it will be something wonderful, no doubt." Hans then went into the parlour, but the old Miller said he should not sit at table because he was so ragged and dirty; they would be ashamed of him if any one came in. So they gave him something to eat out-of-doors, and when bedtime came the two brothers refused Hans a share of the bed, and he was obliged to creep into the goose-house and stretch himself upon some hard straw. The next morning was the third day mentioned by the Cat, and as soon as Hans was up there came a carriage drawn by six horses, which shone from their sleek condition, and a servant besides, who led a seventh horse, which was for the poor Miller's boy. Out of the carriage stepped a beautiful Princess, who went into the mill, and she was the tortoise-shell Cat whom poor Hans had served for seven years. She

asked the Miller where the mill-boy, her little slave, was, and he answered, "We could not take him into the mill, he was so ragged and dirty; he lies now in the goose-house."

The Princess bade him fetch Hans, but before he could come the poor fellow had to draw together his smock-frock in order to cover himself. Then the servant drew forth some elegant clothes, and after washing Hans put them on, so that no king could have looked more handsome. Thereupon the Princess desired to see the horses which the other apprentices had brought home, and one was blind and the other lame. When she had seen them she ordered her servant to bring the horse he had in his keeping, and as soon as the Miller saw it he declared that such an animal had never before been in his farmyard. "It belongs to the youngest apprentice," said the Princess. "And the mill too," rejoined the Miller; but the Princess said he might keep that and the horse as well for himself. With these words she placed her faithful Hans in the carriage with her and drove away. They went first to the little house which Hans had built with the silver tools, and which had become a noble castle, wherein everything was of gold and silver. There the Princess married him, and he was so very rich that he had enough for all his life.

FERDINAND THE FAITHFUL AND FERDINAND THE UNFAITHFUL





ONCE upon a time there lived a certain Man and his Wife who as long as they were in prosperous circumstances were blessed with no children, but as soon as poverty came upon them a little boy was born to them. They were now so poor that they could get no one to stand godfather to their child, and the man determined he would go to another town and seek one. On his way he met a poor man, who inquired whither he was going, and he told him he was in search of some one to be sponsor to his son. "Oh!" said the poor man, "you are in distress, and I also! I will be godfather to your child, although I am too poor to give him any gift; go tell your wife and let her come to the church with the child." As soon as they got there the beggar said the name of the boy should be Ferdinand the Faithful; and so he was baptized.

When they came away from the church the beggar said to

the Mother, "I cannot go with you because I have nothing to give you, nor you to me; but take this key, and let your husband take care of it till your boy is fourteen years old; and at that age he must go up the hill, and he will there come to a castle to which this key belongs, and whatever is in the castle shall be his."

When the boy reached the age of seven, he was once playing with other children, and they teased him and said he had received no present from his godfather as they had all done. Thereupon the boy went to his father and asked him whether what they said was true. "Oh no," replied the father, "your godfather left a key for you which unlocks a castle which you will find up the hill." The boy went up, but no castle was to be seen or heard of; but by-and-by, when another seven years had passed, he went up again, and there saw the castle. As soon as he unlocked it he found a horse in a stable, and this so pleased him that he mounted it and rode back to his father, saying, "Now I have got a steed, I will travel."

So he went off, and on the roadside he found a shepherd whom he thought at first of taking with him, but he resolved not to do so, and rode on. But as he passed, the man called, "Ferdinand the Faithful, take me with you." So he went back and took him up behind him. After they had ridden a little way they came to a lake on the shore of which a fish was lying gasping in agony. "Ah! my good fish," cried Ferdinand, "I must help you back into the water;" and, taking it up, he threw it in, and the fish called out as it fell into the water, "Now since you have assisted me when I was in trouble I will also help you; take this reed pipe, and when you are in need blow thereon, and I will come; and if you chance to fall into the water I will help you out." After this Ferdinand rode on, and by-and-by he asked his companion whither he would go. "To the nearest place; but what is your name?" "Ferdinand the Faithful." "In-



"The Fish which he had formerly saved made its appearance, carrying in its mouth the letters."—*Page* 259.

deed," replied the other; "then your name is like mine, for I am called Ferdinand the Unfaithful." So they rode on to the nearest place and stopped at the first inn.

Now, it was unfortunate that Ferdinand the Unfaithful came there, for he knew all manner of evil tricks. There was at this inn a maiden, fair-faced and clear-eyed, who took a liking to Ferdinand the Faithful as soon as he came, because he was handsome and cheerful, and she asked him where he was going. When he had told her he was travelling about, she advised him to stop where he was, for the King needed good servants and couriers, and he was just the sort of man likely to suit. At first Ferdinand refused to listen, and said he must go on; so the maiden went herself to the King and said she knew of a good servant. The King bade her fetch Ferdinand; and as the latter had a horse which he said he could not part with on any account, the King made him his courier. As soon then as Ferdinand the Unfaithful heard of this, he asked the maiden if she could not assist him also; and, willing to oblige both, she went to the King, who gave him, too, a place in the royal household.

A morning or two after their arrival the King awoke groaning and lamenting that his dear bride was not with him. As soon as Ferdinand the Unfaithful heard this, he went to the King (because all along he had a spite against Ferdinand the Faithful) and advised him to send a messenger after her. "You have a courier," he said; "why not send him off to fetch her back? And if he does not bring her, let his head pay the forfeit." Thereupon the King summoned Ferdinand the Faithful, and ordered him on pain of death to bring back his beloved bride from the place where she was.

Ferdinand went into the stable to his favourite horse, and began to groan and weep. "Oh! what an unlucky man am I!" The Horse thereupon began to speak, and asked him what was the matter. Ferdinand was astonished to hear the horse speak, and exclaimed, "What, Schummel, can you

talk? Know, then, that I have to fetch the King's bride, and know not where to go." Schummel replied, "Go you to the King, and tell him that if he will give you what you ask, you will fetch his bride; but it must be a shipful of meat and another full of bread, for there are giants across the lake where you must go, who would eat you if you brought no meat, and there are birds also who would peck out your eyes if you took no bread."

Ferdinand went and told the King, who caused all the butchers to kill and dress meat, and all the bakers to make loaves, with which two ships were filled. As soon as these were ready, Schummel said to Ferdinand, "Now take me with you in the ship, and set sail, and when we come to the Giants say to them—

"'Peace be with you, Giants dear,
For I have brought you, never fear,
A good supply of fleshly cheer!'

"And when the Birds come, say—

"'Peace be with you, Ravens dear,
For I have brought you, never fear,
A good supply of bakers' cheer!'

"With these words they will be satisfied, and leave you, and when you come to the castle the Giants will help you; and two of them will go with you to where the Princess sleeps, whom the King wants. You must not awaken her, but the Giants must take her up in her bed, and carry her to the ship."

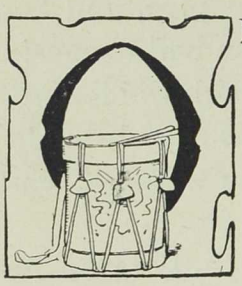
All this happened precisely as the Horse said, and Ferdinand the Faithful gave the Giants and the Birds what he had brought with him, whereupon the Giants were satisfied, and brought the Princess to the King. She had no sooner arrived, however, than she said she must have her letters, which were left behind in the castle. Then the King ordered Ferdinand the Faithful to fetch them on pain of death.

Ferdinand went again into the stable, and told his horse what duty he had to perform, and Schummel advised him to load the ships as before and sail to the castle. This he did, and the Giants and Birds were satisfied a second time. When they arrived at the castle, Schummel told Ferdinand where the sleeping chamber of the Princess was, and he went up and fetched the packet of letters. On their way back Ferdinand unluckily dropped the letters into the water. "Alas! alas!" Schummel said, "I cannot help you now!" Then Ferdinand bethought himself of his reed pipe, and began to blow it, and presently the Fish which he had formerly saved made its appearance, carrying in its mouth the letters, which it delivered to its preserver. After this they brought home the letters safely to the palace where the wedding was about to be held.

Now, the Queen did not love the King much, because he had a small nose, but she took a great fancy to Ferdinand the Faithful. And once, when all the court was assembled, the Queen said she knew some curious arts. She could cut off a person's head, and put it on again, without doing him any harm. When Ferdinand the Unfaithful heard this, he suggested that she should make the experiment on Ferdinand the Faithful. This, after a while, she did; and after cutting off his head, put it on again, and it healed up, so that only a red mark was visible round the neck. "Where did you learn to do that, my child?" asked the King. "Oh, I understand it well enough," she replied; "shall I experiment on you?" The King consented, but when she had cut off his head she would not put it on again; and after the lapse of some time she married Ferdinand the Faithful.

Now he rode again upon his horse Schummel; and one day it told him to ride thrice up the hill; and, as soon as he had done so, the horse was disenchanted and stood up a handsome Prince.

THE DRUMMER



ONE evening a young Drummer was walking all alone on the sea-shore, and as he went along he saw three pieces of linen lying on the sand. "What fine linen!" said he; and, picking up one of the pieces, he put it in his pocket and went home, thinking no more of his discovery. By-and-by he went to bed, and just as he was about to fall asleep, he fancied he heard some one call his name. He listened, and presently distinguished a gentle voice, calling, "Drummer, Drummer! awake!" He could see nothing, for it was quite dark; but he felt, as it were, something flitting to and fro over his bed. "What do you want?" he asked at length. "Give me back my shirt," replied the voice, "which you found yesterday on the sea-shore."

"You shall have it again if you tell me who you are."

"Alas! I am the Daughter of a mighty King; but I have fallen into the power of a Witch, who has confined me on the glass mountain. Every day I am allowed to bathe with my two sisters in the sea; but I cannot fly away again without my shirt. Yester-eve my sisters escaped as usual, but I was obliged to stay behind, so I beg you to give me my shirt again."

"Rest happy, poor child," replied the Drummer, "I will readily give it back;" and, feeling for it in his pocket, he

handed it to her. She hastily snatched it, and would have hurried away, but the Drummer exclaimed, "Wait a moment, perhaps I can help you!"

"That you may do," said the voice, "if you climb up the glass mountain and free me from the Witch; but you cannot get there, nor yet ascend, if you were to try."

"Where there's a will there's a way," said the Drummer. "I pity you, and I fear nothing; but I do not know the way to the glass mountain."

"The path lies through the large forest, where the Giants are," said the child; "more I dare not tell you;" and, so saying, she flew away.

At break of day the Drummer arose, and, hanging his drum round him, walked straight away without fear into the forest. After he had travelled some distance without seeing any Giant, he thought to himself he would awake the sleepers; and so, steadying his drum, he beat a roll upon it, which disturbed all the birds so much, that they flew off. In a few minutes a Giant raised himself from the ground, where he had been lying asleep on the grass, and his height was that of a fir-tree.

"You wretched wight!" he exclaimed, "what are you drumming here for, awaking me out of my best sleep?"

"I am drumming," he replied, "to show the way to the many thousands who follow me."

"What do they want here in my forest?" asked the Giant.

"They are coming to make a path through, and rid it of such monsters as you," said the Drummer.

"Oho? I shall tread them down like ants."

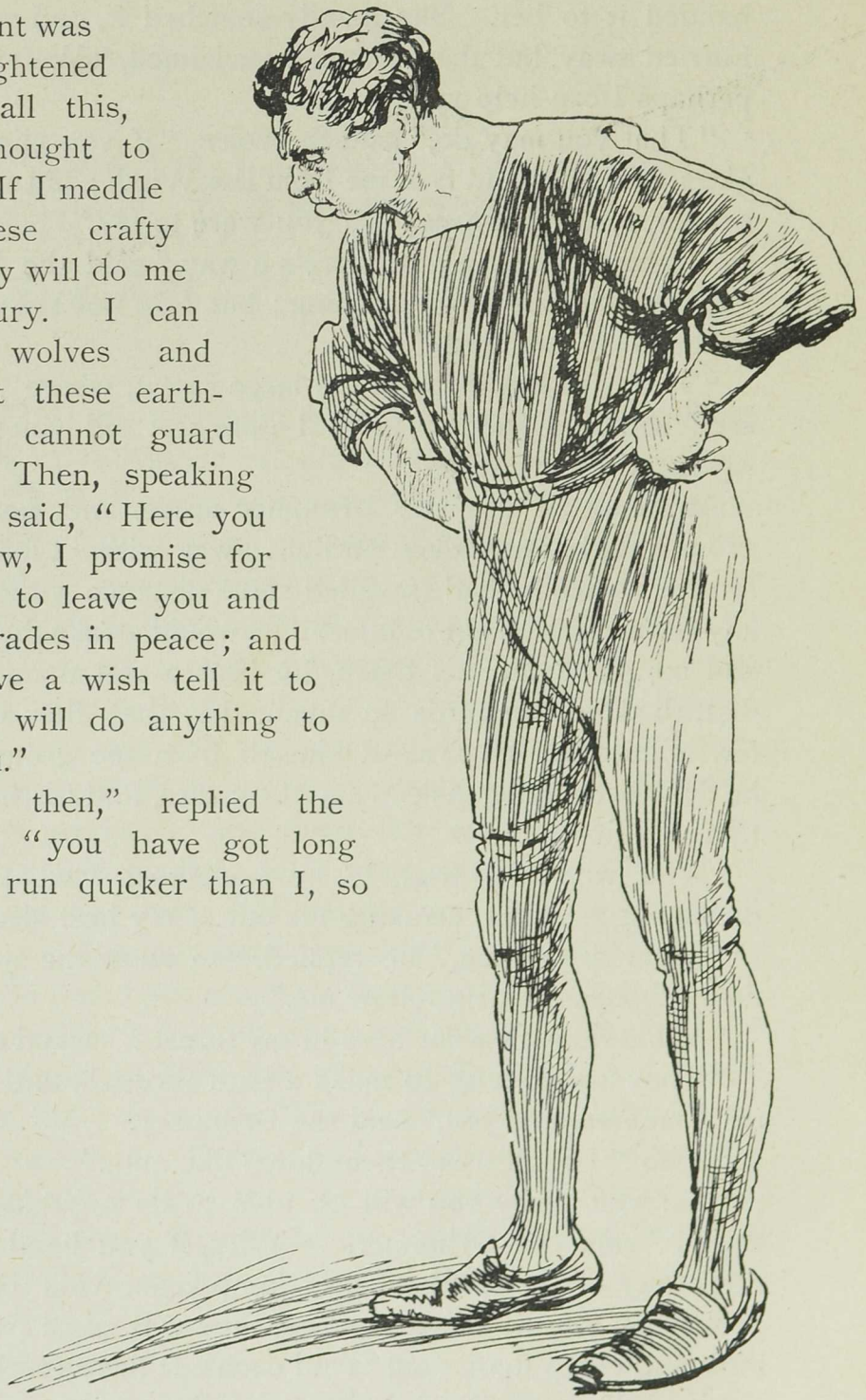
"Do you fancy you will be able to do anything against them?" said the Drummer. "Why, if you bend down to catch any of them, others will jump upon your back; and then when you lie down to sleep, they will come from every bush and creep upon you. And each one has a steel hammer in his girdle, with which he means to beat out your brains."

