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The CHILD'S TREASURY

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Editor

MAY HILL

CLEVELAND KINDERGARTEN-PRIMARY TRAINING SCHOOL

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Foreword

THE CHILD'S TREASURY

TO the children who will use, and we hope enjoy, this book, it is merely a collection of charmingly illustrated stories, poems, songs and plays to satisfy many moods. To the publishers who conceived and planned this volume with its twelve departments, it is something more. It is that part of their Foundation Desk which leads towards character formation. As the compiler of this material, it has been my part to further both the enjoyment of the child and the interest of the publishers in his moral development.

The stories and poems in this volume were chosen on the basis of their literary merit, their sound ethical principles and their suitability to the ages of the children who will use the little desk. The animal stories are of two kinds, the realistic tale and the folk tale. The folk tale presents animal life imaginatively, not scientifically. The animals are treated more or less humorously, as droll prototypes of human beings. The Bible stories have sought to preserve the beauty of the King James version in a somewhat simpler story form. The travel tales, nature study and character sketches make no pretense at being literature, but belong in the world of real people and experiences. By means of these, the child's curiosity is roused, he is stirred to emulation, his knowledge is broadened and enriched. Throughout the book we have avoided the elements of horror, fearfulness and bloodshed, believing with Felix Adler, that—

> "The young should first be won to realize what is already good. They should be nurtured on beauty before they are shown the face of ugliness, the deformities, the cruelties, the wrongs. They should be, to some extent at least, children of light before they are enlisted to combat the power of darkness. In the life of young children there should be as much sunshine as possible. They will need the warmth of it later on."

It is the hope of the publishers and of the editor that this book will be useful to parents in suggesting the different kinds of reading children enjoy and need. It will then fulfill one of its purposes and be a foundation upon which to build further and richer reading experiences.

For the children, we hope it will prove a solace on rainy days and an added joy on sunny ones. We hope it may grow to be one of those favorite books, so constantly in use that when other interests call, it remains the top book on the pile. Then it might deserve that delightful title that was once given to Mother Goose in the eighteenth century—"The Top Book of All."

MAY HILL (Editor).

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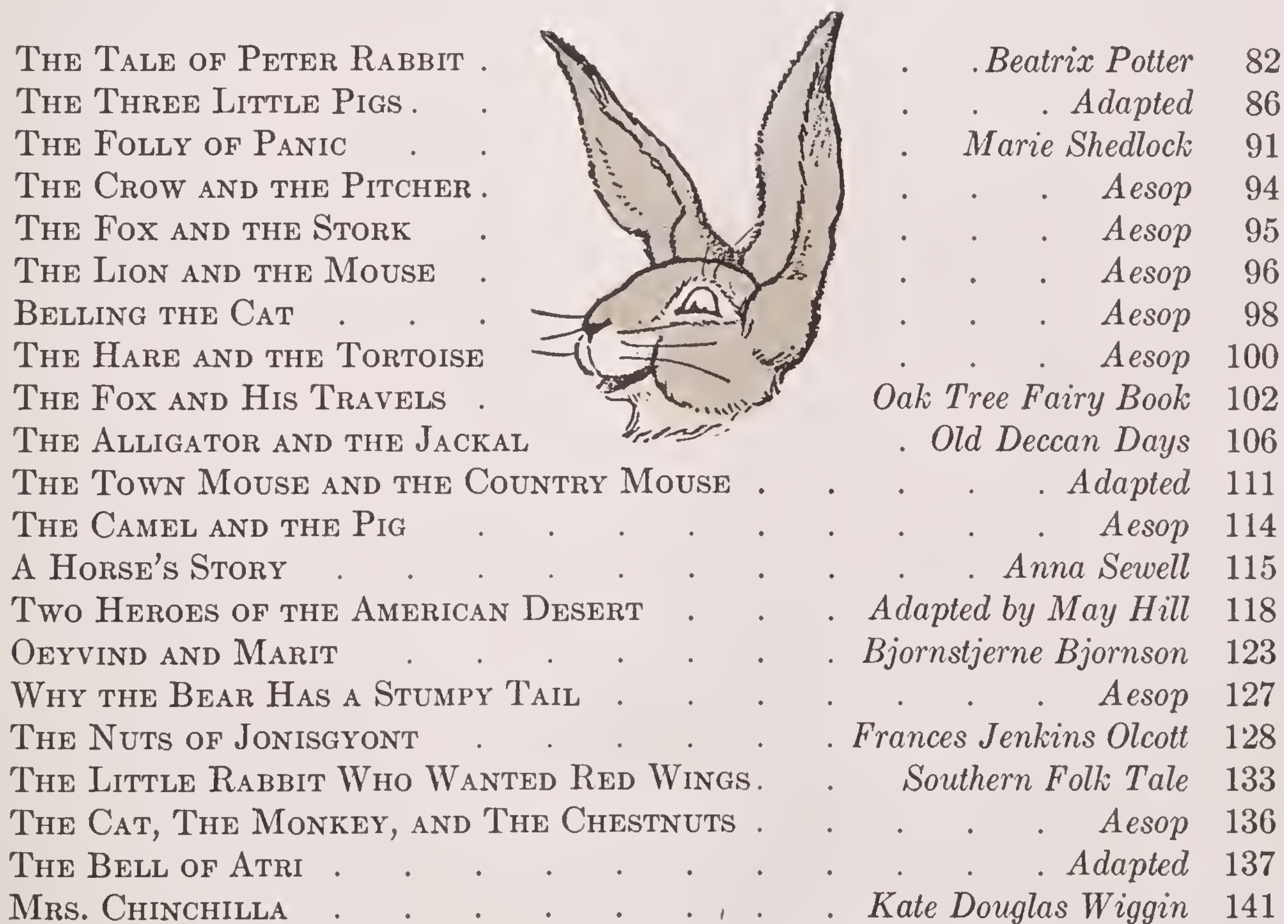

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NURSERY RHYMES AND STORIES

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

RING around the roses,
A pocket full of posies;
One, two, three,
And we all sit down!

To market, to market, to buy a plum cake,
Back again, back again, baby is late;
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Back again, back again, market is done.
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I do, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

PEASE porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

SEE-SAW sacradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
And that is the way to Boston town.

"Bow, wow,"
  Says the dog;
"Mew, mew,"
  Says the cat.

"Grunt, grunt,"
  Goes the hog;
And "squeak,"
  Goes the rat.

"Tu-whu,"
  Says the owl;
"Caw, caw,"
  Says the crow.

"Quack, quack,"
  Says the duck;
And what sparrows
  Say, you know.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5!
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10!
I let her go again.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;

Three, four,
Shut the door;

Five, six,
Pick up sticks;

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;

Nine, ten,
A big fat hen.

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin flew away.

THE RAINBOW

BOATS sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas,
But the clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.
There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please,
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;

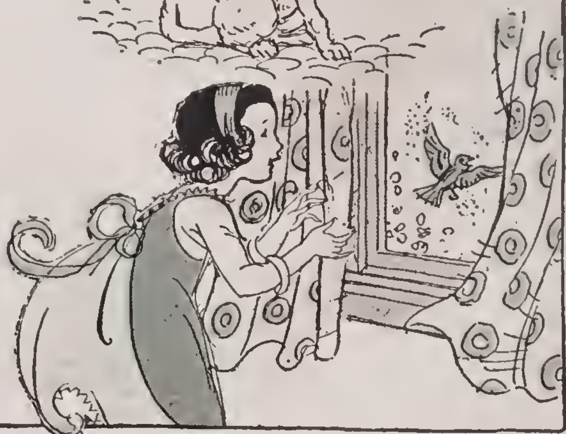
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:

One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.

Bow-wow-wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow!

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.



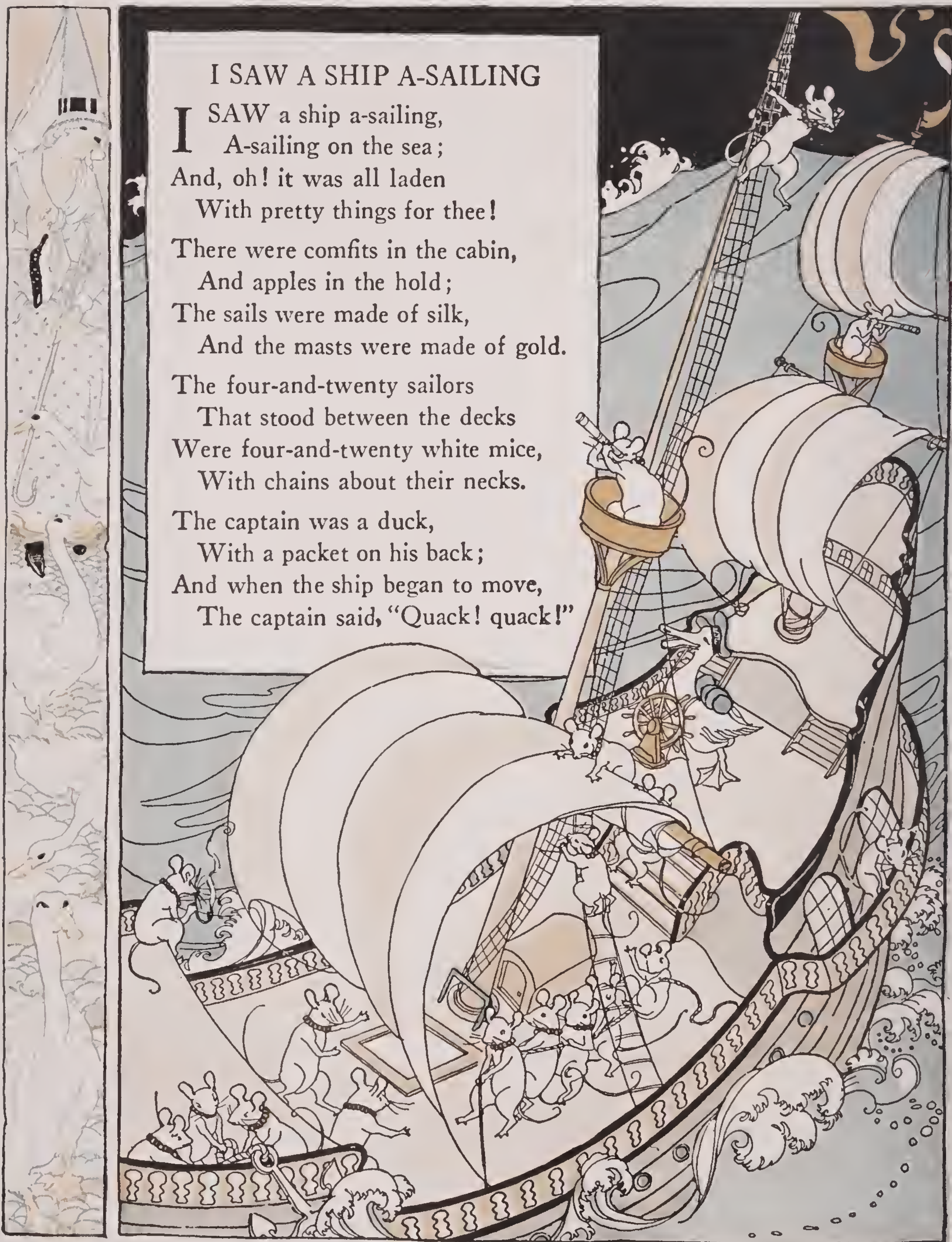
Hey! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
Along came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.



I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
  With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
  And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
  And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
  That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
  With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
  With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
  The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

OH, who is so merry, so merry,
heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy,
Heigh ho, heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From the primrose's lips,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho, heigh!

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment and
I began to grin,
"Oh how-do-you-do, and
how-do-you-do,
And how-do-you-do, again!"

IN April's sweet month,
When leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs skip like fairies,
And birds build and sing.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY
Has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs,
In his nightgown,
Rapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds?
Now it's eight o'clock."

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

BYE, baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin,
To wrap his baby Bunting in.

BED IN SUMMER

IN winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WHAT IS PINK?

WHAT is pink? A rose is pink,
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? A poppy's red,
In its barley bed.
What is blue? The sky is blue,
Where the clouds float through.
What is white? The swan is white,
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich, ripe and mellow.
What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is orange? Why, an orange,—
Just an orange.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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THE WIND

I SAW you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds across the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that blows so loud
a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that blows so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

GROWING IN THE VALE

GROWING in the vale,
By the uplands hilly,
Growing straight and frail,
Lady Daffadowndilly,
In a golden crown
And a scant green gown,
While the spring blows chilly,
Lady Daffadown,
Sweet Daffadowndilly.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

HAPPY THOUGHT

THE world is so full
Of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all
Be as happy as kings.
—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MILKWEED SEED

As white as milk,
As soft as silk,
And hundreds close together;
They sail away
On an autumn day,
When windy is the weather.
—WILHELMINA SIEGMILLER.

WHO hath seen the wind?
Neither you nor I,
But when the trees
Bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.
—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

BLOW, wind, blow; and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

LITTLE WIND

LITTLE wind, blow on the hill top;
Little wind, blow down the plain;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine;
Little wind, blow off the rain.
—KATE GREENWAY.

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

ONCE upon a time there were three Bears who lived in a little house in the woods. There was a Great Big Father Bear, with a great big voice, and a Middle-Sized Mother Bear, with a middle-sized voice, and a Little Wee Baby Bear, with a little, wee voice.

One morning the three Bears had porridge for breakfast, and the Mother Bear said:

"This porridge is too hot to eat now. Let us go to the woods for a walk, while the porridge gets cold."

So, the Three Bears went for a walk in the woods.

Now, while they were gone, along came a little girl named Goldilocks. When she saw the little house in the woods she wondered who lived there; so she knocked at the door. No one answered, so she knocked again. Still no one answered; so Goldilocks opened the door and walked in.

There before her, in the little room, she saw a table set for three. There was a great big bowl of porridge, a middle-sized bowl of porridge and a little, wee bowl of porridge. She tasted the great big bowl of porridge.

"Oh, this is too hot!" she said.

Then she tasted the middle-sized bowl of porridge.

"Oh, this is too cold!"

Then she tasted the little, wee bowl of porridge.

"Oh, this is just right!" she said, and ate it all up.

Then she went into another room, and there she saw three chairs. There was a great, big chair and a middle-sized chair and a little, wee chair. Goldilocks sat down in the great, big chair.

"Oh, this is too hard!" she said.

Then she sat down in the middle-sized chair.

"Oh, this is too soft!"

Then she sat in the little, wee chair.

"Oh, this is just right!" and she sat down so hard that she sat the bottom out.

Then she went into another room, and there she saw three beds. There was a great big bed, and a middle-sized bed and a little, wee bed. Goldilocks laid down on the great, big bed.

"Oh, this is too hard!" she said.

Then she tried the middle-sized bed.

"Oh, this is too soft!"

Then she tried the little, wee bed.

"Oh, this is just right!" she sighed, and fell fast asleep.

Now while Goldilocks was asleep, the Three Bears returned from their walk in the woods. They looked at the table, and the Great Big Father Bear said, in his great big voice,

"Someone has been tasting my porridge."

The Middle-Sized Mother Bear said, in her middle-sized voice,

"Someone has been tasting my porridge."

And the Little, Wee Baby Bear said, in his little, wee voice,

"Someone has been tasting my porridge and eaten it all up!"

Then the Three Bears went into the next room. The Great Big Father Bear looked at his chair and said, in his great, big voice,

"Someone has been sitting in my chair."

Then the Middle-sized Mother Bear said in her middle-sized voice, "Someone has been sitting in my chair."

And the Little Wee Baby Bear cried, in his little, wee voice,

"Someone has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out!"

Then the Three Bears went into their bedroom. The Great Big Father Bear said, in his great big voice,

"Someone has been lying in my bed."

The Middle-sized Mother Bear said, in her middle-sized voice,

"Someone has been lying in my bed."

And the Little Wee Baby Bear cried, in his little, wee voice,

"Someone has been lying in my bed, and here she is!"

Now the shrill voice of the Little Wee Baby Bear waked Goldilocks, and you may well believe she was frightened to see the Three Bears looking at her. She jumped from the bed, ran across the room, sprang out of the little, low window, and away she ran through the woods as fast as ever her legs could carry her. The Three Bears never saw Goldilocks again, but I think they frightened her so she has never gone into a house, without being invited.

—Adapted by May Hill.

The Pancake

ONCE upon a time there was a mother who had seven hungry children. One day she was frying a pancake for them to eat. There it lay in the frying pan, sizzling and frizzling, so thick and fat it would have done you good to look at it. The seven hungry children stood round about, and over in the corner stood the old grandfather, looking on. Presently, the first hungry child said:

"Oh, please, dear mother, give me a bit of pancake; I am so hungry."

Then the second hungry child said:

"Oh, please, dear, darling mother, give me a bit of pancake; I am so hungry."

The third hungry child said:

"Oh, please, dear, darling, precious mother, give me a bit of pancake; I am so hungry."

The fourth hungry child said:

"Oh, please, dear, darling, precious, beautiful mother, give me a bit of pancake; I am so hungry."

The fifth hungry child said:

"Oh, please, dear, darling, precious, beautiful, clever mother, give me a bit of pancake; I am so hungry."

So they begged, each more prettily than the other, because they were so hungry, and so good!

"There, there, children," said the mother, "Wait a bit till the pancake turns itself."

Now, of course, what she really should have said was, "Wait till *I* turn the pancake." But when that pancake heard what she

really said, it made itself as stiff as it could, and with a flip-flop it sprang out of the pan, down to the floor and rolled out of the door like a wheel.

"Oh, stop, Pancake, stop!" cried the mother, running after it with the frying pan in one hand and the ladle in the other.

And, "Stop, Pancake, stop!" cried the seven hungry children, running as fast as their legs could carry them. While last of all, came the old grandfather, hobbling along, and calling:

"Stop, Pancake, stop, I tell you!"

But the pancake could roll faster than any of those people could run, and besides, it did not feel like stopping; so in the twinkling of an eye it was out of sight down the road. Presently, it met a man.

"How-do-you-do, Pancake," said the man, pleasantly.

"How-do-you-do, yourself," said the Pancake, pertly.

"Stop a bit, little Pancake," cried the man, "stop a bit and let me eat you."

"No, I thank you, Manny Panny; I have run away from a mother and seven hungry children and a grandfather, and I may as well run away from you, Manny Panny."

Which it did, and rolled on down the road like the wind. Presently, it met a hen.

"Good-day, pretty Pancake," said the hen, sweetly.

"The same to you, Henny Penny," cried the Pancake.

"Bide a bit, pretty Pancake, and let me eat you," said the hen.

"Oh, no, I thank you, Henny Penny; I have run away from a mother, seven hungry children and a grandfather, Manny Panny and now you watch me give you the slip, Henny Penny."

So the old hen watched, and sure enough, it did give her the slip; it slipped right between her legs and rolled on down the road. Presently, it met a duck.

"How-do-you-do, Pancake," said the duck.

"As well as I may," said the Pancake.

"Stop a bit, Mr. Pancake, and let me eat you," said the duck.

"No, thanks, not to-day, Ducky Lucky; I have run away from a mother, seven hungry children, a grandfather, Manny Panny and Henny Penny, and I may as well run away from you, Ducky Lucky," said the Pancake, and rolled on down the road. Presently, it met a goose.

"Good-day, Pancake," said the goose, politely.

"Good-day, Goosey Poosey," snapped the Pancake.

"Bide a bit, pretty Pancake, and let me eat you," said the goose.

"Not to-day, Goosey Poosey, for I have run away from a mother, seven hungry children, a grandfather, Manny Panny, Henny Penny and Ducky Lucky, and this seems to be a very good time to run away from you, Goosey Poosey," cried the Pancake gaily, and rolled on like the wind. But suddenly, it met a pig.

"How-do-you-do, Pancake," grunted the pig.

"Oh, how-do-you-do, dear, pretty Pig," said the Pancake, in a very weak voice, and began to roll on like mad.

"Well, well, Pancake, what is your hurry?" asked the pig. "You and I may as well travel on together and see each other safely through yonder dark wood, which, to tell you the truth, would be none too safe for a young Pancake like you."

The Pancake thought there might be something in that; so the Pig and the Pancake journeyed on together. All went well until they came to a brook. There they stopped.

"Now, of course, Pancake," said the Pig, "I am so fat, I can swim safely across this brook; it is nothing to me, but how about you?" "I do not know," said the Pancake, faintly.

"Well, I will tell you, Pancake, you can jump up on my snout and I will carry you across. How is that?" said the Pig.

The Pancake thought that might be better than being left all alone in the woods; so it jumped up on the Pig's snout. The Pig waded out into the water with the Pancake on his snout. He waded a little farther, and he waded a little farther, then—

"Ouf, ouf!" grunted the Pig, and swallowed the Pancake at one gulp.

So as the Pancake could go no farther, here my story must end.

Snip, snap, snout,
This tale's told out.

—Adapted from George Webbe Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse.*

BREAD AND CHERRIES

"CHERRIES, ripe cherries,"
The old woman cried,
In her snowy-white apron,
And basket beside;
And the little boys came,
Eyes shining, cheeks red,
To buy bags of cherries
To eat with their bread.

—*Walter De La Mare.*

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WHERE GO THE BOATS?

DARK brown is the river,
  Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
  With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
  Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
  Where will all come home?

On goes the river
  And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
  Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
  A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
  Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BILLIE PARKS

Paper Boats

DAY by day I float my paper boats, one by one, down the running streams.

In big black letters I write my name on them, and the name of the village where I live.

I hope that someone in some strange land will find them and know who I am.

I load my little boats with *shiuli* flowers from our garden, and hope that these blooms of the dawn will be carried safely to land in the night.

I launch my paper boats and look up into the sky and see the little clouds setting their white bulging sails.

I know not what playmate of mine in the sky sends them down the air to race with my boats!

When night comes I bury my face in my arms and dream that my paper boats float on and on under the midnight stars.

The fairies of sleep are sailing in them, and the lading is their baskets full of dreams.

—*From "The Crescent Moon,"* By Rabindranath Tagore.

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The Owl's Answer to Tommy

ONE evening Tommy's grandmother was telling him and his little brother Johnny a story about a Brownie who used to do all the work in a neighbor's house before the family got up in the morning.

"What was he like, Granny?" asked Tommy.

"Like a little man, they say, my dear."

"What did he do?"

"He came in before the family were up, and swept up the hearth, and lighted the fire, and set out the breakfast and tidied the room, and did all sorts of housework. He never would be seen, and was off before they could catch him; but they could hear him laughing and playing about the house sometimes."

"What a darling. Did they give him many wages, Granny?"

"No, my dear. He did it for love. They set a pancheon of clear water for him over-night, and now and then a bowl of bread and milk or cream. Sometimes he left a bit of money in the water. Sometimes he weeded the garden or threshed the corn. He saved endless trouble both to men and maids."

"O Granny! Why did he go?"

"The maids caught sight of him one night, my dear, and his coat was so ragged that they got a new suit and a linen shirt for him, and laid them by the bread and milk-bowl. But when Brownie saw the things, he put them on and, dancing around the kitchen, sang,

"'What have we here? Hemten hamten!
Here will I nevermore tread nor stampen.'

And away he danced through the door and never came back again."

"O Grandmother! But why didn't he come back?"

"The Old Owl knows, my dear, I don't. Ask her."

Now Tommy was a lazy boy. He wished that he could find a Brownie to tidy the room, and fetch the turf, and pick up chips,

and do all his work for him. So that night, while little Johnny was off in the land of dreams, growing rosier and rosier as he slept, Tommy lay wide awake, thinking of his grandmother's story.

"There's an owl living in the old shed by the lake," he thought. "It may be the Old Owl herself, and she knows, Granny says. When father's gone to bed and the moon rises, I'll go and ask her.

By and by the moon rose like gold and went up into the heavens like silver, flooding the fields with a pale ghostly light. Tommy crept softly down the ladder, through the kitchen and out on the moor. It was a glorious night, though everything but the wind and Tommy seemed asleep. The stones, the walls, the gleaming lanes, were so intensely still, the church tower in the valley seemed awake and watching, but silent; the houses in the village round it had all their eyes shut; and it seemed to Tommy as if the very fields had drawn white sheets over them, and lay sleeping also.

"Hoot! hoot!" said a voice from the fir wood behind him. Somebody else was awake, then. "It's the Old Owl," said Tommy; and there she came swinging heavily across the moor with a flapping stately flight, and sailed into the shed by the lake. The old lady moved faster than she appeared to do, and though Tommy ran hard she was in the shed some times before him. When he got in, no bird was to be seen, but he heard a sound from above, and there sat Old Owl, blinking at him, Tommy, with yellow eyes.

"Oh, dear!" said Tommy, for he didn't much like it.

"Come up, come up!" said she hoarsely.

She could speak, then! Beyond all doubt it was the Old Owl, and none other.

"Come up here! come up here!" said the Old Owl.

Tommy had often climbed up for fun to the beam that ran across the shed where the old Owl sat. He climbed up now, and sat face to face with her, and thought her eyes looked as if they were made of flame.

"Now, what do you want?" said the Owl.

"Please," said Tommy, "can you tell me where to find the

Brownies and how to get one to come and live with us?"

"Oohoo!" said the Owl, "that's it, is it? I know of two Brownies."

"Hurrah!" said Tommy. "Where do they live?"

"In your house," said the Owl.

Tommy was aghast.

"In our house!" he exclaimed. "Whereabouts? Let me rummage them out. Why do they do nothing?"

"One of them is too young," said the Owl.

"But why doesn't the other work?" asked Tommy.

"He is idle, he is idle," said the Old Owl, and she gave herself such a shake as she said it that the fluff went flying through the shed, and Tommy nearly tumbled off the beam.

"Then we don't want him," said he. "What is the use of having Brownies if they do nothing to help us? But perhaps if you would tell me where to find them," said Tommy, "I could tell them what to do."

"Could you?" said the Owl. "Oohoo! oohoo!" and Tommy couldn't tell whether she were hooting or laughing.

"Of course I could," he said. "They might be up and sweep the house, and light the fire, and spread the table, and that sort of thing, before father came down. The Brownie did all that in Granny's mother's young days. And they might tidy the room, and fetch the turf, and pick up my chips, and sort Granny's scraps. Oh! there's plenty to do."

"So there is," said the Owl. "Oohoo! Well, I can tell you where to find one of the Brownies; and if you can find him, he will tell you where his brother is. But all this depends upon whether you will follow my directions."

"I am quite ready to go," said Tommy, "and I will do as you tell me. I feel sure I could persuade them to come, if they only knew how every one would love them if they made themselves useful!"

"Oohoo! oohoo!" said the Owl. "Now pay attention. You must go to the north side of the lake when the moon is shining—('I

know Brownies like water,' muttered Tommy)—and turn yourself round three times, saying this charm:

" 'Twist me, and turn me, and show me the Elf—

"I looked into the water and saw—"

"When you have got so far look into the water, and think of a word that will rhyme with Elf, and at the same moment you will see the Brownie."

"Is the Brownie a merman," said Tommy, "that he lives under water?"

"That depends on whether he has a fish's tail," said the Owl, "and that you can see for yourself."

"Well, the moon is shining, so I shall go," said Tommy. "Good-by, and thank you ma-am;" and he jumped down and went, saying to himself, "I believe he is a merman, all the same, or else how could he live in the lake?"

The moon shone very brightly on the center of the lake. Tommy knew the place well, for there was a fine echo there. Round the edges grew rushes and water plants, and turning himself three times, as the Old Owl had told him, he repeated the charm:

"Twist me and turn me and show me the Elf—

"I looked into the water and saw—"

Now for it! He looked in, and saw—his own face.

"Why, there's no one there but myself!" said Tommy. "And what can the word be? I must have done it wrong."

"Wrong!" said the Echo.

Tommy was almost surprised to find the echo awake at this time of night.

"Much you know whether I'm wrong or not," said he. "Belf! Celf! Delf! Felf! Helf! Jelf! There can't be a word to fit the rhyme. And then to look for a Brownie and see nothing but myself!"

"Myself," said the Echo.

"Will you be quiet?" said Tommy. "If you would tell me the

word there would be some sense in your interference; but to roar 'Myself!' at me, which neither rhymes nor runs—it does rhyme, though, as it happens," he added; "How very odd! it runs too—

" 'Twist me and turn me and show me the Elf—

I looked in the water and saw myself!'

"Which I certainly did. What can it mean? The Old Owl knows, as Granny would say; so I shall go back and ask her."

And back he went. There sat the Old Owl as before.

"Oohoo!" said she, as Tommy climbed up. "What did you see in the lake?"

"I saw nothing but myself," said Tommy, indignantly.

"And what did you expect to see?" said the Owl.

"I expected to see a Brownie," said Tommy; "you told me so."

"And what are Brownies like, pray?" inquired the Owl.

"The one Granny knew was a useful little fellow, something like a little man," said Tommy.

"Ah!" said the Owl, "but you know at present this one is an idle

fellow, something like a little man. Oohoo! oohoo! Are you quite sure you didn't see him?"

"Quite," answered Tommy sharply, "I saw no one but myself."

"Hoot! toot! How touchy we are! And who are you, pray?"

"I'm not a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Don't be too sure," said the Owl. "Did you find out the word that rhymed with Elf?"

"No," said Tommy, "I could find no word with any meaning that would rhyme, except 'myself.'"

"Well, if 'myself' rhymes," said the Owl, "what more do you want?"

"I don't understand," said Tommy, humbly, "you know I'm not a Brownie."

"Yes you are," said the Owl, "and a very idle one, too. All children are Brownies."

"But I couldn't do work like a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Why not?" inquired the Owl. "Couldn't you sweep the floor, light the fire, spread the table, tidy the room, fetch the turf, pick up your own chips and sort your grandmother's scraps?"

"Please," said Tommy, "I should like to go home now and tell Johnny."

"Very well," said the Old Owl, "I think I had better take you."

"I know the way, thank you." said Tommy.

"Do as I say," said the Owl. "Lean your full weight against me and shut your eyes."

Tommy laid his head against the Owl's feathers. Down he sank and sank. He could feel nothing solid—he jumped with a start to save himself, opened his eyes, and found that he was sitting in the loft with Johnny sleeping by his side. And what was odder still, it was no longer moonlight, but early dawn.

"Get up, Johnny, I've a story to tell you," he cried. And while Johnny sat up and rubbed his eyes, he told him all about it.

And after that Tommy and Johnny were the most useful little Brownies in that whole country.

Boots and His Brothers

THERE was once a man who had three sons, Peter, Paul and Espen. Espen was the youngest; so he was called Boots, of course. Now this man had not much else except his three sons, for to tell you the truth, he had not one penny to rub against another. He told his sons over and over again that they must go out into the world to earn their living, for there was nothing for them at home.

Now, a good way from the man's poor little hut was the King's palace, and it would have been a very fine palace except for one thing. A great oak had sprung up, close beside the palace windows, so thick and stout that it kept out the light and the whole palace was darkened. The King had sent for his wood cutters and bade them cut down the tree, but no one was man enough for that, for as soon as ever one chip was hacked off, two chips grew in its place and instead of being cut down, that oak tree grew steadily larger, and the palace grew darker.

There was another thing the King wished to have done. He wished to have a well dug, deep enough to hold water for a whole year. All his neighbors had such wells, and he could see no reason why he should not have one also. No one was able to dig that well, however, for the King's castle lay on a rocky hill and after a little digging he would come to solid rock, with no sign of water. But as the King had set his heart on having these two things done, he gave it out through his kingdom that to any man who could cut down the oak tree and dig him a well deep enough to hold water for a whole year, he would give the Princess for a bride, and half the kingdom into the bargain.

You may well believe there were many men who came to try their luck, but for all their hacking and hewing and all their digging and delving, the tree was no nearer cut down and the well was no nearer dug. At last, Peter, Paul and Espen heard about it, and they decided to try their fortune. Their father had not a word to say against it, but wished them Godspeed and sent them on their way.

The three brothers had not gone far before they came to a wood, and up among the trees they could hear a strange noise.

"I wonder what that is?" said Boots.

"Oh, you are always wondering about something, and much good it ever does you," said his brothers. "What should it be, but a woodcutter chopping at a tree?"

"I don't know," said Boots, "but I think I'll see for myself."

So Boots started up the hill, while his brothers laughed and made fun of him. When he came to the top, what do you think he found? An axe hacking and hewing at a tree all by itself!

"Good day," said Boots.

"Good day," said the Axe.

"So you hack and hew all by yourself?"

"Yes," said the Axe, "and I have been hacking and hewing all these years waiting for you, Boots."

"Well, thank you kindly, and here I am at last," said Boots; and he took the axe out of the tree, put it in his big bag and ran back to his brothers. When they saw him they began to laugh, and they called out:

"And what was the noise we heard?"

"It was the noise of an axe."

"Didn't we tell you so?" jeered the brothers, and the three lads travelled on.

When they had gone a bit farther, they came to a steep spur of rock and somewhere up at the top of it, they could hear a queer noise.

"I wonder what that is?" said Boots.

"Oh, there you go wondering again! You are a clever one, you are; what should it be but someone shovelling up there?" said the brothers.

"Ah, but that is what I do not know," answered Boots, "but I think I will have a look for myself." And he started to climb the rock, while his brothers rested in the road and laughed at him.

When he came to the top, what should he find but a spade, digging and delving in the solid rock all by itself.

"Good day to you," said Boots.

"Good day to you," said the Spade.

"So you dig and delve in the rock all by yourself?" asked Boots.

"Yes," said the Spade, "and I have been digging and delving all these years waiting for you, Boots."

"Well, thank you kindly, and here I am at last;" and Boots took the spade out of the rock, put it in his big bag and ran back to his brothers.

"Well, Mr. Wonderer, what was the noise we heard this time?" they asked.

"It was the noise of a spade at work in the rock," said Boots.

"Just what we told you!" said the brothers, and they all travelled on.

As they were walking, they found themselves by a stream of water, and as they were thirsty they all stopped to drink. As Boots drank, he watched the water of the little stream trickling and running down, and presently he said:

"You know I cannot help wondering where this water comes from."

"Oh, there he goes wondering again!" cried the brothers. "He wonders and wonders until it is a wonder he has any wits left. Where do you suppose the water comes from except a hole in the ground?"

"That is just what I don't know, but I've a mind to see for myself." And while his brothers rested in the shade, Boots began to walk up the stream.

As he walked farther, the water grew less and less, and at last it was just a tiny trickle of water, and you could never guess what it was coming out of. A hole in a walnut shell!

"Why, how-do-you-do," said Boots.

"How-do-you-do," said the Water.

"So you trickle and run down all by yourself?"

"Yes," said the Water, "and I have been trickling and running down all these years waiting for you, Boots."

"Oh, thank you kindly, and here I am at last;" and Boots picked up the walnut shell, plugged up the hole with moss so the water could not run out, and hurried back to his brothers.

"Well now, Boots, have you found what the water comes out of?" they asked him.

"It did come out of a hole, but——"

"Just as we told you," said the brothers; "and so all these journeys of yours have been for nothing." Boots said never a word, and the brothers travelled on.

They came at last to the King's palace, and you must know that many men had been there before them, trying to cut down the great tree, but for all their hacking and hewing and all their digging and delving, the tree was no nearer cut down and the well was no nearer dug. Indeed, the tree had grown so much larger that the King had sent out word that any man who tried to cut down the tree and failed should be put off on an island for the rest of his life. You may well believe not very many men were trying, but Peter, Paul and Espen decided that they would take their turns. Peter was the oldest, so he said that he should have the first turn. He took the axe the King's men gave him and began to hack and hew at the tree with might and main, but the people were all watching him, and they saw the tree begin to grow larger; so they seized Peter, and off with him to an island for the rest of his life!

Then Paul said that he should have the next turn; so he took the axe the King's men gave him and he began to hack and hew with all his might. The people were watching, and as soon as they saw the tree begin to grow larger, they seized Paul, and it was off with him to an island for the rest of his life! Then Espen was ready to take his turn, but when the King saw how it had fared with Peter and Paul, he said:

"Now, Boots, you had better let well enough alone. If your two brothers could not cut down the tree, it is not likely that you will be able to, and there is no use spending the rest of your life on an island if you can help it."

"But you gave me permission," said Boots, "so I think I will try for myself." And there was nothing more the King could say.

Boots went up to the tree, and he drew his own axe out of his bag, and swinging it high, he drove it into the tree, saying:

"Now, Axe, hack and hew for yourself."

That axe began to hack and hew, so that chips from the tree flew this way and that, and the people who were looking on saw the great tree begin to tremble. Then the next thing they knew it came crash-

ing to the ground, and the King saw the sunlight come streaming into his palace windows.

All the people began to shout, "Three cheers for Boots!" and even the King himself joined in the cheering, but all Boots said, was,

"Where do you wish to have your well dug?"

"Right over here," said the King's men, politely, and pointed to a rocky plain.

Boots took his own spade out of his bag and with all the strength he had, he drove it into the rock, crying,

"Now, Spade, dig and delve for yourself!"

The spade began to dig and delve in the solid rock, so that great pieces of the rock flew this way and that, and the King's men had to step out of the way of the flying pieces. In less time than it takes me to tell you, the well was dug, and all the people started to shout for Boots, but one of the King's men looked over the edge of the rock and said:

"Oh, Boots, that is a very fine hole you have dug, but where is the water?"

"Just give me time," said Boots, and he took the walnut shell out of his pocket, and taking the moss out of the hole, he put it in the bottom of the well, saying,

"Now Walnut, now Water, trickle and run for yourself."

The water began to trickle and run, and it came gushing out of that walnut shell so that it quickly filled the hole to the top, with water enough to last a year.

Then you should have heard the shouting! The people and the King's men threw their caps up in the air and cried:

"Three cheers for Boots!" and even the King himself joined in the cheering.

After that, of course, Boots got the Princess for his bride and half the kingdom into the bargain, and do you know that, just between you and me, it was a very good thing that Peter and Paul were off on that island, else they would have heard all the people saying:

"Well, something did come of Espen's wondering after all!"

—Adapted from Sir George Webbe Dasent:
Popular Tales from the Norse.

THE BANDOG

HAS anybody seen my Mopser;
A comely dog is he,
With hair the color of a Charles the Fifth
And teeth like ships at sea.
His tail it curls straight upwards,
His ears stand two abreast,
And he answers to the simple name of Mopser,
When civilly addressed.

—Walter De La Mare.

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Clouds and Waves

MOTHER, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me, "We play from the time we wake till the day ends.

We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon."

I ask, "But, how am I to get up to you?"

They answer, "Come to the edge of the earth, lift up your hands to the sky, and you will be taken up into the clouds."

"My mother is waiting for me at home," I say. "How can I leave her and come?"

Then they smile and float away.

But I know a nicer game than that, mother.

I shall be the cloud and you the moon.

I shall cover you with both hands, and our housetop will be the blue sky.

The folk who live in the waves call out to me,

"We sing from morning till night; on and on we travel and know not where we pass."

I ask, "But, how am I to join you?"

They tell me, "Come to the edge of the shore and stand with your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves."

I say, "My mother always wants me at home in the evening; how can I leave her and go?" Then they smile, dance and pass by.

But I know a better game than that.

I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.

I shall roll on, and on, and on, and break upon your lap with laughter. And no one in the world will know where we both are.

—From "The Crescent Moon,"

By Rabindranath Tagore; by permission The Macmillan Company. Copyright: 1913.

The Wind and the Sun

THE Wind once blustered to the Sun as he shook the tall treetops and set all the leaves a-trembling:

"Ho! Ho! friend Sun, see how strong I am. You could never do that! Watch me! I can bend the great trees and break the little flowers off their stems."

The Sun answered, quietly, "Yes, but I can melt the ice and make the flowers and trees blossom."

Still the Wind went on blustering and boasting and shaking the treetops.

Presently they saw a man coming down the road. Then the Sun said, "I know how we can prove which one of us is the stronger. Whichever can make that man take off his coat, will be shown to be stronger than the other. You try first."

So the Sun hid his big round face behind a cloud, and the Wind began to blow as hard as he could upon the man. He raged, and he snarled, and he howled! He whipped, and he tore, and he tugged! But the harder he tried in these ways to force the man to take off his coat, the more closely did the man wrap it around him, till at last the Wind found that he could do nothing, and he had to give up trying altogether.

Then the Sun came gently out from behind the clouds. Warm and bright, he shone on the man; joyous and sparkling, he smiled on him, till at last the man felt that warmth all through and through. He looked up with an answering smile at the shining round face in the sky, then of his own wish he took off his coat. So the Sun had proved that his mild gentleness was far more powerful than all the wild bluster of the Wind.

The Lad Who Went to the North Wind

THERE once lived an old woman with her only son. She was very poorly and weak; so the lad tried to help her in every way that he could. One day, he went to the storehouse to get his old mother a pan full of meal. Just as he came out on the steps of the storehouse, along came the North Wind, with a huff and a puff, and caught up that flour and so away with it through the air. The lad returned to the storehouse, helped himself to another pan full of meal, and started home with it, but just as he came out on the steps, it happened as before. Along came the North Wind with a huff and a puff, caught up that meal and so away with it through the air. What is more, he did it a third time. Then the lad was very angry.

"There is nothing for it," said he, "but I must go to the North Wind's house and bid him give me back the meal he has taken away from us."

So the lad set out to find the North Wind. It was a long and weary road he had to travel, but at last he saw the North Wind himself, leaning out of the window of his house.

"Good day," said the lad politely. "Good day, yourself," roared the North Wind, "and what have you come bothering me about?"

"I've come about my rights," said the lad. "You took away my meal from me three times, and my mother and I will have nothing to eat unless you give me back my rights for that meal."

"Oh, indeed," puffed the North Wind; "well, I do not know where your meal is now, but here is a tablecloth I will give you. It really is a very good cloth. When you say to it, 'Cloth, cloth, spread yourself, and serve up good dishes,' it will serve the very things you like to eat, until you say to it, 'Cloth, cloth, stop serving.' "

"That must be a very fine cloth to have," said the lad, and he thanked the North Wind very prettily for the cloth and started home.

The way was long and night was coming, so presently, when the lad saw an inn near the road side, he decided to spend the night there. He went inside, and as he had no money to pay for his supper, he made haste to say:

"Cloth, cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, before that cloth had spread itself, and there it was, covered with every good thing to eat, all piping hot. Of course, the lad was well pleased with his cloth, and so was everyone who stood around, especially the landlord. That night when the lad was asleep, the landlord took the cloth the North

Wind had given the lad, and put one that looked just like it in its place, but one that could not serve up so much as a crust of dry bread.

The next morning, the lad knowing nothing of the change, started home with his tablecloth. He trudged along, and presently he saw his mother.

"Good day, mother," he called gaily.

"Good day, indeed, and where have you been all this long time?" asked his old mother.

"Oh I have been to the North Wind, and a pretty good fellow he is, after all. He said he did not know where our meal was, but he has given me a table cloth that serves up all kinds of good dishes, when I bid it."

"Very true, I daresay," said the old mother, "but seeing is believing and I'll never believe that till I see it."

So the lad made haste to say, "Cloth, cloth, spread yourself and serve up all kinds of good dishes." But, of course, not so much as a crust of dry bread could that cloth serve. Then the lad was very angry.

"That is a very poor trick the North Wind has played us truly, and there is nothing for it, but I must go to him once more and get back our rights for that meal he took away from us."

The lad set off as before, and walked many a weary mile before he came in sight of the North Wind's house. There, as before, the North Wind was leaning out of his window. When he saw the lad, he puffed out his cheeks angrily and shouted:

"Well, my lad, what are you doing here?"

"I've come to see about my rights for that meal you took away from us," said the lad boldly. "As for that cloth you gave me, it cannot serve up so much as a crust of dry bread."

"Is that so?" said the North Wind, looking puzzled. "Well, here is a ram I might give you. It really is a very good ram; for when you say to it, 'Ram, ram, coin money,' it coins handfuls of gold pieces."

"I shall be very glad to have that kind of a ram, and thank you kindly," said the lad. Then, taking the ram by the horns, he started leading him home.

As before, night was coming, and the way was long; so the lad stopped at the inn to spend the night. He had no money to pay for his supper; so he said:

"Ram, ram, coin money."

Scarcely had he said the words before that ram had coined a fine handful of gold pieces. The lad thought this was, indeed, a fine ram to have, and so did everyone who saw it, especially that old landlord. At night, when the lad was asleep, the landlord took the ram the North Wind had given the lad and put one that looked just like it in its place, but one that could not coin so much as a copper penny.

The next morning the poor lad, knowing nothing of this, started home with his ram. When he saw his mother, he called out to her:

"Good day to you, mother; see what I have this time."

"What is it?" asked the old woman.

"It is a gift from the North Wind. He could not understand about the cloth; so he has given me a ram that coins gold pieces when I ask it."

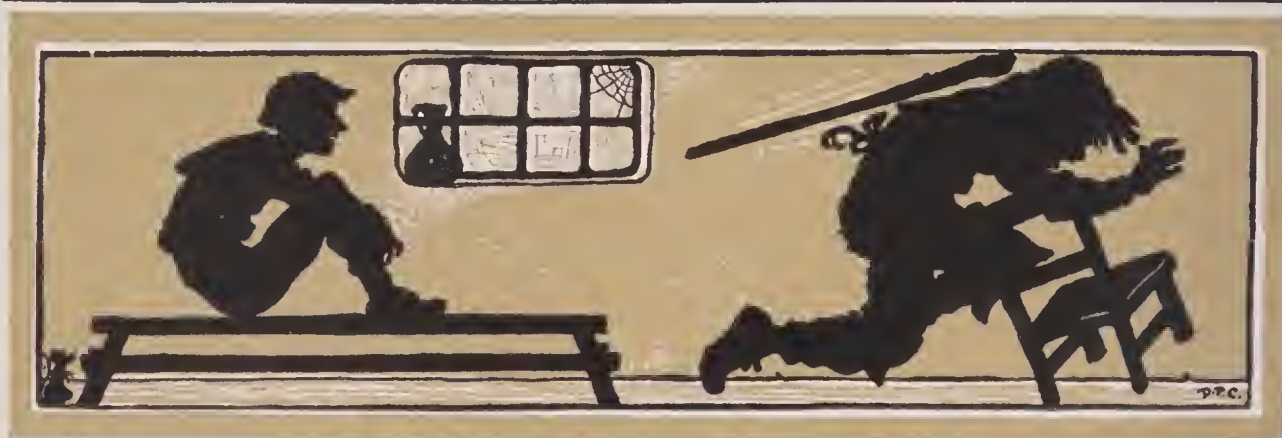
"Oh, very true, I daresay, but seeing is believing, and I'll never believe that until I see it," said his old mother.

The lad made haste to say, "Ram, ram, coin money!" But not so much as a copper penny could that old ram coin. The poor lad felt very foolish and very angry.

"What does the North Wind mean by such a trick?" said he. "I'll go to him at once and tell him what I think of his befooling us in this way!" And the poor boy set off once more for the North Wind's house.

It was a long, hard journey, and the lad was so weary it seemed to him he could never take another step, when he heard the North Wind's loud voice, and there he was, leaning out of his window.

"You here again!" he roared at the lad.



"That I am, and it was a poor trick you played on me with that old ram. It could not coin so much as a copper penny; so I am back to get my rights for that meal you took away from us."

"Well, well, my lad, remember this, I have just one thing left to give you and that is a stick! It is a good stick, however. When you say to it, 'Stick, stick, lay on,' it will lay on hard and fast until you say to it, 'Stick, stick, stop beating.' "

The lad thought that might be better than nothing, so he thanked the North Wind prettily for the stick, and started home with it. As before, he stopped at the inn to spend the night, but by this time, he had an idea of what had happened to his tablecloth and his ram; so he stretched himself out on a bench and pretended to go to sleep. His stick he laid on the floor at his feet.

Presently, the landlord came in, and when he saw that stick beside the lad, he thought at once, that it must be a magic stick. He hurried out of doors, found a stick that looked like the lad's, carried it in very softly, put it by the bench, and started across the room with the stick the North Wind had given the lad. Then the lad sat up, and called out, "Stick, stick, lay on!"

The stick began to lay on, and it laid on hard and fast, beating the landlord until he jumped over tables, chairs and benches, calling out:

"Stop your old stick! Hi-yi, hi-yi! Stop your old stick beating me, and I will give you back your tablecloth and ram.'"

But the lad let the stick beat the landlord until he thought he had had a good sound trouncing; then he said:

"Stick, stick, stop beating," and the stick stopped.

The landlord was glad enough to give the lad his tablecloth and ram, and go away and nurse his poor back.

The lad put the cloth in his bag, took the ram by the horns and with the stick in his other hand, he set off for home. So with the tablecloth, the ram and the stick the North Wind had given him, the lad and his old mother have prospered from that day to this. So I have been told.

—Adapted from Sir George Webbe Dasent:
Popular Tales from the Norse.

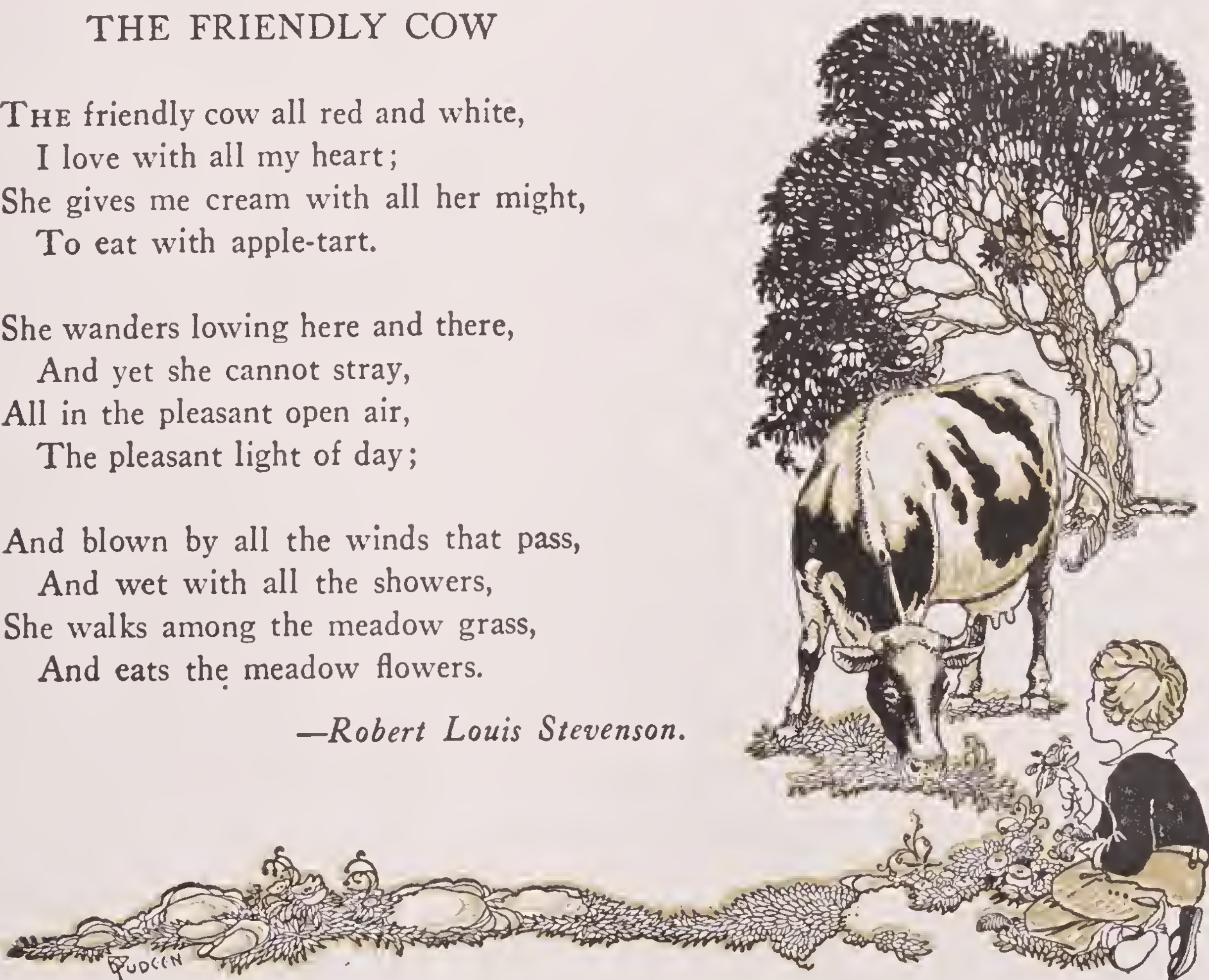
THE FRIENDLY COW

THE friendly cow all red and white,
  I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
  To eat with apple-tart.

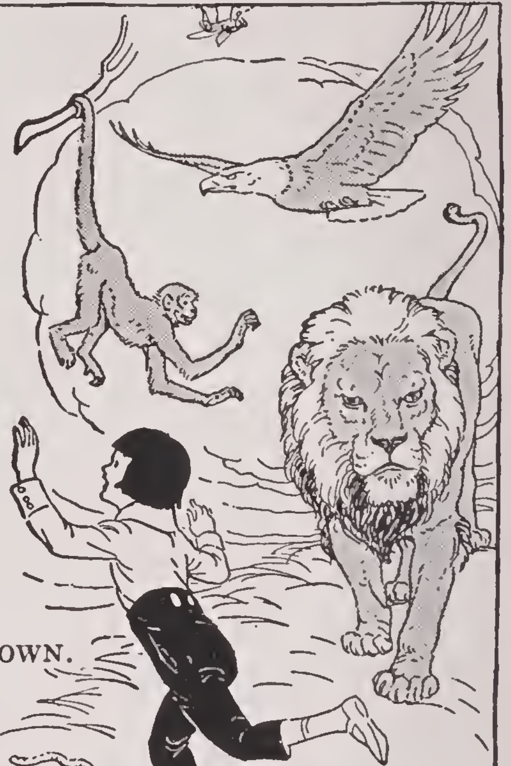
She wanders lowing here and there,
  And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
  The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
  And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass,
  And eats the meadow flowers.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

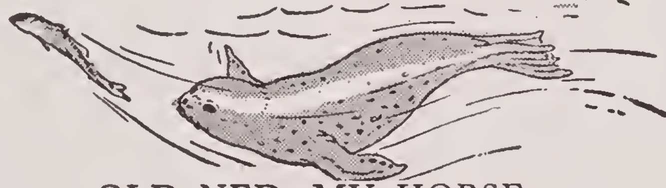


HOW CREATURES MOVE



The lion walks on padded paws,
The squirrel leaps from limb to limb,
While flies can crawl straight up a wall
And seals can dive and swim.
The worm, he wiggles all around,
The monkey swings by his tail,
And birds may hop upon the ground
Or spread their wings and sail.
But boys and girls
Have much more fun;
They leap and dance
And walk and run.

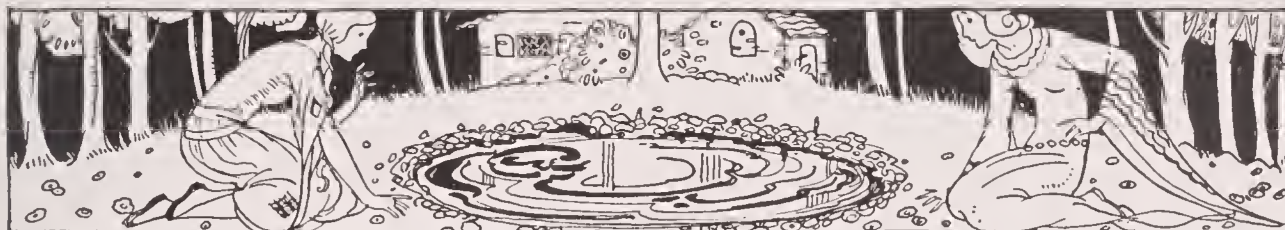
—UNKNOWN.



OLD NED, MY HORSE

Old Ned has two eyes that go
blink, blink, blink;
And two ears that go
twitch, twitch, twitch;
And a mouth full of teeth that
click, click when he eats,
And a tail that goes
swish, swish, swish.
Old Ned has four legs that go
trot, trot, trot;
And four hoofs that go
clack, clack, clack;
So he gallops and runs and walks and trots,
While I sit high up on his back.

—UNKNOWN.



Mother Frost

THERE was once a widow who had two daughters, one of whom was very beautiful and a great help about the house, while the other was ugly and idle. Strange to say, the mother loved the ugly one better, and she made the gentle, patient child do all of the hard work. Every day the poor girl had to sit beside a spring, and spin and spin till her fingers bled.

One day when her spindle was so red with blood that the poor girl could not spin, she tried to wash it in the water of the spring; but the spindle fell out of her hand and sank to the bottom. With tears in her eyes, she ran and told her mother what she had done.

The mother scolded her, and was so angry that she said, "Since you have let the spindle fall into the spring, you must go in and get it out."

Then the maiden went back to the spring to look for her spindle. Now she leaned so far over the edge of the spring that she fell in and sank down, down to the very bottom.

When the poor girl first awoke, she could not think what had happened, but as she came to herself, she found that she was in a beautiful field, on which the sun shone brightly and where hundreds of wild-flowers grew.

She walked a long way across the field till she came to a baker's oven, full of new bread, and the loaves cried to her, "Oh, pull us out! pull us out! or we shall burn! we shall burn!"

"Ah, that would be a pity!" cried the maiden, and stepping up, she pulled all the sweet brown loaves out of the oven.

As she walked along, she soon came to a tree full of apples, and the tree cried: "Shake me! shake me! my apples are all quite ripe."

The kind-hearted girl shook the tree again and again, till there was not an apple left on its branches. Then she picked up the apples one by one and piled them in a great heap.

At last she came to a small house. In the doorway sat an old woman, who had such large teeth that it made the girl feel quite afraid of her, and she turned to run away.

But the old woman cried, "What do you fear, my child? Come in, and live here with me; and if you will do the work about the house, I will be very kind to you. But remember, you must take care to make my bed well, and to shake it and pound it, so that the feathers will fly about, and down in the world they will say that it snows, for I am Mother Frost."

The old woman spoke so kindly that she quite won the maiden's heart, and she said she would gladly work for her.

The girl did everything well, and each day she shook up the bed until it was soft and nice, so that the feathers might fly down like snowflakes. Her life with Mother Frost was a very happy one; she had plenty to eat and drink, and never once heard an angry word.

After the girl had stayed a long time with the kind old woman, she began to feel lonely, for she never saw anyone but Mother Frost. She grew quite homesick, and at last, when she could stand it no longer, she said, "Dear Mother Frost, you have been very kind to me, but I feel in my heart that I cannot stay here any longer; I must go back to my own friends."

"I am pleased to hear you say that you wish to go home," said Mother Frost, "and as you have worked for me so well, I will show you the way myself."

So she took the maiden by the hand and led her to a broad gateway. The gate was open, and as the young girl walked through, a shower of gold fell over her and hung to her clothes, so that she was dressed in gold from her head to her feet.

"That is your pay for having worked so hard," and as the old woman spoke, she put into the maiden's hand the spindle which had fallen into the spring.

Then the great gate was closed, and the maiden found herself once more in the world, and not far from her mother's house. As she came into the farmyard, a cock on the wall crowed loudly to the mother, "Cock-a-doodle-do! our golden girl has come home to you."

When the mother saw the maiden with her golden dress, she was delighted and treated her kindly. After the girl had told how the gold had fallen upon her, the mother could hardly wait to have her idle, ugly child try her luck in the same way. So she said to her, "Now you must go to the spring and spin." But this girl wished for riches without working, so she did not spin fast enough to make her fingers bleed, but had to prick her finger, and put her hand into the thorn bushes, until at last a few drops of blood stained the spindle. At once she let it drop into the water, and sprang in after it herself.

Just as her sister had done, the ugly girl found herself in a beautiful field, and walked along the same path till she came to the baker's oven.

She heard the loaves cry, "Pull us out! pull us out! or we shall burn! we shall burn!"

But the lazy girl answered, "I will not do it; I do not want to soil my hands in your dirty oven."

And so she walked on till she came to the apple tree. "Shake me! shake me!" it cried, "for my apples are all quite ripe."

"I will not do it," answered the girl, "for some of your apples might fall on my head." As she spoke, she walked lazily on.

When at last the girl stood before the door of Mother Frost's house, she had no fear of the great teeth, for her sister had told her all about them. So she walked up to the old woman and offered to be her servant. "Very well," said the old woman, "but remember to shake my feather bed."

For a whole day the girl was very busy, and did everything that she was told to do; but on the second day, she began to be lazy, and on the third day, she was still worse. She would not get up in the morning; the bed was never made or shaken, so the feathers could fly about; till at last Mother Frost grew quite tired of her, and told her that she must go away.

The lazy girl was indeed glad to go, and thought only of the golden rain which was sure to come when Mother Frost led her to the gate; but as she passed under it, a large kettleful of black pitch was upset over her.

"That is what you get for your work," said the old woman, and shut the gate.

So the idle girl walked home all covered with pitch, and as she went into the farmyard, the cock on the wall cried out to the mother, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! our pitchy girl has come home to you."

The pitch stuck so fast to the girl's clothes and hair that, do what she would, it never came off. —*Adapted from Grimm.*

The Shoemaker and the Elves

LONG ago there lived an old shoemaker and his wife. They were honest, hard-working people, but they could not seem to sell the shoes the good man made, and so they grew very poor. At last the shoemaker had only leather enough to make one pair of shoes. He cut out the shoes very carefully and laid the pieces of leather on his work-bench, ready to cobble the next morning. Then the shoemaker and his good wife ate their last crust of bread, said their prayers and went sorrowfully to bed.

Bright and early the next morning the shoemaker went to his bench ready to begin work on the shoes. There what should be find but a pair of shoes all stitched and cobbled as well as the best shoemaker could make them! The good man could hardly believe his eyes, and he called out:

"Oh, good wife, good wife, come here quickly, and see what has happened this night!"

The good wife came running, and when she saw the shoes, she said:

"Well-a-day, husband, did you get up in the middle of the night to make those fine shoes?"

"No, that I did not," said the husband, "and I am wondering who it was that did make them."

"Well, well, there's no time for wondering now," said the wife. "See, here is a customer."

Sure enough, at that very moment, in came a man who wished to buy a pair of shoes, and when he saw the pair the shoemaker held in his hand, he said they were the best shoes he had ever seen. He

tried them on, they fitted, and the man paid the shoemaker a good price and went away with the shoes, well pleased.

As for the good man, he had money enough to buy leather for two pairs of shoes, and some food besides. That night, the shoemaker cut out the leather, put the pieces on his work-bench, and after a good supper he and his wife said their prayers and went contentedly to bed.

The next morning, the good man went to his bench to begin work as before, and there he found two pairs of shoes all stitched and cobbled as well as the best shoemaker could make them. Again the good man was surprised, and he called:

"Oh, good wife, good wife, come here quickly, and see what has happened this night."

The good wife came running, and when she saw her husband holding two pairs of shoes in his hand, she said:

"Well-a-day, husband, you must have cobbled all night to have finished these shoes."

"But that I did not," said the shoemaker, "and who has made them is a great mystery."

"No time for talking now," said the good wife, "for here are two customers."

Those customers were also well pleased with the shoes. They bought them at once, and paid a good price for them. Then the shoemaker had money enough to buy leather for four pairs of shoes and enough food for several days.

Now, it happened in this way, every night. The shoemaker would cut out the leather, the next morning he would find the shoes all finished on his bench, and customers would come and buy them. They paid him a good price, too; for they said the shoes were well made. So the good man and his wife prospered; they had plenty for themselves and some of their neighbors as well.

One day the shoemaker and his wife were talking things over.

"I cannot help wondering who it is that makes the shoes," said the shoemaker.

"Indeed, it is a great wonder," answered the good wife, "and something we should be thankful for."

"Do you suppose we could find out who it is that comes in the night?" asked her husband.

"Yes, I believe we could, if we hid behind the curtain in the work-room and watched all night," said the wife.

This they decided to do. So that night, they put out all the lights except one wee candle flame on the bench near the pieces of leather. Then, the good man and his wife hid themselves behind the curtain and waited. The house was still, and they grew sleepy.

Presently the clock struck ten. "Oh dear!" said the good wife, "I am so sleepy, how shall I ever keep awake?"

"Oh, but you must," answered the good man, "for we must find out who has been helping us."

Then the house seemed quieter than ever, and after a long time, the clock struck eleven.

"Oh me!" said the shoemaker, "I am very sleepy."

"Hush!" whispered his wife. "You must keep awake and quiet, for someone might come at any moment."

Then after a long, long time, the clock struck twelve, and on the last stroke of twelve, the candle on the work-bench began to flicker, there was a rustling sound at the window, and into the room tumbled a troop of wee elves. They were funny little fellows, with big eyes and pointed ears, but they were so ragged and bare they seemed scarcely to have any clothes to their backs. Without a word they jumped up on the shoemaker's bench, picked up the pieces of leather and set to work. Their little needles went:

Stitch, stitch, stitch, and stitch, stitch, stitch.

While their tiny hammers went:

Rap-a-tap-tap, and rap-a-tap-tap, making quite a merry little tune.

They worked so fast their fingers seemed to fly, and in just a little while there were those pieces of leather all stitched and cobbled into shoes.

When their work was finished, they jumped down from the bench and began to play. They jumped, danced, turned somersaults, and cut such funny capers that the shoemaker and his wife had all they could do to keep from laughing, but they never made a sound. Then, just as the clock struck two, the elves stopped their play, and with a hop and a skip, out of the window they went and away.

