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Grimm's fairy tales

Jacob Grimm, Wilhelm
Grimm, Edna Henry Lee Turpin

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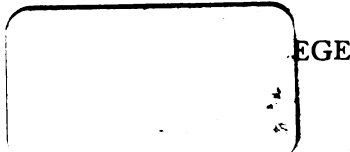
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5

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Grimm's Fairy Tales and What of It

SELECTED AND EDITED

FOR PRIMARY READER GRADES

BY

EDNA HENRY LEE TURPIN



NEW YORK
MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO.

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Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

PREFACE

A PHILOLOGIST usually has a reputation restricted to his fellow students; jurists and linguists win fame, more or less extended, in legal and scholarly circles. There is, perhaps, but one instance in which such studies have conferred a popular reputation. The name of the brothers Grimm is known at every fireside, cherished in every nursery.

Jakob Ludwig (1785-1863) and Wilhelm Karl Grimm (1786-1859) were brothers, united by life-long community of taste, interest, and labor. From youth they devoted themselves to philology and linguistics with the patient ardor characteristic of the German student. Jakob published valuable books on language and mythology; Wilhelm edited medieval German poems with scholarly accuracy.

But the fame of the Grimm brothers rests, for the world at large, upon the collection of folk-tales to which they lent their name. To collect these, the brothers pored over crabbed manuscripts which had gathered the dust of ages. They left their library for cottage firesides. Here they listened to the stories which old men and women handed down from their grandparents to their grandchildren. These stories, gathered from oral and written sources, form the famous collection of "Kinder- und Haus-Märchen."

The complete collection is large, and, made for scholarly purposes, includes many relics of the childhood of the race, outgrown by even the children of to-day. Side by side with these are stories of perennial charm, such nursery favorites as "Cinderella" and "Red Riding Hood."

From the first this collection attracted the attention of scholars interested in the literary heritage of the Teutonic peoples. Yet more, it won the hearts of children and established for itself a foremost place among the classics of the nursery.

These selections from the "Kinder- und Haus-Märchen" include stories which are prime favorites with children. In language as in thought they are carefully graded to the most youthful readers.

This volume will commend itself alike to the busy teacher desiring only a well graded story-book for supplementary reading and to the progressive instructor who seeks to develop the child mind in accord with the development of the race.

Thanks are due to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. for their courteous permission to use some of the illustrations from their edition of Grimm's "Fairy Tales."

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GRIMM'S

FAIRY



TALES



THE ELVES AND THE COBBLER

Once upon a time there lived a cobbler. He was honest and hard-working, but he was very poor. Times were bad and he grew poorer and poorer.

At last he had only enough leather to 5

make one pair of shoes. This he cut out one night.

“Now,” he said, “I am all ready to begin work in the morning. I will get up
5 early and make these shoes.”

Then he said his prayers and went to bed and slept in peace.

In the morning he got up early to begin his work. How surprised he was to find
10 the shoes lying finished on the table! He looked carefully at them, but there was not a bad stitch in the work. Who had done it? He could not even guess.

Soon a man came in to buy some shoes.
15 The pair was so well made that he bought it for a good price. With this money the shoemaker got leather to make two pairs.

That night he cut them out. But he did not have to make them next day. The
20 work was done for him in the night.

He sold these two pairs of shoes and bought leather for four pairs. These he cut out that night and found finished the next morning.

So it went on. The work which he began one day, he found finished the next. He had only to buy leather and cut out shoes.

One winter night the shoemaker cut out 5 several pairs of shoes. Then, instead of going to bed, he said to his wife: "My dear, I should like to find out who helps us every night. Suppose we sit up and watch." 10

His wife agreed. So they left the candle burning. They hid themselves in a corner of the room.

As the clock struck twelve there came into the room two little naked elves. They 15 sat down on the shoemaker's table and began to work. They sewed so well and so fast that the shoes were soon finished. Then they skipped down and away they went. 20

The next morning the wife said: "Husband, these little men have helped us and I should like to do something for them. Hear my plan! They must be cold, run-

ning about with not a rag upon their backs. I will make them some clothes and knit them some stockings. Do you make a pair of shoes for each."

5 "That I will and gladly, too," said her husband.

So they set to work and made the clothes and shoes. That night they did not put any work on the table. Instead, they laid
10 there the gifts. Then they hid to see what the little men would do.

At midnight in they came. They jumped up on the table, expecting to find leather cut out for them to make into shoes. There
15 was nothing but the beautiful little clothes. The elves looked at them in wonder. They felt the soft cloth and put their hands in the little pockets.

At last they dressed themselves, and
20 jumped and danced for joy. Over stools and chairs they went, singing: —

"Who will wonder at our glee?
Happy little men are we,
Well dressed now, as you may see."

At last they danced out of the room and they never came back any more.

But the shoemaker who had been kind to those who had helped him was never again in want. As long as he lived, he and his ⁵ wife lacked nothing.



THE KING OF THE BIRDS

A bear and a wolf were walking together in the woods.

“Listen, Brother Wolf!” said the bear. “What bird is that singing?”

5 “That is the king of the birds,” said the wolf. “We must treat him with great respect.”

The wolf was in fun, for it was only a little wren. The wren is sometimes called
10 the hedge king.

“Is that the king of birds?” said the bear. “I have long wished to see the home of a king. Come and show me his house.”

“Wait till the queen comes home,” said
15 the wolf.

Soon Jenny Wren came in sight, bringing food for her little ones.

“The king did not choose a very beautiful mate,” said the bear. “Let us follow and
20 see their home.”

But the wolf held him back.

“No. Let us wait until the king and queen go away,” he said.

When the wrens flew away, the bear and the wolf went to the tree. The bear climbed 5 up to peep into the nest. There he saw five young birds.

“Do you call this a king’s house?” he cried to the wolf. “Why, it is only a clod of mud and grass. In it are five ugly little 10 things with big mouths and no feathers.”

The young wrens heard and were very angry.

“We are not ugly little things,” they cried, “and our home is all that heart 15 could wish. You shall be made to beg our pardon for such a speech.”

The bear laughed and went his way. The little wrens cried and quarreled till their father and mother came back. 20

“We will not eat a thing, not even a fly’s leg, till the bear is punished,” they said. “He laughed when the wolf told him we are king’s children. He called

our nest a clod and said that we are ugly little things."

"Do not fret about that," said the father wren. "The bear shall be punished." Then he flew to the bear's den and said: "Old growler, how dare you show so little respect to a king? You shall suffer for it. Prepare to fight."

The bear called to his help all the four-footed things of the wood and field, — the wolf, the deer, the fox, and many others. The wren gathered together all things that fly. Not only the birds, great and small, came to his help, but bees and gnats, and all other winged things.

The smallest of the gnats was sent to find out the bear's plans. He hid under a leaf where he could see and hear without being seen.

"Fox, you are the most cunning of us all," he heard the bear say. "So you shall lead in the fight."

"Good!" said the fox. "But we have no flag. What shall we use instead?"

No one seemed to know.

“Well,” said the fox, “I have a beautiful long, bushy tail. I will hold it up as long as everything is well. Then you must all go forward. But if I lower my tail, run away ⁵ as fast as you can.”

The gnat flew back and told word for word what the fox had said.

“Ah, ha!” said the wren. “Stands the matter thus? Brother Wasp, when the ¹⁰ fight begins, fly to the fox. Whenever he raises his tail, sting it with all your might.”

Next morning the fight began. There were so many beasts that the ground trem-¹⁵ bled under their tread. The flying things croaked and buzzed and squawked, and darkened the air like a thunder cloud.

The fox now wished the beasts to march forward. So he raised his bushy tail for a ²⁰ flag. At once the wasp stung him so that he jumped high in the air. Still he kept his tail up.

A second time the wasp stung him. It

hurt so that he was forced to lower his tail, but he raised it again. When the wasp stung him a third time, he could bear it no longer. He dropped his tail between his legs. Away he ran as fast as he could go.

When the beasts saw this, they were sure that the day was lost. They ran this way and that way to hide. And so the birds won the fight.

10 Back flew the wren to his nest.

“Be glad, O children,” he cried. “Eat and drink, for we have won the day.”

“No,” said the young wrens, “we will not eat nor drink till the bear comes and begs
15 our pardon.”

The wren flew to the bear’s den.

“Old growler,” he cried, “if you do not wish to fight again, come and beg our children’s pardon.”

20 The bear in great fright crawled to the tree and begged pardon for his rude speech. Then the little wrens were quite content. They ate and drank and were merry all the day.

THE GIFTS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A blacksmith and a tailor had been at work all day. In the evening they walked together in the country. The moon rose as they were on a lonely road.

All at once they heard far-off music. It was so sweet that they forgot how tired they were and hurried forward. The sound grew clearer and clearer.

Soon they came to a hillside. There they saw a crowd of merry little men and women. They were dancing in a ring to the sound of music.

In the middle of the ring was a little man with a long white beard which reached to his waist. He wore a coat of many colors.

The tailor and the blacksmith stood still watching the dancers. Soon the little old man made signs for them to come inside the ring.

At first they did not wish to do this. But when they saw how merry and good-natured the little people were, they entered the ring. Round and round danced the little men and
5 women.

After a while the old man drew a large knife from his belt. He felt the edge and sharpened it on a stone. Then he turned and looked hard at the strangers.

10 They were frightened, but they had no time to run away. He caught the blacksmith and shaved off his hair and beard. Then he turned to the tailor and shaved him too.

15 After doing this he patted them on their backs to show that he was pleased with them. He pointed to a heap of coals on the roadside, and made signs to them to fill their pockets.

20 Both obeyed though they could not see what would be the use of a pocket full of coals.

Now the clock struck twelve. All at once the music stopped and in a flash the little

people were gone. There lay the green hillside in the moonlight.

The tailor and the blacksmith rubbed their eyes. Was it all a dream? No. There were their shaven heads and there ⁵ were their pockets full of coals.

They walked down the road till they came to a house where they wished to spend the night. There was nowhere for them to sleep but in the stable. They lay down on ¹⁰ the straw and fell asleep. They were too tired even to take the coals out of their pockets.

But early the next morning the weight awakened them. What was their surprise ¹⁵ to find that instead of coals their pockets were full of lumps of gold. Their beards, too, had grown again and their heads were covered with hair.

They were now very rich. The blacksmith ²⁰ had larger pockets and he had even more gold than the tailor. But he was not content.

“Ah, friend tailor,” he said, “I wish

we had known those coals would change to gold. I should have taken more. I should have filled my hands as well as my pockets. Let us go back to the hillside
5 to-night. No doubt the little old man will give us more."

"No," said the tailor. "I am content. The little man gave me more gold than I had ever hoped to see. Instead of trying to get
10 more, I will make the best of what I have."

"Then I will go alone," said the blacksmith. He had the tailor make his pockets larger, and he bought two great bags. Then he went to the hillside. He found the little
15 people dancing and singing as on the former night.

Again they took him into the ring. The old man shaved him and made signs to him to take some coals. He filled all his pockets
20 and both the bags. Then he went home dragging his heavy load. He had a bed that night, but he did not take off his clothes.

"The weight of the gold in my pockets

will wake me early," he said. "Then I will rise and count my riches."

Early the next morning he started up and put his hands in his pockets. There were coals, black coals. Handful after handful ⁵ he pulled out, but no gold. In the bags, too, there were only coals.

"Well, I still have the gold I got the first night," he said; "that is safe." And he went to look at it. 10

Alas! it was all turned to coal. He put his smutty hands up to his head. It was bald and his chin was smooth.

"Alas!" he cried. "I am punished for being greedy. I wanted more, and I have ¹⁵ lost what I had." And he began to groan so loud that he waked the tailor.

"Do not be so sad," said the tailor. "You and I have long been friends. I have more gold than I need and you shall share it." ²⁰

He kept his word; but he could not put back the blacksmith's hair. As long as he lived he had to wear a cap to hide his bald head.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Once upon a time there lived a sweet little girl in a cottage with her mother. Not far away lived her old grandmother, who loved her dearly and often brought her toys
5 and gifts. One day she went to the market and came home with a red cap and cloak for her little granddaughter. The child liked them so much that she wore them everywhere she went. So she came to be
10 called little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said: "Come, Red Riding Hood. I want you to take these cakes and this butter and this jar of honey to your grandmother. Go straight down the
15 path till you come to her cottage. Do not run for fear you fall and break the jar. And then poor grandmother would get no honey."

"Yes, mother," said little Red Riding
20 Hood, putting on her red cap and cloak.

She took the basket on her arm and kissed her mother good-by. Off she went through the woods.

As she walked along the path, she met a wolf. She did not know what a wicked ⁵ beast it was, and so she was not at all afraid.

“Good day, Red Riding Hood,” said the wolf.

“Good morning, sir,” she said. 10

“Where are you going so early, Red Riding Hood?” he asked.

“I am going to my grandmother’s, sir,” said the little girl. “Mother baked to-day, and I am taking grandmother some cakes ¹⁵ and some butter and a jar of honey.”

“Where does she live?” asked the wolf.

“About half a mile away in the woods. The cottage stands under a great oak tree, and there are nut bushes near by.” 20

“I will go to see her some day,” said the wolf. He thought, “Ah, if only those woodcutters were out of the way, I would eat you at a mouthful! But I may get you yet.”

On he walked at her side.

“See, Red Riding Hood,” he said. “What pretty flowers are growing here! Would you not like to rest and gather some? You
5 walk straight on as if you were on your way to school. See how pretty it is here in the woods.”

Red Riding Hood looked around.

“Grandmother will be glad to have a
10 nosegay,” she thought. “It is so early that I can gather some flowers and still get home in good time.”

She forgot that her mother had told her to go straight down the path. She left it
15 to pick some flowers a few steps away. Then she saw some prettier ones a little farther on. And so she wandered about till she was deep in the woods.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight on down
20 the path. He went to the old grandmother’s house and knocked at the door. Tap, tap, tap!

There was no answer. The grandmother had gone out to gather cresses from the brook, and had not yet come home.

The wolf knocked three times; then he pushed open the door and went in. There at the head of the bed hung one of the grandmother's caps. He put it on and pulled it down over his ears. Then he got ⁵ into the bed.

All this time Red Riding Hood was still gathering flowers. At last she had as many as her hands could hold. So she made her way back to the path and walked fast ¹⁰ until she came to her grandmother's cottage. She, too, knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the wolf, trying to speak like the grandmother. But his voice was so rough that Red Riding Hood ¹⁵ was frightened at first.

Then she thought, "Poor grandmother must have a bad cold;" so she answered, "It is I, little Red Riding Hood. I bring you some cakes and butter and a jar of honey." ²⁰

"Pull the latch, and the door will fly open," said the wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood pulled the latch and the door flew open. In she went.

There in bed lay her grandmother, as she thought. The wolf had drawn the cover up so that she could only see his head. He had pulled the nightcap as far over his
5 face as he could, but his great eyes were shining out.

Red Riding Hood put the basket on the table. Then she went to the bedside.

“Oh, grandmother,” she said, “what
10 great eyes you have!”

“The better to see you, my dear, the better to see you,” said the wolf.

“And, grandmother, what great ears you have!”

15 “The better to hear you, my dear, the better to hear you!”

“And what sharp teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you up!” said the wolf, jumping out of bed.

20 He was just about to eat poor little Red Riding Hood at one mouthful. But at that minute the door flew open. In came some woodcutters and behind them the grandmother.

The men had seen the wolf talking to the little girl. Fearing that he meant harm, they followed him, and on the way they met the grandmother coming home. One blow from a woodcutter's sharp ax and the wicked wolf lay dead on the floor.

And of one thing you may be sure, — little Red Riding Hood never stopped in the woods again to talk with a wolf.

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

Once upon a time there lived a goose that had seven little goslings. These she loved as dearly as a mother can.

One day she had to go out to seek food.
5 So she called her young ones to her and said: "Dear children, I am going to get you something to eat. Be good while I am away. And be sure, be very sure, not to open the door. Here in the forest lives a
10 great wolf. He would like to get into our house and eat you up. Look out for him with his rough voice and his great black paws."

"Dear mother," said the goslings, "we
15 will do just as you say. Please bring us some fine fat worms."

"That I will," said the mother. She cackled good-by and away she went.

The old wolf saw her go.

“ Ah! ” he said to himself. “ This is my time to dine on goslings. ”

Straight to their home he trotted. He knocked at the door. Tap, tap, tap!

“ Who is there? ” asked the goslings. 5

“ It is I, your mother, ” answered the wolf, in his rough voice, “ Open the door, my dears. ”

“ Ah, no, no! ” cried the little goslings. “ You are not our mother. Her voice is 10 soft and sweet, not rough like yours. You are the wolf, and we'll open no door for you. ”

Away ran the wolf, but soon he crept back to the door. Again he knocked and 15 this time he called in a soft voice. “ Let me in, my dears, let me in. I am your mother, and I have brought you something good to eat. ”

“ That is our mother's voice, ” said the 20 youngest gosling. “ Let us open the door. ”

But the oldest one peeped through a crack, and saw one of the wolf's great black paws.

“Ah, no!” he said. “We must not open the door. Our mother has no great black feet like that. Go away! You are the wolf.”

5 Away went the wolf again. He ran to a mill and said, “Miller, dust my feet with flour, or I’ll bite you with my sharp teeth.”

