

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 130

EDITED BY W. T. STEAD.

THE YELLOW DWARF

AND

Other Fairy Tales.

By the COUNTESS D'AULNOY.

ILLUSTRATED BY BRINSLEY LE FANU.

OUR ANNUAL,
THE BAIRNS' CHRISTMAS BOX,
IS NOW READY.

See Particulars on page 60.

“BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS” OFFICE,
39, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

**GOLD MEDAL AWARDED,
WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.**

NEAVE'S



**For Infants,
Growing Children,
Invalids and the Aged.**

FOOD

**"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of
infants and young persons."—**

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.
Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, etc., etc.

Purveyors by Special Appointment to

H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

READ FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK.

Ask your Chemist or Grocer for a **FREE** Copy, or one will be sent
Post Free on application by letter or post card.

Direct A. FENNINGS, Cowes, I. W.

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS PREVENT CONVULSIONS.

ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

**FENNINGS'
CHILDREN'S POWDERS**

FOR CHILDREN CUTTING THEIR TEETH.

TO PREVENT CONVULSIONS.

(Do not contain Antimony, Calomel, Opium, Morphia, or anything injurious
to a tender babe.)

Sold everywhere in Stamped Boxes, at $1/1\frac{1}{2}$ and $2/9$ (great saving), with full
directions; or sent post free for 15 or 34 Stamps. Direct to
Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. W.

Observe on each of the genuine Powders is printed **FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S
POWDERS**, with my Trade Mark in the centre—"A Baby in a Cradle."

SAFE TEETHING!

SAFE TEETHING!

"None of the numerous
cocoas have as yet equalled
Van Houten's."—*Health*.

van Houten's

STANDS FOR

THE

HIGHEST QUALITY

IN COCOA.

EE



EE

Steedman's SOOTHING Powders

FOR CHILDREN

Relieve FEVERISH HEAT.

Prevent FITS, CONVULSIONS, etc.

Preserve a healthy state of the constitution.
made only at WALWORTH Surrey.

Please observe the EE in STEEDMAN

EE

These powders contain
NO POISON

EE

THE YELLOW DWARF

AND

OTHER FAIRY TALES.

By THE COUNTESS D'AULNOY.

ILLUSTRATED BY BRINSLEY LE FANU.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE YELLOW DWARF	3
THE GOOD LITTLE MOUSE	28
THE WHITE DOE IN THE WOOD	39

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

LONDON :
"BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS" OFFICE,
39, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.



THE YELLOW DWARF BEFORE THE QUEEN.

THE YELLOW DWARF.



THERE was once a Queen who had lost all her children except one daughter, whom she loved very dearly. The Princess was very beautiful, and her mother called her Toutedelle, which means "All-beautiful," for she thought there was no one like her in the world. As she was afraid of losing her child, she never corrected her: so the Princess grew up vain, and thought that there was no one in the world fit to compare with her. As if to make her still more conceited, the Queen had her portrait painted, and sent copies of it to all the unmarried Kings and Princes in the world. Everybody who saw it fell in love with the Princess. Some even died of love, and

others fell very ill, and those who were lucky enough to see the Princess immediately became her slaves.

At last, when the Princess was about fifteen years old, her people were very anxious for her to marry, and the Queen begged her to choose a husband from among the Kings and Princes who came to the Court. But the Princess said that there was no one that was really worthy to marry her, so conceited she was. Then her mother was very sorry that she had spoilt her so, and determined to go and ask the advice of a celebrated fairy known as the Fairy of the Desert.

But it was very difficult to see her, for she was guarded by lions; and the Queen would have been in despair if she had not heard that if a cake made of millet seed, sugar candy, and crocodiles' eggs were thrown to them, they would allow anyone to pass. So with her own hands she kneaded the cake, put it in a little basket, and set out.

The Queen was not accustomed to walking much, and feeling very tired, she sat down under a tree, and before she knew what she was doing, she fell fast asleep. When she awoke, she found the cake was no longer in the basket; and just then she heard the lions roaring, for they had scented her.

"Alas!" she said, "what will become of me? I shall be eaten up!" and not having enough strength to run away, she stayed where she was, crying bitterly.

Just then she heard a noise. It sounded like "Hem, hem!" and, raising her eyes, she saw a tiny man, eating oranges.

"Oh, Queen," he said, "I know you well, and I know how afraid you are of lions, and not without reason, for they have eaten up many people—and you have lost your cake!"

"I must prepare to die," said the Queen sadly. "Alas! I should be less distressed if my daughter were married."

"What! You have a daughter!" cried the Yellow Dwarf (they called him the Yellow Dwarf because of the colour of his skin, and the orange



tree in which he lived). "I am delighted to hear it. I have been seeking a wife all the world over. Look here, if you will give her to me, I will protect you from the lions."

The Queen looked at him, and was scarcely less terrified by his horrible face than she had been by the lions, and did not answer.

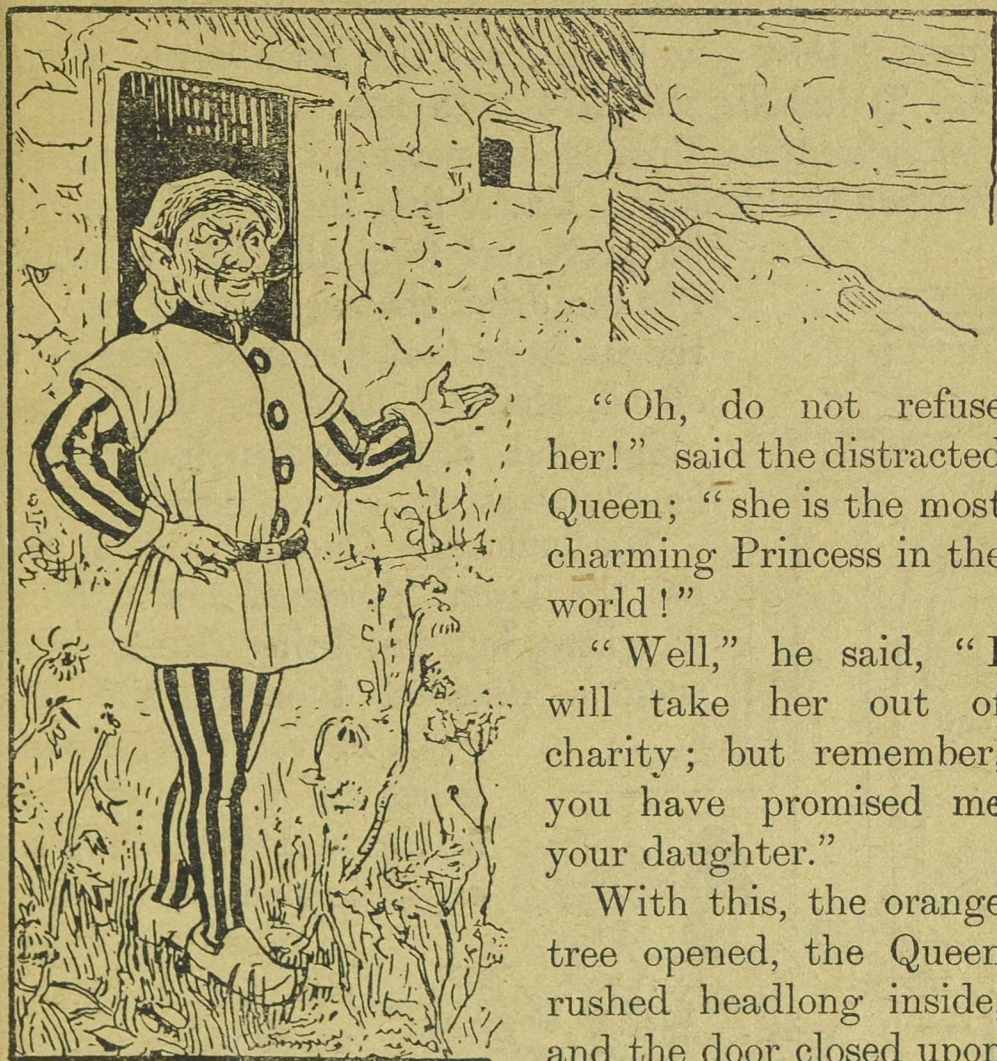
"What! You hesitate, mad-am!" he cried. "Then you do not care much for your life!" and at that moment the Queen saw the lions at the top of a hill, running towards her. They had two heads each, eight feet, four rows of teeth, and their skin



was as hard as shell and as red as morocco leather. At this sight, the poor Queen, trembling like a dove, called out, with all her might:

"Sir Dwarf, Toutebelle is yours!"

"Oh," he said contemptuously, "Toutebelle is too beautiful, I don't want her! You can keep her!"



"Oh, do not refuse her!" said the distracted Queen; "she is the most charming Princess in the world!"

"Well," he said, "I will take her out of charity; but remember, you have promised me your daughter."

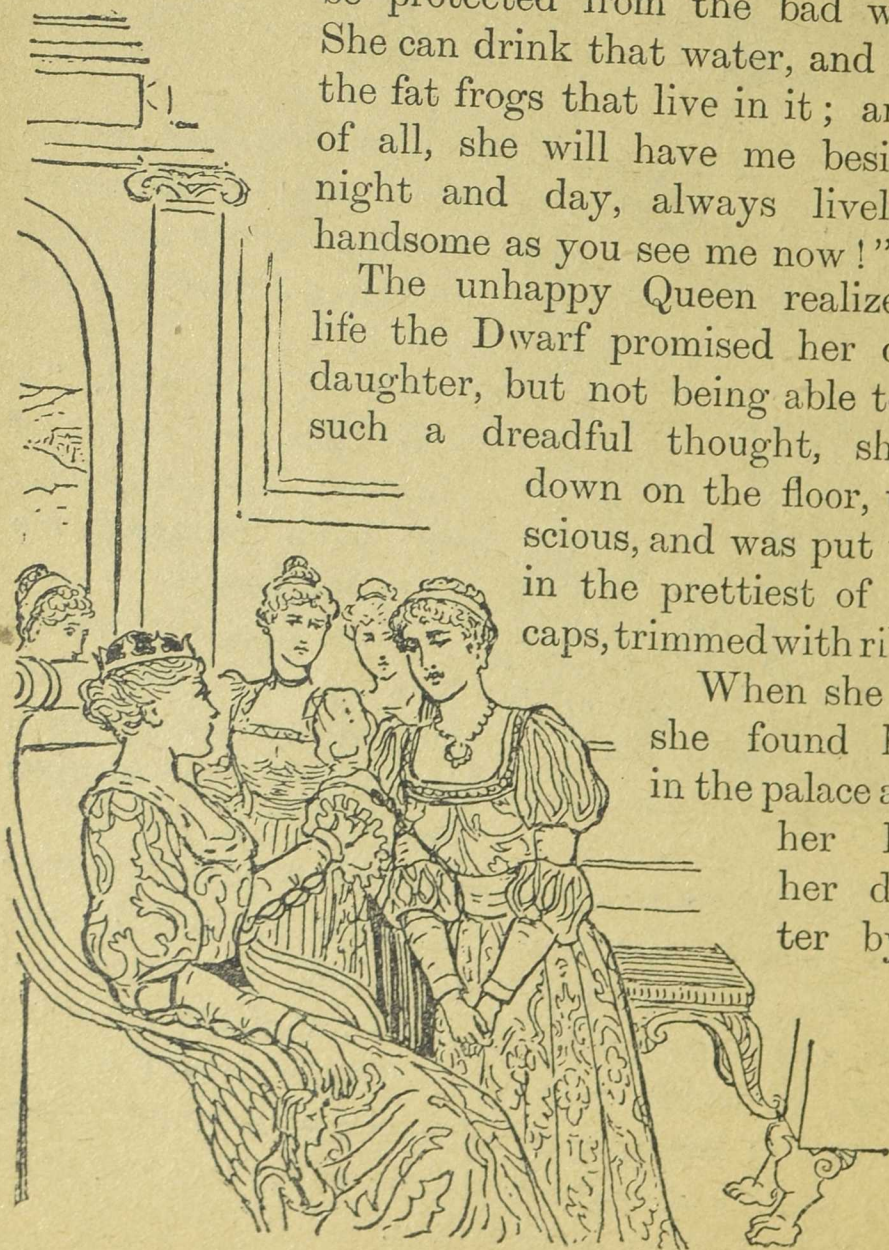
With this, the orange tree opened, the Queen rushed headlong inside, and the door closed upon her.

