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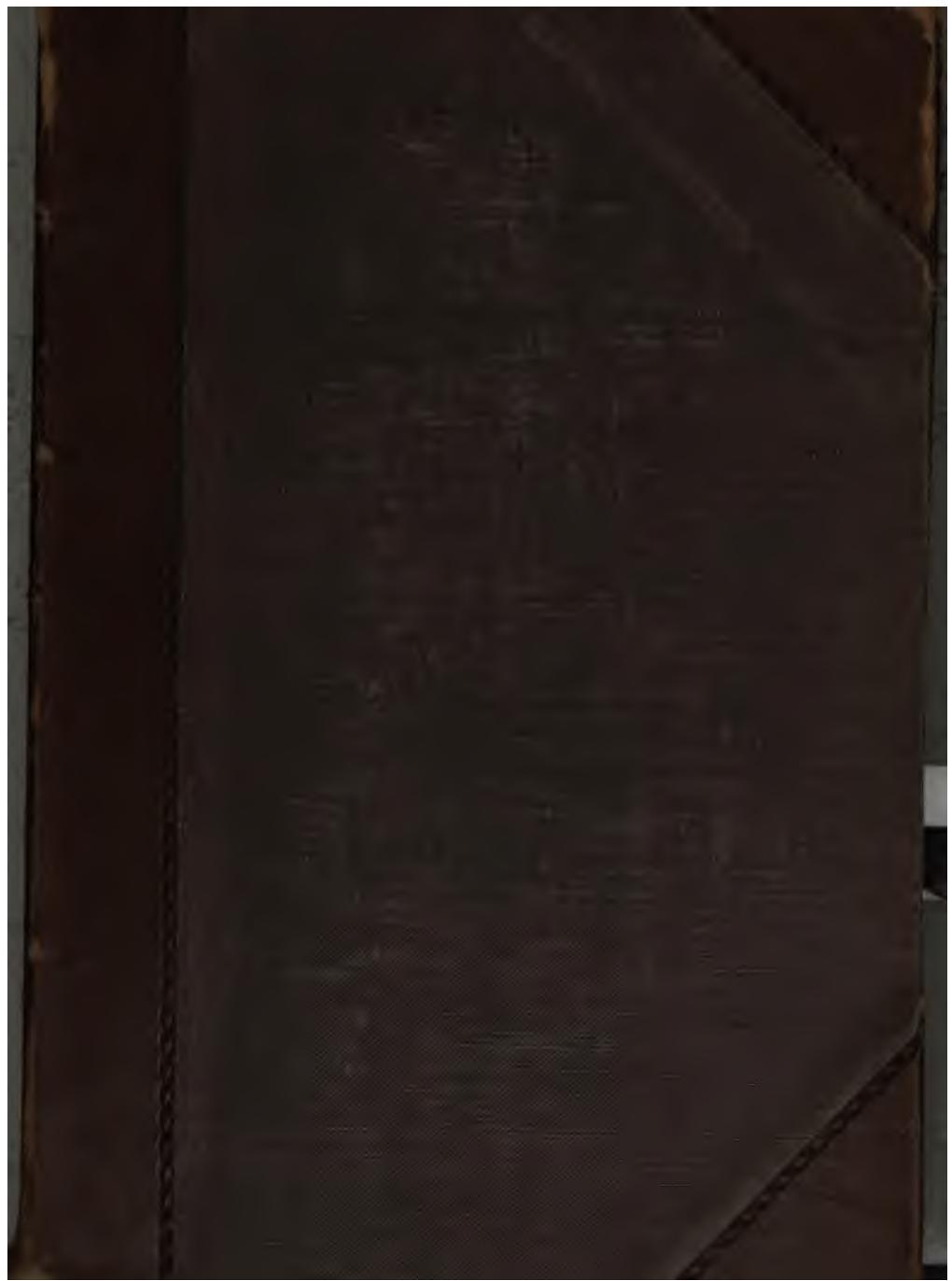
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HOUSEHOLD STORIES

COLLECTED BY

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

Newly Translated.

WITH TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS
BY EDWARD H. WEHNEET.



VOLUME I.

—
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PREFACE.

THE “*Kinder und Hausmärchen*” of the Brothers Grimm is a world-renowned book. Every Collector of Stories has borrowed from its treasures,—hundreds of Artists have illustrated it,—Plays have been founded on many of the tales,—and learned Essays of deep research have been written upon it by men of literary eminence.

The Brothers Grimm themselves thus speak of their work :—

“ We may see sometimes, when a whole harvest has been destroyed by storm or other calamity that heaven sends, still some little nook has found a shelter near the low hedges or bushes by the roadside, and some single ears of corn have remained standing. When again the sun shines favourably, they grow on, unnoticed and in solitude: no early sickle reaps them for the great store houses, but in the autumn, when they are ripe and full, some poor hands come and seek them, and, gathered ear by ear, carefully bound, and more highly prized than other whole sheaves,

they are carried home, and the whole winter long they serve for food—perhaps also, they are the only seed for the future.

“ So it has appeared to us when we have seen, how, of so much that bloomed in former times, nothing has remained but ballads, a few books, some sayings, and these innocent household stories amongst the people. The places near the stove, the kitchen-hearth, the steps to the loft, feast-days still kept, meadows and forests in their quietude, above all, *untroubled fancy*, were the hedges that protected and delivered them over from one time to another.”

In our translation of these “ Household Stories” we have simply endeavoured to render the homely talk of Germany into the homely talk of our own country. We have omitted about a dozen short pieces to which English mothers might object, and for good and satisfactory reasons have altered, in a slight way, four other stories. The mixture of sacred subjects with profane, though frequent in Germany, would not meet with favour in an English book.

Any praise of Mr. Wehnert’s Illustrations is quite unnecessary. They are so full of character, and so happily in accordance with the spirit of the work, that every one who admires the stories must be delighted with the pictures.

THE TRANSLATORS.

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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 exceedingly beautiful that the Sun himself, although he saw her very often, was surprised whenever she came out into the sunshine.

Near the castle of this King lay a large and gloomy forest, and in the midst stood an old lime-tree, beneath whose branches flowed a tranquil brook; whenever it was very hot, the King's youngest daughter ran off into this wood, and sat down on the bank of the cool stream; and, when she felt dull, would often divert herself by throwing a golden ball up in the air and catching it. And this was her favourite amusement.

Now, one day it so happened, that this golden ball, when the King's daughter threw it into the air, did not fall down into her hand, but on the grass; and then it rolled past her

into a little fountain. The King's daughter followed the ball with her eyes, but it disappeared beneath the water, which was so deep that no one could see to the bottom. Then she began to lament, and to cry louder and louder; and, as she cried, a voice called out, "Why weepest thou, O King's daughter! thy tears would melt even a stone to pity." And she looked around to the spot whence the voice came, and saw a Frog stretching his thick ugly 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," answered the Frog; "I can give thee good advice. But what wilt thou give me if I fetch thy plaything up again?"

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

The Frog answered, "Dresses, or jewels, or golden crowns, are not for me; but if thou wilt love me, and let me be thy companion and playfellow, 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 fetch up thy golden ball."

"Oh, I will promise you all," said she, "if you will only get me my ball." But she thought to herself, "What is the silly Frog chattering about? Let him remain in the water with his equals; he cannot mix in society." But the Frog, as soon as he had received her promise, drew his head under the water and dived down. Presently 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 immediately. "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 hear it, but, hastening



right up to her chair : and as soon as she was seated, the Frog said, "Take me up ;" but she hesitated so long, that at last the King ordered her to obey. And as soon as the Frog sat on the chair he jumped on to the table and said, "Now push thy plate near me, that we may eat together." And she did so, but, as every one saw, very unwillingly. The Frog seemed to relish his dinner much, but every bit that the King's daughter ate nearly choked her, till at last the Frog said, "I have satisfied my hunger and feel very tired ; wilt thou carry me upstairs now into thy chamber, and make thy bed ready that we may sleep together?" 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 actually wanted to sleep in her own beautiful, clean bed.

But her tears only made the King very angry, and he said, "He who helped you in the time of your trouble must not now be despised." So she took the Frog up with two fingers and put him in a corner of her chamber. But, as she lay in her bed, he crept up to it and said, "I am so very tired that I shall sleep well ; do take me up, or I will tell thy father." This speech put the King's daughter in a terrible passion, and, catching the Frog up, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, saying, "Now, will you be quiet, you ugly Frog!"

But 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 dear companion and betrothed. Then he told her how he had been transformed by an evil witch, and that no one but herself would have had the power to take him out of the fountain ; and that on the morrow they would go together into his own kingdom.

The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, 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 the 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. But now that the carriage was ready to carry the young Prince to his own country, the faithful Henry helped in the bride and bridegroom, and placed himself in the seat behind, full of joy at his master's release. They had not proceeded far when the Prince heard a crack as if something had broken behind the carriage; so he put his head out of the window and asked Henry what was 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 now free and happy.



THE CAT AND THE MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP.

A CAT having made the acquaintance of a Mouse, told him so much of the great love and affection that she bore to him, that the Mouse at last consented to live in the same house with the Cat, and to have their domestic affairs in common. "But we must provide for the winter," said the Cat, "or we shall be starved: you little Mouse cannot go anywhere, or you will meet with an accident." This advice was followed, and a pot was bought with some grease in it. However, when they had got it they could not imagine where it should be put: at last, after a long consideration, the Cat said, "I know no better place to put it than in the church, for there no one dares to steal anything: we will set it beneath the altar, and not touch it till we really want it." So the pot was put away in safety; but not a long while afterwards the Cat began to wish for it again, so she spoke to the Mouse and said, "I have to tell you that I am asked by my aunt to stand godmother to a little son, white with brown marks, whom she has just brought into the world, and so I must go to the christening. Let me go out to-day, and do you

stop at home and keep house." "Certainly," answered the Mouse, "pray, go; and if you eat anything nice think of me: I would also willingly drink a little of the sweet red christening-wine." But it was all a story; for the Cat had no aunt, and had not been asked to stand godmother. She went straight to the church, crept up to the grease-pot, and licked it till she had eaten off the top; then she took a walk on the roofs of the houses in the town, thinking over her situation, and now and then stretching herself in the sun and stroking her whiskers as often as she thought of the pot of fat. When it was evening she went home again, and the Mouse said, "So you have come at last: what a charming day you must have had!"

"Yes," answered the Cat, "it went off very well."

"What have you named the kitten?" asked the Mouse.

"*Top-off*," said the Cat very quickly.

"*Top-off!*" replied the Mouse; "that is a curious and remarkable name: is it common in your family?"

"What does that matter?" said the Cat; "it is not worse than Crumb-stealer, as your children are called."

Not long afterwards the Cat felt the same longing as before, and said to the Mouse, "You must oblige me by taking care of the house once more by yourself; I am again asked to stand godmother, and, since the youngster has a white ring round his neck, I cannot get off the invitation." So the good little Mouse consented, and the Cat crept away behind the wall to the church again, and ate half the contents of the grease-pot. "Nothing tastes better than what one eats by oneself," said she, quite contented with her day's work; and when she came home the Mouse asked how this child was named.

"*Half-out*," answered the Cat.

"*Half-out!* what do you mean? I never heard such a name before in my life: I will wager anything it is not in the calendar."

The Cat's mouth now began to water again at the recollection of the feasting. "All good things come in threes," said she to the Mouse. "I am again required to be a godmother; this

child is quite black and has little white claws, but not a single white hair on his body; such a thing only happens once in two years, so pray excuse me this time."

"*Top-off! Half-out!*?" answered the Mouse; "these are such curious names, they make me a bit suspicious."

"Ah," replied the Cat, "there you sit in your grey coat and long tail, thinking nonsense. That comes of never going out."

The Mouse busied herself during the Cat's absence in putting the house in order, but meanwhile greedy puss licked the grease-pot clean out. "When it is all done one will rest in peace," thought she to herself, and as soon as night came she went home fat and tired. The Mouse, however, again asked what name the third child had received. "It will not please you any better," answered the Cat, "for he is called *All-out*."

"*All-out!*?" exclaimed the Mouse; "well, that is certainly the most curious name by far. I have never yet seen it in print. *All-out!* what can that mean?" and, shaking her head, she rolled herself up and went to sleep.

After that nobody else asked the Cat to stand godmother; but the winter had arrived, and nothing more was to be picked up out of doors, so the Mouse bethought herself of their store of provision, and said, "Come, mistress Cat, we will go to our grease-pot which we laid by; it will taste well now."

"Yes, indeed," replied the Cat, "it will taste as well as if you stroked your tongue against the window."

So they set out on their journey, and when they arrived at the church the pot stood in its old place—but it was empty! "Ah," said the Mouse, "I see what has happened; now I know you are indeed a faithful friend. You have eaten the whole as you stood godmother, first *Top-off*, then *Half-out*, then"—

"Will you be quiet?" cried the Cat. "Not a word, or I'll eat you." But the poor Mouse had "*All-out*" at her tongue's end, and had scarcely uttered it when the Cat made a spring, seized him in her mouth, and swallowed him.

This happens every day in the world.



THE WOODCUTTER'S CHILD.

—♦—

ONCE upon a time, near a large wood, there lived a wood-cutter and his wife, who had only one child, a little girl three years old ; but they were so poor that they had scarcely food sufficient for every day in the week, and often they were puzzled to know what they should get to eat. One morning the wood-cutter went into the wood to work, full of care, and, as he chopped the trees, there stood before him a tall and beautiful woman, having a crown of shining stars upon her head, who thus addressed him : "I am the Guardian Angel of every Christian child ; thou art poor and needy ; bring me thy child, and I will take her with me. I will be her mother, and henceforth she shall be under my care." The woodcutter consented, and calling his child gave her to the Angel, who carried her to the land of Happiness. There everything went happily ; she ate sweet bread and drank pure milk ; her clothes were gold, and her playfellows were beautiful children. When she became fourteen years old, the Guardian Angel called her to her side and said, "My dear

child, I have a long journey for thee. Take these keys of the thirteen doors of the land of Happiness : twelve of them thou mayest open, and behold the glories therein; but the thirteenth, to which this little key belongs, thou art forbidden to open. Beware ! if thou dost disobey, harm will befall thee."

The maiden promised to be obedient, and, when the Guardian Angel was gone, began her visits to the mansions of Happiness. Every day one door was unclosed, until she had seen all the twelve. In each mansion there sat an angel, surrounded by a bright light. The maiden rejoiced at the glory, and the child who accompanied her rejoiced with her. Now the forbidden door alone remained. A great desire possessed the maiden to know what was hidden there ; and she said to the child, "I will not quite open it, nor will I go in, but I will only unlock the door so that we may peep through the chink." "No, no," said the child ; "that will be a sin. The Guardian Angel has forbidden it, and misfortune would soon fall upon us."

At this the maiden was silent, but the desire still remained in her heart, and tormented her continually, so that she had no peace. One day, however, all the children were away, and she thought, "Now I am alone and can peep in, no one will know what I do ;" so she found the keys, and, taking them in her hand, placed the right one in the lock and turned it around. Then the door sprang open, and she saw three angels sitting on a throne, surrounded by a great light. The maiden remained a little while standing in astonishment ; and then, putting her finger in the light, she drew it back and it was turned into gold. Then great alarm seized her, and, shutting the door hastily, she ran away. But her fear only increased more and more, and her heart beat so violently that she thought it would burst ; the gold also on her finger would not come off, although she washed it and rubbed it with all her strength.

Not long afterwards the Guardian Angel came back from her journey, and, calling the maiden to her, demanded the keys of the mansion. As she delivered them up, the Angel looked in

her face and asked, "Hast thou opened the thirteenth door?"—"No," answered the maiden.

Then the Angel laid her hand upon the maiden's heart, and felt how violently it was beating; and she knew that her command had been disregarded, and that the child had opened the door. Then she asked again, "Hast thou opened the thirteenth door?"—"No," said the maiden, for the second time.

Then the Angel perceived that the child's finger had become golden from touching the light, and she knew that the child was guilty; and she asked her for the third time, "Hast thou opened the thirteenth door?"—"No," said the maiden again.

Then the Guardian Angel replied, "Thou hast not obeyed me, nor done my bidding; therefore thou art no longer worthy to remain among good children."

And the maiden sank down in a deep sleep, and when she awoke she found herself in the midst of a wilderness. She wished to call out, but she had lost her voice. Then she sprang up, and tried to run away; but wherever she turned thick bushes held her back, so that she could not escape. In the deserted spot in which she was now enclosed, there stood an old hollow tree; this was her dwelling-place. In this place she slept by night, and when it rained and blew she found shelter within it. Roots and wild berries were her food, and she sought for them as far as she could reach. In the autumn she collected the leaves of the trees, and laid them in her hole; and when the frost and snow of the winter came, she clothed herself with them, for her clothes had dropped into rags. But during the sunshine she sat outside the tree, and her long hair fell down on all sides and covered her like a mantle. Thus she remained a long time experiencing the misery and poverty of the world.

But, once, when the trees had become green again, the King of the country was hunting in the forest, and, as a bird flew into the bushes which surrounded the wood, he dismounted, and, tearing the brushwood aside, cut a path for himself with his sword. When he had at last made his way through, he saw

a beautiful maiden, who was clothed from head to foot with her own golden locks, sitting under the tree. He stood in silence, and looked at her for some time in astonishment; at last he said, "Child, how came you into this wilderness?" But the maiden answered not, for she had become dumb. Then the King asked, "Will you go with me to my castle?" At that she nodded her head, and the King, taking her in his arms, put her on his horse and rode away home. Then he gave her beautiful clothing, and everything in abundance. Still she could not speak; but her beauty was so great, and so won upon the King's heart, that after a little while he married her.

When about a year had passed away the Queen brought a son into the world, and in that night, while lying alone in her bed, the Guardian Angel appeared to her, and said:—

"Wilt thou tell the truth, and confess that thou didst unlock the forbidden door? For then will I open thy mouth and give thee again the power of speech; but if thou remainest obstinate in thy sin, then will I take from thee thy new-born babe."

And the power to answer was given to her, but she remained hardened, and said, "No, I did not open the door;" and at those words the Guardian Angel took the child out of her arms and disappeared with him.

The next morning, when the child was not to be seen, a murmur arose among the people, that their Queen was a murdereress, who had destroyed her only son; but, although she heard everything, she could say nothing. But the King did not believe the ill report because of his great love for her.

About a year afterwards another son was born, and on the night of his birth the Guardian Angel again appeared, and asked, "Wilt thou confess that thou didst open the forbidden door? Then will I restore to thee thy son, and give thee the power of speech; but if thou hardenest thyself in thy sin, then will I take this new-born babe also with me."

Then the Queen answered again, "No, I did not open the door;" so the angel took the second child out of her arms and

bore him away. On the morrow, when the infant could not be found, the people said openly that the Queen had slain him, and the King's councillors advised that she should be brought to trial. But the King's affection was still so great that he would not believe it, and he commanded his councillors never again to mention the report on pain of death.

The next year a beautiful little girl was born, and for the third time the Guardian Angel appeared and said to the Queen, "Follow me;" and, taking her by the hand, she led her to the kingdom of Happiness, and showed to her the two other children, who were playing merrily. The Queen rejoiced at the sight, and the Angel said, "Is thy heart not yet softened? If thou wilt confess that thou didst unlock the forbidden door, then will I restore to thee both thy sons." But the Queen again answered, "No, I did not open it;" and at these words she sunk upon the earth, and her third child was taken from her.

When this was rumoured abroad the next day, all the people exclaimed, "The Queen is a murderer; she must be condemned;" and the King could not this time repulse his councillors. Thereupon a trial was held, and since the Queen could make no good answer or defence, she was condemned to die upon a funeral pile. The wood was collected; she was bound to the stake, and the fire was lighted all around her. Then the iron pride of her heart began to soften, and she was moved to repentance; and she thought, "Could I but now, before my death, confess that I opened the door!" And her tongue was loosened, and she cried aloud, "Thou good Angel, I confess." At these words the rain descended from heaven and extinguished the fire; then a great light shone above, and the Angel appeared and descended upon the earth, and by her side were the Queen's two sons, ne oon her right hand and the other on her left, and in her arms she bore the new-born babe. Then the Angel restored to the Queen her three children, and, loosening her tongue, promised her great happiness, and said, "Whoever will repent and confess their sins, they shall be forgiven."



A TALE OF ONE WHO TRAVELED TO LEARN WHAT SHIVERING MEANT.

A FATHER had two sons, the elder of whom was forward and clever enough to do almost anything; but the younger was so stupid that he could learn nothing, and when the people saw him they said, "Will thy father still keep thee as a burden to him?" So if anything was to be done, the elder had at all times to do it; but sometimes the father would call him to fetch something in the dead of night, and perhaps the way led through the churchyard or by a dismal place, and then he used to answer, "No, father, I cannot go there, I am afraid," for he was a coward. Or sometimes, of an evening, tales were told by the fireside which made one shudder, and the listeners exclaimed, "Oh, it makes us shiver!" In a corner, meanwhile, sat the younger son listening, but he could not comprehend what was said, and he thought, "They say continually, 'Oh, it makes us

shiver, it makes us shiver!' but perhaps shivering is an art which I cannot comprehend." One day, however, his father said to him, "Do you hear, you there in the corner? You are growing stout and big; you must learn some trade to get your living by. Do you see how your brother works? But as for you, you are not worth malt and hops."

"Ah, father!" answered he, "I would willingly learn something. What shall I begin? I want to know what shivering means, for of that I can understand nothing."

The elder brother laughed when he heard this speech, and thought to himself, "Ah! my brother is such a simpleton that he cannot earn his own living. He who would be a wood-cutter must stoop betimes." But the father sighed and said, "What shivering means you may learn soon enough, but you will never get your bread by that."

Soon after the parish sexton came in for a gossip, so the father told him his troubles, and how that his younger son was such a simpleton that he knew nothing, and could learn nothing. "Just fancy, when I asked him how he intended to earn his bread, he desired to learn what shivering meant." "Oh, if that be all," answered the sexton, "he can learn that soon enough with me; just send him to my place and I will soon teach him." The father was very glad, because he thought that it would do the boy good; so the sexton took him home to ring the bells. About two days afterwards he called him up at midnight to go into the church tower to toll the bell. "You shall soon learn what shivering means," thought the sexton, and getting up he went out. As soon as the boy reached the belfry, and turned himself round to seize the rope, he sat upon the stairs, near the sounding-hole, a white figure. "Who's there?" he called out; but the figure gave no answer, and neither stirred nor spoke. "Answer," said the boy, "or make haste off; you have no business here to-night." But the sexton did not stir, so that the boy might think it was a ghost.

The boy called out a second time, "What are you doing

here? Speak, if you are an honest fellow, or else I will throw you down stairs."

The sexton said to himself, "That is not a bad thought," but he remained quiet as if he were a stone. Then the boy called out for the third time, but it produced no effect; so, making a spring, he threw the ghost down the stairs, so that it rolled ten steps and then lay motionless in a corner. Thereupon he rang the bell, and then going home he lay down without saying a word, and fell fast asleep. The sexton's wife waited some time for her husband, but he did not come; so at last she became anxious, woke the boy, and asked him if he knew where her husband was, who had gone before him to the tower.

"No," answered the boy; "but there was some one standing on the steps, who would not give any answer, nor go away, so I took him for a thief and threw him down stairs. Go now, and see where he is; perhaps it may be he, but I should be sorry for it." The wife ran off, and found her husband lying in a corner, groaning, with one of his ribs broken.

She took him up and ran with loud outcries to the boy's father, and told him, "Your son has brought a great misfortune on us; he has thrown my husband down and broken his bones. Take the good-for-nothing fellow from our house."

The terrified father came in haste and scolded the boy. "What do these wicked tricks mean? They will only bring misfortune upon you."

"Father," answered the lad, "hear me! I am quite innocent. He stood there at midnight, like one who had done some evil; I did not know who it was, and cried three times, 'Speak, or be off!'"

"Ah!" said the father, "everything goes badly with you. Get out of my sight; I do not wish to see you again."

"Yes, father, willingly; wait but one day, then will I go out and learn what shivering means. I now understand one business which will support me."

"Learn what you will," replied the father; "all is the same

to me. Here are fifty dollars; go forth with them into the world, and tell no man whence you came, or who your father is, for I am ashamed of you."

"Yes, father, as you wish; if you desire nothing else, I shall esteem *that* very lightly."

As soon as day broke, the youth put his fifty dollars into a knapsack, and went out upon the high road, saying continually, "Oh, if I could but shiver!"

Presently a man came up, who heard the boy talking to himself; and as they were just passing the place where the gallows stood, the man said, "Do you see? There is the tree where seven fellows have married the hempen maid, and now swing to and fro. Sit yourself down there and wait till midnight, and then you will know what it is to shiver."

"Oh, if that be all!" answered the boy; "I can very easily do that. But if I learn so speedily what shivering is, then you shall have my fifty dollars if you come again in the morning."

Then the boy went to the gallows, sat down, and waited for evening; and, as he felt cold, he made a fire. But about midnight the wind blew so sharp that, in spite of the fire, he could not keep himself warm. The wind blew the bodies against one another, so that they swung backwards and forwards, and he thought, "If I am cold here below by the fire, how must they freeze and tremble above!" So his compassion was excited, and, contriving a ladder, he mounted, and, unloosening them one after another, he brought down all seven. Then he poked and blew the fire, and set them round that they might warm themselves; but, as they sat still without moving, their clothing caught fire. So he said, "Take care of yourselves, or I will hang all of you up again." The dead heard not, and silently allowed their rags to burn. This made him so angry that he said, "If you will not hear, I cannot help you; but I will not burn with you!" So he hung them up again in a row, and sitting down by the fire he soon went to sleep. The next morning the man came, expect-

ing to receive his fifty dollars, and asked, "Now do you know what shivering means?" "No," he answered; "how should I know? Those fellows up there have not opened their mouths, and were so stupid that they let the old rags on their bodies be burnt." Then the man saw that he should not carry away the fifty dollars that day, so he went away saying, "I never met with such an one before."

The boy also went on his way, and began again to say, "Ah, if only I could but shiver; if I could but shiver!" A waggoner walking behind overheard him, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I do not know," answered the boy.

The waggoner asked again, "What do you here?"

"I know not."

"Who is your father?"

"I dare not say."

"What is it you are continually grumbling about?"

"Oh," replied the youth, "I wish to learn what shivering is, but nobody can teach me."

"Cease your silly talk," said the waggoner. "Come with me, and I will see what I can do for you." So the boy went with the waggoner, and about evening time they arrived at an inn where they put up for the night, and while they were going into the parlour he said, quite aloud, "Oh, if I could but shiver, if I could but shiver!" The host overheard him, and said, laughingly, "Oh, if that is all you wish, you shall soon have the opportunity." "Hold your tongue," said his wife; "so many imprudent people have already lost their lives, it were a shame and sin to such beautiful eyes that they should not see the light again." But the youth said, "If it were ever so difficult I would at once learn it; for that reason I left home;" and he never let the host have any peace till he told him that not far off stood an enchanted castle, where any one might soon learn to shiver if he would watch there three nights. The King had promised his daughter in marriage to whomever would venture, and she was the most beautiful young lady that the sun ever shone

upon. And he further told him that inside the castle there was an immense amount of treasure, guarded by evil spirits; enough to make any one free, and turn a poor man into a very rich one. Many had, he added, already ventured into this castle, but no one had ever come out again.

The next morning this youth went to the King, and said, “If you will allow me, I wish to watch three nights in the enchanted castle.” The King looked at him, and because his appearance pleased him, he said, “You may make three requests, but they must be inanimate things you ask for, and such as you can take with you into the castle.” So the youth asked for a fire, a lathe, and a cutting-board.

The King let him take these things by day into the castle, and when it was evening the youth went in and made himself a bright fire in one of the rooms, and, placing his cutting-board and knife near it, he sat down upon his lathe. “Ah, if I could but shiver!” said he. “But even here I shall never learn.” At midnight he got up to stir the fire, and, as he poked it, there shrieked suddenly in one corner, “Miau, miau, how cold I am!” “You simpleton!” he exclaimed, “what are you shrieking for; if you are so cold, come and sit down by the fire and warm yourself!” As he was speaking, two great black cats sprang up to him with an immense jump, and sat down one on each side, looking at him quite wildly with their fiery eyes. When they had warmed themselves for a little while they said, “Comrade, shall we have a game of cards?” “Certainly,” he replied; “but let me see your paws first.” So they stretched out their claws, and he said, “Ah, what long nails you have got; wait a bit, I must cut them off first;” and so saying, he caught them up by their necks and put them on his board and screwed their feet down. “Since I have seen what you are about I have lost my relish for a game at cards,” said he, and instantly killing them, threw them away into the water. But no sooner had he quieted these two, and thought of sitting down again by his fire, than there came out of every hole and corner

black cats and black dogs with glowing chains, continually more and more, so that he could not hide himself. They howled fearfully, and jumped upon his fire and scattered it about as if they would extinguish it. He looked on quietly for some time, but at last getting angry he took up his knife and called out, "Away with you, you vagabonds!" and chasing them about, a part ran off, and the rest he killed and threw into the pond. As soon as he returned he blew up the sparks of his fire again, and warmed himself, and while he sat, his eyes began to feel very heavy and he wished to go to sleep. So looking around he saw a great bed in one corner in which he laid down; but no sooner had he closed his eyes, than the bed began to move of itself and travelled all round the castle. "Just so," said he, "only better still;" whereupon the bed galloped away as if six horses pulled it up and down steps and stairs, until at last all at once it overset, bottom upwards, and laid upon him like a mountain; but up he got, threw pillows and mattresses into the air, and saying, "Now, he who wishes may travel," laid himself down by the fire and slept till day broke. In the morning the King came, and seeing the youth lying on the ground, he thought that the spectres had killed him, and that he was dead; so he said, "It is a great misfortune that the finest men are thus killed;" but the youth, hearing this, sprang up, saying, "It is not come to that with me yet!" The King was much astonished, but still very glad, and asked him how he had fared. "Very well," replied he; "as one night has passed, so also may the other two." Soon after he met his landlord, who opened his eyes when he saw him. "I never thought to see you alive again," said he; "have you learnt now what shivering means?" "No," said he, "it is all of no use. Oh, if any one would but tell me!"

The second night he went up again into the castle, and sitting down by the fire began his old song, "If I could but shiver!" When midnight came, a ringing and rattling noise was heard, gentle at first and louder and louder by degrees;





then there was a pause, and presently with a loud outcry half a man's body came down the chimney and fell at his feet. “Holloa!” he exclaimed, “only half a man answered that ringing; that is too little.” Then the ringing began afresh, and a roaring and howling was heard, and the other half fell down. “Wait a bit,” said he; “I will poke up the fire first.” When he had done so and looked round again, the two pieces had joined themselves together, and an ugly man was sitting in his place. “I did not bargain for that,” said the youth; “the bench is mine.” The man tried to push him away, but the youth would not let him, and giving him a violent push set himself down in his old place. Presently more men fell down the chimney, one after the other, who brought nine thigh bones and two skulls, which they set up, and then they began to play at ninepins. At this the youth wished also to play, so he asked whether he might join them. “Yes, if you have money!” “Money enough,” he replied, “but your balls are not quite round;” so saying he took up the skulls, and, placing them on his lathe, turned them round. “Ah, now you will roll well,” said he. “Holloa! now we will go at it merrily.” So he played with them and lost some of his money, but as it struck twelve everything disappeared. Then he laid down and went to sleep quietly. On the morrow the King came for news, and asked him how he had fared this time. “I have been playing ninepins,” he replied, “and lost a couple of dollars.” “Have you not shivered?” “No!” “I have enjoyed myself very much; but I wish some one would teach me that!”

On the third night he sat down again on his bench, saying in great vexation, “Oh, if I could only shiver!” When it grew late, six tall men came in bearing a coffin between them, “Ah, ah,” said he, “that is surely my little cousin, who died two days ago;” and beckoning with his finger he called, “Come, little cousin, come!” The men set down the coffin upon the ground, and he went up and took off the lid, and there lay a dead man within, and as he felt the face it was as cold as ice.

"Stop a moment," he cried; "I will warm it in a trice;" and stepping up to the fire he warmed his hands, and then laid them upon the face, but it remained cold. So he took up the body, and sitting down by the fire, he laid it on his lap and rubbed the arms that the blood might circulate again. But all this was of no avail, and he thought to himself if two lie in a bed together they warm each other; so he put the body in the bed, and covering it up laid himself down by its side. After a little while the body became warm and began to move about. "See, my cousin," he exclaimed, "have I not warmed you?" But the body got up and exclaimed, "Now I will strangle you." "Is that your gratitude?" cried the youth. "Then you shall get into your coffin again;" and, taking it up, he threw the body in, and made the lid fast. Then the six men came in again and bore it away. "Oh, deary me," said he, "I shall never be able to shiver if I stop here all my lifetime!" At these words in came a man who was taller than all the others, and looked more horrible; but he was very old and had a long white beard. "Oh, you wretch," he exclaimed, "now thou shalt learn what shivering means, for thou shalt die!"

"Not so quick," answered the youth; "if I die I must be brought to it first."

"I will quickly seize you," replied the ugly one.

"Softly, softly; be not too sure. I am as strong as you, and perhaps stronger."

"That we will see," said the ugly man. "If you are stronger than I, I will let you go; come, let us try?" and he led him away through a dark passage to a smith's forge. Then taking up an axe he cut through the anvil at one blow down to the ground. "I can do that still better," said the youth, and went to another anvil, while the old man followed him and watched him with his long beard hanging down. Then the youth took up an axe, and, splitting the anvil at one blow, wedged the old man's beard in it. "Now I have you; now death comes upon you!" and, taking up an iron bar, he beat the old man until he

groaned, and begged him to stop and he would give him great riches. So the youth drew out the axe, and let him loose. Then the old man, leading him back into the castle, showed him three chests full of gold in a cellar. “One share of this,” said he, “belongs to the poor, another to the King, and the third to yourself.” And just then it struck twelve and the old man vanished, leaving the youth in the dark. “I must help myself out here,” said he, and groping round he found his way back to his room and went to sleep by the fire.

The next morning the King came and inquired, “Now have you learnt to shiver?” “No,” replied the youth; “what is it? My dead cousin came here, and a bearded man, who showed me a lot of gold down below; but what shivering means, no one has showed me!” Then the King said, “You have won the castle, and shall marry my daughter.”

“That is all very fine,” replied the youth, “but still I don’t know what shivering means.”

So the gold was fetched, and the wedding was celebrated, but the young Prince (for the youth was a Prince now), notwithstanding his love for his bride, and his great contentment, was still continually crying, “If I could but shiver! if I could but shiver!” At last it fell out in this wise: one of the chambermaids said to the Princess, “Let me bring in my aid to teach him what shivering is.” So she went to the brook which flowed through the garden, and drew up a pail of water full of little fish; and, at night, when the young Prince was asleep, his bride drew away the covering and poured the pail of cold water and the little fishes over him, so that they slipped all about him. Then the Prince woke up directly, calling out, “Oh! that makes me shiver! dear wife, that makes me shiver! Yes, now I know what shivering means!”



THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE GOATS.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old Goat who had seven young ones, whom she loved as every mother loves her children. One day she wanted to go into the forest to fetch some food, so, calling her seven young ones together, she said, "Dear children, I am going away into the wood; be on your guard against the Wolf, for if he comes here, he will eat you all up—skin, hair, and all. He often disguises himself, but you may know him by his rough voice and his black feet." The little Goats replied, "Dear mother, we will pay great attention to what you say; you may go away without any anxiety." So the old one bleated and ran off, quite contented, upon her road.

Not long afterwards, somebody knocked at the hut-door and called out, "Open, my dear children; your mother is here and has brought you each something." But the little Goats perceived from the rough voice that it was a Wolf, and so they

said, "We will not undo the door; you are not our mother; she has a gentle and loving voice; but yours is gruff; you are a Wolf." So the Wolf went to a shop and bought a great piece of chalk, which he ate, and by that means rendered his voice more gentle. Then he came back, knocked at the hut-door, and called out, "Open, my dear children; your mother has come home, and has brought you each something." But the Wolf had placed his black paws upon the window-sill, so the Goats saw them, and replied, "No, we will not open the door; our mother has not black feet; you are a Wolf." So the Wolf went to a baker and said, "I have hurt my foot, put some dough on it." And when the baker had done so, he ran to the miller, saying, "Strew some white flour upon my feet." But the miller, thinking he was going to deceive somebody, hesitated, till the Wolf said, "If you do not do it at once, I will eat you." This made the miller afraid, so he powdered his feet with flour. Such are men.

Now, the villain went for the third time to the hut, and, knocking at the door, called out, "Open to me, my children; your dear mother is come, and has brought with her something for each of you out of the forest." The little Goats exclaimed, "Show us first your feet, that we may see whether you are our mother." So the Wolf put his feet up on the window-sill, and when they saw that they were white, they thought it was all right, and undid the door. But who should come in? The Wolf. They were terribly frightened, and tried to hide themselves. One ran under the table, the second got into the bed, the third into the cupboard, the fourth into the kitchen, the fifth into the oven, the sixth into the wash-tub, and the seventh into the clock-case. But the Wolf found them all out, and did not delay, but swallowed them all up one after another: only the youngest one, hid in the clock-case, he did not discover. When the Wolf had satisfied his appetite, he dragged himself out, and, lying down upon the green meadow under a tree, went fast asleep.

Soon after the old Goat came home out of the forest. Ah, what a sight she saw! The hut-door stood wide open; the table, stools, and benches were overturned; the wash-tub was broken to pieces, and the sheets and pillows pulled off the bed. She sought her children, but could find them nowhere. She called them by name, one after the other; but no one answered. At last, when she came to the name of the youngest, a little voice replied, "Here I am, dear mother, in the clock-case." She took her out, and heard how the Wolf had come and swallowed all the others. You cannot think how she wept for her poor little ones.

At last she went out in all her misery, and the young Goat ran by her side; and when they came to the meadow, there lay the Wolf under the tree, snoring so that the boughs quivered. She viewed him on all sides, and perceived that something moved and stirred about in his body. "Ah, mercy!" thought she, "should my poor children, whom he has swallowed for his dinner, be yet alive!" So saying, she ran home and fetched a pair of scissors and a needle and thread. Then she cut open the monster's hairy coat, and had scarcely made one slit, before one little Goat put his head out, and, as she cut further, out jumped one after another, all six, still alive, and without any injury, for the monster, in his eagerness, had gulped them down quite whole. There was a joy! They hugged their dear mother, and jumped about like tailors keeping their wedding-day. But the old mother said, "Go and pick up at once some large stones, that we may fill the monster's stomach, while he lies fast asleep." So the seven little Goats dragged up in great haste a pile of stones, and put them in the Wolf's stomach, as many as they could bring; and then the old mother went, and, looking at him in a great hurry, saw that he was still insensible, and did not stir, and so she sewed up the slit.

When the Wolf at last woke up, he raised himself upon his legs, and, because the stones which were lying in his stomach made him feel thirsty, he went to a brook in order to drink.

But as he went along, rolling from side to side, the stones began to tumble about in his body, and he called out,

“What rattles, what rattles
Against my poor bones?
Not little goats, I think,
But only big stones!”

And when the Wolf came to the brook he stooped down to drink, and the heavy stones made him lose his balance, so that he fell, and sunk beneath the water.

As soon as the seven little Goats saw this, they came running up, singing aloud, “The Wolf is dead! the Wolf is dead!” and they danced for joy around their mother by the side of the brook.



FAITHFUL JOHN.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old King, who fell very sick, and thought he was lying upon his death-bed; so he said, "Let faithful John come to me." This faithful John was his affectionate servant, and was so called because he had been true to him all his lifetime. As soon as John came to the bedside, the King said, "My faithful John, I feel that my end approaches, and I have no other care than about my son, who is still so young that he cannot always guide himself aright. If you do not promise to instruct him in everything he ought to know, and to be his guardian, I cannot close mine eyes in peace." Then John answered, "I will never leave him; I will always serve him truly, even if it cost me my life." So the old King was comforted, and said, "Now I can die in peace. After my death you must show him all the chambers, halls, and vaults in the castle, and all the treasures which are in them; but the last room in the long corridor you must not show him, for in it hangs the portrait of the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace;

if he sees her picture, he will conceive a great love for her, and will fall down in a swoon, and on her account undergo great perils, therefore you must keep him away." The faithful John pressed his master's hand again in token of assent, and soon after the King laid his head upon the pillow and expired.

After the old King had been laid in his grave, the faithful John related to the young King all that his father had said upon his death-bed, and declared, "All this I will certainly fulfil; I will be as true to you as I was to him, if it cost me my life." When the time of mourning was passed, John said to the young King, "It is now time for you to see your inheritance; I will show you your paternal castle." So he led the King all over it, up stairs and down stairs, and showed him all the riches, and all the splendid chambers; only one room he did not open, containing the perilous portrait, which was so placed that one saw it directly the door was opened, and, moreover, it was so beautifully painted, that one thought it breathed and moved; nothing in all the world could be more lifelike or more beautiful. The young King remarked, however, that the faithful John always passed by one door, so he asked, "Why do you not open that one?"—"There is something in it," he replied, "which will frighten you."

But the King said, "I have seen all the rest of the castle, and I will know what is in there;" and he went and tried to open the door by force. The faithful John pulled him back, and said, "I promised your father before he died that you should not see the contents of that room; it would bring great misfortunes both upon you and me."

"Oh, no," replied the young King, "if I do not go in, it will be my certain ruin; I should have no peace night nor day until I had seen it with my own eyes. Now I will not stir from the place till you unlock the door."

Then the faithful John saw that it was of no use talking, so, with a heavy heart and many sighs, he picked the key out of the great bunch. When he had opened the door he went in first, and thought he would cover up the picture that the King should

not see it ; but it was of no use, for the King stepped upon tip-toes and looked over his shoulder ; and as soon as he saw the portrait of the maiden, which was so beautiful and glittered with precious stones, he fell down on the ground insensible. The faithful John lifted him up and carried him to his bed, and thought with great concern, " Mercy on us ! the misfortune has happened ; what will come of it ? " and he gave the young King wine until he came to himself. The first words he spoke were, " Ah, who is that beautiful picture ? "—" That is the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace," was the reply.

" Then," said the King, " my love for her is so great that if all the leaves on the trees had tongues they should not gainsay it ; my life is set upon the search for her. You are my faithful John, you must accompany me."

The trusty servant deliberated for a long while how to set about this business, for it was very difficult to get into the presence of the King's daughter. At last he bethought himself of a way, and said to the King, " Everything which she has around her is of gold,—chairs, tables, dishes, bowls, and all the household utensils. Among your treasures are five tons of gold ; let one of the goldsmiths of your kingdom manufacture vessels and utensils of all kinds therefrom—all kinds of birds, and wild and wonderful beasts, such as will please her ; then we will travel with these and try our luck." Then the King summoned all his goldsmiths, who worked day and night until many very beautiful things were ready. When all had been placed on board a ship, the faithful John put on merchant's clothes, and the King likewise, so that they might travel quite unknown. Then they sailed over the wide sea, and sailed away until they came to the city where dwelt the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace.

The faithful John told the King to remain in the ship and wait for him. " Perhaps," said he, " I shall bring the King's daughter with me ; therefore take care that all is in order, and set out the golden vessels and adorn the whole ship." Thereupon John placed in a napkin some of the golden cups,

stepped upon land, and went straight to the King's palace. When he came into the castleyard, a beautiful maid stood by the brook, who had two golden pails in her hand drawing water; and when she had filled them and had turned round, she saw a strange man, and asked who he was. Then John answered, "I am a merchant," and, opening his napkin, he showed her its contents. Then she exclaimed, "Oh, what beautiful golden things!" and setting the pails down she looked at the cups one after another, and said, "The King's daughter must see these; she is so pleased with anything made of gold that she will buy all these." And taking him by the hand she led him in, for she was the lady's maid. When the King's daughter saw the golden cups she was much pleased, and said, "They are so finely worked that I will purchase them all." But the faithful John replied, "I am only the servant of a rich merchant; what I have here is nothing in comparison to those which my master has in his ship, than which nothing more delicate or costly has ever been worked in gold." Then the King's daughter wished to have them all brought, but he said, "It would take many days, and so great is the quantity that your palace has not halls enough in it to place them around." Then her curiosity and desire was still more excited, and at last she said, "Take me to the ship; I will go myself and look at your master's treasure."

The faithful John conducted her to the ship with great joy, and the King, when he beheld her, saw that her beauty was still greater than the picture had represented, and thought nothing else but that his heart would jump out of his mouth. Presently she stepped on board, and the King conducted her below; but the faithful John remained on deck by the steersman, and told him to unmoor the ship and put on all the sail he could, that it might fly as a bird in the air. Meanwhile the King showed the Princess all the golden treasures,—the dishes, cups, bowls, the birds, the wild and wonderful beasts. Many hours passed away while she looked at everything, and in her joy she did not remark that the ship sailed on and on. As soon as she had

looked at the last, and thanked the merchant, she wished to depart. But when she came on deck she perceived that they were upon the high sea, far from the shore, and were hastening on with all sail. "Ah," she exclaimed in affright, "I am betrayed; I am carried off and taken away in the power of a strange merchant. I would rather die!"

But the King, taking her by the hand, said, "I am not a merchant, but a king, thine equal in birth. It is true that I have carried thee off, but that is because of my overwhelming love for thee. Dost thou know that when I first saw the portrait of thy beauteous face that I fell down in a swoon before it?" When the King's daughter heard these words she was reassured, and her heart was inclined towards him, so that she willingly became his bride. While they thus went on their voyage on the high sea, it happened that the faithful John, as he sat on the deck of the ship playing music, saw three crows in the air, who came flying towards them. He stopped playing and listened to what they were saying to each other, for he understood them perfectly. The first one exclaimed, "There he is, carrying home the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace." "But he is not home yet," replied the second. "But he has her," said the third; "she is sitting by him in the ship." Then the first began again and exclaimed, "What matters that? When they go on shore, a fox-coloured horse will spring towards him, on which he will mount; and as soon as he is on it will jump up with him into the air, so that he will never again see his bride." The second one said, "Is there no escape?" "Oh yes, if another gets on quickly and takes the firearms which are in the holster out, and with them shoots the horse dead, then the young King will be saved. But who knows that? And if any one does know it and tells him, such an one will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee." Then the second spake again, "I know still more: if the horse should be killed, the young King will not then retain his bride; for when they come into the castle a beautiful bridal shirt will lie there upon a dish, and seem

to be woven of gold and silver, but it is nothing but sulphur and pitch, and if he puts it on, it will burn him to his marrow and bones." Then the third crow asked, "Is there no escape?" "Oh, yes," answered the second; "if some one takes up the shirt with his gloves on, and throws it into the fire so that it is burnt, the young King will be saved. But what does that signify? Whoever knows it and tells him will be turned to stone from his knee to his heart." Then the third crow spoke:—"I know still more: even if the bridal shirt be consumed, still the young King will not retain his bride. For if, after the wedding, a dance is held, while the young Queen dances she will suddenly turn pale, and fall down as if dead; and if some one does not raise her up, and take three drops of blood from her right breast and throw them away, she will die. But whoever knows that and tells it will have his whole body turned to stone, from the crown of his head to the toe of his foot."

After the crows had thus talked with one another, they flew away, and the trusty John, who had perfectly understood all they had said, was from that time very quiet and sad; for if he concealed from his master what he had heard, misfortune would happen to him, and if he told him all he must give up his own life. But at last he thought, "I will save my master, even if I destroy myself."

As soon as they came on shore it happened just as the crow had foretold, and an immense fox-red horse sprang up. "Capital!" said the King; "this shall carry me to my castle," and he tried to mount; but the faithful John came straight up, and, swinging himself quickly on, drew the firearms out of the holster and shot the horse dead. Then the other servants of the King, who were not on good terms with the faithful John, exclaimed, "How shameful to kill the beautiful creature, which might have borne the King to the castle?" But the King replied, "Be silent, and let him go; he is my very faithful John—who knows the good he may have done?" Now they went into the castle, and there stood a dish in the hall, and the splendid bridal shirt lay in it, and seemed nothing else than gold and silver. The young King went up to it and wished to take it up, but the

faithful John pushed him away, and, taking it up with his gloves on, bore it quickly to the fire and let it burn. The other servants thereupon began to murmur, saying, "See now he is burning the King's bridal shirt!" But the young King replied, "Who knows what good he has done? Let him alone—he is my faithful John."

Soon after, the wedding was celebrated, and a grand ball was given, and the bride began to dance. So the faithful John paid great attention, and watched her countenance; all at once she grew pale, and fell as if dead to the ground. Then he sprang up hastily, raised her up and bore her to a chamber, where he laid her down, kneeled beside her, and, drawing the three drops of blood out of her right breast, threw them away. As soon as she breathed again, she raised herself up; but the young King had witnessed everything, and not knowing why the faithful John had done this, was very angry, and called out, "Throw him into prison!" The next morning the trusty John was brought up for trial, and led to the gallows; and as he stood upon them, and was about to be executed, he said, "Every one condemned to die may once before his death speak. Shall I also have that privilege?" "Yes," answered the King, "it shall be granted to you." Then the faithful John replied, "I have been unrighteously judged, and have always been true to you;" and he narrated the conversation of the crows which he heard at sea; and how, in order to save his master, he was obliged to do all he had done. Then the King cried out, "Oh, my most trusty John, pardon, pardon; lead him away!" But the trusty John had fallen down at the last word and was turned into stone.

At this event both the King and the Queen were in great grief, and the King asked, "Ah, how wickedly have I rewarded his great fidelity!" and he had the stone statue raised up and placed in his sleeping-chamber, near his bed; and as often as he looked at it he wept and said, "Ah, could I bring you back to life again, my faithful John!"

After some time had passed the Queen bore twins, two little sons, who were her great joy. Once, when the Queen was in church,

and the two children at home playing by their father's side, he looked up at the stone statue full of sorrow, and exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah, could I restore you to life, my faithful John!" At these words the stone began to speak, saying, "Yes, you can make me alive again, if you will bestow on me that which is dearest to you." The King replied, "All that I have in the world I will give up for you." The stone spake again: "If you, with your own hand, cut off the heads of both your children and sprinkle me with their blood, I shall be brought to life again." The King was terrified when he heard that he must himself kill his two dear children; but he remembered his servant's great fidelity, and how the faithful John had died for him, and drawing his sword he cut off the heads of both his children with his own hand. And as soon as he had sprinkled the stone with blood the life came back to it, and the trusty John stood again alive and well before him, and said, "Your faith shall not go unrewarded;" and taking the heads of the two children he set them on again, and anointed their wounds with their blood, and thereupon they healed again in a moment, and the children sprang away and played as if nothing had happened.

Now the King was full of happiness, and as soon as he saw the Queen coming he hid the faithful John and both the children in a great cupboard. As soon as she came in he said to her, "Have you prayed in the church?" "Yes," she answered; "but I thought continually of the faithful John, who has come to such misfortune through us." Then he replied, "My dear wife, we can restore his life again to him, but it will cost us both our little sons, whom we must sacrifice." The Queen became pale and was terrified at heart, but she said, "We are guilty of his life on account of his great fidelity." Then he was very glad that she thought as he did, and going up to the cupboard he unlocked it, brought out the children and the faithful John, saying, "God be praised! he is saved, and we have still our little sons;" and then he told her all that had happened. Afterwards they lived happily together to the end of their days.



THE GOOD BARGAIN.

A COUNTRYMAN drove his cow to market, and sold it for seven dollars. On the way home he had to pass by a pond, where he heard from a distance the Frogs croaking, "Ack, ack, ack, ack!"* "Yes," said he, "they cry out so even in their owner's field; but it is seven which I have got, not eight." As he came up to the water he exclaimed, "Stupid creatures that you are, do you not know better? here are seven dollars, and not eight!" But the Frogs still continued their "Ack, ack!" "Now, if you will not believe it I will count them out to you," and, taking the money from his pocket, he counted out the seven dollars, four-and-twenty groschen in each. The Frogs, however, paid no attention to his reckoning, and kept calling out "Ack, ack, ack!" "Ah!" exclaimed the Countryman, quite angry, "if you know better than I, count it yourself!" and one by one he threw the pieces of money into the water. He stopped and waited till they should be ready to bring him his own again, but the Frogs

* *Acht* is the German word for eight.

were obstinate in their opinion, and cried continually, "Ack, ack, ack!" neither did they throw the money back. So the man waited a long while, until evening approached and it was time to go home; then he began to abuse the frogs, shouting out, "You water-paddlers, you thick-heads, you blind eyes! you have indeed great mouths, and can make noise enough to stun one's ears, but you cannot count seven dollars! do you think I am going to wait here till you are ready?" And thereupon he went away, but the frogs cried still behind his back, "Ack, ack, ack!" so that he reached home in a very savage mood!

After a little time he again bargained for a cow, which he killed, and then he made a calculation that, if he sold the flesh well, he should gain as much as both the cows were worth, and should have the skin beside. As he came to town with the flesh, a great troop of dogs was collected before the gate, and in front was a large greyhound, who sprang around the flesh, snapping and barking "Was, was, was!"* As he did not cease, the Countryman said to him, "I know well you say 'Was, was!' because you wish for some of the flesh, but I ought to receive something as good if I should give it you." The dog replied only "Was, was!"

"Will you not let your comrades there eat with you?" "Was, was!" said the dog.

"If you stick to that I will let you have it. I know you well, and to whom you belong; but this I tell you: in three days I must have my money, or it will go ill with you. You can bring it to me."

Thereupon he unloaded the flesh and turned homewards again, and the dogs, gathering around it, barked loudly "Was, was!" The Peasant, who heard them at a distance, said, "Mind, you may share it among you, but the big one must answer for you to me."

When three days were passed, the Countryman thought to himself, "This evening I shall have my money in my pocket,"

* That, that.

and so made himself happy. But nobody came to pay the reckoning. "There is no faith in any one," said he at last, losing all patience, and he went into the town to the butcher and demanded his money. The butcher thought it was a joke, but the Countryman said, "Joking aside, I will have my money; did not the great dog, three days ago, bring you home a whole slaughtered cow?" This put the butcher in a passion, and, taking up a broomstick, he hunted the Countryman out of his doors.

"Wait a bit," said the Countryman; "justice is to be had in the world," and he went to the King's palace and requested an audience. So he was led before the King, who sat there with his daughter, and asked, "What misfortune has befallen you?"

"Ah," said he, "the frogs and the dogs have taken away my property, and the butcher has repaid me with a stick;" and he narrated at length all that had happened. The King's daughter laughed aloud at his tale, and the King said to him, "I cannot give you justice here, but nevertheless you shall have my daughter for a wife: all her lifetime she has not laughed except before you, and I have promised her to that man who should make her laugh. You may thank God for your luck."

"O dear!" replied the Countryman, "I do not wish it at all; I have one wife at home, who is already too much for me." This made the King angry, and he said, "You are an ill-bred fellow."

"Ah, my lord the King," answered the Countryman, "what can you expect from an ox except beef?"

"Wait a bit," replied the King, "you shall have another reward. Now be off at once, and return in three days, and you shall receive five hundred."

As the Countryman came to the gate, the sentinel said to him, "Since you have made the King's daughter laugh, no doubt you have received a great reward." "Yes, I think so," answered the Peasant; "five hundred are to be counted out for me."

"Indeed!" said the soldier; "give me some of it; what will you do with all that money?"

"Since you ask me," replied the Countryman, "you shall have two hundred: apply to the King in three days, and they will be counted out to you." A Jew, who stood near, and heard their conversation, ran after the Countryman, and, catching him by his coat, cried out, "O wonderful! what a child of fortune are you! I will change, I will change with you in small coins! What will you do with the hard dollars?"

"You, Jew!" said the Countryman, "you can yet have the three hundred; give me the same amount in small coins, and in three days after to-day it shall be counted out to you by the King." The Jew rejoiced at his profit, and brought the sum in worn-out farthings, three of which were equal to two good ones.

After the lapse of three days, the Countryman went before the King, according to his command. The King called out, "Pull off his coat; he shall have his five hundred!" "Oh!" replied the Countryman, "they do not belong to me now: I have presented two hundred to the sentinel, and the Jew has changed with me for three hundred, so that rightly nothing at all belongs to me."

Meanwhile the soldier and the Jew came in, desiring their shares for which they had bargained with the Countryman, but, instead of dollars, each received his stripes justly measured out. The soldier bore his patiently, having already known how they tasted; but the Jew behaved very badly, crying out, "Ah, woe is me, these *are* hard dollars!" The King was forced to laugh at the Countryman, and, when all his anger had passed away, he said to him, "Since you lost your reward before you received it, I will give you compensation; so go into my treasure chamber, and take as much money as you wish for." The Countryman did not stop to be told twice, but filled his deep pockets as full as they would hold, and immediately after went to an inn, and told out the money. The Jew sneaked after him, and overheard him muttering to himself, "Now, that thief of a King has again deceived me. Could he not have given me

the money, and then I should have known what I had got; but now, how can I tell if what I have by good luck put into my pocket is just?"

"Heaven preserve us!" said the Jew to himself, "he has spoken disrespectfully of his Majesty; I will run and inform against him, and then I shall get a reward, and he will be punished." When the King heard the speech of the Countryman his anger was excited, and he bade the Jew go and fetch the offender. So the Jew, running back to the countryman, said to him, "You must go before his Majesty the King, just as you are."

"I know better what is becoming," replied the Countryman; "I must first have a new coat made. Do you think a man who has so much money in his pocket ought to go in this old rag of a coat?" The Jew, perceiving that the Countryman would not stir without another coat, and fearing, if the King's anger should evaporate, he would not get his reward nor the other the punishment, said to him, "Out of pure friendship I will lend you a beautiful coat for a short time. What will one not do out of pure love?"

The Countryman, well pleased, took the coat from the Jew, and went off straight to the King, who charged him with the speech which the Jew had informed about.

"Oh," said the Countryman, "what a Jew says is nothing, for not a true word comes out of his mouth; that rascal there is able to assert, and does assert, that I have his coat on!"

"What is that?" screamed the Jew; "is not the coat mine? Have I not lent it to you out of pure friendship, that you might step in it before his Majesty the King?" As soon as the King heard this he said, "The Jew has deceived one of us;" and then he had counted out to him some more of the *hard* dollars.

The Countryman went off home in the good coat, and with the good gold in his pocket, singing to himself, "This time I have hit it!"



THE WONDERFUL MUSICIAN.

ONCE upon a time a wonderful Fiddler was travelling through a wood, thinking of all sorts of things as he went along, and presently he said to himself, "I have plenty of time and space in this forest, so I will fetch a good companion," and, taking the fiddle from his back, he fiddled till the trees re-echoed. Presently a wolf came crashing through the brushwood.

"Ah! a wolf comes, for whom I have no desire," said the Fiddler; but the wolf, approaching nearer, said, "Oh, you dear Musician, how beautifully you play! might I learn how?"

"It is soon learnt; you have only to do exactly as I tell you." Then the wolf replied, "I will mind you just as a schoolboy does his master." So the Musician told the wolf to come with him; and when they had gone a little distance together they came to an old oak-tree, which was hollow within and split in the middle. "See here," said the Musician, "if you wish to learn how to fiddle, put your fore foot in this cleft. The wolf obeyed; but the Fiddler, snatching up a stone, quickly wedged both his feet so fast with one blow that the wolf was stuck fast, and obliged to remain where he was. "Wait there till I come again," said the Fiddler, and went on his way.

After a while he said to himself a second time, "I have plenty of time and space in this forest, so I will fetch another companion," and, taking his fiddle, he played away in the wood. Presently a fox came sneaking through the trees.

"Ah," said the Musician, "here comes a fox whom I did not desire."

The fox, running up, said, "Ah, you dear mister Musician, how is it you fiddle so beautifully; might I learn too?"

"It is soon learnt," answered he; "but you must do all I tell you." "I will obey you as a schoolboy does his master," answered the fox, and he followed the Musician. After they had walked a little distance he came to a footpath, with high hedges on each side. The Musician stopped, and, pulling the bough of a hazel-tree down to the ground on one side, he put his foot upon it, and then bent another down on the other side, saying, "Come, little fox, if you wish to learn something, reach me here your left forefoot." The fox obeyed, and the Musician bound the foot to the left bough. "Now reach me the other, little fox," said he, and he bound that to the right bough. And as soon as he saw that the knots were fast he let go, and the boughs sprang back into the air, carrying the fox shaking and quivering up with them. "Wait there till I come again," said the Musician, and went on his way.

After a little while he said again to himself, "Time and space are not wanting to me in this forest; I will fetch another companion;" and, taking his fiddle, he made the sound re-echo in the woods.

"Aha!" said he, "a hare! I won't have him."

"Oh, you dear Musician," said the hare, "how do you fiddle so beautifully! Could I learn it too?"

"It is soon learnt," replied the Musician, "only do all I tell you." The little hare replied, "I will obey you as a schoolboy does his master;" and they went on together till they came to a clear space in the forest where an aspen-tree stood. The Musician bound a long twine round the neck of the hare, and

knotted the other end to a tree. "Now, my lively little hare, jump twenty times round the tree," exclaimed the Musician. The hare obeyed; and as he jumped round the twentieth time the twine had wound itself round the tree twenty times also, and made the hare prisoner; and, pull and tug as much as he would, the cord only cut the deeper into his neck. "Wait there till I come again," said the Musician, and went on further.

The wolf, meanwhile, had been pulling, dragging, and biting at the stone, and worked at it so long that at last he set his feet at liberty, and drew them again out of the cleft. Then, full of rage and anger, he hastened after the Musician, intending to tear him into pieces. As the fox saw him running past he began to groan, and shouted with all his power, "Brother wolf, come and help me; the Musician has deceived me!" So the wolf, pulling the branches down, bit the knot to pieces, and freed the fox, who went on with him in order to take revenge on the Musician. On their way they found the hare tied, and, setting him at liberty, all three set out in pursuit of their enemy.

The Musician, however, had once more played his fiddle, and this time had been very lucky; for the notes came to the ears of a poor woodcutter, who left off his work directly, whether he wished or not, and, with his axe under his arm, came up to hear the music.

"At last the right companion has come," said the Musician; "for I desired a man, and not a wild beast." And beginning to play, he played so beautifully and delightfully, that the poor man was as if enchanted, and his heart beat for joy. While he thus stood, the wolf, the fox, and the hare came up, and he observed directly that they had some bad design, so raising his bright axe he placed himself before the Musician, as if he would say, "Who wishes to attack must take care of himself." His looks made the animals afraid, and they ran back into the forest; but the Musician, after playing one more tune out of gratitude to the woodcutter, went on his journey.



THE TWELVE BROTHERS.

ONCE upon a time there lived happily together a Queen and a King, who had twelve children, all boys. One day the King said to his consort, " If the thirteenth child, whom you are about to bring into the world, should be a girl, then shall the twelve boys die, that her riches may be great, and that the kingdom may fall to her alone." He then ordered twelve coffins to be made, which were filled with shavings, and in each a pillow was placed, and, all of them having been locked up in a room, he gave the key thereof to the Queen, and bade her tell nobody about the matter.

But the mother sat crying the whole day long, so that her youngest child, who was always with her, and whom she had named Benjamin, said to her, " Mother dear, why are you so sorrowful ? " " My dearest child," she replied, " I dare not tell you." But he let her have no peace until she went and unlocked the room and showed him the twelve coffins filled with shavings. Then she said, " My dearest Benjamin, these coffins your father has had prepared for yourself and your eleven brothers, for, if I bring a little girl into the world, you will be all killed together

and buried in them." And, as she wept while she spoke these words, the son comforted her, saying, "Do not cry, dear mother; we will help ourselves, and go away." But she said, "Go with your eleven brothers into the wood, and let one of you climb into the highest tree which is to be found, and keep watch, looking towards the tower of the castle here. If I bear a little son, I will hang out a white flag, and you may venture home again; but if I bear a little daughter I will hang out a red flag; and then flee away as quickly as you can, and God preserve you. Every night I will arise and pray for you; in winter, that you may have a fire to warm yourselves; and in summer, that you may not be melted with the heat."

Soon after she gave her blessing to all her sons, and they went away into the forest. Each kept watch in turn, sitting upon the highest oak-tree, and looking towards the tower. When eleven days had passed by, and it came to Benjamin's turn, he perceived a flag hung out; but it was not the white but the red flag, which announced that they must all die. As the brothers heard this, they became very angry, and said, "Shall we suffer death on account of a maiden? Let us swear that we will avenge ourselves; wherever we find a maiden, her red blood shall flow."

Thereupon they went deeper into the forest, and in the middle, where it was most gloomy, they found a little charmed cottage standing empty, and they said, "Here we will dwell, and you, Benjamin, as you are the youngest and the weakest, shall stop here, and keep house, while we go out to fetch meat." So they set forth into the forest, and shot hares, wild fawns, birds, and pigeons, and what else they could find. These they brought home to Benjamin, who cooked them for them to appease their hunger. In this little cottage they lived ten years together, and the time passed very quickly.

The little daughter, whom their mother, the Queen, had borne, was now grown up; she had a kind heart, was very beautiful, and always wore a golden star upon her brow. Once, when there was a great wash, she saw twelve boys' shirts

hanging up, and she asked her mother, "To whom do these twelve shirts belong, for they are much too small for my father?" Then she answered with a heavy heart, "My dear child, they belong to your twelve brothers." The maiden replied, "Where are my twelve brothers? I have never yet heard of them." The Queen answered, "God only knows where they are; they have wandered into the wide world." Then she took the maiden, and, unlocking the room, showed her twelve coffins with the shavings and pillows. "These coffins," said she, "were ordered for your brothers, but they went away secretly, before you were born;" and she told her how everything had happened. Then the maiden said, "Do not cry, dear mother; I will go forth, and seek my brothers;" and, taking the twelve shirts, she set out at once straight into the great forest. All day long she walked on and on, and in the evening she came to the charmed house, into which she stepped. There she found a young lad, who asked her, "Whence dost thou come, and whither goest thou?" and he stood astonished to see how beautiful she was, and at the queenly robes she wore, and the star upon her brow. Then she answered, "I am a King's daughter, and am seeking my twelve brothers, and will go as far as heaven is blue until I find them;" and she showed him the twelve shirts which belonged to them. Benjamin perceived at once that it was his sister, and he said, "I am Benjamin, thy youngest brother." At his words she began to weep for joy, and Benjamin wept also, and they kissed and embraced one another with the greatest affection. Presently he said, "Dear sister, there is one terrible condition we have agreed together, that every maiden whom we meet shall die, because we were obliged to leave our kingdom on account of a maiden."

Then the maiden replied, "I will willingly die, if I can by that means release my twelve brothers."

"No," answered he, "thou shall not die; hide thyself under this tub until our eleven brothers come home, with whom I shall then be united." She did so; and, when night came, the others

returned from hunting, and their dinner was made ready, and as they sat at the table, eating, they asked, "What is the news?" Benjamin said "Do you not know?"

"No," they answered. Then he spoke again. "You have been in the forest and I have stopped at home, yet I know more than you."

"Tell us directly," they exclaimed. He answered, "First promise me that you will not kill the first maiden who shall meet us." "Yes, we promise," they exclaimed, "she shall have pardon; now tell us at once." Then he said, "Our sister is here," and, lifting up the tub, the King's daughter came from beneath, looking most beautiful, delicate, and gentle in her royal robes, and with the golden star upon her brow. The sight gladdened them all, and, falling upon her neck, they kissed her, and loved her with all their hearts.

Now she stopped at home with Benjamin, and helped him in his work, while the eleven others went into the wood and caught wild animals, deer, birds, and pigeons, for their eating, which their sister and brother took care to make ready. The sister sought for wood for the fire, and for the vegetables which she dressed, and put the pots on the fire, so that their dinner was always ready when the eleven came home. She also kept order in the cottage, and covered the beds with beautiful white and clean sheets, and the brothers were always contented, and they all lived in great unity.

One day when the brother and sister had made ready a most excellent meal, and they were all assembled, they sat down and ate and drank, and were full of happiness. But there was a little garden belonging to the charmed house, in which stood twelve lilies (which one calls also students), and the sister, thinking to give her twelve brothers a pleasure, broke off the twelve flowers, intending to give each of them one. But as she broke off the flowers at the same moment the twelve brothers were changed into twelve crows, and flew off into the forest, and at the same moment the house and garden both disappeared.

Thus the poor maiden was alone in the wild forest, and as she looked round an old woman stood near her, who said, "My child, what hast thou done? Why didst thou not leave the twelve white flowers? They were thy brothers, who are now changed into crows." Then the maiden asked with tears, "Is there no means of saving them?" "There is but one way in the whole world," said the old woman, "but that is so difficult that thou canst not free them. Thou must be dumb for seven years, thou mayst not speak, nor laugh, and if thou speakest but a single word, even if it wants but one hour of the seven years, all will be in vain, and thy brothers will die at that single word."

Then the maiden said in her heart, "I know for certain that I shall free my brothers;" and she went and sought a lofty tree, and, sitting on it, she spun, and neither spoke nor laughed.

Now it happened once that a King was hunting in the forest, who had a large greyhound, which ran to the tree on which the maiden sat, and, springing round, barked furiously. So the King came up and saw the beautiful girl with the golden star upon her brow, and was so enchanted with her beauty, that he asked her if she would become his bride. To this she gave no answer, but slightly nodded with her head; so the King, mounting the tree himself, brought her down, and, placing her upon his horse, carried her home.

Then the wedding was celebrated with great pomp and joy, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed.

After they had lived contentedly together two years, the King's mother, who was a wicked woman, began to slander the young Queen, and said to the King, "This is a common beggar girl whom you have brought home with you: who knows what impish tricks she practised at home? If she be dumb and not able to speak, she might still laugh once, but they who do not laugh have a bad conscience." The King would not at first believe it, but the old woman persisted in it so long, and accused the Queen of so many wicked things, that the King at last let himself be persuaded, and she was condemned to die.

