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THE  
CHILDREN'S FAIRY-LAND

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM

THE FAIRY TALES OF THE COUNTESS  
D'AULNOY

II

ILLUSTRATED IN SILHOUETTE

BY

HARRIET MEAD OLCOTT



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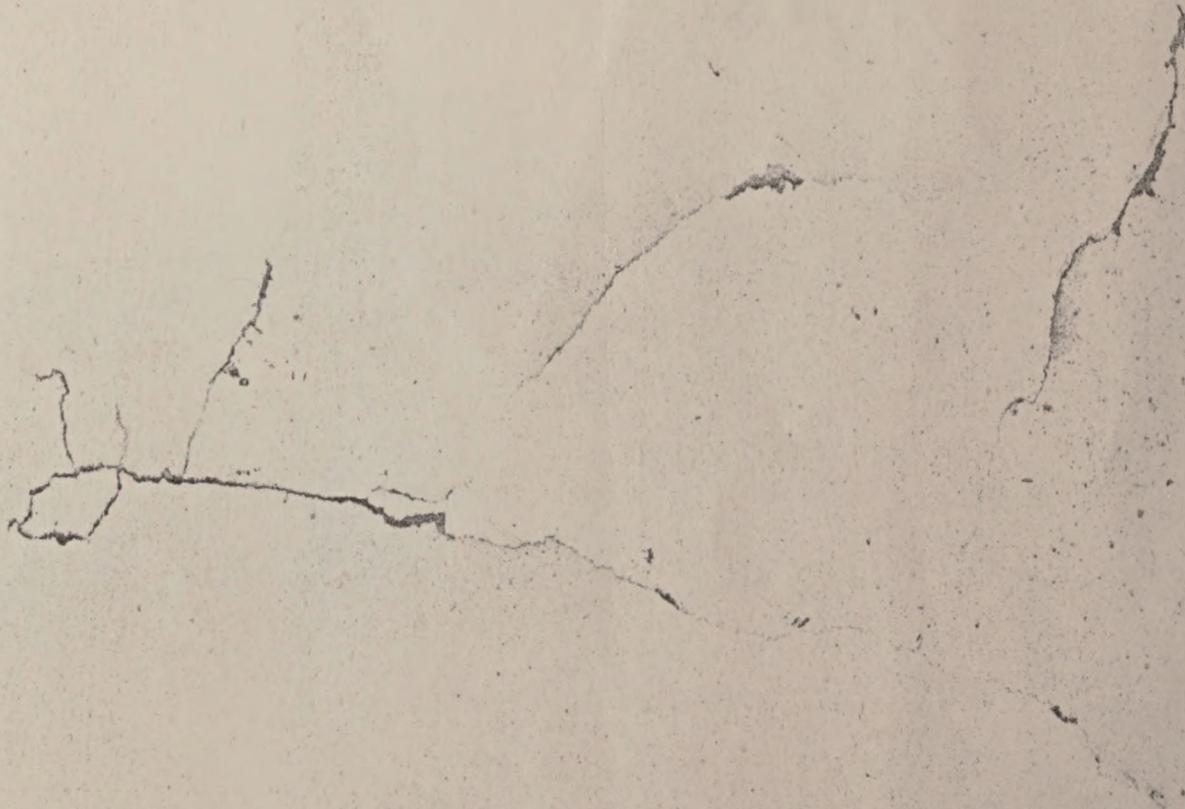
**THE CHILDREN'S FAIRY-LAND**



Ex. 100

FOREWORD

TO  
EMMA McELROY OLCOTT





## FOREWORD

It is easy to understand why these fascinating Fairy Tales have never received the welcome they deserve. It is because they have been translated in unnecessary detail, without enthusiasm and without sympathy for the nature of Youth, which gilds with its own sunshine all that appeals to it, while it shrinks from every suggestion of shadow.

In this collection of Fairy Tales whatever is out of date, whether in style or sentiment, has been cast aside to make room for whatever will contribute to the joyousness of the Children's Fairy-Land.

J. E. F.



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## THE HOOD OF ROSES

ONCE upon a time there was a king whose enemies threatened to besiege his capital city, and he said to his Queen:

“My dear wife, I have ordered the Guards to conduct you to a place of safety, and as soon as peace is declared I will go myself and bring you home.”

“It shall be as you say,” said the Queen, “but something in my heart tells me to remain with you.”

She went, however, without saying anything more, because she knew that by staying she should only add to the King’s anxieties.

They had not gone far when the Guards were attacked by the enemy and killed, and the Queen only escaped by fleeing into a forest, where she wandered until, overcome by fright and fatigue, she sank insensible to the ground.

When she came to herself she saw a woman by her side wrapped in a lion’s skin. The woman was very tall. Her arms were bare and her heavy black braids were held back by a snake tied around them like a ribbon. In her hand she held a great stone mallet.



“You are going to live with me forever.”

Then the Queen thought that instead of fainting she must have died, and she whispered:

“No wonder people fear to die when the Beings in the other world are so horrible.”

The Giantess heard her and laughed.

“You are alive,” said she, “but you might as well be dead, for I am the Fairy Lioness, and you are going to live with me forever.”

“Oh, no! no! Madame Lioness,” implored the Queen. “Take me back to the King; he will pay you any ransom you choose.”

“I am rich enough now,” answered the Lioness, “but I need company, and you are just what I want.”

And before the Queen could reply she was caught up and carried a thousand feet down into the Earth where there was no light, except from lamps burning blue flames reflected from a Lake of Quicksilver, while around the lake crouched monstrous beasts. The trees were leafless, and ravens and owls huddled upon the branches.

The ground was covered with thistles and briars. Dry roots and Apples of Sodom made the only food of the unfortunates who fell into the clutches of the Fairy Lioness.

“Build yourself a shelter,” she said to the Queen, “for here you are going to stay.”

The poor Queen made no answer, but cried as if her heart would break.

“I advise you,” said the Lioness, “to stop this nonsense and try to please me, or I will give you something to cry for, and I know well how to do it.”



She saw a raven holding a frog in its claws.

“What can I do to touch your heart?” asked the Queen, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

“I love fly pies,” said the Giantess;

“make me one that is large and good.”

“But I do not see any flies,” answered the Queen. “It is too dark to catch them, and if I could, I do not know how to make the crust. Let me do something else.”

“You shall make the pie,” said the merciless Fairy. “What I wish, that I wish.”

And she went away, while the Queen sat down to brood over her misery. A slight noise made her look up, and she saw a raven holding a frog in its claws.

“Poor little thing,” said the Queen; “you are in trouble, too, but I will save you;” and she threw a stone at the raven, who let the frog fall to the ground.

“Beautiful Queen,” said the little creature, “you are the only kind person I have seen since I came to this wretched place.”

“Person!” exclaimed the Queen, “I did not dream there could be another human being in such misery.”

“All these monsters were once human beings—some were even kings,” said the Frog. “They were sent to the Lake of Quicksilver to be made better men, but from what I have seen of them they are worse than they ever were.”

“How can putting so many bad people together make them better?” asked the Queen. “But tell me, little Frog, why have you come here?”

“Curiosity brought me,” answered the Frog. “I am half Fay. My power is very great in some respects, but limited in others.”

“But,” asked the Queen, “how could the raven have eaten you if you are Fay?”

“I will explain,” said the Frog. “When I wear

my Hood of Roses nothing can harm me; but to-day I was careless and left it in the marshes. When I was returning to get it the raven swooped down upon me, but you saved my life and now I will do my best to help you. Why were you weeping just now?"

"Alas! dear Frog," sighed the Queen, "the wicked



She whistled and hundreds of frogs trooped into the cavern.

Fairy Lioness has ordered me to make a fly pie. I cannot do it and she may kill me."

"Leave matters to me," said the Frog. "You shall have that pie in a twinkling."

She whistled, and hundreds of frogs trooped into the cavern. They clustered around her while she showered powdered sugar over them like rain in summer.

Instantly a swarm of flies flew down and settled upon the sugar. Such a capture of flies was never heard of; nor was such a pie as the Queen presented to the Fairy Lioness ever seen before or since!

The Queen had no shelter, but the Frog and her friends built a little house, so pretty and comfortable that it could only have been the work of good fairies; but that night the beasts roared and howled and made such a deafening clamor that the Queen was frightened and ran out into the darkness.

This was just what the monsters wished. And a Dragon who was once the cruel tyrant of a great kingdom, took possession of the bed of sweet-scented grasses, while the others hooted in triumph and the Queen lamented.

The Frog had expected nothing better. "I will take care that you are not molested in your next house," said she to the Queen, and she croaked. She always croaked when her human voice could not express her feelings.

A charming rustic palace was ready that same night. It was beautiful outside and beautiful inside. The windows opened on a little garden full of sweet-smelling herbs and flowers, and the Queen rested like a bird in its nest.

“When the Fairy Lioness heard that the Queen no longer slept on the ground, she hurried to see for herself.

“Some Power protects you,” she said. “Not even weeds have ever grown in this place, and now here are flowers.” Then breaking off a rose she smelled it and tossed it away, saying: “This sort is good enough for you, but it does not suit me. I want orchids. Get me a bunch or you shall be finely whipped, and I know how to do it.”

The Queen shut herself up and waited for the Frog, who soon came hopping in.

“Why are you sitting in the dark, dear Queen?” asked she.

“It is because the Fairy Lioness demands a bouquet of orchids. Of course I cannot get them and she will beat me to death,” answered the Queen.

“You certainly can get them,” said the Frog. “There is a Bat here; the only creature I have anything to do with in this wretched place. He is a good soul. I will lend him my Hood of Roses which I brought back from the marshes, and he will bring your orchids.”

It was not long before the Queen had a superb bouquet to present to the Fairy Lioness, who was

so delighted that she forgot to ask where it came from.

In the meantime the Queen had a lovely little daughter whom she named Mignonette; and Mignonette was her only comfort, although she would often weep over her and say:

“Ah! if only the King, your father, could see you, what joy it would give him! He believes me dead and he knows nothing about you, poor little dear!”

The good Frog longed to comfort her, and one day said:

“I am going to find the King, your husband. It is a long way and I travel slowly, but sooner or later I shall reach him.”

The Queen answered mournfully:

“Of what use is it for him to know where we are? He cannot take us away.”

“Madame,” replied the Frog, “people should always do the best they can, and then have patience to wait for what may happen.”



Mignonette was her only comfort.

“That is true,” sighed the Queen; and she wrote with her own blood on a bit of linen, for she had neither ink nor paper. This is what she wrote:

“Believe every word that my best friend tells you.”

As soon as the Frog received this message she started on her journey, but it was one year before she reached daylight. Then many preparations were to be made, for she was proud and said:

“I have too much self-respect to appear at court like a common frog of the marsh.”

So her outfit had to be of the costliest materials and latest fashion. But that took time, and then she again commenced her travels. She thought:

“If only I had not lost my Hood of Roses I could be in the King’s palace this minute, but now it will take ten years for me to get there. Oh, my poor, poor Queen!”

She had reason to pity the Queen who could never have lived through those dreary years if it had not been for Mignonette.

Mignonette was a marvel of beauty and sweetness; even the monsters loved her. And as for the Fairy Lioness, Mignonette was in great favor with her, especially since the day when she said, coaxingly:

“Beautiful Fairy Lioness, if you will take my mother

and me with you to the hunt you will see how much game we shall kill for you."

The Fairy Lioness asked nothing better, for she was lazy and always hungry; and afterwards she never went hunting without the Queen and Mignonette. All this time the Frog was traveling over mountain and moor, by day and by night, until she came to the Capital of the King.

There she questioned all the people whom she met, and received always the same reply:

"The King still grieves for the Queen. She was devoured by wild beasts many years ago, and since then he has never smiled."

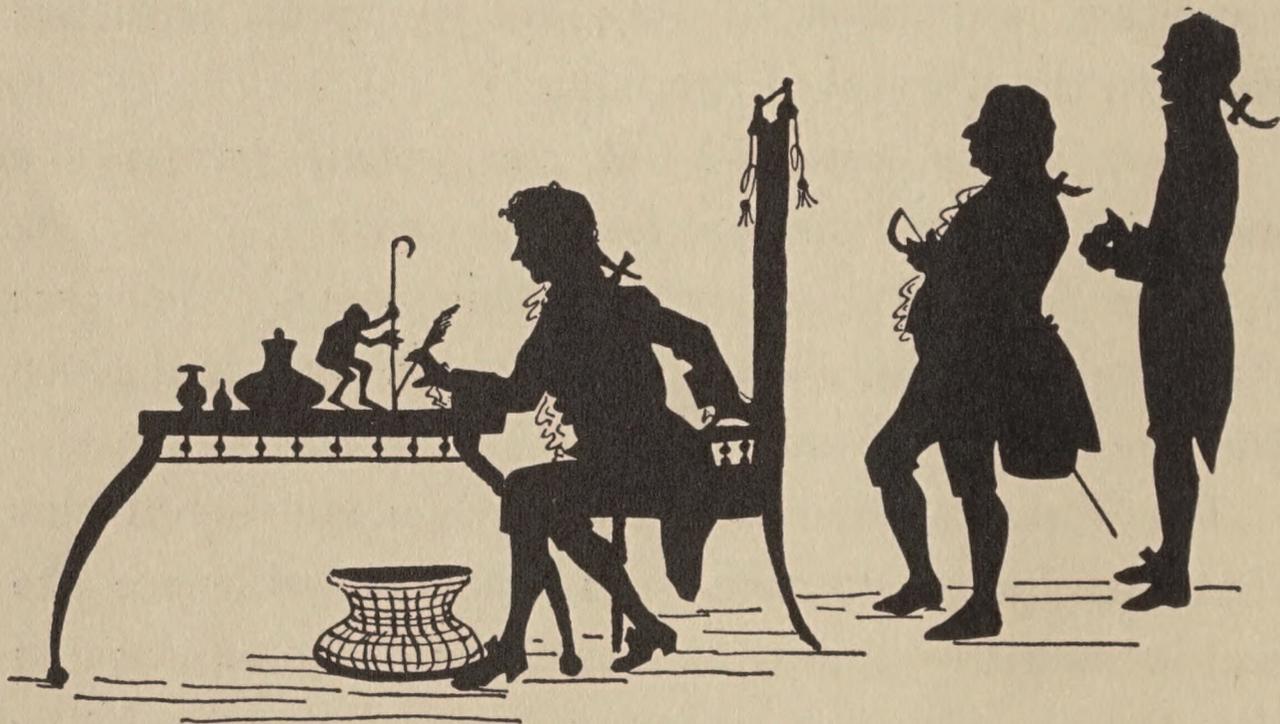
The Frog became so excited when she heard this that she forgot entirely with what magnificence she had intended to appear at Court, and hopping through the Palace like any common frog, she entered the King's room and jumped upon the table where he was writing.

"Sir," she said, "I bring you good news. I am come from your wife, and from your daughter whom you have never seen. They both need you, and here is a message written in the Queen's own blood."

The King was too astonished to speak, but he seized the bit of linen and read it and kissed it, and read

it and kissed it again. Then the Frog told him everything, and ended by saying:

“It remains now for you to rescue the Queen and the Princess Mignonette. Here is a ring; it will enable you to speak to them, and to the Fairy Lioness too, no matter how ferocious she may be.”



Jumped upon the table where he was writing.

The King departed alone, first loading the Frog with presents.

“Do not be discouraged,” said she; “you will meet obstacles but you will overcome them all.”

The road was tedious, and he had many adventures, and one day was resting in a wild region and reading over the Queen’s message, as he always did

when he needed courage for his journey. Suddenly from a forest appeared a lioness, on whose back were seated two huntresses armed with bows and arrows. They passed like the wind, but he recognized one to be the Queen. She had not changed in the least.

He sprang up and followed them to the Quicksilver Lake, for the ring guided him, as the Frog had said that it would.

The Queen had not seen him, but the Fairy Lioness had, and knew why he was come; and she resolved not to lose her prisoners if she could help it.

She quickly shut the Queen and Mignonette in a crystal cage in the middle of the Quicksilver Lake, and said to the monsters, who all loved Mignonette:

“You will lose your beautiful Princess if you do not defend her against the King who is coming to carry her off.”

The monsters vowed to prevent that. Some stationed themselves on the wall and roof, others at the door, while the rest lay on the lake.

Then the Fairy Lioness transformed herself into a lion and waited for the King, and as soon as he appeared, she attacked him. But when he drew his sword and struck off one of her paws, she rolled over on the ground. Then he planted his foot on her throat.



The monsters guarding the queen and Mignonette.

“What are you here for?” roared she.

“I am here to kill you,” answered the King, “if you do not give me back my wife and child.”

“There they are; get them if you can,” said she, pointing to the lake; and she disappeared.

The King turned and saw the Queen and Mignonette gazing at him through the crystal. The monsters were crowded together on the lake prepared for battle, and breathing out fire and smoke.

The King stood in despair, when a great flame-colored Dragon called to him:

“I sometimes want a delicate morsel to eat, and if you will promise to give it whenever I ask for it, you shall have the Queen and Mignonette in spite of the Fairy Lioness.”

The King promised, and without knowing how it happened he found himself in his own Palace at a magnificently served table.

The Queen was beside him, and Mignonette was sitting opposite.

Never was such surprise and joy; everybody ran to welcome them.

Mignonette was so beautiful and sweet that all the world was charmed, and many wooers came from other lands; and among them was Prince Marcel,

who was very handsome and who would one day be a great king.

All the people agreed that he and Mignonette were made for each other, and both he and Mignonette thought so too.

The King and Queen gladly consented to the marriage, and Prince Marcel returned home to prepare for the reception of his bride.

