

STORIES FROM GRIMM



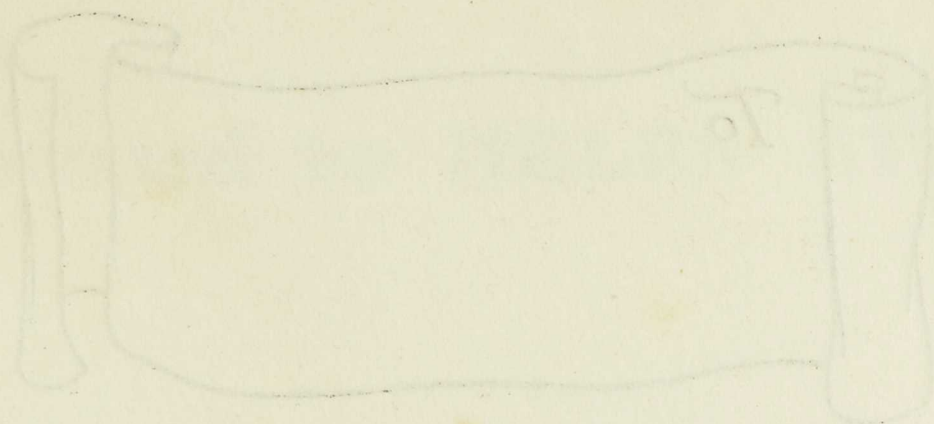
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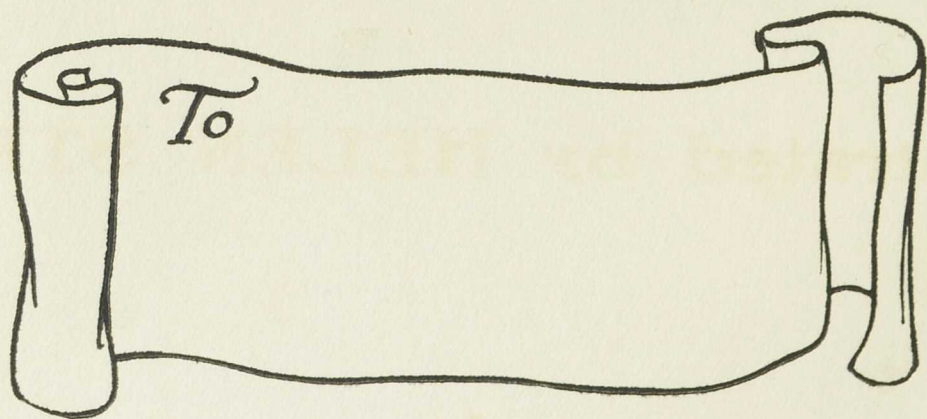
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From

A. B. P.

Stories from Grimm





STORIES FROM GRIMM

SELECTED AND EDITED FOR LITTLE FOLK



Illustrated by HELEN STRATTON

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Hansel and Grettel

HANSEL one day took his sister Grettel by the hand, and said, "Since our poor mother died we have had no happy days; for our new mother beats us all day long, and when we go near her, she pushes us away. We have nothing but hard crusts to eat; and the little dog that lies by the fire is better off than we, for he sometimes has a nice piece of meat thrown to him. Oh, if our poor mother knew how we are used! Come, we will go and travel over the wide world." They went the whole day walking over the fields, till in the evening they came to a great wood; and then they were so tired and hungry that they sat down in a hollow tree and went to sleep.

In the morning when they awoke, the sun had risen high above the trees, and shone warm upon the hollow tree. Then Hansel said, "Sister, I am very thirsty; if I could find a brook, I would go and drink, and fetch

HANSEL AND GRETTEL

you some water too. Listen, I think I hear the sound of one." Then Hansel rose up and took Grettel by the hand and went in search of the brook. But their cruel stepmother was a fairy, and had followed them into the wood to work them mischief: and when they had found a brook that ran sparkling over the pebbles, Hansel wanted to drink; but Grettel thought she heard the brook, as it babbled along, say, "Whoever drinks here will be turned into a tiger." Then she cried, "Ah, brother! do not drink, or you will be turned into a wild beast and tear me to pieces." Then Hansel yielded, although he was parched with thirst. "I will wait," said he, "for the next brook." But when they came to the next, Grettel listened again, and thought she heard, "Whoever drinks here will become a wolf." Then she cried, "Brother, brother, do not drink, or you will become a wolf and eat me." So he did not drink, but said, "I will wait for the next brook; there I must drink, say what you will."

As they came to the third brook, Grettel listened, and heard, "Whoever drinks here will become a fawn." "Ah, brother!" said she, "do not drink, or you will be turned into a fawn and run away from me." But Hansel had already stooped down upon his knees, and the moment he put his lips to the water he was turned into a fawn.

Grettel wept bitterly over the poor creature, and the tears also rolled from his eyes as he laid himself beside her. Then she said, "Rest in peace, dear fawn, I will never, never leave you." So she took off her golden necklace and put it round his neck, and plucked some



“BROTHER, BROTHER, DO NOT DRINK!”

HANSEL AND GRETTEL

rushes and plaited them into a soft string to fasten to it; and then she led him farther into the wood.

After they had travelled a long way, they came at last to a little cottage; and Grettel, seeing that it was quite empty, thought to herself, "We can live here". Then she gathered leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn: and every morning she went out and plucked nuts, roots, and berries for herself, and sweet shrubs and tender grass for her companion; and he ate out of her hand, and was pleased, and played and frisked about her. In the evening, when Grettel was tired, and had said her prayers, she laid her head upon the fawn for her pillow, and slept: and if poor Hansel could but have his right form again, they thought they might lead a very happy life.

They lived thus a long while in the wood by themselves, till it chanced that the king of that country came to hold a great hunt. And when the fawn heard all around the echoing of the horns, and the baying of the dogs, and the merry shouts of the huntsmen, he wished very much to go and see what was happening. "Ah, sister, sister!" said he, "let me go out into the wood. I can stay no longer." And he begged so long, that she at last agreed to let him go. "But," said she, "be sure to come to me in the evening. I shall shut up the door to keep out those wild huntsmen; and if you tap at it, and say, 'Sister, let me in', I shall know you; but if you don't speak, I shall keep the door fast." Then away sprang the fawn, and frisked and bounded along in the open air. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful creature, and followed, but could not over-

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Stratton



HANSEL IS TURNED INTO A FAWN

HANSEL AND GRETTEL

take him; for, when they thought they were sure of their prize, he sprang over the bushes and was out of sight in a moment.

As it grew dark he came running home to the hut, and tapped, and said, "Sister, sister, let me in." Then she opened the little door, and in he jumped.

Next morning the hunt began again; and when he heard the huntsmen's horns, he said, "Sister, open the door for me, I must go again." Then she let him out, and said, "Come back in the evening, and remember what you are to say." When the king and the huntsmen saw the fawn with the golden collar again, they gave him chase; but he was too quick for them. At last, however, one of the huntsmen wounded him in the foot, so that he became sadly lame and could hardly crawl home. The man who had wounded him followed close behind, and hid himself, and heard the little fawn say, "Sister, sister, let me in": upon which the door opened and soon shut again. The huntsman marked all well, and went to the king and told him what he had seen and heard. Then the king said, "To-morrow we will have another chase."

Grettel was very much frightened when she saw that her dear little fawn was wounded; but she washed the blood away and put some healing herbs on him, and said, "Now go to bed, dear fawn, and you will soon be well again." The wound was so small, that in the morning there was nothing to be seen of it; and when the horn blew, the little creature said, "I can't stay here, I must go and look on; I will take care that none of them shall catch me." But Grettel said, "I am sure they will kill



“SISTER, SISTER, LET ME IN!”

HANSEL AND GRETTEL

you this time, I will not let you go." "I shall die of vexation," answered he, "if you keep me here: when I hear the horns, I feel as if I could fly." Then Grettel had to let him go; so she opened the door with a heavy heart, and he bounded out gaily into the wood.

When the king saw him he said to his huntsmen, "Now, chase him all day long till you catch him; but let none of you do him any harm." The sun set, however, without their being able to overtake him, and the king called away the huntsmen, and said to the one who had watched, "Now come and show me the little hut." So they went to the door and tapped, and said, "Sister, sister, let me in." Then the door opened and the king went in.

Grettel was very frightened to see that it was not her fawn, but a king with a golden crown that was come into her hut: however, he spoke kindly to her, and took her hand, and said, "Will you come with me to my castle and be my wife?" "Yes," said the maiden; "but my fawn must go with me." "Well," said the king, "he shall come and live with you all your life, and want for nothing." Just at that moment in sprang the fawn; and his sister tied the string to his neck, and they left the hut together.

Then the king took Grettel to his palace, and celebrated the marriage in great state; and for a time they were very, very happy. But, when a little son came to them, the wicked fairy heard of Grettel's good fortune, and was very angry. So she set about thinking of some way to do further harm; and cunningly managed to put her ugly daughter in Grettel's place as queen, and to keep the king from



THE KING FINDS GRETTEL

HANSEL AND GRETTEL

knowing of the change. One night, however, after the real queen had stolen into the palace nursery to look at her little boy, and the fawn which lay in one corner of the room, the nurse told the king of what had happened. Next night the king watched, and when Grettel came in recognized her as his lovely queen, and thus broke the spells woven by the wicked fairy. When the king heard of the evil done by the fairy and her daughter, he said that they should both die. And with their death the fawn changed again into Hansel, who lived happily with his sister ever afterwards.





Mother Holle

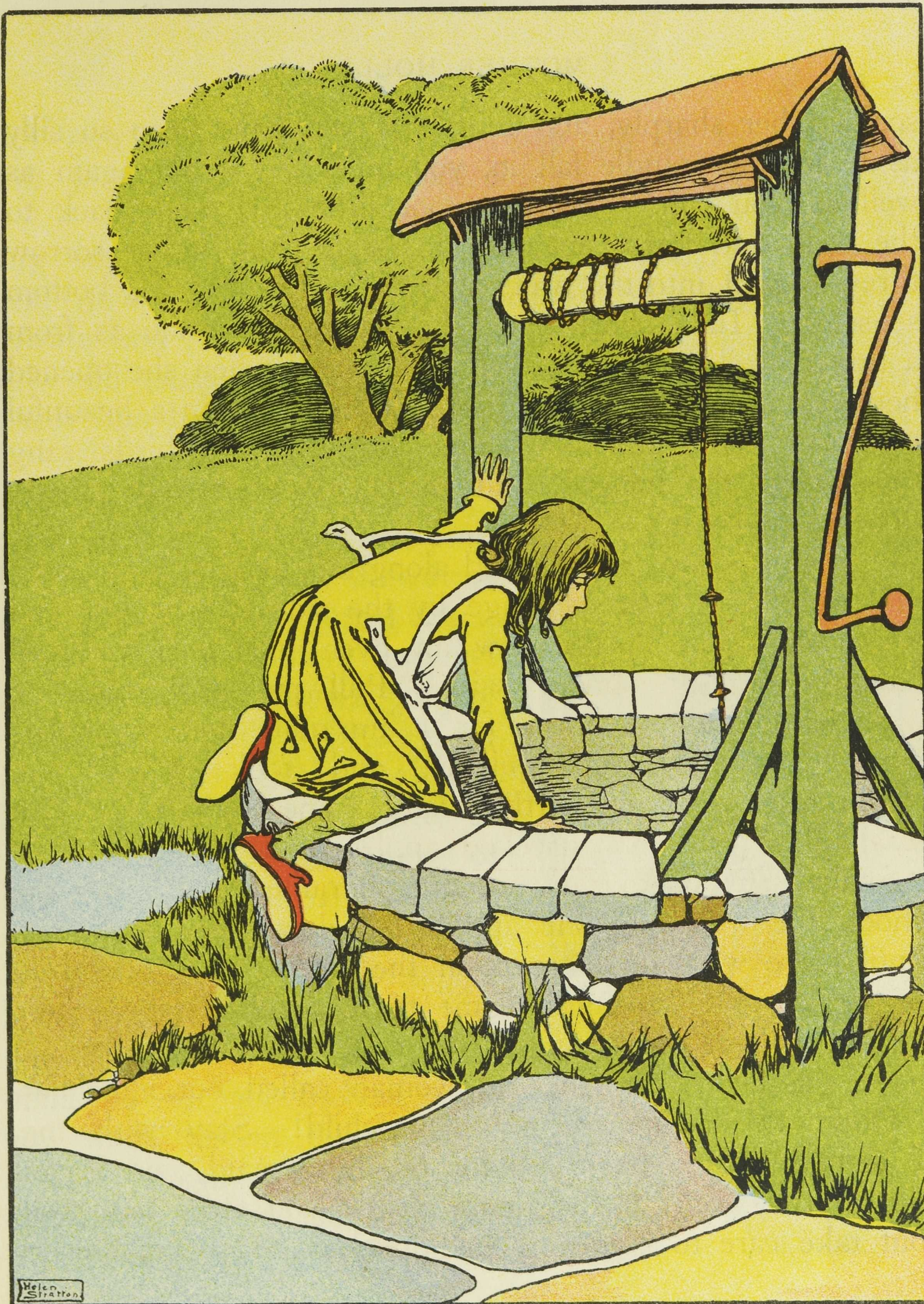
A WIDOW had two daughters; one of them was very pretty and thrifty, but the other was ugly and idle.

Odd as you may think it, she loved the ugly and idle one much the better, and the other was made to do all the work, and was, in short, quite the drudge of the whole house. Every day she had to sit on a bench by a well at the side of the road before the house, and spin so much that her fingers were quite sore, and at length the blood would come. Now it happened that once when her fingers had bled and the spindle was all bloody, she dipt it into the well to wash it, but unluckily it fell from her hand and dropt in. Then she ran crying to her mother, and told her what had happened; but her mother

MOTHER HOLLE

scolded her sharply, and said, "If you have been so silly as to let the spindle fall in, you must get it out again as well as you can." So the poor little girl went back to the well, and knew not how to begin, but in her sorrow threw herself into the water and sank down to the bottom senseless. In a short time, she seemed to wake as from a trance, and came to herself again; and when she opened her eyes and looked around, she saw she was in a beautiful meadow, where the sun shone brightly, the birds sang sweetly on the boughs, and thousands of flowers sprang beneath her feet.

Then she rose, and walked along this delightful meadow, and came to a pretty cottage by the side of a wood; and when she went in she saw an oven full of new bread baking, and the bread said, "Pull me out! pull me out! or I shall be burnt, for I am quite done enough!" So she stepped up quickly, and took it all out. Then she went on farther, and came to a tree that was full of fine, rosy-cheeked apples, and it said to her, "Shake me! shake me! we are all quite ripe!" So she shook the tree, and the apples fell down like a shower, until there were no more upon the tree. Then she went on again, and at length came to a small cottage where an old woman was sitting at the door: the little girl would have run away, but the old woman called out after her, "Don't be frightened, my dear child! Stay with me. I should like to have you for my little maid, and if you do all the work in the house neatly you shall fare well; but take care to make my bed nicely, and shake it every



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THE LITTLE GIRL GOES TO FIND HER SPINDLE

MOTHER HOLLE

morning out at the door, so that the feathers may fly, for then the good people below say it snows. I am Mother Holle."

As the old woman spoke so kindly to her, the girl was willing to do as she said; so she stayed with her, and took care to do everything to please her, and always shook the bed well, so that she led a very quiet life with her, and every day had good meat, both boiled and roast, to eat for her dinner.



But when she had been some time with the old lady, she became sorrowful, and although she was much better off there than with her own mother, still she had a longing towards home, and at length said to her mistress, "I used to grieve at my troubles at home, but if they were all to come again, and I were sure of faring ever so well here, I could not stay any longer." "You are right," said her mistress; "you shall do as you like; and as you have worked for me so faithfully, I will myself show you the way back again." Then she took her by the hand and led her behind the cottage, and

MOTHER HOLLE

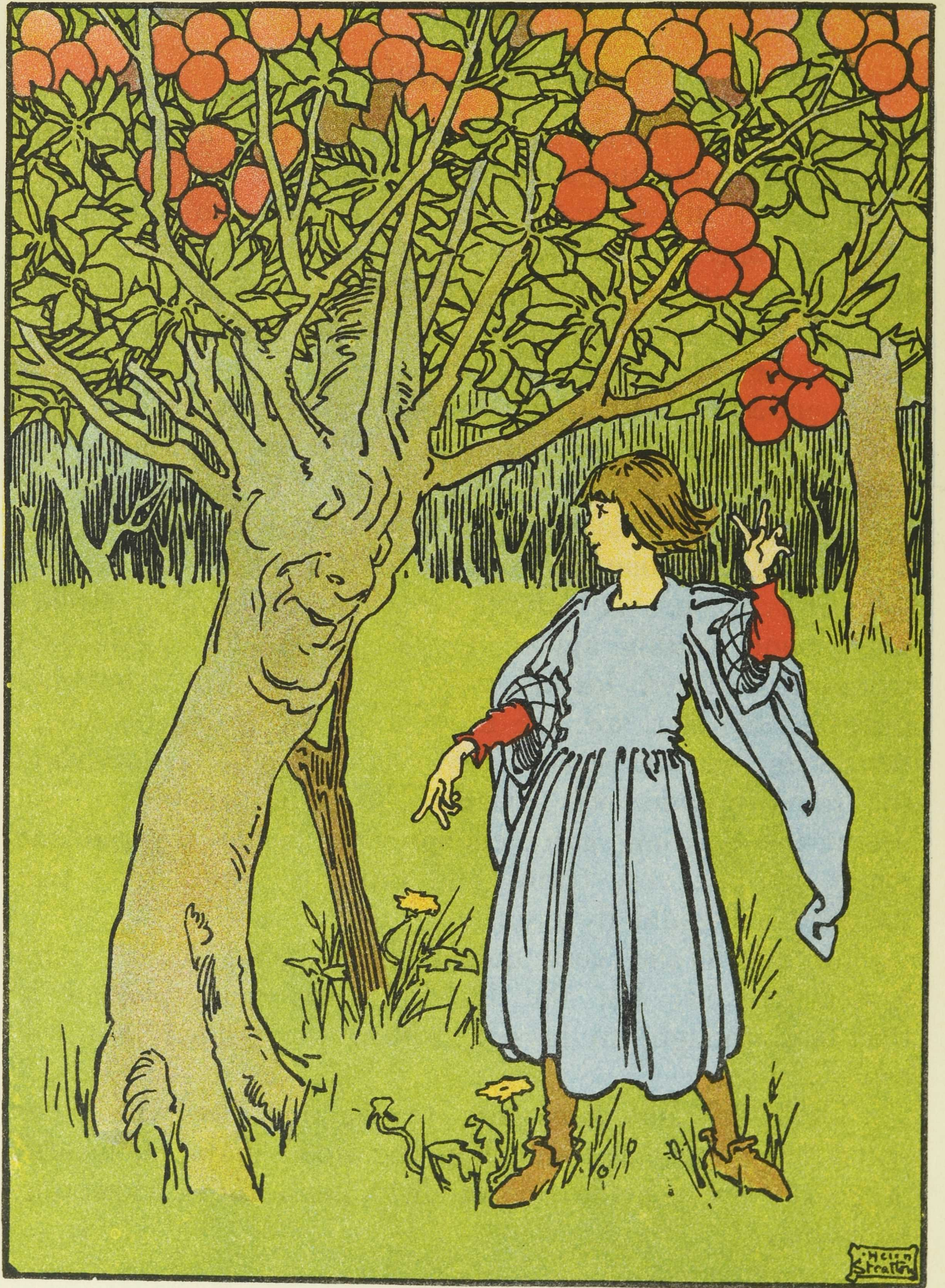
opened a door; and as the girl stood underneath there fell a heavy shower of gold, so that she held out her apron and caught a great deal of it. And the fairy put a shining golden dress over her, and said, "All this you shall have because you have behaved so well;" and she gave her back the spindle, too, which had fallen into the well, and led her out by another door. When it shut behind her, she found herself not far from her mother's house; and as she went into the courtyard the cock sat upon the well-head, and clapt his wings, and cried out—



“Cock a-doodle-doo!

Our golden lady's come home again!”

Then she went into the house, and as she was so rich she was welcomed home. When her mother heard how she got these riches, she wanted to have the same luck for her ugly and idle daughter, so she too was told to sit by the well and spin. That her spindle might be bloody, she pricked her fingers with it, and when



"SHE SOON CAME TO THE APPLE-TREE"

MOTHER HOLLE

that would not do she thrust her hand into a thorn-bush. Then she threw the spindle into the well and sprang in herself after it. Like her sister, she came to a beautiful meadow, and followed the same path. When she came to the oven in the cottage, the bread called out as before, "Take me out! take me out! or I shall burn; I am quite done enough!" But the lazy girl said, "A pretty story, indeed! as if I should dirty myself for you!" and went on her way. She soon came to the apple-tree that cried, "Shake me! shake me! for my apples are quite ripe!" But she answered, "I will take care how I do that, for one of you might fall upon my head;" so she went on. At length she came to Mother Holle's house, and readily agreed to be her maid. The first day she behaved herself very well, and did what her mistress told her, for she thought of the gold she would be given; but the second day she began to be lazy, and the third became still more so, for she would not get up in the morning early enough, and when she did she made the bed very badly, and did not shake it so that the feathers would fly out.

Mother Holle very quickly grew tired of her, and turned her off; but the lazy girl was quite pleased at that, and thought to herself, "Now the golden rain will come".

Then the fairy took her to the door by which her sister had gone out; but when she stood under it, instead of gold a great kettle full of dirty pitch came showering upon her.

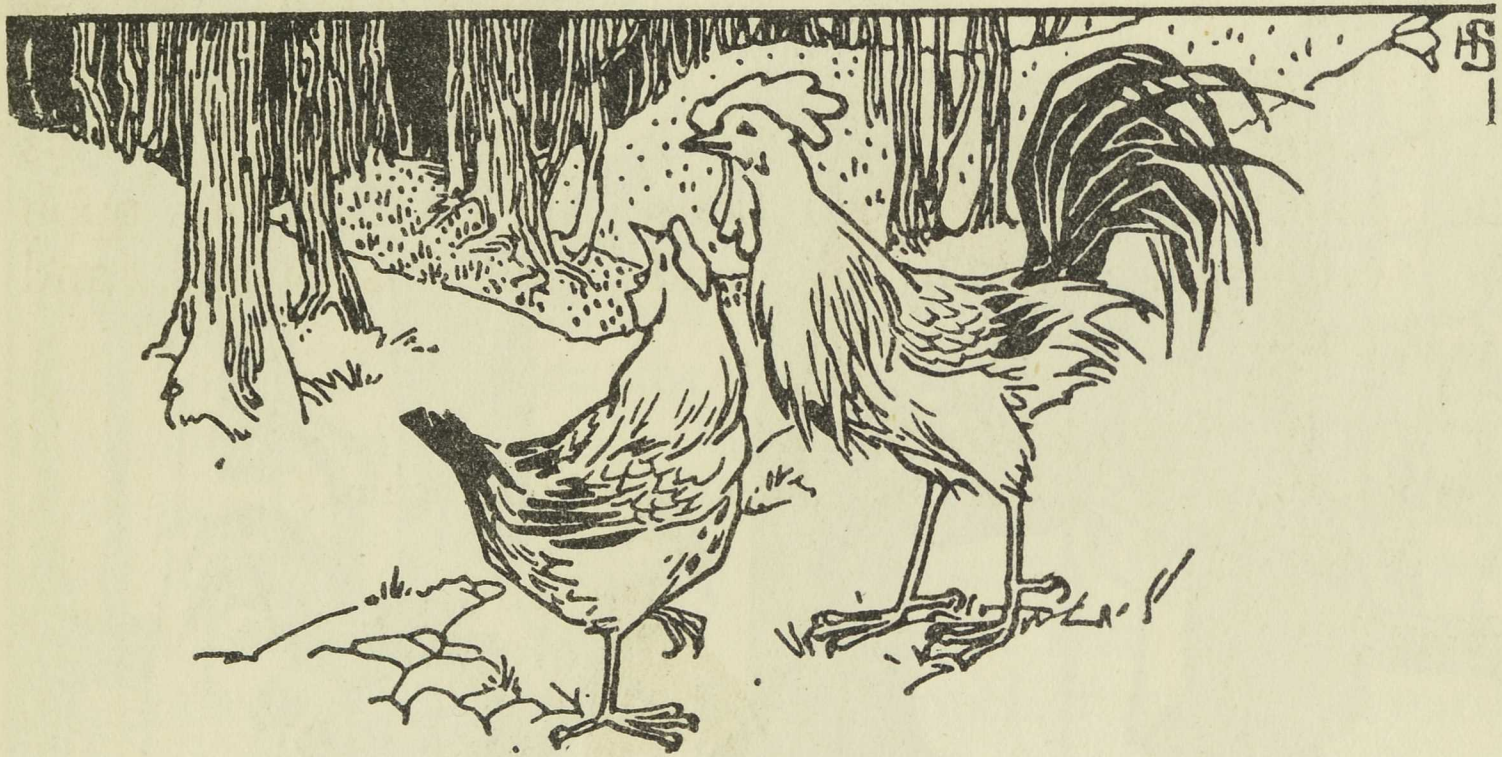
MOTHER HOLLE

“That is your wages,” said Mother Holle, as she shut the door upon her.

