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Front.

THE WOLF'S DREAM.

FAIRY TALES,

COLLECTED IN THE ODENWALD,

BY

J. W. WOLF.

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE, BY

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE,

PH.D., F.S.A., M.R.A.S.



Illustrated by W. Garby.

LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO., FARRINGDON-STREET.

NEW YORK: 18, BEEKMAN-STREET.

1855.

249. u. 285.

London :
PRINTED BY STEWART AND MURRAY,
OLD BAILEY.

To the Memory

OF

The Ancients

WHO INVENTED AND PRESERVED

FOR US

THE TREASURES OF FAIRY LORE,

THESE LABOURS ARE

INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E.

So much has been said on the subject of legendary lore, that it would seem almost unnecessary to add any remarks upon a matter already treated in so masterly a way, by Grimm, Simrock, and Gervinus, more recently; and, at a former period, by Goethe, Fouque, Lessing, Herder, and a host of others. Yet, within the last few years, both here and upon the continent, there has been a diligent and accurate account kept posted up of the new tales, collected from country fire-sides and lowly cottage homes; and so great a body of traditional fiction has now become accumulated, that it has become necessary to attempt some kind of classification.

The learned and genial Bunsen has clearly shown, that Egyptian history has supplied the main substratum for one of the most delightful of these stories—the story of Cinderella. The ancient Queen Nitokris, of sad and solemn memory, lived in the minds

of the people she had ruled over, and about her simple story thronged imaginary additions, ultimately, through the medium of Greece and Byzance, changing into the tale as we have it.

So clear is the evident origin of the tale, that I cannot help citing it, as it may serve to indicate a path by which some other investigator may reach the realm of Faëry, as impenetrably concealed from our view as the fabled palace where the Sleeping Beauty lay.

Strabo has a story to the effect that an Egyptian king was sitting giving judgment, with his princes around him, when the malicious wind floated to his feet a delicate and beautiful slipper, of rare and costly material. It was smaller than all ordinary slippers, and thus attracted his special notice. He regarded it with eyes of wonder, and truly judged that the wearer of the slipper must be most beautiful, as such singularly small and delicate feet could not be unaccompanied by rare and luxuriant beauty. He proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom, that the owner of the slipper should become the Queen of Egypt and the companion of his home. This was Rhodopis or "Rosy-cheeks."*

* Bunsen, "Egypt's Place in Universal History," vol. ii, pages 211, 212.

"Such was the foundation of the legend, which, together with the Thessalian story of Psyche, in Apuleius, gave rise to the story of Cinderella—the oldest in the world, and from its deep truth, as the mirror of destiny, whether it refer to a beautiful woman or the human soul, the most imperishable."—P. 215.

Thus was Queen Nitokris raised from a private station to that sad eminence and unhappy fate which renders the state of royalty so hateful.

At least, such was the tale conceived by the children of Kham, handed down from ancient Egypt, and made a household story of among the later Greeks.

This forms the *kern*, or kernel, of the legend, and the other elements it were easy, but useless, to trace.

In the present volume, however, in the "Story of the Robber Captain," we meet with another ancient Egyptian legend—the legend preserved to us in Herodotus,* and known as the "Story of the Miser-King Rhampsinitus and the Robbers." In every respect, this South German story, collected orally by Wolf, is identical with the Egyptian tale.

It is singular to encounter among the peasants of Germany a time-hallowed story which Herodotus had related to him in the probable country of its birth; and the fidelity with which the story has been preserved is a testimony to the tenacity of the legend upon the mind of the people. Empires have risen and fallen since these tales were first told; arts have been lost, science has passed through stages of degradation and charlatanry; myriads of human beings have left this earth; and still these ancient figments of a certain kind of history remain.

There can be little doubt that we have, in fairy

* Herodotus ii. 121.

tales, the confused traditions of an ancient epoch, coloured by the superstitious and magical beliefs of the middle ages. To a certain extent we find almost all these stories becoming revived during the middle age, and assuming the costume of that time, just as the Scriptural heroes assumed the clothing of that era upon the Dutch tiles of the sixteenth century.

The monsters, too, are all, I think, remnants of remote traditional rumours respecting the strange animals that once populated the globe, and which we now see for the first time restored (the triumphs of a geological age) in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, and Professor Owen.

It may seem to be a matter of surprise to some, that I should say traditions of a geological age, when man is generally supposed not to have existed; still it is a fact, that the *dinornis struthiocamelus*, or wingless bird, the existence of which was first so skilfully proved by the greatest of living comparative anatomists, was *known* in New Zealand among the natives but two generations ago, under the name of the *mooa*. Thus an instance in our own times has occurred among a half-civilized hunter race, of the preservation of a species within the memory of our grandfathers, the *origines* of which are geological. Another instance, still better known, exists in the fact of the recent extinction of the dodo.

On the subject of the present collection, I have little more to say. That, when properly examined,

the various laws guiding the production of these fictions will be made plain, I have no doubt, and the multiform features presented by fairy tales and household tales, as well as nursery rhymes, ably treated by Mr. Halliwell, will be understood as proceeding from the special mental qualities of the nations among whom these tales have been recast.

Thus, Faëry lore, that grand and healthy stimulant to the imagination, will be found of historical as well as ethical importance.

I have written thus seriously because the subject is important, and in a preface I know that it is impossible to appeal to my younger readers. It is only through simple narrative, or humorous form, that you can touch the hearts of the young.

In the adaptation of M. Wolf's collection for English children, I have attempted to throw modern English lights upon these wild old stories—stories which have wiled away dark hours amidst ancient forests, and come ever fresh, ever young, ever welcome to our firesides, gladdening the hearts of our children, cherishing their sympathies by the strange fates of the heroes, and strengthening the powers of imagination and poetry.

Before closing this preface I must not omit to acknowledge the obligations under which I lie, for the kind assistance I have received in the adaptation from several friends, but more especially from my friend Mr. Thomas Blackburne, to whom the reader as well

as myself is indebted for the skilful translation of several tales.

May this book, a sort of garner-house of legend, find favour!

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

December 16th, 1854.

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FAIRY TALES.

The Fisherboy and the Two Horses.

IN the depths of a wide forest there was a great calm lake, glistening in the summer sun, which flashed down through the dark green trees. Upon its green and shady shore there lived a fisherman and his wife. God had blessed them with five sons, each one handsomer than his elder brothers. Every morning, as soon as day broke, the fisherman went out upon the lake, and cast his nets: in the evening he used to draw them up again, and he never failed to find them full of dainty and delicate fish. It seemed as if there rested a blessing upon his work; and what is more odd, it appeared to be caused by a little grey mannikin, who was seen at the lake every day, and who used to leap about in the boat and among the nets, just as if he were always calling together the fish.

When the sons had grown older, they went out in turn with their father, the fisherman, upon the lake; while the other four carried the fish to town, and sold them for a great sum of money. The youngest, who was just twenty years of age, one morning went out with his father as usual, but the grey mannikin did not come that day, and at night

there was not a single fish in any one of the nets, not one!

When the pair were going off home, the little fellow came dancing up to them, and asked—

“Well, good people! Well, good people! How goes it to-day?”

“Badly, very badly,” said the fisherman; “we haven’t got a single fish.”

“Fisherman, will you sell me that youngest son of yours there?”

“I wouldn’t sell my own flesh and blood at any price,” cried the man.

“But I will fill your boat with the finest yellow gold, so that you shall be a rich man for ever and ever,” continued the mannikin; “and what’s more, if you won’t do it, all your good fortune will be gone; and yesterday you will have caught the very last fish you ever shall catch.”

Then the fisherman began to think, and said at last, “If I only knew where he would go, and what would become of him?”

“He shall come to no harm, for he has but to take care of two horses, one white and the other black. After that is done, he may go and walk or ride, and do just as he pleases. Besides this, he may come and see you every three months.”

“Then I am content,” observed the fisherman, “if my boy likes to go.”

But the youth had a good and kind heart; and he, therefore, only said—“Father, if my going will only make you more comfortable, I will go away at once with the mannikin.”

Then the fisherman parted from them, and when he returned to his boat, the finest yellow gold lay

in great heaps in the glow of the evening sun; and there was enough there to make him as rich as Croesus, who was a very rich man indeed.

The youth followed the mannikin, who kept leading him deeper and deeper into the wood, till they came to a beautiful palace. There he showed him all the rooms, and they were so magnificent,—oh, dear me! nobody could find a word to express how splendid they were, even if he had all the completest dictionaries of all the languages that ever were and ever will be!

In one of them there was a great number of books.

“You may read them all,” said the mannikin, “except that one in the corner; if you read that one it will be a dreadful misfortune for you.”

The last place he took him into was the stable, where there stood two horses, one milk-white and the other coal black.

“These you will have to feed and wait upon,” said the little grey fellow, “and that will be all your work. The white one you must never ride; every day it must have two measures of wine, and plenty of excellent bread; you must rub it down carefully, and keep it very nice, for I prize it very much. The black one is to have oats, hay, and water; you may ride it as much as you like, into the forest and back again home. All your work there must be done in the day, and you must never go into the stable with a light. If you do this faithfully and honestly, and never take any heed of anyone’s advice but mine, then you will be well off, and your fortune will be made.”

The youth promised to do this, and kept his word. When his work was done he used to read in the books, and found sayings there which everybody does not

know. Yet there were some odd doings in the palace, and things certainly did not go on there as they should have done. Usually he only saw the mannikin, who came every day and often praised his industry and obedience, telling him to continue to do as he was doing, and he would find it advantageous to him. But often when he was sitting in the garden in the cool of the evening, and thinking about all sorts of things, he used to see two shapes flitting about. One was great like a giant, and yet no giant; the other was smaller and like a woman, and yet was no woman. They kept hovering about there, appearing and disappearing, and he could not observe more than that the smaller shape always seemed sad, and in tears. He often gave himself a splitting headache by thinking about them, but never was one hair's breadth nearer the truth.

After three months were gone, the youth begged the mannikin for a holiday, for he wished to see his parents again. The mannikin willingly gave him leave to go, but advised him again not to pay any regard to anyone's advice but his own. The youth rode away upon his pony, and found himself by the shore of the lake sooner than he expected. But when he looked round for his father's house, it was no longer to be seen; and in its place was a magnificent castle. You can imagine with what joy his parents received him. His brothers were all married, and had become rich merchants in some of the principal cities of the country. His mother told him of this, saying: "They are all provided for, but you do not know what you will be; you must begin to think of to-morrow."

After he had told her how everything went on at the palace, and all about it, she never gave him a mo-

ment's rest, and kept saying to him : " Now don't be silly, but make sure of everything. The grey mannikin grudges you leave to read in the book. If I were in your place I should never be easy till I knew everything that was in it ; I shouldn't be able to sleep a wink at night, and neither eating nor drinking would do me the least good. The grey mannikin would never know, if you only kept it secret." She went on always persuading him, until he promised her that he would read the book, and when he saw her again would tell her what was in it.

In a few days he bade his parents farewell, and rode back to the palace. At first he succeeded in conquering his wish of looking in the book ; but after awhile he began to think that he was only forbidden to read it, and he might at any rate look into it. When he had looked at it for some time, he began to think that he might certainly read a little of it, but when he did begin it he never rested till he had read it quite through. Now he knew quite well that the milk-white horse was an enchanted princess, and that the giant was her father, that the castle was theirs, and that they took human shapes every night. He also learnt how they might be saved. But in that moment the grey mannikin stood before him, and asked angrily : " What have you done ?" It was no use saying anything, and the mannikin took him by the collar and kicked him out of the castle-gate, saying at the same time : " Had you only followed my advice for a year, you would have been happy all your life ; now you may go and be a swineherd. That's all you get by it !"

And with these words the door clapped to behind him.

So there he stood in the wild forest, quite alone in

the world. But he soon took a good heart, thought that after all things were not so very bad, and he certainly knew how the princess might be restored to her own shape and power. So he cut himself a good thick stick in the coppice, and stumped manfully through the bushes. And he walked along so for many a day, and lived upon the roots and herbs.

At last the forest grew lighter and lighter, and he came to a village. There he asked the farmers whether there was anything he could do? "Yes," said one of them, "if you like to keep my swine, then there is a place open for you with me." This was certainly hard, particularly after he had been so well off for such a long time; but what was to be done? He therefore agreed with the farmer, and got a corner by the pigsty to sleep in, and drove the pigs out the next morning.

While he was sitting in the field, thinking over his unlucky fate, he heard a great clapping of wings in the air above him, and he saw that it was Bird Grip, who alighted upon a mountain at some distance. He rubbed his hands joyfully, and laughed within himself, for he had read about Bird Grip in the book. When the bird came again the next day, and flew in the same direction, he told the farmer of it.

"I know him only too well," said the farmer; "he has eaten more than one of my pigs, therefore be careful not to go too near the mountain."

"Pooh, man! he won't eat a pig when I'm by," cried the youth, "and I shall go right off to the mountain."

"You may do it if you like," said the farmer, "but if a pig is missing to-night you'll get a thrashing, and be turned out."

“Quickly begun is half won,” said the youth, as he drove out the herd the next morning, and went rapidly towards the mountain, for the mountain was mentioned in the book too. About noon, Bird Grip came flying along like a great dark cloud. When he saw the swine near the mountain, he shot down and seized one in his great horrible claws, but the youth had not forgotten what he had been reading about in the book ; he pulled three feathers from him that instant, put two behind his ears and one in his mouth, thus he became wonderfully strong, and could fly in spite of Bird Grip. Then he tore the swine away from him, seized him by the throat, and squeezed it, till the mighty bird fell down dead. After that he cut his body open with his knife, and got a great white egg out of him : with this he could disenchant the princess.

Hurrah ! now he was all right again, and would not have changed lots with either king or emperor ! And upon my word, when I think about it, nor should I, and I believe you would not ! Eh ?

Laughing, rejoicing, and singing, he drove the pigs back home again. The farmer was astonished to see him back so soon again, but before he could ask what the cause of it was, the youth rose into the air by the power of the feathers, and the farmer might look after him through his fingers.

But he flew so high, so high into the air, until he could look down and see the castle ; when near it, he perched on a tree, and waited for the evening. After the golden sun had gone quite away to see the people on the other side of the world, he flew to a great lime-tree in the garden, under which he had seen the two shapes sitting every evening. Hidden by the boughs, he stopped quite quietly. After some time, the stable door opened :

first there danced forth the grey mannikin ; then came the weeping female form ; and, at last, the giant. The mannikin ran away into the castle, but the others came to the lime-tree and seated themselves underneath it. Oh, how his heart did beat ! He slid his hand softly into his pocket for the egg, took a careful aim, and, potch ! it flew against the giant's forehead.

At the same moment there was a thunderclap, as if the whole castle were tumbling down, so that the youth was obliged to hold fast to the boughs of the tree, and shut his eyes closely. When he looked down again, both the shapes were gone, and there stood before him a king, with a golden crown upon his head, and a princess so lovely that she never has been equalled in beauty since. From the palace, courtiers and servants came running out, and there was such joy, and such measureless delight. But the monarch turned round, and called the youth down, and put the hand of the young princess in his, and said, " You have deserved to become my son ; ever keep your heart as kind as it is now, and good fortune will never leave you."

Thus the fisherboy became a royal prince ; and so, never despair, for who knows what you may not be some day ?

But what became of the grey mannikin ?

Old Jack, the day-labourer, had forgotten that when he told me the story ; but if ever you go to Jugenheim, ask him, and I dare say he will have recollected by that time. Now you must send him your best thanks for the pretty history. Good-by !

The Little Tailor and the Three Dogs.

A POOR little tailor, having nothing to lose at home, resolved to go upon his travels; so, taking his yard-measure in his hand, he sallied forth. He walked along for some time; and, one day, he came into a great dark pine forest, where he began to whistle and sing, and enjoy himself; for his heart was quite light and merry. When he had gone a little way into the wood, a large dog came leaping along. As soon as he had come up with the tailor, it asked him what o'clock it was, and whether he would take him with him on his journey? "I will do so," said the tailor, "if you will run behind me, and be obedient to me."

"That I will," said the dog, and ran behind him.

When the tailor had got a little further, another dog came leaping up to him, and he, too, asked what time it was, and whether he might go with him?

"One dog is almost too much for me," replied the knightkin of the yard-measure; "but if you will do as I bid you, you may run behind me, and keep the other one company."

"That will I," said the dog.

Then they went on further and further; and when they had got on a good distance, a third dog came, who also asked whether the tailor would take him with him? But at that he was a little doubtful, for he did not know where he should get food, for the other two dogs; but at last he thought, "Well, there's luck in odd numbers," and said to the dog, "If you will be faithful and obedient, you may run behind me with the others."

In the evening, they got out of the wood again, and saw a village before them ; and the first house was an inn. Says the tailor, " All four of us must be hungry, but I don't know what to do ; for I 've long since forgotten what the ghost of a shine of a groat looks like."

" What!" exclaimed the first dog, " is that all ? Go in, then, and order dinner for four, and don't trouble your brains about the payment ; we'll take care of that."

The tailorkin grew quite brave when he heard that ; he swang his yard three times over his head with joy, went into the inn, struck his fist on the table like a soldier, and ordered dinner for four—the best of everything, with plenty of wine and beer. Then he threw his knapsack and his hat on the bench, his yard-measure into a corner, and himself into a comfortable arm-chair.

When the dinner was ready and on the table, the door opened, and the three dogs came leaping in, and, jumping each upon a chair, began to eat and drink just like men, so that the landlady clapped her hands with wonder at such cleverness. And, between you and I, it was rather amusing to see.

After dinner, the first dog said, " Now, then, stump along on your way ; but leave everything here ; it won't be lost."

Then the tailor did as he was told, and went out of the door ; and the landlady let him go, for he had left his knapsack, his hat, and his yard-measure, behind him. She thought to herself, " He 'll come back presently, for he 's only just stepped out to look about him in the village." But as soon as the landlady had turned her back, each of the dogs seized one of the things, rushed out of the house, and brought them to their master.

The tailor went on his way very merrily, and one of the dogs ran before to show the way they had to go. Soon afterward they came into a forest again, and after they had walked a good distance, a large green opened before them, where there was a great palace. Then the dog stood still.

“Have you courage?” he asked the tailor.

“More than wealth,” was the reply.

“Then tie us to a cord, lead us into the palace, and sell us to the giants that live there. But do not put any faith in them, for they are malicious and cunning. That you may be safe from them, we will each make you a present. Use them well and prudently, and your fortune is made.”

So saying, the dog gave him a pot of ointment. If a stool was smeared with it, anybody who sat down upon it stuck fast, and could not get away. The second gave him a wand; and whoever was tapped on the head would never want any more dinner. The third gave him a horn, and spoke these words to him,—

“If you get into trouble, blow this, and we shall help you.”

“I must find out,” said the little tailor, “whether I can blow: with such hard work as mine one loses one’s breath.”

Then he put the horn to his mouth and blew. But dear me, what a sound it had! But it wasn’t the tailor’s breath that caused that sound, for that was as thin as a sewing needle.

However, he put all the three gifts very safely into his pocket, bound the dogs to a cord, and entered the palace. When he had mounted the wide stairs he came into a large and lofty saloon, where the giants were sitting at a long table drinking out of

great wine-cups, each of which held at least half a hogshead. The tailor took his hat off politely, and asked if his much respected patrons, the giants, would not buy three handsome dogs? They then looked carefully at the dogs on every side, and said:—

“We will keep them, and will now just go and lock them into the stable; wait, meanwhile, till we return, and then you will have your money.”

And as they made this answer, they laughed maliciously, and looked after the little tailor, which showed him that they didn't intend him any kindness.

“Aha!” thought the knight of the ell-wand, “does the wind whistle out of that hole; oh! I'll spoil your sport.”

So, while they were out of the saloon, he climbed up on all the stools, and smeared them behind and before, above and below, with his ointment. This proved to be his salvation, for the giants were putting their heads together outside, and taking counsel as to how they might honourably kill the little tailor, cook him, and eat him up; they certainly saw that he was but a meagre morsel, but a tailor was quite a new kind of dainty, and they would just taste what such a rarity was like.

When they came back again, they declared that the tailor had cheated them in the bargain, for the dogs were not nearly so valuable as he had stated, and, consequently, he must submit to be eaten.

Said the tailorkin: “I will willingly die if I have deserved it, but not without a trial and sentence. First, then, I pray you, sit in judgment, and let me defend myself.”

The giants laughed, seated themselves in a half circle, and replied:—

"Well, earthworm, begin."

"Nay, seat yourselves as you ought to do in a court of justice."

When they had done so, the tailor took a footstool, sat down before them, filled his pipe, and blew clouds of smoke through the saloon.

"Well, now then!" asked the giants, "when will you begin?"

"Pooh! I'm quite ready," replied the little tailor: "begin to defend yourselves; for I condemn you all to death."

The giants laughed at first, but when the thing was getting too wearisome, they tried to get up and seize the tailor, but they all stuck fast, and couldn't move a single limb.

"Well, now then!" asked the tailor, "when will you begin?"

And, laughing heartily, he took his wand, and tapped each on the forehead, till they all fell down dead and never wanted any more dinner. Now wasn't he an excellent tailor to mend their manners so well?

"Now," said the tailor, "I'll rest from my work!" But he was dreadfully mistaken. Just at that minute he heard somebody coming clumpety-lumpety up the stairs, the door flew wide open, and there entered a giant twice as big as the others. This giant was king over all the other giants, who had just come back from the chase. When he perceived what had taken place, he asked the tailor who had murdered the giants.

"That did I."

"If you have done that, you shall now be punished for doing it. You are too meagre for a snack, but

you will do for a scarecrow, so I'll hang you up in the garden."

So saying, he seized the little tailor by the legs and carried him into the garden, where there was a high gallows. He put the tailor on the top cross-piece, and began to tie the noose. But the tailor began to think up there, and I dare say, between you and I, it was a very good place for thinking. However, he didn't reflect long, but took his horn from his pocket, and blew as hard as ever he could, so that it was heard ten miles across the country. The three dogs stood beside him in a minute, with their snapped chains about their necks.

"Tailor, come down from there," said the first.

"I cannot; that big fellow is going to hang me."

Then the three dogs fell upon the giant king, and tore him into little scraps, which the dicky-birds pecked up and flew away with.

The tailor threw himself down, and embraced the three dogs, and danced about like mad on one leg with joy. But the first of the dogs said, "Now the castle is freed from the giants, and is saved; but you must still cut off our heads."

"That I will never do, certainly," replied the little tailor.

"Then we will tear you up like the giants."

"Well, then," observed the tailor, "if you have such an odd wish, I suppose I must." So he got a sword, took it in both hands, and struck off the dogs' heads, but turned about directly, for he could see no blood. Then he heard his name pronounced behind him, and, dear me! there stood a king with two lovely daughters.

Then the king said to him, "You have saved us; for

we were the three dogs, and were enchanted. As a reward, I give you the hand of either of my daughters.”

Then the tailor immediately chose the elder one, and then they went to the palace. All the spells, with which the giants had bound it, were broken, and the rooms were crammed full of courtiers and servants. And when they came to look through the windows, the whole forest had turned into a magnificent city, the little trees into houses, and the great ones into churches and towers; the birds had become industrious men, and joy and delight were in every place that they could see.

The next day the wedding took place, and if you and I had only been there, only think how glorious that would have been, and how we might have wished the little tailor good luck!

I wonder whether he would have made me prime minister. I'm sure I can promise a great deal—almost as much as some prime ministers that exist now; and do as little, too.

The Princess of Deepdale.

AT a time when the world was much more beautiful than it is now, it chanced that a sergeant in the army grew tired of military life, and deserted. He stopped at the first inn over the frontier, for he had ridden hard and was tired, and so was his horse. He hadn't been sitting still very long, when he saw two hussars galloping after him, who also stopped before the inn.

Now, he thought that they had been sent to arrest him, and therefore that there was no time to be lost; he called the landlord and told him that he was a deserter, and the good-natured host hid him in the closet.

The two hussars came in and asked: "Is there not a sergeant of cavalry in the house?"

"Not that I know of," replied the landlord.

"It's of no use denying it," continued the hussars, "we saw his horse in the stable, and he must be here. But he needn't be afraid, for we've deserted too."

When the officer heard that, he came out directly from the closet, and cried: "Then welcome brothers!" And they soon became happy and merry.

At last the Sergeant said: "It is not wise for us all to ride together. Go you two on before, and I will follow."

And so they agreed; the hussars set out on their way, and in a quarter of an hour the other followed them.

He had ridden for an hour, when he met two woodcutters, and asked them whether two hussars had not ridden by?

"Yes, certainly, about an hour ago," was the reply.

He rode on quicker, and when he had got on a great way, he found a couple of people by the roadside breaking stones.

"Did not two hussars pass?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the people, "two hours ago."

Then he rode better, and came to a place where three roads met. What could he do? "I will let my horse go," thought he, "perhaps he knows the proper way to take better than I." So the horse took the path to the right into the forest, and gal-

loped on and on, and it kept growing darker and darker, like Fleet Street on a foggy day. Only think how dark it must have been!

On a sudden the horse stood stock still, and wouldn't move an inch. The soldier dismounted and examined the ground, when he found that he was at the edge of a deep abyss. He went backwards, tied his charger to a tree, and lay down to wait for day, that he might see what was the matter. After some time, the moon came from behind the heavy black clouds, and, behold! there was a high, strong castle before him, and in one window a bright light was burning. He mounted his horse, and rode round the fortress. When he came to the drawbridge this was let down, and he jogged on into the court-yard. Then a great number of black servants came towards him, took his horse and led it into the stable, but they took him into the castle, and into a saloon, painted quite black. A magnificent banquet was prepared, and all kinds of good things were in the dishes; but the dishes and the plates, the knives and the forks, were all black. But our friend the soldier didn't much care for that, as you may imagine, for he was tired, and ravenously hungry, and therefore enjoyed his meal mightily.

About eleven o'clock, when all the little readers of this story are usually fast asleep, the doors opened, and a beautiful lady, in royal attire, entered; but both herself and her clothes were quite black, as well as her two maids-of-honour who walked beside her, one to the right and one to the left of her. She greeted him kindly, and said: "I have waited many hundred years for you to come and release me; for know, you are destined to save me. If you will

sleep here for three nights, and never say a word, and not be frightened at what goes on about you, then you will have done the most difficult part of the task, and we shall all be happy for ever."

Wasn't that a curious speech for a princess to make? Think of a princess hundreds of years old! But now hear what the soldier answered.

"Oh, is that all," he cried, "I'll do that with great pleasure! After smelling so much powder as I have, one forgets what fear is altogether!"

"Don't boast so much," said the Princess, as she smilingly went away from the saloon with her maids.

But the sergeant of cavalry was in the ninth heaven, as the old women and the Mohammedans say, for the Princess was very beautiful, and his heart was quite lost to her, just as yours, my pretty Emma or Minnie, is to little Willy or Arthur. He threw himself upon the black bed which stood in the next room, in a transport of joy, but he never dreamt—as an Irishman might say—of sleeping.

Just as the clock struck twelve, there was a clap of thunder, as if the world was coming to an end. At the same moment, the doors sprang open, and three black men came in and sat down at the table. One of them drew a pack of cards out of his pocket, shuffled it, and said:—

"We are but three, and four there ought to be."

"The fourth is the sergeant, who is lying on the bed yonder," answered the second.

"I'll go fetch him, and he shall play," continued the third, going to the bed, and invited the soldier.

So he got up, and seated himself by them, and played; when he trumped their cards he struck the

table with his fist: he lost and he won, but he never said a single word. The others attempted, in every way, to make him speak, but he didn't. They put questions to him, abused him, offered to strike him, but he remained quite quiet, and never said a syllable. Then it struck one: the three men scrambled their cards together quickly, and disappeared. But the sergeant lay down in his bed, and slept till daylight.

When he had risen, the servants brought him his breakfast: their faces were now red and white, like those of other people; the dishes and cups had white rims, and the knives and spoons white handles. The ceiling of his room, too, had been magically white-washed, and the sheets and pillows of his bed.

In a little while the door opened, and the Princess entered. This time she greeted him in a much more friendly manner than before, and he observed that she too had now a white veil which flowed down her bosom.

"Keep a stout heart for two more nights," said she, "and all will be well. Don't trouble yourself at whatever goes on around you, for you will not be hurt."

With these words she gave him her hand, and disappeared again, with her two attendants.

The soldier's heart leaped in his bosom for joy, like a little nimble squirrel leaps from bough to bough on the spreading oak; and he forgot heaven and earth in the one thought of the lovely Princess. "Where does she live, I wonder?" he reflected, and as he was forbidden nothing but silence after nightfall, he went through the castle, from room to room. How magnificent everything was, to be sure! Gold and

silver, and velvet and silk, wherever he looked ; and so splendid that he never was tired of seeing it again. When he had gone through all the rooms, he began again with the first, and did nothing all day but stare and wonder. An excellent banquet was ready for him at dinner-time, and again at night.

At twelve o'clock, there was another thunder-clap, so that the tiles on the roof clattered together, and the doors and casements almost started their hinges. The officer, who had gone to bed, sat up and looked toward the door. Then there entered one of the men of the previous night, bearing in his arms a long blood-red board, the other two had knives and axes, which were just as much sprinkled with blood as the plank was. This they laid across a couple of chairs, and began to sharpen their knives and grind their axes. In the mean time, they continued talking to each other as to how they would kill the Sergeant. One of them should strike him on the forehead with an axe, like an ox ; another should cut him into pieces with a carving-knife ; and a third should break his bones up into little splinters. This made the brave Sergeant feel a little uncomfortable ; but he bit his tongue, held out, and did not make the slightest noise when they approached him, in order to seize him. But before they could reach his bed, it struck one o'clock, and they ran to their tools, and were gone before you could say Jack Robinson. The poor soldier breathed freely again, and slept like a prince.

When he awoke, he found that everything was bright and friendly about him : the whole room had become white, and only the lock on the door was yet black. The servants who brought him his breakfast wore white liveries, and had only black collars and

gloves. So, too, with the Princess and her maids. How beautiful she had become now, and how friendly she was! She almost danced into the room, and shook the soldier by the hand, as she exclaimed—

“Yet one other night, my dear friend, and do not be afraid; then the most difficult part will be ended, and we shall be happy for ever.”

The Sergeant was quite—what can I say?—with joy, and swore a great many fond oaths that he would save her, even if he had to be cut up into little tiny bits for the ants to eat.

When the Princess was gone, he went again through all the rooms of the palace, and admired them one after another. He knew of no better plan to kill time than to draw them all on paper; for his father had been a great painter, and had taught him the beautiful art; so that he could draw everything he saw. Wasn't that nice?

It had no sooner struck midnight, than the castle re-echoed with the cracking, so that one could neither see nor hear for a few minutes. At the same instant the door burst open, and the first man lumbered in, bending beneath the weight of an enormous pot; the second rolled in a cask of oil; and the third carried a heavy load of wood. They hung up the boiler in the middle of the room, poured in the oil, and made a fire underneath. And all the time they continued talking to one another, that they were in earnest to-day, and would boil the Sergeant alive in the oil; that they had only intended to frighten him before. Then they poked the fire more and more, so that he got dreadfully hot in his bed, and began wondering that the castle did not burst out into flames. But he thought to himself, “Frightening's worth nought;” so he lay

quite quietly there, and was as silent as a dead fox. When the oil was boiling and making great bubbles, the three ruffians rolled up their shirt-sleeves, rubbed their hands, and called out, "Now then, in with him!" Then they ran toward him; but . . . it struck one o'clock, and there was another dreadful thunder-clap, so that the doors and windows did start from their hinges this time, making plenty of work for the blacksmith, the carpenter, and the glazier. The three men, the fire, and the oil-pot, vanished at the same moment, and ten thousand lights lighting up at once, made the castle look most lovely. In fact, I can't tell you how beautiful everything looked. Outside there was delightful music; the door flew open, and a troop of noble ladies and gentlemen entered, all dressed in snow-white satin, with gold and silver ornaments. At last came the Princess, who flew to her deliverer, kissed him, and embraced him, crying, "Welcome, my dearly-loved husband!" And when she had said this, she put a golden ring upon his finger, and hung her gold chain round his neck. Then all the noble ladies and gentlemen made obeisance three times to him, and all was joy and happiness.

Said the Princess, "Now there is but one thing more to be done; and that is, to leave the castle and return to my father's kingdom. But we must not leave it together, and you must put on your old clothes. Ride before us, and I and the court will follow you; but do not stop anywhere, and let no one touch you with their hands, for it would make us both very unhappy."

"As I have done everything right before, I doubt not that I shall end as properly," said the soldier; and he mounted his horse and rode away.

As he was passing over the bridge he saw a little old woman, sitting at the end of the wall, under the gateway, spinning very industriously. She bid him good-morrow, and said, "Eh, dear me! you're a nice sort of gentleman, to let your pig-tail hang so, instead of putting it up like a gallant soldier." For at that time soldiers used to wear pig-tails. So the Sergeant put his hand to his, and indeed it was hanging loose; and he took the greatest pains to settle it properly again, but it was of no use. In the mean time, he heard a rolling sound, like that of many carriages, upon the bridge behind, and the little old woman said, "Now make haste—make haste! there's the Princess coming; and what will she think of you?"

But he could not get his tail right; so he jumped off his horse and begged the old woman that she would put it up properly.

"With all my heart," said she, and left her wheel and crept up to him. Hardly, however, had she touched his hair, when he sank to the earth, and lay buried in a heavy magical slumber. Immediately afterward, the Princess drove up with all her court around her. Alas! how she lamented her sad fate; but what could she do? So she wrote these words upon a piece of paper:—

"Would 'st thou see me once again,
To Deepdale ride with might and main."

This she put into his hand, together with a wish-purse, which never became empty, and then she departed, for it was of no use to stay any longer; she could do nothing more.

So the Sergeant lay in a deep sleep for a year and a day. After this long nap, he awoke, found the paper in his hand, and saw how wickedly the old witch had

acted. So he drew his sword, and rushing into the house, seized the bad old woman by her hair, crying at the same time, "Show me the way to the kingdom of Deepdale, or I 'll cut you up into little pieces!"

Then the old woman lamented, and promised him all sorts of things if he would only let her go, but she was thinking how she might deceive him again.

When he had let her go, she pointed out a way to him that, she told him, would lead him straight into the kingdom of Deepdale. The Sergeant measured the breadth of her back with the flat side of his sword, then mounted his horse, and went off like a storm-wind.

In three days he came into a forest; after he had got through it, he saw a light glimmering far off in the distance. He rode toward it, and came to a house that looked just like that of a hermit. He entered, and found an old woman inside, of whom he begged a shelter for the night.

"Alas! good friend," she replied, "whoever has sent you to me did not wish you well, for my sons are cannibals and spare nobody. But they shall do nothing to you, I will take care, for you have already suffered enough, I know. Hide yourself now, that they may not discover you before I have time to prepare."

And he did hide himself, and it was just time, for he was hardly in a place of safety, ere there was a great noise heard in the air, like a violent storm; presently the door burst open with a great crack, and the elder of the sons blundered in.

"Human flesh I smell,
And I like it well,
Roasted,
Or toasted!
Where then is it, tell?"

he cried, and rushed about the room, but the old woman took him by the shoulders, and threw him on the bench, that everything creaked.

“Sit still, and don’t stir, and you’ll get some dinner!” she told him.

But then there was more noise at the door, the door flew open, and the second son tumbled in, and began to sniff about, and cried :—

“ Human flesh I smell,
And I like it well,
Boiled,
Or broiled !
Pray where is it, tell ?”

Then the old woman caught hold of him, and put him down roughly by the other, on the bench.

“Stay there, you gawky fellows,” said she, “and listen to what I’ve to say !”

At first they grumbled a little, but she had only to hold up her finger, and they were as quiet as mice ; so you see, Johnny, that even giants and cannibals do what their mammas tell them.

Presently she went and fetched the Sergeant.

When the elder of the sons saw him, he cried out, “Mother, what is that strange animal ?”

“That is a Sergeant, my son,” answered his mother, “and you shall carry it into the kingdom of Deepdale.”

That made them grumble again, and they began to complain that it was too far, and the animal was too heavy ; but the old woman gave them good words, told them his story, and persuaded so well, that at length they consented to carry him and the horse to Deepdale. So the younger carried the Sergeant, and the elder, who was also the stronger, carried the horse.

The Sergeant thanked them and the old woman a thousand times.

After they had all eaten and drunk, a deep sleep seemed to come over him, and when he awoke, he lay beside his horse, in the deep grass, and before him there glistened a proud city with a hundred towers. He mounted his horse, rode into the town, and asked the people where he was? They told him that it was the capital of the kingdom of Deepdale. In a merry mood he trotted through the gates, and enlisted in the army that very same day.

The next morning at drill, he found that he knew a great deal more about it than either the corporal or the drill-sergeant, and his behaviour pleased the King so much, that he was directly made a captain. But his troop looked so bad, and had *such* ragged uniforms. This he could not bear to see, so he had new dresses and accoutrements made, and gave the old clothes to the poor. How the King stared when he saw the new captain come marching along at the review! He did not know his own soldiers again; and, in short, it made him so delighted, that he invited the Captain to dinner, and three days afterwards made him general of all the cavalry. Now the wish-purse was still more severely taxed; all the old horses in the army were sold, and young, noble looking animals bought. A hundred tailors were sent for, and they had to sew night and day, till the whole army had new clothes. By this, the General grew to such favour with the King, that he gave him a piece of land close by the palace, and allowed him to build himself a palace there.

Then our General sat down and made the plan of the castle himself, and he made it just like that one where he had found the Princess. And then, when everything

was finished, he sent for a dozen painters, and they were to paint the rooms exactly as he told them, for he had brought the drawings of the rooms in the enchanted palace with him. At last, servants were hired and dressed exactly as those had been dressed that attended him on the last day in the castle. Oh, dear me! the money flew away very quickly indeed.

Just as the castle was finished, a courier arrived to tell the King that in two days' time the Princess would be in the city, and he also gave the King a letter, which told him how she had been disenchanted by a sergeant in the army, but that her deliverer lay in a magical trance before the enchanted palace. Immediately upon this, the King called for the General, and told him everything, and commanded him to lead out the army to meet the Princess, and receive her in state.

The General only said, "As your Majesty pleases!" and left his presence.

On the day that was fixed he met the Princess at the frontier, and led her into the capital amidst the cheers of the people. She did not know him; and how was it to be expected, that the General, blazing with gold, and jewellery, and crosses, should be her deliverer, who she knew was lying under the castle gate in the forest, wrapped in his magical sleep. But when she came to her father's palace, and saw the new-built castle of the General beside it, she was not a little astonished, and her first question at dinner was, "Who did that magnificent, proud-looking castle belong to?"

"That is our Commander-in-chief's," replied the King, and could hardly cease talking about him.

"Oh, but I must see that castle," she remarked.

And so after dinner the King led her thither. ∆∆

the servants met her, she said, "Father, that's astonishing!"

"What, my child?"

"Why, the servants. The General didn't dress these so out of his own head!"

When they entered the first chamber, she cried—"Father, that's wonderful!"

"What, my child?"

"Why, this room. The General didn't paint this after his own design."

When they came into the second apartment she said no more, in the third she grew deadly pale, and in the fourth she would have fallen, if the General had not come dressed in his serjeant's uniform and held her up.

"What is this, my child?" cried the King, astonished.

But she said, "That is my deliverer, and your General!" And then he showed her ring and her chain.

After this there was no end of rejoicing, and such a wedding as that——

Well, I hope we may only see such a one!

The Story about the Eighteen Soldiers.

EIGHTEEN soldiers—a lieutenant, a serjeant, a corporal, a drummer, and fourteen privates—were altogether in a lonely guard-house.

As the service was very hard, and the food very bad, the whole division agreed that they would desert.

Only the lieutenant, who was an old soldier, and had been through two campaigns, would not hear of it.

Seeing that he was quite determined, they did as he desired: bound him hand and foot, so that he should not be punished for the matter, laid him under the bench, and then all the other seventeen set off to seek their fortune. They had scarcely got a hundred yards away, ere the corporal recollected that he had left his pipe upon the table, and went back to fetch it. But the lieutenant under the bench had turned the matter over his mind, and as he thought that he might be very severely punished after all, he changed his mind, and felt very sorry that he had not gone with the others. So when the corporal came in, he said: "Untie me, comrade, it's worse lying under the bench than on it." And when he was free, he locked up the guard-house, put the key in his pocket by force of habit, and deserted too.

They had wandered about altogether for a long time—their money was all gone, but their hunger and thirst was not, and they began to think of the great meat-kettle in the barracks—when on a sudden, they came to a lonely forest inn. They went in, the lieutenant rattled the key and a couple of buttons in his pockets, and they ordered up whatever there was in the kitchen or cellar.

After dinner, when paying time had arrived, the lieutenant put his hand in his pocket, as if he would bring out a handful of golden crowns. "But that cannot be," cried the sergeant: "I shall pay to-day!" and put his hand into his pocket, while the lieutenant walked off.

"Stop a bit!" cried the corporal: "it's my turn.

Are you always going to pay?" and poked his hand deep into his pocket, while the sergeant walked off.

"Then," said the drummer, "am I never to be allowed to pay? I'm sure you should let me do so to-day!" while the corporal joined the others outside.

But the eldest private wasn't going to hear of the drummer's paying, and so on, till the youngest, who was only a recruit. He said, however, that he would call the others in, to see exactly what each had eaten and drunk, but he didn't succeed in bringing them, it seemed.

The landlord got black and blue in the face with anger when he saw himself so cheated; but, as he was a bad man, he thought he would pay them out. So he opened the window, and called after his late guests, with a friendly voice, "But, my brave fellows, why run away so quickly? You can't have learnt that in the wars! Come back, for your ready wit quite delights me. Come back and have something more."

When they had come back, he gave each of them half-a-crown, and the advice that they should take the road to the right, and then the second path to the left, and they would come to a hill with an open door, where they should go in, and they would be happy all their lives.

The soldiers listened very attentively, and then, after thanking the landlord for his kindness, they promised never to come back, walking away towards the mountain as hard as they could. But the landlord was delighted at the success of his stratagem, for he knew that many a one had gone into the hill, but had never come out again.

The eighteen soldiers went along the right hand

road, and by the great tree at the second little path, and then through the open door into the hill. Inside it was quite light as in the daylight, and a nice broad roadway conducted them farther and farther in. When they had marched along it for a good distance, they came to a drawbridge that was up; it let itself gradually down before them, so that they could go on. Now they found themselves in a great court-yard. They went on for some time again, and then they reached a second drawbridge, which let itself down like the former one, and over which they came into a second court-yard. The same occurred with a third bridge and a third court-yard, but in the middle there was a magnificent castle.

“Attention!” commanded the lieutenant, while the little army ranged itself in rank and file, with the subalterns at the wings. “Quick march!” was the next word. The drummer began to beat the tattoo, and the eighteen soldiers marched in, and declared the castle as freely and fairly conquered. Certainly it was very easy to conquer, for there wasn’t a single person there to dispute their right to it. But they marched into a large saloon and found dinner for eighteen, which pleased them very much. Close by were eighteen delightful little bed-rooms, one just like the other, each with a beautiful silk bed, and that pleased them too.

After looking all over the place, they sat down to the excellent dinner, to prevent its growing cold, and made a jolly night of it; then they crept into bed and slept like princes. The lieutenant was the first to wake in the morning. He was going to dress, and wake the drummer, that he might give the morning tattoo; but his uniform was gone, and was

nowhere to be seen. He wrapped himself in the sheet, and called his comrades, and they all came out, one after the other; but all of them were dressed alike—that is, in sheets—for their clothes were gone too, just as if they had never brought any with them. And, as they looked about in the saloon, they saw in the centre of the table two great trunks. They lifted up the lid of one, and they found in it a lieutenant's uniform, as well as that of a sergeant, a corporal, and a drummer, besides fourteen privates' uniforms. They were all spick and span new, just from the tailor's, and they fitted—St! st! st! they fitted!—how they fitted!

In the other trunk there were seventeen magnificent new Minié rifles, Damascus swords, and cartridge boxes, and a splendid new drum for the drummer, the like of which had never been heard! How capital that was!

When their first transports of joy were over, the lieutenant said, that as they looked like orderly soldiers again, so they ought to do their duty in a proper manner.

Therefore, he led a certain number of them to the guard-house, by the castle gate, and divided them into three divisions, which were to relieve each other every two hours, as became proper sentinels.

After they had gone on for some time in this manner, there came one day a beautiful equipage with six horses, which stopped before the portal. A servant in a golden coat got down and opened the door of the carriage, and a beautiful lady got out. She told the sentinel to fetch the lieutenant, who came at once. Then she went up-stairs with him, and when they were alone, she said, "I am an

enchanted princess, and you shall deliver me, and be my bridegroom. To-morrow another princess will come to the sergeant, and next day one to the corporal, and so on, till each of you has seen his bride, and spoken with her. Thus it must be, that we may be saved."

After having said this, and given him some other directions, she got into her carriage, and went away again; but everything occurred as she had told him.

The second princess came the next day, and visited the sergeant, and so it went on every day; and the last one was always the most handsome. But the youngest soldier's bride was very much too slow for him, and as he thought, "Who knows when it will be my turn?" he made up his mind and deserted.

But when he had got as far as the first bridge, he found the evil spirit of the mountain standing there on guard.

"Whither?" asked the spirit.

"Out of the hill!" said the soldier.

Then the spirit took hold of him, and broke his neck.

When the others missed their comrade, the lieutenant sent out a patrol to seek him. They soon found him, lying dead on the ground. He had the old torn clothes on that he had brought with him, and was perfectly lifeless. But the same day the eldest princess came again, went up-stairs again with the lieutenant, and told him—"Your comrade, having deserted, has spoilt the whole thing. Either you must get another person, so that everything may begin again, or all seventeen of you must share the fate of the deserter."

After saying this, she went away again.

Then the lieutenant called all the troop together, and held a council as to what they should do; and they said that the corporal should leave the mountain, with two men, that he might enlist an eighteenth man.

When the three came to the first bridge, the spirit stood before it again.

“Whither?” asked he.

“To recruit,” answered the corporal.

“Pass!” cried the spirit, and let them go.

Thus they crossed the three bridges, and got to the road by which they had come. They soon found the forest inn where they had dined. They sat down at the table with the landlord, the same person who had sent them into the mountain. As, however, they looked so neat and orderly, he did not know them again, and they pretended not to know him. In a little while, a poor work-lad came in, sat down sadly at another table, and had a bit of dry bread, and a glass of water. Then the three soldiers called him to their table, and gave him roast meat and wine. When he was satisfied, and had got merry, they asked him whether he would enlist if he received a good sum of money as bounty? This did not please the working-lad, therefore he said, carelessly, that he wouldn't mind if they gave him a hundred crowns as a bounty. But the corporal, who had brought a casket full of gold out of the treasury in the castle, at once counted out two hundred ducats on the table, and so the matter was settled.

They set off back again, and there was, you may rely upon it, plenty of joy in the castle, when they got back with their recruit.

When they had left the inn, the landlady said to the landlord,—“ You ’ll be a donkey all your life ! Didn’t you see that the corporal and his two soldiers were among those eighteen ragged rascals who cheated you so ? And in reward you ’ve made them happy for all their lives.”

“ How do you mean ? ” asked the landlord.

“ Oh, you silly ! ” she replied ; “ didn’t you see all that gold ? And where did they get that, may I ask you ? Nowhere else than in the hill, where you sent them that they should not come back again ! Yah ! but I won’t be a beggar any longer ! Come, pack up that sack, and don’t dare to come back again till it ’s quite full of ducats ! ”

It was of no use for the landlord to say a word, he knew of old ; so, without stopping a minute, he went out into the forest, on the right hand road, by the second pathway to the left, right into the middle of the enchanted mountain. But when he got to the first bridge, who should be there but the hill spirit.

“ Whither with that sack ? ”

“ To get gold for my wife,” said the landlord.

Then the hill spirit caught hold of him by his apron, and twisted his neck. So you see that was all *he* got.

The landlady at home couldn’t wait, however ; she was so full of expectation and impatience to finger the gold.

Thought she, “ Perhaps it ’s too heavy for him ; should she run and help him home.” So she went as far as the hill, and waited at the door ; but as her husband didn’t come, she began to think that he had loaded himself so heavily, that he couldn’t get ~~the sack~~.

on his shoulder, so she'd e'en go in and help him. So she went in, and got to the first bridge; and there was the spirit.

"Whither, good woman?" said he.

"To my husband."

"Thither you shall come," replied he, seized her by the hair, wrung her neck, and threw her down to her husband.

So you see they got together.

But the eighteen soldiers were better off. As the number had been made all right by the recruit, the princesses came one after another, and the eighteenth too. When the last had been there, they all came together on one day.

But the eldest said, "To-day is the last day of our being spell-bound. Let each of us stay with her husband, but nobody must move in the slightest degree till the morning drum is beaten."

Her advice was followed. Everyone was quite quiet, but the drummer had nearly spoiled all, for he began to think, "Who will beat the morning tattoo if I don't do it?" And just as he was going to seize his drum, it began to beat. But, dear, dear, what a noise! The drummer had no notion of such a thing. It was like a million of drummers beating in the castle court.

Now everything was delightful and joyful.

The eldest princess remained with the lieutenant in the castle, that was now delivered, and the others journeyed away east, west, north, and south, wherever their kingdoms happened to lie.

Anybody can go comfortably over the bridge now, for the hill spirit has other things to do than to be a sentinel there. It seemed to him waste of time.

And, what do you think, as there's no danger of getting our heads broken now—what do you think of our making an expedition to ask the lieutenant how he is, and stopping the Christmas holidays with him?

Think of it, and let me know. However, I can't help thinking that, notwithstanding all this, you would rather stay at home and see a fairy spectacle with the graceful Miss Julia St. George in it, and eat some turkey and plum-pudding with dear papa and mamma. Eh?

The Golden Kingdom.

A RICH gentleman had an only son. When he was twenty years of age he said, "Father, I will travel and see the world." His father had no objection to his doing so, and gave him a carriage, horses, a servant, a great sum of money, and some good advice. After receiving all these kind gifts, the youth departed.

One evening they came into a great wood, and as it was dark, they missed the road, and came at last to a cottage. The youth entered, and there sat a woman by the fire, boiling herself something for a nice hot supper.

"May I stay here for the night?" he inquired.

"With pleasure," said the woman, "sit down and make yourself at home."

This pleased the young man very much; he ate and drank with a capital appetite, for he had had nothing all day; and then he slept till the sun was

shining high in the heavens. He jumped up and looked out of the window deep into the green waving forest; there were stags, and roes, and hares, in great herds all about; and wild birds of all kinds flying from tree to tree; and besides this, the larks and thrushes and nightingales sang, so that he felt quite happy, and was more overjoyed than he ever had been, and he determined not to leave the beautiful forest so soon.

At breakfast the youth asked the woman to whom the forest belonged.

"The wood is mine," said she.

Then he asked again whether he might go hunting in it, for the chase was his greatest delight and passion.

"That you may, as much as you like," answered the woman, "but I would advise you not to do so."

But he paid no attention to her advice, for he saw no reason for it, seized a fowling-piece, and went merrily on his way into the wood.