The next morning the shoemaker and his wife were talking about the little elves.

"What funny little fellows they were," said the good man, "but they have been good to us, and I wish we could do something for them."

"So we can," answered his wife. "Did you notice how ragged and bare they were? It is clothes they are needing, and you and I will make them some for Christmas."

From that day on, the shoemaker and his wife were very busy making ready for the elves' Christmas surprise. It was hard work, too, making such teeny, tiny clothes. At last Christmas Eve came, and instead of putting out the pieces of leather on the work-bench, the good man and his good wife laid out the little suits of clothes. There were little yellow trousers, green jackets, tiny, purple shoes with long pointed toes, and gay red caps, each with a white owl's feather. When all was ready, the shoemaker and his wife hid behind the curtain. There was only one candle burning on the work-bench.

The house was quiet and the clock struck ten. Then, it grew quieter still, and the clock struck eleven. Then after a long time, the clock struck twelve! On the last stroke of twelve, the candle flame began to flicker, there was a rustling at the window and into the room tumbled the troop of wee elves. They were as ragged and tattered as before. It was a cold night and so they hopped and skipped faster than ever. Up the work-bench they scrambled, ready to go to work, and then, they found the gay little clothes, just the kind elves like. Their big eyes grew bigger, they stood on their heads with delight, and leaped and capered with joy. Then they pulled on the yellow trousers, buttoned up the green jackets, drew on the purple shoes, patted their long, pointed toes, and last of all, they clapped on their heads those little red caps with white owl's feathers. They were really a very handsome looking troop of elves, and the proudest ones you ever saw. They stretched, and strutted, and turned this way and that, admiring each other, until, suddenly, the clock struck two. Then they leaped to the window sill, turned

back to wave good-bye, and in a final whirl of green, yellow, purple and red, they flew out of the window and away.

. The shoemaker and his wife never saw them again, but the elves must have brought them good luck, for the good man and his good wife have prospered from that day to this.

—Adapted from Grimm.

THE CUPBOARD

I KNOW a little cupboard,
With a teeny, tiny key,
And there's a jar of Lollypops
For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there's a dish of Banbury Cakes
For me, me, me.

I have a small, fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she's the Keeper of the Cupboard,
With a key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There's Banbury Cakes and Lollypops
For me, me, me.

—Walter De La Mare.

By permission Henry Holt & Company.

BILLIE PARKS

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Oh, dear! what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear! what can the mat-ter be?

Oh, dear! what can the mat - ter be? John-ny's so late at the

fair. He prom-ised to bring me a bunch of blue rib-bons, He

prom-ised to bring me a bunch of blue rib-bons, He prom-ised to bring me a

bunch of blue rib-bons, To tie up my bon-ny brown hair.

Ped. *

HOT CROSS BUNS

Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns! One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny,

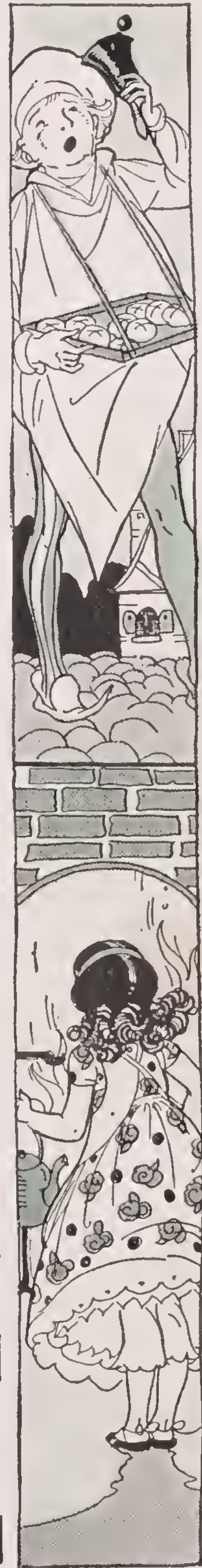
Hot cross buns! If you have no daugh-ters, give them to your sons;

One a pen - ny, two a pen - ny, Hot cross buns!

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

1 Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on,
2 Suk - ey, take it off a - gain; Suk - ey, take it off a - gain;

Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, We'll all have tea!
Suk - ey, take it off a - gain; They're all gone a - way.



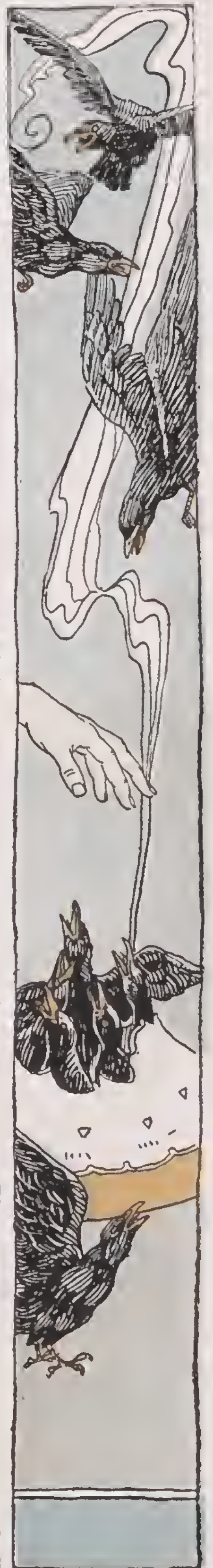
SIMPLE SIMON

1 Sim-ple Si - mon met a pie-man go - ing to the fair, Says
2 Sim-ple Si - mon went a fish-ing for to catch a whale, And
3 Si - mon went to catch a bird, and thought he could not fail, Be -

Sim-ple Si-mon to the pie-man, "Let me taste your ware."
all the wa - ter he had got was in his moth - er's pail;
cause he had a pinch of salt to put up - on his tail.

Says the pie-man un - to Si-mon, "Show me first your pen - ny." Says
Si-mon made a great snow-ball, and brought it in to roast, He
When Si-mon came up close to him, the bird he flew a - way: Says

Sim-ple Si - mon to the pie-man, "Sir, I have not a - ny."
laid it down be - fore the fire, and soon the ball was lost.
Si-mon, "I can - not catch you, be - cause you will not stay."



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

1 Sing a song of six-pence, a pock-et full of rye, Four and twen-ty
2 The King was in his count-ing house count-ing out his mon-ey The Queen was in her

black-birds baked in a pie; When the pie was o-pened, The
par-lor eat-ing bread and hon-ey; The maid was in the gar-den

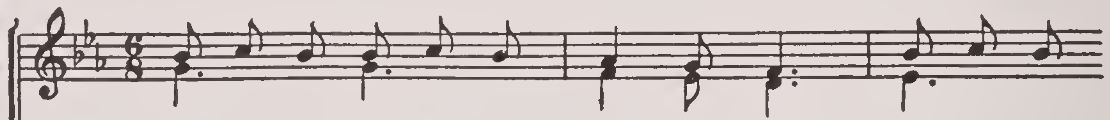
birds be-gan to sing; Was not that a dain-ty dish to set be-fore the King?
hang-ing out the clothes, There came a lit-tle black-bird and snapt off her nose.

MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

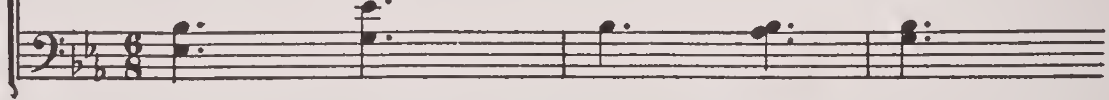
Mis-tress Ma - ry, quite con-tra - ry, How does your gar-den grow? With

sil - ver bells and cock - le shells, And pret-ty maids all of a row.

PAT A CAKE (Baby's Hand Play)



Pat a cake, pat a cake. ba - ker's man! So I will,



mas - ter, as fast as I can. Pat it and prick it and

mark it with B, and put it in th'ov-en for Ba - by and me.

NOTE. — For "B" and "Baby" use the proper initial and name (P — Peter, G — Gladys, etc.), if preferred.

GEORGY PORGY

Geor-gy Por - gy pud-ding and pie, Kissed the girls and made them cry;

When the girls came out to play, Geor - gy Por - gy ran a - way.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Hump - ty Dump - ty sat on a wall, Hump - ty Dump - ty

had a great fall; All the King's hors-es and all the King's

men can-not put Hump-ty Dump-ty to - geth - er a - gain.

OLD KING COLE

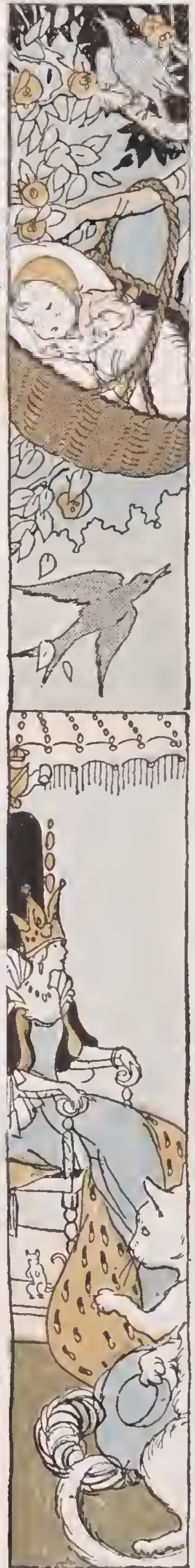
Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, and a mer-ry old soul was he; And he call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, and he called for his fid - dlers three. Ev - 'ry fid - dler had a fine fid dle and a ver - y fine fid-dle had he; Then twee, twee-dle-dee, twee-dle-dee, went the fid-dlers, And so mer-ry we will be.

NOTE. – The part of the tune between ★ and ★ is to be repeated as often as necessary

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY

Hush-a-bye, ba-by, on the tree top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock;

When the bough breaks the cra-dle will fall; Down will come cra-dle and ba-by and all!



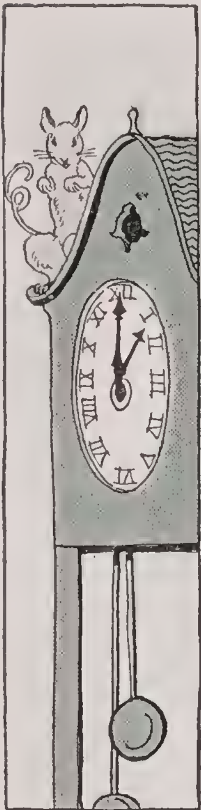
PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

Pus-sy cat, pus-sy cat, where have you been? I've been to

Lon-don to look at the Queen. Pus-sy cat, pus-sy cat,

what did you there? I caught a lit-tle mouse un-der the chair.

Ped. *



HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

Hick-o - ry, dick-o - ry, dock, The mouse ran up the clock; The

clock struck one, The mouse ran down. Hick-o - ry, dick-o - ry, dock.

Ped. *

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

1 Three lit - tle kit-tens put on their mit-tens, To eat some Christ-mas pie. Miaou, miaou, miaou, miaou!
2 Three lit - tle kit-tens they lost their mit-tens, And all be - gan to cry. Miaou, miaou, miaou, miaou!
3 You naugh-ty kit-tens go find your mit-tens, Or you shall have no pie! Miaou, miaou, miaou, miaou!
4 Three lit - tle kit-tens they found their mit-tens, And joy - ful - ly did cry. Miaou, miaou, miaou, miaou!
5 Oh, gran - ny dear, our mit - tens are here, Make haste and cut the pie! Purr-rr, purr - rr, purr - rr, purr.

BABY BUNTING

Ba - by, ba - by Bunt - ing, Dad-dy's gone a - hunt - ing;

Gone to get a rab - bit skin, To wrap the ba - by Bunt-ing in.

Ped. *

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

1 Cock - a - doo-dle - doo! My dame has lost her shoe! My mas-ter's lost his fid-dling-stick, And we don't know what to do!

2 Cock - a - doo-dle - doo! What is my dame to do? If mas-ter finds his fid-dling-stick, She'll dance with-out her shoe.

3 Cock - a - doo-dle - doo! My dame has found her shoe. And mas-ter's his fid-dling-stick, So she will dance with you.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old wo-man toss'd up in a bas-ket Nine - teen times as

high as the moon. What she did there, I could - n't but ask it,

For in her hands she car-ried a broom. "Old wom-an, old wom-an, old

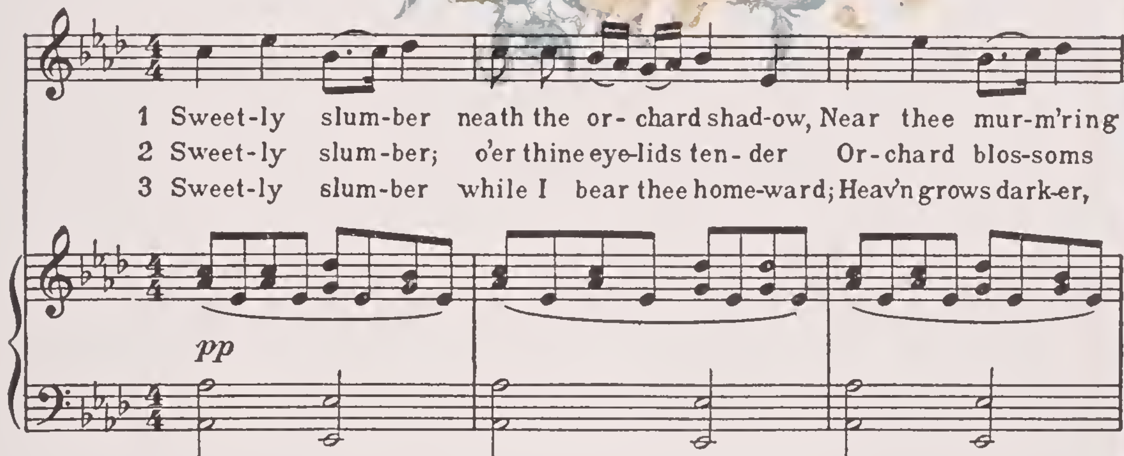
wom-an," quoth I, "Ah, whith-er, ah, whith-er, ah, whith-er so high?" "To

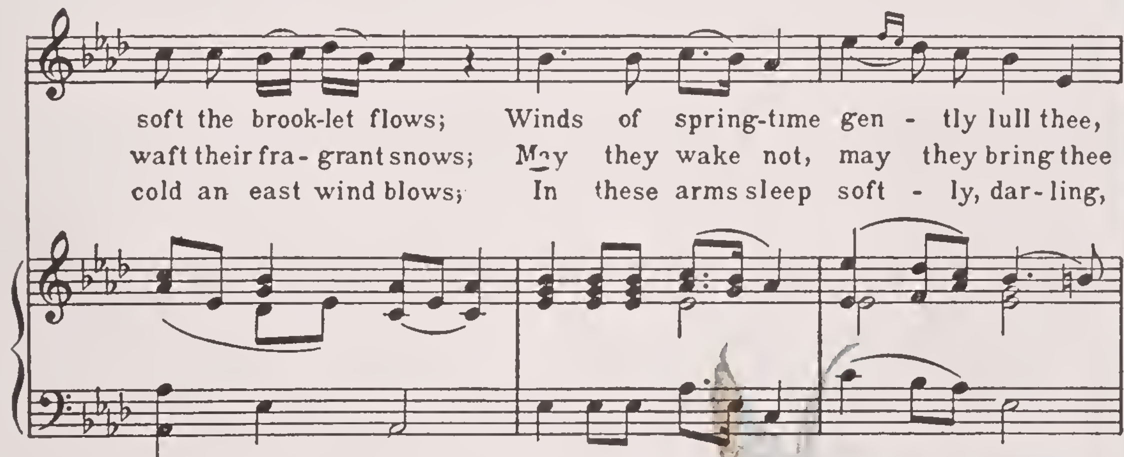
sweep the cob - webs off the sky." "Shall I go with thee?" "By and by!"

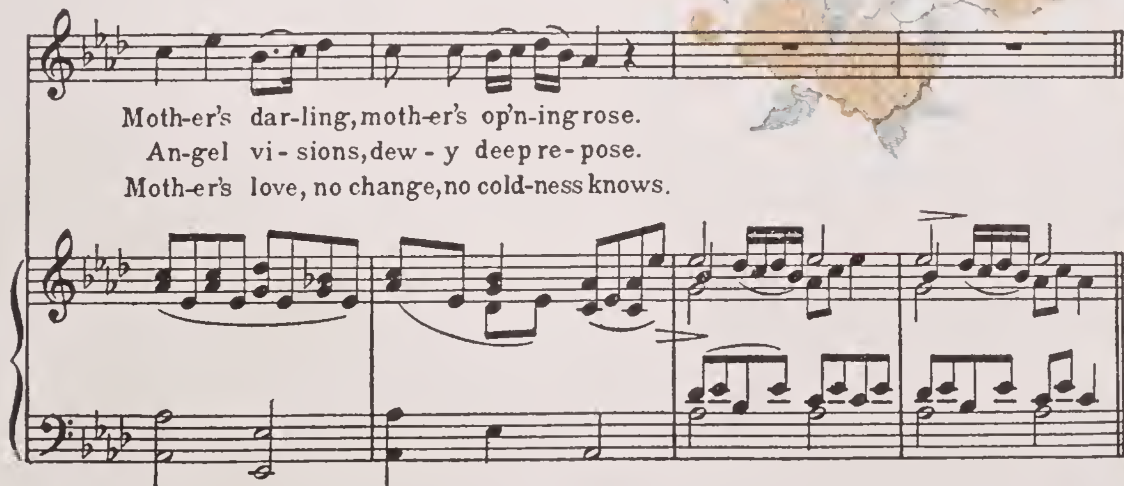
CRADLE SONG

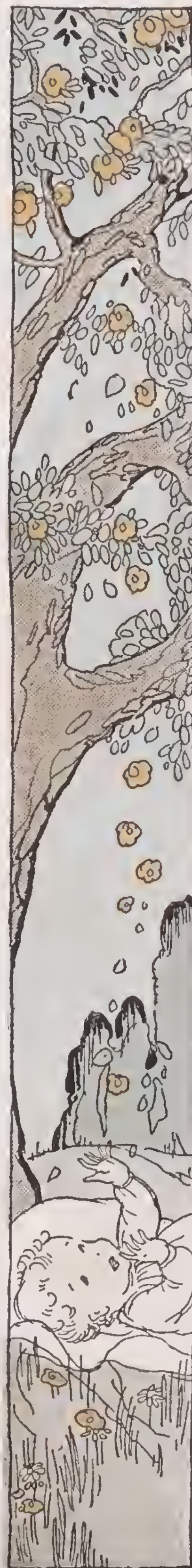
English words by F.R.R.

FRANZ SCHUBERT









GUARDIAN ANGELS

(KINDERWACHT)

ROBERT SCHUMANN Op. 79, No. 21

p Simply

1 When chil-dren lay them down to sleep, Two
2 But when they wake at dawn of day, The

p

an-gels come, their watch to keep, *p* Cov-er them up,
two bright an-gels go a-way, Rest from their work of

cresc *p*

safe-ly and warm, Ten-der-ly shield them from
care and love, For God Him-self keeps

ev - 'ry harm.
watch a - bove.

JAPANESE LULLABY

Tune — TRADITIONAL

p

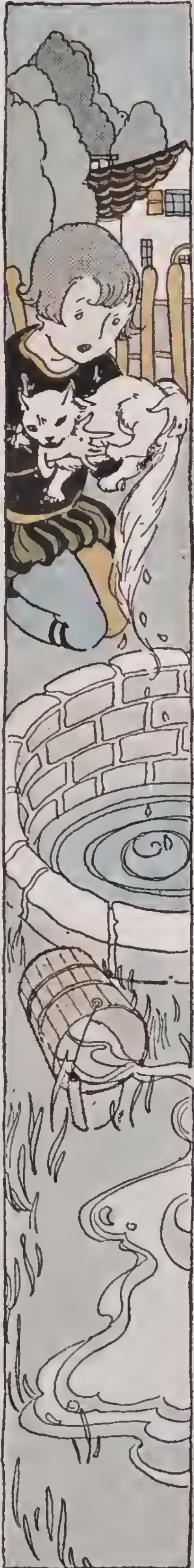
Now the sun is low, And the night is fall - ing fast; Slum-ber
Thro' the lone-ly night, When the stars are shin - ing high; I will

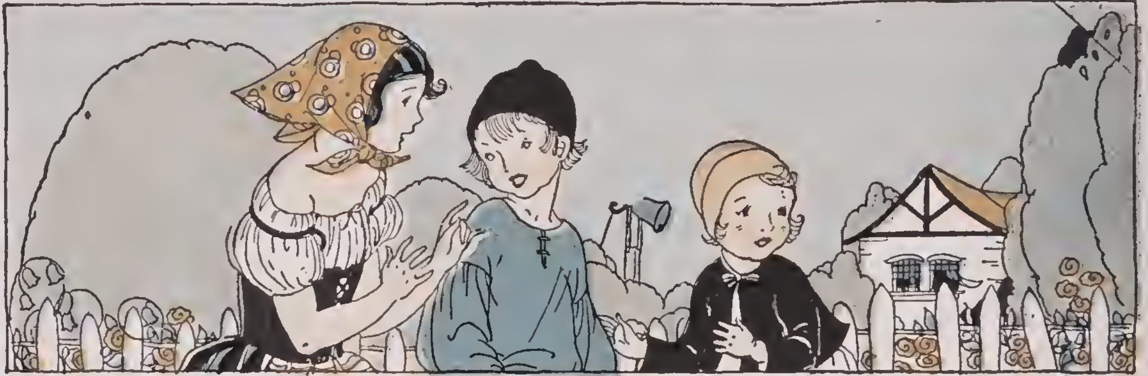
Sempre con Ped.

comes to thee at last, Sleep, my pret - ty babe. Birds and flow'rs and
keep my dar-ling nigh, Sleep, my pret - ty babe. Birds and flow'rs and

pp

pret-ty maid-ens All have gone to rest, Oh! sleep my pret-ty babe.





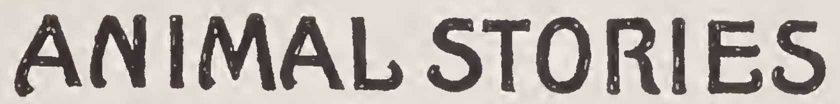
DING-DONG BELL

Ding-dong bell Pus-sy's in the well, Who put her in?

Lit-tle John-ny Green, Who pull'd her out? Lit-tle John-ny Stout, What a

naugh-ty boy was that to try and drown poor pus-sy cat, Who ne'er did an-y harm,

But killed all the mice in his fa - ther's barn


ANIMAL STORIES

The Tale of Peter Rabbit

ONCE upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sandbank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor."

"Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries.

But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans, and then he had some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor.

Mr.McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter, but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him; and rushed into the toolshed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed—"Kerty-schoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr.McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also, he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity—not very fast, and looking all around.

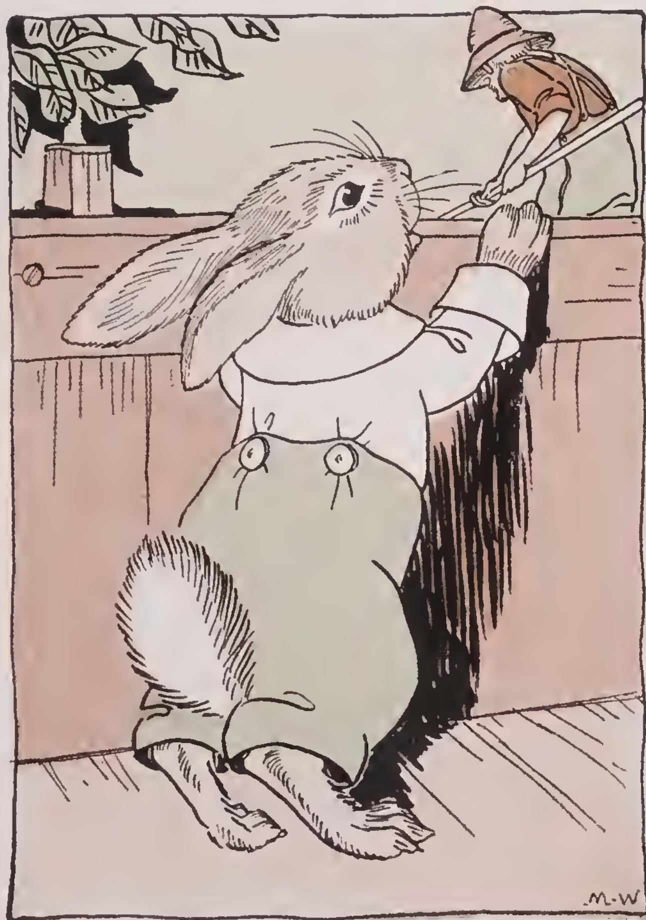
He found a door in a wall, but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that

she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back toward the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scratch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But, presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

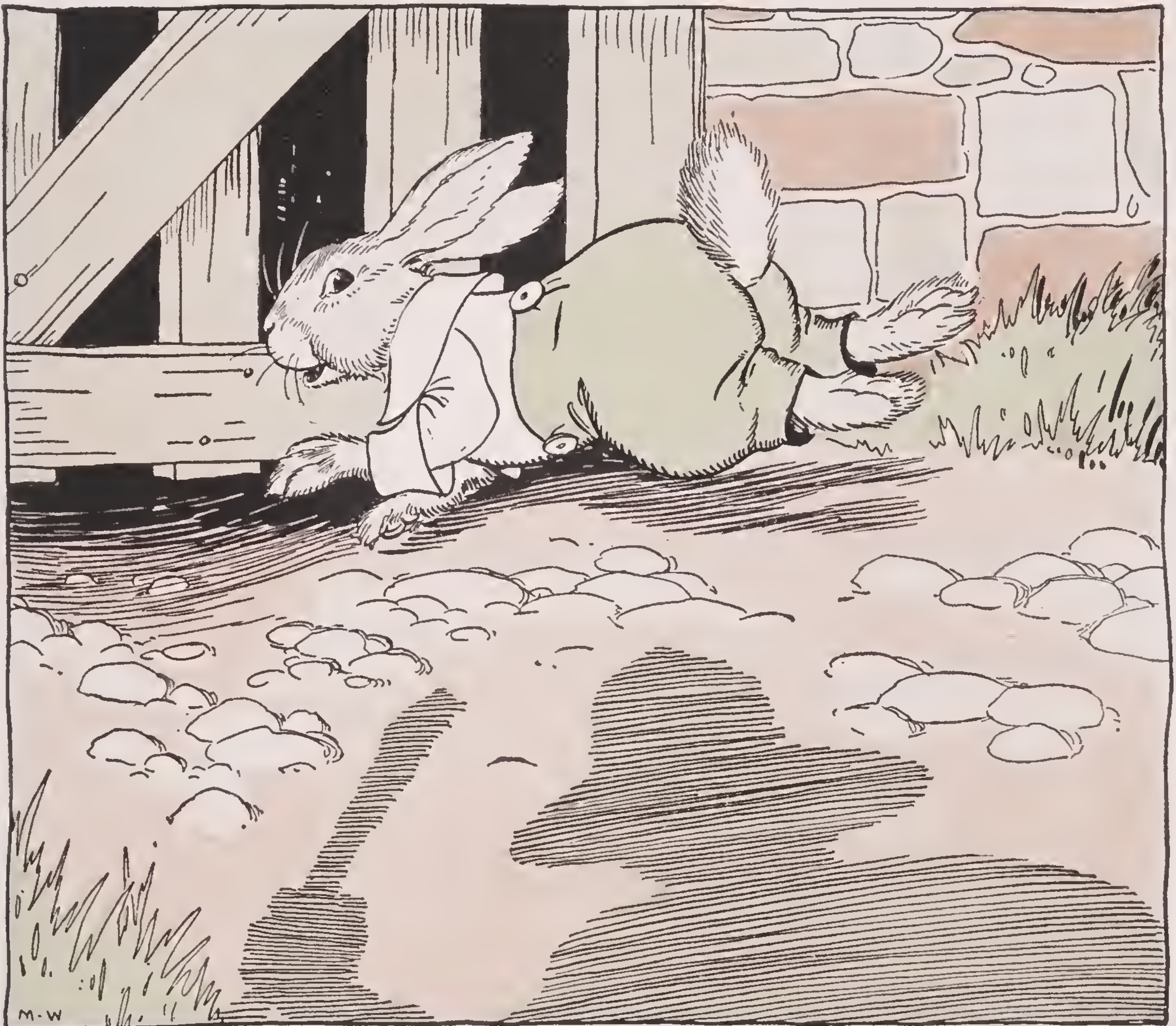


Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.



He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes.

His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

"One table-spoonful to be taken at bed-time."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper. —BEATRIX POTTER.

The Three Little Pigs

ONCE upon a time, when pigs could talk and no one had ever heard of bacon, there lived an old piggy mother with her three little sons.

They had a very pleasant home in the middle of an oak forest, and were all just as happy as the day was long, until one sad year the acorn crop failed; then, indeed, poor Mrs. Piggy-wiggy often had hard work to make both ends meet.

One day she called her sons to her, and, with tears in her eyes, told them that she must send them out into the wide world to seek their fortune.

She kissed them all round, and the three little pigs set out upon their travels, each taking a different road, and carrying a bundle slung on a stick across his shoulder.

The first little pig had not gone far before he met a man carrying a bundle of straw; so he said to him, "Please, man, will you give me that straw to build me a house?" The man was very good-natured, so he gave him the bundle of straw, and the little pig built a pretty little house with it.

No sooner was it finished, and the little pig thinking of going to bed, than a wolf came along, knocked at the door, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

But the little pig laughed softly, and answered, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

Then said the wolf sternly, "I will make you let me in; for I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew his house in, because, you see, it was only straw and too light; and when he had blown the house in, he ate up the little pig, and did not leave so much as the the tip of his tail.

The second little pig also met a man, and he was carrying a bundle of furze; so piggy said politely, "Please, kind man, will you give me that furze to build me a house?"

The man agreed, and piggy set to work to build himself a snug little house before the night came on. It was scarcely finished when the wolf came along, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin," answered the little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf. So he huffed and he puffed, and puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house in, and gobbled the little pig up in a trice.

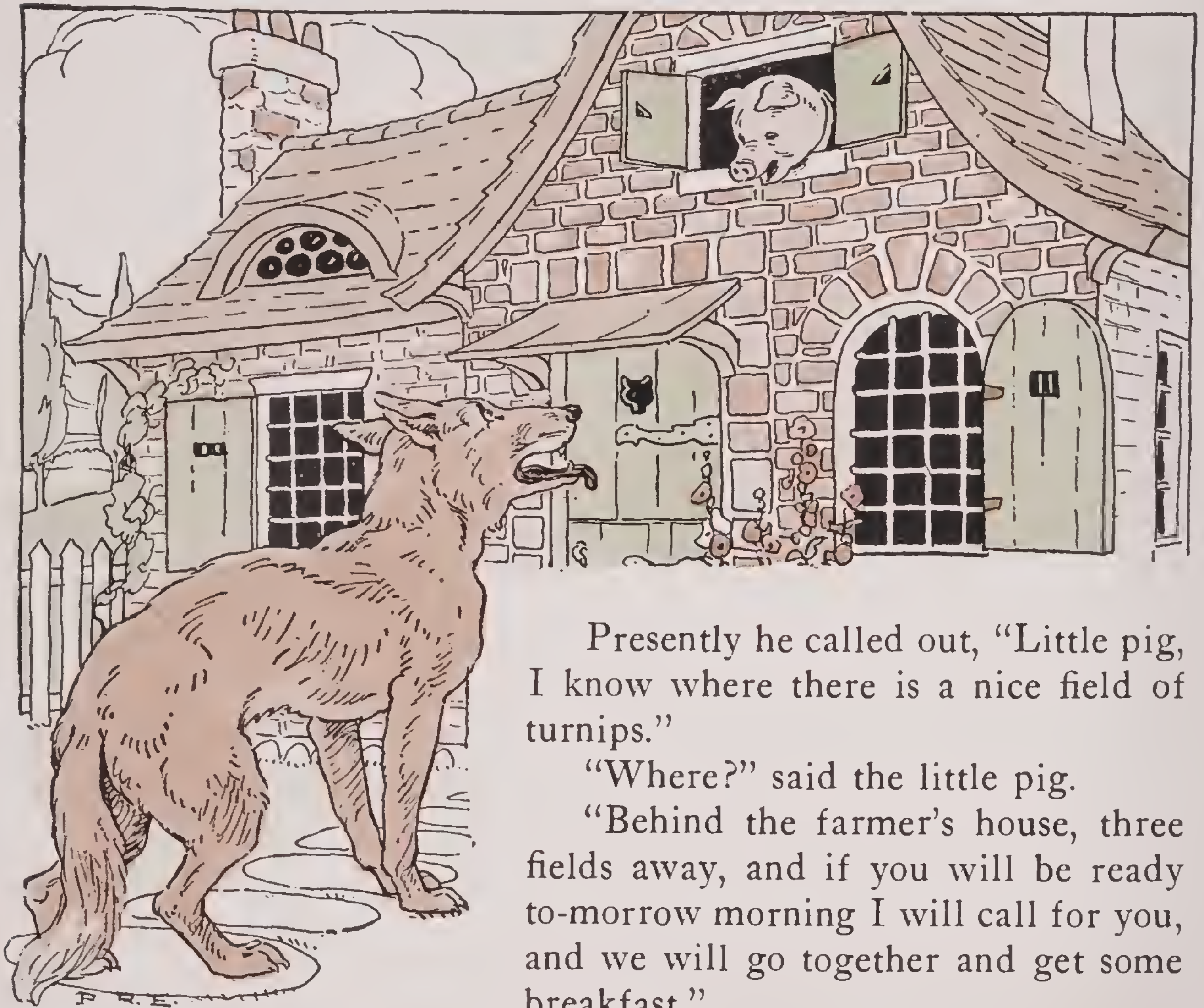
Now, the third little pig met a man with a load of bricks and mortar, and he said, "Please, man, will you give me those bricks to build a house with?"

So the man gave him the bricks and mortar, and a little trowel as well, and the little pig built himself a nice strong little house. As soon as it was finished the wolf came to call, just as he had done to the other little pigs, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me in!"

But the little pig answered, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

"Then," said the wolf, "I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed; but he could not get the house down. At last he had no breath left to huff and puff with, so he sat down outside the little pig's house and thought for awhile.



Presently he called out, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Behind the farmer's house, three fields away, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together and get some breakfast."

"Very well," said the little pig; "I will be sure to be ready. What time do you mean to start?" "At six o'clock," replied the wolf.

Well, the wise little pig got up at five, scampered away to the field, and brought home a fine load of turnips before the wolf came. At six o'clock the wolf came to the little pig's house and said, "Little pig, are you ready?"

"Ready!" cried the little pig. "Why, I have been to the field and come back long ago, and now I am busy boiling a potful of turnips for breakfast."

The wolf was very angry indeed; but he made up his mind to catch the little pig somehow or other; so he told him that he knew where there was a nice apple-tree.

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Round the hill in the squire's orchard," the wolf said. "So if you will promise to play me no tricks, I will come for you to-morrow morning at five o'clock, and we will go together and get some rosy-cheeked apples."

The next morning piggy got up at four o'clock, and was off and away long before the wolf came.

But the orchard was a long way off, and besides, he had the tree to climb, which is a difficult matter for a little pig, so that before the sack he had brought with him was quite filled he saw the wolf coming toward him.

He was dreadfully frightened, but he thought it better to put a good face on the matter, so when the wolf said, "Little pig, why are you here before me? Are they nice apples?" he replied at once, "Yes, very; I will throw down one for you to taste." So he picked an apple and threw it so far that whilst the wolf was running to fetch it he had time to jump down and scamper away home.

The next day the wolf came again, and told the little pig that there was going to be a fair in the town that afternoon, and asked him if he would go with him.

"Oh! yes," said the pig, "I will go with pleasure. What time will you be ready to start?"

"At half-past three," said the wolf.

Of course, the little pig started long before the time, went to the fair and bought a fine large butter-churn, and was trotting away with it on his back when he saw the wolf coming.

He did not know what to do, so he crept into the churn to hide, and by so doing started it rolling.

Down the hill it went, rolling over and over, with the little pig squeaking inside.

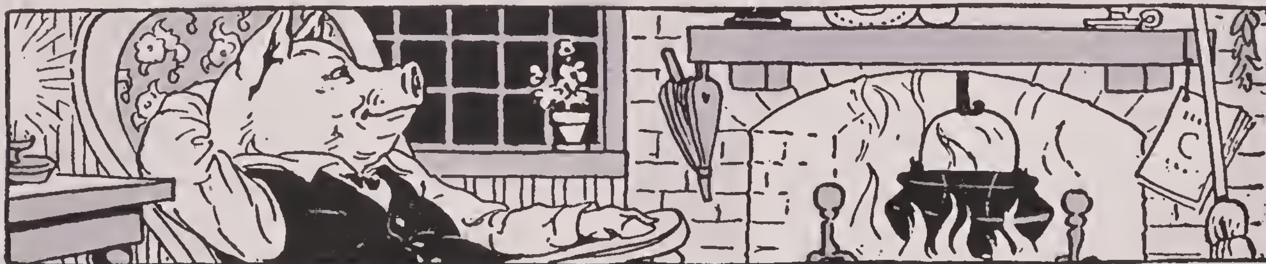
The wolf could not think what the strange thing rolling down the hill could be; so he turned tail and ran away home in a fright without ever going to the fair at all. He went to the little pig's house to tell him how frightened he had been by a large round thing which came rolling past him down the hill.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the little pig; "so I frightened you, eh? I had been to the fair and bought a butter churn; when I saw you I got inside and rolled down the hill."

This made the wolf so angry that he declared that he would eat up the little pig, and that nothing could save him, for he would jump down the chimney.

But the clever little pig hung a pot full of water over the hearth and then made a blazing fire, and just as the wolf was coming down the chimney he took off the cover and in fell the wolf. In a second the little pig had popped the lid on again.

Then he boiled the wolf and ate him for supper, and after that he lived quietly and comfortably all his days, and was never troubled by a wolf again.



The Folly of Panic

ONCE upon a time there was a great Lion who tried to help his fellow animals. He soon found there was a great deal to be done. For instance, there was a little nervous Hare who was always afraid that something dreadful was going to happen to her. She was always saying, "Suppose the Earth were to fall in, what would happen to me?" And she said this so often that at last she thought it really was about to happen. One day, when she had been saying over and over again, "Suppose the Earth were to fall in, what would happen to me?" she heard a slight noise: it really was only a heavy fruit which had fallen upon a rustling leaf, but the little Hare was so nervous she was ready to believe anything, and she said in a frightened tone, "The Earth is falling in!" She ran away as fast as she could go, and presently she met an old brother Hare, who said, "Where are you running to, Mistress Hare?"

And the little Hare said, "I have no time to stop and tell you anything. The Earth is falling in, and I am running away."

"The Earth is falling in, is it?" said the old brother Hare, in a tone of much astonishment; and he repeated this to his brother Hare, and he to his brother Hare, and he to his brother Hare, until at last there were a hundred thousand brother Hares, all shouting, "The Earth is falling in!" Now, presently, the bigger animals began to take the cry up. First the Deer, and then the Sheep, and then the Wild Boar, and then the Buffalo, and then the Camel, and then the Tiger, and then the Elephant.

Now the wise Lion heard all this noise and wondered at it. "There are no signs," he said, "of the Earth falling in. They must

have heard something." And then he stopped them all short and said, "What is this you are saying?"

And the Elephant said, "I remarked that the Earth was falling in."

"How do you know this?" asked the Lion.

"Why, now I come to think of it, it was the Tiger that remarked it to me."

And the Tiger said, "I had it from the Camel." And the Camel said, "I had it from the Buffalo." And the Buffalo from the Wild Boar, and the Wild Boar from the Sheep, and the Sheep from the Deer, and the Deer from the Hares, and the Hares said, "Oh! we heard it from that little Hare."

And the Lion said, "Little Hare, what made you say that the Earth was falling in?"

And the little Hare said, "I saw it."

"You saw it?" said the Lion; "Where?"

"Yonder, by that tree."

"Well," said the Lion, "come with me and I will show you how—"

"No, no," said the Hare, "I would not go near that tree for anything, I'm so nervous."

"But," said the Lion, "I am going to take you on my back." And he took her on his back, and begged the animals to stay where they were until they returned. Then he showed the little Hare how the fruit had fallen upon the leaf, making the noise that had frightened her, and she said, "Yes, I see—the Earth is not falling in." And the Lion said, "Shall we go back and tell the other ani-

mals?" And they went back. The little Hare stood before the animals and said, "The Earth is not falling in." And all the animals began to repeat this to one another, and they dispersed gradually, and you heard the words more and more softly:

"The Earth is not falling in," etc., etc., etc., until the sound died away altogether. —*Marie Shedlock.*

The Crow and the Pitcher

THERE was once a good old black Crow, and he was very, very thirsty. He looked and looked for water, but all he could find was a little bit at the bottom of a deep pitcher. The Crow put his beak into the pitcher and tried very hard to reach the water, but there was so little left that, try as he would, he could not get it.

He turned and was about to go sorrowfully away when an idea came to him. He went back, picked up a pebble and dropped it in the pitcher, then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. Then he looked down in to see what had happened to the water. The pebbles had made the water rise just a little way. He would have to work hard to get pebbles enough to bring the water up to a place where he could reach it. At first he thought he would give up trying and fly away. Then he said to himself:

"No, though I seem to find so little change each time I drop in a pebble, if I keep right at my work, and keep at it, and keep at it, at last I shall get my drink."

So he went back patiently to work and dropped in another pebble and another and another. Little by little he saw the water rise. At last, it came up where he could reach it. Then he put in his beak and was able to take the drink of which he was so much in need.

—*Aesop.*

The Fox and the Stork

AT one time the Fox and the Stork were very good friends, and used to visit each other. So the Fox invited the Stork one day to dinner. But, when they were ready to eat, Mr. Fox thought to play a joke on Miss Stork. He put before her nothing at all except some soup in a very shallow dish. This the Fox could easily lap up with his tongue, but the Stork could only wet the tip-end of her long bill in it. So she could get nothing to eat, and left the meal as hungry as when she began.

"I am sorry," said the Fox, chuckling to himself, "that you do not like the soup."

"Oh, pray do not say anything about it," said the Stork. "I hope you will return this visit and come soon to eat dinner with me."

So a day was set when the Fox should visit the Stork. But when they were seated at table, all that the Stork had made ready for dinner was held in a very slim, long-necked jar, with a narrow mouth.

Down into this the Stork could easily reach her slender bill, but the Fox could not get his thick snout into it. So all he could manage to do was to lick the outside of the jar.

"I will not say I am sorry you have eaten so little," said the Stork, "for as you treat others, so must you expect others to treat you."

—*Aesop.*

The Lion and the Mouse

ONE day a big Lion lay asleep in the jungle. A little Mouse came scampering through the trees and ran over the Lion's paw. The Lion awakened with a roar, and held the little Mouse fast.

"I am going to eat you," he growled.

"Oh, Mr. Lion, do not eat me," said the little Mouse. "Some day I might be able to help you."

"Help me, indeed!" roared the Lion. "It is not likely that a small creature like you could be of any use to the king of the jungle."

"It is not likely," said the small Mouse; "still it might happen, and if you will let me go now, I will remember it always and be ready to help you if I can."

This amused the old Lion, so he let the little Mouse go.

Months passed by, and one day this great yellow king of the

jungle found himself caught in a trap that had been set by the hunters. He roared and pulled this way and that, but in spite of all his great strength the Lion could not free himself, and he lay there roaring with anger and pain.

A long way off in the jungle the little Mouse heard the thunder of his cries, and she said to herself, "That sounds like my friend, the Lion." She hurried as fast as she could through the jungle towards the sound, and, presently, she came to the old Lion, bound fast in the ropes of the hunters' trap.

"What is the matter?" said she. "Why don't you get out of those ropes?"

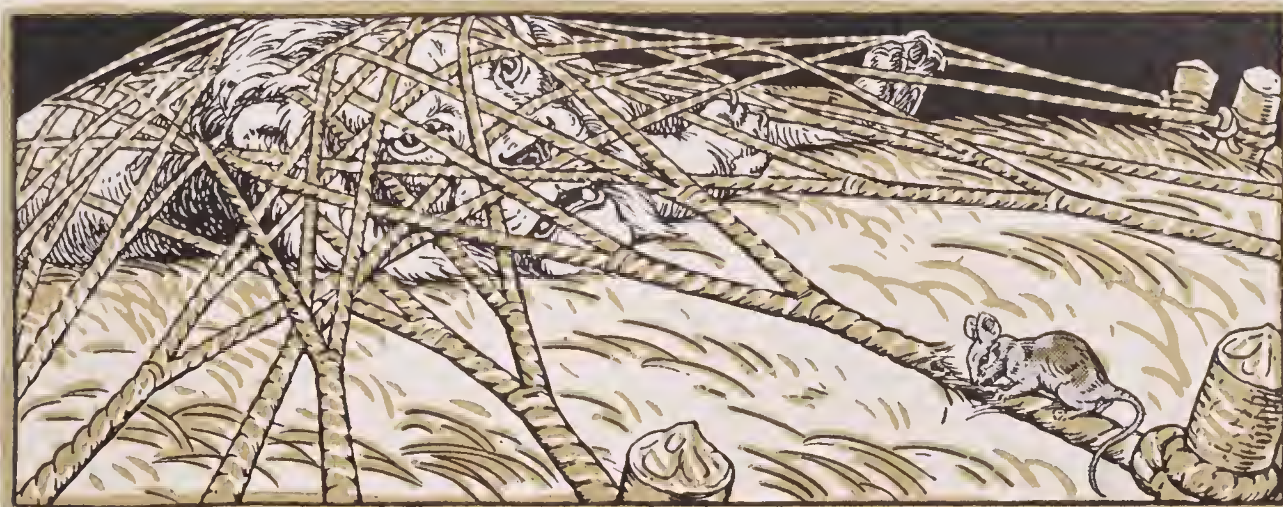
"Because I cannot do it," answered the Lion.

"Perhaps I can help you," said the small Mouse.

"What nonsense! How can a tiny creature like you get me out of these great ropes which I cannot break with all my strength?"

"There are more ways than one of doing a thing," said the Mouse, and with that, she set to work gnawing the ropes with her little sharp teeth. She worked patiently at rope after rope, gnawing them until they fell apart. Presently the great Lion, the king of the jungle, found himself free from the hunters' trap because of the help of his small friend, the Mouse.

—Adapted by May Hill.
From Aesop.



Belling the Cat

LONG ago the Mice all came together to talk over what they could do to keep themselves safe from the Cat. They sat around in a great circle under an old wash tub, with a candle for light, and wiggled their whiskers, and blinked their eyes, and looked very wise indeed. Some said, "Let us do this," and others said, "Let us do that," but at last a young Mouse got up, proudly swished his tail, and looked about as though to say he knew more than all the rest of them put together.

"I have thought of something," said he, "that will be sure to keep us safe from the Cat."

"Tell us what it is, then," squeaked the other Mice.

"You all know," said the young Mouse, "it is because Pussy creeps up on us so very quietly, that she is right upon us before we see her. If we could only plan something which would let us know when she is coming, then we should always have plenty of time to scamper out of her way. Now I say, let us get a small bell and tie it by a ribbon around her neck. Then she will not be able to move at all without jingling the bell. So when we hear the bell tinkle, we shall always know that she is about and can easily keep out of her reach."

As the young Mouse sat down, very proud of himself, all the others clapped their paws and squeaked:

"Just the thing! Just the thing! Big-Whiskers has told us what we should do!"

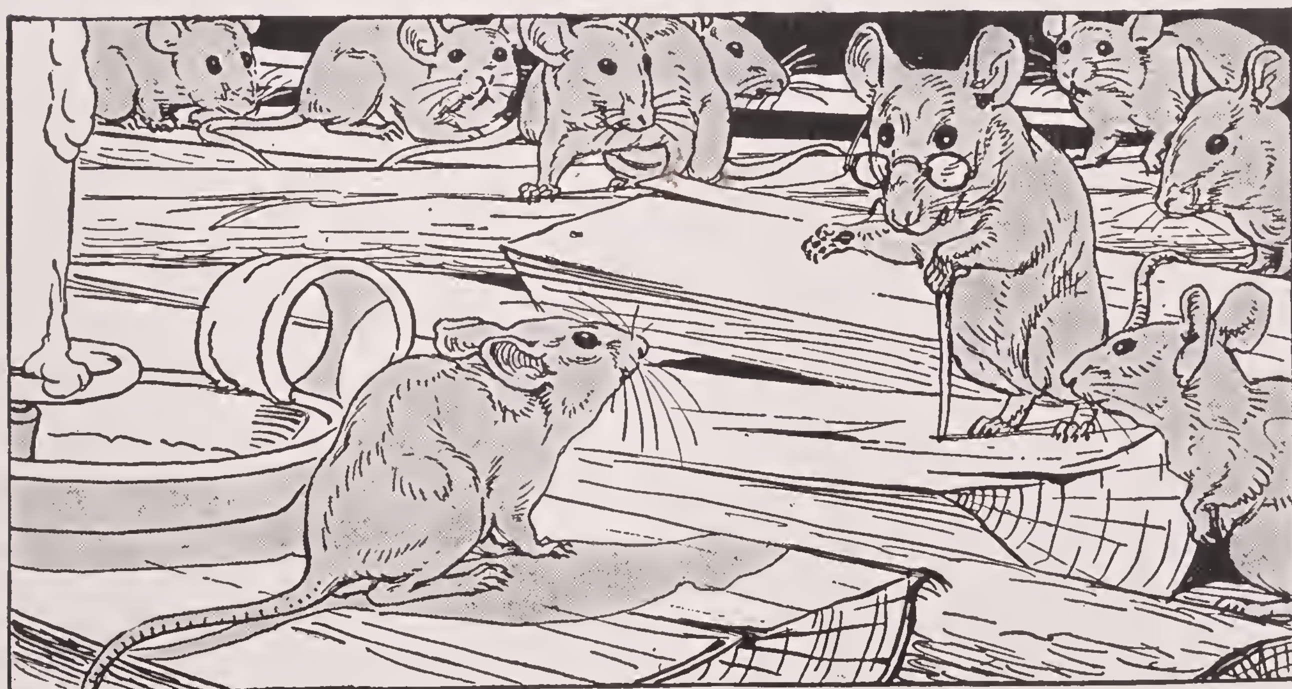
They even began talking about whether they should get a silver bell or a brass one, and whether they should use a blue ribbon or a pink one. But at last an old Mouse got slowly up from his seat and said:

"It is all very well what Big-Whiskers has said. What he has thought of would truly be wise, but WHO IS GOING TO PUT THE BELL ON THE CAT?"

The Mice looked at one another; nobody spoke a word. Who indeed would dare go straight up to Pussy and tie the bell about her neck? The old Mouse looked straight at Big-Whiskers, but Big-Whiskers was proud no more. He made himself as small as he could, for he had never, never thought to do such a thing himself. Then the old Mouse said:

"It is all very well to TALK about doing great things, but all that really counts is to DO them."

—Adapted from Aesop.



The Hare and the Tortoise

Adapted from Aesop

A HARE once said boastfully that he could run faster than any of the other animals.

"I have never yet been beaten," said he, "and I never shall be. I dare anyone here to run a race with me."

"The Tortoise answered quietly, "I will run a race with you."

"You!" laughed the Hare, "Hah! Hah! Hah! That is a good joke. A Turtle run a race with a Hare! Why, I could dance around such a slow-poke as you all the way, and still reach the goal first."

"Keep such big talk until you've truly won the race," said the Tortoise.

But the Hare continued to laugh: "Ho! Ho! Ho! Hah! Hah! Hah! A turtle run a race with a Hare. Everybody come and see! The Turtle would run a race with the Hare."

All the little Forest Folk heard and came up to see the fun.

"Well, well, well," said a Raccoon to a Woodchuck. "Think of it! Friend Turtle, whose legs are so short he can hardly crawl, will run a race with the Hare! Why, the Hare's hind legs are so long he can go at one leap as far as Friend Turtle can creep in fifty slow steps!" So the Raccoon laughed, and the Woodchuck laughed, and all the little Forest Folk laughed. But the Tortoise still stuck to it that he would run the race.

So they decided on a starting place, and on the road they should run to the goal. Then they put their toes to the line and made ready. "One, two, three, go!" shouted the Raccoon. They were off!

The Hare darted almost out of sight at once, but when he had gone half way, he stopped. Just to show how certain he was of reaching the goal ahead of the Tortoise, he lay down in the middle of the road and went to sleep. He slept, and he slept, and he slept, but the Tortoise plodded on, and plodded on, and plodded on.

At last, when the Hare awoke from his nap, lo and behold! he saw the Tortoise had gone all the way round the race course and was back again near the winning-post. Then, though he ran as fast as he could to make up for lost time, he could not reach the goal until after the Tortoise.

"Three cheers for Friend Turtle! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted all the little Forest People. But the Tortoise said quietly to the Hare:

"He who keeps steadily at work, always comes out ahead."

The Fox and His Travels

ONE day an old fox was digging behind a hollow three, and he found a bumble-bee. He put the bumble-bee in his bag, put the bag over his shoulder, and travelled. Presently, he came to a farm house. He knocked at the door.

"Good-day," said the woman of the house.

"Good-day," said the Old Fox. "May I leave my bag here while I go over to Squintun's?"

"Yes," said the woman, "I suppose you may."

"Very well," said the Fox, "but mind you, don't look in my bag." Oh, no, she would not think of doing that. So the Fox went away. No sooner was the Fox out of sight than the woman of the house began to look at the bag.

"I wonder what that Fox has in his bag, that he is so particular about," she said. "Surely, it will not hurt if I take just one little look." So she untied the mouth of the bag, and out flew the bumble-bee, and the woman's rooster happened along at just that moment, and he gobbled up the bumble-bee in one gulp.

After a while, the Fox returned. He lifted up his bag, and felt that it was empty.

"Where is my bumble-bee," he asked the woman.

"Oh, I just opened your bag to take one little look, and the bumble-bee flew out and my rooster ate him up."

"Very well," said the Fox, "then I must have your rooster." He put the woman's rooster in his bag, put the bag over his shoulder, and travelled.

Presently, he came to another farm house. He knocked at the door.

"Good-day," said the Fox to the woman of the house.

"Good-day," said the woman.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintun's?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose you may," answered the mistress of the house.

"Very well," said the Fox, "but mind you, don't look in my bag."

"Of course not; I would not think of doing such a thing," and the Fox went away.

No sooner had he gone than the woman began to walk around the bag and wonder about what that thing was that the Fox had in his bag. She said to herself, "Surely, it would not hurt if I took one little look." So she untied the mouth of the bag very carefully, but the old rooster flew out. Just then the woman's pig came along and ate up the rooster. Presently, the Fox returned. He lifted up his bag and felt that it was empty.

"Where is my rooster?" he asked.

"Oh, I just opened your bag to take one little look, and the rooster flew out, and my pig ate him up."

"Very well," said the Fox. "Then I must have your pig," and he put the woman's pig in his bag, put the bag over his shoulder, and travelled.

Presently he came to another farm house. He knocked at the door.

"Good-day," said the Fox to the woman of the house.

"Good-day," answered the good wife.

"May I leave my bag here while I go over to Squintun's?"

"Yes, that you may," said the woman.

"Very well," said the Fox; "but mind you do not look in my bag."

"Of course not," answered the woman, crossly; and the Fox went away.

No sooner had he gone than the woman began to look at the bag, and she touched it here, and she poked it there, and finally she said to herself, "There is something large and fat in that bag, and surely it will not hurt if I take a look." So she untied the mouth of the bag, and out came the big fat pig.

Just then, along came the woman's little boy, and he chased the

pig with a stick over the country and across the hills, and out of sight. By the time he got home the Fox had returned. The Fox lifted the bag and found it was empty, and said:

"Where is my pig?"

"Alas, and alack," answered the woman. "I just opened your bag to take a look and the pig ran out and my little boy chased him across the country and the hills and he became out of sight."

"Very well," said the Fox. "Then I must have your little boy." So he put the woman's little boy in the bag, put the bag over his shoulder, and travelled.

Presently, he came to another farm house.

"Good-day," said the woman of the house.

"Good-day," said the Fox. "May I leave my bag here while I go over to Squintun's?"

"I am very busy, but I suppose you may," said the woman.

"Very well," said the Fox, "but mind you do not look in my bag."

"I should think not; I am far too busy for that," answered the woman, and the Fox went away.

Now, this woman was baking cake, and when she took it out

of the oven, all her children gathered around her, saying, "Oh, please, mammy, give us a bit of cake!" And when the smell of that hot cake came to the little boy in the bag, he sat up and called out:

"Oh, please, mammy, give me a bit of cake, too?"

Now you may well believe that the woman was surprised to hear a little boy talking from inside of that bag. She made haste to open the bag and take out the little boy, and she gave him some hot cake with her children. He was eating his cake when they saw the old Fox returning. The woman of the house took her big watch dog and put him in the bag, and tied it up. The Fox picked up the bag, felt that it was heavy, put it over his shoulder, and travelled. As he was going down the road, he said to himself, "I have been travelling all this long day with never a bite to eat. I believe I will just step over into the woods and try how this little boy tastes." Of course, he did not know that the little boy was safe at home, having cake with the woman's children. But the old Fox went over to the woods, opened the bag, and out jumped the watch-dog and ate up the Fox at one gulp, and that was the end of the Fox and his travels. From *Oak Tree Fairy Book:* LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY.

The Alligator and the Jackal

A HUNGRY Jackal once went down to the river-side in search of little crabs, for he was very fond of sea food. Now, it chanced that in this river there lived a big Alligator, who, being also very hungry, would have been extremely glad to eat the Jackal.

The Jackal ran up and down, here and there, but for a long time could find nothing to eat. At last, close to where the Alligator was lying, among some tall bulrushes under the clear, shallow water, he saw a little crab. The Jackal was so hungry that when he saw this, he poked his paw into the water to try and catch the crab, when, snap! the old Alligator caught hold of him.

"Oh, dear!" thought the Jackal to himself, "what can I do? This big Alligator has caught my paw in his mouth, and in another minute he will drag me under the water and kill me. My only chance is to make him think he has made a mistake." So he called out in a cheerful voice, "Oh, clever Mr. Alligator, kind, clever Mr. Alligator, to catch hold of a bulrush root instead of my paw! I hope you find it very tender."

The Alligator, who was so buried among the bulrushes that he could hardly see, thought, on hearing this, "Dear me, what a stupid mistake! I fancied I had caught hold of the Jackal's paw; but there he is, talking away as usual. I suppose I must have seized a bulrush root instead, as he says." And he let the Jackal go.

The Jackal ran away as fast as he could, crying, "Oh, wise Mr. Alligator, clever Mr. Alligator! So you very kindly let me go!" Then the Alligator was vexed, but the Jackal had run away too far to be caught.

Next day the Jackal was hungry for crabs, as usual; so he re-

turned to the river to get his dinner, as before; but because he was very much afraid of the Alligator, he called out:

"Whenever I look for my dinner in the river, I see the nice little crabs peeping up through the mud, then I catch them and eat them. I wish I could see one now."

The Alligator was buried in mud at the bottom of the river, but he heard every word. So he popped the little point of his tail above the water thinking, "If I do but just show the tip of my tail the Jackal will take me for a crab and put in his paw to catch me, and as soon as ever he does I'll gobble him up."

But no sooner did the Jackal see the little tip of the Alligator's tail than he called out, "Aha, my friend, there you are! No dinner for me in this part of the river!" And so saying, he ran farther on, and fished for his dinner a long way from that place.

The Alligator was very angry at being fooled a second time, and determined not to let the little Jackal escape again. So, on the following day, when his little tormentor returned to the water-side, the Alligator hid himself close to the bank. Now the Jackal was rather afraid of going near the river, for he thought, "Perhaps the Alligator will catch me to-day." But yet, being hungry, he did not wish to go without his dinner; so to make all as safe as he could, he cried, "Where are all the little crabs gone? There is not one here, and I am so hungry. Generally, even when they are under water, one can see them going bubble, bubble, bubble, and all the little bubbles go pop! pop! pop!"

On hearing this, the Alligator, who was buried in the mud under the river-bank thought, "I will pretend to be a little crab." And he began to blow, "Puff, puff, puff. Bubble, bubble, bubble!" and all the great bubbles rushed to the surface of the river and burst there, and the waters eddied round and round like a whirlpool; and there was such a commotion that the Jackal saw very well who must be there, and he ran away as fast as he could, saying, "Thank you; thank you, kind Mr. Alligator, dear Mr. Alligator. Thank you; thank you for showing me where you are. Indeed, I would not have come

here had I known you were so close!" said the little Jackal with much glee.

This enraged the Alligator extremely; it made him quite cross to think of being fooled so often by the little Jackal, and he said to himself, "I will not be taken in again. Next time I will be very cunning." So for a long time he waited and waited for the Jackal to return to the river-side; but the Jackal did not come, for he had thought to himself, "If matters go on in this way, I shall some day be caught and eaten by the old Alligator. I had better content myself with living on wild figs." And he went no more to the river for crabs, but stayed in the jungle and ate wild figs.

After a while the Alligator found this out, and he determined to catch the little Jackal on land. So he went to the largest of the wild fig-trees, where the ground was covered with the fallen fruit, and collecting a quantity of them he buried himself under the great heap, and waited for the Jackal to appear.

No sooner did the Jackal see this great pile of wild figs than he thought, "That looks very like my friend, the Alligator." And to discover if it was or not he called out:

"The juicy little figs I love to eat always tumble down from the tree and roll here and there as the wind drives them; but this great heap of figs is so still, they cannot be good figs. I will not eat any of them."

"Ho, ho!" thought the Alligator, "So this is the way of it! How susicious this Jackal is! I will make the figs roll about a little, then, and he will doubtless come and eat them."

So the great beast shook himself, and all the heap of little figs went rolling this way and that, further than they had ever rolled before; and, of course, the Jackal soon caught sight of the Alligator's back, showing through the pile of figs.

Seeing this, the Jackal scampered away, saying, "I am so much obliged to you, smart Mr. Alligator, for letting me know you are there, for indeed I should hardly have guessed it. You were so buried under the heap of figs. Now, good-bye to you for to-day."

The Alligator, hearing this, was so angry that he ran after the Jackal, but the little Jackal ran very fast, too quickly to be caught.

Then the Alligator said to himself, "I will not allow that little wretch to make fool of me another time; I will show him that I can be more cunning than he fancies."

Early the next morning the Alligator crawled as fast as he could to the Jackal's den (which was a hole in the side of a hill) and crept into it, and hid himself, waiting for the Jackal to return home. But when the Jackal got near the place he looked about him and thought:

"Dear me, this place looks as if some heavy creature had been

walking over it." So he went no nearer, but looked carefully about, and he saw great clods of earth knocked down from each side of his door, as if a very large beast had tried to squeeze himself through it.

"I certainly will not go inside until I know that all is safe there," said the Jackal; and he called out, "Little house, sweet, pretty house, why do you not give an answer when I call? When I come home and all is safe, you always call to me. Is anything wrong, that you do not speak?"

Then the Alligator, who was inside, thought, "If that is the case, I had better call out, that he may fancy all is right in his house." So he spoke, in as gentle a tone as he could, but it was a hoarse, loud voice, "Sweet little Jackal, come in at once. All is well!"

At hearing those words, the Jackal felt quite frightened, and thought to himself, "So the old Alligator is there! I must try to get rid of him if I can, for if I do not, he will certainly catch me some day!" He therefore answered, "Thank you, pretty little house. I like to hear your gentle voice. I am coming in in a minute, but first I must collect firewood to cook my dinner."

Then he ran as fast as he could, and dragged all the dry branches and bits of stick he could find close to the mouth of his den. Meantime the Alligator inside kept as quiet as a mouse, but he could not help laughing a little to himself, as he thought, "So I have deceived that silly little Jackal at last. In a few minutes he will run in here, and then won't I snap him up!"

When the Jackal had gathered together all the sticks he could find and put them around the mouth of his den, he lighted them, and soon he had a roaring fire. The smoke and flames filled the den and smothered the wicked old Alligator. When there was nothing left of him but smoked herring, the little Jackal ran up and down outside, dancing for joy and singing:

"How do you like my house, my friend? Is it nice and warm? Clever Mr. Alligator, wise Mr. Alligator, you will trouble me no more!"

ADAPTED FROM *Old Deccan Days.*

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

TWO little Mice, who had lived together and played very happily when they were children, became separated as they grew up. One of them moved into a fine house in the city, while the other remained near her old home in the country.

They never quite forgot each other, and one day the Town Mouse rambled out into the country and called on her old friend. Naturally, the Country Mouse was delighted at the visit, and she gathered the best of everything she could find for a luncheon.

There were some fine peas, choice bacon and a little piece of rare old Stilton cheese, all of which seemed very sweet and toothsome to the affectionate hostess when she called the other heartily to come and take part in the good cheer.

From living so long among the rich delicacies of the city the traveled Mouse had lost her early appetite, and though she nibbled daintily here and there, hoping to please her old friend, yet she never ceased to wonder in her heart how the Country Mouse could take any pleasure in such coarse and ordinary fare.

After dinner, when they sat down to chat over old times, the Town Mouse could hold her tongue no longer.

