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GRIMM'S   
FAIRY TALES 

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# GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

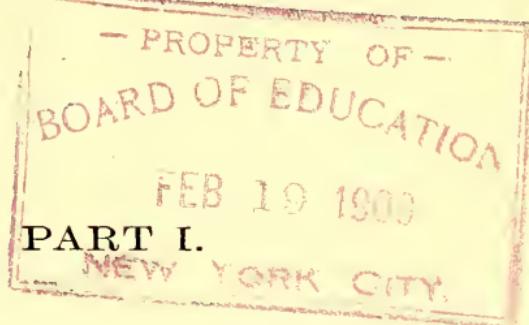
EDITED BY

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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OF fairy tales Felix Adler says, in his MORAL INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN: "They may be divided broadly into two classes—one consisting of tales which ought to be rejected because they are really harmful and children ought to be protected from their bad influence, the other of tales which have a most beautiful and elevating effect, and which we cannot possibly afford to leave unutilized."

Heretofore, GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES have been limited in their use for lack of the purifying and eliminating process undertaken in this volume, in which are collected stories illustrating kindness to animals and the unity of life in a variety of conditions. Neither in this volume nor in the one to follow will there be found any stories

with bad morals, as many fairy stories unmistakably have,—evil motives, magic interposition in favor of idlers and tricksters, cruel stepmothers and unnatural fathers are entirely excluded, the editor having taken full liberty in bringing about certain changes in phrase or plot that were needed to preserve the eternal spirit of love and justice which has been too long buried under the transient forms of many of the classic fairy tales.

SARA E. WILTSE.

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### THE QUEEN BEE.

ONCE upon a time two sons of a King set out to see the world, and fell into such a wild kind of life that they did not return home. So their youngest brother, Dummiling, went to seek them; but when he found them they mocked him, because of his simple manners.

However they took him with them.

After a time they came to an ant-hill. This the two older brothers would have torn in pieces, to see the little ants run away with their eggs; but Dummling said, “Let the little creatures live in peace; I will not let you hurt them.”

Then they went along, until they came to a lake, on which ducks were swimming in great numbers. The two brothers wanted to catch a pair and roast them; but Dummling would not allow it, saying, “Let these fowls

alone; I will not let you kill them!"

At last they came to a bees' nest, in which was so much honey, that it was running out at the mouth of the nest. The two brothers would have lain down under the tree and caught the bees as they passed for the sake of their honey; but Dumpling again held them back, saying, "Leave the bees alone; I will not let you hurt them!"

After this the three brothers came to a castle, in the stable of which stood a number of stone horses, but no man was to be

seen. They went through all the rooms of the castle, until they came to a door, on which hung three locks, and in the middle of the door was a hole through which one could see into a room. Peeping through this hole, they saw a fierce-looking man sitting at a table. They called him once, twice, but he heard not; the third time they called he got up, opened the door and came out. Not a word did he speak, but led them to a well-set table, and when they had eaten, he took each of them into a sleeping-room.

The next morning the man went to the oldest brother and led him to a stone table on which three sentences were written.

The first was that under the moss in the wood lay the pearls of a King's daughter, a thousand in number. These must be sought, and if at sunset even one was wanting, he who had looked for them would be changed into stone.

The eldest brother went off and hunted the whole day, but found only a hundred. So that it happened to him as the table had said—he was changed into

stone. The next day the second brother went, but he did no better than the other, for he found but two hundred pearls, and he was turned into stone. Then came Dumpling's turn. He searched in the moss, but the pearls were hard to find. Then he sat down upon a stone and wept. While he was weeping, the Ant-King whose life he had once saved came up with five thousand ants, and before very long they found and piled in a heap the whole thousand pearls.

The second sentence was to fetch the key of the Princess's

sleeping-room out of a lake which the brothers had passed. When Dumpling returned to the lake, the ducks whose lives he had saved, swam toward him, and diving below the water, quickly brought up the key.

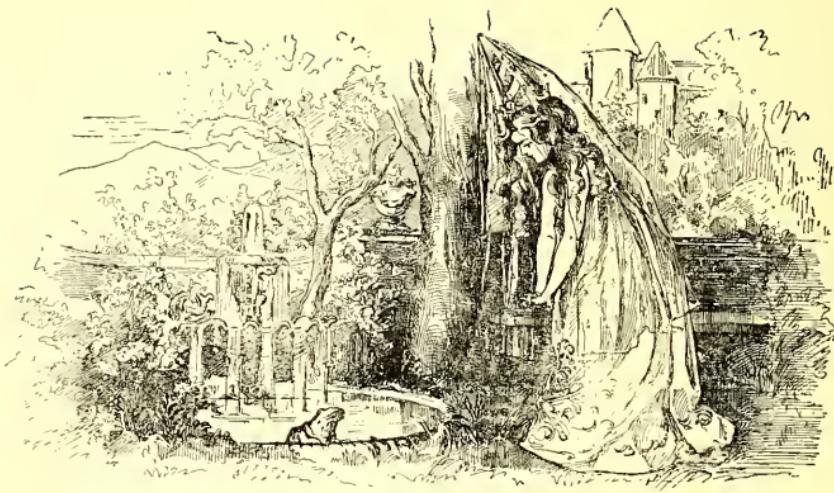
The third sentence, however, was the hardest of all. Of the three daughters of the king he must pick out the youngest and prettiest. They were all asleep, and looked alike, without a single mark by which to tell them apart, except that before they fell asleep they had eaten three kinds of sweets—the eldest a piece of

sugar, the second a little syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey. But in came the Queen Bee of all the bees who had been saved by Dummling, and tried the mouths of the three.



At last she settled on the mouth which had eaten the honey, and thus the King's son knew which was the right Princess. Then the spell was broken; every one awoke, even those who had been

changed into stone. Dummling was given a whole kingdom as a reward, and the ants, ducks and bees were always his most faithful friends and servants.



### THE FROG PRINCE.

IN the olden time, when wishing was having, there lived a King, whose daughters were all beautiful; but the youngest was so very beautiful that the Sun himself, although he saw her very often, was pleased every time he looked at her.

Near the castle of this King was a large and gloomy forest,

in the midst of which stood an old lime-tree, beneath whose branches splashed a little fountain. When the day was very hot, the King's youngest daughter would run into this wood and sit down by the fountain; and, when she felt dull, would often play with a golden ball, throwing it up in the air and catching it as it fell.

One day, when the King's daughter threw this golden ball into the air, it fell on the grass, and rolled past her into the fountain. She followed the ball with her eyes, as it sank into the water, which was so deep that no

one could see to the bottom. Then she began to cry; and, as she cried, a voice called out, “Why weepest thou, O King’s daughter? Thy tears would melt even a stone to pity.” She looked around to see whence the voice came, and there was a frog stretching his head out of the water.

“Ah! you old water-paddler,” said she, “was it you that spoke? I am weeping for my golden ball which has slipped away from me into the water.”

“Be quiet, and do not cry,” said the frog; “perhaps I can

help thee. But what wilt thou give me if I fetch thee thy ball?"

"What will you have, dear frog?" said she. "My dresses, my rings and pearls, or the golden crown which I wear?"

The frog answered, "Dresses, or rings, or golden crowns, are not for me; but if thou wilt love me, and let me be thy playmate, and sit at thy table, and eat from thy little golden plate, and drink out of thy cup, and sleep in thy little bed,—if thou wilt promise me all these, then will I dive down and get thy golden ball."

“Oh, I will promise you all those,” said she, “if you will only get me my ball.” But she thought to herself, “What a silly frog. Let him remain in the water with his equals; he cannot play with me.”

The frog, as soon as he had her promise, drew his head under the water and dived down. Soon he swam up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King’s daughter was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything; and, taking it up, she ran off.

“Stop! stop!” cried the frog; “take me with thee. I cannot run as thou canst.” But all his croaking was useless; although it was loud enough, the King’s daughter did not heed it, but ran home, and soon forgot the poor frog, who was obliged to leap back into the fountain.

The next day, when the King’s daughter was sitting at table with her father, eating from her own little golden plate, something was heard coming up the marble stairs, splish-splash, splish-splash. When it came to the top, it knocked at the door, and a voice

said, “Open the door, thou youngest daughter of the King!” The maiden rose and went to see who it was that called her. When she opened the door and caught sight of the frog, she shut it again, and sat down at the table, looking very pale. The King saw that she was in fear of something, and asked her if a giant had come to take her away, “Oh, no!” answered she; “it is not a giant, but an ugly frog.”

“What does the frog want of you?” said the King.

“Oh, dear father, when I was playing by the fountain, my golden

ball fell into the water, and this frog fetched it up again because I cried so much. I must tell you, that I promised him he should be my playmate. I never thought that he could come out of the water, but somehow he has jumped out, and now he wants to come in here."

At that moment there was another knock, and a voice said,—

“ King’s daughter, youngest,  
Open the door.  
Hast thou forgotten  
Thy promises made  
At the fountain so clear  
'Neath the lime-tree’s shade ?  
King’s daughter, youngest,  
Open the door.”

Then the King said, “What you have promised, that you must perform; go and let him in.” So the King’s daughter opened the door, and the frog hopped into the room right up to her chair. As soon as she was seated, the frog said, “Take me up.” But she waited so long that at last the King said she must obey the frog.

As soon as the frog was placed on the chair he jumped upon the table and said, “Now push thy plate near me, that we may both eat from it.” And she did so, but as every one saw, with very bad

grace. The frog seemed to relish his dinner, but every bit that the King's daughter ate nearly choked her. At last the frog said, "I feel very tired; wilt thou carry me upstairs into thy chamber and make thy bed ready for me to sleep in it?" At this speech the King's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold frog, and dared not touch him; and besides, he wanted to sleep in her own beautiful, clean bed.

But her tears made the King very angry, and he said, "Never treat with scorn one who has helped you in time of your

trouble." So she took the frog up with two fingers, and put him in a corner of her room. But he hopped up to her and said, "I am so very tired that I shall sleep well; do let me rest on your pillow." But she threw him against the wall, saying, "Now, will you be quiet, you ugly frog!"

As he fell he was changed from a frog into a handsome Prince with beautiful eyes, who after a little while became, with her father's consent, her dearest friend and playmate. Then he told her how he had been changed to a frog by an evil witch, and that no

one but herself had the power to take him out of the fountain; and that now she should share his kingdom.



So one day a carriage drawn by eight white horses, with ostrich feathers on their heads, and golden bridles, drove up to the door of

the palace, and behind the carriage stood trusty Henry, the servant of the young Prince. When his master was changed into a frog, trusty Henry had grieved so much that he had bound three iron bands round his heart, for fear it should break with grief and sorrow.

When the carriage was ready to carry the young Prince to his own country, the faithful Henry helped the Princess and the Prince into the carriage, and placed himself in the seat behind, full of joy at his master's release.

They had not gone far when the Prince heard a crack as if

something had broken behind the carriage. He put his head out of the window and asked Henry what had broken, and Henry answered, “It was not the carriage, my master, but a band which I bound round my heart when it was in such grief because you were changed into a frog.”

Twice afterwards on the journey there was the same noise, and each time the Prince thought that it was some part of the carriage that had given way; but it was only the breaking of the bands which bound the heart of the trusty Henry, who was ever after free and happy.

## THE FAITHFUL BEASTS.

THERE was once a man who had very little money, but with what he had he went into the wide world. Soon he came to a village where some boys were running together screaming and laughing, and he asked them what was the matter. “Oh!” said they, “we have a mouse which we are going to teach to dance. What sport it will be! How it will skip round!”

The man pitied the poor mouse, and said, “Let it go, my boys, and I will give you money.” He

gave them some coppers, and they let the poor animal loose, and it ran as fast as it could into a hole close by.

After this the man went on to another village, where some boys had a monkey, which they forced to dance and tumble, without letting the poor thing have any rest. To these also the man gave money to get them to set the monkey free.

By-and-by, coming to a third village, he saw the boys making a bear dance in chains and stand upright, and if he growled they seemed all the better pleased.

The man also bought the bear and set him free. The bear, very glad to find himself on his four feet again, tramped away.

The man had now spent all his money, and found he had not even a copper left in his pocket with which to buy a morsel of food. At last he was nearly dead with hunger, and as no one would give him bread, he was tempted to steal. One of the King's guards caught him and put him into a chest and threw the chest into the water.

The lid of the chest was full of holes whereby he might obtain

air, and a jug of water with a loaf of bread were put in for him.

