



FAIRY TALES WITH FAIRY PICTURES.

THE BEWITCHED PRINCESS.

TO ALL GOOD CHILDREN.

Inside the covers of this pretty book,
You'll find a world of wonders if you look —
Enchanted castles, princes, or princesses
As beautiful as day, with golden tresses;

Good fairies, always ready with a charm
To help their friends and shield them from all
harm.

And who are fairies' friends? Why, such as you —
If you are brave and gentle, kind and true.

The fairy time has not yet passed away
And fairy tales still happen every day.
At least, kind Powers, fairies or no, are near
To guard you; so that the only ill to fear

Is what you do yourselves. Wonders don't cease.
The fairy spells which work them now are these —
Kind words, sweet smiles and helpful deeds.

'Tis so

You'll make the world as glad as long ago.

LONDON
SOCIETY FOR
PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



The Bewitched Princess.

Once upon a time there was a poor artisan who had two sons. One of them, whose name was Jack, was a good lad; the other, whose name was Helmerich, was a good for nothing fellow. But as often happens in the world the father loved the bad son more than the good.

There came a year in which things were dearer than usual and the artisan's purse was empty. "Now", said he to himself, "we must manage to live some how. Customers used to come to me, now I must be civil and wait on them." No sooner said than done. He went out early in the morning and knocked at the door of many a fine house. But as it often happens that the finest folk are not always the readiest at paying; so then no one seemed inclined to pay what he owed. So the

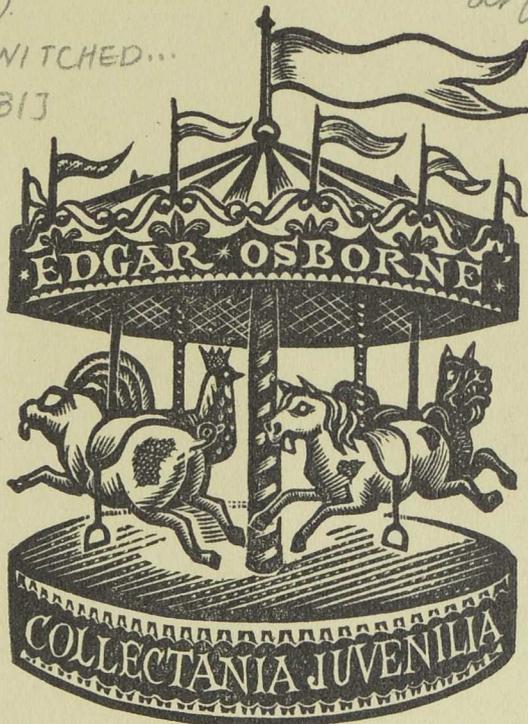
artisan came back tired and down-cast and went and sat alone and gloomy, by the door of the alehouse; for he had not the heart to join his neighbours at their gossip and glass, and he did not find much pleasure in looking at his wife's long face at home. But as he sat there deep in thought he could not help listening to the talk going on near him. A stranger who had just arrived from the chief town was telling how the king's fair daughter had fallen into the power of a wicked sorcerer and would have to remain a captive all her life, unless someone could be found to loose the three spells, by which the sorcerer had bound her. But if any one should succeed in doing this, the princess would be his, with her magnificent palace and all her riches. At first the goodman listened with only half an ear to the tale, then with a whole ear, and then with both ears; and then he considered: — "My son Helmerich is a wide awake fellow: he could cheat a fox out of his tail, if need be. It's the very thing. He will loose the three spells, marry the beautiful princess and be lord of all the land and people. For so the king her father has proclaimed." He hurried home and forgot his customers and their bills, his head being full of this new

(FT)

dr fol

BEWITCHED...

[1881]



