One of the Golden Feathers Fell to the Ground
THE GOLDEN BIRD
AND OTHER STORIES

by the Brothers Grimm

With illustrations in color
by Wuanita Smith
And in black and white
by Edward Shenton

GEORGE W. JACOBS & COMPANY
Publishers Philadelphia
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STORY</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Golden Bird</strong></td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Gallant Tailor</strong></td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Twelve Dancing Princesses</strong></td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>King Thrushbeard</strong></td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tom Thumb</strong></td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rapunzel</strong></td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Raven</strong></td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Goosegirl</strong></td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cinderella</strong></td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Frog Prince</strong></td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Red Riding Hood</strong></td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ILLUSTRATIONS

One of the golden feathers fell to the ground  Frontispiece

They went right down until they got quite underground  38

She thought with a heavy heart of her sad fate  44

He went to the tower and cried, “Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair”  64

He had gone outside, taken off the cloak, and mounted his horse  72

A strong wind blew away Conrad’s hat  82

“Oh, is it you, old waddler?” said she  106
A LONG time ago there was a king who had a lovely pleasure-garden around his palace, and in it stood a tree which bore golden apples. When the apples were nearly ripe they were counted, but the very next morning one was missing.

This was reported to the King, and he ordered a watch to be set every night under the tree.

The King had three sons, and he sent the eldest into the garden at nightfall; but by midnight he was overcome with sleep, and in the morning another apple was missing.

On the following night the second son had to keep watch, but he fared no better. When the clock struck twelve, he, too, was fast asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone.

The turn to watch now came to the third son. He was quite ready, but the King had not much confidence in him, and thought that he would accomplish even less than his brothers. At last, however, he gave his permission; so the youth lay
THE GOLDEN BIRD

down under the tree to watch, determined not to go to sleep.

As the clock struck twelve there was a rustling in the air, and by the light of the moon he saw a bird, whose shining feathers were of pure gold. The bird settled on the tree, and was just plucking an apple when the young prince shot an arrow at it. The bird flew away, but the arrow hit its plumage, and one of the golden feathers fell to the ground. The Prince picked it up, and in the morning took it to the King and told him all that he had seen in the night.

The King assembled his council, and everybody declared that a feather like that was worth more than the whole kingdom. "If the feather is worth so much," said the King, "one will not satisfy me; I must and will have the whole bird."

The eldest, relying on his cleverness, set out in search of the bird, and thought that he would be sure to find it soon.

When he had gone some distance he saw a fox sitting by the edge of a wood; he raised his gun and aimed at it. The fox cried out, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you some good advice. You are going to look for the Golden Bird; you
THE GOLDEN BIRD

will come to a village at nightfall, where you will find two inns opposite each other. One of them will be brightly lighted, and there will be singing and dancing going on in it. Be sure you do not choose that one, but go into the other, even if you don’t like the looks of it so well.”

“How can a stupid animal like that give me good advice?” thought the King’s son, and he pulled the trigger, but missed the fox, who turned tail and made off into the wood.

Thereupon the Prince continued his journey, and at nightfall reached the village with the two inns. Singing and dancing were going on in the one, and the other looked poor and shabby.

“I should be a fool,” he said, “if I were to go to that poor-looking place with this good one so near.”

So he went into the noisy one, and lived there, singing and dancing, forgetting the bird, his father, and all his good counsels.

When some time had passed and the eldest son did not come back, the second started to seek the Golden Bird. He met the fox, as the eldest son had done, and it gave him the same good advice, of which he took just as little heed.

He came to the two inns, and saw his brother
standing at the window of the noisy one. He went in and gave himself up to a life of pleasure.

Again some time passed, and the King’s youngest son wanted to go out to try his luck; but his father would not let him go.

“It is useless,” he said. “He will be even less able to find the Golden Bird than his brothers, and when any ill luck overtakes him, he will not be able to help himself; he has no backbone.”

But at last, because he gave him no peace, he let him go. The fox again sat at the edge of the wood, begged for its life, and gave its good advice. The Prince was good-natured, and said: “Be calm, little fox, I will do thee no harm.”

“You won’t repent it,” answered the fox; “and so that you may get along faster, come and mount on my tail.”

No sooner had he seated himself than the fox began to run, and away they flew over stock and stone, at such a pace that his hair whistled in the wind.

When they reached the village, the Prince dismounted, and following the good advice of the fox, he went straight to the shabby inn without looking about him, and there he passed a peaceful night. In the morning when he went out
THE GOLDEN BIRD

into the fields, there sat the fox, who said: "I will now tell you what you must do next. Walk straight on till you come to a castle, in front of which a whole regiment of soldiers is encamped. Don't be afraid of them; they will all be asleep and snoring. Walk through the midst of them straight into the castle, and through all the rooms, and at last you will reach an apartment where the Golden Bird will be hanging in a common wooden cage. A golden cage stands near it for show, but beware! whatever you do, you must not take the bird out of the wooden cage to put it into the other, or it will be the worse for you."

After these words the fox again stretched out his tail, the Prince took his seat on it, and away they flew over stock and stone, till his hair whistled in the wind.

When he arrived at the castle, he found everything just as the fox had said.

The Prince went to the room where the Golden Bird hung in the wooden cage, with a golden cage standing by, and the three golden apples were scattered about the room. He thought it would be absurd to leave the beautiful bird in the common old cage, so he opened the door, caught it, and put it into the golden cage. But as he
THE GOLDEN BIRD

did it, the bird uttered a piercing shriek. The soldiers woke up, rushed in, and carried him away to prison. Next morning he was taken before a judge, and, as he confessed all, he was sentenced to death. The King, however, said that he would spare his life on one condition, and this was that he should bring him the Golden Horse which runs faster than the wind. In addition, he should have the Golden Bird as a reward.

So the Prince set off with many sighs; he was very sad, for where was he to find the Golden Horse?

Then suddenly he saw his old friend the fox sitting in the road. "Now you see," said the fox, "all this has happened because you did not listen to me. All the same, keep up your spirits; I will protect you and tell you how to find the Golden Horse. You must keep straight along the road, and you will come to a palace, in the stable of which stands the Golden Horse. The grooms will be lying around the stable, but they will be fast asleep and snoring, and you can safely lead the horse through them. Only, one thing you must beware of. Put the old saddle of wood and leather upon it, and not the golden one hanging near, or you will be sorry for it."
Then the fox stretched out his tail, the Prince took his seat, and away they flew over stock and stone, till his hair whistled in the wind.

Everything happened just as the fox had said. The Prince came to the stable where the Golden Horse stood, but when he was about to put the old saddle on its back, he thought, "Such a beautiful animal deserves to have the good saddle upon him." Hardly had the golden saddle touched the horse than he began neighing loudly. The grooms awoke, seized the Prince, and threw him into a dungeon.

The next morning he was taken before a judge, and condemned to death; but the King promised to spare his life, and give him the Golden Horse as well, if he could bring him the beautiful princess out of the golden palace. With a heavy heart the Prince set out, when to his delight he soon met the faithful fox.

"I ought to leave you to your fate," he said; "but I will have pity on you and once more help you out of your trouble. Your road leads straight to the golden palace,—you will reach it in the evening; and at night, when everything is quiet, the beautiful princess will go to take a bath. As she goes along, spring forward and
give her a kiss, and she will follow you. Lead her away with you; only on no account allow her to bid her parents good-by, or it will go badly with you.”

Again the fox stretched out his tail, the Prince seated himself upon it, and off they flew over stock and stone, till his hair whistled in the wind.

When he got to the palace, it was just as the fox had said. He waited till midnight, and when the whole palace was wrapped in sleep, and the maiden went to take a bath, he sprang forward and gave her a kiss. She said she was quite willing to go with him, but she begged him to let her say good-by to her parents. At first he refused; but as she cried, and fell at his feet, at last he gave her leave. Hardly had the maiden stepped up to her father’s bed, when he and every one else in the palace woke up. The Prince was seized and thrown into prison.

Next morning the King said to him, “Your life is forfeited, and it can only be spared if you clear away the mountain in front of my window, which shuts out the view. It must be done in eight days, and if you succeed you shall have my daughter as a reward.”

So the Prince began his labors, and he dug and
shoveled without ceasing. On the seventh day, when he saw how little he had done, he became very sad, and gave up all hope. However, in the evening the fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve any help from me, but lie down and go to sleep; I will do the work." In the morning when he woke and looked out of the window, the mountain had disappeared.

Overjoyed, the Prince hurried to the King and told him that the mountain had been cleared away, and, whether he liked it or not, he must keep his word and give him his daughter.

So they both went away together, and before long the faithful fox joined them.

"You certainly have got the best thing of all," said he; "but to the maiden of the golden palace the Golden Horse belongs."

"How am I to get it?" asked the Prince.

"Oh! I will tell you that," answered the fox. "First take the beautiful maiden to the King who sent you to the golden palace. There will be great joy when you appear, and they will bring out the Golden Horse to you. Mount it at once, and shake hands with everybody, last of all with the beautiful maiden; and when you have taken her hand firmly, pull her up beside you.
with a swing and gallop away. No one will be able to catch you, for the horse goes faster than the wind."

All this was successfully done, and the Prince carried off the beautiful maiden on the Golden Horse.

The fox was not far off, and he said to the Prince, "Now I will help you to get the Golden Bird, too. When you approach the castle where the Golden Bird lives, let the maiden dismount, and I will take care of her. Then ride with the Golden Horse into the courtyard of the castle; there will be great rejoicing when they see you, and they will bring out the Golden Bird to you. As soon as you have the cage in your hand, gallop back to us and take up the maiden again."

When these plans had succeeded, and the Prince was ready to ride on with all his treasures, the fox said to him:

"Now you must reward me for my help."

"What do you want?" asked the Prince.

"When you reach that wood, shoot me dead and cut off my head and my paws."

"That would indeed be gratitude!" said the Prince. "I can't possibly promise to do such a thing."
The fox said, "If you won't do it, I must leave you; but before I go I will give you one more piece of advice. Beware of two things—buy no gallows-birds, and don't sit on the edge of a well." Saying which, he ran off into the wood.

The Prince thought, "That is a strange animal; what whims he has. Who on earth would want to buy gallows-birds! And the desire to sit on the edge of a well has never yet seized me!"

He rode on with the beautiful maiden, and the road led him through the village where his two brothers had stayed behind. There was a great hubbub in the village, and when he asked what it was about, he was told that two persons were going to be hanged. When he got nearer he saw that they were his brothers, who had done all sorts of evil deeds. He asked if they could not be set free.

"Yes, if you'll ransom them," answered the people; "but why will you throw your money away in buying off such wicked people?"

He did not stop to reflect, however, but paid the ransom for them, and when they were set free they all journeyed on together.

They came to the wood where they had first met the fox. It was deliciously cool there, while
the sun was broiling outside, so the two brothers said, "Let us sit down here by the well to rest a little and eat and drink." The Prince agreed, and while they were talking he forgot what he was about, and seated himself on the edge of the well. Thereupon his two brothers threw him backwards into it, and went home to their father, taking with them the maiden, the horse, and the bird.