The Drummer

The Giant was terribly frightened to hear all this, and he thought to himself, "If I meddle with these crafty people they will do me some injury. I can strangle wolves and bears, but these earth-worms I cannot guard against." Then, speaking aloud, he said, "Here you little fellow, I promise for the future to leave you and your comrades in peace; and if you have a wish tell it to me, for I will do anything to please you."

"Well, then," replied the Drummer, "you have got long legs, and run quicker than I, so





carry me to the glass mountain, and I will beat a retreat-march to my companions, so that for this time you shall not be disturbed."

"Come hither, you worm," said the Giant; "set yourself on my shoulder, and I will bear you whither you desire."

The Giant took him up, and the Drummer began to beat with all his might and main. "That is the sign," thought the Giant, "for the others to go back." After a while a second Giant started up on the road, and took the Drummer from the shoulders of the first, and put him in his button-hole. The Drummer took hold of the button, which was as big as a plate, to hold on by, and looked round in high spirits. By-and-by they met with a third Giant, who took him out of the button-hole and placed him on the rim of his hat. Here the Drummer walked round and round observing the country; and, seeing in the blue distance a mountain, he supposed it to be the glass mountain, and so it was. The Giant took only two more strides and arrived at the foot of the mountain, where he set down the Drummer. The latter desired to be taken to the summit, but the Giant only shook his head and went away, muttering something in his beard.

So there the poor Drummer was left standing before the mountain, which was as high as if three hills had been placed upon each other, and, withal, as smooth as a mirror, so that he knew not how he should ascend it. He began to climb, but it was in vain, he slipped back every step. "Oh that I were a bird!" he exclaimed; "but what is the use of wishing? Wings never grew for that." While he ruminated, he saw at a little distance two men hotly quarrelling. He went up to them and found that their dispute related to a saddle, which lay on the ground before them, and for the possession of which they were contending. "What fools you are," he exclaimed, "to quarrel about a saddle, for which you have no horse!"

"The saddle is worth fighting about," replied one, "for whoever sits upon it may wish himself where he will, and may even go to the end of the world if he so desire. The saddle belongs to us in common; but it is now my turn to ride, and this other man will not let me."

"I will soon end your quarrel!" exclaimed the Drummer, walking a few steps forward, and planting a white wand in



the ground; "run, both of you, to that point, and whoever gets there first shall ride first."

The two men started off at once, but they had scarcely gone two steps when the Drummer sat himself hastily down on their saddle, and, wishing himself on the top of the glass mountain, was there before one could turn his hand round. On the summit was a large plain, whereon stood an old stone mansion; before its door there was a fish-pond, and behind,

a dark wood. The Drummer saw neither man nor beast; all was still, but the noise of the wind among the trees; while, close above his head, the clouds were rolling along.

He stepped up to the door of the house and knocked thrice, and after the third time an old Woman, with red eyes and a brown face, opened it. She had spectacles upon her nose, and looked at him very sharply before she asked what his business was.

"Entrance, a night's lodging, and provisions," replied the Drummer boldly.

"That you shall have, if you promise to perform three tasks!" said she.

"And why not?" he replied; "I am not afraid of work, be it ever so hard!"

So the old Woman let him come in, and gave him supper, and afterwards a good bed.

The next morning when the Drummer arose the old Woman handed him a thimble off her withered finger, and said, "Now, go to work and empty the pond out there with this thimble, but you must finish it before night; and, besides that, you must take out all the fishes, and range them according to their species upon the bank."

"That is a queer job!" said the Drummer; but, going to the pond, he began to thimble out the water. He worked all the morning, but what could he do with a single thimble, if he had kept at work for a thousand years? When noonday came he stopped and sat down; for, as he thought, "It is no use, and all the same whether I work or not." Just then a Girl came from the house, and brought him a basket of provisions. "What do you want," she asked, "that you sit there so sorrowful?"

The Drummer looked up, and, seeing that the speaker was very beautiful, he replied, "Alas! I cannot perform the first task, and how I shall do the others, I cannot tell! I have come here to seek a King's daughter, who lives

hereabouts, but I have not found her, and I must go further."

"Stop here!" said the Girl; "I will help you out of your trouble. You are tired, so lay your head in my lap and go to sleep; when you awake again the work will be done!"

The Drummer did not need to be told twice. As soon as his eyes were closed, the Maiden pressed a wishing-ring, which she had, and said, "Out water, out fishes." Immediately the water rose in the air like a white vapour, and rolled away with the other clouds; while the fishes all jumped out, and arranged themselves on the banks according to their size and species.

By-and-by the Drummer awoke, and saw, to his astonishment, the work completed. "One of the fishes," said the Maiden, "does not lie with his companions, but quite alone. When the old Woman comes this evening and sees all that is done, she will ask why this fish is left out, and you must take it up and throw it in her face, saying, 'That is for you, old Witch.'"

So when it was evening the old Woman came and asked the question, and he immediately threw the fish in her face. She did not appear to notice it, but only looked silently and maliciously at him.

The next morning she said to him, "You got off too easily yesterday, I must give you a harder task; to-day you must cut down all my trees, split the wood into faggots, and range them in bundles, and all must be ready by night."

With these words she gave him an axe, a mallet, and two wedges; but the first was made of lead, and the others of tin. When, therefore, he began to chop, the axe doubled quite up, while the mallet and wedges stuck together. He knew not what to do; but at noon the Maiden came again with his dinner and comforted him. "Lay your head in my lap," said she, "and when you awake the work will be

done." Thereupon she turned her wishing-ring, and at the same moment the whole forest fell down with a crash, the timber split of itself, and laid itself together in heaps, as if innumerable giants were at work. As soon as the Drummer awoke, the Maiden said to him, "See, here is all your wood properly cut and stacked, with the exception of one bough; if the old Woman, when she comes this evening, asks the reason of this, give her a blow with it, and say, 'That is for thee, old Witch.'"

Accordingly, when the old Woman came, she said, "See, how easy the work is; but for whom is this bough left out?"

"For you, old Witch!" he replied, giving her a blow. She appeared not to feel it, and, laughing fiendishly, said to him, "To-morrow you shall lay all the wood in one pile, and kindle and burn it."

At daybreak he arose again and began to work; but how could a single man pile up a whole forest? The work proceeded very slowly. The Maiden, however, did not forget him in his troubles, and brought him as usual his mid-day meal, after eating which he laid his head in her lap and slept. On his awaking he found the whole pile burning in one immense flame, whose tongues of fire reached up to heaven. "Attend to me," said the Maiden to him; "when the Witch comes she will demand something singular, but do what she desires without fear, and you will take no harm; but if you are afraid, the fire will catch and consume you. Lastly, when you have fulfilled her demands, take her with both hands and throw her into the midst of the flames."

Thereupon the Maiden left him, and presently the old Woman slipped in, crying "Hu! hu! how I freeze! There is fire to warm me and my old bones; that is well. But," she continued, turning to the Drummer, "there is a log which will not burn, fetch it out for me; come, if you do

that, you shall be free and go where you will, only be brisk."

The Drummer plunged into the flames without a moment's consideration; but they did him no harm, not even singeing a single hair. He bore the faggot off and laid it beside the old Witch; but as soon as it touched the earth it changed into the beautiful Maiden, who had delivered him from his troubles, and he saw at once by her silken shining robes that she was the King's daughter. The old Woman laughed fiendishly again, and exclaimed, "Do you think you have her? Not yet, not yet!" So saying, she would have seized the Maiden; but the Drummer, catching the old Woman with both his hands, threw her into the middle of the burning pile, and the flames closed in around her, as if rejoicing in the destruction of such a Witch.

When this was done the Maiden looked at the Drummer, and seeing that he was a handsome youth, and that he had ventured his life to save hers, she held out her hand to him, and said, "You have dared a great deal for me, and I must do something for you; promise me to be true and faithful, and you shall be my husband. For wealth we shall not want; we have enough here in the treasure which the old Witch has gathered together."

Thereupon she led him into the house and showed him chests upon chests, which were filled with treasures. They left the gold and silver, and took nothing but diamonds and pearls; and then, as they no longer wished to remain on the glass mountain, the Drummer proposed that they should descend on the wishing-saddle. "The old saddle does not please me," said the Maiden, "and I need only turn the ring on my finger and we shall be at home."

"Well, then, wish ourselves at the city gate," replied the Drummer; and in the twinkling of an eye they were there. "I will go and take the news to my parents first," said the Drummer; "wait here for me, for I shall soon be back."

"Ah! I pray you, then, when you arrive, take care not to kiss your parents on the right cheek, else will you forget everything, and I shall be left here all alone in this field."

"How can I forget you?" said he, and promised her faithfully to return in a very short time. When he entered his father's house nobody knew him, he was so altered, for the three days which he had imagined he had spent on the glass mountain were three long years. He soon recalled himself to their remembrance, and his parents hung round his neck, so that, moved by affection, he entirely forgot the Maiden's injunctions, and kissed them on both cheeks. Every thought concerning the Princess at once faded from his mind, and, emptying his pockets, he laid handfuls of precious stones upon the table. The parents could not tell what to do with so much wealth. At length they built a noble castle, surrounded by gardens, woods, and meadows, and fit for a prince to inhabit. When it was done the mother of the Drummer said to him, "I have looked out for a wife for you, and you shall be married in three days' time."

Now, the Drummer was quite content with all that his Parents proposed; but the poor Princess was very disconsolate. For a long time after he first left her she waited for him in the fields; but when evening fell she believed that he had kissed his Parents on the right cheek, and forgotten all about her. Her heart was full of grief, and she wished herself in some solitary forest that she might not return to her father's court. Every evening she went to the city and passed by the Drummer's house, but although he saw her many times he never recognised her. At last she heard one day the people talking of the wedding of the Drummer, and she thereupon resolved to make a trial if she could regain his love. As soon as the first festival-day was appointed, she turned her wishing-ring, saying, "A dress as shining as the sun." Immediately the dress lay before her, and seemed

as if woven out of the purest sunbeams! Then, as soon as the guests had assembled, she slipped into the hall. Everybody admired her beautiful dress; but most of all the Bride elect, who had a passion for fine dresses, and went up to her and asked if she would sell it. "Not for money," replied the Princess; "but for the privilege of sleeping for one night next to the chamber of the Bridegroom."

The Bride elect could not resist her wish for the dress, and so she consented; but first of all she mixed in the sleeping draught of the Bridegroom a strong potion, which prevented him from being awakened. By-and-by, when all was quiet, the Princess crept to the chamber-door, and, opening it slightly, called gently—

"Drummer, Drummer, O list to me,
Forget not what I did for thee;
Think of the mountain of glass so high,
Think of the Witch and her cruelty;
Think of my plighted troth with thee:
Drummer! Drummer! O list to me!"

She cried all in vain, the Drummer did not awake, and when day dawned the Princess was forced to leave. The second evening she turned her wishing-ring, and said, "A dress as silvery as the moon." As soon as she had spoken it lay before her; and when she appeared in it at the ball, the Bride elect wished to have it as well as the other, and again the Princess gave it to her for the privilege of passing another night next the chamber of the Bridegroom. And everything passed as on the first night.

The servants in the house, however, had overheard the plaint of the strange Maiden, and they told the Bridegroom about it. They told him, also, that it was not possible for him to hear anything of what was said because of the potion, which was put into his sleeping-draught.

The third evening the Princess turned her ring and

wished for a dress as glittering as the stars. As soon as she appeared in the ball-room thus arrayed, the Bride elect was enchanted with its beauty, and declared rapturously, "I must and will have it." The Maiden gave it up, like the former, for a night's sleep next the Bridegroom's chamber. This time he did not drink his wine as usual, but poured it out behind the bed; and so, when all the house was quiet, he heard a gentle voice repeating—

"Drummer, Drummer, O list to me,
Forget not what I did for thee;
Think of the mountain of glass so high,
Think of the Witch and her cruelty;
Think of my plighted troth with thee:
Drummer! Drummer! O list to me!"

All at once his memory returned, and he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! how could I have treated you so heartlessly? But the kisses which I gave my parents on the right cheek, in the excess of my joy, they have bewildered me." He jumped up, and, taking the Princess by the hand, led her to the bedside of his Parents. "This is my true Bride," said he; "and if I marry the other I shall do a grievous wrong." When the Parents heard all that had happened, they gave their consent, and thereupon the lights in the hall were rekindled, the drums and trumpets fetched, the friends and visitors invited to come again, and the true wedding was celebrated with great pomp and happiness.

But the second Bride received the three splendid dresses, and was as well contented as if she had been married!



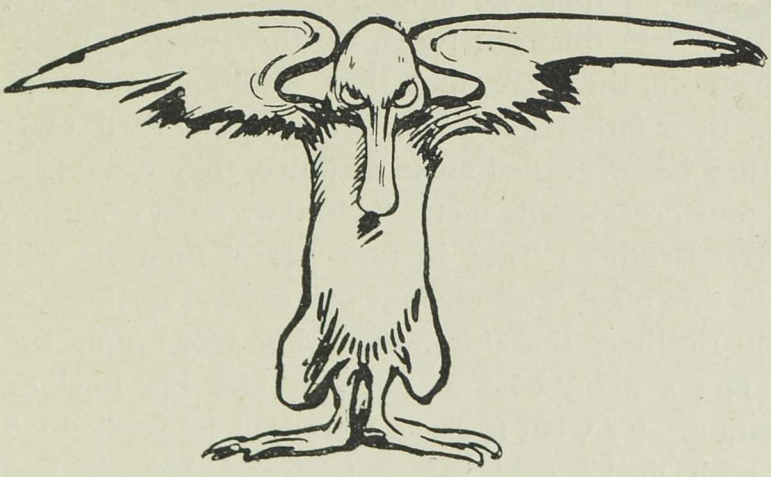
The Undutiful Son



NCE upon a time a man and his wife were sitting before their house-door, with a roast fowl on a table between them, which they were going to eat together. Presently the man saw his old father coming, and he quickly snatched up the fowl and concealed it, because he grudged sharing it, even with his own parent.

The old man came, had a draught of water, and then went away again. As soon as he was gone his son went to fetch the roast fowl; but when he touched it he saw

that it was changed into a toad, which sprang upon his head and squatted there, and would not go away. When any one tried to take it off, it spat out poison and seemed as though it would spring in one's face, so that at length nobody dared to meddle with it. Now this toad the undutiful son was compelled to supply with food, lest it should eat his own flesh; and with this companion he moved wearily about from place to place, and had no rest anywhere in this world.