Then the woman called his servant, and said, "Go and follow your master, if you love your life—quick! When you come out upon the wide forest green, three white deer will leap out before you, but your master may not kill any of those. Except these, he may shoot whatever he can find. You mustn't tell your master that I have said this: if you do, you are lost."

The servant thanked her from the bottom of his heart for her advice, for he loved his young master better than anybody or anything in the world.

They had scarcely gone a few hundred yards into the forest, ere it began to grow lighter and lighter, and at last they came out upon a great meadow. The little brook was running merrily in the clear sunshine,

and throwing the little pebbles about in its bed, so keeping time with the cheery songs of the birds, and it made the youth happier still, and his heart leaped within him. Presently something rustled in the bushes, and three glorious milk-white deer pranced forth and ran across the meadow right in front of them. The youth raised the musket, and took aim; but ere he fired, the faithful servant knocked it up, so that the bullet went into a tree, and the deer pranced away unhurt. The young man got angry with the servant, and asked angrily what he had done that for? But he excused himself, and said that a bee had stung his hand, and he could not help starting.

They went farther, and the youth shot a great deal of game, but his pleasure was gone, for he could not help thinking of the three milk-white deer. He could not get them out of his head, do what he might. In the forest-cottage the woman took the servant aside and praised him, for he had saved his young master's life. In her joy, she brought the most excellent dishes for dinner, and capital wine from her vineyard, which was a better one than even the widow Clicquot has, and the young gentleman found it very comfortable in her house.

Next morning he seized the gun again, and went into the wood.

Then the woman said to the servant, "Go and follow your master quickly; when you get to the meadow, three brown deer will spring from the bushes, but take care that your master does not shoot them, if you love your life. Do not tell him what I say, or you are lost!"

The young man went the same way as the day before, notwithstanding all that his servant did to

lead him somewhere else. They soon came to the beautiful forest-meadow with the prattling brook and the thousand and thousand birds. Presently the fern bushes began to rustle again, and three brown deer with beautiful eyes came bounding out across the velvet grass. The youth took aim again, but, before he had time to pull the trigger, the servant gave his elbow a jog, so that the bullet went high into the air.

Then he arose angrily and cried, "If you do this again, I'll shoot you."

And notwithstanding all the faithful servant could say, and howsoever he might excuse himself, his master remained immovable. He could not conceal his sorrow that the three deer had escaped, for he had never beheld nobler deer in his life.

The woman at the cottage prepared a still more capital repast to-day, and the massive table bent under the weight of excellent wines of every sort. But she told the servant secretly that he had done his duty excellently, and a great piece of good fortune would happen to his master.

When the youth had left the house the next morning as soon as breakfast was over, the woman said to the servant: "Go and follow your master at once, and don't let him fire at the three black deer upon the meadow. To-day is the most dangerous day, and his life is at stake. But do not betray me, as you love life."

The servant promised her this willingly, and hurried after his master. But he found him sad and weak, he knew not why and how; the forest did not seem beautiful any longer, and the birds were no longer so gay, and the brook was no longer merry! The man tried to induce his master to go somewhere

else, but the youth would not; he was thinking of the three deer, and he threatened the kind-hearted servant.

“Take care; interrupt me to-day, and you shall remember it!”

Then they came to the meadow, and, hardly had they appeared, ere three black deer with mighty antlers burst from the underwood, and sped them over the field. The youth took aim, and the faithful servant again struck up the gun: the bullet whistled far into the wood, and the three deer were gone.

“Thou shalt pay for this!” cried his angry master; and reloaded. And without paying the least attention to the lamentations of the true-hearted serving-man, he shot him in his heavy wrath.

But when the pallid corpse was lying before him, his anger fled, and bitter repentance followed. Un-availing were the thousand kind epithets with which he addressed the lifeless remains of his follower, and though he wept and wrung his hands, he was, and remained, dead. Then he hurried wildly and madly through the forest back to the forest-cottage, but it was silent and deserted: the friendly hostess had disappeared. He saddled one of his horses in the stable, mounted, and rode despairingly away, whither, alas! he knew not.

Thus did he ride for hours and hours along the wildest woodways in deep misery. The sun was at the highest, for it was noon; still he did not look up. The bright sun sank to rest, and the forest grew fiercer and lonelier, but he never looked up. Neither village nor house were to be seen; hunger, and still more dreadful thirst, assailed him. But he scarcely felt these things, so much greater did his sorrow

gnaw him. He rode the whole night through, till the leafy crowns of the forest-trees were gilded with the gold of the morning sun. Gradually the forest spread out wider, and he came to a great meadow where there sparkled a bright and fresh fountain. He bent down to it, that he might bathe his burning lips, and he quaffed a long, deep draught. When he arose again, behold there stood three beauteous maidens before him.

He took off his hat to greet them, but they gazed upon him with lowering and angry looks, and said—“Thou hast driven away thy happiness in thy bitter passion, and impeded our deliverance for a long, long time. Now wouldst thou have been in the Golden Kingdom hadst thou but heeded good advice and friendly entreaties. Thou mayst now go forth and wander far, and fight many battles, ere thou canst come thither.”

Then the youth prostrated himself before them in his bitter repentance.

“I will willingly undergo every thing, if I can but atone for what I have done. Tell me, oh, tell me, what can I do?”

“We may not do so,” replied the maiden, “but we will help you, as far as we dare.”

Then the eldest gave him a sword, before which none could stand, and whoever was struck by it, sank dead to the earth. The second gave him a purse that was always full of shining gold pieces. But the maiden who was the loveliest, and to whom he felt himself drawn with irresistible bands, gave him a ring, that he might not forget her. After this they disappeared.

The youth now felt as if a stone had fallen from his





bosom. He took a stout heart, and thought of nothing else than of the Golden Kingdom and the three maidens, particularly of the youngest. He mounted his horse gaily, and rode with a quieter mind into the depths of the forest again. He had not proceeded a hundred paces, ere he heard a dreadful hissing, and sorrowful roaring in the bushes. He made all haste to the spot whence the sounds came, and found that it was a disgusting dragon, who had wound his muscular tail round the body of a noble lion, and was now darting out its poison at its hapless prey. The youth seized his sword, and severed the monster's tail from its body. The piece that was thus cut off went against the trees with such force, that it snapped several immense branches. With a second stroke he split the head of the dragon, and the fearful animal fell down, and lolled out its long tongue from its spacious jaws. But the lion arose, shook itself with joy, ran like a faithful dog to his deliverer, and rubbed his shaggy head against him—in short, attempted in every way to express his gratitude; and from that hour he followed him everywhere. Then the youth gathered courage, for he saw the might of his sword, and he rode gaily along for many a week, until he came to the lake called Erringwaves, which is so great and broad that no one can see how far it extends.

There was a ship lying at anchor by the shore, and a little distance off stood the pilot's house. The pilot came forth, greeted the youth, and offered him meat and drink. The youth accepted his offer thankfully, for he had for a long time touched nothing but roots and bitter-tasting herbs. When he had eaten, he asked the sailor if he could tell him where the Golden Kingdom lay.

The sailor replied—"If anyone has advised you to go thither, they counselled you to your hurt. That place lies far, far away, beyond the lake and the giants' country. The way thither is bad and dangerous, for the giants demand a toll from everyone who passes through their territory, and that toll is a hand or a foot."

"I don't care for your giants," replied the youth, "if I can only get to the Golden Kingdom."

"If you absolutely will have it so, I will ferry you over," said the sailor.

The youth and his horse and lion entered the vessel; the gusty wind blew into the white and bending sails, and the little ship bounded over the waves. Very soon the heaven grew dark, the wild storm arose, and threw the shiplot hither and thither, like a ball, and they began to think that they would founder, though the youth did not lose courage at that even, and never winced. After some time the storm went down, it grew bright again, and the sun played flashingly upon the waves as before, and the ship got to the opposite shore while it was yet warm and fine. The youth rewarded the pilot in a princely manner, and thanking him, landed.

Ere he had well time to look about him, he heard a dreadful noise, and perceived three giants, who were running toward him with iron clubs in their hands, crying out that they must have his right hand for a toll.

"Easy, easy!" said the youth, "you needn't be in such a hurry."

He walked undauntedly toward them, swang his sword high in the air, and, in the twinkling of an eye, he cut two of their heads off; the third, the lion tore

to pieces, and ate him for his breakfast, though he didn't quite finish him, for the giant was a very fat giant, and too much fat disagrees with lions, just as plum-pudding does with little Tom there. Then the youth jumped upon his horse, and rode merrily through wild and wood, meadow and marsh, till he came to another great lake. There was a house on the shore, and before it a ship rode at anchor.

The pilot came out of his house when he heard the sound of the horse's feet, greeted the youth, and offered him a resting-place and a supper in his house. The youth took it gratefully, for he had eaten nothing since his meeting with the giants. After supper he asked the sailor what was the name of the lake, and where might the Golden Kingdom lie?

"The lake is named Cruel," replied the sailor, "because it always endeavours to swallow up whatever chances to be upon its surface. But if you desire to reach the Golden Kingdom you have indeed got an evil road. That lies far beyond the lake and the giants' country. You had better stop where you are, for the giants demand a toll of everybody. You must pay for your passage through the land with a hand or a foot. Let me induce you to stop with me."

"I don't care for giants, if they come and howl by dozens," exclaimed the youth.

"As you please; I will ferry you over with pleasure," answered the sailor.

So they all got into the ship, the pilot set the sail, and the wind was so favourable that it was quite delightful. But it soon began to blow harder and harder, the sky grew black, and a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning broke over the devoted ship.

The waters grew wilder and wilder, the waves seized the vessel with their white fists, and belaboured it, and threw it from one side to the other, so that the pilot could neither hear nor see. Then the youth himself went and took the rudder, and stood firmly and immoveably there; and the more unruly the waves, the less frightened was he. At length the storm began to fail, and the waves grew tamer and smaller, and at last they were quite quiet and peaceable, and the ship slid along through the gentle ripples caused by the breath of the summer. When they reached the other side, he and his animals disembarked, and he gave the pilot a rich guerdon. Immediately upon this, six plump giants came running, with iron clubs in their hands, and cried out to him that they would have his left hand as a toll, if he was going through their country.

“Now do, pray, have a moment’s patience,” cried the young man, and raised his sword; and while it whistled through the air, four of the giants forgot where they were born, where they were educated, or what they had wanted of the youth; for he had left them no head to recollect it with; the lion tore up two of the others, and had them for breakfast. Did you ever see anybody eating that did not expect to have any more dinner for a week? No? Then it’s a pity you were not there to see the lion.

After this, he went along a great distance, over hill and dale, till he got to a third lake. There lay a very large ship indeed; and close by on the strand, stood the sailor’s house. He, too, came out, greeted the youth, and offered him lodging and refreshment. He didn’t much mind, you may be sure; for there were no hotels in the forests and the fields; and if there had been, there were no landlords. When he had

made a hearty meal, he asked the pilot what might they call the lake, and how far it might be from the Golden Kingdom?

“The lake is called the Worst,” replied the sailor, “because no ship ever succeeded in getting across yet: but if you were over there, you wouldn’t be a bit better off; for nine giants reside there, who always demands people’s feet as a toll when they are going to the Golden Kingdom, and there’s no escaping them, for they’re tremendously vigilant.”

“I haven’t the least fear of all the giants in the world; pray bring me across.”

“No, no! my ship and my life are too dear to me for that,” cried the pilot; but as the young man shook the golden crowns from his purse, the pilot’s courage grew stronger; and when the table was quite full, he remarked, “Well! Hm! Ah!—well, I’ll try.”

Then the young man entered the ship together with his faithful animals; the pilot followed, and the sails swelled with the fair and even wind. All at once the storm broke loose. The waves turned black in the foam with exertion, and went up and down, and seized the vessel, as if to crush it. And the lightnings hissed so that the sky looked like a fire-sea; the thunder never left off pealing; in short, it seemed as if the world was coming to an end. The pilot wept and wrung his hands, the animals howled with fright, but the youth remained firm and unmoved. When the sailor had given all up for lost—when the sails were in ribbons, the mast gone, and safety seemed impossible—he seized the rudder, and held it until the storm grew milder; until the raging waters lashed the ship no more; until the glorious sun came forth again from behind the dark and dismal clouds. There lay

the rocky coast of the giants' country before them. The youth rewarded the pilot most generously, and went his way with his animals.

He had not proceeded far ere the nine giants came blundering along, waving their thick clubs of iron over their heads, and shouting aloud all at once, "Give us your feet! give us your feet! We will have toll!"

"Now don't roar so," said the youth; "I can hear you quite well; I'm not deaf. *Who* wants my feet?"

"We do! we do!" cried the first four, and came running up, when . . . and they were all as quiet as mice. Then he met the five others who had not come so quickly, and . . . three more lay there. The remaining two the lion had for his dinner, and he ate so much that he couldn't get away.

Full of joy, the youth looked round; and he saw a beautiful city in the distance that beamed and glistened in the sunshine like pure gold. He rested for a moment, and then set spurs to his horse and galloped toward it; but the nearer he approached, the less easily could he support its splendour.

"This must be the Golden Kingdom," thought he; "or if it isn't, I may as well give up the search."

But he was right; for it was the capital of the Golden Kingdom.

When he had got in, he first inquired for the palace of the King, and then took up his residence in an inn right opposite it. The landlord told him that there were three lovely princesses in the palace, but they were all enchanted, and could only be released by the bridegroom of the youngest; but that bridegroom was living on the other side of the three lakes and the giants' country, and it was very uncertain when he might come. The youth asked further as to how the

bridegroom was to break the spell, for the palace seemed quite desolate, and as if nobody at all lived there. The landlord replied, that, if the bridegroom drove to the palace with the right coach and the right horses, then it would open; but he did not know any more about it.

Now did the young man perceive that none but he could be the expected bridegroom. So the next day the purse did its duty, and he purchased a black carriage and six black horses; took many servants, and dressed them all in black, and then drove toward the palace. When the carriage came near the grand gate, it opened, and he came into the great courtyard. Everything was deserted and desolate, and all the windows and doors were fast closed; but opposite the gateway by which he had entered was another gate. He told the coachman to drive through it. But he found himself in the street; and the heavy gate closed as soon as they were all out.

So he saw that it was not the right carriage.

Next day he bought a beautiful brown coach and six brown horses, dressed all the servants in brown, and drove again to the palace. The great gate opened before him, and the carriage rolled into the courtyard. It was very quiet and lonely; but the windows were wide open, so that one could look into the magnificent rooms; the doors, however, were fast closed, and there was nobody to be seen. Then he told the coachman to drive through the second gate, which closed immediately behind them.

The next day he bought himself a snow-white coach, and six white horses, dressed all his servants in white, and drove to the palace. But this time he was all right, for the gate stood wide open a long time before

the arrival of the procession, flags waved from the turrets, and the cannons thundered, so that the earth shook. As he drove in, the music of trumpets and horns sounded, and the whole court was full of beautifully dressed gentlemen and ladies, and servants. These approached him reverently, and aided him to descend from the carriage. And on the steps of the palace stood the King with his crown on his head, and three lovely maidens by his side.

The youngest and most beautiful hurried to the youth, and said, "Welcome, my dear deliverer and husband!" She kissed him, and they were married that hour, and the marriage was celebrated with a sumptuous banquet.

But behind the young man's chair stood the faithful servant, for he had been released too, as he had but fallen into a magical sleep.

You may fancy that there was little wanting to fill up the measure of their happiness.

The Princess in Montserrat.

ONCE upon a time, there was a king, who had three sons. When he reached a great age, he became very ill, and grew worse and worse every day, till the physicians themselves declared that they could help him no longer. In vain did he promise money and land to any one who would cure him : there seemed no chance of any kind for him. One night, however, he dreamed that far away, across the ocean, was the mountain of Montserrat, where the haughty Emperor, Charles V.,

was held enchanted. Within the mountain was a proud palace, and before the palace three fountains, one of which was called the Fountain of Beauty, another the Fountain of Life, and the third was the Fountain of Death. Now, if any body would go and obtain the water of life for him, it would cure him.

Next morning he related his dream to his sons, and concluded with these words, "Ah! if I could only meet with somebody who would go and get me some water from the Fountain of Life, he should have half my kingdom!"

When the eldest son heard this, he said, "I will go and fetch some water."

He did not say so, however, because he loved his father, and wished to save his life, but because he was afraid that the half of the kingdom would come into other hands than his. The old King did not perceive this, and took it for filial affection, and felt doubly happy at it. So he ordered trunks and cases to be packed full of dresses and money, and gave them to his son, with many carriages and horses, and a numerous company. Finally, he gave him his blessing, and then the youth departed.

On the other side of the ocean, the King's son came to an inn, very much handsomer than any he had ever seen before. When he had dismounted, he went into the saloon, and there he found a large number of noblemen and gentlemen drinking wine and playing cards. He inquired whether he might play also? Yes, they told him, but if he lost and could not pay, he would be put to death. Very well, he told them again; for he thought his money would never come to an end. But he was unfortunate, and not only lost everything that he had, but he ran into debt, and

as he could not pay, he was seized and thrown into prison.

All this time the King was growing worse and worse, and as the Prince did not return, the second brother said that he would go to the mountain, and fetch the water of life. He, too, did not think of saving his father, but only of the half of the kingdom.

The old King was overjoyed, and believed it was all real love, and he prepared him for the voyage in a much more sumptuous manner than he had his elder brother, gave him his blessing, and away went the cavalcade, so fast that sparks flew about in every direction.

When he landed on the other side of the sea, he went to the same inn as his brother. He seated himself at the card-table, and desired to play with them. They told him that he could do so, but that if his debts exceeded his means, he would have to balance the account with his life.

"Ah, well! not much fear of that," thought he; and joined them.

However, he played just as his brother had done, and lost everything, and made many debts beside; then they put him in prison, and the two brothers might comfort each other.

The old King began to get fidgety, for the fear of death pressed hard upon him, and his sorrow was much greater when his second son did not return.

One day the youngest said to his father, "I cannot look upon your misery any longer: I will go and obtain the water."

"No!" cried the King, "do not leave me! do not leave me! You shall close my eyes for me, when I die, for there is no more hope!"

“Cost what it may,” replied the brave prince, “I will fetch the water of life!”

He immediately bade farewell to his father, mounted his horse, and rode away, just as he was; for it would have been waste of time, he thought, to have stayed and had carriages and trunks made ready.

At the inn on the opposite shore, he went in and had his horse fed. The gentlemen sat within, and so he remained with them a little and drank some wine, but did not play, for his mind was too much occupied with thinking of the mountain of Montserrat, and the Water of Life.

When he rode on, close by the mountain, he met a little grey mannikin, who inquired of him whither he was going.

“To the castle in Montserrat,” he replied.

“I have long awaited you,” continued the mannikin, “and if you do what I tell you, you will not fail to be very happy.”

He promised this immediately, and the grey mannikin gave him much good advice on the road, but warned him not to remain too long in the palace, and to return quickly to the place where they stood, and where the mannikin would stay for him. The youth thanked him from his heart, and went gaily on his way.

When he came to the mountain, it struck eleven o'clock, and the mountain cracked and split, so that it seemed as if the world was coming to an end. But soon a most beautiful palace showed itself through the rent, much more magnificent than any that was ever seen before. It was all gold outside—even the tiles of the roof were of gold; the windows looked like great diamonds, and shone so much that it was impossible to gaze upon them. The Prince went quickly on, and

passed through the great gate, which opened to let him into a large courtyard. Within stood the three fountains, shaking their sparkling waters on high. On the first was written in golden letters—

Fountain of Beauty.

On the second—

Fountain of Life.

And on the third—

Fountain of Death.

In the first he washed himself as the mannikin had advised ; and though he was naturally very handsome, now he became ten thousand times handsomer than before. Then he filled two bottles with water from each of the others, and went into the castle to look about him. There seemed to be the greatest magnificence in the world all collected into this place ; and his father's palace looked like a squatter's log-hut compared with this. All around was gold, silver, and precious stones ; and in the most beautiful room of all there was a canopy-bed, with closed curtains of velvet, with beautiful embroidery ; before the bed stood a crystal table with a golden crown, a golden chain, diamond ear-rings and armlets, and two little delicately worked satin slippers stood underneath the table. He came closer and closer with the greatest caution and curiosity, and put the curtains aside somewhat, and there lay the loveliest lady in the land. He kissed her softly, and then it seemed as if he heard the voice of the grey mannikin calling him by his name, and he began to think that it was high time for him to be gone, if he did not wish to be shut up in the mountain. So he went to the table, and taking the golden chain

from the table as a remembrance, he ran as fast as ever he could out of the castle; he was hardly outside, ere it began to thunder again, and the mountain closed again so that he could not see where the opening had been.

The grey mannikin was already awaiting him outside.

"Ah! here you are again," said he: "you've dared a great deal, but all's well if you will but follow my advice."

The youth promised him everything in his joy.

"Now go direct home," continued the mannikin, "and take good heed of what I tell you. Don't look much about you; buy no brothers, and trust not to brotherly love."

With that the mannikin took leave of the Prince, who rode merrily homeward.

When he came to the town where the crier was, he heard the bell tolling. That sad knell cut him to the heart; for when we feel right glad ourselves, we should like to see everyone else right glad too. Presently the guard and the executioner came along with those that were condemned to die, and he saw they were his own brothers. Then he soon forgot the grey mannikin and his counsel, stopped the procession, and bought them off by paying their debts.

At first their joy and gratitude was great; but when he told them how he had obtained the water of beauty, of life and of death, in the palace—and how he was so happy that he could so save the life of his father—and when they saw how handsome he was—envy gnawed at their hearts. They conspired against him; and when they were at sea they stole the bottles of the waters of life and beauty, changing

them for bottles of sea-water, while they wrote upon the bottle with the water of death, "Water of Life."

When they got home, they warned the old King that his youngest son intended to poison him, therefore he had better take care, and trust rather in them. When the youngest prince came in and brought the bottle to his father, the King said—

"Give the dog some of your life-water, so that I may see how it acts."

This the youth did, and scarcely had the animal taken a drop of the water ere it fell down dead. Then the bad brothers triumphed in their false hearts, for the old King ordered the youth to leave the palace that minute, and never to come near him again. Then he drank of the water of life which his eldest son gave him, and was well and strong directly; and of the water of beauty, which the second gave him, and he was as blooming and as handsome as if he had been but eighteen years of age.

All this time the poor youth wandered about the woods, and told the kindly beaming sun, and the merrily twinkling stars, of his sorrows; and he blamed his own folly in not having followed the mannikin's advice; yet it would have been too heartless and cruel to have allowed his brothers to be led to the gallows, and so he felt. At last that idea comforted his heart again, and he hired himself as an under-gamekeeper to a huntsman in the forest. So there we will leave him among the bowing venerable trees, and go and see the Princess in the enchanted mountain of Montserrat.

A year after the Prince had been to the castle, the magical charm was at an end. All the knights and squires who had been changed into strange un-

couth forms, took their proper shapes again, and the palace became as lively as ever it had been. But the King was very anxious to find out who it was that had so delivered them, and he went out everywhere with the Princess, and let all the young men in the neighbourhood come and tell their tales, in order that he might find out if any had entered the enchanted palace. But no one had ever done so.

The poor Princess was so sad at this, and she grew paler and paler every day, and she would certainly have died, if her father had not saved her with the precious water of life. So passed three whole years of sorrow and mourning. She wished no longer to see any one, and she used to drive along lonely ways in the depths of the wild woods. One day the grey mannikin came forth from the gloom of the arching branches, and asked her what was the matter?

She told the mannikin her story, and this was his answer:—

“That comes of his not having done as I advised him. However, I will forgive him for your sake.”

Then he told her everything that had taken place, and he promised her that she should soon see him again, only she must do exactly what he told her, and nothing else.

Oh, how happy this made her!

She promised everything with a thousand thanks, and she kept her word better than the Prince had done. But it was easier for her. When she got home, she begged her father to let her have a great army and a large fleet, and then she sailed away to the country where her deliverer lived. When she came near to the capital city on the borders of the wood,

she pitched her tent, and her army encamped all around her. Before her pavilion a long narrow street stretched away between the tents of the soldiers, the surface of which was covered with velvet carpets most richly embroidered. After all this was prepared, she sent a messenger to the King, and entreated him to send the Prince who had brought him the water of life and beauty into her camp on horseback, for by him she was delivered from enchantment.

When the embassy came into the capital, the eldest mounted his charger directly, for the news of the beautiful woman with the great army had spread quickly, and the Prince would much have liked to have her for a wife. When he came galloping along, and reached the street where the fine carpets lay, he thought it wasn't allowed that people should ride over such beautiful things, and as he was afraid that he should spoil them he turned aside, and rode by the edge, where there were no carpets. The Princess, however, soon saw this, and called out to him, that he might go back again quickly, for he was not the right one. For the grey mannikin had assured her, that her deliverer would not think of the carpets, but would ride right away over them as if they were but common grass, in his joy to meet her again. So the eldest prince was obliged to wheel about and go home again.

Then the second went off to try *his* fortune. At first he did not observe the carpets, and rode over them, but when he perceived that the horse trod softly, and looked down, *he*, too, went to the side of the road. When the Princess saw that, she became angry, and she ordered him to stop, and then go, return, and tell the King that if he did not produce

her real deliverer in a very short time, she would besiege him in his capital and burn it. At that the Prince wheeled round very quickly, and rode home, like a scalded dog, on his pleasant errand to the king.

Now heralds posted through the length and breadth of the kingdom, and proclaimed at every corner, that the young Prince should come to the king at once, for the Princess of Montserrat was anxiously awaiting him. This the huntsman heard when he was in the neighbouring town one day, and he spoke of it at home.

Then the boy arose and said, "If my dear bride is come, I may return home."

The forester and his wife stared at him, as if he were mad, but he continued, "I am the Prince whom they seek." Then he mounted a horse and rode away, while the men and boys stood stiff and stuck for fright, like Lot's wife, when she became a salt-block.

But the youth galloped away right to the camp and the tent of the Princess, and didn't care a dump for the carpets. Then the Princess came out, and they flew into each other's arms, and wept tears and tears, on account of their joy and happiness. Then they mounted the Princess's golden carriage of state, and went off to the King, with six squadrons of troops before them and six more behind. As they went on they met the two Princes, his brothers, who had made the King believe that they were the right ones, and not the youngest. When the Princess heard that she said, "The real one has a remembrance of me, by which I may know him; he took a golden chain from my table. Let us see who has got it!"

Then the two elder princes got chains from the

goldsmith, and said that these were the right ones, but none suited the Princess ; one of them was much too big for her, the other much too little, so that it wouldn't go once round her neck. After that the youngest drew out his chain, and it fitted exactly, and was neither too tight nor too loose.

Now at last the old King's eyes were opened, and he banished the pair immediately for ever from his court, but he folded the youngest to his heart, and begged pardon a thousand times for the wrong he had done him. The next day the wedding was celebrated in great state ; then the old King gave his kingdom to his son and retired.

The young pair lived many a year in happiness and mutual love, and ruled over happy subjects. Now, I think, they're dead.

One thing I must mention, however. The Prince didn't forget those who aided him in his sorrows, for the forester was well rewarded and highly honoured for the rest of his life. At least so his ghost, who told me this story one evening, over a glass of wine, said, and *he ought to know*.

The Companions who couldn't agree.

A SHOEMAKER and a tailor went off together to travel all over the world. They agreed that they would be true to one another, and would keep together in joy and in sorrow, and what one possessed was to be equally the property of the other. But they found

no work anywhere, so as they did not much care about fighting, they enlisted. For there had long been peace, and there was no fear of war; so that their courage was not in any danger of being shipwrecked.

The tailor had nimbler legs than the shoemaker, and got on much quicker. And he knew, too, how to fill his mouth with the finest words, and he made a great deal of fuss about his courage, as to how he had always slashed away, and how the people all fell before him, and how he himself always stood fire in the most courageous way. So by this bragging he managed to rise a step, and to rise a step, until he actually got to be drill-sergeant. But the higher he got, the more haughty he became, and at last his pride wasn't to be borne any longer. The shoemaker, however, always came in for the largest share of annoyance; so that at last the service troubled him so sorely, that one evening he packed up his bundle, and ran away like a buffalo with the prairie in a blaze behind him.

Towards noon he came into a forest, and as he was not acquainted with the road, he soon lost himself. While he was standing there, and knew neither the way in nor the way out, a huntsman came along, who had also lost himself, and who asked the shoemaker which was the way.

"I wish you'd tell me that," said the shoemaker.

"Two can find it better than one," replied the huntsman, "therefore let us go together, and then we shall be able to get out again."

This they did, but evening came on, and then the dark night, and still there seemed no ending to the forest. Then the shoemaker got upon a tall oak, and looked round, and saw a light a great, great way off. So they set off immediately in glorious spirits towards

it, and they came at last to a cottage, in which sat an old woman who was peeling potatoes and boiling soup.

"Can we stop here for the night?" said the shoemaker.

"No," said the old woman; "but leave this place as quickly as you can, for this is a den of thieves, and if you are caught, you will lose your heads. At midnight twelve of the band come with their captain, and at mid-day there come another twelve with their captain, to take some refreshment. The first party cannot be far off; they are in pursuit of the King, who has lost himself in the wood; therefore, pray go away before they catch you."

"Never mind that," replied the shoemaker, "I can get out of that. Only tell me the names of the leaders, and the signs by which they know each other. You, comrade, then do everything that you see me do."

The old woman told him every thing; for in her heart she hated the robbers, and only served them because they forced her to do so.

In a little time there was a noise outside, and the first captain came with his twelve men. As soon as the shoemaker saw him, he went boldly up to him and said, "Our captain sends his best greetings, and would like to know whether you have taken the King or not. We have lost his track altogether."

"We are no better off," replied the robber captain, looking sharply at the shoemaker; "we are well on his track, but it would be absurd to talk about taking him yet. Sit down and join us at dinner; afterwards we will talk more on the subject, and you will be able to march the better."

So they joined them, and the huntsman observed minutely everything that the shoemaker did, and did exactly the same. But he laid his knife and fork the wrong side upwards, for that was the sign of the whole band.

"Now I perceive that you belong to the band," said the captain; "but I had my suspicions, for your companion the huntsman does not look at all like a robber."

After that, the fun did indeed begin; they began to tell about their deeds, and the shoemaker told such a cartful of lies that it was more than a donkey could have drawn. And, beside that, they ate and drank as if they hadn't had anything for a fortnight, and didn't expect any more for a month.

After dinner, everybody had to show some trick. When it was the shoemaker's turn, he said that he would show them something which they all would like to see, for he would drink a kettle of boiling oil.

"That is impossible!" cried the robbers.

"Well; you will see," said the shoemaker quietly; and the old woman put the largest kettle she had on the fire, and poured oil into it till it was full. When it boiled right hard, and made bubbles, he said; "Now sit down in a half circle round me, so that you may see it properly; and you, comrade, come behind me, to make plenty of room for the rest."

Then he took the kettle from the fire, and called out to them, "Now then! pay attention, and look at me."

Then he raised it to his mouth, but he took good care not to drink the oil; but swang it slowly round, so that the glowing oil went into the robbers' faces; and then he took his sword and cut off their heads, one after

the other, before they had time to say, "No! don't do it!"

When the shoemaker had done with the robbers, he looked round for his companion, and he could not find him for a long time. At last he pulled him out from under a bench, whither he had crept.

"You're a valiant hero," the shoemaker said to him; "you must have been eating courage by the pound. Come out now; don't you see the work is at an end. Help me to carry all these fellows away, before the others come, if you love your life."

Then the huntsman helped him, but he didn't seem to like it: it was easy to be seen that he had never knocked himself up with such work. They made a great hole before the doorway of the cottage, and threw all the robbers in, filling up the hole with earth afterward. The old woman in the mean time cleaned away all the oil, and put everything in order; then she began to cook again for the other band.

About twelve o'clock the robber captain and his twelve comrades came in. The shoemaker went up to him courageously and said,—“A greeting from our captain, and we have caught the King, and they will bring him in about two o'clock. You were to be so kind as to wait.”

“Has he got him?” cried the captain; “I'm sorry I didn't catch him myself; however, we may as well be merry. Sit down.”

Then the pair sat down and laid their knives and forks as the others had done.

When the captain saw it he observed, “Now I see that you belong to the band, but I didn't think so. And you, huntsman, I suspected particularly; for you don't look as if you could rob much.”

Then the shoemaker told many shocking things that the band had been doing since yesterday, so that the huntsman was altogether forgotten.

After supper every one showed his trick, and the shoemaker did his ; and so well, that nobody complained of having too little.

“ What *can* you do with your burnt heads ? ” And as they didn't tell him, he cut them off.

The huntsman had lost himself again. When the shoemaker asked the old woman after him, she said he had gone up into the garret. Thither he followed him, and where do you think he found him ? In the middle of a truss of straw.

“ Are they all dead ? ” asked the huntsman in a great fright.

“ Go down-stairs and ask them yourself,” answered the shoemaker ; “ but tell me, are you not a dunder-head for leaving me ? ”

Then the huntsman crept out ; and they were all quite pleased at everything having gone off so well.

When they began to look about the house, they found immense treasures of gold and silver, and precious stones, clothes, arms, and many other things. These they gave to the convent hard by at the end of the forest, and the old woman went with the treasures ; for what had she to do with the world any more ? The shoemaker took as much gold for himself as his pockets would hold, but the huntsman would not take anything, except his leave.

So the two friends went away together, and came to the capital of the country towards evening. As the doors were closed, they went into a little cottage-inn to sleep. When the shoemaker awoke in the morn-

ing, and went to wake his comrade, he found that he was gone, and hadn't paid his reckoning.

"Well," said the shoemaker to himself, "I'm not sorry I've lost him." Then he paid the landlord, and walked off towards the city.

At the gate the guard turned out as he passed.

"Present arms!" cried the officer.

"He has had a peep at the bottle rather early this morning," concluded the shoemaker, and went on further towards the palace of the King.

There the guard turned out again, arranged itself, and the officer commanded, "Present arms!"

Then he went wonderingly up to the officer, and said to him, "What is this nonsense you're making? I'm only a poor shoemaker, and I should like to know whether I might work for the King."

"I will conduct your Excellency to his Majesty," replied the officer, bowing.

But the shoemaker shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and thought, "Dear me! are all the soldiers mad?"

The King was very gracious to the shoemaker. He asked him what his name was, whence he came, and what he could do? The shoemaker related his story.

"Would you know your friend, the huntsman, again if you saw him?"

"Certainly, your Majesty. I should know him out of a thousand, by that hang-dog look of his."

Then the King went out into another room, and after a while the huntsman came in.

"Ah! there you are!" cried the shoemaker. "You're a pretty fellow, you are! But I've told everything to the King, and he'll pay you out."

"Softly, softly, my good friend," said the hunts-

man, and opened his coat and took off his cap; then the poor shoemaker saw that it was the King himself. He would almost have fallen down from fright, if the King had not told him to be quiet about the whole matter. Then he sent him to the regiment where the tailor was drill-sergeant, to be colonel of it.

"Now, then, my boy, we shall see!" thought the colonel, when he galloped down the ranks in his magnificent uniform, and cocked hat and feathers, and caught sight of his old friend the tailor.

And now, whenever the troops were exercised, the colonel found some fault with the drill-sergeant. Now it was that the accoutrements were not clean, or the swords not bright, or the uniforms not brushed; and titles of honour—such as "Fathead!" "Lump!" "Lazy-jack!" and so on—began to rain down upon the sergeant from morning till night. If he dared to remonstrate or to excuse himself, then he was put in arrest for mutiny; if he said nothing, then he was called by a hundred more uncomfortable names. In short, the poor tailor could do nothing right, no matter what pains he took, and this often made him feel very bitter and mad.

After some time, the tailor was suddenly called before the colonel. He asked him, "Do you know me?"

The sergeant did not know what to answer: for if he said "Yes," it would be untrue, and of no use; and if he said "No," which was the real truth, then it was just as bad, and of as little use.

At last he made up his mind to tell the truth, for it was the best after all, and said, "No."

"Then I will tell you who I am," replied the colonel: "I am your old companion, the shoemaker. I think you must be wiser now, and you will leave off

your bragging pride. But as a recompense for your troubles, I'll make you a lieutenant."

From that hour the tailor never said anything more about his prowess, but he did not rise any higher.

The shoemaker died a field-marshal.

I think I know from this story which is the best to do. Tell me, is it better to brag, or to act and say nothing? Eh?

The Golden Stag.

THERE was once a King whose greatest delight consisted in fine tall soldiers, and nice white sentry-boxes; and he couldn't bear to see names, or sentences, or rhymes, scribbled upon the sentry-boxes. He had forbidden it, under pain of death.

In his body-guard, there was the tallest man in the whole country—so tall, indeed, that they were obliged to build a sentry-box especially for him. One day as he was on guard before the palace, he got tired of standing there with the time passing so slowly away, so he wrote upon the sentry-box, "Money makes many!"

The King happened to be at the window, and he saw it, and came down immediately into the courtyard and to the sentry-box. Then he examined the soldier very strictly, read him what he had said in his law, and said, "This time I'll overlook it, but never again."

And in order that his soldier might not be tempted again to write upon the sentry-box, he commanded

him for the future to guard the door of the Princess's room.

A soldier has a heart just like other people ; and he hadn't been on his post many days, ere he had fallen deeply in love with the Princess. But that was no wonder either, for the Princess was very beautiful, and kind-natured, and good, and never proud or haughty.

"Ah!" thought the soldier then, "if I had but money now, all would be well ; then I would come with many carriages and a great train, and ask the King for her hand, instead of standing here, and hardly daring to look at her."

Then he pulled his pencil from his pocket, and wrote his maxim in the middle of the door, "Money makes many."

Next morning when the King went to see his daughter, there was the writing. The soldier was immediately led into the King's room, and he asked him how he dared write maxims upon the Princess's door.

The soldier thought, "Well, as I must die, the King may as well know everything." So he told him of his love for the Princess, and how he could not live without her, and that death was therefore a welcome guest.

"If you think that money makes many," said the King, "you shall have as much as you wish ; but if you have not won the heart of the Princess within a year, you shall die."

Then the soldier fell at the King's feet, and thanked him a hundred thousand times.

The King kept his word. He had the soldier locked up in a tower, and set ten sentries to guard it.

The soldier got tons of gold every day, but what he wanted was freedom. I suppose you think he got downhearted now; but no! a brave man never loses courage; his heart is stouter when he knows himself in danger.

The soldier tried to invent a plan by which he might get out of prison. He did not like to bribe the sentries, for how soon that might have been discovered, and have got the poor soldiers into trouble; his kind heart would not suffer that. No; his plan must be quicker and safer than that; and he soon found out how it was to be done. You must know that he had a twin brother, who was just like him in everything. He sent for him, and telling him the whole matter, he promised him, truly and sacredly, that if he did not succeed he would return to the prison before the year was past. Then they changed their clothes, the soldier went away from the tower, and one great point was gained.

When he inquired after the Princess, he learned that she was on a journey, nobody knew whither, and she would certainly not return for a month. He followed her; for even if he did find her it was still better and safer for him to leave the King's city, and he could think of what he had to do just as well.

So he left the capital, and travelled to another great city, where he stayed in a great hotel. Then he thought, day and night, how this was to be brought about, that he should gain the Princess's heart; but whatever he thought of, seemed to him not to be sure. You may imagine how hard he must have thought when he grew quite thin with it; for he wasn't accustomed to it, and he knew the word of

command much better—"Shoulder arms!" "Present!" and all the rest of it.

The landlord was a pleasant and good, and also a very clever man, and he saw with pain that his guest grew paler and weaker every day. He often attempted to discover what oppressed his health so much, but it was not easy to get him to speak. Yet at last he burst out, for he could contain himself no longer; and he told his whole history to the landlord.

"If it be nothing more," said the landlord, "we will soon manage it: give me two barrels of gold; I ask not a grain of it for myself, for I am rich enough, but I must have them for the necessary expenses."

Thereupon the soldier became light-hearted: he wrote to his brother in prison that he should immediately send the two barrels of gold; and in less than a week they arrived.

The landlord then sent for two very clever goldsmiths, and they were to make a great, great stag of gold, with eyes of dark glass, with ears so raised as to convey sound, and all hollow within: in the back a door was made, and concealed among the thick golden hairs, so that it was scarcely to be observed. Then a musician and watchmaker were hired, and they contrived a quantity of mechanism that played the most beautiful tunes upon gold and silver bells. It was certainly the most wonderful thing which had ever been seen. This was put into the head of the stag, and a string was fastened to it, which ran down into the body: if that were pulled once, the works began to move and play, but when they pulled again, it stopped. When it was finished, the whole city came running to see it.

The landlord put the soldier into the inside of the stag, and shut the door. When the landlord, therefore, said, "Gold stag, play!" the soldier drew the string once, and it began to play; when the landlord said, "Gold stag, enough!" then he pulled it twice. So, the stag played whenever the landlord told it, and nobody knew how it was done.

Who could be happier than the soldier now? He sent for his father immediately, gave him the necessary directions, and after thanking the good landlord heartily, he set off straight for the capital, whither the Princess had returned during this time. The fame of the wonderful gold stag had already gone before it, and everyone desired to see the strange animal. But the father of the soldier—for the soldier himself was hidden inside—said, that no one could see the stag until the King himself had seen him; and he went straight to the palace with the magnificent creature. There he took off the covers that were round it, and then the stag glistened so much in the sun that one could scarcely bear to look upon it. The King and his daughter came to see it, and they could neither of them find words to express their wonder at the proud animal, and at the delicate work.

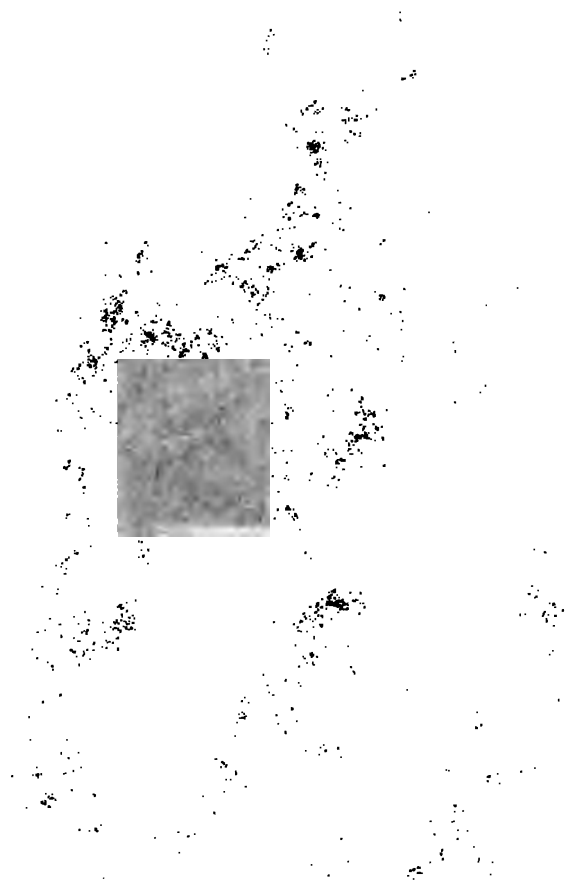
When the father of the soldier cried, "Gold stag, play!" and the beautiful melody was heard, then the King's daughter could restrain her delight no longer, and she cried, "Father, I must buy the stag, let it cost what it may!"

The King was too fond of his daughter to deny her anything, therefore he asked the soldier's father what the price of the stag was, and paid the sum at once, with a handsome present beside; for he, too, was delighted with the magnificent golden stag.



THE EFFECTS





It was now carried into the palace, and it was placed in the room of the Princess. There the stag played till late at night, and the Princess was never tired of listening to it.

When the whole palace was at rest, and the Princess too, the soldier opened the door of the stag, got out, and came before the couch of the Princess. The moon shone brightly in at the window, and she lay there, looking so beautiful and so calm ; he bent lightly over her, and kissed her forehead. She awoke with a start, and looked up. When she beheld the handsome stranger by her side, she gave a scream, and hid her face in the clothes. The soldier sprang quickly into the stag, and shut the door softly. He was hardly in safety before her maids and the King himself came rushing in to know what was the matter. She told them, tremblingly, what she had seen ; but when they looked everywhere, no one was to be found, as you might easily think. So the King told the Princess that she must have been dreaming, and that she might compose herself, for nobody could get into the room to hurt her. So she did, and was soon asleep again.

When the soldier saw this, he opened the door again, came up to her, and kissed her white forehead again. She started up from her sleep again, and there was the proud, handsome man, standing with his hands raised up. She screamed, and buried her face in the clothes. In the twinkling of an eye, the soldier had disappeared.

The whole castle came running together, and the King came again. They looked everywhere ; but there was no trace of any stranger. Then the King got angry, as kings will do, for he didn't like

being deprived of a good night's rest; and he began grumbling at the Princess, and threatened to take the golden stag away again, if she gave way to this fancy any longer. So she was obliged to be quiet.

She now resolved not to go to sleep again, for she was determined to know whence the handsome man came, and she therefore only pretended to go to sleep. In a little while she heard a creaking in the golden stag, and presently afterwards the soldier stood before her, and kissed her on the forehead. She stared at him; but he fell down on his knees, and spoke so much of his love for her, and how he had hazarded his life, that she promised not to betray him.

So he stayed with her until the year was nearly up; and whenever the King came to hear the golden stag play, he concealed himself inside. When the year was up, he contrived to let his brother know that he should desire to see the gold stag as a last favour from the King. This request was kindly received, and the stag was carried to the prison, where the brother slipped away, and the soldier remained. The brother found means to escape from the golden stag.

The day after the year was at an end, the King had the soldier brought before him, and said, "Now I've given you as much as you desired all the year through. Do you not know that you must die, as you have not won the heart of the Princess?"

"Alas! I know that too well," replied the soldier; "but I should like to see her ere I die. Be gracious, O King! and lead me to her."

"I will," replied the King.

So when they came to the Princess, she flew into the soldier's arms, and acknowledged her love to the King. But what could he do now but marry her? and the soldier was afterwards blessed with a little son, whom they called Gold Stag; and when the old King died, he became King, and the kingdom flourished, and if you don't believe me, go and see.

The Butcher.

THE son of a poor sow-herd had learned the business of a butcher, because he was ambitious, and desired to rise higher in the world than his father had done. When the lad knew his business, and when his apprenticeship was out, he went away, as all apprentices do, to travel in search of work. He had not got very far from home when he came to a dead ox, and five animals were standing around it, desiring to divide it amongst them; but they could not share it equally. Now the five animals were a bee, a fox, a greyhound, a falcon, and a lion. As soon as they perceived him, they went towards him, and begged him to divide it properly among them. He took out his large knife, and cutting according to the rules of his craft, divided it into five equal and fitting portions. Thus, the bee got the head to build in, and all the rest as it was best for them.

The butcher, after having done this, went on his way again. He had scarcely gone a thousand paces,

however, ere the greyhound came up with him, stopped him, and begged him to return to the other four.

When they got back to the place again, where the rest of the animals were assembled, they one and all told him that they had forgotten to thank him. Money, they continued, they had none; but, as a reward, they had resolved to endow him with the power of assuming the shape of all and each of the five animals at a wish. At this he was very contented, thanked them, and went on his way.

Not long after this, he came into the great kingdom of Sicily; and just as he was going in at the gate, he heard a herald proclaiming, that every one who ate of the pomegranates of the King's trees, should be put to death. For there were only two such trees in the land: these stood before the King's window, and he prized them very highly.

Now as nothing is so good as that which is forbidden, the butcher at once thought that he must taste the pomegranates, and see if they were really as good as they were said to be. So he wished that he were a falcon, and the thought had not been entertained an instant ere it was fulfilled. He flew into the air, and perched on one of the King's trees, and looked in at the window, eating away at the apples all the time. Inside the palace, they were all just at table, and there were plenty of roast fowls, and boiled ones too, upon the table. After this, he did not much care for the apples, and the savoury smell attracting him still more and more, he could not withstand the desire any longer, but flew into the room, and snatching a roast chicken from the dish, *he dashed back to the window, intending to get away*

as fast as he could; but the King's little daughter shut the window, and so he was caught.

This, however, proved a piece of good fortune; for the Princess would not let any harm come to the bird, but hung him up in her room in a beautiful cage. At night, when she was asleep, he flew out between the bars as a bee, walked up to her bedside as a man, and then he kissed her on the forehead. But she awoke from her sleep, and cried out; but when the King came in, he was sitting with his head under his wing in the cage, and feigned to be asleep. Then the King thought that it was only a dream, and he scolded her soundly for being so fearful.

Scarcely had the King and the maids gone away, when he flew out again as a bee, and coming to her bedside again, kissed her for a second time. At first she was afraid of him; but as she saw that he did not do her any harm she listened to his addresses.

So they got secretly married, and lived together for nearly a year, without anybody observing it. At last the Princess had a little son; and then, of course, the matter could be concealed no longer. She told her father everything. Of course he was very angry at first; but what was to be done? It was too late to forbid anything, so he gave them his blessing, had another very grand wedding, and declared his son-in-law the future heir to the crown.

But the Princess was under enchantment, and the Crown Prince was earnestly recommended not to go driving in the wood with his young wife. He might go everywhere else; but if he went there, the wind would carry her away.

But the Prince laughed at this caution. His



THE GOLDEN STAG.

“Is it you really, or only a phantom?” he asked her.

“It is indeed myself,” she replied, “but I am here in the power of a giant. He comes at eleven o’clock in the morning, and stays till noon, and I have to scratch his head for him. He also comes at the same hour at night.”

In a little while the giant came home. The Prince quickly turned himself into a bee again, and crept under the bread-crumbs on the table.

“How did that thing get in here?” said the giant, and struck at it, but the bee was nimbler than he. Then the giant grumbled something to himself, and laid his head into the Princess’s lap, and had it scratched for an hour.

When he had taken his departure, the Prince gave his wife a piece of good advice, and said to her, “When he comes again pretend to be asleep, and when he wakes you, tell him that you had a bad dream. If he asks you what it is, tell him that you had fancied that he was dead, and that you couldn’t find out in what way you should get out of the castle.”

The next day, when the giant came again, she put this plan into practice, and it answered well; for when the giant inquired what her dream had been, she began to cry, and to tell him what a fright she had had at his death, and then she asked him if she would have to remain a prisoner there for ever, if he should die?

“No, goosey!” replied he, “I never *can* die. But there is a dragon with three heads in the garden of the King of Sicily, and whoever can kill him can kill me, but nobody else. I should never die of my own accord; oh, dear no!”

The Prince, who was listening under the form of a bee, paid great attention to all this, and was glad that he had got the secret out of the giant; the young lady then had to scratch the giant's head for an hour, and then he went away. Then the Prince told her that he was determined to seek the dragon in Sicily, and kill him; she bade him farewell with many sobs and sighs, and he then crept through the keyhole in the shape of a bee, in the same way as he had entered. When he arrived outside he transformed himself into a greyhound, and ran to the place where he had put the stone; then he flew away as a falcon; and at last crept through the mountain again as a bee.

It was a great distance to Sicily, and he had to travel very far, across rivers and seas, over hill and dale to get there. When he began to make inquiries as to where the dragon was, and what he was like, he learned that he certainly had three heads, and that every morning at nine o'clock, all the royal herds of swine were driven out on the plain before the city gates, that the dragon might choose himself nine of them for a meal. Now there were only thirty-six pigs in the whole country, and everybody was afraid that the dragon, when his usual food was at an end, would begin to eat men. Then the Prince went to the King, and begged leave to drive out the pigs the next morning. The King willingly permitted him to do so, and promised that if he rid the world of the monster that he would give him half the kingdom and his daughter for a wife.

