



CINDERELLA

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 the¹⁰ 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, lying¹⁵ 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.

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“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: —

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“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 : —

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“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 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. Then¹⁰ 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,

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No blood's in the shoe;

This is the right bride;

Coo, coo! Coo-oo-oo!"