So she went home quite black with the pitch; and as she came near her mother's house the cock, sitting upon the well, saw her coming, and clapt his wings, and cried out—

“Cock a-doodle-doo!
Our dirty slut's come home again!”





The Adventures Of Chanticleer and Partlet

1. How they went to the Mountains to eat Nuts

THE nuts are quite ripe now," said Chanticleer to his wife Partlet; "suppose we go together to the mountains, and eat as many as we can, before the squirrel takes them all away." "With all my heart," said Partlet; "let us go and make a holiday of it together."

So they went to the mountains; and as it was a lovely day, they stayed there till the evening. Now, whether it was that they had eaten so many nuts that they could not walk, or whether they were lazy and would not, I do not know: however, they took it into their heads that it was not proper for them to go home



CHANTICLEER GIVES THE INNKEEPER AN EGG

CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET

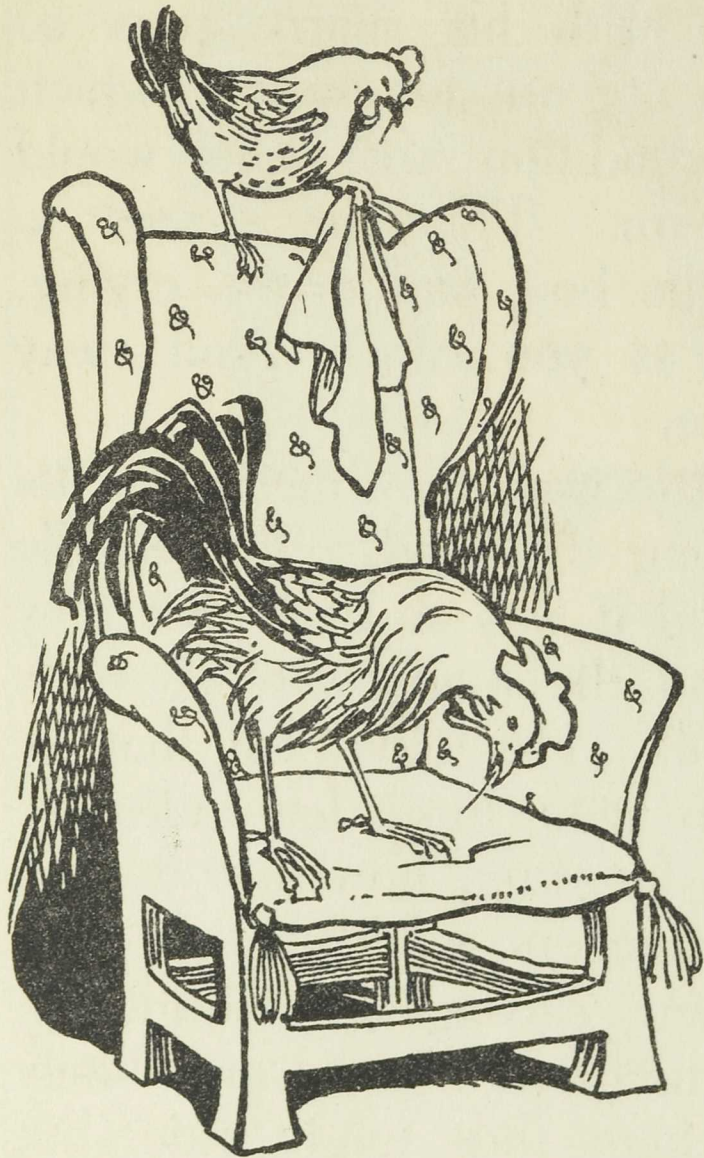
on foot. So Chanticleer began to build a little carriage of nutshells: and when it was finished, Partlet jumped into it and sat down, and bid Chanticleer harness himself to it and draw her home. "That's a good joke!" said Chanticleer; "no, that will never do; I had much rather walk home; I'll sit on the box and be coachman, if you like, but I'll not draw." While this was passing, a duck came quacking up and cried out, "You thieving vagabonds, what business have you in my grounds? I'll teach you not to come back again!" And with that she fell upon Chanticleer most lustily. But Chanticleer was no coward, and returned the duck's blows with his sharp spurs so fiercely, that she soon began to cry out for mercy; which was only granted her upon condition that she would draw the carriage home for them. This she agreed to do; and Chanticleer got upon the box, and drove, crying, "Now, Duck, get on as fast as you can." And away they went at a pretty good pace.

After they had travelled a little way, they met a needle and a pin walking together along the road. The needle cried out "Stop! stop!" and said it was so dark that they could hardly find their way, and the roads were so dirty that they could not get on at all. He told them that he and his friend, the pin, had been at an inn a few miles off, and had sat there till they had forgotten how late it was; he begged therefore that the travellers would be so kind as to give them a lift in their carriage. Chanticleer, observing that they were but thin fellows, and not likely to take up much room, told them they might ride, but

CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET

made them promise not to dirty the wheels of the carriage in getting in, nor to tread on Partlet's toes.

At last they arrived at an inn; and as it was bad travelling in the dark, and the duck seemed much tired, and waddled about a good deal from one side to the other, they made up their minds to fix their quarters there. But the landlord at first was unwilling, and said his house was full, thinking they might not be very respectable company. However, they spoke civilly to him, and gave him the egg which Partlet had laid by the way, and said they would give him the duck, who was in the habit of laying one every day. So at last he let them come in, and they ordered a handsome supper, and spent the evening very gaily.

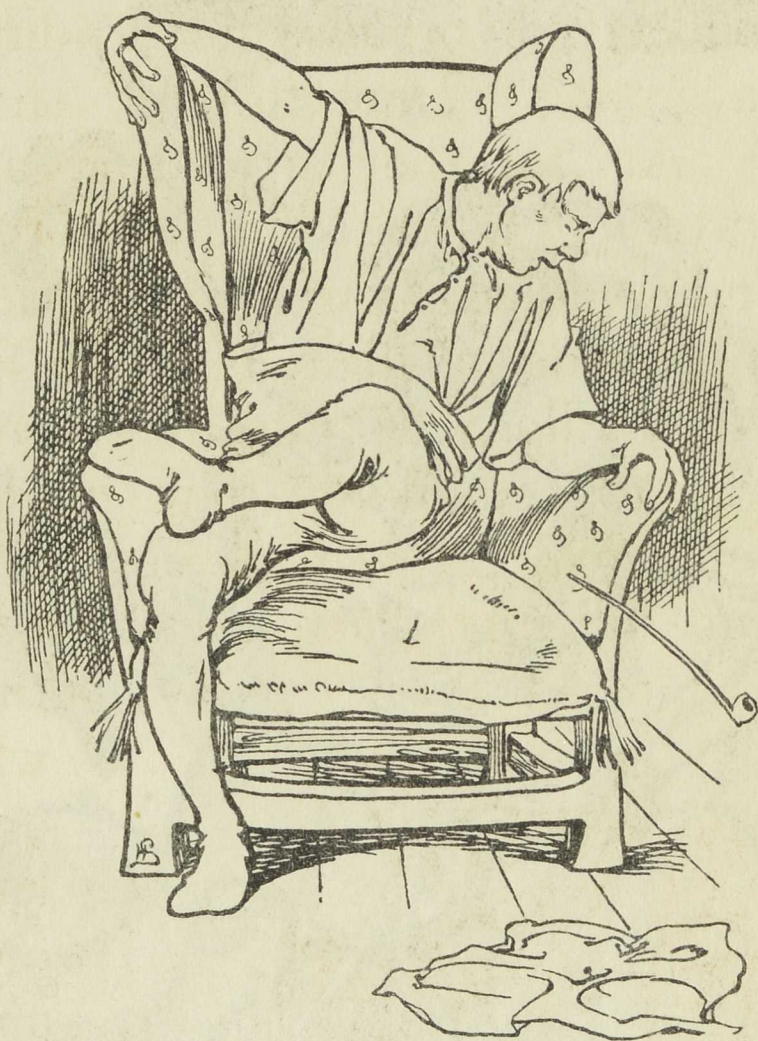


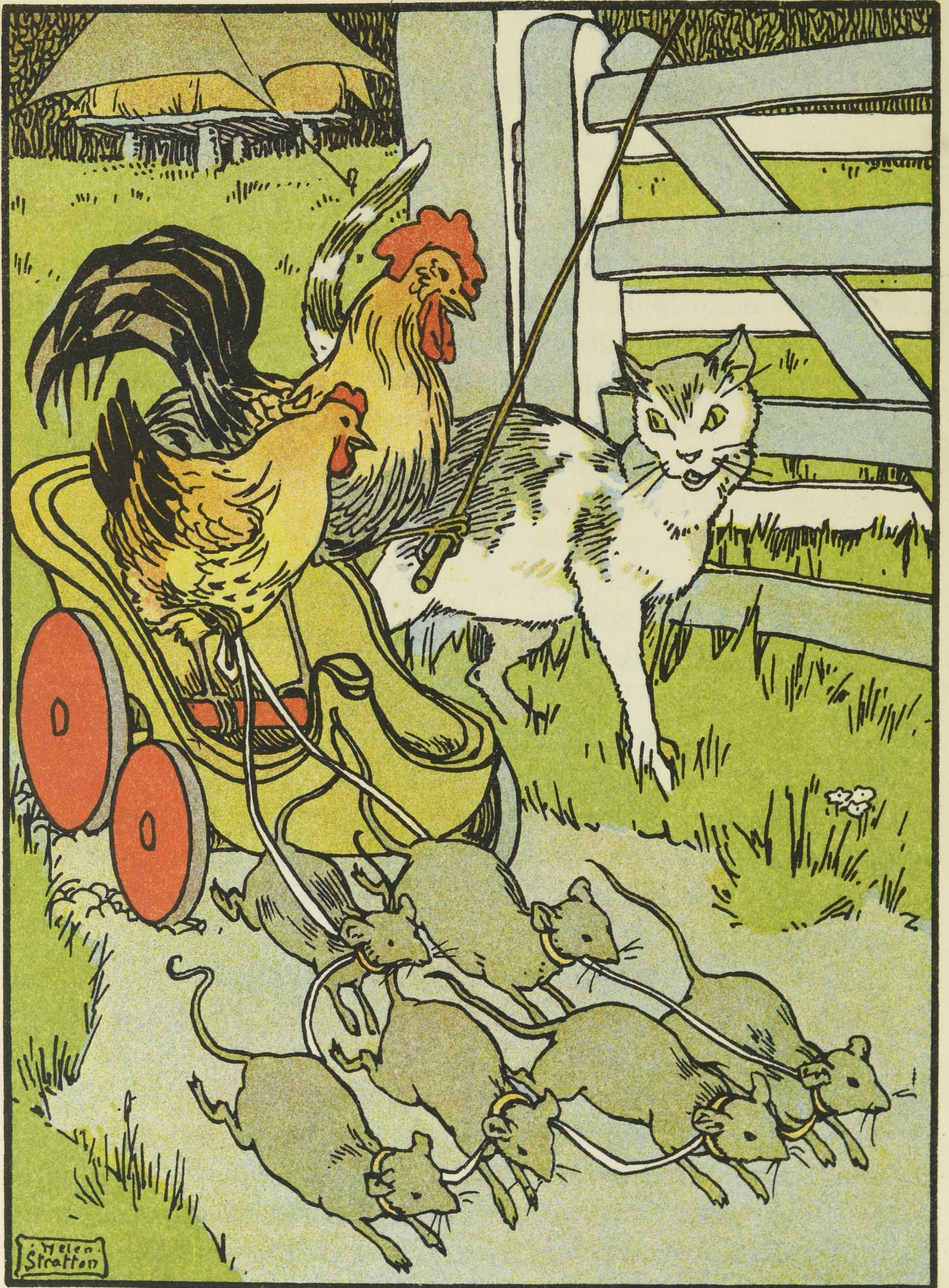
Early in the morning, before it was quite light, and when nobody was stirring in the inn, Chanticleer awakened his wife, and, fetching the egg, they pecked a hole in it, ate it up, and threw the shells into the fireplace. They then went to the pin and needle, who were fast asleep, and, seizing them by their heads, stuck one into the landlord's

CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET

easy-chair, and the other into his handkerchief; and having done this, they crept away as softly as possible. However, the duck, who slept in the open air in the yard, heard them coming, and jumping into the brook which ran close by the inn, soon swam out of their reach.

An hour or two afterwards the landlord got up, and took his handkerchief to wipe his face, but the pin ran into him and pricked him. Then he walked into the kitchen to light his pipe at the fire, but when he stirred the embers the egg-shells flew into his eyes and almost blinded him. "Bless me!" said he, "all the world seems to have a design against my head this morning!" And so saying, he threw himself sulkily into his easy-chair; but, oh dear! the needle ran into him. He now flew into a very great passion, and, suspecting the company who had come in the night before, he went to look after them, but they were all off. So he vowed that he would never again take in such a troop of vagabonds, who ate a great deal, paid no reckoning, and gave him nothing for his trouble but their apish tricks.





“SOON AFTERWARDS A CAT MET THEM”

CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET

2. *How Chanticleer and Partlet went to visit Mr. Korbes*

Another day, Chanticleer and Partlet wished to ride out together; so Chanticleer built a handsome carriage with four red wheels, and harnessed six mice to it; and then he and Partlet got into the carriage, and away they drove. Soon afterwards a cat met them, and said, "Where are you going?" And Chanticleer replied,

"All on our way,
A visit to pay
To Mr. Korbes, the fox, to-day."

Then the cat said, "Take me with you." Chanticleer said, "With all my heart: get up behind, and be sure you do not fall off.

"Take care of this handsome coach of mine,
Nor dirty my pretty red wheels so fine!
Now, mice, be ready,
And, wheels, run steady!
For we are going a visit to pay
To Mr. Korbes, the fox, to-day."

Soon after they overtook a mill-stone, an egg, a duck, and a pin; and Chanticleer gave them all leave to get into the carriage and go with them.

When they arrived at Mr. Korbes's house, he was not at home; so the mice drew the carriage into the coach-house, Chanticleer and Partlet flew upon a beam, the cat sat down in the fireplace, the duck got into the washing-tub, the pin stuck himself into the bed-pillow, the

CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET

mill-stone laid himself over the house-door, and the egg rolled herself up in the towel.

When Mr. Korbes came home, he went to the fireplace to make a fire; but the cat threw all the ashes in his eyes: so he ran to the kitchen to wash himself; but there the duck splashed all the water in his face; and when he tried to wipe himself with the towel, the egg broke to pieces all over his face and eyes. Then he was very angry, and went without his supper to bed; but when he laid his head on the pillow, the pin ran into his cheek. At this he became quite furious, and, jumping up, would have run out of the house; but when he came to the door, the mill-stone fell on his head, and killed him.



CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET



3. How Partlet died and was buried, and how Chanticleer died of grief

Another day Chanticleer and Partlet agreed to go again to the mountains to eat nuts; and it was settled that all the nuts which they found should be shared equally between them. Now Partlet found a very large nut; but she said nothing about it to Chanticleer, and kept it all to herself. However, it was so big that she could not swallow it, and it stuck in her throat. Then she was in a great fright,

CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET

and cried out to Chanticleer, "Pray run as fast as you can, and fetch me some water, or I shall be choked." Chanticleer ran as fast as he could to the river, and said, "River, give me some water, for Partlet lies on the mountain, and will be choked by a great nut." The river said, "Run first to the bride, and ask her for a silken cord to draw up the water." Chanticleer ran to the bride, and said, "Bride, you must give me a silken cord, for then the river will give me water, and the water I will carry to Partlet, who lies on the mountain, and will be choked by a great nut." But the bride said, "Run first, and bring me my garland that is hanging on a willow in the garden." Then Chanticleer ran to the garden, and took the garland from the bough where it hung, and brought it to the bride; and then the bride gave him the silken cord, and he took the silken cord to the river, and the river gave him water, and he carried the water to Partlet. But in the meantime she was choked by the great nut, and lay quite dead, and never moved any more.

Then Chanticleer was very sorry, and cried bitterly; and all the beasts came and wept with him over poor Partlet. And six mice built a little hearse to carry her to her grave; and when it was ready they harnessed themselves before it, and Chanticleer drove them. On the way they met the fox. "Where are you going, Chanticleer?" said he. "To bury my Partlet," said the other. "May I go with you?" said the fox. "Yes; but you must get up behind, or my horses will not be able to draw you." Then the fox got up behind; and presently



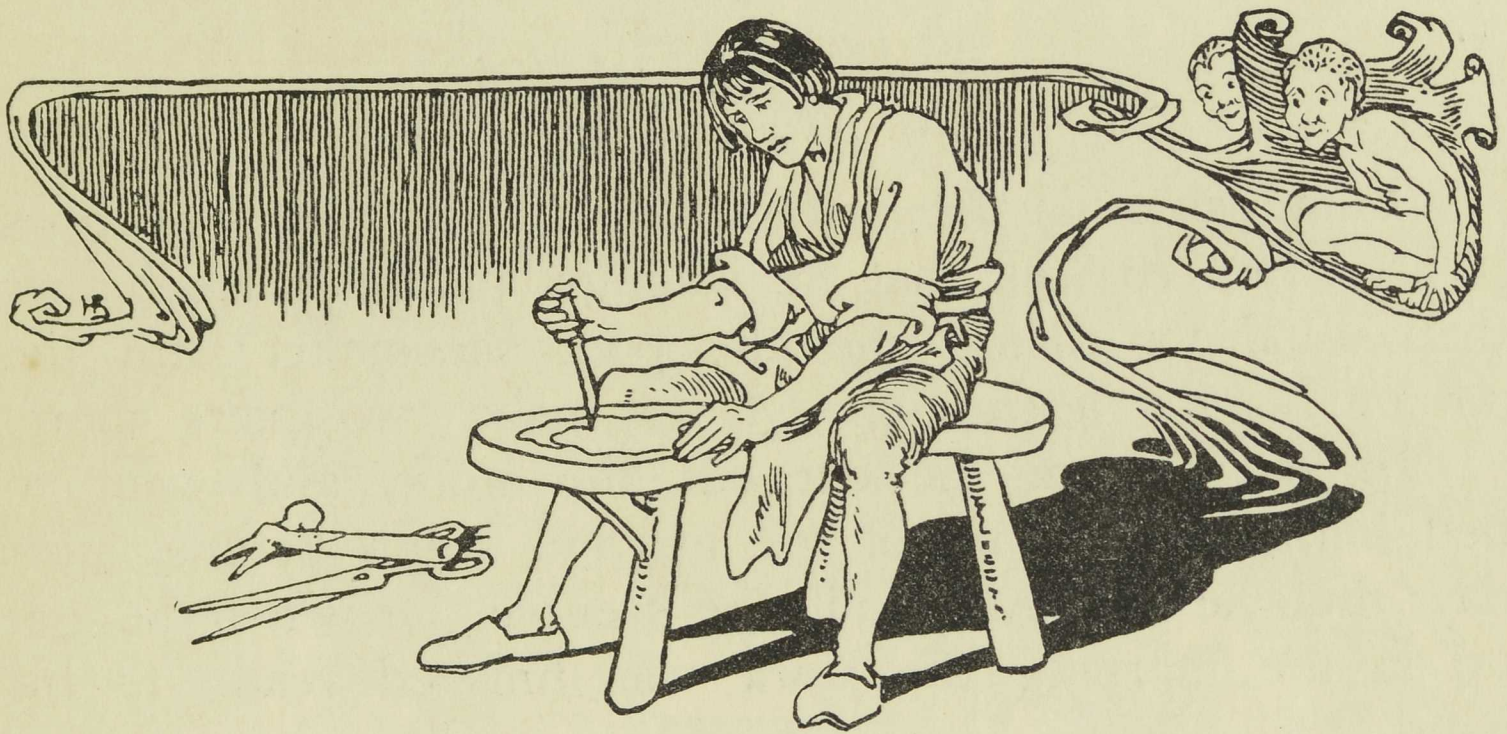
“THE BRIDE GAVE HIM THE SILKEN CORD”

CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET

the wolf, the bear, the goat, and all the beasts of the wood, came and climbed upon the hearse.

So on they went till they came to a rapid stream. "How shall we get over?" said Chanticleer. Then said a straw, "I will lay myself across, and you may pass over upon me." But as the mice were going over, the straw slipped away and fell into the water, and the six mice all fell in and were drowned. What was to be done? Then a log of wood came and said, "I am big enough; I will lay myself across the stream, and you shall pass over upon me." So he laid himself down; but they managed so clumsily, that the log of wood fell in and was carried away by the stream. Then a stone, who saw what had happened, came up and kindly offered to help poor Chanticleer by laying himself across the stream; and this time he got safely to the other side with the hearse; but the fox and the other mourners were too heavy, and fell back into the water and were all carried away by the stream and drowned.

Thus Chanticleer was left alone with his dead Partlet; and having dug a grave for her, he laid her in it, and made a little hillock over her. Then he sat down by the grave, and wept and mourned till at last he died too: and so all were dead.



The Elves and the Shoemaker

THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to Heaven, and fell asleep. In the morning, after he had said his prayers, he set himself down to his work, when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, already made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship; there was not one false stitch in the whole job;

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

and all was so neat and true, that it was a complete masterpiece.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pairs more.

In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early, that he might get up and begin betimes next day; but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was finished ready to his hand.

Presently in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pairs more.

He cut out the work again overnight, and found it finished in the morning as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

One evening about Christmas-time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, in order that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me."

The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched for what would happen.

As soon as it was midnight, two little naked dwarfs



"TWO LITTLE NAKED DWARFS CAME INTO THE ROOM"

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

came into the room; and they at once sat themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate, that the shoemaker was all amazement, and could not take his eyes off them for a moment.

And on they went till the job was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, "These little people have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good office in return. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what we must do. I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and immediately he and his wife set to work—he to put all his skill into the making of the two small pairs of shoes; she to fashion the neatest shirts, and the trimmest and tiniest coats and waistcoats and trousers, in the world.

They did not take long to make the shoes and the clothes; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that the shoemaker used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves to watch what the little elves would do.

Heber
Stratton



THE DWARFS DRESS THEMSELVES IN THE CLOTHES

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER



About midnight the elves came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but, when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and were greatly delighted.

Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door and over the green.

The good shoemaker saw no more of the two elves; but everything went well with him from that time forward, as long as he lived.

Hans in Luck

HANS had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages."

And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome."

Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.



Hans took out his handkerchief, put the silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after the other, a man came in sight, trotting along gaily on a capital horse.

"Ah!" said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! There he sits as if he were at home in his chair; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how."

The horseman heard

HANS IN LUCK

this, and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot then?"

"Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly."

"What do you say to changing?" said the horseman; "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but I tell you one thing—you'll have a weary task to drag it along."

The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into his hand, and said, "When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip'."

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he would like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and cried "Jip". Away went the horse full gallop: and, before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the roadside; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I'm off now once for all. I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!"



"AWAY WENT THE HORSE FULL GALLOP"



HANS MAKES A BARGAIN

HANS IN LUCK

“Well,” said the shepherd, “if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse.”

“Done!” said Hans merrily.

The shepherd jumped upon the horse and away he rode. Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one.

“If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall be able to get that), I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty I can drink the milk: what can I wish for more?”

When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave his last penny for something to drink. Then he drove his cow towards his mother's village. The heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself on a wide heath that it would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

“I can find a cure for this,” thought he; “now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst.” So he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had. While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by driving a pig in a wheel-barrow.

“What is the matter with you?” said the butcher as he helped him up.

Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher

HANS IN LUCK

gave him a flask, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk: she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter-house."

"Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it! If I kill her, what will she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, it would at any rate make some sausages."

"Well," said the butcher, "to please you, I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow."