The Queen was so upset, she did not at first notice another door in the tree. At last she saw it, and opened it. It looked out on a field of nettles and thistles, and a little way off there was a low-thatched hut, out of which came the Yellow Dwarf with a sprightly air; he wore wooden shoes, a yellow frieze jacket; he had no hair on his head, he had big ears, and looked a perfect little villain.

"I am delighted, mother-in-law," he said to the Queen, "that you should see the little castle where your Toutebelle will live with me. She can feed a donkey on those thistles and nettles, and she can ride about on the donkey. Under this rustic roof she will be protected from the bad weather. She can drink that water, and feed on the fat frogs that live in it; and best of all, she will have me beside her night and day, always lively and handsome as you see me now!"

The unhappy Queen realized the life the Dwarf promised her darling daughter, but not being able to bear such a dreadful thought, she fell down on the floor, unconscious, and was put to bed in the prettiest of night-caps, trimmed with ribbons.

When she woke, she found herself in the palace among her ladies, her daughter by her



side, so she thought she must have only dreamed her visit to the Fairy of the Desert; but there was the beautiful night-cap, which was quite as bewildering as the dream.

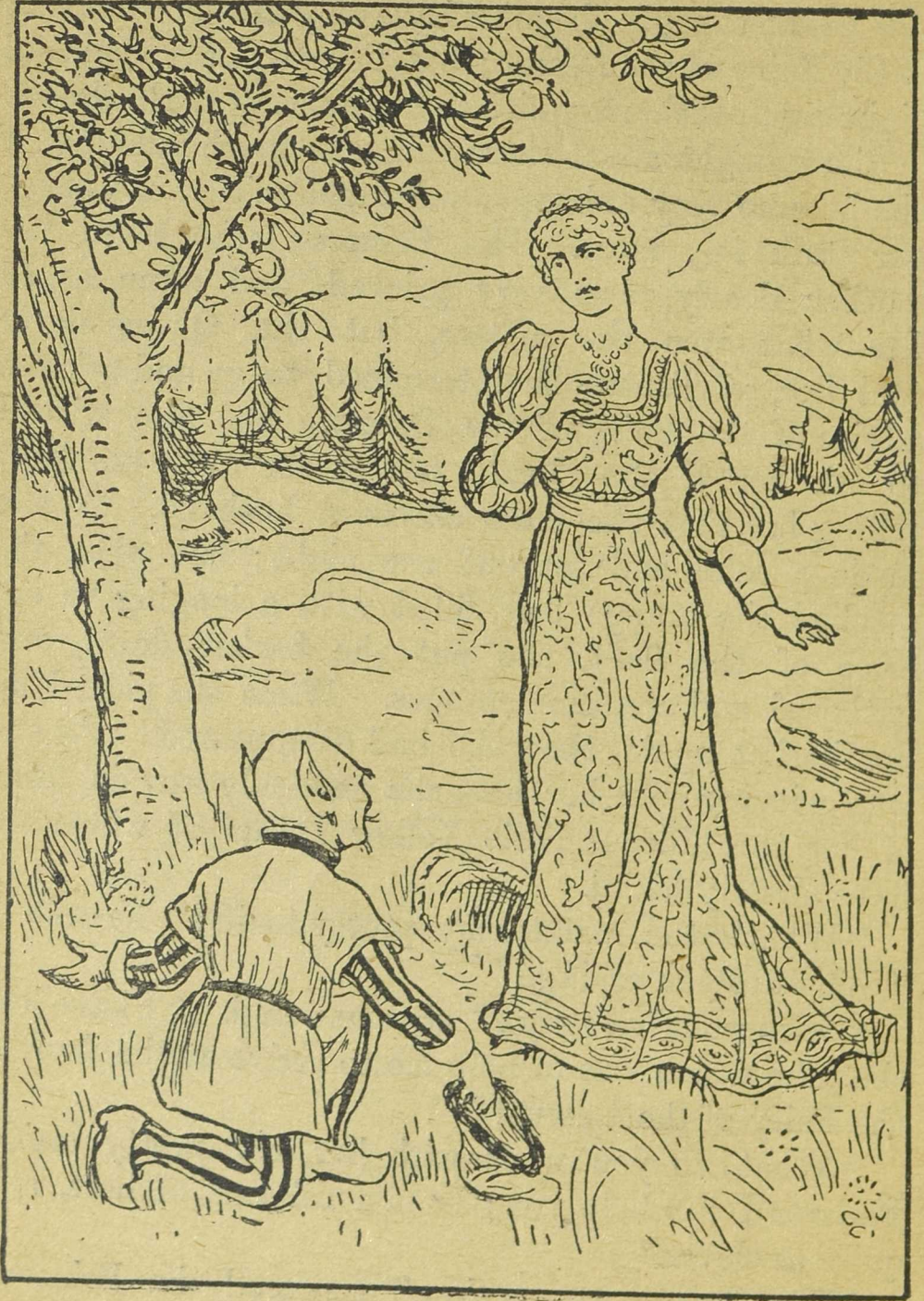
She thought about these things so much indeed that she became very unhappy, and could neither eat, sleep, nor talk any more. The Princess, who loved her mother dearly, was very grieved, and often asked her what was the matter, but the Queen never told her, so Toubelle determined to go and ask the advice of the Fairy of the Desert. She also wished to ask her if she should marry, for everyone kept telling her that she must choose a husband. So she made a cake, and set out one night; but when she reached the orange tree, filled with a longing to eat some of the fruit, she put the basket down, and gathered and ate some oranges. When she picked up her basket again, the cake had disappeared! As she was grieving over her loss, she suddenly saw in front of her the hideous little Yellow Dwarf, of whom we have already heard.

"What's the matter, my pretty maid?" he asked.
"Why are you crying?"

"Who would not cry?" she answered. "I have lost the cake which was to help me to arrive at the door of the Fairy of the Desert!"

"What do you want with her, my pretty maid? Perhaps I can help you; I am a relation of hers, and quite as clever."

"The Queen, my mother," answered the Princess, "has been so dreadfully sad for some time past that I am afraid her life is in danger. I think it is because



"YOU MUST BE MAD," SAID THE PRINCESS.

she wishes me to marry, and I confess to you I have as yet found no one worthy of me."

"I can explain this matter better than the Fairy of the Desert," answered the dwarf. "The Queen is troubled because she has already promised you in marriage!"

"The Queen has promised me in marriage!" she exclaimed. "You are mistaken; she would have told me of it!"

"Beautiful Princess," said the dwarf, falling on his knees, "I flatter myself the choice will not be disagreeable to you; I am designed for such happiness!"

"You must be mad!" said Toutebelle, falling back a little.

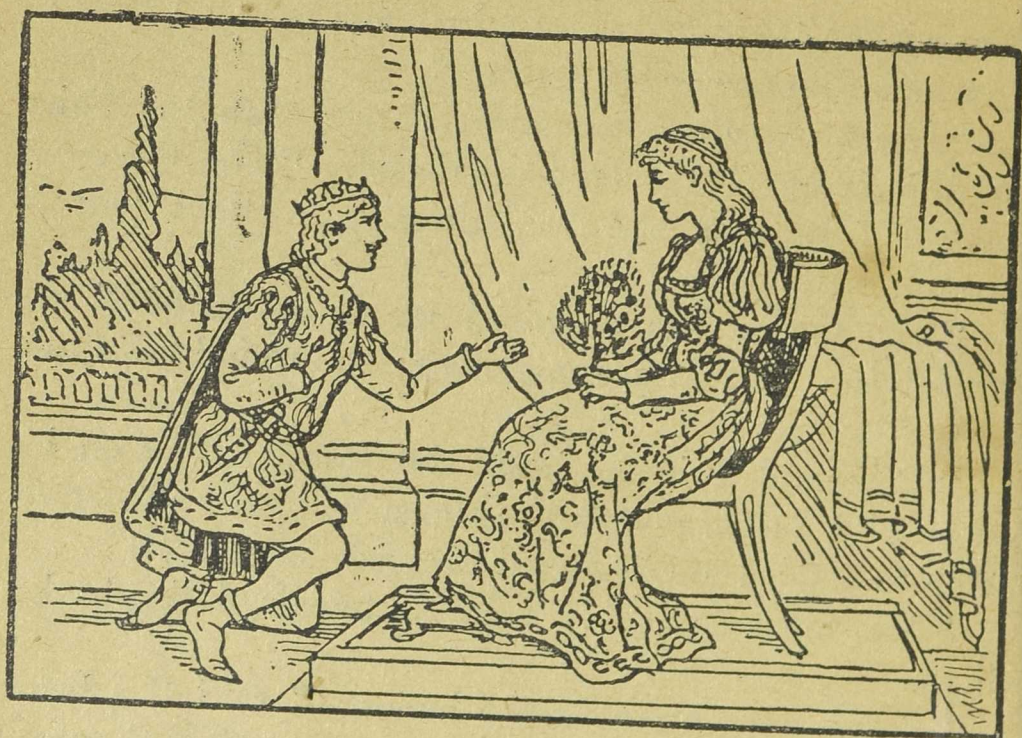
"I care very little for the honour!" said the dwarf crossly. "Here are the lions; in three bites they will avenge me for your contempt and dislike of me."

At that moment the Princess heard the lions coming, roaring loudly all the time.

"What is to become of me?" she cried.

The wicked dwarf looked at her and smiled disdainfully.

"Do not be angry, I beg of you," said the Princess, clasping her beautiful hands. "I would rather marry all the dwarfs in the world than perish in this horrible way. Save me, oh, save me! or I shall die of fright!" and she had scarcely uttered these words when she fainted away, and, without knowing how, by and by found herself in her own bed, wearing the most beautiful nightgown, trimmed with the prettiest of ribbons, and on her finger a little ring, made of a single red



hair, which was so tight that you could have torn the skin off the finger more easily than you could have removed it.

When the Princess saw these things, and remembered all that had happened, she fell into a melancholy that surprised the whole Court. The Queen was much worried, and asked her hundreds of times what was the matter, but the Princess would not tell anyone of her adventure.