"Really, my dear old friend, I don't see how you possibly can keep so cheerful in such a dismal, dead-and-alive kind of place as this in which you live! Why, I couldn't possibly live here a week! There is no kind of life; there's no society; there's nothing gay or jolly anywhere to be found.

"You go on from one year's end to another, every day just like the one before it and just like the one that follows it. What you want to do is to come back to the city with me. Come to-night and see what a gay and happy life I lead."

The airs and address of the Town Mouse had made the Country Mouse a little discontented, so as soon as it came dark, the two started off for the city, where they quickly found the home of the

Town Mouse, in which, as it happened, a splendid supper had been given and from which the guests had barely departed for home.

It was no trouble at all for the Town Mouse to gather up the whole heap of dainties, which she placed on one corner of the handsome red Turkey carpet. The plain little Country Mouse was dazzled by so much splendor; she had never seen such a table as was now before her. There was not half of the meats that she could tell the names of, and not knowing what they were or how they tasted, she sat there wondering where to begin.

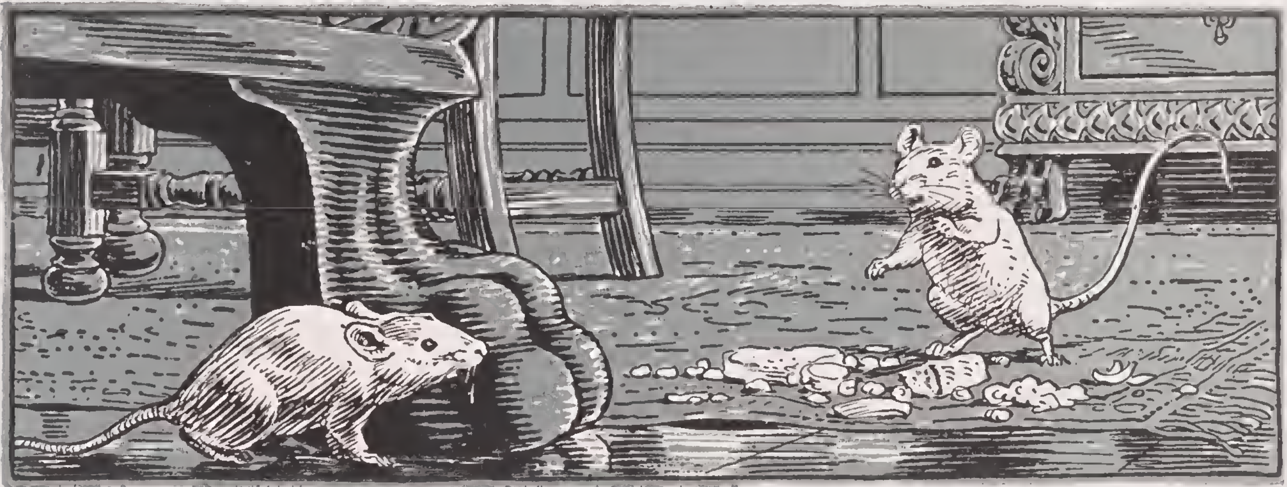
Suddenly a door behind them creaked and opened, and the servant came in with a light. The two Mice ran hastily into a corner and hid themselves behind a hassock till everything was quiet again, when they returned to their meal.

The first mouthful had not been swallowed when the door opened suddenly again and in dashed a boy, the son of the master of the house — a noisy, rollicking boy, followed by a fierce little Terrier, that ran straight to the spot where the two friends had just been sitting.

Such a thing was really no great surprise to the Town Mouse, who had learned to run to her hole very quickly on the slightest alarm. She did not realize, however, that the Country Mouse knew nothing about this, and so had not told her where to go. The only place the latter could find was back of a big sofa, and there she waited in awful fear while the Terrier barked and tore around the room, enraged at the scent of the Mice.

After a while, however, the boy skipped out again, the Terrier followed, and the room became quiet. The Town Mouse was out in an instant and ran quickly to the dainties, which still lay undisturbed on the floor, for the dog had eaten his supper before he came in.

"Come, come," said the Town Mouse, "come out; the table is all spread, and everything is getting cold! We shan't be disturbed again, or if we are we can run and hide. Come, now; let's eat and be happy!"



"No, no, not for me!" said the Country Mouse. "I shall be off as fast as I can. There is too much excitement in this life for me. I'd rather have a crust out there in the country, with peace and quietness, than all the fine things you have here in the midst of such frights and terrors as I've had in the last hour."

What are you? Are you a town mouse or a country mouse? Do you live in the country, where you can see the beautiful blue sky with the white clouds sailing through it, where you can play on the rich green grass and smell the sweet flowers all about you? Or do you live in the dusty, smoky city, with big buildings all around you, where the trees are stunted and the leaves look brown and withered? When you go to school in the morning, do you walk along a neat path in the roadside, among fields rich with growing grain, where you can breathe the pure air and romp in the sunshine? Or do you go to school along hot and dusty pavements, where every time you cross a street you must look sharp and run hard or be caught by an automobile or a street car?

Sometimes the human mice who live in the country when they are children move into the great city and grow old there. They learn to live in the excitement and to like it, but occasionally when they sit at home in the evening they wish they were in the country once more, where the evening breezes would bring them the scent of the apple blossoms, and where at daybreak the birds would waken them from their quiet, peaceful slumber.

The Camel and The Pig

A CAMEL said, "Nothing like being tall! See how tall I am." A Pig who heard these words said, "Nothing like being short; see how short I am!"

The Camel said, "Well, if I fail to prove the truth of what I said, I will give you my hump."

The Pig said, "If I fail to prove the truth of what I have said, I will give up my snout."

"Agreed!" said the Camel.

"Just so!" said the Pig.

They came to a garden inclosed by a low wall without any opening. The Camel stood on this side the wall, and reaching the plants within by means of his long neck, made a breakfast on them. Then he turned jeeringly to the Pig, who had been standing at the bottom of the wall, without even having a look at the good things in the garden, and said, "Now, would you be tall or short?"

Next they came to a garden enclosed by a high wall, with a wicket gate at one end. The Pig entered by the gate, and, after having eaten his fill of the vegetables within, came out, laughing at the poor Camel, who had had to stay outside because he was too tall to enter the garden by the gate, and said, "Now, would you be tall or short?"

Then they thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that the Camel should keep his hump and the Pig his snout, observing:

"Tall is good, where tall would do;
Of short, again, 't is also true!"

A Horse's Story

HERE is a story told by Black Beauty, as pretty a little horse as ever wore a white star on his forehead:

One day late in the autumn my master had a long journey to go on business. I was put to the dog-cart, and John, the coachman, drove. There had been a great deal of rain, and now the wind was very high, and it blew the dry leaves across the road in a shower. We went along merrily till we came to the toll-bar and the low wooden bridge. The river banks were rather high, and the bridge, instead of rising, went across just level, so that in the middle, if the river was full, the water would be nearly up to the woodwork and planks. But as there were good, substantial rails on each side, people did not mind it.

The man at the gate said the river was rising fast, and he feared it would be a bad night. Many of the meadows were under water, and in one low part of the road the water was halfway up to my knees. The bottom was good, however, and master drove gently, so it was no matter.

When we got to the town I had, of course, a good feed, but as the master's business engaged him a long time, we did not start for home until rather late in the afternoon. The wind was then much higher, and I heard the master say to John we had never been out in such a storm. And so I thought, as we went along the skirts of a wood, where the great branches were swaying about like twigs, and the rushing sound was terrible.

"I wish we were well out of this wood," said my master.

"Yes, sir," said John; "it would be rather awkward if one of these branches came down on us."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a groan, and a crack, and a splitting sound; and crashing down among the older trees came an oak, torn up by the roots. It fell across the road just before us. I will never say I was not frightened, for I was.

I stopped still, and I believe I trembled. Of course I did not turn round or run away; I was not brought up to that. John jumped out, and in a moment was at my head.

"That came very near," said my master. "What's to be done now?"

"Well, sir, we can't drive over that tree, nor yet get round it. There's nothing for us but to go back to the four crossways, and that will be a good six miles before we get round to the wooden bridge again. It will make us late, but the horse is fresh."

So back we went and round by the crossroads. By the time we got to the bridge it was very nearly dark. We could just see that the water was over the middle of it. As this sometimes happened when there were floods, master did not stop. We were going along at a good pace, but the moment my feet touched the first part of the bridge I felt sure there was something wrong. I dared not go forward, and I made a dead stop. "Go on, Beauty," said my master, and he gave me a touch with the whip, but I dared not stir. He gave me a sharp cut. I jumped, but I dared not go forward.

"There's something wrong, sir," said John, and he sprang out of the dog-cart, and came to my head and looked all about. He tried to lead me forward. "Come on, Beauty; what's the matter?" Of course, I could not tell him, but I knew very well that the bridge was not safe.

Just then the man at the toll-gate on the other side ran out of the house, tossing a torch about violently.

"Hoy, hoy, hoy! Halloo! stop!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" shouted the master.

"The bridge is broken in the middle, and part of it is carried away; if you come on you'll be in the river."

"Thank God!" said my master. "You Beauty!" said John, and took the bridle and gently turned me round to the right-hand road by the river side. The sun had set some time. The wind seemed to have lulled off after that furious blast which tore up the tree. It grew darker and darker, stiller and stiller. I trotted quietly

along, the wheels hardly making a sound on the soft road. For a good while neither master nor John spoke, and then master began in a serious voice. I could not understand much of what they said, but I found they thought that if I had gone on as the master wanted me, horse, chaise, master and man would have fallen into the river. Master said God had given men reason, by which they could find out things for themselves; but he had given animals instinct, which did not depend on reason, and which was much more prompt and perfect in its way, and by which they had often saved the lives of men.

At last we came to the park gates, and found the gardener looking out for us. He said that mistress had been much alarmed ever since dark, fearing some accident had happened, and that she had sent James off on Justice, the roan cob, towards the wooden bridge to make inquiry after us.

We saw a light at the hall door and at the upper windows, and as we came up, mistress ran out, saying to master, "Are you really safe, my dear? Oh! I have been so anxious, fancying all sorts of things. Have you had no accident?"

"No, but if your Black Beauty had not been wiser than we were, we should all have been carried down the river at the wooden bridge." I heard no more, as they went into the house, and John took me to the stable. Oh, what a good supper he gave me that night, a good bran mash and some crushed beans with my oats, and such a thick bed of straw! and I was glad of it, for I was tired.

ANNA SEWELL.

Two Heroes of the American Desert

LOU BECK is a name familiar to all Californians, but it is seldom mentioned alone. "Lou Beck and Rufus" are the two names one hears together, and these two names stand for a kind of heroism and self-sacrifice that make them dear to those who know that western country. Lou Beck was the man who mastered the American desert, and Rufus was the dog that accompanied him on all of his perilous journeys. The history of these two is affectionately retold by Californians, and Pasadena is to have a statue commemorating their brave exploits.

Years ago, Lou Beck went to the Klondike in search of gold. He did not find it, but while he was in Nome he found something that was to prove more precious than gold, although at the time he probably did not think so. He acquired a puppy, dark reddish brown in color, with some of the marks of an Alaskan sled dog, but with the intelligent, loving eyes and noble head of a Newfoundland. This puppy he named Rufus, and he brought him back with him to Pasadena, California.

As the puppy grew older and stronger, Beck took him along when he went for little journeys of exploration about the country. Now there are many beautiful places round Pasadena where these two doubtless travelled, but the place that had the greatest fascination for Lou Beck was the Mohave Desert. Everyone warned him of its dangers, so he kept away from it; but later, he admitted that no matter where he went, the great desert seemed to call him back, and at last he decided to set out and make a thorough study of it.

In the winter he gave up his work, and with a pack on his back and the dog Rufus for company, he set off from one of the towns on the border of the Mohave Desert. This looked to Rufus like the beginning of a delightful camping trip; so he leaped and barked in high spirits, little knowing what lay ahead for them both. Beck was new to the desert then, but its great burning color by day, and its vast, lonely brilliance by night laid such a hold upon his spirit that he never loved any other country as much. At first, this journey was all pleasure and new adventure, both for the man and the dog. Then, suddenly, tragedy overtook them. Beck lost his way, and to be lost in the desert is probably as horrible an experience as a man can live through. For three days these two wandered in the burning heat with no food and not a drop of water. We are told that there is no torture in the world so terrible as the agony of thirst. Beck bore his pain in silence, and walked steadily on and on, in a blind search for a water hole. The dog Rufus limped painfully by his side, his tongue hanging out, his eyes bloodshot, but with never a whimper of complaint. Sometimes, Beck would look down at him, and pat his head tenderly, and the dog would raise those faithful, loving eyes to Beck's face as much as to say, "Never mind, we are together, and we will find a way out somehow."

On the third day neither could utter a sound, and they reeled and staggered with dizziness. At last, Beck made a silent prayer for help, and in this prayer he promised God that if he ever escaped and was permitted to live, he would devote his life to saving others from such suffering.

Suddenly, Rufus exhibited faint signs of excitement and began to run off to one side. Beck followed, and saw to his joy a small pool of water. But Rufus, who had reached the pool ahead of his master, was behaving in a peculiar manner. He would rush up to the water and start to drink, and then he would draw back and utter a faint howl through his parched, swollen throat. Beck knew by this that there was something wrong with the water, but in spite of the dog's unmistakable warning, he threw himself down on the ground

by the pool, washed out his mouth, and then drank a little of the water. Rufus whimpered pitifully and pushed his master, trying to say again, "It is water, but it is not good; do not drink." The dog was right; the pool was poisoned, but at the time Beck did not feel the effects of it. The liquid gave him fresh strength, and he set off with renewed energy. His mind was cleared, too, and he found the trail that led them both back to safety.

Once more in the hands of friendly human beings, Beck pointed to his dog, made a few efforts to explain for them both, and then became violently ill from the poisoned water which he had tasted. Master and dog were nursed back to health at last, but while the dog recovered completely from his hardships, Beck was never entirely cured of the effects of his poisoning. Nevertheless, he did not forget his promise to God, made in his great extremity, and as soon as he was able he began a systematic plan for keeping his word. In the years that followed, devoted almost wholly to desert travel, Beck was never lost again, and had a firm belief that God had appointed Rufus and him to do this work of rescue.

Every winter for twelve years, Beck and Rufus would set off for the desert. Beck would first haul his supplies to a convenient base of operations, and then he and Rufus would work from that center. Rufus now wore little desert shoes, to protect his feet from cactus and the burning sands, and when he traveled with his master the dog bore his share of the burden, a forty-pound pack, containing a water bottle, food and a package of poison antidote for snake bite. Together, these two, the man and his devoted dog, explored every inch of that terrible desert. They knew Death Valley from one end to the other; they located water holes and put up rude signs to guide travelers. During these twelve years Beck and Rufus

rescued scores of men from death in the desert. Rufus, with his keen scent, learned to hunt them out, and he would guide his master to them, after he had first found them, and let them take from his pack the water for want of which they were perishing. Beck said that the dog found thirty victims at different times that he himself would not have discovered. Often these poor creatures were crazed with their sufferings. Sometimes they would be digging in the burning sand in a desperate attempt to find water, their poor hands worn to the bone. Often they were too far gone to do anything for themselves, and when Rufus would find that they had not even the strength to help themselves from his pack, he would set off, as fast as he could go, to find his master and lead him to the spot where the poor creatures had fallen.

While they did this wonderful work of rescue, the man did other things which Rufus did not understand so well. Beck made camera studies of all the strange life of the desert, the plants, insects and animals. Rufus could never quite see why his master would not let him chase away these alien animals, but he tried to be patient with this one strange vagary of a master who otherwise seemed to him the wisest and best of all living beings. These two loved each other in a deep, trusting way that needed no words. Beck used to say that out in the desert he could hear the voice of God.

"Just God and me and Rufus!" he often said, and sometimes he must have wondered what the dog thought, on those long desert nights, when the two of them lay down together, with the brilliant stars hanging low in the sky.

Beck died before his dog, and the animal's grief was evident to all who knew him, but he bore it with the quiet that had marked long years of companionship with his beloved master. Beck left him as a precious legacy to his best friend. Rufus made no more trips into the desert after that, but lived peacefully with his master's friend for three years. Sometimes they would find him sitting very straight and rigid, sniffing the air from the desert and staring straight ahead of him with a patient bewildered expression on his face. He seemed to be asking with those great, gentle eyes of his, "When am I to go again to the desert with my master? Surely there must be work for us to do!" After three years, Rufus heard the call to go, and those who had known Lou Beck and Rufus together, cannot but feel that somehow those two have found each other again, and are traveling together once more.

Just a man and a dog, and a promise faithfully kept!

—MAY HILL.

Oeyvind and Marit

THERE was once a boy named Oeyvind who lived in a hut at the foot of a steep, rocky hill. On the roof of that hut walked a little goat. It was Oeyvind's own. Oeyvind kept it there so that it should not go astray, and he carried up leaves and grass to it.

But one fine day the goat leaped down, and away it went up the hill until it came where it never had been before. When Oeyvind ran out of the hut after dinner, he missed his little goat and at once thought of the fox. He looked all about, calling, "Killy-killy-killy-goat!"

"Bay-ay-ay," said the goat, from the top of the hill, as it cocked its head on one side and looked down. And at the side of the goat kneeled a little girl.

"Is it yours, this goat?" she asked.

Oeyvind stared at her, with eyes and mouth wide open, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Marit, mother's little one, father's fiddle, grandfather's elf, four years old in the autumn, two days after the frost nights."

"Are you, though?" he said, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Is it yours, this goat?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"I should like it. Will you not give it to me?"

"No, that I won't."

Marit lay down, kicking her legs and looking up at him, and then she said, "Not if I give you a butter cake for him?"

Oeyvind had eaten butter cakes only once in his life, when his grandfather came to visit; anything like it he had never eaten before nor since. "Let me see the butter cake first," said he.

It didn't take Marit long to pull out a large cake. "Here it is," she said, and threw it down to him.

"Ow, it went to pieces," said the boy. He gathered up every crumb, and he couldn't help tasting a very small one. That was so good he had to eat another. Before he knew it he had eaten up the whole cake.

"Now the goat is mine," said the girl, and she laughed and clapped her hands. The boy stopped with the last bit in his mouth.

"Wait a little while," he begged, for he loved his little goat.

The small girl got up quickly. "No, the goat is mine," she said, and she threw her arms around its neck. She loosened one of her garters and fastened it round the goat's neck and began pulling the goat after her. The goat would not follow; it stretched its neck down to see Oeyvind. "Bay-ay-ay," it said. But the girl took hold of its fleece with one hand and pulled the string with the other, and said sweetly, "Come, little goat, you shall go into my room and eat out of my apron." And then she sang,

"Come, boy's goat,
Come, mother's calf,
Come, mewing cat
In snow-white shoes;
Come, yellow ducks,
Come out of your hiding place;
Come, little chickens,
Who can hardly go;
Come, my doves
With soft feathers;
See, the grass is wet,
But the sun does you good:
And early, early, it is in summer,
But call for the autumn, and it will soon come.

And away she went with the goat, calling on all living things she loved to follow her.

The boy stood still as a stone. He had taken care of the goat since the winter before, and he had never thought he would lose it. But now it was gone, in a moment, and he would never see it again. He lay down and wept.

His mother came along and saw him crying. "What are you crying about?" she asked.

"Oh, the goat, the goat!"

"Yes, where is the goat?" asked the mother, looking up at the roof.

"It will never come back," said the boy.

"Why, how could that happen!"

He could not tell her at once.

"Has the fox taken it?"

"No, oh, no."

"Are your wits gone?" said his mother. "What has become of the goat?"

"Oh-h-h—I sold it for—for—a cake!"

As soon as he had said it he knew what it was to sell the goat for a cake.

"What can the little goat think of you, to sell him for a cake?" said his mother.

The boy was so sorry that he said to himself he would never again do anything wrong. He would never cut the thread on the spinning-wheel, he would never let the goats out of the fold, he would never go down to the sea alone. He fell asleep where he lay, and he dreamed that the little goat had gone to heaven and that he sat alone on the roof and could not go to it.

Suddenly there came something wet close up to his ear. He started up. "Bay-ay-ay!" it said. It was the little goat come back.

"What, have you come back?" he cried. He jumped up, took it by the forelegs, and danced with it as if it were a brother. He tickled it and pulled its beard, and set off with it to the hut to tell his mother the good news.

Just then he heard someone behind him; it was the little girl.

"Oh, so it was you brought it back?" said he.

"Grandfather would not let me keep it," said she; "he is waiting near for me."

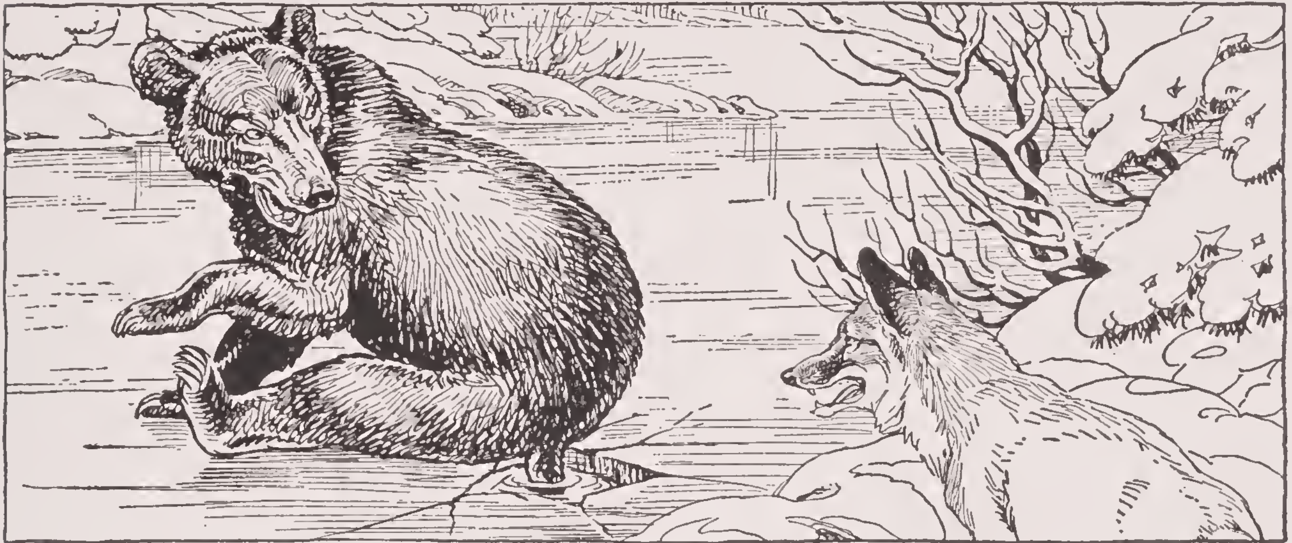
A sharp voice called out, "Now!" It was her grandfather's, and she remembered what she was to do. She put out her muddy hands into Oeyvind's and said, "I beg your pardon for taking the little goat." Then she could keep in no longer; she threw her arms around the goat's neck and wept aloud.

"You may have the goat," said Oeyvind.

"Make haste," cried grandfather. So Marit had to go, and Oeyvind had his goat again.

From "The Happy Boy," By Björnstjerne Björnson

Translated from the Norwegian.



Why the Bear Has a Stumpy Tail

ONE winter's day the Bear met the Fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

"Hi, stop a minute! Where did you get those from?" demanded the Bear.

"Oh, my Lord Bruin, I've been out fishing and caught them," said the Fox.

So the Bear had a mind to learn to fish, too, and bade the Fox tell him how he was to set about it.

"Oh, it is quite easy," answered the Fox, "and soon learned. You've only got to go upon the ice, and cut a hole and stick your tail down through it, and hold it there as long as you can. You're not to mind if it smarts a little; that's when the fish bite. The longer you hold it there, the more fish you'll get; and then all at once out with it, with a cross pull sideways and a strong pull, too."

Well, the Bear did as the Fox said, and though he felt very cold, and his tail smarted very much, he kept it a long, long time down in the hole, till at last it was frozen in, though of course he did not know that. Then he pulled it out with a strong pull, and it snapped short off, and that's why Bruin goes about with a stumpy tail to this day!

The Nuts of Jonisgyont

LISTEN to the Iroquois Grandmother. This is the tale of Jonisgyont, the little Squirrel, and how he got wings.

In the Moon of the Falling Nuts, when the forest flames with crimson and gold, and the birds preen their wings to fly to the South, Jonisgyont ran chattering up and down the trees gathering brown nuts for his winter food.

Day after day he gathered the nuts, and carried them to a Pine Wood, where he hid them in a hollow Pine Tree. And when he saw that his storehouse was full, he gave little barks of delight, and went leaping from branch to branch. Then he hurried away to the nut trees to play and frisk in the fallen leaves.

Poor little Jonisgyont, when he came back to the Pine Woods, he found his storehouse empty, for all his nuts were gone! Up and down the tree he ran, stamping his tiny feet and scolding as he peeped into every small hole, but he could not find his nuts. Then he called to his neighbors, the forest Woodchuck and the green Bullfrog.

The Woodchuck came creeping out of his burrow, at the foot of the rock near the Pine, and sat up by his door. And the Frog came jumping from the swamp down by the river.

"Poor Jonisgyont!" cried the Woodchuck, stroking his grizzly whiskers. "Who has been stealing all your nuts? Surely he is a rascal and should be well punished!"

"I wonder who has done this!" croaked the Frog, puffing out his sides. "He is very cruel to take all your hard-earned food!" And tears dropped from the Frog's bulging eyes.

But little Jonisgyont listened in silence, for he knew too well that they were his only neighbors who liked nuts.

Now, while the Bullfrog and the Woodchuck were talking, and trying with indignant words to comfort Jonisgyont, Nukdago, the Chief of all the Squirrels, passed that way, and heard what they said.

"Something is wrong here" he thought to himself, "and I must see that Jonisgyont does not lose all his winter food."

Then Nukdago, the Chief, ran back to the Council House beneath the great forest Oak.

And when midnight was come, and the moon shone bright, Nukdago returned to the Pine Tree and stood in its shadows. Soon the Woodchuck came softly from his burrow, and began to dig in the ground near the tree. And he dug so fast and furiously, that the dirt flew out behind him like a black cloud.

"This is very strange," thought Nukdago, "for Woodchuck finished digging his burrow many Moons ago."

Deeper and deeper the Woodchuck dug, until he had made a large hole. Then he disappeared into his burrow. Soon he returned with his cheeks puffed out like a bag full of wind. And as he came creeping along, he looked behind him as if he feared someone might see him. Then one by one he dropped fat hickory nuts from his cheeks into the hole he had dug.

And all night long he carried nuts from the burrow to the hole. And when the sun began to shine, the wily one covered the hole with grass.

"Too many nuts, too far from the nut trees for lazy Woodchuck to gather!" thought Nukdago, the Chief. "I will return again to-

night and watch." And he ran back to the Council House beneath the great Oak.

So when midnight was come again, Nukdago the Chief, returned and hid in the shadows of the Pine Tree. Soon the Moon appeared, and the green Bullfrog came jumping from the swamp down by the river. He hid behind a moss-grown stone near the tree, and his bright eyes blinked with cunning as if he feared someone might see him. Then he came hopping slowly from behind the stone, with his throat puffed out like a bag full of wind. He hopped to the swamp, and dropped two Hickory nuts out of his throat, and pushed them under the moss. And all night he carried nuts from the stone to the swamp.

"Too many nuts, and too far from the nut trees, for lazy Bullfrog to gather!" thought Nukdago. "Tomorrow, I must see justice done!" And he ran back to the Council House beneath the great Oak Tree.

And when the morning was come the wise Nukdago called together all the Big Chiefs of the forest animals. And when they were seated round the Council Fire, Nukdago sent Jonisgyont to summon the Woodchuck and the Frog.

But soon the little Squirrel came back without them, for the Frog had jumped under the moss-grown stone and the Woodchuck had hidden in his burrow.

Then the wise Nukdago hastened to the Pine Tree, and told some of his strongest animals to catch the thieves. Soon they dragged the trembling Frog and the shamefaced Woodchuck from their hiding places. Nukdago then led them to the Council House, and placed them before the Big Chiefs. The Woodchuck sat there stroking his grizzly whiskers, while the Frog puffed out his sides with rage.

Then said Nukdago to the Big Chiefs: "See these two bad ones? They have robbed little Jonisgyont of all his Winter store. And Nukdago told them what he had seen.

The Big Chiefs when they heard this, sent messengers to the Pine Tree, and they found the nuts just as Nukdago had said. Then they made Nukdago the judge to punish the thieves.

So the wise Nukdago said to the Frog: "You belong to a tribe that has always been able to get its food without work. You sit in the sun and stick out your long, lapping tongue and catch the Flies and Bugs that pass your door. But poor little Jonisgyont must work long and hard to gather his food for Winter. You sleep all through the cold moons and need no food then, but little Jonisgyont stays awake and must have food to eat so that he may keep alive."

"You have not only stolen, but you have been selfish. Your punishment shall be to lose most of your teeth, so that you can never eat nuts again. Go back now to your swamp in disgrace."

And as the Frog hopped from the Council House, one by one most of his teeth fell from his mouth.

"And as for you, Woodchuck," said Nukdago,, "you shall not lose your teeth, but your punishment shall be a just one. You too sleep through the Winter, and need no food then. In Summertime, Sweet Clover, rich grains and berries grow for you; and birds and fish are your food."

"You shall not be deprived of green-growing things, but no longer shall you be able to eat birds and fish. Go back, now, in disgrace to your burrow, and stay there until spring paints your shadow on the snow."

And as the Woodchuck left the Council House in shame, he lost his appetite for birds and fish.

Then the wise Nukdago, turning to little Jonisgyont, said: "Little Squirrel, if you had been more watchful, and if you had not run away to play in the fallen leaves, you might have guarded your storehouse.

"Yet I will help you. From now on your eyes shall be bigger and rounder, so that you may see on all sides of you. Webby wings shall grow on your legs, so that you may fly from tree to tree and reach your storehouse quickly, when thieves are near. But I warn you to hide from the Sun and work in the shadows."

And as the happy little Jonisgyont left the Council House, his eyes became bigger and rounder, and webbed skin grew on each of

his sides from leg to leg, to serve as wings when he spread his feet and tail.

And as the little one flew from tree to tree he gave many shrill cries of joy, until he reached his storehouse, and there he found all his nuts again.

Ever since then, Flying Squirrels have lived in the woods, and Frogs have had only a few teeth, while Woodchucks have lost their appetites for birds and fish.

And when an Iroquois child loses his first tooth, he carries it to a swamp, where Bullfrogs are croaking, and he throws it away and calls:

"Froggy! Froggy! my tooth is there!
Give me another as strong as a Bear!"

And when the Sun paints the Woodchucks shadow on the snow, the Indian boys say, "The Spring is near!"

FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT: *The Red Indian Fairy Book.* Permission Houghton Mifflin & Company

The Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings

ONCE upon a time there was a little White Rabbit with two beautiful, long, pink ears and two bright red eyes and four soft little feet—*such* a pretty little White Rabbit, but he wasn't happy.

Just think, this little White Rabbit wanted to be somebody else instead of the nice little rabbit that he was.

When Mr. Bushy Tail, the gray squirrel, went by, the little White Rabbit would say to his Mammy:

"Oh, Mammy, I *wish* I had a long gray tail like Mr. Bushy tail's".

And when Mr. Porcupine went by, the little White Rabbit would say to his Mammy:

"Oh, Mammy, I *wish* I had a back full of bristles like Mr. Porcupine's".

And when Miss Puddle-Duck went by in her two little red rubbers, the little White Rabbit would say:

"Oh, Mammy, I *wish* I had a pair of red rubbers like Miss Puddle-Duck's".

So he went on and on wishing until his Mammy was clean tired out with his wishing, and Old Mr. Ground Hog heard him one day.

Old Mr. Ground Hog is very wise, indeed, so he said to the little White Rabbit:

"Why don't you-all go down to Wishing Pond, and if you look in the water at yourself and turn around three times in a circle, you-all will get your wish."

So the little White Rabbit trotted off all alone by himself through the woods until he came to a little pool of green water lying in a low tree stump, and that was the Wishing Pond. There was a little *little* bird, all red, sitting on the edge of the Wishing Pond to get a drink, and as soon as the little White Rabbit saw him he began to wish again:

"Oh, I wish I had a pair of little red wings!" he said. Just then he looked in the Wishing Pond and he saw his little white face. Then he turned around three times and something happened. He began to have a queer feeling in his shoulders, like he felt in his mouth when he was cutting his teeth. It was his wings coming through. So he sat all day in the woods by the Wishing Pond waiting for them to grow, and, by and by, when it was almost sundown, he started home to see his Mammy and show her, because he had a beautiful pair of long, trailing red wings.

But by the time he reached home it was getting dark, and when he went in the hole at the foot of a big tree where he lived, his Mammy didn't know him. No, she really and truly did not know him, because, you see, she had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all her life. And so the little White Rabbit had to go out again, be-

cause his Mammy wouldn't let him get into his own bed. He had to go out and look for some place to sleep all night.

He went and went, until he came to Mr. Bushy Tail's house, and he rapped on the door and said:

"Please, kind Mr. Bushy Tail, may I sleep in your house all night?"

But Mr. Bushy Tail opened his door a crack and then he slammed it tight shut again. You see he had never seen a rabbit with red wings in all his life.

So the little White Rabbit went and went, until he came to Old Mr. Ground Hog's hole, and Old Mr. Ground Hog let him sleep with him all night, but the hole had beech nuts spread all over it. Old Mr. Ground Hog liked to sleep on them, but they hurt the little White Rabbit's feet and made him very uncomfortable before morning.

When it came morning, the little White Rabbit decided to try his wings and fly a little, so he climbed up on a hill and spread his wings and sailed off, but he landed in a low bush all full of prickles, and his four feet got mixed up with the twigs so he couldn't get down.

"Mammy, Mammy, Mammy, come and help me!" he called.

His Mammy didn't hear him, but Old Mr. Ground Hog did, and he came and helped the little White Rabbit out of the prickly bush.

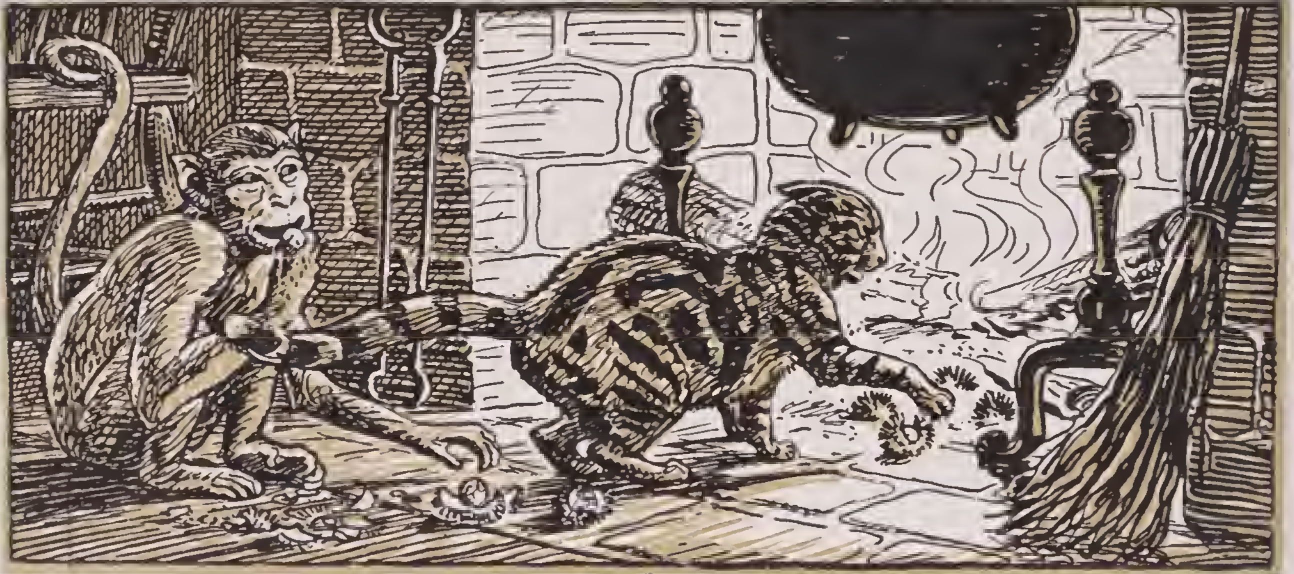
"Don't you-all want your red wings?" Mr. Ground Hog asked.

"No, *no*!" said the little White Rabbit.

"Well," said the Old Ground Hog, "Why don't you-all go down to the Wishing Pond and wish them *off* again?"

So the little White Rabbit went down to the Wishing Pond and he saw his face in it. Then he turned around three times, and, sure enough, his red wings were gone. Then he went home to his Mammy, who knew him right away and was so glad to see him that he never, *never* wished to be something different from what he really was again.

—SOUTHERN FOLK TALE.



The Cat, the Monkey and the Chestnuts

A CAT and a Monkey were sitting one day on the hearth in front of a fire where their master had left some chestnuts to roast in the ashes. The chestnuts were bursting finely in the heat, when the Monkey said:

"It is plain to see that you have splendid paws—just like the hands of a man. How easily you could take the chestnuts out of the fire! Won't you try it?"

The silly Cat, much flattered by the speech, reached forward and caught one of the chestnuts. The ashes were so hot that he jerked his paw back with a cry of pain.

The Monkey laughed, and this so hurt the Cat's pride that the foolish animal drew out one of the nuts, in spite of the fact that his paw was singed.

He did not stop, however, but drew out one after another and put them behind him, though every time he burned his paw. When he could reach no more he turned to look behind him at the nuts he laid there, and was astonished to see that the Monkey had shelled and eaten every one.

It often happens that one person "makes a catspaw" of another.

The Bell of Atri

LONG ago, in the little Italian village of Atri, there was a curious bell. It did not hang over a church to summon the people to the services, nor did it hang in a school belfry to call the children to their work. In fact, this bell was not rung every day; sometimes weeks would pass without its being heard. The people called it the Bell of Justice, because when any person in the town felt himself ill treated or unfairly dealt with, he had only to ring the Bell of Justice, and the Mayor and all the towns-folk would gather together to hear his cause and to see that justice was done.

This bell was suspended from a tall archway, and was rung by pulling the rope that hung from it and almost reached to the ground. In the course of years this rope grew worn and frayed at the ends, and the people said, "We must put a new rope on the Bell of Justice." But they always forgot to do this, so one day someone tied a grapevine to the end of the rope, to lengthen it. This looked very odd, a bell rope with a grapevine dangling on the end of it, but the people forgot it; so there it stayed.

Now there lived in Atri an old knight who had grown more thrifty and miserly every day of his life. As a young man, he had mounted a fine white horse and gone away to war. In battle, this young knight and his white horse did many brave and perilous deeds, and brought fame upon the little village of Atri. When at last

they returned from the war, the whole town was proud to welcome the knight of brave deeds and the horse that had carried him through so many dangers. The young man himself declared that never would he have come through alive, if it had not been for the strength and endurance of his horse, and he vowed that as long as he lived, his horse should lack for nothing. The villagers agreed that this was only right and fair.

Strange to say, as this knight grew older, he became mean and miserly. He spent as little money as he could, never gave away a penny, and scrimped and scraped to save more each year. He let his house go to rack and ruin. His stable had great holes in the roof, so that when it rained his horse had to stand wet and shivering in his stall. Presently, he began to feed the poor animal less and less, until that once splendid horse became a pitiful bag of bones. Bad as this was, the ungrateful wretch begrudged his beast the little that it had, and at last, in order to avoid seeing its gentle eyes looking at him with their usual look of love and trustfulness, he turned it out of its stall to wander the highways and byways of the town and get along as best it might.

This happened on a cold, rainy day, and the poor old horse hobbled up and down the streets, looking in vain for something to eat. The boys hooted at the poor old thing, finding in its protruding bones and sorry looking condition a queer figure of a horse. A few of them flung stones at the poor beast and laughed to see it hobble feebly away. The old steed looked at them sadly; after all, they were no worse than its master. Apparently no one in the world cared what became of a tired, hungry old horse.

At noon the next day the people of Atri were disturbed at their dinners by the sudden clamor of a bell. It was the Bell of Justice, and someone was ringing it with might and main. It seemed to clamor and shout:

"Ding, dong, hear my cause!
Ding, dong, hear my cause!"

The townspeople had never heard it ring so loudly.

"It is a great cause, surely, to summon us with so loud a peal," they said, and left their dinner tables and ran to the place where the Bell of Justice hung. There, a strange sight met their eyes. Under the archway, stood a forlorn, old, white horse, eyeing them sorrowfully, but never letting go of the grapevine that dangled at the end of the bell rope. It offered a few sparse shoots of green to the poor, starving beast, and the horse ate greedily, shaking and pulling the vine, undisturbed by the clamor of the bell overhead.

At first, the people laughed when they saw a horse pulling the Bell of Justice, then someone noticed the old knight slipping away from the crowd, and a voice cried out:

"Why, look you, 'tis the knight's own horse, a poor bag of bones from starvation. 'Tis a great shame! Hold the knight till the Mayor comes to hear this case."

Still the old horse pulled the Bell of Justice:

"Ding, dong, hear my cause!
Ding, dong, hear my cause!"

Then the Mayor came, and the knight and the old horse were brought before him. The Mayor looked from one to the other, then he said:

"I have no need to hear more of this case. The horse has sounded the Bell of Justice with as much reason as any man who has ever rung it. Sir Knight, this horse has worked for you, and on your own word, saved your life. Yet you have repaid it with starvation, ill treatment and neglect. There is no excuse for this, for you are a rich man. You have wronged and injured this horse that was your friend. I do now declare that justice shall be done. You shall set aside your best meadow for this horse; you shall repair its stable; you shall provide it with fresh hay to rest upon, and you shall feed and care for it so long as you shall live."

The old horse dropped the grapevine, neighed, whinnied and rubbed its soft nose against its master's coat. The knight looked into the trusting eyes of his horse, and suddenly he threw his arms around its neck.

"Forgive me, old friend," he cried, "and I will do more than justice to you. I will never fail you again."

So the knight and his horse went home together, the old horse trotting along happily, as if it knew quite well that oats and hay and good care were in store for it.

The people of Atri say that the knight was cured of his miserliness from that day on. Certainly there never was an animal that lived in such comfort as the old white horse that rang the Bell of Justice in Atri.

—*Adapted.*

Mrs. Chinchilla

MRS. CHINCHILLA was not a lovely lady, with a dress of soft gray cloth and a great chinchilla muff and boa. Not at all. Mrs. Chinchilla was a beautiful cat, with sleek fur like silver-gray satin, and a very handsome tail to match, quite long enough to brush the ground when she walked. She didn't live in a house, but she had a very comfortable home in a fine drug-store, with one large bay-window almost to herself and her kittens. She had three pretty, fat dumplings of kittens, all in soft shades of gray, like their mother. She didn't like any other color in kittens so well as a quiet, ladylike gray. None of her children ever were black, or white, or yellow, but sometimes they had four snow-white socks on their gray paws. Mrs. Chinchilla didn't mind that, for white socks were really a handsome finish to a gray kitten, though, of course, it was a deal of trouble to keep them clean.

At the time my story begins the kits were all tiny catkins, whose eyes had been open only a day or two, so Mrs. Chinchilla had to wash them every morning herself. She had the most wonderful tongue! I'll tell you what that tongue had in it: a hair brush, a comb, a tooth-brush, a nail brush, a sponge, a towel, and a cake of soap! And when Mrs. Chinchilla had finished those three little catkins, they were as fresh and sweet, and shiny and clean, and kissable and huggable, as any baby just out of a bath-tub.

One morning, just after the little kits had had their scrub in the sunny bay-window, they felt, all at once, old enough to play;

and they began to scramble over each other, and run about between the great colored glass jars, and even to chase and bite the ends of their own tails. They had not known that they had any tails before that morning, and of course it was a charming surprise. Mrs. Chinchilla looked on lazily and gravely. It had been a good while since she had had time or had felt young and gay enough to chase her tail, but she was very glad to see the kittens enjoy themselves harmlessly.

Now, while this was going on, some one came up to the window and looked in. It was the Boy who lived across the street. Mrs. Chinchilla disliked nearly all boys, but she was afraid of this one. He had golden curls and a Fauntleroy collar, and the sweetest lips that ever said prayers, and clean dimpled hands that looked as if they had been made to stroke cats and make them purr. But instead of stroking them he rubbed their fur the wrong way, and hung tin kettles to their tails, and tied handkerchiefs over their heads. When Mrs. Chinchilla saw the Boy she humped her back, so that it looked like a gray mountain, and said, "Sftt" three times. When the Boy found that she was looking at him, and lashing her tail, and yawning so as to show him her sharp white teeth, he suddenly disappeared from sight. So Mrs. Chinchilla gave the kittens their breakfast, and they cuddled themselves into a round ball, and went fast asleep. They were first rolled so tightly, and then so tied up with their tails, that you couldn't have told whether they were three or six little catkins. When their soft purr-r-r-r, purr-r-r-r had first changed into sleepy little snores, and then died away altogether, Mrs. Chinchilla jumped down out of the window, and went for her morning airing in the back yard. At the same time the druggist passed behind a tall desk to mix some medicine, and the shop was left alone.

Just then the Boy (for he hadn't gone away at all; he had just stooped out of sight) rushed in the door quickly, snatched one of the kittens out of the round ball, and ran away with it as fast as he could run. Pretty soon Mrs. Chinchilla came back, and of course

she counted the kittens the very first thing. She always did it. To her surprise and fright she found only two instead of three. She knew she couldn't be mistaken. There were five kittens in her last family, and two less in this family; and five kittens less two kittens is three kittens. One chinchilla catkin gone! What should she do?

She had once heard a lady say that there were too many cats in the world already, but she had not patience with people who made such wicked speeches. Her kittens had always been so beautiful that they sometimes sold for fifty cents apiece, and none of them had ever been drowned.

Mrs. Chinchilla knew in a second just where that kitten had gone. It makes a pussy-cat very quick and bright and wise to take care of and train large families of frisky kittens, with very little help from their father in bringing them up. She knew that that Boy had carried off the kitten, and she intended to have it back, and scratch the Boy with some long scratches, if she could only get the chance. Looking at her claws, she found them nice and sharp, and as the druggist opened the door for a customer Mrs. Chinchilla slipped out, with just one backward glance, as much as to say, "Gone out, will be back soon." Then she dashed across the street, and waited on the steps of the Boy's house. Very soon a man came with a bundle, and when the housemaid opened the door Mrs. Chinchilla walked in. She hadn't any visiting-card with her; but then the Boy hadn't left any card when he called for the kitten, so she didn't care for that.

The housemaid didn't see her when she slipped in. It was a very nice house to hold such a heartless boy, she thought. The parlor door was open, but she knew the kitten wouldn't be there, so she ran upstairs. When she reached the upper hall she stood perfectly still, with her ears up and her whiskers trembling. Suddenly she heard a faint mew, then another, and then a laugh; that was the Boy. She pushed open a door that was ajar, and walked into the nursery. The Boy was seated in the middle of the floor, tying the kitten to a tin cart, and the poor little thing was mewing piteously. Mrs. Chinchilla dashed up to the Boy, scratched him as many long

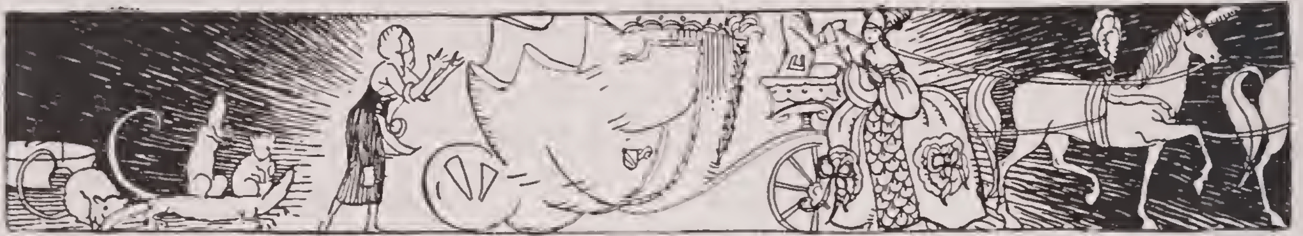
scratches as she had time for at that moment, took the frightened kitten in her kind, gentle mouth, the way all mother-cats do (because if they carried them in their forepaws they wouldn't have enough left to walk on) and was downstairs and out on the front doorstep before the housemaid had finished paying the man for the bundle. And when she got that chinchilla catkin home in the safe, sunny bay-window, she washed it over and over and over so many times that it never forgot, so long as it lived, the day it was stolen by the Boy.

When the Boy's mother hurried upstairs to see why he was crying so loud, she told him that he must expect to be scratched by mother-cats if he stole their kittens. "I shall take your pretty Fauntleroy collar off," she said; "it doesn't match your disposition."

The Boy cried bitterly until luncheon time, but when he came to think over the matter, he knew that his mother was right, and Mrs. Chinchilla was right, too, so he treated all mother-cats and their kittens more kindly after that.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

CLASSIC TALES
AND
EVERY-DAY STORIES



Cinderella

ONCE there were three sisters who lived together. The two oldest were vain, idle creatures, who thought of nothing but fine clothes and going to balls, and they led their youngest sister a sad life. She, poor child, was a hundred times prettier than they, although they were richly dressed, while she went in rags. She was gentle and good, too, and they were cross and disgreeable. Moreover, while they did nothing all day but look at themselves in the mirror and talk about their clothes, she had to scour the pots and pans, do all the meanest work in the house and wait upon them, besides. Sometimes, when her work was finished, she would steal off to the chimney corner and sit among the ashes and cinders, for indeed her clothes were so sooty from her work there was no place else she could sit. When her sisters saw her there, they would jeer at her and call her the Cinder girl, or if they were feeling unusually good tempered, Cinderella. They would laugh at her ragged, sooty clothes, too, and never notice what a pretty little thing she really was.

Now it happened that the king's son gave a ball and invited all the fairest ladies of the land. Cinderella's two sisters received an invitation, and you can imagine how pleased they were. They talked of nothing else day and night. The prince was a very handsome prince, they said, and they must look their very best that night. Then the silly creatures began to plan their clothes, and they could think of nothing but laces and velvets.

"I shall wear my red velvet with silver lace," said one.

"And I shall wear my gold brocade with a purple cloak," said the other.

So they chattered, and they called in sewing women and tire-

women and hair dressers, and they kept poor little Cinderella hard at work, besides. She did her best, and when the day of the ball finally arrived, she worked early and late, helping her sisters in every way she could. She dressed their heads and laced up their bodices, and while she was busy with this thing and that, they said to her:

"Cinderella, would you like to go to the ball?"

"Oh! I would, I would, with all my heart," said poor Cinderella.

Then her sisters laughed at her. "Yes, to be sure you would be a fine one at the ball!" They said, "You, with your sooty clothes and ashes in your hair, you would cut a fine figure!"

"Of course, I know I am not one to go. Everyone would laugh to see such as I at court. All the same, I wish I were going," sighed poor Cinderella.

Then her sisters made her hurry and stop talking nonsense, and at last they were ready to go to the king's palace. Cinderella watched them drive away in a fine coach, and when they were gone, she stole over to her little corner by the chimney, and putting her head down in her arms she fell to crying.

Suddenly, she heard a little noise, and something touched her softly on the shoulder. She looked up, and there standing beside her was her fairy godmother.

"Why are you weeping, my dear?" said the old fairy.

"Because I wish I could—I wish I could—" Cinderella could not finish for weeping.

"Because you wish you could go to the ball," said her godmother. "Is it not so?"

"Yes, that is it," sighed Cinderella, wiping her eyes.

"Well, be a good child and do exactly as I tell you, and you shall go to the ball this very night," said the fairy. "First run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella went immediately into the garden, and gathered the finest pumpkin she could find and brought it to her fairy godmother, although she could not help but wonder what that had to do with her going to

the ball. Her godmother scooped out the pumpkin until there was nothing left but the rind; which done, she struck it with her wand, and instantly it was turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

"Now, Cinderella, bring me the mouse trap." Cinderella did as she was told, and as there were six mice in the trap, the godmother touched each of them with her wand, and it turned into a fine, gray horse.

"We need a coachman now," exclaimed Cinderella. "Shall I see if there is a rat in the rat-trap that you could turn into a coachman?"

"A very good idea!" said the godmother.

Cinderella soon returned with a big rat with long whiskers. "He's the very one!" said the fairy, and touched him with her wand. There he stood, a fat, jolly coachman, with a gray velvet suit to match his whiskers.

After that, her godmother said to her, "Go into the garden and you will find six lizards behind the watering pot; bring them to me."

She had no sooner done so than the fairy turned them into six footmen, who walked beside the coach, dressed in splendid liveries of green and gold.

"Now, Cinderella, you can go to the ball," said the fairy.

"Alas! how can I go to the ball in these sooty, ragged clothes?" said Cinderella.

"To be sure, my dear, I was nearly forgetting the clothes for you," said the godmother, smiling. Then she touched Cinderella with her wand, and in an instant her rags and tatters gave place to a robe of silver cloth all frosted with jewels, and there were jewels in her hair. Then she gave Cinderella the prettiest pair of little glass slippers in all the world.

"Oh! they must be fairy slippers!" cried Cinderella. "Indeed, they are too beautiful for such as I to wear!"

"Never mind, my dear, you look quite like a fairy yourself. Hurry on, or you will be late. But my child, I nearly forgot to tell you: you must be in this house when the clock strikes twelve, for at that hour all your servants, coach and clothes will turn back to what they were before. Remember now, twelve o'clock!"

"O never fear, dear godmother, I will remember!" and Cinderella stepped into her coach and sped away to the ball.

Now when she reached the palace, the guards at the gate thought they had never seen so beautiful a maiden, and they sent one of their men into the ball-room to tell the king that an unknown princess had arrived. When the king heard this, he told the prince, and together they went to the door to receive the princess. Cinderella made them a low curtesy, and the king took her by the hand and led

her into the great hall. There, the lords and the ladies of the court bowed low before her, and the prince was heard to whisper that she was the loveliest princess he had ever seen. Certainly he danced with her many times. Cinderella saw her sisters, but they were so busy looking at her silver robe and counting the jewels in her hair, that they never noticed her face, and so they did not know her. At supper, Cinderella was seated between the prince and the king, and she was very happy, when suddenly she saw it was nearly twelve o'clock. She immediately excused herself to the prince and the king, bade the company goodnight, and hastened away.

She left the palace none too soon, for just as she came inside her garden gate, the clock finished striking twelve, and instantly her coach and servants were once more pumpkin, rats, lizards and mice, and Cinderella herself was clad in the ragged, sooty clothes of the cinder girl. She thought sadly of her little glass slippers as she went into the house and sat down in her accustomed place by the chimney, but she had not been there very long before her sisters returned.

"Well, sleepyhead," they cried, "you should have been at the ball! The prince is the finest young man in the whole kingdom, and he was very kind to us."

"Yes" said the younger of the two, "he was kind to us, but you must admit he was far kinder to that unknown princess."

"Was there an unknown princess there?" asked Cinderella.

"Indeed, yes, and she wore the most beautiful clothes in the world, and was very friendly to us," said the older sister; and so they chattered on.

"Well, well, we must go to bed now, for there is to be another ball to-morrow night, and it is said that the prince is going to choose a bride."

"Dear sisters," said Cinderella, "wont you lend me some of your old clothes that I too may go to the ball to-morrow night with you?"

"Lend you some clothes, indeed, a sooty cinder girl like you! We could not be seen in such fine company with you, so think no more about it." said the sisters, and they went to bed.

The next night, Cinderella helped them get ready for the ball, as she had before, only now they were more cross and unkind to her than usual, for they felt that they must look better than the unknown princess, or the prince would not notice them. After they had gone, Cinderella fell to thinking about the ball and wishing she could go, when suddenly, there was a little rustling sound, and there stood her fairy godmother. Now it happened as before; the fairy made ready her coach and servants, changed Cinderella's rags into a lovely robe of silvery cloth and gave her the little glass slippers again. Just as Cinderella was ready to drive away, her godmother called after her:

"Don't forget, my dear, you must be home by twelve o'clock!"

"Never fear, godmother, I will remember," cried Cinderella, happily, and drove away.

Now this ball was more splendid than the one before, and it seemed to Cinderella she had never been so happy in her life. The prince danced with her constantly, and said many kind things to her. All the company agreed that this unknown princess was as gentle and good as she was beautiful, and everyone smiled at her, except her two sisters. They were so busy planning dresses for themselves that should be finer than hers, that they had no time to talk to her. Late in the evening, Cinderella was dancing with the prince, and she was too happy to think about the time. Suddenly, a clock began to strike. Cinderella looked up and saw, to her horror, that it had begun to strike twelve. Without waiting to say a word to anyone, she sprang away from the prince and started running across the ballroom floor as fast as she could go. On the great stairway, she lost one of her little glass slippers, but she did not dare to pick it up, for the prince was running after her. When the prince came to the stairs, he stopped to pick up the little glass slipper, and when he rose, the lovely princess had vanished. The prince ran to the guard at the gate and cried:

"Watchman, watchman, have you seen a beautiful princess pass this way?"

"No," said the watchman, yawning, "No one has passed but a ragged beggar lassie, who ran crying up the road, but where in the world did that pumpkin come from? And look at those rats and mice and lizards scurrying up the path! Where did they come from?"

But the prince did not care about pumpkins and lizards. He wished to find his unknown princess. So the next day word was sent throughout the kingdom that the prince wished to marry the lovely princess who owned the glass slipper, and heralds, bearing the slipper on a silken cushion, went from house to house, trying it on every lady in the land. They came at last to the house where the three sisters lived. Poor little Cinderella was sitting in her corner by the chimney, when her two sisters tried on the glass slipper. They poked and pushed their feet and tried to get the slipper on, but in vain. The heralds were just about to leave the house, when they noticed Cinderella sitting by the chimney. They asked her to try on the glass slipper, but the sisters laughed at them.

"Oh she is only a cinder girl," they said, "she could not wear the slipper of a princess."

"Nevertheless, she may try it," said the herald.

Cinderella took the little glass slipper in her hand and smiled to see it again; then without a word she stooped down and put it on her foot as easily as could be. You can imagine the astonishment of the two sisters, but it was nothing to their amazement when this sister of theirs reached in her pocket and pulled out the mate to the slipper. She stooped and put on the other glass slipper and instantly her godmother appeared. The good fairy touched Cinderella with her wand, and her sooty clothes gave place to a silvery robe all frosted with jewels.

"Why, it is the unknown princess!" cried the heralds, but as for the sisters, they had never a word to say, but hid their faces with shame.

"We will take you to the palace, where our lord the prince is waiting to make you his bride," said the heralds, bowing low.

"Thank you," said Cinderella, "I will go with you presently." She turned to thank her good fairy for all she had done for her, but the little godmother had vanished. Cinderella then saw her two sisters hiding their faces and weeping with shame.

"Do not weep sisters," she said to them, "I forgive you everything if you will but love me."

Then the heralds bowed low before Cinderella and led her away to the palace, where the young prince and the old king were waiting for her. After a few days the wedding of the brave prince and his unknown princess was celebrated with great splendor, and only those sisters knew that this lovely princess, who would one day be queen, had worked in the cinders and soot and borne the name of Cinderella. —MAY HILL.

The Golden Bird

HERE was once a King who had a beautiful pleasure garden behind his palace, in which grew a tree that bore golden apples. As fast as the apples ripened they were counted, but the next day one was always missing.

This was made known to the King, who commanded that a watch should be kept every night under the tree. Now, the King had three sons, and he sent the eldest into the garden when night was coming on; but at midnight he fell fast asleep, and in the morning another apple was missing. The following night the second son had to watch, but he did not succeed any better, for again another apple was missing in the morning. Now came the turn of the youngest son, who was eager to go; but the King did not rely much upon him, and thought he would watch even worse than his brothers; however, at last he consented.

The youth threw himself on the ground under the tree and watched steadily, without letting sleep master him. As twelve o'clock struck, something rustled in the air, and he saw a bird fly by in the moonlight, whose feathers were of shining gold. The bird alighted on the tree and was just picking off one of the apples when the young Prince shot a bolt at it. Away flew the bird, but the arrow had knocked off one of its feathers, which was of the finest gold. The youth picked it up and showed it to the King the next morning, and told him all he had seen in the night.

The King assembled his council, and each one declared that a single feather like this one was of greater value than the whole kingdom.

"However valuable this feather may be," said the King, "one will not be of much use to me—I must have the whole bird."

So the eldest son went forth on his travels, to look for the wonderful bird, and he had no doubt that he would be able to find it.

When he had gone a short distance, he saw a fox sitting close to the edge of the forest, so he drew his bow to shoot. But the fox cried

out: "Do not shoot me, and I will give you a piece of good advice! You are now on the road to the golden bird, and this evening you will come to a village where two inns stand opposite to each other. One will be brilliantly lighted, and great merriment will be going on inside; do not, however, go in, but rather enter the other, even though it appears but a poor place to you."

"How can such a ridiculous animal give me rational advice?" thought the young Prince, and shot at the fox, but missed it, so it ran away with its tail in the air. The King's son then walked on, and in the evening he came to a village where the two inns stood; in one there was dancing and singing, but the other was quiet, and had a very mean and wretched appearance.

"I should be an idiot," thought he to himself, "if I were to go to this gloomy old inn while the other is so bright and cheerful." Therefore he went into the merry one, and lived in rioting and revelry.

As time passed, and the eldest son did not return home, the second son set out on his travels to seek the golden bird. Like the eldest brother, he met with the fox, and did not follow the good advice it gave him. He likewise came to the two inns, and at the window of the noisy one his brother stood entreating him to come in. This he could not resist, so he went in, and began to live a life of pleasure.

Again a long time passed by without any news, so the youngest Prince wished to try his luck, but his father would not hear of it. At last, for the sake of peace, the King was obliged to consent, for he had no rest as long as he refused. The fox was again sitting at the edge of the forest, and once more it begged for its own life and gave its good advice. The youth was good-hearted, and said:

"Have no fear, little fox; I will not do thee any harm."

"Thou wilt never repent of thy good nature," replied the fox, "and in order that thou mayest travel more quickly, get up behind on my tail."

Scarcely had the youth seated himself when away went the fox over hill and dale, so fast that the Prince's hair whistled in the wind. When they came to the village, the youth dismounted, and follow-

ing the fox's advice, he turned at once into the shabby-looking inn, where he slept peacefully through the night. The next morning, when the Prince went into the fields, the fox was there, and said:

"I will tell thee what further thou must do. Go straight on, and thou wilt come to a castle before which a whole troop of soldiers will be lying asleep. Go right through the midst of them into the castle, and thou wilt come to a chamber where is hanging a wooden cage containing a golden bird. Close by stands an empty golden cage; but be careful that thou dost not take the bird out of its ugly cage and put it in the splendid one, or it will be unlucky for thee."

With these words the fox once more stretched out its tail and the King's son sat upon it again, and away they went over hill and dale.

When they arrived at the castle the Prince found everything as the fox had said, and he soon discovered the room in which the golden bird was sitting in its wooden cage. By it stood a golden one and three golden apples were lying about the room. The Prince thought it would be silly to put such a lovely bird in so ugly and common a cage; so, opening the door, he placed it in the golden cage. In an instant the bird set up a piercing shriek, which awakened all the soldiers, who rushed in and made him prisoner.

The next morning he was brought before a judge, who at once condemned him to death. Still, the King said his life should be spared on one condition, and that was, that he brought him the golden horse, which ran faster than the wind; and if he succeeded he should also receive the golden bird as a reward.

The young Prince set out on his journey, but he sighed and felt very sorrowful, for where was he to find the golden horse? All at once, he saw his old friend, the fox, sitting by the wayside.

"Ah!" exclaimed the fox, "thou seest now what has happened through not listening to me. But be of good courage; I will look after thee, and tell thee how thou mayest discover the horse. Thou must travel straight along this road until thou comest to a castle; the horse is there in one of the stables. Thou will find a stable boy lying before the stall, but he will be fast asleep and snoring, so thou

wilt be able to lead out the golden horse quite quietly. But there is one thing thou must be careful about, and that is to put on the shabby old saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one which hangs beside it; otherwise everything will go wrong with thee." Then the fox stretched out his tail, the Prince took a seat upon it, and away they went.

Everything happened as the fox had said. The Prince came to the stable where the golden horse was standing, but, as he was about to put on the shabby old saddle, he thought to himself, "It does seem a shame that such a lovely animal should be disgraced with this. The fine saddle is his by right; it must go on." Scarcely had the golden saddle rested on the horse's back when it began to neigh loudly. This awakened the stable boy, who awakened the grooms, who rushed in and seized the Prince and made him a prisoner. The following morning he was brought to trial and condemned to death, but the King promised him his life, as well as the golden horse, if the youth could find the beautiful daughter of the King of the golden castle. Once more, with a heavy heart, the Prince set out on his journey, and by great good fortune he soon came across the faithful fox.

"I really should have left thee to the consequences of thy folly," said the fox, "but as I feel great compassion for thee, I will help thee out of thy new misfortune. The path to the castle lies straight before thee; thou wilt reach it about the evening. At night, when everything is quiet, the lovely Princess will go to the bath-house, to bathe there. As soon as she enters, thou must spring forward and give her a kiss; then she will follow thee wherever thou carest to lead her; only be careful that she does not take leave of her parents, or everything will go wrong."

