ESTONIAN AND FOREIGN FAIRY-TALES

COMPOSED BY
E·MIHKELSON

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Creation

Grandfather lived high up in the heaven. He had created the Kalevs to use their advice, wisdom, and strength. The oldest of them was Vanemuine. He had created him old, with grey hair and a white beard, and had given him the wisdom of old age; but his heart was young and he had the ability to write poetry and to sing. Grandfather used his wise advice, and when sorrows darkened his forehead, Vanemuine played for Him his harp and sang His beloved songs. The second was Ilmarine, in best years and in manly strength, wisdom shone from his forehead and deep thoughts from his eyes. He had the ability of art. The third was Lämmeküne, a gay young man, full of good humour and always cheerful and ready for every naughtiness. The others, as Vibuane, a powerful bowman — are less important. They were all like brothers and Grandfather called them His children. Their residence was Kaljuvee or Kaljuvald.

Then Grandfather stepped to the Kalevs and said: "I have decided to create the world." The Kalevs looked at each other in astonishment and answered: "What you have decided in

your wisdom cannot be bad!" And when they slept He created the World, and when they woke up they rubbed their eyes and looked at His work in amazement. But Grandftther was tired of the creation and went to rest. Then Ilmarine took a piece of his best steel and hammered an arch out of it, spread it over the earth and fastened the silver stars and the moon to it. He took the light-giver from Grandfather's entrance-hall and put it so wonderfully on the arch that he rose and set himself. Full of joy Vanemuine seized his lute, started a song and jumped on the earth, followed by the singing-birds and where his dancing foot touched the ground the flowers sprang and where he sang sitting on a stone, the trees grew and the singing birds sat on their branches and sang together wit him. Lämmeküne rejoiced about the woods and hills, and Vibuane tried his skill on his bow. This noise awakened Grandfather and He wondered seeing the world changed. And He said to the Kalevs: "That is right, children. The world I created was a raw lump. It is your task to adorn it. I will fill the world with various animals and then I will create the man to govern the world. But I will create the man weak so that he cannot boast with his mightiness, and you have to be friendly with men that a race would arise that would not resign oneself so easily to the evil. But I will not, nor can I destroy evil, for this is the measure and stimulation of goodness."

Grandfather does not come to the earth Himself or interfere with the life there. But nobody can complain, that he is left alone, because Grandfather has blown His breath on everybody's forehead, so that everybody can avoid evil. But he who is surrendered by fate, is not to be blamed. Even nowadays fate walks with iron steps about the world and nobody is glad, whom his foot hits, and so many do not rise again.

The Song of Vanemuine

Men and animals had their language. Even nowadays there are people who know the language of animals and listen to their speech. But this language was for the use of everyday life. Now they were summoned together to a general meeting, where they had to learn the language of festivals, this is to learn to sing, in order to be gay and praise the gods. Then all who were alive and had a soul, came together on the Toom hill where the sacred oaks grew. A lovely rustle was to be heard in the air, and the singing-god Vanemuine descended to the earth. He put his locks in order, arranged his clothes and started to play his harp. First he played the prelude, then the hymn, which moved everybody and Vanemuine himself the most. All was quiet around them and everbody was listening very attentively. The river Emajôgi stopped its course, the wind forgot its hurry, the forest, the animals and birds listened and the fairies peeped between the trees.

But not everybody gathered there was able to understand all that. The trees remembered the rustle of the descending

god, and when you walk, in the sacred wood and hear the rustle of the leaves, then remember that the Deity is near you. The river Emajôgi remembered the rustle of his clothes and now every spring being glad about her new youth, she recalls the murmur she heard on that day. The wind remembered the highest tones. The singing birds remembered the prelude, first of all the nightingale and the lark. The worst happened to the fish: they stuck their heads out of the water but forgot their ears into water. So they saw the movements of his mouth and imitated that, but remained dumb. Only man understood everything and therefore his song goes to the bottom of the heart and up to the residence of gods.

And Vanemuine sang about the greatness of heaven and the magnificence of the earth, about the beauty of the banks of the river Emajôgi and about the happiness of mankind. And he was so much affected by his own song that he cried hot tears, which penetrated his six coats and seven shirts. Then he flew back to the residence of Grandfather to sing and play for him. Consecrated ears are able to hear distant sounds from above. And that the people on the earth would not forget the song, he sends his representatives to the earth even now. He himself will come once again to the earth, too, and then happiness will be dwelling on our meadows.

The King of the Fog-Hill

Once the children of a village who had to herd cattle, were gathered around a big bonfire as the night was very cold. Suddenly a smart little girl told that she would rather run, that would make her more warm than sitting by the fire. Saying so she ran away from the other children. The others laughed and thought that she would be back in a few minutes.

But the girl did not return. At dawn they started to look for her. They called but she did not answer. Then the children thought that she had gone back to the village. But she was not to be found at home either. Then the parents went into the woods to look for her. They wandered more than half the day from one place to the other without finding any trace of her. Now they were afraid that the wild animals in the forest had killed their child. With troubled hearts they returned in the evening.

The lost child had run a little when she came to a hill and saw a fire burning on it. That was all she was able to see in the thick fog. The child thought that shepherds had built the

fire and climbed up the hill and saw then that an old one-eyed man with a great grey beard was lying by the fire. The child was frightened and wanted to run away, but the old man had seen her already and called in a loud voice:

"Stop or I will throw this iron stick at you. Although I have but one eye this is so skilled that I never miss my aim."

The shivering child stopped. The old man asked her to come nearer but the girl dared not come. Then the old man rose, took her hand and asked her to warm herself by the fire. The girl was very much frightened. Then the old man took a piece of bread and gave it to the child. He knocked thrice with his iron stick and two beautiful girls stood at once beside the fire. After a little while the girls were playing together by the fire and the old man had closed his single eye as if he had fallen asleep.

When the dawn came, an old woman appeared and said: "To-day you must be our guest, and spend the night with our children. Then I will send you home."

Although the girl was very much frightened at first, she got used to the other children and they played happily together until the evening came and they were taken to bed.

Next morning a young woman came and said to the girl: "To-day you must go home. Your parents are in great sorrow. They think you are dead."

Speaking thus she held the child by the hand and walked out of the forest. There she said:

"You must not speak about what you saw and heard last night to anybody. Say only that you were lost!"

Then she gave her a silver pin and said:

"Whenever you want to visit us again, breathe on this pin and then you will find your way to us!"

The child put the pin into her pocket and going towards home she wondered what her parents would think about all that when she was not allowed to tell the truth.

In the village street two men passed and she did not know them. Her fatherhouse was changed, too. In the garden there were apple-trees she had never seen before and the house was new, too. Then a strange man came out of the house and said so that the girl heard it also:

"There is a strange girl in our yard."

It all seemed like a dream to the girl. She made a few steps and came to the door of the house. Close to the oven she saw her father sitting, and a strange woman and a young man were sitting beside him. Her father's beard and hair were quite grey. "Good morning, Father!" said the daughter, "where is my Mother?"

"Mother, Mother," repeated the strange woman. Is it the ghost of our lost daughter Tiiu, who died seven years ago?" Tiiu did not understand what they were talking about. Then the strange woman rose, rolled up Tiiu's sleave, until she saw a little scar on her arm and called out then caressing the girl: "Our Tiiu, our child, who was lost in the forest seven years ago!"

"That cannot be right," answered Tiiu, "I was away only one night and day, or may be two nights and two days."

Now there was much wondering on both sides. Tiiu understood now that she had been away much longer, as she was taller now than her mother and both her parents were much older. She would have liked to explain what she had seen but she remembered her promise.

At last she said that she was lost and lived among strange people.

The parents were so glad about finding their daughter again that they did not require further details about her absence.

But on the second evening when her father and mother had gone to bed, she took her pin and breathed on it. She was again on the hill by the fire and the old one-eyed man was there, too.

"Dear grand-dad," asked Tiiu, "tell me what has happened to me?

The old man laughed and said: "Talking is the business of women!" He knocked three times with his stick and the young woman who had shown Tiiu the way home appeared. She took her hand and said:

"As you did not talk anything at home, I will tell you a little more. The old man by the fire is the King of the Fog-Hill. The old woman you saw at the first night is the Fairy Queen and we are her daughters. I will give you now a more beautiful pin. When you want to see us, breathe on it. I cannot talk more now. Keep this a secret and you will hear more of us. Now go home before your parents get up."

In the morning Tiiu thought that she had only dreamed but the beautiful pin showed that her dream was true. The life in the village among people was so strange that she very often breathed on her pin and visited her friends on the Fog-Hill. During the day she was mostly sad and wished back the night and found no peace.

She had many suitors but was not willing to accept anyone of them. Before Christmas she married at last the young man whom she met when she first came back to her home. The son-in-law came to live with them as the parents were old already.

Next year a little daughter was born to Tiiu. She was a very beautiful child, but her mother's heart did not find peace. She longed for the Fog-Hill and would have gone there if she could have left her child alone.

When her daughter was seven years old she could not withstand her yearning any longer and breathed on the pin and was immediatly on the Fog-Hill. The daughters of the Fairy Queen came to meet her shouting for joy:

"Where have you been so long?" they asked.

Tiiu told weeping how it had been quite impossible to come although she longed for them.

"The King of the Fog-Hill has to help us," the daughters said and asked Tiiu to come back after two weeks and to take her little daughter with her. Tiiu promised to do so if it was possible.

When the time arrived for her departure, the child was sleeping so quietly beside her father that she had no heart to take her along and so she went alone again.

The King of the Fog-Hill was by the fire and when he saw Tiiu coming, he said:

"You have come here in an unlucky hour to-day without your child. This is the last night you can enjoy yourself, and then your suffering will begin."

Saying so, he knocked with his stick and the daughter of the Fairy Queen appeared at once and took Tiiu to their party. Meanwhile her husband at home awakened and when he did not find his wife he went out of doors to look for her. But even there the wife was not to be found. Now the husband was so angry that he did not go back to sleep any more but went at once to the village wizard and told him the story.

After a while the wizard said: "There is something wrong with your wife. And she has done it for a long time which you have not noticed until to-day. When she returns now you have to submit her to trial at once."

Arriving home he found his wife soundly sleeping by their child. But he did not awaken her or ask where she had been.

On advice of the wizard he went to the judges and told them his story.

So the wife was called before the judges and had to explain where she had been the night before and during the seven years in her childhood.

She could not give an answer but only repeated that her soul was innocent.

And as the judges could not find out the truth they declared that she was a criminal and was to be burnt as a bad witch. A large woodpile was built; on the top of it, the woman was tied and the wood was set on fire. But just when the wood started to flame, such a thick fog fell, that it was impossible to see anything. When the fog vanished later they saw that the wood had not caught fire but the woman had disappeared together with the fog. The King of the Fog-Hill had rescued her.

Tiiu's life was very pleasant with her friends on the Fog-Hill but her heart did not find peace. She yearned for her child.

"If my daughter were here," she often sighed, "then I could be really happy. Now half of my heart is always with my daughter down in the village and so half of my heart is always mourning."

