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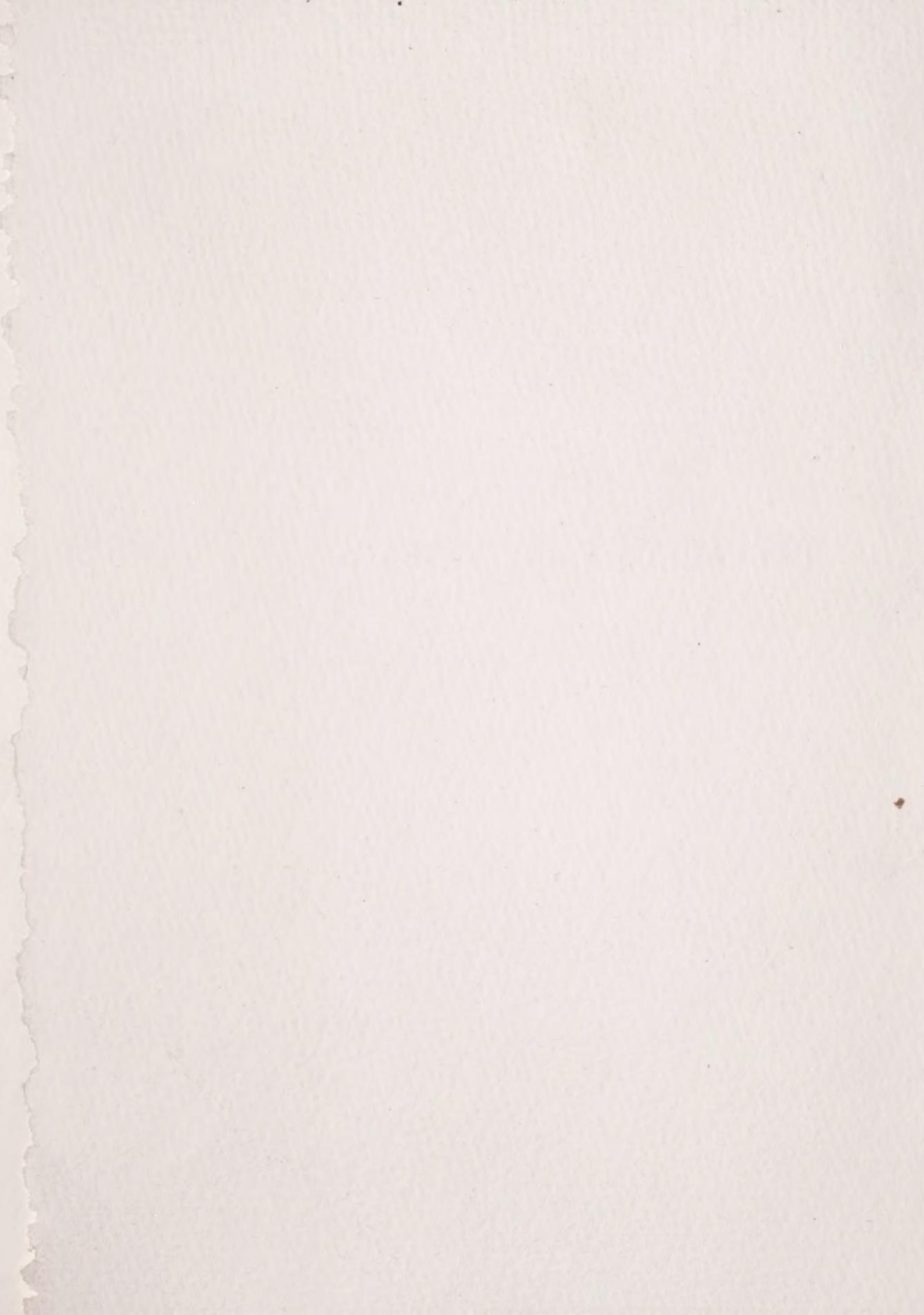
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PERRAULT'S FAIRY TALES





THE SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS FITTED HIS FEET AND LEGS
JUST AS IF THEY HAD BEEN MADE FOR HIM

Perrault, Charles

PERRAULT'S FAIRY TALES

Newly Translated by S. R. Littlewood

with Twelve Coloured Illustrations by Honor C. Appleton



BOSTON

DANA ESTES & CO.

208-212 SUMMER STREET

LONDON

HERBERT & DANIEL

95 NEW BOND STREET, W

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Preface

AT this time of day, what else is needed by way of an apology for translating Perrault, save the frail excuse that it has never been quite conscientiously done before? For so long the notion has been spread abroad that Perrault must be deprived of all credit for the little cluster of immortal tales that he ushered into the world's literature. They are, of course, ancient as the hills—"solar myths everyone of them," says Max Müller; but then Max Müller saw solar myths behind every bush. Heaven knows what ingenuity and scholarship have been expended in tracing Cinderella back to the Egypt of the Pharaohs, in coupling the Sleeping Beauty and her Prince with Cupid and Psyche, and Little Thumbling and his Ogre with Ulysses and Polyphemus, in finding parallels from Sanskrit legends and Zulu folklore, and so on and so on. To what end? Is there a story worth telling in the world that cannot be transmuted

into the eternal symbolism of Life and Death, Light and Darkness—facts which must have been as present to primæval man as they are to us, if not far more so?

With all this the present translation of the prose tales has nothing to do. It is just the fruit of a belief that Perrault himself was, in some matters at any rate, a man of genius, and that his touch in the stories—wherever they may have had their birth—is worth a very great deal. After all, how does it help the true effect of the story to fancy that Cinderella with her glass slipper, flying from the Prince after midnight has come and gone, is the dawn fading before the splendour of the day, or that Little Red-Riding-Hood is the crimson sunset, so soon to be swallowed up by the Wolf of night? If this be so, why drag in the elder sisters, or the dear old grandmother who was “not quite herself,” and must presumably have been only an incarnation of the day before yesterday, who ought to have been dead long ago?

Those of us who are children, or remember

having been so, know well enough that the child's mind sees a personality not only in the sun and moon, but in every stick and stone, table, chair, beast, bird, moral quality, danger, and even illness, and cannot imagine them otherwise. Presumably this dramatic instinct is common to the little Zulu of to-day and to the little Frenchman of the reign of Louis Quatorze, when Colbert's learned secretary devoted the leisure of his old age to these "Tales of Mother Goose." It is probable, too, that to the average child of any clime or epoch the mysterious events of nature are the very last things that cause him or her any searchings of heart. His own little world, with its ever fresh adventures, injustices, struggles, and triumphs, and with all the surrounding circumstances turned into living friends and foes—this is the prime source of his fancies. If they happen to have the same drift as the great nature allegories that have been with us since time began, is not the echoing of the natural law in the spiritual world true of childhood as of all other things?

Accordingly, while one may accept cheerfully the hoary antiquity and vast dissemination of the themes of Perrault's Tales, one may at the same time thank the grave Academician most heartily either for his ignorance—though he was conscious enough of the classics—or for his discretion. For one reason or another he left out all this part of the business. The glittering background of King Louis' Court was good enough for him, and he made it a part of Fairyland. He knew children as he knew men and women, and he knew that what they wanted was a story, told plainly, directly, dramatically. In this no child's story-teller has surpassed him, though as a poet La Fontaine may be so much his superior. The little dialogue between Red-Riding-Hood and the Wolf is as immortal as the story itself. Sister Anne in "Bluebeard" stands on her turret for ever, looking out upon the sun-parched fields.

In his delightful edition of the original, Mr. Andrew Lang inclines to the belief that Perrault's son, "P. Darmancour," the boy in whose name the tales are dedicated to

Mademoiselle de Chartres, was in reality the author—especially of just those natural dramatic passages that suggest the already-traditional nursery story—and that Perrault himself only looked through them and put in a piquant phrase or two. Whether this be so or not, the perception was equally Perrault's. His, undoubtedly, are the practical "Morals" upon which he laid such stress, and which are here set out, in verse, as faithfully as is possible under the circumstances. These "Morals" are, it will be noticed, always on the side of the young people, with never an unsympathetic, pompous, or priggish word.

When all is said and done, how much better than a vague chaos of symbolic theories—imagination's failures!—are these practical, vivid, personal stories as Perrault himself left them, without any wish-wash of sentiment, with no immaculate idealised "Prince Charming," no rescuing woodcutter to nullify the purport of Red-Riding-Hood's fate. It may be said that in Perrault's time fairy tales were coming into fashion, and that Perrault was

only one of many sponsors, even at the Court itself. What has become of the others? Those who have taken the trouble to wade through alike his predecessors and imitators know best what Perrault's own insight, reticence, judgment, and simplicity have meant to the immortality of his particular version of each world-old story. Accordingly this translation has been done with no other aim than to render Perrault's stories as simply and as literally as idiom will allow. Even where the experience of the courtier seems sometimes to tinge the wisdom of the nursery-philosopher, there has been no attempt to bring him into line with the modern child-cult. For anything that may be lacking in the style, grace, and sprightly directness of the original, the translator alone is to be blamed.

S. R. L.

LONDON, *June*, 1911.

TO A CERTAIN LITTLE LADY

LITTLE lady, long ago
Lived this good Monsieur Perrault.
Much he wrote of prose and rhyme,
In the patch-and-powder time,
Then the world was old and sere.
People thought it fine to sneer—
Sneered at things both great and small—
Sneered at children most of all.
“This will never do,” quoth he;
“Why! It always seemed to me
“Grown-ups are a fearful bore!
“Children know such masses more!”

So he wrote out, word for word,
All the stories that he'd heard
When he was a tiny boy:
Tales of wonder and of joy—
“Cinderella,” “Riding-Hood,”
“Beauty in the Sleepy Wood,”
“Little Thumbling”—wise though young—
“Riquet” of the golden tongue;
“Puss-in-Boots” he dared to tell,
And “The Fairies at the Well,”
“Blue-Beard,” with his band of wives,
Who paid forfeit with their lives.
These and other ones he took,
Put them all into a book,

And—hey, presto!—there and then
Everyone grew young again.
Cares of state were set aside ;
Folk forgot their pomp and pride ;
How they wished they still could be
Children at their nurse's knee—
Still could wander hand in hand
Down the lane to Fairyland !
Once again they went to school,
Just to learn the fairy-rule,
That—although it's understood
No one can be always good—
If you never really try,
Fairies all will pass you by.

Now—as possibly you know—
Since those days of long ago,
Monsieur Perrault's little store
Has been capped with more and more.
Hosts of clever men have told
Fairy-tales both new and old ;
But the wonder always is
None are half so good as his—
None so simple, none so true.
So I've brought his book to you.
What though he be older far
Than your great-great-grandmamma ?
Read, and may old Perrault's art
Charm your thoughts and guide your heart !

The Sleeping Beauty

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen who were in great trouble because they had no children. They were sorrier about it than words can tell. They offered up prayers, made vows and pilgrimages, moved heaven and earth—and for a long time it all seemed to be of no use. At last, however, their wish was granted, and the Queen became the mother of a baby-girl. Such a fine christening was never seen before. All the Fairies who could be found in the country—there were seven of them—were invited as god-mothers of the little Princess. As each one was bound to bring a fairy-gift—this being the custom with the Fairies of those times—it stood to reason that the Princess would have everything you could think of to make her perfectly good and beautiful and happy.

After the christening was over, the whole company went back to the King's palace,

where there was a great festival in honour of the Fairies. A magnificent banquet was spread for them, and in front of each Fairy was set a solid gold casket, holding a knife and fork and spoon of beaten gold, studded with diamonds and rubies. But, as they all took their places at the table, along came an old Fairy who had not been asked to the feast, because for the last fifty years she had never come out of the Tower in which she lived, and everybody believed her either dead or under some spell.

The King ordered that a place should be laid for her; but there was no means of giving her a solid gold casket like those that had been put before the others, because only seven had been made for the seven Fairies who were expected. The old crone fancied herself slighted, and muttered some threat or other between her teeth. Now, one of the young Fairies, who happened to be near, heard this, and guessing that the old Fairy might revenge herself by dowering the little Princess with some piece of ill-luck, she hid herself behind the tapestries

as soon as the company had risen from the table. She did this so that she might be the last to speak, and could repair as far as possible any evil that the old Fairy might be intending.