It happened one day when the future was looking dazzlingly bright, that the Queen and Mignonette were chatting together, when the King entered. He seemed greatly disturbed and at first could not speak.

Finally he took Mignonette in his arms and said to the Queen:

“The Flame-colored Dragon of the Quicksilver Lake has sent a Giant to claim our Mignonette, whom I promised to him when he delivered us from the Fairy Lioness. He says she is to be eaten at a great banquet. And it is true; I did promise to give her,” moaned the King, and covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

“He shall sooner take my life!” shrieked the Queen. “Let him have the kingdom and everything else! Unnatural Father! how could you ever make such

a promise? Bring the Giant here; perhaps my affliction may touch him."

The Giant came. He had a very unpleasant way with him, and all he would say was:

"I have nothing to do about it. The Dragon is very stubborn and greedy, and when he wants anything to eat, he has to have it. You must make the best of a bad bargain. That is all there is to it."

The Queen fainted and Mignonette would have done the same thing, but she had to care for her mother.

The news spread abroad like wild-fire and the whole country was mourning, when the Giant announced, what he had known all the time, that Mignonette might live if she would marry the Dragon's nephew, who was young and handsome. He had not told this before because he took a wicked pleasure in making people unhappy.

"Never will I marry the Dragon's nephew," said Mignonette. "I will sooner die."

"But my darling child," cried the Queen, "surely you will not leave your father and me. You are all we have in the world."

"I can never break the promise which I made to Prince Marcel," said Mignonette, sadly but firmly. "Once my word was given, it was given forever."

The Queen wept, and said:

“Perhaps this would not have happened if my dear Frog had been here, but where is she? Oh! where is she?”

Now the good Frog was in the garden under a lilac bush, and tears were in her eyes as she thought:

“If only I had my Hood of Roses, all would be well! If only I could remember where I left it! Why was I born without a memory?”

She sat sorrowing and weeping, when something dropped at her feet as if it fell out of the sky. It was the Hood of Roses! She did not know whether she croaked or screamed, but she did know that never was she so glad and so astonished in all her life. And how did it get there? Then, as she looked up, she saw hovering over her head an enormous raven.

“The Bat is dead,” said he.

“Dead!” echoed the Frog.

“Maybe he isn’t dead yet,” said the Raven. “You see when he brought back your orchids, you forgot to take back your Hood of Roses and he kept it, and that’s stealing, so he can’t die in peace until you send him your forgiveness. I can get back in time if you will make haste and send it.”

“Of course, I send it,” said the Frog. “Don’t wait a second.”

The Raven thanked her and flew away, while she put on the Hood of Roses and changed herself into a little old woman and appeared before Prince Marcel, who was strumming his guitar and thinking of Mignonette.



Strumming his guitar and thinking of Mignonette.

“Do not loiter a minute,” said she; “you are in danger of suffering the misfortune of your life. Mignonette is being stolen from you. Do not wait to ask a question, but mount this horse. It will take you directly to her, and here is your armor.”

She gave him a coat of diamond, harder than a rock and more flexible than velvet, and a horse with two heads breathing out flames and bombs; she gave him a sword, too.

“Your horse knows the way and what to do, and when you see me again you may thank me,” said the little woman, nodding her head and smiling, as she disappeared.

Now this was the day when Mignonette was being led away to the Dragon. The weeping King and Queen and a long train of sorrowing people were with her.

“Go to the foot of the mountain,” said the surly Giant, “but no farther, for the Dragon is up there waiting for her.”

A heart-rending wail went up as he spoke, but it suddenly ceased, for all saw another sight.

A Prince in dazzling armor and mounted on a two-headed horse rode swiftly toward the Dragon.

The Dragon rose to attack him but was met by a sheet of flame and a shower of bombs that burnt his eyes and tore his wings.

He would have thrown himself upon the Prince, but the Coat of Diamond was a shield from his claws. And the sword did good work, for the Prince drew it suddenly and thrust it up to the hilt into the Dragon's breast, and the scales which were like great shining plates of steel fell apart and lay on the ground, while out of the body of the Dragon stepped a stately man

in royal robes who held out both hands to Prince Marcel, saying:

“What do I not owe you who have freed me from the most frightful prison a king was ever shut in? For sixteen years I have been in the power of the



Out of the body of the dragon stepped a stately man.

wicked Fairy Lioness, who would have forced me to devour that lovely Princess. Lead me to her and I will explain all.”

The Prince led him to Mignonette, but things were in such a ferment that nobody could listen to explanations, especially as a finishing touch was given

to the general gladness when a sound of tinkling bells was heard in the air and a falcon flew down, bringing the Frog, who wore her Hood of Roses. And as the Queen ran to meet her, she changed into a tall, beautiful woman whose bright hair gleamed under the Hood of Roses.

“I am come, dear Queen,” said she, “because I love you, and to tell you that I shall always watch over Mignonette, who chose rather to die than to be faithless. Fidelity is rare in this age and will be rarer in the ages to come. She shall not any more be called Mignonette, but her name shall be Fidelity, and this evergreen myrtle shall be her emblem.”

And the Fairy laid a garland like a crown upon Mignonette's brow.

Then the whole procession returned to the city, singing and dancing. And to please the Fairy the wedding was celebrated immediately.

And King Marcel and Queen Fidelity lived long and happily.

## THE KING OF THE PEACOCKS

ONCE upon a time there was a King and a Queen who had two little boys, and as soon as they were born the Queen had asked the Fairies to see them.

“Come and tell me what shall happen to my dear sons,” said she, and what they said made her happy.

Afterwards, when the Queen had a little girl, so pretty that to look at her was to love her, the Fairies hastened to see her without being invited. They said all sorts of sweet things, and were going away. Then the Queen said:

“Do not forget your old custom, dear friends, but tell me what shall happen to my Rosette.”

“We have forgotten our book of Fore-shadows, but we will go home and consult it,” said they.

“Alas!” exclaimed the Queen. “Something is wrong and you do not wish to make me unhappy by telling me the truth. I implore you not to conceal anything from me—tell me all.”

The Fairies tried to excuse themselves, but the Queen insisted all the more, and at last they said,

“Madame, we fear that Rosette will cause great

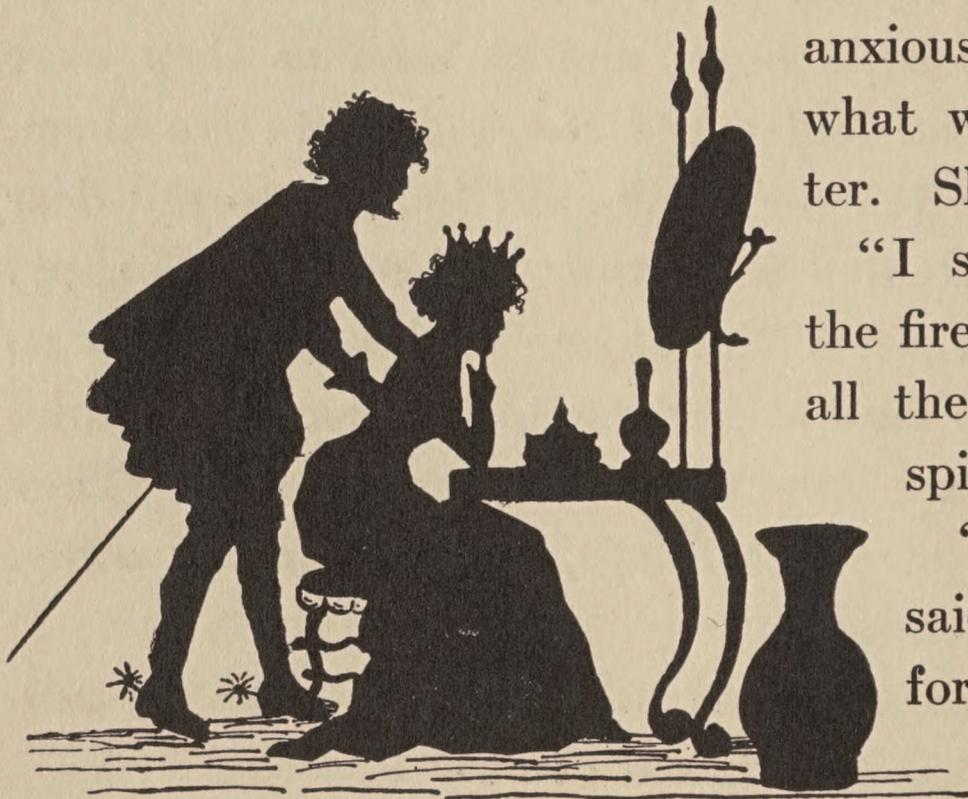
misfortune to her brothers. They may lose their lives on her account. That is all we can divine about this lovely little girl."

Then they went away, leaving the Queen so sad

that the King was anxious, and asked what was the matter. She answered,

"I sat too near the fire, and burned all the flax off my spindle."

"Is that all?" said he, and sent for more flax than could be spun in a hundred years.



The King asked what was the matter.

But still the Queen was sad and when again the King asked what was the matter, she answered,

"I was walking by the river, and let my green satin slipper fall into the water."

"Is that all?" said the King, and he sent for all the shoemakers in the kingdom to bring all their green satin slippers.

But still the Queen was sad, and again the King asked,

“What is the matter?” and she answered,

“I was eating too fast, and I swallowed my wedding ring which was on my finger.”

Then the King knew that she was deceiving him for he had the ring himself.

“My dear wife,” said he, “You are not telling the truth. Here is your ring which I have in my purse.”

The Queen blushed, for she was caught in a lie, and to lie is the most disgraceful thing in the world; besides she saw that the King was displeased, so there was nothing for her to do but tell him what the Fairies had said, and to beg him to think of some way by which the evil could be prevented.

The King was even more cast down than the Queen, and said,

“The only way that I can see is for us to kill the baby, and then things will go on as if she had never been born, but certainly we shall never do that.”

Now near the city was an old hermit living in a tree, and ready to give advice when it was asked for, and the advice was always good.

“I will go to him,” said the Queen. “The Fairies

foretold the malady but forgot the cure." And she hurried on her errand as fast as her horse could gallop.

The hermit disliked to receive women, but as it was the Queen, he said,

"You are welcome. What do you wish from me?"

"I wish counsel," replied the Queen, and she told him all her story, and then asked, "What shall we do with Rosette?"

"Shut her up," said he, "and keep her shut up. It is the only way to save the Princes, for being a girl she will surely make mischief. She will never lose the chance, for she cannot help it."

The Queen thanked him, and gave him a fine present, and then went back to tell the King, who immediately had a high tower built for Rosette and shut her in it. But for fear she should be lonesome the whole family went every day to visit her. Her brothers were devoted to her, and she grew to be the most beautiful and amiable young girl that ever lived.

When she was sixteen years old the King and Queen both died, and the people mourned as they always do when Kings and Queens die. Everybody wore black, and the bells tolled everywhere. Afterwards the eldest Prince was crowned and the people shouted and the joy-bells rang all over the land.

Then the two brothers said to each other, "Let us bring our sister out of the tower."

They had only to cross a garden, for the parents had kept their dear child near them.

When Rosette saw her brothers she left her embroidery and seized the young King's hand.



She saw a peacock with its splendid tail spread in the sunshine.

"Welcome, dear brother," said she, "You are now King and I am your little servant. I pray you take me out of this tower where I am so weary."

"That is why we are come, little sister. You shall live with us in the Palace," said the young King.

"Yes, indeed," added his brother. "You are going

away from this miserable place, and be sure the King will make a fine marriage for you."

Then they led Rosette out into the beautiful world. She flew among the flowers like a lark escaped from its cage, while her little dog Fretillon who was green like a parrot barked and frolicked beside her, as glad to be free as she was herself. All at once she saw a Peacock with its splendid tail spread in the sunshine. Anything so wonderful and so beautiful, she had never dreamed of. She could not take her eyes from it, she pointed to it, and asked what it was. Her brothers told her that it was a bird and was sometimes eaten.

"Is it possible," exclaimed she "that anyone dare kill and eat such a superb creature? I vow I will never marry anyone except the King of the Peacocks, and when I am Queen no human being shall ever touch a Peacock."

"But, little sister, where shall we find the King of the Peacocks?" asked the King in surprise.

"Wherever you please, dear brother," answered Rosette, "but never will I marry anyone else."

They led her to the Palace but were obliged to have the Peacock carried to her room, for she would not go without it.

The whole Court was charmed by Rosette. She

was so courteous and sweet, that each lady went home saying to herself,

“The Princess is dear. She likes me better than anyone else.”

This was a mistake, for Rosette really liked them all, and she liked one as well as another. It was her disposition to like everybody and so of course everybody liked her.

Meanwhile the brothers consulted how to find the King of the Peacocks, and when they had decided what to do they said to Rosette,

“Since you will marry no one but the King of the Peacocks, we are going to find him for you. Take good care of the kingdom until we return.”

Rosette thanked them and promised to govern well, but she said,

“I cannot be happy without you, but I will look at the Peacock and teach Fretillon to dance. That will be a little comfort.”

Then the Princes said, “good-bye,” and wherever they went they inquired, “Where is the King of the Peacocks?” and always they received the same reply, “We do not know.”

They traveled farther and farther. No one had ever traveled so far, and at last they arrived at the

country of the Chafers. As soon as they could make themselves heard through the whirring of wings, they inquired of the Chafer who seemed the most intelligent, "Where is the King of the Peacocks?"

"His kingdom is thousands of leagues from yours," answered the Chafer, "and you have taken the longest road."

"How do you know that?" asked the King.

"Because we know all about you," answered the Chafer. "Every year we spend three months in your gardens."

When the brothers heard this they were not long in learning the right way, and soon reached the Country of the Peacocks.

And it was indeed the Country of the Peacocks. Peacocks were everywhere—they were crowded together on the branches of the trees—they seemed to cover the fields—and the frightful noise which they called music could have made a deaf person a fortunate one.

The King said to his brother, "If the King of the Peacocks is a Peacock himself, how can our sister expect to marry him? We should be crazy to allow it.

The Prince was troubled too, and said "It is cer-

tainly a most unaccountable whim. How did she ever guess that such a being existed?"

But when they reached the city they found it full of men and women, whose clothing and ornaments were entirely of Peacock feathers; and all anxiety



Peacocks were everywhere.

about the King came to an end when they saw a handsome young man whose crown was made from soft plumage of the rare silver Peacock. He was driving in a car drawn by twelve Peacocks, and when he saw the King and the Prince he knew them to be strangers; besides, they had the air of being personages of importance.

He stopped, and motioned them to approach, re-

ceived them very graciously, and in answer to his questions they said,

“We are come from a long distance to show you this,” and as they spoke they gave him the portrait of Rosette.

He looked at it, and exclaimed, “I cannot believe there is such a beautiful girl on earth! I beg of you let me keep this, for I can never give it back,” and he clasped the picture with both hands.

“She is a hundred times more beautiful than that,” said the King.

“You are mocking me, for it is impossible,” declared the King of the Peacocks.

“Sir,” said the Prince, “this is my brother who is a King like yourself. I am a Prince, and the portrait you are holding is the likeness of our sister, the Princess Rosette. We are come to ask if you will marry her. She is as good as she is beautiful, and we will bestow upon her a rich dower.”

“Yes indeed, I will marry her gladly, and I will love her dearly; but if she is not as beautiful as her picture I will have you executed, and you must remain in prison until the Princess arrives.”

Rosette’s brothers agreed to this arrangement, for they knew their sister was far more beautiful than any picture could paint her.

While they were in prison, the King of the Peacocks entertained them royally, and went daily to visit them.

Of course they wrote directly to Rosette, telling her to start without delay for the King of the Pea-



“Save every cent until the King comes home”

cocks was waiting for her; and to be sure not to travel by land but by water, for that was the shorter way.

When Rosette received the letter she read it over twenty times before she could believe it. Then she made ready quickly. She divided her belongings among her friends and confided her dear Peacock



She sailed away.

to an old Court Lady who loved birds and knew how to care for them.

Finally, calling the wisest man in the kingdom, she made him Governor, and said to him,

“Do not spend any money. Save every cent until the King comes home.”

Then taking with her a bushel of gold pieces, and enough gowns to last ten years and be changed four times a day, and carrying Fretillon, the little green dog, in her arms, she sailed away. Her nurse and her nurse's daughter went with her, and she spent the hours laughing and singing. Life was all sunshine and happiness.

One day the nurse asked the boatman,

“Are we nearing? Are we nearing the Country of the Peacocks?” and he answered,

“Not yet. Not yet.”

Another time she asked,

“Are we nearing? Are we nearing?” and he answered,

“Soon. Soon.”

Again she asked,

“Are we nearing? Are we nearing?” and he answered,

“Yes! Yes!”

When she heard that she sat down beside him, saying, "Do you wish to be rich forever?"

"I do indeed," answered the boatman.

"That can easily be," said the nurse. "When the Princess is asleep you must help me throw her overboard, and then my daughter will wear her fine clothes and marry the King of the Peacocks, and you shall be paid more money than you can spend in your whole lifetime."

The boatman was surprised, and said he was sorry to drown such a sweet, lovely Princess; but at last he consented. And that night while Rosette was sleeping with Fretillon curled up at her feet, the nurse and the boatman lifted the mattress with all its coverings, and threw it into the water.

Rosette did not wake as it floated down the stream, but Fretillon began to bark, and the nurse heard him.

"There is that horrid little green dog!" said she. "We are close to the shore? Let us hurry to land."

She was not mistaken. It was quite true they were in the Country of the Peacocks. The King had sent a long train of coaches to meet Rosette, but when the attendants saw the mock Princess step out of the boat they stood motionless; they could only stare.

“What is the matter with you?” cried she. “Is this how you receive me? I will have you all hanged.”

