

2023/2024 Storytelling Selections

Resource: *The Gutenberg Project* (gutenberg.org)

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Notes:

- 1) Since these stories come from many sources with many authors and editors, it is the suggestion of the storytelling committee that, for the sake of simplicity, students should cite their story in one of the following ways:
 - [*Title of story*], as found in the Gutenberg Project.
 - [*Title of story*], a [*country/tribe of origin*] story as found in the Gutenberg Project.
- 2) All these stories are in the public domain, and minor edits have been made to certain texts at the discretion of the Storytelling Committee.
- 3) We recognize that many of these tales have been edited and translated from their original sources. Storytellers are encouraged to research the origins of these stories and take those origins into consideration when presenting them for a modern audience.

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2023/2024 Storytelling Theme: COURAGE

Courage is hard to build, even harder to maintain. It sounds heroic, possibly even romantic, the IDEA of Courage. But oftentimes, courage in PRACTICE is about standing alone, risking loss, traveling unpopular routes, and perhaps NOT being lauded or even recognized for courageous decisions made. Courage is upholding morals and principles with no promise of reward beyond knowing that doing the right thing is simply right...and therefore MUST be done. Courage is much bigger than one person.

In these tales you bring to life, storytellers, remember...Courageous paths are HARD to take. What is the greatest example of Courage you've ever witnessed? Have you ever taken a truly Courageous stand? Was it easy to take a stand, to stand up for what is right?

With Courage as our theme, we hope that you will find and identify the difficulty and doubt the characters in these stories must face with determination. True courage is not fleeting. It teaches and inspires others to recognize the need and opportunity to be courageous.

1. THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

Book: *Grimms' Fairy Tales*

Authors: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Origin: Germany

One summer's morning a little tailor was sitting on his table by the window; he was in good spirits, and sewed with all his might. Then came a peasant woman down the street crying: 'Good jams, cheap! Good jams, cheap!' This rang pleasantly in the tailor's ears; he stretched his delicate head out of the window, and called: 'Come up here, dear woman; here you will get rid of your goods.' The woman came up the three steps to the tailor with her heavy basket, and he made her unpack all the pots for him. He inspected each one, and said: 'The jam seems to me to be good, so weigh me out four ounces.' The woman who had hoped to find a good sale, gave him what he desired, but went away quite angry and grumbling.

'Now, this jam shall give me health and strength'; so he brought the bread out of the cupboard, cut himself a piece right across the loaf and spread the jam over it. 'This won't taste bitter,' said he, 'but I will just finish the jacket before I take a bite.' He laid the bread near him, sewed on, and in his joy, made bigger and bigger stitches. In the meantime the smell of the sweet jam rose to where the flies were sitting in great numbers, and they were attracted and descended on it. 'Hi! Who invited you?' said the little tailor, and drove the unbidden guests away. The flies would not be turned away, but came back again in ever-increasing companies. The little tailor at last lost all patience, and drew a piece of cloth from the hole under his work-table, and struck it mercilessly on them. When he drew it away and counted, there lay before him no fewer than seven, dead and with legs stretched out. 'Are you a fellow of that sort?' said he, and could not help admiring his own bravery. 'The whole town shall know of this!' And the little tailor hastened to cut himself a girdle, stitched it, and embroidered on it in large letters: 'Seven at one stroke!' 'What, the town!' he continued, 'the whole world shall hear of it!' and his heart wagged with joy like a lamb's tail. The tailor put on the girdle, and resolved to go forth into the world, because he thought his workshop was too small for his valor.

Now he took to the road boldly, and as he was light and nimble, he felt no fatigue. The road led him to the courtyard of a royal palace, and as he felt weary, he lay down on the grass and fell asleep. Whilst he lay there, the people came and inspected him on all sides, and read on his girdle: 'Seven at one stroke.' 'Ah!' said they, 'what does the great warrior want here in the midst of peace? He must be a mighty lord.' They went and announced him to the king, and gave it as their opinion that if war should break out, this would be a weighty and useful man who ought on no account to be allowed to depart. The counsel pleased the king, and he sent one of his courtiers to the little tailor to offer him military service when he awoke. The ambassador remained standing by the sleeper, waited until he stretched his limbs and opened his eyes, and then conveyed to him this proposal. 'For this very reason have I come here,' the tailor replied, 'I am ready to enter the king's service.' He was therefore honorably received, and a special dwelling was assigned to him.

The soldiers, however, were set against the little tailor, and wished him a thousand miles away. 'What is to be the end of this?' they said among themselves. 'If we quarrel with him, and he strikes about him, seven of us will fall at every blow; not one of us can stand against him.' They therefore came to a decision, went to the king, and begged for their dismissal. 'We are not prepared,' said they, 'to stay with a man who kills seven at one stroke.' The king was sorry that for the sake of one he should lose all his faithful servants, wished that he had never set eyes on the tailor, and would willingly have been rid of him again. But he did not venture to give him his dismissal, for he dreaded lest he should strike him and all his people dead, and place himself on the royal throne. He thought about it for a long time, and at last found good counsel. He sent to the little tailor and caused him to be informed that as he was a great warrior, he had one request to make to him. In a forest of his country lived two giants, who caused great mischief with their robbing, murdering, ravaging, and burning, and no one could approach them without putting himself in danger of death. If the tailor conquered and killed these two giants, he would give him his only daughter to wife, and half of his kingdom as a dowry, likewise one hundred horsemen should go with him to assist him. 'That would indeed be a fine thing for a man like me!' thought the little tailor. 'One is not offered a beautiful princess and half a kingdom every day of one's life!' 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I will soon subdue the giants, and do not require the help of the hundred horsemen to do it; he who can hit seven with one blow has no need to be afraid of two.'

The little tailor went forth, and the hundred horsemen followed him. When he came to the outskirts of the forest, he said to his followers: 'Just stay waiting here, I alone will soon finish off the giants.' Then he bounded into the forest and looked about right and left. After a while he perceived both giants. They lay sleeping under a tree, and snored so that the branches waved up and down. The little tailor, not idle, gathered two pocketful of stones, and with these climbed up the tree. When he was halfway up, he slipped down by a branch, until he sat just above the sleepers, and then let one stone after another fall on the breast of one of the giants. For a long time the giant felt nothing, but at last he awoke, pushed his comrade, and said: 'Why are you knocking me?' 'You must be dreaming,' said the other, 'I am not knocking you.' They laid themselves down to sleep again, and then the tailor threw a stone down on the second. 'What is the meaning of this?' cried the other 'Why are you pelting me?' 'I am not pelting you,' answered the first, growling. They disputed about it for a time, but as they were weary they let the matter rest, and their eyes closed once more. The little tailor began his game again, picked out the biggest stone, and threw it with all his might on the breast of the first giant. 'That is too bad!' cried he, and sprang up like a madman, and pushed his companion against the tree until it shook. The other paid him back in the same coin, and they got into such a rage that they tore up trees and belabored each other so long that at last they both fell down dead on the ground at the same time. Then the little tailor leapt down. 'It is a lucky thing,' said he, 'that they did not tear up the tree on which I was sitting, or I should have had to sprint onto another like a squirrel; but we tailors are nimble.' He then went out to the horsemen and said: 'The work is done; I have finished both of them off, but it was hard work! They tore up trees in their sore need, and defended themselves with them, but all that is to no purpose when a man like myself comes, who can kill seven at one blow.' 'But are you not wounded?' asked the horsemen. 'You need not concern yourself about that,' answered the tailor, 'they have not bent one hair of mine.'

The little tailor demanded of the king the promised reward; he, however, repented of his promise, and again thought to himself how he could get rid of the hero. 'Before you receive my daughter, and the half of my kingdom,' said he to him, 'you must perform one more heroic deed. In the forest roams a unicorn which does great harm, and you must catch it first.' 'I fear one unicorn still less than two giants. Seven at one blow, is my kind of affair.' He took a rope and an ax with him, went forth into the forest, and again bade those who were sent with him to wait outside. He had not long to seek. The unicorn soon came towards him, and rushed directly on the tailor, as if it would gore him with its horn without more ado. 'Softly, softly; it can't be done as quickly as that,' said he, and stood still and waited until the animal was quite close, and then sprang nimbly behind the tree. The unicorn ran against the tree with all its strength, and stuck its horn so fast in the trunk that it had not the strength enough to draw it out again, and thus it was caught. 'Now, I have got it,' said the tailor, and came out from behind the tree and put the rope round its neck, and then with his ax he hewed the horn out of the tree, and when all was ready he led the beast away and took it to the king.

The king still would not give him the promised reward, and made a third demand. Before the wedding the tailor was to catch him a wild boar that made great havoc in the forest, and the huntsmen should give him their help. 'Willingly,' said the tailor, 'that is child's play!' He did not take the huntsmen with him into the forest, and they were well pleased that he did not, for the wild boar had several times received them in such a manner that they had no inclination to lie in wait for him. When the boar perceived the tailor, it ran on him with foaming mouth and whetted tusks, and was about to throw him to the ground, but the hero fled and sprang into a chapel which was near and up to the window at once, and in one bound out again. The boar ran after him, but the tailor ran round outside and shut the door behind it, and then the raging beast, which was much too heavy and awkward to leap out of the window, was caught. The little tailor called the huntsmen thither that they might see the prisoner with their own eyes. The hero, however, went to the king, who was now, whether he liked it or not, obliged to keep his promise, and gave his daughter and the half of his kingdom. Had he known that it was no warlike hero, but a little tailor who was standing before him, it would have gone to his heart still more than it did. The wedding was held with great magnificence and small joy, and out of a tailor a king was made.

2. MOMOTARO, OR LITTLE PEACHLING

Book: *Momotaro Japanese Fairy Tale Series No. 1*

Author: Anonymous

Origin: Japan

A long long time ago there lived an old man and an old woman. They were peasants, and had to work hard to earn their daily rice. One day the old man went to the mountains to cut grass; and the old woman went to the river to wash clothes. It was nearly summer, and the country was very beautiful to see in its fresh greenness as the two old people went on their way to work. The grass on the banks of the river looked like emerald velvet. The breezes blew and ruffled the smooth surface of the water into wavelets. While she was washing a great thing came tumbling

and splashing down the stream. When the old woman saw it she was very glad, and pulled it to her with a piece of bamboo that lay nearby. When she took it up and looked at it she saw that it was a very large peach. She was sixty years of age, yet in all her life she had never seen such a big peach as this. "How delicious that peach must be!" she said to herself. "I must certainly get it and take it home to my husband."

It seemed a very long time to her to wait until her husband returned. The old man at last came back as the sun was setting, with a big bundle of grass on his back—so big that he was almost hidden and she could hardly see him. He seemed very tired and used the scythe for a walking stick, leaning on it as he walked along.

As soon as the old woman saw him she called out:

"I have been waiting for you to come home for such a long time to-day!"

"What is the matter? Why are you so impatient?" asked the old man, wondering at her unusual eagerness. "Has anything happened while I have been away?"

"Oh, no!" answered the old woman, "nothing has happened, only I have found a nice present for you!"

The old woman now ran into the little room and brought out from the cupboard the big peach. It felt even heavier than before. "This is indeed the largest peach I have ever seen! I am very glad that you have found it. Let us eat it now, for I am hungry," said the old man.

When the old woman cut the peach in two, out came a child from the large kernel. The old man and his wife were both so astonished at what they saw that they fell to the ground. The child said: "Don't be afraid. I will tell you the truth. Every day and every night you have lamented that you had no child. Your cry has been heard and I am sent to be the son of your old age!"

Seeing this the old couple rejoiced, and named the child Momotaro, or Little Peachling, because he came out of a peach. The years passed quickly by and the child grew to be fifteen years of age. He was taller and far stronger than any other boys of his own age, he had a handsome face and a heart full of courage, and he was very wise for his years. One day Momotaro came to his foster-father and said solemnly: "I hope you will be patient with me," said Momotaro; "but before I begin to pay back your goodness to me I have a request to make which I hope you will grant me above everything else."

"I will let you do whatever you wish, for you are quite different from all other boys!"

"Then let me go away at once! I will surely come back again, if you let me go now!"

"Where are you going?"

"Far away from here there is an island in the sea. This island is the stronghold of a band of ogres. I have often heard how they invade this land, kill and rob the people, and carry off all they can find. These ogres are very hateful beings. I must go and bring back all the plunder of which they have robbed this land. It is for this reason that I want to go away for a short time!"

The old man was very surprised at hearing all this from a mere boy of fifteen. He thought it best to let the boy go. He was strong and fearless; he was no common child. "All you say is very

interesting, Momotaro,” said the old man. “I will not hinder you in your determination. You may go if you wish. Go to the island as soon as you like and bring peace to the land.”

The old man and woman at once set to work pounding rice in the kitchen mortar to make cakes for Momotaro to take with him on his journey.

Parting is always sad. So it was now. The eyes of the two old people were filled with tears and their voices trembled as they said: “Go with all care and speed. We expect you back victorious!”

Momotaro now hurried on his way until it was midday. He began to feel hungry, so he opened his bag and took out one of the rice-cakes and sat down under a tree by the side of the road to eat it. While he was having his lunch a dog almost as large as a colt came running out from the high grass. Said the dog, “I am very very hungry. Will you give me one of the cakes you are carrying?”