Meanwhile, the Fairies began to bestow their gifts upon the Princess. The youngest promised, as her gift, that the Princess should be the most beautiful woman in the world; the next, that she should be cleverer than any mere mortal could hope to be; the third, that whatever she should set her hand to she should do it with the most exquisite grace; the fourth, that she should dance divinely; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should be complete mistress of every sort of musical instrument. Then came the old Fairy's turn. Shaking her head—more through spite than through age—she said that the Princess would one day prick her hand with a spindle, and die forthwith.

This terrible prophecy made the whole company shudder, and there was no one there who did not feel ready to cry. Just in the nick of time, the young Fairy came out from behind

the tapestry. "Reassure yourselves, King and Queen!" said she, speaking at the top of her voice; "your daughter shall not die. It is true that I have not the power to prevent altogether what my old friend has decreed. The Princess will, indeed, prick her hand with a spindle; but, instead of dying, she will only fall into a deep sleep which will last a hundred years, at the end of which time a king's son will come to wake her."

The King, who did all he could to ward off the doom pronounced by the old Fairy, issued an edict forbidding anyone to use a spindle, or even to have one in the house, on pain of death.

After fifteen or sixteen years, while the King and Queen had gone to one of their pleasure-houses, it so fell out that the Princess was playing in the castle, running through the rooms and climbing up stairway after stairway. At last she came to the very top of a turret, and found herself in a little garret, where an old woman sat all alone working with her spindle.

"What are you doing there, my good

woman?" said the Princess. "I am spinning, my pretty child," answered the old lady, who did not appear to recognise her. "Oh! how nice it looks," exclaimed the Princess; "how do you manage it? Do give it me, and let me see if I can do it as well as you." No sooner had she taken the spindle, catching hold of it a little roughly in her eagerness—or perhaps it was only the decree of the Fairies that ordained it so—than it pricked her hand, and she fell in a swoon to the ground.

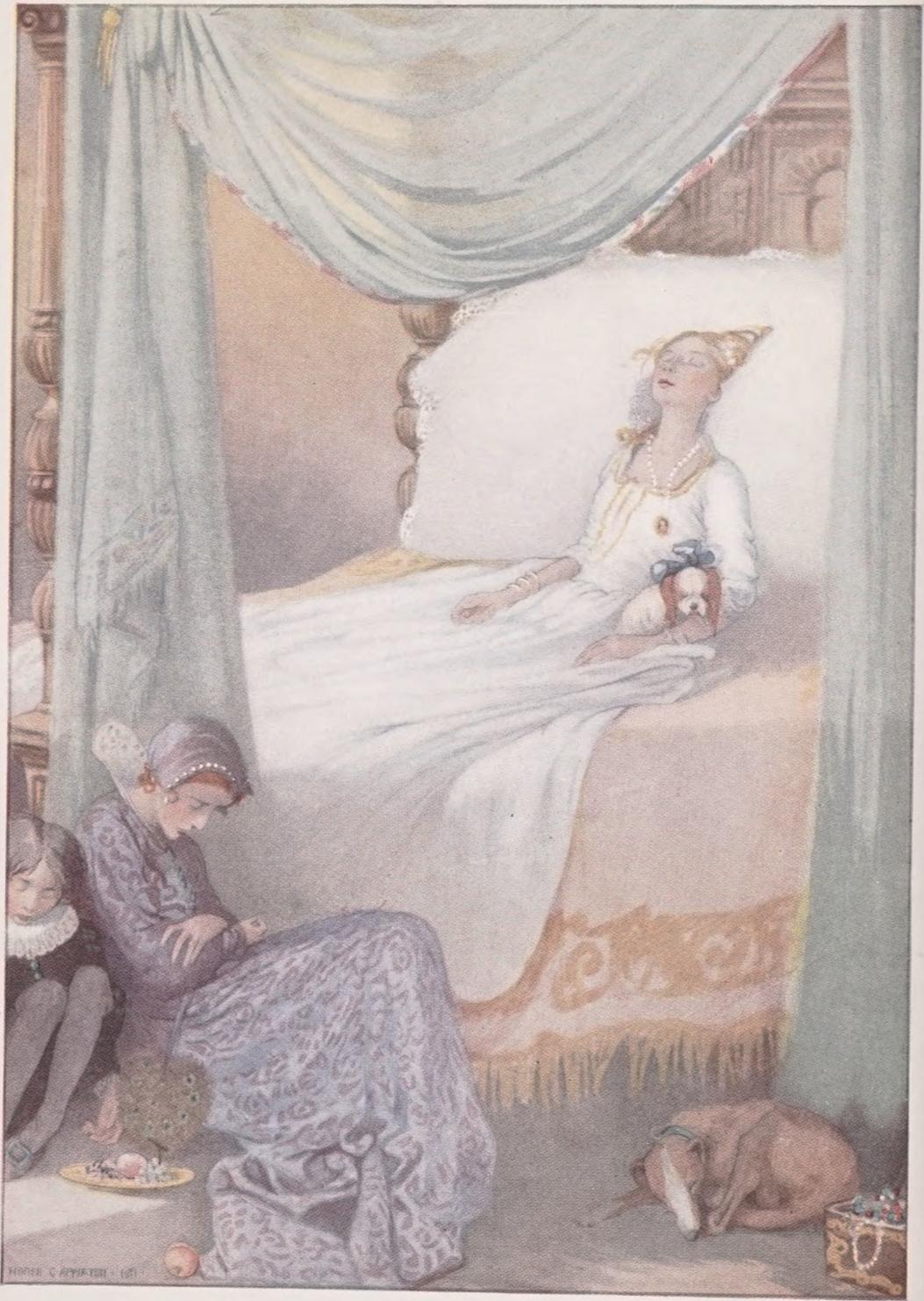
The good old lady, who seemed in a great state of alarm, cried for help. From every side the servants came running. One of them threw water in the Princess's face. Another loosened her collar. Another slapped her hands. Another bathed her forehead with Queen-of-Hungary water. But nothing would restore her.

Then the King, who had come back to the palace, and rushed upstairs as soon as he heard the noise, remembered the prophecy of the Fairies. Judging shrewdly enough that this was bound to happen, since the Fairies had

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said so, he had the Princess put in the most beautiful room in the palace, upon a bed embroidered with gold and silver. You would have said it was an angel lying there, so lovely was she, for her swoon had not robbed her complexion of its glowing tints. Her cheeks were still rosy, and her lips like coral. Her eyes were shut, but you could hear her soft breathing, and see clearly enough that she was not dead.

He gave orders that the Princess should be left to sleep undisturbed until the time for her awakening should come. The good Fairy who had saved her life by dooming her to sleep for a hundred years was in the kingdom of Matabin, twelve thousand leagues away, when the accident happened to the Princess; but the news was soon brought to her by a little dwarf, who had seven-league boots, so that he could go seven leagues at each step. The Fairy started off directly, and before an hour was over she had arrived, in her chariot of fire drawn by dragons, and had come down in the courtyard of the castle. The King went to her,



THEY ALL WENT TO SLEEP ALSO

and gave her his hand to help her out of the chariot. She approved of everything that he had done, but as she was very far-seeing, she thought that when the Princess should come to wake she would be frightened at finding herself all alone in the old castle. What was to be done? How could this be avoided? The Fairy soon found a way out of the difficulty.

She touched with her wand everyone who was in the castle except the King and Queen—governesses, ladies-in-waiting, chambermaids, courtiers, officers, stewards, cooks, scullions, errand-boys, guards, beadles, pages, footmen. She touched also all the horses that were in the stables—with the grooms—the big mastiffs in the stable-yard, and little “Puff,” the Princess’s tiny lap-dog, who lay close to her on the bed. The very moment that she touched them they all went off to sleep also, not to wake until such time as their mistress should wake too, so that they could attend upon her when necessary. Even the spits which were turning at the fire, laden with partridges and pheasants

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—they went to sleep as well, and the very fire itself. The Fairies did not take long over their work.

Then the King and Queen, having kissed their much-loved daughter without waking her, left the castle, and published a proclamation that no one was to approach it, whoever they might be. The proclamation proved quite needless, for in a quarter-of-an-hour there had grown all round the park such a vast number of trees, large and small, of brambles and of briars all intertwined one with the other, that neither man nor beast could have made a way through them. So thick and high was the growth, that you could see nothing more than just the tips of the castle-towers, and that only from a long way off. You may take it for granted that this was another piece of the Fairy's handiwork, and all arranged so that the Princess, while she slept, should have nothing to fear from inquisitive strangers.

At the end of a hundred years, the son of a King who was reigning at that time, and who did not belong to the same family as the sleep-

ing Princess, was hunting in the neighbourhood, and asked what were those towers that he saw peeping up above a dense forest. Everyone told him just what each had heard. Some said it was an old castle haunted by spirits; others that all the sorcerers in the country gathered there to celebrate their rites. The most common belief was that an ogre lived there, who carried thither all the children he could lay hands on, and ate them at his leisure, without anyone being able to follow him, because he alone was able to force his way through the wood.

The Prince was wondering what to think, when a peasant came forward. "Fifty years ago, my Prince," said the peasant, "my father told me that there was a Princess in the castle—the most beautiful Princess ever seen—who was to sleep there for a hundred years. He told me, too, that she would be waked by a King's son, whose bride she was destined to be."

When he heard this, the young Prince was on fire with eagerness. Without worrying about any difficulties, he believed the adventure

as good as accomplished, and, urged forward by thoughts of love and of glory, resolved to see straight away what was to be found there. Hardly had he reached the outskirts of the wood, when all the great trees, the brambles and the briars, parted of their own accord to let him pass through. He marched onwards to the castle, which he saw at the end of a great avenue, down which he duly made his way. It surprised him a little, however, to notice that none of his companions had been able to follow him, because the trees closed together again as soon as he had gone past. But a young man—and a Prince and lover to boot—is ever valiant! He did not allow himself to pause in his path, and soon came to a large outer court. Here everything that he cast his eye upon was of a sort to make his blood run cold. Over all was a fearful silence. The semblance of death met his gaze on every side—nothing but the stretched-out bodies of men and animals, all of them to every appearance dead. It was not long, however, before he recognised by the bulbous noses and still

red faces of the porters that they were only asleep. Their glasses, where some drops of wine still lingered, served to show that they must have gone to sleep in the very act of drinking.

He passes a large court paved with marble. He mounts the staircase; he enters the hall of the guards, who were drawn up in a row, their carbines on their shoulders, snoring for all they were worth. He goes through several rooms full of lords and ladies, all asleep, some upright, others sitting down. At last he enters a gilded room, where he saw upon a bed—the curtains of which were open at each side—the most beautiful sight that he had ever known, the figure of a young girl, who seemed to be about fifteen or sixteen years old. Her beauty seemed to shine with an almost unearthly radiance. He drew near in trembling wonder, and knelt down by her side.

Just then, as the end of her enchantment was come, the Princess woke, and looking at him with a glance more tender than a moment's acquaintance would seem to warrant, "Is it

you, my Prince?" said she. "How long you have kept me waiting!" The Prince, charmed with these words, and still more with the manner in which they were spoken, did not know how to express his joy. He assured her that he loved her more than himself. They did not use any fine phrases, these two, but they were none the less happy on that account. Where love is, what need of eloquence? He was more at a loss than she, and small wonder! She had had plenty of time to think over what she was going to say! Anyhow, they talked together for four hours, and they had not even then said half of what was in their hearts. "Can it be, beautiful Princess," said the Prince, looking at her with eyes that told a thousand things more than tongue could utter, "can it be that some kindly fate ordained that I should be born expressly for you? Can it be that these beautiful eyes only open for me—that all the Kings of the earth, with all their power, could not do what my love has done?" "Yes, my dear Prince," replied the Princess; "I knew at first sight that we were born for each other.

It is you that I saw, that I talked with, that I loved, all through my long sleep. It was with your image that the Fairy filled my dreams. I knew that he who would come to free me from my spell would be lovelier than love itself; that he would love me more than his own life; and directly you came to me, I recognized him in you."