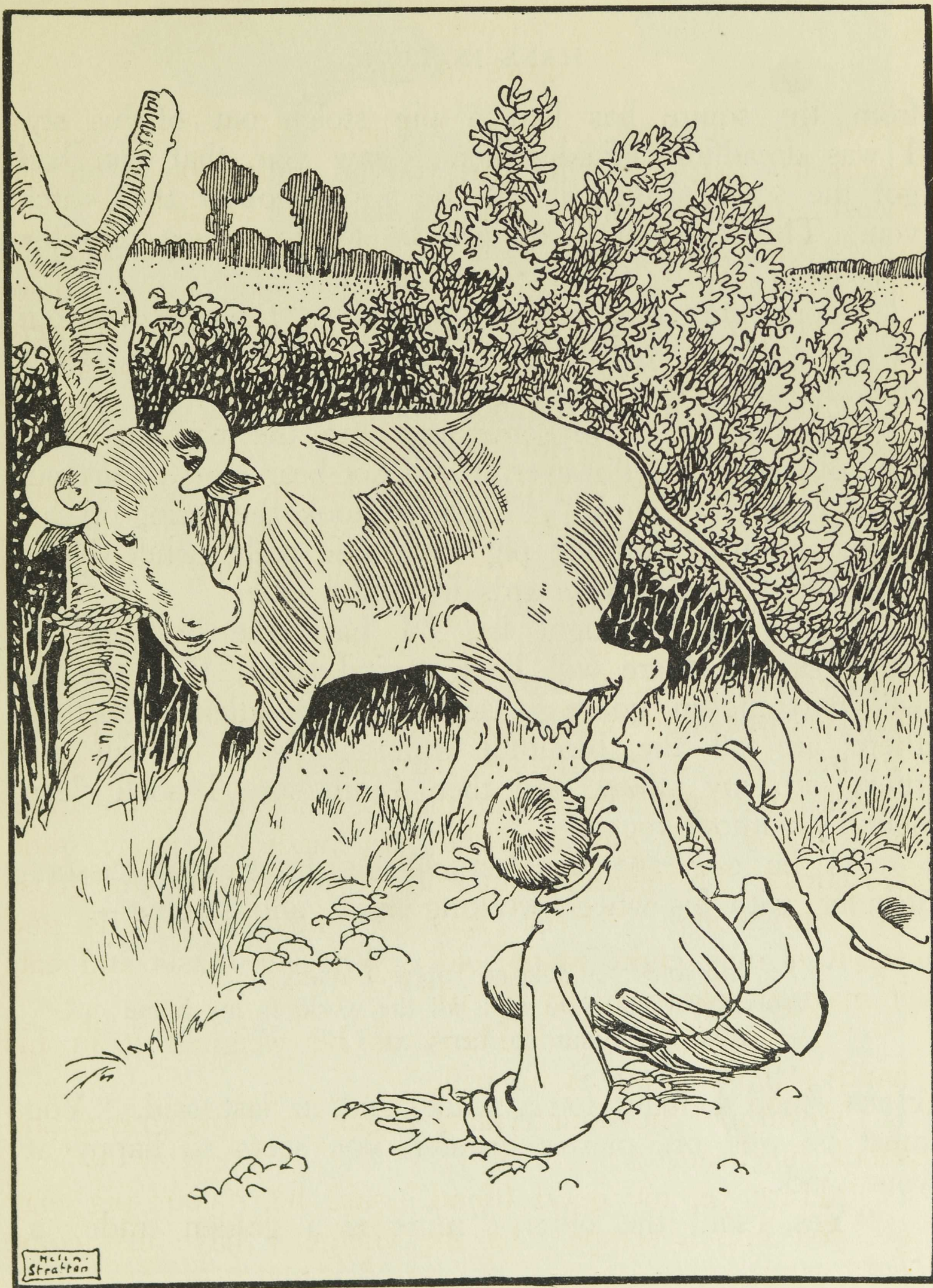
"Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheel-barrow, and drove it off, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him. He had met with some misfortunes, to be sure; but he was now well repaid for all. The next person he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask the time; and Hans told him how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was taking the goose to a christening. "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may cut plenty of fat off it!"

"You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle."

Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head.

"Hark ye, my good friend," said he, "your pig may get you into a scrape. In the village I have just come



McL. Stratton

“THE UNEASY BEAST GAVE HIM A KICK ON THE HEAD”

HANS IN LUCK

from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you. The least they'll do will be to throw you into the horsepond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Pray get me out of this scrape," cried he. "You know this country better than I; take my pig and give me the goose."

"I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "however, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care.

"After all," thought he, "I have the best of the bargain: first there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose-grease for six months; and then there are all the beautiful white feathers; I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking."

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors-grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing—

"O'er hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,
Work light and live well, all the world is my home;
Who so blythe, so merry as I?"

Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work."

"Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a



HANS EXCHANGES THE PIG FOR THE GOOSE

HANS IN LUCK

good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it. But where did you get that beautiful goose?"

"I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it."

"And where did you get the pig?"

"I gave a cow for it."

"And the cow?"

"I gave a horse for it."

"And the horse?"

"I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that."

"And the silver?"

"Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years."

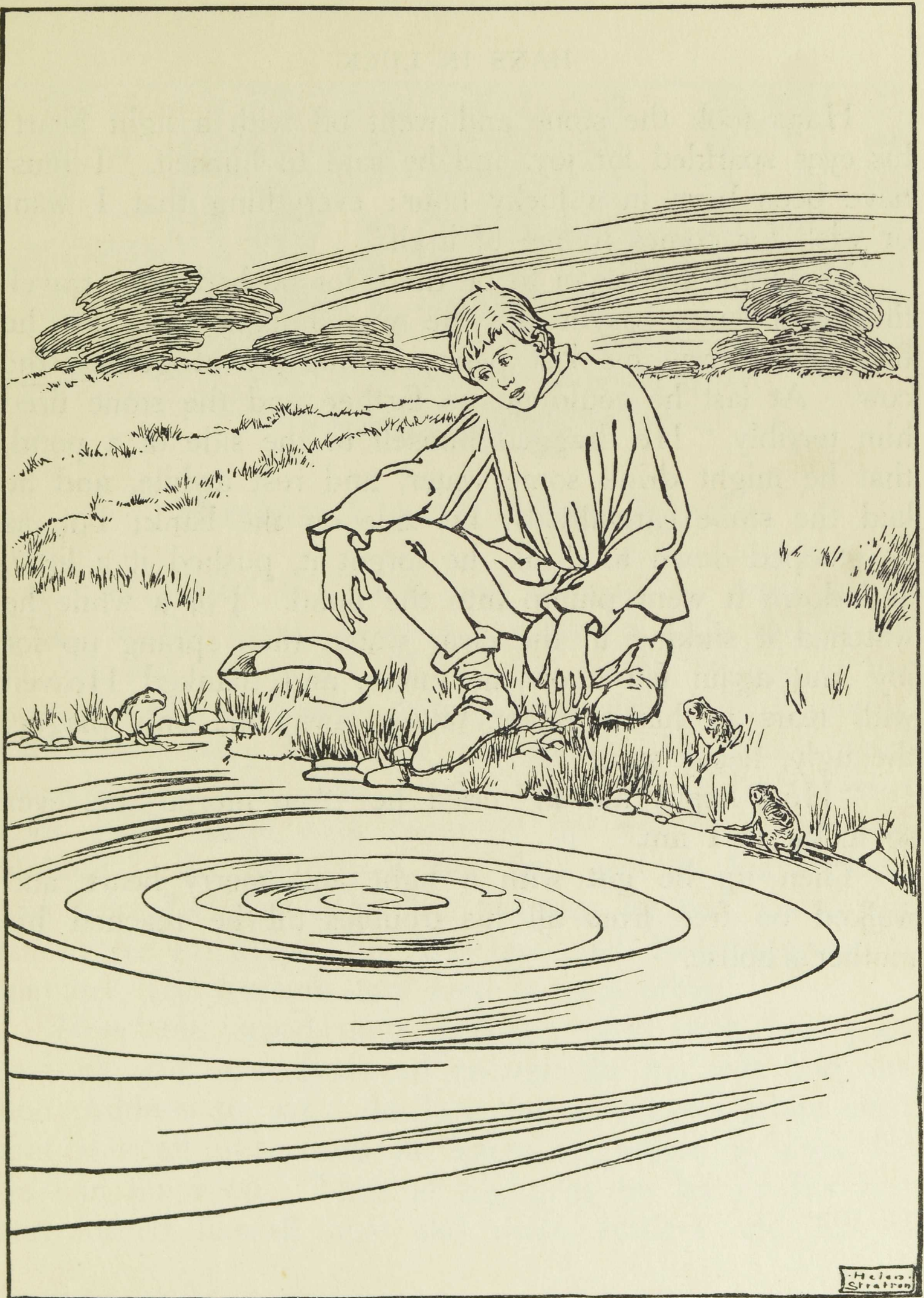
"You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made."

"Very true: but how is that to be managed?"

"You must turn grinder like me," said the other; "you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is little the worse for wear: I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it. Will you buy?"

"How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world, if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more? There's the goose!"

"Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."



HANS WATCHES THE STONE SINKING

HANS IN LUCK

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart: his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything that I want or wish for comes to me of itself."

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been traveling ever since daybreak; he was hungry, too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no farther, and the stone tired him terribly. He dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water, and rest awhile, and he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank; but, as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked Heaven with tears in his eyes for taking away his only plague, the ugly, heavy stone.

"How happy am I!" cried he; "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am."

Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles till he reached his mother's house.



Roland and May-bird

A WOOD-CUTTER one day, as he went along in the forest, heard a cry like a little child's; so he followed the sound till he saw, sitting on one of the branches of a high tree, a very little girl whom a vulture had flown away with and left there. The wood-cutter brought the little child down, saying, "I will take this poor child home and bring it up with my own son Roland." So he carried the little girl to his cottage; and he called her May-bird, because he had found her on a tree in May. So May-bird and Roland grew up together, and became very fond of each other.

Now the wood-cutter became very poor—so poor that he had scarcely bread enough for his wife and the two children to eat. At last the time came when even that was all gone, and he knew not where to seek for help in his need. Then at night, as he lay on his bed and turned himself here and there, restless and full of



“ROLAND STOPPED AND LOOKED TOWARDS HOME”

ROLAND AND MAY-BIRD

care, his wife said to him, "Husband, listen to me. You must take the two children out early to-morrow morning, give each of them a piece of bread, and lead them into the middle of the wood. Then make a fire for them, and leave them alone, for we can no longer keep them here." "No, Wife," said the husband, "I cannot leave the children to the wild beasts of the forest, who would soon tear them to pieces." But his wife let him have no peace until he agreed to her plan.

Meantime the poor children were also lying awake, restless and weak from hunger, so that they heard all their mother said. "Now," thought May-bird, "it is all up with us;" and she began to weep. But Roland crept to her bedside and said, "Do not be afraid, May-bird, I will find some help." Then he put on his jacket, and went out.

The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles glittered like daisies in the green meadows. So he put as many as he could into his pocket, and then went back to the house. "Now, May-bird," said he, "rest in peace;" and he went to bed and fell asleep.

Early in the morning, before the sun had risen, the woodman's wife came and awoke them. "Get up, children," said she, "we are going into the wood; there is a piece of bread for each of you, but take care of it, and keep some for the afternoon." May-bird took the bread and carried it in her apron, because Roland had his pockets full of stones. Then they went into the wood.

ROLAND AND MAY-BIRD

When they had walked on for a time, Roland stopped and looked towards home, and after a while he turned again, and he did so several times. Then his father said, "Roland, why do you keep turning and lagging behind so? Move a little faster." "Ah! Father," answered Roland, "I am stopping to look at my white cat that sits on the roof." "That is not your cat," said his mother; "'tis the morning sun shining on the chimney-top." Now Roland had all the while been staying behind to drop from his pocket one white pebble after another along the road.

When they came into the middle of the forest, the woodman said, "Run about, children, and pick up some wood, and I will make a fire." So they piled up a little heap of brushwood, and set it alight; and as the flame burnt bright, the mother said, "Now, seat yourselves by the fire, while we go and cut wood; and be sure you wait till we come for you." Roland and May-bird sat by the fireside till the afternoon, and then they ate their bread. They fancied they still heard the woodman at work; but it was a bough which he had cunningly hung upon a tree, so that the wind blew it backwards and forwards, that sounded like the axe as it hit the other boughs. Thus they waited till evening; but the woodman and his wife kept away.

When it was quite dark May-bird began to cry; but Roland said, "Wait till the moon rises." And when the moon rose, he took her by the hand, and there lay the pebbles along the ground, glittering like new pieces



"WHEN THE MOON ROSE, HE TOOK HER BY THE HAND"

ROLAND AND MAY-BIRD

of money, and marking out the way. Towards morning they came again to the woodman's house, and he was glad in his heart when he saw the children again. His wife also seemed to be glad; but in her heart she was angry.

Not long after there was again no bread in the house, and May-bird and Roland heard the wife say to her husband, "The children found their way home once, and I took it in good part; but there is only half a loaf of bread left for them in the house; to-morrow you must take them deeper into the wood, that they may never come back, or we shall all be starved." It grieved the husband in his heart to do as his wife wished, and he thought it would be better to share their last morsel with the children; but, as he had done as she said once, he did not dare to say no. The children again heard what they said, and Roland got up and wanted to gather pebbles as before; but when he came to the door he found his mother had locked it. Still he comforted May-bird, and said, "Sleep in peace, dear May-bird; God is very kind and will help us." Early in the morning a piece of bread was given to each of them, but even smaller than the one they had before. Upon the road Roland crumbled his in his pocket, and often stood still and threw a crumb upon the ground. "Why do you lag so behind, Roland?" said the woodman. "I am looking at my little dove that is sitting upon the roof, and wants to say goodbye to me." "You silly boy!" said the wife, "that is not your little dove; it is



ROLAND AND MAYBIRD IN THE DEPTHS OF THE WOOD



THEY BEGIN TO EAT THE CAKE AND THE SUGAR

ROLAND AND MAY-BIRD

the morning sun that shines on the chimney-top." But Roland went on crumbling his bread, and throwing it on the ground. And thus they went still farther into the wood, where they had never been before. There they were again told to sit down by a large fire and sleep; and the woodman and his wife said they would come in the evening and fetch them away. In the afternoon Roland shared May-bird's bread, because he had strewed all his upon the road; but the day passed away, and the evening passed away too, and no one came to the poor children. Still Roland comforted May-bird, and said, "Wait till the moon rises; then I shall see the crumbs of bread which I have strewed, and they will show us the way home".

The moon rose; but when Roland looked for the crumbs, they were gone; for thousands of little birds in the wood had found them and picked them up. They set out, however, to try and find their way home; but they soon lost themselves in the wilderness, and went on all night and all the next day, till at last they were so weary that they lay down and fell asleep. When they awoke again they went on as before for another day, but still did not reach the end of the wood, and they were very hungry, for they had had nothing to eat.

In the afternoon of the third day they came to a strange little hut, made of bread, with a roof of cake, and windows of sparkling sugar. "Now, we shall sit down and eat till we have had enough," said Roland. "I will eat off the roof for my share; do you eat the

ROLAND AND MAY-BIRD

windows, May-bird, they will be nice and sweet for you.” But suddenly a sweet, pretty voice called from within:

“Tip, tap! who goes there?”

And the children answered:

“The wind, the wind,
That blows through the air!”

and went on eating. May-bird broke out a round pane of the window for herself, and Roland tore off a large piece of cake from the roof. Then the door opened, and a little old woman came gliding out. At this May-bird and Roland were so frightened, that they let fall what they had in their hands. But the old woman shook her head and said, “Dear children, where have you been wandering about? Come in with me and you shall have something good.” So she took them both by the hand and led them into her little hut, and brought out plenty to eat—milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts; and then two beautiful little beds were got ready, and May-bird and Roland laid themselves down, and were very happy. But the old woman was a spiteful fairy, and had made her pretty sweetmeat house to entrap little children. Early in the morning she went to their little beds, but when she saw the two sleeping and looking so sweet, she had no pity on them. Then she took up Roland, and put him in a little coop by himself; and when he awoke, he found himself behind a grating, shut up as little chickens are. But she shook May-bird, and

ROLAND AND MAY-BIRD



called out, "Get up, you lazy little thing, and fetch some water; and go into the kitchen and cook something good to eat. Your brother is shut up yonder; I shall first fatten him, and then I think I shall eat him."

When the fairy was gone, May-bird got up and ran to Roland, and told him what she had heard, and said, "We must run away quickly, for the old woman is a bad fairy, and will kill us." But Roland said, "You must first steal her fairy wand, that we may save ourselves, if she should follow." Then May-bird ran back and fetched the magic wand, and away they went together. When the old fairy came back, and saw no one at home, she sprang in a great rage to the window, and looked out into the wide world, and a long way off she spied May-bird running away with her dear Roland. "You are

ROLAND AND MAY-BIRD

already a great way off," said she, "but you shall still fall into my hands." Then she put on her boots, which walked several miles at a step, and scarcely made two steps with them before she overtook the children. But May-bird saw that the fairy was coming after them, and by the help of the wand turned her dear Roland into a lake, and herself into a swan which swam about in the middle of it. So the fairy set herself down on the shore, and threw crumbs of bread to the swan; but it would not come near her, and she was forced to go home in the evening, without taking her revenge. Then May-bird changed herself and her dear Roland back into their own forms once more, and they went journeying on the whole night until the dawn of day, when May-bird turned herself into a beautiful rose, growing in the midst of a quick-set hedge, and Roland sat by the side and played on his flute.

The fairy soon came striding along. "Good piper," said she, "may I pluck the beautiful rose for myself?" "O yes," answered he; "and I will play to you meantime." So when she had crept into the hedge in a great hurry to gather the flower (for she well knew what it was), he began to play upon his flute; and such was the wonderful power of the music that she was forced to dance a merry jig, on and on without any rest. And as he did not stop playing for a moment, the thorns at length tore the clothes from off her body, and pricked her sorely, and there she stuck fast.

Then May-bird was free once more; but she was



"SHE WAS FORCED TO DANCE A MERRY JIG"



"THE TABLECLOTH WAS LAID AND A GOOD DINNER READY"

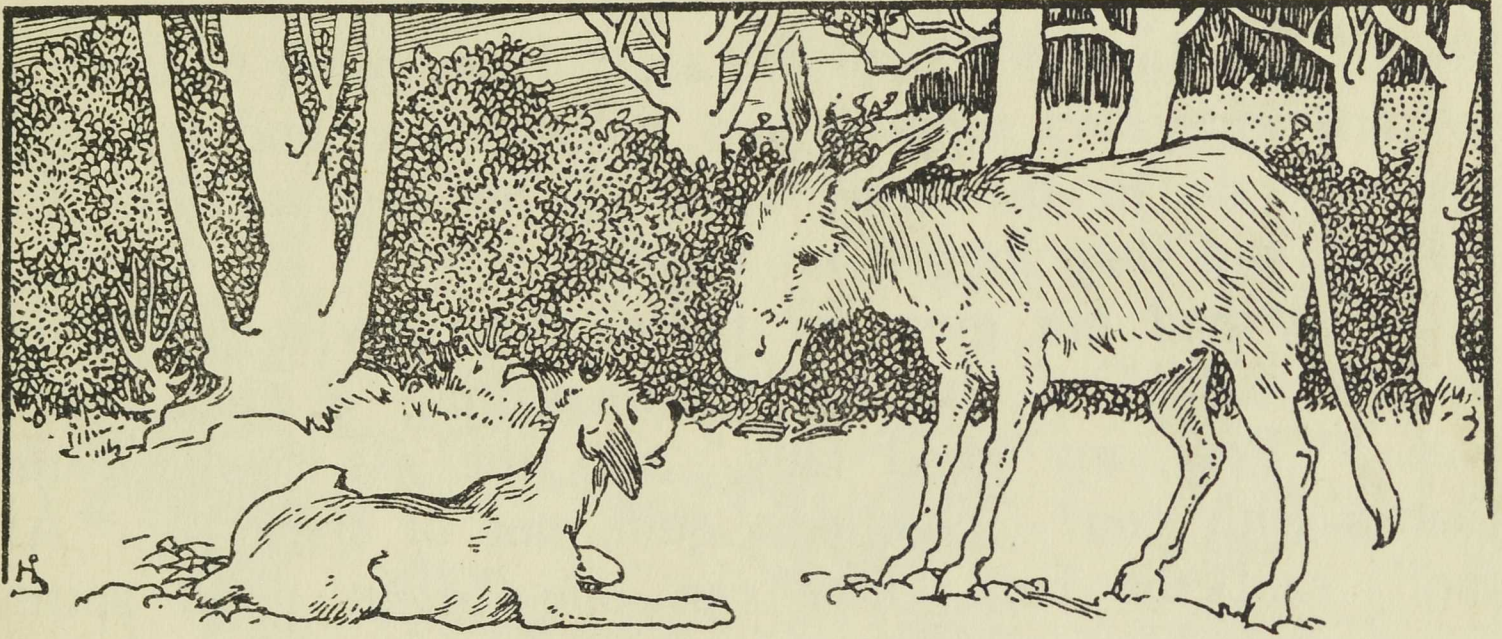
ROLAND AND MAY-BIRD

very tired, and Roland said, "Now, I will hasten home for help, and by and by we will be married." And May-bird said, "I shall stay here and wait for you; and, that no one may know me, I shall turn myself into a stone and lie in the corner of yonder field." Then Roland went away, and May-bird waited for him. Now, Roland met with another maiden, who pleased him so much that he stopped where she lived, and forgot his former friend. So when May-bird found he did not come back, she became quite sorrowful, and turned herself into a little daisy, thinking, "Someone will come and tread me under foot, and so my sorrows will end." But it so happened that a shepherd found the flower, and thinking it very pretty, took it home and placed it in a box in his room. From that time everything throve wonderfully at the shepherd's house. When he got up in the morning, all the household work was done; and in the afternoon, when he came home, the tablecloth was laid and a good dinner ready set for him. He could not make out how all this happened, for he saw no one in the house; and although it pleased him well enough, he was at length troubled to think how it could be, and went to a cunning woman who lived hard by, and asked her what he should do. She said, "There must be witchcraft in it. Look out to-morrow morning early, and see if anything stirs about in the room; if it does, throw a white cloth at once over it, and then the witchcraft will be stopped." The shepherd did as she said, and the next morning saw the box

ROLAND AND MAY-BIRD

open and the daisy come out. Then he sprang up quickly and threw a white cloth over it. In an instant the spell was broken, and May-bird stood before him; and as she was so beautiful, he asked her if she would marry him. She said, "No," because she wished to be faithful to her dear Roland; but she agreed to stay and keep house for him.

Time passed on, and Roland was to be married to the maiden that he had found; and, according to an old custom in that land, all the maidens were to come and sing songs in praise of the bride and bridegroom. But May-bird was so grieved when she heard that her dearest Roland had forgotten her, and was to be married to another, that her heart seemed as if it would burst within her, and she would not go for a long time. At length she was forced to go with the rest; but she kept hiding herself behind the others until she was left the last. Then she could not any longer help coming forward; and the moment she began to sing, Roland sprang up, and cried out, "That is the true bride, I will have no other than her!" for he knew her by the sound of her voice; and all that he had forgotten came back into his mind, and his heart was opened towards her. So faithful May-bird was married to her dear Roland, and from that time forward she lived happily.



The Travelling Musicians

AN honest farmer once had an ass that had been a faithful servant to him a great many years, but was now growing old, and every day more and more unfit for work. His master, therefore, was tired of keeping him, and began to think of putting an end to him; but the ass, who saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slyly off, and began his journey towards Bremen, "For there," thought he, "I may chance to be chosen town musician".