Everybody worried the Princess to marry, and Toutebelle, whose pride had been so humbled by the dwarf, thought that perhaps the best way out of the difficulty would be to marry some great King, and so she said she would marry the King of the Gold Mines, a powerful, handsome prince, who had loved her very much for many years. When he heard that the

Princess was really willing to marry him, he was delighted, and sent all over the world for the most beautiful presents to give to her. Indeed, he was so charming that the Princess soon really loved him very much.

At last the day of the wedding came. The streets of the capital were laid with red cloth, strewn with flowers, and the people rushed in crowds to the courtyard of the palace.

The Queen was so excited that she had scarcely slept, and before dawn she rose to give orders and to choose the jewels which the Princess was to wear. She was almost covered with diamonds to her very shoes, which were made of them; her gown was of silver brocade, trimmed with a dozen sunbeams of countless price; a magnificent crown was on her head; and her hair hung down to her feet.

The King of the Gold Mines was not less magnificent, and no one who greeted him went away with empty hands, for he had had placed round the banqueting hall a thousand casks filled with gold, and big velvet bags, embroidered with pearls, full of gold pieces. These were given to everybody. But this was not the least pleasant part of the entertainment.

Just as the Queen and the Princess, her daughter, were advancing to meet the King, they saw two turkey cocks dragging a very ill-made box along the gallery of the palace. Behind them marched a tall woman, very old and very ugly. She leaned on a crutch, wore a black silk ruff, a red velvet hood, and a ragged farthingale.



‘I AM THE FAIRY OF THE DESERT.’

She went three times round with the turkey cocks without saying a word, then stopped in the middle of the gallery, and, brandishing her crutch in a threatening manner, she shouted, "Ho, ho Queen! Oh, ho Princess! you thought you could break with impunity the promise you gave to my friend the Yellow Dwarf! I am the Fairy of the Desert. Without him and his orange tree, do you not know that my lions could have eaten you up? In Fairyland such insults are not permitted. Consider carefully what you are going to do, for, believe me, you will marry the dwarf, or I will burn my crutch!"

"Oh, Princess!" said the Queen, weeping, "what do I hear? What have you promised?"

"Ah, mother!" replied Toutebelle sorrowfully, "what did you yourself promise?"

The King of the Gold Mines, understanding that something was going on which threatened his happiness, now approached the old woman, sword in hand, and pointed it at her throat.

"Miserable wretch!" he said, "depart from this place for ever, or you shall pay for your wickedness with your life."

He had scarcely spoken the words, when the lid of the box flew right up to the ceiling, with a frightful noise; out sprang the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a great Spanish cat, and placed himself between the Fairy of the Desert and the King of the Gold Mines.

"Rash youth!" said the Yellow Dwarf, "do not think of injuring this illustrious fairy; it is with me you have to deal. I am your rival and your enemy!"



THE YELLOW DWARF WAS MORTALLY OFFENDED.

The false Princess, just about to marry you, gave me her promise to marry me, and accepted mine. Look, does she not wear a ring made of one of my hairs? Try and take it off, and you will see that your power is not so great as mine."

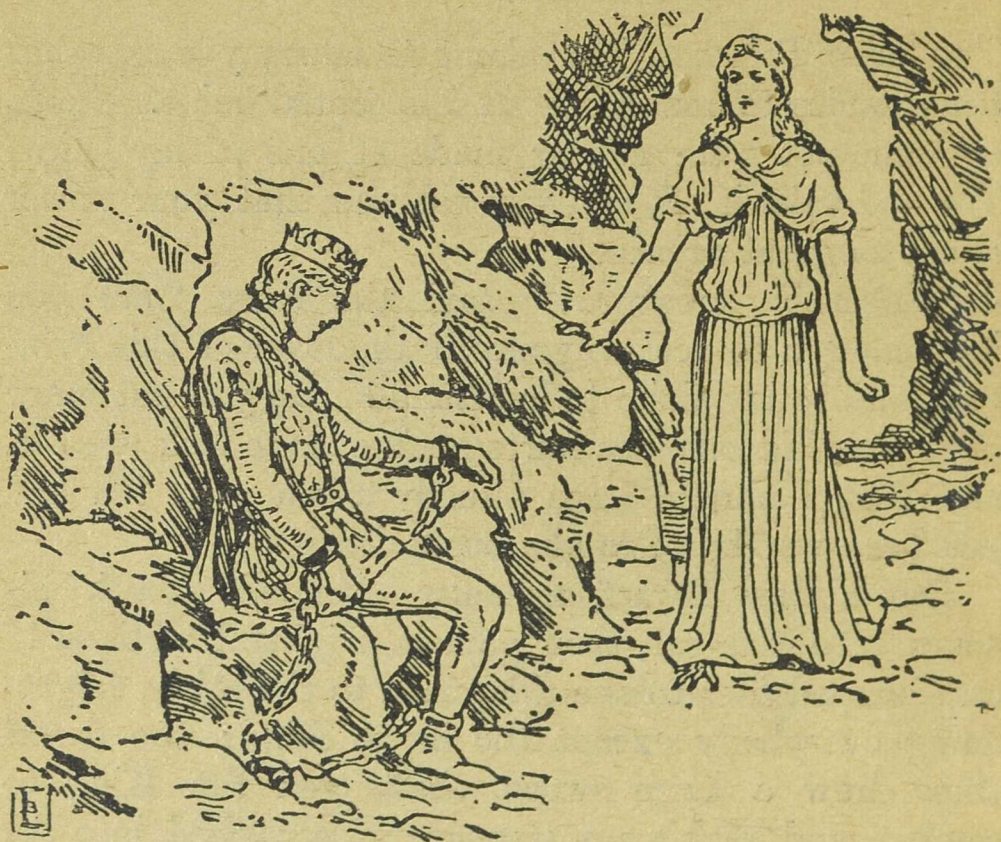
"Miserable creature!" said the King, "are you bold enough to declare yourself the lover of this Princess, and to lay claim to her hand? Do you not know that your hideous face hurts one's eyes to look upon it, and that I should have already taken your life had you been worthy of so glorious a death?"

The Yellow Dwarf, mortally offended, struck his spurs into the cat, that gave a frightful "Miaow!" and jumped first to one side, then to the other, frightening everybody except the brave King; the dwarf then drew a large sword, challenged the King to combat, and, making a strange noise, rushed into the courtyard.

The King hurried after him, and hardly were they face to face, the whole Court watching them from the balcony, when the sun went blood-red, and it became so dark that they could scarcely see each other. The turkey cocks stood by the side of the wicked dwarf, like two giants, taller than the mountains, fire coming out of their mouths and eyes.

The King was undismayed until he saw the Fairy of the Desert, mounted on a winged griffin, strike the Princess with a spear, and she fell, bathed in blood, into the arms of her mother.

When the Queen uttered the most piteous cries and moans, the King lost courage, and, abandoning the



fight with the dwarf, rushed to help the Princess; but before he could reach her, the Yellow Dwarf made his cat spring up on the balcony, he snatched her out of the hands of the Queen and her ladies, jumped on the roof of the palace, and disappeared with his prey.

The King stood there helpless and surprised, when he suddenly felt a veil passing over his eyes, and someone carried him up into the air.

But the Fairy of the Desert, who had come to help the Yellow Dwarf to carry off the Princess, fell in love with the King of the Gold Mines directly she set eyes on him, and she it was who had carried him away. She put him in a horrible cave, laden with chains, hoping to make him forget Toubetelle. Then by her

magic arts, she assumed the shape of a young and lovely nymph, and went to the King her prisoner, pretending to sympathize with him.

But while the King was speaking to her, he noticed that her feet resembled those of a griffin, for the fairy, however much she changed her appearance, was unable to change her griffin's feet.

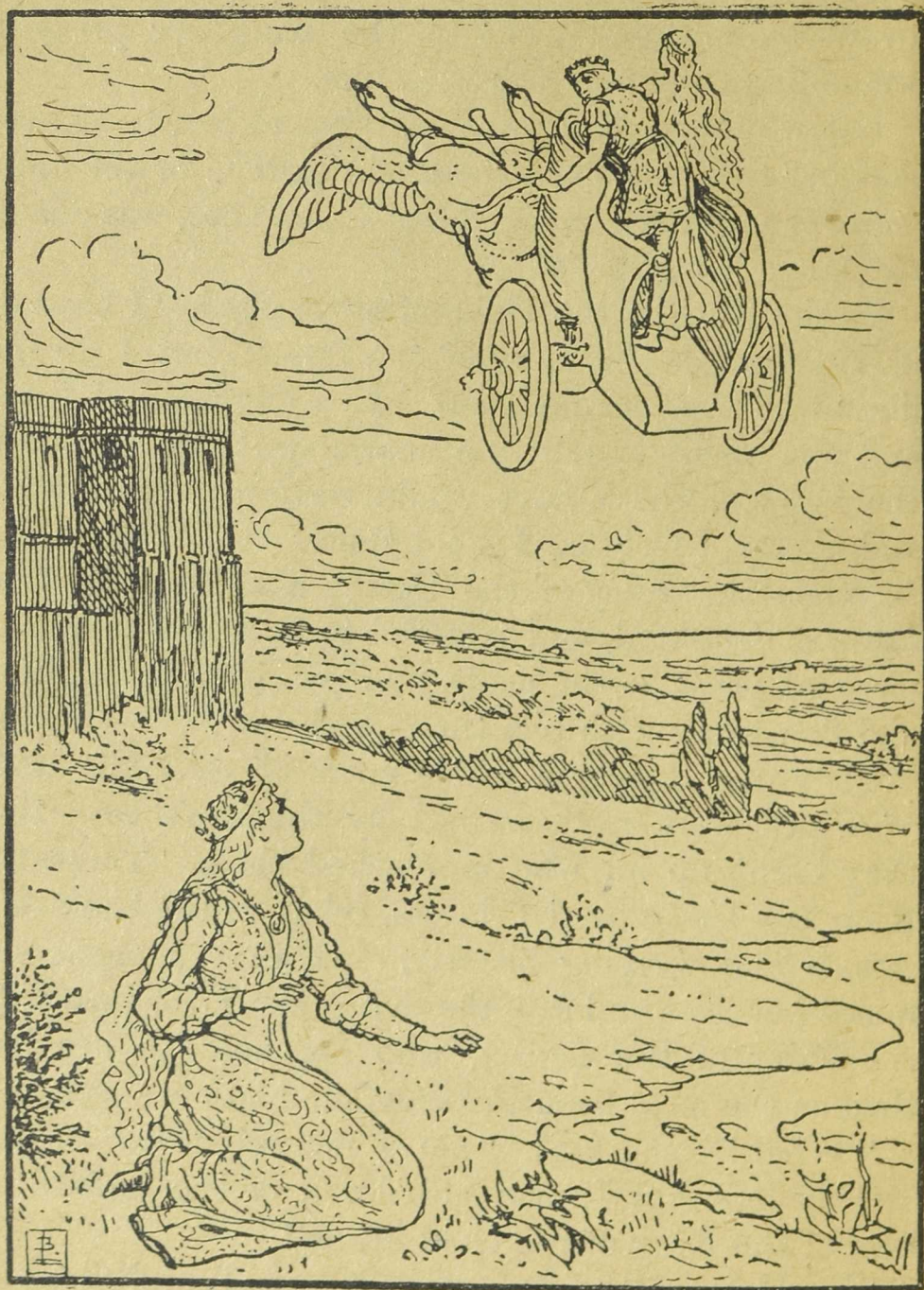
So the King of the Gold Mines replied, "I have no ill-will towards the Fairy of the Desert, but I do not like to be kept chained here like a criminal. I loved and was about to marry a charming Princess, but if the Fairy of the Desert would restore me to my life and liberty, I feel that I could almost love her instead."