While she was speaking, they stared so much the more, and whispered among themselves,

“She is as wicked as she is ugly! It has not paid our King to go to the end of the earth for her.”

As the procession moved along, the trees were filled with Peacocks, who were waiting to see their new Queen.

“She is the most beautiful among Princesses, just as the Peacock is the most beautiful among birds,” they said.

But when they saw the nurse’s daughter they screamed their loudest, which meant, “Fie! Fie! how ugly she is.”

“Kill those rascally Peacocks. I know they are insulting me!” cried the false Princess, while the rogue boatman whispered to the nurse,

“Your daughter should have been handsomer.”

“Is she as beautiful as her picture?” asked the King when he heard that Rosette was come; and he hurried to meet her; but when he saw the nurse’s daughter he almost died on the spot. He raved; he tore his hair; he forgot his dignity and shouted:

“Those two villains have tried to trick me into marrying this gorilla. Throw her into a dungeon with everybody that belongs to her.”

Now Rosette’s two brothers were saying to each other, “It is time for our sister to come,” when, without warning they were seized and thrown into a cell



He almost died on the spot.

half full of water. They were standing speechless from amazement and indignation, when the King of the Peacocks burst in like a raging tiger.

“You are two pretty cheats,” shouted he, “pretending to be a King and a Prince, thinking to catch me in a trap; but you have gained nothing by it, for I am having the rope twisted to hang you both.”

“King of the Peacocks,” said Rosette’s brother,

in great wrath, "you had better measure your words. I am a King as much as you, and King of a Kingdom far greater than yours; and I want you to know that this affair will not be settled by any rope."

Then there was a long discussion which ended by the King of the Peacocks returning the prisoners to their old quarters and setting himself to find out who they really were.

Now while these things were happening in the Palace, Rosette had awakened and found herself floating on the mattress with Fretillon.

"It is the King of the Peacocks," said she: "He regrets having promised to marry me, and he has ordered me to be drowned," and she wept so bitterly that the white gulls flying overhead were sorry for her.

Then she grew hungry and Fretillon was half starved. They were quite near the shore, the mattress rocking like a little canoe.

"Bark, Fretillon, bark without stopping," said Rosette, for she thought,

"Some one may hear him."

Now there was close to the water a little hut, where a poor old man lived alone, and he heard Fretillon bark. Thinking that a traveler was passing, he opened

the door to invite him to enter and rest. As soon as Rosette saw him she held out her arms, crying,

“Good old man, save me or I shall perish.”

He quickly drew the mattress to land and carried Rosette into the hut. He was not long in making a fire and giving her the best dress of his dead wife; and when she had put it on she looked the loveliest of lovely peasant maids, and Fretillon danced around her as if he thought so too.

The old man knew that Rosette was a great lady, for her mattress was of satin, and the coverings of linen as fine as a cobweb. He begged her to tell him her story, and she wept all the time she was telling it.

“What shall I do?” asked the old man when he had heard all. “You are used to fine food and I have only black bread and turnips. Suppose I go to the King of the Peacocks and tell him about you? If he should see you I know he would marry you.”

“No,” said Rosette, “he would kill me; but if you will give me a little basket, my dog will bring us something to eat.”

The old man found a basket and the Princess tied it around Fretillon’s neck and whispered in his ear,

“Go, my darling little green dog, go to the best kettle in the city, and bring me what is in it.”



“Go to the best kettle in the city and bring me what is in it.”

As no kettle could be better than the King's kettle, Fretillon ran into the King's kitchen, uncovered the kettle, put the contents in his basket and trotted back to the hut.

Then Rosette patted his head, and whispered in his ear,

"Go, my darling little green dog; go to the best pantry and bring me what is in it."

In a few minutes Fretillon appeared with all sorts of fruits and sweetmeats and creams and a bottle of choice wine. He was so laden that he could not carry anything more.

Rosette was satisfied with very little, for she had the delicate appetite of a Princess, and Fretillon was always dainty; but the old man ate as he never ate before.

When the King of the Peacocks called for luncheon no food was to be found in the kitchen or pantry. The cooks were almost insane and the King was in a great rage and declared they must serve the best dinner ever prepared in the palace.

When it grew dark Rosette patted Fretillon and whispered in his ear,

"Go, my darling little green dog, to the best kitchen in the city and bring me a fine roast."

Fretillon obeyed, and as there was no kitchen better than the King's kitchen, he slipped in while the cooks' backs were turned and took the roast from the spit. It was such a roast that it made the old man hungry to look at it.

Then Rosette patted Fretillon and whispered in his ear,

“Go, my darling little green dog, go to the best pantry and bring me the dessert,” and it was only a few minutes before he came back with the plum pudding and brandy sauce.

Of course the King of the Peacocks was ravenously hungry that day, and ordered dinner to be served early, but there was no dinner. He was furious and went to bed hungry.

The next day the same thing happened. The King had nothing to eat, and the whole Palace was in an uproar.

At last one of the officers concealed himself in a corner of the kitchen and watched; but he could hardly believe his own eyes when he saw a little green dog trot in, uncover the kettle, and carry away all that was in it. He followed and saw where the dog entered and then hurried back to tell the King of the Peacocks where his meals were gone.

“Arrest everybody there,” roared he. “I will hang those two villains this minute and these robbers shall hang with them—dog and all. I wish I had a hundred more people to hang!”

The King of the Peacocks had really a good disposition but he was starved, and when a venerable



He saw a little green dog uncover the kettle.

old man and a young peasant girl whom he did not even look at were led in by the officers, the King of the Peacocks was glad there was a rope ready for them, and the sooner it was around their necks the gladder he would have been. But, when the old man told him that he brought with him a Princess who said the King of the Peacocks had promised to marry her, but that instead of keeping his word, he had

ordered her to be drowned, then the King looked at the young peasant girl and knew who she was.

He sprang towards her saying, "You are a hundred times more beautiful than your picture. You shall be my Queen and I will love you always."

But Rosette answered coldly,

"Why did you wish to kill me?"

"I would rather kill myself," answered the King of the Peacocks, "but something is wrong," and he sent for the nurse, and her daughter, and the boatman. When they saw Rosette, all three fell on their knees and confessed what they had done.

Then Rosette smiled on the King of the Peacocks, and said,

"Where are my brothers?"

The King of the Peacocks went for them himself and Rosette threw herself into their arms. After they had heard all the truth and the King of the Peacocks had made a thousand apologies, then the Prince, who was more talkative than his brother and always spoke for both, said,

"We do not blame you at all, for certainly it appeared as if we were as bad as you thought us. So we will think no more of what is past, for as long as you love our sister, we shall love you."

Now Rosette had the loving nature that cannot cherish ill-will toward any one, and she forgave the nurse and her daughter and the boatman and sent



Confessed what they had done.

them home with their pockets full of gold pieces. But the old man and Fretillon lived in the Palace and their meals were served them four times a day.

The King of the Peacocks and Queen Rosette lived happily all their lives, and both their people and their Peacocks were devoted to them.

## THE GREEN SERPENT

ONCE upon a time there was a great Queen who had twin babies. According to the fashion, she invited the twelve fairies who were her neighbors to come and endow the little ones. All twelve accepted the invitation and the Queen was delighted.

A sumptuous banquet was served, when, just as the guests were seated, there entered an old Fairy named Magotine. She had been traveling abroad and had been forgotten. She was known to be extremely malicious, and now looked blacker than a thunder cloud, so that the other Fairies whispered to each other:

“We must make haste to endow the babies before Magotine gets a chance for mischief.”

The Queen concealed the fright which she naturally felt, and placed a chair herself, but Magotine refused it, saying:

“I am quite able to eat standing,” but she was so small that she could not see over the top of the table, and that made her furious.

To add to her rage, twelve bouquets of jewels were

brought in for the twelve Fairies and there was none for her. Then she began to mutter. The Queen begged her to accept a superb casket of diamonds and rubies.

“Keep your trash for yourself, Madame,” replied she, “I only came here to find out if I were wanted.”

As she spoke she struck the table with her wand



Twelve bouquets of Jewels were brought in.

and everything on it changed into fricasseed toads and lizards.

Before the other Fairies could interfere she rushed to the cradle where the Princesses were lying, looking beautiful as dreams, and touching one of them she screamed,

“I endow thee with perfect ugliness!”

Before she could approach the other little sleeper the whole band of Fairies rushed between, and Magotine flew through the open window, hissing as she went.

The poor Queen burst into tears, and the Fairies asked each other, "How can we console the Queen?"

After they had consulted together the eldest said, "Cheer up, Madame! Your daughter will yet be happy."

"But will she ever be beautiful again?" sobbed the Queen.

"That we cannot tell you. We can only say she will be happy."

The Queen thanked the Fairies and gave them costly presents, for although Fairies were rich in those days, they were like mortals, and were never known to have enough.

The little Princesses were named Bellette and Laidronette. Bellette grew like a rose in bloom, but Laidronette became every day more hideous. People closed their eyes rather than look at her.

She knew this, and said to herself,

"If my parents permit, I will go to the Castle by the Sea, where I shall be mistress. I will not have even a mirror to remind me that I am a monster. There I shall be happy."

The King and Queen consented to the plan, for they loved Laidronette and were glad to gratify her.

She went with her old nurse and a few attendants to the lonely castle.

But she was not at all lonely. Music, painting and books were her delight. Flowers and birds were her



A large green serpent coiled under a tree.

friends. For the first time in her life she was perfectly happy.

One day, as she was walking through the woods, she was startled by the sight of a large Green Serpent coiled under a tree.

He raised himself and said,

“Laidronette, you are not the only unfortunate

creature in the Universe! Look at me! I was born even handsomer than you—”

The Princess did not give him time to finish, but fled like a frightened deer. For several days she did not dare leave the Castle.

At last she ventured out for a stroll on the beach. There she was surprised to see a gayly painted little boat. Its masts were cedar. Its sails were gold brocade. It seemed entirely deserted, and she could not resist the temptation to explore it.

No sooner had she stepped into it, than a sudden gale bore it rapidly from the shore.

The wind blew, the billows surged. She saw nothing around her but sea and sky. She thought,

“This is a trick of the malicious Magotine!”

Suddenly something moved quickly over the waves to the side of the boat. It was the Green Serpent!

“I can save you,” said he, “if you will accept aid from such as I.”

“I would rather die!” answered Laidronette. The Green Serpent hissed, which is the way Serpents sigh, and he plunged under the water.

“He is horrible with those green wings and jet black claws and that long bristling mane,” thought

Laidronette, "but I do wonder how he can talk like a human being."

At that moment the boat was blown against a rock and broken into pieces. Laidronette caught at what seemed a part of the wreck strong enough to support her. It carried her to the shore where, to her horror,



It carried her to the shore.

she found that what she had taken for a floating spar was the Green Serpent.

She was so terrified that he said,

"If you knew me better you would not fear me,"

and he plunged again under the waves while Laidronette fainted on the sand.

When she came to herself, she was lying in a splendid apartment. She was surrounded by a crowd of little creatures. They looked like idols out of a Chinese temple. Some were pretty—others frightfully ugly. Some had no feet—others no arms. No two were alike.



She was surrounded by a crowd of little creatures.

“We are Pagods—our wives are Pagodines, and we are commanded to entertain you,” they said, all bowing at once.

They sang and danced—then the Pagodines led her to her own apartment, and waited upon her and admired her.

She remained in Pagodia—that was the name of

the kingdom—and was happy, having everything her heart could desire, but she was always curious to know who it was that made her life worth living.

She questioned the Pagods; they only answered, “We obey our King.”

By degrees, she learned that the King was young



Waited upon her and admired her.

and handsome and very amiable. At last she said to the Pagodine who waited upon her,

“I wish to see your King.”

The Pagodine instantly left the room and Laidronette heard a melodious voice.

“You wish to see me, Princess, but that cannot be yet. The wicked Magotine has condemned me to remain invisible for seven years. Five years are

passed; two yet remain. If you will consent to marry me and will promise never to see me during these two years, I shall not only be restored to my own form but you will regain the marvelous beauty of which Magotine has deprived you. But, I must warn you, that if curiosity should ever lead you to break your word, I must recommence my penance, and you must share it with me."

Laidronette gladly promised to become Queen of Pagodia and never to see the King until the two years were passed. It seemed so easy!

The marriage was celebrated with great magnificence, and no Queen was ever happier than Laidronette.

She loved the King more and more, but the more she loved him the more she wished to see him.

One day she was in the garden gathering roses. The King was speaking from the other side of the trellis. All at once a wild impulse to see him came over her. She parted the branches. She looked and fell to the ground shrieking in terror. It was the Green Serpent!

"Cruel! cruel!" he cried, and vanished just as a crowd of Pagods rushed to her saying that Magotine with an army of Puppets had taken possession of the kingdom.

Laidronette was in such misery that she did not care what happened to her.

“I deserve it all,” she thought.

She made no resistance when a regiment of Puppets dragged her before Magotine.

“Here, my slave,” said the wicked Fairy. “Take



A regiment of puppets dragged her before Magotine.

this spindle; it is filled with spider's web. You are to spin it as fine as a hair and I give you two hours to finish it.”

Laidronette, weeping bitterly, sank on the floor of the cave, where the Puppets had thrown her.

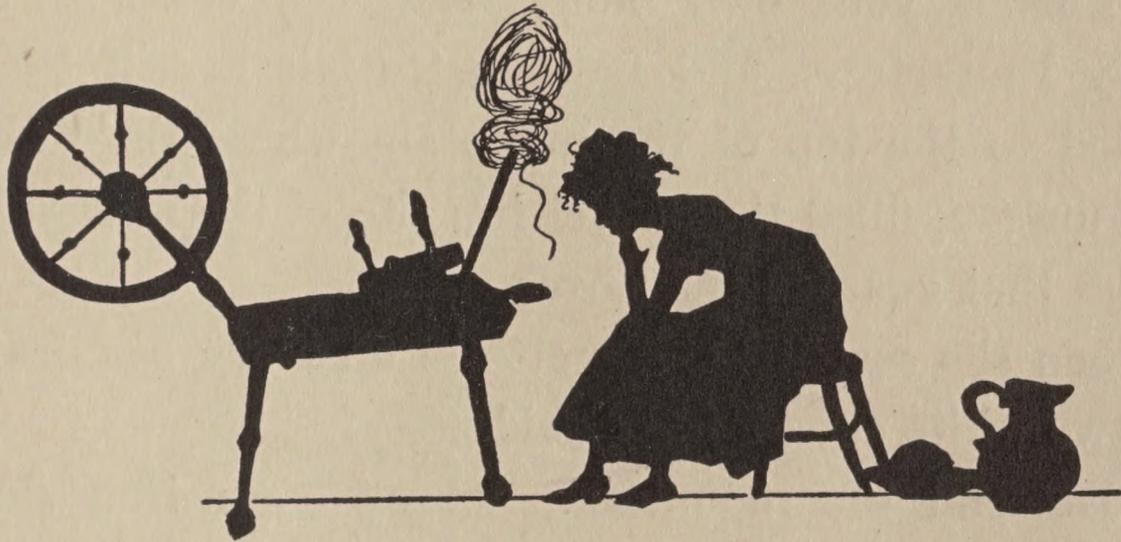
“This is all your own fault,” said a sweet voice;

“but I am your husband’s friend, the Fairy Protectress, and for his sake I will help you.”

Laidronette could see no one, but she heard soft strokes and the thread was spun and tied in a skein.

Promptly at the end of two hours Magotine arrived.

“Indeed you are an expert,” said she, examining



Weeping bitterly.

the skein. “But I will set you at real work this time. You shall draw water from the Ocean Spring.”

Making Laidronette put on a pair of iron shoes much too small, she gave her a bushel basket and a pitcher with a hole in the bottom. Then pointing to a mountain whose summit reached above the clouds, she said,

“Climb to the top of yonder little hill, and heap

this basket with four-leaved clovers. Then go down into the valley, and fill this pitcher from the Ocean Spring. Bring everything back to me. Obey or your Green Serpent shall suffer."

Laidronette was frightened by this threat, and tried to walk in spite of the suffering from the iron shoes.

"This is your own fault," said the voice of the Fairy Protectress, and Laidronette felt herself transported to the top of the mountain where the Fairy, still unseen, filled the basket in spite of the monstrous eagles that guarded the clover.

Then she seated Laidronette in an ivory car drawn by two white canaries and said,

"Descend the mountain. Throw your iron shoes at the two Giants who keep the Spring. They will become unconscious. Give the pitcher to the canaries who know the secret of making it hold the Water of Discretion. As soon as you have it in your hand bathe your face and you will become the loveliest Queen on earth."

Laidronette could not find words to thank the Fairy.

She descended the mountain, and threw the iron shoes at the Giants, who became like statues. Then



Threw the iron shoes at the Giants.

the canaries easily filled the magic pitcher with the Water of Discretion.

The word Discretion attracted Laidronette.

“Perhaps if I drink I may become discreet. If I had only been so, I should now be in Pagodia,” thought she, and she quickly drank the water. After-



She bathed her face and instantly became wonderfully beautiful.

wards she bathed her face, and instantly became wonderfully beautiful.

“I am pleased with you,” said the Fairy Protectress appearing before her; “you knew that this water would make you beautiful, but you have thought only of overcoming your fault. Hereafter you shall

be called Queen Discreet and, you shall be as happy as you are beautiful.”

As the Fairy ceased speaking, Laidronette saw a handsome young man standing beside her. He wore



It was her husband the King of Pagodia.

a hunting suit of green velvet and she heard the same voice that she had heard among the roses. It was her husband, the King of Pagodia!