The King of the Fog-Hill was able to read her secret thoughts and so one night he asked to bring the child from the village. Now both mother and child were happy. Her husband and the people in the village assumed that the wife had come in the night and had taken the child with her.

The man married the second time but their life was not a successful and happy one. The whole village was not getting on. The drought did much harm to the fields and pastures. The refreshing dew never fell during the night. The King of the Fog-Hill was angry with them. That was his revenge.

A Story of Kalevipoeg

The magic herb had diminished the power of Sarvik but he was still a mighty antagonist. They were struggling seven nights and seven days uninterruptedly without neither of them becoming the winner. The struggle was so vehement that the earth was quaking and the sea was foaming. But mother's shadow was watching her son. Seeing that Kalevipoeg was not able to conquer the demon, she took flax and whirled it ten times around her head and then cast it down on the floor. Son understood his mother's advice. He grasped Sarvik round his knees, lifted him up and whirled him in the air and then smote him on the earth. Then he put his knee on the chest of the conquered and tied him with a girdle. Now he dragged Sarvik into an iron chamber, chained him on the rocky walls. Before the door of the chamber a rock was rolled as big as a hut, so that Sarvik could not escape from hell any more. Although he cursed the hero, the latter did not pay any attention to it but went to the treasury filled four sacks with gold, tied them by pairs and threw them on his shoulder. Accompanied by the cursing of Hell-Mistress

he went over the iron bridge and arrived on the earth again. Before the cave Alevipoeg was sitting and waiting for his friend patiently, for Kalevipoeg was away for three weeks. Now Alevipoeg killed a big ox and got three casks full of blood and thousand tons full of meat and cooked food so that his tired friend could eat. They left for home only after three days and took the heavy sacks of gold with them.

Kalevipoeg himself lived in Lindanisa but he founded three more towns with the gold he had brought from hell. He took good care of his people. One day his friends came and advised him to marry as among the industrious girls in Kungla he would sure find one suitable for him. But Kalevipoeg answered that a house for his bride was not built yet.

The people lived in perfect happiness and enjoyed peace. Their ruler called his friends in order to feast and sacrifice to their gods. They sat at the table, drank beer and mead and brought offerings on the stone of Uku. A harp-player sat among the guests and sang of Taara's daughter who flew as a bluetailed Siuru-bird from north to south, and from the sun to the moon and on order of Taara she went to ask suitors for girls. They all were in a good mood and sang together and did not anticipate that the enemy was approaching.

Before dawn the messengers came and said that the enemy soldiers came from the east and south and menaced to finish the peaceful and happy life. The wizard from the north, Varrak, appeared also and told that he wanted to go home now and asked whether he could take the book with iron covers with him. This was the book in which all the wisdom of the ancient rulers was written down. There were also all the laws which were dearer than gold and silver.

Being not quite sober Kalevipoeg allowed Varrak to take the book. His friends forbade it and asked him to look first what was in it that his father had locked and hid it as a treasure.

But Kalevipoeg told them that he had to keep his promise. The book was in threefold chains behind three locks. Nobody knew where the key was kept and so the stone wall was broken and the book of wisdom was lifted on the wagon together with the stone to which it was fastened on was drawn to Varrak's ship, in addition to the gold he had got guiding them to the end of the world.

Other messengers came and announced that lots of enemy-soldiers had landed. Kalevipoeg told his guests to go to rest and he himself went to his father's grave. But all was quiet there and his father did not send him any message. Only a mournful wind whispered in the trees. Kalevipoeg returned home much troubled.

The Nightingale and The Rose

She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses", cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose." From her nest in the oak-tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little things happiness depends. I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose my life is made wretched."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale.

"Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not. Night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball to-morrow night," murmered the young Student, "and my love will be there. If I bring her a

red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the marked-place. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her," and he flung himself down on the grass and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale. "For a red rose!" they cried, "how very ridiculous!" and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright. But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it, she flew over to it, and sat upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered: "as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered, "as yellow as the hair of the mermaiden who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered, "as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wake in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?"

"There is a way," answered the Tree, „but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must sing to me, with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale," and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the blue-bells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blooms on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. Flame-coloured are his wings, and coloured like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense."

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered, "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got up, and pulled a notebook and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove, "that cannot be denied to her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not.

In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity is it that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good." And he went into his room, and lay down on his bed, and began to think of his love, and after a time, he fell asleep. And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the topmost spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal as song followed song. Pale was it at first, as the mist that hangs over the river, pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. As the shadow of a rose in a water-pool.

so was the Rose that blossomed on the topmost spray of the Tree.

But the tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn, "press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and maid.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bride-groom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's-blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that does not die in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat. Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo bore it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping

shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree, "the rose is finished now," but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

"Why, what a wonderful piece of look!" he cried, "here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name," and he leaned down and plucked it. Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway windig blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said that you would dance with me, if I brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it to-night next to your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you."

But the girl frowned.

"I am afraid, it will not go with my dress," she answered, "and besides, the Chamberlain's nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily, and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter and a cart-wheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "I tell you what you are: very rude and after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why I don't believe you have even got buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain's nephew has," and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing Love is," said the Student as he walked away. "It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove

anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics."

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

Spindle, Shuttle and Needle

At the edge of a village lived an orphan girl and her godmother. They were poor and lived in a tiny cottage, where they made a modest living by spinning, weaving and sewing. The godmother was not longer young and as the years flowed on, she became too old to work. At last she was even too old to live any longer, so she called the girl to her bedside and said: "Little treasure, I must go. I have no money to leave you, but you have our little cottage which will shield you from the wind and stormy weather. And you have also the spindle, the shuttle and the needle. These will always be your friends, and will help you to earn your bread and butter." After that the girl lived all alone in the cottage. She went on with her work as before and although she never became rich, she managed to keep poverty from her door.

Now it happened that at the time a charming Prince was roaming through the land in search of a bride. His father, the King, would not let him marry a poor girl, and as for the Prince himself, he did not care for rich girls. Said he: "If I

can find one who is both the poorest and the richest — that maiden shall be my Princess."

He soon became somewhat discouraged, for this combination was hard to find. Still he didn't give up, but wandered on and on. When he reached the village in which lived our little orphan girl, he asked, as he always did, who was the richest and poorest in that place. The villagers told him the name of the richest maiden — a proud haughty girl of high degree — and the poorest, said they, was an orphan lass who lived at the farthest edge of the village.

As soon as the rich girl heard that a charming Prince had arrived, she waited for him at her door, dressed in her Sunday best. When she saw him coming, she walked toward him with mincing steps, and dropped him a deep curtsy.

The Prince glanced at her and rode on without a word. "She's a beauty and she may be rich," he said to himself, "but she's not rich and poor. No, she won't do."

When he reached the tiny cottage at the farthest edge of the village, the little orphan lass was nowhere in sight. The Prince drew up his horse and looked in through the open window. There in the bright morning sunshine sat the girl spinning, spinning, spinning away. At last she happened to glance up from her work and when she saw the kind handsome face at her window, she blushed a rosy red, lowered her eyes, and went on spinning as though her young life depended on it. She was so flustered she hardly knew whether the thread was running evenly or not. She was too shy to look up again, so she spun on and on until the Prince had ridden away. Then she tiptoed to the window and gazed after him until the jaunty white plume in his hat was no more than a blur in the blue distance.

When she sat down to spin again, she felt strangely happy. Her heart was dancing and, without knowing it, she began

to sing a little song which her good godmother had taught her long ago:

Spindle, spindle, dance and roam;
Lead my lover to my home.

To her surprise the spindle obeyed! It sprang out of her hand, out of the door. As the girl jumped up and looked after it in wonder, she saw it dancing merrily over the meadow, trailing a shimmery golden thread after it as it went. Then it disappeared into the blue distance: she could see it no longer.

That was the end of the spinning, so she took her shuttle and started to weave instead.

In the meantime the spindle was dancing and prancing after the unsuspecting Prince and at last it caught up with him. The Prince gazed at it in amazement.

"What do I see?" he cried. "Can it be that the spindle wants to lead me somewhere? I will follow its thread and see what happens."

He turned his horse around and followed the thread back.

Of course the girl knew nothing about all this. She was sitting at her work, weaving busily. She still felt gay and light at heart, she knew not why and found herself singing the second part of the old song, her good godmother had taught her:

Shuttle, shuttle weave away;
Lead my lover back this day.

Suddenly the shuttle sprang out of her fingers and flew away, but so quickly that the girl could not see where it had gone. It darted out through the door and dropped upon the doorstep where all by itself, it began to weave a long narrow carpet. It was a marvelously beautiful one. On each side was a border of roses and lilies. Down the center, on a golden ground, was a pattern of green vines with rabbits darting here and there, deer peeping wide-eyed through the leaves, and brilliant birds perching on the branches. Those birds, they looked so natural

and gay, one almost expected them to sing; and everything looked as though it were growing by itself.

Back and forth leaped the shuttle, weaving wonders as it went, and all the time the carpet grew longer and longer.

The girl knew nothing of this. She thought her shuttle was lost so she sat down and began to sew instead. She still felt strangely happy and there was a song in her heart. Without realizing it, she sang it out loud:

Needle, needle, sharp and fine;
Tidy up this house of mine.

At that moment the needle sprang out of her fingers and flew about the room, here and there, in and out, back and forth. It was just as though fairy fingers were at work for, before the girl's astonished eyes, things were changing like magic. Rich green covers appeared, from nowhere and flung themselves over table, bench and bed; filmy curtains hung themselves airily over the windows. The chairs were suddenly soft and plushy, and a rich flowy-red rug rolled itself out over the bare floor. The girl was so entranced she could do nothing, but look on, wide-eyed and wondering. Hardly had the needle finished its final stitch, when the girl spied something through the window which made her heart thump. It was a faint white blur in the distance. It was bobbing up and down and was coming nearer and becoming clearer every minute. It was the Prince, being led by the shimmery thread to her very gate. He leaped from his horse and was now walking on the marvelous carpet — where that had come from, the girl could not tell; for the shuttle, having accomplished its masterpiece, now lay modestly beside the door step. When the Prince reached the door he was enchanted by what he saw. The young girl was standing there in her plain little dress, but everything about her glowed like a rose in a bush. He held out his hand to her, saying: "At last I have found you. Yes,

you are poor but you are also rich — rich in many things. Come with me, my dear, for you are to be my little Princess!" The girl blushed a rosy red. She said not a word, but she held out her little hand, and she was very happy. The Prince took her with him to his father's castle and made her his little Princess.

But her good friends, the spindle, the shuttle and the needle — what became of them? They were not left behind, but were given a place in the royal treasure chamber. Many a mortal came to see the spindle which had lured the Prince back, the shuttle which had led him to the door, and the needle which had made a palace out of a poor girl's home.