“This is the best kind of cake there is,” said Momotaro. “I cannot spare you a whole one; I will give you half of one.” So Momotaro took a dumpling out of his pouch and shared it with the dog. Then Momotaro got up and the dog followed. For a long time they walked over the hills and through the valleys. As they were going along an animal came down from a tree a little ahead of them. The creature soon came up to Momotaro and said:

“Good morning, Momotaro! You are welcome in this part of the country. Will you allow me to go with you? I am a monkey living in these hills. I heard of your expedition to the Island, and nothing will please me more than to follow you!”

“Do you really wish to go to the Island of Ogres and fight with me?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the monkey.

“I admire your courage,” said Momotaro. “Here is a piece of one of my fine rice-cakes. Come along!”

By and by they came to a large field. Here a bird flew down and alighted on the ground just in front of the little party. It was the most beautiful bird Momotaro had ever seen. On its body were five different robes of feathers and its head was covered with a scarlet cap. “I am a lowly bird called a pheasant. Take me with you to prove myself. Please allow me to follow you behind the dog and the monkey!”

So, after giving the bird some rice cake, all three went along with him. In no time they arrived at the island of the ogres. Momotaro knew at once that what they saw was the ogres’ stronghold. On the top of the precipitous shore, looking out to sea, was a large castle. “It is a great advantage for us to have you with us.” said Momotaro to the bird, “for you have good wings. Fly at once to the castle and engage the ogres to fight. We will follow you.”

The pheasant at once obeyed. He flew off and soon reached the castle, calling out loudly: “All you ogres listen to me! The great Momotaro has come. If you wish to save your lives, surrender at once. If you do not surrender at once, but make up your mind to fight, we, the pheasant, the dog and the monkey, will battle you!” The ogres, looking up, and only seeing a pheasant,

laughed and said: "A wild pheasant, indeed! It is ridiculous to hear such words from a mean thing like you. Wait till you get a blow from one of our iron bars!"

Very angry, indeed, were the ogres. They brought out great iron bars and ran to where the pheasant perched over their heads, and tried to knock him down. The pheasant flew to one side to escape the blow, and then attacked the head of first one and then another ogre. He flew round and round them, beating the air with his wings so fiercely and ceaselessly, that the ogres began to wonder whether they had to fight one or many more birds.

In the meantime, Momotaro with the hope of finding some way of entrance, walked up the path towards the top, followed by the monkey and the dog. They soon came upon two beautiful damsels washing clothes in a stream. Momotaro saw that as the two maidens washed, tears were falling fast down their cheeks. He stopped and spoke to them: "Who are you, and why do you weep?"

"We are captives of the Ogre King. We were carried away from our homes to this island, and we are obliged to be his servants, and one day he will kill us and eat us, and there is no one to help us!" And their tears burst out afresh at this horrible thought.

"I will rescue you," said Momotaro. "Do not weep any more, only show me how I may get into the castle." Then the two ladies led the way and showed Momotaro a little back door in the lowest part of the castle wall—so small that Momotaro could hardly crawl in.

The pheasant, who was all this time fighting hard, saw Momotaro and his little band rush in at the back. Momotaro's onslaught was so furious that the ogres could not stand against him. At first their foe had been a single bird, the pheasant, but now that Momotaro and the dog and the monkey had arrived they were bewildered, for the four enemies fought like a hundred, so strong were they.

The king of the ogres at last was the only one left. He made up his mind to surrender, for he knew that his enemy was stronger than mortal man. He came up humbly to Momotaro and kneeling down at the victor's feet, threw down his iron bar, a token of submission. "I am afraid of you," he said meekly. "I cannot stand against you. I will give you all the treasure hidden in this castle if you will spare my life!"

Then Momotaro tied the Ogre King up and gave him into the monkey's charge. Having done this, he went into all the rooms of the castle and set the prisoners free and gathered together all the treasure he found. The dog and the pheasant carried home the treasure, and thus Momotaro returned triumphantly to his home, taking with him the Ogre King as a captive. The two poor damsels were taken safely to their own homes and delivered to their parents. The whole country made a hero of Momotaro on his triumphant return, and rejoiced that the country was now freed from the terror of the land for a long time. The old couple's joy was greater than

ever, and the treasure Momotaro had brought home with him enabled them to live in peace and plenty to the end of their days.

3. THE WREN AND THE BEAR

Book: *Childhood's Favorites and Fairy Stories, Nursery Tales*

Editors: William Byron Forbush, Edward Everett Hale, Hamilton Wright Mabie

Origin: France

One summer's day the bear and the wolf were walking in the forest, and the bear heard a bird singing very sweetly, and said: "Brother Wolf, what kind of bird is that which is singing so delightfully?"

"That is the King of the birds, before whom we must do reverence," replied the wolf; but it was only the wren.

"If that be so," said the bear, "I should like to see his royal palace; come, lead me to it." "That cannot be as you like," replied the wolf. "You must wait till the Queen returns." Soon afterward the Queen arrived with some food in her bill, and the King, too, to feed their young ones, and the bear would have gone off to see them, but the wolf, pulling his ear, said: "No, you must wait till the Queen and the King are both off again."

So, after observing the situation of the nest, the two tramped off, but the bear had no rest, for he wished still to see the royal palace, and after a short delay he set off to it again. He found the King and Queen absent, and, peeping into the nest, he saw five or six young birds lying in it. "Is this the royal palace?" exclaimed the bear; "this miserable place! You are no King's children, but wretched young vagabonds." "No, no, that we are not!" burst out the little wrens together in a great passion, for to them this speech was addressed. "No, no, we are born of honorable parents, and you, Mr. Bear, shall make your words good!" At this speech the bear and the wolf were much frightened, and ran back to their holes; but the little wrens kept up an unceasing, clamor till their parents' return. As soon as they came back with food in their mouths the little birds began, "We will none of us touch a fly's leg, but will starve rather, until you decide whether we are fine and handsome children or not, for the bear has been here and insulted us!"

"Be quiet," replied the King, "and that shall soon be settled." And thereupon he flew with his Queen to the residence of the bear, and called to him from the entrance, "Old grumbler, why have you insulted my children? That shall cost you dear, for we will decide the matter by a pitched battle."

War having thus been declared against the bear, all the four-footed beasts were summoned: the ox, the donkey, the cow, the goat, the stag, and every animal on the face of the earth. The wren,

on the other hand, summoned every flying thing; not only the birds, great and small, but also the gnat, the hornet, the bee, and the flies.

When the time arrived for the commencement of the war, the wren King sent out spies to see who was appointed commander-in-chief of the enemy. The gnat was the most cunning of all the army, and he, therefore, buzzed away into the forest where the enemy was encamped, and alighted on a leaf of the tree beneath which the watchword was given out. There stood the bear and called the fox to him, and said: "You are the most crafty of animals, so you must be general, and lead us on." "Well," said the fox, "but what sign shall we appoint?" Nobody answered. Then the fox said: "I have a fine long bushy tail, which looks like a red feather at a distance; if I hold this tail straight up, all is going well and you must march after me; but if I suffer it to hang down, run away as fast as you can." As soon as the gnat heard all this she flew home and told the wren King everything

When the day arrived for the battle to begin, the four-footed beasts all came running along to the field, shaking the earth with their roaring and bellowing. The wren King also came with his army, whirring and buzzing and humming enough to terrify any one out of his senses. Then the wren King sent the hornet forward to settle upon the fox's tail and sting it with all his power. As soon as the fox felt the first sting he drew up his hind leg with the pain, still carrying, however, his tail as high in the air as before; at the second sting he was obliged to drop it a little bit; but at the third he could no longer bear the pain, but was forced to drop his tail between his legs. As soon as the other beasts saw this, they thought all was lost, and began to run each one to his own hole; so the birds won the battle without difficulty.

When all was over the wren King and his Queen flew home to their children, and cried out: "Rejoice! rejoice! we have won the battle; now eat and drink as much as you please."

The young wrens, however, said: "Still we will not eat till the bear has come to our nest and begged pardon, and admitted that we are fine and handsome children."

So the wren King flew back to the cave of the bear, and called out, "Old grumbler, you must come to the nest and beg pardon of my children for calling them wretched young brats, else you shall pay!"

In great terror the bear crept out and begged pardon; and afterward the young wrens, being now made happy in their minds, settled down to eating and drinking, and I am afraid they were over-excited and kept up their merriment far too late.

4. THE MAGIC SWAN

Book: *The Green Fairy Book*

Editor: Andrew Lang

Origin: Germany

There were once upon a time three brothers, of whom the eldest was called Jacob, the second Frederick, and the youngest Peter. This youngest brother was made a regular target of by the other two, and they treated him shamefully. If anything went wrong with their affairs, Peter had to bear the blame and put things right for them, and he had to endure all this ill-treatment because he was weak and delicate and couldn't defend himself against his stronger brothers. The poor creature had the most trying life of it in every way, and day and night he pondered how he could make it better. One day, when he was in the woods gathering sticks and crying bitterly, a little old woman came up to him and asked him what was the matter; and he told her all his troubles.

'Come, my good youth,' said the old dame, when he had finished his tale of woe, 'isn't the world wide enough? Why don't you set out and try your fortune somewhere else?'

Peter took her words to heart, and left his father's house early one morning to try his fortune in the wide world, as the old woman had advised him. But he felt very bitterly parting from the home where he had been born, and where he had at least passed a short but happy childhood, and sitting down on a hill he gazed once more fondly on his native place.

Suddenly the little old woman stood before him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, 'So far good, my boy; but what do you mean to do now?'

Peter was at a loss what to answer, for so far he had always thought that fortune would drop into his mouth like a ripe cherry. The old woman, who guessed his thoughts, laughed kindly and said, 'I'll tell you what you must do, for I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm sure you won't forget me when you've made your fortune.'

Peter promised faithfully he wouldn't, and the old woman continued:

'This evening at sunset go to yonder pear-tree which you see growing at the crossroads. Underneath it you will find a man lying asleep, and a beautiful large swan will be fastened to the tree close to him. You must be careful not to wake the man, but you must unfasten the swan and take it away with you. You will find that everyone will fall in love with its beautiful plumage, and you must allow anyone who likes to pull out a feather. But as soon as the swan feels as much as a finger on it, it will scream out, and then you must say, "Swan, hold fast." Then the hand of the person who has touched the bird will be held as in a vice, and nothing will set it free, unless you touch it with this little stick which I will make you a present of. When you have captured a whole lot of people in this way, lead your train straight on with you; you will come to a big town where a Princess lives who has never been known to laugh. If you can only make her laugh your fortune is made; then I beg you won't forget your old friend.'

Peter promised again that he wouldn't, and at sunset he went to the tree the old woman had mentioned. The man lay there fast asleep, and a large beautiful swan was fastened to the tree

beside him by a red cord. Peter loosed the bird, and led it away with him without disturbing the bird's master.

He walked on with the swan for some time, and came at last to a building-yard where some men were busily at work. They were all lost in admiration of the bird's beautiful plumage, and one forward youth, who was covered with clay from head to foot, called out, 'Oh, if I'd only one of those feathers how happy I should be!'

'Pull one out then,' said Peter kindly, and the youth seized one from the bird's tail; instantly the swan screamed, and Peter called out, 'Swan, hold fast,' and did what he could, but the poor youth couldn't get his hand away. The more he howled the more the others laughed, till a girl who had been washing clothes in the neighboring stream hurried up to see what was the matter. When she saw the poor boy fastened to the swan she felt so sorry for him that she stretched out her hand to free him. The bird screamed.

'Swan, hold fast,' called out Peter, and the girl was caught also.

When Peter had gone on for a bit with his captives, they met a chimney sweep, who laughed loudly over the extraordinary troop, and asked the girl what she was doing.

'Oh, dearest man,' replied the girl, 'give me your hand and set me free from this cursed young man.'

'Most certainly I will, if that's all you want,' replied the sweep, and gave the girl his hand. The bird screamed.

'Swan, hold fast,' said Peter, and the man was added to their number.

They soon came to a village where a fair was being held. A traveling circus was giving a performance, and the clown was just doing his tricks. He opened his eyes wide with amazement when he saw the remarkable trio fastened on to the swan's tail.

'Have you all gone raving mad?' he asked as well as he could, laughing.

'It's no laughing matter,' the sweep replied. 'This girl has got so tight a hold of me that I feel as if I were glued to her. Do set me free, like a good clown, and I'll do you a good turn some day.'

Without a moment's hesitation the clown grasped the outstretched hand. The bird screamed.

'Swan, hold fast,' called out Peter, and the clown became the fourth of the party.

Now in the front row of the spectators sat the respected and popular Mayor of the village, who was much put out by what he considered nothing but a foolish trick. So much annoyed was he that he seized the clown by the hand and tried to tear him away, in order to hand him over to the police.

Then the bird screamed, and Peter called out, 'Swan, hold fast,' and the dignified Mayor shared the fate of his predecessors.

The Mayoress, enraged at the insult done to her husband, seized his free arm and tore at it with all her might, with the only result that she too was forced to swell the procession. After this no one else had any wish to join them.

Soon Peter saw the towers of the capital in front of him. Just before entering it, a glittering carriage came out to meet him, in which was seated a young lady as beautiful as the day, but with a very solemn and serious expression. But no sooner had she perceived the motley crowd fastened to the swan's tail than she burst into a loud fit of laughter, in which she was joined by all her servants and ladies in waiting.

'The Princess has laughed at last,' they all cried with joy.

She stepped out of her carriage to look more closely at the wonderful sight, and laughed again over the capers the poor captives cut. She ordered her carriage to be turned round and drove slowly back into the town, never taking her eyes off Peter and his procession.