"Here we bring you not only the Golden Bird, but the Golden Horse, and the maiden from the golden palace, as our booty."

Thereupon there was great rejoicing; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the maiden sat and wept all day.

The youngest brother had not perished, however. Happily the well was dry, and he fell upon soft moss, so that he was not hurt; only, he could not get out.

Even then the faithful fox did not forsake him, but came leaping down and scolded him for not taking his advice. "I can’t leave you to your fate, though; I must help you to get back to the light of day." He told him to take tight hold of his tail, and then he dragged him up. "You are not out of every danger even now,"
THE GOLDEN BIRD

said the fox. "Your brothers were not sure of your death, so they have set watchers all over the wood to kill you if they see you."

A poor old man was sitting by the roadside, and the Prince exchanged clothes with him, and by this means he succeeded in reaching the King’s court.

Nobody recognized him, but the bird began to sing, the horse began to eat, and the beautiful maiden left off crying.

In astonishment the King asked, "What does all this mean?"

The maiden answered: "I do not know; but I was very sad, and now I am gay. It seems to me that my true bridegroom must have come."

She told the King all that had happened, although the two brothers had threatened her with death if she betrayed anything. The King ordered every person in the palace to be brought before him. Among them came the Prince disguised as an old man in all his rags; but the maiden knew him at once, and fell on his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and put to death; but the Prince was married to the beautiful maiden, and proclaimed heir to the King.

But what became of the poor fox? Long af-
terwards, when the Prince went out into the fields one day, he met the fox, who said: “You have everything that you can desire, but there is no end to my misery. It still lies in your power to release me.” And again he implored the Prince to shoot him dead, and to cut off his head and his paws.

At last the Prince consented to do as he was asked, and no sooner was it done than the fox was changed into a man; no other than the brother of the beautiful princess, at last set free from the evil spell which so long had lain upon him.

There was nothing now wanting to their happiness for the rest of their lives.
THE GALLANT TAILOR

ONE summer morning a little tailor was sitting on his board near the window, and working cheerfully with all his might, when an old woman came down the street crying:

"Good jelly to sell! good jelly to sell!"

The cry sounded pleasant in the little tailor's ears, so he put his head out of the window, and called out:

"Here, my good woman—come here, if you want a customer."

So the poor woman climbed the steps with her heavy basket, and was obliged to unpack and show all her pots to the tailor. He looked at every one of them, and lifting all the lids, applied his nose to each, and said at last:

"The jelly seems pretty good; you may weigh me out four half ounces, or I don't mind having a quarter of a pound."

The woman, who had expected to find a good customer, gave him what he asked for, but went off angry and grumbling.

"This jelly is the very thing for me," cried the
little tailor; "it will give me strength and cunning"; and he took down the bread from the cupboard, cut a slice, spread the jelly on it, laid it near him, and went on stitching more gallantly than ever. All the while the odor of the sweet jelly was spreading through the room and attracting many flies.

"Now, then, who asked you to come?" said the tailor, and drove the unbidden guests away. But the flies, not understanding his language, were not to be got rid of like that, and returned in larger numbers than before. Then the tailor took from his chimney-corner a cloth, and saying,

"Now, I'll let you have it!" struck at the flies. When he stopped he found that he had killed seven of them.

"This is fine," he said, wondering at his own gallantry; "the whole town shall know this."

So he hastened to cut out a belt, and he stitched it, and put on it in large capitals "Seven at one blow!"

"—The town, did I say!" said the little tailor; "the whole world shall know it!" And his heart quivered with joy, like a lamb's tail.

The tailor fastened the belt round him, and
began to think of going out into the world, for his workshop seemed too small for his proud position. So he looked about in all the house for something that would be useful to take with him, but he found nothing but an old cheese, which he put in his pocket. Outside the door he noticed that a bird had got caught in the bushes, so he took that and put it in his pocket with the cheese. Then he set out gallantly on his way, and as he was light and active he felt no fatigue. The way led over a mountain, and when he reached the topmost peak he saw a terrible giant sitting there, and looking about him at his ease. The tailor went bravely up to him, called out to him, and said:

"Comrade, good day! there you sit looking over the wide world! I am on the way thither to seek my fortune; would you like to go with me?"

The giant looked at the tailor scornfully, and said:

"You little rascal! you miserable fellow!"

"That may be!" answered the little tailor, and undoing his coat he showed the giant his belt; "you can read there whether I am a man or not!"

The giant read: "Seven at one blow!" and
THE GALLANT TAILOR

thinking it meant men that the tailor had killed, felt at once more respect for the little fellow. But as he wanted to test him, he took up a stone and squeezed it so hard that water came out of it.

"Now you can do that," said the giant,—"that is, if you have the strength for it."

"That's not much," said the little tailor, "I call that play," and he put his hand in his pocket and took out the cheese and squeezed it, so that the whey ran out of it.

"Well," said he, "what do you think of that?"

The giant did not know what to say to it, for he could not have believed it of the little man. Then the giant took up a stone and threw it so high that it went nearly out of sight.

"Now, little fellow, suppose you do that!"

"Well thrown," said the tailor; "but the stone fell back to earth again,—I will throw one that will never come back." So he felt in his pocket, took out the bird, and threw it into the air. And the bird, when it found itself at liberty, took wing, flew off, and returned no more.

"What do you think of that, comrade?" asked the tailor.

"There is no doubt that you can throw," said the giant; "but we will see if you can carry."
He led the little tailor to a mighty oak-tree which had been cut down, and was lying on the ground, and said:

"Now, if you are strong enough, help me to carry this tree out of the wood."

"Willingly," answered the little man; "you take the trunk on your shoulders, I will take the branches with all their leaves; that is much the most difficult."

So the giant took the trunk on his shoulders, and the tailor seated himself on a branch, and the giant, who could not see what he was doing, had the whole tree to carry, and the little man on it as well. And the little man was very cheerful and merry, and whistled the tune: "There were three tailors riding by," as if carrying the tree was mere child's play. The giant, when he had struggled on under his heavy load a part of the way, was tired out, and cried:

"Look here, I must let go the tree!"

The tailor jumped off quickly, and taking hold of the tree with both arms, as if he were carrying it, said to the giant:

"You see you can't carry the tree, though you are such a big fellow!"

They went on together a little farther, and
presently they came to a cherry-tree, and the giant took hold of the topmost branches, where the ripest fruit hung, and pulling them down, gave them to the tailor to hold, bidding him eat. But the little tailor was much too weak to hold the tree, and as the giant let go, the tree sprang back, and the tailor was caught up into the air. And when he dropped down again without any harm, the giant said to him:

"How is this? Haven't you strength enough to hold such a weak sprig as that?"

"It is not strength that is lacking," answered the little tailor; "how should it be to one who has slain seven at one blow! I just jumped over the tree because the hunters are shooting down there in the bushes. You jump it too, if you can."

The giant made the attempt, and not being able to jump over the tree, he remained hanging in the branches, so that once more the little tailor got the better of him. Then said the giant:

"As you are such a gallant fellow, suppose you come with me to our den, and stay the night."

The tailor was quite willing, and he followed him. When they reached the den there sat some
other giants by the fire, and they all gladly welcomed him. The little tailor looked round and thought:

"There is more elbow-room here than in my workshop."

And the giant showed him a bed, and told him he had better lie down upon it and go to sleep. The bed was, however, too big for the tailor, so he did not stay in it, but crept into a corner to sleep. As soon as it was midnight the giant got up, took a great staff of iron and hit the bed one stroke, and supposed he had made an end of that grasshopper of a tailor. Very early in the morning the giants went into the wood and forgot all about the little tailor, and when they saw him coming after them alive and merry, they were terribly frightened, and, thinking he was going to kill them, they ran away in all haste.

So the little tailor marched on, always following his nose. And after he had gone a great way he entered the courtyard belonging to a king's palace, and there he felt so tired that he lay down and fell asleep. In the meanwhile came various people, who looked at him very curiously, and read on his belt, "Seven at one blow!"
"Oh!" said they, "why should this great lord come here in time of peace? What a mighty champion he must be."

Then they went and told the King about him, and they thought that if war should break out what a useful man he would be, and that he ought not to be allowed to go at any price. The King then summoned his council, and sent one of his courtiers to the little tailor to beg him, as soon as he should wake up, to consent to serve in the King's army. The courtier stood and waited at the tailor's side until the tailor began to stretch and to open his eyes, and then he carried his answer back. And the answer was:

"That was the reason for which I came," said the little tailor. "I am ready to enter the King's service."

So he was received into it very honorably, and a separate dwelling set apart for him.

But the rest of the soldiers were very much set against the little tailor, and they wished him a thousand miles away.

"What shall be done about it?" they said among themselves; "if we pick a quarrel and fight with him then seven of us will fall at each blow. That will be of no use to us."
So they all went together to the King to ask for their discharge.

"We never intended," said they, "to serve with a man who kills seven at a blow."

The King felt sorry to lose all his faithful servants because of one man, and he wished that he had never seen him, and would willingly get rid of him if he might. But he did not dare to dismiss the little tailor for fear he should kill all the King's people, and place himself upon the throne. He thought a long while about it, and at last made up his mind what to do. He sent for the little tailor, and told him that as he was so great a warrior he had a proposal to make to him. He told him that in a wood in his country there dwelt two giants, who did great damage by robbery, murder, and fire, and that no man dared to go near them for fear of his life. If the tailor would slay both these giants the King would give him his only daughter in marriage, and half his kingdom, and a hundred horsemen should go with him to give him assistance.

"That would be something for a man like me!" thought the little tailor, "a beautiful princess and half a kingdom are not to be had every day," and he said to the King:
"Oh, yes, I can soon overcome the giants, and yet have no need of the hundred horsemen; he who can kill seven at one blow has no need to be afraid of two."

So the little tailor set out, and the hundred horsemen followed him. When he came to the border of the wood he said to the horsemen:

"Stay here while I go to attack the giants."

Then he sprang into the wood, and looked about him right and left. After a while he caught sight of the two giants; they were lying down under a tree asleep, and snoring so that all the branches shook. The little tailor, very alert, filled both his pockets with stones and climbed up into the tree, and made his way to an overhanging bough, so that he could seat himself just above the sleepers; and from there he let one stone after another fall on the chest of one of the giants. For a long time the giant did not notice this, but at last he waked up and pushed his comrade, and said:

"What are you hitting me for?"

"You are dreaming," said the other, "I am not touching you." And they composed themselves again to sleep, and the tailor dropped a stone on the other giant.
"What can that be?" cried the second giant.
"What are you throwing at me?"
"I am throwing nothing at you," answered the first giant, grumbling.

They disputed about it for a while, but as they were tired, they gave it up at last, and their eyes closed once more. Then the little tailor began his game anew, picked out a heavier stone and threw it down with force upon the first giant's chest.

"This is too much!" cried he, and sprang up like a madman and struck his companion such a blow that the tree shook above them. The other struck back, and they fought with such fury that they tore up trees by their roots to use for weapons against each other, so that at last they both of them lay dead upon the ground. Then the little tailor got down.