Then the fox stretched out his tail, the Prince seated himself on it and they both went over hill and dale.

When the King's son came to the golden palace, everything happened as the fox had predicted. He waited until midnight, and when everyone was soundly asleep the beautiful Princess went into the bath-house, so he sprang forward and kissed her. The Princess then said she would joyfully follow him, but she besought him with tears in her eyes to allow her to say farewell to her parents. At first he withstood her entreaties, but as she wept still more, finally he graciously yielded.

Scarcely was the maiden at the bedside of her father, when he awoke, and so did everyone in the palace; so the foolish youth was captured and put into prison.

On the following morning the King said to him: "Thy life is forfeited, and thou canst only find mercy if thou clearest away the mountain that lies before my windows, and over which I cannot see, but it must be removed within eight days. If thou dost succeed thou shalt have my daughter as a reward."

So the Prince commenced at once to dig and to shovel away the earth without cessation, but when after seven days he saw how little he had been able to accomplish, and that all his labor was as nothing, he fell into a great grief and gave up all hope.

On the evening of the seventh day, however, the fox appeared "Thou dost not deserve that I should take thy part or befriend thee, but do thou go and lie down to sleep, and I will do thy work."

And the next morning, when he awoke and looked out of the window, the mountain had disappeared! Then the Prince, quite overjoyed, hastened to the King and told him that the conditions were fulfilled, so that the King, whether he would or not, was obliged to keep his word and give him his daughter.

Then these two went away together, and it was not long before the faithful fox came to them.

"Thou hast indeed gained the best of all," said he, "but to the maiden of the golden castle belongs also the golden horse."

"How can I get it?" enquired the youth.

"I will tell thee," answered the fox; "first of all, take the lovely

Princess to the King who sent you to the golden palace. There will then be unheard-of joy; they will gladly lead the golden horse to thee and give it thee. Mount it instantly, and give your hand to everyone at parting, and last of all to the princess. Grasp her hand firmly; make her spring into the saddle with thee, and then gallop away; no one will be able to overtake thee, for the golden horse runs faster than the wind."

This was all happily accomplished, and the King's son carried off the beautiful Princess on the golden horse. The fox did not remain behind, and spoke thus to the young Prince:

"Now I will help thee to find the golden bird. When thou comest near the castle where the bird is to be found, let the Princess dismount, and I will take her under my protection. Then ride on the golden horse to the courtyard of the palace, where thy coming will cause great joy, and they will fetch the golden bird for thee. Directly the cage is in thy hands, gallop back to us and bring the maiden."

When this plan was successfully carried out, and the Prince was about to ride home with his treasure, the fox said, "Now must thou reward me for all my services."

"What is it thou dost desire?" inquired the Prince.

"When we come to yonder wood, thou must shoot me dead and cut off my head and paws."

"That would be a fine sort of gratitude," said the King's son; "that I cannot possibly promise thee."

"Then," replied the fox, "if thou wilt not, I must leave thee; but before I go I will give thee again some good advice. Beware of two things: buy no gallows'-flesh, and see that thou dost not sit on the brink of a well!" With this the fox ran off into the forest.

"Ah!" thought the young Prince, "that is a wonderful animal with very whimsical ideas! Who would buy gallows'-flesh, and when have I ever had the slightest desire to sit on the brink of a well?"

So he rode on with the beautiful maiden, and his path led him once more through the village in which his two brothers had stopped. Here there was great tumult and lamentation, and when he asked

what it all meant, he was told that two men were going to be hanged. When he came nearer, he saw that they were his two brothers, who had committed every kind of wicked folly and had squandered all their money. Then the young Prince asked if they could not be freed.

"Supposing you do pay for them," the people answered, "where is the good of wasting your money in order to free such villians?"

Nevertheless, he did not hesitate, but paid for them, and when the brothers were freed they all rode away together. They came to the forest where they first encountered the fox, and as it was cool and pleasant away from the burning sun, the two brothers said:

"Let us sit and rest a little by this well, and eat and drink."

The young Prince consented, and while they were all talking together he quite forgot the fox's warning, and suspected no evil.

But suddenly the two brothers threw him backwards into the well, and, seizing the maiden, the horse, and the golden bird, they went home to their father.

"We not only bring you the golden bird," said they, "but we have also found the golden palace."

There was great rejoicing, but the horse would not eat, neither would the bird sing, and the maiden only sat and wept.

But the youngest brother had not perished. By good fortune the well was dry, and he had fallen on soft moss without hurting himself, but he could not get out again.

Even in this misfortune the fox did not desert him, but came springing down to him and scolded him for not following his advice.

"Still I cannot forsake thee," said he, "and I will help to show thee daylight once more."

Then he told him to seize hold of his tail and hold on tightly; and so saying, he lifted him up in the air.

"Even now thou art not out of danger," said the fox, "for thy brothers were not certain of thy death, and have set spies to watch for thee in the forest, who will certainly kill thee if they see thee."

There was an old man sitting by the wayside and with him the young prince changed clothes. Thus disguised, he reached the court of the King. No one recognized him, but the golden bird began to sing, the golden horse began to eat; the lovely maiden ceased to weep.

The King was astonished, and asked, "What does this all mean?"

Then said the maiden, "I know not, but I was so sad, and now I feel light-hearted; it is as if my true husband had returned."

Then she told him all that had happened, although the other brothers had threatened to kill her if she betrayed them.

The King then summoned all the people in the castle before him; and there came with them the young Prince dressed as a beggar in his rags, but the maiden recognized him instantly and fell upon his neck.

So the wicked brothers were seized and executed, but the young Prince married the lovely Princess and was made his father's heir.

But what became of the poor fox?

Long afterwards the young Prince went again into the forest, and there he met once more with the fox, who said:

"Thou hast now everything in the world thou canst desire, but to my misfortunes there can be no end, although it is in thy power to release me from them."

So he entreated the Prince to shoot him dead and cut off his head and feet.

At last the Prince consented to do so, and scarcely was the deed done than the fox was changed into a man, who was no other than the brother of the beautiful Princess, at last released from the spell that had bound him. So now nothing was wanting to the happiness of the Prince and his bride, as long as they lived.

Puss in Boots

ONCE upon a time there was a miller who was so poor that at his death he had nothing to leave to his three children but his mill, his ass, and his cat. The eldest son took the mill, and the second the ass, so there was nothing left for poor Jack but to take Puss.

Jack could not help thinking that he had been treated shabbily. "My brothers will be able to earn an honest livelihood," he sighed, "but as for me, though Puss may feed himself by catching mice, I shall certainly die of hunger."

The cat, who had overheard his young master, jumped upon his shoulder, and, rubbing himself gently against his cheek, began to speak. "Dear master," said he, "do not grieve, I am not as useless as you think me, and will undertake to make your fortune for you, if only you will buy me a pair of boots, and give me that old bag."

Now, Jack had very little money to spare, but, knowing Puss to be a faithful old friend, he made up his mind to trust him, and so spent all he possessed upon a smart pair of boots made of buff-colored leather. They fitted perfectly, so Puss put them on, took the old bag which his master gave him, and trotted off to a neighboring warren in which he knew there was a great number of rabbits.

Having put some bran and fresh parsley into the bag, he laid it upon the ground, hid himself, and waited. Presently two foolish little rabbits, sniffing the food, ran straight into the bag, when the clever cat drew the strings and caught them.

Then, slinging the bag over his shoulder, he hastened off to the palace, where he asked to speak to the King. Having been shown into the royal presence, he bowed and said:

"Sire, my Lord the Marquis of Carabas has commanded me to present these rabbits to your Majesty, with his respects."

The monarch having desired his thanks to be given to the Marquis (who, as you will guess, was really our poor Jack), then ordered his head cook to dress the rabbits for dinner, and he and his daughter partook of them with great enjoyment.

Day by day Puss brought home stores of good food, so that he and his master lived in plenty, and besides that, he did not fail to keep the King and his courtiers well supplied with game.

Sometimes he would lay a brace of partridges at the royal feet, sometimes a fine large hare, but whatever it was, it always came with the same message: "From my Lord the Marquis of Carabas;" so that everyone at Court was talking of this strange nobleman, whom no one had ever seen, but who sent such generous presents to his Majesty.

At length Puss decided that it was time for his master to be introduced at Court. So one day he persuaded him to go and bathe in a river near by, having heard the King would soon pass that way.

Jack stood shivering up to his neck in water, wondering what was to happen next, when suddenly the King's carriage appeared in sight. At once Puss began to call out as loudly as he could:

"Help, help! My Lord the Marquis of Carabas is drowning!"

The King put his head out of the carriage window, and recognizing the cat, ordered his attendants to go to the assistance of the Marquis. While Jack was being taken out of the water, Puss ran to the King and told him that some robbers had ran off with his master's clothes whilst he was bathing, the truth of the matter being that the cunning cat had hidden them under a stone.

On hearing this story the King instantly dispatched one of his grooms to fetch a handsome suit of purple and gold from the royal wardrobe; and arrayed in this, Jack, who was a fine, handsome fellow, looked so well that no one for a moment supposed but that he was some noble foreign lord.

The King and his daughter were so pleased with his appearance

that they invited him into their carriage. At first Jack hesitated, for he felt a little shy about sitting next to a Princess, but she smiled at him so sweetly, and was so kind and gentle, that he soon forgot his fears and fell in love with her there and then.

As soon as Puss had seen his master seated in the royal carriage, he whispered directions to the coachman, and then ran on ahead as fast as he could trot, until he came to a field of corn, where the reapers were busy.

"Reapers," said he fiercely, "the King will shortly pass this way. If he should ask you to whom this field belongs, remember that you say, "To the Marquis of Carabas." If you dare to disobey me, I will have you all chopped up as fine as mincemeat." The reapers were so afraid the cat would keep his word that they promised to obey. Puss then ran on and told all the other laborers whom he met to give the same answer, threatening them with terrible punishments if they disobeyed.

Now, the King was in a very good humor, for the day was fine, and he found the Marquis a very pleasant companion, so he told the coachman to drive slowly, in order that he might admire the beautiful country. "What a fine field of wheat!" he said presently. "To whom does it belong?" Then the men answered as they had been told: "To our Lord the Marquis of Carabas." Next they met a herd of cattle, and again to the King's question, "To whom do they belong?" they were told, "To the Marquis of Carabas." And it was the same with everything they passed.

The Marquis listened with the greatest astonishment, and thought what a very wonderful cat his dear Puss was; and the King was delighted to find that his new friend was as wealthy as he was charming.

Meanwhile Puss, who was well in advance of the royal party, had arrived at a stately castle, which belonged to a cruel Ogre, the richest ever known, for all the lands the King had admired so much belonged to him. Puss knocked at the door and asked to see the Ogre, who received him quite civilly, for he had never seen a cat in boots before, and the sight amused him.

So he and Puss were soon chatting away together.

The Ogre, who was very conceited, began to boast of what clever tricks he could play, and Puss sat and listened, a smile on his face.

"I once heard, great Ogre," he said at last, "that you possessed the power of changing yourself into any kind of animal you chose—a lion or an elphant, for instance."

"Well, so I can," replied the Ogre.

"Dear me! how much I should like to see you do it now," said Puss, sweetly.

The Ogre was only too pleased to find a chance of showing how very clever he was, so he promised to transform himself into any animal Puss might mention.

"Oh! I will leave the choice to you," said the cat politely.

Immediately there appeared where the Ogre had been seated, an

enormous lion, roaring, and lashing with its tail, and looking as though it meant to gobble up the cat in a trice.

Puss was really very much frightened, and, jumping out of the window, managed to scramble on to the roof, though he could scarcely hold on to the tiles on account of his high-heeled boots.

There he sat, refusing to come down, until the Ogre changed himself into his natural form, and laughingly called to him that he would not hurt him.

Then Puss ventured back into the room, and began to compliment the Ogre on his cleverness.

"Of course, it was all very wonderful," he said, "but it would be more wonderful still if you, who are so great and fierce, could transform yourself into some timid little creature, such as a mouse. That, I suppose, would be quite impossible?"

"Not at all," said the vain Ogre. "One is quite as easy to me as the other, as I will show you." And in a moment a little brown mouse was frisking about all over the floor, whilst the Ogre had vanished.

"Now or never," said Puss, and with a spring he seized the mouse and gobbled it up as fast as he could.

At the same moment all the gentlemen and ladies whom the wicked Ogre had held in his castle under a spell, became disenchanted. They were so grateful to their deliverer that they would have done anything to please him, and readily agreed to enter into the service of the Marquis of Carabas when Puss asked them to do so.

So now the cat had a splendid castle, which he knew to be full of heaped-up treasures, at his command, and ordering a magnificent feast to be prepared, he took up his station at the castle gates to welcome his master and the royal party.

As soon as the castle appeared in sight, the King enquired whose it was, "For," said he, "I have never seen a finer."

Then Puss, bowing low, threw open the castle gates, and cried:

"May it please your Majesty to alight and enter the home of the most noble the Marquis of Carabas."

Full of surprise, the King turned to the Marquis. "Is this splendid castle indeed yours?" he asked. "Not even our own palace is more beautiful, and doubtless it is as splendid within as without."

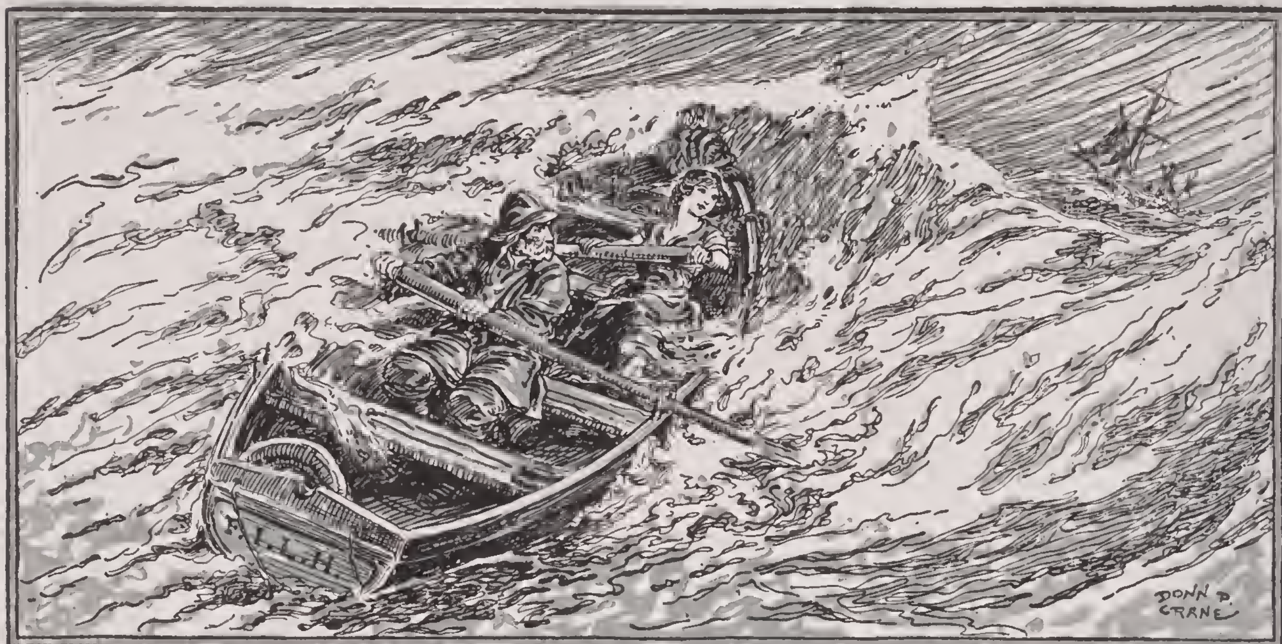
Puss then helped his Majesty to alight, and conducted him into the castle, where a group of noble gentlemen and fair ladies were waiting to receive them. Jack, or the Marquis, as he was now called, gave his hand to the young Princess, and led her to the banquet. Long and merrily they feasted, and when at length the guests rose to depart, the King embraced the Marquis, and called him his dear son; and the Princess blushed so charmingly and looked so shy and sweet, that Jack ventured to lay his heart and fortune at her feet.

And so the miller's son married the King's daughter, and there were great rejoicings throughout the land.

On the evening of the wedding-day a great ball was given, to which princes and noblemen from far and near were invited. Puss opened the ball, wearing for the occasion a pair of boots made of the finest leather, with gold tassel and scarlet heels. I only wish you could have seen him.

When the old King died, the Princess and her husband reigned in his stead, and their most honored and faithful friend at Court was Puss himself, for his master never forgot to whom he owed all his good fortune. He lived upon the daintiest meat and most delicious cream, and was petted and made much of all the days of his life, and never again ran after mice and rats, except for exercise and amusement.

—*Adapted.*



Grace Darling

IT was a dark September morning. There was a storm at sea. A ship had been driven on a low rock off the shores of the Farne Islands. It had been broken in two by the waves, and half of it had been washed away. The other half lay yet on the rock, and those of the crew who were still alive were clinging to it. But the waves were dashing over it, and in a little while it too would be carried to the bottom.

Could anyone save the poor, half-drowned men who were there?

On one of the islands was a lighthouse; and there, all through that stormy night, Grace Darling had listened to the storm.

Grace was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper, and she had lived by the sea as long as she could remember.

In the darkness of the night, above the noise of the winds and waves, she heard screams and wild cries. When daylight came, she could see the wreck, a mile away, with the angry waters all around it. She could see the men clinging to the masts.

"We must try to save them!" she cried. "Let us go out in the boat at once!"

"It is of no use, Grace," said her father. "We cannot reach them." He was an old man, and he knew the force of the waves.

"We cannot stay here and see them die," said Grace. "We must at least try to save them." Her father could not say "No."

In a few minutes they were ready. They set off in the heavy lighthouse boat. Grace pulled one oar, and her father the other, and they made straight toward the wreck. But it was hard rowing against such a sea, and it seemed as though they would never reach the place.

At last they were close to the rock, and now they were in greater danger than before. The fierce waves broke against the boat, and it would have been dashed in pieces had it not been for the strength and skill of the brave girl.

After many trials, Grace's father climbed upon the wreck, while Grace herself held the boat. Then one by one the worn-out crew were helped on board. It was all that the girl could do to keep the frail boat from being drifted away, or broken upon the sharp rock.

Then her father clambered back into his place. Strong hands grasped the oars, and by and by all were safe in the lighthouse. There Grace proved to be no less tender as a nurse than she had been brave as a sailor. She cared most kindly for the shipwrecked men until the storm had died away and they were strong enough to go to their homes.

All this happened a long time ago, but the name of Grace Darling will never be forgotten. She lies buried now in a little churchyard by the sea, not far from her old home. Every year many people go there to see her grave; and there a monument has been placed in honor of the brave girl. It is not a large monument, but it is one that speaks of the noble deed which made Grace Darling famous. It is a figure carved in stone of a woman lying at rest, with a boat's oar held fast in her right hand.

Baldwin: *Fifty Famous Stories Retold,* American Book Company.

The Fisherman and His Wife

THERE was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the seaside. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all of a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea; and in drawing it up he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray let me live. I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince. Put me in the water again, and let me go."

"Oh!" said the man, "You need not make so many words about the matter. I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again.

"Did you not ask it for anything?" said the wife.

"No," said the man, "what should I ask for?"

"Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here in this miserable ditch. Do go back, and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business; however he went

to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,

> "O man of the sea!
> Come listen to me,
> For Alice my wife,
> The plague of my life,
> Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what does she want?"

"Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again. She does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage."

"Go home, then," said the fish. "She is in the cottage already."

So the man went home and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in," said she; "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlor, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a court-yard full of ducks and chickens.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live!"

"We will try to do so, at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage; the court-yard and garden are a great deal too small. I should like to have a large stone castle to live in. So go to the fish again and tell him to give us a castle."

"Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry. We ought to be content with the cottage."

"Nonsense," said the wife; "he will do it very willingly. Go along, and try."

The fisherman went; but his heart was very heavy: and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the man very sorrowfully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle."

"Go home, then," said the fish. "She is standing at the door of it already." So away went the fisherman and found his wife standing before a great castle.

"See," said she, "is not this grand?"

With that they went into the castle together and found a great many servants there and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the court-yard were stables and cow-houses.

"Well," said the man, "now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives."

"Perhaps we may," said the wife; "but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds." So they went to bed.

The next morning when Dame Alice awoke it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land."

"Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be king."

"Then I will," said Alice.

"But, wife," answered the fisherman, "how can you be king? The fish cannot make you a king."

"Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try. I will be king!"

So the man went away, quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. The sea looked a dark grey color, and was covered with foam as he cried out,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish.

"Alas!" said the man, "my wife wants to be king."

"Go home," said the fish. "She is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered in, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said he, "are you king?"

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

And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! Now we shall never have anything more to wish for."

"I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am king, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor."

"Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman.

"Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be emperor."

"Ah, wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing."

"I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly!"

So the fisherman was obliged to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good. It is too much to ask. The fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done."

He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore, and said,

> "O man of the sea!
> Come listen to me,
> For Alice my wife,
> The plague of my life,
> Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now!" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor."

"Go home," said the fish. "She is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes, and dukes, and earls; and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?"

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

"Ah!" said the man as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!"

"Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor; I will think of something else finer, I am sure."

Then they went to bed, but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she, as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At this she was very angry, and she wakened her husband and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be content to be emperor?"

"No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear; and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains with a white crown of foam upon them; and the fisherman said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

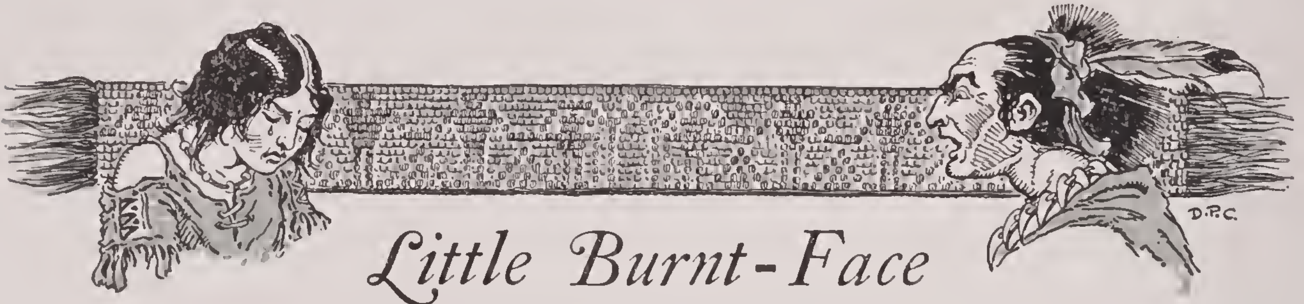
"What does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon."

"Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!"

And there they live to this very day.

Adapted: May Hill.



Little Burnt-Face

(Micmac)

ONCE upon a time, in a large Indian village on the border of a lake, there lived an old man who was a widower. He had three daughters. The eldest was jealous, cruel and ugly; the second was vain; but the youngest was very gentle and lovely.

Now, when the father was out hunting in the forest, the eldest daughter used to beat the youngest girl, and burn her face with hot coals; yes, and even scar her pretty body. So the people called her "Little Burnt-Face."

When the father came home from hunting he would ask why she was so scarred, and the eldest would answer quickly: "She is good-for-nothing! She was forbidden to go near the fire, and she disobeyed and fell in." Then the father would scold Little Burnt-Face and she would creep away crying to bed.

By the lake, at the end of the village, there was a beautiful wigwam. And in that wigwam lived a Great Chief and his sister. The Great Chief was invisible; no one had ever seen him but his sister. He brought her many deer, and supplied her with good things to eat from the forest and lake, and with the finest blankets and garments. And when visitors came all they ever saw of the Chief were his moccasins; for when he took them off they became visible, and his sister hung them up.

Now, one Spring his sister made known that her brother, the Great Chief, would marry any girl who could see him.

Then all the girls from the village—except Little Burnt-Face and her sisters—and all the girls for miles around hastened to the wigwam, and walked along the shore of the lake with his sister.

And his sister asked the girls, "Do you see my brother?"

And some of them said, "No"; but most of them answered, "Yes."

Then his sister asked, "Of what is his shoulder-strap made?"

And the girls said, "Of a strip of rawhide."

"And with what does he draw his sled?" asked the sister.

And they replied, "With a green withe."

Then she knew that they had not seen him at all, and said quietly, "Let us go to the wigwam."

So to the wigwam they went, and when they entered, his sister told them not to take the seat next the door, for that was where her brother sat.

Then they helped his sister to cook the supper, for they were very curious to see the Great Chief eat. When all was ready, the food disappeared, and the brother took off his moccasins, and his sister hung them up. But they never saw the Chief, though many of them stayed all night.

One day Little Burnt-Face's two sisters put on their finest blankets and brightest strings of beads, and plaited their hair beautifully, and slipped embroidered moccasins on their feet. Then they started out to see the Great Chief.

As soon as they were gone, Little Burnt-Face made herself a dress of white birch bark and a cap and leggings of the same. She threw off her ragged garments and dressed herself in her birch-bark clothes. She put her father's moccasins on her bare feet; and the moccasins were so big that they came up to her knees. Then she, too, started out to visit the beautiful wigwam at the end of the village.

Poor Little Burnt-Face! She was a sorry sight! For her hair was singed off, and her little face was as full of burns and scars as a sieve is full of holes; and she shuffled along in her birch-bark clothes and big moccasins. And as she passed through the village the boys and girls hissed, yelled and hooted.

And when she reached the lake her sisters saw her coming. They tried to shame her, and told her to go home. But the Great Chief's sister received her kindly and bade her stay, for she saw how sweet and gentle Little Burnt-Face really was.

Then as evening was coming on, the Great Chief's sister took all three girls walking beside the lake, and the sky grew dark, and they knew the Great Chief had come.

And his sister asked the two elder girls, "Do you see my brother?"

And they said, "Yes."

"Of what is his shoulder-strap made?" asked his sister.

"Of a strip of rawhide," they replied.

"And with what does he draw his sled," asked she.

And they said, "With a green withe."

Then his sister turned to Little Burnt-Face and asked, "Do you see him?"

"I do! I do!" said Little Burnt-Face with awe. "And he is wonderful!"

"And of what is his sled-string made?" asked his sister, gently.

"It is a beautiful Rainbow!" cried Little Burnt-Face.

"But, my sister," said the other, "Of what is his bow-string made?"

"His bow-string," replied Little Burnt-Face, "is the Milky Way!"

Then the Great Chief's sister smiled with delight, and taking Little Burnt-Face by the hand, she said, "You have surely seen him."

She led the little girl to the wigwam, and bathed her with dew until the burns and scars all disappeared from her body and face. Her skin became soft and lovely again. Her hair grew long and dark like the blackbird's wing. Her eyes were like stars. Then his sister brought from her treasures a wedding-garment, and she dressed Little Burnt-Face in it. And she was most beautiful to behold.

After all this was done, his sister led the little girl to the seat next the door, saying, "This is the Bride's seat," and made her sit down.

And the Great Chief, no longer invisible, entered, terrible and beautiful. And when he saw Little Burnt-Face, he smiled and said gently, "So we have found each other!"

And she answered, "Yes."

Then Little Burnt-Face was married to the Great Chief, and the wedding-feast lasted for days, and to it came all the people of the village. As for the two bad sisters, they went back to their wigwam in disgrace, weeping with shame.

Jenkins Olcott—*Red Indian's Fairy Book.*

To Your Good Health

LONG, long ago there lived a King who was such a mighty monarch that whenever he sneezed everyone in the whole country had to say, "To your good health!" Everyone said it except the Shepherd with the bright blue eyes, and he would not say it.

The King heard of this and was very angry, and sent for the Shepherd to appear before him.

The Shepherd came and stood before the throne where the King sat, looking very grand and powerful. But, however grand or powerful he might be, the Shepherd did not feel a bit afraid of him.

"Say at once, 'To my good health'!" cried the King.

"To my good health," replied the Shepherd.

"To mine—to mine, you rascal, you vagabond!" stormed the King.

"To mine—to mine, Your Majesty," was the answer.

"But to mine—to my own!" roared the King, and beat on his breast in a rage.

"Well, yes; to mine, of course, to my own," cried the Shepherd, and gently tapped his breast.

The King was beside himself with fury and did not know what to do, when the Lord Chamberlain interfered:

"Say at once—say this very moment, 'To your health, Your Majesty,' for if you don't say it you will lose your life," he whispered.

"No, I won't say it till I get the Princess for my wife," was the Shepherd's answer.

Now the Princess was sitting on a little throne beside the King, her father, and she looked as sweet and lovely as a little golden dove. When she heard what the Shepherd said she could not help laughing, for there is no denying the fact that this young Shepherd with the blue eyes pleased her very much; indeed, he pleased her better than any king's son she had yet seen.

But the King was not as pleasant as his daughter, and he gave orders to throw the Shepherd into the white bear's pit.

The guards led him away and thrust him into the pit with the white bear, who had had nothing to eat for two days and was very hungry. The door of the pit was hardly closed when the bear rushed at the Shepherd; but when it saw his eyes it was so frightened that it was ready to eat itself. It shrank away into a corner and gazed at him from there, and in spite of being so famished, did not dare to touch him, but sucked its own paws from sheer hunger. The Shepherd felt that if he once removed his eyes off the beast he was a dead man, and in order to keep himself awake he made songs and sang them, and so the night went by.

The next morning, the Lord Chamberlain came to see the Shepherd's bones, and was amazed to find him alive and well. He led him to the King, who fell into a furious passion, and said:

"Well, you have learned what it is to be very near death, and now will you say, 'To my very good health'?"

But the Shepherd answered: "I am not afraid of ten deaths! I will only say it if I may have the Princess for my wife."

"Then go to your death," cried the King, and ordered him to be thrown into the den with the wild boars.

The wild boars had not been fed for a week, and when the Shepherd was thrust into their den they rushed at him to tear him to pieces. But the Shepherd took a little flute out of the sleeve of his jacket, and began to play a merry tune, on which the wild boars first of all shrank shyly away, and then got up on their hind legs and danced gaily. The Shepherd would have given anything to be able to laugh, they looked so funny; but he dared not stop playing, for he knew well enough that the moment he stopped they would fall upon him and tear him to pieces. His eyes were of no use to him here, for he could not have stared ten wild boars in the face at once; so he kept on playing, and the wild boars danced very slowly, as if in a minuet; then by degrees he played faster and faster, till they could hardly twist and turn quickly enough, and ending by all falling over each other in a heap, quite exhausted and out of breath.

Then the Shepherd ventured to laugh at last; and he laughed so long and so loud that when the Lord Chamberlain came early in the morning, expecting to find only his bones, the tears were still running down his cheeks from laughter.

As soon as the King was dressed the Shepherd was again brought before him; but he was more angry than ever to think the wild boars had not torn the man to bits, and he said:

"Well, you have learned what it feels to be near ten deaths; now say 'To my good health'!"

But the Shepherd broke in with: "I do not fear a hundred deaths; and I will only say it if I may have the Princess for my wife."

"Then go to a hundred deaths!" roared the King, and ordered the Shepherd to be thrown down the deep vault of scythes.

The guards dragged him away to a dark dungeon, in the middle of which was a deep well with sharp scythes all round it. At the bottom of the well was a little light by which one could see, if anyone was thrown in, whether he had fallen to the bottom.

When the Shepherd was dragged to the dungeon he begged the guards to leave him alone a little while that he might look down into the pit of scythes; perhaps he might after all make up his mind to say "To your good health" to the King.

So the guards left him alone, and he stuck up his long stick near the wall, hung his cloak round the stick and put his hat on the top. He also hung his knapsack up beside the cloak, so that it might seem to have some body within it. When this was done, he called out to the guards and said that he had considered the matter, but after all he could not make up his mind to say what the King wished.

The guards came in, threw the hat and cloak, knapsack and stick all down in the well together, watched to see how they put out the light at the bottom, and came away, thinking that now there was really an end of the Shepherd. But he had hidden in a dark corner, and was now laughing to himself all the time.

Quite early next morning came the Lord Chamberlain with a lamp, and he nearly fell backwards with surprise when he saw the Shepherd alive and well. He brought him to the King, whose fury was greater than ever, but who cried:

"Well, now you have been near a hundred deaths; will you say, 'To your good health'?"

But the Shepherd only gave the same answer: "I won't say it till the Princess is my wife."

"Perhaps, after all, you may do it for less," said the King, who saw that there was no chance of making away with the Shepherd;

and he ordered the state coach to be got ready; then he made the Shepherd get in with him and sit beside him, and ordered the coachman to drive to the silver wood. When they reached it, he said:

"Do you see this silver wood? Well, if you will say, 'To your good health,' I will give it to you."

The Shepherd turned hot and cold by turns, but he still persisted:

"I will not say it till the Princess is my wife."

The King was very much vexed; he drove further on till they came to a splendid castle, all of gold, and then he said:

"Do you see this golden castle? Well, I will give you that, too, the silver wood and the golden castle, if only you will say that one thing to me: 'To your good health.'"

The Shepherd gaped and wondered, and was quite dazzled; but he still said:

"No, I will not say it till I have the Princess for my wife."

This time the King was overwhelmed with grief, and gave orders to drive on to the diamond pond, and there he tried once more:

"You shall have them all—all, if you will but say, 'To your good health.'"

The Shepherd had to shut his staring eyes tight not to be dazzled with the brilliant pond, but he said:

"No, no; I will not say it till I have the Princess for my wife."

Then the King saw that all his efforts were useless, and that he might as well give in; so he said:

"Well, well, it is all the same to me—I will give you my daughter to wife; but then you really and truly must say to me, 'To your good health.'"

"Of course I'll say it; why should I not say it? It stands to reason that I shall say it then."

At this the King was more delighted than anyone could have believed. He made it known all through the country that there were going to be great rejoicings, as the Princess was going to be married. And everyone rejoiced to think that the Princess, who had

refused so many royal suitors, should have ended by falling in love with the starry-eyed Shepherd.

There was such a wedding as had never been seen. Everyone ate and drank and danced. Even the sick were feasted, and quite tiny new-born children had presents given them. But the greatest merrymaking was in the King's palace; there the best bands played and the best food was cooked. A crowd of people sat down to table, and all was fun and merrymaking.

And when the groomsman, according to custom, brought in the great boar's head on a big dish and placed it before the King, so that he might carve it and give everyone a share, the savory smell was so strong that the King began to sneeze with all his might.

"To your very good health!" cried the Shepherd, before anyone else, and the King was so delighted that he did not regret having given him his daughter.

In time, when the old King died, the Shepherd succeeded him. He made a very good King, and never expected his people to wish him well against their wills; but, all the same, everyone did wish him well, because they loved him.

The Princess on the Glass Hill

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had a meadow, which lay high upon the hillside. In the meadow was a barn which he had built to hold his hay, but I must tell you that for the last year or two, on St. John's night, when the grass stood highest and greenest in the meadow, something came in the night and destroyed it. The next morning, it looked as if a whole flock of sheep had been there eating the grass. This happened once , and it happened twice; so that at last the man grew tried of having his crop destroyed. He had three sons—the youngest named Boots, of course—and so he said to these lads:

"You will, one of you, have to sleep in the barn this St. John's eve and guard the crop of hay in the meadow."

"Well," said Peter, "I am the oldest, so I will take the first turn, and there will be no more of this nonsense after I have been there."

So, on St. John's eve, when the grass lay deep and green in the meadow, Peter went to the barn and lay down to sleep. But a little on in the night there came such a rattle and clatter and such an earthquake that Peter sat up and shook with fear. Then, the walls shook and the barn creaked and groaned. Peter could stand it no longer; he leaped to his feet and ran for the house as fast as he could go, looking neither to the right nor the left. The next morning when his father went to the meadow to see how his crop was doing, there was the grass all eaten and gone as before. The father was very angry with Peter, but Paul the second son, told him not to mind, for the next year he would sleep in the barn and guard the crop from all harm.

The next year on St. John's eve Paul set off for the barn, feeling sure that all would go well with him. He laid him down to sleep, when suddenly there came the most terrible rumbling and grumbling. Paul covered his ears with his hands and shook and shivered. Then the noise grew louder, the barn creaked and groaned, straw flew about as if there were a gale of wind, and at last Paul could stand it no longer, but ran to the house as fast as his legs could carry him, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The next morning the farmer went to his meadow to see how his crop was doing, and there was the meadow all stripped and bare as before. The father was very angry with Paul, but now Boots, the youngest son, said:

"Never mind, father, I will guard the crop next year, and see if I cannot save it for you.

"Oh, you will, will you?" said his brothers, laughing and making game of him. "Yes, you are a fine one to guard the hay, you are; you who have done nothing all your life but sit in the ashes and toast your shins!"

"Well, I can at least try," said Boots, and to this his father agreed.

So, on the next St. John's eve, Boots set off for the barn. He lay down to sleep, and presently, the barn began to shake and rattle so that its straw flew this way and that.

"Well," said Boots, "that is bad, but if it gets no worse I can stand it."

In a little while, there was worse shaking and groaning and rumbling, so it was dreadful to hear.

"That is bad," said poor Boots, beginning to shiver a little himself; "still, if it grows no worse, I can stand it."

But just then came a third rumbling and a third earthquake, so that the lad thought the barn would fall about his ears, but it passed off, and all was as still as death about him.

"It will come again, I'll be bound," said Boots; but nothing more happened, and Boots was sitting there listening quietly, when sud-

denly he heard a soft crunching sound, as of some animal munching grass. He stole to the door and looked through a chink and there was a horse eating the meadow grass. But such a horse as that was! Boots had never seen the like of it before, so big and fat and grand it was. It was glossy black, and it bore a golden saddle and bridle, and a full set of armor for a knight lay on the grass beside it. The armor, too, was of gold that gleamed and shone in the moonlight.

"Ho, ho!" thought the lad, "so it's you that has been eating up our good crops! Well, I know a way to fix you;" and with that Boots took the steel out of his tinder box, for there is magic in steel, you know, and threw it over the horse's head. Instantly that great horse became so tame the lad could stroke him and do what he liked with him. So Boots picked up the golden armor, mounted the horse and rode him far away to a secret place that no one, save himself, knew about.

The next morning, Boots walked into the house and his brothers called out to him:

"You do not expect us to believe that you have been in the barn all this time."

"No," said Boots, "but I do expect you to go to the meadow and see how well the crop is growing."

The father was indeed anxious to see; so he set off at once with the two older brothers following. When they came to the meadow, there, sure enough, stood the grass as deep and thick and green as it had been the night before. As you can well imagine, the father was more pleased to find this than were those two older brothers.

Now you must know that the king of this country had a very lovely daughter, and he had made up his mind that no ordinary man should have her for his bride. There was a glass hill close beside the king's palace, and this hill was as smooth and slippery as ice. So the king decided to set the princess on the top of this hill, with three golden apples in her lap, and the man who could ride his horse

up that hill and take the apples from the princess should have her for his bride, and half the kingdom into the bargain. This notice was posted throughout the kingdom, and as there was no end to the loveliness of the princess, so there was no end to the number of knights, princes and nobles who wished to win her hand in marriage.

When the day for the trial came, there was such a crowd setting out for the glass hill that it was hard to find room in the roads. Boots' two brothers decided to set off and try their luck. Before they left, Boots said to them, "Won't you take me with you?"

"Take you with us? Of course not, a ragged cinder lad like you!"

"Very well, then, I will stand or fall by myself," said Boots.

Now, when the two brothers came to the field, the knights were

hard at it, riding their horses until they were all in a foam; but there was no use, for as soon as ever the horses set foot on the glass hill, down they fell. But all were eager to have the princess, so they kept their poor horses slipping and sliding until they were so weary they could scarcely lift a leg. At last, the knights had to give up trying.

The king was just thinking that he would proclaim a new trial for the next day, when all at once someone cried, "Look!" and there coming over the hills, like a flash of sunlight, was a strange knight. They could see him coming from afar, for his horse was gigantic and glossy black, and the knight himself was clad in golden armor that glittered and shone like the sun. As he came nearer, they saw that his face was hidden all save his eyes, which were looking up at the princess at the top of the glass hill. They called to him:

"There is no use trying to ride up that glass hill; you will only break your neck and your horse's into the bargain."

But the knight paid no attention to them; he put his horse at that glass hill as if it were nothing, and the horse, with never a slip, went straight up that hill. At the top, the knight paused. He put up the golden visor that had hidden his face, smiled at the princess and took the three golden apples from her hand.

"I am glad you got the apples," she said, but the knight said never a word. He rode down that glass hill and away like the wind. They watched him riding over the hills, and across the country and out of sight.

Then the king said: "That knight in the golden armor has won the princess. We must find out who he is." So the king had it proclaimed that all who had been at the glass hill that day, should appear before him on the morrow.

Now, when Boots' two brothers reached home, you may fancy the long tales they had to tell. Boots was sitting by the fire, toasting his shins, and they said to him:

"Oh, Boots, you lazy cinder lad, you, if you had been at the glass hill to-day you would have seen a fine sight truly!"

"No doubt," said Boots. "Did someone win the princess?"

"There is a strange thing about that," answered the brothers; "many tried to ride up that glass hill and no one could do it. Then came a knight in golden armor who rode up that slippery hill as if it were nothing. We saw him take the three golden apples from the princess, but he never waited a moment, but rode away as fast as he came, no one knows where."

"What is the king going to do about that?" asked Boots.

"To-morrow, everyone who was at the glass hill to-day is to appear before the king."

"Then, brothers, will you take me with you, that I may see all the grand company?" begged Boots.

"Take you with us? Of course not! You would disgrace us, a lazy cinder lad like you," answered the brothers.

"Very well," said Boots, "then I will stand or fall by myself."

The next day when the brothers reached the king's palace, there was already a long line of knights, princes and nobles passing in front of the king. Beside the king sat the princess, looking as lovely as a little bird. As each man passed in front of the king, the princess would look at him closely, and then she would shake her head, but the king would say:

"Have you the three golden apples?" and of course the man would have to say, "No."

When Boots' two brothers stood in front of the king, he said to them, "Have you the three golden apples?"

"Well, no, we have not, though we very nearly got them." The king waved them away, and the two brothers stood a little to one side, watching the long line pass before the king. Suddenly they noticed the last person in the line, and they could hardly believe their eyes, for it was none other than Boots in his sooty rags.

"How did he come here?" they whispered. Let us hope no

one finds out he is our brother; a lazy, cinder lad like him, he will disgrace us!" So they murmured.

Presently, Boots stood in front of the king, and those who were watching saw the lovely princess smile.

"Have you the three golden apples?" asked the king.

"Why, yes, that I have," said Boots, and he pulled the three golden apples from his pocket; and as he did so, he threw off his rags, and there he stood, the knight in the golden armor.

"You have come at last, and I am glad," said the princess.

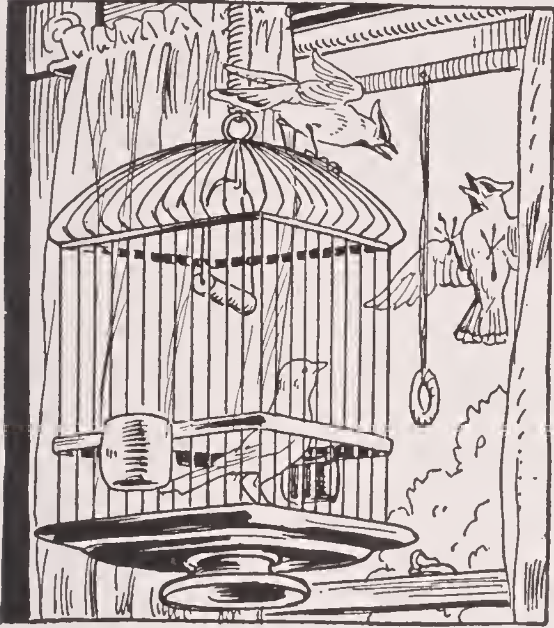
Boots bowed low before her, and rose and took her hand.

"You shall have her for your bride, and half the kingdom into the bargain," said the old king. "And now we must make ready the wedding feast."

So, they made ready the bridal feast, and there was great merry-making, I can tell you. All those who could not ride up the glass hill thought they might as well enjoy the feast; and all I can say is, if they have not left off their merry-making yet, why then they are still at it.

—Adapted from Sir George Webbe Dasent: *Popular Tales from the Norse.*

The Cedar Waxwings in the City



ONE afternoon in the month of July, little Jane Allen and her mother were returning from a pleasant walk in one of the big city parks. They were only a few blocks from home, when suddenly Jane stopped short and exclaimed softly:

"Why, mother, look at that darling little baby bird, just ahead of us!"

Mrs. Allen stopped, too, and there, sure enough, hopping along in the middle of the sidewalk, was a queer-looking baby bird. Every once in a while it would flap its wings a bit, but evidently it had not yet learned to fly.

"The poor little thing has probably fallen out of its nest," said Mrs. Allen. "I think we must try to catch him, or some stray cat may come along and get him."

"I will try," said Jane, and she approached very slowly and quietly. The wee bird watched her calmly, and was apparently not in the least disturbed when she stooped gently and picked him up.

"Oh, mother, I never saw such a little beauty!" said Jane. "What kind of a bird is it?"

The baby bird had a sleek, cinnamon-brown body, with a curious black line running from the eye up to a funny, little top knot, or crest, which stood up pertly on its head. The tail was decorated with a beautiful yellow band, but the most remarkable color about the bird was on its wings. The long quills of the wings were decorated with spots of vivid red. These looked like drops of vermillion sealing wax, so brilliant and so perfect were they.

"Look at those red spots on the wings, Jane, and that gay little topknot, and see if you cannot remember the picture of this kind of a bird in your bird book," said Mrs. Allen.

Jane studied her little charge carefully, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Why those red spots do look like red sealing wax! It is the cedar waxwing, of course!"

"That is right," answered her mother, "and now we had better take him home with us, and see what we can do for him."

"Oh, I wonder how Pete will like him!" Jane said presently. Pete was the canary bird and a very important member of the Allen family. His cage hung in a sunny window looking out on the garden.

Jane took the baby waxwing into the room where Petey lived and put it on top of Pete's cage. Pete was amazed. He flew up in his cage and craned his neck to get a better view of this odd-looking visitor. Little topknot seemed interested, too, and bent his head down to get a good look at Petey. The two birds hopped around, staring at each other in great astonishment. I expect Petey was thinking:

"Dear, dear, what an odd-looking young thing! Very ugly brown color, not at all bright like our family yellow! Still I must admit there is something very fetching about that topknot, and while those red spots are a bit loud, they are undeniably dashing. Then, of course, he may turn more yellow as he grows up."

Meanwhile, little topknot was probably thinking:

"My stars! What is that poor dandelion doing in a cage? Where is his nest? Where is his family? How can he fly, shut up like that? Poor old thing! Still he seems a friendly sort and very cheerful. I think I would like to know him better."

At least, these are the thoughts Jane insisted those two birds were thinking as they hopped around, one inside, one outside the cage, trying to get a better look at each other. Jane and Mrs. Allen were standing there watching the two birds and wondering whether

it would be safe to put little topknot in the cage with Petey, when suddenly a wonderful thing happened.

There was a sharp bird cry, a swoop of wings and there was a bird clinging to the screen of the window where Pete's cage hung. The bird kept uttering the most piteous cries and fluttering against the screen. It was a brown bird, little topknot's mother! She had evidently followed her baby all those blocks and was now doing her best to get him. As soon as topknot heard his mother's voice, he peeped lustily and grew very much excited.

"That is topknot's mother, and she wants her baby," said Mrs. Allen. "We must help her, Jane."

So, together, they carried little topknot out to the garden and put him up in a mulberry tree, as high as Jane could climb. Instantly the mother bird lighted by the side of her young one, and such a chattering you never heard. The father bird soon joined them, and both parents began feeding their lost baby as if he had been gone for weeks. Jane and Mrs. Allen watched them.

"That father bird is the handsomest bird I ever saw," said Jane, "Why is the mother bird different?"

"You mean why doesn't she have those red spots on her wings?" asked Mrs. Allen. "Well, most female birds are duller in color than the male birds, and they say it is because they are less easily seen, and therefore safer from enemies when they are sitting in the nest, hatching their eggs."

"How could anyone bear to harm such lovely things as birds?" said Jane. "Look at them now!"

There in the mulberry tree sat the whole waxwing family, enjoying the mulberries and apparently talking over their adventure.

"This is the first time I have ever known a family of cedar waxwings to nest in the city," said Mrs. Allen. "Perhaps the father is saying, 'You know, mother, I begged you to go up north with me, as usual, but you were determined to try a summer in the city, and this is what comes of it.' And then probably the mother answers, 'Well, of course, it was an awful shock to have the baby fall out of the nest, but you must admit he has been well taken care of and seems to be none the worse for his tumble. These city people seem to be a very good sort.' "

Jane laughed. "I hope that is what they are saying, and I hope they will stay right here in that mulberry tree."

The next morning, when Jane came out into the garden, there was no sign of the waxwing family, and Jane was greatly alarmed.

"Don't worry," said her mother. "Little topknot almost knew how to fly yesterday, and probably this morning, before you were awake, his parents completed his flying lessons and took him off with them for the day."

The next afternoon Jane was playing in the garden, when she heard a familiar bird call. She looked towards the mulberry tree and there was the whole waxwing family again—mother, father and little topknot.

"Why, you darling thing, you! Did you come back to visit me?" cried Jane. The parents cocked their heads on one side, and topknot peeped in his loudest voice. Jane called her mother to see them.

"They probably think we served them a good turn and they will pay us a call now and then by way of thanks. Incidentally, I think they enjoy our refreshments," added Mrs. Allen, for all three birds were busily eating mulberries. They flew away presently. Topknot made a series of short flights, resting from tree to tree, but he seemed very proud of himself and chirped gaily every time he landed safely.

Jane felt sure she would never see them again, but a week later she was sewing doll clothes beside her mother on the shady veranda, when she heard the now familiar greeting of the waxwings. Mrs. Allen and Jane looked up, and there, seated on a nearby tree, was the whole family, chirping loudly.

"It is unbelievable!" said Mrs. Allen, and Jane clapped her hands and laughed delightedly. Topknot looked as big and nearly as graceful as his father. He flew perfectly now, and seemed very independent and able-bodied.

"I believe they are always going to visit us!" said Jane, but she was mistaken. This was their farewell call. They chattered cheerfully and perhaps were thanking Jane and Mrs. Allen for their kindness. Perhaps the father bird was describing the country home he hoped to have another summer. At any rate, they flew away in the late afternoon, Topknot skimming along gracefully with his parents, and Jane and Mrs. Allen saw them no more.

Petey sang to them consolingly. "Never mind, you still have me!" he warbled.

May Hill

The Snow Child

LONG ago, there lived in Russia an old man and his wife, who would have been a very contented old couple except for one thing: they had no children. One cold wintry day they saw some children playing in the snow, building a snow man, and the old woman said to her husband:

"Let us fashion a child out of snow. God has sent us no children, so let us make one now from the snow."

The old man smiled at his wife's odd fancy, but they put on warm cloaks and went out into the snow. There they began to build the snow into the figure of a little girl, and as they worked they became more and more interested, and they fashioned the figure with the greatest care.

When it was completed except for the features of the face, a shadow fell across the snow. The old man and woman lifted their eyes, and there stood a tall stranger wrapped in a long cloak, with a large hat pulled well over the face. Hat and cloak almost concealed the face, but the eyes shone with a curious brightness.

"Heaven bless your work, my friends," said the stranger.

"It is well to ask Heaven's blessing on all we do," they answered.

Then they went on working with the snow, and the stranger disappeared as silently as he had come. The old man and woman were working very carefully now, for they were making the eyes and nose and mouth of their little snow child, and they tried to make her just as lovely as the little girl they had wished for all these years.

Just as they finished the little mouth, a strange thing happened; the lips parted, and the Snow Child began to breathe. Slowly the lips grew red, a faint pink flush spread over the snowy cheeks, the hair became golden, the eyes opened and were as blue as forget-me-nots.

"Good-day to you, Mother, and good-day to you, Father!" said the Snow Child, and held out her hands to them.

The old man was sore afraid and did not move, but the old woman said:

"God has sent us the little girl we have longed for all these years," and she took the Snow Child into her arms and kissed her tenderly.

The Snow Child grew rapidly, until she was the size of a child eight or nine years old. She played with the other children, and they loved here almost as dearly as did the old man and woman. Snegourka, she was called, and a pretty, happy little girl she was. Happy as she was, however, there was one strange fear in her life. She could not bear the sight of the sun, but would hide from its sight and was never so happy as on cold, cloudy days, when no rays of the sun penetrated the little village where she lived. As the days grew longer, and the Spring advanced, little Snegourka drooped and looked pale and weak.

"What ails you, my child?" asked the old woman, anxiously.

"Oh, the sun is terrible. I wish it would snow," answered Snegourka, and the old woman remembered that she was, after all, a Snow Child, and wondered.

One Spring day the village children called for Snegourka to take her to the woods to gather wild flowers. Snegourka loved the forest, because there she could find cool, dark places where the sun never shone, and there she could play happily, away from the sun's rays. On this day, she had played alone in one of these cool, dark glens, but at last the sun set, and Snegourka ran out of her hiding place to dance and play with the other children.

"Snegourka has returned! Snegourka has come to play with us!"

shouted the children joyously, and they made a ring and danced around her. Little Snegourka tossed her pale, golden hair and laughed and skipped gaily in the middle of the ring.

Then the boys cried out:

"Let us do something for Snegourka! Let us build a fine bonfire!"

"That will be fun!" shouted the other boys, and they all set to work gathering bits of wood. Snegourka, helped too, for she did not know what a bonfire was, but she was happy, because the children loved her and wished to please her.

When the sticks were gathered in a pile, one of the boys lighted them, and soon the flames were leaping and crackling merrily. The children saw Snegourka watching the fire curiously, and then they began to dance round the flames.

Suddenly, they heard a curious sound. They turned to the place where Snegourka had been standing, and there was a little drift of melting snow. It looked almost like a little girl, but as they looked, it melted rapidly.

"Snegourka! Snegourka!" called the children, but the Snow Child had vanished, and they never saw her again.

—Adapted by May Hill.

Dick Whittington and His Cat

LONG ago, in a small country village in England, there lived a boy named Dick Whittington. Dick's father and mother had died, and the lad had a hard time, getting along by himself. The people of the town were poor working folk, with little enough for themselves, and still less to spare an orphan. Dick lived in rags and tatters, and never knew what it was to have enough to eat. In spite of his hard life, Dick was a bright, happy boy, dreaming great dreams of the fine life he would lead when he grew to be a man. He used to listen to stories about London, told by the postboys and wagoners, traveling from that city. I am afraid they found it good sport to make Dick's big eyes grow bigger with wonder; for they told him that all the people in London were rich and happy, with nothing to do but dance and make merry. They told him, too, that the streets of London were paved with gold.

"Then," said Dick, "all I need to do is to walk to London and there I can pick up enough gold to buy me some warm clothes and maybe a whole loaf of bread."

"That's right, my lad," the postboys would say, laughing among themselves, "but you will have to wait until your legs grow longer; for you could never walk to London as they are now."

"I suppose that is true," said poor Dick, sadly, and wondered how much longer his legs would have to grow before he could set off for London.

One bright spring day, after Dick had endured a particularly hard winter, there drove through the town a large wagon, drawn by eight fine horses with little bells tinkling at their heads. Dick

had never seen so fine a sight, and when he heard they were bound for London he was greatly excited. He trotted along beside the wagoner, asking him many questions about the city, and at last he summoned all his courage and asked the man to let him travel with them. At first the man said no, but when he learned that Dick had no home and was nearly starved anyway, he thought he could be no worse off in London, so he let the little chap go along.

That must have been a hard journey for so small a lad. It was many miles, and they were many days on the road. The wagon was so heavily loaded with parcels and boxes that the wagoner had to walk beside the horses, and Dick fell into step with him. I think, however, that the man must have let the little boy ride every once in awhile, or his strength would never have carried him so far.

At last, the spires of London town came in sight, and Dick was so excited that he could no longer stand the slow pace of the wagoner and the horses. He thanked his friend, and set off on the run to find those London streets that were so wonderfully paved with gold. Poor Dick! Breathless and eager, he entered London, only to find in place of golden pavements and merry people, streets foul with dirt, and people looking more ragged and miserable than he. At first he could not believe his eyes, but wandered up and down, looking for the wonder and the beauty he had been led to expect. Finally, footsore, hungry and wretched, Dick curled himself up in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

The next morning he was cold and hungry. He tried to beg a penny of the passers-by, but they hurried on without stopping to look at the little lad who tugged at their coats. Dick tried all that day to get work, so that he might earn money and buy his food, but no one would take the boy, he looked so small and pale. That night, he again slept in the streets, and the next morning he was so weak with hunger that he could scarcely stand. He walked slowly along a street of fine houses, until he saw a fat cook come out of the door of one of them.

"Please, could you let me help you?" he asked, and his legs

shook so that he had to sit down on the steps to keep from falling.

"Help me, indeed, a lazy lump like you! Well, I should think not," said the cook, but just then her master, Mr. Fitzwarren, came out of the house, and the fat cook curtsied politely.

"What is the trouble, my lad?" asked Mr. Fitzwarren.

"Trouble enough, truly!" said Dick. "For two days I have been trying to get work and food, and now I am so faint with hunger I cannot stand up."

Mr. Fitzwarren was a kind man, and he felt sorry for Dick; so he took him into his house, gave him a good breakfast and told him he might remain with them and work for the cook. When the cook heard this she was none too well pleased, and as she was a hard, cross woman, Dick had a sorry time of it. She used to say:

"When there are no eggs that need beating, there is always that lazy, good for nothing Dick."

The poor lad bore her ill usage patiently, out of gratitude to Mr. Fitzwarren; but one day, little Alice Fitzwarren came into the kitchen suddenly and found the cook beating Dick. When the little girl found there was no reason for it, she told her father about the cook's cruelty, and Mr. Fitzwarren warned the woman that it must never occur again.

After that, life would have been very comfortable for Dick Whittington, except for one thing. The cook had housed him in

an attic, that was so over-run with rats and mice that the boy found it impossible to sleep nights. As soon as he had saved a penny he bought himself a cat and carried it to his attic to live with him there. The cat was a good mouser, and had soon rid the place of rats; so Dick could sleep undisturbed. Dick became very fond of his cat; it was the only friend he seemed to have in those days. He named it "Tabby," and at night when Dick's work was over he would climb up to his attic cheerfully, because he knew that he would find Tabby waiting for him. The cat would welcome him with a great purring and rubbing against him, and the two would curl up on a bed of straw and go to sleep like two good friends.

One day, Mr. Fitzwarren called all of his servants together, and said to them:

"My good ship *Unicorn* is sailing to-morrow for foreign lands. It is laden with many things to be traded and sold. It has just occurred to me that if each one of you will send something of your own on board my vessel, your venture may bring you good returns in gold or silver."

The servants thanked their master for thinking of them, and each one brought something to send over seas, except Dick. He sat very still, hoping that no one would notice him, but little Alice was in the room, and she called out:

"What are you sending, Dick Whittington?"

Poor Dick was obliged to confess that he had nothing to send.

"But you must have something of your own!" insisted Mr. Fitzwarren.

"Alas!" said Dick, "I have nothing in the world except my good cat Tabby."

"Then my boy, you had better send her," urged Mr. Fitzwarren. "You never can tell what will sell best in these strange foreign lands."

Poor Dick! Sorrowfully he climbed the stairs to his attic. Tabby bounded to the door to greet him, and purred loudly as he carried her downstairs. When Dick put her into Mr. Fitzwarren's

arms, Tabby meowed, as if she were not quite sure that all was well. The tears streamed down Dick's face as he stroked her head in farewell and told her she would probably find a better home than he had been able to give her.

All the servants laughed at this, but little Alice said:

"Never mind, Dick, the Captain will take good care of her, and I will give you some money to buy another cat."

So Tabby was carried away, and Dick was left feeling very lonely again. Worst of all, because Alice and Mr. Fitzwarren were kind to him, the cook grew angry and secretly mistreated him so cruelly and continuously that Dick felt he could not bear it. Time passed, and no word came from the *Unicorn*. There was, indeed, a report that it had been lost at sea in a terrible storm, and Dick wept to think that he had sent Tabby away.

One day, the cook had been so tormenting and cruel that Dick made up his mind to run away. The next morning, while it was still dark, he put his little bundle of clothes over his shoulder and set off, before anyone in the house was awake. He trudged along in the darkness as far as Holloway. There he sat down on a big rock, that to this day is called Whittington's stone. He rested there for a moment, wondering which road to take.

While he was sitting there the Bells of Bow Church began to ring. Dick was startled, for in the stillness of the dawn they seemed to be pealing out words. He listened, and sure enough, the words sounded clearly:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.
Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" thought Dick. "Well, to be sure, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London, it is nothing to me now

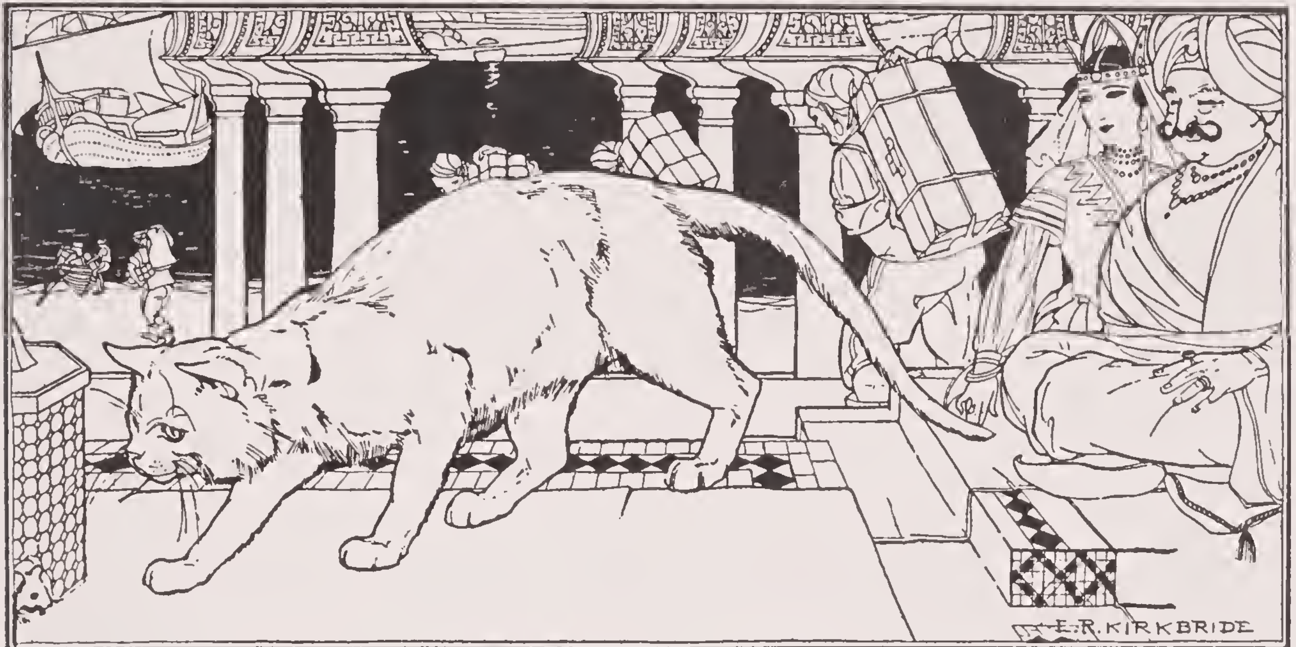
that the cook ill treats me. I can stand that and much worse, if in the end, I am to be Mayor. I will turn back at once, and perhaps, if I hurry, I can get into the house before the cook misses me."

So for the second time Dick Whittington entered London, running as fast as his legs could carry him and with high hopes beating in his heart. This time, he was lucky enough to avoid meeting the cook, and she never knew about his running away.

Weeks passed, and Dick wondered secretly how in the world he was ever going to become Lord Mayor of London, if he continued to work for a bad-tempered old cook in the kitchen. One day, there was great excitement in the Fitzwarren household. The captain of the *Unicorn* had returned, and Mr. Fitzwarren sent for all the servants to come at once and hear the captain's strange tale. This message found Dick very black and grubby from scouring pots and pans, but there was no time for him to wash, and besides, the spiteful old cook would not allow him to do so. As he edged his way into the room he caught sight of little sacks of gold and silver on the table, and on the floor wonderful caskets of precious stones, but there was no sign of his beloved Tabby, and his heart was heavy. He shrank into a dim corner of the room, where no one could see him, and there he listened to the captain's story. This is what he heard:

"Our good ship *Unicorn* was many days at sea, when we encountered a terrible storm. We were driven off our course, until indeed we knew not where we were. At last, after a week of storm and drifting in the fog, we sighted land. When we had made port we went on shore and found ourselves in Barbary, among the Moors, a people we had never seen before. They received us kindly, and we sold and traded our cargo for better prices than we had ever received elsewhere. Therefore, Mr. Fitzwarren, I have brought you and your servants more in return than you or I dreamed of, but now I am coming to the strangest part of my tale.

"After we had disposed of all of our goods, the servants of the king and queen of Barbary, who had been buying for their monarchs, told us that the royal pair wished us to come to the palace. We were



received in a splendid room, richly carpeted and hung with beautiful silks and brocades. The king and queen were seated in front of them. Dinner was brought in, but as the servants placed the dishes before us huge rats ran out from all sides, seized the food and made off with it, or helped themselves from every dish in the most repulsive way. We asked the king and queen why they stood it, and the king replied:

" 'Stand it, indeed! Have I not offered half my treasure for anything that can rid us of these terrible pests? Still no one has found such a thing.'