Precisely at nine o'clock the next morning the strange swineherd was at his post before the city gates, and immediately after the dragon came.

He had really three heads, each uglier than the

last, and he cried out as soon as he saw the Prince :
“ Give me my nine swine ! ”

“ Can't afford it ! ” said the Prince, who turned himself into a lion, and tore off one of the monster's heads, so that the dragon ran away roaring with the pain. When the Prince returned home he was joyfully received by the King.

“ As you have cut off one of the dragon's heads, you shall have a cask of wine. ”

The next morning he was punctual to his time with his herd, and the dragon soon came too ; he was more angry than the day before.

“ Give me my eighteen swine ! ” he roared.

“ Can't afford it ! ” said the Prince, who again took the form of a lion, and tore off another head.

“ Ah ! wait till to-morrow ! ” thundered the monster, and ran away.

The next day they met again, and the dragon lost his remaining head and his appetite for pork at the same time. At this the King was so delighted, that he wanted immediately to solemnize the nuptials of his daughter with the deliverer of the land.

“ I beg your pardon, ” replied the Prince, “ and though I thank you for the honour, I'd rather not marry the young lady, as I have already a wife, who is a prisoner in the mountain a thousand miles away. ”

And he related the whole of his adventures to the King, and how he was now going to return to the enchanted palace and release his wife.

“ If you will not marry my daughter, ” the King then said, “ I will at any rate not let you go unrewarded. I shall present you with a carriage, in which you may journey to your wife. ”

Then the King commanded it to be brought from

the coach-house, and gave it to him. This coach was rather a remarkable one, and had some singular properties. There was a whip sticking in the right side of it, and if this were taken out and put into the left side it began to roll along, as if a thousand horses were drawing it, but as soon as the whip was put back again it stopped.

You may think that it was not very difficult for the Prince to return to the enchanted mountain under such circumstances. He got there in two days, crept through the crevice as before, flew down as a falcon, ran along as a greyhound to the palace, then crept through the keyhole as a bee, and stood beside his wife as a man. However, when the giant came, he didn't turn into a bee again, but into a lion, and then tore the giant's head from his shoulders. Thus she was delivered, and they first went home in the magic carriage, and then visited the King of Sicily. I never heard what became of them after this time, but I dare say if anything worth telling had happened to them, I should have heard of it.

The Story of the Grey Flint.

A POOR peasant had an only son, and he brought him up honestly, as it was, of course, proper for him to do. The boy, however, grew bigger and bigger, and as his body grew so did his mind increase, and at last his father's home was too little for him, and he desired to go forth into the wide world, and battle his way with

the rest of the striving multitudes. His father was very distressed at it, and tried to induce him in every way to give up his notion, and remain where he was, and gain his living honestly and industriously. This was all of no use; he was determined, he said, to see the world.

Then his father grew angry with him, and said: "Well, then, if you do, I wish you had to run for three days and three nights, and couldn't leave off if you tried."

As the father had wished, so it occurred. The lad ran away without stopping three days and three nights. The sun burnt him in the day, and the dew fell on him by night; hunger and thirst pained him, but it was all of no use—he couldn't stop; for a parent's curse is never blown away with the next breeze, and he was obliged to continue running till the close of the third day. Then he sank down overcome with fatigue and pain, and was weak to death; he knew not where to get food, for he lay in a thick forest. Suddenly, a little grey mannikin came walking along, and when this queer person saw him he stopped and asked him what was the matter.

"Alas!" the lad replied, "I am cold and weary, hungry and thirsty, and know not how to satisfy myself."

"If that be all," returned the mannikin, "come with me, and you shall have as much to eat as you please."

So he made a great effort, and followed the mannikin. They had scarcely walked fifty paces, ere they came to a great palace, built of coal-black stones; they went up the broad flight of stairs, and through a high doorway into a lofty saloon. There was not a

single person to be seen or heard in the whole palace—everything was as quiet as a mouse; yet there was a capital dinner for three, standing on a high table, and before each plate was set a tall stool.

“Now let us eat and drink, as much as we like,” observed the mannikin, “but we must be quick; for it is as much as our lives are worth to stay long.”

Then they mounted upon the stools and got on the table, where they walked up and down among the dishes and ate as much as they liked. After that, they climbed down again, by the legs of the stools, ran down the stairs and out of the gates. It was high time, too, for the door banged to after them immediately, and knocked one of the heels off the lad’s shoe. He was now quite merry again, and full of glee, and he soon forgot the sorrow of the past three days. He ran along after the nimble mannikin into the thick forest again—on, on, on, till they came to a very dark place indeed.

There the mannikin gave the lad a wand, and said: “In the castle yonder live three giants, who eat men. When they come home and see that somebody has been eating from their dishes, and been drinking from their goblets, they will come into the forest again to seek them. If any one of them find you, he would have to stoop to get hold of you, and eat you. But be quick and touch his head with this wand; then he ’ll fall down and will never move another limb.”

At these words the youth almost sank into his shoes from fear, and he begged the mannikin to stay with him that he might not be so frightened.

But the mannikin replied: “You needn’t be afraid; for they will not hurt you if you do as I tell you. I

must not be by, for in that case the wand would have no effect."

The mannikin then slipped into a cave hard by, and awaited the result.

In a little while there was a rustling in the wood, and it began to crack and snap. That was one of the giants, for wherever he went he had first to make room for himself, and he made all this noise in putting aside the branches, which snapped like sticks of sealing wax under his fingers.

When he saw the lad, he roared out, "Ah! have I got you now, my man? As you ate out of my dish, I'll eat you now."

So he stooped down to get hold of him, but the young man touched him on the head with the wand, and—plump!—there he lay, and did not get up again.

The mannikin was there directly, and cried, "Quick, now! let us hide him before the others come."

Then they dragged the giant into the bushes, and covered him over with leaves. What a quantity of leaves it must have taken!

In a little while there was a great noise in the wood again, as if the fierce stormy wind were roaring through the branches: that was the second giant coming along with huge strides; for he was not a little angry.

When he found the youth, he cried, "Oh, as you have eaten out of my dish, I will eat you."

Then he stooped down; but the youth touched his forehead, and he fell down, and did not make a single remark upon that or any other subject.

In a minute the mannikin was there. "Quick! away with him before the third giant comes."

They then dragged him to the place where his com-

rade lay, and covered him up with leaves so well, that nobody could have found out where he lay.

The grey mannikin was right in being so quick about getting the giant away. He was hardly concealed ere there was a horrible clamour and noise re-echoing from all the recesses of the forest. That was the third giant, and he had a step that shook the earth.

When he perceived the youth he roared in a fury, "As you ate from my plate, I'll now eat you."

As he stooped, however, to take hold of the youth, he got a tap on the forehead, and he never made any objection.

Then the mannikin came out, dancing and jumping for joy, and said, "That last gentleman may stop there, for there are no more. Now let us go to the palace, of which we are the lords and masters. You must, however, first faithfully do whatever I tell you. You may see that it is all for your good."

The youth promised this joyfully, and followed the mannikin to the coal-black palace. They entered, and went through a great many rooms, and came at last to a small chamber, quite empty, where a great, shining, sharp sword was hanging against the wall.

The mannikin told him to take the sword down, and when he had obeyed, he said, "Now, cut off my head!"

"Alas! how could I do such a thing? You have not harmed me in any way."

"Will you cut off my head?" the mannikin cried angrily; "or shall I cut off yours?"

Then the youth felt that there was but one course; so he took the sword in both his hands, and cut off the mannikin's head.

When the ugly deformed head of the mannikin fell off, its grey clothes also fell off, like the ugly dry

skin of a chrysalis before it is a butterfly ; and a lovely maiden stood before the youth. He was so astonished at her beauty, that he could not say a single word. He did not think it was reality ; but took it for a wondrous dream.

She gave him her hand, and said, " Do you see now that you did right in following my advice ? "

After this, she told him her story, which was very melancholy. " Many years ago," said she, " the giants came into this neighbourhood, where my father was the chief ruler. They came and took possession of the castle, and made a feast off everybody that was in it : they ate the whole family, the courtiers, and the servants ; and they only spared me on account of my beauty. As, however, I was always trying to escape, they transformed me into a little grey mannikin, and turned me out. At that time, too, the palace became coal-black. Now," she continued, " you have but half released me, as the palace is still enchanted ; so you must finish your work. In the forest there stands the giants' oak ; this you must find. It has seven holes in the trunk, one above the other ; and in the highest hole there sits a wood-pigeon upon two eggs. These eggs you must get and break them against my head. "

The youth did as he was desired. He found the oak, and the seven holes, and the wood-pigeon, and the eggs. These last he brought back with him, and threw them at the maiden's head, so that they broke. At the moment, there was a loud clap of thunder, and presently the palace was as white as if it were built of snow.

Then the young man celebrated his wedding with the beautiful lady ; he took a great many servants, and the old palace saw very different times. The happiness of both was completed by the birth of a child.

The next morning it was gone, and in its place there lay a grey flint-stone. You may think what the father's sorrow must have been at this. His wife, however, comforted him, and said, "This is part of the curse of the giants; but don't despair, for it's easily remedied. Take the stone down into the cellar and knock it to pieces with the same sword with which you cut off my head when I was a grey mannikin."

He did as she told him, and as the sword cut through the stone the blood came running out; at which he was so frightened that he ran away and told his wife.

She said, "It's all right. Now go into the cellar in a week's time, and see what you can find there."

Didn't his heart beat the next time he went into the cellar! but oh, what joy it was to find there a lovely little girl, smiling and stretching out her arms! He took it up, and carried it to his wife.

He then sent for his father and all the village, and gave them each a plot of ground in the forest; and I believe he lived to a good old age in the palace, with his good and clever wife.

The Faithful Wife.

A KING had a daughter who was very beautiful, and she had a most delicate and tender complexion; the world was so full of the report of her beauty, that even the Sultan's son came from Turkey, to obtain her in marriage. She would not have him, however, and said that she wouldn't marry a heathen, who was only fit to clean her shoes.

At the same time, a king lived in another country who had three sons. As he did not know to which of them he would leave his kingdom after his death, he said, "Go and travel, and whoever brings the most beautiful thing in the world to me, shall have the kingdom."

They set out at once; but on the third day they were already weary. Then the two youngest said to the eldest, "Dear brother, go back home again and be king: we will roam about the world, and see where we may find good fortune."

The elder brother replied, "I cannot allow you to go, unless you promise me to stay together faithfully in joy and sorrow, and be true to each other. And when you have found what you seek, come back again, that I may rejoice with you in it."

Then they shook hands, and parted.

After a long journey, they came to the kingdom where the lovely Princess dwelt. They liked the country so much that they determined to remain there, and one of them resolved to go into the navy, and the other into the army. As they were both handsome and clever, the King soon took a fancy to them, and one of them was very soon a post-captain, and the younger one a colonel.

They had taken so much money from home with them, that there was no reason to stint themselves, and they lived a glorious life. They neither had to suffer from want of servants, nor horses, nor carriages; every day they drove out at noon, and they had a different carriage for every day in the week, with six different horses, and other servants. Every day they passed by the King's palace; and so it happened, that the beautiful Princess took notice of them, and

watched them from the window. The two Princes soon saw this, but they did not know how the Princess had fallen in love with one of them, and could not rest, either by day or night. The younger of the two princes, who was also the handsomer, pleased her so much, that she felt she could not live without him; but she never told any one of this, for she was very proud, and as she had to be so very silent about it, the thought at last made her very ill indeed. All the doctors in the whole country, the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and the Licentiates of the Apothecaries' Society, flocked together to consult about her cure; but their medicines were of no use at all, and she grew worse and worse every day.

At last a very old man came to the court and sent in his card. He had been all over the world, and knew every herb and plant on the face of the earth; and, besides this, he had invented a draught which cured all illnesses in an instant, no matter how dangerous. The King led him to the Princess, and no sooner had he set eyes upon her, than he said that he could help, but he must see her alone.

When the King had gone away, he said, "You are not ill in body, but are ill in your mind, and I can only help you if you tell me sincerely what the matter is."

At first the Princess would not speak, but he talked to her and gained her confidence, and she told him all, but she begged him not to say anything about it to any one.

Then the old man went to the King and said, "I have cured the illness, but the Princess is still very weak. If she is allowed to see a great deal of com-

pany and friends—people who can amuse her, and talk to her—the weakness will soon be overcome, for she will not think about it then.”

“Who can she see, then?” asked the King, “for she will not hear of receiving the courtiers.”

“Whom I do not know,” said the old man; “but there are two gentlemen living here—one a post-captain, and the other a colonel: you might invite them.”

The King was delighted with the apt advice of the doctor, and sent a servant to the Princes at once, with an invitation to dinner. When the servant delivered the message, the Princes gave him no reply: they told the landlord of the hotel to get dinner ready as usual, every day. They continued their old habits, and drove out after dinner by the palace as usual. When the King saw that, he was angry with the servant, and insisted that he could not have delivered the invitation properly; but he excused himself, and said that he had indeed, but the gentlemen had given him no answer. The next day, the King got into his carriage, and went in person to the Princes, invited them, and inquired how it was that they had not come the day before.

“It is quite impossible to go when a servant brings the invitation,” said they: “if we have anything of that sort to do, we do it ourselves.”

The King was quite delighted, for he thought that as they were so proud they must be of noble birth, and he therefore asked them of what family they were? When he learned who their father was, he was still more delighted and said that they need not live in an hotel, but might just as well reside with him at the palace. So they went there the same day, and nobody was so delighted with it as the Princess.

When the younger brother saw her every day, in all her beauty, love awoke in his heart; and it was not long before there was a betrothal and a marriage: and so they became the happiest man and wife in the world.

After two years, the elder brother said:—"My dear brother, I have not been in the navy for nothing, and I can't stop on shore any longer: and I don't find my good luck here, so I must e'en seek it elsewhere; and I think I'll join a ship that's fitting out against the pirates."

"Don't do that," said the other; "you must recollect that we promised our brother not to desert each other, either in joy or sorrow; let us, therefore, keep our words, and be true. If you are to find good luck, you may just as well look for it here as anywhere else."

Still the elder brother declared he would go; and the younger one said, "If you go, I cannot remain, for I shall keep my promise, however hard it may be."

So he went to his wife, and said to her, "In a week I am going with my brother to look about the world a little. In a year's time I shall be back."

Oh, dear me! how the poor Princess cried and lamented; it almost broke his heart; but he would not break his determination, for his word was holy.

When the ship was ready to sail, the Prince drew his sword, and gave it to his dear wife, and said, "Keep this sword as a token from me: so long as it is bright, I shall be out of danger; and until you see a spot of rust upon it, I shall be faithful to you, and that I shall be until I die."

Then the Princess gave him her snow-white gar-

ment, and said, "And I give you this mantle as a token from me; as long as it is white, I shall continue true to you."

After that, they embraced, and parted, amidst many tears; and the two brothers went on board. But the Princess looked after them for a long time, until the sails disappeared beyond the sea.

When they had been about eight weeks at sea, three ships with pirates, in the employment of the Sultan, came in sight. They surrounded the ship in which the two brothers were, and made every one they found prisoners. The next day, the princes were led into the presence of the Sultan. When the latter saw their fine clothes, he was quite delighted with the prize, and asked them who they were, and whence they came? They then told him their history, and begged him to set them free again, and they would give him plenty of gold as their ransom, as much as ever he wanted. When, however, he heard that one of them was the husband of the Princess who had treated him so badly, he became still more overjoyed, and told them, "I would not give you up for all the gold in the world; for I will revenge myself upon you for the insults of the Princess; but now she will become tame. You are dogs, and with the dogs you shall sit, and eat, and sleep."

This was a very sad life for the brothers; and a hundred times a day the elder one blamed himself for having kept the promise, according to his younger brother's request. Every day they were put to the lowest tasks, and all they got to eat was the crumbs from the table; for as soon as the dinner-bell rang, they were obliged to come in with the dogs and sit down under the table. The dogs snapped all the best

bits away after all, so they were often in the bitterest of hunger. Then they had to lie down before the Sultan, who put his feet upon them, and who, if they moved in the least, had them beaten most severely. The worst was, however, the dirtiness of the bed they had in the dog-kennel. Therefore, the elder brother had to wash his clothes every day, but the younger one wore the pure mantle, which, to his great joy, was always white as the fresh-fallen snow: this was the only comfort he had.

In the mean time, the Princess had been constantly looking at the sword, and was heartily glad that it was always so bright and shiny. One day, however, when she was holding it in her hand, and looking at it, and admiring its sharp point and bending texture, a dark mist passed over it; she saw that some disaster had happened to her husband, and she made up her mind to follow him, in order to save him.

Just as she was ready to go, messengers came to the castle, and told her that the Sultan had arrived from Turkey, and he wished to see her, as he had much to tell her. He proposed to come in the evening. She sent him word back that she would only see him between ten o'clock in the morning, and six in the afternoon. In a short time, he came to the palace, and with a malicious smile, said to her, "Once on a time you rejected my hand, and married a poor king's son. He is sitting like a dog under my table now, with the other dogs, and eats the bits that fall from it. But I still love you as much as ever, and ask you if you will now become my wife and the mightiest queen on the earth. Remember, this won't happen twice, and you will never have such a piece of good fortune again.

You will possess the largest treasures in the world, and no wish of yours would not be fulfilled."

The Princess was quite overcome with grief when she heard the Sultan talk so of her dear husband, and of his shocking fate. But she took a good heart, and replied, "Your wife I can never be, even if you were emperor over the whole earth," and went away into her own room, and cried bitterly. Then she prayed to Heaven for strength to bear her sufferings, so that she might set her husband free from his horrible prison. God heard her prayers, and made her so strong that she felt able to do and to dare everything.

Outside of the town was a chapel, and a little house where pilgrims used to stay when on their road to Jerusalem. She sent her most faithful maiden to this house, and bought the dress of a pilgrim. These she put on, took her harp, of which she was a perfect mistress, and when evening came, she went down to the shore where the Sultan's ships were lying. She sat down there, began to play her harp, and sang :—

"What ails thee, O my heart?
 Why art thou so distrest?
 An easy fluttering thing,
 Why sink'st thou not to rest?
 By night all thought of sleep
 Thou tak'st from me away ;
 All through the gloomy night
 I toss, and through the day."

The Sultan, who happened to be on board his ship, listened to the song, and sent for the harper.

"How came you to know these songs?" said he.

"They are my dreams," replied the harper, and sang again :—

"Upon a troublous sea,
 'Midst billows wild, I roll ;

I know no rest, the pang, the fear
Of death is round my soul.
By night all thought of sleep
Thou tak'st from me away ;
All through the gloomy night
I toss, and through the day."

Then the harper went on with the whole story of the Princess and the Sultan. Then the Sultan asked again, "How came you by these songs?"

"They are my dreams," said the harper again.

Then the Sultan cried out in astonishment, "You must come with me, no matter what reward you ask."

"At present I ask nothing," said the harper; "but I will go with you and stay a year. If I then choose to remain, I shall remain; but if I do not like it, I shall go. Before leaving, however, you must swear to me that you will grant me three favours, whatever they may be."

Then the Sultan said, "I will give you all that your heart can desire, and that I swear to you by Fire and my Beard!"

This is the most solemn oath the Turks have, and therefore I have used a big F and a big B. So the harper remained on board the ship, and next day, early in the morning, they all put out to sea. The Sultan got very fond of his minstrel, on account of his delightful singing, and at last the minstrel got such power over him that he could absolutely, as they say, twist him round his finger, and nothing he wanted done was ever denied him.

When they arrived at the castle of the Sultan, the minstrel had to play the next day, during dinner, and the guests were perfectly delighted, one and all of them, excepting the Sultan's mother, a bad old woman, who was always thinking what quarrels and mischief she

could make. And she kept continually grumbling at the singing, and asking what it was worth, and she couldn't bear it, but nobody cared one bit, but, on the contrary, they all got merrier and merrier every hour. When dinner was nearly over, the doors opened, and in came the dogs, and with them the two Princes, the youngest in his snow-white garment, and his poor brother.

"Those are all my dogs," said the Sultan, and flung the Princes a few bits; but the other dogs came and snapped it up away from them.

The minstrel was obliged to command his temper very much when he saw this sad spectacle, but he did not suffer a word of sorrow to escape him, and only said, "I think you do not feed your dogs well; the two big man-dogs look very thin."

Then he threw them very large pieces, which the Princes ate up greedily, for they were very hungry, and had not had such a capital meal for a long, long time. The old Sultana got more and more angry at this, but when she was going to burst into a passion, the minstrel began to sing again, and she went away in a great rage. But the Sultan was also annoyed at this, and left the room as soon as the song was over. Then the servants came and whipped out all the dogs.

Next day, the Sultan was sunning himself in his rose-garden, where the slaves were at work, and he sent for the minstrel to play to him. Then he began to sing:—

"Once for some moments few,
In a garden fair I went,
Where flowers of every hue
Filled the air with every scent;
And a rose I spied,
So dewy and bright,
That I wished to rear it,
For mine own sweet delight!"

“That is a wonderful song,” spoke the Sultan, “but tell me which rose is it, that I may give it you.”

“Oh, those are my songs; I did not mean any of your roses,” replied the harper, and went on:—

“But sadder from out that garden so fair,
To the dull colder world I returned,
And nobody came with a kindly air,
To ask if I hoped or I mourned.
Around me there only rushed on, far and near,
The waves of misfortune so heavy and drear.”

“What waves of misfortune do you mean?” asked the Sultan.

The minstrel replied, “Oh, these are my songs!”

Then the Sultan said, pointing to the two Princes, who were digging in the garden, “Do you know the two dogs there? They come from your country—go and speak to them.”

“I do not know them,” replied the harper, “but I am also not of the country where you found me. I come from a place much farther off, but I will go and see if they understand my language.”

Then he went to them and talked a lot of gibberish, as if he were speaking a foreign language, but the Princes said they could not understand him, which was not very odd, as there wasn't any one in the whole world who could.

The harper came back to the Sultan and said, “They do not understand my language; but what country do they come from?”

“These dogs are two Princes, whom I have taken prisoners, because the wife of one of them despised my love.”

“They are rightly served,” replied the other, “but if they were mine, I should set them to fine work, which the other slaves cannot do. They should plait fine

baskets for me, make cages and such things to ornament my house and my garden."

But he said this, because he knew that the Princes had learned how to do such things in their youth, and that they might not have any more hard work to do.

"That is a capital idea," said the Sultan, "but this would be very difficult for them to do."

"That depends upon a trial," said the harper.

Then knives, and wood, and rushes, were given to them, and they did everything so well, that the Sultan was quite wild with joy.

At dinner, the harper had to play again, and an excellent meal was put before him, of which, however, he ate but little. But when the dogs were let in, he beckoned the two Princes to him, and threw them great pieces.

The old Sultana was angry at this, and she began to grumble to the Sultan, saying, "Look how good food is being wasted. What a shame it is to give it to the dogs! Put a stop to that as soon as you can."

At first the Sultan said why shouldn't it be, and would not interfere; but afterwards when she never stopped scolding him, he called out angrily, "I will not allow you to give your food to the dogs."

"I beg pardon, your Majesty," said the minstrel, "the dogs cannot ask for anything, therefore it is necessary that we give them something. But if you will not let me feed the poor dogs, I will go to my own country."

Then the Sultan was silent, and let him do as he liked.

But when the same thing happened every day at dinner, the Sultan got tired of the thing too, for the old woman kept saying, "Let him go: he spoils your

dogs with dainties, and who knows what he intends to do? The Christian is not to be trusted."

So he said one day, "I will not suffer it any longer; go as soon as you like."

"Then I will go to-morrow," said the harper, and rejoiced greatly; "but first you must grant my three wishes according to your promise."

"Don't do that," whispered the old woman.

But the Sultan said, "I must do it, for I have sworn it by my Beard and by Fire. Tell me what your three wishes are, and I will give them you."

The harper then said, "The first thing I wish for is the white dog" (that was the Prince who wore the white garment); "the second is the other dog who is always with him; and the third thing is a ship, with money and men to go to my own country."

The Sultan was very vexed at this, and the old woman danced with rage and cried out, "That won't do; the dogs you shan't have: you are dogged enough yourself."

The minstrel said, however, "Think of your oath, your Majesty: I only ask what is my just due."

The Sultan replied, "You ask for the greatest thing I possess, but as you have my promise, I must give them to you."

And the Princes were unchained and led on board the harper's ship. The minstrel fell upon his knees to thank him, but the Sultan would not hear of any thanks, and went angrily away.

Who was the happiest of the party, it would be difficult to say. The Princes would gladly have thanked the minstrel for their freedom, but they could not, for the Princess never left her cabin all the voyage, and no one ever saw her but her maid-servant,

who brought her dinner. She was, however, always at her prayers, thanking God for His goodness and kindness to her, and entreating him to support her for the future, and not to leave her in sorrow. The ship soon crossed the ocean, and arrived at a sea-port of her kingdom. Then she came out of her room, and sent for the two Princes. They were going to throw themselves on their knees before her, but she would not suffer it.

“You have no thanks to give me,” she said: “thank your Father in heaven. I give you your freedom and everything in the ship, but before you go on shore you must kneel down and thank God.” Then the Princes knelt down and thanked God sincerely for all His mercy; but in the mean time she slipped away dressed in her minstrel’s clothes, and went across by the by-ways to the city.

On her way she came up with a pilgrim who was going the same road. She asked him how every thing went on in town, and what the Princess was doing.

The pilgrim replied, “Nothing is known about her: she is gone away since the Sultan was here, and no one knows whither. The ministers have persuaded the King to offer a reward for her; for she is to be tried for her bad behaviour.”

The Princess said, “You may earn this reward if you do every thing that I tell you, and you will get a great deal more besides.”

“How is that possible?” inquired he.

“I am the Princess,” she said, and then began to tell him what to do. Then they went together to the house outside the town where the pilgrims stay, and she changed her clothes; then he bound her, and led her to prison.

On the same evening the two Princes got to town, and were received with great rejoicing. But the first thing that the younger of them said was, "Where is my dear wife?"

Then the ministers came and said, "We would rather say nothing about her; but as we must speak, we must tell the truth. She has only to-day been caught, and has been strolling about the country for a long time in the most shocking manner."

"That is not true," said the Prince; "for her garment is as snowy white as my sword is bright. I cannot believe this."

Then the ministers brought witnesses, who declared that the Princess had suddenly disappeared when the Sultan was in the country, and had never been seen since. The Prince looked at his garment, and it seemed whiter than before, but the ministers said, "You may be deceived by the garment; for as she can hide herself so long, she must understand witchcraft and sorcery, therefore the garment may only be a magical garment. Justice must take its course."

The Prince thought his heart would have broken, when he heard this, for how gladly he would have disbelieved all they said; but he could not do otherwise.

The next day the trial took place; and as the Princess did not defend herself in the least, and was quite quiet, she was condemned to death. When the day came on which the sentence was to be executed, and the Princess was led to the scaffold in her prison dress, there was sorrow and mourning throughout the whole city. In the great square there was set up a high black throne, on which the Prince sat; for the custom of the country was that no one could be



THE FAITHFUL WIFE.



executed except in the presence of the King or one of the royal Princes. When he saw his wife he burst into tears, for he still believed that she was quite innocent; but so that the people might not see how bitterly he was crying, he hid his face in his hands. She begged one favour before she died, which being granted her, she said, "Then let me go into the chapel, with that pious pilgrim, and spend a short time in prayer."

The door was opened for her, and she went in with the pilgrim. But he had her harp underneath his mantle, and also her minstrel's clothes. These she put on quickly, coloured her face, and took the harp in her hand. Then she came out and stood before the Prince, who did not see, as he was crying so sadly. She sang:—

" Oh, know'st thou not the minstrel,
Whose art hath set thee free?
From dungeon and from fetter
He hath delivered thee,
And led thy unreluctant feet
To fatherland and homestead sweet.

I fall before thee meekly,
And all the sin confess;
Forgive me, dearest master,
My love, my selfishness;
I wished to save thee, and alone,
To love and keep thy love mine own."

When the Prince heard the voice and the sound of the harp, he raised his head in astonishment, and he knew the harper, and sprang from his throne to welcome him and embrace him. At the same moment the harper threw off his upper dress, and there stood the Princess in all her beauty.

And now, supposing we had a thousand secretaries,

and they each wrote for a thousand years, with a thousand pens, they could not tell how much joy there was in the city.

The Prince told all the people the whole story: how his dear wife had saved his life, and there was then such rejoicing and delight. The Prince and Princess were carried in triumph through the streets, and I do believe that the festival that was held at this happy time is going on still. I will try and find out, and if it is still going on, I invite you to go to see the Prince and Princess with me.

The Robbers' Cave in the Forest.

“WHAT in the world is the use of that?” exclaimed a boy, whose father had turned him out of doors for letting the sheep stray out of bounds.

So he walked away for three days wherever his nose led him, and came into a great forest. The birds were singing very merrily, and he whistled an accompaniment until the evening came, when the birds flew away to their nests, but the boy had no place of refuge, and he was just about comforting himself with the idea that after all the tall grass was a softer bed than his mattress at home, when he saw a glow of light, a few hundred yards before him, among the trees, now white, now red, and now again quite dark, for it was not a fire itself, but only the reflection of one. “Let us see,” he thought to himself, “what that is,” and worked away through the

underwood. Then he came to a hillock, and on the top of this hillock was the light, and in the hill he heard several people talking together. He carefully climbed up the hill on his hands and knees, and when he got to the top there was a great round hole, and inside he saw a great fire, at which a man with a long beard was cooking, and the smell of the dinner made our little man so hungry that his stomach cried out, "Give me some."

He crept down again, and looked about for the entrance of the cave; at last he found a thick wooden door with a round glass window in it. When he looked through he saw three morose wild fellows sitting round a table, and then he thought, "Stay! those may be robbers; keep quiet here at present, for you might lose your life."

Then he heard what the first of these fellows said:—
"I have an idea; but I won't say what it is."

Then said the second, "I have also an idea; but if you won't say what yours is, I shan't either."

The third said, "If you don't tell your ideas, I shall be silent too; but I think you might say it without fear, as we are alone. Let us draw lots who shall tell his idea the first."

The others were content with that, and the first man had to begin. He said, "I have an idea that I will give up robbing and murdering for the future."

"And so will I." "And so will I," said the others.

"But why will you not do so any more?"

"Why, the fact is," said the first man, "I've stolen a purse that is never empty, no matter how much you may take out of it. There it is, and you may take as much out of it as you like."

With these words he threw the purse on the table, and the sovereigns began to roll out of it.

"That is a great treasure," said the second; "but I don't want your money. I have a cloak which I need only put on, and wish myself anywhere, and there I am. There it is," said he, and laid it down beside the purse.

"But that's all rubbish to what I've got," said the third. "I have a sword that cuts off everybody's head whenever I wish. We'll have a trial at once." And he drew it, and pointed it at the dog in the corner, whose head fell off at once, as if it had been cut by the lifeguardsman who cuts legs of mutton in two, and it was as neatly done as a shave with one of Mr. Mechi's razors. After that he laid down the sword beside the purse and the cloak.

"Come, then, let's drink adieu to our old trade," said the first man.

So he fetched four tremendous measures of wine, and they drank until deep in the night, and at last all fell under the table, and went to sleep; and they slept so well that you might have fired a cannon close by their ears, and they would have known nothing about it.

"Now is my time," said the lad, who had seen and heard everything. Then he opened the door cautiously, put the purse in his pocket, put on the sword, and wrapped himself in the cloak. "Now," said he, "there's no hurry; so I'll just have a mouthful of something to eat and drink, and then I'll be moving."

So he fetched the meat from the saucepan which was still hanging over the fire, got some bread and butter from the cupboard, and some wine from the

cellar, and had a capital meal ; and he took such little trouble about the time, that the sun was high in the heavens before he had done. Then he gave each of the robbers a good kick ; threw the plates, and glasses, and cans, and dishes at them ; and shouted out like mad, until they awoke and jumped up. But when one of them wanted to catch him, he wished himself twenty miles off, and away he went ; so the robbers had to begin stealing again.

Our young friend, however, found himself in the neighbourhood of a large and magnificent city, the capital of the country, where the King lived. He marched into the town, and went to the hotel where none but the very highest people in the world go. When the landlord saw his shabby cloak, he said, " You must find another inn, my man. I have only magnificent rooms, with satin beds, and I can't have beggars—only princes and dukes." And with these words he turned round and went away ; but his daughter, who had heard all that had been said, had pity upon the poor handsome young man, whose good looks pleased her, and gave him a little room among the servants at the back, as it was so late. When she was going away, he said to her, " As thanks for your kindness, come here and hold out your apron ;" and he filled it full of gold pieces from the magic purse, so that she had a heavy load to carry away.

The girl ran to her father at once, and showed him all the money, and then the landlord shrugged his shoulders nicely. He put on his Sunday clothes, and went to the youth, with many bowings and scrapings, and begged the youth's pardon a thousand times, led him into the best room in the house, and waited upon him like a king.

The next day the young man sent for the tailor, and had the most beautiful clothes made, just like a prince; horses were bought, the most elegant carriages were collected, and he had, oh dear me! quite twenty servants. The next thing he did was to buy the grandest house in the town, had it furnished splendidly, and, in fact, held quite a court, such as the King could not do, for he was a poorer man.

“Hm!” said the King, “he would make a nice husband for my daughter;” and so he invited him to the castle to dinner every day.

Soon after this, a neighbouring Emperor declared war against the King, and the King was in great trouble, for the enemy had an immense army. When they were talking about it at dinner one day, the youth said to the King, “Sire, give me a body-guard of one hundred men, and I’ll soon settle accounts with the enemy.”

At first the King thought the young man was mad; but when he still kept saying the same thing, the King gave him the hundred men, and he went out against the enemy. The little army was in dreadful fear; but he just made a few passes in the air with his sword, and the whole army was done for, and he returned victorious to the King, who received him with open arms. At this there was great rejoicing, and a great feast was given, at which the young man sat by the side of the King. When the dinner was over, the King arose and addressed these words to the youth before all the guests: “In order to show you my thanks, ask anything of me you please, and I will grant it.”

“Then I ask the hand of the Princess,” said the youth; at which demand no one was more pleased

than the King himself. The wedding took place amidst the greatest festivities, and there were all sorts of games going on for a month; and the only people, I think, wanting were you and I.

So the young man lived very happily as a prince for a long time, and often thought what a good thing it was that the sheep strayed out of bounds, and that his father beat him. He began to feel a great desire to see his father, and to thank him for the lucky thrashing. When he could not stop any longer, he had everything got ready for the journey, and told his wife that she must go with him to see his father. Then the proud Princess was very glad; for she thought that her husband's father must needs be the most powerful and wealthy Emperor in the world. How astonished she was when the carriage stood still at a poor farm-house, and her husband said, "That is my father's house."

From that minute, she hated him very much; for she thought that it was a shame to be married to a shepherd boy; and she began to think all day and all night how she might get rid of him. But she did not let her husband see what she thought, but on the contrary, was much more friendly to him than usual; and she gave him the idea that she loved him more now that she knew he had raised himself up in the world, and had not forgotten his poor parents, but, on the contrary, had made them the most beautiful presents. This was, however, only a plan of hers to find out where he had got his riches from, and where he concealed them.

Her husband was very unsuspecting, as every good man is, and did not think that there was any one who would do any harm to him in the whole world. So

when she kept plaguing him to tell her his secret, he told her everything one day, and showed her the purse, the cloak, and the wonderful sword. Then she pretended to be very grateful and rejoiced—and so she was, but not to her husband's good. For when he got up next morning, four ill-looking fellows he had never seen before came and forced him to dress himself in poor clothes, and tried to lead him away. Made angry by this, he stretched his hand to the wall for his sword, but it was gone; and the box where lay the mantle and purse was broken open and empty. When he called for his servants, the men laughed at him, and said that a shepherd boy didn't want servants, and the Princess had long since gone away home to her father, for she didn't wish to have a shepherd for her husband. Alas! what a cut that was to him! The loss of his wealth was nothing—that he would not have cared about; but that he had been so foully deceived by the wife he loved so dearly, hurt him indeed; and he didn't care about living with such sad things about him. He allowed himself to be led to the frontier of the kingdom quite quietly; when he quitted it he didn't look round, but went on his way, a very unfortunate man.

So he wandered about here and there for about a year, begging his bread; for he was too proud to return to his father's house. As nothing lasts for ever here on earth, his sorrow began to leave him; and after a time he almost forgot he had ever been a prince, and was as merry as ever he was in his life before. One day he came into a great forest, and he felt just as he did in that year gone by when he was turned out. And he recognized the wood, and threw his cap high into the air; but it didn't come down again, for

it caught in the bough of an oak. He climbed up to fetch it, and looked all about to see if he could catch a glimpse of any church-steeple anywhere. However, he did not see any church-steeple at all, but he saw some thick smoke rolling round just in front. He was down the tree in the twinkling of an eye, and off in the direction of the smoke, and he found that it came from the robber's cave in the hill; and when he listened, he heard two people talking.

"Hang up the horn in the cupboard before we go out," said one, "so that no thief gets hold of it."

"Then let me have the boots to put with the horn," said the other, "and give me the key."

"No, no!" said the former speaker; "I must have the key; for the horn is worth more than the boots are."

"I wouldn't give the boots for three dozen horns like yours. Give me the key!"

So they quarrelled and quarrelled until they took out their knives and stabbed each other, and that was the end of it.

"Why didn't you give me the key?" said the shepherd boy, when he saw this: "I would have saved you the trouble of locking up the things."

So he went into the cave and looked at the boots, which just looked like his own boots, only that they were whole and not torn to pieces. Then he came to the horn, and that had nothing very particular about it either; but he hung it round his neck, and put on the boots. But he felt such a lightness of foot, for when he was going to leave the cave and lock the door, he found that one step had carried him right out of the forest. "Well, I'm not in quite such a hurry as that," thought he, and sat down by the way side, and as he had nothing else to do he began to blow his

horn. What a tone it had! as if the world was coming to an end; and every blade of grass and ear of corn seemed to turn into soldiers; there were more than a hundred thousand who ranged themselves at once in rank and file. But the general rode up to the owner of the horn, made a deep obeisance, and asked, "What are the wishes of your Majesty?"

At first the shepherd boy didn't know if he were asleep or awake, but at last he said: "You are to besiege the capital and bring me the Princess."

Then he ordered a camp to be pitched right before the capital, and in the midst of it was to be his tent of velvet and silk. He sat down in this, dressed as he was in his poor clothes.

In a little while there came a message from the King, to know what was the reason of the great armament.

The shepherd boy replied: "Tell your King his son-in-law is laying before the city, and begs to send him word that as true as he loves his life and loved his daughter, she will have to do that which I demand on this very day, which is, to bring me back the three things she has stolen from me; and she is to bring them herself to me in my tent, and she must be neither naked nor dressed, neither on foot, on horse-back, nor in a carriage."

How angry the King was when he heard that! He did not know anything except that his daughter had told him her husband had died on the way. He sent for her that instant, and forced her to confess everything to him, and commanded her to go out to him immediately in the way he demanded. This was a very hard thing for her to do. She would gladly have given him the things back again, for they had

lost their power as soon as they were out of her husband's hands; the purse gave no more money, the cloak would not carry, and the sword would not cut; but she was not able to debase herself before the shepherd boy; there was the bitter part of it. She said that she could not tell how this was to be done, though *she* knew it very well.

Towards evening, when she still did not come, the shepherd boy was angry, and fired upon the walls once; and see! they all tumbled down like the Emperor of Russia's granite forts. Then he sent a message to the King to inquire if it was yet time for the Princess to bring him the things. But the messenger had scarcely got half way when he saw the Princess coming, and the King behind her. She was neither naked nor dressed, but had a fishing-net bound round her, and she did not either walk or ride on a horse, or in a carriage, but she crept along upon all fours right through the laughing army to the tent of the shepherd boy. And there he sat in his magnificent tent on a golden throne, dressed in his torn clothes, and he took the things from her and sent her home again, but he feasted the King hospitably, for he knew that he had nothing to do with her treason.

Next day he sent away his army and wished himself in some battle field. In a moment he was there, and found two Kings fighting, who had been fighting for four years. He ranged himself on the side of the weakest, and mowed down the whole of the opposite army in ten minutes with his sword. The King for whom he had thus gained the victory, offered him in return the hand of his daughter. So he became a Prince again, and after the old King's death he mounted the throne and governed long and well.

The Twelve Brothers.

THERE was once a poor man who had twelve sons, and nothing for them to eat. So they said farewell to him, and enlisted in the army as twelve hussars, and the captain was very much delighted with them, as they were excellent soldiers. One day, however, the youngest of them happened to forget part of his duty, and was beaten by the corporal. He told his brother all about it, and so as soon as it was night they saddled their horses and all galloped away with everything that belonged to them. When they had got over the frontier to an inn, the captain came up with them, and tried the most sweet words in the world to get them to come back again. They did not do it, however, but rode on and sought their fortune.

One day they came into a forest, where it did not seem all right, and at last to a fine palace, which stood in the middle of it. Around it was a deep moat, and the drawbridge was up. They rode round it to see if there were any other entrance; when they came to the drawbridge it was let down. Then they took heart and rode across it. At the gate stood a lady in black clothes, with a black face and black hands, who received them very kindly. She asked them to alight, and led them up the broad staircase, and through a great hall into a saloon, where there was a dinner laid for twelve people, to which she invited them. Then she began to bring them most excellent dishes and rarest wines. The brothers did not at all dislike this, and began to rejoice at such good treatment. Then the black lady said, "You can always

live so, if you will stay here three years without going out of doors. If you can do so during that time, you will get a richer reward than I can tell you in words; but if you will not do this, you will be severely punished."

The twelve hussars were quite agreeable to this. As they had begun on the first day, so they went on. Every day they had excellent dinners, and plenty to amuse them. At night they slept in the rooms the black lady had shown them, where the beds were of silk, and the horses were fed upon the best of everything that horses like. After two years had passed by, the dinners and wines did not seem nearly as good as at first, and they proposed among themselves to fill their pockets and knapsacks with gold from the treasury of the castle and go their way. The youngest of them, however, was the only one who objected to this, and he tried to dissuade them from their intention, telling them how wrong it was to repay the black lady's kindness in that way. However, they would not listen to him, so they filled their pockets and knapsacks with gold and rode away. He followed them to the gate; but as it was of no use, he said, "Where you are, I must be," and filled his pockets and rode with them.

They came back to the same inn where they had stayed before they got into the forest, and here they began to spend their money as fast as they could. In a little while they had spent everything they had got, and so they determined to go into the wide world and seek their fortune. The youngest had given his money to the landlord to keep for him, and declared that he wasn't going to carry on in that way, but that he would rather stay in the inn and become a

waiter. So the other eleven went away to all quarters of the globe, two or three in a party. In a year's time they agreed to assemble at the inn.

The youngest did his duty so well, that he was beloved by every one, and the landlord, who had no children, at last adopted him. At the end of the year all the brothers came back again, one after the other, and the last arrival was always more dirty and ragged than all those before him: they hadn't been at all fortunate, which was a punishment for their evil-doing. When they were all together again, they consulted and resolved to go back to the castle, and try their fortune with the black lady once more. The youngest tried to persuade them not to go, but they would not leave him any peace until he went with them. They came back through the forest, and to the palace, where the drawbridge was let down again. At the gate the black lady was standing, but she said nothing, and looked at no one. She went before them into the saloon, and served up an excellent dinner and good wine, but never opened her mouth. At first they were terrified, but afterwards they recovered, and were very merry until a late hour in the evening. When they had all gone to bed, the black lady came and woke the eldest of the brothers, saying that she wanted to speak to him outside the gate. After that she woke the second brother, and so on, to the twelfth. She led him into the kitchen, and showed him a great hole where he was to look down. And there lay the other brothers all dead. The black lady asked him if he would remain three years longer there, or be thrown down there to the others? But the brothers down below called out that they were not dead, and that it was all nonsense. But he was satis-

fied with what she said, and gave his promise. The lady led him back to his room, and next day treated him a great deal better than ever she had done before.

At last, just before the three years were out, she came to him one evening and said, that now he had three days to endure very much worse than the three years. She bid him be quite calm and silent all the three nights whatever happened, for if he spoke a word everything would be lost.

In the first night, at the stroke of ten, the doors opened, and the eleven brothers came into his room, and laughed, and talked, and said that he might see now that they were still alive, and that the black lady had only deceived him, so he might just as well come and enjoy himself with them. And they went on talking in this way for two hours, and tried to induce him to speak, but he was quite firm; and at the stroke of twelve they were obliged to go away. The next morning the lady came, and was one-third white. She thanked him, and begged him to remain quite firm the second night also.

At night, and at ten o'clock, the door opened again, and the brothers all came in, bringing with them this time his parents and the landlord of the inn. He spoke very kindly at first to his former servant, and told him how glad he was to see him, and to know that he had been happy, and so on. As, however, the young man gave him no answer, although it was very hard, his father and mother began to talk to him, and say how much they had cried for him since he had been away, and they begged him to speak a word of comfort to them. As he was silent, they said that if he had not even a good word for his old father and mother, they would have nothing more to

say to him, and he should not be their son any longer. Then he was very sorry, and the tears ran down his cheeks, but he never said a word; and at twelve o'clock everything disappeared.

The next day the lady came to thank him again, and this time she was two-thirds white. She told him that he had nearly released her, and begged him to be quite fearless this next night, the last night he would have to suffer. In the evening she led him into another room very splendidly furnished and quite round. In the middle of it was a round table, upon which he was to sit down. Before she went away she gave him a rod, and told him that in this night all sorts of animals would come and plague him, but he need not be afraid; for if they came too near, he might hit them on the head with the rod.

At ten o'clock exactly the door opened, and the animals tumbled in. They looked so frightful, that I cannot tell you what they did look like; they kept coming closer and closer up to the table, and when one came too near, he struck it with his rod. But still they came nearer and nearer, and while he was striking one, ten others kept gaping their mouths at him on every side. At last his strength began to fail him, and everything became giddy and danced about, and the room seemed to whirl round. Suddenly the clock went—Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Twelve o'clock! Bang—cr-r-r-rack! went the thunder, and the hussar tumbled off the table in a swoon.

When he woke up again, he found himself upon a splendid bed, and all around him richly-dressed

servants. They helped him to rise, and led him into a grand hall where there was sitting a King on a golden throne, with the Queen beside him, and all around stood twelve beautiful Princesses, and the lady, who was now quite white, was the eldest of them. But the King said, "By your bravery you have saved us and the palace, so now you may choose one of my daughters for a wife, and I give you the crown and the kingdom too." The youth did not choose long, but took the eldest, who had been so kind to him. Then he begged a favour of the King, and that was to restore his brothers to life, if possible. The King granted his request, and they all came in, and each took one of the other sisters. So there were twelve weddings at once, and as there must have been twelve wedding cakes, it was very shabby in the people not to send you and me a bit to dream upon.

The Story of the Wonderful Hares.

THERE was once upon a time a King of Portugal who had a beautiful daughter, and she had so many suitors, that every day she found it more difficult to choose, for they came by dozens every day. So at last the King made a proclamation, that whoever brought him a golden apple should marry the Princess. Now, it would have been very easy to have got a golden apple made by a goldsmith, but that

would not do, for it was to be an apple grown on a tree, and there is only one of these trees in the whole world.

At this most of her suitors lost courage, but one General had enough left, and set out, and came to a great forest; and when he had passed, there was a wide heath before him, and in the middle of the heath was the wonderful tree, which shone brilliantly, for it was quite laden with golden apples. He had scarcely got up to it, ere one of the apples fell at his feet. He put this in his pocket, but he was not content with one, but wanted others beside, and therefore shook the tree, but none fell. Then he took a stick, and tried to knock some down; but that wouldn't do either: so he went off. When he got back into the wood, he met a little grey mannikin, who asked him, "Aha! friend, what have you got in your pocket?"

The General looked at the mannikin sideways, and answered rudely, "I've got a stone."

Then said the mannikin, "If it's a stone, so let it be," and he disappeared.

When the General got to the capital, he made a great fuss about having the golden apple; and when the King heard of it, he had a great feast prepared; and the General sat beside the Princess, and thought to himself, "Well, I've got her!" But there was plenty of time to make his arrangements, for when a large golden salver was brought to him to put the apple on, and he put his hand in his pocket for the wonderful apple, he pulled out a great ugly flint-stone, so that everybody laughed at him very heartily. The King thought the General was mocking him, and so got into a violent rage. He called in the guard, and had the General cast into the darkest prison

in the kingdom, only giving him bread and water to eat, which the General did not at all relish.

Now it happened that a private soldier in the army got tired of drill and pipeclay, and so he deserted. One day he got into the great forest also, quite by chance, and sat down in the grass, pulled out a bit of sausage and a bit of bread, and commenced eating.

While he was busy, the grey mannikin came up to him, and said, "I am very hungry: give me a morsel of bread, and a little mite of sausage."

"With all my heart," said the soldier, and cut a great piece off the thick end of the sausage, broke the bread into two pieces, and gave him the largest.

Then said the mannikin, "I thank you kindly, and as you have been so good to me, I will show myself grateful to you."

And the mannikin took a golden apple out of his pocket, gave it to the soldier, and said, "With the apple you can marry the King's daughter, if you take it to the King; and this whistle will also be of great use to you."

With these words, the mannikin vanished, and nobody could see where the little grey fellow had got to. Then you should have seen how the soldier jumped for joy! His delight was too much for him at first; but afterwards his natural strength came slowly back, like the tottering step of an old woman.

His first journey was, of course, to the capital. He went to the palace, stood before the King, and said, "I have the golden apple, your Majesty, which gives me a right to the hand of your daughter."

"If you've got it," said the King, "keep it until after dinner."

And guests were bidden, and a dinner was pre-

pared; and the soldier sat next to the Princess, and could not look at her enough, she was so beautiful; and he couldn't eat a bit, for he was much too delighted; and he kept his hand in his pocket, holding the apple, lest it might be stolen from him.

At the end of the dessert, the golden salver was brought round, and he put the apple upon it, and said, "There it is!"

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried the King, and all the courtiers.

Then said the soldier, "I have fulfilled your wish; now I claim the hand of your daughter."

But the Princess did not much like it; for the soldier was so ragged, and his tobacco-pipe was sticking out of his pocket; besides, he had such rough hands, and smelt of tobacco. Nor did the King much like his son-in-law, and he said he thought that there was no hurry.

"Oh, certainly!" said the soldier; "I don't mind, for I must have a new coat made."

"Very good," thought the King; "'Tricks and time do combine."

The King now began to think how he could get rid of his new son-in-law, but he couldn't think of any plan. Then he remembered the General, who had always given him such good advice, when the shoe pinched anywhere; so he sent for him from prison, and told him all about it, and asked him what piece of work they might bind the soldier to do.

"I will tell your Majesty," answered the General. "Let him bring together a hundred hares in the park; and these he must keep together, or if he lose one of them, he must lose his head."

"Very good," said the King, and sent for the

soldier ; and told in so many words what was wanted ; and that he could never be his son-in-law if he did not watch, and keep together, one hundred hares, during three days.