While he was floating about in great distress of mind, he heard something gnawing and scratching at the lock of his chest, and



all at once it gave way and up flew the lid. Then he saw the mouse and the monkey and the bear standing by, and found it was they who had opened the chest because he had helped

them; but they did not know what to do next.

Just then a white, egg-shaped stone rolled into the water. "This has come in the very nick of time," said the bear, "for it is a magic stone, which will take its owner to whatever place he wishes to see."

The man picked up the stone, and as he held it in his hand he wished himself in a castle with a garden and stables. Scarcely had he done so when he found himself in a castle with a garden and stables just to his mind, where everything was so beauti-

ful that he could not admire it enough.

After a time, some merchants came that way, and, as they passed, one called to the other, “See what a noble castle stands here, where lately there was nothing but dreary sand.” They entered the castle and asked the man how he had built the palace so quickly. “I did not do it,” said he, “it is the work of my wonderful stone.”

“What kind of a stone can it be?” inquired the merchants; the man showed it to them and the sight of it pleased them so

much that they asked if he would sell it, and they offered him all their beautiful goods for it. The goods took the man's fancy, and, his heart being fickle and wishing for new things, he thought them worth more than his stone, so he gave it to them, taking their goods in exchange.

But scarcely had it left his hands when all his fortune was gone, and he found himself again in the floating chest on the water, with nothing but the jug of water and loaf of bread.

The faithful beasts, the mouse, the monkey, and the bear, as

soon as they saw this, came again to help him, but they could not unfasten the lock, because it was much stronger than the former one. The bear said, “We must get the wonderful stone again, or our work is useless.”

Now, the merchants had stopped at the castle and lived there, so the three faithful animals went together to the castle. The bear said the mouse must peep through the keyhole and see what was going on, for, being so small, no one would notice him. The mouse soon came back, and said, “It is useless, I have peeped in,

but the stone hangs on a red ribbon below the mirror, and above and below sit two great cats with fiery eyes to watch it."

The bear and the monkey said, "Never mind, go back again and wait till the master goes to bed and falls asleep; then do you slip in through the hole and creep on the bed, twitch his nose and bite off one of his whiskers."

So the mouse crept in and did as she was told, and the master, waking up, rubbed his nose in a passion, and said, "The cats are worth nothing! They let in the mice, who bite

the very hair off my head!" and so saying, he drove the cats away.

The next night, as soon as the master was sound asleep, the mouse crept in again, and nibbled and gnawed at the ribbon until it broke in halves, and down fell the stone, which she then pushed out under the door. But this was very hard for the poor mouse to manage, and she called to the monkey, who drew it quite out with his long paws. This was an easy matter for him, and he carried the stone down to the water.

There the monkey asked how they were to get at the chest. "Oh," replied the bear, "that is easy to do; you, monkey, shall sit upon my back, holding fast with your hands while you carry the stone in your mouth. You, mouse, can sit in my right ear and I will swim to the chest." They all did as the bear said, and he swam off down the river.

Soon he felt uneasy at the silence, and began to chatter to himself. At last he said, "Do you hear, Mr. Monkey? We are brave fellows." But the monkey did not answer a word. "Is that

manners?" said the bear, again.  
"Will you not give your comrade  
an answer? A crabbed fellow is  
he who makes no reply."

Then the monkey could no longer restrain himself, and letting the stone fall into the water, he cried out, "You stupid fellow, how could I answer you with the stone in my mouth? Now it is lost, and it is your own fault."

"Do not be angry," said the bear; "we will soon find it." Then he called to all the frogs and other creatures living in the water, and said to them, "There is an enemy coming against you;

but make haste and bring us some stones as quickly as you can, and we will build a wall to protect you."

These words frightened the water animals, and they brought stones from all sides. At last a fat old frog came waddling along, with the wonderful stone in her mouth. Then the bear was glad, and taking the stone he thanked them all and told them, they might go home. Then the three beasts swam to the man in the chest, and, breaking the lid by the aid of stones, they found they had come just in the nick of time,

for he had just drunk his last drop of water and eaten the last crumb of his bread, and was almost starved. As soon as the man took the magic stone in his hand he wished himself quite well and back in the castle with the garden and stables. No sooner had he wished than he was there, and his three faithful beasts with him. And there they all lived in great comfort to the end of their days.



## STAR DOLLARS.

ONCE upon a time, there was a little girl whose father and mother died leaving her so poor that she had no roof to shelter her, and no bed to sleep in. At last she had nothing left but the clothes on her back, and a loaf of bread in her hand, which some kind person had given to her. But she was a good and pious little girl, and when she found herself forsaken by all the world, she went into the fields, trusting God.

Soon she met a poor man, who said to her, "Give me something to eat, for I am very hungry." She handed him the whole loaf; and, with a "God bless you!" walked on.



Next she met a little girl crying. This child said, "Pray give me something to cover my head, it is so cold!" She then took off her bonnet, and gave it away.

Then she met another who had no dress, and to this one she gave her frock. By that time it was growing dark, and our little girl entered a forest, where she met a fourth maiden, who begged for something to wear, and to her she gave her petticoat. For, thought our heroine, “It is growing dark, and no one will see me, so I can give away this.” And now when she had scarcely anything left to cover herself with some of the stars fell down in the form of silver dollars, and among them she found a petticoat of the finest linen! And in that she collected

the star-money, which made her rich all the rest of her life !



## THE GOLD CHILDREN.

ONCE upon a time, there was a poor man and his wife, who had nothing in the world but their hut. They lived from hand to mouth by catching fish. Once the man, sitting by the water's edge, threw in his net, and drew out a golden fish. While he was looking at the fish with great wonder, it said, "Do you hear, fisherman? Throw me back into the water, and I will change your hut into a fine castle." But the fisherman replied, "What use is a

castle to me if I have nothing to eat?" "That is taken care of," said the fish, "for in the castle you will find a cupboard, which is full of food."

"Well, if that be so," said the man, "you will soon have your wish."

"Yes," said the fish, "but you must make me one promise: that you tell nobody in the world, whoever he may be, from whence your luck comes, for if you speak a single word about it, all will be lost."

The man threw the fish back into the water and went home;

and where his hut had stood he found a large castle. The sight made him open his eyes, and stepping in, he found his wife dressed in costly clothes, sitting in a large room. She was very much pleased, and said, “Husband, how has all this happened? This is very nice!”

“Yes,” replied her husband, “it pleases me also; but now I am hungry, so give me something to eat.”

His wife said, “I have nothing, and I am sure I do not know where to find any food in this new house!”

“Oh! there is a great cupboard; open that,” said the husband; and, as soon as she did so, behold! There were cakes, meat, and fruit. At the sight of these the wife laughed, and cried, “What else can you wish for now, my dear?” and they began eating at once. But, when they had had enough, the wife asked, “Now, my husband, whence comes all this?”

“Ah,” he said, “do not ask! I dare not tell you, for if I let out the secret to any one our fortune will fly.” “Well, I am sure I do not want to know,” she replied; but she was not in earnest, and

she let him have no peace, night or day, teasing him so long, that at last he told her that all their fortune came from a golden fish which he had caught and set free again.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than the fine castle, with its cupboard, was gone, and they found themselves again in their old hut.

The man now had to take up his old trade of fishing, and he pulled out the golden fish a second time. “Alas,” said the fish, “let me go again, and I will give you back your castle, with

the cupboard of meat; only keep it secret, or again you will lose all."

"I will take care," replied the fisherman, and he threw the fish into the water. At home all was in its former splendor, and the wife was glad of her good fortune; but, after a few days, she began to beg her husband again to tell her how he came by the castle.

For a long time the man held his tongue, but at length he became so angry with her that he told the secret. At the same moment the castle sank into the

earth, and they found themselves in the old hut. “There, are you happy now?” said the man to his wife. “Now we may feel the pangs of hunger again.” “Ah,” she replied, “I do not care for wealth unless I may know from whence it comes.”

The man went fishing again, and in a few days he was lucky enough to pull up the golden fish for a third time. “Well, well,” said the fish, “I see I am fated to fall into your hands, so take me home and cut me into six pieces; two of which you must give to your wife to eat, two to your

horse, and two you must put into the ground, and then you will be blessed."

The man took the fish home, and did as it had said. From the two pieces which he sowed in the ground, golden lilies grew up; from the two pieces eaten by the horse, two golden colts were born; and from the wife's share, she had two golden children.

The children grew up beautiful and fair, and with them grew the two lilies and the two colts. One day the children said to their father, "We will mount our golden steeds and travel in the world."

But he replied, “How shall I know if you are well and happy when you are so far from me?”

“The two golden lilies,” said they, “will remain here, and by them you can see how we prosper: are they fresh, so are we well; do they droop, so are we ill; do they die, so are we dead.”

With these words they rode away, and soon came to an inn where there were many people, who, when they saw the two golden children, laughed at them. One of them, when he heard the jeers, was ashamed, and would

go no farther, but turned round and went home to his father; the other rode on till he came to a large forest. Just as he was about to ride into it the people said to him, “You would better not go there, for the forest is full of robbers, who will act badly to you, and when they see that you and your horse are golden they will kill you.”

But the youth said, “I must and will go.”

Then he took bears’ skins, and covered himself and his horse with them, so that nothing golden could be seen; this done, he rode

into the wood. When he had ridden a little way, he heard a rustling among the bushes, and soon heard voices talking. One voice said, "Here comes one!" But another said, "Let him alone; he's only a bear hunter, and as poor and cold as a church-mouse. What should we do with him?"

So the gold child rode unharmed through the forest. Next he came to a village, where he saw a maiden so beautiful that he thought there could not be one like her in all the world. He loved her, and asked her if she would be his wife.

The maiden was very much pleased, and said, “Yes, I will become your wife, and be faithful to you all your life.” Then they made a wedding feast, and while they were still at the table the father of the bride came, and asked, in great anger, where the bridegroom was.

They showed him the golden child, who still wore his bear-skins around him, and the father said, “Never shall a bear-hunter marry my daughter!” and he would have killed him. The bride begged for his life, saying, “He is my husband, and I love him with all my

heart"; so at last her father consented to spare him.

The father, however, was always thinking about this man, and one morning he rose early in order to look at his daughter's husband, and see whether he were a common ragged beggar or not. When he looked, behold there was a golden man, while the thrown-off bear's skin lay upon the ground. Then the father went away, well pleased that he had not killed the bear-hunter.

The same night the gold child dreamed that he hunted a fine stag, and when he awoke in the

morning, he said to his bride, “I must be off to the hunt!” She begged him to stay, and said, “A great misfortune may happen to you”; but he said, “I must and will go!”

So he rode away into the forest, and soon met a proud stag, just as he had dreamed. He aimed at it, and would have shot, but the stag sprang off. Then he followed it over hedges and ditches the whole day, and at evening it went from his sight. When now the gold child looked round, he found himself before a little house, where dwelt a witch. He knocked at

the door, and a little old woman came, and asked, “What are you doing so late in the midst of this forest?”

“Have you not seen a stag?” he inquired.

“Yes,” she replied; “I know the stag well”: just then a little dog which was in-doors barked loudly at the stranger. “Be quiet, you evil dog!” he cried; “or I will shoot you.” At this the witch was in a great passion, and cried, “What! will you kill my dog?” Then she turned the gold child into a stone. His poor wife waited for him in vain, and soon she thought,

“Ah! what I feared in my heavy heart has fallen upon him.”

But at home the other brother stood by the golden lilies, and suddenly one of them fell off.



“Ah, Heaven!” said he, “some great misfortune has happened to my brother! I must be off, and see if I can save him.”

But the father said, “Stay here,

If I lose you, too, what will become of me?"

"I must and will go," said the youth. So he mounted his golden horse, and rode away till he came to the large forest where his brother lay in the form of a stone. Out of her house came the old witch, who called to him, and would have turned him to stone also, but without going near her, he said, "I will shoot you if you do not restore my brother to me."

She was afraid of the brave brother, and, touching the stone with her fingers, she gave the gold child his human form again.

The two gold children were full of joy when they saw each other again, and kissed and embraced, and rode together out of the forest. Then they parted—the one went to his bride, and the other to his father. The father said to the child that returned to him, “I knew that you had saved your brother, for the golden lily became fresh and blooming while you were gone.”

After this they lived happily, and all went well with them till the end of their lives.

## THE WHITE SNAKE.

A LONG while ago there lived a King whose wisdom was the wonder of the world. Nothing was unknown to him, and it seemed as if the tidings of the most hidden things were borne to him through the air. He had, however, one strange custom: every noon, when the table was quite cleared, and no one was present, his trusty servant had to bring him a covered dish. The servant himself did not know what lay in it, and no man knew,

for the King never ate thereof until he was quite alone.