"Of course, I was delighted when I heard this; so I told the king that if he would really stand by his word and give half of his treasure, I would bring him something that would rid them of their rats. The king gladly gave his word, and I sent one of the sailors to the ship to fetch Dick's cat. When Tabby was brought in, you should have seen her. The sailor could scarcely hold her, she was so eager to get at those rats. She leaped out of his arms, and in a few minutes had killed all the rats and mice in the room and was busy watching at their holes for any others that might appear. The king was overjoyed. Then I picked Tabby up in my arms and carried her

over to the queen. The queen was afraid of her at first, but when I showed her how to stroke Tabby's head, the old cat began to purr and rub up against their majesties, and the queen clapped her hands and said:

" 'This is the most wonderful animal in the world—so ferocious that she kills our rats and so gentle that she allows herself to be held and patted. She is well worth half the treasure. We will pay gladly and keep this animal in comfort as long as she lives.'

"So Tabby remains in Barbary with the king and queen, but in return for her I have brought Mr. Dick Whittington one of the largest fortunes in jewels, silver and gold that has ever been brought to London."

When the captain had finished speaking, there was silence in the room. Then Mr. Fitzwarren said:

"Come forward, Mr. Dick Whittington," and poor Dick came out of his dark corner to receive his great fortune.

"Now, my boy," continued Mr. Fitzwarren, "I know of no one who deserves his good luck more than you. You are far, far richer than I shall ever be, and I hope with all my heart that you may enjoy your wealth through a long life."

Dick was so overcome he could hardly speak, but when he got his voice, he thanked them all and insisted upon giving everyone a handsome present, from the captain to the cook, and you may be sure that he did not forget Mr. Fitzwarren and his little friend Alice.

After this, Dick bought himself some good clothes and went to school. Years passed, and little Dick Whittington grew to be a fine young man. He had loved Alice Fitzwarren all these years, and so, when he was grown up, they were married, and all the finest people in London came to the wedding. After that, Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendor, but Dick never forgot the hardships of his early life, and he was always helping the poor. He was sheriff of London and twice Lord Mayor, and he always remembered, as long as he lived, that he owed his great good fortune to the Bells of Bow Church and a simple old cat called Tabby.

MYTHS &
LEGENDS
DONN P CRANE

Legend of the Arbutus

AN old teepee stood by a frozen river in the forest where there are many pine trees. The tops of the trees were white with snow. The teepee was almost covered with snow. An old chief sat in this teepee; his hair was like icicles that hang from dead pine branches; he was very, very old. He was covered with furs. The floor of his teepee was covered with the skins of bear and elk, for he had been a mighty hunter. His name was Peboan, and he was faint with hunger and cold. He had been hunting for three days, but had killed nothing. All the moose, deer and bear had gone. Wabasso, the rabbit, had hidden in the bushes. There was no meat, no food for Peboan.

He called upon the Great Spirit for help.

"Come, Great Spirit, with help for Peboan (the winter maniton). Come, for the Mukwa bear has gone from me. Come, for Peboan is old and his feet are weary."

Peboan crawled on his hands and knees over the furs to the little fire in the middle of the teepee. He blew on the coals with his faint breath until the coals were red; and then he sat and waited, for he knew the Great Spirit would hear him.

Peboan heard no sound, but he looked towards the door of his teepee. It was lifted back, and he saw a beautiful Indian maiden.

She carried a great bundle of willow-buds in her arms. Her dress was of sweet grass and early maple leaves. Her eyes were like

those of a young deer, and her black hair was so long that it covered her like a blanket. She was small; her feet were hidden in two moccasin flowers.

"The Great Spirit heard Peboan (the winter maniton)," said the maiden. "He has sent me. I am Segun."

"You are welcome, Segun. Sit by the fire; it is warm. I have no meat. Sit down and tell me what you can do."

"Peboan may first tell what he can do," said Segun.

Peboan said, "I am a winter maniton. I blow my breath and the flowers die, the waters stand still, the leaves fall and die."

Segun said, "I am a summer maniton. I blow my breath and the flowers open their eyes. The waters follow me on my trail."

Peboan said, "I shake my hair, and snow falls on the mountains like the feathers of Waubese, the great white swan."

Segun said, "I shake my hair, and warm rain falls from the clouds. I call, and the birds answer me. The trees put on their leaves, and the grass grows thick like the fur of a bear. The summer sky is my teepee."

"Come, Peboan, the Great Spirit has said it is time for you to go."

Peboan's head bent over his shoulder. The sun melted the snow on the pine trees; it melted the snow on the teepee. Segun waved her hands over Peboan, and a strange thing happened. He grew smaller and smaller. His deerskin clothes turned into leaves and covered Peboan on the ground.

Peboan was gone. Segun took some flowers from her hair and hid them under the leaves on the ground. There was ice on the leaves, but it did not hurt the little pink flowers. Segun breathed on them, and they became sweet. She said, "I go, but the flowers shall stay to tell of Segun's visit to Peboan. The children shall find them and know that Segun has sent Peboan away. It shall be so each time the snows melt and the rivers run. This flower shall tell that spring has come."

Peboan's teepee was sweet with the breath of Arbutus, but Segun was gone.

The Prairie Dandelion

IN the Southland, flat upon the ground, lies the spirit of the south wind. He is a very fat and very lazy old man. His eyes are always toward the cool north, but he will not stir from his resting place. When he sighs the air is filled with warm breezes. In the autumn his breath is filled with the odor of apples and all manner of fruit. He sends the golden Indian Summer to the northland. Shawandasee is his name.

One day, while looking towards the prairies of the north, he saw a beautiful girl with yellow hair, standing on the plains in the west. Every morning for days he saw this maiden, and she seemed more lovely each day.

But another morning when he opened his sleepy eyes and looked, the yellow locks on the maiden's head were changed to fleecy white.

"Ah! my brother, the strong north wind, has been more swift than I, as he usually is. He has put his frost crown on the maiden's head. I will mourn for her."

Shawandasee heaved a number of soft sighs, and as the pleasant south breezes reached the maiden, the air seemed filled with tiny feathers. The maiden had lost her crown. It was no Indian maiden. It was only the prairie dandelion, and the crown that Shawandasee thought the north wind had given her was only her crown of feathery seeds; but the lazy Shawandasee never knew the secret, and mourned for the loss of the golden-haired maiden.

Baucis and Philemon

ONE evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his wife Baucis sat talking at their cottage door watching the sunset. But their talk was very much disturbed by rude shouts and laughter from the village children, and by the fierce barking of dogs.

"I fear," said Philemon, "that some poor traveler is asking for a bed in the village, and that these rough people have set the dogs on him."

"Well, I never," answered old Baucis. "I do wish the neighbors would be kinder to poor wanderers; I feel that some terrible punishment will happen to this village if the people are so wicked as to make fun of those who were tired and hungry."

Now these old folks, you must know, were very poor, but, poor as they were, would gladly have given their last crust of bread or cupful of milk to any weary traveler who stopped at their door.

Not so with the selfish, hard-hearted people who lived in the village in the beautiful valley. They had no pity for the poor and homeless and only laughed when Philemon urged them to be kind and gentle to those less fortunate.

He and Baucis sat shaking their heads while the noise came nearer and nearer, until they saw two travelers coming along the road on foot. A crowd of rude children were following them, shouting and throwing stones, and several dogs were snarling at the travelers' heels.

They were both very plainly dressed, and looked as if they might not have enough money to pay for a night's lodging.

"Come, wife," said Philemon, "let us go and meet these poor people and offer them shelter."

"You go," said Baucis, "while I make ready some supper," and she hastened indoors.

Philemon went down the road, and holding out his hand to the two men, he said, "Welcome, strangers, welcome."

"Thank you," answered the younger of the two travelers. "Yours is a kind welcome, very different from the one we got in the village; pray why do you live in such a bad place?"

"I think," answered Philemon, "that Providence put me here just to make up as best I can for other people's unkindness."

The traveler laughed heartily, and Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits. He took a good look at him and his companion. The younger man was very thin, and was dressed in an odd kind of way. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak which was wrapped tightly about him; and he had a cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. There was something queer, too, about his shoes, but as it was getting dark, Philemon could not see exactly what they were like.

One thing struck Philemon very much: the traveler was so wonderfully light and active that it seemed as if his feet were only kept close to the ground with difficulty. He had a staff in his hand which was the oddest-looking staff Philemon had seen. It was made of wood and had a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes cut into the wood were twisted round the staff, and these were so well carved that Philemon almost thought he could see them wriggling.

The older man was very tall, and walked calmly along, taking no notice either of naughty children or yelping dogs.

When they reached the cottage gate, Philemon said, "We are very poor folk, but you are welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard. My wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper."

They sat down on the bench, and the younger stranger let his staff fall as he threw himself down on the grass, and then a strange

thing happened. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and it opened a little pair of wings and half-hopped half-flew and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage.

Philemon was so amazed that he feared he had been dreaming, but before he could ask any questions the elder stranger said: "Was there not a lake long ago covering the spot where the village now stands?"

"Never in my day," said old Philemon, "nor in my father's, nor my grandfather's. There were always fields and meadows, just as there are now, and I suppose there always will be."

"That I am not so sure of," replied the stranger. "Since the people in that village have forgotten how to be loving and gentle, maybe it were better that the lake should be rippling over the cottages again," and he looked very sad and stern.

"Pray, my young friend, what is your name?" Philemon asked.

"Well," answered the younger man, "I am called Mercury, because I am so quick."

"What a strange name!" said Philemon; "and your friend, what is he called?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell you that," said Mercury; "no other voice is loud enough."

Philemon was a little confused at this answer, but the stranger looked so kind and friendly that he began to tell about his good old wife, and how happy they were in their little garden.

Baucis had now got supper ready; not very much of a supper, she told them. There was only half a brown loaf and a bit of cheese, a pitcher with some milk, a little honey and a bunch of purple grapes. But she said, "Had we only known you were coming, my good man and I would have gone without anything in order to give you a better supper."

"Do not trouble," said the elder stranger, kindly. "A hearty welcome is better than the finest of food, and we are so hungry that what you have to offer us seems a feast." Then they all went into the cottage.

And now I must tell you something that will make your eyes open. You remember that Mercury's staff was leaning against the cottage wall? Well, when its owner went in at the door, what should this wonderful staff do but spread its little wings and go hop-hop, flutter-flutter, up the steps; then it went tap-tap across the kitchen floor and did not stop till it stood close behind Mercury's chair. No one noticed this, as Baucis and her husband were too busy attending to their guests.

Baucis filled up two bowls of milk from the pitcher, while her husband cut the loaf and the cheese. "What delightful milk, Mother Baucis, "said Mercury, "may I have some more? This has been such a hot day that I am very thirsty."

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry and ashamed," answered Baucis. "But the truth is, there is hardly another drop of milk in the pitcher."

"Let me see," said Mercury, starting up and catching hold of the handles. "Why, here is certainly more milk in the pitcher." He poured out a bowlful for himself and another for his companion. Baucis could scarcely believe her eyes. "I suppose I must have made a mistake," she thought; "at any rate, the pitcher must be empty now after filling both bowls twice over."

"Excuse me, my kind hostess," said Mercury in a little while, "but your milk is so good that I should very much like another bowlful."

Now Baucis was perfectly sure that the pitcher was empty, and in order to show Mercury that there was not another drop in it she held it upside down over his bowl. What was her surprise when a stream of fresh milk fell bubbling into the bowl and overflowed on to the table, and the two snakes that were twisted round Mercury's staff stretched out their heads and began to lap it up.

"And now, a slice of your brown loaf, pray Mother Baucis, and a little honey," asked Mercury.

Baucis handed the loaf, and though it had been rather a hard

and dry loaf when she and her husband ate some at tea-time, it was now as soft and new as if it had just come from the oven. As to the honey, it had become the color of new gold and had the scent of a thousand flowers, and the small grapes in the bunch had grown larger and richer, and each one seemed bursting with ripe juice.

Although Baucis was a very simple old woman, she could not help thinking that there was something rather strange going on. She sat down beside Philemon and told him in a whisper what she had seen.

"Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?" she asked.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "I fear you have been in a dream, my dear old wife."

He knew Baucis could not say what was untrue, but he thought that she had not noticed how much milk there had really been in the pitcher at first. So when Mercury once more asked for a little milk, Philemon rose and lifted the pitcher himself. He peeped in and saw that there was not a drop in it; then all at once a little white fountain gushed up from the bottom, and the pitcher was soon filled to the brim with delicious milk.

Philemon was so amazed that he nearly let the jug fall. "Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" he cried.

"Your guests, good Philemon, and your friends," answered the

elder traveler, "and may the pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself any more than for the hungry traveler."

The old people did not like to ask any more questions; they gave the guests their own sleeping-room, and then they lay down on the hard floor in the kitchen. It was long before they fell asleep, not because they thought how hard their bed was, but because there was so much to whisper to each other about the wonderful strangers and what they had done.

They all rose with the sun next morning. Philemon begged the visitors to stay a little till Baucis should milk the cow and bake some bread for breakfast. But the travelers seemed to be in a hurry and wished to start at once, and they asked Baucis and Philemon to go with them a short distance to show them the way.

"Ah, me," said Philemon, "if only our neighbors knew what a pleasure it was to be kind to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs and never allow the children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so," said Baucis, "and I mean to go this very day and tell some of them how wicked they are."

"I fear," said Mercury, smiling, "that you will not find any of them at home."

The old people looked at the elder traveler, and his face had grown very grave and stern. "When men do not feel towards the poorest stranger as if he were a brother," he said, in a deep, grave voice, "they are not worthy to remain on the earth, which was made just to be the home for the whole family of the human race of men and women and children."

"And, by the bye," said Mercury, with a look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is this village you talk about? I do not see anything of it."

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley, where at sunset only the day before they had seen the trees and gardens, and the houses, and the streets with the children playing in them. But there was no longer any sign of the village. There was not even a valley.

Instead they saw a broad lake which filled all the great basin from brim to brim, and whose waters glistened and sparkled in the morning sun.

The village that had been there only yesterday was now gone!

"Alas! what has become of our poor neighbors?" cried the kind-hearted old people.

"They are not men and women any longer," answered the elder traveler, in a deep voice like distant thunder. "There was no beauty and no use in lives such as theirs, for they had no love for one another, and no pity in their hearts for those who were poor and weary. Therefore, the lake that was here in the old, old days has flowed over them, and they will be men and women no more."

"Yes," said Mercury, with his mischievous smile, "these foolish people have all been changed into fishes because they had cold blood which never warmed their hearts, just as the fishes have."

"As for you, good Philemon, and you, kind Baucis," said the elder traveler, "you, indeed, gave a hearty welcome to the homeless strangers. You have done well, my dear old friends, and whatever wish you have most at heart will be granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then I do not know which spoke, but it seemed as if the voice came from them both. "Let us live together while we live, and let us die together, at the same time, for we have always loved one another."

"Be it so," said the elder stranger, and he held out his hands as if to bless them. The old couple bent their heads and fell on their knees to thank him, and when they lifted their eyes again, neither Mercury nor his companion was to be seen.

So Philemon and Baucis returned to the cottage, and to every traveler who passed that way they offered a drink of milk from the wonderful pitcher, and if the guest was a kind, gentle soul, he found the milk the sweetest and most refreshing he had ever tasted. But if a cross, bad-tempered fellow took even a sip, he found the pitcher full of sour milk, which made him twist his face with dislike and disappointment.

Baucis and Philemon lived a great, great many years and grew very old. And one summer morning when their friends came to share their breakfast, neither Baucis nor Philemon was to be found!

The guests looked everywhere, but all in vain. Then suddenly one of them noticed two beautiful trees in the garden, just in front of the door. One was an oak tree and the other a linden tree, and their branches were twisted together so that they seemed to be embracing.

No one had ever seen these trees before, and while they were all wondering how such fine trees could possibly have grown up in a single night, there came a gentle wind which set the branches moving, and then a mysterious voice was heard coming from the oak tree. "I am old Philemon," it said; and again another voice whispered, "And I am Baucis."

And the people knew that the good old couple would live for a hundred years or more in the heart of these lovely trees. And, oh, what a pleasant shade they flung around! Some kind soul built a seat under the branches, and whenever a traveler sat down to rest, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves over his head, and he wondered why it seemed to say, "Welcome, dear traveler, welcome."

Pandora

LONG, long ago, when this old world was still very young, there lived a child named Epimetheus. He had neither father nor mother, and to keep him company a little girl, who was fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country to live with him and be his playfellow. This child's name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she came to the cottage where Epimetheus lived, was a great wooden box. "What have you in that box, Epimetheus?" she asked.

"That is a secret," answered Epimetheus, "and you must not ask any questions about it; the box was left here for safety, and I do not know what is in it."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora, "and where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," answered Epimetheus.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting her lips. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way;" and she looked very cross.

"Come along, and let us play games," said Epimetheus; "do not let us think any more about it;" and they ran out to play with the other children, and for a little while Pandora forgot all about the box.

But when she came back to the cottage, there it was in front of

her, and instead of paying no heed to it, she began to say to herself: "Whatever can be inside it? I wish I just knew who brought it! Dear Epimetheus, do tell me; I know I cannot be happy till you tell me all about it."

Then Epimetheus grew a little angry. "How can I tell you, Pandora?" he said; "I do not know any more than you do."

"Well, you could open it," said Pandora, "and we could see for ourselves!"

But Epimetheus looked so shocked at the very idea of opening a box that had been given to him in trust, that Pandora saw she had better not suggest such a thing again.

"At least you can tell me how it came here," she said.

"It was left at the door," answered Epimetheus, "just before you came, by a queer person dressed in a very strange cloak; he had a cap that seemed to be partly made of feathers; it looked exactly as if he had wings."

"What kind of a staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw," cried Epimetheus; "it seemed like two serpents twisted round a stick."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "It was Mercury, and he brought me here as well as the box. I am sure he meant the box for me, and perhaps there are pretty clothes in it for us to wear, and toys for us both to play with."

"It may be so," answered Epimetheus, turning away; "but until Mercury comes back and tells us that we may open it, neither of us has any right to lift the lid;" and he went out of the cottage.

"What a stupid boy he is!" muttered Pandora; "I do wish he had a little more spirit." Then she stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly a hundred times, but it was really a very handsome box, and would have been an ornament in any room.

It was made of beautiful dark wood, so dark and so highly polished that Pandora could see her face in it. The edges and the corners were wonderfully carved. On these were faces of lovely women and of the prettiest children, who semed to be playing among

the leaves and the flowers. But the most beautiful face of all was one which had a wreath of flowers about its brow. All around it was the dark, smooth-polished wood, with this strange face looking out from it, and some days Pandora thought it was laughing at her, while at other times it had a very grave look which made her rather afraid.

The box was not fastened with a lock and key like most boxes, but with a strange knot of gold cord. There never was a knot so queerly tied; it seemed to have no end and no beginning, but was twisted so cunningly, with so many ins and outs, that not even the cleverest fingers could undo it.

Pandora began to examine the knot just to see how it was made. "I really believe," she said to herself, "that I begin to see how it is done. I am sure I could tie it up again after undoing it. There could be no harm in that; I need not open the box even if I undo the knot." And the longer she looked at it, the more she wanted just to try.

So she took the gold cord in her fingers and examined it very closely. Then she raised her head, and happening to glance at the flower-wreathed face, she thought it was grinning at her. "I wonder whether it is smiling because I am doing wrong," thought Pandora; "I have a good mind to leave the box alone and run away."

But just at that moment, as if by accident, she gave the knot a little shake, and the gold cord untwisted itself as if by magic, and there was the box without any fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I have ever known," said Pandora, rather frightened. "What will Epimetheus say? How can I possibly tie it up again?"

She tried once or twice, but the knot would not come right. It had untied itself so suddenly she could not remember in the least how the cord had been twisted together. So there was nothing to be done but to let the box remain unfastened until Epimetheus should come home.

"But," thought Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied he will know that I have done it; how shall I ever make him believe that I

have not looked into the box?" And then the naughty thought came into her head that, as Epimetheus would believe that she had looked into the box, she might just as well have a little peep.

She looked at the face with the wreath, and it seemed to smile at her invitingly, as much as to say: "Do not be afraid; what harm can there possibly be in raising the lid for a moment?" And then she thought she heard voices inside, tiny voices, that whispered: "Let us out, dear Pandora, do let us out; we want very much to play with you, if you will only let us out."

"What can it be?" said Pandora. "Is there something alive in the box? Yes, I must just see, only one little peep, and the lid will be shut down as safely as ever. There cannot really be any harm in just one little peep."

All this time Epimetheus had been playing with the other children in the fields, but he did not feel happy. This was the first time he had played without Pandora, and he was so cross and discontented that the other children could not think what was the matter with him. You see, up to this time everybody in the world had always been happy, no one had ever been ill, or naughty, or miserable; the world was new and beautiful, and the people who lived in it did not know what trouble meant. So Epimetheus could not understand

what was the matter with himself, and he stopped trying to play games and went back to Pandora.

On the way home he gathered a bunch of lovely roses, and lilies, and orange-blossoms, and with these he made a wreath to give Pandora, who was very fond of flowers. He noticed there was a great black cloud in the sky, which was creeping nearer and nearer to the sun, and just as Epimetheus reached the cottage door, the cloud went right over the sun and made everything look dark and sad.

Epimetheus went in quietly, for he wanted to surprise Pandora with the wreath of flowers. And what do you think he saw? The naughty little girl had put her hand on the lid of the box and was just going to open it. Epimetheus saw this quite well, and if he had cried out at once, it would have given Pandora such a fright she would have let go the lid. But Epimetheus was very naughty, too. Although he had said very little about the box, he was just as curious as Pandora was to see what was inside. If they really found anything pretty or valuable in it, he meant to take half of it for himself; so that he was just as naughty, and nearly as much to blame, as his companion.

When Pandora raised the lid, the cottage had grown very dark, for the black cloud now covered the sun entirely, and a heavy peal of thunder was heard. But Pandora was too busy and excited to notice this; she lifted the lid right up, and at once a swarm of creatures with wings flew out of the box, and a minute after she heard Epimetheus crying loudly: "Oh, I am stung, I am stung! You naughty Pandora, why did you open this wicked box?"

Pandora let the lid fall with a crash and started up to find out what had happened to her playmate. The thunder-cloud had made the room so dark that she could scarcely see, but she heard a loud buzz-buzzing, as if a great many huge flies had flown in, and soon she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes darting about, with wings like bats and with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus, and it was not long before Pandora began to scream with pain and fear. An ugly little monster had set-

tled on her forehead, and would have stung her badly had not Epimetheus run forward and brushed it away.

Now I must tell you that these ugly creatures with stings, which had escaped from the box, were the whole family of earthly troubles. There were evil tempers, and a great many kinds of cares; and there were more than a hundred and fifty sorrows, and there were diseases in many painful shapes. In fact, all the sorrows and worries that hurt people in the world to-day had been shut up in the magic-box, and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to keep safely, in order that the happy children in the world might never be troubled by them. If only these two had obeyed Mercury and had left the box alone as he had told them, all would have gone well.

But you see what mischief they had done. The winged troubles flew out at the window and went all over the world; and they made people so unhappy that no one smiled for a great many days. It was very strange, too, that from this day flowers began to fade, and after a short time they died, whereas in the old times, before Pandora opened the box, they had been always fresh and beautiful.

Meanwhile, Pandora and Epimetheus remained in the cottage; they were very miserable and in great pain, which made them both exceedingly cross. Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner with his back to Pandora, while Pandora flung herself on the floor and cried bitterly, resting her head on the lid of the fatal box.

Suddenly, she heard a gentle tap-tap inside. "What can that be?" said Pandora, raising her head; and again came the tap-tap. It sounded like the knuckles of a tiny hand knocking lightly on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora.

A sweet little voice came from inside: "Only lift the lid and you will see."

But Pandora was afraid to lift the lid again. She looked across to Epimetheus, but he was so cross that he took no notice. Pandora sobbed: "No, no, I am afraid; there are so many troubles with stings flying about that we do not want any more."

"Ah, but I am not one of these," the sweet voice said; "they are no relations of mine. Come, come dear Pandora, I am sure you will let me out."

The voice sounded so kind and cheery that it made Pandora feel better even to listen to it. Epimetheus, too, had heard the voice. He stopped crying. Then he came forward, and said: "Let me help you, Pandora, as the lid is very heavy."

So this time both the children opened the box, and out flew a bright, smiling little fairy, who brought light and sunshine with her. She flew to Epimetheus and with her finger touched his brow where the trouble had stung him, and immediately the pain was gone.

Then she kissed Pandora, and her hurt was better at once.

"Pray who are you, kind fairy?" Pandora asked.

"I am called Hope," answered the sunshiny figure. "I was shut up in the box so that I might be ready to comfort people when the family of troubles got loose in the world."

"What lovely wings you have! They are just like a rainbow. And will you stay with us," asked Epimethus, "for ever and ever?"

"Yes," said Hope, "I shall stay with you as long as you live. Sometimes you will not be able to see me, and you may think I am dead, but you will find that I come back again and again when you have given up expecting me, and you must always trust my promise that I will never really leave you."

"Yes, we do trust you," cried both children. And all the rest of their lives when the troubles came back and buzzed about their heads and left bitter stings of pain, Pandora and Epimetheus would remember whose fault it was that the troubles had ever come into the world at all, and they would then wait patiently till the fairy with the rainbow wings came back to heal and comfort them.

The Star Wife

IN the days when the buffalo raced and thundered over the earth and the stars danced and sang in the sky, a brave young hunter lived on the bank of Battle River. He was fond of the red flowers and the blue sky; and when the rest of the Indians went out to hunt in waist-cloths of skin he put on his fringed leggings all heavy with blue beads, and painted red rings and stripes on his face, till he was as gay as the earth and the sky himself. High-feather was his name, and he always wore a red swan's feather on his head.

One day, when High-feather was out with his bow and arrows, he came on a little beaten trail that he had never seen before, and he followed it,—but he found that it just went round and round and brought him back to where he had started. It came from nowhere, and it went to nowhere.

"What sort of animal has made this?" he said. And he lay down in the middle of the ring to think, looking up into the blue sky.

While he lay thinking, he saw a little speck up above him in the sky, and thought it was an eagle. But the speck got bigger, and sank down and down, till he saw it was a great basket coming down out of the sky. He jumped up and ran back to a little hollow and lay down to hide in a patch of tall red flowers. Then he peeped out and saw the basket come down to the earth and rest on the

grass in the middle of the ring. Twelve beautiful maidens were leaning over the edge of the basket. They were not Indian maidens, for their faces were pink and white, and their long hair was bright red-brown like a fox's fur, and their clothes were skyblue and floating light as cobwebs.

The maidens jumped out of the basket and began to dance round and round the ring-trail, one behind the other, drumming with their fingers on little drums of eagle-skin, and singing such beautiful songs as High-feather had never heard.

Then High-feather jumped up and ran towards the ring, crying out, "Let me dance and sing with you!"

The maidens were frightened, and ran to the basket and jumped in, and the basket flew up into the sky, and got smaller and smaller till he couldn't see it at all.

The young man went home to his wigwam, and his mother roasted buffalo meat for his dinner; but he couldn't eat, and he couldn't think of anything but the twelve beautiful maidens. His mother begged him to tell her what the matter was; and at last he told her, and said he would never be happy till he brought one of the maidens home to be his wife.

"Those must be the Star-people," said his mother, who was a great magician—the prairie was full of magic in those days, before the white men came and the buffalo went. "You'd better take an Indian girl for your wife. Don't think any more of the Star-maidens, or you'll have much trouble."

"I don't care how much trouble I have, so long as I get a Star-maiden for my wife," he said; "and I'm going to get one, if I have to wait till the world ends."

"If you must, you must," said his mother.

So next morning she sewed a bit of gopher's fur onto his feather; and he ate a good breakfast of buffalo meat and tramped away over the prairie to the dancing ring. As soon as he got into the ring he turned into a gopher; but there were no gophers' holes there for him to hide in, so he just had to lie in the grass and wait.

Presently he saw a speck up in the sky, and the speck grew larger and larger till it became a basket, and the basket came down and down till it rested on the earth in the middle of the ring.

The eldest maiden put her head over the edge and looked all round, north and east and south and west.

"There's no man here," she said. So they all jumped out to have their dance. But before they got to the beaten ring the youngest maiden spied the gopher, and called out to her sisters to look at it.

"Away! away!" cried the eldest maiden. "No gopher would dare to come on our dancing ground. It's a conjurer in disguise!"

So she grabbed her youngest sister by the arm and pulled her away to the basket, and they all jumped in and the basket went sailing up into the sky before High-feather could get out of his gopher skin or say a word.

The young man went home very miserable; but when his mother heard what had happened she said, "It is a hard thing you want to do; but if you must, you must. Tonight I will make some fresh magic, and you can try again tomorrow."

Next morning High-feather asked for his breakfast; but his mother said, "You mustn't have any buffalo meat, or it will spoil the magic. You mustn't eat anything but the wild strawberries you find on the prairie as you go."

Then she sewed a little bit of a mouse's whisker on to his red feather; and he tramped away across the prairie, picking wild strawberries and eating them as he went, till he came to the dancing ring. As soon as he got inside the ring he turned into a little mouse, and made friends with the family of mice that lived in a hole under the grass; and the mother mouse promised to help him all she could.

They hadn't waited long when the basket came dropping down out of the sky. The eldest sister put her head over the edge, and looked all round, north and west and south and east and down on the ground.

"There's no man here," she said, "and I don't see any gopher; but you must be very careful."

So they all got out of the basket, and began to dance round the ring, drumming and singing as they went. But when they came near the mouse's nest the eldest sister held up her hand, and they stopped dancing and held their breath. Then she tapped on the ground and listened.

"It doesn't sound so hollow as it did," she said. "The mice have got a visitor." And she tapped again, and called out, "Come and show yourselves, you little traitors, or we'll dig you up!"

But the mother mouse had made another door to her nest just outside the ring, working very fast with all her toes; and while the maidens were looking for her inside the ring she came out at the other door with all her children and scampered away across the prairie.

The maidens turned round and ran after them; all but the youngest sister, who didn't want someone to be killed; and High-feather came out of the hole and turned himself into what he was, and caught her by the arms.

"Come home and marry me," he said, "and dance with the Indian maidens; and I will hunt for you, and my mother will cook for you, and you will be much happier than up in the sky."

Her sisters came rushing round her, and begged her to come back home to the sky with them; but she looked into the young

man's eyes, and said she would go with him wherever he went. So the other maidens went weeping and wailing up into the sky, and High-feather took his Star-wife home to his tent on the bank of the Battle River.

High-feather's mother was glad to see them both; but she whispered in his ear, "You must never let her out of your sight if you want to keep her; you must take her with you everywhere you go."

So he did. He took her with him every time he went hunting, and he made her a bow and arrows, only she would never use them; she would pick wild strawberries and gooseberries and raspberries while they went along, but she would never kill anything; and she would never eat anything that anyone else had killed. She only ate berries and crushed corn.

One day, while the young man's wife was embroidering feather stars on a dancing-cloth, and his mother was out gossiping in a tent at the end of the village, a little yellow bird flew in and perched on High-feather's shoulder, and whispered in his ear:

"There's a great flock of wild red swans just over on Loon Lake. If you come quickly and quietly you can catch them before they fly away; but don't tell your wife, for red swans can't bear the sight of a woman, and they can tell if one comes within a mile of them."

High-feather had never seen or heard of a red swan before; all the red feathers he wore he had had to paint. He looked at his wife, and as she was sewing busily and looking down at her star embroidering he thought he could slip away and get back before she knew he had gone. But as soon as he was out of sight the little yellow bird flew in and perched on her shoulder, and sang her such a beautiful song about her sisters in the sky that she forgot everything else and slipped out and ran like the wind, and got to the dancing ring just as her sisters came down in their basket. They all gathered round her, and begged her to come home with them.

But she only said, "High-feather is a brave man, and he is very good to me, and I will never leave him."

When they saw they couldn't make her leave her husband, the eldest sister said, "If you must stay, you must. But just come up for an hour, to let your father see you, because he has been mourning for you ever since you went away."

The Star-wife didn't want to go, but she wanted to see her father once more, so she got into the basket and it sailed away up into the sky. Her father was very glad to see her, and she was very glad to see him, and they talked and they talked till the blue sky was getting grey. Then she remembered that she ought to have gonc home long before.

"Now I must go back to my husband," she said.

"That you shall never do!" said her father. And he shut her up in a white cloud and said she should stay there till she promised never to go back to the prairie. She begged to be let out, but it was no use. Then she began to weep; and she wept so much that the cloud began to weep too, and it was weeping itself right away. So her father saw she would go down to the earth in rain if he kept her in the cloud any longer, and he let her out.

"What must I do for you," he said, "to make you stay with us here and be happy?"

"I will not stay here," said she, "unless my husband comes and lives here too."

"I will send for him at once," said her father. So he sent the basket down empty, and it rested in the middle of the dancing ring.

Now when High-feather got to Loon Lake he found it covered with red swans. He shot two with one arrow, and then all the rest flew away. He picked up the two swans and hurried back to his tent, and there lay the dancing-cloth with the feather stars on it half-finished, but no wife could he see. He called her, but she did not answer. He rushed out, with the two red swans still slung round his neck and hanging down his back, and ran to the dancing ring, but nobody was there.

"I shall wait till she comes back," he said to himself, "if I have to wait till the world ends." So he threw himself down on the grass and lay looking up at the stars till he went to sleep.

Early in the morning he heard a rustling on the grass, and when he opened his eyes he saw the great basket close beside him. He jumped up, with the two red swans still slung round his neck, and climbed into the basket. There was nobody there; and when he began to climb out again he found that the basket was half way up to the sky. It went up and up, and at last it came into the Star-country, where his wife was waiting for him. Her father gave them a beautiful blue tent to live in, and High-feather was happy enough for a while; but he soon got tired of the cloud-berries that the Star-people ate, and he longed to tramp over the solid green prairie, so he asked his wife's father to let him take her back to the earth.

"No," said the Star-man, "because then I should never see her again. If you stay with us you will soon forget the dull old earth."

The young man said nothing! but he put on the wings of one of the red swans, and he put the other red swan's wings on his wife, and they leapt over the edge of the star-country and flew down through the air to the prairie, and came to the tent where High-feather's mother was mourning for them; and there was a great feast in the village because they had come back safe and sound.

The Legend of Saint Christopher

FAR away and long ago, there lived a man named Offerus, which means the Bearer. Offerus was of such great size and strength that to most people he seemed a giant, and they were afraid of him, but to little children he seemed like a great, friendly tree, under whose shadow they played. Offerus was proud of his strength, and as he grew older he realized that there was no one as strong as he. So he made up his mind that since he was the strongest man in the world it was only right that he should serve the greatest king in the world, and he made a vow, saying:

"I, Offerus, do swear to be a servant to none save the greatest of all kings, and him will I serve faithfully all the days of my life."

Then he set off forthwith to find this wisest and most powerful of rulers. He asked of the people:

"Tell me now, what king do you think is wiser than any other king on earth?" And the people sent him to the ruler they thought most wise.

Offerus served this king for several years and learned many things that made him very happy. It was a great country, where people lived simply, worked hard, read diligently and thought great thoughts. Presently, Offerus discovered that these people were not as happy as he had imagined they were. They were afraid; even the king was afraid. So one day Offerus said to him:

"Whom do you fear? Tell me, that I may kill him."

"Alas!" said the king, "I fear a great war lord who wages battle upon my people every few years, and the time is drawing near for him to attack us."

"But, why do you do nothing to prevent him?" asked Offerus.

"No one can prevent him; he is the most powerful ruler in the world."

"I do not believe you," said Offerus; "you could prevent him, but since you are afraid and will not try, I must leave you and serve your enemy; for I have sworn to serve none save the greatest of kings."

Sorrowfully, Offerus set off to find this king of battles. He was, indeed, a powerful monarch, strong, cruel and terrible. Offerus' services were gladly accepted, and now there was need for all his strength. He fought in many battles, and his heart was sick to serve so bloody a master, but because of his vow he had to remain. It seemed to Offerus that this king must indeed be the most powerful monarch in the world, for no people could stand up against him, and he ruled by terror and bloodshed, throughout the land.

These were hard days for Offerus, and his heart was heavy within him. He wondered if his great strength would be used always for killing. Then, one day, his master, the War Lord, was wounded, and a great fear came upon him.

"Of whom are you afraid?" asked Offerus, eagerly.

The king shivered. "I am afraid of the Evil One," he said.

"But why?"

"Because, he has great power; he rules the whole world, I am told."

"What!" said Offerus. "I have served you all these years, believing you to be the greatest of all kings, and now you tell me the evil one is greater than you. Where is this dark ruler of the world? I must find him, for I have sworn to serve none but the greatest."

"Offerus set off at once, and he walked a weary way until he came to the world's end. There on a great stone he saw the Evil One.

"Do you rule the world?" asked Offerus.

"So they say!" answered the Prince of Darkness.

"Then I will serve you," said Offerus, "for so I have sworn." But his heart was very sorrowful because of his vow.

Those were terrible days that followed. His new master ordered

him to do many dreadful deeds, and Offerus would have given his life to be able to take back his oath, but he could not.

One day Offerus and the Evil One were riding on some errand of wickedness, when suddenly they came upon a little wooden cross by the roadside. Instantly the Evil One trembled and turned back.

"Why are you afraid of that cross?" asked Offerus.

"Because of Him whose sign it is!" answered the King of Darkness.

"And why do you fear Him?"

"Because He is winning my followers away from me, and they say He is greater than I."

Offerus' heart leaped with joy and relief.

"What is His name?" he asked.

"I dare not say it," whispered the Evil One, fearfully, "but some call Him the Prince of Peace and some the King of Love. His real name I dare not say."

"It is enough," said Offerus. "I leave you to find this King of Love; for I have sworn to serve only the greatest of all kings, and you are not that one."

And Offerus left his evil master with a lighter heart than he had known in a long time.

Now when he had traveled far away from the abode of the Evil One, he met a gentle old hermit reading a book.

"Good-day, friend Hermit!" said Offerus.

"Good-day, brother, and peace be with you," answered the hermit.

"Perhaps, since you mention peace, perhaps you can tell me this. Who is He who is called the Prince of Peace?"

The hermit smiled kindly at Offerus.

"Sit down, my brother, for I was reading even now in this little book the story of Jesus, the Christ, whom they call the Prince of Peace and King of Love."

Then the Hermit told Offerus the story of the Christ, and he told it again and again for many days, until Offerus knew it by heart. This poor man of strength wept, one day, and said to the hermit:

"Think of it, it is this Prince of Peace and King of Love I should have been serving all these years, and instead I have made wars and done evil all my days because of my vow! What can I do now to serve the Christ? I am very strong; shall I kill his enemies?"

"No," said the hermit, "you have done with killing; now you must help; only so will you be pleasing to your new King, who rules by love."

Then the hermit took Offerus to the bank of a swift river.

"Here," he said, "is your first service to your new Master. Many people must cross this stream and because of its swift current and jagged rocks boats are wrecked when there is a storm, and the people perish. Here you must dwell on the banks of this river and use your great strength to rescue the people who would otherwise drown."

Then the old hermit gave Offerus a stout staff and blessed him in his new work, and left him there. Offerus built himself a little hut near the river bank, and there he lived. After he came no one ever perished in that treacherous river, and people praised Offerus for his bravery, but Offerus would sigh and say:

"Alas! there is only a little time left me to serve Him who rules this whole world; I must do all that I can."

People said there was never a night so black or a storm so terri-

ble that Offerus would not plunge into the stream at the first cry for help, and everyone loved him. Offerus loved the people, too, but especially the children, who used to sit beside him on the bench outside his door or play around his little hut all day. As time passed Offerus grew to be an old man, but, strangely enough, his strength was as great as ever, and he spared himself no hardships or fatigue.

One Christmas Eve Offerus looked up at the sky and saw clouds gathering. The wind was beginning to blow, and it was ice-cold without. Already the river was showing the white foam of water lashed by the winter wind.

"Surely," thought Offerus, "surely no one will try to cross the river to-night. No boat could keep afloat in such a storm as this is going to be."

Then he went into his house and laid down. He must have fallen asleep, for suddenly he was awakened by the wind that was moaning and howling round his little hut. Yet Offerus felt sure he had heard something more than the wind. He listened, and above the noise of wind and waves he caught a faint cry, "Offerus! Offerus!"

Offerus leaped to his feet, seized his lantern and his trusty staff,

and ran to the river bank. The cry came again, "Offerus! Offerus!"

The old man peered down into the black, foam-flecked waters, and at last caught a glimpse of a child, struggling with the waves. Offerus plunged into the river and reached the child. He put him on his back and started for the shore.

"Hold tightly to me, little one," said Offerus, and steadied himself with his staff, for he was wading now, but though he was near the shore he could scarcely stand. The current was swift, the waves high, and the child on his back grew heavier and heavier. Offerus struggled on, but his knees shook beneath him. Several times he staggered and almost fell. The burden of the child grew unbearable; it seemed to Offerus he was carrying the whole world on his shoulders. Bent almost double, struggling and exhausted, Offerus staggered up the bank and lifted the child gently to the ground. The light from his door fell upon the child, and Offerus looked into two shining eyes that filled him with a strange gladness. He knelt before the little one tenderly, and then he cried out:

"Why, who has dared to hurt you? There are wounds in your hands and feet. Tell me who has dared to hurt you, that I may kill him."

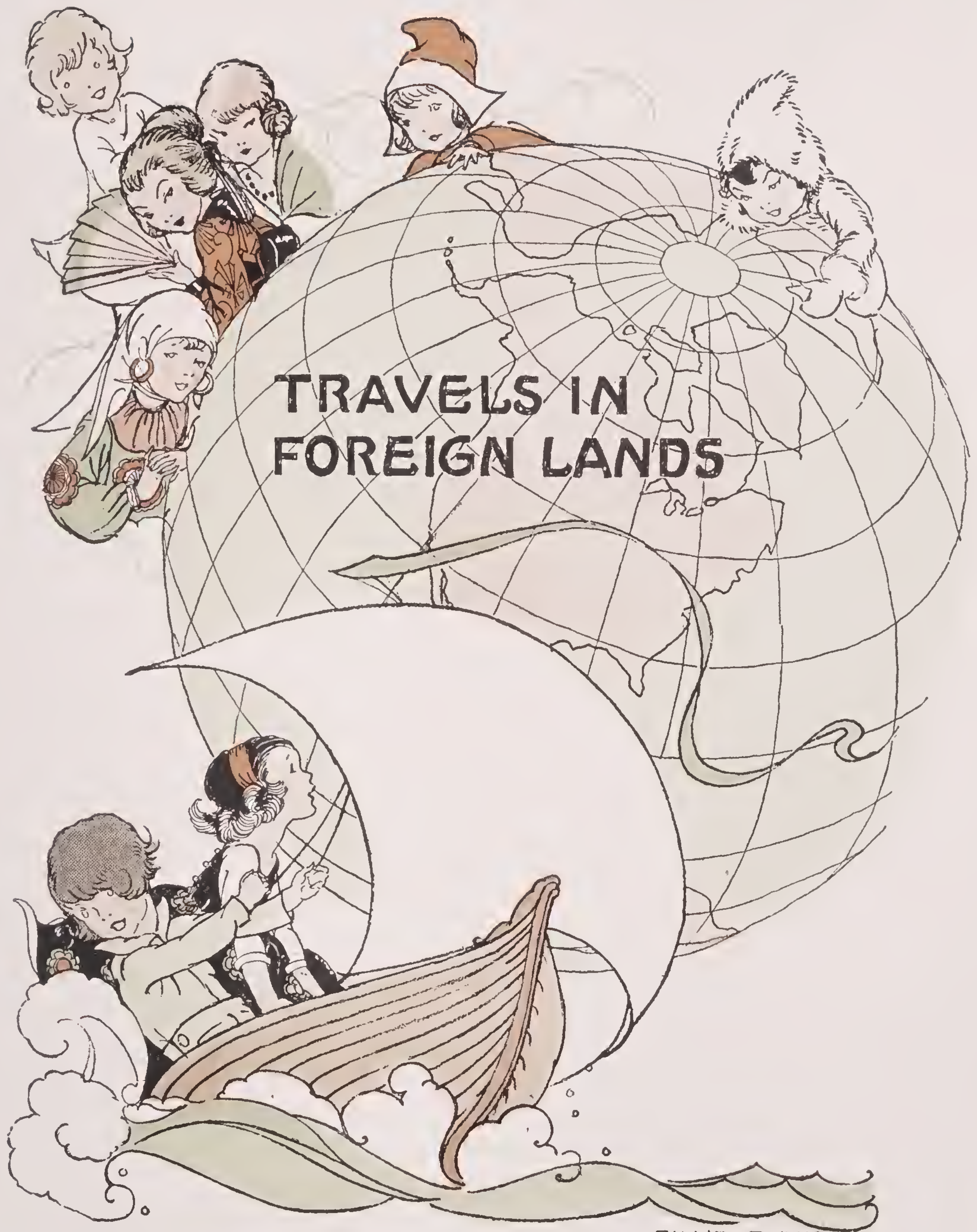
"Peace, peace, Offerus," said the child's clear voice, "those are but the marks of love."

"Who are you?" whispered Offerus, and hid his face.

"I am He whom you serve—the Prince of Peace, the King of Love. I have accepted you as my good and faithful servant, and this is a sign to you that all is well with you. Christ-Offerus you shall be called because of this night."

Then there was deep silence, even the wind and the waves were still, and when Offerus lifted his eyes he was alone by the river. He rose to his feet and picked up his staff. It had blossomed with little leaves and flowers. From that night on Offerus was called Christopher, or Christ-bearer, and he served his King to the last day of his life.

—MAY HILL.


TRAVELS IN
FOREIGN LANDS
BILLIE PARKS

FOREIGN CHILDREN

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam.
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Summer and Winter Sports with the Children of Norway

NORWEGIAN children are a hardy, out-of-door race, in spite of the cold climate in which they live. The winters are long and bitterly cold throughout Norway, and in some of the little villages on the coast the mountains shhut out the sun for months at a time. The children d onot seem to mind this. They dress warmly and lay out-of-doors, just as if it were not dark and cold. They skate and toboggan and begin very young to ractice with skis; for evreybody hopes when he is old enough that he may be able to take part in Holmenkol Day.

This comes in February, and it is the climax of the skiing season. On this day all the men and boys who think they are skilful enough with their skis to enter the ski-jumping contest, journey to Holmenkol Hill. It is a great sight. A crowd gathers at the foot of the hill; whole families are bundled into sleighs lined with straw and piled with robes; others come on foot, and everywhere you see bright-colored caps and scarfs until the snow-clad valley glows with color. The ski-jumpers are at the top of the great hill, looking very small and far away. Children look up at them and catch their breath, wondering how any man will dare take so fearful a jump.

Presently, a man announces the beginning of the contest, and the first ski-jumper stands for an instant, looking black and slender against the gray sky. Then he bends forward as he starts, bending lower and lower as he gains speed on that steep descent. His body is tense, his shoulders seem almost to touch his knees, until he comes up the little incline to the jump. Instantly his body straightens, he stands erect with outspread arms, and then down he swoops, like a great black bird, down that tremendous drop to the valley below.

The crowd holds its breath, the jumper strikes the icy ground, wavers for an instant, regains his balance, and like a slender black swallow, flashes down the icy runway without a quiver.

"A perfect jump!" shout the people, and the children dance up and down and scream with excitement. Everybody is longing for the day when the people shall call out his name as one of the famous ski-jumpers of Holmenkol Hill.

In summer, the children enjoy another kind of out-of-door life. Because the sun's rays fall longest upon the mountains, the best pasture land lies high above the valleys where the people dwell. In summer, therefore, the peasants take their families and cattle up into the high meadows to a kind of mountain dairy which they call the Saeter. There they pasture their cattle and make their butter and cheeses. The time for going depends upon the weather, but they like to spend June twenty-fourth, St. John's day, in the mountains, if possible.

The people start from the village in a processional, headed by the milkmaids. These girls are skilful makers of butter and many kinds of cheese, and there is great rivalry among them to see who can make the most delicious butter or the finest cheese. After the milkmaids come the goats and cattle, with their drivers, then the wagons laden with household necessities, and last of all, the mothers and children, talking and laughing together as they climb the steep mountain roads. They are prepared to stay as long as the weather permits, and for the children it is a summer's outing more delightful than any camping trip.

During the day, the little girls help the milkmaids with the dairy work, or learn crocheting, knitting and sewing from their skilful mothers. The boys help the men herd the cattle and goats on the upland pastures and bring them home in the late afternoons. At night, when all the work is over, comes the playtime for children and grown-ups alike. Everyone gathers round a smooth, level bit of green, and the country dances begin. If there is a violinist or a player of the accordion in the group, his music adds greatly to the jollity of the dancing, but if there is no musical instrument, no one minds, because everyone can sing as well as dance. Young and old take part in these evenings of merrymaking. The voices peal out

clear and strong, and the dancers step gaily to the rollicking tunes of the old country dances. If there are musicians present they fiddle and pump their accordions until everyone is breathless with singing and dancing, and glad enough to rest for a while.

Then, when everyone is quiet and twilight settles over the valleys, perhaps an old story-teller will begin her tale. Some of the stories in this book have been told by these old women, summer evenings out of doors. It is a great hour for the children. They hear about the elves and trolls, the old witch wives and the Frost Giants, and they creep close to their mother's knees and shiver with excitement when Boots goes forth alone to slay "The Giant who has no heart in his body." Then, when the old story-teller ends: "So, Boots got the princess for his bride, and half the kingdom into the bargain," the children cry:

"Oh Anna, that was a good tale; tell it again."

But the mothers say:

"No, no, it is too late for children to be hearing more tales. No more until to-morrow night. Now for bed!"

Then the sleepy children protest that they are not sleepy, just as all children do the world over, and the wise mothers smile and carry them off to bed, just as all wise mothers do the world over. The children stretch themselves drowsily in their beds and fall asleep wondering which is more glorious, Holmenkol Hill in winter, or summer evenings on the Saeter. —May Hill.

Indians

Foreign Travel In Our Own Land

MANY years ago, when the Western states of America were still sparsely settled, there was a little girl named Martha Ann, whose family moved from a large city to a lonely farm in one of these pioneer states. It was a great change for Martha Ann, and as she was a timid little girl, this new, wild country frightened her. She felt as if she were in a foreign land. Gradually she became used to the farm and learned to enjoy the little lambs and calves and the fluffy chicks and goslings, but she was afraid of the woods, and never went very far from the house. She sometimes heard her father speak of an Indian settlement, several miles from them, and Martha Ann thought of all the tales in her little history of America and dreamed fearful dreams of Indian war dances and battle cries. Her father laughed at her fears, and told her she ought to have a little Indian girl to play with. Martha Ann thought this was a fearful idea.

One day, she had been picking some wild flowers on the edge of the woods, and seeing some lovelier ones just a little farther on she had ventured so far into the forest that she was out of sight of her house for the first time since she had come to the farm. Suddenly, she heard curious sounds; there was the sharp barking of dogs, then a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of small bells. People were coming through the woods. Martha Ann knew they were very near; so, in great fright, she hid in a clump of bushes and waited.

The bells tinkled prettily, sounding nearer and nearer; two yellow dogs scampered by, and after them came a strange procession. Tall brown men, with black hair and feathers on their heads, stalked past, wrapped in bright-colored blankets, with moccasins on their feet. After them came ponies wearing the little bells which Martha Ann had heard, and loaded down with blankets and curious looking bundles; straight brown boys and girls, stepping noiselessly in

their beaded moccasins, guided the ponies. Last of all came the small children and the women, with babies strapped to their backs, or else bearing burdens that looked as heavy as those on the ponies' backs. Martha knew by their red-brown faces, their beads and feathers, that these people were Indians. She was too frightened to move. She lay there without making a sound until the last of the procession had passed her.

They were going straight towards her house. After they were out of the forest, Martha came from her hiding place and started softly towards her house, taking a different path, keeping out of sight of the Indians and running as fast as her legs could carry her. The Indians were so heavily laden that they traveled slowly; so Martha was able to reach the house before them. She burst in upon her mother in a great state of excitement.

"Mother," she cried, "the Indians are coming."

"Well, well," said her mother, "how lucky it is I have just finished baking, "I can give them some nice hot gingerbread."

"But mother, I said Indians. Maybe they'll scalp us!"

"Nonsense, Martha Ann," laughed her mother. "These Indians are our nearest neighbors and are poor, hard working people, I hear, very like ourselves."

The bells were tinkling at the gate now.

"I don't care, mother, they wear blankets and feathers, and maybe they carry bows and arrows," cried Martha Ann, and dived behind a big chair for safety, but she peeked out to see what happened.

Her mother opened the door, and Martha could see her father in the yard, shaking hands with the leader of the procession. The big Indian Chief was smiling in a friendly fashion and pointing to his people. He understood little English, but Martha Ann's father made him understand that they were to sit down under the trees and rest. The Chief spoke to his people, and in a few minutes the ponies were unloaded and grazing in the meadow, and the Indians were all squatted peacefully under the trees in the pleasant yard.

Martha Ann's mother came from the house, bearing plates of hot gingerbread and pitchers of milk. The Indian men grunted their thanks, and the women smiled. Presently Martha screwed up enough courage to follow her mother, and they went to and fro among the Indians with fresh supplies of their tempting food, but Martha kept close to her mother's skirts. One Indian woman showed her a little papoose strapped to a board, with bent willow branches making a covering over the head. This headpiece was ornamented with beads and hung with bells to amuse the papoose, and the tiny brown face smiled out of its little nest sleepily at Martha.

"Oh you darling baby!" cried Martha, patting its soft cheeks and forgetting her fears.

"You nice girl, too!" said the Indian mother suddenly. "What name?"

"Martha Ann, and what is your baby named?"

"Warca Ziwin," said the Indian, smiling. "Warca Ziwin—you call Sunflower!"

"Oh what a lovely name for a baby, Warca Ziwin, Sunflower! I shall name my doll Warca Ziwin for your papoose," said Martha, and the Indian mother patted her.

"You nice girl, too!" she said again.

The Indian children had gathered round Martha and the papoose. One little girl took off a string of beads and hung them round Martha's neck.

"Oh how beautiful! Thank you," said Martha, and then she ran into the house. Her mother thought her fears had returned, but presently Martha came back, and in her apron she was carrying some of her favorite toys. She had a little gift for each Indian child, and you should have seen

their black eyes shine and their faces beam as Martha distributed her gifts. The Indian men and women looked kindly at the little girl, but presently the Indian Chief gave the signal to depart. Instantly, all was bustle and confusion. The ponies were reloaded, the women picked up their heavy burdens, the children got the ponies into line, the men took their places at the head of the procession, and the dogs ran barking and yapping ahead.

The old Chief took Martha's father by the hand and thanked him in broken English for the rest and refreshment he had given them. Then he spoke to his people and their march was resumed. Martha watched the queer procession until it disappeared down the road and the last sound of tinkling bells died away. Then she turned to her mother:

"Wasn't that a darling little papoose? Why, mother I am not afraid of Indians, am I?" —MAY HILL.

Festivals Japanese Children Love

JAPANESE children are fortunate in belonging to a country that loves festivals and celebrates many of them throughout the year. The children have some part in all of these days of merrymaking, and have, besides, one special festival all their own, which little girls of other countries must envy them.

The Japanese do not keep Christmas as a national holiday, but they do observe New Year's. On this day the doorways of all the houses are beautifully decorated, and the flowers or boughs, arranged over the doors, mean something. The pine means long life, and is most frequently used. The next favorite, perhaps, is the bamboo, which stands for uprightness, and a grass rope is frequently used, which is supposed to keep out evil. Interesting as are these decorations, the children love best of all the miles of little shops that are erected temporarily on New Year's Eve. These shops are gay with banners, bright with flowers, filled with delightful wares, and over all the huge paper lanterns swing gaily. There are wonderful toys for sale in these little stalls; brightly painted drums of different sizes; carved animals; gorgeous kites; Tombo, the dragonfly, so made that it can dart here and there; O-Sarie, the Honorable Monkey that can climb a stick, and many other marvels, too numerous to describe.

Another holiday that all Japan loves is the Festival of the Cherry Blossoms, which comes, not on a certain date, but whenever the flowering cherry trees bloom. The people watch them carefully in the early spring, wonder and discuss the time of the probable blooming, and then, when the trees finally flower, everyone pours out-of-doors to see them, and the festival begins. Men, women and children, young and old, betake themselves to the places made lovely by these pink, blossoming trees. Little girls and young mothers are there, with babies fastened to their backs by their obis, and even the babies smile as the pink and white petals fall on their upturned faces. Sometimes, people write little verses to their loved ones and hang

them on the trees. These verses are beautifully decorated, and bear such names as Honorable Miss Plum Blossom, Closely-Dear, Child-of-luck. All day long families walk under the rosy cloud of cherry blossoms, or sit in the little tea houses, looking at those fairy-like trees, while they sip tea and eat little rice cakes or delicious sweet-meats. In some places, where the cherry trees line the banks of canals or rivers, the people take boats and float down the stream to enjoy the double beauty of the cloudy pink trees overhead and the reflection of them in the water beneath. These are delightful days for the children.

So, every Japanese fete has its interest for the children, but March third is their very own festival. This is O-Hina, the Festival of the Dolls. Dolls are kept in Japanese families from one generation to another. They are treated most respectfully and handled carefully, and so most little girls have not only their own dolls but dolls that belonged to their mothers and their grandmothers. A month before the festival of O-Hina, or O'Hina-San, Honorable Miss Doll, the children unpack the old dolls that have been carefully put away throughout the year, and possibly their parents may buy a charming new Miss Doll to add to the collection. Then there is the doll furniture to be arranged so that the dolls may sit in state, have tiny tables and dishes of their own, and perhaps even their own toy dogs and cats to play with.

The collection of dolls, together with all the doll furniture and toys, is then arranged in a special place with the most thoughtful and painstaking care. Honorable Miss Doll herself is beautifully costumed and has her hair curled and dressed in the most complicated way. When she is ready, the tables are set with small dishes and delicious little cakes and sweets, in fact, everything that dolls and children enjoy. Then the children and the honorable dolls receive their friends and all agree that this is the most delightful festival of the year.

This Festival of the Dolls is over a thousand years old, and yet no two of these dolls are ever alike. Honorable Miss Hina has

only a stick for a body, but her head, with its elaborately dressed hair and charming face, and her clothes, are works of art. She is always dressed to look like a Japanese bride, and her face, with its soft, curving cheeks, demure smile and brown slanting eyes, looks like some pretty Japanese girl you have seen on the streets. Her clothes are rich and costly as a family can afford, but the children of the poor have very pretty O-Hina-San, even though they cost but little. The children love them just as well as the expensive ones; indeed, they say in Japan, that if children love a doll enough, it may come alive. That means, of course, that a new doll is only a doll, but after Honorable Miss San has been loved by a little girl, and then by her little girl, and then by that little girl's little girl, why then perhaps Honorable Miss San may lift her downcast eyes and live. Perhaps, if American children loved their dolls as long and as carefully as the Japanese children love O-Hina-San, their dolls might come to life too, who knows?

—MAY HILL.

When Little Boys Come of Age in Siam

BANGKOK, the capital of Siam, is a city much like Venice, being built with water-ways instead of streets. Hundreds of its inhabitants live in boats or floating houses, and there are floating theaters and floating restaurants, besides. Naturally, everyone learns to swim. Siamese parents have a simple way of teaching this art to their children. They fasten them to a tin float and toss them overboard. Once in the water, in no danger of sinking, the babies soon learn to paddle, and as they grow older, become expert swimmers.

The children of Siam are pretty babies, with broad, smiling faces and twinkling black eyes. When they are a few weeks old all the hair is shaved off their heads, except a little tuft that is left in the center. This top knot is kept oiled, and is always a matter of pride with them. Parting with this cherished bit of hair marks the boy's coming of age—an important day, observed with great ceremony.

When a boy is about fourteen years old, the parents consult some wise man in the community, and he chooses a lucky day for cutting the tuft of hair, grown, perhaps, a foot long. Friends are invited for this day, priests and musicians are summoned, and a great feast is made. The priests sit on the ground, chanting and playing to keep the evil spirits away. Then the priests hold a white thread in their hands which they pass to the little boy, believing that good luck and blessings will pass from them to the lad by way of the white thread. The barber is, of course, the most important person present on this occasion, and presently, when the proper time comes, he steps forward and cuts off the tuft of hair. The boy is then robed in white, and all the guests march past him, sprinkling his head with holy water. With the loss of his tuft of hair, the Siamese boy leaves his childhood behind him. He is of age now—a man at fourteen!

—MAY HILL.

Marietta of Italy

MARIETTA has a long way to come to school every day, for she lives up a beautiful valley in the Apennines. Also, she has to do all sorts of things before she can start from home. She and Enrico are up at dawn gathering fagots for their mother, getting fodder for the cows, and looking after the sheep. They guess the time by looking at the sun over the chestnut-trees, or they see Beppino starting off down below, and know that he has heard the bell.

Torrents, often swollen with the rain, have to be crossed, but their bare feet do not mind the cold water, and here they can sometimes give their faces the wash which was omitted before the start. In some shady corner of a rocky gorge a lump of ice may be picked up even at the beginning of summer, and then the face-washing can be done as they run along.

Finding their way through the woods, they get to the village at last—a few houses, a church and a schoolhouse nestling down in a tiny valley, between the olive and the chestnut trees.

Perhaps they are a little late, but the Signora Maestra (as they call their teacher) is sweet and kind, and knows how far the little feet have travelled, so she does not always look at the clock when she hears them shuffling into the ante-room.

Marietta fell asleep one morning—she had been up very early—and the Maestra only put the little head more comfortably on the folded arms and left her, while she looked after the other seventy children who were crowded into the bare room.

Rich and poor go to the same school in the village; only it happens that the ones they call rich are not so very rich after all. Perhaps they live in some big castle with a moat round it, but they have little money to spend.

Marietta and Enrico at home speak in words that are somewhat different from real Italian, but the Signora Maestra teaches them to speak and read the pure language she speaks herself; and, indeed, Marietta can recite whole verses of Dante in a lovely voice, while

with her hands and face she makes it all seem quite real. As for Enrico, he has always been specially interested in the Maestra's wires of nuts which she has made to teach them arithmetic.

When Marietta and Enrico get home later in the day, they will have to work on the farm, but there will be time for a game with the younger ones while the cows look for grass among the rocks and irises.

There are many families living higher up the valley, where the children cannot be spared for the long day at the village school. It is just during the daylight hours that they are wanted at home, but in the evening they go off to an old shoemaker, who by the light of a candle teaches them to read and write and to do a few sums. They do their lessons with some difficulty, for there is little furniture in their kitchen. The floor has to form the usual seat, while one at a time they will labor over writing an exercise on the wooden bench.

One of Marietta's duties is to help in drying the chestnuts. They are first beaten out of their prickly cases, and put on laths across the rafters of a small inner room. A fire is lighted in the middle of the room, and, as there is no chimney, all its heat and smoke go to season the chestnuts. When they are quite dry Enrico takes them off to the mill and brings back the fine, sweet flour.

Marietta bakes little cakes of this chestnut-flour by mixing it with a little water and baking it in the wood-ashes in terra-cotta molds. She is careful to put a chestnut-leaf inside each mold to keep the cakes from burning.

During the day they have little else to eat but these chestnut cakes or maize scones, and in the evening they have their big meal of bean-soup and potatoes.

Enrico's one desire is to have a sausage; in fact, he hopes that the Befana (who is his Santa Claus) will put one into his stocking, which he hangs by the fire, as well as some oranges and sugar! From which you will see that Marietta and Enrico do not have many good things to eat. Sometimes their mother carries down heavy bundles of fagots on her head to sell in the village, or a few eggs, if she has

managed to keep her hens safe from the foxes. Directly she gets back, the children have always one question:

"Little mother, have you brought us any white bread?"

Every May it is Marietta's duty to look after the silkworms. She keeps them on large trays in the inner room, where later on the chestnuts will be dried. She gathers mulberry leaves every day, and puts them on a fresh tray, whose bottom is made like a sieve. The little creatures clamber through the sieve, and soon get to their fresh food. Every day or two a larger sieve is used, till at last they get to the largest one, and then Marietta knows it is time to prepare for spinning. She sends Enrico off for tall branches of tree heather, and arranges them just the way that the little creatures will like. They are rather fanciful, and if they do not like Marietta's arrangements, they will wander off in search of more pleasant spots. However, Marietta knows pretty well what they like, and soon her branches of heather are glistening with bright yellow cocoons.

Then a little later you will see Marietta sitting outside the door with the yellow cocoons in a wooden bowl of warm water, while she busily turns a little wheel and winds the fine thread into a skein.

—EDNA WALKER.

NATURE STUDY
(Plant & Bird Life)

Bees

FOR many centuries men have studied the bees, and these curious and wonderful insects remain a fascinating subject of investigation to-day. Though many people have devoted their lives to observing them, there are still many facts that remain unexplained.

