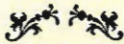




# THE SILVER WAND

BY EDNA WHITEMAN



THE  
SILVER WAND



Books by Edna Whiteman  
—  
JANE AND JERRY  
PLAYMATES IN PRINT  
THE SILVER WAND





*The golden fruit fell into her hands.*

# *THE SILVER WAND*



Folk Fairy Tales  
Adapted for the Story Teller  
and the Children

by

EDNA WHITEMAN



Pictures by  
GRACE RAHMING

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## *Foreword to Grown-ups*

AS CHILDREN we responded to the charm of those stories that never were written, never were made by a single author, but grew and were circulated orally. Now that we have grown up we recognize their importance as the very foundations of literature. We know that through the centuries, before the coming of the printed page, to the folk of all civilized peoples they were a vehicle of artistic expression, a mode of interpreting life.

Some of the greatest of the folk fairy tales are here presented for their richness of picture and invention, their strength of plot, and their underlying truth.

Stories told in terms of realism glorify every-day life and possible happenings. Stories told in terms of the fairy tale free thought from some of the limitations of every-day life. Both types are needed.

In the fairy tale good and evil stand apart; they are plainly antagonistic. Here good is attractive, evil is repellent. The heroes and heroines represent good in such qualities as integrity, innocence, unselfishness, fearlessness, persistence, rightness of purpose. A power above the merely human aids them; and this power is symbolized by the fairy essence. Often that which is overlooked, unappreciated, or disdained by the world is proved to be of great worth. The evil is sometimes typified by such unreal creatures as giants, ogres, trolls. However repre-

sented, it is shown in its true nature. We see through it. We are against it.

Thus on the wings of fairy tales we are carried to a point of view beyond the incompleteness of present experience. We see the final rational outcome of the conflict of good and evil. We see evil overcome, and good triumphant.

The folk fairy tale is spontaneous and sincere, and has not the premeditated symbolism of the modern fairy tale and allegory. It calls for no self-conscious analysis. Therefore we should resist all temptations to explain it to children. Let us rather allow the message to unfold in the fairy tale's own artless and effective way.

EDNA WHITEMAN

## *Acknowledgments*

THE FOLK tales in this collection have been freely adapted. Although, for some of these, elements have been used from variants in the folk-lore of different peoples, credit has been given to the sources which have furnished most inspiration.

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## *The Giant Who Had No Heart in His Body*

ONCE on a time there was a king who had seven sons, and when they were grown up six of them were to go out into the world to seek brides for themselves. As for Boots, the youngest son, he was to stay at home. The elder brothers thought little of Boots; but even so, they were to try to find a princess who would have him.

The king gave the six sons the finest clothes you ever set eyes on, so fine that the light gleamed from them a long way off, and to each he gave a horse that cost many hundred dollars. And so they set out.

Now after they had been to many palaces and seen many princesses, they visited a king who had six daughters. Such lovely princesses the brothers had never before seen, and so they won them for their brides, and with them they set off for home. They quite forgot about a princess for Boots.

But when they had gone a good bit on their way they came to a steep hillside where a giant lived. The giant came out and turned them all into stone. And so the king waited and waited for his sons, and the more he waited, the longer they stayed away.

Then one day Boots said to his father, "I've been thinking to ask your leave to go out and find my brothers."



"Nay, that you will never get," said the king, "for then you too would stay away."

But Boots begged till the king let him go. As there was no fine horse for him, he took an old nag which stood in the stable, and with a jog, jog, he rode out into the world. After he had ridden for a while he came to a raven. It was so nearly starved that it lay in the road and flapped its wings, but could not get out of the way.

"O dear Friend," said the raven, "give me a little food, and I'll help you at your utmost need."

"I don't see how you'll ever be able to help me," said Boots, "and I haven't much food with me, but I'll gladly give you some of it."

And after it had eaten, the raven flew away.

Now when he had gone a bit farther Boots came to a brook, and there a salmon had got on a dry place, and could not get into the water again.

"O dear Friend," said the Salmon, "shove me into the water, and I'll help you at your utmost need."

"Well," said Boots, "the help you'll give me will not be great, I dare say, but I'll help you." And he shot the salmon back into the stream.

Then he went a long, long way, and came to a wolf.

"O dear Friend," said the wolf, "I'm so hungry that the wind whistles through my ribs. Give me food, and I'll help you at your utmost need."

"The help you'll give me will not be great, I'll be bound," said Boots, "but I'll give you all I have left."

After the wolf had eaten he was strong again, and told Boots

to get on his back. So Boots let the old nag go back to its stall, and he leaped to the back of the wolf. And away they went! Boots had never before ridden so fast. And after a while they came to a steep hillside.

"Do you see those stones?" asked the wolf. "They are your brothers and their brides and their horses. Up yonder is the door to the giant's house, and there you must go in."

"But," said Boots, "if the giant turns me into stone I'll not be able to help my brothers."

"Have no fear," said the wolf, "for in the giant's house is a princess whom the giant has kept there for a long time against her will; she will tell you how to make an end of the giant."

And so Boots went into the giant's house. The giant was away, but there was the princess, and a very beautiful princess she was.

"Oh, heaven help you," she said. "Why have you come here? No one can make an end of the giant, for he has no heart in his body."

"Well, well," said Boots, "now that I am here I may as well try." And so he visited with the princess till it began to get dark.

"Here he comes," whispered the princess. "Get under the bed and listen to what we say."

No sooner had Boots crept under the bed than the giant came in. So dull was he from much eating and drinking that he fell on his bed.

The princess said to him, "Before you go to sleep there is one question I should like to ask you, if I dared."

“What is it?” mumbled the giant.

“Where is it you keep your heart?” asked the princess.

“Ah, that is a thing you’ve no business to ask about,” said the giant, “but if you must know, it’s out under the door-sill.”

Well, the next morning the giant strode off at daybreak. And he was scarce out of sight before Boots and the princess were hunting for his heart under the door-sill; but the more they hunted, the more they couldn’t find it.

“But I’ll find out where it really is,” said the princess. And she gathered flowers and strewed them over the door-sill.

When it was time for the giant to come home again, Boots crept under the bed.

The giant trampled the flowers on the sill, and said, “What’s the meaning of all this?”

“Oh,” said the princess, “did you not tell me that you kept your heart there?”

“But after all, it isn’t there,” said the giant.

The princess begged him to tell where his heart was.

“Well,” said he, “if you must know, it lies in a corner of yonder cupboard.” Then, heavy with eating and drinking, he was soon snoring loud enough to be heard all through the hills.

No sooner had the giant gone in the early morning than Boots and the princess were searching the cupboard for his heart. But the more they sought it, the less they found it.

“I’ll try him just once more,” said the princess.

So she hung garlands of flowers over the cupboard. And when the giant came home he asked who had done that.



*Boots called on the raven.*

Who but the princess? "You told me that you kept your heart there," she said.

"How can you be so silly?" asked the giant. "Where my heart is, there you'll never come."

"Well, but for all that," said the princess, "it would please me to know where it really is."

"It can do no harm to tell you," said the giant. "Far away in a lake lies an island; on the island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck is an egg; and in that egg lies my heart." And with that he was sound asleep.

Early in the morning the giant strode off.

"And now I must set off too," said Boots to the princess, "but I will come back for you after I have made an end of the giant. If only I knew the way!"

When Boots stepped out of the door, there was the wolf waiting for him. He told Boots to get on his back. Then away they went, over hedge and field, over hill and dale; and the wind whistled after them.

In almost no time they were at the lake. And the wolf jumped into the water and swam to the island. There was the church; but the door was locked and the key hung high on the top of the tower. What to do Boots did not know.

"You must call on the raven," said the wolf.

Boots called on the raven. In a trice it came, and flew up and got the key.

Boots and the wolf went into the church. There in the well the duck swam. Boots coaxed it till it came to him, but

just as he lifted it out of the water the egg dropped into the well! Boots knew of no way to get it out.

"You must call on the salmon," said the wolf.

Boots called on the salmon, and there it was in the water; and from the bottom of the well it brought the egg. As Boots took a firm hold on the egg the shell went to pieces in his hand, for it was empty.

"The giant will trouble no one again," said the wolf.

"Then back we go for the princess," said Boots.

He leaped to the back of the wolf, and swift as the wind they came again to the giant's house. There stood the six brothers with the six princesses. They were about to mount their horses.

"Wait for me," said Boots.

He went into the house and brought out his princess. And they all set off together for the king's palace.

You may fancy how glad the king was when his seven sons came riding home. At the door of the palace the youngest son slipped from the back of a gray wolf, and helped the loveliest princess of them all to alight. Then the wolf leaped away. And a splendid wedding feast was prepared; and the king placed Boots and his bride at the head of the table.

## *Twelve Wild Swans*

ONCE on a time there lived a king and queen who had twelve sons, and they loved the twelve handsome princes better than all else. But as the years passed and they had no daughter, the queen grieved sorely. And more than a few times she was heard to say, "I would give all that I have in the world for a daughter."

Well, her wish was fulfilled, for a little princess came. There would have been great rejoicing in the palace and throughout the kingdom but for the sadness that suddenly came upon all. For I must tell you that when the princess was born the twelve princes were changed into swans, and flew out of the window and far away. Over the trees they flew, till not so much as a speck could be seen of them. And although search was made for a long time, no trace of them was found.

Now the princess was very beautiful, and as she grew up she was beloved by all who knew her. But she was often lonely, and wished that she had a brother or a sister. Sometimes she saw the tears fall from her mother's eyes, but whenever she would ask why she was so sad, the queen would dry her eyes and smile again, but would say nothing.

But one day the princess said again, as she had said many times before, "How I wish I had some brothers or sisters."

And this time the queen looked at her sadly and said, "Once I had twelve sons." Then she told the princess how at her birth her brothers had changed into wild swans and had flown away.

"Oh," said the princess, "I will go and search for them. It was because of me that they went away. Surely I can bring them back."

At first the king and queen would not listen to her pleading, but day after day she begged, till at last they gave her leave to go.

The princess would have no one go with her, but went alone out into the wide world. On and on she went, through field and wood, over hill and vale, till one would not believe she could walk so far. After a long, long time she came to the edge of a great wood, just when the sun, like a big red ball, was sinking behind the trees. All at once she heard a rushing of wings, and saw twelve wild swans flying toward her. And no sooner had the swans touched the ground than they changed into men. There stood twelve handsome princes. But there was grief in their eyes when they saw the princess.

"Who are you? And why have you come to this wild and lonely place?" they asked. "We do not like girls. It was because of a girl, our sister, that we had to leave our father's palace. It is because of her that we must fly about as swans by day, and can have our own forms only from sunset till dawn."

"But I am your sister," cried the princess. "I have come to set you free." And she threw her arms about the neck of each of them, and kissed them.

Then the brothers took her to a little house in the wood. This was where they lived from sunset to sunrise. Here the sister prepared supper for them, and tidied the house. She sang, and was happy and gay, because she had found her brothers.

And their hearts softened and went out to her, so that they had great joy of her being there with them.

"And now," she said, "tell me what I shall do to free you. There must be a way."

"Yes, there is a way," said the eldest prince, "but it is a way that is all too hard for you."

"No way is too hard for me," declared the princess. And she begged till he told her.

"You must go alone to the moor," he said, "and in the moonlight you must gather thistle-down. Of this thistle-down you must make a shirt for each of us. But the hardest part of all is this: you must not speak nor laugh nor weep during the whole time you are making the shirts, for if you do, we shall remain swans."

That very night the princess went to the lonely moor, and there in the moonlight she gathered thistle-down till she had filled a long bag. The next morning she began to make the shirts. And so, day after day, for three years she worked on the shirts, kept the little house clean and neat, and had supper ready for her brothers when they came home at sunset. She always met them with a smile, but not once did she speak or laugh or weep.

Then one day a young king came riding through the wood with some of his men. He saw the princess, as she sat before the door of the little house. Her loveliness touched his heart, and he begged leave to take her to his palace and make her his queen. She too loved him at once, and would have gone with him gladly, but first she must set her brothers free; and so she shook her head.

"She cannot speak," said the king. "I will take her with me to the palace where she shall have all her heart's desire."

Then he lifted her up and placed her before him on his horse.

The princess held out her arms toward the two bags which lay on the ground by the doorstep; one bag was filled with thistle-down, and the other had eight thistle-down shirts in it. The king bade his men bring these. And so they rode on to the royal palace.

Now you must hear that there was an evil-hearted housekeeper who had charge of everything in the palace, and whose word was law there. She did not wish the king to marry for fear she would not then have all things her own way. And besides, the housekeeper disliked the princess from the first, because the princess was so beautiful and good.

"This maid is nothing more than a woodman's daughter," she said to the king, "She is not worthy to be a queen. And she is evil, else why does she not speak nor laugh nor weep? No good can come of bringing her here."

The young king would listen to none of her talk, but married the princess at once. And he loved his silent queen more and more, and the queen was very happy with the kind and gentle king.