The miller was too frightened to say no. He made the wolf’s feet white with
10 flour.

Now went the wolf the third time to the goslings. He said in a soft voice: “Open the door, dear children. I am your mother come home at last. I have something good
15 for each of you.”

The little goslings heard the soft voice. Through the crack they could just see his white feet. In haste to see what their mother had brought, they opened the door.
20 In came the great wolf.

The little goslings ran to hide. One crept under the table, another under the bed. The third hid in the oven, and the fourth in a meal barrel. The fifth got in a

box. The sixth crept under a tub, and the seventh jumped in the tall clock.

The wolf found six and gobbled them up. He went from top to bottom of the house looking for the seventh gosling. But he ⁵ never thought of looking inside the clock, and there it was.

At last he gave up the search. He went out and lay down in the green meadow. Soon he fell fast asleep. 10

Meanwhile the mother goose came home. Alas and alas! what did she see? The house door was wide open. Tables, chairs, and stools were upset. The broken tub and box were in the middle of the floor. She ¹⁵ looked for her children, and called them, but all in vain. Not one could she find.

“The wolf, the cruel wolf has been here,” she cried. “Alas! are all my darlings dead?”

“Mother, mother!” cried a little voice. ²⁰ “Here am I, in the tall clock.”

She waddled as fast as she could to help the baby gosling out. Then the little one told how the cunning wolf had got into the

house and had eaten her brothers and sisters. How the poor mother wept for her children!

“At least, I will see where the cruel
5 wolf has gone,” said she. So she followed his tracks across the meadow. She found him lying asleep, snoring so that the leaves shook as if in the wind.

As she looked she saw that something
10 inside him moved up and down.

“Can it be that my children are still alive?” she said. “I will see.”

She sent the little gosling to bring her scissors and needle and thread. She gave
15 a snip and out came one of the goslings.

Then another snip and another, till all six stood safe before her. The great wolf had swallowed them whole, and they were not hurt. Then the mother said, “Now bring
20 me six large stones from the brook.”

The goslings brought the largest stones they could lift. These they put inside the old wolf. The mother goose sewed him up so quietly that he did not stir.

When he had slept long enough, he yawned and stretched, and tried to get up. The stones were so heavy that it was hard for him to move.

“How thirsty I am!” he said to himself. 5
 “I must go down to the brook and drink.”

As he walked the stones knocked against one another and against his sides.

He cried out: —

10

“Rattle, rattle! rumble, rumble!
 Who ever felt such bones?
 Surely a wolf has right to grumble
 At goslings so like stones!”

He came at last to the brook and stooped 15
 to drink. But when he leaned forward the weight of the stones made him fall into the stream. Down he sank to the bottom and never rose again.

The goslings and their mother heard the 20
 splash and ran to the brook. They danced for joy, crying out: “The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!”

THE QUEEN BEE

A king had two sons who were called very clever. Yet they were idle, and never thought of other people's comfort or pleasure. They had a younger brother named
5 Witling, who was quiet and gentle. The two older brothers often laughed at him.

"You are too stupid ever to make your way in the world," they said.

One day the three started on a journey
10 together. They had not gone far when they came to an ant hill.

"Let us upturn this ant hill," said the oldest brother. "It will be fun to see the frightened ants running to and fro carrying
15 their eggs."

"No, no," said Witling, "leave the little ants in peace. Why should we frighten them?"

They left the ants' hill unharmed, and on they went.

Soon they came to a lake. Many ducks were swimming about on the water. Then the second brother said, "Come, let us kill 5 some of these fine ducks."

"No," said Witling, "do not kill them. We do not need them for food. So why should we take away their lives?"

So they left the ducks swimming about 10 on the lake. They walked on till they came to a bees' nest in a tree.

"Let us kindle a fire," said the oldest brother. "The smoke will keep the bees from stinging us. Then we can take the 15 honey."

But Witling held him back. "Do not make a fire. Why should we rob the bees of their store? We are not hungry, and we cannot carry the honey with us." 20

Again they listened to his words, though they said, "You are a poor, silly fellow."

On and on they went.

At last they came to a great castle. It

was of stone, and all things they saw, even the horses in the stables, were stone.

The brothers went through room after room. They did not see man nor woman
5 nor child, only stone figures.

At last they reached a door, through a hole in which they saw a little, gray man. They called to him once and again. When they called the third time, he rose and came out.
10 He gave them food and showed them a room where they might sleep. But he did not speak one word.

The next morning he showed a stone table on which were written three tasks.
15 These every one who came to the castle must undertake.

The first was this: "In the moss around the castle are scattered a thousand pearls. They must all be found in one day. Who-
20 ever does this will free the castle from its spell. Whoever tries and fails will himself be turned to stone at sunset."

The oldest brother read these words and began at once to search for the pearls. He

looked all day long. But when sunset came he had found only a hundred. So he was turned into stone.

The next day the second brother began the search. He began before day, search-⁵ing by moonlight. But at sunset he had found only two hundred pearls. So he, too, was changed to stone.

It was now the turn of Witling. He searched and searched, but he found only¹⁰ a handful of the pearls. As the sun was about to set, poor Witling dropped the gems and began to weep. As he wept there came to him the ants whose home he had saved.

“Good day, friend Witling,” they said.¹⁵ “Once you did us a good turn. Now we will repay you.”

Here and there through the moss went the little ants. One after another came up with a pearl which it laid before him. Then²⁰ home they went without waiting for his thanks.

In great joy Witling carried the pearls to the castle. Then the old gray man pointed

to the stone table. There Witling read the second task.

“The key of the princesses’ room is under the mud and water of this great lake. It
5 must be found and the door unlocked.”

“Ah!” thought Witling, “this is a thing I can never do. No man on earth can dive deep enough to find a little key lost in a great lake.”

10 He went out and stood beside the lake, and his tears fell into the blue water. Then the ducks that he had saved came swimming to his feet.

“Do not be so sad, friend Witling,” they
15 said. “You saved us. Now it is our time to save you.”

Down to the bottom of the lake they dived. At last one came up with the key in his beak.

20 Witling took it and unlocked the door of the princesses’ room. There they lay, all three fast asleep.

Now the little gray man pointed Witling to his last task, the hardest of all.

“Go into the room where the three princesses lie asleep. They are so much alike that their own mother cannot tell one from another. You must awake the youngest and dearest. Before they went to sleep the 5 oldest ate some sugar, the second a little sirup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey.”

But how was Witling to know which had eaten the honey? He stood looking at the 10 princesses. They were as much like one another as his image in the looking-glass was like him.

Just then there flew into the room the queen bee of the nest that he had saved. 15 She flew to the king's daughters and buzzed from one to another. Then she began to sip honey from the lips of one. Thus Witling knew this was the youngest, and he waked her. 20

When she opened her eyes the castle was freed from its spell. The other princesses waked, and the horses and men took their own shapes again.

Then the king gave Witling half his kingdom, and his youngest daughter as bride. The two other brothers married the other princesses. They had learned from Witling
5 that it is better to be simple and kindhearted than clever and unkind.

THE BOASTING WOLF

A fox was one day talking to a wolf about men.

“They are so strong and so brave,” it said, “that all beasts fear them.”

“I wish I could meet a man,” said the ⁵ wolf. “I would not fear him. I would make him run.”

“Let us see about that,” said the fox. “If we take this path, I can show you a man.” 10

The fox led the wolf to a hedge beside the road. Here they hid and watched for a man to pass.

By and by there came hobbling along an old soldier. He could hardly walk, even ¹⁵ with a cane in his hand and a crutch under his arm.

“Is that a man?” asked the wolf.

“No, not now,” said the fox. “He was once.” 20

Then came a boy, running to school.

“Is that a man?” asked the wolf again.

“No, not yet,” said the fox. “He will be one by and by.”

5 At last came a hunter. He had a gun on his shoulder and a knife in his belt.

“Ah,” said the fox. “There comes a man; show fight, if you please. As for me, I shall run to hide.”

10 Away ran the fox. The wolf rushed at the man.

“What a pity my gun is loaded with small shot,” said the hunter.

He fired in the wolf's face, as it sprang
15 at him. Then he drew his knife and gave a sharp cut. Back to the woods ran the wolf, covered with blood.

“Well, brother wolf,” said the fox. “How did you come out in your fight with the man?”

20 “Oh,” groaned the wolf. “He is, as you said, much stronger than I am. When I ran at him, he took a stick from his shoulder. Out of this he blew lightning in my face and hailstones against my nose.

“Still I would not give up. Then he pulled a rib out of his side and with that cut me so that I fear I shall die.”

“Ah,” said the fox. “And all that you have gained is that you see how foolish it is to boast.”



MOTHER HOLLE

A long time ago there stood a cottage at the edge of the woods. In this cottage lived a widow with her two daughters. The younger girl was fair and kind and sweet-tempered. The older was idle, and so vain and unkind that no one but her mother could bear her. Strange to say, the mother loved her far better than her sister.

The younger girl did all the work of the house and had hard words besides. Every

day she had to sit by the spring in the yard and spin and spin till her fingers bled.

One day as she was sitting there hard at work, her spindle, or spool, slipped from her fingers. It fell to the bottom of the spring and was lost to sight. The poor girl looked for it in vain, then she went and told her mother what had happened.

The mother scolded and beat her.

“You idle, careless girl!” she said. “You let the spindle fall because you do not wish to work. But you may as well get it out. I shall not buy another, and not a bite nor a sup shall you have until you bring it back.”

The girl went weeping to the spring and stooped to see if she could find the spindle. Alas! she leaned too far and in she fell.

But instead of staying in the water, she fell on through the spring and came out on the other side. She found herself in a beautiful meadow. The sun was shining bright and there were thousands of flowers in blossom.

There was a little path across the meadow, and this she followed. It led after a while to an oven full of bread. The loaves cried: "Take us out! take us out! We are done
5 to a turn."

The girl stepped to the oven and took out all the loaves. Then on she walked again.

Soon she came to a tree full of ripe red
10 apples. The tree cried, "Shake me! shake me! My apples are all ripe."

Then she shook the tree till the apples fell round her like rain. She put them together in a heap and went on.

15 At last she came to a small cottage. In the door stood an old woman. She looked so strange and so fierce that the girl started to run away.

But the woman called after her: "Do not
20 be afraid, dear child. Come here and live with me. Obey me and do your duty and you will meet with only kindness. Every day you must make my bed well, and shake it so that the feathers fly. Then there will

be snow upon the earth, for I am Mother Holle."

So the girl went to live with Mother Holle. Every day she shook the bed until the feathers flew like snowflakes. She had ⁵ plenty to eat and to drink and never an unkind word.

For a long time she was happy there with the old woman. But at last she began to feel sad. She was homesick, after all, ¹⁰ and longed to go back to her mother and sister.

"Dear Mother Holle," she said, "you are kind and good. But after all, they are my mother and my sister, and that is my home. ¹⁵ I long to see them all."

Then Mother Holle said, "It is but right that you should wish to go home. You have served me well and truly, and you shall not miss your reward." ²⁰

She took the girl by the hand and led her up the path. They came at last to an open gate. As the girl passed through, there fell a shower of gold which clung to

her dress. She was covered with gold from head to foot.

“That is your reward for honest, faithful work,” said Mother Holle. Then she put
5 in the girl’s hand the lost spindle.

The gate closed. All at once the girl found herself beside the spring in her mother’s yard.

A cock perched on the wall crowed :

10

“Cock a doodle doo !
Gold-covered maiden,
A welcome to you.”

Because of the gold, her mother and sister were glad to see her and spoke kindly.

15 “Where have you been ?” they asked.

She told them all that had happened.

Then the mother said to her favorite,
“You must go to Mother Holle, my dear,
and get a share of her gold.”

20 The older daughter went out and sat beside the spring to spin. She wanted riches without work and she would not spin long enough nor fast enough to make her

fingers bleed. Till there was blood on the spindle it would not go down to the bottom of the spring.

So the girl put her hand in a thorn bush and pricked her finger. A few drops of 5 blood fell on the spindle.

Then she threw it into the spring and jumped in after it. She found herself in the beautiful meadow, and walked down the path till she came to the oven. 10

She heard the loaves cry, "Take us out! take us out! We shall burn, for we have been long baking."

But the idle girl answered, "No, indeed. I have no wish to soil my hands on an oven 15 or to burn my fingers with hot loaves."

On she walked until she came to the apple tree.

"Shake me! shake me!" it cried. "My apples are all quite ripe." 20

"That I will not," she answered. "Some of your apples might fall on my head." And she walked lazily on.

After a while she came to the door of

Mother Holle's house. She walked straight in and offered to serve the old woman.

"Very well," said Mother Holle, and told her what to do.

5 For a whole day the girl worked well. She was thinking of the gold which she hoped to have. On the second day she did not do so well. And on the third day it was worse. Day after day passed. She
10 got up late in the morning. She did not sweep under the bed. She never shook the bed so as to make the feathers fly. Every day she grew more idle and more rude.

"I do not need you any longer," said
15 Mother Holle at last. "You may go home."

The girl was tired of staying where she was not spoiled and petted. Off she ran down the path without even saying
20 good-by. The gate was open.

"Ah!" she thought, "the golden rain will come when I pass through."

So she walked very slowly. But instead of gold down came a kettle of tar and pitch.

“That is the reward of such service as yours,” called Mother Holle after her.

The gate shut behind the idle girl and she found herself at home.

The cock crowed loudly :·

5

“Cock a doodle doo !
Pitch-covered maiden,
No welcome to you.”

The pitch stuck close. It clung, not only to her clothes, but to her skin and her hair. ¹⁰ Do what she would, as long as she lived it never came off.

THE THREE LUCK CHILDREN

There was once an old man who was very ill. He called his three sons to his bedside.

“I am old,” he said, “and about to die.
5 You have been good children and all that I have I leave to you. I have no money. The worth of what I give depends on your making the right use of it.”

Then he gave to the oldest son a cock, to
10 the second a scythe, and to the third a cat.

“Take these,” he said. “If you can find countries where these things are not known, they will be worth much to you.”

Soon after this, the father died. Then
15 the oldest son took his cock under his arm and started out. On the farms which he passed, cocks were very common. In the villages, too, he heard them crowing. He came at last to a great city. Here cocks

were for sale in all the markets. No one thought his fowl at all wonderful.

At last he sailed across the sea, hoping to find a land where cocks were not known. He sailed on and on, till he came to an ⁵ island. There the people had no cocks, and they had no clocks nor watches to tell the time. The light told them when it was day and the darkness when it was night. But when they did not sleep at night they had ¹⁰ no way of knowing the hour.

“See!” said the luck child. “What a fine bird this is! It has a red crown on its head and there are spurs on its feet. It calls out three times in the night to tell the ¹⁵ hour. The first time is near midnight. The second time is between midnight and day. The last is just before day. If it calls out in the day, it tells us there may be a change in the weather.” ²⁰

That night the people stayed awake to hear the wonderful bird. It crowed loudly three times, as the luck child had said it would do. The people were delighted

and asked for how much gold he would sell it.

“As much as a donkey can carry,” he said.

5 “That is not too much for such a useful bird,” said they. So they brought a donkey and loaded it with gold. With this the luck child went back home.

Then the second brother said, “I will go
10 and try to sell this scythe of mine.”

So he sharpened it well. Then he put it across his shoulder and started off. For a long time he found no sale for his blade. The farmers and workmen whom he met
15 had scythes as good as his.

At last he reached an island where the people had never heard of a scythe. When they wanted to reap their grain, they took cannon and shot it down. Much grain was
20 shot away and wasted. Then, too, the cannon made a dreadful noise.

The luck child said, “Let me show you how to cut grain.”

He went into a field of ripe wheat. With

his scythe he cut it so quietly and so quickly that all the people wondered.

“That is a most useful knife,” they said.
“Will you sell it?”

“Yes, if you will give me as much gold ⁵ as a horse can carry,” said the luck child.

This they were quite willing to do. - They brought it to him at once and he went back home.

Now the youngest brother made up his ¹⁰ mind to try his luck with his cat.

“It is all in taking the right thing to the right place,” he said to himself.

So he put his cat in a bag and started out as the others had done. He went to farms ¹⁵ and villages and towns. But in all he found cats enough and to spare. In some places there were so many that the kittens were drowned.

At last he got on a ship and sailed and ²⁰ sailed across the sea. He came to an island where no one had ever seen a cat. Rats and mice were everywhere. They ran under foot, they climbed on the chairs

and tables. They even took food from the plates when people were eating. In the palace of the king it was no better than in the hut of the poor. No one, whether high
5 or low, had any peace of his life.

Then the luck child went before the king and opened his bag. Out sprang the cat and caught rat after rat, mouse after mouse.

10 “Good, good!” said the king. “This wonderful beast would soon free us from rats and mice. Will you sell it?”

“Yes,” said the luck child. “If you will give me as much gold as a mule can
15 carry.”

“That I will,” said the king.

The luck child took the gold and went down to the ship to set sail for home.

Meanwhile the cat made herself at home
20 in the palace. The servants were kept busy counting the rats and mice that she killed. At last such hard work made her thirsty. She went to the servants crying,
“Mew, mew!”

They were frightened at this strange cry. King and servants and all ran away. Then they held a meeting to decide what to do.