In the meantime, everybody in the palace had woken up at the same moment as the Princess. Each began worrying about his or her duties, and as they were not all lovers, they began to remember that it was a long time since they had had anything to eat, and that they were ready to die with hunger. The lady-in-waiting, as famished as the rest, grew impatient, and called to the Princess that supper was ready. The Prince helped the Princess to get up. She was fully and very magnificently dressed; but he was careful not to remind her that her ruff and farthingale were after the fashion of his grandmother's time. She was none the less beautiful for that.

They passed into a saloon with mirrors all round the walls, and there they had supper. The musicians, with fiddles and hautboys, played some old pieces of music, excellent in their way, though a hundred years had gone by since they were heard last. After supper, without losing any time, the chief chaplain married the Prince and Princess in the chapel, and they retired to rest. They slept little. The Princess, to be sure, after her hundred years, had no great need of sleep, and as soon as morning broke the Prince left her, and returned to the town, for he knew the King his father would be growing anxious about him.

The Prince told him that, when hunting, he had been lost in the forest, had spent the night in a charcoal-burner's hut, and had made his supper of black bread and cheese. The King his father, who was an easy-going fellow, believed him; but the Queen his mother would not be so easily persuaded. She noticed that the Prince was always going hunting, and seemed always to have some excuse or other ready for staying away several days; and she

had a shrewd suspicion that he had a sweetheart somewhere or other. She often tried to get him to tell her all about it by hinting that he should be contented with life at the palace; but he never dared trust her with his secret. He feared her, although he loved her. For she came of a family of ogresses, and the King had only married her for her wealth. It used even to be whispered at the court that she herself had all the instincts of an ogress, and that when she saw any little children passing by she had to hold herself back to keep from rushing at them. So the Prince thought it best not to tell her anything at all. For two years he continued seeing his beloved Princess in secret, and he loved her always more and more. The air of mystery about it all made him fall in love with her afresh each time he saw her, and homely joys did not lessen the warmth of his passion.

So when the King his father was dead, and he saw himself master, he declared his marriage publicly, and went in full state to visit the Queen his wife in her castle. It was with

all possible pomp and ceremony that he now made his entry into what was, after all, the old capital of the country.

Some time after he had become King, the Prince went to make war upon his neighbour, the Emperor Cantalabutte. He left the management of the kingdom in the hands of the Queen his mother, and told her to be kind to the young Queen, whom he loved all the more since she had brought him two pretty children—a girl and a boy—whom he called Dawn and Day, because they were so beautiful. The King was to be away at the war all the summer, and no sooner had he gone than the Queen-mother sent her daughter-in-law and the children to a country-house in the woods, where she could more easily satisfy her horrible craving. She went there herself some days afterwards, and said one evening to her steward, "Master Simon, to-morrow I mean to eat little Dawn for my dinner." "Oh, madame!" says the steward. "I wish it," replies the Queen-mother, in the tones of an ogress, hungry for fresh young victims.

The poor man, seeing that it would be no use trying to thwart an ogress, took his big knife and went up to little Dawn's room. She was just four years old, and she ran to him, laughing and skipping, and threw her arms round his neck, and asked him if he had brought her some sweetstuff. The knife fell from his hands, and he went to the yard, and cut the throat of a little lamb instead. This he served up with some sauce, which was so delightful that the Queen-mother vowed she had never tasted anything better in her life. In the meantime he carried off little Dawn, and gave her to his wife, who hid her in their own quarters at the bottom of the yard.

About a week afterwards, the wicked Queen-mother said to her steward, "Master Simon, I want to eat little Day for my supper." He did not reply at all, but, resolving to deceive her again, went to look for little Day, and found him with a tiny foil in his hand, with which he was pretending to fence a huge ape. He was only three years old. The steward carried the boy to his wife, who hid him with

little Dawn; and he served up instead to the wicked Queen-mother a tender little kid, which she found admirable fare. So all was well, so far as that was concerned; but one evening the wicked old Queen called out in a terrible voice, "Master Simon! Master Simon!" He went to her immediately. "To-morrow," said she, "I want to eat my daughter-in-law." Then at last Master Simon despaired of being still able to hoodwink the old ogress. The young Queen was now some twenty years old, without counting the hundred years that she had slept. How should he get an animal to replace her? He decided that there was nothing for it. To save his own life, he must cut the young Queen's throat, and he went up to her room determined to finish the business there and then. Working himself up into a suitable frenzy, he entered the young Queen's room. He did not wish, however, to take her altogether by surprise; so with great respect he told her of the orders he had received from the Queen-mother. "Kill me! kill me!" said she, offering him her neck; "fulfil the com-

mand that has been given you. I shall only be going to see my children again—my poor children, whom I loved so well!” She believed them dead, as they had been taken away without anything having been said to her.

“No, no, madame!” replied poor Master Simon, his heart softening, “you shall not die. You shall go to see your dear children again; but it shall be in my house, where I am keeping them in hiding. I will trick the old Queen once more. I will make her eat a young hind in your place.” He took her without more ado to his wife’s room, where he left her clasping her children in her arms and crying with them, and went to prepare the hind, which the ogress ate for her supper with just as much gusto as if it had indeed been the young Queen. She was, in fact, quite delighted over her own cruelty, and had made up her mind to tell the King when he came back that some ravenous wolves had eaten his wife and his two children.

One evening, while the old Queen was roaming about the courts and yards of the castle to see if she could sniff out some fresh

dainty, she heard in one of the back rooms little Day, who was crying because his mother was going to whip him for being naughty. She also heard little Dawn asking forgiveness for her brother. The ogress recognized the voices of the young Queen and her children. Furious at having been duped, she commanded—in that terrible voice of hers that frightened everybody—that on the very next morning a huge tub should be brought into the middle of the court. It should be filled with toads, vipers, adders, and all sorts of reptiles, and the young Queen and her children, Master Simon, his wife, and servant were all to be thrown in together. They were to be brought thither—so the old Queen commanded—with their hands tied behind their backs.

They were already there—the executioners stood in readiness to throw them into the tub—when the young Queen asked that at least she should be allowed to bid her children farewell, and the ogress, wicked as she was, consented. “Alas, alas!” cried the poor Princess, “must I die so young? It is true

that I have been a good while in the world, but I have slept a hundred years, and surely that ought not to count! What will you say, what will you do, my poor Prince, when you come back, and find that your little Day, who is so sweet, and your little Dawn, who is so pretty, are there no longer to throw their little arms round your neck, and that even I myself am no longer there to greet you? If I weep, it is your tears that I shed. Perhaps—I dread to think it—you will take vengeance for our fate upon yourself! As for you, miserable wretches, who do an ogress's bidding, the King will have you put to death—burnt to death on a slow fire.” The ogress, when she heard these words—which went so far beyond a mere farewell—was transported with rage, and cried, “Executioners, do your duty, and throw this babbler into the tub!” They there and then approached the Queen, and took hold of her by her dress; but, just at that moment, the King, whom no one expected to arrive so early, came riding into the court. He had come post-haste; and he asked, in his astonishment,

what was the meaning of this horrible sight. No one dared to tell him; when the ogress, maddened at seeing the course events had taken, threw herself head foremost into the tub, and was gobbled up in an instant by the dreadful creatures she had ordered to be put there. The King did not allow himself to be grieved over-much, although she was his mother. He soon found consolation in his beautiful wife and his children.

MORAL

Many a girl has waited long
For a husband brave or strong ;
But I'm sure I never met
Any sort of woman yet
Who could wait a hundred years,
Free from fretting, free from fears.

Now, our story seems to show
That a century or so,
Late or early, matters not ;
True love comes by fairy-lot.
Some old folk will even say
It grows better by delay.

Yet this good advice, I fear,
Helps us neither there nor here.
Though philosophers may prate
How much wiser 'tis to wait,
Maids will be a-sighing still—
Young blood must when young blood
will !



HARPER C. Appleton 1971

SHE MET A RASCALLY OLD WOLF

Little Red-Riding-Hood

ONCE upon a time there was a little village girl, the prettiest ever seen. Her mother doted on her, and her grandmother doted still more. This worthy old lady had made her a little riding-hood of red cloth, which looked so pretty on her, that everyone called her Little Red-Riding-Hood.

One day her mother had been cooking, and had been making some girdle-cakes, and said to her, "Go and see how your grandmother is, for they say she has not been at all well lately. You can take her a cake and this little pot of butter." Little Red-Riding-Hood started off there and then to go to her grandmother's cottage, which was in a neighbouring village. As she was going through the wood, she met a rascally old wolf, who wanted very much to eat her. But he did not dare, because of some wood-cutters who were in the forest. He asked her where she was going. The poor

child, who did not know how dangerous it was to stop and talk to a wolf, said to him, "I am going to see my grandmother, and to take her a cake, with a little pot of butter, which my mother is sending her." "Does she live a long way off?" asked the Wolf. "Oh, yes," she answered, "it is past the mill that you see down there, and down and down until you come to the first house in the village." "Oh, is that so?" said the Wolf. "I should like to go and see her too. Suppose I go by this road and you go by that road, and we'll see which of us gets there first."

The Wolf ran as hard as he could down the shorter road, and the little girl went by the longer; and she wasted a good deal of time, too, chasing butterflies and making nosegays of all the pretty flowers that she came across.

The Wolf soon came to the grandmother's cottage. He gave a "knock—knock" at the door. "Who is there?" "It is your granddaughter, Little Red-Riding-Hood," said the Wolf, in a feigned voice, "I am bringing you a cake and a little pot of butter, which mother

has sent you." The old grandmother, who was in bed, not being quite well, cried out, "Pull the latch-pin, and the bobbin will fall." The Wolf pulled the latch-pin, and the door opened. He threw himself upon the poor old woman, and gobbled her up in next to no time, for he had eaten nothing for three days. Then he shut the door, and went and lay on the grandmother's bed, waiting for Little Red-Riding-Hood. After a while, she came and gave a "knock—knock" at the door. "Who is there?" Little Red-Riding-Hood was frightened at first when she heard the Wolf's rough voice, but thinking that her grandmother had a cold, replied, "It is your granddaughter, Little Red-Riding-Hood. I am bringing you a cake and a little pot of butter, which mother has sent you." The Wolf then cried out, trying to soften his voice a little, "Pull the latch-pin, and the bobbin will fall." Little Red-Riding-Hood pulled the latch-pin, and the door opened.

On seeing her come in, the Wolf hid himself in the bed, and said to her from beneath

the bed-clothes, "Put the cake and the little pot of butter on the top of the bin, and come and lie down with me." Little Red-Riding-Hood took off her things and got into the bed, and was very much astonished to see how funny her grandmother looked in her night-dress. "Grandmother," said she, "what great big arms you have!" "All the better to hug you with, my dear." "Grandmother, what great big legs you have!" "All the better to run with, my child." "Grandmother, what big ears you have!" "All the better to hear with, my child." "Grandmother, what big eyes you have!" "All the better to see you with, my child." "Grandmother, what big teeth you have." "They are to eat you with!" said the Wolf, and, with the very words, he threw himself upon Little Red-Riding-Hood, and ate her.

MORAL

Little girls, this seems to say,
Never stop upon your way.
Never trust a stranger-friend ;
No one knows how it will end.
As you're pretty, so be wise ;
Wolves may lurk in every guise.
Handsome they may be, and kind,
Gay, or charming—never mind !
Now, as then, 'tis simple truth—
Sweetest tongue has sharpest tooth !

Bluebeard

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had beautiful houses both in town and country, gold and silver plate, embroidered furniture, and gilded carriages, but he had one misfortune. His beard was blue. This made him so ugly and so terrible, that there was not a woman—whether maid or matron—who did not shrink from him.

One of his neighbours, a lady of quality, had two exquisitely beautiful daughters. He asked for one of them in marriage, leaving to their mother the choice as to which it should be. They both thoroughly disliked the prospect, and each handed him over to the other, neither of them being able to make up her mind to take a man who had a blue beard. What was most unpleasant of all, was that he had already married several wives, and no one knew what had become of these wives.