"Another piece of luck!" said he,—"that the tree I was sitting in did not get torn up too, or else I should have had to jump like a squirrel from one tree to another."

Then he drew his sword and gave each of the giants a few hacks in the breast, and went back to the horsemen and said:
"The deed is done. I have made an end of both
of them: but it went hard with me; in the struggle they rooted up trees to defend themselves, but it was of no use; they had to do with a man who can kill seven at one blow."

"Then are you not wounded?" asked the horsemen.

"Nothing of the sort!" answered the tailor. "I have not turned a hair."

The horsemen still would not believe it, and rode into the wood to see, and there they found the giants, and all about them were the uprooted trees.

The little tailor then claimed the promised rewards, but the King repented his offer, and tried again to rid himself of the hero.

"Before you can have my daughter and the half of my kingdom," said he to the tailor, "you must perform another heroic act. In the wood lives a unicorn who does great damage; you must capture him."

"A unicorn does not strike more terror into me than two giants. Seven at one blow!—that is my way," was the tailor's answer.

So, taking a rope and an ax with him, he went out into the wood, and told those who were ordered to go with him to wait outside. He had
not far to seek; the unicorn soon came out and sprang at him, as if he would make an end of him without delay. "Softly, softly," said the tailor, "most haste, worst speed," and remained standing until the animal came quite near, then he slipped quietly behind a tree. The unicorn ran with all his might against the tree and stuck his horn so deep into the trunk that he could not get it out again.

"Now I have you," said the tailor, coming out from behind the tree, and, putting the rope round the unicorn's neck, he took the ax, freed the horn, and then with all his party led the animal to the King.

The King did not yet wish to give him the promised rewards, and set him a third task to do. Before the wedding could take place the tailor was to secure a wild boar which had done a great deal of damage in the wood.

The huntsmen were to accompany him.

"All right," said the tailor, "this is child's play."

But he did not take the huntsmen into the wood, and they were all the better pleased, for the wild boar had many a time before received them in such a way that they had no desire to dis-
turb him. When the boar caught sight of the tailor he ran at him with foaming mouth and gleaming tusks to bear him to the ground, but the nimble hero rushed into a chapel which chanced to be near, and jumped quickly out of a window on the other side. The boar ran after him, and when he got inside the tailor shut the door after him, and there the boar was imprisoned, for he was too big and unwieldy to jump out of the window too. Then the little tailor called the huntsmen that they might see the prisoner with their own eyes; and then he took him to the King, who now, whether he liked it or not, was obliged to fulfill his promise, and give him his daughter and the half of his kingdom. But if he had known that the great warrior was only a little tailor he would have taken it still more to heart. So the wedding was celebrated with great splendor and little joy, and the tailor was made into a king.

One night the young queen heard her husband talking in his sleep and saying:

"Now, boy, make me that waistcoat and patch me those breeches, or I will lay my yard-measure about your shoulders!"

And so, as she perceived of what low birth her
husband was, she went to her father the next morning and told him all, and begged him to set her free from a man who was nothing better than a tailor. The King bade her be comforted, saying:

"To-night leave your bedroom door open; my guard shall stand outside, and when he is asleep they shall come in and bind him and carry him off to a ship, and he shall be sent to the other side of the world."

So the wife felt consoled, but the King's water-bearer, who had been listening all the while, went to the little tailor and told him the whole plan.

"I shall put a stop to all this," said he.

At night he lay down as usual in bed, and when his wife thought that he was asleep, she got up, opened the door and lay down again. The little tailor, who only made believe to be asleep, began to murmur plainly.

"Now, boy, make me that waistcoat and patch me those breeches, or I will lay my yard-measure about your shoulders! I have slain seven at one blow, killed two giants, caught a unicorn, and taken a wild boar, and shall I be afraid of those who are standing outside my room door?"
And when they heard the tailor say this, a great fear seized them; they fled away as if they had been wild hares, and none of them would venture to attack him.

And so the little tailor all his lifetime remained a king.
THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES

THERE was once a king who had twelve daughters, each more beautiful than the other. They slept together in a hall where their beds stood close to one another; and at night, when they had gone to bed, the King locked the door and bolted it. But when he unlocked it in the morning, he noticed that their shoes had been danced to pieces, and nobody could explain how it happened. So the King sent out a proclamation saying that any one who could discover where the princesses did their night's dancing should choose one of them to be his wife and should reign after his death; but whoever presented himself, and failed to make the discovery after three days and nights, was to forfeit his life.

A prince soon presented himself and offered to take the risk. He was well received, and at night was taken into a room adjoining the hall where the princesses slept. His bed was made up there, and he was to watch and see where they went to dance; so that they could not do anything, or go
anywhere else, the door of his room was left open too. But the eyes of the King’s son grew heavy, and he fell asleep. When he woke up in the morning all the twelve had been dancing, for the soles of their shoes were full of holes. The second and third evenings passed with the same results, and then the Prince found no mercy, and his head was cut off. Many others came after him and offered to take the risk, but they all had to lose their lives.

Now it happened that a poor soldier, who had been wounded and could no longer serve, found himself on the road to the town where the King lived. There he fell in with an old woman who asked him where he intended to go.

"I really don’t know," he said; and added, in fun, "I should like to discover where the King’s daughters dance their shoes into holes, and after that to become king."

"That is not so difficult," said the old woman. "You must not drink the wine which will be brought to you in the evening, but must pretend to be fast asleep." Whereupon she gave him a short cloak, saying: "When you wear this you will be invisible, and then you can slip out after the twelve princesses."
THEY went right down until they got quite underground
As soon as the soldier heard this good advice he took it seriously, plucked up courage, appeared before the King, and offered himself as a suitor. He was as well received as the others, and was dressed in royal garments.

In the evening, when bedtime came, he was conducted to the ante-room. As he was about to go to bed the eldest princess appeared, bringing him a cup of wine; but he had fastened a sponge under his chin and let the wine run down into it, so that he did not drink one drop. Then he lay down, and when he had been quiet a little while he began to snore as though in the deepest sleep.

The twelve princesses heard him and laughed. The eldest said: "He, too, must forfeit his life."

Then they got up, opened cupboards, chests, and cases, and brought out their beautiful dresses. They decked themselves before the glass, skipping about gaily at the prospect of the dance. Only the youngest sister said: "I don't know what it is. You may rejoice, but I feel so strange; a misfortune is certainly hanging over us."

"You are a little goose," answered the eldest; "you are always frightened. Have you forgot-
ten how many princes have come here in vain? Why, I need not have given the soldier a sleeping draught at all; the blockhead would never have awakened."

When they were all ready they looked at the soldier; but his eyes were shut and he did not stir. So they thought they would soon be quite safe. Then the eldest went up to one of the beds and knocked on it; it sank into the earth, and they descended through the opening, one after another, the eldest first.

The soldier, who had noticed everything, did not hesitate long, but threw on his cloak and went down behind the youngest. Half-way down he trod on her dress. She was frightened, and said: "What was that? who is holding on to my dress?"

"Don't be so foolish. You must have caught on a nail," said the eldest. Then they went right down, and when they got quite underground, they stood in a marvelously beautiful avenue of trees; all the leaves were silver, and glittered and shone.

The soldier thought, "I must take away some token with me." And as he broke off a twig, a sharp crack came from the tree.
The youngest cried out, "All is not well; did you hear that sound?"

"Those are triumphal salutes, because we shall soon have released our princess," said the eldest.

Next they came to an avenue where all the leaves were of gold, and at last into a third, where they were of shining diamonds. From both these he broke off a twig, and there was a crack each time which made the youngest princess start with terror; but the eldest maintained that the sounds were only triumphal salutes. They went on faster, and came to a great lake. Close to the bank lay twelve little boats, and in every boat sat a handsome prince. They had expected the twelve princesses, and each took one with him; but the soldier seated himself by the youngest.

Then said the Prince, "I don’t know why, but the boat is much heavier to-day, and I am obliged to row with all my strength to get it along."

"I wonder why it is," said the youngest, "unless, perhaps, it is the hot weather; it is strangely hot."

On the opposite side of the lake stood a splendidly brightly lighted castle, from which came the
sound of the joyous music of trumpets and drums. They rowed across, and every prince danced with his lady; and the soldier danced too, unseen. If one of the princesses held a cup of wine he drank out of it, so that it was empty when she lifted it to her lips. This frightened the youngest one, but the eldest always silenced her. They danced till three next morning, when their shoes were danced into holes, and they were obliged to stop. The princes took them back across the lake, and this time the soldier took his seat beside the eldest. On the bank they said farewell to their princes, and promised to come again the next night. When they got to the steps the soldier ran on ahead, lay down in bed, and when the twelve came lagging by, slowly and wearily, he began to snore again, very loud, so that they said, "We are quite safe as far as he is concerned." Then they took off their beautiful dresses, put them away, placed the worn-out shoes under their beds, and lay down.

The next morning the soldier determined to say nothing, but to see the wonderful doings again. So he went with them the second and third nights. Everything was just the same as the first time, and they danced each time till their
shoes were in holes; but the third time the soldier took away a wine-cup as a token.

When the appointed hour came for his answer, he took the three twigs and the cup with him and went before the King. The twelve princesses stood behind the door listening to hear what he would say. When the King put the question, "Where did my daughters dance their shoes to pieces in the night?" he answered: "With twelve princes in an underground castle." Then he produced the tokens.

The King sent for his daughters and asked them whether the soldier had spoken the truth. As they saw that they had been found out, and would gain nothing by lies, they were obliged to admit all. Thereupon the King asked the soldier which one he would choose as his wife. He answered: "I am no longer young, give me the eldest."

So the wedding was celebrated that very day, and the kingdom was promised to him on the King's death. But for every night which the princes had spent in dancing with the princesses a day was added to their time of enchantment.
KING THRUSHBEARD

THERE was once a king who had a daughter. She was more beautiful than words can tell, but at the same time so proud and haughty that no man who came to woo her was good enough for her. She turned away one after another, and even mocked them.

One day her father ordered a great feast to be given, and invited to it all the marriageable young men from far and near.

They were all placed in a row, according to their rank and position. First came kings, then princes, then dukes, earls, and barons.

The Princess was led through the ranks, but she had some fault to find with all of them.

One was too stout. "That barrel!" she said. The next was too tall. "Long and lean is no good!" The third was too short. "Short and stout, can't turn about!" The fourth was too white. "Pale as death!" The fifth was too red. "Turkey-cock!" The sixth was not straight. "Oven-dried!"
She thought with a heavy heart of her sad fate.
So there was something against each of them. But she made specially merry over one good king, who stood quite at the head of the row, and whose chin was a little hooked.

"Why!" she cried, "he has a chin like the beak of a thrush."

After that, he was always called "King Thrushbeard."

When the old king saw that his daughter only made fun of them, and despised all the suitors, he was very angry, and swore that the first beggar who came to the door should be her husband.

A few days after, a wandering musician began to sing at the window, hoping to receive charity.

When the King heard him, he said: "Let him be brought in."

The musician came in, dressed in dirty rags, and sang to the King and his daughter, and when he had finished, he begged alms of them.

The King said: "Your song has pleased me so much, that I will give you my daughter for wife."