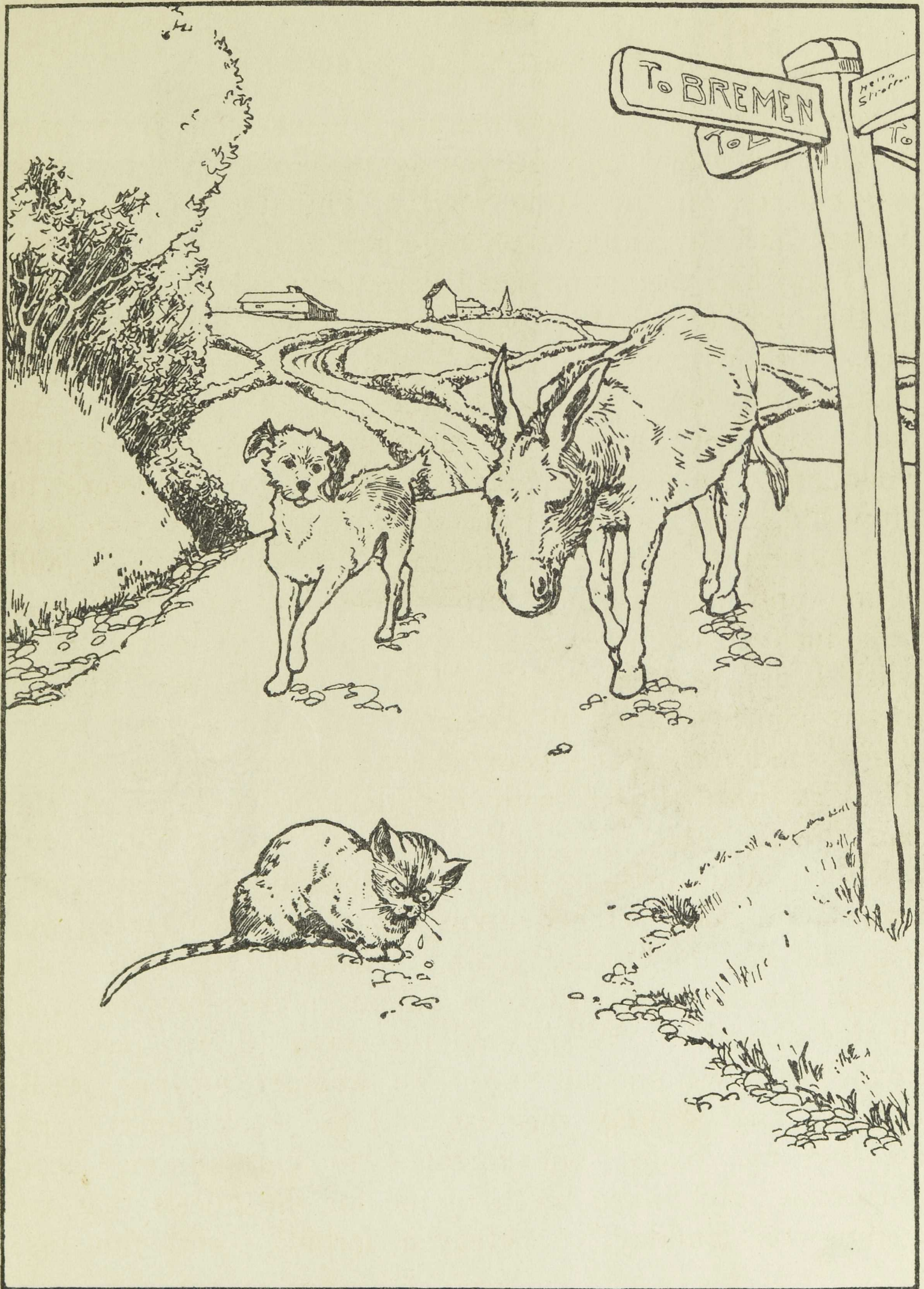
After he had travelled a little way, he spied a dog lying by the roadside and panting as if he were very tired. "What makes you pant so, my friend?" said the ass. "Alas!" said the dog, "my master was going to knock me on the head, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away. But what can I do to earn my liveli-

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS

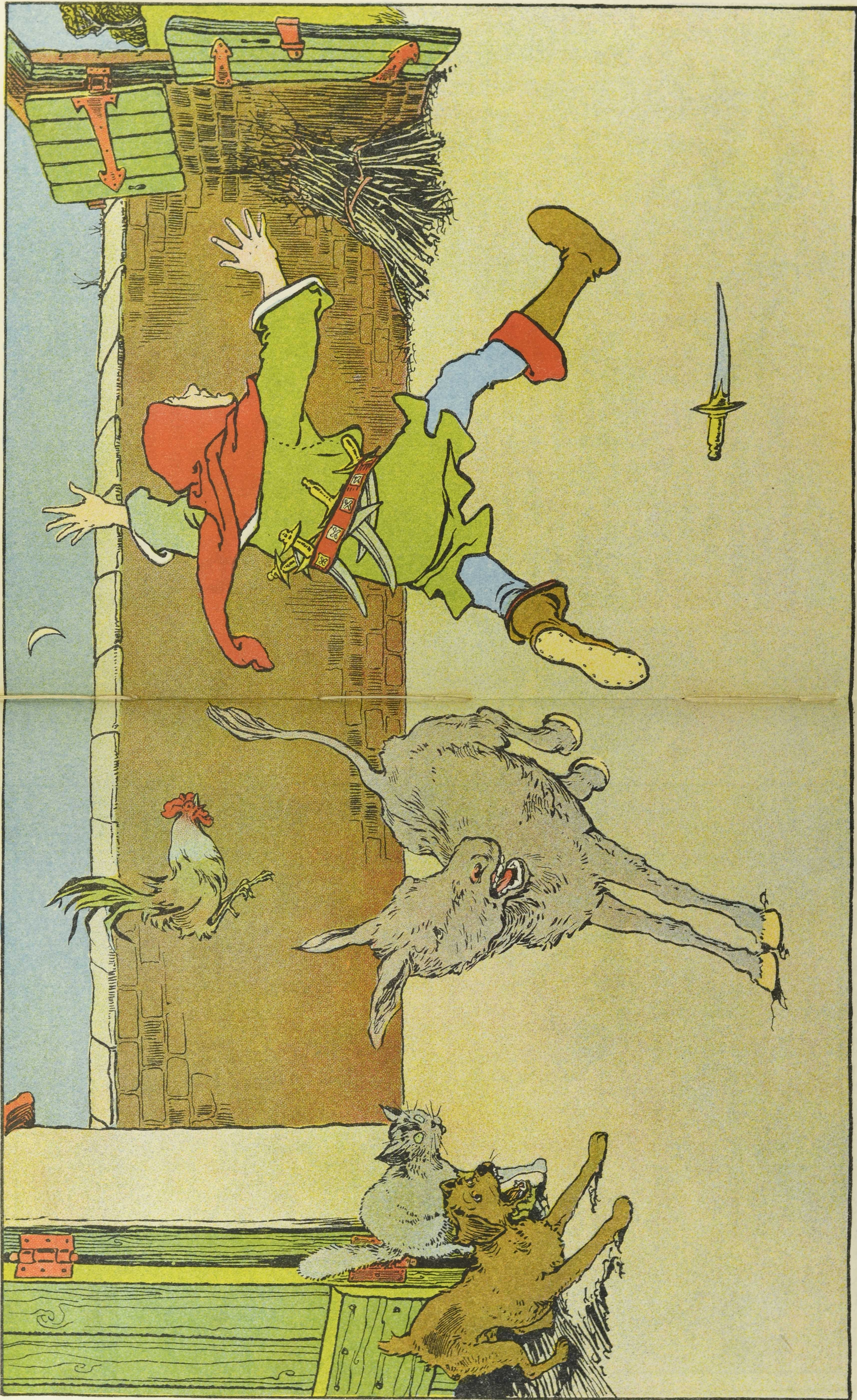
hood?" "Hark ye!" said the ass, "I am going to Bremen to turn musician: suppose you go with me, and try what you can do in the same way?" The dog said he was willing, and they jogged on together.

They had not gone far before they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road and making a most rueful face. "Pray, my good lady," said the ass, "what's the matter with you? You look quite out of spirits!" "Ah me!" said the cat, "how can one be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old, and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress laid hold of me, and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I do not know what I am to live upon." "Oh!" said the ass, "by all means come with us to Bremen; you are a good night singer, and may make your fortune as one of the waits." The cat was pleased with the thought, and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farmyard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might and main. "Bravo!" said the ass; "upon my word you make a famous noise; pray what is all this about?" "Why," said the cock, "I was just now saying that we should have fine weather for our washing-day, and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head to-morrow, and make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday!" "Heaven forbid!" said the ass;



THE ASS AND THE DOG TAKE PITY ON THE CAT



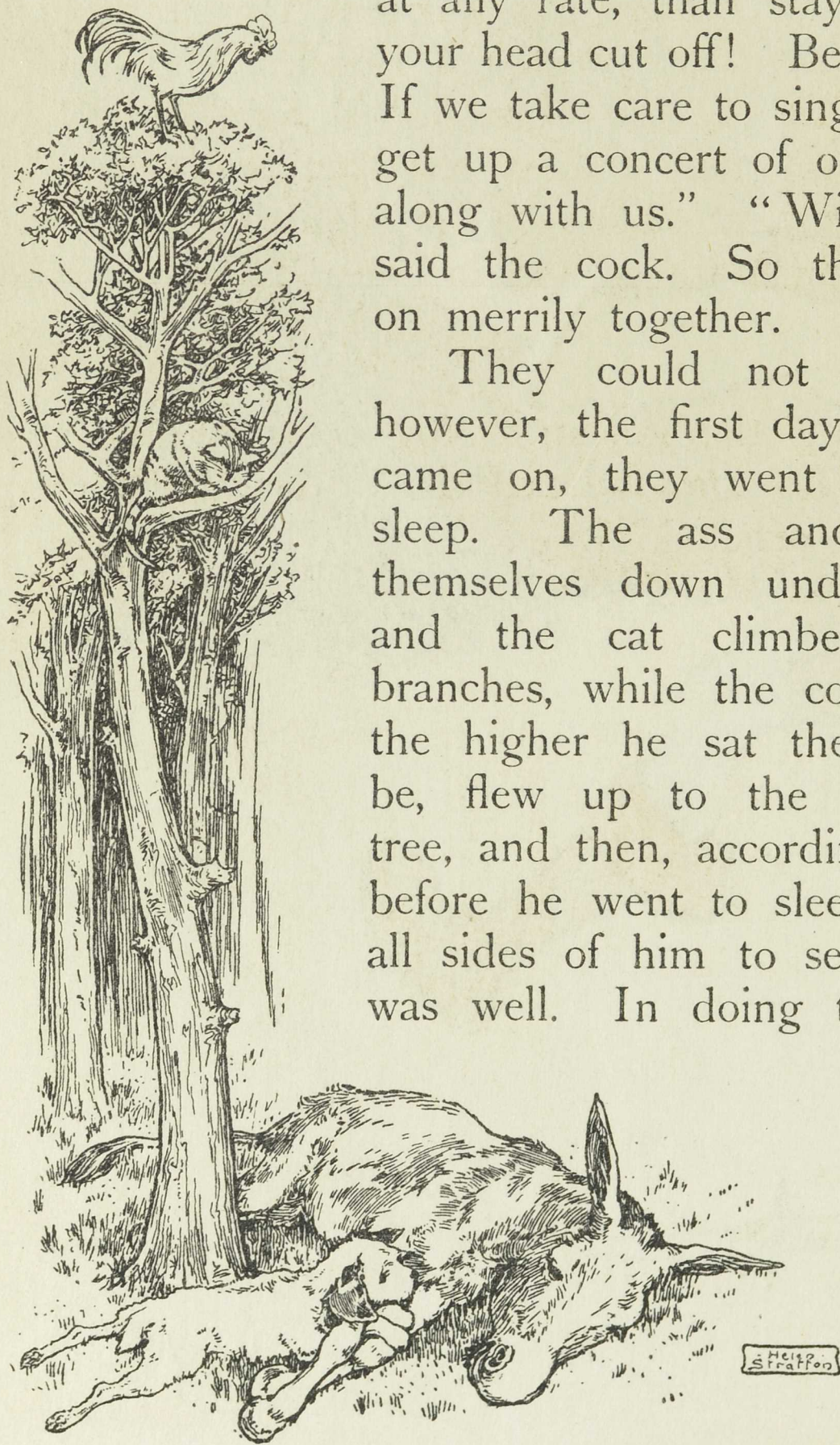
THE MUSICIANS FRIGHTEN THE ROBBER

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS

“come with us, Master Chanticleer; it will be better, at any rate, than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? If we take care to sing in tune, we may get up a concert of our own; so come along with us.” “With all my heart,” said the cock. So they all four went on merrily together.

They could not reach the town, however, the first day; so when night came on, they went into a wood to sleep. The ass and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed up into the branches, while the cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he would be, flew up to the very top of the tree, and then, according to his custom, before he went to sleep, looked out on all sides of him to see that everything was well. In doing this, he saw afar

off something bright and shining, and calling to his companions, said, “There must be a house no great

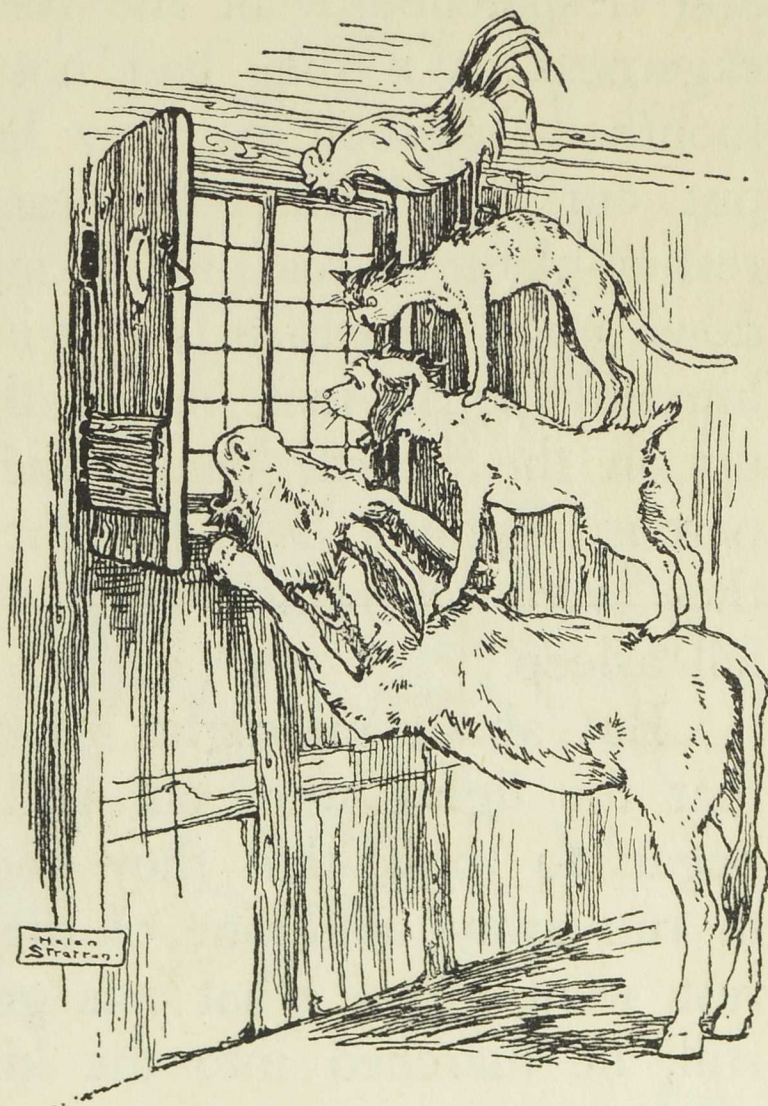


THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS

way off, for I see a light." "If that be the case," said the ass, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world!" "Besides," added the dog, "I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat." So they walked off together towards the spot where Chanticleer had seen the light; and as they drew near, it became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to the house. Now in this house a gang of robbers lived.

The ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well, Donkey," said Chanticleer, "what do you see?" "What do I see?" replied the ass. "Why, I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry." "That would be a noble lodging for us," said the cock. "Yes," said the ass, "if we could only get in."

So they consulted together how they should contrive to get the robbers out, and at last they hit upon a plan. The ass placed himself upright on



THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS

his hind legs, with his fore feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders; and the cock flew up and stood upon the cat's back. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock screamed; and then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a terrible clatter! The robbers had now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblin had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.

The coast once clear, our travellers soon sat down, and despatched what the robbers had left, with as much eagerness as if they had not expected to eat again for a month. As soon as they had satisfied themselves, they put out the lights, and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself upon a mat behind the door; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes; and the cock perched upon a beam on the top of the house. And, as they were all rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep.

But about midnight, when the robbers saw from afar that the lights were out and that all seemed quiet, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding everything still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till



"THEY ALL BROKE THROUGH THE WINDOW AT ONCE"

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS

he found a match in order to light a candle; and then, espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals, and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding this joke, sprang at his face, and spat, and scratched at him. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the backdoor. But there the dog jumped up and bit him on the leg; and as he was crossing over the yard the ass kicked him; and the cock, who had been awakened by the noise, crowed with all his might. At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades, and told the captain "how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spat at him and scratched his face with her long bony fingers; how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door, and stabbed him in the leg; how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club; and how the evil one sat upon the top of the house and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!'" After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house; but the musicians were so well pleased with their quarters, that they took up their abode there; and there they are, I dare say, at this very day.



The Queen Bee

ONCE upon a time two princes went out into the world to seek their fortunes; but they soon fell into a wasteful, foolish way of living, so that they could not return home again. Then their young brother, who was a little, insignificant dwarf, went out to seek for his brothers. But when he had found them they only laughed at him, to think that he, who was so young and simple, should try to travel through the world, when they, who were so much wiser, had been unable to get on. However, they all set out on their journey together, and came at last to an ant-hill. The two elder brothers would have pulled it down, in order to see how the poor ants in their fright would run about and carry off their eggs: but the little dwarf said, "Let the poor things enjoy themselves. I will not suffer you to trouble them."



"THE TWO BROTHERS WANTED TO LIGHT A FIRE UNDER THE TREE"

THE QUEEN BEE

So on they went, and came to a lake where many, many ducks were swimming about. The two brothers wanted to catch two and roast them. But the dwarf said, "Let the poor things enjoy themselves. You shall not kill them." Next they came to a bees' nest in a hollow tree, and there was so much honey that it ran down the trunk; and the two brothers wanted to light a fire under the tree and kill the bees, so as to get their honey. But the dwarf held them back, and said, "Let the pretty insects enjoy themselves. I cannot let you burn them."

At length the three brothers came to a castle, and as they passed by the stables they saw fine horses standing there, but all were of marble, and no man was to be seen. Then they went through all the rooms, till they came to a door on which were three locks; but in the middle of the door was a wicket, so that they could look into the next room. There they saw a little, grey old man sitting at a table; and they called to him once or twice, but he did not hear. When they called a third time, however, he rose and came out to them.

He said nothing, but took hold of them and led them to a beautiful table covered with all sorts of good things; and when they had eaten and drunk, he showed each of them to a bedchamber.

The next morning he came to the eldest and took him to a marble table, where were three tablets, which told how the castle might be disenchanted. The first tablet said: "In the wood, under the moss, lie the thousand pearls belonging to the king's daughter; they

THE QUEEN BEE

must all be found, and, if one be missing by set of sun, he who seeks them will be turned into marble."

The eldest brother set out, and sought for the pearls the whole day; but the evening came, and he had not found the first hundred. So he was turned into stone, as the tablet had foretold. The next day the second brother undertook the task; but he succeeded no better than the first, for he could only find the second hundred of the pearls: and therefore he, too, was turned into stone.

At last came the little dwarf's turn. He looked in the moss for a time; but it was so hard to find the pearls, and the job was so tiresome, that he sat down upon a stone and cried. Now, as he sat there, the king of the ants (whose life he had saved) came to help him, with five thousand ants; and it was not long before they had found all the pearls and laid them in a heap.

The second tablet said: "The key of the princess's bedchamber must be fished up out of the lake". And as the dwarf came to the brink of the lake he saw, swimming about, the two ducks whose lives he had saved; and they dived down and soon brought up the key from the bottom.

The third task was the hardest. It was to choose out the youngest and the best of the king's three daughters. Now, they were all beautiful, and all exactly alike; but he was told that the eldest had eaten a piece of sugar, the next some sweet syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey. His task, therefore, was to guess which had eaten the honey.

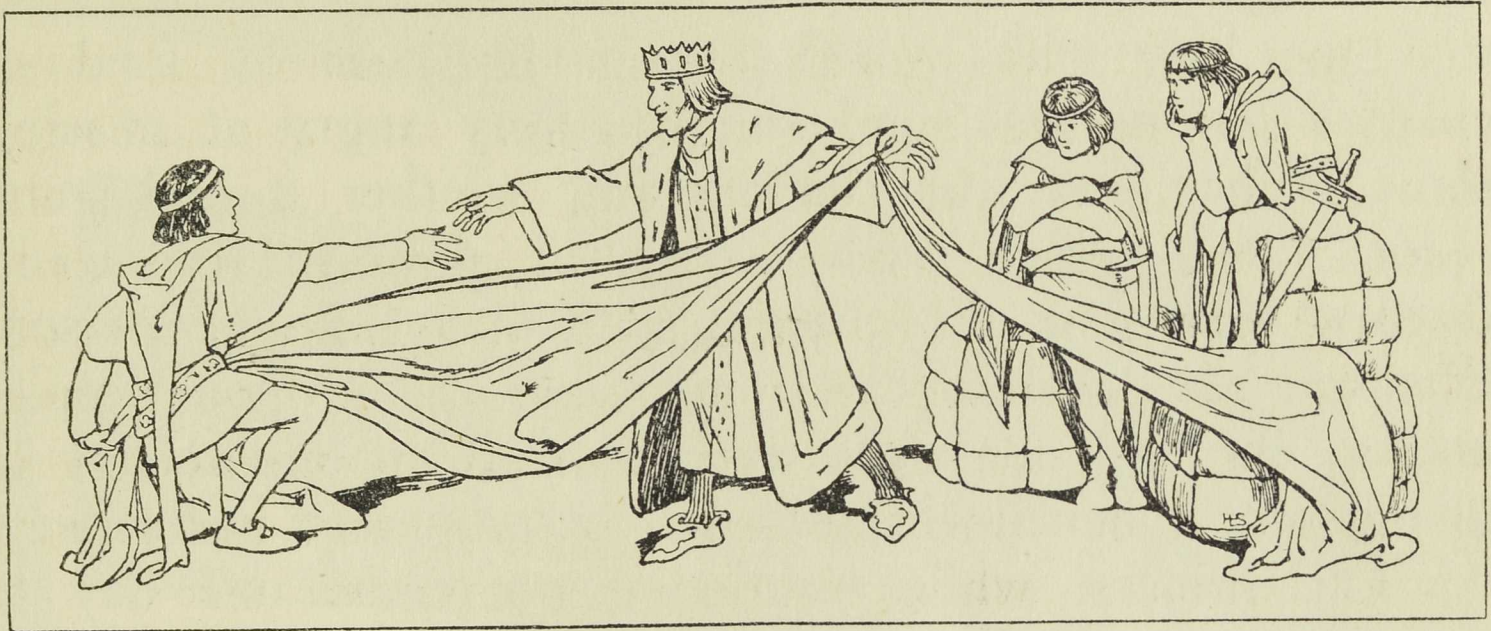


THE BEE HELPS THE DWARF TO DISCOVER THE YOUNGEST PRINCESS

THE QUEEN BEE

Then came the queen of the bees, who had been saved from the fire by the little dwarf, and she tried the lips of all three. At last she sat upon the lips of the one that had eaten the honey, and so the dwarf knew which was the youngest. Thus the spell was broken, and all who had been turned into stone awoke, and took their proper forms. And the dwarf married the youngest and the best of the princesses, and was king after her father's death; but his brothers married the other two sisters.