The Four Accomplished Brothers



ONCE upon a time there was a Man who had four sons, and when they were grown up young men he told them one day that they must push their own way in the world, for he had nothing to give them, and so they must go among strangers and each learn a different trade, till they were perfect. The four Brothers, therefore, took their walking staffs, and, after bidding their father good-bye, set out from their own door. After they had travelled some distance, they came to a point where four cross-roads met. "Here we must separate," said the eldest Brother; "but in four years' time we will meet again in this place, and recount our several fortunes."

Each Brother, therefore, went his way; and soon the eldest met a man, who inquired of him his business and destination. "I wish to learn a trade!" he replied. "Then come with me!" said the man, "and become a Thief." "No!" replied the other; "that is not an honourable employment; and, besides, the end of that song is that one gets used like the clapper in a bell." "Oh, you need not fear the gallows!" said the Thief. "I will teach you so that nobody shall ever be able to catch you, or find any trace of you." Thereupon the man let himself be persuaded, and became, under the other's teaching, such an accomplished Thief that nothing was safe which he set his mind on having.

Meanwhile the second brother had met a man who had asked the very same questions as the first one did; and, when he heard the answer that the young man wished to learn a trade, he invited the youth to become a Star-gazer. "There is nothing better than that," he said, "for nothing is hid from you." The third brother was taken in hand by a Huntsman, and received such capital instructions in all the branches of the art of shooting that he became quite a renowned marksman. On leaving, his master presented him with a gun, which he said would never miss, for whatever he aimed at it was sure to hit. The youngest brother had meanwhile met a Tailor, and was asked whether he would not like that trade. "I am not so sure about that," replied the youth; "for the sitting cross-legged from morning to night, the continual stitching backwards and forwards of the needle, and a tailor's goose, are not altogether to my mind." "There, there!" cried the man, "you are talking about what you do not understand; you will learn quite a different sort of tailoring with me, and one which is very honourable in its way, besides being easy and handsome." The youth was persuaded with these words, and, accompanying his new friend, he learnt the tailoring trade from its very basis. At leaving, his master gave him a needle, and told him that he could sew together with that whatever he pleased, even if it were as tender as an egg-shell or as hard as steel, and not even a seam would be visible to any one after he had done it.

When the four years had passed away, the four Brothers all arrived at the same time at the cross-ways, and, after embracing and kissing each other, returned home to their Father. "Ah!" he cried, when he saw them come in, "so the wind has blown you back again!" and thereupon they related all their adventures, and said they had each learnt a trade. While they were telling their tales they sat under a great tree, and, as soon as they had done,

their father said he would now put their accomplishments to the test. So he looked up, and then said to his second son, "At the top of this tree, between two boughs, there is a bullfinch's nest; now tell me how many eggs there are in it."

The Star-gazer took his glass, and, looking through it, said there were five eggs.

"Fetch the nest down without disturbing the mother bird, who is sitting on the eggs," said the Father then to his eldest son. The clever Thief climbed up the tree, and took the five eggs from underneath the body of the bird without disturbing or frightening her, and brought them to his Father. The Father took them, and laying one at each corner of a table placed the fifth in the middle, and told the Huntsman to cut them all in halves at one shot. He aimed his gun, and at the first trial the five eggs were shot as his Father wished—and surely he must have a good charge of powder who shoots round a corner.

"Now it is your turn," said the old Man to his other son; "do you sew the egg-shells together, and also the young birds which were in them, in such a manner that the shot shall not appear to have injured them." The Tailor produced his needle, and soon did what was expected of him. When he had finished, the Thief had to carry the eggs back to the nest and lay them again under the bird without being perceived by it. This he did, and the old bird hatched her eggs in a couple of days afterwards, and the young ones had a red streak round their neck where the Tailor had joined them together.

When his sons had done all these wonderful things, the Father said to them, "Well, you have certainly used your time well, and learnt what is very useful, and for this I must praise you in green clover, as the saying goes; but I cannot tell which of you ought to have the preference, and so that must be left to be seen when an opportunity occurs of displaying your talents publicly."



"She is on a rock in the midst of the sea . . . and watched by the Dragon."—*Page* 279.

Not long after this a great lamentation was made in the country because the King's daughter had been carried away by a Dragon. Her father was overcome by grief all day and night long, and caused it to be proclaimed that whoever should rescue the Princess should have her for his wife. The four Brothers thereupon thought this was the opportunity they needed, and agreed to go together and deliver the Princess, and show their talents. "I will soon discover where she is!" cried the Star-gazer, and, peeping through his telescope, he said, "I can see her already; she is on a rock in the midst of the sea far away from here, and watched by the Dragon." Then he went to the King, and requested a ship for himself and his Brothers, in which they sailed over the sea till they came near the rock.

The Princess observed their arrival, but the Dragon was fast asleep, with his head in her lap. "I dare not shoot!" said the Hunter, when he saw them, "for fear I should kill the Princess as well as the Dragon." "Then I will try my remedy!" said the Thief; and, slipping away, he stole the Princess out of the power of the Dragon, but so lightly and cunningly that the monster noticed nothing, but snored on. Full of joy, they hurried with her down to the ship, and steered away to the open sea; but the Dragon, soon awaking, missed the Princess, and came flying through the air full of rage in pursuit of her. Just as he was hovering above the ship, and was about to alight on it, the Huntsman took aim, fired, and shot the beast through the heart. The Dragon fell, but in his fall he crushed the whole ship to pieces, because of his great size and weight. Luckily they saved a couple of planks, and on these the four Brothers and the Princess floated about. They were now in a great strait, but the Tailor with his wonderful needle sewed together the two planks with great stitches, and then collected the remaining pieces of the ship. These he sewed together so cleverly that in a short time the whole vessel was as tight

and complete as before, and they sailed home without further accident!

As soon as the King saw his dear daughter again he was glad, and said to the four Brothers, "One of you shall have my daughter to wife, but which you must settle amongst yourselves."

Thereupon a tremendous quarrel took place between them, for each pressed his own claims. The Star-gazer declared that if he had not seen the Princess, all their doings would have been of no use, and so she ought to be his. But the Thief exclaimed, "Of what use would your seeing have been if I had not stolen her away from the Dragon? The Princess is mine!" "But you would have been all torn in pieces by the Dragon had not my ball reached his heart!" interrupted the Huntsman; "and so she must be mine." "That is all very fine!" said the Tailor; "but if it had not been for my sewing the ship together again you would have been all drowned! No, the Princess is mine!" When they had all spoken thus, the King decided the question by saying, "You have all an equal claim; but since you cannot all have the Princess, not one of you shall have her, but I will give each of you instead the half of a province as a reward."

This decision pleased the Brothers, who said, "Yes, it will be better so, for then we shall remain united." Thereupon each received half the revenue of a province, as the King said; and in the enjoyment of this they lived happily with their Father to the end of their lives.



THE THREE ARMY SURGEONS



THREE Army Surgeons were once on their travels, confident that they had learnt their profession perfectly; and one day they arrived at an inn where they wished to pass the night. The landlord asked them whence they came and whither they were going; and one of them replied that they were travelling about in search of employment for their talents. "In what do your talents consist?" inquired the landlord. The first said he could cut off his hand, and in the morning put it on again without difficulty; the second said he could take out his eyes, and in the morning replace them without injury; and the third declared he could take out his own heart and put it back again.

"Can you do these things?" said the landlord: "then indeed you are well taught." But they had a salve which healed whatever it touched; and the bottle which contained it they always carried carefully with them. So the one cut off his hand, another took out his eyes, and the third cut out his heart, as they had said, and gave them on a dish to the landlord, who delivered them to the servant to put them

by in a cupboard till the morning. Now this servant had a sweetheart on the sly, who was a soldier; and he, coming in, wanted something to eat. As soon as the landlord and the Three Surgeons had gone to bed, the maid opened the cupboard and fetched her lover something; but in her hurry she forgot to shut the door again, and sat down to table with the soldier, and they made themselves merry. While she sat thus, expecting no misfortune, the cat stole in, and, seeing the cupboard door open, snatched the hand, heart, and eyes of the Three Surgeons, and ran away with them. As soon as the Soldier had finished, the maid went to put the dish away in the cupboard, and she then saw that the plate which her master had given into her care was gone. She was terribly frightened and exclaimed, "Oh! what will become of me? The hand is gone, the heart is gone, and the eyes too; how shall I manage in the morning?" "Be quiet," said her sweetheart, "I will help you out of your difficulty; on the gallows outside hangs a thief, whose hand I can cut off; which was it?" "The right," said she, and gave him a sharp knife, with which he went and cut off the right hand of the criminal, and brought it in. Then he caught the cat and took out her eyes; but what was to be done for the heart? "Did you not kill a pig to-day and put the carcase in the cellar?" asked the soldier. "Yes," said the maid. "Then that is just the thing," returned the soldier; "go and fetch the heart from it." The servant did so, and they placed all three on the plate and put them in the cupboard, and then her sweetheart having taken leave, the maid went to bed.

On the morrow when the three Army Surgeons were up, they bade the servant fetch the plate on which lay the hand, heart, and eyes. She brought it from the cupboard, and the first man spread the hand with his salve, and immediately it joined to his wrist as if it had grown there. The second took up the cat's eyes and placed them in his head, while the

third put the pig's heart where his own came from. The landlord meanwhile stood by, wondering at their learning, and saying he would never have believed them had he not seen what they did. Afterwards they paid their bill and went away.



They had not gone far before the man with the pig's heart began to run about and snuff in every corner after the manner of swine. The others tried to hold him by the coat, but it was of no use, he would run about among the thickest brushwood. The second Surgeon all this while kept rubbing his eyes and could not make out what was amiss. "What have I

done?" said he to his comrades. "These are not my eyes, I cannot see; you must lead me or I shall fall." So they travelled till evening with great trouble to themselves, when they came to another inn. They stepped into the parlour, and there in the corner sat a rich man at a table counting his money. The Surgeon with the thief's hand went up to him and peered at him, and as soon as his back was turned, made a grasp at the gold and took a handful. "For shame, comrade," cried the others; "you must not steal; what are you doing?" "Oh, how can I help myself?" he asked. "My hand is drawn to it, and I must take it whether I will or not!" Soon after this they went to bed, and it was so dark that one could not see his hand before his eyes. All at once the Surgeon with the cat's eyes woke up, and disturbing the others, cried out, "See, see, how the white mice are running about in the room!" The two others thereupon raised their heads, but they could see nothing. "It is evident to me now," said the first Surgeon, "that we have not got our own; we must go back to the landlord who deceived us."

The following morning they rode back to the first inn, and told the landlord they had not received their own things again, for one had got a thief's hand, another a pig's heart, and the third a cat's eyes. The landlord thereupon went to call the servant-maid, but she had escaped out of the back-door as soon as she saw the Surgeons coming, and did not return. The three now threatened to set fire to the house if the landlord did not give them a large sum of money, and the poor man was compelled to give them all he could scrape together, with which they went away. But although they had enough to last them their lifetime, each would rather have had his own hand, heart, or eyes, than all the money in the world.

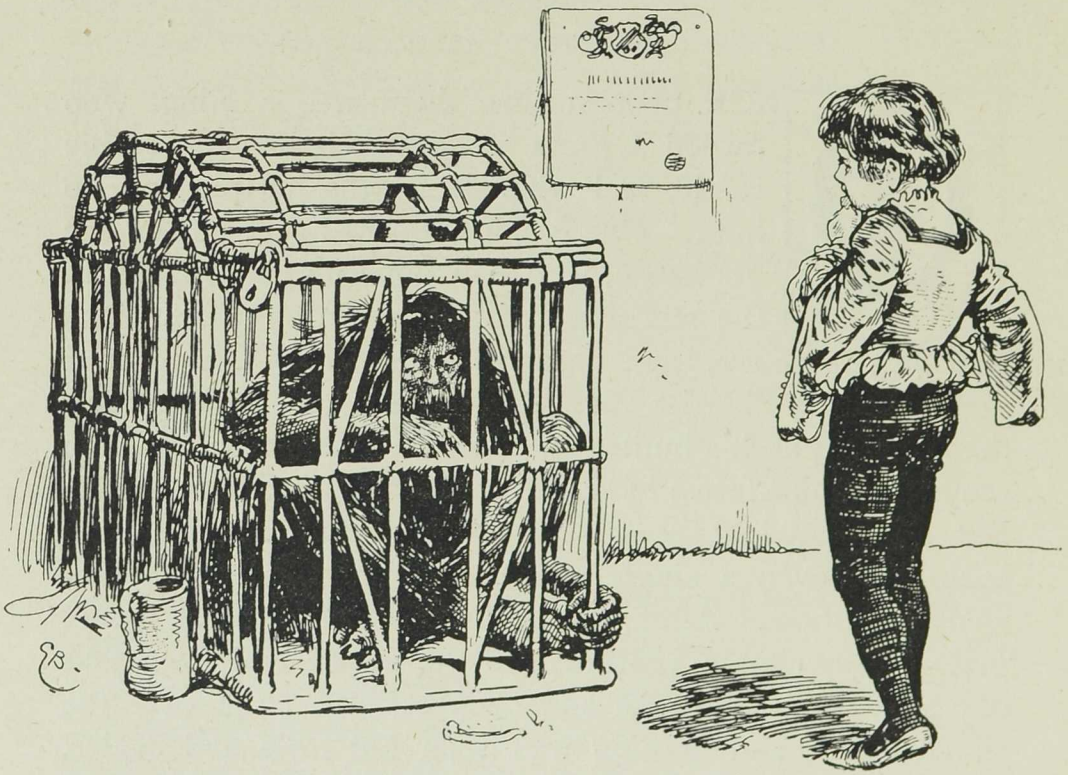
THE MAN OF IRON



NCE upon a time there was a King, who owned a great wood, which lay behind his castle, and wherein it was his pleasure to hunt. One day it happened that one of his huntsmen, who had gone into this wood in the morning, did not return as usual. The next day, therefore, the King despatched two others to seek him; but they likewise never reappeared; and so the King then ordered all his huntsmen to make themselves ready to scour the whole forest in search of their missing companions. But, after they had set out, not one of them ever came back again, nor even a single dog out of the whole pack that went with them. After this occurrence an edict was issued that nobody should venture into the wood; and from that day a profound stillness and deep solitude crept over the whole forest, and nothing was seen but owls and eagles, which now and then flew out. This lasted a long time, till once came a strange Huntsman to the King, and, begging an audience, said he was ready to go into the dangerous forest. The King would not at first give his consent, saying, "I am afraid it will fare no better with you than with the others, and that you will never return;" but the Huntsman replied, "I will dare the danger, for I know nothing of fear."

Thereupon the Huntsman entered the forest with his dog, and in a few minutes the hound, espying a wild animal on

the road, pursued it; but it had scarcely gone a couple of yards before it fell into a deep pool, out of which a naked arm stretched itself, and catching the dog, drew it down beneath the water. As soon as the Huntsman saw this he went back and fetched three men, who came with pails to bale out the water. When they came to the bottom they found a Wild Man, whose body was brown, like rusty iron,



and his hair hung over his face down to his knees. They bound him with cords and led him away to the King, who caused an immense iron cage to be fixed in the courtyard, and forbade any one, on pain of death, to open the door of the cage, of which the Queen had to keep the key in her charge. After this time anybody could go with safety into the forest.