The Princess was horror-stricken. But the King said: "I have sworn an oath to give you to the first beggar who came; and I will keep my word."
No entreaties were of any avail. A parson was brought, and she had to marry the musician there and then.

When the marriage was completed, the King said: "Now you are a beggar-woman, you can't stay in my castle any longer. You must go away with your husband."

The beggar took her by the hand and led her away, and she was obliged to go with him on foot.

When they came to a big wood, she asked:

"Ah! who is the lord of this forest so fine?"
"It belongs to King Thrushbeard. It might have been thine,
If his queen you had been."
"Ah! sad must I sing!
I would I'd accepted the love of the King."

After that they reached a great meadow, and she asked again:

"Ah! who is the lord of these meadows so fine?"
"They belong to King Thrushbeard, and would have been thine,
If his queen you had been."
"Ah! sad must I sing!
I would I'd accepted the hand of the King."
Then they passed through a large town, and again she asked:

"Ah! who is the lord of this city so fine?"
"It belongs to King Thrushbeard, and it might have been thine, If his queen you had been."
"Ah! sad must I sing! I would I'd accepted the heart of the King."

"It doesn't please me at all," said the musician, "that you are always wishing for another husband. Am I not good enough for you?"

At last they came to a miserable little cabin, and she said:

"Ah, heavens! what's this house, so mean and small? This wretched little hut's no house at all."

The musician answered: "This is my house, and yours, where we are to live together."

The door was so low that she had to stoop to get in.

"Where are the servants?" asked the Princess.

"Servants indeed!" answered the beggar. "Whatever you want done, you must do for yourself. Light the fire, and put the kettle on to make my supper. I am very tired."
But the Princess knew nothing about lighting fires or cooking, and to get it done at all, the beggar had to do it himself.

When they had finished their humble fare, they went to bed. But in the morning the man made her get up very early to do the housework.

They lived like this for a few days, till they had eaten all their store of food.

Then the man said: "Wife, this won’t do any longer; you can’t live here without working. You shall make baskets."

So he went out and cut some willow twigs, and brought them home. She began to weave them, but the hard twigs bruised her tender hands.

"I see that won’t do," said the beggar. "You had better spin; perhaps you can manage that."

So she sat down and tried to spin, but the harsh yarn soon cut her delicate fingers and made them bleed.

"Now you see," said the man, "what a good-for-nothing you are. I have made a bad bargain in you. But I will try to start a trade in earthenware. You must sit in the market and offer your goods for sale."
“Alas!” she thought, “if any of the people from my father’s kingdom come and see me sitting in the market-place, offering goods for sale, they will scoff at me.” But it was no good. She had to obey, unless she meant to die of hunger.

All went well the first time. The people willingly bought her wares because she was so handsome, and they paid what she asked them—some even gave her the money and left her the pots as well.

They lived on the gains as long as they lasted, and then the man laid in a new stock of wares.

She took her seat in a corner of the market, set out her crockery about her, and began to cry her wares.

Suddenly, a drunken soldier came galloping up, and rode right in among the pots, breaking them into thousands of bits.

She began to cry, and was so frightened that she did not know what to do. “Oh! what will become of me?” she cried. “What will my husband say to me?” She ran home, and told him her misfortune.

“Who would ever think of sitting at the corner of the market with crockery?” he said. “Stop that crying. I see you are no manner of
use for any decent kind of work. I have been to our king’s palace, and asked if they do not want a kitchen maid, and they have promised to try you. You will get your food free, at any rate.”

So the Princess became a kitchen maid, and had to wait upon the cook and do all the dirty work. She took home her share of the scraps and leavings, and upon these they lived.

It so happened that the marriage of the eldest princess just then took place, and the poor girl went up-stairs and stood behind the curtains to peep at all the splendor.

When the rooms were lighted up, and she saw the guests streaming in, one more beautiful than the other, and the scene grew more and more brilliant, she thought, with a heavy heart, of her sad fate. She cursed the pride that had brought her to such depths.

Every now and then the servants would throw her bits from the savory dishes they were carrying away from the feast, and these she put into her pockets to take home with her.

All at once the King’s son came in. He was dressed in silk and velvet, and he had a golden chain round his neck.
When he saw the beautiful girl standing at the door, he seized her by the hand, and wanted to dance with her.

But she refused, because she saw that it was King Thrushbeard, who had been one of the suitors for her hand, and whom she had most scornfully driven away.

Her resistance was no use, and he dragged her into the hall. Then the bits of food she had put in her pockets spilled out all over the floor.

When the guests saw it, they burst into shouts of mocking laughter.

She was so ashamed, that she would gladly have sunk into the earth. She rushed to the door, and tried to escape, but on the stairs a man stopped her and brought her back.

When she looked at him, it was no other than King Thrushbeard again.

He spoke kindly to her, and said: "Do not be afraid. I and the beggar-man, who lived in the poor little hovel with you, are one and the same. For love of you I disguised myself; and I was also the soldier who rode among your pots. All this I did to bend your proud spirit, and to punish you for the haughtiness with which you mocked me."
She wept bitterly, and said: "I was very wicked, and I am not worthy to be your wife."

But he said: "Be happy! Those evil days are over. Now we will celebrate our true wedding."

The waiting-women came and put rich clothing upon her, and her father, with all his court, came and wished her joy on her marriage with King Thrushbeard.
TOM THUMB

A poor peasant sat one evening by his hearth and poked the fire, while his wife sat opposite spinning. He said: "What a sad thing it is that we have no children; our home is so quiet, while other folk's houses are noisy and cheerful."

"Yes," answered his wife, and she sighed; "even if it were an only one, and if it were no bigger than my thumb, I should be quite content; we would love it with all our hearts."

Now, some time after this, she had a little boy who was strong and healthy, but was no bigger than a thumb. Then they said: "Well, our wish is fulfilled, and, small as he is, we will love him dearly"; and because of his tiny stature they called him Tom Thumb. They let him want for nothing, yet still the child grew no bigger, but remained the same size as when he was born. Still, he looked out on the world with intelligent eyes, and soon showed himself a clever creature, who was lucky in all he attempted.

One day, when the peasant was preparing to
go into the forest to cut wood, he said to himself: "I wish I had some one to bring the cart after me."

"Oh, father!" said Tom Thumb, "I will soon bring it. You leave it to me; it shall be there when you want it."

Then the peasant laughed, and said: "How can that be? You are much too small even to hold the reins."

"That doesn't matter, if only mother will harness the horse," answered Tom. "I will sit in his ear and tell him where to go."

"Very well," said the father; "we will try it for once."

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse, set Tom in his ear, and then the little creature called out "Gee-up" and "Whoa" in turn, and directed it where to go. It went quite well, just as though it were being driven by its master; and they went the right way to the wood. Now it happened that while the cart was turning a corner, and Tom was calling to the horse, two strange men appeared on the scene.

"My goodness," said one, "what is this? There goes a cart, and a driver is calling to the horse, but there is nothing to be seen."
"There is something queer about this," said the other; "we will follow the cart and see where it stops."

The cart went on deep into the forest, and arrived quite safely at the place where the wood was cut.

When Tom spied his father, he said: "You see, father, here I am with the cart; now lift me down." The father held the horse with his left hand, and took his little son out of its ear with the right. Then Tom sat down quite happily on a straw.

When the two strangers noticed him, they did not know what to say for astonishment.

Then one drew the other aside, and said: "Listen, that little creature might make our fortune if we were to show him in the town for money. We will buy him."

So they went up to the peasant, and said: "Sell us the little man; he shall be well looked after with us."

"No," said the peasant; "he is the delight of my eyes, and I will not sell him for all the gold in the world."

But Tom Thumb, when he heard the bargain, crept up by the folds of his father's coat, placed
himself on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear: "Father, let me go; I will soon come back again."

Then his father gave him to the two men for a fine piece of gold.

"Where will you sit?" they asked him.

"Oh, put me on the brim of your hat, then I can walk up and down and see the neighborhood without falling down."

They did as he wished, and when Tom had said good-bye to his father, they went away with him.

They walked on till it was twilight, when the little man said: "You must lift me down."

"Stay where you are," answered the man on whose head he sat.

"No," said Tom; "I will come down. Lift me down immediately."

The man took off his hat and set the little creature in a field by the wayside. He jumped and crept about for a time, here and there among the sods, then slipped suddenly into a mouse-hole which he had discovered.

"Good evening, gentlemen, just you go home without me," he called out to them in mockery.
They ran about and poked with sticks into the mouse-hole, but all in vain. Tom crept further and further back, and, as it soon got quite dark, they were forced to go home, full of anger, and with empty purses.

When Tom noticed that they were gone, he crept out of his underground hiding-place again. "It is dangerous walking in this field in the dark," he said. "One might easily break one's leg or one's neck." Luckily, he came to an empty snail shell. "Thank goodness," he said; "I can pass the night in safety here," and he sat down.

Not long after, just when he was about to go to sleep, he heard two men pass by. One said: "How shall we set about stealing the rich parson's gold and silver?"

"I can tell you," interrupted Tom.

"What was that?" said one robber in a fright. "I heard some one speak."

They remained standing and listened.

Then Tom spoke again: "Take me with you and I will help you."

"Where are you?" they asked.

"Just look on the ground and see where the voice comes from," he answered.
At last the thieves found him, and lifted him up. "You little urchin, are you going to help us?"

"Yes," he said; "I will creep between the iron bars in the parson's room, and will hand out to you what you want."

"All right," they said, "we will see what you can do."

When they came to the parsonage, Tom crept into the room, but called out immediately with all his strength to the others: "Do you want everything that is here?"

The thieves were frightened, and said: "Do speak softly, and don't wake any one."

But Tom pretended not to understand, and called out again: "What do you want? Everything?"

The cook, who slept above, heard him and sat up in bed and listened. But the thieves were so frightened that they retreated a little way. At last they summoned up courage again, and thought to themselves, "The little rogue wants to tease us." So they came back and whispered to him: "Now, do be serious, and hand us out something."

Then Tom called out again, as loud as he
could, "I will give you everything if only you will hold out your hands."

The maid, who was listening intently, heard him quite distinctly, jumped out of bed, and stumbled to the door. The thieves turned and fled, running as though wild huntsmen were after them. But the maid, seeing nothing, went to get a light. When she came back with it, Tom, without being seen, slipped out into the barn, and the maid, after she had searched every corner and found nothing, went to bed again, thinking she had been dreaming with her eyes and ears open.

Tom Thumb climbed about in the hay, and found a splendid place to sleep. There he determined to rest till day came, and then to go home to his parents.

The maid got up in the gray dawn to feed the cows. First she went into the barn, where she piled up an armful of hay, the very bundle in which poor Tom was asleep. But he slept so soundly that he knew nothing till he was almost in the mouth of the cow, who was eating him up with the hay.

"Heavens!" he said, "however did I get into this mill?" but he soon saw where he was, and the great thing was to avoid being crushed between
the cow's teeth. At last, whether he liked it or not, he had to go down the cow's throat.

"The windows have been forgotten in this house," he said. "The sun does not shine into it, and no light has been provided."