“We will ask her to leave the palace,” said the king. “If she will not go, we will 5 send an army to drive her away. It was bad to be vexed by rats and mice. But it is worse to have here this fearful beast that cries ‘Mew, mew.’”

A man was sent to ask the cat to leave 10 the palace. Poor puss was now thirstier than ever. So she ran to him, saying “Mew, mew,” as loud as she could.

Away ran the man so fast that his coat tails stood out straight behind. 15

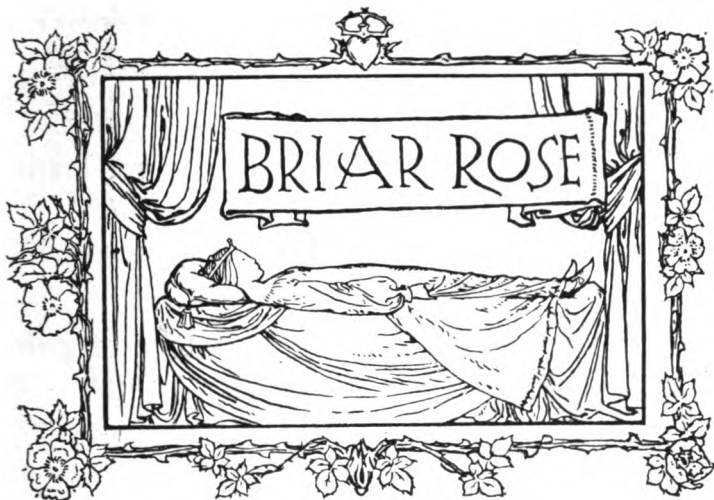
“The fearful beast will not leave the palace,” he cried. “When I asked her to go, she was very angry. She cried ‘Mew, mew’ and gave me chase. I feared I should not get away with my life.” 20

“Now,” said the people, “we must use force.”

So the cannon was brought. The first shot frightened the cat as much as her

mewing had frightened the king. She sprang out of the window and ran to the ship. It was just about to set sail and home she went with her old master.

5 But the people did not know she was gone. Shot after shot they fired at the palace till it was level with the ground.



BRIAR ROSE, OR THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Once upon a time there lived a king and a queen. Every day they said to each other, "Oh, would that we had a child!"

And at last their wish came to pass. They had a little daughter so beautiful that 5 the sun himself had never seen her like.

In his joy, the king gave a great feast. He invited his friends and neighbors. He asked, too, twelve fairies. Now there were thirteen of these fairies in the land. The 10 king invited only twelve because he had just twelve golden plates.

At the end of the feast the fairies began to give their gifts to the king's daughter.

The first said, "She shall be so good and so sweet that every one shall love her."

5 "She shall grow more and more beautiful every day," said the second.

"She shall always have a store of gold and gems," said the third.

10 "She shall sing like the morning lark," said the fourth.

"She shall dance like a leaf on a tree," said the fifth.

Thus they went on with their wishes until eleven had spoken.

15 "She shall —" began the twelfth, but before she could finish her wish in came the thirteenth fairy. She was angry because she had not been invited to the feast. She did not speak to any one, nor look to right
20 or left.

She cried with a loud voice, "When the king's daughter is fifteen, she shall prick her finger while spinning, and shall fall down dead."

Without one word more she turned and left the hall.

All the guests were frightened and grieved at these dreadful words. But now the twelfth fairy stepped forward. 5

“Oh, king,” she said, “I cannot undo the wicked wish of my sister, but I can soften it. Your daughter shall indeed prick her finger while spinning, and fall down as if dead. But instead of death it shall be a 10 deep sleep. It shall last a hundred years. Then she can be awakened only by a king’s son.”

From even this the king wished to save his dear child if he could. So he gave com-15 mand that all the spinning wheels in the kingdom should be burned.

The little princess had in due time all the gifts of the good fairies. She was so sweet and good and beautiful that every 20 one loved her. Her father and mother were so fond of her that they did not like her to be out of their sight.

On her fifteenth birthday, however, she

was roaming through the castle. She went from room to room and from hall to hall. At last she came to an old tower, which she had never seen before. She climbed the
5 winding stairs, and found at the top a little door. In the lock was a rusty key. She turned it, and the door sprang open.

There at a wheel sat an old woman spinning flax. Either she had not heard the
10 king's command or she was the wicked fairy.

"Good day, old dame," said the princess.
"What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman,
15 nodding her head.

"I like this wheel that goes round and round so fast," said the princess. "Let me see if I can spin."

As soon as she gave the wheel one turn,
20 there came to pass the wish of the evil fairy. She stuck her finger, and fell, as dead, to the floor. A deep sleep fell upon her, and not upon her alone, but upon the king and the queen and every one in the castle.

The horses in the stable, the dogs in the yard, the doves on the roof, even the fire on the hearth, became still and slept. The wind ceased, and not a leaf stirred on the trees.

5

All at once there sprang up a hedge of thorns around the castle. It was so thick that neither man nor beast could pass. From without nothing could be seen but the tops of the towers and the flag on the 10 roof.

Years went by, and men in all the lands' around talked of the "Sleeping Beauty," as the king's daughter was called. From time to time princes came and tried to make 15 their way through the hedge of thorns. But they all failed. Many were held fast by the thorns, like strong hands, and so died.

Thus years and years passed. At last there came a young prince to that land. To 20 him an old man pointed out the castle behind its hedge of thorns.

The prince had long since heard his grandfather tell of the beautiful princess who lay



THERE WAS THE PRIN



CESS FAST ASLEEP.

sleeping there. He knew, too, that many kings' sons had risked and lost their lives trying to reach her.

But now he cried, "I will either find and free the sleeping princess, or I will die seeking her."

He made his way to the hedge. Lo! instead of thorns, he found a hedge of flowers. They moved aside for him to pass, and then closed behind him.

On he went all alone to the castle yard. Here he saw the horses and dogs lying asleep. On the roof sat the doves with their heads under their wings.

In the castle all was as still as death. The servants slept in the kitchen, the flies on the walls, and the fire on the hearth. On the throne sat the sleeping king and queen. Around them were lords and ladies all asleep.

On went the prince from room to room, and from hall to hall. At last he came to the tower and went up the winding stairs.

There was the princess fast asleep. She

was so beautiful that he could not turn his eyes away. At last he stooped and kissed her. At the touch she opened her eyes and smiled in his face.

With her awoke every one in the castle. 5
The horses jumped and shook themselves.
The dogs barked. The doves took their heads from behind their wings and flew to the field. The fire burned bright and cooked the dinner. 10

Then the prince asked the princess to be his wife, and their wedding supper was held in the great hall. The prince did not tell his bride that she was dressed like his great grandmother. He loved her none the less 15 for that.

In time the prince became king and the princess queen, and they lived happy to the end of their days.

THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

It was a beautiful morning in late summer. The sun was shining, the grain was waving in the breeze, the lark was singing in the clear blue sky, and the bees were
5 buzzing about the flowers.

All things seemed happy, even the hedgehog, standing at his door, singing a hedgehog song. Indoors his wife was washing and dressing the children.

10 “I will go and see how our turnips are getting on,” said the hedgehog to himself. The turnips grew in a field near by. He and his family ate them and looked upon them as their own.

15 He shut the house door and off he started. He had not gone far when he met a hare. The hare had come to see how the cabbages were growing.

“Good morning,” said the hedgehog.

Now the hare was rude, and bad-tempered, too. He did not even say good morning.

“What are you doing in the field so early?” he asked rudely.

“I am taking a walk for pleasure,” said ⁵ the hedgehog.

“Taking a walk for pleasure!” laughed the hare. “I should think it would be all your crooked legs could do to carry you where you need to go.” 10

These words made the hedgehog very angry. He hated most of all things to have any one speak of his crooked legs.

“Do you think that your legs are better than mine?” he asked. 15

“Of course they are better,” said the hare.

“Let us put it to the test,” said the hedgehog. “I am sure if we run a race I shall win.”

“What a joke!” laughed the hare. “Do ²⁰ you really think that you can beat me in a race? If you can, I will give you a bright new gold piece.”

“Agreed,” said the hedgehog.

“Let us start at once,” said the hare,
“and run across this field.”

“Oh, no,” answered the hedgehog.
“There is no need for such haste. I will
5 go home first and have breakfast. In half
an hour I will be back.”

The hare agreed to wait, and off went the
hedgehog. When he got home he called
his wife.

10 “Wife, wife,” he said, “come at once to
the field with me. I am to run a race with
the hare and a new gold piece is the prize.”

“Have you lost your senses?” asked
Mrs. Hedgehog. “Why, the hare can beat
15 you without trying.”

“Say not a word,” said her husband.
“Come with me, and I will show you how
I mean to win.”

As they walked along he said, “See that
20 large field. The race is to be across it.
The hare will run in one furrow and I in
another. You must hide yourself in a fur-
row at this end of the field. I will start in
the same furrow at the other end. When

the hare comes near, pop up your head and say, 'Here I am!'"

The hedgehog now left his wife and went to the place where the hare was waiting.

"Do you really mean to race with me?"⁵ asked the hare, with a rude laugh.

"Yes, indeed," said the hedgehog. "I am ready now to start."

Each placed himself in a furrow. The hare counted, "One, two, three, — go!"¹⁰ And away he went like the wind. The hedgehog ran only a few steps. Then he lay down in the furrow and kept quite still.

Soon the hare, at full speed, drew near the end of the field. Then the hedgehog's¹⁵ wife raised her head and cried, "Here I am."

The hare stood still in wonder. The wife was so like the husband that he did not doubt it was Mr. Hedgehog. Still he²⁰ thought, "There is something wrong about this." So he cried, "Let us race back to the other end of the field."

Away he ran so fast that his ears flew

behind his tail. Soon he reached the other end of the field. There was the hedgehog. When he saw the hare coming, he cried, "Here I am."

5 The hare was more puzzled and angry than ever.

"Let us try it again," he panted.

"Very well," said the hedgehog, "I will keep on as long as you wish."

10 The hare ran again and again. Up and down, down and up the field he went. At one end the hedgehog said, "Here I am." At the other end his wife said the same.

At last the hare was too tired to run any
15 longer. He fell to the ground and owned that he had lost the race.

The hedgehog took the bright gold piece. Then he called his wife out of the furrow and they went home. And if they are not
20 dead, they are living still.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

Once upon a time there lived a poor woman in a lonely cottage. In the cottage garden grew two rose bushes one of which bore white roses and the other red.

The woman had two daughters who were ⁵ so much like the roses that she called one Snow-White and the other Rose-Red. Both were sweet and good, but they were very unlike. Rose-Red loved to run and jump about the meadows, where her merry black ¹⁰ eyes saw every flower and butterfly. Snow-White was fair-haired and quiet, and liked to sit still at home.

The two sisters loved one another dearly. When they walked out together, it was ¹⁵ always hand in hand.

Often they went far in the forest to get flowers and berries, but nothing ever harmed them. The hares ate clover from their hands.

The deer fed near them. The goats played at their side. When they stopped to rest, the birds flew down and sang to them. Because they were good and kind, all things
5 loved and trusted them.

Sometimes when they stayed late in the forest they would lie down and sleep all night in the moss.

But they did not run to and fro in the
10 forest all the time. They helped their mother with her work at home. They kept the cottage so neat and clean that it was a pleasure to see it. Every day in summer they put on the table roses, some-
15 times white and sometimes red.

In the winter mornings Rose-Red would light the fire and help about the breakfast. In the winter evenings when snow was falling the mother would say, "Go, Snow-
20 White and latch the door." Then the sisters would knit or spin while their mother read to them.

One cold evening they were sitting beside the fire. On the floor lay their little

lamb. On the back of a chair perched a white dove with her head under her wing. Outside, the snow fell fast and the wind howled.

There came a knock at the door.

5

“Run, Rose-Red, and open the door,” cried the mother. “Some one wishes to come in, and it is very cold.”

Rose-Red pulled the latch and threw the door open wide. She expected to see a poor man who had lost his way. Instead, a great black bear poked his nose in the room.

Rose-Red screamed and jumped back. She and Snow-White ran to their mother. The dove fluttered here and there, and the little lamb hid under the bed.

But the bear spoke and that very gently. “Do not fear me,” he said. “I will do you no harm. I am very cold and I wish to come in and warm before your fire.”

“Poor bear!” said the mother. “It is indeed a bitter night. Come in and lie down beside the fire. But take care not to

burn your fur coat." Then she said, "See, Snow-White and Rose-Red! This bear is gentle and will not harm you."

So they came back to the fireside and the dove and the lamb got over their fright. The children brought a broom and swept the snow from the bear's fur. Then they began to play with him and soon the three were good friends.

10 When bedtime came the snow was still falling and the wind howling. So the mother said to the bear, "I have not the heart to send you out in the woods tonight. You may sleep here beside our fire
15 where you will be warm and dry."

In the morning the two children opened the door. The bear trotted away over the snow into the woods.

After that he came every evening at the
20 same hour. The children played with him until bedtime and then he slept before the fire.

Winter passed. Spring came and the world grew fresh and green.

One morning the bear said to Snow-White, "I must go away now and I cannot come back till summer is over."

"Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow-White. 5

"I must go into the forest to take care of my treasure," he said. "It is buried in the ground, and there it is safe so long as it is covered with frost and snow. But now spring is making the earth warm and soft. 10 The dwarfs will dig down and get my treasure if I do not watch. And what goes into their caves does not often come out again."

Snow-White was so sorry to see her old friend go that she did not open the door¹⁵ very wide. As he went out the latch tore off a little piece of his fur.

Under the fur Snow-White thought she saw something shine like gold. But her eyes were so full of tears that she could²⁰ not be quite sure. Away trotted the bear and was soon out of sight in the forest.

Some time after this the mother sent the children into the woods to pick up sticks

for the fire. They came to a tree which had fallen across the path.

Here they saw something bobbing up and down. It was a dwarf with a wrinkled face and a long snow-white beard. The end of his beard was caught in the tree. He jumped up and down, like a dog tied by a chain, and could not get free.

“Why do you stand there staring at me?” he cried to the sisters. “Can’t you come to my help?”

“Poor little man” said Rose-Red. “How did you get caught?”

“You silly thing!” said the dwarf. “I was getting some wood to cook my dinner. While I was trying to split the branch, it came together and caught my long beard. Now it holds so fast that I cannot get away.”

The children did their best to get his beard free, but all in vain.

“I will run and get some one to help us,” said Rose-Red at last.

“Why do you wish to call other people?” snarled the dwarf. “You are two more

than are of any use now. Can't you think of anything better to do?"

"I have thought of something," said Snow-White.

She pulled her scissors out of her pocket ⁵ and cut off the end of his beard. The dwarf snatched up a bag full of gold which was lying at the root of the tree. Away he went without thanking the children for their help. 10

Some time after Snow-White and Rose-Red went out fishing. As they sat on the bank of the stream they saw something like a large grasshopper jumping about. They went to see what it was and found ¹⁵ the dwarf.

"What are you doing?" asked Rose-Red. "You are about to fall into the water."

"Can't you see that this fish is pulling me in?" cried the dwarf. 20

He had been fishing and the wind had tangled the line in his beard. A large fish was caught on the line, and he was not strong enough to draw it out; nor could he

set it free. So he was being pulled into the water.

The children did their best to untangle his beard but they could not. At last
5 Snow-White had to pull out her scissors and cut off another piece. Although this saved his life the dwarf was very angry.

“How dare you ruin my beautiful beard?” he cried. “Bad luck to you
10 both!”

Then he picked up a bag of pearls he had hid among the rushes and went away.

Soon after this, their mother sent Snow-White and Rose-Red to town to buy some
15 needles and thread. They went through the woods and across a field. Here they saw a large bird, circling about in the air. Suddenly he pounced down to the ground and then they heard loud cries. They ran
20 to see what was the trouble. They found that the bird had caught the dwarf in its claws and was trying to carry him off.

The kind-hearted children did all that they could for the little man. They caught and

held him fast and beat the bird till it flew away.

But as soon as the dwarf had got over his fright he squeaked out, "Why did you jerk me about so roughly? You tore my 5 new coat, meddling, awkward things that you are!"

Then he took up a bag of precious stones and went his way.

The little girls were so used to his harsh 10 words and rough ways that they thought nothing of them. On they went to town and did their mother's errands.

On their way home they came again upon the dwarf. He had emptied his bag of 15 precious stones upon the ground, thinking that no one was near. The sun was shining and the stones glittered with rainbow colors. Snow-White and Rose-Red stopped to admire them. 20

"What are you doing — spying on me?" asked the dwarf, his gray face turning red with rage.

Just then there was heard, first a growl

and then a roar. Out of the woods rushed a large black bear.

The dwarf jumped up and tried in vain to get away. The bear was too near. Then he cried, "Dear bear, spare me. See, you may have these precious stones. Are you hungry? Instead of me, eat these two girls. They are as fat as young birds. Only spare me!"

10 The bear did not say a word. But he struck one blow with his great black paw, and the ugly, wicked dwarf fell to the ground and never moved again.

The little girls were running away as fast
15 as they could.

But the bear called to them. "Snow-White, Rose-Red, don't be afraid! Wait and I will go home with you."