Doctor Know-It-All

Once there was a peasant and he was very poor. All he had in the world was a patch of woodland, a twowheeled cart and a pair of oxen to pull it. From time to time he chopped down some of his trees, cut them up into logs and carted them into the village. If he was lucky enough to find a buyer, he would sell the wood for two dollars a load. One day this peasant Fish (for that was his name) took his ox-cart full of wood to the village and sold it to a doctor. While Fish was standing at the open door waiting for his two dollars, a powerful smell of rich savory food reached his nostrils. Fish peeped in at the door. There was the doctor's dinner laid out on the table, all steaming and ready to eat: soup and roast, juicy vegetables, a frosted cake, and a dish of such luscious fruit as poor peasant Fish had never even laid eyes upon.

"Oh!" thought the poor man. "If I could only be a doctor too, and eat such heavenly dinners."

This set him thinking. After the doctor had given him the two dollars, the peasant lingered in the doorway, twirling his

cap this way and that, and at last he asked whether he might not learn to be a doctor too.

"Why not?" said the doctor. "It's easy enough."

"And how would one go about that, now?" asked Fish. "First of all," said the doctor, "you must sell your two oxen and the cart. With that money you must buy some fine clothes, also a few medicine bottles, pills and pellets, salts, salves and so on. Next you must get yourself a book — one of those ABC books will do, the kind with a rooster inside. And last of all, you must get a board with the words I AM DOCTOR KNOW-IT-ALL painted on it, and this you must nail over your door."

Fish did all this. Over his door hung the newly painted sign, in his room was a shelf full of medicine bottles, on his table was the ABC book, while he himself was so fine and grand he felt like someone new. With his spectacles, his long-tailed coat, his watch and pointed beard, he really looked as though he knew it all. He was ready to start, but day after day went by and nothing happened. There he sat among his salves and pills with not a thing to do.

At last someone came, and a lord no less. This lord had been robbed of a big sum of money, and when he saw the sign I AM DOCTOR KNOW-IT-ALL he said to himself: "That's just the fellow I wanted. If he really knows it all, he will surely know who has stolen my money."

He knocked at the door, and when Fish heard him, he straightened his spectacles, gave a pull at his watch chain, put on his tall hat but took it off again, and at last he opened the door.

"So you are Doctor Know-It-All," said the rich lord. "Oh yes," said Fish.

"I want you to find my stolen money," said the lord. "Can you come with me now to my palace?"

'Yes indeed," said Fish, "and my wife, Grètl — can come too?"

"Certainly," said the lord; so they all stepped into his coach and drove off.

It was the dinner hour when they reached the lord's palace, so he invited Fish and Gretl to join him. They all sat down at the table, and when the first servant came in with a dish of soup, Fish whispered to his wife; "Look, Gretl, that is the first."

He meant that this was the first course being served but the servant, who had overheard him, thought he meant this was the first thief who had stolen the lord's money. As he really was one of the thieves he became worried, and when he reached the kitchen he said to the other servants: "Things will go ill with us, now that this Doctor Know-It-All is around here. Just think! As soon as he set eyes on me, he told his wife I was the first thief."

The other servants gasped in alarm, and when the bell tinkled for the next course, the second servant hardly had the courage to go into the dining room. But what could he do? It was his turn to serve. He tried to look innocent as he entered with a dish of steaming food, but Fish leaned over to his wife and whispered: "See, Gretl, that's the second." He meant this was the second course but the servant thought that he himself was meant, and his knees knocked together as he rushed back to the kitchen. When the third servant came in with still another dish, it was the same. Fish medged his wife, whispering: "And that, Gretl, is the third."

The third servant, his hair standing on end, set the dish on the table and dashed into the kitchen as fast as he could. Luckily the lord had noticed nothing. He had been too busy thinking up some way of putting Doctor Know-It-All to the test, and now he said: "Doctor, here is the fourth servant

with a covered dish. If you really know it all, you should be able to guess what is in the dish."

Poor peasant Fish! How should he know what was in it? He looked and looked at the covered dish; and at last, seeing he was caught, he said: "Oh, you poor Fish. You're done for!"

As luck would have it, there was a fish in the dish and now the lord cried: "Well, well, Doctor, you've guessed it! Now I know you can find my stolen money too."

Poor peasant Fish! He was in a fix and no mistake about it. He was still racking his brains for something to say, when the fourth servant, who was just leaving the room, winked meaningly at him. Fish excused himself from the table and followed the servant into the kitchen. The servants, looking greatly frightened said: "Oh, Doctor, you told your wife we were the thieves who stole milord's money, and it's true. But we'll give it all back to him and we'll reward you besides, if you'll only promise not to tell on us."

Fish promised to keep their secret, and they showed him where the stolen money was hidden. When he returned to the dining room he cleared his throat and stroked his beard, saying: "Hm, hm! So you want to know what's become of your money, milord. Hm, Hm! Well, well! I'll have to consult my book about that."

He sat down and spread the ABC book on his knees. Then he put his spectacles on his nose; and, with an important air, he began to look for the picture of the rooster. Meanwhile the servants were curious to know whether the Doctor would really keep their secret, so the fifth servant was sent in to listen; he sneaked in on tip-toe and hid in the oven.

All this time, peasant Fish or Doctor Know-It-All (whichever you wish to call him) was still paging back and forth in his ABC book, but he couldn't find the picture of the rooster. At

last he lost his temper and shouted, "You, rascal! I know you're in there and I'll find you yet!"

The servant who was in hiding thought that he was meant. He jumped out of the oven, yelling, "Hulla! The man knows everything!"

Doctor Know-It-All, who had found the rooster at last, looked pleased closed his ABC book and cleared his throat again.

"Hm, hm!" he said. "Yes, well, well! And now as to your stolen money, milord. I can show you just it is."

He led the lord to the place where the servants had hidden the money saying: "You see, milord. Here it is, every penny of it."

The lord was pleased — so pleased, in fact, that he grabbed a big handful of gold, pressed it into Fish's hands and said: "Well done, my good Doctor, and my undying thanks to you. I will spread your fame far and wide."

This he did, too, and from that time on Fish and his good wife Gretl lived in wealth and ease, had plenty of good food to eat, and rode about in a fine carriage.

Rapunzel

In a little village lived a man and his wife. They had long wished for a child, and now at last they had reason to hope that their wish would be granted.

In their back-yard was a shed which looked out upon their neighbour's garden. Often the woman would stand and look at this garden, for it was well kept and flourishing, and had lovely flowers and luscious vegetables laid out in the most tempting manner. The garden was surrounded by a high stone wall but wall or no wall, there was not much danger of anyone entering it. This was because it belonged to Mother Gothel, who was a powerful witch and was feared in all the land.

One summer's day, as the witch's garden was at its very best, the woman was again gazing from the window of her little shed. She feasted her eyes on the gay array of flowers, and she looked longingly at the many kinds of vegetables which were growing there. Her mouth watered as her eyes traveled from the long, crisp beans to the fat, green peas, from the cucumbers to the crinkly lettuce; from the carrots to the

waving turnip tops. But when her glance fell upon a fine big bed of rampion (which in that country is called rapunzel) a strange feeling came over her. She had always been fond of rampion salad, and these plants in the witch's garden looked so fresh, so green, so tempting, that she felt she must have some, no matter what the cost.

But then she thought to herself: "It's no use. No one can ever get any of the witch's vegetables. I might as well forget about it."

Still, try as she would, she could not, could not forget. Every day she looked at the fresh green rampion, and every day her longing for it increased. She grew thinner and thinner, and began to look pale and miserable.

Her husband soon noticed this, and said: "Dear wife, what is the matter with you?"

"Oh," said she, "I have a strange desire for some of that rampion in Mother Gothel's garden, and unless I get some, I fear I shall die."

At this the husband became alarmed and as he loved her dearly, he said to himself: "Before you let your wife die, you'll get her some of those plants, no matter what the risk or cost."

Therefore, that evening at twilight, he climbed over the high wall and into the witch's garden. Quickly he dug up a handful of rampion plants and brought them to his ailing wife. She was overjoyed, and immediately made a big juicy salad which she ate with great relish, one might almost say with greed.

In fact she enjoyed it so much that, far from being satisfied, her desire for the forbidden vegetable had now increased threefold. And although she looked rosier and stronger after she had eaten the rampion salad, in a few days she became pale and frail once more.

There was nothing for the man to do but go over to the witch's garden again; and so he went, at twilight as before. He had reached the rampion patch and was about to reach out for the plants, when he stopped short, horrified. Before him stood the witch, old Mother Gothel herself!

"Oh, Mother Gothel," said the man, "please be merciful with me. I am not really a thief and have only done this to save a life. My wife saw your rampion from that window yonder, and now her longing for it is so strange and strong that I fear she will die if she cannot get some of it to eat."

At this the witch softened a little and said: "If it is as you say, I will let you take as many of the plants as are needed to make her healthy again. But only on one condition: when your first child is born, you must give it to me. I won't hurt it and will care for it like a mother."

The man had been so frightened that he hardly knew what he was doing, and so in his terror, he made this dreadful promise.

Soon after this, the wife became the mother of a beautiful baby-girl, and in a short time Mother Gothel came and claimed the child according to the man's promise. Neither the woman's tears nor the man's entreaties could make the witch change her mind. She lifted the baby out of its cradle and took it away with her. She called the girl Rapunzel after those very plants in her garden which had been the cause of so much trouble.

Rapunzel was a winsome child, with long luxuriant tresses, fine as spun gold. When she was twelve years old, the witch took her off to the woods and shut her up in a high tower. It had neither door nor staircase but at its very top was one tiny window. Whenever Mother Gothel came to visit the girl, she stood under this window and called:

Rapunzel, Rapunzel
Let down your hair.

As soon as Rapunzel heard this, she took her long braids, wound them once or twice around a hook outside the window, and let them fall twenty ells downward toward the ground. This made a ladder for the witch to climb, and in that way she reached the window at the top of the tower.
Thus it went for several years, and Rapunzel was lonely indeed, hidden away in the high tower.

*

One day a young Prince was riding through the forest when he heard faint music in the distance. That was Rapunzel, who was trying to lighten her solitude with the sound of her own sweet voice. The Prince followed the sound, but all he found was a tall, forbidding tower. He was eager to get a glimpse of the mysterious singer but he looked in vain for a door or stairway. He saw the little window at the top but could think of no way to get there. At last he rode away, but Rapunzel's sweet singing had touched his heart so deeply that he came back evening after evening and listened to it.
Once, as he was standing there as usual, well hidden by a tree — he saw a hideous hag come hobbling along. It was old Mother Gothel. She stopped at the foot of the tower and called:

Rapunzel, Rapunzel
Let down your hair.

Now a pair of golden-yellow braids tumbled down from the window. The old hag clung to them and climbed up, up, up, and into the tower window.

"Well!" thought the Prince. "If that is the ladder to the songbird's nest then I, too, must try my luck some day."
The next day at dusk, he went back to the tower, stood beneath it and called:

Rapunzel, Rapunzel
Let down your hair.