To improve the acquaintance, Bluebeard

invited the two daughters, together with their mother, three or four of their best friends, and some other young people, to one of his country houses, where they stayed a whole week. They had a glorious time—walks, hunting and fishing parties, dances, banquets, and all sorts of merrymakings. What with the mad pranks they used to play, they hardly had time to sleep, and, indeed, all went so well, that the younger daughter began to forget that the master of the house had a blue beard at all. She found him, in fact, a very pleasant fellow, and, immediately on their return to town, they were married.

At the end of a month, Bluebeard told his wife that he was obliged to go away for six weeks at least on important business. He told her to deny herself nothing that would make the time pass pleasantly during his absence. He said that she might ask all her friends and take them away with her into the country if she wished, and that she was still the dearest thing to him in all the world. "Here," said he, "are the keys of the two great lumber-rooms; here

are those of the gold and silver plate that is not used every day; here are those of the safes, where my gold and silver is, and those of the caskets that hold my jewels, and here is the master-key to all the state-rooms. As for this small key here, it is the key of the little room at the end of the long gallery on the ground-floor. Open everything, go everywhere; but this little room I forbid you enter. Remember, I have warned you! If by any chance you do open it, my anger will stop at nothing."

She promised to do exactly as he had told her in everything, and, after kissing her good-bye, he got into his carriage and drove off upon his journey.

The neighbours and friends did not wait to be asked to come to visit the young bride, such was their impatience to see all the riches of the house. They had not dared to come while the husband was there, being frightened of his blue beard. They went all over the place—the rooms, the cupboards, the wardrobes—and each thing that they saw seemed more

beautiful than the last. They went up to the lumber-rooms where the furniture was stored, and could not admire too much the countless beautiful tapestries, the beds, cabinets, sofas, candlesticks, tables, and mirrors, where one could see oneself from head to foot, some of them with frames of crystal, some of silver, and some of silver-gilt, all more beautiful and magnificent than anything they had seen before. They could not cease belauding and envying the good fortune of their friend. She, however, for her part, was quite bored with looking at all these riches, such was her impatience to go and open the little room on the ground floor.

So overwhelmed with curiosity was she, that she did not scruple even to leave her guests, and to run downstairs by a little back staircase, so hurriedly, that she nearly broke her neck two or three times. When she came to the door of the little room, she stopped for a while, thinking over her husband's warning, and wondering if any harm would come to her if she disobeyed. But the temptation was too

strong for her to fight against. She took the key and, with trembling hand, opened the door of the little room.

At first she saw nothing, because the windows were shut. After some moments, she began to see that the floor was all covered with clotted blood, while ranged along the walls were the dead bodies of several women. (These were all the wives whom Bluebeard had married, and whose throats he had cut one after the other.) She almost died of fright, and the key of the little room, which she had just taken out of the lock, fell from her hand. After having recovered her senses somewhat, she picked up the key, shut the door, and went to her room to tidy herself up; but she was so nervous that she could not put anything right.

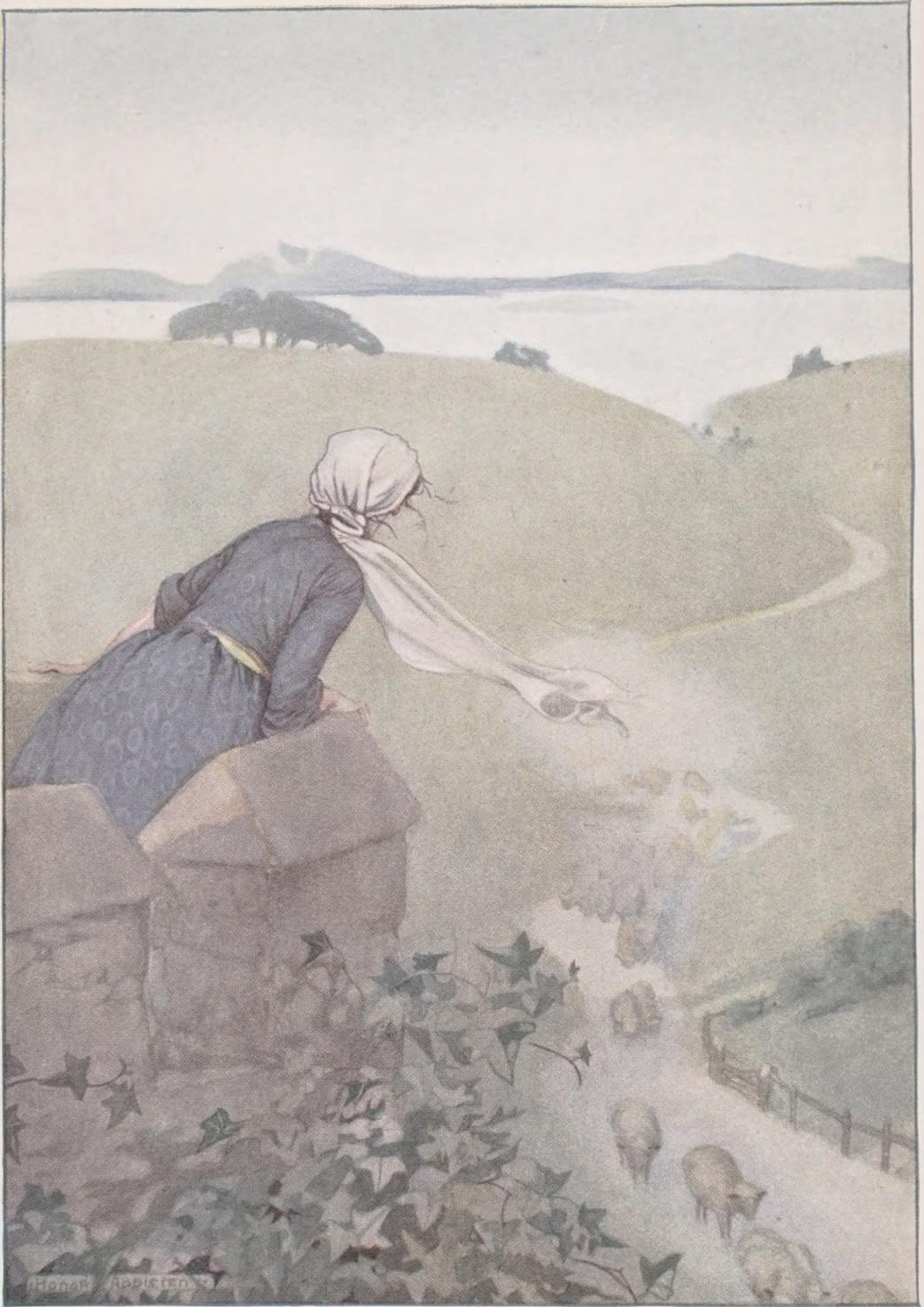
She had noticed that the key was stained with blood, and she wiped it two or three times, but the blood would not go. In vain she washed it and rubbed it with sand and with grit; the blood was still there, for this was a magic key, and nothing on earth would make it quite clean. When the blood was

taken off from one side, it came back on the other.

Bluebeard returned from his journey that very same evening. He said that, whilst on the road, he had received some letters, which told him that the matter on which he had been called away had been already settled in his favour. His wife did all she could to make him believe that she was delighted he was back so soon.

On the next day he asked for the keys, and she gave them to him, but with so trembling a hand, that it was quite easy for him to guess everything that had happened. "How is it," said he to her, "that the key of the little room is not with the others?" "I must have left it upstairs on my table," she answered. "Let me have it by and by," said Bluebeard, "without fail."

After putting him off several times, she had at last to give him the key. Bluebeard looked at it carefully, and then said to his wife, "Why is there blood on this key?" "I don't know," replied the poor woman, pale as death. "So



HOMER APPLESBY

MEMORANDUM

The following information was obtained from the records of the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, regarding the land owned by the United States in the State of California.

The total area of land owned by the United States in California is approximately 100,000,000 acres. This land is divided into several categories, including public domain land, land reserved for the benefit of the people, and land reserved for the benefit of the States.

The public domain land is the largest category, and it includes land that has not been surveyed, land that has been surveyed but not patented, and land that has been patented but not sold.

The land reserved for the benefit of the people includes land that has been set aside for the benefit of the people, such as national parks, national monuments, and national forests.

SISTER ANNE CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER

you wanted to go into the little room, did you? Very well then, madam, you shall go there, and take your place by the side of those other ladies that you saw."

She threw herself at her husband's feet, weeping and asking his pardon, and with every sign of repentance for not having obeyed him. Beautiful and grief-stricken as she was, she would have softened a rock. But harder than any rock was the heart of Bluebeard. "You must die," said he, "and that immediately!" "Since I must die," she replied, looking at him with eyes bathed in tears, "grant me a little time to pray." "I will give you a quarter of an hour," answered Bluebeard; "not a moment more."

When she was alone she called her sister, and said to her, "Sister Anne"—for that was her name—"go up to the top of the tower, I implore you, and see if my brothers are not coming. They promised to come and see me to-day. And if you see them, make signs to them to hurry." Sister Anne climbed to the top of the tower, and the poor wife in an

agony cried every now and then, "Anne, sister Anne, do you not see them coming?" Sister Anne answered her, "I see nothing but the green grass and the parching sun."

Meanwhile, holding in his hand a great cutlass, Bluebeard shouted as loud as he could to his wife, "Come down quickly, or I will fetch you myself!" "Give me a moment more, I beseech you!" replied his wife; and at the same time in a low voice she called, "Anne, sister Anne, can you see nothing coming?" Sister Anne replied, "I can see nothing but the green grass and the parching sun."

"Come down quickly, or I will fetch you myself!" roared Bluebeard. "I am coming," answered his wife, and then she cried, "Anne, sister Anne, can you see nothing?" "I see," replied sister Anne, "a great cloud of dust coming from over there." "Is it my brothers?" "Alas! no, sister; it is only a flock of sheep." "Will you not come down?" bellowed Bluebeard. "Wait just a moment," replied his wife, and then she cried, "Anne, sister Anne,

can you see nothing?" "I see," she answered, "two horsemen coming from over there, but they are a long way off as yet. God be praised!" she exclaimed a moment later, "they are my brothers! I am signalling to them, as well as I can, to make haste."

Bluebeard was now shouting so loudly that the whole house shook. The poor wife went down, and threw herself at his feet, weeping and dishevelled. "It's no use," said Bluebeard, "you must die!" Then, holding her by her hair with one hand, and with the other brandishing his cutlass in the air, he was just going to cut her head off. The poor wife, turning towards him, and looking up at him with appealing eyes, pleaded for yet a little minute's respite. "No, no," said he; "commend yourself to God;" and, lifting his arm . . . At this very moment there was such a banging at the door, that Bluebeard stopped short all of a sudden. The door was burst open, and there rushed in two horsemen, who, sword in hand, ran straight at Bluebeard.

He recognized that they were his wife's

brothers—one of them a dragoon and the other a musketeer. Without more ado he took to his heels and tried to escape, but the two brothers followed him up so close that they caught him before he could reach the steps outside. They pierced him through and through with their swords, and left him dead. The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had not the strength even to get up and embrace her brothers.

It turned out that Bluebeard had no heirs, so his wife remained mistress of all his wealth. She used part of it as a dowry for her sister Anne on her marriage with a young nobleman who had long loved her; with another part she bought captains' commissions for her two brothers; and with the rest she herself married an honest gentleman, who soon made her forget the bad time she had passed through with Bluebeard.

MORAL

Ladies, you should never pry,—
You'll repent it by and by!
'Tis the silliest of sins;
Trouble in a trice begins.
There are, surely—more's the woe!—
Lots of things you need not know.
Come, forswear it now and here—
Joy so brief, that costs so dear!

ANOTHER MORAL

You can tell this tale is old
By the very way it's told.
Those were days of derring-do;
Man was lord, and master too.
Then the husband ruled as king.
Now it's quite a different thing;
Be his beard what hue it may—
Madam has a word to say!

Puss in Boots

A MILLER once had nothing else to leave to his three children but his mill, his donkey, and his cat. The sharing was easily arranged—no solicitor or attorney had to be called in. Their fees would soon have eaten up all the little patrimony. The eldest took the mill, the second took the donkey, and the third had to be content with the cat. The last of the three was quite disconsolate over having got so poor a share. “My brothers,” said he, “can join forces and make a decent livelihood; but as for me, when I have eaten my cat, and made a muff of the skin, I shall just have to die of hunger.” The Cat, who had heard him talking, though all unbeknown, said to him with a sedate and serious air, “Don’t worry, master! You have only to give me a sack, and make me a pair of top-boots so that I can walk through the brushwood, and you will see that I am not such a bad bargain as you think.”