37131032422594

I. 21

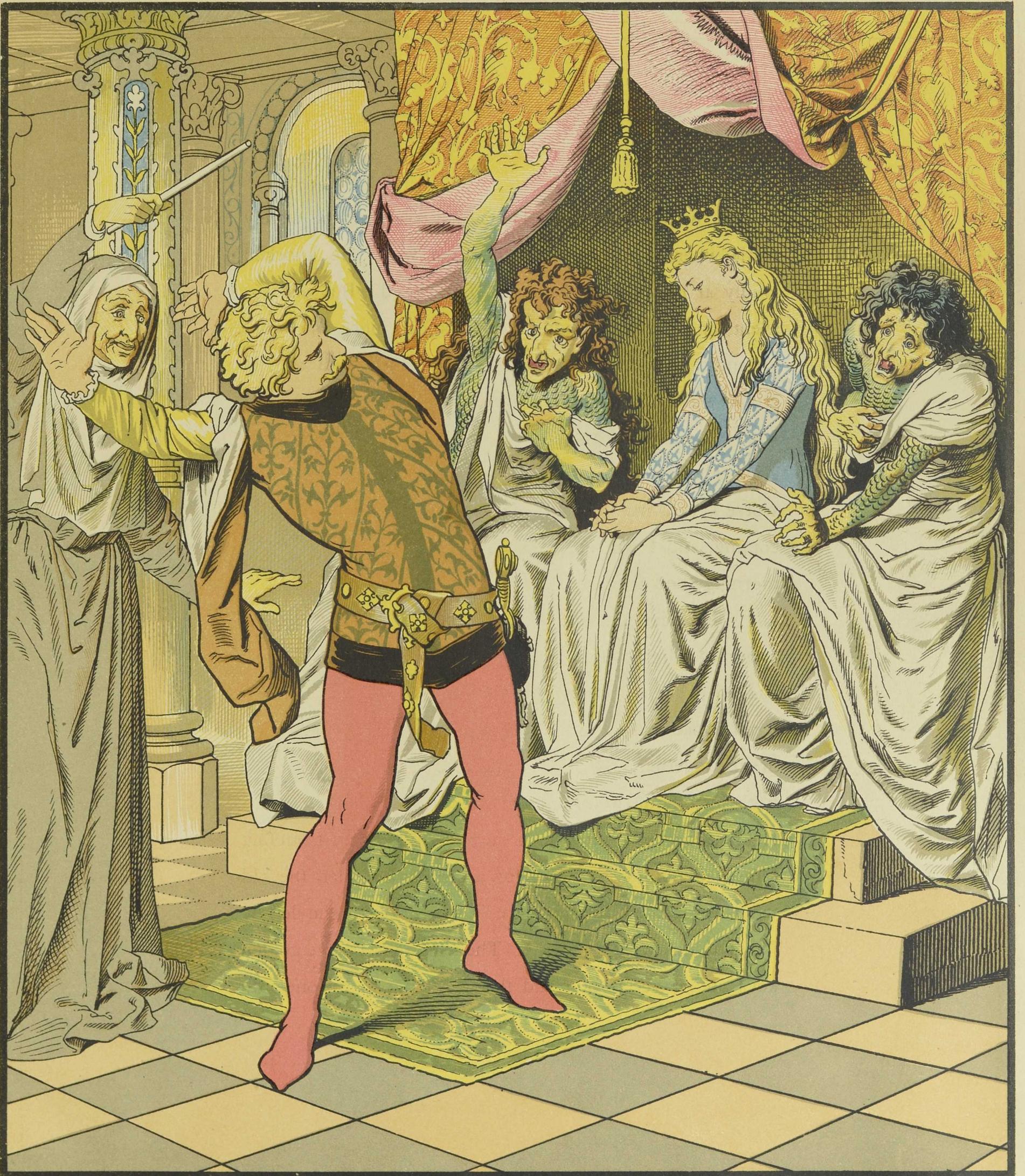


story of which he soon told his wife. Early the next morning he spoke to Helmerich and provided him with horse and armour for the adventure.

The young man was soon on his way. As he said good bye he promised his parents to send a coach and six to fetch them and his dullwitted brother Jack; for he fancied that he was king already. He was so puffed up with pride that he showed his haughty humour to every thing that he met with on his way. The birds, who sat on the boughs and praised God with song after their fashion, he scared from the trees with a switch; and there was not an animal that he came across to which he did not play some spiteful trick. First he came to an ant-hill. This he trod down under his horse's hoofs; and when the angry ants crawled over him and his steed, and bit them, he crushed and killed them. Then he came to a clear pool in which twelve ducks were swimming. Helmerich enticed them to the bank and killed eleven of them; only the twelfth escaped. Last he came to a beautiful beehive, and treated the bees just as he did the ants. Indeed it was his delight not to make right use of the innocent creatures but to torment and destroy them out of sheer mischief.

It was sunset when Helmerich reached the stately castle where the bewitched princess was. He knocked loudly at the door, which was fast closed. But all was silent, and the knight continued to knock more and more violently. At length a window was opened, and an old crone with wrinkled face looked out and asked sharply what he wanted. "I have come to release the Princess" cried Helmerich; "Open to me at once." "More haste worse speed, my son," said the old woman. "Tomorrow is coming, and I will expect you here at nine o'clock in the morning" and then she shut the shutter.