This went on for a long time, until one day the servant who carried the dish was seized with such a desire to know the secret, that he could not resist it, and so took the dish into his chamber. As soon as he had locked the door, he raised the cover, and there lay before him a white snake. When he saw it, he wished to taste it, so he cut a piece off and put it into his mouth. Scarcely had his tongue touched it, when he heard before his window a strange whisper of low voices.

He listened, and found out that it was the sparrows who were talking with one another, and telling what each had seen in field or wood. The morsel of the snake had given him the power to understand the speech of animals.

Now it happened on this day that the Queen lost her finest ring, and many thought this faithful servant, who had the care of all her jewels, had stolen it. The King ordered him to appear before him, and said, in angry words, that he should be taken up and tried if he did not know

before the morrow whom to name as the guilty person.

In his distress and trouble the servant went away into the court-yard, thinking how he might help himself. There, on a running stream of water, the ducks were smoothing themselves down with their beaks while they talked to each other. The servant stood still and listened to them as they told where they had waddled, and what nice food they had found. One said, in a vexed tone, "Something very hard is in my stomach, for in my haste I swallowed a ring which

lay under the Queen's window." Then the servant caught the speaker up by her neck, and carried her to the cook, saying, "Just kill this fowl, it is fat." "Yes," said the cook, lifting it in her hand, "it has spared no trouble in cramming itself; it ought to have been roasted long ago." So saying, she chopped off its head, and, when she cut it open, in its stomach was found the Queen's ring.

The servant was now able to prove his innocence to the Queen, who, wishing to repair the wrong done him, not only granted him

pardon, but offered him the greatest place of honor at court. The servant refused the office, and asked for a horse and money instead, for he had a desire to see the world, and to travel about it for a while.

As soon as his wish was granted he set off on his tour. One day he came to a pond, in which he saw three fishes caught in the reeds, gasping for water. Although men say fishes are dumb, yet he heard their complaint, that they must soon die. Having a kind heart, he put them into the water again. They splashed about

for joy, and putting their heads above the water, said to him, “We shall be grateful, and repay you for saving us.”

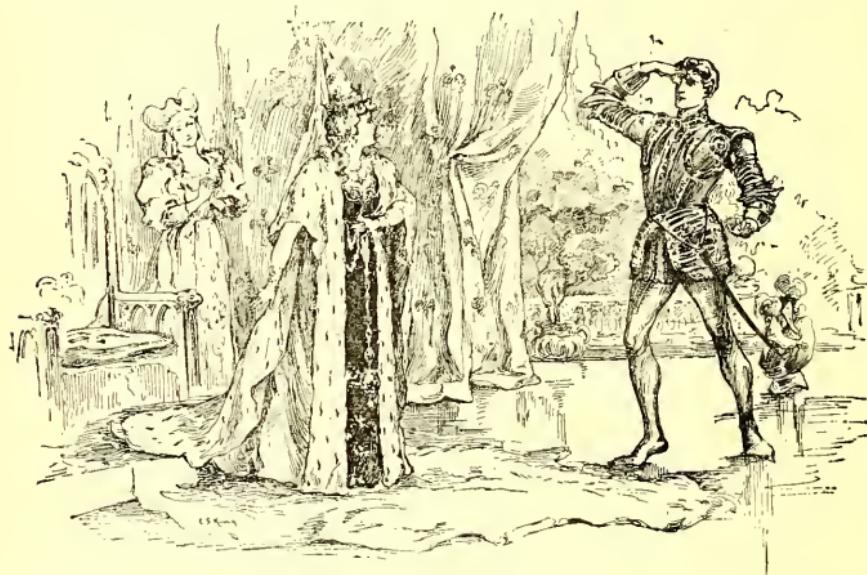
He rode onwards, and, after a while, heard, as it were, a voice in the sand at his feet. He listened, and heard an Ant King complain thus: “If these men would but keep away with their great fat beasts! Here comes an awkward horse treading my people under foot without mercy.” So he rode on to a side path, and the Ant King called to him, “We will be grateful and reward you.”

His way led him into a forest,

and there he saw two ravens dragging their young out of their nest. “Off with you,” they cried, “we can feed you no longer, you are big enough now to help yourselves.” The poor young ones lay on the ground beating their wings and crying, “We helpless children, we must feed ourselves, we who cannot fly yet! What is left to us but to die here of hunger?” Then the servant gave them food enough to last until they could fly, and they said: “We will be grateful, and will reward you in time of need!”

After he had gone a long way

he came to a large town, in the streets of which there was a great crowd. A man on horseback shouted as he rode, “The Princess seeks a husband; but he who wins



her must perform a hard task, and, if he fails, his life shall be lost.” Many had tried in vain. But when the youth saw the Princess, he was so blinded by

her beauty, that he forgot all danger, and stepping before the King, offered himself as a suitor.

He was taken to the sea, and a golden ring was thrown in before his eyes. Then the King bade him fetch this ring up again from the bottom of the sea, adding, “If you rise without the ring, you shall be thrown in again and again, until you perish in the waves.” Every one pitied the handsome youth, and then left him alone on the sea-shore.

While he stood planning what he should do, he saw three fishes swimming towards him, and they

were no others than the three whose lives he had saved. The middle one bore a mussel-shell in its mouth, which it laid on the shore at the feet of the youth, who opened it, and found the gold ring within.

Full of joy, he took it to the King, hoping that he should receive his reward. But the proud Princess, when she saw that he was not her equal in birth, was ashamed of him, and gave him a second task. She went into the garden and strewed there ten bags of millet-seed in the grass, saying, "These he must pick up

before sunrise to-morrow, and let him not miss one grain."

The youth sat down in the garden, wondering how he could do it, but as he could devise no way, he sat there in sorrow, fearing at the dawn of day to be led to his death.

But, as soon as the first rays of the sun fell on the garden, he saw that the ten sacks were all filled and standing by him, while not a single grain was left in the grass. The Ant King had come in the night with his thousands and thousands of men, and the grateful insects had picked up

every seed of the millet and put it into the sacks.

The Princess herself came into the garden, and saw with wonder that the youth had done what was asked of him.

Still she could not bend her proud heart, and she said, “Although he may have done these two tasks, yet he shall not be my husband until he has brought me an apple from the tree of life.”

The youth did not know where the tree of life stood; he got up, indeed, and was willing to go, but he had no hope of finding it. After he had gone through three

kingdoms, he came at evening to a forest, and sat down under a tree, for he wished to sleep. Suddenly he heard a rustling in the branches, and a golden apple fell into his hand. At the same time three ravens flew down, and settled on his knee, saying, “We are the three young ravens whom you saved from dying of hunger; when we were grown up, and heard that you sought the golden apple, then we flew over the sea, even to the end of the world where stands the tree of life, and we have brought you the apple.”

Full of joy the youth set out on his return, and gave the golden apple to the beautiful Princess, who now had no more excuses. So they divided the apple of life, and after they had eaten it, the heart of the Princess was filled with love towards the youth, and they lived to a great age in peace and happiness.



## BRIAR ROSE.

IN olden times there lived a King and Queen, who wished day by day that they had children, and yet never a one was born. One day, as the Queen was bathing, a frog hopped out of the water, and said to her, “You shall have your wish; before a year passes you shall have a daughter.”

As the frog had said, so it happened, and a little girl was born, who was so beautiful that the King almost lost his senses.

He ordered a great feast to be held, and invited to it not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also twelve fairy women who are kind to children. There happened to be thirteen of these in his kingdom, but, since he had only twelve golden plates from which they could eat, one had to stay at home.

The feast was held, and, as soon as it was over, the wise women gave the infant their wonderful gifts: one gave virtue, another beauty, a third riches, and so on, until the child had everything that is to be desired in the world.

Just as eleven had given their presents, the thirteenth old lady stepped in. She was in a passion because she had not been invited, and, without greeting or looking at any one, she exclaimed loudly, “The Princess shall prick herself with a spindle on her fifteenth birthday and die!” and without a word more she turned her back and left the hall.

All were terrified. But the twelfth fairy, who had not yet made her wish, stepped up, and because she could not take away the evil wish, but could only soften it, she said, “The Princess

shall not die of the wound, but shall fall into a sleep for a hundred years."

Then the King, who wished to protect his child from this fate, made a decree that every spindle in the kingdom should be burnt. In time all the wishes of the wise women were fulfilled, and the maiden became so beautiful, gentle, virtuous, and clever, that every one who saw her fell in love with her. On the day that she was fifteen years old, she happened to be left alone in the castle. The maiden looked about in every place, going through all

the rooms and chambers just as she pleased, until she came at last to an old tower. Up the narrow, winding staircase she tripped, until she came to a door, in



the lock of which was a rusty key. This she turned, and the door swung open, and there in the little room sat an old woman spinning flax.

“Good day, my good old lady,” said the Princess, “what are you doing here?”

“I am spinning,” said the old woman, nodding her head.

“What thing is this which twists round so merrily?” asked the maiden, as she took the spindle to try her hand at spinning. Scarcely had she done so when she pricked her finger, and at the very same moment fell back in a deep sleep upon a bed which stood near. Every body in the castle fell asleep also. The King and Queen, who had just returned, fell asleep in the hall,

and all their courtiers with them — the horses in the stables, the doves upon the eaves, the flies upon the walls, and even the fire upon the hearth, all ceased to stir, — the meat which was cooking ceased to sizzle, and the cook, at the instant of pulling the hair of the kitchen boy, lost his hold and began to snore. The wind fell, and not a leaf rustled on the trees round the castle.

Now, around the palace a thick hedge of briars began to grow. Every year it grew higher and higher, till the castle was quite hidden from view, so that one

could not even see the flag upon the tower. Then there went through the land a legend of the beautiful maiden Briar Rose, for so was the sleeping Princess named, and from time to time Princes came and tried to break through the hedge into the castle. This was impossible, for the thorns held them, as if by hands, and the youths, unable to release themselves, perished miserably.

After the lapse of many years, there came another King's son into the country. He heard an old man tell the legend of the

hedge of briars, behind which stood a castle where slept a fair and lovely Princess called Briar Rose, who had slumbered nearly a hundred years, and with her the King and Queen and all their court. The old man also told what he had heard from his grandfather, that many a Prince had come from afar and tried to get through the hedge, but had died a miserable death. This youth was not to be daunted, and however much the old man tried to dissuade him, he only answered, “I fear not, I will see this hedge of briars!”

Just at that time came the last day of the hundred years, when Briar Rose was to wake again. As the young Prince drew near the hedge, the thorns turned to large, fine flowers, which of their own accord made a way for him to pass through, and again closed up behind him. In the court-yard he saw the horses and dogs lying fast asleep, and on the eaves were the doves with their heads beneath their wings.

In the house he saw the flies asleep upon the wall, the cook still standing with his hand on the hair of the kitchen-boy, and

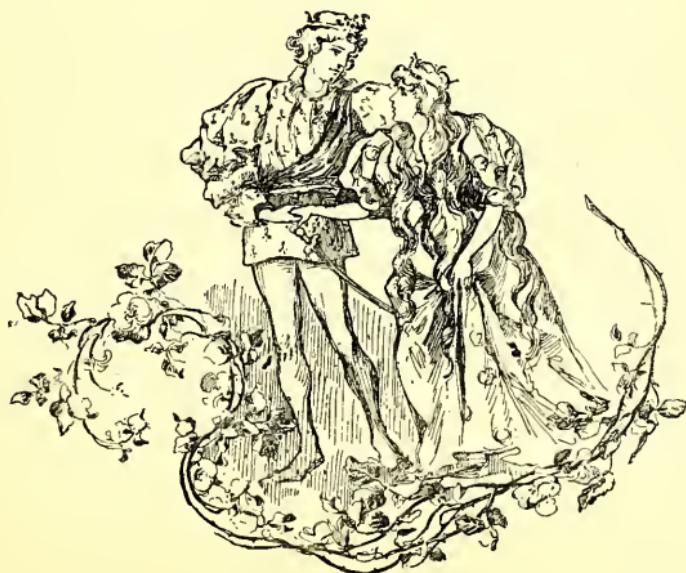
the maid at the board with the fowl in her hand. He went on, and found the courtiers lying asleep in the hall, and above, by the throne, were the King and the Queen. He went on further, and all was so quiet that he could hear himself breathe, till at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where slept Briar Rose. There she lay, looking so beautiful that he could not turn away his eyes, and he bent over her and kissed her. As he did so she opened her eyes, awoke, and greeted him with smiles. Then they went down

together, and instantly the King and Queen and the whole court awoke, and stared at each other.