When the King heard the news that his daughter had actually laughed, he was more than delighted, and had Peter and his marvelous train brought before him. He laughed himself when he saw them till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

'My good friend,' he said to Peter, 'do you know what I promised the person who succeeded in making the Princess laugh?'

'No, I don't,' said Peter.

'Then I'll tell you,' answered the King; 'a thousand gold crowns or a piece of land. Which will you choose?'

Peter decided in favor of the land. Then he touched the youth, the girl, the sweep, the clown, the Mayor, and the Mayoress with his little stick, and they were all free again, and ran away home as if a fire were burning behind them; and their flight, as you may imagine, gave rise to renewed merriment.

Then the Princess felt moved to stroke the swan, at the same time admiring its plumage. The bird screamed.

'Swan, hold fast,' called out Peter, and so he won the Princess for his bride. But the swan flew up into the air, and vanished in the blue horizon. Peter now received a duchy as a present, and became a very great man indeed; but he did not forget the little old woman who had been the cause of all his good fortune, and appointed her as head housekeeper to him and his royal bride in their magnificent castle.

5. WHY THE MOON AND THE STARS RECEIVE THEIR LIGHT FROM THE SUN

Book: *West African Folk-Tales*

Authors: William Henry Barker and Cecilia Sinclair

Origin: West Africa

Once upon a time there was great scarcity of food in the land. Father Anansi and his son, Kweku Tsin, being very hungry, set out one morning to hunt in the forest. In a short time Kweku Tsin was fortunate enough to kill a fine deer—which he carried to his father at their resting-place. Anansi was very glad to see such a supply of food, and requested his son to

remain there on guard, while he went for a large basket in which to carry it home. An hour or so passed without his return, and Kweku Tsin became anxious. Fearing that his father had lost his way, he called out loudly, "Father, father!" to guide him to the spot. To his joy he heard a voice reply, "Yes, my son," and immediately he shouted again, thinking it was Anansi. Instead of the latter, however, a terrible dragon appeared. This monster breathed fire from his great nostrils, and was altogether a dreadful sight to behold. Kweku Tsin was terrified at his approach and speedily hid himself in a cave nearby.

The dragon arrived at the resting-place, and was very annoyed to find only the deer's body. He vented his anger in blows upon the latter and went away. Soon after, Father Anansi made his appearance. He was greatly interested in his son's tale, and wished to see the dragon for himself. He soon had his desire, for the monster, smelling human flesh, hastily returned to the spot and seized them both. They were carried off by him to his castle, where they found many other unfortunate creatures also awaiting their fate. All were left in charge of the dragon's servant—a fine, white rooster—which always crowed to summon his master, if anything unusual happened in the latter's absence. The dragon then went off in search of more prey.

Kweku Tsin now summoned all his fellow-prisoners together, to arrange a way of escape. All feared to run away—because of the wonderful powers of the monster. His eyesight was so keen that he could detect a fly moving miles away. Not only that, but he could move over the ground so swiftly that none could outdistance him. Kweku Tsin, however, being exceedingly clever, soon thought of a plan.

Knowing that the white rooster would not crow as long as he had grains of rice to pick up, Kweku scattered on the ground the contents of forty bags of grain—which were stored in the great hall. While the rooster was thus busily engaged, Kweku Tsin ordered the spinners to spin fine hempen ropes, to make a strong rope ladder. One end of this he intended to throw up to heaven, trusting that the gods would catch it and hold it fast, while he and his fellow-prisoners mounted.

While the ladder was being made, the men killed and ate all the cattle they needed—reserving all the bones for Kweku Tsin at his express desire. When all was ready the young man gathered the bones into a great sack. He also procured the dragon's fiddle and placed it by his side. Everything was now ready. Kweku Tsin threw one end of the ladder up to the sky. It was caught and held. The dragon's victims began to mount, one after the other, Kweku remaining at the bottom.

By this time, however, the monster's powerful eyesight showed him that something unusual was happening at his abode. He hastened his return. On seeing his approach, Kweku Tsin also mounted the ladder—with the bag of bones on his back, and the fiddle under his arm. The dragon began to climb after him. Each time the monster came too near the young man threw him a bone, with which, being very hungry, he was obliged to descend to the ground to eat.

Kweku Tsin repeated this performance till all the bones were gone, by which time the people were safely up in the heavens. Then he mounted himself, as rapidly as possible, stopping every now and then to play a tune on the wonderful fiddle. Each time he did this, the dragon had to return to earth, to dance—as he could not resist the magic music. When Kweku was quite close to the top, the dragon had very nearly reached him again. The brave youth bent down and cut the ladder away below his own feet. The dragon was dashed to the ground—but Kweku was pulled up into safety by the gods.

The latter were so pleased with his wisdom and bravery in giving freedom to his fellow-men, that they made him the sun—the source of all light and heat to the world. His father, Anansi, became the moon, and his friends the stars. Thereafter, it was Kweku Tsin's privilege to supply all these with light, each being dull and powerless without him.

6. THE STORY OF PROMETHEUS

Book: *Old Greek Stories*

Author: James Baldwin

Origin: Greece

In those old, old times, there lived two brothers who were not like other men, nor yet like those Mighty Ones who lived upon the mountain top. They were the sons of one of those Titans who had fought against Jupiter and been sent in chains to the strong prison-house of the Lower World.

The name of the elder of these brothers was Prometheus, or Forethought; for he was always thinking of the future and making things ready for what might happen to-morrow, or next week, or next year, or it may be in a hundred years to come. The younger was called Epimetheus, or Afterthought; for he was always so busy thinking of yesterday, or last year, or a hundred years ago, that he had no care at all for what might come to pass after a while.

For some cause Jupiter had not sent these brothers to prison with the rest of the Titans.

Prometheus did not care to live amid the clouds on the mountain top. He was too busy for that. While the Mighty Folk were spending their time in idleness, drinking nectar and eating ambrosia, he was intent upon plans for making the world wiser and better than it had ever been before.

He went out amongst men to live with them and help them; for his heart was filled with sadness when he found that they were no longer happy as they had been during the golden days when Saturn was king. Ah, how very poor and wretched they were! He found them living in caves and in holes of the earth, shivering with the cold because there was no fire, dying of starvation, hunted by wild beasts and by one another—the most miserable of all living creatures.

"If they only had fire," said Prometheus to himself, "they could at least warm themselves and cook their food; and after a while they could learn to make tools and build themselves houses. Without fire, they are worse off than the beasts."

Then he went boldly to Jupiter and begged him to give fire to men, so that they might have a little comfort through the long, dreary months of winter.

"Not a spark will I give," said Jupiter. "No, indeed! Why, if men had fire they might become strong and wise like ourselves, and after a while they would drive us out of our kingdom. Let them shiver with cold, and let them live like the beasts. It is best for them to be poor and ignorant, so that we Mighty Ones may thrive and be happy."

Prometheus made no answer; but he had set his heart on helping mankind, and he did not give up. He turned away, and left Jupiter and his mighty company forever.

As he was walking by the shore of the sea he found a reed, or, as some say, a tall stalk of fennel, growing; and when he had broken it off he saw that its hollow center was filled with a dry, soft pith which would burn slowly and keep on fire a long time. He took the long stalk in his hands, and started with it towards the dwelling of the sun in the far east.

"Mankind shall have fire in spite of the tyrant who sits on the mountain top," he said.

He reached the place of the sun in the early morning just as the glowing, golden orb was rising from the earth and beginning his daily journey through the sky. He touched the end of the long reed to the flames, and the dry pith caught on fire and burned slowly. Then he turned and hastened back to his own land, carrying with him the precious spark hidden in the hollow center of the plant.

He called some of the shivering men from their caves and built a fire for them, and showed them how to warm themselves by it and how to build other fires from the coals. Soon there was a cheerful blaze in every rude home in the land, and men and women gathered round it and were warm and happy, and thankful to Prometheus for the wonderful gift which he had brought to them from the sun.

It was not long until they learned to cook their food and so to eat like men instead of like beasts. They began at once to leave off their wild and savage habits; and instead of lurking in the dark places of the world, they came out into the open air and the bright sunlight, and were glad because life had been given to them.

After that, Prometheus taught them, little by little, a thousand things. He showed them how to build houses of wood and stone, and how to tame sheep and cattle and make them useful, and how to plow and sow and reap, and how to protect themselves from the storms of winter and the beasts of the woods. Then he showed them how to dig in the earth for copper and iron, and how to melt the ore, and how to hammer it into shape and fashion from it the tools and weapons

which they needed in peace and war; and when he saw how happy the world was becoming he cried out:

"A new Golden Age shall come, brighter and better by far than the old!"

Things might have gone on very happily indeed, and the Golden Age might really have come again, had it not been for Jupiter. One day, when he chanced to look down upon the earth, he saw the fires burning, and the people living in houses, and the flocks feeding on the hills, and the grain ripening in the fields, and this made him very angry.

"Who has done all this?" Jupiter asked.

And someone answered, "Prometheus!"

"What! That young Titan!" he cried. "Well, I will punish him in a way that will make him wish I had shut him up in the prison-house with his kinsfolk. He bade two of his servants, whose names were Strength and Force, to seize the bold Titan and carry him to the topmost peak of the Caucasus Mountains. Then he sent the blacksmith Vulcan to bind him with iron chains and fetter him to the rocks so that he could not move hand or foot.

Vulcan did not like to do this, for he was a friend of Prometheus, and yet he did not dare to disobey. And so the great friend of men, who had given them fire and lifted them out of their wretchedness and shown them how to live, was chained to the mountain peak; and there he hung, with the storm-winds whistling always around him, and the pitiless hail beating in his face, and fierce eagles shrieking in his ears and tearing his body with their cruel claws. Yet he bore all his sufferings without a groan, and never would he beg for mercy or say that he was sorry for what he had done.

Ages passed, and at last a great hero whose name was Hercules came to the land of the Caucasus. In spite of Jupiter's dread thunderbolts and fearful storms of snow and sleet, he climbed the rugged mountain peak; he slew the fierce eagles that had so long tormented the helpless prisoner on those craggy heights; and with a mighty blow, he broke the fetters of Prometheus and set the grand old hero free.

7. THE PIRATE SHIP

Book: *The Story of Peter Pan, Retold from the fairy play by Sir James Barrie*

Author: J. M. Barrie

Origin: English

Captain Hook, named so because he lost his hand to a crocodile, prowled his pirate ship which was a terribly evil-looking craft with its painted sails, its heavy tarred cordage, and its flag with the skull and crossbones upon it, flapping grimly at the stern. The poor children he and his

pirates just captured were at once driven into the dark and dirty hold, while Hook walked the deck, chuckling to himself to think that at last he had them in his power.

"Are all the prisoners chained so that they can't fly away?" he asked Smee, his first mate, who was very busy at his sewing-machine.

"Aye, aye, Captain," answered Smee.

"Then hoist them up," shouted the Captain.

He seated himself on a chair covered with a white bearskin, waiting while the Boys, whose wrists were chained together, were dragged out of the hold and brought before him. Six of them, he said, were to walk the plank at once, but he would save any two who were willing to be cabin boys. The children were not at first sure what walking the plank meant, but Hook soon enlightened them by roaring out a song in explanation.

**Yo ho! yo ho! the fris-ky plank, you walk a-long it
so— Till it goes down and you goes down to too-ral loo-ral lo—**

he sang, waving his hook to show how, when the plank tipped, they would be shot into the water and drowned.

Turning towards John Napoleon Darling he shouted: "You look as if you had some pluck in you!" John hesitated. In his schoolboy days he had always thought a pirate's life very attractive, so stepping forward, he said: "Will you call me Red-handed Jack?" The Captain laughed with delight, and promised to give him that name if he joined the crew. Then Michael went up to him and slapped him on the shoulder. "What will you call *me* if I join?" he asked. "Black-Bearded Joe," answered the Captain, and until another question arose Michael was very pleased. The cabin boys were told that they must of course swear "Down with King George!" and to this neither boy would consent. John and Michael were then pushed on one side and told that their doom was sealed, while Hook shouted, "Bring up Wendy!"

In a moment Wendy, their sister, was dragged from the hold, and when the Boys rushed to protect her they were pulled back, leaving her standing alone, looking very frightened but pretty in her brown dress, with a long brown cloak wrapped around her. Hook asked her if she had any last message for her brothers who were about to die. Wendy spoke beautifully to the Boys, telling them she would wish them to die like English gentlemen. Her courage so inspired the children that they all cried they would. Upon this, Wendy was cruelly tied to the mast whilst Hook's orders were being carried out.

But, just as the Boys' fate seemed determined, something happened to change Hook's glee into terror. "Tick! tick! ter-ick, tick, tick!" he heard, and at the dreaded sound he yelled: "The crocodile that ate my hand and my clock! Hide me, hide me!" In abject fear he rushed to a corner of the

ship while his men crowded round him, intent only upon shielding their captain from the jaws of the monster. The Boys, too, waited breathless with horror, until with sudden relief and rapture they saw not the crocodile but their beloved captain Peter Pan appearing over the ship's side. In one hand, at arm's length, he held an alarm clock, the ticking of which had made Hook believe that the crocodile was upon him.

Making a sign to his friends, Peter dashed into the cabin, unseen by the Pirates, and shut the door. The ticking ceased directly, and Hook's terror vanished.