Altogether he was very ill-pleased with his quarters, and, worst of all, more and more hay came in at the door, and the space grew narrower and narrower. At last he called out, in his fear, as loud as he could, "Don't give me any more food. Don't give me any more food."

The maid was just milking the cow, and when she heard the same voice as in the night, without seeing any one, she was frightened, and slipped from her stool and spilt the milk. Then, in the greatest haste, she ran to her master, and said: "Oh, your reverence, the cow has spoken!"

"You are mad," he answered; but he went into the stable himself to see what was happening.

Scarcely had he set foot in the cow-shed before Tom began again, "Don't bring me any more food."

Then the parson was terrified too, and thought that the cow must be bewitched; so he ordered it to be killed. It was accordingly slaughtered, but the stomach, in which Tom was hidden, was
thrown aside. Tom had the greatest trouble in working his way out. Just as he stuck out his head, a hungry wolf ran by and snapped up the whole stomach with one bite. But still Tom did not lose courage. "Perhaps the wolf will listen to reason," he said. So he called out, "Dear wolf, I know where you can find a fine meal."

"Where is it to be had?" asked the wolf.

"Why, in such and such a house," answered Tom. "You must squeeze through the grating of the storeroom window, and there you will find cakes, bacon, and sausages, as many as you can possibly eat"; and he went on to describe his father's house.

The wolf did not wait to hear this twice, and at night forced himself in through the grating, and ate to his heart's content. When he was satisfied, he wanted to go away again; but he had grown so fat that he could not get out the same way. Tom had reckoned on this, and began to make a great commotion inside the wolf's body, struggling and screaming with all his might.

"Be quiet," said the wolf; "you will wake up the people of the house."

"All very fine," answered Tom. "You have eaten your fill, and now I am going to make
merry”; and he began to scream again with all his might.

At last his father and mother woke up, ran to the room, and looked through the crack of the door. When they saw a wolf, they went away, and the husband fetched his ax, and the wife a scythe.

"You stay behind," said the man, as they came into the room. "If my blow does not kill him, you must attack him and rip up his body."

When Tom Thumb heard his father’s voice, he called out: "Dear father, I am here, inside the wolf’s body."

Full of joy, his father cried, "Heaven be praised! Our dear child is found again," and he bade his wife throw aside the scythe that it might not injure Tom.

Then he gathered himself together, and struck the wolf a blow on the head, so that it fell down lifeless. Then with knives and shears they ripped up the body, and took their little boy out.

"Ah," said his father, "what trouble we have been in about you."

"Yes, father, I have traveled about the world, and I am thankful to breathe fresh air again."

"Wherever have you been?" they asked.
“Down a mouse-hole, in a cow’s stomach, and inside a wolf,” he answered; “and now I shall stay with you.”

“And we will never sell you again, for all the riches in the world,” they said, kissing and fondling their dear child.

Then they gave him food and drink, and had new clothes made for him, as his own had been spoilt in his travels.
There was once a man and his wife who had long wished in vain for a child, when at last they had reason to hope that Heaven would grant their wish. There was a little window at the back of their house, which overlooked a beautiful garden, full of lovely flowers and shrubs. It was, however, surrounded by a high wall, and nobody dared to enter it, because it belonged to a powerful witch, who was feared by everybody.

One day the woman, standing at this window and looking into the garden, saw a bed planted with beautiful rampion. It looked so fresh and green that she longed to eat some of it. This longing increased every day, and as she knew it could never be satisfied, she began to look pale and miserable, and to pine away. Then her husband was alarmed, and said: "What ails you, my dear wife?"

"Alas!" she answered, "if I cannot get any of the rampion from the garden behind our house to eat, I shall die."
He went to the tower and cried—
"Rapunzel, Rapunzel let down your hair."
Her husband, who loved her, thought, "Before you let your wife die, you must fetch her some of that rampion, cost what it may." So in the twilight he climbed over the wall into the witch's garden, hastily picked a handful of rampion, and took it back to his wife. She immediately dressed it and ate it up very eagerly. It was so very, very nice, that the next day her longing for it increased threefold. She could have no peace unless her husband fetched her some more. So in the twilight he set out again; but when he got over the wall he was terrified to see the witch before him.

"How dare you come into my garden like a thief, and steal my rampion?" she said, with angry looks. "It shall be the worse for you!"

"Alas!" he answered, "be merciful to me; I am only here from necessity. My wife sees your rampion from the window, and she has such a longing for it, that she would die if she could not get some of it."

The anger of the witch abated, and she said to him, "If it is as you say, I will allow you to take away with you as much rampion as you like, but on one condition. You must give me the child which your wife is about to bring into
RAPUNZEL

the world. I will care for it like a mother, and all will be well with it.” In his fear the man consented to everything, and when the baby was born, the witch appeared, gave it the name of Rapunzel, which is another name for rampion, and took it away with her.

Rapunzel was the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old, the witch shut her up in a tower which stood in a wood. It had neither staircase nor doors, and only a little window quite high up in the wall. When the witch wanted to enter the tower, she stood at the foot of it, and cried:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair.”

Rapunzel had splendid long hair, as fine as spun gold. As soon as she heard the voice of the witch, she unfastened her plaits and twisted them round a hook by the window. They fell twenty feet downwards, and the witch climbed up by them.

It happened a couple of years later that the King’s son rode through the forest, and came close to the tower. From thence he heard a song so lovely, that he stopped to listen. It was Rapunzel, who in her loneliness made her sweet voice resound to pass away the time. The King’s
son wanted to join her, and he sought for the door of the tower, but there was none to find.

He rode home, but the song had touched his heart so deeply that he went into the forest every day to listen to it. Once, when he was hidden behind a tree, he saw a witch come to the tower and call out:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair."

Then Rapunzel lowered her plaits of hair and the witch climbed up to her.

"If that is the ladder by which one ascends," he thought, "I will try my luck myself." And the next day, when it began to grow dark, he went to the tower and cried:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair."

The hair fell down at once, and the King's son climbed up by it.

At first Rapunzel was terrified, for she had never set eyes on a man before, but the King's son talked to her kindly, and told her that his heart had been so deeply touched by her song that he had no peace, and he was obliged to see her. Then Rapunzel lost her fear, and when he asked if she would have him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, "He will love me better than old
Mother Gothel.” So she said, “Yes,” and laid her hand in his. She said, “I will gladly go with you, but I do not know how I am to get down from this tower. When you come, will you bring a skein of silk with you every time? I will twist it into a ladder, and when it is long enough I will descend by it, and you can take me away with you on your horse.”

She arranged with him that he should come and see her every evening, for the old witch came in the daytime.

The witch discovered nothing, till suddenly Rapunzel said to her, “Tell me, Mother Gothel, how can it be that you are so much heavier to draw up than the young prince who will be here before long?”

“Oh, you wicked child, what do you say? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me.” In her rage she seized Rapunzel’s beautiful hair, twisted it twice round her left hand, snatched up a pair of shears and cut off the plaits, which fell to the ground. She was so merciless that she took poor Rapunzel away into a wilderness, where she forced her to live in the greatest grief and misery.

In the evening of the day on which she had
banished Rapunzel, the witch fastened the plaits which she had cut off to the hook by the window, and when the Prince came and called:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair,” she lowered the hair. The Prince climbed up, but there he found, not his beloved Rapunzel, but the witch, who looked at him with angry and wicked eyes.

“Ah!” she cried mockingly, “you have come to fetch your lady-love, but the pretty bird is no longer in her nest; and she can sing no more, for the cat has seized her, and it will scratch your own eyes out too. Rapunzel is lost to you; you will never see her again.”

The Prince was beside himself with grief, and in his despair he sprang out of the window. He was not killed, but his eyes were scratched out by the thorns among which he fell. He wandered about blind in the wood, and had nothing but roots and berries to eat. He did nothing but weep and lament over the loss of his beloved Rapunzel. In this way he wandered about for some years, till at last he reached the wilderness where Rapunzel had been living in great poverty.

He heard a voice which seemed very familiar to him, and he went towards it. Rapunzel knew
him at once, and fell weeping upon his neck. Two of her tears fell upon his eyes, and they immediately grew quite clear, and he could see as well as ever.

He took her to his kingdom, where he was received with joy, and they lived long and happily together.
THE RAVEN

THERE was once a queen who had a little daughter still in arms.

One day the child was naughty, and would not be quiet, whatever her mother might say.
So she grew impatient, and as the ravens were flying round the castle, she opened the window, and said: "I wish you were a raven, that you might fly away, and then I should have peace."

She had hardly said the words, when the child was changed into a raven, and flew out of the window.

She flew straight into a dark wood, and her parents did not know what had become of her.

One day a man was passing through this wood and heard the raven calling.

When he was near enough, the raven said: "I am a princess by birth, and I am bewitched, but you can deliver me from the spell."

"What must I do?" asked he.

"Go further into the wood," she said, "and you will come to a house with an old woman in it, who will offer you food and drink. But you must not take any. If you eat or drink what she
offers you, you will fall into a deep sleep, and then you will never be able to deliver me. There is a great heap of tan in the garden behind the house; you must stand on it and wait for me. I will come for three days in a coach drawn by four horses which, on the first day, will be white, on the second, chestnut, and on the last, black. If you are not awake, I shall not be delivered.”

The man promised to do everything that she asked.

But the raven said: “Alas! I know that you will not deliver me. You will take what the woman offers you, and I shall never be freed from the spell.”

He promised once more not to touch either the food or the drink. But when he reached the house, the old woman said to him: “Poor man! How tired you are. Come and refresh yourself. Eat and drink.”

“No,” said the man; “I will neither eat nor drink.”

But she persisted, and said: “Well, if you won’t eat, take a sip out of the glass. One sip is nothing.”

Then he yielded, and took a little sip.

About two o’clock he went down into the gar-
H
e had gone outside, taken off the cloak, and mounted his horse.
den, and stood on the tan-heap to wait for the raven. All at once he became so tired that he could not keep on his feet, and lay down for a moment, not meaning to go to sleep. But he had hardly stretched himself out, before his eyelids closed, and he fell fast asleep. He slept so soundly that nothing in the world could have awakened him.

At two o’clock the raven came, drawn by her four white horses. But she was already very sad, for she said: “I know he is asleep.”

She alighted from the carriage, went to him, shook him, and called him, but he did not wake.

Next day at dinner-time the old woman came again, and brought him food and drink; but again he refused to touch them. But she left him no peace, till at last she induced him to take a sip from the glass.

Towards two o’clock he again went into the garden, and stood on the tan-heap, meaning to wait for the raven. But he suddenly became so tired, that he sank down and fell into a deep sleep.

When the raven drove up with her chestnut horses, she was very mournful, and said: “I know he is asleep.”
She went to him, but he was fast asleep, and she could not wake him.

Next day the old woman said: "What is the meaning of this? If you don't eat or drink you will die."

He said: "I must not, and I will not either eat or drink."

She put the dish of food and the glass of wine before him, and when the scent of the wine reached him, he could withstand it no longer, and took a good drink.

When the time came he went into the garden and stood on the tan-heap and waited for the raven. But he was more tired than ever, lay down and slept like a log.