Now the queen did not forget her brothers. As she could find no time to be alone during the day, she must rise in the night to work on the shirts. One night she used up the last of her thistle-down, and then she unfastened the great doors of the palace, and went out to the lonely moonlit moor. But the housekeeper heard her undo the doors, and she arose and followed



*She saw the queen gathering thistle-down.*

her. When she saw the queen gathering thistle-down on the moor, she lost no time in getting back to rouse the king.

"Did I not tell you there was evil in her?" she said. "It is for no good that a queen rises in the night to gather thistle-down on the moor."

But the king would hear no ill of the queen. Although he knew not why she did this, of one thing he was certain, and that was that she was lovely and good, and could do no evil. Since she could not tell him, he would let her keep her secret, and would trust her. And he commanded the woman to say nothing to any one about this.

But the housekeeper spread the word around as fast as she could. She turned the lords of the court against the queen, until at last they demanded of the king that he give her up to be burned as an evil creature. There was no one in the wide world more unhappy than this young king, for with all against him he could do nothing to save the queen.

So the lords caused a large pile of wood to be built up. And they led the queen to the top of this and tied her to a stake. But she gave little heed to them. She carried eleven thistle-down shirts over her arm, and she was putting a few needed stitches into the last sleeve of the twelfth shirt.

When the last stitch had been taken, the queen raised her head high, and said, "I am innocent."

Those who were ready to burn her stepped back in amazement at hearing the queen's voice for the first time. But at that instant one with no mercy in his heart set fire to the fagots nearest him. The king struggled once more to free himself

and pass the guards to save the queen, and when he could not, he cried out in his anguish.

Suddenly there was a great rush and whirr of wings. Then twelve wild swans fluttered down and stood on the pile around the queen. She flung a shirt over each of them. And all at once the swans became princes, and the twelve brothers of the queen stood around her. Quickly they untied her and helped her down from the burning pile.

Then the eldest prince turned toward the king, and before all the court and all the people he told how the queen had risked her own happiness to save her brothers. All listened with astonishment. And then from the people there went up a shout that could be heard far and wide.

And at that time the wicked-hearted housekeeper disappeared, and no one ever heard of her again.

The queen laughed for joy as the king led her and the twelve princes into the palace.

"And now we must have another marriage feast," cried the king.

And he sent to that other kingdom for the father and mother of the queen and her twelve brothers. And there was no end to the rejoicing at that feast.

## *The Lad and the North Wind*

ONCE on a time there was a lad whose mother was a widow and had little with which to get along. One day she sent the lad out to the storehouse to bring a bowl of meal for her cooking. And when the lad came out of the storehouse along came the North Wind and—whisk!—he blew the meal away. The lad went back for more meal, but—puff!—the North Wind blew that away too. And he did this the third time.

"Now that is too bad," the lad said to his mother when he told her about it. "I am going to the North Wind's house and ask him to give back the meal, for it was all we had."

And so the lad walked and walked till he came to the house of the North Wind.

"What do you want?" said the North Wind; and his voice was loud and gruff.

"I only want to ask you to give back the meal you took from us," said the lad. "It was all we had, and we need it very much."

"Oh, I don't know anything about the meal," said the North Wind, "but if you need it so much, here, I will give you this table-cloth in place of it. You have only to say, 'Cloth, Cloth, spread yourself,' and it will set before you good things to eat."

"Oh, thank you, North Wind," said the lad.

As it was too late for the lad to get home that night, he stopped at an inn till morning.

He had no sooner come into the inn than he spread his cloth on a table, and said, "Cloth, Cloth, spread yourself."



And how the innkeeper opened his eyes when he saw the good food set there for the lad to eat! And how he ate when the lad shared it all with him! He would like to have such a cloth as that.

So when the lad had gone to sleep on the bench the innkeeper took the cloth and hid it, and in its place he put one that looked like it.

Well, the next day the lad came home to his mother and said, "I have been to see the North Wind. A good fellow he is after all, for he gave me this cloth. And when I say, 'Cloth, Cloth, spread yourself,' it will give us fine things to eat."

"Seeing is believing," said his mother.

But when the lad put the cloth on the table and said the words, not so much as a crust of bread did the cloth serve!

"Well, well," said the lad, "there's nothing for it but to go to the North Wind again." And away he went.

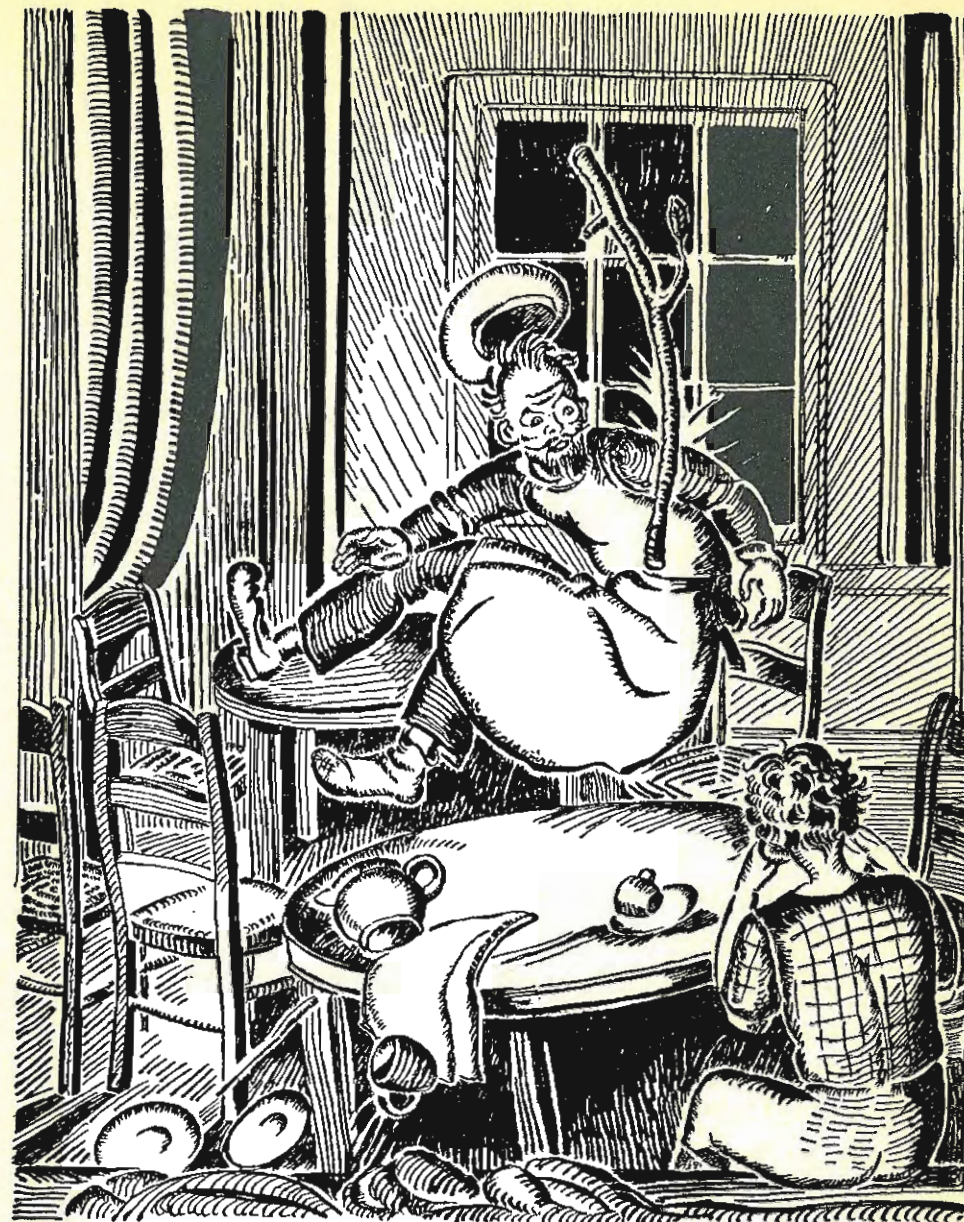
Late that day he came to the North Wind, and said, "Now I ask you to make it right for that meal you took. The cloth you gave me was not worth a penny."

"Is it so?" said the North Wind. "Well, then I will give you the goat that eats grass in front of my house. When you say, 'Goat, Goat, make money,' it will drop gold ducats from its mouth."

This was a fine goat indeed! But the lad could not get home that night, and so he stopped again at the same inn.

As soon as he had tied the goat in the yard he scratched its head, and said, "Goat, Goat, make money." And from the goat's mouth fell ducats a-plenty to pay for his supper.

Now the innkeeper saw all that the lad did with the goat.



*The stick began to beat him.*

And when the lad was asleep on the bench he took the goat and tied it in his shed, and put one of his own in its place.

The next day when the lad came home to his mother he called out, "Mother, Mother, the North Wind is a jolly fellow, for he gave me a goat that can coin ducats."

"Let me see the ducats," said his mother.

Then the lad said, "Goat, Goat, make money," and he kept on saying it. But not so much as a penny did the goat give.

And so the lad set out for the North Wind's house again to ask his rights for the meal.

"Well, well," said the North Wind, "I have nothing to give you now but that old stick in the corner; but it is a good stick to have with you."

The lad took the stick, thanked the North Wind, and started home. He stopped at the same inn again, and as he had no money with which to pay for his supper, he lay down on the bench and went to sleep.

The innkeeper looked at the stick, which the lad had laid on the floor beside the bench, and he thought, "It seems just a common old stick, but it must be worth something."

So he went out to the yard and found a stick that looked like this one, and was about to exchange the two. But no sooner had he touched the lad's stick than it began to beat him about the shoulders and on the legs; and it beat him till he jumped over benches and tables, and tears ran down his cheeks.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "I'll give the lad his cloth and his goat, that I will. Stop! Stop!"

All this noise wakened the lad. He jumped up and took hold of the stick; and the stick stopped beating the innkeeper.

So with his gifts from the North Wind the lad came home to his mother, and showed her what the cloth and the goat could do. Then they invited in all their friends and neighbors.

When all was ready the lad put his cloth on the table, and said, "Cloth, Cloth, spread yourself."

And the cloth served a feast fit for a king. And ever after that, whenever the lad said the words, the cloth served food, and the goat coined ducats for all their needs.

## *The Princess on the Glass Hill*

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had a meadow that lay high up on a hillside, and in the meadow was a barn for the hay. But I must tell you that there hadn't been much hay in that barn for two years past, for on a certain night, when the grass stood greenest and deepest, the meadow had been eaten down to the ground; just as if a whole drove of sheep had been feeding there.

This man had three sons who were now grown up, and he said to them, "One of you must go up and stay in the barn on this night, and find out what happens to the grass."

Well, the eldest son was ready to go; trust him for looking after the grass! It shouldn't be his fault if man or beast got a single blade of it! And so he set off for the barn. He lay on the barn floor and fell asleep; but he didn't sleep long, for there came such a clatter and such a quaking of the earth that the walls and roof shook and creaked. Up jumped the lad and took to his heels as fast as he could go; nor dared he look back till he reached home. And as for the hay, it was eaten up just as it had been before.

The next year the second son was ready to keep the watch. He would not be frightened by a little shaking; he would find out what was going on. But when the rumbling and the quaking came, he took to his heels as if he were running a race.

Now the turn came to the youngest son. He was called Boots,

and was jeered at by his brothers because he sat and poked at the ashes, and no one could tell what he was thinking.

Now they said, "Ho, brave Boots, who does nothing but poke at the ashes, how fast he will come running home!"

Boots said nothing, but went up to the meadow and lay down in the barn. Soon the earth began to quake and the barn to groan and creak.

"Well," thought Boots, "if it is no worse than this I can stand it."

Then came another shake so hard that things in the barn flew about his ears.

"Oh," Boots said to himself, "if it gets no worse than this I can stay."

The rumbling and quaking kept up till he thought the barn would fall to pieces, and then suddenly all was still. After a while there was a noise as of a horse stamping and cropping grass just outside the open barn door. Boots peered out, and saw there a horse, big and fat and beautiful. With a great leap, Boots was on its back. He rode to a place that no one else knew about, and there put up his horse.

In the morning when Boots came home the elder brothers laughed and said, "You didn't stay long in the barn, if you had the heart to go to the meadow at all!"

"I lay in the barn, but heard nothing to make me fear," said Boots.

"A pretty story!" they said.

But when they went up to the barn, there stood the grass, deep and thick.

Well, the next year and the year after that the elder brothers

did not care to stay in the barn over night, and so Boots went up. And everything happened just as it had in the first year; only each horse was larger and finer than the one before it. And the grass was left standing, yet the brothers would not believe that Boots had spent the night in the meadow.

Now you must hear that the king of that country had a daughter whom he would give to the man who could ride up a hill of glass; and the hill was high, and as smooth and slippery as ice. The lovely princess was to sit at the top of the hill with three golden apples in her lap; and the man who could ride up and carry off the apples was to have her, and half the kingdom besides.

Now when the day of the trial came there was such a crowd of princes and knights about the palace that it made one's head whirl to look at them. And everybody who could get there came to the glass hill to see the man who would win the princess. The two brothers of Boots came with the rest; but as for Boots, no, he was not allowed to go with them, for they would be laughed at if he were along.