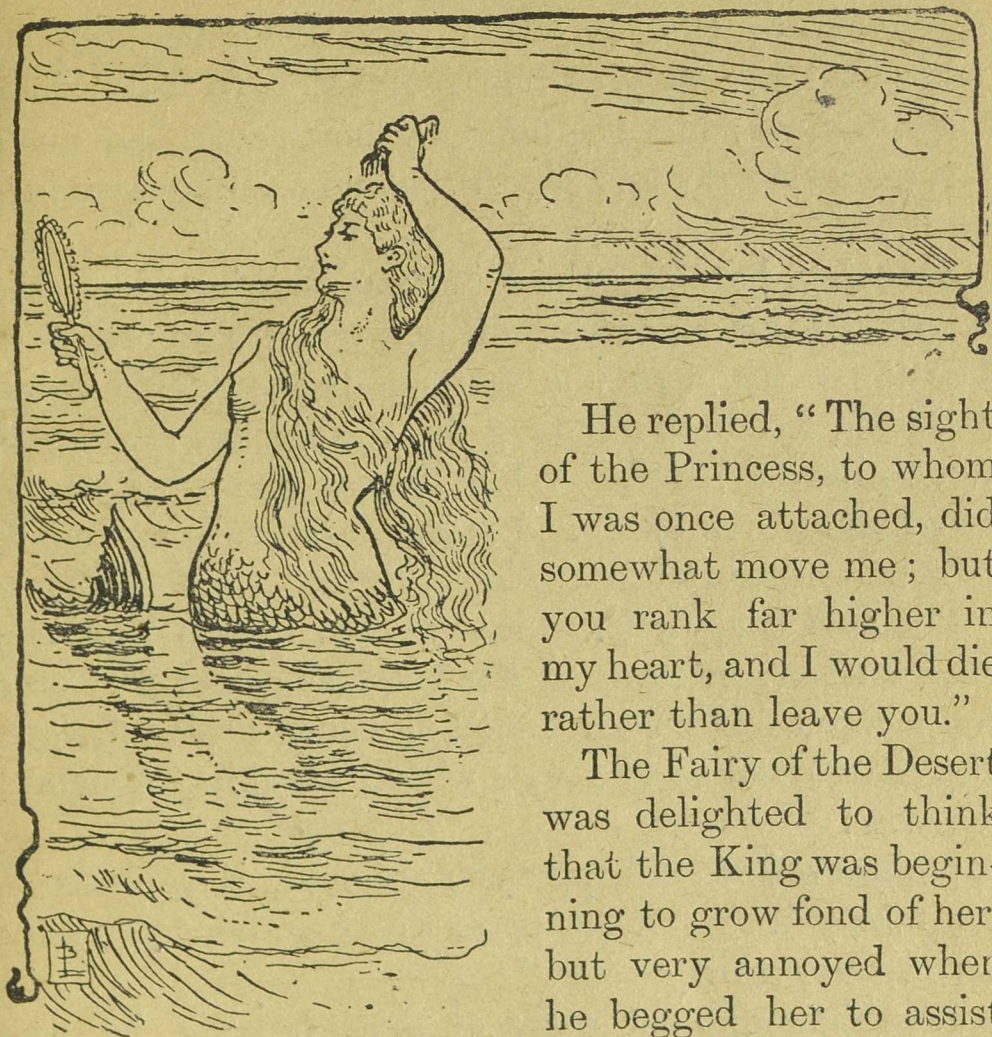
When the Fairy of the Desert heard him say this, she was delighted, and resolved to take him to a more pleasant place, so she made him get into her chariot, and flew away with him through the air.

They passed over a castle made of steel, the walls of which were made so hot by the sun's rays that they burnt up all who approached them. There the King saw his beloved Princess, lying on the bank of a stream and weeping bitterly. At that moment she raised her eyes and saw the King her lover pass with the Fairy of the Desert, who appeared to her just then as the most beautiful lady she had ever seen.

"What!" she said, "am I not miserable enough already but that I must also learn of the unfaithfulness of the King of the Gold Mines!"

The Fairy of the Desert had seen Toutebelle, and she tried to find out from the King how the sight of the Princess had affected him.





He replied, "The sight of the Princess, to whom I was once attached, did somewhat move me; but you rank far higher in my heart, and I would die rather than leave you."

The Fairy of the Desert was delighted to think that the King was beginning to grow fond of her, but very annoyed when he begged her to assist the poor Princess.

"Do you ask me," she said, "to use my skill against the Yellow Dwarf, my best friend, to take out of his hands a haughty Princess, whom I cannot but regard as my rival?"

The King sighed and made no answer. Soon they arrived at a magnificent palace; the walls were of transparent emerald, and the rooms in it hung with splendid silk.

Then the King did all in his power to make himself

agreeable to the old fairy, and little by little he persuaded her to give him permission to walk along the sea-shore; but the fairy, by her magic, had made the sea so stormy and rough that no one dared venture on it.

One day, however, the King was walking along the sea-shore thinking of Toutebelle, when he stopped, and, bending down, wrote a verse of poetry in the sand, declaring his undying love for the Princess whom he was to have married. While he was thus engaged, he heard the waves swell and splash, and, turning round, he saw a woman of marvellous beauty.

She had long hair, which covered her so that she needed no clothes, and in her hand she held a mirror and a comb. Her body ended in a long fish's tail with fins. As soon as she was within speaking distance, she said :

"I know how unhappy you are, and, if you like, I will take you away from here, where perhaps you may have to stay thirty years."

The King did not reply at first, because he was afraid it was perhaps the Fairy of the Desert in disguise. Then the Mermaid, as if she guessed his thoughts, said :

"Be not afraid; I am angry with the Yellow Dwarf and the Fairy of the Desert. I see your beautiful Princess every day, and I will save you if you will have confidence in me."

"I will do anything you tell me," said the King; "but if you have seen my Princess, pray give me some news of her."

“Do not let us lose time in talking. I will take you to the Castle of Steel, and leave on the sea-shore a figure which will resemble you so strangely that the fairy will be deceived.” Then she collected some sea-rushes, made a big bundle of them, and breathed on them three times, saying: “Sea-rushes, I command you to remain there on the sand without moving until the Fairy of the Desert comes to carry you off.”

The sea-rushes looked exactly like the King; they had on one of his coats, and were pale and feeble to look at, like the poor drowned King. Then the Mermaid made the King sit on her fish tail, and they sailed out to sea.

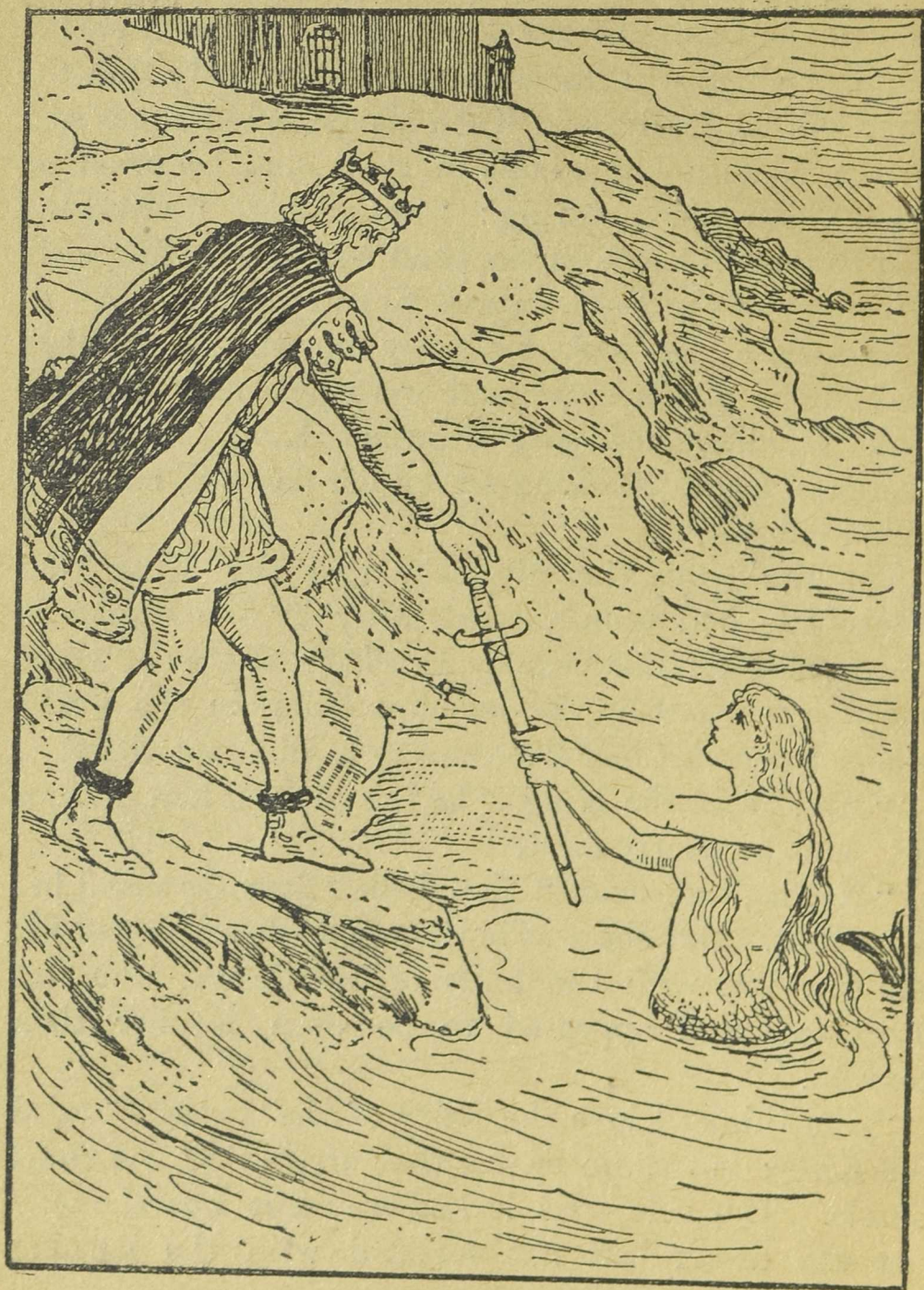
On the way, the Mermaid told the King that Toutebelle had been carried away by the dwarf, in spite of her terrible wounds, to the Steel Castle, where she was received by the loveliest ladies in the world, whom the dwarf had stolen away at different times.

“Ah!” said the King, “he has married her, I know it!” and he nearly fainted.

“No, no,” she said, “Toutebelle’s firmness saved her from that. But she was in the wood when you passed; she saw you with the Fairy of the Desert, who was disguised, and appeared to be even lovelier than herself!”