Now, a great fire was kindled in the courtyard, in which she was to be burnt; and the King, standing above at a window, looked on with tearful eyes, because he still loved her so much. And now she was bound to the stake, and the fire began to lick her clothing with its red tongues;—and just at that time the last moment of the seven years expired. Then a whirring was heard in the air, and twelve crows came flying by, and sank down to the earth, and as they alighted on the ground they became her twelve brothers whom she had freed. They tore away the fire from around her, and, extinguishing the flames, set their sister free, and kissed and embraced her. And now, as she could open her mouth and speak, she told the King why she was dumb, and why she never laughed.

And the King was highly pleased when he heard she was innocent, and they all lived together in great happiness to the end of their lives.



THE PACK OF RAGAMUFFINS.

A Cock once addressed his Hen thus, "It is now the time when the nuts are ripe, let us go together to the hills, and eat all we can, before the squirrels carry them away." "Yes," answered the Hen, "let us go, and enjoy ourselves." So they went together to the hills, and as it was a bright day they stopped till evening. Now, I do not know whether they had eaten too much, or whether they had become proud, but the Hen would not go home on foot, and the Cock had to build a little carriage out of the nutshells. As soon as it was ready, the Hen sat herself in it, and said to the Cock, "You can harness yourself to it." "You are very kind," said he, "but I would rather walk home than harness my own self; no! we did not agree to that. I will willingly be coachman, and sit on the box, but drag it myself I never will."

While they were quarrelling a Duck called out hard by, "You thieving folk, who asked you to come to my nut-hill? wait a bit, and it shall cost you dearly;" and she rushed up to

the Cock with outstretched beak. But the Cock was not idle either, and attacked the Duck valiantly, and at last wounded her so badly with his spur that she begged for mercy, and willingly undertook to draw the carriage as a punishment. The Cock set himself on the box as coachman, and off they started at a great rate, crying out, "Quick, Duck, quick!" When they had gone a portion of the way, they met two walkers, a Pin and a Needle, who called out to them to stop, and said it had become too dark to stich, and they could not go another step; that it was very dirty upon the road, and might they get in for a little way. They had been stopping at the door of the tailor's house drinking beer, and had been delayed. The Cock, seeing they were thin people who would not take much room, let them both get up, but not till they had promised not to tread on the toes of himself or his Hen. Later in the evening they came to an inn, and because they could not travel further that evening, and because the Duck had hurt her foot very much, and staggered from side to side, they turned in. The landlord at first made many objections, saying his house was already full; he thought, too, that they were nobody of any consequence; but at last, after they had made many fine speeches, and promised that he should have the egg which the Hen had laid on the road, and the one which the Duck laid every day, he said at last that they might remain over night. So, when they had refreshed themselves, they held a great revel and tumult; but early in the morning, when everybody was asleep, and it was still dark, the Cock awoke the Hen, and fetching the egg they broke it, and ate it together, throwing the shell away into the hearth. Then they went to the Needle, who was still asleep, and, taking him by the head, stuck him in the cushion of the landlord's chair, and the Pin they put in his towel, and then they flew off over the fields, and away. The Duck, who had gone to sleep in the open air, and had stopped in the yard, heard them fly past, and, getting up quickly, found a pond into which she waddled, and in which she swam much faster than she walked

when she had to pull the carriage. A couple of hours later the landlord rose up from his feather bed, washed himself, and took up the towel to wipe himself dry; then the Pin, in passing over his face, made a red scratch from one ear to the other; so he went into the kitchen to light his pipe, but, just as he stepped on the hearth, the eggshells sprang into his eyes. "This morning everything happens unlucky to me," said he, sitting down in vexation in his grandfather's chair; but he quickly jumped up again, crying, "Woes me!" for the Needle had pricked him very badly. Now, he was so completely wild, and was suspicious of the guests who had arrived so late on the evening before, and when he went out to look after them they were gone. So he swore that he would never again take such a pack of ragamuffins into his house, who destroyed so much, paid no reckoning, and only gave mischievous tricks in the place of thanks.



THE LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER.

THERE was once a little Brother who took his Sister by the hand, and said, "Since our own dear mother's death we have not had one happy hour; our stepmother beats us every day, and, if we come near her, kicks us away with her foot. Our food is the hard crusts of bread which are left, and even the dog under the table fares better than we, for he often gets a nice morsel. Come, let us wander forth into the wide world." So the whole day long they travelled over meadows, fields, and stones, and when it rained the Sister said, "It is Heaven crying with our hearts." By evening they came into a large forest, and were so wearied with grief, hunger, and their long walk, that they laid themselves down in a hollow tree, and went to sleep. When they awoke the next morning, the sun had already risen high in the heavens, and it shone quite hot into the tree, so that the little Boy said to his Sister, "I am so thirsty, if I knew where there was a brook I would go and drink. Ah! I

think I hear one running ;" and so saying he got up, and, taking his Sister's hand, they went in search of the brook.

The wicked stepmother, however, was a witch, and had remarked the departure of the two children; and sneaking after them secretly, as is the habit of witches, she had bewitched all the springs in the forest.

Presently they found a brook which ran trippingly over the pebbles, and the Brother would have drunk out of it, but the Sister heard how it said as it ran along, "Who drinks of me will become a tiger!" So the Sister exclaimed, "I pray you, Brother, drink not, or you will become a tiger, and tear me to pieces!" So the Brother did not drink, although his thirst was so great, and he said, "I will wait till the next brook." As they came to the second, the Sister heard it say, "Who drinks of me becomes a wolf!" The Sister ran up crying, "Brother, do not, pray, do not drink, or you will become a wolf, and eat me up!" Then the Brother did not drink, saying, "I will wait until we come to the next spring, but then I must drink, you may say what you will; my thirst is much too great." Just as they reached the third brook, the Sister heard the voice saying, "Who drinks of me will become a fawn,—who drinks of me will become a fawn!" So the Sister said, "Oh, my Brother, do not drink, or you will be changed to a fawn, and run away from me!" But he had already kneeled down, and drunk of the water, and, as the first drops passed his lips, his form became that of a fawn.

At first the Sister cried over her little changed Brother, and he wept too, and knelt by her very sorrowful; but at last the Maiden said, "Be still, dear little Fawn, and I will never forsake you;" and undoing her golden garter she put it round his neck, and weaving rushes made a white girdle to lead him with. This she tied to him, and, taking the other end in her hand, she led him away, and they travelled deeper and deeper into the forest. After they had walked a long distance they came to a little hut, and the Maiden, peeping in, found it empty, and thought, "Here we can stay and dwell." Then she looked



for leaves and moss to make a soft couch for the Fawn, and every morning she went out and collected roots and berries and nuts for herself, and tender grass for the Fawn, which he ate out of her hand, and played happily around her. In the evening, when the Sister was tired, and had said her prayers, she laid her head upon the back of the Fawn, which served for a pillow, on which she slept soundly. Had but the Brother regained his own proper form, their life would have been happy indeed.

Thus they dwelt in this wilderness, and some time had elapsed, when it happened that the King of the country held a great hunt in the forest, and now resounded through the trees the blowing of horns, the barking of dogs, and the lusty cries of the hunters, so that the little Fawn heard them, and wanted very much to join. "Ah!" said he to his Sister, "let me go to the hunt, I cannot restrain myself any longer," and he begged so hard that at last she consented. "But," said she to him, "return again in the evening, for I shall shut my door against the wild huntsmen, and, that I may know you, do you knock, and say, 'Sister, let me in,' and if you do not speak I shall not open the door." As soon as she had said this, the little Fawn sprang off, quite glad and merry in the fresh breeze. The King and his huntsmen perceived the beautiful animal, and pursued him; but they could not catch him, and, when they thought they had him for certain, he sprang away over the bushes, and got out of sight. Just as it was getting dark, he ran up to the hut, and, knocking, said, "Sister mine, let me in." Then she undid the little door, and he went in, and rested all night long upon his soft couch. The next morning the hunt was commenced again, and as soon as the little Fawn heard the horns and the tally-ho of the sportsmen he could not rest, and said, "Sister dear, open the door, I must be off." The Sister opened it, saying, "Return at evening, mind, and say the words as before." When the King and his huntsmen saw again the Fawn with the golden necklace, they followed him close, but he was too nimble and quick for them. The whole day long they kept up with him, but towards

evening the huntsmen made a circle round him, and one wounded him slightly in the foot behind so that he could only run slowly. Then one of them slipped after him to the little hut, and heard him say, "Sister dear, open the door," and saw that the door was opened and immediately shut behind him. The huntsman, having observed all this, went and told the King what he had seen and heard, and he said, "On the morrow I will once more pursue him."

The Sister, however, was terribly frightened when she saw that her Fawn was wounded, and washing off the blood she put herbs upon the foot, and said, "Go and rest upon your bed, dear Fawn, that the wound may heal." It was so slight that the next morning he felt nothing of it, and when he heard the hunting cries outside he exclaimed, "I cannot stop away, I must be there, and none shall catch me so easily again!" The Sister wept very much, and told him "Soon they will kill you, and I shall be here all alone in this forest, forsaken by all the world; I cannot let you go."

"I shall die here in vexation," answered the Fawn, "if you do not, for when I hear the horn I think I shall jump out of my shoes." The Sister, finding she could not prevent him, opened the door with a heavy heart, and the Fawn jumped out, quite delighted, into the forest. As soon as the King perceived him, he said to his huntsmen, "Follow him all day long till the evening, but let no one do him an injury." When the sun had set, the King asked his huntsmen to show him the hut, and as they came to it he knocked at the door, and said, "Let me in, dear sister." Then the door was opened, and, stepping in, the King saw a maiden more beautiful than he had ever before seen. She was frightened when she saw, not her Fawn, but a man step in, who had a golden crown upon his head. But the King, looking at her with a friendly glance, reached her his hand, saying, "Will you go with me to my castle and be my dear wife?" "Oh yes," replied the maiden, "but the Fawn must go too; him I will never forsake." The King replied, "He shall remain with you as long as you live, and shall want for nothing." In the meantime the Fawn had come in, and the sister, binding the

girdle to him, again took it in her hand and led him away with her out of the hut.

The King took the beautiful maiden upon his horse, and rode to his castle, where the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, and she became queen, and they lived together a long time, while the Fawn was taken care of and lived well, playing about the castle-garden. The wicked stepmother, however, on whose account the children had wandered forth into the world, did not think but that the Sister had been torn in pieces by the wild beasts, and the little Brother hunted to death in his Fawn's shape by the hunters. As soon as she heard how happy they had become, and how everything prospered with them, envy and jealousy were aroused in her heart and left her no peace; and she was always thinking in what way she could work misfortune to them. Her own daughter, who was as ugly as night, and had but one eye, for which she was continually reproached, said, "The luck of being a Queen has never yet happened to me." "Be quiet now," said the old woman, "and make yourself contented: when the time comes I shall be at hand." As soon, then, as the time came when the Queen brought into the world a beautiful little boy, which happened when the King was out hunting, the old witch took the form of a chambermaid, and got into the room where the Queen was lying, and said to her, "The bath is ready, which will restore you and give you fresh strength: be quick, before it gets cold." Her daughter being at hand, they carried the weak Queen between them into the room, and laid her in the bath, and then, shutting the door to, they ran off; but first they had made up an immense fire in the stove which must soon suffocate the young Queen.

When this was done, the old woman took her daughter, and, putting a cap on her, laid her in the bed in the Queen's place. She gave her, too, the form and appearance of the real Queen as far as she could, but she could not restore the lost eye, and, so that the King might not notice it, she turned upon that side where there was no eye. When he came home at evening, and

heard that a son was born to him, he was much delighted, and prepared to go to his wife's bedside to see how she did. So the old woman called out in a great hurry, "For your life, do not undraw the curtains; the Queen must not yet see the light, and must be kept quiet." So the King went away, and did not discover that a false Queen was laid in the bed.

When midnight came, and every one was asleep, the nurse, who sat by herself, wide awake, near the cradle, in the nursery, saw the door open and the true Queen come in. She took the child in her arms and rocked it awhile, and then, shaking up its pillow, laid it down in its cradle and covered it over again. She did not forget the Fawn either, but, going to the corner where he was, stroked his back, and then went silently out at the door. The nurse asked in the morning of the guards if any one had passed into the castle during the night, but they answered, "No, we have seen nobody." For many nights afterwards she came constantly, and never spoke a word; and the nurse saw her always, but she would not trust herself to speak about it to any one.

When some time had passed away, the Queen one night began to speak, and said,

"How fares my child, how fares my fawn?
Twice more will I come, but never again."

The nurse made no reply, but, when she had disappeared went to the King and told him all. The King exclaimed, "Oh Heavens! what does this mean? the next night I will watch myself by the child." In the evening he went into the nursery, and about midnight the Queen appeared and said,

"How fares my child, how fares my fawn?
Once more will I come, but never again."

And she nursed the child, as she was used to do, and then disappeared. The King dared not speak, but he watched the following night, and this time she said,

"How fares my child, how fares my fawn?
This time will I come, but never again."

At these words the King could hold back no longer, but sprang up and said, "You can be no other than my dear wife!" Then she answered, "Yes, I am your dear wife!" and at that moment her life was restored by God's mercy, and she was again as beautiful and charming as ever. She told the King the fraud which the witch and her daughter had practised upon him, and he had them both tried and sentence pronounced against them. The daughter was taken into the forest, where the wild beasts tore her in pieces, but the old witch was led to the fire and miserably burnt. And as soon as she was reduced to ashes the little Fawn was unbewitched, and received again his human form; and the Brother and Sister lived happily together to the end of their days.



THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man, whose wife had died; and a woman, also, who had lost her husband: and this man and this woman had each a daughter. These two maidens were friendly with each other, and used to walk together, and one day they came by the widow's house. Then the widow said to the man's daughter, "Do you hear, tell your father I wish to marry him, and you shall every morning wash in milk and drink wine, but my daughter shall wash in water and drink water." So the girl went home and told her father what the woman had said, and he replied, "What shall I do? marriage is a comfort, but it is also a torment!" At last, as he could form no conclusion, he drew off his boot and said: "Take this boot, which has a hole in the sole, and go with it out of doors and hang it on the great nail, and then pour water into it. If it holds the water, I will again take a wife; but if it runs through, I will not have her." The girl did as he bid her, but the water drew the hole together

and the boot became full to overflowing. So she told her father how it had happened, and he, getting up, saw it was quite true; and going to the widow he settled the matter, and the wedding was celebrated.

The next morning, when the two girls arose, milk to wash in and wine to drink were set for the man's daughter, but only water, both for washing and drinking, for the woman's daughter. The second morning, water for washing and drinking stood before both the man's daughter and the woman's; and on the third morning, water to wash in and water to drink were set before the man's daughter, and milk to wash in and wine to drink before the woman's daughter, and so it continued.

Soon the woman had a deadly hatred of her step-daughter, and knew not how to behave badly enough to her, from day to day. She was envious, too, because her step-daughter was beautiful and lovely, and her own daughter was ugly and hateful.

Once, in the winter time, when water had frozen as hard as a stone, and hill and valley were covered with snow, the woman made a cloak of paper, and called the maiden to her and said, "Put on this cloak, and go away into the wood to fetch me a little basketful of strawberries, for I have a wish for some."

"Mercy on us!" said the maiden, "in winter there are no strawberries growing; the ground is frozen, and the snow, too, has covered up everything. And why must I go in that paper cloak? It is so cold out of doors that it freezes one's breath even, and the wind will blow it off, and the thorns will tear it from my body."

"Will you dare to contradict me?" said the stepmother. "Make haste off, and let me not see you again until you have found me a basket of strawberries." Then she gave her a small piece of dry bread, saying, "On that you must subsist the whole day." But she thought—out of doors she will be frozen and starved, so that my eyes will never see her again!

So the girl did as she was told, and put on the paper cloak, and went away with the basket. Far and near there was nothing

but snow, and not a green blade was to be seen. When she came to the forest she discovered a little cottage, out of which three little Dwarfs were peeping. The girl wished them good morning, and knocked gently at the door. They called her in, and, entering the room, she sat down on a bench by the fire to warm herself, and eat her breakfast. The Dwarfs called out, "Give us some of it?" "Willingly," she replied, and, dividing her bread in two, she gave them half. They asked, "What do you here in the forest, in the winter time, in this thin cloak?"

"Ah!" she answered, "I must seek a basketful of strawberries, and I dare not return home until I can take them with me." When she had eaten her bread, they gave her a broom, saying, "Sweep away the snow with this from the back door." But when she was gone out of doors the three Dwarfs said to one another, "What shall we give her, because she is so gentle and good, and has shared her bread with us?" Then said the first, "I grant to her that she shall become more beautiful every day." The second said, "I grant that a piece of gold shall fall out of her mouth for every word she speaks." The third said, "I grant that a King shall come and make her his bride."

Meanwhile, the girl had done as the Dwarfs had bidden her, and had swept away the snow from behind the house. And what do you think she found there? Actually, ripe strawberries! which came quite red and sweet up under the snow. So, filling her basket in great glee, she thanked the little men and gave them each her hand, and then ran home to take her stepmother what she wished for. As she went in and said, "Good evening," a piece of gold fell from her mouth. Thereupon she related what had happened to her in the forest; but at every word she spoke a piece of gold fell, so that the whole floor was covered.

"Just see her arrogance," said the step-sister, "to throw away money in that way!" but in her heart she was jealous, and wished to go into the forest too, to seek strawberries. Her mother said, "No, my dear daughter; it is too cold, you will be frozen!" but as her girl let her have no peace, she at last consented,

and made her a beautiful fur cloak to put on ; she also gave her buttered bread and cooked meat to eat on the way.

The girl went into the forest and came straight to the little cottage. The three Dwarfs were peeping out again, but she did not greet them ; and, stumbling on without looking at them or speaking, she entered the room, and, seating herself by the fire, began to eat the bread and butter and meat. "Give us some of that," exclaimed the Dwarfs; but she answered, "I have not got enough for myself, so how can I give any away?" When she had finished they said, "You have a broom there, go and sweep the back door clean." "Oh, sweep it yourself," she replied ; "I am not your servant." When she saw that they would not give her anything she went out at the door, and the three Dwarfs said to each other, "What shall we give her? she is so ill-behaved, and has such a bad and envious disposition, that nobody can wish well to her." The first said, "I grant that she becomes more ugly every day." The second said, "I grant that at every word she speaks a toad shall spring out of her mouth." The third said, "I grant that she shall die a miserable death." Meanwhile the girl had been looking for strawberries out of doors, but as she could find none she went home very peevish. When she opened her mouth to tell her mother what had happened to her in the forest, a toad jumped out of her mouth at each word, so that every one fled away from her in horror.

The stepmother was now still more vexed, and was always thinking how she could do the most harm to her husband's daughter, who every day became more beautiful. At last she took a kettle, set it on the fire, and boiled a net therein. When it was sodden she hung it on the shoulder of the poor girl, and gave her an axe, that she might go upon the frozen pond and cut a hole in the ice to drag the net. She obeyed, and went away and cut an ice-hole; and while she was cutting, an elegant carriage came by, in which the King sat. The carriage stopped, and the King asked, "My child, who are you? and what do you

here?" "I am a poor girl, and am dragging a net," said she. Then the King pitied her, and saw how beautiful she was, and said, "Will you go with me?" "Yes, indeed, with all my heart," she replied, for she was glad to get out of the sight of her mother and sister.

So she was handed into the carriage, and driven away with the King; and as soon as they arrived at his castle the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, as the Dwarfs had granted to the maiden. After a year the young Queen bore a son; and when the stepmother heard of her great good fortune, she came to the castle with her daughter, and behaved as if she had come on a visit. But one day, when the King had gone out, and no one was present, this bad woman seized the Queen by the head, and her daughter caught hold of her feet, and, raising her out of bed, they threw her out of the window into the river which ran past. Then, laying her ugly daughter in the bed, the old woman covered her up, even over her head; and when the King came back he wished to speak to his wife, but the old woman exclaimed, "Softly, softly! do not go near her; she is lying in a beautiful sleep, and must be kept quiet to-day." The King, not thinking of any evil design, came again the next morning the first thing; and when he spoke to his wife, and she answered, a toad sprang out of her mouth at every word, as before a piece of gold had done. So he asked what had happened, and the old woman said, "That is produced by her weakness, she will soon lose it again."

But in the night the kitchen-boy saw a duck swimming through the brook, and the duck said,

King, King, what are you doing?
Are you sleeping, or are you waking?

And as he gave no answer, the duck said,

What are my guests a-doing?

Then the boy answered,

They all sleep sound.

And she asked him,

How fares my child?

And he replied,

In his cradle he sleeps.

Then she came up in the form of the Queen to the cradle, and gave the child drink, shook up his bed, and covered him up, and then swam again away as a duck through the brook. The second night she came again, and on the third she said to the kitchen-boy, "Go and tell the King to take his sword, and swing it thrice over me, on the threshold." Then the boy ran and told the King, who came with his sword, and swung it thrice over the duck; and at the third time his bride stood before him, bright, living, and healthful, as she had been before.

Now the King was in great happiness, but he hid the Queen in a chamber until the Sunday when the child was to be christened; and when all was finished he asked, "What ought to be done to one who takes another out of a bed and throws her into the river?" "Nothing could be more proper," said the old woman, "than to put such an one into a cask, stuck round with nails, and to roll it down the hill into the water." Then the King said, "You have spoken your own sentence;" and, ordering a cask to be fetched, he caused the old woman and her daughter to be put into it, and the bottom being nailed up, the cask was rolled down the hill until it fell into the water.



THE THREE SPINSTERS.

THERE was once a lazy girl who would not spin, and let her mother say what she would she could not get her to work. At last the mother, getting both angry and impatient, gave her a blow, which made the girl cry very loud; just then the Queen, passing by, heard the noise, and, stopping the carriage, she stepped into the house and asked the mother why she beat her daughter in such a way that the passers-by in the street heard her shrieks. The mother, however, was ashamed that her daughter's laziness should be known, and said, "I cannot make her leave off spinning; she will spin for ever and ever, and I am so poor that I cannot procure the flax." The Queen replied, "I never heard any thing I like better than spinning, and I am never more pleased than when the wheels are whirring. Let your daughter go with me to the castle; I have flax enough, and she may spin as much as she pleases." The mother was very glad at heart, and the Queen took the girl home with her. As soon

as they entered the castle she led her up into three rooms, which were all full of the finest flax from top to bottom. "Now, spin this flax for me," said the Queen, "and, when you have prepared it all, you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Although you are poor, I do not despise you on that account; your unwearied industry is dowry enough." The girl, however, was inwardly frightened, for she could not have spun the flax had she sat there from morning till night until she was three hundred years old. When she was left alone she began to cry, and thus she sat three days without stirring a hand. On the third day the Queen came, and when she saw that nothing was yet spun she wondered, and the maiden excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin yet, on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. So the Queen was satisfied; but on leaving she said, "You must begin to work for me to-morrow."

As soon as the girl was again alone she knew not how to act or help herself, and in her vexation she went and looked out of the window. She saw three women passing by, the first of whom had a broad flat foot, the second such a large under-lip that it reached nearly to her chin, and the third a very big thumb. They stopped before the window, and looking up asked the girl what she wanted. She told them her trouble, and they offered her their help, saying, "Will you invite us to the wedding, and not be ashamed of us, but call us your aunts, and let us sit at your table? if you do all these, we will spin the flax in a very short time for you."

"With all my heart," replied the girl; "come in and begin at once." Then she let in these three women, and, making a clear place in the first room, they sat themselves down and began spinning. One drew the thread and trod the wheel, the other moistened the thread, and the third pressed it and beat with her fingers on the table; and as often as she did so a pile of thread fell on the ground, which was spun in the finest manner. The girl hid the three spinsters, however, from the Queen, and

showed her, as often as she came, the heaps of spun yarn; so that she received no end of praise. When the first room was empty the three women went to the second, and at length to the third, so that soon all was cleared out. Now the three spinsters took leave, saying to the girl, "Do not forget what you promised us; it will make your fortune."

When the girl showed the Queen the empty rooms and the great pile of thread, the wedding was performed, and the bridegroom was glad that he had such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her exceedingly.

"I have three aunts," said the girl, "who have done me much service; so I would not willingly forget them in my good fortune. Allow me, therefore, to invite them to the wedding, and to sit with me at table." The Queen and the bridegroom asked, "Why should we not allow it?"

When the feast was begun the three old maids entered in great splendour, and the bride said, "You are welcome, dear aunts."

"Ah," said the bridegroom, "how do you come by such ugly friends?" and, going up to the one with the big foot, he asked, "Why have you such a broad foot?"—"From treading, from treading," she replied. Then he went to the second and asked, "Why have you such an overhanging lip?"—"From licking," she answered, "from licking." Then he asked the third, "Why have you such a broad thumb?"—"From pressing the thread," she replied, "from pressing the thread." At this the Prince was frightened, and said, "Therefore my bride shall never touch a spinning-wheel again."

And so she was set free from the unlucky flax-spinning.



HANSEL AND GRETHEL.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt near a large wood a poor wood-cutter with his wife and two children by his former marriage, a little boy called Hansel, and a girl named Grethel. He had little enough to break or bite, and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he could not procure even his daily bread; and as he lay thinking in his bed one evening, rolling about for trouble, he sighed, and said to his wife, "What will become of us? How can we feed our children when we have no more than we can eat ourselves?"

"Know, then, my husband," answered she, "we will lead them away quite early in the morning into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire, and give them each a little piece of bread; then we will go to our work and leave them alone, so they will not find the way home again, and we shall be freed from them." "No, wife," replied he, "that I can never do; how can you bring your heart to leave my children all alone

in the wood, for the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she, "then we must all four die of hunger; you had better plane the coffins for us." But she left him no peace till he consented, saying, "Ah, but I shall regret the poor children."

The two children, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger, and so they overheard what the stepmother said to their father. *Grethel* wept bitterly, and said to *Hansel*, "What will become of us?" "Be quiet, *Grethel*," said he; "do not cry, I will soon help you." And as soon as their parents had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his coat, and, unbarring the back-door, slipped out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay before the door seemed like silver pieces, they glittered so brightly. *Hansel* stooped down, and put as many into his pocket as it would hold, and then going back he said to *Grethel*, "Be comforted, dear sister, and sleep in peace; God will not forsake us;" and so saying he went to bed again.

The next morning, before the sun arose, the wife went and awoke the two children. "Get up, you lazy things; we are going into the forest to chop wood." Then she gave them each a piece of bread, saying, "There is something for your dinner; do not eat it before the time, for you will get nothing else." *Grethel* took the bread in her apron, for *Hansel*'s pocket was full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way. When they had gone a little distance *Hansel* stood still, and peeped back at the house; and this he repeated several times, till his father said, "Hansel, what are you peeping at, and why do you lag behind? Take care, and remember your legs."

"Ah! father," said *Hansel*, "I am looking at my white cat sitting upon the roof of the house, and trying to say good-bye." "You simpleton!" said the wife, "that is not a cat; it is only the sun shining on the white chimney." But in reality *Hansel* was not looking at a cat; but every time he stopped he dropped a pebble out of his pocket upon the path.

When they came to the middle of the wood the father told the children to collect wood, and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold ; so Hansel and Grethel gathered together quite a little mountain of twigs. Then they set fire to them, and as the flame burnt up high the wife said, " Now, you children, lie down near the fire and rest yourselves, whilst we go into the forest and chop wood ; when we are ready, I will come and call you."

Hansel and Grethel sat down by the fire, and when it was noon each ate the piece of bread, and, because they could hear the blows of an axe, they thought their father was near ; but it was not an axe, but a branch which he had bound to a withered tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind. They waited so long that at last their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke it was quite dark, and Grethel began to cry ; " How shall we get out of the wood ? " But Hansel tried to comfort her by saying, " Wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we will quickly find the way." The moon soon shone forth, and Hansel, taking his sister's hand, followed the pebbles, which glittered like new-coined silver pieces, and showed them the path. All night long they walked on, and as day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it, and saw Hansel and Grethel, she exclaimed, " You wicked children ! why did you sleep so long in the wood ? We thought you were never coming home again." But their father was very glad, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone.

Not long afterwards there was again great scarcity in every corner of the land ; and one night the children overheard their mother saying to their father, " Everything is again consumed ; we have only half a loaf left, and then the song is ended : the children must be sent away. We will take them deeper into the wood, so that they may not find the way out again ; it is the only means of escape for us."

But her husband felt heavy at heart, and thought, " It were

better to share the last crust with the children." His wife, however, would listen to nothing that he said, and scolded and reproached him without end.

He who says A must say B too; and he who consents the first time must also the second.

The children, however, had heard the conversation as they lay awake, and as soon as the old people went to sleep Hansel got up, intending to pick up some pebbles as before; but the wife had locked the door, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Gretzel, saying, "Do not cry; sleep inquiet; the good God will not forsake us."

Early in the morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still smaller than the former piece. On the way Hansel broke his in his pocket, and, stopping every now then, dropped a crumb upon the path. "Hansel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father, "Keep in the path."—"I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "nodding a good-bye to me." "Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney." So Hansel kept still dropping crumbs as he went along.

The mother led the children deep into the wood, where they had never been before, and there making an immense fire she said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you."

When noon came Gretzel shared her bread with Hansel, who had strewn his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived and no one came to visit the poor children, and in the dark night they awoke, and Hansel comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait, Gretzel, till the moon comes out, then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home." The moon shone and they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thou-

sands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them all up. Hansel kept saying to Gretzel, "We will soon find the way;" but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, but still they did not come out of the wood; and they got so hungry, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes. Soon they got so tired that they could not drag themselves along, so they laid down under a tree and went to sleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they still walked on; but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and Hansel saw that if help did not come very soon they would die of hunger. As soon as it was noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting upon a bough, which sang so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. It soon left off, and spreading its wings flew off; and they followed it until it arrived at a cottage, upon the roof of which it perched; and when they went close up to it they saw that the cottage was made of bread and cakes, and the window panes were of clear sugar.

"We will go in there," said Hansel, "and have a glorious feast. I will eat a piece of the roof, and you can eat the window. Will they not be sweet?" So Hansel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, in order to see how it tasted; while Gretzel stepped up to the window and began to bite it. Then a sweet voice called out in the room, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, who raps at my door?" and the children answered, "The wind, the wind, the child of heaven;" and they went on eating without interruption. Hansel thought the roof tasted very nice, and so he tore off a great piece; while Gretzel broke a large round pane out of the window, and sat down quite contentedly. Just then the door opened, and a very old woman, walking upon crutches, came out. Hansel and Gretzel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands; but the old woman, nodding her head, said, "Ah, you dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall befall you;" and so saying she

took them both by the hand, and led them into her cottage. A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts, was spread on the table, and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hansel and Gretel laid themselves down, and thought themselves in heaven. The old woman had behaved very kindly to them, but in reality she was a wicked witch who waylaid children, and built the bread-house in order to entice them in; but as soon as they were in her power she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the day. Witches have red eyes, and cannot see very far; but they have a fine sense of smelling, like wild beasts, so that they know when children approach them. When Hansel and Gretel came near the witch's house she laughed wickedly, saying, "Here come two who shall not escape me." And early in the morning, before they awoke, she went up to them, and saw how lovingly they lay sleeping, with their chubby red cheeks; and she mumbled to herself, "That will be a good bite." Then she took up Hansel with her rough hand, and shut him up in a little cage with a lattice-door; and although he screamed loudly it was of no use. Gretel came next, and, shaking her till she awoke, she said, "Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother, who must remain in that stall and get fat; when he is fat enough I shall eat him." Gretel began to cry, but it was all useless, for the old witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for Hansel, but Gretel got nothing else but a crab's claw.

Every morning the old witch came to the cage and said, "Hansel, stretch out your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat." But Hansel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was his finger, and wondered very much that he did not get more fat. When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still kept quite lean, she lost all her patience and would not wait any longer. "Gretel," she called out in a passion, "get some water quickly; be Hansel fat or lean, this morning I will kill and cook him." Oh, how the

poor little sister grieved, as she was forced to fetch the water, and how fast the tears ran down her cheeks! "Dear good God, help us now!" she exclaimed. "Had we only been eaten by the wild beasts in the wood then we should have died together." But the old witch called out, "Leave off that noise; it will not help you a bit."

So early in the morning Grethel was forced to go out and fill the kettle, and make a fire. "First we will bake, however," said the old woman; "I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough;" and so saying she pushed poor Grethel up to the oven, out of which the flames were burning fiercely. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread;" but she intended when Grethel got in to shut up the oven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Hansel. Grethel perceived what her thoughts were, and said, "I do not know how to do it; how shall I get in?" "You stupid goose," said she, "the opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" and she got up and put her head into the oven. Then Grethel gave her a push, so that she fell right in, and then shutting the iron door she bolted it. Oh! how horribly she howled; but Grethel ran away, and left the ungodly witch to burn to ashes.

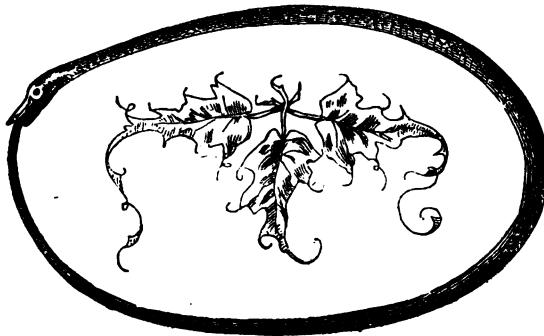
Now she ran to Hansel, and, opening his door, called out, "Hansel, we are saved; the old witch is dead!" So he sprang out, like a bird out of his cage when the door is opened; and they were so glad that they fell upon each other's neck, and kissed each other over and over again. And now, as there was nothing to fear, they went into the witch's house, where in every corner were caskets full of pearls and precious stones. "These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, putting as many into his pocket as it would hold; while Grethel thought, "I will take some home too," and filled her apron full. "We must be off now," said Hansel, "and get out of this bewitched forest;" but when they had walked for two hours they came to a large piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hansel. "I can see no bridge

at all, "and there is no boat either," said Gretel, "but there swims a white duck, I will ask her to help us over," and she sang,

" Little duck, good little duck,
Gretel and Hansel, here we stand,
There is neither stile nor bridge,
Take us on your back to land."

So the duck came to them, and Hansel sat himself on, and bade his sister sit behind him. "No," answered Gretel, "that will be too much for the duck, she shall take us over one at a time." This the good little bird did, and when both were happily arrived on the other side, and had gone a little way, they came to a well-known wood, which they knew the better every step they went, and at last they perceived their father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the house, they fell on their father's neck. He had not had one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest: and his wife was dead. Gretel shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled out upon the floor, and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Then all their sorrows were ended, and they lived together in great happiness.

My tale is done. There runs a mouse: whoever catches her may make a great, great cap out of her fur



THE THREE SNAKE-LEAVES.

THERE was once a poor man who was unable to feed his only son any longer ; so the son said, " My dear father, everything goes badly with you, and I am a burden to you ; I would rather go away and see how I can earn my own bread." So the father gave him his blessing, and took leave of him with great grief. At that time the King of a powerful empire was at war, and the youth, taking service under him, went with him to the field. When he came in sight of the enemy, battle was given and he was in great peril, and the arrows flew so fast that his comrades fell around him on all sides. And when the captain was killed the rest would have taken to flight ; but the youth, stepping forward, spoke to them courageously, exclaiming, " We will not let our fatherland be ruined !" Then the others followed him, and then pressed on and beat the enemy. As soon as the King heard that he had to thank him alone for the victory, he raised him above all the others, gave him great treasures, and made him first in his kingdom.

Now the King had a daughter who was very beautiful, but she was also very whimsical. She had made a vow never to take a lord and husband who would not promise, if she should die first, to let himself be buried alive with her. "Does he love me with all his heart?" said she. "What use to him, then, can his life be afterwards?" At the same time she was prepared to do the same thing, and if her husband should die first to descend with him to the grave. This vow had hitherto frightened away all suitors, but the youth was so taken with her beauty that he waited for nothing, but immediately asked her in marriage of her father.

"Do you know," said the King, "what you must promise?"

"I must go with her into the grave," he replied, "if I survive her; but my love is so great that I mind not the danger." Then the King consented, and the wedding was celebrated with great splendour.

For a long time they lived happily and contented with one another, until it happened that the young Queen fell grievously sick, so that no physician could cure her. When she died the young Prince remembered his forced promise, and shuddered at the thought of laying himself alive in the grave; but there was no escape, for the King had set watchers at all the doors, and it was not possible to avoid his fate. When the day came that the body should be laid in the royal vault, he was led away with it, and the door closed and locked behind him. Near the coffin stood a table, having upon it four lights, four loaves of bread, and four bottles of wine: as soon as this supply came to an end he must die of hunger. Full of bitterness and sorrow he sat down, eating each day but a little morsel of bread, and taking but one draught of wine: every day he saw death approaching nearer and nearer. Whilst he thus sat gazing before him he saw a snake creeping out of the corner of the vault, which approached the dead body. Thinking that it came to feed on the body, he drew his sword, and exclaiming, "So long as I live you shall not touch her," he cut it in three pieces. After awhile

another snake crawled out of the corner; but when it saw the other lying dead it went back, and returned soon with three green leaves in its mouth. Then it took the three pieces of the snake, and, laying them together so as to join, it put one leaf upon each wound. As soon as the divided parts were joined the snake moved and was alive again, and both snakes hastened away together. The leaves remained lying on the ground, and the unfortunate King, who had seen all, bethought himself whether the miraculous power of the leaves, which had restored a snake to life, might not help a man. So he picked up the leaves, and laid one on the mouth of the corpse, and the other two on her eyes; and he had scarcely done so when the blood circulated again in the veins, and, mounting into the pale countenance, flushed it with colour. Then she drew her breath, opened her eyes, and said, "Ah, where am I?" "You are with me, dear wife," he replied, and told her how everything had happened, and how he had brought her to life. Then he helped her to some wine and bread; and when her strength had returned she raised herself up, and they went to the door, and knocked and shouted so loudly that the watchers heard them and told the King. The King came down himself and opened the door, and there found them both alive and well, and he rejoiced with them that their trouble had passed away. But the young King took away the three snake-leaves, and gave them to his servant, saying, "Preserve them carefully for me, and carry them with you at all times. Who knows in what necessity they may not help us?"

A change, however, had come over the wife, after she was restored to life and it was as if all love for her husband had passed out of her heart. And when, some little time after, he wished to make a voyage over the sea to his old father, and they had gone on board the ship, she forgot the great love and fidelity which he had shown, and through which he had saved her life, and disclosed a wicked plan to the Captain. When the young Prince lay asleep, she called up the Captain, and, taking the sleeper by the head while he carried the feet, they threw the

Prince into the sea. And as soon as the evil deed was done she said to the Captain, "Now let us return home, and say he died on the voyage. I will so praise and commend you to my father that he shall give you to me in marriage, and you shall sit as his heir."

But the faithful servant, who had seen all unremarked, let loose a little boat from the ship, and, getting in it himself, rowed after his master, and let the betrayers sail away. He fished the dead body up again, and, by the help of the three snake-leaves, which he carried with him, he brought him happily to life again. Then they both rowed away with all their strength day and night, and their little boat glided on so fast that they arrived before the others at the old King's palace. He marvelled to see them return alone, and asked what had happened. When he heard of the wickedness of his daughter he said, "I can scarcely believe that she has done such evil; but the truth will soon come to light." Then he bade them both go into a secret chamber, and keep themselves private from everybody. Soon afterwards the great vessel came sailing up, and the godless wife appeared before her father with a sorrowful countenance. "Why are you returned alone?" he asked. "Where is your husband?" "Alas! dear father," she replied, "I return home with great grief, for my husband was suddenly taken ill during the voyage and died; and if the good Captain had not given me his assistance it would have gone terribly with me; he was present at my husband's death, and can tell you all about it." The King said, "I will bring the dead to life," and, opening the chamber, he bade the Prince and his servant both to come forth. As soon as the wife perceived her husband she was struck as if by lightning, and, falling on her knees, she begged his pardon. But the King answered, "For you there is no pardon. He was ready to die with you, and gave you life again; but you have conspired against him in his sleep, and shall receive your due reward." Then she was put, with her companion in crime, on board a ship which was pierced with holes, and drawn out into the sea; and they soon sank beneath the waves.



RAPUNZEL.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife, who much wished to have a child, but for a long time in vain. These people had a little window in the back part of their house, out of which one could see into a beautiful garden, which was full of fine flowers and vegetables; but it was surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go in; because it belonged to a Witch who possessed great power, and who was feared by the whole world. One day the woman stood at this window looking into the garden, and there she saw a bed which was filled with the most beautiful radishes, and which seemed so fresh and green that she felt quite glad; and a great desire seized her to eat of these radishes. This wish returned daily, and as she knew that she could not partake of them she fell ill, and looked very pale and miserable. This frightened her husband, who asked, "What ails you, my dear wife?"

"Ah!" she replied, "if I cannot get any of those radishes to

eat out of the garden behind the house I shall die!" The husband, loving her very much, thought, "Rather than let my wife die I must fetch her some radishes, cost what they may." So, in the gloom of the evening, he climbed the wall of the Witch's garden, and, snatching a handful of radishes in great haste, brought them to his wife, who made herself a salad with them, which she ate with relish. However, they were so nice, and so well-flavoured, that the next day after she felt the same desire for the third time, and could not get any rest, so that her husband was obliged to promise her some more. So, in the evening, he made himself ready, and began clambering up the wall; but, oh! how terribly frightened he was, for there he saw the old Witch standing before him. "How dare you,"—she began, looking at him with a frightful scowl,—"how dare you climb over into my garden to take away my radishes like a thief? Evil shall happen to you for this."

"Ah!" replied he, "let pardon be granted before justice; I have only done this from a great necessity: my wife saw your radishes from her window, and took such a fancy to them that she would have died if she had not eaten of them." Then the Witch ran after him in a passion, saying, "If she behave as you say I will let you take away all the radishes you please, but I make one condition: you must give me the child which your wife will bring into the world. All shall go well with it, and I will care for it like a mother." In his anxiety the man consented, and when the child was born the Witch appeared at the same time, gave the child the name "Rapunzel," and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful child under the sun, and when she was twelve years old the Witch shut her up in a tower, which stood in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, and only one little window just at the top. When the Witch wished to enter she stood beneath, and called out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"



for Rapunzel had long and beautiful hair, as fine as spun gold ; and as soon as she heard the Witch's voice she unbound her tresses, opened the window, and then the hair fell down twenty ells, and the Witch mounted up by it.

After a couple of years had passed away it happened that the King's son was riding through the wood, and came by the tower. There he heard a song so beautiful that he stood still and listened. It was Rapunzel, who, to pass the time of her loneliness away, was exercising her sweet voice. The King's son wished to ascend to her and looked for a door to the tower, but he could not find one. So he rode home, but the song had touched his heart so much that he went every day to the forest and listened to it ; and, as he thus stood one day behind a tree, he saw the Witch come up and heard her call out—

“ Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair !”

Then Rapunzel let down her tresses, and the Witch mounted up. “ Is that the ladder on which one must climb ? Then I will try my luck, too,” said the Prince ; and the following day, as he felt quite lonely, he went to the tower, and said—

“ Rapunzel ! Rapunzel !
Let down your hair !”

Then the tresses fell down, and he climbed up. Rapunzel was much frightened at first when a man came in, for she had never seen one before ; but the King's son began to talk in a friendly way to her, and told how his heart had been so moved by her singing that he had had no peace until he had seen her himself. So Rapunzel lost her terror, and when he asked her if she would have him for a husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, “ Any one may have me, rather than the old woman ; ” so, saying “ Yes,” she put her hand within his : “ I will willingly go with you, but I know not how I am to

descend. When you come, bring with you a skein of silk each time, out of which I will weave a ladder, and when it is ready I will come down by it, and you must take me upon your horse." Then they agreed that they should never meet till the evening, as the Witch came in the daytime. The old woman remarked nothing about it, until one time Rapunzel began to say to her, "Tell me, mother, how it happens you find it more difficult to come up to me than the young King's son, who is with me in a moment?"

"Oh, you wicked child!" exclaimed the Witch, "what do I hear? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me." And, seizing Rapunzel's beautiful hair in a fury, she gave her a couple of blows with her left hand, and, taking a pair of scissors in her right, snip, snap! she cut them all off; and the beautiful tresses lay upon the ground. Then she was so hard-hearted that she took the poor maiden into a great desert, and left her to live in great misery and grief.

But the same day when the old Witch had carried Rapunzel off, in the evening she made the tresses fast above to the window latch, and when the King's son came, and called out—

"Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair!"

she let them down. The Prince mounted; but when he got to the top he found, not his dear Rapunzel, but the Witch, who looked at him with furious and wicked eyes. "Aha!" she exclaimed, scornfully, "you would fetch your dear wife; but the beautiful bird sits no longer in her nest, singing; the cat has taken her away, and will now scratch out your eyes. To you Rapunzel is lost; you will never see her again."

The Prince lost his senses with grief at these words, and sprang out of the window of the tower in his bewilderment. His life he escaped with, but the thorns into which he fell put out his eyes. So he wandered, blind, in the forest, eating nothing but roots and berries, and doing nothing but weep and lament

for the loss of his dear wife. He wandered about thus, in great misery, for some few years, and at last arrived at the desert where Rapunzel, with her twins, a boy and girl, which had been born, lived in great sorrow. Hearing a voice which he thought he knew, he went up to her; and, as he approached, Rapunzel recognised him, and fell upon his neck and wept. Two of her tears moistened his eyes, and they became clear again, so that he could see as well as formerly.

Then he led her away to his kingdom, where he was received with great demonstrations of joy, and where they lived long, contented, and happy.

What became of the old Witch, no one ever knew.



THE WHITE SNAKE.

A LONG while ago there lived a King whose wisdom was world-renowned. Nothing remained unknown to him, and it seemed as if the tidings of the most hidden things were borne to him through the air. But he had one strange custom : every noontime, when the table was quite cleared, and no one was present, his trusty servant had to bring him a dish, which was covered up, and the servant himself did not know what lay in it, and no man knew, for the King never uncovered it nor ate thereof until he was quite alone. This went on for a long time, until one day such a violent curiosity seized the servant, who as usual carried the dish, that he could not resist the temptation, and took the dish into his chamber. As soon as he had carefully locked the door, he raised the cover, and there lay before

him a White Snake. At the sight he could not restrain the desire to taste it, so he cut a piece off and put it in his mouth. But scarcely had his tongue touched it, when he heard before his window a curious whispering of low voices. He went and listened, and found out that it was the Sparrows who were conversing with one another, and relating 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 just on this day that the Queen lost her finest ring, and suspicions fell on this faithful servant, who had the care of all the things, that he had stolen it. The King ordered him to appear before him, and threatened 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. He protested his innocence in vain, and was sent away without any mitigation of the sentence. In his anxiety and trouble he went away into the courtyard, thinking how he might help himself. There, on a running stream of water, the Ducks were congregated familiarly together, and smoothing themselves down with their beaks while they held a confidential conversation. The Servant stood still and listened to them as they narrated to each other whereabouts they had waddled, and what nice food they had found ; and one said in a vexed tone, "Something very hard is in my stomach, for in my haste I swallowed a ring which laid 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 finely fat." "Yea," said the Cook, weighing 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. Now, the Servant was able to prove easily his innocence to the Queen, and, as she wished to repair her injustice, she granted him her pardon, and promised him the greatest place of honour which he wished for at court. The servant refused everything, and only requested a horse and money, for he had a

desire to see the world, and to travel about it for a while. As soon as his request was granted he set off on his tour, and came one day by a pond, in which he remarked three Fishes which were caught in the reeds, and lay gasping for water. Although men say Fishes are dumb, yet he understood their complaint, that they must die so miserably. Having a compassionate heart, he dismounted and put the three prisoners again into the water. They splashed about for joy, and, putting their heads above water, said to him, "We shall be grateful, and repay you for saving us." He rode onwards, and, after a while, it happened that he heard, as it were, a voice in the sand at his feet. He listened, and perceived that an Ant King was complaining thus:—"If these men could but keep away with their great fat beasts! Here comes an awkward horse treading my people under foot unmercifully." 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 a male and female Crow, standing by their nest, and dragging their young out. "Off with you, you gallows birds!" they exclaimed, "we can feed you no longer, you are big enough now to help yourselves." The poor young ones lay on the ground fluttering and 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 dismounted, and, killing his horse with his sword, left it for the young Crows to feed upon. They soon hopped upon it, and when they were satisfied they exclaimed, "We will be grateful, and reward you in time of need!"

He was obliged now to use his own legs, and after he had gone a long way he came to a large town, where in the streets there was a great crowd and shouting, and a man upon horseback riding along, who proclaimed, "The princess seeks a husband; but he who would win her must perform a difficult task, and, if he should not luckily complete it, his life will be forfeited." Many had tried already, but in vain; their life had been forfeited.

But the Youth, when he had seen the Princess, was so blinded by her beauty, that he forgot all danger, and, stepping before the King, offered himself as a suitor. Immediately he was conducted to the sea, and a golden ring 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 seashore. There he stood considering what he should do, and presently he saw three fishes at once 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, taking it up and opening it, found the gold ring within. Full of joy, he brought it to the King, expecting that he should receive his promised reward. But the proud Princess, when she saw that he was not her equal in birth, was ashamed of him, and desired that he should undertake a second task. She went into the garden, and strewed there ten bags of millet-seed in the grass, "These he must pick up by the morning, before the sun rise, and let him not venture to miss one grain." The Youth sat himself down in the garden, thinking how it was possible to perform the task, but that he could not discover, and so he sat there sorrowfully, awaiting at the dawn of day to be conducted to 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 remained in the grass. The Ant King had come in the night with his thousands and thousands of men, and the grateful insects had collected the millet with great industry, and put it into the sacks. The Princess herself came into the garden, and saw with wonder that the Youth had performed what was required of him. But 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 so long as his legs bore him, but he had no hope of finding it. After he had wandered through three kingdoms, he came by evening into a forest, and, sitting down under a tree, he wished to sleep ; when 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 fetched you the apple."

Full of joy, the Youth set out homewards, and presented the golden apple to the beautiful Princess, who now had no more excuses. So they divided the apple of life, and ate it between them ; then her heart was filled with love towards him, and they lived to a great age in undisturbed tranquillity.



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

THERE was once upon a time a fisherman and his wife, who lived together in a little hut near the sea, and every day he went down to fish. There he sat with his rod, and looked out upon the blank water; and this he did for many a long day. One morning the line went to the bottom, and, when he drew it up, a great Flounder was hooked at the end. The Flounder said to him, "Let me go, I pray you, fisherman; I am not a real fish, but an enchanted prince. What good shall I do you if you pull me up? I should not taste well; put me back into the water, and let me swim."

"Ah," said the man, "you need not make such a palaver, a fish which can speak I would rather let swim," and, so saying, he put the fish into the water, and as it sunk to the bottom it left a long streak of blood behind it. Then the fisherman got up, and went back to his wife in their hut.

"Have you caught nothing to-day, husband?" said she.
"Oh!" he replied, "I caught a flounder, who said he was an
enchanted Prince; so I threw him again into the sea to
swim."

"Did you not wish first?" she inquired. "No!" said he.

"Ah!" said the wife, "that is very unlucky; "is one to
remain in this hovel for ever? you might have wished for a
better hut at least. Go again and call him; tell him we choose
to have a better hut, and for certain you'll get it."

"Ah!" replied he, "how shall I manage that?" "Why,"
said his wife, "you must catch him again, and before you let
him swim away he will grant what you ask: be quick." The
man was not much pleased, and wished his wife further; but,
nevertheless, he went down to the sea. When he came to the
water, it was green and yellow, and looked still more blank; he
stood by it and said,

"Flounder, Flounder in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me;
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dars tell!"

Then the fish came swimming up, and said, "What do you
want with me?" "Oh!" said the man, "I was to catch you
again; for my wife says I ought to have wished before. She
won't stay any longer in her hovel, and desires a cottage."

"Go home again," said the Flounder, "she has it already." So the fisherman departed; and there was his wife, no longer in the dirty hovel, for in its place stood a clean cottage, before whose door she sat upon a bench. She took him by the hand, saying, "Come in now and see: is not this much better?" So in they went, and in the cottage there was a beautiful parlour, and a fine fireplace, and a chamber where a bed stood; there were also a kitchen and a store-room, with nice earthenware, all of the best; tinware and copper vessels, and everything very clean and neat. At the back was a large yard, with hens and chickens; as well

as a nice garden, full of fruit trees and vegetables. "See!" said the wife, "is not this charming?"

"Yes," said her husband, "so long as it blooms you will be very well content with it."

"We will consider about that," she replied, and they went to bed.

Thus eight to fourteen days passed on, when the wife said, "Husband, the hut is far too narrow for me, and the yard and garden are so small; the flounder may very well give us a larger house. I wish to live in a large stone palace; go, then, to the flounder, and ask him to give us a castle."

"Ah, wife!" said he, "the cottage is good enough; why should you choose to have a castle?"

"Go along!" she replied, "the flounder will soon give you that."

"Nay, wife," he said, "the flounder gave us the cottage at first, but when I go again he will perhaps be angry."

"Never you mind," said she; "he can do what I wish for very easily, and willingly; go and try." The husband was vexed at heart, and did not like going, and said to himself, "This is not right." But at last he set off.

When he came to the sea, the water was quite clouded and deep blue coloured, and black and thick: it looked green no longer, yet it was calm. So he went and said,

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell."

"Now, then, what do you want?" said the Flounder. "Oh," said the man, half-frightened, "she wants to live in a great stone castle." "Go home, and see it at your door," replied the fish.

The fisherman went away, and lo! where formerly his house stood, there was a great stone castle; and his wife called to him from the steps to come in, and, taking him by the hand, she said,

"Now let us look about." So they walked about, and in the castle there was a great hall, with marble tables, and there were ever so many servants, who ushered them through folding doors into rooms hung all round with tapestry, and filled with fine golden stools and chairs, with crystal looking-glasses on the walls; and all the rooms were similarly fitted up. Outside the house were large courtyards, with horse and cow stalls, and waggons, all of the best, and besides a beautiful garden filled with magnificent flowers and fruit trees, and a meadow full a mile long, covered with deer, and oxen, and sheep, as many as one could wish for. "Is not this pretty?" said the wife. "Ah," said her husband, "so long as the humour lasts you will be content with this, and then you will want something else."

"We will think about that," said she, and with that they went to bed.

The next morning the wife woke up just as it was day, and looked out over the fine country which lay before her. Her husband did not get up, and there she stood with her arms a-kimbo, and called out, "Get up, and come and look here at the window; see, shall I not be Queen over all the land? Go, and say to the Flounder, "We choose to be King and Queen," "Ah, wife," said he, "why should I wish to be King?" "No," she replied, "you do not wish, so I will be Queen. Go, tell the Flounder so."

"Oh why do you wish this? I cannot say it."

"Why not? go off at once; I *must* be Queen." The husband set out quite stupefied, but she would have her way, and when he came to the sea it was quite black-looking, and the water splashed up and smelled very disagreeably. But he stood still, and repeated,

"Flounder, Flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell."

"What does she want now?" asked the Flounder. "Ah!" said he, "she would be Queen." "Go home, she is so already,"

replied the fish. So he departed, and when he came near the palace he saw it had become much larger, with a great tower and gateway in front of it; and before the gate stood a herald, and there were many soldiers, with kettledrums and trumpets. When he came into the house he found everything made of the purest marble and gold; with magnificent curtains, fringed with gold. Through the hall he went in at the doors where the great court apartment was, and there sat his wife upon a high throne of gold and diamonds; having a crown of gold upon her head, and a sceptre of precious stones in her hand; and upon each side stood six pages, in a row, each one a head taller than the other. Then he went up, and said, "Ah! wife, are you Queen now?" "Yes," said she, "now I am Queen!" There he stood looking for a long time. At last he said, "Ah, wife, how do you like being Queen? now we have nothing else to choose." "No, indeed!" she replied, "I am very dissatisfied; time and tide do not wait for me; I can bear it no longer. Go then to the flounder; Queen I am; now I must be Pope." "Ah, wife! what would you? Pope thou canst not be, the Pope is the head of Christendom, the Flounder cannot make you that."

"I *will* be Pope," replied the Wife, and he was obliged to go, and, when he came to the shore, the sea was running mountains high, and the sky was so black that he was quite terrified, and began to say in a great fright,

"Flounder, Flounder in the sea,
Quickly, quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell."

"What now?" asked the Flounder. "She wants to be Pope," said he. "Go home, and find her so," was the reply.

So he went back, and found a great church, in which she was sitting upon a much higher throne, with two rows of candles on each side, some as thick as towers, down to those no bigger than rushlights, and before her footstool were Kings and Queens kneeling. "Wife," said he, "now be contented: since you

are Pope, you cannot be anything else." "That I will consider about," she replied, and so they went to bed; but she could not sleep for thinking what she should be next. Very early she rose, and looked out of the window, and, as she saw the sun rising, she thought to herself, "Why should I not do that?" and so she shook her husband, and called out to him, "Go, tell the Flounder I want to make the sun rise." Her husband was so frightened that he tumbled out of bed, but she would hear nothing, and he was obliged to go.

When he got down to the sea a tremendous storm was raging, and the ships and boats were tossing about in all directions. Then he shouted out, but still he could not hear his own words,

"Flounder, Flounder in the sea,
Quickly, quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell."

"What would she have now?" said the Fish. "Ah!" he replied, "she wants to be Ruler of the Universe."

"Return, and find her back in her hovel," replied the Flounder.

And there the fisherman and his wife remained for the rest of their days.



THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR.



ONE summer's morning a Tailor was sitting on his bench by the window in very good spirits, sewing away with all his might, and presently up the street came a peasant woman, crying, "Good preserves for sale. Good preserves for sale." This cry sounded nice in the Tailor's ears, and sticking his diminutive head out of the window he called out, "Here, my good woman, just bring your wares here." The woman mounted the three steps up to the Tailor's house with her heavy basket, and began to unpack all the pots together before him. He looked at them all, held them up to the light, put his nose to them, and at last said, "These preserves appear to me to be very nice, so you may weigh me out four half-ounces, my good woman; I don't mind even if you make it a quarter of a pound." The

woman, who expected to have met with a good customer, gave him what he wished, and went away grumbling, very much dissatisfied.

"Now," exclaimed the Tailor, "Heaven will send me a blessing on this preserve, and give me fresh strength and vigour;" and taking the bread out of the cupboard he cut himself a slice the size of the whole loaf, and spread the preserve upon it. "That will taste by no means bad," said he; "but, before I have a bite, I will just get this waistcoat finished." So he laid the bread down near him, and stitched away, making larger and larger stitches every time for joy. Meanwhile the smell of the preserve mounted to the ceiling, where flies were sitting in great numbers, and enticed them down, so that soon a regular swarm of them had settled on the bread. "Hollos, who invited you?" exclaimed the Tailor, hunting away the unbidden guests; but the flies, not understanding his language, would not be driven off, and came again in greater numbers than before. This put the little man in a boiling passion, and snatching up in his rage a rag of cloth he brought it down with an unmerciful swoop upon them. When he raised it again he counted no less than seven lying dead before him with outstretched legs. "What a fellow you are!" said he to himself, wondering at his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this." In great haste he cut himself out a band, hemmed it, and then put on it in large characters, "SEVEN AT ONE BLOW." "Ah!" said he, "not one city alone, the whole world shall know it;" and his heart fluttered with joy, like a lambkin's tail.

The little Tailor bound the belt round his body, and prepared to travel forth into the wide world, thinking the workshop too small for his valiant deeds. Before he set out, however, he looked round his house to see if there was anything he could take with him; but he found only an old cheese, which he pocketed; and, remarking a bird before the door which was entangled in the bushes, he caught it and put that in his pocket also. Directly after he set out bravely on his travels; and, as

he was light and active, he felt no weariness. His road led him up a hill, and when he reached the highest point of it, he found a great Giant sitting there, who was looking about him very composedly!

The little Tailor, however, went boldly up, and said, "Good day, comrade; in faith you sit there and see the whole world stretched below you. I am also on the road thither to try my luck. Have you a mind to go with me?"

The Giant looked contemptuously at the little Tailor, and said, "You vagabond, you miserable fellow!"

"That may be," replied the Tailor; "but here you may read what sort of a man I am." and unbuttoning his coat he showed the Giant his belt. The Giant read, "Seven at one blow;" and thinking they were men whom the tailor had slain, he conceived a little respect for him. Still he wished to prove him first, so taking up a stone he squeezed it in his hand so that water dropped out of it. "Do that after me," said he to the other, "if you have any strength."

"If it be nothing worse than that," said the Tailor, "that's play to me." And diving into his pocket, he brought out the cheese, and squeezed it till the whey ran out of it, and said, "Now I think that's a little better."

The Giant did not know what to say, and could not believe it of the little man; so, taking up another stone, he threw it so high that one could scarcely see it with the eye, saying, "There, you manikin, do that after me."

"Well done," said the Tailor; "but your stone must fall down again to the ground. I will throw one up which shall not come back:" and dipping into his pocket he took out the bird and threw it into the air. The bird, rejoicing in its freedom, flew straight up, and then far away, and did not return. "How does that little affair please you, comrade?" asked the Tailor.

"You can throw well, certainly," replied the Giant; "now let us see if you are in trim to carry something out of the common." So saying, he led him to a huge oak-tree, which laid upon the

ground, and said, "If you are strong enough, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

"With all my heart," replied the Tailor; "do you take the trunk upon your shoulder, and I will raise the boughs and branches, which are the heaviest, and carry them."

The Giant took the trunk upon his shoulder, but the Tailor placed himself on a branch, so that the Giant, who was not able to look round, was forced to carry the whole tree, and the Tailor besides. He, being behind, was very merry, and chuckled at the trick, and presently began to whistle the song, "There rode three Tailors out at the gate," as if the carrying of trees were child's play. The Giant, after he had staggered along a short distance with his heavy burden, could go no further, and shouted out, "Do you hear? I must let the tree fall." The Tailor, springing down, quickly embraced the tree with both arms, as if he had been carrying it, and said to the Giant, "Are you such a big fellow, and yet cannot you carry this tree by yourself?"

Then they journeyed on farther, and as they came to a cherry tree the Giant seized the top of the tree where the ripest fruits hung, and bending it down gave it to the Tailor to hold, bidding him eat. But the Tailor was much too weak to hold the tree down, and when the Giant let go, the tree flew up into the air, and the Tailor was carried with it. He came down on the other side, however, without injury, and the Giant said, "What does that mean? Have you not strength enough to hold that twig?" "My strength did not fail me," replied the Tailor; "do you suppose that that was any hard thing for one who has killed seven at one blow? I have sprung over the tree because the hunters were shooting below there in the thicket. Spring after me, if you can." The Giant made the attempt, but could not clear the tree, and stuck fast in the branches; so that in this affair, too, the Tailor was the better man.

After this the Giant said, "Since you are such a valiant fellow, come with me to our house and stop a night with us." The

Tailor consented and followed him ; and when they entered the cave, there sat by the fire two other Giants, each having a roast sheep in his hand, of which he was eating. The Tailor sat down, thinking, " Ah, this is much more like the world than is my workshop." And soon the Giant showed him a bed where he might lie down and go to sleep. The bed, however, was too big for him, so he slipped out of it and crept into a corner. When midnight came, and the Giant thought the Tailor would be in a deep sleep, he got up, and taking a great iron bar beat the bed right through at one stroke, and supposed he had thereby given the Tailor his death-blow. At the earliest dawn of morning the Giants went forth into the forest, quite forgetting the Tailor, when presently up he came, quite merry, and showed himself before them. The Giants were terrified, and, fearing he would kill them all, they ran away in great haste.

The Tailor journeyed on, always following his nose, and after he had wandered some long distance, he came into the courtyard of a royal palace, and as he felt rather tired he laid himself down on the grass and went to sleep. Whilst he lay there, the people came and viewed him on all sides, and read upon his belt, " Seven at one blow." " Ah!" said they, " what does this great warrior here in time of peace ! This must be some mighty hero." So they went and told the King, thinking that, should war break out, here was an important and useful man whom one ought not to part with at any price. The King took counsel, and sent one of his courtiers to the Tailor to ask for his fighting services, if he should be awake. The messenger stopped at the sleeper's side, and waited till he stretched out his limbs and opened his eyes, and then he laid before him his message. " Solely on that account did I come here," was the reply; " I am quite ready to enter into the King's service." Then he was conducted away with great honour, and a fine house was appointed him to dwell in.

The courtiers, however, became jealous of the Tailor, and wished he were a thousand miles away. " What will happen ?" said they to one another. " If we go to battle with him, when

he strikes out, seven will fall at every blow, so that no one of us will be left!" In their rage they came to a resolution to resign, and they went all together to the King, and asked his permission, saying, "We are not prepared to keep company with a man who kills seven at one blow." The King was grieved to lose all his faithful servants for the sake of one, and wished that he had never seen the Tailor; and would willingly have now been rid of him. He dared not, however, dismiss him, because he feared the Tailor would kill him and all his subjects, and place himself upon the throne. For a long time he deliberated, till at last he came to a decision; and, sending for the Tailor, he told him that seeing, he was so great a hero, he wished to make a request of him. "In a certain forest in my kingdom," said the King, "there live two Giants, who, by murder, rapine, fire, and robbery, have committed great havoc, and no one dares to approach them without perilling his own life. If you overcome and kill both these Giants, I will give you my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom for a dowry: a hundred knights shall accompany you, too, in order to render you assistance."

"Ah! that is something for such a man as I," thought the Tailor to himself; "a beautiful princess and half a kingdom are not offered to one every day." "Oh, yes," he replied, "I will soon manage these two Giants, and a hundred horsemen are not necessary for that purpose; he who kills seven at one blow, need not fear two."

Thus talking, the little Tailor set out followed by the hundred knights, to whom he said, as soon as they came to the borders of the forest, "Do you stay here; I would rather meet these Giants alone." Then off he sprang into the forest, peering about him right and left; and after awhile he saw the two Giants lying asleep under a tree, snoring so loudly that the branches above them shook violently. The Tailor, full of courage, filled both his pockets with stones, and clambered up the tree. When he got to the middle of it, he crept along a bough, so that he sat just above the sleepers, and then he let fall one stone after another

upon the breast of one of them. For some time the Giant did not stir, until, at last awaking, he pushed his companion and said, "Why are you beating me?"

"You are dreaming," he replied; "I never hit you." They laid themselves down again to sleep, and presently the Tailor threw a stone down upon the other. "What is that?" he exclaimed. "What are you knocking me for?"

"I did not touch you; you must dream," replied the first. In a little while they sank down again to sleep, and because they were very tired they soon shut their eyes again. Then the Tailor began his sport again, and, picking out the biggest stone, threw it with all his force upon the breast of the first Giant. "That is too bad," he exclaimed; and, springing up like a madman, he fell upon his companion, who, reckoning with equal measure, they set to in such good earnest that they rooted up trees, and beat one another about until they both fell dead upon the ground. Now the Tailor jumped down, saying, "What a piece of luck they did not uproot the tree on which I sat, or else I must have jumped on another like a squirrel, for I am not given to flying." Then he drew his sword, and, cutting a deep wound in the breast of each, he went to the horsemen and said, "The deed is done; I have given each his death-stroke; but it was a hard job, for in their necessity they have uprooted trees to defend themselves with; still all that is of no use when such an one as I come, who kill seven at every stroke."

"Are you not wounded, then?" asked they.

"That is not to be expected; they have not touched a hair of my head," replied the little man. The knights could scarcely believe him, and so, riding away into the forest, they found the Giants lying in their blood, and the uprooted trees around them.

Now the Tailor desired his promised reward of the King; but he repented of his promise, and began to think of some new scheme to get rid of the hero. "Before you receive my daughter and the half of my kingdom," said he to him, "you must perform one other heroic deed. In the forest there runs wild an

unicorn, which commits great havoc, and whom you must first of all catch."

"I fear still less for an unicorn than I do for two Giants! Seven at one blow! that is my motto," said the Tailor. Then he took with him a rope and an axe, and went away to the forest, bidding those who were ordered to accompany him to wait on the outskirts. He had not to search long, for presently the unicorn came near and prepared to rush at him, as if it would pierce him on the spot. "Softly, softly," he exclaimed; "that is not done so easily;" and, waiting till the animal was close upon him, he sprang nimbly behind a tree. The unicorn, rushing with all its force against the tree, fixed its horn so fast in the trunk that it could not draw it out again, and so it was made prisoner. "Now I have got my bird," said the Tailor; and coming from behind the tree, he first bound the rope around its neck, and then, cutting the horn out of the tree with his axe, he put all in order; and, leading the animal, brought it before the King.

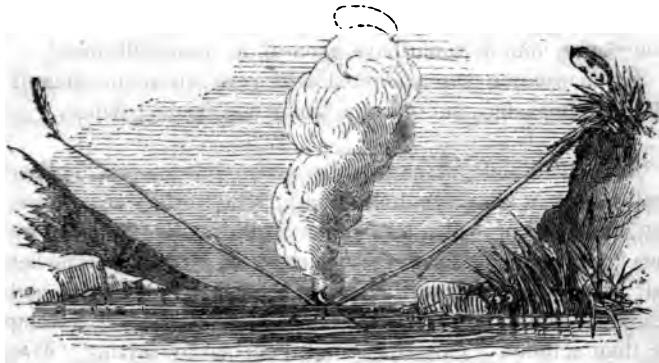
The King, however, would not yet deliver up the promised reward, and made a third request, that before the wedding the Tailor should catch a wild boar which did much injury, and he should have the huntsmen to help him. "With pleasure," was the reply; "it is mere child's play." The huntsmen, however, he left behind; and they were overjoyed to be there, for this wild boar had already so often hunted them that they had no pleasure in hunting it. As soon as the boar perceived the Tailor, it ran at him with gaping mouth and glistening teeth, and tried to throw him on the ground; but our flying hero sprang into a little chapel which was near, and out again at a window on the other side in a trice. The boar ran after him, but he, skipping round, shut the door behind it, and there the raging beast was caught, for it was much too unwieldy and heavy to jump out of the window. The Tailor now called the huntsmen up, that they might see his prisoner with their own eyes; but our hero presented himself before the King, who was compelled now, whether

he would or no, to keep his promise, and surrender his daughter and the half of his kingdom.