Returning to his dreadful purpose he cried: "Now here's to Johnny Plank!" Again he began to sing, "Yo ho, yo ho, the frisky plank," but the Boys, filled with hope and excitement, drowned his voice by singing "Rule, Britannia," and just as the Pirate was about to vent his rage upon them he was silenced by a shrill and piercing cock's-crow from the cabin.

Struck motionless with terror, the crew looked to their Captain for some explanation, who ordered Gecco, one of his men, to enter the cabin and see what was the matter. Hook waited, but Gecco did not return, and once again heard the awful mysterious crowing. "Someone must bring me out that doodledee," roared the Captain, and, as no one volunteered, "I thought I heard Starkey volunteer," he said, pointing his hook at Starkey. Mad with terror of the hook as well as of the uncanny creature in the cabin, Starkey rushed wildly round the deck, and finally, to escape both, flung himself overboard.

Furious at this mutinous behavior, Hook shouted, "I'll bring that doodledee out myself," but he had no better success, and came rushing back in a cowardly fashion, saying: "Something blew out the light."

A happy idea now struck him. "Drive the Boys in—let them fight the doodledee—if they kill him so much the better, if he kills them we're none the worse."

This, of course, was just what the children wanted, but, concealing their delight, they allowed themselves to be driven into the cabin. In the meantime, all the Pirates huddled together, hiding their faces. Sailors, you know, are very superstitious, and they all thought the ship was bewitched. So terrified were they that no one saw Peter Pan, the flying boy who refused to grow up, steal out, followed by the Boys, who crept silently up the ladder to the higher deck. No one saw Peter cut the ropes which bound Wendy, and take her place at the mast, and cover his face with the brown cloak she had left, while Wendy joined the Boys.

"It's the girl!" cried Hook, "let's throw her over." All the men knew that their Captain was right, and one of the Pirates started up and shook his fist at the brown-robed figure at the mast. "There's nothing that can save you now, Missy," he cried. "There is one," came a ringing voice, and the brown cloak was flung aside and there stood Peter Pan. "Down, Boys, and at them," he shouted, and with a rush the Boys, armed with weapons which Peter had found and given them in the cabin, swarmed down upon the lower deck. The Pirates believed that all the Boys had been slain by the mysterious doodledee, and were panic-stricken as they saw them with swords

and daggers. Some of the crew rushed to the bulwarks and leapt overboard; others with their knives fell upon the Boys, while Hook backed into the cabin fighting for his life. "Put up your knives, Boys, that man is mine!" cried Peter, pointing to Hook. The Boys turned their attention to the remaining members of the pirate crew, who were one by one forced into the sea, while the two mortal enemies appeared at the cabin door closed in deadly combat. Each was determined to kill the other. Step by step Hook was driven back to the side of the ship. He felt himself weakening. In despair he cried out: "'Tis some fiend fighting me! Who are you, Pan?"

"I'm youth!" cried Peter, "I'm a little bird that has broken out of the egg. I'm youth! I'm joy!"

With that he wrenched Hook's sword from him and pushed him into the sea, right into the jaws of the waiting crocodile, who caught him at last.

The Boys burst into ringing cheers as they and Wendy crowded round their hero, who stood like a proud fighter while the pirate flag was lowered and the tick-tock sound faded away.

8. HOW JACK WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

Book: *English Fairy Tales*

Compiler: Joseph Jacobs

Origin: England

Once upon a time there was a boy named Jack, and one morning he started to go and seek his fortune.

He hadn't gone very far before he met a cat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a dog.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the dog.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt. They went a little further and they met a goat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the goat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a bull.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the bull.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a rooster.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the rooster.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

Well, they went on till it was about dark, and they began to think of some place where they could spend the night. About this time they came in sight of a house, and Jack told them to keep still while he went up and looked in through the window. And there were some robbers counting over their money. Then Jack went back and told them to wait till he gave the word, and then to make all the noise they could. So when they were all ready Jack gave the word, and the cat mewed, and the dog barked, and the goat bleated, and the bull bellowed, and the rooster crowed, and all together they made such a dreadful noise that it frightened the robbers all away.

And then they went in and took possession of the house. Jack was afraid the robbers would come back in the night, and so when it came time to go to bed he put the cat in the rocking-chair, and he put the dog under the table, and he put the goat upstairs, and he put the bull down cellar, and the rooster flew up on to the roof, and Jack went to bed.

By-and-by the robbers saw it was all dark and they sent one man back to the house to look after their money. Before long he came back in a great fright and told them his story.

"I went back to the house," said he, "and went in and tried to sit down in the rocking-chair, and there was an old woman knitting, and she stuck her knitting-needles into me." That was the cat, you know.

"I went to the table to look after the money and there was a shoemaker under the table, and he stuck his awl into me." That was the dog, you know.

"I started to go upstairs, and there was a man up there threshing, and he knocked me down with his flail." That was the goat, you know.

"I started to go down cellar, and there was a man down there chopping wood, and he knocked me up with his ax." That was the bull, you know.

"But I shouldn't have minded all that if it hadn't been for that little fellow on top of the house, who kept a-hollering, 'Chuck him up to me-e! Chuck him up to me-e!'" Of course that was the cock-a-doodle-do of the rooster.

9. OLD WHITE WHISKERS AND MR. BUNNY

Book: *Korean Fairy Tales*

Author: William Elliot Griffis

Origin: Korea

White Whiskers was the name of a huge, tawny tiger that lived in the mountains of Kang Wen. He was the proudest tiger in the whole peninsula of Korea. He had the most fiery eyes, the longest tail, the sharpest claws, and the widest stripes of any animal in the mountains. He could pull down a cow, fight all the dogs in any village, eat up a man, and was not afraid of a hunter, unless the man carried a gun. As for calves and pigs, he considered them mere tidbits. He could claw off the roof or break the bars of stables where cattle were kept, devour one pig on the spot, and then, slinging another on his back, could trot off to his lair miles away, to give his cubs their dinner of fresh pork.

White Whiskers was especially proud, because he was the retainer of the great genii of the mountains, that men feared and worshiped and in whose honor they built shrines. One of these Mountain Spirits, when he wanted to, could call together all the tigers in his domain, and then, sitting astride the back of the biggest, he would ride off on the clouds or to victory over Korea's enemies. Both tigers and leopards were his messengers to do his bidding. Only the big and swift and striped tigers were chosen to carry out the Mountain Spirit's orders.

One particular matter of business confided to White Whiskers, the great striped tiger, was to visit daily the shrines in the hill passes to see if offerings were continually made. The people who were in terror of both the Mountain Spirit and his servants, the tigers, daily offered sacrifice out of fear. They piled up stone, rags, bits of metal, or laid food on dishes for the Mountain Spirit who was very exacting and tyrannical. The poor folks thought that if they did not thus heap up their offerings the spirit would be angry and send the tigers at night to prowl around the village, scratch at their doors, and eat up donkeys, cows, calves, pigs, and even men, women and children. Then the hunters would go out with matchlocks to slay the man eaters, but by this time, in daylight, the tigers were far up into their lairs in the mountain.

Now Old White Whiskers was both proud and crafty. For many years he had eaten up pigs, calves, dogs, donkeys and chickens and had twice feasted on men, besides avoiding all their traps and dodging every one of their bullets. So he began to think he could laugh at all his enemies. Yet, proud as he was, he was destined to be outwitted by a creature without strength or sting, claws or hooves, as we shall see.

Mr. Bunny, who burrowed in a hill near the village, had often heard the squealing of unfortunate pigs and the kicking of braying donkeys, as they made dinners for Old White Whiskers. Thus far, however, by being very cautious, he had kept out of the striped tyrant's way. But one cold winter's day, coming home, tired, weak and hungry, from having no food since yesterday, just as he was crossing a river on the ice, he met Old White Whiskers face to face. From behind a rock by the shore, near Mr. Bunny's burrow, the big tiger leaped out and tried to freeze the rabbit with terror, by staring at him with his great green eyes. Mr. Bunny knew only too well that tigers love to maul and play with their prey before eating it up, and he thought his last hour had come. Nevertheless Mr. Bunny was perfectly cool.

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He did not shiver a bit. He had long expected such a meeting and was ready for Old White Whiskers, intending to throw him off his guard.

The tiger said to the rabbit: "I'm hungry. I shall eat you up at once."

"Oh, why should you bother with me?" said Mr. Bunny. "I'm so little and skinny that it's hard to make a mouthful for Your Majesty. Just listen to me and I'll get you a royal dinner. I'll go up the mountain and drive the game to your very paws. Only you must do exactly what I tell you."

At this prospect of a full dinner, the tiger actually grinned with delight. The way he yawned, showing his red, cavernous mouth, huge white teeth, each as big as a spike, and the manner of his rolling out his long curved tongue, full of rough points like thorns, nearly scared Mr. Bunny out of his wits. The rabbit had never looked down a tiger's mouth before, but he did not let on that he was afraid. It was only the tiger's way of showing how happy he was, when his mouth watered, and he licked his chops in anticipation of a mighty feast.

"I'll do just as you say," said Old White Whiskers to Mr. Bunny, seeing how grateful the rabbit was to have his own life spared.

"It is my ambition to serve the lord of the mountains," said Mr. Bunny. "So, lie down on the ice here, shut your eyes and do not stir. Now mind you keep your peepers closed, or the charm will fail. I'll make a circle of dry grass and then go round and round you, driving the game to you. If you hear a noise and even some crackling, don't open your eyes till I give you the word. 'Twill take some time."

Old White Whiskers, tired of tramping in the forest and prowling around pig-pens all day but getting nothing, was both hungry and tired. So he resolved, while waiting, to take a good nap. As quickly as one can blow out a candle, he was asleep.

Thereupon Mr. Bunny made himself busy in pulling up all the dry grass he could find and piling it around and close up to Old White Whiskers. Delighted to hear the big brute snoring, he kept on

until he had a thick ring of combustibles. Then he set it on fire, waiting till it blazed up high. Then he scampered off to see the fun.

Old White Whiskers, awakened by the crackling, yawned and rubbed his eyes with his paws, wondering what the noise could be.

“Hold on!” screamed Mr. Bunny, “keep your promise,” and farther he ran away up the hill.

“Rascal!” growled the tiger as the red tongues of flame leaped up all around him. He had to jump high to escape from the flames with his life.

Even as it was, one paw was scorched so that he limped, and his fur was singed so badly that all his long hair and fine looks were gone. When he got back home, the other tigers laughed at him.

Henceforth he had to take second place, for the great Mountain Spirit no longer trusted such a foolish servant.

10. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Book: *Mother's Nursery Tales*

Author: Katharine Pyle

Origin: France

There was once a merchant who had three daughters. The two older ones were handsome enough, but the third was a beauty, and no mistake; her eyes were as blue as the sky, her hair was as black as ebony, and her cheeks were like roses. The merchant loved his two older daughters dearly, but this Beauty was the darling of his heart.

Things went along pleasantly for a long time, and the merchant was rich and prosperous, but then things began to go wrong with him. One after another of his ships was lost at sea, and a great part of his fortune with them.

One day the merchant called his daughters to him and said, “My children, I find it will be necessary for me to go on a long journey. I am no longer a rich man, but I wish to bring home a gift to each one of you, so tell me what you would like to have.”

Then the two older daughters began to think of all the things they wanted, and each was afraid the other would get something finer than she did.

At last the eldest spoke, “Dear father,” said she, “I wish you would bring me a velvet robe embroidered with gold, shoes to match, and a fan to wave in my hand.”

“And I,” said the second, “would like a necklace of pearls, and pearls for my hair, and a fine bracelet.”

The merchant was troubled that his daughters should ask for such costly things, but he did not like to refuse them. “And you, Beauty,” said he, turning to his youngest daughter, “what will you have?”

“Dear father,” said she, “you have given me so much that I have nothing left to wish for; but if you bring me anything at all let it be a rose.”

When her older sisters heard this they were very angry. They thought that Beauty had asked only for a rose so that she might shame them before their father, and make him think she was more unselfish than they were. But Beauty had no such thought as that.

The merchant smiled at his youngest daughter and kissed her thrice, but his older daughters he kissed only once. Then he mounted his horse and rode away.

He journeyed on for several days, and at last he reached the city he was bound for. Here he found he had lost even more of his fortune than he had thought. He was now a poor man. Still he managed to buy the gifts his two older daughters had asked for, and then with a sad heart he set out for home.

He had not journeyed far, however, when he was overtaken by a storm and lost himself in a deep forest. He rode this way and that, trying to find the way out, and then suddenly he came to an open place, and there he saw before him a magnificent castle.

The merchant was amazed. He had never heard of such a castle in that forest. He rode up to the door and knocked, hoping to find shelter for the night.

Scarcely had he knocked when the great door swung open before him. He entered and looked about, no one was there; everything was silent. Wondering, he went on into one room after another.

Everything was very magnificent and well arranged, but nowhere was a soul to be seen. At last he came to a room where a supper was set out. The plates were all of gold, and the fruits and meats were of the rarest and most delicious kinds.

The merchant was so hungry that he sat down at the table, and at once the food was served to him by invisible hands, while soft music sounded from a hidden room beyond.

He ate heartily and then arose and went in search of a place to sleep. This he soon found. A bed had been made ready in a large chamber, and here he undressed and lying down he slept until morning without being disturbed.