The marvelous tresses were lowered at once. The Prince climbed the silky golden ladder, and stepped through the tiny window up above.
Rapunzel had never seen a man, and at first she was alarmed at seeing this handsome youth enter her window. But the Prince looked at her with friendly eyes and said softly: "Don't be afraid. When I heard your sweet voice, my heart was touched so deeply that I could not rest until I had seen you."
At that Rapunzel lost fear and they talked happily together for a while. Then the Prince said: "Will you take me for your husband, and come away with me?"
At first Rapunzel hesitated. But the youth was so pleasant to behold and seemed so good and gentle besides, that she thought to herself: "I am sure he will be much kinder to me than Mother Gothel."
So she laid her little hand in his and said: "Yes, I will gladly go with you, but I don't know how I can get away from here. If you come every day, and bring each time a skein of silk, I will weave it into a long, strong ladder. When it is finished I will climb down on it, and then you can take me away on your horse. But come only in the evening," she added, "for the old witch always comes in the daytime."
Every day the Prince came and brought some silk. The ladder was getting longer and stronger, and was almost finished. The old witch guessed nothing, but one day Rapunzel forgot

herself and said: "How is it, Mother Gothel, that it takes you so long to climb up here, while the Prince can do it in just a minute — oh!"

"What?" cried the witch.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said the poor girl in great confusion.

"You wicked, wicked child!" cried the witch angrily. "What do I hear you say? I thought I had kept you safely hidden from all the world, and now you have deceived me!"

In her fury, she grabbed Rapunzel's golden hair, twirled it once or twice around her left hand, snatched a pair of scissors with her right, and ritsch, rotsch, the beautiful braids lay on the floor. And she was so heartless after this, that she dragged Rapunzel to a waste and desolate place, where the poor girl had to get along as best she could, living in sorrow and want.

*

On the evening of the very day in which Rapunzel had been banished, the old witch fastened Rapunzel's severed braids to the window hook, and there she sat in the tower and waited. When the Prince appeared with some silk, as was his wont, he called:

Rapunzel, Rapunzel
Let down your hair.

Swiftly Mother Gothel lowered the braids. The Prince climbed up as usual, but to his dismay he found, not his dear little Rapunzel, but the cruel witch who glared at him with angry, venomous looks.

"Aha!" she cried mockingly. "You have come to get your little wife. Well, the pretty bird is no longer in her nest, and she'll sing no more. The cat has taken her away, and in the

end that same cat will scratch out your eyes. Rapunzel is lost to you; you will never see her again!"

The Prince was beside himself with grief, and in his despair he leaped out of the tower window. He escaped with his life, but the thorny thicket, into which he fell, blinded him.

Now he wandered, sad and sightless, from place to place, ate only roots and berries, and could do nothing but weep and grieve for the loss of his dear wife.

So he wandered for a whole year in deepest misery until at last he chanced upon the desolate place whither Rapunzel had been banished. There she lived in wretchedness and woe with her baby twins — a boy and a girl — who had been born to her in the meantime.

As he drew near, he heard a sweet and sorrowful song. The voice was familiar to him and he hurried toward it.

When Rapunzel saw him, she flew into his arms and wept with joy. Two of her tears fell on the Prince's eyes — in a moment they were healed and he could see as well as before. Now they were happy indeed! The Prince took his songbird and the little twins too, and together they rode away to his kingdom. There they all lived happily for many a long year.

The Frog Prince

In the olden days when wishing was still of some use, there lived a King. He had several beautiful daughters, but the youngest was so fair that even the sun, who sees so many wonders, could not help marveling any time he looked into her face.

Near the King's palace lay a large dark forest and there, under an old linden tree, was a well. When the day was very warm, the little Princess would go off into this forest and sit at the rim of the cool well. There she would play with her golden ball, tossing it up and catching it deftly in her little hands. This was her favorite game and she never tired of it.

Now it happened one day that as the Princess tossed her golden ball into the air, it did not fall into her uplifted hands as usual. Instead, it fell to the ground, rolled to the rim of the well and into the water. Plunk, splash! The golden ball was gone. The well was deep and the Princess knew it. She felt sure she would never see her beautiful ball again, so she cried and cried and could not stop.

"What is the matter, little Princess?" said a voice behind her. "You are crying so that even a hard stone would have pity on you."

The little girl looked around and there she saw a frog. He was in the well and was stretching his fat ugly head out of the water.

"Oh, it's you — you old water-splasher!" said the girl. "I'm crying over my golden ball. It has fallen into the well."

"Oh, as to that," said the frog, „I can bring your ball back to you. But what will you give me if I do?"

"Whatever you wish, dear old frog," said the Princess. "I'll give you my dresses, my beads and all my jewelry — even the golden crown on my head."

The frog answered: "Your dresses, your beads and all your jewelry, even the golden crown on your head — I don't want them. But if you can find it in your heart to like me and take me for your playfellow, if you will let me sit beside you at the table, eat from your little golden plate and drink from your little golden cup, and if you are willing to let me sleep in your own little bed besides. If you promise me all this, little Princess, then I will gladly go down to the bottom of the well and bring back your golden ball."

"Oh yes," said the Princess, "I'll promise anything you say if you'll only bring back my golden ball to me." But to herself she thought: "What is the silly frog chattering about? He can only live in the water and croak with the other frogs; he could never be a playmate to a human being."

As soon as the frog had heard her promise, he disappeared into the well. Down, down, he sank; but he soon came up again, holding the golden ball in his mouth. He dropped it on the grass at the feet of the Princess who was wild with joy when she saw her favorite plaything once more. She picked

up the ball and skipped away with it, thinking no more about the little creature who had returned it to her.

"Wait! Wait!" cried the frog. "Take me with you, I can't run as fast as you."

But what good did it to him to scream his "quark! quark!" after her as loud as he could? She wouldn't listen to him but hurried home where she soon forgot the poor frog, who now had to go back into his well again.

The next evening, the Princess was eating her dinner at the royal table when — plitch plotch, plitch plotch — something came climbing up the stairs. When it reached the door, it knocked at the door and cried:

Youngest daughter of the King,
Open the door for me!

The Princess rose from the table and ran to see who was calling her. — When she opened the door, there sat the frog, wet and green and cold! Quickly she slammed the door and sat down at the table again, her heart beating loud and fast. The King could see well enough that she was frightened and worried, and he said: "My child what are you afraid of? Is there a giant out there who wants to carry you away?"

"Oh, no," said the Princess, "it's not a giant, but a horrid old frog!"

"And what does he want of you?" asked the King.

"Oh, dear father, as I was playing under the linden tree by the well, my golden ball fell into the water. And because I cried so hard, the frog brought it back to me, and because he insisted so much, I promised him that he could be my playmate. But I never, never thought that he would ever leave his well. Now he is out there and wants to come in and eat from my plate and drink from my cup and sleep in my little

bed. But I couldn't bear that, papa, he's so wet and ugly and his eyes bulge out!"

While she was talking, the frog knocked at the door once more and said:

Youngest daughter of the King,
Open the door for me.
Mind your words at the old well spring;
Open the door for me!

At that the King said: "If we make promises, daughter, we must keep them, so you had better go and open the door."

The Princess still did not want to do it but she had to obey. When she opened the door, the frog hopped in and followed her until she reached her chair. Then he sat there and said: "Lift me up beside you."

She hesitated — the frog was so cold and clammy — but her father looked at her sternly and said: "You must keep your promise."

After the frog was on her chair, he wanted to be put on the table. When he was there, he said: "Now shove your plate a little closer, so we can eat together like real playmates."

The Princess shuddered, but she had to do it. The frog enjoyed the meal and ate heartily, but the poor girl could not swallow a single bite. At last the frog said: "Now I've eaten enough and feel tired. Carry me to your room so I can go to sleep."

The Princess began to cry. It had been hard enough to touch the cold fat frog, and worse still to have him eat out of her plate, but to have him beside her in her little bed was more than she could bear.

"I want to go to bed," repeated the frog. "Take me there and tuck me in."

The Princess shuddered again and looked at her father, but he only said: "He helped you in your trouble. Is it fair to scorn him now?"

There was nothing for her to do but to pick up the creature — she did it with two fingers — and to carry him up into her room, where she dropped him in a corner on the floor, hoping he would be satisfied. But after she had gone to bed, she heard something she didn't like. Ploppety plop! Ploppety plop! It was the frog hopping across te floor, and when he reached her bed he said: "I am tired and the floor is too hard. I have as much right as you to sleep in a good soft bed. Lift me up or I will tell your father."

At this the Princess was bitterly angry but she picked him up and put him at the foot-end of her bed. There he stayed all night but when the dark was greying into daylight, the frog jumped down from the bed, out of the door and away, she knew not where.

The next night it was the same. The frog came back, knocked at the door and said:

Youngest daughter of the King,
Open the door for me.
Mind your words at the old well spring;
Open the door for me!

There was nothing for her to do but let him in. Again he ate out of her golden plate, sipped out of her golden cup, and again he slept at the foot-end of her bed. In the morning he went away as before.

The third night he came again. This time was not content to sleep at her feet.

"I want to sleep under your pillow," he said. "I think I'd like it better there."

The girl thought she would never be able to sleep with a horrid, damp, goggle-eyed frog under her pillow. She began to weep softly to herself and couldn't stop until at last she cried herself to sleep.

When the night was over and the morning sunlight burst in at the window, the frog crept out from under her pillow and hopped off the bed. But as soon as his feet touched the floor, something happened to him! In that moment he was no longer a cold, fat, goggle-eyed frog, but a young Prince with handsome friendly eyes!

"You see," he said, "I wasn't what I seemed to be! A wicked old woman bewitched me. No one but you could break the spell, little Princess, and I waited and waited at the well for you to help me."

The Princess was speechless with surprise but her eyes sparkled.

"And will you let me be your playmate now?" said the Prince, laughing. "Mind your words at the old well spring?"

At this the Princess laughed too, and they both ran out to play with the golden ball. For years they were the best of friends and the happiest of playmates, and it is not hard to guess, I'm sure, that when they were grown up, they were married and lived happily ever after.

Cinderella

A rich man had lost his wife and was left all alone with his little girl. Although they were lonely and sad, father and daughter lived together peacefully enough through the summer, the autumn, and the winter. But when spring came, the man married again, and from that time on, all was different for the little girl.

When the new wife arrived she brought two daughters of her own. These were as homely as they were haughty, and when they saw that the little girl outshone them in beauty, they took a great dislike to her and decided to get her out of the way.

"Why should the little fool be allowed to sit in the parlor with us?" said they. "If she wants food, let her work for it. All she's fit for is the kitchen. Out with her!"

They took away her pretty clothes and dressed her in drab rags and clumsy shoes. They shoved her into the kitchen and made her work very hard. She had to get up at dawn, build the fire, carry the water and take care of the cooking and washing besides. And that wasn't all. At night, after a hard

day's work the poor little thing had not even a bed to sleep in! The only way she could keep warm was to lie on the hearth among the ashes and cinders, and because of this she was now called Cinderella.