Had he known that it was no warrior, but only a Tailor, who stood before him, it would have gone to his heart still more!

So the wedding was celebrated with great splendour, though with little rejoicing, and out of a Tailor was made a King.

Some little while afterwards the young Queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, "Boy, make me a waistcoat, and stitch up these trousers, or I will lay the yard measure over your ears!" Then she remarked of what condition her lord was, and complained in the morning to her father, and begged he would deliver her from her husband, who was nothing else than a tailor. The King comforted her by saying, "This night leave your chamber door open; my servants shall stand without, and when he is asleep they shall enter, bind him, and bear him away to a ship which shall carry him forth into the wide world." The wife was contented with his proposal, but the King's armour-bearer, who had overheard all, went to the young King and disclosed the whole plot. "I will shoot a bolt upon this affair," said the brave Tailor. In the evening, at their usual time, they went to bed, and when his wife believed he slept she got up, opened the door, and laid herself down again. The Tailor, however, only feigned to be asleep, and began to exclaim in a loud voice, "Boy, make me this waistcoat and stitch up these trousers, or I will beat the yard-measure about your ears! Seven have I killed with one blow, two Giants have I slain, an unicorn have I led captive, and a wild boar have I caught; and shall I be afraid of those who stand without my chamber?" When these men heard these words spoken by the Tailor, a great fear overcame them, and they ran away as if the wild huntsmen were behind them; neither afterwards durst any man venture to oppose him. Thus became the Tailor a King, and so he remained the rest of his days.



THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN.

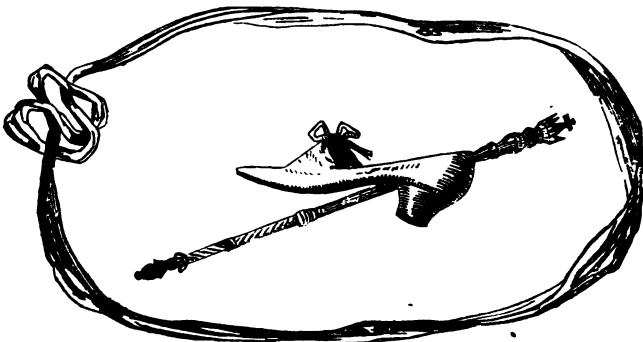
IN a certain village there dwelt a poor old woman, who had gathered a dish of beans, which she wished to cook. So she made a fire upon the hearth, and, that it might burn the quicker, she lighted it with a handful of straw. And, as she shook the beans up in the saucepan, one fell out unperceived, and came down upon the ground, near a straw: soon after a glowing coal burst out of the fire, and fell just by these two. Then the Straw began to say, "My dear friend, whence do you come?" The Coal replied, "By good luck I have sprung out of the fire, and, if I had not jumped away by force, my death had been certain, and I should have been reduced to ashes." The Bean continued, "I also have got away with a whole skin, but, had the old woman put me in the pot with the others, I should have been boiled to pieces, as my comrades are." "Would a better fate have fallen to my share?" said the Straw; "for the old woman has suffocated in fire and smoke all my brothers; sixty has she

put on at once, and deprived of life; happily, I slipped between her fingers."

"But what shall we do now?" asked the Coal.

"I think," answered the Bean, "since we have so luckily escaped death, we will join in partnership, and keep together like good companions: lest a new misfortune overtake us, let us wander forth, and travel into a strange country."

This proposition pleased the two others, and they set out together on their travels. Presently they came to a little stream, over which there was no bridge or path, and they did not know how they should get over. The Straw gave good advice, and said, "I will lay myself across, so that you may cross over upon me, as upon a bridge." So the Straw stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the Coal, which was of a fiery nature, tripped lightly upon the newly-built bridge. But when it came to the middle of it, and heard the water running along beneath, it was frightened, and stood still, not daring to go further. The Straw, however, beginning to burn, broke in two and fell into the stream, and the Coal, slipping after, hissed as it reached the water, and gave up the ghost. The Bean, which had prudently remained upon the shore, was forced to laugh at this accident, and, the joke being so good, it laughed so immoderately that it burst itself. Now, they would all have been done for alike, if a tailor, who was out on his wanderings, had not just then, by great good luck, sat himself down near the stream. Having a commiserating heart, he took out needle and thread, and sewed the Bean together. The Bean thanked him exceedingly; but, as the tailor used black thread, it has happened since that time that every Bean has a black seam.



CINDERELLA.

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ONCE upon a time the wife of a certain rich man fell very ill, and as she felt her end drawing nigh she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said: " My dear child, be pious and good, and then the good God will always protect you, and I will look down upon you from heaven and think of you." Soon afterwards she closed her eyes and died. Every day the maiden went to her mother's grave and wept over it, and she continued to be good and pious; but when the winter came, the snow made a white covering over the grave, and in the spring-time, when the sun had withdrawn this covering, the father took to himself another wife.

This wife brought home with her two daughters, who were beautiful and fair in the face, but treacherous and wicked at heart. Then an unfortunate era began in the poor step-child's life. " Shall the stupid goose sit in the parlour with us?" said

the two daughters. "They who would eat bread must earn it; out with the kitchen-maid." So they took off her fine clothes, and put upon her an old grey cloak, and gave her wooden shoes for her feet. "See how the once proud princess is decked out now," said they, and they led her mockingly into the kitchen. Then she was obliged to work hard from morning to night, and to go out early to fetch water, to make the fire, and cook and scour. The sisters treated her besides with every possible insult, derided her, and shook the peas and beans into the ashes, so that she had to pick them out again. At night, when she was tired, she had no bed to lie on, but was forced to sit in the ashes on the hearth; and because she looked dirty through this, they named her CINDERELLA.

One day it happened that the father wanted to go to the fair, so he asked his two daughters what he should bring them. "Some beautiful dresses," said one; "Pearls and precious stones," replied the other. "But you, Cinderella," said he, "what will you have?" "The first bough, father, that knocks against your hat on your way homewards, break it off for me," she replied. So he bought the fine dresses, and the pearls and precious stones, for his two step-daughters; and on his return, as he rode through a green thicket, a hazel-bough touched his hat, which he broke off and took with him. As soon as he got home, he gave his step-daughters what they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the hazel-branch. She thanked him very much, and going to her mother's grave she planted the branch on it, and wept so long that her tears fell and watered it, so that it grew and became a beautiful tree. Thrice a day Cinderella went beneath it to weep and pray; and each time a little white Bird flew on the tree, and if she wished aloud, then the little bird threw down to her whatever she wished for.

After a time it fell out that the King appointed a festival, which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful maidens in the country were invited, from whom his son was to choose a bride. When the two step-daughters heard that

they might also appear, they were very glad, and, calling Cinderella, they said, "Comb our hair, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace." Cinderella obeyed, crying, because she wished to go with them to the dance; so she asked her step-mother whether she would allow her.

"You, Cinderella," said she; "you are covered with dust and dirt—will you go to the festival? You have no clothes or shoes, and how can you dance?" But, as she urged her request, the mother said at last, "I have now shaken into the ashes a tubful of beans; if you have picked up them again in two hours, you shall go."

Then the maiden left the room, and went out at the back-door into the garden, and called out, "You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds of heaven, come and help me to gather the good into the tub, and the bad ones you may eat." Presently in at the kitchen window came two white pigeons, and after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in and down upon the ashes. Then they began pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the tub; and scarcely an hour had passed when all was completed, and the birds flew away again. Then the maiden took the tub to the step-mother, rejoicing at the thought that she might now go to the festival; but the step-mother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you will only be laughed at." As she began to cry, the step-mother said, "If you can pick up quite clean two tubs of beans which I throw amongst the ashes in one hour, you shall accompany them;" and she thought to herself, "She will never manage it." As soon as the two tubs had been shot into the ashes, Cinderella went out at the back-door into the garden, and called out as before, "You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me to gather the good ones into the tubs, and the bad ones you may eat." Presently in at the kitchen-window came two white pigeons, and after them the doves, and soon all the birds





under heaven flew chirping in and down upon the ashes. Then they began pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the tub; and scarcely had half an hour passed before all was picked up, and off they flew again. The maiden now took the tubs to the step-mother, rejoicing at the thought that she could go to the festival. But the mother said, "It does not help you a bit; you cannot go with us, for you have no clothes, and cannot dance; we should be ashamed of you." Thereupon she turned her back upon the maiden, and hastened away with her two proud daughters.

As there was no one at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave, under the hazel-tree, and said:

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down a dress of gold and silver, and silken slippers ornamented with silver. These Cinderella put on in great haste, and then she went to the ball. Her sisters and step-mother did not know her at all, and took her for some foreign princess, as she looked so beautiful in her golden dress; for of Cinderella they thought not but that she was sitting at home picking the beans out of the ashes. Presently the Prince came up to her, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the dance. He would not dance with any one else, and even would not let go her hand; so that when any one else asked her to dance, he said, "She is my partner." They danced till evening, when she wished to go home; but the Prince said, "I will go with you, and see you safe," for he wanted to see to whom the maiden belonged. She flew away from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon-house; so the Prince waited till the father came, whom he told that the strange maiden had run into the pigeon-house. Then the step-mother thought, "Could it be Cinderella?" And they brought an axe wherewith the Prince might cut open the door, but no one was found within. And when they came into the house, there lay Cinderella in

her dirty clothes among the ashes, and an oil-lamp was burning in the chimney; for she had jumped quickly out on the other side of the pigeon-house, and had run to the hazel-tree, where she had taken off her fine clothes, and laid them on the grave, and the bird had taken them again, and afterwards she had put on her little grey cloak, and seated herself among the ashes in the kitchen.

The next day, when the festival was renewed, and her step-mother and her sisters had set out again, Cinderella went to the hazel-tree and sang as before:—

“Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me.”

Then the Bird threw down a much more splendid dress than the former, and when the maiden appeared at the ball every one was astonished at her beauty. The Prince, however, who had waited till she came, took her hand, and would dance with no one else; and if others came and asked, he replied as before, “She is my partner.” As soon as evening came she wished to depart, and the Prince followed her, wanting to see into whose house she went; but she sprang away from him, and ran into the garden behind the house. Therein stood a fine large tree, on which hung the most beautiful pears, and the boughs rustled as though a squirrel was among them; but the Prince could not see whence the noise proceeded. He waited, however, till the father came, and told him, “The strange maiden has escaped from me, and I think she has climbed up into this tree.” The father thought to himself, “Can it be Cinderella?” and taking an axe he chopped down the tree, but there was no one on it. When they went into the kitchen, there lay Cinderella among the ashes, as before, for she had sprung down on the other side of the tree, and, having taken her beautiful clothes again to the Bird upon the hazel-tree, she had put on once more her old grey cloak.

The third day, when her step-mother and her sisters had set out, Cinderella went again to her mother's grave, and said:—

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and glittering than she had ever had before, and the slippers were all golden. When she arrived at the ball they knew not what to say for wonderment, and the Prince danced with her alone as at first, and replied to every one who asked her hand, "She is my partner." As soon as evening came she wished to go, and as the Prince followed her she ran away so quickly that he could not overtake her. But he had contrived a stratagem, and spread the whole way with pitch, so that it happened as the maiden ran that her left slipper came off. The Prince took it up, and saw it was small and graceful, and quite golden; so the following morning he went with it to the father, and said, "My bride shall be no other than she whose foot this golden slipper fits." The two sisters were glad of this, for they had beautiful feet, and the elder went with it to her chamber to try it on, while her mother stood by. She could not, however, get her great toe into it, and the shoe was much too small; but the mother, reaching a knife, said, "Cut off your toe, for if you are queen you need not go any longer on foot." The maiden cut it off, and squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he placed her as his bride upon his horse and rode off, and as they passed by the grave, there sat two little doves upon the hazel-tree, singing,

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then the Prince looked behind, and saw the blood flowing; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying she was not the right one. Then the other sister must needs fit on the shoe, so she went to her chamber and got her toes nicely into the shoe, but the heel was too large. The mother, reaching a knife, said, "Cut a piece off your heel, for when you

become queen you need not go any longer on foot." She cut a piece off her heel, squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he put her upon his horse as his bride and rode off, and as they passed the hazel-tree there sat two little doves, who sang,

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then he looked behind, and saw the blood trickling from her shoe, and that the stocking was dyed quite red; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying, "Neither is this one the right maiden; have you no other daughter?" "No," replied the father, "except a little Cinderella, daughter of my deceased wife, who cannot possibly be the bride." The Prince asked that she might be fetched; but the step-mother said, "Oh no, she is much too dirty; I dare not let her be seen." But the Prince would have his way; so Cinderella was called, and she, first washing her hands and face, went in and curtsied to the Prince, who gave her the golden shoe. Cinderella sat down on a stool, and, taking off her heavy wooden shoes, put on the slipper, which fitted her to a shade; and as she stood up, the Prince looked in her face, and, recognising the beautiful maiden with whom he had danced, exclaimed, "This is my rightful bride." The step-mother and the two sisters were amazed and white with rage, but the Prince took Cinderella upon his horse and rode away; and as they came up to the hazel-tree the two little white doves sang,

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's no blood on the shoe;
It fits so nice, and she behind
Is the true bride for you."

And as they finished they flew down and lighted upon Cinderella's shoulders, and there they remained; and the wedding was celebrated with great festivities, and the two sisters were smitten with blindness as a punishment for their wickedness.



THE RIDDLE.

ONCE upon a time there was a King's son, who had a mind to see the world; so he set forth, and took no one with him but a faithful servant. One day he came into a great forest, and when evening drew on he could find no shelter, and did not know where to pass the night. Just then he perceived a maiden who was going towards a little cottage, and as he approached he saw that she was young and beautiful, so he asked her whether he and his servant could find a welcome in the cottage for the night. "Yes, certainly," replied the maiden in a sorrowful voice, "you can; but I advise you not to enter." "Why not?" asked the Prince. The maiden sighed, and answered, "My step-mother practises wicked arts; she acts not hospitably to strangers." He perceived now that he was come to a witch's cottage; but because it was very dark, and he could see

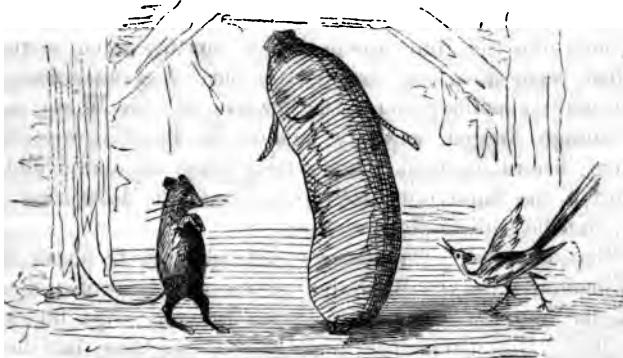
further, he went in, for he was not at all afraid. The old woman was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and looked at the strangers out of her red eyes. "Good evening," she muttered, appearing very friendly; "sit yourselves down and rest." Then she poked up the fire on which a little pot was boiling. The daughter warned them both to be cautious, and neither to eat or drink anything, for the old woman brewed bad drinks; so they slept quietly till morning. As they made ready for their departure, and the Prince was already mounted on horseback, the old witch said, "Wait a bit, I will bring you a parting draught." While she went for it the Prince rode away; but the servant, who had to buckle his saddle, was left alone when she came with the draught. "Take that to thy master," she said, but at the same moment the glass cracked, and the poison spirted on the horse, and so strong was it that the poor animal fell backwards dead. The servant ran after his master, and told him what had occurred; but as he would not leave the saddle behind, he went back to fetch it. As he came to the dead horse he saw a crow perched upon it feeding himself. "Who knows whether we shall meet with anything better to-day?" said the servant, and killing the crow he took it with him. The whole day long they journeyed on in the forest, but could not get out of it; and at the approach of night, finding an inn, they entered it. The servant gave the crow to the host, that he might cook it for their supper; but they had fallen into a den of thieves, and in the gloom of night twelve ruffians came, intending to rob and murder the strangers. Before they began, however, they sat down to table, and the host and the witch joined them, and then they all partook of a dish of pottage, in which the flesh of the crow was boiled. Scarcely had they eaten two morsels apiece when they all fell down dead; for the poison which had killed the horse was imparted to the flesh of the crow. There was now no one left in the house but the daughter of the host, who seemed to be honest, and had had no share in the wicked deeds. She opened all the doors to

the Prince, and showed him the heaped-up treasure; but the Prince said she might keep it all, for he would have none of it, and so rode on further with his servant.

After they had wandered a long way in the world they came to a city where dwelt a beautiful but haughty Princess, who had declared that whoever propounded to her a riddle which she could not solve should be her husband; but if she solved it he must have his head cut off. Three days was the time given to consider, but she was always so sharp that she discovered the proposed riddle before the appointed time. Nine suitors had been sacrificed in this way, when the Prince arrived, and, being blinded with her great beauty, resolved to stake his life upon her. So he went before her and proposed his riddle; namely, "What is this? One killed no one, and yet killed twelve." She knew not what it was, and thought and thought, but she could not make it out; and, although she searched through all her riddle-books, she could find nothing to help her; in short, her wisdom was at an end. Since she knew not how to help herself, she bade her maid slip into the sleeping-room of the Prince, and there listen to his dreams, thinking perhaps he might talk in his sleep and unfold the riddle. The bold servant, however, had put himself instead of his master into the bed; and when the servant came into the room he tore off the cloak in which she had wrapped herself, and hunted her out with a rod. The second night the Princess sent her chambermaid to see if she could be more fortunate in listening; but the servant snatched her mantle away, and hunted her away with a rod. The third night the Prince himself thought he should be safe, and so he laid in his own bed; and the Princess herself came, having on a dark grey cloak, and sat herself down by him. When she thought he was asleep and dreaming she spoke to him, hoping he would answer, as many do; but he was awake, and heard and understood everything very well. First she asked, "One kills none; what is that?" He answered, "A crow which ate of a dead and poisoned horse, and died of it." Further she asked, "And yet killed twelve;

what is that?" "Twelve robbers who partook of the crow, and died from eating it."

As soon as she knew the riddle she tried to slip away, but he held her mantle fast so that she left it behind. The following morning the Princess announced that she had discovered the riddle, and bade the twelve judges come and she would solve it before them. The Prince, however, requested a hearing for himself, and said, "She has stolen in upon me by night and asked me, or she would never have found it out." The judges said, "Bring us a witness." Then the servant brought up the three mantles, and when the judges saw the dark grey cloak which the Princess used to wear, they said, "Let the cloak be adorned with gold and silver, that it may be a wedding garment."



THE LITTLE MOUSE, THE LITTLE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE.

ONCE upon a time a Mouse, a Bird, and a Sausage fell into company together, and for a long time kept house, living together in great peace and comfort, and increased their wealth famously. It was the duty of the Bird to fetch wood, of the Mouse to draw water and make the fire, and of the Sausage to cook.

They who are prosperous are for ever hankering after something new, and thus one day the Bird, meeting another bird on her way home, told him of her condition, and boasted very much. The other bird, however, blamed her for her great labours for the two who lived at ease at home; for when the Mouse had made the fire and drawn the water she could retire to her chamber, and rest till she was called to lay the table; while the Sausage remained by the fire and saw that the food was well cooked, and when dinner-time approached dressed it with the gravy and vegetables, and made it ready with butter and salt. As soon, then, as the Bird returned and laid down his burden,

they sat down to table, and after their meal was finished they slept till the next morning, and this life was a very happy one. The next day the Bird would not go for the wood, saying she had been slave long enough; for once they must change about and try another plan. And however well the Mouse and the Sausage begged earnestly against it, the Bird was still master; it must be tried. And so they tossed up, and it fell to the lot of the Sausage to fetch wood, while the Mouse had to cook, and the Bird to procure water.

What happened? The Sausage went forth into the forest, the Bird made the fire, the Mouse put on the pot, and waited alone until the Sausage should come home, bringing wood for the next day. But it remained away such a long time that they suspected some misfortune, and the Bird flew round a little way to see, and met near their house a dog, which, having met the Sausage, had seized upon it and devoured it. The Bird complained bitterly against the dog as a public robber, but it availed nothing; for the dog declared he had found forged letters upon the Sausage, for which its life was forfeited.

The Bird, full of grief, took the wood upon his back, and flew home to relate what he had seen and heard. Both he and the Mouse were very sad, but agreed to do their best, and remain with one another. Now the Bird laid the table, and the Mouse prepared their meal; and in order to make it quite fit she got into the pot to stir the vegetables up, and flavour them, as the Sausage had been used to do; but, alas! before she had scarcely got in, her skin and hair came off, and her life was sacrificed.

When the Bird came, and wished to sit down to dinner, no cook was to be found! so, throwing away in a pet his wood, he called and searched high and low; but no cook could he discover. From his carelessness the fire reached the wood, and a grand conflagration commenced; so that the poor Bird hastened to the brook for water, but his pail falling in, he was carried with it, and, not being able to extricate himself in time, he sank to the bottom.



OLD MOTHER FROST.

THERE was once a widow who had two daughters, one of whom was beautiful and industrious, and the other ugly and lazy. She showed more love, however, to the ugly one, because she was her own daughter; but she made the other do all the hard work, and live like a kitchen maid. The poor maiden was forced out daily on the high road, and had to sit by a well and spin so much that the blood ran from her fingers. Once it happened that her spindle became quite covered with blood, so, kneeling down by the well, she tried to wash it off, but, unhappily, it fell out of her hands into the water. She ran crying to her step-mother, and told her misfortune; but she scolded her terribly, and behaved very cruelly, and at last said—"Since you have let your spindle fall in, you must yourself fetch it out again!" Then the maiden went back to the well, not knowing what to do, and, in her distress of mind, she jumped into the well to

fetch the spindle out. Presently she lost all consciousness, and when she came to herself again she found herself in a beautiful meadow, where the sun was shining, and many thousands of flowers blooming around her. She got up and walked along till she came to a baker's, where the oven was full of bread, which cried out, "Draw me, draw me, or I shall be burnt. I have been baked long enough." So she went up, and, taking the bread-peel, drew out one loaf after the other. Then she walked on farther, and came to an apple-tree, whose fruit hung very thick, and which exclaimed, "Shake us, shake us; we apples are all ripe!" So she shook the tree till the apples fell down like rain, and, when none were left on, she gathered them all together in a heap, and went farther. At last she came to a cottage, out of which an old woman was peeping, who had such very large teeth that the maiden was frightened and ran away. The old woman, however, called her back, saying, "What are you afraid of, my child? Stop with me: if you will put all things in order in my house, then shall all go well with you; only you must take care that you make my bed well, and shake it tremendously, so that the feathers fly; then it snows upon earth. I am 'Old Mother Frost.' " As the old woman spoke so kindly, the maiden took courage, and consented to engage in her service. Now, everything made her very contented, and she always shook the bed so industriously that the feathers blew down like flakes of snow; therefore her life was a happy one, and there were no evil words; and she had roast and baked meat every day.

For some time she remained with the old woman; but, all at once, she became very sad, and did not herself know what was the matter. At last she found she was home-sick; and, although she fared a thousand times better than when she was at home, still she longed to go. So she told her mistress, "I wish to go home, and if it does not go so well with me below as up here, I must return." The mistress replied, "It appeared to me that you wanted to go home, and, since you have served

me so truly, I will fetch you up again myself." So saying, she took her by the hand, and led her before a great door, which she undid; and, when the maiden was just beneath it, a great shower of gold fell, and a great deal stuck to her, so that she was covered over and over with gold. "That you must have for your industry," said the old woman, giving her the spindle which had fallen into the well. Thereupon the door was closed, and the maiden found herself upon the earth, not far from her mother's house; and, as she came into the court, the cock sat upon the house, and called—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Our golden maid's come home again."

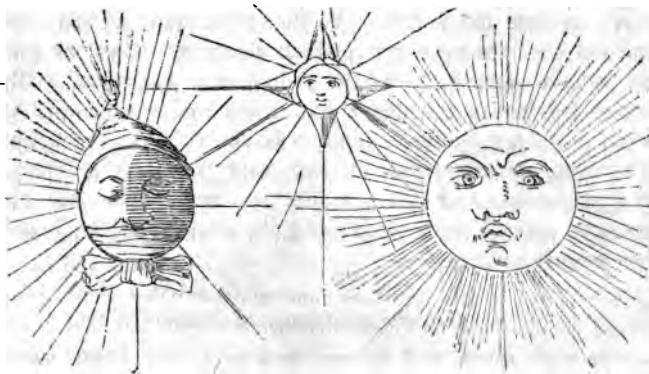
Then she went in to her mother, and, because she was so covered with gold, she was well received.

The maiden related all that had happened; and, when the mother heard how she had come by these great riches, she wished her ugly, lazy daughter to try her luck. So she was forced to sit down by the well and spin; and, in order that her spindle might become bloody, she pricked her finger by running a thorn into it; and then, throwing the spindle into the well, she jumped in after it. Then, like the other, she came upon the beautiful meadow, and travelled on the same path. When she arrived at the baker's, the bread called out, "Draw me out, draw me out, or I shall be burnt. I have been baked long enough." But she answered, "I have no wish to make myself dirty about you," and so went on. Soon she came to the apple-tree, which called out, "Shake me, shake me; my apples are all quite ripe." But she answered, "You do well to come to me; perhaps one will fall on my head;" and so she went on further. When she came to "Old Mother Frost's" house she was not afraid of the teeth, for she had been warned; and so she engaged herself to her. The first day she set to work in earnest, was very industrious, and obeyed her mistress in all she said to her, for she thought about the gold which she would present to her. On the second day, however, she began to idle;

on the third, still more so; and then she would not get up of a morning. She did not make the beds, either, as she ought, and the feathers did not fly. So the old woman got tired, and dismissed her from her service, which pleased the lazy one very well; but she thought, "Now the gold-shower will come." Her mistress led her to the door; but, when she was beneath it, instead of gold, a tubful of pitch was poured down upon her. "That is the reward of your service," said "Old Mother Frost," and shut the door to. Then came lazy-bones home, but she was quite covered with pitch; and the cock upon the house when he saw her, cried—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo !
Our dirty maid's come home again."

But the pitch stuck to her, and, as long as she lived, would never come off agin.



THE SEVEN CROWS.

THERE was a man who had seven sons, but never a daughter, although he wished very much for one; at last his wife promised him another child, and when it was born, lo! it was a daughter. Their happiness was great, but the child was so weak and small that, on account of its delicate health, it had to be baptised immediately. The father sent one of his sons hastily to a spring in order to fetch some water, but the other six would run as well; and as each strove to be first to fill the pitcher, between them all it fell into the water. They stood by not knowing what to do, and none of them dared to go home. As they did not come back, the father became impatient, saying, "They have forgotten all about it in a game of play, the godless youths." Soon he became anxious lest the child should die unbaptised, and in his haste he exclaimed, "I would they were all changed into crows!" Scarcely were the words out of his

when he heard a whirring over his head, and looking up saw seven coal-black crows flying over the house.

The parents could not recal their curse, and grieved very much for their lost sons; but they comforted themselves in some measure with their dear daughter, who soon grew strong, and became more and more beautiful every day. For a long time she did not know she had any brothers, for the parents were careful not to mention them; but one day accidentally she overheard the people talking of her, and saying, "She is certainly very beautiful; but still the guilt of her seven brothers hangs on her." This made her very sad, and she went to her parents and asked whether she had any brothers, and whether they were gone. The old people durst no longer keep their secret, but said it was the decree of heaven, and her birth had been the unhappy cause. Now the maiden daily accused herself, and thought how she could again deliver her brothers. She had neither rest nor quiet, until she at last set out secretly, and journeyed into the wide world to seek out her brothers, and to free them wherever they were, cost what it might. She took nothing with her but a ring of her parents for a remembrance, a loaf of bread for hunger's sake, a bottle of water for thirst's sake, and a little stool for weariness.

Now on and on went the maiden further and further, even to the world's end. Then she came to the sun, but he was too hot and fearful, and burnt up little children. So she ran hastily away to the moon, but she was too cold, and even wicked-looking; and said, "I smell, I smell man's flesh!" So she ran away quickly, and went to the stars, who were friendly and kind to her, each one sitting upon his own little seat. But the morning-star was standing up, and gave her a crooked bone, saying, "If you have not this bone you cannot unlock the glass castle, where your brothers are."

The maiden took the bone, and wrapped it well up in a handkerchief, and then on she went again till she came at last to the glass castle. The door was closed, and she looked therefore for

the little bone; but when she unwrapped her handkerchief it was empty—she had lost the present of the good star. What was she to do now? She wished to save her brothers, and she had no key to the glass castle. The good little sister bent her little finger, and put it in the door, and luckily it unlocked it. As soon as she entered a little dwarf came towards her, who said, "My child, what do you seek?"

"I seek my brothers, the seven crows," she replied.

The dwarf answered, "My Lord Crows are not at home; but if you wish to wait their return, come in and sit down."

Thereupon the little dwarf carried in the food of the seven crows upon seven dishes and in seven cups, and the maiden ate a little piece off each dish, and drank a little out of every cup; but in the last cup she dropped the ring which she had brought with her.

All at once she heard a whirring and cawing in the air, and the dwarf said, "My Lord Crows are now flying home."

Presently they came in and prepared to eat and drink; each seeking his own dish and cup. Then one said to the other, "Who has been eating off my dish? Who has been drinking out of my cup? There has been a human mouth here!"

When the seventh came to the bottom of his cup, the little ring rolled out. He looked at it, and recognised it as a ring of his parents, and said, "God grant that our sister be here; then are we saved!"

As the maiden, who had stood behind the door watching, heard this wish, she came forward, and immediately all the Crows received again their human forms, and embraced and kissed one another, and then they all went joyfully home.



LITTLE RED-CAP.

ONCE upon a time there lived a sweet little girl who was beloved by every one who saw her; but her grandmother was so excessively fond of her that she never knew when to give the child enough.

One day the grandmother presented the little girl with a red velvet cap; and as it fitted her very well, she would never wear anything else; and so she was called Little Red-Cap. One day her mother said to her—"Come, Red-Cap, here is a piece of nice meat, and a bottle of wine: take these to your grandmother; she is ill and weak, and will relish them. Make haste before she gets up; go quietly and carefully; and do not run, lest you should fall and break the bottle; and then your grandmother will get nothing. When you go into her room do not





forget to say, ‘Good-morning;’ and do not look about in all the corners.” “I will do everything as you wish,” replied Red-Cap, taking her mother’s hand.

The grandmother dwelt far away in the wood, half an hour’s walk from the village, and as Little Red-Cap entered among the trees, she met a wolf; but she did not know what a malicious beast it was, and so she was not at all afraid. “Good-day, Little Red-Cap,” he said.

“Many thanks, Wolf,” said she.

“Whither away so early, Little Red-Cap?”

“To my grandmother’s,” she replied.

“What are you carrying under your apron?”

“Meat and wine,” she answered. “Yesterday we baked the meat, that grandmother, who is ill and weak, might have something nice and strengthening.”

“Where does your grandmother live?” asked the Wolf.

“A good quarter of an hour’s walk further in the forest. The cottage stands under three great oak-trees; near it are some nut-bushes, by which you will easily know it.”

But the Wolf thought to himself, “She is a nice, tender thing, and will taste better than the old woman; I must act craftily, that I may snap them both up.”

Presently he came up again to Little Red-Cap, and said, “Just look at the beautiful flowers which grow around you; why do you not look about you? I believe you don’t hear how beautifully the birds sing. You walk on as if you were going to school; see how merry everything is around you in the forest.”

So Little Red-Cap opened her eyes; and when she saw how the sunbeams glanced and danced through the trees, and what splendid flowers were blooming in her path, she thought, “If I take my grandmother a fresh nosegay she will be very pleased; and it is so very early that I can, even then, get there in good time;” and running into the forest she looked about for flowers. But, when she had once begun, she did not know how to leave off; and kept going

deeper and deeper among the trees, in search of some more beautiful flower. The Wolf, however, ran straight to the house of the old grandmother, and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the old lady?

"Only Little Red-Cap, bringing you some meat and wine: please open the door," replied the Wolf.

"Lift up the latch," cried the grandmother; "I am too weak to get up."

So the Wolf lifted the latch, and the door flew open; and, jumping without a word on the bed, he gobbled up the poor old lady. Then he put on her clothes, and tied her cap over his head; got into the bed, and drew the blankets over him. All this time Red-Cap was still gathering flowers; and when she had plucked as many as she could carry, she remembered her grandmother, and made haste to the cottage. She wondered very much to see the door wide open; and when she got into the room, she begun to feel very ill, and exclaimed, "How sad I feel: I wish I had not come to-day." Then she said; "Good-morning," but received no answer; so she went up to the bed, and drew back the curtains, and there lay her grandmother, as she thought, with the cap drawn half over her eyes, looking very fiercely.

"Oh! grandmother, what great ears you have."

"The better to hear with," was the reply.

"And what great eyes you have."

"The better to see with."

"And what great hands you have!"

"The better to touch you with."

"But, grandmother, what great teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with;" and scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when the Wolf made a spring out of bed, and swallowed up poor Little Red-Cap.

As soon as the Wolf had thus satisfied his appetite, he laid himself down again in the bed, and began to snore very loudly. A huntsman passing by overheard him, and thought, "How

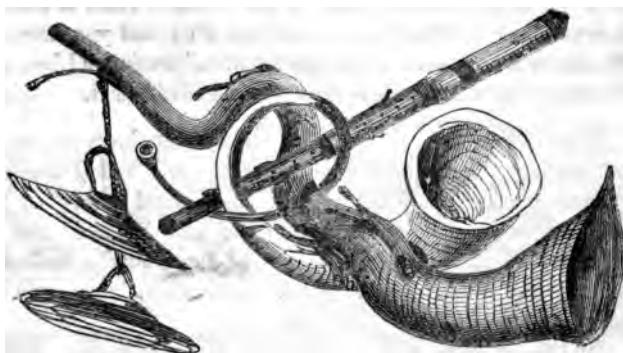
loudly the old woman snores; I must see if she wants anything."

So he stept into the cottage; and when he came to the bed, he saw the Wolf flying in it. "What! do I find you here, you old sinner? I have long sought you," exclaimed he; and, taking aim with his gun, he shot the old Wolf dead.

Some folks say that the last story is not the true one, but that one day, when Red-Cap was taking some baked meats to her grandmother's, a Wolf met her, and wanted to mislead her; but she went straight on, and told her grandmother that she had met a Wolf, who wished her good-day; but he looked so wickedly out of his great eyes, as if he would have eaten her had she not been on the high road.

So the grandmother said, "Let us shut the door, that he may not enter."

Soon afterwards came the Wolf, who knocked, and exclaimed, "I am Red-Cap, grandmother; I bring you some roast meat." But they kept quite still, and did not open the door; so the Wolf, creeping several times round the house, at last jumped on the roof, intending to wait till Red-Cap went home in the evening, and then to sneak after her and devour her in the darkness. The old woman, however, saw all that the rascal intended; and as there stood before the door a great stone trough, she said to little Red-Cap, "Take this pail, child: yesterday I boiled some sausages in this water, so pour it into that stone trough." Red-Cap poured many times, until the huge trough was quite full. Then the Wolf sniffed the smell of the sausages, and smacked his lips, and wished very much to taste; and at last he stretched his neck too far over, so that he lost his balance, and slipped quite off the roof, right into the great trough beneath, wherein he was drowned; and Little Red-Cap ran home in high glee, but no one sorrowed for Mr. Wolf!



THE MUSICIANS OF BREMEN.

A CERTAIN man had a Donkey which had served him faithfully for many long years, but whose strength was so far gone that at last it was quite unfit for work. So his master was thinking how much he could make of the skin, but the Donkey, perceiving that no good wind was blowing, ran away along the road to Bremen. "There," thought he, "I can be town-musician." When he had run some way, he found a Hound lying by the road-side, yawning like one who was very tired. "What are you yawning for now, you big fellow?" asked the Ass.

"Ah," replied the Hound, "because every day I grow older and weaker; I cannot go any more to the hunt, and my master has well nigh beaten me to death, so that I took to flight; and now I do not know how to earn my bread."

"Well! do you know," said the Ass, "I am going to Bremen to be town-musician there; suppose you go with me and take a share in the music. I will play on the lute, and you shall beat the kettle-drums." The Dog was satisfied, and off they set.

Presently they came to a Cat sitting in the middle of the path with a face like three rainy days! "Now then, old shaver, what has crossed you?" asked the Ass.

"How can one be merry when one's neck has been pinched like mine?" answered the Cat. "Because I am growing old and my teeth are all worn to stumps, and because I would rather sit by the fire and spin, than run after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me; and so I ran away. But now, good advice is dear, and I do not know what to do."

"Go with us to Bremen. You understand nocturnal music, so you can be a town-musician." The Cat consented, and went with them. The three vagabonds soon came near a farm-yard, where upon the barn-door the Cock was sitting crowing with all his might. "You crow through marrow and bone," said the Ass; "what do you do that for?"

"That is the way I prophesy fine weather," said the Cock; "but, because grand guests are coming for the Sunday, the housewife has no pity, and has told the cookmaid to make me into soup for the morrow; and this evening my head will be cut off. Now I am crowing with a full throat as long as I can."

"Ah, but you, Red-comb," replied the Ass, "rather come away with us. We are going to Bremen, to find there something better than death; you have a good voice, and if we make music together, it will have full play."

The Cock consented to this plan, and so all four travelled on together. They could not however reach Bremen in one day, and at evening they came into a forest, where they meant to pass the night. The Ass and the Dog laid themselves down under a large tree, the Cat and the Cock climbed up into the branches, but the latter flew right to the top, where he was most safe. Before he went to sleep, he looked all round the four quarters, and soon thought he saw a little spark in the distance;

so, calling his companions, he said they were not far from a house, for he saw a light. The Ass said, "If it is so, we had better get up and go further, for the pasturage here is very bad;" and continued the Dog, "Yes, indeed! a couple of bones with some meat on, would also be very acceptable!" So they made haste towards the spot where the light was, which shone now brighter and brighter, until they came to a well-lighted robber's cottage. The Ass, as the biggest, went to the window and peeped in. "What do you see, Gray-horse?" asked the Cock. "What do I see!" replied the Ass; "a table laid out with savoury meats and drinks, with robbers sitting around enjoying themselves."

"That were the right sort of thing for us," said the Cock.

"Yes, yes, I wish we were there," replied the Ass. Then these animals took counsel together how they should contrive to drive away the robbers, and at last they thought of a way. The Ass had to place his fore-feet upon the window-ledge, the Hound got on his back, the Cat climbed up upon the Dog, and lastly the Cock flew up and perched upon the head of the Cat. When this was accomplished, at a given signal they commenced together to perform their music; the Ass brayed, the Dog barked, the Cat mewed, and the Cock crew! and they made such a tremendous noise, and so loud, that the panes of the window were shivered! Terrified at these unearthly sounds, the robbers got up with great precipitation, thinking nothing less than that some spirits had come, and fled off into the forest. The four companions immediately sat down at the table, and quickly ate up all that was left, as if they had been fasting for six weeks.

As soon as the four players had finished, they extinguished the light, and each sought for himself a sleeping-place, according to his nature and custom. The Ass laid himself down upon some straw, the Hound behind the door, the Cat upon the hearth near the warm ashes, and the Cock flew up upon a beam which ran across the room. Weary with their long walk they soon went to sleep.

At midnight, the robbers perceived from their retreat that no light was burning in their house, and all appeared quiet; so the captain said, "We need not to have been frightened into fits;" and, calling one of the band, he sent him forward to reconnoitre. The messenger finding all still, went into the kitchen to strike a light, and, taking the glistening fiery eyes of the Cat for live coals, he held a lucifer-match to them, expecting it to take fire. But the Cat, not understanding the joke, flew in his face, spitting and scratching, which dreadfully frightened him, so that he made for the back-door; but the Dog, who lay there, sprung up and bit his leg; and as soon as he limped upon the straw whereupon lay the Ass, it gave him a powerful kick with its hind foot. This was not all, for the Cock, awaking at the noise, stretched himself, and cried from the beam, "Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the robber ran back as well as he could to his captain, and said, "Ah, my master, there dwells a horrible witch in the house, who spat on me and scratched my face with her long nails; and then before the door stands a man with a knife, who chopped at my leg; and in the yard there lies a black monster, who beat me with a great wooden club; and, besides all, upon the roof sits a judge, who called out, 'Bring the knave up, do? so I ran away as fast as I could."

After this the robbers dared not again go near their house; but everything prospered so well with the four town-musicians of Bremen, that they did not forsake their situation! And there they are to this day, for anything I know?



THE SINGING BONE.

ONCE upon a time great complaints were made in a certain country of a Wild Boar, which laid waste the fields of the peasants, killed the cattle, and often tore to pieces the inhabitants. The King promised a great reward to whomever should free the land of this plague; but the beast was so big and strong that no one durst venture in the neighbourhood of the forest where it raged. At last the King allowed it to be proclaimed that whoever should take or kill the Wild Boar, should have his only daughter in marriage.

Now, there lived in this country two brothers, the sons of a poor man, and they each wished to undertake the adventure: the elder, who was bold and brave, out of pride; the younger, who was innocent and ignorant, from a good heart. They agreed, that they might the sooner find the boar, that they should enter the forest on opposite sides; so the elder departed



n the evening, and the other on the following morning. When the younger had gone a short way, a little Dwarf stepped up to him, holding a black spear in his hand, and said, "I give you this spear, because your heart is innocent and good ; with it you may boldly attack the Boar, who can do you no harm."

He thanked the Dwarf, and, taking the spear, went forth bravely. In a little while he perceived the Wild Boar, which ran straight at him ; but he held the spear in front of his body, so that, in its blind fury, it rushed on so rashly that its heart was pierced quite through. Then he took the beast upon his shoulder, and went homewards to show it to the King.

However, just as he came out on the other side of the forest, there stood on the outskirts a house, where the people were making merry, dancing and drinking. His elder brother was amongst them, exciting his courage by wine, and never thinking at all that the Boar might be killed by any other than himself. As soon, therefore, as he saw his younger brother coming out of the forest laden with his booty, his envious and ill-natured heart had no rest. Still he called to him, "Come in here, my dear brother, and rest, and strengthen yourself with a cup of wine." The younger brother, suspecting no evil, went in and related his story of the good little dwarf, who had given him the spear wherewith he had killed the boar. The elder brother detained him till evening, and then they went away together. But when they came in the darkness to a bridge over a stream, the elder, letting his brother pass on before till he came to the middle of the bridge, gave him a blow which felled him dead. Then he buried him in the sand below the bridge, and taking the Boar brought it to the King, representing that he had killed it, and so received in marriage the Princess. He declared, moreover, that the Boar had torn in pieces the body of his younger brother, and, as he did not come back, every one believed the tale to be true.

But, because nothing is hid from God's sight, so also this black deed at last came to light. Many years after, as a

peasant was driving his herd across the brook, he saw lying in the sand below a snow-white bone, which he thought would make a good mouth-piece. So he stepped down, took it up, and fashioned it into a mouth-piece for his horn. But as soon as he blew through it for the first time, to the great astonishment of the herdsman, the bone began to sing of itself—

“ My brother slew me, and buried my bones
Under the sand and under the stones :
I killed the boar as he came from his lair,
But *he* won the prize of the lady fair.”

“ What a wonderful little bone ! ” exclaimed the herdsman ; “ it sings of itself ! I must take it to the King.”

As soon as he came before the King it began again to repeat its song, and the King understood it perfectly. So he caused the earth below the bridge to be dug up, and there all the bones of the younger brother came to light. The wicked brother could not deny the deed, and, for his punishment, he was sewed up in a sack and drowned.

And the bones of the other brother were placed in a splendid tomb in the churchyard.



THE GIANT WITH THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS.

THERE was once upon a time a poor woman whose son was born with a caul, and so it was foretold of him that in his fourteenth year he should marry the King's daughter. As it happened, the King soon after came into the village, quite unknown to any one, and when he asked the people what news there was, they answered, "A few days since a child with a caul was born, which is a sure sign that he will be very lucky; and indeed it has been foretold of him that in his fourteenth year he will marry the King's daughter."

The King had a wicked heart, and was disturbed concerning this prophecy, so he went to the parents, and said to them in a most friendly manner, "Give me up your child, and I will take care of him." At first they refused, but the stranger begged

for it with much gold, and so at last they consented and gave him the child, thinking, "It is a luck-child, and therefore everything must go well with it."

The King laid the child in a box, and rode away till he came to a deep water, into which he threw the box, saying to himself, "From this unsought-for bridegroom have I now freed my daughter."

The box, however, did not sink, but floated along like a boat, and not one drop of water penetrated it. It floated at last down to a mill two miles from the King's palace, and in the mill-dam it stuck fast. The miller's boy, who was fortunately standing there, observed it, and drew it ashore with a hook, expecting to find a great treasure. When, however, he opened the box he saw a beautiful child, alive and merry. He took it to the people at the mill, who, having no children, adopted it for their own, saying, "God has sent it to us." And they took good care of it, and it grew up full of virtues.

It happened one day that the King went into the mill for shelter during a thunder-storm, and asked the people whether the boy was their child. "No," they answered, "he is a foundling, who, fourteen years ago, floated into our dam in a box, which the miller's boy drew out of the water." The King observed at once that it was no other than the luck-child whom he had thrown into the water, and so said to them, "Good people, could not the youth carry a letter to my wife the Queen? If so, I will give him two pieces of gold for a reward."

"As my lord the King commands," they replied, and bade the youth get ready.

Then the King wrote a letter to the Queen, wherein he said, "So soon as this boy arrives with this letter, let him be killed and buried, and let all be done before I return."

The youth set out on his journey with the letter, but he lost himself, and at evening came into a great forest. In the gloom he saw a little light, and going up to it he found a cottage, into which he went, and perceived an old woman sitting by the fire.

As soon as she saw the lad she was terrified and exclaimed, "Why do you come here; and what would you do?"

"I am come from the mill," he answered, "and am going to my lady the Queen, to carry a letter; but because I have lost my way in this forest, I wish to pass the night here."

"Poor boy," said the woman, "you have come to a den of robbers, who when they return will murder you."

"Let who will come," he replied, "I am not afraid; I am so weary that I can go no further," and stretching himself upon a bench he went to sleep. Presently the robbers entered, and asked in a rage what strange lad was lying there. "Ah," said the old woman, "it is an innocent youth, who has lost himself in the forest, and whom I have taken in out of compassion. He carries with him a letter to the Queen."

The robbers seized the letter and read it, and understood that as soon as the youth arrived he was to be put to death. Then the robbers took compassion on him also, and the captain tore up the letter and wrote another, wherein he declared that the youth on his arrival was to be married to the Princess. They let him sleep quietly on his bench till the morning, and as soon as he awoke they gave him the letter, and showed him the right road.

When the Queen received the letter, she did as it commanded, and caused a splendid marriage-feast to be prepared, and the Princess was given in marriage to the luck-child, who, since he was both young and handsome, pleased her well, and they were all very happy. Some little time afterwards the King returned to his palace, and found the prophecy fulfilled, and his daughter married to the luck-child. "How did this happen?" he asked. "In my letter I gave quite another command."

Then the Queen handed him the letter, that he might read for himself what it stated. Then the King perceived that it had been forged by another person, and he asked the youth what he had done with the letter that had been entrusted to him, that he had brought another. "I know nothing about it,"

he replied ; " it must have been changed in the forest where I passed the night."

Infamed with rage, the King answered, " Thou shalt not escape so easily ; he who would have my daughter must fetch for me three golden hairs from the head of the Giant ; bring those to me what I desire, then shalt thou receive my daughter."

The King hoped by this means to get rid of him, but he answered, " The three golden hairs I will fetch, for I fear not the Giant ; " and so he took leave and began his wanderings.

The road led him by a large town, where the watchman at the gate asked him what trade he understood, and what he knew. " I know everything," replied the youth.

" Then you can do us a kindness," said the watch, " if you tell us the reason why the fountain in our market-place, out of which wine used to flow, now, all at once, does not even give water."

" That you shall know," was the answer ; " but you must wait till I return."

Then he went on further, and came to a rather large city ; where the watchman asked him, as before, what trade he understood, and what he knew. " I know everything," he replied.

" Then you can do us a kindness, if you tell us the reason why a tree growing in our town, which used to bear golden apples, does not now even have any leaves."

" That you shall know," replied the youth, " if you wait till I return," and so saying, he went on farther till he came to a great lake, over which it was necessary that he should pass. The ferryman asked him what trade he understood, and what he knew. " I know everything," he replied.

" Then," said the ferryman, " you can do me a kindness if you tell me why, for ever and ever, I am obliged to row backwards and forwards, and am never to be released." " You shall learn the reason why," replied the youth ; " but wait till I return."

As soon as he got over the water he found the entrance into the Giant's kingdom. It was black and gloomy, and the Giant was not at home; but his old grandmother was sitting there in an immense arm-chair. "What do you want?" said she, looking at him fixedly. "I want three golden hairs from the head of the King of these regions," replied the youth, "else I cannot obtain my bride." "That is a bold request," said the woman; "for if he comes home and finds you here it will be a bad thing for you; but still you can remain, and I will see if I can help you."

Then she changed him into an ant, and told him to creep within the fold of her gown, where he would be quite safe.

"Yes," he said, "that is all very well; but there are three things I am desirous of knowing:—Why a fountain, which used to spout wine, is now dry, and does not even give water.—Why a tree, which used to bear golden apples, does not now have leaves.—And why a ferryman is always rowing backwards and forwards, and never gets released."

"Those are difficult questions," replied the old woman; "but do you keep quiet, and pay attention to what the King says when I pluck each of the three golden hairs."

As soon as evening came, the Giant returned; and scarcely had he entered, when he remarked that the air was not quite pure. "I smell, I smell the flesh of man," he exclaimed; all is not right." Then he peeped into every corner, and looked about, but could find nothing. Presently his old grandmother began to scold, screaming, "There now, just as I have dusted and put everything in order, you are pulling them all about again: you are for ever having man's flesh in your nose! Sit down and eat your supper."

When he had finished he felt tired; and the old woman took his head in her lap, and said she would comb his hair a bit. Presently he yawned; then winked; and at last snored. Then she plucked out a golden hair, and laid it down beside her.

"Bah!" cried the King, "what are you about?"

"I have had a bad dream," answered the old woman, "and so I plucked one of your hairs."

"What did you dream, then?" asked he.

"I dreamt that a market-fountain which used to spout wine is dried up, and does not even give water: what is the matter with it, pray?"

"Why, if you must know," answered he, "there sits a toad under a stone, in the spring, which, if any one kills, wine will gush out as before."

Then the old woman went on combing till he went to sleep again, and snored so that the windows shook. Presently she pulled out a second hair.

"Confound it! what are you about?" exclaimed the King in a passion.

"Don't be angry," said she; "I did it in a dream."

"What did you dream this time?" he asked.

"I dreamt that in a certain royal city there grew a fruit-tree, which formerly bore golden apples, but now has not a leaf upon it: what is the cause of it?"

"Why," replied the King, "at the root a mouse is gnawing. But if they kill it, golden apples will grow again; if not, the mouse will gnaw till the tree dies altogether. However, let me go to sleep in peace now; for if you disturb me again you will catch a box on the ears."

Nevertheless the old woman, when she had rocked him again to sleep, plucked out a third golden hair. Up jumped the King in a fury, and would have ill-treated her; but she pacified him, and said, "Who can help bad dreams?"

"What did you dream this time?" he asked, still curious to know.

"I dreamt of a ferryman who is for ever compelled to row backwards and forwards, and will never be released. What is the reason thereof?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" answered the Giant. "When one comes who wants to cross over, he must give the oar into his

hand; then will the other be obliged to go to and fro, and he will be free."

Now, since the old woman had plucked the three golden hairs, and had received answers to the three questions, she let the Giant lie in peace, and he slept on till daybreak.

As soon as he went out in the morning, the old woman took the ant out of the fold of her gown, and restored him again to his human form.

"There you have the three golden hairs from the King's head, and what he replied to the three questions you have just heard."

"Yes, I have heard and will well remember," said the luck-child; and, thanking the old woman for her assistance in his trouble, he left those regions, well pleased that he had been so lucky in everything. When he came to the ferryman he had to give him the promised answer. But he said, "First row me over, and then I will tell you how you may be freed;" and as soon as they reached the opposite side he gave him the advice, "When another comes this way and wants to pass over, give him the oar in his hand."

Then he went on to the first city, where stood the barren tree, and where the watchman waited for the answer. So he said to him, "Kill the mouse which gnaws at the root of the tree, and then it will again bear golden apples." The watchman thanked him, and gave him for a reward two asses laden with gold, which followed him. Next he came to the other city where the dry fountain was, and he told the watchman as the Giant had said,—"Under a stone in the spring there sits a toad, which you must uncover and kill, and then wine will flow again as before."

The watchman thanked him, and gave to him, as the other had done, two asses laden with gold.

Now the lucky youth soon reached home, and his dear bride was very glad when she saw him return, and heard how capitally everything had gone with him. He brought the King

what he had desired—the three golden hairs from the head of the Giant; and when his majesty saw the four asses laden with gold he was quite pleased, and said, “Now are the conditions fulfilled, and you may have my daughter: but tell me, dear son-in-law, whence comes all this gold? This is indeed bountiful treasure!”

“I was ferried over a river,” he replied, “and there I picked it up, for it lies upon the shore like sand.”

“Can I not fetch some as well?” asked the King, feeling quite covetous.

“As much as you like; there is a ferryman who will row you across, and then you can fill your sacks on the other side.”

The covetous King set out in great haste upon his journey, and as soon as he came to the river beckoned to the ferryman to take him over. The man came and bade him step into his boat; and as soon as they reached the opposite shore the ferryman put the oar into his hand, and sprang on shore himself.

So the King was obliged to take his place, and there he is obliged to row to and fro for ever, for his sins.

And there he still rows, for no one has yet come to take the oar from him.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLEA.

—♦—

A SPIDER and a Flea dwelt together in one house, and brewed their beer in an egg-shell. One day, when he was stirring it up, the Spider fell in and scalded himself. Thereupon the Flea began to scream. And then the Door asked, "Why are you screaming, Flea?"

"Because little Spider has scalded herself in the beer-tub," replied she.

Thereupon the Door began to creak as if it were in pain; and a Broom, which stood in the corner, asked, "What are you creaking for, Door?"

"May I not creak!" it replied—

"The little Spider's scald herself,
And the Flea weeps."

So the Broom began to sweep industriously, and presently

a little Cart came by, and asked the reason. "May I not sweep?" replied the Broom—

"The little Spider's scalt herself,
And the Flea weeps;
The little Door creaks with the pain."

Thereupon the little Cart said, "So will I run," and began to run very fast past a heap of Ashes, which cried out, "Why do you run, little Cart?"

"Because," replied the Cart,

"The little Spider's scalt herself,
And the Flea weeps;
The little Door creaks with the pain,
And the Broom sweeps."

"Then," said the Ashes, "I will burn furiously." Now, next the Ashes there grew a Tree, which asked, "Little heap, why do you burn?"

"Because," was the reply,

"The little Spider's scalt herself,
And the Flea weeps;
The little Door creaks with the pain,
And the Broom sweeps;
The little Cart runs on so fast."

Thereupon the Tree cried, "I will shake myself!" and went on shaking till all its leaves fell off.

A little Girl passing by with a water pitcher saw it shaking, and asked, "Why do you shake yourself, little Tree?"

"Why may I not?" said the Tree—

"The little Spider's scalt herself,
And the Flea weeps;
The little Door creaks with the pain,
And the Broom sweeps;
The little Cart runs on so fast,
And the Ashes burn."

Then the Maiden said, "If so, I will break my pitcher," and she threw it down and broke it.

At this the Streamlet, from which she drew the water, asked,
“Why do you break your pitcher, my little Girl?”

“Why may I not?” she replied; “for

“The little Spider's scalt herself,
And the Flea weeps;
The little Door creaks with the pain,
And the Broom sweeps;
The little Cart runs on so fast,
And the Ashes burn;
The little Tree shakes down its leaves—
Now it's my turn!”

“Ah, then,” said the Streamlet, “now must I begin to flow.”
And it flowed and flowed along, in a great stream, which kept
getting bigger and bigger, until at last it swallowed up the
little Girl, the little Tree, the Ashes, the Cart, the Broom, the
Door, the Flea, and, last of all, the Spider, all together.



THE HANDLESS MAIDEN.

A CERTAIN Miller had fallen by degrees into great poverty, until he had nothing left but his mill and a large apple-tree. One day, when he was going into the forest to cut wood, an old man, whom he had never seen before, stepped up to him, and said, "Why do you trouble yourself with chopping wood? I will make you rich if you will promise me what stands behind your mill."

The Miller thought to himself that it could be nothing but his apple-tree, so he said "Yes," and concluded the bargain with the strange man. The other, however, laughed derisively, and said, "After three years I will come and fetch what belongs to me;" and then he went away.

As soon as the Miller reached home, his wife came to him,

and said, "Tell me, husband, whence comes this sudden gold into our house? All at once every chest and cupboard is filled, and yet no man has brought any in; I cannot tell how it has happened."

The Miller in reply told her, "It comes from a strange lord, whom I met in the forest, who offered me great treasure, and I promised him in return what stands behind the mill, for we can very well spare the great apple-tree."

"Ah, my husband," exclaimed his wife, "it is the Evil Spirit whom you have seen; he did not mean the apple-tree, but our daughter, who was behind the mill sweeping the yard."

This Miller's daughter was a beautiful and pious maiden, and during all the three years lived in the fear of God, without sin. When the time was up, and the day came when the Evil One was to fetch her, she washed herself quite clean and made a circle around herself with chalk. Quite early came the Evil One, but he could not approach her; so in a rage he said to the Miller, "Take away from her all water, that she may not be able to wash herself, else have I no power over her." The Miller did so, for he was afraid. The next morning came the Evil One again, but she had wept upon her hands so that they were quite clean. Then he was baffled again, and in his anger he said to the Miller, "Cut off both her hands, or else I cannot now obtain her." The Miller was horrified, and said, "How can I cut off the hands of my own child?" but the Evil One pressed him, saying, "If you do not, you are mine, and I will take you yourself away!" At last the Miller promised, and he went to the maiden and said, "My child, if I do not cut off both your hands the Evil One will carry me away, and in my terror I have promised him. Now help me in my trouble, and forgive me for the wickedness I am about to do you."

She replied, "Dear father, do with me what you will; I am your daughter."

Thereupon she laid down both her hands, and her father cut them off. For the third time now the Evil One came, but the

maiden had let fall so many tears upon her arms, that they were both quite clean. So he was obliged to give her up, and after this lost all power over her.

The Miller now said to her, "I have received so much good through you, my daughter, that I will care for you most dearly all your life long."

But she answered, "Here I cannot remain; I will wander forth into the world, where compassionate men will give me as much as I require."

Then she had her arms bound behind her back, and at sunrise departed on her journey, and walked the whole day long till night fell. At that time she arrived at a royal garden, and by the light of the moon she saw a tree standing there bearing most beautiful fruits, but she could not enter, for there was water all round. Since, however, she had walked the whole day without tasting a morsel, she was tormented by hunger, and said to herself, "Ah, would I were there, that I might eat of the fruit, else shall I perish with hunger." So she kneeled and prayed to God, and all at once an angel came down, who made a passage through the water, so that the ground was dry for her to pass over. Then she went into the garden, and the angel with her. There she saw a tree full of beautiful pears, but they were all numbered; so she stepped up and ate one to appease her hunger, but no more. The gardener perceived her do it, but because the angel stood by he was afraid, and thought the maiden was a spirit; so he remained quiet and did not address her. As soon as she had eaten the pear she was satisfied, and went and hid herself under the bushes.

The next morning the King to whom the garden belonged came down, and counting the pears found that one was missing; and he asked the gardener whither it was gone. The gardener replied, "Last night a spirit came, who had no hands, and ate the pear with her mouth." The King then asked, "How did the spirit come through the water; and whither did it go after it had eaten the pear?"

"An angel clothed in snow-white garments came down from heaven and made a passage through the waters, so that the spirit walked through the ditch. And because it was an angel, I was afraid, and neither called out nor questioned it; and as soon as it had finished the fruit, it returned as it came."

The King said, "If it be as you say, I will this night watch with you."

As soon as it was dark the King came into the garden, bringing with him a priest, who was to address the spirit, and all three sat down under the tree. About midnight the maiden crept out from under the bushes, and again ate with her mouth a pear off the tree, whilst the angel clothed in white stood by her. Then the priest went towards her, and said, "Art thou come from God, or from earth? art thou a spirit, or a human being?" She replied, "I am no spirit, but a poor maiden, deserted by all, save God alone."

The King said, "If you are forsaken by all the world, yet will I not forsake you;" and he took her with him to his royal palace, and, because she was so beautiful and pious, he loved her with all his heart, and ordered silver hands to be made for her, and made her his bride.

After a year had passed by the King was obliged to go to war, so he commended the young Queen to the care of his mother, and told her to write him word if she had a child born, and to pay her especial attention. Soon afterwards the Queen bore a fine boy, so the old mother wrote a letter to her son, containing the joyful news. The messenger, however, rested on his way by a brook, and, being weary of his long journey, fell asleep. Then came the Evil One, who had always been trying to do some evil to the Queen, and changed the letter for another, wherein it was said that the Queen had brought a changeling into the world. As soon as the King had read this letter he was frightened and much troubled, nevertheless he wrote an answer to his mother, that she should take great care of the Queen until his arrival. The messenger went back with this

letter, but on his way rested at the same spot, and went to sleep. Then the Evil One came a second time, and put another letter in his pocket, wherein it was said the Queen and her child should be killed. When the old mother received this letter, she was struck with horror, and could not believe it; so she wrote another letter to the King; but she received no other answer, for the Evil One again placed a false letter in the messenger's pocket, and in this last it said that she should preserve the tongue and eyes of the Queen, for a sign that she had fulfilled his commands,

The old mother was sorely grieved to shed innocent blood, so she caused a calf to be fetched by night, and cut off its tongue and took out its eyes. Then she said to the Queen, "I cannot let you be killed, as the King commands; but you must remain here no longer. Go forth with your child into the wide world, and never return here again."

Thus saying, she bound the child upon the young Queen's back, and the poor wife went away, weeping bitterly. Soon she entered a large wild forest, and there she fell upon her knees and prayed to God, and the angel appeared and led her to a little cottage, and over the door was a shield inscribed with the words, "Here may every one live freely." Out of the house came a snow-white maiden, who said, "Welcome, Lady Queen," and led her in. Then she took the little child from the Queen's back, and gave it some nourishment, and laid it on a beautifully covered bed. Presently the Queen asked, "How do you know that I am a queen?" and the maiden answered, "I am an angel sent from God to tend you and your child;" and in this cottage she lived seven years, and was well cared for, and through God's mercy to her, on account of her piety, her hands grew again as before.

Meanwhile the King had come home again, and his first thought was to see his wife and child. Then his mother began to weep, and said, "You wicked husband, why did you write to me that I should put to death two innocent souls?" and, showing him the two letters which the Evil One had forged, she continued, "I have

done as you commanded;" and she brought him the tokens, the two eyes and the tongue. Then the King began to weep so bitterly for his dear wife and son that the old mother pitied him, and said, "Be comforted, she lives yet! I caused a calf to be slain, from whom I took these tokens; but the child I bound on your wife's back, and I bade them go forth into the wide world; and she promised never to return here, because you were so wrathful against her."

"So far as heaven is blue," exclaimed the King, "I will go; and neither will I eat nor drink until I have found again my dear wife and child, if they have not perished of hunger by this time."

Thereupon the King set out, and for seven long years sought his wife in every stony cleft and rocky cave, but found her not; and he began to think she must have perished. And all this time he neither ate nor drank, but God sustained him.

At last he came into a large forest, and found there the little cottage whereon the shield was with the words, "Here may every one live freely." Out of the house came the white maiden, and she took him by the hand; and leading him in, said,—"Be welcome, Great King. Whence comest thou?"

He replied, "For seven long years have I sought everywhere for my wife and child; but I have not succeeded."

Then the angel offered him meat and drink, but he refused both, and would only rest a little while. So he lay down to sleep, and covered his face with a napkin.

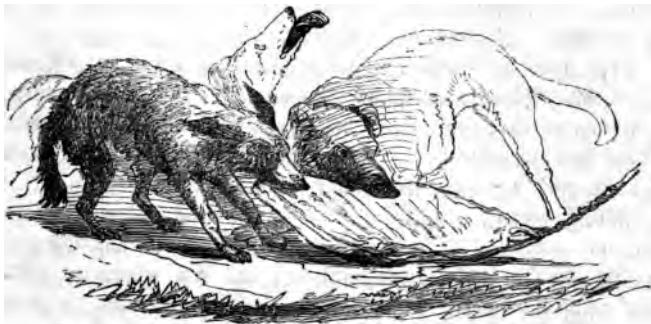
Now went the angel into the chamber where sat the Queen, with her son, whom she usually called "Sorrowful," and said to her, "Come down, with your child: your husband is here." So she went to where he lay, and the napkin fell from off his face; so the Queen said, "Sorrowful, pick up the napkin, and cover again your father's face." The child did as he was bid; and the King, who heard in his slumber what passed, let the napkin again fall from off his face. At this the boy became impatient, and said, "Dear mother, how can I cover my father's

face? Have I indeed a father on the earth? I have learnt the prayer, 'Our Father which art in heaven;' and you have told me my father was in heaven,—the good God: how can I talk to this wild man? he is not my father."

As the King heard this he raised himself up, and asked the Queen who she was. The Queen replied: "I am your wife, and this is your son, Sorrowful." But when he saw her human hands, he said, "My wife had silver hands." "The merciful God" said the Queen, "has caused my hands to grow again;" and the angel, going into her chamber, brought out the silver hands, and showed them to him.

Now he perceived that they were certainly his dear wife and child; and he kissed them gladly, saying, "A heavy stone is taken from my heart;" and, after eating a meal together with the angel, they went home to the King's mother.

Their arrival caused great rejoicings everywhere; and the King and Queen celebrated their marriage again, and ever afterwards lived happily together to the end of their lives.



THE DISCREET HANS.

HANS' mother asked, "Whither are you going, Hans?" "To Grethel's," replied he. "Behave well, Hans." "I will take care: good bye, mother." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good-day," said he. "Good day," replied Grethel. "What treasure do you bring to-day?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel presented Hans with a needle. "Good bye," said he. "Good bye, Hans." Hans took the needle, stuck it in a load of hay, and walked home behind the waggon.

"Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "And what have you given her?" "Nothing: she has given me something." "What has Grethel given you?" "A needle," said Hans. "And where have you put it?" "In the load of hay." "Then you

have behaved stupidly, Hans; you should put needles on your coat sleeve." "To behave better, do nothing at all," thought Hans.

"Whither are you going, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I will take care: good bye, mother." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good day," said he. "Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel gave Hans a knife. "Good bye, Grethel." "Good bye, Hans." Hans took the knife, put it in his sleeve, and went home.

"Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "And what did you take to her?" "I took nothing; she has given to me." "And what did she give you?" "A knife," said Hans. "And where have you put it?" "In my sleeve." "Then you have behaved foolishly again, Hans: you should put knives in your pocket." "To behave better, do nothing at all," thought Hans.

"Whither are you going, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I will take care: good bye, mother." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel gave Hans a young goat. "Good bye, Grethel." "Good bye, Hans." Hans took the goat, tied its legs, and put it in his pocket.

Just as he reached home it was suffocated. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans." "Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "And what did you take to her?" "I took nothing; she gave to me." "And what did Grethel give you?" "A goat." "Where did you put it, Hans?" "In my pocket." "There you acted stupidly, Hans; you should have tied the goat with a rope." "To behave better, do nothing," thought Hans.

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother."
"Behave well, Hans." "I'll take care: good bye, mother."
"Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good day," said he. "Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel gave Hans a piece of bacon. "Good bye, Grethel." "Good bye, Hans." Hanstook the bacon, tied it with a rope, and swung it too and fro so that the dogs came and ate it up. When he reached home he held the rope in his hand, but there was nothing on it.

"Good evening, mother," said he. "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's, mother." "What did you take there?" "I took nothing; she gave to me." "And what did Grethel give you?" "A piece of bacon," said Hans. "And where have you put it?" "I tied it with a rope, swung it about, and the dogs came and ate it up." "There you acted stupidly, Hans; you should have carried the bacon on your head." "To behave better, do nothing," thought Hans.

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I'll take care: good bye, mother."
"Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good day," said he. "Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel gave Hans a calf. "Good bye," said Hans. "Good bye." Hans took the calf, set it on his head, and the calf scratched his face.

"Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "What did you take her?" "I took nothing: she gave to me." "And what did Grethel give you?" "A calf," said Hans. "And what did you do with it?" "I set it on my head, and it kicked my face." "Then you acted stupidly Hans; you should have led the calf home, and put it in the stall." "To behave better, do nothing," thought Hans.