When he awoke he found his own travel-stained clothes had been taken away. In their place a handsome suit had been laid out, and other necessary things, all of the richest kind. There

was also a bag filled with gold pieces. Wondering still more, the merchant arose and dressed and went out into the gardens to look about him. Here everything was more beautiful than any garden he had ever seen before. There were winding paths and fountains, and fruit-trees and flowering plants.

Beside one of the fountains was a rose-bush covered with the roses. The sight of these roses reminded the merchant of Beauty's wish, and he thought it would be no harm to break off one to carry to her. He chose the largest and finest rose. Scarcely had he plucked it, however, when the air was filled with a sound of thunder, the ground rocked under his feet, and a terrible looking beast appeared before him.

"Miserable man!" cried the Beast, "what have you done? All the best in the castle was offered to you. Why have you broken my rose-bush that is dearer to me than anything in the world? Now for this you must surely die."

The merchant was terrified. "Oh, dear, good Beast, do not kill me!" he cried. "I meant no harm. Only let me go, and I will never trouble you again."

"No, no," answered the Beast. "You shall not escape so easily. You have broken my rose-bush and you must suffer for it."

Still the merchant begged and entreated to be spared and at last the Beast had pity on him. "If I spare your life," said he, "what will you give me in return for it?"

"Alas," said the merchant, "what can I give you? I have lost all my fortune and I am now a poor man. I have nothing left in the world but my three daughters."

"Give me one of your daughters for a wife and I will be satisfied," said the Beast.

The merchant was horrified at the thought of such a thing. He would have refused, but he feared that if he did so the Beast would tear him to pieces at once.

"You may have three months in which to think it over," said the Beast. "But you must promise me that at the end of that time you will return here and either bring me one of your daughters or come prepared to die."

The merchant was obliged to promise this; he could not help himself. As soon as he had promised the Beast disappeared and the man was free to go, and this he was not slow to do.

He rode on toward his home and his heart was heavy within him. He did not see how he could possibly give one of his daughters to be the bride of a hideous beast and yet he did not wish to die.

His daughters met him with joy, and the two older sisters were delighted when they saw the beautiful gifts he had brought them. Only Beauty noticed his sad and downcast looks.

“Dear father,” said she, “why are you troubled? Has something unfortunate happened to you?”

At first her father would not tell her, but she urged and entreated him to tell her until finally he could keep silent no longer. He told his daughters all about the castle and his adventure there and of the Beast, and of how unless one of them would consent to marry the Beast he would have to lose his life.

When the older daughters heard this they were ready to faint. Not even to save their father’s life could they consent to marry such a creature.

“Dear father,” said Beauty, “you shall not die. I will be the Beast’s bride.”

“Yes, yes,” cried her sisters. “That is only right. If Beauty had not asked for the rose this misfortune would not have happened.”

To this the merchant would not at first agree. Beauty was the dearest to him of all his daughters. He had hoped that if any of them was to marry the Beast it might be one of the older sisters. But they would not hear of this and when, at the end of three months, the merchant set out to return to the castle he took Beauty with him.

They rode along and rode along and after a while they came to the forest, and then it did not take the merchant long to find the castle. He knocked at the door, and it opened as before, and he and Beauty went in through one room after another, and everything was so magnificent that she could not but admire it. At last they came to the supper-room, and here a delicious feast was set out for them. They sat down and ate while soft music sounded around them. Beauty began to think the master of all this could not be such a terrible creature after all.

But scarcely had they finished their supper before the Beast appeared before them, and when Beauty saw him she began to shake and tremble, for he was even more dreadful looking than her father had said.

“Do not fear me, Beauty,” he said in a gentle voice. “I will do you no harm. Your father has brought you here, and it is true that here you must stay, but you need not marry me unless you are quite willing to.”

“I do not wish to marry you, Beast, and you must know that,” said Beauty. “But I fear that if I do not you may harm my father.”

“No, Beauty, I will not harm him. He may go in peace, and perhaps after you have been here awhile you may learn to like me enough to marry me.”

Beauty did not believe this, but the Beast spoke so gently that she no longer feared him and when the time came for her father to go she bade him good-by and did not grieve him by weeping.

After that Beauty lived there in the Beast's castle and was well content. Every day she went out into the gardens, and the Beast came and played with her for awhile, and she grew very fond of him. Every day before he left her he said, "Beauty, are you willing to marry me?"

But always Beauty answered, "No, dear Beast, I do not wish to marry you."

Then the Beast would sigh heavily and go away.

One day Beauty was sitting before a large mirror in her room, and she was sad because she had not seen her father for so long.

"I wish," said she, "that I could see what my dear father is doing at this moment."

As she said this she raised her eyes to the mirror. What was her surprise to see in it the reflection of a room quite different from the one she was in. It was a room in her own home that she saw reflected there. She saw in it the images of her father and sisters. She could see them smile and move, and she could tell exactly what they were doing. She found she could watch them in the mirror for as long as she pleased and whenever she pleased.

After this Beauty often came to sit before the mirror, and she had only to wish it and she could see her home, and all that was going on there.

But one day when she sat down before the glass she saw that her father was ill. He lay upon his bed so pale and weak that Beauty was terrified. She jumped up and ran out into the garden calling for the Beast.

At once he appeared before her. "What is it?" asked the Beast anxiously. "What has frightened you, Beauty?"

"Alas," she cried, "my father is ill. Oh, dear, kind Beast let me go to him and I will love you forever after."

The Beast looked very grave. "Very well, Beauty," he said, "I will let you go, for I can refuse you nothing. But promise me you will return at the end of a week, for if you do not some great misfortune will happen to me."

Beauty was very willing to promise this. The Beast then gave her a ring set with a large ruby. "When you go to bed to-night," he said, "turn the ruby in toward the palm of your hand and wish you were in your father's house, and in the morning you will find you are there. When you are ready to return, do the same thing, and you will find yourself back in the castle again. And do not forget that by the end of a week, to an hour, you must return or you will bring suffering upon me."

Beauty did as the Beast told her. That night when she lay down she turned the ruby of the ring in toward the palm of her hand and wished she were in her father's house, and what was her joy, when she awakened the next morning, to find herself in her own bed at home. She

arose and ran to her father's room, and the merchant was so delighted to see her that from that hour he began to get better, and in a few days he was as well as ever again.

Beauty's sisters asked her a great many questions about the castle where she lived, and when they heard how fine it was, and how happy she was there, they were filled with envy. "Beauty always gets the best of everything," they said to each other. "She is younger than either of us, and see how finely she lives; much better than we do." They then planned together as to how they could keep Beauty from going back to the castle at the end of the week. "If we can only make her break her promise to the Beast," said they, "he might be so angry with her that he would send her away and take one of us to live at his castle instead."

The day before Beauty was to return to the Beast they put a sleeping-powder in the goblet that she drank from.

As soon as Beauty had swallowed this powder she became very sleepy. Her eyelids weighed like lead, and presently she fell into a deep slumber, and she did not awaken for two days and nights. At the end of that time Beauty had a dream, and in her dream she walked in the castle gardens. She came to the rose-bush beside the fountain, and there lay the poor Beast stretched out on the ground, and he was almost dead. He opened his eyes and looked at her sadly. "Ah, Beauty, Beauty," he said, "why did you break your promise to return at the end of a week? See what suffering you have brought on me."

Beauty awoke, sobbing bitterly. "Alas, alas!" she cried. "I must go at once. I feel some harm has come to the Beast, and that it is my fault, though how I do not know." For she did not know she had been asleep for two days and nights.

She turned the ruby ring with the ruby toward the palm of her hand, and wished herself back in the castle and then lay down and went to sleep.

When she awoke she was in the castle again, and it was early morning. She ran out into the garden, and straight to the rose-bush. There, as in her dream, she saw the Beast stretched out on the ground, and he seemed to be without life or breath. Beauty threw herself down on the ground and took his head in her lap, and her tears ran down and fell upon him, and it seemed to her she did not love even her father as dearly as she loved the Beast. "Oh, Beast—dear, dear Beast," she cried, "can you not hear me? Are you quite, quite dead?"

Then the Beast opened his eyes and looked at her. "Ah, Beauty," he said, "I thought you had deserted me. Do you not yet love me enough to marry me?"

"Oh, I do! I do love you enough, and gladly will I be your bride," cried Beauty.

No sooner had she said this than the rough furry hide of the Beast fell apart, and a handsome young prince all dressed in white satin and silver stood before her. Beauty looked at

him wondering. "Yes, you shall indeed be my own dear bride," cried the Prince, "for you and you alone have broken the enchantment that held me."

Then the Prince, a Beast no longer, told Beauty that a wicked fairy had changed him into the shape of a Beast, and not until a fair young maiden would love him enough to be his bride would the enchantment be broken. But Beauty had loved him for his kindness and goodness in spite of his ugly form, and now never again could the wicked fairy have any power over him.

And now all through the castle was heard a sound of life and of voices and of running to and fro. For the same enchantment that had changed the Prince to a Beast had made all his people invisible, and now, they too were freed from the spell.

Then how happy Beauty was. If she had loved the Beast she loved the handsome young Prince a thousand times better. A grand wedding feast was prepared, and her father and sisters were sent for. Her father was given the place of honor, but it was quite different with her sisters; because of their hard hearts they were changed into two statues and they stood one on either side of the doorway.

But Beauty was too gentle to bear them any ill-will. After she was married she often used to go and stand beside the statues and talk to them, and her tears fell upon them so that after awhile their hard hearts grew soft and the stone melted back to flesh again. Then they were all very happy together. The two sisters were married to two noblemen of the court.

As for Beauty and the Prince, nothing could equal their love for each other, and they lived together happily forever after, and no further harm ever came to them.

11. THE THREE DOGS

Book: *The Green Fairy Book*

Author: Andrew Lang

Origin: Germany

There was once upon a time a shepherd who had two children, a son and a daughter. When he was on his death-bed he turned to them and said, 'I have nothing to leave you but three sheep and a small house; divide them between you, as you like, but don't quarrel over them whatever you do.'

When the shepherd was dead, the brother asked his sister which she would like best, the sheep or the little house; and when she had chosen the house he said, 'Then I'll take the sheep and go out to seek my fortune in the wide world. I don't see why I shouldn't be as lucky as many others who have set out on the same search, and it wasn't for nothing that I was born on a Sunday.'

And so he started on his travels, driving his three sheep in front of him, and for a long time it seemed as if fortune didn't mean to favor him at all. One day he was sitting disconsolately at a

crossroad, when a man suddenly appeared before him with three dogs, each one bigger than the other.

'Hullo, my fine fellow,' said the man, 'I see you have three fat sheep. I'll tell you what; if you'll give them to me, I'll give you my three dogs.'

In spite of his sadness, the youth smiled and replied, 'What would I do with your dogs? My sheep at least feed themselves, but I should have to find food for the dogs.'

'My dogs are not like other dogs,' said the stranger; 'they will feed you instead of you them, and will make your fortune. The smallest one is called "Salt," and will bring you food whenever you wish; the second is called "Pepper," and will tear anyone to pieces who offers to hurt you; and the great big strong one is called "Mustard," and is so powerful that it will break iron or steel with its teeth.'

The shepherd at last let himself be persuaded, and gave the stranger his sheep. In order to test the truth of his statement about the dogs, he said at once, 'Salt, I am hungry,' and before the words were out of his mouth the dog had disappeared, and returned in a few minutes with a large basket full of the most delicious food. Then the youth congratulated himself on the bargain he had made, and continued his journey in the best of spirits.

One day he met a carriage all draped in black; even the horses were covered with black trappings, and the coachman was clothed in black from top to toe. Inside the carriage sat a beautiful girl in a black dress crying bitterly. The horses advanced slowly and mournfully, with their heads bent on the ground.

'Coachman, what's the meaning of all this grief?' asked the shepherd.

At first the coachman wouldn't say anything, but when the youth pressed him he told him that a huge dragon dwelt in the neighborhood, and required yearly the sacrifice of a beautiful maiden. This year the lot had fallen on the King's daughter, and the whole country was filled with woe and lamentation in consequence.

The shepherd felt very sorry for the lovely maiden, and determined to follow the carriage. In a little while it halted at the foot of a high mountain. The girl got out, and walked slowly and sadly to meet her terrible fate. The coachman perceived that the shepherd wished to follow her, and warned him not to do so if he valued his life; but the shepherd wouldn't listen to his advice. When they had climbed about half-way up the hill they saw a terrible-looking monster with the body of a snake, and with huge wings and claws, coming towards them, breathing forth flames of fire, and preparing to seize its victim. Then the shepherd called, 'Pepper, come to the rescue,' and the second dog set upon the dragon, and after a fierce struggle bit it so sharply in the neck that the monster rolled over, and in a few moments breathed its last. Then the dog ate up the body, all except its two front teeth, which the shepherd picked up and put in his pocket.

The Princess was quite overcome with terror and joy, and fell fainting at the feet of her deliverer. When she recovered her consciousness she begged the shepherd to return with her to her father, who would reward him richly. But the youth answered that he wanted to see something of the world, and that he would return again in three years, and nothing would make him change this resolve. The Princess seated herself once more in her carriage, and, bidding

each other farewell, she and the shepherd separated, she to return home, and he to see the world.

But while the Princess was driving over a bridge the carriage suddenly stood still, and the coachman turned round to her and said, 'Your deliverer has gone, and doesn't thank you for your gratitude. It would be nice of you to make a poor fellow happy; therefore you may tell your father that it was I who slew the dragon, and if you refuse to, I will throw you into the river, and no one will be any the wiser, for they will think the dragon has devoured you.'