The next morning at nine o'clock, when Helmerich appeared, the crone was already waiting for him. She had with her a measure of flax seed, and this she scattered broad cast over a beautiful meadow. "Gather the grains together," said she to the knight. "I shall come back in an hour and by that time the task must be done." Helmerich thought this was a silly jest not worth troubling himself about; so he went for a stroll, and when the old woman returned the measure was empty as she left it. "That is not well," said she. Then she took twelve golden keys out of her pocket and threw them one by one into





the deep dark tank of the castle. "Fetch those keys out of the water", she said. "I shall come back in an hour. By that time the task must be done". Helmerich laughed and did as before. When the old woman returned and found that this task was not accomplished she said twice "That is not well. That is not well". However she took him by the hand and led him up the steps into the great hall of the castle. There sat three female forms, all of them covered with thick veils. "Choose, my son," said the old woman, "but take good heed, so that you may choose aright. I shall return in an hour." Helmerich was no wiser when she came back than when she went away; but he made a guess and said haughtily, "I choose the one on the right hand." Then all three threw off their veils. In the middle sat the gracious princess. Right and left were two ghastly harpies; and the one on the right hand seized Helmerich in her claws and threw him out of the castle window down a precipice.

A year had gone by since Helmerich had set forth to release the princess, and yet no coach and six had come for the old folk. "Ah", said the Father, "if only that blockhead Jack had gone instead of our best lad, the

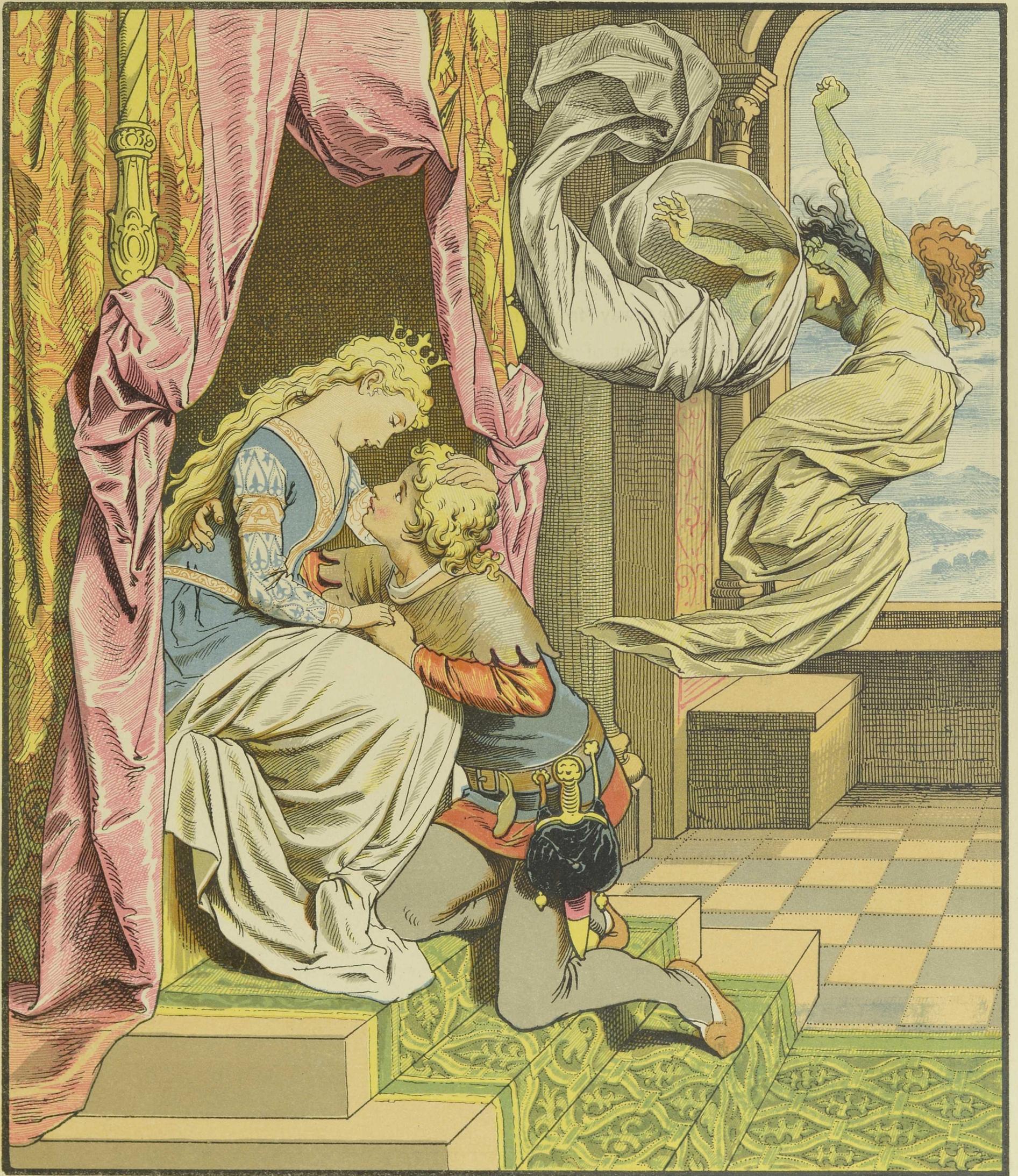
misfortune would not have been so great." "Father," said Jack, "let me go. I should like to try too." But the father said "No": for how could the stupid lad succeed where the clever one had failed. Being refused horse and armour by his father, Jack set forth secretly, and, after three days walking, finished the journey which had taken his brother on horseback but one day. He did not fear to sleep at night on the soft moss under the green boughs, where he rested as peacefully as under his parents' roof. The birds too were not shy of him, but sang him to sleep with their sweetest songs. When he came to the ants, who were busy finishing their new nest, he did not disturb them but tried to help them. Those that crawled over him he gently shook off without killing them even though they bit him. He too enticed the ducks to the edge of their pond, but only to feed them with crumbs. To the bees he threw some fresh flowers which he had gathered by the way.