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel's, mother."
"Behave well, Hans." "I'll take care; good bye, mother."
"Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Grethel. "Good day," said he, "Good day, Hans. What treasure do you bring?" "I bring nothing. Have you anything to give?" Grethel said, "I will go with you, Hans." Hans tied a rope round Grethel, led her home, put her in the stall, and made the rope fast; and then he went to his mother.

"Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "To Grethel's." "What did you take her?" "I took nothing." "What did Grethel give you?" "She gave nothing; she came with me." "And where have you left her, then?" "I tied her with a rope, put her in the stall, and threw in some grass." "Then you acted stupidly, Hans; you should have looked at her with friendly eyes." "To behave better, do nothing," thought Hans; and then he went into the stall, and made sheep's eyes at Grethel.

And after that Grethel became Hans' wife.



THE THREE LANGUAGES.

IN Switzerland there lived an old Count, who had an only son, who was quite stupid and never learned anything. One day the father said, "My son, listen to what I have to say; do all I may, I can knock nothing into your head. Now you shall go away, and an eminent master shall try his hand with you."

So the youth was sent to a foreign city, and remained a whole year with his master, and at the end of that time he returned home. His father asked him at once what he had learned, and he replied, "My father, I have learned what the dogs bark."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the father, "is this all you have learned? I will send you into some other city to another master." So the youth went away a second time, and after he had remained a year with this master, came home again. His father asked him, as before, what he had learned, and he

replied, "I have learned what the birds sing." This answer put the father in a passion, and he exclaimed, "Oh, you prodigal, has all this precious time passed, and have you learned nothing? Are you not ashamed to come into my presence? Once more, I will send you to a third master; but if you learn nothing this time, I will no longer be a father to you."

With this third master the boy remained as before, a twelve-month; and when he came back to his father, he told him that he had learned the language that the frogs croak. At this the father flew into a great rage, and, calling his people together, said, "This youth is no longer my son; I cast him off, and command that you lead him into the forest and take away his life."

The servants led him away into the forest, but they had not the heart to kill him, and so they let him go. They cut out, however, the eyes and the tongue of a fawn, and took them for a token to the old Count.

The young man wandered along, and after some time came to a castle, where he asked for a night's lodging. The Lord of the Castle said, "Yes, if you will sleep down below. There is the tower; you may go, but I warn you it is very perilous, for it is full of wild dogs, which bark and howl at every one, and, at certain hours, a man must be thrown to them, whom they devour."

Now, on account of these dogs the whole country round was in terror and sorrow, for no one could prevent their ravages; but the youth, being afraid of nothing, said, "Only let me in to these barking hounds, and give me something to throw to them; they will not harm me."

Since he himself wished it, they gave him some meat for the wild hounds, and let him into the tower. As soon as he entered, the dogs ran about him quite in a friendly way, wagging their tails, and never once barking: they ate, also, the meat he brought, and did not attempt to do him the least injury. The next morning, to the astonishment of every one, he came forth

unharmed, and told the Lord of the Castle, "The hounds have informed me, in their language, why they thus waste and bring destruction on the land. They have the guardianship of a large treasure beneath the tower, and till that is raised they have no rest. In what way and manner this is to be done I have also understood from them."

At these words every one began rejoicing, and the Lord promised him his daughter in marriage, if he could raise the treasure. This task he happily accomplished, and the wild hounds thereupon disappeared, and the country was freed from that plague. Then the beautiful maiden was married to him, and they lived happily together.

After some time, he one day got into a carriage with his wife, and set out on the road to Rome. On their way thither they passed a swamp, where the frogs sat croaking. The young Count listened, and when he heard what they said, he became quite thoughtful and sad, but he did not tell his wife the reason. At last they arrived at Rome, and found the Pope was just dead, and there was a great contention among the Cardinals as to who should be his successor. They at length resolved, that he on whom some miraculous sign should be shown, should be elected. Just as they had thus resolved, at the same moment the young Count stepped into the church, and suddenly two snow-white doves flew down, one on each of his shoulders, and remained perched there. The clergy recognised in this circumstance the sign they required, and asked him on the spot whether he would be Pope. The young Count was undecided, and knew not whether he were worthy; but the Doves whispered to him that he might take the honour, and so he consented. Then he was anointed and consecrated; and so was fulfilled what the frogs had prophesied,—and which had so disturbed him,—that he should become the Pope. Upon his election he had to sing a mass, of which he knew nothing; but the two doves sitting upon his shoulder told him all that he required.



CLEVER ALICE.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had a daughter who was called "Clever Alice;" and when she was grown up, her father said, "We must see about her marrying." "Yes," replied the mother, "when one comes who may be worthy of her."

At last a certain youth, by name Hans, came from a distance to make a proposal for her, but he put in one condition, that the Clever Alice should also be very prudent. "Oh," said her father, "she has got a head full of brains;" and the mother added, "Ah, she can see the wind blow up the street, and hear the flies cough!"

"Very well," replied Hans; "but if she is not very prudent, I will not have her." Soon afterwards they sat down to dinner, and her mother said, "Alice, go down into the cellar and draw some beer."

So Clever Alice took the jug down from the wall, and went

into the cellar, jerking the lid up and down on her way to pass away the time. As soon as she got down stairs, she drew a stool and placed it before the cask, in order that she might not have to stoop, whereby she might do some injury to her back, and give it an undesirable bend. Then she placed the can before her and turned the tap, and while the beer was running, as she did not wish her eyes to be idle, she looked about upon the wall above and below, and presently perceived, after much peeping into this and that corner, a hatchet, which the bricklayers had left behind sticking out of the ceiling right above her. At the sight of this the Clever Alice began to cry, saying, "Oh, if I marry Hans, and we have a child, and he grows up, and we send him into the cellar to draw beer, the hatchet will fall upon his head and kill him;" and so saying, she sat there weeping with all her might over the impending misfortune.

Meanwhile the good folk upstairs were waiting for the beer, but as Clever Alice did not come, her mother told the maid to go and see what she was stopping for. The maid went down into the cellar, and found Alice sitting before the cask crying heartily, and she asked, "Alice, what are you weeping about?" "Ah!" she replied, "have I not cause? If I marry Hans, and we have a child, and he grow up, and we send him here to draw beer, that hatchet will fall upon his head and kill him."

"Oh," said the maid, "what a clever Alice we have!" And sitting down, she began to weep too for the misfortune that was to happen.

After a while, and the maid did not return, the good folks above began to feel very thirsty; so the husband told the boy to go down into the cellar, and see what had become of Alice and the maid. The boy went down, and there sat Clever Alice and the maid both crying, so he asked the reason; and Alice told him the same tale of the hatchet that was to fall on her child as she had told the maid. When she had finished the boy, exclaimed, "What a clever Alice we have!" and fell weeping and howling with the others.

Upstairs they were still waiting, and the husband said, when the boy did not return, "Do you go down, wife, into the cellar and see why Alice stops." So she went down, and finding all three sitting there crying, asked the reason, and Alice told her about the hatchet which must inevitably fall upon the head of her son. Then the mother likewise exclaimed, "Oh, what a clever Alice we have!" and, sitting down, began to weep with the others. Meanwhile the husband waited for his wife's return, but at last he felt so very thirsty that he said, "I must go myself down into the cellar and see what Alice stops for." As soon as he entered the cellar, there he found the four sitting and crying together, and when he heard the reason, he also exclaimed, "Oh, what a clever Alice we have!" and sat down to cry with the others. All this time the bridegroom above sat waiting, but when nobody returned, he thought they must be waiting for him, and so he went down to see what was the matter. When he entered, there sat the five crying and groaning, each one in a louder key than his neighbour. "What misfortune has happened?" he asked. "Ah, dear Hans," cried Alice, "if we should marry one another, and have a child, and he grow up, and we perhaps send him down here to tap the beer, the hatchet which has been left sticking there may fall on his head, and so kill him; and do you not think that enough to weep about?"

"Now," said Hans, "more prudence than this is not necessary for my housekeeping; because you are such a clever Alice I will have you for my wife." And, taking her hand, he led her home, and celebrated the wedding directly.

After they had been married a little while, Hans said one morning, "Wife, I will go out to work and earn some money; do you go into the field and gather some corn wherewith to make bread."

"Yes," she answered, "I will do so, dear Hans." And when he was gone, she cooked herself a nice mess of pottage, to take with her. As she came to the field, she said to herself, "What shall I do? Shall I cut first, or eat first? Ay, I will eat



first!" Then she ate up the contents of her pot, and when it was finished, she thought to herself, "Now, shall I reap first or sleep first? Well, I think I will have a nap!" and so she laid herself down amongst the corn, and went to sleep. Meanwhile Hans returned home, but Alice did not come, and so he said, "Oh, what a prudent Alice I have; she is so industrious that she does not even come home to eat anything." By-and-bye, however, evening came on, and still she did not return; so Hans went out to see how much she had reaped; but, behold, nothing at all, and there lay Alice fast asleep among the corn. So home he ran very fast, and brought a net with little bells hanging on it, which he threw over her head while she still slept on. When he had done this he went back again and shut to the house-door, and, seating himself on his stool, began working very industriously.

At last, when it was quite dark, the Clever Alice awoke, and as soon as she stood up the net fell all over her hair, and the bells jingled at every step she took. This quite frightened her, and she began to doubt whether she were really Clever Alice or no, and said to herself, "Am I she, or am I not?" This question she could not answer, and she stood still a long while considering. At last she thought she would go home and ask whether she were really herself—supposing they would be able to tell. When she came to the house-door it was shut; so she tapped at the window, and asked, "Hans, is Alice within?" "Yes," he replied, "she is." Now she was really terrified, and exclaiming, "Ah heaven, then I am not Alice!" she ran up to another house; but as soon as the folks within heard the jingling of the bells they would not open their doors, and so nobody would receive her. Then she ran straight away from the village, and no one has ever seen her since.



THE TABLE, THE ASS, AND THE STICK.

A LONG while ago there lived a Tailor who had three sons, but only a single Goat, which, as it had to furnish milk for all, was obliged to have good fodder every day, and to be led into the meadow for it. This the sons had to do by turns; and one morning the eldest took the Goat into the churchyard, where grew the finest herbs, which he let it eat, and then it frisked about undisturbed till the evening, when it was time to return; and then he asked, "Goat, are you satisfied?" The Goat replied—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

"Then come home," said the youth, and, catching hold of the rope, he led it to the stall and made it fast. "Now," said the old Tailor, "has the Goat had its proper food?" "Yes,"

replied his son, "it has eaten all it can." The father, however, would see for himself; and so, going into the stall, he stroked the goat and asked it whether it was satisfied. The Goat replied—

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the graves,
And found not a single leaf."

"What do I hear!" exclaimed the Tailor, and ran up to his son and said, "Oh, you bad boy! you said the Goat was satisfied, and then brought it away hungry;" and, taking the yard-measure down from the wall, he hunted his son out of the house in a rage.

The following morning was the second son's turn, and he picked out a place in the garden-hedge, where some very fine herbs grew, which the Goat ate up entirely. When, in the evening, he wanted to return, he asked the Goat first whether it were satisfied, and it replied as before—

"I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite."

"Then come home," said the youth, and drove it to its stall, and tied it fast. Soon after the old Tailor asked, "Has the Goat had its usual food?" "Oh, yes!" answered his son; "it ate up all the leaves." But the Tailor would see for himself, and so he went into the stall, and asked the Goat whether it had had enough.

"Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the hedge,
And found not a single leaf,"

replied the animal.

"The wicked scamp!" exclaimed the Tailor, "to let such a capital animal starve!" and, running in doors, he drove his son out of the house with his yard-measure.

It was now the third son's turn, and he, willing to make a good beginning, sought some bushes full of beautifully tender

leaves, of which he let the Goat plentifully partake; and at evening time, when he wished to go home, he asked the Goat the same question as the others had done, and received the same answer—

“I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite.”

So then he led it home, and tied it up in its stall; and presently the old man came and asked whether the Goat had had its regular food, and the youth replied, “Yes.” But he would go and see for himself, and then the wicked beast told him, as it had done before—

“Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the bush,
And found not a single leaf.”

“Oh, the scoundrel!” exclaimed the Tailor, in a rage; “he is just as careless and forgetful as the others; he shall no longer eat of my bread!” and, rushing into the house, he dealt his youngest son such tremendous blows with the yard-measure that the boy ran quite away.

The old Tailor was now left alone with his Goat, and the following morning he went to the stall, and fondled the animal, saying, “Come, my dear little creature; I will lead you myself into the meadow;” and, taking the rope, he brought it to some green lettuces, and let it feed to its heart’s content. When evening arrived he asked it, as his sons had done before, whether it were satisfied, and it replied—

“I am satisfied, quite;
No more can I bite.”

So he led it home, and tied it up in its stall; but, before he left it, he turned round and asked once more, “Are you quite satisfied?” The malicious brute answered in the same manner as before—

“Whereof should I be satisfied?
I only jumped about the green,
And found not a single leaf.”

As soon as the Tailor heard this he was thunderstruck, and perceived directly that he had driven away his three sons without cause. "Stop a bit, you ungrateful beast!" he exclaimed. "To drive you away will be too little; I will mark you so that you shall no more dare to show yourself among honourable tailors." So saying, he sprang up with great speed, and, fetching a razor, shaved the Goat's head as bare as the palm of his hand; and, because the yard-measure was too honourable for such service, he laid hold of a whip, and gave the animal such hearty cuts with it, that it ran off as fast as possible.

When the old man sat down again in his house he fell into great grief, and would have been only too happy to have had his three sons back; but no one knew whither they had wandered.

The eldest, however, had gone apprentice to a joiner, with whom he worked industriously and cheerfully; and when his time was out, his master presented him with a table, which had certainly a very ordinary appearance, and was made of common wood; but it had one excellent quality:—If its owner placed it before him, and said, "Table, cover thyself," the good table was at once covered with a fine cloth, and plates, and knives and forks, and dishes of roast and baked meat took their places on it, and a great glass filled with red wine, which gladdened one's heart. Our young fellow thought, "Herewith you have enough for your lifetime," and went, full of glee, about the world, never troubling himself whether the inn were good or bad, or whether it contained anything or nothing. Whenever he pleased he went to no inn at all, but in the field, or wood, or any meadow, in fact, just where he liked to take the table off his his back, and set it before him, saying, "Table, cover thyself," he had all he could desire to eat and drink.

At last it came into his head that he would return to his father, whose anger, he thought, would be abated by time, and with whom he might live very comfortably with his excellent table.

It fell out that, on his journey home, he one evening arrived at an inn which was full of people, who bade him welcome, and invited him to come in and eat with them, or he would get nothing at all. But our Joiner replied, "No; I will not take a couple of bites with you; you must rather be my guests." At this the others laughed, and thought he was making game of them; but he placed his wooden table in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, cover thyself;" and in the twinkling of an eye it was set out with meats as good as any that the host could have furnished, and the smell of which mounted very savoury into the noses of the guests. "Be welcome, good friends," said the Joiner; and the guests, when they saw he was in earnest, waited not to be asked twice, but, quickly seating themselves, set to valiantly with their knives. What made them most wonder, however, was that, when any dish became empty, another full one instantly took its place; and the landlord, who stood in a corner looking on, thought to himself, "You could make good use of such a cook as that in your trade;" but he said nothing. Meanwhile the Joiner and his companions sat making merry till late at night; but at last they went to bed, and the Joiner too, who placed his wishing-table against the wall before going to sleep. The landlord, however, could not get to sleep, for his thoughts troubled him, and, suddenly remembering that there stood in his lumber-room an old table which was useless, he went and fetched it, and put it in the place of the wishing-table. The next morning the Joiner counted out his lodging-money, and placed the table on his back, ignorant that it had been changed, and went his way. At noon-day he reached his father's house, and was received with great joy.

"Now, my dear son," said the old man, "what have you learned?"

"I have become a joiner, father."

"A capital trade, too. But what have you brought home with you from your travels?"

"The best thing I have brought," said the youth, "is this table."

The father looked at it on every side, and said, "You have made a very bad hand of that; it is an old, worthless table."

"But," interrupted his son, "it is one which covers itself; and when I place it before me and say, 'Table, cover thyself,' it is instantly filled with the most savoury meats and wine, which will make your heart sing. Just invite your friends and acquaintances, and you shall soon see how they will be refreshed and revived."

As soon, then, as the company was arrived he placed his table in the middle of the room, and called out to it to cover itself. But the table did not stir, and remained as empty as any other table which does not understand what is spoken ; and the poor Joiner at once perceived that the table was changed, and he was ashamed to appear thus like an impostor before the guests, who laughed at him, and were obliged to go home without eating or drinking. So the father took up his mending again, and stitched away as fast as ever, and the son was obliged to go and work for a master carpenter.

Meanwhile the second son had been living with a miller, and learning his trade, and as soon as his time was up, his master said to him, "Because you have served me so well, I present you with this ass, which has a wonderful gift, although it neither can draw a waggon nor carry a sack." "For what, then, is it useful?" asked the youth. "It speaks gold," replied the miller. "If you tie a pocket under his chin and cry 'Bricklebrit,' then the good beast will pour out gold coin like hail." "That is a very fine thing," thought the youth ; and, thanking the master, he went off upon his journey. Now, whenever he needed money, he had only to say to his ass "Bricklebrit," and it rained down gold pieces, so that he had no other trouble than to pick them up again from the ground. Wherever he went the best only was good enough for him, and the dearer it

was the better, for he had always a full purse. When he had looked about him for some time in the world, he thought he would go and visit his father, whose anger he supposed had abated, and moreover, since he brought with him an ass of gold, he would no doubt receive him gladly. It so happened that he came to the very same inn where his brother's table had been changed, and as he came up, leading his ass by the hand, the landlord would have taken it and tied it up, but our young master said to him, " You need not trouble yourself; I will lead my grey beast myself into the stable and tie him, for I must know where he stands." The landlord wondered at this, and he thought that one who looked after his own beast would not spend much; but presently our friend, dipping into his pocket and taking out two pieces of gold, gave them to him, and bid him fetch the best he could. This made the landlord open his eyes, and he ran and fetched, in a great hurry, the best he could get. When he had finished his meal, the youth asked what further he was indebted, and the landlord, having no mind to spare him, said that a couple of gold pieces more was due. The youth felt in his pocket, but his money was just at an end; so he exclaimed, " Wait a bit, my landlord; I will go and fetch some gold," and, taking the tab -cloth with him, he went out. The landlord knew not what to think, but being covetous he slinked out after the youth, and as he bolted the stable-door the landlord peeped through a hole in the wall. The youth spread the cloth beneath the ass, and called out " Bricklebrit," and in a moment the beast began to speak out gold, as if rain were falling. " By the powers," exclaimed the landlord, " ducats are soon coined so; that is not a bad sort of purse!" The youth now paid his bill and laid down to sleep, but in the middle of the night the landlord slipped into the stable, and led away the mint-master, and tied up a different ass in its place.

In the morning early, the youth drove away with his ass thinking it was his own, and at noon-day he arrived at his father's, who was very glad to see him return, and received him

kindly. "What trade have you become?" asked the father. "A miller," was the reply. "And what have you brought home with you from your wanderings?" "Nothing but an ass." "Oh, there are plenty of that sort here now; it had far better been a goat," said the old man. "Yes," replied the son, "but this is no common animal, but one which, when I say 'Bricklebrit,' speaks gold right and left. Just call your friends here, and I will make them all rich in a twinkling." "Well," exclaimed the Tailor, "that would please me very well, and so I need not use my needle any more;" and running out he called together all his acquaintances. As soon as they were assembled, the young Miller bade them make a circle, and, spreading out a cloth, he brought the ass into the middle of the room. "Now pay attention," said he to them, and called out "Bricklebrit;" but not a single gold piece fell, and it soon appeared that the ass understood not coining, for it is not every one that can be so taught. The poor young man began to make a long face, when he saw that he had been deceived, and he was obliged to beg pardon of the guests, who were forced to return as poor as they came. So it happened that the old man had to take to his needle again, and the youth to bind himself with another master.

Meanwhile the third brother had gone to a turner to learn his trade; but he got on very slowly, as it was a very difficult art to acquire. And while he was there, his brothers sent him word how badly things had gone with them, and how the landlord had robbed them of their wishing-gifts on their return home. When the time came round that he had learnt everything and wished to leave, his master presented him with a sack, saying, "In it there lies a stick."

"I will take the sack readily, for it may do me good service," replied the youth. "But what is the stick for? it only makes the sack heavier to carry."

"That I will tell you:—If any one does you an injury, you have only to say, 'Stick, out of the sack!' and instantly the stick will spring out, and dance about on the people's backs in

such style that they will not be able to stir a finger for a week afterwards; and, moreover, it will not leave off till you say, ‘Stick, get back into the sack.’”

The youth thanked him, and hung the sack over his shoulders; and when any one came too near, and wished to meddle with him, he said, “Stick, come out of the sack,” and immediately it sprang out, and began laying about it; and when he called it back, it disappeared so quickly that no one could tell where it came from.

One evening he arrived at the inn where his brothers had been basely robbed, and, laying his knapsack on the table, he began to talk of all the wonderful things he had seen in the world. “Yes,” said he, “one may find, indeed, a table which supplies itself, and a golden ass, and such-like things—all very good in their place, and I do not despise them; but they shrink into nothing beside the treasure which I carry with me in this sack.”

The landlord pricked up his ears, saying, “What on earth can it be?” but he thought to himself, “The sack is certainly full of precious stones, and I must manage to get hold of them; for all good things come in threes.”

As soon as it was bedtime our youth stretched himself upon a bench, and laid his sack down for a pillow; and, when he appeared to be in a deep sleep, the landlord crept softly to him, and began to pull very gently and cautiously at the sack, to see if he could manage to draw it away, and put another in its place. The young Turner, however, had been waiting for him to do this, and, just as the man gave a good pull, he exclaimed, “Stick, out of the sack with you!” Immediately out it jumped, and thumped about on the landlord’s back and ribs with a good will.

The landlord began to cry for mercy, but the louder he cried, the more forcibly did the stick beat time on his back, until at last he fell exhausted to the ground.

Then the Turner said, “If you do not give up the table

which feeds itself, and the golden ass, that dance shall commence again."

"No, no!" cried the landlord, in a weak voice; "I will give them up with pleasure, but just let your horrible hobgoblin get back into his sack."

"I will give you pardon, if you do right; but, take care what you are about," replied the Turner; and he let him rest, and bade the stick return.

On the following morning the Turner, accordingly, went away with the table and the ass, on his road home to his father, who, as soon as he saw him, felt very glad, and asked what he had learned in foreign parts.

"Dear father," replied he, "I have become a turner."

"A difficult business that; but what have you brought back with you from your travels?"

"A precious stick," replied the son; "a stick in this sack."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "a stick! Well, that is worth the trouble! Why, you can cut one from every tree!"

"But not such a stick as this; for, if I say, 'Stick, out of the sack,' it instantly jumps out, and executes such a dance upon the back of any one who would injure me, that at last he is beaten to the ground, crying for mercy. Do you see, with this stick I have got back again the wonderful table and the golden ass of which the thievish landlord robbed my brothers? Now, let them both be summoned home, and invite all your acquaintances, and I will not only give them plenty to eat and drink, but pocketsful of money."

The old Tailor would scarcely believe him; but, nevertheless, he called in his friends. Then the young Turner placed a tablecloth in the middle of the room, and led in the ass, saying to his brother, "Now, speak to him."

The Miller called out "Bricklebrit!" and in a moment the

gold pieces dropped down on the floor in a pelting shower ; and so it continued until they had all so much that they could carry no more. (I fancy my readers would have been very happy to have been there too !!)

After this the table was fetched in, and the Joiner said, “Table, cover thyself;” and it was at once filled with the choicest dishes. Then they began such a meal as the Tailor had never had before in his house ; and the whole company remained till late at night merry and jovial.

The next day the Tailor forsook needle and thread, and put them all away, with his measures and goose, in a cupboard, and for ever after lived happily and contentedly with his three sons.

But now I must tell you what became of the Goat, whose fault it was that the three brothers were driven away. It was so ashamed of its bald head that it ran into a Fox's hole and hid itself. When the Fox came home he saw a pair of great eyes looking at him in the darkness, which so frightened him that he ran back, and presently met a Bear, who, perceiving how terrified Reynard appeared, said to him, “What is the matter, Brother Fox, that you make such a face?”

“Ah!” he replied, “in my hole sits a horrible beast, who glared at me with most fiery eyes.”

“Oh! we will soon drive it out,” said the Bear ; and, going up to the hole, he peeped in himself ; but, as soon as he saw the fiery eyes, he also turned tail, and would have nothing to do with the terrible beast, and so took to flight. On his way a Bee met him, and soon saw he could not feel much through his thick coat ; and so she said, “You are making a very rueful face, Mr. Bear ; pray, where have you left your merry one ?”

“Why,” answered Bruin, “a great horrible beast has laid himself down in Reynard's house, and glares there with such fearful eyes, we cannot drive him out.”

"Well, Mr. Bear," said the Bee, "I am sorry for you; I am a poor creature whom you never notice, but yet I believe I can help you."

So saying, she flew into the Fox's hole, and, settling on the clean-shaved head of the Goat, stung it so dreadfully that the poor animal sprang up and ran madly off; and nobody knows to this hour where it ran to.



THUMBLING.

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor peasant, who used to sit every evening by the hearth, poking the fire, while his wife spun. One night he said, "How sad it is that we have no children; everything is so quiet here, while in other houses it is so noisy and merry."

"Ah!" sighed his wife, "if we had but only one, and were he no bigger than my thumb, I should still be content, and love him with all my heart." A little while after the wife fell ill; and after seven months a child was born, who, although he was perfectly formed in all his limbs, was not actually bigger than one's thumb. So they said to one another that it had happened just as they wished; and they called the child "Thumbling." Every day they gave him all the food he could eat; still he did not grow a bit, but remained exactly the height he was when first born; he looked about him, however, very

knowingly, and showed himself to be a bold and clever fellow, who prospered in everything he undertook.

One morning the peasant was making ready to go into the forest to fell wood, and said, "Now I wish I had some one who could follow me with the cart."

"Oh ! father," exclaimed Thumbling, "I will bring the cart ; don't you trouble yourself ; it shall be there at the right time."

The father laughed at this speech, and said, "How shall that be ? You are much too small to lead the horse by the bridle."

"That matters not, father. If mother will harness the horse, I can sit in his ear, and tell him which way to take."

"Well, we will try for once," said the father ; and so, when the hour came, the mother harnessed the horse, and placed Thumbling in its ear, and told him how to guide it. Then he set out quite like a man, and the cart went on the right road to the forest ; and just as it turned a corner, and Thumbling called out "Steady, Steady," two strange men met it ; and one said to the other, "My goodness, what is this ? Here comes a cart, and the driver keeps calling to the horse ; but I can see no one." "That cannot be all right," said the other : "let us follow and see where the cart stops."

The cart went on safely deep into the forest, and straight to the place where the wood was cut. As soon as Thumbling saw his father, he called to him, "Here, father ; here I am, you see, with the cart : just take me down." The peasant caught the bridle of the horse with his left hand, and with his right took his little son out of its ear ; and he sat himself down merrily on a straw. When the two strangers saw the little fellow, they knew not what to say for astonishment ; and one of them took his companion aside, and said, "This little fellow might make our fortune if we could exhibit him in the towns. Let us buy him." They went up to the peasant, and asked, "Will you sell us your son ? We will treat him well." "No," replied the man ; "he is my heart's delight, and not to be bought for all the money in the world !" But Thumbling, when he heard

what was said, climbed up by his father's skirt, and set himself on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Let me go now, and I will soon come back again." So his father gave him to the two men for a fine piece of gold; and they asked him where he would sit. "Oh," replied he, "put me on the rim of your hat; and then I can walk round and survey the country. I will not fall off." They did as he wished; and when he had taken leave of his father, they set out. Just as it was getting dark he asked to be lifted down; and, after some demur, the man on whose hat he was took him off and placed him on the ground. In an instant Thumbling ran off, and crept into a mouse-hole, where they could not see him. "Good evening, masters," said he, "you can go home without me;" and with a quiet laugh he crept into his hole still further. The two men poked their sticks into the hole, but all in vain; for Thumbling only went down further; and when it had grown quite dark they were obliged to return home full of vexation and with empty pockets.

As soon as Thumbling perceived that they were off, he crawled out of his hiding-place, and said, "How dangerous it is to walk in this field in the dark: one might soon break one's head or legs;" and so saying he looked round, and by great good luck saw an empty snail-shell. "God be praised," he exclaimed, "here I can sleep securely;" and in he went. Just as he was about to fall asleep he heard two men coming by, one of whom said to the other, "How shall we manage to get at the parson's gold and silver?"

"That I can tell you," interrupted Thumbling.

"What was that?" exclaimed the thief, frightened. "I heard some one speak." They stood still and listened; and then Thumbling said, "Take me with you, and I will help you."

"Where are you?" asked the thieves.

"Search on the ground, and mark where my voice comes from," replied he. The thief looked about, and at last found him; and lifted him up in the air. "What, will you help us, you little wight?" said they. "Do you see I can creep between

the iron bars into the chamber of the parson, and reach out to you whatever you require."

"Very well; we will see what you can do," said the thief.

When they came to the house, Thumbling crept into the chamber, and cried out, with all his might, "Will you have all that is here?" The thieves were terrified, and said, "Speak gently, or some one will awake."

But Thumbling feigned not to understand, and exclaimed, louder still, "Will you have all that is here?"

This awoke the cook, who slept in the room, and sitting up in her bed she listened. The thieves, however, had run back a little way, quite frightened; but, taking courage again, and thinking the little fellow wished to tease them, they came and whispered to him to make haste and hand them out something. At this, Thumbling cried out still more loudly, "I will give you it all, only put your hands in." The listening maid heard this clearly, and, springing out of bed, hurried out at the door. The thieves ran off as if they were pursued by the wild huntsman, but the maid, as she could see nothing, went to strike a light. When she returned, Thumbling escaped without being seen into the barn, and the maid, after she had looked round and searched in every corner, without finding anything, went to bed again, believing she had been dreaming with her eyes open. Meanwhile Thumbling had crept in amongst the hay, and found a beautiful place to sleep, where he intended to rest till day-break, and then to go home to his parents.

Other things, however, was he to experience, for there is much tribulation and trouble going on in this world.

The maid got up at dawn of day to feed the cow. Her first walk was to the barn, where she took an armful of hay, and just the bundle where poor Thumbling lay asleep. He slept so soundly, however, that he was not conscious, and only awoke when he was in the cow's mouth. "Ah, goodness!" exclaimed he, "however came I into this mill?" but soon he saw where he really was. Then he took care not to come between the teeth,

but presently slipped quite down the cow's throat. "There are no windows in this room," said he to himself, "and no sunshine, and I brought no light with me." Overhead his quarters seemed still worse, and, more than all, he felt his room growing narrower, as the cow swallowed more hay. So he began to call out in terror as loudly as he could, "Bring me no more food. I do not want any more food!" Just then the maid was milking the cow, and when she heard the voice without seeing anything, and knew it was the same she had listened to in the night, she was so frightened that she slipped off her stool and overturned the milk. In great haste she ran to her master, saying, "Oh, Mr. Parson, the cow has been speaking."

"You are crazy," he replied; but still he went himself into the stable to see what was the matter, and scarcely had he stepped in when Thumbling began to shout out again, "Bring me no more food, bring me no more food." This terrified the parson himself, and he thought an evil spirit had entered into his cow, and so ordered her to be killed. As soon as that was done, and they were dividing the carcase, a fresh accident befel Thumbling, for a wolf, who was passing at the time, made a snatch at the cow, and tore away the part where he was stuck fast. However, he did not lose courage, but as soon as the wolf had swallowed him, he called out from inside, "Oh, Mr. Wolf, I know of a capital meal for you." "Where is it to be found?" asked the wolf. "In the house by the meadow; you must creep through the gutter, and there you will find cakes, and bacon, and sausages, as many as you can eat," replied Thumbling, describing exactly his father's house.

The wolf did not wait to be told twice, but in the night crept in, and ate away in the larder, to his heart's content. When he had finished, he tried to escape by the way he entered, but the hole was not large enough. Thereupon Thumbling, who had reckoned on this, began to make a tremendous noise inside the poor wolf, screaming and shouting as loud as he could. "Will you be quiet?" said the wolf; "you will awake the people."

"Eh, what!" cried the little man, "since you have satisfied yourself, it is my turn now to make merry;" and he set up a louder howling than before. At last his father and mother awoke, and came to the room and looked through the chinks of the door; and as soon as they perceived the ravages the wolf had committed, they ran and brought, the man, his axe, and the woman, the scythe. "Stop you behind," said the man, as they entered the room; "if my blow does not kill him, you must give him a cut with your weapon, and chop off his head if you can."

When Thumbling heard his father's voice, he called out, "Father dear, I am here, in the wolf's body!" "Heaven be praised!" said the man, full of joy, "our dear child is found again;" and he bade his wife take away the scythe, lest it should do any harm to his son. Then he raised his axe, and gave the wolf such a blow on its head that it fell dead, and, taking a knife, he cut it open and released the little fellow, his son. "Ah," said his father, "what trouble we have had about you." "Yes, father," replied Thumbling, "I have been travelling a great deal about the world. Heaven be praised! I breathe fresh air again."

"Where have you been, my son?" he inquired.

"Once I was in a mouse's hole, once inside a cow, and lastly inside that wolf; and now I will stop here with you," said Thumbling.

"Yes," said the old people, "we will not sell you again for all the riches of the world;" and they embraced and kissed him with great affection. Then they gave him plenty to eat and drink, and had new clothes made for him, for his old ones were worn out with travelling.



THE WEDDING OF MRS. FOX.

—♦—

FIRST TALE.

THERE was once upon a time a Fox with nine tails, who thought his wife was not faithful to him, and determined to put it to the proof. So he stretched himself along under a bench, and, keeping his legs perfectly still, he appeared as if quite dead. Mrs. Fox, meanwhile, had ascended to her room, and shut herself in; and her maid, the young Cat, stood near the hearth cooking. As soon as it was known that Mr. Fox was dead, several suitors came to pay their respects to his widow. The maid, hearing some one knocking at the front door, went and looked out, and saw a young Fox, who asked,

"How do you do, Miss Kitten?
Is she asleep or awake?"

The maid replied,

"I neither sleep nor wake;
Would you know my business?
Beer and butter both I make;
Come and be my guest!"



"I am obliged, Miss Kitten," said the young Fox; "but how is Mrs. Fox?"

The maid replied,

"She sits in her chamber,
Weeping so sore;
Her eyes red with crying—
Mr. Fox is no more."

"Tell her then, my maiden, that a young Fox is here, who wishes to marry her," said he. So the Cat went pit-pat, pit-a-pat up the stairs, and tapped gently at the door, saying, "Are you there, Madam Fox?" "Yes, my good little Cat," was the reply. "There is a suitor below." "What does he look like?" asked her mistress. "Has he nine as beautiful tails as my late husband?" "Oh no," answered the maid, "he has only one." "Then I will not have him," said the mistress. The young Cat went down and sent away the suitor; and soon after there came a second knock at the door, from another Fox with *two* tails, who wished to marry the widow; he fared, however, no better than the former one. Afterwards came six more, one after the other, each having one tail more than he who preceded him; but these were all turned away. At last there arrived a Fox with nine tails, like the deceased husband, and when the widow heard of it, she said, full of joy, to the Cat, "Now you may open all the windows and doors, and turn the old Fox out of the house." But just as the wedding was about to be celebrated the old Fox roused himself from his sleep beneath the bench, and drubbed the whole rabble, together with his wife, out of the house, and hunted them far away.

A SECOND ACCOUNT

Narrates that when the old Fox appeared dead, the Wolf came as a suitor, and knocked at the door; and the Cat, who served as servant to the widow, got up to see who was there.

"Good day, Miss Cat; how does it happen that you are sitting all alone? • What good are you about?"

The Cat answered, "I have been making some bread and milk. Will my lord be my guest."

"Thanks, many thanks," replied the Fox; "is Madam Fox not at home?"

The Cat sung,

"She sits in her chamber,
Weeping so sore;
Her eyes red with crying—
Mr. Fox is no more."

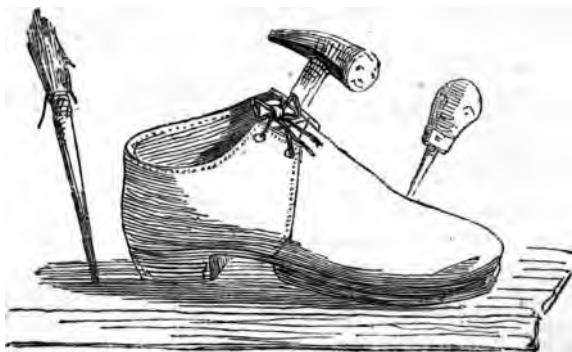
Then the Wolf said, "If she wishes for another husband, she had better come down to me."

So the Cat ran up the stairs, her tail trailing behind, and when she got to the chamber door, she knocked five times, and asked, "Is Madam Fox at home? If so, and she wishes to have another husband, she must come down sthairs."

Mrs. Fox asked, "Does the gentleman wear red stockings, and has he a pointed mouth?" "No," replied the Cat. "Then he will not do for me," said Mrs. Fox, and shut the door.

After the Wolf had been turned away, there came a Dog, a Stag, a Hare, a Bear, a Lion, and all the beasts of the forest, one after another. But each one was deficient of the particular qualities which the old Fox had possessed, and the Cat was obliged therefore to turn away every suitor. At last came a young Fox; and when the question was asked whether he had red stockings and a pointed mouth, the Cat replied "Yes," and she was bid to call him up and prepare for the wedding. Then they threw the old Fox out of the window, and the Cat caught and ate as many mice as she could, in celebration of the happy event.

And after the marriage they had a grand ball, and, as I have never heard to the contrary, perhaps they are dancing still.



THE LITTLE ELVES.

FIRST STORY.

THERE was once a Shoemaker, who, from no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left, but just sufficient leather for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, intending to make it up in the morning; and, as he had a good conscience, he lay quietly down to sleep, first commanding himself to God. In the morning he said his prayers, and then sat down to work; but behold the pair of shoes was already made, and there they stood upon his board. The poor man was amazed, and knew not what to say; but he took the shoes into his hand to look at them more closely, and they were so neatly worked that not a stitch was done wrong; just as if they had been done for a prize. Presently a customer came in; and because the shoes pleased him very much, he paid down more than was usual; and so much that

the Shoemaker was able to buy with it leather for two pairs. By the evening he had got his leather shaped out; and when he arose the next morning he prepared to work with fresh spirit; but there was no need,—for the shoes stood all perfect on his board. He did not want either for customers; for two came who paid him so liberally for the shoes, that he bought with the money material for four pairs more. These also—when he awoke—he found all ready-made, and so it continued; what he cut out overnight was, in the morning, turned into the neatest shoes possible. This went on until he had regained his former appearance, and was even becoming a prosperous man.

One evening—not long before Christmas—as he had cut out the usual quantity, he said to his wife, before going to bed, “What say you to stopping up this night, to see who it is that helps us so kindly?” His wife was satisfied, and fastened up a light; and then they hid themselves in the corner of the room, where hung some clothes which concealed them. As soon as it was midnight in came two little manikins, who squatted down on the board; and, taking up the prepared work, set to with their little fingers, stitching, and sowing, and hammering so swiftly and lightly, that the Shoemaker could not take his eyes off them for astonishment. They did not cease until all was brought to an end, and the shoes stood ready on the table; and then they sprang quickly away.

The following morning the wife said, “The little men have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude to them; for although they run about, they must be cold, for they have nothing on their bodies. I will make a little shirt, coat, waist-coat, trousers, and stockings for each, and do you make a pair of shoes for each.”

The husband assented; and one evening, when all was ready, they laid presents, instead of the usual work, on the board, and hid themselves to see the result.

At midnight in came the Elves, jumping about, and soon prepared to work; but when they saw no leather, but the natty

little clothes,—they at first were astonished, but soon showed their rapturous glee. They drew on their coats, and, smoothing them down, sang,—

“Smart and natty boys are we;
Shoemakers we'll no longer be;”

and so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out at the door. After that evening they did not come again; but the Shoemaker prospered in all he undertook, and lived happily to the end of his days.

SECOND STORY.

Once upon a time there was a poor servant girl, who was both industrious and cleanly, for every day she dusted the house and shook out the sweepings on a great heap before the door. One morning, just as she was going to throw them away, she saw a letter lying among them, and, as she could not read, she put her broom by in a corner, and took it to her master. It contained an invitation from the Elves, asking the girl to stand godmother to one of their children. The girl did not know what to do, but at last, after much consideration, she consented, for the little men will not easily take a refusal. So there came three Elves, who conducted her to a hollow mountain where they lived. Everything was very small of course, but all more neat and elegant than I can tell you. The mother lay in a bed of ebony studded with pearls, and the coverings were all wrought with gold; the cradle was made of ivory, and the bath was of gold. The girl stood godmother, and afterwards wished to return home, but the little Elves pressed her earnestly to stay three days longer. So she remained, passing the time in pleasure and play, for the Elves behaved very kindly to her. At the end of the time she prepared to return home, but first they filled her pockets full of gold, and then led her out of the hill. As soon as she reached the house, she took the broom, which still stood in

the corner, and went on with her sweeping ; and presently out of the house came some strange people, who asked her who she was, and what she was doing there. Then she found out that it was not three days, as she had supposed, but seven years that she had passed with the little Elves in the hill, and that her former master had died in her absence.

THIRD STORY.

The little Elves once stole a child out of its cradle and put in its place a changeling with a clumsy head and red eyes, who would neither eat nor drink. The mother in great trouble went to a neighbour to ask her advice, and she advised her to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it on the hearth, and boil water in two egg-shells. If the changeling was made to laugh, then all was up with him. The woman did all the neighbour said, and as she set the egg-shells over the fire the creature sung out—

“ Though I am as old as the oldest tree,
Cooking in an egg-shell never did I see ;”

and then it burst into a hoarse laugh. While he was laughing a number of little Elves entered, bringing the real child, whom they placed on the hearth, and then they took away the changeling with them.



THE GOLDEN BIRD.

A LONG, long while ago there was a King who had, adjoining his palace, a fine pleasure-garden, in which stood a tree which bore golden apples; and as soon as the apples were ripe they were counted, but the next day one was missed. This vexed the King very much, and he ordered that watch should be kept every night beneath the tree; and having three sons he sent the eldest, when evening set in, into the garden; but about midnight the youth fell into a deep sleep, and in the morning another apple was missing. The next night the second son had to watch, but he also fared no better; for about midnight he fell fast asleep, and another apple was wanting in the morning. The turn was come now to the third son, who was eager to go; but the King hesitated for a long time, thinking he would be even less wakeful than his brothers, but at last he consented. The youth lay down under the tree and watched steadily, without letting sleep be his master; and,

just as twelve o'clock struck, something rustled in the air, and looking up, he saw a bird flying by whose feathers were of bright gold. The bird lighted upon the tree, and had just picked off one of the apples, when the youth shot a bolt at it, which did not prevent its flying away, but one of its golden feathers dropped off. The youth took the feather up, and, showing it the next morning to the King, told him what he had seen during the night. Thereupon the King assembled his council, and every one declared that a single feather like this was worth a kingdom. "Well, then," said the King, "if this feather is so costly, I must and will have the whole bird, for one feather is of no use to me." The eldest son was now sent out on his travels, and, relying on his own prudence, he doubted not that he should find the Golden Bird. When he had walked about a mile he saw sitting at the edge of a forest a Fox, at which he levelled his gun; but it cried out, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you a piece of good advice! You are now on the road to the golden bird, and this evening you will come into a village, where two inns stand opposite to each other: one will be brightly lit up and much merriment will be going on inside, but turn not in there; enter rather into the other, though it seem a poor place to you."

The young man, however, thought to himself, "How can such a silly beast give me rational advice?" and going nearer, he shot at the Fox; but he missed, and the Fox ran away with its tail in the air. After this adventure he walked on, and towards evening came to the village where stood the two public-houses, in one of which singing and dancing was going on, while the other looked a very ill-conditioned house. "I should be a simpleton," said he to himself, "if I were to go into this dirty inn while that capital one stood opposite." So he entered the dancing-room, and there, living in feasting and rioting, he forgot the golden bird, his father, and all good manners.

As time passed by and the eldest son did not return home, the second son set out also on his travels to seek the golden

bird. The Fox met him as it had its brother, and gave him good counsel which he did not follow. He likewise arrived at the two inns, and out of the window of the riotous house his brother leaned, and invited him in. - He could not resist, and entered, and lived there only to gratify his pleasures.

Again a long time elapsed with no news of either brother, and the youngest wished to go and try his luck; but his father would not consent. "It is useless," said he; "you are still less likely than your brothers to find the golden bird, and, if a misfortune should happen to you, you cannot help yourself, for you are not very quick." The King at last, however, was forced to consent, for he had no rest while he refused.

On the edge of the forest the Fox was again sitting, and again he offered in return for his life the same piece of good advice. The youth was good-hearted and said, "Be not afraid, little Fox; I will do you no harm."

"You shall not repent of your goodness," replied the Fox; "but, that you may travel quicker, get up behind on my tail."

Scarcely had he seated himself when away they went, over stones and sticks, so fast that his hair whistled in the wind.

As soon as they arrived at the village the youth dismounted, and, following the advice he had received, turned, without looking round, into the mean-looking house, where he passed the night comfortably. The next morning, when he went into the fields, he found the Fox already there, who said, "I will tell you what further you must do. Go straight forwards, and you will come to a castle before which a whole troop of soldiers will be sleeping and snoring; be not frightened at them, but go right through the middle of the troop into the castle, and through all the rooms, till you come into a chamber where a golden bird hangs in a wooden cage. Near by stands an empty golden cage for show, but take care you do not take the bird out of its ugly cage, or place it in the golden one, or you will fare badly." With these words the Fox again stretched out its tail, and the King's son riding as before, away they went over sticks

and stones, till their hair whistled in the wind from the pace they travelled at. When they arrived at the castle the youth found everything as the Fox had said. He soon discovered the room where the golden bird sat in its wooden cage, and by it stood the golden one, and three golden apples were lying around. The youth thought it would be a pity to take the bird in such an ugly and dirty cage, and opening the door he put it in the splendid one. At the moment he did this the bird set up a piercing shriek, which woke the soldiers, who started up and made him a prisoner. The next morning he was brought to trial, and when he confessed all he was condemned to death. Still the King said he would spare his life under one condition, namely, if he brought to him the golden horse which travelled faster than the wind, and then for a reward he should also receive the golden bird.

The young Prince walked out, sighing and sorrowful, for where was he to find the golden horse? All at once he saw his old friend the Fox, who said, "There, you see what has happened because you did not mind what I said. But be of good courage; I will protect you and tell you where you may find the horse. You must follow this road straight till you come to a castle: in the stable there this horse stands. Before the door a boy will lie fast asleep and snoring, so you must lead away the horse quietly; but there is one thing you must mind: put on his back the old saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one which hangs close by, for if you do it will be very unlucky." So saying, the Fox stretched out his tail, and again they went as fast as the wind. Everything was as the Fox had said, and the youth went into the stall where the golden horse was; but, as he was about to put on the dirty saddle, he thought it would be a shame if he did not put on such a fine animal the saddle which appeared to belong to him, and so he took up the golden saddle. Scarcely had it touched the back of the horse when it set up a loud neigh, which awoke the stable-boys, who put our hero into confinement. The next morning he

was condemned to death; but the King promised to give him his life and the horse, if he would bring the Beautiful Daughter of the King of the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out, and by great good fortune soon met the Fox. "I should have left you in your misfortune," said he; "but I felt compassion for you, and am willing once more to help you out of your trouble. Your road to the palace lies straight before you, and when you arrive there, about evening, wait till night, when the Princess goes to take a bath. And as soon as she enters the bath-house, do you spring up and give her a kiss, and she will follow you wheresoever you will; only take care that she does not take leave of her parents first, or all will be lost."

With these words the Fox again stretched out his tail, and the King's son seating himself thereon, away they went over stone and stick like the wind. When they arrived at the golden palace, the youth found everything as the Fox had foretold, and he waited till midnight when everybody was in a deep sleep; and at that hour the beautiful Princess went to her bath, and he sprang up instantly and kissed her. The Princess said she was willing to go with him, but begged him earnestly, with tears in her eyes, to permit her first to take leave of her parents. At first he withheld her prayers; but, when she wept still more and even fell at his feet, he at last consented. Scarcely had the maiden stepped up to her father's bedside, when he awoke, and all the others who were asleep awakening too, the poor youth was captured and put in prison.

The next morning the King said to him, "Thy life is forfeited, and thou canst only find mercy if thou clearest away the mountain which lies before my window, and over which I cannot see; but thou must remove it within eight days. If thou accomplish this, then thou shalt have my daughter as a reward."

The King's son at once began digging and shovelling away; but when, after seven days, he saw how little was effected and that all his work went for nothing, he fell into great grief and

gave up all hope. But on the evening of the seventh day the Fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve that I should notice you again, but go away and sleep while I work for you."

When he awoke the next morning, and looked out of the window, the hill had disappeared, and he hastened to the King full of joy, and told him the conditions were fulfilled; and now, whether he liked it or not, the King was obliged to keep his word, and give up his daughter.

Away then went these two together, and no long time had passed before they met the faithful Fox. "You have the best certainly," said he, "but to the Maid of the golden castle belongs also the golden horse."

"How shall I obtain it?" inquired the youth.

"That I will tell you," answered the Fox; "first take to the King who sent you to the golden castle the beautiful Princess. Then there will be unheard-of joy, and they will readily give you the golden horse and lead you to it. Do you mount it, and then give your hand to each for a parting shake, and last of all to the Princess, whom you must keep tight hold of, and pull her up behind you, and as soon as that is done ride off, and no one can pursue you, for the horse goes as fast as the wind." All this was happily accomplished, and the King's son led away the beautiful Princess in triumph on the golden horse. The Fox did not remain behind, and said to the Prince, "Now I will help you to the golden bird. When you come near the castle where it is, let the maiden get down, and I will take her into my cave. Then do you ride into the castle yard, and at the sight of you there will be such joy that they will readily give you the bird; and as soon as you hold the cage in your hand ride back to us, and fetch again the maiden."

As soon as this deed was done, and the Prince had ridden back with his treasure, the Fox said, "Now you must reward me for my services."

"What do you desire?" asked the youth.

"When we come into yonder wood, shoot me dead and cut off my head and feet."





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"That were a curious gratitude," said the Prince; "I cannot possibly do that."

"If you will not do it, I must leave you," replied the Fox; "but before I depart I will give you one piece of counsel. Beware of these two points: buy no gallows-flesh, and sit not on the brink of a spring!" With these words it ran into the forest.

The young Prince thought, "Ah, that is a wonderful animal, with some curious fancies! Who would buy gallows-flesh? and I don't see the pleasure of sitting on the brink of a spring!" Onwards he rode with his beautiful companion, and by chance the way led him through the village where his two brothers had stopped. There he found a great uproar and lamentation; and when he asked the reason, he was told that two persons were about to be hanged. When he came nearer, he saw that they were his two brothers, who had done some villainous deeds, besides spending all their money. He inquired if they could not be freed, and was told by the people that he might buy them off if he would, but they were not worth his gold, and deserved nothing but hanging. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate, but paid down the money, and his two brothers were released.

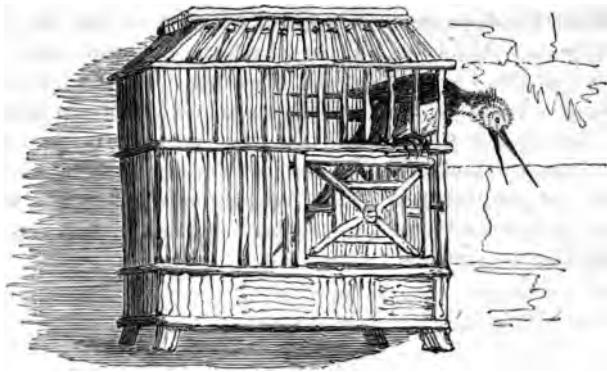
After this they all four set out in company, and soon came to the forest where they had first met the Fox; and as it was cool and pleasant beneath the trees, for the sun was very hot, the two brothers said, "Come, let us rest awhile here by this spring, and eat and drink." The youngest consented, forgetting in the heat of conversation the warning he had received, and feeling no anxiety; but all at once the brothers threw him backwards into the water, and taking the maiden, the horse, and the bird, went home to their father. "We bring you," said they to him, "not only the golden bird, but also the golden horse and the Princess of the golden castle." At their arrival there was great joy; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the maiden would not speak, but would cry bitterly.

The youngest brother, however, was not dead. The spring, by great good luck, was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without

any injury; but he could not get out again. Even in this necessity the faithful Fox did not leave him, but soon came up, and scolded him for not following his advice. "Still I cannot forsake you," said he; "I will again help you into daylight. Hold fast upon my tail, and I will draw you up to the top." When this was done, the Fox said, "You are not yet out of danger, for your brothers are not satisfied of your death, and have set watches all round the forest, who are to kill you if they should see you."

The youth thereupon changed clothes with a poor old man who was sitting near, and in that guise went to the King's palace. Nobody knew him; but instantly the bird began to sing, the horse began to eat, and the beautiful maiden ceased weeping. Bewildered at this change, the King asked what it meant. "I know not," replied the maiden; "but I who was sad am now gay, for I feel as if my true husband were returned." Then she told him all that had happened; although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she disclosed anything. And the King summoned before him all the people who were in the castle, and among them came the poor youth, dressed as a beggar, in his rags; but the maiden knew him, and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and tried; but the youngest married the Princess, and succeeded to the King's inheritance.

But what had happened to the poor Fox? Long after, the Prince went once again into the wood; the Fox met him, and said, "You have now everything that you can desire, but to my misfortune there is no end; although it lies in your power to release me." And, with tears, he begged him to cut off his head and feet. At last he did so; and scarcely was it accomplished when the Fox became a man, who was no other than the brother of the Princess, delivered at length from the charm which bound him. From that day to this nothing was ever wanting to the happiness of the Hero of the Golden Bird.



THE ROBBER-BRIDEGRoOM.

THERE was once a Miller who had a beautiful daughter, whom he much wished to see well married. Not long after there came a man who appeared very rich, and the Miller, not knowing anything to his disadvantage, promised his daughter to him. The maiden, however, did not take a fancy to this suitor, nor could she love him as a bride should; and, moreover, she had no confidence in him, but as often as she looked at him, or thought about him, her heart sank within her. Once he said to her, "You are my bride, yet you never visit me." The maiden answered, "I do not know where your house is." "It is deep in the shades of the forest," said the man. Then the maiden tried to excuse herself by saying she should not be able to find it; but the Bridegroom said, "Next Sunday you must come and visit me; I have already invited guests, and in order that you may find your way through the forest I will strew the path with ashes."

When Sunday came, the maiden prepared to set out; but she felt very anxious and knew not why, and, in order that she might know her way back, she filled her pockets with beans and peas. These she threw to the right and left of the path of ashes, which she followed till it led her into the thickest part of the forest; there she came to a solitary house, which looked so gloomy and desolate that she felt quite miserable. She went in, but no one was there, and the most profound quiet reigned throughout. Suddenly a voice sang—

“Return, fair maid, return to your home;
‘Tis to a murderer’s den you’ve come.”

The maiden looked round, and perceived that it was a bird in a cage against the wall which sang the words. Once more it uttered them—

“Return, fair maid, return to your home;
‘Tis to a murderer’s den you’ve comè.”

Now the maiden went from one room to the other, through the whole house, but all were empty, and not a human being was to be seen anywhere. At last she went into the cellar, and there sat a withered old woman, shaking her head. “Can you tell me,” asked the maiden, “whether my bridegroom lives in this house?”

“Ah, poor girl,” said the old woman, “when are you to be married? You are in a murderer’s den. You think to be a bride, and to celebrate your wedding, but you will only wed with Death! See here, I have a great cauldron filled with water, and if you fall into their power they will kill you without mercy, cook, and eat you, for they are cannibals. If I do not have compassion and save you, you are lost.”

So saying, the old woman led her behind a great cask, where no one could see her. “Be as still as a mouse,” said she, “and don’t move hand or foot, or all is lost. At night, when the robbers are asleep, we will escape; I have long sought an opportunity.” She had scarcely finished speaking when the wicked band returned, dragging with them a poor girl, to whose

shrieks and cries they paid no attention. They gave her some wine to drink, three glasses, one white, one red, and one yellow, and at the last she fell down in a swoon. Meanwhile the poor Bride behind the cask trembled and shuddered to see what a fate would have been hers. Presently one of the robbers remarked a gold ring on the finger of the girl, and, as he could not draw it off easily, he took a hatchet and chopped off the finger. But the finger, with the force of the blow, flew up and fell behind the cask, right into the lap of the Bride; and the robber, taking a light, went to seek it, but could not find it. Then one of the others asked, "Have you looked behind the cask?"

"Oh! do come and eat," cried the old woman in a fright; "come and eat, and leave your search till the morning: the finger will not run away."

"The old woman is right," said the robbers, and, desisting from their search, they sat down to their meal; and the old woman mixed with their drink a sleeping draught, so that presently they lay down to sleep on the floor and snored away. As soon as the Bride heard them, she came from behind the cask and stepped carefully over the sleepers, who lay side by side, fearing to awake any of them. Heaven helped her in her trouble, and she got over this difficulty well; and the old woman started up too and opened the door, and then they made as much haste as they could out of the murderer's den. The wind had blown away the ashes, but the beans and peas the Bride had scattered in the morning had sprouted up, and now showed the path in the moonlight. All night long they walked on, and by sunrise they came to the mill, and the poor girl narrated her adventures to her father, the Miller.

Now, when the day came that the wedding was to be celebrated, the Bridegroom appeared, and the Miller gathered together all his relations and friends. While they sat at table each kept telling some tale, but the Bride sat silent, listening. Presently the Bridegroom said, "Can you not tell us something, my heart; do not you know of anything to tell?"

"Yes," she replied, "I will tell you a dream of mine. I thought I went through a wood, and by-and-by I arrived at a house wherein there was not a human being, but on the wall there hung a bird in a cage, who sang—

'Return, fair maid, return to your home;
'Tis to a murderer's den you've come.'

And it sang this twice.—My treasure, thus dreamed I.—Then I went through all the rooms, and every one was empty and desolate, and at last I stepped down into the cellar, and there sat a very old woman, shaking her head from side to side. I asked her, 'Does my bridegroom dwell in this house?' and she replied, 'Ah, dear child, you have fallen into a murderer's den; thy lover does dwell here, but he will kill you.'—My treasure, thus dreamed I.—Then I thought that the old woman hid me behind a great cask, and scarcely had she done so when the robbers came home, dragging a maiden with them, to whom they gave three glasses of wine, one red, one white, and one yellow; and at the third her heart snapped.—My treasure, thus dreamed I.—Then one of the robbers saw a gold ring on her finger, and because he could not draw it off he took up a hatchet and hewed at it, and the finger flew up, and fell behind the cask into my lap. And there is the finger with the ring!"

With these words she threw it down before him, and showed it to all present.

The Robber, who during her narration had become pale as death, now sprang up, and would have escaped; but the guests held him, and delivered him up to the judges.

And soon afterwards he and his whole band were condemned to death for their wicked deeds.



HERR KORBES.

THERE once lived a Cock and a Hen, who agreed to set out on their travels together. The Cock therefore bought a smart carriage, which had four red wheels, and to which he harnessed four little Mice; and then the Hen got inside along with him, and they set off together. They had not gone far, when they met a Cat, who asked them where they were going. The Cock answered, "To Herr Korbes." "Will you take me with you?" said the Cat. "Oh yes, willingly; but get up behind, for you might fall out in front, and take care that you do not dirty my red wheels," replied the Cock; and then he cried, "Now turn away, little Wheels, and hurry on, little Mice, or we shall be too late to find Herr Korbes at home."

On the road there afterwards came a Grindstone, a Pin, an Egg, a Duck, and, last of all, a Needle, and every one mounted into the carriage and went on with it. When they arrived at the house, Herr Korbes was not at home, so the Mice drew the

carriage into the barn, the Cock and Hen flew on to a perch, the Cat seated herself on the hearth, the Duck perched on a water-but^t, the Egg wrapped itself up in the towel, the Pin hid itself in the cushion of a chair, the Needle jumped on to the bed and buried itself in the pillow, and the Grindstone placed itself just over the door. Soon afterwards Herr Korbes returned, and going to the hearth poked the fire; then the Cat threw the ashes in his face. He ran into the kitchen to wash himself, and the Duck splashed the water in his eyes; so he took up the towel to wipe them, and the Egg broke and ran about over his chin. All these mishaps made him feel tired, and he dropped into a chair to rest himself; but the Pin was there before him, and made him jump up in a rage and throw himself on the bed; where the Needle in the pillow pricked him so that he shouted with pain, and ran in a terrible wrath out of the room. Just as he got to the door the Stone fell down on his head, and knocked him down on the spot.

So we conclude that this Herr Korbes must have been a very bad man.



THE GODFATHER.

A CERTAIN poor man had so many children, that he had already asked all the world and his wife to stand godfathers and godmothers to them ; and when yet another child was born, he knew not where to find any one to ask. In great perplexity he went to sleep, and dreamed that he should go out of his door and ask the first person he met to be godfather. As soon as he awoke the next morning he resolved to follow out his dream ; so he went out and asked the first person he met. This was a man who gave him a little glass of water, saying, "This is a miraculous water, with which you can restore the sick to health ; only you must observe where the disease lies. If it is near the head, give the patient some of the water and he will become well again ; but if it is near the feet, all your labour will be in vain, the sick person must die."

The man was now able to say at any time whether such an one would recover, and through this ability he became famous

and earned much money. Once he was summoned to the child of the King, and as soon as he entered he saw the disease was situated near the head, and so he healed it with the water. This happened a second time also, but at the third time the malady affected the feet, and he knew at once the child would die.

Not long after this event the man determined to visit the Godfather, and tell him all his adventures with the water. But when he came to the house, behold most wonderful doings were going on within! On the first stair were a dustpan and a broom quarrelling and beating one another, and he asked them where the master lived. The broom replied, "A stair higher." On the second stair he saw a number of fingers lying, and he asked them where the master lived. One of the fingers replied, "A stair higher." On the third stair lay a heap of bowls, who showed him up a stair higher yet, and on this fourth stair he found some fish frying themselves in a pan over the fire, who told him to go a stair higher yet. When he had mounted this fifth stair he came to a room and peeped through the keyhole of the door, and saw the Godfather there with a pair of long horns on. As soon as the poor man opened the door and went in, the Godfather got very quickly into a bed and covered himself up. Then the man said, "Ah, Mr. Godfather, what wonderful doings are these I see in your house? When I mounted the first stair there were a broom and a dustpan quarrelling and beating one another."

"How very simple you are!" replied the Godfather; "they were my boy and maid talking to one another."

"But on the second stair I saw some fingers lying."

"Why, how absurd you are!" said the other; "those were roots of plants."

"But on the third stair I found a heap of bowls," said the man.

"Why, you silly fellow," replied the Godfather; "those were cabbages!"

"But on the fourth stair I saw fish frying themselves in a pan," and as the man spoke the fish came and served up themselves on a dish.

"And when I mounted the fifth stair, I peeped through the keyhole of a door, and there I saw *you*, O Godfather, and you wore two very long horns."

"Holloa, that is not true!" exclaimed the Godfather; which so frightened the man that he ran straight off, or nobody knows what the Godfather would have done to him!



THE OLD WITCH.

THERE was once a little girl who was very obstinate and wilful, and who never obeyed when her elders spoke to her ; and so how could she be happy ? One day she said to her parents, " I have heard so much of the old Witch, that I will go and see her. People say she is a wonderful old woman, and has many marvellous things in her house; and I am very curious to see them."

Her parents, however, forbade her going, saying, "The Witch is a wicked old woman, who performs many godless deeds ; and if you go near her, you are no longer a child of ours."

The girl, however, would not turn back at her parents' command, but went to the Witch's house. When she arrived there the woman asked her, " Why are you so pale ?"

" Ah," replied she, trembling all over, " I have frightened myself so with what I have just seen."

" And what did you see ?" inquired the old witch.

" I saw a black man on your steps."

"That was a collier," replied she.

"Then I saw a grey man."

"That was a sportsman," said the old woman.

"After him I saw a blood-red man."

"That was a butcher," replied the woman.

"But oh, I was most terrified," continued the girl, "when I peeped through your window, and saw not you, but a creature with a fiery head."

"Then you have seen the Witch in her proper dress," said the old woman; "for you I have long waited, and now you shall give me light." So saying she changed the girl into a block of wood, and then threw it into the fire; and when it was fully alight she sat down on the hearth, warmed herself, and said, "Ah, now for once it burns brightly!"



THE GODFATHER DEATH.

A CERTAIN poor man had twelve children, and was obliged to work day and night to find them bread to eat ; but when the thirteenth child was born, he ran out in his despair on the high road to ask the first he should meet to stand godfather to it.

Presently he met Death striding along on his withered legs, who said, "Take me for godfather." The man asked him who he was, and received for reply, "I am Death, who make all things equal." "Then," answered the man, "you are the right person—you make no difference between the rich and poor ; you shall be godfather for my boy."

Death replied, "I will make your child rich and famous ; he who has me for a friend can need nought." Then the man told him the christening was fixed for the following Sunday, and invited him to come ; and at the right time he did appear, and acted very becomingly on the occasion.

When the boy arrived at years of discretion, the godfather

came and took him away with him, and leading him into a forest showed him an herb which grew there. "Now," said Death, "you shall receive your christening gift. I make you a famous physician. Every time you are called to a sick person I will appear to you. If I stand at the head of your patient, you may speak confidently that you can restore him, and if you give him a morsel of that vegetable he will speedily get well; but if I stand at the feet of the sick he is mine, and you must say all medicine is in vain, for the best physician in the world could not cure him. Dare not, however, to use the herb against my will, for then it will go ill with you."

In a very short space of time the youth became the most renowned physician in the world. "He only wants just to see the sick person, and he knows instantly whether he will live or die," said every one to his neighbour; and so it came to pass, that from far and near people came to him, bringing him the sick, and giving him so much money that he soon became a very rich man. Once it happened that the King fell sick, and our Physician was called in to say if recovery were possible. When he came to the bedside, he saw that Death stood at the feet of the King. "Ah," thought he, "if I might this once cheat Death; he will certainly take offence; but then I am his god-child, and perhaps he will shut his eyes to it,—I will venture."

So saying he took up the sick man, and turned him round, so that Death stood at the head of the King; then he gave the King some of the herb, and he instantly rose up quite refreshed.

Soon afterwards Death, making an evil and gloomy face, came to the Physician, and pressed him on the arm, saying, "You have put my light out, but this time I will excuse you, because you are my god-child; however, do not dare to act so again, for it will cost you your life, and I shall come and take you away."

Soon after this event the daughter of the King fell into a serious illness, and, as she was his only child, he wept day and night until his eyes were almost blinded. He also caused to be made known, that whoever saved her life should receive her for a bride, and inherit his crown. When the Physician came to the bedside of the sick, he perceived Death at her feet, and he remembered the warning of his godfather; but the great beauty of the Princess, and the fortune which her husband would receive, so influenced him that he cast all other thoughts to the wind. He would not see that Death cast angry looks at him, and threatened him with his fist; but he raised up his patient, and laid her head where her feet had been. Then he gave her a portion of the wonderful herb, and soon her cheeks regained their colour, and her blood circulated freely.

When Death thus saw his kingdom a second time invaded, and his power mocked, he strode up swiftly to the side of the Physician, and said, "Now is your turn come;" and he struck him with his icy-cold hand so hard, that the Physician was unable to resist, and was obliged to follow Death to his underground abode. There the Physician saw thousands upon thousands of lamps burning in immeasurable rows, some large, others small, and others yet smaller. Every moment some were extinguished, but others in the same instant blazed out, so that the flames appeared to dance up here and there in continual variation.

"Do you see?" said Death. "These are the lamps of men's lives. The larger ones belong to children, the next to those in the flower of their age, and the smallest to the aged and grey-headed. Yet some of the children and youth in the world have but the smallest lamps."

The Physician begged to be shewn his own lamp, and Death pointed to one almost expiring, saying, "There, that is thine."

"Ah, my dear godfather," exclaimed the Physician, frightened, "kindle a new one for me; for your love of me do it, that

I may enjoy some years of life, marry the Princess, and come to the crown."

"I cannot," answered Death; "one lamp must be extinguished before another can be lighted."

"Then place the old one over a new lamp, that its dying fire may kindle a fresh blaze," said the Physician entreatingly.

Death made as if he would perform his wish, and prepared a large and fresh lamp; but he did it very slowly, in order to revenge himself, and the little flame died before he finished. Then the Physician sank to the earth, and fell for ever into the hands of Death !



THE TRAVELS OF THUMBLING.

A CERTAIN Tailor had a son who was so very diminutive in stature that he went by the nickname of Thumbling; but the little fellow had a great deal of courage in his soul, and one day he said to his father, "I must and will travel a little." "You are very right, my son," replied his father; "take a long darning needle with you and stick a lump of sealing-wax on the end of it, and then you will have a sword to travel with."

Now, the Tailor would eat once more with his son, and so he skipped into the kitchen to see what his wife had cooked for their last meal. It was just ready, however, and the dish stood upon the hearth, and he asked his wife what it was.

"You can see for yourself," replied she.