"Well, it's all the same to me," said Boots, "if I go I can go alone."

Well, the princes and knights, all eager to win the princess, rode at the glass hill, and slipped and slid, and rode and slipped till their horses could scarce lift a leg; but none of them could get more than a yard or two of the way up. The king was thinking that he would proclaim a new trial for the next day, when all at once a knight came riding on so brave a steed that no one had seen the like of it. The knight was in armor of brass, so

bright that the sunbeams shone from it, and the horse's saddle and bridle were of brass.

"It's no use trying," the others called to him. "No one can ride up the hill."

He gave no heed, but rode at the glass hill, and up it about a third of the way, as though that were nothing at all, then turned and rode down.

The princess thought, as she saw him coming, "Oh, this is the best of them all; would he might ride up, and down the other side."

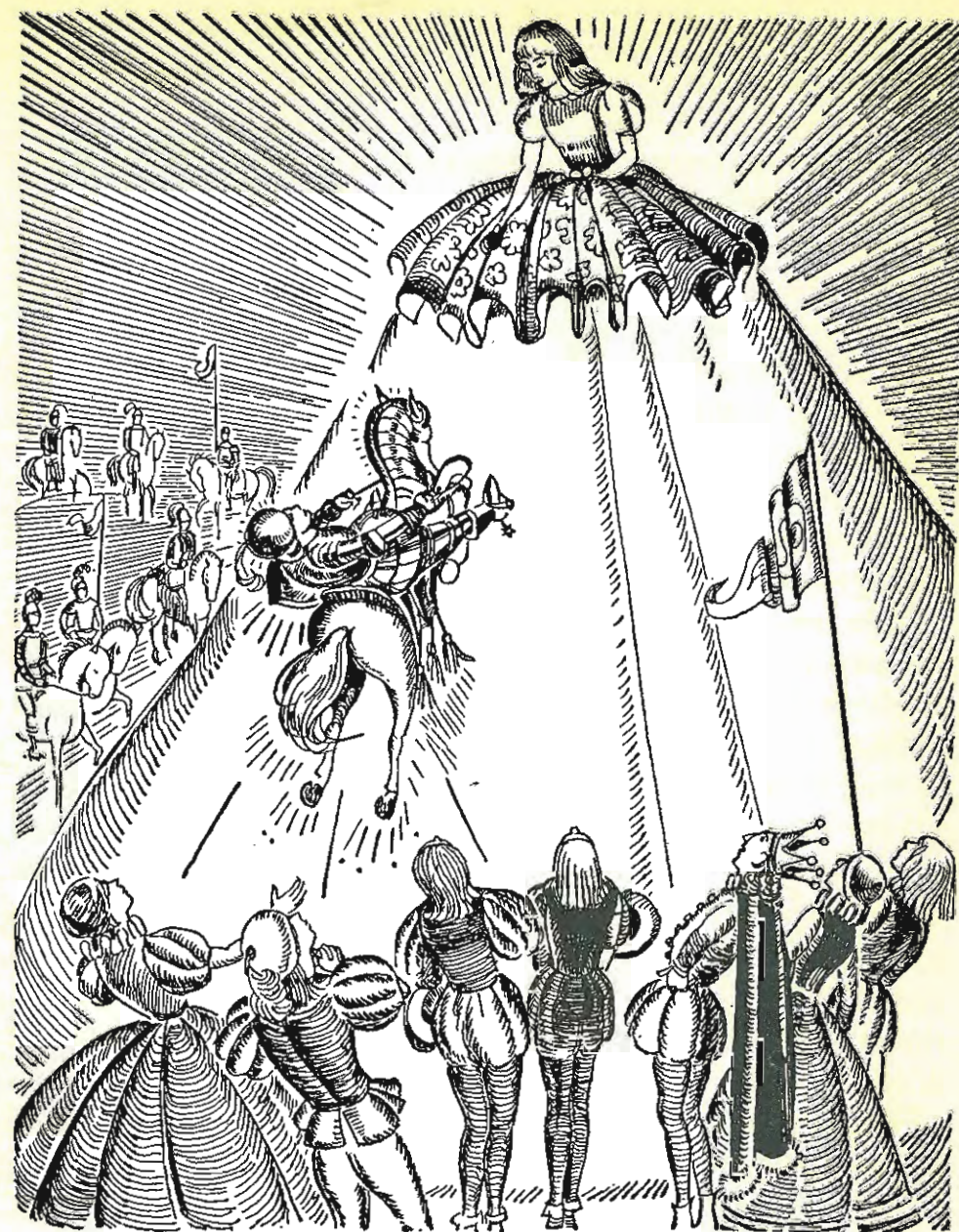
And when she saw him turning back she threw one of her golden apples after him, and it rolled into his shoe. But he rode away so fast that no one could tell what had become of him.

The next day the princes and knights were to try again, and the two brothers set out for the glass hill. Boots asked if he might go with them, but they wouldn't be seen with the like of him.

Now there was riding and slipping, just as the day before, till the horses were dripping with lather, and could scarce lift a leg. And the king was proclaiming that the riding would take place the following day for the last time, when all of a sudden a knight came riding up in silver armor, from which the sunbeams gleamed and glanced far away. His steed was the finest the king had seen in all his days, and its saddle and bridle were of silver.

The silver knight rode up the glass hill, about two-thirds of the way, then turned and rode down again.

The princess thought, "Oh, would he might ride to the top, and down the other side." And when he turned she rolled her



*The silver knight rode up the glass hill.*

second golden apple after him, and it fell into his shoe. And he rode away so fast that no one could see where he went.

Well, the third day everything happened as it had before. No one could get a yard or two up the hill before slipping back. But the king thought he would just wait a bit to see if either the knight in brass or the one in silver would come. And what did he see coming to the glass hill but a knight in gleaming golden armor. He rode on the bravest steed the king had ever before seen. And the saddle and bridle were of gold. The golden knight rode up the glass hill as if that were nothing. As soon as he reached the top he took the third golden apple from the lap of the princess, then turned and rode down; and he was out of sight in no time.

And the two brothers of Boots came home at night and told him all that had happened, just as they had the other two nights.

"Well, well, it must have been a fine sight," said Boots.

The next day, according to the royal command, all the princes and knights came before the king. But not one of them could show a golden apple. Then the king ordered that every young man in the kingdom, rich or poor, should come to the palace. But not one of these had the golden apples with which to claim the princess. The two brothers were the last to pass before the king, and the king asked if they knew of any young man in the kingdom who had not come.

"Oh yes," they said, "we have a brother, but he hasn't stirred from the ashes in the fireplace for three days."

"Never mind that," said the king. "He may as well come like the rest."

And so Boots had to go to the palace.

"How now," said the king, "do you know where the three golden apples are? Speak out!"

"That I do," said Boots. "Here is the first one, and here is the second one, and here is the third one."

And after he had pulled the apples from his pockets he threw off his dusty ragged clothes, and stood before all in gleaming golden armor.

"Yes," said the king, "you shall have the princess and half the kingdom; you deserve both."

And there was great merry-making at the bridal feast; and all I can say is, if they have not left off their merry-making, they are at it still.

## *Snow-White*

ONCE on a time a queen sat at a window in the royal palace and looked out at the pure white snow, which covered the ground and lay on the trees and bushes. The window frame was of ebony. On the sill stood a vase of red roses.

The queen thought, "Would I had a daughter as white as the snow, as red as the rose, as black as ebony."

Well, her wish came true. A little princess was born who was as white as the snow, whose lips and cheeks were like the rose, whose hair and eyes were as black as ebony. She was named Snow-White. And the princess grew lovelier day by day, until it seemed that all who knew her or heard of her must love her.

But beyond this kingdom lived one who called herself queen, because she was so beautiful to behold. She was not really a queen, but was an evil creature who plotted wickedness from morning till night. On a wall in her house hung a mirror, and she would sometimes stand before this mirror and say:

"Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?"

And the mirror would answer:

"Queen, thou art so wondrous fair,  
None can at all with thee compare."

Now, although she had heard of the great beauty of the

princess, she did not believe that any one could be half so fair as she herself. Snow-White had grown to be about eight years old, when one day this queen stood before her mirror and said:

“Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?”

And to her surprise the mirror answered:

“Thou art fair, O Queen, 'tis true,  
But Snow-White, fairer far than you,  
Lives in the palace of the king,  
And of her beauty bards do sing.”

Filled with envy and hatred, the queen called a servant, and said to him, “Go to that kingdom as a messenger, hide in the royal palace, and carry the princess away. Take her far into the forest, so that she can never find her way back.”

The servant obeyed his mistress. He hid in the palace, and while the guards and the maids slept he carried the princess away. Into the dark wood he took her, and he told her that she must not try to find her way home, for some great harm would come to her if she did.

And so little Snow-White wandered through the wood, over rough roots, through briars, across stony brooks. She found a few berries and nuts to eat, and she rested for a while on some soft green moss. Then she went on and on, till at length she came out of the wood. Before her was a mountain, which she began to climb. And after a long time she came round this mountain to the other side. Here, among the hills, she sank to

the ground, too weary to take another step. But after a while she lifted her head, and caught sight of a little house. She dragged her feet to it, and knocked at the open door. There was no answer. Seeing that the house was clean and neat she thought it must belong to a good and kindly family. Surely they would be willing that she should enter and rest there a bit. And so she went in and lay on one of the seven little white beds which stood against the wall. She would wait till those who lived here came home.

Now this house belonged to seven little dwarfs, who spent their days digging in the earth and bringing precious stones and metals out of the hills. When it was getting dark the dwarfs came home. They left their little pickaxes outside, and when they came into the house each lighted a tiny lamp. And the light from one of these lamps fell on the bed where Snow-White lay asleep. One little dwarf put a finger to his lips, and pointed to the bed. Then they all gathered round, held their lamps high, and gazed at the lovely sleeping princess. How delighted they were! Suddenly Snow-White opened her eyes, and saw the seven dwarfs; but they looked so kind that she could not be frightened. They danced around in their glee, and asked her who she was and whence she had come.

“I am Snow-White, the daughter of a king,” she answered, “but never am I to go back to my father’s palace.

The dwarfs shouted for joy. “Then you can stay with us always,” they said.

And so they made a bed for her, a plate and mug of silver, and all things that she needed. And she kept their house clean



and neat, cooked for them, and at dusk she always waited at the window till they came home.

Although the king's men searched far and wide for Princess Snow-White, they did not find her there among the hills. And so Snow-White stayed with the dwarfs, and grew up into a tall and slender maiden.

Now that wicked queen, who had sent Snow-White away, was so sure that the princess had starved in the forest that for a long, long time she had not troubled herself to go to the mirror. But one day she stood before it and said:

“Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?”

And the mirror answered:

“Thou, O Queen, art wondrous fair,  
But o'er the mountain, living there  
With seven dwarfs, beside a hill,  
Is Princess Snow-White, fairer still.”

Her anger was terrible. She disguised herself as a peddler, drove in a little mule cart round the mountain, and found the house of the dwarfs.

“Fine goods to sell, fine goods to sell,” she called.

Snow-White came to the door. “What have you to sell, my good woman?” she asked.

“Colored laces for your bodice,” said the peddler. “Let me come in, and I will lace you up properly.”

And she entered the house and put a red lace in Snow-White's bodice. Then suddenly she pulled the lace so tight that Snow-White fell over on her bed.

“Now,” said that wicked one, “Snow-White will wake no more. Again I am the fairest of all.”

When the dwarfs came home they found Snow-White on the bed, and they tried to rouse her. They called her by name, lifted her up, put cold water on her face, but could not waken her. All at once one of the dwarfs saw the bright new lace in her bodice, and quickly loosened it. And Snow-White opened her eyes, and was herself again. She then told the dwarfs about the peddler; and the dwarfs begged her to let no one in when they were away.

After a long time that queen went to her mirror again. She wished to hear it say that she was the fairest one of all; but it answered her just as it had the last time. She turned purple with rage. Into a secret chamber she went, and made some apples that were delicious on the side that was white, but good for no one on the side that was red. With these apples in a basket she again went over the mountain to the house of the dwarfs. This time she was dressed as a peasant.

She called out, “Fine apples, ripe apples, Who'll buy my rosy apples?”

But when she came to the door Snow-White called to her, “Go away, good woman, for I have promised to let no one come in.”

“My apples are good,” said the peasant. “Come to the window, and I'll let you taste one.”

Then she cut an apple, gave the red half to Snow-White, and began to eat the other half herself. And no sooner had Snow-White taken a bite than she choked and fell to the floor.

And the peasant muttered as she went away, “White as snow,

red as rose, black as ebony, the dwarfs will not waken you this time!"

At dusk the dwarfs came home, and after doing all they could think of to waken Snow-White, they put her on her bed, and stood about her and wept. Day after day they tried to make her open her eyes and speak to them; and when they saw that it was of no use to try longer they carried her on her white bed out to a sheltered nook on the hillside. And here the dwarfs took turns, and sat beside her day and night.