They were not at the Ocean Spring. They were in Pagodia, and there were no more Pagods and Pago-

dines, but, in their own forms, the people from all parts of the kingdom thronged to welcome their King and Queen!

“There is no end to the wonders of Fairyland,” the Fairy Protectress said. “In some strange way a little Love has crept into Magotine’s heart and rules it. She is become as sweet and kind, as she was crabbed and malicious. She has released you and your people from her evil spell, and all your troubles are ended.”

The Fairy Protectress spoke truth, for the King of Pagodia and Queen Discreet reigned long; happy themselves, and making their subjects happy.

## GRACIEUSE AND PERCINET

ONCE upon a time, there was a King and a Queen who had one only daughter. She was in every way so charming that they named her Gracieuse.

Her mother loved her better than anything in the world, and every morning brought her a new silk or velvet dress, and every afternoon gave her a lesson in embroidery.

As soon as the lesson was over, Gracieuse was served with dishes of sugar plums and more than twenty jars of sweetmeats from which she chose what she liked. Everybody agreed that she was the happiest Princess on earth.

Now there had been at the King's court a rich old maid named Duchess Grognon, who was frightfully ugly. She was very fat and had lost one eye; her mouth was large and crooked, and she was a hunchback.

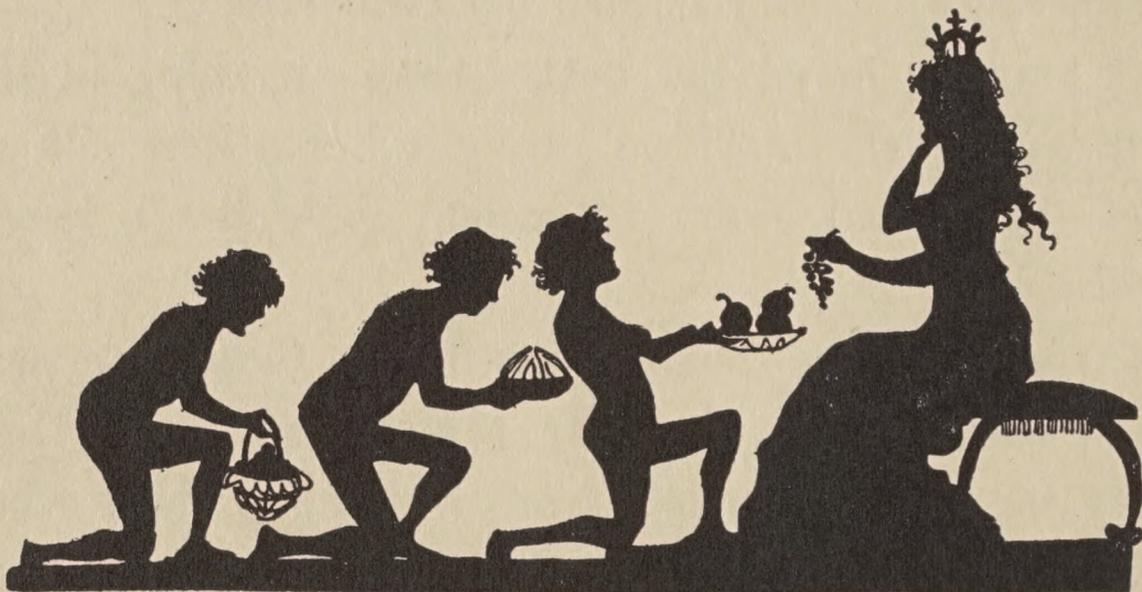
Such people always hate those who are beautiful, and Grognon had left the court in a rage because she would not hear Gracieuse praised.

She shut herself up in her castle, and when any-

one visiting her, spoke well of the Princess, she would scream:

“You are not telling the truth! There is nothing good about her, and I have more beauty in my little finger than she has in her whole body.”

After a while the Queen became ill and died, and



Gracieuse was served with dishes of sugar plums.

Gracieuse herself nearly died from grief at the loss of so dear a mother.

It happened one day that the King had been persuaded to forget his sorrow and amuse himself in hunting. Exhausted by the heat of noon and passing a castle, he entered it to rest. It was the castle of the Duchess Grognon.

“I am delighted to welcome Your Majesty,” said she. “Will you come to the coolest spot I can offer you?”

She led him down to a great vaulted cellar, where hundreds of casks were ranged in rows.

“Do you keep all these wines for your own use?” asked the King, opening his eyes in surprise.

“Yes, indeed,” replied Grognon, “entirely for my own use; and they are very choice wines. I beg Your Majesty to try some of them.”

She took a little hammer and struck a cask. Out poured millions of gold pieces.

“I don’t understand that,” said she. She struck another cask, and a stream of diamonds and pearls covered the floor.

“I cannot comprehend this!” said Grognon. “Some one must have stolen my good wine and put in these trifles.”

“Trifles, Madame!” exclaimed the King, “You don’t call these trifles! There is treasure enough here to buy ten kingdoms!”

“All these casks are filled with gold and jewels, and they are yours if you will marry me,” answered Grognon.

“Indeed, I ask nothing better. I will marry you tomorrow,” said the King, who loved money above everything.

“There is one other condition,” said Grognon, “I

am to control your daughter as her mother did. She is to obey me in everything, and I am to do with her just as I please.”

“I promise you that,” agreed the King, taking



A stream of diamonds and pearls covered the floor.

Grognon's hand. She gave him the key and they left the cellar together.

When the King returned, Gracieuse ran to meet him.

“Have you taken any game, dear Father?” asked she.

“I took a dove alive,” answered the King.

Gracieuse was delighted. "Please, please, give it to me," she begged.

"To tell the truth," said the King, "I met the Duchess Grognon, and have taken her for my wife."

"Do you call her a dove? She is an owl!" cried Gracieuse.

"Be quiet!" answered the King angrily. "I expect you to love her, and treat her as if she were your mother." Then Gracieuse left him, weeping bitterly.

Grognon in the meantime was busy adorning herself. She painted her face, and dyed her red hair black. She put on a purple mantle lined with pink, and a crimson skirt trimmed with lavender ribbons, and declared that she would enter the city on horseback.

While awaiting the hour to meet Grognon, Gracieuse strolled sadly into a little grove, when a Page approached and kneeled before her.

"Princess," he said, "the King is expecting you."

She had never seen the Page before, but supposed that he belonged to Grognon's train.

"Since when have you been among the King's Pages?" asked she.

“I do not belong to the King,” he replied. “I belong to you and to no one else.”

“You belong to me!” exclaimed Gracieuse, “I do not know you.”



A page approached and kneeled down before her.

“Ah, Princess,” replied the Page, “I have not dared to make myself known, but now your misfortune compels me to tell you that I love you.”

“What!” said Gracieuse haughtily, “a Page dares

to tell me that he loves me! That is the finishing touch to my disgrace.”

“Do not be offended, lovely Princess,” replied the Page, “I am Percinet, a Prince well known for my riches and learning. There is no difference between us except, that your goodness and beauty lift you far above me.”

“Is it really you, handsome Percinet, whom I have so long wished to know? I have heard such wonderful things of you that I shall not be afraid even of Grognon, if you are my friend!”

They talked for a few minutes and Gracieuse, no longer sad, joined the King.

A beautiful horse was awaiting her. It was the gift of Percinet, who led it by the bridle-rein.

The horse intended for Grognon was meant to be the finest of all, but it made a very poor showing beside that of Gracieuse. The King was too occupied



“I am Percinet, a Prince well known for my riches and learning.”

to pay attention, but the attendants had eyes only for the lovely Princess and her handsome Page.

When they met Grognon, she saw the difference and was furious.

“How! Is that creature to have a finer horse than I?” she exclaimed. “Rather than be treated in this fashion, I prefer to return to my Castle of Riches and never to be Queen.”

The King immediately ordered Gracieuse to get down and give her horse to Grognon, who mounted it without looking at her, saying,

“The Page must lead me as he did the Princess.”

Percinet obeyed, but no sooner had he touched the bridle-rein, than the horse reared, and tossed Grognon like a ball into the mud. Her arm was broken, and she was badly bruised.

Never was bride in such a plight; her veil was on one side of the road, her slippers on the other. It was like gathering up the pieces of a broken dish.

When she was laid in bed she raved; she stormed.

“It is a trick of Gracieuse,” she screamed.” She brought that horse on purpose to kill me. If the King does not give me satisfaction for this, I will go back to my Castle of Riches and never see him again all the days of my life.”



Tossed Grognon like a ball into the mud.

When the King heard that he was in danger of losing the treasure casks, he assured Grognon that she was at liberty to punish Gracieuse just as she saw fit.

“That is as it should be,” said Grognon. “Send her to me this minute.”

Gracieuse grew pale and looked around for Percinet, but he was not to be seen. Then she went trembling to Grognon’s room, for she knew she was not going to be caressed.

As soon as she entered, the door was closed and four women with whips in their hands fell upon her like so many Furies. They beat her with all their might while Grognon cried from her bed,

“Harder! Harder! Skin her alive! Do not spare her!”

And at every blow she would shriek,

“Harder! Harder! That is not hard enough!”

It seemed as if the Princess were being flayed alive, but things are not always what they seem. Percinet had bewitched the eyes of the women, who, really, had nothing in their hands but large, waving plumes of various colors.

When Gracieuse saw them, she thought, “It is Percinet who has done this! What would become of me but for him?”

The women beat her until they could not raise their arms, and then pushed her out of the door with a thousand threats and insults. Percinet was waiting for her, and she thanked him again and again.

“May I advise you,” said he, “to act as if you had been made very ill by Grognon’s treatment of you?”

When Grognon heard that Gracieuse was ill she was so rejoiced that she got well herself, in half the time she would otherwise have done, and the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence.

The King, knowing that Grognon loved to be praised for her beauty, had her portrait painted, and commanded his bravest knights to maintain against all the world that Queen Grognon was the most beautiful woman ever created.

It was a grand tournament. Among the others came an unknown knight, who wore around his neck



Came an unknown Knight.

a portrait in a golden case. He proclaimed that Queen Grognon was the ugliest woman under the sun, and that she whose picture he wore was the most beautiful being in the whole universe.

The Knight threw Grognon's champions to the ground, one after the other, and then he said,

“To console you all, and to prove that I have told the truth, I will show you my picture.”

He opened the golden case and everyone recognized Gracieuse. Then he rode away without making himself known, but Gracieuse knew that it was Percinet.

The rage of Grognon cannot be described. “I will have revenge for this insult! I will have revenge!” was all she could say.

Now there was near the city a forest infested with wild beasts, and that same evening Grognon sent soldiers to carry Gracieuse there, and there they left her in spite of all her prayers for pity. When she was alone, she threw herself on the ground without strength to move.

“O Percinet! Percinet! Where are you? Is it possible that you have abandoned me?” murmured she faintly.

Suddenly the forest grew bright as day. From

every tree hung chandeliers blazing with tapers, and looking up a broad avenue, she saw a Palace that shone like the sun. As she was gazing spellbound, Percinet stood beside her.

“Do not fear, my Princess,” he said, “Come with me to the Queen, my mother, and to my sisters who love you already, from what I have told them of you.”

Gracieuse could not refuse, and Percinet’s ivory car drawn by fawns, soon reached the Fairy Palace, where the Queen and her two daughters received her with open arms.

A delicious feast was served, and Gracieuse ate, glad to have met Percinet, instead of lions and tigers.

Afterwards the Queen herself led her to her room.

In the morning her attendants were pretty young girls, who brought gowns, jewels, ribbons, laces. Nothing was lacking. Gracieuse had never been so well dressed, and never had looked so beautiful.

But when she saw Percinet she confessed that she had not slept all the night.

“I am happy to be here,” she said, “but I cannot help thinking of my miseries, and fearing to suffer more.”

“If you will marry me, my Princess,” he replied, “you will have nothing more to fear.”

“I cannot do that,” replied Gracieuse, “I belong to the King, my father, and I must not fail in my duty to him. But I wish I could know how Grognon has explained my absence.”

“You shall know if you will follow me,” replied Percinet. He led her to a high tower built of rock crystal.

“Put your foot on mine, and put your little finger in my mouth,” said he, “then look toward the city.”

She looked and saw Grognon with the King, and heard her say,

“That wretched girl has hanged herself in the cellar. You must console yourself for a small loss.”

The King wept while Grognon hurried away to have a log of wood wrapped up and buried.

The King continued to weep and would neither eat nor drink.

“I cannot endure to see him like that,” said Gracieuse, “If you love me, take me back to him.”

“My Princess,” answered Percinet, “you will more than once regret the Fairy Palace, but I cannot hope that you will regret me, for you treat me more barbarously than Grognon has treated you.”

Still Gracieuse would not be refused. She bade farewell to the Queen and her daughters, and departed with Percinet in the ivory car.

As they were on the way, she turned for a last look, but there was only a broad green meadow.



The King continued to weep.

“What has happened?” cried she. “There is no Palace!”

“No,” replied Percinet sadly, “you will see my Palace no more until after you are buried.”

Gracieuse did not think of what he said. She thought only of her father, and as soon as she arrived she ran quickly to find him. He took her for a phan-

tom and would have fled, but she held him fast; and told him what Grognon had done.

He refused to believe until the log of wood was dug up and shown to him. Then he exclaimed,

“You are indeed my own dear child.” He would



Departed with Percinet in the ivory car.

have said more, but Grognon rushed in like a cyclone, and fairly shouted,

“Leave that good-for-nothing creature, or I will go back to my Castle of Riches. This is not Gracieuse at all. It is a worthless girl who looks like her.”

The King said nothing while Grognon's women

dragged away Gracieuse. They tore off her clothing, and dressed her like a peasant. Then they threw her into a dungeon, and gave her dry crusts to eat and straw to lie on.

She cried until she could cry no more, all the time wishing for Percinet, but not daring to call upon him. She had treated him so cruelly that she said to herself,

“Perhaps he does not love me any more.”

Now Grognon had a foster sister who was as malicious as herself and was a Fairy besides. Grognon said to her:

“There is a little minx here whom I detest. I want you to invent a task that she can never do. I will give it to her every morning, and every evening I will beat her black and blue.”

“All right,” answered the Fairy, “I will think the matter over and come back tomorrow.”

She kept her word, and came back with a skein of silk four times as large as a man, and so fine that to breathe upon it was to break it. It was so tangled that there seemed neither beginning nor end.

Grognon was enchanted and sent for Gracieuse.

“Here, my pretty dear,” said she, “here is some work for your big claws, and be sure if it is not wound

by sunset it will be the worse for you." And she left the room, locking the door three times and taking away the key.

Gracieuse examined the silk and threw it on the floor, exclaiming,



"I want you to invent a task she can never do."

"Ah, Percinet, if you will only forgive me and help me."

"I am here, my Princess," answered Percinet, opening the door as easily as if he had the key in his pocket. "I am here and I am glad to help you."

He lifted the skein, shook it twice, and the broken threads rejoined each other. He shook it again and it was perfectly wound.

"My Princess," said he, "why will you not free

yourself from all this? Why will you not marry me? You know that I love you."

"I fear that you do not love me enough," answered Gracieuse, "I am waiting to be sure that you do."



"Ah, Percinet, if you will only help me."

Percinet did not reply, but bowed and left her.

Promptly at sunset Grognon entered, accompanied by the four women who always attended her. Gracieuse presented the skein.

“You have soiled the silk!” she cried, and gave Gracieuse two blows that turned her rosy cheeks black and blue.

The next day the Fairy appeared with a great barrel of feathers of all colors and kinds.

“Now,” said she, “tell your prisoner to sort out this mixture, and to put each kind of feather in a separate heap. It is what she can never do.”

Grognon sent for Gracieuse and threatening her as before, locked her in with the barrel.

“Let me die,” she sobbed, “I will not call on Percinet for help. If he loved me, he would be here already.”

“I am here, my Princess,” said Percinet, emerging from the barrel where he had been hidden. “I am here, and after so many proofs how can you doubt that I love you more than my life?”

He waved his hand twice, and the feathers arranged themselves around the room in little orderly heaps.

“I cannot thank you enough,” said Gracieuse, smiling sweetly. “I should be lost without you, and you may be certain I am not ungrateful.”

Percinet sighed and left her, and Grognon came.

She was in a frenzied rage. She struck the Princess, and said,

“The feathers are badly arranged.”

She was ready to strangle the Fairy who arrived bringing an emerald box, and saying,

“Make your slave take this box wherever you please, but charge her solemnly not to open it.”

Grognon called Gracieuse. “Carry this box,” said she, “to my Castle of Riches, and lay it on my dressing table, and remember that I forbid you on pain of death, to look at what is in it.”

Gracieuse went as she was bidden. On the

way she sat down to rest, and to enjoy the clovers and daisies that were growing in the green meadow. The emerald box lay on her lap, and she began wondering what was in it.



He waved his hand twice.

“What harm can happen to me if I do open it? I shall take nothing out and I may as well know what is inside?” thought she.



The Fairy arrived bringing an emerald box.

She lifted the cover and out swarmed a crowd of tiny people. There were little ladies and gentlemen, there were musicians with violins, there were servants carrying wee chairs, tables and dishes, there were

cooks and waiters. They separated in bands. The ladies and gentlemen danced, while the cooks prepared the feast.

Gracieuse was amused in watching them, but when she grew tired, and would have had them return to the box, not one of them would go back. The little gentlemen and ladies danced away, the musicians with their violins, the cooks and waiters with their saucepans on their heads, and their toasting forks over their shoulders, flitted into the woods. When Gracieuse chased them from the woods, they ran into the meadow; when she followed them to the meadow, they ran back into the woods.

She wrung her hands, exclaiming,

“O Percinet! Percinet! if you still love me, come and help me.”