Just then Thumbling jumped on the fender and peeped into the pot; but, happening to stretch his neck too far over the edge of it, the smoke of the hot meat carried him up the chimney. For a little distance he rode on the smoke in the air; but at

last he sank down on the earth. The little tailor was now embarked in the wide world, and went and engaged with a master in his trade; but with him the eating was not good, so Thumbling said to the mistress, "If you do not give us better food, I shall leave you, and early to-morrow morning write on your door with chalk, 'Too many potatoes, too little meat; adieu, my lord potato-king.'" "What do you think you will do, grasshopper?" replied the mistress, and in a passion she snatched up a piece of cloth, and would have given him a thrashing; but the little fellow crept nimbly under a thimble, and peeped out beneath at the mistress, and made faces at her. So she took up the thimble and tried to catch him; but Thumbling skipped into the cloth, and as she threw it away to look for him he slipped into the crevice of the table. "He, he, he, old mistress!" laughed he, putting his head up; and when she would have hit him he dropped down into the drawer beneath. At last, however, she did catch him, and hunted him out of the house.

The little tailor wandered about till he came to a great forest, where he met a band of robbers who were going to steal the King's treasure. As soon as they saw the tailor, they thought to themselves, "Ah, such a little fellow as that can creep through the keyhole and serve us as picklock!" "Hilloa," cried one, "you Goliah, will you go with us to the treasure-chamber? You can easily slip in, and hand us out the gold and silver."

Thumbling considered for awhile, and at last consented and went with them to the palace. Then he looked all over the doors to see if there were any chinks, and presently discovered one which was just wide enough for him to get through. Just as he was about to creep in one of the watchmen at the door saw him, and said to the other, "What ugly spider is that crawling there? I will crush it."

"Oh, let the poor thing be," said the other; "he has done nothing to you." So Thumbling got luckily through the

chink into the chamber, and, opening the window beneath which the robbers stood, threw out one by one the silver dollars. Just as the tailor was in the heat of his work, he heard the King coming to visit his treasure-chamber, and in a great hurry he hid himself. The King observed that many dollars were gone; but he could not imagine who could have stolen them, for the locks and bolts were all fast, and everything appeared quite safe. So he went away again, and said to the watchmen, "Have a care; there is some one at my gold." Presently Thumbling began his work again, and the watchmen heard the gold moving, chinking, and falling down with a ring; so they sprang in and would have seized the thief. But the tailor, when he heard them coming, was still quicker, and ran into a corner and covered himself over with a dollar, so that nothing of him could be seen. Then he called to the watchmen, "Here I am!" and they went up to the place; but before they could search he was in another corner, crying, "Ha, ha! here I am!" The watchmen turned there, but he was off again in a third corner, crying, "He, he, he! here I am!" So it went on, Thumbling making fools of them each time; and they ran here and there so often about the chamber, that at last they were wearied out and went away. Then he threw the dollars out as before, and when he came to the last he gave it a tremendous jerk, and, jumping out after, flew down upon it to the ground. The robbers praised him very highly, saying, "You are a mighty hero; will you be our captain?" Thumbling refused, as he wished first to see the world. So they shared the booty among them; but the little tailor only took a farthing, because he could not carry any more.

After this deed he buckled his sword again round his body, and, bidding the robbers good day, set out further on his travels. He went to several masters seeking work; but none of them would have him, and at last he engaged himself as waiter at an inn. The maids, however, could not bear him, for he could see them without their seeing him, and he

gave information to the master of what they took secretly from the larder, and how they helped themselves out of the cellar. So the servants determined among themselves to serve him out by playing him some trick. Not long afterwards one of them was mowing grass in the garden, and saw Thumbling skipping about from daisy to daisy, so she mowed down in a great hurry the grass where he was, and tying it in a bundle together threw it slyly into the cows' stall. A great black cow instantly swallowed it up, and Thumbling too, without injuring him; but he was not at all pleased, for it was a very dark place, and no light to be seen at all! While the cow was being milked, Thumbling called out, "Holloa, when will that pail be full?" but the noise of the running milk prevented his being heard. By-and-bye the master came into the stable, and said, "This cow must be killed to-morrow!" This speech made Thumbling tremble, and he shouted out in a shrill tone, "Let me out first, I say; let me out!"

The master heard him, but could not tell where the voice came from, and he asked, "Where are you?"

"In the dark," replied Thumbling; but this the master could not understand, so he went away.

The next morning the cow was killed. Happily Thumbling escaped without a wound from all the cutting and carving, and was sent away in the sausage-meat. As soon as the butcher began his work, he cried with all his might, "Don't chop too deep! don't chop too deep!" But the whirring of the cleaver again prevented his being heard. Necessity is the mother of invention, and so Thumbling set his wits to work, and jumped so cleverly out between the cuts that he came off with a whole skin. He was not able to get away very far, but fell into the basin where the fragments were, and presently he was rolled up in a skin for a sausage. He found his quarters here very narrow, but afterwards, when he was hung up in the chimney to be smoked, the time appeared dreadfully long to him. At

forbid you to enter, on pain of death." He gave her also an egg, saying, "Preserve this carefully for me, and always carry it about with you, for if it be lost a great misfortune will happen."

She took the key and the egg, and promised all he required; but as soon as he was gone her *curiosity* overmastered her, and after she had looked over the whole house, from attic to cellar, she unlocked the forbidden door and went in. She was terribly frightened when she entered the room, for in the middle there stood a large basin, wherein was some blood. In her terror the egg fell from her hand, and rolled into the basin; and although she fished it out again directly and wiped it, it was of no use, for, scrub and wash all she might, the blood appeared as fresh as ever. The next day the man came home, and demanded the key and the egg. She handed them to him with trembling; and he instantly perceived that she had been into the forbidden chamber. "Have you then dared to enter that room against my will?" said he; "then now you enter it again against yours. Your life is forfeited." So saying, he drew her in by the hair and locked her up.

"Now I will fetch the second one," said the Sorcerer to himself; and, assuming the disguise of a beggar, he went and begged before the house. Then the second girl brought him a piece of bread, and he seized her, as the first, and bore her away. It happened to her as it had to her elder sister, curiosity led her astray, and on the Sorcerer's return she was locked up for having opened the forbidden door.

He went now and fetched the third sister; but she was prudent and cunning. As soon as he had given her his directions and had ridden away, she first carefully laid by the egg, and then went and opened the forbidden chamber. Ah, what a scene. She saw her two dear sisters lying there half starved. She raised them, however, and gave them food, and soon they got well and were very happy, and kissed and embraced one another.

On his return the Sorcerer demanded the key and the egg;

and when he could find no spot of blood on them, he said to the maiden, "You have withstood temptation; you shall be my bride, and whatever you desire that will I do."

"Very well," she replied; "then first you must take my father and mother a sackful of gold, and you must carry it yourself on your back; in the meantime I will arrange the wedding." Then she ran to her sisters, whom she had concealed in a chamber, and said, "The moment has arrived when I can save you; the Sorcerer himself shall carry you away; and as soon as you arrive at our home send me help." Then she placed them both in a sack, and covered them over with gold, so that nothing of them could be seen; and then, calling the Sorcerer in, she said, "Now carry away the sack; but I shall peep through my window, and keep a sharp look-out that you do not rest at all on your journey."

The Sorcerer raised the sack on his shoulder, and went away with it; but it weighed so heavily that the perspiration ran down his face. Presently he wished to rest a minute, but a voice called to him out of the sack, "I am looking through my window, and see that you are stopping; will you go on!" He thought it was his Bride calling to him, so he instantly got up again. A little further he would have rested again; but the same voice called, "I am looking through my window, and see that you are stopping; will you go on again!" And as often as he stopped he heard the same words; and so he was obliged to keep on, until he at last arrived, exhausted and out of breath, with the sack of gold at the house of the father and mother.

Meanwhile, at home the Bride prepared the wedding-feast, and invited the friends of the Sorcerer to come. Then she took a turnip and cut out places for the eyes and teeth, and put a head-dress on it and a crown of flowers, and set it at the topmost window, and left it there peeping down. As soon as all was ready she dipped herself in a cask full of honey, and then, ripping up the bed, she rolled herself among the feathers

until she looked like a marvellous bird, whom no one could possibly recognise. After this she went out of the house; and on the way some of the wedding-guests met her, and asked her whence she came; and she replied, "I come from the house of the Feather King."

"How does the young Bride?" asked they.

"She has taken herself to the top of the house, and is peeping out of the window."

Soon after the bridegroom met her, as he was slowly travelling back, and asked exactly the same questions as the others, and received the same answers. Then the bridegroom looked up and saw the decorated turnip, and he thought it was his Bride, and nodded to it and kissed his hand lovingly. But just as he was gone into the house with his guests, the brothers and relations of the Bride, who had been sent to her rescue, arrived. They immediately closed up all the doors of the house, so that no one could escape, and then set fire to it; and the Sorcerer and all his accomplices were burnt to ashes.



THE ALMOND TREE.

IT is now long ago, perhaps two thousand years, there was a rich man who had a beautiful and pious wife; and they were very fond of one another, but had no children. Still they wished for some very much, and the wife prayed for them day and night; still they had none.

Before their house was a yard; in it stood an almond tree, under which the woman stood once in the winter peeling an apple; and as she peeled the apple she cut her finger, and the blood dropped on to the snow. "Ah!" said the woman, with a deep sigh, and she looked at the blood before her, and was very sad, "had I but a child as red as blood and as white as snow;" and as she said that, she felt quite lively; and it seemed quite as if something would come of it. Then she went into the house; and a month passed, the snow disappeared; and two months, then all was green; and three months, then came the flowers

out of the ground ; and four months, then all the trees in the wood squeezed up against one another, and the green boughs all grew twisted together, and the little birds sang, so that the whole wood resounded, and the blossoms fell from the trees ; then the fifth month had gone, and she stood under the almond tree, it smelt so sweet, then her heart leaped for joy, and she couldn't help falling down on her knees ; and when the sixth month had passed, the fruits were large, and she was quite pleased ; and the seventh month, then she snatched the almonds and ate them so greedily that she was dreadfully ill; then went the eighth month, and she called her husband and cried, and said, "If I die bury me under the almond tree ;" then she was quite easy, and was glad, till the next month was gone : then she had a child as white as snow and as red as blood ; and when she saw it she was so delighted that she died.

Then her husband buried her under the almond tree, and began to cry most violently : a little time, and he was easier ; and when he had cried a bit more, he left off ; and a little time longer, and he took another wife.

With the second wife he had a daughter ; but the child by the first wife was a little son, and was as red as blood and as white as snow. When the woman looked at her daughter, she loved her so much ; but then she looked at the little boy, and it seemed to go right through her heart ; and it seemed as if he always stood in her way, and then she was always thinking how she could get all the fortune for her daughter ; and it was the Evil One who suggested it to her, so that she couldn't bear the sight of the little boy, and poked him about from one corner to another, and buffeted him here, and cuffed him there, so that the poor child was always in fear ; and when he came from school he had no peace.

Once the woman had gone into the store-room, and the little daughter came up and said, "Mother, give me an apple." "Yes, my child," said the woman, and gave her a beautiful apple out of the box : the box had a great heavy lid, with a

great sharp iron lock. "Mother," said the little daughter, "shall not brother have one too?" That annoyed the woman, but she said, "Yes, when he comes from school." And as she saw out of the window that he was coming, it was just as if the Evil One came over her, and she snatched the apple away from her daughter again, and said, "You shall not have one before your brother." She threw the apple into the box and shut it. Then the little boy came in at the door; and the Evil One made her say, in a friendly manner, "My son, will you have an apple?" and she looked at him wickedly. "Mother," said the little boy, "how horribly you look; yes, give me an apple." Then she thought she must pacify him. "Come with me," she said, and opened the lid; "Reach out an apple;" and as the little boy bent into the box, the Evil One whispered to her—bang! she slammed the lid to, so that his head flew off and fell amongst the red apples. Then in the fright she thought, "Could I get that off my mind!" Then she went up into her room to the chest of drawers, and got out a white cloth from the top drawer, and she set the head on the throat again, and tied the handkerchief round so that nothing could be seen; and placed him outside the door on a chair, and gave him the apple in his hand. After a while little Marline came in the kitchen to her mother, who stood by the fire and had a kettle with hot water before her, which she kept stirring round. "Mother," said little Marline, "brother is sitting outside the door, and looks quite white, and has got an apple in his hand. I asked him to give me the apple, but he didn't answer me; then I was quite frightened." "Go again," said the Mother, "and if he will not answer you, give him a box in the ear." Then Marline went to her brother, and said, "Give me the apple;" but he was silent. Then she gave him a box on the ear, and the head tumbled off; at which she was frightened, and began to cry and sob. Then she ran to her mother and said, "Oh, mother, I have knocked my brother's head off;" and she cried and cried, and would not be pacified. "Marline," said the Mother, "what have you done? But be

quiet, so that nobody may notice it; it can't be helped now; we'll bury him under the almond tree."

Then the mother took the little boy and put him into a box, and put it under the almond tree; but little Marline stood by, and cried and cried, and the tears all fell into the box.

Soon the father came home, and sat down to table, and said, "Where is my son?" Then the mother brought in a great big dish of stew; and little Marline cried, and could not leave off. Then said the father again, "Where is my son?" "Oh," said the mother, "he has gone across the country to Mütten; he is going to stop there a bit."

"What is he doing there? and why did he not say good-bye to me?" "Oh, he wanted to go, and asked me if he might stop there six weeks; he will be taken care of there." "Ah," said the man, "I feel very dull; that was not right; he ought to have wished me good-bye." With that he began to eat, and said to Marline, "What are you crying for? your brother will soon come back." "Oh, wife," said he then, "how delicious this tastes; give me some more!" And he ate till all the broth was done.

Little Marline went to her box, and took from the bottom drawer her best silk handkerchief, and carried it outside the door, and cried bitter tears. Then she laid herself under the almond tree on the green grass; and when she had laid herself there, all at once she felt quite light and happy, and cried no more. Then the almond tree began to move, and the boughs spread out quite wide, and then went back again; just as when one is very much pleased, and claps with the hands. At the same time a sort of mist rose from the tree; in the middle of the mist it burned like a fire; and out of the fire there flew a beautiful bird, that sang very sweetly and flew high up in the air: and when it had flown away, the almond tree was as it had been before. Then little Marline was as light and happy as if her brother were alive still; and went into the house to dinner.

The bird flew away and perched upon a Goldsmith's house,
and began to sing—

“ My mother killed me;
My father grieved for me;
My sister, little Marline,
Wept under the almond tree:
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I.”

The Goldsmith sat in his workshop, and was making a gold chain, when he heard the bird that sat upon his roof and sang; and it seemed to him so beautiful. Then he got up, and as he stepped over the sill of the door he lost one of his slippers; but he went straight up the middle of the street with one slipper and one sock on. He had his leather apron on, and in the one hand he had the gold chain and in the other the pincers, and the sun shone brightly up the street. He went and stood and looked at the bird. “ Bird,” said he then, “ how beautifully you can sing. Sing me that song again.” “ Nay,” said the bird, “ I don't sing twice for nothing. Give me the gold chain and I will sing it you again.” “ There,” said the Goldsmith, “ take the gold chain; now sing me that again.” Then the bird came and took the gold chain in the right claw, and sat before the Goldsmith, and sang—

“ My mother killed me;
My father grieved for me;
My sister, little Marline,
Wept under the almond tree:
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I.”

Then the bird flew off to a Shoemaker, and perched upon the roof of his house, and sang—

“ My mother killed me;
My father grieved for me;
My sister, little Marline,
Wept under the almond tree:
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I.”

The Shoemaker heard it, and ran outside the door in his

shirt sleeves and looked up at the roof, and was obliged to hold his hand before his eyes to prevent the sun from blinding him. "Bird," said he, "how beautifully you can sing." Then he called in at the door, "Wife, come out, here's a bird; look at the bird; he just can sing beautifully." Then he called his daughter, and children, and apprentices, servant boy, and maid; and they all came up the street, and looked at the bird: oh! how beautiful he was, and he had such red and green feathers, and round about the throat was all like gold, and the eyes sparkled in his head like stars. "Bird," said the Shoemaker, "now sing me that piece again." "Nay," said the bird, "I don't sing twice for nothing; you must make me a present of something." "Wife," said the man, "go into the shop; on the top shelf there stands a pair of red shoes, fetch them down." The wife went and fetched the shoes. "There, bird," said the man; "now sing me that song again." Then the bird came and took the shoes in the left claw, and flew up on to the roof again and sang—

" My mother killed me;
My father grieved for me;
My sister, little Marline,
Wept under the almond tree:
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I."

And when he had done singing he flew away. The chain he had in the right claw, and the shoes in the left claw; and he flew far away to a mill; and the mill went clipp-clapp, clipp-clapp, clipp-clapp. And in the mill there sat twenty miller's men; they were shaping a stone, and chipped away hick-hack, hick-hack, hick-hack; and the mill went clipp-clapp, clipp-clapp, clipp-clapp. Then the bird flew and sat on a lime tree that stood before the mill, and sang—

• "My mother killed me;"

then one left off;

"My father grieved for me;"





then two more left off and heard it;

“ My sister,”

then again four left off;

“ little Marline,”

now there were only eight chipping away;

“ Wept under”

now only five;

“ the almond tree:”

now only one;

“ Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I.”

Then the last left off, when he heard the last word. “ Bird,” said he, “ how beautifully you sing! let me too hear that; sing me that again.” “ Nay,” said the bird, “ I don’t sing twice for nothing. Give me the millstone, and I will sing it again.” “ Ay,” said he, “ if it belonged to me alone, you should have it.” “ Yes,” said the others, “ if he sings again he shall have it.” Then the bird came down, and all the twenty millers caught hold of a pole, and raised the stone up, hu, uh, upp, hu, uh, upp, hu, uh, upp! And the bird stuck his head through the hole, and took it round his neck like a collar, and flew back to the tree, and sang—

“ My mother killed me;

My father grieved for me;

My sister, little Marline,

Wept under the almond tree:

Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I.”

And when he had done singing he spread his wings, and had in his right claw the gold chain, in his left the shoes, and round his neck the millstone, and he flew far away to his father’s house.

In the room sat the father, the mother, and little Marline, at dinner; and the father said, “ Oh dear, how light and happy I feel!” “ Nay,” said the mother, “ I am all of a tremble, just as if there were going to be a heavy thunderstorm.” But little Marline sat and cried and cried, and the bird came flying, and

as he perched on the roof, the father said, "I feel so lively, and the sun shines so deliciously outside, it's exactly as if I were going to see some old acquaintance again. "Nay," said the wife, "I am so frightened, my teeth chatter, and it's like fire in my veins;" and she tore open her stays; but little Marline sat in a corner and cried, and held her plate before her eyes and cried it quite wet. Then the bird perched on the almond tree, and sang—

"My mother killed me;"

Then the mother held her ears and shut her eyes, and would neither see nor hear; but it rumbled in her ears like the most terrible storm, and her eyes burned and twittered like lightning.

"My father grieved for me;"

"Oh, mother," said the man, "there is a beautiful bird that sings so splendidly; the sun shines so warm, and everything smells all like cinnamon."

"My sister, little Marline,"

Then Marline laid her head on her knees and cried away; but the man said, "I shall go out, I must see the bird close." "Oh! do not go," said the woman; "it seems as if the whole house shook and were on fire." But the man went out and looked at the bird.

"Wept under the almond tree:
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I."

And the bird let the gold chain fall, and it fell just round the man's neck, and fitted beautifully. Then he went in and said, "See what an excellent bird it is; it has given me such a beautiful gold chain, and it looks so splendid." But the woman was so frightened, that she fell her whole length on the floor, and her cap tumbled off her head. Then the bird sang again—

"My mother killed me;"

"Oh that I were a thousand fathoms under the earth, not to hear that!"

"My father grieved for me;"

Then the woman fainted.

"My sister, little Marline,"

"Ah," said Marline, "I will go out too, and see if the bird will give me something;" and she went out. Then the bird threw the shoes down.

"Wept under the almond tree:
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I."

Then, she was so happy and lively, she put the new red shoes on, and danced and jumped back again. "Oh," said she, "I was so dull when I went out, and now I am so happy. That is a splendid bird; he has given me a pair of red shoes."

"Well," said the woman, and jumped up, and her hair stood on end like flames of fire, "I feel as if the world were coming to an end; I will go out too, and see if it will make me easier." And as she stepped outside the door—bang! the bird threw the millstone on to her head, so that she was completely overwhelmed. The father and little Marline heard it, and went out. Then a smoke, and flames, and fire rose from the place, and when that had passed there stood the little brother; and he took his father and little Marline by the hand, and all three were happy and lively, and went into the house to dinner.



OLD SULTAN.

A CERTAIN Peasant had a trusty dog called Sultan,-who had grown quite old in his service, and had lost all his teeth, so that he could not hold anything fast. One day the Peasant stood with his wife at the house door and said, "This morning I shall shoot old Sultan, for he is no longer of any use." His Wife, however, compassionating the poor animal, replied, "Well, since he has served us so long and so faithfully, I think we may very well afford him food for the rest of his life." "Eh, what?" replied her husband; "you are not very clever; he has not a tooth in his head, and never a thief is afraid of him, so he must trot off. If he has served us, he has also received every day his dinner."

The poor Dog, lying stretched out in the sun not far from his master, heard all he said, and was much troubled at learning that the morrow would be his last day. He had one good friend, the wolf in the forest, to whom he slipt at evening and

complained of the sad fate which awaited him. "Be of good courage, my father," said the Wolf; "I will help you out of your trouble. I have just thought of something. Early tomorrow morning your master goes haymaking with his wife, and they will take with them their child, because no one will be left in the house. And while they are at work they will put him behind the hedge in the shade, and set you by to watch him. I will then spring out of the wood and steal away the child, and you must run after me hotly as if you were pursuing me. I will let it fall and you shall take it back to its parents, who will then believe you have saved it, and they will be too thankful to do you any injury; and so you will come into great favour, and they will never let you want again."

This plan pleased the Dog, and it was carried out exactly as proposed. The Father cried when he saw the Wolf running off with the child, but as old Sultan brought it back he was highly pleased, and stroked him and said, "Not a hair of your head shall be touched; you shall eat your meals in comfort to the end of your days." He then told his wife to go home and cook old Sultan some bread and broth, which would not need biting, and also to bring the pillow out of his bed that he might give it to him for a resting-place. Henceforth, old Sultan had as much as he could wish for himself; and soon afterwards the Wolf visited him and congratulated him on his prosperous circumstances. "But, my father," said he slyly, "you will close your eyes if I by accident steal away a fat sheep from your master!" "Reckon not on that," replied the Dog, "my master believes me faithful; I dare not give you what you ask." The Wolf, however, thought he was not in earnest, and by night came slinking into the yard to fetch away the sheep. But the Peasant, to whom the Dog had communicated the design of the Wolf, caught him and gave him a sound thrashing with the flail. The Wolf was obliged to scamper off, but he cried out to the Dog, "Wait a bit, you rascal, you shall pay for this!"

The next morning the Wolf sent the Boar to challenge

Dog that they might settle their affair in the forest. Old Sultan, however, could find no other second than a Cat who had only three legs, and, as they went out together, the poor Cat limped along holding her tail high in the air from pain. The Wolf and his second were already on the spot selected, but as they saw their opponent coming they thought he was bringing a great sabre with him, because they saw in front the erect tail of the Cat; and, whenever the poor animal hopped on its three legs, they thought nothing else than he was going to take up a great stone to throw at them. Both of them, thereupon, became very nervous, and the Boar crept into a heap of dead leaves, and the Wolf climbed up a tree. As soon as the Dog and Cat arrived on the spot they wondered what had become of their adversary. The wild Boar, however, had not quite concealed himself, for his ears were sticking out; and, while the Cat was considering them attentively, the Boar twitched one of his ears, and the Cat took it for a mouse, and making a spring gave it a good bite. At this the Boar shook himself with a great cry, and ran away, calling out, "There sits the guilty one, up in the tree!" The Dog and the Cat looked up and saw the Wolf, who was ashamed at himself for being so fearful, and, begging the Dog's pardon, entered into treaty with him.



THE SIX SWANS.

A KING was once hunting in a large wood, and pursued his game so hotly, that none of his courtiers could follow him. But when evening approached he stopped, and looking around him perceived that he had lost himself. He sought a path out of the forest, but could not find one, and presently he saw an old woman with a nodding head, who came up to him. "My good woman," said he to her, "can you not show me the way out of the forest?" "Oh yes, my lord King," she replied, "I can do that very well, but upon one condition, which if you do not fulfil you will never again get out of the wood, but will die of hunger."

"What, then, is this condition?" asked the King.

"I have a daughter," said the old Woman, "who is as beautiful as any one you can find in the whole world, and well deserves to be your bride. Now, if you will make her your Queen, I will show you your way out of the wood." In the

anxiety of his heart the King consented, and the old Woman led him to her cottage, where the daughter was sitting by the fire. She received the King as if she had expected him, and he saw at once that she was very beautiful, but yet she did not quite please him, for he could not look at her without a secret shuddering. However, after all he took the maiden up on his horse, and the old woman showed him the way, and the King arrived safely at his palace, where the wedding was to be celebrated.

The King had been married once before, and had seven children by his first wife, six boys and a girl, whom he loved above everything else in the world. He became afraid, soon, that the stepmother might not treat them very well, and might even do them some great injury, so he took them away to a lonely castle which stood in the midst of a forest. This castle was so hidden, and the way to it so difficult to discover, that he himself could not have found it if a wise woman had not given him a ball of cotton which had the wonderful property, when he threw it before him, of unrolling itself and showing him the right path. The King went, however, so often to see his dear children, that the Queen noticed his absence, became inquisitive, and wished to know what he went to fetch out of the forest. So she gave his servants a great quantity of money, and they disclosed to her the secret, and also told her of the ball of cotton which alone could show the way. She had now no peace until she discovered where this ball was concealed, and then she made some fine silken shirts, and, as she had learnt of her mother, she sewed within each one a charm. One day soon after, when the King was 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. The Queen then went home quite contented, and thought

she was free of her stepchildren ; but the little girl had not met her with the brothers, and the Queen did not know of her.

The following 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 are gone away and have left me alone;" and she told him how she had looked out of the window and seen them changed into Swans, which had flown over the forest ; and then she showed him the feathers which they had dropped in the courtyard, and which she had collected together. The King was much grieved, but he did not think that his wife could have done this wicked deed, and, as he feared the girl might also be stolen away, he took her with him. She was, however, so much afraid of the step-mother, that she begged him not to stop more than one night in the castle.

The poor Maiden thought to herself "This is no longer my place, I will go and seek my brothers;" and when night came she escaped and went quite deep into the wood. She walked all night long and great part of the next day, until she could go no further from weariness. Just then she saw a rude hut, and walking in she found a room with six little beds, but she dared not get into one, but crept under, and, laying herself upon the hard earth, prepared to 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 stripped 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 their joy was of short duration. "Here you must not stay," said they to her; "this is a robbers' hiding-place; if they should return and find you here, they will murder you." "Can you not protect me, then?" inquired the sister.

"No," they replied, "for we can only lay aside our swan's

feathers for a quarter of an hour each evening, and for that time we retain our human form, but afterwards we resume our usual appearance."

Their sister then asked them with tears, "Can you not be restored again?"

"Oh no," replied they, "the conditions are too difficult. For six long years you must neither speak nor laugh, and during that time you must sew together for us six little shirts of star-flowers, and should there fall a single word from your lips, then all your labour will be vain." Just as the brother finished speaking, the quarter of an hour elapsed, and they all flew out of the window again like Swans.

The little sister, however, made a solemn resolution to rescue her brothers or die in the attempt; and she left the cottage, and, penetrating deep into the forest, passed the night amid the branches of a tree. The next morning she went out and collected the star-flowers to sew together. She had no one to converse with, and as for laughing she had no spirits, so there up in the tree she sat, intent only upon her work. After she had passed some time there, it happened that the King of that country was hunting in the forest, and his huntsmen came beneath the tree on which the maiden sat. They called to her and asked, "Who art thou?" But she gave no answer. "Come down to us," continued they, "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 therewith to satisfy them. They did not, however, leave her, and she threw down her girdle, but in vain; and even her rich dress did not make them desist. At last the hunter himself climbed the tree and brought down the maiden and took her before the King. The King asked her, "Who art thou? what dost thou upon that tree?" But she did not answer, and then he asked her, in all the languages that he knew, but she remained dumb to all, as a fish. Since, however, she was so beautiful, the King's heart was touched, and he conceived for

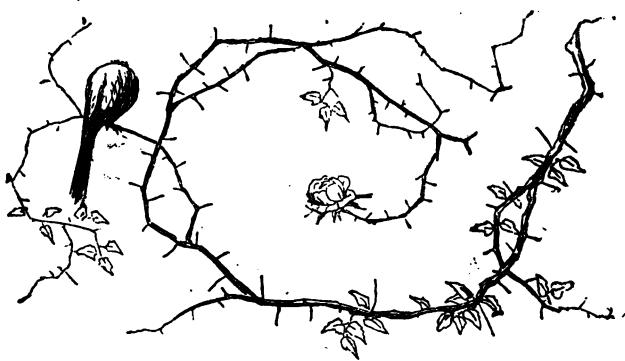
her a strong affection. Then he put around her his cloak, and, placing her before him on his horse, took her to his castle. There he ordered rich clothing to be made for her, and, although her beauty shone as the sunbeams, not a word escaped her. The King placed her by his side at table, and there her dignified mien and manners so won upon him, that he said, "This maiden will I to marry, and no other in the world," and after some days he was united to her.

Now, the King had a wicked stepmother who was discontented with his marriage, and spoke evil of the young Queen. "Who knows whence the wench comes?" said she. "She who cannot speak is not worthy of a King." A year after, when the Queen brought her first-born son into the world, the old woman took him away. Then she went to the King and complained that the Queen was a murderer. The King, however, would not believe it, and suffered no one to do any injury to his wife, who sat composedly sewing at her shirts and paying attention to nothing else. When a second child was born, the false stepmother used the same deceit, but the King again would not listen to her words, but said, "She is too pious and good to act so: could she but speak and defend herself, her innocence would come to light." But when again the third time the old woman stole away the child, and then accused the Queen, who answered her not a word to the accusation, the King was obliged to give her up to be tried, and she was condemned to suffer death by fire.

When the time had elapsed, and the sentence was to be carried out, during which she had neither spoken nor laughed, it was the very day when her dear brothers should be made free; the six shirts were also ready, all but the last, which yet wanted the left sleeve. As she was led to the scaffold she placed the shirts upon her arm, and just as she had mounted it, and the fire was about to be kindled, she looked round, and saw six Swans come flying through the air. Her heart leapt for joy as she perceived her deliverers approaching, and soon the Swans,

flying towards her, alighted so near that she was enabled to throw over them the shirts, and as soon as she had so done their feathers fell off and the brothers stood up alive and well; but the youngest wanted his left arm, instead of which he had a swan's wing. They embraced and kissed each other, and the Queen going to the King, who was thunderstruck, began to say, "Now may I speak, my dear husband, and prove to you that I am innocent and falsely accused;" and then she told him how the wicked old woman had stolen away and hidden her three children. When she had concluded the King was overcome with joy, and the wicked stepmother was led to the scaffold and bound to the stake and burnt to ashes.

The King and the Queen for ever after lived in peace and prosperity with their six brothers.



BRIAR ROSE.

IN olden times there lived a King and Queen, who lamented day by day that they had no children, and yet never a one was born. One day, as the Queen was bathing and thinking of her wishes, a Frog skipped out of the water, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled,—before a year passes you shall have a daughter."

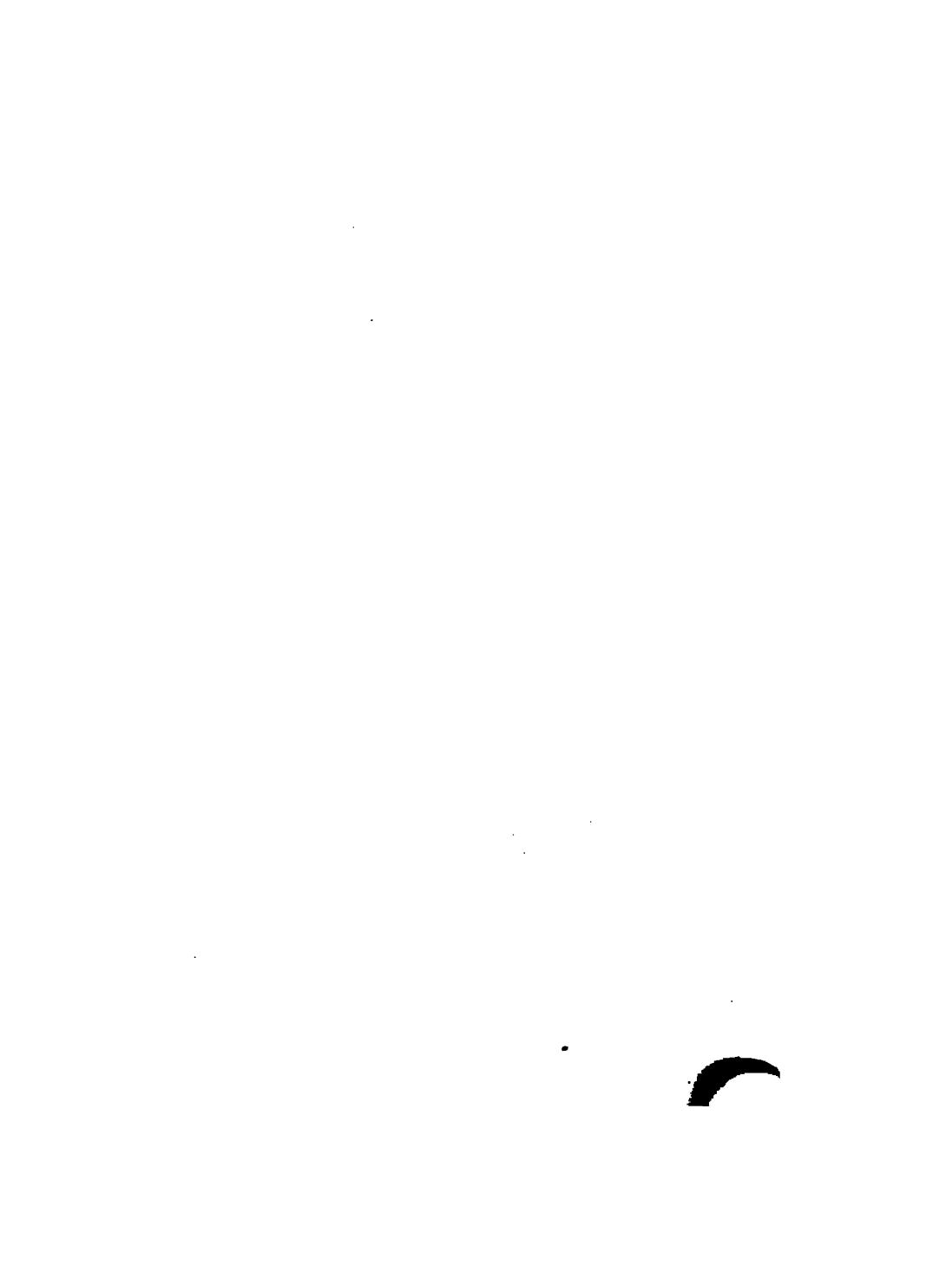
As the Frog had said, so it happened, and a little girl was born who was so beautiful that the King almost lost his senses, but he ordered a great feast to be held, and invited to it not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also all the wise women who are kind and affectionate to children. There happened to be thirteen in his dominions, but, since he had only twelve golden plates out of which they could eat, one had to stop at home. The fête was celebrated with all the magnificence possible, and, as soon as it was over, the wise women presented the infant with their wonderful gifts: one with virtue, another

with beauty, a third with riches, and so on, so that 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 suddenly. She was in a tremendous 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 further she turned her back and left the hall. All were terrified, but the twelfth fairy, who had not yet given her wish, then stepped up, but because she could not take away the evil wish, but only soften it, she said, "She shall not die, but shall fall into a sleep of a hundred years' duration."

The King, who naturally wished to protect his child from this misfortune, issued a decree commanding that every spindle in the kingdom should be burnt. Meanwhile all the gifts 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. It happened on the day when she was just fifteen years old that the Queen and the King were not at home, and so she was 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 arrived at a door, in the lock of which was a rusty key. This she turned, and the door sprang open, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, 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 that which twists round so merrily?" inquired the maiden, and she took the spindle to try her hand at spinning. Scarcely had she done so when the prophecy was fulfilled, for she pricked her finger; and at the very same moment she fell back upon a bed which stood near in a deep sleep. This sleep extended over the whole palace. The King and Queen, who had just come in, 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 frizzle, and the cook at the instant of pulling the hair of the kitchen-boy lost his hold and began to snore too. The wind also fell entirely, and not a leaf rustled on the trees round the castle.

Now around the palace a thick hedge of briars began growing, which every year grew higher and higher, till the castle was quite hid from view, so that one could not even see the flag upon the tower. Then there went a legend through the land of the beautiful maiden Briar Rose, for so was the sleeping Princess named, and from time to time Princes came endeavouring to penetrate through the hedge into the castle; but it was not possible, for the thorns held them, as if by hands, and the youths were unable to release themselves, and so perished miserably.

After the lapse of many years, there came another King's son into the country, and heard an old man tell the legend of the hedge of briars: how that behind it stood a castle where slept a wondrously beauteous Princess called Briar Rose, who had slumbered nearly a hundred years, and with her the Queen and King and all their court. The old man further related what he had heard from his grandfather, that many Princes had come and tried to penetrate the hedge, and had died a miserable death. But the youth was not to be daunted, and, however much the old man tried to dissuade him, he would not listen, but cried out, "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 approached the hedge, the thorns turned to fine large flowers, which of their own accord made a way for him to pass through, and again closed up behind him. In the courtyard he saw the horses and dogs lying fast asleep, and on the eaves were the doves with their heads beneath their wings. As soon as he went into the house, there were the flies asleep upon the wall, the cook

still stood with his hand on the hair of the kitchen-boy, the maid at the board with the unplucked fowl in her hand. He went on, and in the hall he found the courtiers lying asleep, and above, by the throne, were the King and Queen. He went on further, and all was so quiet that he could hear himself breathe, and 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. Just as he did so she opened her eyes, awoke, and greeted him with smiles. Then they went down together, and immediately the King and Queen awoke, and the whole court, and all stared at each other wondrously. Now 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 to burn brightly and to cook the meat,—the meat began again to frizzle,—the cook gave his lad a box upon the ear which made him call out,—and the maid began to pluck the fowl furiously. 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 with Briar Rose was celebrated with great splendour, and to the end of their lives they lived happily and contented.



KING THRUSH-BEARD.

A CERTAIN King had a daughter who was beautiful above all belief, but withal so proud and haughty, that no suitor was good enough for her, and she not only turned back every one who came, but also made game of them all. Once the King proclaimed a great festival, and invited thereto from far and near all the marriageable young men. When they arrived they were all set in a row, according to their rank and standing: first the Kings, then the Princes, the Dukes, the Marquesses, the Earls, and last of all the Barons. Then the King's daughter was led down the rows, but she found something to make game of in all. One was too fat. "The wine-tub!" said she. Another was too tall. "Long and lanky has no grace," she remarked. A third was too short and fat. "Too stout to have any wits," said she. A fourth was too pale. "Like death himself," was her remark; and a fifth who had a great deal of colour she called "a cockatoo." The sixth was not

straight enough, and him she called "a green log scorched in the oven!" And so she went on, nicknaming every one of the suitors, but she made particularly merry with a good young King whose chin had grown rather crooked. "Ha ha!" laughed she, "he has a chin like a thrush's beak," and after that day he went by the name of Thrush-beard.

The old King, however, when he saw that his daughter did nothing but mock at and make sport of all the suitors who were collected, became very angry, and swore that she should take the first decent beggar for a husband who came to the gate.

A couple of days after this a player came beneath the windows to sing and earn some bounty if he could. As soon as the King saw him he ordered him to be called up, and presently he came into the room in all his dirty ragged clothes, and sang before the King and Princess, and when he had finished he begged for a slight recompense. The King said, "Thy song has pleased me so much that I will give thee my daughter for a wife."

The Princess was terribly frightened, but the King said, "I have taken an oath, and mean to perform it, that I will give you to the first beggar." All her remonstrances were in vain, the priest was called, and the Princess was married in earnest to the player. When the ceremony was performed, the King said, "Now it cannot be suffered that you should stop here with your husband, in my house; no! you must travel about the country with him."

So the beggarman led her away with him, and she was forced to trudge along with him on foot. As they came to a large forest she asked—

"To whom belongs this beautiful wood?"

The echo replied—

"King Thrush-beard the good!
Had you taken him, so was it thine."

"Ah, silly," said she,

"What a lot had been mine
Had I happily married King Thrush-beard!"

Next they came to a meadow, and she asked,
"To whom belongs this meadow so green?"

"To King Thrush-beard," was again the reply.

Then they came to a great city, and she asked,
"To whom does this beautiful town belong?"

"To King Thrush-beard," said one.

"Ah, what a simpleton was I that I did not marry him
when I had the chance!" exclaimed the poor Princess.

"Come," broke in the Player, "it does not please me, I can
tell you, that you are always wishing for another husband: am I
not good enough for you?"

By-and-bye they came to a very small hut, and she said,
"Ah, heavens, to whom can this miserable wretched hovel
belong?"

The Player replied, "That is my house, where we shall live
together."

The Princess was obliged to stoop to get in at the door, and
when he was inside she asked, "Where are the servants?"
"What, servants!" exclaimed her husband, "you must
yourself do all that you want done. Now make a fire and
put on some water, that you may cook my dinner, for I am
quite tired."

The Princess, however, understood nothing about making
fires or cooking, and the beggar had to set to work himself, and
as soon as they had finished their scanty meal they went to
bed. In the morning the husband woke up his wife very early,
that she might set the house to rights, and for a couple of days
they lived on in this way, and made an end of their store.
Then the husband said, "Wife, we must not go on in this way
any longer, stopping here, doing nothing: you must weave some
baskets." So he went out and cut some osiers and brought

them home, but when his wife attempted to bend them the hard twigs wounded her hands and made them bleed. "I see that won't suit," said her husband; "you had better spin, perhaps that will do better."

So she sat down to spin, but the harsh thread cut her tender fingers very badly, so that the blood flowed freely. "Do you see," said the husband, "how you are spoiling your work? I made a bad bargain in taking you! Now I must try and make a business in pots and earthen vessels: you shall sit in the market and sell them."

"Oh, if anybody out of my father's dominions should come and see me in the market selling pots," thought the Princess to herself, "how they will laugh at me!"

However, all her excuses were in vain: she must either do that or die with hunger.

The first time all went well, for the people bought of the Princess, because she was so pretty-looking, and not only gave her what she asked, but some even laid down their money and left the pots behind. On her earnings this day they lived for some time as long as they lasted; and then the husband purchased a fresh stock of pots. With these she placed her stall at a corner of the market, offering them for sale. All at once a drunken bussar came plunging down the street on his horse, and rode right into the midst of her earthenware, and shattered it into a thousand pieces. The accident, as well it might, set her a-weeping, and in her trouble, not knowing what to do, she ran home crying, "Ah, what will become of me, what will my good man say?" When she had told her husband he cried out, "Whoever would have thought of sitting at the corner of the market to sell earthenware? but well, I see you are not accustomed to any ordinary work. There, leave off crying; I have been to the King's palace, and asked if they were not in want of a kitchenmaid, and they have agreed to take you, and there you will live free of cost."

Now the Princess became a kitchenmaid, and was obliged

to do as the cook bade her, and wash up the dirty things. Then she put a jar into each of her pockets, and in them she took home what was left of what fell to her share of the good things, and of these she and her husband made their meals. Not many days afterwards it happened that the wedding of the King's eldest son was to be celebrated, and the poor wife placed herself near the door of the saloon to look on. As the lamps were lit and guests more and more beautiful entered the room, and all dressed most sumptuously, she reflected on her fate with a saddened heart, and repented of the pride and haughtiness which had so humiliated and impoverished her. Every now and then the servants threw her out of the dishes morsels of rich delicacies which they carried in, and whose fragrant smells increased her regrets, and these pieces she put into her pockets to carry home. Presently the King entered, clothed in silk and velvet, and having a golden chain round his neck. As soon as he saw the beautiful maiden standing at the door he seized her by the hand and would dance with her, but she, terribly frightened, refused; for she saw it was King Thrush-beard who had wooed her, and whom she had laughed at. Her struggles were of no avail, he drew her into the ball-room, and there tore off the band to which the pots were attached, so that they fell down and the soup ran over the floor, while the pieces of meat, &c., skipped about in all directions. When the fine folks saw this sight they burst into one universal shout of laughter and derision, and the poor girl was so ashamed that she wished herself a thousand fathoms below the earth. She ran out at the door and would have escaped; but on the steps she met a man, who took her back, and when she looked at him, lo! it was King Thrush-beard again. He spake kindly to her, and said, "Be not afraid; I and the musician, who dwelt with you in the wretched hut, are one; for love of you I have acted thus; and the hussar who rode in among the pots was also myself. All this has taken place in order to

humble your haughty disposition, and to punish you for your pride, which led you to mock me."

At these words she wept bitterly, and said, "I am not worthy to be your wife, I have done you so great a wrong." But he replied, "Those evil days are passed : we will now celebrate our marriage."

Immediately after came the bridesmaids, and put on her the most magnificent dresses ; and then her father and his whole court arrived, and wished her happiness on her wedding-day ; and now commenced her true joy as Queen of the country of King Thrush-beard.



LITTLE SNOW-WHITE.

ONCE upon a time in the depth of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the clouds, a Queen sat at her palace window, which had an ebony black frame, stitching her husband's shirts. While she was thus engaged and looking out at the snow she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. Because the red looked so well upon the white, she thought to herself, "Had I now but a child as white as this snow, as red as this blood, and as black as the wood of this frame!" Soon afterwards a little daughter was born to her, who was as white as snow, and red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony, and thence she was named "Snow-White," and when the child was born the mother died.

About a year afterwards the King married another wife, who was very beautiful, but so proud and haughty that she could not

bear any one to be better-looking than herself. She possessed a wonderful mirror, and when she stepped before it and said,

“Oh mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?”

it replied—

“Thou art the fairest, lady Queen.”

Then she was pleased, for she knew that the mirror spoke truly.

Little Snow-White, however, grew up, and became pretty and prettier, and when she was seven years old her complexion was as clear as the noon day, and more beautiful than the Queen herself. When the Queen now asked her mirror—

“Oh mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?”

it replied—

“Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.”

This answer so frightened the Queen that she became quite yellow with envy. From that hour, whenever she perceived Snow-White, her heart was hardened against her, and she hated the maiden. Her envy and jealousy increased so that she had no rest day nor night, and she said to a Huntsman, “Take the child away into the forest, I will never look upon her again. You must kill her, and bring me her heart and tongue for a token.”

The Huntsman listened and took the Maiden away, but when he drew out his knife to kill her, she began to cry, saying, “Ah, dear Huntsman, give me my life! I will run into the wild forest, and never come home again.”

This speech softened the Hunter’s heart, and her beauty so touched him that he had pity on her and said, “Well, run away then, poor child;” but he thought to himself, “The wild beasts will soon devour you.” Still he felt as if a stone had been taken from his heart, because her death was not by his hand. Just at that moment a young boar came roaming along to the spot, and

as soon as he clapt eyes upon it the Huntsman caught it, and, killing it, took its tongue and heart and carried them to the Queen for a token of his deed.

But now the poor little Snow-White was left motherless and alone, and, overcome with grief, she was bewildered at the sight of so many trees, and knew not which way to turn. Presently she set off running, and ran over stones and through thorns, and wild beasts sprang up as she passed them, but they did her no harm. She ran on till her feet refused to go farther, and as it was getting dark, and she saw a little house near, she entered it to rest. In this cottage every thing was very small, but more neat and elegant than I can tell you. In the middle stood a little table with a white cloth over it, and seven little plates upon it, each plate having a spoon and a knife and a fork, and there were also seven little mugs. Against the wall were seven little beds ranged in a row, each covered with snow-white sheets. Little Snow-White, being both hungry and thirsty, ate a little morsel of porridge out of each plate, and drank a drop or two of wine out of each glass, for she did not wish to take away the whole share of any one. After that, because she was so tired, she laid herself down on one bed, but it did not suit; she tried another, but that was too long; a fourth was too short, a fifth too hard, but the seventh was just the thing, and tucking herself up in it she went to sleep, first commanding herself to God.

When it became quite dark the lords of the cottage came home, seven Dwarfs, who dug and delved for ore in the mountains. They first lighted seven little lamps, and perceived at once—for they illumined the whole apartment—that somebody had been in, for everything was not in the order in which they had left it. The first asked, "Who has been sitting on my chair?" The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?" The third said, "Who has been nibbling at my bread?" The fourth, "Who has been at my porridge?" The fifth, "Who has been meddling with my fork?" The sixth grumbled out, "Who has

been cutting with my knife?" The seventh said, "Who has been drinking out of my glass?" Then the first looking round began again. "Who has been lying on my bed?" he asked, for he saw that the sheets were tumbled. At these words the others came, and looking at their beds cried out too, "Some one has been lying in our beds!" But the seventh little man, running up to his, saw Snow-White sleeping in it; so he called his companions, who shouted with wonder and held up their seven torches, so that the light fell upon the maiden. "Oh heavens! oh heavens!" said they, "what a beauty she is!" and they were so much delighted that they would not awaken her, but left her to her repose, and the seventh Dwarf, in whose bed she was, slept with each of his fellows one hour, and so passed the night.

As soon as morning dawned Snow-White awoke, and was quite frightened when she saw the seven little men; but they were very friendly, and asked her what she was called. "My name is Snow-White," was her reply. "Why have you entered our cottage;" they asked. Then she told them how her stepmother would have had her killed, but the Huntsman had spared her life, and how she had wandered about the whole day until at last she had found their house. When her tale was finished the Dwarfs said, "Will you see after our household; be our cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit for us, and keep everything in neat order? if so, we will keep you here, and you shall want for nothing."

And Snow-White answered, "Yes, with all my heart and will;" and so she remained with them, and kept their house in order. In the mornings the Dwarfs went into the mountains and searched for ore and gold, and in the evenings they came home and found their meals ready for them. During the day the maiden was left alone, and therefore the good Dwarfs warned her and said, "Be careful of your stepmother, who will soon know of your being here; therefore let nobody enter the cottage."

The Queen meanwhile, supposing she had eaten the heart

and tongue of her daughter-in-law, did not think but that she was above all comparison the most beautiful of every one around. One day she stepped before her mirror, and said—

“Oh mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?”

and it replied—

“Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen ;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.
Amid the forest, darkly green,
She lives with Dwarfs—the hills between.”

This reply frightened her, for she knew that the mirror spoke the truth, and she perceived that the Huntsman had deceived her, and that Snow-White was still alive. Now she thought and thought how she should accomplish her purpose, for, so long as she was not the fairest in the whole country, jealousy left her no rest. At last a thought struck her, and she dyed her face and clothed herself as a pedlar woman, so that no one could recognise her. In this disguise she went over the seven hills to the seven Dwarfs, knocked at the door of the hut, and called out, “Fine goods for sale! beautiful goods for sale!” Snow-White peeped out of the window and said, “Good day, my good woman, what have you to sell?” “Fine goods, beautiful goods!” she replied, “stays of all colours;” and she held up a pair which was made of variegated silks. “I may let in this honest woman,” thought Snow-White ; and she unbolted the door and bargained for one pair of stays. “You can’t think, my dear, how it becomes you!” exclaimed the old woman, “Come, let me lace it up for you.” Snow-White suspected nothing and let her do as she wished, but the old woman laced her up so quickly and so tightly that all her breath went, and she fell down like one dead. “Now,” thought the old woman to herself, hastening away, “now am I once more the most beautiful of all!”

Not long after her departure, at eventide, the seven Dwarfs came home, and were much frightened at seeing their dear little maid lying on the ground, and neither moving nor breathing,

as if she were dead. They raised her up, and when they saw she was laced too tight they cut the stays in pieces, and presently she began to breathe again, and by little and little she revived. When the Dwarfs now heard what had taken place, they said, "The old pedlar woman was no other than your wicked mother-in-law: take more care of yourself, and let no one enter when we are not with you."

Meanwhile the old Queen had reached home, and, going before her mirror, she repeated her usual words—

"Oh mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

and it replied as before—

"Thou wert the fairest, lady Queen;
Snow-White is fairest now, I ween.
Amid the forest, darkly green,
She lives with Dwarfs—the hills between."

As soon as it had finished, all her blood rushed to her heart, for she was so frightened to hear that Snow-White was yet living. "But now," thought she to herself, "will I contrive something which shall destroy her completely." Thus saying, she made a poisoned comb, by arts which she understood, and, then disguising herself, she took the form of an old widow. She went over the seven hills to the house of the seven Dwarfs, and, knocking at the door, called out, "Good wares to sell to-day!" Snow-White peeped out and said, "You must go further, for I dare not let you in."

"But still you may look," said the old woman, drawing out her poisoned comb and holding it up. The sight of this pleased the maiden so much, that she allowed herself to be persuaded and opened the door. As soon as she had made a purchase the old woman said, "Now let me for once comb you properly," and Snow-White consented, but scarcely was the comb drawn through the hair when the poison began to work, and the maiden soon fell down senseless. "You pattern of beauty,"

cried the wicked old Queen, "it is now all over with you," and so saying she departed.

Fortunately, evening soon came, and the seven Dwarfs returned, and as soon as they saw Snow-White lying, like dead, upon the ground, they suspected the old Queen, and soon discovering the poisoned comb, they immediately drew it out, and the maiden very soon revived and related all that had happened. Then they warned her again against the wicked stepmother, and bade her to open the door to nobody.

Meanwhile the Queen on her arrival home had again consulted her mirror, and received the same answer as twice before. This made her tremble and foam with rage and jealousy, and she swore Snow-White should die if it cost her her own life. Thereupon she went into an inner secret chamber where no one could enter, and there made an apple of the most deep and subtle poison. Outwardly it looked nice enough, and had rosy cheeks which would make the mouth of every one who looked at it water; but whoever ate the smallest piece of it would surely die. As soon as the apple was ready, the old Queen again dyed her face, and clothed herself like a peasant's wife, and then over the seven mountains to the seven Dwarfs she made her way. She knocked at the door, and Snow-White stretched out her head and said, "I dare not let any one enter; the seven Dwarfs have forbidden me."

"That is hard for me," said the old woman, "for I must take back my apples; but there is one which I will give you."

"No," answered Snow-White, "no, I dare not take it."

"What! are you afraid of it?" cried the old woman, "there, see, I will cut the apple in halves; do you eat the red-cheeks, and I will eat the core." (The apple was so artfully made that the red-cheeks alone were poisoned.) Snow-White very much wished for the beautiful apple, and when she saw the woman eating the core she could no longer resist, but, stretching out her hand, took the poisoned part. Scarcely had she placed

a piece in her mouth when she fell down dead upon the ground. Then the Queen, looking at her with glittering eyes, and laughing bitterly, exclaimed, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony! this time the Dwarfs cannot re-awaken you."

When she reached home and consulted her mirror—

"Oh mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

it answered—

"Thou art the fairest, lady Queen."

Then her envious heart was at rest, as peacefully as an envious heart can rest.

When the little Dwarfs returned home in the evening, they found Snow-White lying on the ground, and there appeared to be no life in her body: she seemed to be quite dead. They raised her up and searched if they could find anything poisonous; unlaced her, and even uncombed her hair, and washed her with water and with wine; but nothing availed: the dear child was really and truly dead. Then they laid her upon a bier, and all seven placed themselves around it, and wept and wept for three days without ceasing. Afterwards they would bury her, but she looked still fresh and lifelike, and even her red cheeks had not deserted her, so they said to one another, "We cannot bury her in the black ground," and they ordered a case to be made of transparent glass. In this, one could view the body on all sides, and the Dwarfs wrote her name with golden letters upon the glass, saying that she was a King's daughter. Now they placed the glass case upon the ledge of a rock, and one of them always remained by it watching. Even the beasts bewailed the loss of Snow-White; first came an owl, then a raven, and last of all a dove.

For a long time Snow-White lay peacefully in her case, and changed not, but looked as if she were only asleep, for she was still white as snow, red as blood, and black-haired as ebony. By-and-bye it happened that a King's son was travelling in the

forest, and came to the Dwarfs' house to pass the night. He soon perceived the glass case upon the rock, and the beautiful maiden lying within, and he read also the golden inscription.

When he had examined it he said to the Dwarfs, "Let me have this case, and I will pay you what you like for it."

But the Dwarfs replied, "We will not sell it for all the gold in the world."

"Then give it to me," said the Prince, "for I cannot live without Snow-White. I will honour and protect her so long as I live."

When the Dwarfs saw he was so much in earnest, they pitied him, and at last gave him the case, and the Prince ordered it to be carried away on the shoulders of one of his attendants. Presently it happened that they stumbled over a rut, and with the shock the piece of poisoned apple which lay in Snow-White's mouth fell out. Very soon she opened her eyes, and, raising the lid of the glass case, she rose up and asked, "Where am I?"

Full of joy, the Prince answered, "You are safe with me;" and he related to her what she had suffered, and how he would rather have her than any other for his wife, and he asked her to accompany him home to the castle of the King his father. Snow-White consented, and when they arrived there the wedding between them was celebrated as speedily as possible, with all the splendour and magnificence proportionate to the happy event.

By chance the old mother-in-law of Snow-White was also invited to the wedding, and, when she was dressed in all her finery to go, she first stepped in front of her mirror and asked—

"Oh mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

and it replied—

"Thou wert the fairest, oh lady Queen;
The Prince's bride is more fair, I ween."

At these words the old Queen was in a fury, and was so terribly mortified that she knew not what to do with herself. At first she resolved not to go to the wedding, but she could not resist the wish for a sight of the young Queen, and as soon as she entered she recognised Snow-White, and was so terrified with rage and astonishment that she remained rooted to the ground. Just then a pair of red-hot iron shoes were brought in with a pair of tongs and set before her, and these she was forced to put on and to dance in them till she fell down dead.



THE KNAPSACK, THE HAT, AND THE HORN.

ONCE upon a time there were three brothers who every day sank deeper and deeper in poverty, until at last their need was so great that they were in danger of death from starvation, having nothing to bite or break. So they said to one another, "We cannot go on in this way; we had better go forth into the wide world and seek our fortunes." With these words they got up and set out, and travelled many a long mile over green fields and meadows without happening with any luck. One day they arrived in a large forest, and in the middle of it they found a hill, which, on their nearer approach, they saw was all silver. At this sight the eldest brother said, "Now I have met with my expected good fortune, and I desire nothing better." And, so saying, he took as much of the silver as he could carry and turned back again to his house.

The others, however, said, "We desire something better than mere silver;" and they would not touch it, but went on

further. After they had travelled a couple of days longer, they came to another hill, which was all gold. There the second brother stopped, and soon became quite dazzled at the sight. "What shall I do?" said he to himself, "shall I take as much gold as I can, that I may have enough to live upon, or shall I go further still?" At last he came to a conclusion, and, putting what he could in his pockets, he bade his brother good-bye and returned home. The third brother said, however, "Silver and gold will I not touch; I will seek my fortune yet; perhaps something better than all will happen to me."

So he travelled along for three days alone, and at the end of the third he came to a great forest, which was a great deal more extensive than the former, and so much so that he could not find the end; and, moreover, he was almost perished with hunger and thirst. He climbed up a high tree to discover if he could by chance find an outlet to the forest; but so far as his eyes could reach there was nothing but tree-tops to be seen. His hunger now began to trouble him very much, and he thought to himself, "Could I now only for this once have a good meal, I might get on." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he saw, to his great astonishment, a napkin under the tree, spread over with all kinds of good food, very grateful to his senses. "Ah, this time," thought he, "my wish is fulfilled at the very nick;" and, without any consideration as to who brought or who cooked the dishes, he sat himself down and ate to his heart's content. When he had finished, he thought it would be a shame to leave such a fine napkin in the wood, so he packed it up as small as he could and carried it away in his pocket. After this he went on again, and as he felt hungry towards evening he wished to try his napkin; and, spreading it out, he said aloud, "I should like to see you again spread with cheer;" and scarcely had he spoke when as many dishes as there was room for stood upon the napkin. At the sight he exclaimed, "Now you are dearer to me than a mountain of silver and gold, for I perceive you are a wishing-cloth;" but,

however, he was not yet satisfied, but would go farther and seek his fortune.

The next evening he came up with a Charcoal-burner, who was busy with his coals, and who was roasting some potatoes at his fire for his supper. "Good evening, my black fellow," said our hero, "how do you find yourself in your solitude?" "One day is like another," replied he, "and every night potatoes; have you a mind for some? if so, be my guest."

"Many thanks," replied the traveller, "but I will not deprive you of your meal; you did not reckon on having a guest; but, if you have no objection, you shall yourself have an invitation to supper." "Who will invite me?" asked the Charcoal-burner, "I do not see that you have got anything with you, and there is no one in a circuit of two hours' walk who could give you anything."

"And yet there shall be a meal," returned the other, "better than you have ever seen."

So saying, he took out his napkin, and spreading it on the ground said, "Cloth, cover thyself!" and immediately meats boiled and baked, as hot as if just out of the kitchen, were spread about. The Charcoal-burner opened his eyes wide, but did not stare long, but soon began to eat away, cramming his black mouth as full as he could. When they had finished, the man, smacking his lips, said, "Come, your cloth pleases me; it would be very convenient for me here in the wood, where I have no one to cook. I will strike a bargain with you. There hangs a soldier's knapsack, which is certainly both old and shabby; but it possesses a wonderful virtue, which, as I have no more use for, I will give you in exchange for your cloth."

"But first I must know in what this wonderful virtue consists," said the traveller.

"I will tell you," replied the other. "If you tap thrice with your fingers upon it, out will come a corporal and six men, armed from head to foot, who will do whatsoever you command them."

"In faith," cried our hero, "I do not think I can do better; let us change;" and, giving the man his wishing-cloth, he took the knapsack off its hook and strode away with it on his back.

He had not gone very far before he wished to try the virtue of his bargain; so he tapped upon it, and immediately the seven warriors stepped before him, and the leader asked his commands. "What does my lord and master desire?"

"March back quickly to the Charcoal-burner, and demand my wishing-cloth again," said our hero.

The soldiers wheeled round to the left, and before very long they brought what he desired, having taken it from the collier without so much as asking his leave. This done, he dismissed them, and travelled on again, hoping his luck might shine brighter yet. At sunset he came to another Charcoal-burner, who was also preparing his supper at the fire, and asked, "Will you sup with me? Potatoes and salt, without butter, is all I have; sit down if you choose."

"No," replied the traveller; "this time you shall be my guest;" and he unfolded his cloth, which was at once spread with the most delicate fare. They ate and drank together, and soon got very merry; and when their meal was done the Charcoal-burner said, "Up above there on that board lies an old worn-out hat, which possesses the wonderful power, if one puts it on and presses it down on his head, of causing, as it were, twelve field-pieces to go off, one after the other, and shoot down all that comes in their way. The hat is of no use to me in that way, and therefore I should like to exchange it for your cloth."

"Oh! I have no objection to that," replied the other; and, taking the hat, he left his wishing-cloth behind him; but he had not gone very far before he tapped on his knapsack, and bade the soldiers who appeared to fetch it back from his guest.

"Ah," thought he to himself, "one thing happens so soon upon another, that it seems as if my luck would have no end." And his thoughts did not deceive him; for he had scarcely





ne another day's journey when he met with a third Charcoal-brñer, who invited him, as the others had, to a potato supper. However, he spread out his wishing-cloth, and the feast pleased the Charcoal-burner so well, that he offered him in return for the cloth a horn, which had still more wonderful properties than either the knapsack or hat; for, when one blew it, every wall and fortification fell down before its blast, and even whole villages and towns were overturned. For this horn he gladly gave his cloth, but he soon sent his soldiers back for it; and when he had not only that, but also the knapsack, the hat, and the horn.

"Now," said he, "I am a made man, and it is high time at I should return home and see how my brothers get on."

When he arrived at the old place, he found his brothers had built a splendid palace with their gold and silver, and were living in clover. He entered their house; but because he came with a coat torn to rags, the shabby hat upon his head, and the old knapsack on his back, his brothers would not own him. They mocked him, saying, "You pretend to be our brother; why, he despised silver and gold, and sought better luck for himself; he would come accompanied like a mighty king, not a beggar!" and they hunted him out of doors.

This treatment put the poor man in such a rage, that he knocked upon the knapsack so many times till a hundred and fifty men stood before him in rank and file. He commanded them to surround his brothers' house, and two of them to take hazel sticks and thrash them both until they knew who he was. They set up a tremendous howling, so that the people ran to the spot and tried to assist the two brothers; but they could do nothing against the soldiers. By-and-bye the King himself heard the noise, and he ordered out a captain and troop to drive the disturber of the peace out of the city; but the man, with his knapsack, soon gathered together a greater company, who beat back the captain and his men, and sent them home with bleeding noses. At this the King said, "This

vagabond fellow shall be driven away ;" and the next day he sent a larger troop against him ; but they fared no better than the first. The beggar, as he was called, soon ranged more men in opposition, and, in order to do the work quicker, he pressed his hat down upon his head a couple of times ; and immediately the heavy guns began to play, and soon beat down all the King's people, and put the rest to flight. " Now," said our hero, " I will never make peace till the King gives me his daughter to wife, and he places me upon the throne as ruler of his whole dominion." This vow which he had taken he caused to be communicated to the King, who said to his daughter, " Must is a hard nut to crack ; what is there left to me but that I do as this man desires ? If I wish for peace, and to keep the crown upon my head, I must yield."

So the wedding was celebrated ; but the Princess was terribly vexed that her husband was such a common man, and wore not only a very shabby hat, but also carried about with him everywhere a dirty old knapsack. She determined to get rid of them ; and day and night she was always thinking how to manage it. It struck her suddenly that perhaps his wonderful power lay in the knapsack ; so she flattered, caressed him, saying, " I wish you would lay aside that dirty knapsack ; it becomes you so ill that I am almost ashamed of you."

" Dear child," he replied, " this knapsack is my greatest treasure ; as long as I possess it I do not fear the greatest power on earth ;" and he further told her all its wonderful powers. When he had finished, the Princess fell on his neck as if she would kiss him ; but she craftily untied the knapsack, and, loosening it from his shoulders, ran away with it. As soon as she was alone she tapped upon it, and ordered the warriors who appeared to bind fast her husband and lead him out of the royal palace. They obeyed ; and the false wife caused other soldiers to march behind, who were instructed to hunt the poor man out of the kingdom. It would have been all over with him had he not still possessed the hat, which he pressed down

on his head as soon as his hands were free ; and immediately the cannons began to go off, and demolished all before them. The Princess herself was at last obliged to go and beg pardon of her husband. He at last consented to make peace, being moved by her supplications and promises to behave better in future ; and she acted so lovingly, and treated him so well for some time after, that he entrusted her with the secret, that although he might be deprived of the knapsack, yet so long as he had the hat no one could overcome him. As soon as she knew this, she waited until he was asleep and then stole away the hat, and caused her husband to be thrown into a ditch. The horn, however, was still left to him ; and, in a great passion, he blew upon it such a blast that in a minute down came tumbling the walls, forts, houses, and palaces, and buried the King and his daughter in the ruins. Luckily he ceased to blow for want of breath ; for had he kept it up any longer all the houses would have been overturned, and not one stone left upon another. After this feat nobody dared to oppose him, and he set himself up as King over the whole country.



RUMPELSTILTSKIN.

THERE was once a poor Miller who had a beautiful daughter; and one day, having to go to speak with the King, he said, in order to make himself appear of consequence, that he had a daughter who could spin straw into gold. The King was very fond of gold, and thought to himself, "That is an art which would please me very well;" and so he said to the Miller, "If your daughter is so very clever, bring her to the castle in the morning and I will put her to the proof."

As soon as she arrived the King led her into a chamber which was full of straw; and, giving her a wheel and a reel, he said, "Now set yourself to work, and if you have not spun this straw into gold by an early hour to-morrow you must die." With these words he shut the room door and left the maiden alone.

There she sat for a long time, thinking how to save her life; for she understood nothing of the art whereby straw might be

spun into gold ; and her grief became stronger and stronger, till at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened and in stepped a little Man, who said, " Good evening, fair maiden ; why do you weep so sore ? " " Ah," she replied, " I must spin this straw into gold, and I am sure I don't know how."

The little Man asked, " What will you give me if I spin it for you ? "

" My necklace," said the maiden.

The Dwarf took it, placed himself in front of the wheel, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round, and the bobbin was full. Then he set up another, and whirr, whirr, whirr, thrice round again, and a second bobbin was full ; and so he went all night long until all the straw was spun and the bobbins were full of gold. At sunrise the King came, very much astonished to see the gold ; the sight of which gladdened him but did not make his heart less covetous. He caused the maiden to be led into another room, still larger, full of straw ; and then he bade her spin it into gold during the night if she valued her life. The maiden was again quite at a loss what to do ; but while she cried the door opened suddenly, as before, and the Dwarf appeared and asked her what she would give him in return for his assistance. " The ring off my finger," she replied. The little Man took the ring and began to spin at once, and by the morning all the straw was changed to glistening gold. The King was rejoiced above measure at the sight of this, but still he was not satisfied ; but, leading the maiden into another still larger room full of straw as the others, he said, " This you must spin during the night ; but if you accomplish it you shall be my bride." " For," thought he to himself, " a richer wife thou canst not have in all the world."

When the maiden was left alone, the Dwarf again appeared, and asked for the third time, " What will you give me to do this for you ? "

" I have nothing left that I can give you," sighed the maiden.

"Then promise me your first-born child if you become Queen," said he.