They knew the voice. It was that of
20 their bear friend. As they turned toward him, what was their surprise to see the bearskin fall off. Instead of a rough bear, there stood a young man dressed in scarlet and gold.

“I am a king’s son,” he said. “That wicked dwarf robbed me of all my treasures and made me wander about the woods in the form of a bear. Now I am set free by his death, and have all my treasures again.” 5

Then they went home to the cottage. The king’s son took Snow-White and Rose-Red and their mother to live in his palace. With them they carried the two rose bushes which they planted in the palace garden. 10 Every year the bushes bore white roses and red which were no sweeter nor more beautiful than the two sisters.



THE FROG PRINCE

Long ago there lived a king who had many beautiful daughters. But the youngest was so lovely that the sun himself wondered at her beauty every time that he saw her.

Near the king's castle was a large, dark forest. In this forest stood an old lime tree, beside a spring.

One day the king's youngest daughter
10 came to this tree and sat down in the shade to rest. After a while she began to toss up her golden ball and catch it as it fell.

At last she failed to catch it. It fell on the ground and rolled into the spring— splash! it went out of sight. The little princess began to sob and weep.

Then a voice called out, “O king’s daughter, why are you weeping? Tell me your trouble and I may help you.”

She looked toward the spot from which came the voice. There was a frog with his head stretched out of the water. 10

“Was it you, old frog, that spoke?” she asked. “You cannot help me. I am weeping because I have lost my ball which rolled into the spring.”

“Then weep no more,” said the frog. “I can get it out. But what will you give me if I bring back your plaything?”

“Oh, anything that you like, dear frog,” said the princess. “What will you have— my silk dress, my necklace of pearls, or my golden crown? I like my ball best of all.” 20

“Dresses and pearls and golden crowns are nothing to me,” said the frog. “I wish to be your friend and playfellow. I wish to

sit at your table, to eat from your plate, to drink from your cup, and to sleep in your bed. If you will promise me these things, I will bring back your golden ball."

5 "Oh, yes," she said, thinking only of her pretty toy. "I will promise whatever you wish."

Down dived the frog. Soon he came up with the golden ball in his mouth. He
10 rolled it on the grass and the king's daughter picked it up, with a cry of joy. Then she ran home as fast as her feet could go.

"Wait, wait!" cried the frog. "Wait for me. I cannot hop as fast as you can run."
15 But the king's daughter did not stop to listen to his croak. She went home and forgot all about him.

The next day the king and queen and their daughters were sitting together at the
20 table. The little princess was eating from her golden plate and drinking from her golden cup.

All at once something came splish-splash, splish-splash up the marble stairs. Then

there was a knock at the door and a voice cried, "Youngest daughter of the king, open the door and let me in."

The little princess went to see who was there. What was her fear and wonder at ⁵ seeing the frog that had brought back her ball. She shut the door in his face and ran back to the table.

"My child, why do you look so frightened?" asked the king. "Did you find a ¹⁰ great giant at the door?"

"Oh, no, father," she said, "it is no giant, but an ugly old frog."

"A frog! And what does he want with you?" asked the king. ¹⁵

"Listen, father, and I will tell you all about it," said the little princess, in tears. "Yesterday I was playing beside the spring and my golden ball fell into the water. I cried and this frog came and got it out for ²⁰ me. But he made me promise that he might sit at the table with me and eat from my plate and drink from my cup and sleep in my bed. But oh, father, I did not think

of what I promised. I never dreamed the frog could get out of the water and come here. But now he is at the door."

Just then came a second knock. "King's
5 daughter, king's daughter! Keep your
word and open to me."

"My daughter," said the king, "as you
have made a promise, you must keep it.
Go and let in the frog."

10 The king's daughter went slowly and
sadly to open the door. The frog hopped
in and went to her chair.

"Take me up beside you," he cried.

She waited so long to do this that her
15 father said, "My daughter, what you have
promised, that you must do."

So she took the frog up and he jumped
upon the table.

"Push your golden plate nearer and we
20 will eat together," he said.

The princess did so, but every one could
see how much she disliked it.

"Now," said the frog, "give me drink
out of your golden cup."

This, also, the little princess had to do.

At last the frog said: "I have both eaten and drank all that I wish. Now I am tired. Carry me upstairs into your room. Make ready your bed, that I may sleep there as ⁵ you promised."

At these words the princess began to weep. She was afraid to touch the frog, and she did not wish him to sleep in her little bed. But her tears only made her ¹⁰ father angry.

"He helped you when you were in trouble," he said. "Now you must keep your promise to him."

Then the princess took the frog in two ¹⁵ fingers and carried him to her room. She put him down in one corner. But he hopped to the bedside and said, "I am very tired. Put me in your bed or I will tell your father."
20

This made the princess angry. She struck him, saying, "Do be quiet, you ugly frog."

Then tears of shame came into her eyes

at her bad temper and her broken promise. And lo! there stood, instead of a frog, a young man, richly dressed.

“Do not weep, little princess,” he said.
5 “Yours was a promise hard to keep. But by it you have freed me from a witch’s spell. Years ago she changed me from a prince into a frog. A frog I should stay, she said, until I should find a princess who
10 would let me sit beside her at the table and eat from her plate and drink from her cup and even sleep in her bed. She thought that would never be. But it is done and I am free. Now I shall be king and I wish
15 you to be my queen.”

The next morning a coach drawn by eight white horses came to take the young king home to his kingdom.

Behind the coach stood the faithful
20 Henry. He had been the servant of the young prince. When his master was changed into a frog, Henry grieved so that he had to bind three iron bands round his heart to keep it from breaking.

Away went the coach with the young king and his bride. Behind rode the faithful Henry. They had not gone far when the king heard a loud crack, as if something had broken. 5

He cried out, "Henry, is that the coach breaking?"

"No, my king," said the faithful Henry. "It is only one of the iron bands round my heart. I put them there to keep it from breaking with grief when you were changed into a frog. The band breaks now because I am full of joy at seeing you free." 10

Once and again came the same sound. Then all three of the bands were broken, 15 and Henry, like his master, was free and happy.

THE GOLD SPINNER

There was once a poor miller who had a beautiful daughter.

“If only the king could see my daughter,” he said, “I am sure he would wish to make her queen. I must bring her before him.”

So he went to the king and said, “Sir, I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold.”

“That is an art which pleases me well,” said the king. “Bring her to my castle to-morrow morning, and I will try what she can do.”

When she came the king did not even look at her. He had her sent into a room heaped with straw, and there was set a spinning wheel. Then the king came to the door.

“Begin to work at once,” he said. “If you do not spin all this straw into gold before sunrise, you shall die.”

Then he locked the door and left her alone.

The poor girl sat looking at the straw. She did not know how to spin, much less how to turn straw into gold. She sat awhile ⁵ thinking of the king's words, and then she began to weep.

The door opened and a little man hopped in.

"Good evening, miller's daughter," he ¹⁰ said. "Why do you weep?"

"Oh," she said, "if I do not spin this straw into gold, I must die. And I know not even how to spin."

"What will you give me to spin for you?" ¹⁵ asked the little man.

"My neck ribbon," she said.

The little man seated himself before the wheel and took up a handful of straw. Whir, whir, whir! The spool was full of ²⁰ gold. He spun till all the straw was gone and all the spools were full of gold. Then he took the neck ribbon and went away.

At sunrise the king came and opened the

door. His eyes caught the glitter of the gold. He looked at it, and not once at the spinner. He showed her a still larger room full of straw.

5 “If you love your life,” he said, “spin this straw, too, into gold.”

When he left her the maiden could only weep. She knew very well that she could never fulfil the task.

10 Soon the same little old man came into the room.

“What will you give me if I spin for you again?” he asked.

15 “The ring from my finger,” said the maiden.

He seated himself again at the spinning wheel. Whir, whir, whir! Soon all the straw was spun into gold. Then he took the ring from her finger and went away.

20 The king came at sunrise to see the gold. He looked at it, and he looked, too, at the beautiful maiden. Then he led her into a third room, larger than either of the others. It, also, was full of straw.

“You must spin for me one more night,” he said. “If you fail to spin this straw into gold, you shall lose your life. But if it is all done by sunrise, you shall become my wife.” 5

“True, she is a miller’s daughter,” said the king to himself. “But she is beautiful as the day, and no queen has more wealth than comes from her fingers.”

When the maiden was left alone, in came 10 the little old man as before.

“What will you give me if I spin for you this third time?” he asked.

“I have nothing left that I can give,” said the maiden. 15

“There is one thing, and only one, for which I will spin to-night,” said the little old man. “Promise when you are queen to give me your first child.”

“Who knows if I shall ever be queen?” 20 thought the maiden. “If he does not spin for me, I shall lose my life.” So she made the promise that he wished. At once the little old man set to work and spun and spun.

In the morning the king came and found the great room full of gold. Then he took the miller's daughter by the hand and led her out to be made queen.

5 About a year after this the queen had a beautiful little son. As she sat with him in her arms one night, the little old man came into the room.

“Now keep your promise,” he said, holding out his arms for the child.

The queen wept and begged him not to take her little son. In vain she offered to give instead all the gold and treasure in the kingdom.

15 At last he said, “I will give you three days in which to find out my name. If you can do that, you shall keep your child. If not, you must give him up to me without one word.”

20 The queen lay awake all night, thinking over all the names she had ever heard. In the morning she sent swift runners over the country to learn the names by which men were called.

The next night the little man came again to her room. She repeated all the names that she knew.

But he only laughed and said, "No, not one of these is my name." 5

The next day the queen sent out to learn all strange names and all nicknames. These she told to the little man. But he answered as before, "No, it is none of these."

On the third day the runners came back 10 one by one. They had gone far and wide but had not been able to learn a single new name. The last one came in late with a strange tale.

At dark he had come through a forest on 15 the mountains. There he saw a tiny little house. He went to the window and looked in. Hopping up and down before the fire was a strange-looking little man. As he hopped, he sang:— 20

"To-day I brew, to-morrow I bake,
Next morning I the queen's child take.
How glad I am she does not know
My name is Rumpelstiltskin."

The queen was overjoyed when she heard this. She gave the man a bag of gold and sent him away just as the little man came in.

5 “Now then, queen, what is my name?”
he said.

“Are you called Conrad?” she asked.

“No.”

“Henry?”

10 “No.”

“Then your name must be Rumpel-
stiltskin.”

“The fairies must have told you that!
The fairies must have told you that!”
15 screamed the little man.

In his rage he stamped so hard with his
right foot that he sank to his waist in the
ground. Then, in still greater rage, he
caught his left foot with both hands, and
20 pulled till he pulled himself in two.

THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOODS

Once upon a time there was a man whose wife died and left him with one daughter. Not far away lived a widow who had also one daughter.

One day the two girls were playing together. The woman said to the man's daughter, "Go, tell your father that if he marries me you shall wash in milk and drink wine while my child shall wash in water and water she shall drink." 10

The girl went home and told her father the woman's words.

Then said the man, "What shall I do? Shall I marry again or not?" At last he pulled off his boot and said to his daughter, 15 "Take this boot which has a hole in the sole. Hang it up on a nail and pour in water. If it holds the water, I will again take a wife. But if not, I will not marry."

The girl did as her father told her. The water made the leather swell and drew the hole together. So when the man came to look at the boot it was full to the brim. 5 He went then to the woman and soon after they were married.

The first day the husband's daughter had milk to wash in and wine to drink. The wife's daughter had only water. The second 10 day there was water for them both. But the third day there were milk and wine for the wife's daughter and there was only water for the stepchild. So it was from this day on.

15 The wife hated the stepchild because she was prettier and better than her own daughter. Not a day passed in which she did not do something unkind to the poor girl, who bore it all without a word.

20 At last winter came. The ground was white with snow and the bare trees shivered in the cold wind.

One bitter morning the woman called her stepchild and said, "Put on this muslin

dress and go out in the woods. Take this basket and bring it back full of strawberries. Strawberries I wish, and strawberries I will have."

"Alas!" said the poor girl. "Where can I find strawberries now when the ground is covered with snow? I shall freeze in this thin muslin dress. It is so cold to-day that one's breath freezes on the lips."

"Why do you stand talking there?"¹⁰ asked the woman. "Go at once as I tell you. Do not dare come back without the strawberries. Here is your dinner."

She put a crust of bread in the girl's hand. Then she pushed her out and shut¹⁵ and locked the door.

"She will freeze or die of hunger," thought the wicked woman. "Then I shall never be vexed by seeing her again."

The girl stood a little while crying and²⁰ shivering on the doorstep. Then she walked on down the road. As far as she could see, the ground was white with snow.

"I will go into the woods," she said to

herself. "There, at least, I shall be sheltered from this bitter wind."

On and on she went until she came to a little cottage. She knocked at the door and
5 a voice cried "Come in." She opened the door and went into a room where there were three little men.

"Good-day," she said. "May I please sit beside your fire and warm myself while
10 I eat my dinner?"

They nodded their heads. So she sat down on a stool in the corner and took out her crust.

Then one of the little men said, "Give
15 us a piece of your bread."

"Willingly," she answered. So she broke the bread in two and gave them the larger piece.

After a while one of them asked, "Why do
20 you wear a muslin dress this bitter day?"

"Ah," she answered, "my stepmother made me put it on. She sent me to fill this basket with strawberries and told me not to come home without them."

The little men said no more until she finished eating her crust. Then one of them gave her a broom and said, "Go and sweep away the snow from our back door."

Without a word the girl took the broom 5 and went out.

"She is kind and sweet-tempered," said one. "What good fortune shall we give her?"

"I promise," said the first, "that she 10 shall grow more beautiful every day."

"I promise," said the second, "that whenever she opens her mouth to speak a gold piece shall fall out."

"And I promise," said the third, "that 15 she shall marry a king's son."

While they talked, the maiden was busy sweeping at the back door. And what do you think she found there? Why, strawberries, ripe and red, hid under the snow. 20

"They are for you," said the little men.

She thanked them, and filled her basket as quickly as she could. Then home she ran, so fast that she kept quite warm.

“Good evening,” she said, as she came into the house. Out dropped a piece of gold from her mouth.

How surprised her stepmother and her
5 stepsister were! She showed the strawberries, and told what had happened in the woods. And at every word a piece of gold fell from her mouth. Soon the room glittered with gold.

10 Then the woman’s own daughter said, “I, too, will go into the woods to find strawberries.”

“Oh, no, no, my dear little daughter!” said the mother. “It is far too cold.”

15 But the girl cried and fretted, and begged to go.

So at last her mother said: “Go then, but dress yourself from head to foot in fur. Take this large piece of cake to eat when
20 you are hungry.”

The girl went out, and followed her sister’s footprints in the snow till she came to the cottage. She did not stop to knock at the door. Into the room she went and sat

down beside the fire. When she was warm, she took out her cake and began to eat.

“Give us a piece of your cake,” said one of the little men.

“I have no more than I want myself,”⁵ she answered, and kept on eating.

They waited till she finished. Then one of the little men said: “There is a broom in the corner. Take it and sweep around the back door.”¹⁰

“Go and sweep for yourself,” she cried. “It is not my place to serve you.”

Then she remembered that her sister had found the strawberries at the back door. So at last she took the broom and went out,¹⁵ grumbling.

“What shall we give her?” asked one of the little men. “She has such a bad and unkind heart that we can give her nothing good.”²⁰

“She must grow more and more ugly every day,” said the first.

“Out of her mouth, when she speaks, shall fall frogs and toads,” said the second.

“She shall come to a bad end at the last,” said the third.

After sweeping away the snow, the maiden searched for strawberries. But not one
5 could she find, so she went home much vexed.

When she opened her mouth to tell her mother what had happened, how frightened she was! Out of her mouth jumped frogs
10 and toads.

So it was from that time on. And every day she grew uglier and uglier, and so cross and spiteful that no one could bear to be near her. At last she died, and no one shed
15 a single tear.

Meanwhile her stepsister had a harder time than ever. Every day she had to sit outdoors in the snow and spin.

One day as she sat there with tears frozen
20 on her cheeks, like pearls, a coach came by. In it sat the young king with his crown on his head.

When he saw the beautiful maiden, he stopped and said, “Why are you out in the

cold, poor maiden, and what are you doing?"

"My stepmother has driven me from the house," she said, "and sent me here to spin." And at every word there fell gold 5 pieces from her mouth.

Then the king was full of wonder and said, "Will you go home with me?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "with all my heart."

"Come, then, and I will make you my 10 queen," said the king.



HANS IN LUCK

Hans served his master for seven long years. Then he said: "Master, my time is now up. Give me my wages and let me go home to my mother."

5 His master said: "You have served me well all these years. As you served me, so will I reward you."

With these words he gave Hans a lump of gold as large as his head. Hans tied
10 the gold up in a bag, put it on his shoulder,

and started home. As he walked along, he met a man on horseback.

“Oh, what a fine thing it is to ride!” cried Hans. “It is like sitting on a chair. One gets to the end of his journey without ⁵ stumping his toes against a stone.”

The man heard this and said, “Then, Hans, why do you go on foot?”

“I have to carry home this lump of gold,” said Hans. “It is the reward of 10 my seven years’ work. It is so heavy that it hurts my shoulder and it pushes my head to one side.”

“Well,” said the rider, stopping his horse, “I can rid you of that trouble. I ¹⁵ will give you my horse if you will give me your lump of gold.”