He arrived at the royal castle with his heart full of joy. Then he knocked modestly at the door. The door opened at once and the old woman asked him what was his errand. "If I am not too mean and poor", he said,



"I should like to try to release the beautiful Princess."
"Try it, if you will, my son", said the old woman, "but if you fail in the three trials, it will cost you your life."
"Be it so, good mother," said Jack; "tell me what I am to do." First the old woman tried him with the flax seeds. Jack was not slow in buckling to his work; but three quarters of the hour were quickly gone and the measure was not half full. He was almost giving up in despair; when all at once there came black ants to his help in such numbers that in a few minutes not a grain was left on the meadows. "That is well," said the old woman when she returned; and then she threw into the tank the twelve keys, which he had to bring out in an hour. But not a key could Jack get from the water. Dive as deep as he would he could not reach the bottom. In despair he sat down on the brink, when up came swimming the twelve ducks, each with a golden key in its bill, which it put down upon the wet grass. So he passed through this trial. And then the old woman came to lead him to the great hall where the last and hardest trial awaited him. Jack looked in dismay at the three veiled shapes, all exactly alike. Who would come to his help

here? Then a swarm of bees flew in through the open window, winged their way round the hall, and buzzed about the mouths of the three veiled figures. But they quickly flew away from those to the right and left, for the harpies smelt of pitch and brimstone, on which they live; but they all hovered over the figure in the middle, and as they did so they hummed and murmured, "the middle one, the middle one." For there they smelt the scent of their own honey, of which the Princess was very fond. So when the old woman returned at the end of the hour Jack said quite confidently: "I choose the middle one". Then the wicked harpies fled out of the window, and the beautiful Princess threw off her veil and was full of joy at her deliverance and at her handsome bridegroom. Jack sent the fleetest messenger to tell the Princess's Father; and he sent a golden coach with six horses to fetch his own parents. And they all lived together joyfully and in great state; and if they are not dead they are alive until this day.



37131 032 422 544

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

PRICE SIXPENCE EACH.

FAIRY TALES WITH FAIRY PICTURES with Ornamental Wrapper.

THE SEVEN SWABIANS.
THE BEWITCHED PRINCESS.
SNOW WHITE AND ROSY RED.

SERIES OF SIXPENNY BOOKS.

With Pictorial Oleograph Covers, illustrating a subject in each book.
Royal 16^{mo}: Profusely illustrated.

- A GREAT TREAT. By F. Scarlett Potter.
- A QUEEN.
- ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. By L. M. G. Campbell.
- THE CELLAR OF MADEMOISELLE. By Crona Temple.
- ETHEL'S COMFORTER. By J. A. Owen.
- LITTLE NED MASON.
- THE LOST NOTE.
- MAB'S PERILS. By F. Scarlett Potter.
- MARY ARNOLD.
- POOR JACK. By F. Scarlett Potter.
- RATHER TOO CLEVER. By F. Scarlett Potter.
- SILVER LININGS. By J. A. Owen.
- SOON ENOUGH. By F. Scarlett Potter.
- SYLVIA'S ENEMY. By F. Scarlett Potter.
- TABBY'S TRAVELS. By F. Scarlett Potter.

DEPOSITORIES—LONDON: NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, CHARING CROSS, S. W.;
43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E. C.; 48, PICCADILLY, W.; AND 135, NORTH STREET, BRIGHTON.