The Miller's daughter thought, "Who can tell if that will ever happen?" and, ignorant how else to help herself out of her trouble, she promised the Dwarf what he desired; and he immediately set about and finished the spinning. When morning came, and the King found all he had wished for done, he celebrated his wedding; and the fair Miller's daughter became Queen.

About a year after the marriage, when she had ceased to think about the little Dwarf, she brought a fine child into the world; and suddenly, soon after its birth, the very man appeared and demanded what she had promised. The frightened Queen offered him all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her her child; but the Dwarf answered, "No; something human is dearer to me than all the wealth of the world."

The Queen began to weep and groan so much, that the Dwarf compassionated her, and said, "I will leave you three days to consider; if you in that time discover my name you shall keep your child."

All night long the Queen racked her brains for all the names she could think of, and sent a messenger through the country to collect far and wide any new names. The following morning came the Dwarf, and she began with "Caspar," "Melchior," "Balthassar," and all the odd names she knew; but at each the little Man exclaimed, "That is not my name." The second day the Queen inquired of all her people for uncommon and curious names, and called the Dwarf "Ribs-of-beef," "Sheep-shank," "Whalebone;" but at each he said, "That is not my name." The third day the messenger came back and said, "I have not found a single new name; but as I came to a high mountain near the edge of the forest, where foxes and hares say good night to each other, I saw there a little house, and before the door a fire was burning, and round this

fire a very curious little man was dancing on one leg, and shouting—

“To-day I stew, and then I'll bake,
To-morrow I shall the Queen's child take;
Ah! how famous it is that nobody knows
That my name is Rumpelstiltskin.”

When the Queen heard this she was very glad; for now she knew the name; and soon after came the Dwarf, and asked, “Now, my lady Queen, what is my name?”

First she said, “Are you called Conrade?” “No.”

“Are you called Hal?” “No.”

“Are you called Rumpelstiltskin?”

“A witch has told you; a witch has told you!” shrieked the little Man; and stamped his right foot so hard in the ground with rage that he could not draw it out again. Then he took hold of his left leg with both his hands, and pulled away so hard that his right came off in the struggle, and he hopped away howling terribly. And from that day to this the Queen has heard no more of her troublesome visitor.



ROLAND.

ONCE upon a time there lived a real old Witch who had two daughters, one ugly and wicked, whom she loved very much, because she was her own child, and the other fair and good, whom she hated, because she was her stepdaughter. One day the stepchild wore a very pretty apron, which so pleased the other that she turned jealous, and told her mother she must and would have the apron. "Be quiet my child," said she, "you shall have it, your sister has long deserved death. To-night, when she is asleep, I will come and cut off her head; but, take care that you lie nearest the wall, and push her quite to the side of the bed."

Luckily the poor maiden, hid in a corner, heard this speech, or she would have been murdered; but all day long she dared not go out of doors, and when bedtime came she was forced to lie in the place fixed for her: but happily the other sister soon went to sleep, and then she contrived to change places and get

quite close to the wall. At midnight the old Witch sneaked in, holding in her right hand an axe, while with her left she felt for her intended victim, and then raising the axe in both her hands she chopped off the head of her own daughter.

As soon as she went away, the maiden got up and went to her sweetheart, who was called Roland, and knocked at his door. When he came out she said to him, "Dearest Roland, we must flee at once, my stepmother would have killed me, but in the dark she has murdered her own child: if day comes, and she discovers what she has done, we are lost."

"But I advise you," said Roland, "first to take away her magic wand, or we cannot save ourselves if she should follow and catch us."

So the maiden stole away the wand, and taking up the head dropped three drops of blood upon the ground: one before the bed, one in the kitchen, and one upon the step: this done, she hurried away with her lover.

When the morning came and the old Witch had dressed herself, she called to her daughter and would have given her the apron, but no one came. "Where are you?" she called. "Here upon the step," answered one of the drops of blood. The old woman went out, but, seeing nobody on the step, she called a second time, "Where are you?" "Hi, hi, here in the kitchen, I am warming myself," replied the second drop of blood. She went into the kitchen, but could see nobody, and once again she cried, "Where are you?"

"Ah! here I sleep in the bed," said the third drop, and she entered the room, but what a sight met her eyes! There lay her own child covered with blood, for she herself had cut off her head.

The old Witch flew into a terrible passion, sprang out of the window, and looking far and near presently spied out her stepdaughter, who was hurrying away with Roland. "That won't help you!" she shouted, "were you twice as far you should not escape me." So saying, she drew on her boots, in which

she went an hour's walk with every stride, and before long she overtook the fugitives. But the maiden, as soon as she saw the Witch in sight, changed her dear Roland into a lake with the magic wand, and herself into a duck who could swim upon its surface. When the old Witch arrived at the shore, she threw in bread-crumbs, and tried all sorts of means to entice the duck; but it was all of no use, and she was obliged to go away at evening without accomplishing her ends. When she was gone the maiden took her natural form, and Roland also, and all night long till daybreak they travelled onwards. Then the maiden changed herself into a rose, which grew amid a very thorny hedge, and Roland became a fiddler. Soon after up came the old Witch, and said to him, "Good player, may I break off your flower?" "Oh! yes," he replied, "and I will accompany you with a tune." In great haste she climbed up the bank to reach the flower, and as soon as she was in the hedge he began to play, and whether she liked it or not she was obliged to dance to the music, for it was a bewitched tune. The quicker he played, the higher was she obliged to jump, till the thorns tore all the clothes off her body, and scratched and wounded her so much, that at last she fell down dead.

Then Roland, when he saw they were saved, said, "Now I will go to my father, and arrange the wedding."

"Yes," said the maiden, "and meanwhile I will rest here, and wait for your return, and, that no one may know me, I will change myself into a red stone."

Roland went away and left her there, but when he reached home he fell into the snares laid for him by another maiden, and forgot his true love, who for a long time waited his coming; but at last, in sorrow and despair of ever seeing him again, she changed herself into a beautiful flower, and thought that perhaps some one might pluck her and carry her to his home.

A day or two after a shepherd who was tending his flock in the field chanced to see the enchanted flower, and because it was so very beautiful he broke it off, took it with him, and laid

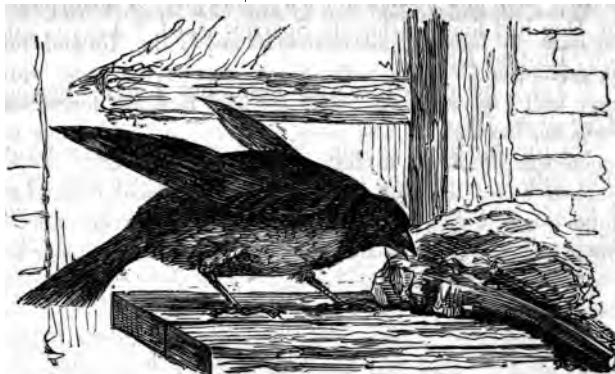
it by in his chest. From that day everything prospered in the shepherd's house, and marvellous things happened. When he arose in the morning he found all the work already done : the room was swept, the chairs and tables dusted, the fire lighted upon the hearth, and the water fetched ; when he came home at noonday the table was laid, and a good meal prepared for him. He could not imagine how it was all done, for he could find nobody ever in his house when he returned, and there was no place for any one to conceal himself. The good arrangements certainly pleased him well enough, but he became so anxious at last to know who it was, that he went and asked the advice of a wise woman. The woman said, "There is some witchery in the business ; listen one morning if you can hear anything moving in the room, and if you do and can see anything, be it what it will, throw a white napkin over it, and the charm will be dispelled."

The shepherd did as he was bid, and the next morning, just as day broke, he saw his chest open and the flower come out of it. He instantly sprang up and threw a white napkin over it, and immediately the spell was broken, and a beautiful maiden stood before him, who acknowledged that she was the hand-maid who, as a flower, had put his house in order. She told him her tale, and she pleased the shepherd so much, that he asked her if she would marry him, but she said "No," for she would still keep true to her dear Roland, although he had left her ; nevertheless, she promised still to remain with the shepherd, and see after his cottage.

Meanwhile the time had arrived for the celebration of Roland's wedding, and according to the old custom it was proclaimed through all the country round, that every maiden might assemble to sing in honour of the bridal pair. When the poor girl heard this, she was so grieved that it seemed as if her heart would break, and she would not have gone to the wedding if others had not come and taken her with them.

When it came to her turn to sing, she stepped back till she was quite by herself, and as soon as she began, Roland jumped up, exclaiming, "I know the voice, that is the true bride, no other will I have!" All that he had hitherto forgotten and neglected to think of was suddenly brought back to his heart's remembrance, and he would not again let her go.

And now the wedding of the faithful maiden to the dear Roland was celebrated with great magnificence, and, their sorrows and troubles being over, happiness became their lot.



THE DOG AND THE SPARROW.

THERE was once a shepherd's Dog, which had a very bad master, who never gave him food enough for his services; and one day, having made up his mind to endure such treatment no longer, the Dog left the man's service and took his way, though with much sorrow. On the road the Dog met a Sparrow, who said, "Brother Dog, why are you so glum?"

The Dog replied, "I am hungry and have nothing to eat."

"Oh!" replied the Sparrow, "come with me and I will soon satisfy you."

So they went together to the town, and, when they came to a butcher's shop, the bird said, "Wait a bit here, I will peck you down a piece of meat;" and flying into the shop, and looking round to see that no one observed him, he pecked and pulled at a joint which hung just over the window till it fell down. The Dog instantly snatched it, and, running into a corner, soon devoured it. When he had done, the Sparrow took him to

another shop and pecked down a second piece of meat, and, when the Dog had finished this, the Sparrow asked, "Are you satisfied now, Brother Dog?"

"Yes," he replied, "with flesh, but I have touched no bread at all yet."

So the Sparrow, saying, "That you shall have if you will come with me," led him to a baker's, and pushed down a couple of loaves, and when the Dog had finished them he took him to another shop and pushed down more. As soon as these were consumed, the Sparrow asked again if he were satisfied, and the dog replied, "Yes; and now we'll walk awhile round the town."

Off they started now upon the high road, but, it being very warm weather, they had not walked far before, when, as they came to a corner, the Dog said, "I am tired and must go to sleep."

"Very well," replied the Sparrow; "meanwhile I will sit on this twig." So the Dog laid down in the middle of the road, and was soon fast asleep.

Presently a Carrier came up the road driving a waggon with three horses, laden with two casks of wine, and as the Sparrow saw that the man did not turn aside, but kept in the middle of the road where the Dog lay, called out, "Carrier, take care what you do, or I will make you poor!"

But the Carrier, grumbling to himself, "You make me poor, indeed!" cracked his whip and drove the waggon straight on, so that the wheels passed over the Dog and killed him. "You have killed my brother the Dog, and that shall cost you your horse and your cart!"

"Horse and cart, indeed!" said the Carrier, "what harm can you do me?" and he drove on.

Then the Sparrow, hopping under the waggon-covering, pecked at the bunghole of one of the casks, until he worked out the cork, so that all the wine ran out without its being perceived by the carrier; but all at once the man looked behind him and saw the wine dropping from the cart, and trying the casks

found that one of them was empty. "Ah!" cried he, "now I am a poor man!" "Yet not poor enough!" said the Sparrow, and, flying on to the head of one of the horses, he pecked out one of its eyes. When the Carrier saw this he drew out his hatchet and tried to hit the bird, but it flew up, and instead, he cut his own horse's head, so that it fell down dead. "Ah!" cried he, "now I am a poor man!"

"Still not poor enough!" said the Sparrow, and, while the Carrier drove further on with his two horses, he crept again under the covering of the waggon, and pecked out the bung of the second cask, so that all the wine dripped out. When the man found this, he exclaimed again, "Ah! now I am a poor man!" but the bird replied, "Not poor enough yet!" and settling on the head of the second horse he pecked out its eyes also. Again the driver lifted his axe, and made a cut at the Sparrow, which flew away, so that the blow fell on his horse and killed it. "Ah! now I am poorer still!" cried the man; but the bird replied, "Not yet poor enough!" and perching on the third horse he pecked out its eyes also. In a terrible passion the driver aimed a blow with his axe as before at the Sparrow, but unfortunately missing, hit his own horse instead, and so killed his third and last animal. "Ah me! poorer and poorer!" exclaimed the Carrier.

"Not yet poor enough!" reiterated the Sparrow; "now I will make you poor at home;" and so flew away.

The Carrier was forced to leave his waggon in the road, and went home full of rage and passion. "Oh!" said he to his wife, "what misfortunes I have had to endure! my wine has all run out, and my horses are all three dead! woe's me!"

"Ah! my husband," she replied, "and what a wicked bird has come to this house: he has brought with him all the birds in the world, and there they sit among our corn and are eating every ear of it."

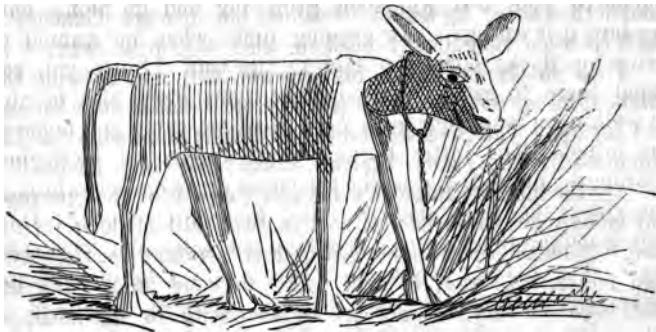
The man stepped out, and, behold, thousands on thousands of birds had alighted upon the ground, and had eaten up all the

corn, and among them sat the Sparrow. "Ah me! I am poorer than ever!" he cried. "Still not poor enough, Carrier; it shall cost you your life!" replied the bird as he flew away.

Thus the Carrier lost all his property, and, now entering the kitchen, he sat down behind the stove and became quite morose and savage. The Sparrow, however, remained outside on the window-sill, calling out, "Carrier, it shall cost you your life!"

At this the man seized his axe and threw it at the Sparrow, but he only cut the window-frame in two, without hurting the bird. Now the Sparrow hopped in, and, perching on the stove, said again, "Carrier, it shall cost you your life!" Blinded with rage and fury, he only cut the stove with his axe, and, as the bird hopped about from one place to another, he pursued it, and lashed in halves all his furniture, glasses, seats, tables, and lastly the walls even of his house, without once touching the bird. However, he at length caught it with his hand, while his wife asked whether she should kill it. "No," said he, "that were too merciful: it shall die much more horribly, for I will eat it." So saying he swallowed it whole, but it began to flutter about in his stomach, and presently came again into his mouth, and called out, "Carrier, it shall cost you your life!"

Thereupon the man handed his wife the axe, saying, "Kill the wretch for me dead in my mouth!" His wife took it and aimed a blow, but, missing her mark, she struck her husband on the head and killed him. Then the Sparrow flew away and was never seen there again.



THE LITTLE FARMER.

THERE was a certain village, wherein several rich farmers were settled, and only one poor one, who was therefore called "The Little Farmer." He had not even a cow, nor money to buy it, though he and his wife would have been only too happy to have had one. One day he said to her, "A good thought has just struck me; our father-in-law, the carver, can make us a calf out of wood and paint it brown, so that it will look like any other: in time perhaps it will grow big and become a cow." This proposal pleased his wife, and the carver was instructed accordingly, and he cut out the calf, painted it as it should be, and so made it that its head was bent down as if eating.

When the next morning the cows were driven out to pasture, the Farmer called the Shepherd in, and said, "See, I have here a little calf, but it is so small that it must as yet be carried." The Shepherd said, "Very well," and, taking it under his arm, carried it down to the meadow and set it among the

grass. All day the calf stood there as if eating, and the Shepherd said, "It will soon grow big and go alone: only see how it is eating." At evening time, when he wanted to drive his flocks home, he said to the calf, "Since you can stand there to satisfy your hunger, you must also be able to walk upon your four legs, and I shall not carry you home in my arms." The Little Farmer stood before his house-door waiting for his calf, and as the Shepherd drove his herd through the village he asked after it. The Shepherd replied, "It is still standing there eating; it would not listen and come with me." The Farmer exclaimed, "Eh, what! I must have my calf!" and so they both went together down to the meadow, but some one had stolen the calf, and it was gone. The Shepherd said, "Perhaps it has run away itself;" but the Farmer replied, "Not so, that won't do for me;" and, dragging him before the mayor, he was condemned for his negligence to give the Little Farmer a cow in the place of the lost calf."

Now the Farmer and his wife possessed the long-desired cow, and were very glad; but having no fodder they could give her nothing to eat, so that very soon they were obliged to kill her. The flesh they salted down, and the skin the Little Farmer took to the next town to sell, to buy another calf with what he got for it. On the way he passed a mill, where a raven was sitting with a broken wing, and out of compassion he took the bird up and wrapped it in the skin he was carrying. But the weather being just then very bad, a great storm of wind and rain falling, he was unable to go further, and turning into the mill begged for shelter. The Miller's wife was at home alone, and said to the Farmer, "Lie down on that straw," and gave him a piece of bread and cheese. The Farmer ate it and laid down, with his skin near him, and the Miller's wife thought he was asleep. Presently in came the parson, whom she received well, and invited to sup with her; but the Farmer, when he heard talk of the feast, was vexed that he

should have been treated only to bread and cheese. So the woman went down into the cellar and brought up four dishes, roast meat, salad, boiled meat, and wine. As they were sitting down to eat there was a knock outside, and the woman exclaimed, "Oh, gracious! there is my husband!" In a great hurry she stuck the roast meat into the oven, the wine under the pillow, the salad upon the bed, and the boiled meat under it, and the parson stepped into a closet where she kept the linen. This done, she let in her husband and said, "God be praised, you are returned again! what weather it is, as if the world were coming to an end!"

The Miller remarked the man lying on the straw, and asked what the fellow did there. His wife said, "Ah! the poor fellow came in the wind and rain and begged for shelter, so I gave him some bread and cheese, and showed him the straw."

The husband said he had no objection, but bade her bring him quickly something to eat. The wife said, "I have nothing but bread and cheese," and her husband told her with that he should be contented, and asked the Farmer to come and share his meal. The Farmer did not let himself be twice asked, but got up and ate away. Presently the Miller remarked the skin lying upon the ground, in which was the raven, and asked, "What have you there?" The Farmer replied, "I have a truth-teller therein." "Can it tell me the truth too?" inquired the Miller.

"Why not?" said the other, "but he will only say four things, and the fifth he keeps to himself." The Miller was curious and wished to hear it speak, and the Farmer squeezed the raven's head, so that it squeaked out. The Miller then asked, "What did he say?" and the Farmer replied, "The first is, under the pillow lies wine." "That is a rare tell-tale!" cried the Miller, and went and found the wine. "Now again," said he. The Farmer made the raven croak again, and said, "Secondly, he declares there is roast meat in the oven." "That is a good tell-tale!" again cried the Miller, and, opening

the oven, he took out the roast meat. Then the Farmer made the raven croak again, and said, "For the third thing, he declares there is salad on the bed."

"That is a good tell-tale!" cried the Miller, and went and found the salad. Then the Farmer made his bird croak once more, and said, "For the fourth thing, he declares there is boiled meat under the bed."

"That is a capital tell-tale!" cried the Miller, while he went and found as it said.

The worthy pair now sat down together at the table, but the Miller's wife felt terribly anxious, and went to bed, taking all the keys with her. The Miller was very anxious to know the fifth thing, but the man said, "First let us eat quietly these four things, for the other is somewhat dreadful."

After they had finished their meal, the Miller bargained as to how much he should give for the fifth thing, and at last he agreed for three hundred dollars. Then the farmer once more made the raven croak, and when the Miller asked what it said he told him, "He declares that in the cupboard where the linen is there is an evil spirit."

The Miller said, "The evil spirit must walk out!" and tried the door, but it was locked, and the woman had to give up the key to the Farmer, who unlocked it. The parson at once bolted out and ran out of the house, while the Miller said, "Ah! I saw the black fellow, that was all right." Soon they went to sleep, but at daybreak the Farmer took his three hundred dollars and made himself scarce.

The Farmer was now quite rich at home, and built himself a fine house, so that his fellows said, "The Little Farmer has certainly found the golden snow, of which he has brought away a basketful," and they summoned him before the Mayor, that he might be made to say whence his riches came. The man replied, "I have sold my cow's skin in the city for three hundred dollars." And as soon as the others heard this, they desired also to make a similar profit. The farmers ran home,

killed all their cows, and, taking the skins off, took them to the city to sell them for so good a price. The Mayor, however, said, "My maid must go first;" and when she arrived at the city she went to the merchant, but he gave her only three dollars for her skin. And when the rest came he would not give them so much, saying, "What shall I do with all these skins?"

The farmers were much vexed at being outwitted by their poor neighbour, and, bent on revenge, they complained to the Mayor of his deceit. The innocent Little Farmer was condemned to death unanimously, and was to be rolled in a cask full of holes into the sea. He was led away, and a priest sent for who should say for him the mass for the dead. Every one else was obliged to remove to a distance, and when the Farmer looked at the priest he recognised the parson who was with the Miller's wife. So he said to him, "I have delivered you out of the cupboard, now deliver me from this cask." Just at that moment the Shepherd passed by with a flock of sheep, and the Farmer, knowing that for a long time the man had desired to be mayor, cried out with all his might, "No, no! I will not do it, if all the world asked me I would not be it! No! I will not."

When the Shepherd heard this he came up and said, "What are you doing here? What will you not do?"

The Farmer replied, "They will make me mayor if I keep in this cask; but, no, I will not be here!"

"Oh," said the Shepherd, "if nothing more is wanting to be mayor, I am willing to put myself in the cask."

"Yes, you will be mayor if you do that," said the Farmer; and getting out of the cask the other got in, and the Farmer nailed the lid down again. Now he took the Shepherd's flock and drove it away, while the parson went to the judge and told him he had said the prayers for the dead. Then they went and rolled the cask down to the water; and while it rolled the Shepherd called out, "Yes, I should like to be mayor!" They thought

it was the Little Farmer who spoke ; and saying, “Yes, we mean it ; only you must first go below there ;” and they sent the cask right into the sea.

That done, the farmers returned home ; and as they came into the village, so came also the Little Farmer, driving a flock of sheep quietly and cheerfully. The sight astounded the others, and they asked, “Whence comest thou ? dost thou come out of the water ?” “Certainly,” answered he, “I sank deeper and deeper till I got to the bottom, where I pushed up the head of the cask, and, getting out, there were beautiful meadows upon which many lambs were pasturing, and I brought this flock of them up with me.”

“Are there any more ?” inquired the farmers. “Oh, yes !” replied he, “more than you know what to do with.”

Then the farmers agreed that they would go and each fetch up a flock for himself, but the Mayor said, “I must go first.” So they went together down to the water, and there happened to be a fine blue sky with plenty of fleecy clouds over it, which were mirrored in the water and looked like little lambs. The farmers called one to another, “Look there ! we can see the sheep already on the ground below the water !” and the Mayor, pressing quite forward, said, “I will go first and look about me, and see if it is a good place, and then call you.”

So saying, he jumped in plump, and, as he splashed the water about, the others thought he was calling, “Come along !” and so one after another the whole assemblage plunged in in a grand hurry. Thus was the whole village cleared out, and “the Little Farmer,” as their only heir, became a very rich man.



JORINDE AND JORINGEL.

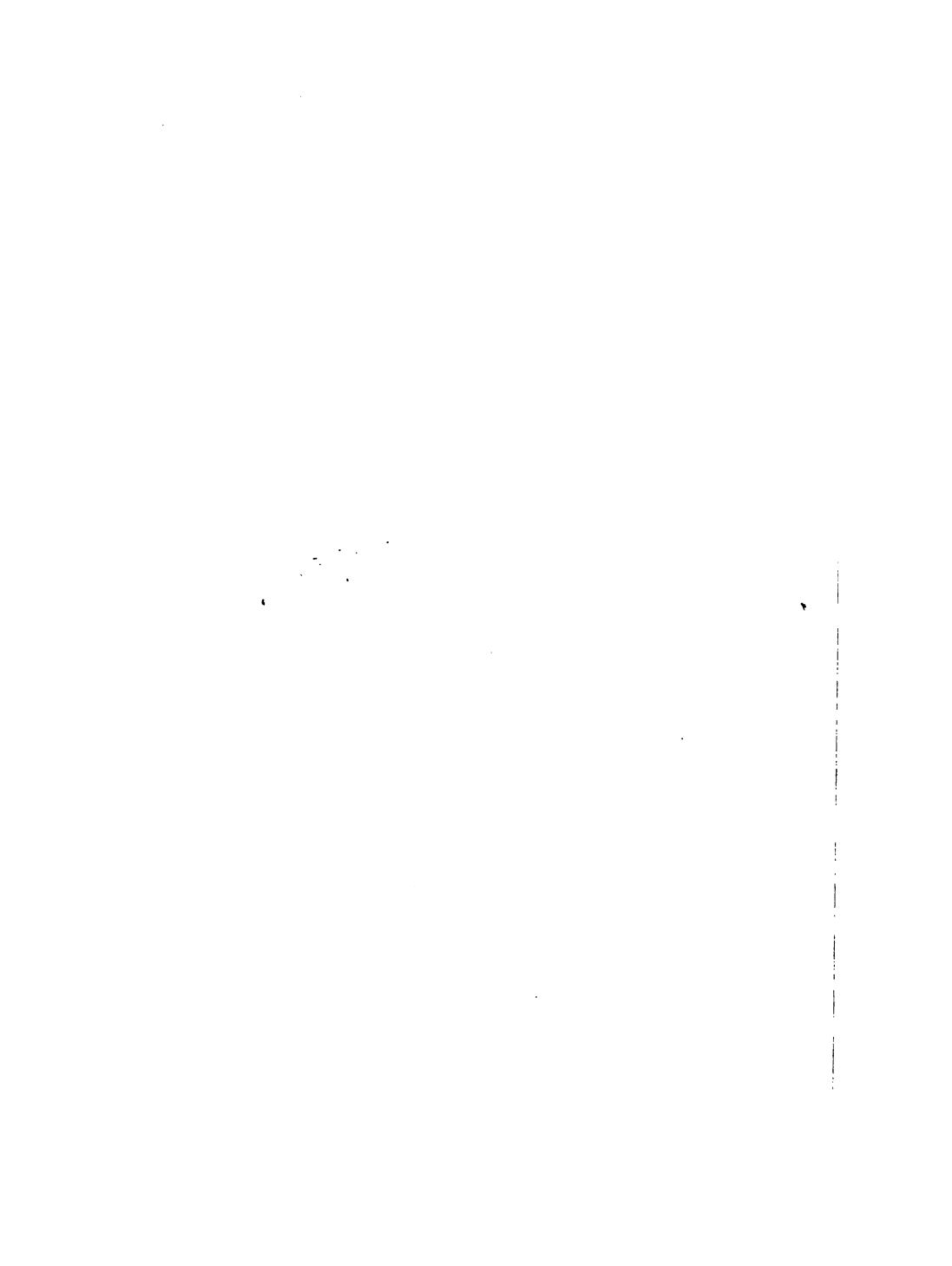
ONCE upon a time, in a castle in the midst of a large thick wood, there lived an old Witch, all by herself. By day she changed herself into a cat or an owl; but in the evening she resumed her right form. She was able also to allure to her the wild animals and birds, whom she killed, cooked, and ate, for whoever ventured within a hundred steps of her castle was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the spot until she allowed it; but if a pretty maiden came into the circle the Witch changed her into a bird, and then put her into a basket, which she carried into one of the rooms in the castle; and in this room were already many thousand such baskets of rare birds.

Now, there was a young maiden called Jorinde, who was exceedingly pretty, and she was betrothed to a youth named Joringel, and, just at the time that the events which I am about to relate happened, they were passing the days together in a round of pleasure. One day they went into the forest for a

walk, and Joringel said, "Take care that you do not go too near the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the sun shining between the stems of the trees, and brightening up the dark green leaves, and the turtle-doves cooing softly upon the may-bushes. Jorinde began to cry, and sat down in the sunshine with Joringel, who cried too, for they were quite frightened, and thought they should die, when they looked round and saw how far they had wandered, and that there was no house in sight. The sun was yet half above the hills and half below, and Joringel, looking through the brushwood, saw the old walls of the castle close by them, which frightened him terribly, so that he fell off his seat. Then Jorinde sang—

"My little bird, with his ring so red,
Sings sorrow, and sorrow, and woe,
For he sings that the turtle-dove soon will be dead,
Oh sorrow, and sorrow—jug, jug, jug."

Joringel lifted up his head, and saw Jorinde was changed into a nightingale, which was singing "Jug, jug, jug," and presently an owl flew round thrice, with his eyes glistening, and crying, "Tu wit, tu woo." Joringel could not stir; there he stood like a stone, and could not weep, nor speak, nor move hand or foot. Meanwhile the sun set, and the owl flying into a bush, out came an ugly old woman, thin and yellow, with great red eyes, and a crooked nose which reached down to her chin. She muttered, and seized the nightingale, and carried it away in her hand, while Joringel remained there incapable of moving or speaking. At last the Witch returned, and said with a hollow voice, "Greet you, Zachiel! if the moon shines on your side, release this one at once." Then Joringel became free, and fell down on his knees before the Witch, and begged her to give him back Jorinde; but she refused, and said he should never again have her, and went away. He cried, and wept, and groaned after her, but all to no purpose; and at length he rose and went into a strange village, where for some time he tended





sheep. He often went round about the enchanted castle, but never too near, and one night, after so walking, he dreamt that he found a blood-red flower, in the middle of which lay a fine pearl. This flower, he thought, he broke off, and, going therewith to the castle, all he touched with it was free from enchantment, and thus he regained his Jorinde.

When he awoke the next morning he began his search over hill and valley to find such a flower, but nine days had passed away. At length, early one morning he discovered it, and in its middle was a large dewdrop, like a beautiful pearl. Then he carried the flower day and night, till he came to the castle, and although he ventured within the enchanted circle he was not stopped, but walked on quite to the door. Joringel was now in high spirits, and touching the door with his flower it flew open. He entered, and passed through the hall, listening for the sound of the birds, which at last he heard. He found the room, and went in, and there was the enchantress feeding the birds in the seven thousand baskets. As soon as she saw Joringel she became frightfully enraged, and spat out poison and gall at him, but she dared not come too close. He would not turn back for her, but looked at the baskets of birds; but, alas! there were many hundreds of nightingales, and how was he to know his Jorinde? While he was examining them he perceived the old woman secretly taking away one of the baskets, and slipping out of the door. Joringel flew after her, and touched the basket with his flower, and also the old woman, so that she could no longer bewitch; and at once Jorinde stood before him, and fell upon his neck, as beautiful as she ever was. Afterwards he disenchanted all the other birds, and then returned home with his Jorinde, and for many years they lived together happily and contentedly.



FIR-APPLE.

ONCE on a time as a forester was going into the wood he heard a cry like that of a child, and walking in the direction of the sound he came to a fir-tree on which sat a little boy. A mother had gone to sleep under the tree with her child in her lap, and while she slept a golden eagle had seized it, and borne it away to the topmost bough in his beak. So the forester mounted and fetched the child down, and took it home to be brought up with his daughter Helen, and the two grew up together. The boy whom he had rescued he named Fir-apple, in remembrance of his adventure, and Helen and the boy loved each other so fondly, that they were quite unhappy whenever they were separated. This forester had also an old cook, who one evening took two pails and went to fetch water; but she did not go once only, but many times, to the spring. Little Helen, seeing her, asked, "Why do you carry in so much water, old Sarah?"

"If you will promise not to tell any one, I will let you know," replied the Cook.

Little Helen promised not to tell, and the Cook said, "Early in the morning, when the forester is away to the chase, I shall heat the water, and when it boils I shall throw in Fir-apple and stew him!"

The next day the forester arose with the sun and went out, while the children were still in bed. Then Helen said to Fir-apple, "Forsake me not and so I will never leave you;" and he replied, "Now and for ever I will stay with you."

"Do you know," continued Helen, "yesterday the old cook fetched ever so many pails of water, and I asked her why she did so, and she said to me, 'If you do not say anything I will tell you;' and, as I promised not to tell, she said, early this morning, when father has gone out, she should boil the copper full of water and stew you in it. But let us get up very quickly, and escape while there is time." So saying, they both arose, and dressing themselves very hastily, ran away as quickly as they could. When the water had become boiling hot the old Cook went into the sleeping-room to fetch Fir-apple, but lo! as soon as she entered and stepped up to the beds, she perceived that both the children were off, and at the sight she grew very anxious, saying to herself, "What shall I say if the forester comes home and finds both the children gone? I must send after them and fetch them back."

Thus thinking, she sent after them three slaves, bidding them overtake the children as quickly as possible and bring them home. But the children saw the slaves running towards them, and little Helen said, "Forsake me not and so I will never leave you."

"Now and always I will keep by you," replied Fir-apple.

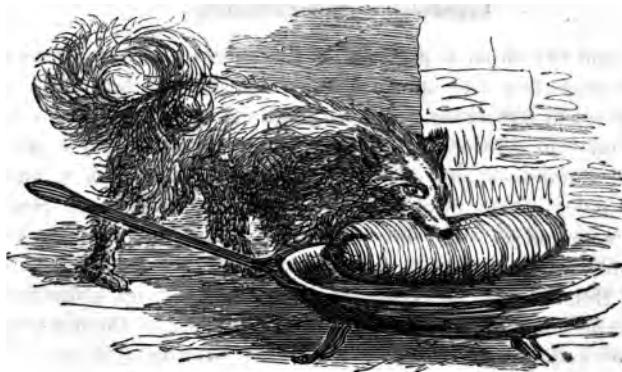
"Do you then become a rose-stock, and I will be the bud upon it," said Helen.

So, when the slaves came up, the children were nowhere to be found, and only a rose-tree with a single bud thereon to be

seen, and the three agreed there was nothing to do, and went home and told the old cook they had seen nothing at all in the world but a rose-tree with a single flower upon it. At their tale the old Cook began to scold terribly, and said, " You stupid simpletons, you should have cut the rose-bush in two, and broken off the flower and brought it home to me; make haste now and do so." For the second time they had to go out and search, and, the children seeing them at a distance, little Helen asked her companion the same question as the first time, and when he gave the same reply she said, " Do you then become a church and I will be the crown therein."

When now the three slaves approached, they found nothing but a church and a crown inside, so they said to one another, " What can we do here? let us go home." As soon as they reached the house, the cook inquired what they had found, and when they had told their tale she was very angry, and told them they ought to have pulled down the church and brought the crown home with them. When she had finished scolding she set out herself, walking with the three slaves, after the children, who espied her coming from a distance. This time little Helen proposed that she should become a pond, and Fir-apple a duck, who should swim about on it, and so they changed into these immediately. When the old woman came up and saw the pond, she lay down by it and began to drink it up, but the duck swam very quickly towards her, and without her knowledge stuck his beak into her cap and drew her into the water, where, after vainly endeavouring to save herself, she sank to the bottom.

After this the children returned home together and were very happy; and, if they are not dead, I suppose they are still alive and merry.



CATHERINE AND FREDERICK.

ONCE upon a time there were a youth named Frederick, and a girl called Catherine, who had married and lived together as a young couple. One day Fred said, "I am now going into the fields, dear Catherine, and by the time I return let there be something hot upon the table, for I shall be hungry, and something to drink too, for I shall be thirsty."

"Very well, dear Fred," said she, "go at once, and I will make all right for you."

As soon, then, as dinner time approached, she took down a sausage out of the chimney, and putting it in a frying-pan with batter set it over the fire. Soon the sausage began to frizzle and spit while Catherine stood by holding the handle of the pan and thinking; and among other things she thought that while the sausage was getting ready she might go into the cellar and draw some beer. So she took a can and went down into the cellar to draw the beer, and while it ran in she

bethought herself that perhaps the dog might steal the sausage out of the pan, and so up the cellar stairs she ran, but too late, for the rogue had already got the meat in his mouth and was sneaking off. Catherine, however, pursued the dog for a long way over the fields, but the beast was quicker than she, and would not let the sausage go, but bolted off at a great rate. "Off is off!" said Catherine, and turned round, and, being very tired and hot, she went home slowly to cool herself. All this while the beer was running out of the cask, for Catherine had forgotten to turn the tap off, and so as soon as the can was full the liquor ran over the floor of the cellar until it was all out. Catherine saw the misfortune at the top of the steps. "My gracious!" she exclaimed, "what shall I do that Fred may not find this out?" She considered for some time till she remembered that a sack of fine malt yet remained from the last brewing, in one corner, which she would fetch down and strew about in the beer. "Yes," said she, "it was spared at the right time to be useful to me now in my necessity;" and down she pulled the sack so hastily that she overturned the can of beer for Fred, and away it mixed with the rest on the floor. "It is all right," said she; "where one is, the other should be;" and she strewed the malt over the whole cellar. When it was done she was quite overjoyed at her work, and said, "How clean and neat it does look, to be sure!"

At noontime Fred returned. "Now, wife, what have you ready for me?" said he. "Ah, my dear Fred," she replied, "I would have fried you a sausage, but while I drew the beer the dog stole it out of the pan, and while I hunted the dog the beer all ran out, and as I was about to dry up the beer with the malt I overturned your can; but be contented, the cellar is quite dry again now."

"Oh, Catherine, Catherine!" said Fred, "you should not have done so! to let the sausage be stolen! and the beer run out! and over all to shoot our best sack of malt!!!"

"Well, Fred," said she, "I did not know that; you should have told me."

But the husband thought to himself, if one's wife acts so, one must look after things oneself. Now, he had collected a tolerable sum of silver dollars, which he changed into gold, and then he told his wife, "Do you see, these are yellow counters, which I will put in a pot and bury in the stable under the cow's stall; but mind that you do not meddle with it, or you will come to some harm."

Catherine promised to mind what he said, but, as soon as Fred was gone, some hawkers came into the village with earthenware for sale, and amongst others they asked her if she would purchase anything. "Ah, good people," said Catherine, "I have no money, and cannot buy anything, but if you can make use of yellow counters I will buy them."

"Yellow counters! ah! why not? let us look at them," said they.

"Go into the stable," she replied, "and dig under the cow's stall, and there you will find the yellow counters. I dare not go myself."

The rogues went at once, and soon dug up the shining gold, which they quickly pocketed, and then they ran off, leaving behind them their pots and dishes in the house. Catherine thought she might as well make use of the new pottery, and, since she had no need of anything in the kitchen, she set out each pot on the ground, and then put others on the top of the palings round the house for ornament. When Fred returned, and saw the fresh decorations, he asked Catherine what she had done. "I have bought them, Fred," said she, "with the yellow counters which lay under the cow's stall; but I did not dig them up myself; the pedlars did that."

"Ah, wife, what have you done?" replied Fred, "they were not counters, but bright gold, which was all the property we possessed: you should not have done so."

"Well, dear Fred," replied his wife, "you should have told me so before. I did not know that."

Catherine stood considering for a while, and presently she

began, "Come, Fred, we will soon get the gold back again; let us pursue the thieves."

"Well, come along," said Fred; "we will try at all events; but take butter and cheese with you, that we may have something to eat on our journey."

"Yes, Fred," said she, and soon made herself ready; but, her husband being a good walker, she lagged behind. "Ah!" said she, "this is my luck, for when we turn back I shall be a good bit forward." Presently she came to a hill, on both sides of which there were very deep ruts. "Oh, see!" said she, "how the poor earth is torn, flayed, and wounded: it will never be well again all its life!" And out of compassion she took out her butter, and greased the ruts over right and left, so that the wheels might run more easily through them, and, while she stooped in doing this, a cheese rolled out of her pocket down the mountain. Catherine said when she saw it, "I have already once made the journey up, and I am not coming down after you: another shall run and fetch you." So saying, she took another cheese out of her pocket, and rolled it down; but, as it did not return, she thought "Perhaps they are waiting for a companion, and don't like to come alone," and down she bowled a third cheese. Still all three stayed, and she said, "I cannot think what this means; perhaps it is that the third cheese has missed his way: I will send a fourth, that he may call him as he goes by." But this one acted no better than the others, and Catherine became so anxious that she threw down a fifth and a sixth cheese also, and they were the last. For a long time after this she waited, expecting they would come, but when she found they did not she cried out, "You are nice fellows to send after a dead man! you stop a fine time! but do you think I shall wait for you? Oh, no! I shall go on; you can follow me; you have younger legs than I."

So saying, Catherine walked on and came up with Fred, who was waiting for her, because he needed something to eat. "Now," said he, "give me quickly what you brought." She

handed him the dry bread. "Where are the butter and cheese?" cried her husband. "Oh, Fred, dear," she replied, "with the butter I have smeared the ruts, and the cheeses will soon come, but one ran away, and I sent the others after it to call it back!"

"It was silly of you to do so," said Fred, "to grease the roads with butter, and to roll cheeses down the hill!"

"If you had but told me so," said Catherine, vexatiously,

So they ate the dry bread together, and presently Fred said, "Catherine, did you make things fast at home before you came out?"

"No, Fred," said she, "you did not tell me.

"Then go back and lock up the house before we go further; bring something to eat with you, and I will stop here for you."

Back went Catherine, thinking, "Ah! Fred will like something else to eat. Butter and cheese will not please; I will bring with me a bag of dried apples and a mug of vinegar to drink." When she had put these together she bolted the upper half of the door, but the under door she raised up and carried away on her shoulder, thinking that certainly the house was well protected if she took such good care of the door! Catherine walked along now very leisurely, for said she to herself, "Fred will have all the longer rest!" and as soon as she reached him she gave him the door, saying, "There, Fred, now you have the house door, you can take care of the house yourself."

"Oh! my goodness," exclaimed the husband, "what a clever wife I have! she has bolted the top door, but brought away the bottom part, where any one can creep through! Now it is too late to go back to the house, but since you brought the door here you may carry it onwards."

"The door I will willingly carry," replied Catherine, "but the apples and the vinegar will be too heavy, so I shall hang them on the door, and make that carry them!"

Soon after they came into a wood and looked about for the thieves, but they could not find them, and when it became dark they climbed up into a tree to pass the night. But

scarcely had they done this when up came the fellows who carry away what should not go with them, and find things before they are lost. They laid themselves down right under the tree upon which Fred and Catherine were, and, making a fire, prepared to share their booty. Then Fred slipped down on the other side, and collected stones with which he climbed the tree again to beat the thieves with. The stones, however, did them no harm, for the fellows called out, "Ah! it will soon be morning, for the wind is shaking down the chesnuts." All this while Catherine still had the door upon her shoulder, and, as it pressed very heavily, she thought the dried apples were in fault, and said to Fred, "I must throw down these apples." "No, Catherine," said he, "not now, they might discover us." "Ah, I must though, they are so heavy."

"Well, then, do it in the hangman's name!" cried Fred.

As they fell down the rogues said, "Ah! the birds are pulling off the leaves."

A little while after Catherine said again, "Oh! Fred, I must pour out the vinegar, it is so heavy."

"No, no!" said he, "it will discover us."

"Ah! but I must, Fred, it is very heavy," said Catherine.

"Well, then, do it in the hangman's name!" cried Fred.

So she poured out the vinegar, and as it dropped on them the thieves said, "Ah! the dew is beginning to fall."

Not many minutes after Catherine found the door was still quite as heavy, and said again to Fred, "Now I must throw down this door."

"No, Catherine," said he, "that would certainly discover us."

"Ah! Fred, but I must; it presses me so terribly."

"No, Catherine, dear! do hold it fast," said Fred.

"There—it is gone!" said she.

"Then let it go in the hangman's name!" cried Fred, while it fell crashing through the branches. The rogues below thought the Evil One was descending the tree, and ran

off, leaving everything behind them. And early in the morning Fred and his wife descended, and found all their gold under the tree.

As soon as they got home again, Fred said, "Now, Catherine, you must be very industrious and work hard."

"Yes, my dear husband," said she; "I will go into the fields to cut corn." When she was come into the field she said to herself, "Shall I eat before I cut, or sleep first before I cut?" She determined to eat, and soon became so sleepy over her meal, that when she began to cut she knew not what she was doing, and cut off half her clothes, gown, petticoat, and all. When after a long sleep Catherine awoke, she got up half stripped, and said to herself, "Am I myself! or am I not? Ah! I am not myself." By-and-by night came on, and Catherine ran into the village and, knocking at her husband's window, called, "Fred!"

"What is the matter?" cried he.

"I want to know if Catherine is in doors?" said she.

"Yes, yes!" answered Fred, "she is certainly within, fast asleep."

"Then I am at home," said she, and ran away.

Standing outside Catherine found some thieves, wanting to steal, and going up to them she said, "I will help you."

At this the thieves were very glad, not doubting but that she knew where to light on what they sought. But Catherine, stepping in front of the houses, called out, "Good people, what have you that we can steal?" At this the thieves said, "You will do for us with a vengeance!" and they wished they had never come near her; but in order to rid themselves of her they said, "Just before the village, the parson has some roots lying in his field; go and fetch us some."

Catherine went as she was bid, and began to grub for them, and soon made herself very dirty with the earth. Presently a man came by and saw her, and stood still, for he thought it was the Evil One who was grovelling so among the roots. Away he

ran into the village to the parson, and told him the Evil One was in his field, rooting up the turnips. "Ah! heavens!" said the parson, "I have a lame foot, and I cannot go out to exorcise him."

"Then I will carry you a pick-a-back," said the man, and took him up.

Just as they arrived in the field, Catherine got up and drew herself up to her full height.

"Oh! it is the Evil One!" cried the parson, and both he and the man hurried away; and, behold! the parson ran faster with his lame legs, through fear and terror, than the countryman could with his sound legs!



THE TWO BROTHERS.

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers ; the one rich and the other poor. The rich man was a Goldsmith and of an evil disposition ; but the poor brother maintained himself by mending brooms, and withal was honest and pious. He had two children,—twins, as like one another as two drops of water,—who used often to go into their rich uncle's house and receive a meal off the fragments which he left. One day it happened when the poor man had gone into the wood for twigs that he saw a bird which was of gold and more beautiful than he had ever before set eyes on. He picked up a stone and flung it at the bird, and luckily hit it, but so slightly 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 ! ” and gave him 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 which contained an egg, also

of gold. This he took home as before to his brother, who said it was of pure gold, and gave him what it was worth, but said that he must have the bird itself. For the third time now the poor brother went into the forest, and saw the golden bird sitting again upon the tree, and taking up a stone he threw it at it, and, securing it, took it to his brother, who gave him for it a large pile of gold. With this the man thought he might return, and went home light-hearted.

But the Goldsmith was crafty and bold, knowing 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 an ordinary one certainly, for it possessed this wonderful power, that whoever should eat its heart and liver would find henceforth every morning a gold piece under his pillow. The wife made the bird ready, and putting it on a spit set it down to roast. Now it happened that while it was at the fire, and the woman was gone out of the kitchen on some other necessary work, the two children of the poor Broom-mender ran in, and began to turn the spit round at the fire for amusement. Presently two little titbits fell down into the pan out of the bird, and one of the boys said, "Let us eat these two little pieces, I am so hungry, and nobody will find it out." So they quickly despatched the two morsels, and presently the woman came back, and, seeing at once they had eaten something, asked them what it was. "Two little bits which fell down out of the bird," was the reply. "They were the heart and liver!" exclaimed the woman, quite frightened, and, in order that her husband might not miss them and be in a passion, she quickly killed a little chicken, and, taking out its liver and heart, put it inside the golden bird. As soon as it was done enough she carried it to the Goldsmith, who devoured it quite alone, and left nothing at all on the plate. The next morning, however, when he looked under his pillow, expecting to find the gold pieces, there was not the smallest one possible to be seen.

The two children did not know what good luck had fallen upon them, and, when they got up the next morning, something fell ringing upon the ground, and as they picked it up they found it was two gold pieces. They took them to their father, who wondered very much, and considered 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 narrated to him the whole story. The Goldsmith perceived at once what had happened, that the children had eaten the heart and liver of his bird; and in order to revenge himself, and because he was so covetous and hard-hearted, he persuaded the father that his children were in league with the devil, and warned him not to take the gold, but to turn them out of the house, for 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 severe pang, he led his children out into the forest and left them there with a sad heart.

Now, the two children ran about the wood, seeking the road home, but could not find it, so that they only wandered farther away. At last they met a Huntsman, who asked them to whom they belonged. "We are the children of the poor Broommender," they replied, and told him that their father could no longer keep them at home, because a gold piece lay under their pillows every morning. "Well," replied the Huntsman, "that does not seem right, if you are honest, and not idle." And the good man, having no children of his own, took home with him the twins, because they pleased him, and told them he would be their father and bring them up. With him they learnt all kinds of hunting, and the gold pieces, which each one found at his uprising, they laid aside against a rainy day.

When now they became quite young men the Huntsman took them into the forest, and said, "To-day you must perform your shooting trial, that I may make you free-huntsmen like myself." So they went with him, and waited a long time, but no wild beast approached, and 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, and, when they had done this, another flock came flying over in the form of a figure of two, and from these they were also bid to shoot one at each corner. When they had likewise performed this deed successfully, their foster-father said, "I now make you free; for you are capital marksmen."

Thereupon the two brothers went together into the forest, laying plans and consulting with each other; 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: 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, overjoyed; "what you have asked is just what I wished; you can set out as soon as you like, for you will be prosperous."

Then they ate and drank together once more in great joy and hilarity.

When the appointed day arrived, 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 accompanied them a part of their way, and at leaving gave them a bare knife, saying, "If you should separate, stick this knife in a tree by the roadside, and then, if one returns to the same point, he can tell how his absent brother fares; for the side upon which there is a mark will, if he die, rust; but as long as he lives it will be as bright as ever."

The two brothers now journeyed on till they came to a forest so large, that they could not possibly get out of it in one day, so there they passed the night, and ate what they had in their hunters' pockets. The second day they still walked on, but came to no opening, and, having nothing to eat, one said,

"We must shoot something, or we shall die from 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 leverets give."

So saying, it ran back into the brushwood and brought out two hares, but they played about so prettily and actively that the Hunters could not make up their mind to kill them. So they took them with them, and the two leverets followed in their footsteps. Presently a Fox came up with them, and, as they were about to shoot it, it 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, whom the Hunters also aimed at, but he cried out as the others,

"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; and 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; they made eight; and now who came last? A Lion, shaking his mane. The two brothers were not frightened, 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 fetched his two young cubs, and now the Hunters had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two

hares following and waiting upon them. Meanwhile their hunger had received no satisfaction, and they said to the foxes, "Here, you slinks, 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 procure many fowls, and thither we will show you the way."

So they went into the village, and bought something to eat for themselves and their animals, and then went on further, for the Foxes were well acquainted with the country where the hen-roosts were, and so could direct the Huntsmen well.

For some little way they walked on without finding any situations where they could live together, so they said to one another, "It cannot be otherwise—we must separate." Then the two brothers divided the beasts, so that each one had a lion, a bear, a wolf, a fox, and a hare, and then they took leave of each other, promising to love one another till death; and 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 came afterwards with his animals to a town which was completely hung with black crape. He went into an inn and inquired if he could lodge his beasts, and the landlord gave him a stable, and in the wall was a hole through which the hare crept and seized upon a cabbage; the fox fetched himself a hen, and when he had eaten it he stole the cock also; but the lion, the bear, and the wolf, being too big for the hole, could get nothing. The master, therefore, made the host fetch an ox for them, on which they regaled themselves merrily, and so, having seen after 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 must every year have a pure maiden, or he would lay waste all the country. Now, all the maidens have been given up, and there is but one left—the King's daughter, who must also be given up, for there is no other escape, and to-morrow morning it is to happen."

The Huntsman asked, "Why is the Dragon not killed?"

"Ah!" replied the Landlord, "many knights have tried, but every one has lost his life; and the King has promised his own daughter to him who conquers the Dragon, and after his death the inheritance of his kingdom."

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 therein 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 entered, and drank out 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 arrived that the maiden should be delivered over to the Dragon, the King and his Marshal accompanied her with all the court. From a distance they perceived the Huntsman upon the mountain, and took him for the Dragon waiting for them, and so would not ascend; but at last, because the whole city must otherwise have been sacrificed, the Princess was forced to make the dreadful ascent. The King and his courtiers returned home full of grief, but the Marshal had to stop and watch it all from a distance.

As the King's daughter reached the top of the hill, she found there, not the Dragon, but the young Hunter, who comforted her, saying he would save her, and, leading her into the chapel, shut her up therein. In a short time the seven-headed

Dragon came roaring up with a tremendous noise, and, as soon as he perceived the Hunter, he was amazed, and asked, "What do you do here on my mountain?"

The Hunter replied that he came to fight him, and the Dragon said, breathing out fire as he spoke from his seven jaws, "Many a knight has already left his life behind him, and you I will soon kill as dead as they." The fire from its throats set the grass in a blaze, and would have suffocated the Hunter with the smoke, 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, and trying 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, but he beat him off, and, with his last strength, cut off his tail; and then, being unable to fight longer, he called his beasts, who came and tore the Dragon in pieces.

As soon as the battle was over, he went to the chapel and unlocked the door, and found the Princess lying on the floor; for, from anguish and terror, she had fainted away 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 in pieces, and said she was now safe for ever. 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 receiving the gold snap for his share. But her handkerchief, on which her name was marked, she presented to the Huntsman, who went and cut out the tongues of the Dragon's seven mouths, and, wrapping them in the handkerchief, preserved it carefully.

All this being done, the poor fellow felt so weary with the

battle with the Dragon and the fire that he said to the Princess, "Since we are both so tired, let us sleep awhile." She consented, and they lay down on the ground, and the Hunter bid the Lion watch that nobody surprised them. Soon they began to snore, and the Lion sat down near them to watch; but he was also weary with fighting, and said to the Bear, "Do you lie down near me, for I must sleep a bit; but wake me up if any one comes." So the Bear did as he was bid; but, soon getting tired, he asked the Wolf to watch for him. The Wolf consented, but before long he called the Fox, and said, "Do watch for me a little while, I want to have a nap, and you can wake me if any one comes." The Fox laid down by his side, but soon felt so tired himself that he called the Hare, and asked it 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, so by degrees he dropped off himself, 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.

Meanwhile the Marshal, who had been set to watch below, not seeing the Dragon fly away with the Princess, and all appearing very quiet, took heart and climbed up the mountain. There lay the Dragon, dead and torn in pieces on the ground, and not far off the King's daughter and a huntsman with his beasts, all reposing in a deep sleep. Now, the Marshal was very wickedly disposed, and, taking his sword, he cut off the head of the Huntsman, and then, taking the maiden under his arm, carried her down the mountain. At this she awoke, terrified, and the Marshal cried to her, "You are in my hands: you must say that it was I who have killed the Dragon."

"That I cannot," she replied, "for a hunter and his animals did it."

Then he drew his sword, and threatened her with death if she did not obey, till at last she was forced to consent. Thereupon he brought her before the King, who went almost beside

himself with joy at seeing again his dear daughter, whom he supposed had been torn in pieces by the monster. The Marshal told the King that he had killed the Dragon, and freed the Princess and the whole kingdom, and therefore he demanded her for a wife, as it had been promised. The King inquired of his daughter if it were true? "Ah yes," she replied, "it must be so; but I make a condition, that 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.

But up the Dragon's mountain the animals still laid asleep beside their dead master, when presently a great Bee came and settled on the Hare's nose, but it lifted its 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 it woke quite up. As soon as it had risen and shaken itself, it 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 attached to it; and the others would have fallen upon it, 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, and he who puts it in his mouth is healed immediately from all diseases or wounds; but this mountain lies two hundred hours' journey from hence."

The Lion said, "In four and twenty hours you must go and return here, bringing the root with you."

The Hare immediately ran off, and in four and twenty hours returned 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 immediately the Huntsman began to revive, and his heart beat and life returned. The Huntsman now awoke, and was frightened to see the maiden no longer with him, and he thought to himself, "Perhaps she ran away while I slept, to get rid of me." But, in his haste, the Lion had unluckily set his master's head on the wrong way, but the Hunter did not find it out till midday, when he wanted to eat, being so occupied with thinking about the Princess. Then, when he wished to help himself, he discovered his head was turned to his back, and, unable to imagine the cause, 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, on awaking, they had 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 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 mopish, and went about from place to place, letting his animals dance to the people for show. It chanced, after a year's time, that he came again into the same town where he had rescued 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 delivered to the Dragon, but our Marshal fought with it and slew it, and this day their marriage is to be celebrated; before the town was hung with crape in token of grief and lamentation, 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!"

"Well," said he, "I will wager you a hundred pieces that that doesn't come true."

The Huntsman took the bet, and laid down his money; and then, calling the Hare, he said, "Go, dear Jumper, and fetch me a bit of bread such as the King eats."

Now, the Hare was the smallest, and therefore could not entrust her business to any one else, but was obliged to make herself ready to go. "Oh!" thought it, "if I jump along the streets alone, the butchers' dogs will come out after me."

While it stood considering it happened as it thought; for the dogs came behind and were about to seize it for a choice morsel, but it made a spring (had you but seen it!), and escaped into a sentry-box without the soldier knowing it. The dogs came and tried to hunt it out, but, the soldier not understanding their sport, beat them off with a club so that they ran howling and barking away. As soon as the Hare saw the coast was clear, it 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 scratched her foot; and now she peeped down and recognised the Hare by its necklace. She took it up in her arms, and carried it 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 was accustomed to have. When it was brought, the Hare said, "The Baker must carry it for me, or the butchers' dogs will seize it." So the Baker carried it to the door of the inn, where the Hare got up on its hind legs, and, taking the bread in its forepaws, carried it to his master. Then the Huntsman said, "See here, my host: the hundred gold pieces are mine."

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." To this the Landlord demurred, but would not bet again; and his guest, calling the Fox, said, "My dear Fox, go and fetch me some of the meat which the King is to eat to-day."

The Fox was more cunning than the Hare, and 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 it crept. Presently it scratched her foot, and the Princess, looking down, recognised the Fox with her necklace, and, taking it into her room, she asked, "What do you want, dear Fox?" It replied, "My master who killed the Dragon is here, and sent me to beg a piece of the meat such as the King will eat to-day."

The Princess summoned the cook, and bade her prepare a dish of meat like the King's; and, when it was ready, 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 in to the Hunter.

"See here, Master Landlord," said he; "here are the bread and meat: now I will have the same vegetables as the King eats."

He called the Wolf, and said, "Dear Wolf, go and fetch me some vegetables the same as the King eats to-day."

The Wolf went straight to the castle like a person who feared nobody, and, when it came into the Princess's chamber, it plucked at her clothes behind so that she looked round. The maiden knew the Wolf by its necklace, and took it 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 vegetables like those the King eats to-day."

Then she bade the cook prepare a dish of vegetables 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 vegetables 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 sweatmeats 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 apartments. The Bear, however, got up on his hind legs, and gave the guard right and left a box on the ears with his paw, which knocked him down; and thereupon he went straight to the room of the Princess, and, getting behind her, growled slightly. She looked round, and perceived 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 let the sugar-baker be called, 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 into his master.

"See here, friend Landlord," said the Huntsman; "now I have bread, meat, vegetables, and sweetmeats from the table of the King; but I mean also to drink his wine."

He called the Lion, and said, "Dear Lion, I should be glad to have a draught: 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 attempted to stop him at the gates; but, just giving a little bit of a roar, they were so frightened that they all ran away. He walked on to the royal apartments, 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 recognising 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 to fetch him wine like that the King drinks at his own table." The Princess summoned 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." So he went with the butler; and, as they were come below, he was about to draw the ordinary wine such as was drunk by the King's servants, but the Lion cried, "Hold! I will first taste the wine;" and, drawing for himself half a cupful, he drank it, and said, "No; that is not the real wine." The butler looked at him askance, and went to draw from another cask which was made for the king's marshal. Then the Lion cried, "Hold! first I must taste;" and, drawing half a flagon full, he drank it off, and said, "This is better; but still not the right wine." At these words the butler put himself in a passion, and said, "What does such a stupid calf as you know about wine?" The Lion gave him a blow behind the ear, so that he fell down upon the ground; and, as soon as he came to himself, he led the Lion quite submissively into a peculiar little cellar where the King's wine was kept, of which no one ever dared to taste. But the Lion, first drawing for himself half a cupful, tried the wine, and saying, "This must be the real stuff," bade the butler fill six bottles with it. When this was done they mounted the steps again, and as the Lion came out of the cellar into the fresh air he reeled about, being a little elevated; so that the butler had to carry the wine-basket for him to the inn, where the Lion, taking it again in his mouth, carried it in to his master. The Hunter called the Landlord and said, "See here: now I have bread, meat, vegetables, sweetmeats, and wine, the very same as the King himself will eat to-day, and so I will make my dinner with my animals." They sat down and ate and drank away, 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 already betrothed, and to-day the wedding is to be celebrated?"

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, and will wager my house and garden upon it."

Thereupon the Huntsman took out a purse with a thousand gold pieces in it, and said, "I will bet you that against your house and garden."

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

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

The King sent a servant to the inn to invite the strange man to come, and arrived just as the Hunter had concluded his wager with the Landlord. So he said, "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 some servants to wait upon the man. As the Hunter saw them coming, he said to the Landlord, "See here, I am fetched just as I desired," 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 as the bridegroom. Now, against the walls was the seven-headed Dragon placed, stuffed as if he were yet alive; and the King said, "The seven heads of that Dragon were cut off by our Marshal, to whom this day I give my daughter in marriage."

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, not knowing what else to say, he stammered out, "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 all seven, and 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 her 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 weary and rested 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 had conquered the Dragon. Now that he has lied, I show these tongues, this necklace, and this handkerchief for proofs." And then he related how the beasts had cured him with a wonderful root, and that for a year he had wandered and at last had come hither again, where he had discovered the deceit of the Marshal through the innkeeper's tale. Then the King asked his daughter, "Is it true that this man killed the Dragon?"

"Yes," she replied, "it is true, for I dare not disclose the treachery of the Marshal, because he threatened me with instant death. But now it is known without my mention, and for this reason have I delayed the wedding a year and a day."

After these words the King ordered twelve councillors to be summoned who should judge the Marshal, and these condemned him to be torn in pieces by four oxen. So the marshal was executed, and the King gave his daughter to the Huntsman, and named him Stadholder over all his kingdoms. The wedding was celebrated with great joy, and the young King caused his father and foster-father to be brought to him, and loaded them with presents. He did not forget either the Landlord, but bade him welcome, and said to him, "See you here, my host: I have married the daughter of the King, and thy house and garden are mine." The Landlord said that was according to right; but the young King said, "It shall be according to mercy;" and he gave him back not only his house and garden, but also presented him with the thousand gold pieces he had wagered.

Now the young King and Queen were very happy, and lived together in contentment. He often went out hunting, because he delighted in it; and the faithful animals always accompanied him.

In the neighbourhood there was a forest which it was said was haunted, and that if one entered it he did not easily get out again. The young King, however, took a great fancy to hunt in it, and he let the old King have no peace till he consented to let him. Away then he rode with a great company; and, as he approached the forest, he saw a snow-white hind going into it; so, telling his companions to wait his return, he rode off among the trees, and only his faithful beasts accompanied him. The courtiers waited and waited till evening, but he did not return; so they rode home, and told the young Queen that her husband had ridden into the forest after a white doe, and had not again come out. 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 ; and, when he thought it was within range of his gun, with one spring it got away, till at last it disappeared altogether. Then he remarked for the first how deeply he had plunged into the thickets ; and, taking his horn, he gave a blast, but there was no answer, for his people could not hear it. Presently night began to close in ; and, perceiving that he could not get home that day, he dismounted, and, making a fire, prepared to pass the night. While he sat by the fire, with his beasts lying near all around him, he thought he heard a human voice, but, on looking round, he could see nobody. Soon after he heard again a groan, as if from a box ; and, looking up, he saw an old Woman sitting upon the 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 old lady, if you like to come down." But she was a Witch, and said, "I will throw you down a twig, which if you beat on their backs they will then do nothing to me." He did as he was requested ; and immediately they laid 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 too with a twig converted him also into a stone. Thereupon she laughed to herself, and buried him and his beasts in a grave where already were many more stones.

Meantime the young Queen was becoming more and more anxious and sad when her husband did not return ; and just then it happened that the other brother, who had travelled towards the east when they separated, came into the territory. He had been seeking and had found no service to enter, and was, therefore, travelling through the country, and making his animals dance for a living. Once he thought he would go and look at the knife which they had stuck in the tree at their separation, in order to see how his brother fared. When he looked

at it, lo ! his brother's side was half rusty and half bright ! At this he was frightened, and thought his brother had fallen into some great misfortune ; but he hoped yet to save him, for one half of the knife was bright. He therefore went with his beasts towards the west ; and, as he came to the capital city, the watch went out to him, and asked if he should mention his arrival to his bride, for the young Queen 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 certainly he was no one else than the young King, for he was so much like him, and had also the same wild beasts returning after him. The Huntsman perceived he was speaking of his brother, and 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. So he let himself be conducted by the watchman into the castle, and was there received with great joy, for the young Queen took him for her husband also, and asked him where he had stopped so long. He told her he had lost his way in a wood, and could not find his way out earlier.

For a couple of days he rested at home, 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 tried to dissuade him, but he was resolved, and went out with a great number of attendants. As soon as he got into the wood it happened to him as to his brother : he saw a white hind, and told his people to wait his return where they were, while he hunted the wild animal, and immediately rode off, his beasts following his footsteps. But he could not catch the hind any more than his brother ; and he went so deep into the wood that he was forced to pass the night there. As soon as he had made a fire he heard some one groaning above him, 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, " No, 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 till she yelled, 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; and, 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 quickly tell me where my brother is, I will tie your hands together, and throw you into the fire."

She was in great anguish, begged for mercy, and said, "He lies with his beasts in a grave turned into stone." Then he forced her to go with him, threatening her, and saying, "You old cat! 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 changed the stone back to what it was, and immediately his brother and the beasts stood before the Huntsman, 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 consumed, the forest itself disappeared, and all was clear and free from trees, so that one could see the royal palace, three miles off.

Now the two brothers went together home; and on the way told each other their adventures. And, when the younger one said he was lord over the whole land in place of the King, the other one said, "All that I was well aware of; for when I went into the city I was taken for you. And all kingly honour was paid to me, the young Queen even mistaking me for her

true husband, and making me sit at her table, and sleep in her room." When the first one heard this he became very angry, and so jealous and passionate, that, drawing his sword, he cut off the head of his brother. But as soon as he had done so, and saw the red blood flowing from the dead body, he repented sorely, and said, "My brother has saved me, and I have killed him for so doing;" and he groaned pitifully. Just then the Hare came up, and offered to fetch the healing root, and then, running off, brought it just at the right time, so that the dead man was restored to life again, and not even the mark of his wound was to be seen.

After this adventure they went on, and the younger brother said, "You see that we have both got on royal robes, and have both the same beasts following us; we will, therefore, enter the city at opposite gates, and arrive from the two quarters the same time, before the King."

So they separated; and at the same moment the watchman from each gate came to the King, and informed 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 asunder!" But in the meantime the two brothers had arrived in the castle-yard, and 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, and 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 exultingly, "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. At night when the young King went to bed his wife asked him why he had placed on the two previous nights a sword in the bed, for she thought it was to kill her. Then the young King knew how faithful his brother had been.



THE QUEEN BEE.

ONCE upon a time two King's sons set out to seek adventures, and fell into such a wild kind of life that they did not return home. So their youngest brother, Dumpling, went forth to seek them; but when he found them they mocked him, because of his simplicity. Nevertheless they journeyed on, all three together, till they came to an ant-hill, which the two eldest brothers would have overturned, to see how the little ants would run in their terror, carrying away their eggs; but Dumpling said, "Let the little creatures be in peace; I will not suffer them to be overturned!" Then they went further, till they came to a lake, on which ducks were swimming in myriads. The two brothers wanted to catch a pair and roast them; but Dumpling would not allow it, saying, "Let these fowls alone; I will not suffer them to be killed!" At last they came to a bee's nest, in which was so much honey that it was running out at the mouth of the nest. The two brothers would have

laid down under the tree and caught the bees as they passed, for the sake of their honey ; but Dummling again held them back, saying, "Leave the creatures alone ; I will not suffer them to be touched!"

After this the three brothers came to a castle, where in the stable stood several stone horses, but no man was to be seen ; and they went through all the rooms, until they came to a door quite at the end on which hung three locks, and in the middle of the door was a hole through which one could see into the room. Peeping through this hole, they saw a fierce-looking man sitting at the table. They called to him once, twice, but he heard not ; but as they called the third time he got up, opened the door, and came out. Not a word did he speak, but led them to a well-supplied table, and, when they had eaten and drunk, he took each of them into a sleeping chamber. The next morning the man came to the eldest, and, beckoning him up, led him to a stone table on which were written three sentences. The first was that under the moss in the wood lay the pearls of the King's daughter, a thousand in number, which must be sought for, and, if at sunset even one was wanting, he who had searched for them would be changed into stone. The eldest brother went off and searched the whole day, but only found a hundred, so that it happened to him as the table had said—he was changed into stone. The next day the second brother undertook the adventure, but he fared no better than the other, for he found but two hundred pearls, and he, therefore, was turned into stone. Then the turn came to Dummling, who searched the moss, but it was very difficult to find the pearls, and the work went on but slowly. Then he sat himself down on a stone, and wept, and, while he did so, the ant-king whose life he had formerly saved came up with five thousand companions, and before very long they searched for and found, and piled in a heap, the whole thousand pearls. But the second sentence was to fetch the key of the Princess's sleeping chamber out of a lake which, by chance, the brothers had passed. When Dummling came to the

lake, the ducks whose lives he had before saved swam up to him, and, diving below the water, quickly brought up the key. The third sentence, however, was the most difficult of all: of the three daughters of the King, to pick out the youngest and the prettiest. They were all asleep, and appeared all the same, without a single mark of difference, except that before they fell asleep they had eaten different sweetmeats—the eldest a piece of sugar, the second a little syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey. Presently in came the Queen Bee of all the bees, who had been saved by Dummling from the fire, and tried the mouth of all three. At last she settled on the mouth which had eaten the honey, and thus the King's son soon knew which was the right Princess. Then the spell was broken; every one was delivered from the sleep, and those who had been changed into stone received their human form again. Now Dumpling was married to the youngest and prettiest Princess, and became King at his father's death; but his two brothers were obliged to be content with the two other sisters.