“That I will and thank you, too,” said Hans. “But you will have a hard time carrying it.” 20

The man got down and took the lump of gold. Then he helped Hans mount, and put the bridle in his hands.

“When you wish to go fast,” he said,

“you have only to cluck with your tongue and cry, ‘Get up!’”

Hans was delighted to sit on the horse. For a while he rode along slowly. Then he thought he should like to go faster. So he clucked with his tongue and said, “Get up! get up!”

The horse began to trot. As Hans did not know how to stop him, he trotted faster and faster. At last he threw his rider into a ditch. He would have run away, but he was stopped by a man driving a cow.

“Riding is no joke,” said Hans, as he crawled out of the ditch. “Not on a beast like that which thinks nothing of kicking and jumping. No one shall catch me risking my neck on him again. How much better a beast is your cow! One can walk on quietly behind her, and she will give him milk and butter and cheese every day. How I should like to have a cow!”

“Well,” said the man, “since you wish it so much, I’ll change my cow for your horse.”

Hans agreed with joy. The man jumped on the horse and was soon out of sight. Hans drove the cow on, thinking what a good bargain he had made.

“If I have only bread,—and my work ⁵ is sure to get that,—I shall have butter and cheese to eat when I am hungry. When I am thirsty, I can have milk to drink.”

About noon the heat became great, and Hans grew thirsty. He was crossing an ¹⁰ open field, where there was no well nor spring in sight.

“Now is the time,” said he, “for my cow to give me a good drink of milk.”

He tied the cow to a bush on the road-¹⁵ side, and used his cap for a pail. But not a drop of milk could he get. And as he was a very awkward milker, the cow gave him a kick that sent him sprawling on the ground.

²⁰

Just then there came by a butcher with a pig in a wheelbarrow.

“What on earth is the matter?” asked he, as he helped Hans to his feet.

Hans told what had happened. The man laughed and said: "That cow has no milk to give. She is old, and unfit for anything but to be killed for beef."

5 "What a pity," said Hans, scratching his head. "She would make much meat, it is true, but I care little for beef. I like much better the meat of a fine fat pig like yours."

"Then, Hans," said the butcher, "out of
10 the kindness of my heart, I'll give you my pig for your cow."

"On my word, that is kind of you," said Hans.

So he gave the butcher the cow and took
15 the pig. Soon he was joined by a boy carrying a goose under his arm.

They began talking, and Hans told how lucky he was and what good bargains he had made. "See what a fine pig I got for
20 my old cow!" he cried.

"Yes," said the boy, "but only see my goose. And feel how heavy it is. It has been fattening these eight weeks. When it is roasted, how the fat will drip!"

“It is a fine goose,” said Hans, “but not so heavy as my pig.”

The boy looked up and down the road and then shook his head.

“I fear that pig will get you into trouble,”⁵ he said. “I have just come through a town where a pig had been stolen from its pen. I fear it is the very pig that you have. The men are out looking for it, and it would be bad for you to be caught with it in your¹⁰ hands.”

Poor Hans began to be frightened.

“Alas!” he cried. “What shall I do? Can you not help me?”

“I run some risk if I do,” said the boy,¹⁵ “but I have not the heart to leave you in trouble. I know the country better than you do. I will try to get away with the pig if you give it to me and take this goose instead.”²⁰

To this Hans gladly agreed. The boy hurried away with the pig, and Hans went on with the goose under his arm.

“When I think of it,” he said to himself,

“I have gained by the change. I have a nice goose to eat. Then there will be goose fat to spread on my bread. Last of all, the beautiful white feathers will stuff a pillow.
5 With my head on that, I shall sleep without rocking. How pleased my mother will be!”

And now he came to a village. Here he saw a knife-grinder, turning his wheel. As
10 he turned he sang, —

“Old knives and scissors like new I grind,
And round whirs my wheel as swift as the wind.”

Hans stopped to look at him. At last he said, “Your trade must be a good one since
15 you sing so at your work.”

“Yes, indeed,” said the man. “A good knife-grinder finds money in his pocket whenever he puts in his hand. But where did you buy that fine goose?”

20 “I did not buy it,” said Hans, “I changed my pig for it.”

“Oh! And where did you get the pig?”

“For that I changed my cow.”

“ And how did you come by your cow ? ”

“ I gave for it a horse. ”

“ And how did you get the horse ? ”

“ Why, I gave for that a lump of gold as big as my head. ”

5

“ And how did you get the gold ? ”

“ It was my wages for seven years' work. ”

“ Well, ” said the knife-grinder, “ you are clever at trading. Now all that you need is always to have money jingling in your 10 pocket. ”

“ But how can I get that ? ” asked Hans.

“ Why, you must turn knife-grinder like me, ” said the man. “ You need only a grindstone. And, by good luck, I have one 15 to sell. All that I will take is your goose in exchange for it. What do you say ? ”

“ I say ‘ yes ’ with all my heart, ” said Hans. “ I shall be the happiest man on earth. What more shall I need when I can 20 always find money in my pocket ? ”

So he gave the man the goose and took an old grindstone.

“ Now, ” said the knife-grinder, handing

him a smaller stone, "here is another good stone for you. On it you can hammer and straighten old nails. You'd better take this, too."

5 "I was surely born for good luck," cried Hans, his eyes dancing with joy.

On he went. But now having walked since daybreak he began to be tired. The stones seemed to grow heavier at each
10 step, and he could hardly drag himself along.

"How much faster I could walk if I did not have these great stones to carry," he said to himself.

15 He crawled at a snail's pace to a spring. Here he thought he would rest and get some cool water. He placed the stones on the brink and leaned over to drink. But by chance he struck the grindstone with his
20 foot. Down fell both stones to the bottom of the spring.

Hans jumped up singing for joy.

"I am free from my heavy load, through no fault of my own," he said. "These

stones were the only things that I had to trouble me. Now they are gone. There is not a luckier man on earth than I am.”

With light heart and empty hands he ran on to his mother's cottage.

5

THE FAIRY'S TWO GIFTS

A fairy was once wandering about in the shape of a poor old woman. Night came on as she was going along a country road. She went past fields and woods till she came to
5 two houses. One, large and beautiful, belonged to a rich man. The other was the little cottage of a poor ditcher.

The fairy thought, "It will be no trouble to the rich man to give me shelter."

10 So she went to his door and knocked.

He opened a window and called out, "Who is there? What do you want?"

"I have lost my way, and night is near,"
said the fairy. "I beg you to give me
15 shelter."

The rich man looked at her from head to foot. Then he shook his head and said, "I cannot take you in. If I let in every poor man and woman who knocks at my door, I

shall soon be a beggar myself. Go your way."

Then he shut the window and left her outdoors.

She turned her back upon his house and went to the cottage. As soon as she knocked, the ditcher opened the door and asked her to come in.

"You look tired," he said, "and it is already late. You must spend the night with us."

His wife then came forward.

"We have not much, good mother," she said. "But what there is we will share, with all our hearts." 15

There were some potatoes cooking on the fire, and the woman brought out a bowl of bread and milk. The supper was good, because it was seasoned with peace and content. 20

When bedtime came, the wife called her husband aside. "Dear husband," she said, "let us make a bed of straw for ourselves. Then this poor woman can lie in our bed

and rest. She is old, and, after walking the whole day, she must be tired."

"With all my heart," said the husband.

5 The fairy did not wish them to do this, but they would not take "no." So she rested in their bed, and they slept on a bundle of straw.

In the morning the wife got up and cooked
10 breakfast. The sun shone into the room, and the faces of the man and the woman were as bright as the day. After breakfast the fairy thanked them and said good-by.

But at the door she turned and said:
15 "You were kind to me when you thought I was poor and could do nothing in return. To show you that I have both will and power to aid you, I will grant you three wishes."

20 "What more can I wish," asked the husband, "than that we two, as long as we live, may be well and strong, and that we may not want our daily bread? I cannot think of a third wish."

"Would you not like a new house?" asked the fairy, smiling.

"Oh, yes," cried the ditcher and his wife, "that we would. With these three wishes granted, we want nothing more." 5

The fairy changed the old house into a new one. Then she went her way, promising that their other wishes also should be granted.

About noon the rich man happened to ¹⁰ look out of his window. To his surprise, he saw the new cottage. He stared at it a long time. Then he called his wife and said: "Yesterday there was a poor old cottage across the road. To-day there is a pretty ¹⁵ new one in the same place. Run over and ask how this came to pass."

The wife went and asked the ditcher, "How in one night did you get a new house in place of your old one?" 20

"I will tell you," he said. "Yesterday evening a poor woman came to our door and asked shelter for the night. This morning she told us that she was a fairy, and

would grant us three wishes. We wished for health and daily food, and then she changed our house into this new and beautiful cottage.”

5 The rich man's wife ran back to tell her husband this news.

“I could beat myself!” he cried. “If only I had known that she was a fairy! Why, she came to my door first,—poor old
10 beggar that she seemed. She asked me to take her in, and I said ‘no.’”

“What a pity!” said his wife. “But make haste and get on your horse and ride after her. If you overtake her, beg her to
15 grant three wishes for us also.”

The rich man saddled his best horse and rode with speed after the fairy. At last he overtook her. He spoke very gently and kindly.

20 “I hope you are not angry because I did not take you in last night,” he said. “I had lost the key of the house door. Before I found it, you went on. If you pass our way again, you must stay with us.”

"Yes," she said, "I will, if I ever come your way again."

Then the rich man asked her to grant him three wishes as she had done his poor neighbor.

"It would do you no good," said the fairy. "What is there for which you need to wish?"

"Oh," cried the rich man, "I am sure I can find something I want."

"Very well," said the fairy, "ride back home. The first three wishes that you make shall be granted."

The rich man was so busy thinking what he should wish that he forgot to hold his bridle up. His horse began to prance and kick.

"Be quiet, Bess," he said, and struck her.

But she pranced and kicked the more.

This made him so angry that he cried, "Whoa, Bess! What do you mean? I wish your neck was broken."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than she fell down under him and

lay dead. He had made his first wish, and it had come to pass.

“Well, at least I have two wishes left,” he said.

5 He did not like to leave the saddle and bridle in the road. So he took them on his back and started home on foot. The noon-day sun shone bright. Walking with such a load was warm and tiresome work. He
10 thought how cool his wife was, sitting at ease in their room. Yet it was she who had sent him after the fairy.

“Ah! I wish she had this saddle fast to her back,” he said, not thinking what he
15 was saying.

At the words the saddle slipped from his back. Warm as he was, he ran home as fast as he could go. There sat his wife with the saddle on her back, screaming and
20 crying that she could not get it off.

“Do not fret so about a little thing,” he said. “I will wish for us to have all the riches in the world, and the wish will come true if you let the saddle stay on.”

“You stupid thing,” she cried. “Of what use would be all those riches if I had this saddle on my back all my days? No, no! You wished it on, now you must wish it off.”

5

Much against his will, he had to wish that the saddle might come off her back. At once it fell to the ground.

The rich man had had his three wishes. They brought him only anger and trouble, 10 hard words from his wife, and the loss of his horse. The three wishes of the kind and contented ditcher freed him from want to the end of his days.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

A woodcutter lived with his wife and three daughters in a little hut near a forest. One morning when he went out to work, he said, "Wife, I shall not be ready to come home at noon and I shall be hungry. Send my dinner to me by our oldest daughter. To show the way, I will take a pocketful of wheat and scatter it along my path."

Away he went with his ax on his shoulder.

Just before noon his daughter went into the woods. She carried a jug of soup and some bread for her father's dinner. She looked in vain for the wheat which was to show her the path. The sparrows and finches had picked up every grain.

She went on and on, till the sun set and it began to grow dark. The trees rustled, the owls hooted, and the girl began to feel

afraid. All at once she saw a far-off light twinkling through the trees.

“People live there,” she thought. “No doubt they will shelter me for the night.”

She walked toward the light and came to a little house in the woods. She knocked at the door, and a gruff voice said, “Come in.” In she went and found an old man sitting beside a table. His white beard almost touched the floor. In the room were three animals, — a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow.

“I have lost my way in the forest,” said the girl to the old man. “May I spend the night here?”

Instead of answering her, he turned to the animals, and said, —

“Pretty fowls and brindled cow,
What have you to answer now?”

“Cluck!” said the hen. “Cock a doodle doo!” said the cock. “Moo!” said the cow. That meant she might stay.

So the old man said, “You will find

plenty of everything here. Go now into the kitchen and cook some supper."

The girl cooked supper for herself and the old man, but she never thought of the animals. When she had eaten all she wished, she said, "I am very tired. Where shall I sleep?"

The animals replied, —

10 "Of yourself alone you thought;
Now to-night rest as you ought."

The girl was so sleepy that she hardly heard what they said.

"Go upstairs," said the old man. "You will find two rooms with a bed in each.
15 Make both beds before you sleep."

The girl went upstairs and made the bed in the larger room. Then she dropped down and went fast asleep.

After a while the old man came upstairs.
20 Finding his bed not made and the girl asleep, he shook his head. Then he opened a door in the floor and let her bed drop down into the cellar.

Late in the evening the woodcutter went home. He scolded his wife for having left him the whole day without food.

“It is not my fault,” she said. “I sent our daughter with your dinner. She must have lost the way. She will be back tomorrow, no doubt.”

Early the next morning the woodcutter had to go to his work.

“Send our second daughter with my dinner to-day,” he said. “I will carry a pocketful of peas. They are larger than grains of wheat. She will see them and not lose the way.”

But at noon when the girl went with her father’s dinner, the peas were all gone. The wood birds had picked them up. Not one was left to show the path.

The girl walked up and down in the forest all day. At last she came to the old man’s cottage and was given food and shelter. She, too, failed to feed the animals or to make the old man’s bed. While she slept, he opened the door. Down she

dropped into the cellar, as her sister had done.

On the third morning the woodcutter told his wife to send their youngest child with his dinner. “She is always good and obedient,” he said. “She will keep in the path and not lose her way, as her sisters did. They roam here and there, like wild bees when they swarm.”

10 “No,” said the mother, “I do not wish our youngest child to go. What if she lose her way, too?”

“Do not fear,” said the father, “she is careful and wise, and she will find the way. 15 Besides, I will fill my pockets with beans. These I will scatter along the path.”

But when his daughter went into the forest, there were no beans to be seen. The doves had eaten them all, and so she knew 20 not which way to go. She thought sadly how hungry her father was and how her mother would grieve for her.

At dark she, also, saw the light, and came to the house in the woods. She went

in and begged shelter as her sisters had done. When it was granted, she patted the cow and stroked the feathers of the hen and the cock.

The old man told her to cook supper, and she did so at once. Then she said, "Shall I have plenty while the good beasts want food?"

So she gave grain to the fowls and an armful of sweet hay to the cow.

"Eat, dear animals," she said. "Perhaps you are thirsty, too. I will bring you fresh water."

When this was done, she seated herself at the table and ate her supper.

Soon the fowls put their heads behind their wings and the cow shut her eyes. Then the girl asked, "Shall we not go to rest?"

The old man said, —

"Pretty fowls and brindled cow,
Shall this maiden sleep here now?"

They answered, —

"Of our comfort, too, she thought;
Let her rest now as she ought."

When the maiden went upstairs she made both beds. Then she went into the smaller room, and, after saying her prayers, lay down and went to sleep.

5 At midnight she was awakened by strange noises. The house was creaking and cracking. The doors flew open. At last there was a crash as if the roof and walls had fallen in. Then all was still.

10 The maiden had been too frightened to move. Indeed, all had happened so quickly that she would hardly have had time to do so. Now, finding she was not hurt and all was quiet, she lay still and went to sleep again.

15 In the morning she was wakened by the sun in her face. What a sight met her eyes! She was lying in a large, beautiful room. There were mirrors on the wall and the bed was covered with cloth of gold.

20 "It must be that I am dreaming," thought the maiden. But while she was rubbing her eyes three servants came in and asked what they could do for her.

"Nothing," she said. "I do not know

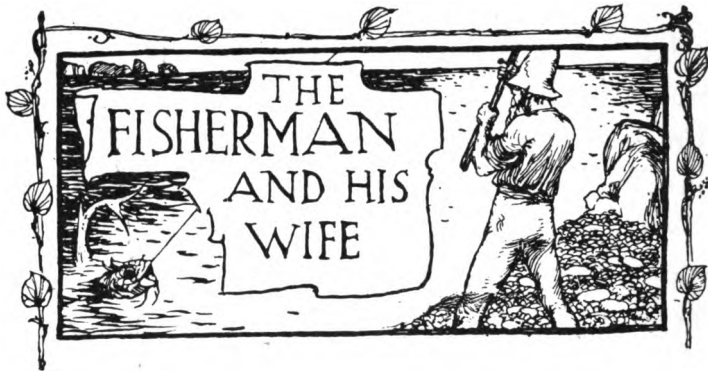
what all this means. But I must get up and cook the old man's breakfast and feed the hen and the cock and the cow. Then I must hurry home to my mother."

She dressed quickly and went to the old man's room. What was her surprise to find there a young man in scarlet and gold!