“She thinks I love the Fairy of the Desert!” cried the King; but as he spoke, they arrived at the Steel Castle. The side that looked seawards was the only one the dwarf had not fortified with the burning rays.

The Mermaid told the King he would find Toute-



"TAKE THIS SWORD," SAID THE MERMAID.

belle sitting by the side of the same stream where he had seen her when he passed, and she added :

“ You will have foes to conquer before you reach her. Take this sword, with which, provided you do not let it fall, you can do anything and brave the greatest dangers.”

The King thanked her very much indeed, and prepared to set out to look for his Princess.

Meanwhile, the Fairy of the Desert, seeing that her lover did not return, went to look for him, taking a hundred damsels with her, and carrying a present for him ; but what was her dismay when she saw the sea-rushes, so like the King of the Gold Mines that anybody might be deceived.

She uttered a terrible cry, and threw herself on the King's body, and wept aloud. Then she called her eleven sisters, fairies like herself, to help her to build a magnificent tomb for the drowned King.

But while they were busy looking for all the necessary things to immortalize the memory of the King whom they supposed to be dead, he was again thanking the Mermaid, who, after promising him her protection always, vanished from sight ; so he advanced towards the Steel Castle.

He walked with great strides, looking about for his dear Princess, when suddenly four sphinxes attacked him, and would have torn him to pieces if the diamond sword had not been as useful as the Mermaid foretold. It had scarcely glistened before the eyes of the monsters, when they fell down at his feet. After giving each of them a mortal wound, he advanced

further, and saw six dragons, each of which he cut in half.

Then he met twenty-four beautiful maidens, who asked him where he wished to go, and told him that they could not let him pass, for they were the guardians of the palace.

The King did not know what to do; he did not like to strike them with his sword, but he heard a voice say :

“Strike! strike! Spare no one, or you will lose the Princess for ever!”

So without answering the maidens, he rushed among them, scattering them in a moment, and at length entered the little wood where he had seen Tutebelle. She was still beside the stream, pale and ill.

At last the Princess drew back when she saw him, but he explained how everything had happened, and threw himself at her feet. In doing so he unfortunately dropped his famous sword. The Yellow Dwarf, who was hidden under a plant, no sooner saw it fall out of the King's hands, than, knowing its power, he seized it.

The Princess gave a heart-rending cry on seeing the little monster, which only served to annoy him the more, and he cried: “Now I am master of my rival's fate. But I will grant him his life, and permission to leave the palace, if you will consent to marry me.”

“Let me rather die a thousand deaths!” cried the unhappy King.

“Ah!” cried the Princess, “what more terrible than that you should die?”

"And what more frightful," replied the King, "than that you should become the victim of this monster?"

"Let us die together, then," she said.

"No, let me, my Princess, have the consolation of knowing that I die to save you."

"No, no! Rather do I consent to your wishes," she said to the Yellow Dwarf.

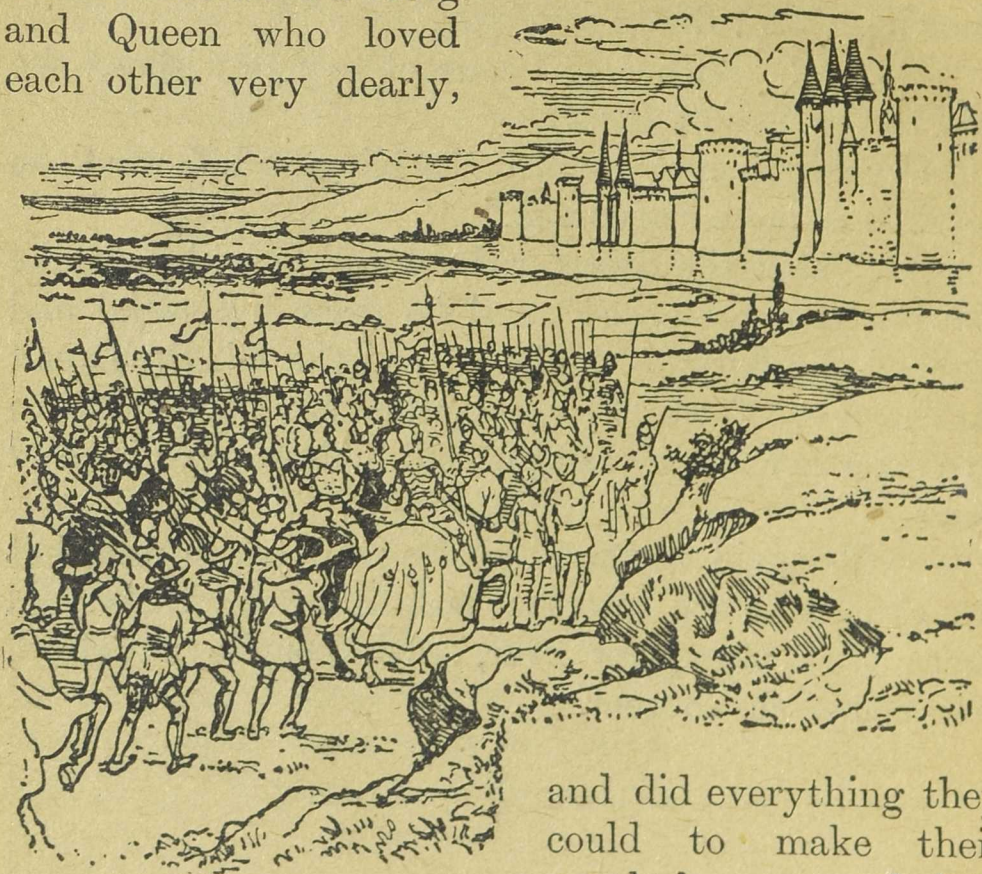
"Cruel Princess!" replied the King. "Life would be horrible to me without you."

"No," said the dwarf, "the wedding will not take place in your presence!" and he drew his sword and stabbed the King to the heart, and the King fell dead at the feet of the Princess, who, not being able to live after her lover was dead, fell lifeless over his dead body.

The Mermaid was so sorry for their tragic fate that she changed them into two beautiful palm trees; and there they stand for ever, with boughs entwined, embracing one another.

THE GOOD LITTLE MOUSE.

THERE once lived a King
and Queen who loved
each other very dearly,



and did everything they
could to make their
people happy ; and their
country was called the Land of Joy.

The King of the Land of Joy had a neighbour who was as different as possible from him. He was very cruel, and did nothing but make all his people unhappy ; and *his* country was known as the Land of Tears.

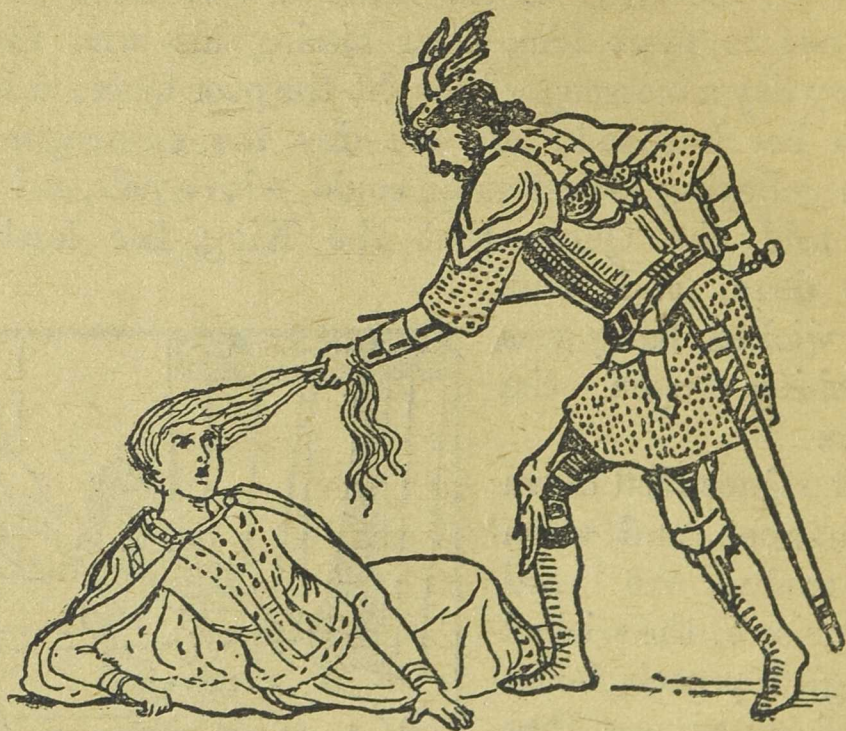
Now the King of the Land of Tears was very jealous of his neighbour, and invaded his country with a large army.

When the King of the Land of Joy heard this, he set out to meet him, after kissing his wife fondly. Every day a messenger brought the poor Queen a letter from her husband; but one day, the messenger was seen galloping as fast as he could, with a pale, sad face. He told the Queen that the King, her husband, was dead, and that the wicked King was marching upon the town.

The Queen fell down in a swoon, and when she revived she heard the noise of the wicked King's approach, for he killed every one that came in his way. The Queen ran and hid in her bed, but he came into her room and shouted to her, and when she never answered, he dragged her out of bed by her beautiful long hair and threw her over his shoulder and rode off to his own country on horseback.

At first he meant to kill her, but when he heard that the Queen was expecting to have a little child, he thought he would not kill her. "For," he said, "if it is a girl I will marry her to my son!" He sent for a wise fairy to come and tell him whether the





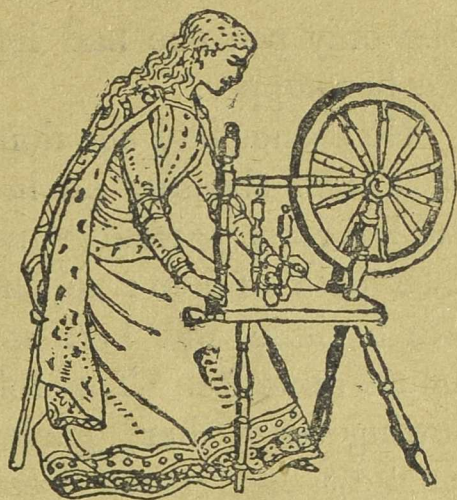
Queen's baby would be a boy or a girl, and the fairy was taken in to see her in her miserable room, where all she had to lie on was a mattress not worth a penny.

The fairy was very sorry for the poor Queen, and whispered, "Take courage; I hope to be able to help you." Then she told the King that the Queen would have a beautiful little girl.

"If she is not beautiful, I will tie her to her mother's neck and hang her to a tree!" said the wicked King as he left the room.