She did not need to call twice, for Percinet was beside her.

“Ah! my Princess,” he said, “if it were not for the wretched Grognon, you would never think of me.”

“Do not say that,” said Gracieuse, “I am almost quite certain that you love me.”

Percinet was charmed by this answer, and took up the emerald box. Instantly the tiny people

packed into it and it closed as if it had never been opened.

Gracieuse did not say "Thank you," but she smiled happily, and held out her two little hands to him, saying sweetly,



Gracieuse chased them from the woods.

"I must go to the Castle of Riches. Will you take me there?"

When they arrived at the Castle, and Gracieuse asked the governor to show her into the Queen's dressing room, he laughed.

"Are you going to keep your sheep there?" he

said. "Be off! Never wooden shoes stepped on such a floor."

After a good deal of persuasion, he consented to write a line saying that he would not let her into the Queen's room, because he knew that such a looking object must be a cheat.

On the way back Gracieuse promised that if she should suffer again from Grognon's malice, she would marry Percinet.

Grognon was speechless when she saw her. She flung the Governor's note into the fire, and the emerald box along with it.

Then she sat down and planned. She was like a fire. The flames had gone, but they had left behind the red hot coals, the most dangerous of all.

"I will get rid of her this time," she resolved, "I will ask no aid."

She ordered a pit, deeper than a well, to be dug. It was done, and a stone laid over it.

Then she called Gracieuse. "There is a treasure hidden under this stone. Please come and help me lift it."

Her voice was so kind that Gracieuse hastened to help, but as she bent over the edge of the pit, Grognon pushed her in headlong.

She fell to the bottom, crying,

“I am buried alive.”

Suddenly all around was light. The side of the pit became an arch through which she saw the garden she knew so well, and there too were Percinet and his mother and sisters.

Then she remembered how Percinet had said, she would not see the Fairy Palace again until after she was buried.

The Queen came toward her with open arms.

“Come, my child,” she said tenderly, “to those who love you. Do not any longer refuse to marry my son.”

Gracieuse kissed the Queen’s hand, and said she would be glad to please her in all things, all her life. She would marry Percinet.

The Palace resounded with music, and the wedding was too splendid to describe.

The Fairies came from every land, some drawn by dragons, some by swans, some sailed on clouds, some rode on balls of fire.

Among them appeared Grognon’s foster-sister. She was amazed when she saw Gracieuse, and threatened to punish Grognon severely; but Gracieuse besought her not to do so, and said,



The Fairies came from every land.

“If you will forgive her for my sake, I shall know that you are my friend.”

“You may know, too,” replied the Fairy, “that I will always be your friend.”

Gracieuse and Percinet lived all their lives in the Fairy Palace, and Gracieuse never saw Grognon again.

## THE FAIRY GUARDIAN

ONCE upon a time there was a King and a Queen who loved each other so dearly that they were models to their subjects, and such harmony prevailed throughout their Kingdom, that it was known as the Land of Love.

They had one only daughter who was sweet in face and disposition, and was the delight of her parents. Her life promised to be all sunshine when suddenly, dark clouds came over it.

The King while hunting, was thrown from his horse and killed instantly. The grief of the Queen was so great that her physicians said that she would die. And she knew it was true, and that the future of her daughter must be provided for.

Now her best friend was the most powerful of all the Fairies, and so was called the Sovereign Fairy; to her the Queen sent this message:

“Come to me quickly, for I have something to confide to you, but if you delay, I shall not live to see you.”

As soon as the Fairy heard this, she hastened to

the bed-side of the dying Queen, who told her what was on her heart.

“I promise,” answered the Fairy, “all that you ask—I will care for the Kingdom and for Constancia, and I will love her, as I have loved you.”

“Promise, too,” murmured the Queen, “that you



The King while hunting was thrown from his horse.

will be a mother to her, and will choose her a husband so kind and good that she shall always love him.” The Fairy promised and the Queen died.

Happily the Sovereign Fairy could read the stars as easily as she could read a story in a book, and she learned that Constancia would be in great danger from a certain Giant, but that if she could

escape him until she was eighteen years old, he would have no more power over her.

As this Giant lived close to the Land of Love, the Fairy resolved to take her dear adopted child so far away that he would have no chance to find her. First, she made good laws for the country, and chose a capable Governor. Then she went with Constancia to a region that was a real Paradise, and there they lived together, feeding their sheep, among the shepherds and shepherdesses.

Constancia knew why she was being hidden, so that one day when the Fairy was called away, and charged her not to leave the house, she readily promised to obey.

“Do not be long gone, dear Mother,” said she, kissing the Fairy good-bye. “I will amuse myself with Ruson until you return.”

Ruson was Constancia’s pet sheep who would never eat nor drink unless she, herself, held his little silver dish.

He had been a spoiled lamb, and now he was a spoiled sheep.

The Fairy was hardly gone when Constancia, looking out at a window, saw a great, gray wolf running toward the forest with Ruson in his mouth.

Forgetting her promise to the Fairy, she rushed after and threw her crook at the wolf with such force that he dropped his prey.

But as Ruson fell to the ground, there stepped



“You are just the one for me.”

from behind the trees a creature worse than any wolf. It was the Giant!

“You are just the one for me,” he exclaimed; “I have been searching for you the world over and here you are!”

As he spoke he opened the game-bag, which had

been slung over his shoulder, and thrust Constancia and her sheep into it.

“Dear, darling Ruson,” said she “it is certainly no consolation to have you with me in this place.”

And as she wept, Ruson bleated and the wolf howled a long howl—this awoke a dog and a cat and a cock and a parrot, who had all been asleep in one corner of the bag. They made such a racket that the Giant felt like killing every one of them, but afterwards he tied up the bag and threw it on the top of a tree; then he went off to fight a duel with another Giant.

When Constancia could no longer hear the sound of his foot-steps, she took her scissors and cut a hole in the bag, and let the animals out, one by one, all except the wolf.

“I will teach you not to steal innocent little sheep,” said she to him, and she sewed up the hole so that he was securely fastened in.

The night was dark, but the grateful animals did their best to protect her; the cat lighted the path with its fiery eyes; the dog was sentinel and barked if a leaf rustled; the cock crowed to frighten lions or tigers; while the parrot jabbered after such a fashion that it seemed as if a dozen people were talk-

ing at once. No robber would have dared approach such a band.

It was useless for Constancia to look for the cottage that she had left, for everything around was new and strange. And at dawn she found herself



The animals did their best to protect her.

on the border of a brook that watered a beautiful meadow, but her animals had vanished and only Ruson remained.

“Where am I?” she said, “and who will take care of me? Ah, Ruson, little sheep, you have cost me dear! If I had not run to save you, I should be at home with the kind Fairy!”

She did not cease lamenting until, exhausted by

fatigue, she fell asleep. But Ruson was a faithful guardian, and bleated softly to awaken her. She opened her eyes, and saw standing before her a young man of such a noble air and so magnificently dressed, that she knew he could be nothing less than a Prince.

“Pardon me, beautiful shepherdess,” said he, “you seem sad and alone. Is there anything that I can do for you?”

“Indeed, sir,” answered Constancia, “If I could only tend a flock of sheep in this quiet place, I should be the happiest shepherdess in the world.”

“That may easily be arranged,” said the Prince, “I will speak to the Queen, my mother, and I am sure she will be glad to gratify you.”

The Prince went directly to his mother, and he could not have gone at a better time, for she was just dismissing a shepherdess who had neglected the sheep.

“I met a young girl this morning,” said he, “who was looking for something to do—no doubt she would like the place.”

“Delightful!” exclaimed the Queen. “Send her immediately to take charge of the flock.”

After this the Prince and Constancia saw each other continually, and each thought the other per-



“Pardon me, beautiful shepherdess” said he, “You seem sad and alone.”

fect. But after a while the Prince began to be much troubled.

“A Prince will never be allowed to marry a shepherdess,” said he to himself, “I shall lose my Constancia!”

Anxiety made him ill. No one understood what the matter was; remedies were of no avail; the Prince grew worse every day. As for Constancia, she did not know the cause any more than the others, but she remembered a wonderful Fairy recipe—which was secret like all fairy things—and she sent a page to let the Queen know that one of her shepherdesses was sure that she could cure the Prince.

The Queen listened and said haughtily:

“I have no faith in ignorant people; however, let the girl try, but if she does not succeed, I shall punish her severely for lying.”

When Constancia arrived at the Palace she was informed that unless she cured the Prince she would be tied in a sack and thrown into the river.

She was not in the least alarmed, but carried the cordial which she had prepared, to the Prince, and as she gave it to him, she whispered softly,

“Unless you get well now, I shall be drowned and it will be your fault.”

“I am quite recovered!” exclaimed he springing to his feet; and he sent for the doctors, who were dumb with astonishment when they found the Prince looking and acting as though he had never been ill.

When he presented himself to the Queen, she was more amazed than the doctors.

“Is it possible!” she said as she kissed him. “My dear son; this is wonderful! It is a miracle!”

“It is so, my mother,” replied the Prince, “and will you not thank the shepherdess yourself for what she has done?”

“Thank her!” exclaimed the Queen. “No, indeed, she has only done what she ought to do!”

But the King, who was even happier than the Queen because his son was well again, interfered and said,

“We owe the shepherdess a debt which we can never repay, and we ought to tell her so. Let her be sent to us!”

There was nothing more to be said and Constancia was ushered in, but as she entered the room the Queen looked at her, and uttering a loud scream fell back in her chair as if she were fainting, but instantly recovering herself, she spoke very kindly and added,

“Now you shall remain with me, and care for my flowers instead of tending my sheep.”

When all were gone and the King and Queen were alone the King said,

“My dear, why were you so overcome when you saw that girl?”



She confided to him that she was Queen of the Land of Love

The Queen grew pale and clasped her hands nervously as she answered, “Last night I dreamed, and in my dream I saw a stranger—when this girl came into the room I recognized her—she was the stranger and she married our son. I know that she will cause me much sorrow.”

“Never believe in dreams,” said the King care-

lessly. "Send her back to her sheep, and forget all about her!"

The Queen was provoked by the King's want of sympathy and she determined to take matters in her own hands; she would send the Prince away, and while he was gone, she would get rid of the shepherdess.

But before the Prince went, Constancia confided to him that she was Queen of the Land of Love, and that in a little while she could return to her Kingdom. Then they made a plan as well as the Queen; they would be married as soon as the Prince returned.

One day after the Prince was gone, Constancia went into the garden with Ruson trotting before her, when suddenly she was surrounded by a legion of little hissing scorpions and vipers who sprang up to sting her, but fell back unable to move; the paths were covered with them, but they lay on the ground as if they were charmed.

Now the Queen was watching from a window, hoping to see Constancia attacked by the poisonous reptiles, but she only saw her walk quietly and unmolested among the flowers.

It happened that there lived at no great distance a Witch, who was more hateful than most Witches. She had shut herself up in a tower into which she did



The Queen was watching from a window.

not allow a single ray of sunlight to enter, while to prevent the approach of strangers, she kept elephants who raced furiously through the forest, and dashed in pieces every traveler whom they met.

The Witch was as much a friend of the Queen as she could be a friend of anybody, and she had said to her,

“If ever you send me a token, I will give the messenger who brings it the deadly Belt of Friendship to carry back to you.”

The Queen remembered this and called Constancia; “Take this golden arrow,” said she, “to the Witch of the Dark Tower, and tell her that you are come to ask for the Belt of Friendship.”

Constancia started on her errand with Ruson by her side. But it was a lonely wood, and she was glad when a little gray ~~woman~~ woman joined her and asked pleasantly ~~where~~ where she was going.

Constancia told her, and she said, “You will have no trouble if you will follow my advice. You will meet ferocious elephants, but let your sheep walk before you, and the elephants will become as gentle as lambs. On the way back put the Belt quickly around the first tree that you pass; continue to put it around each tree as you go on, and long before you

reach home all the evil power will be used up, and it will be like any other belt."

When the little gray woman finished speaking, she made as if she were going in another direction, but paused and added, "Ruson will protect you from the elephants to-day, as he protected you from the scorpions and vipers yesterday. Good-bye!"

When Constancia entered the forest the elephants rushed towards her, but at the sight of Ruson they became like sheep themselves and caressed him with their trunks.

Although the Witch could hardly believe her eyes when Constancia appeared, she only asked, "Why are you come?"

"I am come for the Belt of Friendship," replied Constancia, "and here is a golden arrow."

"Is the Belt for yourself?" asked the Witch.

"I do not know," said Constancia.

"But I know very well," said the Witch, and she drew from her pocket a linked golden belt. "Here," said she, "is the Belt of Friendship. It is precious, and will make you more beautiful than you are, especially if you put it on as soon as you enter the forest."

Then Constancia returned with Ruson, who seemed

a greater treasure than ever, and the elephants were like old friends.

As for the first tree, the Belt had scarcely touched it when it became a cinder, but as Constancia put it around tree after tree, the flames grew less and less until the Belt of Friendship became a harmless girdle.

And when she arrived at the Palace the Queen said,

“Never have you been to the Tower of my old friend!”

“Pardon me, Madame,” said Constancia. “I have been there, and here is the Belt of Friendship which you sent for.”

“Why have you not put it on?” asked the Queen.

“It is too fine for a poor shepherdess like me,” answered Constancia.

“Not at all,” said the Queen; “I give it to you for your trouble. Don’t fail to wear it! Now tell me what you saw on the road.”

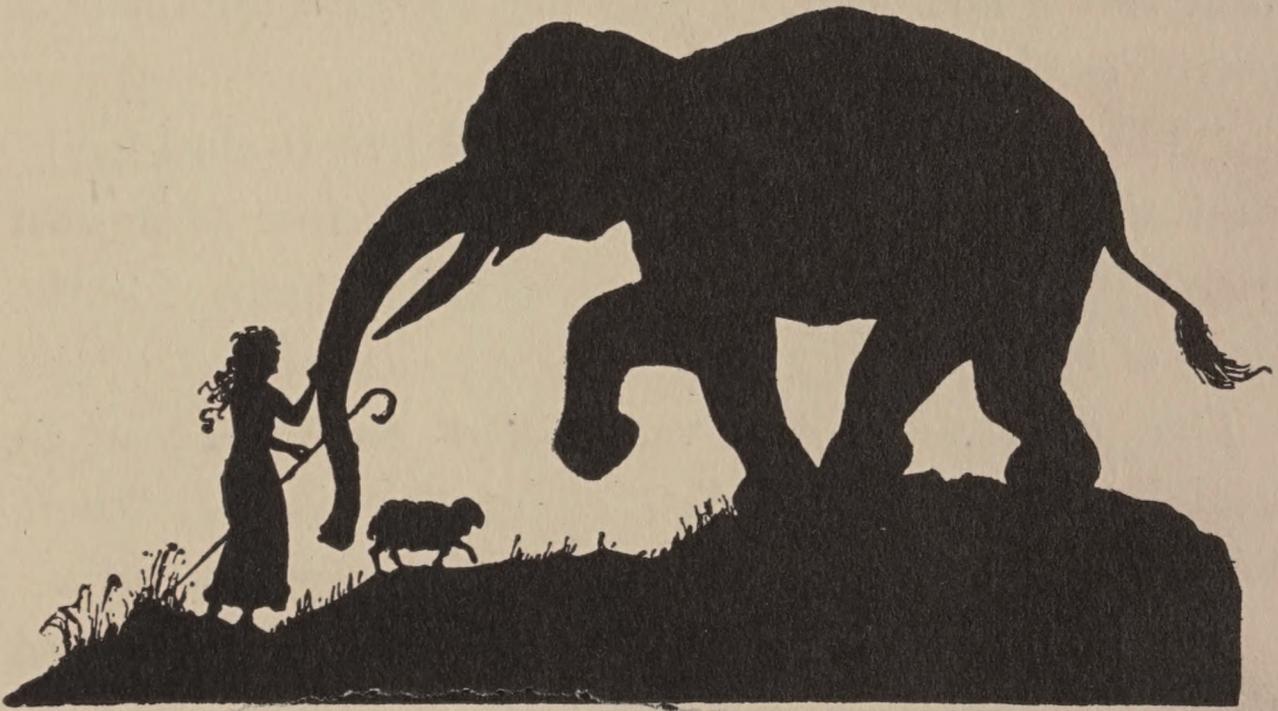
“Only some elephants. They were so tame and intelligent that it was a pleasure to walk with them,” replied Constancia.

The Queen said nothing, for there was nothing to say. In the morning Constancia went out into

the garden with Ruson. The poisonous reptiles were still there and she wore the Belt of Friendship.

The Queen watched her moving among the flowers, as tranquilly as if she had a band of ribbon around her waist. The Queen was frantic.

It chanced that there was a slave vessel in the har-



The Elephants were like old friends.

bor and she sent for the Captain and told him that she would give him a slave, if he would promise to take her so far away that she could never get back. The captain was glad enough to make such a bargain, and sailed away with Constancia.

On that very day the Prince returned, and the Queen told him that Constancia was dead.

“Then I will die upon her grave,” said he.

“Why should you die for a miserable shepherdess?” asked the Queen scornfully.

“She is no shepherdess!” cried the Prince. “She is Queen of the Land of Love!”

“If that is so,” said his mother, “I will confess that she is not dead. I sold her to the Captain of a slave vessel.”

“Then I will not die! But I will live to find her!” said the Prince. So he sailed away from his own country, determined to follow Constancia to the ends of the earth.

One day, when the vessel had anchored on an island, the Prince strolled along the shore. There he saw a great forge where two Giants were at work.

He inquired of them if any vessel had stopped there lately. They made no reply, but worked on faster than ever.