THE THREE FEATHERS.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had three sons, two of whom were bold and decided, but the third was a simpleton, and, having nothing to say for himself, was called Dumpling. When the King became old and weak, and thought his end was approaching, he knew not which of his sons to appoint to succeed him. So he said to them, "Go out upon your travels, and whoever brings me back the finest carpet shall be king at my death." Then, to prevent their quarrelling, he led them out before his castle, and, blowing three feathers into the air, said, "As they fly, so shall you go."

One feather flew towards the east, another towards the west, but the third went in a straight direction, and soon fell to the ground. So one brother went right, another left, laughing at poor Dumpling, who had to remain where the third feather had fallen.

Dumpling sat himself down, and was sad at heart; but presently he remarked that near the feather was a trap-door. He raised it, and, finding steps, descended below the ground. He came to another door, and knocking, heard a voice singing—

"Frog, with the crooked leg,
Small and light green,
See who 'tis that knocks,
Be quick ; let him in !"

The door was opened, and, going in, he saw a large Frog, and round her were squatted several smaller ones. The big one asked what he desired ? and he replied, "I seek the finest and most beautiful carpet." The big Frog then called a young one, and said, "Bring me hither the great box." So the young Frog fetched it; and the old one, opening it, took out and gave to Dummling a carpet more beautiful than any one could make. Dummling thanked her for the gift and came up the steps again.

His two brothers meanwhile, thinking their youngest brother so simple, believed that he would not bring home anything at all, and said to each other, "Let us take the best shawl we can from the back of some shepherd's wife." So they stole the first they met with, and carried it to the King. At the same time Dummling arrived, bringing his fine and beautiful carpet, and as soon as the King saw it he was astonished, and said, "By right, this kingdom belongs to the youngest of you."

But the two others let the King have no peace, saying, "It is impossible that Dummling should have the kingdom, for he lacks common understanding." So the King then decreed that whoever brought him the most beautiful ring should be his heir ; and, taking the three brothers out, he blew, as before, three feathers into the air, for them to follow. The two eldest went east and west, but Dummling's feather flew again as far as the trap-door, and there settled down. He descended a second time to the fat old Frog, and told her he needed the most beautiful ring in the world. The Frog ordered her jewel-casket to be brought, and gave him out of it a ring which sparkled with diamonds, and was finer than any goldsmith in the world could have made. The two eldest brothers gave themselves no further trouble than the beating of a nail, which they carried to the King. But, as soon as Dummling displayed

his gold ring, the father said, "The kingdom belongs to him." The two eldest brothers, however, would not let the King be at peace until he appointed a third condition, which was, that whoever brought him the prettiest woman should have the kingdom. A third time he blew the feathers into the air, and they flew, as before, east and west, and one straight out.

Now Dummling went again down to the fat Frog, and said, "I have to take home the most beautiful bride I can find." "Ah," said the Frog, "the most beautiful bride! that is not easy for every one, but you shall have her;" and, so saying, she gave him a hollow carrot, to which six little mice were harnessed. Dummling asked sadly what he was to do with them, and the Frog told him to place in the carriage one of her little handmaids. He took up one Frog at random out of the circle, and placed her in the carrot; but no sooner was she seated than she became a beautiful maiden, and the carrot and the six mice were changed into a fine carriage and horses. Dummling kissed the maiden, and drove away from the place to the King's palace. His brothers came afterwards, having given themselves no trouble to find a pretty girl, but taking the first peasants they met. When the King had seen them all, he said, "At my death the kingdom belongs to my youngest son."

But the two elder brothers again besieged the ears of the King with their cries, saying, "We cannot allow that Dummling should be king;" and they requested that there should be a trial for the superiority, to see whose wife could best jump through a ring which hung in the hall; for they thought to themselves, "These peasant girls will be strong enough, but that tender thing will kill herself in the attempt." At last the King consented. The two peasant girls sprang easily through the ring, but they were so plump that they fell down and broke their arms and legs. Then the beautiful bride of Dummling sprang through as lightly and gracefully as a fawn, and all opposition was put an end to. So Dummling, after all, received the crown, and ruled a long time happily and wisely.



THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

THERE was once a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was named Dumpling, and on that account was despised and slighted, and put back on every occasion. It happened that the eldest wished to go into the forest to hew wood, and before he went his mother gave him a fine large pancake and a bottle of wine to take with him. Just as he got into the forest, he met a grey old man, who bade him good-day, and said, "Give me a piece of your pancake and a sip of your wine, for I am very hungry and thirsty." The prudent youth, however, would not, saying, "If I should give you my cake and wine, I shall have nothing left for myself; no, pack off!" and he left the man there and went onwards. He now began to hew down a tree, but he had not made many strokes before he missed his aim, and the axe cut into his arm so deeply that he was forced to go home and have it bound up. But this wound came from the little old man.

Afterwards the second son went into the forest, and the mother gave him, as she had given the eldest, a pancake and a bottle of wine. The same little old man met him also, and requested a piece of his cake and a draught from his bottle. But he likewise refused, and said, "What I give to you I cannot have for myself; go, take yourself off!" and, so speaking, he left the old man there and went onwards. His reward, however, soon came, for when he had made two strokes at the tree he cut his own leg, so that he was obliged to return home.

Then Dummling asked his father to let him go and hew wood; but his father said, "No; your brothers have harmed themselves in so doing, and so will you, for you do not understand anything about it." But Dummling begged and prayed so long, that his father at length said, "Well then, go, and you will become prudent through experience." His mother gave him only a cake which had been baked in the ashes, and a bottle of sour beer. As he entered the forest, the same grey old man greeted him, and asked, "Give me a piece of your cake and a draught out of your bottle, for I am hungry and thirsty."

Dummling answered, "I have only a cake baked in the ashes and a bottle of sour beer, but, if they will suit you, let us sit down and eat."

They sat down, and as soon as Dummling took out his cake, lo! it was changed into a nice pancake, and the sour beer had become wine. They ate and drank, and when they had done the little man said, "Because you have a good heart, and have willingly shared what you had, I will make you lucky. There stands an old tree, cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." Thereupon the little man took leave.

Dummling went directly and cut down the tree, and, when it fell, there sat among the roots a goose which had feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and carried it with him to an inn where he intended to pass the night. The landlord had three daughters, who, as soon as they saw the goose, were very

covetous of such a wonderful bird, even to have but one of its feathers. The eldest girl thought she would watch an opportunity to pluck out one, and just as Dummling was going out she caught hold of one of the wings, but her finger and thumb stuck there, and she could not move. Soon after came the second, desiring also to pluck out a feather; but scarcely had she touched her sister when she was bound fast to her. At last the third came also, with like intention, and the others exclaimed, "Keep away, for heaven's sake keep away!" But she did not see why she should, and thought, "The others are there, why should not I be too?" and, springing up to them, she touched her sister, and at once was made fast, so they had to pass the night with the goose.

The next morning Dumpling took the goose under his arm and went out, without troubling himself about the three girls, who were still hanging on, and who were obliged to keep on the run behind him, now to the left and now to the right, just as he thought proper. In the middle of a field the Parson met them, and when he saw the procession he cried out, "For shame, you good-for-nothing wenches, what are you running after that young man across the fields for? Come, pray leave off that sport!" So saying, he took the youngest by the hand and tried to pull her away, but as soon as he touched her he also stuck fast, and was forced to follow in the train. Soon after came the Clerk, and saw his master the Parson following in the footsteps of the three maidens. The sight astonished him much, and he called, "Holloa, master! where are you going so quickly? have you forgotten that there is a christening to-day?" and he ran up to him and caught him by the gown. The Clerk also could not release himself, and so there tramped the five, one behind another, till they met two countrymen returning with their hatchets in their hands. The Parson called out to them, and begged them to come and release him and the Clerk; but no sooner had they touched the Clerk than they stuck fast to him, and so now there were seven all in a line

following behind Dummling and the golden goose. By-and-by he came into a city, where a King ruled who had a daughter so seriously inclined that no one could make her laugh; so he had made a law that whoever should cause her to laugh should have her to wife.

Now, when Dummling heard this, he went with his goose and all his train before the Princess, and, as soon as she saw these seven poor creatures continually on the trot behind one another, she began to laugh so heartily as if she were never going to cease. Dummling thereupon demanded his bride; but his intended son-in-law did not please the King, who, after a variety of excuses, at last said he must bring him a man who could drink a cellarful of wine. Dummling bethought himself of the grey little man, who would, no doubt, be able to help him; and going into the forest, on the same spot where he had felled the tree, he saw a man sitting with a very melancholy countenance. Dummling asked him what he was taking to heart so sorely? and he answered, "I have such a great thirst and cannot quench it; for cold water I cannot bear, and a cask of wine I soon empty; for what good is such a drop as that to a hot stone?"

"There I can help you," said Dummling; "come with me, and you shall be satisfied."

He led him into the King's cellar, and the man drank and drank away at the cask till his veins swelled; but before the day was out he had emptied all the wine-barrels. Dummling now demanded his bride again, but the King was vexed that such an ugly fellow, whom every one called Dummling, should take away his daughter, and he made a new condition that he must first find a man who could eat a whole mountain of bread. Dummling did not consider long, but set off into the forest, where, on the same spot as before, there sat a man, who was strapping his body round with a leather strap, and all the while making a horrible face, and saying, "I have eaten a whole ovenful of rolls; but what use is that, when one has such a hunger

as I? My stomach remains empty still, and I must strap myself to prevent my dying of hunger!"

At these words Dummling was glad, and said, "Get up, and come with me, and you shall eat enough to satisfy you."

He led him to the royal palace, where the King had collected all the meal in his whole kingdom, ~~and~~ had caused a huge mountain of bread to be baked with it. The man out of the wood, standing before it, began to eat, and in the course of the day the whole mountain had vanished.

Dummling then, for the third time, demanded his bride, but the King began again to make fresh excuses, and desired a ship which could travel both on land and water.

"So soon as you return blessed with that," said the King, "you shall have my daughter for your bride."

Dummling went, as before, straight into the forest, and there he found the little old grey man to whom he had given his cake. When Dummling had said what he wanted, the old man gave him the vessel which could travel both on land and water, with these words, "Since I have eaten and drunk with you, I give you the ship, and all this I do because you were good-natured."

As soon now as the King saw the ship he could not any longer keep back his daughter, and the wedding was celebrated, and, after the King's death, Dummling inherited the kingdom, and lived for a long time contentedly with his bride.



A L L E R L E I R A U H.

(THE COAT OF ALL COLOURS.)

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THERE was once a King whose wife had golden hair, and was altogether so beautiful that her equal was not to be found in the world. It happened that she fell ill, and when she felt she must soon die she called the King, and said, "If you marry again after my death, take no one who is not as beautiful as I have been, nor who has not golden hair like mine, and this you must promise me." After the King had promised she closed her eyes, and soon died.

For a long time the King would not be comforted, and thought not of taking a second wife, but his councillors said at last that he must marry again. Then messengers were sent far and wide to seek such a bride as should be as beautiful as the late Queen, but there was no one to be found in the whole world so beautiful, and with such golden hair. So the messengers returned home without accomplishing anything.

Now, the King had a daughter who was just as beautiful

as her dead mother, and had also the same golden hair, and, as she grew up, the King saw how like she was to his lost wife. He told his councillors that he wished to marry his daughter to his oldest councillor, and that she should be as Queen. When the oldest councillor heard this he was delighted. But the daughter was frightened at the resolve of the King, but hoped yet to turn him from his intention. So she said to him, "Before I fulfil your wish I must first have three dresses: one as golden as the sun, another as silver as the moon, and a third as shining as the stars; further, I desire a cloak composed of thousands of skins and hides, and to which every beast in your kingdom must contribute a portion of his skin."

The Princess thought this would be impossible to do, and so she should reclaim her father from his intention. But the King would not give it up, and the cleverest maidens in his kingdom had to weave the three dresses, one as golden as the sun, a second as silver as the moon, and a third as shining as the stars, while his Huntsmen had to catch all the beasts in the whole kingdom, and from each take a piece of his skin wherewith a mantle of a thousand pieces was made. At length, when all was ready, the King let the mantle be fetched, and, spreading it before him, said, "To-morrow shall the wedding be."

When the King's daughter now saw that there was no hope left of turning her father from his resolve, she determined to flee away. In the night, while all slept, she got up and took three of her treasures, a golden ring, a gold spinning-wheel, and a gold reel; she put also in a nutshell the three dresses of the sun, moon, and stars, and, putting on the mantle of all skins, she dyed her hands and face black with soot. Then, commanding herself to God, she set off and travelled the whole night till she came to a large wood, where, feeling very tired, she took refuge in a hollow tree, and went to sleep. The sun arose, and she still slept and slept on till it was again far into the morning. Then it happened that the King who owned this forest came to hunt in it. As soon as his dogs ran to the tree they snapped

about it, barked, and growled, so that the King said to his Huntsmen, " See what wild animal it is that is concealed there." The Hunters obeyed his orders, and, when they returned, they said, " In that hollow lies a wonderful creature whose like we have never before seen ; its skin is composed of a thousand different colours, but it lies quite quiet and asleep." The King said, " Try if you can catch it alive, and then bind it to the carriage, and we will take it with us."

As soon as the Hunters caught hold of the Maiden she awoke full of terror, and called out to them, " I am a poor child forsaken by both father and mother ! pray pity me and take me with you !" They named her " Allerleirauh," because of her mantle, and took her home with them to serve in the kitchen, and rake out the ashes. They went to the royal palace, and there they showed her a little stable under the step where no daylight could enter, and told her she could live and sleep there. Afterwards she went into the kitchen, and there she had to carry water and wood to make the fire, to pluck the fowls, to peel the vegetables, to rake out the ashes, and to do all manner of dirty work.

Here, for a length of time, Allerleirauh lived wretchedly ; but it happened once that a feast was held in the palace, and she asked the Cook, " May I go and look on for a little while ? I will place myself just outside the door." The Cook said, " Yes, but in half an hour's time you must return and rake out the ashes."

Allerleirauh took an oil-lamp, and, going to her stable, put off the gown of skins, and washed the soot from her face and hands so that her real beauty was displayed. Then she opened her nut, and took out the dress which shone as the sun, and as soon as she was ready she went up to the ball-room, where every one made way for her, supposing that she was certainly some Princess. The King himself soon came up to her, and, taking her hand, danced with her, thinking the while in his heart that he had never seen any one like her. As soon as the dance was

finished she curtsied, and before the King could look round she had disappeared, and nobody knew whither. The Watchmen also at the gates were called and questioned, but they had not seen her.

She had run back to her stable, and, having quickly taken off her dress, had again blackened her face and hands, and put on the dress of all skins, and became "Allerleirauh" once more. As soon as she went into the kitchen to do her work in sweeping up the ashes, the Cook said, "Let that be for once till the morning, and cook the King's supper for me instead, while I go up stairs to have a peep; but mind you do not let one of your hairs fall in, or you will get nothing to eat for the future."

So saying, she went away, and Allerleirauh cooked the King's supper, making some soup as good as she possibly could, and when it was ready she went into the stable, and fetched her gold ring, and laid it in the dish. When the dance was at an end, the King ordered his supper to be brought, which, when he had tasted, he thought he had never eaten anything so nice before. Just as he nearly finished it he saw a gold ring at the bottom, and, not being able to imagine how it came there, he commanded the Cook to be brought before him. The Cook was terrified when he heard this order, and said to Allerleirauh, "Are you certain you did not let a hair fall into the soup, for if it is so, you will catch a beating?"

Then he came before the King, who asked who had cooked the supper, and he answered, "I did." But the King said, "That is not true; for it is of a much better kind and much better cooked than usual." Then the Cook said, "I must confess that not I, but Allerleirauh, cooked it." So the King commanded that she should be brought up.

When Allerleirauh came, the King asked,—

"Who are you?"

"I am a poor child, without father or mother," replied she.

"Why did you come to my palace?" then inquired the King.

"I am good for nothing else but to have the boots thrown at my head," said she.

The King asked again, "Where did you get this ring, then, which was in the soup?"

Allerleirauh said, "I know nothing of it." And, as she would say no more, she was at last sent away.

After a time there was another ball, and Allerleirauh asked the Cook's permission to go again and look on, and he consented, and told her, "Return here in half an hour to cook the King again the same soup which he liked so much before."

Allerleirauh ran into the stable, and, washing herself quickly, took out of the shell the dress which was silver as the moon, and put it on. Then she went up to the ball-room and appeared like a princess, and the King, stepping up to her, was very glad to see her again; and, as the dancing was just oegun, they joined it. But as soon as it was over, his partner disappeared so quickly, that the King did not notice where she went. She ran to her stable and changed her garments again, and then went into the kitchen to make the soup. While the Cook was up stairs, she fetched the golden spinning-wheel and put it in the tureen, so that the soup was served up with it. Afterwards it was brought before the King, who ate it, and found it taste as good as the former; and the Cook was called, who was obliged to confess again that Allerleirauh had made it. Allerleirauh was accordingly taken before the King, but she repeated what she had before said, that she was of no use but to have boots thrown at her, and that she knew nothing of the gold spinning-wheel.

Not long afterwards a third fête was given by the King, at which everything went as before. The Cook said to Allerleirauh when she asked leave to go, "You are certainly a witch, and always put something in the soup which makes it taste better than mine. Still, since you beg so hard, you shall go at the usual time." This time she put on the dress shining as the stars, and stepped with it into the ball-room. The King

danced again with her, and thought he had never seen any maiden so beautiful, and while the dance went on he slipped the gold ring on to her finger without her perceiving it, and told the musicians to prolong the time. When at last it ended, he would have kept fast hold of her hand, but she tore herself away, and sprang so quickly in among the people that she disappeared from his sight. Allerleirauh ran as well as she could back to her stable; but she had stayed over and above the half hour, and she had not time to pull off her beautiful dress, but was obliged to throw over it her cloak of skins. She did not either quite finish the blacking of her skin, but left one finger white. Then she ran into the kitchen, cooked the soup for the King, and put in it the reel while the Cook stayed up stairs. Afterwards, when the King found the reel at the bottom of his soup, he summoned Allerleirauh, and perceived at once her white finger, and the ring which he had put on it during the dance. He took her by the hand, and held her fast, and when she tried to force herself from him and run away, her cloak of skins fell partly off, and the starry dress was displayed to view. The King then pulled the cloak wholly off, and down came her golden hair, and there she stood in all her beauty, and could no longer conceal herself. As soon, then, as the soot and ashes were washed off her face, she stood up and appeared more beautiful than any one could conceive possible on earth. But the King said to her, "You are my dear bride, and we will never separate from each other." Thereupon was the wedding celebrated, and they lived happily to the end of their lives.



THE RABBIT'S BRIDE.

ONCE there was a woman and her daughter who lived in a garden full of fine cabbages, but a Rabbit came in and ate them up. The woman said one day to her daughter, "Go into the garden and hunt that Rabbit."

Mary said to the Rabbit, "There, there, little Rabbit! do not eat all the cabbages."

"Come with me, Mary," it said, "and sit upon my bushy tail, and go with me to my bushy house."

Mary would not; and the next day the Rabbit came again, and ate the cabbages, and the woman said to the daughter, "Go into the garden, and hunt the Rabbit."

Mary said to the Rabbit, "There, there, little Rabbit ! do not eat all the cabbages."

"Come with me, then, Mary," said the Rabbit; "sit upon my bushy tail, and come with me to my bushy house."

Mary would not; and the third day the Rabbit came again,

and ate the cabbages, and the woman said again to her daughter, "Go into the garden, and hunt the Rabbit."

Mary said to the Rabbit, "There, there, little Rabbit! eat not all our cabbages."

"Come with me, then, Mary," said the Rabbit; "sit upon my bushy tail, and come with me to my bushy house."

So Mary this time sat herself upon the Rabbit's tail, and it carried her out to his hut, and said, "Now cook me green lettuces and bran, while I will ask the wedding guests." Soon all the visitors came. (Who, then, were the wedding guests? That I cannot tell you, except as another has told me: they were all Rabbits, and the Crow was there as the parson to marry the bride and bridegroom, and the Fox as the clerk, and the altar was under a rainbow.)

But Mary was sad, because she was alone, and the little Rabbit came and said, "Get up, get! the wedding folks are merry and pleased."

Mary said, "No," and wept, and the little Rabbit went away, but soon returned, and said, "Get up, get up! the wedding folks are hungry."

The Bride said "No!" again, and still cried. The little Rabbit went away, but soon came back, and said again, "Get up, get up! the wedding folks are waiting for you."

Mary said "No!" again, and the little Rabbit went away; but she made a doll of straw with her own clothes, and gave it a red lip, and set it on the kettle with bran, and went home to her mother. Once more came the little Rabbit, and said, "Get up, get up!" and, going towards the doll, he knocked it on the head, so that it fell over on one side.

Then the little Rabbit thought his bride was dead, and went away very sad and sorrowful.



THE TWELVE HUNTERS.



A CERTAIN King's son, unknown to his father, was betrothed to a Maiden whom he loved very much, and once while he was sitting by her side, happy and contented, news came that his father was very ill, and desired to see him before his end. So the Prince said to his beloved, "I must go away and leave you; I will give you this ring for a memorial. When I become King I will return and take you home with me."

So saying, he rode off; and when he arrived he found his father at the point of death. The old King said to him, "My dearest son, I have desired to see you once more before I died, that I may have your promise to marry according to my wishes;" and he named to him a certain Princess whom he was to make his bride. The young King was so grieved that he did not know what he was saying, and so promised his father that he would fulfil his wish. Soon afterwards the old King closed his eyes in death.

When the time of mourning for the late King was over, the

young Prince, who had succeeded to the throne, was called upon to fulfil the promise which he had given to his father, and the Princess was betrothed to him accordingly. By chance the Maiden heard of this, and grieved so much about the faithlessness of her beloved that she fast faded away. Then her father said to her, "My dear child, why are you sad? whatever you wish for you shall have."

For a few minutes she considered, and at last said, "Dear father, I wish for eleven maidens exactly like myself in figure and stature."

Her father told her that if it were possible her wish should be carried out, and he ordered a search to be made in his country until eleven maidens were found resembling exactly his daughter in figure and stature. When they came to the Maiden she had twelve 'hunters' dresses made all exactly alike, and each of the maidens had to put on one, while she herself drew on the twelfth. Thereupon she took leave of her father, and rode away with her companions to the court of her former betrothed, whom she loved so much. There she inquired if he needed any Huntsmen; and if he would not take them all into his service. The King looked at her without recognising her, and as they were such handsome people he consented to take them, and so they became the twelve royal Huntsmen.

The King, however, possessed a Lion who was such a wonderful beast that he knew all hidden and secret affairs. So one evening he said to the King, "Do you suppose that you have got twelve Huntsmen?" "Yes," replied he; "twelve Huntsmen." "You are mistaken there," replied the Lion; "they are twelve maidens."

"That can never be true," said the King; "how will you prove it to me?"

"Order some peas to be strewn in your ante-room," said the Lion, "and you will at once see; for men have a firm tread when walking on peas, and do not slip, but maidens trip, and stumble, and slide, and make the peas roll about."

This advice pleased the King, and he ordered peas to be strewn.

Now, there was a servant of the King's who was kind to the Huntsmen; and, as he heard that they were to be put to this trial, he went and told them all that had passed, and that the Lion wished to show the King that they were maidens. The Maiden thanked him, and told her companions to compel themselves to tread firmly on the peas. When, therefore, the next morning the King summoned the twelve Hunters, and they came into the ante-room, they trod firmly upon the peas with so sturdy a step that not one rolled or moved in the least. Afterwards, when they had left the room, the King said to the Lion, " You have deceived me ; they walk like men ! "

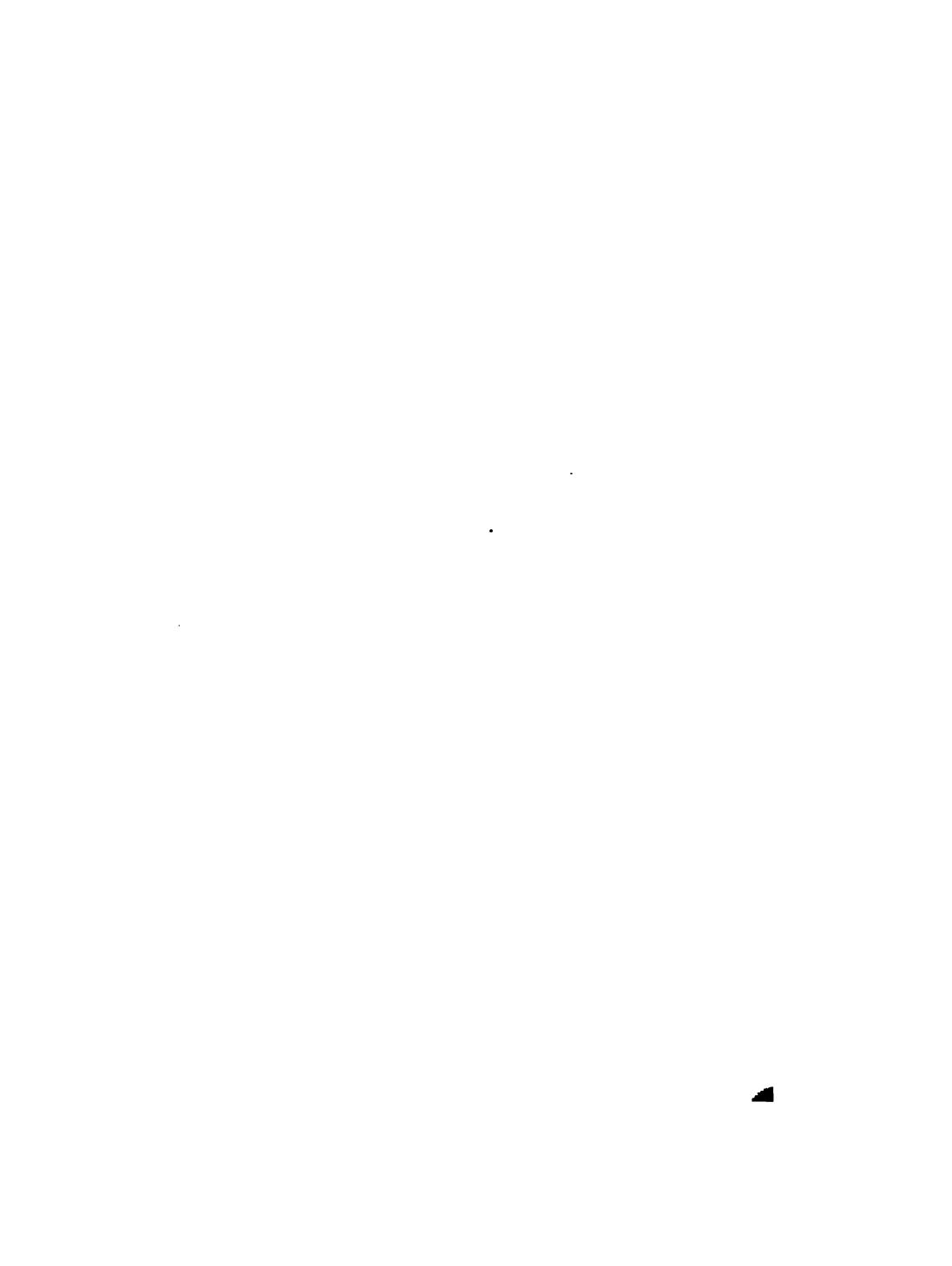
The Lion replied, " They knew that they were to be put to the proof, and so summoned all their strength. Let twelve spinning-wheels be now brought into the ante-room, and, when they come to pass them, they will be pleased at the sight thereof as no man would be."

This advice also pleased the King, and he caused the twelve spinning-wheels to be placed in the room.

But the servant who was kind to the Hunters went and disclosed the plan to the Maiden, who instructed her eleven attendants to take no notice whatever of the spinning-wheels. The following morning the King summoned his Hunters, and they passed through the ante-room without once looking round at the spinning-wheels. So the King said to the Lion again, " You have deceived me ; these are men, for they have not noticed the wheels."

The Lion replied as before, " They knew that they should be put on trial, and they have behaved accordingly ; " but the King would believe the Lion no more.

After this the twelve Hunters followed the King customarily in his sporting, and the longer he had them the more he seemed to like them. Now, it happened, that once as they were going out to the hunt, news came that the Princess who





had been betrothed to the young King was on her way to his court. As soon as the true betrothed heard this, she was so much overcome that all her strength forsook her, and she fell heavily to the ground. The King soon perceived that something had happened to his best Huntsman, and ran up to help him just as his glove was drawn off. He then saw upon one finger the ring which he had given to his first love, and, as he looked in the face of the supposed Huntsman, he recognised her. At this sight his heart was so touched that he kissed her, and, as she opened her eyes, he said, "You are mine, and I am thine, and no power on earth shall make it otherwise."

The King then sent a messenger to the Princess, begging her to return to her own country, for he had already a bride.

Soon afterwards the wedding was celebrated, and the Lion came again into favour, because, after all, he had spoken the truth.



THE ROGUE AND HIS MASTER.

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A CERTAIN man, named John, was desirous that his son should learn some trade, and he went into the church to ask the Priest's opinion what would be most desirable. Just then the Clerk was standing near the altar, and he cried out, "The rogue, the rogue!" At these words the man went away, and told his son he must learn to be a rogue, for so the Priest had said. So they set out, and asked one man and another whether he was a rogue, till, at the end of the day, they entered a large forest, and there found a little hut with an old woman in it.

John asked the old woman, "Do you know any man who can teach roguery?" "Here," said the old Woman, "here you may learn, for my son is a master of the art." Then John asked the son whether he could teach it perfectly? and the Rogue replied, "I will teach your son well; return in four years, and if you know your son then I will not ask any

recompense ; but if you do not, then you must give me two hundred dollars."

John now went home, and left his son to learn roguery and witchcraft. When the time was up, the father set out to see his son, considering as he went along by what he should know him. On his way he met a little man, who stopped him, and asked, " Why are you grieving and looking so mournful ?" " Oh," replied John, " four years ago I left my son to learn roguery, and the master said, if I returned in that time and knew my son, I should have nothing to pay ; but, if I did not know him, I must give him two hundred dollars ; and, since I have no means of recognising him, I am troubled where to procure the money."

Then the little man told him to take a basket of bread with him, and when he came to the Rogue's house to put the basket under a hollow tree which stood there, and the little Bird which should peep out would be his son.

John went and did as he was told, and out came a little Bird to peck at the bread. " Holloa, my son ! are you here ?" said John. The son was very glad to hear his father's voice, and said, " Father, let us go ;" but first the Rogue-master called out, " The Evil One must have told you where to find your son !"

So the father and son returned home, and on their way they met a coach, and the son said to his father, " I will change myself into a fine greyhound, and then you can earn some money by me."

The Lord who was riding in the coach called out, " Man, will you sell your dog ?"

" Yes," replied the father.

" How much do you want for him ?"

" Thirty dollars," was the reply.

" That is too much, my man," said the Lord, " but, on account of his very beautiful skin, I will buy him of you."

The bargain concluded, the dog was put inside the coach ;

but when they had travelled a mile or two the greyhound jumped right out through the glass, and rejoined his father.

After this adventure they went home together, and the following day they went to the next village, to market. On the way the son said, "Father, I will change myself into a horse, and then you can sell me; but first untie my bridle, and then I can change myself back into the form of man."

The father drove his horse to market, and thither came the Rogue-master and bought him for a hundred dollars, but the father forgot to untie the bridle.

The Rogue rode his horse home, and put him in the stable, and, when the maid came with the corn, the Horse said to her, "Undo my bridle, undo my bridle!"

"Ah, can you speak?" said she, terrified, and untied the horse directly. The horse therenpon became a sparrow, and flew away out at the door, pursued by the Rogue, who changed himself also into a bird. When they came up with each other, the Rogue changed himself into water, and the other into a fish. But the Rogue could not catch him so, and he changed himself into a cock, but the other instantly became a fox, and bit his master's head off, so that he died.

And he lies there to this very day.



THE THREE LUCK-CHILDREN.

THERE was once upon a time a father who called his three sons to him, and gave the first a cock, the second a scythe, and the third a cat, and then addressed them thus:—"I am very old, and my end draweth nigh, but I wish to show my care for you before I die. Money I have not, and what I now give you appears of little worth; but do not think that, for if each of you use his gift carefully, and seek some country where such a thing is not known, your fortunes will be made."

Soon after the father died, and the eldest son set out on his travels with his cock, but wherever he came such a creature was already well known. In the towns he saw it from afar, sitting upon the church steeples, and turning itself round with the wind; and in the villages he heard more than one crow, and nobody troubled himself about another, so that it did not seem as if he would ever make his fortune by it! At last, however, it fell out that he arrived on an island where the people knew nothing about cocks, nor even how to divide their time. They knew certainly when it was evening and morning,

but at night, if they did not sleep through it, they could not comprehend the time!" "See," said he to them, "what a proud creature it is, what a fine red crown it wears on its head, and it has spurs like a knight! Thrice during the night it will crow at certain hours, and the third time it calls you may know the sun will soon rise; but, if it crows by day, you may prepare then for a change of weather."

The good people were well pleased, and the whole night they laid awake and listened to the cock, which crowed loudly and clearly at two, four, and six o'clock. The next day they asked if the creature were not for sale, and how much he asked, and he replied, "As much gold as an ass can bear." "A ridiculously small sum," said they, "for such a marvellous creature!" and gave him readily what he asked.

When he returned home with his money, his brothers were astonished, and the second said he would also go out and see what luck his scythe would bring him. But at first it did not seem likely that fortune would favour him, for all the countrymen he met carried equally good scythes upon their shoulders. At last, however, he also came to an island whose people were ignorant of the use of scythes, for when a field of corn was ripe, they planted great cannons and shot it down! In this way it was no uncommon thing that many of them shot quite over it; others hit the ears instead of the stalks, and shot them quite away, so that a great quantity was always ruined, and the most doleful lamentations ensued. But our hero, when he arrived, mowed away so silently and quickly that the people held their breath and noses with wonder, and willingly gave him what he desired, which was a horse laden with as much gold as it could carry.

On his return the third brother set out with his cat to try his luck, and it happened to him exactly as it had done to the others: so long as he kept on the old roads he met with no place which did not already boast its cat; indeed so many were there that the new-born kittens were usually drowned. At

last he voyaged to an island where, luckily for him, cats were unknown animals ; and yet the mice were so numerous that they danced upon the tables and chairs, whether the master of the house were at home or not. These people complained continually of the plague, and the King himself knew not how to deliver them from it ; for in every corner the mice were swarming, and destroyed what they could not carry away in their teeth. The cat, however, on its arrival, commenced a grand hunt ; and so soon cleared a couple of rooms of the troublesome visitors, that the people begged the King to buy it for the use of his kingdom. The King gave willingly the price that was asked for the wonderful animal, and the third brother returned home with a still larger treasure, in the shape of a mule laden with gold.

Meanwhile the cat was having capital sport in the royal palace with the mice, and bit so many that the dead were not to be numbered. At last she became very thirsty with the hot work, and stopped, and, raising its head, cried, "Miau, miau!" At the unusual sound, the King, together with all his courtiers, was much frightened, and in terror they ran out of the castle. There the King held a council what it were best to do, and at length it was resolved to send a herald to the cat, to demand that it should quit the castle, or force would be used to make it. "For," said the councilors, "we would rather be plagued by the mice, to which we are accustomed, than surrender ourselves a prey to this beast." A page was accordingly sent to the cat to ask whether it would quit the castle in peace ; but the cat, whose thirst had all the while been increasing, replied nothing but "Miau, miau!" The page understood it to say, "No, no!" and brought the King word accordingly. The councilors agreed then that it should feel their power, and cannons were brought out and fired so that the castle was presently in flames. When the fire reached the room where the cat was, it sprang out of the window, but the besiegers ceased not until the whole was levelled with the ground.



HOW SIX TRAVELED THROUGH THE WORLD.

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THERE was once a man who understood a variety of arts ; he had served in the army, where he had behaved very bravely, but when the war came to an end he received his discharge, and three dollars' salary for his services. "Wait a bit ! this does not please me," said he ; "if I find the right people, I will make the King give me the treasures of the whole kingdom." Thereupon, inflamed with anger, he went into a forest, where he found a man who had just uprooted six trees, as if they were straw, and he asked him whether he would be his servant, and travel with him. "Yes," replied the man ; "but I will first take home to my mother this bundle of firewood;" and, taking up one of the trees, he wound it round the other five, and, raising the bundle upon his shoulder, bore it away. Soon he returned, and said to his master, "We two shall travel well through the world!" They had not gone far before they came up with a hunter who was kneeling upon one knee, and preparing to take aim with his

gun. The master asked him what he was going to shoot, and he replied, "Two miles from hence sits a fly upon the branch of an oak-tree, whose left eye I wish to shoot out."

"Oh, go with me!" said the man, "for, if we three are together, we must pass easily through the world."

The huntsman consented, and went with him, and soon they arrived at seven windmills, whose sails were going round at a rattling pace, although right or left there was no wind and not a leaf stirring. At this sight the man said, "I wonder what drives these mills, for there is no breeze!" and they went on; but they had not proceeded more than two miles when they saw a man sitting upon a tree who held one nostril while he blew out of the other. "My good fellow," said our hero, "what are you driving up there?"

"Did you not see," replied the man, "two miles from hence, seven windmills? it is those which I am blowing, that the sails may go round."

"Oh, then, come with me," said our hero, "for, if four people like us travel together, we shall soon get through the world."

So the blower got up and accompanied him, and in a short while they met with another man standing upon one leg, with the other leg unbuckled and lying by his side. The leader of the others said, "You have done this, no doubt, to rest yourself?" "Yes," replied the man, "I am a runner, and in order that I may not spring along too quickly I have unbuckled one of my legs, for when I wear both I go as fast as a bird can fly."

"Well, then, come with me," said our hero; "five such fellows as we are will soon get through the world."

The five heroes went on together, and soon met a sick man who had a hat which he wore quite over one ear. The captain of the others said to him, "Manners! manners! don't hang your hat on one side like that; you look like a simpleton!"

"I dare not do so," replied the other; "for, if I set my hat straight, there will come so sharp a frost that the birds in the sky will freeze and fall dead upon the ground."

"Then come with me," said our hero, "for it is odd if six fellows like us cannot travel quickly through the world."

These six new companions went into a city where the King had proclaimed that whoever should run a race with his daughter, and bear away the prize, should become her husband; but if he lost the race he should also lose his head. This was mentioned to our hero, who said that he would have his servant run for him; but the King told him that in that case he must agree that his servant's life, as well as his own, should be sacrificed if the wager were lost. To this he agreed and swore, and then he bade his runner buckle on his other leg, and told him to be careful and to make sure of winning. The wager was, that whoever first brought back water from a distant spring should be victor. Accordingly the runner and the princess both received a cup, and they both began to run at the same moment. But the princess had not proceeded many steps before the runner was quite out of sight, and it seemed as if but a puff of wind had passed. In a short time he came to the spring, and, filling his cup, he turned back again, but had not gone very far, before, feeling tired, he set his cup down again, and laid down to take a nap. He made his pillow of a horse's skull which lay upon the ground; thinking, from its being hard, that he would soon awake. Meantime the princess, who was a better runner than many of the men at court, had arrived at the spring, and was returning with her cup of water, when she perceived her opponent lying asleep. In great joy she exclaimed, "My enemy is given into my own hands!" and, emptying his cup, she ran on faster still. All would now have been lost, if, by good luck, the huntsman had not been standing on the castle, looking on with his sharp eyes. When he saw the princess was gaining the advantage, he loaded his gun and shot so cleverly that he carried away the horse's skull under the runner's head, without doing the man any injury. This awoke him, and, jumping up, he found his cup empty and the princess far in advance. However, he did not lose courage, but ran back again to the spring, and, filling

his cup, returned home ten minutes earlier than his opponent. "See, you," said he, "now I have used my legs, the former was not worth calling running."

The King was disgusted, and his daughter not less, that a common soldier should carry off the prize, and they consulted together how they should get rid of him and his companions. At last the King said, "Do not distress yourself, my dear: I have found a way to prevent their return." Then he called to the six travellers, and, saying to them, "You must now eat and drink and be merry," he led them into a room with a floor of iron, doors of iron, and the windows guarded with iron bars. In the room was a table set out with choice delicacies, and the King invited them to enter and refresh themselves, and as soon as they were inside he locked and bolted all the doors. That done, he summoned the cook, and commanded him to keep a fire lighted beneath till the iron was red hot. The cook obeyed, and the six companions, sitting at table, soon began to feel warm, and at first thought it arose from eating; but, as it kept getting warmer and warmer, they rose to leave the room, and found the doors and windows all fast. Then they perceived that the King had some wicked design in hand, and wished to suffocate them. "But he shall not succeed!" cried the man with the hat; "I will summon such a frost as shall put to shame and crush this fire;" and, so saying, he put his hat on straight, and immediately such a frost fell that all the heat disappeared, and even the meats upon the dishes began to freeze. When two hours had passed, the King thought they would be stifled, and he caused the door to be opened, and went in himself to see after them. But, as soon as the door was opened, there stood all six fresh and lively, and requested to come out to warm themselves, for the cold in the room had been so intense that all the dishes were frozen! In a great passion the King went down to the Cook and scolded him, and asked why he had not obeyed his instructions. The Cook, however, pointing to the fire, said, "There is heat enough there, I should think!" and the King was obliged

to own there was, and he saw clearly that he should not be able to get rid of his visitors in that way.

The King now began to think afresh how he could free himself, and he caused the master to be summoned, and said, "Will you not take money, and give up your right to my daughter? If so, you shall have as much as you wish."

"Well, my lord King," replied the man, "just give me as much as my servant can carry, and you are welcome to keep your daughter."

This answer pleased the King very much, and our hero said that he would come and fetch the sum in fourteen days. During that time he collected all the tailors in the kingdom, and made them sew him a sack, which took up all that time. As soon as it was ready, the Strong Man, who had uprooted the trees, took the sack upon his shoulder, and carried it to the King. At the sight of him the King said, "What a powerful fellow this must be, carrying this great sack upon his shoulders!" and, sorely frightened, he wondered how much gold he would slip in. The King first of all caused a ton of gold to be brought, which required sixteen ordinary men to lift; but the Strong Man, taking it up with one hand, shoved it into the sack, saying, "Why do you not bring more at a time? this scarcely covers the bottom of the sack." Then by degrees the King caused all his treasures to be brought, which the Strong Man put in, and yet they did not half fill his sack. "Bring more, more!" said he; "these are only a couple of crumbs." Then they were obliged to bring seven thousand waggons laden with gold, and all these the man pushed into his sack—gold, waggons, oxen, and all. Still it was not full, and the Strong Man offered to take whatever they brought, if they would but fill his sack. When everything that they could find was put in, the man said, "Well, I must make an end to this; and, besides, if one's sack is not quite full, why, it can be tied up so much the easier!" and, so saying, he hoisted it upon his back, and went away, and his companions with him.

{ When the King saw this one man bearing away all the

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riches of his kingdom, he got into a tremendous passion, and ordered his cavalry to pursue the six men, and at all risks to bring back the Strong Man with the sack. Two regiments accordingly pursued them quickly, and shouted out to them, " You are our prisoners ! lay down the sack of gold, or you will be hewn to pieces ! "

" What is that you are saying ? " asked the Blower ; " you will make us prisoners ? but first you shall have a dance in the air ! " So saying, he held one nostril, and blew with the other the two regiments right away into the blue sky, so that one flew over the hills on the right side, and the other on the left. One sergeant begged for mercy : he had nine wounds, and was a brave fellow undeserving of such disgrace. So the Blower sent after him a gentle puff which brought him back without harming him, and then sent him back to the King with a message that, whatever number of knights he might yet send, all would be blown into the air like the first lot. When the King heard this message, he said, " Let the fellows go ! they will meet with their deserts ! " So the six companions took home all the wealth of that kingdom, and, sharing it with one another, lived contentedly all the rest of their days.



THE WOLF AND THE MAN.

A CERTAIN Fox once told to a Wolf many tales of the wonderful strength that men were possessed of, so that no beasts could stand against them, but were therefore obliged to use cunning. The Wolf replied, "If I ever happen to meet a man I will fly at him."

"Well," replied the Fox, "I can help you to that; only come with me early to-morrow morning, and I will show you one."

Early the next day, accordingly, the Wolf appeared, and the Fox took him to the road which the hunters passed every day. First came an old discharged soldier.

"Is that a man?" asked the Wolf.

"No," replied the Fox; "he has been one."

Next came a little boy going to school.

"Is that a man?" asked the Wolf.

"No," said the Fox; "he will be one."

Then came a forester, his double-barrelled gun upon his

back, and his wood-knife by his side. On his approach the Fox said to the Wolf, "See, here comes a man upon whom you must spring ; but I will first take myself off into my hole."

The Wolf made a spring at the Hunter, who, when he saw it, said to himself, "It is a pity I did not load with ball;" but he took aim, and discharged his shot at the beast's head. The Wolf made a very wry face, but still went boldly forward, and the Hunter gave it the contents of the second barrel. The Wolf, suppressing the pain, now rushed on the Hunter, who drew his long sharp wood-knife, and gave the beast a couple of cuts right and left, so that it fell over and over covered with blood, and laid howling on the ground.

Presently the Fox came. "Now, brother Wolf," said the Fox, "how have you fared with a man?"

"Oh," replied the Wolf, "it is not their strength I have suffered from ; for first this Hunter took a stick from his shoulder and blew into it, and out flew something in my face, which tickled it dreadfully. Then he puffed again into this stick, and there came in my face a shower like hail and lightning; and, as I approached quite near, he drew out a naked bone from his body, and beat me with it till I fell, as it were, dead before him."

"Ah, do you not see," said the Fox, "what a boaster you are? You throw the hatchet so far that you cannot catch it again."



THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

A WOLF, once upon a time, caught a Fox. It happened one day that they were both going through the forest, and the Wolf said to his companion, "Get me some food, or I will eat you up."

The Fox replied, "I know a farmyard where there are a couple of young lambs, which, if you wish, we will fetch."

This proposal pleased the Wolf, so they went, and the Fox, stealing first one of the lambs, brought it to the Wolf, and then ran away. The Wolf devoured it quickly, but was not contented, and went to fetch the other lamb by himself, but he did it so awkwardly that he aroused the attention of the mother, who began to cry and bleat loudly, so that the peasants ran up. There they found the Wolf, and beat him so unmercifully that he ran, howling and limping, to the Fox, and said, "You have led me to a nice place, for, when I went to fetch the other lamb, the peasants came and beat me terribly!"

"Why are you such a glutton?" asked the Fox.

The next day they went again into the fields, and the covetous Wolf said to the Fox, "Get me something to eat now, or I will devour you!"

The Fox said that he knew a country house where the cook was going that evening to make some pancakes, and thither they went. When they arrived, the Fox sneaked and crept round the house, until he at last discovered where the dish was standing, out of which he drew six pancakes, and took them to the Wolf, saying, "There is something for you to eat!" and then ran away. The Wolf despatched these in a minute or two, and, wishing to taste some more, he went and seized the dish, but took it away so hurriedly that it broke in pieces. The noise of its fall brought out the woman, who, as soon as she saw the Wolf, called her people, who, hastening up, beat him with such a good will that he ran home to the Fox, howling, with two lame legs! "What a dirty place have you drawn me into now!" cried he; "the peasants have caught me, and dressed my skin finely!"

"Why, then, are you such a glutton?" said the Fox.

When they went out again the third day, the Wolf limping along with weariness, he said to the Fox, "Get me something to eat now, or I will devour you!"

The Fox said he knew a man who had just killed a pig, and salted the meat down in a cask in his cellar, and that they could get at it. The Wolf replied that he would go with him on condition that he helped him if he could not escape. "Oh, of course I will, on mine own account!" said the Fox, and showed him the tricks and ways by which they could get into the cellar. When they went in there was meat in abundance, and the Wolf was enraptured at the sight. The Fox, too, had a taste, but kept looking round while eating, and ran frequently to the hole by which they had entered, to see if his body would slip through it easily. Presently the Wolf asked, "Why are you running about so, you Fox, and jumping in and out?"

"I want to see if any one is coming," replied the Fox, cunningly; "but mind you do not eat too much!"

The Wolf said he would not leave till the cask was quite empty; and meanwhile the peasant, who had heard the noise made by the Fox, entered the cellar. The Fox, as soon as he saw him, made a spring, and was through the hole in a jiffy; and the Wolf tried to follow his example, but he had eaten so much that his body was too big for the hole, and he stuck fast. Then came the peasant with a cudgel, and beat him to death; but the Fox leapt away into the forest, very glad to get rid of the old glutton.



THE FOX AND GODMOTHER-WOLF.

A CERTAIN she-Wolf had brought a whelp into the world, and invited the Fox to stand godfather, for, said she, "He is a near relative, and possesses a good understanding and much cleverness, so that he can instruct my son, and help him on in the world." The Fox appeared to be very honourable, and said to the Wolf, "My worthy fellow-godparent, I thank you much for the honour you show me, and I will so conduct myself that you shall be quite satisfied." At the feast he made himself very sociable and merry; and, when it was over, he said to the Wolf, "My dear lady, it is our duty to care for the child, and therefore he must have good food, that he may grow strong. I know a sheepfold whence we can easily fetch somewhat."

This speech pleased the Wolf, and she went with the Fox to the farmyard, and there he showed her the place, and said, "You can creep in there unseen, and meanwhile I will go round to the other side, and see if I can pick up a hen."

The Fox, however, did not go as he said, but ran away and stretched himself upon the ground, near the edge of the forest, to rest. The Wolf crept into the stall, where lay a dog, who began to bark, so that the labourers ran in, and, surprising the Wolf, poured a handful of unburnt ashes over her skin. At last she escaped, and slipped away out of the stall, and found the Fox lying near the forest. The Fox made a very wry face, and said, "Ah, my dear godmother, how badly I have fared! The peasants fell upon me, and have nearly broken all my bones, and, if you do not wish me to perish here where I lie, you must carry me away!"

The poor Wolf could scarcely move herself; but yet, out of her great concern for the Fox, she took him upon her back, and carried home, slowly enough, the really strong and unhurt godfather. When they reached home, the Fox cried out to the Wolf, "Farewell, my dear godmother; may you relish your scorching!" and, so saying, he laughed in her face, and quickly bolted off!



THE FOX AND THE CAT.

ONCE upon a time it fell out that a Cat met a Fox in a wood ; and, thinking him clever and well experienced in the ways of the world, she spoke friendly to him, and said, "Good day, dear master Fox ; how do you do, how do you get on, and how do you find your living in these dear times ?"

The Fox considered the Cat from head to foot with all the pride in his nature, and doubted for a time whether to answer or not. At last he said, "Oh, you wretched shaver ! you pied simpleton ! you hungry mouse-hunter ! what has put it into your head to ask me how I fare ? what have you learnt ? how many arts do you understand ?"

"I understand but a single one," replied the Cat, decisively.

"And what sort of an art is that ?" inquired the Fox ?

"When the dogs pursue me, to climb up a tree, and so save myself," said the Cat.

"Oh, is that all ?" returned the Fox ; "why, I understand

a hundred arts, and have, moreover, a sackful of cunning! I pity you! Come with me, and I will show you how to escape the hounds.

Presently a Hunter came riding along with four dogs. The Cat ran nimbly up a tree, and perched herself upon its highest point, where the branches and leaves completely concealed her, and then called to the Fox, "Open your sack, my Fox! open your sack!" But the hounds had already seized poor Reynard, and held him tight. "Oh, Mr. Fox," cried the Cat, when she saw the end, "you are come to a standstill in spite of your hundred arts. Now, could you have crept up a tree like me your life would not have been sacrificed!"



THE PINK.

ONCE upon a time there lived a Queen who had been denied children hitherto, but every morning she went into the garden and prayed to God that he would grant her a son or a daughter. And once an Angel came down and said to her, “Be satisfied! you shall have a son gifted with this power: whatsoever he wishes for in this world shall be given unto him.”

The Queen went directly to the King, and told him the joyful message; and when the time arrived she bore a son, and the King rejoiced exceedingly.

Now, the Queen went every morning into the park with her child, and washed it at a clear spring which flowed there. One day she fell asleep with the child in her lap, and the old Cook, who knew that the child possessed wishing powers, took it from her; and, killing a fowl, sprinkled the blood upon the Queen’s apron and clothes. Then he carried the child away to a secret place, where a nurse took charge of it, and then ran to the King, and

stated that the Queen had allowed her son to be torn from her by the wild beasts. The King, when he saw the blood upon her apron, believed the tale, and fell in such a rage that he caused a high tower to be built, into which neither sun nor moon shone, and therein he shut up his wife, to stay there for seven years without meat or drink, and so perish. But two white doves flew daily twice to her with food during the whole seven years.

But the Cook thought to himself, "Since this child has the gift of wishing, it may bring me into misfortune if I stop here;" and so he left the castle and went to the child, who had already grown so much that he could speak. He told the child to wish for a noble house, with a garden, and all appurtenances; and scarcely were the words out of his mouth before all appeared. After a time had elapsed the Cook said to the boy, "It is not good for you to be so alone; therefore wish for a beautiful maiden to bear you company." This also the boy did, and immediately there stood before him one more beautiful than any painter could depict. The two children played together, and grew to love each other much, while the old Cook went daily to hunt like any gentleman. By-and-by, however, the thought occurred to him that perhaps the young Prince might wish to be with his father, and so bring him into great trouble, and to prevent that he took the maiden aside one day, and said to her, "To-night, when the boy sleeps, stick this dagger into his heart, and cut out his tongue; and if you do not do it your own life shall be sacrificed."

So saying, he went out as usual, and when he returned the next day she had not done it, and excused herself by saying, "What! shall I take the life of an innocent youth who has never yet injured any one?"

"If you do not," said the Cook, "your own life shall pay the forfeit!"

Afterwards, when he was gone out, the maiden had a little calf fetched, and killed, and its heart and tongue taken out, which she laid upon a plate, and, when she saw the old Cook

return, she told the youth to get into bed and draw the covering over him.

Soon the old wretch came in, and asked, "Where is the heart and tongue of the boy?" The maiden reached him the plate, but the Prince threw off the covering and cried, "You old sinner! why would you have killed me? now I will pronounce your sentence. You shall become a black poodle-dog, and wear a golden chain round your neck, and swallow live coals, so that you shall breathe out fire."

As soon as he had spoken these words, the Cook took the form of a poodle-dog, and had a golden chain round his neck, and when he ate live coals a flame burst out of his mouth. The King's son remained in the palace a short time, but soon remembered his mother, and wondered if she were yet alive. And at last he said to the maiden, "I must go home to my father, and if you will go with me I will take care of you."

"Alas!" she replied, "the way is too far, and what shall I do in a strange land where I am unknown?"

But the young Prince would not depart without her, and when he found her inflexible he wished her into a beautiful pink, and carried her away in that form. The dog had to run behind, and so they travelled to their native land. There he went to the tower where his mother dwelt, and as it was so lofty he wished for a ladder which reached to the top. Then he mounted, and, looking in, called, "Dearest mother, lady Queen, are you yet alive, or are you dead?"

The Queen replied, "I have just eaten, and am satisfied;" for she thought it was the dove who spoke.

But the Prince said, "I am your dear son, whom the wild beasts were said to have stolen from your lap, but I am yet alive, and will soon rescue you."

So saying, he went down, and came to his father's palace, and caused himself to be announced as a huntsman who desired to enter the King's service. The King answered, that he might do so if he could procure any venison, but he himself had not

been able to find any in any part of his territories. Then the huntsman promised to procure him as many deer as he could use for the royal table, and caused all the others to be summoned to accompany him. So they went out, and the young Prince bade them enclose a large circle, open at one end, in the middle of which he placed himself, and began to wish. Soon two hundred and odd head of game ran into the circle, at which the huntsmen began to shoot. All these were heaped upon sixty carts, and driven home to the King, who once more, after a long interval, was enabled to garnish his table with venison.

The King therefore received the game with great satisfaction, and ordered that on the following day his whole court should dine with him at a great festival. When they were assembled, he said to the young huntsman, "Since you are so clever you must sit next me;" but he replied, "May it please your majesty to excuse me, I am but a poor huntsman."

The King, however, was resolved, and said, "You must sit next me," and as the Prince did so he thought of his dear mother, and wished that one of the King's courtiers might inquire whether the Queen were yet alive, or had perished in the tower. Scarcely had he so wished when the marshal began to speak, saying, "May it please your majesty, here are we living in great happiness, but how fares our lady the Queen in the tower? is she still alive or dead."

But the King said, "She suffered my beloved son to be torn away by wild beasts, and I will hear nothing of her."

At these words the huntsman got up and said, "My dear and gracious father, she is still alive, and I am her son, for the wild beasts did not take me away, but that wretch the Cook took me out of her lap when she was asleep, and sprinkled the blood of a hen over her apron."

Thereupon he took up the dog with the golden necklace, and said, "This is the wretch!" and he ordered live coals to be brought, which he was forced to eat in the presence of all, so that the flames burst out of his mouth. Then he changed him

back into his right form again, and there stood the Cook with his white apron on, and his knife by his side. As soon as the King recognised him he became terribly angry, and ordered him to be thrown into the deepest dungeon of the castle. Then the young Prince asked his father whether he would see the maiden who had treated him so tenderly, and had saved his life at the peril of her own, and the King replied, "Yes, most willingly." "I will show you her first in the form of a flower," said the Prince, and searching in his bosom he took out the pink, and placed it upon the royal table, and all confessed they had never seen so beautiful a flower. "Now I will show you the real maiden," said the Prince, and, wishing again, she stood before all, and appeared more beautiful than any artist could have painted.

After this the King sent two men of the household, and two attendants, up into the tower, to fetch the Queen and bring her to the royal table. But as soon as she was led in she ceased to eat, and murmured, "The all-gracious and all-merciful God who preserved me in the tower will soon release me!" For three days after this she lingered, and then she died happily; and, when she was buried, two white doves followed her, which were those which had brought her food in the tower, and after her burial they hovered above her grave in the form of two angels from heaven.

But the old King grieved at heart for her for some time, and at length died, and the young King then married the beautiful maiden whom he had cherished in his bosom as a flower; but whether they yet live is not known to me.



THE CLEVER GRETHEL.

ONCE upon a time there was a Cook who wore shoes with red knots, and when she went out with them on she used to figure her feet about here and there, and then say to herself, quite complacently, "Ah, you are still a pretty girl!" And when she came home she drank a glass of wine for joy, and, as the wine made her wish to eat, she used to look out the best she had, and excuse herself by saying, "The Cook ought to know how her cooking tastes."

One day it happened that her master said to her, "Grethel, this evening a guest is coming, so cook me two fowls." "I will do it directly, master," replied Grethel. She soon killed the fowls, plucked, dressed, and spitted them, and, as evening came on, she put them down to the fire to roast. They soon began to brown and warm through, but still the guest was not come, and Grethel said to the master, "If your guest does not come soon I shall have to take the fowls from the fire, but it will be a

great shame not to eat them soon, when they are just in the gravy."

The master agreed, therefore, to run out himself and bring home his guest; and, as soon as he had turned his back, Gretzel laid aside the spit, with its two fowls, and thought to herself, "Ah, I have stood so long before the fire, I am quite hot and thirsty; who knows when he will come? Meanwhile I will run down into the cellar and have a draught."

Gretzel ran down the stairs and filled a jug, and, saying "God bless you, Gretzel!" took a good pull at the beer, and when that was down she had another draught. Then she went up again, and placed the fowls before the fire, and turned the spit round quite merrily, first spreading some butter over their skins. However, the roasting fowls smelt so well that Gretzel thought she had better try how they tasted; and so she dipped her finger into the gravy, and said, "Ah, how good these fowls are! it is a sin and shame that they should not be eaten at once!" She ran to the window, therefore, to see if her master was yet coming with his guest, but there was nobody, and she turned again to the fowls. "Ah, one wing is burnt!" said she, "I had better eat that!" and, cutting it off, she ate it. But then she thought, "Master will see that something is wanting, I had better take the other!" When she had finished the two wings, she went again to see whether her master was coming, but without success. "Who knows," said she, "whether they will come or not? and perhaps they are stopping where they are. Come, Gretzel, be of good courage! the one is begun, have another drink, and then eat it up completely, for when it is all done you will be at rest, and besides, why should the good things be spoiled?" So thinking, Gretzel ran once more into the cellar, took a capital drink, and then ate up one fowl with great pleasure. As soon as it was down, and the master still had not returned, Gretzel looked at the other fowl, and said, "Where the one is, the other ought to be also; the two belong to one another; what is right for the one is

right for the other; I believe if I take another draught it will not hurt me." So saying, she took a hearty drink, and let the second fowl slip down after the other.

Just as she was in the best of the eating, the master came running up, and called, "Make haste, Gretel! the guest is coming directly!"

"Yes, master," said she, "it will soon be ready."

The master went in to see if the table were properly laid, and, taking up the great knife wherewith he was to carve the fowls, he went to sharpen it upon the stones. Meantime came the guest, and knocked politely at the door. Gretel ran to see who it was; and, when she perceived the guest, she held her finger to her mouth to enjoin silence, and said, "Make haste quickly away! if my master discovers you here, you are lost! he certainly did invite you here to supper, but he has it in his mind to cut off your ears; just listen now how he is sharpening his knife!"

The guest listened to the sound, and then hurried down the steps as fast as he could, while Gretel ran screaming to her master, and said to him, "You have invited a fine guest!"

"Eh! what?" said he, "what do you mean?"

"Why," replied Gretel, "just as I was about to serve them up, your guest has taken the two fowls from off the dish, and bolted away with them!"

"That is fine manners, certainly!" said the master, grieved for his fine fowls, "if he had but left me one at the least, that I might have had something to eat!" Then he called after his guest, who pretended not to hear him, and so he pursued him, knife in hand, calling out, "Only one! only one!" meaning that his guest should leave one fowl behind him; but the latter supposed that his host meant that he would only cut off one ear, and so he ran faster and faster, as if fire were at his heels, that he might reach home safe and sound.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

ONCE upon a time there was a very old old Man, whose eyes were dim, his ears useless for hearing, and his knees trembled. When he sat at table he could scarcely hold his spoon, and often he spilled his food over the tablecloth, and sometimes down his clothes. His son and daughter-in-law were much vexed about this, and at last they made the old Man sit behind the oven in a corner, and gave him his meals in an earthen dish, and not enough either; so that the poor man grew sad, and his eyes were moistened with tears. Once his hands trembled so much that he could not hold the dish, and it fell on the ground and broke all to pieces, so that the young Wife scolded him, but he made no reply, and only sighed. After that they bought him a wooden dish, for a couple of pence, and out of that he had now to feed; and one day, as he was sitting in his usual place, he saw his little Grandson, of four years old, upon the

ground, fitting together some pieces of wood. "What are you making?" asked the old Man.

"I am making a wooden trough," replied the child, "for father and mother to feed out of when I grow big."

"At these words the Man looked at his Wife a little while, and presently they began to cry, and henceforth they let the old Grandfather sit at table with them, and always take his meals there, and they did not even say anything if he spilled a little upon the cloth.



THE GOLD CHILDREN.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor Man and his Wife, who had nothing in the world but their hut, and they lived from hand to mouth by catching fish. But once it happened that the man, sitting by the water's edge, threw in his net and drew out a golden Fish. And while he was looking at the fish with great wonderment, it exclaimed, "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 about," rejoined the Fish, "for in the castle you will find a cupboard which, on opening, you will see full of dishes of the most delicate food, and as much as you like."

"Well, if that be so," said the Man, "you shall soon have your wish."

"Yes," said the Fish, "but there is one condition: that you disclose to 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 wonderful Fish back into the water and went home, and where formerly stood his hut was a large castle. The sight made him open his eyes, and, stepping in, he found his Wife dressed out in costly clothes, sitting in a magnificent room. She appeared 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 tremendously hungry, so give me something to eat."

His Wife said, "I have got 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, fruit, and wine. At the sight of these the Wife laughed exultingly, and cried, "What else can you wish for now, my dear?" and she and he commenced eating and drinking at once. But, when they had had enough, the Wife asked, "Now, my husband, whence comes all this?" "Ah," he replied, "do not ask me! I dare not tell you, for if I let out the secret to any one our fortune will fly." "Well, if I may not know, I am sure I do not want," replied she; but she was not in earnest, and let him have no peace night or day, teasing and tormenting him so long, till at last, in a fit of impatience, he let out that all their fortune came from a golden Fish which he had caught and set at liberty again. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when all the fine castle, with its cupboard, disappeared, and they found themselves again in their old hut.

Now was the Man obliged to take up with his old trade of fishing, and fortune so favoured him that he pulled out a second time the golden Fish. "Alas!" said the Fish, "let me go again, and I will give you back your castle, with the cupboard of meat and wine; only keep it secret, and reveal not on any account from whence they spring, or again you will lose all."

"I will take care," replied the Fisherman, and threw the Fish into the water. At home immediately everything was in its former splendour, and the wife rejoiced at her good fortune; but her curiosity could not rest, and after a couple of days she began to plague her husband again to tell her the source of their prosperity. For a long time the man held his tongue, but at length he got into such a passion that he broke out and told the secret. At the same moment the castle disappeared, and they found themselves in the old hut. "There, are you satisfied now?" said the Man to his Wife; "now we may feel the pangs of hunger again." "Ah," she replied, "I would rather not have wealth at all than not know whence it comes; for then I have no peace of mind."

The Man went fishing again, and in a few days he was lucky enough to pull up the golden Fish for the 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 in the ground, and then you will be blessed."

The Man took home the Fish, and did as it had said, and it happened that from the two pieces which he sowed in the ground two golden lilies grew up; from the eating of the two pieces by the mare, two golden foals were born; and from the wife's eating of her share, she brought forth two golden children.

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

But he replied sorrowfully, "How shall I manage, when you are out, to know how you are getting on?"

"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 wherein were many people, who, when they saw the two golden children, laughed at them mockingly. One of them, when he heard the jeers, was ashamed, and would not go onward, but turned round and went home to his father; while 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 had better not go there, for the forest is full of robbers, who will act badly to you, and certainly when they see you are golden, and your horse too, they will kill you."

But the youth would not be frightened, and said, " I must and will go."

Then he took bears' skins, and covered with them himself and his horse, so that nothing golden could be seen, and, this done, he rode confidently into the wood. When he had ridden a little way he heard a rustling among the bushes, and soon distinguished voices talking to one another. One 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 without danger through the forest, and came to no harm. Next it happened that he came to a village, wherein he saw a maiden so beautiful that he thought there could be no one more so in the world. He conceived a great love for her, and went to her and asked her whether she would be his wife. The maiden was very much pleased, and consented, saying, " Yes, I will become your wife, and be faithful to you all your life." Then they celebrated the wedding together, and just as they were in the middle of their festivities the father of the bride returned, and, when he saw that his daughter was married, he asked, in great astonishment, where the bridegroom was? They showed him the Golden Child, who still wore his bear-skins around him, and the father exclaimed, " Never shall a bear-hunter marry my daughter!" and he would have murdered him. The bride begged for his life, saying,





"He is my husband, and I love him with all my heart," and she begged so piteously that her father at last spared 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 and ragged beggar or no. But when he looked, behold there was a magnificent Golden Man in the bed, while the thrown-off bear's skin laid upon the ground. So the father went away, thinking "What a good thing it was I restrained my passion, or I should have made a grand mistake."

The same night the Gold Child dreamt 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 was grieved, and begged him to stay, and said, "A great misfortune may easily happen to you;" but he answered, "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 without wearying the whole day, and at evening it disappeared from his sight. When now the Gold Child looked round, he stood before a little house, wherein 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:" and just then a little dog which was in-doors barked loudly at the stranger. "Will you be quiet, you rascally dog?" he cried; "or I will shoot you dead." At this the Witch exclaimed in a great passion, "What! will you kill my dog?" and bewitched him at once, so that he lay there like a stone. His poor wife meanwhile waited for him in vain, and soon she thought "Ah! what I feared in the anguish of my heavy heart has fallen upon him."

But at home the other brother stood by the golden lily, and suddenly one of them fell off. "Ah, Heaven!" said he, "some

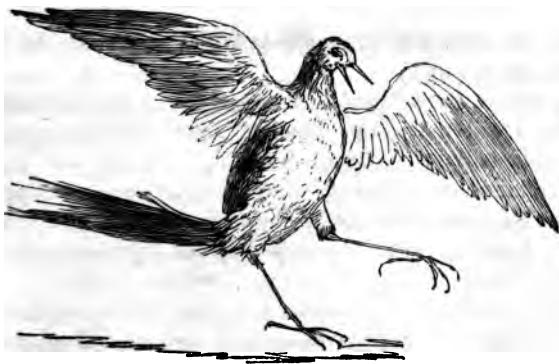
great misfortune has happened to my brother! I must be off, and see if, haply, I can save him."

But the father said, "Stop 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, called to him, and would have enchanted him too, but he went not near her, but said, "I will shoot you down if you do not restore to me my brother."

She was frightened, but still she acted very unwillingly, and, touching the stone with her fingers, the Gold Child took again his human form. The two Gold Children were overjoyed when they saw one another again, and kissed and embraced, and rode together out of the forest. There they parted—the one returned to his bride, and the other to his father. When the latter arrived, his father said to him, "I knew that you had saved your brother, for the golden lily all at once revived, and now flourishes again."