In every beehive there are three kinds of bees. First, there is the queen, the ruler of the hive. She is fed with special food; servants wait upon her constantly; wherever she goes she is escorted and protected by a bodyguard. No bee ever turns its back upon the queen. She is served and attended with as much respect as any human monarch could wish. You can tell the queen bee at once by her long, slender body, which is quite different from the other bees, and by her wings, which, when folded, are always crossed at the tips. Her days are spent in laying eggs. She lays as many as two or three hundred a day. So, the life of the hive depends upon this one mother bee, and it is little wonder that the others wait upon her.

Another kind of bee is the drone, a poor creature, though very handsome looking. You can tell the drones by their stout bodies and large eyes. They are the idlers of the hive, doing nothing all day but eat and sleep. The other bees bring them food and feed them patiently for six or eight weeks, because one of these drones will be chosen by the queen for her mate. After this occurs, there comes a sad day for the lazy drones. The bees drive them all down to the bottom of the hive, the drones buzzing angrily, but forced to go, and there the workers of the hive put an end to the drones by stinging them to death.

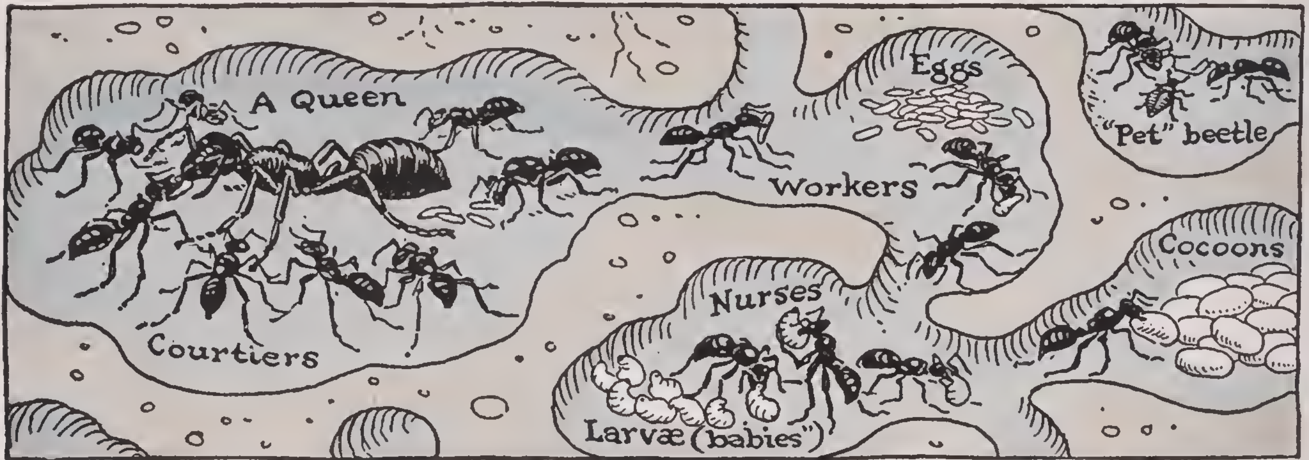
This brings us to the third kind of bee, the workers, whose name suggests their mission in life. They do all the work of the hive, making wax and building the combs, gathering nectar from the flowers and mysteriously converting it into honey, feeding and serving the queen and caring for the thousands of eggs she lays.

These eggs develop into grubs, and are brought up by the bee nurses. The bee bread fed to the grubs is a kind of jelly, made partly of honey and partly of the pollen of flowers. The nurses feed the grubs of drones and workers with one kind of food, and the grubs of the queens with quite a different kind. Indeed, the baby queens are treated differently in every way.

The comb is made of six-sided cells, some of which are used for storing honey and others as nurseries for the ordinary grubs which will develop into drones or workers. Outside of the comb, there are several cells of a different shape. Instead of the usual hexagonal cell, these are pear shape and are the royal nurseries, which house queen grubs. Occasionally, two queens hatch at the same time; then there is trouble. The young queens fight each other until one is killed; then the hive accepts the winner for its new ruler.

The bee's sting is a wonderful and effective weapon of defense against enemies of every kind. A bear loves honey, but after the bees have stung him on his sensitive nose, old bruin thinks twice before he disturbs a hive. When a man wishes to take honey from the bees, he has learned to protect his hand and face from the painful sting of the angry workers. It is really no robbery, either, because the bees store far more honey than they ever use. When an enemy insect succeeds in entering the hive, the workers have two ways of disposing of him. Either they sting him to death, or they quickly seal him up in a wax cell from which he can never escape.

During the summer, a beehive is a place of almost incessant activity. "Busy as a bee," "Buzzing like a beehive" are some of the sayings we have that indicate the ceaseless industry of these little insects. When the cold comes, all activity ceases. The bees crawl into the hive, and there they remain, living comfortably on the food they have stored up through the summer. The summer has been for them a season of brightness and toil; the winter is passed in darkness and complete rest. MAY HILL



Ants

EVEN more interesting than the bees, although not so useful to human beings, are the ants. Some bees are solitary, but all ants are social—that is, they live in colonies that are organized in the most interesting way.

Like the bees, there are three types of ants, the queens, the drones, and the workers. The ants you watch crawling along the roadside or through the grass are usually the workers, as they constitute by far the largest number of an ant colony. The queens and the males, or drones, differ from the workers in having wings, and if you stop to think, you will remember that it is only during a small part of the summer that you ever see these winged ants.

When you do see ants flying through the air, it is usually in great numbers. Perhaps, some warm summer day, you have seen hundreds and hundreds of these little creatures flying silently through the air, so many of them that they almost resemble a column of smoke, except for the flash of their gauzy wings. If you have seen this, you have seen the wedding journey of many queen ants, who have come from different colonies with their mates, to make this flight together. It is only a short journey, and when it is over they drop to the ground. The drones die, and the queens tear off their own wings, for they will never fly again, and so do not need them. After this flight the queen looks for a place to make her home and

lay her eggs. Sometimes, she returns to her old colony; sometimes she starts a new colony; sometimes she is adopted by the workers of a colony as their queen.

The queen ant is not jealous of her position, like the queen bee, but will live peacefully in a community with several other queens. She is not really a ruler, but the mother of the colony. She is waited upon with great devotion by the workers, and her eggs are cared for by them as soon as she lays them. When a queen grows old, the workers look for a young queen at the swarming time, and adopt her, so that the colony may not come to an end when the old queen dies.

The workers are the most interesting and intelligent members of an ant community. Like the bee workers, they build the nests, get the food, feed the queens, care for the eggs, and do, in short, all the necessary work of the group, but they do even more than bee workers. These ants keep armies to defend the colony. They take prisoners, and force them to do much of the hard work of the group. They are fond of pets, and keep little beetles or tiny crickets in their nests, and pet them and care for them as we care for dogs or cats.

Most remarkable of all, these clever ants keep herds of tiny cows, which they milk regularly every day. Their cows are the aphids, those insects that do so much harm in our gardens by piercing tender young shoots and sucking their juice. This juice is converted into a milky liquid which the ants enjoy. If you watch closely, you may see an ant milk its cow. The ant walks up to an aphid and strokes its back with its antennae. The aphid enjoys this, and give forth a drop of sweet fluid, which the ant immediately drinks up. The ants are clever enough to take excellent care of their herds. They tend the aphid eggs in their own nests throughout the winter, and carry them out to good feeding ground in the spring. If you see ants running up and down a tree, watch closely and you will probably discover that these busy workers are caring for their "cattle."

There is a curious story told about ants that makes that insect seem almost human in its heroism and self-sacrifice. You have doubtless seen a great company of ants on the march, but have you ever stopped to wonder how they cross a stream of water? One ant will run out on a reed or long grass, another will crawl over him and hold on, a third will hold to the second, and so on, until they have formed a living bridge across the water. Over this bridge the ant army will march. When it is safely across, the slender thread of living creatures trembles, sways and breaks. There is no escape. These ants which have formed the bridge fall into the water and are drowned. They have given their lives for the good of the group.

MAY HILL.

Indian Pipes

PERHAPS sometime when you are exploring a northern pine forest you will see in some dark, cool spot a curious, snow-white cluster of something that you hardly know whether to call flowers or leaves. When you examine the little plant closely, you discover that it resembles nothing in the world so much as a number of tiny pipes growing, bowl upward, out of the ground. These pipes are the most fairy-like things in the world; snow-white, translucent, like alabaster or milky ice, and of the utmost delicacy and perfection. They are called Indian pipes, but it seems as if they should have been called fairy pipes, so strange and unreal they look in the dark woods.

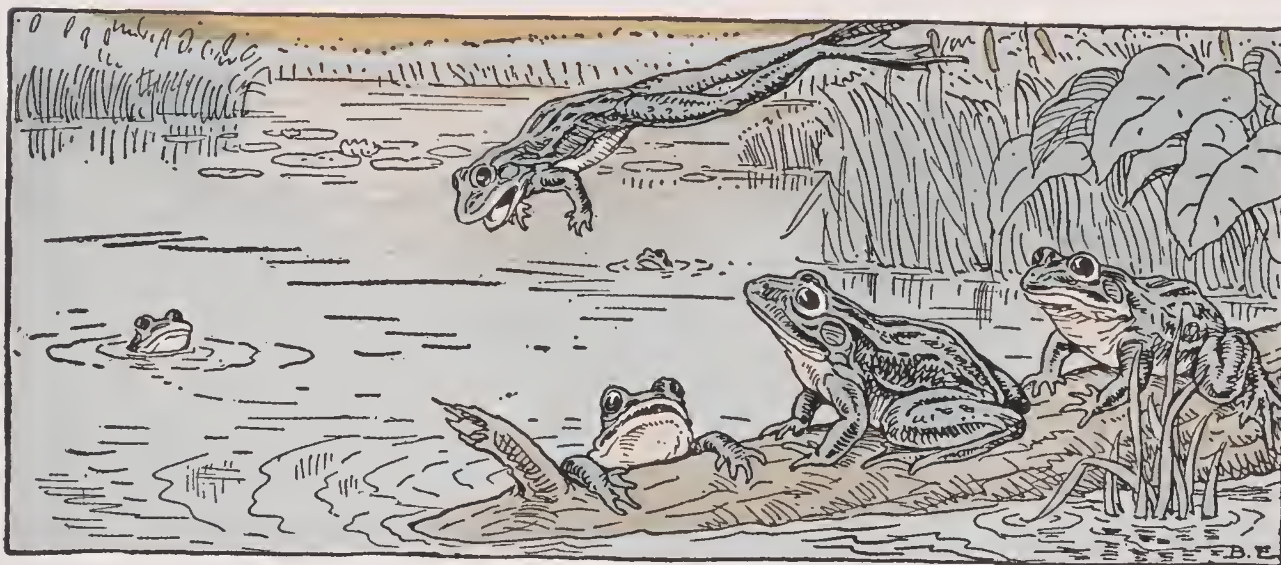
If you pick one of the wee pipes, it turns black in the most mysterious way. If, however, you dig carefully around the whole plant and take it home, moss and all, it will keep for many days in a bowl, if you water it thoroughly and keep it out of the strong light. It must be handled with the utmost care, for the least bruise causes it to turn black and die. Of course, you would never take more than one plant, and not even one unless you saw many other such clusters growing nearby, for this is a rare and delicate little forest dweller.

The Indian pipe is a species of orchid, and its way of living is as mysterious as its appearance. It takes no nourishment from the air; it cannot stand the sun but seems to live upon other plant life—the moss, ferns, leaf mold and pine needles, among which it grows. It has no leaves, but puts forth only those strange, ghostly little pipes in small clusters.

There is an old Indian legend about this curious plant. The Indians say that once upon a time it was a healthy plant with green leaves and a bright pink flower, but it was too lazy to make any effort. It grew weary of drawing nourishment from the earth and the air, and discovered that by fastening itself to the roots of other plants it could live without working. When the Great Spirit saw this, he said:

"It is not fair that your beauty should flourish at the expense of others. Since you will not work, you shall not be as other flowers."

So the Great Spirit caused the leaves to drop from this lazy plant, and its color faded. Moreover, it could never again live in warm, sunny field, but must hide from the light in the dark, lonely places of the forest. From that day to this, the Indians say these pipes have been white and doomed to live apart from the flowers of the field and meadow, and when you pick one the Indians say it turns black because of its shame for its idle, effortless life. "Poor little Indian pipes!" the children say. —MAY HILL.



The Story of the Frog

WHEN the ice melts in the early spring on marsh and pond and the warm winds bring promise of pleasant days, boys and girls cannot fail to notice the chorus of the frogs. There is no surer sign in nature that summer time is approaching.

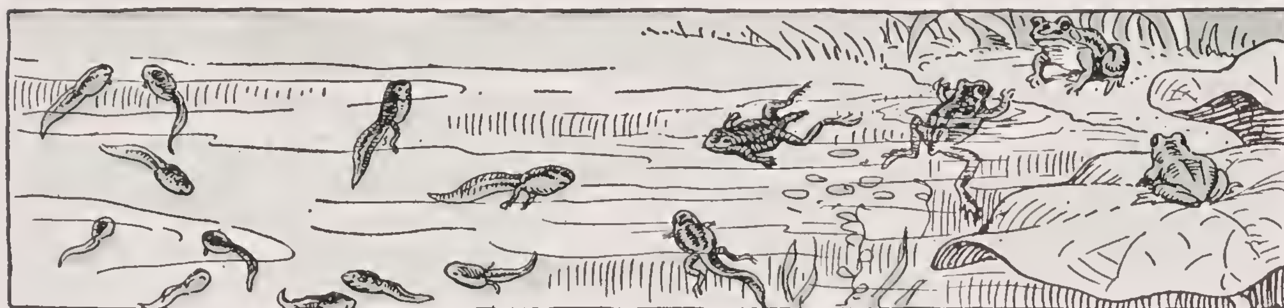
When you first see a frog in the spring, do you wonder where it came from? Was it alive all winter, or do all the frogs die in the fall, and are new ones hatched in the spring? When we tell you that these interesting little animals live ten or fifteen years—sometimes twenty-five years—you know they must have winter homes. They are cold-blooded animals, and a little cool weather does not harm them, but when freezing days approach they dig into the mud and slime at the bottom of marshes, far enough down so that the cold cannot reach them, and there they sleep all winter. We do not know how they find out when it is safe to leave their winter beds, but they never fail to appear on some fine spring morning.

If no new little frogs appeared each year, there would soon be none of them left in the world; that would not be a good thing for us, for they are really a friend of man, as you shall be told later. So, in the late spring, as soon as danger of cold weather is over, it is the duty of the mother frogs to lay many eggs. These eggs are very small, with dark spots on top and white underneath. So small are

they that five thousand of them in one mass are only about the size of a coffee cup. They are bound together, so they cannot separate, by a jelly-like substance. This egg mass is then deserted by the mother, and it floats on the surface of the watery marsh or near the bank of a pond, where it is warmed by the rays of the sun and gradually gets larger as the contents of each egg grows.

Within a few days a great change takes place. The eggs break open and from them come great numbers of little, black, wiggling things called polliwogs, or tadpoles. At first they have really nothing but head, little gills and a tail, with which they swim. These polliwogs become frogs in about eight weeks, if the weather is very warm, but in ten weeks, even if the winds are cool. Very early a mouth develops, for the little animal must eat, and his food is at first vegetable matter in very fine particles. The gills soon drop off and hind legs begin to grow, followed soon by front legs. These front legs are short, but the hind ones are long and strong, and with these the frog is able to make long jumps. Teeth and lungs develop, and the tadpole rises to the surface of the water to breathe. The tail finally drops off, and then the frog is full-formed. It is very small yet and has sharp eyes which never wink, its hearing is good and it is a fine swimmer. It requires three or four years to reach full growth.

The frog lives on the land as well as in water, but in water it can best protect itself. If these little animals had no enemies, we would soon be overrun with them. On land snakes eat many of them, and sometimes thoughtless boys destroy them. Frogs' legs are in large demand as food, so many are killed for this purpose. When



pursued, they take long, quick jumps to get to water, in which they can hide. They are less safe in water, however, for when they are yet polliwogs they are eaten by fish, and when full grown, large fish devour them, and herons and other large water birds catch them for food.

Resting on broad, green leaves, the frog is green in color. Sometimes on land, on dead leaves or on a fallen tree, it appears brown in color. It actually changes color; this is one way it has to protect itself against enemies, for it cannot be seen so plainly if it is the same color as the leaves, the trees, or grass.

We told you of what the food of the polliwog consists. After it becomes a frog, it changes its bill of fare and eats a very great number of mosquitoes, gnats, bugs and little worms. Some of these little creatures do damage to growing crops, and thus the frog helps man when he destroys them; we all wish that the frogs could eat all the mosquitoes and flying bugs.

Would you like to watch tadpoles grow into little frogs? It can be done in the late spring or early summer, and father and mother might be interested, too, in seeing the wonderful changes take place. A large glass bowl with a small opening at the top, or even a two-quart fruit jar, is easy to secure. Put some little stones, a few little pieces of wood and perhaps a little moss in the jar, and fill it with water. Get a lot of little polliwogs out of the marsh or pond and put them into the jar. Day by day you will see the little polliwogs grow larger, the legs will appear, the tail will drop off, and the little frogs will in time be fully developed. You will find great pleasure in this bit of nature study. —E. D. FOSTER.

The Migration of Birds

ONE of the most fascinating studies in the field of nature is that of bird migration. Winter comes, and only English sparrows and nuthatches are left of all our rollicking bird colony. Suddenly, one day, a cold March wind blows gustily and brings with it the clear, delicious flute tones of the robins. "It is spring!" we cry delightedly, and hurry out-of-doors to welcome these first brave adventurers from the South.

How have they dared to return so early, when it is still so cold? Where have they been all this time? Are they the same two robins that nested in our apple tree last spring? Will they settle in that same tree this year? These are some of the questions we ask ourselves each year, when the plucky little travellers return to us.

We know, of course, that some birds adjust themselves to cold weather and do not migrate at all; the buntings, the nuthatches, the chickadees, for instance. The farther South you go, the more birds you find that are able to remain throughout the year.

Many of our birds, such as robins, meadowlarks, bluebirds, merely journey to Florida for the winter. Others pass out of the United States, and settle in northern South America. A few, such

as the nighthawk and the bobolink, pass over the mountains of northern South America and winter on the pampas of Argentina or Brazil. So you must remember when a nighthawk soars and swoops over your house, or a bobolink sings on your fence, that you are entertaining distinguished travellers from Brazil. There is an arctic tern that they tell us migrates 10,000 miles twice a year, travelling from its arctic nesting place to its winter home on the antarctic. This must surely be the most travelled bird in the feathered world.

The spring migration of each species of birds follows so regular a schedule that you can prophesy within a few days when a certain species is due to appear. Most remarkable of all, many of these birds return to a certain meadow or to a certain bird-house, or to the same apple tree year after year. How can they find their way back, over hundreds of miles, to a particular town, orchard and tree, is something no one can explain. We say it is their sense of direction, but at least we know that it is one of Nature's miracles.

The fall migration is not conducted on so regular a schedule. If food is plentiful, the birds dally along the way, sometimes even making little detours, apparently just for fun. They are probably enjoying these care-free days, after all their summer's toil in raising their families. When food gets scarce, or the heavy frosts come, they loiter no longer, but take a long steady flight southward. Have you seen them go? It is a wonderful sight, that cloud of birds, pressing silently onward, their little wings beating the air with strong, regular strokes, their leader surging ahead, taking them safely and surely to the place where they would be! Certainly there is nothing more mysterious than this great flight of the birds that we call migration.

—MAY HILL.

Something about Butterflies

NOT one of us has ever seen a more beautiful and delicate little creature than the butterfly, or one which is more graceful, whether it is seen on the wing or resting on a leaf or flower. So dainty is it that we feel sure even a breath would destroy it, or a touch of the hand would mar its wonderful coloring. It is as lovely as any flower, and to many children is much more interesting. All little children like it, because it has life as well as beauty; when we see it flutter by we want to dance along after it, as happy and free as it appears to be. We would not harm it, because it gives us pleasure.

Do you wonder how many kinds of butterflies there are in the world? The number will really surprise you. You and I can recognize a few kinds differing from one another, but we know very little of most of the six hundred fifty species that are found in North America. In all the world there are over twenty thousand species and varieties of butterflies; some of these gentle, silk-winged creatures are only half as large as your little finger, while others measure seven or eight inches across their outspread wings. Even though some of them are small indeed, even the smallest is a great monster compared with many other insects which are found in the world.

One long, hard word must be used in this story. Wise men who know a great deal about butterflies discovered one thing about them that is true of no other insect except the moth, which we may call a cousin of the butterfly. Both have very small scales on their wings, and these scales are all colored, one bit of color on each tiny scale. Scientists took the Latin name for "scaly-winged" insects and named all butterflies and moths *Lepidoptera*. It is pronounced quite as though it were spelled *lep e dop' ter ah*.

How does the beautiful butterfly grow to its full size, and how long does it live? You probably have seen little chickens peck their way out of the egg shells, and may think that butterflies also come

out of the eggs perfectly developed. This is not true. There are four stages in their growth. The little eggs are deposited on or near plants on which the young must later feed. The mother butterfly never makes a mistake in choosing the right plant. Some eggs hatch in a few weeks, but others require months. When hatching time finally arrives there comes forth from the egg not a little helpless butterfly which looks like the parent butterfly just as the little chicken looks like the mother hen, but an ugly, crawling caterpillar which looks like a worm. This is called the *larva,* and we wonder how such a loathsome thing can ever become a beautiful winged butterfly.

The larva, or caterpillar, so far as appearance suggests, lives only to eat. It eats almost every kind of green leaves; it may almost entirely strip a tree of its foliage, or eat a large tomato leaf in a single night. But it eats so greedily only because in its next stage of development it will have nothing to eat for many weeks or months.

One would naturally think because of the quantity of food consumed that the little caterpillar would grow rapidly; this is true. When the caterpillar emerges from the egg, it is a spiny little fellow with a whitish spot in the middle of its back; elsewhere it is black. There are six little spines on each of its segments, or sections; the spines on the black portions are of the same color as the same portions of the body, and those on the white spot are white, as might be expected. Soon the caterpillar outgrows its skin, and it proceeds to change to a larger one. In doing this, it crawls to a safe spot on a leaf or stem and spins silken threads from a gland opening from its under lip. These silken threads form a sort of carpet, and on these the caterpillar remains quiet and sluggish for a short time, when the old skin splits down the back. This whole skin is left clinging to the silken threads, and the caterpillar finds itself clothed in a new suit.

It is now a very different looking caterpillar; it no longer has the rows of spines down its body, but, for example, if this little animal is to grow up into a swallow-tail butterfly, one of the most beautiful varieties, its skin now is a brilliant green, beautified by black stripes running around its body. It is largest toward the head; it has little

feet and very small sharp claws, with which it can hold fast to a leaf or stem. More than once during its growth as a caterpillar it has to shed its skin to accommodate its increasing size.

Somehow the caterpillar knows when its feeding time is over; by then it has grown to about two inches in length. Even though it is a repulsive-looking worm during these stages just mentioned, the butterfly that is to be has been developing under the brilliantly-colored skin. It now finds some sheltered spot, and again spins its silk. This time the silk does not take the form of a soft, carpet-like substance, but rather it looks like a little button. It then spins a loop of silk and fastens each end firmly to whatever object it rests upon. The knowing little creature then shoves its head through the loop, and thus the latter protects the caterpillar from falling. In this position it sheds its last skin, which clings to the button that has been spun, and there is revealed the next step in the development of the butterfly. It is now called a *chrysalis.* It is yellowish-brown in color and is somewhat hard to see, because it is the same color of the object to which it is attached. All the time it is growing toward the butterfly stage, and some day its chrysalis breaks open and reveals the true butterfly, but it is first a damp and crumpled mass, velvety in appearance. Its wings are soft and folded tightly to the body, and have no color, but sunshine and air soon work a miracle, and little by little the tiny scales on its wings take on the color of a rainbow, and speedily it becomes the beautiful "winged flower," a perfect butterfly.

Some butterflies and moths look so much alike to children that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. Watch one of the little creatures light upon a leaf. If it folds its wings so they stand straight upward it is a butterfly; the moths spread their wings out flat.

E. D. FOSTER.

CHARACTER
SKETCHES
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CRANE

The Story of the Great Stone Face

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE has writtent many wonderful stories of New England life, but one of the most remarkable in his story called "The Great Stone Face." In this tale he tells us that there is a certain village lying high up in the mountains, and overlooking this village, cut deep into one of the jagged peaks of the range, there is a Great Stone Face. This face has been formed by some accident or freak of nature, and it is not visible from all angles, but from the little village below it looms up, majestic and impressive; the gigantic profile of a human countenance.

One night about sunset a mother and her little son were sitting at the door of their cottage, looking at the Great Stone Face. The little boy's name was Ernest, and after he had gazed silently at the Face for several minutes, he said:

"Mother, I wish that the Great Stone Face could speak. Every day I look at it, and it looks so kindly at me, it seems almost as if it might speak. It would say wonderful things, don't you think so, mother? I should like to know a man with a face like that."

"Perhaps you will, one of these days, my son; you will, if the old prophecy ever comes to pass."

"Oh, mother, what is the old prophecy about the Great Stone Face? Please tell me quickly," begged the little boy.

So his mother told him a story that she had had from her mother, and she from her mother, and she from her mother. Indeed, the story was so old that it went far back of the first settlers, to the Indians, and no one knew from whom the Indians had had the tale. At any rate, the story was always the same. It said that at some future time a child would be born under the shadow of this mountain whose features would, in manhood, exactly resemble the features of the Great Stone Face. That man would be the noblest man of his time; his life would be of greatest benefit to his people.

"Oh, mother, do you think that you and I shall ever live to see this noble and good man?" asked Ernest.

"That I cannot say," answered his mother. "I only know that the people still believe the old prophecy, and they look for the man who shall resemble the Great Stone Face in features and with a goodness that shall correspond with those features."

Now Ernest never forgot this story, and whenever he looked at the Great Stone Face he hoped that he might live to see the man who would look at him with the kindness and the majesty of this face that gazed down upon him from the mountains. Ernest grew from a little boy into a quiet, happy youth. He was sunburned and strong from his work in the fields and his face wore the look of quiet intelligence of one who thinks deeply. Ernest read many books, after the day's work was over, but his greatest source of learning was from the daily contemplation of the Great Stone Face. It seemed to Ernest that if he could learn the secret of that calm, strong face, hewn in deep, noble lines, then indeed he would know the secret of life itself.

One day the little village was all astir over a great piece of news. It was said that the man of prophecy had been found at last. One of the young men who had left the village many years before was now an enormously rich man in a distant city, and it was he who was now said to resemble the Great Stone Face. Gathergold was his name, and workmen had arrived in the little village to build a mansion for this great man on the very farm where he had lived when he had been only a poor boy.

Ernest was almost more excited over this news than anyone else, and he could hardly wait to see the man who looked like his great, silent teacher of the mountains. After a while, when Ernest saw the magnificence and gorgeousness of the house this man was building for himself in the simple little mountain village, he was puzzled. It seemed strange that anybody with the nobility of character that showed in the Great Stone Face should build such a foolish house as

that. Still, Ernest did not lose faith, but waited eagerly for the day when the great man should arrive. The day came at last, and everyone in the village went to the station to welcome Mr. Gathergold. The crowd was so great that Ernest decided to wait on the road awhile. He sat down under a shady tree, and gazed up at the Great Stone Face. It looked down at him serenely, and suddenly he heard the rumble of wheels approaching. It was the coach bearing Mr. Gathergold to his marble mansion. Ernest looked eagerly at the coach and saw inside a shrivelled, yellow old man with bony hands and a thin-lipped wrinkled face. A beggar woman called to him from the road, and he dropped her a few pennies with his claw-like hand. Gathergold was his name, but Scattercopper he might have been nicknamed.

The young boy by the roadside turned sadly away from that miserly looking old face in the coach and turned his eyes once more towards the mountains. The Great Stone Face seemed to kindle with sympathy, and the lips might almost have been saying, so plain were the words to Ernest:

"Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!" and for the time the boy was comforted.

After this experience there were others of the same kind. There was a famous general who had been born in the valley. In his camps the men called him "Old Blood and Thunder," and it was noised abroad that he was, indeed, that great leader of the people whose features resembled those of the Great Stone Face. But when he came to the valley Ernest saw in this old general much of strength, energy, and iron will, but with none of the gentleness and the deep, quiet wisdom of the Stone Face. Even the people of the valley saw this, and admitted there was little resemblance, even as they had done in the case of old Gathergold.

Many years passed, and then the tale started afresh. People said that the Great Stone Face had a living likeness at last—a famous statesman, liable to be the next President, and so remarkably

like the granite face that he had already been dubbed "Old Stony Phiz." Again, Ernest felt hopeful. It seemed reasonable to Ernest that the man who bore a resemblance to the Great Stone Face should not be a mere gatherer of gold, nor a man of many battles, but a man of peace; a statesman, wise, beneficent and good, and he felt that this must surely be the man. Old Stony Phiz finally came to the valley, and when Ernest first looked at him he saw the resemblance. There were the same large, massive features and the same noble brow, but there the likeness ended. Where the eyes of the granite Face seemed full of purpose, this man's eyes were tried. He looked like a man of action, whose life lacked purpose.

Bitterly disappointed, Ernest once more lifted his eyes to the Great Stone Face. It loomed above him with serene grandeur. Once more it seemed to repeat the message he had heard as a child:

"Fear not, Ernest, the man will come."

Years passed; Ernest had grown from a vigorous, thoughtful young man into a respected and beloved old man. He had continued his work in the fields, his reading of good books, and his long hours spent in the mountains, within sight of his trusted teacher, the Great Stone Face. From these quiet times had come strength and wisdom. Ernest became a teacher, too, and preacher to the people of the village. They came to depend upon his gentle wisdom, and the words he spoke to them were treasured in their hearts and lives, and often repeated to others with like needs as their own. Gradually Ernest's fame spread throughout the country, and learned men came from far and wide to talk with this kindly, thoughtful old man, who lived so simply in his mountain village.

One night a famous poet came to Ernest's door to visit him. Ernest had long known and loved the writings of this man, and they talked of many things with the greatest enjoyment of each other's society. At last, Ernest said to the poet:

"My good friend, all my life I have lived in the hope of meeting a man who should have the same wisdom and kindness in his heart and face that my teacher, the Great Stone Face, seems to have. Several men have come to this valley with that reputation, but not one of them has had all that yonder Face seems to have. Now you have come, unannounced, and it seems to me you have more than all these others have had. Are you not indeed the living likeness of the Great Stone Face?

The poet smiled, "No, Ernest, I am not the man," he said, sadly. "Perhaps if I had remained in this valley I might have kept my belief in beauty and goodness, but as it is I have lost them, and I am far from resembling the Face that has weathered every storm, and remained faithful and calm."

Ernest sighed. "Come," he said, "this is the hour for me to speak to my people."

Together, the poet and this aged man of the mountains walked to a little nook in the hills where Ernest was in the habit of speaking

to the people out-of-doors. The villagers and folk from the neighboring communities were already gathered in this place, seated on the grass, facing a little elevation from which Ernest was wont to speak. The aged man took his place, smiling down at these people whom he knew and loved. The sun was setting, and up above the valley the Great Stone Face looked down from a glowing sky.

Ernest spoke simply, but with a depth and wisdom that moved the poet as no other words had ever moved him. The people listened in hushed silence, gazing reverently at this aged man, who had helped and loved them all for so many years. The poet lifted his eyes, blurred with tears, to the Great Stone Face that shone grandly above them. From the face he looked at Ernest. There was the same wisdom, serenity, gentleness and strength. The setting sun flung a parting shaft of light upon the two faces, and the poet could remain silent no longer:

"Look," he cried; "Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!" Then the people looked and saw that what the poet had said was true. Their own teacher had grown to be the likeness of the face he had loved and studied all his life. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet by the arm and walked slowly home, still hoping that someone would come who would be worthier than he to resemble the Great Stone Face.

From "Tales of the White Hills—Hawthorne—Houghton Mifflin & Company. Adapted—MAY HILL

Maximilian and the Goose Boy

ONE summer day King Maximilian of Bavaria was walking in the country. The sun shone hot, and he stopped under a tree to rest.

It was very pleasant in the cool shade. The king lay down on the soft grass and looked up at the white clouds sailing across the sky. Then he took a little book from his pocket and tried to read.

But the king could not keep his mind on his book. Soon his eyes closed, and he was fast asleep.

It was past noon when he awoke. He got up from his grassy bed and looked around. Then he took his cane in his hand, and started for home.

When he had walked a mile or more, he happened to think of his book. He felt for it in his pocket. It was not there. He had left it under the tree.

The king was already quite tired, and he did not like to walk back so far. But he did not wish to lose the book. What should he do? If there was only some one to send for it!

While he was thinking, he happened to see a little bare-footed boy in the open field near the road. He was tending a large flock of geese, that were picking the short grass and wading in a shallow brook.

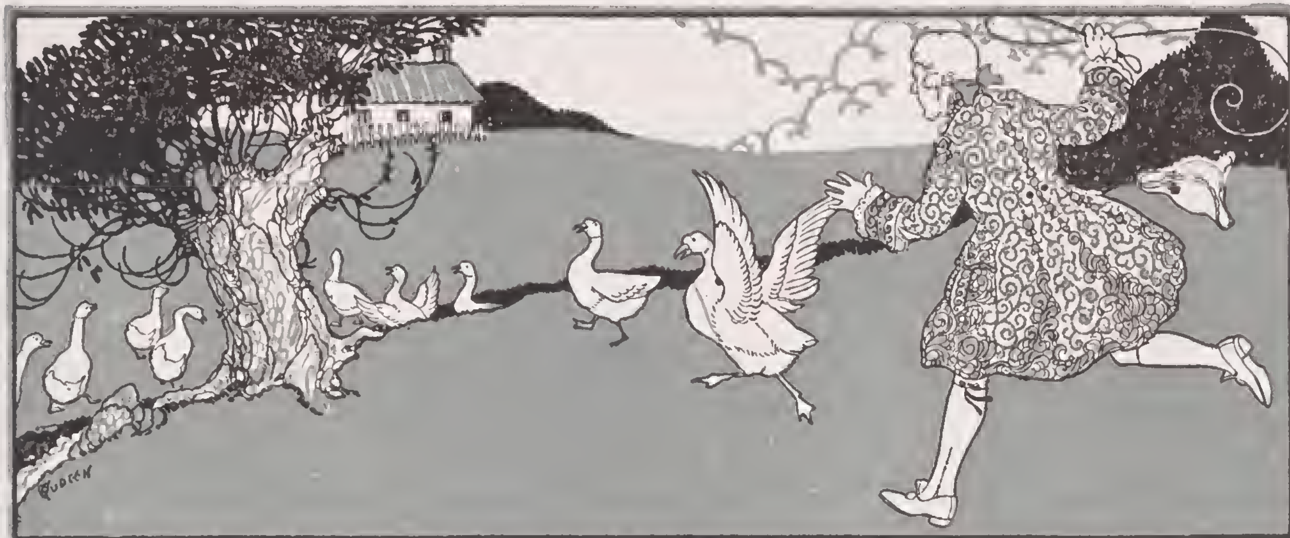
The king went toward the boy. He held a gold piece in his hand.

"My boy," he said, "how would you like to have this piece of money?"

"I would like it," said the boy; "but I never hope to have so much."

"You shall have it if you run back to the oak tree at the second turning of the road, and fetch me the book that I left there."

The king thought that the boy would be pleased. But not so. He turned away and said, "I am not as silly as you think."



"What do you mean?" said the king. "Who says that you are silly?"

"Well," said the boy, "you think that I am silly enough to believe that you will give me that gold piece for running a mile and fetching you a book. You can't catch me."

"But if I give it to you now, perhaps you will believe me," said the king; and he put the gold piece into the little fellow's hand.

The boy's eyes sparkled; but he did not move.

"What is the matter now?" said the king. "Won't you go?"

The boy said, "I would like to go; but I can't leave the geese. They will stray away, and then I shall be blamed for it."

"Oh, I will tend them while you are away," said the king.

The boy laughed. "I should like to see you tending them," he said. "Why, they would run away from you in a minute."

"Only let me try," said the king.

At last the boy gave the king his whip, and started off. He had gone but a little way, when he turned and came back.

"What is the matter now?" said Maximilian.

"Crack the whip!"

The king tried to do as he was bidden, but he could not make a sound.

"I thought as much," said the boy. "You don't know how to do anything."

Then he took the whip, and gave the king lessons in whip cracking. "Now you see how it is done," he said, as he handed it back. "If these geese try to run away, crack is loud."

The king laughed. He did his best to learn his lesson; and soon the boy again started off on his errand.

Maximilian sat down on a stone, and laughed at the thought of being a goose-herd. But the geese missed their master at once. With a great cackling and hissing they went, flying, half running, across the meadow.

The king ran after them, but he could not run fast. He tried to crack the whip, but it was of no use. The geese were soon far away. What was worse, they had gotten into a garden, and were feeding on the tender vegetables.

A few minutes afterward, the goose boy came back with the book.

"Just as I thought," he said. "I have found the book and you have lost the geese."

"Never mind," said the king, "I will help you get them again."

"Well, then, run round that way, and stand by the brook while I drive them out of the garden."

The king did as he was told. The boy ran forward with his whip, and the geese were driven back into the meadow.

"I hope you will pardon me for not being a better goose-herd," said Maximilian; "but, as I am a king, I am not used to such work."

"A king, indeed!" said the boy. "I was very silly to leave the geese with you. But I am not so silly as to believe that you are a king."

"Very well," said Maximilian, with a smile; "here is another gold piece, and now let us be friends."

The boy took the gold, and thanked the giver. He looked up into the king's face and said:

"You are a very kind man, and I think you might be a good king; but if you were to try all your life, you would never be a good goose-herd." FROM BALDWIN—*Fifty Famous Tales.*

The Girlhood of Queen Victoria

BY J. EDWARD PARROTT

IT was when the little Princess was nine years old that Sir Walter Scott first saw her, and he tells about the meeting in his diary.

"I dined with the Duchess of Kent," he wrote, "and was introduced to the little Princess Victoria—the heir-apparent to the House, as things now stand. This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are the heir of England.' I suspect if we could dissect the little heart we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter."

But Sir Walter Scott was wrong; not even a little bird had carried the news to her that she might one day be Queen of England, and it was not until some years later that she was told.

She was sitting in her schoolroom one day with her governess, deeply interested in her history lesson, when she turned over the page of the history book and found between the leaves a new list of the kings and queens of England which had been placed there.

"I never saw this before," she said, looking up.

"It was not thought necessary that you should, Princess," answered the governess.

There was a pause while Victoria still studied the paper.

"I see I am nearer the throne than I thought," she went on slowly.

"So it is, ma'am," said the governess, watching her.

Again there was silence for a few minutes. Then she said: "There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility."

Then, suddenly, all the primness and moralizing vanished, and the child's big heart and earnest, true character came naturally out. This great inheritance, this load of responsibility resting so quaintly on the childish shoulders, was something very real to her, and the chord of duty was touched which in all her after-life gave forth no

uncertain sound. Turning to her governess, she held out her hand and said simply, "I will be good."

Looking forward into the dim years of the future, well might the need have been felt for some great vow, some hero's arm to fight for and uphold the honor of England, and instead there stood a little, round-faced, fair-haired child with earnest eyes and uplifted hand, and greater than any warrior's vow sounded the simple, childish words, "I will be good."

It is five o'clock on a June morning, in the year 1837. London is not yet awake; nevertheless, four high officers of state are knocking lustily and ringing loudly at the outer gate of Kensington Palace. They have come straight from the deathbed of William IV, and they have news of the highest importance for the young Princess who resides within. But at this early hour of the day the whole palace is wrapped in slumber, and the knocking and ringing have to be repeated many times before the drowsy porter is awakened. You see him rubbing his eyes and reluctantly throwing open the gate. Now the little party, which includes the Primate and the Lord High Chamberlain, enters the courtyard, and another long wait follows. At length the distinguished visitors are admitted to a lower room of the palace, and there they seem to be quite forgotten. They ring the bell, and when it is answered the Lord High Chamberlain requests that the attendant of the Princess Victoria be sent to inform her Royal Highness that high officials of state desire an audience on business of the utmost importance.

There is another long delay, and again the bell is rung, this time with pardonable impatience. The attendant of the Princess is summoned, and she declares that her royal charge is in such a sweet sleep that she cannot venture to disturb her. "We are come on business of state to the Queen," says the Lord High Chamberlain, "and even her sleep must give way to that."

A few minutes later the door opens again, and a young girl of

eighteen, fresh as a newly-opened rosebud, enters the room. She has not waited to dress. Her hair falls loose upon her shoulders; she has hurriedly thrown a shawl round herself, and thrust her feet into slippers. There are tears in her eyes as she learns that her uncle, the King, is dead, and that she is Queen!

At once she turns to the archbishop, and with simple, unaffected piety says, "Pray for me!" All kneel together, and the venerable prelate supplicates the Most High, who ruleth over the kingdoms of men, to give the young sovereign an understanding heart to judge so great a people.

Jane Addams

IN the poorest part of Chicago's West Side, where tumbled-down houses jostle against each other, and women with shawls over their heads attend the market in the middle of the street and haggle over the price of a few potatoes with swarthy men who speak in a foreign tongue; in the midst of poverty, squalor and many tragedies, there stands a spacious red brick house, bearing the name "Hull House." It looks as if it had stepped out of another world, the large, dignified, beautiful building that suggests comfort and beauty, in spite of the misery and ugliness that surround it. Suppose you stop that old woman with the red shawl over her head and ask her about Hull House. She will say:

"That is where Jane Addams lives, and it is there I go to show these so lazy children how I weave in Italy."

Or, ask the young dark-eyed mother, who is going in your direction, and she will tell you:

"Oh, yes, Hull House! It is the good place. There my baby is, in a most beautiful room while I to work do go. To-night when I shall call for my baby he will be clean and full of good food, and he will laugh with me when he see me."

And the man on the corner will tell you:

"Jane Addams lives at Hull House, and she helps everyone in the neighborhood. We all go to Hull House; for plays, for music, for good talks, for many things."

So it is; Hull House belongs to Jane Addams and to her people, and these people are of every race and country, but she has made them her people because she has loved them.

Now, Jane Addams was never poor, like the people she helps. She was born in Cedarville, Illinois, in a big, comfortable house, with prosperous and devoted parents to keep her from any possible want.

The little Jane attended the village school, and then went to Rockford Academy. From there she went to Europe and traveled through all the loveliest countries of the Old World, seeing the wonderful pictures in the old galleries and visiting many interesting places. One night, when she was in London, friends took her to see London's poorest neighborhood, the terrible east side. That night she saw the hungry faces of children, looking longingly at food they could not have. She saw thin, gaunt mothers, buying half spoiled fruit and vegetables, because they could not afford anything else. Those terrible sights changed Jane Addams' whole life. She made up her mind that those people needed someone to help them; not merely to give them money and food, but to help them out of their poverty and to teach them how to live in a better way.

She returned to America and studied the conditions of the poor in our own country. Then, she went back to Europe, trying to decide what she could do. At last, she talked the matter over with Miss Starr, a dear friend who was in Europe with her. These two decided on a plan that was different from anything that had been tried in America. They set sail for the United States, and after reaching there went to Chicago, and began to search for the house they needed for their plan.

This house must be large and in the neighborhood of poverty, where the people needed help. At last they found the very house they desired. It was a large, red brick building that had once been a fine old mansion. But now the slums had crept up around it, the streets were dirty, the houses were dilapidated and miserable; the alleys were full of ragged, hungry children, and there was no beauty anywhere save in the blue sky overhead. Into this neighborhood Miss Addams and her friend moved lovely old furniture, beautiful pictures and rugs, and all the dirty children watched these strange luxuries being carried into the big house. Soon the place was cozy and beautiful, and the beauty was as much for the enjoyment of the neighbors as for the ladies of the house.

Next, Miss Addams and Miss Starr set out to get acquainted

with their neighbors. The women of many races who lived near them could not imagine why these two beautiful women, who seemed to have money, should have come to live in their queer, dirty streets. At first they were a little suspicious, but presently they became acquainted, and their suspicions gave place to trust and affection. Hull House became a familiar and delightful place for them to go, and soon it became a center of helpfulness and inspiration.

While these neighbors of many races and countries were finding pleasure and help in the many activities of Hull House, Miss Addams was working for them in other ways. She strove to have laws made that would do away with the crowded conditions of the tenements and provide houses that should be healthful and comfortable. She struggled to have laws made that would prevent little children working in factories when they should be going to school or playing out of doors. In more ways than I could tell you in many pages, Miss Addams has tried to help those neighbors of hers, in the poor foreign quarter of Chicago. They in turn have loved her, and have called her by many affectionate names, but the one that seems to fit her best is the name an old blind man gave her. This old man always spoke of Miss Addams as "Kind Heart," and the humble dwellers in the Hull House region echo the name, "Kind Heart."

Adapted from Mary Wade's Article in Young Folks' Treasury.

The Boyhood of Benjamin Franklin

THE father of Benjamin Franklin, who had been a wool-dyer in England, emigrated about the year 1682 to that part of America which the colonists called New England. Benjamin, who was the fifteenth child in a family of seventeen, was not born till twenty-five years later. Although he was born in Boston in 1706, he was a British subject, the Americans being then but colonists of Great Britain.

Although Benjamin had only two years' schooling, which was between the age of eight and ten years, he must have received good tuition from his father, for he was able to read before he went to school. He tells us that his father always made it a point that the table-talk was of interest and instruction to the children. There was never any discussion of their food; that was strictly prohibited. Even if the food was not to their minds, or was extra pleasing, or was not well cooked, no remark whatever was to be made. Benjamin tells us that with this good training he found in later life that he was quite indifferent to what food was set before him.

His father had desired at first that his youngest son, Benjamin, should be a clergyman, but with the expenses of bringing up a family of seventeen he did not care to go to the further expense of a college training. At ten years of age Benjamin was put into his father's business, but the cutting of wicks and the pouring of molten wax into candle-molds did not interest the boy. After two years of such work he told his father that he disliked the business, whereupon his father very wisely offered to find him some business which should be more congenial. But it is often no light task to determine for what business a boy is best suited, and so his father took Benjamin on his walks with him, to let the boy see different tradesmen at work, and that he himself might observe the boy's inclinations. There was some thought of apprenticing him to a cutler, but the fees demanded seemed to the father unreasonable.

He had observed that all Benjamin's pocket-money was spent on

books, and that the boy had a decided bookish inclination, and so it occurred to him that the printing trade would be a congenial one to Benjamin. An older brother had been set up in business as a printer, and so it was arranged that Benjamin should become an apprentice to him. The apprenticeship was to be a very long one, for Benjamin, who was then twelve years of age, was not to be free till he came of age.

Benjamin found the work very congenial, especially as he could borrow copies of books from other apprentices. Sometimes he was required to return these books by the morning, but on such occasions he would sit up the greater part of the night till he finished the book. Later on, a merchant who frequented the printing office offered Benjamin the use of his large library.

During his early apprenticeship Benjamin became a vegetarian; the idea was suggested by some book he had read, but the real advantage that Benjamin saw in this diet was that the meals were more easily eaten, leaving more time for reading, and the cost of the food was less, so that he had more pocket money for buying books. When his purse was not long enough to meet his demand for books, he would sell those he had read and buy new ones.

After Benjamin had served a few years of his apprenticeship, it so happened that his stepbrother began to publish a newspaper, the second in New England. People had tried to dissuade the brother, as they considered one newspaper quite sufficient for New England. Those who wrote the news for this paper were quite in the habit of meeting at the printing office to discuss matters. The youthful Benjamin, then only fifteen years of age, thought he would like to try his hand at writing articles. He knew very well that his brother would not allow him, and so he wrote in a disguised hand and pushed the anonymous manuscript beneath the door of the printing office after closing hour. He heard the journalists discuss his production next day, and the verdict was very encouraging; indeed, it was the general opinion that the article had been written by some well-known man of learning. This and other similar articles were published,

and at last Benjamin informed his stepbrother and the journalists that he had been the anonymous writer. The journalists were genuinely interested in him, but the stepbrother was exceedingly displeased, and thought the boy was far too vain.

Benjamin's position in the printing office was by no means improved by this incident. Although he still had four years of his apprenticeship to serve, he determined to cut short the continued unpleasantness. So, selling his books in order to pay his passage, he embarked upon a ship sailing for Philadelphia.

The story of his arrival in the Quaker City is so famous that we must give it in his own words, as he wrote it down many years later for his son.

"I was in my working dress. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul or where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper.

"The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little. Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till, near the market house, I met a boy with bread.

"I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of this bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

"Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat on which I came in, to which I went for a draft of the river water; and one of my rolls having satisfied me, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

"Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led to a great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market.

"I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia."

Thomas Edison

THERE is probably not a person to-day who has not been benefited, directly or indirectly, by the inventions of Thomas Edison. This remarkable man has passed his three-score years, but is still alive, and thinking and working as steadily as ever. He is sometimes called the Grand Old Man of inventions; certainly there is no one in this generation who has such a record of achievements to his credit. Yet, his life began with the obscurity that has marked the beginning of so many notable men.

Thomas A. Edison was born in Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847. He was not a very strong child, and when he began to go to school his teacher did not think him particularly bright. His mother knew him better than the teacher did, however, and decided that she could instruct him better at home. So she took him out of school, and under her skillful guidance he became a voracious reader and progressed much faster than the average boy of his age. He asked the most endless questions about how things were made. Doubtless his family was often tempted to say, "Don't ask so many questions!" but, instead, his questions were either answered or else he was helped to find the answer for himself.

When Thomas was seven years old, the Edison family moved to Port Huron, Michigan. By the time he was eleven years old he had become greatly interested in chemistry, and he had a place in the cellar which he used as a laboratory. He did not keep it in as tidy condition as his mother would have liked, but she was wise enough to know that Thomas' experiments were of more importance than an immaculate cellar. So, though she urged him to an occasional house cleaning in his laboratory, on the whole she encouraged his work and stimulated his thinking.

Thomas finally reached the age when he needed more money than his family could afford to give him; so he decided it was time

for him to strike out and earn this money for himself. He took a position as newsboy on a train. This work brought him in enough money to enable him to go on with his experiments, gave him access to all the magazines, and most precious of all, left an ample margin of time for study. His first run was between Port Huron and Detroit. His train reached Detroit early in the morning, and he had a long period before the return trip, for experimenting. He earned sometimes as much as ten dollars a day, and finally had enough money saved to buy a small, second-hand printing press. This marked the beginning of a new line of experimentation for Thomas. He was now only fourteen years old, but he began, at this age, to edit and print a small newspaper called *The Weekly Herald,* which he sold at three cents a week, eight cents a month. This was at the time of the great Civil War, and of course everyone was tremendously excited and eager for the latest news. Edison printed this paper on the moving train, and his business increased so fast that he was soon obliged to employ a helper.

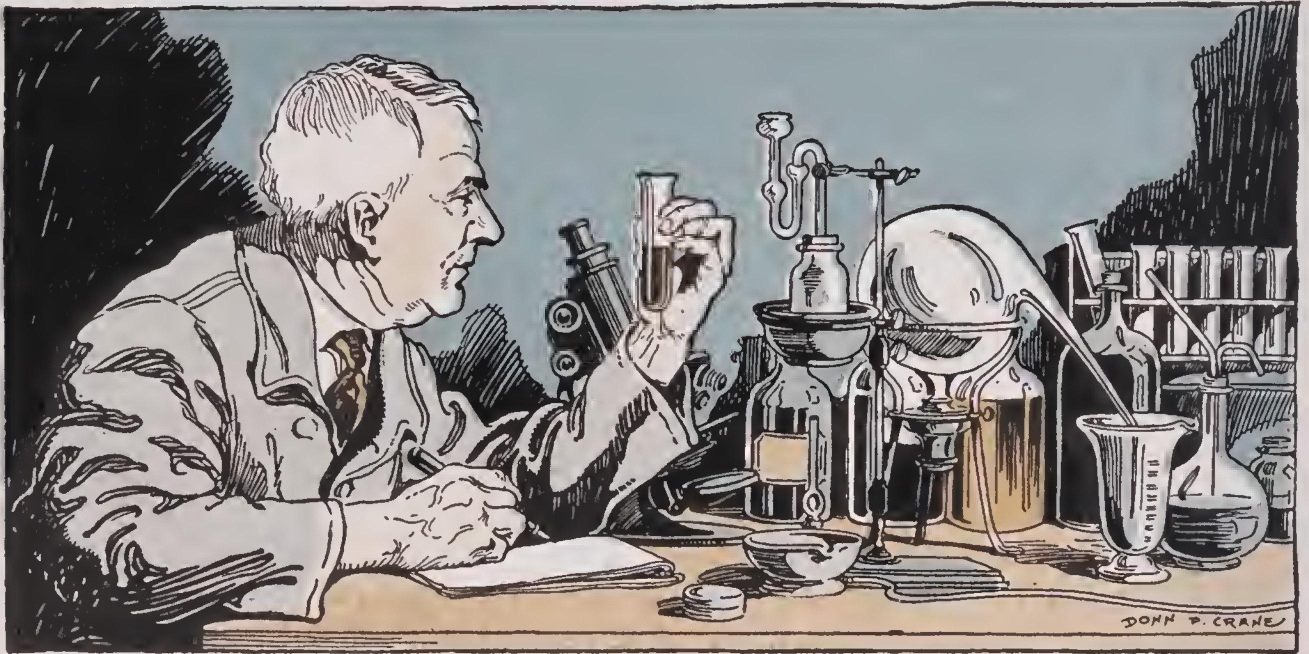
Yet all the time he was successfully carrying on this venture, he was not losing sight of his scientific work. All the extra money he earned from the paper he saved and eventually reinvested in his little train laboratory. One day he saved the life of a little boy who was almost run over by the train. The child's father was so grateful to the young Edison that he offered to teach him telegraphy. Thomas was only too glad to learn, and not only mastered this new line of work but also made himself an instrument of his own. All seemed to be going well with the boy, when one day he was so unfortunate as to drop a stick of phosphorus on the train floor. It burst into flames, and Edison was badly burned in trying to put out the fire. Worse still, when the conductor discovered the catastrophe, he was so angry that he boxed Thomas on the ears severely. This blow caused the great affliction of the inventor's life. It resulted in the deafness which has never been cured. At the time the boy was not at all discouraged, but went bravely on with his many kinds of work

until another accident befell him. This time the train jumped the track, and Edison's laboratory, newspapers, stock of magazines, candy, nuts and fruits were scattered along the track in a hopeless condition. This ended his train work.

After this, Edison began the study of telegraphy in earnest, and made a success of it, as he did of everything he undertook. It was a stepping-stone to success for him. At the age of twenty-two he received his first large check, for forty thousand dollars, for some invention connected with telegraphy. As in the past, when he had earned and saved a little money, Edison regarded this sum merely as an aid to further experiments. He lived simply, worked continuously, and never tired of thinking and carrying through some new device that would make life more comfortable and pleasant.

The story of his inventions would fill many books, but probably the Edison invention that has given the greatest pleasure to the largest number of people is the phonograph. The talking machine, it was called at first, and those early machines would seem crude compared with our wonderful ones to-day. In electricity, Edison has made innumerable experiments. Incandescent lights and electric street cars have become so old a story that probably there are a good many boys and girls to-day who do not know that Edison invented them. There is a wonderful stone crusher that he has worked out that is in constant use in the mountains. It not only crushes mountains of stone, but separates the different ores. The stone crusher started Edison thinking about cement. He decided we ought to be able to make cement like the old product that has lasted through for ages. The result is the modern Portland Cement, with its endless possibilities.

In 1887 Edison began working on an instrument that would reproduce scenes for the eye, just as the phonograph did sounds for the ear. In 1889 the first modern motion-picture camera was made. As in the case of the talking machine, this first product was far from the perfection we enjoy to-day, but it was a wonderful beginning.



During the terrible World War, when everyone was overwhelmed by the possibilities of the submarine, the people of America felt confident that Edison could invent something that would defeat its wicked destruction of human life. He felt his responsibilities keenly, and kept himself and a great crew of men working night and day, with only brief periods for eating and sleeping and none for recreation. Some of the results of that intensive work were smoke screens, locating submarines by sound, steamship decoys and many other useful aids in thwarting the enemy.

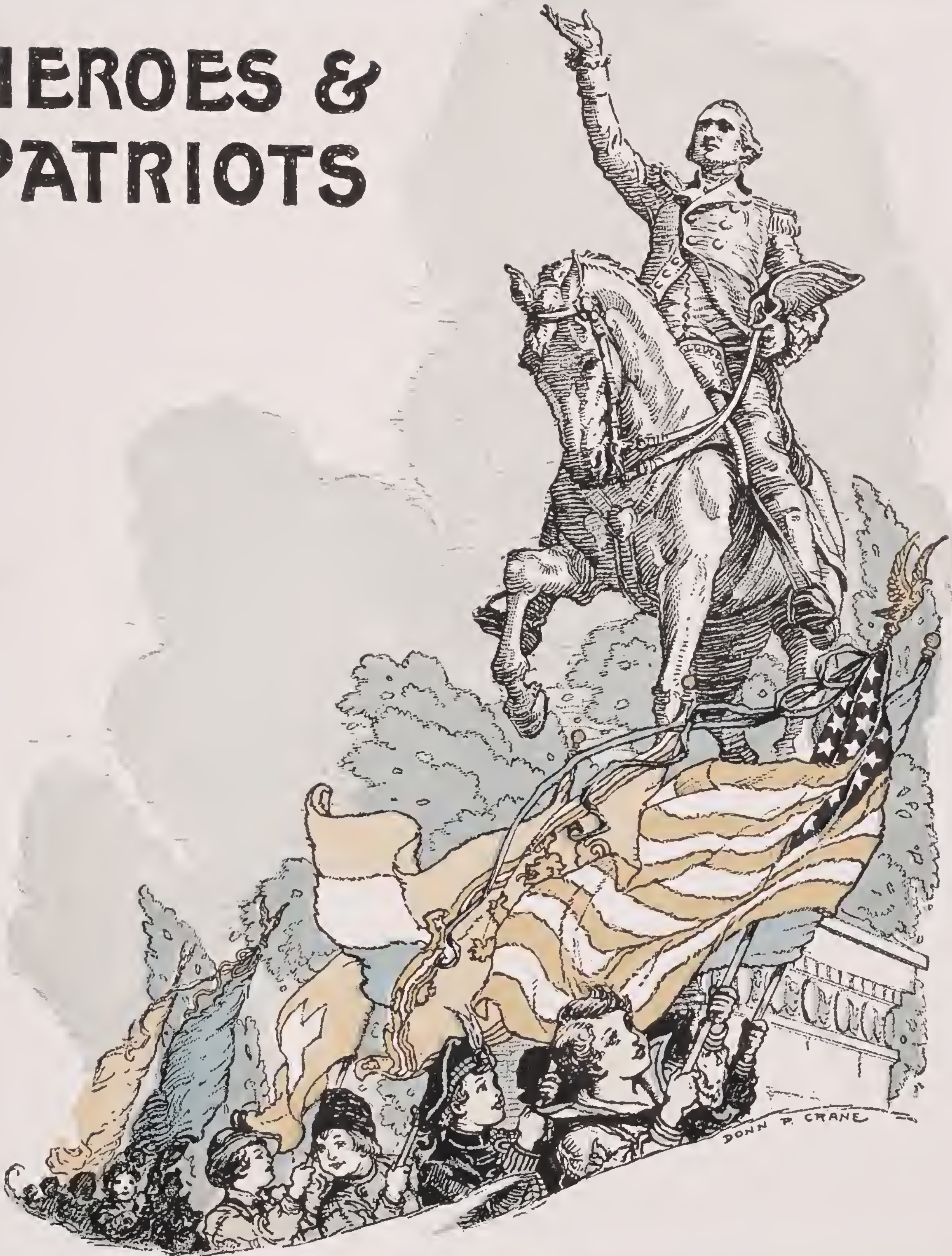
Edison is an old man to-day, but vigorous and hearty except for his deafness. This he has always made light of. He insists that it has been a help to him, protecting him from the trivial, irrelevant noises that would interfere with his thinking. He still works twice as hard as the average person, and does with only half the usual amount of sleep. Some one said to him:

"Mr. Edison, how in the world have you been able to accomplish so much?"

And the old inventor answered briefly:

"Hard work, based on hard thinking."

Adapted—MAY HILL


HEROES &
PATRIOTS
DONN P. CRANE

George Washington

Adapted from Scudder's "George Washington" and other sources

MAY HILL

GEORGE Washington was born near the shore of the Potomac River, February 22, 1732. The land where his father's house stood had been in the Washington family ever since 1657, when John Washington came over from England. The house where our first President was born has been gone for many generations, but the place has been marked by a stone slab, bearing the name of Washington and the date of his birth. Not long after his birth this old house burned, and this family moved to Stafford County, on the banks of the Rappahannock River, just opposite the little city of Fredericksburg.

Here George Washington spent his childhood. Both his mother and his father were devoted to their children, and George learned his first, and perhaps his most important, lessons from his parents. When he was old enough to go to school, his first teacher was a Mr. Hobby, who after school hours was the neighborhood grave-digger. We are told that George learned quickly, and was ahead of most boys of his age in school. His books were never torn or dog-eared, but rumor has it that the young George used to find great amusement in drawing the faces of his teacher and of his schoolmates.

One of his little playmates at this period was Richard Henry Lee, who grew up to be a very distinguished Virginian. These two remained lifelong friends, and when they were men, they wrote to each other bout many serious matters; but here are two letters that marked the beginning of their correspondence:

Richard Henry Lee to George Washington:

Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs cats elefants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elefant and a little Indian boy on

his back like uncle jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

Richard henry Lee.

George Washington to Richard Henry Lee:

Dear Dickey I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

G. W's. compliments to R. H. L.
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

Your good friend,

George Washington.

I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it.

From these two letters I think you must feel that either the young George was very much more clever than his young friend Richard, or else Dickey's letter was sent without any parental corrections, while George's was carefully corrected and then probably copied before it was sent. Certainly, these two letters make us wish that we knew more about this interesting boyhood. As a matter of fact, very few stories have been preserved and few records remain to tell us about George Washington when he was still a little boy.

We know that his mother was an extremely forceful woman, with a high temper, which she had learned to control, and an inborn capacity for taking the lead. George's father died when George was still a boy; so much of his training was due to his mother. Probably her truthfulness taught him respect for truth, and her firm rule developed his governing spirit. Certainly in those days, when women were so carefully protected, her courage and independence in managing her own affairs after her husband's death must have roused the admiration of her children and fostered their own pluck and daring.

The young George Washington grew to be a large, powerful lad, with unusual strength of hand and great physical endurance.

The boys who grew up with him used to point out a spot on the banks of the Rappahannock where George threw a stone to the opposite shore, and no one else has been able to do it since. At any rate, he undoubtedly took part in all the out-of-door sports that were favorites with the boys of his age. Running, leaping, wrestling, tossing quoits, were probably forms of athletics that the young George enjoyed, and there is one story that has come down to us that proves him to have been a skilled horseman.

The Washingtons had some very fine blooded horses, and among them there was a young sorrel that no one had been able to break. This spirited young animal was so handsome that it was a great favorite of Madam Washington, although everyone said the horse was too vicious ever to be any good. Now, George was determined that he would break this horse; so he told his friends that if they would catch and hold it, he would ride it. With this in mind, the boys went out to the field one morning before breakfast. The horse was finally caught and bridled, and George leaped upon its back. Instantly the horse was off like mad, running round and round the meadow, jumping, rearing and plunging, but unable to shake its rider. Washington kept his seat, determined to conquer the horse and tame it so that it would be docile and unafraid. But the little sorrel was wild with anger against this rider whom it could not shake. Finally, in a paroxysm of rage, it leaped into the air with such sudden violence that it burst a blood vessel, and when it fell to the ground the beautiful animal was dead.

The boys were dazed by this

unexpected catastrophe, and had no time to collect themselves when they were summoned to breakfast. There Madam Washington, seeing that they had been in the fields, inquired about her favorite sorrel. For an instant George hesitated, then we are told that he answered:

"The sorrel is dead, madam; I killed him!"

Madam Washington was undoubtedly as angry as she was grieved at this news, but she controlled her anger and said quietly:

"I regret the loss of my favorite, but I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

Lafayette

LAFAYETTE spent his life fighting for liberty, although he came into the world blessed with every advantage of family and fortune. His family was the most aristocratic and powerful one in that part of the country. The family name was Motier, but it was the custom in those days to take the name of the estate, and the estate of the Motiers was La Fayette in Auvergne, the southern part of France. Little Gilbert Motier had a long string of names, but he always signed himself La Fayette, and it is by that name we know him and love him, although we have simplified the form of the word.

The men of this distinguished family had all been soldiers, and all had died on the battle field. There was a saying that "the Lafayettes die young, but they die fighting." With such a record, it was natural that the young Gilbert should have wished to live and die as gallantly as his ancestors. When he was eleven years old his mother decided it was time for them to leave the family estate and move into Paris. There, with their wealth and family traditions, the son of the house would not only have the advantages of the best schools, but of social position, as well. Lafayette soon became a fine horseman and an expert swordsman and grew into a vigorous and handsome young man. He was popular and much sought after. The death of his parents made him a very wealthy person for those days. He married young and life looked bright and free from care.