As he could get no satisfaction, he was turning away, when, like flashes of lightning, the two Giants disappeared and a beautiful boy emerged from the flames of the forge. He wore a band over his eyes and held a bow and arrow.

“Stop, Prince!” said he, “I will help you if you prove yourself worthy.”

“How must I prove my worth?” asked the Prince?

“You must throw yourself into this,” said the Boy, pointing to the burning fiery furnace.

The Prince leaped into the midst of the flames and lost consciousness.



He saw a great forge where two Giants were at work

When he came to himself he was a Pigeon—a wonderfully beautiful Pigeon! Instead of lying in the forge, he was resting softly in a nest of roses.

But the change from a man to a voiceless bird, was more than he could bear! He was desperate! He tore the down from his breast, and flung himself

bleeding to the ground. As he fell, two young girls were passing, and one of them said,

“Did you know that Queen Constancia, whom our Mistress loves so dearly, is imprisoned by a Giant who means to marry her? But our Mistress is resolved that he shall do no such thing.”

The other girl did not seem to have listened, for she exclaimed,

“O, see this poor bird! Some owl or raven has torn away its feathers! We will take it to our Mistress!” And she laid the pigeon tenderly into the little basket that she carried on her arm.

“Madame,” said she, running to meet the Sovereign Fairy, “here is a pigeon that we have found—it is quite tame, and if it had feathers it would be very handsome. We think perhaps that you may like to keep it.”

The Fairy smiled and took it, but did not tell the young girls that it was she who had transformed a great Prince into a bird.

Then she carried the Pigeon into her own room and shut the door.

“Prince,” said she, you have proved yourself as worthy of my daughter Constancia as she is of you. Now listen! The Giant found Constancia on the

slave vessel, and carried her off, and is making great preparations for his marriage, which I shall certainly prevent. Here is my ring; it will guide you to the castle where Constancia is imprisoned. Give it to her and as soon as it is on her finger she will become



“O, see this poor bird.”

a Dove and you can fly away, together—but, stay a moment!—

She took from her closet a flask of colorless liquid and poured it over the Prince. Instantly his torn plumage became a marvel of beauty, and he darted through the open window.

Constancia was leaning sadly over a balustrade

on the top of the Giant's Tower, when the Pigeon flew down and softly laid the ring upon her hand.

As she stood examining it and wondering, the Giant suddenly appeared. In her fright, and without knowing what she was doing, she slipped the ring upon her finger, and in the same instant became a Dove—a beautiful white Dove!

And the Pigeon and the Dove flew away together.

Never surprise equaled the surprise of the Giant! He filled the air with his roarings; he rushed madly to the edge of the Tower, and shaking his fist into the sky, he lost his balance and fell headlong into the sea.

There he was drowned.

While the Prince and Constancia were flying away and he was regretting that he could not tell her who he was, he suddenly found that he could speak, and at the same time he heard Constancia murmur,

“Now that I am safe I must find my dear Prince!”

“Your Prince is here beside you!” said he, “let us fly to yonder grove and, while you rest, I will tell you my story.”

They flew to the grove which stood in the center



The pigeon flew down.

of a green expanse—so wide that in the far-off distance it melted away into cloudland.

All beautiful things of nature grew there, and it was a home of perfect peace.



It was a home of perfect peace.

Then the Prince told Constancia his story, and added, “Now let us quickly seek our best friend, for I know that she will restore us to our own forms!”

“Oh, no! let us remain as we are, loving each other and being alone together! It is the only life worth living,” cried Constancia, and while she was speak-

ing the Sovereign Fairy who had not waited to be sought, appeared.

Standing in the midst of the flowers with Ruson by her side, she said in her own kindly way, "and



With Ruson by her side.

this life you shall live, my own Constancia, and your faithful Ruson shall live with you. Here you may remain until the time when you must reign over the Land of Love. And it shall be in the days to come, people will say to the Bridegroom and the Bride, 'May you be as happy as King Pigeon and Queen Dove!'"



## THE YELLOW DWARF

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen who had lost her husband and all her children, except one daughter, and she was always afraid of losing her too, and so never contradicted her in all her life.

Everybody said it was the Queen's fault that the Princess grew up very proud and very vain. She was called Beauty, and really believed that the name was invented expressly for her.

"Other Princesses are beautiful, but I am a perfect beauty," said she.

The Queen, knowing that she could not live always, dreaded to leave her precious child alone in the world.

"My daughter," she said, "why not choose a husband who is worthy of you?"

"No one is worthy of me, my mother," answered the Princess haughtily.

The Queen began to regret the way in which her daughter had been brought up, but it was too late to mend matters. So she resolved to consult the celebrated Fairy of the Desert.

Now the Fairy of the Desert kept a pack of lions, and in order to pass, it was necessary to throw them little cakes made of millet flour and crocodile eggs. The Queen herself kneaded the cakes and carried them in a basket.

She was not used to walking, and by and by she



Very proud and very vain.

sat down under a tree to rest, and fell asleep; when she awoke, she found only the basket; the cakes were gone, and she heard the roaring of the lions.

“Alas! Alas! I shall be devoured,” she cried, and clung to the tree under which she had slept, when all at once she heard,

“Chet! Chet! Hem! Hem!”

She looked on all sides and then up into the tree.  
A little man sat there eating an orange.



A little man sat there eating an orange.

“I know you well, Madame,” said he. “You are afraid of the lions, and you may well be for you have no cakes.”

“I suppose I must die,” said the Queen, “but I

should be more resigned if my dear daughter were only married."

"Indeed! Have you a daughter?" cried the Yellow Dwarf, for so he was called because of his color, and because he lived in the Orange tree. "Truly I am glad, for I am searching land and sea for a wife, and if you will promise me your daughter, the lions shall not touch you."

The Queen looked at him, and was almost as much afraid of his face as she was of the lions. She looked again and did not answer.

"What! Madame, do you hesitate?" said he. "You cannot care much to live!"

Then the Queen saw the lions on the top of a hill running for her. Each lion had two heads and two rows of teeth, and its skin was as hard as shell and as red as blood.

The poor Queen shrieked,

"Oh, my Lord Dwarf, Beauty shall marry you. I promise! I promise!"

"Ah, ah, ah!" said the Dwarf with a disdainful air. "Beauty is too fine for me. You may keep her. I do not want her."

"Oh, sir," cried the Queen, "do not refuse her. There is no Princess in all the world so charming."

“If that is the case,” said the Dwarf, “I will accept her out of charity. But don’t forget your promise.”

Instantly the Orange tree opened, and the Queen threw herself headlong into it. It closed, and the lions went hungry.

There was a door in one side of the tree, opening into a field covered with thistles and surrounded by a ditch. In the field was a little house, low and thatched with straw, and as the Queen stood horror-struck, the door of the house opened, and the Yellow Dwarf walked out with a very happy manner. He wore yellow shoes, a yellow jacket and the look of a little villain.

“I am delighted, my mother-in-law,” said he, “that you can see the mansion where your Beauty will live with me. She will feed her donkey on these thistles, and she can ride when she chooses. She will drink this water and eat frogs that fatten in it, and she will always have me beside her, as handsome and polite as you see me. Her shadow will not accompany her more closely than I.”

This vision of the life that Beauty would lead was too much for the Queen, and she fainted. When she came to herself, she was in her own Palace with

her ladies around her and her daughter by her side. And she would never have believed that she had been on that dreary field and promised Beauty to the Dwarf, if she had not found on her pillow a topaz chain, curiously cut, and of brightest yellow.

She was heart-sick, and lay day after day in a deep melancholy, and would neither eat nor speak.

Now Beauty had a loving heart in spite of all her faults, and she thought,

“I will go to the Fairy of the Desert. She is wise and perhaps she will tell me what I can do for my mother.”

Then she made the cakes for the lions, and one evening, pretending to go early to bed, she stole away to visit the Fairy.

As she passed the fatal Orange tree, she could not resist the temptation to taste the fruit; it was even sweeter and more delicious than it looked.

“It is worth while coming here just to eat these,” she said to herself, and turned to take up her basket; but there was no basket, only a frightful little Yellow Dwarf. The poor Princess burst into tears.

“Why do you weep, beautiful girl?” asked the Dwarf.

“Alas, who would not weep,” she answered. “I

came to visit the Fairy of the Desert and now I cannot go to her safely, for I have no cakes to feed the lions."

"Why are you going to the Fairy?" asked the Dwarf.

"Because," replied the Princess, "the Queen, my mother, is become very melancholy, and no one knows why. I am going to inquire of the Fairy, for I am sure she will tell me the reason."

"If that is all," said the Dwarf, "I can tell you better than she can. The Queen is sorry because she has promised you in marriage."

"The Queen has promised *me!*" exclaimed Beauty. "What do you mean?"

"Beautiful Princess," said the Dwarf, falling on his knees, "I flatter myself that you will not be displeased when you know that I am the Queen's choice."

"*You!* My mother choose *you!*" exclaimed Beauty. "Is it possible that there can be such insolent folly as yours?"

"It is all the same to me!" retorted the Dwarf, springing to his feet. "The lions are coming, and in three bites they will avenge me for this contemptuous treatment."

The Princess became frantic, for she heard the roars of the ferocious creatures.

“I shall die! I shall die!” she shrieked. “Must I end my happy life like this?”



“Beautiful Princess” said the Dwarf falling on his knees.

The wicked Dwarf laughed mockingly. “Then you will not have to waste your loveliness on a foolish, insolent Dwarf like me,” he said.

“Please do not be angry,” implored the Princess, clasping her beautiful hands. “I would rather marry all the Dwarfs in the universe than perish like this.”

“Look well at me, Princess, before you give your word,” said the Dwarf.

“I have looked at you. There are the lions! Save me! I shall die of fear!”

As she spoke she fainted, and without knowing how, she found herself in her own bed, and wearing a ring made of a single red hair, which she could not take off without tearing the flesh from her finger.

The shock was so great that for a little while she was more depressed than the Queen, but afterwards she decided to outwit the Dwarf and marry some great King.

She said to her mother, “I prefer to remain unmarried, but since you will not consent to that, I choose the King of the Gold Mines. He is very powerful and very handsome and has loved me for many years.”

“My own dear child, you are making my life bright again,” said the Queen, and she smiled and began arranging for a magnificent wedding.

As for the King of the Gold Mines, when he knew from Beauty herself that she had chosen him for her husband, he was too happy for words.

As for the suitors, they were all furious, which was

most unreasonable, for Beauty could not have married twenty Kings at once.

The wedding day arrived; the wedding guests were gathered, and the Queen was radiant with delight as she looked upon the King and Princess; he was so handsome and she was so beautiful, and both were so happy.

Suddenly, there came a flash of lightning and a growl of thunder, and through the great door entered two enormous Indian Cocks dragging after them an iron chest.

A bent old woman leaning on a crutch followed. She was a marvel of ugliness, and was wrapped in a black garment covered with silver moons and stars.

The guests all drew back to let her pass. She paused in front of the bridal pair and straightened herself, until she changed into a giantess and her crutch into a wand, which she brandished like a spear.

“Ho, Queen! Ho, Princess!” she shouted. “You are trying to break your word to my friend, the Yellow Dwarf, are you? I am the Fairy of the Desert and but for him and his Orange tree, my lions would have devoured you both, and I swear that you shall keep your promise or I will burn my wand.”

The Queen looked at the Princess, and the Princess looked at the Queen.

“Alas, my daughter,” said the Queen weeping, “What do I hear? What have you promised?”

“Alas, my mother,” said the Princess, “what have you, yourself, promised?”

Now the King of the Gold Mines, waiting only to draw his sword, rushed toward the old Fairy.



Two enormous Indian Cocks dragging after them an iron chest.

“Wretched creature,” cried he, “leave this place instantly, or lose your life.”

He had scarcely spoken when the cover of the iron chest was thrown open with a frightful noise, and the Yellow Dwarf, astride a monstrous Persian Cat, sprang between him and the Fairy of the Desert.

“Your business is with no one but me,” said he, glaring at the King. “This faithless Princess wears



The yellow Dwarf astride a monstrous cat.

upon her finger a ring made of one of my hairs. It is the seal of her promise, and she can never take it off."

While he was speaking the two Indian Cocks flew to each side of the Dwarf, throwing out such flames from their mouths and eyes, that they seemed like burning fiery furnaces.

The King of the Gold Mines was not in the least dismayed, and would have attacked the Dwarf when the Fairy of the Desert, transforming her wand into a lance, struck the Princess who fell into the arms of her mother.

The King rushed forward to protect her or die with her, but the Dwarf was too quick for him. Leaning down from his cat, he tore the Princess from her mother's arms and disappeared with her.

The King stood paralyzed, when suddenly he became totally blind and realized that some extraordinary power was transporting him through space.

It was the Fairy of the Desert, who seeing how handsome and brave he was, had determined to use all her art, and make him forget Beauty and marry her.

She carried him to the deserted cave of a hermit and restored his sight. Then, appearing like a pretty

young girl who was passing that way by chance, she paused before the opening of the cave.

“Is it possible that I see the King of the Gold Mines?” exclaimed she. “Why are you here? What misfortune can have brought you to this dismal place?”

The King, misled by appearances, replied, “Indeed I do not know why I am here, but I do know that I was brought by the Fairy of the Desert, for I recognized her voice although I could not see her.”

“Alas,” said the false maiden, “If you are fallen into her hands, you will never be free until you marry her.”

At that moment the King happened to glance at her feet and saw they were griffon’s feet. He remembered that was the mark by which the Fairy of the Desert was always known, and which she had no power to change.

The King was clever, and only said, “How can she expect me to marry her, when she treats me like a criminal? I shall hate her until she restores my liberty.”

He was looking on the ground as he spoke, but when he finished speaking, he lifted his eyes to see the effect of his words upon the Fairy.

She was gone and all things were altered.

He was upon an island. One would have said it was Paradise. The fruits, the flowers, the trees, the singing birds, the sunshine and the air!

“If only my Princess were here,” sighed the King, “it would be Eden.”

He turned quickly, for a low voice spoke his name. A woman was beside him. Her face had a tint of green and her opaline hair floated like a mist in the breeze. She held a mirror in one hand and in the other a golden comb; and her body was the body of a fish with fins. She had risen from the water and was close to the shore.

The King was dumb with astonishment, but the mermaid said gently,

“I know the absurd fancy the Fairy has taken for you. Come with me, and I will carry you away from this fatal place where, otherwise, you may languish for your lifetime.”

The King did not know what to say. This might be the Fairy herself and unless he could see her feet he could not be sure.

While he hesitated, the Mermaid, who guessed his thought, said,

“This is no trap to catch you. The Dwarf and the Fairy are my enemies, and the Princess is so good and

lovely that I pity her, so I tell you again, if you will trust me I will save you."

"I trust you," replied the King, "but tell me first what you know about my Princess."



She had risen from the water and was close to the shore.

"We must not lose time by talking," said the Mermaid. "I must leave on the bank a figure that will deceive the Fairy."

She cut a large bundle of reeds, and tied them together, saying,

"Sea reeds, I command you to stay stretched on

the ground until the Fairy of the Desert shall take you away."

Instantly the reeds changed into the perfect counterpart of the King of the Gold Mines, but it was livid, as if the King had been drowned. And it lay there until the Fairy of the Desert, who was completely deceived, buried it with great lamentation, and shrieks that made the lions tremble.

Then the Mermaid seated the King upon her fish tail, and as they swam out into the open sea, said,

"When the Yellow Dwarf stole the Princess, he shut her in the Castle of Steel where you will find her. Take this sword, it is made of a single diamond, and use it against all who resist you; but never let it fall from your hand. I will conceal myself and watch you, and when you have rescued the Princess, I will carry you together to the Queen, her mother, who is my best friend."

The King took the sword and thanked the Mermaid again and again; he could find no words to express his gratitude.

"Remember," she said, "grasp the sword firmly and no one can harm you; but if you let it fall you are lost."

The way was long and rough, and the Yellow Dwarf

had surrounded the Castle with hideous monsters; but the King used his sword and dispersed them all. At last a band of lovely young girls danced to meet him with smiles and garlands.



A band of lovely young girls danced to meet him.

“Strike, strike, or you will lose the Princess forever,” said a voice, and the King attacked them without mercy and they disappeared in an instant.

Then he reached the Princess, and when he saw her, he forgot everything else and let the sword fall from his grasp. Then the Yellow Dwarf who was watching, foaming with rage, sprang from his con-

cealment, and caught up the sword. He struck the King who fell dead, and in his fury he would have killed the Princess too, but when she saw her lover fall, it broke her heart, and she died with him.



Changed them into two beautiful weeping willows.

The kind Mermaid wept sea-green tears over them, and changed them into two beautiful weeping willows that stood close together beside the water.



## THE MONKEY PRINCESS

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen who did nothing but weep and lament because she had no child.

She would say continually, "It is all the fault of that wicked Fairy Fanferluche, who hates me because my mother offended her."

People grew tired of hearing this, when one day a little old woman descended the chimney; she was only a hand high and rode on three bits of rushes. After sailing twice around the room she stopped in front of the Queen.

"I am come," she said, "to tell you that you shall have a daughter. You say that I hate you; now here is a sprig of hawthorn, and as soon as the Princess is born lay it upon her forehead, and then you will see how much I love you."

She put the hawthorn in the Queen's hand and vanished.

It happened as the Fairy had foretold. The Queen had, indeed, a beautiful little daughter, but no sooner had the hawthorn touched her forehead than she became a monkey.

The ladies in waiting shrieked with horror and the poor Queen wrung her hands crying, "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"There is but one thing to do," said the oldest lady. "Throw the ape into the bottom of the sea, and tell the King that the Princess is dead."



She sailed twice around the room and stopped in front of the Queen.