The maiden was in a dreadful state when she heard these words; but there was nothing for her to do but to swear that she would give out the coachman as her deliverer, and not to divulge the secret to anyone. So they returned to the capital, and everyone was delighted when they saw the Princess had returned unharmed; the black flags were taken down from all the palace towers, and brightly-coloured ones put up in their place, and the King embraced his daughter and her supposed rescuer with tears of joy, and, turning to the coachman, he said, 'You have not only saved the life of my child, but you have also freed the country from a terrible scourge; therefore, it is only fitting that you should be richly rewarded. Take, therefore, my daughter for your wife; but as she is still so young, do not let the marriage be celebrated for another year.'

The coachman thanked the King for his graciousness, and was then led away to be richly dressed and instructed in all the arts and graces that befitted his new position. But the poor Princess wept bitterly, though she did not dare to confide her grief to anyone. When the year was over, she begged so hard for another year's respite that it was granted to her. But this year passed also, and she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged so piteously for one more year that the King's heart was melted, and he yielded to her request, much to the Princess's joy, for she knew that her real deliverer would appear at the end of the third year. And so the year passed away like the other two, and the wedding-day was fixed, and all the people were prepared to feast and make merry.

But on the wedding-day it happened that a stranger came to the town with three dogs. He asked what the meaning of all the feasting and fuss was, and they told him that the King's daughter was just going to be married to the man who had slain the terrible dragon. The stranger at once denounced the coachman as a liar; but no one would listen to him, and he was seized and thrown into a cell with iron doors.

While he was lying on his straw pallet, pondering mournfully on his fate, he thought he heard the low whining of his dogs outside; then an idea dawned on him, and he called out as loudly as he could, 'Mustard, come to my help,' and in a second he saw the paws of his biggest dog at the window of his cell, and before he could count two the creature had bitten through the iron bars and stood beside him. Then they both let themselves out of the prison by the window, and the poor youth was free once more, though he felt very sad when he thought that another was to enjoy the reward that rightfully belonged to him. He felt hungry too, so he called his dog 'Salt,' and asked him to bring home some food. The faithful creature trotted off, and soon returned with a table-napkin full of the most delicious food, and the napkin itself was embroidered with a kingly crown.

The King had just seated himself at the wedding-feast with all his Court, when the dog appeared and licked the Princess's hand in an appealing manner. With a joyful start she recognised the beast, and bound her own table-napkin round his neck. Then she plucked up her courage and told her father the whole story. The King at once sent a servant to follow the dog, and in a short time the stranger was led into the King's presence. The former coachman grew as white as a sheet when he saw the shepherd, and, falling on his knees, begged for mercy and pardon. The Princess recognized her deliverer at once, and did not need the proof of the two dragon's teeth which he drew from his pocket. The coachman was thrown into a dark dungeon, and the shepherd took his place at the Princess's side, and this time, you may be sure, she did not beg for the wedding to be put off.

The young couple lived for some time in great peace and happiness, when suddenly one day the former shepherd be thought himself of his poor sister and expressed a wish to see her again, and to let her share in his good fortune. So they sent a carriage to fetch her, and soon she arrived at the court, and found herself once more in her brother's arms. Then one of the dogs spoke and said, 'Our task is done; you have no more need of us. We only waited to see that you did not forget your sister in your prosperity.' And with these words the three dogs became three birds and flew away into the heavens.

12. THE BLIND DOE

Book: *South American Jungle Tales*

Author: Horacio Quiroga

Origin: South America

Once upon a time there was a deer—a doe—who gave birth to two little deers; and, as is very rare with such animals, the little deers were twins. However, a wildcat ate one of them; and the second, a female, had to live her childhood without a playmate.

She was such a beautiful little creature, nevertheless, that all the mother deers in the forest wished she belonged to them; and to show their affection they were always nipping gently at her ribs with their lips.

Every morning when the little deer got up out of bed, her mother would make her say the rules which all deers learn when they are babies:

- I. I must smell of each green leaf before I eat it; because some green leaves are poisonous.
- II. I must stop and look carefully up and down the brook before I lower my head to drink; for otherwise an alligator may eat me.
- III. I must lift my head every half hour and sniff carefully in all directions; otherwise a panther may steal up and catch me.
- IV. I must look ahead of me when I am grazing in a meadow; otherwise a snake may bite me.

One afternoon in summer, when the fawn was wandering over the mountain side looking for the tenderest tufts of grass, she saw a tree with a hollow trunk in front of her. Inside it a number of small slate-colored bags were hanging.

“What in the world is that?” said the little deer to herself. She had never seen anything of just that kind! Now deers, like people, are inclined to be a bit disrespectful towards things they don’t understand. Those puffy slate-colored bags seemed to her about the most ridiculous things there was on earth! So she butted them with all her might.

She now saw that she had made a great dent in the bags, which began to drip with drops of shining fluid. At the same time a swarm of reddish flies, with narrow waists, came out, buzzing around and walking about, over their broken nest.

The little deer edged nearer. Curiously, those red flies did not seem to mind at all! And what about that juicy-looking stuff? Carefully, gently, the fawn stretched out her head till she was able to touch one of the drops of fluid with the tip of her tongue.

What a surprise, what a wonderful surprise, for such a little, and such an inexperienced deer! She smacked her lips and licked her nose with her tongue, hurrying to lap up all the drops she could find. For they were honey, honey of the sweetest kind. And the red flies were bees! They did not sting because they had no stingers! There are bees like that, you know, in South America.

Not content with the few drops that were slowly oozing out of the cracks in the bags, the little deer now broke all the nests down and ate every bit of the honey in them; then, leaping and jumping with pride and delight, she hurried home to tell her mother all about it.

But the mother deer frowned severely:

“Look out for bees’ nests, my child!” she exclaimed earnestly. “Honey is very good to eat; but it is dangerous to get at it. Keep away from all the nests you see!”

“But bees don’t sting, mamma!” the little deer objected gleefully. “Hornets sting, and wasps sting; but bees, no!”

“That isn’t so, my dear!” the mother answered. “You had good luck, that’s all. Bees are quite as bad as wasps. Now mind me, child, or some day you’ll be sorry.”

“All right, mamma, I’ll be careful,” said the little deer.

But the first thing she did the very next morning was to take one of the paths that people had made over the mountains. She had figured out that, running along in the open, she could cover more ground and see the bees’ nests better!

And at last the search for the little deer was successful. She came upon a nest of bees—as she thought—black ones this time, with yellow sashes about their belts; and many of them were walking over the outside of the nest. The nest, also, was of a different color, and much larger than the bags the little deer had found the day before. But such things made no difference to her. “If the nest is larger,” she concluded simply, “the honey is probably sweeter and there’s more of it!”

But then she suddenly remembered all that her mother had said. “Oh, mother is too afraid! All mothers are too afraid!” And she finished by giving a lusty butt at the nest.

In a second or two she had bitterly repented of her folly. The “bees” were ordinary bees and there were thousands of them. They rushed forth from the nest in a great swarm, settled all over the head, neck, and shoulders of the little deer, and even under her belly and on her tail. And they stung her all over, but worst of all about the eyes. There were more than ten stings to each eye!

The little deer, wild with pain and fright, began to run screaming away. She ran and ran. But finally she had to stop, because she could no longer see where she was going. Her eyes were all swollen; so swollen she could not open them. Trembling with fear and smarting with pain, she stopped where she was and began to cry piteously:

“Mamma!... Mamma!”

The mother deer was very worried when the afternoon wore on and her child did not come home; and at last she started out to look for her, following by smell, as deers can, the tracks of her little one over the hillsides. What was her despair when, finally, she heard the disobedient fawn weeping in the distance; and how much blacker her despair became when she found that the child was blind!

Slowly the two deers started home again, the fawn’s nose resting on her mother’s hip. And along the road all the old bucks and does came up to examine the little one’s eyes and give their opinions as to a cure. The mother deer did not know what to do. She had no plasters nor poultices to soothe the pain in her child’s eyes. She learned ultimately that across the mountains lived a man who was skillful with remedies. This man was a hunter, and traded in venison. But, from all reports, she concluded that he was quite a kind-hearted person.

Though the doe shivered at the thought of visiting a man who made his living on the slaughter of deer, she was willing to risk anything for her offspring. However, she had never met the man personally, and she thought it best to ask for a letter of introduction from the Anteater, who was supposed to be on very good terms with all the human kind.

It was night; and the panthers and wildcats were rampant through all the forest; but the mother deer did not wait an instant. She covered her little one carefully with branches so that no one could find her, and then made off toward the Anteater’s house. She went so fast and so far that she was faint with fatigue when she arrived there.

The Anteater was one of the smaller members of his tribe—a yellow little fellow with a black cape thrown over his shoulders and reaching down to the waist, where it was tied under his belly with black strings.

Just how or why the Anteater became so friendly with the hunter, no one in the forest knew; but some day the truth will be known, doubtless.

At any rate, the poor doe arrived at the house where the Anteater lived.

“Tan! Tan! Tan!” she knocked, panting.

“Who’s that?” answered the Anteater sleepily.

“It’s me!” said the doe; though she corrected herself almost immediately, and said: “It is I—a deer, the mother of the twins!”

“I see,” said the Anteater. “So it’s you! Well, what do you want?”

“I want you to introduce me to the hunter. The fawn, my daughter, is blind!”

“You don’t say so? That little fawn that everybody makes so much of? She’s a dear little thing! I don’t have to be asked twice to do a favor when that child is concerned! I’ll introduce you gladly. But you won’t need a letter. Just show the man this, and he’ll do all you ask.”

The Anteater rummaged around in the leaves for a while and at last stretched his tail out. On the tip of it was the head of a snake, completely dried, and with the poison fangs still in it.

“Thanks ever so much,” exclaimed the doe. “But that man is a venison hunter! Do you think this is all I need?”

“Quite!” the Anteater averred.

“You are a very kind-hearted Anteater,” the doe replied, her eyes filling with tears. But she did not prolong the conversation. It was getting to be very late, and she had to be at the hunter’s lodge by daybreak.

She hurried back to her house and got the fawn, who still lay there weeping in her bed. Together they made their way toward the village where the hunter lived. They stole along very softly, keeping close to the walls of the houses, so that the dogs would not see nor hear them.

At the door of the hunter’s cottage the mother knocked loudly:

“Tan! Tan! Tan!”

And the little deer knocked as loudly as she could.

“Ta! Ta! Ta!”

“Who’s there?” a voice called from within.

“It’s us,” said the fawn.

“It’s we,” corrected the mother. “We are friends of the Anteater, and we have the snake’s head!”

“I see,” said the hunter, opening the door. “What can I do for you?”

“My daughter, this little fawn here, is blind. Can you help her?”

And the mother deer told the whole story about her child and the bees.

“Hum!” said the man. “Just let me see what ails this nice young lady!”

Reentering the cottage, the hunter soon came back with a rather high stool, on which he set the fawn in such a manner that he could examine her eyes without bending over. Then he took out a big lens and began to look at the stings, while the mother deer stood by, holding a lantern around her neck so that the “doctor” could see better. For the sun had not yet risen.

“Oh, there’s nothing to worry about,” the hunter said to the fond parent, helping her little one out of the chair. “It’s only a matter of time and care. Wrap her head up, and keep a bandage with this ointment across her eyes. Then keep her in the dark for twenty days. After that, have her wear these yellow glasses for a week or two; and by that time she will be all right.”

“Thanks, many, many thanks,” said the mother deer warmly and gratefully. “And now, sir, how much do I owe you?”

“Nothing at all, nothing at all, madam,” the hunter replied with a smile. “But one thing more: look out for the dogs in the next house. A man lives there who keeps hounds especially for chasing deer.”

At this news the mother deer and her child were so scared they hardly dared breathe; and as they went away they walked on tiptoe, and stopped every few feet. Even at that the dogs heard them and gave chase for nearly a mile into the forest. But the mother deer found a narrow path, opening into the bush where the blind fawn could run quite safely; and they made good their escape.

The little deer got well, just as the hunter had said she would. But at last, one morning, the mother deer brushed aside the branches she had woven across the hole in the tree so tightly as to keep out all light; and the fawn, now with the yellow glasses on her nose, came out into the broad day.

“Oh, I can see now, mamma, I can see all right!”

And the mother deer, to tell the truth, had to go and hide her head in a clump of bushes to conceal the tears of joy that came to her eyes when she saw her little one cured at last. In two weeks, the glasses were laid aside.

As time wore on, the fawn, though happy to be quite herself again, began to grow sad. She was anxious to repay the hunter for his kindness to her; and she could think of no possible way of doing it.

One day, however, an idea occurred to her. As she was trotting along the shore of a pond she came upon a feather which a blue heron had let fall there. "I wonder if that good man would like it?" she thought. And she picked it up.

Then, one night when it was raining hard and the dogs would probably be under cover, she started out for the hunter's cottage.

The man was reading in his bedroom, feeling quite safe and dry out of reach of the storm.

"Tan! Tan! Tan!"

When he opened the door, the little deer, whom he had treated and of whom he had often thought since then, was standing there in the rain, with the heron's plume, all wet and drooping, in her mouth.

"Here is something I have brought for you," the fawn explained.

But the hunter began to laugh.

The little deer went off home in great shame and sorrow. She thought the man had laughed in ridicule of her poor gift! So thereafter she went looking for a better, bigger feather to give her benefactor; and this time she found some plumes that were truly splendid ones; and she was careful to keep them clean and dry.