Although the Cat’s young master did not lay

great stock by the notion, he had seen his comrade achieve such feats of suppleness and cunning in catching rats and mice—as when he would hang by his feet, or hide amongst the flour to give his final spring—that he was not altogether without hope of turning it to some purpose in his trouble.

When the Cat had got what he asked for, he pulled on the boots himself, and, to be sure, he made a brave show in them! He then put his sack over his shoulder, and, taking the strings between his two front paws, went to a warren where he knew there were any number of rabbits. He put some bran and some sow-thistles in his sack, and, stretching himself out as if he were dead, he waited until some young rabbit, less experienced than the others in the wiles of the world, should nose his way into the sack to eat what had been put there.

Hardly had he lain down, when his design was fulfilled. A silly young rabbit crept into the sack, and Master Puss pulled the strings as quickly as might be, caught him, and killed him without mercy.

A SILLY YOUNG RABBIT CREPT INTO THE SACK



THOMAS C. REPPERTON - 1911

In the full pride of his achievement, the Cat went to the palace of the King, and asked to see him. He was shown into his Majesty's room. As he came in, the Cat made a deep bow to the King, and said, "Sire, here is a rabbit which the Marquis of Carabas (this was the name he chose to give his master) has given me to present to you on his behalf." "Tell your master," replied the King, "that I thank him, and accept his gift with pleasure."

Another time he lay in the corn, keeping his sack open, and when two partridges had gone into it, he pulled the strings and caught them both. Then he went to present them to the King, as he had done the rabbit. The King received the partridges with still greater pleasure, and gave the Cat a little present in return.

The Cat continued doing this for two or three months, taking all sorts of game to the King on his master's behalf. One day he found out that the King would be going to take the air by the riverside with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world. So he said to

his master, "If you take my advice, your fortune is made. You have only to bathe in the river, at a place that I will show you, and then leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did as his Cat advised, without knowing what it was all for. While he was bathing, the King came along, and the Cat began to cry with all his might, "Help! help! the Marquis of Carabas is drowning!" On hearing this cry, the King put his head out of the carriage-window, and recognised the Cat who had brought him game so often. He ordered that his guards should go to the help of the Marquis of Carabas.

While they were dragging the poor Marquis out of the water, the Cat came up to the carriage, and told the King that, while his master was bathing, some thieves had come and carried off his clothes, although he had cried "Stop thief!" as loud as he could. The artful puss had hidden them under a large stone!

The King thereupon ordered the officers of his wardrobe to go and find out some fine clothes for the Marquis of Carabas. The King

himself showed him all possible courtesy, and as the fine clothes which had just been given him showed off his figure to advantage (for he was a handsome, well-built young fellow), the King's daughter took quite a fancy to him. Indeed, the Marquis of Carabas had but thrown a few glances, half-respectful, half-tender, in her direction, before she was over head and ears in love with him.

The King asked him to come into his carriage, and join them in their drive. The Cat, delighted to find his plans succeeding so well, went on before, and meeting some peasants who were mowing a meadow, said to them, "Look here, my fine mowers, if you don't tell the King that the meadow that you mow belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you will be chopped into little bits like mincemeat."

Sure enough, the King asked the mowers whose meadow it was that they mowed. "It belongs to the Marquis of Carabas," they answered with one accord, for the Cat's threat had frightened them.

"You have a fine estate here," said the King

to the Marquis of Carabas. "As you see, sire," replied the Marquis, "this particular meadow always yields me a rich hay-crop."

Master Puss, who kept on in front, met some reapers, and said to them, "Look here, my fine reapers, if you don't say that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you will be chopped into little pieces like mincemeat." The King passed by a moment after, and asked who was the owner of all this corn that he saw. "It belongs to the Marquis of Carabas," replied the reapers; and the King again complimented the Marquis. The Cat, going still in front of the carriage, told everyone he met in the same way to say the same thing, and the King was amazed at the Marquis of Carabas' wealth.

Master Puss arrived at last at a beautiful castle, whose owner was an Ogre, the richest ever known, for all the country that the King had passed through was really the castle's domain. The Cat, who had taken pains to find out who this Ogre was, and what he could do, asked to speak with him, saying that he could not think of passing so near the castle

without giving himself the honour of paying his respects.

The Ogre received him as civilly as an Ogre can, and asked him to sit down. "They tell me," said the Cat, "that you have the power of changing into all sorts of animals—that you could, for example, turn yourself into a lion, or an elephant." "That is true," replied the Ogre, gruffly; "and to prove it, you shall see me change into a lion." The Cat was so frightened to see a lion in front of him, that he scrambled on to the roof as quickly as he could, and not without difficulty, by reason of his boots, which were not of much use for walking on the tiles.

Some time after, the Cat, seeing that the Ogre had quitted his first shape, came down, and confessed that he had had a terrible fright. "They have told me, too," said the Cat, "but I can hardly bring myself to believe it yet, that you have also the power to take the form of the very smallest animals—that you could, for example, change yourself into a rat or a mouse. I must say it seems to me quite impossible."

“Impossible!” retorted the Ogre; “you shall see!” At the same time he changed himself into a mouse, which ran about on the floor. The Cat no sooner saw this than he pounced upon the mouse, and ate it.

Meanwhile the King, who had seen in the distance the Ogre’s castle, wished to go inside. The Cat, who heard the rumbling of the carriage going over the drawbridge, ran to the front of the castle, and said to the King, “Your Majesty is welcome to the Marquis of Carabas’ castle!” “How now, my dear Marquis!” exclaimed the King; “is this castle yours, too? Certainly nothing could be more beautiful than this courtyard and these buildings all around. I should very much like to go in.”

The Marquis gave his hand to the young Princess, and following the King, who went up first, they entered a great hall, where they found a magnificent feast. This the Ogre had prepared for some friends who were coming to see him that very day, but who had not dared to venture in, knowing that the King was there. The King, charmed with the

personality of the Marquis of Carabas, as also was his daughter—who was, as we have seen, already madly in love with him—and noticing the vast wealth that he appeared to possess, said to him after having drunk a glass or two, “Would you care to be my son-in-law, Marquis? It only rests with you!” The Marquis, with a profound bow, accepted the honour that the King had offered him, and that very day he married the Princess. The Cat became a great lord, and he never chased mice afterwards except in the way of sport.

MORAL

It's a pleasant thing, I'm told,
To be left a pile of gold.
But there's something better still,
Never yet bequeathed by will.
Leave a lad a stock of sense—
Though with neither pounds nor pence—
And he'll finish, as a rule,
Richer than the gilded fool.

ANOTHER MORAL

Can the heart of a Princess
Yield so soon to borrowed dress?
So it seems—but wait a while—
'Tis not all a tale of guile.
He was young and straight of limb;
She was just the girl for him.
He was brave, and she was fair.
Tell me, when the right man's there—
Be he but a miller's son—
What Princess will not be won?

The Fairies

ONCE upon a time there was a widow who had two daughters. The elder was so like her in face and disposition that to see her was to see the mother. Both mother and daughter were so proud and disagreeable that no one could live with them. The younger, who was the image of her father, was everything that is sweet and natural, and was, too, one of the prettiest girls ever seen. As everyone is fond of his own likeness, this mother doted on her elder daughter, and at the same time had a frightful hatred of the younger. She made her eat in the kitchen, and kept her always at work.

Among other things, this poor girl had to go twice a day to draw water at least a good mile and a half from the cottage, and bring it back in a big pitcher full to the brim. One day, when she was at this fountain, a poor woman came to her, and asked if she might

have a drink of water. "Yes, of course, grannie," said the girl; and rinsing the pitcher as soon as she could, she drew some water from the best part of the fountain, and gave it her, holding the pitcher so that she could drink more easily. The old woman, having drunk the water, said to her, "You are so pretty, so good, and so kind that I cannot help giving you a fairy-gift"—for it was a Fairy, who had taken the shape of a poor village-woman just to see how far the girl's good nature would go. "I promise you, as my gift," continued the Fairy, "that at each word you speak either a flower or a precious stone will fly out of your mouth."

When the pretty daughter arrived at the cottage, her mother grumbled because she was so late in coming back from the fountain. "Forgive me," said the poor girl, "for being so long." As she said these words there flew out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two big diamonds. "What is this I see?" said the mother in astonishment. "I do believe that pearls and diamonds are flying out of

SHE DREW SOME WATER FROM THE BEST PART OF
THE FOUNTAIN



her mouth. How did it all come about, my daughter?" (This was the first time that she had ever owned her as daughter.) The poor girl told her in all simplicity everything that had happened to her, throwing out a regular shower of diamonds as she did so. "Indeed," said the mother, "I must send my daughter along. Come, Fanny, do see what comes out of your sister's mouth when she talks. Wouldn't you like to have the same gift? Well, you have only to go and draw water from the fountain, and when a poor woman asks for a drink, give it her good-naturedly." "I should look a pretty sight," replied the ugly daughter, "going to the fountain!" "I wish you to go," replied the mother, "and that immediately."

She went, grumbling all the time. She took the prettiest silver flagon to be found in the cottage. She had no sooner arrived at the fountain, than a fine lady, magnificently dressed, came out of the wood and asked for a drink. It was the same Fairy who had appeared to her sister, but she had taken on the manner and dress of a princess, to see how far the

ill-temper of this girl would go. "Have I come all this way," said the ugly cross-patch, "to give you a drink of water? Likely I should bring a silver flagon expressly for your ladyship! If it's water you want, drink what you can get, that's what I say!" "You're hardly kind," said the Fairy, without allowing herself to get angry. "Well, since you are so unobliging, my gift to you shall be that at each word you speak there shall come out of your mouth either a snake or a toad."

Directly the mother saw her, she cried, "Well, daughter!" "Here I am, mother!" answered the ugly daughter, throwing out two vipers and two toads. "Heavens above!" cried the mother; "what is this that I see? It is her sister who is the cause of it all. She shall pay for this!"—and she ran to give her a beating. The poor child took to flight, and hid herself in the neighbouring forest. The King's son, who was coming back from the hunt, met her, and seeing how beautiful she was, asked her why she was all alone, and what it was that made her cry. "Alas, sir, my mother has just

turned me out of doors." The King's son, who saw five or six pearls and as many diamonds coming out of her mouth, asked her to tell him whence she came. She told him of the story of her adventure. The King's son fell in love with her, and thinking that such a gift was worth more than any marriage dowry, took her to the palace of the King his father, where he married her.

As for her sister, she became so hateful, that her own mother drove her from the house, and the unfortunate girl, after going hither and thither without finding anyone who was willing to receive her, went and died in a corner of the wood.

MORAL

Diamonds and rubies may
Work some wonders in their way ;
But a gentle word is worth
More than all the gems on earth.

ANOTHER MORAL

Though—when otherwise inclined—
It's a trouble to be kind,
Often it will bring you good
When you'd scarce believe it could.

Cinderella

OR

The Little Glass Slipper

THERE was once a nobleman who married, as his second wife, the proudest and most arrogant woman that anybody had ever seen. She had two daughters, who were just like her both in temper and everything else. The husband, on his side, had a little daughter whose sweetness and goodness were past compare. She was like her mother, who was the most charming woman in the whole world.

The wedding was no sooner over than the step-mother began to make her ill-humour felt. She could not bear this child's good qualities, which made her own daughters seem all the more hateful. She gave her all the dirtiest work to do in the house. It was she who cleaned the plate and the staircases, and who scrubbed out the step-mother's bedroom, and

those, too, of her fine daughters. She herself had to sleep in a garret right at the top of the house, on a wretched mattress, while the sisters had rooms with inlaid floors, bedsteads of the very latest fashion, and looking-glasses where they could see themselves from head to foot. The poor girl bore it all patiently, and never dared to complain to her father, who would have scolded her, as his wife had a complete hold over him.