At two o'clock the raven came, drawn by four black horses; the coach and everything about it was black. She herself was in the deepest mourning, and said: "Alas! I know he is asleep."

She shook him, and called him, but she could not wake him.

Finding her efforts in vain, she placed a loaf beside him, a piece of meat, and a bottle of wine. Then she took a golden ring on which her name was engraved, and put it on his finger. Lastly,
she laid a letter by him, saying that the bread, the meat, and the wine were inexhaustible. She also said:

“I see that you cannot deliver me here, but if you still wish to do so, come to the Golden Castle of Stromberg. I know that it is still in your power.”

Then she seated herself in her coach again, and drove to the Golden Castle of Stromberg.

When the man woke and found that he had been asleep, his heart grew heavy, and he said: “She certainly must have passed, and I have not delivered her.”

Then his eyes fell on the things lying by him, and he read the letter which told him all that had occurred.

So he got up and went away to find the Golden Castle of Stromberg, but he had no idea where to find it.

When he had wandered about for a long time he came to a dark wood whence he could not find his way out.

After walking about in it for a fortnight, he lay down one night under a bush to sleep, for he was very tired. But he heard such crying and howling that he could not go to sleep.
Then he saw a light in the distance and went towards it. When he reached it, he found that it came from a house which looked very tiny because a huge giant was standing at the door.

He thought: “If I go in and the giant sees me, I shan’t escape with my life.”

But at last he ventured to go forward.

When the giant saw him, he said: “It’s a good thing you have appeared. I have had nothing to eat for an age. I will just swallow you for my supper.”

“You had better let me alone,” said the man. “I shan’t let myself be swallowed in a hurry. If you only want something to eat, I have plenty here to satisfy you.”

“If you are speaking the truth,” said the giant, “you may be quite easy. I was only going to eat you because I had nothing else.”

Then they went in and sat down at the table, and the man produced the bread, the meat, and the wine, which were inexhaustible.

“This just suits me,” said the giant. And he ate as much as ever he could.

The man said to him: “Can’t you tell me where to find the Golden Castle?”

The giant said: “I will look at my map.
Every town, village, and house is marked upon it."

He fetched the map, but the castle was not to be found.

"It doesn’t matter," he said. "I have a bigger map up-stairs in my chest; we will look for it there."

At last the Golden Castle was discovered, but it was many thousands of miles away.

"How am I ever to get there?" asked the man.

The giant said: "I have a couple of hours to spare. I will carry you near it. But then I must come back to look after my wife and child."

Then the giant carried him to within a hundred miles of the castle, and said: "You will be able to find your way from here alone." Then he went back; and the man went on, till at last he came to the Golden Castle.

It stood on a mountain of glass, and the bewitched maiden drove round and round it every day in her coach.

He was delighted to see her again, and wanted to go to her at once. But when he tried to climb the mountain, he found it was so slippery that he slid back at every step.
When he found he could not reach her, he said to himself: "I will stay down here and wait for her."

So he built himself a little hut, and lived in it for a whole year. He could see the Princess above, driving round the castle every day, but he could never get to her.

Then one day he saw three robbers fighting, and called out to them: "God be with you!"

They stopped at the sound of his voice, but, seeing nothing, they began to fight again.

Then he cried again: "God be with you!"

They stopped and looked about, but, seeing no one, went on fighting.

Then he cried for the third time: "God be with you!"

Again they stopped and looked about, but, as there was no one visible, they fell to more savagely than ever.

He said to himself: "I must go and see what it is all about."

He went up and asked them why they were fighting.

One of them said he had found a stick which made any door fly open which it touched.
The second said he had found a cloak which made him invisible when he wore it.

The third said he had caught a horse which could go anywhere, even up the mountain of glass.

They could not decide whether these things should be common property or whether they should divide them.

Then said the man: "I will exchange them with you if you like. I have no money, but I have something more valuable. First, however, I must test your things to see if you are speaking the truth."

They let him get onto the horse, put on the cloak, and take the stick in his hand. When he had got them all, he was nowhere to be seen.

Then he gave them each a sound drubbing, and said: "There, you have your deserts, you bears. You may be satisfied with that."

Then he rode up the glass mountain, and when he reached the castle he found the gate was shut. He touched it with his stick and it flew open.

He went in and straight up the stairs into the gallery where the maiden sat with a golden cup of wine before her.
But she could not see him because he had the cloak on.

He took the ring she had given him, and dropped it into the cup, where it fell with a clink.

She cried: "That is my ring. The man who is to deliver me must be here."

They searched for him all over the castle, but could not find him, for he had gone outside, taken off the cloak, and mounted his horse.

When the people came to the gate and saw him, they raised cries of joy.

He dismounted and took the Princess in his arms. She kissed him, and said, "Now you have delivered me, and to-morrow we will celebrate our marriage."
THE GOOSEGIRL

There was once an old queen whose husband had been dead for many years, and she had a very beautiful daughter. When she grew up she was betrothed to a prince in a distant country. When the time came for the maiden to be sent into this distant country to be married, the old queen packed up quantities of clothes and jewels, gold and silver, cups and ornaments, and, in fact, everything suitable to a royal outfit, for she loved her daughter very dearly.

She also sent a waiting-woman to travel with her, and to put her hand into that of the bridegroom. They each had a horse. The princess’s horse was called Falada, and it could speak.

When the hour of departure came, the old queen went to her bedroom, and with a sharp little knife cut her finger and made it bleed. Then she held a piece of white cambric under it, and let three drops of blood fall onto it. This cambric she gave to her daughter, and said,
“Dear child, take good care of this; it will stand you in good stead on the journey.” They then bade each other a sorrowful farewell. The Princess hid the piece of cambric in her bosom, mounted her horse, and set out to her bridegroom’s country.

When they had ridden for a time the Princess became very thirsty, and said to the waiting-woman, “Get down and fetch me some water in my cup from the stream. I must have something to drink.”

“If you are thirsty,” said the waiting-woman, “dismount yourself, lie down by the water and drink. I don’t choose to be your servant.”

So, in her great thirst, the Princess dismounted and stooped down to the stream and drank, as she might not have her golden cup. The poor Princess said, “Alas!” and the drops of blood answered, “If your mother knew this, it would break her heart.”

The royal bride was humble, so she said nothing, but mounted her horse again. Then they rode several miles further; but the day was warm, the sun was scorching, and the Princess was soon very thirsty again.

When they reached a river she called out
A Strong Wind Blew Away Conrad’s Hat
again to her waiting-woman, “Get down, and give me some water in my golden cup!”

She had forgotten all about the rude words which had been said to her. But the waiting-woman answered more haughtily than ever, “If you want to drink, get the water for yourself. I won’t be your servant.”

Being very thirsty, the Princess dismounted, and knelt by the flowing water. She cried, and said, “Ah me!” and the drops of blood answered, “If your mother knew this it would break her heart.”

While she stooped over the water to drink, the piece of cambric with the drops of blood on it fell out of her bosom, and floated away on the stream; but she never noticed this in her great fear. The waiting-woman, however, had seen it, and rejoiced at getting more power over the bride, who, by losing the drops of blood, had become weak and powerless.

Now, when she was about to mount her horse Falada again, the waiting-woman said, “By rights, Falada belongs to me; this horse will do for you!”

The poor little princess was obliged to give way. Then the waiting-woman, in a harsh voice,
ordered her to take off her royal robes, and to put on her own mean garments. Finally, she forced her to swear before heaven that she would not tell a creature at the court what had taken place. Had she not taken the oath she would have been killed on the spot. But Falada saw all this and marked it.

The waiting-woman then mounted Falada and put the real bride on her poor horse, and they continued their journey.

There was great rejoicing when they arrived at the castle. The Prince hurried towards them, and lifted the waiting-woman from her horse, thinking she was his bride. She was led upstairs, but the real princess had to stay below.

The old king looked out of the window and saw the delicate, pretty little creature standing in the courtyard; so he went to the bridal apartment and asked the bride about her companion, who was left standing in the courtyard, and wished to know who she was.

"I picked her up on the way, and brought her with me for company. Give the girl something to do to keep her from idling."

But the old king had no work for her, and could not think of anything. At last he said, "I
have a little lad who looks after the geese; she may help him.”

The boy was called little Conrad, and the real bride was sent with him to look after the geese.

Soon after, the false bride said to the Prince, “Dear husband, I pray you do me a favor.”

He answered, “That will I gladly.”

“Well, then, have the headsman cut off the head of the horse I rode; it angered me on the way.”

Really, she was afraid that the horse would speak, and tell of her treatment of the Princess. So, as the false bride asked, it was settled.

When this came to the ears of the real Princess, she promised the headsman a piece of gold if he would do her a slight service. There was a great dark gateway to the town, through which she had to pass every morning and evening. Would he nail up Falada’s head in this gateway, so that she might see him as she passed?

The headsman promised to do as she wished, and when the horse’s head was cut off, he hung it up in the dark gateway. In the early morning, when she and Conrad went through the gateway, she said in passing:

“Alas! dear Falada, there thou hangest.”
And the head answered:

"Alas! Queen’s daughter, there thou gangest.
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Her heart would break with grief so great."

Then they passed on out of the town, right into the fields, with the geese. When they reached the meadow, the Princess sat down on the grass and let down her hair. It shone like pure gold, and when little Conrad saw it, he was so delighted that he wanted to pluck some out; but she said:

"Blow, blow, little breeze,
And Conrad’s hat seize.
Let him join in the chase
While away it is whirled,
Till my tresses are curled
And I rest in my place."

Then a strong wind sprang up, which blew away Conrad’s hat right over the fields, and he had to run after it. When he came back, she had finished combing her hair, and it was all put up again; so he could not get a single hair. This made him very sulky, and he would not say another word to her. And they tended the geese till evening, when they went home.
Next morning, when they passed under the gateway, the Princess said:

"Alas! dear Falada, there thou hangest."

Falada answered:

"Alas! Queen's daughter, there thou gangest.
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Her heart would break with grief so great."

Again, when they reached the meadows, the Princess undid her hair and began combing it. Conrad ran to pluck some out; but she said quickly:

"Blow, blow, little breeze,
And Conrad's hat seize.
Let him join in the chase
While away it is whirled,
Till my tresses are curled
And I rest in my place."

The wind sprang up and blew Conrad's hat far away over the fields, and he had to run after it. When he came back the hair was all put up again, and he could not pull a single hair out. And they tended the geese till the evening. When they got home Conrad went to the old king, and said, "I won't tend the geese with that maiden again."
"Why not?" asked the King.
"Oh, she vexes me every day."
The old king then ordered him to tell what she did to vex him.

Conrad said, "In the morning, when we pass under the dark gateway with the geese, she talks to a horse's head which is hung up on the wall. She says:

"'Alas! Falada, there thou hangest;'

and the head answers:

"'Alas! Queen's daughter, there thou gangest.  
If thy mother knew thy fate,  
Her heart would break with grief so great.'"

Then Conrad went on to tell the King all that happened in the meadow, and how he had to run after his hat in the wind.