Again she went back, one night, to the hunter's cabin; and this time he did not laugh. He was a courteous, polite man; and he understood that, the other time, he had hurt his little friend's feelings by laughing at her. Instead, he now invited her indoors.

From that time on, the two became great friends. The fawn spent a great deal of her time collecting heron plumes, which the man sold for a large sum of money. And every time she came in with a feather, the hunter gave her a jar of honey.

Whole nights the two friends thus spent together, talking in front of the open fire, while the wind was howling outside; for the deer made her visits only in stormy weather when dogs would be sure not to be about. In a short time whenever the skies were dark and gave promise of a bad night, the hunter began to expect these visits. He would light a lamp, set a jar of honey on the table, take out a book and begin to read, waiting for the "Tan! Tan! Tan!" of the little deer, who remained his loyal friend all her life.

13. THE COURAGEOUS FLUTE-PLAYER

Book: *Fairy Tales From All Nations*

Author: Anthony R. Montalba

Origin: France

There lived once a merry musician, who played the flute in a masterly style, and earned his living by wandering about, and playing on his instrument in all the towns and villages he came

to. One evening he arrived at a farm-house, and resolved to stay there, as he could not reach the next village before night-fall. The farmer gave him a very friendly reception, made him sit down at his own table, and after supper requested him to play him an air on his flute. When the musician had finished, he looked out of the window, and saw by the light of the moon, at no great distance from the farm, an ancient castle, which was partly in ruins.

"What old castle is that?" said the musician; "and to whom did it belong?"

The farmer then related to him that many, many years ago, a count had dwelt there, who was very rich, but also very avaricious. He had been very harsh to his vassals, had never given any alms to the poor, and had finally died without heirs, as his avarice had deterred him from marrying. His nearest relations had then taken possession of the castle, but had not been able to discover any money whatsoever in it. It was, therefore, supposed that he must have buried the treasure, and that it must still be lying concealed in some part of the old castle. Many people had gone into the castle in hopes of finding the treasure, but no one had ever appeared again; and on this account the authorities of the village had forbidden any access to it, and had seriously warned all people throughout the country against going there.

The musician listened attentively, and when the farmer had finished his narration, he expressed the most ardent desire to go into the castle, for he had a brave heart, and knew not fear. The farmer, however, entreated him earnestly, even on his knees, to have regard for his young life, and not to enter the castle. But prayers and entreaties were vain: the musician was not to be shaken in his resolution. Two of the farmer's men were obliged to light a couple of lanterns and accompany the courageous musician to the old and dreaded castle. When he reached it, he sent them home again with one of the lanterns, and taking the other in his hand, he boldly ascended a long flight of steps. Arriving at the top, he found himself in a spacious hall, which had doors on all sides. He opened the first he came to, entered a chamber, and seated himself at an old-fashioned table, placed his light thereon, and began playing on his flute. Meanwhile, the farmer could not close his eyes all night, through anxiety for his fate, and often looked out of the window towards the tower, and rejoiced exceedingly when he heard each time his guest still making sweet music. But when, at length, the clock against the wall struck eleven, and the flute-playing ceased, he became dreadfully alarmed, believing no otherwise than that the ghost, or devil, or whoever it might be that inhabited the castle, had, doubtless, twisted the poor youth's neck. The musician, however, had continued playing without fear until he was tired, and at length finding himself hungry, as he had not eaten much at the farmer's, he walked up and down the room, and looked about him.

At last he spied a pot full of uncooked lentils, and on another table stood a vessel full of water, another full of salt, and a flask of wine. He quickly poured the water over the lentils, added the salt, made a fire in the stove, as there was plenty of wood by the side of it, and began to cook soup. Whilst the lentils were stewing, he emptied the flask of wine, and began playing again on his flute. As soon as the lentils were ready, he took them off the fire, shook them into the plate that stood ready on the table, and ate heartily. He then looked at his watch, and saw it was about eleven o'clock. At that moment the door suddenly flew open, and two tall men entered,

carrying on their shoulders a bier, on which lay a coffin. Without uttering a word, they placed the bier before the musician, who did not interrupt himself in his meal on account of them, and then they went out again at the same door, as silently as they had come in. As soon as they were gone the musician hastily rose from his seat, and uncovered the coffin. A little old and shriveled man, with gray hair and a gray beard, lay therein; but the young man felt no fear, and lifted him out of the coffin, placed him by the stove, and no sooner did the body become warm, than life returned to it. Then the musician became quite busy with the old man, gave him some of the lentils to eat, and even fed him as a mother does her child. At last the old man became quite animated, and said to him, "Follow me!"

The little old man led the way, and the young flutist, taking his lantern, followed without trepidation. They descended a long and dilapidated flight of steps, and at last arrived in a deep gloomy vault.

On the ground lay a great heap of money. Then the little man said to the youth, "Divide this heap for me into two equal portions; but mind that thou leave not anything over, for if thou dost I will deprive thee of life!"

The youth merely smiled in reply, and immediately began to count out the money upon two great tables, laying a piece alternately on each, and so in no long time he had separated the heap into two equal portions; but just at the last he found there was one coin over. After a moment's thought he drew out his pocket-knife, set the blade upon the coin, and striking it with a hammer that was lying there, cut the coin in half. When he had thrown one half on each of the heaps, the little man became joyous, and said: "Thou courageous man, thou hast released me! It is now already a hundred years that I have been doomed to watch my treasure, which I collected out of avarice, until someone should succeed in dividing the money into two equal portions. Not one of the many who have tried could do it; and I was obliged to strangle them all. One of the heaps of gold is thine; distribute the other among the poor. Thou happy man, thou hast released me!"

When he uttered these words, the little old man vanished. The youth, however, re-ascended the steps, and began again to play in the same chamber as before, merry tunes on his flute.

Rejoiced was the farmer when he again heard the notes; and with the earliest dawn he went to the castle and joyfully met the youth. The latter related to him the events of the night, and then descended to his treasure, with which he did as the little old man had commanded him. He caused, however, the old castle to be pulled down, and there soon stood a new one in its place, where the musician, now a rich man, took up his abode.

14. THE MOUNT OF THE GOLDEN QUEEN

Book: *The Swedish Fairy Book*

Editor: Clara Stroebe

Origin: Sweden

Once upon a time a lad who tended the cattle in the wood was eating his noon-tide meal in a clearing in the forest. As he was sitting there he saw a rat run into a juniper-bush. His curiosity led him to look for it; but as he bent over, down he went, head over heels, and fell asleep. And he dreamed that he was going to find the princess on the Mount of the Golden Queen; but that he did not know the way.

The following day he once more pastured his cattle in the wood, when he came to the same clearing, and again ate his dinner there. And again he saw the rat and went to look for it, and again when he bent down he went head over heels, and fell fast asleep. And again he dreamed of the princess on the Mount of the Golden Queen, and that in order to get her he would need seventy pounds of iron and a pair of iron shoes. He awoke and it was all a dream; but by now he had made up his mind to find the Mount of the Golden Queen, and he went home with his herd.

On the third day, when he led out his cattle, he could not reach the clearing of his happy dream too soon. Again the rat showed itself and when he went to look for it, he fell asleep as he had done each preceding day. And again he dreamed of the princess on the Mount of the Golden Queen, and that she came to him, and laid a letter and a band of gold in his pocket. Then he awoke and to his indescribable surprise, he found in his pocket both of the things of which he had dreamed, the letter and the band. Now he had no time to attend to the cattle any longer, but drove them straight home. Then he went into the stable, led out a horse, sold it, and bought seventy pounds of iron and a pair of iron shoes with the money. He made the thole-pins out of the iron, put on his iron shoes, and set forth.

For a time he traveled by land; but at last he came to the lake which he had to cross. He saw naught but water before and behind him, and rowing so long and steadily that he wore out one oar after another, he at length reached land, and a green meadow, where no trees grew. He walked all around the meadow, and at last found a mound of earth from which smoke was rising. When he looked more closely, out came a woman who was nine yards long. He asked her to tell him the way to the Mount of the Golden Queen. But she replied: "That I do not know. Go ask my sister, who is nine yards taller than I am, and who lives in an earth-mound which you can find without any trouble."

So he left her and came to a mound of earth that looked just like the first, and from which smoke was also rising. A woman at once came out who was tremendously tall, and of her he asked the way to the Mount of the Golden Queen. "That I do not know," she said. "Go ask my brother, who is nine yards taller than I am, and who lives in a hill a little further away."

So he came to the hill, from which smoke was also rising, and knocked. A man at once came out who was a veritable giant, for he was twenty-seven yards in length, and of him he asked the way to the Mount of the Golden Queen. Then the giant took a whistle and whistled in every direction, to call together all the animals to be found on the earth. And all the animals came from the woods, foremost among them a bear. The giant asked him about the Mount of the Golden Queen, but he knew nothing of it. Again the giant blew his whistle in every direction to call together all the fishes to be found in the waters. They came at once, and he asked them about the Mount of the Golden Queen; but they knew nothing of it. Once more the giant blew his whistle in every direction, and called together all the birds of the air. They came, and he asked the eagle about the Mount of the Golden Queen, and whether he knew where it might be. The eagle said: "Yes!" "Well then, take this lad there," said the giant "but do not treat him unkindly!" This the eagle promised, allowed the youth to seat himself on his back, and then off they were through the air, over fields and forests, hill and dale, and before long they were above the ocean, and could see nothing but sky and water.

Then the eagle dipped the youth in the ocean up to his ankles and asked: "Are you afraid?" "No," said the youth. Then the eagle flew for a while, and again dipped the youth into the water, up to his knees and said: "Are you afraid?" "Yes," answered the youth, "but the giant said you were not to treat me unkindly." "Are you really afraid?" asked the eagle once more. "Yes," answered the youth. And with that they had reached a large, high mountain on one side of which was a great iron door. They knocked, and a serving-maid appeared to open the door and admit them. The youth remained and was well received; but the eagle said farewell and flew back to his native land. The youth asked for a drink, and he was at once handed a beaker containing a refreshing draught. When he had emptied it and returned the beaker, he let the golden band drop into it.

And when the maid brought back the beaker to her mistress—who was the princess of the Mount of the Golden Queen—the latter looked into the beaker, and behold, there lay a golden band which she recognized as her own. So she asked: "Is there someone here?" and when the maid answered in the affirmative, the princess said: "Bid him come in!" And as soon as the youth entered she asked him if he chanced to have a letter. The youth drew out the letter he had received in so strange a manner, and gave it to the princess. And when she had read it she cried, full of joy: "Now I am delivered!" And at that very moment the mountain turned into a most handsome castle, with all sorts of precious things, servants, and every sort of convenience, each for its own purpose. (Whether the princess and the youth married the story does not say; yet we must take for granted that a wedding is the proper end for the fairy-tale).

15. THE ENCHANTED PIG

Book: *The Red Fairy Book*

Editor: Andrew Lang

Origin: Germany

Once upon a time there lived a King who had three daughters. Now it happened that he had to go out to battle, so he called his daughters and said to them:

'My dear children, I am obliged to go to the wars. The enemy is approaching us with a large army. It is a great grief to me to leave you all. During my absence take care of yourselves and be good girls; behave well and look after everything in the house. You may walk in the garden, and you may go into all the rooms in the palace, except the room at the back in the right-hand corner; into that you must not enter, for harm would befall you.'

'You may keep your mind easy, father,' they replied. 'We have never been disobedient to you. Go in peace, and may heaven give you a glorious victory!'

When everything was ready for his departure, the King gave them the keys of all the rooms and reminded them once more of what he had said. His daughters kissed his hands with tears in their eyes, and wished him prosperity, and he gave the eldest the keys.

Now when the girls found themselves alone they felt so sad and dull that they did not know what to do. So, to pass the time, they decided to work for part of the day, to read for part of the day, and to enjoy themselves in the garden for part of the day. As long as they did this all went well with them. But this happy state of things did not last long. Every day they grew more and more curious.

'Sisters,' said the eldest Princess, 'all day long we sew, spin, and read. There is no corner of the garden that we have not explored. We have been in all the rooms of our father's palace, and have admired the rich and beautiful furniture: why should not we go into the room that our father forbade us to enter?'

'Sister,' said the youngest, 'I cannot think how you can tempt us to break our father's command. When he told us not to go into that room he must have known what he was saying, and had a good reason for saying it.'

'Surely the sky won't fall about our heads if we *do* go in,' said the second Princess. 'Monsters that would devour us will not be hidden in the room. And how will our father ever find out that we have gone in?'

While they were speaking thus, encouraging each other, they had reached the room; the eldest fitted the key into the lock, and snap! The door stood open.

The three girls entered, and what do you think they saw?

The room was quite empty, and without any ornament, but in the middle stood a large table, with a gorgeous cloth, and on it lay a big open book.

Now the Princesses were curious to know what was written in the book, especially the eldest, and this is what she read:

'The eldest daughter of this King will marry a prince from the East.'

Then the second girl stepped forward, and turning over the page she read:

'The second daughter of this King will marry a prince from the West.'

The girls were delighted, and laughed and teased each other.

But the youngest Princess did not want to go near the table or to open the book. Her elder sisters however left her no peace, they dragged her up to the table, and in fear and trembling she turned over the page and read:

‘The youngest daughter of this King will be married to a pig from the North.’