Cherryblossom

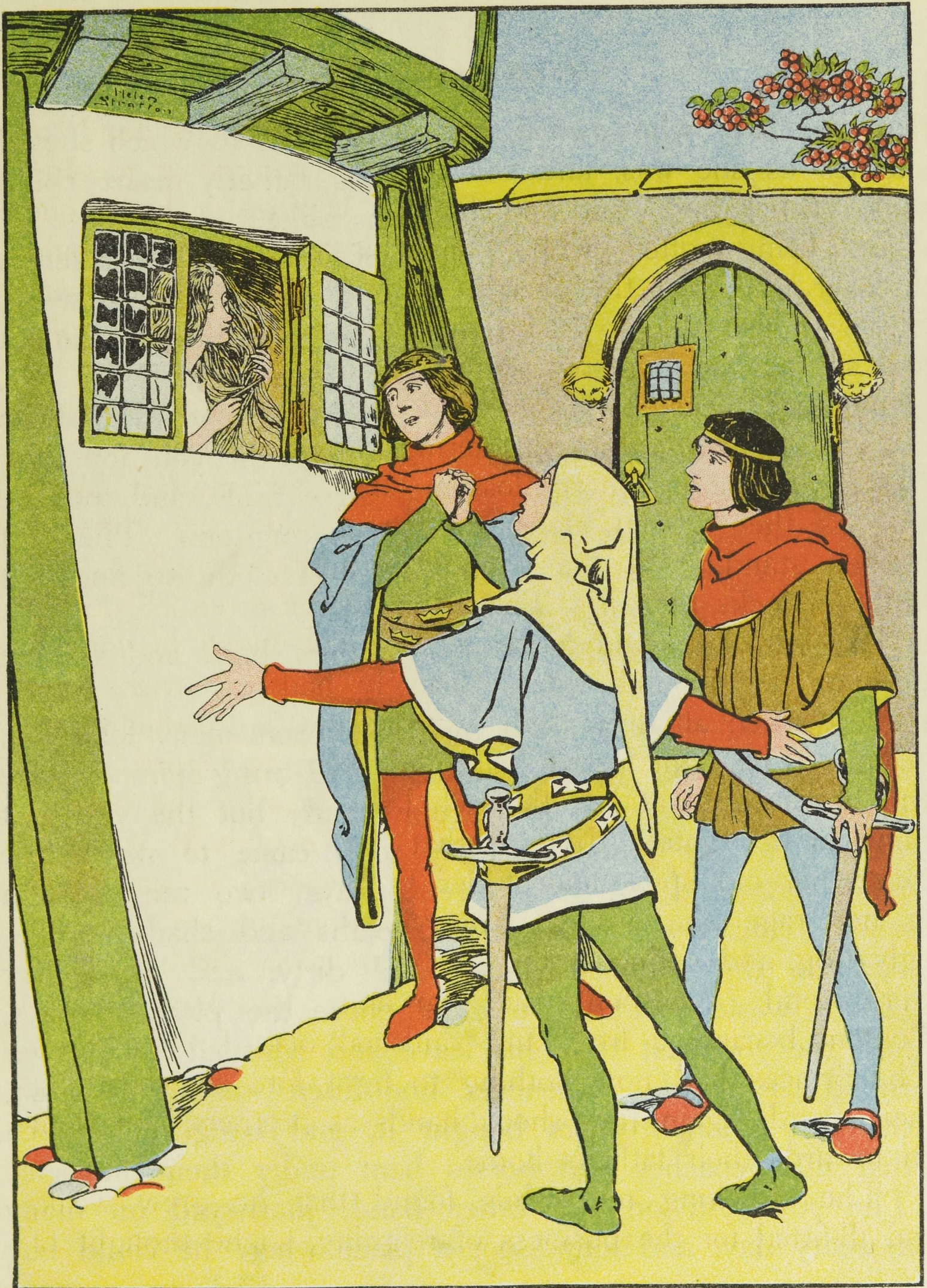
THERE was once a king who had three sons. Not far from his kingdom lived an old woman who had an only daughter called Cherryblossom. The king sent his sons out to see the world, that they might learn the ways of foreign lands, and get wisdom and skill in ruling the kingdom they were one day to have for their own. But the old woman lived at peace at home with her daughter, who was called Cherryblossom because she liked cherries better than any other kind of food, and would eat scarcely anything else. Now her mother had no garden, and no money with which to buy cherries every day for her daughter; and at last there was no other plan left but to go to a neighbouring garden and beg of the maids the finest she could get: for Cherryblossom was so pretty that her mother dared not let her go out by herself lest some ill might befall her. Cherryblossom's taste was, however, very well known. It happened also

CHERRYBLOSSOM

that the lady who owned the garden was as fond of cherries as she was, and she was very angry at missing some of her best fruit and finding whither it had gone—for, being gifted with wonderful powers, she could discover who took the cherries without seeing the person. She was also able to cast remarkable spells upon people; and so she had, for some time, awaited an opportunity of giving vent to her ill-will towards Cherryblossom in this way.

The princes, while wandering on, came one day to the town where Cherryblossom and her mother lived; and, as they passed along the street, they saw the fair maiden standing at the window, combing her long and beautiful locks of hair. Then each of the three fell deeply in love with her, and began to say how much he longed to have her for his wife. Scarcely had the wish been spoken, when all drew their swords, and a dreadful battle began. The fight lasted long, and their rage grew hotter and hotter, until at last the rich lady, hearing the uproar, came to her gate. Finding that her neighbour was the cause, her old spite against her broke forth at once, and in her rage she wished Cherryblossom turned into an ugly frog, and sitting in the water under the bridge at the world's end. No sooner said than done; and poor Cherryblossom became a frog, and vanished out of their sight. The princes had now nothing to fight for; so, sheathing their swords again, they shook hands as brothers, and went on towards their father's home.

The old king meanwhile found that he grew weak, and ill-fitted for the business of reigning, so he thought of



THE PRINCES FALL IN LOVE WITH CHERRYBLOSSOM

CHERRYBLOSSOM

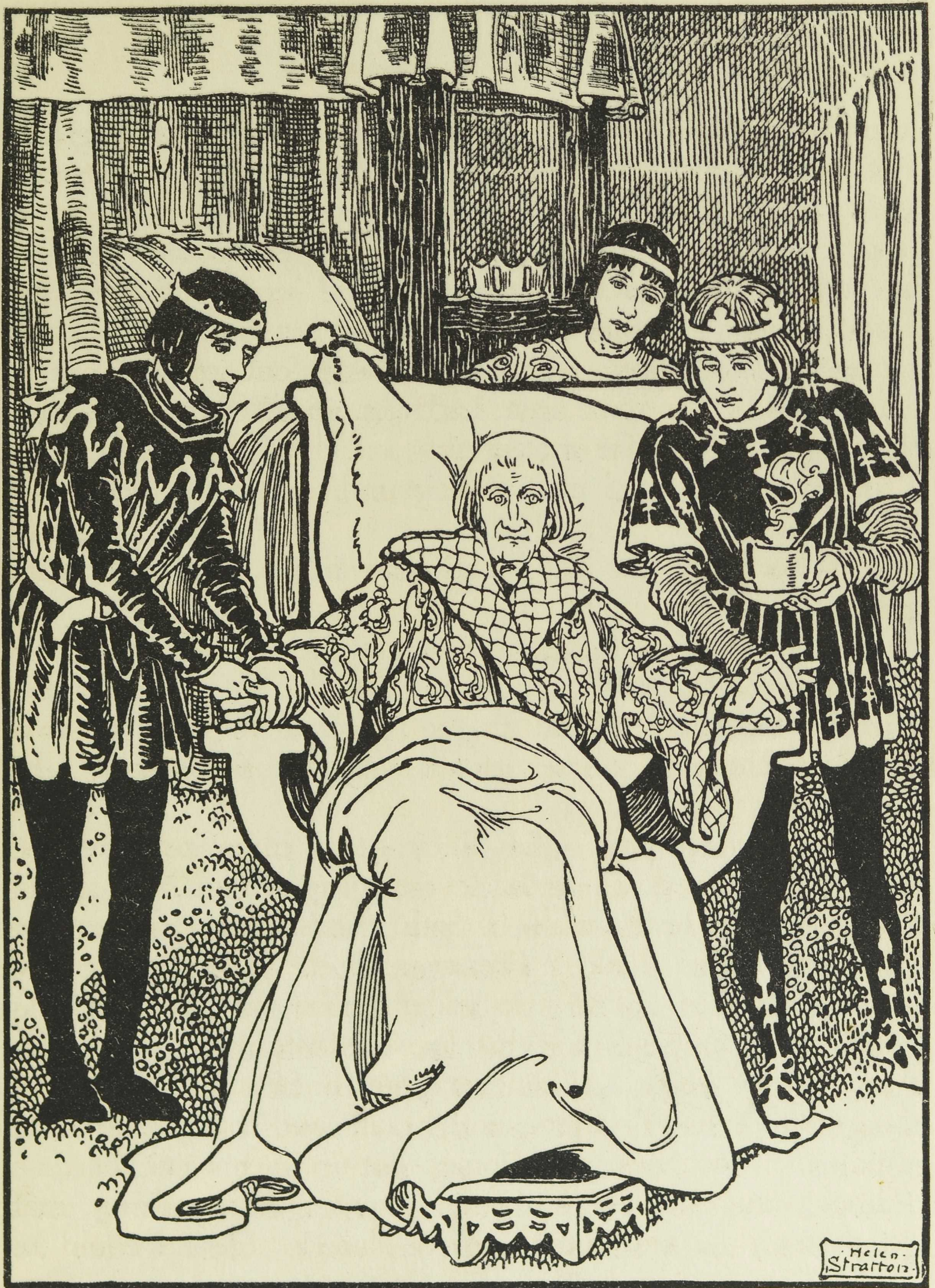
giving his crown to one of his sons; but to which should it be? This was a point that his fatherly heart could not settle; for he loved all his sons alike.

So one day he called the three of them into his presence.

“My dear children,” said he, “I grow old and weak, and should like one of you to take my place; but I cannot make up my mind which of you to choose for my heir, for I love you all three; and besides, I should wish to give my people the cleverest and best of you for their king. However, I will give you three trials, and the one who wins the prize shall have the kingdom. The first is to seek me out one hundred ells of cloth, so fine that I can draw it through my golden ring.”

The sons said they would do their best, and set out on the search.

The two elder brothers took with them many followers, and coaches and horses of all sorts, to bring home all the beautiful cloths which they could find; but the youngest went away by himself. They soon came to where the roads branched off into several ways; two ran through smiling meadows, with smooth paths and shady groves, but the third looked dreary and dirty, and went over barren wastes. The two elder chose the pleasant ways, and the youngest took his leave and whistled along over the dreary road. Whenever fine linen was to be seen, the two elder brothers bought it, and bought so much that their coaches and horses bent under their burthens. The youngest, on the other hand, journeyed on many a weary day, and found not a place where he could buy



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"HE CALLED THE THREE OF THEM INTO HIS PRESENCE"

CHERRYBLOSSOM

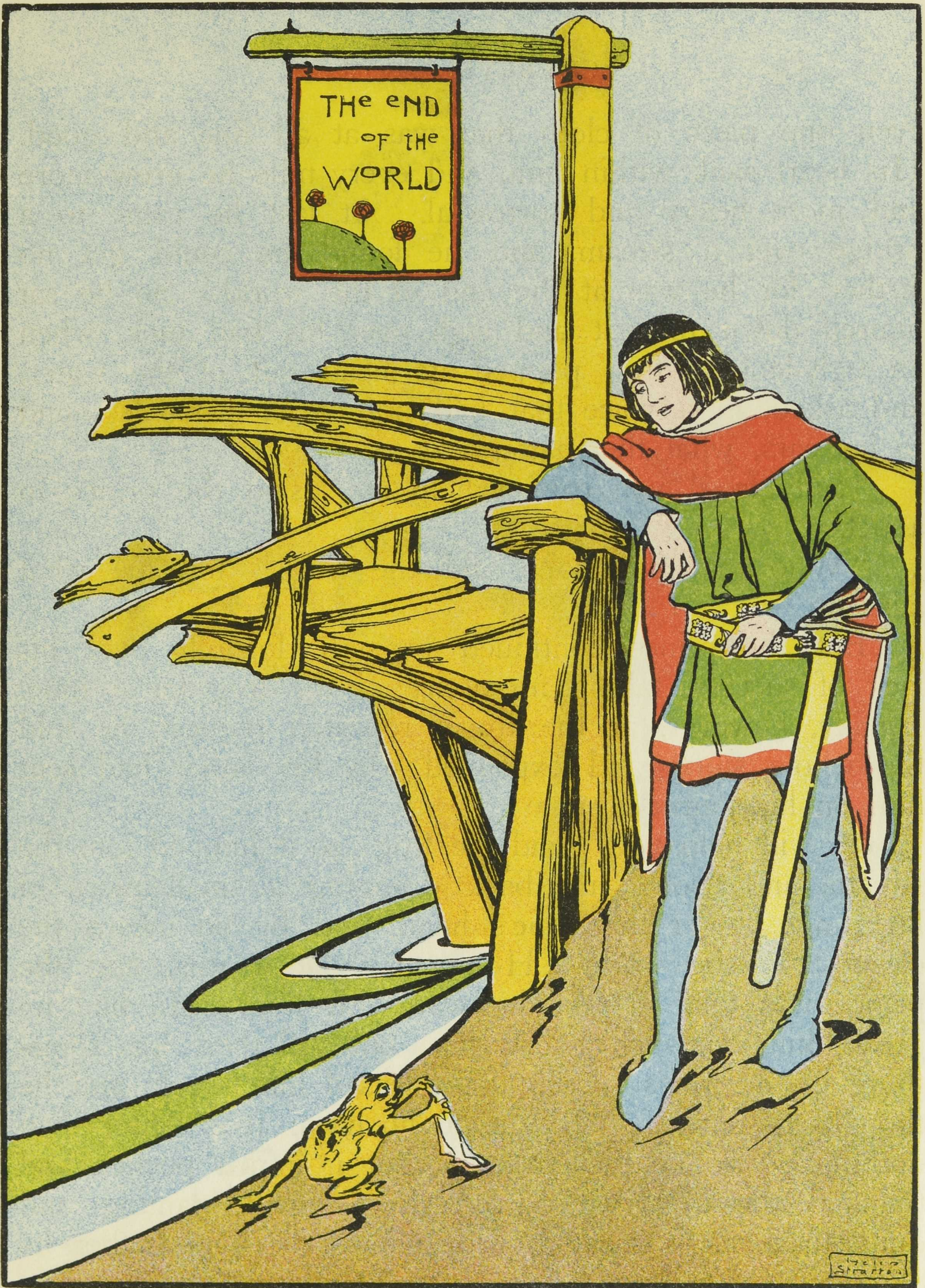
even one piece of cloth that was at all fine and good. His heart sank within him, and every mile he grew more and more heavy and sorrowful. At last he came to a bridge over a stream, and he found he could get no farther, for he was at the end of the world. So he sat himself down to rest and sigh over his bad luck, when an ugly-looking frog popped its head out of the water, and asked, in a voice that had not at all a harsh sound to his ears, what the matter was.

“Silly frog! you cannot help me,” said the prince in a pet.

“Who told you so?” said the frog; “tell me what ails you.”

But the prince continued to sigh dolefully over his lack of success, taking no notice of the frog for a time. Finally, however, at the frog's repeated request, he told the whole story, and explained why his father had sent him on his journey.

“I will help you,” said the frog; so it jumped into the stream, and soon came back dragging a small piece of linen not bigger than one's hand, and by no means the cleanest in the world. However, there it was, and the prince was told to take it away with him. He had no great liking for such a dirty rag; but still there was something in the frog's speech that pleased him much, and he thought to himself: “It can do no harm, it is better than nothing”. So he picked it up, put it in his pocket, and thanked the frog, who dived down again, panting and quite tired, as it seemed, with its work. The farther he



THE FROG AND THE PRINCE

CHERRYBLOSSOM



went the heavier, to his great joy, he found the pocket grow, and so he turned himself homewards, trusting greatly to his good luck.

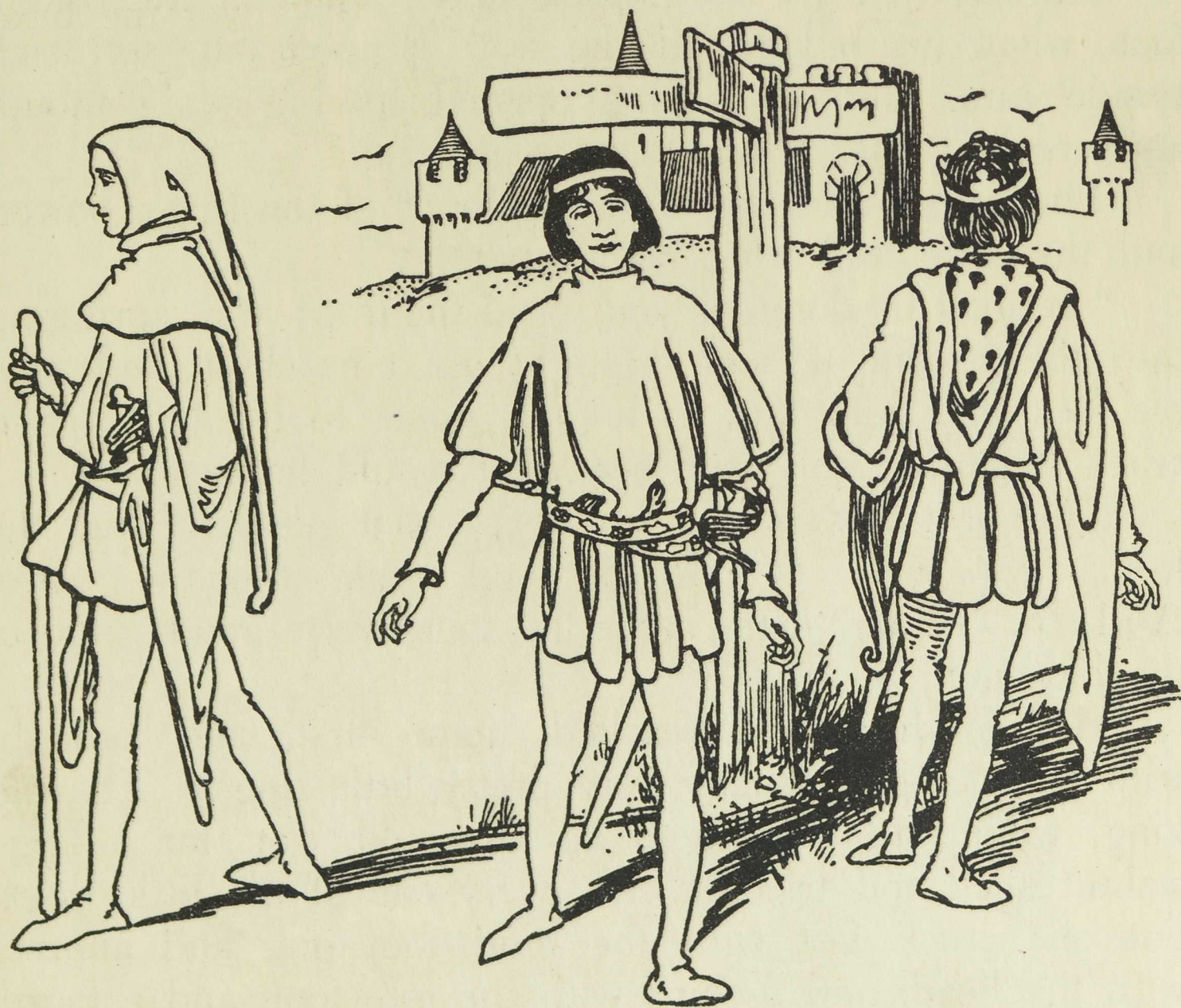
He reached home about the same time as his brothers, who came up with their horses and coaches all heavily laden. Then the old king was very glad to see his children again, and pulled the ring off his finger to try who had done the best; but in all the stock which the two elder had brought, there was not one piece a tenth part of which would go through the ring. At this they were greatly abashed; for they had made a laugh of their brother, who came home, as they thought, empty-handed. But how great was their anger when they saw him pull from his

CHERRYBLOSSOM

pocket a piece that for softness, beauty, and whiteness was a thousand times better than anything that was ever before seen! It was so fine that it passed with ease through the ring; indeed, two such pieces would readily have gone through together.

The father embraced the lucky youth, told his servants to throw the coarse linen into the sea, and said to his sons:

“Now you must try the second task which I am going



CHERRYBLOSSOM

to set you. Bring me home a little dog, so small that it will lie in a nutshell."

His sons were not a little frightened at such a task; but they all longed for the crown, and made up their minds to go and try what they could do. And so, after a few days, they set out once more on their travels. At the crossways they parted as before, and the youngest chose his old dreary, rugged road, with all the bright hopes that his former good luck gave him.

Scarcely had he sat himself down again at the bridge foot, when his old friend the frog jumped out, set itself beside him, and, as before, opened its big wide mouth and croaked out: "What is the matter?"

The prince had this time no doubt of the frog's power, and therefore told what he wanted.

"It shall be done for you," said the frog; and, springing into the stream, it soon brought up a hazelnut, laid it at his feet, and told him to take it home to his father, and crack it gently, and then see what would happen.

The prince went his way very well pleased, and the frog, tired with its task, jumped back into the water. And the young man naturally took very good care of the hazelnut.

His brothers had reached home first, and brought with them a great many very pretty little dogs. The old king, willing to help them all he could, sent for a large walnut shell and tried it with every one of the little dogs; but one stuck fast with the hind foot out, and another with the head, and a third with the fore foot, and a fourth



THE LITTLE DOGS AND THE WALNUT SHELL

CHERRYBLOSSOM

with its tail—in short, some one way and some another—but none were at all likely to sit easily in this new kind of kennel.

When all had been tried, the youngest made his father a dutiful bow, and gave him the hazelnut, begging him to crack it very carefully. The moment this was done, out ran a beautiful little white dog upon the king's hand, wagged its tail, fondled its new master, and soon turned about and barked at the other little beasts in the most graceful manner, to the delight of the whole court.

The joy of everyone was great, and the old king again embraced his lucky son, told his people to drown all the other dogs in the sea, and said to his children: "Dear sons! your weightiest tasks are now over. Listen to my last wish. Whoever brings home the fairest lady shall be at once the heir to my crown."

The prize was so tempting, and the chance so fair for all, that none made any doubts about setting to work, each in his own way, to try and be the winner. The youngest was not in such good spirits as he had previously been. He thought to himself: "The old frog has been able to do a great deal for me; but all its power must be nothing to me now, for where should it find me a fair maiden, still less a fairer maiden than was ever seen at my father's court? The swamps where it lives have no living things in them but toads, snakes, and such vermin." Meantime he went on, and sighed as he sat down again with a heavy heart by the bridge; for it was very hard,



"OUT RAN A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE WHITE DOG UPON THE KING'S HAND"

CHERRYBLOSSOM

he thought, that this third task should cause him to lose all the advantage which he had gained by his success in the two previous quests.

"Ah, frog!" said he, "this time you can do me no good."

"Never mind," croaked the frog, putting its head out of the water; "only tell me what is the matter now."

Then the prince told his old friend what trouble had now come upon him.

"Go your ways home," said the frog; "the fair maiden will follow hard after; but take care and do not laugh at whatever may happen!" This said, it sprang as before into the water, and was soon out of sight.

The prince still sighed on, for he trusted very little this time to the frog's word; but he had not made many steps towards home before he heard a noise behind him, and, looking round, saw seven large water rats dragging along a large pumpkin like a coach, full trot. On the box sat an old fat toad as coachman, and behind stood two little frogs as footmen, and two fine mice with stately whiskers ran before as outriders; within sat his old friend the frog, rather misshapen and unseemly, to be sure, but still with somewhat of a graceful air as it bowed to him in passing.

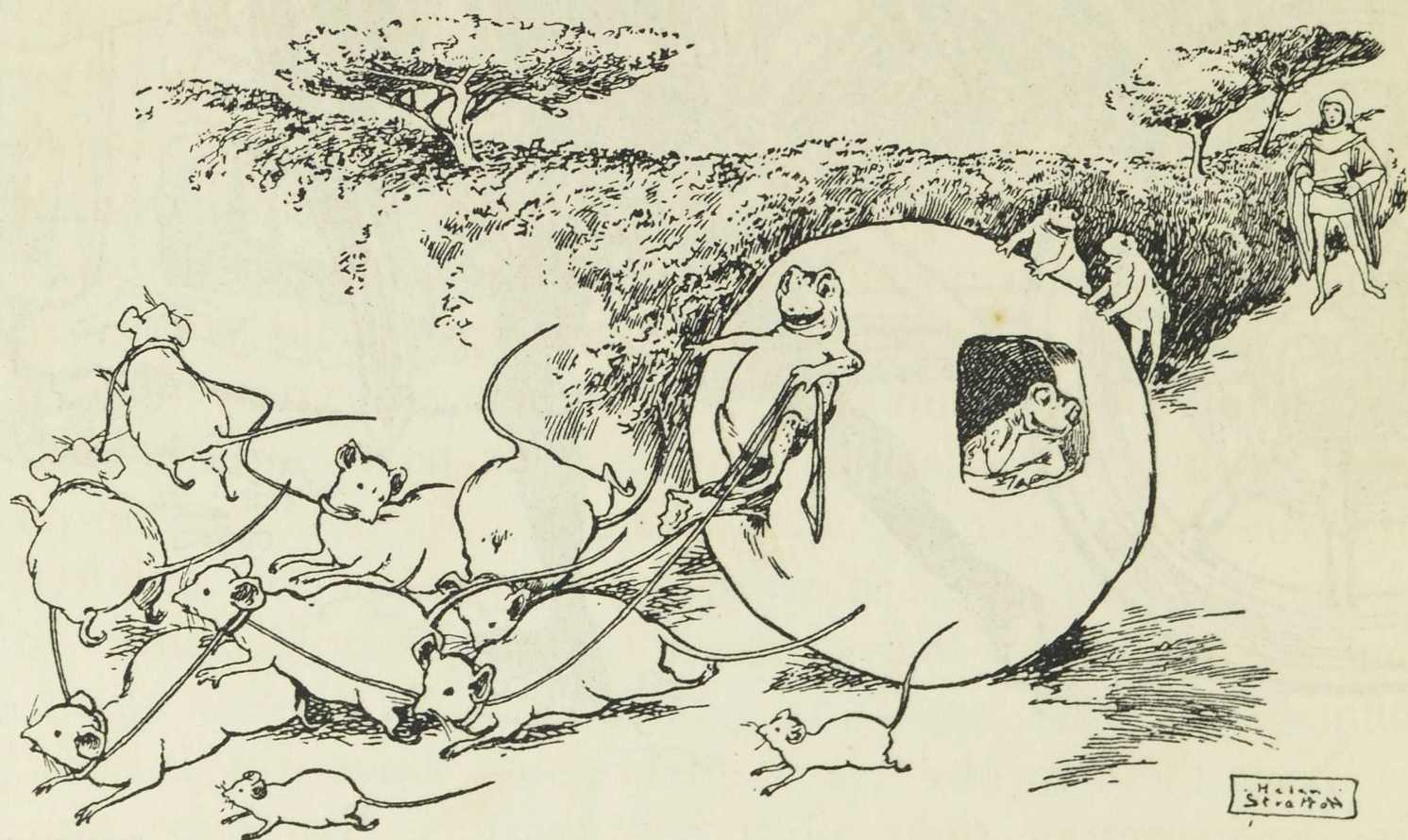
Much too deep in thoughts of the future to take any heed of the strange scene before him, the prince scarcely looked at it, and had still less mind to laugh. The coach passed on a little way, and soon turned a corner that hid it from his sight; but how astonished



"HE HASTENED TOWARDS THE COACH AS FAST AS HE COULD"

CHERRYBLOSSOM

was he, on turning the corner himself, to find a handsome coach before him, and within it the most beautiful lady he had ever seen! This lady he soon knew to be the fair Cherryblossom, for whom his heart had so long ago panted. He hastened towards the coach as fast as he could, and, as he drew near, Cherryblossom welcomed him in a glad voice, for she had fallen in love with him on that day he and his brothers had fought about her. He stepped into the coach and they soon came to his father's city. His brothers had already arrived, with trains of fair ladies; but as soon as Cherryblossom was seen, all the court, with one voice, gave her the crown of beauty; and the delighted father named his son the heir. Then the prince married Cherryblossom, and lived long and happily with her.