The soldier shrugged his shoulders at this, but of what use was that ?

A hundred gamekeepers were sent into the park, with instructions to drive together one hundred hares ; and the King, the soldier, and the General, stood at the gate, counting the hares—one, two, three—as they came by, up to a hundred.

Then the King shut the gate, and said, “ Well, now you see you’ve a hundred ; and if you don’t bring them home every night, the full number, you will lose your head.”

“ Oh dear !” thought the soldier, and took hold of his head, for he seemed to feel it falling off. Not one of all the hundred hares had waited for him, but had run away into the woods. But the General laughed at him maliciously, and the King was obliged to put his hand before his mouth to prevent a burst of laughter, for the plan was quite successful, he thought.

While the others were going back to the palace, the poor soldier went sadly away to the forest, and thought to himself how true the old saying was,—“ Whoever eats cherries with the rich, will be pelted with the stones.” In the wood he sat down upon the grass, and then he recollected his whistle, and thought, “ Ah, well ! now I’ll have a whistle ; never mind losing one’s head !”

So he took the whistle out of his pocket, and whistled merrily upon it, and then several thousand hares came jumping out of the bushes, until the

place looked like a great hareskin. At this his courage came back again; he told a hundred hares off, and sent the rest home, and then set to work, and amused himself with drilling them.

After supper, the King was sitting with all his family, at the palace gate, when a whistle was suddenly heard in the distance. He looked in the direction of the sound, and asked the General, "What army is that marching along?"

Well! it *was* an army! The soldier marched in front like a general, and the hundred hares behind him, in four divisions; each division had three columns of eight hares, preceded by an officer. They all carried sticks, just like Minié rifles, and when they came opposite the King, they shouldered and presented arms like the best of soldiers.

The General was dreadfully annoyed at this, but he thought to himself, "I'll serve you out still."

And he comforted the Princess, who had fainted from fear, and told her he would take care that the soldier should not have the whole hundred the next night.

Next day the General disguised himself as a huntsman, came to the soldier and asked him if he would not sell him one of the hares?

"Why not?" said the soldier, who saw who it was at once; "but I am afraid you won't be satisfied with the price."

"I'll pay you as much as you ask," said the General, "even if it should be a thousand pounds; for I've taken a fancy to one of these hares."

"We won't treat it as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence," remarked the soldier; "but if fifty strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails, or something of that sort, will do, we had better close at once."

"Very well," said the General.

So the soldier tied him to a tree, and cutting down a good stout oak sapling, he paid him fifty blows down on the nail.

The General bit his lips, and turned and twisted, but it was no use; so he held out, and felt very glad when he had secured the hare. But he had not gone fifty paces, when the soldier whistled, and the hare knocked the General down off his horse, and left him lying.

Then the Princess sent her maid away to get a hare from the soldier. So she came to him, and began to flatter him, and asked him to give her one of the hares, as she was so pleased with them, as they were so clever.

"I can't say anything about giving you one, but you can earn one if you like," said the soldier, who saw the trick.

"Tell me how that can be," replied she. "I am a good cook, and will send you plenty to eat and drink."

"Ah! bah!" said the other; "the only price is fifty blows."

"Well! if I can't get it at any other price," said she.

So the soldier cut a black thorn switch, and measured the distance across her shoulders fifty times, so that tears ran out of her eyes.

Then she got the hare, and was walking away with it, but before she had got a hundred paces, the soldier whistled, and there she lay on the ground, and the hare was back with his companions.

When she got home she said as little about it as the General had done, only saying that it had run away from her.

"You must have been very stupid," said the Princess ;
 "I will do it much better."

So she disguised herself as a game dealer, and cajoled the soldier, and told him she would give him many stags and roes for one single hare.

The soldier, however, saw who it really was at once, but never gave a sign that he knew her, but said, "There's only one way that you can earn a hare."

"And how is that?" asked she.

"By seven kisses," said the soldier.

"Oh, dear!" thought she, "that's a hard bargain;" but she was obliged to say yes.

So he took the seven kisses, while she made a face as if she had drunk a mixture of vinegar, pepper, and wormwood. The soldier, however, liked it much. Then she got her hare, and jumped about like a hare herself, to think she had tricked the soldier. But when she wanted to show the hare to her father, who was coming to meet her, there was a loud whistle, and the hare ran away back to its friends. But the Princess didn't say how she had earned it.

"May the mouse bite you!" said the King: "I'll see if I can't get a hare, and keep it too."

So he disguised himself, and went to the soldier.

"Do you wish to part with any of these hares?" asked the King.

"Oh, yes," said the other, "but I don't sell them: they must be earned."

"Very good; but how?"

"If you will stand before me, and take fifty kicks, and blow through your fingers each time, then I will give you a hare."

The King did not much like this, but he was obliged to submit, for he saw that the soldier was a man of

strong will; and, after the kicks, he went away in triumph with his hare, holding her tight by the ears that she might not escape. But when he wanted to show it to the Princess, the soldier whistled, and off it set.

In the evening the soldier came home again. So the King sent for the General, and desired him to invent some new plan of tricking the soldier.

So when the soldier was about to lead out his army for the third time, the King sent for him, and showed him a sack which was a hundred ells in length, and a hundred ells broad, and told him to fill it with truths, or else he would have his head cut off.

“That’s very easy, and what I should like to do,” says the soldier; and then continued, “I have got a hundred hares to take care of, that none should be lost. Is not that true?”

“That is true,” said the King.

“Into the sack, you hares!” cried the soldier, and hop, hop, they were all in; and the soldier went on:—“When I was in the wood with them, a huntsman came and tried to buy a hare of me. This I would not, however, do, so he earned one by getting fifty blows with an oak sapling. Is not that true, General?”

“No!” shouted the General.

“Just look at his back, and you may count the whole fifty, for they were not light weighted any of them.”

Then the King ordered this to be done, and everybody saw the red marks of the blows, so the General had to get into the bag with the hares.

Then the soldier continued:—“Then there came a girl to me, a cook, who tried to catch me with flatteries and with promises of good eating and drinking, but I wouldn’t be caught, and so she had to earn her hare

in the same way. That was the Princess's maid. Is that true or not?"

"Is that true?" asked the King. But though they looked everywhere, they couldn't find her. "Where is she, then?" asked the King.

"Here I am," said she from inside the sack; "it's all true, every word!"

So the soldier went on:—"Then there came to me a female dealer in game, and she offered me stags and does; but she also had to earn her hare."

"It is true, it is true," cried the Princess, who blushed up to the ears, so the soldier held up the sack, and in she slipped.

"Now to proceed," said the soldier; and the King began to be very uneasy on his throne, as if he did not feel quite comfortable, or rather, as if the cushion was made of needles, and thistles, and thorns. However, the soldier did not much care for that, but went on:—"At last there came a man, who had to earn *his* hare too—for I made him——"

"Never mind, never mind," cried the King. "The sack is quite full, and there's no more room. Your wedding-day shall be to-morrow."

Then the soldier opened the sack, and let all the truths out again; and the next day he married the Princess; and if he is not dead yet, he is likely to be alive.

The White Gown, the Heavy Sword, and the Golden Ring.

ONCE upon a time, there was a King who had a son. He was a most handsome young man, and, at the same time, a very good youth; but his father did not love him, for his father was a surly old fellow, and so he turned him out of his kingdom upon the day of his coming of age. He had a great feast prepared on that day. While his son was walking about and enjoying himself prodigiously, there came an old woman, who told him that if he would come with her she would show him a most wonderful thing. So he went, and she led him to the bank of the river, where there was a great ship, and he had never seen such a thing before in all his life. She took him on board, and gave the signal to unloose the vessel; and while he was wondering at everything they saw, they put to sea, and so the King got rid of his son.

At last the young Prince was very much afraid, and went to the old woman, and said, "Oh dear! Oh dear! this is a thieves' house, and we shall never get back." But she told him to be quiet, for that they would soon land again. At last, there was a little black speck in the distance, and this grew larger and larger, until they saw that it was a beautiful forest island. The ship went to this place, and dropped anchor. The old woman took him by the hand, and led him out.

So they walked and walked deeper into the forest. And the Prince kept asking if it was part of the King's park, and whether they would soon be at

home? but she kept putting him off. After a long time, they came to a beautiful palace, and the Prince said, "If you will stay a little while, I will go in here and see who lives here. If it is not a robbers' castle I will come and fetch you very soon." So she said that would do, and he went in. The gates were open, so that he passed through them without trouble, and came into the courtyard and the rooms, but everybody he saw was in the deepest sleep; the servants and the maids, the cook and the scullery-woman, the groom and the milkmaid. After wandering about through nearly the whole place, he came into a large, handsome saloon, in the middle of which stood a round table of gold, and upon it lay a white shirt and golden ring. All round the table ran an inscription, saying,—"*Whoever wears this shirt can wield the sword on the wall. Whoever has the ring in his mouth can understand the language of birds.*"

He looked up, and there upon the wall he saw a great broad sword; and as he was very well skilled in the use of the sword, he went to take it down to try a few strokes in the air, but he could not even lift it from the nail on the wall. Then he put on the white shirt and the ring: in one instant he felt quite a new man, with new blood in his veins. He went to the sword, took it, and swang it high in the air, as if it had only been one of those little swords that courtiers wear for ornament.

At the same moment there was a running and a noise in the palace, as if a number of people were rushing to and fro. The door flew open, and three servants, in fine clothes, came running in, and asked, "What are the orders of our lord and master?"

At first the Prince was astonished, but he soon

took courage, and said, "Send a carriage into the wood for the old woman you will find there."

The servants bowed, and set off about their duties. Then he began to look round the place, and in one corner he saw a bed, behind a curtain, and in it there lay sleeping an old man with grey hair, whose face was very forbidding, for he looked malicious and bad. The Prince tried to wake him, but he only grumbled out something under his breath, turned over and slept on the other side.

A little while after, the carriage came with the old woman, who was very angry at his leaving her in the forest, and who had made up her mind to ruin him, if she could. But she only seemed to be more friendly, and told him every day that she wished to live and die in his service.

When the Prince had been a couple of days in the castle, he went one day to walk on the wall. There he heard a wretched sighing and groaning, which seemed to come out of the earth. He swang his sword, and the servants came running, and he asked them, whence these sounds came, and who sighed and groaned in this manner? The servants said, "We do not know. The old man who sleeps in the saloon is the only person who can tell this, for he keeps the keys of the secret passages." The Prince ordered them to fetch the old man, but he refused to come, until the Prince threatened to fetch him by force. Then he came, and brought a bundle of keys. Going to the wall, he slid a stone aside, and discovered a little door, which he opened, and there was a dark passage.

"Go in," said the old man; but the Prince was too wise for that, and made him go before. The

farther they went into the passage, the nearer the groans sounded. At last they came to a second iron door, and when the old man opened it, there was a half dark hole where the dirty water and refuse of the palace all came together. In this dreadful place there sat a young maiden, whose clothes were nearly rotten on her body. When she saw the old man, she cried out to him, "Go away, and let me die, that my misery may have an end."

Then the Prince came out of the dark passage, and ordered the old man to lead the girl out. At first he hung back, but the Prince raised his sword, and he did as he was told. But the maiden begged piteously that they would not lead her to the light of day before she had clothes, but rather let her die.

The Prince comforted her with kind words, and said, "You are saved from this dungeon, and shall have everything you can wish for."

Then he drove the old man back to the palace, and sent two maidservants to the young lady with water for washing, with good clothes, and plenty to eat, so that she might be a little restored. After a time she came out of the passage, and, oh, dear me! how beautiful she was. Her hair was as golden as if she had been stealing the rays of the sun to deck her head with, her eyes were as blue as the evening sky, and her cheeks seemed painted with lilies and roses. The Prince was so delighted that he came immediately to welcome her to daylight again. He took her into the palace, and asked her who she was, and how she came into that dreadful place.

Then she told him her history in these words:—
"I am a Princess, and my father's kingdom lies far away on the other side of the sea. One day I went

walking with my servants on the strand, and a ship came suddenly up with robbers, who took me on board and sailed away. They sold me to that wicked old man, who then was lord of this palace, and he left me no peace at any time, but wanted me to become his wife. When, however, I despised his addresses, and would not hear of it, he threw me into that horrible place, where he only brought me bread and water once in three days, asking me at the same time if I had changed my mind. But as I had not done so, he left me there, until I came into the state in which you found me."

As pity and love are very good friends, it was no wonder that the Prince had fallen deeply in love with her. So he said, "If you have despised the old man, I pray you do not despise my hand and heart. I can not live without you, and will never have any wife, if you will not marry me."

Now the Prince was much more handsome in the Princess's eyes than the old man; so she said innocently, "I love you so dearly that I will never have any other husband than you."

Then they kissed each other, and walked hand-in-hand about the palace, until they came where the old woman was. The Prince asked her blessing upon them, which she gave, but hated him more and more in her heart.

The Princess said, "Well; we will not have the wedding here, but at home in my parents' palace, for they are in great grief about me. Let me go to them, and my bridegroom may follow me."

Thereupon the Prince had a ship got ready immediately, and promised to come in a year, but the old

woman bribed the captain of the vessel to marry her before the Prince could come.

So when the ship was out at sea, the captain came and told her that he loved her, and must marry her. He said to her, "You must choose one of these two things. Either to marry me, and tell your father, the King, that I saved you, or be thrown into the sea. I give you three days to consider of it."

When she was alone, she knelt down and prayed to God to help her out of her new sorrow and trouble. And a good thought came into her head; so when the captain came at the end of the three days, she said, "I must have a year's delay: at the end of that time I will become your wife."

The captain was content with this. When they came to land, he carried her to her parents, told them how he had delivered her out of a dark cave, and demanded her hand in marriage.

The King and Queen were so delighted at getting back their child, that they soon consented, and in a year's time the wedding was to take place.

Then the Princess went to her parents and said, "When I was in the cave I made a vow, that I must now keep. I vowed that if I was ever saved, I would have an inn, for a year and a day, for poor pilgrims and travellers, where they might live for nothing, while I waited upon them."

The King was very much annoyed and said that it was not the proper thing for a Princess to do; but the Queen said, "Whatever is vowed must be done, or else punishment will follow. You must give her an inn, and let her do as she has vowed, or she will suffer for it."

Then an inn was built, and many poor travellers

and pilgrims were kindly treated there, and blessed the pious Princess, and prayed to God to reward her. So now we will leave her in the inn, and see what happened to the Prince.

When the Princess was gone, and the old woman did not know how to ruin the Prince, she told the old man all about it, and he was ready to advise her immediately, on condition that she promised to become his wife, which she did.

Then he said, "You must make him go into the lions' den, which is down in the palace moat, where the lions will tear him to pieces immediately."

Then the old woman lay down on her bed, and pretended to be very ill.

The Prince was in great trouble about her, and asked her what he could do to help her; for he did not know that she hated him.

She replied, "Ah! there is one way to help me, but it is very dangerous, and you might be killed, and I would rather die than that you should be sacrificed."

"I know no danger," said he, "if it concern your life."

She replied, "How kind you are to me! I will tell you what would cure me. If I could get a lion's whelp, the warmth of it would put a new life into me, and in one day I should be quite well."

The Prince ran away to the lions' den that instant, walked in without fear, and, as a lion does no harm to gentle blood, the old lions let him walk about unharmed. When he took up one of the whelps, the old lioness roared, and got up, but the Prince looked at her so sharply that she lay down again at once.

The old woman took the whelp into her arms, and said, "Oh, I begin to feel much better!"

When, however, it began to put out its claws, and scratch her, she cried out, "That will do; take him away and kill him, I cannot bear him any longer."

The Prince took the whelp, and said, "Why should I kill the poor little thing when it has cured you? I shall take it back to its mother."

So he carried the young lion back to its mother, and the old lioness roared with joy when she saw the little whelp again.

As this plan had failed, the old woman took counsel again with the old man, as to how they might ruin the Prince.

"There is only one way," said he: "you must get that shirt away from him, then he will have no more power to swing the sword, and we shall over-master him."

So she got a great feast ready, and invited a great many guests, and then went to the Prince and said, "As you saved my life, I have had a great dinner prepared in your honour, so you must come and sit down beside me, and enjoy yourself."

The Prince was very much pleased at this, and followed her into the saloon, where the guests were sitting. Towards the end of the meal, while he was talking very merrily with his neighbours, she put a draught into his glass that sent him off to sleep, shortly after the guests were gone. Soon after he was in bed, the old man and woman came and took away the shirt, and put out his eyes with a knife. This woke him, and he found that they were carrying him away to the lions' den.

Then the Prince found out what a bad old woman

she was, and felt glad that he was in the den, as the lions would soon eat him, and he should be rid of life. However, they did not, but instead the lioness came and roared sorrowfully, and the little lions came and licked his eyes until they were quite well. Every day the lioness brought him a piece of meat, which she laid upon his knee, and he took it and ate it raw, and was glad to get it, for it was all he *could* get. The lions got the meat by way of a secret passage which led into the wood from the den.

One day, while the Prince was tapping about in the dark, he found this passage, and crept in. For a long time he only felt a damp heavy air, but afterwards he found it easier to breathe, and at last he observed the fresh forest air streaming over his face through the passage. He heard the birds in the forest trees, the deer prancing about, and felt the warm sun upon his face. He thanked God upon his knees for His mercy, and then got along farther as well as he could. About evening he heard a noise in the distance, and upon walking towards it he came to the great ocean. A ship was anchored there, taking in water. When the captain saw him, he was sorry for the poor blind youth, who was wandering about in so forlorn a manner, and he asked him if he would sail with him in the ship.

"Indeed," said he, "I shall be thankful; for I should only die of hunger here."

So he went on board, and the captain treated him so kindly, that every day he got more strength. When the ship anchored, he thanked the captain, and set out along the high road.

One day he came to a great town. At the gate stood a woman who said to him, "Come into my house: all poor travellers and pilgrims are fed here." He

put out his hand, and allowed himself to be led into the house, where he found a good dinner and a comfortable bed. Before, however, he went to bed, the woman said to him, "You must tell me your history, and that is all the payment I demand."

"Alas!" said the Prince, "I would rather be silent about my history, for it is a very sad one; but if you will hear it, I will tell it you."

Then he began and told her the whole of it, just as it took place. The landlady became more and more attentive every minute, but when he came to the part where he saved the lady from death in the pit and had become betrothed to her, she folded him in her arms, and cried amidst bitter tears:—"And is it thus, my dearest bridegroom, that I find you again!"

And what great joy it was, and what sad, sad sorrow, to hear him say what had been done to him. The beautiful girl could not help continually crying when she looked at his poor blind face.

When he had ended his history, she had him well dressed, and took him to her father.

"Dear father," said she, "fortune has brought to me my true deliverer, and my only husband."

So she told him the whole history. The King quite believed it, but as the first joy of meeting with his daughter had past, he was annoyed that she wished to marry a blind Prince. In any case, however, a blind Prince was better than a scoundrel sea captain, so the latter disappeared as soon as he could. A small palace was, therefore, built in a pleasant part of the palace gardens, the marriage of the Prince and Princess took place quite privately, and then they inhabited the palace, their food being sent from the royal kitchen;

but the King would not keep them in clothes, so the Princess had to be at work both day and night.

The courtiers were very angry at this marriage, for the Prince could not give them very good dinners, which they liked very much, and there were no balls and picnics, which their wives were fond of; and besides, they did not like to think that they should be governed by a blind King. So they conspired together to blow up the palace where they lived.

One evening they went out walking in the little garden; and to enjoy the fresh breeze, they sat down underneath a great tree. Then the Prince drew off his ring, which he had saved from his palace, and put it in his mouth, in order to amuse himself by hearing what the birds were talking about. Then there came three crows flying along, and perched upon the tree.

The bird said, "I know something! You'd like to know it, too!"

"What is that?" asked the others; "for we know something too."

"At schoolmaster's, in the village, a horse is dead; won't that be nice?"

"I know something else," said the second; "and if those down below there knew it, they would not sit there long."

"What's that? What's that?"

"At ten o'clock to-night the courtiers are going to blow up the palace where they live."

"I know another thing; and if the blind Prince down below knew it, wouldn't he be glad?"

"What's that?"

"To-night, between eleven and twelve, a dew will fall, and whoever rubs his eyes with it, if he's blind,

will see directly. Now let 's be off to the dead horse, before others get there." Then they flew away.

The Prince put on his ring again, and said to his wife, "Come, let us go a little way into the forest; the evening is very fine." So they went. In less than a quarter of an hour there was a flash, and then a noise as of a hundred cannon. The Princess was very frightened, and almost fainted; but when her husband told her the whole story, she was very glad; and they thanked God for their safety, and lay down on the grass of the forest to sleep under a tree. The Princess soon slept, but the Prince kept awake. About twelve, he began to wash his face with the dew, and to bathe his eyes. The more he washed, the more bright everything seemed; and when he had washed three times, he saw the moon again, with her silver rays darting through the sleeping trees; and he saw his dear wife lying beautiful in the moonlight. He kissed her—so delighted was he; and she woke when he kissed her, and was quite astonished at the beauty of his face, and of his new bright eyes. Then he filled his bottle with some of the dew, for he thought it might be wanted again. So from the midst of great misery he came to greater good-fortune; and even in their great poverty they were rich. They had many more misfortunes to undergo, and the time of trial was not yet over.

In the morning, they went on farther into the forest, and lived upon herbs and roots. As the Princess was not used to so much walking, she was soon tired; and about noon they sat down under an oak, and she laid her head in his lap and went to sleep. He looked upon her with delight as she was lying there, looking so beautiful; and at her neck he perceived a box with a chain; and in it was a ruby that he looked at with

delight for a long time, and took it out to put it in the sun. So he made a little pillow of moss and leaves, and moved his wife's head on to it, and meanwhile laid the stone in the grass beside him. When he made his wife comfortable, he reached out his hand for the stone again ; but a raven had seized upon it, and was playing with it. He ran after the raven, but it flew up into the air and perched upon a tree some distance off. The Prince followed him, and kept throwing stones at him, while the bird fled from bough to bough, and the Prince pursued him deeper and deeper into the forest, until he lost his way. At last, he met a richly-dressed gentleman, and asked him if he could tell him on what part of the forest the tree stood under which he had left his wife. The gentleman said, however, that there were innumerable trees of that kind in the wood, and that he would never find it. " You had much better come with me, and you will have everything of the best."

So he followed the gentleman to a fine large house, where eleven young men sat at a very good dinner.

The gentleman said, " Now there are twelve of you, and the number is complete. You can stay here for a year and a day, and have everything of the best ; but at the end of the year you must guess three riddles. If you guess right you will receive a purse that is never empty ; but if wrong, you must die."

Then the eleven others hurraed, and made fun, and lived merrily through the year, and thanked the gentleman. They often called to the Prince to come also ; but he was sad. He ate and drank very little, spoke less, but kept thinking continually about his poor wife. We will now see what became of her.

When she awoke and did not find her husband, she

called his name many times ; but, of course, it was of no use. Then she felt that her little box with the ruby was missing ; but she could not think that he had robbed her of it and fled. It was such a bitter thought, that I believe that she would have killed herself, if she had not been so good. So she bore her misfortune patiently, and plodded on and on through the forest till she came to the sea. A ship was lying at anchor by the shore, and the captain, being a good man, took her on board, and after a very long voyage, set her ashore again. She went on and on until she saw a palace in the distance ; and she saw that it was the palace where the Prince had found her. Then she was merry and glad, for she thought that very likely her husband would be there, and if he saw her he would not forsake her. So she went into the palace and asked for him, and the servant was just going to tell her his unhappy fate, when the old woman, who was now mistress of the palace, saw and knew her.

“Aha!” said she, “have you come hither? and what do you want?”

Then the Princess told her how she was in search of her husband, whom she had lost in the forest.

“Come in,” said the old woman.

She came, and the door was locked ; and the old man came and put out her eyes, and they threw her into the lion’s den.

“Go, find your husband there!” they said, and laughed at her.

The lions did not eat her, but the young lions licked her eyes until they were well, and the old ones brought her meat.

The year was nearly over in the forest house, and the eleven lads never thought one bit about the

riddles; but the Prince kept thinking, and thinking, and thinking what they could be. One evening, as he was sitting under an oak in the forest, three magpies came and perched upon the tree. "I wonder what they are talking about?" said the Prince to himself; and taking his ring, put it under his tongue, and listened.

"Huzza! brothers," said one. "To-morrow we shall have a feast: eleven fat mechanic lads and a lean prince."

"How, do you mean that?" said the second.

"To-morrow they will have to tell three riddles, and they don't know one of them," said the third.

"Do you know them?" said the second.

"Oh yes! Oh yes!" screamed the other two.

"You begin," said the second to the first. "The first riddle is, What the house is built of? the next is, Where have their dinners come from? and the last is, How there's always light in the house?"

"Well, you guess them," said the second magpie; and the third babbled out, "The house is built of the bones of poor sinners; the dinners come from the King's table; and the daylight from the ruby which the enchanter stole from the Prince in the shape of a raven, and which now hangs to the ceiling."

Then they flew away. But the Prince went to sleep calmly for the first time for a year.

Next day they were all at table, playing and amusing themselves, when the gentleman came along through the forest, and called out to them from the distance, "Now, lads, stand up in a row, and guess my riddles."

So the eleven got up very confidently, and the Prince stood at the end.

“What is the house built of?”

“Of brick,” said one; “Of stone,” said another; “Of wood,” said a third; and so on, to the Prince, who said, “Of the bones of poor sinners.”

“Right,” said the enchanter. “Now, where did your dinners come from?”

All of them cried, “From the kitchen;” but the Prince said, “From the King’s table.”

“Right,” said the enchanter. “And now the last. Can you tell me why your house has been as light by night as by day?”

All the eleven cried out, “Because of a lamp.” But the Prince said, “Because of the ruby which hangs on the ceiling, and which you stole from me in the shape of a raven.”

“Right,” said the enchanter, “and here is your purse;” but he cut off the others’ heads every one. So the Prince went into the house and got his ruby, and went on his way until he came to the sea. When there he went to the nearest seaport-town, bought a ship, and set sail for the palace where he had left the old woman. “If I have been so fortunate in the midst of all my trouble,” thought he, “who knows whether I may not regain the palace and my wife.”

It was quite dark when the ship anchored near the palace. He disguised himself as a tailor, went ashore, and up to the palace. He crept noiselessly in, and hid himself in the porch. When they were all asleep he came down, and on going into the great hall the first thing he saw was the white shirt lying upon the table. He put it on, swang the sword three times round his head, and the servants ran in and greeted him as their lord and master. Then he

ordered them to put the old man and woman into an iron cage, and to feed them upon the commonest of food.

The first thing the servants told him was that the Princess had been there, and had asked for him. Then he began to hope again. He asked the old woman if she knew what had become of the Princess; but she refused to tell him. In his sorrow he suddenly thought he would give the poor lions a good meal for once in a way, as they had been so kind to him. So he had oxen and calves killed, and the servants brought the meat to him in great tubs, as he was going to feed the lions himself. He went down to the den, and when he opened the door who should he find but his dear wife. He embraced her most tenderly, and there was a great deal of sorrow and joy mixed up together. He led her into the palace, and washed her eyes with the dew, so that she could see again directly. Now their happiness was quite complete, and he did nothing but give great feasts to celebrate their meeting. Then he wrote to the King, his father, and told him the whole story, just as I tell it to you; and then visited his wife's father, who was very delighted to see them; and he sent the cage to his father with the two wicked people in it, and they were publicly burnt. After the old King's death he succeeded to the kingdom, as well as to his wife's father's kingdom; and as there was a kingdom attached to the wonderful palace also, he became lord of three nations.

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The Three Royal Children.

A KING had only one son, who was old enough to be married. The Prince would not marry any Princess, however, but resolved to have a wife after his own heart; and therefore travelled about and saw all the young women in the kingdom. Among all those whom he liked, he liked a peasant's daughter, named Mary, the best. But when he asked her parents' consent, they refused it, and said that he couldn't have her, for she was their only support. Then he said, that if that were the only reason, he would take care of them and give them enough money to live upon. He did this, and so the matter was settled. Then he put the girl into his carriage, and took her to a school, where she was taught everything that Princesses ought to know; and when she was quite perfect, he fetched her away again and married her. This did not, however, please the Prince's mother, who was a very proud woman; and she tried every means in the world to harm the Princess, and make her disagreeable in the sight of her husband. But she could not do this for a long time.

After some time the young Queen had a beautiful little daughter. As the King just happened to be out hunting, the old Queen bribed the nurse, and took away the child. She told the King that it was such a horrible monster, that she had buried it out of sight at once. She put the child in a box, however, and threw it into the mill-stream, and it swam away until it came to the mill. The miller's wife was standing at the window, and saw the box, and called to her husband

to get it out of the water, and see what there was in it. He did so; and they were very glad when they found the pretty little girl inside; and as they had no children, the miller said to his wife, "Let us adopt the little thing as our own."

"Well, I think it would be very good," said the woman; and they did so, and took greater care of it than if it had been their own child.

All this time the poor Queen was in great sorrow, and the King was very sad too; but their mourning was soon changed into joy when the Queen one day told him that God would bless them with another child. When the wicked mother-in-law saw that, she was very vexed, and kept the King out of the way as much as possible. So it chanced that when the little bird brought the child, the King was out hunting again; and the wicked old woman easily persuaded him that it was a monster again, worse than the first. But it was another, lovely little girl, and they just did with it what they did before—put it in a box, and threw it into the mill-stream. So it came to the mill, and was taken care of by the miller and his wife in the same way as its sister had been taken care of.

The sorrow of the King and Queen is not to be told. They wept day and night, and almost cried themselves blind. And when there was hope of another child, they had no more pleasure, and perhaps it was best that they had not; for the wicked mother-in-law just did as she did before, and changed it for a most ugly monster. The boy—for this time it was a boy—was sent down stream after his sisters. When the King saw the monster, he was very angry, and swore that he would never see the Queen any

more. So the wicked old woman triumphed, and danced for joy until her old bones ached again.

As was said, the boy went down the stream the same way as his two sisters, and was just as kindly taken care of by the miller and his wife as the others had been. And the children grew up, and stayed in the mill until the boy was a handsome youth of fifteen years of age. Now it chanced that the old Queen one day went out driving in the direction of the mill. When she saw the youth and his two sisters, she felt in her own mind that something was wrong. She got out of her carriage, went into the mill, and asked the miller if they were his children.

"No," replied the miller, "God sent them to me by way of the mill-stream," and then he told her their whole history, and showed her the boxes, which he had carefully kept.

Then the wicked old woman saw that they were the children of the Queen, and told the miller he must kill them, or be put to death himself. The miller promised to do this, but did not do it; but told all the history to the children, and gave them one of his donkeys, that they might get away. Next day they took leave of him with tears in their eyes; the young lad sat upon the donkey's back, and his two sisters in a basket on each side. So the donkey carried them all three.

Thus it was that they set out into the world; when they had made a couple of days' journey they came into a wood, and they had scarcely made six hours' journey into it when they saw a little book lying upon the path.

The lad took it up, and read the first page. Directly *there was a great fog*; and when it had cleared, there

stood a genius: "What does my lord and master desire?"

At first they were all rather frightened; but they soon recovered themselves, and the lad said, "Build us a beautiful palace, and put everything that we can want into it."

Then there came a great fog again; and when it was gone, there stood a most beautiful palace, with a splendid garden, and a great number of servants came running to welcome their master and mistresses. Then they went in; and oh, dear me, how fine everything was! It was a great deal more beautiful than ever they had wished.

When the bad old Queen heard of the wonderful palace and its inhabitants, she disguised herself, and went peering about to try and see them. She knew them at once, and sent for the miller. He, of course, said that he had done as he was bid. But it was of no use—he had to confess at last; and from that moment the old Queen never had any rest. Day and night she kept thinking, thinking, thinking, how she might ruin the three children; for she was afraid that her treachery might come to light as long as they were alive.

One day she put on the dress of a beggar-woman, and went into the palace. When the children saw her, they gave her a large sum of money as a present; and then she said that they had everything that was necessary, except one thing, and it was a great pity that they had not got that. They asked her what that might be. Then said the old woman, "A branch from the tree with golden fruit. If you were to plant one of these in the garden, it would grow into a tree very soon, and that would be beautiful!"

Then they consulted together as to how they could

get a branch, and it was resolved that the brother should go and seek it.

The youth set out on his way, and he had not got very far away when he met a little grey mannikin, who asked him where he was going.

"I am going to the garden where the tree with golden fruit grows, to get a branch," said he.

"I should advise you," said the mannikin, "not to go, for there is great danger in trying it. You will meet all sorts of adventures; and if you look round once, you will become a pillar of salt."

"Never mind that—I shall take care," said the youth; and he went into the garden. He walked right up to the tree, and broke off a branch, and then walked back towards the gate; he had almost got there, when he heard a great noise, and somebody took hold of his coat. He looked back to see who it was, but at the same moment he became a pillar of salt.

When the youth had left the palace some time, the old Queen came again disguised as a beggar-woman in another way, and said to the two girls, "There is nothing wanting in this beautiful palace except the talking bird, and it is a great pity that you haven't got it."

"Where is it to be found?" asked the sister.

"In the garden where the tree with the golden fruit grows."

Then said the elder of the two sisters, "I will go fetch the bird, and see at the same time where our brother is;" so she set off, and came to the garden. There stood the little mannikin, and asked her where she was going.

"I am going to fetch the talking bird, and to see *what my brother is doing.*"

"You had better not go," said the mannikin; "it is too dangerous; and if you look round as you are coming out, you will become a pillar of salt, like your brother."

"I will take care," said she, and went into the garden. She broke off a branch from the tree, and took the talking bird, which was sitting in a cage close by. But just as she had got to the door, somebody in her brother's voice called after her that she had forgotten something. She looked round, and became a pillar of salt standing beside her brother.

Wasn't the old bad Queen glad when she found they were neither of them coming back again. She went once more disguised as a beggar-woman to the youngest sister, admired the palace, and said, "There is nothing wanting here but the dancing water: that would make a very beautiful fountain."

"Where is the dancing water to be found?" said the young girl.

And the wicked old woman said, "In the garden where the tree with golden fruit grows, and the talking bird is."

Then the young girl thought that she must have such a fountain, and at the same time she might find out what had become of her brother and sister. So she set out, and came also to the garden. When she got there she found the mannikin standing at the gate, and he begged her not to go into the garden, and warned her of the danger, and said she never would come out again any more than her brother and sister had done. But as she was determined, and would not be persuaded by the mannikin, he told her to take care not to look round; but when she had got some of the dancing water, she should sprinkle some over the two

pillars of salt by the door, for they were her brother and sister. So she went in and found the well of dancing water, and filled two bottles with it, and was not afraid, although there was a horrible noise and shouting behind her. She went quietly and courageously back, and poured one of the bottles of the dancing water over the two pillars of salt; these changed into her brother and sister, and they all ran out of the garden together. And how glad they all were at this! They were all happy together again, and had taken away everything from the garden that they wanted; the branch of the tree with the golden fruit, the talking bird, and the dancing water. The branch grew in one night into a beautiful tree, in the branches of which sat the talking bird, and the water danced in a golden basin below! It is quite impossible to think of anything more charming!

The fame of the wonderful palace of the three children spread wider and wider every day, and at last came to the ears of the King. Now, too, he heard of the three wonders which they had brought from a long way off, and he became so curious that he mounted his horse and rode right off to the palace. The master and mistresses bade him welcome, and wanted to lead him about the castle, but he was so struck with them that he could not help looking at them for a long time. He felt happier than he had felt for many a year, and as if he ought to take them to his heart and embrace them. He asked them who their parents were?

“ We are the children of a miller down stream.”

The bird called out at this, “ No miller’s children, *but King’s children;*” and he told the King all their

history from the beginning, for he was a wise bird, and knew it all.

You may think how surprised the King was, as well as the three children; and what joy there was. A carriage was got ready that minute; they all set off to the good miller and his wife, and asked them where they had got the three children. At first the miller would not tell, but said that they were his own children; but when the King told him that everything was known already, he confessed that he had pulled them out of the stream, and that the old Queen had commanded him to kill them; and he also told them the exact year and day on which he found each of them. Not content with this, the King also sent for the nurse; for he would have been very glad to have found that some one else than the old Queen had done all this. But the nurse said just the same as the bird did, and so there was no doubt any longer. He folded his dear children in his arms once more, and rode away, after inviting them to his palace the next day.

The first thing the King ordered when he got home was a grand dinner, and he went secretly to the poor Queen, who had been living sadly all this time in a little house at the farther end of the garden. With tears he begged her pardon for all the injustice he had done her, and told her the whole story. It was a wonder that the joy the good woman felt did not kill her, when she found herself so suddenly raised from the depth of misery to the greatest happiness in the world, with her husband and her lost children around her.

Next day, when the guests were very merry indeed at the King's great feast, he asked, "What do you think should be done to the three children, who without my help built them that great palace?"

The old Queen said quickly, "Throw them into the boiling oil!"

Then the door opened, and the Queen came in with her crown on her head and her sceptre in her hand, and the three children by her side.

Then the King kissed her, and told the whole history to the guests, and said, "That death, which was so traitorously proposed for them, shall be the death of the traitor."

Then the soldiers came and seized the wicked old woman; but the Queen and children begged so hard to spare her life, that she was condemned only to lie in prison for the rest of her days.

The miller, however, was made a duke, and his wife a duchess; so that shows one thing, that if we do good we are rewarded for it at some time or other.

That's the story.

The Child and the Merchant.

IN Turkey there once lived a merchant who was very rich, and there was not a wish he formed he could not gratify, except one, and that was a wish for a family. After some years, his wife died, and then he was very wretched indeed; he felt so lonely in the world that he was almost tired of life, and his only pleasure was to go every night, at midnight, to his wife's grave and pray.

At this time a Sultan governed in Turkey who had *not got one child* among all his wives. After a long

time, however, his Sultana told him that she should soon present him with a child, but very shortly after this he fell ill and died. The Sultana, upon this, governed; and governed so well, that all the people in the country were happy and contented. She, however, had a minister who was very ambitious, and who would have been glad to put a child of his own on the throne. If the Sultana had no children, that would be possible, as soon as she died; but the time was coming nearer and nearer when this would take place; then the minister would have to give up all his hopes. So he thought day and night as to what way he might do this. One morning he was told that a little bird had brought the Sultana a beautiful little baby-boy. So he made haste into the palace, and gave the nurses heaps and heaps of money, and thus got the child into his hands; he had it wrapped in a silk cloth, and put into a box, which he gave to a girl to carry down to the sea. She had pity upon the poor little thing, and so carried it in the evening to the burial-ground, and laid it upon the last fresh grave, where the wife of the merchant lay buried. The Sultana, however, was told that the child was dead when the little bird brought it, and so had been buried at once.

In a short time the merchant came, according to his custom, to pray beside his wife's grave. When he saw the little box, he opened it, and the little boy smiled pleasantly at him. "Oh," said he, "my wife sends me a child after she has gone from me, that I may not be alone;" and he kissed the little child with a father's love, and carried it joyfully home. There he got the boy a nurse; and when it was older *he had it taught everything that a young gentleman*

should learn. So the infant grew up into a lad, and the lad into a young man ; and the merchant loved him so dearly, that he never could rest a moment without him.

One day the merchant had to go upon a long journey, and he took the young man with him. He had a ship got ready, and they set sail with a favourable wind. They had not been long at sea before a great storm arose, and the waves rose high, and the ship was thrown about by them until it struck on a rock and went to pieces. The whole crew was drowned, and all the valuable cargo lost in the sea. The merchant and his adopted son saved themselves by clinging to a spar ; and after a long time they were thrown upon an island. So there they were, quite alone in the world, and as poor as any beggar in the streets. Stay ! they had not lost one treasure, and that was confidence in the goodness of God ; so they were still very rich. Then they set to work and built themselves a hut of dry wood, which they lived in. And they made the trunk of a tree into a kind of rough boat, and made a net out of their old clothes ; and every day the youth went out upon the sea and caught fish, upon which they existed.

One day the youth had gone farther to sea than was his custom, and in the distance he saw a beautiful little golden ship coming along, in which there were three young girls singing and playing on a musical instrument. One had a crown upon her head, and was very beautiful ; the other two were her servants. But the man who was rowing did not know much about the depths of the lake, and he was close upon a sunken rock. The little boat went *on and on*, until it struck right on it, so that they

all fell out into the sea. The young man jumped out of his boat at once, and saved first the Princess, and then her two servants, but the boatman had sunk to the bottom. The beautiful Princess was very thankful indeed, and wanted to give him heaps and heaps of gold, if he would go with her to the palace; but he would not take anything, except a golden flower which she had in her hand. Then she said, "If you will not have anything else, do me one other favour, and bring us some fish at the palace every day." She said this because she would like to see the handsome youth often.

He promised her that he would do so without fail, for he liked her very much indeed; and he, too, thought that it would be sad to see her for the last time. When they came to land and got to the garden of the palace, he found that it was built in the city where he had lived with the merchant.

He told his foster-father of this, and asked him if he would not rather like to go home again. He replied, however, "As we have lost everything that belongs to us in our ship, we had better stop here; here we are rich, there we should be poor."

The young man was very satisfied with this, for he was thus able to go and see the beautiful Princess every day. I dare say you want to know who she was. Her story, then, is this:—When the Sultana was so shamefully robbed of her child, she lost all desire to govern, and gave up the government to her husband's brother, who had a beautiful daughter. Now this daughter was the Princess, to whom she taught all the arts that a young Princess should know.

Every day, when he had caught all his fish, he

carried the best to the Princess, and the servants took them to the kitchen, and while they were away he sat by her side. At first they only told each other their histories; but soon the youth told her how much he loved her, and that he had loved her from the first minute he saw her, and that he should die without her. And she confessed to him that she, too, loved him above everything; and so they were but one heart and one soul. The Princess's maids saw very well what was going on; but they never said a word, because they loved both of them too well to make them unhappy. One morning, however, the Sultana came by when they were talking together, and as they did not see her, she heard and saw everything without their noticing her. Suddenly she came and stood before them, and the poor youth could not fly. She held him fast, and beckoned the sentinels, who came and led both him and the poor Princess to prison.

On the third day the trial took place. The young man was first summoned before the court, and the Sultana sat there herself. He was desired to tell who he was, and whence he came. So he began to tell how he was found in a little box upon the grave of his foster-father's wife, wrapped in a silk cloth which was his only treasure, except the golden flower of the Princess.

He was going on with his story, when the Sultana cried out, "Stay! Let me see this cloth."

Then he gave it to her; and she had scarcely looked at it before she saw it was her own embroidery. Then she folded the young man to her heart, and cried, "You are my dear son—my dear son!"

The young man did not know what to say to this ; but she told the judge to go home, and took the youth with her to her own palace. The nurse was at once sent for, and she confessed that she had given the child to the girl. Then the girl was called, and she said that she had, instead of killing the child as she was told to do, put it on a new-made grave in the burying-ground. So then the minister, who had told her to do this, was fetched, and was thrown into prison. And the merchant was made prime minister, and the young Prince married the Princess and reigned ; and everybody was very happy, I have no doubt.

The Five Questions.

A POOR shepherd had only one son and no other child, so no wonder this son was spoiled. Everything he wished was done, and so he grew up quite wild, and not like little boys who are carefully looked after and taken care of. He did nothing, and wouldn't learn anything ; and so he was good for nothing. When he was twelve years old, his lonely life in the field did not please him, so he said that he would go begging, and so see something of the world. What could his parents do in this case but just let him go ? and so he went. So he begged his way till he came to a great city, where he sat down before a rich merchant's door, pulled a piece of bread out of his wallet, and bit it with as great an air as if the whole town was his own.

and he was dining off whitebait and claret. By chance the merchant was just coming in, and he saw the little lad, and was so pleased with him that he took him in and sent him to school. And, oh dear me, he was such a clever boy at his books that he was always first in his class. When he had learned everything there was to learn at school, he was put in the merchant's office, and there he made such capital progress that his foster-father could not help pointing him out to everybody. Now this was all very well ; but what the merchant did not like was, that the lad had grown into a very handsome fellow, and that his daughter had got a very good opinion of him ; and so he was afraid that they would want to get married some of these days. So he made up his mind to send him away, that he might see the world ; for then, thought he, they will soon forget each other. The youth was very glad to go ; but before he set out he went secretly to Emma, for that was the name of the merchant's daughter, and said, " You are mine, and I am yours, and we will not part from each other." So then she promised to be true to him, and gave him a beautiful ring, and they parted amidst many tears.

The youth went away, and came to the sea ; there he took a ship, and went over to an island, where there was a great kingdom. When he came into the capital he was taken before the King, who asked where he was going and what he was seeking.

" I am seeking my fortune, but I do not know where I shall find it," said he.

" When you find it, bring me mine," said the King.

" And what may that be ?" asked the youth.

And the King replied, " My fortune is a tree which bears golden fruit, but will not bear any more. If

you can make it do so, I will give you a ton of gold from my treasury."

The youth promised to do this if he could, and went back to his ship; for he saw that his fortune was not to be gained upon the island.

After a passage of six days and six nights, he came to another country, and he went up to the capital. On his showing his passport at the gate, the sentinel led him to the King, who was dressed in the deepest mourning.

"Where are you going?" asked the King.

"I am seeking my fortune," replied the youth.

"Then bring me mine, too, when you find yours," said the King.

"What is yours?"

"My fortune is a fountain that used formerly to throw out pearls, but none spring out now, and it is dried up. If you can set it going again, I will give you a ton of gold from my treasury." He promised to do his best, and went on, for his fortune he saw was not to be found there.

For two months he went travelling about the land, and then he came to the sea; and he went on board ship, travelled about for two months more, and then the ship anchored at a large island. He went on shore, and came to the capital of the country, where he found every one in deep mourning.

The King had ordered every stranger to be brought before him, it seemed; and so the guard led our young friend to the palace.

The King asked what the object of his journey was?

"I am seeking my fortune," said the young man.

"Then," the King said, "when you find it bring me mine, too."

“What *is* yours?” asked the youth; and the King replied, “I had three daughters, and some time since one was stolen from me: if you will bring her back, I will give you half my kingdom.”

The young man promised to do all in his power, and went on his way; for where there was such mourning, there could not be any chance of finding his good fortune.

He had gone a good distance again, when one day he saw a palace before him. A tall giant was keeping watch at the gate, and by way of a gun had one of the largest cannons that ever was made in the world. When he saw the youth, he said, “Why, you earth-worm, where are you going?”

“I am seeking my fortune,” said the young man.

“Then, do you hear, just bring me mine also, will you?”

“If you will tell me, what it is, I will do my best,” said the other.

“I have been keeping guard here,” said the giant, “for a thousand years, and do not know how I am to be relieved.”

“Well,” said the youth, “I will see.”

He went on and on, until he came to a broad river. There was a boat upon it, and in it sat an old, old woman, who asked him if he would not go over.

“Yes, I wish to cross very much.”

“Where are you going?” asked she; and he said, “I am seeking my fortune.”

“Oh!” said she, “when you find yours, I wish you’d bring me mine!”

“What *is* yours?” asked he.

“Why, I’ve been ferry-woman here for the last thousand years, and I don’t know how I shall ever get *away*.”

The young man promised very willingly to try and find out how she might get away, went ashore on the other side, and walked sturdily along till he came to a great forest.

In this forest he wandered about for a whole day; but towards evening he came to a small forest house; there he knocked. A pretty young woman opened the door, but she seemed much terrified when she saw him.

“Could I get shelter here for one night?” asked he.

“It is your ill luck that has brought you here,” said she, “and you must not remain; for you are not secure of your life. A cannibal lives here, who spares no one; and if he should find you, you are done for.”

“But I am so tired I cannot get any farther,” said the youth. “Will you not hide me somewhere?”

“I can’t do that,” said she, “for he would smell you out; and besides that, he knows everything that happens in the whole world.”

However, the young man begged so hard that she consented at last. She went and brought him some supper, and they sat down to table together. While they were eating he told her the story of his journey, and of the five errands he had to perform. The woman was very kindhearted, and promised him to learn from the cannibal what should be done.

Suddenly there was a great noise and clatter in the forest, as if all the trees were falling.

“There he is!” cried the cannibal’s wife; and the young man got under the bed as quickly as possible. He was scarcely hidden, when the door flew open, and in stalked the cannibal.

“Hallo!” he cried, “I smell human flesh. Who is here, eh?”

“You stupid oaf!” said his wife, “can’t you get

accustomed to me yet. I'm here, of course, and here's your supper, and eat that, and go to bed."

He was going to answer her, and was just going to look under the bed, when she plumped him down on to his seat, and fed him with a spoon. When she had fed him very full, so that he could scarcely stir, she took him by the collar, and cried out—

"Now, come! march to bed with you, or else I shall never get you to move, if you go to sleep!"

Then he got slowly up, and tumbled into bed; and in two minutes he was sound asleep, and snoring so that it was heard fifty miles off.

Then she said to the young man, "Now, just mind what he answers to my questions."

So she went to bed, and after some time gave the cannibal a tremendous dig in the ribs. He jumped, and roared, "What's the matter?"

She said, "I dreamt that a King had a tree which bore golden fruit at one time, but afterwards it would not do so any more, and what was the reason of this?"

"I know," said the cannibal: "his minister is a hard man, and has been taxing the people, and burying the money at the foot of the tree. Take that away, and the tree will bear golden fruit again." Then he turned round and went to sleep.

In a little while she gave him another blow, and he jumped up and grumbled, "What are you bothering me for again?"

"I dreamt," said she, "that a King had a spring which run pearls, and this spring would not run any more. What might be the reason of it?"

"Oh," said he, "there's a toad sitting in it; if this is taken out, the spring will run again better than ever. Now let me sleep quietly."

He hadn't slept long before she gave him a box of the ear. "Are you mad," says he, "that you keep disturbing me?"

"Oh, I'm dreaming so much to-night," she replied. "I dreamt that a King had three daughters, and one of these was stolen, and where she is nobody knows. But you must know."

"Well," said the cannibal, "I think I ought, for that is your own self." He grinned at her, and went to sleep again.

At this, the woman recollected who she was, and where she had been brought up; and she asked the young man quietly if he would take her with him, or leave her there, for she was very anxious to go home.

"Without you," said he, "I wouldn't go, if it cost me my life."

Then she took courage again, and hit the cannibal another blow on the ear. At this he was very angry, and roared out, "This is a little too much! Are you going to leave me alone or not?"

"Oh, it is so hot, and I think I've got a fever," she said; "for in all my life I never dreamt so much before."

"What have you been dreaming about now?" asked he.

"Oh, I dreamt that a giant kept watch over a castle for a thousand years, with a heavy cannon on his shoulder, and didn't know how to get away."

"Oh, what a stupid fellow!" growled the cannibal, lying down; "why doesn't he give the cannon to the first fellow that passes, and have done with it. And now, I say, you must let me go to sleep, or I'll show you that I'm not in joke any more." And in a little while he began to snore again, so that the house shook.

There was still one more question, and so she dared to give him another sound slap of the ear. At this, however, the monster jumped up, gnashed his teeth with rage, and tried to get hold of her. She jumped out of bed, however, very quickly, or he certainly would have eaten her. But she got to the door, and said, "Now don't be cruel to me, can I help dreaming and my having a fever?"