The old king ordered Conrad to go out next day as usual. Then he placed himself behind the dark gateway, and heard the Princess speaking to Falada's head. He also followed her into the field, and hid himself behind a bush, and with his own eyes he saw the Goosegirl and the lad come driving the geese into the field. Then, after a time, he saw the girl let down her hair,
which glittered in the sun. Directly after this, she said:

“Blow, blow, little breeze,  
And Conrad’s hat seize.  
Let him join in the chase  
While away it is whirled,  
Till my tresses are curled  
And I rest in my place.”

Then came a puff of wind, which carried off Conrad’s hat and he had to run after it. While he was away, the maiden combed and did up her hair; and all this the old king observed. Thereupon he went away unnoticed; and in the evening, when the Goosegirl came home, he called her aside and asked why she did all these things.

“That I may not tell you, nor may I tell any human creature; for I have sworn it under the open sky, because if I had not done so I should have lost my life.”

He pressed her sorely, and gave her no peace, but he could get nothing out of her. Then he said, “If you won’t tell me, then tell your sorrows to the iron stove there”; and he went away.

She crept up to the stove, and, beginning to weep and lament, unburdened her heart to it, and said: “Here I am, forsaken by all the world,
and yet I am a princess. A false waiting-woman brought me to such a pass that I had to take off my royal robes. Then she took my place with my bridegroom, while I have to do mean service as a goosegirl. If my mother knew it she would break her heart."

The old king stood outside by the pipes of the stove, and heard all that she said. Then he came back, and told her to go away from the stove. He caused royal robes to be put upon her, and her beauty was a marvel. The old king called his son, and told him that he had a false bride—she was only a waiting-woman; but the true bride was here, the so-called Goosegirl.

The young prince was charmed with her youth and beauty. A great banquet was prepared, to which all the courtiers and good friends were bidden. The bridegroom sat at the head of the table, with the Princess on one side and the waiting-woman at the other; but she was dazzled, and did not recognize the Princess in her brilliant apparel.

When they had eaten and drunk and were all very merry, the old king put a riddle to the waiting-woman. "What does a person deserve who deceives his master?" telling the whole story, and
ending by asking, "What doom does he deserve?"

The false bride answered, "No better than this. He must be put stark naked into a barrel stuck with nails, and be dragged along by two white horses from street to street till he is dead."

"That is your own doom," said the King, "and the judgment shall be carried out."

When the sentence was fulfilled, the young prince married his true bride, and they ruled their kingdom together in peace and happiness.
THE wife of a rich man fell ill, and when she felt that she was nearing her end, she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said:

"Dear child, continue devout and good, then God will always help you, and I will look down upon you from heaven, and watch over you."

Thereupon she closed her eyes, and breathed her last.

The maiden went to her mother's grave every day and wept, and she continued to be devout and good. When the winter came, the snow spread a white covering on the grave, and when the sun of spring had unveiled it again, the husband took another wife. The new wife brought home with her two daughters, who were fair and beautiful to look upon, but base and black at heart.

Then began a sad time for the unfortunate stepchild.
“Is this stupid goose to sit with us in the parlor?” they said.

“Whoever wants to eat bread must earn it; go and sit with the kitchen maid.”

They took away her pretty clothes, and made her put on an old gray frock, and gave her wooden shoes.

“Just look at the proud princess, how well she’s dressed,” they laughed, as they led her to the kitchen. There, the girl was obliged to do hard work from morning till night, to get up at daybreak, carry water, light the fire, cook, and wash. Not content with that, the sisters vexed her in every way they could think of; they made fun of her, and tossed the peas and beans among the ashes, so that she had to sit down and pick them out again. In the evening, when she was worn out with work, she had no bed to go to, but had to lie on the hearth among the cinders. And because, on account of that, she always looked dusty and dirty, they called her Cinderella.

It happened one day that the father had a mind to go to the fair. So he asked both his stepdaughters what he should bring home for them.

“Fine clothes,” said one.
“Pearls and jewels,” said the other.

“But you, Cinderella?” said he, “what will you have?”

“Father, break off for me the first twig which brushes against your hat on your way home.”

Well, for his two stepdaughters he brought beautiful clothes, pearls and jewels, and on his way home, as he was riding through a wood, a hazel twig knocked his hat off. Then he broke off the branch and took it with him.

When he got home he gave his stepdaughters what they had asked for, and to Cinderella he gave the twig from the hazel bush.

Cinderella thanked him, and went to her mother’s grave and planted the twig upon it; she wept so much that her tears fell and watered it. And it took root and became a fine tree.

Cinderella went to the grave three times every day, wept and prayed, and every time a little white bird came and perched upon the tree, and when she uttered a wish, the little bird threw down to her what she had wished for.

Now it happened that the King proclaimed a festival, which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful maidens in the country
were invited, in order that his son might choose a bride.

When the two stepdaughters heard that they were invited, they were in high spirits, called Cinderella, and said:

“Brush our hair and clean our shoes, and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the feast at the King’s palace.”

Cinderella obeyed, but wept, for she also would gladly have gone to the ball with them, and begged her stepmother to let her go.

“You, Cinderella!” she said. “Why, you are covered with dust and dirt. You go to the festival! Besides you have no clothes or shoes, and yet you want to go to the ball.”

As she, however, went on asking, her stepmother said:

“Well, I have thrown a dishful of beans into the cinders, if you have picked them all out in two hours you shall go with us.”

The girl went through the back door into the garden, and cried, “Ye gentle doves, ye turtle doves, and all ye little birds under heaven, come and help me,

“The good into a dish to throw,
The bad into your crops can go.”
Then two white doves came in at the kitchen window, and were followed by the turtle doves, and finally all the little birds under heaven flocked in, chirping, and settled down among the ashes. And the doves gave a nod with their little heads, peck, peck, peck; and then the rest began also, peck, peck, peck, and collected all the good beans into the dish. Scarcely had an hour passed before they had finished, and all flown out again.

Then the girl brought the dish to her stepmother, and was delighted to think that now she would be able to go to the feast with them.

But she said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you will only be laughed at."

But when she began to cry, the stepmother said:

"If you can pick out two whole dishes of beans from the ashes in an hour, you shall go with us."

And she thought, "She will never be able to do that."

When her stepmother had thrown the dishes of beans among the ashes, the girl went out through the back door, and cried, "Ye gentle doves, ye
turtle doves, and all ye little birds under heaven, come and help me,

"The good into a dish to throw,
The bad into your crops can go."

Then two white doves came in by the kitchen window, and were followed by the turtle doves, and all the other little birds under heaven, and in less than an hour the whole had been picked up, and they had all flown away.

Then the girl carried the dish to her stepmother, and was delighted to think that she would now be able to go to the ball.

But she said, "It's not a bit of good. You can't go with us, for you've got no clothes, and you can't dance. We should be quite ashamed of you."

Thereupon she turned her back upon her, and hurried off with her two proud daughters.

As soon as every one had left the house, Cinderella went out to her mother's grave under the hazel-tree, and cried:

"Shiver and shake, dear little tree,
Gold and silver shower on me."

Then the bird threw down to her a gold and
silver robe, and a pair of slippers embroidered with silk and silver. With all speed she put on the robe and went to the feast. But her step-sisters and their mother did not recognize her, and supposed that she was some foreign princess, so beautiful was she in her golden dress.

The Prince came up to the stranger, took her by the hand, and danced with her. In fact, he would not dance with any one else, and never let go of her hand. If any one came up to ask her to dance, he said, “This is my partner.”

She danced until nightfall, and then wanted to go home; but the Prince said, “I will go with you and escort you.” For he wanted to know who the beautiful maiden was.

But she slipped out of his way and sprang into the pigeon-house.

Then the Prince waited till her father came, and told him that the unknown maiden had vanished into the pigeon-house.

The father thought, “Could it be Cinderella?” And he had an ax brought him, so that he might break down the pigeon-house, but there was no one inside.

When they went home, there lay Cinderella in her dirty clothes among the cinders, and a dis-
mal oil lamp was burning in the chimney corner. For Cinderella had quietly jumped down out of the pigeon-house and run back to the hazel-tree. There she had taken off her beautiful clothes and laid them on the grave, and the bird had taken them away again. Then she had settled herself among the ashes on the hearth in her old gray dress.

On the second day of the festival, when her parents and stepsisters had started forth again, Cinderella went to the hazel-tree, and said:

"Shiver and shake, dear little tree,
Gold and silver shower on me."

Then the bird threw down an even more gorgeous robe than on the previous day. And when she appeared at the festival in this robe, everyone was astonished at her beauty.

The King’s son had waited till she came, and at once took her hand, and she danced with no one but him. When others came and invited her to dance, he said, "This is my partner."

At nightfall she wished to leave; but the Prince went after her, hoping to see into what house she went, but she sprang out into the garden behind the house. There stood a fine big
tree on which the most delicious pears hung. She climbed up among the branches as nimbly as a squirrel, and the Prince could not make out what had become of her.

But he waited till her father came, and then said to him, "The unknown maiden has slipped away from me, and I think that she has jumped into the pear-tree."

The father thought, "Can it be Cinderella?" And he had the ax brought to cut down the tree, but there was no one in it. When they went home and looked in the kitchen, there lay Cinderella among the cinders as usual; for she had jumped down on the other side of the tree, taken back the beautiful clothes to the bird on the hazel-tree, and put on her old gray dress.

On the third day, when her parents and sisters had started, Cinderella went again to her mother's grave, and said:

"Sniver and shake, dear little tree,
Gold and silver shower on me."

Then the bird threw down a dress which was so magnificent that no one had ever seen the like before, and the slippers were entirely of gold. When she appeared at the festival in this attire,
they were all speechless with astonishment. The Prince danced only with her, and if any one else asked her to dance, he said, "This is my partner."

When night fell and she wanted to leave, the Prince was more eager than ever to go with her, but she darted away from him so quickly that he could not keep up with her. But the Prince had used a trick, and had had the steps covered with cobbler's wax. So when the maiden sprang down the steps, her left slipper remained sticking there. The Prince picked it up. It was small and dainty, and made entirely of gold.

The next morning he went with it to Cinderella's father, and said to him, "I will only have for a wife the one whose foot this golden slipper fits."

The two sisters were delighted at that, for they both had beautiful feet. The eldest went into the room intending to try on the slipper, and her mother stood beside her. But her great toe prevented her getting it on, her foot was too long.

Then her mother handed her a knife, and said, "Cut off the toe; when you are Queen you won't have to walk any more."

The girl cut off her toe, forced her foot into
the slipper, stifled her pain, and went out to the Prince. He took her up on his horse as his bride, and rode away with her.

However, they had to pass the grave on the way, and there sat the two doves on the hazel-tree, and cried:

"Prithee, look back, prithee, look back,
There's blood on the track,
The shoe is too small,
At home the true bride is waiting thy call."

Then he looked at her foot and saw how the blood was streaming from it. So he turned his horse round and carried the false bride back to her home, and said that she was not the right one; the second sister must try the shoe.

The second sister went into the room, and succeeded in getting her toes into the shoe, but her heel was too big.