Jorinda and Jorindel

THERE was once an old castle that stood in the middle of a large, thick wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy. All the day long she flew about in the form of an owl, or crept about the country like a cat; but at night she always became an old woman again. When any youth came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not move a step till she set him free. But when any pretty maiden came within that distance, she was changed into a bird; and the fairy put her into a cage and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven hundred cages hanging in the castle, all with beautiful birds in them.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda. She was prettier than all the pretty girls that ever were



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JORINDA AND JORINDEL SIT DOWN NEAR THE OLD CASTLE

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JORINDA AND JORINDEL

seen; and a shepherd whose name was Jorindel was very fond of her, and they were soon to be married. One day they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone; and Jorindel said, "We must take care that we don't go too near to the castle". It was a beautiful evening; the last rays of the setting sun shone bright through the long stems of the trees upon the green underwood beneath, and the turtle-doves sang plaintively from the tall birches.

Jorinda sat down to rest, and Jorindel sat by her side. Both felt sad, they knew not why; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another for ever. They had wandered far; and, when they thought of going home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take.

Jorindel on a sudden looked behind him, and saw that they had, without knowing it, sat down near the old castle. Jorinda was singing:

"The ring-dove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day! well-a-day!
He mourn'd for the fate of his lovely mate,
Well-a-day!"

The song ceased suddenly. Jorindel turned to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed "Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu!" Jorindel could not move. He stood fixed as a stone. And now the sun went down altogether, and

JORINDA AND JORINDEL

the gloomy night fell. The owl flew into a bush, and a moment after the old fairy came forth.

She mumbled something to herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone, but what could he do? He could not speak, he could not move from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back, and sang in a hoarse voice:

“Till the prisoner’s fast,
And her doom is cast,
There stay! Oh, stay!
When the charm is around her,
And the spell has bound her,
Hie away! away!”

On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then he fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda. But she said he should never see her again, and went her way.

Jorindel could not return to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near to the castle as he dared go. At last he dreamt one night that he found a beautiful white flower, in the middle of which lay a costly pearl. And he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that everything he touched with it was disenchanted.

In the morning when he awoke he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower. Eight long

JORINDA AND JORINDEL



days he sought for it in vain; but on the ninth day, early in the morning, he found a beautiful white flower, and in the middle of it was a large dewdrop as big as a costly pearl.

Then he plucked the flower, and travelled day and night till he came again to the castle. This time he found that he could go close up to the door, and yet did not become fixed as before.

Jorindel touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open. Then he went in through the court till



JORINDEL TOUCHES THE CAGE WITH THE WHITE FLOWER

JORINDA AND JORINDEL

he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. And when she saw Jorindel she was very angry; but she could not come within two yards of him, for the flower he held in his hand protected him. He looked around at the birds, but, alas! there were many, many nightingales, and how then should he find his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do, he noticed that the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making her escape through the door. He ran after her, touched the cage with the flower, and his Jorinda stood before him, as beautiful as ever.

He also touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they resumed their old forms; and then he took his dear Jorinda home, and they lived happily together for many years.



Rumpel-Stilts-Kin

IN a certain kingdom once lived a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was, moreover, exceedingly shrewd and clever; and the miller was so vain and proud of her that he one day told the king of the land that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. Now this king was very fond of money, and, when he heard the miller's boast, his avarice was excited, and he ordered the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a chamber where there was a great quantity of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel, and said: "All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you value your life". It was in vain that the poor maiden declared that she could do no such thing; the chamber was locked, and she remained alone.

She sat down in one corner of the room and began

RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN

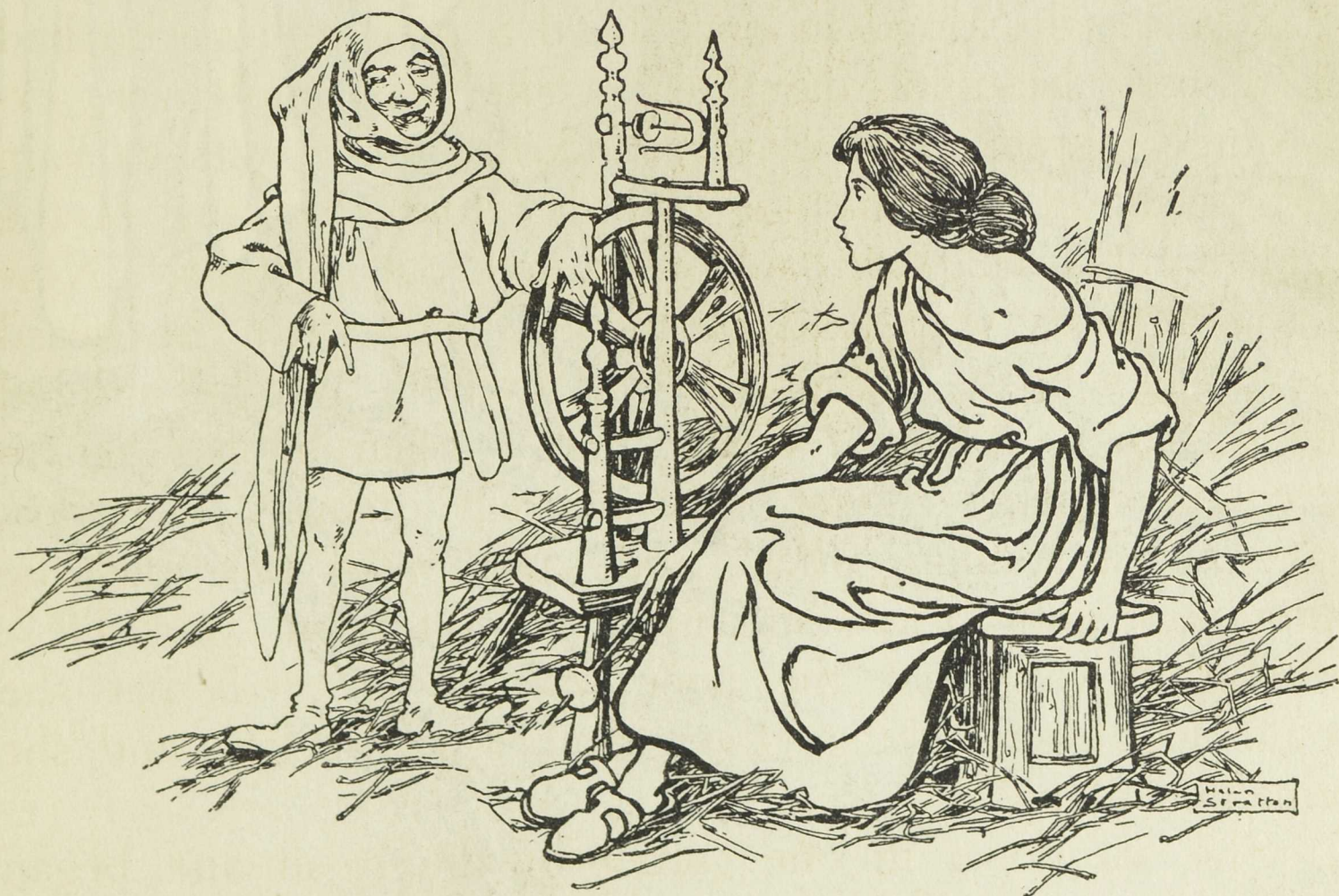
to lament over her hard fate, when on a sudden the door opened, and a droll-looking little man hobbled in, and said: "Good morrow to you, my good lass! What are you weeping for?"

"Alas!" answered she, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how."

"What will you give me," said the little man, "to do it for you?"

"My necklace," replied the maiden.

He took her at her word, and set himself down to the wheel. Round about the wheel went merrily, and presently the work was done and the gold all spun.





THE KING BIDS THE MAID SPIN THE STRAW INTO GOLD

RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN

When the king came and saw this, he was greatly astonished and pleased; but his heart grew still more greedy of gain, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task. Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the little man presently opened the door, and said: "What will you give me to do your task?"

"The ring on my finger," replied she.

So her little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel, and by the morning all was finished again.

The king was vastly delighted to see all this glittering treasure; but still he was not satisfied, and took the miller's daughter into a yet larger room full of straw, and said: "All this must be spun to-night; and if you succeed, you shall be my queen".

As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in, and said: "What will you give me to spin gold for you this time?"

"I have nothing left," said she.

"Then promise me," said the little man, "your first little child when you are queen."

"That may never be," thought the miller's daughter; but, as she knew no other way to get her task done, she promised him what he asked, and he span once more the whole heap of gold. The king came in the morning, and, finding all he wanted, married her, and so the miller's daughter really became queen.

At the birth of her first little child the queen rejoiced very much, and forgot the little man and her promise; but one day he came into her chamber and reminded her

RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN

of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and offered him all the treasures of the kingdom instead of the child, but in vain. At last, however, her tears softened him, and he said: "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child".

Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names she had ever heard, and despatched messengers all over the land to enquire after new ones. The next day the little man came, and she began with



RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN



Timothy, Benjamin, Jeremiah, and all the names she could remember; but to all of them he said: "That's not my name".

The second day she began with all the comical names she could hear of, Bandy-legs, Hunch-back, Crook-shanks, and so on; but the little gentleman still said to every one of them: "That's not my name".

On the third day one of the messengers came back,

RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN

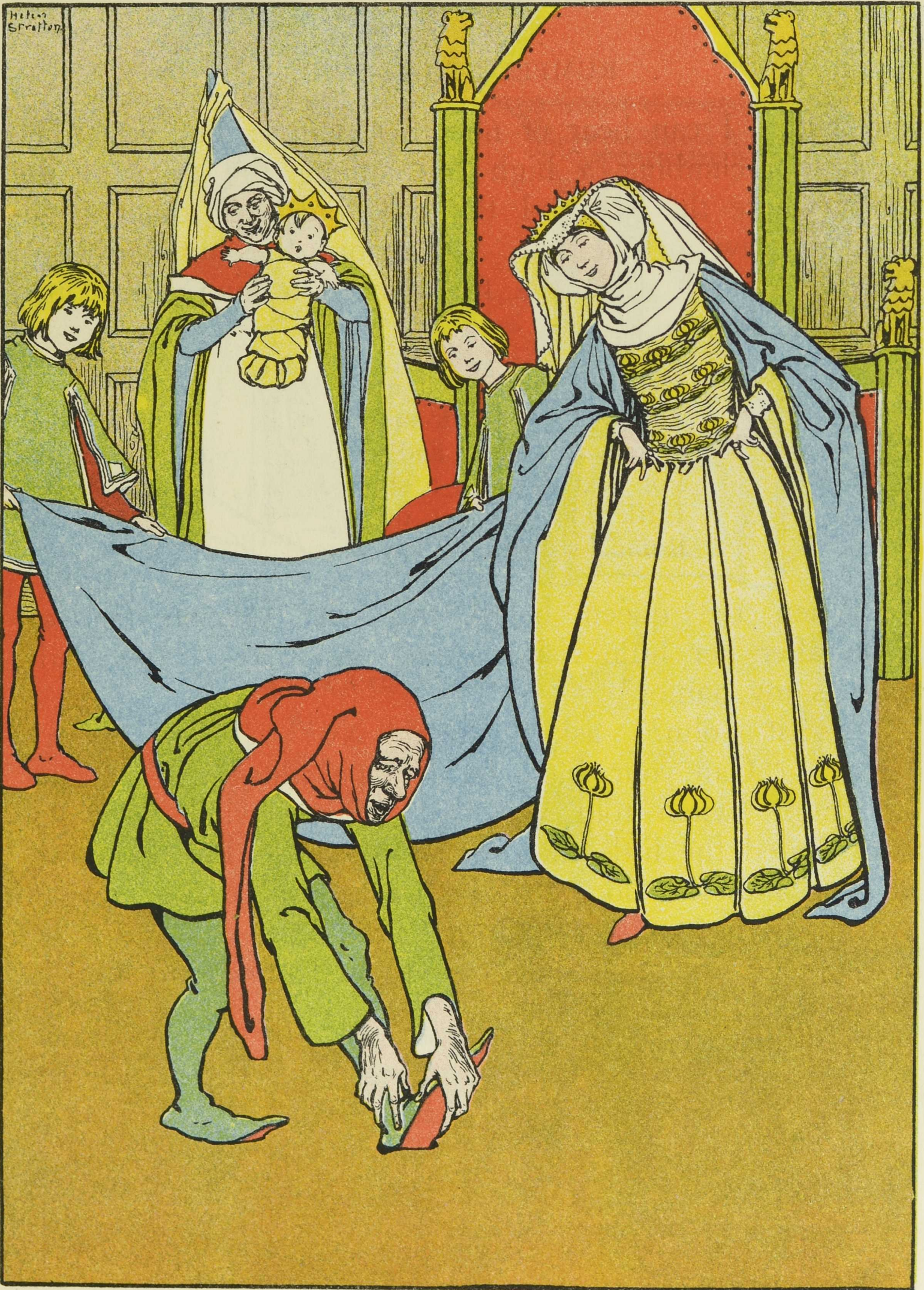
and said, "I can hear of no other names; but yesterday, as I was climbing a high hill among the trees of the forest where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, I saw a little hut, and before the hut burned a fire, and round about the fire danced a funny little man upon one leg, and sang:

' Merrily the feast I'll make,
To-day I'll brew, to-morrow bake;
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring.
Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-stilts-kin is my name!'

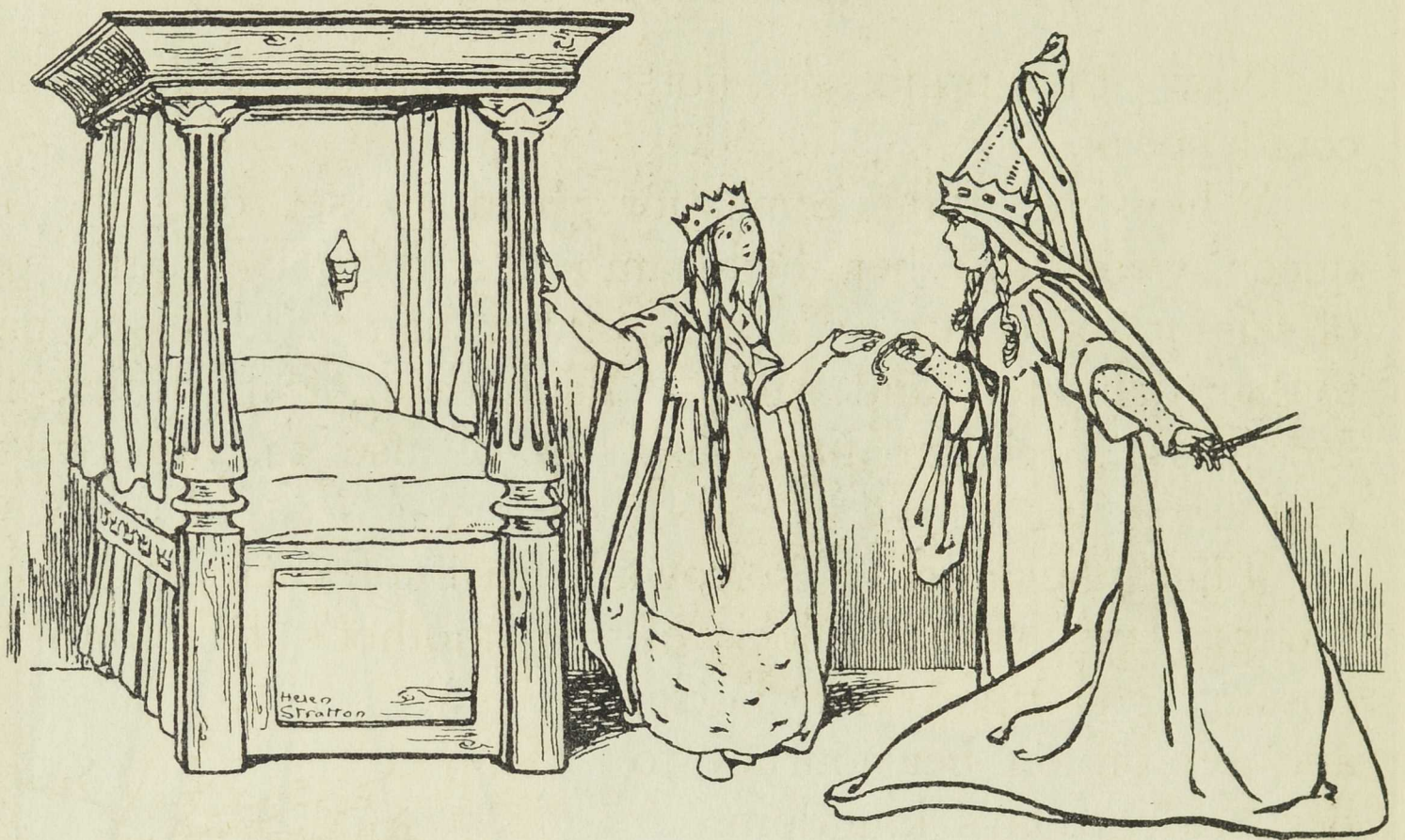
When the queen heard this, she jumped for joy. Soon after her little visitor came, and said, "Now, lady, what is my name?"

"Is it John?" asked she. "No!" "Is it Tom?" "No!" "Can your name be Rumpel-stilts-kin?"

"Some witch told you that! Some witch told you that!" cried the little man, and dashed his foot in a rage so deep into the floor that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out. Then he made the best of his way off, while everybody laughed at him for having had all his trouble for nothing.



RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN DASHES HIS FOOT INTO THE FLOOR



The Goose-Girl

AN old queen, whose husband had been dead some years, had a beautiful daughter. When she grew up, she was betrothed to a prince who lived a great way off; and as the time drew near for her to be married, she got ready to set off on her journey to his country.

Then the queen, her mother, packed up a great many costly things—jewels, and gold, and silver trinkets, fine dresses, and, in short, everything that became a royal bride; for she loved her child very dearly. And she gave her a waiting-maid to ride with her, and give her into the bridegroom's hands; and each had a horse for the journey.

THE GOOSE-GIRL

Now the princess's horse was called Falada, and could speak.

When the time came for them to set out, the old queen went into her bedchamber, and took a little pair of scissors, and cut off a lock of her hair. This she gave to her daughter, and said: "Take care of it, dear child, for it is a charm that may be of use to you on the road".

Then they took a sorrowful leave of each other, and the princess put the lock of her mother's hair into her bosom, got upon her horse, and set off on her journey to her bridegroom's kingdom.

One day, as they were riding along by the side of a brook, the princess began to feel very thirsty, and said to her maid: "Pray get down and fetch me some water in my golden cup out of yonder brook, for I want to drink".

But the maid was a wicked woman, who hated the princess.

"Nay," said she, "if you are thirsty, get down yourself, and lie down by the water and drink; I will not be your waiting-maid any longer."

The princess was so thirsty



THE GOOSE-GIRL

that she got down, and knelt over the little brook, and drank, for she was frightened, and dared not bring out her golden cup, to drink from it.

Then she wept, and said: "Alas! what will become of me?"

And, as she sobbed out the words, the lock of hair which her mother had given her answered her, and said:

"Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it".

But the princess was very humble and meek, so she said nothing about her maid's ill behaviour, but got upon her horse again.

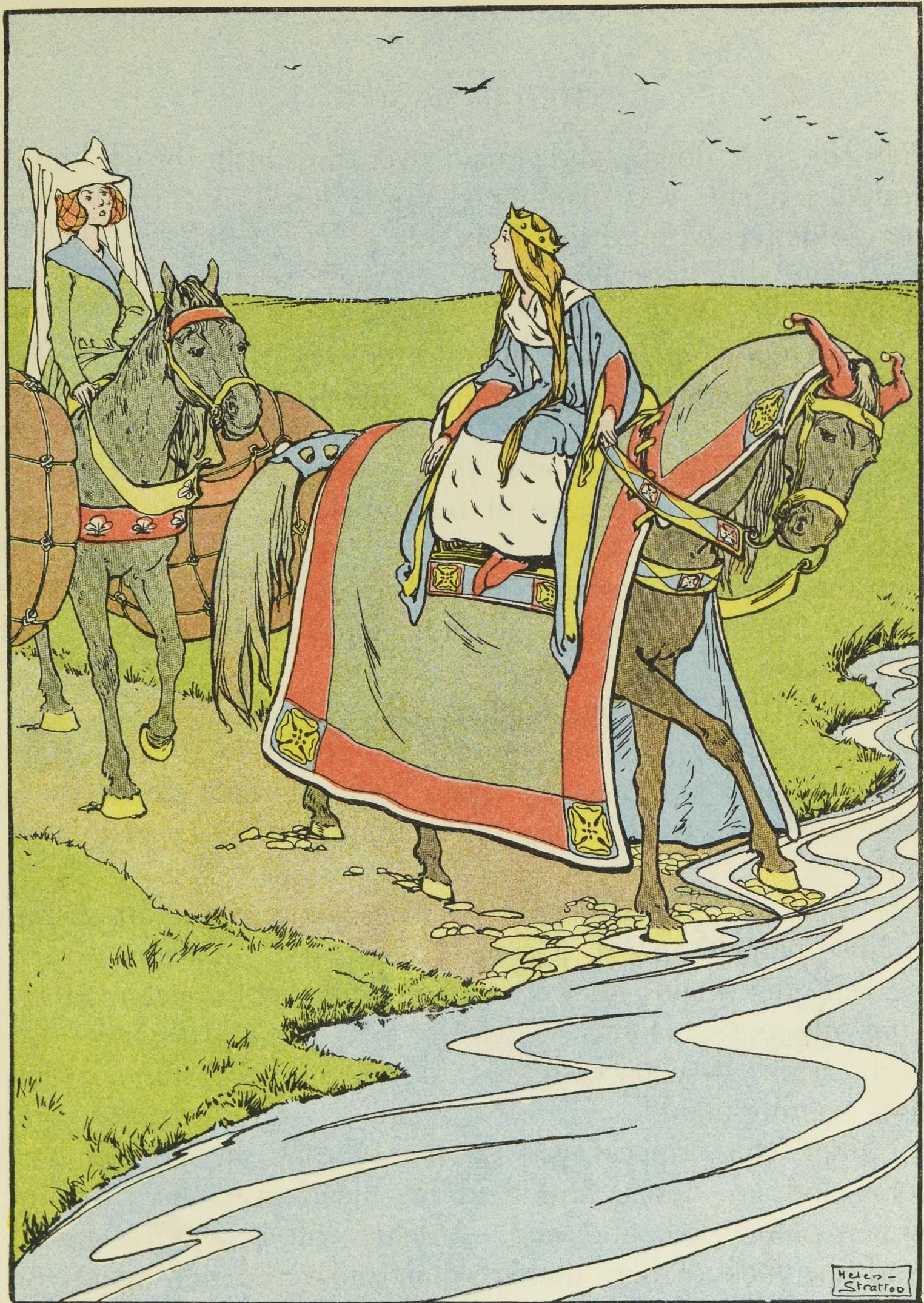
Then they rode farther on their journey, till the air grew so warm, and the sun so scorching, that the bride began to feel very thirsty again; and at last, when they came to a river, she forgot her maid's rude speech, and said:

"Pray get down and fetch me some water to drink in my golden cup".