Lafayette and his bride were often guests at the marvelous and

extravagant fétes given by Queen Antoinette. The luxury and reckless waste of these spectacles, in contrast to the hunger and destitution of the poor in Paris, stirred this fortunate youth to his old troubled wondering about the suffering of others less fortunate than himself. The more he saw of the idleness and wastefulness of the rich, the more sure he became that life was not given us to fritter away; that the fortunate should make themselves responsible for the less fortunate, and that without service life is worth nothing. Yet there seemed to be nothing for him to do in France just then, and in the midst of luxury he was unhappy and thoroughly out of sorts with his way of living.

One night Lafayette met an Englishman, the Duke of Gloucester, and they fell into a conversation about England's rebellious colonies in America. The more the Duke talked, the more the young French soldier became convinced that the poor colonists were right and England was wrong, and his heart burned with sudden longing to assist these people in the new world to win the freedom which he was convinced was their right. That very night he determined to assist them in some way, but he soon discovered that this was easier said than done. In the first place, it was an unpopular cause with his rich friends in Paris. They told him he owed his first duty to his own country and to his wife. Lafayette readily agreed to this, but said since his country did not need him at that time and his wife was amply provided for in every way, he felt free to leave France and offer his services to the colonists. Then his friends drew for him a terrible picture of life in the new world. They said there were no comforts, not even the bare necessities; and the people were fighting a losing battle and starving to death, besides. To all this Lafayette offered no reply. He knew it was quite possible that they were right, and felt that was all the more reason for him to hasten to America with his aid.

He determined to take soldiers and furnish a ship, if necessary. He sought out Silas Dean, an American in Paris, and talked with

him. It must have been a thrilling moment for the American when this rich and influential Frenchman told him that he wished to go to America, with men and ammunition, and serve in the colonial army without pay, so long as he should be needed. Lafayette's only condition was that he would have to leave America if his king or his family summoned him; otherwise he was at the service of the colonists. To the discouraged American, representing his unfortunate countrymen in Paris, this offer must have seemed almost too good to be true, and it gave him fresh hope, as it did the American army when it heard the news.

Lafayette's generous decision was the beginning of untold difficulties. He could not speak a word of English, and to buy a ship and arrange all the details for such a venture as this was to be took time and the most careful planning. Meanwhile, discouraging news was being received. It was rumored that Washington's army was almost annihilated, New York was burned, and the distracted colonists were

on the verge of complete ruin. In spite of these doleful tales Lafayette persisted, and finally landed in America, after six months of anxiety, discouragements and the wildest adventures.

The manner of his landing was not at all what he had expected. His vessel, *La Victoire*, (The Victory), was driven from her course by a storm, and finally came to anchor off Georgetown, South Carolina. The French sailors knew nothing of this place, nor where to go ashore. Oddly enough, the first persons they saw in this "land of the free" were some negro slaves, in a small oyster boat. They acted as guides, and Lafayette, who had come to America to fight for the freedom of the people, was taken ashore by negro slaves. They led him to the house of their master, who was the mayor of the town and happened to be a Frenchman. You can imagine the delight of the mayor to welcome a fellow countryman of such distinction, and one who had come upon such an errand. Lafayette was entertained with such hospitality and kindness that he was charmed with the people and found it difficult to get away. However, he sent word to the American army that since he had made many sacrifices to join the colonists, he now wished to ask some favors in return. The favors he asked were as unusual as his sacrifices; he asked permission to serve without pay and to begin as a volunteer. Furthermore, he hoped it might be posible for him to be near General Washington. You can imagine how gratefully the colonists granted these requests, and Lafayette was soon a part of the American army, fighting for the liberation of the colonies from England.

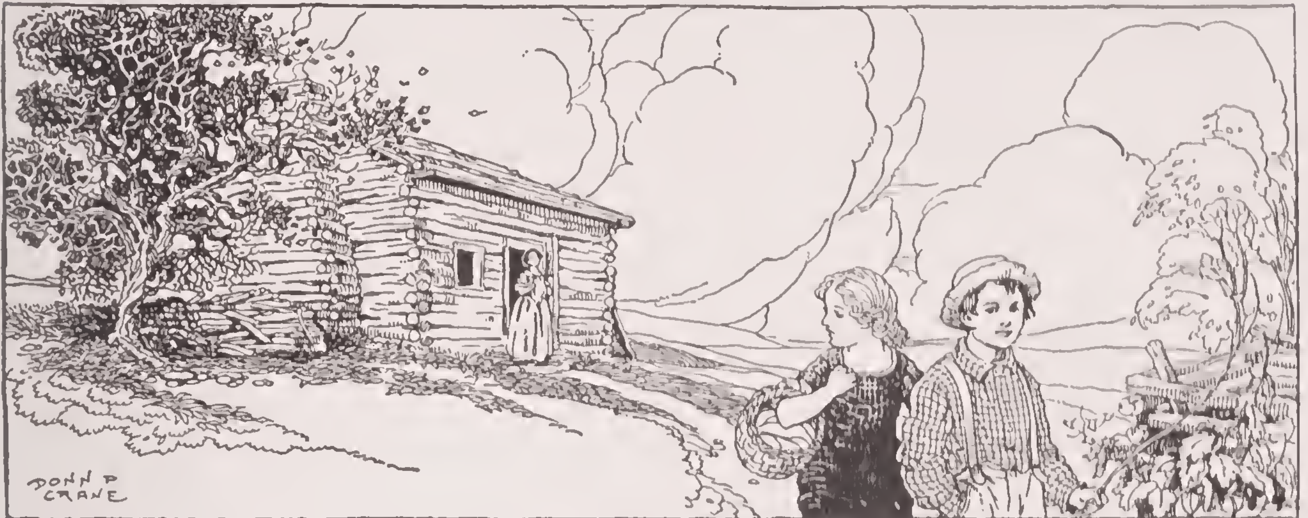
General Washington invited him to be a part of his "family," as he called his camp, and this young Frenchman, only twenty years old, accustomed to every luxury, moved into a camp already suffering from insufficient food and clothing. There he endured, without a complaint, hardships that were taxing to the utmost those sturdy pioneers of the wilderness. The impression Lafayette received the first time he met George Washington, was never to be forgotten. He saw a man of great dignity, with a majestic countenance and a graci-

ous, kindly manner that had behind it strength and power. These two men became lifelong friends.

Under Washington, Lafayette soon became a true son of America, in his willingness to endure suffering, hardships and dangers in the fight for freedom. Many stories are told of his gallantry in battle and of his generous spirit in the camp. In one engagement, though wounded in the leg, he sprang from his horse and led his men on, enduring everything that they endured, until the loss of blood from his injury forced him to stop. During the terrible winter at Valley Forge, when the men were almost naked and suffering from frozen feet and legs, Lafayette used his own money to procure for them such meagre supplies of clothing as could be obtained.

Lafayette remained with the colonial army until the war was won, then he returned to France and lived through a stormy period in his own country. He fought always on the side of the oppressed, for the love of liberty, and he suffered much through his devotion to righteous freedom. He lived to be an old man, and he never ceased to be pleased by the gratitude and love of the American people. He was invited to come to the United States to lay the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument near Boston. The tribute he received from the American people at this time he never forgot. Hundreds and hundreds of people had come to Boston to pay him homage, and when he looked out over the great throng, every face gazing at him with almost reverent affection, he was so touched that he turned away and wept.

The old saying that "the Lafayettes die young, but they die fighting," did not prove to be true of this great man. He lived to be seventy-six years old, and while he did not die fighting, no Lafayette had fought for a greater cause, and no one of them had lived a more unselfish, generous life. Lafayette seemed to have lived two lives, one for France and one for America, and when he died the whole world mourned, with these two nations, the loss of this great lover of liberty and freedom.



The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN could scarcely have begun life in a poorer house than the little log cabin in which he was born. Set in the midst of a desolate bit of Kentucky land, lacking even a door to keep out the wind, the cabin was little more than a shelter from the rain and snow. Yet on February 12, 1809, a boy baby was born under this humble roof who was destined to grow up and take his place as one of America's greatest and most deeply-honored leaders.

The Lincoln family was a sturdy one, and the new baby proved to be a vigorous specimen, well adapted to survive the rough pioneer life to which he was born. Even the mother of the family could handle a rifle and defend her children and herself in the absence of the father, Thomas Lincoln. They were used to all sorts of dangers, endless hardships and little comfort. When Abraham, or Abe, as he was called, grew old enough to enjoy hearing stories, he loved nothing better than his father's tales of adventure with the Indians and with the wild animals which threatened them on all sides.

Thomas Lincoln, the father, was a brave man, but he had spent such a hard, roving life that he had never learned to read or write, and when he was married he could not even sign his own name. He had a great respect for learning, however, and was eager to give his

children the education he himself had missed. It was not easy to do, for the country boasted but few schools, and the Lincolns had little money to spend on books. There was a school four miles away, to which the Lincoln children trudged eagerly, carrying their dinner of hoe cake, which was all the dinner they ever had. There they learned to read and to write, to the great wonder and joy of their father, but their schooling was of short duration.

When Abe was eight years old the family left Kentucky. The farm had not been successful, and Thomas Lincoln decided to move to Indiana, to see if he could better himself there. This was a pioneer journey, indeed. The father took most of their household goods by boat, while the mother set off on foot across the country with the children, and with two horses to carry the bedding. They were seven days on the road. Sometimes, when they grew very weary, they would take turns riding on the wagon-load of bedding, but for the most part they tramped sturdily on, camping under the stars at night, unafraid and uncomplaining.

When the whole family was finally reunited in Spence County, Indiana, the first thing to be done was to build some kind of a house. Little Abe was only eight years old, yet he learned to swing his ax expertly, and he, too, helped with the building. The result could hardly be called a house; it was only a "half-faced camp," which means a cabin with only three sides, the fourth being open. In this poor place the family struggled through the winter, and were bitterly cold in spite of the fireplace. When the spring came and the land was cleared, they began work on a real house, and the children were glad enough to share in the toil, remembering how cold they had been through the last long winter. Abe helped cut the logs, notch and fit them together, fill the crevices with clay and make those chief luxuries, a door and a window. Later he learned to make stools and a table, and by this time he could swing his ax with the precision of a man, and his muscles were as strong as iron.

Years later, when he was President of the United States, he visited a hospital of wounded soldiers, and three thousand of them

shook hands with him. Someone wondered that his arm could stand so tiresome an ordeal, and he laughed and said, "The hardships of my early life gave me strong arms." With that remark he picked up a heavy ax that was lying on the ground, stretched out his arm full length from the shoulder and held the ax in a horizontal position without its even quivering. This was a remarkable feat of strength, and one which few men could perform, even for a moment.

Having become so expert with his ax, the small Abe wished to learned to handle a rifle; so his father promised to teach him. This was not easy. Sometimes when the rifle would go off it would knock the small boy over, but he kept at it until he learned, and his first success was in shooting a fat wild turkey, a great triumph for Abe!

Meanwhile, he was not forgetting his education. He read and re-read the Bible, the catechism and the spelling book, which constituted the family library. Writing he practiced with a charred stick on slabs of wood, and the interior of the Lincoln cabin was decorated with Abe's handwriting on every smooth surface that presented itself. This sort of mural decoration probably did not meet with the approval of the adults in the family, but Thomas Lincoln had too much respect for "learning" to protest even at this.

Candles were an expensive luxury, so Abe read by the light of the blazing log fire. As he read his three books, he grew hungry for

more, but in that simple, struggling pioneer world they were rare treasures, and difficult to procure.

Then suddenly Abe's mother died, and the little family was left very desolate. Abe's sister Sarah was only eleven, and not a very expert housekeeper. Abe and his father helped her in their awkward way, but soon the little cabin began to look untidy and neglected, and they all felt more and more forlorn. Abe missed his mother keenly, and probably Thomas Lincoln saw this and yearned to comfort the boy, for one night he returned with a package under his arm, which he put into his son's hands. When Abe opened the parcel he found —treasure of all treasures—a book! It was "Pilgrim's Progress" which his father had borrowed for him, and the boy's delight knew no bounds. He was so hungry to read it he could not eat his supper, but poured over the book oblivious of everything else. When he finished it, he read it again and yet again, until he could tell it through and through. When his father saw how much pleasure this book had given the boy, he borrowed "Aesop's Fables" for him, and Abe was equally delighted with this book. He read it so many times that he knew most of the fables by heart. Perhaps it was from these two master story-tellers, Bunyan and Aesop, that Lincoln drew his wonderful power of story-telling that made his conversations, when grown up, so vivid and memorable.

After awhile, Thomas Lincoln began to fear his son was growing lazy, because he spent all his spare time reading. People said Abe was a queer one, always reading or scribbling! No one realized what books meant to that hard-working, keen-minded lad, dreaming dreams as he swung his ax, sitting up night after night to pour over the "Life of Washington," which at the age of ten opened a new world to him.

Then someone came into his life who understood him and gave him the sympathy and encouragement he needed. Thomas Lincoln married again, and the new stepmother brought comfort, brightness and affection with her. She was a widow, with three lively children of her own. Moreover, she had furniture and household goods,

which soon transformed the cheerless cabin into a clean, comfortable abode. She took her step-children to her heart at once, made them new clothes and cooked good wholesome food for them. She seemed to understand Abe at once. The neighbors might call him lazy, but she knew better. She was anxious to help him, and when, for the first time, a school was opened in Indiana, she insisted that all the children should attend it, especially Abe.

"It's a good chance for you, Abe," she said. "You ought to learn something about 'rithmetic as soon as you can," and Abe eagerly agreed.

This was the boy's first real school with an educated teacher, and the schoolmaster found it a delight to teach a pupil so intelligent and so hungry to learn.

"Abe is the best scholar I ever had," said the schoolmaster to Thomas Lincoln.

"That may be," answered the father, "but I sometimes wish he liked work as much as he does a book. Work is more important in the backwoods than books."

"But Abe is not going to live always in the backwoods. He is going to make his mark in the world, I know."

And the master was right. That long, gawky, backwoods boy, hungry for an education, humble in the presence of learning, eager for knowledge—that boy pouring devoutly over the "Life of Washing"—became America's noblest President since Washington.

—ADAPTED BY MAY HILL.

The Little Hero of Haarlem

FAR across the sea there is a country called Holland, which, unlike other countries, lies below the level of the sea. Now, you are probably wondering why the sea does not overflow this country, as it does our marsh lands. It would, if the people of Holland had not long ago worked out a way of protecting their land from the sea. They built great sea walls, called dikes, so thick and strong that even the tremendous pressure of the sea can not batter them down. These dikes are as wide as roads, and the people watch them closely and repair the slightest weakness that appears anywhere. Even the little Dutch children know that any break in these walls would mean flood and disaster for the whole country; for the sea would sweep over the land, taking with it crops, houses, and the people themselves.

Long ago there lived a little Dutch boy in the city of Haarlem, named Hans. One day Hans and his little brother Peter went out for a long walk. They strolled along by the great dike, and soon left the town of Haarlem behind them. They walked along through the fields, gathering flowers as they walked, and racing with each other, as boys like to do. After a while Hans climbed up the dike and sat there looking out to sea, while Peter played about on the bank at the front of the dike. Presently Peter cried:

"Oh Hans, there is the funniest little bubble that keeps coming through the wall here!"

"Bubble? Where do you see a bubble, Peter?" asked Hans, scrambling down from the dike to join his brother.

"Here!" said Peter, and he showed Hans a tiny spot in the wall where a bubble of water was slowly forming and bursting, only to be immediately replaced by another one.

"Why, Peter," cried Hans in alarm, "it is a hole in the dike!

What in the world shall we do?" As he watched, the next bubble that formed was larger than the others, and after it, the water began to run in a tiny, trickling stream.

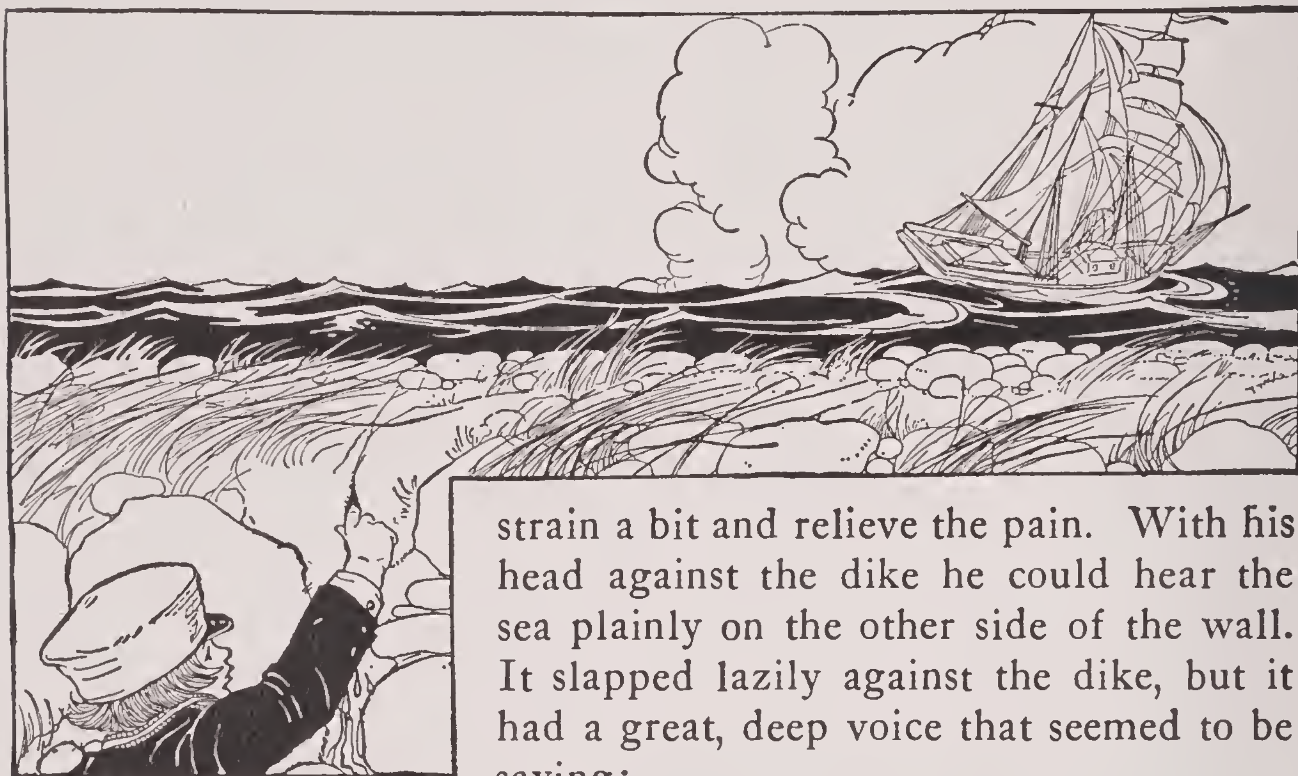
Suddenly, hardly stopping to think what he did, Hans thrust his finger into this hole in the dike. Instantly, the water stopped; for his finger fitted tightly, and not so much as a bubble oozed through the crevice. This gave Hans an idea.

"Peter, I will stay here and keep my finger in this hole, so it cannot grow any larger, and you run to town as fast as you can and bring help. Tell the people there is a hole in the dike, and they must mend it quickly or we shall be flooded."

Peter's eyes grew big when he heard this, and he set off for Haarlem as fast as his small legs could carry him. Hans watched him go, his big, blue trousers flapping as he ran, his scarlet cap showing fainter and fainter as he disappeared in the distance. When he had vanished completely Hans turned to the dike. Already his finger ached a bit, and his hand felt numb. He rubbed it with his other hand. Then his arm began to ache, and he tried to rub that, too, and rest it, by supporting it with his other hand; but the ache grew until it was a pain that ran up his arm to his shoulder.

"This is not very pleasant, but I must stand it," said Hans to himself, "for I must keep the sea out until the men come to mend the dike."

He tried to sing to himself, to see if that would make him forget the ache in his arm and shoulder. Instead, it somehow made him feel more alone. His voice sounded so faint out there, with the great fields stretching many lonely miles on one side of him, and the ocean pressing against the dike, with only his finger to keep it out. Hans felt very much like weeping, or pulling his little finger out of the hole and running. He looked across the fields, but there was not a human being anywhere in sight. The pain in his shoulder was creeping all the way down his poor little back. He moved a bit and leaned his shoulder against the dike, to see if that would ease the



strain a bit and relieve the pain. With his head against the dike he could hear the sea plainly on the other side of the wall. It slapped lazily against the dike, but it had a great, deep voice that seemed to be saying:

"I am the Sea, I am the Sea,
Who are you to stand against me?"

"Well, I may be only a little boy," thought Hans, "but I know well enough what I ought to do, and I am going to do it, too, Old Sea, no matter what you say."

And the deep murmur on the other side kept right on saying:

"I am the Sea, I am the Sea,
Who are you to stand against me?"

Poor Hans! His whole body was growing numb from his cramped position and from the pressure against that poor, aching little finger of his. Still he could see no one across those lonely fields. He began to feel frightened. What if his strength gave out before the men came? But no! he told himself quickly, that could not be. Somehow he would have the strength to do this thing that would save Haarlem from the sea. He stamped up and down to ease the numbness, and then finally he leaned his head against the dike, closed his eyes and prayed to the dear Lord to give him strength to keep his finger in the hole until help came.

Suddenly he heard a faint sound. He opened his eyes, and there across those desolate fields he could see figures. As they came nearer he saw that it was a great crowd of men, and as they ran they were shouting to him:

"Bravo! Three cheers for Hans! Hold on, do not lose heart! Steady, boy, we are coming!"

So they called to him across the fields, and he held on, aching in every inch of his body and tears of pain smarting in his eyes. He never remembered just what happened when they reached him. The next thing he knew the men had him in their arms. Some of them were tenderly rubbing his poor little hand and swollen finger, while the others worked silently and rapidly on the dike.

When the hole in the sea wall was finally repaired, one of the men lifted the little boy high on his shoulders, and the others threw their caps up in the air and shouted:

"Three cheers for Hans! Hans has saved Haarlem! Three cheers for Hans who saved the dike!"

And Hans felt very pleased and a little foolish up there on the man's shoulder, with all the others shouting about him, and he said:

"Oh I did not do anything except keep my finger in the hole in the dike!" and they all laughed together.

But from that day to this they tell you the story of the little boy who saved the dike, and they call him the little hero of Haarlem!

Bruce and the Spider

THERE was once a king of Scotland whose name was Robert Bruce. He had need to be both brave and wise, for the times in which he lived were wild and rude. The king of England was at war with him, and had led a great army into Scotland to drive him out.

Battle after battle had been fought. Six times had Bruce led his brave little army against his foes; and six times had his men been beaten, and driven into flight. At last his army was scattered, and he was forced to hide himself in the woods and mountains.

One rainy day, Bruce lay on the ground under a rude shed, listening to the patter of the drops on the roof above him. He was tired and sick at heart, and ready to give up all hope.

As he lay thinking, he saw a spider over his head, making ready to weave her web. He watched her as she toiled slowly and with great care. Six times she tried to throw her frail thread from one beam to another, and six times it fell short.

"Poor thing!" said Bruce; "you, too, know what it is to fail."

But the spider did not lose hope with the sixth failure. With still more care, she made ready to try for the seventh time. Bruce almost forgot his own troubles as he watched her swing herself out upon the slender line. Would she fail again? No! The thread was carried safely to the beam, and fastened there.

"I, too, will try a seventh time!" cried Bruce.

He arose and called his men together. He told them of his plans. and sent them out with messages of cheer to his disheartened people. Soon there was an army of brave Scotchmen around him. Another battle was fought, and the king of England was defeated.

I have heard it said, that, after that day, no one by the name of Bruce would ever hurt a spider. The lesson which the little creature had taught the king was never forgotten.

Baldwin: Fifty Famous Stories Retold. American Book Company.

What Peter Told the Stove

SWITZERLAND is now such a peaceful, quiet little country that we are apt to forget that she has gone through some stormy struggles to win her freedom. There is a wonderful story told about a little Swiss boy who saved his city from the enemy, in the old days when Switzerland was governed by Austria. This happened long, long ago, and the boy's name was Peter.

Peter lived in the city of Lucerne, which was trying to free itself from the Austrian yoke. Switzerland had suffered greatly under Austrian rule, and part of the country, by desperate fighting, had managed to free itself. Lucerne was in a state of rebellion against the enemy, but it had not been able to shake off the hateful bondage, and the city was in a perilous position. Either it must carry its revolt through successfully, or the Austrians would recapture the city, and its condition would be worse than before.

On a warm summer's evening the boy Peter went swimming. After his swim he dressed himself, then he threw himself down on the bank and fell asleep. Presently he was startled by a curious sound near him. He listened, and soon became aware that men

were creeping stealthily along the ground near him. A bush concealed him, but by moving his head he could discern a strange procession—men moving silently and cautiously through the dark, bent almost double, sometimes even crawling on hands and knees. They whispered to each other as they went, and what they said frightened Peter. He knew they were enemies of Lucerne, and he realized that he must follow them.

He lay motionless behind the bushes until the last man had passed; then he, too, began to creep stealthily up the mountain after them. It was hard for him to follow; the night had grown dark, and he dared not keep too close, lest they hear him. Presently, however, he could see a tiny glimmer of light through the darkness, and this guided him. When he drew near he discovered that it was a ray of light from a cave, and into this cave went the strange men whom he had followed. Peter hesitated; it was possible that death waited for him within the cavern, but he knew he must go in. He crept along the walls of the cave, keeping out of the range of the light, until presently he was near enough to hear the voices of the men, who were seated in a group within the cave. To Peter's astonishment, he recognized the voice of the leader—Jean de Walters—and this man, whom all the Swiss had believed to be loyal, was giving directions for the taking of Lucerne! The boy, crouching in the entrance of the cave, was filled with terror. He heard Jean de Walters, the traitor, planning a surprise attack upon Lucerne, and he heard plots for seizing and killing some of the citizens. Peter knew he must get back to the city at once. He began to move as noiselessly as possible, but suddenly a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder, and he was dragged to his feet.

"A spy, a spy!" shouted the hoarse voice of his captor.

Instantly every man in that cave sprang to his feet and drew his sword, crying:

"Kill him!"

Peter was thrown violently into the cave, and when the light fell

upon him the men drew back in amazement at the sight of a small boy, when they had expected a man.

They surrounded him with gleaming swords, and scowled at him fiercely, demanding to know his name and how he came there. Poor little Peter was so frightened he could hardly speak, and he realized that the safety of Lucerne depended on him.

"Please, sirs, I was only asleep on the bank, after my swim. Then I heard you go by, I saw the light, and I just followed you here."

He looked too little to be very dangerous, but one of the men said:

"Were you sent here to spy upon us?"

"Why, no, sir, of course not," said Peter, and he looked so dazed and frightened they decided he had not heard much, and was too little to know what they were talking about, anyway. So the leader said to him:

"If we let you go, instead of killing you as we ought to, will you promise us that you will not tell a living soul what you have seen or heard this night?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter, "I promise I will not tell a living soul what I have seen or heard this night."

"Very well, be off with you!" said the men, and the little boy went out of the cave and ran down the mountain as fast as his legs could carry him.

As he ran, he thought about his promise. He knew he must warn the people of Lucerne or the city would be taken that night, but how could he warn them when he had promised not to tell to a living soul what he had seen. "A promise is a promise!" said Peter to himself, and he wracked his brains, as he ran, for a solution to this problem. Suddenly, as he neared the city, he laughed aloud, for he had thought of a plan. He went directly to the city hall, where a large number of people were gathered. You can imagine the surprise of those people when a small boy burst into the room, marched up to a big stove and cried out in a loud voice:

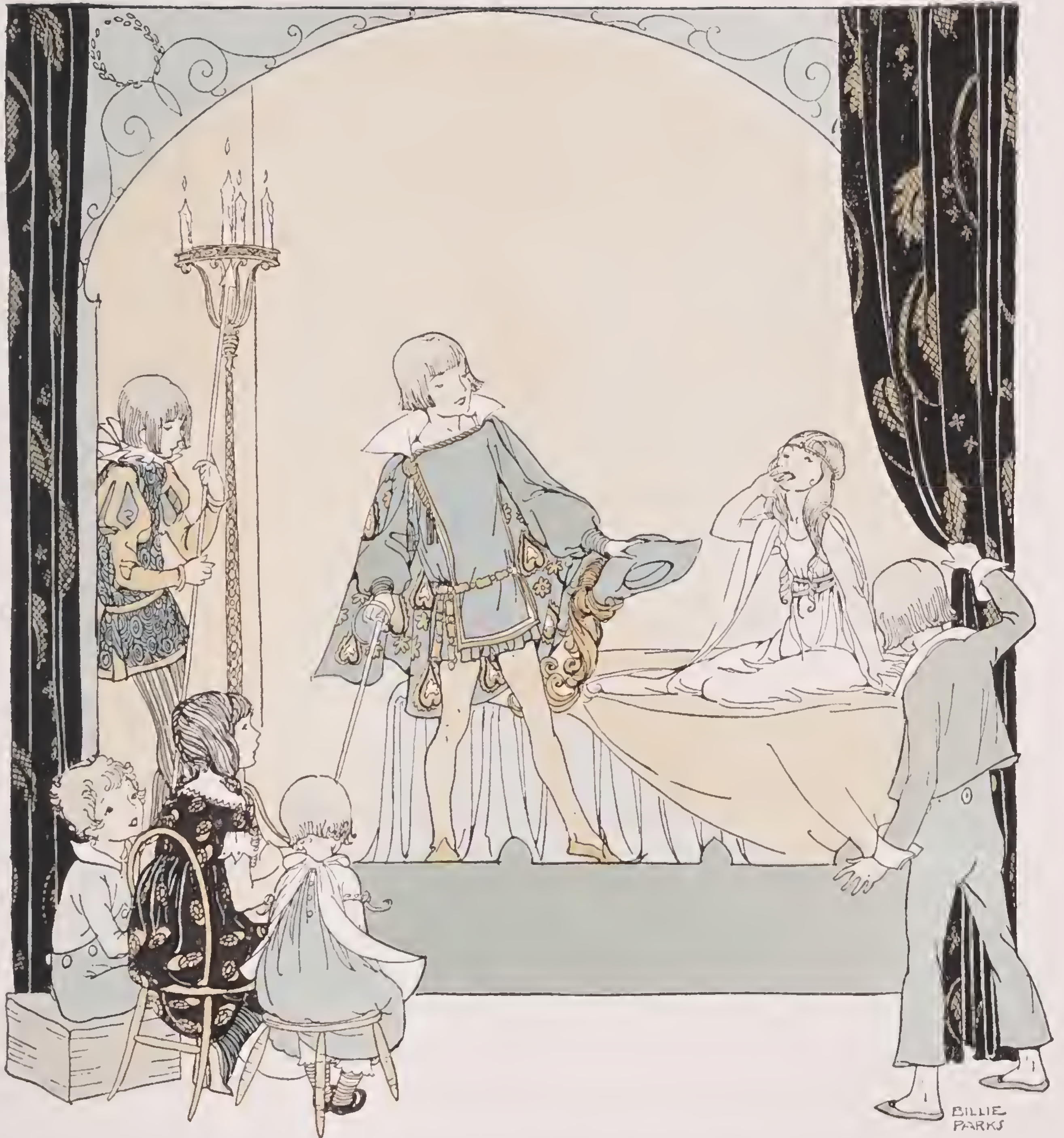
"Stove, Stove, I have much to tell you."

"All the people stopped talking and stared in amazement at the child as he continued:

"Stove, stove, you must listen well to what I tell you. I have promised, on my life, not to tell this news to *any living soul,* so I can only tell it to you, Stove. But remember this: the safety of Lucerne depends upon what I am going to tell you. Are you ready to listen to me, O Stove?"

By this time there was not a sound in the room, and the men of Lucerne were pressed closely and silently together, round the small figure of Peter, who stood staring straight at the big stove. Then, in his high childish voice, the little boy told the stove of the plot against Lucerne. When he had finished, there was no cheering for Peter, because there was not time for that. The men ran for their arms, the word went around Lucerne, and every citizen made ready for that midnight attack.

So, when the Austrians swept down upon Lucerne that night they did not find the city asleep, but very much awake. A terrible battle took place, and the Austrians were repulsed. Lucerne won her freedom, and the citizens remember always that they owe this freedom to the news a little Swiss boy told the stove!



DRAMATIZATIONS

The Sleeping Beauty

A play in three acts, and with prologue and epilogue.

CHARACTERS— PROLOGUE

King	Six Fairies
Queen	Dark Fairy
Princess	Cook
Prince	Scullion

CHARACTERS—EPILOGUE

Ladies of the Court
Men at Arms

Scene

THIS play may be given in a drawing room or on any stage. Better still, it may be played out of doors against a background of trees and bushes.

Use two screens to divide your stage space into three rooms, the throne-room in the middle to be the largest. The kitchen is furnished with two small tables and two stools for the cook and scullion. The throne-room has the throne for the King and Queen, and in the first act, a crib for the baby Princess. The tower room has a couch. The stage is set to begin with, and nothing has to be moved save the crib at the beginning and end of the first act.

No curtain need be used.

Prologue

Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen, who were very sorrowful because they had no children. One day a daughter was born to them and joy reigned throughout the kingdom. The King decided to give a great feast in honor of the baby Princess, so he invited many of his courtiers. He also invited six fairies who lived in his land because he hoped they would give the Princess their fairy gifts. Now there was a seventh fairy, but alas! the king forgot her. It was little wonder he forgot her, for she was a very ugly, bad-tempered person whom no one wished to remember. The day of

the feast arrived. The six fairies came, as the King had hoped. After the feast they gathered round the crib where the baby princess lay asleep, and what they said you shall hear for yourself.

ACT I.

Procession: Men-at-Arms (two of them bearing the royal crib), Ladies of the Court (one carrying the baby Princess, whom she places in the crib), King and Queen, last of all the Six Fairies, running and dancing.

Sixth Fairy: "Your Majesties, we thank you for the feast. Now we wish to bestow upon the baby Princess our fairy gifts."

King: "Good fairies, you are most generous."

Queen: "Oh, gentle fairies, give to this little daughter of ours only good gifts. I pray you."

First Fairy: "Have no fear, we love babies."

Second Fairy: "The Princess shall receive only blessings from us."

Third Fairy: "We will protect her from evil."

Fourth Fairy: "Surround her with love."

Fifth Fairy: "And keep her in safety all her days."

Sixth Fairy: "Come, let us begin."

(They whirl and dance round the crib, coming one at a time to bestow their gifts.)

First Fairy: "Little Princess, I give you health, that all your days may be lived to the utmost."

Second Fairy: "Little Princess, I give you wealth to do the bidding of your generous heart."

Third Fairy: "Little Princess, I give you beauty, that the world may be fairer for your presence."

Fourth Fairy: "Little Princess, I give you the great gift of friends."

Fifth Fairy: "Little Princess, I give you a generous heart to love your friends always."

Sixth Fairy: "Little Princess, I give.................."

The Dark Fairy interrupts. She wisks into the room angrily,

brushes past the Men-at-Arms, stamps her foot for silence and scowls blackly at the whole company. The Six Fairies move away from the crib and huddle together. The sixth one hides.

Dark Fairy: "Silence, all of you! Why was I not invited to this feast?"

King: "Oh, pardon us! We have not seen you for so many years, we had forgotten you."

Dark Fairy: "Indeed! Well I have not forgotten you. It seems I am just in time to bestow my gift upon the baby Princess."

Queen: "Oh, kind fairy. . . . ."

Dark Fairy: "Silence! Mark well my words. When the Princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger on a spindle and die!"

(With that the Dark Fairy rushes away. The Men-at-Arms try to stop her, but in vain.)

Queen: "Oh, good fairies, you who promised to protect the Princess, why did you allow this to happen?"

King and Men: "Oh, why indeed!"

Sixth Fairy: "Your Majesties, we could not prevent the coming of our Dark Sister, but do not grieve. My gift has not yet been given. I cannot do away with this wicked charm, but I can change it. This shall be my gift to the Princess. When she pricks her finger on the spindle she shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep that shall last one hundred years."

All: "Oh, oh, a hundred years!"

Sixth Fairy: "Yes, a hundred years! But at the end of that time a Prince shall awake her and restore her to you."

Queen: "Dear fairy, we thank you."

All the Fairies: "Farewell, oh King and Queen. Be of good cheer. The Princess shall not die."

They slowly disappear.

The Queen rises and goes to the crib.

Queen: "Our daughter shall not die!"

King: "But how terrible to sleep a hundred years! This must not happen. I will have all the spindles burned. Come hither, my men, send messengers into every part of my kingdom and say that the king commands the burning of every spindle in the land."

Men: "It shall be done, Your Majesty."

Exit Men.

Queen: "Now the Princess is safe!"

Kink: "I hope so with all my heart."

Departure of the King and Queen, Ladies of the Court, carrying the baby princess, Men-at-Arms, bearing the crib.

End of Act I.

Prologue.

The fifteen years passed slowly by. The Princess grew from a baby into a little girl and from a little girl into a young maiden. Everyone loved her, from the King and Queen down to the little scullery boy in the kitchen. At last her fifteenth birthday came. What befell the Princess on that sad day, you shall see for yourself.

ACT II.

Procession: Men-at-arms, Ladies of the Court, Princess, King and Queen. The Dark Fairy steals into the Tower room with a spindle in her hand. The Cook and Scullion enter the kitchen. While the Cook and Scullion are talking the Princess whispers to the Queen and presently wanders away.

Cook: "Hurry, hurry, hurry! Scour your pots and kettles as fast as you can. There are a thousand things to be done."

Sculler Boy (drawling): "Well, I am hurrying as fast as I can."

Cook: "Then hurry faster. Dear, dear, I'll warrant you do not even know what day this is."

Boy: "Indeed I do! Why everyone knows that. It is the birthday of our dear Princess. She is fifteen years old."

Cook: "Well you are right for once. But remember this—we have to make ready the birthday feast and there is much to be done. Come now, take the bellows and blow the fire. Hi! you, put your

pots and kettles away. Quick there, get out your vegetables and go to work. Now bring me the spice box from the pantry. Butter from the dairy! Hi! you make haste!"

(The scullery boy flies back and forth distracted. The cook bustles around in great excitement.)

King: "Where is the Princess?"

Queen: "She was here but a moment ago. She grew tried of the games and asked me to let her go. She is in her room, perhaps. I told her she must not go outside the palace."

King: "A wise plan. I shall be uneasy until the day is over."

Queen: "But all the spindles have been burned."

King: "All the same, I fear the prophecy and I shall be glad when the days is safely over."

Queen: "At least there are no spindles in the palace, of that we are sure. So as long as the Princess is in the palace she is safe."

Men-at-Arms: "Your Majesties, we have prepared a dance in honor of the Princess's birthday. Will you see it now?"

King: "With pleasure. Begin at once."

The Men-at-Arms and Ladies of the Court dance to soft music. When their dance is finished the Princess knocks at the door of the Tower room.

Dark Fairy: "Come in."

Princess: "How do you do, goody?"

Dark Fairy: "Very well indeed, thank you kindly."

Princess: "And what are you doing with that queer little thing?"

Dark Fairy: "What am I doing? Why, I am spinning! And who are you that you do not know how to spin?"

Princess: "Oh, I am the King's daughter. But indeed, I have never seem anyone spin before. It looks very pretty. Do you think I could learn?"

Dark Fairy: "How old are you?"

Princess: "Just fifteen today."

Dark Fairy: "Then you are *just* old enough; I'll teach you.

Princess: "Oh, thank you, I should like nothing better."

Dark Fairy: "Take the spindle in your hand like this."

Princess: "Oh! I have pricked my finger!"

She falls back on the couch, the Dark Fairy smiles grimly, and spreads over her a beautiful coverlet. The princess sleeps!

In the throne-room the King and Queen start up when the Princess cries, but fall back on their thrones and slumber. The courtiers stare at each other stupidly and gradually sink to the floor and sleep.

In the kitchen the little scullion drops a kettle, the cook starts to box his ears, but falls asleep with her head on the table. The little scullion drowses on the floor, his head pillowed on his arm.

The Dark Fairy looks back at the sleeping Princess and walks softly from the Tower room, through the throne-room. She bows mockingly to the King and Queen. She goes through the kitchen, stepping over the scullery boy. She looks back at them all. Everything sleeps. She vanishes.

End of Act II.

Prologue

The hundred years passed slowly by. Every year came many a brave Prince and tried to cut his way through the thick wall of thorns that had grown up around the palace. Every one of them had heard of the Sleeping Beauty in the woods, but no man could hew a path through that thick, sharp hedge. At last, at the end of the hundred years, came a brave young Prince with his sword in his hand and no fear in his heart. He stood outside that high wall and looked up and down. You shall hear for yourself what the brave Prince said.

ACT III.

Prince: "In spite of everything I am going to win my way to the Sleeping Beauty in the wood.

The prince strikes the hedge a mightly blow.
He slowly enters the kitchen and peers into the
faces of the sleeping cook and scullery boy.

Prince: "This must be the kitchen, Why, here is the cook fast asleep. And here is the scullion. He does not wake even when I shake him."

(The Prince passes into the throne-room, stepping over the sleeping Men-at-Arms. He stops in front of the King and Queen, bowing low.)

Prince: "Their majesties, the King and Queen. Alas! They are asleep too. How shall I ever waken them!"

(He raises the King's hand, lets it go and it falls. He tries in vain to prop up one of the Men-at-Arms.)

Prince: "There is no use. The hundred years sleep is still on them. But where is the beautiful Princess? Alas! Suppose I find her and then cannot rouse her? But where is she? I must find her first and then I know I can waken her."

(He searches among the ladies of the court, but shakes his head.)

Prince: "No, this is not she. Nor this. Nor this. Where can she be? I must search farther."

(The Prince enters Tower room and sees the Sleeping Beauty.)

Prince: "It is she! It is the Sleeping Beauty!"

(He kneels down beside the couch and kisses her hand. The Princess opens her eyes; life stirs in all the sleepers.)

Princess: "Oh, you have come at last!"

Prince: "Yes, and right glad I am to have found you."

Princess: "How long have I slept?"

Prince: "A hundred years, dear Princess."

Princess: "It is good to be awake, I have slept so long. But where are my father and mother?"

Prince: "I saw them sleeping on their golden thrones."

Princess: "Oh, come dear Prince, we must wake them too."

(Meanwhile, in the other rooms the wakening begins. The scullion drops his kettle and the cook boxes his ears.)

Cook: "There, now, take that! Dear, dear, you are so slow the

dust gathers (sneeze). Ku-choo! Fetch a broom. Ku-choo! And a dust cloth. Ku-choo! Hi you, get to work quickly.

Boy: "Yes, yes, I will (yawns). Dear me, I have certainly been asleep — but I'll never tell the cook."

(In the Throne room the courtiers yawn and fan themselves, some begin to dance stupidly, while others make their bows. The King stretches, the Queen rubs her eyes.)

King: "My dear, you have been asleep."

Queen: "Pardon me, your Majesty, it is not I who have been asleep, but you."

A Court Lady: "Oh, oh! We have all been asleep!"

A Man-at-Arms: "Asleep! Why, of course, it was the hundred years sleep, and now it is over!"

Lady: "The hundred years sleep, but where is the Princess?"

Man: "Oh, look!"

Lady: "It is our Princess."

Man: "And with her is the Prince."

All: "The Prince, the Prince, the Prince has wakened our Princess!"

King and Queen: "Our daughter."

(The King and Queen arise, stretching out eager hands of welcome. The Prince and Princess advance to the foot of the throne. The cook and the scullion peer in. The Prince bows low.

Prince: "Your Majesties, the hundred years is over, and I have waked the Princess. May I have her for my bride?"

King: "Noble Prince, you have saved us all from the long sleep, and as a reward you shall have the Princess for your bride and half the kingdom into the bargain."

Prince: "I thank you with all my heart."

Queen: "Come, let us make ready the marriage feast. The long sleep is over, and our daughter lives."

All: "The Princess, the Princess, our Princess lives!"

(Wedding procession; Prince and Princess, King and Queen, Ladies of the Court with the Men-at-Arms, last of all the cook and the little scullery boy, the latter waving his apron joyfully.)

End of Act III.

Epilogue

After the wedding of the brave Prince and the beautiful Princess, the Prince led his bride far away to his own country. There, I am told, they have lived happily ever after.

The Prologue and Epilogue may wear long scarlet robes with flowing sleeves and hood attached like a cape.

The King wears a royal purple robe over his white suit. The robe is bordered with ermine, made by crayoning the spots on white flannelette. He wears a golden crown, of course. We can all make those from gold paper.

The Queen's long robe is green and gold. Her golden crown is worn over a long veil that covers her head and falls below her waist.

The Princess wears springtime colors; a delicate blue robe with overdress of pale pink. Her veil is white, her slender crown is silver.

The Prince wears springtime colors. A pure white suit, his cape lined with yellow, a yellow plume in his cap (crepe paper makes charming plumes), a gold chain around his neck and a glittering sword at his side!

The six good fairies wear light gauzy robes with long, floating sleeves. These long sleeves fly airily and take the place of wings. The good fairies are clad in fruit colors, shades of yellow, orange, peach, apricot, running into salmon pink. The Dark Fairy wears a dark blue robe that is the color of a thunder cloud. The fairies may change into Ladies of the Court in the second act, if you wish to omit the Ladies in the first act. When the fairies become Ladies, just slip a little pointed tan jacket over their robes. It holds their winged sleeves in place and they become Ladies at once. The Dark Fairy does not change, of course. She would not and could not become a lady.

The Men-at-Arms wear dull blue trunks with beautiful armor made from gold and black paper. They carry long gilded spears and may even have shields.

The cook is clad in white apron and cap. The little scullery boy has a rakish apron all red and white stripes like peppermint candy. But he has a tidy white cap.

The Bremen Musicians

CHARACTERS

Dog — Cat
Donkey — Cock
Robbers

DONKEY (talking sadly to himself): "Alack-a-day! How could my master treat me so ungratefully? I have served him faithfully and well all the days of my life, but now that I am old he has cast me off, and how I am to earn my living is more than I can say. I wonder how my voice is. (Tries it.) Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Well, well, well, though I am poorly and weak, my voice is as strong and beautiful as ever. I know what I shall do. I shall go to Bremen and be a musician!"

(DONKEY walks a little ways and meets a weary-looking DOG.)

DONKEY: "Good-day, my friend, why do you look so downcast?"

DOG: "For a very good reason! I have been a good hunting dog in my day and have run many a mile for my master, but now that I am old and can no longer hunt, I heard my master say that he was going to get rid of me and get a new dog. So I have run away, but how I am going to earn my living, I do not know."

DONKEY: "Yours is a sad case, and much like my own. How is your voice?"

DOG: "Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow!"

DONKEY: "Excellent! You have a fine bass. Why don't you join with me and we will go to Bremen and be musicians."

DOG: "That is a good suggestion, and I will go with you gladly!"

(DONKEY and DOG journey on a few steps and meet a dejected-looking CAT.)

DONKEY: "Well, old Gray Whiskers! what is the matter with you?"

CAT: "Matter enough, I can tell you! I have been a good mouser in my day, but now that I am old, my teeth are blunt and I would rather rest by the fire. Yesterday I heard my mistress tell the gardener to drown me and get a young cat instead! So I have run away, but how I am going to earn my living I do not know."

DONKEY: "Your case is much like ours. How is your voice, my friend?"

CAT: "Meow, meow, meow!"

DOG: "Oh, that is a fine voice, and I suppose you are in good practice from much serenading."

DONKEY: "At any rate, you might as well join us. We are going to Bremen to be musicians, and you may come too."

CAT: "That I will do with all my heart!"

(DONKEY, DOG and CAT walk a few steps and meet the COCK, flapping his wings and crowing lustily.)

COCK: "Cuck, cuck, cuck, cu-doo! Cuck, cuck, cuck, cu-doo!"

DONKEY: "Brava! That is a fine voice you have, but why are you crowing so loudly?"

COCK: "I am crowing while I have breath to. Every morning I have crowed at dawn, to tell my mistress the day has come, and yet I heard her tell the cook to make me into soup for the Sunday dinner. So I have run away, but how I am going to earn my living is more than I can say."

DONKEY: "With your voice it will be easy. We are going to Bremen to be musicians, and you may as well come with us."

Cock: "That I will do with all my heart. Let us start."

(DONKEY, DOG, CAT and COCK travel on.)

DOG: "It seems a long ways to Bremen. Look, there is a house off yonder. Perhaps we could spend the night there."

CAT: "The light from the window shows there must be people within."

COCK: "Let us be careful."

DONKEY: "Come, my friends, let us see what kind of people dwell in this house."

(DONKEY, DOG, CAT and COCK approach the house, stepping softly.)

DOG: "The window is too high. I cannot see."

DONKEY: "I will look in and tell you what I see."

(DONKEY puts forelegs on window ledge and looks in, while his friends wait eagerly to learn what he has seen. DONKEY returns to them greatly excited.)

DONKEY: "I have seen a great sight, truly! Robbers have taken that house. The floor is filled with chests of gold and silver, and the robbers are feasting at a table covered with every good thing to eat!"

DOG: "Oh, if I only had a bone!"

CAT: "A saucer of milk would please me!"

COCK: "And a few grains of corn for me!"

DONKEY: "Well, let us put our heads together and think. Those robbers have no right to that house, and they are dangerous to have around, besides. We must drive them away."

"I have a plan! We'll frighten them away."

(DONKEY whispers to DOG, CAT and COCK. The DONKEY puts his forelegs on the window ledge, the DOG puts his paws on the DONKEY'S back, the CAT puts her paws on the DONKEY'S back and the COCK leans against the CAT'S back and flaps his wings. At a signal from the DONKEY they all begin to sing at once:)

Hee-haw! Hee-haw!
Bow, wow, wow!
Meow, mee-ow!
Cuck, cuck, cuck, cu-doo!

(The robbers flee from the house, and the MUSICIANS enter and take possession.)

CAT: "This seems to be a very comfortable house. I am glad to see that warm fire."

DOG: "The dinner table interests me. Come, friends, let us first enjoy this excellent food."

(They eat.)

DONKEY: "Now, if only the robbers do not return, I believe we can live here very happily."

DOG: "We must be on guard to keep them away."

COCK: "I have enjoyed my supper, now I am going to roost up here and enjoy a good sleep. Good night, my friends."

OTHERS: "Good night!"

CAT: "I, too, am sleepy, so I shall curl up by the warm coals on the hearth."

DOG: "And I on the mat behind the door!"

DONKEY: "I saw a bed of straw just outside. I shall sleep there."

EVERYONE: "Good night."

(ROBBERS in the woods begin to talk. They have been resting from their fright.)

ROBBER-CHIEF: "Perhaps we were frightened away too easily.

I should like to know what it was that made that terrible noise."

MAN: "I will go back and try to find out."

CHIEF: "Good, my man, we will wait here until your return."

(ROBBER tiptoes to house and enters. Goes to fireplace. Tries to strike match on the eye of the CAT. She spits at him and scratches him. He runs through door and DOG bites him, DONKEY knocks him down and COCK cries out: "Cuck-cuck, cuck, cu-doo!" The robber in great fright returns to his companions.)

ROBBER-CHIEF: "My poor man! You have evidently seen terrible sights. Tell us about them."

MAN: "I have seen nothing, but I have been in a dreadful place! Out in the kitchen an old witch scratched me with her long nails. Behind the door a man cut me with a knife. Out in the yard a giant beat me with a club, and worst of all, up on the roof a terrible creature cried out, 'Cut the man in two! Cut the man in two!' Oh, we can never go near that place again!"

CHIEF: "Indeed we cannot! Come, let us get away before those dreadful creatures catch us."

(ROBBERS depart. MUSICIANS meet and talk it over.)

CAT: "He was easily frightened, wasn't he?"

DOG: "Yes, and I feel sure the others will never bother us again."

DONKEY: "We can stay right here, my friends, forever. Come, let us strike up a tune."

ALL: "Hee-haw, hee-haw!"
"Bow, wow, wow!"
"Meow, mee-ow!"
"Cuck, cuck, cuck, cu-doo!"

STAGE SETTING.

The Bremen Musicians may be played out of doors or in a room, by the use of a few simple properties. A three-sided screen, painted to represent the doors and windows of a little house, can divide your stage. On one side will be the woods, where

the Bremen Musicians meet and to which the robbers flee. On the other side the interior of the house will be represented by a table, stools, or benches, and a fire-place. When the Musicians make their music, outside the house, they burst in round the front of the screen, while the robbers flee from the back.

COSTUMES

The animal costumes consist of long flannelette pajamas, covering the feet. Hoods with little capes to cover the neck and appropriate ears attached, will make characteristic heads. Animal masks may be used, but are not necessary.

Donkey—Gray flannelette pajamas, gray hood with long ears attached. Long tail.

Dog—Brown flannelette pajamas, brown hood with drooping ears attached, brown tail.

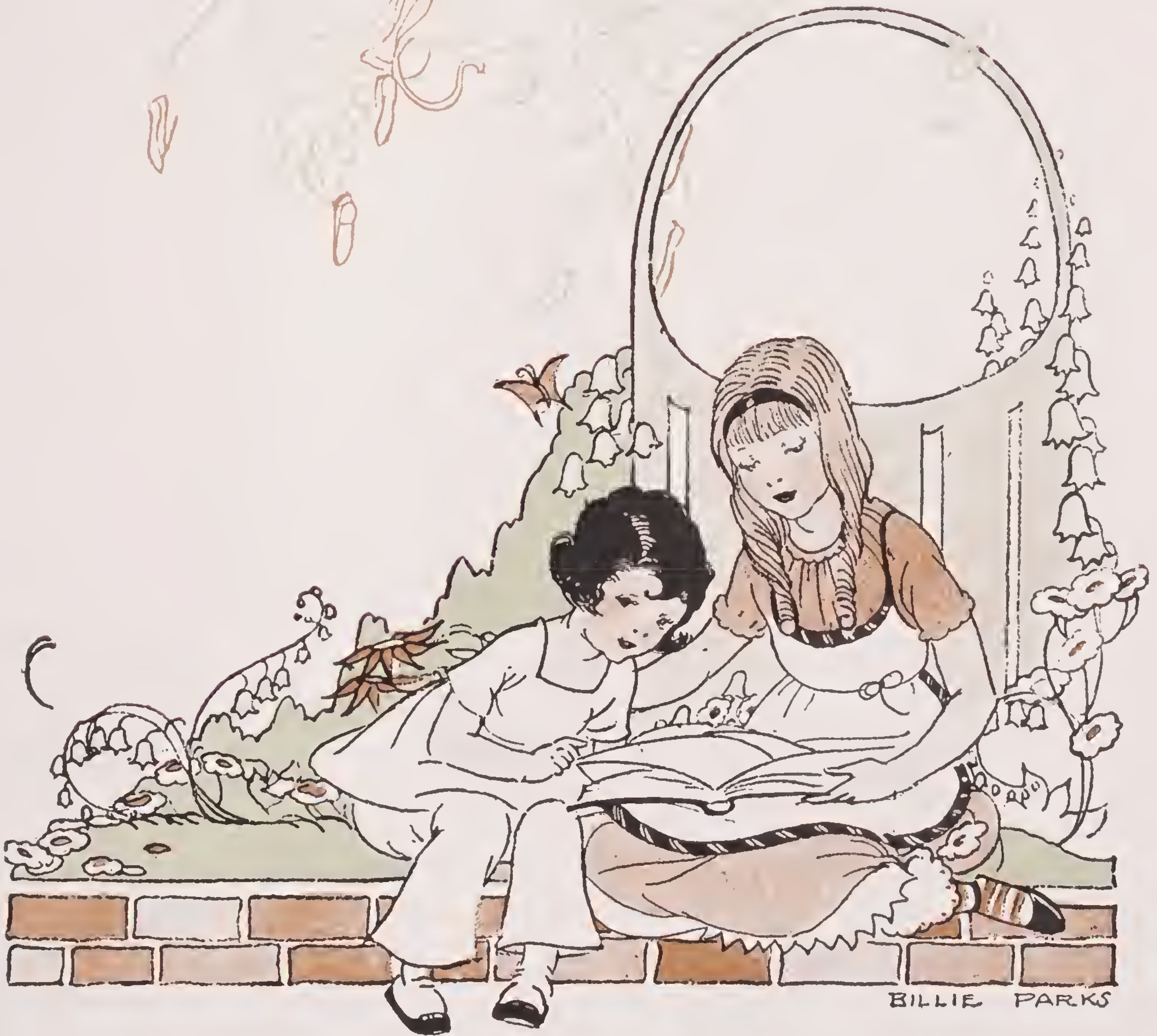
Cat—Black flannelette pajamas, black hood with short, stiff ears attached, long tail.

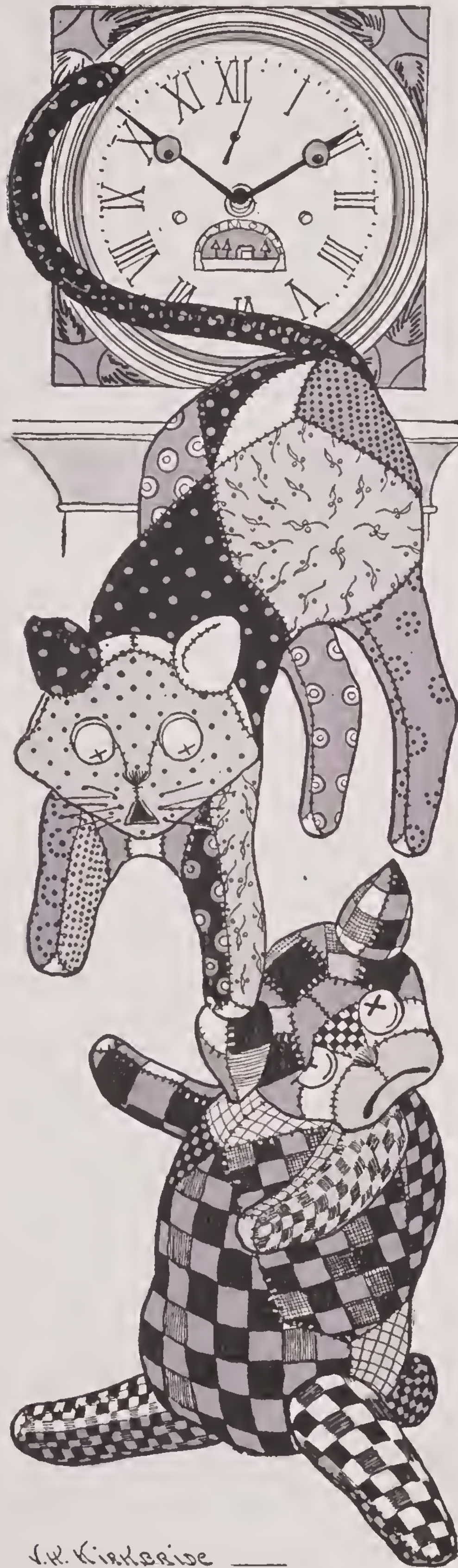
Cock—White flannelette pajamas, ending at the knees, yellow stockings covering feet and legs, white hood with scarlet comb and gullet attached. This pajama suit should be left with kimona sleeves reaching to wrist. These may be cut in points and tied to wrist, and they will flap like wings when child waves his arms.

Robbers—Khaki suits, red bandana handkerchiefs tied round necks, swords and pistols.

MAY HILL.

Poems





THE DUEL

THE gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told me by the Chinese plate!)

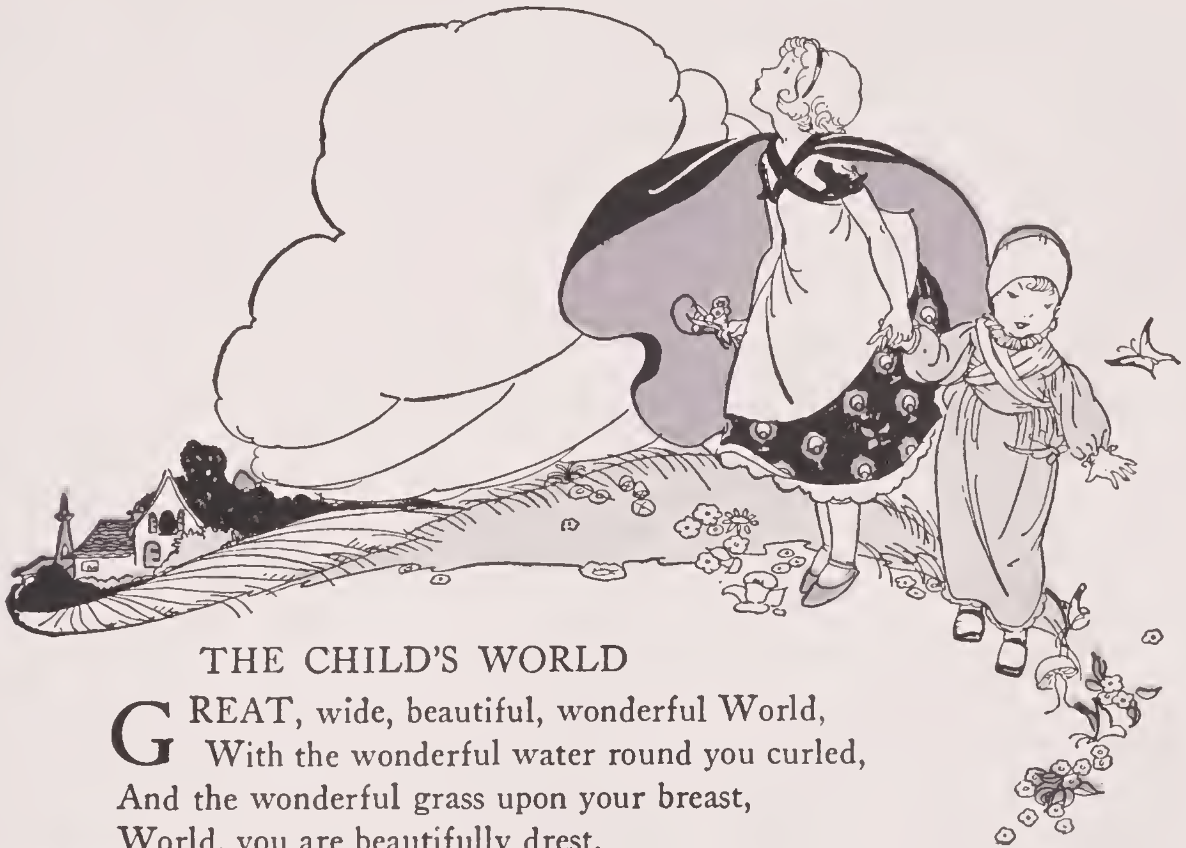
The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Me-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Walloped this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate!
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

EUGENE FIELD.

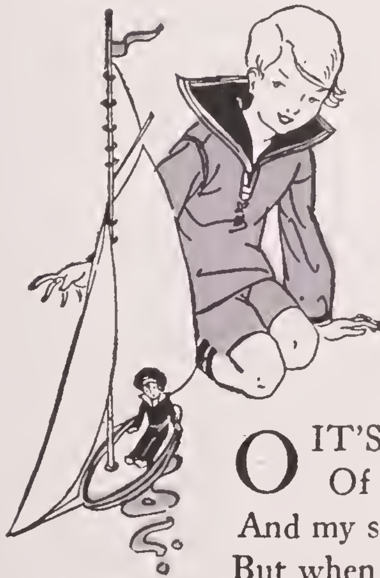
—Poem used by permission Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE CHILD'S WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.

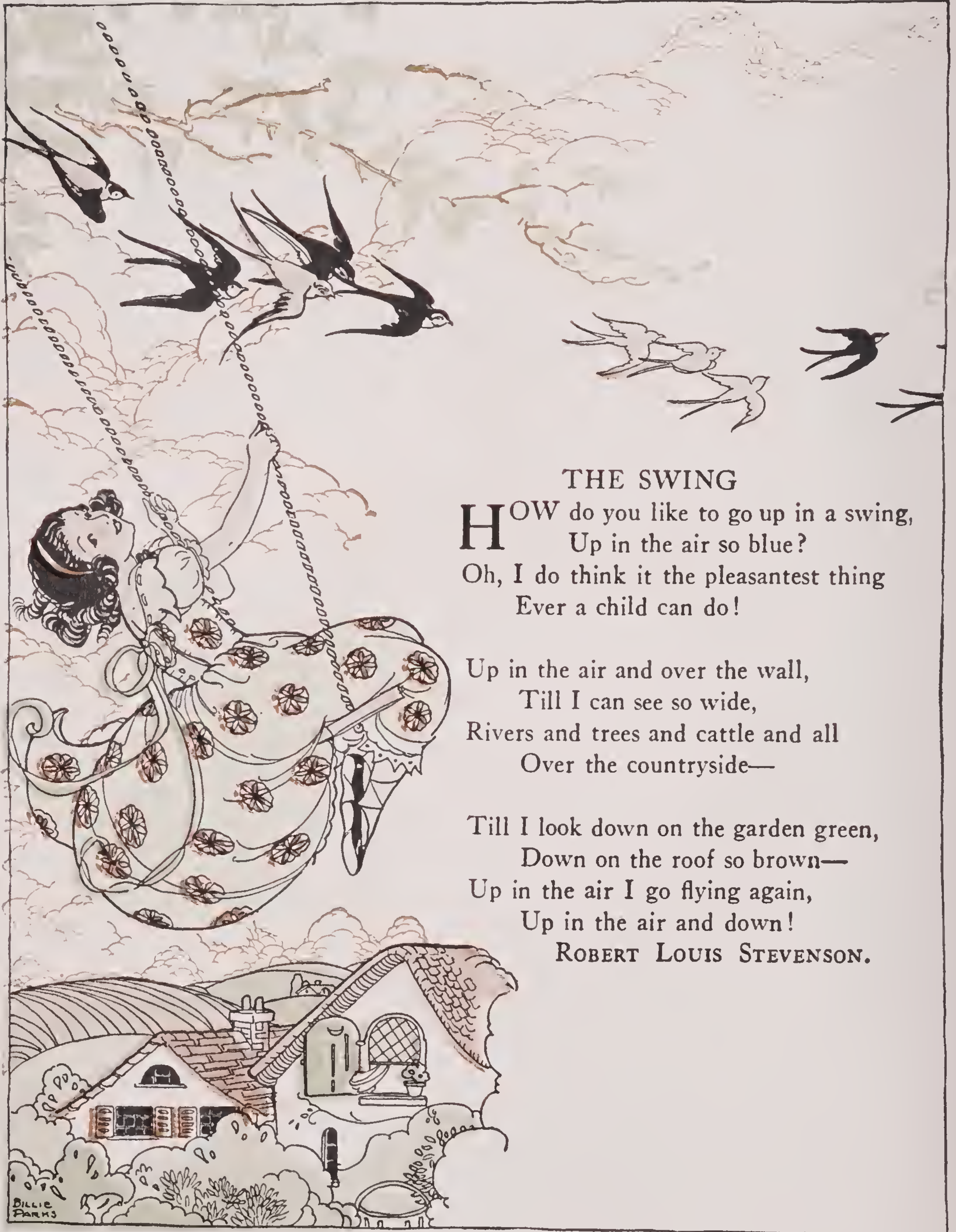
WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.