Now it happened one day that the father decided to go to the fair, so he asked his two stepdaughters what they would like to have him bring home for them.
"Beautiful dresses," said one.
"Jewels," said the other.
"And you, Cinderella?" asked the father. "What would you like to have?"
"Please bring me a fresh green hazel twig, papa — the first one which brushes your hat on the way home." At the fair the man bought rich gowns and sparkling jewels for his two step-daughters, and as he was riding home along a narrow woodland road, a little green hazel twig snapped against his hat and pushed it off.
"Well, well, I almost forgot!" said the father as he broke off the twig. "That's what little Cinderella asked for."
The two step-sisters were delighted with their gorgeous presents and were soon prancing before their mirrors, primping and preening themselves like the vain creatures they were. Cinderella was pleased, too, with her simple present. She took the hazel twig and planted it in the garden behind the house. She watered it every day: it grew and grew, and soon it was a little tree.
One day a dove came and made its home in the tree. It fluttered among the leafy branches, perched on the little twigs, and cooed softly. Cinderella loved the dove, for it was the only friend she had. She gave it crumbs and seeds, and the dove was grateful and sang: "Rookety goo, rookety goo."

One day there came news of a big party to be given at the royal palace. It was to last three days and nights and the King had invited all the young ladies in the kingdom, so that his son, a young and handsome Prince, might choose one of them for his future bride.

What a flurry there was in every household! All the maidens in the land were full of hope and excitement, and none more so than Cinderella's haughty step-sisters. They were determined to dazzle the Prince at all costs and were in a fever of preparation for weeks before the event.

At last the first day of the festival arrived and the two sisters began dressing for the big ball. It took them all afternoon, and when they had finished, they were worth looking at.

They were dressed in satin and silk. Their bustles were puffed, their bodices stuffed, their skirts were ruffled and tufted with bows; their sleeves were muffled with furbelows. They wore bells that tinkled, and glittering rings; and rubies and pearls and little birds' wings! They plastered their pimples and covered their scars with moons and stars and hearts. They powdered their hair, and piled it high with plumes and jeweled darts.

At the last minute Cinderella was called in to curl their hair, lace up their bodices and dust off their shoes. When the poor little girl heard they were going to a party at the King's palace, her eyes sparkled and she asked her stepmother whether she might not go too.

"You?" cried the step-mother. "You, all dusty and cindery, want to go to a party? You haven't even a dress to wear and you can't dance."

But Cinderella begged and begged until the stepmother, in order to get rid of her, said: "Very well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll toss a panful of peas into the ashes, and if you can

pick out all the good ones and get them back into the pan in two hours, you may go."

Cinderella knew she could never do all this alone, but she knew what no one else did — and what was that? She knew that her hazel tree had magic in it and that her little dove was a fairy dove. So she went out under the hazel tree and said softly:

Fairy dove — friend in the tree,
Birds that fly
In the sky,
Come and help me!

The dove replied: Rookety goo!

What can we do?

And Cinderella said:

The good peas in the pan
As fast as you can.
Please help me!

Down flew the dove, and down flew all the birds in the sky, and up and down went all their little heads as they picked up the peas.

"Pick, peck! Pick, peck!" went the birds, and soon every good pea was out of the ashes and back in the pan. The birds flew away and Cinderella hurried off to show the pan full of peas to her step-mother.

When she saw this, the step-mother was astonished and angry, and she said crossly: "All the same, you can't go. You have no dress, and you can't dance with those clumsy feet of yours."

Tears rolled down Cinderella's cheeks, and she begged and begged until her step-mother said: "Very well, I'll give you

another chance. This time you'll have to clean two pans full of peas and I'll give you only one hour to do it." And she walked off, muttering: "That ought to keep her busy until we're well on our way." Again Cinderella stood under her hazel tree and said softly:

Fairy dove — friend in the tree,
Birds that fly
In the sky,
Come and help me!

And then everything happened as before. The fairy dove and all the birds in the sky flew down, and in less than an our the ashes were picked clean and the two pans were heaped high with peas.

Cinderella took them to her step-mother and said: "Now may I go?"

The step-mother flew into a rage and cried: "Don't be a fool! You have no dress to wear, and you could never dance in those clumsy clodhoppers of yours. You would disgrace us all."

With this she turned her back on the poor little girl and rustled off to the party with her two haughty daughters.

Cinderella did not mope and cry as you might suppose. Instead, she suddenly became very busy. She brushed the ashes out of her hair and combed it until it floated around her face like a golden cloud. Then she scrubbed and scoured herself until she was radiantly clean. No one would ever have guessed that she was only a poor little kitchen drudge who had to sleep among the ashes and cinders! Now she ran out and stood under her hazel tree. As she looked up into the leafy branches she said:

Shake yourself, my little tree,
Shower shiny clothes on me.

There was a wish and a whirr in the branches above, and in that moment Cinderella's rags disappeared and a shimmery silken dress fell over her instead. Her wooden shoes were gone, too, and on her feet were two tiny golden slippers. In her fluffy hair nestled a diamond star which sparkled in all the colors of the rainbow. Now Cinderella felt festive and gay, and she hurried off in high spirits to the party. When she appeared at the palace, she looked so rich and radiant that no one knew her, not even the step-mother and her haughty daughters.

As for the Prince, he had eyes for no one else from that moment on. He took her by the hand and did not leave her side all evening. Whenever anyone else wished to dance with her he always said: "No, she is my little dancer."

Cinderella was very happy, but she knew this happiness could not last long. The dove had warned her that all her lovely clothes would disappear at the stroke of midnight — and so, at a quarter of twelve, Cinderella was suddenly nowhere to be seen. When the Prince saw that she had disappeared, he looked frantically all over the palace, but he could find no trance of her anywhere.

In the meantime his little dancer had reached her own backyard. As she passed her hazel tree the clock struck twelve. Her shimmery clothes vanished, her tattered rags fell down upon her; and there she was, clumping into the house in her old wooden shoes. Once more she was only Cinderella, the poor little kitchen drudge!

Shivering in her rags, she lay down among the ashes and cinders as usual, but she was too excited to sleep. When the stepmother and her haughty daughters returned, Cinderella was still wide awake, and could hear them talking among themselves in the next room. "That mysterious little beauty,"

said the step-mother, "who can she be, and why did she vanish so suddenly?"
"No one knows," said the first step-sister. "But I, for one, was glad she went. No one else has a chance with her around."
"Yes, I agree with you," said the second step-sister. "All the same I do wonder where she came from?"
Little did they know that the maid of mystery had come from their home, and was at that very moment lying in rags and tatters among the cinders of their own hearthstone!

The next day everything happened as it had before. The step-mother and her haughty daughters bedecked themselves in frills and furbelows and went, rustling and tinkling, to the ball.
Again Cinderella's tree showered shimmery clothes on her, only this time they were even more beautiful than before. As soon as she appeared at the palace, all eyes were upon her. The two step-sisters made wry faces, but the Prince rushed joyfully to Cinderella's side and would not leave her all evening. Whenever any one else wished to dance with her, he said: "No, she is my little dancer."
He was wildly happy, but to his dismay she gave him the slip again just before midnight. This time he saw her just as she was making her escape through the door. He ran after her, but she knew the way to her home, and he didn't. He often lost sight of her as she flitted in and out among the dark streets, but he kept on. He caught a glimpse of her as she turned into her own back-yard, but it was so dark that he could not tell where she went after that. She had ducked in among the bushes and had reached her hazel tree at the stroke of twelve. Her beautiful clothes vanished, and when the Prince reached the tree, all he saw was a tuttered little

figure clumping into the house in wooden shoes. How could he guess that this was his dainty little dancer?
"But she ran into this yard, I saw her!" he said to himself. "She must be hiding here in the garden."
He searched every corner of the yard, parted every bush, and peered into every flower-bed, but of course his little dancer was not there. At last he went home, shaking his head sadly.
"But tomorrow it will be different," he said; "I'll see to it that she can't get away."

On the third evening, after the step-mother and her two haughty daughters had again gone off, rustling and tinkling, to the party, Cinderella stood under her magic tree as usual, and said:

Shake yourself, my little tree,
Shower shiny clothes on me.

She had no sooner said this, when a dress fluttered down on her: a dress so heavenly fair that it must have been spun out of angels' dreams. A tiny crown, sparkling like a thousand dew drops, floated down and nestled in her hair, and two little golden slippers, set with dancing diamonds, fitted themselves neatly around her feet. But all these beauties were as nothing compared to her own winsome face, her modest hair, and her graceful birdlike ways.
When she entered the palace, a hush fell over the hall; and the Prince, completely bewitched, dropped on one knee before her and kissed her hand. He would not leave her side all evening, and he smiled at her so happily and danced with her so gayly that Cinderella, blissful beyond words, almost forgot about the time. It was just one minute of twelve when she deftly drew her fingers out of the Prince's hand, ducked in among the many guests, and dashed away down the wide staircase which led to the street.

But the Prince, determined not to lose her again, had ordered the staircase to be painted with pitch, and as Cinderella skipped swiftly down the steps, one of her golden slippers sank into the pitch and struck there! There was no time to spare, and Cinderella had to run off without the slipper.

At that moment, too, the clock struck twelve, her beautiful clothes vanished in a twinkling, and there she was, running down the stairs in rags and tatters. She had only just made her way through the big door when the Prince came tearing along, distracted and breathless. The guard, who had been half dozing, was rubbing his eyes.

"Have you seen my sweet little Princess?" cried the Prince.

"Princess?" said the guard. "Oh no, Your Highness."

"Has no one passed by here — no one?"

"Only a little beggar girl, Your Highness," answered the guard. "She was running for her life, but why, I don't know."

The Prince looked crestfallen and was about to turn back, when he spied the little golden slipper, caught in the strip of sticky pitch on the stairway. He picked it up, marveling at its dainty trimness. His eyes brightened. "tis true she got away from me," he said, "but I shall search until I find her, and this dear little slipper shall show me the way!"

Early the next morning he went to Cinderella's home and said to the step-mother: "I saw my little dancer disappear into your garden the other night — does she live here?"

The step-mother beamed with pleasure and her haughty daughters smirked and blushed with new hope.

"Here is something she lost last night," continued the Prince, as he drew the dainty little slipper from his pocket, and only she who belongs to it can be my bride."

The oldest sister tried it on first. Her foot was narrow but too long. She had to nip off a bit of her big toe to get it in, but she

didn't care — it would be worth it to be a Princess for the rest of her life!

When the Prince saw her waring the slipper, he thought she must be the right girl, so he lifted her on his horse and started off with her to his palace. But as they passed the hazel tree, Cinderella's fairy dove called out:

Dee rookety goo
Just look at that shoe!

The Prince glanced down at the oldest sister's foot, and now he saw a little blood trickling out of the golden slipper. When he asked her to walk on it she could only hobble.

The Prince saw that he had made a mistake. He took her back and gave the second step-sister a chance. Her heel was too fat, so she had to nip off a little bit of it, but she didn't care. What was a little pain now, compared to the glory of being a Princess forever after? She squeezed her foot into the slipper, and the Prince lifted her on his horse, and started off. But as they passed the hazel tree, Cinderella's fairy dove called out:

Dee rookety goo
Just look at that shoe!

As the Prince glanced down he saw that the second sister's foot was fairly bulging out of the tiny golden slipper and that a few drops of blood were trickling out at the heel. When he asked her to walk on it, she could only hobble.

So he took her back home and said to the step-mother: „Is there another daughter in the house?"

"No, Your Highness," said the step-mother.

"No other girl?" said the Prince. "There must be! I saw one go into this house two nights ago."