But the maid answered her, and spoke even more haughtily than before:

"Drink if you wish to do so, but I will not be your waiting-maid".

Then the princess was so thirsty that she got off her horse and lay down, and held her head over the running stream, and cried, and said: "What will become of me?" And the lock of her mother's hair answered her again:



THE MAID REFUSES TO OBEY THE PRINCESS

THE GOOSE-GIRL

“Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it”.

And as she leaned down to drink, the lock of hair fell from her bosom and floated away with the water, without her seeing it, she was so frightened. But her maid saw it, as she watched her mistress—not because she was anxious for the safety of the princess, but because she hoped that some accident, or other ill, might befall her (so base and treacherous was this woman whom the queen had trusted to take care of her daughter). And she was very glad; for she knew the charm, and saw that the poor bride would be in her power, now that she had lost the hair. So when the bride had done, and would have got



THE GOOSE-GIRL



upon Falada again, the maid said: "I shall ride upon Falada, and you may have my horse instead"; and the princess was forced to give up her horse, and soon afterwards to take off her royal clothes, and put on her maid's shabby ones.

At last, as they drew near the end of their journey, this wicked servant threatened to kill her mistress if she ever told anyone what had happened. But Falada saw it all and marked it well. Then the waiting-maid got upon Falada, and the real bride was set upon the other horse, and they went on in this way till at last they came to the royal court. There was great joy at their coming, and the prince ran to meet them, and lifted the maid

THE GOOSE-GIRL

from her horse, thinking she was the one who was to be his wife; and she was led upstairs to the royal chamber, but the true princess was told to stay in the court below.

Now the old king happened to be looking out of the window, and saw her in the yard below; and, as she looked very pretty, and too delicate for a waiting-maid, he went into the royal chamber to ask the bride who it was she had brought with her, that was thus left standing in the court. "I brought her with me for the sake of her company on the road," said she; "pray give the girl some work to do, that she may not be idle." The old king, still wondering a little at the dainty appearance of the girl in the court, believed the falsehood told him to be the truth: but could not for some time think of any work for her to do. But at last he said: "I have a lad who takes care of my geese; she may go and help him". Now the name of this lad, whom the real bride was to help in watching the king's geese, was Curdken.

Soon after, the false bride said to the prince: "Dear husband, pray do me one piece of kindness". "That I will," said the prince. "Then tell one of your slaughterers to cut off the head of the horse I rode upon, for it was very unruly, and plagued me sadly on the road." But the truth was, she was very much afraid lest Falada should speak, and tell all she had done to the princess. The prince gave the order, and the faithful Falada was killed. When the true princess heard of this, she wept, and begged the man to nail up Falada's head against a large



"SHE BEGGED THE MAN TO NAIL UP FALADA'S HEAD"

THE GOOSE-GIRL

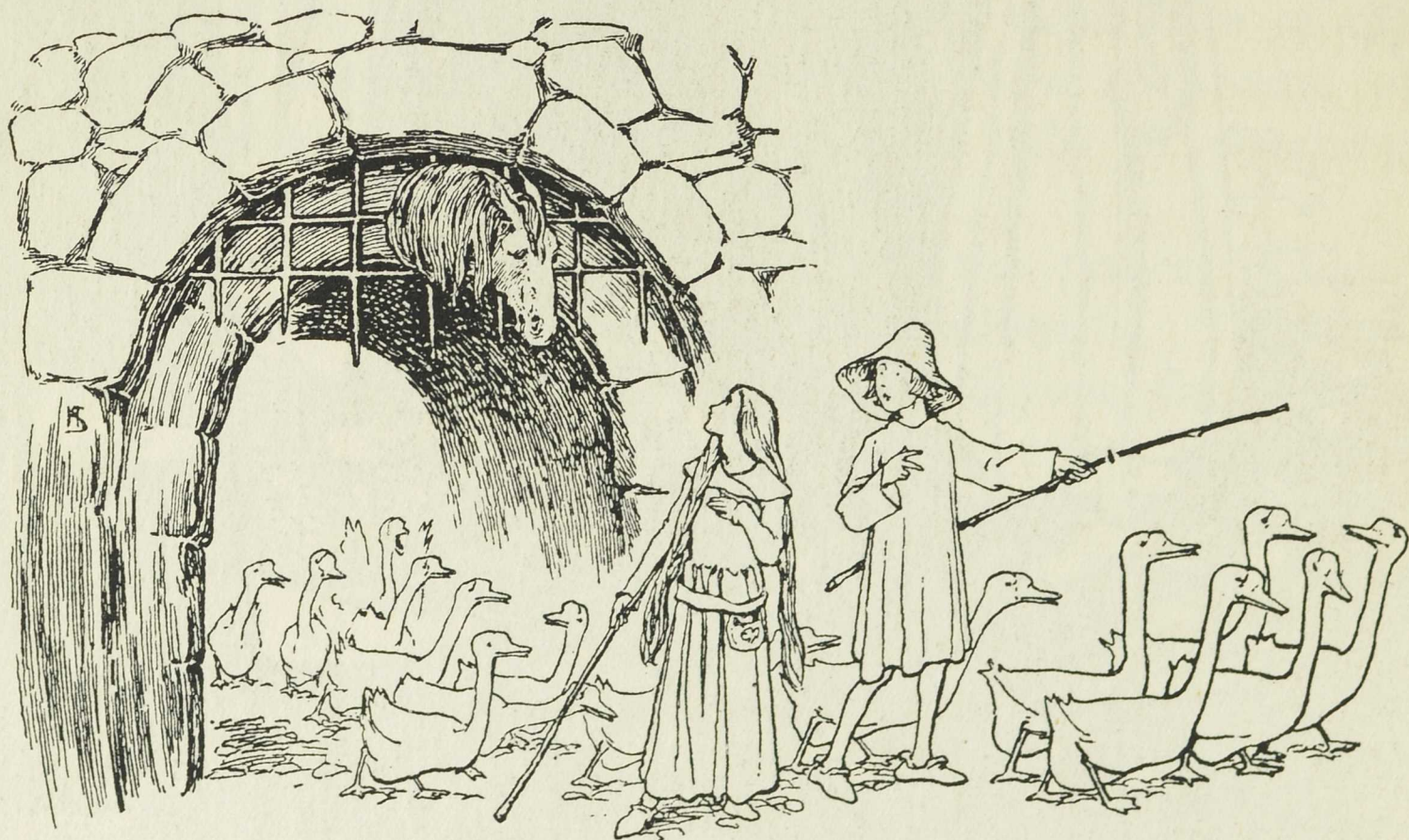
dark gate in the city, through which she had to pass every morning and evening, so that she might still see him sometimes. The slaughterer said he would do as she wished; and he cut off the head, and nailed it fast under the dark gate.

Early the next morning, as she and Curdken went out through the gate, she said sorrowfully:

“Falada, Falada, there thou art hanging!”

and the head answered:

“Bride, bride, there thou art ganging!
Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it”.

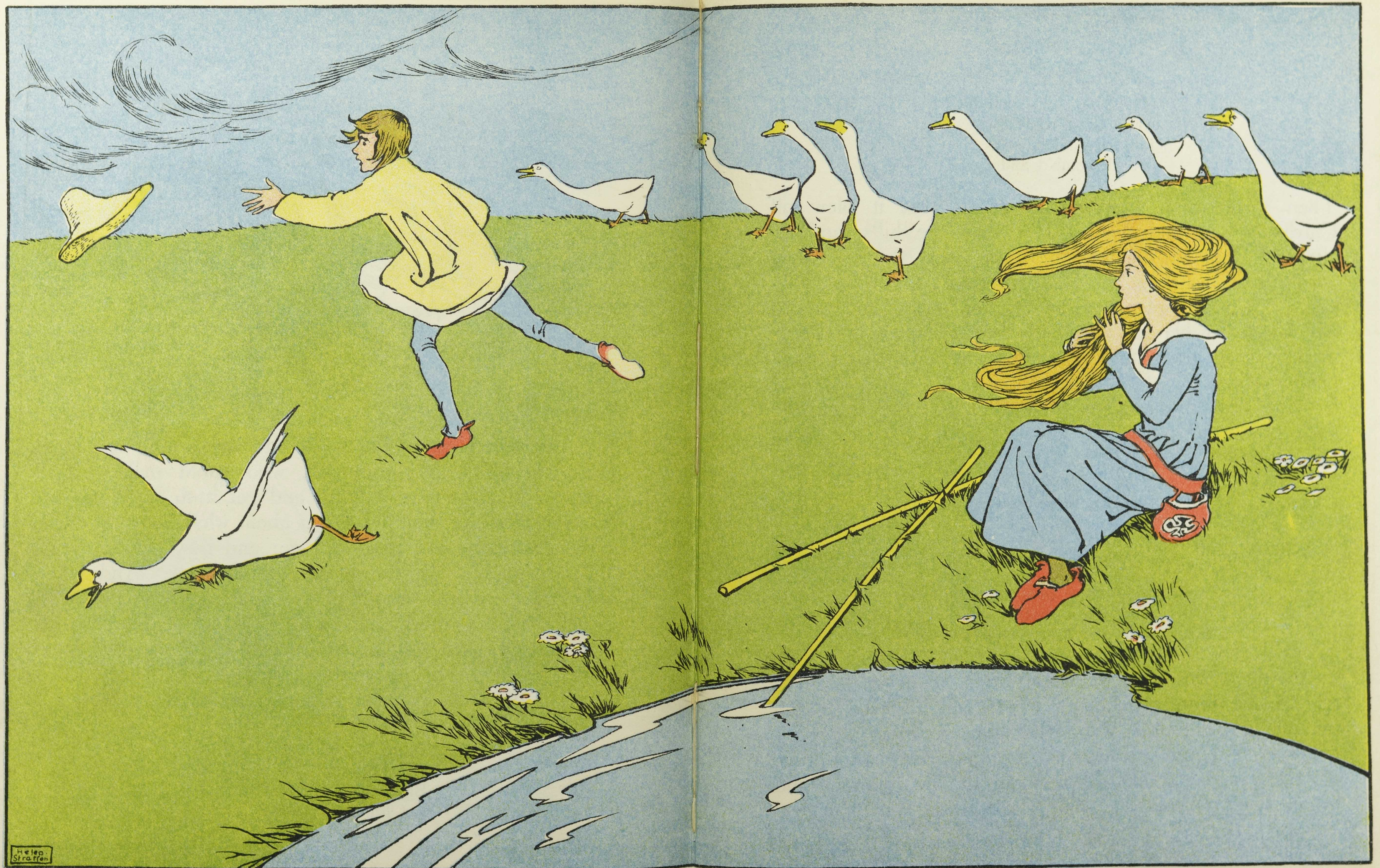


THE GOOSE-GIRL



And Curdken, as he listened to the words, wondered what sort of a girl this was, who could make herself understood by a horse's head, and get it to speak to her. However, he said nothing to her about what had happened, although he thought it so strange; and they passed out of the city, and drove the geese before them. And when they came to the meadow, the girl sat down upon a bank, and let down her waving locks of hair, which were all of pure gold. And when Curdken saw them glitter in the sun, he ran up, and would have pulled some of the locks out; but the princess cried:

“ Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken's hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!



"BLOW, BREEZES, BLOW! LET CURDKEN'S HAT GO!"

THE GOOSE-GIRL

O'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirl'd,
Till the golden locks
Are all comb'd and curl'd!"

Then there came a wind, so strong that it blew off Curdken's hat; and away it flew over the hills, and he after it. And by the time he came back, she had done combing and curling her hair, and had put it up again safe. Then he was very angry and sulky, and would not speak to her at all; and they watched the geese until it grew dark in the evening, and then drove them homewards.

The next morning, as they were going through the dark gate, the poor girl looked up at Falada's head, and cried:

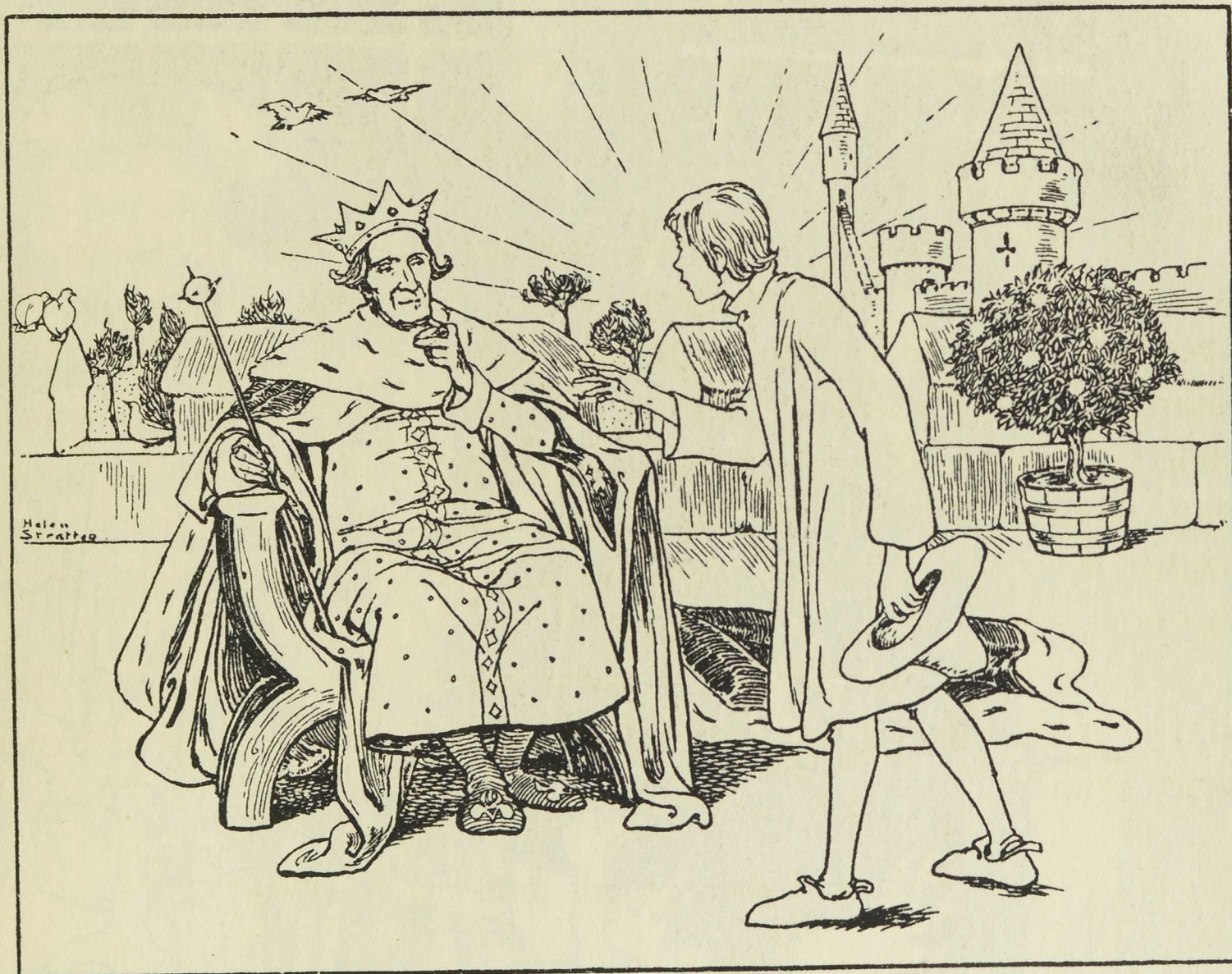
"Falada, Falada, there thou art hanging!"

and it answered:

"Bride, bride, there thou art ganging!
Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it".

Curdken was a little uneasy when he again heard a reply come from the horse's head; and resolved to lay the matter before the king, when they returned at night. He said nothing, however, to his companion, who drove on the geese and sat down again in the meadow, and began to comb out her hair as before. And Curdken

THE GOOSE-GIRL



ran up to her, and wanted to take hold of it; but she cried out quickly:

“Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken’s hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O’er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirl’d,
Till the golden locks
Are all comb’d and curl’d!”



"THE KING PLACED HIMSELF BEHIND THE DARK GATE"

THE GOOSE-GIRL

Then the wind came and blew his hat, and off it flew a great way, over the hills and far away, so that he had to run after it; and when he came back, she had done up her hair again, and all was safe. So they watched the geese till it grew dark.

In the evening, after they came home, Curdken went to the old king and said: "I cannot have that strange girl to help me to keep the geese any longer". "Why?" said the king. "Because, instead of helping me as she ought to, she does nothing but tease me all day long," replied Curdken. Then the king made him tell all that had passed. And Curdken said: "When we go in the morning through the dark gate with our flock of geese, she weeps, and talks with the head of a horse that hangs upon the wall, and says:

'Falada, Falada, there thou art hanging!'

and the head answers:

'Bride, bride, there thou art ganging!
Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it!'

Then Curdken told the king what had happened upon the meadow where the geese fed; and how his hat was blown away, and he was forced to run after it, and leave his flock. But the old king said he must go out again as usual the next day: and dismissed the boy from his presence. He then fell to wondering over the story which he had just heard. And the more he thought about it,

THE GOOSE-GIRL

the stranger seemed to grow the tale; and his curiosity became so great that at last he determined to see for himself what happened, and to hear with his own ears what passed between the goose-girl and the horse's head. So, when morning came, the king placed himself behind the dark gate, and heard how the princess spoke to Falada, and how Falada answered. Then the king went into the field and hid himself in a bush by the side of the meadow, and soon saw with his own eyes how they drove the flock of geese, and how, after a little time, the princess let down her hair, that glittered in the sun; and then he heard her say:

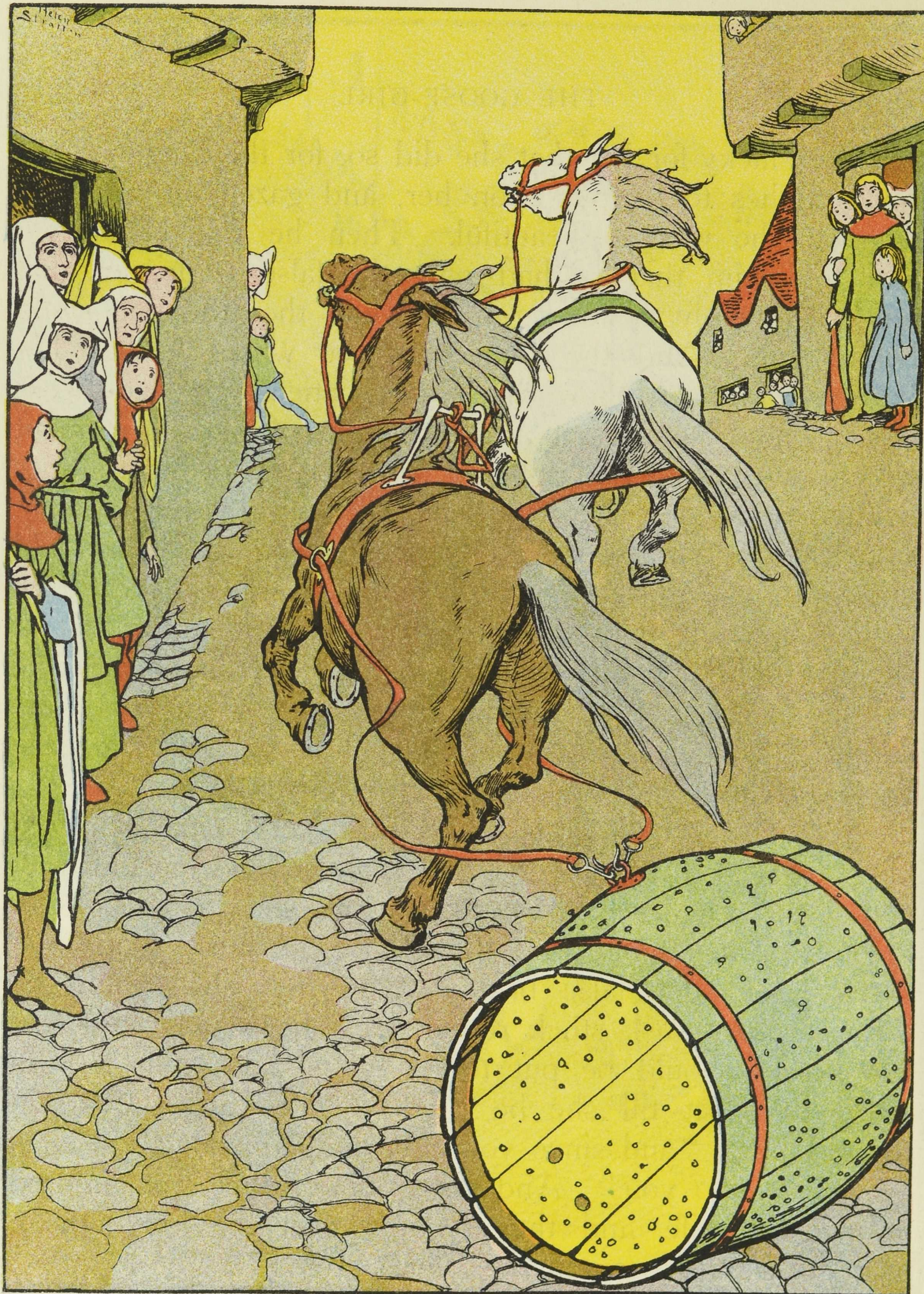
“ Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken's hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirl'd,
Till the golden locks
Are all comb'd and curl'd!”

And soon came a gale of wind, and carried away Curdken's hat, while the girl went on combing and curling her hair. All this the old king saw. So he went home without being seen; and when the little goose-girl came back in the evening, he called her aside, and asked her why she did so. But she burst into tears, and said: “That I must not tell you nor any man, or I shall lose my life”.