MY SHIP AND I

O IT'S I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret out
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.
For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I shall go,
It's a sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes blow
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE SWING

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

GYPSY JANE

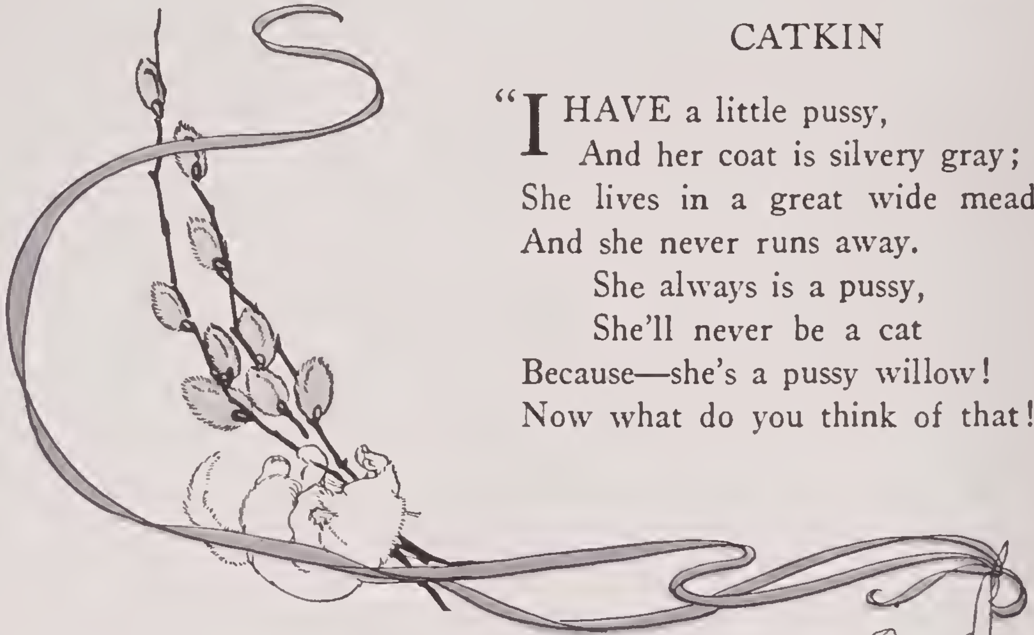
SHE had corn flowers in her hair
  As she came up the lane;
"What may be your name, my dear?"
  "O, sir, Gypsy Jane."

"You are berry-brown, my dear."
  "That, sir, well may be;
For I live more than half the year,
  Under tent or tree."

Shine Sun! Blow Wind!
  Fall gently, Rain!
The year's declined, be soft and kind,
  Kind to Gypsy Jane.

WILLIAM BRIGHTLY RANDS.

By permission Dodd, Mead and Co.



CATKIN

"I HAVE a little pussy,
  And her coat is silvery gray;
She lives in a great wide meadow,
And she never runs away.
    She always is a pussy,
    She'll never be a cat
Because—she's a pussy willow!
Now what do you think of that!"

THE LITTLE TRUMPETERS

I MET the herald jonquils
  Amid the grass today,
They trooped, the little trumpeters,
In glad and green array;
Each held a golden bugle,
And each a spear of green,
They said that they were messengers
From April's misty queen.
Spring gave a swift direction,
A hidden countersign,—
Mayhap it was the bluebird's pipe—
They straightened up in line;
There came a rushing whisper,
A mystic, sudden breeze;
It tossed their little horns on high,
Their trumpets to the breeze.

MARGARET MONTAGUE.

HIGGLEDY, piggledy! see how they run!
Hopperty, popperty! what is the fun?
Has the sun or the moon tumbled into the sea?
What is the matter, now? Pray tell it to me!

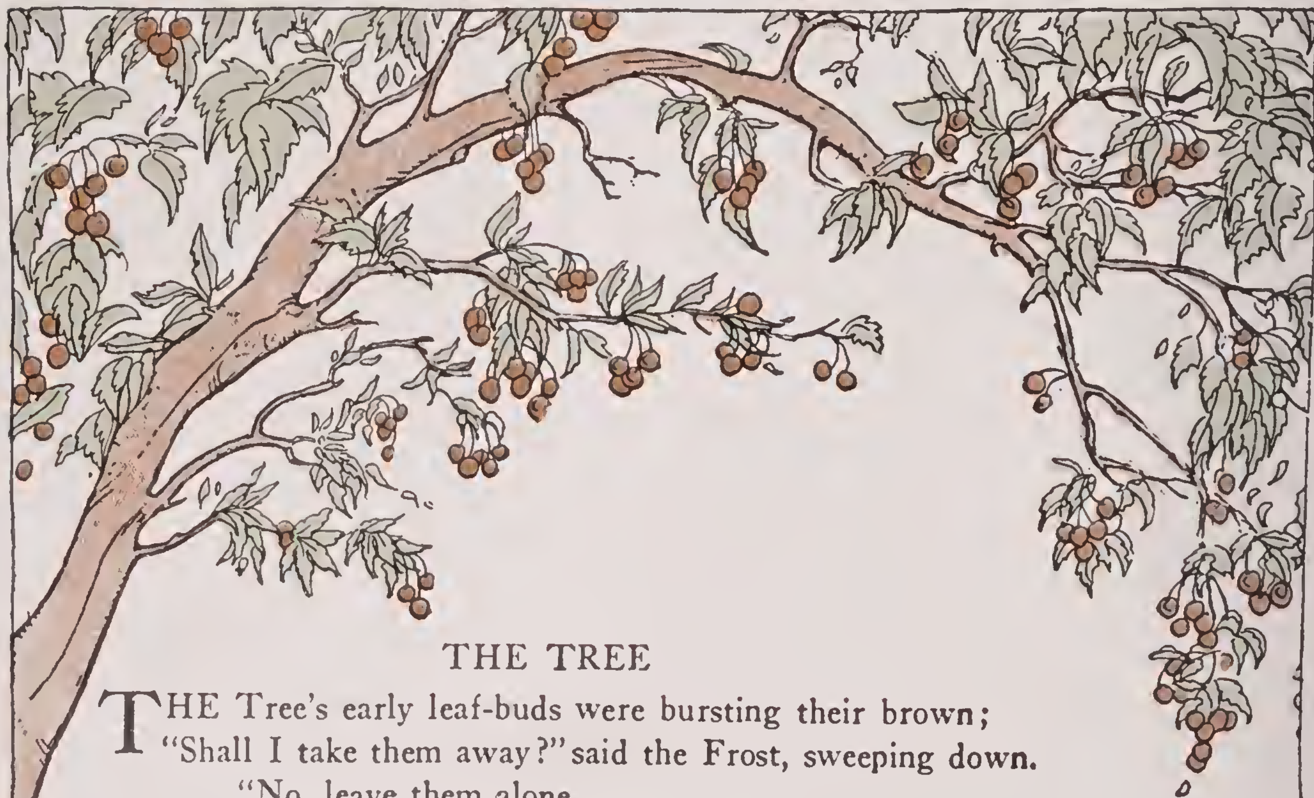
Higgledy, piggledy! how can I tell?
Hopperty, popperty! hark to the bell!
The rats and the mice even scamper away;
Who can say what may not happen today?

"SHALL I sing?" says the Lark.
"Shall I bloom?" says the Flower;
"Shall I come?" says the Sun,
"Or shall I?" says the Shower.

Sing your song, pretty Bird,
Roses, bloom for an hour;
Shine on, dearest Sun,
Ho! Away naughty Shower.

PIPE thee high, and pipe thee low,
Let the little feet go faster;
Blow your penny trumpet—blow!
Well done, little master!

KATE GREENWAY.



THE TREE

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

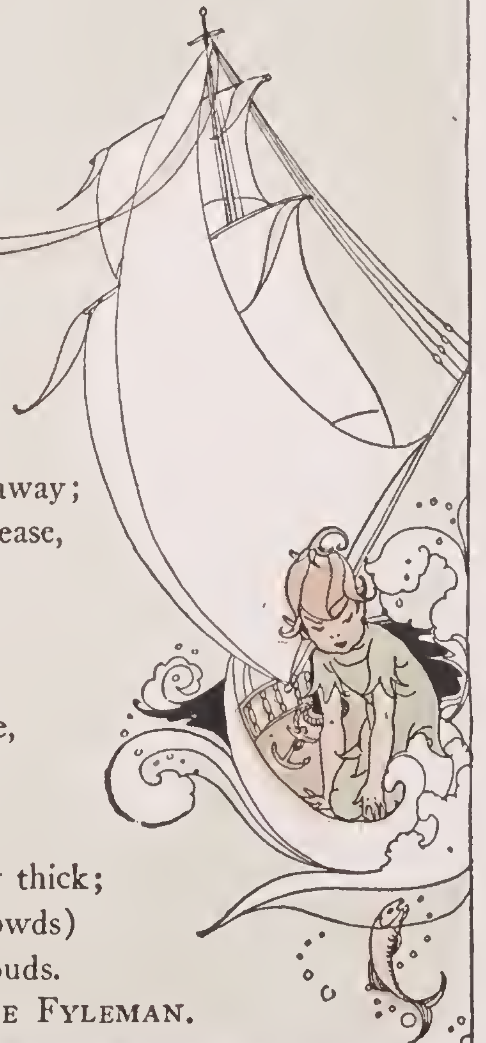
The Tree bore his fruit in the mid-summer glow;
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

FAIRY BREAD

COME up here O dusty feet!
Here is my fairy bread to eat.
Here in my retiring room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



DIFFERENCES

DADDY goes a-riding in a motor painted grey,
He makes a lot of snorty noise before he gets away;
The fairies go a-riding when they wish to take their ease,
The fairies go a-riding on the backs of bumblebees.

Daddy goes a-sailing in a jolly wooden boat,
He takes a lot of tackle and his very oldest coat;
The fairies go a-sailing, and I wonder they get home,
The fairies go a-sailing on a little scrap of foam.

Daddy goes a-climbing with a knapsack and a stick,
The rocks are very hard and steep, his boots are very thick;
The fairies go a-climbing (I've seen them there in crowds)
The fairies go a-climbing on the mountains in the clouds.

ROSE FYLEMAN.

By Permission of George H. Doran & Company.

"WHO LIKES THE RAIN?"

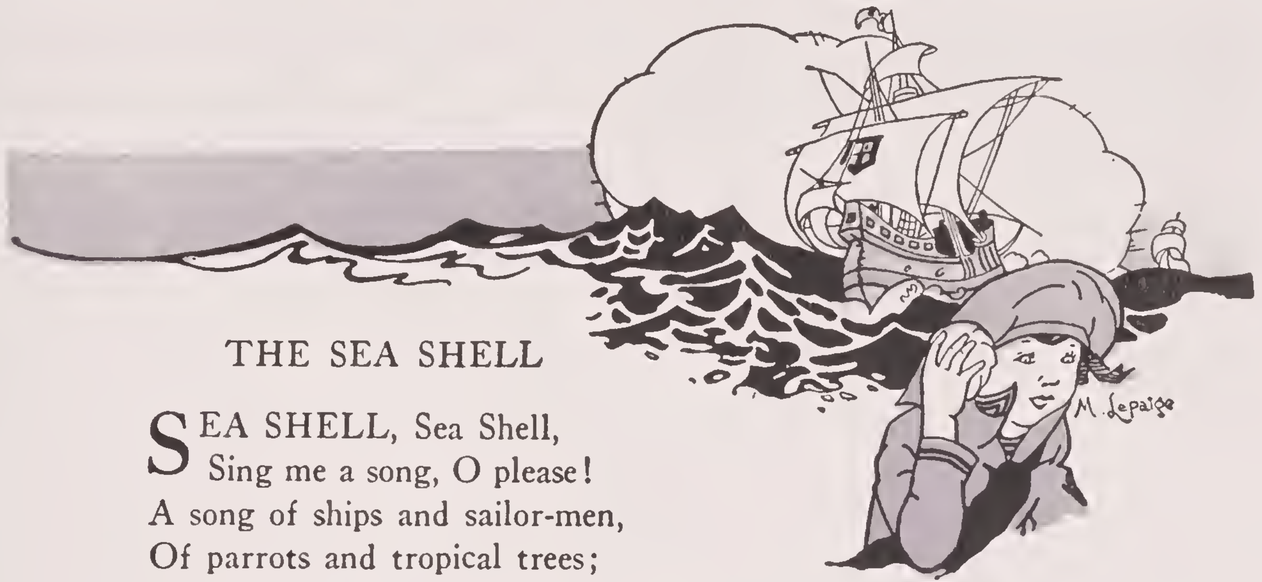
"I" SAID the duck, "I call it fun.
For I have my little red rubbers on.
They make a cunning three-toed track,
In the soft, cool mud; quack, quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I."
"My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour; I hope 'twill pour,"
Croaked the tree toad from his gray bark door.
"For with a broad leaf for a roof,
I'm always safely waterproof."

Sang the brook: "I welcome every drop,
Come down, dear rain drops, never stop
Until a broad river you make of me
And then I will carry you to the sea."

ANON.



THE SEA SHELL

SEA SHELL, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, O please!
A song of ships and sailor-men,
Of parrots and tropical trees;
Of islands lost in the Spanish Main,
Which no man ever may see again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea-horses stabled in great green caves—
Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, O please!

AMY LOWELL.

By permission of Houghton Mifflin & Company.

BLUEBELLS

WHERE the bluebells and the wind are,
Fairies in a ring I spied,
And I heard a little linnet
Singing near beside.

Where the primrose and the dew are—
Soon were sped the fairies all:
Only now the green turf freshens,
And the linnets call.

Songs of Childhood WALTER DE LA MARE.

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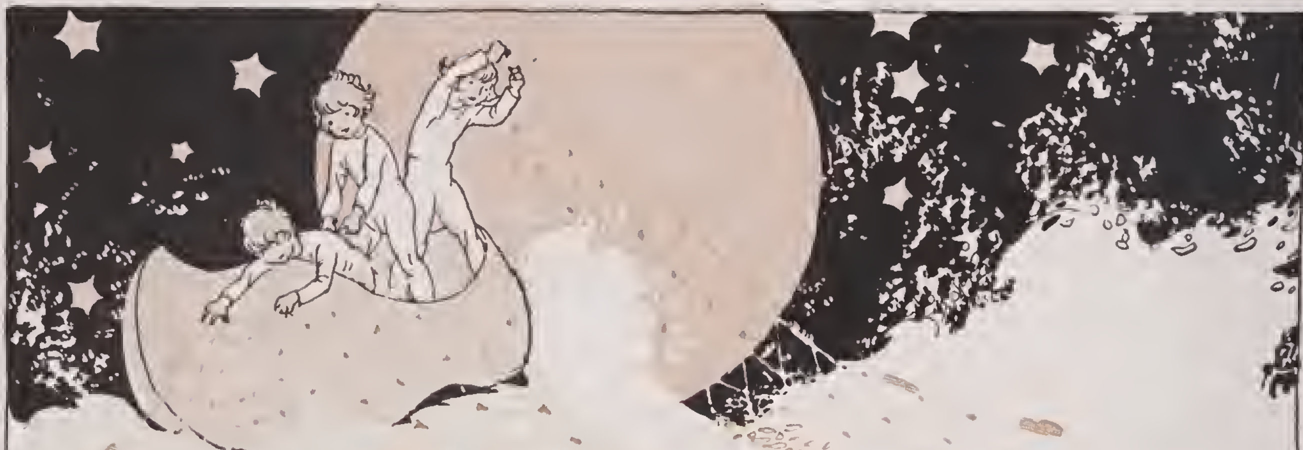
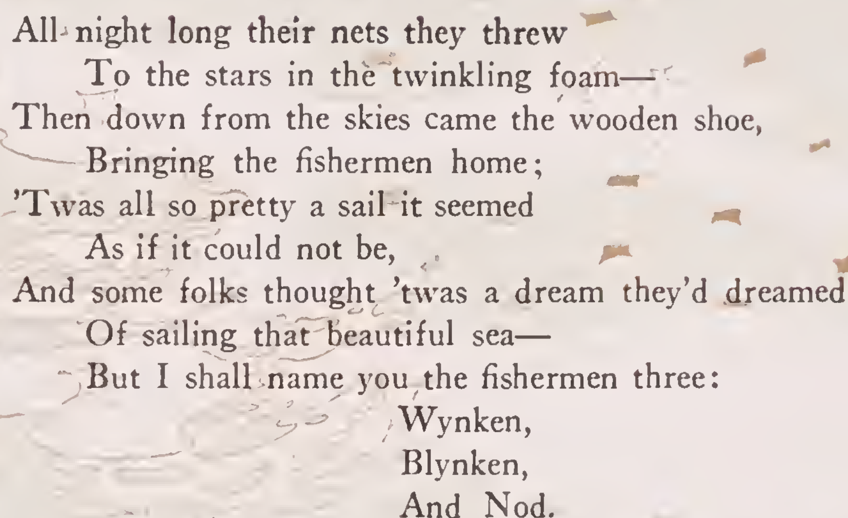


WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
 Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
 The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
 That live in this beautiful sea;
 Nets of silver and gold have we!"
 Said Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
 As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
 Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
 That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
 Never afeard are we";
 So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.



All night long their nets they threw
　　To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
　　Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
　　As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
　　Of sailing that beautiful sea—
　　But I shall name you the fishermen three:
　　　　　　Wynken,
　　　　　　Blynken,
　　　　　　And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
　　And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
　　Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
　　Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
　　As you rock in the misty sea,
　　Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
　　　　　　Wynken,
　　　　　　Blynken,
　　　　　　And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

SLEEPYHEAD

AS I lay awake in the sweet moonlight,
I heard a faint singing in the wood,
"Out of bed,
Sleepyhead,
Put your white foot, now;
Here we are
Beneath the tree
Singing round the root now."

I looked out of the window in the white moonlight,
The leaves were like snow in the wood—
"Come away,
Child, and play
Light with the gnomies;
In a mound,
Green and round,
That's where their home is."
"Honey sweet,
Curds to eat,
Cream and frumenty,
Shells and beads,
Poppy seeds,
You shall have plenty."

But as soon as I stooped in the dim moonlight
To put on my stocking and my shoe,
The sweet shrill singing echoed faintly away,
And the grey of the morning peeped through,
And instead of the gnomies there came a red robin
To sing of the buttercups and the dew.

WALTER DE LA MARE: *Songs of Childhood*

By Permission of Henry Holt & Company

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And follies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

EUGENE FIELD.

OLD GAELIC LULLABY

HUSH! the waves are rolling in,
  White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
  But baby sleeps at home.

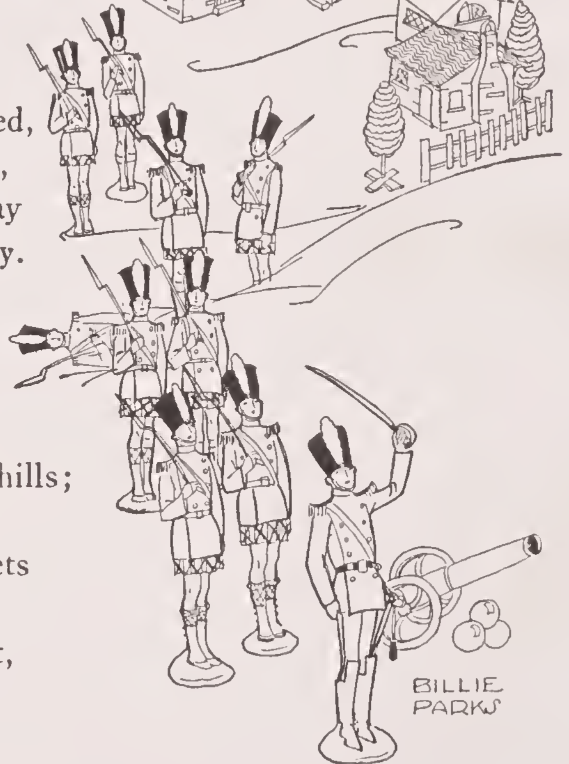
Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—
  On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep:
  But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
  Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
  But baby sleeps at home.

UNKNOWN.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

WHEN I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

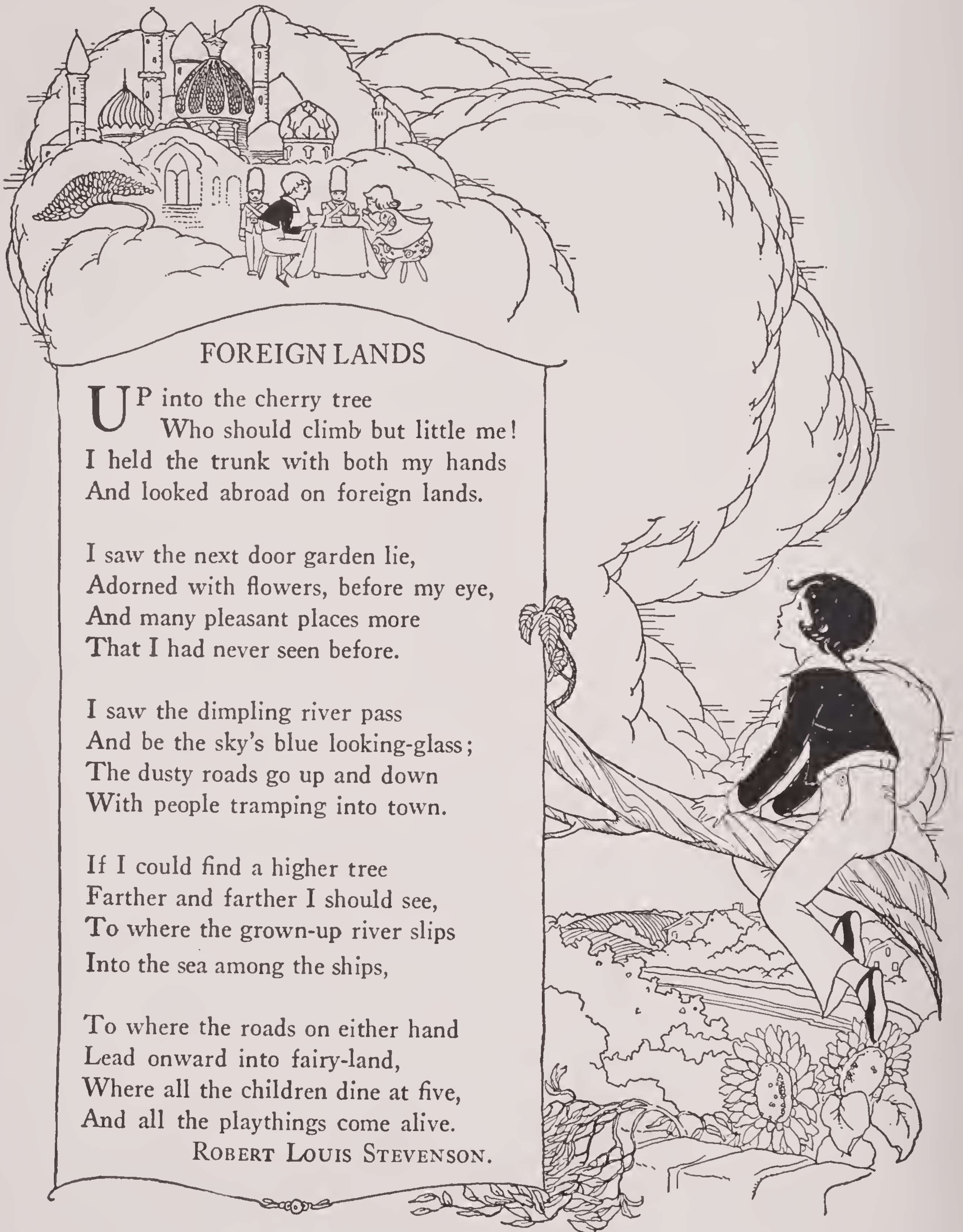


And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



FOREIGN LANDS

UP into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me!
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy-land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window and see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea;
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie see a little child and nod to him tonight!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE BALLOON MAN

He always comes on market days,
And holds balloons—a lovely bunch—
And in the market square he stays,
And never seems to think of lunch.

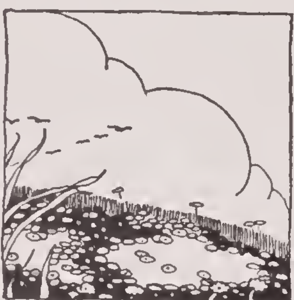
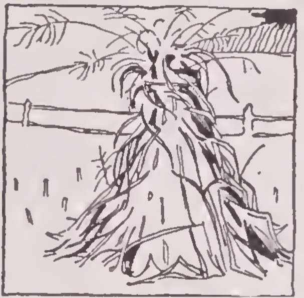
They're red and purple, blue and green,
And when it is a sunny day
Though carts and people get between
You see them shining far away.

And some are big and some are small,
All tied together with a string,
And if there is a wind at all
They tug and tug like everything.

Some day perhaps he'll let them go
And we shall see them sailing high,
And stand and watch them from below.
They would look pretty in the sky!

From *"Fairies and Chimneys,"*
Rose Fyleman.

Poem used by permission of George H. Doran Company.

THE MONTHS

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

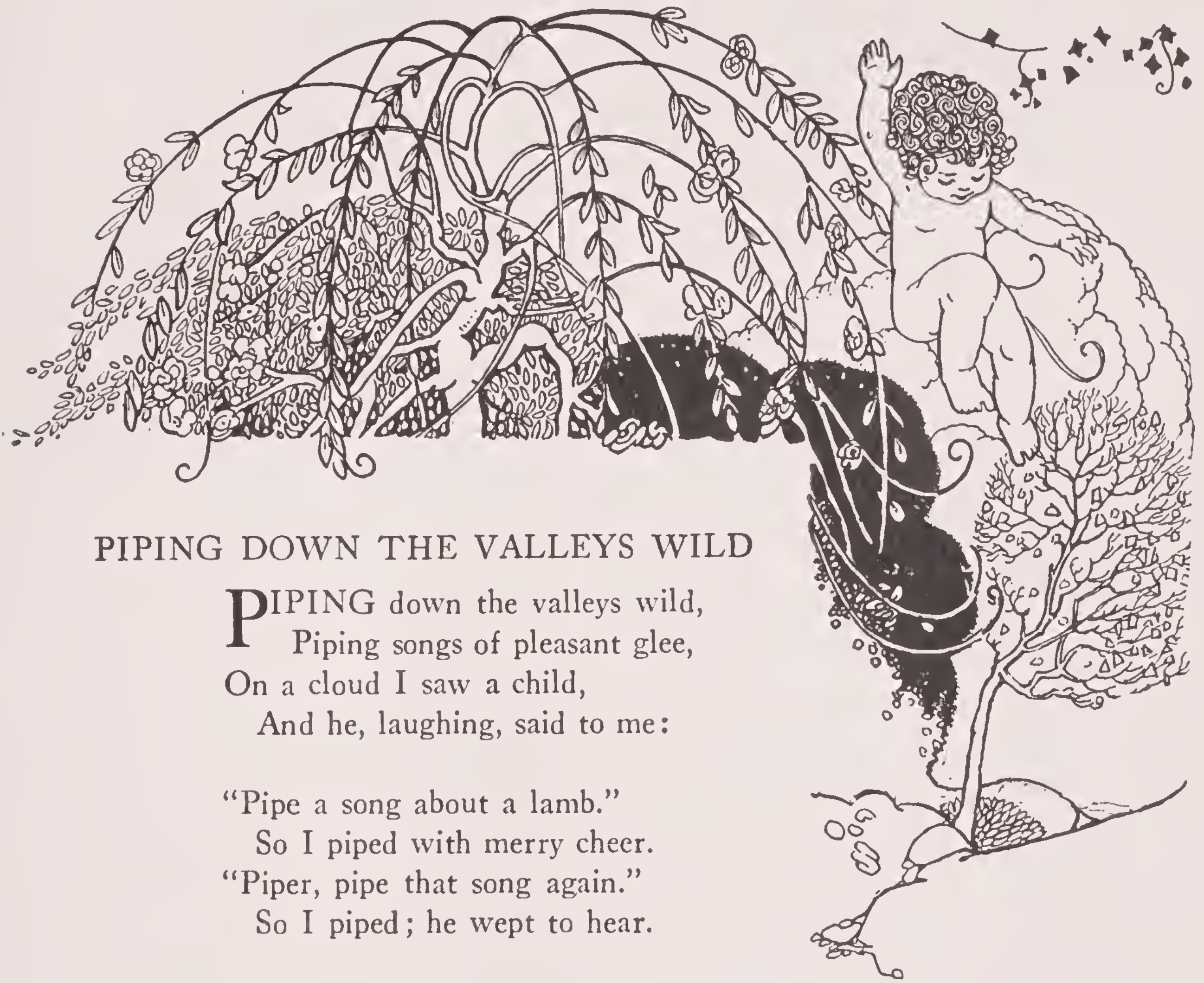
Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

OLD RHYME.



PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb."
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen;
And I stained the water clear
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

GOING A-NUTTING

NO clouds are in the morning sky,
The vapors hug the stream,—
Who says that life and love can die
In all this northern gleam?
At every turn the maples burn,
The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirs, and the frosted burs,
Are dropping for you and me.
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

Along our path the woods are bold,
And glow with ripe desire;
The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
The sumachs spread their fire;
The breezes feel as crisp as steel,
The buckwheat tops are red:
Then down the lane, love, scurry again,
And over the stubble tread!
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

By permission of Houghton Mifflin & Company.

AUTUMN FIRES

IN the other gardens
  And all up the vale,
From the autumn bon-fires
  See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
  And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
  The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
  Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
  Fires in the fall!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

WHICH is the Wind that brings the cold?
  The North-Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
  When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?
  The South-Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
  When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?
  The East-Wind, Arty; and farmers know
The cows come shivering up the lane,
  When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the flowers?
  The West-Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
  When the West begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

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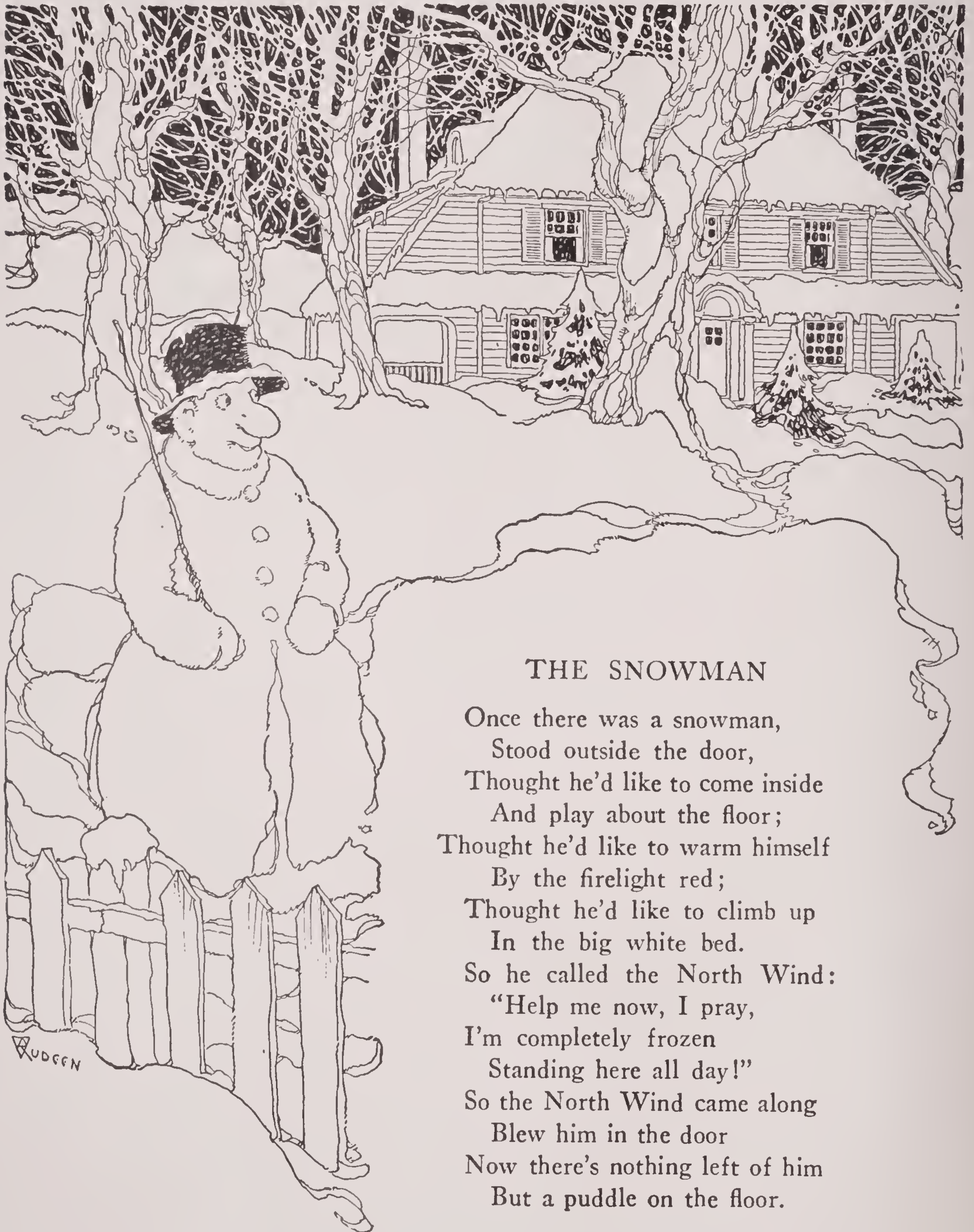


THE SNOWMAN

Once there was a snowman,
  Stood outside the door,
Thought he'd like to come inside
  And play about the floor;
Thought he'd like to warm himself
  By the firelight red;
Thought he'd like to climb up
  In the big white bed.
So he called the North Wind:
  "Help me now, I pray,
I'm completely frozen
  Standing here all day!"
So the North Wind came along
  Blew him in the door
Now there's nothing left of him
  But a puddle on the floor.

UNKOWN.

WINTER-TIME

LATE lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then
A blood-red orange, sets again.

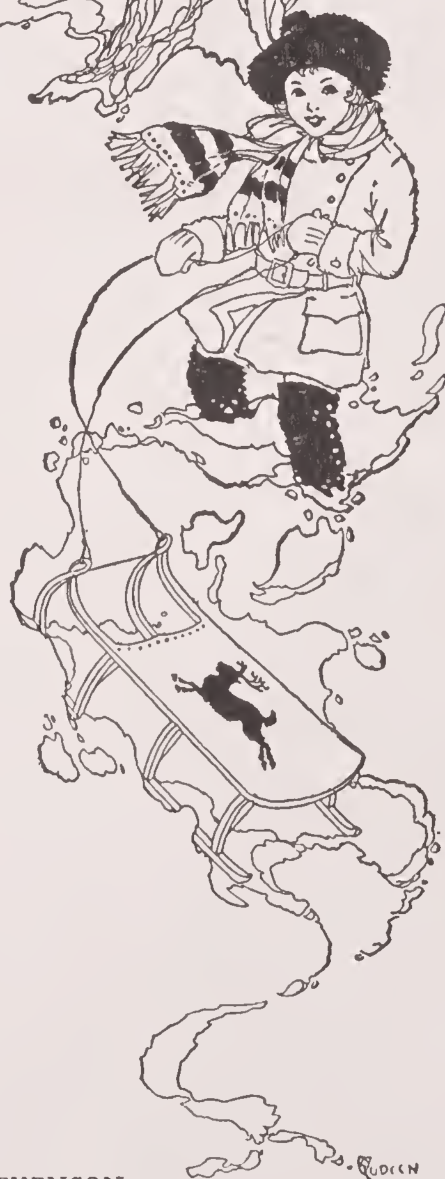
Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

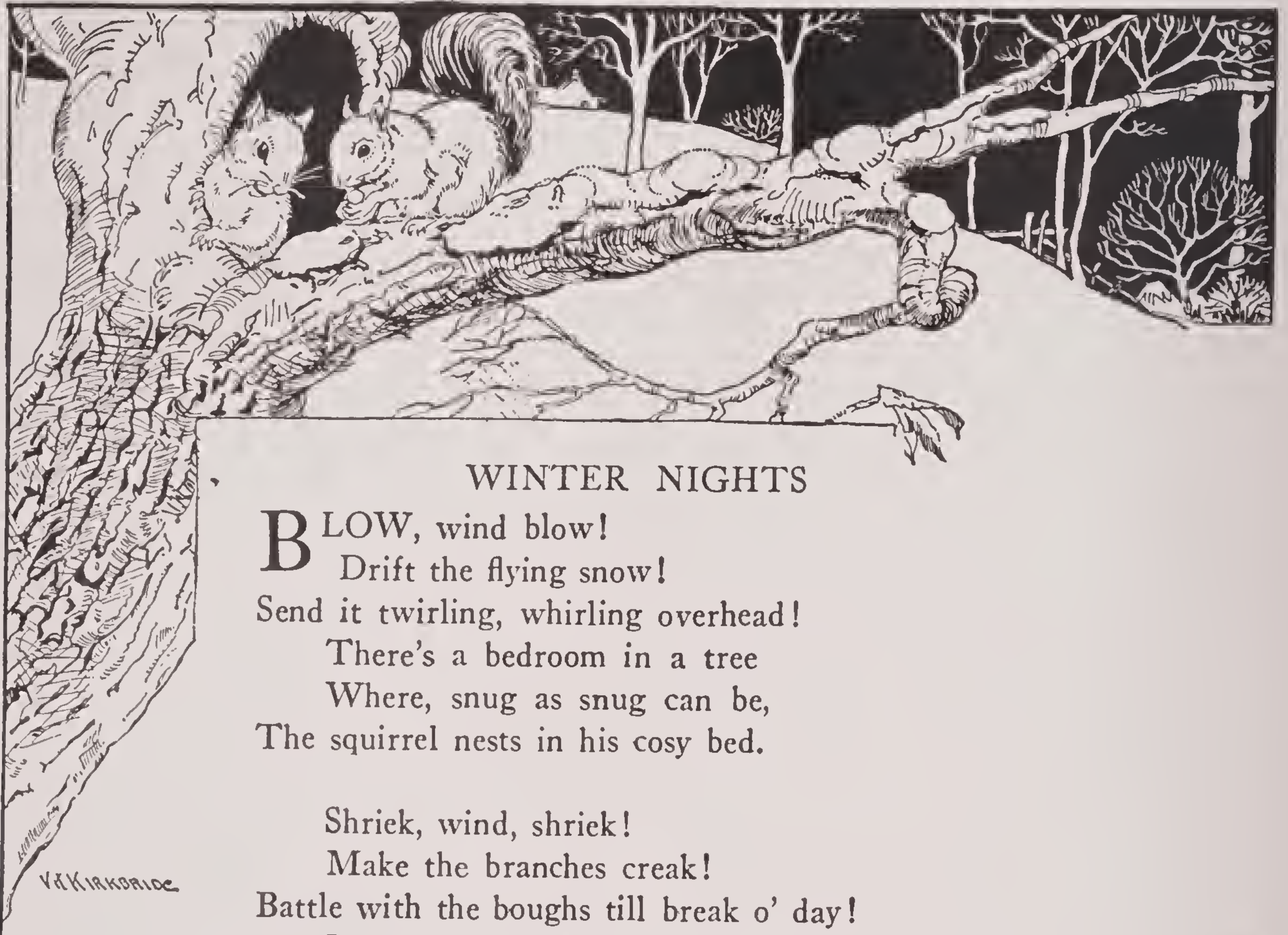
Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





WINTER NIGHTS

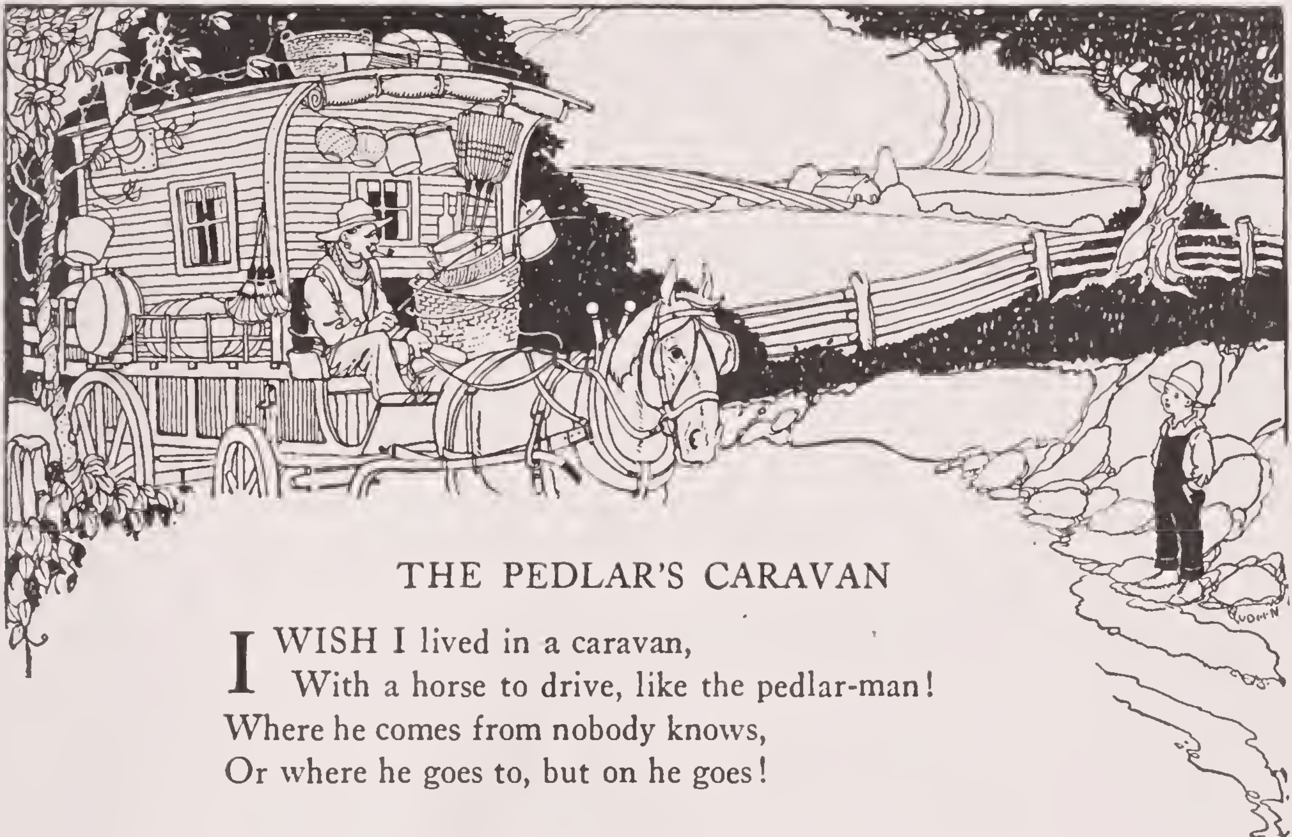
BLOW, wind blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!
There's a bedroom in a tree
Where, snug as snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cosy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!
Make the branches creak!
Battle with the boughs till break o' day!
In a snow-cave warm and tight,
Through the icy winter night,
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Call, wind, call,
In entry and in hall,
Straight from off the mountain white and wild!
Soft purrs the pussy-cat
On her little fluffy mat,
And beside her nestles close her furry child.

Scold, wind, scold,
So bitter and so bold!
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!
With half-shut, dreamy eyes
The drowsy baby lies
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

MARY F. BUTTS.



THE PEDLAR'S CARAVAN

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like the pedlar-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, where the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates with the alphabet round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side!

With the pedlar-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the travels of Captain Cook!

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

By permission Dodd, Mead and Co.

A VAGABOND SONG

THERE is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rythme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the Gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name. BLISS CARMAN.

—By permission of Small, Maynard & Company.

WANDER-THIRST

BEYOND the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say goodbye;
For the sea calls, and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky.

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for a friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls, and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird.

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky!

GERALD GOULD.

By permission of Mitchell Kennerlay, Publisher.

JOG ON, JOG ON

JOG on, jog on the foot path-way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
Your merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SHAKESPEARE

TARTARY

IF I were Lord of Tartary,
  Myself and me alone,
  My bed should be of ivory;
  Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my courts would peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
  Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
  Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
  And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps would shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp and flute and mandolin
  Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
  I'd wear a robe of beads,
White and gold and green, they'd be—
  And clustered thick as seeds;
And ere should wane the morning star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
  Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
  Her rivers silvery pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
  Glen, thicket, wood and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron trees,
  In every purple vale!

WALTER DE LA MARE.
Poems of Childhood.

By permission of Henry Holt & Company.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
  And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
  The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
  The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Poem used by permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar.
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

—EDWARD LEAR.

PRAYERS and BIBLE STORIES

David and Goliath

THERE was an old man, called Jesse, who had eight sons, and the youngest of these sons was called David. There was a war in that country, and Saul, the king, sent out his army against the enemy, the Philistines. Jesse's oldest sons followed Saul to war, but David, who was but a lad, remained at home, to feed his father's sheep. One day Jesse called David unto him, and said:

"Go, now, to Saul's camp, and take to thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp of thy brethren quickly. Take, also, these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and bring me word of them."

So David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and set off, as Jesse had commanded him, to find his brethren in Saul's camp. When he came to the end of his journey, he found the army in battle array, drawn up on the top of a hill, facing the Philistines. David ran in among Saul's army, searching for his brethren, and when he found them, he saluted them and gave to them his father's gifts. But, while they talked together, behold, there came up from among the Philistines a great giant, Goliath by name, and he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail. He had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. His spear was like a weaver's beam, and one went before him, bearing his shield. And he stood and cried out to the army of Israel, which was Saul's army, saying:

"Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am I not a Philistine, and you the servants of Saul? Let us put away now our armies, and instead, choose you a man for you, and let him come down and fight with me. If he be able to kill me, then, will we be your servants, but if I prevail against him, then must ye be our servants."

Now when the men of Israel heard this, they were sore afraid, for there was not one amongst them that dared to go out against Goliath, but one of the men whispered to David, saying:

"Have ye seen this man that is come up? Surely it is to defy Israel that he is come up. No man have we who durst go out against him, and yet, the king hath promised to enrich greatly the man who killeth this giant, and to give him his daughter in marriage."

"Then why goeth not some man from among you to slay this Philistine?" asked David.

His brothers were wroth with him, that he should speak so, and Eliab, the eldest brother, cried out against him, saying:

"Why camest thou down hither, and with whom hast thou left our father's sheep? I know thy pride and the naughtiness which is in thy heart; for thou art come down because thou hopest to see a battle."

And David answered: "What have I done now? Is there not a cause? I would fight this Philistine gladly, if the king would but have me."

When these words were heard which David spoke, the men carried them quickly to the king, and Saul sent for David. When David stood before the king, he cried out:

"Let no man's heart fail because of Goliath. Thy servant will go, even now, and fight with this Philistine."

But when Saul's eyes fell upon David, he answered: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him. Why, thou art but a youth, and he is a man of war."

Then spake David: "I may be but a youth, but when thy servant kept his father's sheep, there came a lion and a bear, and took a

young sheep out of the flock. And I went out after him, and smote him and delivered it out of his mouth. And when he rose up against me, I caught him by his beard and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew the lion and the bear. And this bold Philistine shall be as the lion or the bear; for he hath defied the armies of the living God, and I will slay him. The Lord hath delivered me out of the paw of the lion and of the bear; he will deliver me also out of the hand of the Philistine."

Now Saul was glad within him when he heard these words that David spake, and he said unto him: "Thou shalt wear my own armour into battle against this Philistine." And Saul armed David with his armour. He put a helmet of brass upon his head, and he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded on the king's sword and assayed to go forth, but it felt strange to him and he liked not the newness of it, and he said unto the king:

"I cannot wear thy armour, for I have not proved it. As I came to thy camp, so will I go against this Goliath."

Then David took his staff in his hand and his sling also. He chose five smooth stones from out of the brook, and put them in his shepherd's bag, which he had with him, and he drew near to the Philistine.

Now the Philistine, which was called Goliath, came before him clad all in shining armour, and one walked before him bearing his shield. When the giant looked about him and saw only a shepherd lad, young, ruddy and fair of countenance, he disdained him and cried:

"Am I a dog that thou comest against me with sticks and stones? Come to me, and I will quickly give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and thy body to the beasts of the field."

Then answered David: "Thou comest to me armed with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord God of hosts, whom thou hast defied. This day will the God of Israel deliver thee into my hands, and I will smite thee. Thou cometh against me trusting in thy armour and thy strength,

but I come against thee, trusting in the God of our people. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not by the sword and the spear; for the battle is the Lord's."

At this the Philistine rose and drew nigh unto David, to kill him with his mighty sword. And David ran towards him to meet him, but as he ran he put his hand in his bag and took thence a stone, and put it in his sling and hurled it at Goliath. This pebble from the brook smote the Philistine in the forehead, and sank into his forehead, so that he fell upon his face to the earth and was dead. So David prevailed over Goliath with a sling and with a stone, and there was no sword in the hand of David. Then when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled away and troubled the army of Israel no more.

Saul remembered now his promise, and gave unto David great riches and the fairest of his daughters to be his wife.

—Adapted by MAY HILL

Prayers for Every Day

Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.

God is Love;
God is Good;
And we thank Him
For our food.

Father of all, in Heaven above,
We thank Thee for Thy love;
Our food, our home and all we wear,
Tell of Thy loving care.

FOR THREE THINGS

Dear Lord, for these three things I pray;
To know Thee more clearly,
To love Thee more dearly,
To follow Thee more nearly,
Every day.

Father of all, we thank Thee for this day. Help us to meet it with joy, and to do with courage and gladness all those tasks which a good day brings. Help us to feel Thy love and strength supporting us, and to know that with Thee all things are possible.

Joseph and His Brethren

PART I. THE DREAMER

JACOB was an old man and dwelt in Hebron. The Lord had dealt graciously with Jacob, and had prospered his flocks and his herds, but of all his riches he was most blessed in his twelve sons. They were all well pleasing to their father, but Jacob loved Joseph more than all his other children, because he was the son of his old age, and Jacob made this well loved son a coat of many colors. When the brothers saw this coat they hated Joseph, because they knew that their father loved him more than he loved them. They could not speak peaceably to Joseph, and they plotted how they might bring misfortune upon him.

Now, Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren:

"Hear, I pray thee, this dream which I have dreamed. For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright; and behold, thy sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."

Great anger came upon his brethren when they heard this dream, and they cried out upon him, saying:

"Shalt thou, indeed, reign over us? Shalt thou, indeed, have dominion over us?" and they hated him the more for his dream.

Then Joseph dreamed another dream, and told it to his brethren, saying:

"Behold, I have dreamed yet another dream; and behold, the sun, and the moon, and the eleven stars made obeisance to me." And he told this dream to his father and to his brethren. His father rebuked him saying:

"Shall thy brethren, and thy mother and I, indeed, come to bow down before thee? Thou hast dreamed a foolish dream!" but Jacob marked well this dream of Joseph, his son, while the brethren hated the lad yet more.

PART II. SOLD INTO SLAVERY

Now it came to pass that the brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem, and Jacob said unto Joseph, his son:

"Go, I pray thee, and find thy brethren. See whether it be well with them, and with the flocks, and bring me word again."

And Joseph answered: "Here am I," and set off forthwith.

Now they saw him coming while he was yet afar off, and they conspired together to kill him, and they said one to another:

"Behold, this dreamer cometh; he who saith that we shall all bow down to him! Come, therefore, let us slay him and cast him into some pit. Then will we tell our father that wild beasts did devour him."

But one brother, Reuben by name, said:

"Let us not kill him; let us shed no blood. Instead, let us cast him into a pit and there leave him." This said Reuben, thinking to save Joseph from them; and then he would bring him from the pit, and restore him to his father. The brethren were persuaded to do this thing, and Reuben left them for a space.

So when Joseph came unto his brethren, they stripped him of his coat of many colors and cast him into an empty pit. Then they sat them down to eat bread. But while they did eat, lo, a company of Ishmaelites came down from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery, balm and myrrh to Egypt. And Judah, another of the brethren, said:

"What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites for a slave; then his blood will not be on our hands." And his brethren were content. They drew Joseph out of the pit, and sold him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver, and the caravan of the Ishmaelites bore Joseph out of the land of his brethren, down into Egypt.

Then cometh Reuben unto the brethren, and seeing the pit was empty, said unto them:

"Where now have ye put Joseph our brother?" When they told him they had sold Joseph for a slave unto the Ishmaelites, Reuben

rent his clothes and wept, saying: "The child is not, and I, whither shall I go?"

The brethren took Joseph's coat of many colors and dipped it in the blood of an animal they had killed. Then they bore it to Jacob, their father, saying:

"This coat, stained with blood, have we found; tell us, is it thy son's coat?"

When Jacob saw the coat he had made for Joseph all covered over with blood, he cried out in a loud voice:

"It is, indeed, the coat of Joseph, my son. An evil beast hath devoured him. Without doubt, Joseph hath been killed!"

Then the aged Jacob rent his clothes with grief, and mourned for his son for many days. All his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and he said:

"I will go down into my grave mourning for my son Joseph!" thus his father wept for him.

PART III. THE DREAMER IN EGYPT

Joseph was brought down into Egypt by the Ishmaelites. There Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, the king, bought Joseph for a slave. Joseph prospered in Potiphar's household, until there was one who did him a great wrong. Because of this, Joseph was cast into prison,

and he was put into that prison where the king's prisoners were bound.

Here, also, the Lord was with Joseph, and the keeper of the prison showed favor unto Joseph, and made him head of all his work. The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand, for Joseph did well in all things. Now, it came to pass that Pharaoh's butler and his baker offended against their king, and were cast into that same prison where Joseph was also.

One night they dreamed a dream both of them, and the next day when Joseph came upon them, behold, they were sad, and he said unto them: "Wherefore, look ye so sadly to-day?"

They answered each of them: "We have dreamed a dream this night, and there is no one to interpret this dream."

"The interpretation of a dream is with God. Tell me, then, your dream, for it may be that God will give me to know the meaning of it."

The chief butler of Pharaoh told his dream, saying: "In my dream, behold, a vine was before me, with three branches. As I looked, it began to bud and blossom, and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes. I took the grapes, and I pressed the juice of them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's own hand."

Then answered Joseph: "This is the meaning of thy dream. The three branches are three days. Within three days Pharaoh, the king, shall restore thee to thy place in his household. Thou shalt once more bear Pharaoh's cup unto him and serve him in thy former manner. When it is thus well with thee, think on me, I pray thee. For indeed, I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews, and in Egypt I have been wrongfully accused. I have done nothing that I should now be in this dungeon."

The chief baker of the king heard all this, and when he heard that the interpretation of the butler's dream was good, he said unto Joseph: "Hear now, this dream of mine, and tell me what is the meaning of it. In my dream, behold, I had three white baskets on my head. In the uppermost basket there were all manner of bake-

meats for Pharaoh, and the birds did eat out of this basket upon my head."

Joseph answered: "This is the interpretation of thy dream; the three baskets are three days. Within three days Pharaoh shall hang thee to a tree, and the birds shall eat of thy flesh."

It came to pass even as Joseph had said. Pharaoh restored his chief butler to his palace, but the chief baker was hanged.

PART IV. PHARAOH DREAMS A DREAM

It came to pass, at the end of two years, that Pharaoh, the king, dreamed a dream, which none could interpret. Then he slept and dreamed a second time, and in the morning his spirit was troubled. He sent for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof, but there was not one of them could interpret his dreams. Then spake the chief butler unto the king:

"Now do I remember my faults. In prison there is a youth whom I promised not to forget. He it is who is most skilful in the interpretation of dreams."

Then Pharaoh sent and called for Joseph, and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon.

The king said: "I have heard say of thee that thou canst interpret a dream."

And Joseph answered: "The interpretation lies not with me, but with God. Tell me now thy dream, that God may give thee an answer to it."

Pharaoh said: "In my dream, behold, I stood by the bank of a river, and there came up out of the river seven kine, fat and well-favored, and they fed in a meadow. After them came seven other kine, lean and ill-favored. And the lean kine did eat up the fat kine. So I awoke. Then, I dreamed again, and in my dream I saw seven ears come up on one stalk, full and good. Then sprang up seven withered ears, thin and blasted, and the seven thin ears devoured the seven fat ears. I have told these dreams unto our magicians, but none can declare the meaning unto me."

Joseph spake thus to the king: "Thy two dreams are one. God is showing Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine and the seven good ears are the seven years of plenty which Egypt is to have. Then the seven lean kine and the seven withered ears are the seven years of famine which will follow. During the seven lean years all the plenty shall be consumed in the land of Egypt, and the famine shall be very grievous. God will shortly bring this to pass; prepare now as God hath warned thee. Find a man, discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let him appoint officers to take up one-fifth part of the crops in the seven plenteous years. Let the food be kept in great storehouses in the cities, against the time when the famine shall come; then only shall Egypt not perish when the lean years come."

Then said Pharaoh unto Joseph: "God hath given thee great wisdom beyond thy years. Thou art that man who is discreet and wise, and I shall set thee over the land of Egypt, to do according to thy word."

Pharaoh took then a ring off his finger, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in fine linen and put a gold chain around his neck, and he cried to the people, "Bow the knee!" and they bowed before Joseph as before the king, and Joseph rode in a chariot second to the king.

At last, Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh and went throughout all the land of Egypt. During the seven plenteous years Joseph harvested the crops, saving one-fifth part to be stored. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, until it seemed past all numbering.

Then the seven years of dearth began, even as Joseph had said, and the dearth was in all the lands round about. Only in Egypt was there plenty, because of Joseph's wisdom. Then, when the people cried to the king for bread, he answered them: "Go unto Joseph. What he saith to you, do." And all the neighboring countries began to come into Egypt to buy corn of Joseph.

PART V. THE BRETHREN BOW DOWN TO JOSEPH

Now the famine was heavy in the land of the Hebrews, and Jacob said unto his sons:

"It is said that there is food in Egypt. Get thee down and buy corn for us, that we may not die. Take not Benjamin, thy youngest brother, with thee, he that is own brother to my lost son Joseph. Let Benjamin rest at home, lest, peradventure, mischief befall him."

So the brethren set off for the land of Egypt. When they came thither, they were sent to Joseph, who was the governor of the land, and they knew him not. They bowed themselves before him, with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren and knew them, but he saw that they knew not him, so he made himself rough to them, and he said: "Whence come ye?"

"From Canaan, the land of the Hebrews," they answered, and again they bowed low before him, and Joseph remembered his dream of the brethren bowing before him, and he said:

"Have ye a father yet alive, and have ye more brethren at home?"

"Our father, Jacob, yet lives, and with him is our youngest brother, Benjamin, a lad. We come seeking corn for them."

Joseph's heart ached within him when he heard the names of his father and his brother, but he answered roughly:

"Ye come not for corn, but to spy on the land of Egypt."

"Nay, nay, my lord," cried the brethren. "We are true men; thy servants are no spies. It is to buy corn that we are come."

"Ye are spies, I say!" answered Joseph. "If ye be not spies, return now to your father and bring back with thee thy youngest brother Benjamin. Carry back corn to thine old father, but except ye return with Benjamin, thy brother, thou shalt surely die." And when they saw him not, Joseph turned aside and wept.

Then the brethren departed in all haste with sacks of corn for their father, and they spoke of what had happened.

"It is because of our sin against Joseph, our brother, that now this has come upon us," they said, and Reuben added:

"Spake I not unto thee telling thee to sin not against the child? Now, Benjamin is required for a sacrifice."

So, they came at last unto the house of Jacob, their father, and when they opened every man his sack, lo, the money was within. Then were the brethren sore afraid, and they told Jacob all that had befallen them in the land of Egypt. Jacob cried out against them:

"Me ye have bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and now ye would take Benjamin away. All things are against me. Benjamin shall not go down into Egypt. If ought should befall him there, it would bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

But time passed, and the famine continued. At last there was no more food in Canaan, and Jacob knew that they must go once more to the great ruler in Egypt; so he called the brethren together, and he placed Benjamin in their midst, saying:

"If it must be, do this; carry down to the man a little present; a little balm, a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds. Take also double money in your hand. Go before this man with thy brother Benjamin, and God Almighty give thee mercy before this man, that he may let thy brother go in safety. If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved!"

PART VI. JOSEPH REVEALS HIMSELF TO HIS BRETHREN

Now when the brethren were come again before Joseph's door, they were told that on that day at noon they were to eat with Joseph. They made ready their present, as their father had commanded, and at noon they stood before Joseph, and he said:

"Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake?"

They answered, "Thy servant, our father, is in good health," and they bowed down their heads and made obeisance to him. Joseph lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother, Benjamin, his mother's son, and he said:

"God be gracious unto thee, my son," and the lad bowed to him, and Joseph was greatly moved, and went into the next room and wept. When he returned, he had food set before them, and they marvelled greatly, for the food that was set before Benjamin was always much more than that which was set before them.

While they ate, Joseph spoke secretly to his steward, and he told the man, saying, "Fill their sacks with grain, all they can carry and put every man's money in his sack. But in the sack of the youngest put my silver cup." And the man did as Joseph told him.

As soon as the day was come, the brethren started on their way with their sacks of corn, but they had not gone far, when the steward overtook them, crying out:

"Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good. Hath not my master given you to eat and to drink, that ye must needs steal away with the silver cup which he useth."

The brothers said: "God forbid that thy servants should do such a thing. Search now our sacks, we pray thee, that thou mayst see for thyself that the cup is not with us. With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, let that one die, and we will be forever bondmen to thy master."

Then every man opened his sack, and lo, in the sack of Benjamin the silver cup was found. Then the brethren rent their clothes, and returned in haste to the house of Joseph, and sought him out. They fell on their faces before him, and cried out:

"What shall we say unto my lord, and what shall we cry out; how shall we clear ourselves, and what shall we speak? Benjamin, our brother, took not thy cup, but how shall we tell that unto thee, when it was found with him?" And the brethren wept.

And Judah, one of them said: "Lord, we told thee of our father, how he is an old man. He loved Joseph, his son, more than any of us, but Joseph is no more. Then did our father turn his heart towards Benjamin, the brother of Joseph, sons of the same mother. If we return not to Jacob, our father, with this lad, his heart will break, and he will die. We cannot go down to him. If our young-

est brother be not with us, we may not see our father's face. I pray thee let me suffer in the lad's place. Let me die, or let me be thy bondman and thy slave, all the days of my life; only let Benjamin, I pray thee, return to the father who loves him."

When Joseph heard this, he could restrain himself no longer. He cried: "Let every man go out from me, save only these brethren." Then when Joseph stood alone with his brethren, he made himself known unto them, saying:

"Doest thou know me not? I am Joseph, thy brother."

But they were deeply troubled at his words, and remembered how they had sold him for a slave to go down into Egypt, and Joseph saw their sorrow, and said to them:

"Be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither. God did send me before thee into Egypt to save thy lives. For only two years hath the famine consumed the land, and yet there are five more years when there shall be no harvest. But I have great storehouses, with plenty for all. So, it was not ye who sent me hither, but God. Now ye must go to Jacob, our father, and tell him of all that hath come to pass. Tell my father, and Benjamin shall be thy witness, of my glory in Egypt, and bring my father hither in all haste."

Then Joseph fell upon the neck of Benjamin, his brother, and wept, and Benjamin wept also. After that, Joseph embraced his brethren, and forgave them all that they had done unto him. Then, the brethren returned to Canaan to their father Jacob, and told him all that had come to pass. His heart leaped with joy, and he journeyed down into the land of Egypt to abide with Joseph, his son, and with all of his sons, so long as he lived.

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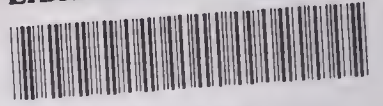
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