Then one day a king's son, who had been riding among the hills with some of his men, stopped at the little house to ask the way. And the prince saw Snow-White, there on her white bed on the hillside,

"Never in all my life have I seen any one half so beautiful," he said. "Who is she?"

"She is Snow-White, the daughter of a king," replied the dwarf who sat beside her.

"Let me take her with me to my father's palace," begged the prince. "I will pay you anything you ask."

"Not for all the money in the world," said the dwarf.

But when the other dwarfs came home the prince begged hard and long, and said that he would take great care of her always, so that no harm should befall her. And because the dwarfs loved Snow-White so much they gave their consent; but they must go with her to the palace to see that all was well.

The prince and his men walked beside their horses, and carried the bed very carefully; and the dwarfs came behind. So they arrived at the palace.

After entering through the great gates, they set the bed down



*And the prince saw Snow-White.*

in the courtyard. The prince knelt beside it and kissed Snow-White's forehead. At once she sat up and looked about her.

"Where am I?" she asked.

The prince, overjoyed to see her open her eyes, answered, "You are with me in my father's kingdom, and here you shall ever remain."

Then he took the hand she held out to him, helped her to rise, and led her into the palace. Here the king and queen rejoiced over her loveliness, and said that there should be a splendid marriage feast, to which kings and queens and nobles of all the kingdoms round about should be invited.

Now the evil one who called herself queen knew not the name of the bride, but she clad herself in her most gorgeous robes for the wedding, and said to her mirror:

"Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?"

And the mirror said:

"Queen, thou still art wondrous fair,  
But in the palace over there  
Snow-White, now a beauteous bride,  
Fairer is than all beside."

In her anger the queen struck the mirror such a blow that it fell into a hundred pieces. And at the very instant her mirror was broken she herself disappeared, and was never seen again.

The marriage feast of Snow-White and the prince was celebrated with music and dancing and laughter. And to the feast came the king and queen who were the father and mother of

Snow-White. You can well fancy how their sorrow was turned into joy when they found that the bride was their lost daughter.

After the feast the seven little dwarfs went back to their work in the hills. And they danced and laughed and made droll faces all the way home, so great was their glee over the happiness of Snow-White.

## *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon*

ONCE on a time a woodcutter lived in a little house at the edge of the wood. And one winter's night, 'twas on a Thursday, when the weather was wild and rough, the woodcutter and his family sat around the fire, busy with this thing and that. All at once there came three taps on the windowpane. They thought it was the twig of a tree blown against the window. But the father slipped out just to make sure; and what should he find there but a great white bear.

"Good evening to you," said the bear.

"The same to you," said the man.

"Will you give me your youngest daughter?" asked the bear. "If you will I'll make you as rich as you now are poor."

Well, the man would not have been at all sorry to be so rich, but no, not for all the wealth in the world would he give up his youngest daughter; she was so lovely that there was no end to her loveliness.

"I will come back again next Thursday," said the bear.

Now the youngest daughter sat near the door, which was left slightly ajar, and she heard what the bear said. And all through the week she seemed to hear the words of the white bear ringing in her ears, "I'll make you as rich as you now are poor." How very rich that would make her father! And so, without

a word to anyone, she washed her shabby clothes and put them in a bundle; and I can't say her packing gave her much trouble. The next Thursday night she slipped out unnoticed; and when the white bear came she was ready to go with him.

"Get on my back, lassie," he said.

And she got on his back with her bundle, and off they set, through the snow in the thick wood.

Now and then the bear would say, "Are you afraid, lassie?" No, she wasn't afraid.

"Well, hold tightly to my fur, there is nothing to fear."

And so the lassie rode a long, long way, till they came to a great steep hill. The white bear knocked on the hill, and a door opened for them. They came into a castle which gleamed with gold and silver and many lights. A table was ready laid there with all good things for the hungry lassie. It was all as grand as grand could be. Then the white bear gave the lassie a silver bell. When she wanted anything she was to ring the bell, and she would get it at once.

Well, after she had eaten, and looked at some of the beautiful things in the castle, and the evening wore on, she felt sleepy, and thought she would like to go to bed. And so she rang the silver bell. She had scarce taken hold of it before she came into a room where there was a bed as fair and white as any one would wish to sleep in. And after she had gone to bed the lights all went out. In the night she thought she heard somebody or something come to her door and lie down there. Then she heard breathing as if some one slept. And the same thing happened every night.

Things went along happily for a while, for the white bear was



*They came into a castle.*

kind, and the lassie had everything for which she had ever longed. But who or what was it that lay at her door every night? She wondered about this till she became sorrowful and silent. Her voice was no more heard singing in the castle.

Then the white bear asked, "What is it you lack, lassie? All that you wish for shall be yours. Only stay here for one year, do not ask who I am, and all will be well."

And so the lassie did not tell him what troubled her. But she wondered and wondered till she could hold out no longer, and one night she took a candle to bed with her, and in the night she lit it and went over to the door. And on the floor there she saw a prince, the like of whom she had never set eyes upon till that moment. She could not look enough. But as she held the candle above him, three drops of tallow fell on his shirt. With that the prince awoke.

"Lassie, what have you done!" he said sadly. "Had you but held out this one year! I am the white bear by day, but a prince by night. You could have freed me. But now I must go and live with the trolls in the castle that stands East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon."

She wept, and said, "Take me with you."

That he could not do.

"Tell me the way, then," she said, "and I'll search you out; surely I may do that."

Yes, that she might do, but there was no path to that place.

And suddenly the castle was gone, and the prince was gone. And in the midst of a thick wood the lassie sat, and by her side lay the little bundle of clothes she had brought from her old home.

After she had wept till she was nearly worn out with weeping, she set out to find the prince. She walked for many a day, but found no one who could tell her how to reach the castle that stands East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. Although her shoes were worn out, and her feet bruised, she walked on and on, till at length she came to a lofty crag. Under this sat an old woman; and of her the lassie asked the way.

"Maybe you are the lassie who should have had the prince," said the woman.

"Yes, I am," said the lassie.

"Well, thither you will come, late or never. I'll lend you my horse, and you'd best ride to the East Wind, for maybe he knows those parts, and can blow you thither. When you get to his house give my horse a tap under the left ear, and he'll come home."

The lassie got on the horse, and after a long time, late one night, she came to the house of the East Wind.

"I have heard of that castle and of the prince and the trolls," he said, "but I've never blown that far myself. Perhaps my brother, the West Wind, has; if you'll get on my back I'll take you to him."

And so she got off the horse, and gave it a tap under the left ear. Then away she flew on the back of the East Wind. He took her to the West Wind's house and asked his brother if he could carry her to the castle that stands East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.

"Nay," said the West Wind, "so far I have never blown, but I'll take her to our brother, the South Wind. He has flapped his wings far and wide."

Yes, she got on his back and traveled to the South Wind, and was not long on the way.

Well, the South Wind had never blown so far.

"But I'll take you to our brother, the North Wind; and if he does not know the way, you'll never find anyone in the world to tell you."

On the back of the South Wind, away she went at a fine rate. And when they came near, the North Wind was that cross and wild that cold puffs came from him.

"Come, come, don't be so rough," said his brother. "I've brought you the lassie who should have had the prince that dwells with the trolls, in the castle East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. Do you know the way there?"

"Well enough! One day I blew an aspen leaf thither, but I couldn't blow a puff for many days after. If the lassie isn't afraid to go with me I'll try to blow that far again."

Then the North Wind blew himself up till he was gruesome to look at, and with the lassie on his back, high up through the air he went, as if he never would stop till he reached the world's end.

Over the mountains and forests he blew. Then over the sea he blew; and below there was a storm that made the waves rise like hills. On he tore till he was so out of breath that he could hardly bring out a puff; and his wings drooped till he sank so low that the waves lashed over the lassie's feet.

"Are you afraid?" roared the North Wind.

"No, no, go on."

At last they came to the land, and the North Wind had just

enough strength left to throw the lassie on the shore; but he had to rest there for days before he could blow home again.

A gloomy castle towered above the lassie. She wondered if she could find the prince. And then, when the sun was setting, out of the castle he came; and over his arm he carried a shirt with three drops of tallow on it. He saw the lassie, and almost cried out with joy.

"You are just in time," he said. "To-morrow is my wedding day—I shall have to marry one of the ugly trolls, perhaps Long-Nose, unless you can save me. Slip behind that great tree and wait."

Now darkness began to settle around, and out came the trolls, with ugly shapes and long noses. Muttering and spluttering, they gathered under the trees. Then the prince stood in their midst with the shirt in his hand.

"To-morrow is my wedding day," he said, "and I have a mind to see what my bride can do. I have a fine shirt here, and I will marry no one but the one who can wash three drops of tallow out of it."

At that the troll who was called Long-Nose snatched the shirt from his hand, took it to a trough of water which stood at a corner of the castle, and began to rub as hard as she could. But the more she rubbed the darker and larger the spots became.

And one after another the ugly trolls tried a hand at the washing. They were at it all night; and the shirt was as black as if it had been up the chimney.

"None of you are worth a straw," cried the prince. "There stands a beggar lassie; I'll be bound she can do better than any of you. Come, lassie, can you wash this shirt clean?"

"I don't know, but I think I can," she said.

And she stepped out and took the shirt; and almost before she dipped it in the trough it was as white as snow and whiter.

Long-Nose flew into a rage, and dashed at the lassie. But at that instant the morning light came through the trees. Trolls cannot stand the light, and so that was the end of Long-Nose and all the rest of the trolls.

As for the prince and the lassie, they suddenly found themselves in a splendid palace in the prince's own fair kingdom, far from the castle that stands East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.



## Brother and Sister

ONCE on a time a brother and sister were left without father or mother or any kin. And an old woman with a selfish and cruel heart took them to her home, because she wished to get the money that had been left to them by their parents. And she gave the children scarcely enough to eat, but spent their money on her own daughter. In spite of the fine clothes and jewels her mother bought for her, this daughter was ugly and disagreeable; and she made Brother and Sister wait upon her and do her bidding all the day.

This had gone on for several years when one day Brother said to his sister, "Sister, this woman has our money, and we fare no better than the dogs under the table. We are grown now; let us go out into the world and seek our fortunes."

And so that night they slipped away. Over meadows and rough roads, up hill and down dale they went. Along the way they found berries and nuts to eat, but no water to drink; and they became very thirsty.

Then one day while they were walking through a thick wood the brother said, "I hear water rippling over stones! Come, Sister, let us run and find the brook."

When they came to the brook he threw himself on the ground, and was about to drink. But the sister stopped him, for she heard the voice of a fairy, like the sound of rippling water, saying:

"Who drinks of me a wolf will be,  
Who drinks of me a wolf will be."

"O Brother, do not drink," cried the sister. "If you do you will become a wolf."

"I'll wait till we come to another brook," said the brother.

But when they came to the next brook, and he knelt on the ground to drink, the sister again heard the voice of the fairy in the brook:

"Who drinks of me a tiger will be,  
Who drinks of me a tiger will be."

"Dear Brother, do not drink here," the sister pleaded. "If you do you will become a tiger."

"I'll try to endure the thirst till we come to another brook," he said.

By and by they came to a brook, beside which the brother lay on the ground to drink. Again the sister heard the voice of the fairy:

"Who drinks of me a fawn will be,  
Who drinks of me a fawn will be."

"Brother, Brother, I beg of you do not drink," called the sister.

But he had already drunk a little of the water, and he changed into a fawn before her eyes. She knelt beside him and wept. And the fawn wept with her.

"Fear not, Brother," said the sister, "I will never leave you."

She took off a golden garter which her mother had left to her, and which she had kept hidden from the old woman and her

daughter. This she fastened about the neck of the fawn. Then she made a rope of strong reeds and tied it to the golden collar. And so she led the fawn and kept him near her.

After a while they came to a little house in the wood. As no one was living in it they made this their home. And the fawn never went far from the sister who cared for him.

But one day some huntsmen came into that wood with their horns and their dogs.

When the fawn heard the hunting horns he cried, "Sister, let me go to the hunt; I cannot stay in when I hear the horns."

And he begged till she opened the door and let him go.

"Come back early in the evening," she said. "And when you come to the door, say, 'Sister, let me come in.' I must keep the door locked while these wild huntsmen are about."

And the fawn sprang away, glad to run through the wood in the fresh breeze.

The huntsmen saw the fawn and pursued him all day. But so nimble and quick was he that they could not catch him.

The fawn came home in the early evening, and said, "Sister let me come in." And she opened the door to him.

The next day when he heard the sound of the horns he said, "Sister, open the door; I hear the horns, and I must go out." And she let him go.

Now the young king who ruled over that land heard how some huntsmen had found in the wood a beautiful fawn with a golden collar about its neck. As the king had a great desire to see it, he rode out with the huntsmen. All day they chased the fawn, yet it escaped them. But toward evening they formed

a circle around him, so he could not run so fast, and the king was able to follow him to the little house.

The king wondered much when he heard him say, "Sister, let me come in."