But the old king begged so hard that she had no peace till she had told him all, word for word: and it



THE PRINCESS TELLS THE OLD KING HER STORY

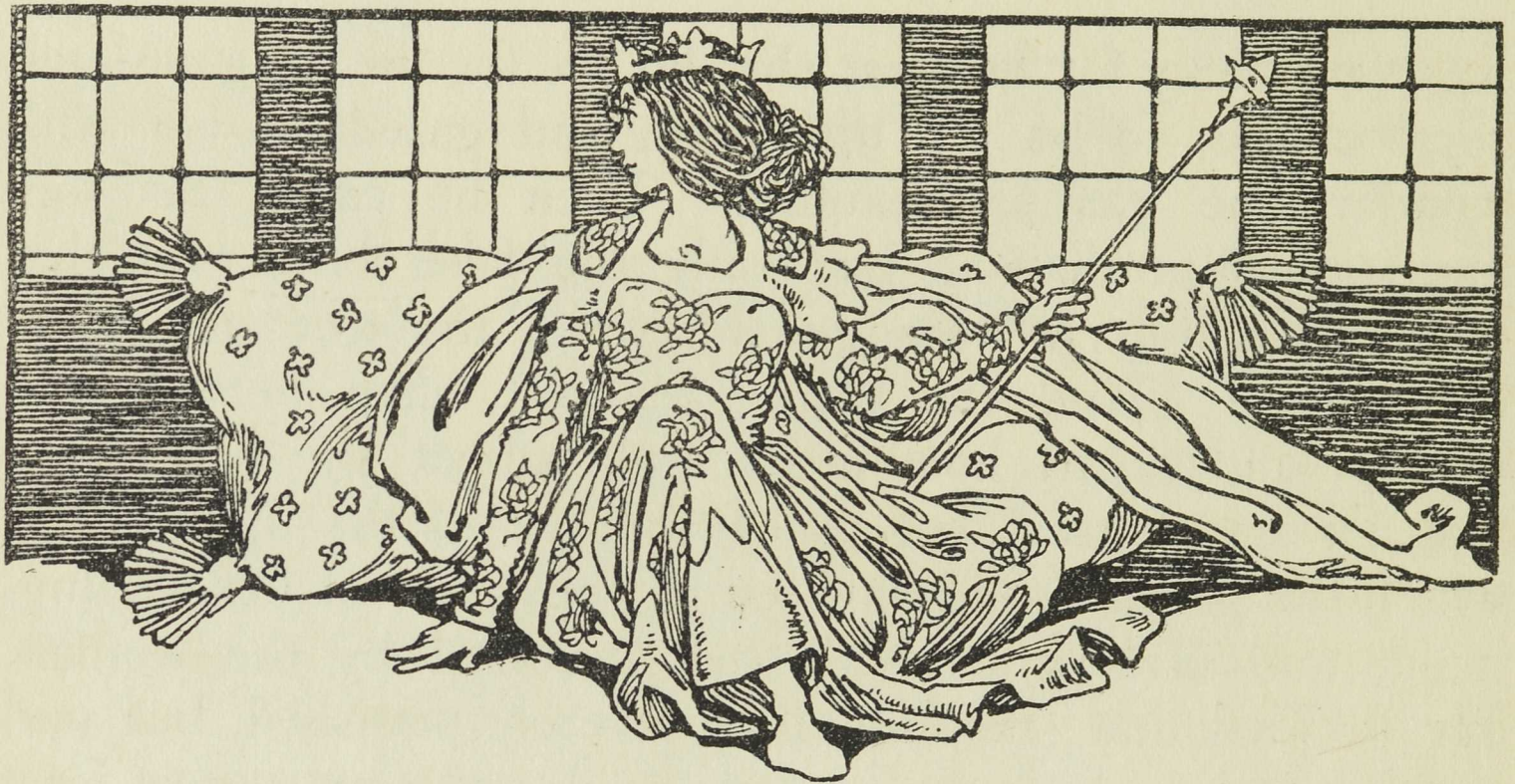


THE FALSE BRIDE IS DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS IN A CASK

THE GOOSE-GIRL

was very lucky for her that she did so, for the king ordered royal clothes to be put upon her, and gazed on her with wonder, she was so beautiful. Then he called his son, and told him that he had only the false bride, for that one was merely a waiting-maid, while the true one stood before him. And the prince rejoiced when he saw her beauty, and heard how meek and patient she had been; but his anger grew hot as he thought of the ill-treatment which the princess had suffered at the hands of her waiting-maid, and of how he had been deceived by the woman. He decided that she should be severely punished, but said nothing to her about the matter, simply ordering a great feast to be got ready for all his court. The bridegroom sat at the top, with the false princess on one side, and the true one on the other; but nobody knew her, for she was quite dazzling to their eyes, and was not at all like the little goose-girl, now that she wore her brilliant dress.

When they had feasted, and were very merry, the old king told all the story, as one that he had once heard, and asked the true waiting-maid what she thought ought to be done to anyone who should behave thus. "Nothing better," said this false bride, "than that she should be thrown into a cask stuck round with sharp nails, and that two horses should be put to it, and should drag it from street to street till she be dead." "You are she!" said the old king, "and since you have judged yourself, it shall be so done to you." And the young prince was married to his true wife, and they reigned over the kingdom in peace and happiness all their lives.



King Grisly-Beard

A GREAT king had a daughter who was very beautiful, but so proud and haughty and conceited that none of the princes who came to ask her in marriage were good enough for her, and she only made sport of them.

Once upon a time the king held a great feast, and invited all her suitors; and they sat in a row according to their rank, kings and princes and dukes and earls. Then the princess came in and passed by them all, but she had something spiteful to say to every one. The first was too fat: "He's as round as a tub!" said she. The next was too tall: "What a maypole!" said she. The next was too short: "What a dumpling!" said she. The fourth was too pale, and she called him "Wallface". The fifth was too red, and she called him "Cockscomb". The

KING GRISLY-BEARD

sixth was not straight enough, so she said he was like a green stick that had been laid to dry over a baker's oven.

And thus she had some joke to crack upon every one; but she laughed more than all at a good king who was there.

“Look at him,” said she, “his beard is like an old mop, he shall be called Grisly-beard!” So the king got the nickname of Grisly-beard.

But the old king was very angry when he saw how his daughter behaved, and how she ill-treated all his guests; and he vowed that, willing or unwilling, she should marry the first beggar that came to the door.

Two days after there came by a travelling musician, who began to sing under the window, and beg alms: and when the king heard him he said, “Let him come in”. So they brought in a dirty-looking fellow; and when he had sung before the king and the princess, he begged a boon.

Then the king said, “You have sung so well, that I will give you my





"NEXT THEY CAME TO SOME FINE MEADOWS"

KING GRISLY-BEARD

daughter for your wife. You must be wed now, and take her with you when you leave."

The princess begged and prayed; but the king said, "I have sworn to give you to the first beggar, and I will keep my word."

So words and tears were of no avail; the parson was sent for, and she was married to the musician.

When this was over, the king said, "Now get ready to go: you must travel on with your husband."

Then the beggar departed, and took her with him; and they soon came to a great wood. "Pray," said she, "whose is this wood?"

"It belongs to King Grisly-beard," answered he; "had you taken him, all had been yours."

"Ah! unlucky wretch that I am!" sighed she; "would that I had married King Grisly-beard!"

Next they came to some fine meadows. "Whose are those beautiful green meadows?" said she.

"They belong to King Grisly-beard; had you taken him, they had all been yours."

"Ah! unlucky wretch that I am!" said she; "would that I had married King Grisly-beard!"

Then they came to a great city. "Whose is this noble city?" said she.

"It belongs to King Grisly-beard; had you taken him, it had all been yours."

"Ah! miserable wretch that I am!" sighed she; "why did I not marry King Grisly-beard?"

"That is no business of mine," said the musician;

KING GRISLY-BEARD

“why should you wish for another husband? Am not I good enough for you?”

At last they came to a small cottage. “What a paltry place!” said she; “to whom does this little dirty hole belong?” The musician answered, “That is your and my house, where we are to live.” “Where are your servants?” cried she. “What do we want with servants?” said he; “you must do for yourself whatever is to be done. Now make the fire, and put on water and cook my supper, for I am very tired.” But the princess knew nothing of making fires and cooking, and the beggar was forced to help her. When they had eaten a very scanty meal they went to bed; but the musician called her up very early in the morning to clean the house. Thus they lived for two days: and when they had eaten up all there was in the cottage, the man said, “Wife, we can’t go on thus, spending money and earning nothing. You must learn to weave baskets.” Then he went out and cut willows and brought them home, and she began to weave; but it made her fingers very sore. “I see this work won’t do,” said he; “try and spin; perhaps you will do that better.” So she sat down and tried to spin; but the threads cut her tender fingers till the blood ran. “See now,” said the musician, “you are good for nothing; you can do no work—what a bargain I have got! However, I’ll try and set up a trade in pots and pans, and you shall stand in the market and sell them.” “Alas!” sighed she; “when I stand in the market and any of my father’s court pass by and see me there, how they will laugh at me!”



"AT LAST THEY CAME TO A SMALL COTTAGE"

KING GRISLY-BEARD

But the beggar did not care for that: and said she must work, if she did not wish to die of hunger. At first the trade went well; for many people, seeing such a beautiful woman, went to buy her wares, and paid their money without thinking of taking away the goods. They lived on this as long as it lasted, and then her husband bought a fresh lot of ware, and she sat herself down with it in the corner of the market; but a drunken soldier soon came by, and rode his horse against her stall and broke all her goods into a thousand pieces. Then she began to weep, and knew not what to do. "Ah! what will become of me?" said she; "what will my husband say?" So she ran home and told him all. "Who would have thought you would have been so silly," said he, "as to put an earthenware stall in the corner of the market, where everybody passes?—But let us have no more crying; I see you are not fit for this sort of work: so I have been to the king's palace, and asked if they did not want a kitchen-maid, and they have promised to take you, and there you will have plenty to eat."

Thus the princess became a kitchen-maid, and helped the cook to do all the dirtiest work. She was allowed to carry home some of the meat that was left, and on this she and her husband lived.

She had not been there long before she heard that the king's eldest son was passing by, going to be married; and she went to one of the windows and looked out. Everything was ready, and all the pomp and splendour of the court were there. Then she thought with an aching



THE SOLDIER UPSETS THE STALL

KING GRISLY-BEARD

heart of her own sad fate, and bitterly grieved for the pride and folly which had brought her so low. And the servants gave her some of the rich meats, which she put into her basket to take home.

All on a sudden, as she was going out, in came the king's son in golden clothes: and when he saw a beautiful woman at the door, he took her by the hand, and said she should be his partner in the dance; but she trembled for fear, for she saw that it was King Grisly-beard, who was making sport of her. However, he kept fast hold and led her in; and the cover of the basket came off, so that the meats in it fell all about. Then everybody laughed and jeered at her; and she was so abashed that she wished herself a thousand feet deep in the earth. She sprang to the door to run away; but on the steps King Grisly-beard overtook her and brought her back, and said, "Fear me not! I am the musician who has lived with you in the hut: I brought you there because I loved you. I am also the soldier who overset your stall. I have done all this only to cure you of pride, and to punish you for the ill-treatment you bestowed on me. Now all is over; you have learnt wisdom, your faults are gone, and it is time to celebrate our marriage feast!"

Then the chamberlains came and brought her the most beautiful robes; and her father and his whole court were there already, and congratulated her on her marriage. Joy was in every face. The feast was grand, and all were merry; and I wish you and I had been of the party.



"KING GRISLY-BEARD OVERTOOK HER AND BROUGHT HER BACK"

The Fox and the Horse

A FARMER had a horse that had been an excellent, faithful servant to him; but he was now grown too old to work, so the farmer would give him nothing more to eat, and said, "I want you no longer, so take yourself off out of my stable; I shall not take you back again until you are stronger than a lion."

Then he opened the door and turned him adrift, though a storm was raging at the time.

The poor horse was very melancholy, and wandered up and down in the wood, seeking some little shelter from the cold wind and rain.

Presently a fox met him. "What's the matter, my friend?" said he; "why do you hang down your head and look so lonely and woebegone?"

"Ah!" replied the horse; "justice and avarice never dwell in one house; my master has forgotten all that I have done for him so many years, and because I can no longer work he has turned me adrift, and says unless I become stronger than a lion he will not take me back again. What chance can I have of that? He knows I have none, or he would not talk so. And now, what can I do? I see nothing before me but misery."

However, the fox bid him be of good cheer, and said, "I will help you; lie down there, stretch yourself out quite stiff, and pretend to be dead. I shall leave you for some minutes: and when I return you must keep perfectly still, if you wish my efforts on your behalf to



“PRESENTLY A FOX MET HIM”

THE FOX AND THE HORSE

succeed." The horse did as he was told, and the fox went straight to the lion, who lived in a cave close by, and said to him, "A little way off lies a dead horse; come with me and you may make an excellent meal of his carcass." The lion was greatly pleased, and set off immediately; and when they came to the horse, the fox said, "You will not be able to eat him comfortably here; I'll tell you what—I will tie you fast to his tail, and then you can draw him to your den, and eat him at your leisure".

This advice pleased the lion, so he laid himself down quietly for the fox to make him fast to the horse. But the fox managed to tie his legs together, and bound all so hard and fast that with all his strength he could not set himself free.

When the work was done, the fox clapped the horse on the shoulder, and said, "Jip, Dobbin! Jip!" Then up he sprang, and moved off, dragging the lion behind him.

The beast began to roar and bellow, till all the birds of the wood flew away for fright; but the horse let him sing on, and made his way quietly over the fields to his master's house.

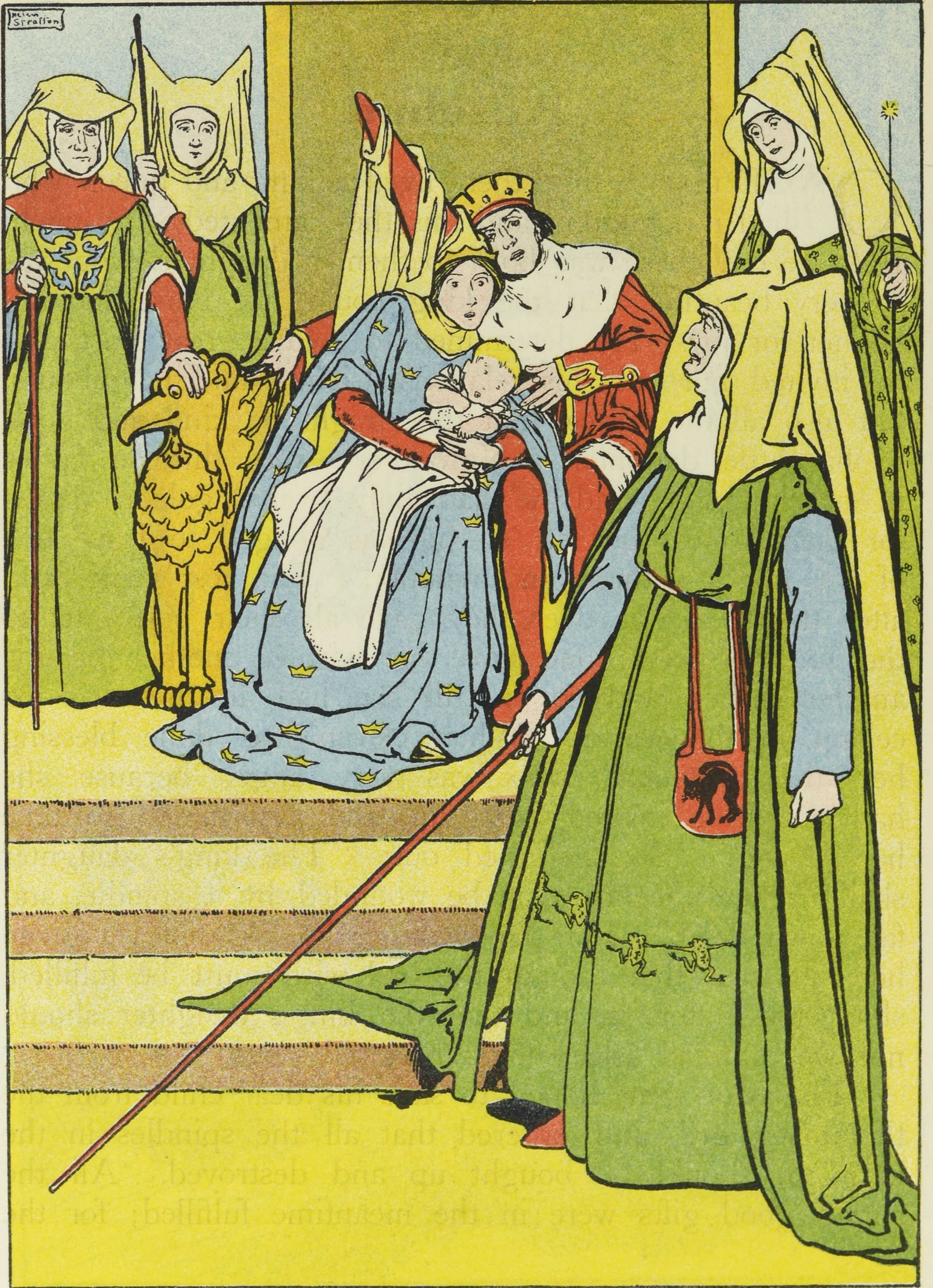
"Here he is, master," said he, "I have got the better of him!"

And when the farmer saw his old servant, his heart relented, and he said, "You shall stay in your stable and be well taken care of."

And so the poor old horse had plenty to eat, and lived—till he died.



THE HORSE DRAGS THE LION TO HIS MASTER



THE WICKED FAIRY TAKES HER REVENGE

Rosebud

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who had no children, and this they lamented very much. But one day there was born to them a daughter, who was so very beautiful that the king could not cease looking on her for joy. He determined to hold a great feast, and he invited not only his relations, friends, and neighbours, but also all the fairies, that they might be kind and good to his little daughter. Now there were thirteen fairies in his kingdom, and he had only twelve golden dishes for them to eat out of; so he was obliged to leave one of the fairies without an invitation. The rest came, and after the feast was over they gave all their best gifts to the little princess: one gave her virtue, another beauty, another riches, and so on, till she had all that was excellent in the world. When eleven had done blessing her, the thirteenth, who was very angry because she had not been invited, came in, and determined to take her revenge. So she cried out: "The king's daughter shall in her fifteenth year be wounded by a spindle, and fall down dead." But the twelfth, who had not yet given her gift, said that though the bad wish must be fulfilled, she could soften it, and that the king's daughter should not die, but fall asleep for a hundred years.

The poor king hoped to save his dear child from the threatened evil, and ordered that all the spindles in the kingdom should be bought up and destroyed. All the fairies' good gifts were in the meantime fulfilled; for the

ROSEBUD

princess was so beautiful, and well-behaved, and amiable, and wise, that everyone who knew her loved her. Now it happened that on the very day Rosebud was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and she was left alone in the palace. So she roved about by herself, till at last she came to an old tower, to which there was a narrow staircase ending with a little door. And when she opened the door there sat an old lady spinning

“Why, good mother,” said the princess, “what are you doing there?”

“Spinning,” said the old lady.

“How prettily that little thing turns round!” said the princess, and took the spindle and began to spin. But scarcely had she touched it when she pricked her finger and fell down on the ground, where she lay without a sign of life.

She was not dead, however, but had only fallen into a deep sleep; and the king and the queen, who just then came home, and all their Court, fell asleep too. And the horses slept in the stables, and the dogs in the court, the pigeons on the housetop, and the flies on the walls. Even the fire on the hearth left off blazing, and went to sleep; and the meat that was roasting stood still; and the cook, who was at that moment pulling the kitchen-boy by the hair to give him a box on the ear for something he had done amiss, let him go, and both fell asleep; and so everything stood still, and all slept soundly.

A large hedge of thorns soon grew round the palace,

ROSEBUD



till at last not even the roof or the chimneys could be seen. But there went a report through all the land of the beautiful sleeping Rosebud; so that from time to time several princes came, and tried to break through the thicket. This they could never do, for they stuck fast in the thorns, and died miserably.

After many, many years there came a prince into that land—a brave, handsome, young man. And it happened that one day, in his wanderings, he fell in with an old man, who told him the story concerning the great thicket of thorns, and how a beautiful palace stood behind it, in

ROSEBUD

which was a wondrous princess, called Rosebud, asleep with all her Court. He told, too, how he had heard from his grandfather that many, many princes had come, and had tried to break through the thicket, but had stuck fast and died. Then the young prince said: "All this shall not frighten me; I will go and see Rosebud."

Now that very day were the hundred years completed; and as the prince came to the thicket he saw nothing but beautiful flowering shrubs, through which he passed with ease, and they closed after him as firmly as ever. Then he came at last to the palace, and there in the court lay the dogs asleep, and the horses in the stables; and on the roof sat the pigeons fast asleep with their heads under their wings; and when he came into the palace, the flies slept on the walls; and the cook in the kitchen was still holding up her hand as if she would beat the boy.

Then he went on still farther, and all was so still that he could hear every breath he drew, till at last he came to the old tower and opened the door of the little room in which Rosebud was. There she lay fast asleep, with her head pillowed on her glorious hair—which during her lengthy sleep had grown magnificently thick and long—and her cheek resting on her clasped hands. The prince could hardly keep himself from crying out; she looked so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her, and he stooped down and gave her a kiss. But the moment he kissed her she opened her eyes and awoke, and smiled upon him. Then they went out together, and presently



THE KING'S SON DISCOVERS ROSEBUD

ROSEBUD

the king and queen also awoke, and all the Court, and they gazed on each other with great wonder. And the horses got up and shook themselves, and the dogs jumped about and barked; the pigeons took their heads from under their wings, and looked about, and flew into the fields; the flies on the wall buzzed away; the fire in the kitchen blazed up and cooked the dinner; the roast meat turned round again; and the cook gave the boy the box on his ear, so that he cried out. And then the wedding of the prince and Rosebud was celebrated, and they lived happily together all their lives long.





The Golden Goose

THERE was once a man who had three sons. The youngest was called Dummling, and was on all occasions despised and ill-treated by the whole family. It happened that the eldest took it into his head one day to go into the wood to cut fuel; and his mother gave him a delicious pasty and a bottle of wine to take with him, that he might refresh himself at his work. As he went into the wood, a little old man bid him good day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle; I am very hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "Give you my meat and wine! No, I thank you; I should not have enough left for myself," and away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

long before he missed his stroke, and cut himself, and was obliged to go home to have the wound dressed. Now it was the little old man that caused him this mischief.

Next went out the second son to work; and his mother gave him, too, a pasty and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for something to eat and drink. But he, too, thought himself vastly clever, and said, "Whatever you get, I shall lose; so go your way!" The little man took very good care that he should have his reward, and the second stroke that he aimed against a tree hit him on the leg; so that he, too, was forced to go home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I, too, should like to go and cut wood." But his father answered, "Your brothers have both lamed themselves; you had better stay at home, for you know nothing of the business." But Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go your way; you will be wiser when you have suffered for your folly." And his mother gave him only some dry bread and a bottle of sour beer. Now when he went into the wood he met the little old man, who said, "Give me some meat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if that will suit you, we will sit down and eat it together." So they sat down, and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold, it was turned into a capital pasty, and his sour beer became delightful wine! They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done, the



Helen
Stratton

“HE MET THE LITTLE OLD MAN”

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

little man said, "As you have a kind heart, and have been willing to share everything with me, I will send a blessing upon you. There stands an old tree; cut it down and you will find something at the root." Then he took his leave and went his way.

Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found in a hollow under the roots a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to an inn, where he proposed to sleep for the night. The landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose, they were very curious to examine what this wonderful bird could be, and wished very much to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said,



THE GOLDEN GOOSE



“I must and will have a feather.” So she waited till Dummling’s back was turned, and then seized the goose by the wing; but to her great surprise there she stuck, for neither hand nor finger could she get away again. Presently in came the second sister, and thought to have a feather too; but the moment she touched her sister, there she too hung fast. At last came the third, and wanted a feather; but the other two cried out, “Keep away! for heaven’s sake, keep away!” However, she did not understand what they meant. “If they are there,” thought she, “I may as well be there too.” So she went up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast. And so they kept company with the goose all night.



THE SISTERS FOLLOW DUMMLING AND HIS GOOSE

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

The next morning Dummling carried off the goose under his arm, and took no notice of the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind; and wherever he travelled, they were obliged to follow, whether they would or not, as fast as their legs could carry them.

In the middle of a field the parson met them; and when he saw the train, he said, "Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you bold girls, to run after the young man in that way over the fields? Is that proper behaviour?" Then he took the youngest by the hand to lead her away; but the moment he touched her he too hung fast, and followed in the train. Presently up came the clerk; and when he saw his master the parson running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and said, "Hollo! hollo! your reverence! whither away so fast? There is a christening to-day." Then he ran up and took him by the gown, and in a moment he was fast also. As the five were thus trudging along, one behind another, they met two labourers with their mattocks coming from work, and the parson cried out to them to set him free. But scarcely had they touched him, when they too fell into the ranks, and so made seven, all running after Dummling and his goose.

At last they arrived at a city, where reigned a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so thoughtful and serious a turn of mind, that no one could make her laugh; and the king had proclaimed, to all the world, that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife. When Dummling heard this, he went

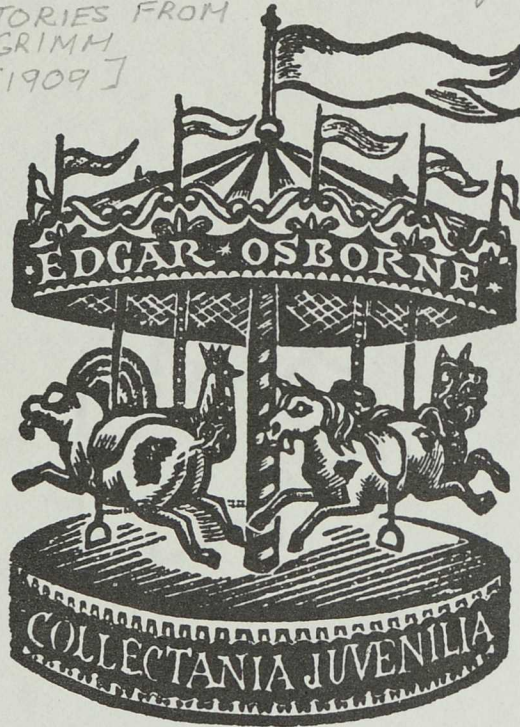
THE GOLDEN GOOSE

to her with his goose and all its train; and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and running about, treading on each other's heels, she could not help bursting into a long and loud laugh. Then Dummling claimed her for his wife. The wedding was celebrated, and he was heir to the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.



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