Now the King had a son eight years old, who was once

playing in the courtyard, and during his play his ball accidentally rolled into the iron cage. He ran up to it and demanded his ball of the prisoner. "Not till you open my door," replied the Man. "No, that I cannot," said the Boy, "for my father the King has forbidden it;" and so saying he ran away. But the next morning he came again and demanded his golden ball. "Open my door," said the Wild Man; but the Boy refused. The third morning the King went out a-hunting, and presently the Boy went again to the cage, and said, "Even if I would open the door, I have not got the key to do it." "It lies under your mother's pillow," said the Wild Man, "and you can get it if you like." So the Boy casting all other thoughts to the winds but his wish to have his ball, ran and fetched the key. The door swung heavily, and the Boy jammed his finger, but soon it opened, and the Wild Man, giving him the golden ball, stepped out and hurried off. At this the Boy became alarmed, and cried, and called after the Man, "Wild Man, do not go away, or I shall be beaten!" The Man turned round, and raising the Boy up, set him upon his shoulders and walked into the forest with hasty strides. When the King returned soon afterwards, he remarked the empty cage, and asked the Queen what had happened. She called her Boy but no one answered, and the King sent out people over the fields to search for him; but they returned empty-handed. Then he easily guessed what had really happened, and the royal court was filled with grief.

Meanwhile, as soon as the Wild Man had reached his old haunts, he set the Boy down off his shoulders, and said to him, "Your father and mother you will never see again: but I will keep you with me, for you delivered me, and therefore I pity you. If you do all that I tell you, you will be well treated, for I have enough treasure and money—in fact, more than any one else in the world."

That evening the Iron Man let the Boy sleep on some

moss, and the next morning he took him to the pool, and said, "See you, this golden water is bright and clear as crystal; hereby you must sit, and watch that nothing falls into it, or it will be dishonoured. Every evening I will come, and see if you have obeyed my commands." So the Boy sat down on the bank of the pool; but by-and-by, while he watched, such a sudden pain seized one of his fingers, that he plunged it into the water to cool it. He quickly drew it out again, but lo! it was quite golden, and in spite of all his pains he could not rub off the gold again. In the evening came the Iron Man, and after looking at the Boy, he asked, "What has happened to my pool?" "Nothing, nothing!" replied the Boy, holding his finger behind him, that it might not be seen. But the Man said, "You have dipped your finger into the water; this time, however, I will overlook it, only take care it does not happen again."

The next day the Boy resumed his post at the first day-break; but in the course of a little while his finger ached again, and this time he put it to his head, and unluckily pulled off a hair, which fell into the water. He took it out again very quickly; but it had changed into gold, and by-and-by the Iron Man returned, already conscious of what had occurred. "You have let a hair fall into the pool," he said to the Boy; "but once more I will overlook your fault. But if it happen again, the pool will be dishonoured, and you can remain with me no longer."

The Boy took his usual seat again on the third morning, and did not once move his finger in spite of the pain. The time, however, passed so slowly, that he fell to looking at his face, reflected in the mirror of the waters; and, while he bent down to do so, his long hair fell down from his shoulders into the pool. In a great hurry he raised his head again; but already his locks were turned to gold, and shone in the sun. You may imagine how frightened the poor Boy was! He took his pocket-handkerchief and bound

it round his head, so that no one might see his hair; but as soon as the Iron Man returned he said to him, "Untie your handkerchief!" for he knew what had happened. Then the golden hair fell down on the Boy's shoulders, and he tried to excuse himself, but in vain. "You have not stood the proof," said the Iron Man, "and must remain here no longer. Go forth into the world, and there you will see how poverty fares; but, because your heart is innocent, and I mean well towards you, I will grant you this one favour—when you are in trouble come to this forest, call my name, and I will come and help you. My power is great, and I have gold and silver in abundance."

So the young prince had to leave the forest, and he travelled over many rough and smooth roads, till he came at length to a large town. There he sought work, but without success, for he had learnt nothing which was of use, and at last he went to the King's palace itself, and inquired if they could take him in. The court servants were unaware of any vacancy which he could fill, but because he seemed well favoured they allowed him to remain. Soon afterwards the Cook took him into his service, and told him he might fetch wood and water for the fire, and sweep up the ashes. One day, however, as no one else was at hand, the Prince had to carry in a dish to the royal table, but, because he would not allow his golden hair to be seen, he entered the room with his cap on his head.

"If you come to the royal table," exclaimed the King when he saw him, "you must pull off your cap!" "Ah, your majesty," replied the Prince, "I dare not, for I have a bad disease on my head!" Thereupon the King ordered the Cook into his presence, and scolded him because he had taken such a youth into his service, and further commanded him to discharge him. But the Cook pitied the poor lad, and changed him with the Gardener's boy.

Now the Prince had to plant and sow, to dig and rake, in



spite of all weathers, for he must bear the wind and rain. One day in summer, as he was working alone in the garden, he took off his cap to cool his head in the breeze, and the sun shone so upon his hair, that the golden locks glittered, and their brightness became reflected in the mirror in the chamber of the King's daughter. She jumped up to see what it was, and perceiving the Gardener's Boy, called him, to bring her a nosegay of flowers. In a great hurry he put on his cap and plucked some wild flowers, which he arranged together. But as he was going up the steps with them to the Princess, the Gardener met him, and said, "How can

you take the Princess such a nosegay of bad flowers? Go back and fetch the rarest and most beautiful." "Oh no!" said the Boy, "the wild flowers bloom the longest and will please the best." So he went up to the chamber, and there the Princess said to him, "Take off your cap; it is not becoming of you to wear it here!"

The Boy, however, replied, he dared not remove it, because his head was too ugly to look at, but she seized his cap and pulled it off, and his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, most beautiful to see! The Boy would have run away, but the Princess detained him and gave him a handful of ducats. Then he left her and took her money to the Gardener, whom he told to give it to his children to play with, for he despised money. The following day the Princess called him again to give her a bouquet of wild flowers, and when he entered with them she snatched again at his cap, but this time he held it fast with both hands, and would not let it go. She gave him still another handful of ducats, but he would not keep them, but gave them to the Gardener's children for playthings. The third day it was just the same: the Princess could not get his cap, and he would not keep her ducats.

Not long after these events the country was drawn into a war, and the King collected all his people, for he knew not whether he should be able to make a stand against the enemy, who was very powerful, and led an immense army. Amongst others, the Gardener's Boy asked for a horse, saying he was grown up and ready to take his part in the fight. The others, however, laughed at him, and said, "When we are gone we will leave behind a horse for you, but take care of yourself!"

So, as soon as the rest had set out, the young Prince went into the stable, and found there a horse, which was lame, and clicked its feet together. Nevertheless, he mounted it, and rode away to the gloomy forest, and as soon as he

arrived there he called, "Iron Man! Iron Man!" in such a loud voice, that the trees re-echoed it. Soon the Wild Man appeared, and asked, "What do you desire?" "I desire a strong horse, for I am going to battle," said the Youth. "That you shall have, and more than you desire," said the Iron Man; and, diving in among the trees, a Page suddenly made his appearance, holding a horse so fiery and mettlesome, that he was scarcely to be touched. Behind the steed followed a troop of warriors, all clad in iron, with swords, which glittered in the sun. The Youth, thereupon, delivered up his three-legged horse to the Page, and, mounting the other, rode off at the head of his troop. Just as he reached the field of battle he found the greater part of the King's army already slain, and the rest were on the point of yielding. The Youth, therefore, charged at once with his iron troop, like a storm of hail, against the enemy, and they cut down all who opposed them. The enemy turned and fled, but the young Prince pursued and cut to pieces all the fugitives, so that not one man was left. Then, instead of leading his troop before the King, he rode back with them to the forest, and summoned the Iron Man. "What do you desire now?" he inquired.

"Take back all these soldiers and your steed, and restore me my three-legged horse." All this was done as he desired, and he rode home on his limping animal.

When the King arrived afterwards, his Daughter greeted him, and congratulated him on his victory. "I do not deserve it," he said; "the victory was owing to a strange knight who came to our aid with his troop." His Daughter inquired then who he was; but the King told her he did not know, for he had pursued the enemy and had not returned again. The Princess afterwards inquired of the Gardener respecting his Boy, and he laughed, and said he had just returned home on his three-legged steed: while the others had laughed at him, saying, "Here comes our Hop-a-day-

Hop!" They asked also behind what hedge he had hid himself, and he replied, "I have done the best I could, and without me you would have fared badly." And for this speech the poor Boy was still more mocked.

Some time after this the King said to his Daughter, "I will cause a great festival to be held, which shall last three days, and you shall throw a golden apple, for which, perhaps, the unknown Knight will contend."

As soon as the proclamation was made, the young Prince went to the forest, and called for the Iron Man. "What do you desire?" he asked. "That I may catch the golden apple!"

"It is all the same as if you had it now," said the Iron Man; "but you shall have a red suit of armour for the occasion, and ride there upon a proud fox-coloured horse."

When the appointed day came the Youth ranged himself along with the other knights, and was not recognised by any one. Presently the Princess stepped forward and threw up the golden apple, which nobody could catch but the Red Knight, who galloped away as soon as he obtained it. The second day the Iron Man dressed the youth as a White Knight, and gave him a grey horse; and again he caught the apple, and he alone. The King was angry when the Knight ran away with the prize, and said, "That is not right; he must appear before me and declare his name." Then he ordered, if the Knight who had caught the apple did not return the next day, some one should pursue him; and, if he would not return willingly, cut him to pieces. The third day the Prince received from the Iron Man a black coat of armour and a black steed, and caught again the apple when it was thrown. When he rode away the King's people pursued him, and one came so near him that he wounded the Black Knight with the point of his sword. Still he escaped them; but his horse jumped so violently, that the helmet fell off the Knight's

head, and his golden hair was seen. The knights thereupon rode back and told the King.

The day following these sports the Princess inquired of the Gardener after his Boy. "He is working in the Garden," he replied; "the wonderful fellow has also been to the festival, and yesterday evening he returned home and gave my children three golden apples which he won there."

When the King knew of this he caused the Youth to be brought before him, and he appeared as usual with his cap on his head. But the Princess went up to him and took it off; and then his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, and he looked so handsome, that every one was astonished.

"Are you the Knight who appeared each day at the festival, and always in a different colour, and won the three golden apples?" asked the King. "Yes," he replied, "and these are the apples!" and, so saying, he took them out of his pocket and handed them to the King. "If you desire any other proof," he continued, "I will show you the wound which your people gave me as I rode away; but I am also the Knight who won the victory for you over your enemy."

"If you can do such deeds," said the King, "you are no Gardener's Boy; tell me, who is your father?"

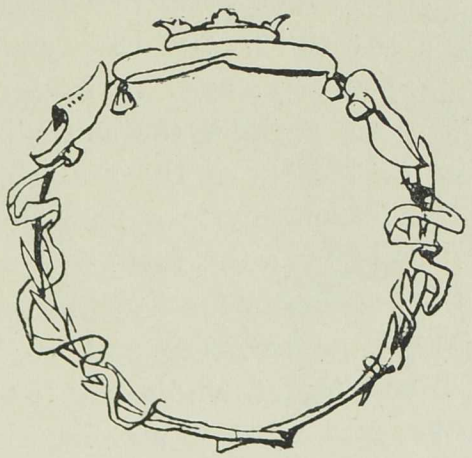
"My father is a mighty king, and of gold I have not only my desire, but more even than can be imagined," said the Young Prince.

"I own," said the King, "that I am indebted to you; can I do anything to show it?"

"Yes, if you give me your daughter to wife!" replied the Youth. The Princess laughed, and said, "He makes no roundabout tale; but I saw long ago that he was no Gardener's Boy from his golden hair;" and with these words she went and kissed him.

By-and-by the wedding was celebrated, and to it came the Prince's father and mother, who had long ago given up their son for dead, and lost all hope of seeing him again.

While they sat at the bridal-feast, all at once music was heard, and, the doors opening, a proud King entered, attended by a long train. He went up to the Prince, and embraced him, and said, "I am the Iron Man, whom you saved from his wild nature; all the treasures which belong to me are henceforth your property!"



THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN



A CERTAIN merchant had two children, a boy and a girl, who, at the time our tale begins, were both so little that they could not run alone. This merchant had just sent away two richly laden vessels in which he had embarked all his property, and, while he hoped to gain much money by their voyage, the news came that both ships had sunk to the bottom of the sea. Thus, instead of a rich merchant, he became quite a poor man, and he had nothing left but a field near the town where he dwelt, and therein, to divert his thoughts for a while from his loss, he went to walk. While he paced to and fro, there suddenly appeared a little Black Dwarf, who asked him the reason of his sorrowful looks, and what it was he took so much to heart.

"If you are able to help me," said the Merchant, "I will tell you."

"Who knows," replied the Dwarf, "whether I can or not?"

So then the Merchant told him what had happened; how all his wealth was sunk at the bottom of the sea, and nothing remained to him but this one field.

"Do not grieve yourself any longer," said the Dwarf; "for, if you will promise to bring me here in twelve years

whatever first rubs itself against your leg on your return home, you shall have all the money you can require." The Merchant thought it would be his dog who would meet him first, for just then he did not remember his children, so he gave the little black Man his word and honour to the bargain, and returned to his home.

Just as he came within sight of the house his little Boy saw him, and was so glad that he toddled up to him and



clasped him by the knees. The Father was frightened, for his promise occurred to him, and he knew now what he had sworn to; but still, as he found no money in his coffers, he imagined it was only a joke on the part of the Dwarf. A month afterwards, however, he went on his land to seek for anything he could find to sell, and there he saw a great heap of gold. Now was he again prosperous, and bought and sold and became a great merchant, as he had been before. Meanwhile his Boy grew up clever and sensible, and

the nearer he came to the age of twelve years the sadder became his Father, till people could see the traces of his anguish in his face. One day the Son asked him what was amiss; the Father would not tell him at first, but at last he related how he had sold him without knowing it to a little Black Dwarf for a heap of money, and how he had set his seal and name to the bargain, so that when twelve years had passed he must deliver him up. "My Father," answered the Son, "do not be sorry about such a matter; all will yet go well, for the Dwarf can have no power over me."

After this the Son caused himself to be blessed by a Priest, and, when the hour came, he and his Father went together to the field, and the Son drew a circle within which they both placed themselves.

Presently came the Black Dwarf, and asked, "Have you brought with you what you promised?" The Father was silent; but the Son replied, "What do you want here?"

"I came to speak with your Father, and not with you," said the Dwarf.

"You have deceived and betrayed my Father," said the Son; "give up the paper you extorted from him."

"No! I will not surrender my rights!" replied the Dwarf.