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



THE SOARING LARK.

THERE was once a man who had to go a very long journey, and on his departure he asked his three daughters what he should bring them. The eldest chose pearls, the second diamonds, but the third said, "Dear father, I wish for a singing, soaring lark." The father promised her she should have it if he could meet with one; and then, kissing all three, he set out.

When the time came round for his return he had bought the pearls and diamonds for the two elder sisters, but the lark he had sought in vain everywhere; and this grieved him very much, for the youngest daughter was his dearest child. By chance his road led through a forest, in the middle of which stood a noble castle, and near that a tree, upon whose topmost bough he saw a singing, soaring lark. "Ah! I happen with you in the very nick of time!" he exclaimed, and bade his servant climb the tree and catch the bird. But as soon as he stepp'd up to the tree a Lion sprang from behind, shaking his mane, and roaring so that the leaves upon the branches trembled.

"Who will steal my singing, soaring ~~Lark~~,^{Lark} cried the beast,
"I will eat you up!"

"I did not know," replied the man, "that the bird belonged
to you; I will repair the intended injury and buy myself off
with gold; only let me have my ~~Life~~."

"Nothing can save you," said the Lion, "except you promise
me the first person who meets you ~~on your~~ home; if you
do that, I will give you not only your life, but also the bird for
your daughter."

This condition the man refused, saying, "That might be my
youngest daughter, who is dearest to me, and will most likely
run to meet me on my return." But the servant was anxious,
and said, "It does not follow that your daughter will come;
it may be a cat or a dog." At length the man let himself be
persuaded, and, taking the singing, soaring lark, he promised
the Lion whatever should first meet him.

Soon he arrived at home, and on entering his house the first
who greeted him was no other than his dearest daughter, who
came running up, kissed and embraced him, and when she saw
the lark in his hand was almost beside herself with joy. The
poor father, however, could not rejoice, but began to weep, and
said, "My dearest child, this bird I have bought very dear;
I was forced to promise you for it to a wild Lion, and when he
gets you he will tear you in pieces and eat you." Then he told
her all that had passed, and begged her not to go away, let
what might be the consequences. But his daughter consoled
him and said, "My dear father, what you have promised you
must perform; I will go and soften the heart of this Lion, so
that I shall soon return to you."

The next morning she had the way shown to her, and,
taking leave, she went boldly into the forest. But this Lion
was an enchanted Prince, who by day, with all his attendants,
had the forms of lions, and by night they resumed their natural
human figure. On her arrival, therefore, the maiden was
received kindly, and led into the castle; and when night came

on, and the Lion took his natural form, the wedding was celebrated with great splendour. Here they lived contentedly with each other, sleeping by day and watching by night. One day the Prince said to his wife, "To-morrow is a feast-day in your father's house, because your eldest sister is to be married, and, if you wish to go, my lions shall accompany you."

She replied that she should like very much to see her father again, and went, accompanied by the lions. On her arrival there was great rejoicing, for all had believed that she had been torn in pieces by the lions, and killed long ago. But she told them what a handsome husband she had, and how well she fared, and stopped with them so long as the wedding lasted; after which she went back into the forest.

Not many weeks afterwards the second daughter was to be married, and the youngest was again invited to the wedding; but she said to the Lion, "This time I will not go alone, for you must accompany me." But the Lion said it would be dangerous for him; for, should a ray from a burning light touch him, then he would instantly be changed into a pigeon, and in that form fly about for seven long years.

"Oh! do go with me!" entreated his bride, "I will protect you and ward off all light."

So at last they went away together, taking their little child with them; and the Princess caused a room to be built, strong and thick, so that no ray could pierce through, wherein her husband was to sit when the bridal lights were put up. But the door was made of green wood, which split; and left a little chink which no one perceived. Now the marriage was performed, but, as the train returned from church with its multitude of torches and lights passing by the door, a ray pierced through the chink and fell like a hair line upon the Prince, who, in the same instant that it touched him, was changed into a Dove. When, then, the Princess entered the room she found only a white Dove, who said to her, "For seven years must I fly about in the world, but at every seventh mile I will let fall a drop of

red blood and a white feather, which shall show you the way ; and, if you follow in their track, ultimately you may save me."

With these words the Dove flew out of doors, and she followed it ; and at every seventh mile it let fall a drop of blood and a feather, which showed her its path. Thus she travelled further and further over the world, without looking about or resting, so that the seven years were at length almost spent ; and the prospect cheered her heart, thinking that so soon they would be saved ; and yet were they far enough off it. Once while she walked on no feather fell, and not even a drop of blood, and when she cast her eyes upwards the Dove had disappeared. Then she thought to herself, "No man can help you now ;" so she mounted up to the Sun, and asked, "Hast thou seen a white Dove on the wing, for thou shinest into every chasm and over every peak ?"

"No, I have not seen one," replied the Sun ; "but I will give you this little casket ; open it if you stand in need of help."

She thanked the Sun and walked on till evening, when the Moon shone out, and then she asked it, "Hast thou seen a white Dove on the wing, for thou shinest over every field and through every wood all night long ?"

"No, I have not seen one," replied the Moon ; "but I will give you this egg ; break it if ever you fall into trouble."

She thanked the Moon and walked on till the North Wind passed by, and she asked again, "Hast thou not seen a white Dove, for thou passest through all the boughs, and shakest every leaf under Heaven ?"

"No, I have not seen one," replied the North Wind ; "but I will ask the three other Winds, who may, perhaps, have seen him you seek."

So the East and West Winds were asked, but they had seen nothing ; but the South Wind said, "I have seen the white Dove ; it has flown to the Red Sea, where it has again become a Lion, for the seven years are up ; and the Lion stands there in combat with a caterpillar, who is really an enchanted Princess."

10P



At these words the North Wind said to her, "I will advise you; go to the Red Sea; on the right shore thereof stand great reeds; count them, and cut off the eleventh, and beat the caterpillar therewith. The lion will then vanquish it, and both will take again their human forms. This done, look round, and you will see the griffin which sits on the Red Sea, and upon its back leap with your beloved Prince, and the bird will bear you safely to your home. There, I give you a nut to let fall when you are in the midst of the sea; for a large nut-tree will then grow out of the water, upon which the griffin will rest; and if it cannot rest there you will then know that it is not strong enough to carry you over; but if you forget to let the nut drop, you will both fall into the sea."

So the Princess set out, and found everything as the North Wind had said. She counted the reeds on the shore, and cut off the eleventh one, wherewith she beat the caterpillar till it was conquered by the lion, and immediately both took their human forms. But, as soon as the Princess who had been a caterpillar regained her nature, she seized the Prince, and leapt with him on to the back of a griffin, and so flew away. Thus the poor wanderer was again forsaken, and sat down to weep, but soon she recovered herself and said, "So far as the wind blows, and so long as the cock crows, I will travel, until I find my husband again!"

With this resolve she travelled on further and further, till she at length arrived at the palace where they had lived together. Here she heard that a festival would soon be held, when the marriage of her husband and the Princess would be performed, and in her distress she opened the casket which the Sun had given her, and found a dress in it as glittering as the Sun himself. She took it out, and, putting it on, went up to the castle, and everybody, the Princess included, regarded her with wonderment. The dress pleased the intended bride so much that she thought it would make a magnificent bridal garment, and inquired if it were for sale.

"Not for gold or silver," was the reply, "but for flesh and blood!"

The Princess asked the stranger what she meant, and she replied, "Let me for one night sleep in the chamber of the bridegroom?"

To this request the bride would not at first accede, but for love of the dress she consented, and ordered her servant to give the Prince a sleeping-draught. Then when night came the stranger was led into the room where the Prince was already fast asleep. There she sat herself down upon the bed, and said, "For seven long years have I followed you, the Sun and the Moon have I visited and inquired after you, and at the Red Sea I helped you against the caterpillar: will you, then, quite forget me?"

But the Prince slept so soundly that her words appeared only like the rushing of the wind through the fir-trees, and so at daybreak she was conducted out of the chamber, and had to give up the golden dress. Then, thinking how little it had helped her, she became very sad, and, going away to a meadow, sat down there and wept. While she did so she suddenly behought herself of the egg which the Moon had given her, and on cracking it there came out a hen with twelve chickens, all of gold, which ran about to peck, and crept under the old hen's wing, so that nothing in the world could be prettier. She got up and drove them before her on the meadow, till the bride saw them out of her window, and they pleased her so much that she even came down and asked if they were not for sale. "Not for gold or silver, but for flesh and blood," replied the stranger; "let me sleep once more in the chamber where the bridegroom sleeps."

The bride consented, and would have deceived her as the night before, but the Prince, on going to bed, asked his servant what the rustling and murmuring he had heard the previous night had been caused by. The servant told him all that had happened, and that he had given him a sleeping-draught,

because a poor maiden had slept last night in his room, and would again do so. The Prince ~~had~~ him pour out the sleeping-draught, and when the maiden ~~came~~ at night, and began to tell her sorrowful tale as she had done before, he recognis'd the voice of his true wife, and sprang up, exclaiming, "How well I saved ! all this has passed to me like a dream, for the strange Princess has bewitched me, so that I must have forgotten everything, had not you been sent at the right time to deliver me."

Then as quickly as possible they ~~both went out of the~~ palace, for they were afraid of the father of the Princess, who was an enchanter. They set ~~themselves upon~~ the griffin, who carried them over the Red Sea, and as soon as they were in the middle of it the Princess let drop her nut. Thereupon a great nut-tree grew up, whereon the bird rested, and then it carried them straight to their home, where they found their child grown tall and handsome, and with him they ever afterwards lived happily to the end of their lives.



THE DEATH OF THE COCK.

ONCE upon a time a Cock and a Hen lived together in a nut-grove, and made an agreement that whichever found a nut-kernel should share it with the other. Now the Cock once found a kernel, an extremely fine one, but he said nothing about it to the Hen, intending to eat it all himself. But it was so big that it would not pass down his throat, and there it stuck, so that soon he was in danger of being suffocated. Then he cried to the Hen, "Run quickly, I pray you, and fetch me some water, or I shall be stifled." She ran as fast as she could to the Spring, and said, "Spring, you must give me some water, the Cock lies in the nut-grove, and is nearly suffocated from having swallowed too large a kernel." "Run first to the Bride, and get me some red silk," replied the Brook. The Hen ran and said, "Bride, please give me some red silk; red silk must I give to the Brook, that the Brook may give me water to take to my husband, who lies in the nut-grove half suffocated with a big nut." The Bride said, "Run and fetch me, first, my garland, which hangs upon yonder meadow." So the Hen ran and fetched the garland from the bough where it hung, and

brought it to the Bride, who gave her red silk for it, which she took to the Brook, which then gave her water, which she took home to her husband ; but, meanwhile, alas ! he had died, and there he lay motionless. The Hen was very sad at the sight, and shrieked aloud, so that all the other animals came and mourned for the Cock, and six mice built a little coach, whereon to carry him to his grave ; and, as soon as it was ready, they harnessed themselves to it, and the Hen followed as chief mourner. On the road they met the Fox, who asked what was the matter ? and the Hen told him, " I am going to bury my husband." " May I go with you ?" asked the Fox. " Yes," replied she ; " but place yourself behind the carriage, for my horses do not allow any one in front of them." The Fox went behind and followed, and so did the Wolf, the Bear, the Goat, the Lion, and all the beasts of the forest. The train had not gone very far when it came to a stream. " Now how shall we get over here ?" said the Hen. " I will lay myself across," said a Straw which was near them, " and you can pass over me." But as soon as the six mice went upon the bridge it broke down, and they were thrown into the stream, and soon drowned. There was need now for another bridge, and a Coal came up, and said, " I am big enough, I will lay myself across and you shall pass over me." So the Coal set himself in the water, but, unluckily, he went in too deep, and all his fire was extinguished, so that he died ! Then a Stone took pity upon the poor Hen, and laid himself across the water, and the Hen, drawing the waggon, got safely over to the other side. But then the others had to cross, and the waggon was sent back for them ; but alas ! there were too many of them, and the waggon overturned, and threw them all into the water, where they sank to rise no more. Now the poor Hen was left alone with the dead Cock, and, digging a grave, she laid him in, and threw up a heap of earth over him, on which she sat and mourned so long till she also died.

And so all of them quitted this life.



THE WATER-sprite.

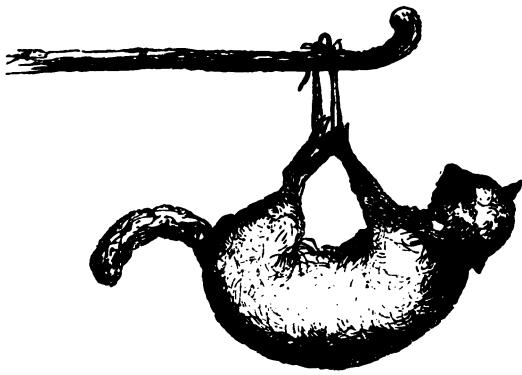
A LITTLE Boy and his Sister were once playing upon the edge of a stream, and both fell in. Under the water was a Sprite, who took them, saying, "Now I have got you I will make you work for me." She gave the Maiden dirty and tangled flax to spin, and water to drink out of a hollow jar, while the Boy had to hew down a tree with a blunt axe, and received nothing to eat but stony lumps of sand. This treatment made the children so impatient, that they waited till one Sunday when the Water-Sprite was gone to church, and then they ran away. When the Sprite came out of church, therefore, she saw that her birds were flown, and set out after them with great leaps. But the little Girl threw behind her a large brush, with thousands and thousands of bristles, over which the Sprite could glide only with great difficulty, but at last she did so.

As soon as the children saw her again, the Boy threw behind him a large comb, with thousands and thousands of teeth; but

over this the Sprite glided at last, as she knew how to save herself from the points.

Then the little Girl threw behind a mirror, which seemed like a glass mountain, and was so very smooth that she could not possibly get over it.

The Water-Sprite thought she would go home quickly, and fetch an axe, to cut in halves this glass rock; but when she returned the children had swum far enough away, and so the Sprite had to amuse herself as best she could.



BROTHER LUSTIG.

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ONCE there was a great war, which at last came to an end, and then many soldiers received their discharge, and amongst others was Brother Lustig, who was sent away with nothing else but a small loaf of ammunition-bread and four farthings in money. Now, a holy Saint dressed himself as a poor beggar, and sat by the roadside where Brother Lustig passed, and begged an alms of him. "My good beggar," said the Soldier in reply, "what shall I give you? I have been in the army, and have just received my discharge with no other reward than a loaf of ammunition-bread and four farthings; and when those are done I also must beg; still, what I have, that will I share with you." So saying, Brother Lustig divided the loaf into four parts, and gave one to the beggar, and also one farthing. The Saint thanked him, and, going further, sat himself down in the form of another beggar by the roadside. And when the Soldier came up he asked him as before for a gift. Brother

Lustig replied just as he had to the first beggar, and gave again a fourth part of his bread and a farthing. The Saint thanked him, and, going still further, took the form of a third beggar, and asked for an alms ; and Brother Lustig gave him the third share of his bread, and one of his two remaining farthings. The Saint thanked him, and left him to pursue his way in peace with his one portion of bread and single piece of money. With these he entered an inn, ate his bread, and with his farthing procured some beer. When he had done his meal, he went on again, and presently the Saint, in the form of a discharged soldier like himself, came up to him and said, "Good day, comrade ; can you not give me a bit of bread and a farthing to buy some beer?" "Where shall I get them?" said Lustig, "I have just received my discharge, and nothing with it but a loaf of ammunition-bread and four farthings ; and those I have shared with three beggars whom I have met by the way. The last farthing I have spent for a draught of beer to wash down my own share of the loaf, and so I am empty in purse, and, if you have no more, we may as well go begging together."

"No," replied the Saint, "that is not yet necessary, for I understand a little of the healing art, and with that I can earn as much as I require."

"Ah, well!" replied Brother Lustig, "then I must go alone since I am quite ignorant of that science."

"You can come with me," said the Saint, "and of what I earn you shall have the half."

"That is all right," replied Brother Lustig; and they walked on together.

Soon they came to a farmhouse, and heard within a great crying and groaning. So they entered, and found the master lying on his bed, very ill, and nigh unto death, while his wife sat by weeping and howling. "Cease your tears and groans!" said the Saint to the woman, "I will make your husband well;" and he took out of his pocket an ointment, with which he anointed him, and in a minute the farmer stood up quite

recovered. In their joy and satisfaction, the man and his wife asked the Saint, "How can we reward you, or what shall we give you?" The Saint, however, would take nothing, and the more they begged him the more earnestly he refused; but Brother Lustig nudged him, and said, "Do take something, we shall want it." At last the countrywoman brought a lamb and asked the Saint to take it, but he still refused, till Lustig, nudging him again and saying, "Pray take it, we shall certainly want it," he consented, saying to Brother Lustig, "I will take this lamb, but I cannot carry it; you must do that, since you wish for it." "Oh, as to that matter," said Lustig, "I will readily take it;" and he tied its legs to a stick and put it upon his shoulder. Now they went on till they came to a forest, where the lamb would soon have become a burden to Lustig, but he was hungry, and said to the Saint, "See, here is a beautiful place to cook and eat the lamb."

"Very well," replied his companion; "but I cannot stay here while you cook; do you see to that. Here is a kettle; meanwhile I will walk about till it is ready; but mind you must not begin to eat until I return, which will be at the right time." "You can go if you please," said Lustig; "I understand cooking well, and all will soon be ready." And so saying, he killed the lamb, made a fire, and threw the flesh into the pot to boil. The meat was soon done enough, but still the Saint did not return, and Brother Lustig at length took it out of the pot, and, cutting it up, found the heart. "This is the best part," said he as he ate it, and just then the Saint returned, and said to him, "You can eat the whole lamb by yourself, but give me the heart." Brother Lustig took up his knife and fork and pretended to search very eagerly among the flesh for the heart without success. "There is none," said he at length. "No! where should it be, then?" asked the Saint. "That I do not know," replied the other; "but what simpletons we both are to expect to find a lamb's heart when it has none!"

"Eh!" said the Apostle, "that is something new; every

animal has a heart, and why should not a lamb have one?" "No, certainly, comrade," said Lustig, "a lamb has no heart; just think for a minute, and you will readily allow it has not."

"Well, then," rejoined the Saint, "since there is no heart I need none of the flesh; you may eat it all yourself."

"And what I cannot eat I shall put in my knapsack," said the Soldier, and as he ate but half he disposed of the other as he said.

This over, they travelled on further, and soon came to a stream which they were obliged to pass. "Go you first," said the Saint to his companion; but he refused, thinking, if the other went before, he should know whether the water were deep or no. The holy Saint walked through, and the water was only up to his knees, and then Brother Lustig followed, but the water had become deeper and covered him up to the neck, so that he called, "Help me, comrade!" But the Saint said, "Will you confess that you ate the heart of the lamb?"

"No," he replied, "I have not eaten it;" and immediately the water rose still more, till it reached his mouth. "Help me, comrade!" cried the Soldier again; but the Saint asked a second time, "Will you confess that you ate the lamb's heart?" "No, I have not eaten it," said Lustig; but nevertheless the Saint would not drown him, but took him by the hand and pulled him out.

Now they walked on again, and came to a country where they heard that the King's daughter lay deadly sick. "Halloa! comrade," said the Soldier to the Saint, "here is a windfall for us; if we can restore her to life, our fortune is made for ever." But the holy Saint would not hurry, and Lustig said, "Pray make haste, comrade, and lift your legs quicker, or we shall not arrive in time." Still the Saint went on slowly, slowly, although his companion tried to push him along, until they at last heard that the Princess was dead. "There," said the Soldier, "this comes of your sleepy walking."

But the Saint said, "Be quiet! I can do more than make the sick well, for I can also restore the dead to life."

"Well, if that be so," said Brother Lustig, "that will please; but you must ask the half of the kingdom for a reward." Thereupon they went into the royal palace, where all were in great grief, and the Saint said to the King, "I will restore your daughter to life." So he was led to her, and he asked for a kettle of water, and as soon as it was brought he caused every one to go out of the room and only Brother Lustig to remain. Then he cut all the limbs of the dead Princess one from another, and threw them into the water; and, making a fire beneath the kettle, waited till nothing was left but the bones. Then he took out the white bones and laid them upon a table, and arranged them in their natural order, and when that was done he stepped in front of them and said, "In the name of the most Holy, stand up, oh dead!"

At the third repeating of these words the Princess arose, in full enjoyment of health and vigour, and the King was so rejoiced that he said to the Saint, "Ask your recompense, and whatever it is I will give it you, even to the half of my kingdom."

But the Saint answered, "I desire nothing." "Oh, you simple fellow!" thought the Soldier to himself, and taking his comrade aside he whispered to him, "Be not so foolish; if you desire nothing, still I have need;" but the holy Saint would ask nothing. The King, however, seeing that the other wished for some recompense, caused his knapsack to be filled with gold by the treasurer.

After this they travelled on further, and as they entered a wood Brother Lustig said to the Saint, "Let us now share the gold." "Yes," replied the Saint, "now is the time," and he divided the gold into three portions. Brother Lustig thought, "Why, what crotchet has he got in his head now, to make three portions while we are only two?"

The Saint said, "I have now divided it, one share for me, one for you, and one for him who ate the lamb's heart."

"Oh! I ate that," replied Brother Lustig quickly, and snatched at the gold; "you may believe me."

"But how can that be true?" asked the Saint, "lambs have no hearts!"

"Eh, what!" replied the Soldier; "why, what are you thinking of? A lamb has a heart as well as any other animal; why should a lamb alone have no heart?"

"Ah!" said the Saint, "now you may keep the gold yourself, I will travel no longer with such a man, but will go my own path."

"As you like, comrade," replied the Soldier; "as you like; farewell!"

So the holy Saint went another road, and Brother Lustig thought, "It is well that he is gone; he is certainly a wonderful man." The Soldier had gold enough now; but what with visiting, giving presents, feasting, and such like, before many months had elapsed he was again quite poor. At that time he came into a country where he heard that the King's daughter had just died. "Ah!" thought he, "here is a good thing! I will restore her to life again, and I will have such a sum counted out as the importance of my art warrants!" So he went to the King and offered to bring the dead to life. Now this King had heard that a discharged Soldier was travelling about who had raised the dead, and he supposed our Brother Lustig to be the man. Nevertheless, as he did not feel certain, he first asked the advice of his councillors, who decided that there was no harm in trying the man as the Princess was really dead. So Brother Lustig caused water to be brought to him in a kettle, and when every one had left the room he cut the limbs asunder, and put them into the water and made a fire beneath, just as he had seen the Saint do. Then when the water boiled, and nothing was left but the bones, he took them out and laid them on a table, but he knew not in what order to put them, and so placed them the wrong way. This done, he rose up and said thrice, "In the name of the most Holy, arise, oh dead!" but the bones did not

move. " You shining fellows, get up, or it will be the worse for you!" said he, and just as he spoke the Saint came, in his former disguise as a discharged Soldier, and said, " You impious man! what are you about? how can the dead rise when you have placed the limbs all wrong?"

" Comrade, I did it as well as I could," said he. " This time," continued the holy Saint, " I will help you out of your trouble, but do not undertake anything of this sort again, or it will be your ruin. Likewise I warn you, you are not to take or desire the least things of the King for this service."

Thereupon the Saint laid the bones in their right order, and said thrice aloud, " In the name of the most Holy, arise, oh dead!" and immediately the Princess arose as well as ever, and as beautiful. Then the Saint disappeared through the window, and left Brother Lustig rejoicing at the miracle, but vexed that he must not take any reward for the deed. " I should like to know," said he, " what whim now he has taken into his head, for what he gives with one hand he takes with the other, and there is no understanding him." And so thinking, when the King asked him what he wished for he dared not take anything, but through artifice and cunning he managed to get his knapsack filled with gold. Then he took his leave with many thanks, and as he went out the door the Saint stood there, and said, " What sort of a man are you? I forbade you to take anything and yet you have your knapsack filled with gold."

" How can I help it, if it is put in for me?" replied Brother Lustig.

" Well, this I tell you," continued the Saint, " if you undertake such things in future you will suffer."

" Oh! comrade, what care I? now I have money what do I want with bone-boiling?" said Brother Lustig.

" Ah!" said the Saint, " the gold will last long, will it not? but, that you may not tread again in forbidden paths, I will give your knapsack this power,—whatever you wish, that shall you see within it. Farewell! you will not now see me again."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Brother Lustig, "I am glad that you are gone, you strange fellow; I certainly will not follow you." But of the wonderful power of his knapsack he did not then think.

On again he travelled and travelled, spending and wasting his money as at first, till at length he had but four farthings left, with which sum he arrived at an inn on his road. "The money must go," thought he, and he laid it out in three farthings' worth of wine and one of bread. As he sat eating, the smell of roast goose tickled his nose, and he got up and peeped about, and presently discovered that the Landlord had put two geese into the oven to bake. Just then it occurred to him to try the wonderful power of his knapsack, and he went out at the door, and wished that the two roast geese were safe within it. As soon as he had said the words he unbuckled and looked in, and there they both lay snug enough! "Ah! all's right," said he, "I am a made man;" and he turned into a meadow and pulled out his prize. Just as he was in the best of his eating two working men came by and looked at the goose which was yet untouched with hungry eyes.

Brother Lustig, thinking when he saw them that he had quite enough with one, called up the two fellows and said, "There, take this goose, and eat it to my health and happiness." They thanked him, and went on to the inn and ordered some wine and bread, and then, pulling out their present, began to eat. The Landlady looked at them, and then at her husband; and said to him, "They are eating a goose; just see if it is not one of ours out of the oven."

The Landlord ran to look, and behold, there was the oven empty, and, coming back, he cried out, "You thieving rascals, would you eat goose so cheaply? Pay me for it quickly, or I will beat you with the thickest stick I can find!"

But the two cried together, "We are not thieves! A discharged soldier out there on the meadow gave us this goose!" "Tell me no lies," said the Landlord; "the soldier has been here certainly, but he has gone out at the door like an honest man;

I have no suspicion of him; you are thieves, and must pay the reckoning." But as they would not pay he took a stick and flogged them out of the house. Meanwhile Brother Lustig walked on till he came to a village, on one side of which stood a noble castle, and on the other a mean little inn, into which he went, and asked for a night's lodging, but the Host refused, saying, "There is no room; my house is full of excellent guests." "It is a wonder to me, then," replied the Soldier, "that they come to you instead of going into that fine castle."

"Ah! that would be worth while surely," said the Landlord. "Why, no one who has tried to sleep there one night has ever yet come out alive."

"I will try it, then, as others have," replied Brother Lustig.

"You had better not," said the Landlord; "you will lose your life."

"We shall see, we shall see!" rejoined the Soldier. "Give me the key and something substantial to eat and drink."

The Landlord, therefore, gave him the key, and some meat and beer, and Brother Lustig took them into the castle and ate a hearty meal, after which, feeling sleepy, he laid down upon the ground, for there was no bed. He soon went to sleep, but in the middle of the night he was awakened by a great screeching, and when he aroused himself he saw nine ugly evil spirits, who had joined hands in a circle, and were dancing round him. When Brother Lustig saw them he said, "Dance as long as you like, but don't come too near!" But the spirits did not pay any attention to him, and kept approaching nearer and nearer till they almost kicked their feet in his face. "Be quiet, you wretched spirits!" said the Soldier again; but still they came nearer and nearer, so that he grew quite angry and called out, "Then I will make you be still!" and, taking up the leg of a chair, he made an attack upon them. The evil spirits, however, were rather too many against one Soldier, and, even if he knocked one down, another instantly flew at his hair and tore it out unmercifully. "You pack of evils!" cried he, "this is too much

for me ; but wait. All nine into my knapsack ! ” No sooner had he said the words than in they tumbled, and, buckling up the knapsack instantly, he throw it into a corner. Then everything was quiet at once, and Brother Lustig laid himself down and slept till broad daylight. At that time the landlord and the nobleman to whom the castle belonged entered it, to see how he had passed the night, and as soon as they saw him alive and well they were astonished, and inquired, “ What ! have the spirits done nothing to you ? ”

“ No ; and for a good reason,” replied Brother Lustig. “ I have them all nine in my knapsack. You may live in your castle again in quiet : henceforth nothing of this sort will happen.”

The nobleman thanked him, and rewarded him liberally, and begged him to remain in his service, and he would take care of him all his lifetime. But the Soldier refused, saying he was used to wandering about, and wished to proceed further. So Brother Lustig travelled on, and, coming to a smithy, he laid the knapsack wherein were the nine evil spirits upon the anvil, and bade the smith and his companions beat it, and they beat it with their heavy hammers with all their strength, so that the evil spirits received an unmerciful crushing, and when he opened the knapsack eight were dead ; but one who had crept into a corner was still living, and slipped out, and ran away to the place he came from.

After this Brother Lustig travelled about still more, the whole world through, and whoever knows them might tell many tales of his wanderings. At length he began to grow old, and bethought himself of his end ; so he went to a pilgrim who was known as a very pious man, and said to him, “ I am weary of wandering, and wish now to tread in a holy path.”

The Pilgrim said to him, “ There are two roads, the one broad and smooth, and leading to the abode of evil spirits ; the other narrow and rugged, which leads to the abode of angels.” “ I should be a simpleton,” thought Brother Lustig within him-

self, "if I should walk in the narrow and rugged road;" and getting up, he chose the broad and smooth path, along which he travelled till he came to a large black gate, which was the entrance to the abode of evil. At this he knocked, and the door-porter peeped out to see who it was, and as soon as he saw Brother Lustig he was frightened, for he was the same ninth evil spirit who had been shut up in the knapsack, and had escaped with a black eye. He pushed the bolt in quicker than before, and ran to the chief evil spirit and said, "There is a fellow outside with a knapsack who wants to enter; but let him not get his body inside or he will wish the whole place in his knapsack, as he once did to me."

So Brother Lustig was told that he must go away again, for he could not enter, and he resolved, therefore, to try if he could find a welcome in the abode of angels, for somewhere he must go. So he turned and travelled on till he came to the door, at which he knocked, and there sat by the door at watch the same Saint who had travelled with him. Brother Lustig recognised him at once, and thought, "Since I find an old friend here, it will be more lucky for me."

But the holy Saint said, "I suppose you wish to enter this abode?"

"Yes; let me in, comrade," said he.

"No," said the Saint, "you cannot enter."

"No!" reiterated the old Soldier, "no! well then, since you will not let me in, take back your knapsack, for I will have nothing of yours."

"Give it me here," said the Saint; and he reached it through the bars of the gate, and the Saint hung it up near his seat. Then Brother Lustig said, "Now I wish myself inside the knapsack," and in a moment he was there, and so outwitted the Saint, who was thus compelled to let him enter the abode of the angels.



HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master seven years, and at the end of that time he said to him, "Master, since my time is up, I should like to go home to my mother; so give me my wages, if you please."

His Master replied, "You have served me truly and honestly, Hans, and such as your service was, such shall be your reward;" and with these words he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head. Hans thereupon took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and, wrapping the gold up in it, threw it over his shoulder and set out on the road towards his native village. As he went along, carefully setting one foot to the ground before the other, a horseman came in sight, trotting gaily and briskly along upon a capital animal. "Ah," said Hans, aloud, "what a fine thing that riding is! one is seated, as it were, upon a stool, kicks against no stones, spares one's shoes, and gets along without any trouble!"

The Rider, overhearing Hans making these reflections, stopped and said, "Why, then, do you travel on foot, my fine fellow?"

"Because I am forced," replied Hans, "for I have got a bit of a lump to carry home; it certainly is gold, but then I can't carry my head straight, and it hurts my shoulder."

"If you like we will exchange," said the Rider; "I will give you my horse, and you can give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart;" cried Hans; "but I tell you fairly you undertake a very heavy burden."

The man dismounted, took the gold, and helped Hans on to the horse, and, giving him the reins into his hands, said, "Now, when you want to go faster, you must cluck with your tongue and cry, 'Gee up! gee up!'"

Hans was delighted indeed when he found himself on the top of a horse, and riding along so freely and gaily. After awhile he thought he should like to go rather quicker, and so he cried, "Gee up! gee up!" as the man had told him. The horse soon set off at a hard trot, and, before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown over head and heels into a ditch which divided the fields from the road. The horse, having accomplished this feat, would have bolted off if he had not been stopped by a Peasant who was coming that way, driving a cow before him. Hans soon picked himself up on his legs, but he was terribly put out, and said to the countryman, "That is bad sport, that riding, especially when one mounts such a beast as that, which stumbles and throws one off so as to nearly break one's neck: I will never ride on that animal again. Command me to your cow: one may walk behind her without any discomfort, and besides one has, every day for certain, milk, butter, and cheese. Ah! what would I not give for such a cow!"

"Well," said the Peasant, "such an advantage you may soon enjoy; I will exchange my cow for your horse."

To this Hans consented with a thousand thanks, and the Peasant, swinging himself upon the horse, rode off in a hurry.

Hans now drove his cow off steadily before him, thinking of

his lucky bargain in this wise: "I have a bit of bread, and I can, as often as I please, eat with it butter and cheese; and when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and have a draught: and what more can I desire?"

As soon, then, as he came to an inn he halted, and ate with great satisfaction all the bread he had brought with him for his noonday and evening meals, and washed it down with a glass of beer, to buy which he spent his two last farthings. This over, he drove his cow further, but still in the direction of his mother's village. The heat meantime became more and more oppressive as noontime approached, and just then Hans came to a common which was an hour's journey across. Here he got into such a state of heat that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he thought to himself, "This won't do; I will just milk my cow, and refresh myself." Hans, therefore, tied her to a stump of a tree, and, having no pail, placed his leathern cap below, and set to work, but not a drop of milk could he squeeze out. He had placed himself, too, very awkwardly, and at last the impatient cow gave him such a kick on the head that he tumbled over on the ground, and for a long time knew not where he was. Fortunately, not many hours after, a Butcher passed by, trundling a young pig along upon a wheelbarrow. "What trick is this!" exclaimed he, helping up poor Hans; and Hans told him all that had passed. The Butcher then handed him his flask, and said, "There, take a drink; it will revive you. Your cow might well give no milk: she is an old beast, and worth nothing at the best but for the plough or the butcher!"

"Eh! eh!" said Hans, pulling his hair over his eyes, "who would have thought it? It is all very well when one can kill a beast like that at home, and make a profit of the flesh; but for my part, I have no relish for cow's flesh; it is too tough for me! Ah! a young pig like yours is the thing that tastes something like, let alone the sausages!"

"Well now, for love of you," said the Butcher, "I will make an exchange, and let you have my pig for your cow."

"Heaven reward you for your kindness!" cried Hans; and, giving up the cow, he untied the pig from the barrow, and took into his hand the string with which it was tied.

Hans walked on again, considering how everything had happened just as he wished, and how all his vexations had turned out for the best after all! Presently a Boy overtook him, carrying a fine white goose under his arm, and after they had said "Good day" to each other, Hans began to talk about his luck, and what profitable exchanges he had made. The Boy on his part told him that he was carrying the goose to a christening-feast. "Just lift it," said he to Hans, holding it up by his wings, "just feel how heavy it is; why, it has been fattened up for the last eight weeks, and whoever bites it when it is cooked will have to wipe the grease from each side of his mouth!"

"Yes," said Hans, weighing it with one hand, "it is weighty, but my pig is no trifle either."

While he was speaking the Boy kept looking about on all sides, and shaking his head suspiciously, and at length he broke out, "I am afraid it is not all right about your pig. In the village, through which I have just come, one has been stolen out of the sty of the mayor himself; and I am afraid, very much afraid, you have it now in your hand! They have sent out several people, and it would be a very bad job for you if they found you with the pig; the best thing you can do is to hide it in some dark corner!"

Honest Hans was thunderstruck, and exclaimed, "Ah, Heaven help me in this fresh trouble! you know the neighbourhood better than I; do you take my pig and let me have your goose," said he to the boy.

"I shall have to hazard something at that game," replied the Boy, "but still I do not wish to be the cause of your meeting with misfortune;" and, so saying, he took the rope into his own hand, and drove the pig off quickly by a side path, while Hans, lightened of his cares, walked on homewards with the goose under his arm. "If I judge rightly," thought he to

himself; "I have gained even by this exchange: first there is the good roast; then the quantity of fat which will drip out will make goose broth for a quarter of a year; and then there are the fine white feathers, which when once I have put into my pillow I warrant I shall sleep without rocking. What pleasure my mother will have!"

As he came to the last village on his road there stood a Knife-grinder, with his barrow by the hedge, whirling his wheel round, and singing—

" Scissors and razors and such-like I grind;
And gaily my rags are flying behind."

Hans stopped and looked at him, and at last he said, " You appear to have a good business, if I may judge by your merry song?"

" Yes," answered the Grinder, " this business has a golden bottom! A true knife-grinder is a man who as often as he puts his hand into his pocket feels money in it! But what a fine goose you have got; where did you buy it?"

" I did not buy it at all," said Hans, " but took it in exchange for my pig." " And the pig?" " I exchanged for my cow." " And the cow?" " I exchanged a horse for her." " And the horse?" " For him I gave a lump of gold as big as my head." " And the gold?" " That was my wages for a seven years' servitude." " And I see you have known how to benefit yourself each time," said the Grinder; " but, could you now manage that you heard the money rattling in your pocket as you walked, your fortune would be made." " Well! how shall I manage that?" asked Hans.

" You must become a grinder like me; to this trade nothing peculiar belongs but a grindstone, the other necessaries find themselves. Here is one which is a little worn, certainly, and so I will not ask anything more for it than your goose; are you agreeable?"

" How can you ask me?" said Hans, " why, I shall be the

luckiest man in the world; having money as often as I dip my hand into my pocket, what have I to care about any longer?"

So saying, he handed over the goose, and received the grind-stone in exchange.

"Now," said the Grinder, picking up an ordinary big flint stone which lay near, "now, there you have a capital stone, upon which only beat them long enough and you may straighten all your old nails! Take it, and use it carefully!"

Hans took the stone and walked on with a satisfied heart, his eyes glistening with joy. "I must have been born," said he, "to a heap of luck; everything happens just as I wish, as if I were a Sunday-child."

Soon, however, having been on his legs since daybreak, he began to feel very tired, and was plagued too with hunger, since he had eaten all his provision at once in his joy about the cow bargain. At last he felt quite unable to go farther, and was forced, too, to halt every minute for the stones encumbered him very much. Just then the thought overcame him, what a good thing it were if he had no need to carry them any longer, and at the same moment he came up to a stream. Here he resolved to rest and refresh himself with a drink, and so that the stones might not hurt him in kneeling he laid them carefully down by his side on the bank. This done, he stooped down to scoop up some water in his hand, and then it happened that he pushed one stone a little too far, so that both presently went plump into the water. Hans, as soon as he saw them sinking to the bottom, jumped up for joy, and then kneeled down and returned thanks, with tears in his eyes, that so mercifully, and without any act on his part, and in so nice a way, he had been delivered from the heavy stones, which alone hindered him from getting on.

"So lucky as I am," exclaimed Hans, "is no other man under the sun!"

Then with a light heart, and free from every burden, he leaped gaily along till he reached his mother's house.



HANS MARRIED.

THERE was once a young country chap called Hans, whose Uncle wanted very much to marry him to a rich wife, so he set him beside the oven and let a good fire be lighted. Then he fetched a jug of milk and a large piece of white bread, and gave Hans a shining newly-coined penny, saying, "Hans, keep this penny safely, and break your white bread into this milk; and mind you stop here, and do not stir from your stool till I return."

"Yes," said Hans, "I will faithfully do all you require."

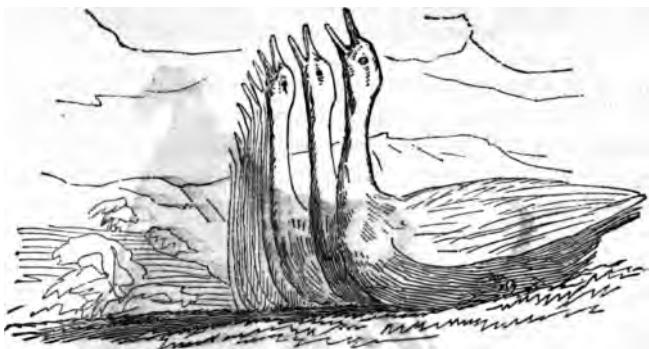
Then the Uncle went and drew on a pair of old spotted breeches, and, walking to the next village, called on a rich farmer's daughter, and asked her whether she would marry his nephew Hans, assuring her that he was a prudent and clever young man, who could not fail to please her. The girl's covetous father, however, asked, "How is he situated with regard to property? Has he the wherewithal to live?"

"My dear friend," said the Uncle, "my nephew is a warm youth, and has not only a nice penny in hand, but plenty to eat and drink. He can count, too, quite as many specks" (meaning money) "as I;" and, as he spoke, he slapped his hand upon his spotted breeches. "Will you," he continued, "take the trouble to go with me, and in an hour's time you shall see everything as I have said?"

The offer appeared so advantageous to the covetous Farmer that he would not let it slip, and therefore said, "If it is so, I have nothing more to say against the wedding."

So the ceremony was performed on an appointed day, and afterwards the young wife wished to go into the fields and view the property of her husband. Hans drew his spotted smock first over his Sunday clothes, saying to his bride, "I do not wish to spoil my best things!" This done, they went together into the fields, and wherever a vine-stock was planted on the road, or the meadows and fields divided, Hans pointed with his finger there, and then laid it on one great spot or another on his smock, and said, "This spot is mine and thine too, my dear! Do just look at it." Hans meant by this, not that his wife should gape at the broad fields, but that she should look at his smock, which was really his own!

"Did you then go to the wedding?" "Yes! I was there in full toggery. My head-piece was of snow, and there came the sun and melted it; my clothes were of worsted, and I walked through thorns, so that they were torn off; my shoes were of glass, and I stepped upon a stone, and they cracked and fell to pieces."



THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

THE Fox one day came to a meadow where a flock of fine fat Geese were feeding ; and he said, with a grin, " I am come just as if I had been invited ; you sit together so charmingly, I can eat you one after the other !" The Geese cackled for terror, and sprang on their feet, and began to groan and beg pitifully for their lives, but the Fox would hear nothing ; and said, " There is no mercy—you must die !" At length one of them took heart and said, " If we poor Geese must at once give our young lives, show us yet one single grace, and permit us to say our prayers; that we may not die in our sins. Afterwards we will all stand in a row, and you can then pick out the fattest as you want us."

" Well," said the Fox, " that is a just and pious request. Pray away ! I will wait for you!"

So the first one began a long-prayer, and, because it would not cease, the second also commenced before his time, and cried, " Ga ! ga ! ga !" The third and fourth soon followed, and in a few minutes they were all cackling together their prayers.

When they have done praying, this tale shall be continued; but meanwhile, as I suppose, they are praying still:



THE POOR MAN AND THE RICH MAN.

IN olden times, when the good angels walked the earth in the form of men, it happened that one of them, while he was wandering about very tired, saw night coming upon him before he had found a shelter. But there stood on the road close by two houses, opposite to one another, one of which was large and handsome, while the other appeared miserably poor. The former belonged to a rich man, and the other to a poor man, so that the angel thought he could lodge with the former, because it would be less burdensome to him than to the other to entertain a guest. Accordingly he knocked at the door, and the rich man, opening the window, asked the stranger what he sought. The angel replied, "I seek a night's lodging." Then the rich man scanned the stranger from head to foot, and perceiving that he wore ragged clothes, and seemed like one who had not much money in his pocket, he shook his head, and said, "I cannot take you in; my rooms are full of herbs and seeds, and, should I shelter

every one who knocks at my door, I might soon take the beggar's staff into my own hand. Seek a welcome elsewhere."

So saying, he shut his window to, and left the good angel, who immediately turned his back upon him and went over to the little house. Here he had scarcely knocked, when the door was opened, and the poor man bade the wanderer welcome, and said, "Stop here this night with me; it is quite dark, and to-day you can go no further." This reception pleased the angel much, and he walked in; and the wife of the poor man also bade him welcome, and, holding out her hand, said, "Make yourself at home, and, though it is not much that we have, we will give it to you with all our heart." Then she placed some potatoes at the fire, and while they roasted she milked her goat for something to drink with them. When the table was laid, the good angel sat down and ate with them, and the rude fare tasted well, because they who partook of it had happy faces. After they had finished, and bedtime came, the wife called her husband aside, and said to him, "Let us sleep to-night on straw, my dear, that this poor wanderer may have our bed whereon to rest himself, for he has been walking all day long, and is doubtless very tired."

"With all my heart," replied her husband; "I will offer it to him;" and, going up to the angel, he begged him, if he pleased, to lay in their bed that he might rest his limbs thoroughly. The good angel at first refused to take the bed of his host, but at last he yielded to their entreaties, and laid down, while they made a straw couch upon the ground. The next morning they arose early, and cooked their guest a breakfast of the best that they had, and when the sun shone through the window he got up too, and, after eating with them, prepared to set out again. When he stood in the doorway he turned round, and said to his hosts, "Because you are so compassionate and pious, you may wish three times and I will grant, each time, what you desire."

The poor man replied, "Ah, what else can I wish than eternal happiness, and that we two, so long as we live, may

have health, and strength, and our necessary daily bread? for the third thing I know not what to wish for."

"Will you not wish for a new house in place of this old one?" asked the angel.

"Oh, yes!" said the man, "if I may keep on this spot, so would it be welcome."

Then the good angel fulfilled his wishes, and changed their old house into a new one; and, giving them once more his blessing, went out of the house.

It was already broad daylight when the rich man arose, and looking out of his window, saw a new handsome house of red brick where formerly an old hut had stood. The sight made him open his eyes, and he called his wife up, and asked, "Tell me what has happened: yesterday evening an old miserable hut stood opposite, and to-day there is a fine new house! Run out, and hear how this has happened!"

The wife went and asked the poor man, who related that the evening before a wanderer had come, seeking a night's lodging, and that in the morning he had taken his leave, and granted them three wishes—eternal happiness, health and food during their lives, and, instead of their old hut, a fine new house. When he had finished his tale, the wife of the rich man ran home and told her husband all that had passed, and he exclaimed, "Ah! had I only known it! the stranger had been here before, and would have passed the night with us, but I sent him away."

"Hasten, then!" returned his wife, "mount your horse, and perhaps you may overtake the man, and then you must ask three wishes for yourself also."

The rich man followed this advice, and soon overtook the good angel. He spoke softly and glibly, begging that the angel would not take it ill that he had not let him in at first, for that he had gone to seek the key of the house-door, and meanwhile he had gone away, but if the angel came back the same way he would be glad if he would call again. The angel promised that he would come on his return, and the rich man

then asked if he might not wish thrice as his neighbour had been allowed. "Yes," said the angel, "you may certainly, but it will not be good for you, and it were better you did not wish."

But the rich man thought he might easily obtain something which would tend to his happiness, if he only knew that it would be fulfilled, and so the angel at length said, "Ride home, and the three wishes which you shall make shall be answered."

The rich man now had what he desired, and, as he rode homewards, began to consider what he should wish. While he thought he let his rein fall loose, and his horse presently began to jump, that he was jerked about, and so much so that he could fix his mind on nothing. He patted his horse on the neck, and said, "Be quiet, Bess!" but it only began fresh friskings, so that at last he became savage, and cried quite impatiently, "I wish you might break your neck!" No sooner had he said so than down it fell upon the ground, and never moved again, and thus the first wish was fulfilled. But the rich man, being covetous by nature, would not leave the saddle behind, and so, cutting it off, he slung it over his back, and went onwards on foot. "You have still two wishes," thought he to himself, and so was comforted, and as he slowly passed over the sandy common the sun scorched him terribly, for it was midday, and he soon became vexed and passionate; moreover, the saddle hurt his back; and besides, he had not yet decided what to wish for. "If I should wish for all the treasures and riches in the world," said he to himself, "hereafter something or other will occur to me, I know beforehand, but I will so manage that nothing at all shall remain for me to wish for." Then he sighed, and continued, "Yes, if I had been the clownish peasant who had also three wishes, and knowing how to help himself chose first much beer, then as much beer as he could drink, and for the third a cask of beer more!"

Many times he thought he knew what to wish, but soon it appeared too little. Then it came into his thoughts how well

his wife was situated, sitting at home in a cool room, and appropriately dressed. This idea angered him uncommonly, and, without knowing it, he said aloud, "I wish she were sitting upon this saddle, and could not get off it, instead of its being slipping about on my back."

As soon as these words were out of his mouth, the saddle disappeared from his back, and he perceived that his second wish had passed its fulfilment. Now he became very hot, and began to run, intending to lock himself up in his room, and consider there something great for his last wish. But when he arrived and opened the house-door he found his wife sitting upon the saddle in the middle of the room, and crying and shrieking because she could not get off. So he said to her, "Be contented, I will wish for all the riches in the world, only keep sitting there."

But his wife shook her head, saying, "Of what use are all the riches of the world to me, if I sit upon this saddle? you have wished me on it, and you must also wish me off."

So, whether he liked it or not, he was forced to utter his third wish, that his wife might be freed from the saddle, and immediately it was done. Thus the rich man gained nothing from his wishes but vexation, trouble, scolding, and a lost horse; but the poor couple lived contented and pious to their lives' end.



THE GOOSE GIRL.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old Queen, whose husband had been dead some years, and had left her with a beautiful daughter. When this daughter grew up she was betrothed to a King's son, who lived far away ; and, when the time arrived that she should be married, it became necessary that she should travel into a strange country, and so the old lady packed up for her use much costly furniture, utensils of gold and silver, cups and jars ; in short, all that belonged to a royal bridal-treasure, for she loved her child dearly. She sent also a maid to wait upon her and to give her away to the bridegroom, and two horses for the journey ; and the horse of the Princess, called Falada, could speak. As soon as the hour of departure arrived, the mother took her daughter into a chamber, and there, with a knife, she cut her finger with it so that it bled ; then she held a napkin beneath, and let three drops of blood fall into it, which she gave to her daughter, saying, " Dear child, preserve this well, and it will help you out of trouble."

Afterwards the mother and daughter took a sorrowful leave of each other, and the Princess placed the napkin in her bosom, mounted her horse, and rode away to ~~her intended~~ bridegroom. After she had ridden on for about an hour she became very thirsty, and said to her servant, "Dismount, and procure me some water from yonder stream in the cup which you carry with you, for I am very thirsty."

"If you are thirsty," replied the servant, "dismount yourself, and stoop down to drink the water, for I will not be your maid!"

The Princess, on account of her great thirst, did as she was bid, and bending over the brook she drank of its water, without daring to use her golden cup. While she did so the three drops of blood said, "Ah! if thy mother knew this her heart would break." And the Princess felt humbled, but said nothing, and soon remounted her horse. Then she rode several miles further, but the day was so hot and the sun so scorching that soon she felt thirsty again, and as soon as she reached a stream she called her handmaiden again, and bade her take the golden cup and fill it with water, for she had forgotten all the saucy words which before had passed. The maiden, however, replied more haughtily than before, "If you wish to drink, help yourself! I will not be your maid!"

The Princess thereupon got off her horse, and helped herself at the stream, while she wept and cried, "Ah! woe's me!" and the three drops of blood said again, "If your mother knew this her heart would break." As she leaned over the water the napkin wherein were the three drops of blood fell out of her bosom and floated down the stream without her perceiving it, because of her great anguish. But her servant had seen what happened, and she was glad, for now she had power over her mistress; because, with the loss of the drops of blood, she became weak and powerless. When, then, she would mount again upon the horse Falada, the maid said, "No, Falada belongs to me; you must get upon this horse;" and she was

forced to yield. Then the servant bade her take off her royal clothes, and put on her common ones instead; and, hastily, she made the Princess promise and swear by the open sky that she would say nought of what had passed at the King's palace; for if she had not so sworn she would have been murdered. But Falada observed all that passed with great attention.

Now was the servant mounted upon Falada, and the rightful Princess upon a sorry hack; and in that way they travelled on till they came to the King's palace. On their arrival there were great rejoicings, and the young Prince, running towards them, lifted the servant off her horse, supposing that she was the true bride; and she was led up the steps in state, while the real Princess had to stop below. Just then the old King chanced to look out of his window, and saw her standing in the court, and he remarked how delicate and beautiful she was; and, going to the royal apartments, he inquired there of the bride who it was she had brought with her, and left below in the courtyard.

"Only a girl whom I brought with me for company," said the bride. "Give the wench some work to do, that she may not grow idle."

The old King, however, had no work for her and knew of nothing, until at last he said, "Ah! there is a boy who keeps the geese; she can help him." This youth was called Conrad, and the true bride was set to keep geese with him.

Soon after this the false bride said to her betrothed, "Dearest, will you grant me a favour?" "Yes," said he, "with the greatest pleasure." "Then let the knacker be summoned, that he may cut off the head of the horse on which I rode hither, for it has angered me on the way." In reality she feared lest the horse might tell how she had used the rightful Princess, and she was glad when it was decided that Falada should die. This came to the ears of the Princess, and she promised secretly to the knacker to give him a piece of gold if he would show her a kindness, which was that he would nail the head of Falada over a certain large and gloomy arch through which she had to pass

daily with the geese, so that then she might still see, as she had been accustomed, her old steed. The knacker promised, and, after killing the horse, nailed the head in the place which was pointed out, over the door of the arch.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove the geese through the arch, she said in passing—

“ Ah, Falada, that you should hang there !”

and the head replied,

“ Ah, Princess, that you should pass here !
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break !”

Then she drove on through the town to a field, and when they arrived on the meadow she sat down and unloosened her hair, which was of a pure gold, and its shining appearance so charmed Conrad that he endeavoured to pull out a couple of locks. So she sang,

“ Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away ;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind.”

Immediately there came a strong wind which took Conrad's hat quite off his head, and led him a rare dance all over the meadows, so that when he returned, what with combing and curling, the Princess had rearranged her hair, so that he could not catch a loose lock. This made Conrad very angry, and he would not speak to her, so that all day long they tended their geese in silence, and at evening they went home.

The following morning they passed again under the gloomy arch, and the true Princess said,

“ Ah, Falada, that you should hang there !”





and Falada replied,

“ Ah, Princess, that you should pass here !
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break !”

Afterwards, when they got into the meadow, Conrad tried again to snatch one of her golden locks, but she sang immediately,

“ Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad’s hat away ;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind.”

So the wind blew and carried the hat so far away that, by the time Conrad had caught it again, her hair was all combed out, and not a single one loose; so they kept their geese till evening as before.

After they returned home, Conrad went to the old King, and declared he would no longer keep geese with the servant.

“ Why not ?” asked the old King.

“ Oh ! she vexes me the whole day long,” said Conrad ; and then the King bade him relate all that had happened. So Conrad did, and told how in the morning when they passed through a certain archway she spoke to a horse’s head which was nailed up over the door, and said,

“ Ah, Falada, that you should hang there !”

and it replied,

“ Ah, Princess, that you should pass here !
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break !”

and, further, when they arrived in the meadow, how she caused the wind to blow his hat off, so that he had to run after it ever

so far. When he had finished his tale the old King ordered him to drive the geese out again the next morning, and he himself, when morning came, stationed himself behind the gloomy archway, and heard the servant talk to the head of Falada. Then he followed them also into the fields, and hid himself in a thicket by the meadow, and there he saw with his own eyes the goose girl and boy drive in their geese, and after awhile she sat down, and unloosening her hair, which shone like gold, began to sing the old rhyme,

“ Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad's hat away ;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind.”

Then the King felt a breeze come which took off Conrad's hat, so that he had to run a long way after it, while the goose girl combed out her hair and put it back in proper trim before his return. All this the King observed, and then went home unremarked, and when the goose girl returned at evening he called her aside, and asked her what it all meant. “ That I dare not tell you, nor any other man,” replied she; “ for I have sworn by the free sky not to speak of my griefs, else had I lost my life.”

The King pressed her to say what it was, and left her no peace about it; but still she refused, so at last he said, “ If you will not tell me, tell your griefs to this fireplace;” and he went away. Then she crept into the fireplace, and began to weep and groan, and soon she relieved her heart by telling her tale. “ Here sit I,” she said, “ forsaken by all the world, and yet I am a King's daughter, and a false servant has exercised some charm over me, whereby I was compelled to lay aside my royal clothes; and she has also taken my place at the bridegroom's side, and I am forced to perform the common duties of a goose girl. Oh! if my mother knew this, her heart would break with grief.”

The old King meanwhile stood outside by the chimney and listened to what she said, and when she had finished he came in and called her away from the fireplace. Then her royal clothes were put on, and it was a wonder to see how beautiful she was; and the old King, calling his son, showed him that it was a false bride whom he had taken, who was only a servant girl, but the true bride stood there as a goose girl. The young King was glad indeed at heart when he saw her beauty and virtue, and a great feast was announced, to which all people and good friends were invited. On a raised platform sat the bridegroom, with the Princess on one side and the servant girl on the other. But the latter was dazzled, and recognised her mistress no longer in her shining dress. When they had finished their feasting, and were beginning to be gay, the old King set a riddle to the servant girl: What such an one were worthy of who had, in such and such a manner, deceived her masters; and he related all that had happened to the true bride. The servant girl replied, "Such an one deserves nothing better than to be put into a cask, stuck all round with sharp nails, and then by two horses to be dragged through street after street till the wretch be killed."

"Thou art the woman, then!" exclaimed the King; "thou hast proclaimed thine own punishment, and it shall be strictly fulfilled!"

The sentence was immediately carried into effect, and afterwards the young King married his rightful bride, and together they ruled their kingdom long in peace and happiness.



THE YOUNG GIANT.

A CERTAIN countryman had a son no bigger than a thumb when he was born, and even in after years he grew not a bit. One morning when the man was going forth to plough the little fellow said, "Father, I will go with you." "Will you though?" replied he. "You had better stop where you are of use: you would only get lost along with me."

Then Thumbling began to cry, and would not stop till his Father at last put him in his pocket and took him with him. When they got into the fields the Father took his son out and set him in a fresh furrow. Presently, over the mountains, came a great Giant towards them. "Do you see that great monster coming to fetch you?" asked the man of his son, thinking so to frighten him; but scarcely had he spoken when the Giant, making a couple of strides with his long legs, reached the furrow, and took little Thumbling out without speaking a word, and carried him away with him. The Father stood by, and

from terror could not utter a sound, and he thought he had lost his son for ever.

The Giant, however, carried Thumbling home, and fed him so heartily that he grew big and strong like a young giant. After the lapse of two years the Giant took the youth into the forest to try his strength, and said to him, "Now cut down a switch for yourself." The young one was now so strong that he pulled a little tree by the roots out of the ground; but this was not enough for the Giant, who took him back and fed him two years longer. When they tried again the youth was so strong that he could break down an old tree; but still this was not enough for the old Giant, who took him home again and fed him for another two years. At the end of that time they again visited the forest, and when the old Giant said, "Now pluck up a good stick for me," the youth tore out of the ground the thickest oak-tree there was as if it were merely a joke. "Now you have done enough," cried the Giant; "you have learnt everything." And with these words he conducted him back to the same field from whence he had fetched him. His Father was there walking behind his plough, and the young Giant went up to him and said, "Do you see, Father, what a man your son has grown?" But the Father was frightened, and said, "No, you are not my son; I know nothing about you."

"Really and truly I am your son, though," said the young Giant. "Let me work here; I can plough as well and even better than you." But the Peasant persisted, "No, no, you are not my son; you cannot plough; come, be off with you!"

But at length, being afraid of the great fellow, he let go the plough, and, stepping back, stationed himself on one side, near the hedge. Then the youth took the plough and pressed with one hand against it, but so powerfully that it cut deeply into the ground, and the Peasant called out, "If you must plough, do not press so heavily or your work will be badly done." At this the young Giant unharnessed the horse and drew the plough himself, first saying to the Peasant, "Go you home, Father, and

let Mother cook a large dish of vienala; meanwhile I will just plough over this field."

The Father, accordingly, went home, and ordered his wife to get dinner ready; but the son not only ploughed over the whole field, which was a usual two days' job, but also harrowed it perfectly, making use of two harrows. As soon as that was done, he went into the forest and tore up two oak-trees, which he laid across his shoulders, and then, fixing them before and behind the two harrows, he carried them all home like a bundle of straw, driving the horse also before him. When he went into the courtyard his Mother did not recognise him, and asked, "Who is that frightful big man?"

"That is our son," replied the husband. "No, no!" said she, "our son was never like him; we never had such a great child; ours was a very little thing." And, so saying, she ordered him to go away. The young Giant, however, was silent; and, driving the horse into the stable, he gave it beans and hay, and all that it needed. This done, he went into the kitchen, sat himself down upon the dresser, and said, "Mother, I want my dinner very much; is it not nearly ready?"

"Yes," said she, and brought two great dishes full of victuals which would have satisfied herself and her husband for eight days at the least; but the young Giant quickly devoured all, and then inquired if they could not give him more. His mother told him no, that was all they had. "That was only a taste then," said he; "I must have more;" and this speech so frightened the woman that, not daring to oppose him, she went and fetched a large fish-kettle, which she filled and put on the fire, and, as soon as it was ready, bore its contents to the young Giant. "At length," said he, "at length, comes a good bit;" but when he had eaten it all his hunger was even then not satisfied. "Ah, Father," said he, "I perceive quite well that I shall never get enough here; but if you will procure me a bar of iron so strong that I cannot break it across my knee I will go away into the world."

The Peasant was glad to hear this, and, harnessing his two horses to the waggon, he fetched from the smith's a bar of iron as thick as his horses could drag. This the young Giant tried across his knee, and snap ! he broke it like a twig, and threw it away. Then the Father harnessed four horses to the waggon, and brought back a bar as heavy as the four beasts could draw. This the son also broke in halves as soon as he tried it with his knee, and threw it away, saying, "Father, that is of no use ; you must harness more, and fetch me a still stronger bar yet." So he harnessed now eight horses to the waggon and fetched a bar as thick and heavy as they could carry ; but when the young man took it he broke it just as easily as the two former ones, saying, "Ah, my Father, I see you cannot procure me such a bar as I need, and therefore I will not stop with you any longer."

So he went away, and announced himself as a smith wanting work, and soon he arrived at a village wherein dwelt a Smith, who was a very avaricious man, coveting the goods of everybody, and wishing to keep all for himself, and the young Giant asked him if he needed an assistant. The Smith looked at him and thought, "Ah ! here is a brave fellow who will beat a good stroke and deserve his bread ;" and so he nodded assent to the question, and inquired how much wages he would require. "Oh, very little will do for me," was the reply ; "only every fourteen days, when you pay the other workmen their wages, I will give you two strokes over the shoulders which you must endure. To this the Smith readily consented, for he imagined he should thereby save money. The next morning the new workman had to be tried, and, as soon as he gave the first blow to the red-hot bar which the master brought, it split quite in halves and flew a long way off, while the anvil was driven so far into the ground that neither of them could pull it up again. The Smith flew into a tremendous passion, and cried out, "Ah ! you are of no use to me ; you strike much too hard ! but what will you have for this one stroke ?" The youth said, "I will only give you a slight blow, nothing further ;" and, so saying,

raised his foot and gave the Smith a kick which sent him flying over four stacks of hay. Then he looked out the thickest iron bar he could find in the smithy, and, using it for a walking-stick, trudged off.

After travelling a short distance he came to a large farm, and there asked the Bailiff whether he needed a head servant. "Yes," he replied, "I want one, and you seem a likely fellow to do what you profess; pray what amount of wages do you ask for a year?" The young Giant made the same answer as before, that he wanted no other privilege than to be allowed to give him three strokes which he must endure. To this the Bailiff consented, and thought he had made a capital bargain.

The next morning men had to go and fetch wood, and when they were all ready they found the head servant still lying in bed. They called to him, "Get up! it is time; we have to fetch wood, and you must go with us." "Oh, go away," he replied, quite sleepy, "go away! I will yet get there before any of you."

So they went then to the Bailiff, and told him the head servant was still lying in bed and would not get up after the wood. The Bailiff bade them wake him once more and tell him to harness the horses; but when they did so the head servant only cried out as before, "Go away; I will come presently and be there before you." With these words he turned over again and slept two hours longer, and then, raising himself up from the feathers, he first fetched two measures full of herbs and cooked a broth with them, which he ate very leisurely, and when he had finished he yoked the horses to and went after the wood. Now not far from the forest was a narrow valley through which he must pass, and so, first leading his wagon on, he made the horses stand still on the other side, and then, going back, he made with trees and shrubs such a huge barrier across the way that no horse could pass through. When he came out of the valley again, the other servants were just passing by on their way home with loaded waggons, and he told them to drive forward, for he would yet overtake them and reach home first. So

saying, he walked a little way, and, presently tearing up two of the largest trees on the spot, he threw them on his waggons and turned it round. When he came to the barrier he found the others standing before it, unable to get through. "There," said he, "do you not see you might have waited for me at first? you would have got home just as quickly, and had an hour's more sleep into the bargain." So saying, he tried to drive on himself, but his horses could not force the barrier down, and he at length unharnessed and laid them a-top of the trees, and then, taking the pole of the waggons under his own arm, he pressed on through everything, making the trees bend down like feathers. As soon as he reached the other side he called to the others, "There, you see, after all I am through sooner than you!" and then, driving on, he left them standing there, lost in wonder. But no sooner had he reached the courtyard than, taking one tree in his hand, he showed it to the Bailiff, and asked him whether it was not a good stock of wood; and the Bailiff, turning to his wife, said, "This slave is a good fellow; for, if he does sleep a long time, he yet reaches home sooner than the others."

The young Giant after this served the Bailiff a year, and when that was past, and the other slaves received their wages, he thought it were time he took his own. But the Bailiff was much distressed about the strokes he had to receive, and he begged the head servant to forego them, for he would rather himself change places with him, and let him be bailiff, than take them. "No, no!" said the servant, "I will not be bailiff. I am head servant, and shall remain so; but still I will divide the conditions."

The poor Bailiff offered him what he desired; but nothing helped; the servant answered "No" to all offers; and at length, not knowing how to manage, he requested fourteen days' respite to consider the matter.

To this the servant consented, and the Bailiff summoned all his secretaries to advise him what to do. For a length of time they consulted, and agreed together that nobody's life was safe

from the young Giant, who knocked men down as if they were gnats. At length they made a decision, which was, that the man should be asked to step into a pond and wash himself, and it was their intention that when he was there they should roll upon his head one of the millstones, so as to bury him for ever from the light of day. This advice pleased the Bailiff, and the servant stepped into the pond, and as soon as he was below water they threw down the largest millstone, and thought they had cracked his head in two; but, instead, he called out, "Hunt those hens away from the pond-side; they keep throwing the corn into my eyes, so that I cannot see!" So the Bailiff made noises as if he were chasing the fowls away, and soon the servant reappeared, and as soon as he was out of the water he said, "See what a fine necklace I found at the bottom!" and when they looked they found he had put the millstone round his neck! The young Giant now demanded his reward, but the Bailiff asked for another fourteen days' consideration, and when the secretaries were summoned they advised him to send the servant into the enchanted mill to grind corn there for a night, as no one had ever yet come out alive from the place. The proposal pleased the Bailiff, and, calling the servant to him the same evening, he bade him fetch eight measures of corn which he was to grind during the night, for they were in want of it. The servant went at once, and put two measures in his right pocket, two in his left, and four in a sack which he slung over his shoulders, so that half of its contents rested on his back and half on his breast. Thus laden, he went to the enchanted mill, where the miller told him he might grind very well indeed by day, but at night the mill was enchanted, and whoever went into it at that time was always found dead in the morning. The young Giant told him, however, he should get safely through, and bade him hasten away and remark what passed. Thereupon he went into the mill and shot out the corn, and about eleven o'clock he sat himself down on a bench in the kitchen. He had not been there very long before all at once

the door opened, and an immense table entered, upon which wine and meat, and every delicacy, were placed, and seemingly there was no one who brought it in. Next all the chairs ranged themselves round the table, but no guests appeared; till presently he saw fingers which carved with the knives and forks, and laid pieces upon the plates; and at length, being hungry himself at the sight of food, he sat down to table and took his share of the good things. As soon as he had satisfied himself, and the others had emptied their plates, all the lights were put out at once, and this he heard done clearly, and when it was quite dark he felt something like a box on the ears. He called out, "If that is done again, I shall give it back!" and when he felt a second box on the ears he struck out himself. And so it went on all night through: he took nothing without a return, and gave blows right and left until daybreak, when all ceased.

In the morning the Miller came and was surprised to find him still living; but the young Giant told him, "I have eaten and satisfied myself, and received boxes on the ears, and I have also given them." The Miller was much pleased, and declared he had rescued his mill, and would willingly have given him any money as a reward. But the young Giant would not have any money, and taking his meal-sack upon his shoulders he returned home, and told the Bailiff he wished now to have his promised reward. The Bailiff was terribly frightened when he heard this, and knew not what to do with himself, walking up and down the room till the sweat ran off his brow in great drops. At last he opened his window for some fresh air, and while he stood there the young Giant gave him such a kick that he flew through the window away so high in the air that nobody could see him. When he was out of sight the young Giant said to the Bailiff's wife, "If your husband does not return, you must take the other stroke!" She cried out, "No, no! I cannot endure it!" and opened the other window to make her escape, while the sweat stood upon her brow in great drops. The young

Giant, as soon as he saw her at the window, gave her a kick which sent her much higher up than her husband, for she was lighter in weight.

Her husband then called to her, "Come down to me!" but she cried, "Come you to me, I cannot come to you!" And there they fluttered about in the breeze, and neither could get to the other, and, for all I know, there they flutter still; but the young Giant took his iron staff, and travelled onwards.