"No! No!" exclaimed the Queen, but after reflecting a minute, she said, "Yes, it is all that can be done."

They quickly shut the unfortunate little creature in a box and called for a Page.

"Throw this box into the sea," commanded the Queen.

The Page took it, but when he found it was a golden

box he resolved to keep it for himself and throw away the contents.

Just as he had opened it and discovered the monkey, a chariot rolled by. In the chariot sat a lady in royal robes. It was the sister of the Queen, the Page's mistress and she too was a Queen.

She was thinking sadly of the death of her baby niece when her young son who sat beside her, exclaimed,

“O, the Monkey! the Monkey! Give me the Monkey!”

She looked up, and saw the Page holding the prettiest little Monkey imaginable.

He gladly took the gold pieces which the Queen paid him, and so Babiole came to belong to her own aunt.

She was given to the Prince for a pet and was treated like a Princess. Her face was black as jet, and around her neck was a white band that had the effect of a ruff, and at her ears grew soft tufts delicately shaded with pink. Her paws were so dainty and her sparkling eyes so intelligent that she was most fascinating.

The Prince was very fond of her and she was devoted to him, for he was brave and handsome.

She had lived in the Palace four years when she

began to speak. Everybody was wonder-struck! Babiolo talking!

As soon as the Queen heard of it, she declared that she needed amusement and would have the little monkey herself.



They were the best of friends.

The Prince refused to be comforted. Neither was Babiolo at all pleased by the change. She was not happy with the Queen as she had been with the Prince. She was not allowed to do as she chose, nor to eat what she liked. She had masters to develop her mind and that was tiring.

The Prince came often to see her and they were the best of friends. He gave her sugar plums and candied fruits, and thought she was the dearest little



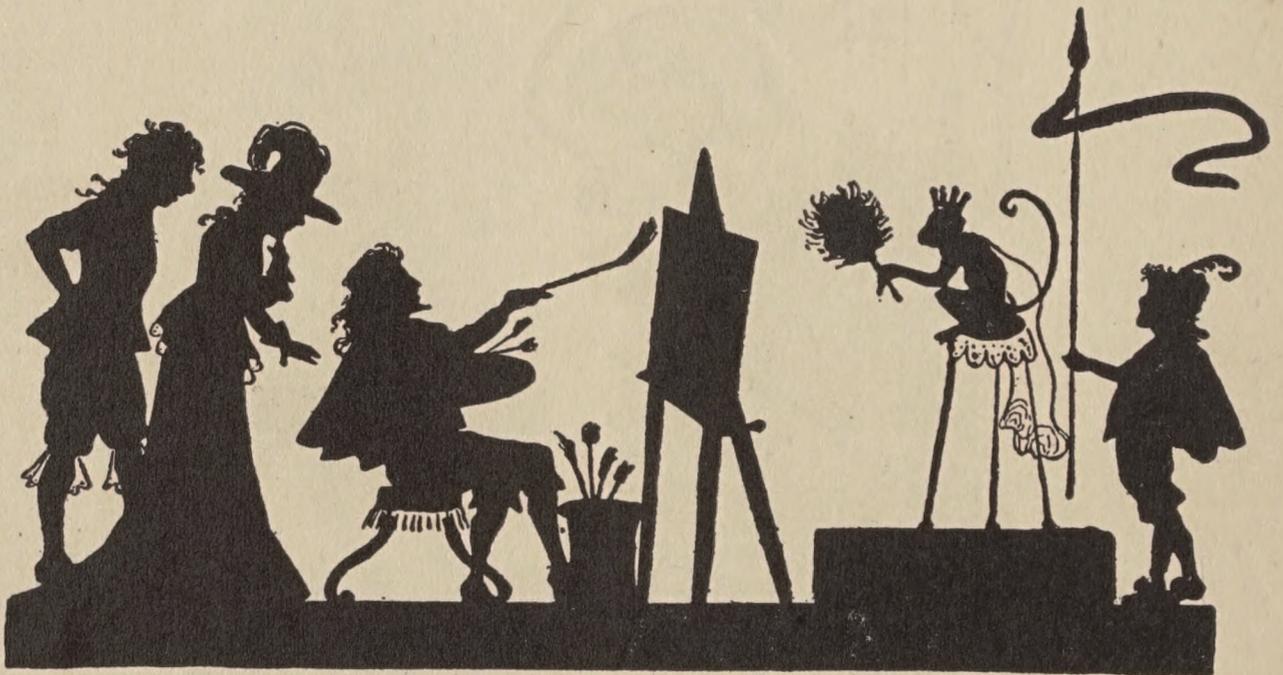
She never saw herself in a mirror without trying to break it.

animal ever seen. He could not know she had a human heart and had given it to him.

As she grew older, she grew unhappy. She never saw herself in a mirror without trying to break it, and she passed whole nights drooping on the edge

of the mantel-piece instead of sleeping in her soft-lined basket-bed.

In the meantime the King of the Monkeys had seen her portrait and heard of her accomplishments, for never before had there been a monkey who talked, and the wonderful story of Babirole was told far and wide. King Magot had been long a sorrowing widower,



Painting her Portrait to send to King Magot.

for his wife, Queen Minette, not being acquainted with the nature of wild cats, had taken one in her arms and had been torn to pieces by its claws.

But King Magot was quite consoled by the thought of Babirole, and he immediately despatched a retinue to escort her to Magotia. It did not occur to him

to ask her to come, for he took it for granted that any monkey would be thankful to marry him.

It was a grand procession—Count Mirlifiche, a dignified baboon, rode in the state coach, followed by richly gilded cars in which sat the ape ladies-in-waiting and a numerous suite.



Count Mirlifiche rode in the state coach.

When they arrived at the Palace there was a commotion! Everybody was curious to see them, and to know why they were come. The Queen herself was watching, when a large parrot gorgeously colored in crimson and green, who had been perched on the shoulder of Count Mirlifiche, flew directly up to her window.

“Madame,” it said, “the Count Mirlifiche desires

to confer with your Majesty on a most important subject.”

“Tell Count Mirlifiche,” said the Queen, “that when he is rested I shall be glad to receive him.”

The parrot thanked her and kissed its claws three times; and darted down to the shoulder of the Count and whispered in his ear the Queen’s reply.

He was immensely pleased with what she said, but far more pleased with what she did; for she ordered a magnificent feast for him and his suite.

Preserves! Syrups! Fruits! How they fell upon them! One choked over a mold of plum jelly—another broke a jar of jam trying to swallow it whole. They were a band of shameless gluttons!

Only the birds who were couriers were greatly provoked, for they found neither seeds nor grains, and they could enjoy none of the other delicacies.

One ill-tempered old jackdaw flew to the Queen.

“Madame,” it said, “these monkeys are devouring everything before them. I tell it because I am sorry to see your kindness so abused.”

“Never mind about my sweetmeats,” said the Queen, “I will let them go for Babirole’s sake, for I love her dearly.”

When the Queen received Count Mirlifiche all

the Court was present. The parrot made a fine speech and ended by telling how only Babiole could console King Magot for the loss of Queen Minette.

Then everybody looked at Babiole who was sitting on the arm of the Queen's chair, and then the Queen rose and motioned Babiole to follow her into another room.



The monkey feast.

“I am sorry, my little Pet,” said she, “but really you must marry Magot. I once offended his father, and he brought his monkeys and caused such havoc in the country that I had to make peace. Besides, he has sent you such beautiful presents. I don't believe he ever did so much for Minette.”

“I don't care what he did for Minette,” said Babiole, “I want nothing from him.” And she curtsied, and left the room to find the Prince and tell him her troubles.

“Well, my Babiolo, when shall we dance at your wedding?” asked he, before she had time to speak.

“I do not know,” said Babiolo sadly, “but I do know that I will marry no one but you.” “Me!” exclaimed the Prince, lying back in his chair and



I will marry no one but you.

bursting into laughter. “Marry me? I don’t think we are quite suited to each other! I am afraid you will have to take up with Magot, my darling little ape.”

“It is well for you, Sir,” said Babiolo indignantly, “that I have not the ways of an ape for if I had, I should scratch your eyes out and bite off your nose.

You are an ingrate! and I have been most foolish to waste affection on a Prince like you.”

At that moment the Governess, sent by the Queen, rushed into the room. Magnificent gifts from King Magot awaited Babiolo—Babiolo must hasten. The Governess was breathless with excitement, and Babiolo went with her but did not hasten.

She cared nothing for the gifts but she was attracted by an odd little glass box shaped like a heart that held only one olive and one nut. Unfortunately the key had been lost.

“The King loves you so much,” said the Parrot, “that he has had his portrait painted for you,” and it showed her a picture of Magot sitting on a palm tree munching a cocoanut. Babiolo turned away her eyes for she could not endure the sight.

That night she quietly left the Palace through a window, and springing lightly from tree to tree arrived at a river. She started to swim across it, but had no sooner touched the water than she sank to the bottom like a piece of lead, and found herself in an alcove of shells where an old man leaned against the rock, from which flowed the streams that fed the river. His white hair was crowned with lilies and his white beard reached to his waist.

“Why are you come, little Babiolo?” asked he, holding out his hand.

“Because I will not marry a baboon,” answered Babiolo promptly.

“I know all about you, my child,” said the old man kindly, “and I know all about your Prince. He will marry the most beautiful Princess in the world.”

Babiolo sighed and said, “Then he will never marry me.”

The Old Man smiled as he replied, “I can tell you nothing of the future. Only take care not to lose the little glass box that Magot sent you. It is in your pocket, and here is a tortoise that will carry you where you ought to go.”

“You are so good to me that I wish I knew your name,” said Babiolo.

“My name is Biroquoi,” he answered, “and I am the Father of this River.

Then Babiolo thanked him and mounted the tortoise, traveling at first by water and then by land.

Now that very day Mirlifiche was returning in a rage to Magotia, when one of his monkeys climbed a tree for nuts and saw Babiolo!

The whole band ran after her, and almost before

she knew how it happened, she was a prisoner locked in the state coach.

They traveled three days and came to a beautiful garden full of fruits and flowers. The monkeys crowded in at the open gate—they stripped the trees of the



“My name is Biroquoi,” he answered.

fruit—they trampled the flowers—they destroyed everything within reach.

Now this garden belonged to the Queen, Babirole's mother, and when she heard of the inroad of monkeys, she sent soldiers to throw them all into a dungeon.

But Babirole was different. Her dress and manner were so fine, and she spoke in a voice so sweet that the soldiers were amazed.

They carried her to the Queen who took her in her arms and did not know why she did it but she could not help it. And Babiole nestled close to the Queen—and Babiole did not know why she did it, but she could not help it either.

“Tell me all about yourself, you precious little thing,” said the Queen. “I want you with me forever, and for your sake I will pardon all the monkeys that came with you. How did you ever learn to speak?”

“I cannot tell you much about myself. I only know that the Queen your sister who was returning home after the death of the Princess your daughter, saw one of your Pages about to drown me, and she rescued me and afterwards when I was able to speak I had masters to teach me—but Madame, are you ill?” exclaimed Babiole seeing the Queen grow deathly pale.

“I am dying,” faltered the Queen. “My own child! have I found you again,” and she fainted.

Babiole screamed for help. The ladies-in-waiting ran in and laid the Queen in bed; no one saw Babiole slip in beside her.

When the Queen came to herself and was alone with those who were in the secret, she told them

Babiolo's story and said as she had before, "What shall I do?"

"Lock up the monkey in one of the castles and let her be well fed and cared for," said they.



She fled, springing from tree to tree.

When Babiolo heard that advice, she was not long in slipping out of the bed and out at the window. She fled, as before, springing from tree to tree, and this time keeping carefully away from roads and foot-paths.

“I am running a double danger,” thought she, “the Queen may search for me or the monkeys may meet me.”

Finally she came to a desert place where there was neither water nor sign of any green thing.

She was almost starved when suddenly she remembered the glass box.

“The olive and the nut will at least keep me alive for the moment,” thought she, and she took the box from her pocket and broke it with a stone.

As she bit the olive a few drops of oil fell upon her paws, and instantly she was holding both box and fruit with a pair of little white hands. And as the oil gushed over her in a stream, the monkey was gone, and in its place stood the lovely young Princess that Babiole would always have been but for the wicked Fanferluche.

In breaking the box she had broken the nut and a mist like a cloud floated from it, and as the mist drifted away she saw in the distance mountains and lakes and green fields—a wonderful country instead of a desert. And around her lay lawns and gardens and fountains, and in the midst was a magnificent Palace with countless attendants. It was a kingdom, and Babiole was the Queen!

The fame of her beauty spread abroad and suitors came from far and near—but Babiole never forgot the Prince.

One day a stranger knight was carried wounded into the Palace, and it was the Prince himself. Babiole was



The monkey was gone, and in its place stood the lovely young Princess.

heartbroken to see him like that! She made his bandages and moistened them with her tears and she took care of him herself.

When he was recovered, he told her how he had been watching her in disguise and how he loved her and then he kissed her hand and said,

“I will marry no one but you.”

Babiole smiled when she heard him repeat her own

words of long ago, and remembered how he had answered them. But she said nothing. She only smiled and that delighted the Prince.

Now the wicked Fanferluche, who had always waited for the time to come when she could do the greatest harm to Babirole, carried the sleeping Princess that night to a barren rock and left her there.

When she opened her eyes she thought she was dreaming, but when she realized that she was awake, and away from the Prince, she was wild with despair.

And not knowing what she did, she sprang from the rock. She was not dashed to pieces as the wicked Fanferluche had hoped she would be, but she fell safely into the crystal bottle in which the Fairies kept their cherry brandy. It was a high tower and guarded by three giants, and happily it was empty.

Meantime there was great alarm in the Palace. The Prince mounted his horse and rode away, calling always,

“Babirole! lovely Babirole! Where are you? “Then a soft voice said,

“Come and you shall find out where she is.”

The Prince swam the river and on the bank stood Biroquoi.



She fell into a crystal bottle in which the fairies kept their cherry brandy.

“Welcome, my Lord,” said he. “I am watching over you and your Princess who is shut in a bottle.”

“My Princess in a bottle!” exclaimed the astonished Prince.

“She is certainly there,” said the wise Father of the River, “and to release her you must follow my counsel. Leave here your horse and mount the winged Dolphin that is already saddled for you.”

The Prince obeyed, and Biroquoi gave him a cuirass made of scales of the golden Carp. A Naiad belted him with an eel from which was suspended a fish-bone sword, and his shield was the shell of a giant tortoise.

The flying Dolphin rose gently in the air and the Prince soon discovered Babirole, who watched him with clasped hands.

The Giants espied him at the same time, but being extremely stupid as all Giants are, they thought they saw a kite.

“Catch the string! Catch the string!” cried they, and being bent on catching the string, they noticed nothing else until the Prince swooped down and cut them into a thousand pieces, for the magic fish-bone sword did magic work. And the fragments of the Fairies’ Bottle Guard were soon scattered to the winds.

The Prince, fearing to hurt Babiolo, would not break the bottle, but flew down the neck and kneeled before her and kissed her hand.

“My Lord,” said she, “I will tell you why I cared so much that you should recover from your wounds.



The flying Dolphin rose gently in the air.

I am your cousin, the daughter of your mother's sister, whom you found in the shape of an ape, and who foolishly offered you a heart that you despised.”

“Is it possible that I should have despised the greatest of blessings!” exclaimed the Prince.

“I should not admire your taste had you done

anything else," said Babirole smiling. "But I do so much wish to go to my mother and tell her all these wonderful things."

"Let us go together," said the Prince and he touched the bottle with the magic sword and it dissolved into air, then placing Babirole before him on the Dolphin, they flew to the Palace of the Queen.

"I must not startle my mother," said Babirole. "It will be better, if you go first and prepare her to see me."

At the moment the Prince arrived, the Queen was thinking of Babirole and was very melancholy.

"My dear Aunt," said he. "I have the best of news for you. I know you are grieving for Babirole. She is the Beauty of the world and is waiting to come to you. I will bring her this moment."

Babirole came, and threw herself into her mother's arms who held her as if she would never let her go.

There was joy and rejoicing in the Palace, and in the town, music and bonfires. The Prince and Princess were married without delay, and so the wicked Fanferluche was rendered powerless to do any more harm.

## THE CHESTNUT TREE

ONCE upon a time there was a King and a Queen who managed affairs so badly that they were driven from their kingdom.

They had no money, and sold first their crowns and afterwards everything they owned, even their clothing and their furniture, piece by piece.

When all was gone, the King said to his wife, "We have nothing left to support ourselves and our poor children. What shall we do?"

The Queen, who was very intelligent, took only a week to deliberate. Then she said,

"Do not be discouraged. You must make some nets and catch birds and fish. As for our daughters, they are downright lazy girls who wish to be fine ladies and live without work. They must be taken where they can never get back, and they shall go tomorrow morning."

The King wept at the thought of losing his daughters, but the Queen was mistress, and he always agreed to what she said.

The youngest Princess, whose name was Finette,

was in the next room and heard her mother's plan.

"I will go and tell my Godmother," said she to herself.

She filled a little basket with butter and eggs and

sugar and hurried along the road, looking neither right nor left.



She sat down on the grass and cried.

She went quickly at first, but by and by her feet were scratched and her dress was torn, and she was so tired that she sat down on the grass and cried.

Suddenly a little dappled pony, all saddled and bridled, trotted up to her and she caught the reins and said,

"Dear little pony! I am so tired that I am nearly dead! If you will carry me to my Godmother, you shall have good oats and hay to eat, and plenty of straw to lie on."

The pony bent his knees and Finette sprang upon his back.

He ran as fast as a bird flies to the Grotto of the Fairy Merluche. She was the Godmother who knew Finette's plight and had sent the pony for her.