When she had done her work, she would settle down in the chimney-corner and sit in the cinders, so that most of the people in the house called her the "cinder-girl," but the younger daughter, who was not so hard-hearted as the elder, called her "Cinderella." All the same, in spite of her wretched clothes, she was a hundred times more beautiful than her sisters could be, whatever finery they might put on.

It happened that the King's son gave a ball, to which he asked all the people of quality. Our two young ladies were also asked, for they cut a great figure in society. You should

SHE WAS A HUNDRED TIMES MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN
HER SISTERS COULD BE



HONOR L. APPLETON 1911

have seen how busy they were, and how they enjoyed themselves, choosing what dresses would suit them best, and deciding how their hair should be done! Here was more trouble for Cinderella, for it was she who had to iron her sisters' linen, and starch their ruffles. They could talk of nothing but what they were going to wear. "I shall put on my red velvet dress with the English trimmings," said the elder. "I," said the younger, "shall have my ordinary skirt, but I shall make up for it by putting on my mantle with the gold flowers and my bar of diamonds, which isn't so bad, after all." They sent out to find a tiring-woman to arrange their doubled coifs, and to buy patches from the worthy gossip who dealt in such things. They called Cinderella in to ask her advice, for she had good taste. Cinderella gave them the best advice possible, and even offered to dress their hair, which they were glad to let her do.

While she was dressing their hair, they said to her, "Cinderella, wouldn't you just like to go to the ball?" "Ah, ladies, I fear you are

laughing at me. My place is elsewhere!" "You are right. People would laugh indeed if they saw a cinder-girl going to the ball!"

Any other girl but Cinderella would have done their hair awry, but she was good-hearted, and did it just as well as it could be done. They were so transported with joy about it all that they did not eat anything for nearly two days. They broke more than a dozen laces trying to squeeze in their waists to make them more slender, and they were always in front of their looking-glass.

At last the happy day arrived. They started off, and Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could. When she could see them no longer, she sat down and cried. Her godmother, who saw her in tears, asked her what the trouble was. "I want. . . . I want. . . ." She was crying so bitterly that she could not finish the sentence. Her godmother, who was a Fairy, said to her, "You would like to go to the ball, isn't that it?" "Alas, yes!" said Cinderella sighing. "Ah well, if you will be a good girl," said her godmother,

“I will see that you go.” She took her into her room, and said to her, “Go into the garden, and bring me a pumpkin.” Cinderella went immediately and plucked the finest pumpkin that she could find, and brought it to her godmother, without being able to guess what possible use a pumpkin could be in helping her to go to the ball. Her godmother took it, and having taken out the inside and left only the rind, tapped it with her wand, and the pumpkin was changed directly into a beautiful coach, all gilded.

Then she went to look at the mouse-trap, where she found six mice, all alive. She told Cinderella to lift the door of the trap a little, and as each mouse came out she gave it a stroke with her wand, and the mouse was instantly changed into a beautiful horse. So there was a fine equipage of six horses, all of a pretty dappled mouse-grey.

The next trouble was to find a coachman. “I will go and see,” said Cinderella, “if there isn’t some rat in the rat-trap. We could make a coachman of him.” “A good idea!” said

the godmother. "Go and see." Cinderella brought her the rat-trap, where there were three large rats. The Fairy chose one out of the three because he had lordly whiskers, and touching him, changed him into a fat coachman, with one of the loveliest moustaches anyone had ever seen.

Then she said to her, "Go into the garden. You will find six lizards there, behind the watering-pot. Bring them me." She had no sooner brought them than the godmother changed them into six lackeys, who got up behind the coach with their gold-braided liveries, and held on there just as if they had never done anything else all their lives.

The Fairy then said to Cinderella, "See now, there's something to go to the ball in! Doesn't that satisfy you?" "Yes, but how can I go in my ragged dress?" Her godmother just touched her with her wand, and at the same time her clothes were changed into a dress of cloth of gold and silver, all bedizened with precious stones. She gave her then a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in

the world. Thus apparelled, she got into the coach, but her godmother charged her, above everything, not to stay after midnight, warning her that, if she stayed a moment longer, the coach would become a pumpkin again, the horses mice, the lackeys lizards, and that her old clothes would take once more their original form.

She promised her godmother that she would leave the ball before midnight without fail. She started off, quite beside herself with joy. The King's son, who had been told that a great Princess was coming whom nobody knew, ran to receive her. He gave her his hand to help her down from the coach, and took her into the ball-room, where all the guests were gathered. There was sudden silence. Everybody stopped dancing. The violins played no more, so spell-bound was everyone at the sight of the unknown lady's beauty. One only heard a confused murmur, "Oh, how beautiful she is!" The King himself, old as he was, could not take his eyes off her, and said in a low voice to the Queen that

it was a long time since he had seen anyone so graceful or with so winning an air. All the ladies took care to have a good look at her dress and the way she did her hair, so that they might manage something of the same sort the next day, if only they could find stuffs rich enough and craftsmen deft enough.

The King's son put her in the place of honour, and then he asked if he might dance with her. She danced with so much grace that the company admired her all the more. An extremely choice supper was provided, but the Prince could not eat any of it, so taken up was he with gazing at her. She went and sat near her sisters, and was as nice as nice could be. She made them share the oranges and the lemons that the Prince had given her, which astonished them very much, for they did not know her.

While they were thus talking, Cinderella heard the clock strike a quarter to twelve. She immediately made a deep bow to the company, and went away as quickly as she could. Directly she got home, she went to

find her godmother, and having thanked her, said she would like to go to the ball again on the morrow, because the King's son had asked her. As she was telling her godmother everything that had happened at the ball, the two sisters knocked at the door. Cinderella went and opened it. "What a long time you have been!" said she, yawning, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself, as if she had only just woken up. As a matter of fact she had not had the slightest wish to sleep since they had gone off. "If you had come to the ball," said one of the sisters, "you wouldn't have been dull there! There came the most beautiful princess that could ever have been seen, and she was particularly nice to us, and gave us oranges and lemons."

Cinderella hardly knew what to do for joy. She asked the name of the Princess. They replied that no one knew, that the King's son himself was taking all sorts of trouble to find out, and would give everything in the world to know who she was. Cinderella smiled and said, "She was as beautiful as all that, was

she? How lucky you are. Would it be quite impossible for me to see her? Oh, Miss Javotte, do lend me your yellow dress—the one you wear every day!” “Indeed!” said Miss Javotte, “fancy that! Lend one’s dress to a dirty cinder-girl like you! I should be mad to do such a thing.” Cinderella was not a bit surprised at this refusal, and was even relieved by it, for it would have spoiled all her plans if her sister had really been willing to lend her the dress.

On the morrow the two sisters were at the ball, and Cinderella too, but still more beautifully dressed than the time before. The King’s son was always at her side, and kept saying pretty things to her. The young lady herself enjoyed it all immensely, and quite forgot her godmother’s warning, so that the first stroke of midnight sounded when she thought it was only eleven o’clock. She got up, and ran off as lightly as a hind. The Prince followed, but could not catch her. She let fall one of her glass slippers, which the Prince picked up with tender care. Cinderella arrived home



NOTHING REMAINED OF HER MAGNIFICENCE SAVE ONE
OF HER LITTLE GLASS SLIPPERS

very much out of breath, without coach, without lackeys, and in her own wretched clothes. Nothing remained of her magnificence save one of her little glass slippers, the brother of the one she had let fall. The guards at the palace gates were asked if they had seen a Princess go out. They said they had seen nobody save a very ill-clad girl, who looked more like a peasant than a lady.

When the two sisters came back from the ball, Cinderella asked them if they had still enjoyed themselves, and if the beautiful lady had been there again. They said that she had, but that she had taken flight when midnight struck. She had been, too, in such haste, that she had let fall one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world. The King's son, they said, had picked it up; he had done nothing else but look at it all through the rest of the ball, and was most assuredly in love with the beautiful creature to whom the little slipper belonged.

They spoke true, for a day or two after, the King's son caused it to be proclaimed, at the

sound of the trumpet, that he would marry her—whoever she was—whose foot would fit the slipper. They began trying with the princesses, then with the duchesses, and the whole of the court, but it was no good. They brought it to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to get their feet into the slipper, but they could not manage it. Cinderella, who was looking at them, and who recognised the slipper, said with a smile, "Shall I see if it will do for me?" The sisters burst out laughing, and made fun of her. The nobleman whose duty it was to try on the slipper, looked attentively at Cinderella, and seeing how beautiful she was, said it was quite fair, and that he had orders to try it on all girls. He made Cinderella sit down, and putting the slipper to her little foot, he saw that it slid on without the slightest difficulty, and fitted as if it had been made of wax. Great was the astonishment of the two sisters, but it was still greater when Cinderella drew from her pocket the other little slipper, which she put on her other foot. Just then, too, her godmother

came on the scene, and touching Cinderella's clothes with her wand, transformed them into a dress more magnificent than any of the others.

Then the two sisters recognised in her the beautiful lady they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, and asked pardon for all the ill-treatment they had made her suffer. Cinderella lifted them up, kissed them, and said that she forgave them with all her heart, and hoped they would love her always. She was then escorted to the young Prince's palace, dressed just as she was. He found her more beautiful than ever, and, a few days after, he married her. Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, asked her two sisters to come and stay at the palace, and made matches for them, that very day, with two great lords of the Court.

MORAL

Beauty is a treasure rare.
Who complains of being fair?
Yet there's still a something more
That good fairies have in store.
'Tis that little gift called grace,
Weaves a spell round form and face,
Of each word makes magic, too,
Lends a charm to all you do.

This it was—and nothing less—
Cinderella's fairy dress!
And if you would learn the way
How to get that gift to-day—
How to point the golden dart
That shall pierce the Prince's heart—
Ladies, you have but to be
Just as kind and sweet as she!

ANOTHER MORAL

Godmothers are useful things
Even when without the wings.
Wisdom may be yours and wit,
Courage, industry, and grit—
What's the use of these at all,
If you lack a friend at call?

Riquet of the Tuft

THERE was once a Queen who had a baby-son, so ugly and ill-shaped that they doubted for a long time if he was a human being at all. A Fairy who was there when he was born promised that this should not prevent him from proving a charming fellow, because he would be witty and clever. She added that by virtue of the fairy-gift she had given him, he would be able to make the woman he loved just as clever as himself.

All this helped to console the poor Queen a little, who was very troubled at having brought into the world such an ugly little monkey. True it is, that no sooner had the child begun to talk, than he said a thousand pretty things. Everything that he did had something intelligent about it that charmed people. I forgot to say that he came into the world with a little tuft of hair on his head, so that they called him Riquet of the Tuft, for Riquet was his family name.

At the end of seven or eight years the Queen of a neighbouring kingdom had two daughters. The first which came into the world was more beautiful than the day. The Queen was so overjoyed, that some feared it might do her harm. The same Fairy who had assisted at the birth of little Riquet of the Tuft was present, and to keep the Queen's joy within bounds she declared that this little Princess would be quite without any cleverness at all—as dull-witted as she was beautiful. This grieved the Queen very much; but an even worse sorrow was in store for her, for the second daughter that she had proved extremely ugly. “Don't take it so much to heart,” said the Fairy; “your daughter will make up for it in other ways, and she will be so clever that hardly anyone will notice her looks.” “Heaven grant that may be so!” answered the Queen; “but would it not be possible for the daughter who is so beautiful to be just the least little bit clever?” “I can do nothing for her, Madam, on the score of cleverness,” replied the Fairy; “but I can do everything where

ALL THIS HELPED TO CONSOLE THE POOR QUEEN



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beauty is concerned, and as I should like to do all I can to satisfy you, I will grant her, as a fairy-gift, the power to make beautiful anyone who pleases her."

As these two Princesses grew older, their qualities grew with them, and everyone talked of the beauty of the elder and the cleverness of the younger. It is true that their faults also increased with age. The younger grew more and more ugly to look at, and the elder more and more stupid as the days went by. She would either make no answer to what people asked her, or she would say something silly. At the same time she was so clumsy that she could not put four pieces of china on a mantelshelf without breaking one, nor drink a glass of water without spilling half of it all over her dress.