Then they consulted together for some time, and at last they agreed that the Son, because he would not obey the Dwarf, and did not any longer belong to his Father, should place himself in an open boat which lay upon the waters, and then that his Father should give the vessel a push that it might float whither it would. The Son, therefore, took leave of his Father, and set himself in the boat, which the Father thereupon pushed off. Unhappily, the boat turned bottom upwards with the force of the shock, and the Father was forced to return home with the belief that his Son was dead, which grieved him sorely.

But the boat did not entirely sink. It floated quietly away

with the Youth clinging to it, till at length it touched on an unknown land and remained there. The Youth then scrambled on shore, and saw, just opposite, a fine castle, towards which he hurried. As soon as he entered, he found that it was an enchanted palace, and he walked through all the rooms, and found them all empty, till he came to the last, in which he discovered a snake curling itself round and round. This snake, however, was an enchanted Maiden, who was overjoyed to see the Youth enter, and she said to him, "Are you come to deliver me? For twelve years have I waited for you, for this kingdom is enchanted, and you must free it from the spell."

"How can I do that?" he asked.

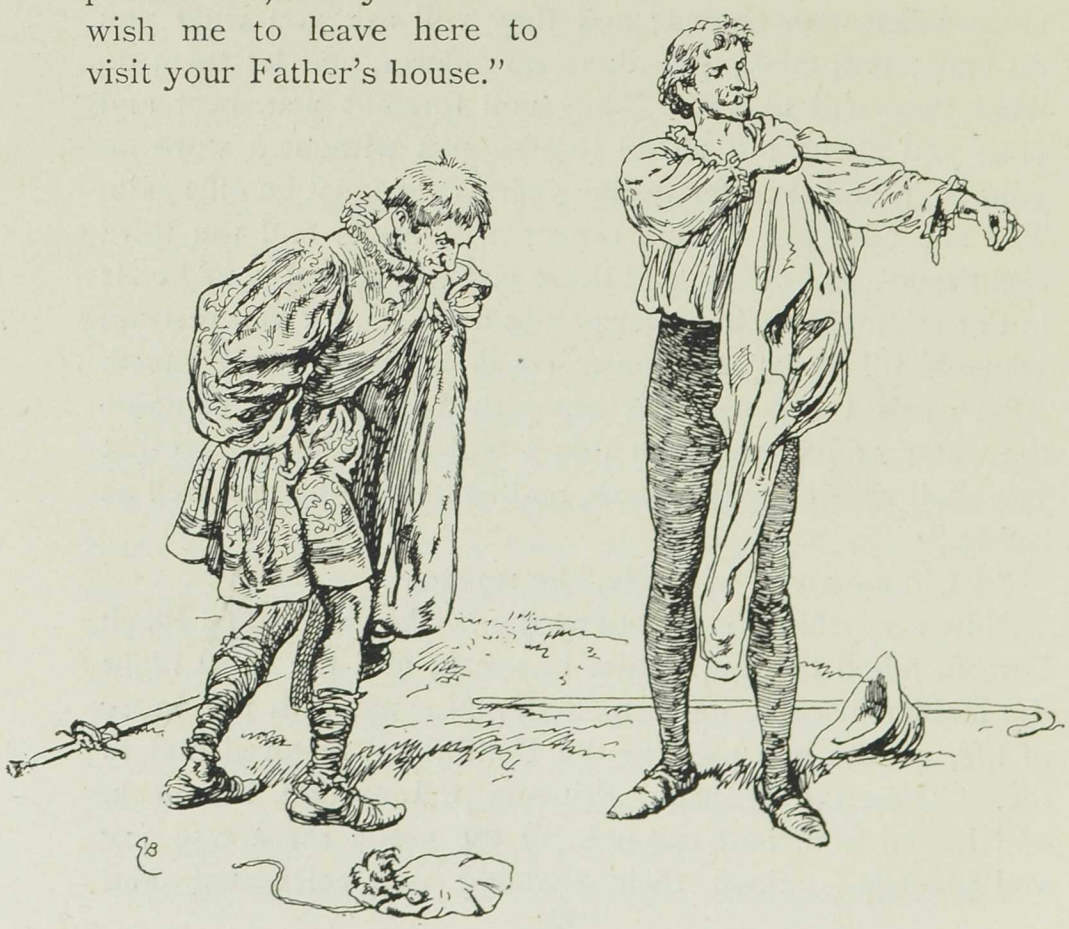
"This night," she replied, "twelve Black Dwarfs will come, laden with chains; and they will ask you what you do here; but, mind, give them no answer, and let them do what they will to you. They will torment you, beat and poke you about, but let all this happen without a word on your part, and then for twelve years they must be off again. The second night twelve others will come, and the third night four-and-twenty, and these last will cut off your head; but at midnight their power passes away, and if you restrain yourself till then, and never speak a word, I am saved. Afterwards I will come to you with a flask which contains the water of life, and with this I will sprinkle you, so that you shall regain your breath, and be as healthy and well as before."

"I will save you willingly," he replied.

Now everything happened as the Snake said. The Black Dwarfs failed to compel him to speak, and the third night the Maiden became disenchanted, and came with the water of life, as she had said, to the Youth, and restored him to life. Then the beautiful Princess fell around his neck, and kissed him, and through all the castle there was joy and gladness. Soon their wedding was celebrated, and

the Merchant's Son became the King of the Golden Mountain.

The happy pair lived in great contentment, and in course of time the Queen bore a son, and when eight years more had passed over their heads, the King bethought himself of his Father, and his heart was so touched with the recollection that he wished to revisit him. The Queen would not at first hear about such a thing; he talked about it, however, so often that at length she was obliged to consent, but she said, "I know the journey will cause misfortune to me." At his departure she gave him a wishing-ring, and said, "Take this ring and wear it on your finger, and then, wherever you wish to be, there you will find yourself. But this you must promise me, that you will not wish me to leave here to visit your Father's house."



The King promised, and, putting the ring on his finger, he wished himself before the town where his Father dwelt. At the same moment he found himself there, and tried to go into the town; but as he came to the gate the guards would not let him pass, because he wore clothes so peculiar, and so rich and magnificent. Thereupon he climbed up a hill where a shepherd was watching sheep, and with him he changed clothes, and thus passed into the town unquestioned in the rough smock. When he came to his Father's house he was not recognised, and the Merchant would not believe it was his son. He said he certainly once had a son, but that he had been dead some years. Still, because he saw he was a poor thirsty shepherd, he willingly gave him a plate of food. At last the Youth asked his parents, "Do you know of any mark on my body whereby you will recognise me, for indeed I am your true son!"

"Yes," said the Mother; "our son had a mole-spot under his arm."

Instantly he drew his shirt back from his arm, and there they saw the mole-spot, so that they no longer doubted that he was their son. Then he told them that he was King of the Golden Mountain, and had a beautiful Princess for his wife, and a child seven years old. But the Merchant laughed at his Son, saying, "Never can this be true! Here is a fine King indeed, who comes here in a ragged shepherd's smock!"

This made the Son very angry; and, without thinking, he turned round his ring, and wished both his child and wife were with him. In a moment they appeared; but the Queen wept, and complained that he had broken his promise, and made her unlucky. The King told her he had done it without thought, and with no bad intention; and she appeared to be reconciled, but, in reality, she had evil in her heart.

After a while he took her to the field, out of the town, and showed her the water where his boat had been overturned, and there, feeling tired, he said to her, "I am weary; so

rest yourself a while, and I will lay my head in your lap and go to sleep." He did so, and the Queen waited quietly till he was sound asleep, and then she drew the ring off his finger, and carefully laid his head on the ground. Thereupon she took her child in her arms, and wished herself back in her kingdom.

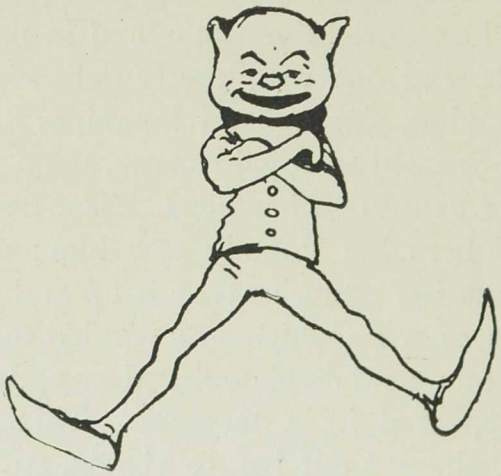
When, then, the King awoke, he found himself all alone, his wife and child gone, and the ring from his finger too. "Home to your parents," said he to himself, "you cannot go; they will say you are a magician; so you must travel about till you come again to your kingdom." With these thoughts he took courage, and set off again on his way through the world. By-and-by he came to a mountain, before which three Giants stood, and contended with each other, because they knew not how to share their paternal inheritance. As soon as they saw the young man passing by, they called to him, and said, "Come! little men have often wise heads: you shall divide our patrimony."

Now, this inheritance consisted, firstly, of a sword, which if one took it into his hand, and said, "Heads off all round, but not mine!" instantly every head near lay on the ground; secondly, of a cloak which rendered its wearer invisible; and, thirdly, of a pair of boots which were capable of taking their wearer wherever he wished. The Youth, therefore, said, "Give me these three things, that I may prove them whether they are in good order or not." So they gave him the cloak, and as soon as he put it on he became invisible, in the form of a fly. He soon took his old form again, and said, "The cloak is good: now give me the sword." "Oh no!" said the Giants, "we do not give you that; for if you should say, 'Heads off all round, but not mine!' all our heads would fall off, and you alone would have one." Still they gave it him on condition that he should prove it on a tree. This he did, and the sword cut the trunk in two as if it were a straw. Then he wished to have the boots, but the

Giants said, "No, we do not give them away; for, if you should pull them on, and wish yourself on the summit of this mountain, we may stand here without anything!" But the Youth said he would not do that, and so they gave him the boots: and, as he now had all three things, he thought of nothing but his wife and child; and he said, "Ah! were I upon the Golden Mountain!" Immediately he disappeared from the sight of the Giants, and thus divided their inheritance.

As he came near his castle he heard great rejoicings, and the notes of flutes and fiddles, and the people told him that his wife was about to celebrate her wedding with another husband. This put him in a passion, and he exclaimed, "The false wretch! she has deceived and left me while I slept!" Then he put on the cloak, and rendered himself invisible while he entered the castle, and in the hall he saw a large table spread out with costly delicacies, and guests eating and drinking, singing and laughing. In the middle sat the Queen, dressed in royal clothes, upon a magnificent throne, with a crown upon her head. The true King placed himself behind her: but nobody saw him; and when they placed meat upon her plate, he took it up and ate it himself; and each glass of wine which was handed to her he drank, and so it went on: neither plate nor glass stayed in its place, each one disappeared in a moment. This disturbed the Queen very much, and put her to shame, so that at length she got up, and went to her own chamber to weep; but here also he followed her. There she called out, "Is this the devil who persecutes me? Or did my deliverer never come?" At these words he struck her on the cheek, and cried, "Did thy deliverer never come? He is beside thee, thou traitress! Have I deserved this of thee?" Then he rendered himself visible again, and, going into the hall, he cried, "The wedding is over! The true King has come!" Then the kings, princes, and councillors, who were

assembled, mocked him and jeered him; but he gave them short answers, and asked, "Will you be off or not?" Then they tried to catch and imprison him; but he drew his sword, and said, "Heads off all round, but not mine!" So all their heads rolled down the hill, and he was left master alone, and became once more King of the Golden Mountain.



BEARSKIN



THERE was once upon a time a young fellow who enlisted for a soldier, and became so brave and courageous that he was always in the front ranks when it rained blue beans.[1] As long as the war lasted all went well, but when peace was concluded he received his discharge, and the captain told him he might go where he liked. His parents meanwhile had died, and as he had no longer any home to go to he paid a visit to his brothers, and asked them to give him shelter until war broke out again. His brothers, however, were hard-hearted, and said, "What could we do with you? We could make nothing of you; see to what you have brought yourself;" and so turned a deaf ear. The poor Soldier had nothing but his musket left; so he mounted this on his shoulder and set out on tramp. By-and-by he came to a great heath with nothing on it but a circle of trees, under which he sat down, sorrowfully considering his fate. "I have no money," thought he; "I have learnt nothing but soldiering, and now, since peace is concluded, there is no need of me. I see well enough I shall have to starve." All at once he heard a rustling, and as he looked round he perceived a stranger

[1] Small shot.

standing before him, dressed in a grey coat, who looked very stately, but had an ugly cloven foot. "I know quite well what you need," said this being; "gold and other possessions you shall have, as much as you can spend; but first I must know whether you are a coward or not, that I may not spend my money foolishly."

"A soldier, and a coward!" replied the other, "that cannot be; you may put me to any proof."



"Well, then," replied the stranger, "look behind you."

The Soldier turned and saw a huge bear, which eyed him very ferociously. "Oho!" cried he, "I will tickle your nose for you, that you shall no longer be able to grumble;" and, raising his musket, he shot the bear in the forehead, so that he tumbled in a heap upon the ground, and did not stir afterwards. Thereupon the stranger said, "I see quite well that you are not wanting in courage; but there is yet one condition which you must fulfil." "If it does not interfere with

my future happiness," said the Soldier, who had remarked who it was that addressed him; "if it does not interfere with that, I shall not hesitate."

"That you must see about yourself!" said the stranger. "For the next seven years you must not wash yourself, nor comb your hair nor beard, neither must you cut your nails, nor say one prayer. Then I will give you this coat and mantle, which you must wear during these seven years; and if you die within that time you are mine, but if you live you are rich, and free all your life long."

The Soldier reflected for a while on his great necessities, and, remembering how often he had braved death, he at length consented, and ventured to accept the offer. Thereupon the Evil One pulled off the grey coat, handed it to the soldier, and said, "If you at any time search in the pocket of your coat when you have it on, you will always find your hand full of money." Then also he pulled off the skin of the bear, and said, "That shall be your cloak and your bed; you must sleep on it, and not dare to lie in any other bed, and on this account you shall be called Bearskin." Immediately the Evil One disappeared.

The Soldier now put on the coat, and dipped his hands into the pockets, to assure himself of the reality of the transaction. Then he hung the bearskin around himself, and went about the world chuckling at his good luck, and buying whatever suited his fancy which money could purchase. For the first year his appearance was not very remarkable, but in the second he began to look quite a monster. His hair covered almost all his face, his beard appeared like a piece of dirty cloth, his nails were claws, and his countenance was so covered with dirt that one might have grown cresses upon it if one had sown seed! Whoever looked at him ran away; but, because he gave the poor in every place gold coin, they prayed that he might not die during the seven years; and, because

he paid liberally everywhere, he found a night's lodging without difficulty. In the fourth year he came to an inn where the landlord would not take him in, and refused even to give him a place in his stables, lest the horses should be frightened and become restive. However, when Bearskin put his hand into his pocket and drew it out full of gold ducats the landlord yielded the point, and gave him a place in the outbuildings, but not till he had promised that he would not show himself, for fear the inn should gain a bad name.