"No, no," said the step-mother, "nobody but a clumsy little kitchen maid. It wouldn't be she — I'm sure of that."

"Let me see her," said the Prince.
"Oh, no, she's far too wretched and ragged to bee seen by a Prince."
"Bring her out! It is my command!" said the Prince, and he looket at her so sternly that she had to obey.
Cinderella, in the kitchen, had heard all this, and had lost no time. She had washed and scoured herself and brushed the ashes out of her hair. As she entered, she lowered her head modestly, dropped a little curtsy and sat down on the chair which the Prince held out for her. She pulled off her clumsy wooden shoe, held out her trim little foot and slipped it easily into the tiny golden slipper which the Prince was holding in his hand.
Now she raised her head shyly, and when the Prince saw her fair face and looked into her kind starry eyes, he cried: "How could I ever have been mistaken! This is my own, my true little Princess indeed!"
At that moment, there was a whish and a whirr. No one knew how it happened, but Cinderella's rags had vanished and she was arrayed once more in her shimmery party attire.
The step-mother and her two daughters were speechless with astonishment and fury. The Prince left them, snarling and sputtering among themselves and walked out hand in hand with Cinderella. He lifted her beside him on his horse, and the young pair rode away happily through the garden. As they passed the hazel tree, the dove cooed:

Rookety rookety goo,
She is the bride for you!

It fluttered down and nestled in Cinderella's shoulder, and so all three — the Prince, his Princess and her fairy dove — rode away, far, far away to a charming castle on a hill where they had a long and happy life together.

The Fishersman and his Wife

There was once a fisherman and his wife. They lived together in a vinegar jug close by the sea, and the fisherman went there every day and fished: and he fished and he fished.

So he sat there one day at his fishing and always looked into the clear water: and he sat and he sat.

Then down went the hook, deep down, and when he pulled it up there he had a big golden fish. And the fish said to him: "Listen, fisher, I beg of you, let me live. I am not a real fish, I am an enchanted Prince. How would it help you if you killed me? I wouldn't taste good to you anyway — put me back into the water and let me swim."

"Nu," said the man, "you needn't make so many words about it. A fish that can talk — I would surely have let him swim anyway."

With that he put him back into the clear water, and the fish went down and left a long streak of blood after him. And the fisher got up and went home to his wife in the vinegar jug.

"Husband," said the wife, "haven't you caught anything today?"
"Nay," said the man. "I caught a golden fish who said he was an enchanted Prince. So I let him swim again."
"But didn't you wish yourself something?" asked the wife.
"Nay," said the man. "What could I have wished?"
"Ach!" said the wife. "Here we live in a vinegar jug that smells so sour and is so dark: you could have wished us a little hut. Go there now and tell him — tell him we want a little hut. He will do that, surely."
"Ach!" said he man. "Why should I go there."
"Ei!" said the wife. "After all, you caught him and let him swim again, didn't you? He will do that surely, go right there."
The man still didn't want to go, but he did not want to go against his wife's wishes either, and so he went off to the sea. As he came there, the sea was all green and yellow and not at all so clear any more. So he went and stood and said:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

Now the fish came swimming along and said: "Nu, what does she want then?"
"Ach!" said the man. "After all, I caught you and let you go. Now my wife says I should really have wished myself something. She doesn't want to live in the vinegar jug any more; she would dearly like to have a hut."
"Go there," said the fish. "She has that now."
So the man went home and his wife wasn't sitting in the vinegar jug any more, but there stood a little hut and she was

sitting in front of it on a bench. She took his hand and said to him: "Just come in. See, now isn't that much better?"
So they went in, and in the hut was a little hall and a parlor also a sleeping room in which stood their bed. And a kitchen and dining room, with the best of utensils laid out in the nicest way: pewter and brassware and all that belonged there. In back of the hut was a little yard with chickens and ducks, and a garden with vegetables and fruit.
"See," said the wife, "isn't that neat?"
"Yes," said the man, "and so let it be. Now we will live right contentedly."
"Nu, we'll think about that," said the wife.
With that they ate something and went to bed.

So that went on for about eight or fourteen days, when the wife said: "Listen, man, the hut is much too small, and the yard and garden are so tiny. The fish might really have given us a bigger house. I want to live in a stone mansion. Go to the fish, he must give us a mansion."
"Ach, wife," said the man. "The hut is good enough — why should we want to live in a mansion?"
"Go there," said the wife. "The fish can easily do that much."
"Nay, wife," said the man, "The fish has already given us the hut. I don't want to go there again; it might displease the fish."
"Go," said the wife. "He can do that right well and will do it gladly; you just go there."
The man's heart became heavy and he didn't want to go. He said to himself: "That is not right," but he went there anyway.
When he came to the sea, the water was all purple and gray and thick, and not green and yellow any more. But it was still quiet. So he went and stood and said:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.
"Ach!" said the man. "She wants to live in a big stone mansion."
"Go there then," said the fish, "she is standing in front of the door."
So the men left and thought he would go home, but when he reached it, there was a big stone mansion, and his wife was standing on the steps, just ready to go in. She took him by the hand and said; "Just come inside."
That he did, and in the mansion was a big hall with marble floors, and there were so many many servants, and they tore open the big doors. The walls were all bright, and covered with fine tapestries, and the rooms were full of golden chairs and tables. Crystal chandeliers hung from the ceilings, all the parlors and chambers were covered with carpets, and food and the best of wines stood on the tables so that they were ready to break.
In back of the mansion was a big courtyard with horse and cow stables, and carriages of the very best. Also there was a marvelous big garden with the most beautiful flowers and fine fruit trees. And a park at least a half a mile long — in it were stags and deer and rabbits and all that one could ever wish for oneself. "See?" said the wife, "isn't that beautiful?"
"Oh yes," said the man, "and so let it be. Now we will live in the beautiful mansion and be well satisfied."
"Nu we'll think that over and sleep on it," said the wife.
With that they went to bed.

The next morning the wife woke up first. It was just daybreak, and she saw from her bed the wonderful land lying before her. The man was still sleeping, so she nudged him in his side with her elbow and said: "Man, get up and just look out of the window. See? Couldn't one become King over that land? Go to the fish — we want to be King."

"Ach, wife," said the man. "Why should we want to be King? I don't want to be King."

"Nu," said the wife, "if you don't want to be King, I want to be King. Go to the fish and tell him I want to be King."

"Ach, wife!" said the man, "that I don't want to tell the fish."

"Why not?" said the wife. "Go right straight there. I must be King!"

So the man went there and was right dismayed. "That is not right and is not right," he thought. He did not want to go but he went anyway. And as he came to the shore, there it was all blackish grey and the water foamed up from the bottom and it smelled all rotten. So he went and stood and said:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.

"Ach!" said the man. "She wants to be King."

"Go there then — she is all that," said the fish.

So the man went, and when he came to the mansion it had become a big castle. It had a high tower with wonderful trimmings on it, and a sentry stood before the door, and there were so many many soldiers, with drums and trumpets! And as he came into the castle, he found that everything was made of marble and gold, with velvet covers and big golden tassels. Then the doors of the hall opened. There was all the

court, and his wife sat on a high throne of gold and diamonds. She had a crown of pure gold on her head, and a scepter of gold and jewels in her hand. On both sides of her stood six maidens in a row, each always one head smaller than the other.

So he went and stood there and said: "Oh, wife, are you now King?"

"Yes," said the wife, "now I am King."

So he stood there and looked at her, and when he had looked at her like that for a while, he said: "Ach, wife, how nice it is that you are King! Now we have nothing more to wish for."

"Nay, man," said the wife and looked all restless. "There isn't enough to do. To me the time seems so long — I can't stand that any more. Go there to the fish. King I am, now I must also become Emperor."

"Ach wife!" said the man. "Why should you want to be Emperor?"

"Man," said she, „go to the fish. I want to be Emperor!"

"Ach wife!" said the man. "I don't want to tell that to the fish. He can't make an Emperor — that he cannot and cannot do."

"What!" said the wife. "I am King and you are my man. Will you go there right away? If he can make a King, he can make an Emperor. I want and want to be Emperor. Go there right now!"

So he had to go, but he became all scared. And as he went along like that, he thought to himself: "That doesn't and doesn't go right. Emperor is too much to ask for — the fish will get tired in the end."

With that he came to the sea. It was all black and thick, and began to ferment so that it made bubbles, and such a wild wind blew over it that the man was horrified. So he went and stood and said:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.
"Ach, fish!" said the man, "she wants to be Emperor."
"Go there then," said the fish. "She is all that."
So the man went, and when he came there, the whole castle was made of polished marble with alabaster statues and golden decorations. In front of the door soldiers were marching, and they blew their trumpets and beat their drums and kettle drums. In the castle, barons and earls and dukes were walking around as servants: they opened the doors for him which were of pure gold. And when he came inside, there sat his wife on a throne which was made all of one piece of gold and was about two miles high. She wore a big golden crown which was three ells high and was set with brilliants and carbuncles. In one hand she held the scepter and in the other hand she had the imperial globe. On both sides of the throne stood the gentlemen — at arms in two rows, one always smaller than the next: from the biggest giant who was two miles high, to the smallest dwarf who was only as big as my little finger. And in front of her stood so many Princes and Kings!
So the man went and stood and said: "Wife, are you now Emperor?"
"Yes," said she, "I am Emperor."
So he stood there and looked at her right well, and after he had looked at her like that for a while, he said: "Ach wife, how nice it is now that you are Emperor."
"Man!" she said. "Why are you standing there like that? I am Emperor but now I want to become Pope. Go to the fish."
"Ach wife!" said the man. "What do you ask of me? You

can't become Pope. There is only one Pope in Christendom, surely the fish can't make that."
"Man," said she, "I want to be Pope. Go right there. Even today I must become Pope."
"Nay, wife," said the man, "that I don't want to tell him; that won't go right, that is too much. The fish can't make you a Pope."
"Man, what chatter!" said the wife. "If he can make an Emperor and you are my man — will you go there now?"
At that he was frightened and went there; but he felt all faint, and shook and quaked, and his knees and calves became flabby. And now such a big wind blew over the land, and the clouds flew so that it grew as dark as though it were evening. The leaves blew from the trees, the water splashed against the shore, and worked and churned as though it were boiling. And far away he saw the ships; they were in trouble, and tossed and leaped on the billows. The sky was still a little blue in the middle, but at the sides it was coming up right red as in a heavy storm.
So he went there in despair, and stood in terror and said:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee,
Fishye, Fishye in the sea,
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.
"Ach, fish," said the man, "she wants to be Pope."
"Go there then," said the fish. "She is that now."

So he went, and when he came home, it was like a big church with palaces all around it. There he pushed his way through the crowd: inside everything was lit up with thousands and thousands of candles. His wife was dressed in pure gold and

sat on an even higher throne than before and now she wore three big golden crowns, and all around her there was so much pomp and grandeur! On both sides of her, there stood two rows of candles: from the tallest, as thick as a tower, down to the smallest kitchen candle. And all the Emperors and Kings were down before her on their knees.

"Wife," said the man, and looked at her right well, "are you now Pope?"