Then the horses in the stable got up and shook themselves,—the dogs wagged their tails,—the doves upon the eaves drew their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew away,—the flies upon the walls began to crawl,—the fire began to burn brightly and to cook the meat,—the meat began again to sizzle,—the cook gave his lad a box upon the ear which made him call out,—and the maid began to pluck the fowl. The whole

palace was once more in motion, as if nothing had occurred; for the hundred years' sleep had made no change in any one.

By-and-by the wedding of the Prince and Briar Rose was celebrated with great splendor, and to the end of their lives they lived contented and happy.



## THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.

THERE was a poor wood-cutter, who lived with his wife and three daughters in a little hut at the edge of a large forest. One morning, when he went out to his usual work, he said to his wife, “Let my dinner be brought by our eldest daughter, for I shall not be ready to come home until evening. That she may not lose her way, I will take with me a bag of seeds and strew them in my path.”

When the sun was risen to the

center of the heavens, the maiden set out on her way, carrying a jug of soup. But the field and wood-sparrows, the larks, black-birds, goldfinches and green-finches had picked up the seeds, so that the maiden could find no trace of the way. But she walked on, trusting to fortune, till the sun set and night came on.

The trees rustled in the darkness, the owls hooted and the girl began to feel afraid. All at once she saw a shining light at a distance among the trees. "People must dwell there," she thought, "who will keep me during the

night"; and she walked towards the light.

In a short time she came to a cottage where the windows were all lighted up, and when she



knocked at the door a hoarse voice called, "Come in."

The girl opened the door and saw a hoary old man sitting at a table with his face buried in his hands, and his white beard flow-

ing over the table down to the ground. On the hearth lay three animals,—a hen, a cock and a brindled cow. The girl told the old man her adventures, and begged for a night's lodging. The man said:

“Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,  
And pretty brindled Cow,  
What have you to say to that?”

“Cluck!” said the fowls: and as that meant they were satisfied, the old man said to the maiden, “Here is abundance, and to spare; go into the kitchen and cook some supper for us.”

The girl found plenty of every-

thing in the kitchen and cooked a good meal, but thought nothing about the animals. When the supper was ready she carried a full dish into the room, and, sitting down opposite the old man, ate, till her hunger was satisfied.

This done, she said “I am very tired; where shall I sleep?” The animals replied:

“ You have eaten with him,  
You have drunk, too, with him ;  
And yet you have not thought of us ;  
Still you may pass the night here.”

Thereupon the old man said, “Step down the stairs and you will come to a room containing

two beds; shake them up, and cover them with white sheets, and then I will come and lie down to sleep myself."

The maiden stepped down the stairs, and as soon as she had shaken up the beds and covered them afresh, she laid herself down in one. After some time the old man came, and, looking at the girl, shook his head when he saw she was fast asleep; and then, opening a trap-door he dropped her down into the cellar below.

Late in the evening the wood-cutter went home, and scolded his wife because she had let him

hunger all day long. "It is not my fault," she replied; "the girl was sent out with your dinner; she must have lost her way; but to-morrow, no doubt, she will return."

At daybreak the next morning the wood-cutter got up to go into the forest, and told his wife to send the second daughter with his dinner this time. "I will take a bag of peas," he said; "they are larger than corn-seed, and the girl will therefore see them better, and not lose my track."

At noonday the girl set out with her father's dinner; but the

peas had all disappeared, for the wood-birds had picked them up as they had picked up the seeds on the day before. So the poor girl wandered about in the forest till it was quite dark, and then she also arrived at the old man's hut, was invited in, and begged food and a night's lodging.

The man of the white beard asked his animals again:

“ Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,  
And pretty brindled Cow,  
What have you to say to that?”

They answered, “ Cluck! ” and everything happened the same as on the previous day.

The girl cooked a good meal, ate and drank with the old man, but never once thought of the animals; and when she asked for her bed, they made answer:

“You have eaten with him,  
You have drunk, too, with him;  
And yet you have not thought of us;  
Still you may pass the night here.”

As soon as she had gone to sleep the old man came, and, after looking at her and shaking his head as before, he dropped her into the cellar below.

On the third morning, the wood-cutter told his wife to send their youngest child with his

dinner: “For,” said he, “She is always obedient and good; she will keep in the right path, and not run about like her sisters!”

But the mother refused, and said, “Shall I lose my youngest child too?”

“Be not afraid of that,” said her husband; “the girl will not miss her way, she is too steady and prudent; but I will take beans to strew; they are larger than peas, and will show her the way better.”

By-and-by, when the girl went out with her basket on her arm, she found that the wood-pigeons

had eaten up all the beans, and she knew not which way to turn. She was full of trouble, and thought with sorrow how her father would want his dinner, and how her dear mother would grieve when she did not return. At length, when it became quite dark, she also saw the lighted cottage, and entering it, begged very politely to be allowed to pass the night there.

The old man asked the animals a third time in the same words:

“Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,  
And pretty brindled Cow,  
What have you to say to that?”

“Cluck, cluck!” said they. Thereupon the maiden stepped up to the fire, near which they lay, and fondled the pretty hen and cock, smoothing their plumage down with her hands, and stroking the cow between her horns.

Afterwards, when at the old man’s request she had prepared a good supper, and had placed the dishes on the table, she thought to herself, “I must not appease my hunger until I have fed these good creatures. There is plenty in the kitchen; I will serve them first.”

Thus thinking, she brought some corn and strewed it before

the fowls, and then she gave an armful of hay to the cow. "Now, eat away, you good creatures," said she to them, "and when you are thirsty you shall have a cool fresh draught." So saying she brought in a pailful of water; and the hen and cock perched themselves on its edge, put their beaks in, and then drew their heads up as birds do when drinking; the cow also took a hearty draught.

After the animals were thus fed, the maiden sat down at table with the old man and ate what was left for her.

In a short time the hen and cock began to fold their wings over their heads, and the brindled cow blinked with both eyes. Then the maiden asked, “Shall we not also take our rest?”

The old man replied as before:

“Pretty Hen, pretty Cock,  
And pretty brindled Cow,  
What have you to say to that?”

“Cluck, cluck!” replied the animals, meaning,—

“You have eaten with us,  
You have drunk, too, with us,  
You have thought of us kindly, too;  
And we wish you a good night’s rest.”

So the maiden went down the stairs, and shook up the feather

beds, and laid on clean sheets, and when they were ready the old man came and lay down in one, with his white beard stretching down to his feet. The girl then lay down in the other bed, saying her prayers before she went to sleep.

She slept quietly till midnight. At that hour there began such a tumult in the house that it awakened her. Presently there began a cracking and rumbling in every corner of the room, and the doors were slammed back against the wall.

Then the beams groaned as if

they were being riven away from their fastenings, and the stairs fell down, and at last it seemed as if the whole roof fell in. Soon after that all was quiet, and the maiden, who was unharmed, went quietly to sleep again.

When, however, the bright light of the morning sun awoke her, what a sight met her eyes! She found herself lying in a large chamber, with everything around belonging to regal pomp. On the walls were gold flowers growing on a green silk ground; the bed was of ivory, and the curtains of red velvet. On a stool close by

was placed a pair of slippers ornamented with pearls.



The maiden thought it was all a dream; but presently in came three servants dressed in rich liveries, who asked her what were her commands. "Leave me," replied the maiden; "I will get up at once and cook some breakfast for the old man, and feed the pretty hen, the pretty cock, and the brindled cow." She

spoke thus because she thought the old man was already up; but when she looked round at his bed she saw a young and handsome stranger asleep in it.

While she was looking at him, he awoke, and starting up, said to the maiden: “I am a King’s son, who was long ago changed by a wicked old witch into the form of an old man, and condemned to live in the wood, with nobody to bear me company but my three servants in the form of a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow.

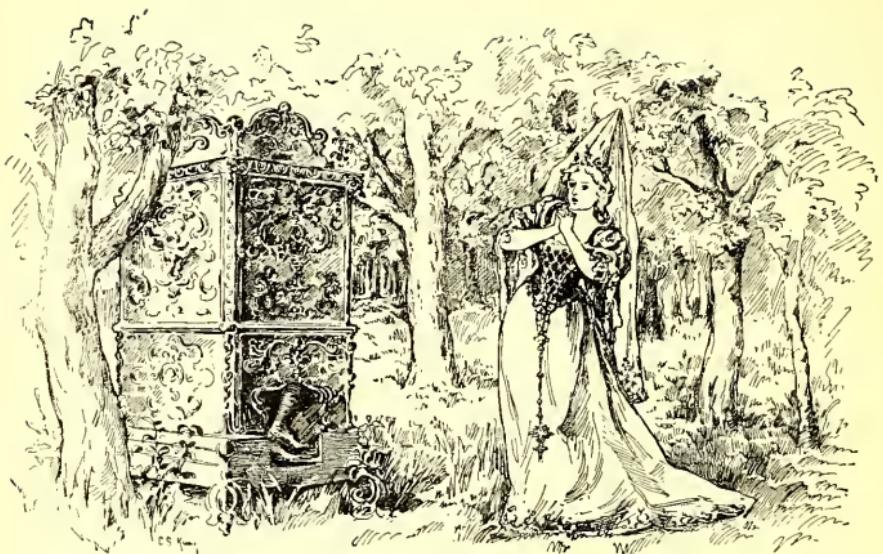
“The enchantment was not to end until a maiden should come

who would be kind to my animals as well as to me; and such an one you have been; therefore, at midnight we were saved through you, and the old wooden hut has again become my royal palace."

When he had thus spoken they arose, and the Prince told his three servants to fetch the father and mother of the maiden, that they also might live in the palace.

"But where are my two sisters?" she asked. "I have put them into the cellar," replied the Prince, "and there they must remain till to-morrow morning, when they shall be led into the

forest and bound as servants to a collier. When they have reformed their tempers, and learned not to let poor animals suffer hunger, they too may live here."



### THE IRON STOVE.

IN the days when wishing was having, a certain King's son was enchanted by an old witch, and obliged to sit in a great iron stove which stood in a wood! There he passed many years, for nobody could release him. One day a Princess who had lost herself, and could not find her way back

to her father's kingdom, came, after nine days' wandering, to the spot where the iron stove stood.

As she came near it, she heard a voice say, "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?" "I have lost the road to my father's kingdom, and am unable to find my home!" she replied.

"I will help you, and that in a short time," said the voice from the iron stove, "if you will consent to what I desire. I am the child of a far greater King than your father, and I am willing to marry you."

The Princess was frightened at this, and exclaimed, "What can I do with an iron stove?" but, as she was anxious to get home, she consented to follow his directions.

Then the Prince told her that she might go home, but she must return and bring with her a knife with which to cut a hole in the stove; and then he gave her such minute directions as to her road that in two hours she reached her father's palace.

There was great joy there when the Princess returned, and the old King fell on her neck and kissed her; but she was sore

troubled, and said, “Alas, my dear father, how things have happened! I should never have got home out of the great wild wood had it not been for an iron stove, which I have promised to marry.”

The King was so frightened when he heard this that he fell into a swoon; for she was his only daughter. When he recovered they resolved that the miller’s daughter, a very pretty girl, should take her place; and so she was led to the spot, furnished with a knife, and told to scrape a hole in the iron stove. For four

and twenty hours she scraped and scraped, without making the least bit of a hole; and when day broke, the voice out of the stove exclaimed, “It seems to me like daylight.”

“Yes,” replied the girl, “it seems so to me, too, and methinks I hear the clapping of my father’s mill.”

“Oh, then, you are the miller’s daughter,” said the voice again; “well, you may go home and send the Princess to me.”

The girl therefore returned, and told the King the stove would not have her, but demanded

his daughter. This frightened the King, and made the Princess weep. But the King had also in his service a swine-herd's daughter, prettier still than the miller's, to whom he offered a piece of gold if she would go to the iron stove instead of the Princess.

Thereupon this girl went away and scraped for four and twenty hours on the iron without making any impression. When day broke, a voice in the stove exclaimed, "It seems to me like daylight."

"Yes, it is so," said the girl; "for I hear my father's horn."

“You are, then, the swine-herd’s daughter,” said the voice; “go back, and tell the Princess who sent you that it must be as I said; and if she does not come to me, everything in the old kingdom shall fall to pieces, and not one stone be left upon another anywhere.”

As soon as the Princess heard this she began to cry; but it was of no use, for her promise must be kept. So she took leave of her father, and, carrying a knife with her, set out towards the iron stove in the wood. As soon as she reached it she began to

scrape the iron; and before two hours had passed, she had made a small hole. Through this she peeped, and inside the stove she beheld a handsome Prince, whose dress glittered with gold and precious stones.