Now if a thunderbolt had fallen upon her from heaven it would not have frightened her more.

She almost died of misery, and if her sisters had not held her up, she would have sunk to the ground and cut her head open.

When she came out of the fainting fit into which she had fallen in her terror, her sisters tried to comfort her, saying:

‘How can you believe such nonsense? When did it ever happen that a king’s daughter married a pig?’

‘What a baby you are!’ said the other sister; ‘has not our father enough soldiers to protect you, even if the disgusting creature did come to woo you?’

The youngest Princess would have let herself be convinced by her sisters’ words, and have believed what they said, but her heart was heavy

Besides, the thought weighed on her heart that she had been guilty of disobeying her father. She began to get quite ill, and in a few days she was so changed that it was difficult to recognise her; formerly she had been rosy and merry, now she was pale and nothing gave her any pleasure. She gave up playing with her sisters in the garden, ceased to gather flowers to put in her hair, and never sang when they sat together at their spinning and sewing.

In the meantime the King won a great victory, and having completely defeated and driven off the enemy, he hurried home to his daughters. Everyone went out to meet him and there was great rejoicing over his victorious return. The King’s first act on reaching home was to thank Heaven for the victory he had gained over the enemies who had risen against him. He then entered his palace, and the three Princesses stepped forward to meet him. His joy was great when he saw that they were all well, for the youngest did her best not to appear sad.

In spite of this, however, it was not long before the King noticed that his third daughter was getting very thin and sad-looking. And all of a sudden he felt as if a hot iron were entering his soul, for it flashed through his mind that she had disobeyed his word. He felt sure he was right; but to be quite certain he called his daughters to him, questioned them, and ordered them to speak the truth. They confessed everything, but took good care not to say which had led the other two into temptation.

The King was so distressed when he heard it that he was almost overcome by grief. But he took heart and tried to comfort his daughters, who looked frightened to death. He saw that what had happened had happened, and that a thousand words would not alter matters by a hair’s-breadth.

Well, these events had almost been forgotten when one fine day a prince from the East appeared at the Court and asked the King for the hand of his eldest daughter. The King gladly

gave his consent. A great wedding banquet was prepared, and after three days of feasting the happy pair were accompanied to the frontier with much ceremony and rejoicing.

After some time the same thing befell the second daughter, who was wooed and won by a prince from the West.

Now when the young Princess saw that everything fell out exactly as had been written in the book, she grew very sad. She refused to eat, and would not put on her fine clothes nor go out walking, and declared that she would rather die than become a laughing-stock to the world. But the King would not allow her to do anything so wrong, and he comforted her in all possible ways.

So the time passed, till lo and behold! One fine day an enormous pig from the North walked into the palace, and going straight up to the King said, 'Hail! oh King. May your life be as prosperous and bright as sunrise on a clear day!'

'I am glad to see you well, friend,' answered the King, 'but what wind has brought you hither?'

'I come a-wooing,' replied the Pig.

Now the King was astonished to hear so fine a speech from a Pig, and at once it occurred to him that something strange was the matter. He would gladly have turned the Pig's thoughts in another direction, as he did not wish to give him the Princess for a wife; but when he heard that the Court and the whole street were full of all the pigs in the world he saw that there was no escape, and that he must give his consent. The Pig was not satisfied with mere promises, but insisted that the wedding should take place within a week, and would not go away till the King had sworn a royal oath upon it.

The King then sent for his daughter, and advised her to submit to fate, as there was nothing else to be done. And he added:

'My child, the words and whole behavior of this Pig are quite unlike those of other pigs. I do not myself believe that he always was a pig. Depend upon it some magic or witchcraft has been at work. Obey him, and do everything that he wishes, and I feel sure that Heaven will shortly send you release.'

'If you wish me to do this, dear father, I will do it,' replied the girl.

After the marriage, the Pig and his bride set out for his home in one of the royal carriages. On the way they passed a great bog, and the Pig ordered the carriage to stop, and got out and rolled about in the mire till he was covered with mud from head to foot; then he got back into the carriage and told his wife to kiss him. What was the poor girl to do? She bethought herself of her father's words, and, pulling out her pocket handkerchief, she gently wiped the Pig's snout and kissed it.

By the time they reached the Pig's dwelling, which stood in a thick wood, it was quite dark. They sat down quietly for a little, as they were tired after their drive; then they had supper together, and lay down to rest. During the night the Princess noticed that the Pig had changed into a man. She was not a little surprised, but remembering her father's words, she took courage, determined to wait and see what would happen.

And now she noticed that every night the Pig became a man, and every morning he was changed into a Pig before she awoke. The Princess could not understand it at all. Clearly her husband must be bewitched. In time she grew quite fond of him, he was so kind and gentle.

One fine day as she was sitting alone she saw an old woman go past. She felt quite excited, as it was so long since she had seen a human being, and she called out to the old woman to come and talk to her. Among other things the woman told her that she understood all magic arts, and that she could foretell the future, and knew the healing powers of herbs and plants.

'I shall be grateful to you all my life, old dame,' said the Princess, 'if you will tell me what is the matter with my husband. Why is he a Pig by day and a human being by night?'

'I was just going to tell you that one thing, my dear, to show you what a good fortune-teller I am. If you like, I will give you a herb to break the spell.'

'If you will only give it to me,' said the Princess, 'I will give you anything you choose to ask for, for I cannot bear to see him in this state.'

'Here, then, my dear child,' said the witch, 'take this thread, but do not let him know about it, for if he did it would lose its healing power. At night, when he is asleep, you must get up very quietly, and fasten the thread round his left foot as firmly as possible; and you will see in the morning he will not have changed back into a Pig, but will still be a man. I do not want any reward. I shall be sufficiently repaid by knowing that you are happy.'

When the old woman had gone away the Princess hid the thread very carefully, and at night she got up quietly, and with a beating heart she bound the thread round her husband's foot. Just as she was pulling the knot tight there was a crack, and the thread broke, for it was rotten.

Her husband awoke with a start, and said to her, 'Unhappy woman, what have you done? Three days more and this unholy spell would have fallen from me, and now, who knows how long I may have to go about in this disgusting shape? I must leave you at once, and we shall not meet again until you have worn out three pairs of iron shoes and blunted a steel staff in your search for me.' So saying he disappeared.

Now, when the Princess was left alone she began to weep; but when she saw that her tears and groans did her no good, she got up, determined to go wherever fate should lead her.

On reaching a town, the first thing she did was to order three pairs of iron sandals and a steel staff, and having made these preparations for her journey, she set out in search of her husband. On and on she wandered over nine seas and across nine continents. At last, wearied with her long journey and worn out and overcome with sorrow, but still with hope at her heart, she reached a house.

Now who do you think lived there? The Moon.

The Princess knocked at the door, and begged to be let in that she might rest a little. The mother of the Moon, when she saw her sad plight, felt a great pity for her, and took her in and nursed and tended her. And while she was here the Princess had a little baby.

One day the mother of the Moon asked her:

'How was it possible for you, a mortal, to get hither to the house of the Moon?'

Then the poor Princess told her all that happened to her, and added 'I shall always be thankful to Heaven for leading me hither, and grateful to you that you took pity on me and on my baby, and did not leave us to die. Now I beg one last favor of you; can your daughter, the Moon, tell me where my husband is?'

'She cannot tell you that, my child,' replied the goddess, 'but, if you will travel towards the East until you reach the dwelling of the Sun, he may be able to tell you something.'

Then she gave the Princess a roast chicken to eat, and warned her to be very careful not to lose any of the bones, because they might be of great use to her.

When the Princess had thanked her once more for her hospitality and for her good advice, and had thrown away one pair of shoes that were worn out, and had put on a second pair, she tied up the chicken bones in a bundle, and taking her baby in her arms and her staff in her hand, she set out once more on her wanderings.

On and on and on she went. At length, wearied to death, she reached the palace in which the Sun lived. She knocked and begged for admission. The mother of the Sun opened the door, and was astonished at beholding a mortal from the distant earthly shores, and wept with pity when she heard of all she had suffered. Then, having promised to ask her son about the Princess's husband, she hid her in the cellar, so that the Sun might notice nothing on his return home, for he was always in a bad temper when he came in at night. The next day the Princess feared that things would not go well with her, for the Sun had noticed that some one from the other world had been in the palace. But his mother had soothed him with soft words, assuring him that this was not so. So the Princess took heart when she saw how kindly she was treated, and asked:

'But how in the world is it possible for the Sun to be angry? He is so beautiful and so good to mortals.'

'This is how it happens,' replied the Sun's mother. 'In the morning when he stands at the gates of paradise he is happy, and smiles on the whole world, but during the day he gets cross, because he sees all the evil deeds of men, and that is why his heat becomes so scorching; but in the evening he is both sad and angry, for he stands at the gates of death; that is his usual course. From there he comes back here.'

She then told the Princess that she had asked about her husband, but that her son had replied that he knew nothing about him, and that her only hope was to go and inquire of the Wind.

Before the Princess left the mother of the Sun gave her a roast chicken to eat, and advised her to take great care of the bones, which she did, wrapping them up in a bundle. She then threw away her second pair of shoes, which were quite worn out, and with her child on her arm and her staff in her hand, she set forth on her way to the Wind.

In these wanderings she met with even greater difficulties than before, but she kept a brave heart, and at length she reached an enormous cave in the side of a mountain. This was where the Wind lived. There was a little door in the railing in front of the cave, and here the Princess knocked and begged for admission. The mother of the Wind had pity on her and took her in, so that she might rest a little. Here too she was hidden away, so that the Wind might not notice her.

The next morning the mother of the Wind told her that her husband was living in a thick wood, so thick that no ax had been able to cut a way through it; here he had built himself a sort of house by placing trunks of trees together and here he lived alone, shunning human kind.

After the mother of the Wind had given the Princess a chicken to eat, and had warned her to take care of the bones, she advised her to go by the Milky Way, which at night lies across the sky, and to wander on till she reached her goal.

Having thanked the old woman with tears in her eyes for her hospitality, and for the good news she had given her, the Princess set out on her journey and rested neither night nor day, so great was her longing to see her husband again. On and on she walked until her last pair of shoes fell in pieces. So she threw them away and went on with bare feet, not heeding the bogs nor the thorns that wounded her, nor the stones that bruised her. At last she reached a beautiful green meadow on the edge of a wood and taking her child in her arms, and her bundle of chicken bones on her shoulder, she entered the wood.

For three days and three nights she struggled through it, but could find nothing. She was quite worn out with weariness and hunger, and even her staff was no further help to her, for in her many wanderings it had become quite blunted. She almost gave up in despair, but made one last great effort, and suddenly in a thicket she came upon the sort of house that the mother of the Wind had described. It had no windows, and the door was up on the roof. Round the house she went, in search of steps, but could find none. What was she to do? How was she to get in? She thought and thought, and tried in vain to climb up to the door. Then suddenly she be-thought her of the chicken bones that she had dragged all that weary way, and she said to herself: 'They would not all have told me to take such good care of these bones if they had not had some good reason for doing so. Perhaps now, in my hour of need, they may be of use to me.'

So she took the bones out of her bundle, and having thought for a moment, she placed the two ends together. To her surprise they stuck tight; then she added the other bones, till she had two long poles the height of the house; these she placed against the wall, at a distance of a yard from one another. Across them she placed the other bones, piece by piece, like the steps of a ladder. As soon as one step was finished she stood upon it and made the next one, and then the next, till she was close to the door. But just as she got near the top she noticed that there were no bones left for the last rung of the ladder. What was she to do? Without that last step the whole ladder was useless. She must have lost one of the bones. Then suddenly an idea came to her. Taking a knife she chopped off her little finger, and placing it on the last step, it stuck as the bones had done. The ladder was complete, and with her child on her arm she entered the door of the house. Here she found everything in perfect order. Having taken some food, she laid the child down to sleep in a trough that was on the floor, and sat down herself to rest.

When her husband, the Pig, came back to his house, he was startled by what he saw. At first he could not believe his eyes, and stared at the ladder of bones, and at the little finger on the top of it. He felt that some fresh magic must be at work, and in his terror he almost turned away from the house; but then a better idea came to him, and he changed himself into a dove, so that no witchcraft could have power over him, and flew into the room without touching the ladder.

Here he found a woman rocking a child. At the sight of her, looking so changed by all that she had suffered for his sake, his heart was moved by such love and longing and by so great a pity that he suddenly became a man.

The Princess stood up when she saw him, and her heartbeat with fear, for she did not know him. But when he had told her who he was, in her great joy she forgot all her sufferings, and they seemed as nothing to her. They sat down together and she told him all her adventures, and he wept with pity at the tale. And then he told her his own history.

'I am a King's son. Once when my father was fighting against some dragons, who were the scourge of our country, I slew the youngest dragon. His mother, who was a witch, cast a spell over me and changed me into a Pig. It was she who in the disguise of an old woman gave you the thread to bind round my foot. So that instead of the three days that had to run before the spell was broken, I was forced to remain a Pig for three more years. Now that we have suffered for each other, and have found each other again, let us forget the past.'

Then they set out to see her father. The old King nearly went out of his mind with joy at beholding his daughter again. When she had told him all her adventures, he said to her:

'Did not I tell you that I was quite sure that that creature who wooed and won you as his wife had not been born a Pig? You see, my child, how wise you were in doing what I told you.'

And as the King was old and had no heirs, he put them on the throne in his place. And they ruled as only kings rule who have suffered many things.