Finette made a pretty courtesy and said,

“Good-day, my Godmother! I have brought you



Finette made a pretty courtesy.

some butter and eggs and sugar to make a cake after the fashion of our country.”

“Thank you very much, Finette,” answered the Fairy, kissing her twice. “And now you may be my little waiting-maid. Take off the pearl band and comb my hair.”

Finette did as she was bidden and when she had finished, the Fairy said,

“I know why you are come, my child, and I will

help you. Here is a ball of thread that will never break. When you leave the house, tie one end to the door handle and keep hold of the ball, and when you wish to return you need only follow the thread."

Finette kissed the Fairy, who gave her a bag filled with beautiful gold and silver dresses, and sent her home on the little pony.

She slipped softly into the house and hid her bag under the pillow and went to bed.

The next morning the Queen put on a short skirt, a woolen shawl and wooden shoes. Then she called her daughters.

"I dreamed last night that we should visit my sister. She will entertain us elegantly and we shall feast and be merry as grigs."

"All right, my mother, if I may only walk I do not care where I go," answered Finette.

Her two sisters said the same thing, and all three followed the Queen. She led them so fast and so far that Finette feared the thread would give out. She did not know that it was Fairy thread and would never give out. However, at last the Queen stopped.

"Lie down on this soft grass, my little lambs," she said, "I will be the shepherdess who watches over her flock for fear the wolf may come and devour them."

She seated herself beside them, but as soon as they were fast asleep, she walked rapidly away feeling sure they could never get home.

Finette was the first to awake.

“If I were a wicked girl,” she said to herself, “I



Finette feared the thread would give out.

would leave my sisters here for they always treat me shamefully. But all the same I will not abandon them.”

She woke them. They both began to cry and promised her their best dolls, a silver tea set and a box of candy if she would take them home.

“I know that you will not give me anything,” said Finette, “but I will be a good sister.”

They all followed the Magic Thread, and all arrived at the door almost as soon as their mother.

They were just in time to hear the King say,

“My heart is sick to see you return alone.”

“Nonsense,” answered the Queen, “our daughters were altogether too great a burden.”

“If only you had brought back my Finette,” exclaimed the King, “I do not care so much about Fleur d’Amour and Belle de Nuit, for they never loved me.”

Before the Queen could answer, the Princesses rapped at the door.

“Who is there?” called the King.

“It is your three daughters,” was the answer. Then the Queen began to tremble.

“Don’t open the door,” whispered she, “it must be goblins. It is impossible that our daughters are come back.”

The King, who was as frightened as his wife, called again,

“Go away! You are not our daughters.”

Finette was clever and she said,

“I am going to stoop down, Papa. Look through the hole the cat comes in and see if I am not Finette.”

The King looked and opened the door for he saw she was truly Finette. The Queen pretended to be delighted to see them; she said she had only returned to get their luncheon; she had forgotten it, and was just going to carry it back to them.

That night when the sisters were together in the little garret where they slept, Finette said,



“Go away you are not our daughters.”

“You know you promised me a doll. Please give it to me now.”

“Indeed, your Highness will get no doll,” cried Fleur d’Amour. “It is just because of you, our Father was not sorry to lose us.”

Then both sisters caught up their spindles and beat her like flax.

That night Finette had so many bruises that she could not sleep, and she heard the Queen say to the King,

“Tomorrow morning I will take them so far off in another direction that we shall certainly never see them again.”

After hearing that, Finette was not long in putting a fine chicken and two young rabbits into the basket and starting for her Godmother's.

She had gone only a little distance when the dappled pony trotted up. She mounted and quickly reached the grotto and presented the basket and told what the Queen meant to do.

The Fairy listened and said,

“Here is a box of ashes. Carry it in front of you and shake it as you go. Walk on the ashes, and when you return you will only need to follow your own footprints. But leave your sisters behind. If you take them back with you, I never wish to see you again.”

Then the Fairy kissed Finette and put a little box of diamonds in her pocket. The pony was ready, and she rode home as she did before.

At dawn the Queen called them.

“Your father is not well. I dreamed last night

that I should go to a certain place to gather healing herbs for him. That is why we must start early."

As they went, Finette walked slowly behind and strewed the Fairy ashes.

They traveled hour after hour without stopping to breathe, and when night came they were so tired that they fell asleep, not caring that they were lying on the hard ground.

As soon as the Queen was sure they were asleep, she hurried away, feeling certain that she was rid of them at last.

In the morning Finette roused her sisters and said, "We are alone. Our mother is gone."

Fleur d'Amour and Belle de Nuit wept and tore their hair.

"Alas!" cried they, "what shall we do?"

Finette was the best girl in the world. She was sorry for them and she said,

"It is true that I know how to get back, but my Godmother told me that if I should show you the way, she would not see me any more."

When the two sisters heard this, they threw their arms around her.

"Dear sister," they said. "Try us once more, and you shall see how good we will be."

And kind-hearted Finette could not resist their coaxing, and they followed the magic ashes, and all three returned to the King and Queen who acted as if they were expecting them. But that night, Finette heard them plotting again and she ran to her sisters crying,

“We are lost! Our mother is going to leave us in a desert. I have offended my Godmother on account of you, and there is no one to help us.”

They looked at each other. Then Belle de Nuit said, “We need not trouble ourselves about old Merluce! She has not all the wit in the world; there is plenty left for other people. We will load ourselves with peas and scatter them along the road, and we shall see how easily we shall get home!”

Fleur d'Amour agreed, and both sisters made sacks for the peas and filled their pockets besides, but they were not Fairy peas, they were just everyday peas. Finette said nothing, but she took her fine dresses and the box of diamonds. The three were ready when the Queen called them.

“I have dreamed tonight,” said she, “that I should take you to a country where three handsome Princes are waiting to marry you. Come directly, for we must not wait.”

The Queen went ahead and the Princesses followed, scattering the peas very contentedly, for they felt sure of getting back. This time she led them farther than ever before; and when she stole away from them one dark night, she was exhausted by the journey, but happy not to have such a large family on her hands.

The tired Princesses slept until noon the next day. Finette was the first to discover the Queen's absence. She called her sisters.

"Our mother is gone! Let us follow her quickly."

"Be quiet, little Torment," said Fleur d'Amour. "There is no need of such a stupid hurry."

Finette dared not answer, but when they tried to find their way there was not a single pea left. The pigeons had stolen them all!

The Princesses were as hungry as the birds, and Fleur d'Amour said to Belle de Nuit,

"My sister, have you anything that we can eat?"

Belle de Nuit answered, "I have nothing," and asked Finette,

"My sister, have you anything that we can eat?"

"Only a chestnut I have just found," replied Finette.

"Give it to me! Give it to me!" cried both sisters together.

“One chestnut cannot satisfy three of us,” said Finette. “Let us plant it. It will grow into a tree and serve us all.”

They planted it and watered it one by one every hour, always saying,

“Grow, grow, beautiful tree!”

When it was somewhat grown, Fleur d’Amour tried to climb it but it was not strong and it bent; Belle de Nuit tried but she was too heavy. Finette was lighter and staid longer.

“Do you see anything?” asked Fleur d’Amour.

“I see nothing,” answered Finette.

“The tree is not high enough,” said Belle de Nuit, and they continued to water the tree and to say,

“Grow, grow, beautiful tree!”

One day Fleur d’Armour said to Belle de Nuit,

“I have found a bag that our sister has concealed from us. What do you suppose is in it?”

“It may be sugar-plums,” said Belle de Nuit who loved sweets. “I shall look.”

She looked and found the gold and silver dresses and the box of diamonds.

“Indeed!” cried she. “Can there exist a greater little knave! Let us take these things for ourselves and put pebbles in their place.”



“What do you suppose is in it?”

Finette knew nothing about it, for she had climbed to the top of the chestnut tree and was calling to them,

“I see—I see a mansion; so splendid—so splendid that I cannot describe it! It is all gold, and golden bells hang from the roof, and are swinging in the wind and shining like stars.”

“It is not true!” cried Fleur d’Amour and Belle de Nuit. “It cannot be as fine as you say!”

“I am not lying,” answered Finette. “Come up and see for yourselves. My eyes are dazzled.”

They climbed the tree and looked. “Certainly,” said they, “we must go there. It is a Palace, and perhaps we shall find the handsome Princes our mother told us about.”

They talked over the plan until Finette, who had been watching for hours, fell asleep. Then Fleur d’Amour whispered to Belle de Nuit, “Let us dress ourselves in our sister’s clothes.”

It was no sooner said than done, and never were Princesses finer than they.

When Finette awoke and saw them, she wept and said,

“You have taken the dresses my Godmother gave me.”

“Of course we have,” said Fleur d’Amour, “we are the eldest and we ought to have them.”

“But they are mine,” said Finette. “You have no right to wear them.”

“If you say another word,” said both her sisters, “we will kill you and bury you, and nobody will know anything about it.”

Poor Finette dared not provoke them; and they made her walk behind them and pass for their maid. The nearer they approached, the more marvellous was the mansion, and Fleur d’Amour said to Belle de Nuit,

“Now we shall have a good time. We shall eat at the King’s table, for they will know we are real Princesses, and as for Finette, she may wash dishes in the kitchen for she is made for a scullion. We will tell people she is a little cow-keeper from the country.”

When they arrived at the mansion, the door was opened by a frightful old woman. Her skin was black, her nose flat and her mouth horrible. She was very tall and her waist was like a barrel.

“O you poor things! Whoever brought you here?” she exclaimed. “Do you not know that this is an Ogre’s house? All three of you will not be enough for his breakfast. But I am more delicate than my hus-

band, and I will only eat you one at a time, so you will have the comfort of living a little longer.”

When the Princesses heard this they turned and ran, hoping to escape. But one step of the Ogress was more than fifty of theirs, and she caught one by



One step of the Ogress was more than fifty of theirs.

the hair and the two others by the back of their necks. At that minute the Ogre's footsteps were heard and she promptly hid the three Princesses under a tub, for they were so white and tender and looked so delicious that she was resolved to enjoy them by herself.

There was a hole in the tub through which they

could look out, and when they saw the Ogre they shivered. He had but one eye in the middle of his forehead, and instead of hair, his head was covered with bristles. He carried a basket out of which he took fifteen little chickens and swallowed them one by one.

“See here,” he said suddenly, in a voice like thunder, “I smell fresh meat. Give me some!”

“Nonsense!” said the Ogress. “It is only the flock of sheep that just passed by.”

“You don’t deceive me,” said the Ogre, “I smell fresh meat, and I’m going to find it.”

“Search for it then,” said the Ogress. “You will not find any.”

“If I do find any and you have hidden it from me,” said the Ogre, “I will cut off your head and keep it for a ball.”

The Ogress was frightened and said,

“Don’t be angry, my sweet little Ogre, I will tell you the truth. Three young girls came along today and I caught them, but it will be a pity to eat them for they know how to do all sorts of things. I am getting old and need help. You can see our bread is not well baked, and our soup is not as good as it used to be, and you do not find me so beautiful since I

have been wearing myself out with work. Promise me that you will not eat them now. You can do it later if you like."

But the Ogre would not promise. "Just let me eat one of them," said he.

However, after much discussion, he promised and the Ogress brought the three Princesses from under the tub.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"We know how to sew and spin and sweep and we can make bread and pies fit for a King," answered Finette.

"That's good," said the Ogre. "Now go straight to work, little cooks."

Then Fleur d'Amour and Belle de Nuit hurried to knead the dough and Finette kindled the fire.

"Is the oven hot enough?" asked the Ogre presently.

"Not yet," answered Finette.

He waited a little longer and asked again, "Is the oven hot enough?"

"Not yet," answered Finette, "I am too little to put sufficient wood on the fire."

"I will do that," said the Ogre and he took up an armful of tree trunks to throw them into the furnace, but he stooped too far over and fell in. The Ogress



“That’s good,” said the Ogre, “Now go straight to work, little cooks.”

shrieked and rushed to help him. "Take hold of my two hands," cried she. And she tried to pull him out, but he pulled her in and both were burned.

Then there were three happy Princesses! They ran from garret to cellar; they laughed and sang; they had sweetmeats and fruit and dolls in plenty.



To have the house tidy when they returned.

"But we must have friends," said Fleur d'Amour to Belle de Nuit. "Let us go to the next city where people will be glad to know Princesses."

Then they departed, ordering Finette to have the house tidy when they returned.

Finette was heartbroken. "If only I had not disobeyed my Godmother," and she wept bitterly, but tears did not make things better.

Her sisters came back laden with oranges and sugar-plums.

"We have been to a lovely ball and we are invited for tomorrow," said they. "And the King's son

paid us the greatest attention. Now take off our shoes and brush our clothes, for that is all you are good for.”

The next evening after they were gone, as Finette was sitting on the hearth, she saw something glistening between the stones. It was a little golden key, and



“The King’s son paid us the greatest attentions.”

having nothing else to do she went through the house searching for a golden lock. There was none to be found, but just as she was throwing away the key, her eyes fell on a little cedar chest standing in a dark corner, and the key was the key of that chest!

In it were beautiful things, but only enough of each for one person. After that Finette cried no more

for she was happy, and the next evening as soon as her sisters were gone, she made herself lovelier than any young Princess in the world, and followed them to the ball.

They did not recognize her, but joined with all the other guests in admiring her. She called herself



It was a little golden key.

Princess Cendron, and charmed every one by her gracious manner.

She did not wait for the ball to end, but she hastened home, and when she met her sisters she looked as she always did. They could not say enough about the lovely Princess who had been at the ball.

“She was not a shrimp like you, Finette. She was

snow white and rose red. Her teeth were like pearls and her lips like coral. Oh! how beautiful she was and so amiable!”

Finette murmured, “So was I. So was I.”

“What is that you say?” asked the sisters.

Finette said softly, “So was I.”

“What is that you say?” asked the sisters again. But Finette only laughed.

After this they were entertained every evening, and always Princess Cendron appeared in a new gown and wore new jewels. For the little chest was enchanted and when one thing was taken from it, another more elegant took its place. And always the Prince danced with her and with no one else. And always Fleur d’Amour and Belle de Nuit returned to tell how beautiful was the Princess, and always Finette murmured something they could not understand.

Now it happened that one evening when she had danced later than usual and was fairly flying to reach home before her sisters, that she lost her pearl-embroidered slipper and could not stop to find it.

But the Prince found it the next morning and knew whose it was. He kissed it and carried it away with him. From that time he became pale and melancholy and would not speak; he would not even notice the

King or the Queen. The doctors watched him four days and four nights, and then said to the Queen,

“Madame, it is heart disease and unless a remedy is discovered he will die. In other words, the Prince is in love—that is his only malady.”



Lost her pearl-embroidered slipper.

The Queen was puzzled. She presented the loveliest ladies in the land, but the Prince paid no attention.

At last she said, “My dear son, you are killing us with sorrow. You love some one and you conceal her name. Tell us who she is and you shall marry her if she is only a shepherdess.”

The Prince, encouraged by the Queen's promise, drew the slipper from under his pillow, and showing it to her said,

"Here is the cause of all my misery. It is this



The Prince found it.

precious slipper, and never will I marry anyone but the person who can wear it."

"Then be happy, my dear, for we will find her instantly," said the Queen.

Then the King sent out a herald inviting every young girl in the kingdom to come and try on the

slipper. They came in crowds, but no one could wear it for it was a Fairy slipper, and would fit only Finette.

One day Fleur d'Amour and Belle de Nuit dressed themselves in their finest gowns.

"Where are you going?" asked Finette.

"We are going to the city to try on the slipper the Prince has found. If it fits one of us she will be the Queen."

"Suppose I go too," said Finette.

"Certainly you are a little idiot," answered they, and went away.

Finette decided to go too. She dressed herself magnificently. Her blue satin gown was covered with diamond stars. She wore diamond chains and bracelets and rings. She was in such a blaze of jewels that no one could look at her without blinking. And when she opened the door, the dappled pony was standing before it. He bent his knees and she sprang on his back saying,

"You are welcome, little friend, and I thank my Godmother Merluche."

Fleur d'Amour and Belle de Nuit had not yet reached the city when they heard the silver tinkling of the pony's bridle bells and they stopped and looked.

“Oh, Sister,” exclaimed Fleur d’Amour, “it is Finette and she is Princess Cendron.”

As she rode by smiling, Belle de Nuit said,

“Whoever can have given her that pony and those jewels! She is in luck and she will wear that slipper. It is a useless journey for us.”



Received as if she was an Empress.

While they were talking, Finette was being received in the Palace as if she were an Empress.

The Page who knelt before her fitted on the lost slipper as well as the mate of it which she had brought with her. Then the Prince rose and kissed her hand;

the Queen called her "Darling" and the King called her "Daughter."

Both the King and Queen wished the marriage to take place immediately.

"No," said Finette. "Let me first tell my story."



Finette met them sweetly.

When she did tell it and they knew she was a Princess born, no words could express their joy. Then she told the King that it was he himself who had helped exile her father, and that his kingdom must be restored to him before she would marry the Prince. The King said he was perfectly willing to restore it, for he had a hundred kingdoms, and losing one was not a matter of any importance.

At that moment Fleur d'Amour and Belle de Nuit arrived and hearing the news they were afraid to appear. But Finette met them sweetly and presented them to the Queen, saying,

“Madame, these are my sisters and I beg you to love them.”

The wedding took place immediately and was the finest ever seen.

Finette sent back the dappled pony with splendid presents to her Godmother, and she also sent magnificent gifts to her father and mother.

As for Fleur d'Amour and Belle de Nuit, they were so ashamed and sorry that they said:

“We will be like Finette. We will be forgiving and loving.”





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