While Bearskin sat by himself in the evening, wishing from his heart that the seven years were over, he heard in a corner a loud groan. Now, the old Soldier had a compassionate heart, so he opened the door and saw an old man weeping violently and wringing his hands. Bearskin stepped nearer, but the old man jumped up and tried to escape. When he recognised a human voice, however, he let himself be persuaded, and by kind words and soothings on the part of the old Soldier he at length disclosed the cause of his distress. His property had dwindled away by degrees, and he and his daughters would have to starve, for he was so poor that he had not the money to pay the host, and would therefore be put into prison.

"If you have no care except that," replied Bearskin, "I have money enough;" and, causing the landlord to be called, he paid him, and put a purse full of gold besides into the pocket of the old man. The latter, when he saw himself released from his troubles, knew not how to be sufficiently grateful, and said to the Soldier, "Come with me, my daughters are all wonders of beauty, so choose one of them for a wife. When they hear what you have done for me they will not refuse you. You appear certainly an uncommon man, but they will soon put you to rights."

This speech pleased Bearskin, and he went with the old man. As soon as the eldest daughter saw him, she was so

terrified at his countenance that she shrieked out and ran away. The second one stopped and looked at him from head to foot; but at last she said, "How can I take a husband who has not a bit of a human countenance? The grizzly bear would have pleased me better who came to see us once, and gave himself out as a man, for he wore a hussar's hat, and had white gloves on besides."

But the youngest daughter said, "Dear father, this must be a good man who has helped you out of your troubles; if you have promised him a bride for the service, your word must be kept."

It was a pity the man's face was covered with dirt and hair, else one would have seen how glad at heart these words made him. Bearskin took a ring off his finger, broke it in two, and, giving the youngest daughter one half, he kept the other for himself. On her half he wrote his name, and on his own he wrote hers, and begged her to preserve it carefully. Thereupon he took leave, saying, "For three years longer I must wander about; if I come back again, then we will celebrate our wedding; but if I do not, you are free, for I shall be dead. But pray to God that he will preserve my life."

When he was gone the poor bride clothed herself in black, and whenever she thought of her bridegroom burst into tears. From her sisters she received nothing but scorn and mocking. "Pay great attention when he shakes your hand," said the eldest, "and you will see his beautiful claws!" "Take care!" said the second, "bears are fond of sweets, and if you please him he will eat you up, perhaps!" "You must mind and do his will," continued the eldest, "or he will begin growling!" And the second daughter said further, "But the wedding will certainly be merry, for bears dance well!" The bride kept silence, and would not be drawn from her purpose by all these taunts; and meanwhile Bearskin wandered about in the world, doing good where he

could, and giving liberally to the poor, for which they prayed heartily for him. At length the last day of the seven years approached, and Bearskin went and sat down again on the heath, beneath the circle of trees. In a very short time the wind whistled, and the Evil One presently stood before him and looked at him with a vexed face. He threw the Soldier his old coat and demanded his grey one back. "We have not got so far as that yet," replied Bearskin; "you must clean me first." Then, whether he liked it or not, the Evil One had to fetch water, wash the old Soldier, comb out his hair, and cut his nails. When this was done, Bearskin appeared again like a brave warrior, and indeed was much handsomer than before.

As soon as the Evil One had disappeared, Bearskin became quite light-hearted; and going into the nearest town he bought a fine velvet coat, and hired a carriage drawn by four white horses, in which he was driven to the house of his bride. Nobody knew him; the father took him for some celebrated general, and led him into the room where his daughters were. He was compelled to sit down between the two eldest, and they offered him wine, and heaped his plate with the choicest morsels; for they thought they had never before seen any one so handsome. But the bride sat opposite to him dressed in black, neither opening her eyes nor speaking a word. At length the Soldier asked the father if he would give him one of his daughters to wife, and immediately the two elder sisters arose, and ran to their chambers to dress themselves in their most becoming clothes, for each thought she should be chosen.

Meanwhile the stranger, as soon as he found himself alone with his bride, pulled out the half of the ring and threw it into a cup of wine, which he handed across the table. She took it, and as soon as she had drunk the wine and seen the half ring lying at the bottom her heart beat rapidly, and she produced the other half, which she wore round her neck on

a riband. She held them together, and they joined each other exactly. Then said the stranger, "I am your bridegroom, whom you first saw as Bearskin; but through God's mercy I have regained my human form, and am myself once more." With these words he embraced and kissed her; and at the same time the two eldest sisters entered in full costume. As soon as they saw that the very handsome man had fallen to the share of their youngest sister, and heard that he was the same as "Bearskin," they ran out of the house full of rage and jealousy.



THE SPIRIT IN THE BOTTLE



THERE was once upon a time a poor Wood-cutter who worked from morning till quite late at night, and after doing so for a very long time he managed to save some money, and said to his Son, "You are my only child, and so this money, which I have earned by the hard sweat of my brow, shall be spent on your education. Do you learn something useful whereby you may support me in my old age, when my limbs become so stiff that I am obliged to sit still at home."

Thereupon the son went to a great school, and was very industrious, so that he became much noticed for it; and there he remained a long time. After he had gone through a long course of study, but still had not learnt all that was to be learnt, the store of money which his Father had earned was exhausted, and he was obliged to return home again.

"Ah! I can give you no more," said the Father sadly, "for in these dear times I can scarcely earn enough for my daily bread."

"Make yourself easy on that point, my dear Father," replied the Son; "if it is God's will, be sure it is all for the best: I will suit myself to the times."

Afterwards, when the Father was about to go to the forest to earn something by chopping and clearing, his Son said, "I will go with you and help you." "Ah, but, my Son," said the Father, "that will be a hard matter for you, who have never been used to such hard work; you must not attempt it; besides, I have only one axe, and no money either to buy another."

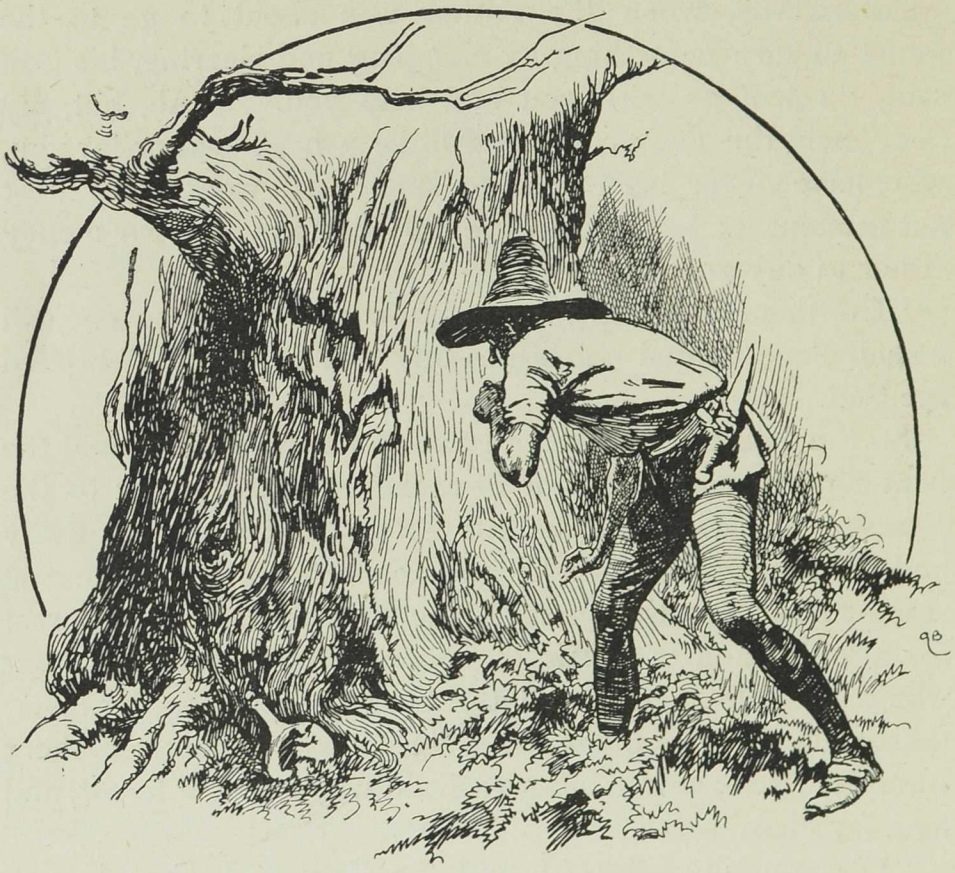
"Go, then, and ask your neighbour to lend you one, till I shall have earned enough to buy one for myself," replied the Son.

So the Father borrowed an axe of his neighbour, and the next morning, at break of day, they went together to the Forest. The Son assisted his Father, and was very lively and merry over his work; and about noon, when the sun stood right over their heads, the Father proposed to rest for a while, and eat their dinner, and then, after that, they would be able to work all the better. The Son, however, taking his share of bread, said, "Do you rest here, Father; I am not tired; and I will go a little way into the forest, and look for birds' nests."

"Oh, you silly fellow!" said the Father; "what do you want to run about for? You will make yourself so tired, you will not be able to raise your arm: keep quiet a bit and sit down here with me."

The young man would not do so, but went off among the trees, eating his bread, and peeping about among the bushes for any nest he could find. To and fro he walked a long way, and presently came to an immense oak-tree, which was certainly many hundred years old, and could not have been spanned round by any five men. He stopped still to look at this tree, thinking that many a bird's nest must be built within it, and while he did so he suddenly heard, as he thought, a voice. He listened, and soon heard again a half-smothered cry of "Let me out! let me out!" He looked around, but could see nothing; still the Voice

The Spirit in the Bottle



appeared to come, as it were, from the ground. So he called, "Where are you?" and the Voice replied, "Here I stick, among the roots of the oak-tree: let me out! let me out!" The Scholar, therefore, began to search at the foot of the tree, where the roots spread, and at last, in a little hollow, he found a glass bottle. He picked it up, and, holding it to the light, he perceived a thing, in shape like a frog, which kept jumping up and down. "Let me out! let me out!" cried the thing again; and the Scholar, thinking no evil, drew out the stopper of the bottle. Immediately a Spirit sprang out, and began to grow and grow so fast, that in a very few moments he stood before the Scholar like a frightful giant, half the size of the tree. "Do you know,"

he cried, with a voice like thunder, "do you know what your reward is for letting me out of the glass bottle?"

"No," replied the Scholar, without fear; "how should I?"

"Then I will tell you," cried the Spirit: "I must break your neck!"

"You should have told me that before," returned the Scholar, "and then you should have stuck where you were; but my head will stick on my shoulders in spite of you, for there are several people's opinions to be asked yet about that matter."

"Keep your people out of my way," rejoined the Spirit; "but your deserved reward you must receive. Do you suppose I have been shut up so long out of mercy? No; it was for my punishment: I am the mighty Mercury, and whoever lets me out, his neck must I break."

"Softly, softly!" said the Scholar, "that is quicker said than done; I must first know really that you were in the bottle, and that you are truly a spirit; if I see you return into the bottle, I will believe, and then you may do with me what you please."

Full of pride, the Spirit answered, "That is an easy matter;" and drawing himself together, he became as thin as he had been at first, and soon crept through the same opening back again into the bottle. Scarcely was he completely in when the Scholar put the stopper back into the neck, and threw the bottle down among the oak-tree roots at the old place. So the Spirit was deceived.

After this the Scholar would have gone back to his Father, but the Spirit cried lamentably, "Oh, let me out! do let me out!"

"No," replied the Scholar, "not a second time: he who tried to take away my life once, I shall not let out in a hurry, when I have got him safe again."

"If you will free me," pleaded the Spirit, "I will give you as much as will serve you for your lifetime."

"No, no!" rejoined the Scholar, "you will deceive me as you did at first."

"You are fighting against your own fortune," replied the Spirit; "I will do you no harm, but reward you richly."

"Well, I will hazard it," thought the Scholar to himself; "perhaps he will keep his word, and do me no injury;" and, so thinking, he took the stopper out of the bottle again, and the Spirit sprang out as before, stretched himself up, and became as big as a giant.

"Now you shall have your reward," said the Spirit, reaching the Scholar a little piece of rag in shape like a plaster. "If you apply one end of this to a wound it shall heal directly, and if you touch with the other steel or iron, either will be changed into silver."

"That I must try first," said the Scholar; and, going to a tree, he tore off a piece of the bark with his axe, and then touched it with the one end of the rag, and immediately the wound closed up as if nothing had been done. "Now it is all right," said the Scholar, "now we can separate." Then the Spirit thanked him for releasing him, and the Scholar thanked the Spirit for his present, and went back to his Father.

"Where have you been roaming to?" asked the Father; "why, you have quite forgotten your work. I said rightly that you would do nothing of this kind well."

"Be contented, Father; I will make up the time," said the Son.

"Yes, you will make it up, truly," broke in the Father angrily, "without an axe!"

"Now see, Father, I will cut down that tree at one blow!" and, so saying, the Son took his rag, rubbed the axe with it, and gave a powerful blow, but because the axe was changed into silver the edge turned up. "Ah, Father, do you see what an axe you have given me! It has no edge at all!" said the Son.

The Father was frightened, and said, "Ah! what have you done? Now I must pay for the axe, and I know not how; for it is the one which I borrowed for your work."

"Don't be angry; I will soon pay for the axe," said the Son; but the Father exclaimed, "Why, you simpleton, how will you do that? You have nothing but what I give you: this is some student's trick which is stuck in your head, but of wood-cutting you know nothing at all!"

After a pause the Scholar said, "Father, I can work no more; let us make holiday now."

"Eh? what?" was the answer; "do you think I can keep my hands in my pockets as you do? I must get on, but you may go home." The Son replied, he did not know the way, as it was his first time of being in the Forest, and at last he persuaded his Father to accompany him home, his wrath being past away. When they arrived at their house, the Father told his Son to go and sell the axe which was damaged, and the rest he must earn in order to pay his neighbour for it. So the Son took the axe, and carried it to a Goldsmith in the city, who, after proving it, laid it in his scales, and said, "It is worth four hundred dollars, and so much I have not by me in the house."

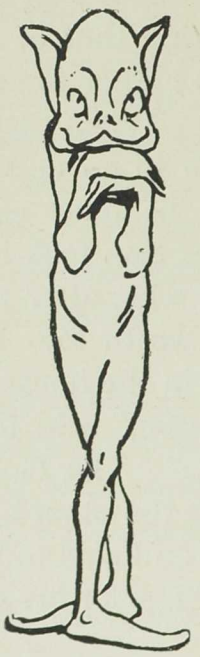
"Give me what you have," said the Scholar, "and I will trust you the remainder." The Goldsmith gave him three hundred dollars and left the other as a debt, and thereupon the Scholar went home, and said to his Father, "Go, ask the neighbour what he will have for his axe; for I have got some money."