The next evening, before the fawn came home, the king stood at the door of the little house, and said in a soft voice, "Sister, let me come in."

And as the door opened, he stepped inside. What was his astonishment to behold there a maiden whose beauty was beyond anything he had seen in all his days! It at first frightened the maiden to see a man, instead of her fawn, standing before her. But when she saw that he wore a golden crown upon his head, she knew that he was not a wild huntsman, and she lost her fear. Long the king looked at her, and he loved her.

"I beg of you, come with me to the royal palace, and become my wife," he said.

As the sister looked at him she loved him, and said, "I will come, but I must have my fawn with me."

Just then the fawn came home. And so both went to the palace with the king. Here a wedding feast was held with great splendor. And here each day brought more happiness to the king and his queen and the fawn.

All went well till the old woman and her daughter, who had been so cruel to the brother and sister, heard of the lovely queen, and found their way to the palace gates to see her ride out with the king. You can imagine their surprise to find that the queen was no other than Sister, who had once lived with them. Envy and hatred and discontent filled their hearts. And they brooded and muttered, and schemed to spoil the queen's

happiness. After a long time, when it was known that the king was away on a journey, they came to the palace, said that they were relatives of the queen, and so gained entrance. So happy was the queen, with her husband and the little prince that had come to them, and with her fawn that she could turn no one away. And so they were allowed to stay, and were given of the best of everything.

Not many days after this the queen prepared to take a journey to meet the king at a certain place. The old woman pretended to be very fond of the queen, and to be sorry for all that she had done against her in the past; and she gained permission to go along in place of the queen's maid.

But now you must hear how that old woman had paid a sum of money to the coachman to seem to lose his way while driving through a forest; and how the coachman had hired men disguised as highwaymen to meet the queen's coach, put her guard to flight, and carry her into the thickest part of the forest and leave her there.

"The wolves will soon devour her," thought the old woman, "and then my own daughter, dressed in splendid robes, will no doubt be able to please the king, and will become his queen."

Well, you may know there was grief at the palace when word was brought back that the beautiful queen had been carried off by highwaymen. Some of the king's men went in search of her, but found no trace of her. Although in their hearts they were glad, no one wailed louder nor longer than the old woman and her daughter.

But their evil wishes did not come true. The queen was not



*The queen took up the child.*

devoured by wolves. Left alone in the wood, she wandered this way and that, but could not find a path. And in the night she sat on the stump of a tree and wept, because she longed to see her husband, the little prince, and her fawn. Suddenly there stood before her the fairy who had spoken through the rippling waters of the brook, and warned the brother and sister not to drink there.

"Dry your eyes," said the fairy to the queen. "Come with me."

In an instant of time they were inside the great doors of the palace. It was midnight. The queen went straight to the nursery, quietly opened the door and entered. The nurse to the little prince was roused from her sleep. She made no sound, but silently watched the queen as she took up the child and held him in her arms for a while, then went to the corner where the fawn slept, and stroked his head so gently that he did not waken.

"How fares my child? How fares my husband? How fares my fawn?" the queen said softly. Then swiftly and silently she left the room. And the fairy took her to the little house where she and the fawn had lived.

Of all that she had heard and seen the nurse said nothing; she kept her own thoughts. Nor did she tell any one after the same thing had happened again the second night at midnight.

The following day the king came home, bowed with grief over the fate of the queen. He went first to the nursery to see his son. And there the nurse met him and told him all that had taken place on the two nights.

"To-night I will watch with the child myself," said the king.

This he did. And at midnight the door opened softly, and the queen came in. She went to the cradle, took up the child and held him in her arms for a while, then came to the fawn, and stroked his head gently.

“How fares my child? How fares my husband? How fares my fawn?” the king heard her say.

Then he sprang from the couch and went to the queen.

“My dear wife,” he said, “where have you been? Whence have you come?” And the queen told him all that had befallen her.

There was rejoicing in the palace the next morning, when it was learned that the lovely queen had returned, unharmed. But the old woman and her daughter, and the unfaithful coachman as well, fled away in fear. Never again were they seen in that kingdom.

Then came the fairy, and touched the fawn with her wand. And the brother was restored to his own form.

And so they all lived happily there in the palace forever after.

## *Beauty and the Beast*

**T**HERE was once a rich merchant who had three sons and three daughters. And the youngest daughter was so beautiful that from the time she was a young child she was called Beauty. As they grew up Beauty's sisters became jealous of her, for she was not only beautiful, but was also unselfish and kindly, so that every one loved her. Her sisters were selfish and disagreeable, and very proud of their father's wealth and of their fine clothes.

Now there came a time when, suddenly, the merchant's entire fortune was gone. Nothing was left but a little house far out in the country. Here the family went to live, and the merchant and his sons farmed the land. Beauty had offers of marriage, but she said No to all, for she could not think of leaving her father now that he needed her help. Although she was unused to work, she prepared the meals, and kept the house clean and neat; then she amused herself with music or reading, or sat at the spinning-wheel and sang as she spun. Her sisters did no work at all, and spent most of their time complaining because life in the country was so dull; no one wanted to marry them, now that they were poor.

But after they had lived in the country for about a year, the merchant received news that a ship with goods that belonged to him had come safely to port. And so he made ready to go to the city.

"What shall I bring you when I return?" he asked his daughters.

And the older ones asked for all kinds of new clothes.

"And is there nothing you wish for, Beauty?" he asked.

"Only that you come back quickly and safely," she replied. "But if you should see roses for sale, I pray you bring me one. I dearly love roses, and we have none here."

Then the merchant said farewell to his family, mounted his horse, and rode away. But on arriving at the port he had to go to law about the goods; and after a great deal of trouble he turned toward home, as poor as when he came.

In riding through a large wood, when night was closing in, he lost his way; for the snow was falling thick and fast, and the wind was blowing a gale. He heard wolves howling, he was cold and hungry, and he knew not which way to turn. Then all at once he caught sight of a light at the farther end of a long avenue of trees. As he drew near he saw that the light came from a splendid castle. On entering the courtyard he set his horse free. And it went into the stable and began to eat the oats, which seemed to have been left there for it. The merchant knocked at a door of the castle, and it opened for him of its own accord. He stepped into a large dining-hall. There was no one in sight, but a fire blazed in the fireplace. The merchant dried his clothes before the fire. Then as he turned he saw a small table laid for one; and he seated himself at the table and ate of the delicious food.

"I must try to find the master of this castle and thank him," he said.

But although he went from one richly furnished room to an-

other, and called for the servants as he went, he neither saw nor heard any one. At length he came to a room in which there was a bed, and he was glad to spend the night here. The next morning he found new clothes in the place of his old ones.

And he said, "This castle must belong to some good fairy, who has taken pity on me in my distress."

A warm breakfast awaited him in the dining-hall. After he had eaten he again looked for some one to thank, but as he found no one, he went out to get his horse. To his surprise there was no snow to be seen. He walked into a garden of flowers; and from a large bower of roses he broke off a branch.

"At least I shall be able to take Beauty her rose," he thought.

But scarcely had he taken the flower when he heard a loud roar, and saw, coming toward him, an ugly beast.

In a terrible voice the Beast said, "I received you into my castle and cared for your needs, and now you pluck my roses, which I love more than anything else in the world; for this you shall pay with your life!"

"I pray you, forgive me," said the merchant. "I had promised to take a rose to one of my daughters, and since you had already been so kind to me, I thought it would not offend you if I plucked one branch among so many."

"Take the rose then," said the Beast, "and you shall be pardoned if one of your daughters will come here to take your place; otherwise you shall return and suffer for your act."

"I thank you," said the merchant. "I shall go home and bid my family farewell, and then return; and you shall do with me as you will."

"I would not have you leave my castle empty-handed," said

the Beast. "Go back to your sleeping room, and fill the large trunk you will find there with whatever treasure you please; I will have it sent to your home."

In the sleeping room the merchant found the trunk, and a great quantity of gold beside it; and so he filled the trunk with pieces of gold.

"After all," he thought, "it is kind of the Beast to supply the needs of my family when I give myself up to him."

Then he went to the stable and got his horse. In the daylight he easily found his way through the wood, and soon came to his home. His children gathered about him and asked how his journey had prospered.

"Here is your rose, Beauty," said the merchant, "and your unhappy father must pay dearly for it." And he told them all that had befallen him.

"Now, Beauty," said one of the sisters, "you see what trouble you have brought upon our father by asking for a rose instead of fine clothes; and you do not even weep over his sad plight."

"That would be of little use," answered Beauty. "Since the Beast will pardon our father if one of his daughters will take his place, I will be happy to go to the Beast's castle."

But the brothers said that Beauty should never go; they themselves would seek out the Beast and destroy him.

"Nay," said the merchant, "I have given my word, and I will keep it. Not for all the world would I allow one of my children to face this Beast in my stead."

"But I am determined to go," said Beauty. "You cannot prevent my following you."

And so the next morning Beauty and her father started for



*Beauty's sisters wept.*

the castle. When they arrived there they saw no one, but in the dining-hall they found a table laid for two, and with the choicest of food. And they had just finished their meal when they heard a loud roar, and saw the Beast coming toward them. Beauty shuddered when he stood before her.

"Have you come of your own free will?" he asked.

And Beauty told him that she had.

"You are very kind, and I thank you," he said. Then he turned to the merchant, "In the morning you must leave; and do not venture to come here again."

"Do as he commands," pleaded Beauty. "I feel sure no harm will come to either of us if you obey him."

That night, while Beauty slept, a lovely lady, a fairy, came to her and said, "Beauty, your coming here will not be unrewarded."

Although the merchant was comforted when he heard of this, his sorrow was almost more than he could bear when he bade his daughter good-bye, and left her there alone with the Beast.

After her father left Beauty sat and wept for a while, then she roused herself and wandered about the castle. There were many marvellously beautiful things to admire. Suddenly she came to a door on which was written, "Beauty's Room." She entered, and found there a piano and music, many kinds of roses in costly vases, and clothes and jewels. There was also a bookcase filled with books. From this Beauty took out a book on the cover of which were these words in letters of gold: "Wish what you like, command what you will; you alone are mistress here."

"Alas," thought Beauty, "I wish for nothing so much as to



see my dear father again, and to know what he is doing at this moment."

As she laid the book on a table she faced a large mirror; and there in the mirror she saw her home, and her father, just returned, with his head bowed in sadness.

"The Beast must be very kind, to grant every wish of mine," Beauty thought. "Surely I need not fear him."

Later, when she was about to eat her evening meal, the Beast came in.

"Beauty," he said, "will you allow me to talk with you while you eat?"

"You are master here," she answered.

"Not so," said he. "You, and you alone are mistress in this castle. If I annoy you, tell me so, and I will leave you. But confess now, you think me very ugly, do you not?"

"Yes, Beast," said Beauty, "but I think you must be very good."

The Beast sighed deeply. "Try to find pleasure in your castle and gardens," he said, "I should be sad indeed if you were unhappy."

Every evening the Beast paid Beauty a visit. And every day she found some new good quality in him. She lost all fear of him, and thought very little about his ugliness. And so much did she enjoy the visits with him that she sometimes counted the hours till it would be time for him to come.

After she had been in the castle for about three months, one evening the Beast asked, "Beauty, do you think me very ugly and stupid?"

And she answered, "Beast, your goodness of heart has made

me so happy that you no longer seem very ugly, and you are never stupid."

"Your presence here gives me great happiness," he said. "Promise that you will never leave me."

"I would gladly promise," said Beauty, "but this morning my mirror showed my father very ill from grief of losing me. Will you let me go home to comfort him?"

The Beast looked sad, but said, "I will send you to your father."

"I will return in a week's time," promised Beauty. "You have been so good to let me see in my mirror that your trunk full of gold has given my father all that money can buy. But my sisters have married, and moved away, and my brothers have gone back to the army; my father has only servants about him, and he is ill."

"Remember your promise," said the Beast, "and when you wish to return, place your ring on the table before you go to bed. Farewell, Beauty," and he sighed, as he always did when he left her.

When Beauty awoke the next morning she was in her father's house. Beside her bed was a trunk, full of dresses and jewels.

"How thoughtful the Beast is," she said.

She dressed and went to her father. And seeing her safe and well so filled him with joy that he arose and dressed, and was himself again.

Word was sent to Beauty's sisters, and they came to see her. They were unhappy with their husbands, who were as selfish as their wives; and envy made them still more unhappy when they saw Beauty clothed like a princess, and as beautiful as the

day. They planned to make the Beast angry with her, and when the week drew to a close they pretended such sorrow that Beauty said she would stay longer. But on the tenth night Beauty saw in her mirror a picture of the Beast. He was lying on the ground in the garden, ill with grief. And when she saw how miserable she had made him, tears came to her eyes.

"How can I be so ungrateful to one who has been so kind to me?" she thought. "It is not his fault that he is ugly; he is good, and that is worth all else." And she placed her ring on the table, and went to bed.

The following morning Beauty awoke in the castle. Swiftly she ran to the garden, and there she found the Beast on the ground, just as she had seen him in the mirror. He could neither look at her, nor speak.