Then she scraped away faster than before, and soon made a hole so large that the Prince could get out.

“You are mine, and I am thine,” he said, as soon as he stood on the earth; “you are my bride, because you have saved me.”

He wanted to take her at once to his father’s kingdom; but she

begged that she might go back to her father to take leave of him.

The Prince consented to this; but said she must not speak more than three words, and must immediately return.

Thereupon the Princess went home; but alas! she said many more than three words; and the iron stove disappeared, and was carried far away over many icy mountains and snowy valleys; but without the Prince, who was no longer shut up in his prison.

By-and-by the Princess took leave of her father, and, taking a little gold, she went back into

the wood and sought for the iron stove, but could find it nowhere. For nine days she searched; and then her hunger became so great that she knew not how to help herself, and thought she must perish.

When evening came she climbed up a little tree, for she feared the wild beasts which night would bring forth; and just at midnight she saw a little light at a distance. “Ah, there I may find help,” thought she; and, getting down, she went towards the light, saying a prayer as she walked along.

She soon came to a little hut, surrounded with grass; and before the door stood a heap of wood.

“Ah, how came you here?” thought she to herself, as she peeped through the window, and saw nothing but fat, little toads, and a table covered with meat and wine, and dishes made of silver. She took courage and knocked, and a toad exclaimed:

“Little Toad, with crooked leg,  
Open quick the door, I beg,  
And see who stands without.”

As soon as these words were spoken, a little toad came run-

ning up and opened the door, and the Princess walked in. They all bade her welcome, and told her to sit down; they then asked her whence she came, and whither she was going. She told the toads that, because she had spoken more than three words, the stove had disappeared as well as the Prince; and now she was about to search over hill and valley till she should find him. On hearing this the old toad cried out:

“ Little Toad, with crooked leg,  
Quickly fetch for me, I beg,  
The basket hanging on the peg.”

So the little toad brought the basket to the old one, who took meat and milk from it and gave them to the Princess; and after that he showed her a beautiful bed, made of silk and velvet, in which, under God's protection, she slept soundly.

As soon as day broke the Princess arose, and the old toad gave her three needles, to take with her, which would be of great use, since she would have to pass over a mountain of glass, three sharp swords, and a big lake, before she would regain her lover.

The old toad gave her, besides

the three needles, a plough-wheel and three nuts. With these the Princess set out on her way, and by-and-by came to the glass mountain, which was so smooth that she used the three needles as steps for her feet, and so reached the top.

When she came to the other side, she placed the needles in a secure place; and soon coming to the three swords, she rolled over them by means of her plough-wheel.

At last she came to a great lake, and when she had passed that, she found herself near a fine

large castle that belonged to her lost Prince. She entered, and offered herself as a servant, saying she was a poor girl, who had rescued a King's son from an iron stove which stood in the forest.

After some delay she was hired as a kitchen-maid at very small wages, and soon found out that the Prince was going to marry another lady, because he supposed his former favorite was dead.

One evening, when she had washed and made herself neat, she felt in her pocket and found the three nuts which the old toad had given her. One of them she

cracked, and in it found a fine royal dress instead of a kernel. The bride said she must have it, for it was no dress for a servant-maid. But the Princess said she would sell it only on condition that she might be allowed to pass a night by the chamber of the Prince.

This request was granted, because the bride was anxious to have the dress, which was more beautiful than any of her own. When evening came she told her lover that the silly girl wanted to pass the night near his room.

“If you are contented, so am

I," he replied; but she gave him a glass of wine, into which she put a sleeping draught. In consequence, he slept so soundly that the poor Princess could not wake him, although she cried the whole night, and kept repeating, "I saved you in the wild forest, and released you from the iron stove; I have sought you, and I traveled over a mountain of glass, and over three sharp swords, and across a wide lake, before I found you; and still you will not hear me!"

The servants, however, who slept in the ante-room, heard the

complaint, and told the King of it the following morning.

That evening, after the Princess had washed herself, she cracked the second nut and found in it a dress more beautiful than the other, and the bride declared she must have it also. But it was not to be purchased except on the same condition as the first; and the Prince again allowed her to sleep near his door.

The bride, however, gave the Prince another sleeping draught, and he slept too soundly to hear the poor Princess crying as before: “I saved you in the wild

forest, and released you from the iron stove; I have sought you, and I traveled over a mountain of glass, and over three sharp swords, and across a wide lake, before I found you; and still you will not hear me!"

The servants, however, in the ante-room, heard the crying again, and told the Prince of it the next morning.

On the evening of that day the poor maid broke her third nut, and produced a dress starred with gold, which the bride declared she must have at any price; and the maid begged for the same

privilege as before. This time the Prince threw away the sleeping draught, and, therefore when the Princess began to cry, “Alas! my dear treasure, have you forgotten how I saved you in the great, wild wood, and released you from the iron stove?” the Prince heard her, and, jumping up, exclaimed: “You are right; I am thine, and you are mine.”

Thereupon, while it was yet night, he got into a carriage with the Princess, first hiding the clothes of the false bride, that she might not follow them. When they came to the lake

they rowed over very quickly, and passed the three sharp swords again by means of the plough-wheel. Soon they crossed the glass mountain by the aid of the three needles, and arrived at last at the little old house, which, as soon as they entered, was changed into a noble castle.

At the same moment all the toads were disenchanted and returned to their natural shapes, for they were the sons of the King of the country.

So the wedding took place, and the Prince and Princess remained for some time in his castle.

However, because the old King grieved at his daughter's continued absence, they went to live with him, and joining the government of the two kingdoms in one, they reigned many years in happiness and prosperity.



## SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

THERE was once a poor widow, who lived all alone in a hut with her two children, who were called Snow-White and Rose-Red, because they were like the flowers which bloomed on two rose-bushes that grew before the door. They were two as pious, good, industrious, and amiable children as any in the world. Snow-White was more quiet and gentle than Rose-Red for Rose-Red would run and jump about the meadows, seeking flowers, and catching but-

terflies, while Snow-White sat at home helping her mother to keep house, or reading to her, if there were nothing else to do.

The two children loved each other dearly, and always walked hand-in-hand when they went out together; and ever when they talked of it, they agreed that they would never separate from each other, and that whatever one had the other should share.

They often ran deep into the forest and gathered wild berries, but no beast ever harmed them. The hare would eat grass out of their hands, the fawn would

graze at their side, the goats would frisk about them in play, and the birds remained perched on the boughs singing as if nobody were near.

No accident ever befell them; and if they stayed late in the forest, and night came upon them, they used to lie down on the moss and sleep till morning. Because their mother knew they would do so, she felt no concern about them.

One time, they had thus passed the night in the forest, and when the dawn of morning awoke them, they saw a beautiful child, dressed

in shining white, sitting near their couch. She got up and looked at them kindly, but without saying anything went into the forest. When the children looked round they saw that they had slept close to the edge of a pit, into which they would have fallen had they walked a step further in the dark.

Their mother told them the figure they had seen was, doubtless, the good angel who watches over children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter it. Every morning in the summer-

time Rose-Red would first put the house in order, and then gather a nosegay for her mother, in which she always placed a bud from each rose-tree. Every winter's morning Snow-White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil, and although the kettle was made of copper, it shone like gold, because it was so well scoured.

In the evenings, when the flakes of snow were falling, the mother would say, "Go, Snow-White, and bolt the door"; and then they used to sit down on the hearth, and the mother would put on her spectacles and read

out of a great book, while her children sat spinning. By their side, too, lay a little lamb, and on a perch behind them a little white dove rested with her head under her wing.

One evening when they were thus sitting together, there came a knock at the door, as if somebody wished to come in. "Make haste, Rose-Red," cried her mother; "make haste and open the door; perhaps there is some traveler outside who needs shelter." So Rose-Red drew the bolt and opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside; but in-

stead a great fat bear poked his black head in.



Rose-Red shrieked and ran back, the little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow-White hid herself behind her mother's bed. The bear, however, began to speak, and said, "Be not afraid, I will do you no harm; but

I am half frozen, and I wish to come in and warm myself."

"Poor bear!" cried the mother; "come in and lie down before the fire; but take care you do not burn your skin"; and then she said: "Come here, Rose-Red and Snow-White, the bear will not harm you." So they both came back, and by degrees the lamb and the dove overcame their fears and welcomed the rough visitor.

"You, children," said the bear, before he entered, "come and knock the snow off my coat." Then they took their brooms

and swept him clean, and he stretched himself before the fire and grumbled out his satisfaction.

In a little while the children became familiar enough to play tricks with the unwieldy animal. They pulled his long, shaggy skin, set their feet upon his back and rolled him to and fro, and even ventured to beat him with a hazel-stick, laughing when he grumbled.

The bear bore all their tricks with good temper, and if they hit too hard he cried out:

“Leave me my life, you children,  
Snow-White and Rose-Red,  
Or you'll never wed.”

When bed-time came and the others were gone, the mother said to the bear: "You may sleep here on the hearth if you like, and then you will be safely protected from the cold and bad weather."

As soon as day broke the two children let the bear out and he trotted away over the snow. Afterwards he came every evening at a certain hour. He would lie down on the hearth and allow the children to play with him as much as they liked, till by degrees they became so accustomed to him, that the door was left

unbolted till their black friend arrived.

But as soon as spring returned, and everything out of doors was green again, the bear one morning told Snow-White that he must leave her, and could not return during the whole summer.

“Where are you going, then, dear bear?” asked Snow-White.

“I am obliged to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil dwarfs; for in winter, when the ground is hard, they are obliged to keep in their holes, and cannot work through; but now, since the sun has thawed

the earth and warmed it, the dwarfs pierce through and steal all they can find; and what has once passed into their hands, and gets concealed by them in their caves, is not easily brought to light."

Snow-White, however, was very sad at the departure of the bear, and opened the door so hesitatingly that when he pressed through it he left behind on the latch a piece of his hairy coat, and through the hole which was made in his coat Snow-White fancied she saw the glittering of gold, but she was not quite certain of it. The bear, however, ran

hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the trees.

Some time afterwards the mother sent her children into the wood to gather sticks. On the way they came to a tree lying across the path, on the trunk of which something kept bobbing up and down, and they could not imagine what it was.

When they came nearer they saw it was a dwarf with an old wrinkled face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of this beard was fixed in a slit of the tree, and the little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by

a chain, for he did not know how to free himself.

He glared at the maidens with his red, fiery eyes, and exclaimed, “Why do you stand there? Are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?”

“What have you done, little man?” asked Rose-Red.

“You stupid, gazing goose!” exclaimed he, “I wanted to split the tree in order to get a little wood for my kitchen.

“I drove the wedge in properly, and everything was going on well, when the smooth wood flew upwards and the tree closed so

suddenly together that I could not draw out my beautiful beard, and here it sticks, and I cannot get away. There, don't laugh, you milk-faced things! Are you dumfounded?"

The children took all the pains they could to pull the dwarf's beard out, but without success. "I will run and fetch some help," cried Rose-Red at length.

"Crack-brained sheep's-head that you are!" snarled the dwarf; "what are you going to call other people for? You are two too many, now, for me; can you think of nothing else?"

“Don’t be impatient,” replied Snow-White, “I have thought of something”; and, pulling her scissors out of her pocket, she cut off the end of the beard. As soon as the dwarf found himself at liberty he snatched up a sack of gold, which lay between the roots of the tree, and, throwing it over his shoulder, marched off, grumbling, groaning, and crying, “Stupid people! to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard. Plague take you!” and away he went without once looking at the children.

Some time afterwards Snow-White and Rose-Red went fishing,

and as they neared the pond they saw something like a great locust hopping about on the bank, as if going to jump into the water. They ran up and recognized the dwarf.

“What are you after?” asked Rose-Red; “you will fall into the water.”

“I am not quite such a simpleton as that,” replied the dwarf; “but do you not see this fish will pull me in?”

The little man had been sitting there angling, and, unfortunately, the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing-line; and so, when

a great fish bit at the bait, the weak little fellow was not able to draw it out, and the fish had the best of the struggle. The dwarf held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near, but to no purpose, for the fish pulled him where it liked, and he must soon have been drawn into the pond.

Luckily, just then the two maidens arrived, and tried to release the beard of the dwarf from the fishing-line, but it was so entangled that they could not get it loose. So one of the maidens pulled out her scissors again and cut off another piece

of the beard. When the dwarf saw this done he flew into a great rage, and exclaimed, "You donkey! that is the way to disfigure my face! Was it not



enough to cut it once, but you must now take away the best part of my fine beard? I dare not show myself now to my own people. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before you

had come here!" So saying, he took up a bag of pearls which lay among the rushes, and, without speaking another word, slipped off and disappeared behind a stone.