"This is the very last time," he said, "that I'll suffer this. If you do it again, I eat you and your dreams too."

"I promise you it shall never happen again," she said to him. "I dreamt that an old woman had to keep a ferry-boat for a thousand years, and didn't know how to get away. How was this to be done?"

"Oh, what a stupid she was!" said he; "why doesn't she give the oars to the first person that comes, and then she'd be free. And now take care and don't disturb me again; for if you do I'll give you rest and myself too."

"Don't be afraid, old goose," she said; and he soon went off as sound as a rock, or as a little boy after a Christmas party.

Then she got up, and the young man came out from under the bed, and they opened the door and got far away as fast as ever they could; and before morning they came to the river. The old woman called out to him when she saw him, a long time before he got down to the bank, and asked whether he had got her good fortune.

"Yes," said he, "and if you ferry us over quickly, I will tell it you directly we get to the other side."

In one minute they were on the other side of the *water*; and when they were out of the boat, the young

man told her what to do, and they ran away and left her to do it. When the giant saw the young man, he too called out to him from the distance, and asked if he had brought his good fortune.

"I have got it," said he, "but I will not tell it you until we have passed the gate." And then he told him, and the giant thanked him, and was very glad.

When they got into the kingdom where the Princess was going, they hired a handsome carriage, and had it decked with green boughs; and the young man told everybody that inquired about it that he had come to bring the King his lost daughter again. So all the people went with the carriage, and there was plenty of rejoicing. In the capital, however, there was more rejoicing still: the King and Queen, and the two other Princesses, were almost out of their senses with joy, and for three months there was nothing but feasting and fun going on. But the young man wished to get home; and so the King had six mules laden with gold, and said, "Now choose between one of my daughters for a wife, or those six loads of gold."

"If I were not engaged," replied the youth, "I would choose one of your three beautiful Princesses for a wife; but I must keep faith with my dear girl at home, so I choose the six loads of gold."

"Just as you please," said the King; and the next day the youth took his departure, and went over the sea to the next kingdom. He went right off to the capital, and to the King's palace, and was announced there directly. The King was very glad to see him again, and asked him immediately, "Have you brought my good fortune with you?"

"I have," said the young man; and told him all about

the great toad. So the builders were fetched ; and when the toad was taken out, the pearls began to roll out so fast that the builders were very nearly drowned. But the King was so pleased that he presented the youth with two tons of gold instead of one, and had a ship got ready to go wherever he liked.

In a little while he came into the first kingdom, where he went at once to the King. "Have you got my good fortune?" asked he.

"Yes," replied the youth ; and told him all about the wicked minister who had doubled all the taxes. Then the money was dug up ; and no sooner had that been done than the tree began to bud golden fruit with such abundance that it seemed as if it was trying to make up for lost time. The King gave the young man two tons of gold instead of one, and a beautiful carriage, and horses and servants besides.

Merrily did the young man go on his way, thinking of the time when he should see Emma again. When the ship anchored, he got into his carriage, and drove to the city where the merchant lived, and went to a hotel opposite his house. How astonished he was when he saw all the windows lighted up, and music going on inside. He asked the landlord what that meant, and he answered, "The daughter of the house is going to be married, but I'm told that she doesn't much like it. It's her father's doing."

"Ah!" said the young man, "I must go and see that." So he put on his best clothes, and went into the house.

As he had been so many years away, he had altered so much that nobody knew him, not even Emma herself. Indeed, who would have expected that this noble-looking *stranger was the poor youth?* He went up to Emma,

and asked her to dance. "Very willingly," said she; for now she wasn't obliged to dance with her hateful bridegroom. While they were waltzing round the room, he managed to let her see the ring upon his finger. She looked at him with astonishment, and turned very pale; but he led her into another room, and said, "Emma, do you not know me?" Then she fainted away with joy, and when she woke up again, she was still lying in his arms. Her father and mother came, as well as the bridegroom, and were very much astonished that Emma was so very friendly with the strange gentleman. Then the young man told them who he was, and by what means he had got his money, and that he was now richer than the King himself. The guests listened with wonder, all but the bridegroom, who got away as fast as he could, and nobody has ever seen him since.

Avarice seized the heart of the merchant, when the next day he saw the heaps of gold that the young man had brought home with him, and he said to his wife, "Come, let us try our fortune, and see if we can make it as easily as he has done." So they packed up, and went to sea. When they came to the first kingdom, and asked after the King, they were not received. In the second kingdom the King sent them word to get out of the country; and in the third, although they were admitted, they were told that they must be mad, and very much laughed at. But they did not lose heart for all that, but went on their way; and when they came to the giant, he called to the merchant, "Come here, earth-worm, and relieve guard." So he gave him the cannon, and ran away; but it was heavy, and bent the merchant's back quite down. *His wife ran away, quite frightened at the*

giant, and came to the water. The old woman took her into the boat, and gave her the oars, and jumped out and ran away.

So if nobody has been to relieve guard and to row the boat, you'll find the merchant as steady as a mounted dragoon, and his wife rowing like a member of a Thames boat club.

The Iron Boots.

A KING had a great palace, where he lived with his wife. They were not happy in it; for although they had riches, and servants, and plenty of horses, they had no children at all, which was very wretched for them. This made their lives very sad, and their hearts very heavy, so that they were often obliged to cry bitterly. There was still more sorrow for them in store, however; for one day a great fire broke out and burnt the castle. The King and the Queen certainly saved their lives, but of all their vast possessions they only managed to save one iron chest of gold. With this they rebuilt the palace, but not for long. A second fire broke out soon, and nothing was saved but the iron chest, which was now empty. So the King had suddenly become as poor as the poorest man in the country, and still poorer, for a poor man can at any rate work for his living, which a King can not do. His servants and courtiers were all gone in a minute, for there is very little real faith in a King's house. So he took his wife by the hand, and they wandered away *sadly into the forest*. There they found a little shep-

herd's hut which had been deserted, and they went in and lived there like poor people. The King himself cut his firewood in the forest, and the Queen cooked the soup and boiled the potatoes for dinner. This was very hard work for them, and at first they did not like it at all; but after a while they did not mind it so much, and they grew fonder and fonder of each other every day, and far more so than when they were on the throne with every luxury about them.

One day, when the King was cutting wood in the forest, a stranger came up to him and asked him how he fared?

"Not over well," said the King. "Work doesn't go on as it ought to do."

Said the stranger, "You need not work; it only depends upon yourself to decide."

"How do you mean?"

"If you will promise me in writing that which you do not know, then I will fill your iron chest with gold."

The King thought—

"I shan't grow hot
On what I know not!"

and so he gave his promise to the stranger in writing.

The stranger laughed strangely, and said, "Then leave your axe and wood here, and go home."

When the King got home, his wife came running out to him, and cried, "Good fortune is coming to us at last. Only think! the iron chest is full of gold; and what's more, our best wish will be fulfilled, for we shall have a little son or daughter."

How delighted the King was! He sent for all kinds of workmen at once—builders, and carpenters, and smiths, and house-painters; and in a little while, instead of the wretched little hut, there was the hand-

somest palace that ever was seen standing in the forest. They had scarcely been living in it for three weeks, ere a little bird brought them a most pretty little son, so that the King had nothing in the whole world to wish for.

Next day a stranger was announced ; and when he came in, the King saw that he was the same man whom he had seen in the forest, and he saluted him with great delight ; but the stranger said—

“ I know all, and it is your son that you promised me without knowing it. When he is fifteen years of age he must come to the forest where I met you, and I will fetch him there.”

With these words the stranger disappeared ; but the King stood as if struck by lightning. There lay all his hopes desolate, and he would much rather have been in the little forest-hut again, than in his beautiful palace, for which he had paid the price of his son. At first he said nothing about this to the Queen ; but when she afterwards learned it she cried for days and nights, and would not be comforted. The King tried to appease her, and said, “ Who knows if it may not turn out better than we think. There must be some means of saving our child, and so don't let us be miserable now. God will help us, if we try to help ourselves.”

For a long time all his words were of no use ; but gradually the Queen got quieter and quieter, and more happy.

When the child grew bigger the parents gave it to a priest to be educated in everything that a Prince ought to know. They did not tell him what a fearful fate was hanging over his head, for the King was *ashamed to confess* that he had been dealing with

the devil, and got cheated into the bargain; but the priest saw at once that it was a marked child, and sold to the Evil One. For that reason he gave him particular instruction in religion; although he did not forget to teach him a great many other things too.

When the boy had reached his fourteenth year, the teacher said to him, "Go to your parents, and ask them on what day you are to be in the forest to meet the stranger, and bring me an answer at any price."

The boy went into the castle and asked his mother first, and then his father; but they neither of them would tell, until he begged very hard indeed; then the King told him everything, and that he must be at the forest-green on his fifteenth birthday. The Prince went merrily back, for he was afraid of nothing; and so now he stayed with his teacher, to whom he told every word, and then they never said anything about it all the year.

On the morning of his fifteenth birthday the Prince went to the priest, and said, "I am come to say farewell to you, and to thank you for everything you have taught me. With God's help I hope to conquer the Evil One yet."

"That won't be so easy," said the priest; "but if you will follow my advice in everything you cannot fail to do so."

Then he gave him a stick, and told him what he had to do, went with him to the border of the forest, and then parted from him, giving him his blessings and many good wishes.

The Prince went valiantly forward, and soon came to the place where he was to wait. He looked round on all sides, but there was nothing to be seen. The

forest was quite silent, the birds did not sing, and the only sound was that of a squirrel hopping in the trees, or a stag prancing by. Then his heart began to beat, and he took courage and sang a song of praise to Heaven. Then suddenly there was a great noise of trumpets, and pipes, and horns, and fiddles, and when he looked up he saw a ship sailing through the air towards him, and in it there was a great number of imps who were playing, and they sang to him—

“ The time and hour are come at last,
Mount and sail in our ship so fast.”

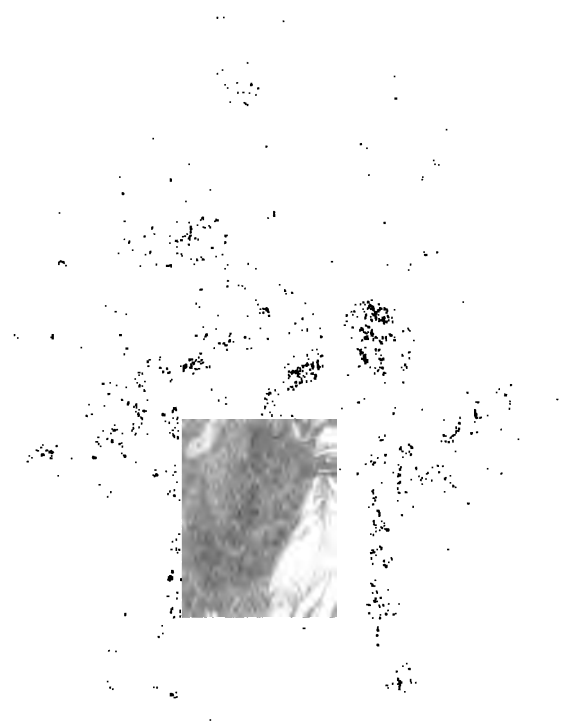
Then they put out their claws and tried to catch him, but he rapped them over the knuckles with his stick, and they howled miserably, and passed on as if a storm was behind them.

The Prince breathed freely again, but scarcely had he been there another minute, before a second ship came with many worse and bigger imps than in the other; they made music much louder than in the other ship, so that he was obliged to stop his ears up. They sang—

“ The time and hour are come and past,
Sail with us in our ship so fast.”

But when they stretched out their claws to him, he beat them over the knuckles so soundly that they shouted with pain, and the ship went on like an arrow from a bow.

Now the Prince had quite recovered his courage after sending off the two ships full of imps, and he thought himself able to free himself from a third, if it should come. A third did not come, but his *courage was to be tried more than ever.* For a





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THE IRON-BOOTS.

golden carriage came rolling along, with horses of fire, and music was playing inside, and on the top sat the Evil One. He roared out—

“The time has come when you must go
And suffer the bitterest pains below.”

Then the Evil One leaned out of the carriage to seize the Prince, but he belaboured him so soundly with his stick, that he dropped the paper the King had signed, and the Prince picked it up and tore it to bits. The horses snorted fire, and the carriage rolled away faster than the lightning.

So there was the Prince alone in the forest again, but his heart was gay and merry, and the forest was lively too; like after a heavy storm, all the little birds came out again and sang their jubilee, the stags and does pranced about merrily, as if not a bit afraid of him, and the brooks babbled over the white flint-stones. The Prince came rushing back to his teacher, who awaited him with a sad heart, and who was very glad to see him again.

“You are intended for great and high things,” said he; “and you must not stay with me any longer, but go forth into the world.”

The Prince answered, that now he had beaten the Evil One, he would like to go and see the Happy Kingdom; and he begged the priest to tell him the way there.

“I cannot tell you much about it,” said the priest; “but if you go into the wood, to the great lake on the other side, you will find a hermit there who can tell you more than I can.”

Then the Prince said farewell to the priest, and set forth into the forest. After walking along for several

days, it began to grow lighter and lighter, and the forest became more open ; and at last he came to a great water, where he could not see the other side. On the shore was a little hut of wood and moss, with a small cross upon it ; and he went and knocked at the door. The door opened, and the hermit, who had a long white beard, came out. The Prince greeted him with respect, and asked if he could direct him to the Happy Kingdom. The hermit replied, "No ; I can tell you nothing about it. I have been living here for three hundred years, and nobody ever came this way ; but my brother, who lives three hundred miles off, knows all about it. If you cross the water and see him, he 'll tell you."

"But how shall I get over the water ? " asked the Prince.

And the hermit went down to the shore with him, where there was a boat, and said, "Get into that, and you will soon be over."

The Prince thanked the good man, got into the boat, and began the voyage. The boat went lightly and smoothly over the waves, as if six oarsmen had been pulling, and as if the wind had been blowing into full sails. Before he had time to think about it, the Prince was right over the water, and he sprang to the shore. He went merrily along again until he came to another piece of water, as large as the former. On the shore was another little hut of wood and moss, with a small cross on the top, and inside there sat the hermit, with his white beard and brown dress, reading a large book. The prince greeted him, and inquired if he could tell him the way to the Happy Kingdom. The hermit said, "I cannot tell you. I have been living *here for three hundred years*, and haven't seen any

one all that time. My brother, who lives on the other side of that lake, is older and wiser than I am, and I have no doubt that he can tell you, if you ask him."

"How shall I get across the water?" asked the Prince.

"Get into that boat," said the hermit, "and you will soon be over."

So the Prince went over in the boat, and it went just like the other one did—so fast! In a little while it came to land, and the Prince got out. The house of the third hermit he soon saw in the distance, for it was larger and taller than the others. The Prince went to the door and knocked, and the hermit came out. After respectfully greeting him, "Can you tell me," said he, "the way to the Happy Kingdom?"

The hermit replied, "I have now been living here three hundred years, but nobody ever yet asked me the way to the Happy Kingdom. I cannot tell you," he continued; "but in the upper story of the house there live a great number of birds; they can tell you, I'm sure."

The Prince thanked the hermit for his good advice, went up-stairs where the birds were, and asked them if they knew the way to the Happy Kingdom. Then the birds all screamed out together, "No! we do not know it, but we are not all here. The great bird Grip is gone out: when he comes he will be able to tell you, for he is there himself at present."

The Prince was impatient enough until the bird came, and all the while there was such a screaming and a screeching among the birds, that he was obliged to hold his ears. At last they screamed, "Here he comes! Here he comes!" The Prince came to the

window, and saw something like a great cloud moving through the sky, growing bigger and bigger, and making as much wind as a storm. This was the great bird Grip. He flew up to the house, and alighted before it. The Prince went up to him, and asked him if he could tell him how to get to the Happy Kingdom. "I certainly *can* tell you," said the bird; "but that wouldn't be of much use. You can't get in either by land or sea. But I will help you, and carry you in." The Prince wanted to thank him; but before he could speak, the bird seized him in his immense claws, and flew up with him higher and higher, until he landed him in the Happy Kingdom.

The Prince looked round quite delighted. He was standing in a beautiful garden, full of the most blooming flowers and trees; in the middle stood a grand palace, which shone in the sun like pure gold. Before the palace was a great, great pond, and in it lay a long, ugly, terrible serpent. Others would have died of fright at this; but the Prince had long forgotten what fear was. He went boldly up to the pond, and looked at the serpent; and it lifted its head out of the water, looked at him with cunning eyes, and said, "Prince, I have long been waiting for you, for you are to deliver me, and no one else; for no one else can."

The Prince asked how it was to be done.

The serpent answered, "You must sleep for three nights in yonder palace. All sorts of things will take place around you, but you need not be afraid whatever happens. If you can do this I shall be saved, and we shall be happy all our lives."

The Prince willingly promised to do his best, for he thought that if he had managed to endure so much, *he might easily* do the same for three nights more.

The serpent gave him all sorts of advice, and then put her head into the water, dived down, and was gone.

Then the Prince walked about the garden to look at the wonderful flowers and trees, and came at last to the palace. He went in, and in the handsomest room of all was an elegant dinner set out. So he took the chair, and didn't he just eat a hearty meal! But the funny part of it was, that the more he ate, the more dishes there came to the table, carried by invisible hands. At night he went to bed; but he could not sleep, for he was too curious to know what would happen in the night time.

About twelve o'clock the door opened, and a great number of splendidly dressed ladies and gentlemen came in. A great many servants, with lights, went before them, and a band of music came last, playing merry dance tunes. What fun it was! The Prince looked at them with astonishment, as they were dancing and jumping, but he took care not to dance and jump with them. Then they all came to his bedside, one after another, and asked him to dance too, and to be merry; but he pretended not to see or hear them, and lay as still as a mouse. That lasted until one o'clock, when the whole vanished. The great serpent came in at this moment, and said, "Prince, you are my deliverer; two more nights and we shall be happy for evermore."

In the next night it had scarcely struck twelve, when the same company came in, with their servants and musicians, and began dancing again. They came to his bed, and kept calling to him to come and dance with them; but he lay still and didn't listen to them. Then they began to threaten him; but when he remained quiet, they pulled him out of bed, beat him,

and kicked him; but he didn't make the least resistance, for he could not feel anything. And so things went on until it was one o'clock, when the whole company disappeared again. The serpent came in again, and said to the Prince, "Prince, my deliverer, one more night you will have to bear, and it will be the hardest of all. But do not be afraid, for no one can hurt you."

The Prince waited courageously for the next night. When midnight struck, the weird folk appeared again, and began the old game. At first they danced alone, and then they tried to make him dance with them. As he was quite determined, however, and would not stir, they pulled him out of bed and beat him; and when that was of no use they cut him into pieces, and danced upon him until the clock struck one. Then they all vanished like smoke. At the same instant the door opened, and there came in—not the serpent, but a beautiful Princess. She went about the room and picked up the pieces and stuck them together. When that was quite finished, the Prince jumped up as well as ever he was, and looked at the Princess with astonishment. Then she said, "Prince, my deliverer, you have now finished what you undertook, and I am yours for ever. Now we will remain together, and you will have all your heart can desire."

Then the Prince embraced her, and kissed her, and they were both glad and happy. She led him all round the palace, and there were plenty of servants and courtiers in attendance, you may be sure. After she had shown him the palace, she took him into the beautiful garden, where everything was much more beautiful than before; the only place she passed by *was a small garden-house*, which she did not unlock.

The Prince asked her what was inside the garden-house ; but she said, " Do not ask me, and do not unlock it if you love me ; for if you do so, it will be a great misfortune." Then he did not ask any more, and promised her never to look into it.

So they lived very happily for some time ; but after a while the Prince could not help looking at the garden-house as he passed it, and every day made him more curious to know what there might be inside. He did not tell the Princess, for he was ashamed to begin to ask her again about it, after giving her his promise not to look into it. When he was alone in the garden he went round and round the house, to see if there were a crack in the wall through which he might look, but the windows and doors were quite close. But at last he could not keep his curiosity under any longer, but went up and unlocked the door boldly. And he looked deep, deep down into the world, and he saw his father's palace below. From that time he was in the greatest distress, and he kept thinking, " Oh if I were but at home again ! If I were but at home ! "

For a long time he kept his wish secret, for he was very sorry that he had broken his promise ; but every day he got more dull and miserable. Then his wife asked him one morning what was the matter, and could she help him ?

" I should like," sighed he, " to see my parents again : I haven't seen them for such a long time."

Then she sighed deeply and said, " Then you have not kept your promise. But, as it cannot be otherwise, go and see them ; but remember this, that when you want me call me by name, and I shall be *with you that moment*. Take care, however, not

to do it unless you are in difficulty, or it might bring both you and me into trouble, and end in misfortune."

The Prince promised her everything in his joy, and began to talk of how soon he would be back. Then he said, "Good-by," got into a splendid carriage with six horses, and set out on his journey.

When he came to his father's castle, he found everything very much altered. His dear mother was dead, and his father had got another wife, who was very young and very beautiful. The old King was overjoyed to see his dear son again after so long a time, and he made a great feast upon the occasion of his return. When all the guests were at table, and the young Queen sat there in her beauty, the King said, "You have been about the world a good deal now, and have no doubt seen many beautiful women. Now tell me truly, did you ever see so lovely a woman as my wife is?"

The Prince said, "There are probably very few who equal her; but I know one who is ten thousand times more beautiful."

"That's impossible," cried the King, "and no one will believe it without seeing her. I should like to know where she is to be found."

The King was very angry, and insisted that if what the Prince said was true he would have brought her with him.

So they kept arguing and disputing more and more, until the Prince, angry at his word being doubted, called her by name. Then the beautiful woman came in, and everyone was struck dumb with *astonishment* at her beauty. She was very pale and *sad, however*, and came silently up to the table, and

wrote these words with her snowy finger upon the table in letters of gold, "More easily may you wear iron boots into holes, than get back to the Happy Kingdom."

And when she had written this she sighed deeply, and disappeared. The Prince was quite shocked to see her come in so pale and sad, and he was very sorry for what he had done. And when he found that he had lost his dear wife by his foolishness he was quite miserable, and not to be comforted. But he soon plucked up his courage, and said to himself, "For what I have done ill I will do penance;" and he went out of the palace without saying farewell to anyone. And all the guests were so overcome by the appearance that they had lost all wish to eat and drink more, and crept away home in silence.

The Prince went to a smith, whom he told to forge a pair of iron boots for him, and with these he walked forth to journey through the world. For years and years he went on and on from land to land, from town to town, and scarcely gave himself a moment's rest. No summer sun shone too hot upon him, no snow-flake was too bitter in its sting, no mountain had a pathway too steep, no rock was too sharp for him not to meet and endure. For ever and for ever he walked restless on his way, and there was no peace for him.

When, after a very hard, cold, bitter winter, the sun came forth to warm the world again, he looked at his boots to see if they would not soon be worn through, and he found that the soles were so thin that they would scarcely last a week longer. This was the first happy hour he had spent since that sorrowful day, and he thanked God upon his knees for His goodness. He set out at once for the forest

at the end of which the hermit lived. He begged him to give him a passage over the lake again, and the good hermit gave it him at once. And so he got on by the second and the third hermit, who sent him to the birds again. In a little while Bird Grip came flying along; and when the Prince begged him he took him in his claws, and flew away with him once more to the Happy Kingdom. As they were going along the Prince asked after the Princess.

Then said the bird, "Ever since you left, she has been very sad, but she is now going to marry again."

The poor Prince was perfectly wretched at this, and he begged the bird to fly faster, that he might still be in time.

When the Prince came to the palace, beautiful music came floating and surging towards him on the breeze, and everything was joy and delight. He crept quietly through the gate, and up to the room of his dear wife. When there he pulled off his torn boots of iron, and put them down by the door, and wrote beside them, "Iron boots may be worn through, and the Happy Kingdom may be regained."

Then he went into a dark corner close by.

In the evening, when the Princess was going to her room, she struck her foot against the iron boots. Joyfully she raised her head, and read what he had written beside them, and she saw that her dear Prince had returned, and went into her room full of delight. When the Prince saw that she loved him still, he called one of the servants, and, discovering himself, bade him be dumb; and he went off to his own room, but never slept all night for joy.

Next day a great dinner was cooked at the Princess's desire, and all the wedding guests were bidden.

When the dessert was on table, the Princess rose and said, "I have got an iron chest, in which I keep my pearls and diamonds. By some carelessness I lost the key. I looked for it a long time, and when I could not find it I sent to the smith and had a new key made. Now I have found the old key again; and I should like to know whether you think I should use the old or the new key?"

"Of course the old key," cried all the guests.

Then the door opened, and the Prince came in, and all the guests thronged forward to welcome him except the new bridegroom. He crept quietly away, and no one ever heard of him again.

But the Princess nestled her head upon her dear husband's bosom, and I don't think that in the whole universe there was a happier couple.

The Story of the Swan Lady.

IN France there lived a young huntsman, who was the best shot in the whole country; and one day he went into the wood in the evening, and could not get a shot. At last he came into the wilderness, and found a great lake, on which a beautiful swan was swimming, and she was whiter than ever he had seen a swan before. He took aim with his crossbow, and was just going to shoot, when a voice cried, "Don't shoot, for your life!" He was frightened, and lowered his bow; but soon after he took aim again, but he heard the same words again, "Don't shoot, for your life!" A third

time he lifted his bow, and thought, "This time I will shoot, call who may." But before he had shot there was, instead of the swan, a beautiful lady floating on the water, who said to him, "You will deliver me and be happy, if you will pray for me every Sunday for a year, and never speak of my beauty." After saying this, she disappeared; but the lad went home astonished, and prayed every Sunday for the beautiful lady.

When the year was nearly at an end, it happened that the King of France ordered a great hunting party to assemble, and he proclaimed at the same time that whoever was the best shot should marry the Princess. All the huntsmen in the whole country came together, and among them our friend. But he won the trial; and as he was the best man, he was to marry the Princess of France. This was a great trouble to him, for he thought of the beautiful lady, and he did not wish to marry anyone else.

"I will give up my place to another," said he; but when the King pressed him very hard about being so foolish as not to accept the honour, he forgot himself, and said he had a bride a thousand times more beautiful than the daughter of the King of France. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the Swan Lady stood before him, looking at him sadly, and saying, "Had you not said anything about my beauty, you would have delivered me. You must seek me now in the Glass Mountain."

Then he was very sorry, and took his bundle, and set out on his journey to the Glass Mountain. He was a long, long time on the road, when one day he came into a deep dark forest, where he wandered about for three *days and three nights*, until he came to a lonely mill

on the fourth morning. A man came out of the mill, and asked him what he wanted, and said, that he was the miller of the Glass Mountain, and had not seen anybody for seven hundred years. Then the huntsman said, "If you are the miller of the Glass Mountain, you can tell me how to get into it."

"That you cannot do," replied the miller; but when the huntsman would not let him rest, he at last promised to help him in. He went into the mill, and fetched out a goat all saddled and bridled, and told him to get on his back, for that was the only way to reach the Glass Mountain. Then he got on his back; but the goat no sooner felt the weight than he began to jump up and down, through forest and thicket, over road and path, quicker than the best racehorse, and he went so quick, indeed, that the rider could neither see nor hear. And so he went on close to the Glass Mountain; but when he got there, he shook his rider off, and galloped off home again as fast as ever he could.

Near the Glass Mountain there was a pure spring of bright water, and as the huntsman was thirsty after his long ride, he thought to himself what a nice thing a draught of it would be before going on to the mountain. So he stooped down to the water, and was just going to fill his drinking-horn, when a voice cried out, "Do not drink, for your life!" He was astonished, and stopped a while; but when he felt very thirsty again, he filled his horn, and drank. Then he fell down, and went to sleep, as if he never intended to wake again. While he was lying there, the beautiful Swan Lady came, and stood beside him. She was very angry at his disobedience, and took his sword out of its sheath, and was going to kill him, when a feeling of pity came over her, and she had mercy upon him.

and she thought, "He may yet save me." Then she disappeared, and he was saved for that once again. But before she left him, she wrote upon the scabbard of his sword these words, "Had you not drank of the water, you might have delivered me; now you must find me in the Dark Land."

The Glass Mountain had vanished, and he could not find out where it was. And when he read the words she left behind, he wished himself dead, was angry beyond measure with himself, and wondered how it was possible for him to discover the Dark Land. He set forth briskly on his journey again, and made up his mind not to rest, until he found the Dark Land.

He had to travel further than the first time, up the mountain, and down the dale, until at last he got into a great dark wood. After wandering about in it for three whole days he found another mill, with a solitary miller, who had seen nobody for seven hundred years.

"If you are the miller of the Dark Land," said the hunter, "you can perhaps tell me how I can get into it."

"You never can get into the Dark Land," replied the miller; but when he was very pressing, he promised the huntsman that he would help him.

"To-morrow the great bird Grip will come," said he, "and will fetch a cask of flour for the Dark Land, and he must take you with him."

So the huntsman remained in the mill all night, but the next morning the miller told him to creep into a great tub of flour, and wait for the bird. In a little while, there was a great noise in the air, and the bird came flying along, took the cask of flour in his claws, and flew away with it. After some time he stopped and put down his burden, for he had arrived in the

Dark Land. The huntsman soon found that they were not going any further, and cut his way out with his sword. It was as dark as a sack all round him, but at a little distance he heard the noise of running water; he crept after the noise on his hands and feet, and at last came to a bridge which led over the water, and when he was on the other side, he observed a light in the distance, which he walked on to reach.

He had to go a long distance before he was near enough to the light to tell what it actually was; he came at last into a dark valley in which two women were walking. One of them carried a light, and when he came near he saw it was the Swan Lady, and she was walking about with her maid gathering dry wood.

When she saw the huntsman, she bade him welcome joyfully, and begged him to go with her, if he had the courage and will to help her out of the Dark Land, to which she had been condemned by his disobedience. He promised this faithfully, and she led him to her chamber, and told him to stand before the door, and not to move, happen what might. At twelve o'clock the spirits of the Dark Land came and began to plague him, and to pinch and pull him about, but he did not move, but pretended to be fast asleep. And so they went on for an hour, but at one they all vanished like smoke.

The huntsman was sore and bruised in every limb, but the Swan Lady anointed him with a particular ointment, which made him quite well in a moment; then she praised him for standing the first trial so well, and gave him wine and all sorts of delicacies to strengthen him.

The next night the spirits came again, and although

he was more courageous, the trial was harder. They cut him up into pieces, and brought in a great cauldron of boiling oil, and were just going to throw him in, when the clock struck. The Swan Lady then came and cured him like the first time.

The last night was, however, the worst of any, for after cutting him up into small pieces without getting one groan from him, they brought in a great gallows, and were just putting the rope round his neck, when the clock struck, and a great thunder-clap told that the trial was over.

Before he knew what had happened, he found himself in the open air, and the Swan Lady beside him; and when he took her home to France, the King was obliged to confess that she was more beautiful than his own daughter.

The Pipe.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who was very fond of having fine tall soldiers. Among his troops there was one man so especially tall and fine, that the King never gave him a day's leave of absence; but, on the other hand, he had money and food to no end. The soldier was not at all dissatisfied with this, but he drank and spent so much money, that in about half a year there was nothing left in the treasury.

Then the King saw that it would not do, and that he was fast becoming a poor man. He gave the *soldier his discharge*, and some money for his journey,

which the King had to borrow from the old Queen, and he gave him a pass also. As he didn't think much of saving, the money was gone before he knew anything about it; and he found, when he turned out his pocket, that he had nothing but a fourpenny-piece left. While he was lounging along the road, two travellers came the same way, and they happened to have no money left either. Then the one said to the other, "Do you see that soldier? perhaps he's got some money. Let us see if he'll give us any."

Then they went up to him and said that they were poor travellers, and would he not give them something.

"Ah, if I only had anything myself," answered the soldier; "here is my last fourpenny-piece; but come, we will divide it amongst us."

This they did in the next village, where they stayed the whole day, and slept at an inn all three of them.

When the soldier was going to take leave of his comrades the next morning, one of them said, "As you have such a good heart, choose three things, and you shall have them."

The soldier was very delighted at this, and he said, "Then give me a grenadier's cap and Minié rifle; then a knapsack and outfit; and, lastly, a pair of good boots and spurs."

"You shall have them," said the traveller; but his companion was vexed that the soldier had not chosen anything better, and gave him a pipe besides, which, when played on, made everybody dance that heard it. Then they said farewell to each other, and every one went on his way.

After a long journey, the soldier came into a kingdom where begging was forbidden on pain of death.

But he did beg, and so was put into prison, where, however, he wasn't at all put out, because he knew it would not last long. And he was not mistaken. In the city there was an enchanted palace where no one had ever ventured to pass a night without losing their lives. The King was very desirous of living there, so he had the soldier led before him, and said to him, "Now, pay attention to what I am going to say. If you will sleep in the enchanted palace and drive out the ghosts, I will not only set you free, but give you my daughter for a wife."

"I am quite ready," said the soldier, "if you will give me plenty to eat and drink."

"You shall not want for that," replied the King.

"And I must have some good tobacco and a pipe," said the soldier; and the King promised him that too.

In the evening the soldier was led to the palace, and the door was shut, and he was left there after giving him everything that he wanted. He was very merry, and ate and drank, and made himself comfortable; and after a good meal sat himself down in his great chair. At midnight there was a great noise, and in came a great armed man, who trod the floor like the white statue in "Don Giovanni."

"Aha! you're a smart fellow!" said the soldier, and took his pipe and played tune after tune, so that the ghost had to dance like mad, and he began to cry out for mercy, and promised to go away directly.

"No," said the soldier, "you haven't danced enough yet! Go on again!"

Then the poor ghost began jumping and dancing again, until the ghost thought that he would have died.

Then he cried out in a weak voice, "Stop now: I

cannot do this any longer. Let me off, and I'll promise never to come into the castle again."

"Then out of the window with you!" shouted the soldier, and he gave him such a kick that he flew fifty miles through the air before he touched the ground.

The soldier then shut the window, and went to sleep very comfortably.

Next day the King came to see how the soldier was. He expected to have found him dead, like all the other people; but he found him snoring like fifty thousand snapping turtles. Nobody was better pleased at this than the King himself. He woke up the soldier, took him away to his palace, and the wedding took place that moment. The soldier was quite delighted, and he lived in the utmost luxury until his dying day. Then he ordered the Princess to bury him with all his uniform and things, just as he came to the King's palace. But she thought that it didn't do for a Prince to be buried in a private's dress, and so had him buried in a beautiful general's uniform, with orders and stars. But then the soldier came every night to her bedside, and called out, "I will have my things! I will have my things!" For amongst the things that he valued and put in his knapsack, there was his pipe; and he never rested till he got that, and then he was quiet for evermore. You see he was fond of music.

The Bird Phoenix.

THERE was once a King who was ill, and all the wise and learned doctors, after holding a long consultation, came and said that unless he heard the Phoenix sing he would certainly die. The King had three sons, whom he called around him, and said to them, "Whoever brings to me the Phoenix shall have the kingdom." Then they all set forth, and stayed together until they came to a tree standing at a cross road. They all cut their names on the tree, and made a compact that whoever came back to the tree first should wait for the others, that they might all go home to their father together. They each went on their way.

When the eldest had gone a little distance, he met a bear, who asked him, "Where are you going?"

"What's that to you," growled the Prince, and went on his way; but the bear growled too, and let him go.

The second had also not gone very far, when the same bear came along, and said, "Where are you going?"

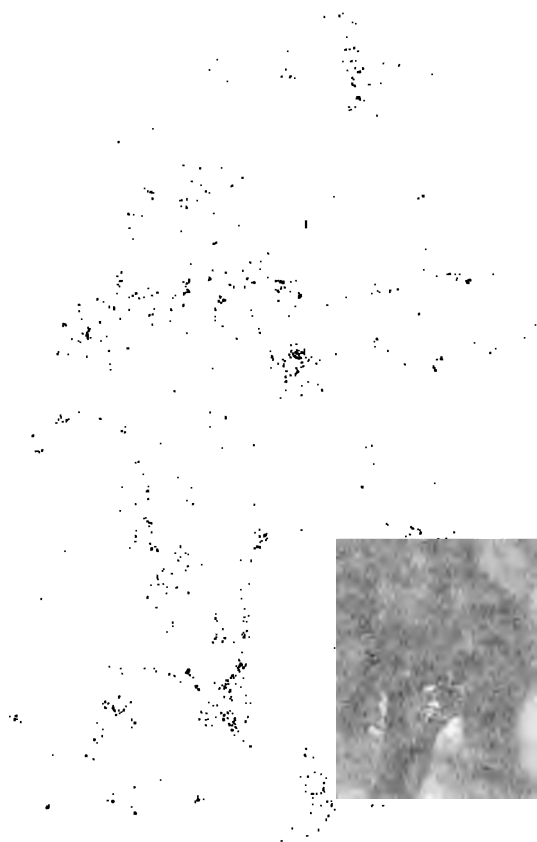
"Mind your own business," said the uncivil Prince, and went on.

The bear growled, and let him go.

The third, who was the youngest, also met the bear, and the bear asked him, "Where are you going?"

Then the young man answered, "My father is ill, and cannot be made well again if he does not hear the Phoenix sing. I and my brothers have therefore gone out to fetch it."

"Never mind the others," said the bear; "depend upon me, and get up on my back."



THE FUTURE

It is not possible to predict the future of the world with any accuracy. The only thing that is certain is that the world will continue to change. The only way to ensure a better future is to work for it now.

The future is not a destination, it is a direction. We must choose the direction we want to go in, and then we must have the courage to follow it.

The future is not a mystery, it is a choice. We must choose to be the authors of our own future, and not just the victims of it.

The future is not a dream, it is a reality. We must work hard to make our dreams come true, and not just wish for them.

The future is not a promise, it is a possibility. We must work to make our possibilities into realities, and not just hope for them.

The future is not a gift, it is a responsibility. We must take responsibility for our future, and not just blame it on others.



THE PHOENIX.

He did this, and the bear began to run so that the Prince almost lost his senses, he ran so fast. This went on for twelve hours, and about the middle of the night they came to a great city.

There the bear stopped and said, "In this city lives the King who owns the Phoenix. Go into the palace, and offer your services to him; and see that you get into the house where the birds are kept; there you will see the Phoenix in a wooden cage, and you must carry him away in it. Don't put him in another, or you will regret it."

The Prince did as the bear told him. He went into the King's service, and became Deputy-Assistant-Sub-Cleaner of Cages. But as he was very clever, he got higher and higher in office, until, after the death of the chief Bird-Doctor, he got his place. Then he thought that it was a good opportunity to steal the Phoenix; and one day when the King was out hunting, he went into the house to carry out his intention. But when he had got the handsome bird in his hand, he thought the wooden cage was too poor a thing to keep so valuable an animal in; so he took a splendid golden cage, put the bird in it, and fled. But he had scarcely got outside the city gate before the bird began to cry out as if some one were cutting his throat. Then all the servants came running together, and the Prince was caught, and put into prison. Then he had time to think over his foolish deed. He was heartily sorry, and cried out, "Ah, dear bear, if I had only followed your advice!" At that moment the bear stood before him, and scolded him for his disobedience. The Prince begged him to assist him, and help him once more, and that he would never do anything but what he was told again.

“ We shall see,” said the bear. “ When you are led before the King to-morrow, tell him exactly how everything is, and that you wish to bring your father the bird Phoenix, to save his life ; and say that if he will give him to you, you will fetch him the most beautiful woman under the sun.” The Prince did so, and the King was satisfied, and let him go.

When he came out of the palace the bear was ready ; and after the Prince had mounted on his back, they went off like the wind again, and had twelve hours’ journey. Then they came to another city, handsomer and larger than the former one. The Prince got down from the bear’s back, and then the bear said, “ In this town there lives a King who has three daughters, and the youngest is the handsomest woman in the world. You must try and carry her off ; but you must take her in the old clothes she wears, and not give her handsome ones, or it will be worse for you.”

The Prince went into the palace and offered his services, and gradually became Prince Silver-Stick-in-Waiting. Then he thought it was time to carry off the Princess ; so he went and was just going to do so, when he began to think what a shame it was that she had such old, bad clothes. He took down some splendid dresses from the wall, and put them on her ; but this awoke her, and she began to call out ; and then the Prince got put in prison once more. Now he was very sorry again. “ O dear bear ! ” he cried. “ If I had only followed your advice ! ”

“ Well,” said the bear, who appeared at that moment, “ you’re saying that again, are you ? And yet you never pay the least attention to what I tell you. But I’ll help you once more, and there’s an

end. When the King sends for you to-morrow, tell him everything, and say that if he will give you the most beautiful woman under the sun, then you will bring him the fleetest horse."

The Prince did as he was told ; and the King said that should be law, and gave him liberty. The bear was at the city gate, and off they went again.

When they had made another twelve hours' journey, they stopped near a great city at midnight—a city twice as big as the last. Then the bear said, "Go into the town, and at the palace the King lives who has the fleetest horse. It is in the stable with the rest, and you may know it by its having a wooden saddle on, while all the others have golden ones and silver ones. But don't change the saddle on any account ; for if you do you'll be very foolish, and you will regret it all your life long, and I positively won't help you any more."

The Prince promised everything that the bear asked him, went to town, and offered his services to the King next day. He just happened to want a stable-boy, and the Prince exactly suited the place. He was very industrious, too, and swept the stable very neatly ; so that the King very soon made him head of the stables, and that was enough. One evening, when the King had a great feast, he went into the stable, and untied the fleet horse. But when he saw the wooden saddle upon the beautiful horse, he began to think what a pity it was that such a horse should be treated so badly ; and he took a golden saddle, and put it on the horse. But he had scarcely got the horse out of the stable when he began to curvet and paw, and called out, "Thieves ! thieves ! the stable-keeper is stealing me !" Then everyone in the castle came

running along, and the Prince was seized, and put in prison again. So that was all he got. Then he began to cry, and lament, and to sigh, "O dear bear, if I had only done as you told me."

But the bear had stopped his ears this time, and wouldn't come. When the Prince had been crying all day in this way, the bear stood before him again, and said angrily, "Didn't I tell you? Whoever won't listen must suffer, and if you won't take advice there is nothing to be done, and to-morrow you may marry the ropemaker's daughter."

Then the Prince embraced the bear and said, "Oh, you good bear! I pray you, be kind to me again, and forgive me this time, and I will really do everything you tell me."

"Tell that to the goslings: I won't believe it," said the bear, and was going away; but the Prince cried so bitterly that the good bear could not leave him, and said, "Well, I'll help you once more; but this is the last time. When you are brought up before the magistrate, tell the King you will give him the most precious stone for the fleetest horse."

Then the Prince was glad again, and thanked the good bear from his heart. When he was examined next day he did as the bear told him, and everything went well, for the King had long wished for the most precious stone. Then the Prince set off again with the bear.

In twelve hours they reached a high mountain, and the bear stopped there, and said to the Prince that the mountain would open soon, and remain open for an hour. "Then," continued he, "go in, and don't be afraid, no matter how many lions and tigers *may attack* you, for they cannot hurt you. When

you get to the end of the cave you will find the most precious stone on a little wooden stool. Take it, and come away quickly, and don't loiter by the other heap of precious stones, or else you will be done for, and I cannot help you any more, even if you only stay half a minute beyond the hour."

The Prince promised to do just as the bear told him; in a minute or two the mountain opened, and he went in. First there came a lion dashing up to him, but he would not be frightened and went on, while the lion ran away again. Then came tigers, wolves, bears, and all sorts of monsters; but he was not one bit afraid, and went on quickly to the stool at the end, and took the most precious stone in the world up and pocketed it. As he came back there were heaps and heaps of precious stones lying about, and he could not help stooping down and filling his pockets. He just got back to the top of the cavern, and there lay a most wonderful heap of diamonds. But when he stooped down to it, and was going to pick some up, he got a tremendous blow from an invisible hand, so that he flew out of the cavern some fifty feet. When he woke from a fainting fit the bear was sitting beside him, saying, "Now thank me for that box of the ear, for if I hadn't given it you, you would have been shut up in the cavern in another minute. Now, then, divide the precious stone, give the Koh-i-noor to the King and half of the others, then you will get the fleetest horse in the world."

The Prince did so, and the bear carried him back to the castle. He went in and gave the King the precious stones, and the King gave him the horse, and the Prince sped like an arrow from a bow to the

palace where lived the father of the most beautiful woman in the world. When he came to the gate he left his horse outside, went in and said, "Your Majesty, I have brought the fleetest horse in the world with me; come out with your daughter and see. I will give you a trial of his speed."

Then the King was very glad, and came out with the whole of his family, and his daughters stood by his side. The Prince jumped up and rode along by the King and to the Princesses, who stroked it and patted it. But when the Most Beautiful came forward to caress the horse, the Prince lifted her upon the horse, and the King might look after them through his fingers. At first the Princess was angry with the Prince; but when he told her how much he loved her, she was content, and declared that she would never have any other husband.

Then they came to the King who had the Phoenix, and they didn't know how to manage that they might remain together. They rode up to the palace, and the King came out and greeted them kindly. Then the Prince gave him the Most Beautiful, and took in exchange the Phoenix. But he had no sooner got possession of it than the Most Beautiful jumped upon the horse, and they went off again.

When they had got some distance farther the bear met them and said, "You have not done ill, but make haste to get home, and don't stay anywhere on any account, or you are lost." The Prince promised, thanked the bear, and went on his way very merrily; for had he not got everything that his heart could desire? The Most Beautiful, the Fleetest, the Phoenix, besides immeasurable possessions in precious stones.

So he came at last to the tree of meeting, and saw by the names that neither of his brothers had returned. As it was a very hot day he got very tired, and proposed to go sleep.

"Don't do that," said the Most Beautiful, "you know what the bear said."

"Oh, what does that matter?" said he, "if I do sleep a little;" and he lay down.

But as he was laying there his brothers came back, and they had brought nothing with them at all. When they saw him with the Phoenix, and the Fleetest, and the Most Beautiful, envy ate into their hearts, and they bound him and threw him into a lions' den; then they divided the things amongst them, and went home and brought their father the Phoenix.

All this while the Prince was lying in the lions' den, and knew what foolishness it was to go to sleep, for all his ribs were broken. "O dear bear, if I had only followed your advice," he cried; and the bear stood at that moment at the top of the den, and spoke to the lions that they should not hurt him.

Then he called out to him, "Well, what did I say? Now you're food for lions. I wish you a good appetite, gentlemen."

At this the Prince grew hot and cold, and he cried, "Oh, my dear good bear, I *was* so tired. Forgive me this once; you have such a good heart. And just recollect, the Most Beautiful will break her heart, and surely you won't allow such an injustice to be, and let my brothers triumph."

"Bah!" said the bear, "it's only justice," and pretended to go away, but he did not; and when the prince begged again he was softened, brought him

plenty to eat and drink, so that in a month he was quite well. Then the Prince got on his back, and the bear went away with him to his father's castle. There he dismounted, and the bear said, "Go in and see what you can do. I give you no more advice."

Then he went in and asked if anything was wanted in the way of a servant, and the housekeeper said, "Oh yes, we want a stable-boy. I was obliged to send mine away yesterday, and you can have his place."

"Very good," said the Prince, and went into the stable where the Fleetest was standing thin and ill, refusing to eat or to work. When the Prince saw him, he went and caressed him, and spoke kindly to him. The animal scarcely heard his voice before he became very merry, and pranced and curveted most nobly. The housekeeper was astonished, and went and told the King, who was very ill still, about it.

"I must see this man," said the King. Then the housekeeper led the new stable-help to him. The King did not know his son, he was so altered and so haggard from his illness; but he said to him, "As you have so soon cured my horse, see if you can do the same by the Phoenix in the cage yonder, where he will not sing, and the Most Beautiful, who sits in the window and will not speak. If you can do this, I will give you a thousand pounds."

Then he went to the Phoenix and said, "Phoenix, sing to me." And the bird sang so sweetly that the King was well directly, and jumped out of bed. Then the Prince went to the Most Beautiful and said, "Tell the King who I am, and who you are."

Then she began to tell the King everything, just as

it happened; and when the King heard that the stable-boy was his youngest son, he fell upon his neck, and there was joy and delight everywhere.

"Now, tell me," said the King, "what is to be done with your brothers?"

"Give them an outfit, and send them to Australia to the diggings," said the Prince; and as soon as this was done, the wedding took place, and the whole kingdom was given over to the Prince.

After some time his wife had a beautiful little son, and then there was nothing more wanting to finish his delight. When he was sitting one day with her and the child at the window, he saw the bear coming in the distance. The King was very glad of that, went and met him, and had a great feast prepared.

But the bear said, "I don't care a bit about that."

"Well, then," said the Prince, "say what you would like to have and you shall have it."

"Will you really give me whatever I ask?" asked the bear; and it was promised him. "Very well," said the bear, "then give me your child,—but first cut it in two with your sword, that I may eat it more easily."

Then the King and Queen fell down on their knees and begged him to ask for anything but that, but the bear would not hear of anything else.

"If you won't hear of anything else," said the King, "we must give him to you, for we owe you everything."

His wife, although she cried very bitterly, said the same, and laid the child upon the table; but just as he was going to cut it in two with his sword, the bear's skin fell off, and he was turned into a handsome Prince.

“ Now I am delivered,” said he, and the three were glad, and the more joyful from having been sad. The Prince stayed some days with them, and then went home, sold his kingdom, and built a palace just opposite that of his friends, and they all lived in great peace and harmony, as they may be doing now.

The Story of the Merchant's Son.

THERE was once upon a time a rich merchant, who chiefly traded with Turkey, and who had an only son. Every year he sent a great ship to the Levant, and when it returned, it was always full of the most precious goods. When he had become an old man, and could not make sea voyages any more, he thought he might try what his son could do, and send him for once instead.

The young merchant had a fine ship, a great purse of money, and plenty of good advice to take with him. But one special warning his father gave him, which was, to abstain from trading in human flesh in any way.

He set sail with a fair wind, and dropped anchor in Turkey. Then he put his purse in his pocket, and went to the town to see what good things he might buy. Under the gate were standing a number of people; and when he came up to them, he saw the body of a black slave, whose master had put him there *because he would die instead of working, and because*

the old Turk did not know how to expose him to a greater shame, than leaving his body in such a place. As the young man had a very good heart, he went and asked if he could not buy the poor slave's body to bury it honestly. At first the bad old Turk would not hear of it; but when the young man kept asking him for it, and offered him all the money he had got, he gave way.

You may fancy how angry the old merchant was, when his son came back with an empty ship, and told him what he had bought with his money. He swore never to send him out on a voyage again; but after a year his wife had so persuaded him, that he sent his son again. When he got back and went into the city, there he found a beautiful garden, where a most lovely woman was confined. He asked her how she came there; and she told him how she had been taken by a pirate at sea, and sold to a Turk; she was well cared for, certainly, but still she was a slave. He ran at once to her master, and asked him what he would take for the lady, no matter how much. It was no use for a long time, however; but at last they agreed upon such a price, that he was obliged to sell his ship, and give all the money he had, except about as much as to pay his passage in another ship with his wife. They got home; but he did not dare to meet his father. He hired a lodging with a friend, and sent word privately to his mother, that he had come back. His mother was very kind, and sent the young couple food and money, and at a good opportunity she told her husband about it. But he would not have anything to say to his son. Then the young wife gave her husband ten shillings, and told him to buy certain things with it; and when he brought them, she locked

herself in her room for a week, and told him that he must not come near her all that time. When the week was at an end, she had embroidered a splendid dressing-gown, and she sent him to market with it, telling him not to sell it for less than five hundred pounds.