Although beauty should be a great advantage to a girl, none the less the younger Princess outshone the elder in nearly all companies. At first everybody wanted to be near the beautiful sister, to see and to admire; but, soon after, they sought out the witty one, to hear all

the pleasant things she had to say. It was astonishing that, in less than a quarter of an hour, the elder would have nobody about her, and everybody would be crowding round the younger. The elder, stupid as she was, noticed this, and would have given all her beauty without a pang of regret for half her sister's wit. The Queen, with all her wisdom, could not help reproaching her sometimes for her stupidity, so that the poor Princess was ready to die with grief.

One day, when she had gone into a wood to lament her misfortunes all alone, she saw coming along an ugly little man, very disagreeable-looking, but magnificently dressed. This was the young Prince, Riquet of the Tuft. He had fallen in love with her portraits, which had been sent all over the world, and had quitted his father's kingdom to have the pleasure of seeing and talking to her. Delighted at meeting her thus alone, he accosted her with all possible respect and politeness. After he had paid the usual compliments, he noticed that she was very melancholy, and said to her, "I

cannot understand, Madam, how anyone so beautiful as you are could be as sad as you seem; for though I can boast of having seen an infinite number of lovely women, I must confess that I remember none whose beauty even approached to yours." "So I hear you say, Sir," replied the Princess, and stopped there. "Beauty," replied Riquet of the Tuft, "is so great a gift, that surely it should take precedence of all the others! If one possessed it, I cannot think of anything that would be worth worrying about." "I would rather," said the Princess, "be as ugly as you and be clever, than have the beauty that I have and be as stupid as I am." "There is nothing, Madam, which shows intelligence more truly than to believe yourself without it. One of its characteristics is that the more one has of it, the more conscious one is how much one lacks." "I don't know anything about that," said the Princess; "but I just know that I am stupid, and that it makes me so miserable that I want to die." "If that is all that troubles you, Madam, I can easily put an end to your

sorrow." "And how can you do that?" said the Princess. "I have the power, Madam," said Riquet of the Tuft, "to give to the lady whom I love best as much cleverness as anyone can have. Since, Madam, you are that lady, it only rests with you to become as clever as can be, provided only that you are willing to marry me."

The Princess remained tongue-tied, and answered nothing. "I see," replied Riquet of the Tuft, "that the offer perplexes you. I am not astonished at it. But I will give you a year to think it over." The Princess had so little cleverness, and desired it so eagerly, that she thought the end of the year would never come; so she accepted the proposal. She had no sooner promised Riquet of the Tuft that she would marry him on that day in the following year, than she felt all of a sudden as though she were quite a different person. She found herself able, with unbelievable ease, to say just what pleased him, and to say it with a fine manner, easy and natural. From that very moment she launched forth into a gallant

and sustained talk with Riquet of the Tuft, and was so brilliant that Riquet of the Tuft began to suspect that he had given her more wit than he had kept for himself.

When she returned to the palace, the whole court was at a loss to know what to think of this sudden and extraordinary change, for her talk was now as well-informed and witty as it was dull and foolish before. Everybody was more delighted than words could tell—except the younger sister, who was not very happy about it, because now, having no longer any mental advantage over her elder sister, she seemed merely an ugly fright by her side.

The King followed her advice, and even went to her room sometimes to discuss state affairs. News of the change having got abroad, all the young princes of the neighbouring kingdoms came to see her with a view to courtship, and nearly all asked her hand in marriage. But she could not find any who were clever enough, and she listened to all without engaging herself to any one of them. However, there came one so powerful, so rich,

so witty, and so handsome, that she could not help feeling well-disposed towards him. Her father, seeing this, said to her that she was her own mistress in the choice of a husband, and that she had only to declare what was her will. The cleverer one is, the more difficult it becomes to make up one's mind in these affairs. Thanking her father, she asked if he would give her time to think over it.

So that she might meditate undisturbed over what she should do, she went by chance for a walk in the same wood where she had met Riquet of the Tuft. As she was walking in a profound reverie, she heard a confused noise under the stones, as of a crowd of people busily coming and going. Listening more attentively, she heard one of them say, "Bring me that saucepan!"—another, "Give me that kettle!"—another, "Put some wood on the fire!" At the same time the ground opened, and she saw under her feet what looked like a great kitchen, full of cooks and scullions and everybody needed to prepare a magnificent banquet. There came out a band of twenty

SHE SAW UNDER HER FEET WHAT LOOKED LIKE A
GREAT KITCHEN



WONG & HAYES

or thirty kitchen-folk, who went and planted themselves in a glade of the wood round a long table. There, with their larding-pins in their hands and their fox-tails over their ears, they all set to work in cadence, to the sound of a harmonious lilt.

The Princess, astonished at this sight, asked them for whom they were working. "It is, Madam," replied the foremost of the band, "for Prince Riquet of the Tuft, who is to be married to-morrow." The Princess, still more surprised than she had been, and remembering that a year had passed to that very day since she promised to marry Prince Riquet of the Tuft, felt quite thunderstruck. What had made her forget was that when she made the promise she was stupid, and in taking over the new mind that the Prince had given her she forgot all her old sillinesses.

She had hardly gone thirty steps further in her walk, when Riquet of the Tuft presented himself to her, gay, magnificent, like a Prince on the way to his wedding. "You see I am here, Madam," said he, "prompt to fulfil my

promise. You, too, are come, I doubt not, to fulfil yours, and in giving me your hand, to make me the happiest of men." "I frankly confess," replied the Princess, "that I have not yet decided; and don't think I could ever bring myself to decide in the way you wish." "You astonish me, Madam," said Riquet of the Tuft. "I can quite understand it," said the Princess; "and to be sure, if I had to deal with a brutal fellow, a man without sense, I should be in a terrible fix. . . . 'A Princess has only her word,' he would say to me; 'and you will have to marry me, since you promised to.' But as I am talking to a man of the world, and one who is full of intelligence, I am sure you will listen to reason. You know that even when I was stupid I could not make up my mind to marry you. How can you imagine that now, when I have the mind that you gave me, which makes me far more critical of people than I was, I should take upon myself a resolution which I could not make before? If you really wanted to marry me, you should never have taken away my stupidity, and

have made me see things now more clearly than I did."

"Come, now," replied Riquet of the Tuft, "you say that a man without sense would be quite within his rights in reproaching you for having broken your word. Can you wish me, Madam, to do differently in a thing where my life's happiness is at stake? Is it reasonable that people who have wit should be in a worse condition than those who are without it? Can you pretend such a thing—you who have so much, and were so anxious to get it? But let us come to the facts. Apart from my ugliness, what is there about me that displeases you? Are you ill-content with my birth and breeding, my wit, my disposition, or my manners?" "That is not it at all," said the Princess; "I like in you everything that you have just mentioned to me." "If that is so," replied Riquet of the Tuft, "I see happiness before me, for it is you who can make me the most lovable of men." "How can that happen?" said the Princess. "It can happen right enough," replied Riquet of the Tuft, "if

only you like me well enough to wish me so. The truth is, Madam, that the same fairy who, on the day of my birth, gave me as fairy-gift the power to make anyone I pleased witty, gave you also the power of bestowing good looks upon the man whom you love, and to whom you would wish to grant the favour."

"If that is so," said the Princess, "I wish with all my heart that you should become the handsomest and most lovable Prince in the world, and all the power that has been given me I would use on your behalf."

The Princess had no sooner spoken these words than Riquet of the Tuft appeared in her eyes the handsomest man in the world. Some people affirm that it was not the fairy charm that had done this, but love alone that had wrought the transformation. They say that the Princess, when she thought of the persistence of her lover, his discretion, and all his good qualities of mind and soul, saw no longer the deformity of his body nor the ugliness of his face. They say that his hump seemed to give him no more than the

natural air of a man who happened to be arching his back; and instead of noticing, as she had done hitherto, that he was a frightful cripple, she found nothing worse than an attractive limp. They say, too, that his eyes, which squinted, only seemed to her the more brilliant on that account—their squint being due to the intensity of his passion, and that his great red nose had for her something martial and heroic about it.

However that may be, the Princess promised there and then to marry him, if only he could get the consent of her father. The King, knowing how highly his daughter esteemed Riquet of the Tuft, whom he knew besides as an extremely witty and wise Prince, received him with pleasure as his son-in-law. On the morrow the wedding was celebrated as Riquet of the Tuft had foreseen, and everything was done according to the arrangements that he had made long before.

MORAL

Here's a fairy-tale for you,
Which is just as good as true.
What we love is always fair,
Clever, deft, and debonair.

ANOTHER MORAL

Nature oft, with open arms,
Lavishes a thousand charms ;
But it is not these that bring
True love's truest offering.
'Tis some quality that lies
All unseen to other eyes—
Something in the heart or mind
Love alone knows how to find.

Little Thumbling

THERE was once a woodcutter and his wife who had seven children—all boys. The eldest was only ten, and the youngest only seven. It may seem surprising that the woodcutter should have had so large a family in so short a time, but the reason was that three pairs of them were twins.

They were very poor, and the seven children were a terrible trouble, because there was not one of them who was old enough yet to earn his own living. What distressed them more was that the youngest was very delicate and would not say a word, and they took for stupidity what was really only a sign of a good and thoughtful nature. He was very small, and when he came into the world he was hardly bigger than a thumb. So he was called Little Thumbling.

This poor child was the scape-goat of the household, and he was always supposed to be in the wrong. None the less, he was keener and cleverer than any of his brothers, and if he talked little, he did plenty of listening.

There came one disastrous year, when the famine was so great that these poor people resolved to get rid of their children. One evening, when the children were asleep, the woodcutter was sitting by the fire with his wife, his heart wrung with grief. "You see well enough," he said, "that we cannot get food for our children. I have not the heart to see them die before my eyes, and I have made up my mind to take them out to-morrow and lose them in the wood. It will be easy enough, for while they are busy tying up the fagots, all we have to do is to steal away without their seeing us." "Ah," cried the woodcutter's wife, "could you bring yourself to lose your children?" Her husband showed her all in vain how poor they were. She would not consent. She was poor, but she was also a mother.

However, having pictured to herself what a



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HE FILLED HIS POCKETS WITH LITTLE WHITE PEBBLES

grief it would be to see them die of hunger, she at last yielded, and went and lay down to cry.

Little Thumbling heard all that they had said, for having guessed as he lay in bed that they were talking about something very important, he got up very quietly and slid down beneath his father's stool, where he could hear without being seen. He went and lay down again, but did not sleep all the rest of the night, thinking what he should do. He got up early in the morning, and went to the bank of a stream, where he filled his pockets with little white pebbles, and then came back to the house. They started off, and Little Thumbling did not tell his brothers anything about what he knew.

They went into a very dense part of the forest, where at six paces distance they could hardly see each other. The woodcutter began cutting down branches, and the children gathered the twigs together to make bundles of them. The father and mother, seeing them busy over their work, gradually edged away

from them, and then took to flight all of a sudden along a little by-path.

When the children saw that they were alone, they began to cry and scream with all their might. Little Thumbling let them cry, knowing that he could find the way back to the house, for as they had walked there he had let fall along the road the little white pebbles that he had in his pockets. "Never fear, my brothers," said he to them: "our father and mother have left us here, but I will take you back to the cottage. Just follow me!"

They followed him, and he took them to the house by the same road as the one by which they had come through the forest. They did not dare at first to go in, but they all crowded close against the door, to hear what their father and mother were saying.

It so happened that almost at the very moment when the woodcutter and his wife arrived home, the lord of the manor had sent them six crowns, which he had owed them a long time, and out of which they had long ceased to hope for anything. This gave them

back their life, for the poor folk were dying of hunger. The woodcutter sent his wife straight away to the butcher's. As it was a long time since they had had a meal, she bought three times as much meat as would do for two people. When they had sat down again, the woodcutter's wife said, "Alas, where are our poor children now? How they would enjoy what is still left! Remember, William, it was you who wanted to lose them. I was right when I said we should repent it. What are they doing now in that forest? Alas!—perhaps the wolves have eaten them already! You are an inhuman wretch, that's what you are, to have abandoned your children as you did." The woodcutter grew impatient with her at last, for she kept saying more than twenty times over that they would repent it, and that she had told him so. He threatened to beat her if she did not keep quiet. It was not that the woodcutter was any less grieved than his wife—quite possibly he was more so. It was just that she made him lose his temper, and that he was like a good many other people—he

did not mind his wife being right, but he found her very tiresome when she was continually talking about it.

