

father. They make him carve it himself, and he is very indignant at that. The son then says to him :

"I expected that ;" and he adds, "Ah ! my poor father, have you forgotten how you said that you wished to eat the heart, half cooked, and without salt, of him who let the Tartaro go ? That is not my heart, but a sheep's heart. I have done this to recal to your memory what you said, and to make you recognize me."

They embrace each other, and tell each other all their news, and what services the Tartaro had done him. The father returned happy to his house, and Petit Yorge lived very happily with his young lady at the king's house ; and they wanted nothing, because they had always the Tartaro at their service.

LAURENTINE.

In a variation of the above tale, from the narration of Mariño Amyot, of St. Jean Pied de Port, the young prince, as a herdsman, kills with a hammer successively three Tartaros who play at cards with him ; he then finds in their house all their riches and horses, barrels full of gold and silver, etc., and also three "*olano*," which is described as an animal who serves the Tartaro, like a dog, but much larger and more terrible, but also more intelligent and able to do any message. He kills the serpent with the aid of the "*olanos*," and the princess helps by striking the serpent's tail with a sword,* instead of sprinkling the "sweet-scented water." The "*olano*" then steals dishes off the king's table for the prince. The charcoal-burner comes ; but at last the prince shows the tongues and pieces of dress, and all ends happily, except for the charcoal-burner, who is placed on the top of seven barrels of powder, and fire is applied beneath, and then nobody sees him any more.

* One of those present here interrupted the reciter—"What did she hit the serpent on the *tail* for?" "Why, to kill him, of course," was the reply ; "ask Mr. Webster if serpents are not killed by hitting them on the tail?"

The commencement of the next is so different that we give it at length.

THE SEVEN-HEADED SERPENT. ✓

LIKE many others in the world, there was a mother with her three sons. The eldest said to her that he wished to go from country to country, until he should find a situation as servant, and that she should give him a cake.

He sets out. While he is going through a forest he meets an old woman, who asks him for a morsel of his cake.* He says to her, "No!" that he would prefer to throw it into the muddy clay. And the lad asks her if she knows of a servant's place. She says, "No." He goes on from forest to forest, until the night overtakes him. There comes to him a bear. He says to him,

"Ant of the earth! who has given you permission to come here?"

"Who should give it me? I have taken it myself."

And the bear devours him.

The second son asks his mother to give him a cake, for he wishes to go as a servant, like his brother. She gives him one, and he goes away like his brother. He meets an old woman, who says to him,

"Give me a little of your cake."

"I prefer to throw it into this muddy clay rather than to give you any of it."

He asks her if she knows of a servant's place. She replies, "No." And on he goes, on, on, on, deeper into the forest. He meets a huge bear. He says to him,

"Ant of the earth! Who has given you permission to come here?"

* I have a dim recollection of having read something very similar to this either in a Slavonic or a Dalmatian tale.