"Yes," said she, "I am Pope."

So he went and stood and looked at her, and it was just as though he looked at the sun. After he had looked at her for a while, he said: "Ach wife, how nice it is now that you are Pope."

But she sat there stiff as a tree and did not stir or move herself. Then he said: "Well, wife, now that you are Pope you will have to be satisfied. You can't become anything more."

"That I will think over," said the wife.

With that they went to bed, but the wife was not satisfied, and her greediness did not let her sleep. She was always wondering what else she could become.

The man slept right well and soundly — he had done much running that day — but the wife could not sleep and tossed herself from one side to the other all through the night and wondered what else she could become, but could think of nothing higher.

With that the sun began to rise, and as she saw the rosy dawn she leaned over one end of the bed and looked out of the window. And when she saw the sun coming up: "Ha!" she thought, "couldn't I, too, make the sun and moon go up?"

"Man," she said, and poked him in the ribs with her elbow, "wake up, and go there to the fish. I want to be like God."

The man was still half asleep but he was so alarmed by this, that he fell out of bed. He thought he had not heard aright and rubbed his eyes and said: "Ach, wife, what are you saying?"

"Man," said she, "if I can't make the sun and moon rise and have to sit here and see that the sun and moon are going up, I can't stand that, and I won't have a peaceful moment until I can make them go up myself."

Then she looked at him in such a horrible way that a shudder ran over him.

"Go right there," she said, "I want to be like God."

"Ach wife," said the man, and fell before her on his knees. "That the fish can't do. Emperor and Pope he can make. I beg of you, be satisfied and stay Pope."

At that she became furious and her hair flew wildly about her head. She lifted up her tunic and gave him a kick with her foot and screamed, "I can't stand it and I can't stand it any longer! Will you go?"

So he pulled on his trousers and ran away as though he were mad. But outside there was a storm and it raged so that he could hardly stay on his feet. The houses and the trees blew over and the mountains quaked. The big rocks broke off and rolled into the sea, and the sky was pitch black, and it thundered and lightened, and the sea went up into big black waves as high as church towers and mountains, and they all had a white crown of foam on their tops. So he screamed out and could hardly hear his own voice:

Manye, Manye, Timpie Tee!
Fishye, Fishye in the sea!
Ilsebill my wilful wife
Does not want my way of life.

"Nu, what does she want then?" asked the fish.
"Ach!" said the man. "She wants to make the sun and moon rise. She wants to be like God."
"Go home then," said the fish, "she's back in her vinegar jug again."
And there they are both sitting to this day.

Snow White and Rose Red

A poor widow lived in a little cottage, in front of which grew two rose trees. She took such good care of these little trees that they blossomed all summer long, one with white and the other with red roses.

She had two children, both girls; and because they reminded her of the beautiful roses in her garden, she called one Rose Red and the other Snow White.

Rose Red, with dark hair and rosy cheeks, was full of life and fun; and she liked to romp in the fields and meadows. Snow White had flaxen hair, was quiet and gentle, and was happiest when helping her mother with the housework.

But although the two girls were so different in their ways, they were the best of companions and loved each other dearly. And when Snow White said: "We will never leave each other," Rose Red would answer: "No, never." Then their mother would add: "Whatever one has, must be shared with the other." And the sisters always did so. Often they would go hand in hand into the woods to gather flowers or red berries. All the creatures of the wood knew them well

and did them no harm. Little rabbits ate greens out of their hands without fear, wideeyed deer grazed peacefully at their side, and the birds never flew away when they came, but stayed in the trees nearby and sang all they knew.

Sometimes the two children would wander in the woods, forgetting all about the time, until it was nightfall. Then they would lie down on a bed of soft moss and sleep soundly until morning. They were never afraid, and their mother did not worry about them, for she knew that the kind creatures of the forest would protect them.

At home in their little cottage, each girl had her own work. In the summer time Rose Red kept house. She always got up at sunrise and, before she did anything else, she would pick a white and a red rose and set them at her mother's bedside for a morning greeting. In the winter time Snow White took care of the house. She too would get up early, and then she would make a good warm fire in the hearth and hang a shiny kettle on to boil.

In the summer evenings, when the day's work was at an end, mother and daughters would sit in the doorway to look at the sunset and the flowers. But in the long winter evening, when the big flakes fluttered softly and silently about the doors and caves, the little family gathered snugly about the fireside: the mother reading tales of mystery and magic from the big old book on her knee, and the two girls spinning softly, listening in rapt wonder. At their feet lay a pet lamb, and behind them on a swinging bar sat a white dove, dozing in the warmth with its head tucked under a wing.

One evening as they all sat together like this in cozy contentment, there was a knock at the door. The mother said: "Quick, Rose Red, open the door. That must be a poor wanderer, looking for shelter from the snow and wind."

Rose Red drew the bold and opened the door. At first she

thought it was an old man out there, but it wasn't. It was a bear who pushed his big black head in at the kitchen door. Rose Red sprang back, the pet lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on its perch, and Snow White hid behind her mothers bed.

But the bear could talk and he said: "Don't be afraid; I won't hurt you. I am half-frozen and only want to come in for a little while until I am warm again."

"You poor bear!" said the mother. "Lie down by the fire, but be careful not to scorch that furry coat of yours." Now Rose Red and Snow White came forward and looked at the huge creature, even the lamb and the dove lost their fear and settled down in their places as before. The bear looked around and said: "You children, come and beat the snow out of my fur."

Rose Red and Snow White brought their brooms and swept his shaggy pelt until it was clean and dry. As for the bear, he seemed to like it; and when he was well brushed off, he stretched himself beside the fire and grunted with satisfaction.

Although he looked so rough and sounded so gruff, he was a gentle bear, and so good-natured that the two girls were soon romping merrily with him. They tickled and teased him, tousled his fur and tumbled about with him as though he were a big dog. Sometimes as he lay on the floor, they planted their feet on his wide back and rolled him from side to side; at other times they spanked him playfully with a hazel whip. When he grumbled they laughed, for they knew he really didn't mind it — but sometimes when they forgot themselves and spanked him a little too much, he said,

"Spare my life, Snow White, Rose Red,
He who is dead can never wed."

The children did not know what he meant, so they only laughed, but they stopped spanking him when he said it.

When bedtime came, the mother said to the bear: "You can stay right here on the hearth. There you will be good and warm all through the night."

The bear was glad enough to do this, but the next morning when Snow White arose to light the fire, he asked her to let him out. She opened the door and he trotted off through the snow into the depths of the forest.

From that time on the bear came every evening at the same hour, lay down by the hearth and let the children tumble and tussle with him as much as they liked. Soon they became so used to him that they never even thought of bolting the door until their big black playfellow had arrived.

When springtime came and things were fair and green once more the bear said to Snow White one morning: "Now I must leave you all, and won't be back all summer and fall."

"But why are you going, and where, dear bear?" asked Snow White.

"I must go to the woods," said the bear, "and guard my treasure from the thievish gnomes. In winter when the earth is frozen hard, they must stay in their homes in the ground, for they can't work their way out. But now that the warm sun is thawing up the earth, they will soon break through and come out to filch and steal. Anything which once gets into their cams or grottos will not easily find its way back into the light of day. And so, dear friend, I must go." Snow White, feeling sad at this farewell, was half in tears when she pulled the bold for him. As the bear pushed his shaggy bulk through the door, he was caught on the door-hook; and, as he did so, a piece of his hide was ripped away. It seemed to Snow White that a bit of gold shimmered through the rent; but, because of her teardimmed eyes, she couldn't

be sure. The bear trotted away in a great hurry and was soon lost among the trees in the forest.

Some time after this, the mother sent Snow White and Rose Red into the forest to gather brush wood for the kitchen fire. There they saw, not far away, a big fallen tree on the ground. Something was bobbing up and down on its trunk but, because of the grass and weeds, they could not tell what it was. As they reached the place, they saw it was a gnome. He had a wrinkled greyish face, and a white beard at least a yard long. The tip of this beard was caught in a cleft of the tree-trunk, and the little man was jumping up and down like a dog on a chair, but couldn't get free. He glared at the girls with his red fiery eyes and cried: "Why are you standing there like fools? Can't you come and give me a helping hand?"

"But how did you get caught like that, little mannikin?" asked Rose Red.

"Stupid, snoopy goose!" cried the gnome. "This tree — I was going to cut it up into kindling for my kitchen fire. I can't use big chunks, they always burn up the tiny dinners and suppers which we little people eat. We're not like you; you big, greedy people who eat so much and gulp things down in hunks. Well I got the wedge into the tree and all was going well, but that confounded piece of wood was so slippery that it sprang out. Then the cleft in the tree closed so suddenly that my beautiful white beard got caught in it. There it is now! I can't pull it out and can't get away. And there you stand and laugh, you weakminded, sleek, and silly, milk-faced fools. Phoo! I hate you!"

The children did the best they could for the little gnome, but they could not get his beard out of the cleft; it was caught too tightly.

"I'll run and get some people to help us," said Rose Red at last.

"Blockheads!" screamed the gnome. "Who wants any more silly mortals around here? There are two too many of you here as it is. Can't you think of something better?"

"Now don't be so impatient," said Snow White in her gentle way. "I've thought of something else."

She took her scissors out of her pocket and snipped off the tip of the gnome's beard. As soon as he was free, the little man grabbed a sack of gold which was lying among the roots of a tree nearby. As he lifted it out he grumbled to himself: "Vulgar folk! Here they cut off my magnificent beard. May the cuckoo get them in the end."

With that he flung the sack on his back and went off without another look at the two girls.

A few days later, the two sisters went out to catch some fish for their supper. As they neared the pond they saw something which looked like a big grasshopper jumping towards the water as though it meant to get into it. They hurried forward and saw it was the gnome.

"Where are you going?" asked Rose Red. "Surely you don't want to go into the water?"

"I'm not such an idiot!" screeched the gnome. "Can't you see that fiendish fish is trying to drag me into it?"

"Oh, that's too bad," said Snow White kindly. "But how did you ever get into such a fix, little mannikin?"

"What business is it of yours, you nosy impudent thing?" cried the gnome. "I was sitting there angling peacefully enough, when the wind taugled up my beautiful beard with that confounded fish-line. Just then I had a nibble; but the fish was too big, I couldn't pull him out. And now instead of letting me catch him, he's after me, and is trying to drag me into the water, the fiend!"

As he was scolding away, the little fellow was clinging to everything in his path, stones and weeds, twigs and reeds and rushes but it did not help him much. The fish had the upper hand, and the gnome would surely have been drowned if the two girls hadn't come in the nick of time.

They threw down their fishing lines and ran to help him. Rose Red held on to him while Snow White tried to undo the snaggy mass of beard and fish-line. But it couldn't be done. It was too much of a tangle. There was nothing to do but get out the scissors once more. Very carefully Snow White snipped a bit here and there. When she had freed him, only a very little of the beard was gone, but the ungrateful fellow yelled out in fury: "Is that right? Is that mannerly? You clumsy spiteful things! Not enough for you that you lopped off the lower half of my marvelous beard, now you've also cut away most of what was left! I'm so disfigured I won't dare to show myself to my kith and kin. Such louts, such country louts! Meddlers, that's what you are!"