Not many days after this the mother sent the two maidens to the next town to buy thread, needles, pins, laces, and ribbons. Their road passed over a common strewn with rocks. Just over their heads they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock.

Immediately afterwards they heard a piercing shriek, and, running up, they saw with affright that the eagle had caught their old acquaintance, the dwarf, and was trying to carry him off.

The compassionate children thereupon laid hold of the little man and held him fast till the bird gave up the struggle and flew off. As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed in his squeaking voice: “Could you not hold me more gently? You have seized my fine brown coat in such a manner that it is all torn and full of holes,

meddling rubbish that you are!" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones and slipped away to his cave among the rocks.

The maidens were now accustomed to his ingratitude and they walked on to the town. Going home they passed over the same common, and, unawares, walked up to a clean spot on which the dwarf had shaken out his bag of precious stones, thinking nobody was near.

The sun was shining, and the bright stones glittered in its beams, displaying such a variety

of colors that the two maidens stopped to admire them.

“What are you standing there gaping for?” asked the dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage. He was still abusing the poor maidens, when a loud roaring was heard, and a great black bear came rolling out of the forest.

The dwarf jumped up in terror, but he could not gain his hiding-place before the bear overtook him. Thereupon he cried out: “Spare me, my dear Lord Bear! I will give you all my treasures. See these beautiful precious stones

which lie here. Only give me my life; for what have you to fear from a little weak fellow like me? You could not touch me with your big teeth. There are two wicked girls, take them; they would make nice morsels; as fat as young quails; eat them, I beg!"

The bear, however, without troubling himself to speak, gave the bad-hearted dwarf a single blow with his paw, and he never stirred again.

The maidens were going to run away, but the bear called to them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, fear

not! Wait a bit, and I will go with you." They knew his voice and stopped; and as the bear approached them, his rough coat suddenly fell off, and he stood up a tall man, dressed entirely in gold.

"I am a King's son," he said, "and was condemned by that wicked dwarf to wander about in this forest in the form of a bear till his death released me. He also stole all my treasures. Now he has his punishment."

Then they went home, and Snow-White was married to the Prince, and Rose-Red to his

brother. The mother lived happily for many years with her two children; and the rose-trees which had stood before the cottage were planted near the palace, and every year produced beautiful red and white roses.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers, one rich and the other poor. The rich man was a goldsmith, who was selfish, but the poor brother, who mended brooms, was honest and pious. The poor man had two children,—twins, as like one another as two drops of water,—who used often to go to their rich uncle's house, where the cook would give them a dinner from pieces left by her master.

One day when the broom-

mender went into the woods for twigs he saw a bird of gold, which was more beautiful than any bird he had ever before seen. He picked up a stone and flung it at the bird, and hit it, but with so little force that only a single feather dropped off. This feather he took to his brother, who looked at it and said, “It is of pure gold! I will give you a good sum of money for it.”

The next day he climbed up a birch tree to lop off a bough or two, when the same bird flew out of the branches, and, as he looked round, he found a nest with an

egg in it, and the egg was of pure gold. This he took to his brother, who gave him what it was worth, but said he must have the bird itself.

For the third time, now, the brother went into the forest, and again saw the golden bird sitting upon a tree: taking up a stone, he threw it and killed the bird, which he took to his brother, and received a large pile of gold for it. With this the man went home with a light heart.

The goldsmith was crafty, and knew very well what sort of a bird it was. He called his wife

and said to her: “Roast this bird for me, and take care of whatever falls from it, for I have a mind to eat it by myself.” Now, the bird was not a common one, for it was said that if any one should eat its heart and liver he would find a gold piece under his pillow every morning.

The wife made the bird ready, and, putting it on a spit, set it down to roast. Now, while it was on the fire the two children of the poor broom-mender ran in, and two little tidbits fell out of the bird into the pan. These the goldsmith’s wife gave to the

children, not knowing their magic powers, but, in order that her husband might not miss them and fly in a passion, she quickly killed a little chicken, and, taking out its liver and heart, put them inside the golden bird.

As soon as the bird was done she carried it to the goldsmith, who ate it quite alone, and left nothing at all on the plate. The next morning, however, when he looked under his pillow to find the gold pieces, there was not the smallest one to be seen.

The two children did not know what good luck had fallen on

them, but when they got up the next morning, two gold pieces fell ringing on the ground. These they took to their father, who hardly knew what he should do with them; but as the next morning the same thing happened, and so on every day, he went to his brother and told him the whole story.

The goldsmith knew at once that the children had eaten the heart and liver of his bird, and in order to avenge himself, and because he was so hard-hearted, he told the father that his children were in league with evil spirits,

and warned him not to take the gold, but to turn the children out of the house, for he said the Evil One had them in his power, and would make them do some mischief. Their father feared the Evil One, and, although it cost him a sharp pang, he led his children out to the forest and with a sad heart left them there.

The two children ran about the wood seeking the road home, but they could not find it. At last they met a huntsman, who asked who they were.

“We are the children of the poor broom-mender,” they replied,

“our father could no longer keep us at home, because a gold piece lay under our pillows every morning.”

“Well,” replied the huntsman, “that does not seem right, if you are honest and not idle.”

The good man, having no children of his own, took the twins home with him, because they pleased him, and told them he would be their father and bring them up. With him they learned all kinds of hunting, and the gold pieces which they found each morning they laid aside against a rainy day.

When they became young men the huntsman took them into the forest, and said: “To-day you must show me how well you can shoot, that I may make you free huntsmen like myself.”

So they went with him, and waited a long time, but no wild beast came. At last the huntsman, looking up, saw a flock of wild geese flying over in the form of a triangle.

“Shoot one from each corner,” said he to the twins. When they had done this, another flock came flying over in the form of a figure two, and from these they were

also bidden to shoot one at each corner. When they had done this, their foster-father said, “I now make you free.”

Then the two brothers went together into the forest to plan what they would do, and when at evening-time they sat down to their meal, they said to their foster-father, “We shall not touch the least morsel of food till you have granted our request.”

He asked them what it was, and they replied:

“We have now learned everything you can teach us: let us go into the world and see what we

can do there, and let us set out at once."

"You have spoken like brave huntsmen," cried the old man with joy; "What you have asked is just what I wished. You can set out as soon as you like, for you will succeed."

Then they ate together once more in great joy.

When the day came for them to go, the old huntsman gave to each youth a good rifle and a dog, and let them take from the gold pieces as many as they liked. Then he went with them a part of their way, and at parting he

gave them a knife, saying, “If one of you should ever be lost, stick this knife in a tree by the roadside, and then, if the other returns to the same point, he can tell how his brother fares; for the side upon which there is a mark, will rust if he dies; but as long as he lives it will be as bright as ever.”

The two brothers now went on till they came to a forest so large that they could not get out of it in one day. There they passed the night, and ate what they had in their hunters’ pockets. The second day they again walked on,

but found no opening, and having nothing to eat, one said, “We must shoot something or we shall die of hunger”; and he loaded his gun and looked around. Just then an old hare came running up, at which he aimed, but it cried out:

“Dear Huntsman, pray now let me live,  
And I will two young lev'rets give.”

So saying, it ran back into the brushwood and brought out two hares, which played about so prettily that the hunters could not make up their minds to kill them. So they took them with them.

Presently a fox came up, and, as they were about to shoot it, he cried out:

“Dear Hunters, pray now let me live,  
And I will two young foxes give.”

These it brought, and the brothers, instead of killing them, put them with the young hares, and all four followed.

In a little while a wolf came out of the brushwood, at which the hunters also aimed, but like the others it cried out:

“Dear Hunters, pray now let me live;  
Two young ones, in return, I'll give.”

The hunters placed the two wolves with the other animals,

who still followed them. Soon they met a bear, who also begged for his life, saying:

“Dear Hunters, pray now let me live;  
Two young ones, in return, I’ll give.”

These two bears were added to the others, which made eight animals. And now who came last? A lion shaking his mane. The two brothers were not afraid, but aimed at him, and he cried:

“Dear Hunters, pray now let me live;  
Two young ones, in return, I’ll give.”

The lion then brought his two young ones, and now the huntsmen had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two

hares following and waiting upon them. But the brothers were hungry, having eaten nothing, and they said to the foxes, “You get us something to eat, for you are both sly and crafty.”

The foxes replied: “Not far from here lies a village, where we can get many fowls, and we will show you the way there.”

So they went into the village and bought something to eat for themselves and their animals, and then went on, for the foxes knew where the hen-roosts were, and could direct the huntsmen well.

They walked on without finding any place where they could live together; so they said to one another, "Let us go apart." The two brothers therefore divided the beasts, each taking a lion, a bear, a wolf, a fox, and a hare. Then they said good-by, promising to love each other till death. The knife which their foster-father gave them they stuck in a tree, so that one side pointed to the east and the other to the west.

The younger brother with his animals came to a town which was hung with black crape. He went into an inn and asked if he

could lodge his beasts, and the landlord gave him a stable. In the wall was a hole through which the hare crept and took a cabbage; the fox caught himself a hen; but the lion, the bear, and the wolf, being too big for the hole, could get nothing.

The master made the host fetch an ox for them, on which they feasted merrily, and then, having cared for his beasts, he asked the landlord why the town was all hung in mourning. The landlord replied, it was because the next day the King's only daughter was to die.

“Is she, then, sick unto death?”  
inquired the huntsman.

“No,” replied the other, “she  
is well enough; but still she must  
die.”

“How is that?” asked the  
huntsman.

“Out there before the town,”  
said the landlord, “is a high  
mountain on which lives a dragon,  
who, every year, demands the  
sacrifice of a pure maiden. Should  
the King refuse, the monster would  
lay waste all the country. Now all  
the maidens have been given up,  
until there is but one left, the  
King’s daughter, who must die, for

there is no other way, and to-morrow morning it is to happen."

The huntsman asked, "Why does no one kill the dragon?"

"Ah!" replied the landlord, "many knights have tried, but every one has lost his life. The King has promised his daughter and, after his death, his kingdom to any one who will kill this dragon."

The huntsman said nothing further at that time, but the next morning, taking with him his beasts, he climbed the dragon's mountain.

A little way up stood a chapel,

and upon an altar were three cups, and by them was written, “Whoever drinks the contents of these cups will be the strongest man on earth, and may take the sword which lies buried beneath the threshold.”

Without drinking, the huntsman sought and found the sword in the ground, but he could not move it from its place; so he drank out of the cups, and then he easily pulled out the sword, and was so strong that he waved it about like a feather.

When the hour came at which the maiden should be given over

to the dragon, the King and all his court went with her. From a distance they saw the huntsman upon the mountain, and took him for the dragon waiting for them, and so dared not ascend; but at last, because the whole city must otherwise have been killed, the Princess made the dreadful ascent alone. The King and his men went home full of grief, but the Marshal had to stop and watch it all from a distance.

When the King's daughter reached the top of the hill she found the young hunter there instead of the dragon. The

hunter said he would save her, and, leading her into the chapel, shut her up in it. In a short time the seven-headed dragon came up roaring with an awful noise, but when he saw the hunter he was afraid and asked, “What do you here on my mountain?”

The hunter replied that he came to fight him, and the dragon said, breathing out fire from his seven jaws as he spoke, “Many a knight has already left his life behind him, and you I will soon kill as dead as they.”

The fire from his throat set the grass in a blaze, and the smoke

would have choked the hunter had not his beasts come running up and stamped it out.

Then the dragon made a dart at the hunter, but he swung his sword round so that it whistled in the air, and cut off three of the beast's heads. The dragon now became furious and raised himself in the air, spitting out fire over his enemy, trying in every way to overthrow him; but the hunter, springing on one side, raised his sword again, and cut off three more of his heads.

The beast was half killed with this, and sank down, but tried

once more to catch the hunter, who beat him off, and, with his last strength, cut off the dragon's tail; and then being unable to fight longer, he called his beasts, who came and tore the dragon to pieces.

As soon as the battle was over, the hunter unlocked the chapel, where he found the Princess lying on the floor. She had fainted with terror while the contest was going on. The hunter carried her out, and when she came to herself and opened her eyes, he showed her the dragon torn to pieces, and said she was now safe forever.

The sight made her quite happy, and she said, “Now you will be my husband, for my father has promised me to him who should kill the dragon.”