As he sat in the market-place, there was quite a throng to see this beautiful thing. The old merchant came down, too, and the thing pleased him so much, that he offered his son six hundred pounds for it; but he said, "If you will not have me, you shan't have the dressing-gown;" and that was an end to their friendship. When he had sold the dressing-gown to another person, he brought the money to his wife, and told her that everything was at an end between himself and his father.

Then she sent him out for a pound's worth of things, and remained alone for a fortnight. When the time was at an end, she said to him, "I have been with you to your people, come now with me to mine." They hired a ship; but the young lady fetched a flag she had been embroidering, with an account of who she was, and what she had been doing. The flag was nailed to the mast, that everybody might see it who passed.

Now I must tell you, however, that she was a Princess. Her father had three most beautiful daughters, but they had all been stolen from him; and for three years her father's ships had been sailing about the world seeking them. One of these ships came along, and saw the flag, and sailed up directly. The Princess and her husband went on board of it, and off they went home as fast as ever they could sail.

The captain and chief officers of the vessel, however, were three great scoundrels; they wished to have *the reward for the safety of the Princess themselves,*

and so they agreed to throw the young merchant overboard as soon as it was dark, while he was asleep.

But no sooner had he touched the water, than a great black fellow was beside him, holding him so that he could not sink; but he was very much frightened, for he thought that some evil spirit had got him. In the morning the black put him back on board, and when his wife was sitting there lamenting at what the three scoundrels were telling her, that he had fallen overboard in the night by accident, the door opened, and he walked in, quite well. The three murderers thought that he had somehow climbed up again, and pretended to be very glad that he was safe. But this time they laid a trap for him, so that he fell through a hole into the water, and did not come back again. Then they went on with a fair wind, until they got to the dominions of the King. The old King was very delighted, and asked who had saved his daughter?

"We have done it, your Majesty," said the murderers; and as they had made the Princess swear that she would not tell anything, they became great men, and the richest of the three was to marry the Princess. When she saw that it must be, she begged for a year's respite; and when the time was gone, she said she was willing to marry that one amongst them who would have the bridal chambers painted according to her idea. All the painters in the world were now summoned together, but none could do right: she always said, "It was not according to her idea."

Now we must see what has become of the merchant.

When he fell into the water the second time, the black had seized him by the arm again, and carried him off through the air. As they were going along, he told him that he saw very well how badly things

were going, but he might still be saved, if he would give him the first child that his wife bore him upon its twelfth birthday. In his distress, the merchant promised anything, and was only glad that matters were not worse. The black flew away with him for a long time, and at last landed him near a warm moss hut, far, far away on the stony shore of the ocean.

There he lay, and was hungry and thirsty; and he began to wish for a chop and a pint of stout, in Cornhill, or a kabob and some sherbet, with a good narghilly, at Buyuderé. And he had thought about these things, and there they all were. And everything that he desired came in the same way. So he lived for a year, and ate and drank of the best, and stared at the sea. At the end of this time, the black came, and asked him if he would become cream-tart baker in a great city? He did not know anything about baking, as he had never studied it; but in order to get away from the solitary hut, he consented, and the black flew away with him again, and put him down before the door of a baker who just happened to want a journeyman. Now, as the merchant had had a long journey, of course he was a journeyman, and just suited the baker. He went to work directly, and he managed so well, that he was soon celebrated as the most excellent baker in the town. The King heard of it, too; and as he was very much pleased with the baker and his goods, he said that as he knew how to adorn his tarts and cakes so well with verses and pictures, perhaps he was able to paint his daughter's bridal rooms according to her idea.

He was very ready to do this, and painted the three rooms in a most beautiful way; and in the third he *painted the whole account of the way in which he had*

released the Princess, and how he had been betrayed. When he had finished, and was gone home, the Princess came with all the court to see. In the first room she was astonished, in the second she said that it was finished quite right, and when she saw the pictures in the third room she fainted away. When she came to herself, she fell at her father's feet weeping and crying, and saying that no one could have painted those pictures but her real deliverer and husband; and she could not keep her oath, and told everything.

The King went into the room, and saw at once how he had been deceived; and he had the bad men put to death that hour. In the castle, however, there was a great festival, and the whole country was to rejoice also, for the merchant had got his dear wife again, and the kingdom too.

From that day he lived in the greatest happiness possible; his parents were fetched, and the Princess had a beautiful little son, to which the old merchant was godfather; and it grew up into a handsome little Prince. But when the child was ten years old, the father mourned; for he thought of the promise he had made to the black, when he was flying away with him through the air.

Of course he always thought—better a King in a palace than a beggar in a hut; but when the child had passed its eleventh birthday, he couldn't stand it any longer, and told his wife everything. She was much more miserable about it than he was; and they laid the boy between them in bed, every night, to be sure of it.

When the last night had come and twelve o'clock struck, three knocks came to the window. The parents jumped out of bed amidst tears and sighs, and the father held the child out of the window. Outside

there stood the black, and asked him who he thought he really was? Did he think that he was an evil spirit?

Then said the black, "No, I am he whose body you buried in Turkey so kindly, and to preserve you I have stayed above ground until now. Keep your child, and think of me while I sleep in the dust."

The Emperor's Son and his Godfather.

THE Emperor Joseph was very old, and had got no children. Then he said one day in his sorrow, that if he got a son, the poorest man he could find should be godfather to it—and see! in less than a year he had a little son. Then he went out to find a godfather for him; and as he found nothing but gentlefolks, he went out through the gates and walked into the wood beyond. There he found a poor old man, with white hair, dressed in a very ragged dress; and the Emperor asked him if he would become godfather to his child, and what his name was.

"My name is Joseph," said the old man, "and I am very willing to become the boy's godfather."

Then the Emperor was very glad, and took the old man with him to his palace, and when the christening was over, he gave him plenty of money, and said that when that was spent, he need only come again. The old man was very thankful, and said adieu to the Emperor, who never saw or heard anything of him after.

When the Emperor's son grew older, he became *very fond* of hunting. One day he was trying a

wood for sport, when his godfather met him. He greeted him, and asked if he was able to shoot well yet?

"Certainly," said the Prince; and as a number of stags were passing, he shot, but not one fell.

"You cannot shoot," said the godfather: "I will teach you." And he gave him a book, and said that he need do nothing but just lay it under his waistcoat; then he would hit everything, and have such strength that nobody could overcome him. At the same time he gave him a sword, which, although it was heavy, was very light in his hand, and with which he might be certain of victory anywhere; but at the same time he warned him not to tell what he got his strength from, or it would be worse for him.

"Thirdly," said the godfather, "I give you the right to call for me under any circumstances, and I shall always be with you."

The Prince thanked his godfather for his goodness very joyfully, and tried his luck at the chace at once. Then he shot so much game, that a great waggon could scarcely carry it. When he came home with it, the Emperor did not know what to say, and asked who had taught him to shoot so well, and who had given him the handsome sword at his side?

"The sword I found in the forest," said the Prince, "but the shooting, that's nothing but practice."

When there was a wrestling match, the Prince overcome everybody. The Emperor was very much astonished at this, and asked him where his strength came from?

"I don't know," said the Prince: "I happen to have it."

Then said the Emperor, "As you are such a great hero, you may go with your mother and visit your

grandfather, who lives a long distance in another country."

"Very well," said the Prince; and then the carriage was got ready, and they went away, after a sad parting from the Emperor.

They had to go through a deep forest on their way, where they lost themselves, and came to a castle where six giants lived. When these fellows saw the carriage, they came out and killed the driver, and wanted to do the same for the Prince, but he killed five in a moment, and the sixth he obliged to take out the horses and feed them, and only left him his life after he had promised to serve him faithfully. Then he went into the castle with his mother, and they lived very comfortably for three days. But, in the mean time, the Empress fell in love with the giant, because he was so big and strong, and they began to make a plan for getting him out of the way.

"How shall we manage it?" asked she.

"Pretend to be ill," said the giant, "and when he is sorry, tell him that you dreamt that if you could get the enchanted rose from the palace which is a hundred miles from here, and could smell at it, you would be well again."

In that castle there lived twelve giants, all stronger than the six, and the unfaithful giant thought that they would be able to overcome him.

While the two were concerting this scheme, the Prince was out hunting. When he got home, he found his mother in bed, as if in a dying state. Then he was quite miserable, for he was very fond of his mother. When he was sitting there crying bitterly, she began to talk about the rose and the dream, and *no sooner had she done speaking, than he ordered the*

giant to saddle a horse, that he might go and fetch the enchanted rose. He laughed to himself that his plan had succeeded so well, led the horse to the door directly, and the Prince mounted it and went galloping away.

When he had got away a hundred miles off, he came to the castle, and no sooner had the twelve giants seen him than they came out to kill him ; but he used his sword so well, that in less than ten minutes they were all dead, and had lost their heads. Then he went into the palace, and the first person he saw was a beautiful Princess, who came forward to him very joyfully, and hailed him as her deliverer. She told him how the giants had stolen her away from her father, and the more she talked the better pleased the Prince was with her ; and she was also so pleased with him that they found they could not live except they were united.

Then he said, " Give me the enchanted rose from the garden ; I will take it to my mother, and when she has got well again I will come and fetch you, and take you to my palace."

She was very sorry at this, but the Prince had made up his mind, and as soon as he had rested himself he rode away with the flower.

When he got home, he told his mother the whole story, and she pretended to be very glad, but she really was very vexed.

After the Prince had gone to bed, she told the giant everything about the matter, and he began to plot all sorts of ways to destroy him.

At last he said, " Tell him that the rose has only made you half well ; but if he tells you where his strength lies, that will make you quite well."

The bad woman did this, and as he loved her very

much he told her at once, and before the evening was over she told it to the giant. He was very glad, and went to him at once, and seized the book and tore it from his bosom; then he took him by the throat and asked him what he should do with him?

The Prince saw very well that he was in the giant's power, and answered, "Do what you like with me;" for he had quite forgotten the third present his godfather had made him; had he recollected it he would have been safe.

The false giant, however, took him, put out his eyes, cut off his hands, and then turned him out into the black forest; while his bad mother jeered, and mocked his distress.

Then the Prince wandered about in the wide forest, and cut and bruised himself so much, that in a few days he had not a single whole place on his body. He might have been about twenty days in the forest, living only upon roots and herbs, when one day he heard the noise of dogs barking in the distance. He crept forward in the direction whence the barking came, and found himself at the palace where lived the beautiful Princess. Presently he heard voices, and he begged two people who were passing to lead him into the house, where he might find people who would have pity upon him and feed him, for he was dying of want and weakness. Then they led him into the palace, where everyone came running together, but nobody knew the poor cripple. But when the Princess came she knew him at once, and fell weeping on his neck; then she washed his face and took the greatest care of him. Now he was a little comforted, *although* not quite happy, for he thought of his eyes *and of his hands*, and that he could do nothing any

more. Then he sighed very often and deeply, especially at night, and when he was thinking of his godfather.

“ Oh, my dear godfather !” he sighed, “ what have I done ?”

His godfather was beside him that instant, and said, “ Well ! what did I say to you ? But as you are unhappy only through love, I will help you.”

Then he told him how it was all his mother’s malice, and led him to a brook to wash, and as soon as he had bathed his face, his eyes came back and his hands too, and he could look into the deep blue sky as he used to do before. What delight there was at the palace ! Next day the wedding took place, and they all went home to the Emperor Joseph. The bad old woman, however, was punished ; and when his father died the Prince became Emperor in his stead, and his wife was the most beautiful woman and Queen in the world !

The Serpent in the Flaming Wood.

ONE hot summer, two shepherd boys lighted a fire in the forest to roast potatoes ; but the fire caught the dry wood, and the green branches too. The wind was very high, and the whole of the forest was soon in flames. At the edge of the forest a farmer was working in his fields. As he was looking at the fire dashing up the trees and eating up leaf after leaf, branch after branch, trunk after trunk, he heard his name called out of the fire. He ran towards the place, and then

he saw a little serpent, which had saved itself up a tree, and was looking at him with pitiful eyes, and saying, "Oh, help me out of the fire!"

The farmer took a long stick and held it out, so that it could coil itself down from the tree on to it. The farmer then laid it in the grass, dug a hole, and said, "Come, let me put you in here: the coolness will cure your burns."

Then the little serpent untwined itself, and the farmer covered it with earth, leaving only its head out.

After a while it said, "One good turn deserves another. Haven't you always got the stomach-ache?"

"Yes, indeed, I have," said the farmer; "I have no rest day or night with it."

"Then lie down here next to me. Shut your eyes and open your mouth."

The farmer did so, and the little serpent slipped down his throat, and fetched up seven young lizards that had plagued him for a long time. When the man saw the animals, he was full of thanks, and did not know what to do to show his gratitude.

Then the little serpent said, "You can do me a great service, and it will cost you nothing."

"Oh, tell me what it is," said the farmer, delighted: "anything you like; so just tell."

"Then take your axe and cut off my head," said the snake.

"Oh, never, never," said the farmer; "I could never do that."

The little snake begged so hard, however, that he was obliged to do it, and when it was done a most beautiful Princess rose out of the body of the snake, and said, "You have delivered me from *enchantment*. I will save you from poverty."

And when the farmer went home with her to the King and Queen, didn't they just load his cart with gold? so that he was the richest man in the whole country.

The Disenchanted Snake.

VERY early one morning a countryman went to his work in the fields. Up rose the sun, and it became hotter and hotter, till at last it was so hot that he pulled off his waistcoat, and laid it down beside him on the ground. When eleven o'clock struck, he took up his waistcoat again, but saw to his dismay that a snake was nestling in it. So he shook it well; but he could not shake it off: the creature stuck as fast as if it were enchanted. The countryman uttered a short oath, when the snake said, "I shall not quit your waistcoat, nor go either, till you promise to marry me."

The countryman thought that going a little too far, so he replied, "Marriage is a somewhat serious affair, and a man can't settle it in a moment. I must think about it, and let you know by-and-by."

So he went to the village to the parson, and asked him what he should do? After pondering a long while, the parson looked into a great big book, and answered, "Go back and tell the snake you will marry her. She will come to you at night, and if you only have courage enough, your fortune is made. As soon as the clock strikes twelve, you must clasp the snake with both hands, and hold it up over your head; but you must not let it go for anything in the world."

The countryman went back into the fields as fast as he could, and said to the snake, "I 'll marry you."

The creature wriggled about with delight, made a pretty curve by way of curtsy, and disappeared. When night came, the cottager had no sooner got into bed than the snake crept in beside him. He remained quite still till twelve o'clock, and then he grasped the snake fast, and held it up right over his head. All at once the door flew open, and in glided six immense snakes up towards the bed. The countryman felt first hot and then cold, as the ugly things climbed and coiled together on the bed, and hissed at him with their forked tongues, as if they wished to spit all their venom at him. So it went on till one o'clock struck, and then they all instantly vanished. But the snake in his bed said, "I must thank you indeed, my dear preserver, for protecting me so faithfully. Only do so for two nights more, and you will make yourself happy, and me much more so." And therewith she disappeared.

Next night, when the countryman got into bed, there was the snake beside him. At twelve he clasped it again, and held it up as before. Again the door flew open, and two black snakes crawled up to the bed, and coiled round him, trying to bite him and his snake. Though he was braver this time, he was sore beset when he felt the cold things coiling round him; but he bore it as well as he could, till one o'clock struck, and they all vanished. But the snake he held said, "Indeed I thank you, dear preserver, for taking my part so truly; only one night more, and you will be happy all your life long." And therewith she vanished.

At night again the snake was beside him, looking at him intreatingly with her full sage eyes. So he took *courage*, and said to himself, "Sooner than yield her

up to the villanous vermin, I will let them eat me up." At twelve o'clock he held the snake up over his head; but only think, the whole room was filled with the most horrible snakes, that twisted, and hissed, and coiled together, too hideous to behold. The countryman shut his eyes, and pretended neither to see nor hear. All over his body, and his arms, and his neck, they crawled; hissed right in his face; and snapped at his snake; but for all that he did not loose hold. One o'clock came, there was a loud knocking in the forest close by, and the visitors vanished. The snake, too, had slipped from his hand; and in its place there lay next him on his hard bed a Princess of marvellous beauty, who said, with the sweetest look, "A hundred times over I must thank you, my dear good preserver, for preserving me. Choose whether you will be my husband, or have a hundred cartfuls of gold."

The good lad rubbed his eyes, for he could not help thinking he was dreaming. At last he replied, "If you will take me such as I am for a husband, my sweet Princess, I prefer you to all the gold in the world."

So she offered him her hand, and he clasped and kissed her.

Next morning, when he opened the lattice, his little cottage stood in a grand garden, among the most beautiful flowers and trees, and not far off was a royal castle and a great city.

The poor man knew not what to make of it, it was so marvellous; but the Princess said, "All you see belongs to you—the house, the garden, and the kingdom;" and with that she led the way into the castle, and how happy they both were I dare say you can fancy.

The Faithful Foal.

JACK had hired himself out to the miller for three boxes of the ear, which he was to give the miller. The miller, however, wanted to get rid of him again, and so told him to go down into the well, and the miller's men had to throw a millstone after him. The millstone fell upon Jack's shoulders, so that his head looked out through the hole, and when he came up out of the well he began to dance about and to cry, "See my fine necklace!"

The miller tried other ways to get him into the next world; but it was all no use: he was obliged to stand the three boxes of the ear. The first Jack gave him with two fingers, so that he was ill for a week; the second nearly killed him; the third, good-natured Jack made him a present of, and went on his way to a shepherd, where he hired himself to keep sheep.

When he was to drive out the sheep the next day for the first time, the shepherd said, "Jack, you may go anywhere you please, except in the giants' meadow."

"Very good," said Jack, and went off to the place at once.

He had scarcely got there, when he saw a giant coming from the mountain, roaring out, "What are you doing in my meadow?"

"What's that to you?" says Jack, and hit him behind the ear with three fingers. Then the giant fell down flat.

In the evening Jack told the shepherd all about *it*; but he shook his head and said, "That may be all





THE FAITHFUL FOOT.

very well for once in a way, but it won't do twice. Drive the sheep another way to-morrow."

"Very well," says Jack.

Next day Jack went off to the giants' meadow again. A giant made his appearance directly, and shouted out, "What are you doing in my meadow?"

"What's that to you?" said Jack, and hit him with four fingers behind the ear, so that he never felt poorly in his life again. "Who knows what sort of a country there is behind yon mountain?" thought Jack. "If it wasn't something special, the giants would not keep watch here." So he went to the shepherd and said, "Take back your flocks: I'm tired of keeping sheep, and will go to the giants' country."

The shepherd tried to dissuade him; but it was no good, and Jack set off.

He had to climb up a high, high mountain, and behind the mountain was a deep, deep dale, where there stood a splendid palace. Jack rather liked this. "I should think it was more comfortable there than at the miller's or the shepherd's," thought he, and came down the mountain and went into the castle. Ha! but wasn't it beautiful? One room was always more so than the ones he had seen, and the last held the giant's wardrobe. Then Jack went into the stable, where there were three horses, and what horses! The Emperor's stable doesn't contain any so magnificent. The first was a grey, the next a black, and the last a brown horse, and he went and patted them one after another. Suddenly some one called out, "Jack! Jack!" He looked round, but saw nobody. "Jack! Jack!" it sounded again, and then he perceived that the voice came from the corner where the grey stood, and when he got there it was the grey himself

who was speaking, and who cried again, "Jack! Jack!"

"What do you wish?" asked Jack.

The grey answered, "Saddle me, Jack, and ride me to the Glass Mountain; but don't let yourself be held fast up there, and your fortune will be made."

"Held fast?" asked Jack; "leave me alone for that."

He saddled the grey, and rode out of the stable, and he found the horse dead-lame and asthmatic. Behind the palace, right in the road to the Glass Mountain, was a village; and when Jack rode through, the children ran after him and jeered, "What's he about on that stumbling old coughing jade?" but Jack did not care a bit, for he thought "Let those laugh who win." When he got on the other side of the village, at the Glass Mountain, the grey shook itself three times. In an instant, like the wonderful way toothache is cured, all his lameness left him, and he snorted and pranced, and looked defiance at the world. Jack, too, was wonderfully changed; he had golden armour, a golden helmet, and by his side a mighty sword.

"Aha! what a wonderful fellow I have become," said he to himself; "this is what I call the thing." For he saw himself reflected in the Glass Mountain.

Then said the grey, "Keep fast in the saddle, Jack, and don't be terrified by anything; but when you're at the top draw your sword and fight bravely."

"You don't know Jack yet," said our hero, "or you would know that he knows how to fight." By-the-by, I think the miller knew it, at any rate, *didn't he?*

Then the grey horse began to gallop up the Glass Mountain, and struck out sparks at every step. He galloped up with Jack to a great broad open plain, where there was a tournament of knights going on. I'm sure, there must have been a thousand of them, at least. Very many of them came to try a joust with Jack, but he gave such blows that they all very soon ran away, or allowed they were beaten. The King wanted to bid him welcome, but then Jack turned his horse, and was off. When he got down it was night, so he could ride back to the palace in his golden armour without anyone seeing him.

The next morning when he went into the stable to look after the horses, something said, "Jack! Jack!"

So he said, "What is it, my grey-beard?"

But the grey said, "I did not call you, but the brown horse did."

Jack went to the brown one, and asked, "What is it, my brownie?"

"Saddle me, Jack, and ride to the Glass Mountain; but don't let anyone get hold of you: you will be the better for it," said the brown horse.

"Hold of me!" says Jack: "ask grey-beard there, if Jack can be caught?"

Then Jack took saddle and bridle, put it on the brown one, and jumped up. When he got out, the brown one was wretchedly lame, and the whole village laughed at Jack, but he sat as firm as an Emperor upon his lame jade, and laughed at them, too; for he thought to himself, "If you knew what I know!"

On the other side of the village, at the foot of the mountain, the brown horse shook himself three times, and Jack did not know it, or himself, any more, so very splendid was the suit of red golden armour

he wore, and the helmet with high plumes upon his head.

“Now keep in your saddle, Jack, and cut away right and left,” said the brown horse; and Jack replied, “All right! I know that already. Go ahead!” Then the brown horse put his best leg foremost, and went flying up the mountain, while Jack sat in the saddle, like the statue of King Charles at Charing Cross.

The brown horse went to the plain, where there was another tournament. When Jack got up, every body looked at him, for they had never seen so doughty a knight before. Jack drew his sword, and swang it in the air, and cried, “Gentlemen, gentlemen! who is coming to have a trial with me? I feel rather inclined for fighting.” Then they came dashing along, one after another, to Jack, and fought with him; but no one could stand before him—whoever got too near his sword felt it, I can tell you.

Suddenly trumpets were blown to tell that the tournament was over; and when Jack was declared victor, and the King was going to welcome him, he turned his horse, and was gone. He slept well that night, you may fancy, after all his exercise.

Next morning, when he went into the stable again to feed the horses, one of them cried out, “Jack! Jack!”

“What is it, my brownie?” said he.

“I did not call you,” said the brown horse, “but the black one did.”

Jack went to the black one, and asked what was the matter?

“Saddle me, Jack,” said he, “and ride to the Glass Mountain; but don’t let yourself be seized there—*your fortune depends on it.*”

“Never fear that,” says Jack, and put bridle and saddle on the black horse, and rode off.

The black horse began to halt too, directly they got out, so shockingly that the villagers laughed themselves quite ill, and didn't get better for some time, but Jack was very content, notwithstanding. The black one shook himself three times at the foot of the mountain, and Jack and the horse were covered with gold and diamonds, that moment. “Now keep firm,” said the horse, “and carry all before you.”

And Jack said, “I know,—go forward!”

The horse went up like smoke, right into the middle of the assembly. But this time, Jack did show the knights what he could do, and he began knocking off the ornaments from one person, and breaking the sword and lance of another, and so on, until the trumpets sounded, when Jack turned to go. The King, however, had given orders that the door of the enclosure should be shut, and was determined to catch Jack, dead or alive, and so stood himself with a drawn sword at the gate. When Jack came to the gate, and found it shut, he turned the horse back, and dashed right over it; then the King aimed a blow at him, that at any rate they might mark him. Jack had such a hard skin, however, that the point of the sword remained sticking in it, and broke off. “Now we shall have him,” said the King.

Next day the King of the Glass Mountain sent word all over the country, that the knight in whose leg the King's sword-point stuck, should have the Princess as a wife. Then a great many knights broke off pieces of their swords, and carried them to the King, but none of them fitted, so they were sent away in disgrace. Jack had not, at first, paid any at-

tention to his wound, for a sword-point didn't trouble him as much as a splinter does us poor weak people. After a while the wound grew worse, and got so inflamed, that they had to send for a doctor. When he saw the wound, and took out the sword-point, he said to Jack, "Why don't you go to the King, for you would get the Princess for a wife, if you did. For that is the King's sword-point, and his crown stands upon it."

"Well!" said Jack, "I don't mind your telling him, if you like." Then the doctor bound up the wound, and hastened to the King. The King had a splendid carriage brought out, and went post haste to Jack. When he came into the room where Jack was lying, he knew him that minute, and cried out, "Most valiant of all knights, why did you not let me know where you were before? I am delighted to find you!"

"It's quite early enough," said Jack. "When's the wedding to be?"

"As soon as ever you're well enough," said the King.

"Then you'd better have everything got ready," says Jack; "for I don't care about a gnat-bite like this—that's a fact!"

Then the wedding took place with great rejoicing, and so Jack became a royal Prince.

After a year the Princess had a son, and no sooner was it born than the grey in the stable had a foal. "That means something," said Jack. "We'll have the foal taken good care of."

He hadn't much pleasure after all in the boy and the foal; for within a few months war broke out, and Prince Jack went away in command of the army, and *stayed* away seven years, for the war was very long.

In the mean while, the child and the foal grew up together, and were never happy apart, day or night. At three years old, the child used to ride the foal about.

Now in the palace there was a bad old woman, the grandmother of Jack's wife, whose husband—for the King's father was dead—was a Jew, and they both hated the second Prince Jack thoroughly; and they used to steal whatever they could lay their hands upon. Now the little boy had seen them and knew of it, and when a messenger came and said the Prince was coming, they were very much afraid, and said that the child would tell, and so he must be killed. And the bad old woman said, "Give him poison in his coffee, then he won't be able to tell."

When the child came from school, in the afternoon, the old woman called him and said, "Come, child, drink your coffee."

"Yes," he said, "in a minute; but I must run and see my foal."

When the boy got to the stable, the foal lay there looking very sad. "Oh, my foal! oh, my foal! What is the matter?"

The foal said, "Don't drink your coffee, but give a little to the cat, and you'll see what there is in it."

Then the child did so, and the cat had no sooner taken it, than it flew up against the ceiling, and burst like a shell, so strong was the poison.

The Jew and his wife did not know what to think when the child did not die, and they declared that somehow he must die, or he would be telling of them.

Then the Jew said, "Here is material for a little coat; take it to the ninety-nine tailors and have it made, and then he must die."

The old woman did as she was told, and about noon the coat was ready.

When the child came from school, she said, "Look here, my dear child: see what a pretty coat I've had made for you."

"Put it on my little table," answered the child, "I'll just run and see what my foal is doing."

When he got to the stable the foal was hanging its head, and looking very sad. "Oh, my foal! oh, my foal! what is it?"

Then said the foal, "My dear child, my dear child, don't put on that coat. In my loft up above there, you will find some stuff just like it. Take it to the ninety-nine tailors, and have a coat made of it. But wrap the house-dog in the other, and see what comes of it."

So the child did as he was told, and the house-dog turned round and round a number of times, and then died miserably.

Next day, Prince Jack returned from the wars.

When the Jew and the old woman heard of it, they made haste and laid a trap for the little boy, and proposed to cut out his tongue. He heard all about it from his dear foal, and the foal advised him to beg leave to ride round three times before it was done. "And," said he, "mind you hold fast when you are on my back." The old Jew grumbled a little about it, but said he might do it. The boy rode round three times, and then rose into the air, higher and higher, until he was gone altogether. The old Jew was outwitted, you see, although Prince Jack lost his son.

The boy flew away over three kingdoms, but in the *fourth*, the little foal came down to the ground.

Then it said, "Go into the castle, and offer your services. Whatever you do, you can do three times as well as any body else. But if you ever want me, or should be in trouble, rattle this chain, and I will be with you in a minute." With these words the foal disappeared.

The boy went into the castle, and asked if there were any servant wanted. He was put into the stable to rub down the horses; and everything that he did, he did so well, that the head of the stable did not care about any one in the stables so much as he did for him, and he stayed in the stable about six years. One Saturday he went into the garden, after his work, and found the gardener binding garlands for the Princess. The lad said, "Let me try to bind a garland, too."

"You may be able to clean horses well, but you'd better keep your hands off the flowers," said the gardener.

"Everything depends upon trying," said the lad, and took two or three flowers and bound them together with a little green, so beautifully, that the gardener was quite astonished.

"*You* mustn't be a stable boy!" said he, and went and told the King, and got him put in the garden.

One might soon see by the garden that there was a new spirit at work there; the flowers were more blooming, new flowers grew there which had never been seen before, and the trees were bent to the ground with fruit. Every Saturday when his work was done, and nobody came into the garden, the lad, who had grown into a young man, rattled his chain, and his horse stood beside him. He jumped up, the horse shook itself, and they were both of them

covered with gold and silver. Then he rode about the garden full of glee.

Now the rooms of the Princess looked out upon the garden, and every Saturday she saw this gallant horseman; but she said nothing about it, for she thought it was an angel who had made his appearance, and it was not right to speak about him, or he would disappear and never come back any more.

But when one day she saw how the gardener's boy took out his chain and rattled it, and how the horse came, and how he jumped up and rode about the garden clad in gold and silver, she fell in love with him, and became very ill and thin. She went about all day looking like a shadow. When the youth heard of her illness he brought her two garlands every day to make her more gay. Then she gave him her hand every time he came, and thanked him, and said such kind things to him, and looked at him so kindly, that he was no longer master of himself and his heart. There never was so much happiness under the sun as when he opened his heart to her, and she told him what she felt, and they found such a treasure of love in their hearts—a treasure belonging to both.

But he found, and she found, that whoever loves truly becomes at the same time truly brave. Next morning the Princess went to her father, and begged him to marry her to the gardener's boy. Even if he has to work for his living that would not matter; but she could never be happy except as his wife.

The King was very angry when he heard this, and said, "Think over it for three days, and if you be of *the same mind* then I will punish you by letting you

have your own way, and you shall live in the tool-house."

"I would rather live with the gardener's boy in the tool-house, than without him in the most beautiful palace in the whole world," said the Princess. The wedding took place quite quietly, and afterwards the Princess went and lived in the tool-house with her husband. There she worked like the wife of any mechanic, and kept everything very neat.

She would not have minded doing this at all, if the ladies and gentlemen of the court had not always been mocking her. Oh, that cut into her heart, it did, indeed! She often complained to her husband, when he came out of the garden from his work; but he always said, "Wait a while, my dear wife; you will laugh when all these people will weep."

Suddenly a war broke out, and the King was very hard pressed. Everybody had to go to battle, and the gardener's boy went also. To be merry at his expense the King gave him a lame horse, a wooden sword, and a gun without a lock. He rode out in this way, and all the court laughed at him; so that his wife thought he would sink into the ground with shame. But he rode on as if he neither heard or saw anything.

Outside the gate he stopped behind the army, and went to a tree and tied up his horse to it. Then he rattled with his chain, and his horse was with him directly. He jumped upon his horse, and it shook itself, and he shone all over with gold and silver, and at his side there hung a sword of wonderful sharpness. Then he rode after the army, which was coming towards him, for it was beaten, and the enemy in pursuit.

“After me!” he called out to the soldiers.

When they saw him dashing on to the enemy so bravely, and killing them like so many pigs, they took courage again, turned round, and fought again. Now the enemy was obliged to fly, the King was victorious, and made so much booty that all the horses in the capital had to be fetched out to bring it home. The King hastened to meet the young hero, whom he did not know, in order to thank him; and when he saw that he was wounded in the leg, and the blood running down, he bound it up himself with his royal handkerchief on which the crown was embroidered. No sooner had that been done than he went off to the wood where his lame horse was tied. Then he rode home, while the King and all the soldiers laughed at him.

His wife saw immediately that he had something the matter with his leg, and when she wanted to bind it up better, she found the King's handkerchief. At the same time she heard the heralds proclaiming in the street, that the General who had won the King's victory, should come and restore the handkerchief with which the King had bound his leg.

“Take him the handkerchief,” said the Prince, “and tell him that the General lies ill at the tool-house.”

Then the Princess went off to her father full of joy. Meanwhile he went into the garden and rattled his chain. His horse came that instant, and he mounted it and appeared in his gorgeous dress.

“When you see your wife at the palace,” said the horse, “take her to yourself.”

Then he rode off to the castle-yard, where the *King* and court were waiting to receive him. All

the King's thanks fell unheeded upon his ear; but he reproached him with his usage of his daughter, and at last told them that he was not a garden-boy, but a Prince born and bred. Then he took his wife before him and rose into the air. The King might stare himself blind, if he liked, for what they cared.

In a beautiful forest the horse came to the ground again, and there was a meadow and mountain close by.

"Now get down," said the horse, "and cut off my head."

The Prince was accustomed to do everything the horse told him; and although he was very sorry, he took his sword and did as he was bid. Then the mountain cracked and yawned with a frightful noise, and before them stood a beautiful palace; the forest became a magnificent garden, and the meadow was covered with a large and populous city. From the palace came courtiers and servants, and from the city the citizens, and they did homage to them as their King and Queen. So all their troubles were ended, and happiness came in the place of sorrow, and never left either them or their children.

Grunus Kravalle.

THE King of Eiland had a son named James, who was not the best behaved son in the world. Day and night he was at the tavern, and played cards, like Prince Hal, and at last played away everything he had on and with him. When this was lost he stole from his father's treasury, from the wardrobe, or the washing-closet—it was all one to him; and he stole so much that the royal family got into great poverty at last. The King was tired of it at last, and locked him up; and then he gamed by himself, his right hand against his left. At last he was set at liberty again, and they took his cards away, and the King ordered that for the future nobody should dare to play with him any more, and declared that whoever did so should be executed.

Sad that he could not play any more, the Prince went one day into the forest, and there he met a huntsman in a green coat, who asked him what was the matter? The Prince told him his sorrow, and he said, "If nobody else will play with you, then I dare; but we must settle the stakes beforehand."

"Oh, of course," said the Prince. "I am quite agreeable to anything."

"Well, then," said the huntsman, "when you win I will give you every time two horses with golden saddles; but if you lose, then you are mine."

"All right," said the Prince; "now tell me what *is your name.*"

“ My name is Grunus Kravalle, and here are the cards.”

Then they sat down to play, and the huntsman let the Prince always win, so that he led home his two horses that evening. The King was very much astonished; but he didn't say anything, for golden saddles were of great use to him, and the money they fetched the King could find room to spend.

The second day the Prince was very early to the meeting place in the wood, and Grunus Kravalle was there soon after. But this time the Prince had no luck; he certainly won once or twice, but he lost a dozen times, and the end of it was that the huntsman won.

“ I might take you away with me, this moment,” said he, “ but I like mercy, rather than justice. I will give you a year and a day to find me: if you find me, you are free; if you do not, I will fetch you, for I always know where you are.”

The huntsman then disappeared, and the Prince saw at once who it was he had to deal with. There was now nothing to do but to find the huntsman. The Prince went away into the wood; he had been travelling in it for many a week, and then he came into a thick copse, and deep in the midst of it lay a hermit's hut. He went in, and the hermit looked up and said, “ Good morning, Prince Jem of Eiland.”

“ Ah, how is it you know me ?” asked the Prince; and the hermit said, “ I know everybody in the world !”

Then the Prince was delighted, and said, “ Then you must know the huntsman Grunus Kravalle, and can tell me where to find him.”

The hermit thought for a long time, and then said, "Such a name there is not in the whole world; you must ask somebody who is wiser than I am."

Then the Prince took his leave very sorrowfully.

After a long journey, on which he had asked every one about Grunus Kravalle, he came into a deep, deep forest, to a hermit's dwelling. He opened the door and found a misshapen old man, with such a hump, sitting inside. He greeted the Prince, "Good morning, Prince Jem of Eiland."

"Ah, how is it you know me?"

"I know everybody in the world."

"Then, I'm sure you must know Grunus Kravalle, and where he lives," said the Prince.

The hermit thought, and thought, and thought, and then he said, "Such a name I do not know, but if you wait here till twelve o'clock, my son, the little angels will bring me my dinner, and they will know."

The Prince sat down with the hermit, who gave him plenty of good advice, for he was a very good man. At twelve o'clock, the door opened, and the little angels—a great number of them, too—brought the hermit his dinner. When he had done, the Prince asked, "Can you tell me where the huntsman Grunus Kravalle lives?"

And all the little angels answered together, "He is the devil! and a thousand miles away from here there lives a hermit who can tell you."

It was a long distance, but Prince Jack had got a little more courage, and walked away sturdily, until he came to the hermit's dwelling. He opened the door, and the hermit, who was a very old man, greeted him, "Ah, how are you, Prince Jem of *Eiland*?"

“How do you know me?” said the Prince.

“I know all the people in the world,” said the hermit.

“Then you must be able to tell me where the huntsman Grunus Kravalle lives.”

“Certainly, I can tell you,” said the hermit. “Go along the path behind my house, straight forward, then you will come to a great round castle, with high walls, and neither gate nor door. Wait there until twelve o’clock, when the wall will open and two ladies in white will come out; then you must slip inside directly, and ask for Grunus Kravalle. You mustn’t stay, and be sure to be out by three o’clock, or you will be lost!”

The Prince promised very faithfully to do this, thanked the hermit, and hastened forward, until he came to the castle. It was quite round, and had high walls of very large stones. He went round, but there was no entrance to be seen. About twelve o’clock the wall opened, and two beautiful white ladies came out, and went into the wood. As soon as they were gone, he went into the palace by that opening. He walked from one beautiful room to another, until at last he asked for Grunus Kravalle.

He came immediately, dressed in his green coat, and said, “You’ve been in luck, for this was the last day you had, and I should have fetched you to-morrow.”

“Then, give me my writing and let me go,” said the Prince; but Grunus Kravalle said, “Come with me, and see what you never will have an opportunity of seeing again in all your life.”

Then the Prince went with him, and the huntsman

led him up and down, here and there, and talked a great deal, until it struck three o'clock.

"Oh, give me my writing," said the Prince, and Grunus Kravalle gave it him, laughing, and said, "There it is, but now you are mine, and needn't hurry away." And he took him and put him in the ice-house, and only gave him one crust of bread to eat daily, and that was as dry as a Babylonian brickbat.

Then Jem of Eiland had plenty of reason to cry, for nothing is more miserable than to work hard and fancy you had got something, and then find yourself quite as far behind as ever. But the youngest daughter of Grunus Kravalle saw him and took pity on him; and one night when he was eating a bit of bread, and moistening it in some ice water, she brought him an apronful of good things from the kitchen. And wasn't he much obliged for it, that's all? He kissed both her hands, and was quite wild with gratitude; she was so touched at this, that she took him good food every night after that. Every time she went she stopped a little longer with him, and made him tell her his story, and every time she liked him better and better. At last she said one day, "I love you so dearly, that I cannot live any longer without you. If you will be my husband we will fly together, for I do not like my father at all, and love you more than all the world."

Then the Prince thought all the world was opening its greatest delight before him, his delight was so great. Every minute became an eternity, and at last she turned herself into a crow, and him into pigeon, and then flew away together by the chimney, *right away* over the wood.

When the morning began to break and light up the tops of the mountains, the crow looked round and said, "Ah! there is my sister flying after us!" She sank down to the ground, and turned herself into a rose, and him into a rose-tree. Then came a great hawk flying along, and that was the elder sister, who had been sent after them by Grunus Kravalle. She sat upon the rose-tree, and smelt at the rose. Then she flew away back to the castle.

Grunus Kravalle asked her, "Well, did you find them?"

"No," said she; "I only found a rose-tree with a rose on it."

"Had the rose its proper scent?" asked he.

"No, it did not smell at all."

"Oh, you stupid! why didn't you bring it? the rose-tree would soon have followed."

Then he went to his wife, who turned herself into a kite, and flew after them.

In the mean time, the other two had flown away again. Suddenly she looked round and said, "Ah! there is my mother coming after us!"

She changed herself into a rock, and him into a man breaking stones. Then the kite came and asked, "Have you not seen a young man and young girl running away along the road?"

He said, "I get up at five o'clock, and have to work very hard. I'm clip, clip, clipping, the whole day long, and one's arms get so tired, that sometimes one feels as if they were going to drop right off." Then he began knocking and hammering again.

But she said, "I didn't ask about that: I inquired if you had seen a young man and woman running away."

“About sixpence a day is what I earn ; now and then a little more, but generally a little less.”

Then she was quite impatient, and flew away to the palace again.

“Haven’t you found them ?” asked Grunus Kravalle.

“I only found a stupid stone-breaker, who was either deaf or silly,” said she.

“Stupid yourself,” said her husband ; “had you brought a bit of the rock the stone-breaker would have come of himself.” Then he changed himself into an eagle, and flew away. But the two others had made such haste on their journey, that they had got beyond the wood, and there the power of Grunus Kravalle ended. They sat down on the grass, and rejoiced at their safety. When Grunus Kravalle came and saw that they had got off safe, he said, “That is how it ought to have been ; but come here, my daughter, I will give you a keepsake that you will want very much some of these days.” Then he gave her three nuts which she was to crack when she got into trouble.

Now the two lovers went gaily onward until they came to the kingdom of Eiland. On the frontier there was a mill, and she said, “You must fetch me from here in princely state. I may not go farther with you, and here I will wait for you. Do not, however, kiss anybody, or you will forget me, and bring me to great misfortune.” The prince promised her, and after saying that he would fetch her home before the evening, he set out.

When he came to the neighbourhood of the castle, his faithful old poodle came running and leaping to welcome him, and he jumped up and licked his lips ;

then the Prince lost all memory of what had been going on, and his captivity and deliverance, and he forgot the beautiful lady who had saved him from death altogether. The joy which every one had at his return you cannot imagine. Great feasts were made directly, and as there was a very beautiful Princess on a visit to the family at the time, the father thought there could be no better opportunity of crowning the feast with a wedding.

The young maiden had waited in vain for her bridegroom to fetch her from the mill. In the evening she went into the mill and inquired if they wanted a servant.

“What can you do?” asked the miller.

“I can spin and sew,” said she; and as they just happened to want a servant, they took her into the mill. The miller’s man took flour to the palace every day, and when he came home he related what was going on in town; thus the young girl learnt about the bride the Prince had got, whom he was going to marry in three days’ time.

In this extremity she opened one of the nuts that her father had given her, and drew from it a beautiful silver dress, which she put on, and went to the palace in. When she got there she walked up and down before the windows, where the bride just happened to be looking out. When she saw the dress she said to her maids, “Go down and ask if that dress is to be sold; I will buy it at any price.”

The servants told the young maiden what the Princess said, but she only replied, “It is not to be sold for money, but it may be earned. If I may stay one night in the Prince’s chamber, I will give the dress.” The bride did not like this, but she soon

thought of a way to cheat her, as she wanted the dress very much indeed.

She put a sleeping powder in the Prince's wine at supper, and he slept so soundly, that you might have bombarded the house, and he wouldn't have been disturbed. When the poor young girl sat there, weeping and sighing, she could not make him hear.

"Have you forgotten how I brought you out of the ice-cellar, and how you carried me next your heart, as a rose; and beat upon it with a stonebreaker's hammer; and how I am waiting for you in the mill, spinning hemp with my poor thin fingers, so that the blood runs down? Oh dear; oh dear! what falsity there is in this world, to be sure!"

And so she went on crying and lamenting, until it was broad daylight, but the Prince never heard one word of all she said. The sentinels at the door had heard it all, though, and they were very sorry, and wished to help the poor girl very much. They thought that the Prince must have heard it all, and paid no attention, and they hated him very much.

The young maiden was quite wretched, when she had to come away in the morning before the Prince was awake. She went into the forest, and then she thought of her other two nuts, and opened the second. From it she drew a dress of pure gold, much, much more beautiful than the other, and not to be compared with it at all. She put it on, and went up and down before the palace again. The Princess was looking out of the window, saw the beautiful dress glittering in the sun, and said to her maids, "Go down and offer to buy that dress, cost what it may."

The maiden said that the only price was, that which *she had* asked for the silver one. The bride was con-

tent, and mixed another powder in the Prince's wine, much stronger than the other. When the deserted maiden came to him, she cried and pined the whole night through again; and when the sun peeped in at the window, she was obliged to go again, and the Prince never heard her at all; but the two sentinels had, and they got so angry with the Prince, that they went to his bedside, and told him to prepare to die. The Prince was frightened, and asked why they were going to put him to death?

They said, "Because you have such a hard heart, and have betrayed the poor young girl that was in your room last night; and you heard all her sorrow and misery, and never pitied at all."

The Prince replied, that he did not know anything about it, and had not heard anyone all night. Then the sentinels told him everything that she had said; but, as he was lying under the ban of the kiss, he did not understand them, and said, "Let me live this day only. I slept so soundly, that it could not have been a natural sleep. To-morrow I will keep awake, and see and hear her myself! The sentinels then said how it was, and warned him not to eat or drink anything at supper.

The maiden, however, was quite in despair, and opened her third nut; and she complained to the forest, and to the rocks, and to the beasts of the field, most pitiful to hear. In the last nut she found a splendid robe of diamonds, by far the most beautiful dress of any. She sold it to the Princess again for the same price, and she could scarcely help bursting into tears, when the bargain was made.

The Prince followed the advice of the sentinels, and

did not eat or drink at supper, but poured the wine away, without any one seeing. Then he went to bed, and pretended to be asleep. When she was led to his room, she began to cry and lament, "Have you quite forgotten how I delivered you from the ice-cellar?" He turned round, and looked at her with astonishment, but could not recollect her. "Give me water," said he; for I am dying of thirst."

Then she poured out some water, and threw the shells of the first nut into the glass. When he had taken the water, he began to remember, and gave her his hand, and said, "Ay, that was at the house of Grunus Kravalle!"

"Yes," she said; "and have you forgotten how you carried me at your heart, as a rose?"

"Give me water," he said again: "I am dying of thirst."

She gave him water, and threw the shells of the second nut into it. He drank, and said, "Ay, that was when your sister followed us!"

"Yes," said she; "and have you forgotten being turned into a stone-breaker?"

"Give me water!" said he; and, when she put in the last nut, he remembered everything, and embraced her; and said that she was his dear bride, and that he begged her pardon for all that he had done.

"The joy of finding you again," she said, "is greater than all my sorrow, even if it had lasted a hundred years."

And then he led her to his parents, and told them everything; and the other bride was that instant sent away, and the next morning at the wedding breakfast

I only wish we had been there, to have had a bit of the wedding-cake, and propose the bride's health, with all the other stock toasts.

The Musician and his Three Companions.

A GREAT lord had a musician in his palace who played beautifully, and drove away many a care by his music. Suddenly, this great lord died, and then the poor musician had nothing to live upon, for the great lord's heir turned him out of the house, and he might go and beg his bread. Then he played before the doors of the rich and the poor, and although he earned some money, yet he was badly off, for he had been accustomed to better things. This made him very sad, and often inclined to cry. One evening he came into a forest and lay down under an oak, and after saying his prayers went to sleep. In the morning, when he awoke, an old man with grey hair was standing by him, and looking at him.

“What is the matter, my dear musician? I thought you were always gay and light-hearted?”

The musician told him his sorrows, and the old man said, “You may be helped. Go deeper into the forest, then you will come to an old ruined castle; enter, but do not touch anything until you come to a room where there is a basket with three little

pigs; these you must take with you, for they are your fortune."

"What do you mean?" asked the musician. And the old man replied, "When you play on the violin, they will dance. Take them to the King's palace, where the Princess lives, who is twenty years old, and has never laughed in all her life. Whoever can make her laugh, will get her for a wife, so the King has proclaimed; and she will be sure to laugh when she sees your three dancing pigs. That's enough. If you get into trouble, just think of me, and I will be with you directly."

The musician thanked the old man, and set off that minute into the forest until he came to a great open space, where the castle stood. It looked ruined enough outside, but when he got inside it was very handsomely fitted up. In the courtyard there was a great pond with three swans swimming upon it, and they hung their heads and looked very sad. Great wealth was heaped up in all the rooms, but everything was hung with black. In the last room was the basket with the pigs; the musician took them and went back the way he came; then he took his fiddle and played a jig. One little pig jumped out of the basket directly, stood upon its hindlegs, and wagged its tail and danced funnily. Then the second came, and then the third; and the fiddler laughed until he could not laugh any longer.

This made him very courageous, and he went to the capital of the country. When he got there he stood before the palace, and began to play so beautifully *that the King* and all his family came to the window, *and among them the beautiful Princess came too.*

When the fiddler saw what a sad face she had he opened the basket, and the pigs jumped out one after another, and danced so funnily that the Princess began to laugh so much that at last she begged him to shut up the little pigs in the basket again, or she would die of laughing. Then the musician was invited into the palace, and the King asked him what he would take for his pigs.

"I will not sell them," said the fiddler, "for they will only dance when I play. Now, however, I claim the Princess for a wife, as I have made her laugh."

"Oh, of course!" said the King; "let us go to her."

When they came to her, and the King told her that the musician was her future husband, she was very angry, because she was proud and ambitious.

"If my father," said she, "set you a task to win me, I set you one, too; and that is, that you sleep for three nights in the enchanted palace in the forest. Go, and don't come within my sight until you have done so."

The fiddler upon this went very sadly away, and the King, who pitied him, led him into a beautiful room, and had him splendidly waited upon. He would neither eat nor drink, nor stay at the palace, but went out into the forest directly. Then he remembered what the old man had said, and began to think about him. He was there that moment, just as suddenly as when the sun breaks from behind a cloud, and we see our shadows.

"What is the matter? You look so sad," said he.

The musician told him, and the old man gave him good advice, and he went gaily on to the palace.

It was the same palace from which he had fetched the three little pigs. When he got into the courtyard, the three swans lifted up their wings and clapped them joyfully. He paid no attention to them, but went into the fourth black room, where he found a table with a good supper. About eleven o'clock he took some pillows from the bed which was in the room, and laid them on the floor, as the old man had told him to do; but he found it impossible to go to sleep.

He had not been lying there very long before the door opened, and a great snake came writhing itself in, and laid its great cold head on his right ear; then came another, and lay upon his left ear; and then a third, and lay down on his body, and pressed it like a heavy mill-stone. They remained lying so until twelve o'clock, when they vanished, and he jumped into bed and slept soundly after his fright, which you can fancy was rather considerable. In the morning, he found a good breakfast ready, and he didn't let it get cold, for he was very hungry; then he went about the palace and looked at all the rooms. At last he came out into the court by the pond; then the swans flew towards him, and seemed to thank him for what he had done. They were no longer all black, as they were the night before, but their heads and necks were snowy-white. He stroked their feathers, and they looked at him with sensible eyes, so that he felt a very odd feeling in his own mind.