But the Queen was very unhappy to think that her pretty daughter would be given to the King's son, for he was a little monster. She was always thinking

and grieving about it as she sat spinning, for the King made her work all day long and all night long, and all she had to eat were three peas cooked in water, and a tiny



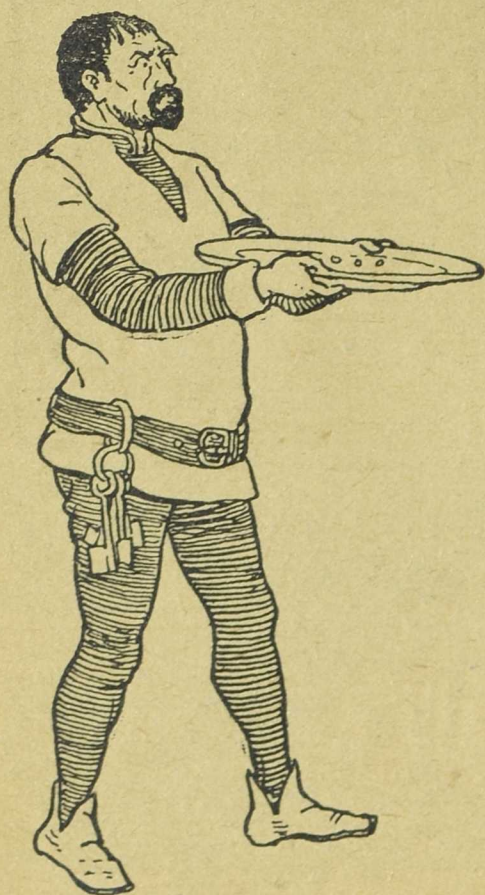
morsel of black bread; and so she became thinner and paler every day.

One evening, when she was spinning, a pretty little mouse came out of a hole, and danced about, and went through such funny antics that the Queen gave it



the only pea she had left for her supper.

No sooner had she done this than she saw on her table a roast partridge and two pots of jam; so she ate a little, but had not much appetite. The following day her gaoler brought her three peas on a large dish, and when the Queen was not look-



ing, the mouse ate them all up. "Oh, greedy mouse!" she said; "do you wish me to starve?" But just then she found the dish was full of good things. Then the mouse brought a piece of straw in its mouth, and then another piece, and it brought so much that the Queen thought she would make a basket, and let it down out of the window with her little girl in it. One day she went to look

out of the window to get some idea how far it was to the ground, and how long the cord would have to be, when she saw an old woman leaning on a staff, who said she would help her.

The Queen was delighted to think the old woman would take care of her little girl for her, and so she said, "If ever I am rich again, I will reward you!"

"I don't care about money," said the old woman, "but I do like a nice plump mouse to eat. If you have any in your garret, you might send them down to me."

"Alas!" said the Queen, "there is only one pretty little mouse comes into my room, and I could not kill it!" So the old woman went away, mumbling that she cared more for a mouse than for saving her daughter. The Queen could not hear what else she said, for she was hobbling away as fast as she could.

That night was born the prettiest little girl you could imagine, and the Queen put the baby into the basket, and fastened a card to it, on which was written: "This unhappy little girl is called Joliette."

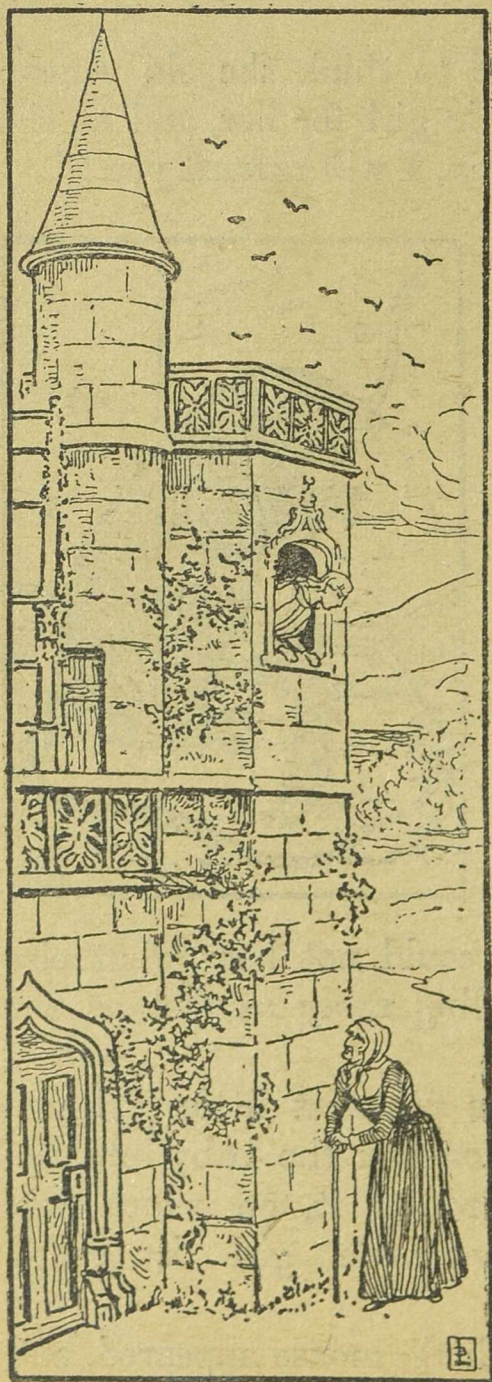
Just at that moment the little mouse appeared, and



told the Queen that she was a fairy, and would help her, and take care of her little daughter, on whom she

bestowed all sorts of good gifts. Then the mouse got into the basket with baby. It was lowered out of the window, and just when the poor Queen thought everything had gone all right, the fairy mouse came back in great distress to say that the child had been stolen by her enemy, Caucaline.

The poor Queen nearly died with grief. She was still sobbing when the gaoler came in. He hurried off and told the King that the Queen's child had been born; so the King hastened to the garret and demanded it. When he heard that a fairy had taken it away, he was so angry that he bit his nails until they bled, dragged the Queen into the garden, climbed a tree, and was going to hang her, when the invisible fairy



pushed him down and made him break four teeth. Then she took the Queen away to a beautiful castle. But in spite of all their efforts they could not find out where Caucaline had hidden Joliette.

Fifteen years passed, and then they heard that the wicked King's son was going to marry his turkey-herd—that is, the little girl who looked after the turkeys—and that she did not want to marry him at all. The little mouse went to try and find the girl, and found

her seated on a rock, dressed in coarse linen, and in front of her, lying on the ground, there were beautiful gowns, and diamonds and silver, and all sorts of pretty things; but the turkeys were trampling on them and spoiling them all. The wicked King's son, who was ugly and nearly blind and lame, was near her, and he was just saying,





THE KING'S SON AND THE TURKEY-HERD

“If you will not give me your heart I will kill you”; to which she answered proudly, “I will not marry you—you are too ugly!”

She was as beautiful as the sun, and the fairy changed herself into an old shepherdess and spoke to her. The little turkey-herd told her that they wanted her to leave her turkeys for a crown, but that she did not wish to do so. Then the fairy asked her where she had come from, and she told her that she had lived with Caucaline, who had treated her so badly, and beaten her so much, that she ran away. One day, in the wood, the wicked King’s son had seen her, and asked her if she would like to look after the turkeys, and that was how she had come there.

Then the fairy began to think that, perhaps, she might be the Princess Joliette for whom they had been looking all these years, and when she asked her name, and the beautiful girl answered “Joliette,” she nearly devoured her with kisses, and made her put on one of the beautiful dresses lying on the ground. Then Joliette shook out her fair hair, that was like the sun, and covered her from head to foot, falling in curls on the ground, and she looked very beautiful. The fairy told her who she was, and then hastened back to tell the Queen all that had happened.

Now, the wicked King’s son, when he heard Joliette’s reply, went home howling, and made such a noise under his father’s window that the King called out to know what was the matter. When he heard that his son was making such a row because the little turkey-herd would not love him, he said, “She must love you or

die!" and sent soldiers for her. When the soldiers arrived, they found a beautiful lady instead of the little turkey-herd, whom they expected to see. They took her to the palace and put her in prison, and just after she had been taken away, the fairy arrived with the Queen.

Without losing time, the fairy changed herself again into a mouse, and ran into the King's bedroom, where he was snoring in bed, and bit his ear and his nose dreadfully; then she ran and did the same thing to the son; then she ran back again and bit the King so that he screamed with pain. The son jumped out of bed and rushed into his father's room, and before either of them recognized the other they had killed each other.

Then Joliette was brought out of her dungeon and was soon in her mother's arms. The people made her Queen of the country, and in order that she should have a nice husband, the fairy went away and returned with the most charming Prince you could imagine, and they lived happily ever afterwards.



THE WHITE DOE IN THE WOOD.

THERE was once upon a time a very beautiful Queen, whose husband loved her tenderly. But in spite of being a Queen, and having almost everything that one could desire, this Queen was not really happy, for she had no children, and she longed to have a little child more than anything else in the world.

Now, in the country, some distance from the palace, there was a famous spring, where people used to go and pray for what they wanted. One day the Queen was sitting by the side of the water, moaning and crying, and saying how very much she wanted to have a little child, when suddenly a big lobster appeared to her, and asked her what she wanted.

The Queen told her how much she wanted a little child, and all at once the lobster turned into a very handsome old woman, who said she was the Fairy of the Spring, and that she would take her to the fairy palace and ask her sister fairies to help her.

Of course the Queen went, and the fairies received her very kindly, and promised that she should have a dear little girl, who would be very beautiful.

"You shall call her *Desirée*," said one of them, "for indeed you have wished for her for a very long time, and '*Desirée*' means '*wished for*.'"

After the fairies had shown her their splendid palace, she took her leave of them, and they presented her with a lovely bouquet of flowers, and told her that when she wished them to come, she must think of



THE SAD QUEEN AT THE SPRING.

each fairy, and take a flower out of the bouquet in her hand, repeating its name aloud.

When the Queen reached her own home again, every one was surprised at her appearance, for she was more beautiful than ever, and so gay and bright. The truth was that she felt so happy that she made every one else happy too. After a little time a beautiful little daughter was born to the King and Queen, who were delighted. The Queen wished the fairies to come to the christening, of course, and so she took out her bouquet and called them in the way they had told her. A splendid feast had been prepared, and she had costly gifts for each one.

While the merriment was at its height, the door opened, and the Fairy of the Spring again appeared in the form of a huge lobster. She was very angry, and said :

“ Ungrateful Queen ! you never invited me to come to the christening, and yet it was I who led you to my sisters, the fairies.”

The Queen was very distressed and very frightened, for the fairy was terribly angry.

“ Oh, I would not for worlds have forgotten you ! ” she cried. “ I thought I was naming you among the flowers ! ” and she begged the lobster to sit down, and ran and got her the most beautiful things she had and begged her to accept them.

But the lobster was very much offended, and said that if little Desirée saw daylight before she was fifteen years old she would repent it, and perhaps lose her life. After saying this the fairy-lobster disappeared.



THE WARRIOR PRINCE AND HIS FATHER, THE KING.

Then the Queen begged the fairies to advise her what to do, and one of them suggested that the Princess should be shut up in an underground building so that she could not possibly see daylight. The others thought this was an excellent idea, and they all gave three strokes of their wands, and in a second a splendid palace appeared. It was built of white marble, green outside; the ceilings and floors were of diamonds and emeralds, and the hangings and curtains were of pretty coloured velvet, beautifully embroidered by the fairies.

All the fairies dearly loved the little Princess, but one of them, Tulip, loved her better than all the rest, and she often came to see the Queen, begging her to be sure and not let Desirée see daylight till after her fifteenth birthday.

The years passed on, Desirée became more beautiful every day, and about three months or so before the day when she would be fifteen years old, and able to go out into the daylight, the Queen had her portrait painted, and sent copies of it to all the Courts in the world.