So saying, she took off her necklace of coral and divided it among the beasts for a reward, the lion having the gold snap for his share. But her handkerchief, on which her name was marked, she presented to the huntsman, who cut the tongues from the dragon’s seven mouths, and, wrapping them in the handkerchief, kept them with great care.

All this being done, the hunter

felt so wearied by the battle with the dragon and the fire, that he said to the Princess, “Since we are both so tired, let us sleep awhile.” They lay down on the ground, and the hunter bade the lion watch them.

Soon they were sound asleep, and the lion, who was also weary with fighting, said to the bear, “Do you lie down near me, for I must sleep a bit; but wake me if any one comes.” So the bear did as he was bidden, but soon getting tired, he asked the wolf to watch for him. Before long the wolf called the fox, and

said, “Do watch for me a little while, I want to have a nap, and you can call me if any one comes.”

The fox lay down by his side, but soon felt so tired himself that he called the hare, and asked him to take his place and watch while he slept a little. The hare came, and lying down too, soon felt very sleepy; but he had no one to call in his place, and he soon fell asleep and began to snore. Here, then, were sleeping, the Princess, the huntsman, the lion, the bear, the wolf, the fox, and the hare; and all were very sound asleep.

The Marshal, who had been set to watch below, had not seen the dragon fly away with the Princess, and all seemed so very quiet that he took heart, and climbed the mountain.

There lay the dragon on the ground, torn to pieces, and not far off, the King's daughter, and a huntsman with his beasts, all in a deep sleep. Now the Marshal was very wicked, and, taking his sword, he cut off the head of the huntsman, and taking the maiden under his arm, carried her down the mountain. At this she awoke in great fright, and the Marshal

cried to her, “You are in my hands; you must say that it was I who killed the dragon.”

“That I cannot,” she replied, “for a hunter and his animals did it.” Then he drew his sword and told her he would kill her if she did not obey. He then brought her before the King, who went almost beside himself with joy at again seeing his dear daughter, who, he thought, had been torn to pieces by the monster.

The Marshal told the King that he had killed the dragon and freed the Princess and the whole kingdom, and he must have her

for a wife, as it had been promised. The King asked his daughter if it were true. "Ah, yes," she replied, "it must be so; but the wedding shall not take place for a year and a day." For she thought to herself that perhaps in that time she might hear some news of her dear huntsman.

On the dragon's mountain the animals still lay asleep beside their dead master, when a great bee came and settled on the hare's nose, but he lifted his paw and brushed it off. The bee came a second time, but the hare brushed it off again, and went to

sleep. For the third time the bee settled, and stung the hare's nose so that he woke. As soon as he had risen and shaken himself he awoke the fox, and the fox awoke the wolf, the wolf awoke the bear, and the bear awoke the lion.

As soon as the lion got up and saw that the maiden was gone and his dear master dead, he began to roar fearfully, and asked, "Who has done this? Bear, why did you not wake me?" The bear asked the wolf, "Why did you not wake me?" The wolf asked the fox, "Why did you not wake

me?" and the fox asked the hare, "Why did you not wake me?" The poor hare alone had nothing to answer, and the blame was laid upon him. The others would have fallen upon him, but he begged for his life, saying, "Do not kill me and I will restore our dear master to life. I know a hill where grows a root that will heal all diseases and wounds. But this hill lies two hundred hours' journey from here."

The lion said, "You must go and return in four and twenty hours, bringing the root with you."

The hare ran off and in four and twenty hours came back with the root in his mouth. Now the lion put the huntsman's head again to his body, while the hare applied the root to the wound; and the huntsman began to revive, his heart beat, and life returned.

The huntsman now awoke, and seeing that the maiden was no longer with him, he thought to himself, "While I slept, perhaps she ran away to get rid of me."

In his haste the lion had set his master's head on the wrong way; but the hunter, thinking so

much about the Princess, did not find it out till mid-day, when he wanted to eat. Then, when he wished to help himself, he found his head was turned to his back, and he asked the animals what had happened to him in his sleep.

The lion told him that from weariness they had all gone to sleep, and when they awoke they found him dead, with his head cut off; that the hare had fetched the life-root, but in his great haste he had turned his master's head the wrong way, but that he would make it all right again in no time. So saying, he cut off

the huntsman's head and turned it round, while the hare healed the wound with the root.

After this the hunter became very dull, and went about from place to place letting his animals dance to the people for show. After a year's time he came again into the same town where he had saved the Princess from the dragon, and this time it was hung all over with scarlet cloth. He asked the landlord of the inn, "What means this? A year ago the city was hung with black crape, and to-day it is all in red!" The landlord replied, "A year

ago our King's daughter was given to the dragon, but our Marshal fought with it and slew it, and this day they are to be married; before, the town was hung with crape in token of grief, but to-day with scarlet cloth to show our joy."

The next day, when the wedding was to take place, the huntsman said to the landlord, "Believe it or not, mine host, but to-day I will eat bread at the same table with the King!"

Then, calling the hare, he said, "Go, dear Jumper, and bring me a bit of bread such as the King eats."

Now, the hare was the smallest, and could not trust his business to any one else, but was obliged to make himself ready to go. “Oh!” thought he, “if I jump along the streets alone, the dogs will come out after me.”

While he stood thinking, the dogs came behind and were about to seize him for a choice morsel, but he made a spring (had you but seen it!), and ran into a sentry-box without the knowledge of the soldier. The dogs came and tried to hunt him out, but the soldier beat them off with a

club, so that they ran howling and barking away.

As soon as the hare saw the coast clear, he ran up to the castle and into the room where the Princess was, and, getting under her stool, began to scratch her foot. The Princess said, “Will you be quiet?” thinking it was her dog. Then the hare scratched her foot a second time, and she said again, “Will you be quiet?” but the hare would not leave off, and a third time he scratched her foot; and now she peeped down and knew the hare by his necklace. She took him up in her

arms and carried him into her chamber, saying, “Dear hare, what do you want?” The hare replied, “My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and sent me: I am come for a piece of bread such as the King eats.”

At these words she became very glad, and bade her servant bring her a piece of bread such as the King had. When it was brought, the hare said, “The baker must carry it for me, or the dogs will seize it.” So the baker carried it to the door of the inn, where the hare got upon his hind legs, and, taking the

bread in his forepaws, carried it to his master.

The landlord wondered very much, but the huntsman said further, “Yes, I have got the King’s bread, and now I will have some of his meat”; and calling the fox, he said, “My dear fox, go and fetch me some of the meat which the King is to eat to-day.”

The fox, who was more cunning than the hare, went through the lanes and alleys, without seeing a dog, straight to the royal palace and into the room of the Princess, under whose stool he crept.

Presently he scratched her foot, and the Princess, looking down, knew the fox with her necklace, and, taking him into her room, she asked, “What do you want, dear fox?” He replied, “My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and sent me to beg a piece of meat such as the King will eat to-day.”

The Princess called the cook, and made her prepare a dish of meat like the King’s, and, when it was ready, she bade him carry it for the fox to the door of the inn. There the fox took the dish himself, and, first driving the flies

away with a whisk of his tail, carried it to the hunter.

“See here, master landlord,” said the hunter; “here are the bread and meat: now I will have the same fruit as the King eats.”

He called the wolf, and said, “Dear wolf, go and fetch me some fruit the same as the King eats to-day.”

The wolf went straight to the castle like a person who feared nodody, and, when he came into the Princess's chamber, he plucked at her clothes so that she looked round. The maiden knew the wolf by his necklace, and took

him with her into her room, and said, “Dear wolf, what do you want?”

The beast replied, “My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me for some fruit like that the King eats to-day.”

Then she bade the cook prepare a dish of fruit the same as the King’s, and carry it to the inn-door for the wolf, who took it of her, and bore it in to his master. The hunter said, “See here, my host; now I have bread, meat, and fruit the same as the King’s, but I will also have the same sweetmeats.” Then he called to

the bear, “Dear bear, go and fetch me some sweetmeats like those the King has for his dinner to-day, for you like sweet things.”

The bear rolled along up to the castle, while every one got out of his way; but, when he came to the guard, he pointed his gun at him, and would not let him pass into the royal rooms. The bear, however, got up on his hind legs, and gave the guard a box on the ears with his paw, which knocked him down; and then he went straight to the room of the Princess, and, getting behind her, growled slightly.

She looked round and saw the bear, whom she took into her own chamber and asked him what he came for. “My master, who slew the dragon, is here,” said he, “and has sent me for some sweetmeats such as the King eats.”

The Princess called the sugar-baker, and bade him prepare sweetmeats like those the King had, and carry them for the bear to the inn. There the bear took charge of them, and, first licking off the sugar which had boiled over, he took them in to his master.

“See here, friend landlord,” said the huntsman; “now I have

bread, meat, fruit, and sweetmeats from the table of the King; but I mean also to drink his wine."

He called the lion and said, "Dear lion, go and fetch me some wine like that the King drinks."

The lion strode through the town, where all the people made way for him, and soon came to the castle, where the watchmen tried to stop him at the gates; but he just gave a little bit of a roar, and they were so frightened that they all ran away. He walked on to the royal chamber and knocked with his tail at the door, and when the Princess

opened it, she was at first frightened to see a lion; but, soon knowing him by the gold snap of her necklace which he wore, she took him into her room and asked, “Dear lion, what do you wish?”

The lion replied, “My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me for wine like that the King drinks at his own table.” The Princess called the butler, and told him to give the lion wine such as the King drank. But the lion said, “I will go down with you and see that I have the right kind.”

When they found it he bade the butler fill six bottles with it, and the lion, taking the basket in his mouth, carried it to his master.

The hunter called the landlord, and said, “See here; now I have bread, meat, fruit, sweetmeats, and wine, the very same as the King will himself eat to-day, and so I will make my dinner with my animals.”

They sat down and ate, for he gave the hare, the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the lion their share of the good things, and was very happy, for he felt the King's daughter still loved him. When

he had finished his meal, he said to the landlord: “Now, as I have eaten and drunk the same things as the King, I will even go to the royal palace and marry the Princess.”

The landlord said, “How can that be, for she is to marry the Marshal to-day?”

Then the hunter drew out the handkerchief which the King’s daughter had given him on the dragon’s mountain, and wherein the seven tongues of the dragon’s seven heads were wrapped, and said, “This shall help me to do it.”

The landlord looked at the handkerchief, and said, “If I believe all that has been done, still I cannot believe that.”

Meantime the King asked his daughter, “What do all these wild beasts mean who have come to you to-day, and passed in and out of my castle?”

She replied, “I dare not tell you, but send and let the master of these beasts be brought, and you will do well.”

The King sent a servant to the inn to invite the strange man to come. Then said the hunter “See, mine host, the King even

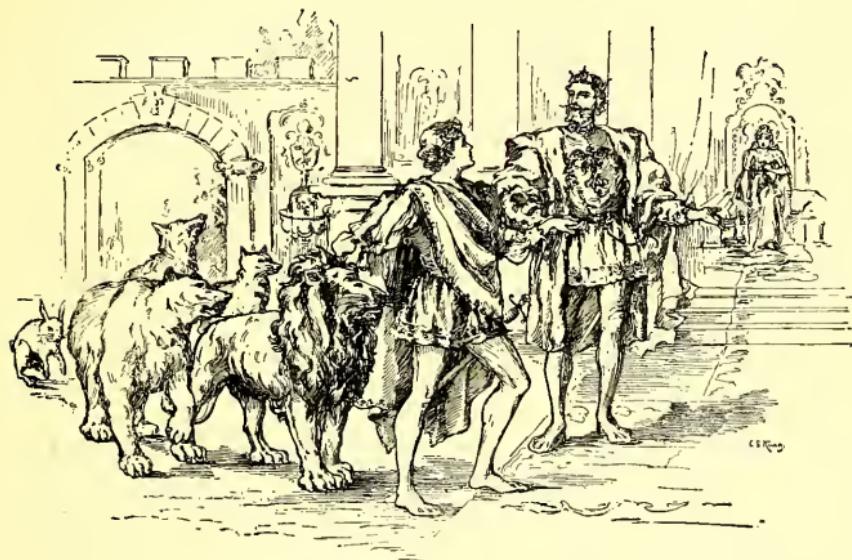
sends a servant to invite me to come, but I do not go yet.” And to the servant he said, “I beg that the King will send me royal clothes, and a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait on me.”

When the King heard this answer, he said to his daughter, “What shall I do?” “Do as he desires, and you will do well,” she replied. So the King sent a suit of royal clothes, a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait upon the man. As the hunter saw them coming, he said to the landlord, “See here, I am treated

just as I desired to be," and, putting on the royal clothes, he took the handkerchief with him, and drove to the King.