"I am a king's son," he said. "I was changed into a gray old man. My castle became a cottage and my three faithful servants were changed into a hen, a cock, and a cow. We could be set free only by a maiden who should be as kind to beasts as to men. You are that maiden and at midnight we were all set free. I am a prince again and here are my castle and my servants. Now I will send for your father and mother. I wish you to stay here and be my wife."

"But where are my sisters?" she asked.

"They are still in the cellar," he replied. "But I cannot set them free. They must work as servants in the forest until they learn to be kind to all animals."



Once upon a time there lived a fisherman
in a little hut beside the sea.

One day he fished from sunrise to sunset
without having even a bite. Just as he
5 was about to stop for the night, there came
a sudden jerk on his line. He pulled up a
large flounder.

“Good fisherman,” cried the flounder,
“please let me go. I am not a real fish,
10 but a prince who has been changed into this
shape. Put me back into the water and let
me swim away.”

“That I will,” said the fisherman. “I
would rather let go a flounder that can
15 speak than keep it.”

He put the fish back in the water. It swam away leaving a streak of blood. Then the fisherman went home with empty hands.

“Husband,” said his wife, “have you 5 caught nothing all this day?”

“Nothing but a flounder,” he said. “It spoke and told me it was a prince changed to that shape. So I threw it back into the water, as it asked me to do.” 10

“Did you not make a wish?” said his wife.

“No,” he said. “For what should I wish?”

“Why, for many things, you silly man. 15 For a better house than this hut, for one thing. What a pity you did not think of that! No doubt he could have given you anything for which you asked. Go and call him now. Perhaps it is not too late.” 20

To please his wife the fisherman went down to the shore. He stood for a while looking at the water, which was green and dark.

Then he said, —

“Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isobel,
5 Sent me here a tale to tell.”

The fish came swimming up and said,
“What do you want with me?”

“Ah,” said the man, “to-day I caught
you and let you go again. My wife is angry
10 because I did not ask you to grant a wish.
She says she wants a better house than our
poor hut.”

“Go home, man,” said the flounder.
“Your wife has her wish.”

15 The fisherman went back home. Instead
of his old hut, he found a pretty little
cottage. At the door sat his wife, looking
very happy.

“Come in,” she cried to her husband.
20 “See what a pleasant home we have.”

They went from one room to another.
There was a pretty little bedroom. The
sitting room had flowers at the window and
pictures on the wall. In the kitchen were

vessels of earthenware and tin and copper. Outside was a little farmyard where hens and chickens were running about. Beyond was a garden, full of fruit and vegetables.

“See,” said the wife, “is it not pretty?” 5

“Oh, yes,” answered her husband, “it is beautiful. As long as it is new, you will be content. After that, we shall see.”

“Yes, we shall see,” said the wife.

A few days passed. Then she said, 10
“Husband, this cottage with its yard and garden is too small for us. If the flounder is a prince, he could give us a large house as well as a small one. I wish, above all things, to live in a castle built of stone. 15
Go to your fish and tell him so.”

“Ah, wife,” said the fisherman, “this cottage is good enough for us. The flounder may be angry if I go to him with another wish.” 20

“Do as I tell you,” said the wife. “The fish can give us a castle if he will. Go and ask him for it.”

“This is not right,” said the fisherman.

But his wife urged him so that he went down to the shore. The water was dark blue, but very still.

The fisherman said, —

5 “Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
 Come, I pray, and talk to me ;
 For my wife, Dame Isobel,
 Wishes what I fear to tell.”

“Now, then, what do you want?” asked
10 the fish, raising his head above the water.

“Oh,” said the fisherman, “my wife wishes to live in a great stone castle.”

“Go home, and you will find her there,”
was the answer.

15 The fisherman hastened home. Where the cottage had been was a great stone castle. His wife stood on the steps.

“Come with me,” she said. “See what a grand house we have.”

20 They went into a marble hall, where many servants stood waiting. They passed from one room to another, admiring the velvet carpets and the great mirrors and the hangings of silk and gold. Outside the

castle was a courtyard, in which were stables full of horses and carriages. There was a great garden set with flowers and fruits. In the fields and woods, cows and sheep and deer were feeding. 5

“Well,” said the wife, “is not this beautiful?”

“Yes, indeed,” said the husband. “But you will not think so after it ceases to be new to you. I fear you will then want 10 something else.”

“I will think about that,” said the wife.

For a little while she was happy and proud in her new home. But one morning she rose in a bad temper, and nothing 15 seemed to please her.

“Why did I wish for so little?” she said crossly. “We might as well be lords over all this country, instead of having just one castle. Go to your fish and ask to be king.” 20

“Ah, wife,” said the husband, “I don’t wish to be king. I cannot go and ask that.”

“If you do not wish to be king, I do

wish to be queen," she said. "Go at once and tell the fish what I say."

The husband turned sadly away. "It is not right," he said to himself, but he went
5 down to the shore. He found the water dark and rough. The waves foamed and dashed as if they were angry. Still he said, —

10 "Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me ;
For my wife, Dame Isobel,
Wishes what I fear to tell."

The flounder came and the fisherman told his wife's wish.

15 "What!" said the fish, "she is not content? Well, she shall have this wish, also. Go home, and you will find her queen."

The fisherman went home and found that the castle was gone. Far away he saw a
20 palace, very large and beautiful. Flags were floating from its towers, and soldiers were marching up and down before it. He went to it, and walked through long halls and handsome rooms. At last he came to

a large hall in which there was a throne of gold. Here sat his wife, with a crown upon her head. Her dress was of cloth of gold, and around her were lords and ladies.

“Ah, wife,” he said, “so you are queen 5 now?”

“Yes,” she answered, “I am queen.”

He stood looking at her a long time. Then he spoke again. “Well, wife, of one thing I am glad. Now that you are queen, 10 you will be content. There is nothing left you to wish for.”

“We shall see about that,” she said.

As time passed, the fisherman’s wife found less and less pleasure in being queen. 15 She stayed awake at night, wondering if there was not something more for which she could wish.

After one sleepless night she rose early and stood at the window. The sky was 20 pink with dawn. Little by little it grew golden, and then the sun rose. It was a beautiful sight.

“Oh,” she said, “I should like to have

power to make the sun rise. I wish to rule the sun and the moon. Husband, husband, wake up!" she cried. "Go at once to the fish and tell him that I wish to rule the sun
5 and the moon."

The husband was so frightened that he tumbled out of bed.

"Wife, wife! What did you say?" he asked.

10 "I wish to rule the sun and the moon," she said. "Go at once and tell the flounder."

But he fell on his knees before her. "Do not make such a wish as that," he cried.
15 "It is wicked. There is only One who can rule the sun and the moon."

At this his wife was so angry that she drove him out of doors. The poor fisherman went down to the shore. A great
20 storm had come up, and the sea was quite black. The angry waves rolled to and fro and dashed against the rocks.

Hardly knowing what he did, the fisherman said over the old words, —

“Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Come, I pray, and talk to me;
For my wife, Dame Isobel,
Wishes what I fear to tell.”

When the fish rose, he cried, “Oh, what shall I do? My wife wishes to rule the sun and the moon.”

“There is but One who can do that,” replied the fish. “Go home. You will find your wife in your old hut by the sea.” 10

Sure enough the grand palace was gone. There was the old hut, which seemed smaller and poorer than ever. At the door sat his wife, in an old, ragged dress. And in the poor old hut she had to stay, thanks 15 to her discontent.

THE WONDERFUL TRAVELERS

There was once a man who was hard-working and clever. When war broke out, he gave up his work and went to serve his king. For many years he was a brave
5 soldier. At last the war came to an end. Then he was sent home with only three pennies to help him on his way.

“This is not just,” said the old soldier.
“If only I can get the right people to help
10 me, I will make the king pay for it.”

As he went on his way, he came to a forest. There he saw a man pull up six trees as if they were blades of grass.

“Will you enter my service and travel
15 with me?” said he to the man.

“Yes,” said the man; “but I must first take my mother a little firewood.”

So saying, he took the six trees on his shoulder, as if they had been so many
20 twigs, and carried them away. Soon he

came back and said to the soldier, "We two shall go well through the world, I think."

They had not traveled far when they came to a hunter. He was kneeling on one knee and taking aim with his gun. 5

"What are you going to shoot?" asked the soldier.

"Oh," he said, "there is a fly on a branch of an oak tree two miles away. I am going to shoot it through the left eye." 10

"Come with me," said the soldier. "We three can get on well in the world."

The hunter was quite willing, and the three went on together. Soon they came to seven windmills, the sails of which were 15 turning very fast.

"I cannot think what turns those windmills," said the soldier. "There is not wind to stir a leaf."

Two miles down the road they came to a 20 man sitting in a tree. He held one nostril with his fingers, and blew out of the other.

"Friend," said the soldier, "what are you doing up there?"

“Can’t you see?” he answered. “Two miles off there are seven windmills; I am blowing to make their sails turn round.”

“Come you with me,” said the soldier.
5 “Four such as we can do wonders in the world.”

So the blower came down from the tree and went with them. In a short time they met a man standing on one leg. His other
10 leg was lying on the ground beside him.

“What are you doing?” asked the soldier.

“I am a runner,” said the man. “I have taken off one of my legs to keep from running too fast. When both are on, I go as
15 swift as a bird can fly.”

“Oh, then, come with us,” said the soldier. “Five such as we can carry the world before us.”

So they set off again. Soon they met a
20 man who wore a hat on one side of his head.

The soldier said, “I beg your pardon, but your hat has fallen over your left ear.”

“I must wear it that way,” said the man. “If I put it on straight, there comes so

sharp a frost that the birds in the air freeze and fall dead to the ground.”

“Oh,” cried the soldier, “come with us. What is there that we six cannot do together?”

5

They went on and on till they came to a city. There lived the king whom the soldier had served. Beside the city was a great race course, and here the king's daughter came every day to run. Her father had 10 said that if any man could outrun her, he should have her for his wife. But if he lost the race, he was to lose his head also. Many men had tried, and always the fleet-footed princess had won.

15

The soldier went before the king and said, “Oh, king, I should like to try this race, if one of my servants may run for me.”

“Very well,” said the king, “but if he fails, you both must lose your heads.”

20

The soldier then went back to his servants. “Put on your other leg,” he said to the runner. “Do your best, and let us be sure to win.”

The end of the race was a far-off spring, from which water was to be brought. The princess and the runner were each given a cup. They started at the same time. But
5 the princess had not gone two steps when the runner passed her like a puff of wind. In a moment he was out of sight.

He ran to the spring, and filled his cup. Then he turned, and went back halfway.
10 He was warm and sleepy, and so he set the cup on the ground, and lay down to take a nap. He put a stick of wood under his head for a pillow.

“This is so hard,” he thought, “that I
15 shall not sleep too long.”

In the meantime the princess, who could indeed run very fast, reached the spring, filled her cup, and turned back. Soon she came to the place where the runner lay
20 asleep.

“Ah, ha!” she laughed to herself; “I have him in my power now.”

She emptied the water from his cup and ran homeward. Now all would have been

lost had not the hunter been standing on the wall of the castle. His sharp eyes saw what had happened.

“The princess must not win this race,” he said. 5

Raising his gun, he shot the stick of wood from under the runner’s head. This, of course, waked the sleeping man. Starting up, he saw that his cup was empty and the princess was far ahead on the home-ward way. But he did not lose heart.

Like a flash of light, he went back to the spring, and returned with his cup full of water. He not only passed the princess, but he got home ten minutes before her. 15

The princess was very angry, and the king was not less so.

“What! shall my daughter marry a common soldier?” he said.

Instead of keeping his promise, he began to think how they might get rid of the winner.

At last he said, “Do not be uneasy, my daughter; I have thought of a plan.”

So he asked the six travelers to a feast. He took them into a room where there was a table set for dinner. Then he went out and left them, locking the door on the
5 outside.

Now this room had an iron floor and iron walls and iron doors. The windows, too, were barred and bolted with iron.

“Light a fire under the room,” said the
10 king to the cook, “and keep it blazing till the iron is red hot.”

The cook kindled a fire, and soon the men began to feel the heat. They thought at first that it was only the steam from
15 their dinner. As it grew warmer and warmer in the room, they rose to open the doors and windows. These they found bolted and locked. Then they saw that it was the king’s wicked plan to kill them.

20 “But he shall not succeed,” cried the man with the hat. “I will cause such a frost as will put out this fire.”

So saying, he set his hat straight on his head. It became at once so cold that the

fire lost all its heat, and the food on the table froze hard.

After two hours had passed, the king thought, "Now no doubt they are burned to death." So he opened the door. To his surprise, there were the six men safe and sound. They said they should be glad to warm themselves, for it was so cold in the room that their food was frozen.

Away went the king in rage to the cook. "Why did you not obey my orders and kindle a fire under the iron room?" he asked.

The cook pointed under the room, and said, "What more could I do?"

There were great stacks of straw and kindling, and loads of wood. Under these the cook had put all the coals from the kitchen. But as fast as he put the live coals there they were covered with frost.

"I see that these men can hold their own against fire," said the king. So he went back to the soldier, and said, "Will you take money and give up your claim to my daugh-

ter? If so, you shall have as much as you wish."

"I am quite ready to do that," said the soldier. "A princess suits a soldier for a wife no better than he suits her for a husband. Give me as much gold as one of my servants can carry. You are welcome to keep your daughter."

This answer pleased the king.

10 "I will go away now," said the soldier. "In fourteen days I will come for the gold."

Then he went and called together all the tailors in the land. He had them make a bag so large that it took two weeks to finish
15 it, though the tailors sewed day and night. As soon as it was done, the soldier called the man who had uprooted trees.

"Take this sack on your shoulder," he said. "We six will go together to the
20 king."

They found the king giving a great ball.

"Here is my servant," said the soldier. "This is the bag which he brings to hold the gold."

The king was displeased when he saw the man with the huge sack.

“Why, that fellow can carry a wagon load of gold,” he thought.

He ordered sixteen men to bring as much gold as they could lift. The strong man took it up in one hand, and threw it into the bag.

“Why do you not bring more at a time?” he asked. “This hardly covers the bottom of my bag.”

They brought load after load.

“Bring more, bring more!” cried the strong man. “Why are you so slow?”

At last they brought seven hundred cart loads of gold. He thrust into his bag the gold, the carts, and even the oxen which drew them.

“My bag is not yet full,” he said, “but I cannot waste more time about the matter. Besides if the sack is not quite full, I can tie it more easily.”

So he tied it, and threw it across his shoulder. Away went he and his five friends.

When the king saw this one man carrying away all his riches, he forgot his fright in his rage. He called all his soldiers, and ordered them to follow the men and to bring
5 back the man with the bag.

The soldiers rode and ran after the six men.

“Give up to us the man with the gold,” shouted the foremost one. “If you do not,
10 we will take you all prisoners.”

“What is that you are saying?” asked the blower. “You will make us prisoners? Do so, then. But first you shall have a dance in the air.”

15 So saying he held one nostril and through the other he blew so hard that the soldiers flew up in the air. Half of them flew over a hill on the left side and half over a hill on the right.

20 One old soldier in the middle was left. He was a brave fellow who had received nine wounds.

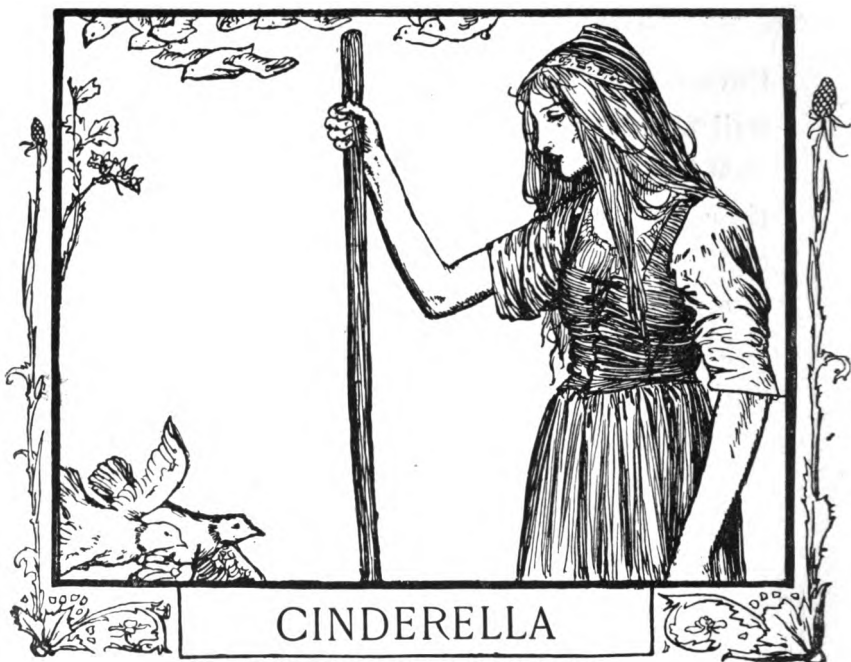
“I will spare you, old comrade,” said the blower. “Go tell the king he may send all

the soldiers in the world after us and they will fare no better than these.”

When the king heard this, he said, “ Well, there is nothing to do but to let the fellows go.”

5

So the six travelers carried home their gold, and shared it fairly. They lived happy and content all the rest of their days.



Once upon a time the wife of a rich man was very ill. She called to her bedside her only daughter.