"Beast, Beast," she called, "dear Beast, awake; Beauty has come back, and she loves you because you are good."

She had no more than said this when the castle was suddenly lighted to the top of the highest tower. She turned her head to look at it, and when she turned back—the Beast was gone. But a noble prince knelt at her feet.

"Where is my Beast?" said Beauty.

"You see him at your feet," said the prince. "It was my sad fortune to appear like an ugly Beast until some fair maiden should come here of her own free will, and should love me in spite of my ugliness. I thank you for setting me free, and I beg you to be my wife."

Beauty gave her hand to the prince, and together they entered the castle. How great was Beauty's surprise and joy to see

there her father and all her family! She saw also the lovely lady, the fairy.

With a wave of the fairy's silver wand the castle disappeared, and all found themselves in a magnificent palace in the prince's own kingdom. Here the prince's subjects welcomed him with glad cheers; and hundreds of friends gathered in the palace for his marriage feast.

And Beauty was the bride, and afterwards became the queen of that great kingdom.

## *One-Eye, Two-Eyes, Three-Eyes*

ONCE on a time there were three sisters, and their names were One-Eye, Two-Eyes, Three-Eyes. The eldest had but one eye, and that was in the middle of her forehead; the second had three eyes, and one of these was in the middle of her forehead; the youngest had two eyes.

One-Eye and Three-Eyes were very unkind to Two-Eyes.

"You are no better than common people," they said. "You have two eyes, just like other girls; you don't belong to us."

And they pushed her about, threw their old clothes to her, and gave her nothing to eat but the scraps that were left after they had eaten. And when they were grown up, the two older sisters went to parties and balls, but they would not have Two-Eyes with them, because they were ashamed of her.

Now each day, after she had done all the hardest work at home, Two-Eyes must drive the goat to the meadow and tend it. And one day while the goat was eating the grass Two-Eyes sat on a hillock and wept.

"Why do you weep, Two-Eyes?" said a voice.

Two-Eyes looked up quickly, and saw a tiny woman standing beside her. It was a fairy wise woman.

"Oh," said Two-Eyes, "I do not have enough to eat, and I am hungry; and besides, my sisters despise me because of my two eyes."

"Weep no more," said the little woman, "and when you are hungry just say these words:

'Bleat, little Goat, bleat,  
Spread my table that I may eat.'

"And when you have finished eating you must say:

'Bleat, bleat, I pray,  
Take my table away.'

But you must not tell any one about this, nor let any one hear you say the words." And the little woman was gone as suddenly as she had come.

Two-Eyes at once tried the rhyme:

"Bleat, little Goat, bleat,  
Spread my table that I may eat."

Scarcely had she spoken the words when a table stood before her, spread with a white cloth, silver knife, fork and spoons, and delicious food. Two-Eyes gave thanks, and helped herself to the food. And after she had eaten enough she said:

"Bleat, bleat, I pray,  
Take my table away."

And at once the table, with everything upon it, was gone.

That evening Two-Eyes could not eat the scraps her sisters had left for her. It was the same the second day, and the third day. And this seemed strange, for she appeared well and happy.

And One-Eye said to Three-Eyes, "To-morrow I will go with her to the meadow, and I will see if anybody brings food to her."

Although Two-Eyes knew well why her sister was going with her to the pasture, she felt sorry for her, for One-Eye was not used to being out in the heat of the day. And so Two-Eyes

drove the goat to a place where the grass was highest and so gave a little shelter from the sun. As the day wore on One-Eye grew drowsy, and lay down in the tall grass and went to sleep.

By this time Two-Eyes was very hungry, and so she said:

“Bleat, little Goat, bleat,  
Spread my table that I may eat.”

At once the table was there, spread with good things. And Two-Eyes ate all that she needed, and then said:

“Bleat, bleat, I pray,  
Take my table away.”

And the table disappeared.

After a while Two-Eyes called, “Come, One-Eye, let us go home. While you have slept the goat might have run all over the world.”

Well, the next day Three-Eyes went to the meadow to watch her sister. And again Two-Eyes drove the goat to the place where the grass grew high. Three-Eyes was tired from the long walk in the sun, and lay down in the tall grass to rest. At length she closed her eyes. But while two of her eyes slept, the one in the middle blinked, and with this Three-Eyes could see all that went on.

Two-Eyes thought that her sister was fast asleep, and said:

“Bleat, little Goat, bleat.  
Spread my table that I may eat.”

And after she had eaten she said:

“Bleat, bleat, I pray,  
Take my table away.”

Then she called to Three-Eyes and said, “Come, sister, let us go home now.”

That evening Three-Eyes told One-Eye all that had taken place in the meadow, and One-Eye turned in anger upon Two-Eyes.

“And so you, a common two-eyes, have better things to eat than we have,” she said. “You shall drive the goat to pasture no more!”

And so the next day the two sisters drove the goat to the fields, and as soon as they were there one of them said:

“Bleat, little Goat, bleat,  
Spread my table that I may eat.”

But the goat paid no attention, and no table came. And so angry were they that they took the goat to the market place and sold it.

And when Two-Eyes knew that the goat was gone, she went out to the meadow and sat on a hillock and wept over the loss of her only friend.

All at once the fairy wise woman stood before her. “Dry your eyes,” she said. “You shall have something in place of the goat. Look out of your window the first thing to-morrow morning.” And she was gone before Two-Eyes could thank her.

Early the next morning Two-Eyes sprang from her bed and ran to the window. And what did she see, close to her window, but a beautiful tree with leaves of silver and fruit of gold!

When the other sisters saw this tree they marveled at how it had grown there. One-Eye climbed into it and pulled a branch toward her, but it flew back into place; no matter how many

times she tried, she could not pluck the fruit. And it was the same way when Three-Eyes tried.

"Let me climb the tree," said Two-Eyes. "Maybe I can get the fruit."

"Indeed!" her sisters said. "And so you think you with your two eyes can do what we cannot do? Very likely!"

But Two-Eyes climbed the tree, and no sooner had she touched a branch than the golden fruit fell into her hands. She filled her apron and came down, and gave of the fruit to her sisters. And so day after day she climbed the tree and brought the marvelous fruit to them. But now they treated her more unkindly than ever, because they were envious.

Then one morning, when the three sisters stood beneath the wonder tree, a knight came riding along the road.

"Make haste, Two-Eyes," said the eldest sister, "hide yourself."

And the other sister pushed Two-Eyes down, and took a large cask, and turned it over her.

The knight stopped to marvel at the tree with leaves of silver and fruit of gold.

"To whom does this tree belong?" he asked. "One who would bestow one branch of it upon me might ask in return anything he desired."

The two sisters said that the tree belonged to them. But when they tried to break off a branch for him it flew back out of their reach.

"It is very strange," said the knight, "that the tree should belong to you, and yet you cannot pluck its fruit."

Now Two-Eyes had her apron full of the fruit, and at that



*Two-Eyes was under the cask.*

moment she pushed one of the golden apples out from under the cask, and it rolled to the feet of the knight.

The knight was astonished. "Whence came this?" he asked.

"Oh, from our sister, Two-Eyes," the second sister answered. "But you need pay no attention to her, for we are ashamed of her."

Then the knight called, "Two-Eyes, come forth!" And when she came from beneath the cask he said, "Can you break off a branch of this tree for me?"

"Yes, I can," she answered. And she climbed the tree, and brought down a branch with leaves of silver and fruit of gold, and gave it to the knight.

And because the knight saw how lovely Two-Eyes was, and how cruel the sisters were to her, he lifted her and seated her before him on his horse, and galloped away to his castle.

You may be sure the two sisters were not at all pleased with this, but one of them said, "Oh well, after all, the wonder-tree will now belong to us, and everybody who passes our house will praise it."

How great was their disappointment when they looked out the following morning, and saw that the tree was gone!

On that same morning Two-Eyes looked from her room in the castle and saw, standing beside her window, the tree with silver leaves and golden fruit. And there the tree remained. And Two-Eyes married the knight of the castle, and they lived in great happiness ever after.

## Why the Sea Is Salt

ONCE on a time there were two brothers, one rich and one poor. And the poor brother came to the rich brother's house on Christmas Eve and begged for a morsel of food, that he might keep the Christmas feast. But as this was not the first time he had come for help, the rich brother was not at all glad to see him.

"Now I will give you a whole piece of bacon," he said, "if you will promise never to come back again."

The poor man promised, thanked his brother, and started home with the bacon. It was dusk when, at the foot of a hill, he came upon a queer-looking little old man chopping wood. It was hard for the little man to keep his long white beard out of the way of his chopping, and so the poor man put his bacon on the ground, and cut the wood for him.

As the little old man was gathering up his wood he said, "I see that you have a whole piece of bacon there. Yonder among the rocks is the door to the house of the underground folk, who care for nothing so much as for bacon. Go down there and give them the bacon, and ask for the old mill which stands behind the door."

The man did so, and came out with the mill in his arms. Although it was very late by this time, the little old man was waiting for him, and showed him how to use the mill.

When the poor man reached his home his wife said, "Where



*And his wife danced for joy.*

have you been all this time? Here I have waited and waited, without so much as a candle to light the room for me."

"Oh," he answered, "I had to go a long way; but wait a bit, and you'll see what you'll see."

Then he set the mill on the table and told it to grind out lights, a table-cloth, and all good things. He had only to speak the word, and it ground out whatever they wanted. And his wife danced around for joy, and thought of more things for it to grind out.

And so they ground out enough to last till Twelfth Day. On the third day the poor man invited all his kin and his friends to his house, and gave a great feast. And the rich brother came, and was filled with anger and envy at what he saw.

He said, "You borrowed a morsel of food of me on Christmas Eve, and now you give as grand a feast as if you were a king. Whence came all this wealth?"

"Oh, from behind the door," said his brother.

He did not care to let the rich brother know about the mill. But later in the day he could keep his secret no longer, and he brought out the mill and had it grind all kinds of things.

The rich man set his heart on having that mill, and he coaxed till he got it; but he had to pay money for it, and he was not to take it away till hay-harvest.

Well, you may be sure the mill did not grow rusty for want of use, but ground out all the fine things the poor brother and his wife could think to ask of it.

Then at hay-harvest the rich brother came for the mill, but he was in such haste to take it away that he forgot to find out how to handle it. It was evening when he came home with it,



and the next morning he told his wife to go out to the fields with the mowers and toss while the men cut the grass, and he would stay at home and get the dinner ready.

And so when dinner time drew near he set the mill on the table and said, "Grind herrings and broth, and grind them good and fast."

And the mill began to grind. It filled the dishes and pans and tubs and the kitchen floor. The man twisted and twirled at the mill to get it to stop, but for all his twisting and fingering, it went right on grinding. He thought he would be up to his neck in herrings and broth before he could get hold of the latch of the door and run out of the house. With the mill under his arm he ran down the path, with herrings and broth and steam roaring after him like a waterfall.

Now his wife and the mowers were coming from the fields, and when they were part way up the hill what did they see but the master of the house running towards them in a dashing, splashing river of herrings and broth.

"I wish you each had a hundred throats," he called as he passed them. "Eat all you can."

Away he ran to his brother's house, and shouted, "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Take the mill back; never let me see it again."

And so the poor brother had the mill again, and it wasn't long before he built a new house by the sea-side. He had it covered with gold, so that it gleamed and glittered far over the sea. And all who sailed by put ashore to see the wonders in the house of gold, and especially the old mill, the fame of which had spread far and wide.

And one day a skipper came from his ship, and when he saw the mill he asked, "Can it grind salt?"

"Salt? It can grind anything!" said the owner of the mill.

And when the skipper heard that he said he must have the mill, cost what it would. If only he had the mill, he thought, he would not have to take long voyages across stormy seas to get loadings of salt; he could just sit at home and smoke his pipe while the mill worked for him. At first the man would not hear to parting with the mill, but the skipper begged so hard that at last he sold it to him.

Now when the skipper had the mill on his back he hurried away with it, for he was afraid the man would change his mind, and so he had no time to ask how to handle it.

He was well out to sea when he brought the mill out on the deck and said, "Now grind salt! Grind both good and fast!"

And the mill began to grind salt. When the ship was full the skipper tried to stop the mill, but it went right on grinding. He twisted it and turned it, but that did no good; the heaps of salt grew higher and higher until at last—down sank the ship.

And so there lies the mill at the bottom of the sea. And, as the story goes, there it grinds salt to this day; and that is why the sea is salt.

## Cinderella

ONCE on a time there were three sisters, the two elder of whom had fine clothes and went out a great deal, while the youngest stayed at home and did all the work. And at night the youngest sister would sit by the kitchen fireplace to rest. She would try to keep awake in order to wait upon her sisters when they came home and called her, but often she was so tired that she would fall asleep with her feet among the cinders. And so they called her Cinderella.

Now at the king's palace a grand ball was to be given for the prince. Cinderella's sisters were preparing to go to this ball.

"Cinderella," called Blanche, "see that my yellow silk with the black lace is ready for me to wear. No doubt the prince will dance with me a great deal, for I dance so well."