"I know already," answered the Father; "one dollar six groschen is the price."

"Then give him two dollars and twelve groschen; that is double, and enough: see, here, I have money in abundance!" and he gave his Father one hundred dollars, saying, "You shall never want now! live at your ease."

"My goodness!" said the man, "where have you got this money?"

The Son told his Father all that had happened, and how he had made such a capital catch by trusting to his luck. With the rest of the money, however, he returned to the university, and learnt all that he could; and afterwards, because he could heal all wounds with his plaster, he became the most celebrated surgeon in the whole world.





The Giant with the Three Golden Hairs

THERE was once upon a time a poor woman of whose son, it was foretold, that in his fourteenth year he should marry the King's daughter. As it happened, the King one day came into the village, quite unknown to any one, and when he asked the people what news there was, they answered, "A few days since a child was born, who will be very lucky; indeed, it has been foretold of him that in his fourteenth year he will marry the King's daughter."

The King had a wicked heart, and did not like this

prophecy, so he went to the parents, and said to them in a most friendly manner, "Give me up your child and I will take care of him." At first they refused, but the stranger begged for it with much gold, and so at last they consented and gave him the child, thinking, "It is a luck-child, and, therefore, everything must go well with it."

The King laid the child in a box and rode away till he came to a deep water, into which he threw the box, saying to himself, "From this unsought-for bridegroom have I now freed my daughter."

The box, however, did not sink, but floated along like a boat, and not one drop of water penetrated it. It floated at last down to a mill two miles from the King's palace, and in the mill-dam it stuck fast. The miller's boy, who was fortunately standing there, observed it, and drew it ashore with a hook, expecting to find a great treasure. When, however, he opened the box, he saw a beautiful child alive and merry. He took it to the people at the mill, who, having no children, adopted it for their own, saying, "God has sent it to us." They took good care of the child, and it grew up a steady, good lad.

It happened one day that the King went into the mill for shelter during a thunderstorm, and asked the people whether the boy was their child. "No," they answered; "he is a foundling, who, fourteen years ago, floated into our dam in a box, which the miller's boy drew out of the water." The King saw at once that it was no other than the luck-child whom he had thrown into the water, and so said to them, "Good people, could not the youth carry a letter to my wife the Queen? If so, I will give him two pieces of gold for a reward."

"As my lord the King commands," they replied, and bade the youth get ready.

Then the King wrote a letter to the Queen, wherein he said, "As soon as this boy arrives with this letter, let

him be killed and buried, and let all be done before I return."

The youth set out on his journey, but he lost himself, and at evening came into a great forest. In the gloom he saw a little light, and going up to it he found a cottage, into which he went, and saw an old woman sitting by the fire. As soon as she beheld the lad she was terrified, and exclaimed, "Why do you come here; and what would you do?"

"I have come from the mill," he answered, "and am going to my lady the Queen to carry a letter; but because I have lost my way in this forest, I wish to pass the night here."

"Poor boy!" said the woman, "you have come to a den of robbers, who, when they return, will murder you."

"Let who will come," he replied, "I am not afraid; I am so weary that I can go no further;" and, stretching himself upon a bench, he went to sleep. Presently the robbers entered, and asked in a rage what strange lad was lying there. "Ah," said the old woman, "it is an innocent youth, who has lost himself in the forest, and whom I have taken in out of compassion. He carries with him a letter to the Queen."

The robbers seized the letter and read it, and understood that as soon as the youth arrived he was to be put to death. Then the robbers also took compassion on him, and the captain tore up the letter and wrote another, wherein he declared that the youth upon his arrival was to be married to the Princess. They let him sleep quietly on his bench till the morning, and as soon as he awoke they gave him the letter and showed him the right road.

When the Queen received the letter she did as it commanded, and caused a splendid marriage feast to be prepared, and the Princess was given in marriage to the luck-child, who, since he was both young and handsome, pleased her well, and they were all very happy. Some little time after-

wards the King returned to his palace and found the prophecy fulfilled, and his daughter married to the luck-child. "How did this happen?" he asked. "In my letter I gave quite another command."

Then the Queen handed him the letter, that he might read for himself what it stated. The King saw at once that it had been forged by another person, and he asked the youth what he had done with the original letter that had been entrusted to him. "I know nothing about it," he replied: "it must have been changed in the forest where I passed the night."

Inflamed with rage the King answered, "Thou shalt not escape so easily; he who would have my daughter must fetch for me three golden hairs from the head of the Giant; bring me what I desire, then shalt thou receive my daughter."

The King hoped by this means to get rid of him, but he answered, "The three Golden hairs I will fetch, for I fear not the Giant;" and so he took leave and began his wanderings.

The road led him by a large town, where the watchman at the gate asked him what trade he understood, and what he knew. "I know everything," replied the youth.

"Then you can do us a kindness," said the watch, "if you tell us the reason why the fountain in our market-place, out of which wine used to flow, now, all at once, does not even give water."

"That you shall know," was the answer; "but you must wait till I return."

Then he went on further and came to a rather large city, where the watchman asked him, as before, what trade he understood, and what he knew. "I know everything," he replied.

"Then you can do us a kindness, if you tell us the reason why a tree, growing in our town, which used to bear golden apples, does not now even have any leaves."

"That you shall know," replied the youth, "if you wait

till I return;" and so saying he went on further till he came to a great lake, over which it was necessary that he should pass. The ferryman asked him what trade he understood, and what he knew. "I know everything," he replied.

"Then," said the ferryman, "you can do me a kindness, if you tell me why, for ever and ever, I am obliged to row backwards and forwards, and am never to be released. "You shall learn the reason why," replied the youth; "but wait till I return."

As soon as he got over the water he found the entrance into the Giant's kingdom. It was black and gloomy, and the Giant was not at home; but his old grandmother was sitting there in a big arm-chair. "What do you want?" said she, looking at him fixedly. "I want three Golden hairs from the head of the King of these regions," replied the youth, "else I cannot obtain my bride." "That is a bold request," said the woman; "for if he comes home and finds you here it will be a bad thing for you; but still you can remain, and I will see if I can help you."

Then she changed him into an ant, and told him to creep within the fold of her gown, where he would be quite safe.

"Yes," he said, "that is all very well; but there are three things I wish to know: Why a fountain, which used to spout wine, is now dry, and does not even give water. Why a tree, which used to bear golden apples, does not now have leaves. And why a ferryman is always rowing backwards and forwards and never gets released."

"Those are difficult questions," replied the old woman; "but do you keep quiet, and pay attention to what the King says when I pluck each of the three Golden hairs."

As soon as evening came the Giant returned, and scarcely had he entered, when he remarked that the air was not quite pure. "I smell! I smell the flesh of man!" he exclaimed; "all is not right." Then he peeped into every corner and looked about, but could find nothing. Presently

his old grandmother began to scold, screaming, "There now, just as I have dusted and put everything in order, you are pulling them all about again: you are for ever having man's flesh in your nose! Sit down and eat your supper."

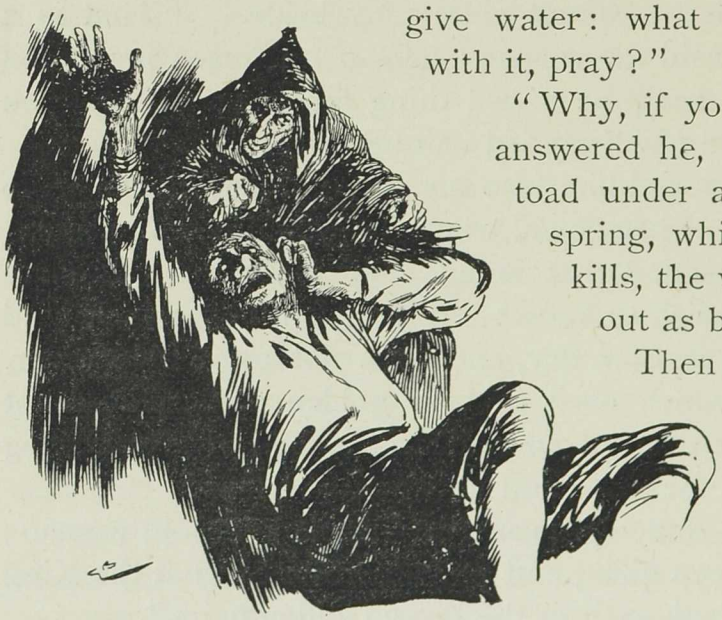
When he had finished he felt tired, and the old woman took his head in her lap, and said she would comb his hair a bit. Presently he yawned, then winked, and at last snored. Then she plucked out a golden hair and laid it down beside her.

"Bah!" cried the King, "what are you about?"

"I have had a bad dream," answered the old woman, "and so I plucked one of your hairs."

"What did you dream, then?" asked he.

"I dreamt that a market-fountain, which used to spout wine, is dried up, and does not even give water: what is the matter with it, pray?"



"Why, if you must know," answered he, "there sits a toad under a stone in the spring, which, if any one kills, the wine will gush out as before."

Then the old woman went on combing till he went to sleep again, and snored so that the windows shook. Presently she pulled out a second hair.

"Confound it! what are you about?" exclaimed the King in a passion.

"Don't be angry," said she; "I did it in a dream."

"What did you dream about this time?" he asked.

"I dreamt that in a certain royal city there grew a fruit-tree, which formerly bore golden apples, but now has not a leaf upon it: what is the cause of it?"

"Why," replied the King, "at the root a mouse is gnawing. If they kill it, golden apples will grow again; if not, the mouse will gnaw till the tree dies altogether. However, let me go to sleep in peace now; for if you disturb me again you will catch a box on the ears."

Nevertheless the old woman, when she had rocked him again to sleep, plucked out a third golden hair. Up jumped the King in a fury and would have ill-treated her, but she pacified him and said, "Who can help bad dreams?"

"What did you dream this time?" he asked, still curious to know.

"I dreamt of a ferryman, who is for ever compelled to row backwards and forwards, and will never be released. What is the reason thereof?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" answered the Giant. "When one comes who wants to cross over, he must give the oar into his hand; then will the other be obliged to go to and fro, and he will be free."

Now, since the old woman had plucked the three golden hairs, and had received answers to the three questions, she let the Giant lie in peace, and he slept on till daybreak.

As soon as he went out in the morning the old woman took the ant out of the fold of her gown, and restored him again to his human form.

"There you have the three golden hairs from the King's head, and what he replied to the three questions you have just heard."

"Yes, I have heard, and will well remember," said the luck-child; and, thanking the old woman for her assistance, he left those regions, well pleased that he had been so lucky in everything. When he came to the ferryman he had to

give him the promised answer. But he said, "First row me over, and then I will tell you how you may be freed;" and as soon as they reached the opposite side he gave him the advice. "When another comes this way, and wants to pass over, give him the oar in his hand."

Then he went on to the first city, where stood the barren tree, and where the watchman waited for the answer. So he said to him, "Kill the mouse which gnaws at the root of the tree, and then it will again bear golden apples." The watchman thanked him, and gave him for a reward two asses laden with gold, which followed him. Next he came to the other city, where the dry fountain was, and he told the watchman as the Giant had said—"Under a stone in the spring there sits a toad, which you must uncover and kill, and then wine will flow again as before."

The watchman thanked him, and gave to him, as the other had done, two asses laden with gold.

Now the lucky youth soon reached home, and his dear bride was very glad when she saw him return, and heard how capitally everything had gone with him. He brought the King what he had desired—the three golden hairs from the head of the Giant; and when his Majesty saw the four asses laden with gold he was quite pleased, and said, "Now are the conditions fulfilled, and you may have my daughter: but tell me, dear son-in-law, whence comes all this gold? This is, indeed, bountiful treasure."

"I was ferried over a river," he replied, "and there I picked it up, for it lies upon the shore like sand."

"Can I not fetch some as well?" asked the King, feeling quite covetous.

"As much as you like; there is a ferryman who will row you across, and then you can fill your sacks on the other side."

The covetous King set out in great haste upon his journey, and as soon as he came to the river beckoned to

the ferryman to take him over. The man came and bade him step into his boat; and as soon as they reached the opposite shore, the ferryman put the oar into his hand and sprang on shore himself.



So the King was obliged to take his place, and there he is obliged to row to and fro for ever for his sins.

And there he still rows, for no one has yet come to take the oar from him.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen whose daughter at the time this story begins was yet a child in arms, and one day she was so naughty that, in spite of all her mother said, she would not be quiet. At last the Queen lost all patience, and, because the ravens were then flying about the palace, she opened the window and said, "I wish you were a raven, and could fly away, and then I should have some peace!" Scarcely had she said the words when the child changed into a raven, and flew away out of her arms through the window into a dark forest, where she remained a long time, and the parents heard nothing about her.

Some little time afterwards a man, while travelling along, found himself in this wood, and there he heard the Raven cry, and he followed the sound. As he came near, the Raven said to him, "I am a princess by birth, and am bewitched; but you can deliver me from the charm."

"What can I do, then?" he asked.

"Go on further into the wood," she replied, "and you will find a house wherein sits an old woman, who will offer you meat and drink; but do not venture to take anything, for if you do you will fall into a deep sleep, and fail to free me. In the garden behind this house is a large heap of tan, whereon you may stand and wait for me. For three days

I shall come at two o'clock, in a carriage drawn, the first time, by four white horses, then by four red, and lastly by four black; and if you are asleep when I come you will not rescue me; so you must mind to keep awake."

The man promised to do all that she desired; but the Raven said, "Ah! but I know well you will not deliver me, for you will take something from the old woman." The man promised again he would not touch either meat or drink, and then he went on. When he came to the house and entered, the old woman met him, and said to him, "Poor man, how weary you look! Come, and refresh yourself with these dishes." But he said, "No, I will neither eat nor drink." Still she pressed him, saying, "Well, if you will not eat, take a draught of wine; one glass is nothing." So the man allowed himself to be persuaded, and drank a little, and by-and-by, when midnight came, he went out into the garden, on to the tan-heap, and waited for the Raven. But while he stood there he became all at once very tired, and could not shake off the feeling, so he thought he would lie down for a little, without venturing to sleep. However, he had scarcely stretched himself out when his eyes closed of themselves, and he soon began to snore, and was so very fast asleep that nothing on earth could have awakened him. About two o'clock came the Raven, drawn by four white horses, and as she came along she felt assured she should find the man asleep. And so it was: as soon as she came into the garden, she saw him lying on the tan-heap fast asleep. She alighted from her carriage, went up to him, shook him, and shouted to him; but he did not awake.