Now, there was a certain Prince, called the Warrior Prince on account of his bravery, who saw it, and fell so deeply in love with it that he used to shut himself up in his room, and talk to the portrait for hours; and he became quite ill, and his father was very anxious about him.

This Prince had a great friend named Becafigue, whom the King called one day into his private room.

"I am worried about my son," he said. "You must

find out why he shuts himself up like this in his own room, and then come and tell me."

Becafigue soon found out that the Prince talked to Desirée's portrait for hours at a time. He went and told the King, who called his son to him and said :

"My son, what is this I hear? You are making yourself the laughing-stock of the whole Court, because you shut yourself up and talk to a portrait."

Then the Prince said : "It is true, father, that I spend hours talking to a portrait. But it is such a beautiful face that I am sure you would be charmed with it."

The King reproved him for talking like this, but the Prince showed him the portrait, and then the King, too, thought it most beautiful.

Then the Prince threw himself at his father's feet, and said : "Father, it is the portrait of the Princess Desirée ; I love her dearly, and if you make me marry the Black Princess, whom you have chosen to be my wife, I feel I shall die !"

The King lifted up his son and said : "Indeed, Desirée is very beautiful, and I believe that if she came here it would make me young again to look at her. I will try and arrange the marriage, and alter the plans I was making with reference to the Black Princess."

The Prince was delighted when he heard this, and took great interest in the preparations of the embassy which was to be sent to ask the hand of the Princess Desirée for the Warrior Prince, for such was the name given to the Prince on account of his bravery in battle.

Becafigue was chosen to be the Ambassador, and he



DESIRÉE RECEIVES THE PRINCE'S PORTRAIT.

set out with a grand train. He had eighty coaches, shining with gold and diamonds, as well as fifty other coaches, and twenty-four thousand pages on horseback.

Becafigue loved his young master very tenderly, and on taking leave of him, the Prince said :

“Remember, Becafigue, my life depends on your bringing back this beautiful Princess to be my wife.”

When the news of this splendid procession reached the Court, the King and Queen talked over the question of what they should do. Tulip came and told them that the Ambassador must not on any account see Desirée, and so the King and Queen received the Ambassador very kindly, and told him their daughter's history, repeating that some dreadful misfortune would happen to her if she saw daylight before she was fifteen.

Becafigue was much troubled when he heard that the Princess could not accompany him, and that the Prince would have to wait for three months before the marriage could take place.

He showed the parents the Prince's portrait; it seemed to say in so many words, “Desirée, I love you fondly.” The King and Queen were charmed with it, and showed it to their daughter, who admired the handsome Prince very much, and told her mother that she thought she could be very happy as that Prince's wife.

When the Ambassador returned with the news that the Princess Desirée could not leave the palace for three months, the Warrior Prince was very unhappy. He fell ill, and grew weaker every day, and everybody

saw that he would die if he could not marry the Princess at once.

The King did not know what in the world to do. He would have gone himself to beg that the Princess might be allowed to marry his son at once, but that he was so old. However, he sent Becafigue again, and after much pleading, it was arranged that the Princess should go. She was to ride in a coach without windows, and the Ambassador promised that she should not see daylight until her fifteenth birthday had passed.

Accordingly the Princess set out, after taking leave of her father and mother, with her old governess, who was the mother of Long Thorn, one of the ladies who was to accompany her, and Gilliflower, another lady-in-waiting. Now, Long Thorn hated the Princess, for she had fallen desperately in love with the portrait of the Warrior Prince, but Gilliflower loved her mistress devotedly.

You remember the Black Princess was to have married the Warrior Prince, and, of course, she was very much offended when she heard that he would not marry her after all, and went to seek the advice of her godmother, who happened to be the Fairy of the Spring.

When the Fairy of the Spring heard her godchild's story, she exclaimed: "Desirée again! That girl is always causing me some trouble. You go home, and leave everything to me. I promise you I will avenge you." So the Black Princess went back to her own country.



A WHITE DOE SPRANG OUT OF THE COACH.

Meanwhile, the Princess Desirée and her ladies were journeying in the coach. It was terribly hot, and they were glad to hear that they had nearly reached the capital. Directly Long Thorn heard this, she took out a knife, and cut a hole in the side of the coach, so that the daylight streamed in. It was the first time Desirée had ever seen the light of day, and, lifting up her head, she gave a great sigh, then turned into a white doe, and jumped out of the coach and ran into a forest near by.

Just then the Fairy of the Spring sent a dreadful storm, so that all the attendants were scattered, and Long Thorn and her mother were left alone, for Gilliflower had run after the white doe.

But Long Thorn put on the Princess's most beautiful gown, and, accompanied by her mother, walked on towards the town.

They met part of the procession approaching, and asked the men to tell the King that the Princess Desirée was at hand, having lost all her attendants and horses in the storm.

When the Warrior Prince heard that his beloved Princess was really near, he was beside himself with joy, and asked eagerly how she looked.

But no one answered, and he rode quickly on until he saw the Princess. Then he nearly fainted, for she was the ugliest object you ever saw in your life. She was nearly as tall as a church-steeple, and had a long red nose.

The King was very angry too, when he saw her, and exclaimed :

"I'm not surprised that they shut you up for so many years !"

Long Thorn, of course, was offended, and said :

"How dare you insult me like this when I have come to marry the Prince. Perhaps my portrait *does* flatter me a little."

But no one paid any attention to her. Two of the soldiers picked her up, and her mother as well, and set them roughly behind them on their horses, and the procession returned.

The Prince was nearly out of his mind when he found that the beautiful Princess he had loved so devotedly did not exist, and he was so miserable that he could not bear to stay at the Court any longer, but ran away one day with his friend Becafigue.

Meanwhile, Desirée, who, instead of being a beautiful Princess, was now a beautiful white doe, lay under a tree, weeping over her sad fate.

"What will become of me?" she said ; "the wild beasts will eat me up."

Just then Gilliflower approached, and when the doe came up to her with streaming eyes, and fondled her, she was sure it must be her own Princess, and Gilliflower bent and caressed her.

While they were trying to comfort each other, Fairy Tulip suddenly appeared and said :

"Princess, although I am very angry with your mother for disobeying our commands, thereby bringing upon you this great misfortune, still I am very sorry indeed for you. I cannot remove the enchantment, but this I can do. Every night you shall resume your



"I AM NOT SURPRISED THAT THEY SHUT YOU UP."



A FRIEND APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

own shape, but when the morning comes, you will become a white doe again. If you go down that path"—she pointed to a narrow little path—"you will find a cottage. The woman there will allow you to stay with her." Then she disappeared.

They did as she told them, and found a little hut, kept by a pleasant-faced old woman, who allowed Gilliflower to have a nice room, and did not object to the white doe at all.

Now it happened that the Warrior Prince and his friend Becafigue wandered into the same forest, and while the Prince was resting, Becafigue went to try to find a shelter for the night. He came upon the hut, and the old woman told him that she could give him a place to sleep in. Well pleased that they would not have to sleep outside, he went back to his master.

The Prince told him that he had been chasing a beautiful white doe, which, however, ran so fast that he had not been able to catch up with it.

If the Prince had only known, it was the poor Princess Desirée whom he had been chasing till she was so tired that she had scarcely strength left to crawl home. She was so much later than usual that Gilliflower was alarmed, and still more so when the Princess told her that a huntsman had tried to catch her.

"You must not go out any more, Princess," she said; "you must stay with me."

"Alas!" said the Princess, "when I become a doe I cannot stay in a room—I feel I must run into the

forest!" And when the first glimpse of daylight came, Gilliflower opened the door, and the white doe darted away again into the forest.

That afternoon the white doe was roaming about, when she came upon the same huntsman who had chased her the day before. He was lying asleep near a stream, and she was able to go quite close and see his face.

Imagine her feelings when she recognized the same beautiful face she had seen in the portrait, and which she had grown to love so dearly.

"Alas!" she cried, "my fate is a bitter one. The Prince I love so dearly runs after me and seeks to kill me!"

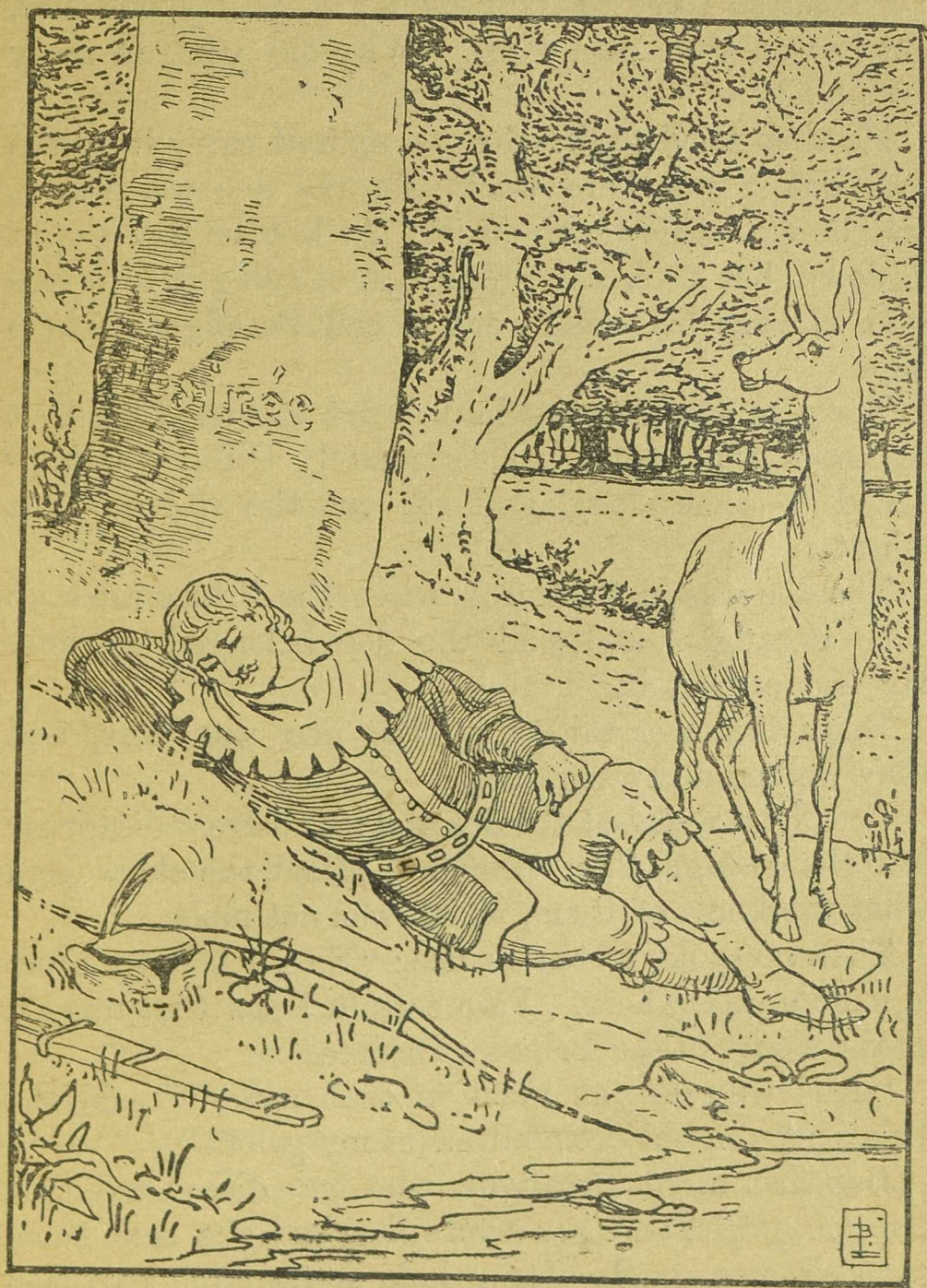
Just then the Prince woke up, very surprised to see the white doe near him. He spoke to it and petted it, saying he would take it home with him.