He picked up a sack of pearls which lay among the rushes and, without another word, he dragged it off and disappeared into a hollow beneath a big stone.

Soon after this, the mother sent her two daughters off to town to buy some things she needed: thread, ribbons, needles and twine. Their way took them over a rockstrewn meadow; and, as they were walking along, they saw a big bird soaring in the air above them. It was an eagle. He was circling slowly, and gradually coming lower and lower. At last he landed beside a big rock not far from them, and pounced on something. At the same time there rose an anguished piercing cry. The sisters ran over to the spot and were horrified when they saw that the little gnome, their old acquaintance, was hanging helplessly in the talons of the big eagle.

In spite of his ungrateful scolding ways, the two girls felt sorry for the little fellow, so they caught hold of his clothes, and tugged and pulled and scuffled around so long with the eagle that at last the bird gave up the struggle and released his prey.

As soon as the gnome had recovered from his terror he shrieked out as usual in his shroll voice: "You lumps, you clumps! Couldn't you have handled me a little more carefully? Look at my clothes! My elegant little coat, my fine trousers — you've ripped them into strips, rude awkward rabble that you are!"

He picked up a sack of jewels which was hidden behind a clump of weeds, and slipped away under a rock into his cave. By this time Rose Red and Snow White were used to his churlish ways and, without thinking any more about it, they went on their way.

On their return they came upon the gnome once more. He had not expected any one to come by so late in the evening, and had emptied the sack of jewels on the ground. They were glowing and sparkling magnificently in the rays of the setting sun — the two girls were speechless with wonder and stood there gazing wide-eyed at the sight.

When the gnome saw them he shrieked: "You apes, you gaping boobies! Why are you standing tere like that?" And his ash-grey face turned fiery red with fury. He was about to go on scolding, when a loud gumble was heard, and a big black bear trotted out of a thicket at the edge of the meadow. Frightened, the gnome leaped up and tried to run away to his secret lair. But the bear was already upon him and the little gnome cried in anguished tones: "Bear, dear bear, oh spare me — and I'll gladly give you all my treasures. See those gems lying there? And in my cave under the rocks are gold and pearls besides. Give me my life! What would you

have with a lean little, lank little fellow like me? You couldn't even feel me between two of your teeth. There, take those two worthless girls — they'll be juicy morsels for you, plump as quails. Eat them instead of me!"

The bear paid no attention to these words. He merely gave the malicious fellow a tap with his huge paw so that he never stirred again. The girls had sprung away but the bear called out to them: "Snow White, Rose Red! Don't be afraid. Wait, I want to go with you."

When they heard his voice the girls knew it was their dear old friend, the bear, so they waited. As soon as the bear had reached them, his shaggy black hide fell off and there stood a handsome youth clad all in gold.

"I am a King's son," he said, "and was bewitched by that wicked gnome. Not only did he turn me into a bear but he stole all my treasures besides. But that is all over now." He took Snow White for his bride, and Rose Red married his brother. Together they shared all the treasures which the gnome had stolen and hidden in his hollow.

The mother lived for many years quietly and happily with her two children. But the two rose trees she took with her. They were planted just outside of her window and bore each year the most beautiful blossoms, white and red.

Rip Van Winkle

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, lording it over the surrounding country.

Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, makes some change in the wonderful hues and shapes of these mountains, and all the good wives, far and near, say that they are perfect barometers.

At the foot of these mountains the traveller may have seen the light smoke rising up from a village, whose roofs gleam among the trees. In that same village there lived many years ago, while the country was a province of Great Britain, a simple goodnatured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. The children of the village would shout with joy whenever he appeared. He assisted at their games, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites, and told them long stories.

He was always ready to assist a neighbour even in the hardest work. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would

not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own: and as to doing work at home, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

He declared it was of no use to work on his farm. It was the most worthless little piece of ground in the whole country. Everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, a boy in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of these happy foolish fellows, who eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound.

If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but hs wife kept continually scolding him for his idleness and his carelessness. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was always going, and everything he said or did was sure to be wrong and to make her talk. Rip had but one way of replying to her scolding, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, but said nothing.

This, however, always led to a fresh scolding from his wife. So he thought it better to leave her and to take to the outside of the house, — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a lazy husband.

Rip's only friend in the house was his dog Wolf, who was as much grumbled at as his master; for Dame Van Winkle thought them companions in idleness.

Often poor Rip felt he could stand it no longer. To escape from work on the farm and the loud tongue of his wife, he then took his gun and wandered away into the woods.

Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share his meal with Wolf, his companion.

"Poor Wolf," he would say, "your mistress treats you very badly; but as long as I am alive, you have a good friend."

Wolf would wag his tail, and look up into his master's face, as if he quite understood, and felt no less sorry for Rip than Rip felt for him.

In a long ramble of this kind on a fine autumn day, Rip had reached one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was busy shooting squirrels, and the silent woods had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun.

At last he felt tired and threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a little green hill. From an opening between the trees he could see all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland.

As he was going to descend, he heard a voice from a distance calling out:

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

He looked around, but he could see nothing but a crow flying across the mountain.

He thought he had made a mistake, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ringing through the still evening air:

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, came to his master's side looking fearfully down among the trees.

Rip now felt a kind of fear coming over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly climbing the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back.

He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely place, but, supposing it to be someone of the neighbour-

hood in need of assistance, he hastened down to help him. The man bore on his shoulder a fairly big keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to come and assist him with the load.

As usual, Rip was ready to give his help, though he did not quite like the strange man's appearance. Together they climbed up a narrow gully, which seemed to be the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard sounds, like distant thunder, that seemed to come from a deep ravine. He stopped an instant, but supposing it to be one of those passing thunder showers which often take place among the mountains, he went on. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow.

On entering this hollow he perceived more strange things. In the middle was a company of oddlooking men playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a queer outlandish fashion, and all had beards of different shapes and colours.

What seemed especially odd to Rip was, that though these people were amusing themselves, yet their faces were quite serious, they uttered never a word, and were the most mournful party of pleasure he had ever seen.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly stopped their play and stared at him in such a way that his heart was filled with fear.

His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large bottles, and made signs to him to wait on the company. He did so with fear and trembling; they drank the liquor in deep silence, and then returned to their game.

After a time Rip grew less afraid. When no eye was fixed on him, he even drank some of the liquor, which he found very agreeable. He was by nature a thirsty fellow and soon raised the bottle to his lips again. As no one seemed to notice him,

he drank several times. At last his head grew heavy, and before long he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green hill from which he had first seen the queer old man. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the squirrels were busy on the branches of the trees.

"Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He remembered what had happened before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor, — the mountain ravine — the hollow among the rocks, — the mournful party at nine-pins, — the bottle.

"O! that bottle! that dreadful bottle!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the nice, clean gun he had taken with him, he found lying by him one that was covered with rust, and nearly falling to pieces. He now thought that the queer old man of the mountain had taken his own gun from him while he slept.

Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have wandered away in search of a squirrel. He whistled after him and shouted his name but all in vain. The echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the hollow, and, if he met any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff and wanting in his usual activity.

"These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this ramble should make me ill, I shall have to stay at home, and Dame Van Winkle will give me a nice time!"

With some difficulty he made his way down; he found the gully which he and his companion had ascended the evening before; but, to his surprise, a mountain torrent was now flowing down it.

He, however, managed to scramble up its sides, working his way through thick bushes.

He again called and whistled after his dog. He was only answered by the cawing of idle crows, flying high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny rock.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt very hungry for want of his breakfast. He was sorry to lose his dog and gun; he feared to meet his wife; but he did not want to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, took up the rusty gun, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his step homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which rather surprised him, for he had thought that he knew everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was used.

They all stared at him with signs of surprise also, and whenever they looked at him, they all stroked their chins. This led Rip, after a time, to do the same, when to his surprise, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now reached the edge of the village. A number of strange children ran close behind him, calling after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs too, not one of which he seemed to know, barked at him as he passed. The very village was changed. It was larger, and there were more people in it.

There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which he had often visited had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows. Everything was strange.

Surely this was his own village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains. There ran the

silver Hudson at a distance. There was every hill and dale as it had always been. Rip did not know what to think of it.

"That bottle last night," thought he, "has made me see strange things!"

It was with some difficulty that he found his own house, which he approached with silent fear, thinking every moment that he would hear the angry voice of Dame Van Winkle.

He found the roof fallen in, and the windows broken. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was near the door. Rip called him by name, but the dog showed his teeth, and passed on.

"My very dog," sighed Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was emptey. He called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely rooms cchoed for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried to the village inn; but it was gone too. In its place was a hotel. The appearance of Rip, with his long grey beard, his rusty gun, his strange dress, and a number of women and children behind him, soon attracted the attention of the men at the hotel. They gathered around him, and looked at him from head to foot with great curiosity.

One of them came up to him and inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared at him with wideopened eyes.

A self-important old gentleman asked him what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and all these women and children behind him.

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of this place, and a loyal subject of the King."

Here the bystanders all shouted: —

"A subject of the King of England! Away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man had restored order, and, looking very serious indeed, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking.

The poor man declared that he meant no harm, but only came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to live near the inn.

"Well, who are they? Name them!"

Rip thought for a moment, and inquired: "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, then an old man replied in a thin voice —

"Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years!"

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed. He never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went of to the wars too, was a great general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart grew heavy when he heard of these sad changes in his home and his friends, and at finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, for people talked about things which he could not understand. What war were they talking about? What was Congress? He did not want to ask after any more friends, but cried out —

"Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle over there, leaning against the tree." Rip looked and beheld a man just the same as he had been when he went up the mountain — apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged.

The poor fellow was now quite confused. He did not know whether he was himself or another man. The self-important man then demanded who he was, and what was his name. "I only wish I could tell," exclaimed he. "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — I'm over there — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am."

The bystanders began to look at each other, nod, and tap their fingers against their foreheads.

There was a whisper, also, about taking his gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing harm, at the very thought of which the self-important man left them rather hurriedly.

At this very moment a fresh, nice-looking woman made her way through the people to have a look at the grey bearded man. She had a healthy child in her arms, which, frightened at his appearance, began to cry.

"Hush, Rip," she cried, "hush! The old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the face of the mother, the sound of her voice, all brought back memories.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardinier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and he has never been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had only one more question to ask, but he put it with a trembling voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she died but a short time ago." Then Rip put his arms round his daughter and her child.

"I am your father!" cried he; "young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman looked into his face for a moment and exclaimed:

"Sure enought! It is Rip Van Winkle! It is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty long years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it. The self-important man, on seeing that poor Rip was quiet and did not want to shoot anybody, had returned. When he heard Rip's story, he shook his head, and all the other bystanders shook their heads, too.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more serious business of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a nice, comfortable house, and a cheerful farmer for a husband, whom Rip remembered as one of the little boys who used to climb upon his back.

Rip used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at the hotel. Not a man, woman or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm on a summer afternoon about the Catskill Mountains, but they say that Hendrick Hudson and his men are at their game of ninepins.