The next night, at twelve, the old woman came, and brought the man food and drink, but he would take nothing. Then she pressed him so long and left him no rest till at last he took a long draught out of the glass of wine. About two o'clock he began again to watch upon the heap of tan for the Raven, but, as before, he soon felt so weary that his

legs would not support him, and he was forced to lie down, and he fell into a deep sleep. When the Raven, therefore, came with her four red horses, she was in great distress, for she knew she would find the man asleep, as she did, and all her efforts to awaken him were in vain. The next day the old woman scolded the man and said, "What will happen if you neither eat nor drink? You will die." "I dare not, and will not, eat and drink," replied the man. Nevertheless, the old woman set the dishes before him, and, the savour of them was so nice, he could not resist. He made a hearty meal, and afterwards, when the time came he went out into the garden, and there waited for the Princess upon the tan-heap. Soon he felt more weary than he had ever been before, and he lay down, and went as fast asleep as a stone. About two o'clock came the Raven, drawn by four black horses, and the coach also was black, and all the harness. She was already in tears, for she knew, as she drove along, she should find the man asleep; and so he was. She shook him and called to him, but in vain; she could not awaken him. So she laid by him a loaf of bread, a joint of meat, and a bottle of wine, of which he might take as much as he would, without lessening the quantity. Then she drew a golden ring off her finger, and put it on his finger, and on it her name was engraven. Lastly, she laid beside him a letter, wherein was stated what was given to him; and further it said, "I see well thou wilt never save me here; but, if thou yet desire to do so, come to the Golden Castle of Stromberg; it is in thy power." And as soon as she had done all this she placed herself in her carriage again, and was driven to that castle.

By-and-by the man awoke and saw what had happened, and he was sad at heart, for he thought, "Now she has gone away, and I have not saved her." Then his eyes lighted upon the things she had left, and he read the letter which contained the account of them. Soon he arose and would

have marched at once to the Golden Castle of Stromberg, but he recollected he did not know where it was. For some time he wandered about the world, and at length he came to a large forest, wherein for fourteen days he walked to and fro, and could not get out. One day, as evening came on, he felt tired and lay down in a thicket and went to sleep. The next day he walked still further, and lay down at night beneath another thicket; but there he heard such a howling and groaning that he could not sleep. When the time came that people put out their lights he saw a lamp glimmering, towards which he made his way, and there he came to a house before which stood a Giant. But he thought to himself, "If I go in, and the Giant see me, my life is scarce worth counting on;" and with this idea he waited a long while before he entered. At last he ventured, and as soon as the Giant saw him he cried, "It is well that you have come, for I have eaten nothing for a long time, and you will serve for my supper."

"Let that be!" said the man; "I am not at all willing to be roasted; but, if you want to eat, I have enough here to satisfy you!"

"Well, if that is true," said the Giant, "you may rest quietly: I only meant to eat you because I had nothing else!" Thereupon they went in and sat down to table, and the man produced bread and meat and wine. "This pleases me well enough," said the Giant; and he ate to his heart's content. By-and-by the man asked him, "Can you tell me where the Golden Castle of Stromberg is situated?"

"I will look at my map," replied the Giant, "whereon are laid down all the cities, villages, and houses hereabouts." So saying, he fetched the map, which he kept in another room, and looked for the castle, but it was nowhere to be found. "It does not matter," said the Giant: "I have a still larger map upstairs in a closet;" but when they looked over that the name was not to be found there either. The



man would then have proceeded further, but the Giant begged him to stop a couple of days, until his brother returned, who was gone to seek for something to eat. As soon as the brother came home, they asked him about the Golden Castle of Stromberg; but he would not talk of anything till he had satisfied his hunger, and then he mounted with them to his chamber, and there they searched all over the

map for the castle, without success. Then they fetched other maps, and did not leave off looking till at last they found the place; but it was many thousand miles away from where they were. "Now, how can I get there," asked the man.

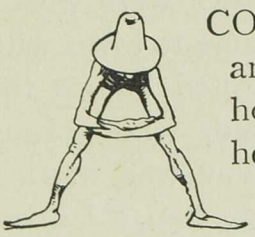
"I have two hours to spare," said the Giant, "and in that time I will carry you near the castle, but I must then return at once and feed the child we have." So the Giant took the man within about a hundred miles of the castle, and there set him down, and told him he could easily go the rest of the road by himself. So saying, the Giant turned homewards; but the man journeyed on day and night, till at length he arrived in sight of the Golden Castle of Stromberg. Now, this castle stood upon a glass mountain, and he could see the princess riding round in her carriage, and then go in at the gate. At this sight he felt very glad, and began to mount up to the place, but every step he took he slipped back again. When, therefore, he saw he could not reach the Princess he became very sorrowful, and said to himself, "I will stop here, and wait upon her." So he built himself a hut, and for a whole year lived in it, every day seeing the Princess driving about up above while he was unable to reach her.

One day he saw from his hut three robbers beating one another, and he called to them, "God be with you!" They ceased at the voice, but when they saw nobody, they began again to knock each other about, so that it was quite dangerous. Then he called to them a second time, "God be with you!" They ceased at the word, looked about, but saw nobody, and they began to beat each other again; and so the man exclaimed for the third time, "God be with you!" and went out and asked the three combatants what they wanted. The first said he had found a stick which opened every door against which it was struck; the second had found a cloak which rendered its wearer invisible; but the third had caught a horse upon which any one could ride up the glass

mountain. Now, they could not agree whether they should keep company with one another, or should separate; so the man said, "These three things I will exchange with you; money certainly I have not, but other things which are more valuable. Still, I must first have a trial, that I may see if you have spoken the truth." So they let him mount the horse, and they hung the cloak around him, and put the stick into his hand, and when they had given them all he was invisible to them. Then he gave them heavy blows upon the shoulders, and exclaiming, "Now, you bear-hunters, now you have your deserts; be content therewith!" he rode up the glass mountain.

When he arrived before the castle door, he found it closed. He tapped upon it with his stick, and immediately it flew open, and he entered and mounted the stairs which led to the room where the Princess sat with a golden cup full of wine before her. She could not see him, because he wore the cloak, and as he came close to her chair, he drew off the ring which she had given him, and threw it into the cup of wine, so that it rang against the side. Then she exclaimed, "That is my ring, and the man must also be here who will deliver me!" She made a search for him all over the castle; but he had gone out meanwhile, and now sat on his horse outside the door with the cloak thrown off. As soon, therefore, as she went out at the door she saw him, and cried for joy, and the man, dismounting from his horse, took her in his arms, and the Princess kissed him and said, "Now, you have indeed saved me, and to-morrow we will be married!"





COUNTRYMAN drove his cow to market, and sold it for seven dollars. On the way home he had to pass by a pond, where he heard from a distance the Frogs croaking, "Ack, ack, ack, ack!"[1] "Yes," said he, "they cry out so even in their owner's field, but it is seven which I have got, not eight."

As he came up to the water he exclaimed, "Stupid creatures that you are, do you not know better? here are seven dollars, and not eight!" But the Frogs still continued their "Ack, ack!" "Now, if you will not believe it I will count them out to you;" and, taking the money from his pocket, he counted out the seven dollars, four-and-twenty groschen in each. The Frogs, however, paid no attention to his reckoning, and kept calling out, "Ack, ack, ack!" "Ah!" exclaimed the Countryman, quite angry, "if you know better than I, count it yourself!" and, one by one, he threw

[1] Acht is the German word for eight.

the pieces of money into the water. He stopped and waited till they should be ready to bring him his own again, but the Frogs were obstinate in their opinion, and cried continually, "Ack, ack, ack!" neither did they throw the money back.

The man waited a long while, until evening approached and it was time to go home; then he began to abuse the Frogs, shouting out, "You water-paddlers, you thick-heads, you blind-eyes! You have indeed great mouths, and can make noise enough to stun one's ears, but you cannot count seven dollars! Do you think I am going to wait here till you are ready?" And thereupon he went away, but the Frogs cried still behind his back, "Ack, ack, ack!" so that he reached home in a very savage mood.

After a little time he again bargained for a cow, which he killed, and then he made a calculation that, if he sold the flesh well, he should gain as much as both the cows were worth, and should have the skin beside. As he came to town with the flesh, a great troop of dogs was collected before the gate, and in front was a large greyhound, who sprang around the flesh, snapping and barking, "Was, was, was!"[1] As he did not cease, the Countryman said to him, "I know well you say, 'Was, was!' because you wish for some of the flesh, but I ought to receive something as good if I should give it you." The dog replied only, "Was, was!"

"Will you not let your comrades there eat with you?" 'Was, was!" said the Dog.

"If you stick to that I will let you have it. I know you well, and to whom you belong; but this I tell you, in three days I must have my money, or it will go ill with you. You can bring it to me."

Thereupon he unloaded the flesh and turned homewards again, and the dogs gathering around it, barked loudly, "Was, was!" The Peasant, who heard them at a distance,

[1] That, that.

said, "Mind, you may share it among you, but the big one must answer for you to me."

When three days were passed, the Countryman thought to himself, "This evening I shall have my money in my pocket," and so made himself happy. But nobody came to pay the reckoning. "There is no faith in any one," said he at last, losing all patience, and he went into the town to the butcher and demanded his money. The butcher thought it was a joke, but the Countryman said, "Joking aside, I will have my money; did not the great dog, three days ago, bring you home a whole slaughtered cow?" This put the butcher in a passion, and, taking up a broomstick, he hunted the Countryman out of his doors.

"Wait a bit," said the Countryman; "justice is to be had in the world;" and he went to the King's palace and requested an audience. So he was led before the King, who sat there with his daughter, and asked, "What misfortune has befallen you?"

"Ah," said he, "frogs and the dogs have taken away my property, and the butcher has repaid me with a stick;" and he narrated at length all that had happened. The King's daughter laughed aloud at his tale, and the King said to him, "I cannot give you justice here; but, nevertheless, you shall have my daughter for a wife: all her lifetime she has not laughed except before you, and I have promised her to that man who should make her laugh. You may thank God for your luck."

"O dear!" replied the Countryman, "I do not wish it at all; I have one wife at home, who is already too much for me." This made the King angry, and he said, "You are an ill-bred fellow."

"Ah, my lord the King," answered the Countryman, "what can you expect from an ox except beef?"

"Wait a bit," replied the King, "you shall have another

reward. Now be off at once, and return in three days, and you shall receive five hundred."

As the Countryman came to the gate, the sentinel said to him, "Since you have made the King's daughter laugh, no doubt you have received a great reward." "Yes, I think so," answered the Peasant; "five hundred are to be counted out for me."

"Indeed!" said the soldier; "give me some of it; what will you do with all that money?"

"Since you ask me," replied the Countryman, "you shall have two hundred: apply to the King in three days, and they will be counted out to you." A Jew, who stood near, and heard their conversation, ran after the Countryman, and catching him by his coat, cried out, "O wonderful! what a child of fortune are you! I will change, I will change with you in small coins! What will you do with the hard dollars?"

"You, Jew!" said the Countryman, "you can yet have the three hundred; give me the same amount in small coins, and in three days after to-day it shall be counted out to you by the King." The Jew rejoiced at his profit, and brought the sum in worn-out farthings, three of which were equal to two good ones.

After the lapse of three days, the Countryman went before the King, according to his command. The King called out, "Pull off his coat; he shall have his five hundred!" "Oh!" replied the Countryman, "they do not belong to me now: I have presented two hundred to the sentinel, and the Jew has changed with me for three hundred, so that rightly nothing at all belongs to me."

Meanwhile the soldier and the Jew came in, desiring their shares for which they had bargained with the Countryman, but, instead of dollars, each received his stripes justly measured out. The soldier bore his patiently, having already known how they tasted; but the Jew behaved

very badly, crying out, "Ah, woe is me, these *are* hard dollars!"

The King was forced to laugh at the Countryman, and, when all his anger had passed away, he said to him, "Since you lost your reward before you received it, I will give you compensation; so go into my treasure-chamber, and take as much money as you wish for." The Countryman did not stop to be told twice, but filled his deep pockets as full as they would hold, and immediately after went to an inn, and told out the money. The Jew sneaked after him, and overheard him muttering to himself, "Now, that thief of a King has again deceived me. Could he not have given me the money, and then I should have known what I had got; but now, how can I tell that what I have by good luck put into my pocket is just?"

"Heaven preserve us!" said the Jew to himself, "he has spoken disrespectfully of his Majesty; I will run and inform against him, and then I shall get a reward, and he will be punished." When the King heard the speech of the Countryman his anger was excited, and he bade the Jew go and fetch the offender. So the Jew, running back to the Countryman, said to him, "You must go before his Majesty the King, just as you are."

"I know better what is becoming," replied the Countryman; "I must first have a new coat made. Do you think a man who has so much money in his pocket ought to go in this old rag of a coat?" The Jew, seeing that the Countryman would not stir without another coat, and fearing, if the King's anger should evaporate, he would not get his reward, nor the other the punishment, said to him, "Out of pure friendship, I will lend you a beautiful coat for a short time. What will one not do out of pure love?"

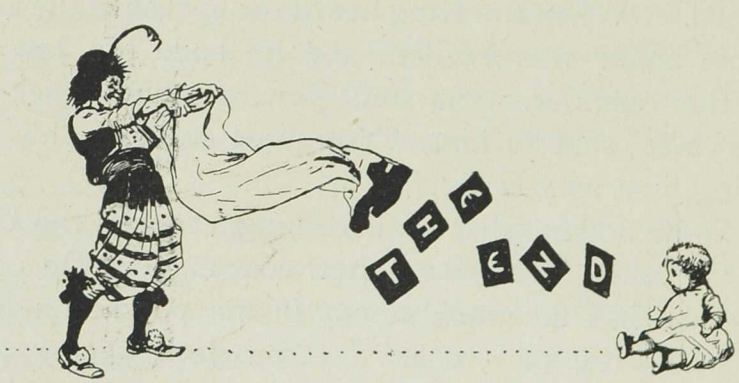
The Countryman, well pleased, took the coat from the Jew, and went off straight to the King, who charged him with the speech which the Jew had informed about.

A Good Bargain

"Oh," said the Countryman, "what a Jew says is nothing, for not a true word comes out of his mouth; that rascal there is able to assert, and does assert, that I have his coat on!"

"What is that?" screamed the Jew; "is not the coat mine? Have I not lent it to you out of pure friendship, that you might step in it before his Majesty the King?" As soon as the King heard this he said, "The Jew has deceived one of us;" and then he had counted out to him some more of the *hard* dollars.

Meanwhile the Countryman went off home in the good coat, and with the good gold in his pocket, singing to himself, "This time I have hit it!"



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'A Child to a Rose.

'White Rose, talk to me!
I don't know what to do.
Why do you say no words to me,
Who say so much to you?
I'm bringing you a little rain,
And I shall be so proud
If, when you feel it on your face,
You take me for a cloud.
Here I come so softly,
You cannot hear me walking;
If I take you by surprise,
I may catch you talking.

. . . . . .

'White Rose, do you love me?
I only wish you'd say;
I would work so hard to please you,
If I but knew the way;
It seems so hard to be loving,
And not a sign to see
But the silence and the sweetness
For all as well as me.
I think you nearly perfect,
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But, White Rose, if I were you,
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