This alarmed the doe, for what, she thought, would happen when she turned into a Princess? and while he was fetching her some water, she darted away.

The Prince was very angry with the white doe for running away and leaving him, and told Becafigue that he intended to punish it, and would stay there till he caught it.

The following day he chased the doe for so many hours that it was so weary it could not run fast enough to keep out of the range of his arrows, and the Prince drew his bow, and wounded it in the foreleg, so that it fell to the earth.

When the Prince saw the pretty creature bleeding, he was very distressed, and said:



IT WAS THE BEAUTIFUL FACE SHE HAD SEEN IN THE PORTRAIT.

"I am so sorry to have hurt you, pretty creature, but it was your own fault. Why did you run away from me?"

He then tried to lift the doe up and carry it to the hut, but it was hard work; for the doe was heavy, and he was still weak and ill. At last he had to put it down, but took the precaution of tying it to a tree with ribbons before he went to call Becafigue to help him.

The poor Princess was in despair; she tried her best to break the knots, but fortunately Gilliflower happened to come along, and she cut the ribbons in a minute.

The doe was just set free, when the Prince came up with Becafigue, and said the doe belonged to him. He had caught it.

But Gilliflower said that the doe was hers, and they walked away together.

Becafigue watched the doe and its mistress disappear into the cottage, then went and asked the old woman what she knew of them, which was not much.

Then he spoke to the Prince: "Sire, I believe there is some mystery here. I am certain I saw that maiden at the Court of the Princess Desirée."

"Ah! why do you mention that name?" said the Prince; "you only remind me of my grief!"

But that night Becafigue, who had discovered that the young girl and her white doe had the next room to their own, made a tiny hole in the thin partition which separated them.

There he saw standing in the middle of the room a

most beautiful Princess, with eyes like stars, and long fair hair floating down to her feet. Gilliflower was kneeling before her trying to bind up a wound in her arm, which was bleeding.

"Alas!" the Princess was saying, "what have I done to deserve such a cruel fate? To lose the handsome Prince was not enough punishment, but the cruel fairy allows him to wound me when I appear in the shape of a white doe."

Directly Becafigue heard this he called the Prince to come and look.

The Warrior Prince, when he saw the original of the portrait he had loved so much, standing there alive, and ten thousand times more beautiful, thought he would die of joy. He motioned to Becafigue to follow him, and softly they left the room.

When a tap sounded on the door of Gilliflower's room, she said, "Come in," thinking it was the old woman, but instead a handsome young man came in, who threw himself at the feet of the Princess.

"Sweet Princess," he cried, "can you ever forgive me for causing that cruel wound? I think you would if you knew all I have suffered for love of you!"

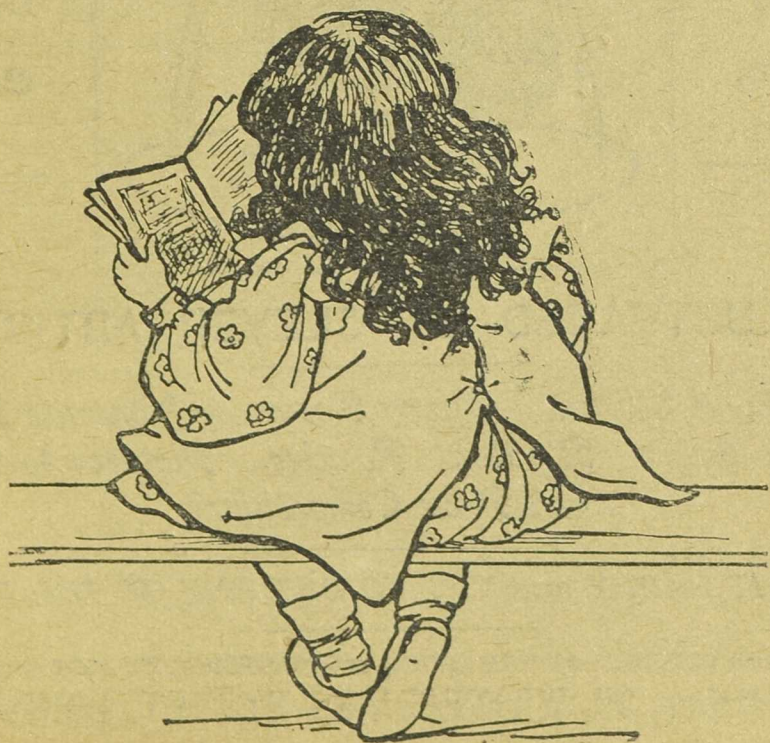
For a long time they talked of their great love, and the next day, to her delight, Desirée did not, as usual, turn into a doe. Their joy was great, as you can imagine, and they were just about to set out for the Warrior Prince's capital, when a great noise of trumpets was heard, and, going outside, they found the King, in a litter, marching with his army to punish the father of Desirée.



"SWEET PRINCESS, CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?"

At that moment the Fairy Tulip appeared, and, with a touch of her wand, dressed Desirée most magnificently, and told them that she it was who had sent the Prince into the forest, where he met the white doe, and that she, in the shape of the old woman, had taken care of them all.

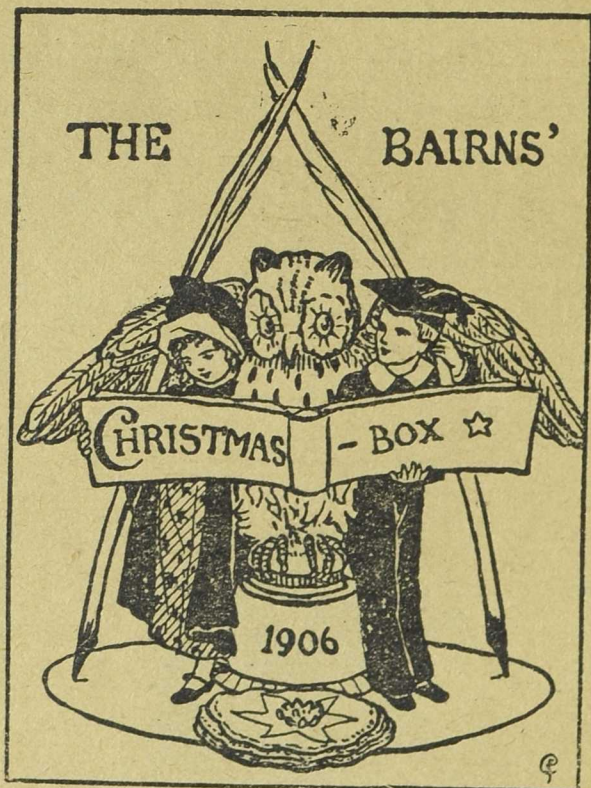
The Warrior Prince and Desirée thanked her a thousand times for all her kindness and care of them, and then the procession set out for the Prince's home, where the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, and at last the Warrior Prince was the husband of the beautiful Princess he loved so much ; and as he loved her more every day, they lived happily to the end of their lives.



THE BAIRNS' CHRISTMAS BOX

is Now Ready,
Price SIXPENCE.

It
 will
 please
 you
 very
 much.



Printed
 in
 Colours,
 with
 Dainty
 Cover.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLEVER ARTISTS.

*Entertaining Stories. Funny Poems. Nonsense Rhymes.
 Fairy Tales. Riddles. Puzzles. Pictures to Paint
 and Prize Competitions.*

ORDER IT EARLY and TRY TO GET ONE OF THE PRIZES.

Price SIXPENCE AT THE SHOPS, or EIGHTPENCE BY POST from
 The Publisher, 39, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BERMALINE BREAD

The Acme of Perfection.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
Indigestion ne'er encumbers
Those who live on BERMALINE.

BERMALINE BREAD Is partially pre-digested, and forms an ideal food for the invalid, the young, and the aged.

"Here is everything advantageous to life."—*The Tempest*, Act 2, Scene 1.

BERMALINE BREAD Positively prevents Indigestion, and its continued use will cure chronic Dyspepsia.

"Not a resemblance but a certainty."—*Measure for Measure*, Act 4, Scene 1.



Vapo-Cresolene

**For Whooping Cough,
Croup, Asthma,
Influenza, Coughs,
Colds.**

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. The sleeping room quickly becomes permeated with the germ-destroying vapour which is inhaled with every breath of the sleeping patient. CRESOLENE is a safeguard for those with a tendency to consumption or bronchitis.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Descriptive Pamphlet free from

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard Street, London.

GRADED READING BOOKS.

Edited by T. KIRKUP.

**A New Series of Illustrated
Reading Books for the School
and the Home,**

In which Favourite Fairy Tales, Fables, and Stories have been wisely edited, cleverly illustrated, and carefully graded to render them suitable for Supplementary Readers for children of varying ages.

Suitable for the Old Standard I.

**Æsop's Fables.
Holiday Stories.**

Suitable for the Old Standard II.

**Favourite Fairy Tales.
Little Snow White.**

Suitable for the Old Standard III.

**Animal Stories.
Fairy Tales from India.**

Limp Cloth. Price 4d. each, net; by post, 5d.

**STEAD'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
39, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.**

DON QUIXOTE.

120 Pages, with Pictures all the way through.

**Printed on Nice Paper and
Bound in Limp Cloth.**

PRICE EIGHTPENCE (post free).

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF
"BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS,"
39, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.



TINS

1/1½



CURE THE WORST COUGH

Get it at once !

Pears' Ready
Nov. 26th.

6^{d.}
only.

Annual

Containing

Two New Christmas Tales

and

Three Presentation Plates.

IN COLOURS.

1. THE SNOWBALL;
or, GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.
2. IL DOLCE FAR NIENTE
(SWEET IDLENESS).
3. THE CAUSE OF MANY TROUBLES.

With a beautiful Coloured Cover, being a miniature reproduction of Sir John E. Millais, P.R.S., famous painting, "BUBBLES."

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



To all our Bairns.

Have you seen the
Extra Christmas Number
which we have printed specially
for you. It is called


**The Bairns'
Christmas Box.**

PRICE SIXPENCE.

[See page 60.]

Cadbury's

COCOA



**"FOR STRENGTH, PURITY,
AND NOURISHMENT, THERE
IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO
BE FOUND."**

—Medical Magazine.

*A pamphlet on
Infant Feeding & Management
(48 pages), free.*

The Allenburgs' Foods

of all Chemists



*These Foods are most easy of
digestion and assimilation, and Children
thrive on them as on no other diet.*

Allen & Hanburgs Ltd.,
Lombard Street, LONDON.

MILK FOOD No 1
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No 2
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No 3
From 6 months upwards.