The woodcutter's wife was all in tears. "Alas, where are my children now—my poor children?" She said it so loud that the children, who were at the door, and had heard, began crying out all at once, "Here we are! Here we are!" She ran quickly to open the door, and said to them, as she gathered them in her arms, "How happy I am to see you back again, my dear children! You must be very tired and hungry; and you Pierrot, how muddy you are! Come and let me wash your face." This Pierrot was her eldest son, whom she loved more than all the rest, because his hair was reddish, and hers was of the same colour.

They sat down to the table, and ate with an appetite that delighted their father and mother, to whom they told all about their fright in the forest, talking all at the same time nearly always. These good people were quite overcome with joy at seeing their children once again with them, and the joy lasted as long as

the six crowns held out. But when the money was spent, they fell back into their old trouble. They resolved to lose them again, and so as not to fail this time, they determined to take them still farther into the forest than they did before.

They could not talk of this so secretly as not to be overheard by Little Thumbling, who made up his mind to foil their plan, just as he had done already. But although he got up very early in the morning to collect the little stones, he could manage nothing, for he found the cottage door doubly locked. He did not know what to do until the woodcutter gave them each a piece of bread for their breakfast, and it came into his head that he could use the bread instead of the stones, throwing it crumb by crumb along the roads as they passed. So he crammed it into his pocket.

The father and mother took them to the densest and obscurest part of the forest, and as soon as they had reached it, gave them the slip and left them there. Little Thumbling was not in the least bit worried, because he thought he could easily find the road again by

means of the bread that he had scattered everywhere along the way that they had come. But he was very surprised when, on turning back, he could not find a single crumb. The birds had come and had eaten it all.

So there they were in sore straits; for the longer they walked they only went farther astray and buried themselves deeper in the forest. The night came, and a great wind arose which made them shudder with fear. They fancied they heard on every hand the howling of wolves that were coming to eat them. They hardly dared to speak or to look round. Then there came a heavy rain which wetted them through and through to their very bones. They slipped at every step, and got up again all covered with mud, not knowing where to put their hands.

Little Thumbling climbed to the top of a tree, to see if he could discover anything, and after turning his head each way he saw a little glimmer as of a candle, but it was far away, beyond the forest. He came down from the tree, and when he was on the ground again

THEY ONLY WENT FARTHER ASTRAY



he could see nothing. This made him lose hope. However, after having walked some distance with his brothers in the direction in which he had seen the light, he caught sight of it again as they came out of the wood.

They arrived at last at the house where the light was, not without a good many frights, for they often lost sight of it, which always happened when they went down into a hollow. They knocked at the door. A pleasant-looking woman came to open it. She asked them what they wanted. Little Thumbling told her that they were poor children who were lost in the forest, and begged her to give them a bed for charity's sake. The woman, seeing that they were bonnie little fellows, began to cry. "Alas, my poor children," she said to them, "what a place to come to! Do you not know that this is the house of an Ogre, who eats little children?" "Alas, Madam," replied Little Thumbling, who was trembling all over, as also were his brothers, "what are we to do? It is certain enough that the wolves in the forest will not miss their chance of eating us

to-night, if you refuse to give us shelter in your house. If we must be eaten, we would rather it were his lordship who ate us; and perhaps he will have pity on us, if you are kind enough to ask him." The Ogre's wife, who believed that she could hide them from her husband till the next morning, let them in, and took them to warm themselves in front of a good fire; for there was a whole sheep on the spit, for the Ogre's supper.

Just as they had begun to get warm, they heard three or four loud knocks at the door. It was the Ogre, who was coming home. As soon as the wife had hidden them under the bed, she went to open the door. The Ogre first asked if the supper was ready and if the wine had been drawn, and then without more ado sat down to table. The sheep was still almost raw, but he seemed to like it better so. He sniffed right and left, saying that he smelt fresh flesh. "It must be," said his wife, "the calf I have just dressed that you smell." "I smell fresh flesh, I tell you, for the second time—I smell fresh flesh!" replied the Ogre,

looking askance at his wife; "and there is something here that is being hidden from me." As he spoke these words he got up from the table and went straight for the bed.

"Ah," said he, "is that the trick you would play upon me, wretched woman! I really don't see why I should not eat you too. You may thank your stars you are old and tough. This is just the kind of meat I was wanting to set before three ogre-friends of mine, who are coming to see me in a day or two."

He took them from under the bed, one after the other. The poor children threw themselves on their knees, and asked for mercy. But they had to deal with the cruellest of all the ogres, who, so far from having pity, was already devouring them with his eyes, and told his wife that they would be tasty morsels when she had made them a good sauce.

He went and took a great knife, and, coming up to the poor children, sharpened it on a long whetstone that he held in his left hand. He had laid hold of one of them, when his wife said to him, "What a thing to be wanting to

do at this time of night! Won't you have plenty of time to-morrow morning?" "Hold your tongue," replied the Ogre; "they will be all the tenderer." "But you have such a lot of meat already in the larder," replied his wife; "there is a calf, a sheep, and half a hog." "You are right," said the Ogre; "give them plenty of supper, so that they shall be nice and plump, and go and put them to bed."

The good woman was filled with joy, and took them plenty of supper, but they could not eat any, they were so frightened. As for the Ogre, he sat down again to drink, delighted at having something that would do so well to feast his friends upon. He drank a dozen draughts more than usual, which rather got into his head, so that he had to go and lie down.

The Ogre had seven daughters who were still only children. These little ogresses had all of them beautiful complexions, because they ate raw flesh, like their father; but they had little round grey eyes, hooked noses and very big mouths, with long teeth, very sharp

and set at a distance from each other. They were not yet very savage, but they showed signs that they would be one day, for already they would bite little children to suck their blood.

They had been put to bed about an hour before, and they were all seven in a great bed, each with a crown of gold on her head. In the same room there was another bed just the same size. This was the bed where the Ogre's wife put the little boys to sleep, and then went away to sleep with her husband.

Little Thumbling, who noticed that the Ogre's daughters had golden crowns on their heads, and who feared lest the Ogre should repent of not having made his intended meal that very evening, got up in the middle of the night.

Taking his own and his brothers' caps, he went softly and put them on the heads of the Ogre's seven daughters, after having taken their golden crowns and put them on his own and his brothers' heads, so that the Ogre should take them for his daughters, and his

daughters for the boys whom he wanted to eat. The thing succeeded as he had thought. For the Ogre, waking up soon after midnight, was sorry that he had put off till the morrow what he might have done the evening before. So he threw himself angrily out of bed. "Let us go and see," said he, taking his great knife, "how those little rogues are getting on. No good making two bites at a cherry!" He groped his way up to his daughters' room, and went up to the bed where the little boys were, who were all asleep, except Little Thumbling, who was very much scared when he felt the hand of the Ogre fingering his head as he had fingered the heads of all his brothers. "A pretty mess I was going to make of things, and no mistake!" said the Ogre, when he felt the golden crowns. "I see I must have had too much to drink yesterday evening." He then went to his daughters' bed, where he felt the little boys' caps. "Ah, here they are, the rascals," said he. "Here goes!" As he said this, he cut the throats of all his seven daughters, without even a pause between.

Very pleased with himself at his exploit, he went and lay down by the side of his wife.

As soon as Little Thumbling heard the Ogre snore, he woke his brothers, and told them to dress quickly and follow him. They came down softly into the garden and scrambled over the walls. They ran almost the whole of the night, trembling all the time, and not knowing where they were going.

The Ogre, on waking, said to his wife, "Go upstairs and dress those little imps that came here yesterday evening." The Ogress was very much astonished at her husband's good humour. She did not doubt from the manner in which he told her to go and "dress" them that he meant her to go and put on their clothes. So she went upstairs, and was taken aback to see her seven daughters all with their throats cut, and covered with blood.

She began by fainting—for that is the first thing that nearly every woman on such occasions finds she must do. The Ogre, thinking that his wife was too long over the business he had charged her with, went upstairs to help

her. He was not less astonished than his wife when he cast eyes upon this dreadful spectacle. "Ah, what have I done here?" cried he. "They shall pay for this, those young wretches, and that soon!"

Thereupon he threw a jugful of water over his wife's nose, and brought her to. "Give me my seven-league boots quickly," said he, "so that I can go and catch them." He set off into the country, and after having run a long way in each direction, he finally came along the road where the poor little children were walking, hardly more than a hundred paces from their father's cottage. They saw the Ogre, who strode from mountain to mountain, and who crossed broad rivers as easily as he might have done the tiniest brook. Little Thumbling, who saw a hollow rock near where they were, made his brothers hide there, and squeezed himself in too, keeping all the while a sharp look-out for anything that the Ogre might do. The Ogre, who was very tired after his long and fruitless journey—for seven-league boots are very tiring to anybody who

wears them—was in want of a rest, and happened to go and sit down on the rock where the little boys were hiding.

As he could not go on any further for fatigue, he went to sleep, after having rested some time, and began to snore so frightfully that the poor children were hardly less frightened than when he held his knife over them to cut their throats. Little Thumbling was braver, and told his brothers to escape as quickly as they could to their father's cottage, while the Ogre was sleeping so soundly, and to keep out of harm's way. They took his advice, and quickly reached the cottage.

Little Thumbling, going up to the Ogre, gently drew off his boots, and proceeded to put them on himself. The boots were very big and very broad, but as they were fairy-boots they had the power to grow large or small in accordance with the legs of their wearer, so that they fitted his feet and his legs just as if they had been made for him.

He went straight to the house of the Ogre, where he found the wife still weeping by the

side of her slaughtered daughters. "Your husband," said Little Thumbling, "is in great danger, for he has been taken by a gang of robbers, who have sworn to kill him if he does not give them all his gold and all his silver. At the moment when they were holding the dagger to his throat, he saw me, and asked me to come and let you know what was happening to him, and to tell you to give me everything he has got, without keeping anything back, because otherwise they will kill him without mercy. As the matter was so pressing, he wished me to wear these seven-league boots that I have got on, so that I could get here the more quickly, and also that you should not think I was an impostor."

The good wife, very frightened, gave him immediately everything that she had, for this Ogre had taken care to be a very good husband, although he ate little children. Little Thumbling, being duly laden with all the Ogre's wealth, came back to his father's cottage, where he was received with much joy.

There are a good many people who do not

agree with this part of the story, and who pretend that Little Thumbling never stole anything from the Ogre, though it was true he had not scrupled to take his seven-league boots, because they were only used for running after little children. These folk affirm that they have it on good authority, and even from having eaten and drunk in the woodcutter's cottage. They affirm that when Little Thumbling had put on the Ogre's boots, he went to the Court, where he knew there was great anxiety about an army, which was two hundred leagues off, and about its success in a battle which had been fought.

He went, they say, to find the King, and told him that, it was desired, he would bring him news of the army before the end of the day. The King promised him a large sum of money if he should succeed. Little Thumbling brought the news that very evening. This first feat having brought him into notice he got all he wanted, for the King paid him exceedingly well to carry his orders to the army, and any number of ladies were prepared to

give him everything he cared to ask to get tidings of their lovers. By this means he made more than he did by any other. There were some women who entrusted him with letters to their husbands, but they paid him so poorly, and there was so little doing so far as they were concerned, that he did not trouble to keep any account of the profit he made in this quarter.

After he had been working for some time as a courier, and had amassed considerable wealth, he came back to his father's, where he was received with more joy than can be imagined. He ensured that the whole family should live in comfort. He bought newly-created dignities for his father and for his brothers, and saw them well established. At the same time he himself grew in fortune and in favour.

MORAL

Children are a pride to all
When they're handsome, straight, and tall.
But how many homes must own
Some odd mite who's seldom shown—
Just a little pale-faced chap,
No one thinks is worth a rap!
Parents, brothers, laugh him down
Keep him mute with sneer and frown.
Yet it's Little Thumbling may
Bring them fortune one fine day!

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THE DE LA MORE PRESS LTD.
32 GEORGE STREET
HANOVER SQUARE
LONDON, W.

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