“Dear child,” she said, “I have not long to live. Be always good and true, and heaven will help you in all your troubles.”

Soon after this she died. Every day the daughter went to her grave to weep.

Winter came, and the grave was covered with snow. But when the warm spring

sunshine made it green again, the man took another wife. She brought to his home her own two daughters. They were fair and beautiful in face, but at heart they were black and ugly. Then came a sad time for 5 the poor stepchild.

“Is this girl to sit in the parlor with us?” asked her stepsisters. “We do not wish her there. Send her into the kitchen.”

So into the kitchen she had to go. All 10 her pretty clothes were taken away, and she wore rags and wooden shoes. From morning till night she worked. She rose early to draw water, to light the fire, to cook, and to scrub. The sisters hated her because 15 she was better and prettier than they, and they tried in all ways to make her life hard.

At night, when she was tired with her work she had no bed in which to sleep. On warm nights she lay on the kitchen floor. 20 When it was cold, she slept in the ashes on the hearth. Thus she became so black and smutty that her stepsisters called her Cinderella, or little ash girl.

One day her father was going to ride away to a fair. He asked his stepdaughters what he should bring them.

“A beautiful dress,” said one.

5 “A pearl necklace,” said the other.

“And, Cinderella, what will you have?” he asked.

“Father,” she said, “please bring me the first twig that strikes your hat on the way
10 home.”

So the father bought at the fair a beautiful dress and a pearl necklace. On his way home, as he rode along a path through the woods, a hazel twig struck his hat. This
15 made him think of his promise to Cinderella. So he stopped, broke off the twig, and carried it home.

Cinderella thanked him for the twig even more than her sisters did for their beautiful
20 gifts. Then she went and planted it upon her mother’s grave.

She watered it every day with her tears, and it grew and became a beautiful tree. In it a little white dove had its nest. When-

ever Cinderella stood under the tree and made a wish it came true.

Now it happened one day that the king gave a great ball. It was to last three nights. All the beautiful maidens in the land were invited. From among them the king's son was to choose a bride.

The two stepsisters were asked, and they were wild with joy.

"Cinderella, Cinderella, come quick!"¹⁰ they cried. "Comb our hair and brush our shoes and fasten our buckles. We are going to the ball at the king's palace."

Cinderella did as they told her, crying all the while. She, too, loved dancing and¹⁵ wished to go to the ball.

"Let me go with you," she said.

"You, Cinderella?" laughed her stepmother. "You are black with dirt and ashes. You have no ball dress and no²⁰ dancing shoes."

But Cinderella kept begging to be allowed to go.

At last her stepmother said, "I have just

thrown a dishful of beans into the ashes. Pick them out, every one, and bring them to me within two hours. Then you may go.”

5 Away went Cinderella into the garden. She called, “My little white dove, and all you birds of heaven, come and help me pick up these beans.”

In came fluttering her little white dove.
10 Then followed all other birds, great and small. They flew down among the ashes. Pick, pick, pick, — before an hour was gone all the beans were in the dish. Then the birds spread their wings and flew away.

15 Full of joy, Cinderella carried the beans to her stepmother.

“Now,” she thought, “I shall be allowed to go to the ball.”

But her stepmother said, “No, Cinderella,
20 you are not fit to go to the king’s palace. You would only be laughed at. You must stay at home.”

Away she hurried with her daughters to the ball, leaving poor Cinderella.

“I will ask my tree to help me,” she said to herself. So she went out under the hazel tree and said : —

“Rustle and shake
Dear little tree !
For the king’s ball,
I pray, dress me.”

5

Down fell a ball dress of silk and silver, and a pair of silver slippers. Cinderella dressed in great haste, and hurried to the 10 palace. When she came into the ballroom her stepmother and sisters did not know her. She looked like a beautiful princess. If they had thought of Cinderella, they would have said, “She is at home, lying 15 asleep in the ashes.”

The prince came up, and led her out to dance. So beautiful was she that he would dance with no one else. At last midnight came.

20

“It is time for me to go home,” said Cinderella.

Then said the prince, “I will go with you,” for he wanted to see where she lived.

But she ran away from him, and hurried home. She took off her beautiful clothes, and put on her kitchen rags. When her sisters came, there she was lying in the
5 ashes where they left her.

The next night the stepmother and sisters went again to the ball. As soon as they set out, Cinderella went to the hazel tree, and said:—

10

“Rustle and shake
Dear little tree!
For the king’s ball,
Again dress me.”

Down came a dress of cloth of gold, more
15 beautiful than the silver one. There, too, were little gold slippers. When Cinderella came into the ballroom, every one wondered at her beauty. The prince had waited for her, and he would dance with no one
20 else.

When she wished to go, he said, “I will go with you and see you safe home.”

Again she ran away so fast that he lost sight of her. When her stepmother came

home, there was Cinderella lying in her rags among the ashes.

The third night the sisters went again to the ball. Then Cinderella said again to the hazel tree : —

5

“Rustle and shake,
Dear little tree !
For the king’s ball,
Once more dress me.”

Down came a dress more beautiful than 10 either of the others. With it was a pair of little glass slippers, the prettiest ever seen.

Cinderella, more lovely than ever, was the queen of the ball. The prince danced with her only, and he gave no one else a chance 15 even to speak to her. “I will follow her to-night and see where she lives,” he thought.

But she went like the wind, and was soon lost to sight. As she ran, however, she dropped one of her little glass slippers. 20 The prince picked it up, and took it home.

The next morning he sent for a faithful servant.

“Take this slipper,” he said, “and find the maiden to whom it belongs. She and she only shall be my bride.”

The servant went from house to house with the slipper, but he found no one who could wear it. At last he came to Cinderella's home.

“Whoever can wear this slipper shall be the prince's bride,” he said.

10 The stepsisters were glad to hear this, for both had small feet. First, the older went into her mother's room and tried to put on the slipper. She could have worn it if her great toe had not been too large.

15 Her mother handed her a knife, and said, “Cut off your toe, my daughter. When you are the prince's bride, you will not need to walk.”

So the girl cut off her toe, and squeezed 20 her foot into the slipper.

“I am ready now to go to the prince,” she said to the servant.

But when they came to the hazel tree, the servant heard the dove singing:—



SHE DROPPED ONE OF HER LITTLE GLASS SLIPPERS

“ At your side, at your side,
There’s blood in the shoe ;
This is the wrong bride,
At home is the true.”

5 He looked down, and saw that the slipper was indeed full of blood. So he led the maiden back, and handed the slipper to the sister to try. She went into her mother’s room to put it on, but she could not get it
10 over her heel.

“ Cut a piece off your heel,” said her mother. “ When you are the prince’s bride, you will not need to walk.”

So she cut a piece off her heel, and
15 squeezed her foot into the slipper. Then she went out to meet the prince. But as they passed the hazel tree, the servant heard the dove sing:—

20 “ At your side, at your side,
There’s blood in the shoe ;
This is the wrong bride,
At home is the true.”

He looked down, and saw blood trickling from the slipper. So he went back to the
25 house, and the king’s son went with him.

“Have you no other daughter?” said the prince.

“None,” said the father, “except little Cinderella, the daughter of my first wife. She is so smutty that I am ashamed for you ⁵ to see her.”

But the prince would have his way. Cinderella was called, and she came in her poor rags. She bowed low to the prince as she took the slipper from his hand. Then ¹⁰ she sat down on a stool. She pulled off her wooden shoe, and put on the slipper with all ease. Then the prince looked full in her face. It was the face of the beautiful maiden with whom he had danced. ¹⁵

“Ah, this is the right bride,” he cried.

Then he took Cinderella on his horse, and rode away. As they passed the hazel tree, the little dove sang:—

“At your side, at your side, 20
No blood's in the shoe;
This is the right bride;
Coo, coo! Coo-oo-oo!”



There was once a poor man who had three sons. Two of these thought themselves very clever. They laughed at their youngest brother, and called him Dummling.

5 One day the father told his oldest son to go out into the forest and cut wood. The mother gave him cake and wine to take with him for his dinner.

On the way to the forest he met an old
10 man, dressed all in gray.

“Give me cake from your basket and

drink from your bottle," said the old man.
"I am hungry and thirsty."

But the youth said: "What! give you my cake and wine? I have no more than I want myself." 5

With these words he went on into the forest. He had hardly begun to cut when the ax slipped and hurt his foot. Home he went, groaning with pain. On the way the gray man passed him and smiled. 10

Next day the father said to the second son: "Take the ax and go into the forest to cut wood. And do you be more careful than your brother was."

His mother gave him, also, some cake 15 and a bottle of wine. As he entered the woods, the little gray man met him, and begged for a piece of cake and a drop of wine.

But the second brother answered 20 as rudely as the first. "What you ask for, I want for myself. I will give you nothing, so out of my way."

He left the little old man standing in the

road, and walked on. Then he began to cut wood. But he had hardly made two strokes when the ax slipped and hurt his leg. Home he limped, in great pain. On
5 the way he met the little gray man, who smiled as he passed.

Then Dumpling went to his father, and said, "Father, let me go and cut wood in the forest."

10 "No," said his father; "your brothers have both been hurt. You are not so wise as they, and would fare worse."

But Dumpling begged so hard that at last his father said, "Go, then, if go you
15 must! No doubt you will get hurt or killed, but that will be your own fault."

His mother gave him a crust of bread and a bottle of sour milk for his dinner. He went on singing a merry song until he
20 reached the woods.

There the little gray man met him, and said, "Give me a piece of your bread and a drink of your milk. I am hungry and thirsty."

“Alas!” said Dummling, “my bread is only a stale crust and my milk is sour. But if you are as hungry and thirsty as I am, even they will taste good. Let us sit down here and eat and drink together.” 5

They sat down, and Dummling opened his basket. Lo! the bread and milk were changed into cake and wine of the best.

They both ate their fill; then the little 10 gray man said: “Because you are kind-hearted, and share with me your food and drink, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree. Cut it down and take what you find at the root.” 15

Then he went away.

Dummling set to work and soon cut down the tree. It was hollow, and at the root was a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it in his arms. As it was now late, instead 20 of going home, he went to an inn to pass the night.

The landlord had three daughters who looked at the goose with longing eyes.

Each said to herself, "What beautiful golden feathers! I should like to have a few."

When Dummling went out of the room,
5 the eldest daughter said, "Now is my time."
She went up to the bird and took hold of its right wing. But she could not pull out a feather nor could she take her hand away.

10 Soon the second daughter came in and said, "I, too, will have some of these golden feathers." As she put out her hand to the bird, she touched her sister's dress. Then she, too, stuck fast. Try as they would,
15 neither could get free.

Now in came the third sister.

"Keep away, keep away!" screamed the other two. "Oh, do not come near this golden goose."

20 But she could see no reason for their words. Since they were there, why should she keep away? Did they wish to take all the golden feathers and leave her none?

She made a spring forward. She touched



DUMMLING STARTED HOMEWARD

her second sister's hand, put out to stop her. She, too, stuck fast, and there stood the three without power to move.

In the morning Dummling took the goose
5 on his arm, and started homeward. He did not turn to look at the three girls who followed him. As he walked quickly, they had to run. Now he turned to the right, and to the right they went. Now he changed his
10 goose to the left arm, and to the left they whirled.

They had not gone far in this strange way, when they met the parson.

"Shame on you, bold girls!" he cried.
15 "Why do you run after this young man? Go home, all of you."

He put his hand on the youngest to pull her back. But he had no power to take it away. Like the others, he had to follow the
20 golden goose.

Just then the clerk came out of the church door. He saw the parson running behind the girls, and he cried, "Sir, sir, what are you doing at the heels of those silly girls?"

Come back, come back! The people are waiting for you at the church."

As the parson did not stop, he ran after and caught hold of him. His hand stuck fast like the others. And now there were 5 five trotting along, one behind the other.

On the road they met two farmers with hoes on their shoulders.

"Come and get me loose, come and get me loose!" cried the clerk, dancing up and 10 down. They came, but they, too, stuck fast, and had to follow. On went Dummling with his golden goose and the seven trotting on behind.

After a while they came to a great city. 15 Here lived a king who had one only child, a daughter. She was so sad and solemn that she had never been known to laugh. This was such a grief to the king that he said, "Any one who can make the princess laugh 20 shall have her for his wife and have half of my kingdom besides."

Now Dummling drew near the king's palace with the seven following at his heels.

The goose was squawking, the girls were crying and laughing, the parson was groaning, the clerk was scolding, and the farmers were bawling. Straight in a row they trot-
5 ted behind Dummling. He moved the goose, and they whirled about like the tail of a comet.

It was such a strange sight that the princess began to laugh, and she laughed until
10 tears came and she had to hold her sides.

And so Dummling had the princess for his bride and half of the kingdom for his own.

THE TWELVE HUNTSMEN

There was a king's son who loved dearly a beautiful maiden. One day as he was sitting beside her, a messenger came to him.

"Your father is very ill," said the messenger. "You must come at once to his bedside. He wishes to see you before he dies."

Then the king's son said good-by to the maiden. "I have a long journey before me," he said. "Take this ring as a sign that when I am king I will come back for you."

Then he rode away. When he reached the palace, he found his father's end very near.

"Dear son," said the king, "I have sent for you to make me a promise. It is that you will take the wife I have chosen for

you,” and he named to him a king’s daughter.

These words made his son very sad. How could he refuse the last request of a dying father?

He answered: “Dear father, I will do my best to please you. If she is willing, I will marry the princess.”

Soon after, the old king died and his son became king. For the sake of his promise, he sent and asked the king’s daughter to become his wife. She agreed, and a day was set for their marriage.

The maiden whom he loved heard this news and she grieved until it seemed as if she would die.

“Dear child,” said her father one day, “why are you so sad? If anything you wish can be done, tell me and I will do it.”

“My father,” she said, “I wish to have with me eleven maidens like me in face and form and size.”

Her father answered, “You shall have them, if it be possible.”

He sent messengers far and wide to find eleven maidens like his daughter in face and form and size. After a time they were found.

Then his daughter had made twelve hunting dresses just alike. In these she and her maidens dressed themselves.

She said good-by to her father and rode away to the palace of the young king. "Tell your master that I am one of twelve huntsmen who wish to serve him," she said to the servant at the palace door.

The king came out to speak to her, but he did not know her in her huntsman's dress. He was pleased with the twelve so alike in face and dress, and they became his huntsmen.

Now the king had as friend and servant a wonderful lion. It could not only speak but it was so wise that it found out many hidden things.

One evening it said to the king, "You think that those are twelve young men who are serving you, do you not?"

“Yes,” said the king. “They are my twelve huntsmen.”

“You are mistaken,” said the lion, “they are twelve maidens.”

5 “Ah, no,” said the king. “That cannot be true.”

“Let us prove it,” said the lion. “Strew peas in the hall and you will see. A man has a firm step. He will crush the peas or
10 pass without moving them. But maidens trip and slide, and they will set the peas rolling.”

The king ordered the hall to be strewn with peas.

One of the king’s servants had heard the
15 lion’s advice. Laughing he said to the huntsmen, “Only think! The lion wishes the king to believe that you are maidens.” Then he told how they were to be put to proof.

20 The king’s daughter laughed and said, “It is a joke.”

When she was alone with her maidens she said, “Be sure to step strong and firm on the peas.”

The next morning the king sent for the twelve huntsmen, and he met them in the hall. They were mindful of what the maiden had told them, and they stepped so hard and firm on the peas that not one even moved. 5

After they were gone the king said to the lion: "You deceived me. They walk like men."

"Yes," said the lion; "they learned that they were to be put to proof, so they trod 10 hard and firm. Now prove them in a way they do not expect. Have twelve spinning wheels placed in the hall. They will be pleased and will look at them while men would not." 15

The king gave orders for twelve spinning wheels to be placed in the hall. The servant, however, who really believed the huntsmen were young men, told them this plan also. 20

"We must not even glance at the spinning wheels," said the maiden. "Let us be sure to walk straight forward."

The next morning the king sent again for

his twelve huntsmen. They passed through the hall with firm steps and not one glanced at the spinning wheels.

“Wrong again, lion,” said the king.
5 “They did not look at the spinning wheels. They are men.”

“No,” said the lion; “they found out again that they were to be put to proof.”

But now the king would not listen to the
10 lion and had no more faith in his words.

Every day the twelve huntsmen went with the king into the forest. One day when they were out hunting a messenger rode up to the king and said, “Sir, the
15 king’s daughter, whom you are to marry, is on her way to the palace.”

The maiden, who was the king’s chief huntsman and rode at his side, heard this speech. In her grief, she fell fainting to the
20 ground. The king did not know what was the matter, but he ran to her help. He raised her up and after a while drew off her glove. On her finger he saw the ring which he had given as a sign of his love.

Looking close at her face, he saw that she was the maiden he had left. Her faithful love made her more dear than ever to his heart.

As she opened her eyes he kissed her and said: "You are mine and I am yours. Nothing in the world shall change that."

So he sent a messenger to the king's daughter to say that he had a wife whom he had chosen before he knew her. Then she returned to her own home.

The lion was again taken into favor, for, after all, he had spoken truth.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

A donkey had carried bags of grain to the mill many years. At last his strength failed and he became unfit for work. His master wished to get rid of him so as to save
5 food. But the donkey heard of his plan and made up his mind to run away.