"Cinderella," called Rose, "get out my red satin dress, and sew the buttons on my slippers, where I burst them off at the last dance; and be quick, you lazy girl."

And so Cinderella was kept busy washing and ironing and sewing. When the great night came she helped her sisters to dress, and curled and combed and arranged their hair. She made them look as pretty as possible.

When the sisters were about to leave for the palace Cinderella sighed and said, "How I wish I could go to the prince's ball!"

"You, a cinder maid, at a ball! How everybody would laugh at you!" And as the sisters drove away they laughed at the thought of Cinderella at a ball.

After they had gone Cinderella went down stairs to the kitchen, and she could not help crying a little.

"Why do you cry?" asked a soft voice. And there stood Cinderella's fairy god-mother.

"Oh," said Cinderella, "I was wishing that I too could go to the ball."

"And so you shall," said her god-mother.

"O my god-mother, do not laugh at me! How could I go in these ragged clothes?"

The fairy touched her with her silver wand.

"Oh!" cried Cinderella, as she looked down at her dress of fairy-like lace and rosebuds, and at her feet in the daintiest of pink slippers. "But how shall I go?"

"Let us roll that large pumpkin out to the dooryard."

They rolled it out, and the fairy waved her wand over it. And there stood a golden coach!

"Are there any mice in the mouse-trap?" asked the fairy.

Cinderella ran to see. "Yes, yes, six of them."

A wave of the silver wand changed the mice into six prancing gray horses. Two rats were found in the rat-trap. One of these was turned into a coachman, who climbed to his seat at the front of the coach. The other was changed into a footman, who helped Cinderella into the coach and then took his place at the back of it.

"Remember to be home by midnight," called the fairy god-mother.

"I will, I will, and thank you, god-mother," and Cinderella threw a kiss to her from the coach window.

Every one was filled with wonder as this lovely lady stepped from her golden coach and entered the palace.

"Who can she be? She must be a princess. Perhaps she is some great princess from a strange land. Did you ever dream of such a gown and such jewels." Thus Blanche and Rose whispered to each other.

And the prince was so delighted with the beauty and wit of this lovely stranger that he cared to dance with no one else.

Cinderella had never before had such a good time. She had sometimes danced alone in the kitchen when her sisters were away, but now, with the Prince as her partner, she swirled and curtsied, and stepped this way and that in the most graceful manner. She could hardly believe it when she glanced at the clock and saw that it would strike the midnight hour in only twenty minutes. She thanked the king and queen and the prince, and although the prince begged her to stay longer, she ran out to her coach.

Her gray horses carried her like the wind, and she reached home on the last stroke of twelve. And now Cinderella was again in the kitchen in her ragged clothes. Her coach was a pumpkin. The mice and rats scampered away.

Soon Cinderella heard her sisters calling, "Cinderella, lazy girl, come up and help us undress. See that you put our clothes away carefully."

Cinderella ran up the stairs. "Did you have a pleasant time?" she asked.

"If you listen you will find out," said Blanche. "Be careful not to pull my hair as you take it down, or you will get a good slap."

And you may be sure that Cinderella listened well while her sisters talked of the ball; of the beautiful princess from a strange

land, and how the prince could see no one but her; of how kind she was to them as she sat beside them and shared the rich fruits and cakes the prince brought to her; of how the prince was so much in love with the princess that he was to give another ball the next night, with the hope that she would come again.

And so the following night Cinderella again dressed her sisters and combed their hair in the most becoming fashion. After they had driven away she went back to her kitchen and sat by the fireplace. Suddenly the fairy stood beside her. With a wave of the silver wand she changed Cinderella's ragged dress into a gown that looked like moonbeams and starlight, and her worn shoes into little glass slippers. Again the pumpkin became a coach, the mice became prancing gray horses, and the rats became a coachman and a footman; and Cinderella was whirled away to the ball.

"Don't forget to be home by midnight," her god-mother called after her.

The prince was watching for the beautiful princess. When she arrived he ran down the palace steps and helped her to alight from her golden coach. And again they danced and talked and laughed with each other all through the evening, and were very happy together.

Cinderella enjoyed it all so much that she never thought of the clock until it began to strike twelve. There was no time for parting words. She ran to the door and down the steps. The prince ran after her, but when he reached the steps he saw nothing of the princess. A beggar lass ran away from the palace,

some mice and rats ran out of sight, a pumpkin lay in the driveway—that was all.

But as the prince turned to go into the palace he saw something glisten on the top step, and he stooped and picked up a little glass slipper.

“Ah, the princess has lost one of her little slippers,” he cried. “Now I shall surely find her.”

And the next day the prince set out to find the lass whose foot would fit into the little glass slipper. With him went one of his men, who carried the slipper on a silken cushion. They went to all the grand mansions, then to humbler homes, and at length they came to the house where Cinderella and her sisters lived.

“It is my right to try the slipper first, because I am older than you,” said Blanche to her sister.

And so the prince’s man placed before her the cushion with the little glass slipper on it. But although she pushed and pinched and puffed and groaned she could not make her foot fit into the slipper.

Rose then took her turn. She twisted and pushed, and the man pulled. It was all of no use.

“Is there no one else in this house?” asked the prince.

“No,” snapped Rose, “nobody but a ragged cinder maid in the kitchen.”

“And she is too ugly to wear such a dainty slipper,” Blanche added.

“Bring her in to me,” commanded the prince. “I have said that I would find the owner of this little glass slipper if I should have to seek out every maid in the kingdom.”



*Cinderella was called from the kitchen.*

And so Cinderella was called from the kitchen. She drew her hair about her face, that the prince should not know her. The prince's man held the slipper for her, and she put her foot into it. It fitted as if it had been made for her alone. Then, to the great surprise of her sisters, Cinderella took the mate to the glass slipper from her pocket, and put it on her other foot.

At that instant the fairy god-mother came, unseen by all but Cinderella. She waved her silver wand. And there stood the princess with whom the prince had fallen in love. The prince bowed and kissed Cinderella's hand, and led her to his coach. And they drove away to the palace, and were married that very day, and were happy ever after.

## *The Giant with Three Golden Hairs*

ONCE on a time a child was born who was so handsome that some one who saw him said, "He is like a prince; when he grows up he will surely marry a princess."

Now it happened about that time that the king rode through that village. He was disguised so that no one should know he was the king; for he wished to see for himself if all in his kingdom were loyal to him.

"Is there any news in this village?" he asked of one.

"There is indeed," answered the man. "A child has been born here who will marry the king's daughter when he grows up."

The king went to the parents of this child and asked to see their son.

"I am a messenger from the king," he said, "and the king has given command that if your son is as fine a child as folks say he is, he is to be taken at once to the palace. There he will be reared as the king's own son."

At first the parents said they could not let him go.

"But would you rear this beautiful child in poverty when he might have everything heart could desire?" said the king. "It is the king's command that he go with me."

Then the parents could hold out no longer. After all, they

were very poor, and it would be a fine thing for their son to grow up like a prince. They placed the child in his bed, which was only a box, and the king rode away with it. After he had gone some distance from the village, the king threw the box into the river.

"Let the current carry him away," he said. "No poor man's son shall be my son-in-law." And he turned and rode back to the palace.

But the box with the baby in it floated on top of the water, and was carried by the current a long distance, then was stopped by a dam where there was a mill. The miller saw the box, and with a long pole he drew it ashore. Both he and his wife were delighted with the baby boy, and they brought him up as their own son.

Now it happened one time, after the baby had grown to manhood, that the king and some of his men rode on a long journey, and passed this very mill.

The king noticed the strong handsome lad, and he said to the miller, "Is this your son?"

"No," said the miller, "I found him when he was a baby. He was afloat in a box in the mill dam."

Then the king knew that this could be no other than the child he had cast into the stream; and he feared that what the villager had said might come to pass.

And so he said to the miller, "He is a fine youth. May he carry a message to the queen for me?"

And the miller bowed low, and said, "As your majesty pleases."

Then the king wrote a letter to the queen in which he said, "As soon as the bearer of this letter arrives at the palace have him cast into the dungeon."

The young man set out with the king's letter, but lost his way in the forest. Night came on, and after he had groped his way out of the wood he stopped at an inn, and lay down on a bench to sleep. He would find the path more quickly in the daylight. While he slept some rollicking fellows came in. They saw the letter sticking out of his pocket, and pulled it out and read it. Then they tore up the king's letter, wrote another one, and slipped that into his pocket.

The next day the young man found his way to the palace, and gave the letter into the queen's hands.

The queen opened the letter and read, "When the bearer of this letter arrives at the palace, have him married at once to our daughter."

Well, the princess did not object to a husband who was so handsome, and seemed so good; and so the wedding feast was prepared, and the princess was married to this youth.

But when the king came back he fell into a great rage over what had taken place. And he said, "No man shall have the princess unless he goes to the Wonder Cave and brings to me the three golden hairs from the head of the giant that lives there."

He thought in this way to be rid of his son-in-law forever.

The young man said good-bye to his beautiful bride, and set out. It was a long, long journey to the Wonder Cave. He passed through many dangers on the way, and came at length to a

great lake, which he must cross. A ferryman was there to take him over.

And the ferryman said, "If you find the Giant with the Three Golden Hairs, I pray you, ask him why it is that I am bound forever to ferry over this lake."

"With all my heart," said the youth.

On the other side of the lake he found the Wonder Cave. It looked dark and gloomy enough. And it was a good thing for him that the giant was not at home, and that his grandmother sat at the door in her easy chair.

"What do you seek?" asked the grandmother.

"The three golden hairs from the giant's head," he answered.

"To get them will not be easy," said the grandmother. "You will run a great risk. But when you hear the giant coming, hide yourself in the dark corner yonder. I will do what I can for you."

When darkness began to fall, the Giant with the Three Golden Hairs returned to the Wonder Cave. With much eating and drinking he was more stupid than usual; but even so he began to sniff and snort and throw things about, and to say that he could smell a stranger in the cave.

"Don't turn things topsy-turvy," said his grandmother. "I have just set things in order. Come and put your head in my lap and go to sleep."

The giant came and put his heavy head in her lap, and soon he was snoring.

Then the grandmother pulled the three golden hairs from his head. But as she pulled out the last one he started up.

"Mercy!" he cried. "I dreamt that somebody was pulling my hair to make me answer a question."

From his dark corner the young man spoke softly, and said, "How can the ferryman at the lake be set at liberty, so that he need not ply back and forth in his boat?"

The giant answered drowsily, "Let him put the rudder into the hand of any passenger, and he will find himself free; and the other will be obliged to take his place."

The grandmother then gave the three golden hairs to the young man, and he slipped out of the cave. When he came to the shore of the lake he saw treasure of gold as plentiful as the sands of the sea. How it glistened there in the moonlight! And he gathered some of it to take to his wife.

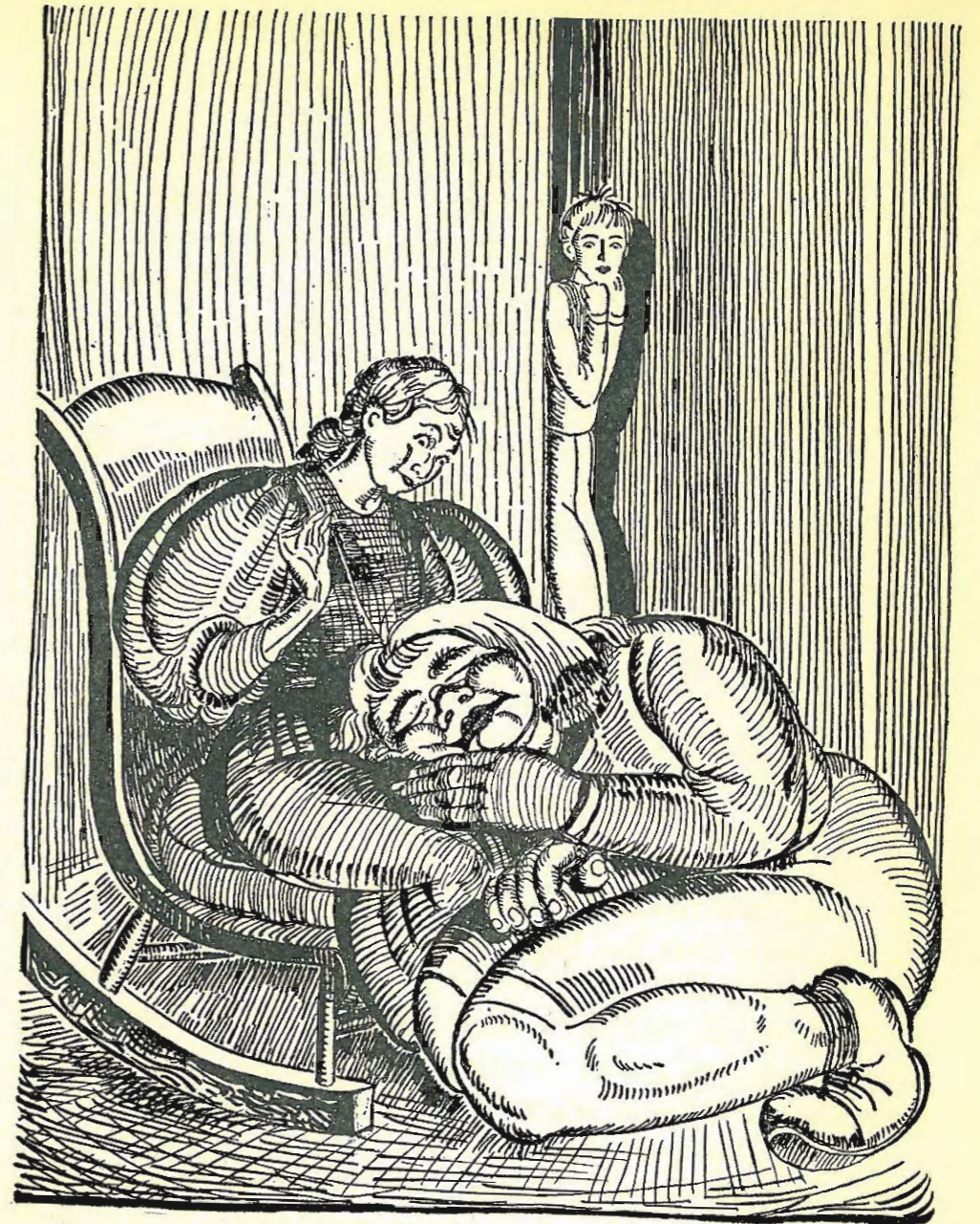
As he stepped into the boat to cross the lake the ferryman said to him, "Have you brought the answer to my question?"