Thus the time went by until night, when he made his bed again, and the serpents came and lay down beside him as they had done the night before. They hurt him much more this time than they did the

first night, but he never moved, and at twelve o'clock they vanished again. When he came out into the court-yard, the swans were flying merrily about, and now they were all white, with only two or three black feathers about them. He was so glad, that the time passed he scarcely knew how.

The next night the same thing took place, only this time the thick serpent pressed him so heavily that it was all he could do to prevent himself from crying out; when, however, the serpent vanished at twelve o'clock there was a thunder-clap, as if the palace were tumbling down, then there was perfect silence. The next day he rose very early to see his dear swans, but when he opened the door of his room, a grand procession of servants came along, and three beautiful ladies came last. They came to him and said, "We were the three swans and three serpents, and you have delivered us from enchantment. We shall now go home to our father, but beg you to accept this castle and all that is in it, as a mark of our gratitude."

Then they took leave of him, and went away in a carriage.

Time grew very long now to him. He commanded the servants to put the best horses in the stable to the finest carriage he had, and he went away to the King's palace. He told everything that he had been doing to the King, and then they went to the Princess; and the King said, "He has hazarded his life for you, and now you must marry him. He can keep you, for he has a castle with great riches."

She replied that he could not have enough, and that he must go and get the money that the King of

Morocco owed the King's government before they could marry.

The King was angry at this ; but he was a very weak-minded man, and the Princess was very determined, and when she wanted anything she always took care to get it. So the musician was obliged to consider how he might best fulfil this new engagement.

He set out from the city, and then he began to think of the old man, and he had no sooner done so than the old man was with him.

" You seem very miserable," said he ; " what is the matter ? "

Then the fiddler told him of the new task he had to complete, which was so difficult that he did not know how to manage it without a great army and a fleet.

The old man replied, " Just take money enough with you to get down to the sea. On the way you will meet with companions, who will be quite enough to do anything ; take these with you, for they will be of great use."

Then the musician was very content again, filled his pockets with money, and went away towards the sea.

But the way led through a forest, which was very long. When he had got a day's journey into it, he heard a cracking and rumbling as if trees were tumbling down. He went after the noise, and saw a big fellow pulling oaks up by the roots, just as we pull up weeds ; these he laid one above another, and tied them together with a young oak for a withe.

" Who are you, and what are you doing ? " asked the fiddler.

" I am Jack," said the other, " who lived on lions'

milk for seven years. My mother is going to wash the clothes, and wants a little wood to light the fire."

"That's the sort of fellow," thought the musician, and said, "I say, what do you think of coming along with me? I will give you your keep and a good salary. Will you go?"

"I will," said Jack; "but I must carry my mother her bundle home."

He soon came back, and then they went away together; and the musician was delighted that he had got hold of such a strong companion.

After some hours they came to a hill, from whence they could see seven-and-twenty windmills all turning their sails round merrily, although there was no wind. On the other side they found a man, who held one of his nostrils close and blew with the other.

"What are you doing?" asked the musician.

And the man said, "Don't you see that I'm obliged to set the windmills going?"

"But blow with both your nostrils," said the other.

"That would be a nice job, for then all the mills would be blown away, and not one trace would be found ever afterwards."

"I say," said our hero, "will you come with me? I will give you a good salary and plenty of food?"

And the blower was quite willing; for he was, as everybody almost is, very badly paid for his labour.

Then the musician and the two others went sturdily onwards, and came to a great meadow where there were plenty of hares and deer. In the midst

of them there was a man who wanted to catch one but he always jumped over their heads.

“What are you doing?” said the fiddler.

And the man said, “Why don’t you see I want to catch a hare, but they run too slowly. The deer are somewhat better, but they’re very slow.”

“You’re the man I want,” said the musician. “Come with me, and I’ll give you good victuals and a large salary.”

“All right,” said the other; and went with the rest.

They were now but a little way from the sea, and they just happened to catch a ship that was about to sail for the kingdom of Morocco. The musician and his companions went on board, and soon got to the high seas, where they were very sick. In the distance they saw three ships coming on towards them under press of canvass.

“Oh, now we are lost!” said the pilot; “for those are pirates.”

“Then,” said the blower, “let them come right near, that I may see what a pirate looks like; then we’ll see if we can’t get shot of them.”

When the captain of the pirates got quite near, he called out to them, “Surrender, or we’ll kill you all.”

“You’re joking, surely, my friend,” said the blower, and blew the ship a mile high into the air, with one nostril, and then he blew the other two in such a way that they went right up to the moon, and never came down again.

Next day they came to the kingdom of Morocco, and the fiddler was led before the King. The King laughed when he heard his errand, and asked for the

money. He said, "You shall have as much of it as one man can carry, and no more."

"I'm content with that," said the other, "and ask no more than my man Jack can carry."

He then had a great big box made, and set it beside the King's treasure-chamber, and the King laughed very much, and had sack after sack carried out and put into it. When the treasury was empty, Jack came and said, "Oh, dear! the box is only half full, and not worth carrying away. It must be full, or *I* won't take it."

Then the King laughed heartily, and the fiddler said, "That will do for the present. Come, Jack."

Then Jack seized it, and went off with the musician and the two others.

The King was very angry, however, and he ran away and got all his army together, and went out in pursuit.

When they got to the city gate, the box was too big to go through, for it was a great deal bigger than the gate; Jack put it down, knocked down the gate, and they went off again towards the sea. Hardly had they got out of the city, before they heard the King's army behind them. "Stop a bit," said the blower, "that's a joke for us;" and he blew them all away to the planet Jupiter, so when they come back we may expect to hear a grand story. After that they went on to the ship, and set off back home.

Now, one would have thought the Princess satisfied; but no, she hated the musician, and was resolved to give him all the trouble in the world. When he brought her all the riches of the King of Morocco, she said, "All right—now I will marry you; but you

must bring me a wedding dish of three deer, neither shot, beaten, nor bitten by dogs."

"Then the wedding may be to-morrow," said he, "for you shall have them this afternoon."

"I must see them first, at any rate," said she.

Then he went to his men, and sent the blower to that end of the wood nearest the town, and he was to blow first with one, and then with both nostrils. The runner he bound with cords, that he might not run so fast, and the other man he gave a sack to, that he might carry off the spoil. When the blower began to blow, thousands of wild animals came running from every part of the world. The runner ran after the deer, and soon caught them by the half dozen, and handed them to Jack, who carried them off. When the bag was full, they all came back, and the runner jumped over the gate, and right into the middle of a crockeryware-shop in the market-place. When Jack opened his bag in the presence of the Princess, somewhere about eight hundred head of deer came leaping out. The musician said, "Now you can choose the three you like best."

After this, the Princess could not help admiring his devotion to her, and married him; and although he had great trouble in getting her, he didn't regret it, as I'm told so many others have done with their wives, but was very happy with her all his life.

And what became of the old man, and the wonderful people, and the pigs, and the rest of them?

Why, I heard that they all went out to Vancouver's Island, and lived very happily, and played at government, like less wonderful people.

Good night.

The Youth and the Three Golden Feathers.

Two very poor people had a child. It was a little boy, with a bright smiling face and a kind heart, and all their joy was centred in it. But after a time the husband died, and the poor wife fell into great want. She was so wretched at this that she lay down and died of grief.

So the poor boy was left quite alone in the world, and there was nobody to take care of him. Then he went out and begged his bread from door to door, and came every day to the King's kitchen, where the cook gave him the broken victuals, and he used to eat them sitting on a bench in the park. Now the King had a little daughter, which had been born on the same day as the poor boy, and she used to go and play in the park every afternoon. And when she saw the beggar-child eating the bits so hungrily, she felt very sorry, for she had a good heart. She fetched him clothes and money, and gave him her old clothes, and brought playthings too, and the two children played for whole days together.

Thus they grew older and bigger, and then the little boy was taken into the King's service to keep the poultry. The poultry-boy and the Princess saw each other every day just as they did before, and they both found that it was quite impossible for them to live without each other.

Two years after this, a great Prince came to visit the King, and the Princess delighted him so much that he made proposals for her hand. The King,

who loved his daughter very much, said, "I will certainly consent, if she likes you."

When, however, the Prince told her of his love, she would not have him, and said, "Save yourself all trouble about me—my heart belongs to the poultry-boy and to nobody else; if I cannot marry him, I will never marry."

The Prince was very angry at this, and went and told the King of it, and *he* was very angry too, and declared that he'd soon make her alter her tone. He sent for the poultry-boy, and told him to prepare to die; for the next day he should be burnt alive for daring to fall in love with the Princess.

When this took place, the boy was just going to the field with his poultry. He took his stick and went away behind all the flocks, very sadly; and when he got to the field he sat down and wept very bitterly, for it was very hard for him to lose his young life and the Princess so early.

Suddenly, an old man stood beside him, who asked what was the matter with him; and when the lad had told his sorrows, he replied, "Go into the fire, and don't be afraid; nothing can hurt you, for God knows your innocence, and will protect you."

Then the poor lad took courage, and went merrily back to the palace that night. The pile of wood for the fire was all prepared in the court, and the Princess was crying bitterly, and looking at it from the window. Then the lad called out to her to be quite gay, and tossed up his cap to amuse her.

"Leave off all your sorrow," said he, "and trust on God who loves us."

When she saw how merry he was, and how he had

no fear of death, she became quite at ease, and had no more sorrow.

Next morning, they came to the young man to bind him, but he said, "Take away your ropes: I will walk into the fire willingly." And he climbed up into the fire, and stood by the stake. And when the flames were very high, all the people were very sorry for the young man, and said, "Oh, what a sad death this must be!"

But he stood in the midst of the flames, and sang with a loud voice, and the fire did not burn a single hair on his head. When the flames began to sink, and the embers only remained, all the people were astonished to see him standing there with his blushing cheeks and merry mouth, tossing up his cap. For the Princess was standing at a window waving her handkerchief, and now they loved each other a great deal better than they did before.

The people rejoiced at this, and said, "God has done this because they have been good and true to each other."

The King did not rejoice, but ordered the lad to be thrown into prison for a wizard, and he had a great house built of stone, with an iron door, which he ordered to be filled with brushwood and dry leaves. This was to be set on fire, and the young man burnt inside.

When the people came to bind him again, he said, "You need not bind me: I will not run away."

He walked into the house very composedly, and when the iron door was locked, and the crackling wood burnt into a sheet of flame, the people began to murmur against their barbarous King; and when

the fire put its red tongue out of the window, there was a general groan.

A whole day and a whole night the fire burnt before the wood was all consumed; and there was plenty of weeping and lamentation all that day and night. The heat was so great that the iron door melted, and all the windows in the King's palace opposite broke. Then the flames grew smaller and smaller, and the crackling and hissing ceased, and the voice of the young man was heard loud and clear, singing away, as he sang the former time.

Now the people were delighted, and rejoiced greatly, so that the King did not care to do the young man any more hurt. When the wood was all but in ashes, he came out of the fire-house, looking handsomer than ever he did before, and the people were quite frightened at him, and said one to another, "Surely he must be an angel from heaven!"

One would have thought that such a wonder would have softened the King's heart, but it did not, and he only thought of some new way of destroying the youth. He had him brought before him, and told him that he might marry the Princess; but that first he must fetch the three golden feathers from the roc's tail.

The young man answered and said, "God has saved me twice out of the fire, and this also I can do. If I die, I owe but one life to my Maker, and I will cheerfully suffer it, wherever he pleases.

"Go," thought the King; "you'll never come back." The roc is a cannibal, and eats people up; and it isn't very easy to pull three feathers out of his tail.

The roc's house was a great way off, through three kingdoms, and across a great lake. When the youth got away and came to the first kingdom, there was great mourning, for the King's favourite tree would not bear any fruit. As soon as the King heard that the young man was on his way to the roc he sent for him, and begged him to ask the bird why the tree was barren ; if he would do so he should be well paid for his trouble.

"I shall be very happy," said he, "if I can manage it."

In the next kingdom there was a great want of money, for the King had lost the key of his treasury ; and it being one of Hobbs' locks, with twenty-three millions of permutations, there wasn't a locksmith in the country clever enough to pick it. When the King heard of the youth who was travelling to the roc, he sent for him, and begged him to find out from the roc where the key was, and he should be well paid for his kindness. This the youth promised to do if he could.

In the third kingdom there was no water, for the company had cut it off after applying six-and-twenty times for the rates. But when the King asked him to see about it, the youth said he would, and then went to the shore of the lake. There was a giant standing there, who carried the people over ; and he begged the young man to find out how he might be delivered, and he promised to do so.

When he came to the castle of the roc, his wife only was at home.

"How foolish it was of you to lose your way and come here ! My husband is a cannibal, and will eat you."

The young man said, "I know that very well; but it was necessary for me to risk everything, or I might lose my dear bride."

The roc's wife was very pleased to see that he loved his bride so well, and promised to help him. He told everything to her, and she hid him in the cupboard among the teacups.

While she was talking to him a great storm came on, and the room got quite dark. In a few minutes the roc came in, and a great reddish light shone through the room caused by the brightness and beauty of his tail, for it was of pure gold. "I smell human flesh," said he.

"Ah, yes!" she said, "there was a poor mechanic lad here a little while ago; but he's gone. Will you have your supper?"

"Yes, and let's have it directly, for I'm tired and hungry, and want to get to bed."

Then she brought the supper, and they ate and went to bed. About eleven o'clock she pulled a feather out of his tail.

"Oh, dear! what are you doing?"

"I dreamed that a King had a tree which always bore very fine fruit; but it carries no more now, and every one mourns."

"That's a fact, and no dream. The tree would bear well enough, if the prime minister didn't swindle the people, and prevent them from beating their enemies."

After a time, about twelve o'clock, she pulled out another feather.

"Oh, dear! what are you doing?"

His wife said, "I dreamed that there was a great want of money in another kingdom, because the

King had lost the key of the treasury ; and being a Hobbs' lock with twenty-three million permutations, there was no locksmith able to pick it."

"That is true, and no dream," said the roc. "If the King offers a reward of two hundred guineas, the workmen at Chubb's or Bramah's will come and open it with a rusty nail."

About one o'clock his wife pulled out another feather.

"Ah! what is the matter that you keep pulling out my feathers?" roared the roc.

"I was dreaming," said his wife.

"What in the world were you dreaming?"

"I dreamt that there was no water in a third kingdom."

"That's true and no dream, and the King has got nothing to do but to pay the water-rate and mend the pipes, and it will be all right again. But don't you disturb me again, on your peril."

"I can't help dreaming," said his wife.

When the roc woke in the morning, he growled and said, "A pretty night, indeed. Never you dare to dream in that way again."

"I'm sure *I* don't want to dream," said she.

"Why what have you been dreaming now?"

"I dreamed I saw a giant, who was condemned to carry people across a great lake ——"

"That's true, and no dream," said the roc. "What a fool he is not to put somebody in the middle of the water, then he'd be released."

After that the roc ate a very good breakfast, and flew away.

The young man now came out of the cupboard, and the roc's wife gave him the three feathers, and asked

him if he recollected all the roc had said? He replied that he did, and after thanking her most sincerely he set out on his way home.

When the giant had carried him across the water he told him how he might be delivered.

“If you had only told me this on the other side,” the giant growled ungratefully.

Then the young man went on his way, and came to the King who hadn't paid the water-rate, and the King was so delighted with the easy way in which he might get over the difficulty, that he gave the young man a great sack of gold; and the company was so pleased at recovering the debt that they wanted to appoint him managing director, which was a very nice post, for there was nothing to do but to travel about the country and enjoy himself. The second King sent for Chubb's men and Bramah's men, and there was great fun in opening the Hobbs' lock with a rusty nail. The King gave the young man another sack of gold, and the thankful workmen sent him an excellent iron safe to put it in.

When he came to the last King, he immediately made the earl who was prime minister resign, because he was very stupid and old-fashioned; and made the young man prime-minister, when the tree flourished wonderfully.

Then the young man went to the kingdom where his dear bride dwelt; and, after giving the King the roc's feathers, he took his dear wife, and they lived very happily; and he, after the old King's death, became a King himself, and a very good, wise King too.

The Basket of Almonds.

A PEASANT had three sons, whom he kept hard at work, helping him to earn a little money. One day he sent them out into the forest, to cut faggots ; but, instead of working, the two eldest played with fir-apples. When it was almost noon, and they wanted to make up for lost time, the one broke his cleaver, and the other his hatchet. So they began to cry, for they knew well enough, when they got home, they would both get a sound beating. Just then, up came an old man, who said, "What is the matter, my lads ?"

So they told him their plight, and he said, "You may wish three times, and your wishes will instantly come true ; only take care, and wish what is good for yourselves."

"A new hatchet for me, then," cried the eldest at once ; and there, to be sure, lay a hatchet before him.

"I wish for a pretty wife," said the second ; and a wife he had.

"I wish for a castle and a garden, and an almond-tree in it, and whoever eats any of its fruit will never ail any thing," wished the third, who was the youngest of the three ; and, strange to say, the castle rose up in a moment.

From that time, the father and the other two went to live in the castle, with the youngest ; after they had lived there a while, the King's daughter fell sick, and no physician could be found clever enough to cure her. So the King made procla-

mation, that any one who could cure his daughter, should have her in marriage.

When the peasant heard that, he bethought him, as you may fancy, immediately about the almond-tree; and so he gathered a basketful of ripe almonds, and gave it to the eldest son to carry to the King's palace. On his way there, he met a little old man, who inquired what he had in his basket?

"Nothing," he replied; whereupon the little man said, "Well, if you have nothing, you will find nothing."

The young man went on laughing, and when he arrived at the palace, he presented to the King the basket, covered over, as it was, with a clean white napkin.

"My father's duty to you, Sire," said he; "and here are some almonds, to make the Princess well again," and glad beyond measure was the King, as he took off the napkin; but lo! not a single almond was to be seen.

The King was in a mighty rage, and had the young man kicked out, with orders to his chamberlain to have him paid off with five-and-twenty lashes. When he had limped home, his father gave him five-and-twenty more; so that he wished the almonds, and the little man, and the King, at the North Pole. That was his reward.

Next morning the second son thought he would have better luck, so his father filled him the basket-full of almonds, and off he started.

Not far off the city, he met the little old man, who asked him, "What he had in his basket?"

"Nothing at all," said he, softly; and the little

old man replied, "Well, then, nothing will you get."

The youth went on mocking at the old man, and when he came to the palace, he presented the King with the basket, with the napkin over it. And he said, "Here, sir, is a basket of almonds my father humbly sends, to make the Princess well again."

"Let me see it," replied the King; but when he took up the napkin, the basket was quite empty. "What!" cried the King, "Are you for making a fool of me, too? I'll teach you what ripe almonds are." And he bade the chamberlain give him fifty boxes on the ears, sore enough to bring tears into his eyes. "How do you like the taste of that?" said the King.

"Ill enough," he replied; and home he slunk to his father, who gave him fifty more, so that was a hundred blows he had for his pains.

The youngest brother was not so fair in the face as his brother, but in his heart very much fairer. So he prayed his father to let him try with the basket of almonds, "For maybe," said he, "I may have better fortune."

"Well," said the father, "only remember, if you come back like your brothers, I'll beat you till you have no more strength than a bottle of London gin."

"For God's sake, let me go!" said the youth.

So his father gathered a basket of almonds, covered it with a cloth, and off he went.

By-and-by, the little man met him, and asked what he had in the basket.

"Almonds," said he, "to cure the King's daughter. Perhaps you would take one or two, for there are quite enough here."

"Thank you," said the little man. "But I must

give you something in return for your kindness. Here, then, is a pipe, on which, if you blow, you will get anything you want ;” and therewith the little man handed him a pipe and disappeared.

As soon as the young man reached the town, he made for the palace and went to the King.

“ My father sends his duty, Sire,” said he, “ and has sent these almonds to cure the Princess,” and, so saying, he presented the basket.

The King uncovered it, and there inside were the most beautiful almonds that man could ever set eyes on. So the King took them to the Princess, and no sooner had she eaten one, than she was very much better ; and after eating three, she was half cured.

The young man wished to have her for his wife, on the spot, but the King said, “ Not yet, not yet. You must do three things for me, which, as soon as you achieve, I will consent to the marriage.”

But he only said so, because he didn't like the young man as a son-in-law.

When the young man inquired what he was to do, the King replied, “ Go out, and you will find a heap of oats, which I shall have sown, and by morning you must pick them all up again, so that not a single one is missing.”

The youth was greatly troubled at first, but he bethought him of his pipe, and fancied that would make his fortune. So he let the oats be sown, and sat down and blew his pipe.

All at once he felt something crawling up his leg, and there was the king of the ants, who asked him what he wished him to do.

“ Be kind enough to pick the oats up for me,” said the youth ; and so well did the king perform his

bidding, that by morning they were all picked up, and not even one missing.

The King was annoyed, and he thought he would make the second task too hard for him. So he went with the youth to the sea, and threw a key into the water, where it was deepest.

"Bring me up the key again," said he to the youth. "And, after that, you may have my daughter."

"I will try," said the youth; and he sat down on the shore, and when evening came, blew a blast on his pipe.

Soon there was a stir in the water, and a fish with a crown on, lifted its head out of the water, and said, "I am the king of fishes. What do you wish me to do?"

"Be kind enough to get me the key the King has thrown in the water," said he.

So the king of the fishes assembled all his subjects together, and issued a notice, that whoever found the key should have plenty to drink. So down dived the fishes, and very soon one came swimming up with the key in his mouth, which the Fish King gave at once to the young man. More annoyed than ever was the old King now, and he devised something more provoking still. After pondering long, at last he said, "If you can feed a hundred sheep for a month on one plot of ground, without their becoming a whit fatter or leaner, and without losing a single one, or increasing their number, then you shall marry my daughter."

The plot of ground was so small that the sheep could scarcely stand on it, and feeding comfortably on it was quite out of the question, and outside

there was not a blade of grass for them to nibble at.

Sore pressed, indeed, was the youth, but he drove the sheep to the spot, and blew in the evening a loud blast on his pipe, made them leap over the city gate, and march right into the court of the castle like a battalion of soldiers, where they fed to their hearts' content. If he missed one, or one died, he had only to blow on his pipe, and a lamb sprung up which was soon quite as large as the rest of the sheep.

By the end of the month, the sheep were so clever that they could dance as well as if they had been under the best dancing master. Do what he would, the King this time could not refuse the marriage, which was celebrated with great pomp. The youth made his father Prime Minister, and appointed his brothers to such posts as made all the family remarkably comfortable.

Jack Fearless.

A POOR shoemaker had a son, whose name was Jack, and he was the wildest and most careless fellow in the whole village. His father sent him to the parson to have him a little tamed down, but it was of no use. When good advice was found to be thrown away upon him, the parson said to the bell-ringer, "He *shall* be tamed down even if it cost him his life. Take him to church this evening when it is time to

ring, and lock him up there. The ghosts will settle with him."

So the bell-ringer took Jack and sent him up to the garret, after they had done ringing, to fetch something down, and then he got away and locked the church-door. When Jack came down again, and saw that the bell-ringer had gone, he said, "I suppose he thinks I'm afraid. No, I can sleep just as comfortably here as anywhere else."

So he lay down, and went to sleep.

At twelve o'clock he heard a noise as of people playing at skittles. He looked, and there were three black men playing at skittles with skulls and bones, but they never could hit.

"You're pretty players," said Jack. "Let me have a try."

He threw and won.

"Now, then, I'll set them up. You play!"

And they played, but nobody could win except Jack, and at one o'clock they all vanished.

In the morning, the parson woke the bell-ringer very early, and said, "Go and get Jack's body out of the church, for he's certainly dead."

The bell-ringer went to the church, but Jack was snoring on the bench like a steam-engine; and when the bell-ringer woke him, he said, showing him all the money he had won, "Look there! see what I've won; stay to-night and have a game."

The bell-ringer was too frightened for that, and went and told the parson.

"Let him do as he pleases," said the parson: "the ghosts haven't done with him."

Next evening, when the bell-ringer was going to ring, Jack was ready at the door: he went in and

stayed, although the door was locked upon him. About twelve o'clock, he woke and found six black men playing at skittles; but just as badly as the others of the night before. Jack jumped up and cried, "Give me room! let me throw! you none of you know what to do."

And then he threw and beat them all, for he was a much better player.

"Now, try again," said he "and I will set up."

And they began to try, but he kept winning money of them until one o'clock, when they all disappeared; but Jack went to sleep, and slept quietly until morning.

Then the bell-ringer came, expecting to find Jack dead, but Jack said, "I say, come with me to-night, for I'm going to be paid my last night's winnings. I play better than all the six who came last night. I won't stand their not playing me to-night again, for I might become a rich man this way. Funny fellows they are too! The moon shines right through them. Ha! ha!"

Then the bell-ringer went away, for he was very much afraid.

In the third night Jack slept upon the bench again; and this time he found that nine people came and played at skittles, and never knocked over the pins at all.

"It's quite impossible to sit by and see such play," he shouted; "give me the ball!"

Then he played just as well as he did the night before, and beat them every one.

At the usual time they were going off, but he cried out, "Come! you're not to sneak off in that way, I can tell you; pay your debts, if you please."

And with that he seized hold of one of them by

the coat tail. The coat tail came off, however, and poor Jack tumbled down into a vault below.

He picked himself up, and began to look about him, when somebody tapped him on the shoulder, and when he turned round, it was an old man with a white beard.

"I see you're not one of the bad people who have cheated me out of my money," said Jack, "but who are you?"

"Never mind," said the old man, "I shall make you rich for all your days. Turn round and look before you. There are three heaps of gold. One is for you, one for the bellringer, and one for the parson to spend upon the church."

He looked round, and then turned to the man again, but he was gone, nobody knew where.

When the bellringer came the next morning, Jack called out to him to get a sack, for he'd got a lot of money for him.

"There it is!" shouted the other: "he's gone mad!" and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

Jack got tired of waiting at last, and ran off home and got three sacks, filled them with money, and carried one to the bellringer's house. He threw it upon the table, and it was so heavy that the table broke, and all the money rolled out of the sack on to the floor. Jack called out, "Are you people so lazy that I'm obliged to lug the money to you?"

The parson's money he took in the same way, and then he put his own sack on his back and marched off with it.

When he came to the capital and saw the sentinel at the city gate, he was so delighted with his sword and gun, that he said, "Give me your sword and

gun, and I'll give you my sack of money for them."

"I wouldn't mind doing that," said the soldier. "But I cannot: you must ask my captain."

The captain gave him the same answer, and sent him to the King.

Now, the King happened to have plenty of room in the treasury for sacks of money, and he gave him a uniform, and a sword and gun that minute, and laughed in his sleeve at Jack's simplicity.

Jack was quite delighted; he ran away directly to the place where the soldiers exercised and enlisted. When they took him to drill he said, "All right! I know exactly what to do!" Then the captain put him amongst the soldiers who had served a long time, but it proved that he knew nothing at all. So after a long time the captain reported his behaviour to the King, and the King sent him to another regiment, but matters went still worse there, so they didn't know what to do. At last the King hit upon a plan of getting rid of Jack.

In the forest close by there was an enchanted castle, where no one ever dared to pass the night, for it was haunted. The King sent for Jack and said, "Now, Jack, if you can release the palace, I will give you my daughter for a wife."

He thought in his own mind, however, that Jack would be sure to die. Jack said, "Give me a writing to that effect, and I'll do it." The King did so, and then Jack said, "All I want now is, some tobacco and a sword;" and when he had got that he went off to the place. As it was very cold in the evening, he lit a fire in one of the rooms, and sat and was quite comfortable.

About midnight the door sprang open, and twelve men came in, sat down at the table, and played cards. Jack sat down amongst them and said, "Brothers, I'm sorry I've no money to play to-night, but to-morrow the King shall give me some."

They did not take any notice of him, but just went on playing as before. Then Jack said that one of them was cheating, and he gave him a rousing box of the ear. "I'll teach you to swindle!" At that moment the clock struck one, and they all vanished.

Next morning the King sent a soldier to see if Jack was alive. When Jack saw him he shouted, "Come, tell the King I must and will have money, for I can't play for nothing. That's impossible!"

The King sent money, and ordered the soldier to stay with Jack. But he shook his head thoughtfully, and thought to himself, "Who knows how that will end?"

In the evening, Jack told the soldier to light a fire, and he would go and get wood meanwhile. In a few minutes he came back, but the soldier was dead. Jack thought he was only cold, and dragged him to the fire and said, "Well, old fellow, guess you'd better get warm: that's a fact."

Then he took his pipe and smoked very comfortably. When the twelve men came, he said, "Brothers! I've got plenty of money now, and we'll have a game."

They said nothing, but sat down and played in silence, and gave him no cards.

Jack bore it for some time, but at last he got very savage, and came and struck the table, and declared that no gentleman would behave as they had. He

was just going to cane them, when they vanished, for the clock struck one.

When the King heard that Jack was still alive, he was very much disquieted; for he thought, "Oho! if he has been able to stand two nights there, he'll get over the third." On the other hand, Jack was very merry, for he thought to *himself*, "Come now! only one night more, and then I shall claim the Princess for a wife!" And he began to dance all over the place, and night came a long time before he expected it. At twelve o'clock, the twelve black men came again; and, this time, they brought with them a thirteenth, in a white robe, who beckoned Jack to come with him.

"Yes, I'll come!" said Jack; "but the other fellows must come too."

So they all went together, and, after going up and down a great number of passages, they came to a door locked with a great number of locks. The white old man touched the locks, and they flew back; the door burst open, and there was a great room without windows, all full of casks of gold.

"Those yonder are for you," said the white spirit. "The others are for the King, and for the soldiers; and we all thank you very much for our delivery."

"Very happy, I'm sure," says Jack; and he went to his room, and slept like a top.

Next day he set off in a great hurry to the King, and found him in bed. "Hoi, there! give me my wife. I've a whole room-full of gold for you." The King sighed, got up, and went with Jack; but his face changed wonderfully when he saw so much money, and saw that Jack was just as rich as he was *himself*.

He said, "Go with me: I'll take you to the Princess, my boy; and we'll have the wedding to-morrow."

Thus far everything went very well; but when they came to the Princess, and she heard what was doing, she became very angry, and said that she would not have any peasant lout for a husband.

"That's all one to me," said Jack: "I'm going to marry you, and to-morrow you'll have me, without more ado."

Then he went away to his own palace.

The King was quite miserable, when he saw his only daughter so wretched. Then his ministers came to him, and said, "At about an hour's distance there is the mill, where the dwarf with the nose of seventy-seven ells is always knocking about. Send Jack there to deliver the mill from him, and you may be sure that he'll never come back."

The King sent for Jack at once, and begged him to undertake it as a favour.

"Very willingly," said Jack; and off he set to the mill.

There was nothing to be seen there, except an old screw vice, a couple of stools, and an old stove.

Jack made a fire in the stove, lit his pipe, and sat down comfortably. Suddenly the door burst open, and a long pointed thing pushed its way in, and seemed as if it were endless, for it stowed itself away in a coil round the room. At last a dwarf followed, and Jack saw that it was his nose.

"Brother, I'd like to hear you sneeze," said Jack; but the dwarf growled, "You shall never sneeze, for I'll crack your crown."

"You may save yourself the trouble," says Jack, "if you care about your own. You seem very agile

with your nose: let us see if I could catch it in yonder vice."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the dwarf scornfully, and shook his head so, that his nose went up and down like a sword.

"Yes, but let us try?" said Jack.

"Oh, very well!" said the dwarf.

"If I succeed, I am free," said Jack; "but if I can't do it, I am yours truly."

"Very good," said the dwarf; and poked his nose into the vice.

Jack turned it a little, but allowed him to take it out again.

"Do you see?" said the dwarf; and laughed so, that the echoes rung again.

"Come now, a second time!" said Jack; and then he tried it a second time, and Jack let him get off again, and he roared with laughter.

"And now, then, for the third time!" cried the dwarf; but this time Jack had him, and wouldn't let him go, until he promised to do all sorts of good deeds.

After this the Princess hadn't a single excuse to make: she was obliged to take Jack. Gradually she got accustomed to him, and loved him very dearly.

As Jack and his wife were taking a walk in the forest after this, the long nosed dwarf was sitting on a tree, and put out his long claws to catch the Princess's crown.

"Ah, I'll put your nose in the vice again!" cried Jack.

"No! no!" cried the dwarf; and ran away, and was never heard of more.

The Thirteen Enchanted Princesses.

THREE working lads were tired of working at such very low wages, and so took what was due to them, and went out into the world to seek their fortune. At the town-gate there were three more workmen standing, and they were just going into the town.

“Where are you off to, strangers?” said they.

“We’re going to seek our fortunes,” said the others; “for the town’s very poor, and wages low.”

“Then let us all go together,” said the second three; and they went down the road.

At the first place they came to, they resolved to see if the landlord at the “Green Dog” had as good beer as ever. In the taproom they found three more working lads, who seemed very dull and downcast.

“Good morning, brothers,” cried the former six; “where are you going?”

“We don’t know,” said they; and began to grumble about the bad times.

“Never mind; let us all go together, and share what we have, until the times become good again.”

So all nine of them set off, and sang their songs, as merrily as if their knapsacks had been stuffed with golden sovereigns instead of old clothes.

A little way farther on, they found three more working lads who were lying under a tree sleeping like sacks.

“A capital idea!” they all declared, dropped their knapsacks, and lay down under the tree.

The other three by-and-by woke up, and

stared when they found they were in such a large company.

Then they made up their minds without more ado, as they were in brotherly company, to stay there and take their fortune with them. And so it was, and they were all in high joy. Then they sang and shouted till the echoes rang, and the less they had in their pockets, as is usual on such occasions, the jollier they were. To be sure, they never met with any work, and their jollity couldn't last for ever: they held a council of war, the end of which was, that they all enlisted, and went to the Crimea. They were obliged to go to drill now; besides, their knapsacks had to march stomach in, breast out, hands back, eyes right — that's a fact! Left right, face about! They had to fight, too; and as they were all great cowards (I suppose they must have been Bono Johnnies), they soon got wind of that, and made up their minds to run away.

But the youngest got frightened, and went and told the sergeant.

“You're going to desert,” says he: “much obliged for the information. When do you go?”

“To-morrow morning, at day-break.”

“Aha! Guess I'll go too. I'm sick of the service.” The sergeant kept his word, and by way of making a little money, he took all the funds with him. That was life indeed. They lived like fighting-cocks, but the only pity was, that the money did not last long enough.

When their money was nearly at an end, and they did not know what to do for funds, they came one day into a great wood, of which they could not see the end. They walked and walked the whole day

through, but they couldn't find any inn where they could spend their last farthing. Weary with fatigue and hunger, they all fell asleep under a great oak-tree, except the sergeant, who could not close his eyes.

To pass the time he climbed up the tree to look about him, and find out if there were any house near. He spied some smoke at a little distance pouring out of a tall chimney, with now and then a spark in the middle of the smoke. How quickly he slipped down again! He never stormed a battery so rapidly as he now ran in the direction of the smoke. It proved that there was a castle in the neighbourhood, lying in the midst of a mountain.

When he got in, and came to the kitchen, there was a great dinner cooking; and up above in the saloon there was a service of gold plate, and everything laid ready for thirteen people, but not a soul was to be seen in the whole place. The sergeant fell to, drank a couple of bottles of wine, and ate a great piece of roast beef; for he was resolved to do his duty, and see that the wine and meat were not poisoned. When he was quite certain, he went back and beat all his men for joy, so that they thought the robbers were upon them, and cried out for mercy. After they found out that it was their sergeant, they took him by the arms, and dragged him on to the castle.

“Attention!”

That was all very well; but the attention was first due to dinner, and they did pay attention to it! There never was such a campaign, or, for that matter, there never was such champagne, too! And it was so funny, to see the dinner come marching in; as soon as one dish was finished, there came another like lightning, and for every empty bottle of wine there

came two full ones. The best things came to the sergeant, who always shared them with his comrades. And they sat a tremendous time at table, and drank so many toasts, that at last they didn't know anything about anything. The sergeant was the only man who was cool, as it became the commanding officer to be, and so he was able to take them all off to bed. Then he went to his own bed, in a little room separate from the rest, and he was just going to undress, when a beautiful Princess, in an embroidered robe, with a coronet on her head, came in.

She said to him, "Good evening! I have been waiting for you to deliver me for a long time. You and your twelve comrades shall release me and twelve other Princesses who are enchanted in this castle. If you stop here for twelve years, and follow my advice closely, then you will deliver us, and we will marry you. If you will not do this, you are lost, and we will kill you ourselves. You may do just as you please, but you must not quit the bounds of the castle gardens."

The sergeant promised everything immediately, and wished to kiss the Princess's hands in gratitude for her goodness, but she would not let him, and vanished.

The next morning he told the whole story to his comrades, and were not they very glad, that's all! Each one to marry a Princess; they nearly killed themselves with laughing at the idea, they were so delighted. But as matters do happen among men, two of them soon got tired of waiting twelve years, and they agreed that they would desert together.

That night the Princess came to the sergeant and asked him if he knew how long they had been there?

"About a fortnight, I think," said he.

"You are very much mistaken," she replied: "you have been here four whole years."

Next morning the sergeant told the company how long they had been there, and warned them against deserting. Then they were all very contented again, but not for any length of time; for the human heart is strange enough, and is seldom contented with what it has got. About a fortnight after this, seven of them went out hunting, and as they went along five of them agreed to desert the next morning. This was kept quite quiet, but the Princess somehow knew of it directly, and told the sergeant all about it, and asked him again if he knew how long they had been there?

"I think about a month," said he.

"You are very much mistaken," she replied; "it's not far from the end of the ninth year; and pray recollect what a little time you will have to wait now."

And when the sergeant told the men, it was all right for the minute, but they soon got tired again, and rebelled and went to the sergeant, and said that they didn't know if the Princess wasn't deceiving them. They wished to see their future wives. The sergeant warned them not to try to do this, for he felt sure that it would do harm; but they were resolved that he should tell the Princess, and if he would not do so they would all go away.

When he told the Princess about this in the evening, she sighed, and said, "It would be better if they didn't ask this; but if they will have it, tell them to look out of the window to-morrow morning at twelve, and they will see us in our enchanted condition."

They did so, and there was a regular fight to get to the window ; but when they got there, all they saw was a number of horrible-looking animals—dragons, lions, and tigers—and they very soon left off looking at them. Instead of being satisfied, they went to the sergeant next, and said that it was a pretty business to marry them to a lot of nasty animals like those, and they wouldn't stay in the castle any longer, unless they could see the Princesses in their own forms. The sergeant in vain tried to persuade them not to do this, but it was of no use, and in the evening, he was obliged to tell the Princess all about it. Then she sighed very sadly, and said, "Ah! if they would not ask this! But go and tell them, that to-morrow we will come and sup with them in our natural shapes, on the condition that no one speaks, and no one attempts to touch us."

The sergeant told the men, and they all promised to follow the advice given them ; and when the evening came, supper was laid for twenty-six people, and all the beautiful Princesses came, and each sat by the side of her future husband. The supper went on silently enough for a very long time, until the youngest of them could not control himself any longer, but kissed his bride. At that moment there came a frightful thunder-clap, the lights went out, and when the thirteen came to their senses again, the Princesses were gone, and everything in the greatest confusion. They were all very sorry now, I can tell you.

Then the Princess came on the following evening to the sergeant, and said, "Alas! that they would not do as I advised! Ten years had gone by, and the deliverance would have been complete in a very short time. But now they must get away from here as fast

as they can, if they love their lives. Each may take a two-horsed cart full of gold with him, and take care never to set foot in here again."

Then they refused to do this, but when they came in to dinner, there was only one cover, that was for the sergeant; and then, when they found it was no use staying, they went at last, taking with them the money that had been given them.

The good sergeant remained alone in the lonely castle, and the only person he ever saw was the beautiful Princess, who came every evening. After a time he got very lonely and sad, and he wished to get back to the world again very much. The Princess soon saw this; and when she came one evening she said to him, "I see you are very lonely and downcast, and that you wish yourself away. Go, then, wherever you please. As you have stayed here so quietly for such a long time, accept as a token of our gratitude this cloak, which will transport you wherever you desire to go; and this purse, which will never be empty." He wanted to thank her, but she vanished before he could speak.

The next morning, when he had risen, he put the purse in his pocket, and wrapping himself in the cloak, wished himself in the capital of Spain. In five minutes time he was there. He bought himself fine clothes, and went to the best hotel in the town, for which you must see Mr. Ford's Handbook. He hired a number of servants, bought carriages and horses, and lived like a King—I would have said Emperor, but Emperors and Czars don't lead happy lives, and he did.

The royal family used to come out and see the soldiers exercising every day, and they used to sit on

chairs outside a merchant's house, hard by the hotel where the sergeant lived. He, too, used to come out and ride about the place, for a very good reason—that he was in love with the Princess.

One day he went to a shop, and bought cloth, twenty yards at twenty crowns a yard; and the Princess happened to be in the shop, and wondered at his buying such a quantity of expensive stuff.

When she saw him nearer, she was very much pleased with his appearance; and the longer she looked, the better she was pleased; and I, for one, don't much wonder, as he looked remarkably well in his princely dress.

When she got home, she begged her father, the King, to ask so desirable a young man to dinner. He did so; and to make a long story short, the pair of them were so much delighted with each other, that at last they married. What a splendid wedding it was, too! I wish we had been there!

They lived a very happy life, and had twelve children, all boys. They were all put into the army, and the Prince became Field Marshal, as other Princes have been, and went every day to the parade; and when the old King died, he became King in his stead.

One day, when he was with his family on parade, a ragged fellow came and begged. He gave him some money; but no sooner had he looked at him than he knew him: it was one of his old company.

Next day, another one came, and so on, until they had all been to him, and each of them begged some money of him. Then he sent for them, and when they were standing before him trembling and afraid lest he should punish them for begging, he discovered *himself to them.*

How they opened their eyes and mouths! After telling them how he had risen to be King, they began to tell how they had fallen down from being very rich people into very poor people. At last they begged him to lead them to the old castle, that they might release the Princesses.

"I would not advise you to do this," said the King: "you will suffer for it."

But when they begged very hard, he remembered that the Princess had asked him to return, and so he gave in to the dictates of his good heart.

He wrote a letter to his wife, saying that he was obliged to go away for a short time, but would soon be back again. Then he took the cloak, and standing up on it with his former companions, they flew through the air, and in ten minutes reached the castle.

It was evening, and when they entered they found the table laid, but only for the King; the others might go hungry to bed, at which they were much annoyed.

That was not all, however. When they were gone, and the King went into his own room, the Princess appeared, and after greeting him kindly, said, "My dear deliverer, you were quite right to come back again, but the others were very foolish to do so, and they are sorry for it now. When you get up tomorrow, take with you the twelve rubies you will find on the table, and bring them to your twelve sons; but do not stay any longer."

After saying this, she gave him her hand and disappeared. The King did as she recommended him, but when he flew by the palace gate, the other twelve were hanging up on a high gallows; that was their punishment.

How glad everybody was when the King came

back so soon, and gave the twelve large rubies to his sons! He was plagued to death to say where he got them, and at last he told them.

The Princes had no rest after that, and all wanted to be off to the palace again, but he would not allow it; for he kept thinking of how the whole company was hanging on the gallows, and he feared the same fate for his sons.

Then he dreamt three times that the beautiful Princess appeared to him, and begged him, with tears in her eyes, to bring the twelve Princes to the castle, that they might be delivered.

But as he still would not do it, he dreamt on the fourth night, that the door opened, and all the thirteen enchanted Princesses came in, and fell upon their knees, and begged him, amidst crying and weeping, not to stand in the way of their deliverance, and assured him that the Princes would not be hurt, but, on the contrary, they would be happy all their lives.

Then his heart was softened, and he told every thing to his wife, mounted the mantle with all his sons, and came to the castle.

When they entered, they found the table far more splendidly decked than ever it had been for the people that came there with the King in the old time, but every thing was gleaming with pure gold and diamonds.

In the evening, after supper, when the Princes were all gone to bed, the King's doors opened, and the beautiful Princess came in joyfully, and said, "Many thanks, my dear friend. Our deliverance is near, and to-morrow we will come and take supper with you, and sit with you all the evening; but nobody may speak or move the whole time. If we do this, we shall all be happy for ever afterwards."

The King promised it joyfully, and told his sons how to behave.

There was a very grand dinner laid for six-and-twenty people, and everybody sat and ate it in silence, and then they remained sitting at the table all night, like statues, quite motionless.

In the morning there was a thunder-clap, as if ten thousand cannons went off at once, and then all the Princesses embraced the Princes, and called them their deliverers. All?—No, not all; for the beautiful Princess, sitting beside the King, only wept bitterly, and gave the King her hand, for she loved him very much.

At this deliverance, there was great joy and exultation. While the Princes were walking about the castle with their brides, the King took his cloak, and flew back home to tell his wife all about it; but, alas! there was nothing but sorrow and tribulation, for only the day before, the Queen had fallen out of her carriage, and been run over, and killed.

He was very sorry for the loss of his dear wife; but after a year had gone by, the King did as Mr. Thackeray says we all of us should do, if we were in the same circumstances—he consoled himself by marrying the Princess; and his sons married the others, and so every thing was all right, and the world went on like clockwork again.

The Castle of Death.

THERE was a poor man who, besides a heap of children of his own, had to maintain a good number of his relations. When his wife presented him, poor man, with another child more, he only sighed, and said, "I wish I knew some one to stand godfather!"

"Why," said the wife, "ask the first good man who meets you out on the road."

So out the good man went quite early in the morning, just when the sun was stepping out of his house, so that he had pleasant company on the road. Up came a little wizened old man, who asked him with a friendly air, what was he doing out on his pins so early?

"I'm looking for a godfather for my little child," said he; "maybe you'd be kind enough to favour me."

"With all my heart," said the little man, "if you only let me know when the christening is."

"To-morrow morning, then, if it suits you."

"'Tis just the very thing. I have business hard by, and I'll be there in time, depend upon it."

"May I ask your name, sir godfather?"

"They call me Death," said the little man, laughing, and on he went.

At the time appointed next day, there he was, and lifted the child out of the font, and said, "I shall come again when my godchild is fourteen, and then you need not trouble yourselves more about it, for I'll provide for it myself."

So after they had thanked him, he took his leave.

When the boy was fourteen, again came the godfather, and took him along with him into the forest, and said, "I'll make you the cleverest doctor in the world, my dear godchild, if you'll only attend to what I say. When you visit any one that's sick, and see me standing at the bed's head, you may say decidedly, 'I fear there's no hope!' But when I stand at the foot of the bed, you have only to get a bason of new milk, and put a little salt in it, and in three days the sick person will be well again."

The youth thanked his godfather, and set to work so diligently at his new calling, that in no little time he became famous far and near, and very rich in the bargain. When the King's favourite horse was sick, and he cured it, the King gave him as much gold as a dray-horse could draw; and when he foretold the death of the Queen, and she really did die, the King in his delight gave him twice as much, and in a week married another lady.

At the time he was a fine blooming man, and at the best of his years, one summer's day, as he was taking a walk in the forest, he met his godfather, and went on with him some miles. At length they reached a cross way, and Death said, "My way lies to the right: go you to the left, and be lucky, we shall soon meet again."

"And where go you?" asked the Doctor.

"I am going home, for I have business there," was the answer.

"Let me go with you, dear godfather," said the Doctor. "I have never seen the house where you live."

Death refused, and prayed him very kindly to take the other way, but the Doctor would not be denied,

and entreated him so long, that at last Death said, "So be it then; you shall go to my castle, but you must not enter."

So by-and-by they came to a smooth, and broad and glassy way that stretched far away into the forest, and gleaming at the end they could just discern the outline of a beautiful castle, the windows of which were all closed.

When they had reached the gate, Death said, "You are content now, my dear son, and turn back for your sake."

But the Doctor was more curious now than ever, and the more Death entreated him to go back, the more was he set on going in, till at last Death consented. When he entered, he found all the chambers dark, with the exception of one little light window burned in each.

"What means this?" asked the Doctor, in amazement; and Death answered, "These are the life-lights of men."

"Then, godfather, pray let me see mine."

But Death replied, "Do not ask me: it is better for thee not to see it."

But the Doctor, just as before, entreated so that Death agreed, and showed him a very wee window that was flickering very feebly in the socket.

"Now go away, and don't remain any longer," said Death, "lest I have to take charge of thee;" and he led him hastily out of the castle into the forest again.

Home the Doctor hurried, and the same evening he fell very sick. When he awoke, very far on in the night, and looked round the room, he saw a light standing at the bed's head. So he turned his



THE PRINCESS SEVEN STARS.

1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)

2. *Scirpus americanus* L. (American cordgrass)

3. *Spartina patens* (Muhl.) B. S. P. (Cordgrass)

4. *Spartina cynosuroides* (L.) B. S. P. (Cordgrass)

5. *Spartina anglica* (Muhl.) B. S. P. (Cordgrass)

6. *Spartina alterniflora* (Lois.) B. S. P. (Cordgrass)

7. *Spartina foliosa* (Muhl.) B. S. P. (Cordgrass)

8. *Spartina patens* (Muhl.) B. S. P. (Cordgrass)



round quickly, and put his feet towards Death, who hurried round to the other end; and so they kept turning round till morning, that at last Death grew tired.

"You give me more trouble than any one since Adam's time," said he. "I am satisfied to let you live to-day, if that will content you."

"Nay," said he; "only let me live till I have balanced my banker's book."

So he began; but some interruption always came and put the figures out of his head again.

Death laughed, and said, "I'll take good care in future never to teach my art to a doctor."

The Princess of Sevenstars.

THERE was, once upon a time, a King of Orange, who was a widower with an only son. One day he saw the portrait of the Princess of Sevenstars, which so delighted him that he resolved to marry her. Giving up the management of his kingdom to his son, he set out upon his travels. After being a good while on the journey he came one evening to a little inn at the entrance of a dark forest. He inquired of the landlord if it were far from the Kingdom of Sevenstars?

The landlord clapped his hands together over his head and said, "Your Majesty will never get there at all. The forest is a seven days' journey through, and then you will come to the Cannibal Republic. The

people of that country are very monstrous giants, and they are posted along the high roads in parties of one, two, four, eight, and so on, to kill everybody that passes."

The King of Orange felt his heart drop into his shoes at this, I can tell you. He ordered his carriage round, and drove off home again.

In the meanwhile his son had seen the picture of the Princess, and got more in love with her than ever his father had been. When the King came back, he said, "Father, I shall go and try, too;" and nothing his father could say had any effect upon him.

When he came to the little inn, the landlord told him all about the dangers of the way, but he said that he knew all that before he went away from home, and so set off the next morning through the great forest. When he had been riding along for some time, and it began to get dark, a voice cried out behind him, "Hold, Prince!" He turned round, and a little grey mannikin was standing before him, who said, "Prince, if you will follow my advice, you shall deliver me and marry the Princess of Sevenstars."

The Prince said that that was what he would like to do, and the mannikin continued, "The forest is really seven days' journey through, but you will come out of it to-morrow early. Dig a hole with your sword at the first cross-road you see, and you will find three things—a bottle, a sword, and a little pipe. The wine in the bottle will give you strength to wield the sword, and the little pipe you had better keep carefully, for it will be of great use to you."