So he took the road to a town where he had once heard a street band.

“I can make as good music as that,” he
10 thought. “I will go there and be a town musician.”

He had not gone far when he saw a hound lying on the ground. It gasped for breath as if it were very tired.

15 “Why are you panting so, my friend?” asked the donkey.

“Ah,” said the hound, “I am old, and each day I grow weaker and weaker. I can no longer hunt, and my master means to

have me killed. So I have run away, but where I am to go I know not."

"Will you join me?" said the donkey. "I am going to try my luck as street musician. I think you and I would do well 5 together. I will play the flute and you can beat the drum."

The hound agreed and on they went together.

Soon they saw a cat sitting in the middle 10 of the road. He had a face as gloomy as three days of rainy weather.

"What has gone wrong with you, sir Tom?" asked the donkey.

"How can one be merry when his neck is 15 in danger?" asked the cat. "I am old and stiff and my teeth are worn out. I like better to lie still and purr than to catch mice. So my mistress wishes to have me drowned. I ran away as fast as I could, but now what 20 am I to do?"

"Go with us to town," said the donkey. "You understand night music, I know. You can become a street musician with us."

• “With all my heart,” said the cat. So he walked on with them.

Soon the three runaways came to a farm-yard. On the gate stood a cock crowing as
5 loud as he could.

“You crow so loud that you almost split our ears,” said the donkey. “What is the matter?”

“I crow as loud as I can, for I am crow-
10 ing my last,” said the cock. “I heard the cook say that she is going to boil me for the Sunday dinner.”

“Oh, Red Comb,” said the donkey, “come with us. We are going to town to become
15 street musicians. You have a fine voice, and it will be better to join us than to be made into soup.”

“Indeed it will!” said the cock. So all four went on together.

20 It was now growing dark, and they were still far from town. They began to look about for a place where they might spend the night. They saw no place better than a large tree. Under this the donkey and

the hound lay down, while the cat climbed into the branches. The cock flew up to the topmost bough. Before he went to sleep, he looked around on all four sides.

“There is a house not far away,” he cried. 5
“I see a light in the windows.”

“Let us go there,” said the donkey. “We may find supper and a shelter for the night.”

“I should be glad to get a piece of meat,” 10
said the hound, “or even a bone.”

“A fat mouse would taste good,” said the cat.

“Some grain would be better,” said the cock. 15

They set out at once to the place where they saw the light. It grew larger and brighter as they came near. At last they reached the house. The donkey, being tallest of the four, went to the window and 20
looked in.

“What do you see, old fellow?” asked the cock.

“I see a table and on it plenty to eat and

drink," said the donkey. "There sit robbers enjoying themselves."

"Would that we had their supper," said the dog.

5 Was there no way in which they could drive off the robbers? They took this plan.

The donkey stood on his hind legs and placed his fore feet on the window sill. The hound climbed on his back. The cat sprang
10 on the dog, and the cock flew up and perched on the cat's head.

Then, at a sign from the cock, all began to make their loudest music. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and
15 the cock crowed. They made such a din that the window rattled. Then through the glass they tumbled with a crash. The robbers were so frightened that they all ran away. The four friends went to the table
20 and ate their fill.

Then they put out the light and sought sleeping places such as they liked. The donkey stretched himself on some straw in the yard, the hound lay behind the door,

the cat rolled in the ashes on the hearth, and the cock perched on a beam in the roof. They were so tired that they soon fell fast asleep.

About midnight the robbers saw that the light was out and all was still in the house.

“We were too easily frightened,” said they. “All is quiet. Let one of us go to the house and find out if it is safe for us to go back.”

One of the robbers crept to the house. He went so quietly that he did not waken any of the four sleepers.

He went to the hearth to kindle a light. Seeing the shining eyes of the cat, he thought they were coals and put a stick to them. The cat, not liking this, jumped up and scratched his face. This frightened him so that he ran to the door. The hound sprang up and bit him on the leg as he passed.

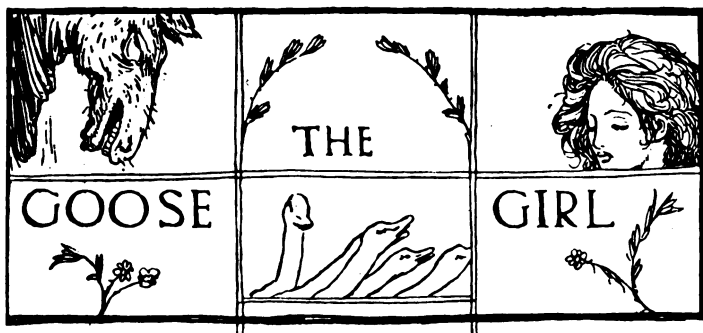
In the yard he ran against the donkey, which gave him a kick. The cock, roused

by the noise, cried as loud as he could,
“Cock a doodle doo!”

Then the robber ran back to his friends.

“Ah, me,” he said, “in the house is an
5 old witch. She jumped at me and scratched
me with her long fingers. By the door
stood a man with a knife, who stabbed me
in the leg. In the yard lay a great monster,
and he struck me with a huge club. On
10 the roof sat the judge, who cried, ‘Bring the
rogue here, bring the rogue here!’ I ran
away as fast as I could.”

The robbers were afraid to go back to the
house. The four friends found themselves
15 in such good quarters that they made up
their minds to stay there. The last heard
of them was that they were living there,
instead of going to town to become street
musicians.



There was once a very, very old woman who kept a flock of geese in a lonely place. Every morning she hobbled on her crutches into the fields and forest. Here she gathered grass for her geese and wild fruit for her-⁵ self. These she carried home on her back.

If she met any one, she spoke in a friendly way. “Good morning, friend, we are having fine weather to-day. You wonder how I drag this heavy load? Ah, each one of us¹⁰ must carry his own load.”

But friendly and pleasant as she was, people began to say, “She is a witch or she could not carry such loads.” They would go out of their way to keep from meeting¹⁵ her. “Don’t go near that old woman,” they said to the children. “She is a witch.”

One morning a young man came whistling through the woods. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, the breeze was blowing. Everything seemed full of joy.

5 For a time he met no one. At last he came to the old woman kneeling to cut grass. Already she had a large bag almost full, and by her side were two baskets, one full of pears, the other of apples.

10 "Good morning, good woman," said the young man. "Surely you will not try to carry that load yourself?"

"Ah, but I must," said the old woman. "Rich people need not do such hard work, 15 but it is different with us poor folks. I must carry it unless you do it for me. You are young and have a straight back and strong legs. For you the load would not be great."

20 The young man pitied the old woman. So he said: "My father is a rich count and I have never carried such a load. But to prove that I have both will and power to help you, I will do this."

“I shall be very thankful if you will,” said the old woman. “My house is not more than an hour’s walk away. There are the bag and the two baskets to carry, but that is not much of a load for you.” 5

The young count took the bag on his back and the old woman hung the baskets on his arms.

“See! are they not light?” she asked.

“No, indeed,” said he. “The bag is as 10 heavy as if it were full of lead, and the pears and apples are like so many stones.”

He would have liked to put down a part of his load, but she would not let him.

“See now,” she said, “the fine young 15 man cannot bear a load which an old woman like me carries. You are ready with fair words, but not with deeds.”

It was bad enough while the young count was on level ground. But soon he came to a 20 hill. The stones rolled from under his feet and he could hardly drag himself forward.

“Good woman,” he said, “before I go farther I must rest awhile.”

“Oh, no, no!” she said. “Not yet. When you reach the end of your journey it will be time to rest.”

“You are unkind and ungrateful,” cried
5 the young count.

He tried to throw aside the bag, but it stuck as fast as if it had grown to his back. Twist and turn as he might, he could not get free.

10 “You are making yourself as red in the face as a turkey cock,” said the old woman. “But it does no good. As you have begun, you must carry the load to the end.”

What could he do? Nothing, except give
15 up and go on to the old woman’s house.

“My old bones are tired,” she said after they had walked far up the hill. She made a spring and seated herself on the bag. Although she seemed so thin and light, her
20 weight almost bowed the young man to the ground.

“What I have begun I must finish,” he said to himself.

So he went on as well as he could. When

he was so tired that he was almost ready to drop, he reached the old woman's cottage.

The geese saw her and stretched out their necks and ran to her, cackling with all their might. Behind the flock walked a girl, big ⁵ and strong, but dark and ugly as night.

"Mother," she said, "has anything happened? What makes you so late?"

"Never fear, my daughter," said the old woman. "I had no bad luck but rather ¹⁰ good. This young count brought my load home. When I was tired he even carried me on his back."

She took the bag and baskets from the young man. "Go, sit on that bench beside ¹⁵ the door and rest," she said. "You have earned your reward and you shall have it."

Then she turned to the goose girl and said, "Go into the house, my daughter. If you ²⁰ stay here this young man may lose his heart to you and that would be sad."

The young count did not know whether to laugh or to cry. "To think of my losing

my heart to an ugly, awkward goose girl!" he said to himself.

The old woman stroked and petted her geese as if they had been children. Then she went into the house. The young count stretched himself on the bench under an apple tree. He looked out upon a green meadow where grew thousands of flowers. Through the meadow flowed a beautiful clear stream.

"It is lovely here," he said, "but I am too tired to enjoy the sight. I will lie here and sleep awhile before I start home. I only hope the wind will not blow my legs away. I have not strength to hold them on."

He fell asleep and slept until the old woman came and waked him.

"Get up," she said. "You must not stay here. I did not treat you well at first, but I will make up for it all."

So saying she gave him a small box cut out of an emerald. "Take care of this," she said, "and it will bring you good luck."

The young count jumped up and to his surprise felt quite rested and strong again. He thanked the old woman for her gift and set forth, meaning to go home at once. But he lost his way and wandered about for 5 three days and three nights. At last he came to a great castle, and there the servants carried him before the king and queen.

He took out the beautiful little emerald box and gave it to the queen. She opened 10 it and looked in, and at once fell down as if dead.

The king's servants seized the young count and were about to lead him off to prison. But the queen opened her eyes 15 and said, "Let every one leave the room except this stranger. I must speak to him alone."

For a time the queen wept so that she could not speak. At last she said, "You 20 may think it strange that a queen should weep. Listen and I will tell you the cause of my grief.

"I once had three daughters and of them

all the youngest was fairest and best. Her brow was as white as snow, her cheeks were like apple blossoms, and her hair shone like sunbeams. When she wept, pearls fell from
5 her eyes instead of tears.

“When she was fifteen, my husband sent for our three daughters to come before him.

“Then he spoke, ‘My daughters I know not when my last hour may come. I wish
10 to share my kingdom among you. You all love me, I know. But I wish to learn which loves me best, that her part may be largest.’

“Our eldest daughter said, ‘I love you
15 best. I love you better than sugar or all sweet things in the world.’

“Then said the second, ‘I love you best. I love you better than beautiful clothes and gems which are most dear to maidens.’

20 “But the youngest was silent.

“Then the king said, ‘And you, dear child, how much do you love me?’

“‘I love you better than salt,’ she said.

“This speech made her father very angry.

‘Since you love me like salt,’ he said ‘with salt shall your love be rewarded.’

“He shared his kingdom between our two other daughters. Then he had a bag of salt bound on the back of the youngest and sent ⁵ her alone into the forest. We wept and begged for her in vain. She herself wept so that all the path was strewn with pearls which fell from her eyes.

“After a while the king became sorry that ¹⁰ he had been so harsh and sent to seek her. But she has never been heard of since. Sometimes I fear she was eaten by wild beasts. Sometimes I hope she is living safe in a cave or a hut with some one who found ¹⁵ her.

“When I opened the box you brought, I found that it held a pearl like those my daughter used to weep. You may know that the sight moved my heart. Now tell ²⁰ me how you got that pearl.”

The young count told all that had happened in the woods. He said that the old woman seemed to be a witch, and with her

lived an ugly goose girl. But of the king's daughter he had seen and heard nothing.

The king and queen made up their minds to go and seek the old woman. Where the
5 pearl was found, there might be found news of their daughter.

For two days they wandered in search of the cottage. The count, being young and swift of foot, hurried forward seeking the
10 right road. At last he found it and went on till it began to grow dark. He climbed into a great oak tree beside a brook to pass the night safe from wild beasts.

Meanwhile the old woman sat spinning
15 at the door of her cottage. It began to grow dark and the fire on the hearth gave a feeble light. All at once there was a noise outside. The geese were coming home from the meadow, cackling with all their might.
20 The goose girl took them to their roosting place.

Then she came in, and taking her wheel sat down to spin. Thus she and the old woman sat for two hours without a word.

At last something flapped against the window and two bright eyes peeped in. It was a night owl which screeched three times.

The old woman looked up from her spinning. 5

“Now, my daughter,” she said, “it is time for you to go to your nightly task.”

The goose girl got up and went out across the meadow. On and on she went till she reached a brook near which stood a great ¹⁰ oak tree. Just then the full moon came out from behind a cloud and shone so bright that one could have seen by its light to pick up a pin. Then a wonderful thing happened. 15

The goose girl drew off an ugly mask which she wore over her face. She washed it in the brook and laid it on the meadow to dry. Then she stooped and began to bathe herself in the brook. 20

But how changed she was! You would never have known the poor goose girl. Instead of coarse, black locks, her hair fell in curls like a shower of gold. Between the

curls her eyes shone like stars. Her brow was white as snow and her cheeks pink like apple blossoms. But the maiden was as sad as she was fair. She moaned and
5 sighed and wrung her hands. From her eyes fell tears which lay like pearls on the grass.

All at once she heard a crack and a crash in the branches of the oak. At that moment
10 a black cloud came over the moon. Up sprang the maiden and slipped on her mask. It was as if a light had been blown out by the wind.

She ran home, trembling like an aspen
15 leaf, and found the old woman standing before the door. She was about to tell what had happened, but the old woman said kindly, "I know all about it, my daughter."

20 She then led the goose girl into the cottage and threw fresh sticks on the fire. But instead of sitting down to the wheel, she took a broom and began to sweep and dust.

“The house must be all clean and neat,” she said.

“But, mother,” asked the girl, “why do you begin so late?”

“What is the hour?” asked the old woman.

“Not quite midnight, but the clock has struck eleven,” said the daughter.

“Do you not remember,” said the old woman, “at midnight you will have been with me three years? Your time is up. We can stay together no longer.”

“Alas! dear mother. Will you drive me out?” asked the maiden. “Where shall I go? I have no home and no friends. I have obeyed you always and you have been kind to me. Do not send me away now.”

“I shall no longer live here,” said the old woman. “But this house must be clean when I leave. Do not hinder me in my work and cease to fear for yourself. You shall find a home and you shall be content with the reward which I give.”

“But tell me what is going to happen,” begged the maiden.

“You must not ask,” said the old woman, “and hinder me no longer in my work. 5 Pull off the mask from your face, and put on the silk dress which you wore when you came to me. Then stay in your room till I call you.”

Now the crack and the crash in the oak 10 had been caused by the young count. He had sat in the oak tree a long time, but he could not sleep. At last he heard a light footstep under the tree. The moon came out and he saw the goose girl.

15 “Oh, ho!” he said to himself. “Here comes one witch. The other is not far off.”

What was his surprise when the ugly goose girl laid aside her mask. How beautiful 20 were her golden hair and her bright eyes and her fair skin!

Hardly daring to breathe, he leaned forward to see her more plainly. But he leaned too far. The bough cracked with

his weight, and he slipped to the ground. At the same moment came a dark cloud. When the moon shone out again, the maiden was gone.

The young count hurried across the 5 meadow, hoping to find her. He had not gone far when he saw before him two figures. They were the king and the queen, who had seen far off the light in the cottage window. The count overtook them 10 and told what he had seen beside the brook.

“It is our daughter,” said the queen.

Full of joy, they hurried on till they came to the cottage. There were the geese, 15 each standing on one leg with its head under its wing. Not one stirred at their coming.

The three peeped in at the window. They saw the old woman again at her 20 wheel. She did not raise her eyes from her work, but nodded her head now and then. The room was as neat and clean as it could be, but the goose girl was nowhere

to be seen. They stood for some minutes looking in, then they knocked.

“Come in,” said the old woman. “I know who you are and I was expecting you.”

5 Then the king and the queen and the count entered the room.

The old woman turned to the king and said: “You might have saved yourself this journey had you not driven from home your
10 loving and beautiful daughter. But I have kept her from all harm. For these three years she has tended my geese.

“Her face is as fair and her heart as pure as ever. But you have been justly
15 punished for your unkindness by the sorrow you had to bear.” Then she called, “Come out, my daughter.”

Out came the goose girl, now a princess in silken gown, with golden hair and bright
20 eyes.

She kissed her father and mother, and they all cried for joy. But when she saw the young count she blushed as red as a rose without knowing why.

After a while the king said: "My dearest child, I have only my love to give you. I parted my kingdom between your two sisters."

"She needs nothing," said the old woman. "I have kept for her the tears she has wept these three long years. They are pearls more beautiful than any in the sea. They are worth more than the whole of your kingdom. As a reward to her for tending my geese, I give her this house besides."

At once the cottage was changed into a castle, with horses and servants, and all that heart could wish.

And in course of time the princess married the young count and they lived in the castle, happy and content to the end of their days.