When the King saw him coming, he asked his daughter how he should receive him, and she said, "Go out to meet him, and you will do well." So the King met him and led him into the palace, the animals following. The King showed him a seat near himself and his daughter, and the Marshal sat upon the other side. Now, against the wall was placed the seven-headed dragon, stuffed as if it were yet

alive ; and the King said, “The seven heads of that dragon were cut off by our Marshal.”



Then the hunter rose up, and, opening the seven jaws of the dragon, asked where were the seven tongues. This frightened the Marshal, and he turned pale as death, but at last he said, “dragons have no tongues.”

The hunter replied, “*Liars* should have none, but the dragon’s tongues are the trophies of the dragon slayer.” And so saying, he unwrapped the handkerchief, and there lay the seven tongues. He put one into each mouth of the monster, and they fitted exactly. Then he took the handkerchief, upon which her name was marked, and showed it to the maiden, and asked her to whom she had given it, and she replied, “To him who slew the dragon.”

Then he called his beasts, and taking from each the necklace,

and from the lion the golden snap, he put them together, and showing them to the Princess too, asked to whom they belonged. The Princess said, “The necklace and the snap were mine, and I shared it among the animals who helped to conquer the dragon.”

Then the huntsman said, “When I was sleeping after the fight, the Marshal came and cut off my head, and then took away the Princess, and gave out that it was he who killed the dragon.”

“I show these tongues, this necklace, and this handkerchief for proofs that he has lied.” Then

he told how the beasts had cured him with a wonderful root, and that for a year he had wandered, and at last had come again, where he had learned the deceit of the Marshal from the innkeeper. The King then asked his daughter, “Is it true that this man killed the dragon?”

“Yes,” she replied, “it is true; but I dared not tell the wicked deeds of the Marshal, because he said if I did he would kill me.”

After these words, the King called twelve wise men to judge the Marshal, and these agreed that he should be banished. Then

the King gave his daughter to the huntsman. The wedding was a joyful one, and the young King caused his father and foster-father to be brought to him, and loaded them with presents.

The young King and Queen were now very happy. He often went out hunting, and the faithful animals always went with him.

There was a forest near by which was said to be haunted, and if one entered it he did not easily get out again. The young King took a great fancy to hunt in it. One day he rode with a great company, and, as he came

near the forest, he saw a snow-white doe going into it; so, telling his men to await his return, he rode off among the trees, only his faithful beasts going with him.

The men of the court waited and waited until evening, but he did not return; so they rode home, and told the young Queen that her husband had ridden into the forest in pursuit of a white doe, and had not come out again. The news made her very anxious about him.

He, however, had ridden farther and farther into the wood after

the beautiful animal without catching it. When he thought it was within range of his gun, with one spring it got away, till at last it went quite out of sight.

Then, for the first time, he saw how deeply he had plunged into the thicket; and, taking his horn, he gave a blast, but there was no answer, for his people could not hear it. Soon night began to close in, and, seeing that he could not get home that day, he built a fire, and made ready to pass the night there.

While he sat by the fire with his beasts lying near him, he

thought he heard a human voice, but, on looking round, he could see nobody. Soon after, he heard a groan as if from a box, and, looking up, he saw an old woman sitting in a tree, who was groaning and crying, “Oh, oh, oh, how I do freeze!” He called out, “Come down and warm yourself if you freeze.” But she said, “No; your beasts will bite me.”

He replied, “They will not harm you, my good lady, if you come down.”

But she was a witch, and said, “I will throw you down a twig, with which, if you beat upon

their backs, they can then do me no harm." He did as she asked, and they lay down quietly enough, for they were changed into stones.

Now, when the old woman was safe from the animals, she sprang down, and, touching the King with a twig, turned him also into a stone. Then she laughed to herself, and buried him and his beasts in a grave.

Meantime, the young Queen grew more and more anxious and sad because her husband did not return. Just at this time, the other brother came into her king-

dom. He had been seeking and had found no service to enter, and was, therefore, traveling through the country, making his animals dance for a living.

Once he thought he would go and look for the knife which they had stuck in a tree, in order to see how his brother fared. When he looked at it, lo ! his brother's side was half rusty and half bright, and he thought his brother had fallen into some great trouble; but he hoped yet to save him, since one half of the knife was bright.

He, therefore, went with his

beasts towards the west; and, as he came to the city, the watch went out to him and asked if he should tell the Queen he had come, for she had for two days been in great sorrow and distress at his absence, and feared he had been killed in the enchanted wood.

The watchman thought he was none other than the young King, he was so much like him and had also the same wild beasts with him. The huntsman saw he was speaking of his brother, but thought it was all for the best that he should give himself out as his

brother, for so, perhaps, he might more easily save him.

He went with the watchman into the castle, and was there received with great joy, for the young Queen also thought he was the King, and asked him where he had stayed so long. He told her he had been lost in a wood and could not find his way out any earlier.

He rested at home a few days, but was always asking about the enchanted wood; and at last he said, “I must hunt there once more.” The King and the young Queen begged him not to go, but

he went out with a great number of servants.

As soon as he got into the wood he saw a white hind, and told his people to wait where they were, while he hunted the wild animal, and he rode off, his beasts following him. But he could not catch the hind any more than his brother could ; and he went so deep into the wood that he had to pass the night there.

As soon as he had made a fire, he heard some one groaning, and saying, “Oh, oh, oh, how I do freeze !” Then he looked up, and

there sat the same old witch in the tree, and he said to her, “If you freeze, old woman, why don’t you come down and warm yourself?” She replied, “Because your beasts would bite me; but if you will beat them with a twig which I will throw down to you, they can do me no harm.”

When the hunter heard this he doubted the old woman, and said to her, “I do not beat my beasts; so come down, or I will fetch you.” But she called out, “What are you thinking of? You can do nothing to me.” He answered, “Come down, or I will shoot

you.” The old woman laughed, and said, “Shoot away! I am not afraid of your bullets!”

He knelt down and shot, but she was bullet-proof; and, laughing, she called out, “You cannot catch me.” However, the hunter knew a trick or two, and, tearing three silver buttons from his coat, he loaded his gun with them. While he was ramming them down, the old witch threw herself from the tree with a loud shriek, for she was not proof against such shot. He placed his foot upon her neck, and said, “Old witch, if you do not tell me

quickly where my brother is, I will tie your hands together, and throw you into the fire!"

She begged for mercy, and said, "He is turned into stone and lies in the grave with his beasts." Then he forced her to go with him, saying, "You old wretch! Now turn my brother and all the creatures which lie here into their proper forms, or I will throw you into the fire!"

The old witch took a twig and turned the stones back to what they formerly were, and there before the huntsman stood his brother and the beasts, as well as

many merchants, work-people, and shepherds, who, delighted with their freedom, returned home. But the twin brothers, when they saw each other again, kissed and embraced and were very glad.

They seized the old witch, bound her, and laid her on the fire; and, when she was burned, the forest itself sank into the earth, and all was clear and free from trees, so that one could see the royal palace only three miles distant.

Now, the two brothers went home together, and the younger

brother said, “You see that we both have on royal robes, and have both the same beasts following us; we will, therefore, enter the city at opposite gates, and arrive at the same time before the King.”

Then they parted; and at the same moment a watchman from each gate came to the King, and told him that the young Prince, with the beasts, had returned from the hunt. The King said, “It is not possible, for your two gates are a mile apart!” But in the meantime the two brothers had arrived in the castle-yard,

and they began to mount the stairs.

When they entered, the King said to his daughter, "Tell me which is your husband, for one appears to me the same as the other, and I cannot tell."

The Princess was in great trouble, for she could not tell which was which; but at last she bethought herself of the necklace which she had given to the beasts, and she looked and found on one of the lions her golden snap, and then she cried, "He to whom this lion belongs is my rightful husband." Then the

young King laughed, and said, “Yes, that is right”; and they sat down together at table, and ate, and drank, and were merry.



## THE SIX SWANS.

THERE was a King who had seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he loved above everything else in the world. He became afraid that some great evil might happen to them, so he took them away to a lonely castle which stood in the midst of a forest.

This castle was so hidden that he himself could not have found it if a wise woman had not given him a ball of cotton which unrolled when he threw it before him, showing him the right path.

The King went so often to see his dear children that an evil person wished to know why he went to the forest. So she gave his servants money, and they told her the secret, and also told her of the ball of cotton which alone could show her the way.

She had now no peace until she found this ball. Then she made some fine silken shirts, and sewed within each one a charm. One day soon after, when the King had gone out hunting, she took the little shirts and went into the forest, and the cotton showed her the path.

The children, seeing some one coming in the distance, thought it was their dear father, and ran out towards her full of joy. Then she threw over each of them a shirt, which, as it touched their bodies, changed them into swans, which flew away over the forest. Happily the little girl had remained in the castle, and so she was not changed to a swan.

The next day the King went to visit his children, but he found only the maiden. “Where are your brothers?” asked he. “Ah, dear father,” she replied, “they have gone away and left me

alone"; and she told him how she had looked out of the window and had seen them changed into swans, which had flown over the forest; and then she showed him some feathers which they had dropped in the yard, for she had saved every one.

The King was much grieved, and feared the girl might also be stolen away, so he took her with him.

The poor maiden thought to herself, "This is no longer my place, I will go and seek my brothers"; and when night came she went quite deep into the wood.

She walked all night and most of the next day, until her feet were so sore she could go no further. Just then she saw a rude hut, and, walking in, she found a room with six little beds. She dared not get into one, but crept under, and, lying down upon the hard earth, thought she would pass the night there. Just as the sun was setting, she heard a rustling, and saw six white swans come flying in at the window.

They settled on the ground and began blowing one another until they had blown all their feathers

off, and their swan's down dropped off like a shirt. Then the maiden knew them at once for her brothers, and gladly crept out from under the bed, and the brothers were not less glad to see their sister. "But here you must not stay," said they to her; "this is a robbers' hiding-place." "Can you not protect me, then?" asked the sister.

"No," they replied, "we can lay aside our swan's feathers for only a quarter of an hour each evening. For that time we regain our human form, but afterwards we are again changed into swans."

Their sister then asked them, with tears, “Can you not be my brothers again?”

“Oh, no,” replied they. “The task is too hard. For six long years you must neither speak nor laugh, and during that time you must sew for us six little shirts of star-flowers, and should there fall a single word from your lips, then all your labor will be vain.” Just as the brother said this, the quarter of an hour came to an end, and they all flew out of the window again like swans.

The little sister made a solemn promise to herself that she would

save her brothers, or die in the attempt. So she left the cottage, and, going deep into the forest, passed the night in the branches of a tree. The next morning she went out and gathered the star-flowers to sew.

She had no one to talk with, and for laughing she had no spirits, so there in the tree she sat, intent upon her work. After she had passed some time thus, the King of that country, who was hunting in the forest with his men, came under the tree in which the maiden sat. They called to her and asked, “Who

art thou?" But she gave no answer. "Come down to us; we will do thee no harm."

She simply shook her head, and, when they pressed her further with questions, she threw down to them her gold necklace, hoping they would go away. But they did not leave her; then she threw down her girdle, but in vain.

At last the hunter himself climbed the tree, brought down the maiden, and took her before the King. The King asked her, "Who art thou? What doest thou in that tree?" But she did not answer.

She was so beautiful, the King's heart was touched, and he put around her his cloak, and, placing her before him on his horse, took her to his castle. There he had rich clothing made for her, and, although her beauty shone as the sunbeams, not a word would she speak. The King kept her by his side, and her gentle manners so won him, that he said, "This maiden will I marry, and no other."

Now, the King had wicked subjects who spoke evil of the young Queen. "Who knows whence she comes?" said they.

“She who cannot speak is not worthy of a King.” Much evil was said of her, but the King would not believe it. At last so



many became her enemies because she would not tell the secret of her sewing in constant silence, that even the King's power could not save her

from harm, and it was decreed that she should be put to death.

When the time came for her to die, it happened that the very day had come when her brothers should be freed. The shirts were ready, all but the last, which lacked the left sleeve. As she was led to the scaffold she placed them upon her arm. Just as she mounted it, and the fire was about to be kindled, she saw six swans come flying through the air.

Her heart leaped for joy as she saw her brothers coming. Soon

the swans alighted so near that she was able to throw over them the shirts, which caused their feathers to fall off, and the



brothers stood up alive and well; but the youngest had a swan's wing instead of his left arm. The Queen could defend herself now, and the people believed her

innocent as soon as they saw the swans changed into six noblemen by the work she had done in silence, at the risk of her life.

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