"That I have," he replied, "but ferry me over first." And when they reached the other shore he leaped from the boat, and then said, "If you will put the rudder into the hand of any passenger, you may run away as soon as you like."

Well, after a long time, and after overcoming many dangers, the young man reached the palace again. And the princess rejoiced greatly that her husband had come home safely. And after the king had received the three golden hairs from the giant's head, he no longer made objection to the youth. And when he saw the golden treasure his son-in-law had brought, he was eager to know where it had been found.

"On the other side of the lake, but do not —"

But the king waited to hear no more. He sprang to his horse, and galloped away so fast that nobody could stop him. At length



*The giant put his head in her lap.*



he came to the lake, and beckoned the ferryman to take him across. As soon as he stepped into the boat the ferryman put the rudder into his hand, and sprang ashore. And if no one has troubled to take the rudder from the king's hand, he is still plying back and forth there to this day.

## *Taper Tom*

ONCE on a time there was a king's daughter whose beauty was known far and near. And many princes and nobles came to ask her hand in marriage, but so high and mighty was she that she said no to all of them; she would have none of them, were they ever so grand. Besides this, she was so sad and serious that no one could get her to laugh.

Well, the king grew tired of all this, and thought that she might as well marry. Why shouldn't she marry—she too, as well as other maidens? And so he had it made known all through the kingdom that any man who could make the princess laugh should have her, and half the kingdom.

Men came from north, south, east and west, as if it were an easy thing to make a princess laugh; but for all their tricks and capers, there sat the princess, just as sad and serious as before. And so the king said that all who tried and failed should be beaten with a stout stick.

Now not a great distance from the palace lived three brothers, sons of a poor man. They heard how the king had given out that the man who could make the princess laugh should have her for his wife, and half the kingdom besides. Peter, being the eldest, was for starting off first; and so he strode away, sure that no one else need try. When he came to the palace he told the king that he would be glad to try to make the princess laugh.

"All very well, my man," said the king, "but it's sure to be of no use, for many have already tried and failed; and I have no desire that you should come to grief."

"But it can't be so hard to make a princess laugh," said Peter. "I am a soldier, and when I learned to drill under Corporal Jack everybody who saw me laughed."

And so Peter went to the courtyard, and under the window at which the princess sat he began to call commands to himself, and to drill. He would pull himself up on one leg till he looked like a giant, and drop down on the other till he looked like a dwarf. And he was so clumsy that he stumbled over his own feet. The king stood on the balcony and laughed long and loud; but the princess was still sorrowful and sad, and did not so much as smile once. So they gave Peter a sound beating with the stout stick, and sent him home.

Well, the second brother, Paul, would not come home like that, not he! No, he was a schoolmaster, and he could preach as well as teach. Some laughed at him when he strode down the street with his head high in the air, and the king thought it not unlikely that he would make the princess laugh.

"But mercy on you if you don't," he said. "We are for making the blows harder than ever; we can't be bothered this way for nothing."

Then Paul went to the courtyard and stood under the window at which the princess sat. And he read and preached and sang and chanted as loud as all the parsons and clerks in the country round. The king laughed at him till he had to hold to the posts of the balcony. And the princess looked as if she were going to smile, then all at once she was as sad as ever. And so it

fared no better with Paul the schoolmaster than with Peter the soldier.

And now the youngest brother was for setting out. They called him Taper Tom, because he sat in the chimney-corner and split fir tapers. How the brothers laughed and jeered at him!

"You! You win a princess and half a kingdom? You know nothing, and you can do nothing but sit with your feet in the ashes and split tapers."

But Taper Tom thought he would take his turn just the same, and so he started out. Well, when he came to the palace he didn't say that he had come to make the princess laugh, but he asked if he could find work there. No, they had no place in the palace for him. But Taper Tom would not take no for an answer.

"They must need some one to carry wood and water for the kitchen-maid in such a large place as this," he said; and in the end he got leave to stay.

Now one day when he went to fetch water from the brook he saw a large fish under an old fir stump, where the water had eaten into the bank, and he put his bucket under it and caught it. And as he was going up the hill he met an old woman who was leading a golden goose by a string.

"Good day, mother," said Taper Tom. "That's a pretty bird you have there; if one had such fine feathers as those one might leave off making tapers."

The goody was just as much pleased with the fish in Taper Tom's bucket. "If you will give me that fish with the shining scales you may have the goose," she said. "And it isn't a common

goose; if any one strokes its feathers, just say, 'Hang on, if you care to come with us,' and you'll see."

Yes, Taper Tom was willing. "A goose is as good as a fish any day," he thought to himself, "and if it is such a bird as you say I can use it for a fish hook." And he took the goose under his arm, and gave his bucket to the goody.

Now he hadn't gone far up the hill when he met another woman, one who was known to be as crabbed and cross as the day is long!

"Wait, let me stroke your pretty goose, Taper Tom," and she tried to pull one of the golden feathers out of its tail.

"Hang on, if you care to come with us," said Taper Tom.

And the woman pulled and tore; but she stuck fast, and was forced to hold on whether she would or not.

When he had gone a bit farther Taper Tom met a man, a grumbling little man, on whom the woman had played a trick. And when the man saw how she struggled to get free, and how fast she stuck, he kicked at her.

Just as his foot touched her dress Taper Tom called out, "Hang on, if you care to come with us," and the man had to hop along on one leg; and the more he jerked and pulled back and tried to get loose the worse it was for him, for he all but fell flat on his back every time they stopped.

So they went on till they met the blacksmith, who was going to his smithy with his great iron tongs in his hand. Now you must know that this smith was a merry fellow who was full of tricks and pranks, and was always ready to play a joke on some one. When he saw the two hobbling and hopping behind the goose he laughed till he almost bent double.

Then he called out, "Surely this is a new flock of geese for the princess to have. Here goosey, goosey, goosey!" And he threw his hands about as if he were scattering corn. The flock went on, and he followed. "It would be fun to see if I could hold the whole flock back," he said, and with his greasy black tongs he took hold of the man's coat tails.

"Hang on, if you care to come with us," called Taper Tom.

And so the blacksmith had to go along. He bent his back and stuck his heels into the hill, but it was of no use, he stuck fast.

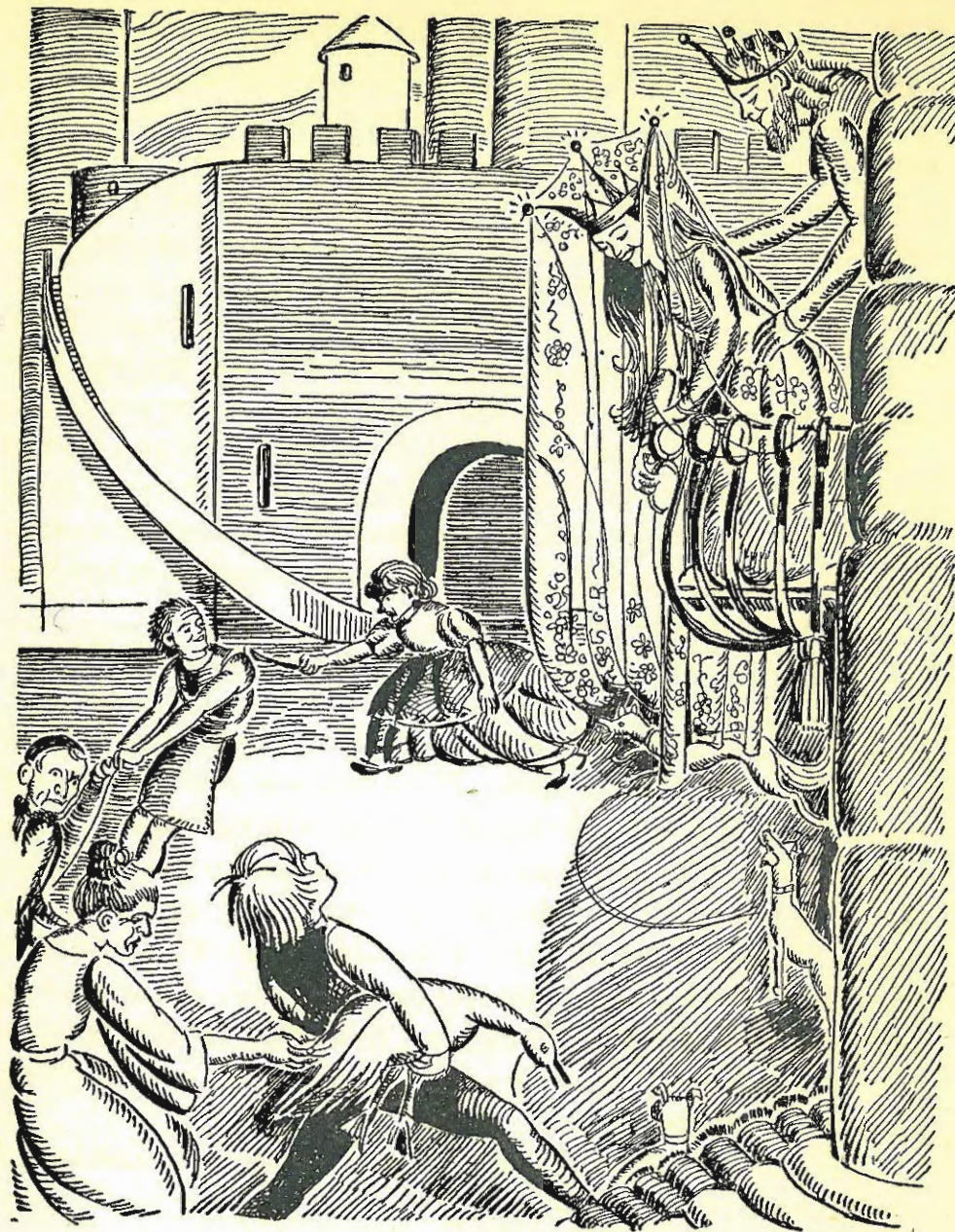
As they came near the courtyard the dogs ran out and barked at them, as if they were a band of beggars; and when the princess looked out to see what was the matter, and saw this strange pack coming, she smiled. Taper Tom saw the smile on her lips, but he was not content with that.

"Bide a bit," he said, "she'll soon open her mouth and laugh enough to please me."

He turned off with his band to the back of the palace. Here the kitchen door stood open. The cook was just stirring the porridge, and when she heard the grumbling and shouting and scolding of Taper Tom's followers she ran to the door with the dripping porridge ladle in her hand. She laughed till she rocked backward and forward; and when she saw the smith held there too, he who played pranks on every one, she started off with another loud peal of laughter. But when she had laughed till she could laugh no more she looked at the golden goose, and saw how pretty it was.

"Taper Tom, Taper Tom," she gasped out, "wait and let me stroke those pretty feathers."

"Better stroke me," said the smith.



*She struck at him with the porridge ladle.*

That made her angry. "What's that you say?" she shrieked, and she struck at him with the porridge ladle.

"Hang on, if you care to come with us," said Taper Tom.

And so she stuck fast too; for all her kicking and plunging and scolding and screaming, and all the pulling and jerking, she was dragged along behind the others.

Now when they came round to the balcony again, there was the princess. She was leaning over the rail watching for them. And when she saw that they had taken the cook too, she opened her mouth wide, and laughed till the king had to hold her upright.

And so Taper Tom got the princess and half the kingdom. The princess was glad to take such a merry husband. And the fun and laughter at that wedding was talked of for many a day.