Then her mother handed her a knife, and said, "Cut a bit off your heel; when you are Queen you won't have to walk any more."

The maiden cut a bit off her heel, forced her foot into the shoe, stifled her pain, and went out to the Prince.

Then he took her up on his horse as his bride, and rode off with her.
As they passed the grave, the two doves were sitting on the hazel-tree, and crying:

"Prithee, look back, prithee, look back,
There's blood on the track,
The shoe is too small,
At home the true bride is waiting thy call."

He looked down at her foot and saw that it was streaming with blood, and there were deep red spots on her stockings. Then he turned his horse and brought the false bride back to her home.

"This is not the right one either," he said.
"Have you no other daughter?"
"No," said the man. "There is only a daughter of my late wife's, a stupid drudge, but she cannot possibly be the bride."

The Prince said that she must be sent for.
But the mother answered, "Oh, no, she is much too dirty; she mustn't be seen on any account."

He was, however, absolutely determined to have his way, and they were obliged to send for Cinderella.

When she had washed her hands and face, she went up and curtsied to the Prince, who handed her the golden slipper.
Then she sat down on a bench, pulled off her wooden shoe and put on the slipper, which fitted perfectly.

And when she stood up and the Prince looked at her face, he recognized the beautiful maiden that he had danced with, and cried: "This is the true bride!"

The stepmother and the two sisters turned white with rage; but he took Cinderella on his horse and rode off with her.

As they rode past the hazel-tree the two white doves cried:

"Prithee, look back, prithee, look back,
No blood's on the track,
The shoe's not too small,
You carry the true bride home to your hall."

And when they had said this they both came flying down, and settled on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right, and one on the left, and remained perched there.
THE FROG PRINCE

In the old times, when it was still of some use to wish for the thing one wanted, there lived a king whose daughters were all handsome, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun himself, who has seen so much, wondered each time he shone on her because of her beauty. Near the royal castle there was a great dark wood, and in the wood under an old linden-tree was a well; and when the day was hot, the King's daughter used to go forth into the wood and sit by the brink of the cool well, and if the time seemed long, she would take out a golden ball, and throw it up and catch it again, and this was her favorite game.

Now it happened one day that the golden ball, instead of falling back into the maiden's little hand which had sent it aloft, dropped to the ground near the edge of the well and rolled in. The King's daughter followed it with her eyes as it sank, but the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. Then she began to weep, and she wept and wept as if she could
THE FROG PRINCE

never be comforted. And in the midst of her weeping she heard a voice saying to her:

“What ails thee, king’s daughter? thy tears would melt a heart of stone.”

And when she looked to see where the voice came from there was nothing but a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water.

“Oh, is it you, old waddler?” said she; “I weep because my golden ball has fallen into the well.”

“Never mind, do not weep,” answered the frog; “I can help you; but what will you give me if I fetch up your ball again?”

“Whatever you like, dear frog,” said she; "any of my clothes, my pearls and jewels, or even the golden crown that I wear.”

“Thy clothes, thy pearls and jewels, and thy golden crown are not for me,” answered the frog; “but if thou wouldst love me, and have me for thy companion and playfellow, and let me sit by thee at table, and eat from thy plate, and drink from thy cup, and sleep in thy little bed,—if thou wouldst promise all this, then would I dive below the water and fetch thee thy golden ball again.”

“Oh, yes,” she answered; “I will promise it
Oh, is it you old waddler? said she; I weep because my golden ball has fallen into the well.
all, whatever you want, if you will only get me my ball again.”

But she thought to herself, “What nonsense he talks! as if he could do anything but sit in the water and croak with the other frogs, or could possibly be any one’s companion.”

But the frog, as soon as he heard her promise, drew his head under the water and sank down out of sight, but after a while he came to the surface again with the ball in his mouth, and he threw it on the grass.

The King’s daughter was delighted to see her pretty plaything again, and she caught it up and ran off with it.

“Stop, stop!” cried the frog; “take me up too; I cannot run as fast as you!”

But it was of no use, for croak, croak after her as he might, she would not listen to him, but made haste home, and very soon forgot all about the poor frog, who had to take himself to his well again.

The next day, when the King’s daughter was sitting at table with the King and all the court, and eating from her golden plate, there came something pitter patter up the marble stairs, and then there came a knocking at the door, and a
voice crying, "Youngest King's daughter, let me in!"

And she got up and ran to see who it could be, but when she opened the door, there was the frog sitting outside. Then she shut the door hastily and went back to her seat, feeling very uneasy. The King noticed how quickly her heart was beating, and said:

"My child, what are you afraid of? Is there a giant standing at the door ready to carry you away?"

"Oh, no," answered she; "no giant, but a horrid frog."

"And what does the frog want?" asked the King.

"Oh, dear father," answered she, "when I was sitting by the well yesterday, and playing with my golden ball, it fell into the water, and while I was crying for the loss of it, the frog came and got it again for me on condition I would let him be my companion, but I never thought that he could leave the water and come after me; but now there he is outside the door, and he wants to come in to me."

And then they all heard him knocking the second time and crying:
"Youngest King's daughter,
Open to me!
By the well water
What promised you me?
Youngest King's daughter,
Now open to me!"

"That which thou hast promised must thou perform," said the King sternly; "so go now and let him in."

So she went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in, following at her heels, till she reached her chair. Then he stopped and cried:

"Lift me up to sit by you."

But she delayed doing so until the King ordered her. When once the frog was on the chair, he wanted to get on the table, and there he sat and said:

"Now push your golden plate a little nearer, so that we may eat together."

And so she did, but everybody could see how unwilling she was, and the frog feasted heartily, but every morsel seemed to stick in her throat.

"I have had enough now," said the frog at last, "and as I am tired, you must carry me to your room, and make ready your silken bed, and we will lie down and go to sleep."
Then the King's daughter began to weep, for she was afraid of the cold frog, that wanted to sleep in her pretty clean bed. Now the King grew angry with her, saying:

"That which thou hast promised, thou must now perform."

So she picked up the frog with her finger and thumb, carried him up-stairs and put him in a corner, and when she had lain down to sleep, he came creeping up, saying, "I am tired and want sleep as much as you; take me up, or I will tell your father."

Then she grew angry, and picking him up, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, crying:

"Now will you be quiet, you horrid frog!"

But as he fell, he ceased to be a frog, and became all at once a prince with beautiful kind eyes. And it came to pass that, with her father's consent, they became bride and bridegroom. And he told her how a wicked witch had bound him by her spells, and how no one but she alone could have released him, and that they two would go together to his father's kingdom. And there came to the door a carriage drawn by eight white horses, with white plumes on their heads, and
with golden harness, and behind the carriage was standing faithful Henry, the servant of the young prince. Now, faithful Henry had suffered such care and pain when his master was turned into a frog, that he had been obliged to wear three iron bands over his heart, to keep it from breaking with trouble and anxiety. When the carriage started to take the Prince to his kingdom, and faithful Henry had helped them both in, he got up behind, and was full of joy at his master's deliverance. And when they had gone a part of the way, the Prince heard a sound at the back of the carriage, as if something had broken, and he turned round and cried:

"Henry, the wheel must be breaking!" but Henry answered:

"The wheel does not break,
'Tis the band round my heart
That, to lessen its ache,
When I grieved for your sake,
I bound round my heart."

Again, and yet once again there was the same sound, and the Prince thought it must be the wheel breaking, but it was the breaking of the other bands from faithful Henry's heart, because it was now so relieved and happy.
RED RIDING HOOD

THERE was once a sweet little maiden, who was loved by all who knew her; but she was especially dear to her grandmother, who did not know how to make enough of the child. Once she gave her a little red velvet cloak. It was so becoming, and she liked it so much, that she would never wear anything else; and so she got the name of Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her: “Come here, Red Riding Hood, take this cake and a bottle of wine to grandmother; she is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Go quickly, before it gets hot, and don’t loiter by the way, or run, or you will fall down and break the bottle, and there would be no wine for grandmother. When you get there, don’t forget to say, ‘Good-morning’ prettily, without staring about you.”

“I will do just as you tell me,” Red Riding Hood promised her mother.

Her grandmother lived away in the woods, a good half-hour from the village. When she got to the wood, she met a wolf; but Red Riding
Hood did not know what a wicked animal he was, so she was not a bit afraid of him.

"Good-morning, Red Riding Hood," he said.

"Good-morning, wolf," she answered.

"Whither away so early, Red Riding Hood?"

"To grandmother's."

"What have you got in your basket?"

"Cake and wine; we baked yesterday, so I'm taking a cake to grannie; she wants something to make her well."

"Where does your grandmother live, Red Riding Hood?"

"A good quarter of an hour further into the wood. Her house stands under three big oak trees, near a hedge of nut trees which you must know," said Red Riding Hood.

The wolf thought: "This tender little creature will be a plump morsel; she will be nicer than the old woman. I must be cunning, and snap them both up."

He walked along with Red Riding Hood for a while, then he said: "Look at the pretty flowers, Red Riding Hood. Why don't you look about you? I don't believe you even hear the birds sing, you are just as solemn as if you were
going to school; everything else is so gay out here in the woods.”

Red Riding Hood raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunlight dancing through the trees, and all the bright flowers, she thought: “I’m sure grannie would be pleased if I took her a bunch of fresh flowers. It is still quite early, I shall have plenty of time to pick them.”

So she left the path, and wandered off among the trees to pick the flowers. Each time she picked one, she always saw another prettier one further on. So she went deeper and deeper into the forest.

In the meantime the wolf went straight off to the grandmother’s cottage, and knocked at the door.

“Who is there?”

“Red Riding Hood, bringing you a cake and some wine. Open the door!”

“Press the latch!” cried the old woman. “I am too weak to get up.”

The wolf pressed the latch, and the door sprang open. He went straight in and up to the bed without saying a word, and ate up the poor old woman. Then he put on her nightdress and nightcap, got into bed and drew the curtains.
Red Riding Hood ran about picking flowers till she could carry no more, and then she remembered her grandmother again. She was astonished when she got to the house to find the door open, and when she entered the room everything seemed so strange.

She felt quite frightened, but she did not know why. "Generally I like coming to see grandmother so much," she thought. She cried: "Good-morning, grandmother," but she received no answer.

Then she went up to the bed and drew the curtain back. There lay her grandmother, but she had drawn her cap down over her face, and she looked very odd.

"Oh, grandmother, what big ears you have got," she said.
"The better to hear with, my dear."
"Grandmother, what big eyes you have got."
"The better to see with, my dear."
"What big hands you have got, grandmother."
"The better to catch hold of you with, my dear."
"But, grandmother, what big teeth you have got."
"The better to eat you up with, my dear."
Hardly had the wolf said this, than he made a spring out of bed and tried to catch poor little Red Riding Hood.

Luckily, however, a huntsman was just then passing the house and thought, “How loudly the old lady is snoring this morning. I must see if there is anything the matter with her.” So he went into the house and seeing the wolf about to attack little Red Riding Hood, he raised his gun and fired.

The huntsman skinned the wolf and took the skin home. Red Riding Hood ran back home to her mother and promised never again to wander off into the woods if her mother forbade it.

THE END