And as the mannikin had told him, so it happened. The Prince came out of the forest at daybreak; he

dug up the three things, drank the wine, girded the sword about him, and put the little pipe in his pocket. About mid-day he came to the frontier of the Cannibal Republic, where there was a sentinel standing.

“What do you want, earthworm?” this fellow called out, and lifted his iron rod to strike him down, but with the first blow of the magic sword he was dead. It was just the same with all the rest; and when he came to the eight, he killed seven, and the other fellow thought that if he killed seven he might kill eight, and so ran away, and the Prince got quite comfortably to the kingdom of Sevenstars.

Ere he got to the capital, it was necessary for him to ride through a great wood. Night overtook him while he was still in the midst of it. Then he saw a light, and after riding up to it, he came to a beautiful palace. The gate was open, and on the tower above the light he had observed was burning, but there was nobody to be seen or heard in the whole place. He went into the stable, where he found the most beautiful horses, of all colours, standing, with most elegant harnesses of the same colour as the horse by each of them. Then he went on to the saloon, where all kinds of clothes of every colour were hanging against the wall, both of the richest and poorest stuffs. At last he went to bed, but the next morning he left his horse standing in the stable and walked on on foot, until he came out of the wood to the capital of the King of Sevenstars.

“Does your Majesty want a servant?” asked he. The King said, that the only person he wanted at present was a gooseherd, and he might be that gooseherd; but if he chanced to lose any of his herd he

should have his head cut off. This, by way of comfort and encouragement, he added, had been done to three gooseherds one after the other.

The next day the Prince drove his geese into the wood where the wonderful castle was, and could not help going to see his dear horse. When he came back, he found that the whole herd had run away. He did not know what to do, until he thought of his wonderful pipe. He put it to his lips and gave a blast, when they came running back to him in a great hurry, bringing a lot of wild geese with them; so that when he got home he had three times as many as in the morning. Then the King was very glad, and said, "You're a capital fellow, and shall stay with me all your life."

After the Prince had done his duty for many weeks, great sorrow came over the city. For behind the town was a mountain, and in the mountain lived a dragon, and the dragon had three heads, and the people were obliged to give him a pure virgin every year to eat. This was for the good of his health, for the dragon was an invalid. But virgins had grown very rare at last, from this constant consumption; and at last there only remained one, and this was the King's own dear daughter.

When the day had arrived, the King said to the Prince, his gooseherd, "Will you not stay and see how matters go on with my daughter?"

"No," said the Prince of Orange: "I would rather go out with the geese as usual."

But when he came into the wood, he went into the palace and put on black clothes, and saddled a black horse, and girded his magic sword around him.

In the mean time the old King and all the city had

gone out to the mountain in state-mourning, and had bound his daughter to a rock, that she might be eaten by the dragon. Slowly and slowly the horrid creature crept and crawled by the crowd till he came where his prey was bound ; and his three tongues hung greedily out of his mouths, and he seemed only to be thinking which mouth he should eat her up with, when a black knight came thundering down the mountain, and with a tremendous blow cut off one of the dragon's heads, and disappeared almost as quickly as the dragon did, who bellowed so loudly that the mountains echoed.

When the gooseherd came home, the King said to him, "Ah, I wish you had been there to see the black horseman cut off the dragon's head. We shall have to take her out twice more, or he will eat up the whole city."

When he went out the next day, the King asked him to stay again, but he refused ; and went directly to the palace, where he put on red clothes, and rode a red horse, and came down and cut off the dragon's second head as quickly as before. When the King saw him in the evening, he told him all about the wonderful red horseman, who had cut off another of the dragon's heads. "But," said he, sadly, "we shall have to take her once more to-morrow."

The third day the gooseherd put on white clothes, and rode a white horse, and cut off the dragon's third and last head. Now the Princess was delivered, but nobody knew to whom she owed her life.

Then the King commenced a great tournament, and proclaimed that whoever carried off the prizes should marry the Princess, and receive the kingdom.

The trial of skill consisted in taking a ring off a

hook with a lance, and hanging it up again, with the horse in full gallop. The most able horsemen came to try, but none of them could do it.

All of a sudden, a coal-black horseman, with closed visor, dashed into the lists, and in an instant took down the ring, and hung it up again; but then dashed away, and was seen no more.

The King and Princess were very much annoyed at that, and when the gooseherd came home that evening, the King told him all about it, and said that he thought the black knight did not think his daughter good enough for him.

The same thing exactly took place the next day, at the second tournament, only that the gooseherd this time put on red clothes, and rode the red horse.

But on the third day the King ordered the gates to be closed, and if another strange knight should come, they should catch him, dead or alive.

This time the gooseherd came again, but in white clothes, and on a white horse. He took the ring off more cleverly than ever, bowed to the Princess, and turned his horse to go. When he saw that the gate was closed, and that the King's people came running from every side to hold him, he dashed over the gate and away.

However, he did not get off scot free; for an old invalid of the guard stuck his spear into his leg, and the point broke off and remained in his leg, although it did not stop him. The little Princess now began to cry very sadly, for she thought she would have to remain single all her life.

When the gooseherd came home, the King told him all about it, and said, "Ah, my dear gooseherd, if you had stopped here, you might have seen how the

white knight ran away. Why, man! what's the matter with your leg? It bleeds."

The gooseherd tried all sorts of excuses, but the King said he would have none of them, and sent for the surgeon, who pulled out the broken point of the spear, which fitted exactly; and thus it came out that the three knights were only one, and that one the gooseherd.

Then he went into the wood to the wonderful palace, and put on his Prince's clothes, and came back and married the Princess, and became King of Sevenstars.

The palace in the wood was now disenchanted. The horses all turned into counts, knights, nobles, musicians, and servants; and everybody put on his clothes, and went to welcome the Prince of Orange and King of Sevenstars.

The new King of Sevenstars was a very great conqueror and reformer, like Sesostris in Egypt, and conquered the giants in the Cannibal Republic, and made a great broad road right through the forest; the old King of Orange came along this road, and saw his grandchild.

The Grey Mannikin.

THERE was once upon a time a rich farmer. As he was growing old, and still remained childless, he got very sad, and thought, "I don't know for whom I am working!" So he let his business just go on as it

pleased, and in a very little time he had lost more than half his property.

One day, when he was at work in the forest, a little grey mannikin came to him, and asked him why he was so sad ?

When he told how it was, and that every day things got worse and worse, and he was obliged to sell his things to the Jews, the mannikin said, that if he would give him something he had at home, he should be as rich as ever he had been in his life, and a great deal richer.

The farmer promised it him joyfully, and then the mannikin told him, that his wife had just got a little son, who now was his property, and ordered him to bring him to that place as soon as he was twelve years of age. Until that time, he was to gratify the child in everything, and not make him do anything.

When the peasant came home, he found the little boy, who smiled and laughed at him continually. And the little fellow brought good fortune with him, so that he soon became a great deal richer than ever he had been, as the grey mannikin had promised him.

The boy ran about in the forest all day, and when he was six years of age, his father had to buy him a gun, and he went shooting everything he saw.

When the boy's twelfth birthday had come, the farmer said to him, that it was necessary that he should go into the forest with him one day, and that they would go to-morrow. So the next morning they got on the cart, and rode out to the particular place where the little grey mannikin had spoken to the farmer. The old man began to pick up dry wood, and to make a bundle of it, expecting that the mannikin would

come. But the boy got tired, and said, "Father, be quick, or I won't stay."

The father wished in his own heart that he would go; but as he did not dare to say anything, he kept quite silent.

"Father," said the boy, "if you don't go on with your work, I'll leave you, and go into the wide world."

The father pretended to go to sleep over his work, and then the boy threw his gun over his shoulder, and said "Good-by!" and he was gone.

The farmer was very glad of this, and went home to his wife, and told her the whole affair; but she lamented very much for her lost child.

The boy all this time was striding sturdily into the wide world; but when he got out of the wood, and had walked for a couple of hours, he began to feel very hungry. Therefore, he went to a farmer, and hired himself as a servant; but he wasn't of much use.

After being in a good many situations, he became shepherd to a family. Before he drove his sheep out, the lady of the house took him aside, and said it was a pity for so young a lad to be devoured, and that he had better take care, and always drive his sheep towards the left side of the meadow; for at the right, in the forest, there was a great bear who had already killed three shepherds.

The boy thanked the lady, hung his gun over his shoulder, and drove the sheep deeper and deeper into the forest, always to the right.

At last there came a terrible black bear, as tall as a barn-door, and with great eyes, as big as soup-plates. The boy did not think very long about it, but shot the creature right in the face. There was a

great thunder-clap at this, and in place of the bear, a most beautiful lady stood before him, who thanked him most kindly for her deliverance, and bade him wish three things as a reward.

"In the first place, I wish I may inherit a kingdom," said he. "In the second place, that I may always have as much money as ever I want; and in the third place, that I may get you for a wife."

"All these things," said the lady, "you may have, except the third, which cannot be, as I have a husband and three children at home; but instead of that I will endow you with the power of changing yourself into whatever you please."

With these words she disappeared. The young fellow went on his way until he came to a great palace. In the village he heard there was going to be a great trial at the palace, and whoever was able to tell which was the eldest or which the youngest of the three Princesses, should have her hand in marriage and the kingdom too; but whoever guessed wrong was to lose his head. Then he turned himself into a golden bird, and flew into the garden where the three Princesses sat and dined. He took a crumb and flew away, and then came back for another; and at last allowed himself to be caught.

Then they all ran into the palace very joyfully to show their father the pretty bird, and each of them wanted to have it. But she who had caught it wouldn't let it go, and insisted upon its being hung up in her room.

When the night came the little bird flew, and when the Princess woke she felt a kiss upon her brow. She cried out so loudly that the King and all his court

came running out; but the bird was back in his cage, with his head under his wing. The King was very angry at being disturbed, as you may think.

When all was quiet he came out again, and kissed her gently, and she was very frightened again. But when the King came there was nothing but the little sleeping birdie in the cage. So he flew into a violent rage this time, and said that if she cried out again for nothing he would certainly cut off her head.

She did not dare to go to sleep again, but lay watching, and saw how the little bird came out and became a handsome youth. She was frightened to death, and would have cried out again, if he had not sealed her lips with a kiss. They now got very friendly, and she told him that she was the youngest; and he would know her by her pocket-handkerchief peeping out of her apron. And did it do so? No! not a peep certainly, but about a yard. So he married her, and became King.

When he had got a little tired of governing, he went out hunting as he used to do, the whole day. He had a great, great park, and in it three ponds; and on the first day he met a white stag, who lured him to the third pond, where he stood still. The King shot, and in one instant the grey mannikin stood there instead of the stag, and seized him by the collar.

“I am the King!” he cried.

“Ah! bah!” said the mannikin, “who’s a King? You’re a farmer’s boy. I hadn’t any time to fetch you then; now you’re mine!” And he took him and threw him into the pond several fathom deep.

When the Queen had waited dinner a long time, she called all the magicians in the kingdom together to get him back for her again.

For a long time no one would undertake it ; at last one man said, that he would do it, and all he wanted was a watch from Mr. Bennett, and a looking-glass. With these two things he went out to the lake, drew a circle round it, and began, after putting the clock in it, to call up the spirit until the mannikin came. He went round in the circle about the lake until he came to the watch ; then he stood still, and asked what that was ?

The enchanter said it was a watch, and inside there was something alive by which you might tell the time.

The mannikin held the watch to his ear, and said he would exchange something for it.

The enchanter said that he might get it in exchange for the King.

At last they agreed that the mannikin should show the King, as the price of the watch. Then he went down and brought the poor King up, but only let him come half out of the water, so that he had power over it still, and then he pulled him down again.

The enchanter did the same with the looking-glass that he had done with the watch.

The mannikin was very delighted with the glass, where he could see himself, and find that he was far handsomer than he ever thought he was.

The enchanter promised that he should have the looking-glass if he would bring up the King again and put him on the palm of his hand.

The mannikin was content ; but as soon as the King sat upon his hand he became a golden birdie and flew away. When the enchanter got to the palace, the King was in the arms of his wife.

Faithful Paul.

THE King of Spain went out hunting once upon a time, but there was no game to be found. Then he heard something crying in the wood, and when he came to it he found it was a poor little boy. He took the child in his arms, carried it with him to his palace, and had it educated with his own son.

The Prince's name was Ferdinand, and the little lad was named Paul. When they were both eighteen years of age, they wished to see the world, and went on board ship. They had not sailed far when their ship was surrounded by pirates, and they were both taken prisoners. This was very hard, but it was still harder when they were sold to the Sultan, and made to work in his garden.

The Sultan had a very beautiful daughter. She went walking under her windows in the garden every day, where the two youths were at work. When she saw how proud they looked, and how handsome they both were, especially Ferdinand, she thought to herself that they could not be of common origin, and asked them one day from what country they came.

Then Ferdinand told her everything; and it touched her so much that she grew very fond of the youths, and sent them many a good thing to eat and drink. They had now to tell her all they knew; and the more they told her the fonder she grew of them; until she found that Ferdinand was more to her than father, or mother, or all the world. Ferdinand, too, loved her very much, and took counsel with Paul as to how they

might fly together. Then Paul gave him capital advice, which was carried out directly.

The Princess went to bed, and said she was very ill; and all the doctors in the empire came to see her, but could not find out in what way she was to be cured. At last she said, "Send me to our marine palace on the shore; perhaps the sea air will do me good;" and her father had her taken there immediately.

After she had been there some days, she declared that the gardens did not please her, they were so ill kept, and that she wanted other gardeners. Then the Sultan sent other gardeners, but none of them were right, until he sent the two youths out of his own garden; these, she said, would do.

Now, they all waited most anxiously for some ship that would bring them to their native land, but none came. At last Paul saw a vessel going by one evening, bearing the Spanish flag. He called Ferdinand directly, and the three friends got into a boat and rowed out after it.

When they were near it, Paul shouted out to the captain, "Hi! countryman: here is Prince Ferdinand. Save him from captivity, and you shall be richly rewarded."

As soon as the captain heard that the Prince was in the boat, he hove to, took all three into the ship, and paid great reverence to the Prince. Then he set all the sails, and the wind blowing fair, they were soon so far away that the Sultan could never catch them. Then they agreed that they would take it in turns to watch all night at the top of the mast, and keep a look out, that the Sultan might not surprise them.

When Paul was sitting aloft one evening, two white

doves came fluttering along about midnight, and perched upon the mast. One of them said to the other, "Rooky dee gook, if the people on board here go on for two days longer, they will get home. The Sultan cannot reach them now."

"Rooky dee gook! but on land he can hurt them."

"Rooky dee gook! how is that?"

"Rooky dee gook! by a horse which the Sultan has sent to the capital. When the Prince sees it, he will want to have it, but if he rides it, it will fly back to Turkey with him."

"Rooky dee gook! what should be done?"

"Rooky dee gook! some one must kill the horse, but must not tell why, or he will become sandstone up to his heart."

"Rooky dee gook! what a sad thing!"

When they had said all this, they took wing and flew away. But Paul had understood every word, for he had been born in the woods, and knew the language of birds.

The next evening Ferdinand wanted to take his turn, but Paul said, "I will go: it is better."

Then Ferdinand let him go, and Paul went up. About midnight the two white doves came flying along, and came and sat upon the mast and chattered together.

"Rooky dee gook!" said one, "another day and they'll all be at home."

"Rooky dee gook! the Prince had better take care!"

"Rooky dee gook! how do you mean?"

"Rooky dee gook, the Sultan has sent out a great spider, and it will crawl along the ceiling and drop its poison into the wine-cup."

“Rooky dee gook! what is to be done then?”

“Rooky dee gook! whoever knows this, will throw down the wine-cup, but he mustn't say why he did it, or he will become a salt-pillar.”

“Rooky dee gook! what a pity!” Then the little doves went away.

Next day the ship came to land, and there was great delight at this. As soon as it was known that the Prince had come back, all the people came out to welcome him. When he made his entry into the town, the Sultan's daughter rode at his right side, and Paul at his left, for he said, “To these two I owe my freedom and my life, and I will honour them until I die.”

The old Queen, his mother, followed him in her carriage.

When they came to the market-place, there was a man standing with a horse, and the Prince was so delighted with it, that he bought it directly, and was just going to mount, when Paul came running and stabbed it to the heart, so that it died.

Ferdinand looked at him with astonished eyes, and said, “What are you doing? and why do you spoil my pleasure?”

“That's pure malice,” said the old Queen, who hated Paul; and Paul could not say more than that it was necessary, and he must not ask any more. Then the procession went on to the castle, and at table Paul ate nothing, but kept his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, in search of the spider.

“Do you see how envious he is, my son?” said the Queen: “that's all pure malice.”

Then Paul saw how the spider crept along from a corner, and hung right above the Prince's cup, and

let the poison fall drop by drop into it. Then the Prince took up the cup to drink, but in that moment Paul knocked over the cup, so that the wine was spilled.

“There, you see, my son,” said the old Queen; “I certainly would put him in prison directly.”

After dinner the Prince called Paul, and went into the garden with him, and said, “Now, tell me, Paul, why did you kill the beautiful horse, and overset the wine-cup?”

“I may not tell,” said the other; “do not ask me, for it will do you no good, and me harm.”

The other pressed him hard for the reason, as he said it would alter the Queen’s opinion of him. Then Paul could not help it, and told him why he had killed the horse. Immediately he became stone up to the middle.

“If I have become stone so far, I will be all stone,” said he, and told him the rest of the tale; and he was that instant turned into a stone.

Then Ferdinand was very sorry, and lamented bitterly that he had recompensed such fidelity in so bad a manner. He had the statue carried into the palace, and went to look at it every day. After a year had gone by, his wife presented him with a beautiful little child.

Then he dreamt one night that the stone opened its lips, and said, that if he would consent to sacrifice the child, and sprinkle its blood upon the stone, he would be delivered. This was too much for a father to do, who just rejoiced in the safety of his child; therefore, he persuaded himself that it was all a dream, and of no consequence. The next night, however, he dreamt the same dream, and became very sad and miserable.

In the third night the stone said, "If you do not deliver me now, I shall be condemned to remain a statue for ever."

Then the Prince thought that there was no time to be lost, and that fidelity must be rewarded by fidelity. He got up at daybreak, took the child from the cradle, and his sword from the wall, and went to where the statue was standing. He kissed the poor child, and raised his sword to strike it, but he felt himself seized by the arm, and he found that it was Paul who had thus been delivered.

Paul became a Count, and lived happily evermore.

The Shepherd's Son and the Magical Princess.

THERE was once upon a time a shepherd who kept his sheep on a meadow slip by an enchanted wood, into which he never dared to venture. One day his pipe went out, and when he looked for his steel to strike fire, he found that he had lost it. At the same time he saw that the forest was in flames. He could not go home, and a light he must have; so he took heart, and went to light his pipe at the burning forest. He had scarcely reached it, when he heard himself called by name. He stood still, and looked round, but there was nobody to be seen; and, after his name had been called for the third time, he saw that there was lying beside him a great serpent.

"If you will go with me into the forest," said the serpent, "you shall be happy all your life."

The shepherd was a poor fellow, and said, "Yes." Then the serpent crept on before him, right into the forest. The fire was all gone, for that had only been a thing to lure him on. They went deeper and deeper into the wood; at last the serpent stopped beside a hazel-bush, and told him to break off a branch. When he had done so, the serpent went on again, and the forest became thicker and thicker. They came to two other hazel-bushes, and broke off a branch from each of them; and the serpent bid him mark them. At last, when the forest was so thick that there was no getting any farther, and the shepherd was so tired that his legs would not carry him any longer, they came to a great palace, with a high gateway before it.

Then the serpent told him to beat against it with the first branch, and it sprang open at once. They came through a dark way into a court, where there was another castle, with a still stronger gate. Here he struck it with the second branch, and on they went through another dark way into a handsome courtyard, where a third very strong castle, with a strong gate stood. He opened it with the third branch, and the serpent led him up and down stairs, until they came to a beautiful room.

"Half your good fortune is made," said she; "if you wish to complete it, you must stay seven years in this room without going out. You will find everything you want upon the table, and you must throw all your crockery, and other things on the dinner table, out of the window, without looking to see where they fall."

When she had said this she went away, and the shepherd wished for a capital dinner, and it came flying

that minute. He ate as much as he wanted, and then threw everything out of the window ; and never cared in the least where the things fell.

He lived very comfortably for three years, but then began to get very lonely and weary, and he began to think to himself what a tremendous heap of crockery there must be under the window. At last he could not restrain himself any longer, and, after throwing a few dozen plates, he looked down. There he saw nothing in the way of a heap of crockery ; but all sorts of horrible animals, on the contrary, were carrying it all off, as fast as it came down. He shut the window, and then there was a knock at the door ; and, before he had time to say, "Come in!" the serpent came in, very angry, and told him that he might either die on the spot, or begin the seven years from the beginning again. He was very glad, as you may think, to save his life, at the expense of his time ; and said he would stay. As he now knew where the crockery went, he did not look out any more, but let the seven years go by all right.

When the time was over, there was a knock at the door again, and he called out "Come in!" lustily enough this time ; and the door opened, and in came a King with a golden crown, and all his court behind. These were the people he had seen in the shape of animals below.

They all thanked him very much, and the King said, "Now, in token of our gratitude, we give you the choice of three things. Which will you have—an iron sword, a golden shirt, or a diamond crown?"

"The iron sword, certainly!" cried the shepherd.

"You have chosen wisely for both of us," said the

King. "Had you chosen the crown, you would have been King in my place; the golden shirt would have been of no use to you or me; but the iron sword makes you the strongest man in the world, and as such I appoint you Commander-in-chief of all my forces."

The King was really in want of a good general, too; for the Emperor of the North no sooner saw him released than he made war upon him. That was a very bad and foolish trick, however; for no matter how many soldiers he sent forth, the Commander-in-chief cut them all to pieces.

The Emperor, however, had a very clever daughter, and he told her all about it, and she said that if he would leave matters to her, she would soon turn the tables. When it got dark, she went out, and let herself be taken prisoner; and when she was brought before the General, he fell in love with her directly, and would not let her go. But when he was asleep she got up softly and took the sword, which hung on the wall, and ran away with it to her father. Next day, the General's forces were all killed, and he himself taken prisoner and led before the Emperor of the North. The Emperor had him cut into small pieces, and packing him in a box, sent it to the King by the Parcels Delivery Company, marked "Care. This side up. Commander-in-chief."

Then there was a great deal of lamentation throughout the land, but the King did not despair of setting matters all right, and sent for all the magicians, and they laid the pieces on the table and anointed them with a wonderful ointment, which made them grow together again. So the General was all right again, and the Dean of the Faculty of Magic gave him the power of turning himself into any kind

of animal he wished. This was a very good thing, and he immediately changed himself into a most beautiful horse, which he had brought to the market in the neighbouring country by a Jew. The Emperor was so delighted, that he said nobody should have the horse but himself, and paying a heavy price for it, he had it led to his stable.

When the Emperor's daughter saw the horse, she said to her father, "I do not like the horse at all; it must have its head cut off."

The cook in the kitchen heard this, and was very sorry for the beautiful horse, and went and caressed it, and said, "How sorry I am that you must die; the hangman is to come and cut off your head."

The horse held up his head and said, "When my head is cut off, three spots of blood shall jump on to your apron, which please to bury under the Princess's window."

This the cook did, and in the morning a most beautiful cherry tree had grown up under the Princess's window. But when she saw it, she said, "I do not like the tree; the carpenter must cut it down."

When the cook heard this, she went out, and said to the tree, "Poor tree! they are going to cut you down."

And the tree said to her, "When the carpenter comes, take three little pieces from me and throw them into the Princess's pond."

And as the tree said, so it was done; and in the morning three most beautiful ducks were swimming in the pond. The Princess took her bow and shot two of them, but she was so pleased with the third, that she went on the pond and caught it, and carried

it up into her room. But during the night the duck flew away with the iron sword, which was hanging on the wall.

So then the General went out again, and killed the Emperor and all his family, and married the cook, and they became Emperor and Empress of the North.

The Story of the Robber Captain.

A POOR countryman had a son. When he was about fifteen years of age, he sent him to town to find work, and learn a trade. The young fellow went his way, and as he was walking along, a gentleman met him, and asked him where he was going.

“To town, to find some one who will take me into his service.”

“Then go with me; I will teach you a business which pays very well,” said the gentleman, and the young fellow went with him.

They came to a forest and a cave where eleven robbers were sitting, and his master was the twelfth. He showed the young man great heaps of gold and silver, lying in the cave, and asked him how he liked that—wouldn't he like to be as rich as that, himself?

“You know the very best trade in the world,” said he; “I shall be very glad to be your apprentice.”

Then they had an excellent supper, and were very merry all the evening. Then the robber gave him a stick (a crow-bar, I suppose), which opened all doors, and said, "Now, go and work, and see if you can't earn something."

Then the young fellow went and worked away into other people's purses until he had got about fifty pounds together, which was very easy work, for every lock yielded to his touch. When he got back to the cave, he laid down his earnings on the table; then his master said, "It isn't much, certainly; to-morrow you must be more industrious."

The next night he brought a hundred pounds, and his master said, "That's much better; but still it's quite clear that you're only a beginner."

When he brought two hundred pounds the third time, his master said, "That's very well: you're making progress; and from to-night you are a fellow, and no longer apprentice. You may be a master to-night, still, if you like: one of us is gone to steal an ox; if you can get it away from him on the way, you're our man."

"Everything depends upon a trial!" said the lad; and made a splendid silver scabbard, dressed himself as a beggar, and set out.

He sat down in the wood by the path, and laid the scabbard by him. Presently, the robber came along with the ox. "What is that you have got there?" he asked; "where did you get it?"

"I found it in the wood," said the beggar.

"Where the scabbard was, I shall most likely find the sword; hold my ox a minute," he said, and ran off into the wood. Then the young fellow drove the ox home to the cave, and when he got there he

was saluted by the band as their chief, and made captain.

As he had made such wonderful progress in the business, he got very proud, and the next day he said, "I shall go to my father for a day or two, and in the mean time you may do as you please. When I return, I'll bring you work enough."

He had his horse saddled, put on fine clothes, and rode off home.

His father could not understand how it was that he was so well dressed.

"How happened it that you are so rich?"

"By my zeal and industry," said his son. "I am master now, and work hard with twelve companions night and day."

"Ha! dear me!" said the father: "what do you make?"

"Empty pockets, my dear father."

"So, you're a rogue, are you?" cried the old man, angrily. "Then get out of the house, before I call the police."

"Just as you please; farewell, father," said Jack, and mounted his horse, and rode away, after putting a purse of gold on the table.

On his way he stopped at an inn, took a small go of brandy and water, and asked what the news might be.

"Not much," said the landlord, "except that yesterday twelve thieves were taken, but nobody could find the thirteenth, who was their captain."

"Aha!" said the other, "is that so? I think I know him, and where he is. Yesterday, he stole everything I had. Give me some bad clothes, and a donkey, and I will see if I cannot lure him into your house."

The landlord did it willingly, and Jack went along and bought two baskets with eggs, cheese, and butter, in the next village, and went his way to the capital. He came by the prison where the twelve prisoners were lying hard and fast, and when he got to the window, he looked in, and cried out to them, "Ah! they've caught you at it, have they? Don't you stupid fellows know that honesty's the best policy."

Then they were very angry at him, but he laughed at them, until they ran away from the window.

Outside the town there dwelt a weaver, who was as poor as a church mouse, and generally dined with Duke Humphrey. Jack knew this, and therefore went to him, and made him a present of the eggs and cheese.

Says Jack, who couldn't be honest on any account, "Let's go and get a handful of money out of the King's treasury. He can't enjoy all the money he's got, and a little would be of great use to us."

"Ah!" said the other, "you seem to me to be one of those persons that only leave hot iron and mill-stones where you find them. I don't mind, however," he said; "I've been honest long enough with an empty stomach, so I don't mind being a rogue with a full one."

"Well said," says Jack.

In the evening they went to the house where the treasure room was; it had a window next to the ground, closed with three iron shutters. Jack put his stick to it, and they all sprang back, and they both got in. Jack took a handful of money, but the weaver filled both his pockets, and then they went quietly off home. When the King came into his treasure-chamber the next day, he saw that some one

had been taking some of the money. Then he sent for the twelve thieves, and asked how the thief managed to get in? They looked at all the windows, and at last they said, "Jack, our captain, has been here, and he came through this window."

The King then promised them their freedom, if they could catch him; then they laid traps round the window and said, "To-morrow morning, you will be sure to have him."

The weaver said to Jack in the evening, "Let us up again and get some more money; it was hardly worth while last night." When they came to the house, Jack tapped his stick against the window, and open it came.

"Let me go in first," said he to the weaver: "I understand the business better than you do."

"No, no! let me go; I'll show you what I can do."

He was caught in the trap that minute, and Jack only said, "There! do you see? I knew better than you. But wait a minute, and we'll manage. Just turn your head round."

The weaver did so, and Jack cut it off in a second, filled his pockets with money, and went back with the head to the weaver's house.

The King was very much surprised the next morning to find the headless body, and sent for the thieves to look at it. But they said, "No! this is not the man; but if this body is hung upon the gallows, he will be caught in trying to steal it; therefore a strong guard had better be put beside it."

This was done, but Jack laughed heartily at the King for thinking that he was stupid enough to be caught. He put the weaver's old clothes on, bought

two little casks of brandy, and mixed a sleeping draught with them. Then he set the tailor to work to make twelve harlequin's dresses, packed them into a knapsack, and went out with his donkey, crying, "Who 'll buy? who 'll buy?"

When the soldiers on guard, who were twelve in number, saw him coming along, they called to him, and he opened his casks of brandy, and they were so pleased, that they drank every drop, and fell fast asleep.

"Now it's my turn," said he, and took out his dresses, took away all their guns, and pistols, and swords, and uniforms, and dressed them in the other things. After that, he took away the weaver's body, and loaded his donkey with all the spoils of the soldiers.

The next morning, when the soldiers woke, you may fancy how surprised they all were to find themselves transformed into harlequins. They didn't know what to do, so they deserted; and as it was Christmas time, got engagements at the theatre in the pantomime, and the managers were very glad.

However, Jack got away, and the twelve robbers were hanged, and the King was quite cheated; and there's an end of the story.

Mutton and Turnips.

IN the good old time, a story used to be told in a certain village, that the parson had laid it down in his sermon, as beyond all doubt, that there was no dish in the world to be compared to turnips and boiled mutton, which opinion, we know, was held by George the Third, too. Three of the congregation, Christopher, Max, and Caspar, being rather fond of good eating, determined to see if the parson was right. So they agreed that Christopher, who was a very sturdy fellow, should go when it was dark into the fields, and steal a sack of turnips, whilst Max and Caspar should go to the common and steal a sheep. They arranged all to meet at the church-gate. No sooner said than done: Christopher, with the sack on his back, went to the turnip-field, and his companions to the common. On their way, they passed by a bog, and just as they were passing, they heard a frog croak. "Hearken!" said Max, and listening: "the shepherd is awake, and is calling out 'Max! Max!' I dare not go: he knows me. It doesn't seem as if he knew you, so you go." So Max turned back and waited until Caspar brought the sheep. Caspar went on by himself, and came to the fold. An old sheep happened at that moment to cough very badly, and it sounded just as if somebody had said, "Caspar!" So Caspar ran away as fast as his legs would carry him, and presently came where Max was waiting.

"Max!" he says to him, panting and out of breath, "only think! the shepherd knew me too, and called

out 'Caspar!' to me quite plainly. We can't get the sheep, I'm afraid, for the shepherd knows us both. Let us go and see how Christopher is getting on."

Max was quite content to do this, and so they went away, until they came to the church-door. Christopher was there already with the sack, and they told him the whole story how they didn't get the sheep, as the shepherd knew them both, and called them by their names. Then Christopher went off, like a good fellow, to get the sheep, and the other two sat down and began to peel the turnips.

All this time night was waning, and the morning coming, and at four o'clock the church bells had to be rung. The schoolmaster comes along to the church to ring the bells, but when he sees the two people sitting in the half darkness by the church-door, he feels frightened (for he thought they were ghosts), and off he runs to the parsonage, and knocks at the door lustily. At last the cook woke, and down she came to open the door; then he woke the parson, and told him that when he went to ring the bells, a couple of ghosts were sitting by the church-door, and wouldn't let him pass.

"You must come," said he, "and drive them into the Red Sea."

The parson, however, like all parsons with good livings, had the gout, and said, "How can you ask me to go with you? Am I not as lame as can be? You must manage to do it yourself, somehow."

"No, sir, you must come!" said the other man; "if you cannot walk, I will carry you on my back; for the bells must be rung!"

Then the parson was persuaded to go, and the schoolmaster took him upon his back and marched

away to the church-yard again. Max and Caspar, when they saw somebody coming along in the dark, with something upon his back, thought it was Christopher with the sheep.

Then one of them cried out, "Have you got him?" and the other said, "Bring him along, and I'll cut his throat for him."

When the schoolmaster heard that, he was so frightened, that he bumped down the parson and ran away like mad. The parson jumped up too, and forgot all about his gout, and ran faster than the schoolmaster.

While Max and Caspar were looking after them, Christopher came along with the sheep on his back, and all the turnips were peeled, and everything ready, and they ate the mutton and turnips for dinner, and declared that they were of the same opinion with the parson and George the Third, that it was indeed the very best fare in the world.

How Jacko played on the Flute.

A MAN once had a monkey who used to imitate him in everything that he did, and this annoyed his master very much, for, supposing he was writing, and happened to tear up a piece of paper, Jacko was sure to seize another piece. It didn't matter whether it was a bank note, a Pennsylvanian bond, a railway share, or anything else; into the fire it

was sure to go, and then Jacko grinned and warmed himself at the blaze.

The man didn't know what to do to get rid of him. He was a stupid man, and never remembered that he might have sold him, and so got rid of him. He never thought of that in the least. He might have sent him to the Russians, which would have been doing a great service, as Jacko would have blown up the great magazine at Sebastopol. But he didn't think of that either.

However, at last he thought of a plan, and took his gun down and began to blow into the barrel, and pull the trigger at the same time, as if it had been a flute.

This amused Master Jacko very much, and he came and looked on while his master was doing it.

Presently, his master loaded the gun, and laid it down; and Jacko seized it triumphantly, put the barrel into his mouth, pulled the trigger—bang went the gun, and you may be sure that master Jacko never burned anything more.

The Story of Valiant Peter.

IN a certain village, there dwelt a man who was only a common labourer; yet he had plenty of money, and a young son besides. He was very fond of this fellow, and thought that he would have him taught

something for his money, so he went to the schoolmaster and agreed upon a price, and the schoolmaster agreed to take particular pains with him.

From that time, the young fellow sat from morning till night at school, and every Saturday he took home with him a paper, telling how far he had got, so that his father was very pleased.

One evening, however, he sent him out into the field to get a bundle of clover, and when he got there, the lad found it so heavy that he could not lift it. While he was looking round him to find some one to help him, he saw all at once a great black man standing beside him, who lifted it up on to his head, and asked him at the same time—it was very dark—if he were not afraid of being out alone in the field.

“Afraid? What’s afraid?”

Peter had never heard what that was, so he gave the stranger no answer, but walked off home to his father. He then told him all about the whole business, and asked him what the man meant by being afraid?

“Don’t you know what being afraid is?”

“No, father, I don’t indeed.”

“Dear me, dear me! The schoolmaster has been deceiving me, and must give me back my money. The boy’s been a year at school, and absolutely doesn’t know what being afraid is!”

Next morning he came to the school in a great hurry with Peter beside him, and says he to the schoolmaster, “If you don’t teach my boy what fear is by to-morrow, you shall be made to give me my money back.”

“Don’t be at all alarmed, my dear sir,” said the schoolmaster, lolling in his easy chair and looking

at his air-pump (schoolmasters always have air-pumps), "our young friend shall be taught it to-night thoroughly."

When evening came, he led Peter to the church, and shut all the doors behind him. There was plenty of room to learn it in here, for the church was a haunted place. Peter stepped sturdily up into the pulpit, laid his bag under his head, and began to snore and sleep "like anything," as Johnny says at school. But he didn't sleep long, for all at once the church began to crack, and to rap, and to tap, as if all the pews had come alive. Then three black fellows came down the nave, and Peter became quite curious to see what they were going to do. Presently they began playing skittles—a game of which the black people that walk about in churches seem very fond of.

One of them called out to Peter, "Come down and set up the pins, young boy!"

Peter came down and when all had gone in, he shouted out, "Now it's my turn!" and took up the balls and threw at their heads, and then seized the king-ninepin and all the others, and banged the ghosts with them so that they were very glad to get away. Peter then went to sleep, and had a remarkably comfortable night's rest.

When the sexton came next day to ring the bells, he looked anxiously about for Peter, for he was quite sure that the ghosts must have beaten him, and taught him what fear was.

Peter yawned drearily at him, and when the sexton asked if he knew, "No," says he, "there were two or three black fellows here who made a great noise, but they didn't say a word about being afraid!"

When the schoolmaster heard of it, he said Peter

was a stupid blockhead, and put the father off till the next day.

As soon as it grew dark, Peter had to go into the church again. This time he got right up into the organ-loft and sat upon the great trombone, and laughed to himself, for he said, "Now they can't bother me, and if they begin, I'll play the organ and that will set them off."

After some time, there was a tremendous noise in the church, and presently a great black woman came along, with a beautiful shawl, and sat down to read her book.

"Oh," says Peter, "that shawl's the very thing for my sister."

Down he came, and took it cleverly away, and got up again where he was before; and though the woman begged and prayed to get it back, it was no use, and she couldn't reach him.

At last she went away in despair, and Peter went quietly into a most delicious doze, and only woke when the organist came the next day to practise with the charity children. The schoolmaster, however, was as mad as mad, and declared that hops and malt were wasted on such a blockhead; however, he promised to make another trial of Stupid Peter, as he called him.

The third night, however, the youth was not so satisfied; for he began to think that he might learn what being afraid really was.

"I will go right away behind the altar-rails," said he; "there I shall be safe, come who may."

No sooner said than done; he soon slept again very comfortably, until there was suddenly a great noise, and when he looked up, he saw the Devil him-

self standing at the other side of the altar-rails. The young fellow was as still as a mouse, but the Evil One pulled out a lot of papers from his pocket. These were all deeds of assignment from poor people of their souls, and Peter picked up two or three, amongst which was one from the schoolmaster. After the Evil One had looked them over very quietly, he put them in his pocket, without remarking that he had lost any. In the morning, Peter told the schoolmaster all about it, but he was very angry, and after 'cutely taking away the paper, he reported to his father that nothing could be done, except to send him into the wide world to seek his fortune. Then his father gave him money, and told him never to come back until he was a sensible man, which was very good advice, I think.

Peter himself wondered very much how it was that a man could be so stupid, but did not care very much, pocketed the money his father gave him, and went away. After he had walked a long distance, a young lad with a herd of swine came up to him.

"Come away with me," said Peter; "I've got plenty of money: we shall never be able to spend it all."

At first, the young swineherd said that he must go home to his master, but presently afterwards he allowed Peter to persuade him, and off they went.

Thus the pair of them marched very amicably through the world until evening came on, and they felt very hungry. When they looked round, they could see nothing but forest, and forest, and forest! At last they came to a castle, and, as the door was open, they went in and looked about them. There was nobody to be seen there, but a great quantity of

poultry, ducks, geese, pigeons, and guinea fowls, were running about in the courtyard. Peter, who never was idle, threw stones at and killed a couple of them.

"Now we've got some supper," said he; and went into the kitchen with the swineherd and made a fire. Then they put a pot on to boil, picked the birds, and sat down by the fire.'

When, however, the pot began to boil, the master of the castle came home, and he was a horrible Ogre. As soon as he smelled the dinner cooking, he began to sniff up the pleasant odour, and when Peter put the fork into the pot to get out a fowl, he came in and said, "I shall have some, too."

"Go out," said Peter, "and kill yourself a fowl or two, or you can't cook them. And if you have nothing to cook, you have nothing to eat, for if you get anything from me, I'll be content to remain a blockhead all my life."

Then the Ogre went out, and began to throw stones at the birds, but after throwing for some hours, and always missing, he got tired, and came in again, and said, "I can't hit anything!"

"That's because you've got such big claws;" said Peter. "But see, fetch me the screw-vice yonder, and I'll cut your nails for you."

The stupid Ogre ran and fetched the vice, as quickly as he could, and poked his claws into it.

"Hold still!" said Peterkin, turned round the handle, and the Ogre was caught fast. Then the two young fellows took sticks, and began to thrash him thoroughly, until he cried out for mercy.

"Let me go! let me go!" he roared, "I'll give you anything you like, if you'll let me go!"

For a long time all his cries were in vain, but at last, Peter said, that if he would give him the castle, and all its contents, and promise never to come again, he would let him go. The Ogre was content to do this, and the paper lay on the table that minute ready signed.

The swineherd was just going to unscrew the Ogre, when Peter cried out, "Stay a moment! I've been to school, and can read; let me see if the contract is carried out."

Then he read the contract, and found that the Ogre had only put in the pig-sty and barns, leaving out the palace altogether.

"Ha, ha!" says Peter, "I think that there's some way of settling this still."

Then they began to beat him again, until he gave them everything, except a little piece of the forest, where he wished to live.

When they had got all the papers in order, then Peter said, "This is as it should be. To-morrow, as soon as it's light, when you have no more power, we'll let you go. Now, we'll go round the castle, and see that everything is in order."

So they went right round, through all the rooms, to see that everything was in order, and unlocked all the cupboards, and peeped into the tea-caddy, and tumbled over the coals in the coal-cellar.

At last they came to a room, and when they unlocked it, out walked two coal-black Princesses, who told him that the Ogre had enchanted them, and that the only way to deliver them, was to beat the Ogre within an inch of his life, which they went at once, and did.

It was a most surprising change. With every blow

they gave the Ogre, they got whiter and whiter, until they stood there as fair as little golden-haired Minnie at my knee.

At last the Ogre got so angry, that he pulled his hands out of the vice, and ran away into his part of the wood ; and if ever they met him, they had only to tell him that the vice was all ready, and he ran away.

But the two young men married the Princesses, and were very happy.

The Great Wedding in the Farm-yard.

ONE Valentine's time a cock and a hen agreed to become man and wife. They had a very grand wedding, and after dinner they walked about with all their guests, and the cock said proudly, "You see these gardens. They are all mine, and so is the farm-yard."

The poor little hen, however, was less assuming : "We are only young beginners," she said : and should be very much obliged, if you would help us pick up some grain, that we may not run short in the winter time."

So when they were all busy helping, a fox came creeping along from the distance, and the hens all got very frightened, and ran to the cock. But he said, "Don't be afraid ; but you go home and prepare supper, and all the rest of us will come after."

So the poor little wifey went away, but no sooner had she got out of the garden, than a kite stooped,

and carried her away, before she knew anything about it.

In the mean time, the fox came up nearer and nearer, and the hens went away, one this way, and one that; until, at last, the cock was left quite alone; for his pride would not let him go away like the hens. When the fox was quite close to him, he seized the cock by the wing, and ran away with him to his cave.

"What do you mean, by daring to carry off an honest man from his own grounds so violently?" cried the cock; "and what do you want?"

"I want to eat you," said the fox: "so make yourself ready for death, for I'm hungry."

"To eat me? and before you have said your prayers?" said the cock. "We are certainly much more pious than you are. Don't we always thank Heaven, by lifting up our heads when we drink?"

"How can I pray?" said the fox.

Then the cock spread out his wings, put his legs close together, bent down his head, and shut his eyes.

"That's the way," said he.

"Teach me the way," said the fox, "and you shall live a little longer."

The cock pushed the fox's legs together, pressed his tail to the ground, and bent his head down, until his nose touched the ground, and said, "Now then, say A, B, C, after me," and away flew the cock.

The fox was so angry, that he became very irreligious, and now he never prays at all.

But the poor cock's house was empty, and the hen was gone. So he was very miserable.

The Wolf's Dream.

THE wolf lay one night in his cave, and suddenly he heard a sound in his left ear.

"That meant a good dinner," said he, and left all his pieces of meat the next morning, and marched away. Then he came to a meadow, where two lambs were browsing.

He went up to them, and said, "I must eat one of you two."

"Yes," said the elder of the two rams, and the most indigestible, "you will do as you please, for we are quite powerless against you. However, before you eat either of us, I wish you would measure off the proper parts of this meadow belonging to each; then our heirs wont dispute."

"Very well," said the wolf, who was flattered by the notion, and he ran round the meadow with his nose to the ground, and then went into the middle.

"Now," said he, "you two go, one to that corner, and the other to that, and then come towards me in a direct line, and you'll see that I have measured it equally."

This was done, the two rams ran towards him, and hit him so hard with their horns that he fell down badly hurt. Then the rams ran away, which was the best thing they could do.

When he came to himself again, he said, "I don't mind the pain a bit: I believe in what my ear told me."

So he went on further again, and came to another

meadow; there he found a horse grazing with a foal.

“One of you two I must eat,” said the wolf.

The horse replied, “Sir wolf, you have the power of doing as you please, for you are stronger than we are. But I have got a thorn in my hoof, and if you eat my foal, I shall have no one left who can pull it out; therefore, as I know you are an excellent doctor, pray do it before you eat the foal.”

“Certainly,” said the wolf, who was very much delighted at the compliment. “Put up your foot, and just tell me where the thorn is; I’ll get it out, before you can say Jack Robinson.”

The horse held up one of his hind legs, and the wolf came and stooped down to see what was the matter; and while he was looking, the horse gave him a tremendous kick on the head, so that the fireworks went off in his head, and he lay down half killed.

Then the horse and foal ran away, and after such sense I’m sure nobody can deny that the horse is a very clever animal.

When the wolf came to himself for the second time, he said, “I don’t care for the pain: I believe in what my ear said, and will go seek my good dinner.”

He went along very sadly at first, but after a time more lustily, and came at last to a village. By the village was an oven, and the oven was hot, and an old nanny-goat, with seven little kids, stood beside it, and they made a most tremendous ma-ma-ing.

The wolf came running up to them, and said, “I must eat one of you.”

“Must is hard,” said the nanny-goat, “but you can. Still, you could do us a favour beforehand.”

“What is that?” asked the wolf.

"We were singing a glee at the time you came, but couldn't get on for want of a bass voice; now, as you are an excellent musician, you might help us, and then eat any one of the kids you please."

This flattered the wolf not a little, for he was always pleased to hear himself praised.

So he sat down on his hind legs, and began to howl so dreadfully that all the people in the village came running together, and beat him until they were quite exhausted.

Then he went very sadly and hungrily into the forest, and lay down under an oak, and sighed out, "Oh, what a stupid fellow I am, after all! I wish Odin would throw down his sharp sword and hit me, for being so foolish as to believe my ears!"

Now, on the oak tree, there was sitting a peasant, who had been cutting wood in the forest, and had just got up into the tree when he saw the wolf coming. When he heard what the wolf said, he took his axe, and threw it right down on the wolf's head.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said the wolf: "this is too holy a grove; Odin has heard my prayer too soon."

Then he dragged himself wearily and wretchedly to his cave. When he got there, other wolves had eaten up all his store, and there was none left.

At last he said to himself these words, and he was nearly heart-broken, "My father was not a land-surveyor, therefore I can be none; my father was no musician, therefore I can be none; and I, therefore, am quite unable to earn my bread."

After this, he felt so uneasy in his mind, that he lay down and died.

The Farmer and the Squire.

THERE was, once upon a time, a Squire, who never went out in his carriage without four horses to it ; and was as proud, at the same time, as if he had been the Czar of Russia, or the Sultan of Japan.

Now there was a blunt, old-fashioned Farmer living close by, who was made very angry by this behaviour. He had six horses, and whenever the Squire went out with his four, he used to get out his six, and harness them to a great hay-waggon, and always followed in the Squire's train.

The first time, the Squire pretended not to see it ; the second time, he only looked at him very angrily ; the third time he called out to him, that if he ever did it again, he would——

What he would have done must remain a mystery for evermore, for the Farmer began to crack his whip most loudly, and so did all the Farmer's men.

The next morning, the Squire went and had him brought before the magistrate. The magistrate put on his spectacles, and looked through all his books, but he could not find any case of a similar kind, as you may fancy. At last he gave it as his decision, that whoever would tell such a lie that the other could not believe, might go out with all his horses, but the other must stay at home.

Then the Squire rubbed his hands, and thought, " Ah, well ! now the Farmer's done for." And he took a dry crust out of his pocket and began. " Yesterday I set all my people to work, and they threshed

out corn until nine o'clock at night ; this I have sown ; at eleven o'clock it was ripe ; at two it was made into flour, and here is the bread that was made of it."

" I can easily believe that," said the Farmer ; " yesterday I picked up some acorns, and planted them, and this morning they had become a great oak tree. Of the wood I made a ladder, long enough to reach to heaven ; I went up, and the first person I saw was Squire's grandad here, keeping the pigs."

" That is not true !" said the Squire, in a passion.

Then said the magistrate, " Therefore you must stay at home with your horses, but the Farmer may go out with all his six."

Chicken-broth.

A CERTAIN young mechanic could not find work anywhere. At last, he went to the castle and became Boots to the King.

The King asked him, " What is your name ?"

" My name is Day-before-yesterday !"

" What an odd name !" said the King.

When he brought the Princess her shoes in the morning, she asked him, " What is your name ?"

" My name is Chicken-broth !"

" Oh, what a funny name !"

In the course of the day, he met the Queen in the garden.

“What is your name?” she said.

“My name is Yesterday!”

The other servants also wanted to know what his name was, and asked him.

“My name is To-day!”

Then they laughed at him for having such a ridiculous name.

Now, he had not been there very long, when he did what it was not very odd he should do, he fell madly in love with the Princess. But she did not care about him, and he didn't know what to do to make her love him. He went about with a very sad face, and felt more miserable still when she never so much as asked him what was the matter.

One day, when he was in the kitchen, he saw the cook putting some chickens into a pot to make broth of.

“Do you see, Chicken-broth?” said he to himself.

In the evening, he went to the coachman and said, “The Princess has ordered me to take her maid to the madhouse to night; she has just gone mad, and you are to come and drive.”

And afterwards he told the other servants the same, and they laughed very much, and said one fool might take away the other.

About twelve o'clock, Mr. Chicken-broth went to the Princess's room, filled his pockets with gold, and then took the poor girl with him, and put her into the carriage. Before she was out of her room, she called out to her mother, “Help, mother, help! Oh, Chicken-broth! Oh, Chicken-broth!”

Then her mother said, “It's quite impossible that that can have hurt you.” For she was thinking of the broth at dinner. When she got up, she saw the Prin-

cess's bed was empty, and also saw the Boots putting her into the carriage.

She rushed into the King's room.

"Oh! Yesterday has stolen my daughter!"

"That can't be!" said the King: "she was with us until last night!"

When he got up and came to the window, he cried out, "Help! Day-before-yesterday has stolen my daughter." And the servants ran up and down stairs to find Day-before-yesterday, while some were wishing To-day a very pleasant journey with the mad woman; and the more the Princess screamed the more the servants laughed at him; for they said, "Well! he's got a job at any rate!"

But away he went, and when they got to Gretna Green, they were married that minute; and the King and Queen were obliged to make a Prince of him.

The Princess soon became very fond of him, and when the old people died, he became King.

THE END.

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